

Issue 2. Volume 3  
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# THE GENERAL NOISE



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## Letter from the Editor in Chief

### Letter From Israel

Being in a place where news happens is always surreal. During the G20 in Toronto I had the bizarre sensation of watching my city being turned into a ruin live on TV. Nonetheless, if I had not been watching the TV, I would have had no idea anything was happening. Other than seeing a riot policeman in full gear buying coffee at Tim Horton's, I managed to avoid any contact with the happenings.

I had another, equally surreal, experience this week. I have been living for the past two weeks in Jerusalem. Contrary to what one would expect, it is an extraordinarily calm place. As I sit and type this, I hear the chirping of a bird outside my window. Not honking cars (although Jerusalem does have its moments of automobile pandemonium) but a bird. Jerusalem is so calm and unexciting a place that on Wednesday, I was searching the internet to see if any events were happening. I searched Jerusalem on twitter of all places. The first results I got were panicked "are you alright!?" messages about a bombing in Jerusalem. I had just come back from a walk, and I had seen nothing remotely out of the ordinary. I froze, and quickly shifted to the website for Ha'aretz, the liberal Israeli newspaper. There had indeed been a bombing of a bus with several severely wounded. Supposedly the noise was heard for miles, although thankfully I didn't hear anything. My family has been using a car to travel, however as soon as I told my parents about the bombing we called many of our relatives to tell them we were alright. It's terrifying to me to think about this happening in Toronto. To think about the TTC being bombed is almost unimaginable. The sheer number of people I know who use it to get from place to place is huge, and it would be horrifying. Even in Jerusalem, I had gotten to know people here by the time of the bombing and it shook my sense of security. The bombing was pointless. The sole person killed in the bombing, as far as I know, was a Scottish woman in Jerusalem for a vacation. There might have been Palestinians on the bus. There was no reason to expect it and I feel there was no reason for it, nothing that could make it right. It was a thoroughly terrible attack. The only effect the bombing had is to make peace even more impossible than it already is. It's tragic. But even as I write this, after everything that's happened, Jerusalem is quiet. The streets are calm. The sun is shining and it is warm. I hear the bird outside my window. Everything is peaceful.



## Science News by Rowan Geyer

### Teleportation Achieved

Teleportation is something that comes straight from science fiction. Most people believe it's pure lunacy to think that you can transfer matter instantly from one location to another. The "science" behind fictional teleportation is real, however. Using the theories of Quantum Entanglement, scientists from The University of Science and Technology of China and from Tsinghua University in Beijing were able to 'teleport' information across 16 km. This seems stranger than fiction as you struggle to comprehend the meaning of this monumental achievement. If the results of this experiment are able to be replicated, hopefully in the future we could have instantaneous communication between two fixed points. So far this idea doesn't seem at all feasible, but the teams of scientists happened on an amazing discovery.

I'm not a scientist, nor will I admit to understanding any of the science behind this experiment, but from my research the basic principles of quantum entanglement that can be grasped in this statement: "a photon or ion (or any of the other myriad particles) shares a bond with another photon or ion, and when something changes the state of one photon, the other photon changes in response with things like distance or time not coming into effect" (<http://www.physorg.com/news193551675.html>).

The experiment itself was done with the idea that other experiments will soon follow it, as 16 km is roughly the aerospace thickness as say the ground to a satellite. Given the success of this experiment, quantum communication could become a viable technology in the near future. The next step? Funding and more experimentation.



# Movie Reviews By Lydia Collinson

## Beastly

I can't believe I actually went to see *Beastly*. What a waste of an hour and a half of my life! The story, a rather bland retelling of *Beauty of the Beast* (based on an apparently rather good book by Alex Flinn) is dull and predictable, the acting is mediocre (with a few notable exceptions), and the characters are stereotypical and lifeless. Of course, there were a few moments where the movie didn't seem headed for the bottom of the ocean, but those few little interludes would be broken up by a pointless makeout scene or an aeon of sappy dialogue, leaving you sighing, and wondering what on earth the director (Daniel Barnz) was thinking.

I'll start with the acting. For the most part, it was fairly bland, and uninteresting. Vanessa Hudgens was truly awful as Lindy, the female lead and the "beauty" character. The character left much to be desired – she was an extremely dull, stereotypical, lifeless depiction of a smart, pretty, creative, sweet, kind and independent high school girl – an outcast who somehow manages to attract the super popular jock. Her performance brought back many terrible memories of *High School Musical* – she seemed to be playing the exact same person, but with a different name.

Alex Pettyfer was also rather mediocre as Kyle, the male lead and the "beast". His role in the movie, rather than being an actual, human character, really was to be eye candy. Really, the best thing about this character was his makeup as the beast, which, although slightly overdone, was faintly realistic looking and just disgusting enough to keep revolting, but still human. His acting was decent – certainly better than Vanessa's, but nowhere near great. I felt like the character he was playing – as dull, stereotypical, and boring as Lindy – was hindering his performance, and that there was little he could have done to make the character interesting. His performance, however, was significantly better in the beginning, as the rather obnoxious, unfeeling, conceited prat, and that portion of his character seemed more human, and more interesting than his later role as the compassionate, caring, "changed" person.

However, there were, of course, exceptions to the norm in the acting department. Lisa Gay Hamilton, as Zola, the housekeeper, was fairly believable and human as a character. She could be funny, and was a fairly entertaining, lively character. However, the best acting of the movie came from Neil Patrick Harris, as Will, Kyle's live in tutor. He was absolutely hilarious, and was a very strong, distinct character. He also did an extremely good job of playing a blind character, seeming extremely believable as he went about his daily life. The only real complaint I have about these two was that they weren't given enough screen time – leaving Vanessa and Alex to fumble around like boring cardboard cutouts, interspersed by awkward silences and makeout scenes.

The movie was also stuffed with bland, stereotypical minor characters. People such as Lindy's abusive, drug addict father and Sloan, Kyle's hopelessly dull, popular, cheerleader ex-girlfriend served to make the movie even more listless and monotonous.

The plot of the movie also left a lot to be desired. It was substance free, really just a modernized *Beauty and the Beast* with very little to add to the original story. Most of the movie is just awkward sappy moments between Kyle and Lindy, or kissing. There was one kissing scene that I swear lasted two minutes!! Do we really need to see that? Even worse was the utter lack of suspense. I don't know about you, but I don't want to sit there for an hour and a half knowing exactly what is going to happen next. Especially as there was nothing to interest you or keep you absorbed in the story. I found myself wishing they would just go ahead

and kiss already about halfway through the movie. It just seemed to go on forever!! The script, however, was even worse. It was full of disgustingly sappy dialogue, and enormously awkward moments between the two leads. Of course, there were some very good comic lines given to Will and Zola, but otherwise the script was extremely bland and predictable. The other thing that I have heard is that many fans of the book believe that there are crucial aspects that have been missed in bringing the story to the screen. Key plot points from the book have been left out, and many readers have been left feeling annoyed and dissatisfied.

Basically, other than a couple of really good moments with Will and Zola, this movie was just bland, tasteless cafeteria food in the world of cinema. I really wouldn't recommend going to see it – although, Will on his own almost makes it worth getting it on netflix or on DVD once it leaves theatres. But really, don't bother seeing it in theatres. It's a waste of time and money.

## Casablanca

*Casablanca* is a bit of an oldie. It's the type of thing your grandparents probably saw in theatres when they were kids. It's not playing in theatres, and it's not new, or hip, or cool. It's probably not on your list of movies to see with friends at a party while eating cold pizza and playing truth or dare. But it continues to be a classic, and it's recognized by critics and moviegoers alike as one of the best movies of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. It's got something for everyone – action, adventure, war, even a bit of romance. Its most famous sayings have entered into everyday language. Ever heard somebody say "We'll always have Paris" or "Here's lookin' at you, kid"? These are the movie's most famous quotes. It is one of the most well known movies ever made! So it's weird to think that it almost never made it into theatres. No, I'm not joking. This movie certainly has an amazing story...

*Casablanca* was made in the 1940s, at a time when it wasn't uncommon for a studio to churn out 50 movies a year. It's based on a failed play called *Everyone Comes to Rick's*. *Casablanca* was supposed to be just another movie for Warner Brothers. Nothing remarkable. But it ran into issues. A lot of issues. The producer couldn't get the director he wanted, or the actors he wanted, and had to "settle" for Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman, neither of whom was famous yet. The two of them apparently spent their lunch hours talking about how to get out of doing the movie. Even worse was the script – the screenwriters just made it up as they went along. Nobody knew how it was going to end – in fact, the last scene wasn't even filmed until 3 weeks after shooting ended. The movie kept getting delayed, and everyone thought it was going to be a disaster. But when it came out, it was a huge hit! It even won three Oscars at the 1944 Academy Awards.

So, you're probably wondering, what's so great about *Casablanca*? Well, first of all, the acting is just amazing. Every character – major or minor – is acted flawlessly. The characters are three dimensional and seem human, with multiple facets to their personalities. The film is suspenseful as well – even the actors don't seem to know what's going to happen next (possibly because they didn't – no script = no plan...). Even the script, disorganized and complex as it is, flows extremely well, and the movie just seems to come together in a way that works perfectly.

Basically, *Casablanca* is awesome. Despite the odds, it really turned out well, and it's really good. Really. Not kidding. Go rent it or something. It's awesome!



# The Vixen Advises

Dear Vixen,

I have a lot of trouble getting up in the morning, and then I have fights with my mother (or worse, my father) about it. I think that I am doing all right in school and if I sometimes miss assembly, or even my morning classes, I can get the notes from other kids. Anyway, lots of kids skip some. Can you tell me how to get my folks off my case?

Yours truly,  
Sleepyhead

Dear Sleepyhead,

I'm a night person myself, so I have some sympathy for you. It is certainly true that some of us have innate bio-rhythms that don't fit very well with 9 to 5 schedules. And there have even been studies suggesting that adolescents might do better with school hours that start later in the day.

Of course, the first problem is that none of your teachers or parents are adolescents, and in fact the world in general is ruled by the 9 to 5ers. So it really isn't very practical to suggest that the solution would be to start school midday and run it until the evening. I don't have to tell you that if you went to sleep earlier, you'd find it easier to get up earlier...

The second problem is that it really isn't a good idea to skip classes. First of all, you leave yourself open to unpleasant surprises (as in "What do you mean we have a biology test today?"). If you miss frequently, you'll find yourself bewildered in class, and consequently find it hard to engage or enjoy. Then, it feels, from the teacher side, like disrespect and maybe even disregard. We try really hard to prepare meaningful classes, and unless we're really sick, we show up to teach them (and sometimes, even when we're sick, we drag ourselves in, so as not to let you down). The perhaps unintentional message from a student who is late or skipping is that class doesn't matter much.

The real problem is that the will for fixing this has to come from you. I'm not convinced that giving people detentions or lectures helps them internalize responsibility. Soon enough, you will be out of high school, responsible for getting yourself to university classes or to work. In those situations, you won't be chased or helped to make up for lost time. You'll just be dumped. Part of the conflict with your parents comes from the fact that you are still considering your discipline their problem. If you take responsibility for yourself, they won't feel obliged to govern you.

I would hope that you could find a better reason for coming to school and doing your best to learn what's being offered than parental nagging and punishment. So much of the pleasure we find in life comes from our commitment—to friendship, to love, to mastery of a skill or a subject. If you wait for others to supply the motive, to make things attractive to you, you'll miss so much!

Take heart. Even though I rarely go to bed early, I do manage to get up and get to school.

Yours truly,  
The Vixen.

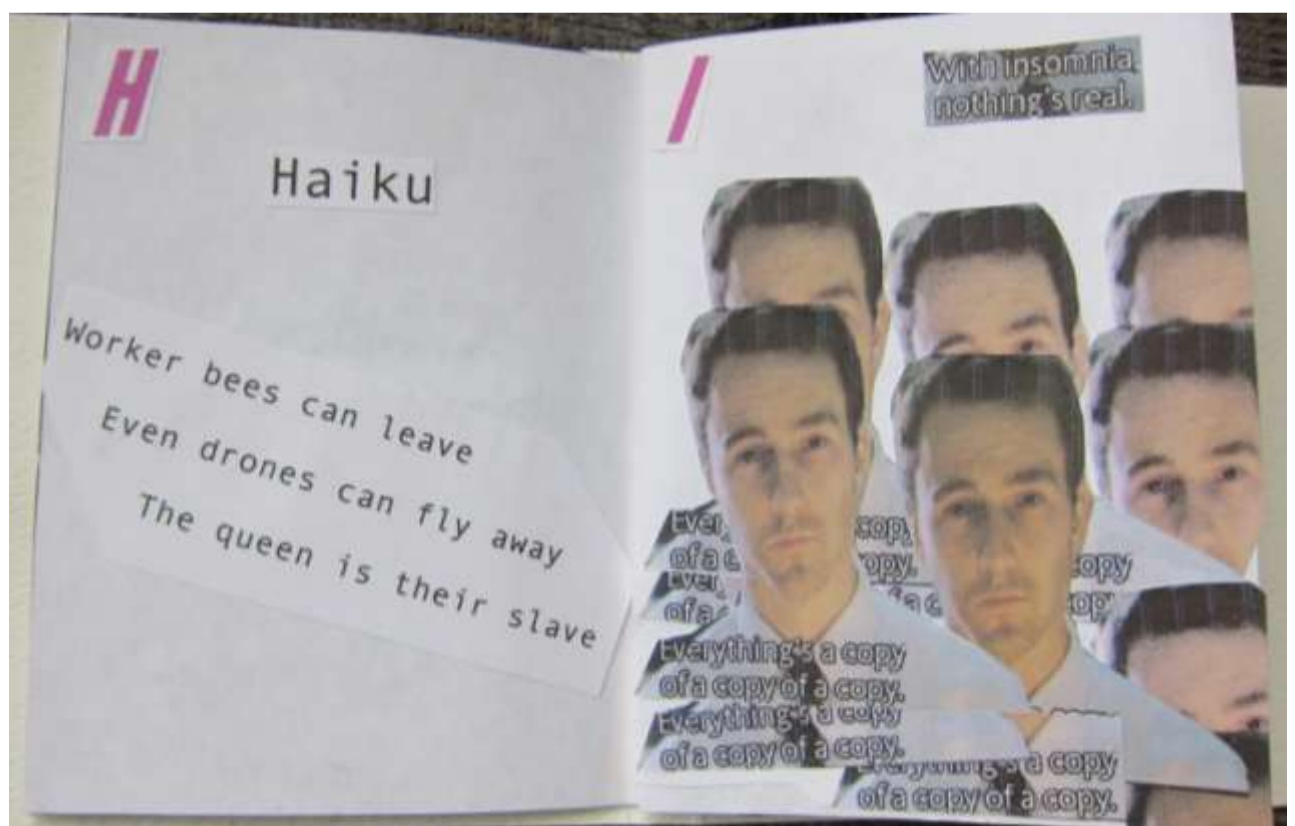
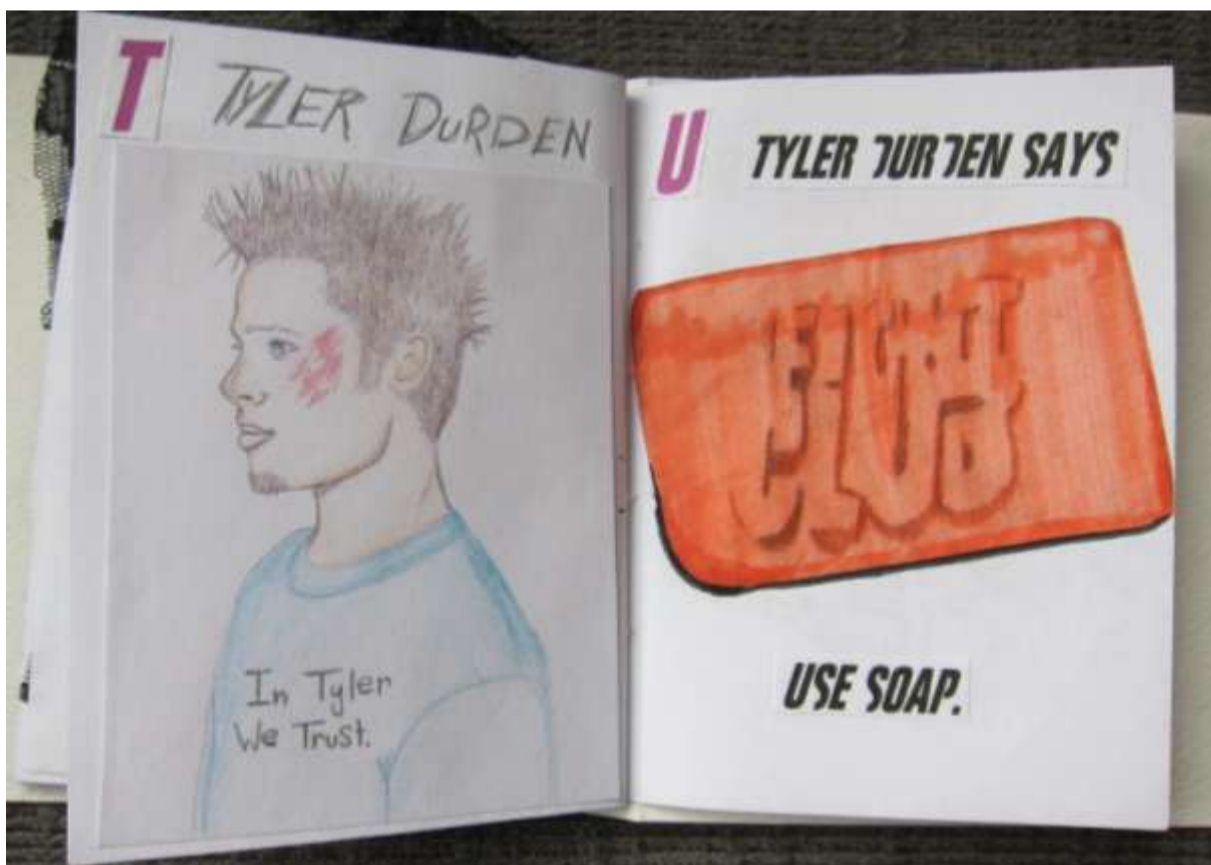
**If you would like to ask The Vixen for advice please email your question to: [dageneralnoise@gmail.com](mailto:dageneralnoise@gmail.com).**

# Poems and Artwork



## Things that matter by Eitan Postavsky

A box snapping satisfyingly shut.  
Grasses crunching beneath the feet of a wayward toddler.  
Green pants, stained and holed.  
Pooled water, tired and dry after a long downward journey,  
Cloth tearing, the sound of doom.  
An empty chair.  
Three sisters, walking to school.  
To go someplace new.  
The biting wind.  
Dandruff drifting down.  
The darkness that comes sudden.  
A bee whose droning flight enlivens a meadow.  
Big things discovering the little.  
Money changing hands.





# SERIES: Guardians Of The Stars by Noah Lister-Stevens Part Two - Chapter One: A Place For Us

Part One can be found in Issue 2, Volume 2.

## Statistics:

Universal Time: 2:49 AM

Location on File: Bromine Sector. RDC-OO1 System. Orbit of Corutha Planet.

Affiliation: None.

Co-ordinates: 3.704787000 / -2.229089131

The curved trees of Corutha were ripe this season on the forest planet. Huge brown fruit hung from the branches the size of bowling balls due to being unpicked. Fat flies landed on the fruit, digging their mouths into the skin and drinking greedily. Huge black creatures that resembled tigers prowled the forest floor, deep violet eyes taking in the surroundings and hunting for suitable prey.

The sun slowly rose over the surface of the dark green planet, bringing light to the otherwise dark forest that was alit with the squawks of birds, the chatter of insects and the occasional snarl or hiss of a deadly predator. Plants that glowed all the colors of the rainbow changed as the sun bleached their colors like a photograph.

But above the planet, the huge form of a starship floated in orbit, stationary in the sky and watching the forest with unseen eyes. It was a rare breed, a Mark XXII Command Star Cruiser. Capable of interstellar travel and warp speed, it was armed with approximately 355 neutron blasters, 80 gun turrets, 210 proton missile launchers, and one Electron Cannon built into it. Despite being a prototype, and the only model ever released, this command ship was special. It was known as the *Valorous*, and was the proud flagship of the rebel group known as The Guardians of the Stars.

Axel Doomson watched the surface of Corutha from the bridge of the *Valorous*, his mind drifting off. This planet, too, had failed in providing a suitable home for the rebel group, and Axel worried they were running out of time to find one. With the United Forces expanding their reach all over the galaxy, it was becoming increasingly harder to find a planet that could not only host life, but was unoccupied and out of the reach of the United Forces.

At first, Corutha seemed like a haven for the Guardians of the Stars. It was a mid to outer rim planet, could support life well, and it proved difficult to find any sort of fugitives since they could hide so well in the dense forests. However, what they had failed to discover was that it didn't have any oxygen on it. Instead of air, the planet's atmosphere was composed of a gas that was poisonous to humans.

Axel shook his head sullenly. Based on the expansion rate of the United Forces and the remaining number of planets able to be colonized in the galaxy, they had no more than a few years before the United Forces had it's hands around the entire galaxy. Not only that, but the Guardians needed a permanent base if they were to mount a successful resistance against the United Forces.

Axel's memory kicked in to the day that everything all went to hell. Six years ago, the Galactic Lord, Jacob Kreca, was overthrown by his power-hungry daughter, Avalon. She believed that humanity ought to be the dominant race in the galaxy, and had betrayed the trust of the only other aliens beside the kredor known to humans, the caladria.

The caladria were an ancient race, old when humans were new. They were religious, believing in the gods who had created the universe with their bare hands. The caladria had actually attacked the humans when

they first encountered them, believing them to be bloodthirsty monsters. It had been a long and gory war, but Jacob had ended it, and his daughter had ruined that peace in less than a year.

The caladria had disappeared after the kredor were defeated. They had gone into hiding, telling Axel, who had aided in saving them from the kredor, that they would return when they were needed. Axel had needed them since the day they had disappeared, to fight the tyrannical galactic lady. But nobody had seen them in over six years.

Shortly after Avalon had overthrown her father, there was a revolution on Earth. Axel's cousin and best friend, Liam Doomson, had led a rebellion against the traitorous lady, but could not compete with her armies. He had stolen a group of starships, including the *Valorous*, and left Sol, the solar system that Earth was a part of. Liam had died in the final battle against the kredor, the parasitic, insectoid race from another dimension. Axel had chosen to take up his cousins mantle, and now led the Guardians of the Stars.

A hand on his shoulder interrupted his thoughts. "Commander, we're moving out now. I need your approval for a new destination," a deep but soft voice said. Axel lifted his chin up and turned around, beholding the man. He was easily as tall as Axel, with a black, thin beard running around his chiseled face. Jet-black hair was uncombed and falling down the back of his neck. On his chest he wore a medal that marked him as second in command.

"What you got for me Richard?" Axel asked, walking toward the holo-table in the center of the bridge. The top of the table was lit up with blue, with white grid lines covering it. Above the table, a projection of the galaxy slowly rotated.

"Here" Richard pointed to on the image of the galaxy, causing it to immediately zoom into a star with many small planets orbiting it. "Stagar. It's a small planet, maybe a few dozen parsecs away from any United Forces planets"

"What kind of planet is it?" Axel asked.

"It's an earth planet. From what I hear, the entire place is honeycombed with deep tunnels. The surface is barren, but underground we could find some subterranean food" Richard said, the hologram zooming in again and showing a readout of the planet.

"Sounds decent. What's your take on it?" Axel asked to the man.

"Personally I think it's a good place. But the planet may not be able to support our numbers, however small they may be" Richard replied.

"Could we fly in supplies from nearby systems?"

"Maybe. We'd run the risk of showing up on the radar of another colony"

"How far is this place from any UFH planets again?"

"About 26 parsecs"

"Doubtful we'd be spotted"

"Still, we should be careful"

## Guardians Of The Stars Cont'd

Axel watched as the hologram zoomed out to a view of the system again. Small tabs floated above the planets, showing descriptions. Axel pointed to one that was closer to the star than Stagar. "What about this one? Joris?"

Richard leaned in, frowning. "Hmmm. It supports life. I'm sure we could find a few edible plants and animals there. But the air and water is too volatile for us to survive there"

Axel nodded approvingly, clapping his friend on the back. "Alright Richard, you've convinced me. Let's set a course for Stagar and see it firsthand"

Richard smiled and walked up to a chair surrounded by computers, standing in front of the screens. Pressing keys almost faster than the eye could follow; he spoke into a microphone attached to his ear. "Jumping to hyperspace in 30 seconds. Prepare for warp jump on my mark".

All around the *Valorous*, machines sprang into action. Hatches sealed with hisses of pressurized air and steam. Hangar doors grumbled and clanked as they closed off the hangars that led into space. The ship locked down, closing all the air shields after the doors and hatches closed and shutting all exits into space.

And at the rear of the massive starship, the light from the *Elephant*-class engines intensified threefold, and the light changed from a healthy light blue to a fierce orange. All was silent aboard the huge flagship, and then...

"Mark" said Richard aloud from the bridge.

The ship stretched then, the very fabric of space warping around it. It stretched exponentially and then shot forward with a speed beyond light itself. The very space around the *Valorous* rippled outward as the starship warped into hyperspace. In less than half a second, it was gone into the emptiness of space.

If you had looked from the windows on the bridge of the ship, the entire universe was a kaleidoscope of white and light blue swirling around them in a spiral. A scientist on Earth had discovered warp speed about 200 years ago. For 100 years prior, humanity had been using lightspeed to travel in space, but the scientist had thought that to effectively travel between systems, lightspeed just was not fast enough.

And so he had discovered how to bend space itself around a starship, creating a warp tunnel that shortened the journey between planets and inventing Faster Than Light (FTL) speed. Technically, it was a misnomer. The ship didn't move faster than light, because nothing can. What warp technology did was cheat physics, by changing the rules of space travel. It warped space itself around the starship, making the journey shorter instead of boosting the ships speed.

Before, crossing the Milky Way galaxy by lightspeed would have taken 100,000 years. But with warp speed, a starship could travel across the galaxy in three days. This warp tunnel was known as Hyperspace.

"We should be there in a few minutes sir" Richard said to Axel.

"This had better work. With every planet that fails us, we get closer to running out of time" Axel said, dropping himself into a chair.

"Intelligence suggests we have a few hundred hospitable planets left. We may be able to scan half of them before the United Forces colonize them" Richard said, sitting down next to him.

"Either way we're short on time and resources" Axel said drearily. "Are there any ways we could bolster our forces? Maybe outside rebels?"

Richard changed looks to a quizzical expression. "Doubtful there are any open rebels besides us, Kreca would catch and crush them quickly. But we might be able to get our hands on some mercenary contracts".

Axel frowned. He distrusted and disliked mercenaries, people who used their skills in combat to get ahead in the world, it felt wrong to him. Still, he would admit they were useful in a pinch, and could be of help in their current situation. "Do we have any existing contracts?"

"No, but I may be able to track down our old buddy Lukas. He knows every mercenary this side of the galaxy," Richard said, smiling a little.

Axel frowned again. "I thought he went underground years ago, you know where he is?"

"Last I heard he was on Ferusa. Living in an abandoned outpost"

"Ferusa? It's a toxic planet, why would he be there?"

"It's only logical, the United Forces don't care about him. It's a haven for mercenaries, and they'll fight for whoever pays them the most."

Axel nodded approvingly and looked at his comrade. "Alright, we'll see if we can find him on Ferusa when we have a moment" Axel said. "Something's been bugging me Richard..."

Richard sat down, looking at his commander with a look that told him to go on.

"Ever since Radior, I'm not sure that we'll be able to find a permanent home, I mean, if they're capable of getting right under..."

"That wasn't your fault. Not even GUI could have picked that up, and they're the best in the galaxy" Richard frowned, interrupting his commander.

Radior had been a mess. The Guardians had landed on the planet that had seemed a good place to establish a base, and had been ambushed by a small army of UFH marines and ships. The Guardians had been on the losing end and were forced to pull out, with three of their starships destroyed and an estimated 115 killed in battle. GUI, also known as the Guardians' Unit of Intelligence, hadn't uncovered the trap, and as a result Axel blamed himself for not anticipating that the planet could be a trap.

"Irrelevant. The point is maybe we won't be able to beat the United Forces in this race" Axel said, his head hanging.

Richard snorted, his face twisting in anger. "Tell me something. Where did the commander who I trusted to win this battle go? Did he run off like a scared little puppy? You need to stop blaming yourself for everything bad that happens to us and start making the decisions that will take us to victory"

Axel stood up, staring at his second-in-command with a look of anger right back at him. "I'm the one leading this resistance Richard, not you! I'll do what I think is right, and I need to accept responsibility for what is my fault!"

The two men stared at each other for a few moments, nearly coming to blows. After a moment Axel backed down, rubbing his eyes sleepily. "I'm sorry," he said, not looking at his friend.

Richard still frowned, but nodded firmly. "I understand," he said, his face turning to a more peaceful expression. "Part of leadership is accepting responsibility for what is your fault. The other part, is knowing when"

Axel sighed, letting his breath go. "It's just, we're on our own Richard. There's nobody who can help us, and we're not much closer to winning this thing than we were when Kreca came to power"

Richard frowned again. "It doesn't matter. We need a leader to get us through this, and if you lose confidence, we all lose".

Axel turned back, chuckling. "You're a much wiser man than I am old friend. You should be leading us, not me"

## Guardians Of The Stars Cont'd

Richard's face transformed into a mirthful expression and he chuckled. "No thanks. You're here to win us this battle, I'm just here to keep you alive long enough to do it" Richard said with a broad smile.

A loud beeping noise came from the console, and the screen flashed. "We're coming out of hyperspace in ten seconds" Richard said, walking over.

From the ship's bridge, the white and blue colors slowed down, becoming streams of solid white light that were actually the stars whipping past the slowing ship. Soon after, those beams shortened and eventually disappeared, becoming points of lights in the blackness of space.

The *Valorous* emerged from hyperspace, stretching into existence. The space around it rippled as the space-time continuum slid back into its proper place. Below the starship floated a huge planet that was almost entirely brownish-black with spots of white that represented the clouds over Stagar.

And all around the ship, gears grinded and mechanisms jumped to life. Air shields that kept the oxygen inside the ship flared into existence as the hangar doors covered by them opened as soon as the protective shields went up. The massive engines shifted back into a healthy sky blue color while the huge ship maneuvered into the orbit of the planet.

\* \* \* \* \*

The figure watched the *Valorous* fly into the orbit of the planet with its sharp eyes. It stood in the mouth of a massive tunnel, standing on two huge legs. Its pupils glowed a menacing red, belying a hidden intelligence within. Those eyes narrowed at the sight of the huge starship, and it crouched to the earth, preparing for a pounce of sorts.

Then, the large form of the figure leaped over two meters into the air, but instead of coming back down to the earth, it kept shooting through the air, aiming for the starship with a look of fury on its deformed face.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Air shields engaged Captain, GUI team is standing by," the man said who was seated in a chair on the bridge of the ship.

"Hold them back for a minute, engage full planetary scan, check for all life forms. Specifically human, and run an infrared scan too, we don't want anything slipping under our noses" Richard said, standing tall above the men and women who were at work on the bridge.

"Yes sir, engaging infrared sensors now. Scan commencing" the man said, pushing keys and his eyes darting across the computers holographic screen.

Axel watched his friend in action. Richard didn't let anything slip past him; he knew exactly what was going on at all times on the bridge. In a way, the resistance leader admired his friend for having that kind of command over his men. Richard was one of the few men in the universe he truly trusted, especially to act in his stead.

Axel placed a hand on his friend's shoulder. "Why hold back the GUI team? That scan won't be able to penetrate too deep into the earth of the planet. We should send them in to double our search efforts"

Richard shook his head. "You're right, we won't be able to scan the whole planet with the huge tunnel system, but I'd rather take my chances first then risk our entire GUI team before at least a surface scan is complete"

Axel nodded in agreement. Richard was always one step ahead of the competition, that's why he was so damn good at his job. "Captain, scan complete. We have no human heat or life signatures, just local wildlife" came a voice from the chairs below them.

"Good, give Intel the green light, tell them to conduct a search of the tun-

nels and to use gamma frequency. We can't have the rock interfering with distress signals." Richard said, leaning on the back of the chair.

"How long should they take with a planet like this?" Axel asked the man in the chair.

"We don't know Commander, possibly a few hours. Shall I call the rest of the fleet?" the man asked, turning around his chair.

Axel shook his head "No, I want to make sure this is a safe place before we bring the rest out of..."

Suddenly, an alarm went off, red lights flashing around the bridge. "What the hell's going on?" Axel demanded loudly, frowning angrily.

"Commander, we have an inbound bogey signature approaching at 7 o'clock, coming in at 5 clicks" A woman said who was sitting in a nearby computer terminal.

"What is it?" Axel asked. "Is it a starfighter?"

"No sir, it's even smaller than that, human size, maybe a bit bigger" She said again.

"A battle suit?" Axel asked again.

"No it's biological, I detect no non-bio materials in it. Shall I scan its life signature?" the woman asked, still staring intently at the screen.

"Do it" Axel confirmed. "And put up the results on the big screen"

As he spoke, a holo-screen shimmered into existence above the table in the center of the bridge. A computer voice spoke then; its words matching those on the screen. "Scanning life form. Life signature not recognized. Now scanning known list of species. No match."

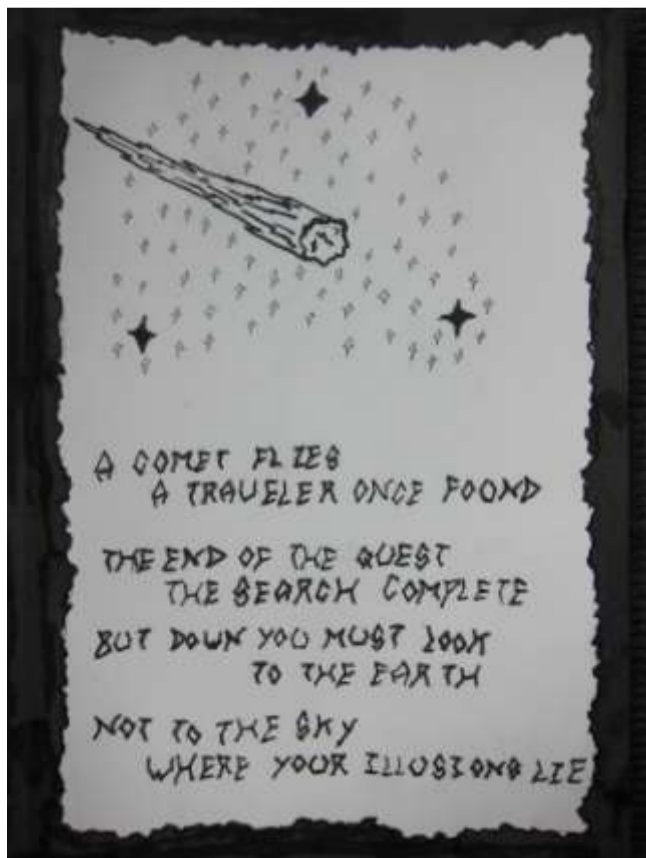
"Must be something new if..." Richard started, turning his head to Axel.

"Now searching DNA records of all known life forms." The computer said again, a loading animation appearing on the screen. "Match found"

"Well?" Axel asked, staring hard at the screen. "Spit it out!"

"Species: Kredor. Status: Extinct. Last known record: Earth Calendar, 2444, November 23<sup>rd</sup>." the voice said, its words flashing on the screen.

# Poems and Artwork Cont'd





**Credits:**

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Artwork: pg. 2: Photos by Gabe Chazan, pg.3: "Gestation" by Lani Burshtein, pg.5: "Gestation" by Lani Burshtein and "Fight Club" by Olivia DaCosta , pg. 6,7,8: "Seeing Eye" by Gabriel Chazan, pg.9: "Gestation" by Lani Burshtein, Noah Lister-Stevens and Sim Copoloff-Orleans, pg.10:"Gestation" by Lani Burshtein

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