“To boldly go where no man has gone before.”

-Captain Kirk

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The title of this work, “Unravelling the Mystery of Myself” has a significance because I am going to attempt to find out who I truly am as I write these forthcoming autobiographies. I may live my life, act the way I do, think how I think, but I don’t truly know myself. This title suggests that I am only human and will find out who I am, what I want out of life, why I think the way I do, and other things I probably cannot even think of right now.

When you are alone most of your life you spend a large amount of time thinking. Thinking about life, government, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Most people will never know what it’s like to be truly alone. I, sadly, am one of the few who does know what it’s like since it was my life for almost fifteen years. I am a man of above average intelligence, technically qualified as a genius, and have a love for science and science fiction which I am sure I will come back to many times in these autobiographies. I have a spot especially reserved in my heart for Star Trek, which I also believe will be stated many more times. I like people, but would rather be by myself on most days.

This project is a way for us to look into ourselves and find out who we truly are. This is another reason I named my autobiographies “Unravelling the Mystery of myself.” The main goal of this paper is not to just be a way for us to prove our abilities in English grammar but to learn more about ourselves and reflect on who we truly are. To find our faults and our strengths and improve each of those categories. However, this paper also tries to get us to think about those around us. Tries to get us to think about what we want out of life and to show us whether or not we’re strong enough to get there or not. This is not just some random paper, there was a large amount of forethought placed into having us do these. The final thing these autobiographies are for, is to allow us a time-machine. A time capsule that we will be able to pull out in a twenty or thirty years and find out what we used to want in life and compare it to everything we have in the future and everything that we want in the future. This is truly an amazing project and I hope to have fun with it. Thank you Mr. Booth for doing this.
For generations among generations the question has stood the testament of time. Where did colors come from? Many in the world have tried to answer this question. Religion says that colors are a gift of God, whereas science says that colors are the result of light given off by particles. Sadly, these are not the true beginnings of colors. Although they seem wonderful, they are nothing close to the truth. Here now is the first recorded version of where color truly comes from.

In a time before time, in a place in the furthest reaches of the universe, there was a race of peoples. They were, as one would probably expect, just like any other race in the universe. They had two long legs that looked almost unable to support their frame, as they were small in diameter and not full of muscles. They also had an average size chest and mid-section, put together they bother measured about a meter high and half a meter wide. Towards the top of their chest two long arms came out and fell towards the ground. At the bottom of their arms extended a flat palm and three large fingers. They had large oval heads, which sat upon short stubs of necks. Their eyes were placed evenly on their head, and in between them was a large nose for the use of smelling. Their nose however, sat flat against their face and one could barely realize they had a nose at all, if it were not for the two large slits that they used to breathe, which were equally spaced from the sides of the head and several centimeters bellow their eyes. All in all, their total dimensions were two meters high and one meter wide. This is, sadly, the best way to describe these peoples without any photos. As the last known photo of them was destroyed shortly after being bought at an intergalactic auction.

These people, originally called the Centurions, are referred to by several names in modern civilizations of this Universe. (Such as, *The Ancient Ones, The Elders, The First Born, *
The Ancients, etc. For purposes of this story they shall be referred to as The Elders.) Now this race was one of the first to come into existence in the Universe, they were also one of the first to explore the Universe. After 150,000 years of existence and history the mighty Elders saw their downfall. They foresaw a new race, one that was brutal and warlike, would start exploring and waging war with all other races they found in order to solidify their position in the Universe.

After weeks of the Elders High Council debating what to do, they finally found the answer.

In order to understand the answer, first the history of the Elders must first be understood. For their entire 150,000 years the Elders had been in an ever evolving state. As they got older and wiser the more their bodies evolved to harness their ever growing knowledge and strength. Not long before they saw their downfall they also realized that their species was on the verge of evolving to a new state of being. That they could, in time, become a purely energetic state.

With that understood, the High Council decided that they should try to evolve to an energetic state faster than the natural course provided. They also decided to warn the alliance of three other advanced races of this new, powerful fifth race. Thus they worked, day and night, in order to find how to evolve faster. After almost a thousand years they finally succeeded in evolving to a pure state of energy and once there they looked down to upon the Galaxy, and saw all the evil that had filled it. The High Council decided that it was necessary for them to interfere in order to protect and save the Universe. Thus the High council placed at least two Elders for each galaxy, and gave them orders to assume the shape of mortals. As energetic beings they had powers that most of the Universe could only imagine, and they were able to take on mortal form without losing their immortality. They were then given ranks according to power and strength, and special robes that resembled their designated rank. They were called, from weakest to strongest: Brown, Green, Yellow, Red, Orange, Pink, Purple, Blue, Black, and the most powerful
of the Elders, White. These were, however, only the main Elders. There were others that ranged between all of them, such as: Indigo, light Blue, Dark Red, etc.

Now the years went on and years changed to decades, then to centuries, then to millenniums, then to eons, and after all of this time one Elder grew tired of trying to protect the Universe from its own stupidity. He decided rather, that he could use his god-like powers to bring the entire Universe under his rule and end all of the petty fighting between species. Therefore he set out, abandoning his position as Protector and instead taking upon the position of Conqueror. This Elder was, as many could guess, Black. At first his conquest was rather easy, as worlds would fall to their knees begging for mercy because of his sheer power and might. This went on for hundreds of worlds before the other Protector of his galaxy realized what had been happening. By that time however, Black had already thought himself as a God and found he could become more and more powerful by having the worlds he conquered pray to him, giving him their souls and life force through their prayers which gave him more energy.

All alone Orange, the only other Protector in Black’s galaxy, sent a message to the High Council telling them what he had been doing and went to face Black alone. Orange found him rejoicing over his newest victory against the Universe, and Orange assumed mortal form and approached him.

“Greetings Brother.” Orange said to Black, as he changed into a human form. The same form that Black had taken upon himself.

“Ah, Orange!” Black rejoiced, holding up his glass. “What business brings you here, glorious ‘Protector.’?” Black said Protector as an insult, and with a snide smile.
“You know very well why I am here Black, and I must ask you to stop this nonsense of yours and return with me to the High Council to explain your actions.” Orange stated calmly.

“All I have done, is to free the Universe of its burden.”

“We both know that’s a lie, you have enslaved many worlds while I have been in the far reaches of this galaxy. But even out there your actions reached my ears, and I have come to find if the rumors of what you had done were true. It seems that they were.” Orange stated, casually looking around the room he stood in.

“Well, I guess I can see how such a weak and small minded creature such as yourself could see it that way. But I assure you brother that is not what I have done here. I have created something great, under my rule all the species of the Universe will come together and stop their incessant fighting.” Black said, setting down his glass and rising from his seat. “In fact, I hope that some of you would see what I have done here and rejoice with me. As this is a better way, can you see that brother?! Can you?” He asked, stepping closer and closer to Orange as he spoke.

“All I see is a brother that has turned into the one thing we are trying to stop. Evil!” Orange shouted the last word, and raised his hand to Black. With a single thought, a stream of pure energy shot out of Orange’s hand and towards Black. Black, however, lifted his palm and backhanded the energy away from himself.

“You see brother, now that I have these new words under my rule I am more powerful than any of you. You are no match for me.” Black laughed.

“Let us see then.” Orange said, as he jumped in the air turning back into a form of pure energy and pushed his entire being into stopping Black. Sadly, Black was correct in what he had
said. He too turned back to his energetic form and after a few moments of battle Orange was destroyed forever in a flash of light.

This marked the beginning of what is now referred to as, the Great Color War. Black rallied many of the Protectors to his cause, however, all the while his brother White was doing the same. Thus the two sides of the War were created, Black and White. After centuries of battle, and hundreds of thousands of deaths on both sides it came down to one last great battle. White and black stood upon the lands of a distant planet, a planet that held life to a species called Humans. A planet that was called Earth, here the final battle of the Great Color War and the fate of the Universe would be decided.

Both sides met for battle on a day that was suited for it, as it was dark and rainy all across the planet. White and Black each stood on opposite sides of one another, their forces rallied behind them. After a brief pause, and a briefer stare from the two brothers, the battle begun. Brothers fought brothers, sisters fought sisters, flashes of light signaling the death of a comrade or enemy could be seen for miles. For hours the battle raged on, until finally Black and White met together on the field of the Battle and prepared to dual.

“Brother! You can stop this nonsense and bloodshed right now! This is not who we are, who you are!” White shouted over the claps of thunder, as rain droplets rolled down his face.

“You cannot stop what has begun, this will only be finished by the death of one of us!” Black shouted back, while a look of anger overcame his dark and tired face.

“So be it!” White yelled, and charged his brother. Turning to a state of pure energy at the last possible second. Black did the same, and they were found spinning almost uncontrollably through the air. Lighting flashed across the sky, and to the other Protectors, followers of Black
and White alike, it seemed as if their leaders could be struck down by this natural energy at any
time. All the others in the battle stopped fighting to stare up at the sky, to see the result of this
final epic battle. Minutes became hours, and hours became days. After a week of continuous
fighting Black and White fell to the ground, there they got up and approached each other again.

“Brother, I beg you to end this now before I am forced to destroy you!” White shouted to
Black, as the rain had ceased and started again the day earlier.

“You cannot destroy me! I am a God!” Black shouted back, and attacked his brother once
more. Deciding that it was time to truly end the battle, White whispered his last goodbyes to his
brother Black and mustered all the energy of the Universe behind him as he attacked. In a final
glorious flash, the battle had ended. White fell down, and slowly stood back up. He stared at the
ground for a while, then looked up to his fellow Elders saying, “Has not enough blood of our
brothers been shed in this War? Let us all return home, return to the lives that we once knew as
peaceful. I implore you, give up this pettiness. In our fight to destroy evil, we have become the
one thing that we hate. So, set aside your differences. Follow me, into a new era for our people.”
White looked to all of his brothers and sisters, and each one of them had a look of
acknowledgement on their face. Slowly, one by one, they each agreed to end the War.

Just as peace had been declared, the rain stopped. The clouds parted, and the sun was able
to shine through. White looked up, feeling the warmth on his face he said, “At the moment we
declare peace, the rain stopped. This is a sign from the Universe that Peace will always win
against War. So I create now a tribute to our fallen brothers. One that shall shine after every
dark, and rainy cloud has parted.” With that White created a fountain from the sky, one that
would pour down the symbols of each fallen Elder. A fountain that would fall on every world in
the Universe after it had rained, and it was a testament to all those which were destroyed. It was
a symbol not only of them, but one of peace. Thus the fountains, after every rain, poured down the symbols of each *Elder* and each symbol left its mark on every plant, animal, and species of every world of the Universe and this Fountain is now referred to as a “Rainbow” on Earth. This is how the colors of the world and the Universe were created, through a statue to those who gave their lives for what they believed in. The ever falling Fountain should prove as a reminder to all species that they should stand for what they believe in, even if it takes a fight or even if it takes dying.
Carpe Diem #25

Here are a few things that I would like to do before my death:

1. Graduate High School- As with any other person in this society, in order to be successful in the world I must get a High School diploma. Without a diploma the likelihood of moving on to do great things are astronomically small.

2. Go to College- My true dream is to go to college and get a degree in Physical Science Education, then begin teaching at a high school. After planting my feet, I would love to go back to college and get my Ph.D. in Physics. Specifically, I would love to get a Ph.D. in Theoretical Physics, then I could spend all of my time dabbling in alternate universes, wormholes, and time travel. The things in science that are truly fun!

3. To get married- Yes, I know I am not the kind of guy who seems like the marrying type. However, personally I believe that procreation is a process that is to only be done by a married couple. With that in mind, the only way I can morally seed the next generation with not only my brilliance in intellect, but also just the pure awesomeness of my genes in general. As a side-note here, I do not plan to have more than two because as everyone may know the world is not able to handle that.

4. Retire to the peace of the country- Maybe a nice log cabin in the woods with an independent power source, that I would obviously design myself, so I could have all the comforts of modern society if I wanted but wasn’t forced into it like I would be in the city. Then I could sit back and relax, choosing to read a book or to right a paper, maybe
just theorize about the Universe as a whole. Then, most likely, I would die. These are the things I plan to do.
A Rose by any other name… #2

What is in a name? Personally I believe that a name is everything. It is like our family, or our social security number. It tells who we are, what we think, and our desires, basically it is like our DNA. It tells everything about us, and the person studying it doesn’t even have to really know us. Think about it, when thinking about someone we naturally picture them in our minds. We think about their personality, their humor, the way they carry themselves, etc.

Now, my name is Daniel Isaac Saum and on the day of my birth, which was relatively short, my father found his wife holding their newest son. As I am told, he looked at me and then to her saying, “His name shall be Daniel Isaac,” and thus my name came to be. Now sure this is how every child is named, but my father said he was fast asleep one night. That as he slept, a voice spoke out to him in this dream. The voice told him that I had already been given a name and that it was Daniel Isaac and so my father made it official the night of my birth.

Personally I rather enjoy my name, and would never choose a different one. The name Daniel means “Only God is my judge,” in Hebrew. As the story of Daniel goes, he was kidnapped when his kingdom was attacked. Daniel was taken back to the king’s palace and was taught how to be a part of the king’s royal court. One day the king had a dream, but did not understand it. All of the king’s court could not tell him what it meant and the king grew angry. However, Daniel spoke up. Daniel told the king he could tell him what the dream meant because of the grace of Daniel’s God. Daniel told him, and soon was hailed by the king as the greatest of his court. There is more to the story but it is not needed for this, as I do not plan to play around with lions.
Isaac literally means, “Laughter” in Hebrew and was given to the only son of Abraham. Isaac was to seed Abraham’s decedents into the world. Isaac also was leader of his clan and a wise man. As anyone can see both my first and middle names were given to men of great power and importance to not only the world but also God. Therefore, this leads me to believe that my name harbors not only all of the unique aspects of myself but also something deep within that is of great spiritual importance.
1. One could say that both a pen and a pencil are equally wise. However, I think that the pencil is the wiser of the two. With a pen you may think, “I cannot make a mistake,” and become egotistical. However, as we are all human we will eventually make a mistake and when you do how will you fix the mistake with a pen? Whereas, with a pencil you have the wisdom and foresight to realize that you have the capability to make a mistake and therefore it is the wisest decision.

2. When asking questions about forgiveness there is much to be accounted for. Such as: What happened, was it intended to happen the way it did, what was the result, etc. So when asking if it is easier to forgive a street or a sidewalk I would have to go with the sidewalk. Now, in order to forgive something there must first be an accident of some kind. When you’re on the road you’re usually in a vehicle of some kind, and any sort of accident in a vehicle is rarely good. However, on the flip side most accidents on sidewalks result in a worst case scenario a bruised leg, sore knee, and maybe a broken arm. So when talking about forgiving one of these two objects, it would be easier to forgive the sidewalk for your accident then to forgive the road.

3. When it comes to time, which is smarter the clock or the calendar? Personally I believe that I would have to go with the clock instead of the calendar. When you look at each instrument as it was meant to be used, to measure the amount of time that has gone by, and then decide which one does its job better than the other. Here I am going to have to go with the clock, because the clock can
tell you the precise second in the day that it is. Most clocks are only a few milliseconds off from the true time, which is relative anyway but that’s a subject for another paper, and therefore out shine a calendar’s bulky day by day schedule. However, in practical real world use I believe that a calendar is better. With a calendar you can predict what you’ll do all year around and set times for meetings. So in practical use, the calendar is smarter because it always you to think ahead into the future and not remain stuck in the present like clocks force you to be.

4. When trying to teach someone something I would have to say that it is easier to an answer then it is to teach a question. Without an answer teaching a question will lead to confusion, and brain aches in the person you’re trying to teach. However, when teaching an answer, you can then have your student work backwards to find the question, which is much harder than looking for the answer. Although, in all reality it is better to teach a mixture of both questions and answers.

5. When the sun goes to set it starts in the East and races all day to the West. So this is most like a contest, because when discussing a cloud they seem to be lazy and drifting. They go by the will of the wind and rarely go by the same place twice. Clouds seem to just take their time to get wherever they’re going. Whereas with the sun, it tries to set long before all the creatures of the world have finished their daily plans. In this respect everyday it is a contest between the sun and the world. So, the sun is more like a contest then clouds are.
6. I think that humans as a whole are more fearful of the new then they are the old. With the old you know what it is, how it acts or reacts to certain things, and feel comfortable with it since you have been around it awhile. However, with the new there is something scary and fearful about it. New things are different than the old and usually more complex. New things bring a large portion of mystery into the formally well known. Personally, new is more fearful than old.

7. As a scientist want to be myself, I think that science is more of a promise then mathematics. Mathematics is good and nice, but when it comes down to it there is no promise there. You just punch in the numbers and get the result. However, with science you are driven to ask questions, pose ideas, create theories and to really bond with nature and the Universe itself. When someone enters the scientific field they make a promise to try to better the world and our understanding of it. Whereas with mathematics you do no more than minor theorizing with geometrical shapes and alternate planes. So, personally I believe that science is more like a promise.

8. A dream will always be more difficult than a nightmare, because when you have a nightmare you can usually get out of it relatively unharmed. You wake up in a cold sweat and that’s that. However, to truly have a dream it takes a certain amount of imagination, willpower, and creativity. You have to really strive for a dream, to create something that is yours and yours alone. A nightmare is usually just a jumble of your worst fears, and fears can be
overcome. However, to have the courage to stand up for your dream and fight off your fears at the same time is a much more difficult thing.

9. I think that an hour is braver than a year, because in an hour you can do so much but are given a limited time frame to do it. With a year, you are given a large amount of time to do great things but more time is not always helpful and in fact could hurt you. You could begin to procrastinate on whatever things you want to change and then they will never get done. So in my opinion the hour is braver.

10. An entrance has more pride than an exit. The entrance allows you to go somewhere you have never been, and being able to walk into a building or structure that most people can’t will give anyone a large amount of pride. However, an exit just naturally seems to be a negative thing. With an entrance people are always coming, but with an exit people are always leaving. So I think that being able to go through an entrance gives you more pride then having to go through an exit and leave.
Your words, not mine. #22

“When I examine myself and my methods of thought I come to the conclusion that the gift of fantasy has meant more to me than my talent for absorbing positive knowledge.”

- Albert Einstein

“A question that sometimes drives me hazy: am I or are the others crazy?”

-Albert Einstein

“Before God we are all equally wise - and equally foolish.”

-Albert Einstein

“Be more concerned with your character than your reputation, because your character is what you really are, while your reputation is merely what others think you are.”

- John Wooden

“A penny saved is a penny earned. “

-Benjamin Franklin

“An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.”

-Benjamin Franklin

“Anger is never without Reason, but seldom with a good one.”

Benjamin Franklin

“Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day. Teach a man how to fish and you feed him for a lifetime.”

-Lao Tzu
“I have no special talents. I am only passionately curious.”

-Albert Einstein

“It does not matter how slowly you go so long as you do not stop.”

-Confucius
A room is a room, of course, of course. #9

As I sit alone in my room working on these autobiographies I am drawn to my feelings for it. My room is a lovely place, although my mother may say otherwise, because it is mine and mine alone. This room I now sleep in was built from scratch by my father, my brothers, and myself a few years ago. It is an 8X9 room and is just over the size of a jail cell, coincidence? I think not, but besides that little fact it is cozy and warm. My bed is opposite my door, and almost reaches my closet. It leaves just about three feet to my closet door, which was just enough to place a television stand and a television.

The television is nothing fancy, it is one of those old block style televisions that is close to its death. Yet, it keeps on fighting and allows me to play DVD’s on the DVD player I hooked to it. Besides my computer and window, this television is my only connection to the outside world and one of a few forms of entertainment. I have laid on my bed and watched many shows on that television and have learned a lot about myself and the world.

Across from my closest sits my window, which in order to be put in we had to literally move part of the hill outside of where my room is now to be able to set it in the concrete wall. Nevertheless it is there and is my only source of natural light and true fresh air. Even when I just open my door, like it is right now, there is never a good draft to move the stale oxygen that I breathe. Sitting in that lovely silhouette of a windowsill are stacks of books I am planning to read, whenever I get the time to sit down with one of them and start, and several cans of soda pop I have yet to throw away because they are usually hidden in the windowsill. As they have always said, “Out of sight, out of mind.”

To the left of my windowsill against the wall stands my dresser, which is about two feet from my bed, and it holds a great deal upon it and within it. On my dresser is probably the most
important piece of technology in my room. Now most teenagers may say that it is their cell phone, but for me it is my alarm clock. I personally find that a large alarm clock is better than my phone for several reasons. First, it can take a beating. I cannot tell you how many times me and that alarm clock have gotten in fights, which is usually in the morning when it starts yelling at me. It screams that I need to wake up and I smack, slap, and hit it trying to make that awful screeching stop. Although my alarm clock and I have had our arguments, our fights, and an occasional fist fight, that the alarm clock has occasionally won, our friendship seems to be back on track as we now have an better understanding of each other. Inside my dresser are all of the clothes I could possibly need in this lifetime, seriously though I do have a few clothing items. My problem is not so much that I like clothes, but rather I hate to get rid of things that I have had for a while and things that I have come accustom to.

Now, beside my dresser to the left towards my door is my desk. My desk is the center of all of my work. Almost every piece of paper I have passes across my desk at some point for me to work on it or to just look at it with better lighting. My desk also houses my computer, which I just bought, and on that computer, which I am using right now, all of my documents, projects, ideas, and even a book I have been writing. However, don’t tell anyone about the book. It’s not finished yet and is probably very, very bad anyway. So, I would just rather no one know about my book until I feel it is time. Moving on from that, my computer is a rather mediocre part of my life. I am not always glued to it on the internet, of Facebook and what have you. Instead I only get on when I have an idea for my book, a project to write, or I just need to relax and play a little minecraft.

Speaking of where my attention is usually held, well it is usually on the television or in a book. Beside my desk is probably the second best thing in my room. It is my bookcase, which
houses portals to any possible world you can think of. There are all sorts of novels, science-fiction book, just straight scientific theory books, magazines and loads of other stuff I can’t even begin to describe. I just love my books, I personally think that a book is something that you should have to hold in your hands. When you read a book you should have to worry about getting a paper cut while turning the pages not worrying about smearing the screen of your tablet. Although technology is wonderful and good, it can never replace a good old fashioned hard cover book for me. I want to be able to pick up a book and have that wonderful aged smell that the get over time. Yes, nothing in the world can ever replace that.

Now, for the greatest thing in my room. Above my bookshelf and desk is a shelf that holds all of my dearest possessions. I have trophies from a life long forgotten, books from a school long destroyed, relics from a television show long ago canceled, and toys from a time when life was simpler. These things are like my own personal time capsule, I can look at each one of them and a flood of memories will come pouring into my mind. Trophies from when I was young and liked sports, before they seemed to get too complicated for me. Books from the late 19th and early 20th centuries that were actually used in school around Ohio. Pictures, plates, cups, pins, and replica toys from Star Trek. Which always brings memories of my mother and myself sitting and watching them. Then there are other toys that I have kept and sit there to remind me that we are all truly children, and in the eyes of the universe that’s all we’ll ever be.

These are all of the things in my room, and the each have a special meaning and importance to me. Given the choice I would never have a different room, because I have earned this one and all that comes with it. I will never know what someone else’s room means to them, or how it got to be the way that it is. All in all, my room is my place of safety and happiness. A place that I will always come back to.
Likes & Dislikes #4

Likes:

1. **Star Trek**- This is one of my greatest likes, more of a love if anything. As the great Sheldon Cooper from the Big Bang Theory once said, “I love my mother, but my feelings for my spot are greater.” That’s not exactly how I feel about Star Trek, but it is close. I like Star Trek so much because it was something that I and my family could bond with, except my father. He doesn’t like it as much as the rest of us. However, Star Trek to me is more than a show. Star Trek is a way of life, “Having respect for all forms of life.”

2. **Science**- Science is, and always will be, one of the most mysterious things in this world. Every time we answer one question, six more will replace it. I find that trying to figure out the inner workings of the universe, finding what literally makes the world “tick” is more fun than anything else on this planet.

3. **Technology**- Technology is a wonderful thing, as it advances our daily lives become both easier and in some ways harder. Technology makes a lot of things quite easy, like this paper I am typing now. Twenty years ago I would have had to sit at a type-writer. Although technology can make life harder, because as it grows and becomes better, it becomes harder for the common folk to understand how to use it properly. All in all, I like technology because I see how much of a difference it has made on our society and how much I am going to depend on it in the future.

4. **People**- I know what you’re thinking, “But Daniel, you do not seem like the people type.” In reality I am not, but I like to describe myself as an introvert with extroverted tendencies when I am around people I am comfortable with. Get that? Good. Now, I do like people, they can make my day soar to the heavens in happiness with a simple hello or
good job. I especially love to make people laugh, and find it gives me great pleasure to help lift other people’s spirits, the non-alcoholic kind that is. That’s why I like people, even though some may be, “rotten apples,” as a whole humanity is good and kind.

5. **Photography**- To take pictures is to capture the essence of life in a moment. A picture can be connected to memories in order to reinforce them, or they can be taken purely for enjoyment. Either way, pictures are a great way to convey thoughts, ideas, and emotions to others.

6. **Reading**- When I open up a book I have the possibility to go anywhere in the universe, to become anyone that I choose. It is a way to add excitement and adventure to everyday life while working out the core processors of your brain.

7. **Writing**- Just like with photography, writing is a way for me to convey my ideas, thoughts, and feelings on some subjects to a vast group of people. It always helps me to vent inner frustrations or sadness. Altogether, writing is an enjoyable way to spend a summer evening under a tree.

8. **Eating**- In reality I cannot believe that I am not several hundred pounds yet. I usually eat a lot at meals, I do not know fully why. I think, like any other red-blooded American, I enjoy food because it gives me a sense of security. That and maybe because it is my release valve when I get too stressed about life. Whatever the reason, I like food.

9. **Sleeping**- I, like every other teenager, love to sleep. I think I am happiest when I am sleeping because I can go off into my own reality. I can go to a place where I am in complete control and make all of the rules. Sleep is nice in this way because my dreams allow my brain to escape from the stresses of the day for a few hours before I have to start all over again the next morning.
10. **Being alone**- As much as I like people, I like my alone time more. I find that sitting alone with a few basic meditation routines can really help me to relax and just let the stress fall away. I find myself a more peaceful person afterwards and even more energized. I usually do this about once a day because over eight hours around such a large group of people can really take it out of me.

**Dislikes:**

1. **Star Wars**- Star Wars is mainly a rip-off of Star Trek. Movies about aliens fighting each other in a different galaxy, sounds like it to me. I also do not like it because of the material and over all plot goes nowhere. It has no relevance to everyday life and no true moral behind it besides George Lucas likes money. Now Star Trek that is where it is at. It is based in the future, involves actual humans, and is more probable then Star Wars.

2. **Heights**- This is a very scary thing, I know that it is illogical but I still cannot get over it. Heights are a very big dislike for me, because it represents the one thing in life that I cannot find the self-control and will power to get over.

3. **Multiverse Theory**- This is a huge dislike, I mean a theory that mainly says that there are an infinite number of ourselves in an infinite number of universes. That is absurd, and I do not like the way it rips apart my uniqueness in this world. Besides the fact I have not seen any good science to back up this theory.

4. **Going Places**- I enjoy staying at home by myself over going to large parties or out in general. Not including the fact that I never get invited to any parties, I do not like the large group of people, the loud music, and every other part that comes with parties or going out into the real world.
5. **Large Groups of People**- Large groups of people are annoying, there are always sections of people. You have one blob of people here, another over there. If you ever want to show someone real-time mitosis then take them to a room, fill it with people and watch the single mass divide into several smaller masses. TA-DA! Mitosis.

6. **Music I cannot understand**- Do not get me wrong, I love music. However, when I am listening to a song I like to know what the artist is yelling at me. I cannot think of something more annoying than a song that is loud screeches from instruments and then a deep, yelling voice that I cannot understand. I like to stick to classical, or light rock.

7. **Driving**- As driving is a large part of our daily lives it is hard to avoid. I have to drive to school and work almost every day. Which, albeit, is not that far but they say that most people have accidents within five miles of the home. However, a plus side to my fear and dislike of driving is I have never been pulled over, ticketed, or in an accident.

8. **Waking up early**- I do like going to school and seeing my friends, but I do not like waking up so early. Every morning I get up a little later and it gets a little harder to go to school. Usually I am a morning person, but waking at five or six in the morning just makes me groggy and tired which will make my day pretty much shot.

9. **Getting my picture taken**- I love taking pictures, but I cannot stand getting my picture taken. I think it is because I know that I am out of shape, unattractive, and just not good at having my picture taken. They always seem to come out bad no matter how much I try.

10. **Doctors**- Although my older brother is planning to go into the medical field I do not like the people who are in it. Every time I talk to them they seem as if they think they are smarter and better than I am. They also, despite being in the medical field, seem to have no compassion for people. Also, it seems like we are a society too dependent on drugs
and medical technologies to cure us. Personally, I like to let a illness run its course so I will have a built up immunity to it later in life.
All-Purpose Excuse #13

As I was walking to English from my Issues in Science class I happened to notice that there on the floor before me sat a quarter. So I thought to myself, “Who am I to leave such valuable money laying on the ground?” So I bent over and picked it up, just as simple as that. However, after standing back up straight and placing the quarter in my pocket, I noticed that I was no longer in Sheridan’s hallways. Upon a quick glance I realized that I was in a damp, dark corridor of some sort, which is easily differentiable from a hallway. Deciding that there was no way back to Sheridan and that I must have been spontaneously teleported to another planet, I walked down the corridor to see where I was. As I walked I looked around, I noticed that the walls seemed to be the same. In fact the walls, ceiling, and floor all were the exact same in almost every way. Alas, it looked hopeless to find a doorway. Then, suddenly a part of the wall to my right opened. There before me stood a creature that could only be described by the world’s greatest writer. However, since I was the only one there I shall try to describe him or was it a female? Well it, as we will simply call them, was massive. Probably about eight feet tall and four feet wide. It seemed to be pure muscle, a fighting machine. So, I took a brave step out into its path and set my feet into the floor like the old western gun fighters do in the movies. Then I looked the monster right in the eye and it looked right into mine. Our stares held for what seemed to be years and finally it blinked and hung its head in defeat. It knew I had won, and simply stepped aside allowing me to pass. It then knelt down, preparing for me to take its life since it had lost the great battle. I looked at it, knowing what it was waiting for, and I took its blade from its holster. Then, drawing the blade over my head, I brought it down upon his right shoulder and then over his head and down onto his left shoulder, effectively knighting him. It looked up, realizing that I had spared its life, and devoted itself to me as a servant. Thus I spoke
to it, I told it all that I knew about how I got here and after several hours we were able to understand each other. You see its language wasn’t that hard, in fact it was rather simple. Apparently its species enjoys life to be simple, including their language. Anyways, we moved quickly down the corridors, a left here, a right there, after that the corridors all started to blur together and I lost track. After a long walk, and in some parts a long run, we made it to the main section of what I had learned to be an intergalactic warship. It was sent by my new friend Sh’lack’s people to investigate a signal coming from our planet. Apparently it was messing with some of their Imperial communications arrays and was becoming a real annoyance to them.

Thus this warship was dispatched to destroy the signal coming from Earth at all costs, even if it meant destroying the entire planet. According to Sh’lack the Commander of the ship seemed to believe the only way to rid themselves of the Human threat was to destroy the entire planet. Learning of this, I decided it was only logical to take over the ship and try to avoid the end of the human race. So, with Sh’lack’s guidance, I went to the main bridge. Once there I realized we were heavily outnumbered and even more outgunned. Asking my newest partner in crime about were the nearest weapons locker was, we took off down the corridors. Once at the weapons locker, we took all the guns, ammunition, and explosives we could each carry back to the bridge. We reached the doorway to the bridge, I turned to Sh’lack and he looked back. We both realized that this may be our end, and that we could turn around and escape from the ship and live out the rest of our lives on a distant planet. Yet, we still decided to continue. My people, my planet needed us to succeed here if they were to survive.

We opened the door to the bridge and threw a handful of grenade like explosives into the room. The following explosion and chaotic actions of the bridge crew allowed us to enter and begin what could only be described as a mass slaughter of an alien race. However, it was not as
bad as that description may lead some to believe. There were only about half a dozen crew members on the bridge at the time we stormed it. Unfortunately, one of the navigation officers was able to lock the bridge controls only after he had set us on a collision course Earth. Sh’lack tried to gain access to the computer in vain. He looked at me with big, saddened eyes and told me what the officer had done. I sat in the closest chair, stared out the large window in front of me which showed Earth rapidly approaching. I placed my face into the palm of my hands and began to weep, because I had not only failed myself but also my world. Sh’lack came over to me, and placed a hand on my shoulder as he knelt in front of me. “You will only have failed when this ship crashes into your planet. Until then there is time, and where there is time there is hope my little human.” I looked up at him, and realized that he was right. There was still hope to find a way to stop this ship from crashing into Earth. I immediately stood up and began brainstorming ideas. However, it seemed like every time I got a good one he would shoot it full of holes.

Finally it hit me, an idea so simple it was the focus point of most movies. I asked him where the main power core was, and he then tried to explain to me the way the ship was set up. Interrupting him I simply asked for him to take me there. He looked at me puzzled by my request. I proceeded to explain the basics of my idea which were as follows:

We would go to the main power core. Using what explosives we had left or could gather on the way, we would rig up a massive explosion. Hopefully it would be enough to destroy the power core the ship along with it. However, we would need a way to escape with which Sh’lack offered the suggestion of the teleportation systems, however we would need to rig a computer to let out a signal to detonate the explosives after we had been successfully transported off of the ship and back to Earth.
It was then settled, we would destroy the ship or at the very least disable it to where it couldn’t reach Earth. So we went to the center of the ship, it took longer than I had hoped because the death of the bridge crew had spread to the rest of the ship shortly after we left. Every alien on that ship was headed to the bridge to get answers to what had happened and that slowed our progress since we didn’t want to be caught. Finally, after what seemed to be days, we reached the power core. We set up all of our explosives and tried to camouflage them so no one would get suspicious. Then we headed off to the second phase of the mission. The closest transport pad was not that far from the power core, so it took us almost no time to get there. However, when we did get there it was heavily guarded. Obviously the aliens had begun the search for us and didn’t want us to escape. We had to rely on the only things we had left, our fighting expertise. So we drew our weapons and the fire-fight began. I took out three of the guards with my gun, and two more in hand to alien hand combat. Sh’lack took out five with his gun and another five with alien hand to hand combat. In case you could not keep up, there was a total of fifteen guards. We entered the transport room and Sh’lack, having more experience with the technology on the ship, programed one of the computers to set off the explosives after we had been transported to safety. With that, we both got onto the pad before us, and were whisked away into the vastness of space as the ship was destroyed by our plan.

Only moments after we were transported, we return to physical form. Yet, we were not back at Sheridan which were the coordinates that I had given Sh’lack. Looking around I feared that I knew where we were. At least, I knew what we were in this time. From the looks of the small metal hallways, large amounts of pipes, and sounds of shouting and footsteps from all around, I had realized that we were on some sort of submarine. Hoping that we were on an American one, we headed down the hallway. As we did the shouting got louder, and I began to
understand more and more of what they were saying. Making out words, but they did not sound like English words. Rather, the words these men were speaking sounded more like Chinese or some other Asian language. That’s when fear filled my stomach. I told Sh’lack that we needed to find a place to hide and lay low. So we turned around, and as we did we found ourselves being captured by two North Korean sailors. They both held small caliber hand pistols at us, and they seemed to be shouting at us to do something. However, what they wanted was impossible to tell as my North Korean is worse than my English. Needless to say I was not about to surrender myself to the North Koreans. I didn’t want to disappear like numerous others have. So, doin the only logical thing at the time, I used the advanced weapon I had taken from Sh’lack’s ship and used it against them. They both fell over, and slumped on the ground. Sh’lack and I dragged their bodies to a relatively hidden spot among the pipes and left them there. We then decided that we had to get off that submarine and fast. Without a plan and low on ammo, we headed for the control center of the sub. Just like on Sh’lack’s ship it was slow going. We had to avoid many patrols, and try to figure out which way was which. Finally we reached the control center, as we peaked into the room we heard two men talking. We sat there and tried to listen, but as I have already said my North Korean is terrible. Luckily Sh’Lack’s species is extraordinary at puzzles, and he was able to crack their language after a short time. After that, it was a simple process of him translating North Korean into his language and then telling me what they were saying. After they had finished their conversation we had a wealth of information that was something like this:

- The North Koreans actually had created a long range Nuclear missile capable of striking almost anywhere in the world.
- They decided to outfit a large submarine with six of these missiles.
• With a lack of resources these six are missiles are the only ones that they had so far.
• Kim-Jun-un sent the submarine to the artic where it could not be easily found.
• He also was planning to order a missile fired if the United States did not find his threats real.

This information was all that we needed to realize that the North Koreans had to be stopped. It would be tragic to save the world from aliens only to have it destroyed by a country who thought it was a super power in the world even though it really was not. So, that’s when we decided it was time to take a stand against these guys. We checked our ammunition and ran into the control center. We began blasting away, and before they knew what had happened we had taken the control center and they were all laying on the ground. Without a better plan Sh’lack and I decided that we needed to disarm the missiles. Using his advanced alien knowledge he came up with a plan.

We would rig the guidance systems of all the missiles to target the moon, or another celestial body, and then launch them. According to the information we took from the on board computers it looked as if the missiles would have enough fuel to break the Earth’s gravity well. However, after they do they would become free floating objects in space and the smallest of asteroids smacking against them could cause them to go off. It would seem however, that they would be far enough away from Earth by that point not to harm us. Yet, there was no way to tell for sure. It was however, our best plan of action at the time.

So we set to work, and it did not take long for us to get the missiles systems reprogramed. We set a lock on the moon and turned the key. I will admit at this time I
was pretty happy to turn the keys and press the big red button to launch nuclear missiles at the moon. After we launched the missiles Sh’lack and I went up to the observation deck of the submarine and watched the missiles fly off into the sky. Safe in the knowledge that we had once again saved the world.

With another successful mission under our belt, I decided that it was finally time to retire from the world saving game and go back to my boring, but uneventful, life in small town Ohio. I offered Sh’lack to come with me and he agreed to come back to the United States, but said that once we got there he would break down the submarine and use the parts to build a small ship he could use to go back to his people. That is, if I agreed to free him from his servitude after sparing his life. I agreed to let him go as soon as we got back, and we set off. As we sailed, it you could really call it sailing since we were under the ocean’s surface, we talked to each other and tried to get to know one another. However, about halfway home, which I believe it was halfway but it is rather difficult to tell for sure, we hit a whirlpool. This in itself would not have been too bad, except we did not see it coming and went head first into it. There was violent jerking motions and we were tossed across the sub. Regaining my orientation and footing I attempted to walk across the control center to the captain’s chair. It was tough going though, as every time I went to take a step the floor would lurch beneath my feet knocking me onto my bum. Time and time again this happened, and just as I began to give up hope of ever reaching the chair, my fingers gently glided across the arm piece. I grabbed ahold of it, and used the arm piece to pull myself into the chair. As my bum hit the cushion I immediately looked around the small “room” for my dear friend Sh’lack. With a quick glance around I found him lying on the floor unconscious. His limp body was being tossed around the
control center with the lurching of the submarine. I could see a gash on his forehead and blood flowed from the cut and onto the dark metal floor. I checked the status readout on the chairs arm piece, it gave me everything I needed to know about the submarine and what was happening. Then just as quickly as everything had started it ended. I assumed that we were in the clear, and looking back I can see that I had assumed wrong. There was a loud screeching of metal against metal. Then it stopped, and the submarine ceased to move. I stood from the chair where I had been sitting and ran over to Sh’lack as quickly as I could. Kneeling down beside him a ripped a piece of cloth from my shirt and used it to wipe away the blood from his face. As I did he started to come back into the land of the living. He looked up to me, and asked me what had happened. After a short explanation, because I really had no idea what had happened, I helped him stand to his feet and sit in a chair. Not long afterwards he said that he was ready to go, and that we needed to figure out where we were. So we went up to the observation deck of the sub. Once outside of that hunk of metal we looked around and to our surprise found ourselves in the middle of what seemed to be in a large city. However, it seemed as if no one was there. It was a modern looking city though, not like a western ghost town. Though it did seem to have an older feel to it, kind of like books from the mid 1920’s or 30’s. We stepped off of the submarine and started to walk down the street. That’s when we began to notice that there were peering eyes behind every closed curtain. So, there were people there, they just were afraid of us. Really though, who could blame them? Watching a submarine crash into the middle of their town which didn’t seem to be around any large body of water. That idea only hit me after we had been taken captive by a group of soldiers. They were, however, dressed in a dark grey uniform. Upon seeing their
uniforms I had the feeling I knew who they were but didn’t fully put it together until they took me to their leader. Their leader had placed himself into a bunker underneath the Reich Chancellery building due to the war the country was in. That’s when I realized where and when we were. Berlin, circa 1945. Their leader was, well he was a rather famous man. He gave great speeches and was able to rally his country behind him to fight a great war. His name was Adolf Hitler of Nazi Germany. Upon seeing him, I turned around cursing that of all things this had to be where we ended up. He began to shout at us, asking who we were, where we had come from, if we were of an alien race in response to their televised signal from the 1938 Olympics. I finally offered an explanation as to who we were and how we had gotten to his lovely town. Here’s what I believe had happened:

When the North Korean ship fell into the whirlpool it began an uncontrollable spin in. I believed that this whirlpool was a direct result of a wormhole being created under the water. The event horizon of the wormhole gave the vortex effect of the whirlpool in the ocean. It must have been an artificially created wormhole too, because any natural wormhole phenomena would be at a quantum scale. It would be smaller than an atom and literally last a few seconds at the longest. Seeing that we were able to fit an entire submarine into this wormhole, rather unscathed I might add, and could only be achieved by artificially inducing an anti-gravitational field around the openings. This could be allowed with advanced practices in electromagnetic fields, creating an EM field that could in theory hold a wormhole open and keep it from collapsing in on itself allowing objects to safely pass through it. In theory, a wormhole can not only connect two points in space but also in time. So, it could be possible for a quantum wormhole to
be created at the precise place and time that the Nazi’s created a large frequency EM field causing the wormhole to expand and its end opposite 1945 to jump in location and time to the middle of the Pacific Ocean in 2013.

After giving Hitler this explanation, in German I might add, he seemed to be worried and excited at the same time. Worried that I had figured out what they had been up and yet excited at this new discovery that they had not been expecting to happen. He looked at me, and then to Sh’lack. Sh’lack looked to me, and I gave the quickest possible explanation of who Hitler was, “Bad man,” is all that I said. With that, Sh’lack gave a lowly growl from deep within his core, a growl that I had never heard him make before. Hitler backed away from Sh’lack, and came to me. Just as he was about to say something a small man came bursting into the room of the bunker screaming. He told Hitler that the allies were upon them, and that soon the entire bunker would be over run. Hitler turned to us, and offered to spare our lives on one condition. We had to take him with us, back to where ever we had come from. I looked to Sh’lack, and he gave another growl, then I looked to Hitler and decided that I had risked too much and spent too much time trying to save the world and get back to school to end it here. So, I agreed to his terms but told him that he had to order his scientists to recreate their experiment exactly.

After Hitler had ordered his men to recreate the experiment we all three ran back to the North Korean submarine that was still in the streets of Berlin. As we ran, we heard the sound of the allied war machine bearing down on the city. We climbed into the sub and ran to the main control center. Once there, we all strapped into a chair and waited for the ride to begin. Soon afterwards the sub began to violently shake back and forth. The sounds of the metal hull twisting and bending because of the wormhole was clearly heard
all throughout the ship. I began to worry that we would not make it back, that the
submarine would be torn into pieces as it moved through the temporal vortex without the
added cushioning of the large amounts of water that surrounded it the first time.

There was a large lurch as the submarine hit the ground again. We all jerked in
our chairs and after regaining my orientation I looked around. Sh’lack was trying to undo
his seat strap, but Hitler was not moving. I undid my own seat harnesses and went over to
him. He was unconscious but alive, at that moment alarms on the sub began to sound. I
met Sh’lack at one of the main computers to figure out what was going on. According to
the computer systems the ship’s hull had buckled under the stresses of the temporal
vortex. Seeing as we were back in the Pacific Ocean we were taking on large amounts of
water and rather quickly. Realizing that we only had minutes to act I ordered the
submarine’s engines to take us to the surface at full power. This was a strain on the
engines, as we were taking on too much water too fast for them to get us there in time.
Leaks began to spring all over the control center and the cold April waters swirled about
our feet. Looking around I was trying to come up with a plan, up to this point I had done
well with thinking on my feet, and yet at that moment I was drawing a blank.

That’s when I saw it, sitting right there in front of me. It was a life raft, one of the
ones that would automatically expand when you ripped the cord on it. That’s when the
idea hit me, we didn’t need to get all the way to the surface we just needed to get close.
Then we could us the life raft to pull us to the surface, in effect ride it like one would ride
a hot air balloon. I quickly explained my idea to Sh’lack as I grabbed the life raft. As I
started for the ladder to the observation deck Sh’lack stopped me. He asked what we were
going to do with Hitler, who still remained unconscious in his chair. I looked at him,
ignoring all of the evil deeds that he had done and seeing only the helpless man that was sitting before me. I looked at the water at our feet, it had only been about ten minutes and yet the water was already almost above my knees. In a few more minutes we would be treading water to be able to breathe the small pocket of air that would exist. Finally, after a long internal debate, I told Sh’lack that we had to leave him here. Without enough time, to get him out of the chair, carry him up to the ladder, and hold on to him as we floated to the surface would cost us all our lives. So, without another thought we left the submarine and pulled the cord on the life raft as soon as we were outside. After we had successfully made it to the surface, we scooped out the water in the raft and climbed in. All that stood now was to wait for someone to find us.

It did not take a long time at all before a passing cruise ship spotted us and pulled us aboard. As the cruise ship was pulling us aboard I looked at its name. There on the side of the ship I saw written, *R.M.S. Titanic*. I checked twice and even rubbed my eyes to make sure that I was seeing correctly. Yet, it was still there. When we were received on deck I looked to Sh’Lack and whispered to him that we needed to get off of that ship. He looked at me puzzled and I quickly explained why we needed to leave.

We were then given blankets and cups of coffee to warm us from the cool air and water. One of the ships officers asked what I was doing out here. I explained, as I did to the first responders to our rescue, that I had been researching rare species on a remote island. When we had left in our ship, bringing specimens for study at the university, a storm had broken out and sunk my vessel. I, along with the sole survivor of an almost extinct species, were the only ones that made it out alive.
We were taken to the dining room and offered food and drink. The Captain came to us and offered his hand in welcome. Then, just like all of the others, he asked me how we had come be out in those waters. I quickly explained to him what I had told the others, and then said that we needed to leave this vessel. He laughed, and said that we had to stay. He told me that we were in the middle of nowhere and the water was freezing. I asked if we could borrow a lifeboat, however he seemed distraught by this idea and simply shrugged it off. A young officer came up to the captain, whispered into his ear and then the captain said his good days and left us alone.

As we sat and ate a waiter came around, he asked if we needed anything and I simply asked for the date. He replied that it was the 15th of April 1912. Seeing the worry on my face, the waiter asked if he should go get me the ship’s doctor. I waved him onward and he left. When the waiter was far enough from the table he couldn’t hear me, I told Sh’lack why I had been so frightened. That on that day, April 15th 1912 the Titanic sank when it collided with an iceberg. At that moment Sh’lack realized that we needed to leave that ship.

I got up and left the dining table and Sh’lack followed after me. I walked through the ship until I found the bridge. I opened the bulkhead, and walked in. Everyone on the deck looked at me, and two of the deck officers started to remove me from the bridge. I started calling to the captain, pleading for him to listen to what I had to say. Finally, just as I was about to be carried out of the bridge the captain turned to me and asked what I needed from him. I told him that he needed to listen to the warnings about icebergs, and that he needed to slow down the ship and be more careful. He looked at me, and asked why he should do such a thing, and against my better judgment my mouth gave an
answer before my brain realized what it had said. I told him that I was from a hundred years in the future and that I knew if he did not listen to the warning signs the ship would be lost along with almost all on board.

The bridge exploded in laughter as the captain repeated what I had said piece by piece. Laughing harder each time that he said it. Then, turning back to his work, he ordered me off of his bridge. The two officers started to grab ahold of me, but I shrugged them off and walked out of the bulkhead with my pride. After I had stepped through, and they had slammed the bulkhead behind me, I went to find Sh’lack. As soon as I did I told him what had happened on the bridge and he offered up a solution. “Steal a Lifeboat,” was all that he said and after thinking on it I believed that it was the only course of action.

So we went off to find the lifeboats again, however when we did there were several people walking around the deck. Figuring that it was too risky to do in the day, we went off to the room that had been prepared for us.

When the evening fell upon the ship, and everyone had gone off to dinner, Sh’lack and I decided it was the best time to act. We moved off to the lifeboats and got in one. We then began lowering the boat into the water, and as soon as we had hit the ocean we set sail for home. Or at least, home from a time before us. After about an hour of rowing away from the ship we saw the accident happen. We sat there and watched, and felt sorry for all those who were lost. Sh’lack asked why we had not helped some of the people on board and I replied that it was a fixed point in time. I then had to explain what that meant, and where the phrase had come from. Then we set sail for home, trying to figure out a way back to our time.
We reached the coast a few days later, luckily Sh’lack was very strong and required almost no rest. He did most of the rowing since he made such light work of it. When we stepped out of the lifeboat and onto the sand of the beach I let out a great sigh. Sh’lack asked me what was wrong and I explained that I had no ideas for getting us home. He offered the suggestion of building a space craft and going to his people for help. After we had sat in silence for a few minutes I began asking him how it was that his people could travel such great distances. He then explained:

“*My people have an advanced engine system that allows us to move a near the speed of light. Going so fast time slows, and thus we are able to travel across the galaxy in a lifetime. However, we use a stasis pod that puts us in a great sleep and protects us from the forces experienced when jumping close to and slowing down from near light speeds.*”

I then realized how we were going to get home. I asked him if the stasis pods also would slow the aging process and he said with a few modifications it could and looked at me once again puzzled by my questions. I told him that if we could create two stasis pods that we could use them to keep ourselves alive for the next one hundred years. So we set off to work, quite literally in fact as we needed funds to create the pods. After a few short years we had acquired all that we needed and then set to work on building the machines. We had to choose a place that would be left alone for the next one hundred years, so we placed ourselves into them, after a warning from Sh’lack that it may not work, and sent ourselves to the government. They, in turn, then put us in what would later become Area 51. So there we sat for one hundred years, in a pod in the basement of a secret facility. Finally, when 2013 rolled around the computer system that Sh’lack had designed released
us from our prisons at almost the exact same moment we were sucked into the whirlpool and lost in time. After several long weeks of being poked and prodded the government decided to allow us to go to small town Ohio, but said that they would be keeping an eye on us. So we left them.

After several hours of travel we returned home, and I made up a room for Sh’lack and we both got warm showers. Then I went to bed, and awoke the next morning to find that it was a Monday. After being lost in space, time, and sea I had forgotten a lot about school but they had not forgotten about me. I was forced by my mother to get up and go, although I had woken up a tad late. When I did get to Sheridan it was a welcome sight, so I sat by the flagpole and soaked it all in. I was back home, safe and sound. I was helping my new friend Sh’lack build an intergalactic spacecraft and I did not have to worry about North Koreans, Nazi’s, icebergs, or aliens. It was nice to go back to a place where my life would be routine every day without any surprises. So that, Mr. Booth, is why I was five minutes late to your class. I had to save the world twice, and the find a way back home through time. I fear, however, that I may be late again several times in the near future for similar reasons.
52 Things to Know About Science #39

1. Light is a wave, and a particle.
2. Things are colored because of the way light interact with atoms.
3. White light is a mixture of all the colors.
4. Fiber optics are used in communications.
5. LASER = Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation.
6. Fission is the process that splits a large nucleus into two or more smaller ones.
7. There are no rogue stars in the universe.
8. Most galaxies are spiral galaxies.
9. The most distant objects in the universe are called quasars.
10. The Universe is expanding.
11. The Big Bang was not an explosion.
12. It is possible to splice genes into individual DNA.
13. Genetic code is redundant.
14. DNA governs the production of proteins in the body.
15. Waves can bend around corners.
16. All sounds are waves.
17. There is no noise in space, since waves need to travel through air.
18. You can make a microscope using electrons instead of light.
19. The lens in the human eye can change focal length, unlike modern glass lens.
20. For light to be reflected it must first be absorbed then released.
21. You can see atoms emit light when watching a campfire.
22. Electromagnetic waves travel at the speed of light, 186,000 miles per second.
23. Visible light only makes up about 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum.

24. Electrons are accelerated back and forth in a radio antenna.

25. The human body, except the eye, can detect other forms of electromagnetic radiation.

26. Earth has a magnetic force field.

27. The Earth’s rotation creates its magnetic field.

28. A compass needle is a magnet.

29. The Earth’s magnetic field can reverse itself, causing the magnetic north pole to be in Antarctica instead of Canada.

30. The Sun also has a magnetic field.

31. Sunspots seem to be dark but in fact release large amounts of light.

32. An electrical current causes heat.

33. Scientists cannot tell what time is, only how to measure it.

34. Modern New Year’s Eve parties can be trace back to Egyptian “End of Year Bashes.”

35. 46 B.C. was the longest year on record and 1582 was the shortest.

36. It takes neurons a millisecond (.001 sec) to fire in your nervous system, the fastest computers send information in picoseconds(.000000000001 sec)

37. Newton was the first person to make a working theory on gravity.

38. Newton did not see an apple fall from a tree and come up with the theory of gravity.

39. There are land tides as well as ocean tides.

40. The sun and moon contribute to the oceans tides.
41. Buoyancy is what actually makes boats float.

42. Power is the rate at which energy is expended.

43. Virtually all of the energy on the Earth comes from the Sun.

44. Energy is conserved, and can change forms.

45. Energy is never created nor destroyed.

46. Matter is never created nor destroyed.

47. Water does not always expand when heated.

48. Earth’s core is both solid and liquid.

49. The surface of the Earth is constantly changing.

50. Mountains are not forever.

51. Earthquakes are the result of a release of energy stored in rocks.

52. One of the best ways to learn about science is through personal inquiries and teaching yourself:
One Medium Suitcase # 32

Leaving a place that you have called home for almost two decades is tough, and if I had to leave today with only a medium sized suitcase I’m not sure what I would take. I would always feel like I should have left one thing and taken another. Nonetheless, I will try to decide what to leave with now.

Seeing that I would be leaving a home I would obviously want something that would always remind me of it. So, I would take with me my Star Trek scale model replica starships. Most people may take pictures, but I have none of those. My entire childhood, my entire life up to this point can be expressed through those small ships. They were one of the first Star Trek things that I had bought when I was younger. I have played with them constantly, and never feel childish while doing so. I believe that keeping the child within us all alive is an important feat in this live. It is easy to get lost in technology, work, or family in this modern world. Yet, it is almost impossible for people to retain a link to the past, a link to a self they once knew. These ships provide that link for me, along with reminding me of my childhood.

I would also bring along my pillow, because it is probably one of the most comfortable pillows I have ever had. I also find that it reminds me of the place I have spent most of my teenage years. That is, it reminds me of my room and more specifically it reminds me of my bed. My bed has been kind to me all these years, I have been able to lay down on it and fall into a wonderful new world where anything can happen. These dreams have helped to shape who I am, and have given me a way to explore the world without ever leaving my room.

I would also take along with me a few books because they have always been my greatest of companions. Books, like my dreams, have given me a doorway to the unknown. They have
granted me passage to new places, new worlds, new species, new histories, and a wealth of information that can never be found anywhere else.

Other than that, there is not much else that I would want to bring with me. What else could I possibly need other than those things that truly bring happiness to my heart? If I could I would have said I would pack my friends and take them with me. However, in order to do that I would either need magical powers or a fifth dimensional blue police box.
The Door #45

When I walk out of that door, I want to be able to look back on everything I have done in this life and think to myself, “I have lived a full life.” I also want to go off to college, get my degree and become a professor of physics at a top league university. I would also like to find an asteroid with radiation that will give me superpowers. I want to be able to fly across the sky, lift cars above my head, or to just keep the bad guys from destroying the world. I want the good guy, the nerd, the good friend, the nice guy in the world to finally get the girl. Personally, I am tired of seeing young lady after young lady go for guys that they should realize are not good enough for them. However, I find that that will never happen. When I walk out that door, I want people to see a man that they want to be. A guy that is amazing, and awesome at the same time. That’s what I want when I go out of that door.

When I walk out of that door, I don’t want to be small and weak. I don’t want to be looked down upon by the world. I also don’t want to go out into the world and find myself moving to the world of insanity. I don’t want to look at myself in the mirror and see someone who I don’t want to know anymore. I don’t want to wake up one a day and find myself as an evil scientist about ready to take over the world. I don’t want to wake up and find that I am no longer in control of my own life anymore. To awake one morning and find that all that I have worked so hard for these past few years has gone down the drain. I don’t want to find myself in a place where no one likes me and in a job that I don’t enjoy. I don’t want to end up in one of the first humans to colonize mars only to find myself being killed by some alien species that I never get to see let alone try to defend myself from. I don’t want to become captain of my own starship and find myself lost in space with no food or water and killed by my own crew to keep them
alive a few days longer. The one thing that I truly don’t want in this life, when I walk out of that
door I don’t want to live a meaningless life.
A Mysterious Place #18

There was a time in my early childhood that I found a place that gave me a fear like no other. I used to enjoy going on long walks in our woods, which is a mere thirty-three acres. I found these walks enjoyable, and filled with fun. I could imagine almost anything could happen. I would fight off waves of enemy soldiers, or I would create entire scenes of movies in my mind as I ran along the trees.

One day though, it seemed that I had gotten a little lost in finding my way back to the house. It did not worry me greatly, because I knew roughly where it was and that my family would come find me if I was gone too long. I continued to walk along in the woods, taking my time to see what I could find. I would brush my hand across the bark of trees as I walked. I sat on a broken stump and watched a pair of squirrels running across the ground looking for food to store for the fast approaching winter.

I lost myself in the wildlife that surrounded me, and began to think how simple life could be if we were like the animals running around the woods. That’s when I realized that I had been out for far too long, and it was beginning to get dark, and fast. I started walking faster into through the woods, and found myself worrying more and more that I would be lost forever. It began to get cool, and the wind whipped through the trees with a passion only the greek gods could muster.

Then it happened, dark fell upon the woods. I looked around in all directions in a great distress, worrying about which way was which. Trying to figure out where I was, and remember where I was going. A cold sweat and a hot tear began to fall down my face. I began crying as I heard noises from all around. A loud one from behind caused me to turn my head. I squinted my
eyes and saw a dark figure smashing through the trees. I jumped up, and looked at it as it continued getting closer. I turned away from it and ran, I ran as fast as my small legs would carry me.

As I ran I found it was getting harder and harder for me to see where I was going or what was in front of me. That’s when it happened, I was running along and my foot was caught on a standing root. I fell down and smacked my head off of the ground. As I turned myself over I noticed that the creature was almost on top of me. I covered my face with my hands and began to scream. That’s when I felt a pair of soft, loving hands pick me up. I opened my eyes to find that the creature was my father the entire time. I realized that it was foolish of me to be so scared, but even to this day I can no longer stand out in the woods in the dark. It is almost as great a fear as heights.

This is my mysterious place, a place where any creature you could ever imagine could exist at any given place or time. It is, and always be the scariest and most mysterious place to me in this world.
A Day in the Life of Me #20

He awoke in a pool of his own sweat. Warm droplets ran down his face as he sat upright in the bed. He crawled out from under the moist covers, and walked to the bathroom. Once there he turned on the cold facet and splashed the water on his face. Looking up into the mirror before him he could see the faces of every person that had stood in front of the mirror before him. It went back almost three generations, nearly one hundred years of family history locked in a framed piece of glass.

He splashed his face again, trying to bring his wondering mind back to the present. He then walked slowly over to the shower door which held a towel for him to use in wiping off his face. Blotting the water from his spores, he steadily went back to his room and sat on the bed. Unsure whether he should remain up and get ready for school or lay back down and continue to sleep, he looked to the clock on his dresser across the room. The digital time-keeper read, 5:25

He decided that he could lay back down for another hour, and did so with a great amount of haste. He wanted to return to sleep, but he didn’t want to return to the dream he had just awoken from. Nevertheless, the world faded from his mind and sleep came over his tired body.

Exactly an hour later he woke up, although this time under more pleasant conditions. He was not sweating, nor was he upset by his recent dream. In fact, some may say that he seemed rather happy on such a fine morning. He stood up out of the bed, and rose with the morning sun. He went back to the shower, and turned on the light as he entered. Then, moving to the shower, he turned on the warm water in order to heat the shower floor a little before he stepped into it.
Returning to his room with a towel around his waist he gathered together his clothes for the day and placed them onto his bed. One by one he placed the articles of clothing onto his body. Finished with this task he picked up his used towel and slipped on his shoes. He walked back to the bathroom and hung the wet towel onto a rack on the wall beside the shower. He then left, and turned out the light as he went.

Going up the stairs to his kitchen he found his younger brother. After a brief conversation between the two, he set off outside to his car. There he cleared all of the windows and started the car so that it could warm up. He then went back inside and sat down, waiting on his little brother to finish. As soon as they were both were ready they set out on their journey. They got into the car and drove out of the driveway.

At 7:20 exactly he arrived at the place where every person his age went, school. Although, this school was not as bad as some of the ones he had been to before so he tried not to complain about it. Once there he gathered his bag and folder from the backseat of his car and headed inside. He went straight to the second floor, and into room 212. He said his “good mornings” to everyone inside the room, set down his stuff in the back corner, and then walked back out.

Once he was back into the main traffic center, or hallway, he walked back down a flight of stairs to the first floor and headed for the large gathering area called the “commons.” Once there he went through a line of zombies to get at breakfast. When he had received his rations he moved back into the central room and looked for his friends in their usual gathering spot. Finding them in the corner opposite a group of vending machines and close to an exit like always he approached them.
After they had done their natural greetings they began to discuss the day before them and even events from days past. They laughed, ate, and drank together until the signal from above rang telling them to leave for their first class. They all said their “goodbyes” and then went their separate ways. He walked back up the flight of stairs, down the hall passing a great library, and back into room 212.

Inside room 212 he went directly to the back where there was a cache of computers for the use of a very select few. He sat down at one, logged onto it, and then set to his work. He would remain here until the signal from above told him to leave or until the teacher asked him to do something else. Every day he would go into that room and every day he would slave over the computer doing its bidding.

Once the signal had rung, he would leave his computer and grab his bag and folder. Then, moving quickly as possible, he would dodge the other traffic in the halls. He would make little attempts to associate himself with them unless absolutely necessary, as they were nothing more than mindless zombies during the mid-ring sessions and had nothing to really offer him. Once through the mine field of people, he would once again go down the stairs to the first floor. Then, taking an almost immediate left from the bottom of the stairs, he would reenter the zombie horde and work his way to room 119 for his next class.

He would spend the time there talking with a group of others about things that he thought were rather interesting. They would discuss new technologies, new science, and even some old science. They would talk about the planet, what humans were doing to it, and how people were trying to stop it. Overall, this was a great class and one that he thoroughly enjoyed and suggested it to many of his friends. They would, sometimes if needed, go to the computer labs in the school
building to study subjects on their own and then present it to the rest of the pupils. He rather enjoyed this, because sharing knowledge was something that brought him great happiness.

When the signal rang he would gather together his items of fortune once again and head out the door. Finding himself increasing outnumbered by zombies in the hall he would choose different routes depending on the day, and how the main “roads” looked like. On this particular day he decided to go to the right when he got to the end of the walkway opposite the room he had just left. He walked on, moving past both the back and front offices and he then took a right and up a flight of stairs back to the second level.

Once he was back on the second level he moved swiftly through the math department and into the English department. When he had arrived at a crossing of paths in the “road” he took a left and walked down the “road” for a short while. Getting about a quarter of the way down it, he turned left and walked right into room 213 for his third class of the day.

This class was by far his favorite of all that he was taking at this particular time. In this class he was not only challenged, but forced to think outside of his logical, nicely packed boxes that he had always used. He was forced to stretch his mind to the edge of the universe and snap it back again. It was a most stimulating of experiences and one that he enjoyed every moment of even if he may not have spoken every day in that class. He did, however, always have ideas and theories that he wished to give to the class. Works that he wished to publish to his peers in that room, yet he felt as if they would mean nothing to the others and were, in fact, probably not as good as he thought. So, instead of expressing himself like his friend beside him, he sat there in silence and simply observed all that expelled around him. Nonetheless he enjoyed the class greatly, and dreaded the time when the evil signal from above. Alas, it always came and he always had to leave.
Reentering the “road” system he headed down the hall. He went past room 212, past the library, and past the foreign languages to the history hall. Once there he would reach a tri-ivia, or “three roads”, as it is known in Latin. He took a sharp left and went down the “road,” at the end of this “road” he went into the second to last room on the right, or room 226.

In this room he would learn all about the law of the land. It was a decent class, taught by a wonderful fellow of great intellect of things to do with law and history. It was, however, a trifle slow for his taste. He knew most of what he was taught in this room, although he tried his best to remain attentive and excited about the course work. There were times though, that he was stumped with a question and had to ask the teacher for his thoughts. This was rare, and usually the questions were not truly relevant to real life scenarios.

After that class he would leave the room and go back down the flight of neighboring stairs to the “commons” area for lunch. He would walk with his good friend Mason, and they would exchange stories, tales, thoughts, dreams, ideas, and jokes as they went. Once they were in the large room however, they would part ways and go to eat lunch at their different tables. He would sit with people that others may think poorly of. The ones who struggled, or just seemed to have a bad reputation due to rumors. He talked to these people, entertained them, and let them know that they had a purpose in this world just like everyone else. He tried his best to help people, although he was sure that he never truly succeeded in it.

When lunch ended he took his tray to the designated trash bins and disposed of it. He then left the large room by way of the exit next to the vending machines. He took a right into traffic and found the zombies were less in numbers here, and he felt a little safer. He walked down the “road” until he was at another crossroads. He immediately turned right and walked past a set of bathrooms on his right and two science rooms on his left, one in use and the other not.
He then took the next right into a room larger than the others in the building. It was room 121, and it was filled with row and rows of computers. He went to his designated spot and sat down. He logged into the computer and began to work on his project from the day before. It was a project that would allow him to learn the language of the computers and, hopefully one day, even speak it. All in all, he rather enjoyed this class. The work was mundane, but necessary in order to achieve the ultimate goal of communicating with the computer systems.

The signal sang the song of its people and it was time for him to move again. He gathered his belongings and headed out of the room at the end furthest from him. He came out across from room 119 and headed down the hall as he previously did when going to room 213. However, this time when he reached the end of the “road” he took a left and entered the room of mystery and knowledge. That is, he entered room 110.

Once in this room he set his stuff down at a desk and then sat down himself. He pulled out his papers from the day before and prepared to listen to the teacher. He sat there and listened as best as he could while the teacher spoke his lectures. He did find it, however, to be rather difficult to keep his attention focused on the subject at hand. His mind often wanted to sleep from lack of rest the night before and the soothing tones of the teacher’s voice. Not long after that the signal rang out again, and a teacher helper left the room. Then a few minutes later it called out its cry and they set to work on a lab that they had been given. They would all go back into the back of the rooms to the large lab tables, break up into groups, and proceed to work on the project.

When they had all finished, the signal sang for the last time of the day. Once again he picked up his bags and left the room. Upon exiting he took a left and an almost immediate right. He walked down the “road” and was pushed and pulled by the zombies around him that were
about to be freed into the world. He took a left at the end of the “road” and walked out of the
doors and into the light of day. Walking past the buses, he went to the left side of the parking lot
and found his vehicle. After getting in and starting it he left, and drove over to the middle school
across the street. There he waited in the back for his brother to come.

Once his younger brother was in the car, they set out for home. He drove around the
middle school and took a left onto the main road. After several miles, turns, stops, and goes they
arrived at their home. He walked in, taking his bags with him, and set them at the end of his bed.
He opened the bag and took out whatever he needed in order to complete the homework given to
him that day. Then, after turning on his computer, he would curl up into his bed, turn on the
television, and set to work on his homework. After he had completed that, he got onto his
computer and either played games or worked on his book.

Soon after him, his mother would arrive home and begin cooking dinner. About two
hours after he had originally gotten home, dinner was served and he ate. After he had his fill he
returned to his room and finished the night off with more television and some light reading.
Satisfied with a day completed to the best of his ability and to its fullest potential he turned off
the light and his computer. Then he would set his alarm, and crawl back into his warm bed. Once
there, he would wrap himself in the covers and fall into the peaceful bliss that was his sleep,
waiting to start it all over the next day.
Look Who I Look Up To #30

One person that I look up to is Albert Einstein from Ulm, Germany. He grew up and his family housed university students from time to time. One student they housed would talk to Einstein and even fuel his desire for knowledge in mathematics. Einstein taught himself geometry at a young age. When he would be at school other boys his age would play with a ball while he sat and read books. He graduated from college his professors told him that he would never amount to anything. His own father even wrote a letter to professors asking them to take his son under their wing. Yet, his attempts failed. Finally Einstein was given a job at the Swiss Patent Office, thanks to his friend. This is where he came up with his Theory of Special Relativity. Sitting in an office for hours at a time with nothing better to do than think. That is what jump started his career, however he won the Nobel Prize for Physics because of his works on the photoelectric effect. Personally, seeing that he achieved so much in such a short time is amazing. Also the fact that he went from a man who nobody thought would amount to anything to one of the greatest scientists of the history of humanity gives me hope for myself. This is why I admire Albert Einstein.

My second person of admiration has got to be Gene Roddenberry. He was the creator of *Star Trek: The Original Series*, which launched the science fiction craze and seven television shows, now twelve different movies, along with countless books and video games. Roddenberry was known as a futurist, and the “Great Bird of the Galaxy.” These names only came after the premier of *Star Trek: TOS* in 1966. Before that Roddenberry started out going to school to become a policeman. Three years into though, he changed his mind and got a degree in aeronautical engineering which allowed him to get his pilot’s license. He entered the U.S. Army Air Corps in 1941 and flew bombers in the pacific. It was there that he began his career as a
writer. He would sell stories he wrote to papers. When he returned home from the war he got a job at an airline flying planes. However, on one flight both his engines gave out and the plane caught on fire. He crashed in the Syrian Desert in the middle of the night. Roddenberry ordered two English pilots to cross a river to find a light he had saw before they crashed. It was a Syrian military post and they sent back a plane and Roddenberry returned to the post. He was given the Civil Aeronautics commendation for his actions before, during, and after the crash.

When Roddenberry first saw television he knew that it was going to be a big market for writers. He left his job and set out, upon arriving in Hollywood Roddenberry took a job as a policeman. It is said that this helped to fuel his stories for shows. Roddenberry finally wrote and produced the pilot episode of Star Trek: TOS after the network denied two earlier drafts.

Seeing that a man can go through so much, see the world at its worst and then bounce back from that is amazing. It’s even more amazing to see that man create a television show that expressed a future where humans were actually as civilized as they like to say that they are. This is why I admire Gene Roddenberry, even though he had seen the world at war he still felt in his heart and mind that humanity was better than that and would be better than that in the future. He was tested, and every time he rose to the challenge and overcame it. He is a man that today’s youth should aspire to be like.

The final person that I will say I admire is Neil Armstrong, the first man on the moon. He passed away only a few short months ago but he is still a great part in our history. Armstrong began his legendary mission when he was born in Wapakoneta, Ohio, on August 5, 1930. He was a naval aviator from 1949-1952 and then joined the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA), which later became the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA). He was a NASA test pilot flying over 200 types of aircraft. He was given astronaut
status in 1962 and was command pilot for the Gemini 8. He was the first man to dock two vehicles in space. Later he was spacecraft Commander for Apollo 11 and the first man to take a step onto the moon. This began his career as a national hero, and he returned to Earth and went to Washington D.C. to head the technology division of NASA. He later became a professor at the University of Cincinnati. He was decorated by seventeen different countries during his career.

This is a man of determination. He found his passion for flying and got a job doing it. He dreamed of the stars and finally reached out and touched our own moon. It has been said that Armstrong would tell terrible jokes about the moon and follow them up with, “Ah, I guess you had to be there.” This is a man of honor, and dedication. We could all strive to be like Neil Armstrong, to go out and touch a star, to dream the impossible dream and then make it happen.
My Own List of Lists #26

**People who have influenced me:**

1. My mother.
2. My father.
3. Mr. Chennells.
4. Mrs. Kunkler
5. Albert Einstein.
6. Commander Spock
7. Commander Data

**Places that make me happy:**

1. My room.
2. My bed.
4. Sitting in the woods alone, with just the sounds of nature.
5. Kitchens, because there’s food there.

**Places I would like to go:**

1. Rome, Italy.
2. Berlin, Germany.
5. Moscow, Russia.
6. Tokyo, Japan.

7. Alpha Centauri

**Things in people which I like:**

1. A sense of humor.
2. Intelligence.
3. Common sense.
4. Passion for something in life.
5. Reliability.
6. Trustworthiness.

**Things in people which I dislike:**

1. Egotistical.
2. Pompous.
3. Ignorance.
4. Emotions.
5. Disrespect.
6. Spreading rumors.
7. Attempting to be in my personal business.

**Things that worry me:**

1. College.
2. Life.
3. Death.
5. Money.

**Things that I would like to know how to do:**

1. Fix my car when it breaks down.
2. Fly a helicopter.
3. Write computer code.
4. Get people to like me.
5. Solve complex problems in mathematics.
6. Correctly use punctuation in English writing.

**Things that have moved me:**

1. My car.
2. My Legs.
3. The Earth.
4. Special Relativity.
5. *Star Trek: The Original Series*
6. My parents.
7. My drive for everlasting knowledge.

**Ideas that intrigue me:**

1. Quantum Mechanics.
2. A Plasma Engine for space shuttles.
3. A FTL (Faster Then Light) Drive.
5. Subspace Fields for use as a power source.

6. Aliens.

**My personal favorites:**

1. Outer Space.

2. Television.


4. The Physical Sciences.

5. Reading good books.

6. Writing stories my peers enjoy.
Unfinished Sentences #15

I usually worry about college. I find that it is going to be a wonderful new experience, but at the same time I fear it. I worry what it will be like going day after day without seeing my friends. I worry that all of my present friendships will break down and be lost forever, even though I am sure I will meet new people. I also worry about paying for college, even though I have gotten several scholarships and financial aid packages.

I feel angry when people feel that they need to repeatedly tell me things that I already know. This makes me feel like they think I am untrustworthy or something. It also makes me feel like people automatically expect me to fail at whatever they ask and that they have to look over my shoulder all of the time. At the expense of sounding egotistical, I usually know what I am doing and if I don’t I will surely ask for it. So there is no need for people to constantly watch my every move.

I am moody when people believe that they understand a situation and have the authority to tell me how to solve it. When in reality they know only a small portion of what any given situation is. This makes me very cross, and I do not like people interfering with my personal business. As far as I am concerned, what’s mine is mine, and what’s yours is yours.

I’m happiest when I am alone. That is the only time when I feel peace and freedom. I don’t have to worry about people watching me, telling me what to do, or bossing me around. When I am alone I can do whatever I please, whenever I please. It is a feeling beyond any other, and given the choice I may remain alone for the rest of my life.

I feel confident when I know the answer to a question. When I figure out what the answer is to any question it gives me a feeling of bliss in confidence. I want to tell the world of my
discovery. Unfortunately, I usually cannot find the courage to speak my peace in regards to any answer I come up with. I do not know why, but it always seems to happen especially in class.

I feel frustrated when people will not listen to me. It severally makes me cross when people ask for my thoughts on something and then just ignore them. I find this rude, and uncivilized. There have been many times when someone has asked me a question and I gave them an answer. Which was almost always the correct answer, and then the person ignored it as false and went to someone else who told them the same thing.

I feel depressed when I don’t hear from my friends in a long time. It makes me feel as if I am no longer wanted or needed. I begin to think that they don’t really care about me, but I can never bring myself to contact them first. I always feel like I would be bothering them and if they actually wanted to talk to me they would get ahold of me. This is really the only thing that makes me depressed.

I am comfortable when I am around people that I know. There is a rough exterior to my wonderful personality that most people don’t get past. It is a self-defense mechanism that my mind has adapted to keep people who plan to hurt, or destroy me far away. However, sometimes this makes people think that I am rude or cold hearted. In reality I am not like that at all, once you gain my trust I turn out to be, what I think as, a kind and enjoyable fellow.

I feel nervous when I am around people that I do not know. I always feel like the situation is awkward. I don’t know them and they don’t know me, and it is rather difficult to try to strike up a conversation. Usually when given this situation I just stand there in silence, which is perfectly normal and natural for me. However, this usually makes the other person more
distant from me and the situation begins to worsen until one of us is able to leave. This is probably one of the scenarios when I am truly nervous.

I feel sentimental when I think back on my fond memories of my childhood. Especially with those of my family and I watching *Star Trek* or some other type of enjoyable show. I find these memories to bring forth such emotions because they are one of a few types of good memories I have with my family. It may seem sad to others, but for me I would take these memories over those of anyone else in the world. Because these are mine, and mine alone.
Flashback #23

Given the choice to go back to any point in my life and relive a day I would have to choose the first day of freshman year. This may seem like an odd day to choose because, well in reality it is kind of weird, most people wouldn’t choose such a day. However, I am not most people and want this day for several reasons which is as follows.

First of all I want this day because it is the beginning of my high school career. It is the start of my glorious path to where I am now. This is a time where the first impression of the people around me was everything. From the first words that came out of my mouth to the first motions of my body, the people around me started to make assumptions about who I was, what I was like, and how I acted. The first day of class I was quiet, which I am sure is hard to see now, and I never said a word unless spoken to by a teacher or other adult. Looking back now, almost three years later, I see that this was a terrible mistake. If I could go back to the first day of freshman year, knowing all that I know now of course, I would do things a lot different.

The first thing I would do different, which I touched upon in the above paragraph, is that I would talk to people more. People are a wonderful, and yet sometimes terrifying, species. They have the ability to be the kindest of the Earth’s creatures, or the destroyers of the world. This all depends, of course, on how they see the person, animal, or object that they are deciding whether or not to be nice to or to destroy. So, with talking to people and getting to know them there is a higher chance that I would have gotten on more of their good sides and not have as many people disliking me.

I would have also been more active in the class “ice breakers”, although I always find them a pain in the butt, they are good for getting to know your fellow classmates. I find that it is
easier to interact with people, and ultimately help make it easier for them to interact with me, if I utilize the “ice breakers.” Although some of them are cheesy, they still get the desired effect.

These are the two biggest things that I would change about that first day of high school. I would also be kinder and nicer to people on that day so that I would hopefully have more friends than I do today. However, to describe what this would accomplish. This would ultimately fail, why? Because according to most leading theories in the scientific community a person cannot go back in time and change the past.

The point of changing the past has been argued though by television's longest-running science fiction series *The Doctor Who*. They say that there are only a select few points in time that are fixed and that can never be changed. That, in theory, the past is just like the future. That is, the past is always in a state of quantum flux and is directly affected by the choices that we make in the future. This point can be argued with the idea of events of the past affecting the future like a pebble dropped into a calm lake creates ripples. Each event sends out a shockwave into the future altering events in ways that we cannot imagine. However, just as a pebble is dropped into the water, does not the ripples go in all directions? So, in theory, the events of the present affect not only the future but the past.

To recap, if I could go back to any point in my own history it would be my first day of freshman year. When I got there I would do two things to start off with. Firstly I would talk to more people. Secondly, I would participate more in the group activities to break the ice between students so that I would have gotten to know people better and they would have gotten to know me better. Although, according to most scientific theories, I do not think going back in time would really alter the past events, for what’s done is done.
How to Tick Your English Teacher Off #35

There are several ways in which a person can make their English teacher very angry. The key is to make them mad, and yet not fail the class. This can prove difficult at times, but where there’s a will there’s a way. Let’s get started, shall we?

There was lesson one, in my experience English teachers do not like it when you try to talk to your audience. They seem to think that it is someway demeaning to your paper and makes it less professional. While the later may be true, it seems to make the reader more comfortable and willing to read your paper, article, book, etc. So tell me, are you comfortable? After seventy-five pages I would hope so. Buck up though cowboy, the end is within sight. Here, let me recline that chair for you, now just sit back and enjoy the rest of your read.

Now, there a few other tricks that we can use when combatting the powerful English wizard. Now there is one thing everyone must understand about the English wizards and witches species. Their greatest combative weapon is punctuation. Luckily for you, it is also their greatest weakness. They cringe at the sight of it misused of it, depending of course on the severity of your misuse. If you say drastically misuse punctuation and try to destroy them in on swoop, which I would not advise since most English wizards are very powerful, they may come back at you with the full force of the terrible F. So, when using this attack against your teacher use it wisely and don’t go too far.

A third way that you can make English teachers angry is with spelling. Most English teachers despise it when students misspell words, especially the easy ones. This is a nice thing to have, you can misspell a word here or a word there. However, a note of caution, do not use this trick too much. Most English teachers are rather intelligent and quick to pick up on this trick.
Using it more than a few times every other paper may arouse unwanted suspicion and you’re your teacher confront you. So, it’s better just to use this trick sparingly.

The final idea for ticking off your English teacher is to be vague. Do not describe sensory details, ideas, thoughts, or anything for that matter. Although, this is the most dangerous way to make your teacher mad, as it may result in a direct failure and retaking the course again next year. So be careful of how much detail you leave out when writing papers.

Just as writing too little amount of imagery and sensory details can make your teacher mad, so can writing too much. If you were to tell of every sensation that the character felt as they picked up a cup and took a drink, your teacher will definitely get angry. Because, “Too much of a good thing, is too much of a good thing,” such as seventy-six pages and still going strong.

All in all there are several ways that you can make an English teacher mad. Some of them are harmless, while others may result in a direct failure of the class. There is, of course, a fine line that we all must choose to walk. Whether you choose the kind side of your English teacher, or the mean punishing side does not matter so long as you choose what you want wisely and weigh the consequences and rewards. As you must be ready to face your own mistakes.
The Perfect Present #33

If I could be given the perfect gift, that was an abstract object, I would have to say that it would be wisdom. This would be very helpful to me, not only now but also in the far off future. Anyone can have money, power, intelligence, but only a few men are great enough to have wisdom.

Wisdom is, in my own personal opinion, the greatest of all gifts. It is the ability to not only know something, but to understand it also. In any great book, movie, television show, story, or really anything there is always a wise and knowing person. They help to mold the present in order to shape the future as it needs to be. The wise may not always live to see the end of the story, but their target goal is always accomplished just as they predict. However, according to the Merriam-Webster Dictionary online it is, “a wise attitude, belief, or course of action.”

For me this would be the perfect gift because it would allow me to know which path is better. It will help me to make better decisions considering my life and where I want it to lead. Most of all having the gift of wisdom will allow me to help those people around me. It will give me the ability to express my wise insights to those who I see need it. I could do immeasurable good in the world.

I need this gift because it is one thing that I lack. I have intelligence, decent strength and agility, but the one thing I could use is wisdom. Wisdom allows a person to not only acknowledge that they have special gifts, but it allows a person to understand how to use their other special gifts. I need to know how to use my gifts for the good of not only myself, but those around me as I said in the previous paragraph.
Wisdom would affect my life by granting me the ability to help those around me and to better the world. Although wisdom could give me fame and possibly fortune, that is not what I look for in this life. Money is money, all it does is help my life be a little more comfortable. That, and money is only worth what some other person says it’s worth. I believe the point of wisdom is to be able to guide the people of the community and world into a better place and time.
Annual Report of Myself to Myself #41

Last year I was a care free, worry free young man. I was wild and rather unpredictable, not caring what people thought of me I did whatever I pleased. Now, to an extent, this is actually a rather good quality to have. However, in the past year I have changed a lot and even matured. I now worry about college, and my career. I wonder if I will ever get a good job, I worry about my finances, I worry about my schoolwork, and I worry about everything in between those. Through the process of writing these autobiographies I have realized that I have gone from one extreme to the other. I’ve gone from not caring at all, to caring about everything to the point that I can barely get a few hours of sleep at night. I find that I need to find a comfortable moderate section of these two extremes. A place where I worry about the important things, but still find the fun in everyday life.

In a year from today I hope to be the man that is at a moderate section of worrying. I hope to also be finishing up my freshman year of college and working hard towards my degree. According to my plan, as of right now, I will have a decent job making pretty good money and saving up for when I have to transfer to Ohio University, Athens. With a good job I hope to also have my own car and be mainly paying my own way, while still living at home. I don’t want to leave my parent’s house just yet because I can stay here and save some money and still feel independent. In this way I believe I will be making great progress, because I will probably be a very happy and healthy individual if my plan succeeds.

My last year has given me the ability to progress because I have learned a lot about myself and the world around me. Having Government last semester opened my eyes to the world of politics and showed me how much I want to be a part of it and change the world. With English this semester I have had my mind destroyed by some of the questions posed. I have tried to work
through them and understand what the questions meant to me and how it could apply to my life. These events have caused me to reevaluate my entire life and even some of my ideas, thoughts, and even actions. Overall, this past year has been both a rewarding and a challenging year but it has all been worth it.
Are you Hungry? #37

The question has stood the testament of time, “What is the best type of food?” Well, I believe that I have found it. The best food on this green Earth is fried chicken, and any type of it. You’ve got several different types, like original fried chicken, chicken strips, chicken wings, etc.

Fried chicken is a wonderful meal, and can be created and fashioned almost anywhere. From the standard home skillet, to the busy southern restaurant, fried chicken is a meal that is good for any occasion. Especially picnics, as everyone always loves to take fried chicken when laying out on the grass of the Earth. You could fry the chicken and then place it in a crockpot to keep it warm throughout the rest the day.

Personally I find that there is no better type of fried chicken then chicken strips. They are the Holy Grail to food and probably God’s gift to humanity. They are generally only found in restaurants but can be made at home with some difficulty. Personally, dropping a few chicken strips into a deep fryer and listening to them cook is amazing. Almost as amazing as they smell, and ultimately as amazing as they taste. Chicken strips can come with a variety of different side dishes. The most common side dish is French fries. While most people choose this dish there are others that enjoy coleslaw, or maybe even some onion rings. Personally I am a traditionalist, I prefer the good old homemade French fries. Peel a potato, cut it into the fry general shape and then drop them down with the chicken strips. This allows both of the foods to combine their glorious flavors.

When it comes to actually eating the chicken strips there is no other way to eat them than with honey mustard sauce. Honey mustard has its own rare and unique flavor that when combined with a deep fried chicken strip freshly out of the fryer. It is a match made by God in
heaven. There is even a chain food restaurant that is wholly devoted to just chicken strips. It’s called *Raising Cane’s*. They have the best chicken strips I have tasted thus far in my short eighteen year life. It is amazing, and fully worth a trip to Lancaster, Ohio.
Futures-Fantasy and Fact #50

When I close my eyes at night I can see myself in the future. It is me in about ten years. I am the commander of a faster then light starship. I have the power and authority to make decisions that could affect all the peoples of Earth and our colonies of planets. With the rising threat of overpopulation all of the Earth’s advance societies came together and created a way to colonize the moon and other planets in our solar system and the surrounding solar systems. Given that I had achieved my degree in science and began working for the government I was given priority work on the Prometheus Project. This was what they called the creation of the first interstellar spacecraft, and when we achieved the production of the first interstellar space craft we named it the U.E.S. (United Earth Spacecraft) Prometheus. This was the life I had to look forward to, at least in my dreams of the future.

Now in ten years I really see myself working at a small high school kind of like Sheridan. I will be a teacher of physics and chemistry. I will have a decent job with decent pay, and will be living in a house of my own. It will not be a big one, maybe a three bedroom house, with a porch and nice sized front and back yards. In ten years it is more than possible that I will be married and working on creating a family to call my own. I hope to reproduce but only have two children, a boy and a girl. That way I have a son to pass along the Saum genes and a daughter so that I have a little girl to spoil. However, my fear with having a daughter is when she becomes a teenager. I know what girls are like as teens right now, and I hope that they get better but I fear that they won’t. At any rate I think the scariest part of having a daughter would be when she starts dating. I will have to put the fear of God into several young men, however I think that I am crazy enough to do it without any lawsuits.
The differences between these two futures is a great void, from a military officer with a Ph.D. to a school teacher with a Master’s degree. Now this isn’t too far of a stretch in the sense of educational degrees, which is about four years of graduate school, but is a stretch in the idea of careers. I think the idea of commanding a starship is a direct link between reality and fantasy. I love *Star Trek*, which I have stated in many different biographies, and the idea that one day in my life time I could command an interstellar craft astounds me. Although, I think my actual future will be more like the reality future. Working in a high school as a teacher, expressing ideas, philosophies, and questions of the unknown to the next generation I think that is where I will truly be, a school teacher of the sciences to high school students until they either get tired of me, or I get tired of them.
Cheer Yourself Up!! #27

Here is a list of a few things that I would do to cheer myself up when I am sad:

1. Watch *Star Trek*.
2. Take a nap.
3. Meditate on whatever is making me sad.
4. Talk about it with Justin Adkins or Tyler Birch.
5. Take a nice long walk and clear my head.
7. Write a book.
8. Play a video game.
9. Shoot cardboard boxes.
10. Build my own starship.
11. Finish my theories on time-travel.
12. Publish my theories on time-travel.
14. Buy a cannon and shoot it at a medium size tree.
15. Better yet, build a cannon and shoot it at a tree.
17. Go skydiving.
18. Do that thing where you get in a plane that free falls and makes you “weightless.”
20. Launch a satellite into a geosynchronous orbit.
21. Use previous satellite to get images of the world.
22. Find new life at the bottom of the ocean.

23. Find Atlantis.


25. Return home and tell the world about Atlantis, unless sworn to secrecy by the Latian people.

26. Map out the 1% of the universe that we can see.

27. Go to Mars.

28. Find Martian artifacts.

29. Mess with the Curiosity Rover, and ultimately everyone at NASA.

30. Go home with Martian artifacts.

31. Build a Library for all of my creations and finds to be placed in.

32. Stop being sad.
Daniel Saum was born in Columbus, Ohio on November 5th, 1994. He resides in Somerset, Ohio in a rural community with his parents, Tammy and David, along with his brothers Patrick and Arron, and his sister Rachael. He has traveled across the United States, which has given him inspirations for his different writings. He also enjoys watching the famous television shows: Star Trek: The Original Series, Star Trek: The Next Generation, and Doctor Who. These have fueled his desire to know more about the universe and its workings, which has been expressed multiple times in his different writings. He has achieved several successes in his lifetime, such as being co-founder of a software development company and being knighted by the Queen of England for his heroic actions in saving fourteen children from an orphan house.

Although he has only lived a short life of eighteen years, he has seen and thought of things most adults never conceive of. With a passion for science fiction and the actual science behind the shows, he has been writing with these things in mind.