

## Hite gives fond regards

by Darin Hite

As my last article of the year, I could've taken this time to write a sentimental good-bye to you, my loyal readers, followers, if you will. Yes, you people that hung on my every word as if you suffered some vile addiction, wanting, needing, screaming in anguish until the next month's issue came out bearing my pearls of wisdom. Yes, I could lie to you and say that I enjoyed sharing things I find funny with you to enlighten your lives, but instead I want to tell you how embarrassed I am that I even opened up to some of you!

I'm addressing the people that line up from the Natural Resources Center parking lot to Oscoda praying for the perfect parking spot. You are the people who sit in your beat up little cars smoking six packs of cigarettes and gulping down four thermoses of black coffee while waiting for hours along Johnson Street, so you can park in a small gravel area that accommodates approximately six cars maximum!

Hello! Are you so goofy that you can't see there is a vast ocean of parking space people don't even use? Sure, it's a longer walk, but at least I wouldn't be picking on you!

Also I would like to address Mr. Johnny Parking Patrol. If you're laughing at this article, wipe the smile off your face, and go purchase a good Halloween



costume because there's a lynch mob being formed on this here campus and, Robocop, they're looking for you! Hey, here's some advice, lighten up, go to a workshop on de-motivation. Come on, is parking duty your life?

Man, some peoples' parking fines have exceeded the value of their car. I guess I'd like you to think about what you've been doing around campus. Think about the food people have gone without because they had to pay their fines. Show some mercy!

Now that I've expressed my parking peeves, I'd like to thank everyone who read this column each month. I hope there are no hard feelings towards me since this is (supposedly) a humor column, and I'm only doing my job, just as parking patrol is doing theirs. Both may be a bit over zealous, at times, I admit.

At any rate, thank you for reading my extremely closed-minded and highly opinionated articles. I hope you enjoy them next year when I will be sending them to ACC from Northern Michigan University in Marquette. I would also like to wish everyone luck in their own pursuit of academic excellence. Thank you, Darin Hite.

## Devilish Experience

Part Three

by Frank Krist

When I arrived there I crawled along the side of the house to a window with some bushes underneath it. I peeked in the open window to find Mike's family and mine eating dinner. Just as I crouched back down to listen, the phone rang. After a minute or two Mike's dad asked where I was. It then occurred to me that whom ever saw me leaving the church must have been who called. I heard my mom say that I had gone to the church and was probably at home now. Then they all agreed that Mike should be sent to my house, to keep me company. Just as I heard Mike leave the house I took my jackknife out of my pocket, planning to take Mike hostage. I let him walk a half block before I left the bushes. After a couple minutes I snuck up close enough to grab him from behind. Just as I reached out everything went dark. I woke with a bad headache to find that there were straps around my shoulders, waist and legs. I was strapped to a pole in front of the church altar. The church bell was ringing and people were filing into the church. My parents were strapped to poles on either side of me. They were unconscious but still breathing!

When the church was full and the people were settled in the pews Mike's dad entered and paraded up the aisle, with Mike behind him. They both wore black robes and Mike was carrying a pillow with a long, thin knife on it. My hopes of survival were zero! When they reached us Mike's dad turned around, while Mike took the knife and set it down in front of us. Mike's dad held out his arms, everyone got on their knees and he moaned several distorted lines backwards. After that he picked the knife up and walked over to me! I was so petrified I could not even scream! Mike took one of three silver bowls next to the altar and held it under my throat. His dad pushed my head back and pressed the cold steel blade against my neck. He said, "I will replenish my life by drinking the blood of this boy, and God will know, I the devil, will obey no law of His. You yourselves will then see that God is powerless to stop me." His horrid laugh rang through my ears as I tensed, waiting for the knife to tear into my neck at any moment. Suddenly a tall white figure, in the image of a woman, stood up in back of the church. Mike's father immediately looked up, with a slight smile and a pointed finger, the figure bellowed, "To hell with the devil!" The knife slipped from his hands, "But I thought God didn't have the power to do this to me." he gasped. "Well I make the rules, so I can change them."

After the figure bellowed this out, Mike's father was sucked through the floor with a loud rush. The people in the church and Mike all seemed to collapse at the sight of Mike's father being sucked in the ground. With a bright flash the figure disappeared and the people began coming to life as if woken from a deep sleep. Then the church began to shake and the bricks were falling from the ceiling, people were fleeing out the front and side doors. I looked over at Mike as he got up, when he came to his senses, he ran to the knife. This was too much I said to him, "Just kill me and get it over!" But to my surprise he was cutting me free. "Quit trying to make a joke out of this we got to get going and get your parents out of here!" Mike cut them free and helped me pull my mother and father out of the church to safety. But I turned to the church side door to see my dad's wallet lying on the steps. I rushed over to get it, knowing my dad probably had several hundred dollars in it. As I picked it up with the church falling in front of me, I stopped, looked up and a brick fell on my face.

When I opened my eyes, I quickly looked all around to find I was in my old bedroom. Now I realized this whole story I told you was one hell of a dream!



## Nicotine is common drug of choice

by John Eagan, MSW

Next to caffeine, nicotine is the most widely used psychoactive drug. It is classified as a stimulant on the central nervous system. Although it is usually ingested by smoking cigarettes, it can also be taken in by using smokeless tobacco products like snuff and chewing tobacco.

People build a tolerance to nicotine the same way that they build a tolerance to alcohol and many other drugs. Most people who are addicted to nicotine get very little pleasure from it. They smoke to avoid drug withdrawal. Nicotine withdrawal, which can be as severe as withdrawal from heroin, can cause headaches, sweats, cramps, nausea, insomnia, and general feelings of irritability. Strong craving during withdrawal is the biggest reason that people find it difficult to quit smoking.

Smoking is the leading cause of lung cancer. Since cigarette companies have targeted women to urge them to become smokers, the rate of lung cancer in women has risen dramatically during the past 10 years. People who use smokeless tobacco products are 6 times more likely to develop oral cancer. Since the smoke from a cigarette emits over 6800 different chemicals, smokers are prone to develop a variety of lung diseases from their addiction.

Studies show that people who try to cut down on their smoking by using "light" cigarettes smoke more of them; therefore the level of nicotine remains the same.

Many people find that they smoke more when they are under stress. Since stress increases the removal of nicotine from their systems, the reason they smoke is to restore their nicotine levels -- not for some type of release from tension.

People who are hooked on nicotine are addicts. Attempts to quit smoking are often unsuccessful because people cannot admit that they have no control over their addiction. They continue to smoke even though they know that their health is at risk.

Smoke cessation programs offer good results. Alpena General Hospital will soon offer a new "SMOKE ENDERS" class.

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