

looking for a  
place to study?  
we can help.  
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social media,  
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# the Rambler

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# Social Media, Future Plans Provide Distraction for Believers, Keep Them from Evaluating Spiritual Life

emily thornhill

*secretary*

Social media, entertainment, and a constant busy social schedule occupy so much of the time that we as students do not spend in class, studying, and pursuing sports, music, and art. When things slow down during the year or during breaks between semesters, I know I constantly search for something else to do to save myself from boredom. It is in the silence of this boredom that the Lord teaches me most about my wretchedness and my need for redemption.

With the constant noise of tweets, interesting information, and distracting links plastered across my wall and pinned to my boards, it is increasingly difficult to take a moment to be still. The constant buzz and stream of images flits across the screen, stealing my attention for one moment before I keep scrolling. When homework is done and I have a minute to breathe, I find myself reflexively typing “Hulu” or “Facebook” into my web browser.

While it may sound a bit extreme, Blaise Pascal claims that this sort of diversion “passes our time and brings us imperceptibly to our death” because it distracts us from truly evaluating our spiritual condition. Diversion is a tactful move of Satan to prevent people from pursuing Jesus Christ, the solution to our fallen state. Instead, it is easier to pull up a new distraction in the browser, to change the album, to go from one form of diversion to the next, never allowing the silence to invade our minds, for it is in silence that we must face ourselves and our thoughts.

My search for something more tells me that something is not quite right. If I were truly happy, why would

I search for distraction?

Why can't I sit still and enjoy being perfectly happy? Because I'm not perfectly happy. I am incredibly blessed, and I have so much to be thankful for, but there's something in me that tells me there's more to life than what I see now. I divert myself from the eternal good and growing in my knowledge of the character of God by investing my time in entertainment, social media, and a flurry of plans.

This semester of my sophomore



To truly enjoy the present...we must sit down, empty our lives of distraction, and ponder our soul's state, in order to see our need for redemption.



year, I have found it so easy to dwell on the past and the sheer excitement of freshman year. My freshman year was emotionally draining in a lot of ways, but it was really incredible. It is so easy to dwell on how this year isn't quite as flexible and spontaneous. Similarly, as I attempt to survive sophomore year, it is so easy to look forward to next semester, next year, and the years following. When life begins to fly by so fast, there's an amount that I have to look to the future. I have to choose classes for next semester and plan ahead for the following semesters.

As a society, we live in the future, focusing on career choices, wedding

pin boards, life plans. We live in a society that makes it easy to plan out our futures, always hoping to move away from the present.

C.S. Lewis believed that living in the future or in the past was living furthest from eternity. He believed that the present is a time that points to eternity in its good things and heavenly lessons of contentment. Living in the past or the future is like living in another world, either filled with regret, or filled with hope and fear. To truly enjoy the present, I have to sit down, remove distractions from my life, and recognize my need for redemption and my need for contentment.

When we as believers diligently seek the Lord, pushing past the distractions of social media and entertainment, future plans and past regrets, we can rest in Christ, and His rest is not one that brings hopelessness to mind. We have to take the time to spiritually evaluate ourselves. Seeking the Lord may result in painstakingly miserable realizations about our souls, but it also provides glimpses of God's original intention for man – He wants us to delight in Him and desire His kingdom. God is glorified when we recognize that there is something greater beyond this life.

In recognizing that we fall short and miss what is truly important, we can find rest in what Christ has done for us. He has saved us from ourselves, and when we sit in quiet, we shouldn't be distraught by our past or our future, but we should be excited for the present moment in which God has redeemed us. Where we are seeking happiness through media and plans, it is only found in Christ, and taking a moment of quiet time in His presence allows us to see that. **R**

# In the World *Today*

## Ebola Count in USA Rises; 4 Known Cases

Ebola has been a hot topic in world news lately. It is, however, a recent development in the U.S. Craig Spencer, a doctor who treated patients in Guinea, did not display any symptoms of the virus until sometime after he returned to the States. He interacted with many people around his home town of New York before he showed signs of Ebola.

Fortunately, he was admitted to one of the eight hospitals in the U.S. that is equipped to treat and contain the virus. Craig Spencer is the fourth case of Ebola diagnosed in the U.S. The first case was a man in Texas, and the other two were the nurses who treated him. Although the disease itself is terrible, the people involved are taking every precaution that they can while containing and working with the surrounding areas.

Dr. Anthony Fauci, of the National Institute of Allergies and Infectious Diseases, encourages Americans to turn their attention from protecting our borders to helping West Africa.

“The best way to stop this epidemic is to help the people in West Africa,” he told NBC. “We do that by sending people over there.” **R**



## Muslim Convert Guns Down Canadian Soldier

On Wednesday, Oct. 23, a Canadian soldier was gunned down by Michael Zehaf-Bibeau at the National War Memorial in Ottawa.

Zehaf-Bibeau then continued to Parliament Hill and engaged in a shootout with the security there, before finally being killed by Sergeant-at-Arms Kevin Vickers. Zehaf-Bibeau, a recent Muslim convert, had a history of violence and had served time in jail for fraud and drug charges.

This is the second of two unrelated attacks on the Canadian military. Canadian Prime Minister Stephen Harper states that Canada will not give way to fear. He acknowledged that national security needed to be strengthened and promised that efforts to do so are already in progress.

“This week’s events are a grim reminder that Canada is not immune to the types of terrorist attacks we have seen elsewhere around the world,” Canadian Prime Minister Steven Harper said in a national address following the shootings. “But let there be no misunderstanding, we will not be intimidated. Canada will never be intimidated.” **R**

## US Talks of Changing Daylight Savings Policy

Daylight Savings Time has been a part of all of our lives. It started during World War I as a way to save resources. At the end of the war, however, Daylight Savings Time was discontinued until World War II. After the end of the war, the concept stuck around.

In recent years, people have argued that it is no longer necessary. The states of Hawaii and Arizona have abandoned Daylight Savings Time for the past few years. Numerous polls indicate that most people want to stay in either Daylight Savings or in Standard Time year round.

Others have proposed that extending Daylight Savings by only four weeks would save enough energy to power about 100,000 households for a year. The extra hour of sleep is nice during the fall season, it is also important to realize that other than tradition, there are benefits to keeping Daylight Savings Time year round. **R**



Briefs by Allison Watts, treasurer  
Photos courtesy of [www.bbc.co.uk](http://www.bbc.co.uk)

*Improving Everyday Life at CIU*

## Impractical Solutions for CIU's Day-to-Day Struggles

dot strickland

*staff writer*

Dr. Jack Layman once spoke in class about an old saying that goes like this: "Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better." The longer you are a part of a school the more you have your eyes opened up to areas needing improvement. Since I have been here for nearly 6 whole years, (yes CIU, you will never get rid of me) I humbly offer some suggestions to help our campus function a bit more smoothly.

### Traffic Lights in the Cafeteria

I feel ya. You're in line, right out of chapel and you have got to check that facebook and twitter because you were diligently paying attention and therefore ignored the buzzing notifications of your cellular device. But let's face it, it's hard to social media it up when you're expected to keep the line going. Also, there are those who I'm sure are not aware they need to move forward. What to do about that 10 foot gap that shows up again and again keeping you apart from your beloved CIU pizza? When is it appropriate to move forward, inching yourself closer to the next person in line? This can get tricky when midterm and finals week is upon us for the overall hygienic standard is somewhat lowered... how close do you want to get to the next person in line? I believe a method of letting cafeteria visitors aware of when moving is appropriate it required. We need traffic lights with bell-notifications when the line needs to move. No more shall we see a reenactment of Harbison Friday night traffic in our cafeteria!

### Chapel Improvements

The struggle is real, guys! Should I stand? Is it OK for me to clap, and if so, what tempo am I keeping? Do I verbally affirm the preacher or should I sit quiet? Do I say "Amen" or "Ah-men"? Is it appropriate for me to laugh? Chapel can be a scary and uncertain environment for the new freshman to the seasoned senior. What can we do? We can have cue cards, of course!!! No more shall you be confused about how to respond in chapel! No more shall you quickly dart your eyes to those around you, prayerfully seeking

guidance on how to operate oneself. This also enables more student workers to be employed in work studies! I would totally apply for that job!

And here's another idea for chapel, separate Arminian and Calvinist chapel sessions. No longer do you have to worry about the "other guys" theological differences. Calvinist may not even meet for, after all, God already knows their prayers and what worship they will do. Arminians, well they have to meet or they may lose their salvation, so I guess they can take both chapel slots.

### More speed bumps

We obviously don't have enough! There are still people who are driving above 5 mph! CIU must install speed bumps at least every 5 feet. You know what... why stop there?! The entire road must be an entire speed bump! Hmm, maybe that wouldn't work. Well, there is always the option to lay bubbly wrap around every car, person, and inch of CIU. You know, that might not be such a bad idea. That could be the ultimate combination of safety and finals-week entertainment all in in one!

### Ewe-Bucks

Ram bucks is sexist. You know you thought about it! Why must we have such a masculine sounding name for the store purchasing program? Why not some feminine representation as well? Ewe Bucks can be used interchangeably with Ram Bucks depending on the gender of the student. Sounds reasonable to me.

### Beard Hall of Fame

You know it when you see it. The trimmed perfection riding the chin of a fellow CIU student. The facial decoration that states, "This is a symbol of my patience and willingness to care and nurture." The beard. This takes all forms, lengths, colors, and textures but the one thing all beards should have in common is the class it has. To recognize the time and effort, we need a Beard Hall of Fame.

The prophets of the OT, Jesus Himself, Abraham Lincoln, Dr. Crutchfield, and other great men of history had adorned the beard upon their visage. Let us recognize our bros who take up that mantle.

### Swing Sign-Out Sheet

You're out on a walk with that special someone and you go to your favorite flirtation station: the swings overlooking the apartments. But lo, what is this! All the swings are occupied by other Abrahams and Sarahs! Who wants this type of aggravation? We need sign out slots for the swings allowing couples hour segments to be able to sit (allowing enough room for a King James Braille Bible with a leather-bound cover between them, of course). Perhaps we can even install ejector seats when couples over stay their turn... R



# Where Should I Study?



tim lapointe

*managing editor*

I intended to write an article on gossip for this issue of the *Rambler*. I wanted to discuss the disunity on our campus brought about by this very problem and the need for love to unify us. I tried for weeks to formulate my thoughts carefully, but I somehow failed to run with that idea. So two days after my article was due, I prayerfully considered changing my topic, and I did. This topic is something much more personal and it is something that I believe the Lord placed on my heart to write about. I hope that through my transparency, you are touched in a manner that grows you as an image bearer.

I, Tim LaPointe, am a hypocrite. I am a leader who frequently fails to lead

well. I can give you several examples. As many of you know, I am the leader of the chapel team, which requires me to: A) put lists of songs together for most Tuesday and Thursday chapels, B) Construct the “road map” of each song (i.e. how many times to sing the chorus, which instrument plays when, etc.), and C) Many other things that if I had more room on a page, I might get into more detail about. Every Monday we practice and every Monday, I feel inadequate. I expect my team to be ready for practice and yet, often-times I’m not. I’m frequently a minute or two late and I don’t always have the road map ready to go for my team. I lead hundreds of people in songs of praise to the Lord and yet there are days where my heart is not in the right place. There are days where my heart is not humbled, my eyes are not looking

upward, and my feet are not moving. I am fixed on myself and not on the Lord. I, Tim LaPointe, am a hypocrite.

I’m also the managing editor for the newspaper (which is newspaper-speak for Vice President). I’m a leader on this crew and it is a privilege for sure. I expect my teammates to submit their material on time and to do their part whether it be writing an article, drawing illustrations, editing, or taking pictures. Yet, as I mentioned earlier, I wrote this article two days after it was due. I, Tim LaPointe, am a hypocrite.

I wanted to write an article on gossip, yet at times I found myself gossiping in the very weeks that I was brainstorming for my article. I, Tim LaPointe, am a hypocrite.

I am a junior. I am employed with CIU Athletics. I am involved with Bi-

# Confessions

melissa mccutchan

*editor-in-chief*

I remember an afternoon when I was a young believer, maybe 14 or 15 years old. I was watching a reality TV show with my dad. The show featured a middle-aged man who was a Bible college graduate. He was arrogant and hot-tempered. He knew everything there was to know about the Bible, and was furious when anyone disagreed with him. I turned to my dad that day and swore, “I will never go to Bible college.”

I held to this conviction throughout high school. After all, why would I go to college when I could spend those four years on the mission field? And if for some reason I needed to go to college, why not go to a secular school where I could share the gospel? My

parents wanted me to go to a Christian school. I told them I would rather move around the world, where I could spend my days teaching English and hugging orphans.

Because God has a sense of humor, I ended up at CIU in August 2012. And because God has a sense of humor, I quickly discovered that I loved CIU. I loved praying before classes and going to chapel four days a week. For the first time, I lived with a body of believers who genuinely cared about each other. I thought nothing could be better.

Two years and 27 Bible credits later, I am not the same person I was in August 2012. I have grown tremendously, but I can also have a bad attitude. I do love CIU, but if you look deeper into my heart, I bear some similarities to the man on that reality show.

I get annoyed with the way people at my church take Scripture out of context. (Don’t get me started on Philipians 4:13.) I often fail to have grace toward my closest friends. I complain about trivial things like chapel attendance and standards.

I don’t take notes in chapel anymore. My journal from freshman year is filled with notes from different speakers, but now, my junior year? Not so much. This might not seem like a big deal, but I think it reveals a bigger issue. I’m not as teachable as I was two years ago.

While I can’t generalize my struggles to everyone here, I know I’m not the only one to struggle with what I call “Bible college pride.” I don’t think CIU has given me a pride issue; I think it’s revealed a pride issue. I’ve always been

ble studies. I am helping to lead a flag football team. I have a great amount of responsibility during every week I study here at CIU. I hold expectations for those around me, and yet I myself fail to meet those expectations daily. If life was fair and just, I would not be any position of leadership. I am weak and incompetent.

At least I am on my own.

I mentioned that I frequently feel incompetent at chapel team practices. On Mondays, I am reminded that I can't do "it". Tuesdays and Thursdays I am reminded that the Lord can. It's true, that on my own, I am an incompetent human being, but I am incredibly grateful for the grace that the Lord shows me and the empowerment of the Holy Spirit that He grants me. I too frequently find myself focusing on my ability or lack of ability, instead of ask-

ing the Lord for strength. I am human, and therefore it's completely natural to have expectations of others. It's also natural for me to fail because I am fallen. And in those moments that I fall, I look up and I see a loving Savior who pulls me up and gives me strength to stand.

I need not feel shame about my hypocrisy, for grace abounds. Yet I still need to strive to be more Christ-like daily. As odd as it may sound, I've found that the best way of doing this is by resting. Resting by digging into the Scriptures and keeping a consistent prayer time all of which remind me of the grace that I live in. If my heart is not in the right place, and I am not striving to meet the Lord's expectations, I will certainly fail. Not only will I fail, but my expectations of others will be unfair as well and I will fail to show grace,

like Christ showed me grace.

I don't think I'm alone in this struggle, but it's not my place to accuse. However, I believe that if I didn't take this opportunity to challenge you, I'd be failing yet again. I've found that the only way I can get through these days and move beyond these failures is to look up. I get caught up looking forward to things ahead, down at my shame, and back to my failures. But the Lord calls me to fix my eyes upon Him. And if I look upward, I can trust the Lord to lead me along the right path. At times, I will certainly fall, but those will be the moments when I am no longer looking upward.

I will continue to be imperfect until the day that I die and my own efforts in life will be insufficient. However, I rest in a loving God who is omnipotent. **R**

# of CIU Juniors

proud, and I've always thought of myself more highly than I ought. Having some knowledge about the Bible just gives me a new platform for my pride.

I am even thankful to CIU for revealing my heart issues, which are often expressed as frustration toward the school I love. For awhile, I stopped taking notes in chapel. When I stopped to think about it, I realized I didn't have a teachable spirit. The way I get annoyed with my brothers and sisters in the Lord, the way I complain about chapel scanning or cafeteria hours, these things all reveal inadequacy in my own character. They remind me of my need for the Lord.

As we all know, complaining and pride aren't just issues for CIU students. They're human issues. Our complaining is just about CIU-related

things. But when we get to the heart of the issue, complaining and pride say little about CIU and much about the person doing the complaining.

The only solution I can think of for my proud, stubborn, complaining attitude is (...drumroll, please) the Holy Spirit. (I know, I know—that's so unexpected.) I can't fix myself. I know, because I've tried. But when I'm convicted of my pride, my complaining, my overall bad attitude, the Holy Spirit is the only One who can change me. It's no great surprise that He's the solution for every sin issue.

Though the Spirit is the one who does the changing, He most often does this in the context of community. Especially in the context of CIU, where whatever we do is contagious, we need to encourage one another and call one

another to holiness. Just like our complaining is contagious, so is our encouragement. Philippians 2 can't be more clear: "Do everything without complaining or arguing, so that you may become blameless and pure, children of God without fault in a crooked and depraved generation."

Two years at CIU has shown me that I have more issues than I realized. I'm proud. I complain about this school, even though I love it here. But I know the Holy Spirit will change those things as I continue to walk with Him. And I trust my brothers and sisters to help me continue to change. Two years later, I am not the same person I was my freshman year. And by God's grace, I will not be the same when I walk across that stage two years from now. **R**

# ‘Whisper’ part two of the three-part series

jonathan shuffler

*staff writer*

Mr. Barnabas Baring’s eyes focused on the computer screen in front of him. Even though he was surrounded by his co-workers, he felt isolated. They seemed more distant than usual today, but he was probably just imagining that. Time ticked by slowly as he remembered the searing words he’d burned into his wife’s heart the night before.

Everything had fallen apart. He’d promised himself it would never happen again, but the bitterness had once more escaped his heart. Venom had dripped from his lips as he’d scathingly scolded Meredith, reminding her that he could’ve been fired for her absence. She’d refused to tell him where she’d been. She’d even acted as if she’d never left, which made everything worse. She’d played her part well alright, pretending to be confused and upset as if she’d had no memory of her escape.

He’d almost been tempted to believe her, but that was impossible, unless...

A selfish smirk stretched across his face. Maybe she was telling the truth. Maybe she really didn’t remember. The thought was troubling, but it was even more liberating. If that were true, then no one would ever find out the truth. He would continue to be the nicest guy in the world. He’d mastered the part, and nobody would know any different.

For a moment, he felt a tinge of sorrow. What if Meredith was really sick? Almost in a panic, Barnabas slammed the door on that spark of compassion. His charade was safe, and that was what mattered most.

The monitor screen blinked suddenly, and his eyes focused in on the notification. A few emails had come into his inbox. His eyes scrolled down the page, reading the subject line for each of them. A lot of them were from coworkers, which was not unusual on

his job, but there was something eerie about the situation.

A slight shiver went up his spine as he read the strangely similar emails. Without hesitation, he split the windows across his monitors so that he could see all of the emails side by side. Nervous tension coursed through his veins as his hand trembled over the mouse. Something was very wrong. A bead of sweat dripped down his face as he began to read the emails. Screen after screen, he saw angry words, responses to what he’d spoken to Meredith the night before.

Then, he saw the one from his boss.

Subject: We NEED to talk.

Come to my office...NOW.

He quickly deleted all of the emails and scooted away from his desk, trying to clear his mind of what had just happened. Meredith must have been lying. She’d remembered everything, and now she was exposing him. He tried to calm himself. He’d just deny it. These people all knew him, or thought they did. He took a deep breath, put on his best “great guy” face, and walked with a carefree saunter to his boss’s office.

“Barnabas,” a stern voice came from behind him.

He spun around quickly and looked at the tall, sharply dressed woman—his boss.

“Did I startle you?” she asked with steel in her voice.

“No, I’m fine. Just tired,” he responded with a charming smile, “What can I do for you?”

“We need to talk,” she said flatly, “About what happened last night.”

Everything was silent. Mr. Baring stared at her. Anger was boiling inside



of him as she met her eyes with his. He couldn't ignore the issue. It was already spreading around the office. The quicker he could remove this misunderstanding the better.

They stepped into her office, and he shut the door quietly behind them.

"So, what is it that you want to talk to me about?" he asked calmly taking a seat. She remained on her feet, arms crossed over her chest.

"You know what happened last night," she replied, staring at him intently.

"I'm sorry. I honestly don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm talking about your temper and the words you said last night," she said, staring him down.

"Look," he said with a pause, "those things are between Meredith and me. I know I sounded a little harsh, but you really don't know Meredith. She's..."

"Who's Meredith?" she interrupted.

"The one who told you and this whole office what I said," Barnabas said. "But, she's...she's unstable. You can't believe a word she says."

"What's unstable right now is your job, Mr. Baring. Last night, you called me worthless, unfaithful, and a lousy wife as if that's any of your business. I've heard around the office that you said similar things to your co-workers. Now, I don't know if you're on medication, or if you just had a seriously bad day, but if Mr. Hyde comes out again, you're fired. Do you understand?"

"But, I didn't...I mean that was..., I mean..." Barnabas backed out of the office trembling.

What was happening? He headed to the bathroom to clear his head. A few coworkers passed him by, glaring at him and whispering as they walked by.

"That's the guy who told me that I would never amount to anything!" One of them said, looking over his shoulder at Barnabas, "I don't know how he got this job, he's so rude."

"He was rude to you, too?" the lady responded. "Man, that guy's got issues. You know what he did to me last night? I was talking to him, and he just ignored me and told me that I was a stupid woman and that I was not worth his time. I couldn't believe what I was hearing."

Barnabas' heart began race as he began to realize that they were quoting what he'd said to his wife the night before. His temper had always seemed so normal at home, but here in the office, it was a nightmare. But how could they know? She had to have told them everything. How could she betray him like this? Barnabas opened the bathroom and looked in the mirror.

He splashed cold water against his face, trying to clear his head. In the stall behind him, he could hear a voice talking.

"Yeah, I know what you mean. I don't know how he got a job here. I used to always think he was the nicest guy, but now I realize just how much of a rat he is. I don't know what got into him, but I definitely don't trust him now."

He glanced back up at the reflection and was startled by the person standing behind him.

"Mr. Baring, I hope my services have been satisfactory," the smooth voice said, holding up the contract he had signed. A smile crept across Mr. Tern's face. "You should always read what you sign," he smirked and walked out the door.

Barnabas turned quickly and whipped the door open. A few co-workers looked at him in surprise, but Mr. Tern was nowhere to be seen. What had he done? His mind raced to remember any part of the wording on the contract. The agreement had gone far beyond normal business matters. He'd been too desperate to think clearly, too worried about his reputation. Now he was in the hands of someone not driven by government or business, but by the shadowy realm of the sinister. **R**

## meet our staff



Summer

Major: Teacher Education  
Class: Freshman  
Hometown: Lakeville, MinnesOHta (the coldest place on Earth)

*What's your position on the Rambler?*

"Photographer. (Isn't that a great front-page picture?)"

*What's the first?*

"Help! They've turned me into a parrot!"

*What's on your CIU bucket list?*

"Have lunch with Robertson McQuilkin."



## ‘Mirror’ part two of the three-part series

michael lanier

*staff writer*

Frank’s machine may have looked like a wristwatch, but it displayed the power of a tornado. At first there was a low humming as the device warmed up.

“How is that thing powered?” asked Gerard.

“It’s solar,” answered Frank.

“What if you find a dimension with no sun? Or one where light comes from a different source?” asked the elder Derbyshire.

“That’s not possible,” explained Frank. “If every reflection in this universe is a window into the next dimension over, then the same is true for that dimension: every reflection over there is a window into our universe.”

“My head is spinning,” Gerard remarked.

“Basically,” Frank concluded, “it means that I can only travel between this dimension and the one in the mirror.”

“Do you think every dimension has a twin like this?” asked Gerard.

“It’s possible,” Frank theorized. “But in that case, no one could possibly know what lies beyond their two known dimensions. I think it’s more likely that some beings in some dimension are able to change their view through the window. Like a closed-circuit television system.”

“I don’t know what we’re talking about anymore,” said Gerard, giving up.

“It’s all right,” Frank replied. “It’s complicated stuff.”

“What’s that?” Gerard asked, raising his voice. “I can’t hear you.”

“I said it’s—oh, never mind,” Frank answered.

The machine was now at full power,

and although the father and son could still communicate, they had to yell to be heard over the sounds of the device.

The machine, now aimed at the mirror, began its work of opening the window between dimensions. The reflection in the mirror wavered and rippled, like one you might see at a carnival, and the Frank and Gerard in the mirror were both seen running away.

A wind had picked up and was blowing papers and small objects around. Gerard, now deathly frightened, was holding on to the couch next to him, unable to turn his eyes from the ever-changing mirror.

Frank, on the other hand, found the wind to be quite annoying, and he was still trying to figure out why there was always a wind whenever an experimental scientific device was used for the first time.

Then the amazing moment that Frank had been working for finally happened. A visible hole opened up in the mirror, just large enough for Frank to step through, and he did. The machine, its workload now lighter, decreased in its incessant noise, and the hurricane-like wind died down considerably. It was as if everything had paused just to see Frank’s monumental milestone come to pass.

Frank, still aiming the machine at the mirror, stepped through the hole in the mirror, and turned back around to face his father.

“Dad, I did it!” he exclaimed, his voice more audible over the machine. “I’m standing in another dimension!”

“Alright, son. Very good,” replied Gerard, still afraid. “Now come back before the gap closes.”

“Oh, no need to worry about that.” Frank’s voice was casual and unassuming,

which alarmed Gerard. “The machine will hold the gap open until I turn it off, at which point the time-space continuum will close the gap in order to repair itself.”

Seeing the look of fear on his dad’s face, Frank changed his tone of voice.

“Dad,” he said, “this is amazing. My whole life’s work has led to this.”

Gerard tried to carry on a conversation as if he was fine with Frank’s experiment.

“What’s it like over there?” he asked.

“It’s just the same as here,” Frank replied. “Except for the fact that everything’s backwards. Right is left and left is right.”

“That doesn’t make any sense,” Gerard pondered, momentarily forgetting his fright.

Frank laughed. “Just remember, Dad, that no two dimensions have the same rules of existence. There might be a dimension in which a chair is not a chair, but a man-eating monster. You just never know.”

“Hopefully there’s nothing like that over there,” Gerard wondered, now genuinely curious.

“Nope,” Frank replied. “This dimension is pretty similar to ours, if you think about it.”

“Anyway,” remarked Gerard, “you should come on back now.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” agreed Frank.

Suddenly there was a low rumble. The machine became noisy again, and the wind picked up.

“What’s going on?” Gerard asked frantically.

“I think the multiverse is collapsing!” Frank answered, yelling.

“Leave it to my son to ruin the time-space continuum!” Gerard shot back. “What exactly does that mean?”

“If it is what I think it is,” Frank replied loudly, “then everything that’s ever existed or ever will is in danger of being completely destroyed!” **R**

Photo courtesy deviantart.com.

# A Day in the Life of CIU's Quesadilla Chef

Jonathan Shuffler

*staff writer*

I stood there, staring at the crunchy, cheesy concoctions I marvelously put together. Little pops and crackles rose up from the sizzling silver surface beneath me. On my left were some of the products of my culinary precision, waiting under the bright lamp to be eaten by the many students I'd see that day. I was ready.

My eyes fixated through the smoky, scratched screen in front of me as the cafeteria sat empty. It was the calm before the storm. It was in those brief moments of tension that I knew they were coming. I realized that my collection of culinary art would soon be devoured, and that it wasn't enough to dent the oncoming invasion of ravenous, rampaging humans. Yet it didn't bother me. It was my job to make the quesadillas meal ready. And they were, fearlessly sitting under the heat lamp waiting for the tongs to embrace them.

Suddenly, I realized that I had become lost in thought, and the people in front of me had become lost in patience. My focus was suddenly on the empty pans, covered with cheesy goo and remnants of my greatest work. A

slight nervousness tingled through my skin as I looked ahead. Everyone was blankly staring at me. Some of their eyes drooped down to the quesadillas on the grill, and then slowly back up to meet me.

They were hungry. Nothing would get between them and their feast, not even time itself. Suddenly I started pacing back and forth, unwrapping tortillas from their self-contained barriers of cryostasis. They stuck together, refusing to leave their brethren. Some of them left segments of their fractured shells behind, which meant that I had to condemn them to the dark pit of refuse.

Time passed as I continued to make sure the food was cooking. My hands wrapped around the nice, wooden handles of my ninja flippers and within seconds all of the quesadillas were grilled side up. I was half way there. Sweat dripped from my brow as the pressure intensified. My mind started calculating...chicken...pepperoni...pepperoni...chicken...cheese...pepperoni...I thought to myself as my hands pointed at them all.

The crowd watched me, apparently trying to determine if I had lost my

mind and was seeing if the quesadillas were real. I tried to make casual conversation with some of my guests, but all they could hear was the screaming howl of hunger resonate through their being. Soon, it was time.

It was the maiden voyage for the little self-contained vessels I created. A sigh escaped my chest as I wiped my brow and brought them to the bilateral incision board. With one fell swoop I halved all of my creations, and tossed them into the breach. I knew none of them would last long, and I mentally said good bye to all of my work.

Suddenly, I noticed something odd...one of the students who ordered pepperoni quesadillas walked off with cheese as well...leaving two ladies stranded in front of my grill, staring at me with sad, pitiful eyes. "Where is the cheese?" they asked sweetly, looking at the empty tins. Then, without any break in concentration, I started over, repeating this endless cycle of hunger and brief satisfaction.

Through the heated battle of culinary combat I successfully satisfied all customers with their own custom crafted quesadillas. This is a day in the life of a master chef. **R**

## the Rambler

...dedicated to challenging, informing, and uniting our campus.

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# The Grimroot Letters, part 2

To the editor of *The Rambler*:

I found another of these mysterious missives the other day. After examining its contents for my own purposes, I thought it best to turn it in to you. Alas, we only have one half of this dialogue, but hopefully it proves useful to your readers. I'll continue searching for more.

F.F. Snowlocke

My Dear Grimroot,

You wrote to me concerned about the strength of the community at this University. Indeed you are correct in assessing it as a strong bastion of the Enemy. However, by pushing in just the right places, you can use the community to topple various members.

Humans are quick to make various assumptions about themselves and the people who surround them. This modern culture has done a delightful work for us, puffing up the average ego to think that it stands on its own. Nothing could be further from the truth. They are often unable to distinguish between what is their own, unique thinking and devotion and what is simply a result of their proximate surroundings.

Of course, our Enemy does indeed command his slaves to dwell in community. What we desire is simply an unhealthy dependence on their surroundings without them even realizing it. This is especially useful for driving the students into despair. Guide them to feel strong, "spiritual", wise, when surrounded by their comrades, without really investigating their internal life. Then, once they are naturally removed from their friends by time and circumstance, the slightest of pushes will make them fall. If you are fortunate, you can cause a cycle of failure followed by dependence upon others for their strength, and so on.

In this way, you may be able to draw students to only consider themselves. Community, such as our Enemy would have, keeps its foci on other people. As a tool in our hands, however, we can cause them to focus only on themselves.

Help them to constantly question their place in the community; ask them often if they really "fit in." Make them wonder at the spiritual strength of those around them, and bring them to spiritual envy. Oh! What a joyous triumph spiritual envy is, if you can achieve it. I recall an old toy of my own, who I blinded to the faults of others, and veiled his virtues to himself. Constantly miserable, he learned to both hate others' gains and want them all the more. To bring students to this place, my comrade, is a delightful thing.

It also seems you've forgotten the power of gossip. Members of the Enemy's community rarely comprehend the full power of words. Within such close proximity to other people, discussing other people is hardly rare. If you are able to disguise biting words towards other people as merely "concern," or some vague desire to relieve their own discomfort, you can cause easy divisions in the students. As much as people may deceive themselves into thinking otherwise, they cannot but help that their views of other people are colored by what others tell them. In simple, attempt to push this point: draw out negative qualities out of one person, and taint the views of everyone else.

This is unsteady ground we tread on, attempting to shake the community here. Have no doubt, it is quite strong. But it can be cracked. Keep them in the dark about their own spiritual strength, and, when they are alone, you can have them all to yourself. I have confidence in you, my pupil.

Dubiously Yours,  
Capramalus