

The NewsBetter

3Volume2006

Warning!!! This comes from the warped mind of Matthew R Walz
It's about time the NewsBetter rides again!!

Well, well, well....well...hmm. I've been wanting to assemble a new NewsBetter for a long time. A few years ago, (okay, seven years) I put together a Reliks edition, but very few ever got a copy of it. And in 2001, I started writing a NewsBetter, but somehow forgot I was even working on it. It was my intent then to make this a yearly update, but that just simply didn't happen. I've been reading several of the old NewsBettors trying to remember the idea behind the publication, but quickly remembered...there was no idea other than a reward for people paying the \$7 for the annual dewfest. Otherwise it was just plain silliness and purposely misspelled wurd. The usual format was something like this.

1. I rambled on (often incoherently) about something current...a holiday, or news inspired.
2. I relayed any news about people I knew and reminded of upcoming events.
3. A silly poem, usually written by me...sometimes submitted.
4. A quote.
5. Sometimes a short story.
6. Constant Windows bashing.

And that was how it usually went. Except the NewsBetter after dewfest. It was just black and white photos of dewfest I scanned in using our high tech hand held scanner.

So...enuff reminissing. On with it.

Ramblings

Valentines day just passed. Every year I think of why we have valentine's day. "The name Saint Valentine is given to two legendary Christian martyrs whose feasts were formerly observed on February 14. One, believed to be a Roman Priest martyred c.269 during the persecution of Claudius the Goth, was buried on the Flaminian Way; The second was probably a Bishop of Terni, martyred in Rome. It is possible that these two legends were based on real people, or , as some believe, one person. The association of Saint Valentine's Day with love and courtship may have arisen from the coincidence of the date with the Roman festival of LUPERCALIA. In 1969 the feast day was dropped from the Roman church calendar." (Grolier 95) So, some dude got killed and there was a great Roman feast....well....not exactly. But I like my version. With Valentine's day being so depressing and a huge source of stress for everyone, I thought, we even bring it up? Ok, so I won't talk about it.

February is the shortest month of the year, days wise. Then we get into March. A month of mystery and indecision; hot one day, cold the next, windy, then clam....etc. The March winds do bring in the April showers and ultimately May flowers. So....what am I babbling about? SPRING! I can taste it! A new beginning. The renewing of the land. After being depressed and held back by winter, it's almost time to spend every daylight minute outside. Let's take a minute (okay, two or three minutes) to examine the word ~SPRING~

Definitions. I grab my Webster's dictionary, and LOW!!! the word spring is not in there. Sprinkle and sprint. Did I miss something? It's a word, correct? Consult my word origins book...no spring in there either. My German dictionary? Fruhjahr- early year. Ya, ich weiss.(yeah, i know). Um.....internet.....dictionary.com- To issue or emerge suddenly. Hmmm....I guess it is a sudden thing. One day it's cold, the next I notice the grass is green. The Sun is suddenly farther in the

North. Animals appear. All of the definitions for spring have some sort of "sudden" reference in them. I find that a point of interest. But my favorite part of spring is rain. I love Blackhawk's song, I sure can smell the rain. I love the smell before and after a rain shower. Thunder is a bonus. And thunderstorms often "spring" forth. I like the scene in "castaway" when Tom Hanks returns from the island, and he's just standing in the rain. Helen Hunt's character pulls him inside, and he has a slightly bewildered look on his face. He had forgotten that civilized people come in out of the rain. Don't weep for me if I'm standing in the rain. Besides, no one can tell if you're crying when you're standing in the rain. Secretly, I like being in the rain.

I've hiked, climbed, and camped in the rain. I went climbing thousands of times in the sun, but I only remember a few of those climbs. But the times I got caught in the rain... those times are the ones I remember. Memories are created in the rain. Or are they? I think maybe it's more that rain affects time. Somehow the falling drops of water interfere with the working cogs of nature's invisible time piece. A walk in the rain takes longer than a walk on a sunny day. But it's not in bad way. When I was going to college in Hays, I'd often walk around town when it was raining. I'd notice that cars moved at a slower speed. (and if you remember NewsBetter Vol. 11, I proved that time and speed are the same thing) In short, Life moves at a different speed, or pace, when it's raining. Yes, it does take longer for that walk in the rain, but it's because time is moving slower. Our brain is then allowed to "soak in" more information because the events are moving slower. This is why we remember the moments in the rain. In other words, if you spend time in the rain, you'll remember it!!

In conclusion, I'm asking you to do something this Spring. Forget to come in out of the rain. Don't be in a hurry to run from the car to the house when it's raining. Walk, and maybe even look up. Don't be afraid to get your shoes wet....they will dry. Life owes it's existence to the rain, so pause in respect. Why be afraid of rain? There is joy in the rain. The next time you see someone changing a tire in the rain, why not stop to help them. It would be a great excuse to be in the rain, and maybe you'll even make a friend.

Story Department

Hmmm. First, a bit about this story. 1. (Hahaha...a computer joke) This story was in my Reliks edition, but since so few ever read it, I thought I'd throw it in here. Largely because I want to get this done by the end of the month, and it takes me several evenings to write a story. Heck, I've worked for well over a week every night for a couple hours (sometimes 4 hours), and I've only written the rambling section. But because I want this story to be read. (that's said red) This story is about what's between the lines. Maybe I want to print this because of my desire for someone to connect with it. Or maybe I just like it and want to share it. So, here it is...maybe a little insight to what goes on inside my head. (yeah right!!)

My Existence By MRW

At once, I realized this was not supposed to, nor ever could happen. Every fiber in my body not only rejected, but completely denied the entirety of the idea. I froze not only from fright, but more from hoping I'd find myself waking up. Waking up has yet to occur. While waiting for my body and mind to do something, a dull ~THWACK~ sounded in my ear. The green grass rushed up to greet my face, but we never made acquaintance.

“Greetings. Glad you could join us.” A voice spoke from somewhere in the darkness. I tried to open my eyes, but they would not respond. Neither would my voice. “Don’t worry about responding, we know you’re awake.” The voice continued. “You will now be known as Number 733. Nothing else matters to you. Good day.”

With that, a door slid shut. No other sound could be heard. I believed I was alone. My senses could not “feel” anyone, but that was never a 100% sure-fire method. My eyes still would not open. My voice still did not respond. Was I sitting, lying down, or standing? I could not distinguish my physical state of rest due to my complete numbness. My mind, fully functioning from my point of view, began to think of objects, shapes, and colors in an effort to wait for my bodily functions to return. To me, the wait would be a long one. Too long. For I did not know but what I was the sole survivor.

Bell pushed her self up onto her hands and knees. Blood oozed slowly from a gaping wound where she believed her heart was. Or maybe where it used to be. She slowly, painfully, curiously, dragged her right index finger up to her chest and caressed the red substance as if it were a newborn kitten. Shock. Almost panic. She felt her breathing cease. Then, as if a puppet on a string, she found herself jerked to her feet. She wanted to run, but where? “Bell, remain calm!” a stern voice from within commanded of her. She filled her lungs with air, her chest exploding with sharp shards of pain as it expanded, trying to let the desperately needed air into her lungs. She wanted to scream! Where was everybody? Suddenly she realized she was alone. Her legs felt weak, she did not believe she could go very far in this state of misery. Alone. The idea of being the last hurt worse than the ugly beast that had attached itself to her chest.

My right index finger jumped. Then my whole hand. My heart began to pound in my chest cavity and my lungs filled with air as my body slowly began to awaken. Then, light began to leak in through my eyelids. Anxiously, I tried to open them, but...they did not respond. Patience! I told my self. I begged myself to remain calm, to wait. I began imagining shapes again...

One leg in front of the other. One foot, then the other. Bell kept demanding of herself as she walked, destination unknown. She dropped to one knee, but slowly pried herself up to her feet. Stumbled again. And again. All the while clutching her right hand tightly to her chest. Another stumble. She struggled to her feet, but could not manage to attain her goal. She fell into the short, green grass still commanding herself to walk.

LIGHT! The moment I had so longed for. My eyes began to focus. Objects not of my mind began to form in my head. A small round object demanded my attention. It was a door knob clinging to a grey door. I reached towards it, but fell onto the floor in a heap. My breathing increased greatly as the flood gates of pain were opened. I clenched my hands and teeth while I waited for relief. I tried to breath deeply, but could not regain control of my body. I lie on the floor waiting, my muscles tense and beginning to ache as they reacted to the pain. Darkness once again filled in.

Bell awoke suddenly, drawing in long breaths of air. Once again, she pushed herself up to her hands and knees. Blood had stained the grass red, and dirt clung to her wound. Foolish girl! She yelled at herself. Now you’re going to die for sure! She slowly began to pick the small rocks and dust particles out of her wound, all the while trying to ignore the extreme shards of pain. After her task was finished, she once again stood on her feet and began to walk, the sun had sunk low into the West.

“Are you alright?” a voice called out. Bell answered yes, believing she was talking to herself. Her response was followed by an “OH MY!” and an arm slid across her back and behind her knees, lifting her into the air. She awoke and tried to lift herself up to her feet, but was immediately pushed back. Her mind began to focus and she could hear a voice. “You’re going to be alright. Your heart and lungs were not damaged. You’re going to live.”

“Live?” she thought to herself. “Yes, I suppose I will do just that.”

I awoke, this time feeling better. Slowly, carefully, I reached for the door knob. It turned and the door opened. There was a number written on the outside. 733. "You're about already?" a guard standing nearby inquired as I stepped onto the walkway.

"Yes, but I still hurt." I replied as I looked over the railing and through the wire mesh fence, barely able to see way down to the ground below.

"To be expected. Food will do you good. You are free to walk about the premises as you see fit. Mess hall is down and to the right."

"Thanks" I mumbled as I drudged onward. Free, yet entrapped within. Only the memories to ponder on. Was I the sole survivor? A question for which I had no answer. No good byes, just gone. I was now only a shell that existed, free to do my normal routines. But inside, I was nobody. I was incomplete...if I was anything at all.

Poetry (that's not Poe's Tree)

I got the idea for the poem when I heard a radio advertisement for band instruments. However, my first thought was banned instruments. It took a while for me to figure out just what they were talking about, but in the end it made sense. But, admist all duh cofusion, a poem was born. (Past tense of bored?) Enjoy, but don't worry if it doesn't make sense.

I picked up my banned instrument,
 For what else should a banned doctor
 Use in an banned tent
 on my patient, who was a band teacher.
 The wound was a real gusher,
 I just couldn't jiggle the handle,
 Like on a broken flusher,
 So with a couple wraps of my rubber band,
 I squeezed off the broken strand.
 Oh yes. Definately did I know,
 That this type of rubber had been banned.
 But my banned aid stopped the flow,
 Now this dude could up and go.
 To teach the world,
 All about my banned aid for a band teacher with a banned rubber band
 in a banned tent from a band doctor.
 -MRW

Conclusion!

Bet you thought I'd never wrap things up. Well, all things must end. Or do they? I won't ramble about that write now. But, I must say, Thanks for reading! I hope you enjoy the NewsBetter. It's fun for me to write. However, there is a section missing. Current Goin' ons. I really have no news to report. People are scattered everywhere. If you want others to know what you're doing, where you live, e-mail, or any contact information, send it to me at matthew_walz2000@yahoo.com with NewsBetter as the subject, and I'll include it. And writings or ramblings of YOUR OWN are definately welcome.

Know of somebody that might like to receive this? Send me their address, and I'll shoot them a NewsBetter and also ask them if they want more.

Also, I have a web page started. It's in it's infancy as of the end of February, but I have a couple stories posted, and some of my strange contraptions are showcased as well. It's at www.geocities.com/matthew_walz2000. I'd love to have my counter go up one!