

The

# Pine Press



~~~~~ A Publication of the Members of the Student Housing Cooperative, Inc. ~~~~~

## Temporary Troubles at SHC

Chris Profeta—Vice President of Education

It is important to keep all co-ops informed about what is going on in our system, good or bad. In fact, that is the goal of this publication. So, in an effort to make sure that our entire system is on the same page about what is going on, I have decided to clear up some of the rumors you may have heard about what is going on. Unfortunately, this report to the general membership is mostly full of bad, or at least troubling news.

First, as was addressed in the last Pine Press and at the meeting of our Board of Directors, our status as a student group is being called into question. On Wednesday, October 22, our faculty advisor will be touring our houses, just to get a feel for what goes on, and what SHC is all about. There is no real need for serious concern at this point. The Board of Directors and the Executive Committee are currently working hard on the problem, and I think that everything will work out for the best. We are one of a few student housing co-ops in the country to have office space through a university, and to lose that affiliation would be a devastating blow. There will be some changes, most likely, in the way things are run, but the problem will be taken care of. We cannot afford to hurt our relationship with the university. We have a long history of cooperation with MSU and it is very important to find a way to continue that history without compromising our cooperative principles.

More pressing at this time, however, are the situations at two of our houses. If you haven't yet heard, a member of Raft Hill was arrested for throwing what the city called an "unlawful party." Trial dates have been set, and fingerprints and mug shots have been taken. I am telling everyone about this just to let you all know that this city is serious about parties. Every house must be supremely careful not only when throwing a party, but when doing anything that might violate the city's policies on noise and parties. I also feel that houses should recognize that parties are not thrown by one person; they are thrown by all of the participating members of the house. A party sign up sheet for all house members who plan on attending and throwing the party should be written up so that the house can hold all of those people responsible rather than the unfortunate person who had to register the party. These problems must be faced as a group.

In addition, if efforts are made to throw a party within the city's "restrictions," there really should be no problem. All it means is that you can't have a band, you can't charge people to get inside, and you can't provide alcohol to anyone, including minors. If your party meets the SHC guidelines for parties, you should be OK with the city as well.

Lastly, the situation at Orion is one I'm sure people have heard something about. Over the past year, the house has exceeded the amount of tickets allowed to one residence. The city has invoked a "Terms and Conditions" clause in city ordinance

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# Mad Libs

Natalie Marion—Hedrick

Directions: This story contains blank spaces where words are left out. One player, the reader, asks for words to fill these blanks. The fillers of the words are essentially the writers even though the reader does the writing and filling in. Once all of the blanks are no longer blank, the reader reads the story. How ridiculously simple is that!

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The \_\_\_\_\_!  
*gibberish*  
The \_\_\_\_\_ journey began on a \_\_\_\_\_ afternoon. \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, and  
*adjective* *day of the week* *housemate* *housemate*  
I had just awoken from a(n) \_\_\_\_\_ night of \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_. Our surroundings  
*adjective* *activity* *your co-op*  
were glowing \_\_\_\_\_ and covered in \_\_\_\_\_. \_\_\_\_\_!  
*color* *condiment* *exclamation*

It was \_\_\_\_\_ when we realized \_\_\_\_\_ had failed to go shopping and the supply  
*time* *a house steward*  
of \_\_\_\_\_ was \_\_\_\_\_ lower than a \_\_\_\_\_.  
*item you can't live without* *ing verb* *type of dancer*  
Suddenly \_\_\_\_\_ galloped into my room bearing \_\_\_\_\_ and a pair of \_\_\_\_\_  
*favorite housemate* *trivia game* *garment (plural)*  
wrapped around a(n) \_\_\_\_\_ broomstick.  
*adjective*

"Tell me the name of \_\_\_\_\_'s pet \_\_\_\_\_! The clock is \_\_\_\_\_!  
*former president* *animal* *past tense verb*  
\_\_\_\_\_!" yelled \_\_\_\_\_.  
*exclamation* *aforementioned fave housemate*

I \_\_\_\_\_ to my feet. "\_\_\_\_\_, we must play. Grab your coat; we're taking this to  
*past tense verb* *affirmative response*  
\_\_\_\_\_. We need more \_\_\_\_\_ now."  
*store on Grand River* *item you can't live without*

Together, the \_\_\_\_\_ of us \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ jogged with \_\_\_\_\_  
*number w. lots of 0's* *past tense verb* *adverb* *adjective*  
looks of \_\_\_\_\_ on our faces. Indeed this game of \_\_\_\_\_ and our mission were  
*color* *same trivia game*  
\_\_\_\_\_ serious.  
*adverb*

When we arrived at our destination, we ran into \_\_\_\_\_, who informed us \_\_\_\_\_  
*a co-oper* *local band*  
was playing at \_\_\_\_\_. Hearing this, we \_\_\_\_\_ everything and grabbed our \_\_\_\_\_  
*a co-op* *past tense verb* *ing verb*  
\_\_\_\_\_ throwing them at the merchant's feet as if to say, "Who needs \_\_\_\_\_ when we've  
*piece of clothing* *80's sitcom character*  
got \_\_\_\_\_?"  
*Saved By The Bell actor*

It turned out the band was none other than \_\_\_\_\_, so we had to stay and \_\_\_\_\_. Two  
*ridiculous hair band* *verb*  
seconds into \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, and I exchanged looks and \_\_\_\_\_ decided our  
*monster ballad* *housemate* *housemate* *adverb*  
needs had been merely desires all along. We concluded that we could last a lifetime (or a week) without  
\_\_\_\_\_, as long as we could \_\_\_\_\_!  
*item you can't live without* *rock exclamation*

# VH1 Behind the Music: The Roman Empire

Adam Olson—Elsworth

The Roman Empire would dominate most of Europe, producing some great singles such as the Conquest of Gaul. Before that though, it began with two twin brothers who grew up under the influences of one of the scene's strongest legends, Lupa the Wolf. The brothers formed their own label several years after the collapse of Trojan label. They had several local successes, but these successes led to a toll on their artistic clashes. One of the brothers, Romulus, then formed the legend that would become Rome.

With some local success under its belt, Rome produced a critically acclaimed following on the local underground scene. They had yet, however, to obtain the status of stadium gods such as The Greeks-- whose influence would touch the entire scene for years to come. Many members of Rome complain about being compared to Greece, arguing any comparison to that band's sound was only on the surface. It wasn't until a conflict broke out between members Lucretia, and the front man at the time's son, Sextus. This conflict over the identity of the father of the baby led to the disbandment. With tensions flaring, many wonder where the group would lead.

Just as when Peter Gabriel left Genesis and Phil Collins filled the gap, a radical new fusion of genres occurred. In a highly experimental move, the group mixed old school oligarchy with a fresh new democratic sound; the Roman Republic floored audiences all across the European tour. Most of the Northern European magazines hailed the groups success as one of the strongest acts of their times—if not the definitive act of generations to come. Their concerts conquered every new leg of the tour they visited.

One of the biggest shifts in the group's direction occurred at the height of their chart topping successes. Front man Julius Caesar pushed the act in a new direction after the Rubicon stop on the Gaul tour. The Gaul tour changed Julius, and Rome, into an entirely new genre. Some say even more experimental than the Beach Boy's Pet Sounds. The new direction was harsher and more aggressive. The group would be recalled this period, of course without controversy. Especially the ultra controversial Burning Rome of '64 featuring some work by Nero. While the Beatles took heat for claiming to have been more popular than Jesus Christ, the group received criticism and negative press for years to come from claiming to have killed Jesus Christ.

Some claim the group fell victim to their own success and the years of sex and drugs took their toll. After disbanding, some side-projects formed which gathered some popularity but lacked the innovation of the original sound. After finding religion, some members formed the solo act The Byzantium Empire, meanwhile the Goth scene and speed metal artist Atila stole more of the limelight from the act's former glory. They were, however, not forgotten, as America has often been compared to the Rome of its generation.

# Aesop's Corner

James "Freakishly Huge Adam's Apple Guy" McGaw—Atlantis

Welcome back to your life of routine after a long weekend. The dreaded Monday is upon us; I, much like Garfield, am expecting to get a pie in the face any time now. These past few weekends have been those of monotony, and I can't boastfully say that I did anything remotely exciting. This would be a lot more tolerable if I were a religious person, and I'm starting to consider taking it up as one of my pastimes, so when people ask me why I don't have a life, I can simply say, "I'm Christian" and despite their feeling sorry for me and considering me a pathetic loser, I would have the ultimate excuse.

For what seems like a very long time now, but what is probably only a couple of weeks in reality, I have had long, heated debates with feminists in public, with both sides bringing to light important points about the nature of inherent human rights, and threatening each other's genitalia. Anyone who has ever witnessed an exchange between me and your average Ani Difranco fan might be under the impression that we don't spend much time interacting with each other behind the scenes, trying to make peace. In truth, we spend a lot of time doing this, usually in a courtroom with a judge who can grant either party an extension on their restraining orders. The need to come to a mutual agreement and achieve harmony is an inborn trait, so we wouldn't have it any other way.

So, to those feminists who think that men are no more than lazy, good-for-nothing pigs: we have an excuse! Evidently, according to one of those educational television channels from which Dr. Phil received his Ph.D., several studies have been done on Jell-O, that fun food which doesn't really classify as any one of the four states of matter. When a lump of Jell-O was tested with an



A photo of the Jello company's victim, as a social misfit.

EEG machine, it was found that there was as much brain activity in a lifeless lump of Jell-O as in the *average male human brain*. I am not making that up, I swear to [insert your own personal deity here](#). This is undeniable scientific proof that scientists have run out of things to do, since they are wasting their time with Jell-O and equipment that probably costs so much that NASA couldn't afford it.

Actually, this study was done back in the sixties, and as a follow-up to the EEG findings, the Jell-O company decided to find a test subject and try replacing his brain with a bunch of grape Jell-O. This was a decade of extreme racism, so they chose a black man to undergo the experiment. Unfortunately, the experiment failed, and the subject's personality became so warped that he could barely function in normal society. You all probably know who I'm talking about, since he was later paid handsomely in compensation to make a series of commercials for the Jell-O company.

Yes, I felt the need to absolve men of the responsibility that they have for the stupid things they do, since responsibility usually leads to guilt, and any person who feels remorse is not a  
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## Trouble

Continued from p. 1

and will be reviewing our right to house people in Orion. This does not mean that action will be taken; it just means that the city will be deciding if action will be taken. The members of Orion are currently drawing up a plan for how to save the house and will meet with the Executive Committee this week in order to work out the details of how we will proceed. This is a system issue, and while it is up to the house to come up with a plan of action, it is the responsibility of the elected representatives on the Executive Committee to address the city.

The house members, with the leadership of the Executive Committee, will be attending a hearing on the fate of the house, and hopefully an agreement fair to both SHC and East Lansing can be reached. It is important to every member of this system that Orion House come out of this situation in good shape. We cannot afford, should we be forced to take an unwelcome drastic measure, to pay for a large amount of assessments at a house. As I said earlier, this is a system-wide issue that has implications for all of us. That is why you are all being informed of it.

I'm sorry to be hitting you all with such heavy stuff, but I think it is important that everyone know what is going on in the system. It is my hope that we can get all of these problems solved to some degree, and that by creating a dialogue about these issues among houses, we can avoid any future problems along similar lines. Thank you all for your tireless and never ending cooperation.

## Blame It On The Co-op: I Don't Do Dinner

Colleen Leddy

Submitted by Ben Green—Atlantis

In a litany of life's shortcomings, here's one that ranks right up there. I don't cook Sunday dinner. We eat, of course. But it's not very often that I slave in the kitchen all day and produce a Sunday feast. My mother always made wonderful meals on Sunday: stuffed loin of pork, roast beef with roasted potatoes, chicken or turkey with all the trimmings, meatloaf with mashed potatoes, baked ham with sweet potatoes, sirloin steak with mushrooms—and, of course, always lots of tasty vegetables to complement the meats.

But I am a culinary bum in comparison. Maybe it's a reaction to all the elaborate Sunday dinners I ate during my college years at the housing co-op I lived in for nearly three years. Sunday dinner at Howland House Co-op in East Lansing was a tradition that put more pounds on college students than any pizzeria ever did. It was also the only meal that came with the extremely cheap rent. For all other meals, the 30 of us who lived there each made our own on our own schedule. Sunday dinner brought us together and provided a little respite from the crowded kitchen atmosphere usually present during the week.

I learned a great deal during that hectic dinner hour, though, working elbow to elbow with students from Taiwan, Iran, Thailand, and even the U.P—it was Diane DeCaire from Ishpeming, after all, who

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# McGaw

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person but an inhuman monster capable of terrible evil. Just remember, everyone, the next time you are eating Jell-O, don't forget that we men are no better than its jiggly texture. It is that flaw in our genes that compels us males to do things like fry ants with magnifying glasses on hot summer days. As a courtesy, I don't tell anyone about the findings that link female brain activity and most of the designer clothes they sell at retail outlets in malls.

Recently, I have grown increasingly concerned about the state of the nation and its failing economy, particularly since I am a college student who will be looking for a job in the marketplace in just under a year's time. Any self-respecting business person or homeless bum hooked on scotch who spends their time reading the Wall Street Journal can tell you that the unemployment rate has been rising recently, based on several extensive studies done by the warm-hearted, cold-handed people at the Census Bureau of Statistics, all of whom would be out jobs if they didn't pretend as though they were up to something like calling people up and offering them credit cards. The unemployment rate, as most of you already know, was invented by economists during the Great Depression to scare Congress into passing legislation requiring that each citizen pay taxes. British boring-guy-who-studies-graphs-of-financial-stuff John Maynard Keynes was the mastermind of this fiendish plot to make people dress like Indians and throw tea into the ocean. Fortunately, this never happened, since Congress repealed the prohibition laws and let people whittle away their days as homeless bums getting smashed on moonshine.

These times may sound terrible to those of us today, but the thing is, they were actually several times better than the way things are now. Back then, there was no such thing as a venereal disease, so the only hazard associated with getting hammered and having sex with multiple partners was that you'd wake up next to a large fat man named Norman who sports a mullet and an "It's not a beer belly; it's a gas tank for my love machine" T-shirt. There was no genital warts, no kind

of herpes that mercilessly devours your sex organs, and no boy bands. This was the golden age to be sexually active.

They say that those who fail to learn history are those who are condemned to repeat it. Truer words have never been spoken: back in the 1600s, when the Black Plague was first brought to Europe by African-Europeans (now you know where the name came from) and wiped out a third of the people on the continent, people had this superstitious belief that if you had sex with a child, it would cure you. The younger the child, the more likely were your odds for success. As a result (and this I'm not making up), people were having babies and *selling* them to people stricken with disease, so they could cure themselves. Now, you might think that these were lesser "evolved" times and that science has instructed us better in this age of Enlightened Information of Internet Chat Room Perverts, but you're quite mistaken. In Africa, where AIDS is a rampant disease afflicting nearly half the population in certain countries, the same practices are still in use.

Now, I've never sided with the pro-life members of society before, although I do like the thought of taking out people who kill little unborn fetuses, like pregnant mothers living in trailer parks who chain-smoke. But I must take a decidedly pro-life stance here, as I now realize that we as human beings have a humanitarian duty to bring little children into the world, so that they can be sold on the black market in Africa to people with AIDS, who can have sex with them and grant themselves the hope that they are cured of their sickness, or perhaps actually cure themselves of it due to some placebo effect. I beseech all of you pro-choice, doctor-killing menaces to reconsider where you stand, forgo the traditional blood-soaked foreign policy, and think of another country for a change, the Republican way.

Well, I guess I'm off to try and figure out what kind of diversion I'll be involved with later this evening, and hopefully it won't involve a trip in a police car and an overnight stay with a cellmate named Marv. By the way, who the hell drinks O'Doule's alcohol-free beer? I have never once seen anyone drink this stuff, and am guessing that the people who do have sequestered themselves so as to plot some horrible scheme against humanity with the Gideons. If you want to set up a department of Precrime, watch the O'Doule's drinkers.





## Sunday

Continued from p. 4

taught me how to make bread. From Daryoush, I learned to make potato pancakes and from Yang, I learned to yell, “Long live China!” every time I dropped something that made a loud clang.

Making Sunday dinner was a coveted chore assignment—it was an easy way to knock 10 hours off the 30-hours-a-semester work requirement that went along with the cheap rent. Two residents made dinner for however many people signed up to eat the meal. The budget was pretty skimpy—I’m guessing not much more than \$2 a person, maybe even \$1.50. But what a lot of food and such delicious meals we made on that meager budget. After Sunday dinner, I always landed on the couch with an expanded stomach in sweet agony from the gluttony.

It’s probably those days at Howland that left me with such a stretched abdomen. Those meals certainly aided and abetted my bad habit of overeating. While cleaning the basement last week, I was reminded of Howland House Sunday dinners when I came across love letters I’d written my husband, David, early in our courtship. I discovered one written the day I made a Greek Sunday dinner—moussaka, Greek salad, homemade bread and ravani—a Greek dessert my friend Kay’s (Kerassia) mother used to make. I remember calling Kay in New York City to get the ravani recipe from her mother. Kay wasn’t home so her sister Al (Alexandra) had to translate. I wrote down the conversation in that letter to David. “One glass of flour, one glass farina, one glass sugar...,” Al said translating her mother’s directions from Greek. I stopped her. “Whaddaya mean a ‘glass’?”

“You know, a glass. The kind ya drink outta,” said Al.

“C’mon, Al. What is it in cups?”

“Cups? Whaddaya mean ‘cups’? Use a glass,” she said.

I used a glass. I picked one that looked about the same size as something Kay’s mother Georgia would have served me milk out of. The ravani was excellent. Reading that recipe now, (I wrote the whole thing down in that letter to David.) I’m even inspired to cook Sunday dinner. I could make my mother proud. But I’m sure she’ll add “writing love letters” to my list of shortcomings.

## What’s in the Basement’?

Chelsea Seramur—Ferency

I recently ventured into our basement and found that we have a treasure chest of remnants left by past co-ops. These dusty treasures included a nightstand, a leopard skin pimp jacket, and most importantly, a photo album. The pictures in this album (judging by the cars and outfits) date back to the late 70’s.

These photos provided hours of entertainment for the members of our house and gave us ideas of how to add more character to Ferency. The album documented the different people, animals, colors and decorations that have gone through Ferency. We discovered that each year the house would have a holiday dinner, this inspired us to start up the tradition again.

With the help of these photos, I feel like I have a better sense of this house. We will continue to document the happenings of this house during our stay in Ferency so future residents will be able experience this same sense.

**Don’t Forget  
Monday Night  
Is Co-op Night  
At  
The Peanut Barrel  
8:00**

# Final Judgment, Vol. 1

J.R. Buison—Mosier

Once again, it's me giving my take on one of the fall's most amazing movies, and what could be a very strong contender for "Movie of the Year".

**The Criminal:** "Kill Bill, Vol. 1"

**The Accomplices:** Uma Thurman, Lucy Liu, Michael Madsen, Vivica Fox, Darryl Hannah, David Carradine

**The Charge:** *Sizing up to be the best movie ever made by Quentin Tarantino (or at least half of it, anyway).*

Once again, there are the five elements to consider before passing judgment: Effects, Story, Music, Value, and Other Notes. Now, on with the judgment...

**Effects:** This movie, I will warn you, is not for the faint of heart. If you do not like blood, do not see this movie. However, if you are into non-stop action, fantastic swordplay, and more blood than "Braveheart" (and I do have to note, this is only the first half. Part 2, February 2004), this is a movie you have to see. All sorts of action in this flick, from the amazing swordplay, to the fantastic wire-work, this movie just takes it over the top. Also another item of mention is the cinematography done by director Quentin Tarantino. I usually don't comment on how the camera is used, but in essence, the way the film appeared on-screen was essentially an effect in itself. The film captured at pre-1980's look, capturing a raw essence not seen in films of late.

**Story:** So, we have this pregnant assassin, \*bleep\* (No really, Uma Thurman's character name is bleeped in film), who get whacked at a chapel by the "Deadly Viper Assassination Squad", and their leader, Bill (played by David Carradine). Four years later, she wakes up, pissed as hell, and looking for revenge. First on her list,

are the "Squad" members, played by Fox, Madsen, Liu, and Hannah. She goes after each one, leaving a trail of blood and violence behind her. Between the separated limbs and blood flowing like water, it is nothing but beat after beat of non-stop thrills and action. The character performances by this piece by each character, even Carradine (who provides 'the voice' of Bill) are outstanding, with definite lines and moment that just define them. Granted, we haven't see all of them, but that's what "Vol. 2" is for come February of 2004.

**Music:** A good soundtrack will augment the mood of the film, and this soundtrack was so good, I'm almost ready to buy the soundtrack myself (legitimately). The tracks presented in this film definitely enhanced the mood of the scenes where they appeared. And, might I mention, there are a LOT of songs used in this film.

**Value:** This movie definitely lives up to the buzz on this flick. Definitely worth the price of admission...hell, I'd probably even pay an extra dollar or two to see it. It's THAT good, in my opinion.

**Other Notes:** For geek value, be sure to watch for a very famous quote in the beginning of the movie. Not to mention, the truck / wagon that appears also.

After considering all the evidence, it is now time for me to pass judgment on this charge (of course, in my judgments, guilty is good.):

*On the charge of "Kill Bill, Vol. 1" sizing up to be the best movie ever made by Quentin Tarantino (or at least half of it, anyway), I declare "Kill Bill" Guilty as charged. You should see this movie, or I might have to separate a few limbs. But that's beside the point.*

And there you have it, court is adjourned once more. Want to appeal, or have a movie for me to judge? As always, drop me a line at [realfinddeal23@hotmail.com](mailto:realfinddeal23@hotmail.com). Also, be sure to watch for the Final Judgment on "Vol. 2" come this February. Watch this space for more details and more judgments.

## Tofu House Chocolate Chip Cookies: Sarah Howard—Mosier

- 1 cup unsalted margarine
- 1 cup unrefined cane sugar
- 2 Tbs light molasses
- 4 Tbs Tofu (firm), pureed
- 1 tsp vanilla extract
- 1 <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> cups unbleached flour
- <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> cup whole wheat flour
- <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> tsp baking soda
- <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> tsp salt
- 12 oz. (2 cups) chocolate chips

- 1) Position 2 racks in the center of oven and preheat to 350 F.
- 2) Cream margarine, sugar and molasses with electric beaters or in heavy-duty mixer until light and fluffy. Add tofu puree and vanilla; beat for 1 more minute.
- 3) Mix flours, soda and salt in a small bowl. Add to creamed mixture and mix at low speed with the electric mixer or lightly with a rubber spatula, blending in all flour. Fold in chocolate chips.
- 4) Drop by rounded teaspoonfuls onto ungreased cookie sheet and bake for 9-10 minutes. Cool on wire rack.



Makes 6 dozen cookies  
Per cookie: 65 calories  
0.6g protein  
7.6g carbohydrates  
4g fat  
0mg cholesterol



The Pine Press is a publication of the MSU-SHC, and is brought to you by the Education Committee of the Student Housing Cooperative, Inc. SHC is committed to providing quality housing to the students of Michigan State University and the surrounding communities. It is our responsibility to uphold and help spread the principles of cooperation, those being: open membership, democratic control, member ownership, education, and expansion of the cooperative ideals.

Education Committee

|                                |                            |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Atlantis—Ben Green             | Miles—Daniel Buttrey       |
| Bower—Aaron Weiss              | Mosier—Shannon Rasch       |
| Elsworth—Adam Olson            | Orion—Maria Pokoyoway      |
| Ferency—Chelsea Seramur        | Phoenix—Bridget Palumbo    |
| Hedrick—Natalie Marion         | Raft Hill—Charlie Crimando |
| New Community—Lindsey Nieukoop | Toad Lane—Ryan Heimsath    |



We know its that time of year, but it's time to stop taking care of all those sick people at your house and write an article for The Pine Press. If you decide to stop playing nurse and write an article, send it as an attachment to [pinepress@yahoo.com](mailto:pinepress@yahoo.com) by Friday, October 31. Yes, that is Halloween, but that doesn't mean you can't send your article in early. Are you feeling the push here for articles? We don't mean to be pushy, but we do.