

Ashley's Reads: Halloween edition!

Bram Stoker's "Dracula"

Ashley Etter
aetter@css.edu

If you're looking for a rollicking read featuring vampires, don't waste your time with the "Twilight" series. Turn instead to "Dracula," Bram Stoker's 1897 epistolary novel that gave me nightmares when I read it in "Intro to English Studies" as a sophomore. You may think, "There's no way that a nineteenth-century novel can be that scary, Ashley." Well, you just need to read more nineteenth-century literature! "Dracula" tells the story of Jonathan Harker, a young English lawyer, his fiancée (and eventual wife), Mina Murray and their comrades as they contend with the eponymous vampire's shenanigans. Harker's tasked with travelling all the way to Transylvania to present Count Dracula with the deed to his new London property. Harker experiences a lot of highly suspicious activity during his stay at Dracula's castle, including nearly being seduced by some sexy vampire women and—prepare for this—witnessing

Dracula "[climbing] down the wall, lizard fashion." That's what I saw in my nightmares. (Don't walk by Tower Hall at night after reading "Dracula" because you will imagine this. I would know.) Eventually Harker realizes that Count Dracula is indeed a vampire, and this realization prompts

Favorite line:

"Though sympathy can't alter facts, it can help to make them more bearable."—Mina Murray

Words of advice:

Read if you dare. (And please dare—it's a wonderful novel.) Also, don't watch Francis Ford Coppola's 1992 film "Dracula" if you want to get an idea of what to expect from the novel.



Submitted photo/Ashley Etter
decide that they must do something to stop him. I'll say no more for fear of spoiling the tale, but I'll leave you with the following: "Dracula" is scary, but it also presents a serious and complex commentary on sexuality, gender roles, race, postcolonialism and attitudes toward disease. Like "Twilight," "Dracula" has love, sexy stuff and violence, but unlike "Twilight," it's an erudite, beautifully written novel that makes you think deeply about the human condition, evil and all that fun philosophical stuff.

Ashley Etter, a senior philosophy and English major, is the editor in chief of The Script. She is an amateur crocheter, painter and writer who daydreams often. She wants to be a philosopher when she grows up.

NedTalks: The POD, better than dolphins!

Ned the Narwhal
script@css.edu

"Hi Ned - I am struggling to decide whether or not I want a salad from Greens-to-Go or a good ole burger and curly fries from the POD. Any suggestions on what to get from the POD?"

Hiya, friend! I definitely get your struggle; I can spend hours deciding between shrimp or squid. I've been to the POD an awful lot, and it remains my favorite kind of pod, beating out my dolphin friends by a mile. Personally, I always go for the hot food options over doing Greens-to-Go or grabbing a ready-made salad. The chicken tenders and regular fries are to die for, though they can be a bit salty, so it's a no for snails. Their pizzas are really good, too, and you can just swim in and grab those. No

waiting in line or holding on to that jump-scare causing blue disc. For a refreshing afternoon snack, a strawberry parfait hits just the right spot, and they're nicely priced, too. Just make sure to keep all the granola



Submitted photo/Ned the Narwhal
in the cup, as they tend to jump out while mixing it up. Out of everything, Ned here really loves their burrito specials. They give you a ton of chips, and the burritos are massive! If you're running short on time, it's also really easy

to grab one of their freezer or grab-and-go section options. I've frequently grabbed an Un crustables PB&J with an Arizona for an affordable breakfast that you can take on the go. Their frozen meals are wonderful if you work on campus and want something quick to pop into the microwave. I'm a big fan of the frozen lasagna, though there is a place in my heart for the mac and cheese Devours. And, of course, you can't forget about the Ben & Jerry's ice cream pints, which are a perfect way to satisfy a narwhal's craving for dessert. If none of this sounds delicious, just try out new things the next time you go wander in. The POD has a ton of options and you might find a new favorite when you switch it up.

The Tower of Time Travel

Is this just fantasy?

Jessica Schatz
jschatz2@css.edu

Continuing from our last story time...

"Thanks Sister—" she stepped through the door on the first floor and lost her words. "Where am I?" she said to herself. The paint was a lot brighter than she had thought she remembered, and the Saints Shop signs were no longer anywhere to be found. A girl who looked to be about her own age walked past and Rowyn called out to her, "Hey! What's happened to the Saints Shop?" She looked back at Rowyn. "What's a Saints Shop?" "What do you mean 'what's a Saints Shop?'" Rowyn furrowed her brow in confusion at the girl's lack of knowledge. "The store that's down this hall to the right? What happened to it?" "I'm sorry, ma'am, but there's not a store there. Those are just empty supply closets. Say, what's with the mask?" The girl snickered, smoothing an invisible pleat in her skirt.

Rowyn blinked twice at now realizing the girl she was conversing with wasn't wearing her mask. "Uh, I should be asking where yours is, since it's required on campus." Rowyn was met with a blank stare of confusion. "What's your name, anyway?" "Crystal. Crystal Sippola. And what's this about needing masks? Is this a joke?" Rowyn looked over Crystal's shoulder at the girl walking past through the hallway, also not wearing a mask. "Hey, Sadie! Come here for a second!"

The passing girl, Sadie, stopped and backtracked towards Crystal. "What is the matter, Crystal? And who is this girl? Why does she have a mask on her face?" Simply confused, Rowyn began to take a few steps towards the steps that she thought she knew but lacked the usual warp. "Wow, these look great, too. What's this?" She reached down at the crate

next to the stairs and pulled up a newspaper. "The Scriptorium, huh? Wait a minute..." The date on the newspaper read "Oct. 11, 1968." Rowyn backed up towards the staircase she had just come from. "This has got to be some weird joke. I'm just trying to get to my professor's office on the fourth floor." Sadie and Crystal looked at one another before they focused back on Rowyn. "There are just dormitories on the upper floors. The offices are down on the second floor. Are you sure you're in the right building?" Rowyn laughed wryly, "There's no way I've been going here for two months and suddenly don't know my way around campus." Crystal shrugged, "Why don't you come with us and we can do a tour of the place so you get to know your way around?" "I don't think so, but thanks for the offer, girls." Rowyn reached for the door to go down the staircase she came from and bolted down the stairs, almost tripping on the last ones before coming to a halt at the bottom. She backtracked her way and found herself by the elevator she had been waiting for earlier with Sister Olive. Rowyn strode down the ramped floor towards the mailroom in search of people. After seeing several students, all in masks like herself, she ran to the main staircase and climbed to the first floor. She turned the corner and found the Saints Shop in its rightful place. "What is going on here?" she mused to herself as she climbed the stairs to her professor's office.

Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction and is not based on the historical events of The College of St. Scholastica. All characters, including their likeness, are fictional and not to be mistaken for historical figures.

Sudoku ANSWERS

Puzzle on Page 8

6	1	3	8	2	9	7	5	4
5	7	4	1	6	3	9	8	2
9	2	8	4	5	7	1	6	3
4	3	5	7	1	6	8	2	9
1	8	9	3	4	2	6	7	5
2	6	7	5	9	8	3	4	1
3	5	6	9	7	4	2	1	8
8	4	2	6	3	1	5	9	7
7	9	1	2	8	5	4	3	6

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