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Canon 25

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I had written a fairly lengthy introduction to this issue on the topic of fantasy. I even used a storm of nautical double entendre. (One of my fantasies is to be on a tall ship in the open ocean) I also spent the usual amount of lines introducing the new hand (myself) and thanking the returning old hands (Pat & Pete - who both deserve more thanks than I can give). However, I seem to have misplaced it. Perhaps it was for the best as all I said (and a whole lot more) has been said by the contributors. I hope you enjoy your voyage in the stormy seas of the fantasy realm. And thank you to all our fantastic contributors.

Sincerely,
Mark Fisk

Hey, I'm that guy who's been yelling at you! Nice to meet you! Hope you enjoy your student magazine this year. Is gon' be gud,
Peter Adourian

"But it's just a sweet, sweet fantasy baby"
- Mariah Carey "Fantasy"

THE CROSS AND THE CREATURE

BY: MARGARET ROBERTS

It's everywhere: In books and movies; in video games, posters, online chat-rooms and even filtering through our music. What can be seen as an escape, appears to have become inescapable.

Fantasy: some hate it, many love it and there are a few who are neutral towards it.

The idea of going into another world, of seeing imaginative beauty and wonder: moving staircases, icy castles, trees that move and talk, rushing rivers that shift into serene creatures, the entire 'Castles in the Sky' idea. And let's not forget the creatures that make these worlds: wood nymphs, centaurs, minotaurs, hobbits, unicorns, goblins, dwarfs, hags, fairies, leprechauns, griffins, falcons – the list goes on for pages. All types of mythological creatures seem to inhabit the genre, making the different worlds all the better.

It's an incredible wonder, to be able to step into the imaginary worlds that humans create and just explore. It's wondrous that, as humans, we can find and explore worlds that are created simply by imagination – and there is help through the genre of Fantasy.

In the eyes of the world, Fantasy is a fascinating way for a different escape that other genres do not offer, but it is a genre nonetheless and is just another way to express values and morals.

But what of the Christian perspective?

In a Biblical university, where the liberal arts are taught, students are given an education that expresses the values and morals of Christians, centering on that of the Bible. We are taught how to apply the Bible to the workforce, evangelize and spread the Word of God.

Implement this into the genre of Fantasy. If one takes a look at the popular works of C.S. Lewis such as the Chron-

icles of Narnia or his Space Trilogy. Also J.R.R. Tolkien and his works such as the The Hobbit or the Lord of the Rings – these are looked at as Fantasy. Now, we know that these works are faith-based, as the authors were said to be Christians. These works are quite popular, with thanks to the movie industry, but are they effective? If a non-believer reads these works, hears the soundtrack, sees the movie, will they know the difference between a Christian Fantasy novel and a secular Fantasy novel? Being of the Fantasy genre, do they correctly portray the values and beliefs of their writers and particularly those of the Christian commu-

Have we conformed to this world, lost sight of our goal and fallen in with the darkness, by being entranced with Fantasy?

nity as a whole? Is Fantasy even adequate and efficient enough to express the Christian faith? Or is it all lost, put to dirt and dust in what can be viewed as such a worldly genre – with its mix of mythology and pagan beliefs?

The Bible says: "But if we walk in the Light, as He is in the Light, we have fellowship with one another, and the blood of Jesus His Son cleanses us from all sin" (1 John 1:7). Also, "Do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewal of your mind, that by testing you may discern what is the Will of God, that is good and acceptable and perfect" (Romans 12:2). And so is it that we have conformed to this world, lost sight of our goal and fallen in with the darkness, by being entranced with Fantasy?

Some may say yes, that Fantasy is a worldly thing and that believers should take no part in it. It is not of God, for we have mingled with the pagan beliefs and have lost sight of the line that separates us from those of the world. There is no longer a difference from 'Christian Fantasy' and 'Worldly Fantasy'.

However, there is another opinion that Fantasy, as a Christian genre, is indeed effective; it is distinct from that



of the world. It is even hopeful to those of us who enjoy the genre of Fantasy. There is a difference in the meaning of symbols and of themes portrayed in Christian Fantasy. They can be used to 'draw' people into the ideas, morals and values of the faith. It is a 'doorway.' If the right symbolism, allusions and themes are used, those who are interested in the work will think, search, question and in the end, be led to the Bible. It is all just a matter of use. For example, in *The Chronicles of Narnia: The Lion, Witch and the Wardrobe*, Aslan's death for Edmund, is a symbol of Christ's sacrifice for humanity. His 'rise' later on, symbolizes the power of God. In *The Lord of the Rings*, Frodo Baggins, symbolizes mankind's quest to be rid of sin (the ring) and this is a direct line to John Bunyan's 'Pilgrims Progress'. Fantasy, correctly used, is effective. Also, note the differences that Christian Fantasy protagonists have from those of 'Worldly Fantasy'. They are not 'blood-thirsty, vengeful, and hateful,' do not worship pagan gods, who walk the 'hard road' for all that is 'pure and true' and 'celebrate the light' – these are just a few examples.

Is Fantasy effective for the Christian message? Lewis and Tolkien seemed to think so – as do I. ■

A Love Encounter

Unexpectedly he follows,
Two sets of footprints in the sand.

Set to the backdrop of a wooden canvas,
He paints with a gentle hand

Tears of joy fall to the ground
A fire inside burns out

Forgive us,
I am - a love encounter

by June Frost

Because

His eyes may be sorry
and his shame may be heavy,
but nothing changes.
Faith fell through the fingers
of nervous and broken hands.

Her heart may be empty
and her words may sound forgiving,
but nothing changes.
Hope was laid to rest
in a necropolis of dreams.

The only thing that changes
is the way we come to the Father,
with open mouths and weary eyes.
Asking the same question,
to a God who only has one answer.

"Why?" we ask.
Because.

by Lena Rigby

For more poetry by Lena Rigby visit: www.lenarigby.blogspot.com



Confessions of a Dungeon Master

By Brian Pengelly

I was 8 years old when I first played “Dungeons and Dragons”. My older brother had learned about the game in the gifted program at his junior high, and had brought it home. I remember sitting in his room flipping through the book wide eyed, and then immediately rolling up a magic user to accompany my brother’s thief through a dungeon where we fought goblins and orcs. My early adventures didn’t last long: my mother discovered the game and immediately insisted that my brother take it back to school and never play it again. We were told that it was evil and a gateway to Satanism, (much like secular rock music, He-man and, the Smurfs cartoons) and so it was banned from our house.

My brother never really played a role playing game again. He moved on to sports and other activities, but something about the game really caught my attention. It allowed me to use my burgeoning imagination like nothing else I had ever played. I begged my parents to reconsider, but mom was adamant. Instead she went and bought us a copy of “Dragon Raid” a Christian “discipleship program” which borrowed from D&D, in that you got to make your own character and fight monsters, but now instead of attributes you had the Fruit of the Spirit, and instead of casting spells you recited bible verses. It was a horrible game, and after playing it once my family declared it was stupid and never wanted to play it again, but since it was all I was allowed I read it again and again and came up with adventures for it.

When I was in grade 5 I was given the complete Chronicles of Narnia, and in grade 6 I began what was to become a yearly tradition of reading The Lord of the Rings. From there I began looking around for whatever other Fantasy novels I could find in the library. Soon after I rediscovered Role Playing Games, but since I was forbidden to play “Dungeons and

Dragons” I soon delved into other games in more acceptable genres. In grade 6 I bought “Top Secret” a spy game made by the makers of D&D, and then moved on to “Robotech”, “Battletech”, and several other Science Fiction games. I played them during lunch and after school with a bunch of friends, hiding under the stairwell of our Christian school so as to avoid as much persecution as possible. I was regularly ridiculed for doing something so geeky, but that was just one more thing to be bullied about in high school and my classmates already had ample grounds to tease me on, so it didn’t faze me much. However, I do remember keenly when one of

Through those games I began to
imagine myself as someone who
was powerful and capable

my classmates in grade 11 saw a Fantasy novel I was reading which had a wizard on the front and began spreading rumours around the school that I was a Satanist.

My mother often worried about my interest in Fantasy and Role Playing Games, and threatened to completely ban them on a couple occasions, but she never followed through. She was probably hesitant to do so since it was her who had introduced me to the fantasy genre with gifts of Tolkien and Lewis so long ago. But for me, Fantasy and the type of imaginary play the Role Playing Games encouraged was not something pulling me into the realms of the Satanic; in fact, God used it in two key ways in my life: as an escape, and in shaping a narrative of hope. My childhood and teen years were rather traumatic. Many of you have read or heard my testimony of overcoming sexual abuse, struggling with sexual identity, being bullied, and attempting suicide. In the face of such overwhelming horror, fantasy and roleplay allowed me escape from a world where I was helpless and overwhelmed, and instead allowed me to go to a world where good triumphed over evil, and the weak were empowered to stand up

for good and justice. Whether as spies, wizards, or pilots of giant mechs, each gaming session had an overarching story in which we the players - most whom were bullied - got to stand up and protect the helpless in society. Through those games I began to imagine myself as someone who was powerful and capable; I developed in myself an ethic of standing up for what was right even when it was hard.

When I graduated from high school RPGs took a hiatus in my life as I went off to Moody Bible Institute to study youth ministry. I kept reading fantasy novels, but fantasy gaming was limited to playing the occasional "Final Fantasy" game on my Nintendo or Playstation. Then in my senior year a friend gave me a copy of "Vampire: the Masquer-

We laugh and play together, but we also pray for each other, support each other through tough times, and take care of each other in need. It has become a key part of our Christian community and spiritual support.

ade", a game that built on the Vampire mythos especially as imagined by Anne Rice. The game hooked me because it was different than anything I had encountered before. It was not focused on killing monsters, but instead of fighting the monster inside you. When I graduated and moved back to Canada I joined a role playing group in Waterloo that played "Masquerade" while youth pastoring in Waterloo. There I found the games themes of fighting your evil impulses, clinging to humanity, and seeking redemption were the perfect inroads to discuss faith with non-Christian friends. In fact out of those Saturday night games I eventually led three of my friends to the Lord.

I didn't return to Dungeons and Dragons until I moved to Toronto to start Seminary in 2001. Wizards of the Coast had just bought the rights to the game, and released a much improved 3rd edition. I picked up the base set of it, interested in how they had changed the game, but never thought I would actually play it, until one night I was sitting in the Katimavik lounge and overheard two other students talking about how they had played a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles RPG in high school. I struck up a conversation with them, and soon after we began a regular weekly game of D&D on Sunday nights. We knew better than to play in the Katimavik. (Once I had made the mistake of playing Magic the Gathering with friends in the Kat and had to deal with hysterical reports that I was doing tarot card readings!) So instead we decided to gather in the apartment of one of the players who happened to be a RD at the time. However, word of the game got out somehow and I began having people I didn't know have concerned talks with me about dabbling in witchcraft, and once we had our game inter-

rupted by a group of students standing outside our door loudly shouting in tongues to pray against the demons that they were sure we were summoning.

Fortunately, the majority of people in the school recognized the obvious truth that we were not Satanists; in fact, everyone who was playing was dedicated in their faith and actively involved in ministry. As they got to know us as people, and see the reality of our faith, they began to question the veracity of the sensational claims they had read in some Christian books. When people questioned us we would invite them to



come and watch one of our games. All of them went away convinced we might be total geeks, but there was no way we were doing something evil.

It has been almost a decade since I formed that small gaming group. Since then dozens of people have come and gone from it. As those players graduated and moved off campus several started their own game with new friends. Currently, I know of at least four active D&D groups going on among Tyndale students or Alumni that directly spawned out of that group. My game is still going strong and we meet every Thursday night in a basement apartment in North York. Everyone in my game is involved in Christian ministry in one way or another, with the exception of my wife, who is an accountant. Over the years we have told many stories together: stories of heroism, sacrifice, and at times humour and silliness. When we get together we reminisce about the time the Paladin who didn't speak Common misunderstood our orders and dove into the water after a Kraken while wearing full plate armour, or the time the innocent child our Cleric was attempting to protect turned out to be a werewolf. That weekly group has become some of my best friends in the world. We laugh and play together, but we also pray for each other, support each other through tough times, and take care of each other in need. It has become a key part of our Christian community and spiritual support.



To this day people still look at me strangely when they hear I am a pastor who plays D&D. But to me it is no different from being a pastor who plays hockey, plays in a band, or goes antiquing. D&D is about getting together with a group of your friends and collectively telling stories together. The stories you tell can be good or bad, and like anything else - under certain circumstances - it can become an idol in your life that becomes more important than God. But I know far more people who have turned Football into an idol than I do who have turned D&D into an idol. For my own part God has used my interest in this hobby to protect me in dangerous times of my life, to grow and develop my gifts as a writer and speaker, to help me reach out to my unsaved friends, and to build a safe Christian community around me. Despite 20 years of RPGs I never became involved in the occult, worshipped Satan, or sacrificed a virgin. Excitable tracts warned my Mother I would. For those who are still swayed by D&D's undeserved ill reputation in Christian circles I encourage them to get to know Gamers and ask to sit in and watch a game sometime. I find most of the fear comes from ignorance... and ignorance is never to the benefit of the body of Christ. ■

Brian Pengelly is a graduate of Moody Bible Institute and Tyndale Seminary. He has been involved in youth ministry for over 16 years and is nationally known as a youth specialist and speaker. He was named one of the 35 Christian Leaders Under 35 by Christian Week magazine and the Canadian Council of Christian Charities. He currently resides in Etobicoke. If you have questions or are interested in RPGs contact Brian at brianp@newdirection.ca

Interested in more information about Christian misunderstandings of D&D?

Check out:

♦Satanic Panic by Jeffrey S Victor (Available in the Tyndale Library)

♦<http://www.car-pga.org>

The official website of the Committee for the Advancement of Role Playing Games which has a good FAQ about RPGs as well as in depth research refuting some of the common myths about gaming.

♦www.theescapist.com

which also has a great FAQ and information RPG's.

♦For a good example of Christian panic about D&D check out the classic Chick tract here:

http://www.chick.com/reading/tracts/0046/0046_01.asp

♦For an interesting look into the origins of the tract check here:

<http://www.fecundity.com/pmagnus/darkdung.html>

Pacific Hearts

Red wrinkles, swelling with the tide,
That only empty sails produce,
Smudge the caps and smear the cradles
That the anchored chain did loose.

Salty cheeks with milk and peach
From Poseidon's stern passion
Take the wake and rise in fire
From the son's distraction.

Ah, the tangled togey,
And that winding river
Wraps 'round the hidden glass
And chokes the quiver.

Her steady fingers
Of ropy trusting
Fray the prow and pitch
Of her gusting.

And calms the tide,
The full-blown sails
That homeward bound
Now here fails.

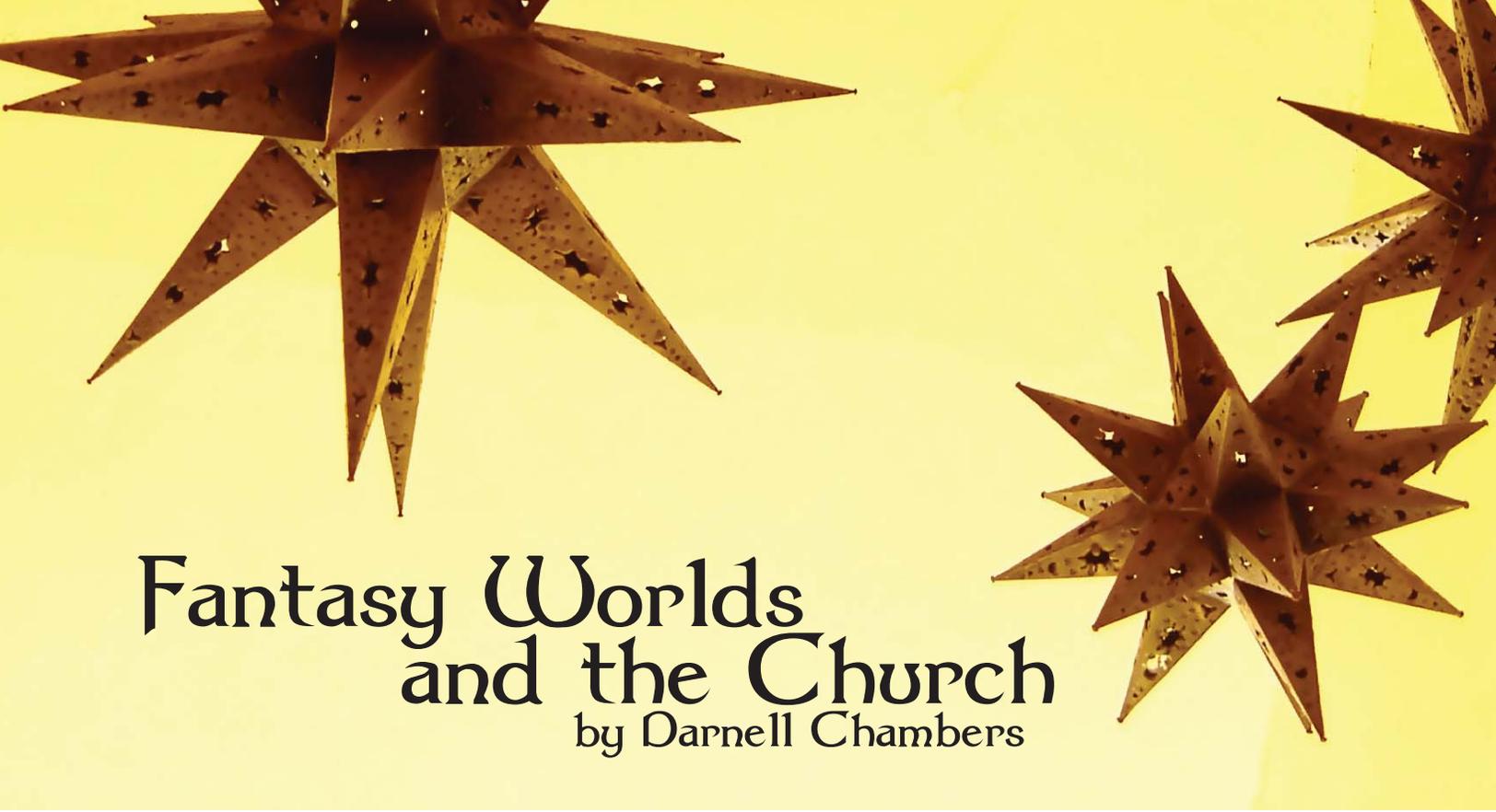
-Evelyne Anthony

FANTASY By LENA RIGBY

He wanted a world where the things he imagined were the same as the things he lived. A world where the choices only came in the form of a choose-your-own-adventure novel. An easy place to live, not just for himself, but for everyone. His heart longed for auto-pilot; he was tired of driving it himself. He wanted a world with universal relief for all the tired hearts. His fantasy wasn't about dragons and princesses, aliens and intergalactic warfare; but about utopia. A fantasy world where hearts could have what they wanted. Where God was easy to believe in. Where suffering was eradicated, joy overflowed, and peace reigned supreme. A world where people were good. His current world had none of these things. Only broken people, pain, and discontentment. God certainly was not easy to believe in.

Yet he believed. With that belief came an understanding. Choices were difficult for a reason. The world is full of evils, but he was called to live apart from the world. His heart would be carried, if only he asked and relief was possible if only he surrendered. If he delighted in Lord, his heart would get what it desired. The hardest things to believe are often the things of most importance. And his fantasy world, without suffering, sadness and evil, wasn't far from reach. In fact, he learned that it was promised to him. One day, far from this one, he would see that world in all its splendour. And with that promise in his heart, his fantasy didn't seem much like a fantasy anymore. ■





Fantasy Worlds and the Church

by Darnell Chambers

It is difficult for me to take any position for or against the use or enjoyment of fantasy or science-fiction or any fantastical medium. I enjoyed watching television shows such as Star Trek, and movies such as the Lord of the Rings, Chronicles of Narnia, Star wars, and The Matrix. It seems to me that the world of fantasy provides a wonderful place to engage ideas and convey truths without the boundaries of the "reality" of everyday experience. There are things that can be, arguably, better stated in fantastical terms than in straightforward prose. It can be argued that the book of Revelations uses fantastical elements and imagery to convey Biblical truths about the coming return of our Lord. These all seem to be wonderful examples of the 'fantasy' genre.

However, I am still iffy about the fantasy genre in general. The fantasy genre is especially difficult for me because it is so imaginary. There might be wonderful gems in it, but I really have a hard time getting into pretend galaxies and universes that have nothing to do with my reality. I can handle a fictional read that has realistic elements or an overarching realistic point that I can relate to my world. But any of the fantasy that I was exposed to growing up was more of by force than by choice. In general, I feel spending my time doing something in the real world has more value than spending it immersing myself in the fantasy genre. In terms of games I have found it to be very time-consuming, requiring a lot of energy, focus and mental capacity. I know of

many people who obsess over playing virtual reality games on-line or on their game consoles. Add to that the people who live their entire lives centered on comic books, and all the different space trilogies in science fiction. They show up to all the Star Wars and Star Trek conventions in these ridiculous costumes, are constantly mimicking the lives of their favorite characters, and are even speaking the different alien languages. My concern is that these groups of people reflect an addiction to a false reality and live in such an escapist realm without any interest of returning to the real one. For some this is a phase, but for many this is life from the pre-teens to adulthood and it is quite disturbing from my vantage point.

Furthermore, how does one define 'fantasy' to be exact? Is not pornography fantasy in that it projects a world of possible erotic reality where anything goes? What about all these reality television shows which have absolutely nothing to do with reality

You have people who care more about aliens on make-belief planets or who Victor Newman is going to marry next than what is taking place in their own neighborhood and the world at large.

whatsoever? And who can forget soap operas, where the same people are marrying and divorcing and falling in love over and over again with all sorts of twists and turns.

These are all fantastical in my opinion and are highly addictive and disturbing - to be blunt.

I do think that the fantasy genre has refuted any claims that the human society has progressed beyond taking myths and fables seriously. I have more respect for any culture that actually believed in gods and dragons and titans and cyclones because people actually believed in these things and saw them as affecting their everyday lives. They did not simply make up a bunch of tales for the mere sake of being entertained;

indulging in a make belief world while knowing that such stories are false and escapist.

Our materialistic society—which tells us that religions are false and that we are accidental, evolving living organisms that make up a dot in an increasingly expanding universe existing solely on ‘chance’— has made us more focused on escaping such depressing ‘facts’ instead of embracing them. You have people who care more about aliens on make-belief planets or who Victor Newman is going to marry next than what is taking place in their own neighborhood and the world at large. If there is no god (or at least one who cares about us) then what is going to motivate some people to endure their realities? I think the answer becomes fantasy. Escaping reality and pretending becomes a necessary opiate lest we are forced to reflect on the disparaging human condition which we are all plagued with.

This is can become increasingly dangerous because people can lose sight of fantasy and reality when it matters the most: Families can get

ruined due to pornography addictions. People heavily involved in these cyber/virtual reality games have the tendency of being anti-social, isolated, and often have poor communication (and sometimes attention) skills. On a macro-level millions of people have been massacred at the hands of people who followed the fantasies of building a master-race and utopian society of superhumans (the Nazi’s übermensch). I am not blaming these problems on the fantasy genre per se; I am trying to make the point that obsessing over the fantasy genre/realm can affect people’s ability to identify and cope with the real world. If left unchecked, I think it can have tremendous deleterious consequences individually and collectively.

For me the Christians should have a better hold on reality which should enable them to see the pros and cons of the fantasy genre. I do not mind Christians enjoying fantasy games but I do think caution is a must in enjoyment of fantasy for entertainment value. I think Christians should prefer fantasy which has meaning and connection to the world in which we live. Furthermore, fantasy should be used as a tool to witness the kingdom of God and for teaching Christian values. If fantasy can be used for the glory of God and for engaging the human mind on worthwhile ideas and concepts that contribute to the real world, then I am all for it. Otherwise, for me fantasy for fantasy’s sake or for entertainment’s sake - devoid of meaningful purpose - is something to be avoided or highly restricted. ■



Tired of seeing the same unoriginal movies over and over again?

Me too.

Maybe it's time for you to expand your horizons a bit – check out something different. Over the summer I made a discovery. That discovery came in the form of a movie called *Remember Me*. Now, the star of this movie is guaranteed to stir up mixed feelings, so let's just tackle the inevitable head on and get it over with right at the beginning...

Robert Pattinson.

Please take a moment to either swoon or gag as you feel so inclined. But whatever you do, just follow me through to the end of this.

...

Ready to continue?

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

BY LARISSA BENTLEY

Remember Me is different because it's a life story rather than a love story. It follows the life of Tyler Hawkins (Pattinson), a twenty-something that loves to act impulsively and deal with the consequences later. Most of the time they're negative consequences, but every cloud has its silver lining. Tyler, somewhat of a brooding pessimist, is soon surprised when a whirlwind of a woman enters his life – Ally (played by Emilie de Ravin – that pregnant chick from 'Lost').

Now, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking: 'didn't she just say this wasn't a love story?' And you're right; from what I've said so far, it definitely sounds like a cliché, completely unoriginal, run-of-the-mill love story. So let me add that, though Ally and Tyler's relationship is clearly a big part of both of their lives, the movie does an excellent job at keeping all the other aspects of both of their lives in the foreground. There's definitely no sweeping of big issues under the proverbial rug. And believe me, both Ally and Tyler have a lot of other issues (don't we all?).

I hate reading the movie review that goes into every detail, giving spoilers at every turn, so I'm not going to be that article. What I will say is that this movie will take you places you'd never expect. I mean never. Which is why I choose to call it a life story; it captures the unpredictable quality of real

life: The highs, the lows, the greatest moments and the worst, and all the surprises along the way.

The movie really does take you on a journey, and hey! I even learned a few things along the way.

The story was written by a twenty-something guy and the script is direct proof. The conversations and arguments rung so true (eerily realistic – at times I thought I was watching my own life) making it easy for the actors to slip into the moment.

And speaking of actors – what a cast! I've already mentioned the headliners, but the supporting cast is phenomenal too. Pierce Brosnan (Bond without his accent – shocking), Chris Cooper and Lena Olin play the adults controlling – I mean contributing to – the young people's lives; and two relatively new actors in Hollywood took on the other important relationships in Tyler Hawkins' life. Ruby Jerins, an incredible young actress, plays the little sis and Tate Ellington plays the hilariously unique best friend. Overall, beautifully cast. No, let me rephrase: perfectly cast. Bold, I know, but true.

Let me end by reiterating that this movie isn't a chick flick, despite what the trailers may say. It's a story that you (regardless of who 'you' are) need to hear. It serves as a good reminder that the seemingly insignificant moments in life can always be significant to somebody. I will also add, for the sake of you sceptics, that I was once one of you. I, in fact, watched this movie for the first time for the specific purpose of confirming my theory that Robert Pattinson cannot act. In this movie he proved me wrong. He did a fantastic job.

This movie was surprising and so worth the watch. Do yourself a favour and check it out. ■



SECTION 2 . . .

THE COSMOS, PLANET CENTRA (SAGITTARIUS A) . . .

ROYAL GALACTIC DOMINION CAPITAL SENATE TOWER . . .

EARTH YEAR 2030 . . .

“The Royal Galactic Dominion rules The CosMos from the artificial planet Centra. The planet is based on unique Dominion clockwork technology with an Eternity Gate at the planetary core turning the Core Assembly. The planet is defended by the Ring Satellite Network (RSN) and the Robot Moon, Centrilia, both equally artificial constructs with extremely powerful defenses. A further defense for the government is the Capital Senate Tower. The entire tower is suspended in the sky and disconnected from the Centrite superstructure. If necessary, the entire structure can covert itself into a starship that has, thanks to the Zero-Point Generator installed, literally infinite range. Currently, the Senate is in office, so we have a chance to see it in deliberation. This way,” said the golden haired Harmonian tour guide to her charges.

She began leading the group of around twenty from across the Galaxy, saying, “So, where are all of you from?”

The father of a family of four humanoids with crystalline horns replied first, “We’re refugees from the Imperial Indra Confederacy.”

The guide replied, “Well, welcome to the Dominion! If you need anything, don’t hesitate to ask.”

A blond haired woman and man said they were from Harmonia as well. Three of the others were red-skinned natives of planet Tetra. One was a Majin from Majilij, the four-armed one was from Avalon and the rest were silver-haired Aurelians, a race scattered across the Galaxy after their homeworld was devastated.

“It’s great to meet you all!” responded the guide, “My name is Lillian. If you need anything, you can just let me know. Ah!” she said, stopping in front of an ornate door, “Here we are. This is the visitors’ gallery. Just let me signal and see if we are allowed.”

She went to a panel next to the massive door and pushed a large blue button. As she did, she said, “It may interest you to know that this building has a slightly different interface than all other Dominion technology. Functionally it is the same, but the colors are switched around. As you see here, the blue button signals a request to enter that can be rebuffed. The red button signals that a Senate member is entering. The yellow button signals that something is wrong. If you look, the red and yellow buttons have swapped-around labels. This is so those if someone attempts to enter the Hall illegally, they will actually signal that something is wrong themselves. Ah, we can enter.”

As Lillian led the group into the visitors’ gallery, the tourists gawked at the massive Hall. Seeing the number of galleries, it was easy to believe that the entire civilized Galaxy was in the Dominion. As they walked in, they saw the Prime Minister’s Gallery, opposite the visitors’ gallery, midway up the Hall. A woman sitting in an ornate chair was staring right at them.

FRAMEWORK
BY BEN HOUSEHOLD

She spoke, amplified by an unseen microphone, "Greetings. As you no doubt know, I am the Prime Minister. My name is Corlettia Corvana." She stood, "I welcome you into the Great Hall of the Senate Tower. I especially welcome the Felldendi family, to the Hall, planet Centra and the Dominion itself."

A synthesized voice began echoing around the Hall, "All those inside the Hall, please be seated. A Serenian battle-cruiser has been detected on an approach to Centra though an uncleared A-Space transit path via Illsva. We are initiating alert level 7 out of 490."

The Prime Minister addressed the computer, "Alundra Djinn, please send a comms note to the Serenian ship. Tell the captain that I would like to talk to them." She looked at the tourists, "For safety's sake, please be seated." As she said this, chairs rose from the floor of the gallery.

"Yes, Madam," replied the voice.

A screen appeared in the air in front of the Prime Minister's Gallery. Due to the methods employed in Dominion holographic technology, everyone in the Hall could see the image clearly. It was of a man in a muted yellow uniform standing in front of an ornate chair.

The man spoke, "Might I know who I am addressing?"

"You are currently speaking to the Royal Galactic Dominion Senate," said the Prime Minister, "I am Prime Minister Corlettia Corvana."

The man replied, "I will order my fleet to jump from Illsva and open fire on Centra, unless you apologize and pay for all damages incurred by your pre-emptive attack on Serenia Prime."

The Senate Hall began to be filled with murmuring from all the Senators. The tourists were stunned into silence.

"I'm sorry," said the Prime Minister calmly, "I don't know what attack you are referring to. Just to facilitate communication, might we know who you are?"

"I am the new Grand Duke, elected after your attack shattered the Government Hall, killing every single Serenian Duke, and the resultant explosion destroyed the First Colony! I will not give you the honor of knowing my name. You may only address me as Grand Duke."

"Grand Duke," said the fish-tailed Senator from the ocean planet, Galea, "If there was a pre-emptive attack on Serenia Prime, it would have certainly been mentioned in this Hall at least once."

"How do I know," said the Grand Duke angrily, "If it has, and you have not just forgotten?"

The green haired Senator from Vanora responded quietly, "Vanora's memory is flawless. Serenia Prime has not been mentioned in this Hall for forty years. That occasion was a debate on whether or not the Monolith Group should gain access to the A-Space code for the Lesser Magellanic Cloud. The answer was affirmative. I believe that the Group has now boosted your economy to levels comparable to ours."

"I see you will not listen!" shouted the Grand Duke angrily, "Battle-Durgeon Odin! Commence attack! Leave the planet intact, except for the Senate Tower! End transmission!"

"Alundra Djinn," said the Prime Minister.

"Yes, Madam," responded the computer.

"Switch your operating systems over to War Mode.

Launch the Tower and take it to Flanders' Planet. Thank you."

"Yes, Madam." ■

(This is part of a much larger science fiction story by Ben Household if you would like to see more let the editor know and this may become a regular part of the Canon as a serial.)

LITTLE BIG FISH

I go upstairs
to go to bed
I reach for the covers and I pull them up over my head
Perchance to dream
in vivid hues
of Love and Hope for a world that is totally screwed.

I carry on
I'm walking on
One foot in front of the other for the journey's just begun
To take a stroll
down memory lane
to reminisce of old times, the jokes, and all our foolish games.

On a park bench
where people meet
Alone I sit contemplating the rhythm of a simple heartbeat
To be cherish'd
a space in time
A moment in the presence, to breathe in like a very fine wine.

And in my head
a tiny voice
Whispers a temptation, I need to make a choice
Between what's right
what could be wrong
the Truth of my conviction is wrapped up in this poem.

I caught a little big fish
In the pond
Down in the city's park.
I put him in my pocket
And went home
To place him in a jar.
There I heard him say
"Would you give a drowning man a glass of water?"
Attentive to his words
There I wept!

I go upstairs
to go to bed.

-KEVIN RABISHAW



“He’s Doing a Terrible Job!”

a concert review by Max Aka

If you make fun of balding old men, you and 40 of your closest friends will be mauled to death by angry female bears. And if you have made it a habit to harass and verbally abuse senior citizens in massive groups, then you probably deserve it, you dirty, heartless, diseased vermin, unworthy of the breath you carelessly embezzle from this world.

On September 23, 2010, the student council here at Tyndale put on the “Clothe the Homeless Benefit Concert” featuring the Toronto based Dusan and the She Bears and Guelph artist Nabi. The clothing drive/fundraiser was a great success thanks to the hard work of the student council and something like generosity (and/or wanting a rea-

son to get away from homework) on the part of the student body.

The first act, Dusan and the She Bears, was familiar to some of the veteran (I dare not say “older”) Tyndale students. Lacking their regular bassist, the band moved their drummer up to acoustic guitar and ran through a set of mewwithoutYou inspired indie-rock that defied pretty much anyone’s concept of genre. Their draw came partially from their musical performance and partly from their on stage comedic outbursts in between songs. They spent quite a lot of time belittling their drummer/guitarist/person Peter Adourian; pointing out that he was not playing up to their standards and that he was not dressed as well as the rest of the band. Unfortunately bears mauled the other band members after the show.

The following act and highlight of the night was Nabi, a solo artist who clearly specialized in *making your life better*. The audience (me) was immediately spell-bound by her unique voice, proficient guitar/mandolin/piano playing, and her undeniable songwriting skills. Tyndale students hurried after the concert to buy a copy of her first album. Anyone who attended that night is now eagerly awaiting the soon-coming release of her next album.

You might get a chance to hear that album or attend some sweet concerts next year if bears don’t maul you between now and then. ■



TRAFFICKING

What has the world come to?
When the right of living has been taken away
When intimidating men roam in the night
With chains and knives looking for the
Women and children to bring them income

What has the world come to?
Have you not known?
God gave women the blessing to give life.
Can you not bear the pain that she went through raising you?
For you to become an intimidating man
But shame doesn’t seem to make your eyes bleed
Neither does it make your mouth confess

What has the world come to?
So go and ask for forgiveness
And respect the women in your heart
The mother who brought you to life.

By ZAIDA VASCONCELOS

MissedConnections

Date:2010-10-1, 2:35AM EDT

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MissJKL - Saw you on a Friday night walking through the park towards Ballyconnor on the path. I was heading to the plaza. We locked eyes a few times and you kind of smiled a little. Seen you around here last year and the year before. Me: Female, auburn hair, fun and spunky, green scarf. You: Male, tall, glasses, dark hair, lovely smile. Hope to finally meet you someday..

Sneakerhead92 - I can't believe I'm doing this, but... you're so intimidating! I saw you with your two girlfriends and I felt like I couldn't approach you... Me: Nervous wreck. You: Brunette with ginger flecks, great shoes, carpetbag purse.

chanL7 - Frosh retreat. You were playing in the sand on the beach by yourself, and I didn't want to bother you. You seem like an interesting guy, I wish I could have met you! Me: Female, short, looking for friends!

CRAF - You: Just walked out of GQ magazine, saw you in the musical last year. Me: Big glasses, nice smile. Every time I walk by you we lock eyes. Last time you told me you liked my glasses. I've known you for years. Pls respond, Second Cup will be on me.

JFrog54 - Saw you by the muffin shop. You took the last raspberry yogurt muffin. This is like your third year at Tyndale so you're probably married. But the minute I saw your face I knew we could be soul mates.

ALilUpset - You bumped into me in the hall. It hurt. You didn't say you were sorry. Looking for apology. Me: Pink shirt, p.o.'d, still sore. You: Big chest, impolite, in a hurry.

LOTR - I see you by the front doors, think you work reception. Frodo carried a ring all the way to mount doom - you be Frodo, I'll be mount doom. Hope to hear from you.

musiclover00 - I see you every now and then tickling the ivories on that old piano in the cafeteria. I'll give you the keys to my heart and we can write a beautiful melody. Are we in tune?

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Canon (k ă n ə n)

- a. A group of literary works that are generally accepted as representing a field.
- b. The works of a writer that have been accepted as authentic.

25 (t w ɛ n t ɛ - f i v)

- a. The address of Tyndale University College and Seminary on Ballyconnor Crt.
- b. Average age of middle-aged twenty-some-things.
- c. Number of people waiting in line at J&T (after chapel).

Canon 25 (k ă n ə n t w ɛ n t ɛ - f i v)

- a. A collection of fresh perspectives and thought provoking ideas inspired by the hearts and minds of Tyndale Students.
- b. A glossy, uncomfortable substitute for toilet paper
- c. Kindling to kick start a romantic fire for two, or a pyromaniac's dream.
- d. Yet another activity to sidetrack our attention from the overwhelming list of assignments rapidly approaching their due dates.

I SHALL LEAVE YOU WITH THIS:

THIS PAPER IS MADE BY THE TYNDALE STUDENTS FOR THE TYNDALE STUDENTS SO SPREAD IT AROUND: TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT, JOIN THE FACEBOOK GROUP (CANON25 LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS), SAVE IT FROM THE TRASH, WALLPAPER YOUR DORM DOOR WITH IT, TIE YOUR FRIEND TO A CHAIR UNTIL THEY HAVE READ THE WHOLE THING, AND MOST OF ALL...



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