

Wheat Bread magazine

**"Isn't every issue
a parody?"**

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We in office #7 on the first floor of Dana Commons, and we have a phone... Dial 793-7577 and see if it rings!
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Don't forget our super-sexy web site!
http://www.clarku.edu/~wheatbre

Submissions, insults, and glossy covers are always welcome.

Parting Remarks (by an editor)

Here it is, yet another uninteresting editorial, written late at night on a deadline, for a school full of students who wouldn't appreciate good misinformation if it disqualified them from public office. At the very least, this'll be the last editorial I need to worry about.

My last issue of WheatBread... I never thought I'd see the day. Good. Not that there weren't moments that I enjoyed—for example, every time I walk out of the tiny office and into the light of day, I feel great. Being out of the office is like having a giant weight removed from my shoulders. It's like being reminded that there's more to life than the undying glare of a Mac monitor. It's like—well, I should stop before this starts to sound a little *bitter*.

Oh, *WheatBread*, what does your future hold? There's Jon, by default as

much as anything, taking over as Editor-in-Chief. At least he's patient, which he'll need to be, considering both the people involved in *WheatBread* and the lack of people involved in *WheatBread*. A more competent pack of procrastinators you will not easily find, I warn you. Jon does have a fighting chance, though—the only person I have met with a better sense for budgetary considerations is Randy Mack, so we should be strong on that front at least.

So what's left to say? *Unforgettable Fire's* coming through from ROC-U. This was my favorite album five years ago. Is it still? I don't know. It was all very sketchy, but I loved every minute of it. And I mean *that* with the utmost sincerity.

Thanks for reading,

-Zack

BRIGHT-EYED AND BUSHY-TAILED

Here it is, my first editorial as editor of *WheatBread*. Written late at night with the deadline fast approaching, this is what dreams are made of. I only hope that whatever I write here is up to par with the expectations of all those hungry Clark minds who are urgently awaiting our last issue of the year.

My very first issue of *WheatBread*. Oh boy, oh boy! I still get those old butterflies in my stomach every time I walk into that quaint office, with only the faint glow of a Macintosh monitor to light my way. Not that there won't be low points, I'm sure there will be. Zack and Emily won't be here anymore to argue with each other; and teach me the ins and outs of true journalism. But don't worry, even if this is Zack's final issue, I'm ready to take the reins. I'm ready to—well, I should stop before I lose myself in my excitement.

It hurts me so, to utter those three fatal

words: Zack's final issue. What could I possibly say about such a leader. He's been like a father to me. Zack Ordynans is a good man, a smart man, and I'll fight anyone who says differently!

What else is there for me to say? *Eternal Flame* is playing over in ROC-U, and I'm ready to take the torch and carry *WheatBread* on into the next year. This is all so wonderful! God Bless you fellow students. God Bless you, Zack. And I mean that with the *utmost* sincerity.

Thanks for reading,

-Jon

