

# The Guild

Fall 2016

## **Best Part**

**By Jonah Switzer**

**William Bellford was not a navigator aboard a government zeppelin; rather, he was a navigator for an esteemed cruise vessel. Now because of a worldwide crisis due to war between two countries, Cpt. Stanford of the St. Monarch was forced to accept visitors stranded behind closed borders and transport them to their native countries. Cpt. Stanford, much to his dismay, was to risk the lives of his shipmates and may innocent tourists. “Bellford,” called the Captain as Bellford ran between the zeppelin’s metal hallways, “there you are Bellford; news from the capital, we’re flying to Fortress Mcmillan west of here. I need the flight plan by 7:00 am tomorrow.”**

**The next morning after following Bellford’s painstakingly plotted route, the zeppelin arrived to crowds of people lined up to enter the ship one by one. Unlike normal visitors, these were met with high security. “I think I’ll speak to them, an introduction of sorts, to calm them down” Said Cpt. Stanford. The crowd’s constant chatter was silenced by the loud booming voice resonated in throughout the large open entrance. “Ladies and Gentlemen, I welcome you to France’s greatest cruise ship the St. Monarch. I want everyone to feel welcome aboard as our honored guests, in despite of the circumstances we hope you find the journey satisfactory.”**

**Soon the passengers migrated to various parts of the zeppelin and soon it was time to take off. Bellford watched as the St. Monarch sliced through the billowing towers of the clouds. Bellford could have watched forever, but he had to begin the long night navigating back to France.**

**The next morning the ship awoke, to the voice of Cpt. Stanford. “Good morning Ladies and Gentlemen, it’s a beautiful day today and the sky is clear. We are expected to land in France in two days. We hope you have a splendid day.” After the announcement, Bellford walked down the familiar hallways of the zeppelin as people made their way to the Cafe for breakfast.**

**At the Café, Cpt. Stanford was been entertaining members of the crew and some of the wealthy guests by telling stories, half of which Bellford knew were false. The Cafe was by far the largest room in the zeppelin. Yet it was almost filled with people sitting at the tables in finely furnished room and dined on the expensive meal.**

**Suddenly Cpt. Stanford began to argue with two passengers who did not appear to belong among the other passengers. Bellford assumed Cpt. Stanford was tired, but when the argument became more frantic, Bellford decided to step in. He tapped Cpt, Stanford’s shoulder, signaling him away from the table. As they walked, Cpt. Stanford explained, “Those aren’t French citizens. I knew from the moment I saw them. They are hitchhikers and we cannot**

**allow them into France unless we want to be arrested.”**

**When they reached the end of the hallway, Cpt, Stanford entered his office. “I’ll see you later Bellford”, he said as he went in. Bellford considered the situation, on one hand there were two possibly dangerous hitchhikers; however, that was the lesser of two problems. The other problem was that Cpt, Stanford could overreact and make the situation worse. But that was all supposition; Bellford knew the Captain and couldn’t imagine that he would do anything crazy. Now off duty, he spent time admiring the heavenly blue skies and its reflection in the waters below.**

**The next morning Bellford heard the last thing he wanted to. “Bellford to Cpt. Stanford’s office immediately.” Walking down the silent hallway, Bellford was glad it was far too early for most passengers to be awake yet. When he reached Cpt. Stanford’s office, Bellford was reminded not all sections of the zeppelin were covered in the metal sheets like the employee area.**

**The Captain’s office reflected his personality. Relics of past explorations filled fine shelves, paintings from famous artists covered the walls, photos of Cpt. Stanford and many unknown people filled the room with memories. In the center sat Cpt. Stanford. “Bellford I need to talk to you. I have bad news. My friend Cpt. Paul recently landed in France carrying passengers of his own, however, when the police discovered hitchhikers aboard his ship they arrested him for harboring criminals. As you can tell we need to get our hitchhikers off the ship before we land in France, which means I need you to do whatever you can to delay our flight to give us more time to fix this. You know I’d only trust you with this Bellford”.**

**Bellford agreed and returned to his room he was working. Soon the deadline was pushed to three days further. After he was finished, Bellford moved to the Café. When he arrived it was empty due to him having arrived early. While waiting, Bellford thought of home and his house back in France. Suddenly, his thoughts were cut short from the sound of passengers entering the Café. Before he could leave, Bellford heard Cpt, Stanford arguing again with the two Hitchhikers. “There is a way to do this peacefully, in which we escort you back home.”**

**“No way, we spent the time to get on we’ll get off when we wish”**

**After this answer, Cpt, Stanford left quietly. “Bellford come with me” he beckoned to Bellford while leaving. The**

two walked back to the Captain's office. When arriving, Cpt. Stanford closed the door behind them and locked it. "Bellford we have a big problem on our hands. I asked them to leave but they refused, so, if they won't comply we will have to force them out" Cpt. Stanford walked to his gun cabinet and played with the lock. Bellford did not like what the Captain was implying, but he knew the best way to avoid catastrophe. "I don't want to do anything stupid, but if it comes to it, I put my crew's lives above all others. We'll see you tomorrow". Bellford was concerned about Cpt. Stanford as he was acting unusual. Ignoring his fears, Bellford made his way back to his room.

The next day Bellford made his way back down to the Café waiting for the visitors to arrive. When they did, Bellford stood to leave but before he could, he noticed Cpt. Stanford was missing. Expecting the worst, Bellford swiftly ran down to the Captain's office. When he arrived the door was locked. Bellford tried to listen for voices, all he heard was muffled speech "France...Stanford...weapon", three words that proved Bellford's suspicions. Before Bellford could think the door flew open and hands pulled him to the ground. There he lay beside the Captain.

This was the opposite of what Bellford expected. Above him stood the two hitchhikers; one large muscled man and the other a slim intelligent looking man. Beside him lay Cpt. Stanford. "First the Captain threatens to kick us off now he wants us to wait even longer? This is why you rich people get killed... so indecisive" proclaimed the skinny man shaking his head. The man who spoke looked like he was in charge; the other held a rifle. The leader ordered his accomplice to guard outside. For the next few hours the two waited. Hours maybe days went by, but neither of them were certain how long they were captive. Suddenly there was a large bang from outside. The lead hitchhiker ran outside, then they heard some yelling and then everything went black.

When he woke up Bellford was lying in a dark empty room with Cpt. Stanford in a bed adjacent to his. The room was empty save for the beds and a sign that read "hospital" in French. "Bellford are you there?" Cpt. Stanford's voice cut through the silence. "That was the third most interesting adventure in my life, but it ended too early. You passed out before things got interesting - the army came in. Apparently they called in asking for the Zeppelin's information, when the hitchhikers didn't answer they boarded and dealt with it... oh sorry, were you sleeping? Well goodnight." Bellford pulled the covers back over himself and faded off to sleep thinking; he was quite happy he missed the most "exiting" part.

# A Message.

Some things sound random, but that may not necessarily always be the case. For example: a Twinkie machine that only dispenses Twinkies when told a unique pickup line. Such a thing sounds preposterous, random, ridiculous, and more. But... it's not. Such a thing could very well serve a useful purpose. For example, such a machine could be an information recording device for a romantic... who can't think of any pickup lines. Or maybe it could be a machine created by a fairly wealthy one, who enjoys seeing people happy thanks to free Twinkies. It could even just be somebody who has a Twinkie-Eater fascination... who needs a new pickup line. All of said reasons are valid, yet... unlikely. A more likely reason for such a dispenser's existence is... marketing. Hostess, the creator of Twinkies, likely would've made such a thing for some good publicity. How could such a great, happy, amazing thing... be nothing but a money grubbing scheme?

Because, of course. People love money, and there's some outlandish things that people will do to get their hands on as much of it as possible. Of course, not everybody just wanted the money. In fact, the concept of a Twinkie machine that only dispenses when told a unique pickup line was probably created by someone who thought it was genuinely funny, and kind. The only reason that it was created in the end, though, was because the people that the concept was proposed to saw the potential profit of the situation. An unfortunate ending for such an innocent idea.

All and all, though. Who cares? Such a scheme seems to be rather victimless. People who buy Twinkies from the company will simply... enjoy Twinkies. People who gain profit from the dispenser's publicity simply... enjoy Money. Who cares? Should we care? How should we care? Should we be happy for them, or jealous of them? Well, there is no correct answer. Your answer will probably be justified by your current emotional state. If you have Twinkies and money, you'll likely be happy for those who have found the joy in which you already partake. But, if you're sitting there, with no Twinkies *or* money, you probably think that YOU deserve Twinkies more than "These other people". You wouldn't be wrong for thinking either. Maybe you do deserve Twinkies more than them! Maybe you don't. Whether you do or don't isn't a question that I can answer. Especially when there's a barrier of paper positioned between us.

I hate to break the news to you reader, however, this Twinkie machine, no matter what you think of it, doesn't exist. I apologize for giving some of you false hope. Although, you don't have to let this hope die. No, of course not. This hope can continue in a different way. Rather than sitting around and waiting for a pickup line receiving, Twinkie dispensing machine, you can make the machine yourself! It can't be impossible, can it? Well, you get no answer. As I would not know. The answer to the question is hidden within your dispenser-building potential.

Good luck.

