

THE PERSPECTIVE

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THE SPRIGHTLY AND MOST NOBLE HIGH COUNCIL OF THE PERSPECTIVE:

- Rachel E. Moore: High Chancellor of the High Council of Perspective
- Megan Kennedy: Left-most Chancellor of the High Council of Perspective
- Eran Feintuch: Beardliest Chancellor of the High Council of Perspective
- Dinusha Warusavitharana: Most Accentric Chancellor of the High Council of Perspective

MELVIN: THE LIFE STORY

By Dinusha Warusavitharana

Continued from the last issue:

Melvin gulped, "Eaten, sir?"
"Yeah that's what it says here...you having second thoughts, Melvin?" the grasshopper eyed him with a raised eyebrow, thinking that he sure would have.

"Uh...no, no...sir," Melvin gulped again, "I'll take it."

"Okay, here's the address," he handed Melvin the address, thinking that this insect was about as dumb as he was ugly.

Melvin headed straight for the school. No better time to start than immediately, thought Melvin cheerfully, trying to ignore the throbbing fear spreading through his blood.

As he reached the school his many legs started to shiver violently causing him to trip over and fall on his side. A bit of struggling only got him on his back.

"This is not the best way to start a new job," he thought, gritting his teeth, wiggling his tiny feet and rocking to and fro in an attempt to right himself. After a few hours of struggling he decided to give up his pride and call for help.

A group of tiny ants heard him and came out neatly in a line. However, when they saw him they started falling over each other with laughter. Finally after another uncomfortable

hour of watching the impudent ants laugh and trying to control his temper, a larger ant (possibly a queen ant) came out, wondering what in the world had got into the little ants. She suddenly saw Melvin on the floor. She ran to shush the little ants.

"We have to help him," she said.

"No way am I going to touch that disgusting insect," said one of the ants.

"Now, now, don't be rude," she said, thinking that she didn't want to touch him either, "We'll take that stick and turn him over."

After a few hours of huffing and puffing, they managed to finally turn him over.

"Thanks," said Melvin, looking ashamed again. God, why do I always make such a fool of myself? he thought.

"Yeah, that's okay," the queen ant said, hurrying along the little ants before Melvin decided to come towards them.

After they had gone Melvin took a deep breath, and peeked into the classroom. A hundred thousand female praying mantises looked his way.

Melvin gulped. Praying mantises! His mother had told him a lot of stories about praying mantises, especially female ones. He remembered her

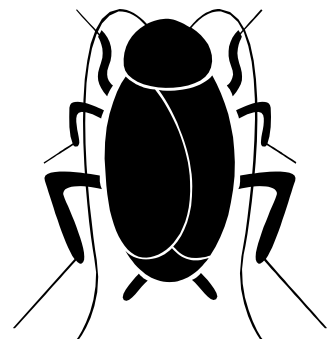
words exactly.

"Female praying mantises...me boy, those are the scariest of the lot. Eats anything tht moves in front of them...including their own males. Beware should you come upon any of them...they don't take hostages. Now be a good boy or a female praying mantis will come and eat you."

Melvin gulped again and blinked as he watched the time frozen scene. A second later, they were all moving towards him in a sea of green mass. He stood there frozen with fear...no wonder the previous teacher was eaten! Madness to think anyone could be THEIR teacher! The thought prompted his legs to GET THE HELL OUT OF THERE!

He ran as fast as his little legs could carry, not looking back. When his legs finally begged him to stop, he looked behind him and saw nothing...literally nothing. Oh no, he thought, I'm lost.

Continued on page 4



CONSULTANTS ABROAD: SARAH MADDOX

Q. What was the name of the university you went to in Britain?

A: I went to Kingston University. It was the equivalent of an urban state school here, according to one of its professors. In fact, she was actually from St. Louis, and she likened it to SLU.

Q: Did you stay in a dorm or with a family?

A: I stayed with a man who hadn't cleaned his house in years. I got a gym membership and showered there because, in this case, showering at the gym was actually the cleaner, better option.

Q: What did you do in your free time there?

A: I traveled around Europe. I went to Prague, Paris, Dublin (each for about 3 days), and I toured Italy for a week. I also

tried to spend a lot of time exploring London. I went to a lot of museums, concerts, shops, and parks.

Q: Were there any special events that you went to or that you enjoyed the most?

A: I went to the lighting of the Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square. It was great because this is a beautiful, exciting part of London always, but when you add Christmas decorations, it is incredible. It was also funny because the tree was kind of wimpy and full of holes—it looked like a really tall version of Charlie Brown's Christmas tree. They sort of apologized by explaining that it had traveled all the way from Norway, and it had looked better before the journey.

Q: What tips do you have for anyone who plans to go abroad?

A: Don't hesitate! Definitely study abroad if you have the means. It is worth the cost. Try to travel as much as possible while you're there, because you'll probably want to go eventually, and it's cheaper to do it all at once.

Most importantly, don't be discouraged by the incompetence of our study abroad office. Every person I know who has studied abroad had problems with them, but they also didn't end up regretting the experience at all. It is worth the trouble. Kingston had a great American Visiting Students Program, and the employees were really dedicated to helping us. So you can get help from other sources.

"The palest ink is better than the best memory."

Chinese Proverb



Consultant Casey Runge had some powerful friends in China!

CONSULTANTS ABROAD: CASEY RUNGE

Q. Why did you decide to study in China?

A. I chose to go to China because I've always been interested in Asian culture. I wanted to go somewhere where I could take classes in English, yet still experience living in a non-English speaking country and I knew several other students who have gone through this program. This program had absolutely nothing to do with my major—it was just for fun. I took classes in Chinese language, culture, literature, and history. There were also a lot of fun trips involved.

Q. What was your craziest experience? What would you

do differently?

A. My craziest experience was taking the sleeper train and sharing a tiny compartment with a group of loud, smoking Chinese businessmen. If I could do anything differently, I would put more consistent effort into learning the language and try not to get frustrated when it doesn't seem like it's paying off.

Q. Was the culture shock severe?

A. The shock of having my language capabilities severely limited was greater than any culture shock. One striking thing about the culture, however, is that it's really cool and considered acceptable by many to hock up loogies any-

where anytime. It can be done while you are standing right next to someone, at the bank, even on train windows. Luckily I don't think I ever got hit.

Q. How much Chinese did you learn?

A. I learned a handful of functional phrases and they still run through my head constantly. Some useful phrases:

Zhège shì duōshào qián?

(How much does this cost?)

Wǒ yǎo yīge dàn chǎo fàn. (I want one egg fried rice.)

Wǒ bù shì Jiānádàrén. (I am not Canadian.)

DANIEL'S BRAINWAVE OF THE YEAR

Whilst Rachel was away from her computer, Daniel Tucker decided that he could slip his way into the Perspective. Here is the result of his doing so: POOP.

CULTURAL DIFFERENCES: A LITTLE FEMINISM

By Dinusha Warusavitharana

Okay, I don't know whether this is purely cultural or whether this has a wee bit of feminine traits involved with it but a very obvious difference between Sri Lanka and Kirksville, especially, is eye contact.

Let me tell you how I walk on Sri Lankan street: whenever I go, I walk with my eyes glued firmly to the pavement until I reach my destination. You might be wondering why in the world I would do that (and probably dangerously crazy this must be), but I assure you it's purely to save my dignity. First of all, I do watch where I'm going (which explains why I'm alive

today), but I do it out of the corner of my eyes or instinctively (it's amazing what we can detect through senses other than our eyes).

Boys, most especially high school guys, believe that every female loves the attention of receiving a pass from them. Hmph! I find it atrocious and thoroughly insulting, and what makes it worse is that they really don't care what age the female is so that girls as young as 13 and women as old as 80 are almost religiously hit on (that may be a bit of an oxymoron). What the heck makes them think that we want their attention? There are times when I've

had the urge to no less than belt them (yes, I know I'm a little on the aggressive side).

Perhaps this is because women are getting more equal status in the Sri Lankan world and Sri Lankan guys are getting antsy about it. Thus, their way of restoring the balance of the previously conservative social structure is by degrading the women (thus putting us in the place we used to be in). At least, that's my theory. You are allowed to voice your dissent if you want to but I have to live with this phenomenon.

"The only reason for being a professional writer is that you can't help it." — Leo Rosten (1908-)

CONSULTANT PROFILE: RACHEL

- What is your full name?** Rachel Elizabeth Moore (aka: Rachel Bee Dachel)
- What year are you in school?** Senior (again)
- What is/are your major(s)?** English, with a minor in History
- If you could meet any writer, living or dead, who would it be and why?** Jane Austin; what a tea party that would be, eh?
- If you could be a super hero, what super power(s) would you want?** I want the power to give the perfect gift to anybody on any occasion.
- "In the event of say, a full-scale alien invasion, how prepared do you think this planet's defenses would be? Tell meee!"** We'd never know what hit us.



My kitten, Alice the Nancy Cat, playing with a stick while being "taken a picture of," by my mommy. (Photo by H. Moore)

7. What are some of your favorite smells? BBQ smoke, book print, crayons, puppy breath, kitten fur (only when attached to live kittens of course)

8. What's the worst book you've ever read all the way through? *The Grapes of Wrath* by John Steinbeck. He's got a lot of talent, Steinbeck does, but he's very very very bad at making you feel good about the world. Pessimism sucks.

9. What is one thing you want all the other writing consultants to know about you? I'm a poet, not a doctor, but I know enough CPR now to save your life, probably.

- If you wrote a book, what is one thing you would never have your characters do?** Drugs, man.



Alice the Nancy Cat being cute and whisker-y. (Photo by H. Moore)

MELVIN :

How in the world do I get myself into these messes, he grumbled. Suddenly, he heard voices nearby. Scuttling towards the direction of the voices, he saw a bus-stop sign. Oh good, he thought happily. He moved towards the bus stop.

When he got to it he spotted a very pretty looking lady bug. "Hey sugar," he crooned with, what he thought was his sexiest smile. She turned towards him, opened her mouth and screamed, "Ugh-ugh... Ugly bug!!!!"

"Where? Where?" asked Melvin, looking around him. Then he stopped, "Oh no, not me *again?*?"

A big muscular looking beetle came up to him and looked down on him, "Lady, is this bug giving you trouble?"

"Just keep him away from me," she squealed with her tiny little legs trying to cover her eyes.

"You heard the lady," the beetle said nodding his head towards the farther end of the bus stop.

"But I didn't do anything," protested Melvin. The bug flexed his arms, "Didn't you hear me?"

Melvin stared back at him defiantly for a few seconds and then gave up and moved to the corner. Better to listen to the beetle, he thought. He didn't want to end up as bug pancake. Besides he didn't want to hang out with this boring crowd anyway.

At that moment the caterpillar bus came up. The lady bug got in first and gave up 3 silver leaf pieces and so did the others. Melvin was the last to board, and he went right to

the end past the glaring looks from the other passengers. He handed up his 3 silver leaf pieces to the conductor. The conductor did not move, leaving his hand outstretched.

"What?"

"You owe 3 more silver leaf pieces."

"What? But the others only paid 3, why should I pay 6?"

"6 silver leaf pieces for cockroaches."

Melvin couldn't believe this. But he was too scared to refuse in case the muscular beetle decided to rearrange his anatomy. He handed the money and the conductor moved on. Nobody sat anywhere near him. After a few hours he finally reached his destination and got off the bus.

He approached his house warily, keeping a sharp lookout for the big insects of the morning. When he finally reached his house he flopped down on his bed wearily.

Mrs. Ugly came up to him, "Finished work already, me boy?"

"Nope, mum"

"Oh no! Were you fired *again?* You could have kept your previous job, but you're so stubborn!"

"Mum, I didn't mind being the trash collector but I simply draw the line at eating maggots. They taste simply disgusting!"

"Well you don't mind eating caterpillar eggs, so why not maggots?"

"Mum, that's completely different! Caterpillar eggs are tasty!"

"You're so stubborn-headed! Goodness knows where you get it from. Your dad was a trash collector too you know and he..."

Melvin groaned.

Here comes the great tale of what a true patriot and saint his dad was. Funny thing was, his dad had died of food poisoning...probably from eating those maggots, he thought.

He buried his head deeper into the sand to block out his mum's squeaky voice and slept.

The next day, his mum started her usual squealing and he knew better than to stall. He ran out of the house, but this time he decided to skip his usual ritual, pausing only to wiggle his antennae and yell "Sux to u!" at the big insects.

He made his way back to Insect Ville, and extremely reluctantly towards Insect Unemployed, apprehensive of the inevitable humiliation he would receive from the grasshopper. He went inside the mound and the grasshopper eyed him distastefully.

"Man, you must be the only insect in the whole of Insect Ville to break the record for losing the most jobs in the least time."

Melvin fought against the urge to pound the grasshopper into the ground, screwed up his face into something resembling a smile and politely asked if there were any other jobs available, although he was unable to keep a slight tremor of anger out of his voice.

"Go to your usual place and wait like the rest," the grasshopper flicked his arm towards the dusty corner.

Melvin sighed, and this time he got several disgusted glances from the surrounding bugs, and went to the corner. Everyone avoided him as if he were the plague. At last when he was called up the grasshopper reviewed his papers again.

"Well, looks like this time you have two choices, but unfortunately one happens to be the job you lost yesterday," the grasshopper grinned wickedly.

"Nothing is worth doing unless the consequences may be serious."— George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950)

MELVIN...CONTINUED

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"Well, looks like this time you have two choices, but unfortunately one happens to be the job you lost yesterday," the grasshopper grinned wickedly.

"I didn't lose it, I quit...sir!" his voice trembled with anger again. God, how many times did he have to tell people that?

The grasshopper mistook the tremor of anger for a tremor of fear and looked at the bug again with disgust. Goodness what a wimp! It wasn't like he had spanked him or beaten him up!

"Whatever! Anyway the other job available is volunteering in the Insect Rescue Squad (IRS), which also consists of its own Special Weapons and Tactics (SWAT) team. Looks like they've lost a lot of soldiers in the last attempt at rescuing a bunch of lady bugs held hostage by rats, of all creatures! You want the job, or are you too chicken?"

Now Melvin felt like tearing up the grasshopper's legs and making him eat them. "No, sir...I am not chicken. I'll take the job."

"Fine, here's the address where you can get recruited. Now get out of here and don't come back!"

Melvin made his way to the headquarters of IRS. A wasp wearing a pince-nez was busy filling out papers, talking to potential soldiers and answering the incessant callings of his captain on the two-way radio.

"Excuse me, sir?" Melvin asked politely.

The wasp either didn't hear him or didn't want to and continued to do his work.

"EXCXUE ME, SIR?"

Melvin nearly yelled.

"What? What? You don't have to scream, I'm not deaf!" The wasp scowled at Melvin.

Melvin sighed again and thought that this wasn't a good beginning [his beginnings were never good...nor were his endings].

Immediately everyone around him moved away and looked at him with abhorrence [the fart thing again!].

The wasp screamed at him, "Either tell me what you want or get the hell out of here!"

"Ok, ok...I just wanted to volunteer for a job here...sir."

"You? Work here?"

Looks like you've never run anywhere except to the bathroom."

Melvin felt himself growing red. "Sir, I was the captain of my high school..."

"Save it!" yelled the wasp as his radio crackled to life, with the captain yelling at the wasp that there was an emergency situation and that he needed more insects for the operation.

The wasp eyed Melvin thoughtfully. His captain needed troops for a hopeless operation, they were losing soldiers fast, and these were good, experienced soldiers. Maybe he should send Melvin there too. It would get him off the wasp's back and the captain would be somewhat satisfied, although he was very much doubtful.

"Okay, you," He said pointing at Melvin, "You're hired! Get to work immediately...the battle station at Flower Beds...go, go...hop to it at once soldier."

Melvin looked delighted and sped off happily. When he reached the Flower Beds, he saw a group of green bugs encircled around a large stone and heard their captain speaking.

"Okay, here are the floor plans of the ant hill...We have to first cross an open ditch, probably under hovering crow bombers. Then we have to crawl through a muck of Venus flytraps. Then they will surely keep at least six guards out in front and three at the back (where they will expect least resistance). Unfortunately we have neither informants nor any stable communication inside the ant hill to indicate how many progressive elements [fancy term for terrorists...picked it up from a Tom Clancy book] are present and armed. We do know however that they are holding at least 600 hundred worker ants hostage and they've promised to kill off 20 every hour if their demands are not met.

We have to do this operation quickly and neatly, or we will lose more of our soldiers and definitely more innocent hostages. Okay what we will do is this: we will provide some sort of distraction in front, and then Team A and Team B can approach the ant hill from the sides and overwhelm the guards in front. The distraction will also probably divert the attention of the rear guards. Team C and team D can take them. And don't lose your heads folks, nice and clean...three squirts and move on to the next.

Then position yourselves inside. Team A take this tunnel," indicating a tunnel scratched out on a leaf floor plan in front of him, "Team B take this tunnel, Team C take this unused one, it can be used as a surprise attack position. Team D, you will be back up, wait in the main route unless ordered in by me, is that understood?"

"I was working on the proof of one of my poems all the morning, and took out a comma. In the afternoon, I put it back again." — Oscar Wilde (1854-1800)



A GOOD BAND IS HARD TO FIND

By Eran Feintuch

School's out for the summer, and I'm homeward bound. I pop in The White Stripes. Perfect driving music for the hour and a half I'll be stuck on the road. I'm on the highway, finally the four-lane part where I can speed to 75 mph, precisely five over the limit. The window's down, but the air rushing past at the speed of light makes the music hard to hear. I crank up the volume. This *is* some awesome music.

I see you up ahead, in your ancient Ford pickup, limping along the road. You're going way too slow, probably hovering somewhere around 72 mph. I switch lanes to pass you, but as I pull up next to you, I hear some exceptional music gushing from your car's open window. Could it be? Yes, you too are a White Stripes fan. I catch your eyes and give a nod of sincere respect. As I pass you and switch into the right lane again, I glance back down at the road. The white stripes that for that moment separated us stretch on and on, as far as the eye can see. Personally, I prefer the White Stripes that brought us together,

but at least I know we're headed in the same direction.

Too bad this album won't last the whole drive. This is a journey for which Queen, somehow, just won't suffice.

ON HUMAN BONDAGE

BY ERAN FEINTUCH

My stomach is a pit.
And I, Joseph, am thrown in.

Escaped,
I am enslaved to food.

"Life happens too fast for you to ever think about it. If you could just persuade people of this, but they insist on amassing information."

*Kurt Vonnegut Jr.
(1922-)*

MELVIN...CONTINUED

The captain then indicated to a group of wasps, "Team Flyers, it's your job to first scout out the situation, communicate your findings to the Teams below and finally distract or attack any crow bombers. If the operation is successful you will also airlift any injured hostages or soldiers. Clear?"

"Yes sir," buzzed the wasps.

"But what about the distraction, sir?" asked one of the soldiers, al-

ready adjusting the scope of his brand new and highly advanced P30-Nettle-Stinger-Sniper

"Ah yes, give me a moment while I come up with something. Suggestions are welcome."

"Excuse me, sir?"

Melvin inquired politely.

Everyone looked up. "Who are you?" demanded the captain, eyeing him suspiciously. This could be a spy sent by the progressive elements.

"I-I...um...I a-am the volunteer soldier sent by HQ," his voice growing stronger as

he spoke.

"You're a volunteer soldier?" asked the captain incredulously, trying not to laugh. This insect didn't look like he's ever been away from his mummy, let alone trained as a soldier.

A soldier prodded him and whispered in his ear, "Sir, this could be a blessing in disguise...an answer to our problem. We could use this bug as the distraction...let him run across the fields, shouting and screaming, making as much noise as possible."

Continued in next issue !

TOP TEN WAYS TO CELEBRATE INTERNATIONAL WRITING CENTERS WEEK

By Megan Kennedy

10. Dress up like a giant pencil and hug strangers.
9. Hand out fliers on the Quad and declare loudly that anyone who splits an infinitive is going to Hell. Argue this point with passers by. Quote the Bible.
8. Get the IWCA logo tattooed on your forehead.
7. Play drinking games while working with clients—one drink for a missing comma, two drink for a misplaced modifier, and you have to chug if they don't have any sources cited.
6. Remind your roommate that Wally the Woodchuck won't bring them any presents if they don't proof-read. Suggest writing letters to specify what sort of gifts you want.
5. Stage a parade down Franklin Street with the theme "Our Many Parts of Speech." Throw sharpened pencils to spectators, or people who are just walking by.
4. Don't go to class. Tell your teachers you thought it was a federal holiday.
3. Love your fellow consultant, if you know what I mean.
2. Throw an all-night rave in the Writing Room. Ask Mary Lou to DJ.

ZEN AND THE ART OF MAGNETIC POETRY *compiled by Megan Kennedy*

girl
have
tongue
no
need
beauty



time to drive and
do less stare ing



my hair is fall ing out



my partner create s more
stress than work
smart men open ed no after
life .com
i am a n important and retir ed
cubicle



to nap is like never crash in yet
all the knowledge will lead
to you
live problem when were to-
gether
integrate our full power
strong
why as me but as profit
through hot pursue
we will say strategy
and hear success



system change
big business
a corporate statement
did in or up



let his goal
make us able to
compete in some
high position
decision



you can sound
out day ly at
him if he give s
her serious idea



synergistic
here is my professional
collaborative mission as
an effective paradigm
& the capital
cross-function ing
economy for maximize d
future global market



young women
come over while
monkey feel
robust

SUBMIT! SUBMIT!!!!

Your writing, that is. Not your souls. We've got nowhere to put them.

The *Perspective* solemnly swears to publish anything and everything written by a writing consultant, unless, of course, we don't. This includes poetry, essays, fiction, non-fiction, rants, raves, reviews, political manifestos and artwork. Just transmit your contribution in physical or electronic form (psychic waves are right out) to Megan, Dinusa or Eran and let us know it's meant for publication, and not just because you love us. 'Cause, you know, We get that all the time.

*"No nice men are good
at getting taxis." —
Katharine Whitehorn
(1928-)*

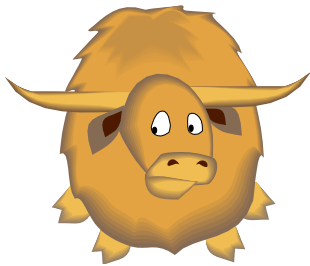
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Helping you write now!



Gratuitous yak!

Wolf's Glue—the Real Ancient
Greek Deal! Only \$99.99 an ounce!



One day when Ajax was twenty, he saw a sign posted in the post office (Ancient Greek post offices were for posting notices, not for the post). The sign said, "Wanted, one hero with wolf-

FUSSED-WITH FAIRY TALES: AJAX AND THE WOLF

BY: Rachel E. Moore

Once upon a time there was a young hero in Ancient Greece named Ajax. Ajax was very strong and very clever, but he hadn't really done anything interesting and heroic yet except for the time when he killed a big, bad wolf that swallowed his grandmother whole. He was very sorry he had to kill the wolf, but it was the only way to save his grandmother out of its belly. He did not waste the wolf's carcass, but rather used the skin to make himself a robe and sold the body to a glue factory (it's a little-known fact that Ancient Greek glue factories could use the corpses of carnivorous animals to manufacture all manner of industrial-grade adhesives). The man at the glue factory was very rude to Ajax, so Ajax resolved not to start killing wolves just for the money. Being resolved about issues of morality at the age of four is quite an accomplishment.

killing experience to rescue a beautiful princess from the top-most tower of a wolf-infested castle: Reward: the princess!



Seek her father, King Charming of the Great Forest." Ajax struggled internally between the part of him that was an enlightened Greek man and the part of him that was still a horny teenager.

Ajax's enlightened half thought it was unjust and illogical to give the princess as the reward for saving her. If King Charming wanted the Princess back, then why go and give her to the first wolf-slayer that came along? Also, it wasn't fair to give another person away as if she were just property. What was wrong with rewarding the hero with some nice armor or something? But he also reasoned that the princess probably didn't want to be stuck in a castle full of wolves either, and that she might need help.

In fact, Ajax's horny teenager half was thinking the same thing, so despite his moral quibbles with King Charming's policy of giving people away, Ajax decided to seek the King.

Ajax found the King. The King told him where to find the Princess's castle and showed him a picture of her. The picture stiffened Ajax's resolve to go and

find the princess. She looked much too delicate to fend off wolves.

When Ajax got to the castle, however, he found it completely empty except a note saying, "Sorry, my dad thought he would kill off all my unworthy suitors by trapping me here, but the wolves are leaving because of the hydra, and I'm eloping to Moscow with my sweetheart, Rumpelstiltskin. Beware the hydra. Thanks anyway, The Princess."

And that was the day that Ajax slew the hydra to save the wolves' habitat. When the wolves came back to their castle, they tried to get Ajax to stay with them, but he felt so bad about the wolf he killed when he was four that he went off to Troy with Hansel and fought in the Crimean War on the side of the Gauls and they won. The Greek Potter, Exikias made an amphora in Ajax's honor.

