

## Movie Quoter

A Monthly Column

By Dan Fritz

**The** vast majority of people I personally know like to quote movies (the others are either foreign or capable of quoting higher-brow culture like poetry). It's a way to make a connection, almost an inside joke. It's a test of the other person's film acumen, a probe into her history, and an introduction to a number of follow up topics. In this column, I will reminisce and explore some of my favorite movie quotes and even quotes within quotes. This month's movie is...Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom.

1) DINNER GUEST AT THE PALACE: "Ah dessert...chilled monkey brains."

This kind of flagrant gross-out humor is one reason I put this movie at the bottom of the Indiana Jones franchise. But is it memorable? Sure.

2) SHORT ROUND: "Hey, Dr. Jones, no time for love."

3) SHORT ROUND: "You call him 'Dr. Jones,' Doll!"

Here are two classic lines from the same kid who played Data in *The Goonies*. Surprisingly, having a kid in the movie paid off.

4) MOLA RAM: "Kali ma! Kali ma!"

Scary. Just scary—at least when you're a kid. ☒



Sitting Duck by Michael Bedard

Excerpt from a novel,

## The Betterment of Kate

By a new novelist, Regina "Reggie" Pritchertt, Ph.D.

PART TWO

**As** the crowd slowly descended upon our vast dining room, I waited to let everyone disperse. Should I be last, I thought, surely a few seats would be at my choice, as the dining room seats at least a half dozen more than are here. In this way, I would not have to be shackled to Edgar's sipping of his soup or greens in his gaps to my left or right. And, heaven forbid an elbow make contact with mine; I worry of the sulfurous repercussions of his actual touch. Of course, I am sure that mother has already devised a plan to ensure that I will be sitting right next to Mr. Foxwright. More pleasing, I suppose, than the front row spectacle of slurps and gulps.

Martin approached me and offered his arm. I accepted and let him lead the way, with only Mr. Foxwright and Mr. Richardson behind us. "So, Katie, how are things at Mirabel?" he inquired. I knew that, though he may think it, he would not dare question my lack of offers to leave the manor. While he is the

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**E3 2007***By James Schneider*

**What** can I say that hasn't already been said on TV, in newspapers or on the tubes of the World Wide 'Netterweb?

I went to one event at Santa Monica High School. Ironic, or perfect perhaps, because many of the people rich enough and blessed with time enough to play copious amounts of video games... well, they're in high school. And that's where all of it stops.

I saw some of the coolest stuff on Earth. Reggie Bush playing Madden 08. Harmonix rocking out with their c\*\*\*s out on Rock Band. Mass Effect, Assassin's Creed, Bioshock, and oh so much more.

It's always a difficult thing to see people enjoying gaming and not being able to enjoy it yourself. But when you are with 1,000 people who feel the same way you do about videogames, you know it doesn't matter. Something amazing has just happened, and you are there for it. It makes sense, though, because developers spend years and years on games.

Which brings me to my thoughts on the idea of a review. You spend an hour gaming and you think you know whether or not other people would enjoy the game. It makes sense in principle, but taken another way, are you really giving the developers enough time to share years' worth of vision?

You are forced, at some point, to write a timely review. So, you are forced, at some point, to choose what games live and what games die. It's sad but true.

Most people have regular evaluations of their progress by managers, but they are not subjected to reviews by the general public. Is a man who pumps gas told routinely that he sucks? Perhaps. But perhaps most people utter their harshest epithets under their breath. Certainly, millions of people on forums across the globe would not give their opinions of your sucktitude or lack of suck.

So, yes, reviews are—by nature—unfair. But they are somewhat necessary.

Discuss. ☒

**horizon blues***by Brett*

cyan dreams slide sideways, softly whipser, seek bliss  
 while soul descends, assuaging silky clouds -  
 but breaks, skies cry, precipitate  
 reveries falling through  
 hemispheres; drips  
 between  
 stormy crests, slips  
 deep beneath bitter blue  
 vicissitudes washing their fate.  
 tears sink, suffuse viridian void shrouds  
 drowning downward bound into amnesic abyss

☒

**81<sup>st</sup> Street***By Garrett Calderwood***Åsa Say***By Asa Hadsell*

*"Any good point is a point worth repeating."*

(quote to a co-worker not making any sense in a political discussion and trying to back out with an "I don't like to repeat myself" excuse)

*"You can't give a poor person enough to bring them out of poverty."*

(quote to a relative in reference to our inability to provide for others that which they can and should provide for themselves, especially in this great nation)

*"The key to success is simple, and I'd tell you. Unfortunately, you'll have to figure it out for yourself, but first you must realize that you CAN succeed."*

(just one of those daily affirmation things too many people/family around me have to hear)

☒



## The Nelson Art Museum and Its Shuttlecocks

By Amanda Hall

*...Betterment of Cate, p. 1...*

eldest of us all, he, too, has not yet taken a wife. While he fancied Mary and a few other friends of mine or Charlotte's, he wanted to wait until he had built somewhat of an empire before extending his offer. While Martin makes a pleasing husband, his aspirations were on only the highest of society and will not be content to settle for the under. Though our family is wealthy enough, and he to inherit the bulk in addition to his own earnings, Martin always wants more.

"We are keeping things well, Martin. Mother does miss you and wishes your company more often," I replied, letting him bask in his obvious status in the house.

"Well, Katie, you know business keeps me away at present. In fact, I have just returned from a trip to the Far East, which is what kept me away for these two months. I did bring mother back the most beautiful china, but you must tell no one, for it is to be a gift for mother and father's anniversary two months hence." No doubt more grand than any trinket the rest of us could produce. He smiled in the corner of his proud mouth. "Worry not, dear Kate, for I may have brought back a small present for my sisters as well." His avuncular nature suited me just fine, as I enjoyed surprises, even from my brother whose age superseded my own by a mere two years. "I will be going to France and then Germany next month, so I will miss Victoria's birthday, though my treats will, no doubt, ease some of the sadness that is sure to pass with my absence," he said in jest.

My eyes lit up. "Oh, do take me with you, Martin. You know how I long to see Paris and the French countryside."

He straightened his back and shook his head. "I cannot Kate. You know that my work is taxing and involved. Having my sister meddling in the way would only prolong things, and then I might be delayed enough to miss mother and father's ball. And, anyway, mother would never allow you dally about France

*...continued in right column...*

*...Betterment of Cate, from left column...*

by yourself and you know it. I mean, how could she explain her spinster daughter traveling about Europe with her bachelor son?"

I could tell that the gentlemen behind us had become silent, so I felt that my words would reach their ears. Still, I could not contain the passion that I felt for travel and exploration. "Martin, what is the purpose of teaching me the languages, customs, and politics of the world if I am never to use them? Would one buy a dress and leave it in the closet to collect dust? No, it would be a waste, just as my learning is now."

We entered the grand room. "Catherine," he started, and I knew I was in for a chastisement with the transfer to my given name. "You were given that knowledge to make you a suitable wife. Not to gallivant about the continent getting into trouble."

I let go of his arm as we approached the table. I leaned to speak more softly as we approached our parents. "A suitable wife is one that uses the talents she has and is able to show her husband that her abilities are not just fancy but also fruition. Any man that would want to be my husband would want that I am happy in my musings and allow an occasional flight of those fancies."

"Then you, dear sister, will be living with mother for quite a long time," he said, leaning back and restructuring his expression to satisfy his status as dignified. I smiled at our verbal, playful jousting and noticed that Mr. Richardson was studying my expression. Had he heard the entire conversation? What he must think of me! He will, no doubt, tell his colleagues in London to keep distance from the headstrong maiden of Mirabel. I just hope, for mother's sake, that he does not hold too much influence over Mr. John Foxwright.

Indeed, mother had skillfully positioned her guests, "Mrs. Wiley, do sit close to me so we may discuss the new family moving into Torrence Hall...Martin, I am sure your father needs you close to discuss your upcoming travels..." and somehow I landed between Charlotte and Mr. Foxwright. Unfortunately, my designs had been too focused on not sitting next to Edgar; I did not consider that, perhaps, an even more undesirable perch would be the seat across from him. Of course, I was about to find out as he and Wills took up dining residence across from me and Charlotte with Mr. Foxwright facing Mr. Richardson, and Victoria at mother's left, across from Mrs. Wiley. Martin and Sir Wiley both flanked father as though sentries.

Dinner commenced with the usual cordial conversation, but, of course, diverted from the boring, "Mrs. Becket, you have to see the tapestries we have installed in our hall," to the infuriating, "William, if you allow society to dictate what is acceptable, you become a society of dictators."

*...continued next page...*

...*Betterment of Cate, from previous page...*

Mr. Richardson could sense my blood rising to my face. After my slip in the parlor, I was making every attempt to ignore Edgar. Discourse, however, was rising and was close to jostling my vocal chords when Mr. Richardson interjected, "Ms. Becket, your brother has told me how wonderfully you play piano forte and how beautifully Ms. Charlotte sings. Would you both entertain us after supper?" I looked up at Mr. Richardson and regarded him. He looked back at me with compassion, and I softened at his kind words and attempt to avoid another scene. The temporary silence was broken only by the rain beating more loudly against the windows.

"Martin is too kind; there are many a lady who plays better than I, though it is true that Charlotte is a gifted accompaniment." Charlotte leaned forward and smiled at Mr. Foxwright in the hopes, no doubt, that he found singing a pleasing characteristic in a wife.

Mr. Foxwright turned his gaze, however, to my own. "Oh, yes, Ms. Becket, *please* grace us with what will inevitably be a most pleasing concert."

Before I had an opportunity to answer, Mrs. Wiley felt the need to interject. "She's quite right, you know. Some of the ladies in the county are most skilled and difficult competition, I dare say. My daughter, Georgette, is probably one of the most highly sought after dinner guests for her talents. It *is* hard to compete with that," she said, sucking the meat off of her fork.

I smiled and looked down at my plate. I said, in a small voice so as to not appear too combative, "Yes, it is true. Ms. Georgette's talents do supersede mine own. I do find it difficult to become a true master when my attentions are spread in a wider range of areas."

Edgar snickered. "For the good it does. A lady needs not a range of talents, to spread one's self too thin may cause the ribbon to snap and break."

I looked up to see if he had yet netted himself a green trophy in the middle of his teeth, perhaps a bit of lettuce. "It is a difficult balance, is it not? Between two extremes: one being too much weight on the ribbon and the other being none at all. I suppose, in the end, I would rather take the chance of breaking than lay dormant and never used."

As he was drawing breath, Arthur – who runs our house quite efficiently - entered the room with great haste. "Master Becket, Mrs. Becket. I have just received word that the storm has gathered great strength in the southern counties and has caused much damage. The full force of this storm is to be monumental."

The table began to buzz with talk and mother stood from her end of the table. Father shared relief that he had secured the horses already, while the guests wondered what would become of their night. "Worry not, dear guests. I insist that you take up shelter here for the night. You can return tomorrow when it appears safe to do so."

The plates were whisked away quickly as the hum of plans took over the room. I looked outside and listened to the angry trees knock methodically on the window. "I can hear you, Oak." I thought. "You want in, and I want out."

As I walked away from those that were planning on which guests would sleep in what quarters, William put his arm on my shoulder. "Katie, Katie, quite a lady, how does your garden grow?" William was always pleasant and made me smile. He was not full of whimsy in public; this he saved for those he felt a true kinship for. Of course, William was always very pleasant to be with, mind you, he just was not the sort to make merry with strangers. Of all in the house, I treasured my relationship with William most. For this reason, I harbored anger about his continued connection with Edgar. How could he do this to me? We were the closest in age and in confidence. At eighteen, he was only 1 year younger than I was, and we spent many a day strolling the countryside and planning our sure successes. He was the one who would come to my defense with mother's snide comments and always offered a muted grin with my jibes of Charlotte or Martin.

"Are you, perhaps, attempting to change my discourse at such an obvious violation of what you know I hold dear?" I answered.

William took my arm and swaggered out into the hallway looking up at the ceiling with feigned grandeur and a lilt in his step. "Kate, The Great, would not possibly find me the culprit of tonight's designs, would she? As I am sure her incredibly agile and overworked brain has deduced, Martin is the reason for our house guests this evening," he asked heaven ward, as if in counsel with God.

I pursed my lips as I thought of a reply. It was true that he did not engineer this gathering in any way. Still, I held him accountable for Edgar's general presence in our lives. "Well, alright, Wills. I suppose I was rushing to judgment a bit," I replied. He took in a deep breath and turned to me with his index finger pointed at me and an

...*continued in right column...*

...*Betterment of Cate, from left column...*

exaggerated look on his face. I stopped him before he could enter another taunt into the conversation. "BUT, I still cannot fathom why you keep ties with him at all."

He shook his head. "And I cannot fathom why you care at all." Before I explained myself, he ignored his question and returned to mine. "Edgar was a classmate and shares some similar acquaintances. Our friendship is not deep but merely superficial. However, I fear, dear Kate, that I do not have your talent for allowing each of my connections to be a passionate one, be it strongly positive or strongly negative. While I hold to my opinions of people, and believe me I understand Edgar's limitations and shortcomings, I have no reason to cut him so violently from my life as he hinders me none."

We entered the living room as I turned to him. "Perhaps the fact that his mere presence bothers me; does that not hinder you, my feelings?"

He smiled. "I do want you to be nothing but blissfully happy, Katie. But you cannot ask me to be untrue to who I am. Should he ever threaten your life or tarnish your name, I will challenge him to a duel as such. Until that day, I hope that what you ask of me you are able to return in kind, the ability to take my feelings into account and think about what you could really change of yourself. I would never ask you to be any less than you are."

I sat down and shook my head. William was too pragmatic, too thoughtful. He would never utter a word unless he considered its audience, its intentions, and its usefulness to the conversation. I knew that he did not necessarily esteem Edgar, but how could someone I respect so much be friends (albeit loose ones) with someone I respect so little?

The dinner party slowly joined us in the living room, and everybody settled into different stations around the room. The roaring crackle of the fire could be heard amongst the lulls in conversation.

"So, Ms. Becket. Are you and Ms. Charlotte to entertain us with your musical talents, county recognition or no?" said Mr. Richardson. I held back a laugh and looked up at him. I was unsure that I should play now, for it had been built up so and much seemed staked on this performance. Still, I knew that I had positioned myself in a fairly good spot: my humble comments would work in my favor should they find my playing pleasing and on target should they not. Humble was usually a safe road, unless you want a traveler on this road to vehemently disagree, in which case you will be disappointed with the outcome.

Before I had yet a chance to think it, Charlotte stood and grabbed my hand. "Oh, yes. Of course we will." Her eyes glistened, as she had clearly never thought the "humble theory" quite through.

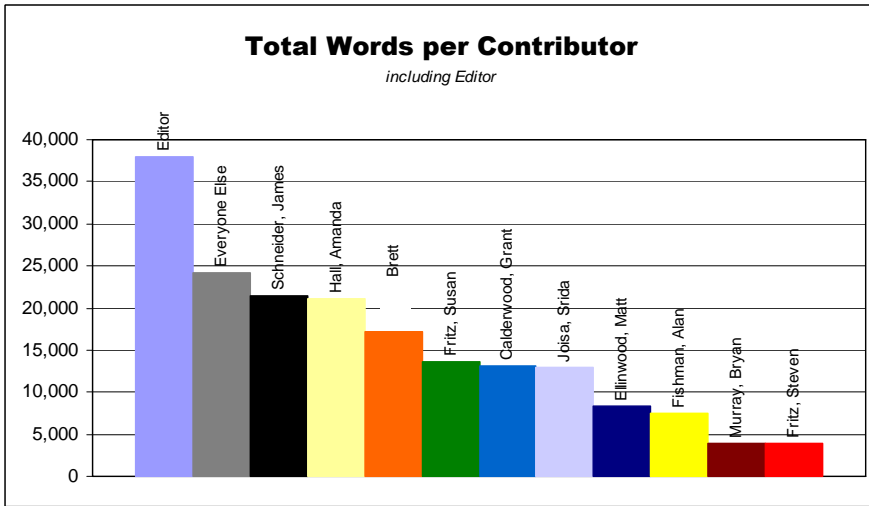
Mother clasped her hands together. "Yes, indeed. Oh, what a pleasant diversion from the cloud that hangs over the county. I do say, my daughters will make the time go faster with these shows of skill." Mother sat at the edge of the sofa, looking as though she were attentive and ready for anything.

Mrs. Wiley would not counter mother, though her forked tongue seemed ready to dart out at any moment. The rest of the room drew chairs to face the piano, even snide Edgar, sitting in the back and watching us with at least partial interest. Who knows his intentions, be it genuine interest or a desire to see us fail. Still, there he sat in audience.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

## NEWSLETTER STATS

Note: Margin of Error is +/- 3%. Does not include the current issue.



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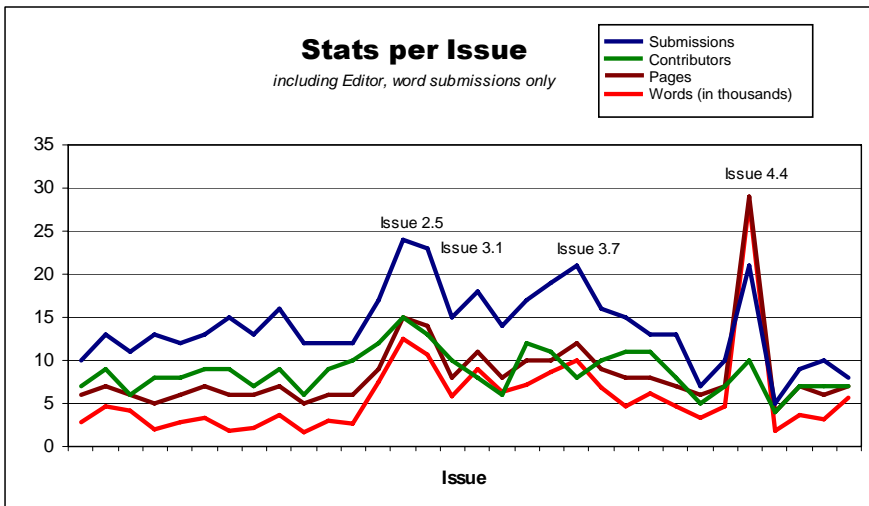
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### Life-to-Date Stats

Word Submissions only  
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Total Words: **185,105**  
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Total Submissions: **447**

Average Words/Page: **691** (↑)  
Average Words/Contributor: **4,871** (↑)  
Median Words/Contributor: **1,124** (↑)  
Average Words/Submission: **414** (↑)



### Global Watch Map

**BabbleON** has attracted contributors and readers from around the globe. In addition to the U.S. writers from 15 different states (noted on the map), there have been international submissions from: Germany, Belgium, Italy, Iraq, and Australia.

Key: Yellow circles mark the residence of each contributor. ☒



### Awards

These awards could be yours!

For Total Words Contributed:  
1,000: **Little Scribbler**  
5,000: **Babble-ONian**  
10,000: **Grimmelshausen Award**  
Each additional 10,000:  
**Proust BabbleStar**

For Consistently Contributing:  
Contributing to 10 issues or more: **Methuselah Award**

For Exceptional Content:  
**Alfred, Lord Tennyson Platinum Seal of Excellence:**  
To date, no one has won this.

Good luck, and keep the submissions coming! ☒