

Tuesday, October 10, 2006

## **Gifted And Talented**

A large television screen sits in a place of honor in the middle of a shabby living room. Several young men cluster around the television, watching as Kana, dressed in the robes of a priest, speaks.

Kana: Look at them. You see what I see. They have become narcissistic and soft. They have buried their own teachings, abandoned the worship of their God, lost their principles, and enthroned the preservation of life as the greatest possible good. They have forgotten that there are things that are more important than life. They have forgotten these things, my brothers, but we have not. That is their weakness. That, my brothers, is our strength.

An unidentified man peers intently at a computer screen. The camera zooms in on his screen just enough to read the first few lines of the article that he is reading:

Headline: Test Results Stolen

Article Text: Department of Education officials confirmed today that unknown intruders were able to access the test results for nearly 200,000 middle school and elementary school students. There is no word, as yet, what the criminals intend to do with the data.

The scene changes. People hurry on foot along a dusty, dirty street lined with brightly colored houses and high, narrow apartments. Overhead, Kana's voice echoes through loudspeakers along the street.

Kana: I know you. I have seen your hearts. I know that you are willing to sacrifice, to give your lives if necessary to see God's will done. Do not mistake, He will ask that of some of you. But He will protect us, His chosen people, and we will sweep the infidels from the face of the Earth.

The scene changes. In a dimly lit room, a man inspects papers as they come off of a high speed color printer. Each page bears a large picture of a child in the upper left hand corner, and several lines of text off to the side. The last sheet of paper leaves the printer. The man picks up the sheaf of papers and carefully places them on top of a large (about 4 feet tall) stack of similar papers.

Posted by Johnny Elbows in Gifted And Talented at 18:33

Sunday, October 8, 2006

## **Gifted And Talented**

The camera pans around a small classroom filled with round tables. Four small chairs cluster around each table. Children, each about 10 years old, sit in the chairs, building things out of legos. There is a large mound of pieces in the middle of each table. A young female teacher threads her way among the tables commenting to the children, and encouraging them as they build. In the back of the room, near a set of large windows, two boys sit at a table by themselves. One (Khalil) is working on a carefully structured, completely symmetrical three dimensional star. The other (Ashlin) seems to be randomly sticking pieces together.

Khalil: You have to have a plan. Nothing will happen otherwise.

Ashlin: God has a plan. I simply follow His will.

Khalil shakes his head and laughs.

Khalil: God doesn't care what you do during creation time.

Ashlin doesn't answer for a moment, he is too busy staring vacantly out of the window. Then, he turns to his friend and smiles.

Ashlin: Why wouldn't He? He's a creator, too.

Khalil scowls and doesn't answer. For a moment, they are silent, Khalil concentrating on his design, Ashlin placing pieces at random. Suddenly, Ashlin picks up his creation and begins crushing it in his hands, pushing and pulling at it until the pieces fall off onto the table. Khalil watches in surprise. When it is mostly broken apart, Ashlin begins building a new object, concentrating fiercely, placing each piece carefully.

Khalil: See, now you have a plan. Now you're getting somewhere.

Ashlin: No, now I've seen a vision. Now I know where God wants me to go.

The screen goes dark.

Posted by Johnny Elbows in Gifted And Talented at 09:49