



The Bell Tower Bulletin

Goin' Batty
by Peggy Nesbit

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I love animals—at least most of them. Cats, dogs, hamsters, horses, birds and even ferrets are okay in my book. I have limited experience with some, like horses and birds, but don't dislike or fear them. There are only two kinds I really don't like and those are reptiles and bats. I think I share most mammals' fear of reptiles and won't go there right now. I know they often get a bum rap but I've had less-than-pleasant experiences with them.

My adventures with bats began two summers ago when I was sitting quietly in my apartment one summer night, enjoying the breeze coming in through the open windows and sliding glass door. All of the sudden, from down the hall, comes something flying frantically around the ceiling and making a squeaking clicking noise. After shrieking loud enough to scare the poor thing and running around like a chicken, I realized it was a bat.

Turning off most of the lights, I opened the screen to the sliding door, hoping it'd fly out but it wasn't taking the hint. I was afraid to turn off all the lights because then I'd have no idea if it really left. It finally got tired of flying around (and listening to me squawk and mutter to myself) and landed on the floor. It was small, not even as long as my hand, with brown fur and black wings. I found a box, approached carefully, and set the box over the bat, slipping a piece of cardboard under the box to trap him. Out on the balcony with the doors and windows firmly closed, I lifted off the box and it flew away.

Fast forward to last summer. Same thing happened again. All of the sudden, there's a bat flying around the ceiling. This time I opened the screen door, set a lit flashlight in the doorway after turning off all the interior lights, and watched it flutter out before slamming and locking the door. Piece of cake except for the racing heart and hoarse voice from the screaming that the thing induced.



Fast forward to the first really warm day, a few weeks ago. The windows weren't open but all of the sudden I heard that familiar clicking squeak coming from somewhere. Holy Hannah!! It wasn't flying around the room but where was it? The noise stopped after a few times and after I was standing in the middle of the apartment in the dark. I assumed it had gotten in the warm air duct but wasn't about to try to find it. So I crawled into bed with the covers over my head and hoped it found its own way out over night.

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The next day I went online to see if it could have actually been a bat; it was after all the beginning of March. I found out that the previous bats were most likely big brown bats (big being a relative term I guess) and are native to this area, living in tree hollows or buildings. These bats typically hibernate during the winter months but do come out when it warms up. Bats are the only true flying mammal and are very beneficial, eating all kinds of insects, including mosquitoes.

Their scary reputation is undeserved really. They are nocturnal and are attracted to light at night because the bugs are there. Unfortunately for me, my balcony is level with the bright security light over the front door of my building and the sliding screen door is warped just enough to allow a little bat access in. After that, it's all down hill for both of us.

After my most recent scare (I'm still not really sure there was a bat this time—but I sure thought there was), I'm going to be proactive and get the apartment super to fix the darn screen door and try to make sure I close the sliding door before the sun sets. Bats may be good for the environment, shy and non-aggressive, but that doesn't mean I'm going to be inviting them in anytime soon.



Racing to New Orleans By Richard Pasky

My favorite road story dates to my college days over 1967 Christmas break while home in Lorain. I was bored and had nothing to do for New Year's Eve, so I phoned a classmate in Indianapolis to see if he had any plans. He didn't either and asked me to drive down. I picked up my best pal in town and we headed to Indy. By the time we got there, another pal from Springfield was already there. We decided that to have some real fun by hitchhiking to New Orleans in time for New Year's Eve, two days from then. We agreed to meet at the Tulane University chapter of our fraternity. We would travel in pairs to make it easier to catch rides, making a friendly wager of beer to the winning duo. My Lorain pal Bob was my partner.

Things went smoothly as we traveled down along the Mississippi River. We got a long ride from a retired air force officer and his son among the many the first day. I was pretty sure we were leading our other two friends, coincidentally both named Pat. It was the middle of the night when we got to Memphis, very tired. It was still pretty cold so we decided someplace warm would be

nice and realized there was a large hospital nearby. We found our way to the hospital chapel. The padded pews cradled our heads in heavenly comfort for several hours and no one ever disturbed us. We got back on the road in the morning—fresh, but likely trailing our pals.

When we reached New Orleans and Tulane's Sigma Nu house at dinnertime, our pals were already there, celebrating the way everyone does on New Year's Eve—drinking. The Sugar Bowl that year was all red uniforms—Alabama's Crimson Tide vs. the Nebraska Cornhuskers. We headed down to Bourbon Street by bus and joined all the devilish red-shirted tourists. At one point in the evening, a good-natured cop rode his horse into one of the bars to great applause. I recall being at a bar where people were dancing on the bar and generally going nuts. I don't recall any women displaying themselves for beads which I guess is common these days. I *know* I would have remembered that.

I woke up the next morning alone on a street corner with someone reaching for my wallet which was a good alarm clock. I scared the bold thief off, caught a bus, and eventually found my pals at the frat. While I had gotten lost somewhere during the night, they had survived being lured up some stairs by a group of girls, only to be punched out by some guys.

Then it was time to get serious about getting home. We headed out of town with the same partners. In a small town 20 miles or so away, a young couple, driving a '58 Chevy and a newer Pontiac Tempest, pulled over and offered us the opportunity of following them in the old Chevy. It would give them a rest, alternating driving only one car. I was the Chevy's designated driver. We explained to the couple that we were in a hitchhiking contest heading north. We told them not to stop if they saw another pair of clean-cut college boys because we wanted to shock them by having our own car. Within 30 minutes we were driving past our buddies, slowing to brag out the window, "We got our own car!" to their amazement. The car owners stopped and allowed our pals to hop in, one in each car. We continued east toward Mississippi and Alabama where we would head north from Mobile and the couple would go east to Florida.

Things were just peachy for about 15 minutes until we got to a moderate-sized town and I somehow lost sight of the car in front of me. Alarmed, we didn't know if we should stop, circle back, or what! We decided that we

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Road Trips or Yes, I Do Get Around by Peggy Nesbit

I started out going to write a little blurb for the Question of the Month about the best and worst road trips I've been on but found that I had taken a lot more road trips than I realized and was having a hard time choosing my favorites—the worst isn't in question! Here are a few of them:

Best (American) Road Trip

Several years ago, Millie Lumley and I took a trip to New England. It was in the early fall before all the leave watchers came out. We went whale watching in Salem, I got to see a sailing ship at Mystic Seaport that my grandfather has trained on, and we spent a great (but rainy) day at Old Sturbridge, MA. The only bad spot was the food poisoning I got in Chambersburg, PA but I survived to help Millie navigate to an old cemetery outside of town where she found some revolutionary war-era ancestors. Excellent time!

Best (European) Road Trip

Three years ago, my globe-trotting sister Karen and I went to Europe to visit a friend of hers stationed outside of Frankfurt. Margaret took us on a week-long road trip beginning in Germany through Luxembourg (where I sprained my ankle), France, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria and back to Germany. We spent a night in a Rhine River castle, visited the little village in Switzerland called Safenville where my maternal great grandfather came from, and visited Oberomergau, and Rothenburg—two of the most historic and picturesque villages in Germany.

Second Best (European) Road Trip

Last April, Karen and I took my aunt and a cousin to Ireland. We rented a car—my aunt drove and my sister navigated—and drove from west to east from Galway to Dublin. We stayed in B&B's that we called in the morning for that night. We specifically went to the little village in County Mayo called Clonbur where my paternal great grandfather came from. We even found where he had lived—unfortunately, by this time it was just a pile of rocks. Despite catching a nasty cold, I had a great time and would go back there in a New York minute if someone handed me a ticket!

Worst Road Trip

Many, many years ago, my sister and I took my idea of a great road trip east when a planned road trip out west fell through. I love history and I love the Civil War so I wanted

to go see C.W. battlefields and historic homes in VA. We started at Gettysburg, then went on to Antietam, Manassas, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania, and Chancellorsville. We hit a few houses along the James River and then headed for Monticello. We were waiting in 90-degree humid sunshine to get into Monticello when she said to me, "If you've seen one battlefield, you've seen them all." Needless to say, with still two days of battlefields planned, we got in the car and drove straight home. And I'm still looking for someone who thinks tramping over battlefields is a cool thing...

Most of my road trips have been for about a week to 10 days and that seems to work well for us. No one is at the throat of the other person. If you've never been on a road trip, they are (usually) great fun. Just be sure that you can handle a map, sleep in the same room with your travel partner, and agree on where to go and what to see. If so, happy driving!!



Movie Review by Diane Nott

Ghost Rider

This is a movie based off the Marvel comic *Ghost Rider*. This character in the comics has been around since the 1970's. It is a simple story based on a motorcycle stunt driver Johnny Blaze (played by Nicholas Cage) who sold his soul to the devil, Mephistopheles (played by Peter Fonda), to save his dying father. But unfortunately, his father dies in a motorcycle stunt the following day. Johnny leaves the carnival and Roxanne Simpson, the love of his life (played by Raquel Alessi). Years later, Johnny's path crosses again with Roxanne, now a reporter, and also with Mephistopheles, who offers to release Johnny's soul if Johnny becomes the fabled, fiery Ghost Rider, a supernatural agent of vengeance and justice. Mephistopheles charges Johnny with defeating the despicable Blackheart, Mephistopheles's nemesis and son, who plans to displace his father and create a new hell even more terrible than the old one.

Overall the story is weak but the special effects make up for the story. Ghost Rider is an awesome character from the comics and in the movie. If you are a fan of the comics, you will love this movie. If you go for the story, you will be disappointed. Sam Elliot plays the caretaker in this movie, which helps the story.

Grade: C for story and A+ for special effects.

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Question of the Month

By Diane Nott

One last question before Spring Break. What is/was your favorite road-trip story? It could be a good road trip book you read or an actual road trip. I received some nice responses.

Easy Rider

-Theodore Myers

Kerouac - *On The Road*

-Michael Zellers

Twenty-three years and nine or so months ago, my husband, Dan, and I were traveling to our home on Hilton Head Island. We were just going on vacation, probably in June. We had a daughter Amy who was 6+. We had been trying to conceive a second child for 6 years. We were going through the mountains of West Virginia and Dan turned to me and said God just spoke to me and told me we are having a son. I laughed. When we went to Hilton Head we always attended a special Church there. On the Sunday we arrived the priest was preaching a sermon on God's Promise to Abraham and Sara that after years of barrenness they would have a son. Dan looked at me and smiled. Sure enough it was 9+ months later on a Sunday morning Feb. 12th that our son Keith Christian was born. God also requested we name him Christian, of course his father's name was Danny Keith, Hence the name Keith Christian. God speaks to us everyday in lots of ways but that was a Road Trip Speech I will never forget. The BEST TRIP EVER.

-Linda Senecal

Renting a convertible in Las Vegas and driving to LA and Beverly Hills. It was a blast and contrary to what I thought, it actually was kind of chilly driving through the Mojave Desert in the heat of the summer.

-Linda McLaughlin

A couple of years ago, Steve and I were traveling in Missouri on our way to Texas to visit our friends. For a short time, we followed the actual Route 66. I saw some interesting landmarks and vintage Route 66 stops. For a short time we were on the "actual" road.

-Diane Nott

Back in 1976, my parents drove all 8 of us kids, in a rented RV, down to Disney World for Christmas break. Remember, that was the year we had the big snow storm. We stopped in Georgia overnight at a AAA campground. It was so cold (in fact, we wore our winter coats in the morning in Florida). My father and

oldest brother couldn't get the furnace lit. All of us kids had 2 sets of clothes on to keep warm.

Lucky for our family the "Good Sams" saw our distress and came to our aid. They knew just what to do and they got the heat running in the RV. That was the first time I heard about these wonderful people who belong to an organization that that helps others in need while they are traveling.

-Mary Karleskint



Personal Trainer Benefit Survey

By Roger Campbell

The Joint Salary and Benefits Committee periodically reviews benefits to determine how successful they are, how they may be enhanced or modified to improve them or to encourage more people to take advantage of them, and employees' perception of them. To that end, the JSBC in conjunction with the Staff Council Salary and Benefits Committee (SCSBC) is looking for feedback from you regarding general fitness information, as well as the use of personal trainers, a relatively recent benefit added for full time employees.

Please take a few minutes to complete the survey following the link below. Please complete the survey by April 13, 2007. Your feedback is extremely important and will help determine any modifications or enhancements to our benefits. Results will be reported only in the aggregate and individual responses will be kept confidential. Thank you in advance for your time.

(Use Internet Explorer when filling out the survey.)
www.lorainccc.edu/fitnesssurvey



Favorite Book Roundtable

Bring your favorite book
and tell the gathering why
you think it's the best
you've ever read--
and get ideas
for other great reads!

Come join the Women's Link
Book Club

on April 12 in CC227A, Noon to 1:30 pm

GET YOUR KJCKS ON ROUTE 66 **2007 STAFF SPRING BREAK**

Monday, April 9, 12-3 pm CC Mall

All you hep cats are invited to take a journey along Route 66, back to the 1950s. We will be starting our journey in California on Monday, April 9th between 12-3p.m. in the CC Mall. Come dressed as your favorite 1950s guy or gal and participate in the "1950s Best Dressed" contest. So start getting those hips ready for some hula hoopin' fun.

The LCCC "Diner" will be serving up:

Foot Long Hot Dogs, Hamburgers with toppings, Vegeburgers with toppings, Chips, Pretzels, Assorted pies and cookies, Fruit Punch, Lemonade and Water, Root Beer Floats (Diet Root Beer and Sugar Free Ice Cream)

Wednesday, April 11, 12-3 pm CC Mall

Come join the Fiesta sponsored by LiveSmart. Enjoy live music presented by Jeff Sherman and pick up on some car focus information.

The LCCC "Diner" will be serving up:

Taco Salad Bar with Beef and Chicken, Refried Beans, Whole Fruit, Angel Food Cake w/Strawberries, Single Served Jell-O, Frozen Drinks, Fruit Punch, Lemonade, and Water

Friday, April 13, 11:30 am-2 pm CC Mall

Mosey on down to the CC Mall for some Rootin' Tootin' fun. Come "chew the fat" with your fellow buckaroos, participate in the "Best Dressed Cowpoke" contest and enjoy some dancing and chuck wagon cooking.

The LCCC "Chuck Wagon" will be serving up:

BBQ Chicken and Pulled Pork, Coleslaw, Chili (hot sauce on the side), Vegetarian Chili, Pasta and Potato Salad, Corn on the Cob, Cookies and Brownies, Fruit Punch, Lemon-Aid and Water, Root Beer (Regular and Diet)

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Dear Reader
by Peggy Nesbit

Slaughterhouse-Five by Kurt Vonnegut

When I was in high school, our school librarian gave me a list of recommended books for college students. Some I had read and some I haven't. One of the books I never managed to finish was *Slaughterhouse-Five* by Kurt Vonnegut.

It's one of those books I had started about 16 times but never really got into. The beginning is a whole long story about how the author planned to write a book about his experiences as a POW in WWII. It all seemed a little over the top.

Recently a friend I knew from graduate school who is now an adjunct English instructor here mentioned that he was going to be hosting a discussion on the novel at one of the local big box bookstores. I thought this was a perfect time to try the book again.

This time I made it past the beginning and into the heart of the book. It wasn't at all really what I expected. I knew it was about the bombing of Dresden, Germany by the US at the end of the war. More people died in the fire storms caused by the bombs than died in the atomic blasts or in the bombing of Tokyo. And it seemed until this book was written the whole episode was brushed under the carpet.

The story follows a hapless soldier and assistant chaplain named Billy Pilgrim as he gets captured by the Germans during the Battle of the Bulge. He eventually ends up in Dresden just before the bombing. But the book also shifts back and forth throughout Billy's life as he becomes unhinged from time and abducted by aliens. There is a lot of black humor threaded through the book and, even while you laugh, you realize that the events related are truly horrific. No wonder he became unhinged from time; it's a wonder more people haven't had that happen!

I truly believe that you come to books when you are ready to read and appreciate them. And I know that there are books I read in junior high and high school (and maybe even undergrad) that I really didn't "get." The older I get the better my reading comprehension, and *Slaughterhouse-Five* is a perfect example of a book that waited patiently for me to be ready to read it.

Grade: A



Racing to New Orleans

(con't from Page 2)

would simply stay on the main road and proceed toward Mobile. We drove for about three hours but never saw the other car. We stopped at a truck stop in Mobile about 7 pm and called the state police, just to make sure we weren't going to be arrested for grand theft auto. Within minutes, five police cars showed up, searched "my" car, and even called the owner's phone number as well as the state police in LA and MS. No one had any clue where the owners were. The police told us that we were just going to sit there until something came over the radio. After a nervous half hour, the owners rolled into the truck stop. They casually told everyone that they had circled back looking for us and, after not finding us, concluded they would likely find us around that spot.

The police were nice enough to take each team to separate areas along the road heading north and we were on our way home. But very little traffic was going by that Sunday night. As we waited for a ride, time seemed to stand still. I know we both commented on the sidewalks being rolled up in the small town where we were stranded. By our count, we had been in 38 different cars or trucks so far and only once did we ask a driver to let us out. He said he was sleepy and needed a drink despite already being drunk.

But then a gold Cadillac slowed and the window opened to reveal our pals who sneered, "We got a ride all the way to Indy!" The car started to roll away but then stopped to let us hop in. A large middle-aged black guy named Earl Wright of Saginaw, MI was driving home after visiting his mom in Gulfport, MS. He had been stopped for a burned-out headlight violation by one of the troopers who had met us at the truck stop. The trooper told him they would let him off if he picked up four boys who were heading his way north. Earl was pretty quiet but repeatedly refused to let any of us drive his car. We got back to Indy, driving straight through without incident, and had a great time retelling this story over the years. Now it is in print for the first time. If only I could find the post card we sent our fraternity from "The Big Easy."

It is difficult to imagine that such a journey could happen in the USA today. Those were innocent, wonderful times back in the 1960s when youth began to question the limits of what was acceptable. That hasn't stopped since and never will.

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WACKY WEVIEW

by Paul and Barb

It's time to entertain you with some more of our witty puns. This time we based it on an egg theme because of the upcoming holiday. Enjoy or stop reading after the first one!

Q. How do eggs sell newspapers?

A. Eggstra, Eggstra Read All About It!

Q. How does the chicken fit into its shell?

A. Egg-sactly!

Q. What do you get when you cross a chicken with a Martian?

A. An eggstra-terrestrial!

Q. What happens if you mix up a computer manual with a cookbook?

A. You get an Egg-Shell spreadsheet!

Q. What did the hen say when she laid a bright orange egg?

A. Why that's Eggstraordinary!

Q. How many eggs does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A. None. Eggs don't have hands.

Groan! Groan!

Paul: Did you hear something?

Barb: What did you say? Wait. Let me take these ear plugs out.

Q. What kind of egg lives by the sea?

A. An egg shell!

Q. What do you call an egg that goes on a safari?

A. An eggs-plorer!

Barb: Here's one for you.

Q. What do you call a mischievous egg?

A. A practical yoker!

Q. Who wrote Great Eggspectations?

A. Charles Chickens! (Sorry, Charlie!)

Q. Where did the chicken go on her vacation?

A. Sandy Eggo!

Q. What day do eggs hate the most?

A. Fry-day!

Q. What did the egg do when the other egg told it a joke?

A. It cracked up!

Paul: How many more of these do you want?

Barb: How many more can our one reader stand?

Paul: One, maybe.

Barb: Okay. Last one. We promise.

Q. Why can't you tease egg whites?

A. They can't take a yolk!



Upcoming LCCC Events

4/9, 4/11 & 4/13 Annual LCCC Staff Spring Break Event
(Route 66 Theme) - College Center

4/11 & 4/12 A Kid's Life - Stocker Center Main Theater

4/19 Pluck - Stocker Center Main Theater

4/20 LCCC Lego Olympiad - Field House

4/20 *Babel* - Stocker Arts Center Film Festival
- Stocker Center Main Theater

4/20 & 5/4 Academic Fair - College Center

4/21 Pavlo and his Band - Stocker Center Main Theater

4/25 Career Expo - Spitzer Conference Center

4/27 Imani Winds Performance
- Stocker Center Main Theater

4/29 Civic Concert Band - 3:00 p.m.
- Stocker Center Main Theater

4/29 Civic Orchestra - 7:30 p.m.
- Stocker Center Main Theater

5/11 Livingston Taylor - Stocker Center Main Theater

5/12 NHA's Walk for the Homeless
- Rosemary Schestag has information on this

5/19 Commencement - Courtyard or Fieldhouse

For more information on stocker center events, see the LCCC Event calendar or go to LorainCounty.com.

**Spring is in the Air
Bookstore Sale**

**30% off Gifts, Clothing, and General
Reading Books
through April 21, 2007**

The Bell Tower Bulletin

The Recipe File



JELLY BEANS

by Barb Armstrong

Jelly beans are such a fun food and at this time of year, they are to be found everywhere. They come in all flavors including fruit, spice, soda pop, and the “weird” flavors of Harry Potter fame. Jelly beans are made of sugar, corn syrup, food starch, flavoring and small amounts of ingredients that maybe you don’t want to know about. The inside of the jelly bean traces its origin back to a candy called Turkish Delight, while the shell was made to imitate the hard coating of the Jordan Almond. The two were put together around 1900 and the jelly bean was born. They come in all price ranges and can be as expensive as \$9.00 a pound or as inexpensive as 99 cents a bag. Whatever your preference, jelly beans are fun to eat and fun to decorate with. Here are two recipes from the Food Network website that kids can have fun with while they are home during the Spring Break. And by the way, April 22nd is National Jelly Bean Day!

Christina’s Cookie Pops

- 2 tubs prepared vanilla frosting
- Assorted food coloring, liquid or gel
- 1/2 cup multicolored sprinkles
- 1/2 cup mini jelly beans
- 1/2 cup mini chocolate morsels
- 1/2 cup chocolate-covered candies (like M&M’s)
- 1/2 cup edible silver sprinkles
- 1 tube prepared slice-and-bake sugar cookies
- 16 lollipop or popsicle sticks

Bake cookies according to package directions. Immediately after removing from oven, insert a lollipop stick into one end of each cookie. Place on a rack to cool completely. Meanwhile, divide icing into as many small bowls as you wish to color. Mix desired food coloring into each bowl. Ice the cookies in different colors and decorate with candy and sprinkles.



Red, White, and Blue Jelly Bean Cookies

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 cup blue jelly beans
- 1/4 cup red jelly beans
- 1/4 cup white jelly beans

Mix butter and sugar together. Mix in egg and vanilla. Mix in flour and salt. Drop by heaping teaspoons on a greased baking sheet, permitting enough space for the cookies to spread about 3 1/2 inches. Press about 3 jelly beans into each cookie. Bake in a preheated 350 degree oven for 8 to 10 minutes or until edges just begin to brown. Let cool on a baking rack.

You can use other colors for different holiday - like reds and pinks for Valentines; greens for St. Patrick; orange and black for Halloween, etc.

Computer Tips

by Diane Nott

Avatar

I’m sure you’ve all heard of the term “**avatar**” before, right? (There is a cartoon called Avatar but that’s not it.) I mean, it is a pretty common word in today’s Internet world, but even then, you may have heard of it and still not know what it means or what all it entails.

An avatar is basically just an icon that helps represent you on the Internet. They are mostly used on site forums, game programs and some other online communities, like chat rooms. A lot of people use a picture of themselves for their avatar, while others just use a favorite picture of something they like. For example, right now, my avatar on the many gerbil and pet forums I use is a cute picture of one of my gerbils.

Most Web sites that allow you to have an avatar will have instructions on how to get yours posted. They will probably have certain guidelines (sizes, content, etc.) that you will have to follow, but they’re generally easy to create. For some forums, the maximum size allowed is 100x100 pixels or 19.5 KB (whichever is smaller). So, now that you know exactly what an avatar is, you can get started on creating your own. How fun is that?!