

Across
CampusGerman Club
Kaffee and
Kuchen

The MSU German Club is hosting Kaffee and Kuchen Thursday at 4 p.m. in the Clark Student Center Arrowhead Lounge.

Interested students and faculty are invited to come enjoy coffee and cakes while socializing with German students and visitors.

The cost is free. For more information, contact Brianne Jamison at brianne.jamison.1127@students.mwsu.edu.

Artist-
Lecture

Artist-Lecture Series presents Dr. Roland Fryer at 7 p.m. Friday in Akin Auditorium. A rising star in the academic world, Fryer is combining the disparate fields of economics and African-American studies to produce groundbreaking work that is attracting the attention of not just academics, but of anyone interested in what it means to be black in America today.

Fryer is currently an assistant professor of economics at Harvard University.

Tickets are available for faculty and staff at the Clark Student Center Information Desk.

Dining
Etiquette
Seminar

The Career Management Center is hosting a Dining Etiquette Seminar Tuesday, at 6:30 p.m. in the Clark Student Center's Kiowa Ex-students room.

Enjoy a fabulous four-course meal for free, and learn about food faux pas and helpful fine dining tips.

Seating is limited and a refundable deposit of \$10 is required to attend.

To make a reservation or for more information, call 397-4473.

Student Club/
Organization
Fair

The Office of Student Development will present the annual showcase of student clubs and organizations from 11 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. Tuesday in the Clark Student Center Atrium. Reservations for table space are required by Friday through the Student Development Office.

For more information and reservation forms, call ext. 4898.

New sandwich restaurant delivers on taste

KONNIE SEWELL
COPY EDITOR

It takes a lot to turn me off from a sandwich shop.

Seriously, I'm not that hard to please. As long as they don't serve peanut butter and jelly, I'm cool.

My aunt always likes to tease me. She hates Subway, but it's one of my favorite places to grab a bite.

So one night, when we were feeling adventurous and wanting to try something new (and sandwichy, of course), we took a trip to the Atlanta Bread Company.

I honestly knew nothing about the restaurant before I actually entered it. I was under the impression it was only a baking store (or company, or something), but my aunt had a fun time explaining how it's much more than that. In fact, the restaurant serves soup, pasta, coffee, bagels, chili, salads, gourmet pizzas and omelettes. And sandwiches (!).

Located at 2801 Midwestern Parkway, it's right between campus and the mall. The restaurant doesn't look that large from the outside, but it's actually downright spacious. The first thing I noticed upon entering was that it was so airy inside and there was so much room to move around in. The booths and tables were spacious and inviting.

I bet during the day there's a lot of sunlight shining in through the large glass windows, but it was night

when we made our visit. The dining area had a rich, ambient brown hue to it. As for wall decorations and the like, there wasn't much of it. McAlister's wins for décor.

And for background music. There's always a good, fun song playing in McAlister's, but all there is inside the Atlanta Bread Company is elevator music.

Anyway. There was a stack of menus waiting for us near the door when we arrived. Maybe calling it considerate is too much, but I liked having a menu with me before I walked up to the line to place my order. It keeps me from holding up the line, head back and eyes squinted at the large wall menu, stressing out because I don't know what I want while the impatient employee gives me a really mean look and the pissy people behind me grunt and sigh in their annoyance.

Because my aunt and I are losers, we ordered the same thing: A bella basil chicken sandwich.

For \$6.39, it combines char-grilled chicken strips with provolone cheese, lettuce, tomato and a red onion and basil pesto spread served on a sun-dried tomato and rosemary focaccia. (We both asked for no tomato.)

The girl who took our order was really nice, although I asked for lemonade and she said they didn't have any. They actually do, but you have to get it from the fountain, not in a bottle. My aunt asked for wa-



ter, and she was given a small, disposable plastic cup you can buy at Wal-Mart or any other store on the planet. It came off as being horribly cheap.

My aunt talked with the manager for a little bit, asking about catering, which they do. Then she took her cup to the refreshment and condiment table. It's near the huge hole in the wall where the kitchen is. I don't know what the point of having the kitchen so visible is, except for maybe the diners to see how clean it is back there. And indeed it was, which is always refreshing.

There were your basic drinks available: Coke, Dr Pepper, water, fruit punch, LEMONADE. Lots of

teas and coffees too, if that's what you like, but they've never been my thing.

The restaurant was sort of empty that Saturday night, but I suppose that's due to the shop still being fairly new, officially opening up for business in the middle of December. I didn't see many older people there. There was even a couple MySpacing it up with wireless Internet. Still, the atmosphere remained friendly, never distant or too-hip-for-thou.

I guess we spent so much time scoping out where everything was and talking with the manager that our waiter brought us our food before we'd even found a seat. We took the first booth we found, which had some bread crumbs left in it. It bothered my aunt more than it bothered me. Hey, as long as it's just bread crumbs, I can get up and brush them off. Trust me, I've sat in worse.

Our sandwiches were really good, just the way we ordered them. They were really cold, and I like cold sandwiches, but my aunt prefers warm sandwiches. (There was no warning of what the temperature would be in the menu.) The only complaint I had was that there wasn't enough pesto on it. There was enough to where I could just barely detect a faint basil spicing, but that was it. I wanted to slather it in mayo or something.

The sandwiches came with a

pickle, of course, and a bag of chips. But we didn't get to pick what chips we wanted. We were given the basic Lays potato chips, which I detest. What, no options? At least Subway gives you options, my aunt had to admit that.

The total cost of the meal came to about \$15, and you could do a lot worse money-wise. Everything on the menu is anywhere from \$5 to \$6 in price, basically. There's a kid's menu and you can get half a sandwich and half a salad or soup if you are so inclined. It's basic deli stuff here: Chicken, turkey, ham, tuna ...

And that was pretty much it. No flying trapeze artists, no confetti falling from the ceiling. It was a basic restaurant experience. There were little flaws, but I could overlook them. Except for the lemonade. Because, seriously, you can't keep a girl away from her lemonade.

The bathrooms were clean (the ladies' room was, anyway. I didn't think to check the men's room at all - sorry) and that's always a deal breaker for me. The baked goods they don't sell at the end of the day are given to charity. They're open Monday through Friday from 6:30 a.m. to 9 p.m., Saturday from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. and Sunday from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Give the Atlanta Bread Company a chance. I liked it. But find out for yourself, kids. Like I said, I'm so easy to please I like almost anything.

'Messengers' turns out to be scary for tweens only

JASON KIMBRO
ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

REPORT CARD

Entertainment Value:	D
Artistic Crap:	D
Plot/Script:	D
Performances:	D
Overall GPA:	1.00

SunKyu Yoo-Norris

It truly is amazing what you can learn from movies these days. For instance, in the newest edition to the long line of PG-13 ghost flicks, "The Messengers," we find the best way to fix a broken down old tractor is to put the key into the ignition and just keep turning it over and over. Eventually, the tractor will start.

Another tidbit we learn from this film for the credulous is that the best way to fend off an entire flock of violent crows picking at your face is to keep trying to punch them in the beak until some local redneck comes along out of nowhere and shoots his gun up into the air.

These are obviously just two of the many examples why "The Messengers" is probably one of the most ridiculous and badly written horror films this decade, though not nearly as awful as "The Grudge 2" or "Dark Water."

Here's the gist:

Roy and Denise are your average sunflower farmers (miscast horribly with Dylan McDermott and Penelope Ann Miller, respectively) and after having some failed attempts at this occupation in the city (yes, the city) they decide to give it a go out in the country.

They find this little farmhouse that looks like something straight out of a Fangoria sketchbook of scary places and begin their new provincial life of hard work and self-servitude.

Their daughter Jess (Kristen Stewart) has had some troubles of her own back in the city and mom and dad hope that this will be a better experience for her and her toddler-age brother Ben as well.

It doesn't take long before Ben begins to act strangely. Ben has been silent for a while now, ever since he and his sister got into an accident back in the city. The shock has apparently turned him into a temporary mute.

His mouth may not be going but his fingers are, pointing this way and that, staring at strange white figures that crawl around like crabs on the ceilings.

Jess is the only one that really notices Ben's strange behaviors and things begin to get freaky for her as well.

Along the way a burly drifter named Burwell (John Corbett) comes along and saves daddy from the hoard of crows that seem to blanket the entire farm and its land. Roy decides to hire him on to help bring in the harvest right on the spot. Strange hairy men with shotguns are always great choices to have hanging around your beautiful



Kristen Stewart ghoulishly blossoms into a young woman in "The Messengers."

teenage daughter and Hollywood-cute toddler son.

One fateful night, the creepy white apparitions try to drag Jess down into the basement while she and Ben are left alone at home. Jess calls the police and by the time her parents get home, all the officers have already come to the conclusion Jess was pulling everybody's leg.

Roy and Denise show high levels of disappointment and in true Hollywood fashion choose not to believe Jess and her silly ghost stories until it is almost too late.

This fiasco goes on far too long for a half-hour television series, much less an hour and a half film until its pithy attempt at a twisted ending.

There were a few scenes that caused a jump or two in the audience, but mainly for the tweens that somehow made it into the theater without adult supervision.

Everybody else was either annoyed by the kids in the theater or by the child-like film upon the screen. It did have its few unintentional moments of hilarity.

The filmmakers tried too hard to make the scenery look scary and foreboding and this ultimately leads to a failure in plot and logic. For instance, the house looked far too dilapidated on the outside for anyone to be able to look upon it with pride. The addition of crows made things a bit nonsensical as well.

Performances were a bit sloppy as well with mostly under-devel-

oped characterizations and all-around poor casting choices, other than perhaps the casting of Stewart as Jess, who will definitely be a shining star in Hollywood some day, but not with this film.

There's no need to discuss the quality of this flick's story and plot beyond that it belongs in B-movie hell along with every other boring horror reel that fails to provide logic.

Usually if a horror film is boring, it's because the filmmakers tried too hard to make it "real." This film can't seem to balance itself on either end of the spectrum.

Again we have ourselves another film that I have decided to torture myself with.

My choice of reviewing a film like "The Messengers" should be apparent for those of you who know me or have followed along through my years as a film critic. My only other film choice this week would have been "Because I Said So" and I really have no desire to gaze upon Mandy Moore. Well, not in that type of genre at least.

The next few weeks, however, seem to hold some potential for enjoyable cinematic fare within the realms of mainstream cinema. Valentine's week used to be a horrid dumping ground for nothing but insipid romantic comedies and poorly budgeted action flicks. Thankfully this trend seems to be changing.

Although I have my fears and truly do believe it will most likely receive poor reviews, I am eagerly looking forward to the release of "Ghost Rider." Nicolas Cage may be misused in this role but I figure, what the hell, at least he won't be a crow-punching sunflower farmer, I hope.



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