

Where's Waldo?

1. What is Waldo's (of Where's Waldo) trademark outfit?
2. What is Waldo's dog's name, and where does he come from?
3. In classic Waldo books, what can you see of the dog?
4. Who is Waldo's girlfriend?
5. What is her role?
6. Who else might she be mistaken for?
7. What do Waldo and Jenna Bush have in common?
8. Who is the "bad guy"?
9. How was he named?
10. What is his objective in life?

Hidden in this passage are quotes from Ralph Waldo Emerson. Your task is to find them hidden in this mess. Some are famous some are not.

A friend is one before whom one may think aloud but so with ruby wings that fold under thy outstretched arms and break like a bird under the scent of rosebuds on rocky soil in a far distant land where children roam as strangers and break glass with wings and birds flutter in beautiful motion the thrush plies his wings into the close lands of Persia separated by funeral bells and tall pines whose hands sway to and fro like thy amazing beauty which shines and shimmers and then we see how beauty is manifest oh beauty which doth give me reason to hatred hate which gives love to all and lets hearts obey their masters who never smile but give reason to fear cold nights where over the winter glaciers I see the summer glow and I can feel free because in once the sound has broken like a cold crisp token now then and forever full of regret and just awake to beget the fears and pains and tiny things and there past, present, future, shoot triple blossoms from one root that grows from the ground in awful sounds and know that we are delicate machines, and require nice treatment to get from us the maximum of power and pleasure from the heart and body and mind and full of bodily lust that stings from the heart that wants to give all to love; obey thy heart which blooms and grows and shoots like roots from a single source that makes me shout I hate quotations Tell me what you know about god almighty who strips down pain and rocks the waves against the outstretched shore which has waves break against it as God enters by a private door into every individual mind that bends towards in central eye and though we may dive into fear of age and beauty what sage beauty lies before the mast and as we grow old the beauty steals inward towards a god whose common goal is nonsense before the gleaming tower of Persia where the great creature Merlin stands on a rooftop and shots that I cause from every creature his proper good to flow towards a godly end and though the yesterday doth never smile at us we can breathe easy because the beauty oh fair beauty which walks around the tropics and causes such pain and distress and fallowness in our lands can outstretch its gold fingers and question what good lives with us and you may ask of me and ask do thou of the ages ask what me the hours will bring in time we all will end towards a common

goal of rosebuds and flowers and outstretched palms where quotations end on broken promises and hallowed ends towards a fine fixture of cold swallows fluttering toward the rosehips and juniper leaves and Persian men who conflict with each other over green acres and sandy shores of the river Thames where I can swim free and eat cheese and crush with my tiny palm everything that God almighty God has never known to think about how time and pain and pleasure all conjoin in tiny green fixtures of light behind the immortal tome and would you know the words I said or what god said or who god spoke to or why he spoke or would you recognize joy or would you know what joy is hid In our green Musketaquid or white muscovite that draws on the soil for nutrients and spits fire from that insect sun oh joy oh joy oh insect lover of the sun, joy of thy dominion we can now all be silent because all children are foreigners who can never please with love but can only give into pain and solitude and broken promises of crushed and grated dreams whose pleasure is all thine and broken down the spine of time into a world of ungodly beasts and treasure troves whose slimy claws quickly disperse and play and song and though thy trivial harp will never please there is a house and tenant go to ground lost in God in Godhead found lost so lost in glory vain and wars fought at waterloo and who are we when the crown comes off and it is I who gave thee, o beauty I did so while I sit for a while until my butler fetch the ruby wine or perchance some loving.