

Ask a five-year-old with a *Where's Waldo?* book, "Where's Waldo?" and you get a quick answer, "Over here!" The kid points to a small candy-cane cap in the middle of the page's ocean of activity. You sigh for another puzzle's enjoyment lost, for once you spot him, Waldo isn't hard to locate a second time. He can't move. Yet Waldo's a nomad: he may be "here," but he's also "there." As a matter of fact, he's practically everywhere. Waldo walks the pages of at least 58 million *Where's Waldo* books, smiling his bland smile in 13 different tableaux in each of them: 754 million in all. Waldo can be found painted on building tops, – try finding him on Google Earth – plastered on merchandise, and tacked onto lampposts at street corner in the Internet. So where is Waldo *really*?

I can tell a lot about Waldo the cartoon by studying his books – but only about his image, not his person. Answering that Waldo's on the cover of a book is like saying that I, Amelia Rasmusen, am on the sixth page of Lighthouse's 2016 yearbook. "Don't give me lip," Mom would answer. "Where are you actually?" When people ask "where," they mean in space, but also in time. People make decisions constantly, and those decisions determine their locations. So, if Waldo is a person, where is he *right now*?

Well, I was brushing my teeth recently, when I realized free will doesn't exist. Though I make choices every day, my decision to brush my teeth was predetermined by thousands of my previous decisions.

The thought of being held responsible for every action is terrifying, but even more terrifying is the thought that someone else determined it all for you. Parents may choose to terminate all your systems before you can even escape the womb and choose to wave your chubby fists in the air. They force their genetics on you without your consent. As you grow

older, you seize fate by the reins, but you can never erase the time you spent utterly dependent on your parents, or the influence they had on you.

Yet even the power parents wield is nothing compared to the random power of the universe. Each moment in time is shaped by the collective history of man that accumulates in humans, cities, and civilizations. Following that line of thought, in the end, my decision to brush my teeth this morning was determined at the beginning of the universe. In fact, so was my present location.

What does this imply? Simply this: in order to determine where Waldo is *really, right now*, we must regress to the beginning of his universe - Mark Hanford in 1986.

Whatever Waldo does, whoever he is, and - most important for present purposes - wherever he is, Waldo is under Mark Hanford's iron control because his identity and all his actions exist only because Hanford had an idle thought. So where is Waldo, really, but in Hanford's brain?

The funny thing is, that's not right. Even if we can trace Waldo's personality and history to Hanford, Hanford makes his decisions like we all do - in a completely predestined way. His decisions are not *his* decisions at all! If Hanford is a robot controlled by a formula written by the universe, where is Waldo? Wherever the universe put him. We're still not at the answer. What put the universe where it is? And what made the universe determiner? So where is Waldo, really?

God knows.