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Inklings  
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EIGHTEENTH EDITION  
1981-82

# Pen -n- Inklings

Student literary magazine  
Edwardsville Senior High School  
Edwardsville, Illinois

## DEDICATION

S.I.T. dedicates its 1981-82 Pen-n-Inklings to our Freshman Class. We welcome you to E.H.S. and hope you have enjoyed your first year of high school in which you have displayed tremendous school spirit. The entire student body has benefitted from your enthusiam. S.I.T. appreciates your literary contributions and looks forward to your support in the upcoming years. Keep up the spirit, and E.H.S. will always remember the class of '85.

## PREFACE

S.I.T. presents the eighteenth edition of Pen-n-Inklings. This magazine highlights the literary talents of Edwardsville High School's students. We hope this provides an enjoyable reading experience.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

REPORT OF THE  
COMMISSIONERS OF THE  
SCHOOL OF DISTANCE EDUCATION

FOR THE YEAR  
ENDING 1964

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
1965

PRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

## A STAR

Val Sobol

On the elaborate stage of the Crystal Palace Nightclub, a gorgeous talented star sings. She stands with glory as the spotlight picks up the exquisite features of her face. Her glistening blue eyes show behind fluttering, black lashes. Her lips shimmer with a bright, red shine. A small, delicate nose, slightly turned upward, finishes a special facial beauty. As she performs, a perfect small, white hand holds the microphone in position. She manages to catch all of the high range notes with ease. A side-to-side movement makes her shiny blonde hair flow, putting the limelight on her exceptionally beautiful face. An hourglass figure dressed in red, sequined gown is the grand finale of a lovely performance.



## THE BALLERINA

Alison Reeves

As the audience watched in awe, the ballerina danced across the stage with complete grace. Her long brown hair was swept into an immaculate bun with not one strand daring to come loose. Long, dark, fluttery eyelashes framed her large shining eyes. Her face was chiseled out perfectly, with sharp, strong, flawless features, as if a sculptor had done it. A look of proud determination and confidence exuded from her face. The ballerina's height and thin build made her appear fragile, but actually, an enormous amount of power filled her body. Pink leotards covered her perfect body. A matching, thin pink skirt rustled as she moved and seemed to float along. She wore white satin toe shoes with silky ribbons. The suppleness of her body and serene expression made her steps appear effortless when actually they took great strength for perfection. Her body arched and stretched. Dance exploded from within. She painted a lovely picture of agile coordination and strict dedication. The ballet ceased. Suddenly, the audience applauded. The ballerina slowly and gracefully courtesied and left the stage.

## HIDDEN BEAUTY

Anne Chen

The young boy's ample bulk covered the bench and obstructed most of it from view. He bent his head, and his limp, mousy hair hung straight and stringy. He lifted his hands to push it away from his eyes and shifted his thick, sturdy glasses back onto the bridge of his nose. Once again, he raised his hands and gently placed them on the piano. He leaned forward. His stout form became a chess piece that was ready to make its move. Sinewy, agile fingers spread over the keys. He felt the cold keys under his fingers. In a rush of emotion, his hands erupted into a whirlwind. The music, expressive and flowing, began. His fingers pounded at the keys in a seemingly impatient way, but the result was a beautiful melody. His body rocked with feeling, and his huge mountain of fat quivered and bobbed. With a slip of his fingers, his face contorted into a grimace. In a split second all expression was washed off his face. The thin lips set in a fine, straight line. The mood changed, and his fingers floated over the keys to end the music in a final crescendo. He rose to the tremendous applause, and his face broke into a smile.



## MUSIC FILLS THE AIR

Christi Bland

The concert pianist stands erect anticipating the opening of his first recital. Every muscle in his body is tense as he approaches the piano. The thunderous applause ceases as he sits down on the bench. The unrelaxed feeling fades away as he sinks into the velvety cushion. Silence is waiting to be broken. At first the music is just a murmur that fills the concert hall. Immediately, it grows deeper and fuller. It draws the audience out of its seats. Perspiration covers his forehead. His fingers move swiftly up and down the keyboard. As he brings the concert to a close, the tones grow fainter. The final chord is played. The pianist rises, and the audience is quickly on its feet. He looks at them with grateful eyes. The applause has faded, and the audience returns to its seats. All await the start of another beautiful performance. The sweet melodies of music will fill the air once more.

## STEREO SOUNDS

Chris Goehle

The boy depressed a button on his stereo and lowered the dust cover. He set the volume to his desired liking and dropped onto the bed. Adjustments were made to his pillow as he waited for the needle to drop. Soon, the music filled his head. The boy closed his eyes as the sound captured him. He trembled as the music played with his mind as images of colored lights danced through his head. Smoke poured into the room as the boy drifted. It was not smoke, it was fog calling him to leave his earthly confinements. He caught hold of a moonbeam and held on with all his might. That lone moonbeam guided him to the one point in the universe where time was still.

He stood up and looked into the sea of blackness. Dizzy, head filled with magic, he stumbled down the countryside. A worn path interested him. The boy smiled as a decision was made. Following the trail like a puppy at his master's feet, he walked on. He shielded his eyes as the sun broke over the distant mountains. The sound of a horse-drawn cart broke the silence of nature.

"Out of my way, peasant, or the king will have my head!"

"What king?" the boy inquired.

"What king! The great King Morlog. I am on my way to his castle."

"Do you care if I join you?" he asked.

"Be quick about it then!" replied the man.

The boy quickly climbed into the old man's cart. The castle rose like a huge mountain over the horizon. It grew even larger as the cart drew closer. The boy was very hungry, and as the cart went through the gates marking the king's royal garden, the boy saw an apple tree. Without thinking he jumped off the cart, picked an apple, and took a big bite.

"No!" screamed the old man, "Those apples are for the king only!" Immediately, three guards surrounded the boy. He tried to run, but it was to no avail. Within an hour the boy was in the town square on the execution stand. Hands tied and eyes blindfolded, he stood before the executioner who put the rope around his neck.

The lever was pulled, and the loud twang of a record player broke through as it shut off. The boy opened his eyes and walked over to the stereo. He lifted the dust cover and flipped the record to side two.



## THE SPIRIT OF TRANQUILITY

Sheri Davis



In a time not long ago and in a place not far from here, there was a town called Tranquility. Everyone in Tranquility was happy and peaceful. Their beautiful goddess protected their community and inspired a comfortable, satisfying life for everyone. All were in accord.

Then, one night when the community least expected it, evil spirits captured their goddess and placed her in a marble chest locked with four keys. They threw the chest into the sea. The four keys were then cast to the four corners of the earth. These had to be retrieved before their beautiful spirit would be freed, and Tranquility made a peaceful unity again.

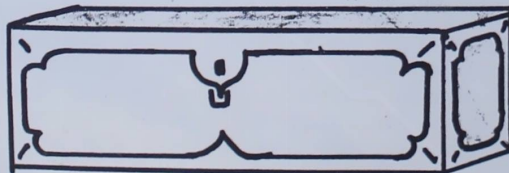
The town grieved and mourned because of the absence of unity that their goddess had given Tranquility. Every individual pondered and anticipated the answer to freeing their spirit. Although the spirit lived within them, the townspeople felt that there must be another, mightier spirit which would solve their problems. However, as time passed, they realized that the effort must be their own.

Therefore, a few individuals gathered together and made the detailed plans and map for retrieving the keys. Included in these few was a young boy in his eighteenth year. This young boy believed in the goddess. He knew that good overpowered evil. He volunteered, when no other would, to travel the seemingly unconquerable journey in order to gather the keys. Many thought him noble, but few believed he would return. The morning that the boy left, many doubtful feelings arose. Some of them almost overtook his determination, but he stood upon what he believed. He left Tranquility without looking back.

The first key was to be found in the deepest, darkest pit. The boy lowered himself slowly. He would not allow the instinctive fear to overtake him. He rationalized the task and its dangers. Therefore, he found and collected the first key skillfully.

The second key was to be found amongst evil creatures dwelling in the sea. This journey lasted a day and a night. Searching beneath the water, the boy used his knowledge and words to outwit and confuse the creatures which guarded the key. He gained possession of it and traveled onward to the forest of flames.

Here, the third key was located. Looking at this situation, he thought it seemed impossible, for he knew that he would not last long against such huge flames. Doubt and dis-



appointment overtook the young boy for a moment. He remembered his beautiful goddess. His spirit knew that the cause was worthy of his death. He then stepped into the forest. Immediately, the rain poured so fiercely that the flames were almost completely lowered. He quickly retrieved the key.

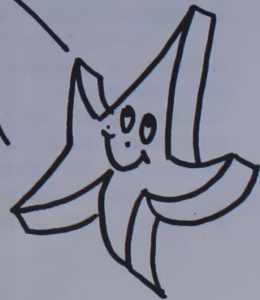
Rejoicing and singing, he reached and climbed the giant's footstool where the fourth key was to be found. The boy searched thoroughly, but he found nothing. He began to chop madly upon the mountain with his hand until it split in two. The fourth key was revealed.

Now, having all four keys in his possession, the brave boy marched triumphantly to the sea. He lifted the chest which enclosed his goddess. The townspeople waited eagerly as a body. Then, the boy opened the chest and freed the spirit of Tranquility.

A MAKE-BELIEVE WORLD

Jerri Foehrkolb

A star  
lights up the sky  
casting down many thoughts  
with imagination running wild. . .  
false hopes



A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE CRAZIEST KIND

Greg Dobrinich



On a quiet Friday night, as the world prepared for the weekend, a baker named Bubba Bigby prepared his weekend supply of doughnuts for his Saturday shoppers. The next day's special was to be a very special one- Diana Ross-shaped doughnuts. (Supremes doughnuts cost 20¢ extra.) If anyone was to open the back door of the bakery on that Friday night, he would quite distinctly hear a Diana Ross album being played on an old Victrola.

Bubba was quite lonely as he had lost his only friend, a teddy bear-shaped cookie cutter to a pair of villainous thieves six months earlier. Frying doughnuts on the hot stove, Bubba began to sing along with the songs in a low mumble. Suddenly, Bubba burst out and sang, "Stop! In the Name of Love!!!" Even the grease popped in unison with the melody.

Meanwhile, a lady named Rosie Bloom was in her nightly place, a phone booth on the corner of Elm and Bel-Air Boulevard and slipped into her usual red cape. With a sudden leap Rosie burst out of the phone booth. A housewife sentenced to life in curlers by day; Rosie had magically transformed from a housewife destined to appear in a television commercial to a super human being with just a snap of her bony fingers.

Rosie flew through the night air in her custom-built shopping cart, depositing quaint gifts down the chimneys of good children all over the city. Rosie's custom-built shopping cart has served as nightly transportation for Rosie for over twenty-five years. Rightfully, Rosie's shopping cart should have been put to rest along with the Edsel, but because President Reagan cut federal spending for Rosie's jaunts, Rosie has had to keep her old cart and have it repaired when broken, instead of buying a new one.

Rosie's cart had been acting strangely lately. As she passed over Bubba's bakery, Rosie noticed that her cart had begun to sputter uncontrollably, wheeze, cough, and nose-dive. In short Rosie was afraid for her dear life.

Fortunately for all children, Rosie landed safely on the bakery's awning which was made of cheap material. The cart was not damaged. Rosie was so very grateful to the owner of the bakery that she decided to climb onto the roof, visit with the pigeons, and slide down the chimney with the idea of dropping presents to the bakery's occupants.

What Rosie did not know was that she slid down the wrong chute. She landed directly in the oven where some Diana Ross

bread was baking. The timer rang. Bubba opened the oven door only to find Rosie's face where that of Diana Ross, should have been.

"Why don't you look like Diana Ross?" Bubba aske the loaf of bread.

"Why should I?" answered Rosie, the loaf of bread.

"Who are you?" Bubba inquired.

"Don't you know?" retorted Rosie.

"Why are you answering my questions with more questions?"

"Am I doing that?" Rosie asked.

This story is a factual legend. It is how, Rosie Bloom first met Bubba Bigby. They have lived happily ever after.

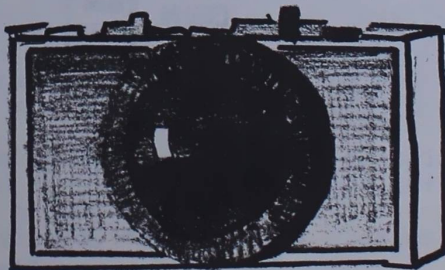
SMILE!

Chrissy Carlson

Rob Benton was a twenty three year-old professional photographer. He traveled around the world and took various pictures of famous people and places. He was very well-known, for many sought him and his photography. He had no special home because he didn't like to be confined.

In 1980 Robert went to take pictures in Colorado of all the beautiful mountain scenery and famous skiers for an outdoor magazine. While taking pictures one day, he became friends with an amateur photographer. Her name was Chari Spencer. Robert did not know Chari was really a private detective in Colorado. She was looking for an escaped criminal. Chari did not have an ordinary camera. It was really a gun disguised as a camera. This camera would shoot right at the subject of the picture. Chari was surprised at Rob's camera because it appeared to be the same type as hers. However, she knew she had the only gun-firing camera.

Rob and Chari went into a coffee shop. They placed their cameras in the middle of the table. After some conversation, the waitress came to the table and called Chari to the phone. When Chari returned, she was in a great hurry. Forgetting to look closely at both cameras and to identify her own, she grabbed one and hurried away. Later, Rob was in the mountains. Getting ready to take a picture of a famous skier, he said, "Smile!" as he pushed the button.



INVADED

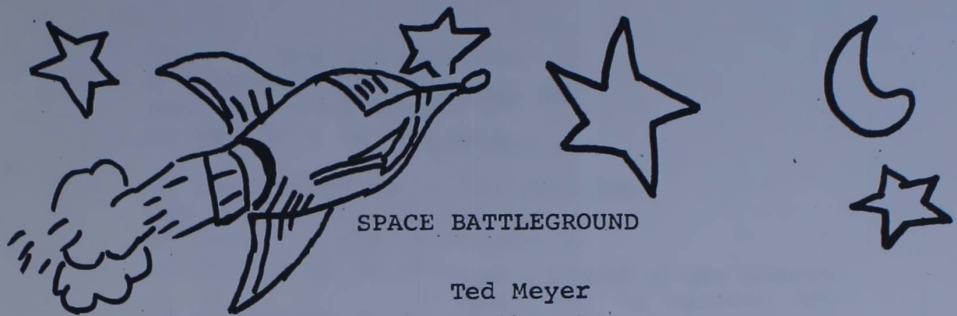
Chrissy Carlson

People are different, and everyone's changed!  
We've been taken over by electronic games!  
Keep a poor frog from getting hit by a car.  
Or take off to a galaxy light years afar!  
There is Pacman, Asteroids, Space Invaders too  
How to win at Donkey Kong, I have not a clue!  
Finish the homework, and don't be slow!  
It's off to the Atari we shall go!  
Normal T.V.'s out, for that's our decision  
We'd much rather play Intellivision!  
People are different, and everyone's changed!  
We've been taken over by electronic games!



INSERT  
COIN





The space ship took off cannons and all  
With the boy as it's leader the bad guys would fall  
"Asteroids approaching," a robotic voice said  
"Better watch out they're straight ahead!"

The boy switched the ship to manual control  
And headed his ship toward a great black hole.  
Quickly the boy spun the stick to the left,  
Swerved the ship and barely missed death.

Again, he swerved toward the kingdom of Zadar  
When something strange appeared on radar.  
It was the evil lord's star fleet--oh no, not again!  
He couldn't defeat them with a fleet of one-ten

He flipped a switch, and with dazzling display,  
He blew up the star fleet with his phaser ray.  
More appeared on his radar still,  
So he steadied the trigger and was ready to kill.

Lasers flew in a great long battle,  
He was hurt this time and his ship did rattle.  
Then, something happened, for it wasn't quite right,  
The evil lord's ship was in long range sight.

A one-on-one battle then took place.  
The evil lord Zadar versus our boy in space.  
The battle took an hour, or so it seemed.  
The guns on his ship overheated and steamed.

Suddenly with an explosion and a flash,  
Zadar made the boy twirl and crash.  
The boy was defeated, so he died  
To Heaven's gate he had a ride.

The boy walked away with great despair.  
He shouted to himself, "It's just not fair!"  
He made a groan, and wore a glum face.  
Then, he sighed, "I hate that arcade! I hate that  
place!"

## THE GAME

Pat Novotny

Johnny was a country boy  
Who labored in the field  
He planted and water throughout the day  
To get a hearty yield.

He lived his days peacefully  
No smoke or smog or such,  
And as for good old country air  
He couldn't get too much.

The only fun that Johnny had  
Was weekends at the store. . .  
Listening to the juke box  
And dancing on the floor.

He soon grew tired of this life;  
Each day became the same.  
He had to leave from this place  
And make himself a name!

Then came the day to pack his bags.  
He was ready to leave this place.  
So he stepped up on the Greyhound bus  
As a grin covered his face.

He passed the farm he grew up on  
And the stream he fished in as a boy.  
Remembering moments of his childhood  
Brought him thoughts of joy!

Then one evening after dark  
Something pierced the night.  
Flashing and scintillating in the distance  
Was a city bathed in light.

The city was filled with many cars  
And people moving about.  
Once he stepped off from the bus,  
The air was filled with shouts.

He walked into a night club  
To get a bite to eat.  
Strange noises came from within  
And laughter filled the air.

Then he saw the machine,  
A massive video game,  
And from that moment on  
He wouldn't be the same.

So he stepped up to the machine  
And placed his quarter in.  
He read all the instructions.  
He felt sure to win.

It didn't go quite as planned.  
The competition was soon lost.  
He swore that he would beat the game  
No matter what the cost.

For the next few weeks he played the game  
Pouring money in.  
He always had the feeling  
That he was sure to win.

His scores always got higher  
And his playing always got better.  
People knew him all around town.  
His folks knew him from his letters.

A person challenged him to play,  
For Johnny had a lot of fame.  
Johnny remembered his old promise;  
He would make himself a name.

He walked into the arcade,  
And the sounds came from within.  
All the machines beeped at once  
As if making fun of him.

He played real hard with all his might  
But to no avail.  
He was getting far behind  
He was destined to fail.

That next morning he packed his bags.  
His last game had been played.  
On the way to the station,  
He passed the old arcade.

Inside he saw the familiar game  
He had met on his roam,  
And he'll go dancing and then go fishing  
When he gets back home.



## KNOCKING ON DEATH'S DOOR

Bill Lamb

"Please, Mom, don't let them do that. Tell them to leave me alone. I would like to keep all of my body parts intact. I just know that something is going to go wrong. When they put me on that table and start cutting, I'm sure my heart is going to stop, or I'll quit breathing, or something else terrible is going to happen. Please don't let them do that to me."

"But honey," she replied, "You don't have anything to worry about. Having your tonsils out is no big deal. Lots of people have it done."

How do you expect a ten-year old, self-proclaimed paranoiac to understand this type of logic? I have had a severe dread of hospitals since my first ill-fated experience with one. I fell down and tore open a gash in my upper lip. Then, they rushed me to the emergency room. I took one look at the collection of assorted scissors and needles and fainted. I was out cold for almost an hour. With a record like this, how can they ever expect me to survive on the operating table?

No amount of explaining seemed to be able to convince them that my life was in grave danger. I even trudged to the local library to convince them that I was already suffering terribly from algophobia, belonephobia, hemotophobia, iatrophobia, nosophobia, and thanatophobia. Nothing worked.

I still had a week to go before the dreadful day, so I hadn't given up yet. My health seemed to make a sudden, unexpected turn for the better. My throat healed without a sign of soreness. The fever subsided, and last, but not least, I begged to go back to school! No one told me that even if I were to feel better, it was a good idea to have my tonsils out anyway.

After that incident, I began to give up hope. For the next few days, I saw my life flash before my eyes at least twenty-five times. The day before my last came and one final idea appeared in my mind. I convinced my mother that the doctor called and that he was too busy so he would have to postpone my surgery for a month. She actually believed it, and everything was going along fine until she asked me what the doctor's name was. I told her Dr. Welby.

The fateful day came. I fought back the tears at breakfast and felt extremely depressed over the fact that no one seemed to care that this day would be my last. We had planned to leave at ten-thirty in the morning because my operation was scheduled for twelve-thirty in the afternoon. I struggled

putting on my clothes; I tried to tell them that I would be too late and that the whole thing should be cancelled. That did not work.

We left precisely on time. On the way, I counted my blessings and begged forgiveness for my sins. I walked solemnly into the hospital and decided to courageously await my fate. The time for the final struggle came. Bravely, I climbed onto the ice-cold steel cart. They wheeled me to the operating room. I past the sick and dying who were holding on to a glimmer of hope. Arriving in the operating room, I took one look at all the machines with outstretched arms waiting to pounce on me and passed immediately into unconsciousness. No anesthesia was needed.

I have no recollection of any following events until early the next morning. Awakening, I heard a faint voice calling my name over and over. I thought it must be St. Peter calling me into Heaven. My eyes slowly opened. When they had adjusted to the light, I nearly went into shock. Who was staring down at me? My own mother! My own dear, sweet mother! I burst into tears of joy. "I'm alive! I'm alive!" I cried in ecstasy. Never had I experienced such a wonderful feeling. I had met death face to face and won!

#### THE DENTIST

Betsy Boedeker

Waiting, waiting,  
Worry, worry.  
Oh please, doctor,  
Hurry, hurry!

Your name is called,  
You walk right in.  
You sit in the chair  
With a nervous grin.

He looks in your mouth.  
Oh please, oh please!  
I beg of you  
No cavities!

He looks long and hard,  
And then he announces.  
Your joy can't be weighed  
In pounds or in ounces!



I'M LONELY

Christa Harris

Being unaccepted is black.  
It sounds like an empty room.  
It smells like a wilted flower.  
It tastes like a dry piece of bread.  
Being unaccepted feels like you're not even alive.

LONELINESS

Jerri Foehrkolb

Staring out the open window,  
Feeling empty inside,  
Looking at the many unfinished dreams,  
Trying to hide from reality,  
Wanting not to face the truth  
Wishing you could change their opinions of you.  
Having too much anxiety to go out there and make friends,  
You are afraid that you just might fail.

LAST NIGHT

Christa Harris

Last night was like a grey cloud amidst a blue sky;  
Like an empty cookie jar;  
Like a fading memory;  
Like too much time and nothing to do with it;  
Like a hungry child and a dying parent;  
Like a blank stare and an unbalanced mind;  
Like an unspoken word;  
Like a hollow body and a cancerous lung;  
Like an empty thought in opposition to a creative mind;  
Last night was like a never ending tunnel of blackness.

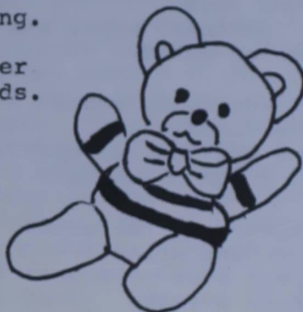
## THE TEMPER TANTRUM

Leslie Lammert

Run to my room, lock the door, collapse on the bed.  
Tears flowing bitterly and ceaselessly.  
The pain, the anger, the humiliation all let loose.

Now, there is no more anger;  
The tears begin to cease.  
A beautiful restful peace is felt throughout the body.

There is an urge to hold something.  
A need of comfort. . .  
There is teddy lying in the corner  
Thrown thoughtlessly like my words.



Liz Wing

In this world today,  
People just don't care.  
They keep everything to themselves  
Why can't they share?



## FRIGHT

Felicia Fifer

I saw fright clearly.  
He was thin and flaccid.  
He turned and trembled.  
I saw his yellow skin  
And heard him utter a shriek,  
And I felt worried.

## THE WEDDING CLOCK

Beth King

I came to live with him and her  
The day that they were wed,  
And every morning I'd alarm  
Beside their double bed.

Throughout the day I'd sit upon  
The old piano top,  
And I would show her pupils  
When it was time to stop.

When the babies came along  
It was my solemn task  
To time their feedings, naps, and such  
Without a question asked.

One day when I was being wound  
I fell upon the floor.  
My insides were all jumbled up;  
They thought I'd run no more.

I then was placed upon the shelf  
In a closet dark and drear,  
And there I spent alot of time;  
It must have been a year.

Another alarm was in my place  
Beside their double bed  
A new one sat on the piano,  
I wished that I were dead!

Once more happiness came my way  
For my mistress took me out  
And cleaned the closet up and down.  
I felt that I could shout!

That night my master oiled me  
And fixed my insides good.  
Then I ticked-Oh what a joy!  
I thought I never would.

Now, I don't sit on the piano top  
Or by their double bed,  
My honored place is the children's room  
To see their lessons read.

They love me too, because you see  
I am their very own  
My master gave me to their care  
To time them till they're grown.



## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TYPEWRITER

Minnie Ho

I am an IBM Selectric typewriter, and this is the story of my life. Long, long ago (this is the name of a song), on a planet far, far away, there lived a biologist name T. Y. peWriter. He was interested in spontaneous life and decided to create an entirely new species. Dirty, poor, and notorious for failure, T. Y. peWriter could not use an ordinary laboratory. He and his colleague, Dr. Frankenstein, went the farthest in their field in spite of their poverty. To get the parts for his creatures, T. Y. peWriter went to the nearest junkyard. I am a result of his scientific experiments. T. Y. peWriter was a genius. He had created a species who did not need to eat, drink, or sleep. Dr. Frankenstein publicized us widely, and the result was that seventeen Selectrics were sent to a dinky, weird school named Edwardsville (notice the vile) High School.

We were treated rottenly. Every minute of the day, a student would come and bang us until we were black and blue. They would abuse. They would hurt. They would torture. I am sick of it. T. Y. peWriter unfortunately gave us a sense of smell. Some of those brats don't wash their hands after eating lunch. I am supposed to be furthering the education of the students. At least they could invite some of us over for the weekend or holiday, especially Christmas. During those times, I must sit here all alone bolted to these desks. I am unable to move even if I had an itch on my back. Because of this, I have had plenty of time to learn to type (I wouldn't have learned anything by watching the students). I hope that this autobiography reaches the New York Times. I always wanted to be a syndicate reporter although I couldn't travel.

I am not miserable. However, I would like some rights. Remove some of those bolts from my back! I'm getting rusty there and I haven't had my tetanus shots recently. TYPEWRITER POSITIVELY WANTS POWER!



I USED TO BE

Felicia Fifer

I used to be  
A flower seed  
Waiting. . .  
For a planter  
To plant me in the earth,  
But now I am  
A flower,  
Reaching. . .  
For the sun.



THIS BLADE OF GRASS WON'T HURT ME

Mona Holt

If I were to compare myself with something, I would choose a blade of grass. Like the grass I am ornamental. My favorite seasons are spring and summer when I seem to come alive just as the grass does. The grass seems to enjoy stretching out in the warm summer sun just like me. A cool shower will refresh me when I am dry and hot. Like the grass I am resilient and dependable. I can bend when I must, but I will hold my ground. One can act like a lawn mower and cut me down, but wait awhile and I'll come back!



FLOWERS

Kelly Doolen

Fantastic flowers,  
Smelling fresh and looking bright,  
Decorate our world.

WAVES

Anne Minner

Waves come thundering,  
Crashing loudly on the beach,  
Then silently go.

THE STREAM

Amy Lancaster

A cool mountain stream  
Whispering through the tall trees.  
Rain soon breaks the hush.



SNOWFALL SYMPHONY

Roana Reckman

Snow falling gently, softly  
Floating lazily, until quietly blanketing the sleeping land.  
Snowflakes dancing on the air,  
Flirting with moonbeams  
Moonlight illuminating the scene,  
Setting the stage for a silent symphony of nature's  
Snowflakes

THE BUTTERFLY

Deanca Dickey



Smooth as a silk cloth,  
Graceful as the dancing winds,  
The butterfly glides.



# SEASONS



## FALL

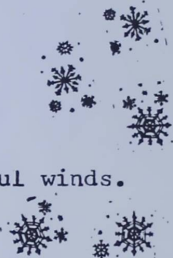
Kirsten Weingartner

Leaves fall on the earth  
As if to make a blanket  
That will keep her warm.

## WINTER

Marita Jason

The sky is dull gray.  
Snowflakes glide on frightful winds.  
The air is so cold.



## SPRING

Stacey Lynn

The earth warms once more  
Just as all hope seemed gone.  
Spring sings out again.

## SUMMER

Mona Holt

The trees are blooming.  
The air is getting warmer.  
Summer is coming.



THE FALL SCENE

Kelly Peterson

THE COMING OF WINTER

Anna Warren

The wind blows so softly,  
And the clouds begin to drift.  
The grass is moving sideways,  
And the leaves begin to lift.

The colors have all changed  
now;  
As the leaves begin to fall.  
I'm way up far above it;  
All the buildings look so  
small.

A bird begins to whistle;  
It sings a different tune.  
He's telling me the changes;  
It will be winter soon.

I see a glistening puddle  
With the look of a smooth lake.  
I watch a woman struggle  
With the leaves she tries to  
rake.

Winter comes too slowly  
As autumn lingers on,  
But snow will start to fall  
soon;  
I know it won't be long.

I look out the window  
And see the sun shining  
bright.  
The wind is blowing  
gently  
On the beautiful fall  
leaves.  
Two people walking hand  
in hand.  
So to life right now  
Reflects this scene  
The sunshine brightens  
people's lives.  
The slow gentle wind  
Sets a person's mind  
at ease  
To enjoy the beautiful  
fall scene.

A WINTER DAY

Teresa Johnson

I was looking out the window  
On a beautiful winter day.  
The wind was blowing softly  
Moving the leaves their usual  
way.

The sun was shining brightly  
Upon the window panes  
Drawing all the attention  
From all the dirty stains.

But I'm only looking for good;  
I'm not in the mood for bad.  
If things should stay this way:  
I will surely be glad.



THE MORNING SUN

Ellen Ladd

The woods were filled with a feeling of tranquility with only the sound of faraway birds and the sighing wind to break the silence. The blue of the sky was broken only by the birds flying gracefully with freedom. The plants and foliage that spread over the ground were lush and green. They were shaded by towering trees where birds spread their songs throughout the air. Hidden among the undergrowth and many flowers, a small clear pond reflected the picture of beauty around it with the ripples the wind had created. The sun rose. It peeked through the trees to see its reflection on the pond's surface. As if signalled by the coming of the sun, the woods came alive with movements and the sounds of many animals. Morning had broken.

THE SUNSET

Michelle Rogier

One lazy evening in late summer, I was sitting on my front porch looking out over the horizon. It had been a beautiful day, and it was a perfect night to watch the sun slowly set on the lake. The sun was a red and orange ball giving off beams of light that shone across the sky. The beams were different colors of yellow, orange, blue, and lavender. The colorful beams went out of the sun through white, fluffy clouds. The lake was calm and gentle except for the beams of color dancing on the surface. After a while of watching, I saw the sun silently disappear into the cool lake. The beams of light quietly followed. The sky became dark, and the stars shone. The curtains closed for the night.

PEACE

Carol Crabtree

The sun sets slowly.  
All nature is at rest now  
Through the countryside.

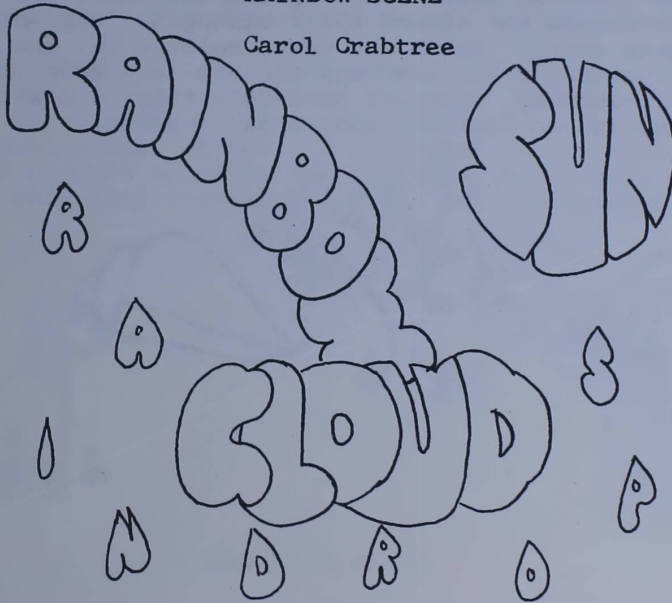
## RAINBOW

Gena Scheibel

While the rain is falling and the sun shines, there becomes visions of a spectrum in the sky. I stare at these colors for a long time. After a while the colors become clear. They are the most brilliant and beautiful colors: red, yellow, green, purple and blue. As I look at these colors, I feel that this is a sign of joy. Whenever I am low, a rainbow cheers me.

## RAINBOW SCENE

Carol Crabtree



## RAINBOWS

Anne Minner

Rainbows bring joy and gladness to the dark places of the earth. A person lying ill in the hospital sees a rainbow through the window, and a smile forms. A young child in the ghetto spots a faint rainbow through the smoke and smog and knows that there is a God who takes care of him. The streams of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet bring such great happiness. Thank you, God, for creating the glorious spectrum.

SEE

Mary Henderson

Have you ever been to the ocean? You should try it sometime. Try it someday when it is raining just enough so that the air is full of water. It should be a gentle rain that seems to come from the air instead of from the sky. Find a day like that, and go walk along a deserted beach where the sand is gray and covered with shells away from the beachhouses and the boardwalk. Take a walk there and watch the sandpipers and seagulls chasing the waves back to the sea, and then running from the incoming ones. Pick up the shells as you go. Observe their colors and admire their strength. Most of all, watch the whole scene. Watch the waves rolling in, the birds chasing and running from waves, and the shells displaying their beauty. Someday, when you have done this, you will understand what I can feel but cannot say.



FREEDOM

Dan Lumma

It's early morn as I step outside;  
Looks like a beautiful day for a ride.  
The late spring sun peaks through the trees,  
And over the hill blows a light cool breeze.  
This is the time of the year I like  
Just riding alone on my bike.

## DESTINATION FREEDOM

Jackie Ott

Dreaming of freedom, a long lost, lonely, lovable, mistreated, cocker spaniel sits in a grimy dogpound. One can almost see a tear in his droopy, puppy dog eyes as he sighs wearily and leans against the rusty gate. With one hard push he will go free. He takes a running start, slams open the gate, and bounds in hurried strides toward the bustling highway. Yet, little dogs are not aware of the beasts that are on the highways.

As he flees the pound, he ponders his future. "I shall run and run until I have reached my destiny! No pounds! No slave owners! No whippings!" Suddenly, there is a screech and a thud. Then, a moan echoes. A neglected cocker spaniel lays in a pool of crimson blood on the highway. He writhes in agony. Soon, he will feel nothing and reach his destination, freedom.



## ABANDONED PUPPY

Karen Farmer

The afternoon wind was blowing softly while a German shepherd puppy scampered through a plush carpet of spring green grass. His short, stubby limbs carried him awkwardly. One tan spotted ear hung lazily down the side of his chubby, innocent face giving him a quizzical, unknowing look. A fallen leaf strolled casually by causing a new, rushed excitement to flow through his plump, unproportional body. Jumping from side to side, the vivacious puppy barked with a squeaky whine. He hoped to receive an interested response from the ignoring leaf. Without warning the blowing breeze gathered strength and carried the puppy's attention beyond reach. Dejected, the unfortunate puppy hung his head low and wobbled his way with a slight hope of catching a playmate.

## MOURNING MEADOW

Jennifer Huch

The meadow lay silent again. Doe dared not stir from her hiding place for fear that the two-legged creatures still lingered in a shadow or behind the aging oaks. She sensed that they were waiting and watching. They were eager to cast a shroud of death upon her gay meadow and shatter the peace that Doe and her brother had enjoyed in the dewy mornings.

Doe had been fortunate, but as she stood in her lush haven and looked upon the area which was still moist and red from her brother's blood, fear and pain gripped her heart like an iron band. "Was it real?" she asked herself. Had these creatures really charged from the forest walls, surrounded her young brother, and gathered their weapons to fire on him as he grazed from the meadow floor? Were the thundering sounds and the blazing fire that tore at her brother's chest all reality? She again fixed her gaze upon the area of meadow that was red with blood, and the echoes of her brother's terror returned and filled her memory. As quickly as the hideous thunder had sounded, the pitiful sounds of her dear brother followed. His sounds were first of the pain that ripped his belly and mangled his fine, brown coat. His whole side turned into a running, crimson river that poured forth from his flesh like a fountain. Then, the faint cries begging Doe to flee for her life came. Doe's first impulse was to run to his side and do for him what she could, but the sounds of the creatures drove her into the concealment of the brush that surrounded her meadow.

She cautiously stepped forth from her asylum and moved toward the darkened spot where her loved one had last lain. She sniffed at it, and the iron bands tightened in her breast. So young! So free! Yet, he was murdered because of his innocence and destroyed because of his freedom.

One creature's death for another's life. One creature's blood for another's gain. Doe hung her head and wept.



## UNICORN

Karla Gregory

Gleaming mane,  
Glowing softly in the sun's fading light.  
Now is your time to play.  
The moon rises slowly,  
As glorious in beauty as yourself.  
You run freely through the plains,  
Charging towards invisible enemies,  
Playing tag with the shadows.  
No man has tamed you,  
Though many have tried.  
You thoroughly enjoy the peace  
That comes to you at night.  
The world is yours,  
If only for a few hours.  
Slowly, others of your kind come to greet you.  
They too enjoy the freedom,  
That the night brings.  
You romp through the forests,  
Nipping playfully at one another.  
Then, comes the dawn,  
A sign that you must rest,  
Only to prepare for the next glorious night  
That awaits you.



## HORSES

Felicia Fifer

Running in the wind,  
Very wild and very free,  
Through the open fields.



## REFLECTIONS

Cynthia Beatty

He stood motionless and stared fixedly into the horizon. As he traveled back into his memories, he left his familiar pasture and his tired old body. His mind traveled back in time to scarcely remembered but never forgotten sights and smells. He felt a rush of fear and newness, Then, instant security filled him as he remembered the day of his birth and the first touch of his mother. Pictures flew through his mind as he saw himself running through the pasture to test his body as all young creatures do. His heart broke for the thousandth time as he again experienced the terror and betrayal of the separation from his mother. Stoic pride filled his soul as he remembered learning to trust himself and to stand on his own. His heart soared as he felt the touch of the little girl's hand who first taught him trust in human beings. Fear, suspicion, wariness, and finally acceptance filled his mind and spirit as he saw himself being handled and ridden for the first time. Though the people that imprisoned him were kind and gentle, he grew old enough to understand his loss of freedom and to grieve for this loss. Some of the spirit of his childhood left his eyes then. Fierce competitiveness and determination invaded his memories as he again felt the excitement of his show jumping days. His heart filled with pride as he recalled the whispers of people as he walked by. They would point and say, "Now, there goes a truly great horse!" His mind was filled with sadness but his legs with quiet relief as the triumphant day of his retirement ran through his mind. It was at that time, he guessed, when the first pangs of loneliness swept through his mind as he remembered wondering if this was his only repayment for his many devoted years. Heartbreak but then acceptance coursed through his body as he realized that he had been forgotten. He jumped, with a start, back into his own, old body as his memories ran dry. The present rudely invaded his dreams, and the inevitable future was breathing down his neck. With a sigh the wise, old horse realized that though he had been forgotten, he'd made his mark upon the world, and with this proud realization he accepted the final stage of his life

## THE RACE

Denanne Savoca

The horse race was a mixture of excitement, color, the agony of defeat, and the joy of victory. The tiny, slim jockey led his horse, Moonbeam, into the starting gate. As they came closer and closer, their excitement grew. Everyone could sense the tension. Once they reached the starting gate, the jockey climbed upon the young stud's back and got into position. Moonbeam could sense that the time was coming soon and started whinnying with excitement. His jockey stroked his neck to settle him.

Then, the gun was shot with a loud bang. Moonbeam leaped out of the gate at the sound of the gun. He was not fast enough, for they were in fifth place. The crowd started shouting. Moonbeam's jockey was in his shiny white top with one red stripe down each leg. He leaned down and, sensitively, but firmly, placed the whip on the horse's hind quarters to encourage him to go faster. The sun was beating down, and there was a slight breeze. However, the breeze only made matters worse because it would just pick up the dust and throw it into the jockey's face. As they reached the first turn, the horse and jockey moved as though they were one object. The determination of winning was on the jockey's face.

After the turn they were in third place. Now, the straight away was all that was left. Moonbeam's jockey crouched down as low as he could now so that there was not as much wind resistance. The jockey's dark, rough hands let out more rein. The sound of thundering hooves became louder. Sweat was dripping off of Moonbeam's black silk coat, and in his eyes came a look of determination. There was only 500 yards to go, and Moonbeam and number seven were neck to neck, but as the finish line crawled closer and closer, Moonbeam gave it all he had, and they won!

The jockey then flipped off his small red cap and let the wind play with his wetted down auburn hair. The excitement and joy could be seen by the jockey's face, and by the way Moonbeam pranced into the winners' circle. A chain of red, sweet smelling roses was placed around Moonbeam's neck, and a golden cup was given to the jockey. The joy of victory was theirs, and their first race was won!

**We are number one!**

## A GOLDEN MOMENT

Darcy Gregor



As I looked, I saw the familiar face of the girl whom I probably hated the most at that moment. Her name was Cheri Geil, and she was my competitor. I guess I did not exactly hate her; I just resented the fact that she always walked away with the gold medal and that I always won the silver one. Race after race, she performed better than I, and soon, I found myself obsessed with the thought of finishing ahead of her. Suddenly, our eyes met, and we exchanged dismal smiles which were definitely forced. Since we were competitors, it was impossible to be friends. I always wondered why competitors could not be friends, but it just never worked out that way.

It was late August, and the afternoon seemed perfect for the competition. Walking onto the pool deck, I realized my intense nervousness. I felt as though the entire population of butterflies was fluttering inside my stomach, and there was nothing I could do to stop them. It was the last swimming meet of the season, and it was the one for which I had spent many long hours training. I had recently joined a new team, and my performance would prove whether I was right for the team or the team for me. I was not only nervous, but also petrified!

The meet finally started, but I knew I had a long wait ahead of me; my event, the 200 meter individual medley, was the last event of the evening. As I waited, I looked at the many people who came to the meet. I spotted my parents. They were my most loyal fans, always cheering me on and giving me encouragement. I could not bear the thought of disappointing them. Then, there were the officials. They just sat smiling. They were socializing and enjoying the free coffee and donuts. It mattered very little to them who won or lost. They could not possibly understand what each athlete was going through. Every swimmer wanted to win, but only one person would achieve.

Then, I heard the starter call my event to the blocks. As I waited for my particular heat to be summoned, I thought of all the hours I spent in the pool to train for this moment. I thought of all the pain I went through, and I remembered the nights I could barely walk because of my legs hurt so badly. I began stretching to clear my mind of all thoughts when she walked over. Cheri looked as fierce as ever and, of course, she had to be in the lane right next to me. I just kept stretching my muscles. I wanted them loose so they would perform at

their best.

My coach walked over and briefed me on the way I was to execute my swim. He must have read my thoughts, for he always knew the right words to say. He told me to forget about my competition and to swim my own race. The butterflies that had previously invaded my insides were hardly noticeable. They were still there; however, I did feel a little better. I looked over at Cheri. Was she nervous? Did she ever have any doubts? She always looked so calm and collected. I was certain that I looked like a wreck. My coach shouted a few encouraging words to me, and then, the starter called us to our mark. The gun fired, and a tingling sensation swept through my body as I hit the water. I do not actually recall what happened during the race, but I do remember the finish. I swam towards the wall with all my might. When I reached it, I turned immediately to the lane next to me. She was not there. She had not yet finished. I quickly looked towards my coach, who was running hysterically along the side of the pool. It then dawned on me that I had actually won! With my remaining strength, I jumped out of the water and hugged my coach. People were congratulating me from all directions. I had won races before, but I had never beaten Cheri Geil. The strangest feeling came over me. It was the feeling of success. I had won the big one!

I have swum many races since that day, and Cheri has won more of those races than I. I know now that there are many benefits a competitor gains other than winning. Swimming promotes good health, friendships, self-discipline, dedication, and sportsmanship, but if I were to be truly honest, I would know that it promoted something even greater in me, and that was the sweet taste of victory.

WINNING IS EVERYTHING

Jackie Watsek



The race begins. As the seconds on the clock tick away, adrenalin pumps throughout my body. I give it all I have got and more. I know that a true athlete is 98% perspiration and 2% inspiration. I want this race and have to make it happen for myself, so I make my body move faster and harder. Although it seems as if I have been running for hours in all probability it has only been thirty seconds. Twenty-five feet from the finish line, I begin to hear the patter of footsteps behind me and know that I must do better than my best. I have to give it more than 100%. I see the ribbon at the finish line and surge ahead. Softly, something brushes against my chest. It's over and I've won! I am truly the best, but this victory means more than that. I pushed my body to the limit and survived, but most importantly, I won!



## B. B. KING: OUR HERO



Cindy Kasten

He was a senior at Edwardsville High School, and everyone looked up to him. He was 6' 9". That year he was Homecoming King, and the girls stood in line waiting to dance with him. He was "Mr. It" to both the girls and the boys. Everyone admired him for several different reasons. Who was this man? They called him B. B. King.

He acquired the nickname when he moved to Edwardsville and attended the seventh grade at Edwardsville Junior High School. He was 6' 1" and considered the basketball king. No one could catch him when he got the ball, dribbled it down the court, and dunked the ball through the hoop. In all the years that he played basketball, he seldom missed a basket and never stole a ball from another player. He felt that stealing the ball was unfair play. If one of his teammates stole the ball and threw it to B. B. King, he gave it back to the opponent.

Besides his speed and accuracy in basketball, he was academically superb. Once he read something in a textbook, that information was stored in his brain forever. He was never known to study for a test or take a book home. Evelyn Wood took reading lessons from him. He always received a perfect paper on Mr. French's geometry tests and could solve a proof faster than Mr. French himself.

One day B. B. King asked Mr. French to give him any geometry problem, and he would solve it in five minutes or less. Mr. French, thinking he would outsmart his student, gave him a geometry problem considered unsolvable to math experts. The second Mr. French handed him the problem, B. B. King, running through all the theorems in his mind, started working on it. One minute, two minutes, three minutes, four minutes passed. Mr. French was sure he had B. B. King, boy genius, stumped. Four minutes and 43 seconds, 44 seconds, 45 seconds, 46 seconds at last. B. B. King had the solution. Mr. French was amazed. It simply was not possible. How could he have done it? His solution seemed logical, though.

Mr. French sent the solution to experts, and it was confirmed. B. B. was correct. Within the next two weeks, he received money from various math organizations, trophies, medals, and full scholarships to almost every college in the United States.

One month later, the Edwardsville High track team went to state finals. B. B. King broke the shot put throwing world record of 22.00 meters by throwing an incredible 26.78 meters.

News of his performance traveled fast. Television camera crews from surrounding news stations were on the scene before his second event, the 440-yard hurdles. Again, he broke the record of 48.7 seconds by finishing with a time of 39.7 seconds. Special news bulletins were immediately broadcasted with exciting details.

The one mile run was B. B. King's third and final event. The world record was recorded at 3 minutes and 32.2 seconds, but King ran it in 2 minutes and 15.3 seconds. Within three hours the entire world had heard of this incredible young man and full sports scholarships were offered.

When asked how he did it, he replied, "I don't know. I'm just fast, that's all."

That winter, the Edwardsville Tigers basketball team went to state finals against the Collinsville Kahoks, Edwardsville's rivalry. Basketball was King's favorite sport, and therefore he tried his best to win, but win fairly. He did not believe in stealing the ball, tripping, or elbowing an opponent. It simply was not fair.

There were only 2 seconds left in the game, and the Kahoks were ahead 73 to 72. B. B. King played with superb skill, but his teammates were clumsy this particular night. He had little or no help at all. King was dribbling down the court when a Kahok deliberately tripped him. He fell hard, and pain instantly shot through his leg. The team's doctor examined his leg and said it was broken in two places. It was swelling fast, and the pain was immense. The doctor recommended that he be taken out of the game, but the referee called a one on one technical. B. B. King was to get one or two possible free throws.

It was up to him. He could be replaced by a teammate and risk losing the state championship to their rivals or go out on his broken leg and shoot himself. Could he withstand the pain?

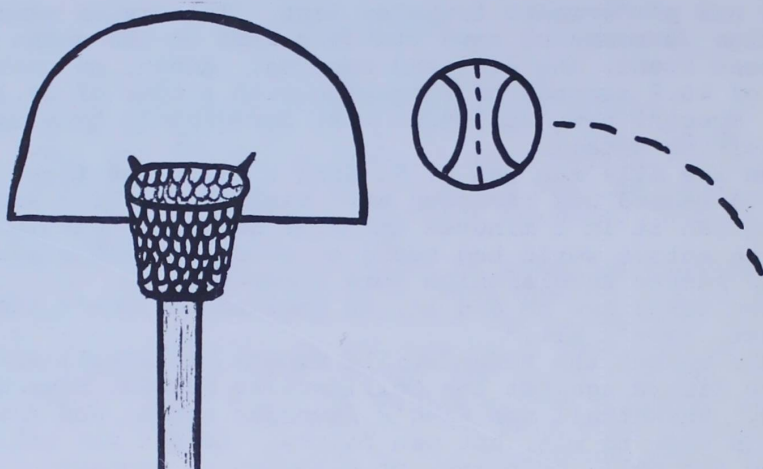
King turned to the crowd and yelled, "Get ready to celebrate, Tiger fans!" The gym floor shook with cheers for King.

He limped to the free throw line with pain shooting through his leg with every step. He aimed the ball and threw it, and it went straight through without touching the rim. The crowd roared. The score was now 73 to 73. He needed one more basket to win. He aimed, took a deep breath, and threw. The ball went around and around the rim, undecidingly. The whole crowd held their breath. Finally, it fell in. The Tigers had won. Within seconds, the gym floor was filled with happy fans, shouting B. B. King's name.

Today, ten years after that night, B. B. King still lives. He is now coaching ten-year-old kids who want to be basketball



stars someday. He has set up a scholarship programs for basketball players only. One talented boy a year receives a full scholarship to a college of his choice in hopes of becoming a hero.



MVP

Tracy Dunaway

The player stood unguarded on the court. Being six feet eleven inches, he towered over everyone. His short jet black hair feathered back perfectly. His muscular body seemed like a brick wall, and his dangling arms and bird-like legs looked out of proportion with the rest of his body. He looked very clumsy. A stranger would never believe those arms could catch a ball, or that his bird legs could run at great speeds. As he went down the court, he looked as though he would fall trying to take his next step. As he ran, the ball came flying toward him at high velocity. The ball bounced before it got to him. His hands, like wild birds, flew out and grabbed it. As he dribbled down the court, he tried with no avail to evade all of his opponents. At the free-throw line the other team made an impenetrable barrier around him. With only five seconds left on the clock, he needed to make the shot to keep the game from going into overtime. The ball went up and came through the hoop. The buzzer triggered the violent applause of the ecstatic home crowd. Their team had just won the high school state basketball championship thanks to the most valuable player.



## ON THE MOUND



Troy Burrus

A broad shouldered, muscular legged pitcher sweats it out on the mound as he reigns over the diamond like a king over his kingdom. He towers above the batter. Sweat glistens in the hot sun as it rolls down his face. His uniform is darkened from the sweat that has been soaked up into the layers of material.

His apparent control of the situation does not reflect his inner feelings. In his mind he thinks of the threat of the batter at the plate. Whether to throw the ball fast, slow, straight, or curved are the questions. He thinks about the runners on the bases. Are they going to steal? Will they just take a long leadoff?

The moment of truth has arrived. The pitcher takes a deep breath, winds up, and hurls the ball toward the batter. The batter swings; he connects. A sharp ground ball is hit to the left of the pitcher. The pitcher, using his quick reflexes, takes two steps and dives for the ball. He feels the ball in his glove trying to escape like a wild animal from a trap. Spectators saw him breathe a great sigh of relief, get up, and passively trot over to first base. He taps the bag with his foot. Arms are flailed skyward as a large grin stretches from one side of his face to the other.

SPORTS SPORTS SPORTS SPORTS SPORTS SPORTS SPORTS SPORTS

## A SPECIAL TRIUMPH

Jerri Foehrkolb

Angela Porthright came to her last jump that would lead her to the gold medal of the Olympic figureskating. As she picked up speed to do her double-axle, her movements remained smooth and graceful. Her thin body glided on the ice with her silky, blonde hair sparkling in the light. As she approached the climax of her routine, she showed stress as if struggling to live. Beads of sweat dripped from her forehead. With every one of her expressions her movements became increasingly distinct. Her gestures had so many meanings. To win was one of them! Looking at Angela, one could tell her movements showed what she felt. She took her first jump into the double-axle and her body leaped to a tremendous height into the air. In her eyes one could see her glory. Twisting through the air, she showed a great talent for skating. She came down with a soft glide. Her smile went from ear to ear and her eyes sparkled like a beam of light.



## THE PRESSURE GAME

Steve Woods

A football pro was his trade.  
He caught all the passes that were made.  
His job was to know every play.  
That the football team would perfect every day.

The team strived to go so far.  
To get their techniques up to par.  
They wanted to go all the way,  
And they won their games every day.

They finally reached their challenging goal.  
They made it to the Super Bowl.  
It was their most long awaited dream  
To beat the other vicious team.

Oh, at last, that big day came.  
The football pro should play his best game.  
The team wanted so deeply to win  
The team came on the field with one big grin.

The spectators gave a roar and a cheer.  
The players acknowledged each applauding tier.  
The sun was bright on this golden day.  
The game was only seconds away.

At first, the team was winning by a goal.  
They scored again and were on a roll.  
At last, the opposition was routed.  
They would go ahead; that was not doubted.

The time was soon running down.  
The fans were sitting in the stands with a frown.  
The time is now for the team to score,  
And the team wished they had scored some more.

The team had called for time out.  
The play the coach called was a down and out.  
The play resumed on the field.  
The pro's team was not going to yield.

The ball was hiked.  
The linemen fight!  
There was still a small chance.  
The quarterback saw the pro with a glance.

The quarterback threw the ball.  
It's a shame the football pro let the ball fall.  
The football pro had lost the game.  
It was he the team had to blame.



## MAN VERSUS MOUNTAIN

Jeff Hyten

A world class skier is moving swiftly down a snow-covered mountain. A young, muscular, windburned skier fluently and flawlessly performs his art in front of hundreds of onlooking spectators. In brilliant shades of red and blue, the skier swooshes past tall, sweet-scented evergreens. This is quite a memorable sight.

The snow which falls everywhere makes the air cool and crisp. The wind blows softly through the trees. Towards the horizon the mountains blend with the sky. No one notices the surroundings. All eyes are focused on the racer.

The tall, lanky skier seems to be passing with lightning speed. As the skier tries desperately to save time, he tucks himself into a little ball. At an angle he looks to be a brightly colored cannonball racing to its mark. He is racing against nature; man versus mountain.





## YOUTHFUL FOLLIES

Samantha Paolucci



It was a cool, breezy midsummer's eve. Nicole sighed as she walked lethargically down the railroad ties that her father had laid as steps, winding down from their summer cottage to the beach. The diminutive house that her family resided in over the late summer months was located high up on a jagged cliff which dropped off into nowhere. Only the churning ocean lay below, but that did not provide much of a cushion if someone fell or was pushed. Nicole remembered that the large rocks jutting out of the water would kill someone instantly. She quickly tried to push that terrible incident out of her mind, but the thought of that innocent little girl screaming in terror kept pounding into her head.

Nicole was fourteen when it happened. Seven years ago, she had been a captivating girl with long, wavy, dark hair and emerald green eyes. She was gregarious with everyone. The lines of worry and guilt had marred her once lovely appearance.

It was hard to believe seven years had passed since that awful occurrence. She had kept that terrifying night out of her thoughts. Now, everything came flooding back.

The night had been much like tonight except later in the year. It was October thirty-first, Halloween. How she had loved Halloween: dressing up in costumes, playing tricks on adults, and spooking younger kids. That particular Halloween was special to Nicole. She and her boyfriend, Randy, had only been going together for one week. They were to spend Halloween with each other at a party with some friends, and later, they were going to spook the neighborhood. She could not believe how well she and Randy were getting along.

Nicole remembered all the details perfectly. She was wearing a sensational costume. She was dressed like a witch with a black cape and pointed hat. Going incognito, too, Randy wore one of those skeleton, glow-in-the-dark outfits. The two of them made quite a pair.

Laughing with each other, Randy and Nicole were walking down a street by her summer home when a group of small kids came. They were dressed up in a variety of clothes. There seemed to be one child hanging back from the crowd. Nicole remembered from past Halloweens that it is always more fun to pick on the shy one of the group, so she and Randy set out to spook the little girl.

## THE GANG

Andrea Williams

It was a typical summer morning when Ann and her parents were helping the movers carry the furniture in the new apartment in New York City. Ann and her parents were from Tahliquah, a small residential area in Oklahoma. Her parents had decided to move to New York when her dad was offered a position in an architectural firm. Ann hated moving to New York because all of her friends were in Oklahoma, and she thought she would never make any friends in the few days before school resumed.

After her mother had the apartment decorated, Ann did nothing but mope. Every now and then, she went exploring through the city.

While she was walking through Central Park one day, she saw a little boy in a tree. She walked over and helped the little boy from the tree. While she was helping the boy, a group of teenagers known as the "Devil's Angels" gathered around her. The leader of the gang, Mario, was a tough looking boy of fourteen. He asked Ann why she had helped the boy. Bewildered, Ann said that the boy needed help. Then, Mario told Ann that he and the gang had put the little boy in the tree because the boy was bothering them. For about fifteen minutes, Ann and Mario went on talking. Suddenly, Ann pushed one of the gangsters out of her way and ran home. When Ann got home, she told her mother about everything that had happened on her venture to the park.

It was only one day before school resumed. Ann feared going to school because she didn't want to meet the gang. The first day of school came. Ann was scared to death. She made it through her first three classes. Then, she went to lunch. She found her way to the cafeteria, got her lunch and sat down at a table by herself. Five minutes after she sat down, the "Devil's Angels" entered.



## THE BASEBALL

Kelly Doolen



One sunny Saturday, an unknown boy stood staring at a two-story house. In one hand he clutched a baseball, and in the other a baseball glove. His small, freckled nose wrinkled, and his head tilted to make him appear as if he were considering something. Suddenly, the arm grasping the ball cocked back and sent the round object catapulting toward the house. The ball bolted back from the structure. The next second, the child was in the air and had captured the ball in his mitt. Again, the ball sped toward the house. The loud, clattering noise indicated the broken window. The boy's green eyes grew wide, and his lower jaw dropped when he realized what he had done. His short brown hair flew in the wind as he turned and scurried away.



OOPS, WATCH OUT FOR THE WALL

Kay Wisnasky

Candy skated with her long blonde hair flying behind her. She looked beautiful. Her gracefulness showed that she skated frequently. Candy's small, thin, figure appeared as a silhouette on the wall behind her. The shiny wheels on her new skates glowed in the dim rink as she jumped into an axle. She appeared very close to the wall and rolled closer still! Candy must have misjudged the distance because she flew right into the wall! The collision threw her backwards, and everyone screamed as she lay on the floor. After a few minutes, Candy regained her consciousness, and she stood up. The crowd cheered happily, and Candy whirled into her last axle.

## A LONG WAY HOME

Kristi Kline

As she stepped off the enormous, bright yellow school bus, she turned around to wave goodbye to her bus driver. Walking down the narrow dirt road, she stepped through a mud puddle and splashed her bright red tennis shoes and socks with the slush within the puddle. While taking every step carefully to make sure not to step in another mud puddle, she clumsily tripped over a long, bumpy root in the road and dropped all of her school books onto the filthy, country road. Bending down to pick them up, her faded blue jeans split right in the rear. Taking her light blue windbreaker off her shoulders, she tied it around her petite waist in order to hide the extremely large split. After she had her books in her short arms once again, the wire on her notebook ripped her dark blue, double-knit sweater. Struggling a few minutes to get it untangled, she glanced up to find that her small but pleasant home was not far away, and she thought of the relief of being home.

## RIDING THE STORM

Dan Lumma

On a bitterly cold winter day Joe had to make it home on his bike before the big storm. The frigid wind bit at his exposed skin as he walked his bike to the backwoods trail. While Joe got on his bike, he noticed the clouds rolling from the west. He had to get home fast. He started to pedal with increasing speed as he progressed. The freezing temperature made it all but impossible to go any further, but he persisted. With his journey half over he could almost feel the warmth of home. Suddenly, a twig snatched his hat. The hat fell to the ground behind him. He did not stop to go back and get it. Joe felt certain that he would freeze now. The snow that had already begun falling made visibility extremely low. Joe had to call on every ounce of strength left in his body to go on. Then, he faintly saw his house which was not more than one hundred yards away. He had survived the storm!

## HOMELESS

Melissa Long

Amber was studying in her room when she heard her grandma call her. She put her books away and slowly descended the stairs to the living room. She sat on the sofa next to Grandpa. She looked at both her grandparents. They had worried expressions on their faces.

The next question startled Amber. Her grandma asked, "Do you like living here?"

Certainly, she liked living there. She loved her grandparents very much and had lived with them for as long as she could remember. Her parents were killed in a car accident shortly after she was born.

"Of course, I like living here!" she exclaimed. "Why do you want to know?"

Grandpa began, "Whether or not you realize it, your grandma and I are growing old. We feel that on our small pension, we could not provide a good home for you in the future."

Grandma went on, "How can we send you to college when we can barely pay our bills? Your grandfather and I want you to have everything you need and wish for, but we are afraid that is not possible. As much as we hate to tell you, the state feels we cannot provide a good enough home for you. They want us to put you into a foster home until good adoptive parents are found."

Grandma went on and on, but Amber was too shocked and hurt to listen.

## LOSING

Susanna Woodard

All eyes are glued to a starting point. A bell is rung and a tiny, startled girl leaps to her feet. Wide eyes and a pony-tailed head move slowly in a small circular motion. Her eyes grow wider by the minute.

A large fatherly figure sits next to the youngster. He watches her and not the race. Hoping it would make her extremely happy, he bought her the race horse. By the expression on her face, it is easy to see that her horse is winning.

As he watches she changes her expression. The race ends and the child's eyes droop as she watches a sad jockey lead her horse off the field. She frowns and sniffles slightly. Sitting dejectedly in her chair, a miniature fist wipes a tearful eye.

Two small tears run down a red and splotchy face. Father-

ly hands sweep the young child into a warm embrace. Strong aftershave penetrates the infant's nose as she sobs into her father's square shoulders.

This hurts him deeply. He tries to provide her with words of comfort: he cannot speak. His gift has saddened her. Wiping a tear from his eye, he stands to exit. The big moment has ended.

## PARENTS

Jackie Watsek

Brent was an exceptional athlete and loved all sports. The only time he was truly happy was when he was participating in sports. He was the captain of the football, baseball, soccer, and basketball teams of his high school. He wanted to continue his education and twenty colleges were willing to give him an athletic scholarship. However, his father wanted him to follow in his footsteps and become a doctor. Brent chose to go to Notre Dame and continue his studies to please his father. Against his father's wishes he tried out for the basketball team and made first-string. He was starting at guard and wasn't going to tell his father. Brent averaged twelve points per game, led the conference in steals, and was second on the team with assists. He was the talk of the town and a friend of his father's saw a news item about him and called his father. Later that night, when Brent called his father, the two had a heated argument. Brent tried to explain that he was only happy when he was playing basketball. To no avail, his father would not speak to him. As the years passed, Brent signed with a professional basketball team. Three years had passed and his father had still not talked to Brent. Brent was not really happy.





## TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS

Marita Jason

They did not know each other. Sam Elliot was a happy man. Sally Peterson was a sad little girl. Sam was a forty-two year old bachelor. Sally was a nine-year old grade school student. Sam was among the hardest working employees at Allied Insurance Company. Sally was among the most mediocre students at Glendale Elementary School. Sam spent his evenings socializing at local bars. Sally spent her evenings watching television alone. Their worlds were separated by more than fifty city blocks and thirty-three years. Fate played another strange trick. Their worlds collided.

It was Friday. Sam arrived at the office at seven fifty-five in the morning. Usually a model employee, Sam had trouble concentrating on his daily routine. Anxiously, he watched the clock all day, and each minute seemed to pass more slowly than the one before it. At three o' clock, anxiety overtook him. He feigned illness so that he had a good excuse to leave work early. Mistakenly believing he had a female audience, Sam cast flirtatious glances at the young file clerks. His roving eyes hinted the message, "Thank you, girls, but please, no applause."

Sam had a date tonight. He put on his favorite black and white plaid suit, black shirt, white tie, and white shoes. He stopped at his favorite bar to brag about the great time he was certain to have this night. Perching his 285 pound body on a bar stool, he made a sultry pass at a blonde who ignored him. "What's her problem," he thought. After several drinks and endless chatter about political affairs, Sam noticed that it was five o' clock. It was almost time to pick up his date.

Meanwhile, Sally stared blankly at a series of cartoon reruns. She did not laugh at the silly antics. Sally never played with the other children in the neighborhood. In fact, she barely spoke to anyone. The psychiatrist had said that was to be expected. Her mother had divorced and remarried. Hating her stepfather, Sally never forgave her mother for marrying him. Her real father had followed his career overseas. He had clearly indicated that a little girl would only be in his way. Sally withdrew, and the television became her only friend.

On this particular day, Mrs. Peterson interrupted her daughter's daily viewing of reruns. "Go to the grocery and get some bread for dinner," she said in an unaffectionate tone. Sally only responded with her blank stare. Growing impatient, Mrs. Peterson threw a five dollar bill at the child and stormed out of the room. Sally did not express her anger at being torn away from her regular shows. Her blue eyes emitted nothing but a sense of cool indifference. She grabbed her red jacket and headed for the store.

As Sally, eyes cast downward, crossed the intersection of fifty-first and Baker, Sam Elliot turned the corner in his green sedan. He floored the brake. The car careened and finally came to a screeching halt. It was, however, too late to avoid the brief encounter that fate had planned for them.

## THE TRANQUILITY OF THE PARK

Marla Feeny

Besides an occasional breeze rustling through the trees, the park was serene and still. Under a towering oak, many jovial pigeons were scattered about pecking briskly at kernals of corn and sunflower seeds that had been tossed onto the ground by a frail old woman. She had set herself down on a weather-beaten park bench amongst the peacefulness of the park.

Her crinkled lips parted to reveal a toothless mouth. She spoke quavering words to the fluttering birds. Bulges of aged skin nearly concealed her mild blue-gray eyes. Around her small dainty nose were embedded wrinkles marking the years of her long life. White hair danced about her head in tufts and fluttered in a light breeze.

A trembling hand reached into a small crumpled paper bag and felt for a handful of seed. This was gently tossed onto the sidewalk where the pigeons were still pecking. The woman smoothed her faded blue dress and pulled her thin frock up around her shoulders.

She scattered the remaining seed onto the ground, and with a weary sigh, uttered a faint good-bye to the pigeons, and she promised to return. She turned away and slowly trod down the path. The pigeons continued to peck at the scattered seed. When the last tiny morsel had been consumed, the contented birds flew off to await the return of their old friend.



## THE LONELY LIFE

Collette Cowan

The weary, old man blinked as the early morning sun shined in his sorrowful, blue eyes and awoke him. Slowly, he climbed from the filthy, foul smelling doorway that had served as a sleeping place for the night. As he stood on the sidewalk watching the early New York traffic go by, a chilly November breeze ruffled his unkempt hair. He pulled his tattered and stained trench coat closer to his body. His empty stomach growled loudly through his thin shirt. Reaching into his pocket, he found only a forgotten dime. "Not even enough for a decent cup of coffee," he thought angrily. He could not even remember his last full meal. The old man thought he would die if he did not eat soon.

Many of his days were spent going hungry. Most of the time, he rummaged through garbage cans looking for some kind of food-scrap. Sometimes he was able to find a kind cook to give him some handouts. As the long years went by, most cooks and managers chased him out of their back alley.

Most of the time, the old man begged for money. As he became older, he also became wiser and found that the tourists were prime targets for him to beg. These people were not used to men approaching them and asking for money with unshaven faces and dirty, ragged clothes. They usually became sympathetic and gave generous amounts. Occasionally, he would wander towards Central Park and the downtown districts to look for tourists. It was very easy to tell who they were. Some of them carried cameras and guide books. On a really good day, if he worked hard, he could make enough for three decent meals if he found a restaurant that would accept him.

One day, the old man decided to find a diner to ask for handouts. He walked around the block and found a cramped, smelly diner. Quickly, he walked around to the back door of the place. Warily, he stepped through the back door into the kitchen. A large and mean-looking cook turned away from the stove. Upon seeing the old man, he started yelling at him. He lost his temper, picked the old man up, and threw him into the alley. The old man hit his head and was unconscious for an hour. Nobody stopped to help him; they just thought he was an old drunken bum who had passed out, and they left him lying there.

When he woke up, he had a terrible stomachache as well as a severe headache. "It would be nice to be rich," he thought. He could have a wife, children and a huge house. When he would come home, he would always have someone to care for him. He would

have a warm bed to sleep on at night. He could give up doorways and park benches. He thought of what a lonely and desolate life he had been living. He would probably die the same way.

Soon, his headache subsided, and he struggled to get up. Leaning against a wall, he caught his balance. He began walking slowly down the alley, searching for something to eat, and hoping for a better life.



#### OLD AND TIRED

Angie Walton

An old man was sitting on a broken bench in a deserted park. His trousers and shirt, faded and tattered, matched the color of the dirt under his feet. Holey shoes matched the dirty clothes and gave him a rugged appearance. Dark brown eyes, so old, yet so understanding, stared at the shoes. This sight seemed to fill his heart with despair. As he nibbled his fingernail with tobacco stained teeth, he rubbed his whiskers. Thick, curved lips quivered gently as a concerned look came upon his face. He shrugged his shoulders, took a deep sigh, and fell quietly to sleep.

ON WORLD HUNGER

Laura Smith

Starving eyes  
Plead with  
The world  
And ask for  
Pity.

Closed minds  
Reject  
Thoughts of  
Those  
Less fortunate.

Unsated lips  
Remain silent,  
Never speaking  
Of  
Their plight

Deaf ears  
Are turned  
From  
Their hungry  
Brothers.

Never to be  
Helped on Earth,  
Starving eyes  
Plead with  
The heavens.

WELL. . .

Anne Chen

Hunger stalks  
those less fortunate  
than us.  
It sneaks up and grasps  
the children  
who live only long  
enough to see  
what a cruel world this is.

Because of greed  
what can we do to help!  
We do all we can.  
We stand and watch and say,  
"Oh what poor children  
someone ought to help them,  
I wish I could.

I have not enough food  
to feed my own family."  
What about the steak  
you threw away  
last night?  
"Well. . ."

Hunger stalks  
those less fortunate  
than us.

SOME ARE TOO LAZY

Amy Burrus

Driving through some parts of town, one see poverty and hunger. Living in shacks on trash-filled streets, most have little water, food, clothing, or shelter. As we sit at home in our favorite chair and watch television, our biggest problem is who will go into the kitchen and get the potato chips and cookies. We are too lazy to do it ourselves. Yet, some go days without food. They sit on the floor and wonder where their next meal will come from. As we ride by in our fancy cars that polute the air, we say, "That's too bad. Why doesn't someone do something about that?" Oh well, some are just too lazy to get up and do it themselves.

## DESOLATION PARK

Gary Sommer

The small, round, dismal stage of  
the old park stands with its  
old friends.  
The seesaw standing alone.  
The merry-go-round being covered  
with vines.  
The swings rusting in the over-  
grown grass.  
The spring horses fading to dull  
pink and blue.  
The slide collapsing into dust.  
The monkey bars tipping to the  
side are grown over with ivy.  
The old friends stood together,  
grown over by trees, ivy,  
bushes, old vines.  
For probably another forty years,  
they will look at each other.  
The nuclear war was worth. . .  
loneliness.

NUCLEAR WAR

Gary Sommer

Nuclear war will be a short fad;  
The best hour of war that we've  
ever had.  
Nuclear war will be just great,  
Watch people blow up in every state.  
The war will help the economy,  
But with chipmunks and squirrels,  
what good will that be?  
The war will help the population,  
By promoting death and mutilation.

## WAR IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING

Darin Barton

War is the ultimate game. It is a massive game of strategists maneuvering men as chess pieces. They believe the continents theirs. Killing is unimportant in war. Quantity, not quality, of people is important. People dying by the millions simply improves the economy. All men are sadistic savages at heart. Some cover their true feelings by building up false morals, but war is the ultimate game!

THE WORLD IS TURNING 'ROUND

Laura Buehler

The skies are falling down, you know.  
The air is thick and dark.  
My mind is like a cloud, you know.  
I cannot hear the lark.

The moon is, oh, so bright, you see.  
It blinds me of my sight.  
I cannot see your face, you see.  
My life is made of fright.

The trees are changing fast, I know.  
The leaves are purplish gray.  
The world is turning 'round, I know.  
Tomorrow is now today.

Things are not the same, I see.  
My life is so messed up.  
The day is now the night, I see.  
The world is all messed up.

The skies are up there now, we know.  
The air is sweet and good.  
Our minds are cleared of dirt, we know.  
The lark sings in the wood.

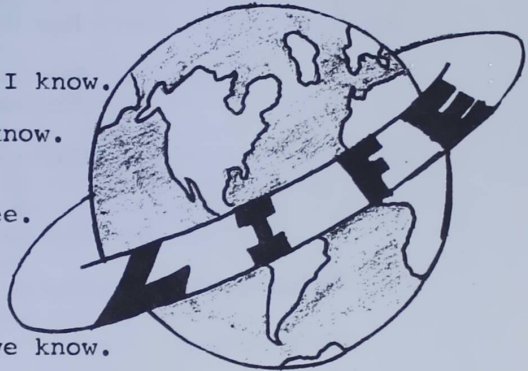
The moon is now so nice, we see.  
Our sight is now so clear.  
We can see the world, we see,  
And we know not of fear.

The trees are nice and green, we know.  
The leaves just float and sway.  
The world is turning 'round, we know.  
Today is still today.

Things are not the same, we see.  
Our lives are now so nice.  
The day is still the day, we see.  
The world, does now, suffice.

You came into my life, I know,  
And changed it all round.  
I like my life right now, I know,  
And tears can not be found.

Yes, the sky is blue, I see.  
I'm as happy as can be.  
Yes, your smile is wide, I see.  
Can it have come from me?



## OPPORTUNITY

Tonya Otte



One day the door was opened,  
And the next day it was closed.  
The door of opportunity had  
Hit me in the nose.

Just as chapter one began  
The story of my life,  
The epilogue had ended  
And stabbed me with a knife.

One day the door was opened,  
And the next day it was closed.  
The door of opportunity had  
Hit me in the nose.

Profit from other's successes,  
And learn from their mistakes,  
Or the door of opportunity,  
Will close in your face.

One day the door was opened,  
And the next day it was closed.  
The door of opportunity had  
Hit me in the nose.

## THE ROAD

Pat Novotny

The long road begins,  
And so I must walk.  
Life beckons me to follow,  
And so I must keep walking.  
Good times come  
And are gone too quickly.  
Bad times come  
And linger on.  
Death passes by,  
And I can do nothing.  
I follow the shrouded figure.  
The long road goes eternally on.





SANDS OF TIME

Erik Anderson



Sands of time run forever on.  
Never perturbed by the earth's goings on.  
The hands of time squeeze out the old,  
And bring in the new at a rate so bold.

Events of time can never change,  
Be taken out, or rearranged.  
Mountains are formed, and then worn down.  
Sands of time quickly sift down.

BEAUTY

Shawn Uhe

Ultra-colored eyes,  
Shiny sparkly hair  
Figure worth millions.  
Does anyone care?

What's underneath  
Is it only skin deep?  
Is beauty real?  
Will beauty keep?

What about tomorrow?  
Can't live in yesteryear,  
No longer pretty,  
No one to call you dear.

Sad, depressed, all alone  
Now beauty is all gone  
Rest forever! for now,  
No reason to face the dawn.

THE GRAVE

Laura Will

Long and narrow,  
Mud from the rain,  
Soft dirty flowers  
    clinging to the stone.

He wasn't old;  
He was once confused,  
    he hated, hate  
    and he loved, love  
A madman cut him down.

I hope he died with his eyes clear,  
    his questions answered,  
    and that rare peace in his heart.  
Because he made us sit back and imagine,  
    and dream.



WHO?

Amber Wood

Who am I?  
Am I a child  
Or just someone learning?  
Am I a teen-ager  
Or just someone coping?  
Am I an adult  
Or just someone teaching?  
Who am I?

IDENTITY

Laura Smith

I am:  
Handmaid,  
Heir,  
Guide.

I can be:  
Dancer,  
Doctor,  
Bride.

I identify:  
Not what I am,  
But who I am,  
Inside.

MYSELF

Stacey Lynn

Feeling lost and all alone  
When I need a helping hand,  
I center my concentration  
On doing the best I can.  
Striving for perfection  
Sometimes falling short,  
Reaching for extra effort  
Is all I can retort.

## I AM YOUR FRIEND

Beth King

I am your friend.  
Honor me.  
Love and cherish me forever.  
Confide in me, for I will always  
be there.  
Comfort me, but I am not to be  
pitied.  
Teach and encourage me, for I  
need confidence.  
Inspire me and believe in me.  
Do not guide me in the wrong  
direction.  
I can be everything I want to be  
and nothing I do not wish  
to be.  
I am human just like you.  
You can hurt me or help me.  
I can be gentle or strong.  
Do not take me for granted or use  
me as one uses an utensil.  
I want to share in your successes  
and your failures,  
Your joys and your sorrows,  
Your ups and your downs.  
I will always be there when you  
need me.  
I am your friend.

A FRIEND

Rita Brown

A friend is someone you can lean on  
In good times or in bad,  
Laugh with when you're happy,  
Or cry with when you're sad.  
A friend is someone who can help you  
Endure the endless pain,  
Whether it be in sunshine,  
Or even in the rain.  
A friend is someone who can cheer you  
When you're feeling down  
And help you wear a smile  
Besides an ugly frown.  
A friend is someone who inspires you  
To do the things you feel you cannot,  
And in this way of togetherness,  
You manage to accomplish a lot!

PHANTASIE

Cindy Harmon

Haven't you heard dark voices  
Calling out your name?  
Unicorns and moon faces  
Visit me like my dreams.  
Isn't it far better than reality?  
Isn't it. . . Reality?

But what would become of my moon faces?  
And where would my unicorns stay?

I have not kept the unicorns;  
The moon inhabits not my house;  
They are gone to the people I love.  
There they abide  
But with me also. . .  
(But only in my mind)  
They that I love  
Have given me unicorns in return  
That sit astride my window.  
The light shines through,  
For they hide it not  
But separate its colors,  
The moon has been brought back to me  
From a far-off place.  
It dwells round my neck  
And chains have bound it to me.

So, I "Cast my dreams upon the water"  
Where they have indeed "returned again one  
thousandfold."  
There is truth "A friend is more precious  
than silver."  
(Even silver unicorns and silver-webbed  
blue velvet moons.)

But friends are found in the daylight.  
They are not the companions of Hypnus,  
Those dark voices calling  
Calling out. . .  
"Follow"

MEMORIES

Lisa Turnbull

Forget his smile.  
Forget his face.  
Forget his warmth,  
His strong embrace.  
Forget his eyes  
That sparkled blue.  
Forget his hair  
Your hands swept through.  
Forget you learned  
The way he walked,  
The way he laughed,  
The way he talked.  
Your first time out,  
Forget the night,  
The tender way  
He held you tight.  
Forget he said  
His love was true.  
Remember,  
He's with someone new.  
Forget the time  
You spent together.  
Forget him now  
He's gone forever.  
Forget that you  
Had ever met.  
He's gone away.  
Can you forget?



LET LOVE GROW

Adam Ryan

As young ones walked  
Hand in hand  
Through the sand,  
They shared  
As much as they dared  
A feeling of love.  
In all sincerity  
Of their youth,  
It was a pure love,  
One that could lend a song  
A happy note,  
A cheerful strain. . .  
Resembling  
A lark's pure song  
As seasons came,  
Their love changed.  
It grew to cover all.  
It filled the trees.  
Then, sing the leaves  
Quietly. . . whispering  
Soft-spoken happiness.  
Yet provoke not haste,  
For it bringeth waste.  
It causes love to sour  
Which could kill  
That gentle flower.  
So let love grow  
As the seasons go  
Let love grow!

# INDEX

Author	Page
Anderson, Erik	52
Barton, Darin	49
Beatty, Cynthia	28
Bland, Christi	2
Boedeker, Betsy	13
Brown, Rita	54
Buehler, Laura	50
Burrus, Amy	48
Burrus, Troy	35
Carlson, Chrissy	7-8
Chen, Anne	2,48
Cowan, Collette	46-47
Crabtree, Carol	22-23
Davis, Sheri	4-5
Dickey, Deanca	19
Dobrinich, Greg	6-7
Doolen, Kelly	18,40
Dunaway, Tracy	34
Farmer, Karen	25
Feeny, Marla	45
Fifer, Felicia	15,18,27
Foehrkolb, Jerri	5,14,35
Goehle, Chris	3
Gregor, Darcy	30-31
Gregory, Karla	27
Harmon, Cindy	55
Harris, Christa	14
Henderson, Mary	24
Herb, Cassie	57
Ho, Minnie	17
Holt, Mona	18,20
Huch, Jennifer	26
Hyten, Jeff	37
Jason, Marita	20,44
Johnson, Teresa	21
Kasten, Gindy	32-34
King, Beth	16,54
Kline, Kristi	41
Ladd, Ellen	22
Lamb, Bill	12-13
Lammert, Leslie	15
Lancaster, Amy	19
Long, Melissa	42
Lumma, Dan	24,41
Lynn, Stacey	20,53
Myer Ted	9
Minner, Anne	19,23
Novotny, Pat	10,11,51
Ott, Jackie	25

Otte, Tonya	51
Paolucci, Samantha	38
Peterson, Kelly	21
Reckman, Ronna	19
Reeves, Alison	1
Rogier, Michelle	22
Ryan, Adam	56
Savoca, Denanne	29
Scheibel, Gena	23
Smith, Laura	48,53
Sobol, Val	1
Sommer, Gary	49
Turnbull, Lisa	56
Uhe, Shawn	52
Walton, Angie	47
Warren, Anna	21
Wasek, Jackie	31,43
Weingartner, Kirsten	20
Will, Laura	52
Williams, Andrea	39
Wing Liz	15
Wisnasky, Kay	40,57
Wood, Amber	53
Woodard, Susanna	42-43
Woods, Steve	36





