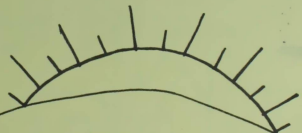
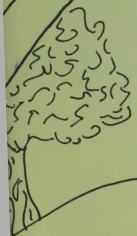


Spring



Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

- Robert Frost



NINETEENTH EDITION
1982-83

Pen-n- Inklings

STUDENT LITERARY MAGAZINE
EDWARDSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL
EDWARDSVILLE, ILLINOIS

ORANGE
CASIE HERB

The sunsets of life
Reach out to embrace and console
All the fear when the darkness comes.
Children's laughter echoes off the walls.
Come join them, they have happiness
to share.
Hold their hands and walk back to when
you laughed.



THE BALLADEER'S SONG

Valerie Gibbons

The stories I remember well,
Told by him to me,
Stories of forgotten lands,
Far beyond the sea.

He talked of princes and princesses,
Of castles dark and deep,
Heroes who had no fear,
Unspoken nightmares to haunt my sleep.

Yet so impressionable I was,
All these imagined were real,
The fear, I built deep inside me,
A fear that would be hard to heal.

Somedays I stayed with the balladeer,
Far into the night.
He told me of the dangerous darkness,
How true heroes have no fright.

When he finished, alone I ventured,
Out into the black.
The balladeer's words chasing me,
Sent me in fear running back.

Oh! I felt like such a coward,
Knowing how in fear I had run,
Heroes in ballads were brave,
Bravery--I had none.

When I ventured out I heard a tune,
Being sung by the balladeer.
People listen and gather round,
And this is what they hear.

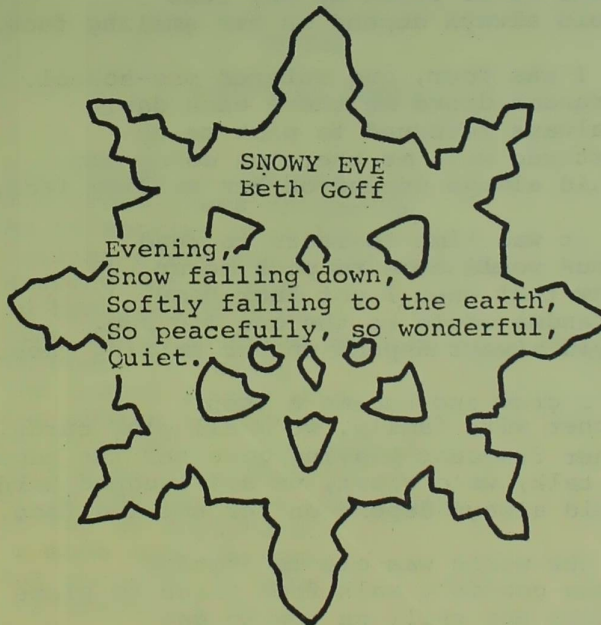
To be a true hero is more,
Than slaying dragons and such.
It is overcoming what you fear most
Freeing yourself of fear's deadly clutch.

For the first time I really understood,
That the only fears were the ones I made,
And afterwards I entered the darkness.
I was truly unafraid.

I looked back at the balladeer,
As he sang a song,
For now I could finally see,
I was the hero he sang of all along.

WHY TENNIS
Chris Garbe

The tennis court stands calm and green,
The game itself is never mean.
You'll find it a quiet, relaxing sport,
Players must be of an exceptional sort.
Competitors are always bright and cheery,
But when the coach arrives the game becomes dreary.
He raves and screams and loses his jolly,
If a player misses a volley.
He never loses his collective stand,
But, I warn you, don't miss a backhand!
A good first serve makes him great
Except when it hits him in the throat.
He'll refrain from crying, just look right past it,
If he trips over the ball basket.
Hours of practice and lots of sweat,
But getting tangled in the net?
Your coach may yell, and names he may call,
But I think tennis is the best sport of all!



SUNSET

Cami Spencer

Sunset
Melting orange
Yellow and red tones mixing
The most peaceful hour of the day
Daily.

GRANDMA

Sheri Brinkmann

When the world was new to me
And I couldn't walk from place to place.
I was unsure just how to eat
But my grandma fed me with loving grace.
I could always depend on her smiling face.

As I grew and toddled about
Exploring, playing, making a mess,
That wasn't liked by grandma at all
But she never loved me any less
I could always depend on her smiling face.

When I was four, and entered pre-school,
My grandma drove me there each day.
She always returned to pick me up
And stayed with me there on co-op day.
I could always depend on her smiling face.

When it was time to learn to read
The bus would come to pick me up
I knew that when I got back home,
My grandma would be the one I'd see.
I could always depend on her smiling face.

When I grew and became a teen
Together with family, we'd all play cards.
But her frequent playing gave her the edge.
We'd talk, we'd visit, we all laughed hard.
I could always depend on her smiling face.

When the world was old to grandma
And she couldn't walk from place to place
She lost her skill on how to eat
But I fed her with loving grace.
She could always depend on my smiling face.

MY FRIEND

Elizabeth Friskie

You are my friend.
You are always there,
 giving me a shoulder to cry on,
 or someone to laugh with.
You allow me to grow,
 in my own way,
 without trying to mold me like yourself.
You are constantly with me
 if not in body,
 in spirit.
You can bring me to life,
 when I am down
 so low,
 I think I am dead.
We share secrets
 and sorrows,
 plans
 and dreams,
 and a love
 for one another
 that can withstand any test.

WHITE

Janet L. Hoeke

Its beauty is awesome,
Its cleanliness untouched.
As it settles on a log,
Filling every crack and crevice,
Missing not a line.
In branches it lies,
Like the whip cream topping on apple pie.
It could be deadly,
The tracks in the snow
For others to follow
Or to hunt. . . who knows?
It can be pure and flakey,
Or it can be dirty and slushy,
It can be sculptured
Or made into designs.
But whatever is done
Its beauty is thine.
Snow.

BLACK
Casie Herb

Let the darkness come now,
Allow it to seep into my soul for refuge.
Let it fill my veins with its emptiness.
Grant my heart to absorb its coldness
Permit it to contain me in its vacuum of solitude.
That I may never be hurt again.
Let the darkness come,
So that it may hide my pain.



DRUSCILLA

Bill Lamb

Some would choose to say I'm paranoid, but I would not call it paranoia. I feel it is merely a slight sense of foreboding slowly creeping over me. I have an overwhelming sense of being followed. I have been incessantly followed now for nearly a fortnight. I am followed by a woman. She is a woman bearing shocking resemblance to my dear, departed Druscilla. An uncanny resemblance, she possesses those same dark, searching eyes, glossy black hair, and voluptuous, ruby-red lips. Every step I have trod, she follows. Every glance I take, she is there. She is browsing at the corner market with me, riding along on the local trolley, and peering in my window a midnight. At that point it ends. She has not yet trespassed upon the inner sanctity of my home. She has not laid her hand upon my hearth. Here I am safe from her gorgeous, prowling orbs. I am safe from the enticement of that smooth tongue gliding across those divine lips. I am safe from the wild tossing of that raven hair.

You may say I should be happy, even joyous, at the thought of encountering one possessing those rare qualities possessed also by my divine Druscilla. But I am not happy, I am only tormented. Tormented by being unable to grasp the woman who now incurs my wild passions. For when that glorious moment of meeting is attempted, we can never touch. She is forever there, but, yet, when I desire to touch, she is gone. Like the fleeting image of a mirage, she is always just out of the reach of my thirsting arms. Always there, but, yet, never there.

But wait! I now see that entrancing vision once again. She is staring with eyes upon me just as I scrawl these words. Her wild hair tosses, luring me to her. I must attempt once again to meet her. Try one more time to bridge the gap between myself and the embodiment of my adored wife.

Now, as I venture cautiously out the door, she races wildly through the moist, dew-laden grass. I must follow. I no longer have control over my lower limbs. Suddenly, she whirls to face me. Her complete countenance, those gleaming black orbs, seem to absorb me. I feel myself being drawn ever closer to her and that infatuating face. I now stand face-to-face with my lips magnetized by that deep ruby-red. But, the moment our lips are united, I feel only limp, lifeless forms pressing to mine. My eyes are flung open to be faced with the embrace of not Druscilla, but rather a deathly duplication of her. Her skin is no longer smooth, supple, and tan, but it is a pallid, ghostly white. Her hair is no longer a glorious, raven black, but it is now a dusty, white, disheveled mass. Her eyes have now sunken within that deathly mask bearing not even a tiny glimmer of life. Her lips are now only colored with a ghastly, bluish tinge.

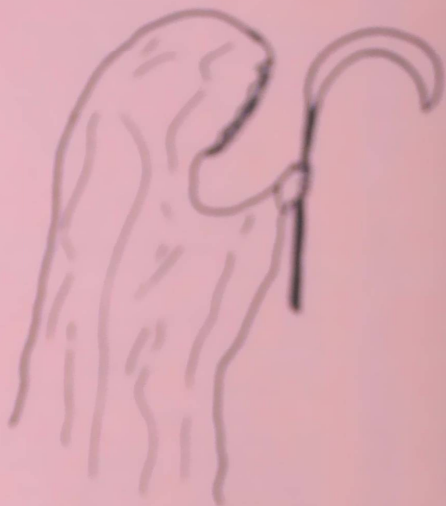
Even as I write this, the corpse crumples to the ground. Falling limply from my arms, she melts into the earth as the rain is absorbed into the garden. And now I can only gape at what presently appears before my eyes. It is the stark, grayish shadow of the headstone from the final resting place of my dear, departed Druscilla.

DEATH: DO NOT FOLLOW ME

I try to escape,
but he follows me.
I turn and he is there
I sleep and he is in my dream.
I wake and he is by my side.
He comes in many ways,
Always there by my side;
Always chasing me,
I fight with him,
but he will win.
I am sick, and human;
he is death.
Death is following me!

COME TO ME

Lisa Potter



Take one step,
One step closer.
I am waiting for you.
I am the light.

Aren't I mystical,
The most beautiful thing
You've ever seen?
I want you.

I'm very powerful.
You feel the tingling
In your toes.
You know you want me.

Come closer,
Let me get a good look at you.
Don't be scared,
I don't bite.

My warmth excites you,
You are drawing near.
Take one more step
For I am Death.

OUT ON A LEDGE

Julie Nilsson

Young Jeff Laughton stood on a ledge
He was ready to die
He was going to kill himself
Only he knew why.

An older priest had been called to the scene
To try to calm him down
Soothingly he talked to him.
Jeff didn't make a sound.

"You have your life ahead of you."
The priest calmly said.
But it became quite obvious,
Jeff wanted to be dead.

Finally Jeff came out and spoke
"I might as well just fall.
I'm sure my wife hates me now.
I want to end it all."

"I had to marry her, you see
And I'm sure you know why.
But after our first son was born,
They told us he would die."

"So, she married me for nothing."
Jeff Laughton sadly spoke.
The priest was on the verge of tears,
This was a terrible joke.

The worried chaplain stepped inside
To call Jeff's only wife.
If she did not come to his aid
Jeff would surely take his life.

"She loves you! She loves you!" the priest said to Jeff
"That's what I heard her say.
She's going to give you another chance
She's even on her way!"

"You've got to be kidding!" Jeff said to him.
The building was surrounded with cops.
"You know," Jeff said with a smile on his face,
"Maybe we can even adopt."

His relieved wife arrived on the scene
She had received the call.
She entered the room just in time,
To see Jeff slip and fall.

WHO'S THAT IN THE DARKNESS

Lryant McCown

Do you know me?
I am life's slave.
I am as old as time,
Yet I have no age.
I come to everyone,
Either early or late,
Some call it chance,
Others say fate.
Some are terrified.
While others greet me.
Are you afraid,
To come with me?
I walk in silence
With gleaming scythe.
Without my presence,
There is no life.
Are you afraid?
You shouldn't be.
Don't flee in fear,
It's only me.
I am called,
Death.

THE RETURN

Bill Lamb

Today is the day she returns to me
From over the hills and across the sea
She's returning to me now that I've won
Her back from the ex-love that is now undone.
Now she can't leave, she can never go
And I will love her more than she ever could know.

Today is the day when that love comes to me
That love of a lifetime you will seldom see.
That girl who could never come to bear my son
She will always be with me, she know that I've won
Now that she's coming, I will never be low
Once I go to see her, with that pale pink glow

She's coming so soon, my heart ticks and tocks
To see my little girl in that pinewood box.

THE HOME OF THE BRAVE

Susan Lberhart

Charles Cooper was a fine young lad.
He did nothing to make anyone mad.
Simple and poor, he did not complain
Charlie was from, "the home of the brave."

Slim and tall and strong inside,
He worked very hard and loved it besides.
He loved his freedom and to his country he gave,
Because he was from, "the home of the brave."

Charlie, at nineteen, still kissed his mother.
A young boy at heart, never another.
His daddy taught him to be strong and brave.
"Remember son, you're from, 'the home of the brave.'"

Trouble began off afar
The young boy would soon go off to war.
His mother crying and totally amazed,
Said, "Remember son, you're from 'the home of the brave'"

Off to war, Charlie went.
To his buddies, his strength he lent.
He would tell them what his father had said,
"Remember son, you're from, 'the home of the brave.'"

Through jungle, water, and dirt they tread.
"War is hell, I'd rather be dead.
I'll fight til the end, my country I'll save,
Because I love 'the home of the brave.'"

Charlie was brave and a good fighter.
Though physically and mentally he became tighter.
"Why do men kill and be in a rage?
I am for freedom, 'home of the brave!'"

Charlie, in his trench, woke frightened and scared.
The pain inside he just couldn't bear.
A nightmare he dreamed-the U.s. had lost.
Charlie went crazy over the cost.

He jumped up scared- his heart had bled.
Not just his heart, a bullet pierced his head.
His mind had lied- Germany's flag would wave,
Too late, he is now in the "Heavenly Home of the Brave."

RED
Cassetteb

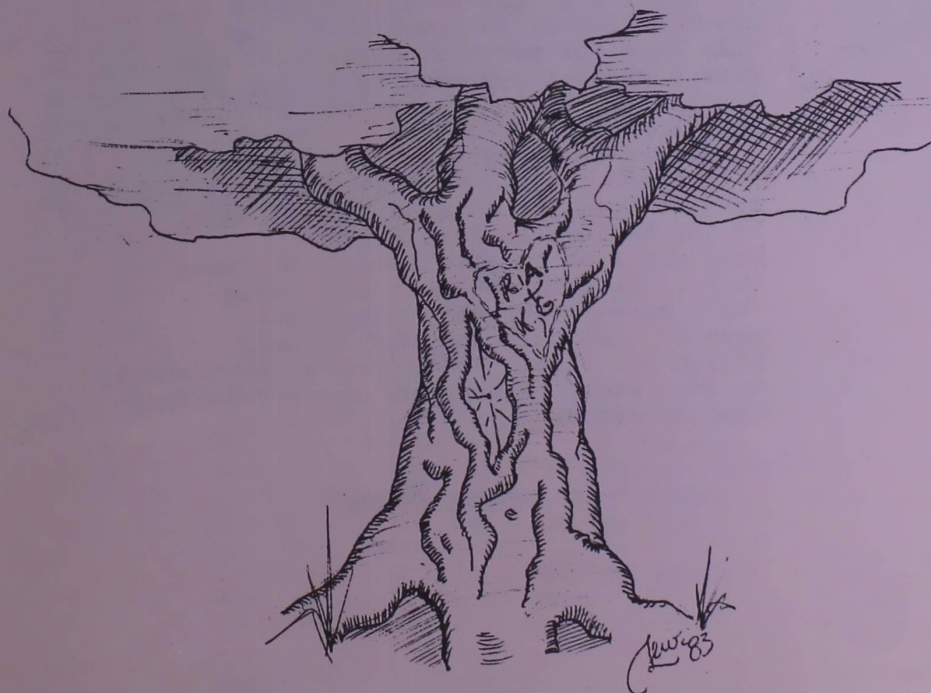
The lace of love covers the two.
The radiance of love outshines any candle.
The stars can never equal their brightness,
And even death will not separate them.



I AM

Casie Herb

I am an aging oak.
I am strong, so lean on me.
I offer peace, and tranquility
So use me, believe in me, because I am strong.
But do not misguide me for I am not without feeling.
I am an ocean.
I am abundant.
I bring forth food and a sense of belonging.
For I have sustained the ages and I will always
Be there.
I inspire, I call those I love.
I love you, but please do not be deaf.
For I am vulnerable, and I may be hurt.
But beware for I may not always be kind and
I may not give you calm water.
Though I am patient and I have sustenance through the
ages, and I am strong.
So lean on me, belong with me, sustain the ages with me.



THE LOVE OF HIM

Anonymous

You are so beautiful; I am so plain.
You are loved; I am loving.
You see not my feelings; I reveal them not.
You touch all with your laughter; I absorb your
happiness.
Your spirit is free; I find my soul bound to you.
Your smile is cherished; I smile rarely notice.
Your happiness is life itself; I am happy only with
the thought of you.
Your love is alive and able to grow;
Without you my love will never be.

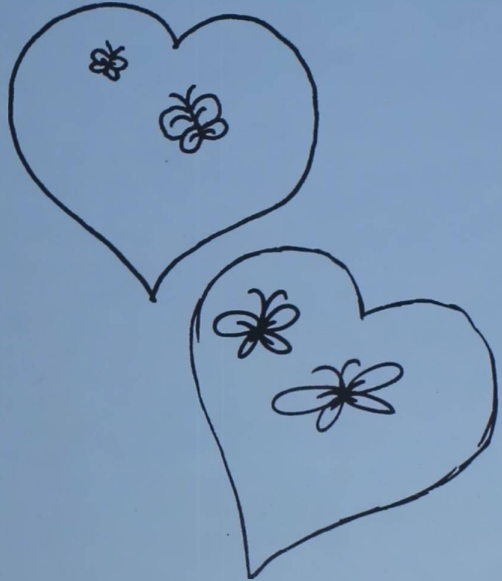
ME...LOVE

Love comes to me in many forms.
It could be a warm thought or even
just an animal with a wagging tail or
a happy walk. Love is easy for me,
for there are many things in God's
creation for me to love. But I not
only care for material objects, I also
give a great importance to things you
can't see. Like feelings and sunshine,
and thoughts and realism. I try to
find love in everything, for I know
it's there, it's just that sometimes you
have to look for it in different ways.
If you believe in love and you
want and want to give love it's always
there. Love is not hard and loving
isn't hard either only people can
make it difficult and that is only
if you let them. God's love is everywhere,
in the trees, waters, and the everlasting
blue up above.

Julie Bryant

UNTIL YOU
Julie Hitch

I used to just want
To run around,
To have a good time,
Not feeling much of anything,
Never knowing if I was up or down.
I had been hurt
From life, from love
Too many times before,
And just at that point
Of not caring for anyone
Or anything anymore.
That is, until you came along,
Entering my life,
Singing my song.
I was tired,
Not feeling much,
Not letting anyone
Get near, to touch.
That is, until you.
You made me see
What life really can be
When two people meet
And fall in love.
I love you so much,
I know you love me too,
Just by the way
Of your touch.
We have a wonderful life,
You and I,
And I hope
We'll always be together,
Until the day we die.



WAITING
Lisa Potter

I sit and wait for him in desperation.
Will he call or will I be the one
Left with dried up tears and perspiration?
One, two, three hours have passed
And he was the one that said
Our love would last.
Every memory brings another tear.
Why couldn't he be here
To hold me near?
I am so confused,
I sit here in sorrow.
I'll close my eyes
And wait until tomorrow.



ODE TO BILLY GOAT

John Washburne

There once was a goat,
His name was Billy,
He was a strange sort,
You could even call him silly.
He wasn't like the other goats,
Quite different in fact,
He didn't even have a beard,
The other goats said, "Bag his head with a sack!"
Now to get to the point,
He was quite ugly,
But Billy didn't care
He'd just smile smugly.
The other goats laughed,
And teased, and wouldn't let him play their lillygoat games
They'd just tease and taunt,
And call him nasty names.
Now Billy was mad,
And engaged in constant strife,
But then something happened,
That would change his life.
He met a goatess,
Or female goat if you will,
She told him he fought too much,
"That's what's wrong with Bill."
"But I can't help it,
The other goats taunt and tease me.
Why they do,
I just can't see.
Maybe I don't look great,
Maybe I don't look nice,
But I don't have fleas,
And I don't have lice."
"That's true," she said,
"you are well kept.
But you look tired,
It's time you slept."
So the next morning they walked,
Right through town.
The other goats gasped,
They could no more than frown.
Oh! Have I forgotten to say,
That the girl he walked through town,
Was Cheryl goat,
The prettiest goat around.

LOVL

Julie Hitch

Love. . .
It is beautiful,
As the snowy white dove
Solid white and
Full of truth,
Showing every sign of purity
And the honor given from God above.

Love. . .
It can mean so many things.
Look at all the joy it brings.
A commitment that is made of this
Means a lifetime of sharing,
Being there for comfort, always caring,
A symbol of your true feelings.

Love. . .
This word is the only way
I can express my feelings,
These feelings so deep and true
Are meant for only you.
And when you show you care
To let me know you're always there.

Love. . .
It lifts my soul
To a very calm stage
Where I will never age.
It's like time doesn't matter
And I know my life's worth it,
Worth living up to the last minute
Knowing I have you to lean on.

Love. . .
It is this special bond
That has been created between us,
That only we can control.
I am so glad to see
And know that you and I
Were truly meant to be.

Love. . .
Simply that
I love you
So deep, so real, so true.

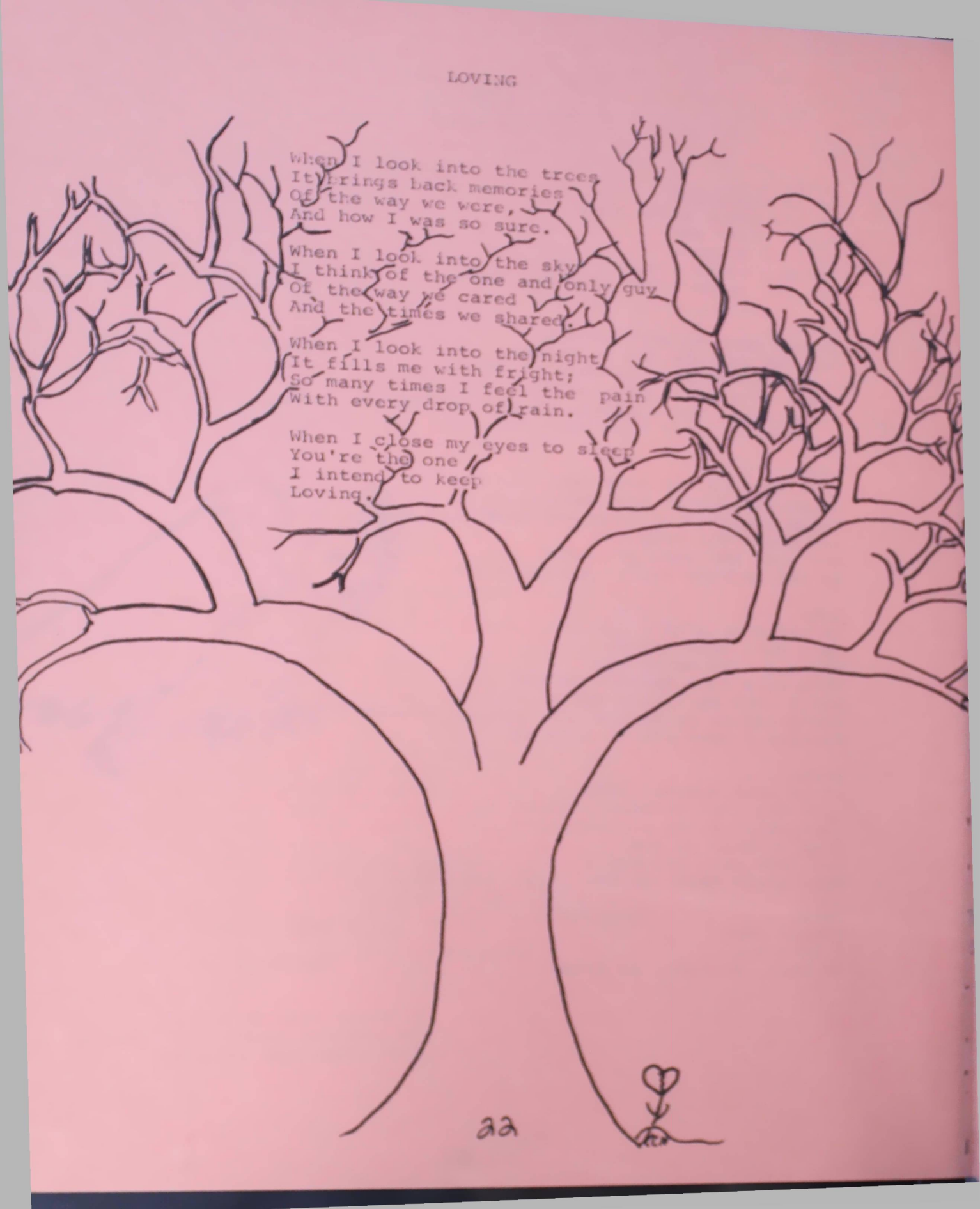


A TRUE FRIEND

Dan Long

A truly good friend,
Is one who knows your limits;
And loves you inspite.

LOVING



When I look into the trees
It brings back memories
Of the way we were,
And how I was so sure.

When I look into the sky
I think of the one and only guy
Of the way we cared
And the times we shared.

When I look into the night
It fills me with fright;
So many times I feel the pain
With every drop of rain.

When I close my eyes to sleep
You're the one I intend to keep
Loving.



WHAT LOVE MEANS TO ME

Donna Reed

When you're in love;
Nothing matters at all;
It's like a little white dove;
That stands so tall.

You give him the things he wants and needs;
Although it really seems tough;
For you're the only one that bleeds;
Now you see how rough.

He asks for more than you can give;
With his kiss and gentle touch;
For he says "that's the way to live";
If you love me, oh, so much."

For you give him that and give him this;
He is never satisfied;
For what I gave for his little kiss;
For now I'm terrified.

I know it's time for me to go;
I really hate to leave;
For I'm beginning to show;
But, no one is supposed to see.

Now with a baby inside;
What am I to do;
For my parents know now, I lied;
I wish my life were through.

Now with a husband and baby too;
My life is full of laughter;
I hope it will never be through;
Because we will live happily ever after.



BLUE

Саше Мерб

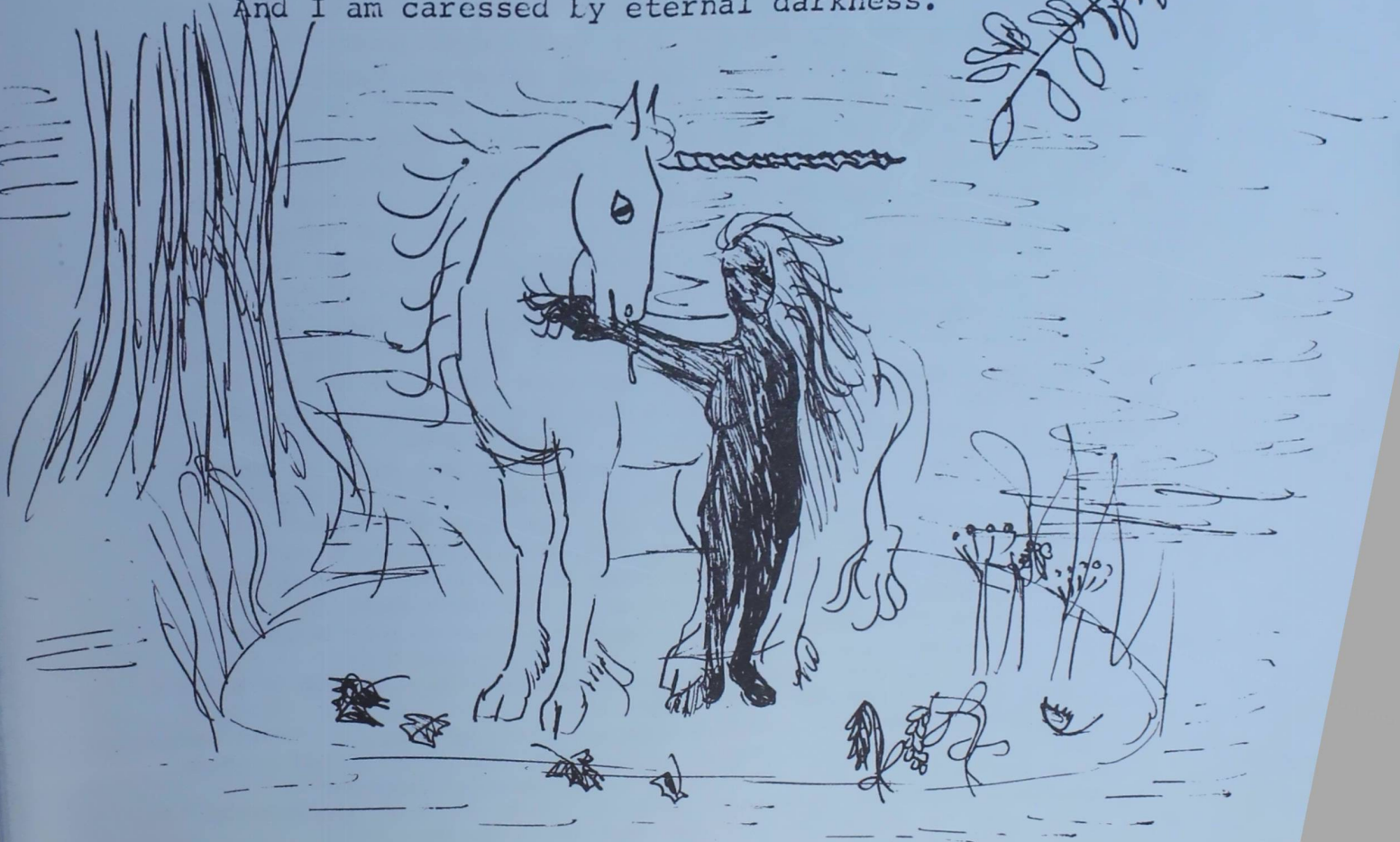
Loneliness extends beyond the deepest sea,
It will follow you reminding you of
The unchangeable past.



Forest Sanctuary

Casie Herb

You stand alone in a forest sanctuary
Naked; yet clothed in truth.
Extended beams of starlight
Caress your flawless features.
I reach out to touch your innocence
But falter; and stumble into the greedy hands of time.
For you are no longer in my grasp.
She now possesses you; with your consent.
The starlight ceases.
She tears the cloak of honesty,
Replacing it with garments of disillusion and vanity.
You leave my sanctuary,
Your flesh is marked
By the claws of pain and reality.
I stand alone in a forest prison,
And I am caressed by eternal darkness.



LIGACY

Deirdre Gillons

Siohan was out walking despite the sultry summer heat, her dog at her heels. She stepped carefully, knowing full well that leeches like to hide in the grass and take pleasure in stinging bare feet. She should have tied back her long, dark-red hair, but there were better things to think about than her hair. Now it clung stickily to her back and itched terribly. For the millionth time that day she wished she had never been named Siohan (pronounced Shuhuahn). The name was as genuinely Irish as the pewter cross that she wore from her neck, but it had twisted her teachers' tongues into a thousand knots. She hated it, and as soon as she moved out of the house she would change it to its American counterpart, Judi.

General Sherman, the white malamute, bounded at her heels, scattering dandelion seeds that floated away like dead insects. She stopped to pet the dog's head. He was one of the few pets they had that was named after a non-Irish person. If only he would turn into a white horse, and she could ride him back to the days of the Civil War. At least it would be better to die at the Battle of Antietam than to face what lay in the airconditioned house. Her grandfather, the famous doctor who had invented rat poison, who had been chosen to represent all of the doctors of America at a convention, who had driven a bicycle through the dark and bomb-strewn streets of World War II Britain to doctor soldiers, was now lying, dying and helpless of a cancer in the house. She hated the sight of the noble old man helpless, hated the depression that extolled the house, hated Scotland, Ireland, and everything that ever been a part of her grandfather's life. She--

"Siohan!" her mother's strained voice sliced through the heat-laden afternoon, "Grandad wants to see you!"

Siohan sucked her breath in. It was the first time Grandad had wanted to speak to her since he came to Nebraska to die there. What does one say to a dying man? Nevertheless, she hurried through the hot grass to the doorway and walked in, trying not to notice her mother's anxious eyes.

"Siohan, he-- he's rambling again. D-- Don't let that bother you, you know what I mean."

"Yeh!" Siohan nodded and glanced at the darkened house with its corridors heavy with the weight of death. The light was weak, and it barely illuminated Grandad's old organ, which had a rustic glow to it. Siohan could play it, but now it reminded her of the sad events.

She made Sherman sit down and she hurried to the sickroom. She nudged the door open gingerly.

"Grandad?" she asked.

"Dun as Doras, nuite D'hoile, Maeve.", her Grandad said in his native tongue, Gaelic.

Siohan blushed at the command. She hardly knew the ancient tongue, but she had learned enough of it to know that he meant for her to open the door wider. She threw

the door open and beheld the sight of the scarecrow man with the sky blue eyes lying on the bed, his expression surprisingly peaceful. He had no fat on him from the greedy cancer, and death was not far off.

"Maeve?" he asked her getting ready to rattle off into more Gaelic.

"I speak English," Siohan found herself saying, "and so do you, Grandpa. This is America, not Ireland."

"Maeve," he repeated and this time in English, "Don't let him go-- the war has killed too many-- Lambi is too young yet to die in the war!"

"I'm not Maeve", Siohan said, her voice shaking, since Maeve had been her Grandpa's sister and Lambi had been his little brother, "I'm your granddaughter Siohan."

"Siohan?" the old man said. He closed his eyes and seemed to wage an internal war with such fervor that Siohan began to get scared. Then he threw open his eyes, "Of course, my eldest grandchild." He smiled, his wits fully restored, though he would never again resemble the friendly and independent soul he used to be.

"Come here, Siohan." The girl walked to his side, her breath shaking. She allowed him to place his dry and brittle hand on her arm.

"This will probably be the last time we'll talk," he said gently, "and I only want you to know that you should never ever hate what your ancestor stood for. They fought many bloody wars to keep our family name alive. You should be proud, for it is you who can keep our family legacy alive, for you have the Irish name."

Siohan was deeply embarrassed, but she also was touched and ashamed that she had shunned what her grandfather had lived for.

He squeezed her hand, "Very well, Siohan, it is getting late, and I am tired. I only had a little to say, but it meant a lot to me. I will see you tomorrow, maybe." and he nodded curtly like an emperor and motioned for her to hand him his sleeping pills.

After he dozed off, Siohan met her mother outside. She said nothing, but her eyes were misty, for the next time Grandad woke up, he might have lost his sense forever.

Siohan moved to the organ, without knowing why, and turned it on, settling herself. Her fingers tersed over the pearl colored keys. They flexed and relaxed as they launched into a musical piece Siohan had never heard of. She allowed herself to play and to fill the air with the liquid tones of the unknown music. Something light and comforting hung around her shoulders, lifting a heavy weight from her soul.

Someone was watching over her, and she was sure it had something to do with the man sleeping in the nearby room.

Maybe she would leave her name like it always was.

SOMETHING IS MISSING

Laura McLaughlin

Sometimes when I'm alone
I feel a certain need.
There's an emptiness inside me
I just can't seem to feed.
Maybe an old lost love
Is the reason why,
But it just can't be
It won't satisfy
The part of me that's gone,
The empty space inside.
It then occurred to me
I had to sit and cry,
For now I know the cause
Of the pain that will not go.
It's a long, lost friendship
That needed time to grow.
There were two of us alike,
So alike we were as one
One that shared times of sorrow,
One that shared times of fun,
No one can ever be
The friend she was to me.
She grew into my living, into part of me,
That's the something missing,
The part of me that's free.

HAPPENINGS

Once I was
a lonely tear
hanging from a little cheek
not knowing where to fall
But now I am
a puddle on the floor
lonelier than I was
before.

Julie Bryant

PAIN

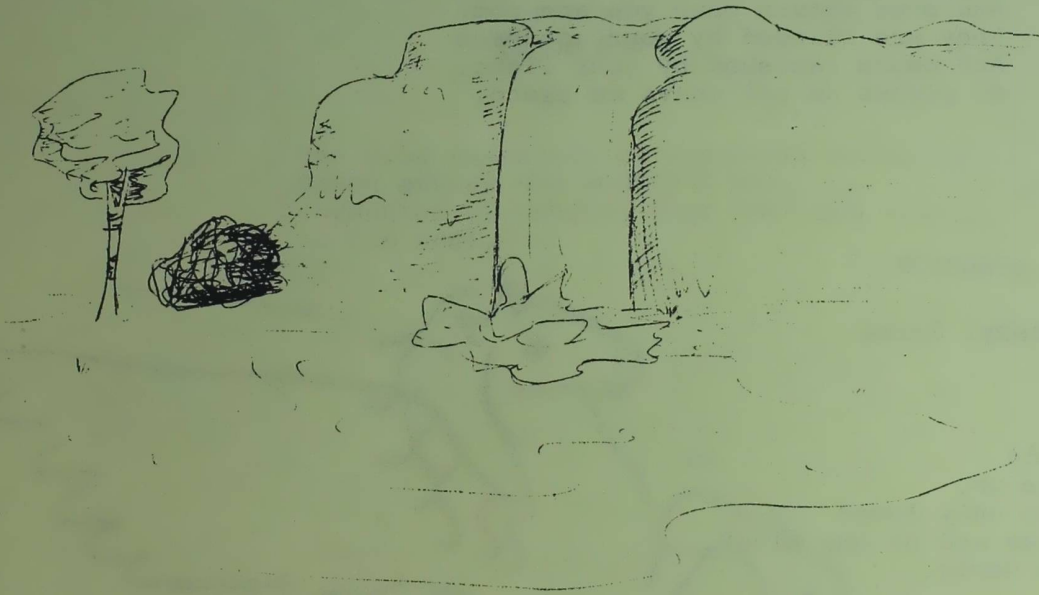
Bill Lamb

Pain
Sharp, stinging,
Striking deep within the soul,
Bitter, caustic,
Leaving scars deep down inside,
Lingering, remaining,
Seldom early to be forgotten.

WATERFALLS

Bill Lamb

Falling gently across the void of time and space
The time forever empty
Never full
The waterfall will never fill
But remains through eternity
Falling gently
Across the universe with these words
Flowing gently back
To the waterfall.



AN UNOPENED GIFT

Casie Herb

I am an unopened gift.
I remain unopened in my paper and bows.
I stay in the back and receive an occasional
curious glance.
But no one dare open me, for fear it may
belong to someone else.
Or lest I be what they didn't want.
So I sit in the back of the room until
someone is brave.
I wait for someone to know what they are
missing in their life.



SHADOWS

Casie Herb

I've been chasing the shadows of my mind,
Or rather they've been chasing me.
These shadows are my fears.
They lead me through memories best forgotten.
I try to hide behind smoke illusions
But they continuously find me.
When I am alone, I see them encircling,
Constricting my mind, my hopes.
So please do not leave me alone.
Stay with me and protect me for I am afraid.
These shadows depart when you are near
And ever return when you are not.
They are blinded by your goodness
And maybe banished by your light.
So please do not leave me alone.

CINQUAIN

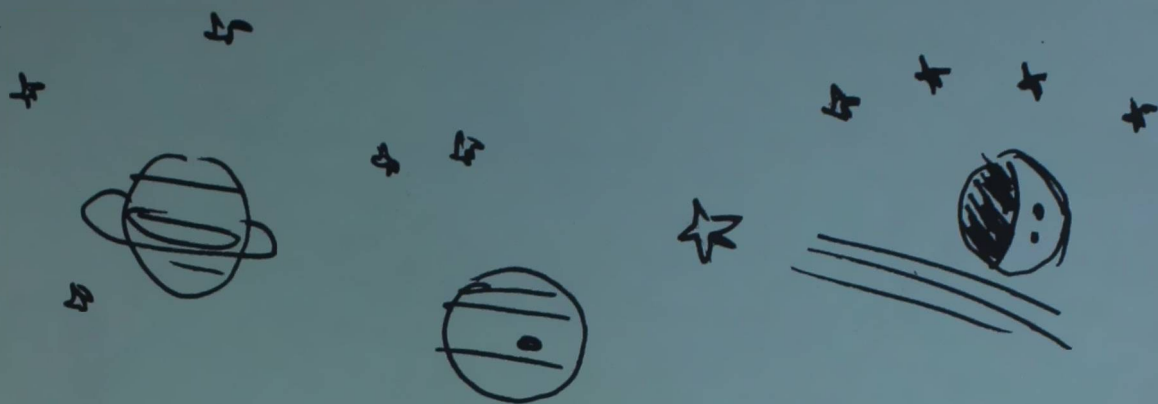
Cheryl Grimm

What would
Happen to us,
If people only loved
Themselves and no one else?...
Whatasad world.

MY FREEDOM

Casie Herb

I am an individual,
And you are my enemy.
I fear you, and that endangers my freedom.
You may change me, and I do not wish to conform.
I am a spirit,
And you are my friend.
For I cannot be bound; and you cannot harm me.
I will not change; and I shall be free.



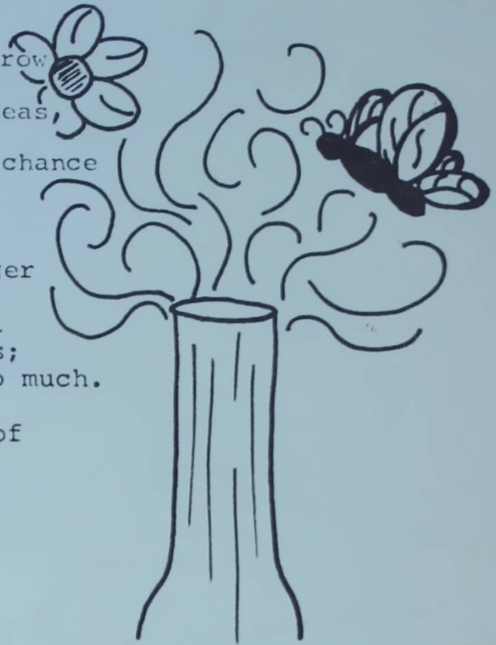
PURPLE
Casie Herb

The wild fantasies of forgotten memories
Dance across the amethyst sky.
Tormented by knowing that what you seek,
Is not real.



OUR FUTURE.
Valerie Sobol

Our flight into tomorrow
Took off yesterday.
Leaving behind old ideas,
Old values.
Before we've had the chance
To say goodbye.
Our anticipation. . .
We cannot mask it.
Always on to the bigger
And better things.
Slowly destroying all
Of the small beauties;
Which used to mean so much.
With the excuse. . .
"For the betterment of
Mankind."



THE BIRD
Brad Podner

The sun was shining brightly
And I could hardly wait
To ponder out my window
And gaze at my estate.

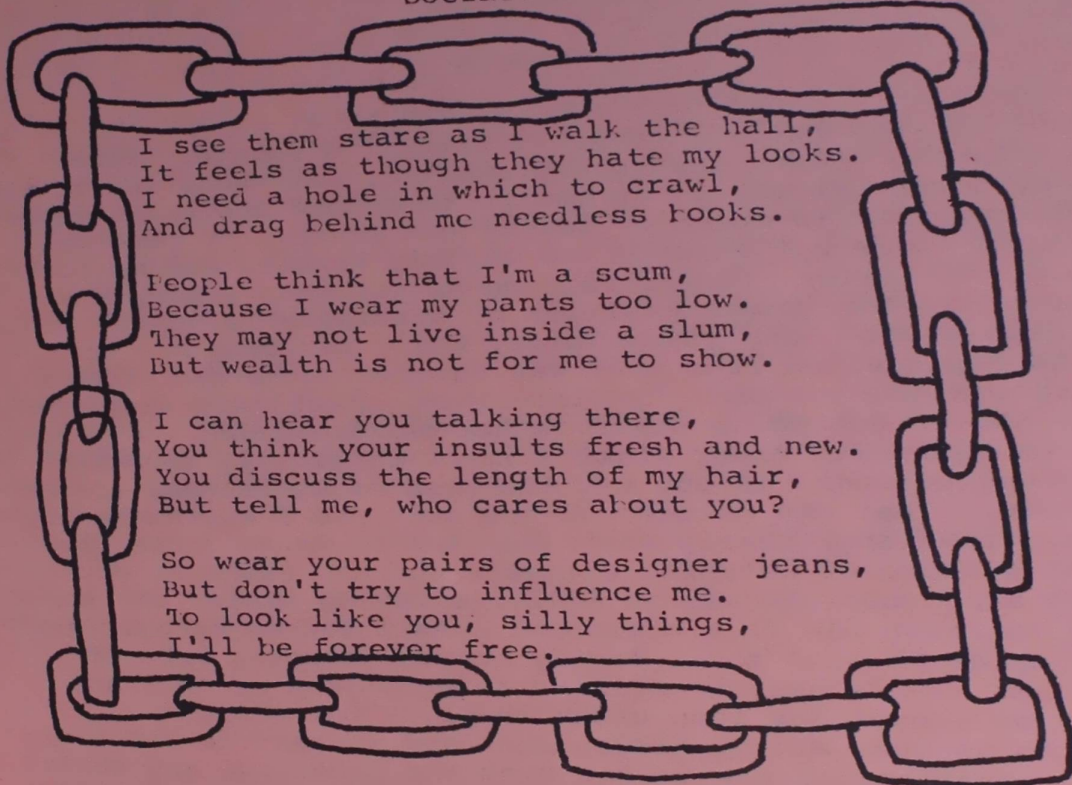
The breeze was blowing briskly
And the flowers were asway,
The garden was so enchanting
On this inspiring day.

I spotted a pretty bird
With a lovely yellow bill,
I beckoned him to come
And lite upon my sill.

I gazed at him so cheerfully
And gave him a crust of bread,
Then quickly closed my window
And smashed his freaking head.

SOCIETY STARE

Rick Harmon



I see them stare as I walk the hall,
It feels as though they hate my looks.
I need a hole in which to crawl,
And drag behind me needless looks.

People think that I'm a scum,
Because I wear my pants too low.
They may not live inside a slum,
But wealth is not for me to show.

I can hear you talking there,
You think your insults fresh and new.
You discuss the length of my hair,
But tell me, who cares about you?

So wear your pairs of designer jeans,
But don't try to influence me.
To look like you, silly things,
I'll be forever free.

FREEDOM

Susan Lberhart

Freedom is a gift
Well taken for granted.
You appreciate it little
Till someone bands it.

Freedom is living
The life that you please.
Freedom is doing
Without being teased.

You cannot see it.
It is not in our view.
Some don't have it,
But that number is few.

Liberty is little
"I've got it, who cares!
Someone take it--
They wouldn't dare!"

Me, independent?
Yes, all the way
I love my life now,
Don't take it away.

THE PORTRAIT

Minnie Ho

Of my childhood, I have but little to relate. Born into a family whose lineage was exalted, but whose wealth was sparse, I was forced, in my youth, to become the executioner of the environs in which my family had lived. My parents died when I was but a child and my only kinsman was an older sibling, my sister. After raising me for many years, she was soon married into a position of considerable wealth in a foreign land. Many years later, while visiting me, her husband capitulated from what was rumored to be the effects of a cumulative poison. My sister was immediately suspected, tried, and condemned to death in her own homeland.

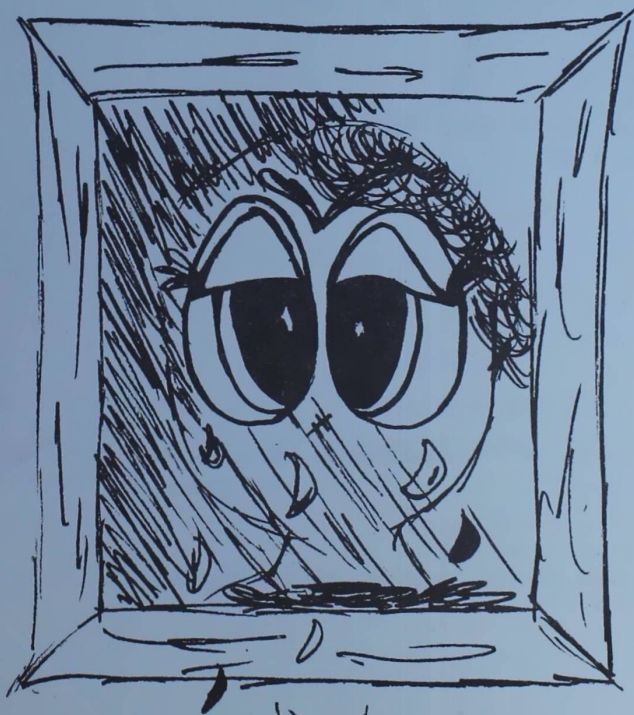
The authority under which I labored, cruelly condemned me, as executioner, to cut off the head of my beloved sister in public. That day dawned all too soon and I approached my sister, trembling, nearly fainting, axe in hand, under the eyes of a score of watching citizens who had gathered to leer at a brother who was to kill his loving sister who had helped to raise him from childhood. As I raised my axe, she looked up at me with those lovely brown, piercing orbs of hers. Her glance had the ability to penetrate my soul and to send my conscience into utter chaos. That one gaze seemed to uncover all my hidden sins and to take in the irony of the situation. I saw in her eyes the innocence and purity of her soul and knew at once that she was innocent. Nevertheless, I steeled myself and with one swift blow, sliced off her head.

At her death, my sister left a fifteen year old boy an orphan. To make amends for and to appease my conscience, I sent for the boy and took him to live in the family chateau, the only relic of our past opulence. Upon my nephew I heaped gifts and adulations of all kinds. I had a dozen portraits painted of him and hung strategically about the dwelling. One was my favorite and I placed it over the fireplace in the library where I could observe it easily from my favorite chair. The first night in which it was hung up, I had been reading in my chair with my nephew when I experienced a shudder, a shiver, of uncontrollable terror! I looked up at the painting, the living likeness of my nephew. I looked and saw those eyes!! The eyes of my sister leaped out at me from the canvas, fastened themselves in my mind and rebuked me in a thousand loud and angry voices for murdering her. I glanced at my nephew who had experienced none of my agonies. I was afraid to tell him - him who I know now was getting revenge for his mother.

To strengthen my mind and fortify my weak will, I sat there every night in front of the accursed portrait. I told no one of my tortures for fear that they would think me mad!! One night, I dozed off and while I dozed, thousands upon thousands of eyes marched their way, bored their way through my skull. All were the eyes of my sister. They compelled me, drew me, terrified, to look into their depths and see the horrors within.

I awoke with a start and looked upon my nephew who was

seated, as usual, by my side with his mendacious devotion. He saw my face and I became afraid. I tried to allay his suspicions that I was mad. I told him I had a nightmare. He grinned and laughed most horribly. With the devil by my side, cackling wickedly, I again fell into a tortured somnolence. As I dreamed, I again dreamed of those eyes, the terror and bane of my existence. As I slept, my fright and my terror of those eyes turned to hatred, anger, and frustration. Those eyes would always haunt me unless I rid myself of them forever. In my dream, I strode up to the portrait, raced up, and tore those eyes out irrevocably! In my dream, I dug my fingernails into the canvas, gouged, mashed, and pulled those eyes out! All my terror was converted to hatred, to the destruction of those eyes!! I heard a shriek and with a start I awoke. I looked at my nephew from whence the soul-rending cry had sprung and saw that he was eyeless with blood streaming from the empty, hollow sockets. I galnced at my hands. I was holding, in my palms, a quivering mass of eyeballs, flesh and blood, and I was mashing the pulp, mashing, mashing, mashing. . .



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THE WINNER
Mary Pat Traxler

Winning is being the best at something you do.
Winning is people knowing you because of something you
can attain.
Winning is not always a race, or a contest to prove
who's best.
Winning is a dream within your grasp, an attitude
based on faith in yourself.
Winners believe, even when others forget what it truly
means to be a winner.
And winners never lose.

THE LOCK
Steve Nunes

On our door is a lock,
It always holds strong.
While the things in our house
Stay where they belong.
Pushing,
Pulling, or
Forcing,
The lock won't give in to you and me,
Only to a key.

HIDDEN
Amy Schofield

The dark
Hides all mistakes
Solitude for evil
A place to get away from the world
To hide.

I AM A YO-YO
Tracey Cockrill

Strange as it may be that the way I have always felt is like a yo-yo. The one way that I can associate it to my life is by the way it goes up and down. When the feeling goes down, it is like a depressing downfall of events that pass by me, but time after time I know that I shall be revound. There is that reassurance that life will go on, with more wonderful surprising joys.

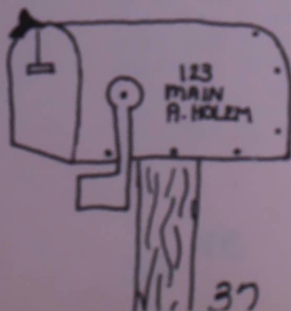
I can also be associated with the string on the yo-yo. Like life, I try to keep that string tight around me, so that no one will break it to get to me. Once they break it, I feel so vulnerable for someone or something can have access to me. That is when I know I need help from my friends or family to help me restrung that yo-yo so I can start my life all over again. That is to go up, but also to come down again.



MAILBOX

Allan Celmer

Once I was a trashcan,
With my mouth open wide,
And all of the people would throw their trash inside.
But now I am a mailbox and boy am I glad to say,
All I ever have to do is stand around all day.



MAJORITY RULES

Sean Surncker

Around the country, at this time
There are hundreds of mental schools.
The people that live there are of the odd kind.
They're there because majority rules.

What if more people tried to fly
Than stayed home and watched T.V.
While drifting in the air they'd sigh
And say, "Those people down there are crazy!"

They would try to put us sane away
Saying, "They aren't fit for society."
They'd make us play the games they play
And have us try to face reality.

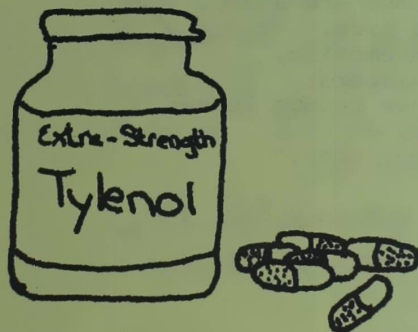
What about the men in bonds
Just because of their skin.
How can you tell right from wrong
Without looking within?!

If there were more blacks than whites
Would blacks call whites fools
Because they didn't talk just right?
You see, majority rules.

To each other we're all the same
But to the ill we're odd.
Each group plays their own game
And says the other is sleeping on the job.

SUICIDE
Narayan Nair

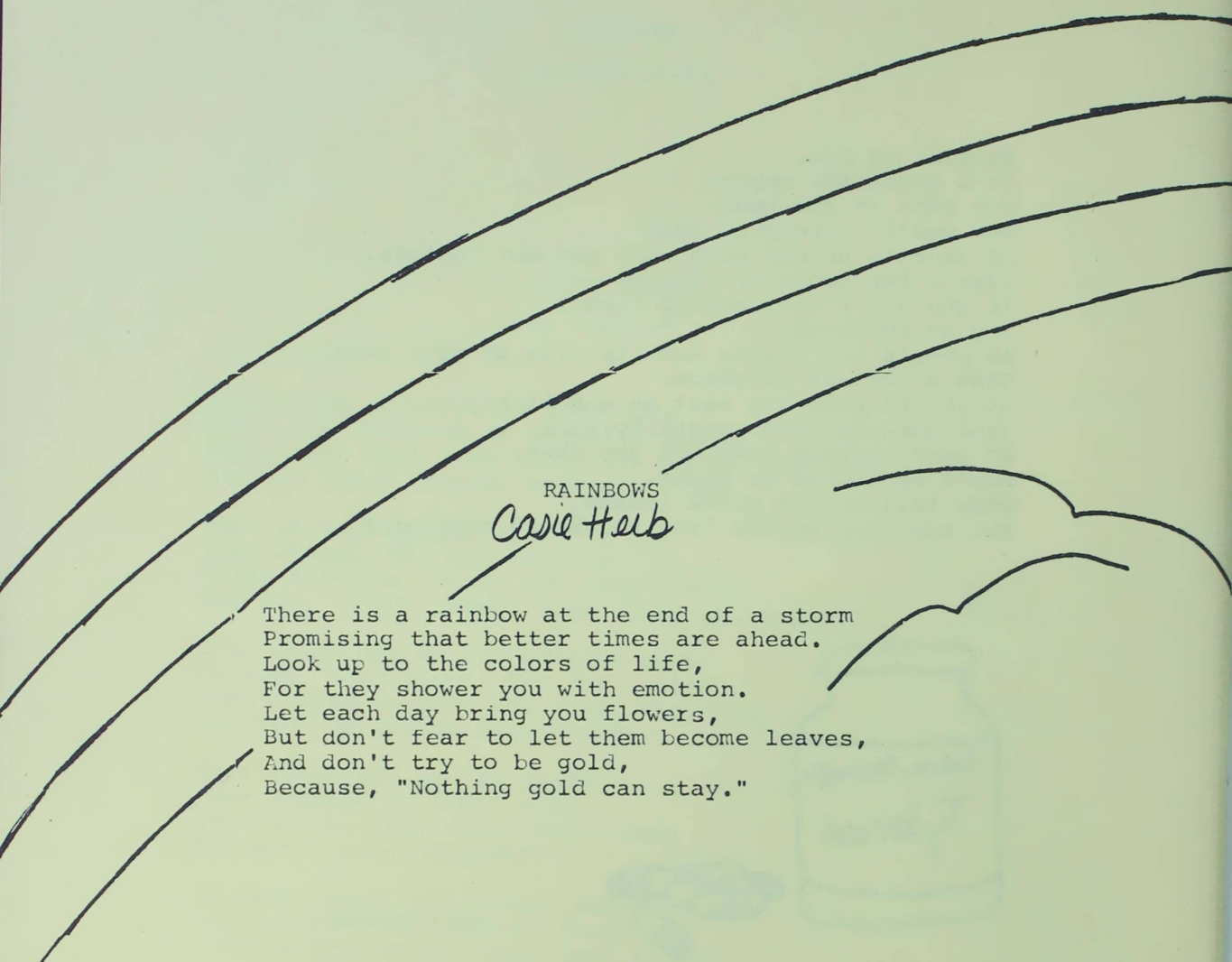
Suicide is fun,
It's great for anyone
One shot in the head,
And you'll surely be dead
If there's no one with whom you can confide,
Take a few drops of cyanide
If you don't know anyone close,
Try an overdose.
If people are trying hard to mess up your scene,
Take a shot of morphine.
If you're sure you want to end it all,
Take some Extra-Strength Tylenol.
If your worries have got you down,
Don't be scared to drown.
They tell me I'm quite insane,
But how many stiffs have you heard complain?



THE PRESENT

Marie Gusewelle

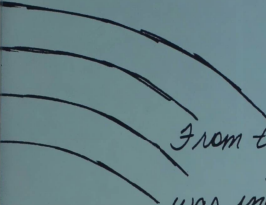
I wander in the store aimlessly,
Looking for just the right thing to see.
I see something I like,
But the price isn't right.
Is it too big or is it too small?
The size I don't seem to recall.
Will she like it, or will she not?
Before I know it, the day is shot!
I look all around,
And it's finally found.
But what do I see?
She already has three!!!



RAINBOWS

Casey Herb

There is a rainbow at the end of a storm
Promising that better times are ahead.
Look up to the colors of life,
For they shower you with emotion.
Let each day bring you flowers,
But don't fear to let them become leaves,
And don't try to be gold,
Because, "Nothing gold can stay."



From the Editor:

This year's book was indeed a challenge! I would just like to thank all of you S.I.T. members, and a special thanks to Mrs. Nathan, Ms. Brown, and Casie Herb. Without the encouragement and support of all of you, this year's edition would not have been possible.

Thank you all for sharing a part of your rainbow!

-Angie Hblem
Editor

*Friends
Always*



We Won't Forget



SPORTS

FROM ONE
TIGER
TO ANOTHER

SPORTS

FOOTBALL FOOTBALL FOOTBALL FOOTBALL FOOTBALL FOOTBALL FOOTBALL FOOTBALL FOOTBALL

basketball basketball basketball basketball basketball basketball basketball basketball basketball

Baseball Baseball Baseball Baseball Baseball Baseball



WE'VE HAD FUN!



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