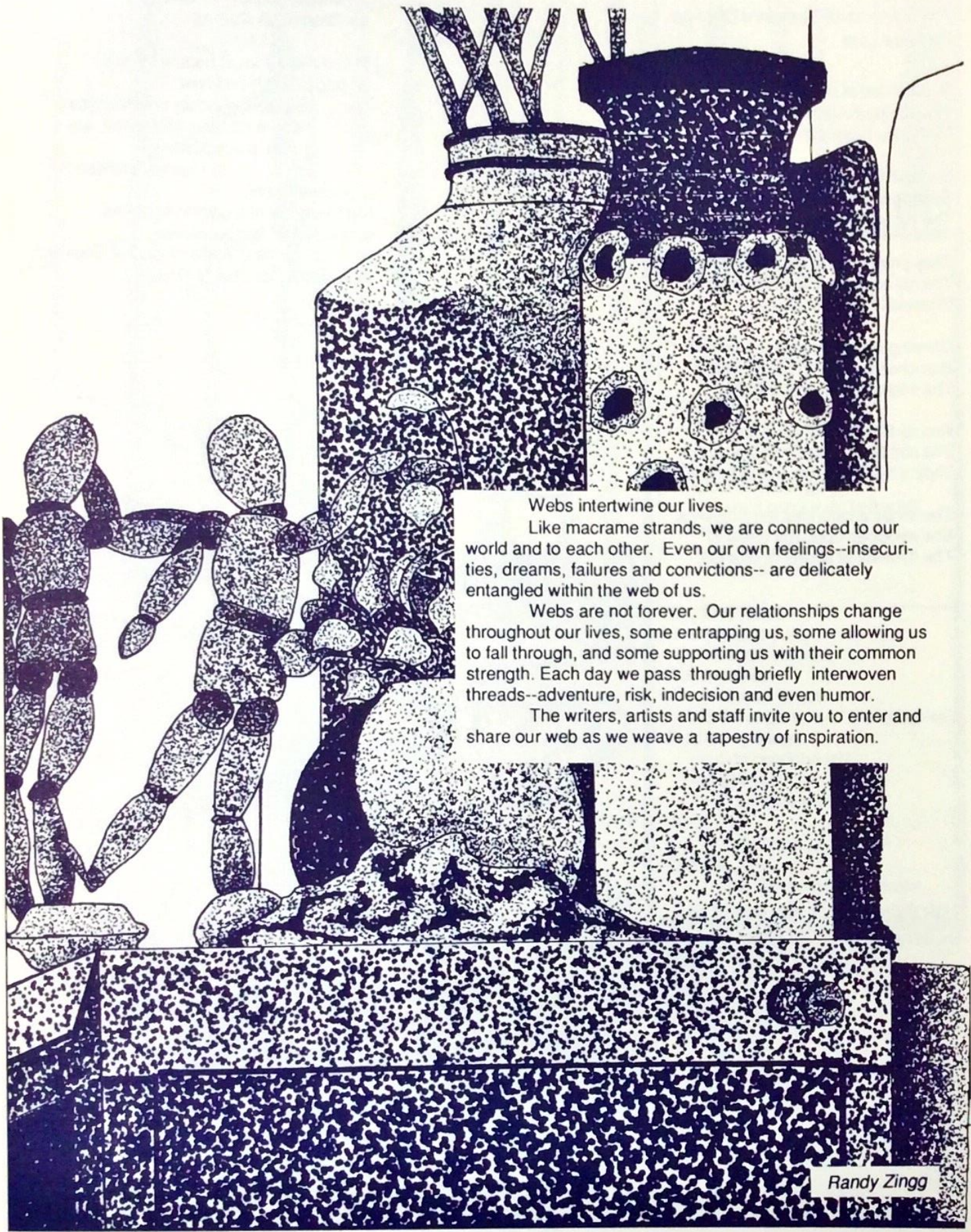


Bullseye '90

"Web"

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Webs intertwine our lives.

Like macrame strands, we are connected to our world and to each other. Even our own feelings--insecurities, dreams, failures and convictions-- are delicately entangled within the web of us.

Webs are not forever. Our relationships change throughout our lives, some entrapping us, some allowing us to fall through, and some supporting us with their common strength. Each day we pass through briefly interwoven threads--adventure, risk, indecision and even humor.

The writers, artists and staff invite you to enter and share our web as we weave a tapestry of inspiration.

Randy Zingg

The Nymphs of Season's Change
by Alice Lam

Surrounded in rich darkness,
Fluctuating autumn leaves drift,
Lining the regal path.

Beneath the trees they scurry,
Bearing armfuls of autumn's hue
The nymphs of season's change.

They present their rustic bundles,
The full air mellow with ripeness
Wrapped in vibrant music.

Growing stronger, breezes swirl,
Branches sway with anticipation.
The wintry queen approaching.

And as the last leaf quivered,
The soft flurry of the first one came.
They whispered with enchantment.

The winds announced her presence,
She swooped upon the forest of
The nymphs of season's change.

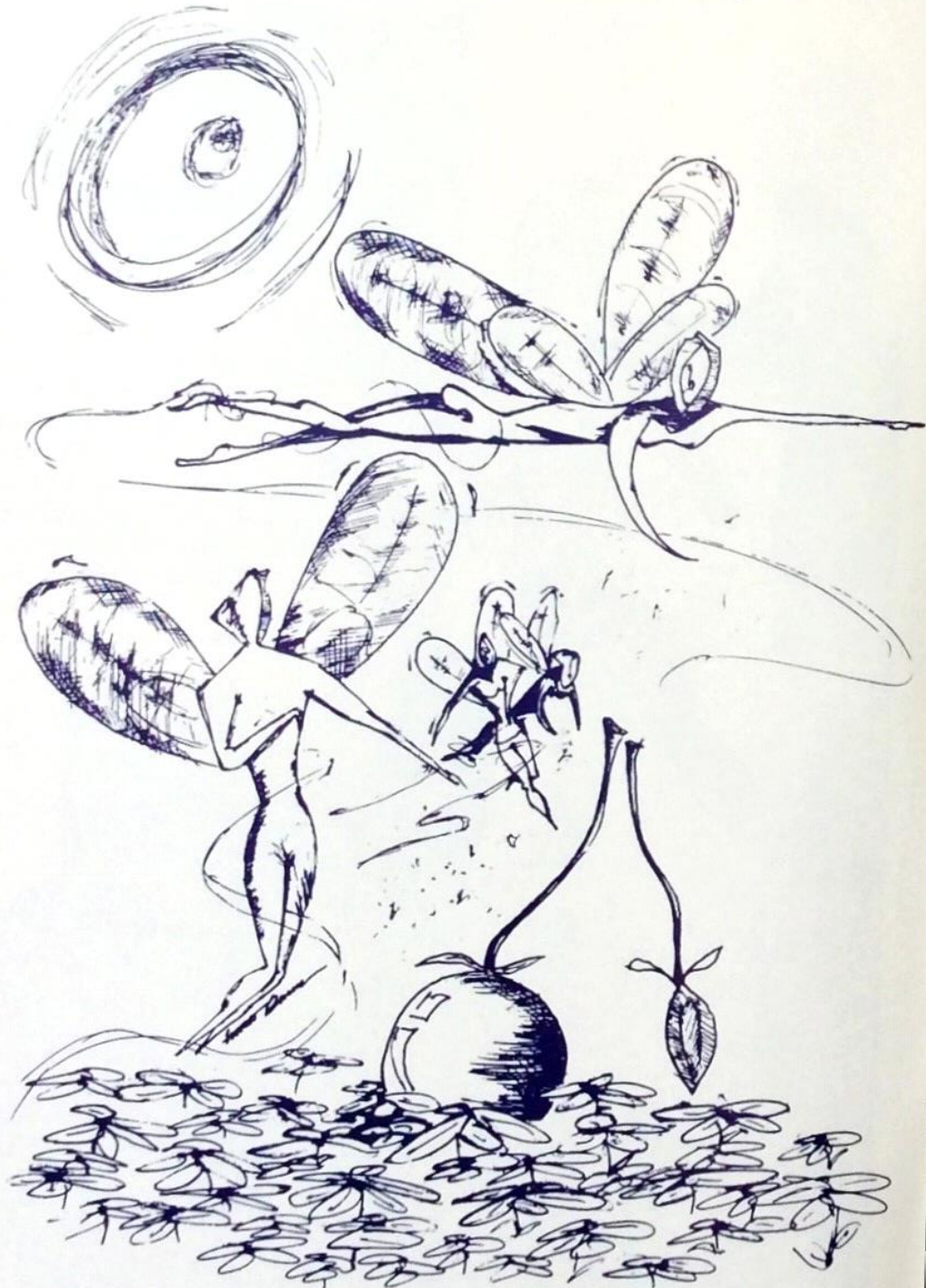
A Remembrance of Chastity
by Zachariah Gomez

In complete awe of beauty beheld
on pages fresh and new,
Stomachs empty of butterflies
and fluctuated ignorance, are
now embedded with-
Sanskrit tales

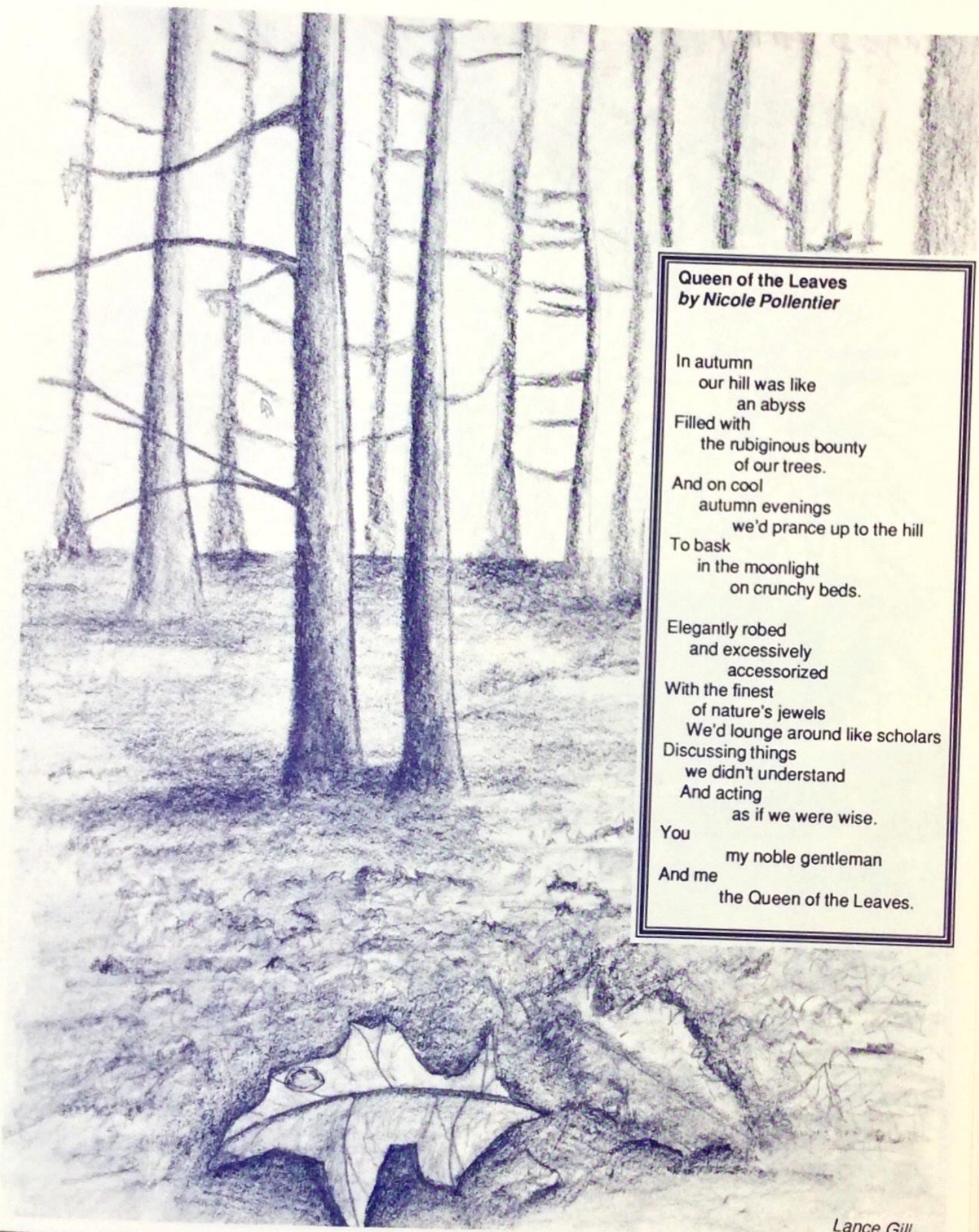
of enchantment.

Lost legends of a golden light and
of spirits and faeries.

Cleansing souls of forever forgotten,
— A Remembrance of Chastity.



*"We didn't weave this web of life;
we only enjoy it."—Midler*



Queen of the Leaves
by Nicole Pollentier

In autumn
our hill was like
an abyss
Filled with
the rubiginous bounty
of our trees.
And on cool
autumn evenings
we'd prance up to the hill
To bask
in the moonlight
on crunchy beds.

Elegantly robed
and excessively
accessorized
With the finest
of nature's jewels
We'd lounge around like scholars
Discussing things
we didn't understand
And acting
as if we were wise.

You
my noble gentleman
And me
the Queen of the Leaves.

Lance Gill



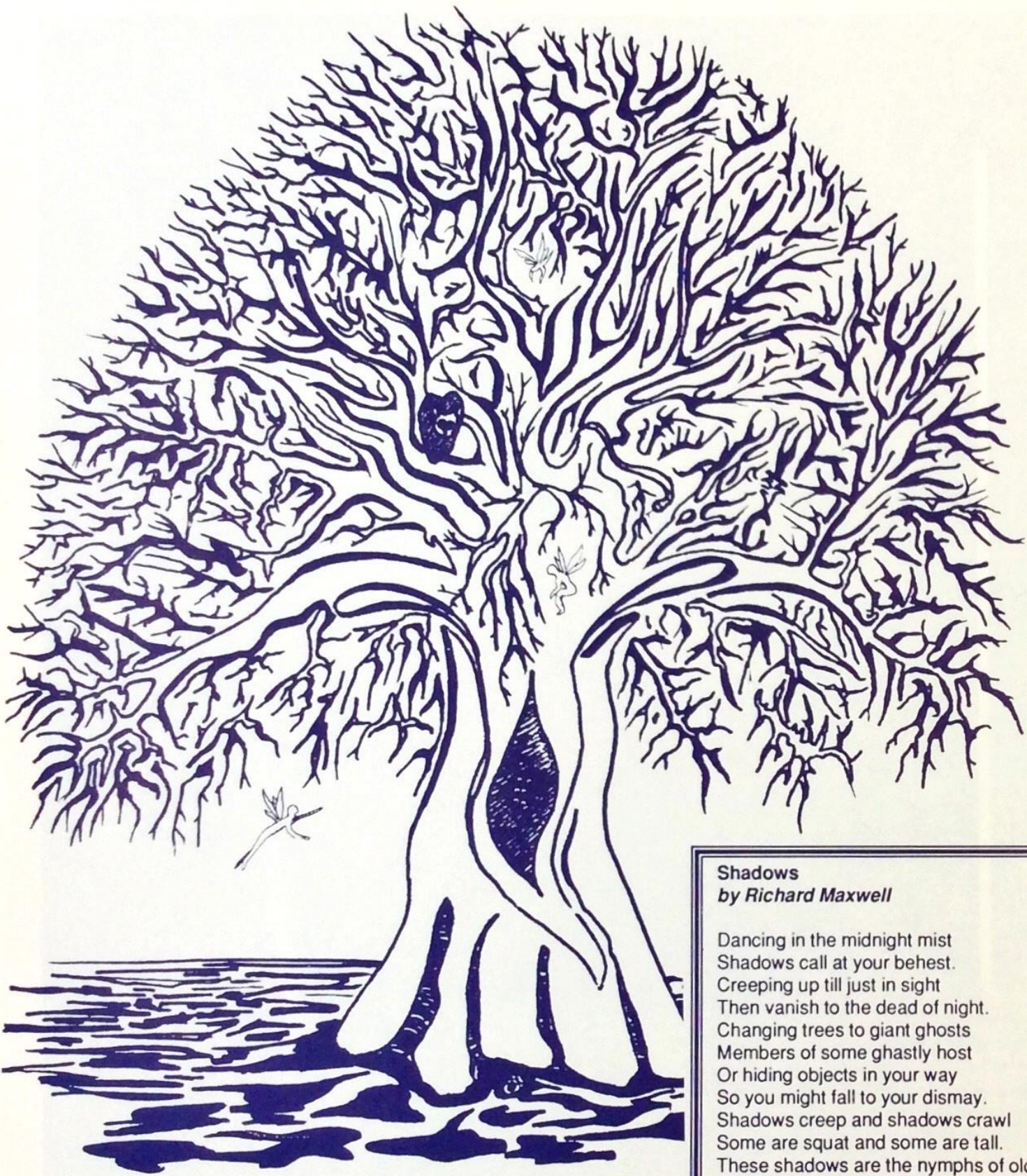
Heather Chipman

Fairy Dust
by Heather Chipman

It was winter
Night had lifted its veil
From the face of day
The cold was biting and
Bodies were sluggish
Suddenly, eyes filled with wonder
Cold was forgotten as little bodies
Hurled themselves outside
To stretch their arms towards the heavens
Snow! Little bits of icy lace
Settling on faces, Diamonds
Falling from the sky
There is no wonder to match
The first cold touch of fairy dust.



Troy Lubianski



Tyna Cervantes

Shadows
by *Richard Maxwell*

Dancing in the midnight mist
Shadows call at your behest.
Creeping up till just in sight
Then vanish to the dead of night.
Changing trees to giant ghosts
Members of some ghastly host
Or hiding objects in your way
So you might fall to your dismay.
Shadows creep and shadows crawl
Some are squat and some are tall.
These shadows are the nymphs of old
Who make their mischief to behold
The most courageous of us all
Shrink to be just one foot tall.
And all these nymphs enjoy their trysts
Dancing in the midnight mist.

"Nature's vast frame, the web
of human things . . ."--Shelley



Weeping
by Ben Cooley-Nichols

The desert flower
dances in the Arizona sunset,
dreaming of rain.

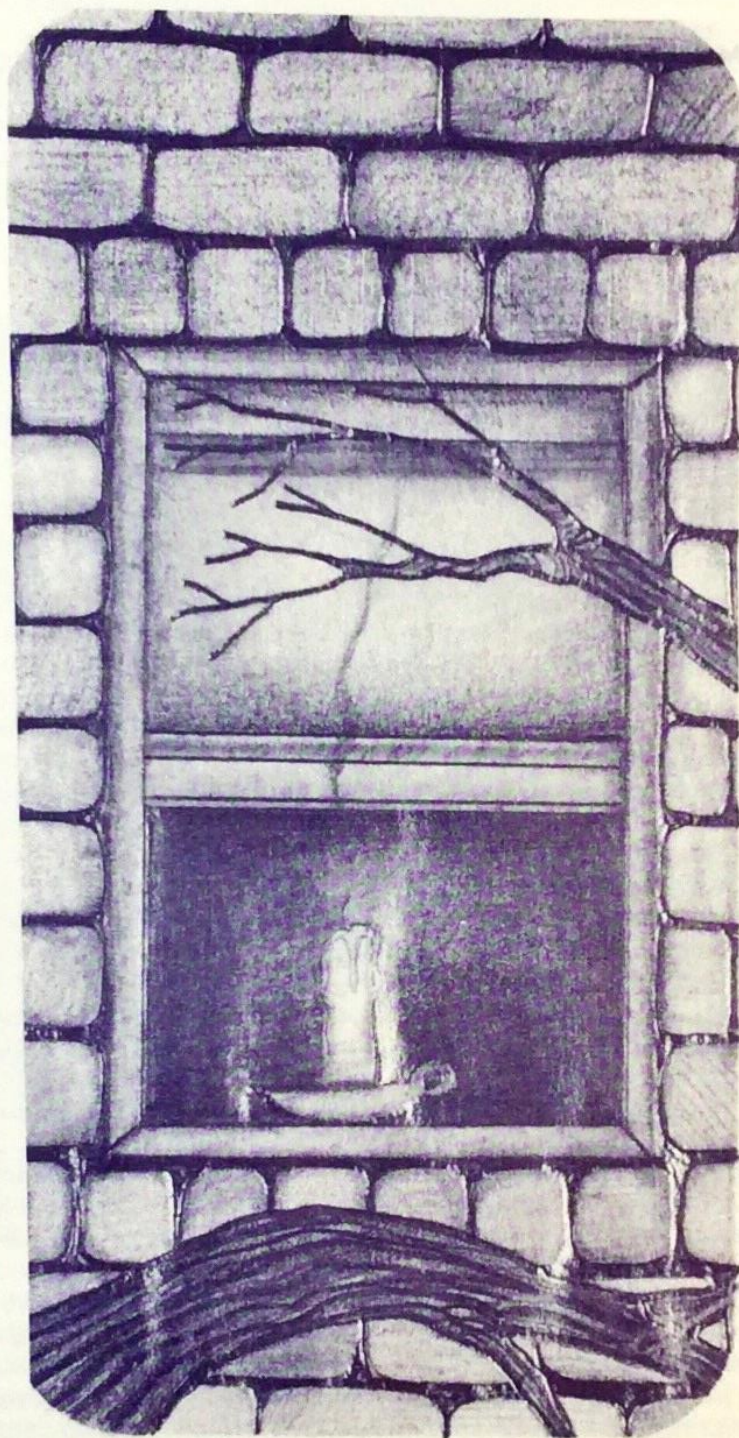
by Laura Gray

The eyes of innocence look on
And the gardener penetrates the virgin soil
Seemingly untouched, he plays quietly
The gardener drops the seed and quickly covers it up
Tears of confusion cascade velvet cheeks
The seed is black
He tries to understand
The roots firmly take hold
The ceramic statue smashes
The gardener washes his hands
But there is dirt under his nails.

Heather Chipman

by *Andrea Osborne*

A window is open,
A candle burns inside,
Silence stills the night.
A breeze blows through the trees,
Shaking their limbs,
Shedding their skins.
The candle flickers
then twitches
then dies.
Dark is the night.



"The thousand strands of the web . . . are . . . , so strangely entangled . . . that if a man searches into it, he sees right and the bloodiest wrong becomes one."

--Ibsen

Robert Cervantes

Portrait of Jorge Valls by Robert Cervantes

On February 2, 1933, Mercedes Valls gave birth to her first son, Jorge. She and her husband, Alfonso, cared for and nurtured their son. Mercedes was always very proud of her son and would often tell anyone within hearing distance how bright he was. Alfonso already had plans for his son in the business arena. But rather than taking the route paved for him, Jorge chose to put his life at the utmost risk in order to gain democracy and dignity for Cubans.

Jorge grew up in Havana, Cuba. He thrived on learning and had a deep desire to consume knowledge. Jorge attended the University of Havana, where he studied philosophy. At this time Fulgencio Batista was the dictator of Cuba. Batista's restrictive government angered Jorge and other young activists. As Jorge moved deeper in the anti-Batista movement, he met Fidel Castro and others who wanted a revolution to abolish the bonds of oppression. Jorge never wanted a revolution of guns and bloodshed. Instead, he wanted a revolution of talk and compromise. Jorge spent weeks and months in prison because of his role in the revolutionary movement. Eventually, Jorge was exiled to Mexico for publicly denouncing the government for the killings it committed following an assault by demonstrators. Fidel Castro was placed in exile as well, but he entered the Cuban mountains and formed a guerilla army. In 1959, Fidel overthrew the Batista regime. Several months later, Jorge returned to his country. Jorge was offered a position in the new government, but he refused it because he felt that Castro's means to power were an indignity to the Cuban people. Jorge didn't agree with Castro's methods and false promises.

After several years in power, Castro declared Cuba part of the Communist block. As Communism's true face became more and more frightening, Jorge's family decided to leave the island. Jorge's two younger sisters were sent to New York City with another family because of fear that Castro-controlled schools would brainwash and disillusion them. By the end of that year, Jorge's parents followed their children to America. Because of love for his country,

Jorge chose to stay.

In 1964, a very good friend of Jorge's, Marcos Armando Rodriguez, was accused of collaborating with the CIA to overthrow Castro during a trip in Czechoslovakia. At the widely publicized trial, Jorge spoke out on behalf of his friend. Jorge testified that his friend was innocent and that the Communist Cuban government had created the charges to instill fear. Jorge's involvement in the trial was a crossroad in his life. The verdict came, and it ordered the execution of Jorge's friend. Jorge himself was charged for "activities against the powers of the state and leading antigovernment organizations." He was sentenced to twenty years in prison. He received no trial.

The succeeding twenty years and forty days of Jorge Valls's life were spent in dark cells. Jorge was often transferred to different prisons around the island. Months of his sentence were spent in isolation. The hard labor camps were unbearable and intolerable.

Jorge spent time in Boniato, a remote maximum security facility, notorious for being one of the most violent prisons in the world. He and other political prisoners who refused to wear the common uniforms were named "Los Plantados," meaning rooted-to-the-spot diehards. Because they chose not to wear the same uniforms as the rapists and drug addicts, they were severely punished. Most of the political prisoners had the choice to swallow their beliefs to receive an early release. "Los Plantados" stuck to their ideals and made it as hard as possible for the tyrant government. The Boniato prison still stands today. Its doors and windows are sealed with slabs of steel.

The conditions at Boniato were both ghastly and unbelievable. The guards kept the prisoners in terror by attacking them with chains and bayonets. Jorge lived in a completely empty cell, totally naked. The trip to the bathroom was a battle against enormous rats. The guards poked the prisoners to keep them from sleeping and threw buckets of urine on them. Disease spread throughout the jail, and beatings often resulted in handicaps. Malnutrition was caused by the monotonous and insufficient meals - a few spoonfuls of

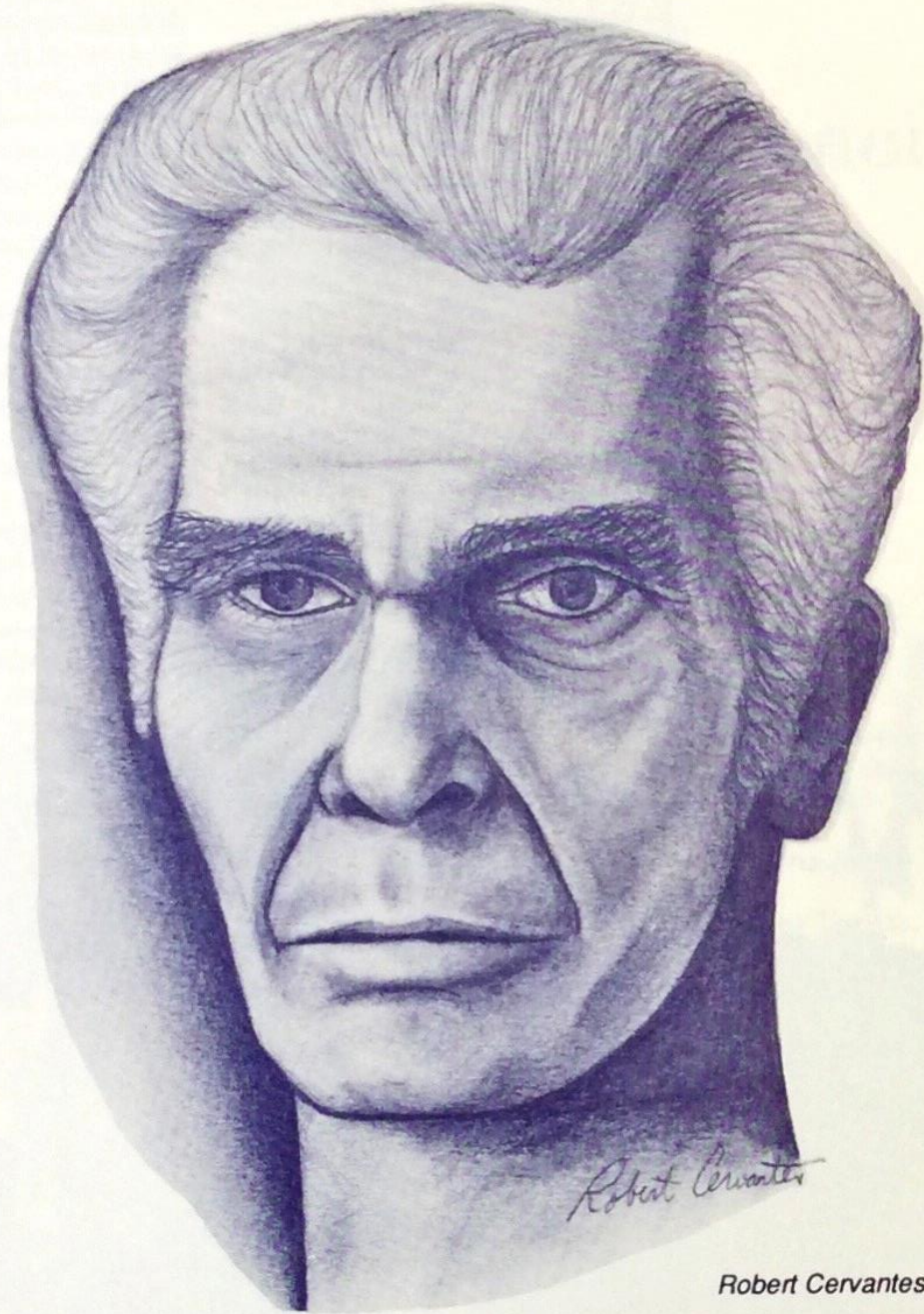
boiled macaroni or a paste of flour, water, and sugar. To protest the terrible conditions, Jorge and other inmates went on hunger strikes, one of which lasted thirty-six days.

There was a certain part of Jorge's prison life when the guards weren't creating havoc or when sounds of suffering and the smell of death weren't so completely overwhelming. Those were the times when Jorge wrote poems, essays, and plays about prison life. His poetry often described images of death and the yearning to live free from restraint.

Based on letters, a relationship between Jorge and Christina Cabezas, also a political prisoner, developed. They were married in a brief prison ceremony. After she was released, she smuggled his work abroad on tiny pieces of paper. In Spain, she found a publisher who printed Jorge's works in a book titled *Where I Am There Is No Light*.

As Jorge was finishing his twenty year term, criticism of Castro's human rights policies increased. At last the twenty years were completed, but Jorge was not released. The remaining hope diminished. Many feared that Jorge had been resentenced as had thirty-four other political prisoners. Jorge was finally released forty days after his term was completed. Two weeks prior to being set free, Jorge was sent to another prison. There he was cleansed, and his ailments were treated. The guards there didn't beat him, and he was given full meals so that when Jorge arrived at the airport to meet his family and the army of media, he wouldn't look so frail and weak. The scheme did not work.

After the film crews put their cameras away and the tears of joy were wept, a second half of Jorge's life began. Jorge left prison with an incredible faith in his God. He devoutly attends mass every day. Jorge's life is centralized around his experiences in prison, and he has made it a mission to spread awareness. He now often travels around the world speaking for Amnesty International and Human Rights International. Jorge's constant desire to contribute is his release from years of confinement. Jorge will continue his obsessive calling as long as he is fueled by this incredible energy.



Robert Cervantes

Poetry reprinted by permission of the author, Jorge Valls

I'll sing to you

in the kidney of the stone
or the snow-enamelled crest,
with a voice filtered free
of the unclean death-rattle of my clay.
Take my eyes.
Prick them with light,
just your perfumed light.
Let me be a rail
to the moist flower of your hand.

Winter(Hell)

It's climbing
up my legs
like white snakes.
It plays dead,
becomes a little leaf of frost
in the scant greenness.
My trapped muscles tremble
as my ears ring with sonorous wine.
I do not want it, and I want it,

and I ask for it, to rest unquietly,
like self-belittlement.
Away from everything,
not wanting to approach;
a foggy pain in my belly,
inert and restless,
past searching, sinking
in the utter deficiency.
I am beginning to lack everything
as I am invaded,
slowly, by the worms of ice.

Reflections on our Restless Times

by *Monica Oberkofler*

When Adolf Hitler's Thousand Year Reich ended after just twelve years, it left behind a ruined society and a world in shock. In the fervent hope that the human race would never again see such times, the leaders of that day drew up a plan to divide Europe and to end the ideology that shortened so many millions of lives. However history has played a cruel joke on the world. One great effort to end the oppression of Nazism only led to the tyranny of a Marxist society. Exaggerating the post World War II plan, Communism slammed its doors shut, not to keep people out, but to keep them in.

However, human nature is such that it will not remain silent forever. After surviving for so many years under their hardline governments, the people of Eastern Europe became restless, eager for the freedom to make their own choices. Finally, in 1985, Mikhail S. Gorbachev was chosen as General Secretary of the Communist Party in the Soviet Union. Younger than most of his conservative predecessors, he brought with him some of the unrest of the citizens. In an attempt to save the failing Communist system and assuage the hunger of its victims, Gorbachev introduced programs of "Perestroika" (restructuring) and "Glasnost" (openness). But little did he know what forces he had unleashed. The inextinguishable spirit of liberty can only be suppressed for so



Monica Oberkofler

long. The people had tasted a small piece of freedom and they wanted more. No longer would they wait patiently for their bickering leaders to agree. They took to the streets by the thousands, trying to claim what they felt was so rightfully theirs. And, for once, history worked in favor of its writers. "What took the Poles ten years, took the East Germans ten weeks, and the Czechoslovakians ten days." At last the world had heard the cry of its people.

Perhaps the greatest symbol of victory for European people took place in the heart of the Communist world, Berlin. The mighty German capital, once characterized as a bustling metropolis and the heart of German culture, was completely severed in half by worried politicians. Frightened by the mass exodus of people fleeing the Marxist society, the Communist leaders found it necessary in 1961, to erect the "Shandemauer" or "Wall of Shame." They built straight down the middle of the streets of Berlin, through its backyards and even through houses that stood in the way. Neighbors, once living across the street from each other, became aliens. For almost thirty years, they lived only meters apart, but in very different worlds, separated by a massive concrete giant

through which they could not even exchange smiles. Finally, the people cried out in protest and now, for the first time in nearly three decades, the divided city has been reunited with the other half of its family.

However it isn't quite time to break out the champagne bottles and start the victory celebration. Communism may be slowly crumbling, but then "empires rarely fall without flying around."² The very core of the stability that Europe has enjoyed for the past forty years has been shaken. The angry, outspoken masses who opened the barriers have also opened up enormous political and economic difficulties. Once isolated in the Communist world, these problems have now spilled into Western society. Leadership is strained. Chaos and anarchy lurk nearby. Even the possibility of a Hitler coming in and saying, "Give me a chance and I will make you great again," is not entirely remote, for history does repeat itself. "History teaches that change breeds instability and...instability breeds war."³ Can we rewrite what our past has already predicted for the future? Perhaps. Perhaps not. The human race is treading down an uncertain path. We can only guess what lies ahead.

¹ Henrik Bering-Jensen, "Policy Dilemma for Bush," *Insight on the News*, 5:52 (1989-1990): 13.

² Bering-Jensen 13.

³ Evan Thomas, "A World Turned Upside Down," *Newsweek*, 115:2 (1990): 33.



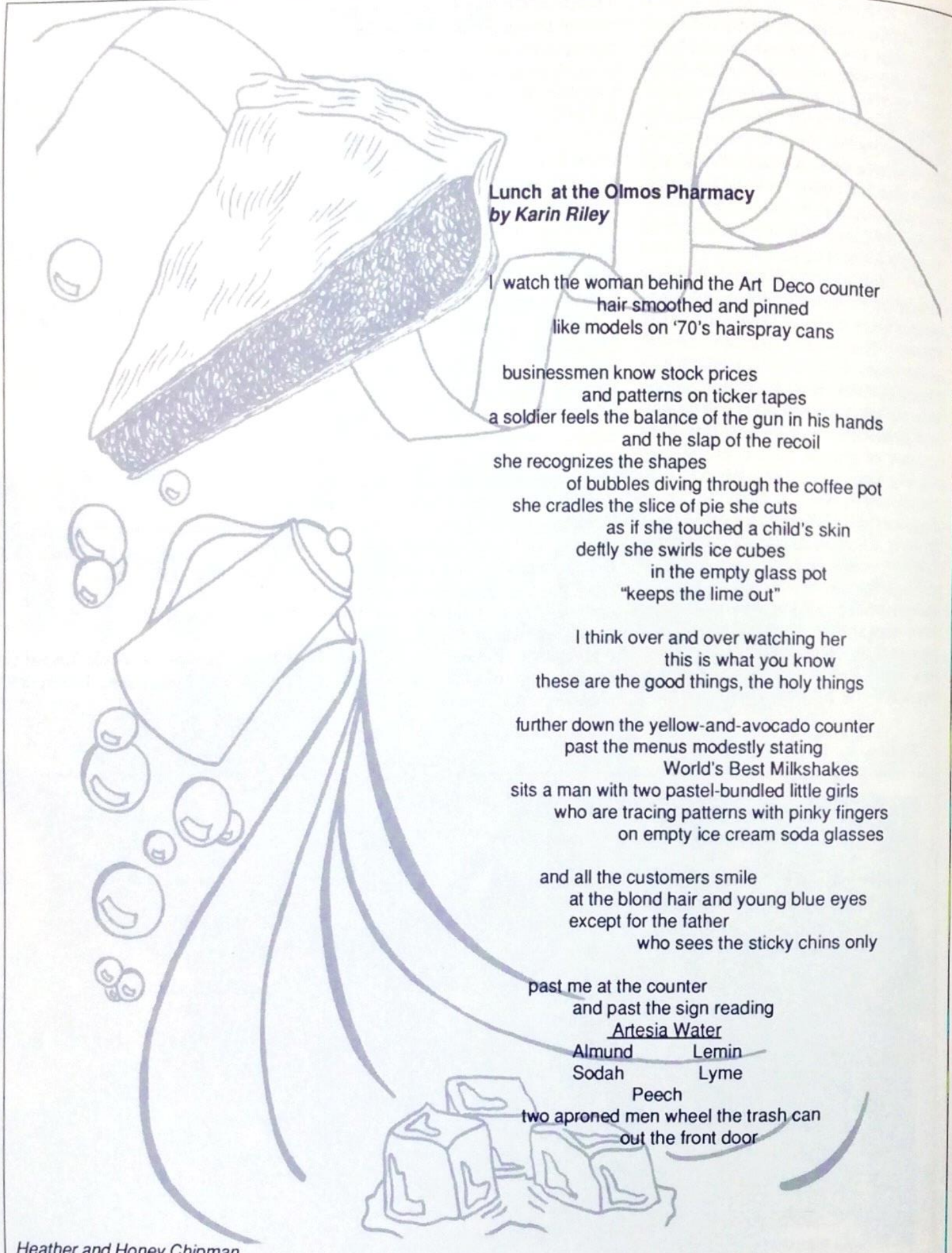
Monica Oberkofler

The Wall by James Banford

The rain came
And cleaned the wall
With all its markings.
The wall read like
A book.

All types of people
Had desecrated it.
On the west part of
The wall it said
Metallica.
On the east it said
Jesus is Lord.

But the rain,
The thunderous rain
came,
And washed it
away.



Lunch at the Olmos Pharmacy
by Karin Riley

I watch the woman behind the Art Deco counter
hair smoothed and pinned
like models on '70's hairspray cans

businessmen know stock prices
and patterns on ticker tapes
a soldier feels the balance of the gun in his hands
and the slap of the recoil
she recognizes the shapes
of bubbles diving through the coffee pot
she cradles the slice of pie she cuts
as if she touched a child's skin
deftly she swirls ice cubes
in the empty glass pot
"keeps the lime out"

I think over and over watching her
this is what you know
these are the good things, the holy things

further down the yellow-and-avocado counter
past the menus modestly stating
World's Best Milkshakes
sits a man with two pastel-bundled little girls
who are tracing patterns with pinky fingers
on empty ice cream soda glasses

and all the customers smile
at the blond hair and young blue eyes
except for the father
who sees the sticky chins only

past me at the counter
and past the sign reading

Artesia Water

Almund Lemin

Sodah Lyme

Peech

two aproned men wheel the trash can
out the front door

by *Emily Forland*

the children were starving.
we played
and the time worn need on fuzzy
footless pajama bottoms
was suddenly unimportant
(as his strong black feet peeped out)
with barely clothed
arms reaching in strong
boisterous
grasps big eyes
embracing my ring (fascinating in
its unfamiliarity)
and in the shelter the children were
love
starved and starving
while outside a sky
tear tapped
the sidewalk in silence and shone
for a moment (silver)
under the murky sliver
of moon
and inside
the children were starving.

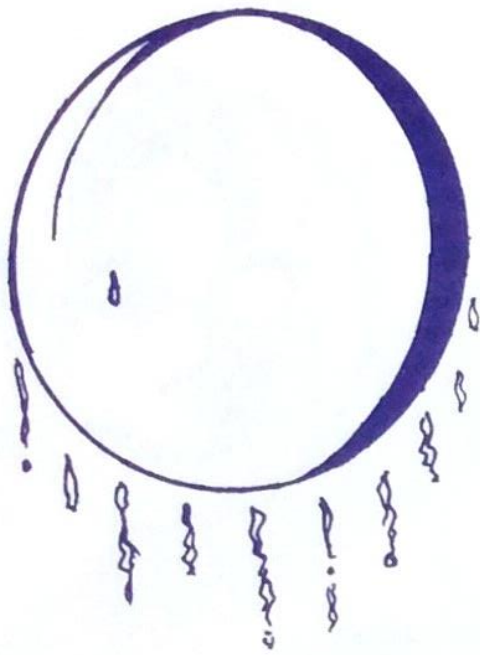


Well-Written
by *Gabrielle Marcus*

yesterday,
on the kitchen windowsill under the white
curtains with entropic yellow flowers,
a girl printed in the four tiniest letters
the F-word
in
pencil;
and when the family saw it, they laughed
and attributed the message to the
foul-mouthed Bronx teen
across the street,
who sometimes sat on the black yellow-flowered patent
vinyl dinette set
and cursed
much more effectively.

today,
the advertisement on the back of a dump truck:
"GARBAGE DISPOSAL: QUICK AND CLEANLY"
was printed in careful calligraphy,
and I hid my eyes,
embarrassed that
I dare to compose poetry in
stucco
handwriting.

tomorrow in front of the grocery store the men with
the belts that always miss a few loops
will carry signs like crosses reading,
"I will work for food,"
and the words will be block-lettered with a
straight edge,
as if the men are compulsive about
neatness,
or else worry,
as their belts gather fabric each day,
that no one can read the words.



On MIGRANT MOTHER, CALIFORNIA, 1936;
photograph by Dorothea Lange
by Gabrielle Marcus

and when the world is black and
white and
children huddle in the dust
and shiver on my shoulder I am
so
cold under your sun and
gray as
shadow;
dust on my shoulder children shiver and
giggle that the moon
was never colder than
the sun today

a raindrop cleans my palm
or then
it might have been a tear.



Gabrielle Marcus

The Rinse Cycle of Life

by Alice Lam

Prejudice is like
separating colors for
a load of laundry.
Whites in one basket,
Darks in another.
Maybe they are afraid
the colors will blend,
And maybe they are afraid
the colors will all look alike,
And be treated equally.
If the whites were better,
there is no way of telling now.
But,
that is what bleach is for.



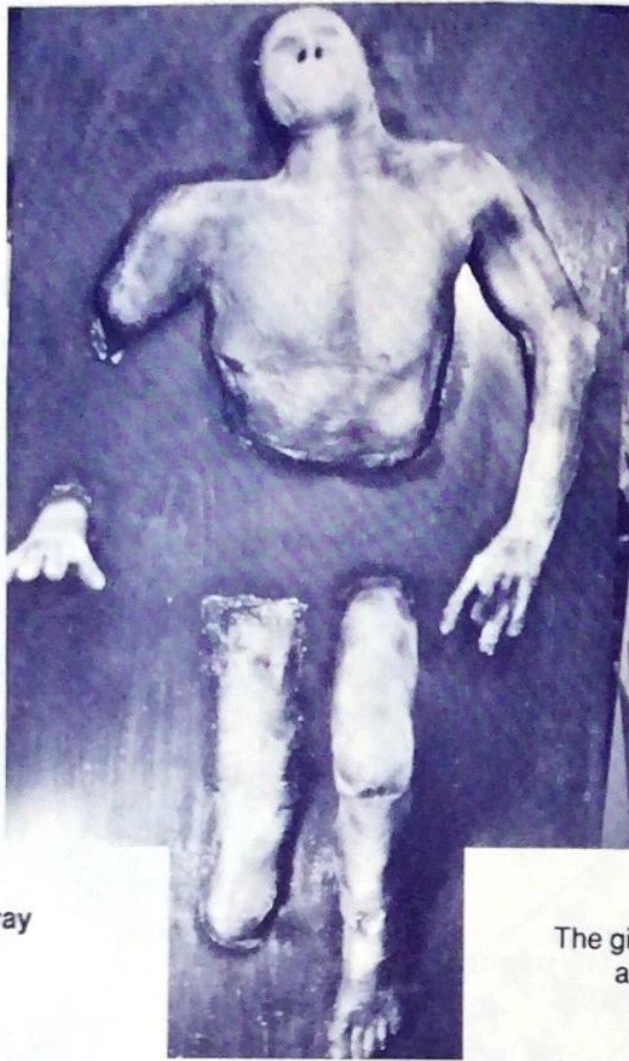
Eve Lyons

At Blanco and Rector Street
by Karin Riley

To those East Berliners who now walk across
the Wall
shouting "freedom"
-a triumph-
I want to show to them the man I saw
standing at the intersection today
he held a sign in capital letters
I AM HUNGRY
I WILL WORK FOR FOOD
and the cars rolled past and past
thinking of lunch
or perhaps annoyed that time is so short
and I
wrapped in shame for having
all along the highway the world blurred
because I cried
the arms of freedom
do not catch everyone gently.

"It is not ours to separate the tangled skein of will and fate."
--Whittier

Travis Bunn
Scott Modderman



"Our souls sit close and
silently within . . . their
own web . . ."
--Dryden

The Ones Who Ran Away
by Kathy Archuleta

A small square picture
carefully placed
in a wallet,
is pulled out
for the thousandth time.

As the boy speaks,
a lost longing pours out
of him whom
we thought had no
feelings.

As those who knew the other
stare into the past,
the boy speaks the words we all felt,
"This is my friend, who I'll
probably never see again."

Our minds drift back to pleasant
memories that will
never disappear.

This is to the ones who ran away.

The girl speaks
and as she remembers,
the tears well up in her eyes.

A ring,
given to her by a friend -
She can nearly describe it
perfectly.

She almost can't go on,
yet she continues and
the longing for a faraway friend
is clearly evident in her eyes
and voice.

So many questions,
left
without answers

A deep sadness
hovers over the room
with only a bell
to break the silence.

This is to the ones who ran away.

The Hearts of America
by Sarah Schubert

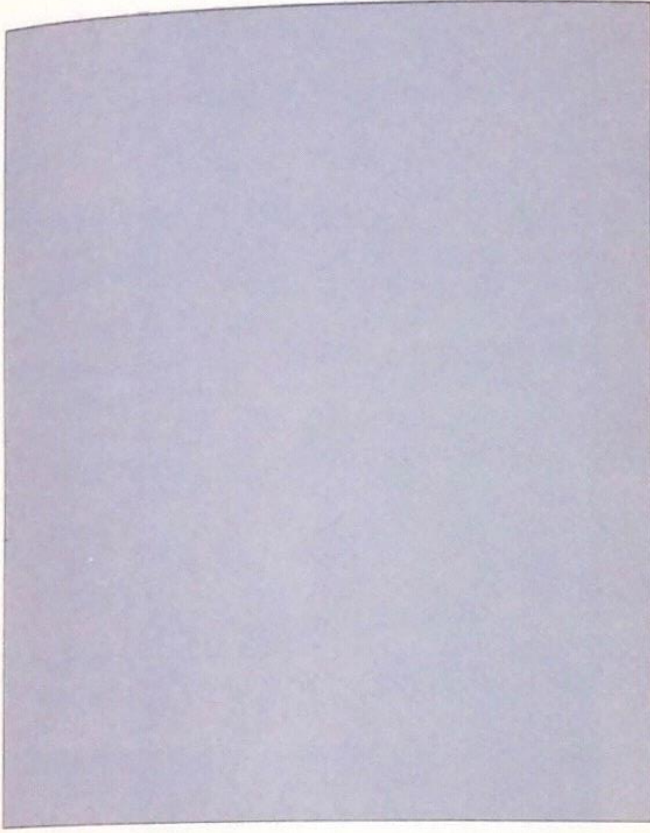
Please, no more applause for Bob Geldof
and his LIVE-AID,
or ovations for those almighty,
world-aware actors.

I do not want to hear of millionaires
with big hearts, and
small donations.

How about a hand for the mother
improvising dinner for
six children,
or the father,
working two jobs, who never walks away.

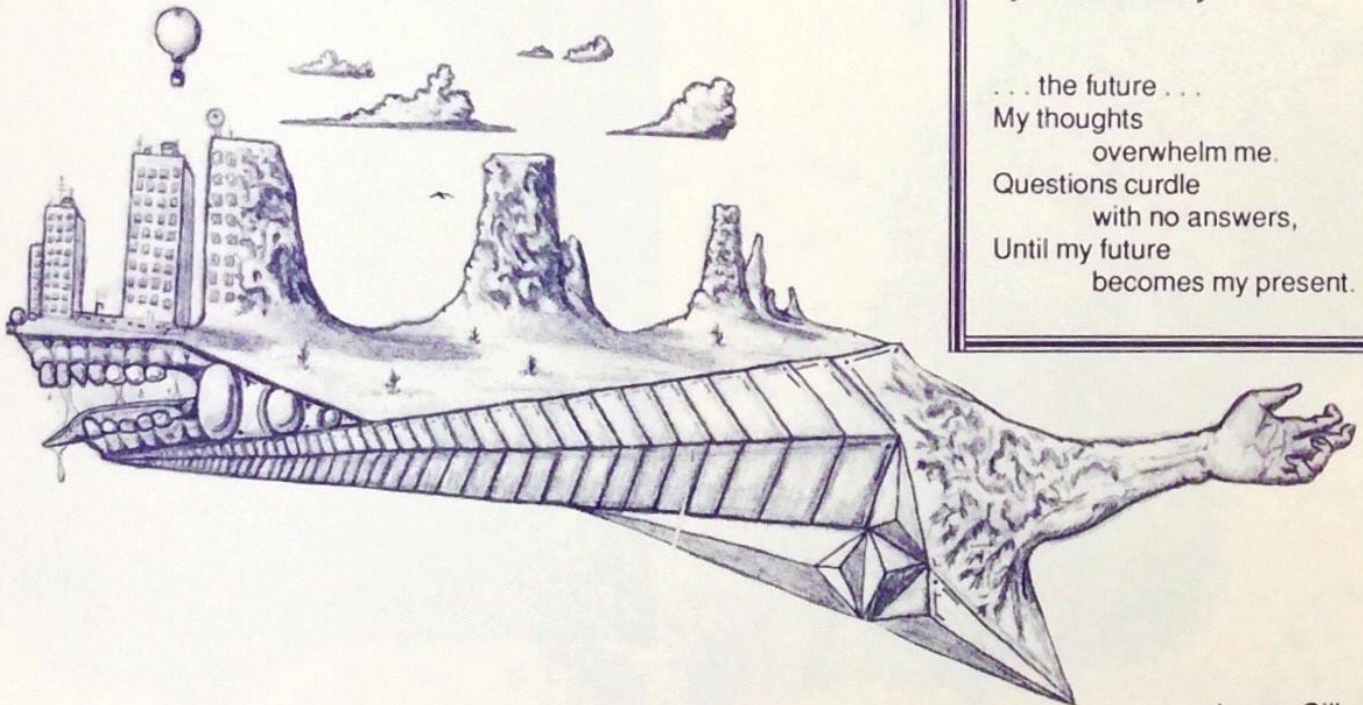
I want an award for the freezing child
giving his coat to a weeping girl.

Where is the Nobel Prize for these
achievers?
Those living in cardboard boxes,
who burn shoes for warmth;
tell me, where is their glory,
their respect?



What Will Be?
by Heather Cady

... the future ...
My thoughts
 overwhelm me.
Questions curdle
 with no answers,
Until my future
 becomes my present.



Lance Gill



Tyna Cervantes

*"Webs . . . stand firm when any light and yielding
object falls upon them . . ."--Solon*

The Other
by Becky Cook

You silently frustrate me
infuriate me
yet I only smile
and continue on
Though you are the sea
with life and beauty,
your storms ravage
my soul
and I am constantly
washed away
by your indifference
I am the sand castle
who once stood proudly
I must wait patiently
for someone to build me up
Until then
your waves crash against me
Hiding my tears
but flooding my soul
Because no storm can compare
with the deafening calm
I am feeling.



Matt Norris

Too Many Connectors Without A Proper Connectee
by Nicole Pollentier

And I gazed on him mystically
And with the brain of a zephyr
And dreamily I told him
That his eyes were like a
 sea of emeralds
Glittering in whey-faced moonlight.

And he answered me passionately
And blazing with love, that
 "Seas aren't made of emeralds
 And moonlight could never be whey-faced."

And I told him he had
 the perfection of Zeus
And the raw strength of Hercules
But he only smiled remotely at me
And I sighed
 with the life of me.

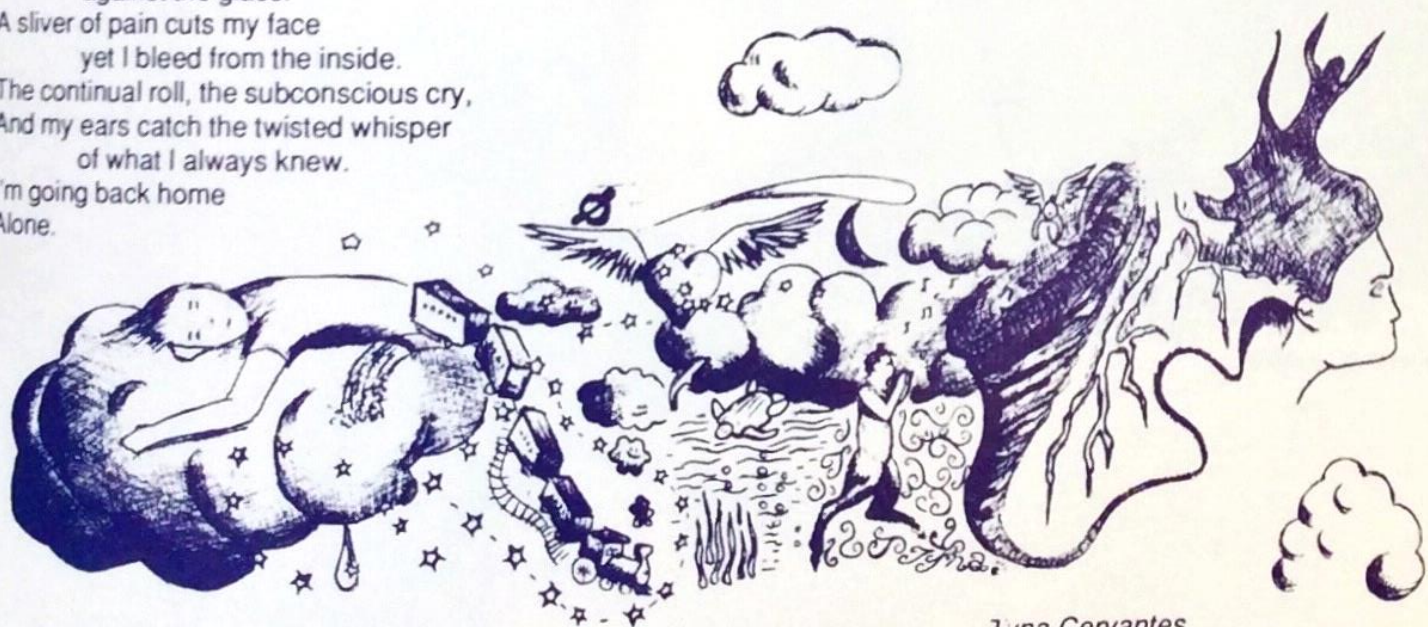


Train Ride
by Emily Okaty

The grinding, growling murmur of cold steel
sifts through my staggering thoughts.
Glittery wisps of shoestring stars
fly past me in confusion.
My warm nose presses against the frigid window
sending a chill through my eyes.
Voices of sane people
Are tucked away for the night between borrowed
brown blankets
With faded logos.
I turn to watch an expressionless face,
a smile escapes,
It might as well be yours.



Stardust forms a chain around my heart
my slowly numbing body oozes into a tingly sleep.
Charming clouds with purple smiles
play carelessly on your shadow.
We dance to Beatles and laugh at such innocence
in our own garden down under the sea.
Steamy soft kisses melt fragile child dreams.
The lurking, lingering word of love
becomes a mystical, trembling destiny.
A sudden bump knocks my senses
against the glass.
A sliver of pain cuts my face
yet I bleed from the inside.
The continual roll, the subconscious cry,
And my ears catch the twisted whisper
of what I always knew.
I'm going back home
Alone.



Tyna Cervantes



Without
by Ben Cooney-Nichols

Alive
the firm embrace,
the outline of
your chest
against mine,
the faint touch,
quiver sender,
the trace of fingers,
from cheek,
to chin,
to lips,
the stroking of
coarse dark hair
from your face,
the gentle massage
of your neck
with hand,
your lips against mine
in consuming passion.

Alone,
the darkness
surrounding us,
the sanctuary
in your arms,
the rhythmic touch
of fingers entwined,
the coos,
the stifled gasps,
each other's pleasures.

Exhausted,
your tired body
next to mine,
the deep gaze
melting and meshing
our souls
in whispered
"I love you,"
the final sensuous kiss
before sleep
takes its turn.

Awake,
the warmth
of your body
in the midnight cold,
your heartbeat,
the silent breath
of deep sleep
on my chest.

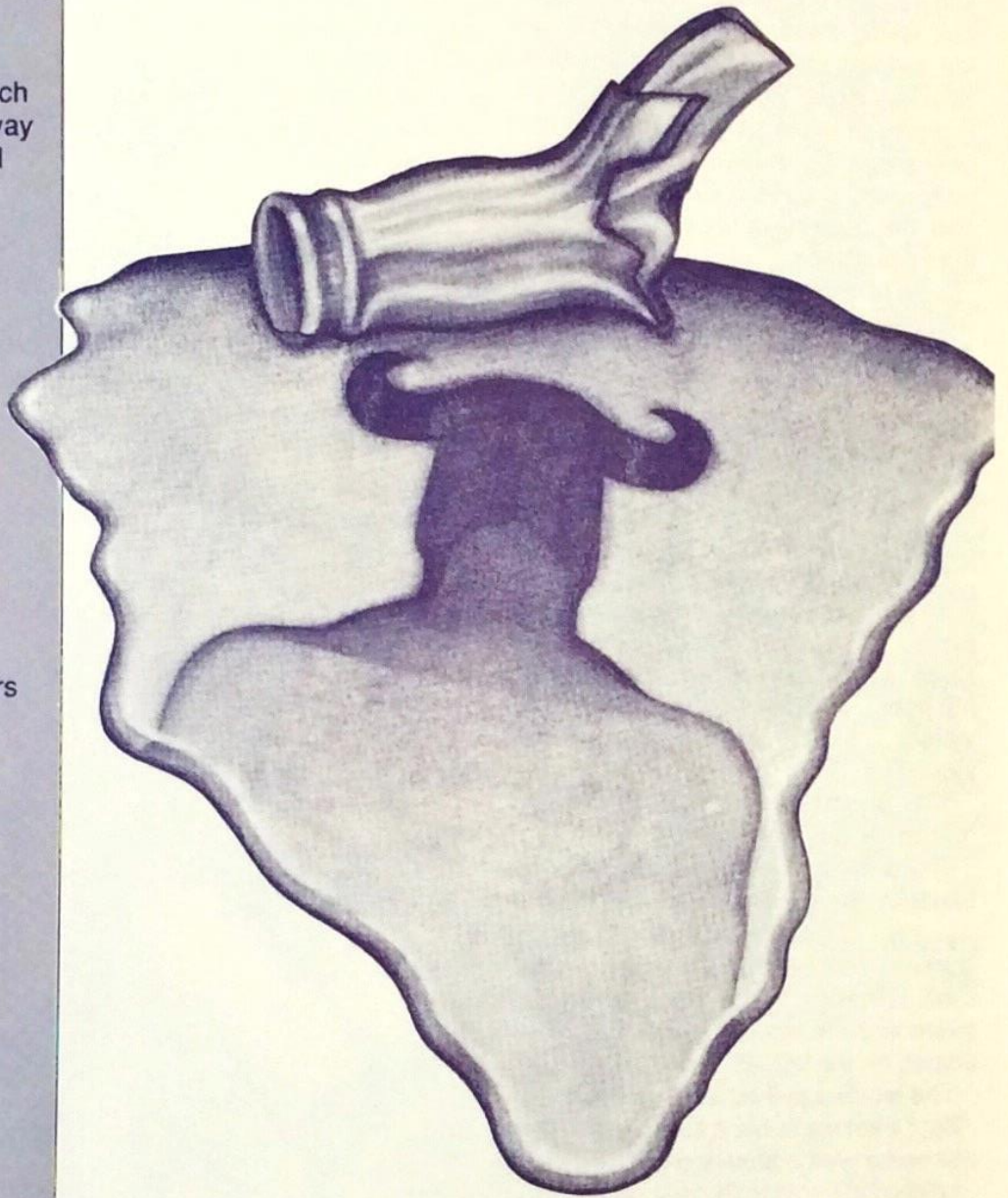
Dawn,
the morning
in your eyes,
the sunrise
on your skin
through my window,
the happiness
ecstasy
of love
in love.

Chris Brizzard

These I have not had.

The Identity Of A Minotaur
by *Stephanie Block*

I am not the unity of straight hair
I am full of separate spirals of potential
I step on the glass
Of the bottles I've broken
Bottles thrown bam against the wall
Glass tinkling
Catching the light
Laud plink on the floor
Then there's the wind
Sometimes blows parts every
the wind of me which
I always wonder if I've collected them all
Claws bared
I threaten to scratch you
To see if you'll still try to hug me
In the labyrinth of me
There are many dead ends
Always fleeing a fabled minotaur
I must learn to face my minotaur
If only I were a sad song
Then you'd appreciate my mood
How subtle the melody of my eyes is
Driving on a highway at night
Red lights in front
White lights glittering in my mirrors
I am in a dark middle
Cars behind me only see red
While ahead eyes flit towards their mirrors
And see me
As one of many nameless headlights
That follow for miles
Gaining perhaps
There is reason in that
I race home to look in the mirror
I see only the elephant
Ribbons ribbony snaking around the box
A card might tell you
That I chose to leave
Because I wanted to stay
And you said yes
Because you wanted me with you
I know
I fight you to be alone
When all I want is your company
If I tell you to leave
It's because I desperately want you to stay
And if my hair is burgundy
Will you look at me?
I demand colorfully
Forgetting concerned eyes always watching
I bought you the elephant
Just so you'd scream at me
To take it back



Robert Cervantes

The Naming
by *Beth Mize*

The woman pulled from the pile of secrets before her a small crimson pouch. I leaned forward. The mystery of the woman and her magic lured me closer to the campfire. She reached into the velvet sack and took a pinch of the glittery powder from within. Flinging it into the flames between us, she began a soft, loving chant. Smoke rose from the fire, swirling and twisting in thin tendrils. Shadow grew from within the heat. Ribbons of white smoke arranged and rearranged themselves like lithe women performing a sacred dance. Slowly, I saw the beginnings of a dragon arise from the flames.

Its head arose first, an iridescent white with pointed ears and large brown eyes. A long neck grew from the tendrils of smoke, then large opaque wings and a big belly. Last of all came his tail. It was about eight feet long, slender, and very powerful looking. He was about twenty five feet long from head to tail and with his wings spread, about the same width.

The woman bowed her head, her auburn hair cascading over her face like syrup. The white dragon circled the camp, a soft smile of companionship in his eyes. I could see his love for the woman. Finally, the strange woman looked up.

"Za," she began, in a soft, sad voice, "my father has been killed."

The dragon seemed to stammer momentarily in his flight. "I believe that our . . . my . . . unspoken rival has finally spoken. Vague, the sorcerer from the East, is the only one powerful enough to overcome the spell of protection I had placed on my father."

The woman looked into her lap.

"Za, I want my father's death avenged." Her voice was a hoarse whisper.

I stared at her in disbelief. I knew very little of what was going on, but this I knew: Za was a beautiful, innocent friend of this woman who was thirsty for revenge. She was using a dear friend for the sake of retribution. I wanted desperately to interfere, but who was I? A wandering gypsy joined in his travels by this mysterious and beautiful woman.

I looked up into the night sky. Za's pale body looked like a strange moon against



Kerry Duggan

a velvet background. All was silent. Then, from somewhere behind the horizon of trees, there was a grumbling of thunder and a vein of lightning. A black dragon, barely discernable against the dark sky, appeared above the clouds and began a speedy descent towards the lone, white dragon.

The woman gasped.

"Vague!" she screamed into the night nothingness, "are you too much of a child to fight your own wars?"

Then she faltered, realizing the hypocrisy of her words.

Up above us, Za confronted his attacker with a kind of hesitant zest. The black dragon dove beneath him and came from behind. In the process a huge white claw tore down the back of his spine. He quickly turned and began moving away in the opposite direction. Za swooped and turned, waiting for the black dragon's return.

The wait was short. He quickly reversed his direction and began an angry swift drive toward his white opponent. About twenty feet before he reached his pale opponent, a gush of fire spewed from between his jaws. Za shrieked in pain. His once beautiful opaque wings were growing ragged from the scorching heat, and his iridescent scales were turning an ugly brown. His wings beat desperately as he tried to outdistance the black fire-breathing dragon. But, his enemy kept getting ever closer. Finally, seeing he could no longer win, Za turned and flew directly into the stream of flames. The air vibrated with howls of agony.

I looked at the woman. She was standing

now, tears streaking down to her twisted face. Her mouth hung open in a desperate attempt to channel her pain.

"No!" she screamed.

I averted my eyes to the battle above us. I could no longer see Za. His form was completely lost in the black dragon's fire. I searched desperately, praying for something, anything.

There! A tip of his wing. Please, I prayed, please. There it was again! A dim outline of his body was becoming clearer as Za drew closer to the other male. The black dragon, seeing what was going on, diminished his fiery breath . . . a second too late. Za dove out of the flames, straight to the other male's throat. He opened his powerful jaws and fiercely attacked the black dragon's tender neck. Shrieks rang through the air from both dragons.

"No," the woman whispered.

Their wings began to fail them and they lurched through the air, bound together in near death.

"They're dying," she sobbed. "My God, what have I done?" Her voice was filled with passion and pain. "What have I become?" she whispered, falling to her knees. Her hands lay helpless on her

thighs, palms up, as if she were begging the Gods to lift the burden from her.

"I have failed in my vows of peace. I have lost myself."

In the distance, we heard the crash of the dragons. The woman's face twisted in anguish. She screamed into the starkly silent night, "I have lost my only love!"

Her body collapsed in the dirt. Her breathing was fitful and sobs wracked her small frame. I lightly touched her shuddering back.

"I understand," I whispered, slowly releasing my long held breath. The woman's crying stopped. She raised her face and peered cruelly into my eyes. I could feel her measuring my soul. Emotions flitted across her face like phantoms. Then slowly, her face relaxed, and with a shudder, all the tension in her body was washed away. I could clearly see her inner turmoil being resolved.

"I believe you," she whispered weakly.

The woman stood, looking about her, drying her face. She walked to her pile of magic paraphernalia and looked at it with slight disgust. She then began gathering her few possessions: cloak, staff, and hunting gear. The woman turned, and continued walking on past me. She gave a final glance at the magic pouches, and wands, and jewels left on the ground of our campsite.

"My name is Katrina," she whispered.



Kerry Duggan

Art Gallery



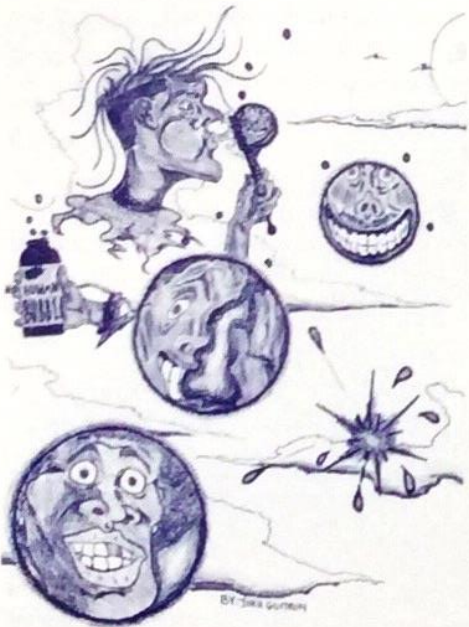
Matt Norris



David Crabb



Alex Roman



John Guitron

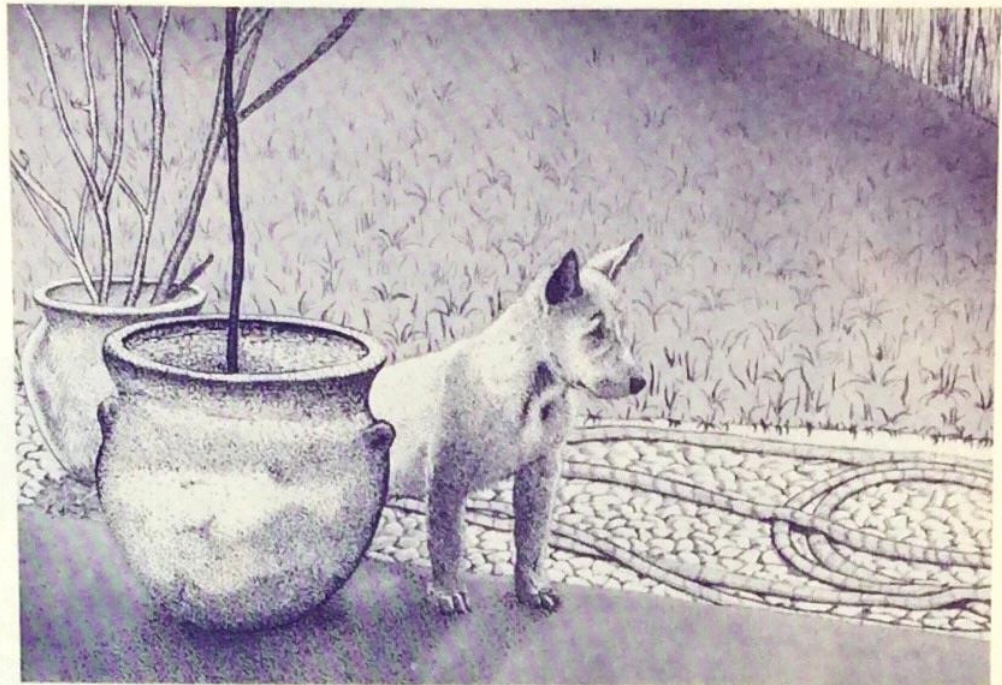


David Crabb

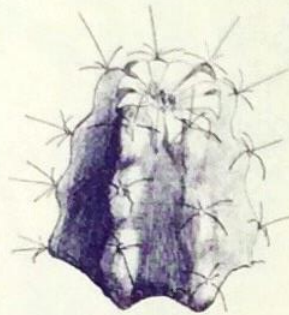




Troy Lubianski



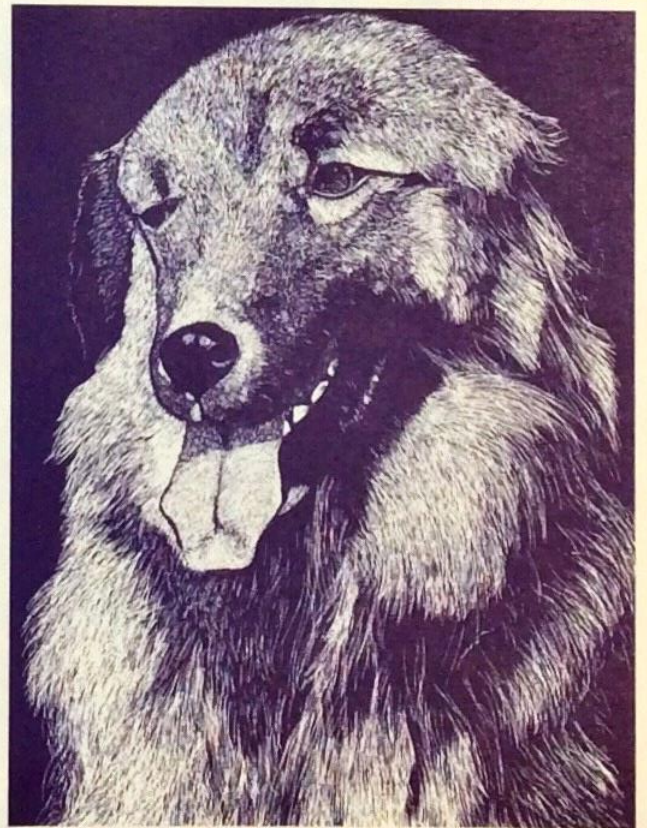
Alex Roman



Tyna Cervantes

"Art comes to you, . . . to give . . .
the highest quality to your
moments . . ."
--Pater

Leslie Finical



Lament
by Sean O'Sullivan

unconscious, unknowing, unfeeling
unsuspecting
the actor in his makeup
the knight in his armour
the bard in his cloak of blue
a word
a look
a smile
surprise
amazement
mayhap fear?
that is how it takes him
the bearer of light
the maid in the garden
the actress in her costume
not until he's driven her away
does he realize he had her at all



"'Tis true; there's magic in the
web of it;"--Shakespeare

Kerry Duggan



Kerry Duggan

THE WIZARD IS CRANKY

A Tale of High Sorcery & Dragons
by Sean O'Sullivan

I am old, thought the mage. At three hundred and fifty-nine years, he was, of course, quite correct. *Why do these people keep bothering me? Can't they take care of anything themselves?* The knocking at his door grew louder. "It's open already, by Belegrast and Bofadil! Come in, you twits!" the wizard shouted.

A couple of mangy looking town criers burst into the little room. "Oh Welygntton the Most Wise, the Most Amazing, the Most Truly Awesome Necromancer Who Ever Walked the Earth!" pleaded one.

"Yes, yes, that's my name. Get on with it," Welygntton replied.

"There is a most fearsome and terrible dragon-worm sitting upon the mayor in the town square!" exclaimed the other crier.

"That's truly horrible!" the sorcerer stuttered between laughs. It was some time before the criers could calm Welygntton down enough to get him out the door and on to the town square. The particular dragon that was sitting on the mayor was very big and purple with a light yellow underbelly, green wings, four legs, masses of razor-sharp claws, huge teeth, spectacles, and a white and pink polka-dot bow tie. "You idiots!" exclaimed the magician to the criers. "Can't you tell a dragon-worm when you see one? This is obviously a subspecies of the Firedracia genus. Worms don't have

any legs!"

"Urrrarrck! Guphelmugm-gaack!"

"Very amusing, Lord Mayor!" called out the mage. "Could you try that again?"

"Would it be much of a bother if one of you people would start talking to me?" asked the dragon. "I'm getting quite bored, and I may be forced to eat the mayor."

"Sorry," muttered Welygntton. "Why are you here?"

"Why are any of us here? I mean, really. . ." started the 'drake.

"That's not what I meant! What do you want?" broke in the mage.

"What do any of us want? A nice home, someone to care for us, directions to the nearest maiden. . ."

"Ah! Maidens!" exclaimed Welygntton. "So that's what it's about!"

"Yes, I'm starving, and I could really go for a maiden right now."

"Oh, rats."

"What?"

"I was hoping you weren't the maiden-eating kind of dragon."

"You mean there are non-maiden-eating dragons?"

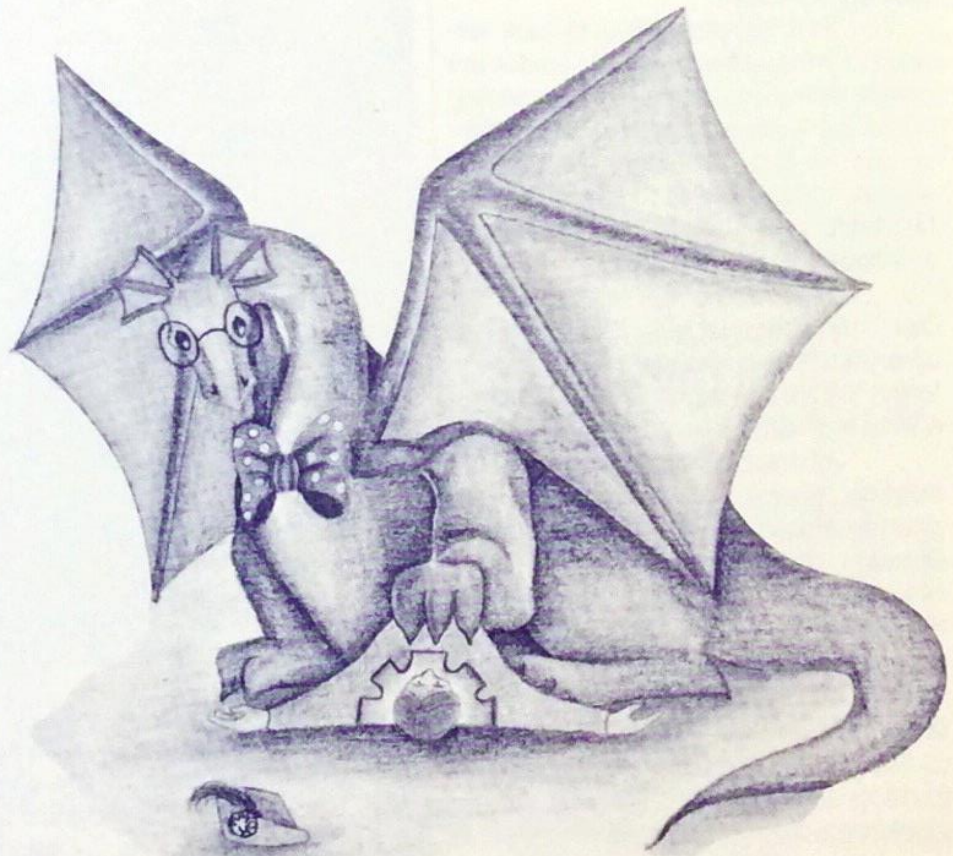
"Yes. You see non-maiden-eating dragons fall into two categories: the kind of dragon that eats anything but maidens (generally they eat knights, you know) and the kind of dragon that's too small to eat people. It's quite interesting."

"Yes, it is."

"Oh, by the way, I guess I'm going to have to kill you now."

"Oh dear. . ." said the dragon as Welygntton cast the truly amazing spell called the Chant of Kryspi Krytyrs, and toasted the 'drake to a cinder. The mayor was, of course, unharmed. They don't call Welygntton-- the Most Wise, the Most Amazing, the Most Truly Awesome Necromancer Who Ever Walked the Earth--for nothing.

You'd think these people were completely helpless, thought the archmage as he walked away. *I'm too old to be fighting dragons*. At three hundred and fifty-nine years of age, he was, of course, wrong.



Kerry Duggan

Unfinished Business
by *Emily McDonald*

The familiar piercing beep of the alarm clock woke me just as always, yet this morning it was met with an unusually cheerful awakening, rather than a floppy wallop to silence its annoying sound. Sitting up in bed, I heard one more familiar and as always annoying sound thumping up the stairs calling out my name.

"Mathew!" bellowed my mother as she came toward my room.

"Yes, mother."

"Mathew, if you could," appearing through my door, "and if you please, it would be a tremendous help if you did a few things for me."

I thrust my hand out ready to receive the usual list of things to do, only this time I took it with a smile rather than a grudge. This abnormal behavior of mine obviously caught my mother totally off guard because she was already in her arguing mode, ready to rebuke any of my objections. Adding to her confusion, I jumped out of bed, kissed her and was in the shower in a flash, leaving her with a half-beguiled, half-suspicious look on her face.

Having something to look forward to, like graduation or the lead in the senior class play, seems to make getting out of bed maybe a little less cumbersome. As if my unusually good mood was not enough, I was met at the breakfast table with a white, business sized envelope addressed to me.

"That came in the mail yesterday," my sister said as I picked the letter up and examined the return address. "I forgot to give it to you since you came in so late from drama rehearsal last night."

All the anxiety that had been building up ever since my audition for a drama scholarship at the North Carolina School of the Arts came in one overwhelming rush when I noticed that the return address was from that very place. It had been so long since I had heard from them that I, as well as the rest of my family, had already pretty much given up the idea that I would. As I ripped open the letter, my eyes skimmed quickly over it looking for that key word "ACCEPTED."

A second rush as strong as the first swept through me when that very word flashed before me. I read the letter a second time, then a third, and by that time my family had quietly congregated around the breakfast table, knowing well from whom the letter had come. Not knowing what the news might be, they all eyed me cautiously, all preparing to sympathize (expecting the worst). I read it once more and by that time the suspense had mounted so that my father was finally moved to speak.

"Well, son?"

I looked up with a blank expression. As hard as I tried to suppress it, a huge grin broke across my face. "I made it," I managed to say in a barely audible whisper.

"You what?"

"I made it!"

My father snatched the letter out of my hands, and in the same manner that I had, read it a few times, his smile growing larger each time through.

"Sure enough," my dad yelled, as he jumped up and tried to hug everyone at once. "He's done it!"

I wasn't sure who was happier,

"Making a promise to myself that graduation night would make up for all the parties left unfinished or unattended, I began to look for a ride home."

myself or my dad. All I knew was that this news not only added to my cheerfulness, but it added significance to all I was looking forward to. I had a full

"The great business of life is to be, to do, to do without, and to depart."

--Morley

scholarship to the North Carolina School of the Arts.

Now I was going not only to graduate, but to have somewhere to go afterwards, somewhere important. Becoming an actor was all I'd ever imagined myself doing; now it just might be a reality!

"Oh my gosh, I can't believe it, I can't believe it, you did it, you did it!!!" were the later words of my girlfriend Cathy as she flung her arms wildly around me. A muffled "yes" was all I could manage from her embrace.

"This is grounds for celebration," she continued with a huge grin on her face. "A real celebration!!!"

Although it was decided a nice dinner the next evening, her treat, would be enough, we decided to drop in on the "pre-graduation" party that night at one of her friend's house. With all the work I had been putting into my scholarship for the past year, I had little time for parties which was all the more reason for Cathy to get me to one before our senior year was over. With the busy hum of people around me, the energy, loud music, I actually felt good about being there. I deserved this!

Although I was tempted to stay for much longer, I remembered the drama practice I had the next morning and the infamous "list of things to do." Making a promise to myself that graduation night would make up for all the parties left unfinished or unattended, I began to look for a ride home. Fortunately, I found Cathy who already had a ride for us.

"Eleven thirty, right on schedule," was Cathy's greeting since she knew so well my habit of leaving early when I had things to do the next day.

Robby Lorin wasn't exactly my favorite person in the world, but it was a

ride and I needed to get home. Cathy and I, along with another couple, climbed into the shiny new Bronco that Robby had received as an early graduation gift. As he started the engine, he turned to us all and said, "Hold on, and get ready for the ride of your lives!!!"

The queer tone of his voice worried me, and it became apparent he was really not in too good of a condition to drive. I began to have thoughts on finding another ride, but I was already late, so I had to make do.

Half way home, with more severity than required for the subject at hand, Cathy turned to me and said, "Now you have to promise me that you'll enjoy at least one good party before the end of our senior year."

"Funny that you should mention that. I was making that very promise to myself earlier this even. . ."

Stopping abruptly, I looked towards the front in reaction to a sudden jolt of the car. Before I could make any sense of it, the tires screeched madly then made a horrible grinding sound as the car swerved violently onto the shoulder. The next thing I knew, we were all flipping around and around as if on some

carnival ride.

After what seemed a long time, the car finally stopped moving. My first reaction was to get out, fast! I didn't see anyone else and thought they had already crawled out. Only one window was big enough for me to crawl through, and slowly I made my way out onto the ground. I didn't seem to have any sort of injury so I immediately got up and began looking around for everyone else. I called out in desperation, yet no voice answered mine, and it was almost impossible to make out anything in the dark.

After five minutes, I heard sirens from about a mile away and soon two police cars, followed by two ambulances, came to a screeching halt near the accident. Two paramedics jumped out and ran right past me to the car.

Because of my shock, I wasn't sure whether I actually spoke or thought, "There's no one in there," nevertheless, they ran to the overturned car and looked in the same window that I had crawled out of.

"They're still a few in here," one of the paramedics shouted.

Sure enough, they quickly pulled

someone out. As they came closer to where I was standing, I saw that it was Cathy in hysterics. I quickly ran over to where they laid her down and tried to calm her, yet she seemed unable to see me. Meanwhile, Robby and the two others were pulled out. Because of the time the paramedics spent on them, I guessed they were in pretty bad shape. By this time, I was praying that no one would die.

One of the paramedics ran back to the car and shouted, "Hey, there's one more!"

I stopped short and watched them pull yet one more from the car. It was odd; I didn't remember anyone else besides Cathy and I and the other couple getting in. As they laid the last one down, I went to see who it was. As I stared in disbelief, the worst terror I had ever felt swelled within me. As I took a second look, I stared into a very familiar face, a face that I normally would see looking into a mirror.

This couldn't be, I have drama practice tomorrow, I've got all those errands to do for mom, I've got to graduate, I've got a scholarship . . .



Alex Roman

The Prisoner
by Lance Gill

The rhythmic beep of the monitors, entwined with the constant hum of the oxygen compressor, creates an atmosphere of pacified numbness. The cold, synthetic surroundings envelop the reclined subject. Like an organic package, it lies almost motionless on the cushioned table. It has been this way for well over six months. Energy, power, whatever one wishes to call it, enters the subject through a network of tubes, plastic hoses, and needles. Wastes are drawn through similar devices.

"Thirty c.c.s, Doctor?" The female figure in white waits for a reply. "Better make it forty, he's losing more brain activity."

An electronic graph leaps into action as a serum is injected.

"Doctor, the graph reports show the patient experienced three intervals

of non-drug induced brain activity at 2:16, 5:54, and another just thirty-five minutes ago."

"Let me take a look at that," the doctor replies as he takes the long, folded papers in amazement. "These levels are those of a conscious person," he slowly utters in an almost shocked manner.

"Could it be that...," the nurse is interrupted by a sudden burst of activity on the graph. The heart monitor increases in speed, and the sound of the mechanical lungs intensifies. Choking, and soft mutterings are heard beneath the clear, plastic device on the patient's mouth.

"My word, Doctor, I believe he's trying to speak!"

"But that's impossible!" the doctor gasps as he reaches for the

mouth-piece. His hand pauses for a moment, then lifts the device.

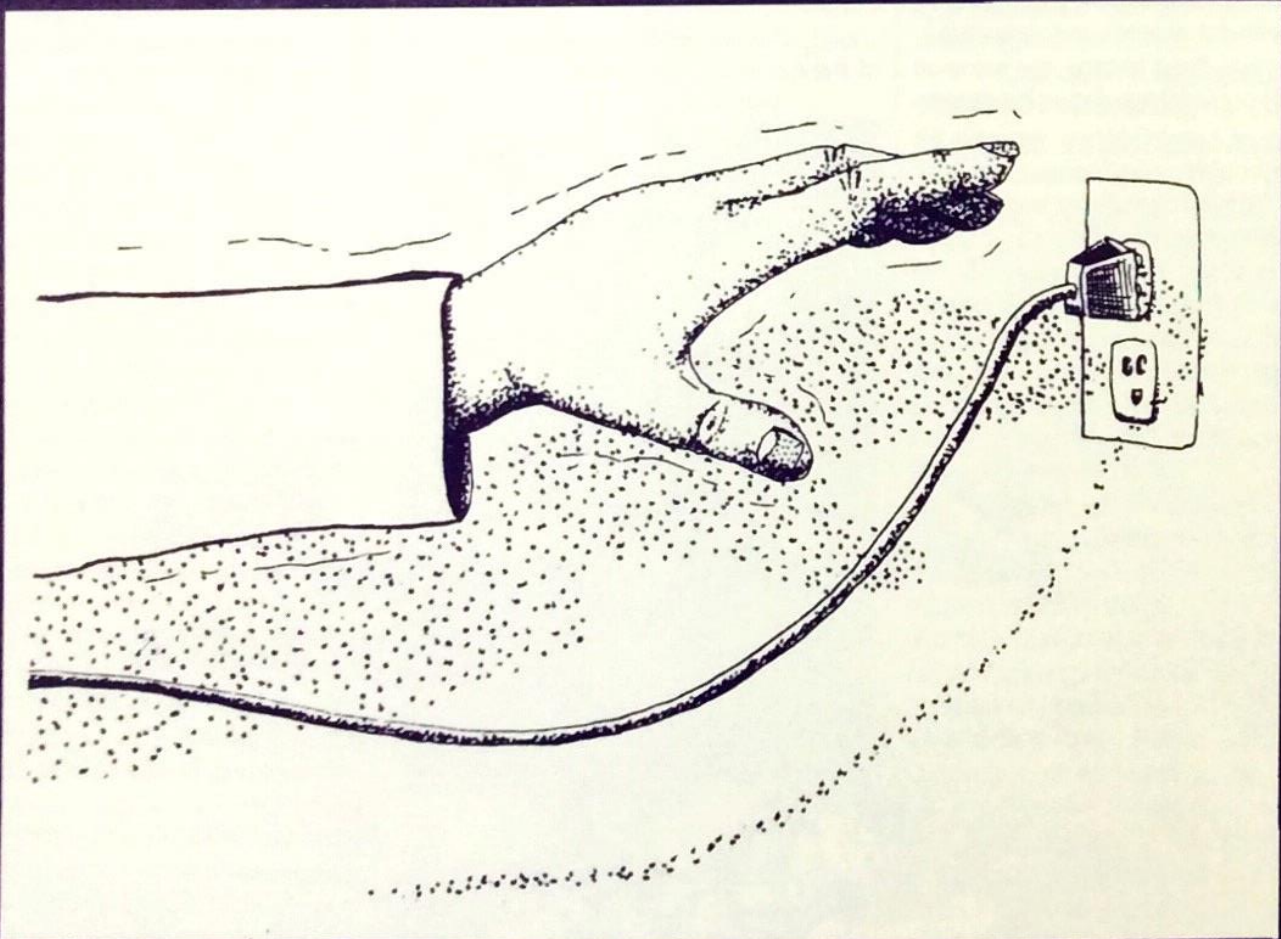
"Let...me...," the patient slowly wheezes, but stops as the electronic monitors calm to their prior states.

The medical pair look at one another in disbelief. Once again the monitors surge into action.

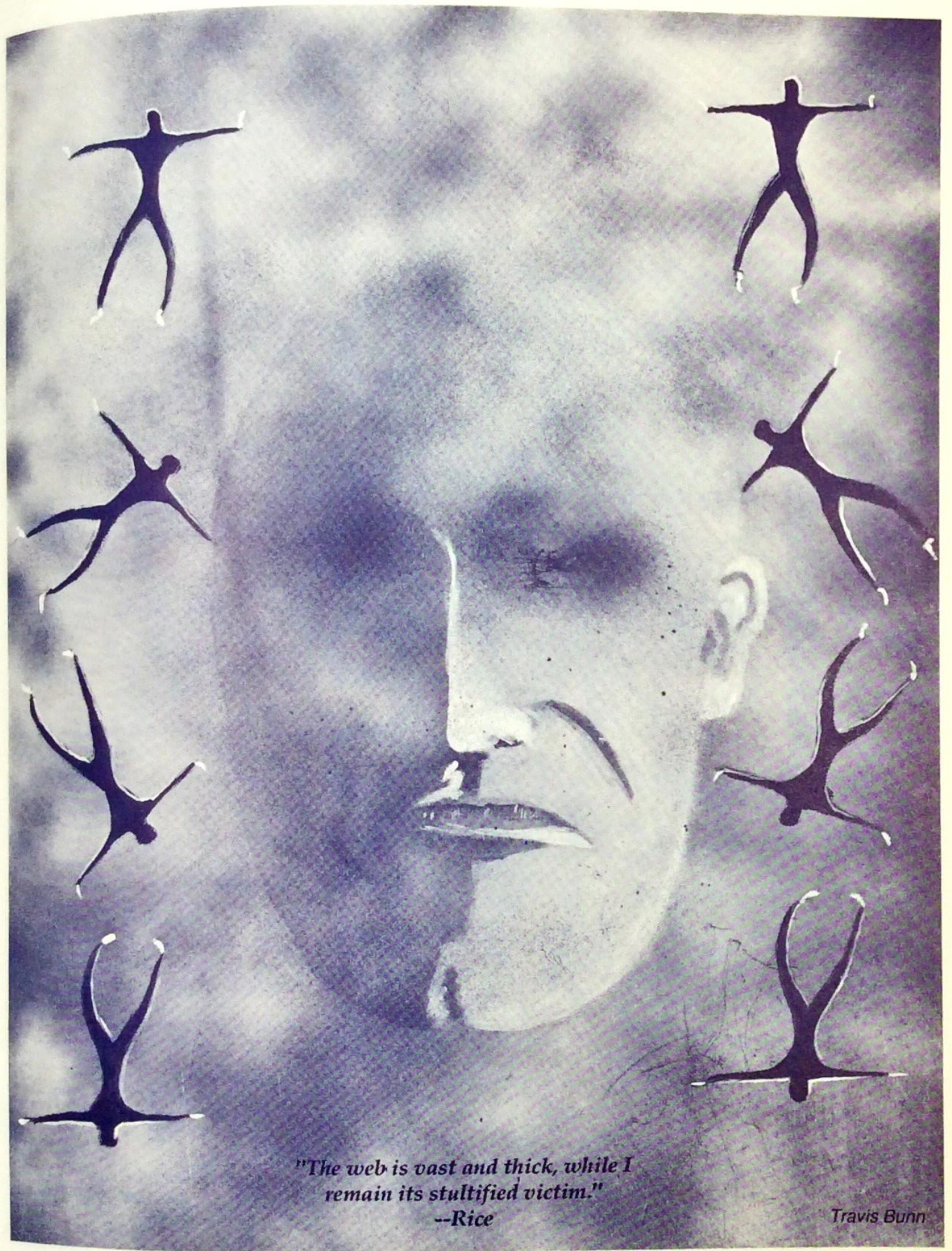
The patient slowly opens his mouth, "Let...Me...DIE..."

The physician and nurse cower back in fear as the body continues, "Let-me-die...must-go-on...must-progress--must-die..."

Once again the monitors lapse into comatose levels and the body is silent. Several minutes pass as the doctor and nurse stand in shock. Suddenly, the doctor's trembling hand reaches for the main plug. The body is silent.



Alex Roman



*"The web is vast and thick, while I
remain its stultified victim."
--Rice*

Travis Bunn



Beth Mize

The Tragedy
by Beth Mize

Silken hands
gently
embraced an engraved pewter chalice.
The brim rested
briefly
upon her full
crimson lips
in repentant contemplation.

A strand
of golden
hair
fell
daringly
across her sad
brown eyes,
balancing precariously
upon the
bridge of her nose.

The sun
burst
from behind his
blanketing, grey clouds
a single beam penetrating
the cold,
dreary room
as if the gods themselves
were begging her to reconsider.

Without compromise,
The goblet
tilted,
Rich, viscous
fluid
flowed like blood
from its
imprisoning
walls
into her
young,
beautifully healthy
veins.

Then fell the chalice,
harshly clanking
against the stone floors,
rolling away like an
accomplice seeking security.
Her body slouched against the cold walk,
stark
and beautifully pale
against its hard
black stones.

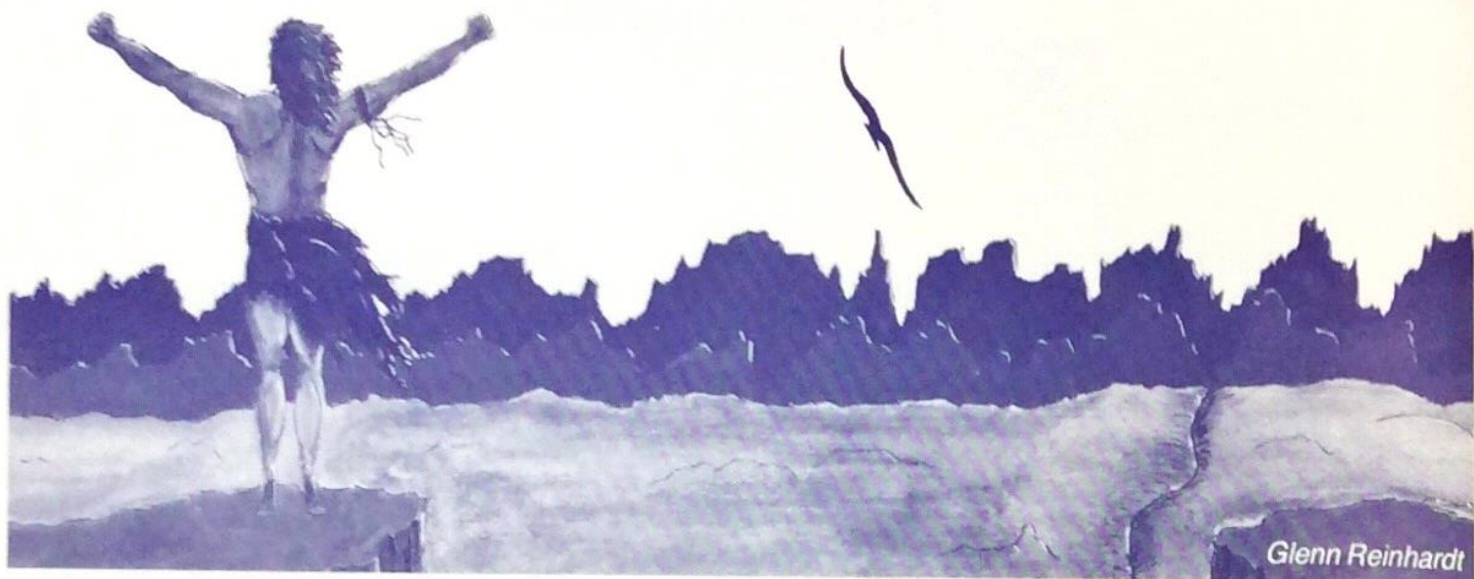
Then slid,
lifeless
and empty
to the floor.

The sun,
the only witness
to this unforgivable calamity
hid his face
in shame
once more.

*"For in the time we know not of
did fate begin weaving the web
of days that wove your doom."
--Swinburne*



Stefan Ruff



Moon
by Kirk Lynn

Moon was born Indian and named Moon at birth. The moment his head hit earth air he was Moon. Big Father with the strong hands to guide Moon out of the womb, Big Medicine Man who was Moon's Big Father with the strong hands said, "he will shine on the world softly," and so Mother said, "Moon," and it was night and the name was night true.

Moon had growing brown Indian skin, and growing through boyhood some days he would run.

Moon could please people. The mothers of the tribe on seeing Moon would nod old mother common sense heads, they would nod that "Indian-boy-is-a-fine-boy" nod, and Moon was a fine Indian boy. Friends of Moon liked Moon and enemies of Moon liked Moon and didn't want to. Chases of wild running would break some days between Moon and pleased horses in Warrior's corral. Good Indian boy was a farmer too, earth love went with brown skin. Sixteen years of sun browning Moon's skin, he caught his first love kiss. A kiss in farm field gave Moon magic. Little things like saving night crickets after bad Indians accidentally stepped on them with soft moccasins but hard Indian feet. Eternal night crickets singing Moon song, Moon

could talk that river talk to the Indian streams. Moon could make flowers eternal bracelets for his love. Moon grew.

At eighteen seasons, an arrow from poisoned bows from an enemy Indian tribe pierced the heart of Moon's Big Father. Big Father died. Moon could not know what to do with himself and chased himself away from Grieving Mother and Brothers and out of the arms of First-Kiss-Lover and into the horses of Warrior Corral. The mothers and brothers and lovers of the entire tribe chased Moon to stop him and catch him.

"Moon come back," tribe cried. And Moon did not know what to cry back.

"Moon, you must take the shield of the Medicine Man, say the Big Dark Prayer in your heart and help us."

And Moon who could not know what to cry back threw himself on a horse and began a ride away, and he rode with the craziest speed, and the faster he rode from the fear deep in heart, the more poor tribe saw bravery.

Moon looked over his shoulder far from the tribe and saw his small people behind him. They were small and far away and sad and Moon could think from where he was that he was not so small. Moon answered by riding slow back to the tribe.

Big Chief with big scarred Indian chest came right up in big footsteps to Moon and hand on Moon shoulder

said, "You will pray the prayer of seven days and nights in dark desert and then come back to the tribe to save our people."

The tribe yelled. The tribe was glad.

In the tribe glad noise Big Chief whispered secret to Moon, "You do not have to sleep lone nights in the desert, only let the people believe you do. You do not have to pray, but the tribe will believe in the prayer anyway. You may take food and come at night, as your father did, to my tent to rest. Only the tribe must believe the prayer. It is the old way of the Old Ones to truly pray the Big Dark Prayer. The Old Ones never came back from dark desert and so you may cheat prayer and return to the people."

Moon spoke his first man-words, "I will fast and I will pray the prayer of myself. I will pray out my body's soul for the people. Let, on the first prayer day, anyone come to me who will, so that they may leave me."

And on the first prayer day they came.

"Seven days will not be easy empty," said the Mother of Moon, "take my leather pouch. Inside is warm food I have made for you."

"Seven days should not be easy to know all man's sad wisdom. The sky does not take rest and leave us without clouds and the birds without a home. I will pray for something beyond the world.

I will eat the food from this place. In Peace Pass On." These were the words of Moon.

Mother with sad wrinkled eyes and hands of clothes washing and the first hands to lift Moon to a breast with heavy milk, the Mother walked on, son absent from her.

Great big footsteps pulled the Chief to Moon. "Our tribe will now know what you know. Our slow march under white man's foot will end. So many things must happen." The Chief raised great strong war hand to the shoulder of Moon. "Seven days will not be easy unprotected," said the Chief of Moon's nation. "Take my axe and kill the snakes and scorpions of dark desert."

"Seven days should not be easy to know all man's sad wisdom. The lake does not fight the sun though sun eats the lake. Beings will be used by and use Beings. I will pray for something beyond all we can know. I will protect myself with the weapons of that world. In Peace Pass On." These were the words of Moon.

"Seven days will not be easy on your body's spirit," spoke a priest of the people long lived and silent, "Take the sacred peyote wine to ease yourself and carry your prayer easy."

"Seven days should not be easy to know The Wonder. The tree does not give up its bow strength when the fruit grows heavy. You live to ease our people and give them hope of God. I now live in The Wonder. I ask for a gift from the other side of the sky. I cannot reject the weight of the gift. In Peace Pass On." These were the words of Moon.

The priest picked up his feet and moved on back to the temple tepee.

"Seven days will not be easy alone. I come your lover from our days past to give you myself. Here is my keepsake, the bracelet you made me of eternal flowers. As you made it with your hands, so I make it with my body's soul. Your praying scares me."

"Seven days should not be easy to give myself to everyone. I give you the kindest words I have. Our days spent are yours forever. But keep your keepsake, it is now all you may have of me. As I made it for your wrist, I make myself

the keepsake of the world. I will make my soul into eternal flowers. The love I try now is for the earth you stand on and so is for your feet and so your body and your body's soul. I will take your tears on my sleeve. In Peace Pass On." These were the words of Moon.

On the steps of the first sunset came Wolf God and in the voice of the first sunset said Wolf God, "Seven days will not be easy, Moon, and you know they should not. You have known what not to take and you have known what to take. On your wisdom I come to give you the aid of Wolf God. I will empty you."

"You are too easy. As a boy-man, I carved canoes and they were nothing, they were things made. Without my making they would not have been made. I will empty myself and so become at my own hand to the world a helper. In Peace Pass On." These were the words of Moon.

Ran away went Wolf God into the dark desert.

Now the dark desert was dark and Moon crossed his two legs and sat and stared and tried with his body's soul to know what to pray to find what The Wonder was, to know the dark wisdom. Moon looked everywhere around for man's sad wisdom, and then Moon closed his eyes and began unknown,

strange to Moon, prayers of wise men past. Unknown words of men and sounds of animals came to his head. These were his prayer.

Moon knew man was born, Moon knew man would die, but what man lived was from the other side of the unknown. Moon prayed.

Prayer and Prayer and strange sands drifted beneath him for seven bright sunrises in dark desert and seven dark sunsets in dark desert, in desert dark.

Prayer and Prayer and strange sounds.

Slow Indian eyes opened to the seventh sunrise and Indian eyes knew strong all knowledge of man and his ways and his wisdom, future, past, all was known. Things you cannot know of sadness were in Moon's eyes.

"Slow man, Sad man." The last words Moon said, first words of all wisdom, "Man might have loved Man. Man might have loved Earth. Man might have loved Sky and Sun and Sisters. Man might have loved All, Man did not. This is sad."

Sitting Indian style, Moon sat to cry all Wisdom out through every age. Moon, Man, Sad. Every day and every night, Moon's eyes have the tears of the wisdom of man.



Leslie Finical

Night Heat
by Mike Lewis

It was a warm night, not really hot, but the humidity was enough to raise some sweat on my brow. I could feel the heat rising from the pavement. There were a few moths circling the lamp out by the gas pumps. An occasional car went down the street. At Stop'n'Go at 11:30 p.m., not much ever happens.

"...so anyways," Jimmy rambled on, "my dad is wasted out of his mind, cruising down the highway. I mean, this guy was all over the road. Sooner or later, some cop pulls us over and asks him if he's been drinking. First word that came out of his mouth was 'no'. See, it was the only thing he could say without slurring."

John Cannon, Jimmy Newton, and I were all sitting against one of the walls outside the store, pretty much waiting for something to happen, which probably wouldn't. I was getting bored as hell listening to Jimmy rag on his dead dad, so I decided to cruise. I grabbed my Copilot mug and my skateboard and pulled myself to my feet.

"Dudes, I gotta be cruising.

"the street was mine . . . the pavement was smooth, and my board seemed to glide. . ."

Catch you later, John."

"Aw come on, Mikeeeeeeey," John said, half tauntingly. "Why you gotta go so soon?"

"I dunno, man." I said with a

doubting voice. "I'm gonna get a Coke refill and skate around for a while."

"Whatever, man. Tomorrow."

"Yeah."

I pushed open the door and walked in. The air conditioning was running, and I was met with a refreshing blast of arctic air. I looked over to the register on my left. Oh boy, my favorite person in the whole world was on duty tonight, Bill. Bill looked like a cross between Dr. Red Duke and a Texas highway patrol officer. He was tall, thin, wore wire frame glasses, and could always use another shave. He was about 40.

I think that Bill has some kind of paranoia about kids, or maybe just about me. He thinks I'm some kind of a thief. I hate his attitude, mostly because I can't remember the last time I stole something; stealing is lazy, and I happen to be a Boy Scout, not that the title carries that much weight these days.

"Ah, Bill," I greeted him. "I suppose you want to know what I plan to rip off tonight."

"Very funny."

I took my mug over to the soda machine, put some ice in it, and filled it with life-giving Coca Cola. I slapped the cap on the top and walked back to the counter. I dug into my pocket, got out three quarters, and deliberately dropped each one on the counter, letting it spin around when it hit. It had the intended effect of annoying Bill, and I was happy.

"I tell ya, man, the only person who gets ripped off around here is the customer."

He didn't say anything, just dropped a dime and a penny into my hand. I went out the door back into the heat. John and Jimmy were still out there, waiting for the world to end or their cigarettes to run out, whichever came first. Both would probably have the same effect on them.

"Hey Mikey," said John, "loan me a quarter for stoags, would ya?"

"Right," I said sarcastically. I've been trying to get John to stop smoking forever.

I dropped my board on the concrete and started skating down the sidewalk beside the Quadrangle Mall. There weren't any lights in the parking

lot, and the stars shone brightly. A minute later I got to the end of the sidewalk and dropped off into the parking lot. I glanced back to see John and Jimmy walk off into the darkness, probably heading for John's place. I turned back around and kept skating down the inclined parking lot, sipping my ice cold Coke.

At the entrance I turned out of the parking lot and onto Broadway itself, just as a car ripped by out of nowhere, blasting heavy metal. The car passed

"feel the night. Anybody who hasn't ever felt it, wouldn't understand. . ."

me and tore down Broadway, away from the Loop, doing well over a hundred. After he was gone, I started skating south on Broadway, toward Loop 410.

I was feeling energetic. There wasn't a car in sight, and the street was mine. The pavement was smooth, and my board seemed to glide. I felt a warm wind blow over my face. I skated beside the airport property field, with landing lights blinking in the distance, like the stars flickering in the sky. There couldn't have been a soul for a mile around. I felt awake, able to take in all my surroundings at once. The feeling was exhilarating.

This must be what they mean when they say, "feel the night." Anybody who hasn't ever felt it, wouldn't understand.

I got to Jim's diner on the other side of 410 about fifteen minutes later, racing my shadow all the way. I would pass it up as I approached each street lamp, then it would leap in front as I passed. I walked into the diner, used the jon, walked back out and started skating back to my house, not even stopping for breath.

I made the trip back even faster,

about ten minutes. Just as I was skating across the Stop'n'Go parking lot, my Rocky Mountain High gave out, and I got a massive nap-attack. My house was in sight from the parking lot, but after short deliberation, I decided to spend the night at John's.

Five minutes later I was at his bedroom door. His dad was the only other person home, and he had let me in. I opened his door and entered the lair. His room looked as it always had-- Motley Crue and Metallica posters on the walls, clothes and junk piled on the floor two feet deep, cracked mirror, a waterbed that took up half the room, and a faint smell of refried beans. He was playing his Nintendo, and I guessed Jimmy must have gone home. I muttered a sleepy greeting and flopped down on the waterbed.

"Hey, Mike, didn't expect to see you by here. Hey man, about the BB gun..."

I was out cold before he could finish the sentence.



Jeff Bernal

My Father, The Hunter

by Kevin Strauss

I opened the door to the cabin. It seemed to be just a little warmer inside, but not much. I set my stuff down on the top bunk as childhood memories started to float through my mind. All of the times I had explored this place in the hill country, all of the times I had swum and fished at that old lease gave me a warm feeling inside. I mean, there I was with my dad, my brother, and the guy named George, who took us up to the lease to hunt deer every winter, living off of nothing more than sandwiches, hot chocolate, and candy bars. I was just a little kid then, ten or eleven, not even old enough to have my own rifle (but old enough to carry one around for my dad), or sit in my own deer blind.

It was too late to go out that night, so we all got ready for the next day. Everyone did his own thing. My brother checked his gear. George checked the guns and ammo. Dad stuffed Three Musketeers bars in his coat pocket, and me, well, I just sat there wondering what to do. At that age, little kids just get in the way.

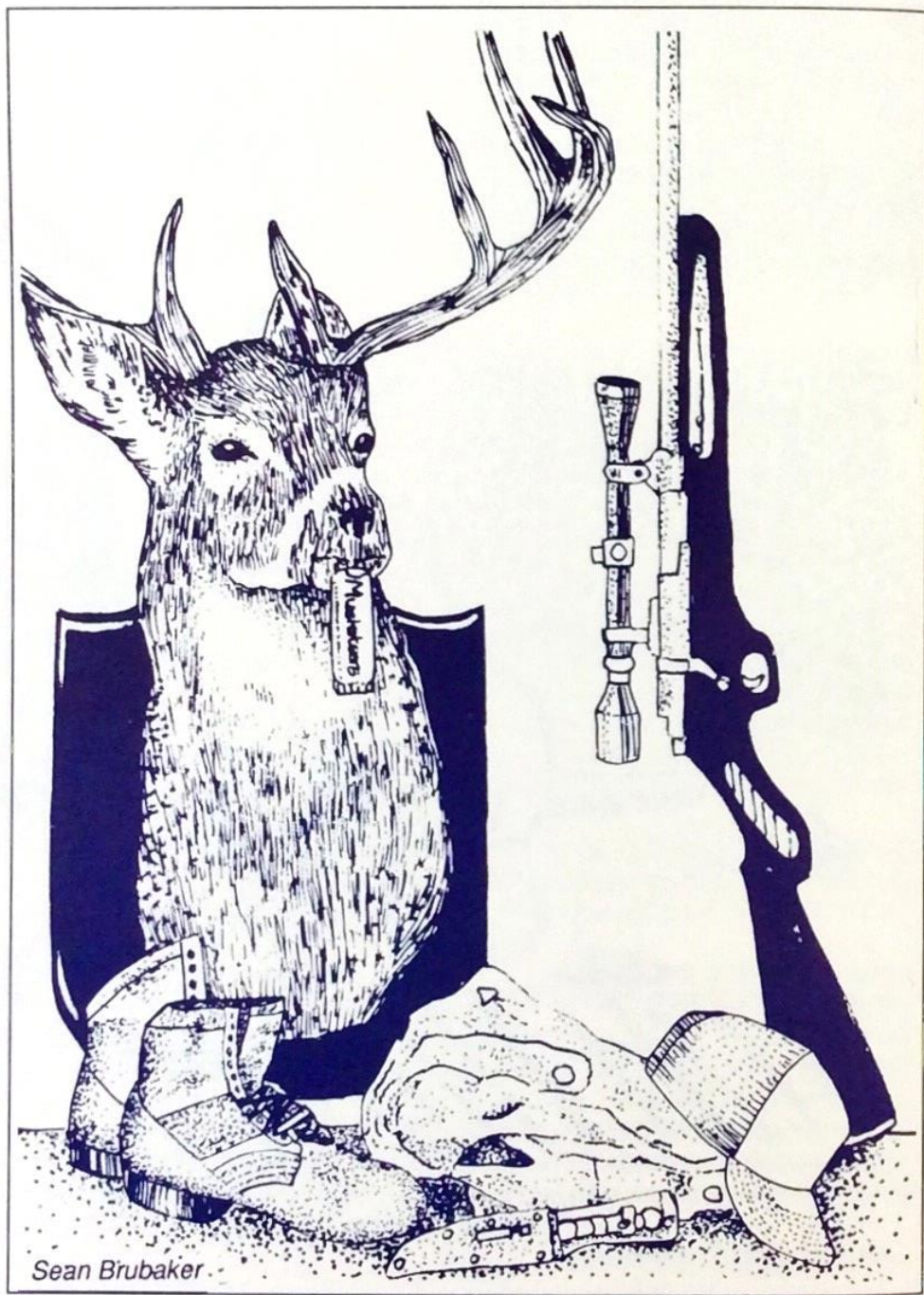
Morning came just a little faster than I had expected. My dad practically threw me around the room in order to wake me up (it's a little hard to get up at 4 a.m.). After a quick sandwich, our crew piled into the old 1965 Ford Bronco — one that had the top removed and worked on nothing more than gas and a prayer. There were two shredded bucket seats in front. My dad and George sat there, protected by the windshield. There was a board in the back of the Bronco. My brother and I were told to sit there. It soon became apparent to us that we were in the cheap seats. As the wind stung my nose, I commended myself for putting on a third layer of clothes. While we drove down the little road, if that's what you want to call it, George told my dad that the best blind for us would be

the South Canyon blind. Great. That meant that Dad and I would have to walk, and walk, and walk until we got to the blind. As we started to trek up the very steep path that led to the blind, my dad swore a couple of times about the long hike. I found that when he cursed, usually I could too.

"Damn." I said. He looked at me

and chuckled. I rearranged the shoulder strap, the one tied to the gun, the gun that Dad and I would have to share. This just tells you a little bit about the conditions under which I hunted with my dad.

Finally, we got to the blind. I was instructed to go up and check it out. That was my job because there might be



some wild, fierce animal taking refuge in the blind. I climbed up the ladder and opened the door slowly as my other hand, which held my trusty Cub Scout pocket knife for self defense, got ready to strike. I opened the door to find nothing but a chair and a rug. One chair? This was getting better every minute! I put the gear in the blind and waited for my master to make his way up the ladder. As he got in, he was reminded to bend down because he hit his head on the roof. He sat down in the chair, and I sat down . . . on the floor. I couldn't see

a thing. Finally, after we got settled in, I checked out the situation. There I was, freezing my behind off next to this big, candy-bar-eating know-it-all of a father, in the middle of the hill country, hunting for some deer. It was still nighttime, and we really couldn't see anything, so we decided to sleep until sunlight. After a while, I woke up and looked around. Seeing that it was light already, I looked at my watch to see what the time was. It turned out that Dad and I had slept for a little more than an hour. For all we knew, a herd of twelve-pointers could have

"There I was, freezing my behind off next to this big, candy-bar-eating know-it-all of a father, in the middle of the hill country, hunting for some deer."

walked right under our blind. I woke Dad up, and he looked around, startled.

"All right, Kevin. You watch that side and I'll watch this side," he said, trying to sound like a real pro.

Two hours passed as we boringly twiddled our thumbs and hummed show tunes. I felt a little hungry, so I asked, "Dad, got any candy bars?" He reached into his pocket and pulled out a nice, long Three Musketeers bar. A sense of satisfaction overwhelmed me as the chocolate slid into my stomach. Then Dad leaned over and asked,

"Kevin, did you bring any gloves?"

"No," I replied.

"Dummy!" he loudly whispered.

"Did you bring any?" I asked.

"Yeah. I brought one." It just goes to show how goofy he can get sometimes.

Suddenly, I saw something move near a clump of trees.

"Dad, give me the binoculars, quick!"

Sure enough, there were four doe about a hundred yards from our blind.

"Give me the gun!" I said through my teeth.

As Dad started to hand it over, the butt of the rifle hit the side of the blind. Bump! Through the binoculars I saw the deer look up at the blind.

"Sorry," he said.

I followed all of the safe, gun handling rules that I had been taught. As I looked through the scope trying to find my target, I heard this loud scrape against the side of the blind.

"Sorry," he said as he tried to hold back his laughter. The deer were probably having a field day watching these two guys sitting in a little box, freezing to death as they bumped and scraped around like real hunters do. Anyway, as I looked through the binoculars, the deer were gone. Great! My one chance to shoot a deer before my dad, and I failed.

My dad and I don't go hunting as much anymore. Usually it's because we don't have enough time, but my excuse is because I just know that I'd end up back in the same blind, living the same comedy with the same candy-bar-eating know-it-all of a goofball. . . my dad.

Veracruz.
July fourteenth.
One a.m.

The warehouse was dim. The only illumination came from a flickering neon tube suspended high above in the steel framework ceiling. A few dim stars shone through a broken window. There was a musty smell in the air. Dust covered everything. The weight of ages could be felt.

I wiped the sweat off my face with my shirt. Damn. . . Is it my imagination, or was it always this hot in July? I looked back at my watch for the seventeenth time. The Cartel guys were supposed to be here a half hour ago. Five more minutes and the deal would be off. I looked back around the warehouse. The floor disappeared into the distance, and I couldn't even make out the four walls.

At that point I heard a distant clank. Somebody was coming in through the south entrance. I turned to the pickup.

"Jorge, cut the radio."

A shadowy figure in the cab moved to one side and rolled down the window. The radio was playing some obscure mariachi music.

"Qué?"

"I said, cut the radio. *Silencio.*"

He reached over and turned off the music. "What do you want?" he said, with a heavy Mexican accent.

"The Cartel guys are here. Get

your grease gun ready. If they try anything, shoot first and ask questions later. Got it?"

"Sí."

Come to think of it, I couldn't even remember why we were supposed to meet here. So many people. . . so many places. . . I lost track a long time back. In this business, you don't keep records. That would be stupid. . . Okay, I remembered now. The guy on the phone didn't really give a reason, but he mentioned something about a special offer. That had an ominous ring to it.

Not that I was worried. I've sold to the Columbian Cartel before, and I know they're arrogant, but business is business. Besides, I've run a few shipments for them in the past, and they pay quite well.

A faint pair of headlights appeared in the distance. I reached into my open jacket, pulled out the .45 auto, cocked it, and put it back in the concealed holster. Just to be safe. Right about now I realized I forgot my bullet-proof vest back at the pad.

By now, the crunch of tires on gravel was audible. I heard the opening of a door behind me, and turned around to see Jorge creep around behind the camper with his grease gun, out of sight. The headlights continued to advance at a slow pace.

At length, an Audi limo ground to a halt a few yards in front of me, perpendicular to the truck. I leaned back on the warm hood of the pickup and tried to look cool. Great, I thought, they sent one of their top brass.

They would probably demand a refund on last week's damaged AK shipment. I stood to lose ten thousand dollars for that, but anybody else would have stood to lose his head.

The limo's engine cut off, but the headlights stayed on. After a moment, the chauffeur got out, walked around to the passenger door on my side, and opened it. A dark man in a white suit stepped out stiffly. I couldn't place the name, but I recognized him as a Cuban guy who had paid me for a shipment one time. He looked at me momentarily, looked around the warehouse, then looked back at me intently. Two other men in black suits stepped out beside him, each with an HK submachine gun on a shoulder strap. We stood there for a moment, scoping each other out. I decided to break the ice.

"So. . . What's up?"

The Cuban spoke. "Colonel Freeleigh, it has come to our attention that you're selling weapons to the *contras* in Nicaragua." He spoke very precisely with no accent at all.

"What about it?"

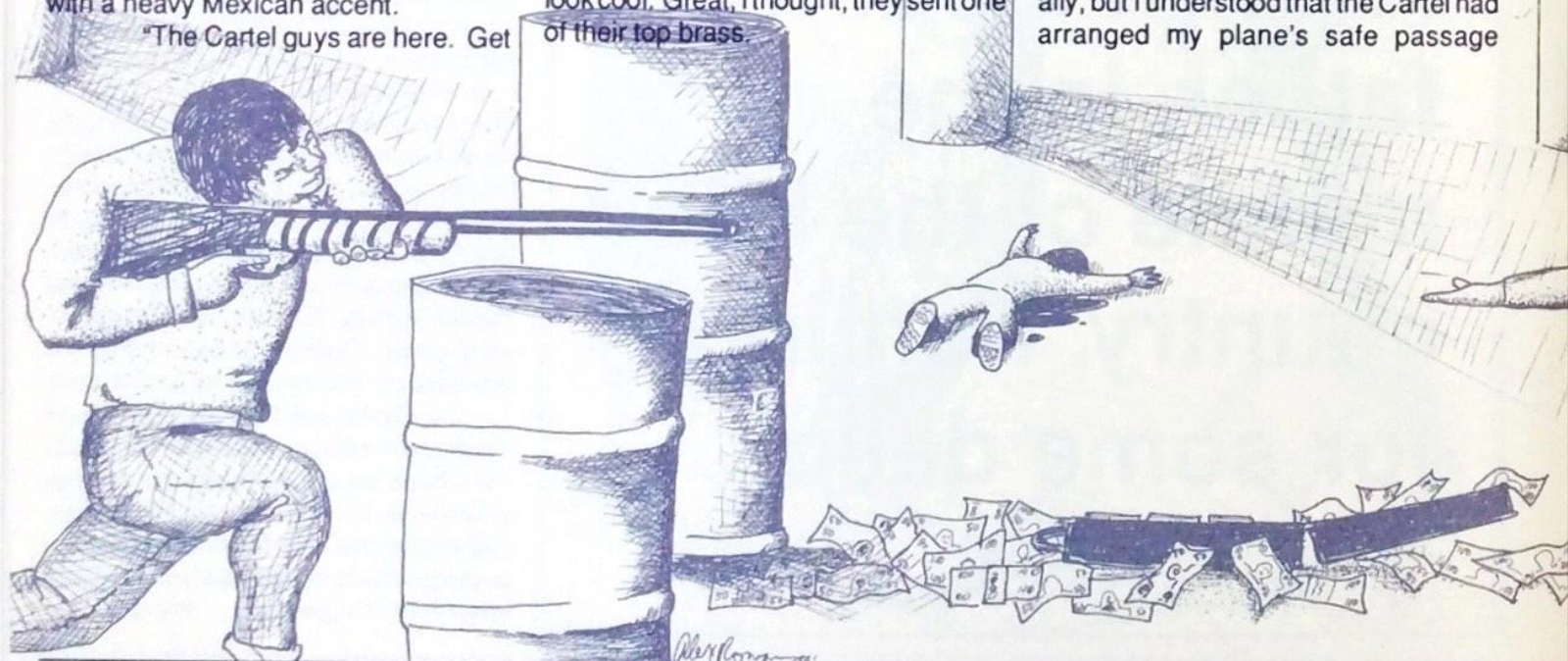
"The Cartel demands that you stop."

While I was pondering this thought, he pulled a pack of cigarettes out of his coat and lit one up.

"Look," I said, "you know my policy. I sell to whoever wants to buy."

"Yes, but you are forgetting about our mutual friend, Daniel Ortega."

I had never met the guy personally, but I understood that the Cartel had arranged my plane's safe passage



through his country.

"Hey, I don't care how much you grease his hands. Nobody tells me what to do with my business."

The Cuban took a drag off his cigarette and chewed on this thought for a moment.

"We are willing to pay you a great deal of money, Colonel."

"Be more specific."

"One hundred thousand American dollars."

Well, they were serious, but it would take more than that to pay me off.

"You've got to be kidding. I could make that in one week."

"We go back a long way, Freeleigh. We would hate to loose your business."

The two henchmen cocked their guns.

"So, that's what it comes down to."

The Cuban had a serious look on his face. "Take the money or die, Colonel. The choice is yours."

Now I was beginning to lose my cool. This next part had to be done very carefully.

"Take your best shot," I said.

That was the cue. Before the two gunmen could open fire, Jorge had mowed them down from the pickup. The Cuban hit the ground right as the door above him was riddled. The chauffeur jumped out from behind the limo, a glint of steel in his hand. I pulled out the .45 and nailed him three times in the chest before he could line up. He was blown backwards and hit the ground with a

noticeable thud. By now, the Cuban was up and reaching into his jacket. I shot him at point blank range, not even bothering to aim. He was hit in the shoulder, and a submachine gun clattered to the floor. He fell to his knees. Jorge ran up and covered him while I held the gun in his face.

"I believe you have some talking to do," I told him, which he didn't, of course. I had been expecting this from the Cartel for a long time. But, it made him sweat, and I was happy.

"Hey man, I don't know *nada*." He was talking fast now, and with a definite accent.

"Hey *señor*," I mimicked him, "I only work here."

"For real, man. Please don't kill me."

"Save it. Where's the money?"

"Briefcase. In the car."

I opened the passenger door. The interior upholstery was a little messed up from the bullets, but otherwise a fine car. I grabbed a brown leather briefcase with a formidable looking lock on it. I turned back to the Cuban. He had a large bloodstain growing on his shoulder.

"Combination?" I asked. He didn't say anything.

"Oh well..."

I took careful aim and blew the lock off the briefcase. Jorge went to the cab and turned on the headlights. Opening the case revealed several bundles of hundred dollar bills with rubber bands around them. I threw the money into the cab and left the briefcase

on the ground. Knowing the Cartel, it had a tracer in it. I turned to the Cuban and stuck the gun in his face.

"Any last words?"

"Uh, uh, uh. . .," he started mumbling.

"Yeah, that's what I thought."

I slammed the side of his head with the gun, and he was out cold. He would wake up in a couple hours with a big headache, but it would be better than a hole in his head.

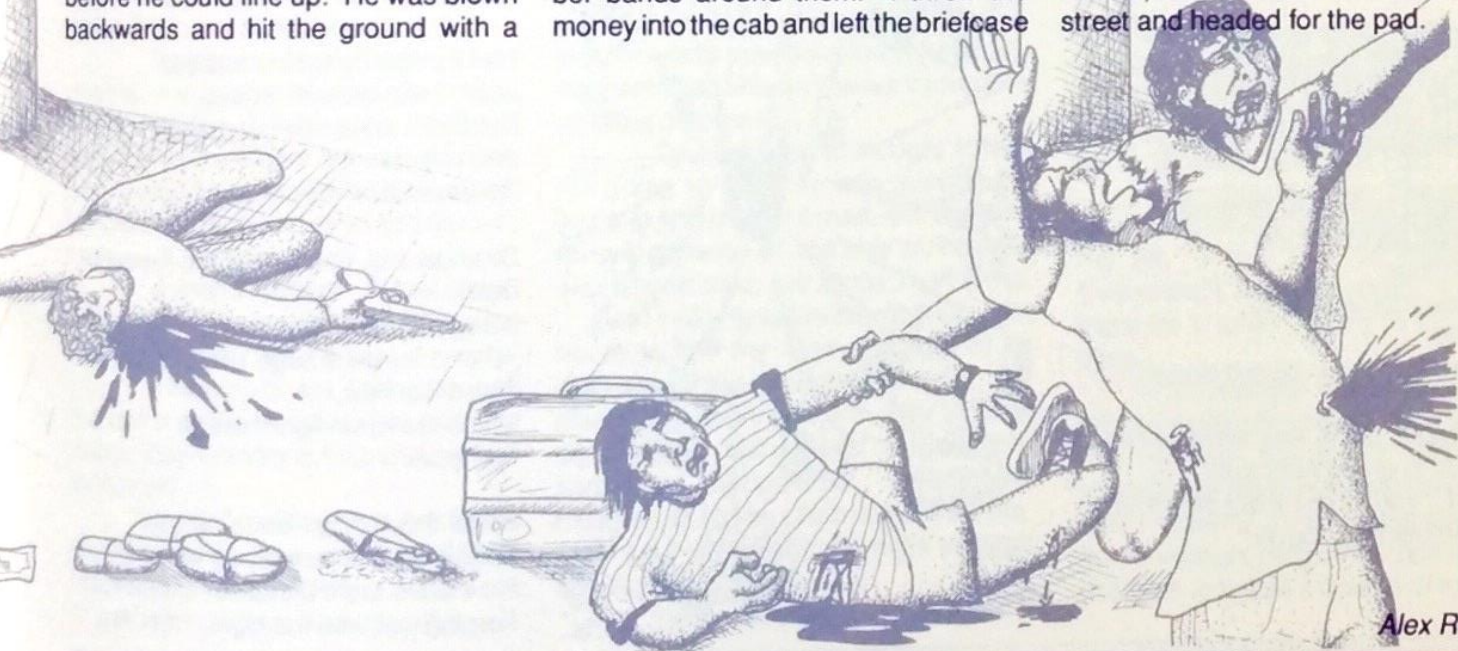
"Jorge, search the bodies and throw their guns in the pickup."

I picked up the Cuban's submachine gun, a MAC-11 in 9mm. I walked around to the front of the limo, emptied the clip into the hood, and tossed it in the cab. Then I opened the passenger door, reached in, ripped out the cellular phone, and heaved it as far into the darkness as I could. That would ensure him a long walk back to the hotel.

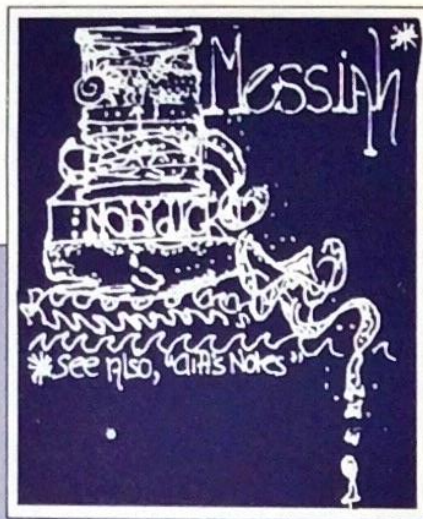
"Done," said Jorge.

"Good. I believe we have a boat to catch."

I made a last check of the car's interior and got in the cab on the driver's side. The smell of cigars was overwhelming, and the side windows were almost too dirty to see out of. Jorge got in on the right, dumping four wallets and five guns onto the torn-up seat. I started the engine, turned on the headlights, and the beat-up pickup rolled slowly down to the south exit of the warehouse. At the exit we turned into a narrow, trash-filled back alley. I followed it east for a minute, then turned onto a litter-strewn street and headed for the pad.



Alex Roman



Emily Forland

Ambergris
by William Brooks

A splash in brine-when I thought
The vastness of the sea
Was like the headstones of the past-
Among the threads of time-

I shut my eyes-blackened space
As Clothos-wove her web
Significance - an absence here
A novel never read

A page of nonsense-read for twelve
A sigh escaped our lips-
For paper inked-with pen and lead
A quest-futility.

The yellow striped-black with line
A paperback messiah-
The knowledge was revealed to all
And life went ambling after.

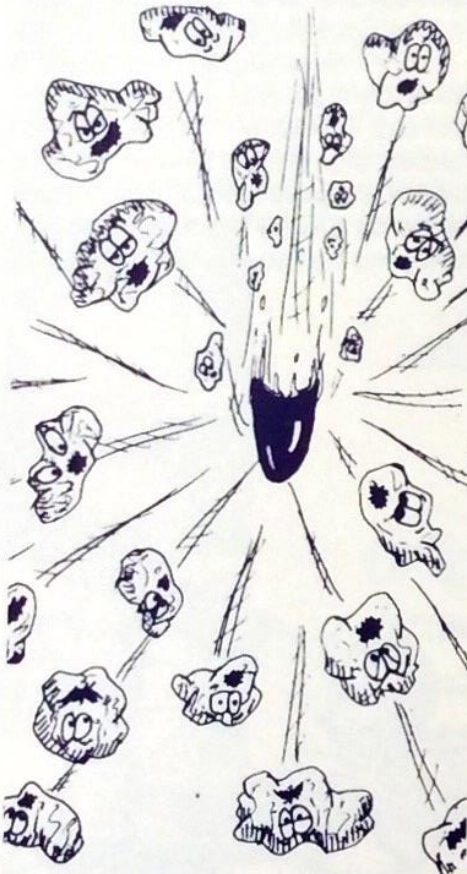
The Fungus Dude
by James Atkinson

I tried to get a job in the Peace Corps,
In the immortal spirit of giving,
But ended up shooting hamsters
out of cannons for a living.

It was a good life, I'd say,
Blasting rodents every day,
Until the day the Fungus
Dude decided to come my way.

I managed somehow to evade
him when he found me
even though
the dude had tried to
grab me
and smother me in biscuit dough.

The Fungus Dude was there before me
Covered in green furry tufts
Quoth I, "You're just a big old mold,
you don't look so tough."



"I have a great many kin,"
it spoke,
"Joey, Mildo, and hairy Rachael"
added the Fungus Dude, "and then
there's
that fruity growth
Marechal."

I felt sympathy for the fuzzball
In an awkward sort of way,
But that's what one gets when
one forgets
To use Micatin every day.

Strangle me, that's what the Fungus
Dude
was just about to start
When I hurled a huge Lee
Press-on- Nail,
which drove straight through
his heart.

I slew the Fungus Dude, oh yes,
But his spores went flying free.
Now there are a thousand fungus folk
Forging out, into the night, after me.

LOST
by Amy Albro

I was questioning the purpose of life one day when it suddenly hit me- I was lost.

I am a mouse scurrying around in a maze looking for the cheese. I am stumbling through life in the dark. I think I've hit every single pothole in the road. I must have taken a wrong turn somewhere. I'm definitely lost.

I can't decide whether it is destiny or if God has put me here. Why do situations like this arise? There's only so much anger and pain one person can keep bottled up inside. To let it out would put everyone through hell. Why do that to them, too? So, I keep my feelings to myself until I feel as if I might explode; then, I question the meaning of life and try to conquer my false feelings.

I think everyone has felt lost in his life and questioned his position as a living human being on earth. It might be possible to get permanently lost, or when you finally find your way, it's too late.

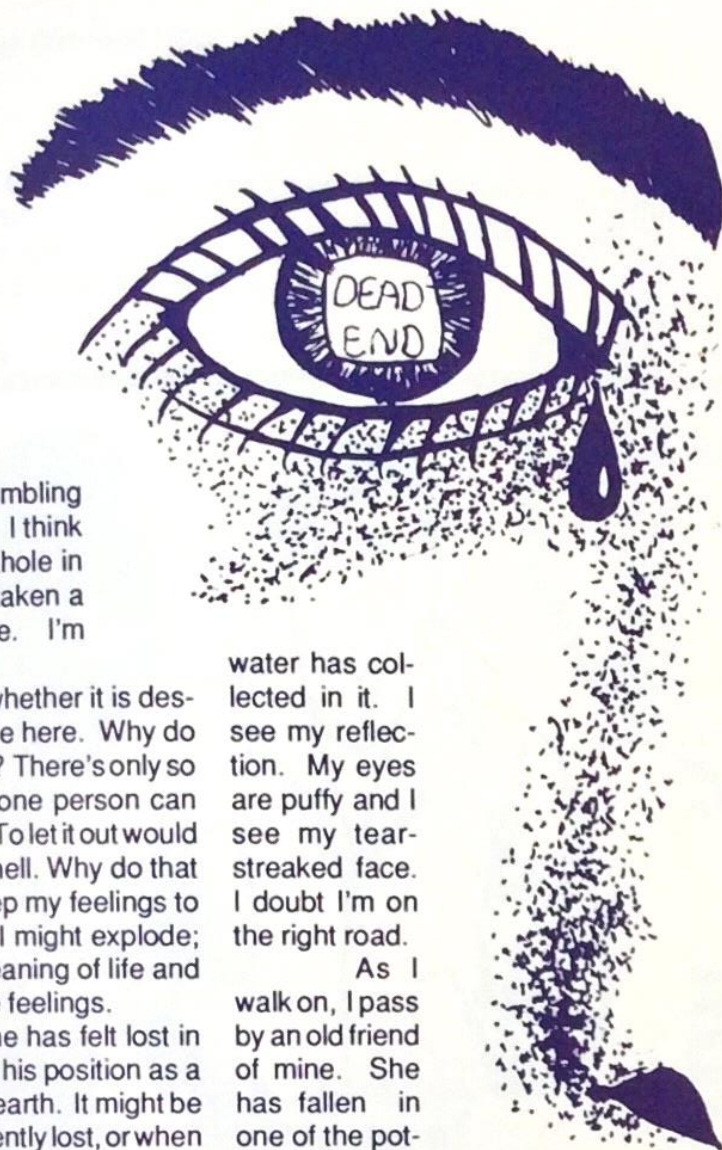
Oops! I hit a dead end. (Oh well.) Should I turn around and try to find my way back, or should I sit down and take a break? I think I'll take a break. It appears to be getting darker, and it looks like a possibility of rain.

Tears come rolling off my cheeks- there might be a flood. I'm lost and it's raining. What a day! (What a life!!!) I left my rubber booties at home, unprepared as usual. As the water rises, I decide to get up and try to find my way back.

It stops raining. I feel better now. I have the sensation I might find my way back today, maybe not.

The clouds are letting up and the sun is trying to shine through. It's damp. The humidity is high and my hair is frazzled.

I'm still walking. Maybe this is the right road. I have to watch for the potholes though- they're killers. As I walk around one of them, I notice the rain



water has collected in it. I see my reflection. My eyes are puffy and I see my tear-streaked face. I doubt I'm on the right road.

As I walk on, I pass by an old friend of mine. She has fallen in one of the potholes and broken her heart. I really wish I could have helped, but it was too late. I hope someone fills in the holes soon. Too many people keep falling in. Maybe the roads need speed bumps; then everyone would slow down and see what's happening so he won't take a wrong turn or fall in a pothole.

I put my train of thought in line. I'm going to be optimistic today. I'm going to find the right road, the one with flowers growing on the side of the road and no potholes, just a couple of turns.

With my optimistic attitude, I set out to find my road. I forget to be cautious of the potholes. As my foot starts to stumble into one, I try to keep my balance, but I find I'm being absorbed by the pothole. I strain my muscles as I try to climb out of the hole. I feel as if my ligaments might snap at any moment. I'm scared.

I'm scrambling to get out, but it

Shanna Hamby

feels like I'm sliding down further and further. I see a hand coming toward me. I grab on to it. Someone's pulling me out. I didn't know anyone saw me fall in, or even cared that I did.

I'm dirty and wet. The person who pulled me out of the hole is dusting me off. I feel like I'm dreaming. Everything's so disoriented. I stand there for a while and try to focus my eyes.

I'm still lost, but at least I didn't fall into a pothole forever. I know I will find my way- eventually. There is someone by my side to help me out- for now. Hopefully, I will find that road with the flowers growing on the side and no potholes in it, just a couple of turns.

*"Here our long web of friendship I entwist."
--Massinger*

**"The Day I Embarrassed ... Me, Myself, and I!"
by Nieves Gonzalez IV**

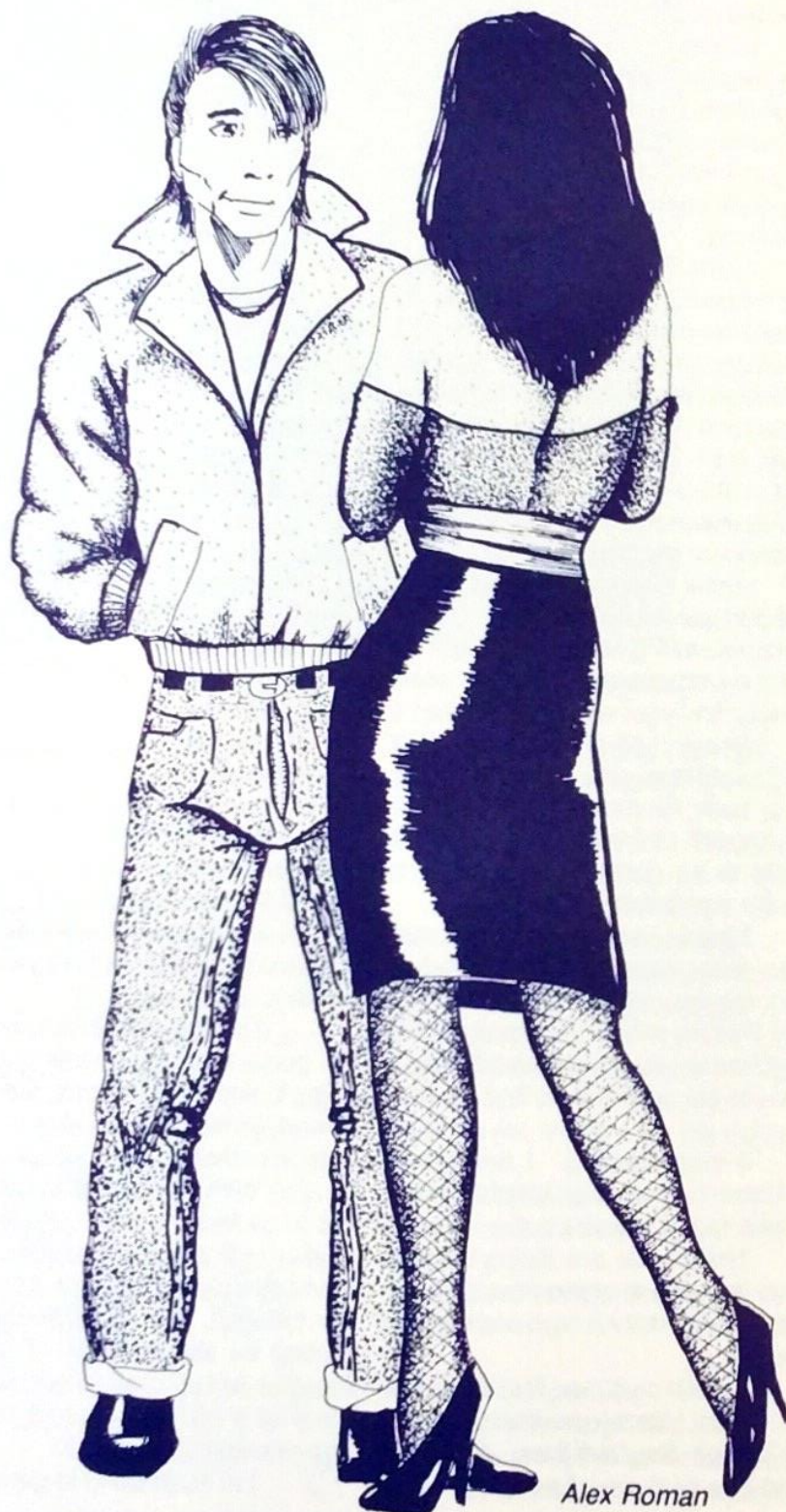
Imagine. Imagine you wake up with a very confident attitude. You think to yourself I'm going to have a wonderful day. I will ask this beautiful girl out and she'll say, "Yes, I'd love to!" We will fall in love and be together forever.

That morning I went to school with this same attitude. I saw her. Her face so soft and smooth, her figure so elegant, and her skin as tan as could be. She was wearing a bright yellow sun dress that was anything but proper; it was, in fact, slightly seductive. Her name was Tiffany; I once spoke to her in middle school. Anyhow, today was the day I had chosen to ask the most popular and prestigious girl, (woman) in all of the school district to go out.

I walked into the hall where she was. My body trembled with anticipation. She was talking to her friends at her locker. I waited for the perfect time. I continued to sweat. I was just going to go crazy! "Go for it," said Mike. I accosted her, and as I started to ask her... well it went like this.

"Hi Tiffany! Remember me?" I said nervously, "Hey, how would you like ..."

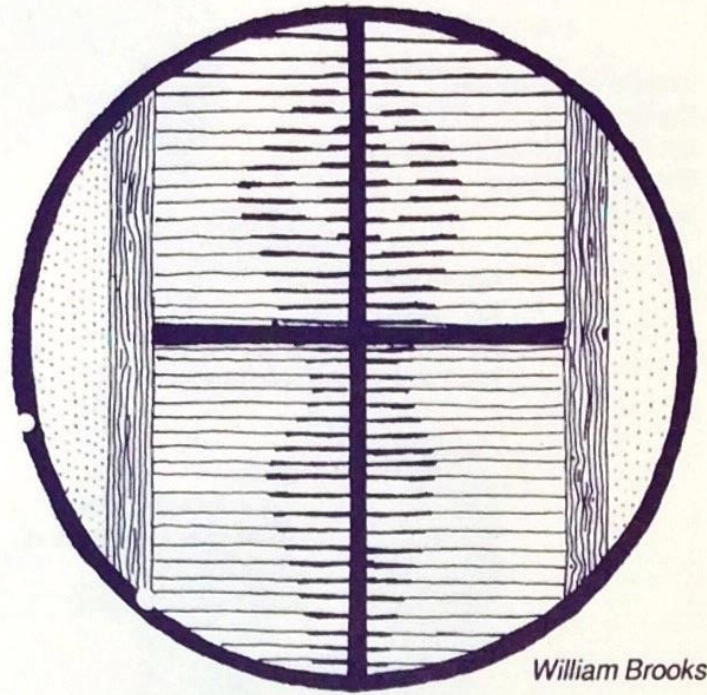
She interrupted, "Your fly is down!"



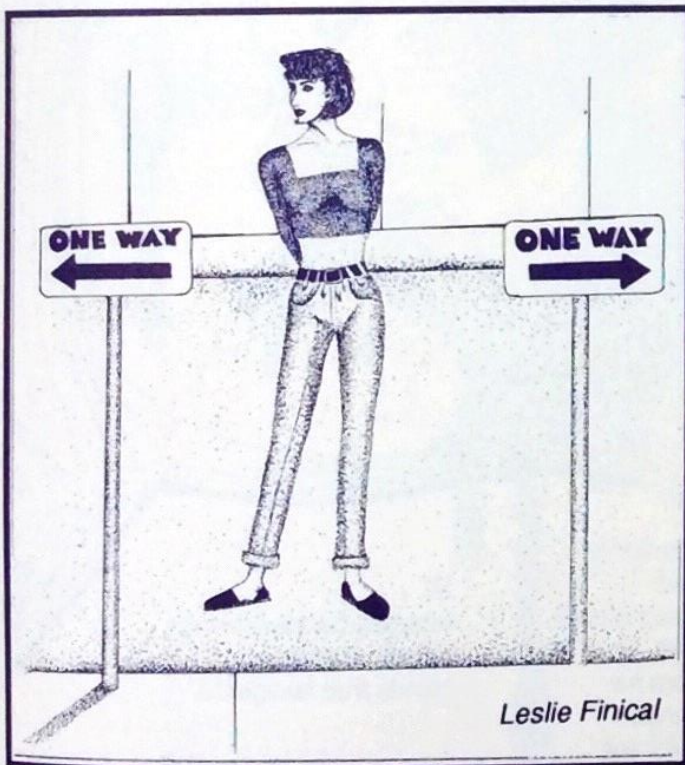
Alex Roman

Contemplations on the Girl Next Door
by *Zachariah Gomez*

She sits still like a rose blossom,
frail and beautiful.
Watching every move made-
contemplations on the girl next door.
She's
wondering what
I'm writing.
I
can
tell.
Lullabies of burning flames, engulfing
Cupid's heart and soul, stealing love and
leaving loneliness.
It's a fun game, of thoughts and
emotions, it's like we have
a spiritual link.
We
both know
it is
being
played.
Neither of us says a word.
She is insecure and sits like
a box closed up, away from society.
Trying to hide from my thoughts,
but she can't. Soon-
I
will fall
in love for a split
second. And then she will turn away.



William Brooks



Leslie Finical

by *Kirk Lynn*

She being 1st person
and on a date at a party with
2nd person (though he matters very little here)
and (third person) I was after her (first)
I chased her upstairs and into the corner
of her bedroom
We talked for more hours than you've known
and I kissed.
"Romance is one thing,"
she said,
"But Love I will not feel."
and when I had to leave
she became concerned again with the
second's whereabouts.

hardly a handful of handsome images
by Emily Forland

I.
loosely clutched pen
my fingers
act as tunnels
through which my
words flow

II.
i circle you
with quiet smiles
for such a large personality
you have very small hands

III.
carving
with a tight clenched
chisel of anger and hurt
fists hit walls
and tears fall down

IV.
phalanges in the ganges
someone washed them there once

V.
i had my palm read
and then
i washed it

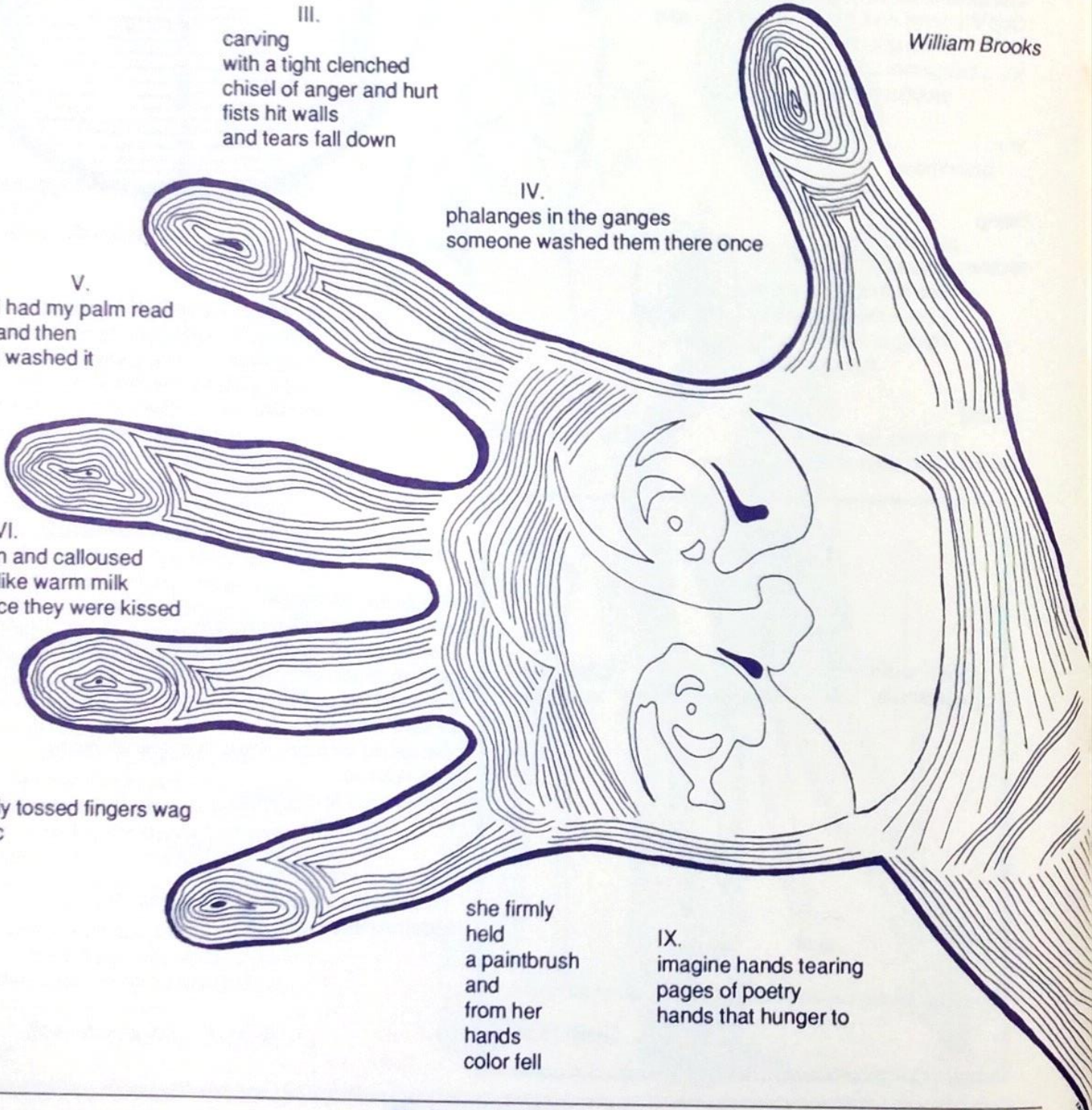
VI.
nail bitten and calloused
they felt like warm milk
when once they were kissed

VII.
reluctantly tossed fingers wag
the music
of
de
part
ur
e

she firmly
held
a paintbrush
and
from her
hands
color fell

IX.
imagine hands tearing
pages of poetry
hands that hunger to

William Brooks



"the holiest activity"
Eve Lyons

sleek and slender
gracefully black
music emanates from your soul
and reaches mine.
holy.

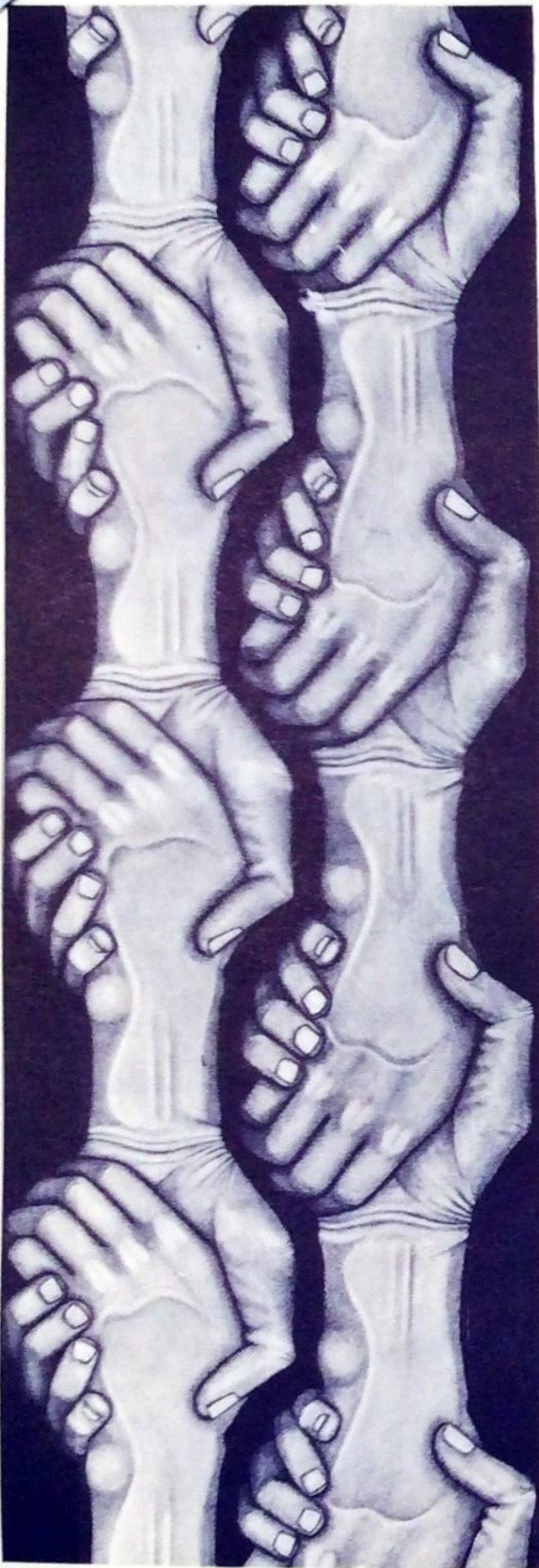
*"Like the stain'd web
that whitens in the sun
Grow pure by being
purely shown upon."*
--Moore



Guiding Angel
by Lance Gill

When the sands of time
sting our eyes
and winds of change prevail;
When trying days
yield evil ways
and our ship's
without
a sail;
When songbirds cry,
then fall
and die,
like moths
drawn to a flame;
A light of hope
shines through
the fog,
and gently
calls
our name. . .

Chris Bizzard



Robert Cervantes

Patrons

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Bullseye '90 is a collaborative effort of writers and artists. Staff selection and submissions for publication were open to the entire student body. Text entries were selected by the staff and sponsors. Original artwork was selected from entries or was produced by students in art classes or by staff members.

Bullseye '90 layouts and text were set on Macintosh SE computers and submitted to the printer camera ready.

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Bullseye '90

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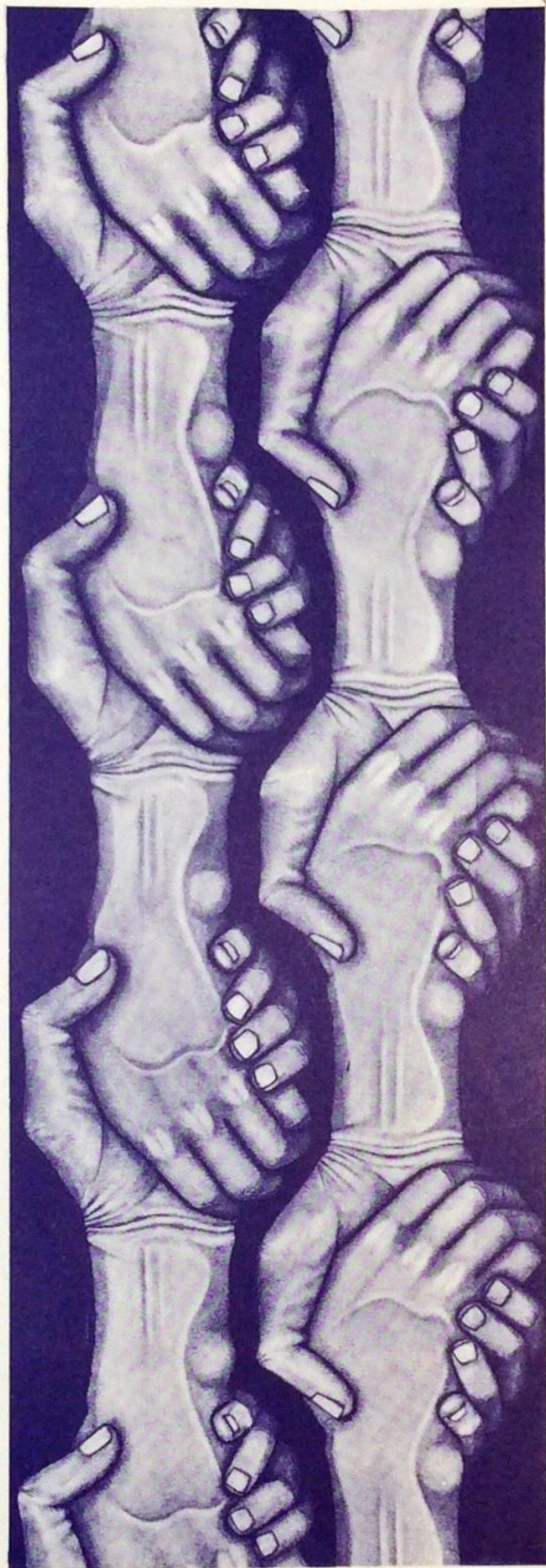
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Robert Cervantes



**"The Earth does not belong to man;
Man belongs to the earth.
This we know:
All things are connected.
Man did not weave the web of life;
He is merely a strand in it.
Whatever he does to the Earth,
He does to himself."--unknown**