

BULLSEYE



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The Eternal Soul

Alex Rowland

Here, once again, I wait in the womb of an expectant mother, wondering what I will be and what horrible death will befall me in this life. I have lived hundreds of lives, all of which have ended the same, by the hand of the one that walks on two, the one who has raped the mother of her resources and polluted her air, the one who kills for pleasure instead of survival. Since the time is short before my life begins, I will only tell you a few of my past sagas.

It was a cool, crisp day when I emerged from the womb of a Kodiak bear. I grew strong and fast and spent my youth playing in tall grass and learning the ways of the wild from my mother. My days of youth had treated me well. By my second year of life, I stood two feet shy of my nine foot peak. One warm, sunny morning I walked the forest floors, farther than I had ventured in all my days. I had been stalking a ring-tailed cat but I seemed to have lost my way. The dark forest looked the same in all directions. I chose a well-worn path and started to follow it. Suddenly, I heard a snap and felt the cold steel of a large trap bite deeply into my right front paw, nearly severing it. My paw began to spout precious red blood and slowly but surely I lost consciousness. When I awoke, I attempted to stand, but something held me tight to the earth. I heard drunken shouts and laughter. Then I felt the sharp blow of a boot hit my side.

"He sure is a big one, ain't he Hank?"

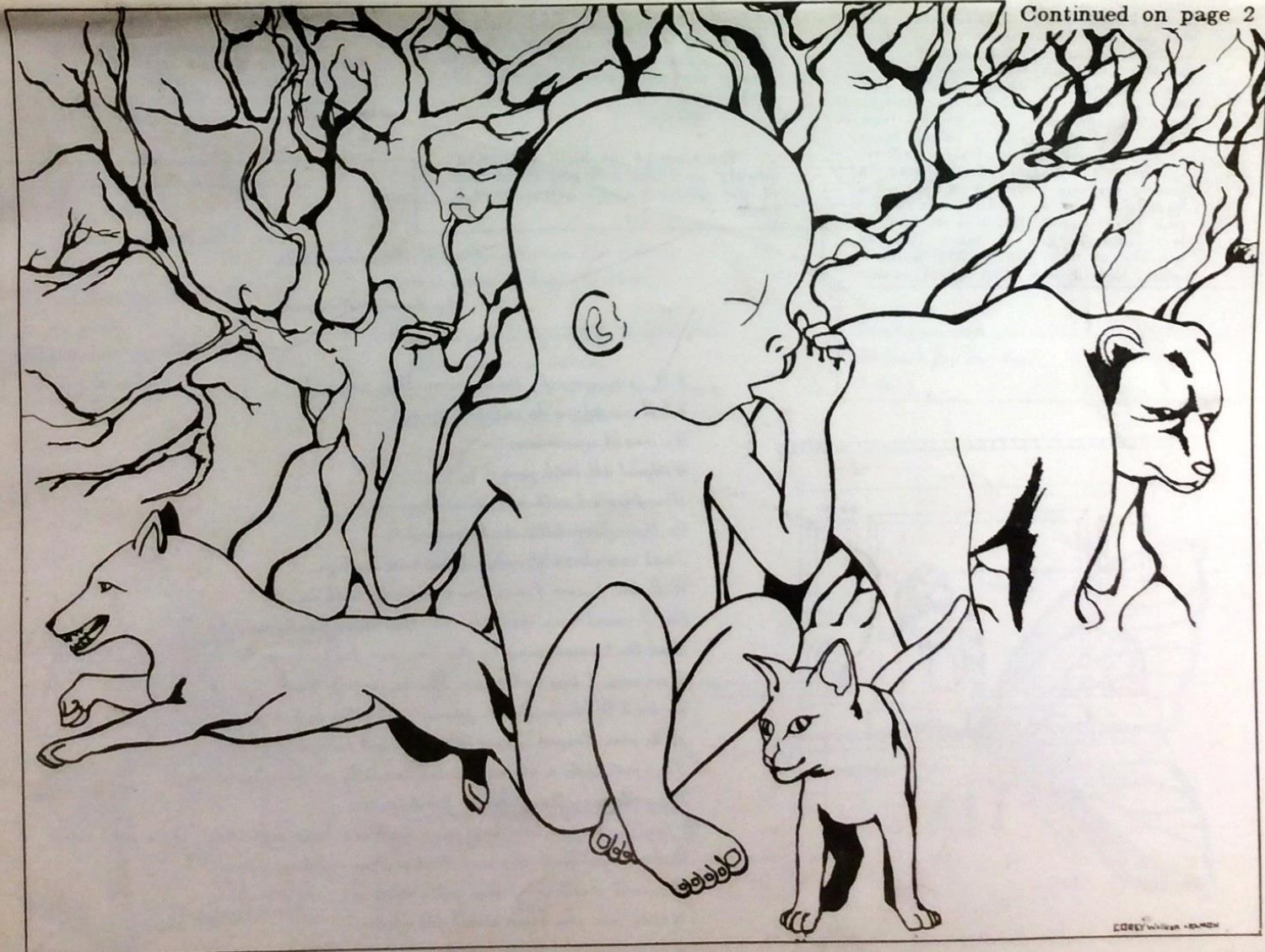
"Yeah, his hide will go for a lot after we're through with him."

Once again laughter filled my ears and I began to feel ill when I overheard them talking about the dog fights.

Early the next morning I was taken to a type of arena where I was held fast by a rope staked deep

into the earth. The cries of angry dogs filled my head with fear. The seats in the arena began to fill up and my eyes began to weep from the foggy clouds of cigar smoke. I could hear the evil ones placing bets and their sick jokes filled my heart with rage. The dogs were set loose and I was to defend my precious life against the iron jaws of the maddened dogs. I fought savagely, using all the methods my mother had taught me when I was a cub. As for the dogs, they were either knocked senseless or had their skulls crushed like grapes.

Continued on page 2



Continued from 1

After their cruel form of amusement, the evil ones took me away and I was placed in an old rusty cage where I was to remain all night. The next morning I was once again taken to the arena. The crowds rushed in; there were twice as many people as the previous day. I was their main attraction; the entire town desired to see my death. I was set loose in the arena wondering what would become of me when I heard a stamp of hoof beats quickly followed by a hard blow to my side. The crowd roared with excitement. Facing me was a devilish looking bull named the Exterminator. The bull surged forward as I reared up on my hind legs. I was struck with an incredible force which threw my body against a wall. When I awoke, a haunting sight stared me face to face, it was an evil one with a wide grin on his face. He approached me. Unable to move, I watched him pull out his cold steel and move toward my throat. A surge of warm blood flowed continually to the ground as I lost consciousness.

It was a warm, sunny day in the month of August. It was our first day out of our small haven in the side of the mountain. There were four of us, my sister Tia, my brother (who was blind), our mother (a full-blooded red fox), and myself. My sister and I loved to play along the riverside testing our hunting abilities on frogs and small reptiles. My blind brother always stayed around the home with my mother close by his side. One day my sister and I found a small farm house near the highway. Behind the house we discovered a chicken coop, and, hungry as we were, we decided to take a closer look. Tia was the more curious one, so after a short period of digging, she was in; the chickens were making loud cries during the whole affair. Tia, who was most greedy, went after the biggest hen she could find. Suddenly there was a loud blast which I had never heard before. Quickly, as if out of nowhere, a young boy was closing in fast. Tia had lost her way and couldn't get out. I realized that if I desired to live any longer, I must flee as quickly as the wind. My mother, who had heard the blast, came

running as fast as she could. Our blind brother was most confused; he ran in the direction in which he thought his mother had gone. In my flight home I passed my mother and did not stop, nor did she. When I reached our den, I went in and curled up where my mother used to nurse us. Early the next morning I realized I was alone. Quite hungry, I searched for any type of food within my reach. The mountain was full of all varieties of berries. For the next week I stayed close to the home, feeding on small rodents and berries. Something in me told me that no one was coming back. The warm weather passed by fast and cold northern winds were beginning to blow in. The first snow had fallen and buried almost everything in sight. It was a new world to me and everything looked different. I enjoyed playing in this new substance all that day. The next morning I was famished, I searched all day but found nothing except occasional tracks of small mice, although I never saw one. It had almost been three days since I had last eaten. I realized where I had to go but the thought was frightening. There was no alternative, so early the next morning I set out for the farm house. It was a gray, cold day. There was no sign of life anywhere. I didn't even see or hear one bird the entire trip to the farmhouse. When I was close to the chicken coop, I became extremely frightened of what might happen, but I had to do it. I was in and out so fast nothing could have stopped me. As I was running through the yard something caught my attention that stopped me in my tracks. There

were two pelts that looked familiar. When I realized what and whose they were, I dropped the hen I was carrying and ran for it. I heard a loud blast and a throbbing pain shot from my hindquarters to my back. As I lay there awaiting my fate, a large black dog charged forward to grasp my neck and shake the life out of me.

The time of my birth is coming quickly, so I will tell you about one of the shortest and cruelest lives I lived.

I was born in a barnyard hay loft with nine other kittens. Our mother kept us in a small, dark corner of the hay loft. After we finished nursing, our mother began to bring us mangy gray rats which were most unappetizing. I couldn't stand the sight of another rat but our mother made us promise to stay in the loft. Later that week my mother went out looking for more rats. This was my opportunity to get some real food, so as soon as she was out of sight, I climbed down the loft and wandered around the barnyard. I smelled something that made my hair stand on end and my stomach cry for food. It seemed to be coming from the house across the old dusty road. I made my way to the front steps and crawled through a small hole in the screen. There it was, a golden brown turkey waiting for my large appetite! I jumped on the table and began my feast, when I heard an angry scream and some object hit me in the side of the head. I ran as fast as I could toward the hayloft as the heavy footsteps closed in. I made it. I was joined by my brothers and sisters, safe at last, or so I thought. We heard a large bang and a door swung open, we were quickly spotted and thrown into a large corn bag. Everything was black, but as far as I could tell we seemed to be in a car or truck. We heard the sound of water getting closer and closer. The bag we were in had a small hole in it and I quickly tried to get out. I poked my head out, only to have it smashed back in by large hand. Everything seemed to be spinning. We flew up as high as the birds, only to come down in the

rapid waters of a rushing river. All I can remember is that it was extremely cold.

My new life is about to begin for I can feel and smell fresh air surrounding me. Bright lights are blinding me, but I can hear cheers and hollers in a deep murmur, "It's a boy!"

J.V. Commercials

by Amanda Honoyull

*J.V. commercials, those marvelous whims!
What would we do without them?
We would never survive
Without all that jive
About cereal with marshmallow stars—
Or those tiny little matchbox cars
That can climb through hills and valleys
With the power from two Eveready batteries.
Oh, I must have that glo-in-the-dark toothbrush!
And that mood ring in the Cracker Jacks looks so lush.
How can I live without a Proxie stamp pad
Or that Cabbage Patch purse? It's the latest fad!
A Barbie Dream 'Pki Plope is what everyone needs.
It comes with a blond Barbie wearing genuine gold beads.
My cat loves those Meow food treats.
They're shaped like tiny mice and are more nutritious than real meat.
Did you get that Michael Jackson hairstyling grease?
I heard about some diet pills that can cure the obese.
Where can you hear about all of these?
Where else, but those commercials on J.V.*





Whispering gold leaves
Rustling in autumn wind
Are sounding trumpets.

by Suzanne Bonny

Soaring and dipping
A seagull flies toward the sun
Never to return.

by Alyson Brint

Foaming sea horses
In rhyme with the ocean
Pound upon the surf.

by Alyson Brint

The Baker

by Monica Buck

The baker who creates new pastries
from scratch,
Transforms lumps of dough into
shapes beyond match,
As the evening approaches, the
dough's left to rise,
In the morn it is ready,
its fate a surprise.

When the shapes are made ready,
with hand, thought, and knife,
Their true value's molded in the
oven of life.

Some lumps are fortunate,
others are not,
Those that are sinful, in fires
are caught.

God is our Baker; he destines
our souls;
In the fires of hell all sinners
will go.
So out with the evil life shall
be good
And praise the Lord always,
as you should.

The Mirror

by Lisa Carol

Shattered
like so many pieces of a broken mirror,
Light refracted
like so many prisms flashing small rainbows,
Scattered
like so many raindrops dancing in my mind,
Shifted
like so many pieces of glass in a kaleidoscope,
Nothing fits

Until a Hand from above gently adjusts
my looking glass to the world.

Discovered Soul

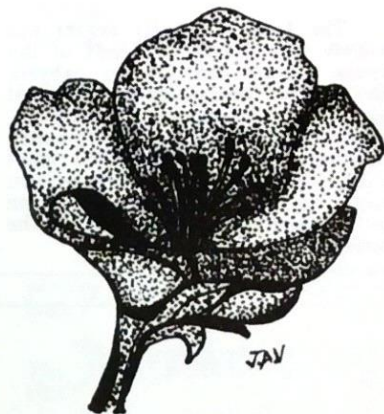
by Shannon Falcone

Quietly I sit as the firelight glows;
Yellow, red, blue—the flames gently flow.

But something breaks the silence,
As low screams begin to blow.

A single yellow light flits to and fro
A little scream so silent,
But it seems to pierce time and space
Like a reincarnated soul.

I thrill at the sight,
That strong, luminous light;
But, gently, disbelievingly,
I close the glass fire door.



To Be a Child Again

by Michelle Wormington

Don't you wish you could,
Wouldn't it be fun,
To be a little child again?
Wouldn't it be nice if you could
Just play for hours
Without a care in the world?
If your only problem for the day
Might be that you
Didn't get any ice cream?
I think it would be great
Compared to life's more complicated
Problems. Now,
Don't you wish you could be a child again?
At least for the day?
I do.

Couplet

by Susan Smith

Children born, unwanted, burden,
Newborn souls, hunted for sport.



The Babysitter

Michelle Powell

"Hi, I'm Michelle. I'm going to be your babysitter tonight." Thus begins another round of the vicious cycle that makes up the life of The Babysitter.

Babysitting - the word brings fear and anxiety to the heart of every teenager acquainted with this thankless task. And babysitting is a necessity to those desperate for funds, those considered adults when it comes to movie theatres and other profit seeking organizations, but not yet old enough for a real job.

The trouble usually begins the minute you get to the door of the house where you are to babysit. The mother yells over the chaos of numerous screaming banshees, "Three other families' children are staying here tonight. You don't mind, do you?" Of course you mind; but, before you have the time to tell her, you are swept into the house by the frenzied mob.

When you finally succeed in untangling yourself from the children's grasp, the mother bombards you with rules. Little Jonnie goes to bed at 7:30. Under no circumstances is Matildie to have her friend over. Billie Lou absolutely must brush her teeth. Mickey must. Tammy can't. The list is endless. Forty-five minutes later the parents finally stumble out the door shooting apologetic glances back at you as they leave and you are left alone to cope with the horde.

Before leaving, the mother informed you that a little later the kids could have dessert. The problem is that the children heard her too. The minute their parents are out of sight and mind, they begin clamoring for a popsicle. You decide to comply with their wishes with the idea that it will keep them occupied and happy but oh, how wrong you are! Bobby can't have chocolate - he's allergic to it. Janie doesn't like vanilla and, as Jimmie puts it, "Mommy always lets me have two." By the time

everyone has a popsicle, Baby Amy has spit hers up all over a horrified Billie Lou who drops over into a dead faint on top of Tammy. Tammy drops her popsicle onto the head of an unsuspecting Becky who mashes her chocolate popsicle into the white shag carpet. The other children realize this is an opportune time to annoy you so they raise their voices to join with the chorus of sobs already resounding through the house.

When the screaming throng is finally pacified, it is bedtime. Every child without exception insists that his mother lets him stay up as late as he wants, but finally they succumb and all of them are tucked into bed.

After a couple of hours of relative peace and quiet, the parents arrive. A smiling mother cheerfully pressed a one dollar bill into your hand. "Thanks so much for sitting. Can you come again next Friday?"

"Fine, just fine," you say, forcing a smile as you walk out into the peaceful night.

STACEY

Hallie Jo Smith

The sun came shining through the stupid blinds next to my bed and straight into my face. Weird how it always hits me directly where it bothers me the most. Oh well, it serves as a good wake-up call. 6:00 a.m., I can't believe I'm finally going to make it to school on time. Lying there, feeling really good, I looked over the mums, pics, and flowers on my wall that I had received so far. The big black "R" was looking better than ever, or at least better than it did on the Ridgevill High School wall. Stacey, I, and a couple of guys stole our letters from the school our sophomore year. That was the most frightening but totally hilarious thing we had done.

Stacey is my best friend. She has been ever since I started high school. People always told us we wouldn't be able to stand each other by our senior year, but we made it. We also are going to room together next year at Texas. Sure, we have arguments, but we usually end up laughing at ourselves for being so dumb. Except for yesterday's disagreement, if you want to call it just that. I'm sure you get the picture. Stacey is very forceful when she's trying to make a point. Her green eyes widen and turn a shade lighter to grey. Even though Stacey is my height, she always seems to look over and intimidate me. She has blonde short straight hair, like mine. In so many ways we are alike, but the differences we do have can always help distinguish us. For instance, how Stacey always eats and drinks whatever you put in her face. She isn't close to being chubby, though. I pick through all my food, smelling everything.

We always have a date on the weekends and always double. Tonight we're going out with Kyle Perks and Jeff Hall. Every girl in school is envious of us. Kind of dumb, right?

Today will be great! I can tell. It is Friday, a "blow off" day at school, and today Stacey and I are

going out to lunch with the dance team to receive awards for "excellent" dancers. We were voted on by the entire student body. It is really a big honor. We couldn't believe it, but the most exciting thing ever was that last night my parents gave me a car!! Can you guess it would be exactly what I wanted, a navy Mercedes convertible with a tan top. Stacey will just die, like I did. It is the greatest thing my parents could do for me. My parents and Stacey knew how much I wanted one. I'll even bet Stacey knew all about it too. I dreamed all night about the things I'd be doing in MY car. I have tons of things for Stacey and me to do I'm finally free of my mother's ragged-out station wagon. You can't believe how much I am looking forward to driving to school this morning.

It's 2:30 p.m. and I haven't seen Stacey all day. I thought about calling her at lunch because receiving that award just wasn't as great without her and I couldn't figure out why she wouldn't show up at school when she knew what lunch was today. Then I remembered how sick she felt yesterday. I think that's why she was so edgy when we had our argument; she didn't even call me last night so we haven't apologized to each other. I'm trying to forget about her not being here today but something tells me to be worried.



It's just not like Stacey to act this way, not to call or anything. She never holds a grudge. I wonder if I was too cruel yesterday. I couldn't believe some of the things she said to me. The bell for next period is about to ring. I've finally decided just to go by her house as a surprise with a pint of Haagen-dass chocolate mint (her favorite) and my new car to brighten her day. I hope she's not still mad at me.

Continued on page 7



The Waiting

by Michelle Cook

Underneath the ancient live oak trees he sat playing. The harmonica sang in a slow, mournful tune while the cool evening breeze whispered through the summer leaves. It was time to move on again. Another town, maybe a job, it was hard to say with these people. Sometimes they accepted the poor drifter, sometimes they didn't, but he just kept playing and kept trying.

He was young for a drifter, only 20 years old, but he had the haggard and wizened look that came from the troubles and loneliness of many years. The knapsack he carried on his travels was worn and dusty and carried only a few belongings.

He stood up and dusted himself off, placing his harmonica into a side pocket of the knapsack. The sun was beginning to set behind the trees and he had to find a place to sleep for the night. It was going to be a long, hard one - he hadn't been able to find a job in the small town and so walked a little over two miles into the countryside to perhaps be hired by some farmer to help with daily chores or be given a bit of food to eat, and had found neither.

"There's only one thing worse than not working," he thought wryly to himself, "and that's not eating."

Walking eastward, his eyes scanned the land around him, hoping to spot some flickering light of a distant farmhouse among the trees. If he couldn't get a job, at least he might find a barn to stay the night in.

As if in answer to his thoughts, the trees parted and ahead of him could be seen the warm glow of a lighted home. The drifter quickened his pace and reached the back door just as the sun slipped entirely over the horizon. He wondered uneasily how these people might accept a stranger who knocked on their door seeking refuge from the night, and hesitated a moment before knocking three times.

Nothing. No sound came from within the well-lit house. The young man placed one hand in the pocket of his dirty jeans and shifted slightly. Maybe no one was home. It seemed strange to him that all of the lights would be left on in an empty house. He pulled his hand out of his pocket and knocked once again, louder this time. As he turned to leave, the opening of the door startled him, a sudden movement which interrupted the peace and quietness of the house and the night.

"What do you want?" a quiet voice asked of the stranger. A vague, suspicious face appeared through the crack in the door.

The stranger took a moment to assess the situation and said, "I need a place to stay for the night. I can work for you if you'd like, in payment, and..."

"We don't need anybody here." The door had opened a bit more and by the filtered light, the drifter could see that the person he spoke to was a girl, no more than 16 or 17. He chuckled to himself as he thought of how off-guard he had been taken at first, by no more than a kid.

"Well, maybe I should speak to your daddy about that, since he is the owner of the house. He around?" he drawled as he leaned casually against the doorpost.

"Maybe he is, maybe he ain't. Besides, I say what goes on around here. Now you get."

The girl was trying desperately to appear confident and unafraid, and for an instant the drifter felt sorry for her.

Patiently he said, "If your daddy isn't here, let me speak to your momma, or whoever's older than you."

"Mister, I'm telling you - we don't need anybody here and if you don't get soon, I'm going to have

to..."

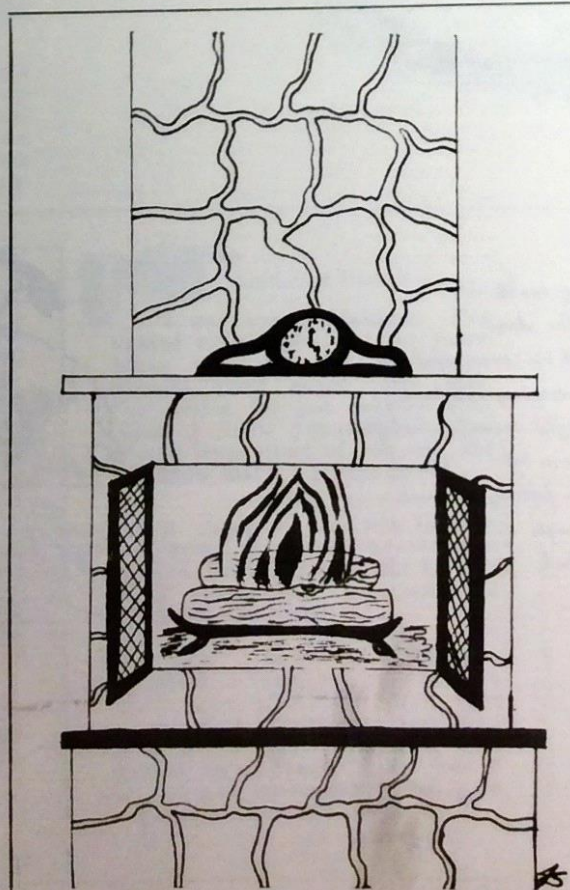
There was an imperceptible sound from within the house and the girl jerked her head back, to look fearfully over her shoulder. Suddenly the door was slammed shut and the drifter heard the sound of running feet. The girl left the drifter without even a glance back.

The man sighed and prepared to knock again, then thought better of it. He sat down on the doorstep, took a cigarette out of his knapsack and found a match to light it with. He looked the cigarette over, turning it idly between his fingers. It was his last smoke, and probably would be for a while.

Lighting it, he stared into the distance.

An hour passed. The house stood quiet and still. The drifter waited, for what he did not know. The house waited as if some long, hard struggle within was about to be relinquished. The cigarette had already long since burned out, its bright red glow fading into the darkness. He pulled himself closer to the house, wondering why he stayed. He told himself it was the night that kept him there.

A sudden click made the drifter jump as the door opened softly. It was the girl again.



"Come in please. He wants to see you," she said in a quiet voice.

Good, he thought as he pulled himself up, now we're getting somewhere. Her father's probably changed his mind and decided to give me a job. He picked up his knapsack and followed the girl into what was a dining room with a linoleum floor and a small table and chairs. The house had a certain loneliness about it.

He looked at the girl. He had been right, she was about seventeen. Long, straight brown hair fell to the middle of her back and bright, piercing green eyes inspected him with a mixture of worry and curiosity. She had been crying.

The girl turned and beckoned at him to follow her. The drifter shifted his knapsack to his other shoulder and walked quietly behind her through a hall until they reached the foot of a staircase.

The waiting was almost over.

"He's up those stairs," she said, turning to him with a strange, sad look.

"Thank you kindly, ma'am." The drifter smiled an open, friendly smile.

He was beginning to like this girl despite all her strangeness. Maybe after talking with her daddy, he'd have a chance to talk...

"What's your name?" she demanded in a quiet voice, interrupting his thoughts.

"Frank," he replied.

"Now it's Matthew." She turned before he could say another word and led him up to a darkened room. A slight uneasiness settled over him. A musty smell met him as he entered the room and his eyes adjusted to the darkness. Only the light of the moon filtered through wispy curtains, as they fluttered in the soft summer breeze like ghostly figures in the night.

The girl had walked over to a large, four-poster bed and was sitting down in a chair pulled up to the side of it. Her hand reached out to caress the forehead of a frail, white figure.

"Melanie?" came the rasping voice of a dying man.

"Yes, father?" she replied softly.

"Has he come?"

"Yes, father, he has."

"Then bring him here so I can look at him."

The power behind those words sent a chill down Frank's back as an image of the man as he once must have been, powerful and strong, flashed through his mind. The girl led him by the hand to the side of the old man's bed.

Tired, aging eyes took in Frank's image as a smile crept onto the pale face.

"Matthew, my son, you've come back. I knew you would. I always told Melanie that I'd see you again before I met the Lord." The old man laughed, but began to cough spasmodically. The girl made a move to help him, but the man waved her away. He reached for Frank's trembling hand and took it in his. It felt as cold as stone.

Lies I Told My Little Sister

by Hoa Phouvanh

Being older gave me the edge; she thought I knew everything. I must confess that years ago, I told my little sister, Cherry, she'd been born with a tail five feet long and that they had to cut it off before Mommy would take her home from the baby shop. I feel very bad now about the multitude of such fabrications that I heaped like so much aging compost upon Cherry's eager and open little mind. I admit that I should have resisted temptation, but Cherry always believed me.

After all, I was the one who had taught her how to tie her shoes, how to drink water while she stood on her head, and how to feed her chicken to the dog under the table. She learned from me that Grandpa took his eyeballs out at night before going to bed, and there's been no disputing the truth of that, improbable as it sounded.

So when I said that I'd heard Mom and Dad saying that they were going to send her to reform school in Africa, Cherry had no reason to doubt my word. She even bought the story that the vacuum cleaner would suck her up when I chased her with it.

I would say to her that sometimes Daddy and Mommy animals ate their babies when they didn't like them anymore. She'd say, "they do not. I would say, 'Well, if you don't believe me, go ask Daddy.'" Daddy was the Ultimate Source.

I told her that she was adopted. I think telling your little sister that she is adopted is the very standard of learning to lie.

I would usually comment that Dad let me drive his car when I went for rides with him alone, and after Cherry went to bed, Mom let me have all the ice cream and candy that I wanted.

Cherry would scream, "They do not!"

I would say, "Oh yes they do, because I'm their favorite." And she would say she was going to ask Mom. I told her if she asked Mom after I told her, and Mom had ordered me not to, then she might as well forget about coming with me to the ice cream store tomorrow.

This tactic was designed to strike horror into her very soul. She would have been wanting to go to the ice cream store and anywhere with me. That's why she promised me not to ask Mom.

As the years flew by, Cherry grew wise to my tactics. She even learned how to turn them on me. We hardly have time for each other now, but we're still as close as back then. Sometimes late at night my conscience weighs heavily as I think of the old times. Then a big smile appears when I think of how she managed to get even.

Fears in the Dark

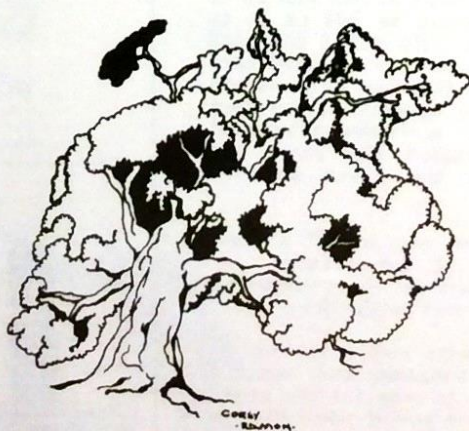
Pamela Frazier

As I lay sleeping in my bed,
Forceful images enter my head.
I see myself on the brink of death,
I do not speak, I hold my breath.
The dark of night hovers around,
The nightly terrors of darkness abound.
I feel my body quiver and shake,
Like a leaf that winter's cold does break.
The chill of fear flows through my bones,
I realize I am all alone.
The cloak of night with twinkling stars
Illuminates my life's old scars.
The moon glares down, an evil grin,
He seems to know all; why, where and when,
Fantastic terrors never fell before.
My fear builds up more and more.
I hear some creature upward creeping,
Creeping in the night, as I am sleeping.
"It's nothing," I say with open eyes,
"It's simply the wind," aloud I lie.
My soul begins to fill with fear,
Something else is surely here.
"My God, my God," aloud I pray,
"Save me from this fear!" I say.
I feel His power now prevail,
I know my God will never fail.
My soul is filled with tranquil rest,
Repose and calm are in my breast.
I feel the veil of sleep descend,
My thoughts and dreams now do blend.

My Kind of Diet

Ischann Wanka

I'm alone in my room with the stereo on,
U-2 is playing my favorite song.
I'm doing my homework with a terrible grudge,
because I'm silently dreaming of
chocolately fudge
and popcorn with butter,
oh, what a dream!
And oreos and Pepsi,
oh, what a team!
Suddenly I find I can't take any more.
I pick up my purse and run to the store
to grab chocolate and gum and ice cream galore.
Then I run to my room and, slamming the door,
I throw all of my treasures right down on the floor.
I grab something mushy and take a bite,
it's a peppermint patty with a filling of white.
Then I sit back with a contented sigh,
and I wonder why I have to diet.
It makes no sense;
The mere thought of starving
is making me wince.
So I went off my diet!
Is it yours to forgive?
But just see it my way,
A girl's got to live!



Forever Friends

Karen Helmers

I am a small toy horse. When I was younger, I lived in a toy store. One day, a very small girl and her parents came into the store. The girl came right to me and climbed on my back. I had wheels in my hooves, and she rode me all around the store. When she stopped, she climbed off and her father picked me up and carried me to the front of the store. He paid for me, and then carried me out to the car. The girl climbed in first, and her father put me down on her lap. I suppose I would have been afraid on my ride home, but the girl held me so tightly and talked so gently that I knew I was safe.

The car finally stopped, and the girl got out and carried me into the house. It was very late, so as soon as we got inside, she began to get ready for bed. She found a small blanket and laid it over my back. I stayed by her bed all night. I felt so lucky, and I knew I loved this little girl. I was very, very happy.

From that day on, we were inseparable. Wherever she went, I went. Whether it was riding around the patio or under the kitchen table and around chairs, we were together. Sometimes, on cold nights, she would even take me into her bed and tuck the blankets around me so that I would be warm. Then she would kiss the blaze on my face and tell me to "sleep tight". These were the best times.

We were happy together for a long time, but one rainy day, while we were scooting around the house, one of my wheels fell out and we toppled over. The little girl had scrapes and bruises, but she cried because I had been crippled. Her father tried to put the wheel back in, but there was no hope. I couldn't even stand, much less let the little girl ride on me. She seldom left my side, and, even though I knew that things would never be the same, I was happy.

Soon after our accident, the girl began going to school. She was gone for what seemed like forever, but the minute she returned home, she would be by my side once again.

One day, the girl left for school as usual, but her father took me from her room up to the attic and left me. There I was, lying rejected in a corner with boxes and odd junk piled around me. I was very lonely.

I remained in the attic for a very long time. I never saw the little girl and I missed her very much. All day long I listened to hear her footsteps on the stairs, hoping that I could go back to her room. When I wasn't wishing to go back to her room, I was remembering how much fun we used to have before the accident. Then it happened --- (or so I thought). Someone came into the room, and I was sure that they had come to take me downstairs again. Instead, a box landed on top of me and the footsteps left the attic.

This process went on for many long years, first the box, then an old rocking horse and other assorted junk. I became so used to hearing footsteps now that I wasn't excited when one day some one came into the room. I thought nothing of it until I felt things being lifted off me. Hands reached down and picked me up. It was the girl! She held me close. She looked so different. She was tall and slender now, but she still remembered me. She brushed the dust off my face, and kissed the blaze. Once again, I went downstairs.

She took a soft cloth and wiped the dust off from my nose to my hooves. I still couldn't stand because of my missing wheel, but the little girl pulled out the other three and set me on the floor.

I now realized just how much she had grown. Instead of her having to climb on my back, I didn't even reach her knees.

She scooped me up again, and held me tight. We went back to her room. It looked very different. The furniture had been rearranged, and the walls were covered with posters.

She set me on a table by a shelf full of small plastic and ceramic horses, as if she knew how much I would enjoy talking to them when no one was near.

They told me of all the years that I had missed while I was in the attic. I found that the girl had begun staying longer at school, and had begun to have an interest in music.

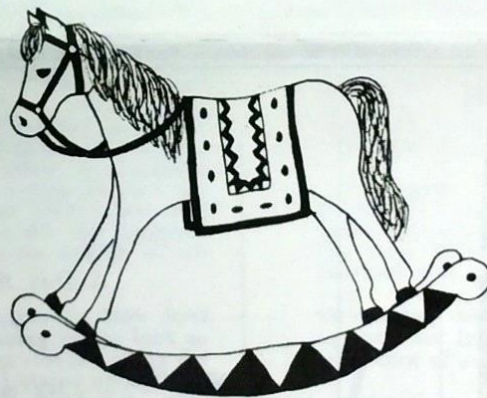
She would sing sometimes about faraway places, but other times she seemed to be sad. Distantly, she would listen to the radio or read. I wished to make her happy again.

She would come and talk to us, and I knew that this was going to be a wonderful life.

That night, the girl began to search through her drawers. She pulled out a tattered piece of material. I finally realized that it was my blanket. She had not forgotten after so long. The girl lay the blanket across my back.

Before she went to bed herself, she came to me and kissed the blaze on my face and told me to "sleep tight".

I knew that there were wonderful days ahead, and I was very, very happy.



Continued from 4 "Stacey"

What? What are you trying to tell me? What is this lady trying to get me to believe? I'm looking at Stacey's mom, who usually looks beautiful, especially for her age, but who looks sickly now. She's shutting the door on me. Stacey's brother's car is in the drive, so is her dad's. I can't feel the sidewalk under my feet. Where am I heading? To my car? Huh, my car--God, who cares!!! I was jumbling through what Stacey's mom had told me, allergic--dead--funeral.

I sat on the curb, clutching the ice cream. It ran down my arms and dripped off my elbows. I can't understand it all. Sure, they're trying to tell me my best friend is dead.



Continued from 5 "Waiting"

"I was wrong, Matthew. I've wanted to tell you that for years. When you went off to war, I thought you'd never come back. I've waited for you because deep inside I knew you would. I've always been proud of you, son, did you know that? I always have."

A spasm of pain tore through the dying man, and he clenched Frank's hand tightly. His breaths came short and fast and he listened with sweat.

"Take care of Melanie, Matthew. Take care of my girl. She's been good help since your mother died. Promise you'll take care of her, son." Imporing eyes looked up at Frank. Frank looked at the girl who returned his gaze steadily, tears in her eyes.

He dropped his gaze to the dying old man and whispered, "Yes--Dad, I'll take care of her. I promise."

A smile of infinite peace spread over the old man's face and the hand fell back to his side. The shallow breathing slowly subsided and the house was quiet. Frank gently closed the old man's staring eyes, while the girl joined him by the side of the bed.

The waiting was over.



Ghost

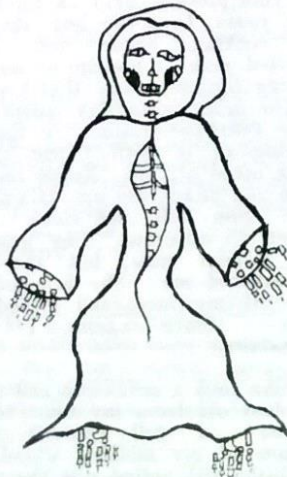
Nancy Siediger

Endless time and emptiness,
faded nights of loneliness,
Feel the maddened planet-spin,
try to come to life again.

Startle dark and endless night,
reach for an illusive light.
Listen close in darkened hall
for answers to a whispered call.

Half remembered stories told,
shudder with a chillless cold.
All the while the spell is read,
bringing forth the nameless dread.

When all the life from us is gone,
our ashes on the wind long flown,
Do some of us our souls revive
to prove that we are still alive?



Painless Infinity

by Matt Huston

It is your last trance
In the realm of light
Descending downward, darkness
and light surround.

Your voyage casts no shadow,
no sound.

Floating weightlessly upon the
surrounding turquoise sea
A glorious vision, an everlasting
eternal dream

Shocked by disbelief, loss
of memory, loss of mind.

Painless infinity, on the wings
of angels, for a time

You're a womb of silk, a
larval form in the throat
of metamorphosis.

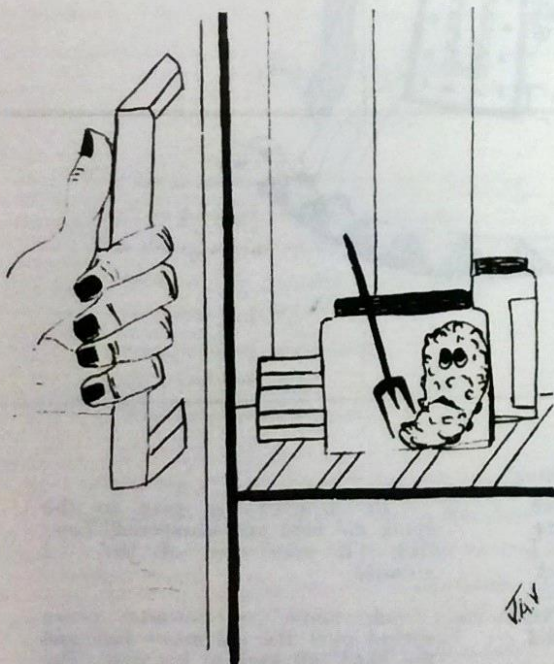
Forget your old veil and
lapse into the birth of
a new, timeless self.

A Day in the Life of a Pickle

Karen Ross

It's morning again? It seems like just minutes ago that they shut the door for the night so I could lounge here in my nice, cold, damp, dank jar. I think the fat woman is nuts. She's devoured almost all of my jar-mates, sometimes three at a time! I wish I could see what she does to them, but a refrigerator isn't the best spot for observation. I guess I'll be safe for the night, she's shutting the door. I guess I spoke too soon! Why me?! I wish she'd just go! Funny, her hands

seem small for the rest of her body. I suppose she suffers from some kind of fat concentration or something. Gosh, it's cold! Oh no, she's got me covered in gooeey, sticky, COLD neopolitan. What a way to go! Good-bye, cruel world. I hate to go in such a way, but it seems I have no choice. I never even got to be cut up for a decent hamburger, or even minced for tuna salad. I'm being eaten whole by a fat woman with a sweet tooth for ice cream. Farewell, dear friends. I hope you won't be tortured as I was. Good luck! I guess it's down the intestinal tract for - GULP! How sad it is to die so young with but a burp for an epitaph!



Poem

Suzanne Bonney

I lost myself in vain.
I had nowhere to go,
Nowhere to turn.
You dared the unthinkable—
Bold in my own eyes—
You abandoned your own,

The very cause for the birth
of a Debutante who thrives
upon indignant grief.
Listen to my Crimson Fears—
Listen.



PRIDE

Leigh Anna Tolan

Old,
Aged, ancient
Encrusted with years,
A monstrous creature of the deep
Moves slowly, with unending power.
As he moves, the waters carry
Murmuring currents of his pride
To any who care to listen:

"I am old, mighty, strong.
I will live forever.
Since the dawn of time,
I have carried the world
Upon my back. I am God.
There is none stronger.
If I died, the world would end."

Summer Storm

Margaret White

Sitting astride the wooden fence, I felt an unpleasant stickiness underneath my plaid oxford. The day was oppressively dry, a typical summer day in northwestern Oklahoma. The ranch animals, sweltering in the midday heat, were not their usual frolicking selves, not able to play among the plush green grass and refreshing ponds.

I sat watching my two brothers, Greg and Mark, water the horses and milk the cows. I loved them both with all my heart, but I was especially close to Greg, the oldest. If anything would ever happen to him, I think I would want to die.

I was supposed to be in the kitchen helping my grandmother prepare the afternoon meal. She is a wonderful cook; her small plump form bustles about her tiny kitchen as she prepares our favorite foods. We're especially fond of those swollen, succulent steaks, milky mashed potatoes, olive-colored beans and always a crisp, fresh salad. I mustn't forget the calorie-laden pumpkin pies and chocolate cookies too. My grandfather is extremely nature-oriented; he likes to be outside at all times. He's a tall, distinguished-looking man with iron gray hair and periwinkle blue eyes that twinkle when he teases. They're both very special people.

"Why don't you come over here and help us?" called out Greg, the oldest of us three. As he spoke, he was carrying the water buckets back into the now-faded red barn that looked as if it would crumble to pieces if you blew at it.

Greg and I are especially close, and, though we are both adopted, we look almost like twins. He's about an inch taller than I am, with large, soft brown eyes and chestnut colored hair just like mine.

I could smell the dry hay with its musty odor as the famished horses ground their teeth loudly on their oats, staring straight into my eyes as if they were playing some



CLASS OF

85

Wild,
Quick, fierce,
Strong in a different way,
The eagle - Father of the air -
Breasts the currents of the wind.
As he flies, the restless breezes
Carry his screaming song of pride
To all within their reach:

"I am power, wild and strong.
I live for the joy of life.
When I fly, I measure the world
With my wingspan. All tremble
Who hear my cry.
I am God. If I died,
The sun would fail to rise."

sort of game, their massive bodies swaying to and fro as they walked towards me so that I could caress their warm noses.

"After we finish our chores, we can go play in the river!" exclaimed Mark, the youngest, excitedly, his green eyes sparkling. I couldn't help but feel amused at his exuberance.

Trotting over, I helped them finish up. We hurried through lunch and raced each other out to the wide, peacefully flowing river. We were having a marvelous time, dunking each other and having races, each one trying to best the other. Greg was always the first from the bank to the raft anchored by oil drums in the middle of the river.

The wind began to blow hard and cold, causing me to look up to see dark storm clouds veiling the once-blue sky. I stared up at those clouds, as if I could see right through them, and said, "Hey, guys, we'd better go inside before it rains!"

We raced home and washed up for dinner. The moment we were inside, it began to rain heavily, descending upon us all suddenly. I ran to the living room windows to watch, pressing my nose against the glass pane. The storm raged with great force, showing how cruel it could be. Trees were bending over, the harsh wind ripping the bright green leaves off of their flailing branches. I could hear the rain pounding down on our rooftop and smell the freshness of it. I shivered as I thought about our being in the river when the storm hit and how we could have easily disappeared into its dark, cold depths.

After dinner, all of us sat down to watch the evening movie on TV. I crawled up into my grandfather's lap and made myself comfortable. My eyes were getting quite heavy as I tried to stay up and watch the show. I began to close my eyes, my thumb in my mouth, while I curled up peacefully within the circle of my grandfather's arms.

Slowly, the dark water was rising, swallowing the edges of the crisp green grass surrounding the once-mild waters of the river. I watched, helplessly, as the frigid swirling water rushed furiously around Greg's body. Clutching onto the sides of the old, wooden boat, I couldn't keep the feelings of dread and fear from welling up inside of me. The smell of the water was putrid because of the black mud's mingling with the pure fluid, the kies heavy with rain. Greg was making a valiant effort to get to the boat. The river was rocking with violence. I didn't think he could make it.

I began to cry, tears full of frustration cascading down my flushed cheeks. Faster and faster the wind blew, whipping my long chestnut hair about my face. Greg was growing weary; massive threatening waves were splashing against his frail body, giving him no chance of survival.

As if he could no longer hold on, he closed his frightened brown eyes and went under. I screamed his name and began to paddle frantically, attempting to propel the decrepit boat forward, but only succeeding in turning it in circles.

Greg bobbed back up, calling hoarsely for me, but I could not reach him. Again, he went under, but for much longer this time. He came up once more, and, no longer trying to save himself, slipped under for the last time. He never surfaced again.

"Christina!"

I opened my eyes to see Greg peering down into my sleepy face. The morning sun, promising a beautiful day ahead of me, streamed through the lace-curtained windows of my room. I had obviously fallen asleep the night before while watching T. V. and my grandfather had put me to bed.

"I've been trying to wake you for at least ten minutes!" exclaimed my beloved brother, who I had believed was lost to me forever. He shook his head exasperatingly and sauntered out of the room. I quickly climbed out of bed and heaved a thankful sigh of relief.

IT HAPPENED IN — S. A. —

SAUWETTER



1. Ralph Fleissig
2. Industriearbeiter
33. Na ja, wissen Sie, mir ist es egal. Gib' mir ein Bier und ich bin zufrieden.



1. Eric Dumb
2. Student
3. We really wanted to go water skiing, but—what the heck—snow skiing works too—and afterwards, it's off for a few drinks!

1. Ralph Fleissig
2. Factory Worker
3. Well, you know, I don't really care. Give me a beer and I'll be happy.

1. Erich Dumm
2. Student
3. Wir wollten eigentlich Wasser Skifahren, aber was soll's skifahren tut's auch—and danach geht's zum Apres ski!



1. Pierre Cointreau
2. World Traveler
3. Mon dieu! My friends say Texas is warm, like Nice or Monaco. I come here and, darnit, it's like in Grenoble. I am not Jean Claude Killy.

1. Pierre Cointreau
2. Lebenskünstler
3. Mon Dieu, Meine Freunde sagen Texas ist warm, wie Nice oder Monaco. Ich komme heir und Sacre Bleu, es ist wie in Grenoble. Ich bin doch nicht Jean Claude Killy!



1. Captain Flyer
2. Airline Pilot
3. Wait, you call this a snowfall? You oughta see Chicago first.

1. Kapitän Flugmann
2. Flugkapitan
3. Was, das nennen sie Schneefall, Sie sollen erst Chicago sehen!

1st PLACE - Photoessay

State German Contest

Interview von Mike Ross und Hans Barkey

Interview by Mike Ross and Hans Barkey

Fragen:

Questions:

1. Wie heißen Sie?
1. What is your name?
2. Was ist ihr Beruf?
2. What is your profession?
3. Wie fanden Sie das Wetter am 12.1. 1985 In San Antonio?
3. What is your opinion of the weather in San Antonio on the 12th of January, 1985?

Hier sind die Antworten:

Here are the answers:



1. Mrs. Cowman
2. Cattle Rancher
3. It was doggone cold! My cows' milk almost froze in their udders.

1. Frau Kuhmann
2. Kuhzüchterin
3. Es war Hunds-Kalt! Meinem Rindvieh ist beinah die Milch im Euter gefroren!



1. Gunther Punker
2. Rock Musiker
3. Mensch war das 'ne Schau! Da haut's Dich hin und du stehst nicht mehr auf! Wir haben ein neues Video—"Rocking and Sliding in the Snow"! Kauf Dir 'ne Kassetten Mensch, die ist Steil!

1. Gunther Punker
2. Rock Musician
3. Man, that was a show! Hits ya so hard you won't get up again! We have a new video, "Rocking and Sliding in the Snow"! Buy a cassette, Man. It's cool.



1. Walter Sollhaben
2. Accountant
3. Darn it! One time in the year I want to barbecue, then the barbecue pit is totally full of snow!

1. Walter Sollhaben
2. Buchhalter
3. Verflirt! Ein mal im Jahr will ich grillen, dann ist der Grill total verschneit!



1. J. R. Snewing
2. Snowfield Magnate
3. I have already been in contact with San Antonio businessmen. The next snowfall we will use for business—snow cones!

1. J. R. Snewing
2. Schneefeld Magnat
3. Habe schon Kontakt mit San Antonio Wissenschaftlern gemacht— den nachten Schneefall nächsten wir geschäftlich aus—Snow Cones!

Paris and I, Helen of Troy

Monica Wadhvani

Finally my husband has left. And Paris is here still. He has tried several times to win my favor, but I don't care for him. It's the thrill of the chase that interests me. He has said that I am his by prize. The gods had no right to hold a contest with me as a wager. I belong to no one. But this Paris is a persistent young rebel. In time I might change my mind.

"What beautiful flowers you tend! They are lucky to have your gentle hands caring for them."

"My flowers get the best attention."

"No matter how glorious they are, they could never overcome your beauty. How a woman of such fair skin and softness can love an overbearing swine of a husband is beyond my comprehension! You deserve a handsome young man who will adore you and be able to give you your heart's desire."

He paces to and fro, raising his eyebrows and smiling. His hands imply his meaning. Finishing his discourse, he comes toward me and places his face near mine, so close that our eyes almost meet.

What a vain man he is to think that he deserves me! Shall I play up to his vanity to see where it leads me? Yes, I think I shall play this little game just for some amusement.

"How would you like to be swept up and taken far away from this wretched place?"

"I don't quite think of this as a 'wretched place'."

"Oh, but compared to other countries, this place is a barren desert. I can show you so many unique places, so many delights."

"And where would you take me first?" I ask, my curiosity rising.

"Come with me and we shall decide on the way," he said with a wink.

All right, he has invited me to go away with him. I like adventure, but shall I leave my dear husband Menelaus? But what has Menelaus ever done for me? He has left me here with this baboon! I'll teach him never to leave me alone again. Yes, I think I shall accept Paris' offer. I will have a little adventure. I can find a way to come back to Menelaus later. He has always been like clay in my hands.

Gathering our things is tricky for we have to be very secretive. We have to take the horses without the servants' knowledge, for one thing.

As we ride to the sea port, anticipating our journey, I observe Paris' bearing and appearance. He is confident, very much so. He sits tall with a straight back. Reaching down to his shoulders, his hair falls in waves. He looks at me with his vibrant brown eyes, and I can tell that he is trying to pierce my soul with them.

Time passes quickly as the tiny villages pass in panoramic views from the cliffs above. Finally, when we reach the port, he dismounts and strides over to a boatmaker. But the boatmaker refuses to sell the boat he has just finished, at least at the first offer.

Paris suddenly swings around on his heels, his bright eyes shining. He comes over and pulls out a small satchel. I recognize it as one my husband had held. Although I have been flirtatious, I have never betrayed my husband. Not until now. Paris looks at me, his eyes begging for sympathy, but I am cold towards him.

Shoving the money into the boatmaker's palm, my new companion smiles with satisfaction when he sees the boat. Silently looking over the hull, he radiates excitement. He sighs and pulls me close, refusing to acknowledge my rejection.

We set sail after finding a few crew members. The sun is high and the sparkling tides full. Perhaps Poseidon is trying to tell me something, forbid me in some way. I look into the depths of the water where Poseidon reigns and see many perils and possibilities of death. I ask myself whether they could be our perils.

I see Hera in the reflection also, her wrath evident in her burning eyes. I know I have defied her for my disloyalty to my marriage.

I look at Paris, commanding the men, screaming at them over the wind to move here, then there. I know I am risking my life for a little adventure.

The first day's journey is finally over and the sea is surprisingly calm. The men have an abundance of wine tonight and even I have a bottle discreetly hidden. Paris says we should sail close to shore for it is a small boat. We will reach another port tomorrow, but my thoughts are still on the deep ocean where we will

find our danger, I am sure.

Two days pass and we finally reach a small port where we will load on another supply of wine and food. Again, I see Hera reflected in the water's ripples. Zeus, save me! How can an image speak as she does to me?

"Young fool! All your life you have been a burden to those who love you. Care you not that your husband lies awake with tears for you? I will never permit you to leave him without your feeling guilty. Heed me now. If you and Paris succeed in escaping, be prepared for misfortune. Your beauty will be the cause of great calamity. As long as you run, you shall never have peace. Go back to Troy or face my anger."

I am reluctant to believe what my ears have heard. Has anybody else heard Hera's curse? I spin around to see, but Paris has only an inquisitive expression on his face for me.

"Paris, I want to go back. I do not like this journey."

"Why, only yesterday you said it is a splendid thing. Has there ever been a maiden more fickle? No, I have you and I intend to keep you."

There seems to be no way to influence his decision. I'm trapped, now, going against my own will. How shortsighted I have been! I don't even remember why I left my husband and complied with Paris.

What's that sound out there? We have only been on this journey three nights and already Hera has caught us. She is making the waves beat abusively on the sides of our boat. An increasing number of waves is splashing onto the deck. This is part of Hera's punishment for my flight from my homeland. The boat is being pushed off course by the wild currents.

"What god would have such a grudge against us?" Paris demands.

"Hera would. Did you not think she would resist us, Paris? Why did you not take me back when I asked?"

I go to our cabin and pray to Zeus to save us. The waves sound like incessant blows of a hammer against the hull. The wind, like a god itself, is picking us up and flinging us to a place unknown.

My eyes are swollen after the night's tearful praying. Paris has come in because the wind has finally grown calm. Noticing my anguish, he approaches in an effort to console me.

"Dear, lovely one, see, we have survived. Did I not promise you happiness? Did I not say I love you?"

"What use is love against the gods? They have no compassion for those who betray their land and their people."

"Do not sicken yourself with what is past. Come, look at the glorious morning. It will be just a day until we reach shore. Though we cannot rejoice for our lack of food, we shall sing and celebrate with our hearts. Hera can flood our stores of food, but she cannot drown our hearts with her punishment."

Finally, my prayers to Zeus yield a better fortune. Hera must have been rebuked because the wind has bent his head down and loosened his reigns. Soon we will reach the port of Sidon. We will reload our supplies, spend the night there and set sail again the following day. Athens, our destination, is still far from us. Nobody can guess what we shall encounter on our journey.

As I look at Paris' defiant eyes, his glance compels me to join him against all of Fate. I can never resist that challenge.



Dare

by Alisa Lane



Aimless

Jennifer B. Lindholm

I, running wildly without a destination,
Move through the tall swaying grass
That whips my legs raw and burns them
as would a cat's sandy tongue
swept over the cheek.

Dandelions have gone to seed
Like feathers of a worn-out pillow,
Gently, they float upon the waves of wind
They, too, without a destination.

It's not that hard—
Just a simple task.
When I'm finished,
I'll be a hero.

I begin to prepare;
It will only take a few minutes;
Then I'll be through.
We'll all go home:

All Wet

Eric Ego

The rain had stopped.
Its smell lay
In the air.

The sky, bright gray,
Hovered close to us
As we walked.

The water poured
In steady streams, at
Intervals,

Along the tall,
Brown buildings' sides,
Around us

Falling water
Echoed between the
Two large walls.

A great puddle,
Of inviting depth,
Lay before me.

So, I jumped in.
Water flew in all
Directions

Soaking seven
Others besides me!
I was now

In deep trouble,
Not to mention wet,
and also

cold

"Come on!"

"We can't wait all day!"

I just need a good start.
Oh, No!

Something's gone wrong.

Lights, my eyes are sore;

Sirens, my ears hurt.

Why are they here?

Where are my friends?

Why aren't they congratulating me?

I did their dare.

Where did the lights go?

I can't hear anything.

But I'm a hero!!



Avarice

Theresa Flagg

Frank Lee True, the leading criminal justice in southern Iowa, had just finished presiding over a drawn out burglary case. Preoccupied with the outcome of the verdict, he wearily descended a long flight of stairs and slowly walked through the hall. Heading towards the door, he spotted something peculiar on the ground. It appeared to be a sweaty, crumpled bill that had most likely been in someone's hot hand a moment ago. Quickly, his pale green eyes darted up and down the hallway to see who had dropped it. A deafening silence closed in on Frank. Seeing no one, he hastily picked up the bill, stuffed it in his trouser pocket, and rushed out the door. He did not look at the bill again until he was safely home, hidden from public view. He flicked on the light to get a better look at the bill. Taking it out of his pocket, he noticed it was still damp. Carefully, so as not to tear it, he straightened it out. For a second, he closed his eyes, and then dared to glance at the bill. Much to his disappointment, it was not a one hundred or fifty dollar bill; it was merely a single one dollar, a just reward for a part of human nature known as greed.

Mac Volleyball

by Kelly Nicholson

As I stood there holding the ball, I was thinking about how long it had taken me to get where I was. I thought about all the time and effort I had put in, and I was determined to do the best I could.

Picture this. . . . Thursday, October 25, 6:45 p.m. at Blossom Athletic Center, thousands of people filling both sides of the stands, both teams warming up, getting ready to play an important game. It was district playoffs and that meant being number one! The sport was volleyball.

While the people filled the stands, we were psyching ourselves up for what was about to take place.

People from everywhere had come to watch this game. This was the biggest event in the city. We were ready to play to the end, and that is exactly what we would have to do.

Many people had thought we would not make it this far, nor did we until we had won several matches. Now that we had been successful, however, there was no stopping us. We were going all the way.

As the game progressed, we became very eager to win. We knew it wasn't going to be easy, and we had trained hard for this day. Now that it was here, we were going to take it.

All around we could hear people shouting and yelling for us in the stands. There was a great crowd and plenty of spirit. It was wonderful and we were going to give the crowd what they had come for.

The other team was just as determined as we were; I am sure they had trained just as hard. Even though they had played one of these types of matches last year, this did not mean they weren't scared too.

The match had lasted a very

long time, and finally we were in the third game. The score was tied at 15-15. One of our best players, Francine, sprained her ankle. She was absolutely determined to stay in and fight to the end, and she did despite the pain. We got the ball. Francine went up to serve and that put me in the front row, ready and willing. Francine served an ace. We were ahead 16-15. All we needed now was one point, and we would be district champions. Francine served the ball and Lee returned it. The play went on forever, it seemed. We rallied and finally we set the ball up, and I dinked it down into an empty hole left by Lee.

We had won! Everyone was yelling and crying. The feeling was fantastic, but now that it is over, we can and always will be able to say we are number one!

Beating Lee in the district game meant we had knocked Churchill out of the playoffs. It was the first time in six years that Churchill did not make the playoffs. It was also the first time in five years that MacArthur was going to the playoffs. We were the champions and we will always be proud to say "Champions".

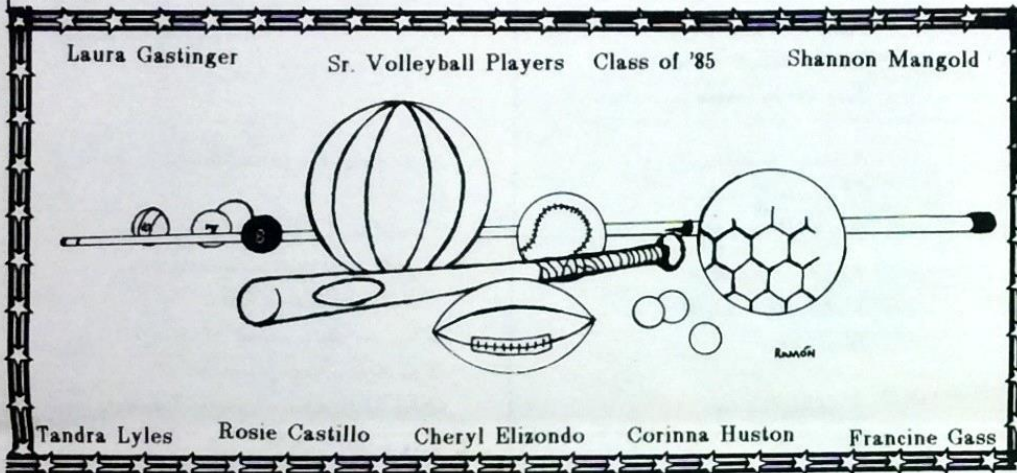
Our next stop was battling Holmes for bi-district, but we knew we could win.

Administrators may believe that a very good aspect of sports is that players have to keep up their grades in order to stay in sports. This encourages them to work harder on their school work. Administrators might not support the athletic program if a player's dedication to sports gives him no time to be a student and keep up his grades. Also, when rivalry caused by unsportsmanlike conduct destroys good relations between schools, an administrator's enthusiasm towards the high school athletic program may be greatly decreased. If an administrator is the key to having a sports program or not having a sports program, the school should probably work very hard at keeping the sportsmen's standards high.

The fans can "make or break" a school's athletic program; therefore, it is probably helpful for everyone to try to satisfy the fans by showing them the good aspects of the athletic programs. Fans have various feelings about the sports program. Some of the beneficial feelings might be their wanting to see a great game and wanting to be entertained. Also, many of a team's fans are involved in or contribute to fund raisers. If the fans are happy, they can contribute or work harder for money which will be transferred to the school. If team support is low, the results can

only be detrimental. The fans may feel that, if the team does not win, then the school is looked down upon. Also, since fans go to games to be entertained, they may feel they have been cheated if the games become boring because of consistent losses. The fans have to be pleased with the athletic programs before they even think about helping financially. It is, therefore, easily seen that fans must be kept entertained with quality programs.

All of these contributors to the high school sports system are very important, each in his own way. The sports system is a tradition in many states' schools. If it is to remain, it is necessary for each group of people to contribute fully to a worthwhile cause—the high school athletic programs.



Athletics

Nanci Shafer

In high school athletics, there are both good and bad aspects that affect the quality of the sports system as viewed by many different people. These people include coaches, players, school administrators, and fans; and each has his own view of the things that happen in the sports system. When thinking about high school sports, it is important to consider the views of all of these people.

The coaches can do several things for the high school sports program. One thing a coach can do for the system is to build players into even stronger players and individuals. A coach can also help his players gain scholarships which will bring recognition to the player, the coach, and the school. Also, if a coach is good, he can gain promotion, money, and respect for himself and his school. Some less positive things a coach might do are to work for winning games and nothing else, which will hurt some players; and to make players work so hard that they quit. If a coaching staff at one school is not as experienced as one elsewhere, then the very talented players may feel that they need the strongest coaches and search them out. It is obvious that coaches are extremely influential in the high school athletic program.

The next most influential people in the sports system are the players, since they are the ones who participate in the activity. There are many positive effects on and for the players in the system. For one thing, the player feels popular and respected if he does well in his sport. Also, sports keep players in good shape, and allow them to meet people with their same interests. The negative effects of sports on students are more serious than the positive effects. Not being played at all can greatly decrease a player's self-confidence. Players can make worse grades than students not involved in sports if their coach makes them totally devoted to sports. In sports, when it gets down to who gets to play and who does not, many students are pitted against each other. If students are to participate in the athletic program, they have to give up other things. These sacrifices may or may not be worth the fun, enjoyment, and hard work of being an athlete as well as a student.

The school administrators have many views of the sports programs. It is usually best that most of these views are positive, since the administrators are the ones who watch over the teams and the coaches and make sure things go smoothly. Some reasons that an administrator might support sports programs are that sports allow students to get involved in the school and have spirit, and they give certain players recognition. Some of these players might never get recognition otherwise.

Dead Dreams

by Ricardo Ramirez

"Space," thinks Captain Patrick K. McIntyre, staring deeply into the black void of space, "Space is such a small word for something of such magnitude."

Patrick should know. For the past five years he has been exploring the cosmos for signs that man is not alone, only to find empty space. His one ambition is to be the one to come in contact with an alien race and to bring that knowledge home, home to Earth. Now he returns home empty-handed and broken-hearted.

"Yet it fits so perfectly, for there is nothing out there but space," adds Patrick.

Patrick looks away from the porthole and slowly walks toward the bridge. His boots clang noisily against the metallic floors of the small vessel. A door slides silently open as Patrick approaches it. His dark hair is blown back by an unseen vent when he passes through the door leading to the bridge.

"Good morning, Cap!" exclaims Pat's young co-pilot, Robert Jackson. "Feeling any better?"

Bright blue eyes shine through a mass of curly, bright orange hair, freckles dot his pale face and he breaks into a beaming, youthful smile.

"He's so young, so exuberant, so alive. Why does he want to waste his life in this futile search? He has so much to live for, like I once did. I had it all: a family, a home, and someone to love. I gave it all up for this, a worthless piece of scrap metal and an endless sea of nothing!" muses Pat.

"I'm fine. A little tired, though," Pat finally answers as he seats himself before a computer console.

As Pat goes through his daily routine, lights flash and beep across the screen. Numbers and letters flit across his field of vision informing him of the ship's condition.

"I wonder why we're here? These computers run everything in this ship from route to maintenance. We're not even needed. I could be home with Julie. I still remember our parting," Pat ponders as he removes his wallet, takes out a photograph and remembers that breezy autumn day.

"Please don't go!" Julie cried as she trembled and wept.

"I can't stay, I must go and see my dream fulfilled!" stammered Pat.

"What dream? Your dream is not the same one we had during college. We were to marry and now you're leaving me to go on that spaceship of yours!" Julie cries in desperation.

"It's not just any spaceship, it's the 'Calypso'! This ship will enable us to find new life forms. I have to do it for me, for Dad!" exclaimed Pat.

"That's it, isn't it? Why can't you say no to your father? He's taking control of you. Can't you see that?" shouted Julie.

"No! It's not true. It's what I want to do. I promise I'll come back."

"If you leave, I won't be there to see you."

The next day Pat was traveling through the stars.

"Robby, we're almost home!" Pat shouts, "We've entered our solar system!"

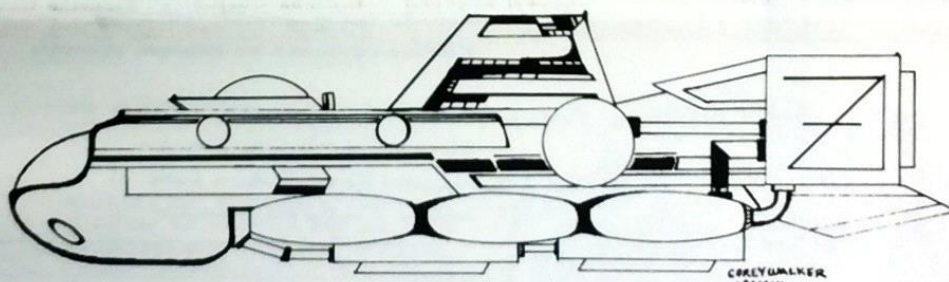
With that Robert jumps up and shouts, "Yai hoo!"

Dancing and singing a sailor's jig, Pat and Robert meander around the consoles and ladders. Their voices reverberate through the bridge. They soon become exhausted and tumble upon the floor, both smiling happily at that single word, Home.

"I've missed my father. He's my foundation, my support. He's been there whenever I've needed him. In fact, he helped me find my dream." Pat thinks fondly and reflects a conversation he had with his father.

It had occurred in his father's study, his father's fondly recollecting his astronaut years. The study always seemed gloomy, dark, and dismal to Robert. Dust lay thickly on his father's astronautics books, useless on their shelves.

"My astronaut years were the most exciting years of my life. But, above all, I dreamed of exploring this cosmos of ours to find new and fantastic life forms," expounded Pat's father, his cold, grey eyes blazing with a fire that was seldom seen in him. "I hope you're considering an astronautical career, son, to fulfill your old man's dream."



"But father, I don't want to be," began Pat, but he was stopped by an uplifted hand from his father.

"Son, you wouldn't want to disappoint your old man now, would you?" asked his father.

"No sir, I wouldn't do that."

Pat is brought back from his reverie by a flashing red light and a horn that seems to pierce his eardrums. Pat quickly reads the screen.

"A meteor has damaged circuits along the hull!" Pat shouts.

"I'll go out and fix it, Cap!"

"No, it's too dangerous. I'll do it."

"What is this? Am I too young to go outside?"

"No, it's not that."

"Then I'm going!"

Robert rushes to the air lock. He carefully and expertly dons the heavy pressurized spacesuit.

"Open the hatch!" calls Robert over the ship's intercom.

The hatch deliberately and slowly opens, revealing an ocean of inky space ever so often interrupted by a star millions of miles away. He steps out into this void. His jet backflares to life, hurtling Robert along the ship's wall. He halts in front of the damaged hull and quickly begins his tedious task as Pat watches silently through a porthole. Anxiety beings to swell within them both.

Robert works diligently for several minutes. After completing his task, he looks up, his ever-present smile still on his face.

"Almost done, Cap. I just need to connect two wires!"

With these words a flash of blue light bursts into Robert's face. His once exuberant body jerks back violently. No longer in control of his suit, he lazily floats out into the infinity that is space. The ship continues on its preplanned flight.

"No!" repeats Pat, over and over.

Tears flood his brown eyes. He hasn't long to mourn his lost companion before a voice breaks over the intercom.

"Ten minutes till arrival on Earth," a cold mechanical voice states, unaware of the tragedy that has just transgressed.

Pat returns to his seat and stares at a graphic of planet Earth. But it does not look like Earth. A dark cloud hangs over the entire globe.

"What could it be?" asks Pat, staring intently into the blue screen of his console.

Minutes pass. All his calls to Earth are returned with static. The ship's retrorockets roar to life slowly reversing the vessel until the massive engines face the cloud-covered globe. The ship descends through the thick soup of blackness. Dust and debris fly upward, trying to escape the heat of the engines. The ship lands heavily upon Earth. Or is it Earth?

The landscape is one that Pat has seen many times before. It is a land void of life, a land empty, rolling deserts.

Pat steps out. A cold wind hits his weary face. Red dust floats upward and lazily floats back down every time Pat takes a step. He peers into the horizon. He sees nothing but sand occasionally broken by a mountain. Pat falls on his knees. Tears well up and a knowledge held within him is uncovered.

"Waste, nothing but waste!" Pat shouts, clenched fists in the air. "That's all my life has ever been! All due to this dream," he chuckles, "my dream. No, not my dream. It's always been your dream, father. I lost it all for your dream. I hate you!"

A cold rain descends upon a lonely figure on a barren hill on the planet Earth.

The Sounds of Torture

Mark Arroyo

Have you ever been in a classroom
for a solitary year?
If you have ever been in a classroom
this is what you'd hear:

Girls blabbing, boys jabbing
Homework assigning, principal reminding
Oral reporters talking, messengers knocking
Papers clipping, pants ripping
Lockers slamming, staplers jamming
Spitballs spitting, person hitting
Pencils grinding, principal again reminding
Fists flying, guilty ones denying
Lady announcing, white balls are bouncing
Coach disciplining, biology frog skinning
Uncontrolled whining, parents' forged signing
Fire alarm blaring, janitors repairing
Chemistry combining, no sun shining
Exam cramming, forgetters damning
Grades declining, smart ones outshining
Drug taking, never waking
Stomach whacking, face smacking
Students skipping for alcohol sipping
Principal once reminding now is resigning
Suicides rising, parents criticizing
Problems growing, no answers showing

Perhaps you think I exaggerated
like a money-hungry preacher
But I should know the whole darn truth
because I'm the lousy teacher!

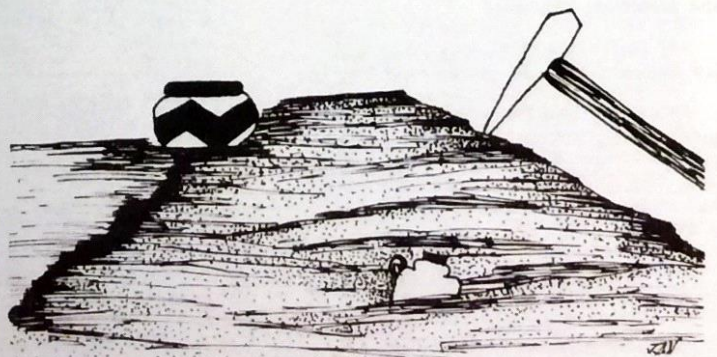
Memories

by Kirk Wright

Turn the stone, discoveries found
The remnants of a distant town.
Wipe the dust, reveal the nation
Covered below in isolation
A year winds down, another page is turned
For every torch out, a distant spark burns.
Another hymn is sung, another prayer is said;
In the blood red fields, another lies dead.

The lucky ones are our four-legged friends,
The innocent breed, they have none to defend
Dig the dirt, make the journey down
The air captures the silent sound
The fingers clasp, and grasp the sand
Which soon falls from the open hand.
The shovels hang upon the hooks,
And a bed of roses closes the book.

Brief memories of a distant past,
Though they persist, will never last.
I've put away by cold winter winds,
They never will be heard from again.

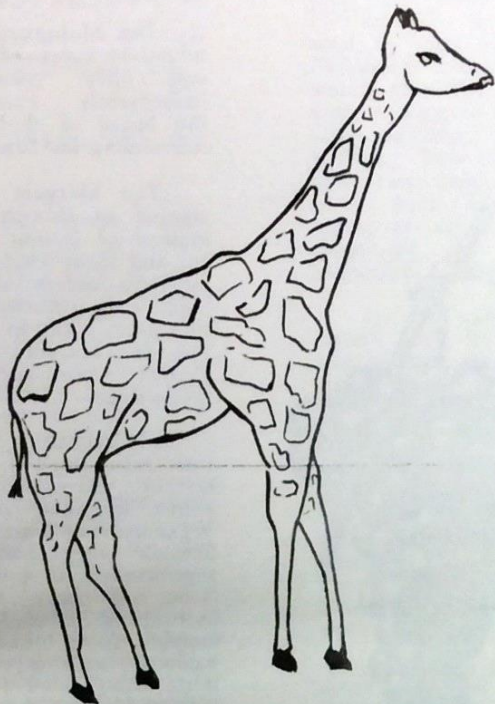


Freedom

Bara Hausler

The muscular young giraffe,
Its coat reflecting the morning sun,

Races across the broad savannah,
Freedom, freedom, in its run.



The dehydrated tumbled grasses,
Flushed with golden bronze,
Remnants of an earlier season,
Snap - and lend urgency to its run.

The ink-black shadow of the fleeing beast,
Moving with graceful form,
Gives added essence to the drama,
Played at the dawn of day.

The brawny young giraffe,
Its jet-black hooves like hammers,
Strike the awils of the earth,
Flash across the broad expanse.

Freedom! Freedom! in its run,
It evades the lurking dangers.
Freedom! Freedom! its only thought
As it gallops into the light of day.

Recycling Food

by Mark W. Highsmith

To: Environmental Protection
Agency
Department of Sanitation

From: Nottingham Institute of
Technology
Nottingham, Mass.

Re: Recycling of Food

We sincerely implore you to read carefully and thoroughly this proposal for the reuse of refuse.

The significance and usefulness of the recycling of food can be shown by the use of an example: the recycling of a french fry. This example happens to be the culmination of twenty years, three weeks, and two and one-half days of research and development on our part. We experimented and came up with our own rendition of the modern-day french fry, in which the potato peeling is intact.

During the research and developmental period, we collected scientific data on the bonding of organic material and came up with an organic "glue" which we called, simply, elmerstactylathiotetraoxidikaline. We shortened this name to "ELM", taking two years to research and develop the shortened version. We then traversed our vast, beautiful country inspecting various dumps, garbage bins, scrapheaps, and junkyards, numbering over one million in all. After viewing these cesspools, we visited them again, using parts of their ecosystems to benefit our experiment.

In the actual experiment, utilizing the alimentary specimens of refuse we collected and the ELM which we conceived and designed, we devised our version of a french fry.

First, we inspected all specimens by chemical analysis, disposing of, by taking them back to their resting places, those that would not work with ELM, which were many. We came up with the components that we decided would

compose the composition of an "ELM fry", the newly created name of our more recent rendering of a french fry.

These components proved to be edible, as well as nourishing to the body, when combined with a short list of chemicals, vitamins, enzymes, lysozymes, and various proteins. After adding these to our components, namely, chemically treated rotted potato peelings, treated mashed potatoes, and de-rancified butter, we made up the ELM fry. We added a further exquisite touch by using ELM to attach the potato peelings to the shaped fry.

If you wish to consider our proposal, which would make us overjoyed, please send a letter or telegram.

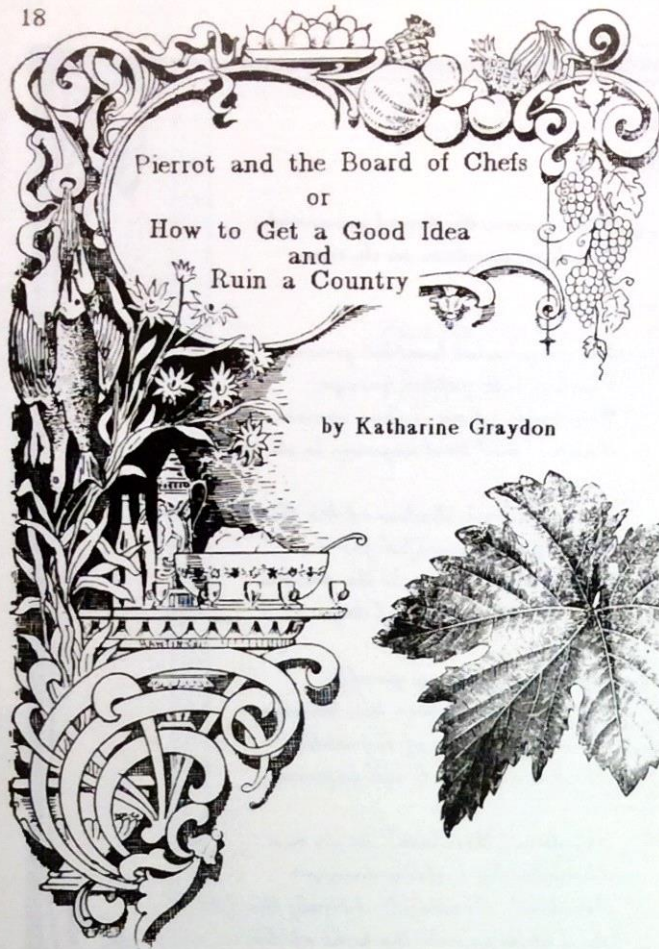


Finally, we hope that our proposal will cut down on all the waste of food in the world.

Sincerely,

Barium "Barry" Astatine, Ph.D.
Director of Biochemistry, NIT
Nottingham, Mass.
Hubbard, "Hub" Rhysickl, Ph.D.
Director, Ore-Oda French Fry
Laboratory Boise, Idaho

Francois "Fran the Man" Garbagie
Compiler of Components
Department of Sanitation New York
City, NY



Pierrot and the Board of Chefs
or
How to Get a Good Idea
and
Ruin a Country

by Katharine Graydon

Once upon a time there was a kingdom. This was only one of several kingdoms, and all the others were considered to be vastly superior in culinary skills. Because the cooking in this one kingdom was so poor, no one ate much. In a society in which fat was beautiful, this was a tragedy. Obviously, someone had to find a way to fatten these skinny people up.

One day, Marquis de Blanc decided to do something about it. The elected board of chefs did not seem to be effective, so he hired a new supervisor to oversee them and propose improvements.

Pierrot had never been a chef; in fact, he hadn't been near a kitchen in twenty years. Yet he worked hard, so everyone figured that whether or not he had talent was unimportant. The only thing he did have talent in was fitness centers. These fitness centers were patronized by people from other countries, but Pierrot figured that if he could fatten this country up, then he could get more business.

His first step was to pay chefs more. His reasoning was that if you could offer more money, more people would be attracted to becoming chefs, and that there would be more talent, and therefore better food. Next, he changed all the recipes to make them richer. He also suggested that people could spend more time eating, but this idea was vetoed instantly. To make up for this loss, he suggested that all people who were not considered fat enough should be restricted from all other activities. In this, he was supported by the chefs.

The eaters, however, were dissatisfied. Everyone who had not been anorexic to begin with was now finding it hard to move.



Mothers complained that their children were getting sick from all the rich food now consumed, and all non eating activities were deteriorating rapidly. People complained that activities were what had made them enjoy life, and therefore had made life interesting. Now that they were unable to participate in other activities, life, and therefore the populace, was much less interesting. All of the chefs not on the elected board were

furiously at not being able to leave their kitchens because of the volume of food being turned out. Pierrot didn't care about any of it because he was expecting business to improve.

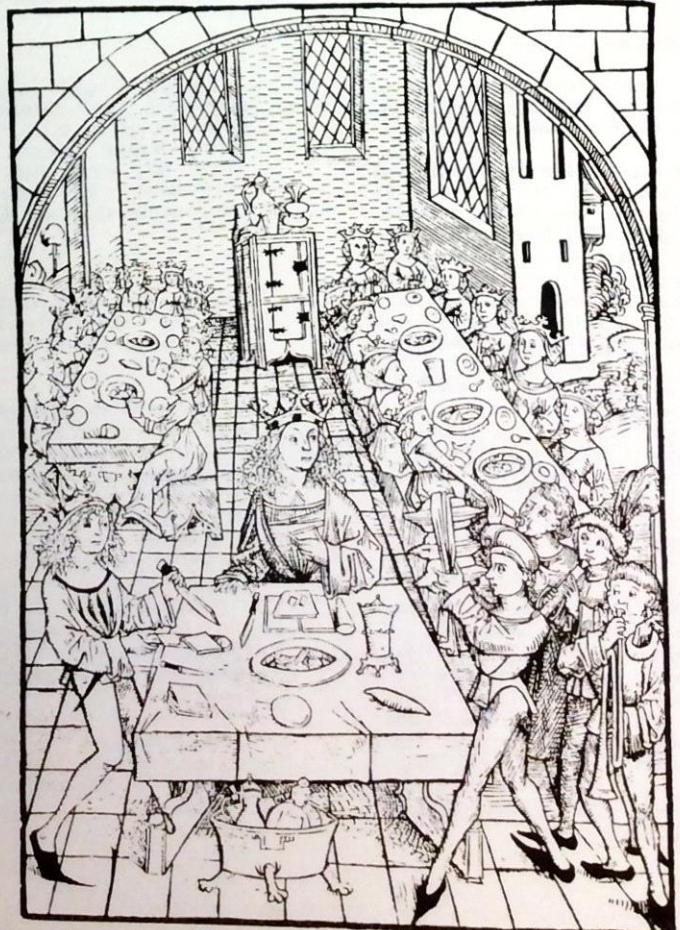
Pierrot also ordered that Royal Announcements were to be proclaimed only once daily, since he felt that hearing them more often would be too disruptive to meals. Consequently, no one knew what was happening in his own kingdom, much less in others.

The Marquis de Blanc and his ministers approved the suggestions, and they went into effect immediately. Pierrot retired from the board of chefs and set about remodeling his fitness centers.

The Marquis decided that he wanted to choose his own board instead of letting the populace do so, and these chefs made sure that Pierrot's orders were carried out. Soon, it was obvious that everyone was getting fat in spite of himself, and the Marquis, the board, and Pierrot were very pleased with themselves.

Unfortunately, they failed to take into account the long range effects. Because Pierrot had fed people too much too soon, people began leaving dining rooms in tears because they had been sharply reprimanded for not eating enough. Soon, it was hard to stop patronizing a chef who prepared simple foods and start doing business with a chef who made more complicated foods. No one wanted to become a cook, much less a chef, because it was too much work. In short, Pierrot would have been smarter to take a cooking course and do a little work in the kitchen himself before he changed everything around. He thought it was working, however, because people were getting fatter. Next year, Pierrot's fitness centers are supposed to be filled with the fattest and the finest in the land.

[Recent legislation in Texas regarding teacher accreditation, curriculum revision and extra-curricular activities inspired Ms. Graydon to write this essay.]



A Change of Tide

Nancy Huerta

It is an offense to the gods to hunt dolphins, and he can no longer approach the gods to offer a sacrifice nor touch their altars with pure hands, who of his own will has been the cause of the destruction of dolphins. He makes impure men those living under his roof, because the gods hold the massacre of the monarchs of the depths to be as execrable as the murder of a human.

Opfian, "Kaliosika", 2nd century A.D.

Midday in the South Pacific brings together a world of sun and water that sparkles and changes with the clouds and the tide. While the mirrored surface can appear flat and brassy under the rays of the powerful sun, underneath is a cool and shaded medium with ever changing depth and shadows. Here, the sunlight filters down and plays among the slowly waving fronds of seaweed, highlighting the hues of the multicolored fish that live there. The place seems devoid of any warm-blooded life, but it's not. There are dolphins.

The dolphin pair had lived in this part of the vast sea as long as they could remember. The fertile seaweed garden that extended as far as the eye could see served as their domain, and there all beings coexisted in peace. There was no war, strife, nor greed in this world, and life continued on uninterrupted. That is, until the day a boat dropped anchor in the fertile sand of the ocean floor.

Mao and Tao, as the dolphins were called, merely felt curious since man was no mystery to their ancient species. Recorded in the books of man are many, many

MERETRICULA

Lisa M. Carol

The centurions called me Meretrix, Prostelikis, and sometimes Meretricula. The little children without the knowledge of the meaning of their accusations—called me "harlot", but their mothers were the cruelest of all. These prim, superior matrons would either ignore me or spit on the ground that I walked on—as if the very thought of me generated a bad taste in their mouths. I have never experienced the loving friendship of another woman. My life was a paradox. I, for all my "male friends", was dying of loneliness.

As a child, I had never been close to my mother. The years had created a mysterious wall between us. Our situation was as if all the members of the house of Mical had taken sides in a tug-of-war. Ezra and Joel, my older brothers, favored the stronger parent, our mother. I felt I was my father's only joy.

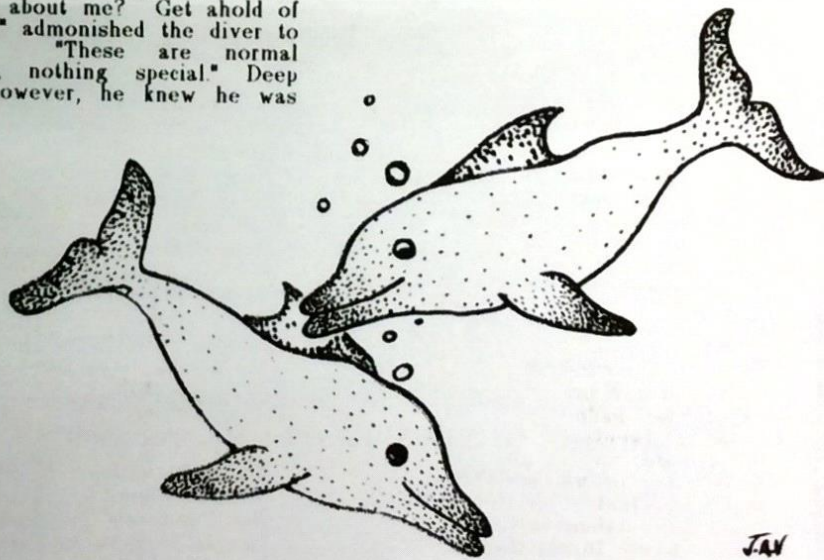
Mother had always been a loud, harsh woman. In her eyes Father was worthless. She viciously nagged him every evening before our final meal of the day. Poverty had embittered my mother the same way acid dissolves gold. Father never seemed to earn enough dinarii to bring a smile to Mother's face.

references of how dolphins rescued drowning sailors and guided boats to safety. Quite possibly a memory of these events existed in the dolphins' minds as well. There also was a memory of how dolphins were considered sacred by man, so to the pair, there could be no danger. After all, these men could only show them respect and reverence for all the previous acts of kindness.

"Okay, John, I'm going down," said the chief diver on board *LOVELOST*, a medium sized ship used to hunt dolphins around the Philippine islands. Since whales were becoming scarcer, hunters were turning to dolphins since they also contained large amounts of blubber. This was a new area that rarely was used since it was located away from any major shipping lanes, so they decided to try it. After all, the other places were practically tapped dry.

As the water closed over the diver's head, he felt for a moment like he was the first man ever to swim there. The water was exceptionally clear, and the vegetation unusually lush, even for these waters. He began his dive, keeping a sharp lookout for any signs of life. Little did he know how close he was. Turning around, he found himself under intense scrutiny by four deep-set eyes. They all swam staring at each other, all from completely different worlds, but somehow the same.

When the moment passed, the diver marveled at how close the dolphins were; he could almost touch them. For some odd reason, they weren't afraid. He swam upward to notify the others, but he could hear the dolphins' high pitched voices talking about him. "Talking about me? Get ahold of yourself!" admonished the diver to himself. "These are normal dolphins, nothing special." Deep down, however, he knew he was wrong.



During our meals, Mother would mockingly ask: "How was your day, my Lord?" Father always paled at these words. He knew it was her malicious way of degrading him before his children. Her method had worked for Ezra and Joel. Their stares seemed to challenge him—mirror images of Mother's animosity. I had always hoped he would rebuke her, chastize her, remind her that, according to the laws of God, he was master in his house. I was always disappointed.

In the evenings, after I had finished my chores, I would find my father in his pottery shop. Before I entered, I would watch him by the light of the oil lamp, as he stood, hunched over a lump of clay. The intensity of his gaze always amazed me; his forming of the clay totally absorbed him. He was an excellent

The dolphins watched him go. "This one is different," stated Tao, the female. "Nonsense," Mao replied. "He just seems odd since we've never seen one before. Man can be evil, that is true, but we

dolphins have helped his race throughout the ages. Their consciences could not allow them to hurt us now."

The diver returned with a harpoon gun in one hand while the crew above readied their nets. Looking around, he saw the dolphins approaching as before. The smaller one, a female, seemed to hesitate, but continued forward at the coaxing of her mate. They swam around, plainly asking him to accompany them for awhile. He made a move to go, but in a fit of anger directed at himself, he fired at the closest dolphin.

The harpoon struck Mao in the side and a stream of crimson blood stained the clear water. The weapon was designed to kill mercifully, quickly, so he only had time to turn his eyes toward his mate before he died; a victim of cruel fate. As for the onlooking diver, he only remembered the look in the dolphin's eyes. It was one of surprise and agonizing hurt that went beyond the physical wound.

Tao left the garden paradise and died far away of loneliness and despair. More probably, however, she died because their memories had betrayed them, and she realized that all the nobility that has existed in the past can't influence actions in the future. After all, the dolphins hadn't changed, the world had.

craftsman; but his urns, which I saw as works of art, never brought much of a profit. Father had attributed this to the fact that Decapolis' wealth came from fishing in the sea of Galilee.

"Abba?" I would call to divert his attention. The moments we spent together were as tender and gentle as a sigh.

"Little bird, you mustn't begrudge your mother...she was a frightened little Judhite. When we were betrothed, she had lived but eleven summers. I took her from her homeland...and this is how I have provided for her..."

"I understand, Abba."

Continued on page 20

"Sing for me, little bird," Father would then ask. I would begin with a favorite melody, mindlessly going on. The only shadow was Abba's occasional bouts of arthritis. I felt as if I could endure anything so long as these moments lasted.

My thirteenth summer, I wore black. There had been a riot between the Samaritans and the Jews; the Romans had become the "peace-makers". During their mission, another riot arose. Ezra and my father were in the marketplace. It was there that a hasta, a sort of thrusting spear, claimed their lives.

My eyes were red from endless tears, my face, flushed and swollen. In the evenings, which I could no longer spend with Abba, I would lie on my mat and sob quietly. Mother's temper worsened and her anxiety grew as I came close to maturity.

"We have no money for your dowry. How do you expect to find a husband? On your looks alone?" My fate was uncertain. I had never been one to turn the heads of men.

Each day, as mother picked at me like an angry hen, I tried to remember Father's words. "...she was a frightened little Judhite." As the days passed, her behavior became harder to understand. There were many times when I suppressed the desire to speak out.

"Why do you never speak? Do you have no interest in your future? When I was your age..."

"You were a 'frightened little Judhite nearly eleven summers old," I broke in.

"Did your worthless father tell you that?"

"Abba was not worthless. He tried his best to provide for you. You were the ungrateful one! I'll not have you calling my father worthless!"

The slap I received resounded throughout our small house. My long-suppressed anger had finally surfaced. Suddenly, I was terrified by the implications of crossing my mother.

"Your father's blood runs thick through your veins, you insolent fool!" She then rent her apron in mourning of my death to her.

"Leave this house! You are forever dead to me!" Without another word I was shoved out the door, and the door of the house of Mical was forever closed to me.

I found myself with nothing more than the clothes on my back. As night advanced, I grew repentant. It rained all night. Never had I seen fewer stars or such an empty horizon.

One afternoon the camel's back broke. The subject of my fate arose once more.

In the week that followed, I barely found food to eat. As a thief I was inexperienced and clumsy. Once I saw myself in a murky puddle, and was distressed at what I saw. My hair, usually neatly braided, was in disarray and my eyes were sunken, the skin of my face tightly hugging my cheekbones. A week had reduced me to a beggar, sleeping with the cold street beneath me.

It was a Roman Centurion who found me and, to some extent, restored me. He saw me lying senseless in the cold, damp gutter in a street in Capernaum. I had doubled over from hunger pains, but was brought to consciousness by a sharp tug of my hair.

"What's the matter Meretricula? Have you not eaten in the last few days? My you are a mess! I wonder..." He mused over me, carefully studying me from all sides. I was terrified by the suggestiveness in his voice, eyes and rough hands. I had heard of the brutality of the Romans. Their language had only one word for love, yet more than one for kill.

"... perhaps you could bring a profit. Does that frighten you, Meretricula? There is a market for young flesh, you know. Tell me, Meretricula, what price do you put on your health?"

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Class of '84

