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MacArthur High School

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2002



BULLSEYE 2002
VOLUME 18

*The Creative Writing and Art Magazine
Of
Douglas MacArthur High School*

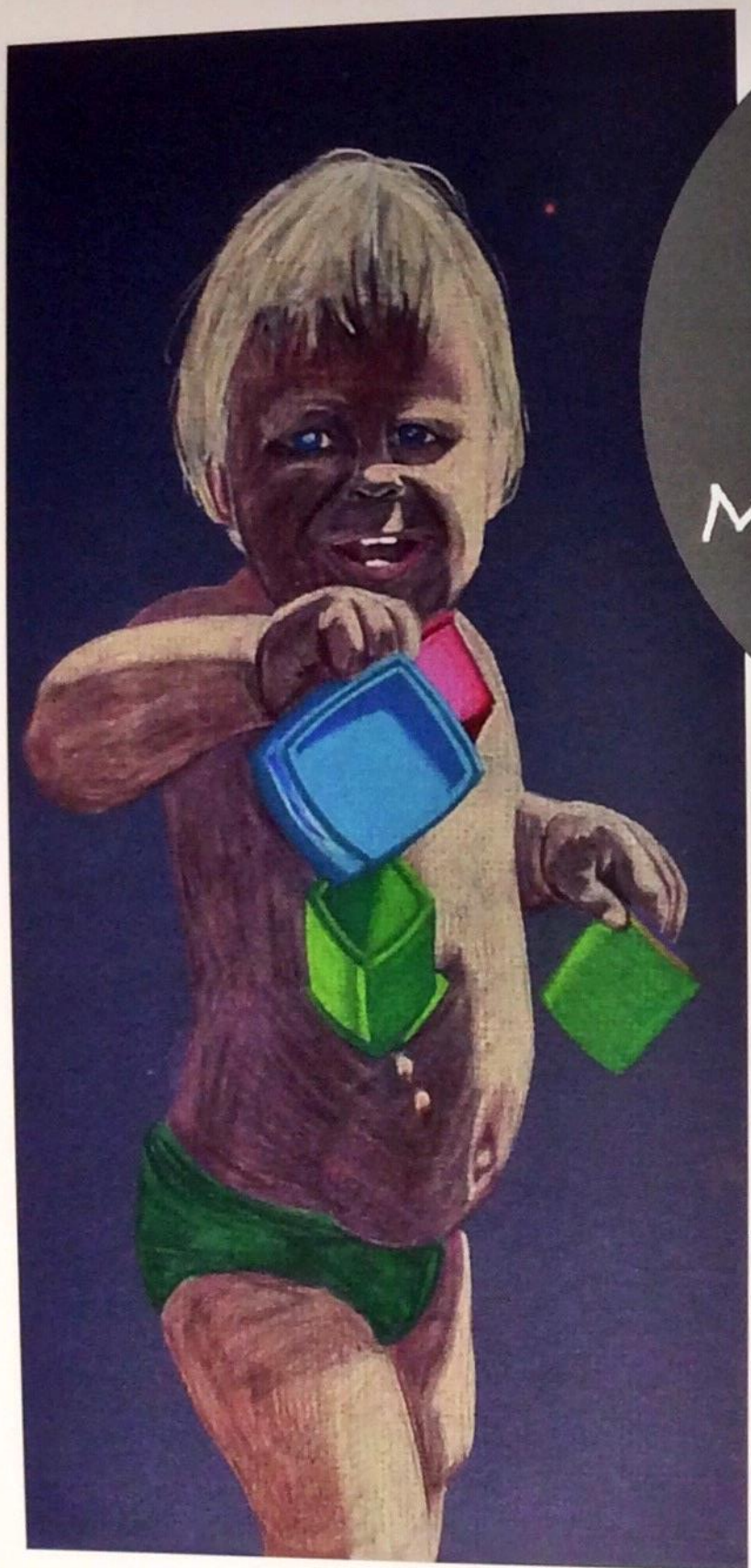
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The problems of the world cannot possibly be solved by skeptics or cynics whose horizons are limited by the obvious realities. We need men who can dream of things that never were.

--John F. Kennedy

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Cam Allen, prism color

My Chocolate Chip Cookie

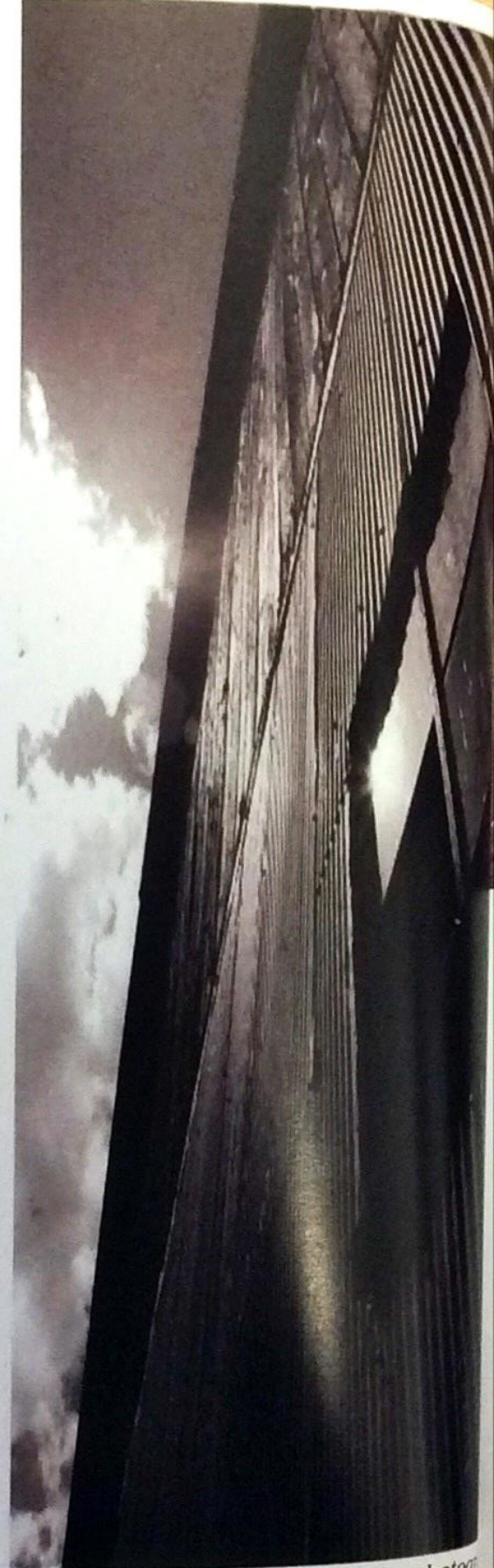
By Dal Nam

My chocolate chip cookie,
You please me so!
“Where did you come from?” I asked.
It replied, “I really don’t know.”
I don’t know where you came from,
But one thing I do know.
I bet it’s someplace warm and sweet,
Someplace where rivers
Of chocolate and cookies flow.
My chocolate chip cookie,
I cherish you so!
I let you melt on my tongue like honey,
And there you go!

Ashes

By Jenni Warner

It was the day
That buildings played a game
A child's game that comes from death
But is played with giggles and smiles
Ashes, ashes,
We all fall down
One after another they came crumbling
All because of the giant flying insects that splattered
Against the panes
Buildings and humans fell,
Crushed in body and spirit
Ashes to ashes
Brisked away by a late summer's breeze
Rising from the rubble and falling back down to the earth
But from those ashes arose great heroes
Like the Phoenix,
They rose from the ash
As they ascended those staircases
 Climbing ever higher
 Running toward the sky and toward Heaven...
And into our hearts.
Standing on a pedestal towering in the sky,
They stand now, taller than ever.
Our heroes who embody our immortal heroes...
Heroes who hope never to fall, named
Hope
And Pride
Courage
And Patriot
It was a day of ashes.
A day of tears.
A day of hope
A day of fears.
A day of the best and of the worst.
It was a day where in the future we'll hear
"Where were you when...?"
And we'll remember the exact chair
We sat it.
But she'll rise once again,
From the ash
And the rubble
Our future is bright
And the key to the future,
Is knowing we have one.



Jenni Warner, photograph

Fouly Widow

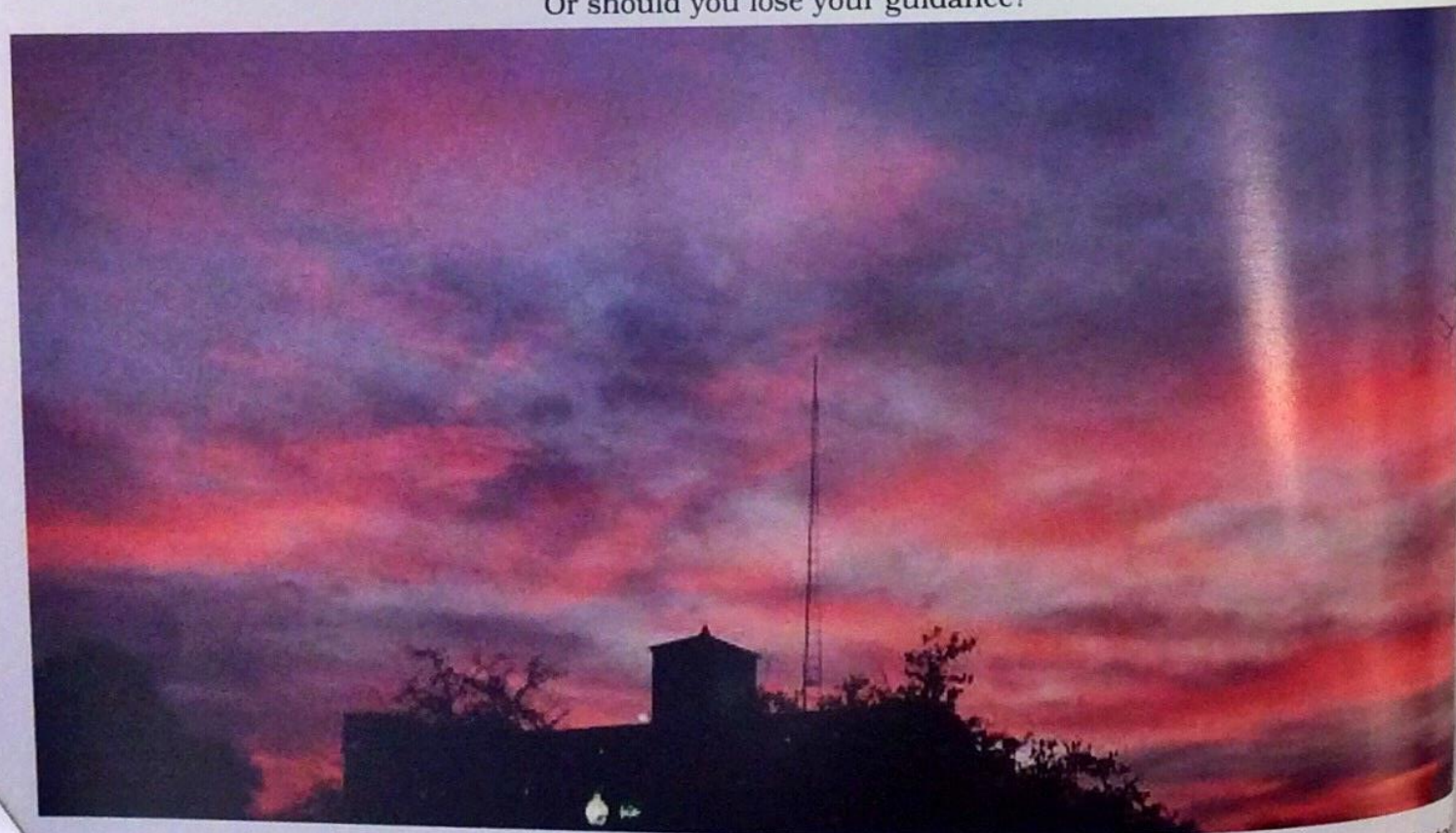
By Chelsea Sanchez

The sun is the master of time
Deciding how long we will remain
Revealing to us the shadowed understanding of life
Eternal only in the eyes of a mortal

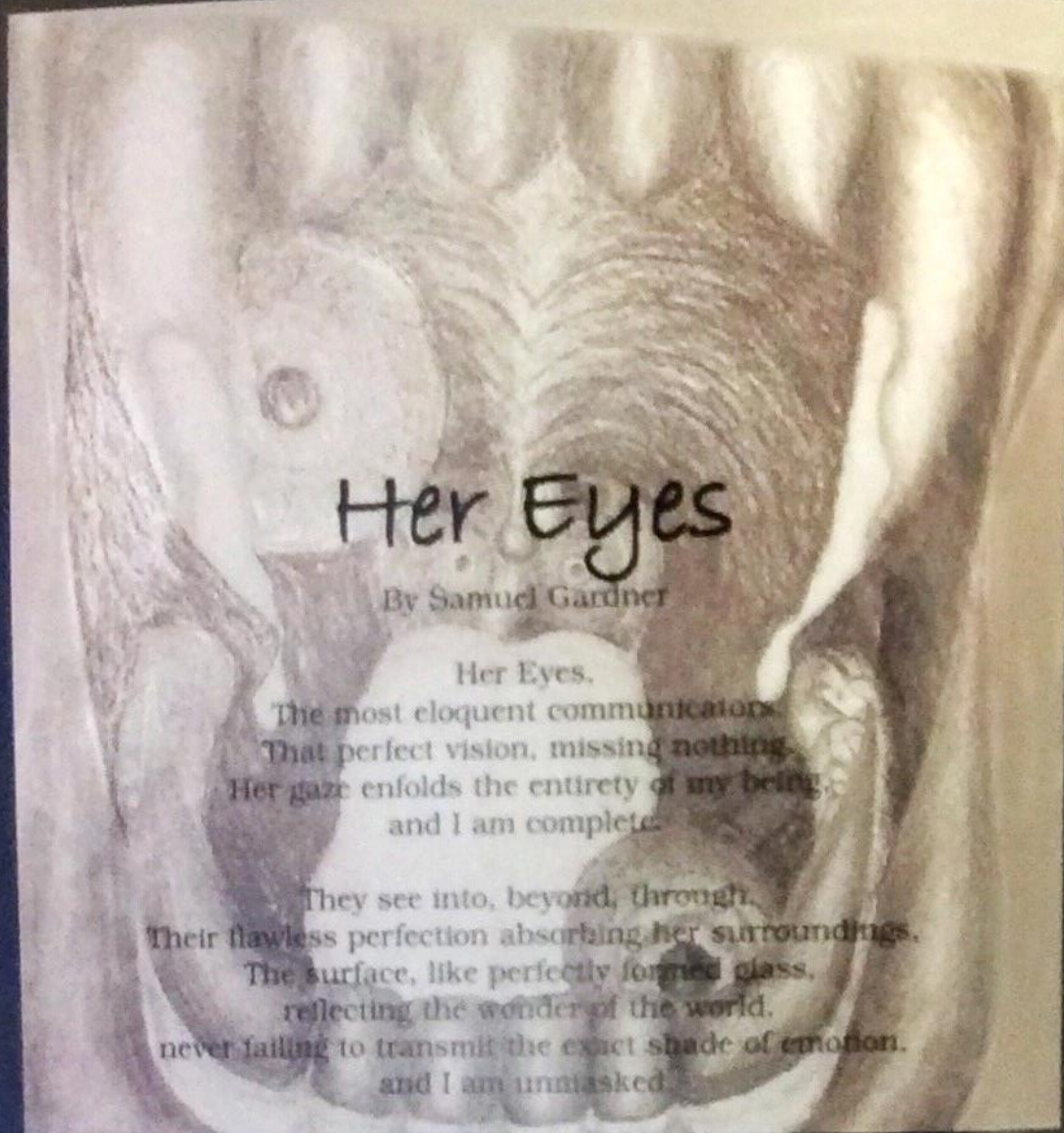
The moon is a treasure of old
Lighting the night with its greatness
Never understood, but used as a guide to the stars
Myth tells more than madness

Smiling at the sun will bring your ashes
Frowning at the rain will bring your tears
Staring at the moon may take your sanity
But staring at the sun will take your sight

Take the simple, sunny path of suicide
Take the moon-lit path of the burly
Should you lose your understanding?
Or should you lose your guidance?



Mo Urias, photo



Her Eyes

By Samuel Gardner

Her Eyes

The most eloquent communicators,
That perfect vision, missing nothing,
Her gaze enfolds the entirety of my being,
and I am complete.

They see into, beyond, through,
Their flawless perfection absorbing her surroundings,
The surface, like perfectly formed glass,
reflecting the wonder of the world,
never failing to transmit the exact shade of emotion,
and I am unmasked.

Her Eyes,

bearing witness to the trials and turmoil
of our transient time,
fulfilling the impoverished souls, they behold.
They rejuvenate the weary,
offer solace to the grieving,
provide for the needy,
fulfill the incomplete,
and complete the unfulfilled.

Those perfect orbs, born to perceive,
their keenness beyond the flawed sight of mere mortals,
They exist to behold the light and beauty,
And in doing so inspire the utmost of beauty in others.
I am both completed and unmasked, embraced and lost
in the depths of

Unanswered Questions

By Sean Starkweather

Does it ever end?
This boredom?
This waiting for peace?
Who can end it? How?
Why haven't they?
Why don't they?
I wonder at the absurdity
Of this world.
I wonder if I really exist...
If you exist at all.
Why is it that I question?
Why am I not pleased to just exist?
Why do I wonder?
Life is a devious torture device
An intelligent person
Could go crazy wondering,
Wondering how it will come,
When?
You are forced to wonder
To questions why
You must even question
Your questioning
Insanity is no escape, I know
Nor death
For death is a mystery
Unanswered questions
So many unanswered questions.



Cam Allen, oil pastel

My Property

By Virginia Rowland

Halo around a floodlight
I sit in my sanctuary
Surrounded by what I need
To survive
Above trembling electricity
From distant buildings
Like this one
Immersed in my element
Knowing everything will change
Makes no difference to me
I'm here now, my hands numb
Infatuated with the moment
Absorbing it through the air
Is it not enough to be alive?
Do I have to leave?
I'm not through being here
Society moves too fast
I see beauty in observation
Selfishly guarding my solitude
While useless information
Invades
Needless numerals,
False identification
I'm a girl on a ledge
Watching the sky change
As it remains timeless
As I grow old and forget
That this should belong to me
Because I love it most

When I die...

By Garry Powell

I want you to know that I am sorry. I'm sorry to all those who I made cry, worry, and hate me. To those who I may have offended. To those who I love and who love me back. I am sorry that I'm to leave. I hope it wasn't abrupt, though if expected, I know it still hurts. But please don't cry for me too long, or mourn endlessly. Just remember me, even if in the back of your mind. Remember me, my laughter, smile, and jokes. The silly mementos, and the inside jokes that only we could ever laugh at.

Please know that in the great expanse of time and out of the even greater number of people who have passed and gone, that my time here was unique. It was special, and though it may not have appeared to be, my life was significant. Just as all human lives are in one way or another. I want you to know that my life stood for something and that it had a reason for ever taking place. What happens to us is in our hands. But, what is meant to happen will, we just follow a path we lay out ahead of ourselves without ever knowing the direction it takes.

The roads we build will eventually lead to the same direction.



My Race

By Dal Nam

"They asked me to write down my race and I think and think very seriously and consider
Writing down the truth and have my answer read..."

I am rice, rice, and more rice.
Sometimes with red, hot kimchi,
Sometimes with brown, juicy galbi,
Sometimes with yellow, string oh-jing-ah,
Sometimes with well, nothing, just plain old rice.
Whether cold or heated up,
Whether with beans or without,
I am tons and tons of rice, inside this body.

I am an eighteen year old man.
I am a never ending game of Life
I always enjoyed the sensation of already getting married
And going on a honeymoon with my pink one-centimeter wife at such a young age.
I am a top-notch popstar, checking out my monkey-like moves in front of the tall guffawing mirror.
I am a ten year old child inside this body.

I am the heavenly and mellifluous music my mother
Never quit playing on our brown Baldwin,
Hymnals, classics, and whatever the others were, soothed my young, tempered soul.
I am my mother's silvery melodies inside this body.

I am Sul-nal, the first day of every new year.
My family and I always eat my mother's tantalizing tug-gug
On this bright and hopeful morning.
Those rice-caked oval things are so chewy and yummy.
I especially cherish the grand finale when I have
The privilege to slurp up the tasty soup.
I am fragrant and relishy Sul-nal inside this body.


I am my diligent, big-hearted father.
Whenever I see my father engrossed in his newspapers,
I can picture myself scrutinizing my chemistry homework in front of my desk at night.
Whenever I make some kind of mistake,
He condones my fault and my guilt fades away.
I am my hard-working, benevolent father, inside this body.

"They asked me to write down my race and I think and think very seriously and consider
Writing down the truth and have my answer read.
But, I simply write down
I am Kmerican.

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Chelsea Sanchez, color pencil



ugly Duckling

By Caitlin Stainkin

Peripatetic, copasetic, come and get it-
Sometimes gone somewhere far, far away,
But will the rain come another day?
Curl up, crouch down, hide in the box
Crack open the carcass before it rots.
Spread out the insides, we'll all have a look
See all the poison that you took.
Stitch it back up and fasten the lid.
Now are you happy?! We all know what you did!
Bury it deep and wait for the rain.
Wrap up in black and hide from the pain;
Mother Duck waits for her flock to fly home,
But the ugly little duckling couldn't make it on his own.
Come water wash us, clean out our eyes,
Help us to see and to understand why;
There's always one duckling, lost in the storm,
One duckling that hatched, but never was born.



Hurricane Rose

By Ben Batschelet

The world stops for no man. So obviously, the world isn't going to care about my problems, but that doesn't mean I can't try and make them care. Oh, it's not like I have any world worthy problem; Dubya's "Freedom Corps" isn't going to come help me out of poverty, or rescue me from any natural disaster. No, I suffer from poverty of the soul; I've been victim to the absolute worst metaphysical natural disaster: love.

Don't get me wrong; love is by no means a horrible evil that must be avoided at all costs. But just as rain is essential to all life, hurricanes have been known to give certain Texas towns a severe lack of existence. Many would argue that Hurricane Rose has long since gone and past and it is now time to rebuild. To them I say "No, this is only the eye. I am still in the middle."

Such terrible weather she has first great storm to pass over my most violent. Before she made glass. And then it happened. slowly the clouds rolled in eventually I found myself tenderness. She came crashing down on top of my world.

caused in my life, too. Perhaps not the head, but she is undoubtedly the landfall, the seas were like smooth Not all at once, mind you, but and the surf rose until trapped in a tempest of down on top of me, crashing

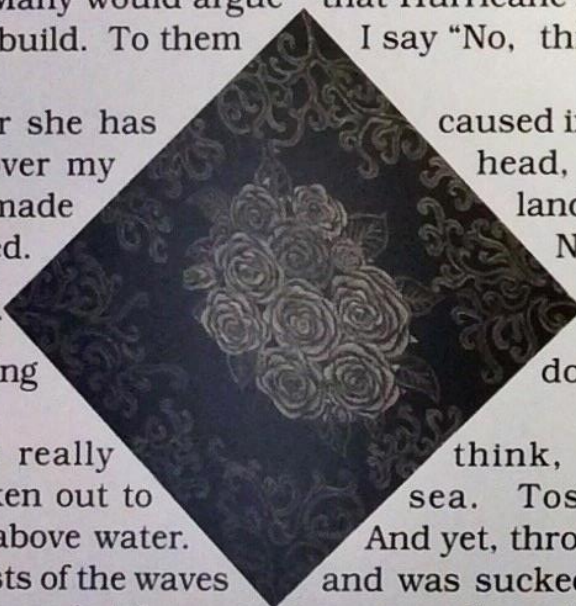
Faster than I could really swallowed up and I was taken out to struggled to keep my head above water. I kept my head above the crests of the waves in a sudden instant I was swept up and at the same time, somehow thrown down. And yet, the violence of the waves paled in comparison to the sound. The wind howled, screamed in my hears, and reverberated throughout my whole body. Banshees flew about me and hollered their sad laments louder than any human lung, and I admit I felt the twinge of fear, and simultaneously, sorrow for their sake.

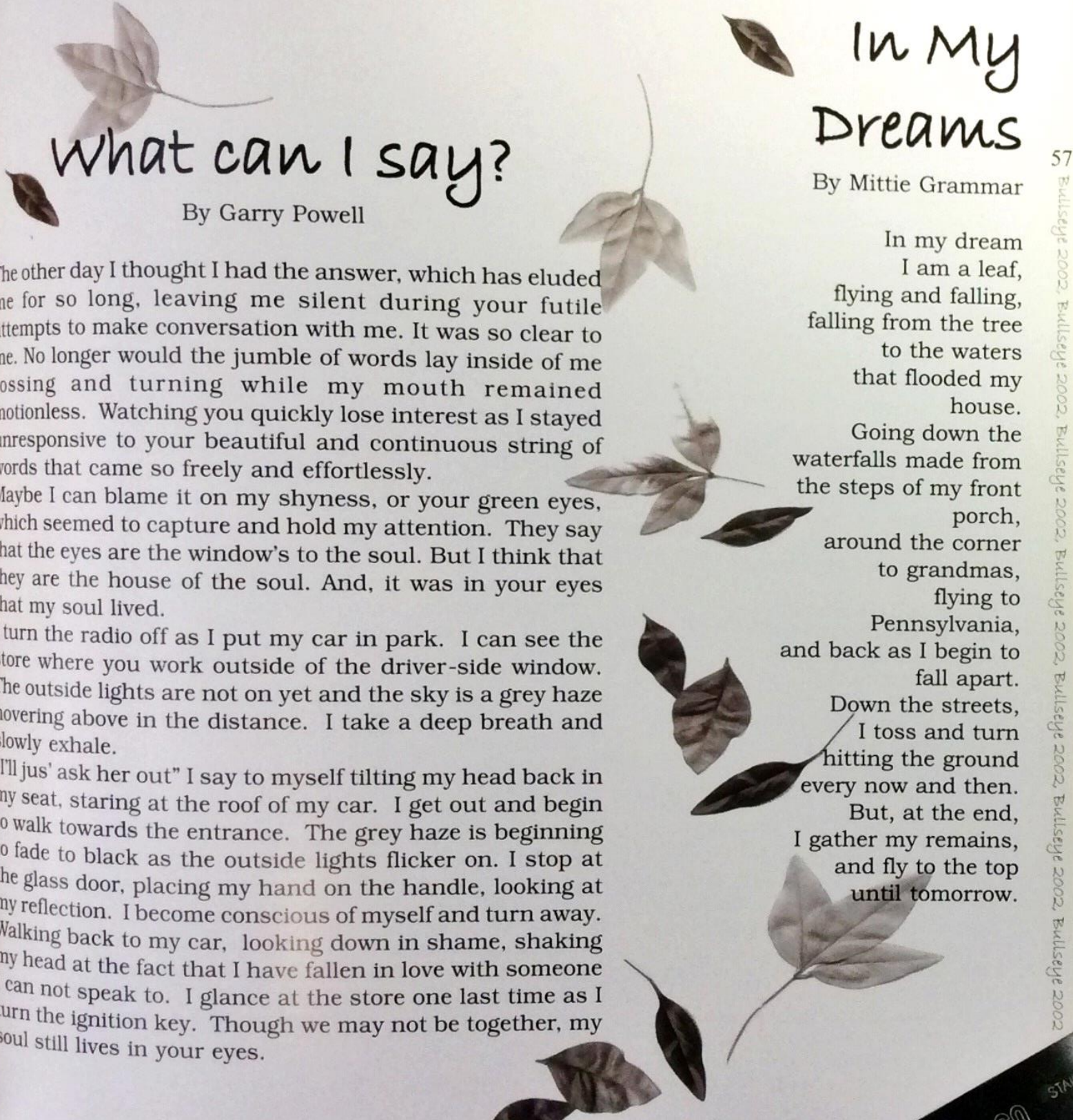
think, every vestige of land was sea. Tossed from wave to wave, I And yet, through some miracle, I survived. and was sucked towards the eye wall. In a

The wind raged and thundered and chilled beyond that which the water had already accomplished. And as suddenly as it had reached this climax, the crescendo died and I was released into the eye of the storm. And so, here I float, in the middle of all this flotsam, watching the debris of my former glory go past in the current, looking forward to yet another eye wall and then who knows what.

I'm not afraid. I've lived through this much, and I'm not beat yet. Do you hear me Rose? I'm going to win. Defiantly, I will raise my fist into the air and exclaim, "Do your worst Rose! You can't drown me! There are many more just like you on the horizon, and you sure as hell aren't going to sink me. Give me all you have Rose! You'll never push me down below the waves! I will beat you Rose. I will swim to salvation and you can do nothing to stop me."

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What can I say?

By Garry Powell

The other day I thought I had the answer, which has eluded me for so long, leaving me silent during your futile attempts to make conversation with me. It was so clear to me. No longer would the jumble of words lay inside of me tossing and turning while my mouth remained motionless. Watching you quickly lose interest as I stayed unresponsive to your beautiful and continuous string of words that came so freely and effortlessly.

Maybe I can blame it on my shyness, or your green eyes, which seemed to capture and hold my attention. They say that the eyes are the window's to the soul. But I think that they are the house of the soul. And, it was in your eyes that my soul lived.

I turn the radio off as I put my car in park. I can see the store where you work outside of the driver-side window. The outside lights are not on yet and the sky is a grey haze hovering above in the distance. I take a deep breath and slowly exhale.

"I'll jus' ask her out" I say to myself tilting my head back in my seat, staring at the roof of my car. I get out and begin to walk towards the entrance. The grey haze is beginning to fade to black as the outside lights flicker on. I stop at the glass door, placing my hand on the handle, looking at my reflection. I become conscious of myself and turn away. Walking back to my car, looking down in shame, shaking my head at the fact that I have fallen in love with someone I can not speak to. I glance at the store one last time as I turn the ignition key. Though we may not be together, my soul still lives in your eyes.

In My Dreams

By Mittie Grammar

In my dream
I am a leaf,
flying and falling,
falling from the tree
to the waters
that flooded my
house.

Going down the
waterfalls made from
the steps of my front
porch,
around the corner
to grandmas,
flying to
Pennsylvania,
and back as I begin to
fall apart.

Down the streets,
I toss and turn
hitting the ground
every now and then.

But, at the end,
I gather my remains,
and fly to the top
until tomorrow.

Cafenasium

By Jenna Rasch

I guess I'll set the scene. It's about 900 degrees. I'm eating lunch in the "cafenasium." It smells of sweaty gym clothes and French fries. I just happened to be eavesdropping on my sister's conversation with her friend... "I was like, you shouldn't have said that about her. And then she was like, I didn't even say that. And then I was like, well she said so, and her sister is backing her up on it- she heard you say it. And then she was like, well she's wrong, I don't care who backed her up." While this is all happening, her friend's forehead had as many ripples as if a pebble hit a placid lake. Her eyes seemed to bug out of her head, hands grabbing the corner of the table, as if she was about to explode.

"No ha-way! I so can't believe she denied it. Who does she think she is? Ugh, that's it, I swear to God, that's it! I'm going to go over there and tell her who's in charge here!" She stood up in a fit of rage. Her fist was clenched, her head tilted down slightly. The once tight curls in her hair had now seemed to go limp. Her cheeks flushed red, and her eyes glared with spite.

"Whoa! I really think you should think all this through. I mean, is it really worth getting suspended, and worse, messing up your clothes?" my sister said almost breathlessly, biting her nails, distraught portrayed effortlessly.

"No, you don't understand, this is WAR!" her friend bellowed and stomped her foot on the ground. "I suppose you wouldn't understand. You've like, never had to stand up for anything. Your Daddy takes care of it all!" she said shamelessly, sweat beaded on her forehead. She was very angry and really, just should've cooled down before she snapped. By this time, her fists were closed and her arms were straight at her sides, screaming at the innocent girl.

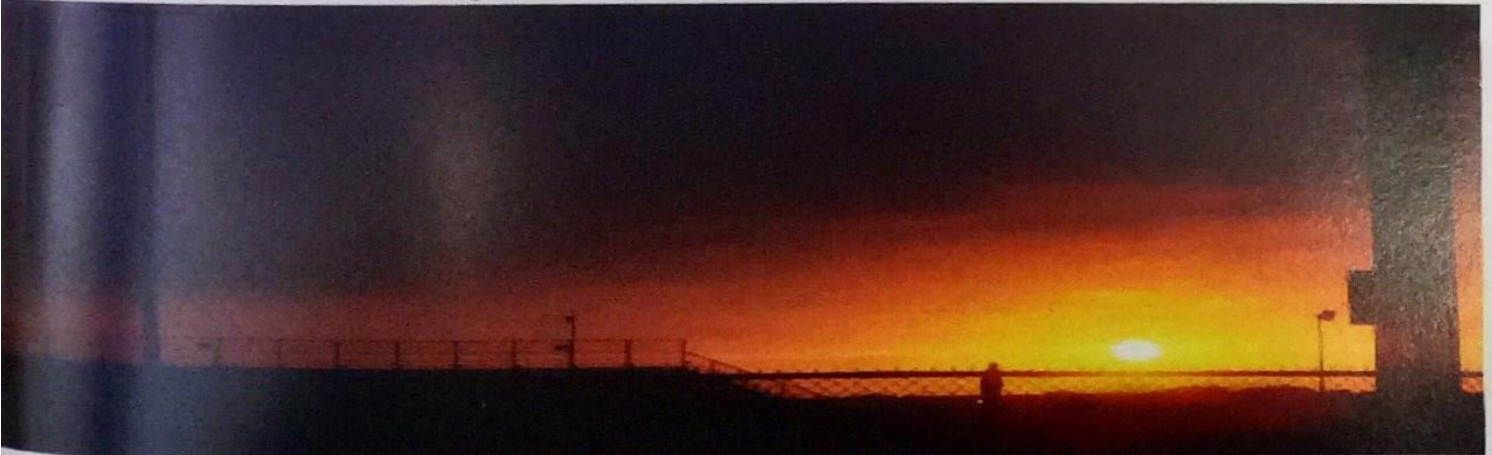
"Ouch, totally ouch, Meggs. I thought we were, like, best friends for life. I was totally wrong." Tears built up in her eyes, which were fixed upon the girl. Her arms were folded tightly, as if holding herself.

"Oh God, what have I done..." The peach color returned to her face and her stance was a little more relaxed. Her hands were palm side up, and coming forward a little. "I'm sorry?" she said biting her lip, hoping for a response. Her eyes were begging her friend to see through the words and into the love she had for the girl.

"I don't know. I think you might've gone over the line this time." She clung to her pink Jansport backpack and stared into space. She picked at the already chipped nail polish on her nails, while her James Avery rings clanked up against one another.

The other girl just sat down. Legs crossed at the ankle, hands folded in her lap, looking down at the floor, tear rolled down her jaw line. She glanced over at the other girl and gave a half smile, but the girl didn't catch it. So she stood up and left with a nod and a graceful smile. She seemed to float across the floor.

"That's a damn shame." I thought to myself.



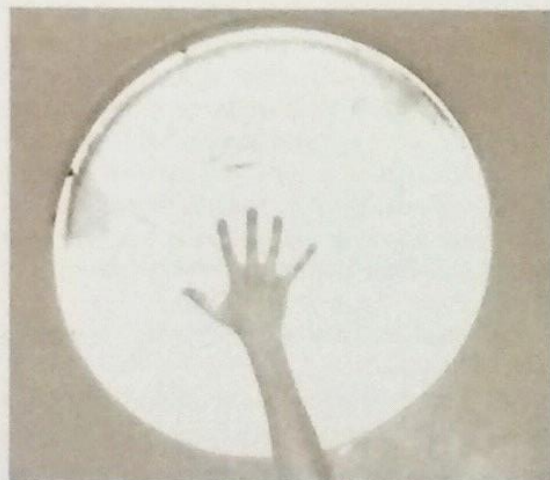
Jenni Warner, photography

She looked so frail and small, like a child. At that moment in the hospital I realized Jade was always a child. She would always need me, or someone like me, to be there to pull her out of the hard times. I was willing to do that. I would help her when she needed it.

I left the hospital shortly after I had arrived. The next day, I got a call from Jade's mother. It was odd because she never called. "Lilly..." her voice was calm, but there was something strange about it. "Lilly, Jade's dead," and that was all she said. As soon as the words came out of her mouth and into my ear she hung up the phone.

For the next couple of weeks I sat in my room to review the situation and how this could have been. At the end of my grief, I came to the

conclusion that Jade just didn't need saving. She didn't need me to help her anymore. That's how I came to terms with her death. I know she's out there, looking down on me. I know she smiles when I kiss a boy, or gets mad when the boy breaks my heart. So, in a way, her death wasn't a complete tragedy. I would have always looked over her and now she looks over me.



James Mallard, photography



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::staff::



::staff::

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Art Editor

Mo Urias

Layout Editor

Ashton Meade

Production Editor

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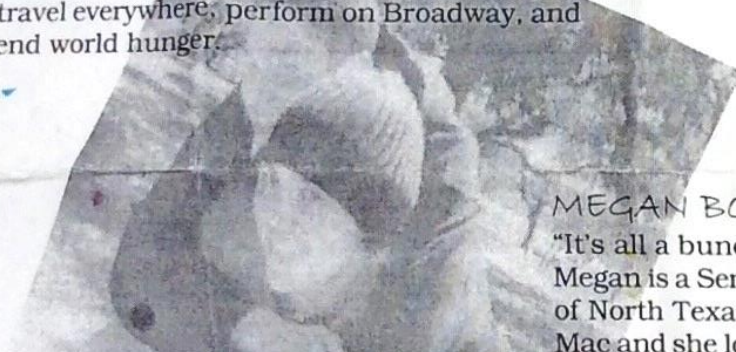


Bullseye

STAFF 2002

AMY LEWIS - Text Editor
"I hate it when there's too much blood in my coffee-system!"

-Mark Robertson, *This Train*
Amy is a Junior. When she grows up she wants to...know everything there is to know, travel everywhere, perform on Broadway, and end world hunger.

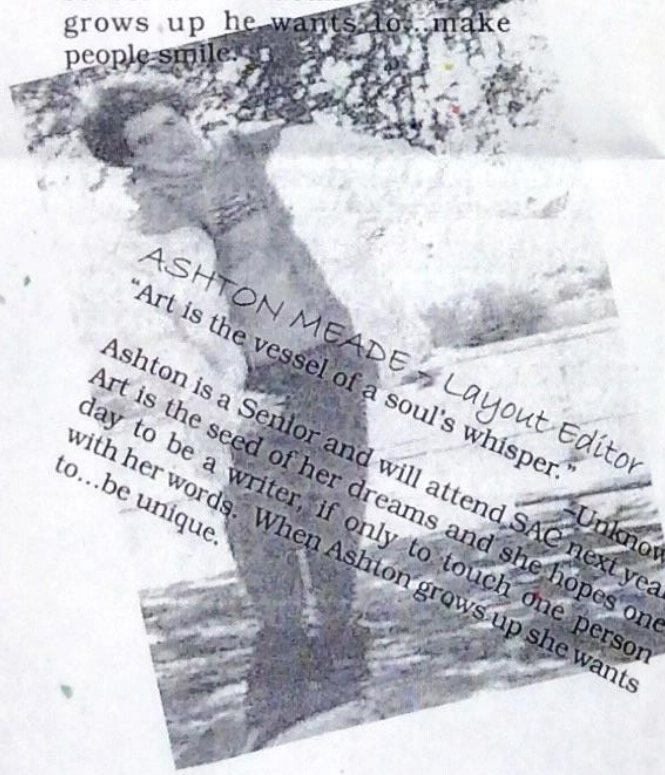


LORI MUNOZ - Organizational Editor
"Chase what makes your heart flutter."
Lori is a Senior whose immediate plans are to take a few art classes over the summer and work as much as possible. When Lori grows up she wants to...learn to fly.



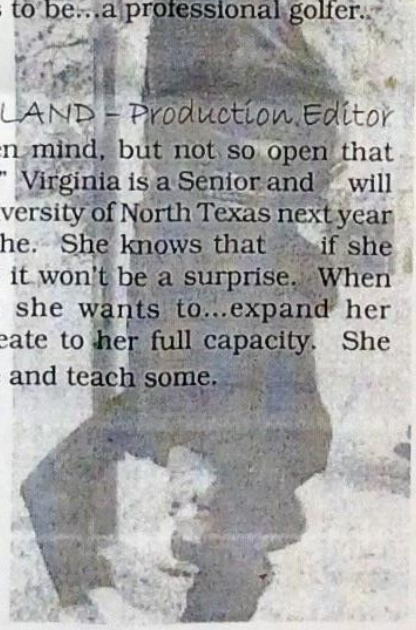
MEGAN BORN - Organizational Editor
"It's all a bunch of tree-hugging hippy crap."
Megan is a Senior who will be attending the University of North Texas next year. This was her first year at Mac and she loved working with Bullseye and meeting all of the people she has met. When Megan grows up, she wants to... travel the world.

MO URIAS - Art Editor
"If you let them make you, they'll make you paper mache, at a distance you're strong, until the wind comes, then you crumble and blow away." - Brandon Boyd
Mo is a Senior and the co-host of Coffeehouse. He plans on working next year while getting his basic courses done at SAC. Afterwards, he hopes to get into the business school at UT Austin. When Mo grows up he wants to...make people smile.



MR. WENDELL WATSON - Principal "...he ain't heavy, he's my brother..."
Mr. Watson is a graduate of Southwest Texas State University and received his Masters degree from Texas A&M University in Kingsville. After beginning his career in education with Edgewood ISD, he joined the North East family as a teacher/coach at Roosevelt High School. He continued to serve as an assistant principal at Garner Middle School and most recently as assistant principal at MacArthur High School. When Mr. Watson grows up he wants to be... a professional golfer.

VIRGINIA ROWLAND - Production Editor
"I believe in an open mind, but not so open that your brains fall out." Virginia is a Senior and will be attending the University of North Texas next year and finding her niche. She knows that if she plans too far ahead it won't be a surprise. When Virginia grows up she wants to...expand her imagination and create to her full capacity. She hopes to learn more and teach some.

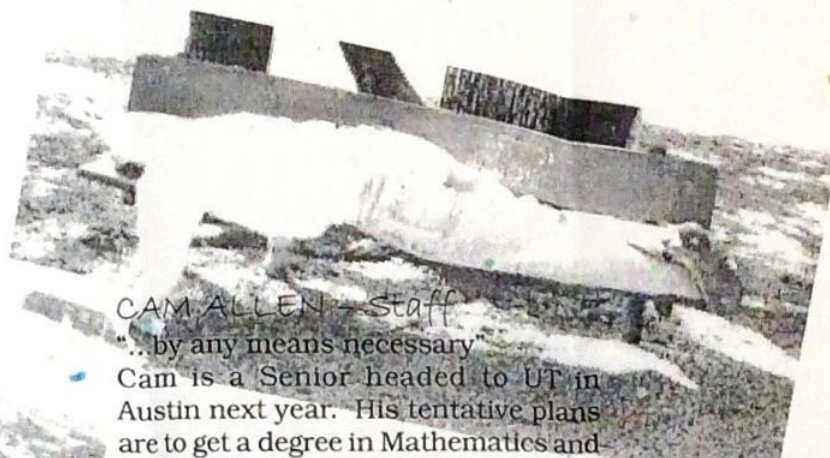


ASHTON MEADE - Layout Editor
"Art is the vessel of a soul's whisper."
Ashton is a Senior and will attend SAC next year. Art is the seed of her dreams and she hopes one day to be a writer, if only to touch one person with her words. When Ashton grows up she wants to...be unique.

-Unknown

JENN MORA - Fundraising Editor

"Boy, if I wasn't me..."
Jenn is the only freshman on staff and is also involved in ROTC and Spanish Club. She'll be back next year...and the next ...and the next. When she finally graduates from high school she wants to eventually own her own business or become a full-time poet. When Jenn grows up, she wants to... be a kid all over again with Stephanie.



CAM ALLEN - Staff

"... by any means necessary"
Cam is a Senior headed to UT in Austin next year. His tentative plans are to get a degree in Mathematics and teach either Math or Art in high school. When Cam grows up he wants to...have nine kids and live in Nepal.

SARAH GROVER - Staff

"Why do stupid people keep breeding? There should be a law."
Sarah is a Senior and will be attending Texas A&M in Corpus Christi in the fall. She also plans of going to Canada and traveling. When Sarah grows up she wants to...dig up ships in the ocean.

GARRY POWELL - Staff

"Nobody can be exactly like me. Sometimes, even I have trouble doing it."
- Tallula Bankhead
Garry, a Senior, is currently half of Tha Bassix and plans to receive and econo- education at SAC and then move to a four year university for his MBA. When Garry grows up he wants to...be a kid and get money for it.

JAMES MALLARD - Staff
"You say what you like 'cause they like what you say."
James is a sophomore and plans to spend his Junior year co-hosting Coffeehouse and representing Bullseye to the fullest of his abilities. He is also the other half of Tha Bassix. When James grows up he wants to...make hip-hop music, skateboard until he is 43, and bring back the Alf series.

BEVERLY CAMP - Staff

"Write...thinking comes later."
-Sean Connery, Finding Forrester
Beverly is a Senior and will probably attend SAC in the fall until she can transfer to Schriener in Kerrville. She believes you have nothing if you don't have your dreams. When Beverly grows up she wants to...reach for the stars...literally, by being an actress/singer.

TIM SEKINGER - Staff
"Follow your bliss." - Joseph Campbell
Tim is a Junior, a little crazy, but on the sane side. When Tim grows up he wants to...stay a kid forever.

MRS. JENNIFER BAADSGAARD - Sponsor

"It's more fun in my world...you're welcome to come visit."
Mrs. Baadsgaard is a graduate of Texas A&M Univeristy and received her Masters degree from the University of Texas at San Antonio. She began teaching at Ed White Middle School and currently teachers Freshman English and Creative Writing. When she Mrs. B grows up she wants to...write young adult literature novels.

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