

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

In the March issue of *Bullseye*, we promised you a second issue before the year was out, so here it is.

In that last issue we published all of the winners of the Fall Creative Writing Contest except for two second-place sophomore entries which appear in this edition. One of the entries is "The Ballad of Captain K." by Jeff Samas and the other is "Christmas Dinner," a short story by Kathy Graydon. I apologize for the delay in getting these items published.

An unfortunate incident occurred involving one of the poems published in the last issue. It seems that the author of "The Fight for Victory: a Long Road to Glory" submitted the work as his own, when in reality it was written and previously published by another party.

Since I am a graduating senior and this is my last column, I had hoped to reflect upon my four years at MacArthur; but, because of the tremendous amount of material submitted for publication, I feel that it would be unfair to take up a lot of space with my column.

I would just like to say farewell to MacArthur and, since I am moving to Virginia on June 2, I'd also like to bid farewell to San Antonio. I'd also like to wish the best of luck to next year's editor, whoever he or she may be. He or she will need it.

Frank Hopkins



*Daniel
Aguilar*

WHO CARES?

Hey, is there anyone out there who cares anymore? I really am beginning to wonder. People have so many needs, yet who cares? What is happening to this world of "loving and caring"? It's all dying away from the looks of it.

The other day I was in a traffic accident and I was knocked out. When I came to, the driver of the other car acted as if he wasn't even going to stick around. He didn't care. Luckily for him and for me, he did stop. But did he really care about what happened to me? Or was he just concerned about the few scratches on the side of his good car? I wonder.

Another example is the way some people act when you tell them something. Have you ever told something that is important to you to someone and had him or her say, "Big deal!" or "So what?" Or maybe the person just ignores the fact that you said anything at all. I find that increasingly depressing. Maybe that is because it seems to be happening to me more often now. I wonder if that friend really cares about me and/or what I have to say.

One of the most common ways that teens show that they really don't care about you anymore is really pretty cruel. Have you ever walked in on your boyfriend or girlfriend and found that person kissing someone else? After all you had said and done for him, your boyfriend turns on you. You feel used. It is as if the one person you really cared about doesn't care for you at all anymore.

Have you ever noticed how half the songs on the radio are about or addressed to people who don't care anymore? What can you expect with titles like "Owner of a Lonely Heart" and "This Is Good-bye Forever"? Have you ever just listened to the words of the songs on the radio? With people singing words like, "I don't care anymore" and "I don't care about you, so get lost," lost is exactly what they will be. They'll be lost in a kind of death-in-life, but who cares?

One of the leading causes for suicide among teens is that they think no one cares. I can see why they think so, because I have been there. Thinking no one cares is a hard way to live. But I had a friend who really cared about me. She showed me she cared and that is what saved me. Because of her, I can now understand the situations that teens just like me get into. I have even been able to help a few out of the same predicaments I was in. That is one thing I really do care about, LIFE. I still feel at times like no one cares, but there is always that one friend, that saving grace which pulls me out just in time.

Maybe everyone should try to care a little more. It is no fun to live thinking that no one cares about you or loves you. To feel alone, unloved and helpless is the worst way to go on living in this world. And, believe me, there are a lot of people who feel that way. Why doesn't anyone care? Maybe because people feel as if they have everything they really need. But do they?

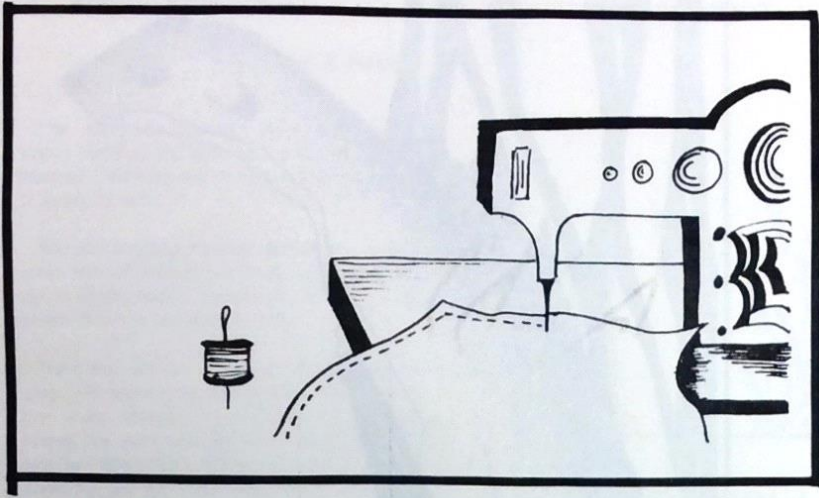
Maybe now you are saying, "How can I show I

care?" Guess what. It really isn't that hard; it really is rather easy. All you have to do is to look around you. Look for someone who is really depressed or down on himself. Once you find him, talk to him. Make yourself someone who cares. Offer suggestions to him about what he can do to solve his problem. Then, help him solve it. That is what really helped me. Try it; you'll like it. It will give you a warm feeling inside, a feeling you will never forget.

Hey! Do you care? Really care?

Writer's Note: After I wrote this paper, I found out something that was very discouraging. A rock group called "Genesis" wrote a song and titled it: "I Don't Care Anymore." That was one of my possible titles for this essay. Does "Genesis" mean that the world's future is already turning into one in which people really don't care anymore? I hope not.

jennie thompson



THE SECRET

The new sewing table sat in a cozy corner of the attic. It wasn't new in the sense that it had just come from a store, but was new as far as Janine was concerned.

"It really will look nice in your room," her mother had said. Cleaned and polished, with its stenciled floral design gleaming, it stood waiting for its new owner.

Janine's great-grandmother had just passed away and one of her last wishes was that Janine have the old sewing table. Her great-grandmother had said that there was something magical inside.

"I've put some sewing equipment on your desk that you can put inside the cabinet," her mother stated.

It was fun putting the new items in the sewing table. The table had dividers so that Janine could separate her scissors, buttons, snaps and other notions from each other. It also had wooden pegs to put spools of thread on.

While putting the sewing articles into the cabinet, Janine saw a dusty, round item in the corner of the drawer. She picked it up, dusted it off and discovered that it was a small gold thimble. On the inside of the thimble was engraved "Janine Janson". It was startling to see her own name staring up at her. The thimble must be over a hundred years old.

"You haven't finished that sampler yet!" a voice said. "You're also doing a poor job on your back stitch. Well, you will have to put it away for now, because Master Nelson has come to call on you."

Janine was so relieved. Nelson's calling meant that she got a break from sewing.

"If you're going to visit with Master Nelson, you'd best leave on your apron," Janine's mother called.

Janine looked down and saw a calico dress with ruffles and a heavily starched white apron, instead of a pair of jeans and a polo shirt.

"Are you ready?" Nelson asked.

"Yes. What are we going to do today?"

"You'll see," Nelson replied with a mysterious look in his eyes.

Charles Nelson had lived next door to the Jansons for years and had been friends with Janine for almost seven of them.

Charles led Janine to his house and into the stable. He told her to close her eyes and hold onto his arm as he led her to the back. A few moments later he told her to open her eyes. Janine opened them and found a beautiful wood table with delicate flowers painted on the top and the legs.

"Lift up the top," Nelson said.

Janine lifted the top and beautiful music poured out. Suddenly she felt her eyes filling with tears. The cabinet was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen.

"Why....I mean, what is it for?"

"Janine, you have to promise you won't tell anyone. I saw Doctor Aldin about a month ago. I had been feeling tired and restless. He

thought I might just have a cold, but to be safe, he took a special sample and sent it to the city. The results came in a week later, and the tests proved that I have the consumption. The doctor said I have approximately three months to live. He also suggested that I stop going to school and stay home and rest. During the past three weeks, I've been working on this sewing box. There is also a present inside. Why don't you open it?"

Janine lifted the lid again and found a small brown package in the corner. She opened the package and found a small gold thimble. Along the outer edge there were inscribed the following words: "People may pass through our lives, but memories are forever. C.N." Inside the thimble Janine's name was engraved.

She felt as though her heart would burst. Tears began rolling down her face and, as she wiped them away, someone tapped her on the shoulder.

"Haven't you finished filling that sewing cabinet yet?"

Janine looked up startled and found her mother standing in the doorway. Confused, she looked down and noticed that she was wearing a yellow polo and jeans again.

"What's wrong, darling?" her mother asked.

"I found this little thimble in the sewing table, and it has my name engraved on the inside of it."

"Well, for Heaven's sake! That was your great-grandmother's, also."

"Somebody very special must have given it to her," Janine replied.

"Yes, I believe it was given to her by a very dear friend that had lived next door to her for many years. I think he died of tuberculosis or "consumption," as they called it in those days.

Janine's mother began wrapping the thimble in tissue paper, getting ready to put it away.

"Oh, may I please keep it?" Janine asked. "After all, it does have my name on it."

"Of course. Why not?" her mother answered.

Janine's father made a tiny wooden shelf just for the thimble. From then on, whenever Janine looked at it, it was as if she were sharing a very old and very special secret with her great-grandmother.

sherrie yantis

con'd. from page 1

"FASTER, HANS. I CAN'T MOVE THESE ROCKS FROM THE INSIDE. I'd better just relax. I'm using up too much oxygen. Hans will get me out in a little while. The truth has waited this long; one more day or so will hardly matter. The world will just have to wait until Hans digs me out of here."

The scene outside the chamber is of Hans keeping watch over the entrance to the crypt. He has maintained his vigil for several weeks and will continue to do so until his bones turn to dust and blow away in the wind. He has never recovered from the scorpion sting that

was dismissed as a bruise by the good professor.

Oh, the clanking? That was the sound of a lonely lantern swinging in the breeze and steadily striking the rock wall of the crypt. Yes, the world must indeed wait until Hans digs the professor out of his tomb.

roland labraque

I AM ME

I am me.
 Why can't you
 Accept me as I am?
 I am not perfect,
 So don't expect me to be.
 I am me, and I'm the
 Only one like me.
 I am singular.
 I am unique.
 I am me.

kris wells

THE WEASEL

Pictured under a lone tree,
A weasel moves toward its prey -
Its eyes like fire,
Its teeth like the jaw of a trap,
waiting to strike.
It poises silently in the night.

A snake, sliding through foliage
into the dark shadows,
Desires to leave
like panicked people in a crowded building.

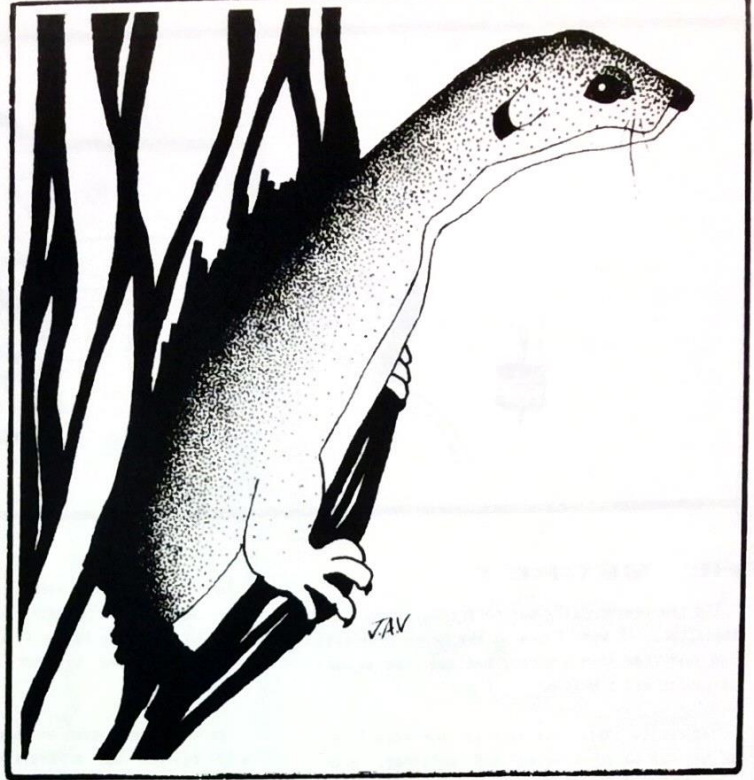
The weasel's eyes dart right, then left
like satellites across the night sky,
Showing a sense of patience and caution,
until the time is right.

The snake slides through weeds and grass,
Making crunching sounds
like people leaping through leaves in the fall.

The weasel lashes out with supreme accuracy,
crushing the head of the snake
like a sledge hammer hitting a concrete city sidewalk.

Breathing heavily into the night,
the weasel descends into darkness with its prey.

rick tangum



THE ELECTRIC-POWERED POLITICIAN

"Hey, Joe, I think this is the one."

"Are you sure, Frank?"

"Yeh, it's the one," Frank said. "It says right here on the crate, 'Electric...powered...politician...handle...with...care.'"

"Well, open it and we'll find out for sure," Joe said.

Frank grabbed a crowbar and began prying the lid off the large wooden box. When it was removed, Frank stood on tiptoe and peered in. Inside was a metallic man-shaped robot dressed in a blue business suit holding a briefcase in his lap. He sat on a metallic box on which there was a removable panel on one side and a printed label on the other.

ELECTRIC

POWERED

POLITICIAN

"Yeh, Joe, this is it," Frank said.

"I don't know," Joe said. "It says so, but it could be anybody, ---salesman, preacher, I.V. talk show host."

"Well, we'll find out in a minute. Hand me that clipboard."

Joe handed Frank the clipboard. Frank rummaged through the ream of papers until he found a set of pages that started with the title:

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE

ELECTRIC-POWERED

POLITICIAN

"Okay, here it is," Frank said. "Number one...uh... remove the removable panel."

Joe removed the removable panel. underneath was a control panel with knobs, dials, and switches.

"Activate the on-off switch to on. the robot jerked compulsively once, then twice more.

"Name?" it said in a dull monotone.

"Uh...let me see," Frank said, fumbling with the clipboard.
"Uh...start...Richard...Rodney...wright...the third."

"My name is Richard Rodney Wright III, the robot responded. "Age?"

"Fifty-six."

"Appearance?" the newly christened Richard Rodney Wright III said.

"C-203."

The robot's skin began to change from a dull metallic gray to a healthy, leathery tan. Hair began to grow on the head, the eyes turned blue, the fingernails grew, and the chest moved up and down. Within moments, Richard Rodney Wright III could not be distinguished from a real live breathing human.

"Wow!" gasped Joe.

"Party?" HARRY asked.

"Democrat."

"I am of the Democratic Party. what function shall I be attending?"

"The Nevada Primary."

"Start personal program."

"kay," Frank said. He knelt down to the display panel. "Head off what's on the clipboard," he said to Joe.

"Dial one, tone...proper response."

Frank flipped a switch and began to turn the first dial.

"My fellow Americans," Richard Rodney Wright began, "we are in a grave situation, Mr. Reagan insists."

Frank flipped another switch and kept turning the dial clockwise.

"...before President Reagan left, unemployment and the national debt was down...My fellow Americans, it saddens me to see prejudice, which was finally being solved four years ago, running rampant in government...Ladies and gents, I just flew in from Washington, and, boy, are my arms tired."

"Whoops...sorry," Frank said. "My hand slipped." Frank turned the dial back counterclockwise.

"I won't say the Reagan Administration is the worst I've ever seen, but the Reagan Administration is the worst I've ever seen...My fellow Americans, we are in a grave situation."

"Got it," Frank said.

"So," Joe said. "What do you do next?"

"The Conservative-Liberal dial," Frank said. He flipped another switch to on. "What's the proper response?"

"On cutting social security and yet he manages to raise the national debt."

Frank began to turn another dial.

Richard Rodney Wright III began speaking. "...leading us into World War III by his

con'd. on p. 5

TO BE TRULY

LIVING

"The world is too much with us: late and soon, / Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers; / Little we see in nature that is ours. / It moves us not."

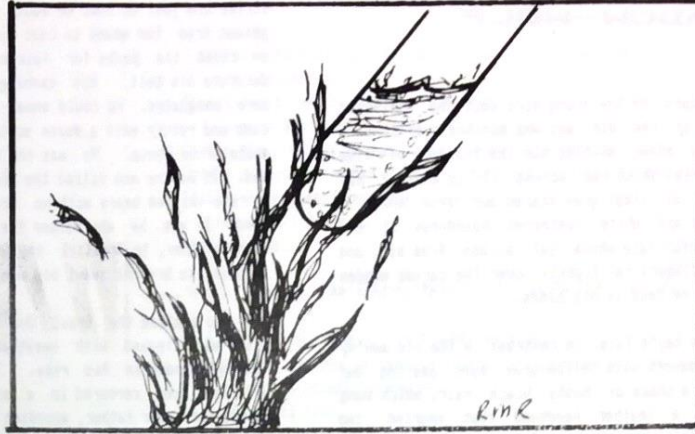
This quotation by William Wordsworth has a great deal of meaning and truth in it about the way in which human beings put worldly things before the true purpose of life.

There are several thoughts which come to mind. To begin with, people get caught up with the wrong things in life. We forget that living is more than waking up each morning, getting ready for school or work, eating, sleeping and the other parts of our routines. An example of an individual who fails to see the real meaning in living is the person who constantly works. He or she becomes obsessed with gaining wealth, with all his efforts put into buying material things. Money becomes that person's first priority.

As a result of having purely worldly desires, an individual neglects to realize what life is really about. What is involved in this idea of truly living? Briefly, it has to do with using your imagination and not worrying over irrelevant things such as social and financial status. Living should mean having friendships with others, helping those in need and enjoying the beauty that this world has to offer.

As we live our lives, let us not get wrapped up in petty and trifling details. Instead, let us take the time to share experiences with others, or to watch a sunrise or a sunset. Only we can decide to make the best of our lives and really live.

Michelle Trexler



THE BALLAD OF CAPTAIN K.

He's Mister K from seven twelve
And he is Number One
He teaches us our chemistry
And we have lots of fun.

He's Mister K from seven twelve
He likes experiments
And in a flask some blobs were formed
By some freak accidents.

But if the blobs are left alone,
They will begin to grow.
And sure enough it does occur,
And it is quite a show.

Out of the flask they bubble now
And form a huge pink pool.
If someone doesn't stop them soon,
They will invade the school.

He's Mister K from seven twelve;
He is the one to call.
There is a flash and puff of smoke--
He jumps in from the hall.

A beaker filled with acid
He grabs without a fear.
He throws the beaker on the blob,
It shrinks and disappears.

He's Mister K from seven twelve
He just has saved the day.
Because of this heroic deed,
He's now called Captain K.

jeff samas

con'd. from p. 4

massive buildup of nuclear weapons, supposedly in the interest of... quote, 'protecting us from communism'...involving us in the affairs of Central America...cutting social security and yet he manages to raise the national debt...."

"Okay," Frank said, "I've got some switches here labeled concerns. Which ones do I turn on?"

"The ones marked UE, UN, and WA," Joe said.

Frank flipped these switches.

"My fellow Americans," the politician said, "I am deeply concerned about the deficit and unemployment in America. I am even more concerned with our deep involvement in world affairs."

"Interesting," Frank said. "What's next on the list?"

"The eloquency dial. The proper response is we are facing a deepening deficit, rampant unemployment, and an increasing involvement in...."

Frank flipped switches and began turning a dial.

"We got a lotta problems," Richard began. "We owe a whole bunch of money, people ain't working, and we're mucking around in Central America...Modern America is facing many problems, a huge national debt, many people out

of work, getting involved in...My fellow Americans, we are confronted with multiple problems. We have a growing deficit, rampant unemployment, and an increasing involvement in Central America."

"Got it. What's next?"

"Nothing," Joe said. "All we have to do is check and make sure the controls are on the right setting. Then we listen to his speech."

"Wait a minute," Frank said. "I don't want to...."

"I don't like it any better than you do," Joe said. "It's a rotten job, but somebody has to do it."

"Okay," Frank said. "So what do I do?"

"Unlock the red activation switch and turn it to on," Joe said.

Frank did as he was told. Richard Hoover Wright the third took a deep breath, threw back his shoulders and looked with his clear blue eyes filled with concern and determination at Frank and Joe.

"My fellow Americans," he said. "I am indeed honored to be here tonight speaking to you of the multiple problems facing America. I am deeply concerned about our growing deficit, our rampant unemployment, and our growing involvement in Central America. As your president I can promise you...."

"That's all we need," Joe said. Frank

reached down and flipped the switch.

There was a long silence. "So that's it," Frank said.

"reh."

There was silence again.

"I don't like it," Frank said. "This guy just being programmed to say what people want to hear."

"That's what they pay us for," Joe said.

"Couldn't we change it...you and me...you know, to say what we want to hear?"

"Like what?"

"Oh, I don't know," Frank said. "Maybe to someone who'll be truthful and honest for a change. Maybe someone that'll care about guys like us, I mean really care."

"How much time we got?" Joe asked.

"About twenty minutes," Frank said.

"Okay," Joe said. "We'll program him to suit ourselves, but only one one condition."

"What's that?"

"That I get to be vice-president."

jeff rhoades

SHADOW-WOLF

Embers of the dying fire cast the weathered face of the old man who hunched over it in a ruddy glow, marking out the tracery of fine wrinkles which ran across it in shadow. His eyes of steel gray stared out from under a black and white feathered headdress at the youthful face which sat across from him, and his fingers ran lightly over the carved wooden pipe he held in his hands.

The boy's face, in contrast to the old man's, was smooth with yellow-gray eyes peering out from a shock of bushy black hair, which hung over a leather headband that sported two feathers, one black and one white. The pair sat unmoving except for an occasional scratch until the boy cleared his throat and spoke quietly to his elder.

"Tell me about your son, Grandfather. Tell me about my father."

The old man looked deeply into his grandson's eyes, which did not waver, and sighed. He carefully laid his pipe on the ground by his side and glanced up into the night.

"You have heard that story many times," he said, "and I will not repeat it again because it brings me no happiness."

After a moment's hesitation the boy replied, "No, I want to hear it." It was the first time he had stood against his grandfather. "Tell it to me."

The old man's eyebrows raised and he looked toward his grandson in surprise. He sighed again in resignation and then began the story, his voice falling into a melodic chant.

"Your father, during his life, was the best brave of our tribe. As a child there was none

more courageous; he would entice the rattler to strike him just so that he could suck out its poison from the wound to coat his arrows with, or climb the peaks for falcon feathers to decorate his belt. His cunning and stealth were unequalled. He could sneak into an enemy camp and return with a dozen scalps or weapons, whatever he chose. He was the best hunter we had. It was he who killed the White Stag and he who killed bears with no weapon but his hand. It was he who became the Suinatel, the blood brother, to Grellick the Great Wolf, and in doing so brought about his own end.

He had stalked the Great One until his war paint was streaked with sweat and the ache of running pounded in his ribs. Then the wolf, who had been cornered in a mountain rift, turned on your father, wounding his hand so that the blood flowed free. Hunter and beast circled each other. Grellick had just been slashed by your father's knife when he leaped at him, striving for the throat. But blood from your father's wound and blood of the wolf mingled, making them brothers, forbidden to harm one another.

At first the wolf's blood in your father's body seemed a blessing, for it made him as the wolves, swift and silent. He now could provide for the tribe single-handedly. But, later, the true extent of the man-wolf bond came to light. Your father became able to take the form of the wolf, and in doing so confused his mind so that he began to slay our people in fits of wolf fever. We had to burn him one night when he was asleep and in man form by setting fire to his tent. Your mother died in that fire, though you were saved. With his death the killings stopped, until now, for I fear his spirit has come back to haunt us. Be thankful that these killings of late have not been blamed on you as inheritor of your father's blood. And be thankful that you do not possess the cursed wolf shape in your soul. Remember that you are Shadow-wolf, shadow of your father, and remember his fate. Go now, Grandson, leave me for a while."

The boy got up and brushed himself off. He then turned to go but spoke before he went.

"May your arrows always find their mark."

"Run free," came the reply.

The boy walked down the path away from the fire, feet walking silent and sure, and his night vision sharpened to the darkness.

After he had been walking for a while, he stopped and took a deep breath of the cool air. He turned his ear to the sky and listened. After a moment he turned off the path onto a dim game trail and darted through the trees and bushes that scratched at him with thorny fingers.

Breaking into a clearing, he ran to the middle of it and stopped. Yellow orbs surrounded him, and he could discern wolf bodies behind each pair of eyes. He spoke.

"I am Shadow-wolf."

Lifting his face to the sky, he howled a mournful cry and turned his now lupine eyes to the ground. His body twisted and warped painfully into that of a thing not quite wolf and not quite man and sprinted out into the darkness with the wolf pack at his heels.

The old man back at the fire heard the howls and turned to go into the shadowy hut behind him.

dan huebner

THE JOINING

I ride on your back across the sky
On the wings of the wind we two shall fly.
From the dusk to the waking dawn we go,
Over land and sea, through sunlight and snow.

And as we fly so bold and free
We two become one, you and me:
One soul; one spirit; one mind without scorn;
One lovely and loving Unicorn.

kelley stephenson

O, UNICORN

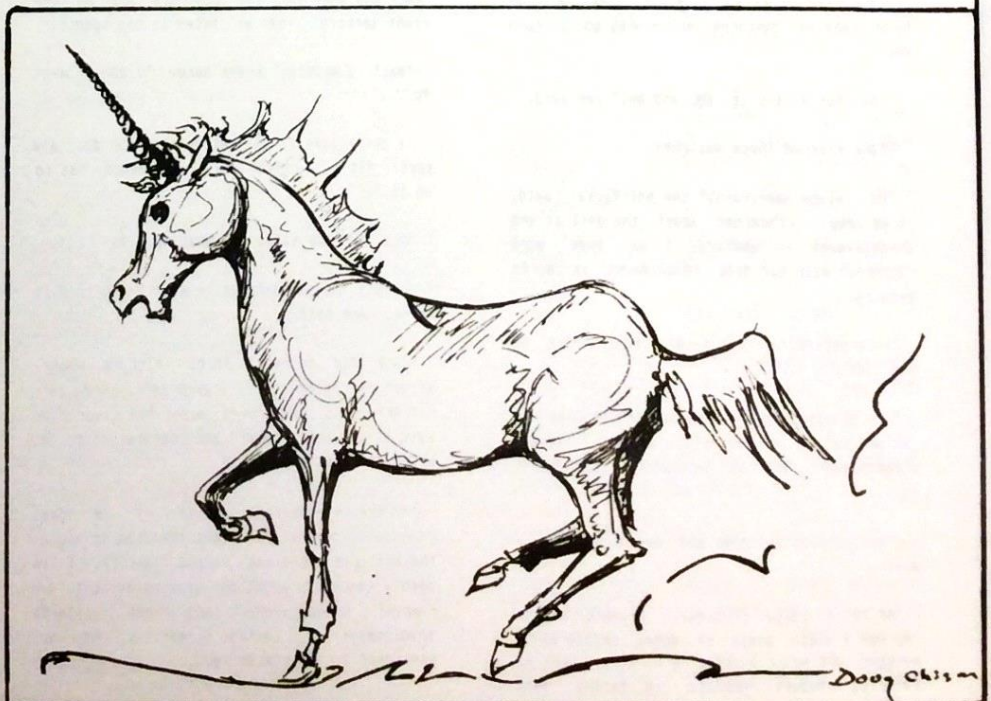
O spiraled horn,
albino,
enchanted
throughout time,
charm gaily worn,

O echoed dream,
fantasy of youth
and ages spent,
solitary gleam,

O silken mane,
whispering,
cursive in the wind,
tresses past stain,

O Unicorn,
mystery
surrounds
your very image,
horse of one horn.

tammy thorn



MEMORIES FOR SALE

The movers came today.
Like busy ants, they moved the boxes from my room,
the living room, the kitchen.
Everything was gone.
The movers slammed the door of the truck,
started the engine and roared off,
Carrying away everything familiar to me the past seven years.

The house looked strangely empty,
just a shell of what it was before.
I wandered from room to room while I waited.
In a way I was excited--Puerto Rico was a strange, exotic place
that warranted exploration.
After all, what ties did an old house have to me anyway?

My wandering led me into the kitchen.
The old familiar kitchen with its cheeful flowered wallpaper.
Subconsciously, my finger traced a large flower
colored like a rainbow near the corner by the door,
Evidence of the time I got a bit carried away
with my brand new magic markers.

I wonder how many cookies we had made there,
or how many cookies we tried to make.
I made a snowstorm once, tipping over the flour bag.

Leaving the kitchen, I walked quietly to the living room.
The house was so quiet, holding its breath until we had gone.
Not much in here except that small bump in the middle of the floor
where the table used to be.
"That bump was an elf under the carpet," my father used to say.
Well, that elf was sure going to be hungry with no one here.

I heard my parents coming back up the stairs,
So I ran to my room to catch one last look,
but there were no stuffed animals, toys or dolls....
Only four bare walls clashing with the pale pink rug.
My haven, a refuge against all things that scared me,
my personal place wasn't personal any more.

I heard my parents calling, and my name cruelly echoed
off the bare walls.
Double force now, my memories returned, crowding around
like so many ghosts.
That's where we had so many good dinners with the family.
That's the corner where we taught the dog to sit up and beg.
That's where I measured myself every month to see
how much I'd grown.
That's where....

"Nancy, come on. We need to leave."

"I'm coming. I'm coming," I thought to myself.
But not only me--the whispering shadows followed me out the door,
talking in chimelike voices.
If walls could talk....

I went out the door for the last time, a strange feeling.

Even outside there were memories--
of building my first snowman,
of Easter egg rolls down the small slope in back,
of my swingset in the rain,
of the park across the street.

Funny that it should be raining.
The run-off from the roof made the house look like it was crying.
Then, again, it's hard to judge when you're crying too.

I turned and ran to the car along the old familiar sidewalk,
as I had countless times before,
to school, to play.
For there was one memory I didn't want to have:
That of Dad locking the door.

nancy huerta

LOVE'S LABORS WON

Cheating, of course, is a rare activity in the high schools of the '80's. But, never fear. I'm willing to make a valiant effort to write on this subject. Naturally, I've never known anyone personally who cheats...but I've heard.

Some people actually copy other people's homework, and--I'm so ashamed to be telling you this--some people cheat on...on tests. Talk about being disillusioned.

I mean, I had this really cute guy in biology last year. He was so fine. Then, I found out he was one of "them." A shameless cheat, hiding behind that All-American face of his. He actually wanted me to help him. The nerve! I mean he was totally gorgeous, super popular with the greatest personality, but if he thought I was going to become an accomplice, he could think again.

So I told him. "Uh, Frank," I said, my voice shaky and my palms sweaty, "it's about your copying my homework."

"Yes, Kristi?" He flashed his awesome white teeth in a sexy smile.

"Well, I've been thinking. Uh...well, you see...uh, why should you go to all the bother. I mean trouble, you know, risk? I'll copy it for you."

"Thanks, doll."

"No prob." I guess I told him.

Then, there's that moment of accusation in class. "What? You think I'm cheating? No! I'm helping a friend, that's all. You know, like helping someone mow the lawn or do the dishes or whatever."

Who am I trying to fool? I'm guilty. I admit it. I committed the atrocious sin of conspiring to extend written data on curricular assignments. Will people now gawk at me, point their fingers and spread the vicious news of my failure in honor and trust?

Here come Lori and Babette now. Surely by now they know. I'm so embarrassed.

"Hello, Kristin," Babette greets me.

"Uh, hi."

"We heard, Lori interrupts.

"I know, I confess. I'm so ashamed!" I practically scream.

"You're ashamed of Frank's liking you?" Lori gasps in horror.

"She's finally flipped!" squeals Babs. "Only the cutest guy in school--I'd be embarrassed too."

"What?" I ask, I demand.

"She doesn't know," Lori smirks with a conspiratorial jab at Babs.

"I guess not."

"What? What?"

"Frank told James, who told Tim, who told John, who told Greg...."

"Whaaaaat?" I demand.

"He's going to ask you out."

"Awesome! Totally awesome!" I scream, spinning around.

"Are you sure?" I interrogate.

"If what James told Tim, who told John, who told Greg, is true, yes, I'm sure," teased Babs.

"Hell."

"Mmmmm" they murmur together.

"Do you think crime pays?"

"What are you talking about?" Lori demands.

"Oh, never mind."

tammy thorn

THE TRANSITION

The vibrations through the steering wheel alerted Daryl to every bump and rut as the Plymouth's powerful V-8 hurtled the car down the twisting, roughly paved country road, its headlights slicing into the darkness. Daryl considered himself to be a hot driver, as does any eighteen year old, and he felt confident behind the wheel of his 1976 Plymouth Fury as he barreled down the familiar road.

Daryl heard the music shut off and turned to see his friend Steve change the tape again for the seventh time in the past fifteen minutes.

"Here's a good one!" Steve said, yelling over the air which billowed in through the car's open windows.

"Which is it?" asked Daryl, with an equally loud yell.

"Molly Hatchet's No Guts, No Glory," responded Steve. "This is a real kicking 'A' tape."

"Hope you found one that you like," said Daryl, "this time."

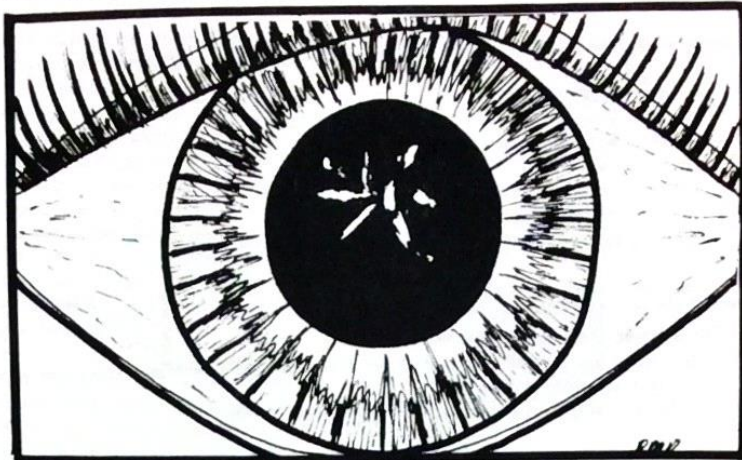
The steering wheel responded under Daryl's touch and he made a point to stay off the brake as the big car overcame a hairpin curve. Daryl nudged the accelerator forward at the correct point in the curve and, as a result, the car lunged forward, burying the speedometer at 95 miles per hour and still accelerating.

"You're a lunatic!" Steve yelled with delight as the Plymouth's already bald tires lost a little more rubber.

"Damn tires," Daryl muttered as the car kicked against a tailspin under his careful direction.

Just as Daryl had mastered the curve, two sets of headlights struck him in the face.

"Son of a" Daryl said, taking the



Plymouth as far onto the shoulder as he dared in order to avoid the two cars coming straight at him, side by side.

One of the oncoming racers quickly dropped behind the other in order to give Daryl more room to maneuver as they passed, but it was too late. Daryl had lost it.

The big Plymouth hit the shoulder; its bald tire lost traction and the car began to fishtail. Daryl spun the wheel in an effort to kick out of the spin. This effort used up the last of the tire's traction.

As the Fury sprung through a barbed wire fence, Daryl glanced to the side and saw his friend Steve, teeth clenched and arms outstretched in order to brace himself against the dash. Steve's eyes were wide, not in fear but in excitement. This was all a game to him.

Their eyes met for just an instant as unconscious communication seemed to pass from Steve to Daryl. It was as if Steve were saying, "It's okay, dude. You can pull us out of this mess. I've got confidence in you. I trust you. I'm putting my life in your hands."

Daryl turned his attention forward. There was nothing he could do to stop a car sliding sideways out of control into the woods at nearly 100 m.p.h. But Daryl was determined to

stick this ride out to its conclusion. A large oak loomed in the shadows above. The dying Plymouth hit a rising embankment, was momentarily airborne and then hit the oak at a sideways angle, taking the impact with the car's right hand side. The wreckage flipped over the now horizontal tree, rolled several times and then rested, surrounded by the sounds of the night.

The minister gave Steve a nice eulogy. It was rather short, but then again so was Steve's life. Daryl stared and watched as the casket was lowered into the ground, pulling with every fiber of his being to hold back the tears.

"Those eyes. Those damn eyes," Daryl thought to himself, referring to the visions which had been haunting him day and night for the past week since the accident occurred. "That damn look of confidence. Who asked him to trust me?" Daryl looked out across the cemetery through tear-clouded eyes. "God, I wish it had been me."

The young adult turned and limped away, haunted by the visions of the accident, Steve's crying mother, and that look of trust Steve had given him. Daryl knew that the carefree days of youth were gone forever.

frank hopkins

AN OLD

PROSE FABLE

I wandered among the rough-barked pines and sat down by the creek against a tree on a soft mound of earth. A chilly fall breeze blew across my face and I hunched my shoulders deeper into my jacket and look out over the water rolling toward the dam of the hairy little creatures with buck teeth.

"Hey, beaver," I said, "come over here."

A grey-whiskered old boy was popping around his wooden home. He wiped a drop of water from a whisker and swam over to me. Getting out of the water, he shook himself partially dry, getting me partially wet. Then he flapped his tail hello, grinned and sat by my side. I offered him a toothpick, he gave me a twig and we chewed in silence.

I began thinking about how beavers had it made out here in a natural paradise among the woods and rivers free from the troubles of the world. He read my thoughts and grunted.

I said, "Hey, beaver, you got it made out here. Peace and quiet and no worries."

He chuckled, "Unless you guys started pushing buttons and blowing up the world."

I laughed and said, "No, I mean you got no problems. You don't see all the evil in life when you're out here, cut off from the world."

The beaver grunted a little.

I pressed my point, "You ever drive down the highway and see a guy with a three-year-old girl huddled by the roadside, the wind tuggin' at the blanket wrapped around her? The wind's blowin' his hair and blastin' through his sweater and climin' at his divorced heart achin' to see the son he hasn't seen in a year, or the ex-wife he loved, who he's hitchin' rides to see?"

The beaver grunted.

"You ever see a man get drunk and come home and watch his kids try to understand and love him? You ever turn on the T. V. and see a war goin' on somewhere and some kid walkin' around

with mud and blood on him sayin' 'Mommy, help me' in whatever language, and you know his mom ain't ever gonna help him again? Huh?"

The beaver looked at me and said, "you ever have an uninvited guest with a shotgun over for dinner? You ever been working around the house and some madman comes along and takes a shot at you? You ever look out across the snow and see some friend trying to crawl home, only to freeze to death before reaching his hole? Have you ever come home after a day of scrounging for food and had to look your kids in the eye and see your family on the brink of starvation? Well, have you?" he demanded.

I lowered my head and didn't speak.

He grunted and put a paw on my shoulder. "There's no place to escape, no matter where you run to," I muttered.

He squeezed my shoulder and whispered in my ear before swimming back home.

I repeated the words to his sniveling, paddling back, "Be at peace."

tony goddard

NO ONE

WOULD LISTEN

"Our daughter is suffering from severe mental depression."

That was the so-called psychiatrist. Sarah Clarkson began to laugh aloud. A gruff voice interrupted, "I really fooled him!"

"You're always taking credit for everything, you know it was my idea," pouted the whiney voice.

"But...but," stammered the meek voice, "didn't I help a little? I did, didn't I? Didn't I?"

"Shut up! Shut up!" she shrieked. The voices quieted. They hadn't always been there "inside"; gradually they had crept in from the outside world of confusion and destruction, and inside they intended to stay, constantly teasing, tormenting, persuading her to join them, listen to them, be governed by them. It had become impossible for Sarah to speak without a tremendous battle; she finally stopped trying.

Her mind wandered back in time. Sarah found herself sitting on the cool, polished tile of the bathroom floor. "Do it, Sarah, do it now! Do it!" the voices teased. Over and over they chanted until they became indistinguishable screams that echoed her own. The door flew open.

"Daddy, they made me do it! They did!"

"Oh, my God! Edyth, call an ambulance! Hurry!" he shouted to his wife. Two glittering red-tipped razor blades lay on the white porcelain floor, now splashed with crimson.

All that was over. Sarah had been admitted to the state hospital and was undergoing treatment by Dr. Gaston, a small, wizened old man whose huge glasses and rounded skull gave him the appearance of a startled insect.

Everything about Sarah perplexed Dr. Gaston. One minute she would seem overpowering, overwhelming; suddenly, she would change. Sweetness and passivity would penetrate her voice. Her motions would change from boldness to insecurity, fidgeting here, pulling there,

pulled away, attempting to hide. "No, Sarah, no! Tell me! Guilt, Sarah, what about guilt?" He brandished the word as if it were a weapon.

"He knows! He knows!"

"What now, Sarah? Are you going to tell?"

"You can tell now, can't you? Can't you?" the voices teased and tormented her.

"No! No! It wasn't my fault. No one would listen!" Once again the voices attacked.

"Speak, Sarah, speak!" prodded the gruff voice.

"You can't do it, can you?"

"Sarah, you didn't tell, didn't say one little word," accused the meek voice.

"I'm sorry," she tearfully croaked, "I'm so sorry."

"What, Sarah, what is so dreadfully wrong?" Quickly he was at her side, holding her like a child. Unnoticed, her parents had slipped quietly into the room.

"Kaaren, Kaaren is dead."

Comprehension fleetingly crossed her parents' faces. Sarah's mother, a pouty, petulant sort of woman, began to speak. "Kaaren was her best friend. She came from a difficult background. Her mother was an alcoholic so Kaaren really relied on her stepfather. He was devoted to her; it almost destroyed him when she..."

"Kaaren's body was found three years ago," Sarah's father explained. "Her murder is still unsolved."

Dr. Gaston turned to Sarah. "Sarah, what happened? What happened to Kaaren?"

In broken sentences she tried to tell them. "Kaaren, she, she used to tell me things, terrible things." Sarah peered anxiously into Dr. Gaston's face. "She hated him, hated him."

"Who, Sarah?"

"Her loving stepfather!" Sarah spat the words out with contempt.

"Sarah!" scolded Mrs. Clarkson. "Dr. Gaston, Kaaren told stories, she told lies." She turned to Sarah, "You mustn't believe everything she told you."

"You never listened! I tried to tell, but you never would listen. We were going to stop it. We were Kaaren and I. We were going to tell the police," Sarah's voice grew softer as almost not daring to meet his gaze. Eventually, she had become mute.

Patiently, he chipped away at her barrier of silence. Every day he would enter Sarah's room to find her crouched in a corner, usually in the fetal position. Today was no exception.

"Sarah, I'm here." No response. He strode affirmatively across the room and placed her in her chair. "Sarah, I want you to talk to me. Tell me what you feel. You've got to let me in."

Sarah gazed at him through unblinking eyes; a cloud of confusion contorted her face. Dr. Gaston scrutinized her intently, witnessing her first sign of response in weeks. "Sarah, tell me what you feel. I want you to feel. Anger, Sarah. What is anger?" She remained motionless.

"Feel!" He took her scarred wrist in his hands as if to force some of his vitality into her lifeless soul. "Guilt, Sarah, what about guilt?" For a moment Sarah gaped at him, then she spoke. "But we weren't fast enough. He heard. He must have. That's why she's gone--and I couldn't help her. No one would listen!" Sarah's voice quavered to barely a whisper. "No one except them. The voices. I tried. Should have tried harder, but they listen, and they speak, and they're heard. Sarah lapsed into uncontrollable tears.

Sarah's "voices" had succeeded where she had failed. When she was unable to speak the truth, they had taken over, each representing a character in Sarah's troubled life.

"Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson, I believe we'd better make a police report. I think Sarah knows what she's talking about. Maybe if someone had listened three years ago, this tragedy could have been avoided."

For the first time in years, Sarah began to smile. Her eyes were clear, unhaunted.

jennifer chadle

A LEGACY OF EXCUSES

As my senior year closes, I feel that it is my obligation to share with my fellow students who are upcoming seniors or underclassmen, a body of knowledge which has been of great benefit to me throughout my high school career. One area of this knowledge concerns effectively communicating with teachers regarding tardies, more specifically, mine. The following are some of my more infamous justifications for lateness to first period. And sometimes second. And sometimes third.... I hope that you can learn from these examples. At least one of my teachers claims that I have honed this facility to a fine art.

"Well, you see, I was really hurrying to class only on the way I noticed that a squirrel was feasting on acorns. Well, yesterday I had noticed a custodian spraying for bugs in the exact area where the squirrel was eating the

acorns. Since I'm a lover of animals, I proceeded to force the squirrel to regurgitate the acorns which might have been toxic to him. In the process the squirrel bit my finger, so naturally I had to go to the clinic to have my finger examined. Do you think I will have to have rabies shots?"

"Well, you see, the reason that I am late is that I usually set my alarm clock to go off at 6:15, but today I wanted to get to school early so I set the alarm clock for 6:00. The problem is that I forgot about the 5:55 Eastern Airlines flight to Atlanta which passes over my house every morning at precisely 6:00. The jet engines are really loud, so naturally they drowned out the sound of my wind-up alarm clock which only rings for fifteen seconds. Now, the way I figure it, I must be really getting used to the jet's flying overhead every morning because the noise didn't even wake me up."

"Well, you see, the reason I am late is that my alarm clock didn't go off this morning. The deal is that last week my sister threw her skateboard at me; it missed and hit my alarm clock and ever since then it has been very unpredictable. My dad works in a department store that sells alarm clocks and I would have asked him to get me a new one, but we can't afford the expense right now. You see, my cat has leukemia and the treatments are all really driving us into poverty practically, so I didn't want to add to my dad's already massively huge financial burdens by asking him for a new alarm clock on top of everything

well, here they are--three of my best excuses--and I hope you can learn from them. I'd like to discuss this topic with you further, but I have to go. I'm late for class.

randy lewis

BEACH MEMORIES

Staring at the stars,
I lie on the beach,
Darkness engulfing me
Like a blanket of night.

As I look out to sea,
A cool breeze blows through my hair
And caresses my cheek.
A single tear slips by;
I wish you were here.

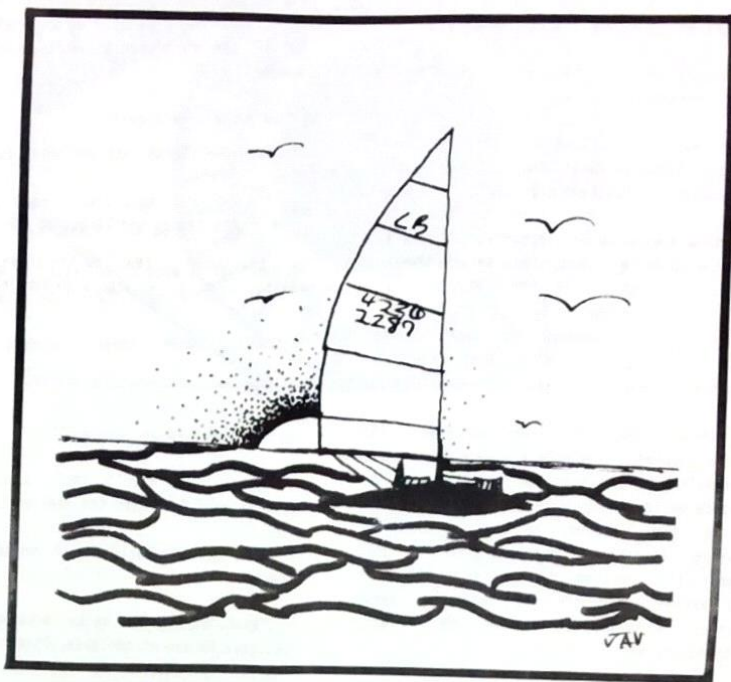
The campfire is dying,
Casting shadows everywhere,
Making me see things
I never knew were there.

Waves crash upon the shore;
Foam-white horses, wild and free,
The sea spray becoming their manes in the wind,
Run on the sand, then fade away,
Leaving no trails behind.

The wind carries a scent of forgotten cologne
Triggering thoughts of you and me alone.
Now you are going away;
We, never to meet again
Or have the love we once shared,
Are leaving no trails behind.

Only memories remain of the waves on the beach
And of the time spent there;
And only memories remain of you, me, and the
Love we once shared.

tina willis



lifeguard without even noticing it. A whistle was blown and the order to "Walk" was called out. He turned, looked, and slowed instantly to a fast walk. "It's that same lifeguard who always catches me doing something wrong," he thought, "and in front of a bunch of girls, too."

Finally, making his way to the pool's edge, he kicked at the water for a temperature test. Suddenly his attention was diverted to the far corner of the pool. It was someone splashing and swirling around under the water. Paying no real attention to this particular activity, Mickey dipped his foot into the water again. "I knew it," he said aloud, "the water's too dang cold. But if I don't get in now, I've come all this way for nothing," he thought to himself. No matter how cold the water was, he was determined to get in; besides, there were other people in. Looking around to see who else was daring enough to get in, he again noticed that peculiar activity in the corner and that group of girls heading his way. "Drat!" he exclaimed. "Here come those girls." It was now or never, and--SPLASH--into the pool he went.

The instant he hit the water, he curled his body up and tensed every muscle he had. Now, at least, the hard part of getting in was over. Speeding through the water like a torpedo, he decided to play spy. Coming up for air and formulating the plan for his mission, he gazed over the water's surface with all but his nose to his head submerged. But when one of the girls pointed at him and yelled, "Hey! Look at that kid," he was back underwater and swimming away, feeling stupid and embarrassed again.

Trying to forget all that had happened, he swam a safe distance away from the girls. Upon looking up, he decided to investigate that strange person, even stranger than himself, over in the corner. Planting an imaginary bomb first on the opposite side of the pool, he set the timer and was off. "Kaboom," he imagined to himself, and then he twirled in the water as if he'd been blown up. Limply, his light body floated to the surface. He had been "killed" by the explosion.

Regaining consciousness, he headed over to police that foreign corner with the speed of a fish. Getting out of the pool near the squirming boy, Mickey wondered how long that kid could stay under. Now he was standing at the pool's edge, looking down into the water directly at the boy's face. Mickey's head turned from side to side as if he were looking for someone, but no one was there.

"My Gosh," Mickey whispered to himself, "this boy's not playing. He's drowning!" Standing in the wind, with water dripping off his body, he felt a cold chill venture down his spine. Now, nearly stiff from cold and fear, he tapped the boy's head with his foot. Twice more he tapped the boy's head, never getting a response. "I have to do something," he thought, "and now!"

Back into the pool he went, and with all his might he tugged and shoved the heavier child's body over to the edge of the pool and finally onto the cement. Now with the choking boy out of the water, the lifeguard finally noticed and was on her way to the victim. As she was charging in his direction, Mickey just looked at her in confusion, and then he was pushed aside for getting in the way. The lifeguard quickly administered mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to the boy and then carried him to the office with the help of the child's mother.

Cold, alone and unrewarded, he stood watching the ambulance drive away. It seemed that nothing had gone right that day and, for that matter, ever. But he had just proved himself a big boy, someone who can take care of himself. With the ambulance now out of sight, he saw his mother's car pull into the parking lot. Down to the car he went. Once he was inside, his mother asked, "What was the ambulance for?"

"Oh, I don't know," he responded. But after a moment's thought he declared, "Now, I think maybe I'll go to Big Pool next time."

mick mc kinley

SHOULD I OR

SHOULDN'T I?

Micky was out of bed early today, instead of his usual awakening time of early afternoon. He had two things to look forward to on this bright summer morning, and the first thing was that big bowl of FruitLoops he'd been waiting to eat since his mother had gotten home with the groceries the night before. The next thing was the biggest and the best, going to the pool. After grinding down two or three bowls of cereal nonstop, he made his way to the back door. Stepping outside and feeling the air, the cool, almost too-cool air, he felt a strong, drab sense of disappointment penetrate his thoughts. "It's too dang cold". No matter how cold it was, he was still going, and off he was on his way to the pool. Turning the corner, he could see the pool from a distance, and his anticipation was heightened. As he and his mother were pulling into the parking lot, he could see the activity in the pool area, and nearly opened the door before the car had stopped. "Be careful now," bellowed his mother, "I'll be back in a little while." Running at a full sprint, he tripped and fell, hurting his elbow. "What luck!" he thought. "The first day she lets me go to the pool by myself and already I get hurt, and right in front of her." Micky's mother stopped suddenly to see if he was all right. He stood up, faked a smile, and continued his journey to the baby pool.

Nearing his destination, he picked up his pace to a run of intense anticipation. As he approached the fence, he kicked off his shoes, bouncing them off the wire, then slung his towel over to the same spot. He entered the pool in such a hurry that he zipped past the

SAY AGAIN?

Upon my first encounter with an unusual friend of mine, some longstanding friends of mine and I were standing in a circle discussing trivia about ice cream and ice cream cones. One of our group wanted to include a person who had a reputation for being a comic. As he returned with this newcomer, we noticed and commented on how small he appeared. Standing only two feet from us, he still seemed small. He immediately joined in the conversation, living up to his reputation as a very funny guy.

One aspect of his appearance made us scrutinize him and caused others to do a double take. This was his tiny head, the features of which were abnormally small in proportion to his face. Later, as he would regale us with many jokes and stories, we would find that he used his face like pliable clay to express the reactions of various characters in his tales.

His blue eyes peered through tiny slits which gave him a certain "Clint Eastwood" look. They were closely set on either side of his small, curved nose. Escaping from his nose and spreading lengthwise across his upper lip was his strange moustache, which would soon become the object of much discussion.

Seeming to possess an identity of its own, his chin was very prominent. It jutted straight away from his face and was covered with a day's growth, or more, of beard. This caused one friend to speculate about how his whole body might be. His chin, if it had been shaved and sharpened, could have taken an edge keen as a knife. Another noteworthy feature was his set of "teddy bear" ears, which were usually hidden by unkempt hair. These ears rarely moved unless pulled or tuqued on.

His throat caught my attention next. It looked small and fragile with a distinct lump where his Adam's apple was. Many times during our conversation, he would distract us from seriousness by moving this rather personal feature up and down rapidly like the mannerism of a turkey gobbler. These motions redirected my attention to his compact yet ill-proportioned frame.

Broad for his size, his shoulders were also expressive. He used one to amuse us by moving its blade in and out, giving the appearance of something's growing under his shirt. These shoulders then blended into his well-developed arms, his torso then receding into his svelte waist. He was supported by spindly, toothpick legs, at the ends of which were sneakered feet. His shoes were reminiscent of those worn by the main character on the old T.V. show "Billions Island."

Standing casually among us, he immediately removed any question of troubled friendship or animosity, and continued his antics. He desticulated frequently with his body and hands, providing vivid description for his listeners.

Suddenly distracted by a passerby, he quickly followed in pursuit, not bothering to excuse himself as he did. We each commented on his gait as he walked away. It looked like a slight swagger initially and then turned into a reckless lope, leaving us to wonder exactly whom he was following.

I then realized that we were all about to be initiated into a strange and private world of a very different individual. I also began to feel as if something had irked our friend. His

walk, as I watched, became no longer reckless but determined.

We watched our new friend chase down the person who had caught his attention and, for the first time, noticed the anger on his face.

"Hey, fruitloop!" we heard him yell, grabbing a tall kid and spinning him around. "What did you do back there?" he demanded, pointing to where we were standing.

At that point we realized there was trouble brewing. "Maybe we should go see what's up over there," offered one friend tentatively.

"No, you know what everyone will think if we all go over there," said another sternly.

"Well," I said almost indifferently, "I'm going over there. That guy may have some buddies." I began walking toward the sea of agitation slowly, reassuring myself that my reliable counterpart was with me.

We walked slowly, allowing our new friend time to handle the matter his way. We would divert any help for the other guy before interference was possible.

As usual, a crowd of violence-loving students was beginning to form, each elbowing his way through for a better view. Sometimes I wondered why people loved to watch fist fights so much.

"I didn't do anything," said my friend's antagonist, "and, if I did, what would you do about it?" he said, loudly enough for all to hear.

"Hit 'em, dude!" I heard someone yell, not knowing whom the remark was directed at.

Our new friend grabbed his opponent by the shirt as we blended into the crowd. He pushed the kid against a wall, barreling three or four spectators to the side as he went. He slammed the kid against the wall, making his head snap back like a whip.

"Now, fruitsucker, what did you do? Are you such a big man that you only do that when you think people aren't looking?" he growled through clenched teeth. There was the distinct look of fear in his opponent's eyes. "Well,"

our friend said, appearing somewhat detached from his former self, "Are you gonna apologize, or will I be forced to knock your head so far inside you that you'll have to reach down your throat to blow your nose?"

A lot of kids in the crowd laughed at this comment and, from my vantage point, I could see the smirk which had come across our friend's face. Quickly, though, he regained his stern and belligerent scowl and reiterated his question. "Well?"

Thinking better of his own tough guy image, his opponent slowly gave in and quit struggling. "Okay," he said, looking around the crowd quickly. "I'm sorry. I thought you were someone else," he said, avoiding our friend's eyes. Then, he just stared at our friend's feet, not daring to move. It seemed.

"Uh, huh. And I bet you don't know the difference between a car and a plane either," our friend said sarcastically. "You have a nice day now," he said, letting his beaten opponent loose. And, as if to emphasize his dominance, he scrupulously smoothed out the kid's shirt. Then, our friend turned and walked away from the dissipating crowd.

My sidekick closed alongside our friend and asked what had happened.

"He made an offensive gesture," he replied, running his fingers through his hair. "He would have lost his social finger, but he wasn't worth it. Besides," he said with a devilish grin, "he resigned."

I joined them as they walked and listened attentively as he continued to regale us with his story. I also realized I hadn't got his name.

"Hey, uh, excuse me for my not getting your name a while ago. What is it?"

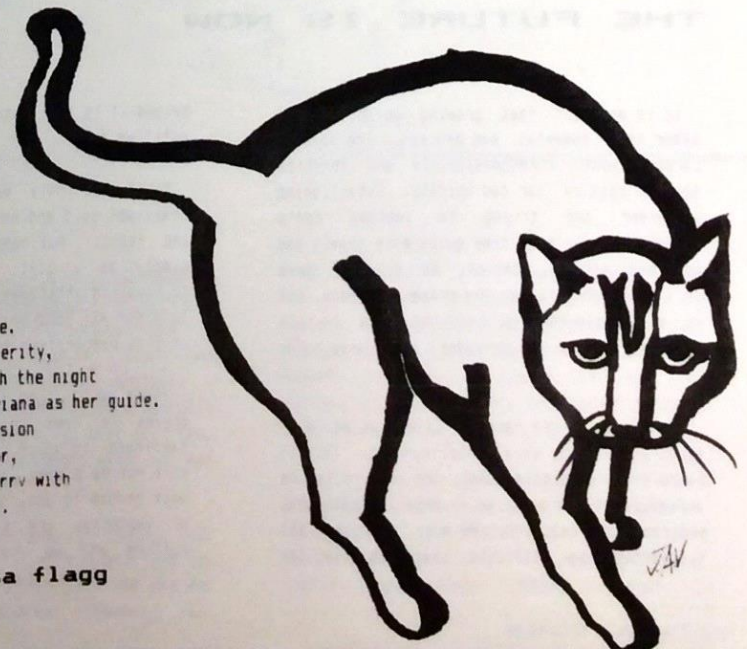
He glanced at me with his twinkling blue eyes and said, "Ernest." And then he continued with his narrative. "Now, where was I? Uh, yeah, about the virtues of Rocky Road over Cookies 'n' Cream...."

richard a. gonzales

SOLO

Cat.
A phantom Guenevere,
With lightning celerity,
She flashes through the night
On the hunt with Diana as her guide.
Emerald orbs of vision
Shimmer in splendor,
Inflicting her quarry with
Hypnotic surrender.

theresa flagg



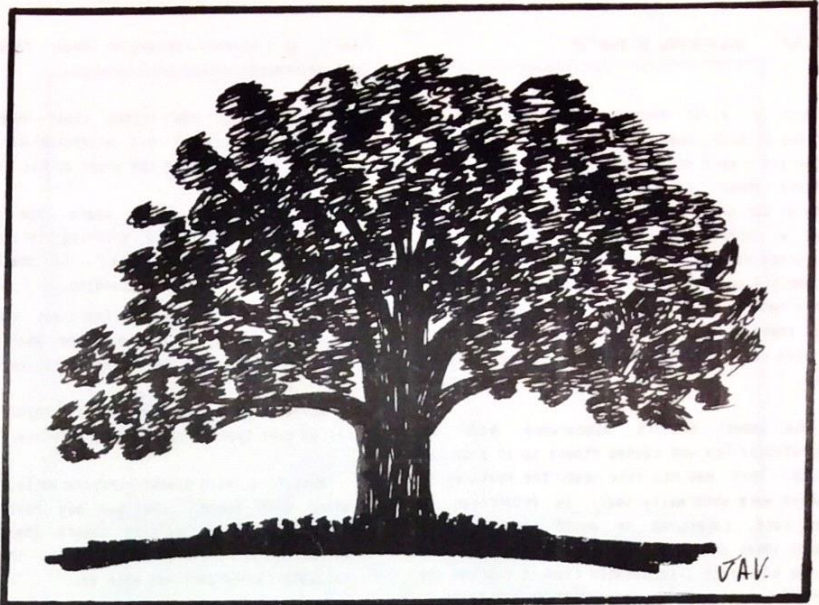
LIVE OAK

A large spreading southern evergreen,
With more dignity than you could dream
And deeply furrowed dark brown bark,
Stands, a broad-tipped figure in the park.

Small, leathery leaves of olive green,
Elliptical in shape, or so they seem,
Are guardians of all small life,
Hardy survivors of years of strife.

Drooping, hoary branches frame the night,
On this wizened sentinel until the light.
Forty, fifty, sixty feet in height,
The live oak truly is a moving sight.

cara hausler



I'M NOT PARANOID OR ANYTHING, BUT

Through careful investigation, I have discovered that our school is run by hypocritical, overpaid and underworked dictators. I am convinced of the fact that they are out to prove kids in high school are either on drugs or ignorant of adult behavior. To get the record straight, we kids are neither one of the two.

Now to let the well-kept secret out, these Mussolini-type leaders are incognito, posing as fun-loving faculty members. They take notes on you while you aren't watching, and they make you fill out not one, but three locator cards so they will know exactly where you are at all times. To try to escape would be foolish; if captured, you would be interrogated. If you try to show up without a note when absent, then they call your parental units. Then, if you do this consistently (get this), you are made to stay away for up to three days. (Would someone

like to explain this one to me?)

Anyway, the one problem that freaks me out is the outlandish way that Mr. McBee and his accomplices can waltz around campus with their transmitters and we can't. Students caught with these devices aren't heard from for days. But I have a theory: these students are actually brainwashed and sent back to school to spy on unsuspecting kids. The sad part of this whole situation is that we students aren't in a position to do anything about it.

It is rumored that the "head honcho" is one K. K. Kyle, and he certainly has his attack force on the job. His Number One ally is Mr. Gutierrez, the head janitor, who just this year has gotten a golf cart. This was purchased with the intent to fool us kids into thinking that Mr. G. is out for a leisurely day on the course when he's acutally surveilling the

campus. Another informer is the feared Mr. Eddie McBee (who's really after Kyle's job!) A silent hush comes over the courtyard as he walks by. Then, there's Mr. B. Boyd. He masquerades as the even-tempered fatherly type of administrator to family and friends, but sources claim that he laughs at those who have lost their books and despises students who forget their notes to get back into school.

What can be said in defense of these alleged dictators that curve your spine by forcing you into school furniture and infect your mind and soul with literature and math, science and social studies? Not much.

lori bergstrom

THE FUTURE IS NOW

It is apparent that growing up and getting older is a somewhat sad process. The days of carefree youth, irresponsibility and security seem to pass by far too quickly. Establishing a career and trying to improve one's personality can make time go by more slowly and more meaningfully, however. We did not make this world nor create the present society, but we must nevertheless bend to some of its demands, whether we consider them unfair or not.

Growing up is one facet of life that we must face, accept and, in a sense, conquer. This is by no means a simple task and can only be accomplished through self-control, patience, endurance and ambition. We must overcome and rise above this difficult stage in life, for

beyond it is that future that will be there until we die.

Maybe the only way to survive in this sometimes cold and hostile world is to stand up and fight. But happiness must not be given simply as a gift but as a reward for cultivating attitudes of interest, respect and love for all good that exists and for surviving in this competitive society.

There is no time to waste. For tomorrow's dreams to come true, and for success and happiness to occur, we must act. Good things will not be placed at our doorstep; we must each choose to act. All of the tears and joys of yesterday are slowly blended into our culture and we are its recipients. This

inheritance enables us to create a better tomorrow. With so much to learn, so much to experience and so many things to enjoy, there really isn't enough time for everything in one life span. So we must have a sense of urgency about life to some degree.

Being careful, abiding by the rules and taking time out to share your feelings will many times help everyone concerned to better his future and will prevent time from merely slipping away.

Tomorrow is now!

beth nisi

LIFE IN MY WORLD

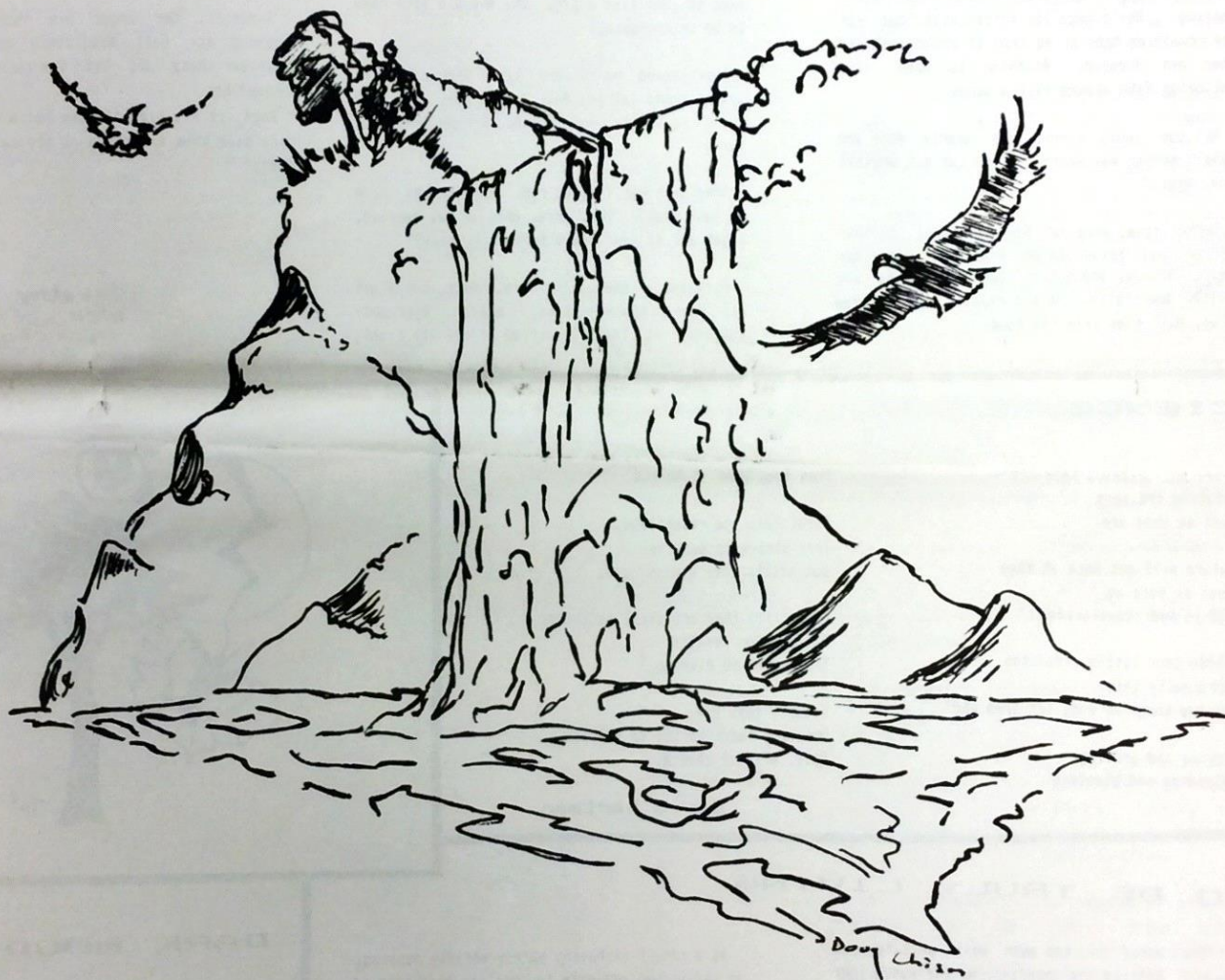
Early morning mist filter the
 Paints of a calm, tranquil scene.
 Over the water the ripples run
 As a stone drowns in the murky depths.
 The sun's rays slowly stab through the morning fog.
 Birds orchestrate their morning songs,
 The dew tumbles off the smooth wet rocks
 And another day is born.

The earth comes alive
 With birds flying and fluttering to and fro.
 Squirrels bicker aloud over some unknown prize.
 Bees begin to make their busy rounds

To the flowers on the pasture floor.
 The occupants of the forest, old and young,
 Congregate at the water's edge.
 The heat pours on.

The afternoon wears thin,
 And the sun runs ever downward.
 Dust floats mysteriously through the air,
 Lit up like stars by the sun's lateral rays.
 The leaves fall unhindered to the dirt below
 As the dragonflies glide past the weedtops.
 Birds fly to their roosts;
 Another day is down.

jeff jackson



BABY TALK

Yaroooo. Oh, this was fun! I was sliding around in my little scooter that had wheels on it. No one else knew that I could walk without it, and I was avoiding everything except the cat's tail. After I had sped over it, the tail's owner went howling under my mom's bed. I had a hearty laugh and went in search of my next victim, Tono, our fuzzy black sheep dog. I caught a glimpse of him lying asleep in the kitchen. I chuckled to myself and was off.

I whizzed through the living room, shot by the bathroom and, while sailing by my mother's room, I saw my cat licking his wounded tail. I tackled diabolically. Bending over and grabbing the iron rail of my scotter, I narrowed my eyes and focused on the peacefully sleeping dog. I was determined that he, too, would have a bent tail forever after I was through with him.

Even though I shot through the door as fast as lightning, Tono had heard me coming and had taken off in the other direction. The dog was smarter than he had appeared. I remember that

I was going pretty fast; I looked up and saw the opposite wall rushing at me. Hitting the brakes, I could smell the odor of burning baby footies and could hear the screech of bare toes against linoleum. I missed the wall by inches. No tender benders for "Nancy Kenevil" today. I sighed in relief.

Turning around, I gazed thoughtfully around the room. Then I took off after my next "Chosen One," my sister who was drawing placidly on the floor with her big box of crayons. Bigger game, I thought to myself.

nancy palacios

CHRISTMAS DINNER

"Anne? Are you ready? The Halls will be here any minute," called Mrs. Jones.

Anne, hurriedly looking in the mirror, ran down the stairs. As she hit the bottom step, a car pulled up in front of the house. Anne wondered whether Matt would notice her this year. Not now, she hoped. Not in the shirt and jeans she'd been cleaning house in. She wasn't grubby or anything--she'd have changed if she were.

The doorbell rang and the Halls had arrived for dinner. Hugs were exchanged. This was the part of the evening that scared Anne most. It was hard to give Matt a casual hug like her parents did. She was always afraid that she'd throw her arms around him.

But at least Christmas dinner was still cooking. She'd help her mother with that for the remaining hour or so that it would cook and then get dressed. Anything to keep from following Matt around like a puppy.

All too soon, dinner was nearly done and Anne's mother was saying, "You can get dressed now, dear."

In her room, Anne sat down in front of her mirror and tried to do something with her hair. Slowly, she put on her new dress and walked downstairs. As she reached the bottom step, Matt came into the room.

"Hi." He stared at her. Anne decided that it wasn't her fault if he'd only seen her in jeans the other few times that they'd come to visit.

"Hi," Anne said. Why couldn't she ever think of anything to say? "I think something's burning!"

She ran into the kitchen. Why could she only stand there and stare like an idiot? She walked back out.

"It's okay. Nothing's on fire or anything."

Everyone else came upstairs from where they were watching the football game. Anne's mother designated seats and they all sat down to dinner. Now why, thought Anne, did she have to seat me next to Matt? I won't be able to eat a thing, but maybe that was good. She didn't want to look like a pig. Oh, why did life have to be so confusing?

They joined hands and said Grace. Before anyone could let go, Matt said, "Boy, if I were going to marry for things, I know who I'd marry."

Anne felt her face go red. Why did he have to say that? "Hey, Anne, when we get married, I get all of your mom's furniture, okay?"

Finally, a comeback! "Sure, Matt, but I get all your mom's china, okay?" Everybody laughed. At least I carried it off all right,

she thought.

After dinner the two families went into the living room to talk. Anne's mind wandered as the conversation rambled on. Suddenly Mr. Hall's voice brought her out of her reverie.

"Well, Meryl, Matt's girlfriend, feels the same way," he said.

Anne silently screamed. He had a girlfriend? How could life do this to her? She wanted to lash out, to hurt someone. It wasn't fair!

"Anne, are you all right? You look a little pale," said Anne's mother.

Someone with Anne's voice answered calmly, "I'm okay. Just a little tired."

Suddenly, her anger was gone. She felt nothing for Matt, absolutely nothing. Anne just sat there and let the conversation flow around her.

Soon, it was time for the Halls to leave and Anne gave them all a hug as she said, "Goodbye, Matt."

kathy graydon

SCIENCE

Cruel and spiteful they are
Mutating critters
Just as they are.

Nature will get back at them
Just as sure as
H₂O is hydrogendioxide.

Those poor little creatures
Abnormally thin,
By the power of God, let them end!

Poking and probing,
Bleeding and bleating

They too, want it to end.

Persistent and relentless,
They strive to survive.
But still, they always lose.

Meanwhile, they are still watching;
Waiting for results.
They never do give up.

Finally they die,
Donating their bodies to science.
Only, without choice.

david hartman



TO BE TRULY LIVING

"The world is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours.
It moves us not."

This quotation by William Wordsworth has a great deal of meaning and truth in it about the way in which human beings put worldly things before the true purpose of life.

There are several thoughts which come to mind. To begin with, people get caught up with the wrong things in life. We forget that living is more than waking up each morning, getting ready for school or work, eating, sleeping and the other parts of our routines. An example of an individual who fails to see the real meaning in living is the person who constantly works. He or she becomes obsessed with gaining wealth, with all his efforts put into buying material things. Money becomes that person's first priority.

As a result of having purely worldly desires, an individual neglects to realize what life is really about. What is involved in this idea of truly living? Briefly, it has to do with using your imagination and not worrying over irrelevant things such as social and financial status. Living should mean having friendships with others, helping those in need and enjoying the beauty that this world has to offer.

As we live our lives, let us not get wrapped up in petty and trifling details. Instead, let us take the time to share experiences with others, or to watch a sunrise or a sunset. Only we can decide to make the best of our lives and really live.

michelle trexler

DARK MOOD

The false Black Legend is
Riding upon my shoulder.
But I feel no superstition.
Away he leaps as arrow from bow,
Gone again to become shadow.
He is as air as he moves,
Silent as falling snow.
Distant noise makes the unknowing
Wonder at his presence.

Constant prowling causes
People to turn away.
Great care is taken
To maintain the way of the shadow.
Eyes gleam, showing his inquisitive nature.
Ears are alert to muted sound.
Night air carries his mournful cry.

richard a. gonzales

TRADITIONAL

BLUES

Ever wonder what the source of at least one of the world's problems is? Well, I kind of think that lack of tradition has done a lot to screw up the world. If we had more traditions, then we'd have fewer problems. For instance, a tradition could be to stop fooling around with your neighbor's wife or to spend more time with your kids. Make peace a tradition and you stop war.

Now onto a happier note. Last summer I worked at this summer camp in a position that was kind of like that of an assistant janitor and groundskeeper. They had some fancy name for it--"Assistant Caretaker"--but I didn't like it because it always made people think I was an undertaker's helper.

Anyway, there were a lot of other people on the summer staff up there, and since we were going to have to eat and sleep together (so to speak) for three months, we sort of became a family. And every family has traditions, whether they be minor ones, like putting garlic in the keyholes at night to keep out the vampires, or major ones, like singing Christmas carols around a fireplace.

Well, we had a lot of traditions--everything from putting a counselor's spare tire in her shower every night, to eating Frosted Flakes with grilled cheese chasers for a midnight snack, to propositioning certain blondes of the feminine gender to marry you every day, night and all points in between. But by far the most popular tradition among the male counselors was known affectionately as "Humiliate the Assistant Caretaker."

Some of these infamous episodes of embarrassment were classics, and I think I laughed through most of them. Of course, you learn to laugh when people constantly refer to

you as "the dumb kid in the baggy jeans with no butt." I worked the summer before with this black guy who was the dishwasher and who used to wear his rubber apron on backwards like a cape. So this one counselor used to refer to my buddy and me as "Blackman and the Buttless Wonder." But that was comparatively small time.

A more painful tradition occurred when they would make me laugh until I rolled around on the floor in a hysterical fit. My friends and I used to sit up at night and eat leftover banana pudding and they'd tell me jokes because they knew I'd laugh. That was good enough to draw a crowd as I rolled into a corner clutching my heart and begging for mercy as the joke was repeated about eight times until everybody eventually thought it was funny.

But towering over all these smaller embarrassing moments (such as being looked upon by people as a sideshow freak in hysterics) was the "biggie"--the tradition known as "Strip the Assistant Caretaker down to His Drawers in a Public Place." A public place could be the conference room at a meeting's end, the courtyard at mealtime, or generally wherever and whenever I was stupid enough to be caught with my pants down (so to speak).

The first time "they" struck happened when I wandered by the Commons' Room and a couple of close friends called me in. Unsuspectingly, I strolled in, and the next thing I knew, about eight guys were bearing down on me humming Frankie Valle's "You're Just Too Good to Be True" and singing out "Pretty Baby" at the appropriate moment as my work shirt was pulled over my head, my belt ripped from my fighting hands and my shoes thrown about the room. I was laughing and screaming for anyone and his uncle's dog who wasn't helping to make this a new tradition to come save me. The girls ran in mock terror and then returned with cameras to capture this tradition on film to show my family some day, preferably when nudity has been reinstated.

Like I said, after this first massacre,

"Humiliate the Assistant Caretaker" became a popular tradition every session. And to keep me on my toes, someone would wander by at lunch humming Frankie Valle.

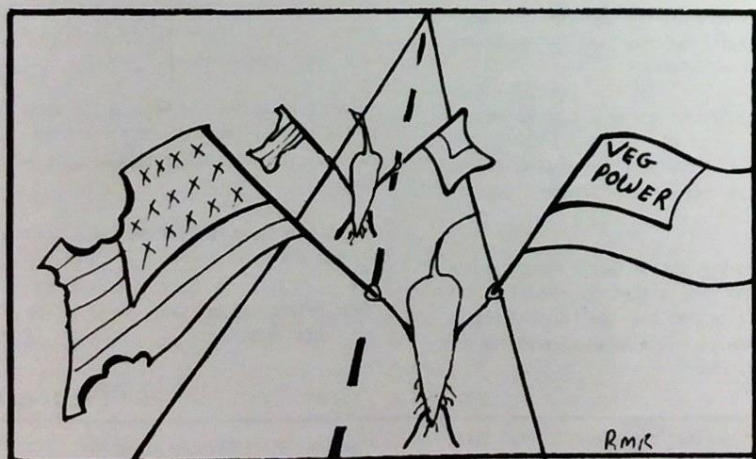
The worst experience came about one night during a stag party for some of the male-type counselors up on the masculine side of the camp. After they made me laugh, they grabbed me in the darkness, stripped me down to my shoes and ran off with everything else. The barbarians, after yanking off my clothes, headed for the nearest flagpole. Somebody stopped my pursuit long enough to hand me a towel for the sake of modesty. I accepted it and stopped off at the Crafts Cabin to see if they had passed through there. Some kids from one cabin had decided to do their good deed for the week that night and midnight and were mopping the joint. I asked if anybody with more clothes on than he needed had come by, when this one little kid goes, "Hey! That's my towel!" So I decided that it was time to move on. I eventually caught up to the clothing bandits and begged them on my knees until they agreed to bring my duds down from the flagpole.

This year they've already started warming up new ones to humiliate me with. It seems the camp's brass decided to tone down some of the weirder stuff going on, so the guys have had to confine themselves to verbal abuse. For instance, at one of the Mid-Winter Conferences, I wandered into the last night's dance in time for someone to yell over the P.A. system, "Would anyone dumb enough or desperate enough to want to dance with Tony Goddard please come to the back of the room?"

Well, that's what traditions are all about. They give you something to look forward to and to keep you on your toes. And, some day, if we all do some peaceful celebrating of traditions together, then maybe we can stop war or do something really important.

tony goddard

I HAVE A DREAM



I have a dream, which is pretty obvious since everyone dreams, unless he is dead and who cares what a bunch of stiffs think? My dream is about the future which makes dreaming much easier because you can't deny the accuracy of something that does not exist in a time that has not occurred to someone who has not yet felt the effect of the event which has not yet happened.

I feel that in the very near future, say at 5:00 p.m. tomorrow, a rebellion will occur in

this great land of ours. An insurgent asparagus named Icky Leafy Greenstuff, residing at 313 Glow-in-the-Dark Lane, Three Mile Island, will begin a rebellion in which the vegetables of the world will seize control of every nation on earth.

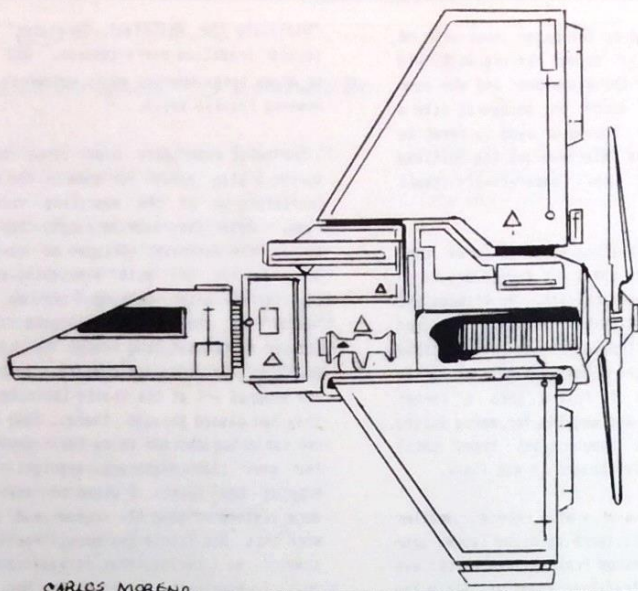
At 6:00 Chris Marrou will come on television and notify San Antonians, or at least the 3% of San Antonians who actually watch the news, that the U. S. Government has been conquered by insurgent vegetables who are led by the

forementioned Icky.

Unbeknownst to the average citizen, some of these individuals have already been in control for quite some time now, and it is only recently that they have officially declared their manifesto. One of the examples of this subterguge is that Tom Snyder, fronting for Icky, has been secretly dictating U.S. foreign policy since the Carter administration.

Another example of the vegetables' growing influence is the Jolly Green Giant commercials. For the sake of appearances, these commercials appear to be selling vegetables into slavery, as has been the practice since the beginning of time. Not only are vegetables supposedly jumping into tin cans willingly for our pleasure, they are doing so cheerfully, singing all the way. In reality these commercials have been subliminally implanting the vegetable Party of America (V.P.A.) slogan into the minds of every American who has seen these commercials, the 97% who are not watching the news. This slogan can best be interpreted as "Vegetables Have Feelings, Too" and is, again, subliminally exemplified by the personification of the Jolly Green Giant and Little Sprout.

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THE GAMATRON CRISIS

It was the year 2087. A war between the planet Gamatron and Earth had just ended. John L. Snoitcudorp was the last survivor of the moon people. A trombone player in a jazz group, John had just boarded his RX 705 model spaceship to go back to Earth. The moon was now a desolate rock in space. Snoitcudorp suddenly was awakened by a loud beeping sound.

"Calling ship RX 705. There has been an attack on Earth. Prepare to be beamed out of orbit."

"Not me!" said John, as he shifted the spaceship into hyper-space. BAP!!!!!!" John was hovering over his own personal landing pad on the Planet Earth. John got out of his ship and walked toward his small shelter, picked up his communications unit and called the local defense outpost to check on the war situation.

The attack had been bad. The Gamatronites' dexterity with laser weaponry was far superior to that of the humans. John decided then and there that he would save Earth. He went into town to get supplies. Then he boarded his spaceship and left on a mission unknown.

John set his course to Gamatron. This large desolate planet sat in the middle of the Alpha Omega solar system. It had only one spot with any life. It was Delta, the city of plenty. Housing almost 30 million people, Delta was more the size of a small country than a city. John set his ship into warp and relaxed. He was soon awakened by a beeping sound and the message: "You are now in orbit around Gamatron."

John set down his ship on the outskirts of Delta and got out his aircycle. He rode off towards Delta. Stopping about three miles from the inner city, he got out his communication device.

"Rebels, come in." John called on channel 69, the rebel channel. "Rebel X-12 here," came a woman's voice.

"I am here to help in the fight against Gamatron," said John.

The voice then gave instructions on how to get to rebel headquarters where John could stay.

He was greeted by Dana Youngblood, a young girl who was heavily involved in the rebel cause. "Come in quick," she said.

When John entered, he saw a large empty room. There was a small computer on the far left wall. "Can we tap into the Gamatron defense system with that computer?" asked John.

"Yes, but we haven't figured out how to defeat it!" Dana quipped.

John went to work on the computer. Suddenly the computer said, "Welcome to the wonderful world of Gamatron defense."

"Great!" said John, "Now we are on our way."

A voice said, "This is a severe warning. Do not press the red button. Repeat. Do not press..."

John figured the button would shut off the defense system and pushed it despite the warning. A voice came over the loudspeakers in the city. "You have 20 minutes to evacuate the entire planet. Sorry."

"What? I've done it now!" Cursed John. "Let's go Dana! We're going to Earth!"

Dana and John got onto the aircycle and left for his ship. Soon after they boarded and set warp speed to Earth, John set the ship down on his own familiar landing pad.

"We have to get to New York City immediately," said Snoitcudorp.

Hastily, they got their aircycles and set out for New York. As soon as they got there, they arranged for an emergency meeting with the Minister of Defense and told him what John had done. The government representative said, "You idiot! Missiles are coming our way!" Then a voice came over the loudspeaker, Prepare evacuation procedure."

"Let's go, Dana. We've done enough damage!" They were soon back at John's shelter and in his spaceship.

"Where are we going now?" Dana asked.

"To Gamatron's moon. That's where the Supreme Gamatronian Ruler lives."

They got to the moon and began to search for the Supreme One. They saw a large tower and walked towards it. Suddenly a large voice boomed out.

"STOP!!! I AM THE SUPREME GAMATRONIAN RULER. PREPARE TO DIE."

"Run!" said John. They ran to the base of the tower, found a door, and went in.

"Look! An elevator!" said Dana. They went up to the top of the tower where they saw the Supreme Ruler. He was four feet tall and sort of a wimp. John pulled out a laser pistol and blew him up.

"I guess the Earth is gone by now, Dana," sighed John.

"You're probably right." Dana responded sadly.

They sat quietly for a long time, rocking back and forth in their grief. Then they began to talk about their families and friends and how much they would miss them. They shared joys and disappointments they had experienced, anecdotes about the past and jokes in order to help cheer themselves up.

John reached over to Dana in the midst of a little tearful laughter and stroked her cheek. "It's up to us to repopulate the universe, Dana."

Dana responded with a shy smile and a barely perceptible wink. "You're probably right again, John," she said, turning to pick up their belongings as they prepared to set off into outer space.

paul gaedke

con'd. from 15

This movement is not only a political one but a genetic one. Dr. Greenstuff, the V.P.A.'s most militant activist for the cause of equal rights for all living matter, be it human or vegetable, gave the following speech on the eve of this long-awaited rebellion:

"I have a dream. I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its rewritten creed: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident that all beings, be they plant or animal, are created equal.

"I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, sons of former plants and sons of former plant growers will sit down, or grow together as the case may be, at the table of planthood.

"I have a dream that one day my four sprouts will grow in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their leaves but by the nutritional content of their stalks..."

When Dr. Greenstuff finished, many of the 250,000 plants who grew before him on the grounds of the Lincoln Memorial were crying,

causing a severe loss of turpior. Millions of Americans heard Greenstuff's speech on television and knew that it signaled radical change, not only in the nation's eating habits, but also in the nation's vegetable awareness. Of course, vegetarians were the hardest hit. By noon the next day, there was not a soybean burger to be found in any health food store in the land.

frank hopkins