

Bullseye '87

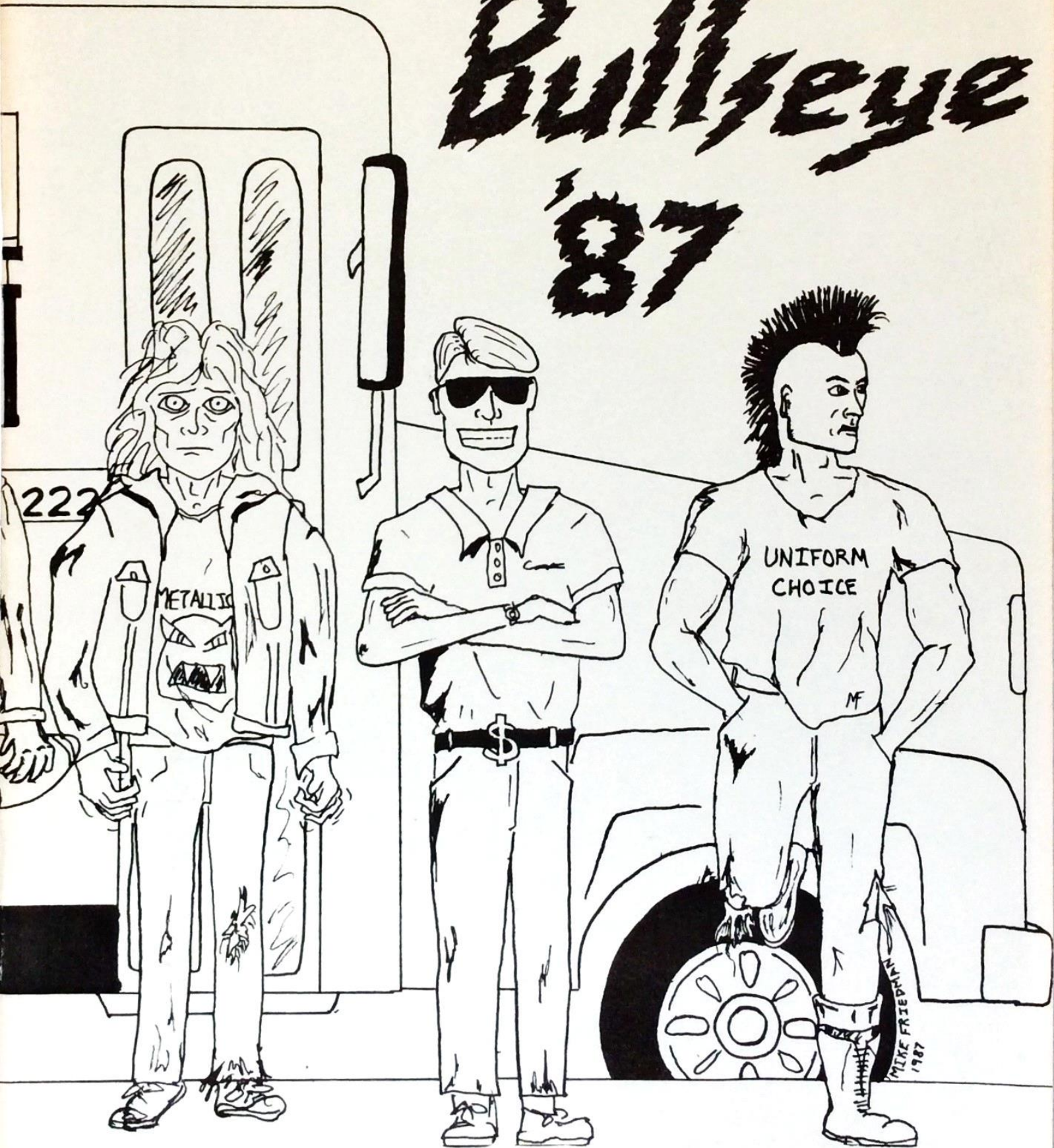


Table of Contents

Poetry

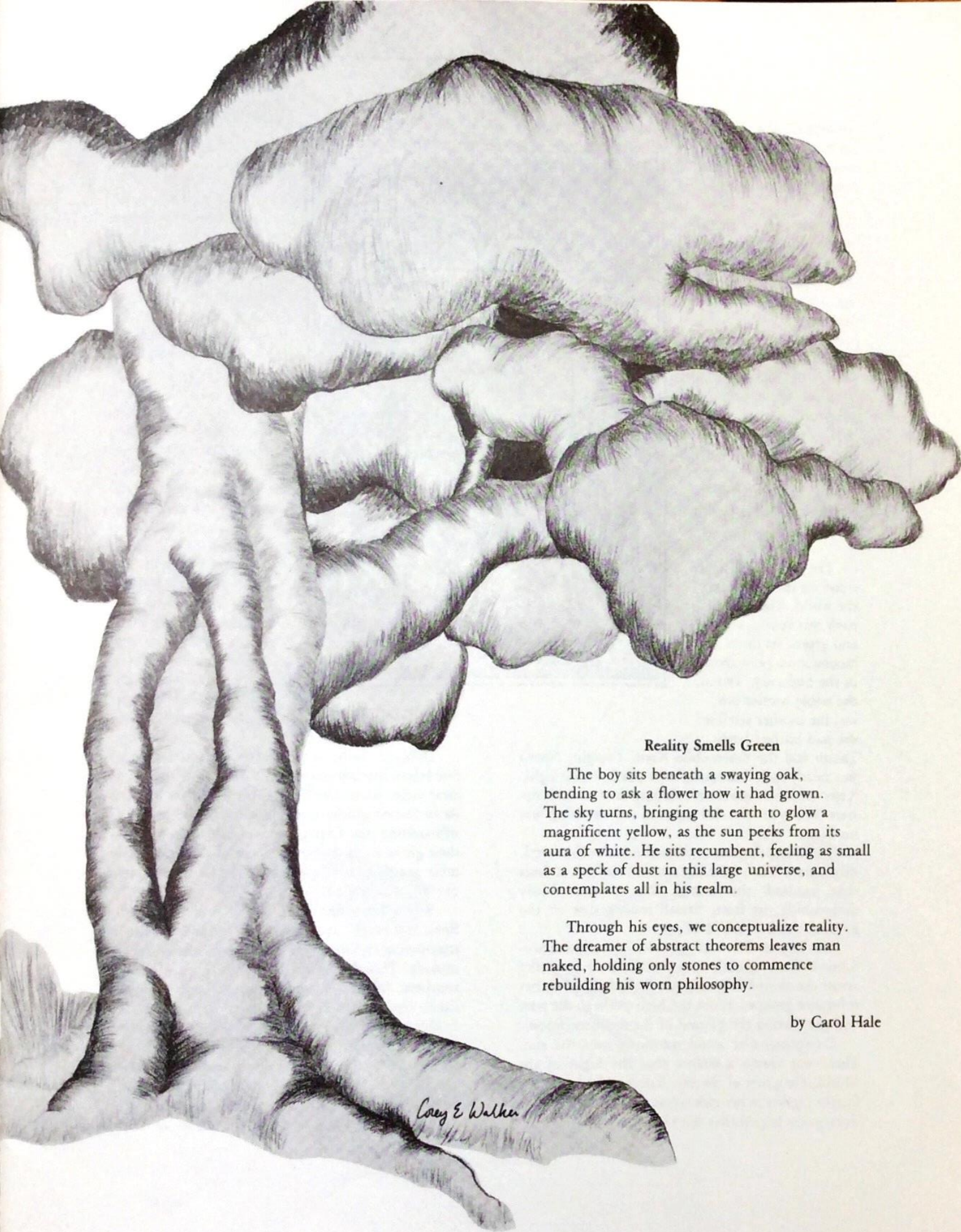
1	Reality Smells Green	<i>Carol Hale</i>	'87
4	Abandon Hope, All Ye Who Enter Here	<i>Scot Graydon</i>	'89
5	The Cherry of Love	<i>Dzen Nguyen</i>	'88
5	Alone	<i>Sally Strudell</i>	'89
7	The Earring	<i>Kirk M. Wright</i>	'87
7	Untitled	<i>Alyson Brink</i>	'87
11	I Wonder Who This Child Could Be	<i>Robyn Baptiste</i>	'89
12	A Shoulder To Cry On	<i>David Slotnick</i>	'87
12	Obsession	<i>Jenny Kuykendall</i>	'89
12	Reality	<i>Jenny Kuykendall</i>	'89
12	What Is Missing?	<i>Lisa Leighton</i>	'88
13	Seduction	<i>Amy Ritthaler</i>	'88
14	My Wall	<i>April Wyngaard</i>	'88
21	The Kite Am I	<i>Bobby Barrett</i>	'87
23	Sands	<i>Scot Graydon</i>	'89
26	Fatigue	<i>Rene Carmichael</i>	'88
26	Leather and Flannel	<i>Lisa Leighton</i>	'88
27	The Draft Boards	<i>Debbie Paredez</i>	'89
30	Memorial	<i>Debbie Paredez</i>	'89
31	Do You Care	<i>Jennifer Adams</i>	'89
32	Thunderstorm	<i>Carol Boyer</i>	'88

Short Stories

2	Dawnsong	<i>Robin Rhoads</i>	'89
6	Sensible Shoes	<i>Toiya Hubbard</i>	'87
8	Cindy's Room	<i>Pat Deane</i>	'87
13	The Beach	<i>Berni Green</i>	'87
16	Black Purity	<i>Kelley Stephenson</i>	'87
22	Funeral	<i>Marina Broitman</i>	'89
24	Harvest	<i>Travis Lull</i>	'89
28	Samantha's Song	<i>Melanie Wade</i>	'89

Art

Cover	"Diversity"	<i>Mike Friedman</i>	'88
1	Pencil	<i>Corey Walker</i>	'87
3	Pen and Ink	<i>David Roman</i>	'89
4	Pen and Ink	<i>David Roman</i>	'89
5	Pen and Ink	<i>Rick Achberger</i>	'87
6	Pencil	<i>Mike Friedman</i>	'88
7	Pencil	<i>Jennifer Lindholm</i>	'87
9	Pen and Ink	<i>Billy Duncan</i>	'88
11	Pen and Ink	<i>Young Kim</i>	'88
13	Pen and Ink	<i>Leslie Goodrich</i>	'87
14-15	Graphite	<i>Mike Friedman</i>	'88
18-19	Pen and Ink	<i>Mario Thomas</i>	'88
21	Pencil	<i>Cyndi Roberts</i>	'87
23	Oil Painting	<i>Tammy Owen</i>	'88
24	Pen and Ink	<i>Mike Friedman</i>	'88
25	Pen and Ink	<i>Corey Walker</i>	'87
26	Pencil	<i>Mark Roman</i>	'87
27	Pen	<i>David Roman</i>	'89
29	Pen	<i>Mike Friedman</i>	'88
30	Pen	<i>Danna Lengefeld</i>	'87
32	Watercolor and Ink	<i>Ethan Brantley</i>	'87



Reality Smells Green

The boy sits beneath a swaying oak,
bending to ask a flower how it had grown.
The sky turns, bringing the earth to glow a
magnificent yellow, as the sun peeks from its
aura of white. He sits recumbent, feeling as small
as a speck of dust in this large universe, and
contemplates all in his realm.

Through his eyes, we conceptualize reality.
The dreamer of abstract theorems leaves man
naked, holding only stones to commence
rebuilding his worn philosophy.

by Carol Hale

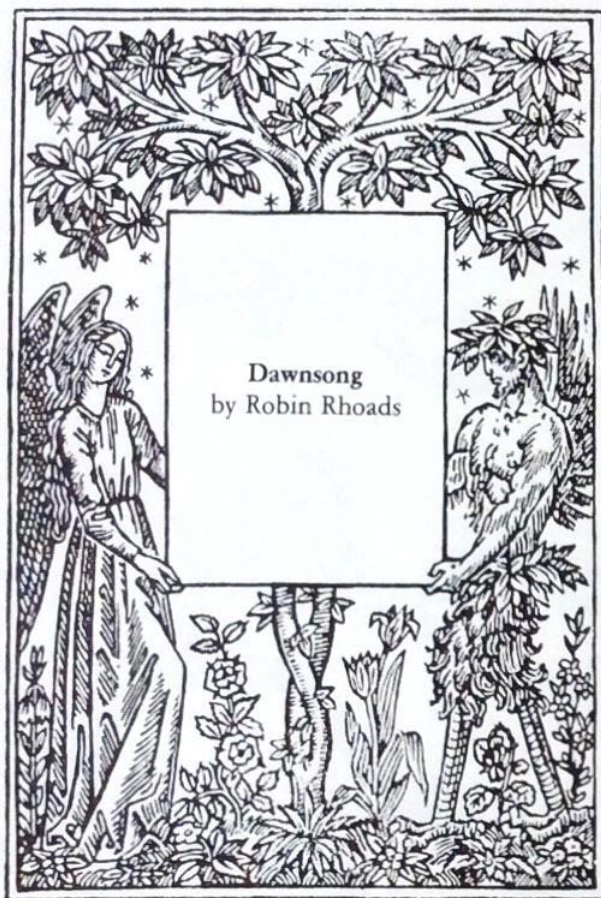
Corey E. Walker

The child-sized figure stood on the Horizon of the world. The world itself was young, verdant and green. Its three moons spun gaily about in the night sky. Tairon, the noble warrior-orb, was the mother satellite; she had birthed both Tairon and the moon child Kern. Tonight, Nissya was nearly full, brimming with pearly white light. Kern was in the new stage, shining back towards the stars. When his face did begin to show again, it was his birth.

The Dayspringhailer, dressed in a dawn-colored, diaphanous robe, critically scanned the Sea of Stars that cradled the world. Night was slowly diminishing, its frosty breath leaving dew on the ground, undisturbed as of yet.

The handmaidens of the celestial bodies, transformed from ghostly phantoms, were scurrying across the moonlit sky to pink, fluffy balls of nether substance grouped about the high peaks to the west and smothering the ground of the southern forest.

Dayspringhailer stood nervously over the rim. There was always a chance that the Light of the World, Daughter of the sky, had lost the battle she fought nightly in her trek across the underworld. She desperately hoped that the Light still lived.



Almost suddenly, the shadowed elf's features were illuminated. Her thin cheeks under high, elusive cheekbones were shadowed and crevices in her neck were highlighted. Her large, angular ears were shown in relief.

Dayspringhailer smiled in relief and welcome. She began the first notes of the daily Song in a high, clear voice, trained in ritual. The rays of the starting dawn leaped giddily over the edge of the Horizon, silhouetting her. Other voices began as they caught their glimpses of daybreak. Some of the voices were mere growls or low, melancholy howls. A few were disturbingly human.

When light fingered its way into the nearby forest, through oak, elm, pine and larch, a trumpeting cry met and blended with the emerging melody. Thundering hooves on the crest of a high southern hill heralded the appearance of small, lithe, equine bodies. Their coats were white as a frothy sea and their manes flowed over their necks like milk. Spirals of crystal and ivory graced their brows and bobbed up and down as they danced on the ground. Their cloven hooves gouged out earth when they snorted and stamped on the turf.

Dryads and fauns peeked their heads out of the

—DAWNSONG (Continued)

undergrowth, singing sweetly. Forest animals sniffed the air and added their own sounds to the on-going Song.

The tune was lifted to the very bowl of the welkin sky. Countermelodies, harmonies and rhythms, evolved as the crack of light grew. Voice met voice and the resulting cacophony refined itself into a daily, purposeful, uplifting, song. Clear tones met deep, ones, somber and joyful, anticipation and resignation, greetings and farewell, all combined to help welcome the Sun to a new dark.

Out of the darkness of the higher treeline stepped a person. He was hardly noticeable for he seemed to be a subtle addition to the growing number of voices. Yet, his own Song rang out more than anyone else's. He complemented the strong voices, guided the hesitant and supplemented the faulty. His way was shadowed, but not deeply. An ethereal quality hung about him, like mist from a heavy fog. His stature was grand and imposing with a subtle power. His very presence permeated the woodlands.

Above the waist, he was humanoid; his form was manly and muscular and he had a savage virility that

appealed subconsciously. His face was handsome with only a suggestion of animalistic traits. Yet, below the waist, he had caprine features. Cloven hooves adorned his "ankles" and coarse, rough hair covered his legs and flanks.

Elegance and mystery seemed to emanate from him. A miniature thunderhead reigned on his shoulder and vines twined about in his goat hair. At one point, the vines blossomed forth in scattered colors. Mossy, wooded scents clung to him and a sweet tangy taste, reminiscent of the last days of summer, pervaded the air. Everything about him was a sensory overload. Undeniably, he was Woodgod.

He snarled and his parted lips looked like those of a wild canine. Thunder growled in the distance. He shed a tear and it rained gently over the valley. He raised a rough, barky arm and a breeze sighed through the trees. A twinkle in his eye called an end to Daybreak and the day began.

The last of the song drifted off on a gentle zephyr. Woodgod smiled and a word fell from his leafy lips.

"Good."



Abandon Hope, All Ye Who Enter Here

Gone.
All gone.
Separated from my family as we drifted through
the carnival.
Its raucous clamor captured their attention.
They forgot to see me, looking the other way,
entranced by a ride not previously noticed.
I turn around.
Gone.

I search the direction they surely took,
Not remembering their words, not thinking they
could change course.
I stumble through towering crowds; gaping
mouths blare meaningless sounds.
I climb a tree, its rough bark familiar and
therefore friendly.
From this high point, what might I see?

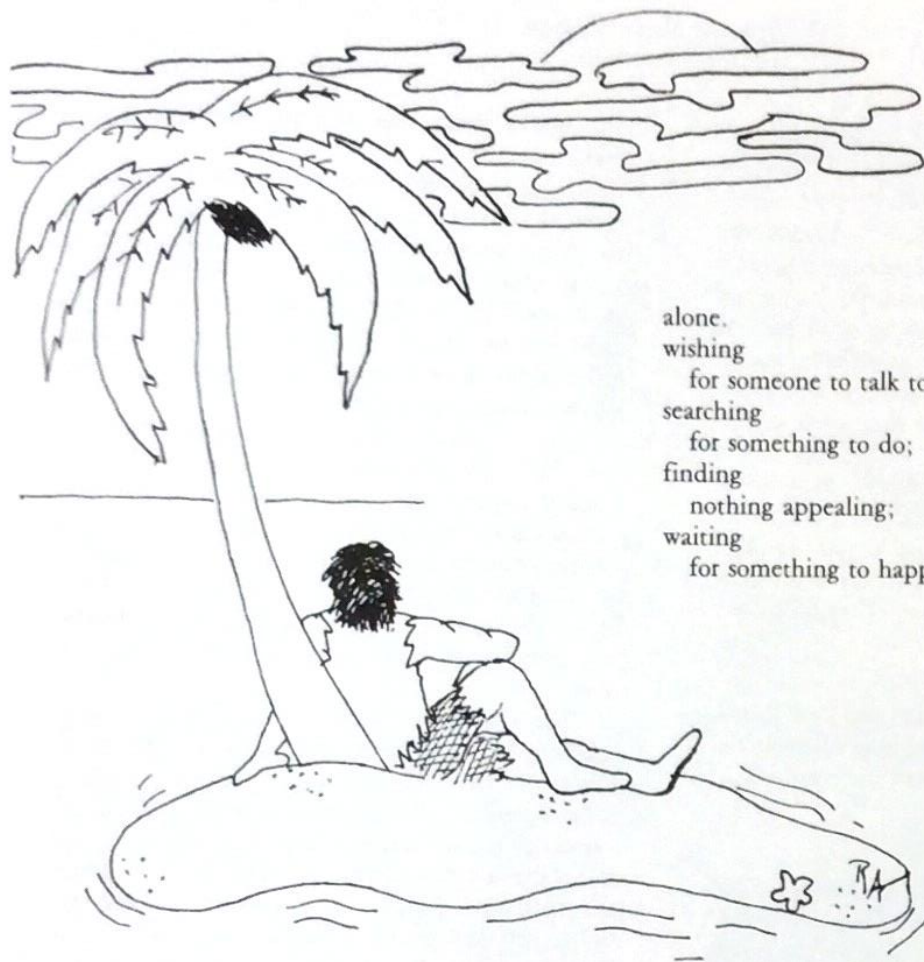
Nothing.
Thousands of things.

There is the ride I saw, not fifty feet away,
spinning out squeals of delighted fear;
the cotton candy seller, still dispensing
sticky, sweet pink clouds.
But the faces are unknown.
The sour taste of terror fills my mouth.

A policeman runs toward me, shouting angrily.
I scramble down, away from his clawing hands and
strident voice.
Without a backward glance, I plunge back into
the rippling sea
of unfriendly faces.
How long has it been? Five minutes only?
An eternity?
I'm off, swept along by a tide of mind-numbing
panic, chasing after the memory of those I love.
Gone.
All gone.

by Scot Graydon





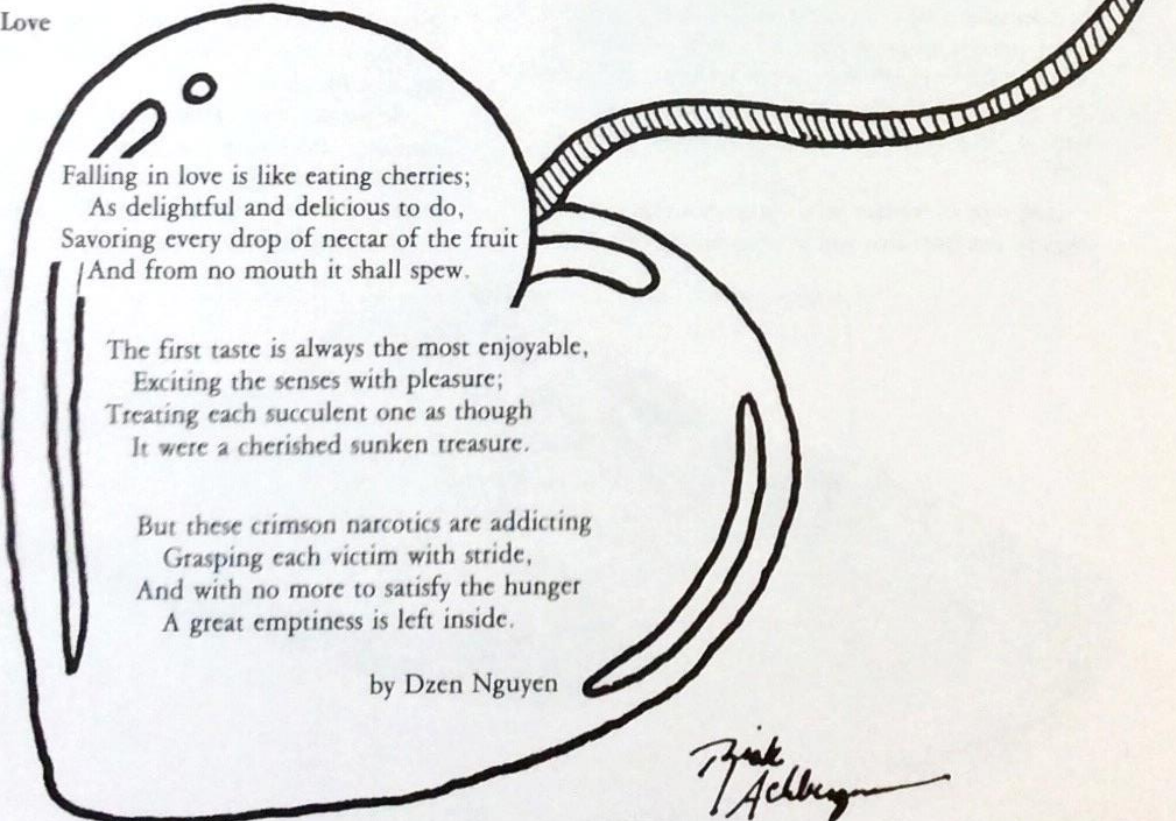
Alone

alone.
wishing
for someone to talk to;
searching
for something to do;
finding
nothing appealing;
waiting
for something to happen;

thinking
of something to create;
sketching
while things come to mind;
seeing
myself in the future;
feeling
marooned.

by Sally Strudell

The Cherry of Love



Falling in love is like eating cherries;
As delightful and delicious to do,
Savoring every drop of nectar of the fruit
And from no mouth it shall spew.

The first taste is always the most enjoyable,
Exciting the senses with pleasure;
Treating each succulent one as though
It were a cherished sunken treasure.

But these crimson narcotics are addicting
Grasping each victim with stride,
And with no more to satisfy the hunger
A great emptiness is left inside.

by Dzen Nguyen

Frank Achberg

The Sensible Shoes Concept by Toiya Hubbard

"Why don't you get a pair of 'sensible shoes?'" my father asks while eyeing my pink and white hi-tops and/or black suede boots with obvious distaste.

"Sensible shoes? What are those?" I reply idly at the same time forcing a pencil through a hole in the toe of my sneaker. "Oh, you know . . . a pair of nice shoes that can go with everything. A pair of flats, made of leather, that come in different colors—not usually found in nature. They have a very low heel, if any at all. They're cut so they open all the way down your foot, and just barely cover your toes. They make a nice little "clump-swish" noise when they hit the ground and also have the tendency to leave gaping sores right at the base of your Achilles tendon. You can slide really well in them. Girls wear them all the time. They're nice. They're shoes. They're sensible."

"I see. But why?"

"Well . . . what you wear makes you look like a hoodlum. It's just a fad. You need to get something more functional—something more befitting a young lady."

"Hng," I grunted.

And so, that conversation started the "Sensible Shoes War". I'm well aware that there are many different conceptions of 'sensible shoes', but I am basing my study on the aforementioned type outlined by my father.

I know, I know, sometimes we are all forced to wear sensible shoes. I, myself will have to wear them at my upcoming graduation to satisfy this sense of proper etiquette both my parents seem to have been cursed with. And yet, the woman who wants and likes to wear a sensible shoe is a whole different story.

The type of woman who regularly wears sensible shoes of her own free will is reluctant to take risks.

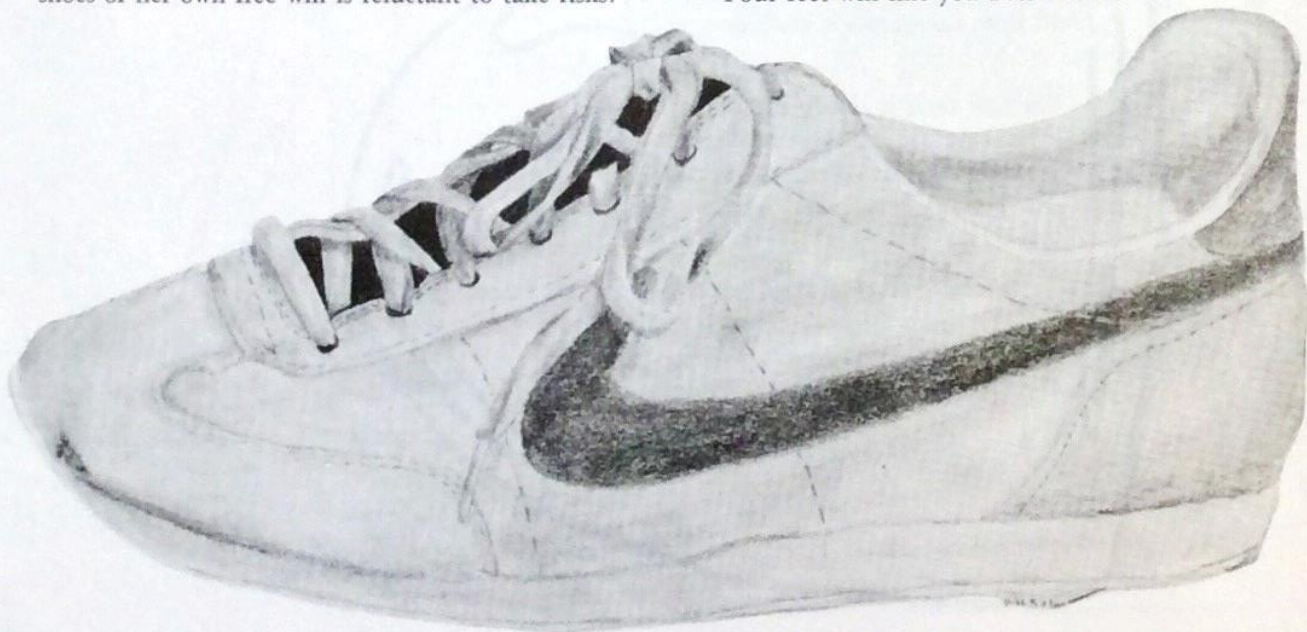
She would never type a paper like this. She is undaring.

The sensible shoes woman (SSW for short) is covering all bases by wearing them. This is because the things go with anything—slacks, jeans, evening gowns, prom dresses—you name it. She is afraid to be noticed by society as being different. She fits right in, unnoticed, whereas the truly unique, adventurous woman would not hesitate to wear yellow hi-tops with a formal.

Also, note that sensible shoes have a terrible traction. They slip and slide, often causing unsightly, unstable-looking behavior among the SSW, and generally present others with the idea that the sensible shoe woman is either helpless or very unsure of herself. This is because she is forever falling and being caught and/or propped up by others—usually guys or by an adventurous woman in non-sensible shoes.

This idea of helplessness is also subconsciously transferred to the woman who wears sensible shoes. As a result, the SSW ends up not being as confident as she should be, though she may think she is. There is really only one thing she may be confident of, and that is the fact that she blends in so well, she can be sure that only obnoxious people like me and my droogs will pick on her. She had the right to wear them, sure. But that also gives us the right to give her h--- about doing it in the first place. More and more people will listen to us, and ultimately, the very thing she didn't want to happen—sticking out in the crowd—will happen. She will be singled out as one of the few unfortunates left wearing sensible shoes.

So please, don't allow this horrendous practice to continue. Join with the ranks of women who are working to change what constitutes 'proper' footwear—Women Against Sensible Shoes (WASS). Your feet will like you better for it.



The Earring

You snicker at my idiocy,
This "ear of insecurity."
You disagree incessantly,
But I enjoy identity.
Asphixiate in normalcy,
While I display a heresy.
Emerson enlightened me:
I worship non-conformity.

This dangling diversity
Caresses my anatomy.
You point to its hypocrisy,
While I explore its wizardry.
Withdraw your animosity!
For I maintain integrity.
I'll disregard, through history,
Opinions of the bourgeoisie.

by Kirk M. Wright



Sing me a song of your life and your love,
And you'll sing to me of nothing.
Sing me a song of your cheerios at breakfast,
And you'll sing to me a philosophy.
Sing me a song of the closeness not there,
And you'll sing to me of your cheerios at
breakfast.
Sing me a song of anything you choose,
And you'll choose to sing of nothing.

by Alyson Brink

Cindy's Room
by Pat Deane

It was a cold, dry night; the kind of night that seemed to draw clouds around the moon to hide its shimmering light, almost as if the moon might not be welcome. It was the kind of night that if your window was open, the darkness outside was almost palpable.

Lying in her bed, Cindy Fallweir felt the darkness outside even before her mother had opened the window, but she knew that it was only her imagination.

The darkness outside seemed to moan and speak in its own lyrical way.

"GOOO TO SLEEP... GO TO SLEEP..." it whispered softly as the wind gently blew the curtains.

Cindy also heard, almost as an undertone, another voice of the night that she couldn't make out. This voice had a quality all its own as if it were a thinking being. There was also another trait in it that made her shudder. It felt and sounded... evil.

She got up, turned on her dim bedside lamp and looked carefully around the room. Then she closed the window hurriedly and latched it, closing out the voices of darkness.

When she returned to her bed though, nothing had changed. She could still feel the oppressing darkness outside. She shivered and snuggled deeper into her covers, leaving her lamp on.

It was then that she noticed a slight difference in her room. It wasn't anything she could pick out right away, but after a few moments, she realized what had changed.

The room had gotten smaller.

"It's just my imagination," she thought, dismissing the ideas as ludicrous.

Then out of the corner of her eye, she saw a movement from near the window. She looked up and saw that the window sill had buckled up and splintered without a sound.

She watched in amazement when the glass of her window slowly cracked and shattered as the darkness outside seemed to force its way into her room. Another movement caught her eye; the walls had slowly begun to close in upon her.

Cindy's normally calm, cool personality suffered a serious setback; she screamed.

By the time she stopped screaming, she had run out of her room and down the hall to her mother's room. When she got there, her mother had already opened the door.

"Cindy! What's wrong?"

"The darkness! It's after me! My room... smaller... the window breaking..." she sobbed as tears ran

down her face. Then her mother was there, holding her and comforting her.

"There, there. It'll be all right. It was only a nightmare. Relax."

Cindy jerked her head up to look at her mother in surprise.

"She really didn't believe a word I said," she thought to herself.

She searched her mother's eyes and saw what all adults have in common; a certain coldness of eye that portrays a disbelief of all things not natural or out of the ordinary.

"I can't tell her," she thought. "She'd laugh at me."

"Now dear, let's go back to bed, shall we? Just go on back to your room and relax. Everything will be fine."

She gave Cindy an affectionate pat on the behind and sent her down the hallway to her room. She stood and watched Cindy walk to her room. Then she smiled and retreated into her room shutting her door behind her with a soft click.

To Cindy, that click had a ring of finality to it that scared her.

The next twenty feet she walked to get to her bedroom seemed to be the longest distance she had ever walked. She knew that the room had been shrinking, for she hadn't been asleep, and now she was going back into that horrid place.

Opening the door to her room quietly, so as not to awake her brother Bryan in the room next door, if he wasn't up already from her screaming, she peeked in only to find to her surprise that everything about the room was normal. She sighed and walked in feeling much more at ease with herself.

Then darkness settled upon her like a heavy blanket.

She woke the next morning feeling stiff and uncomfortable. Rubbing her back, she sat up and looked at the large grandfather clock that dominated the wall opposite her. It was six o'clock.

Six o'clock! She jumped up grabbing her blanket and ran upstairs.

"I've got to make it look like I slept in my room, or mom'll get mad at me for sleeping downstairs and probably want to know why I slept on the sofa, but I can't tell her. It's just too crazy," she thought to herself as she approached her door.

She hesitated, her hand on the doorknob, remembering the night before... the darkness, the walls caving in on her, the darkness and her running

CINDY'S ROOM (Continued)

out of the room barely able to keep from screaming. She had known in some bizarre way, that by the time she got her mom back to see her room it would have been back to normal. So, shivering with fear, she had cried herself to sleep on the couch.

She heard a sound from down the hall.

"If that's Bryan, I'll be all right, but I can't take that chance," she thought.

Taking a deep breath and closing her eyes, she turned the handle and walked into her room.

Not knowing quite what to expect, she opened her eyes slowly, only to see sunlight streaming in her unbroken window, her stuffed animals piled into the corner just as she'd left them and her bed still partially unmade. The room appeared totally normal, but she still felt a twinge of the darkness she had felt during the night.

She sat down on her bed, which squeaked in protest.

"Am I going crazy?" she asked herself. "I can't be. If I were crazy, I probably wouldn't be sitting here wondering if I were or not. Besides, I should be getting ready to go to school."

There was a knock at her door. She jumped, letting out a startled cry.

Her mother's head poked in.

"Oh, I see that you're already up. How did you sleep?"

"Fine," she lied. "What's for breakfast?"

"Your favorite—pancakes," and she vanished, presumably to fix breakfast or to do some other task that mothers do in the morning.

Cindy looked around her room. She saw her Nikes in the corner near the door, and her closet was partially open. She walked over to it, and opening

the door, she surveyed her wardrobe trying to decide what to wear. She decided on a pair of tight, faded blue jeans that she hoped would impress Kevin and a fluffy, maroon Angora sweater.

She pulled on the clothes and sat down on her bed, then pulled on her socks and forced her feet into the Nikes.

Glad to be back into a familiar routine, she retrieved her books from her desk and bounced downstairs, the night forgotten.

Up in her room, the darkness that formed the heart of the closet swelled and overflowed into the room. A faint whisper of the voices came with it. The window shattered without a sound. The voices increased in pitch for a moment, then the dark slipped back into the closet. As it did so, all the pieces of glass welded themselves back together, as if nothing had happened.

The smell of hot pancakes and maple syrup assaulted her as she entered the kitchen and sat down at the table.

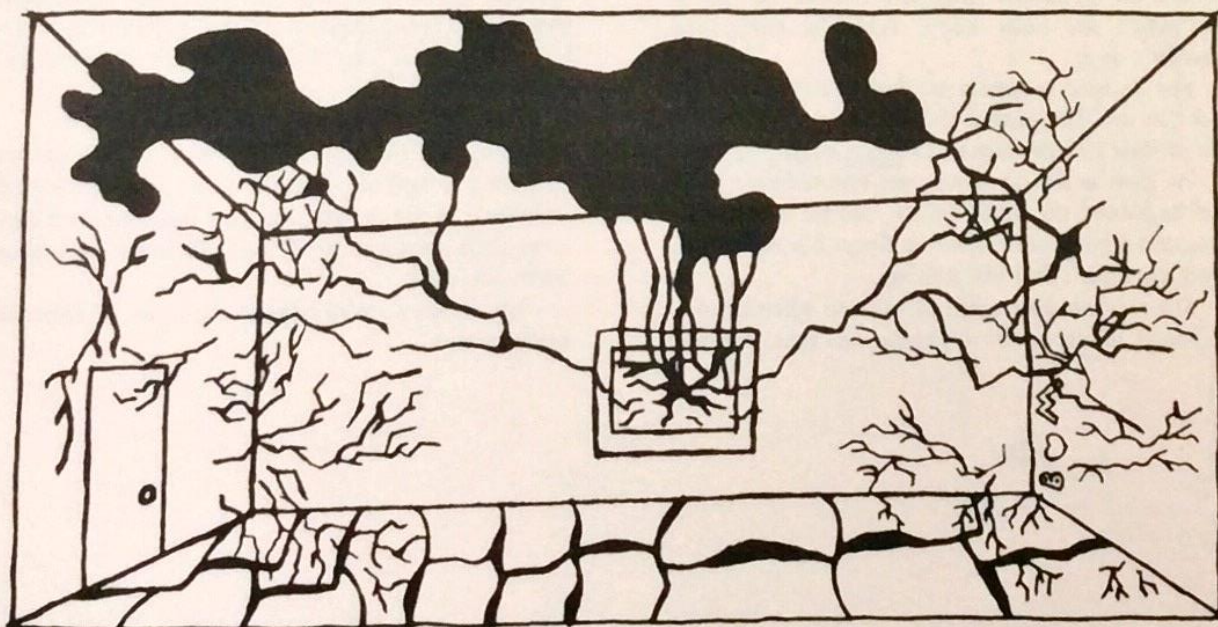
Her mother served her breakfast, which she ate ravenously. Then giving her mother a kiss, she flew out of the house just in time to catch the school bus.

Her mother watched Cindy as she got on the bus, then she went upstairs to get ready for work.

That afternoon, Cindy was standing in front of the high school in the rain, which had begun about three o'clock, waiting for the school bus, when Kevin drove up.

Kevin Langland was tall, had brown hair, a nice smile and all the girls loved him. He drove a 1985 Camaro, and lately, had been paying a lot of attention to Cindy. On this particular day, he offered her a ride home.

Cindy gladly accepted. Kevin held the door open



CINDY'S ROOM (Continued)

for her as she got in, closed it behind her, walked around, and got in himself. He started the car and pulled away.

At first neither said anything. Then breaking the ice, Kevin spoke.

"So what are you up to?"

"Nothing much."

"Sounds kind of boring if you ask me. How'd you like to do something?"

Cindy's eyes lit up.

"Depends," she said slyly with a smile.

"How about a party at Kathy's at eight. I know it's late notice, but..."

"I'd love to!" Cindy interrupted.

"Great! Is it all right if I pick you up seven-thirty?"

"That's fine. I'll be ready. Is it formal or casual?"

"Casual," Kevin said, smiling at her. She smiled back, too happy to say much of anything.

"I don't believe this," she thought. "I'm actually going out with Kevin. Wait until Laura hears about this. She'll flip," she thought.

They pulled into her driveway.

Kevin got out and opened her door for her again. Then he walked her to the front door.

"I'll see you at seven-thirty then," he said.

"You bet!" Cindy replied as she walked into the house.

She hid in the dining room and watched through the curtains as he got into his car and drove off.

Going upstairs, she dropped her books on her desk and sat down, turning on her desk lamp. She worked on homework until five because she knew that when she came home from the party, she wouldn't do it.

She decided to take a nap before Kevin came to pick her up. She pinned a note to her door telling her mother to wake her at six-thirty to get ready.

As soon as she lay down, she remembered what had happened the night before, and for a moment, considered going downstairs to sleep, but she was so tired she didn't feel like moving.

She was just starting to go to sleep when she felt a change in the room. Opening her eyes, she saw

through the window that it was dark outside. Then a movement caught her eye from the direction of the closet.

Turning to look at the closet, she saw darkness oozing out of it, and with it came voices, the horrid, evil voices. She found herself paralyzed; she couldn't scream or move. She just lay there while the darkness spread throughout the room, the voices rising in volume. She felt the cold darkness press against her with such force, that even had she not been immobilized with fear, she would not have been able to move. The voice rose in volume again.

She saw the window buckle and shatter. Her dresser toppled toward the center of the room without a sound. The darkness pressed harder against her.

The voices increased in force.

One of the walls cracked.

The voices became so loud they hurt her ears.

The doorway and the door shattered into splinters as she watched. One of the walls had moved so close that it was touching the bed. She felt the dark push upon her even harder and wondered if she would break in two.

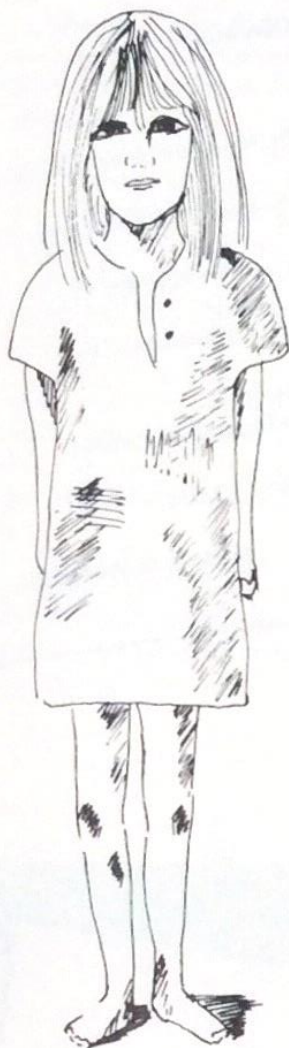
With a great crescendo of volume, the voices increased, and at the same time, the dark pressed yet harder against her. She felt excruciating pain as her ribs snapped like toothpicks. She felt one of her ribs puncture her lung, and another came through her skin. Then blackness.

Cindy's mother had come home about six o'clock and had looked for Cindy. Not finding her, she checked her room and found the note Cindy had left and did not disturb her. She went downstairs and began fixing dinner. When dinner was ready around six-thirty, she walked upstairs to wake Cindy.

When she opened the door, she screamed.

Cindy was lying on the bed face up; the covers had been kicked off onto the floor. Her eyes stared sightlessly at the ceiling. Her face was contorted into a terrified grimace, as if she had been screaming when she died.

The coroner's office listed the cause of death as heart failure.



I Wonder Who This Child Could Be

Her hands are tiny instruments,
Her feet are oh-so-small;
I wonder who this child could be,
This isn't me at all.

Her eyes are big and colored blue,
Not yet knowing of the world;
I wonder who this child could be,
Who is this baby girl?

Her knees are scraped, eyes filled with tears
From falling off her bike;
I wonder who this child could be,
Who is this pint-sized tyke?

Her face is filled with freckles,
It's constant dot-to-dot;
I wonder who this child could be,
Who is this puny tot?

Her smile almost always covers
The frowns she sometimes hid;
I wonder who this child could be,
Who is this little kid?

I look into my mirror,
A smile is what I see;
I wonder where that child went to,
I find that child is me.

by Robyn Baptiste



Young Kim

A Shoulder to Cry On

Sometimes my eyes,
Block out my feelings.
They're telling me lies,
Sending me reeling,
Into arms of cold stone,
Strongly alone.
And all that I know,
Of kindness and love,
Is taken from me;
A mindless flash,
Of sorrowful moments,
Is all that I can see.
So I push and I shove
Away arms of cold stone,
But still . . .
I'm alone,
In my times of sorrow,
When all I need is a friend,
And a shoulder to cry on.

by David Slotnick

Obsession

He comes into sight;
My heart skips a beat.
Does he see me? Can he somehow sense the love
I feel?
The feeling consumes me as he gets closer and
closer—
The hope for a glance, a smile—any sign of
recognition.
Instead he just walks on by, oblivious to the
rupture
He has just made in my world.
My life returns to the rut which he has placed
me in;
Why do I bother? Why, when I know,
It's hopeless.

by Jenny Kuykendall

What is Missing?

That's all I wanted.
Just one chance with you
To make this the "forever love",
The kind people dream of.
It could have worked too;
We were perfect
And I gave you everything
To make certain there
Was nothing lacking
In our love.
But now that you're gone
I am lacking something:
Me.

by Lisa Leighton

Reality

He sits in his own little world,
Does he know I'm watching?
Does he know there is someone at a distance—
Studying his every move, his every action?
Silently I make my observation:
The way his eyes light up when he smiles,
The glint they have when he dreams.
I memorize his profile—storing every detail
Where I can recall it in my dreams;
As I sit here, I notice he is tired, very tired.
I notice the stubble on his chin—the slump of his
shoulders.
My heart goes out to him—I wonder if anything's
wrong;
Could he be lonely, just like me?
No; more than likely he was simply up late
studying.
My dreams have gotten carried away—
Now it is time to fall back into reality.

by Jenny Kuykendall

The Beach

Warmth. Light. Sunshine. Tiny droplets of salt-water on my face. I taste them, They are good. Sour. Bitter. Salty, but good. I am the warmth, the light, the sunshine.

I am the crab that crawls lazily across the moist sand, never stopping to rest. Slowly I creep, hidden from the view of all prying eyes, until my destination is reached. My home, the hole.

I am the saltwater, the sea, the body of life. My beauty and fury unparalleled. Sailors love me; fishermen curse me. Without me there is no life.

I am the log that has lain here for all eternity, never swept away by the sea. Each day, the water gets closer, but never quite reaches me so that I may leave, so that I may see the ends of the earth. I shall remain always and forever omnipotent and impotent.

I am the sky, always hoping to join my love the sea. Each day, I pray that this will be the day. But it is never so. Though the clouds, as our offspring, gather above us, I am never happy, never satisfied. I sit and wait. Patiently.

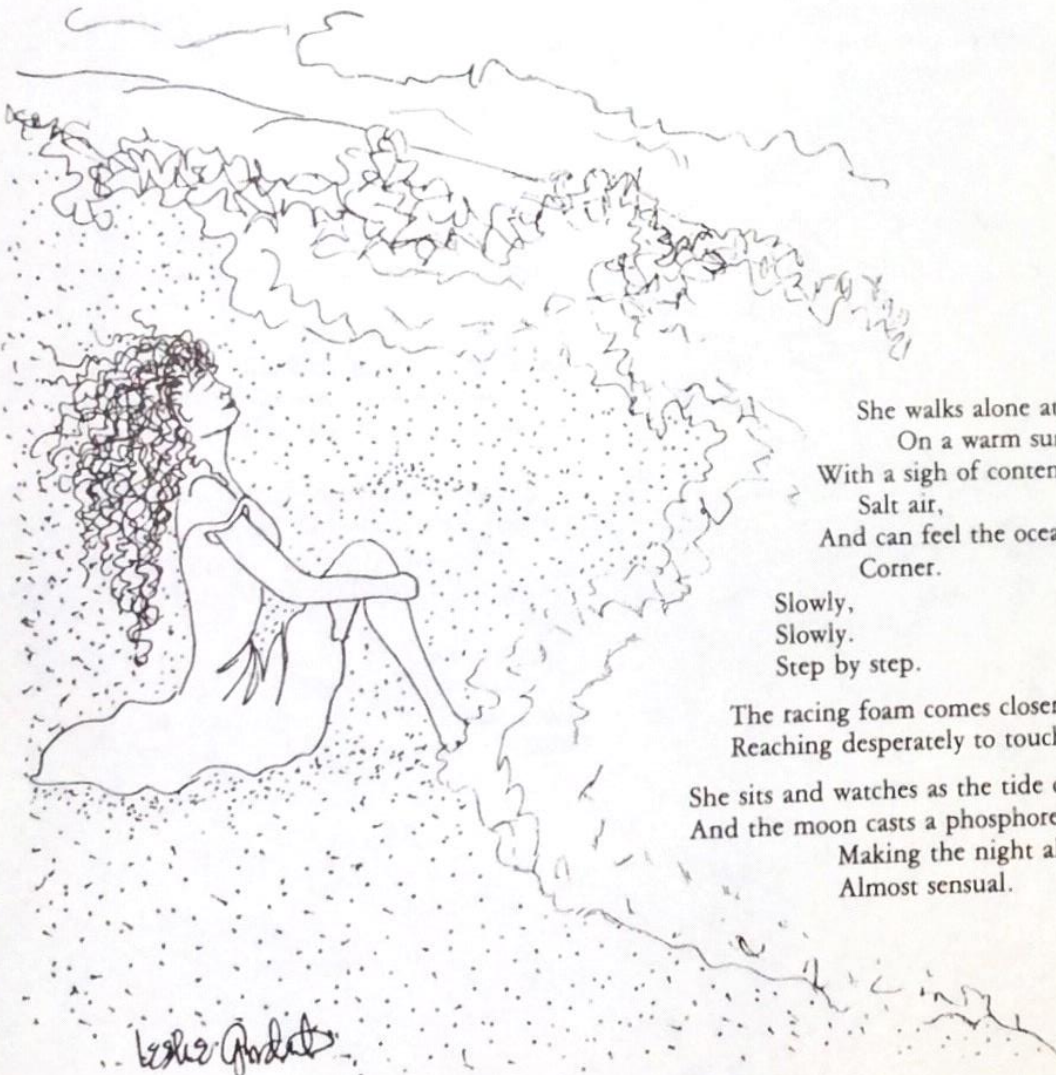
I am the sun. Ruler of the universe. Where people are or go, I am there. Where there is life, I am responsible. All creatures are at my mercy. I nurture them, care for them, love them.

I am the bird that feeds off of the sea's and land's kindness. Take nothing and everything for granted. Live freely, and rely on no one besides yourself. So teaches my mother the sea.

I am the soft, wet sand that lies beneath you, the sand that helps to bathe you in the warm sunshine. Every day, I meet with the sea, we play, and the moon comes. Then we rest. The sky is jealous of me, for I have stolen away his love.

And then I wake up from my dream. The gulls screech, the sand pulls in the moisture and the sea laps gently against it, the crab scurries to its hole. The clouds in the peaceful sky drift slowly overhead, and the sun beats down with a life-giving heat. For a moment, I am confused. Was it a dream? Had I become a part of the crab and the sky and the sea? Had I become a part of the birds and the sand and the log? It was only a dream, wasn't it?

by Berni Green



Seduction

She walks alone at dusk
On a warm summer's night.
With a sigh of contentment, she breathes the
Salt air,
And can feel the ocean before she rounds the
Corner.

Slowly,
Slowly.
Step by step.

The racing foam comes closer;
Reaching desperately to touch her bare skin.
She sits and watches as the tide crawls to meet her.
And the moon casts a phosphorescent light.
Making the night almost surreal,
Almost sensual.

by Amy Ritthaler

Walls, there are so many of them,
In many shapes and sizes,
Crowding my sense of freedom,
Ruling all our lives.

These barriers lock in a student,
Enclosing each in a cell,
Even when a sad heart,
Yearns to cry and tell.

But inside me is a stronger wall,
Built up over many years,
A wall stuffing down all the hurt,
Hiding all those tears.

I've always been the comforter,
The one to bring the peace;
But when it's time for me to break,
I also smooth the crease.

Waiting for a silent house,
When the entire family's asleep,
I sit and ponder in the dark,
And then I finally weep.

Frightened and engulfed in confusion
While battling the feelings inside,
The passion of anger, the hate, the sorrow
I only want to hide.

How can the darkness be so lonely?
It's not how it's supposed to be.
Night is for the moon and the stars,
A romantic walk, my boyfriend and me.

Yet here I melt in exhaustion,
My silent scream of help unheard,
So I wander blindly into my brother's room,
My lonesome heart was lured.

With careful placement of motionless arms,
I'd soon have a warm embrace
A five-year-old brother in a deep, deep sleep
Drying the tears off my face.

"Thank you," I'd whisper as I crept out the room,
A beaten up, unwanted toy.
Lying back down I'd continue to hurt,
Where's the warmth of that little boy?

MY W

WALL

This lesson shined forth as a bridge,
A connection traveling both ways.
I had to let others comfort me,
Or the friendship couldn't stay.

My whole self lies behind the wall,
Not letting anyone in.
My friends only met the mask,
Not my true feelings within.

Unfair to view their privacy,
While I wouldn't take the risk.
I opened myself just a little
And found I could let go a bit.

My closest friends are those
Who have come in my secret door,
Because they know the real me,
Not the wall acting my role.

by April Wyngaard

I tell you this story for a reason.
I want you to understand my wall.
I trust my close friends and I love them,
But I'm accustomed to comforting their fall.

Turning frowns into smiles, drying a tear,
I've always strived to do.
The helping hand I give is a part of me,
It makes me smile, too.

In reaching out to love and understand,
I get to know a special part of me.
I also meet a troubled soul.
A person, a friend, a family.

A friend who shares his intimate troubles,
His cares, his frustration, his hurt,
Invites me to see his true inside,
And share in his depression, I've learned.

My wall used to be higher than mountains,
And vaster than the largest sea or bay.
But a lesson of friendship has given me a chisel,
So I work on my wall every day.

Black Purity
by Kelley Stephenson

He was drunk, that could not be mistaken, and yet he imbibed another tankard of ale. The fire behind him burned fiercely against the incessant chill, and his listeners had to lean in close to hear the man speak. "It was beautiful," he exclaimed. "More beautiful than anything I've ever seen. It was pure white and glowing like a brilliant moon beam, and its horn shone brighter still. A unicorn, my skeptical friends, as real as the chair beneath me and the tankard in my hand."

"Oh, come on, Harrison," a younger voice announced. "Unicorns are myths; tales spun for, not; children. Are you sure you didn't partake of a bit of the spirit before you went into the jungle?" The rest of the men laughed at the young hunter's comment, but Harrison was infuriated.

"I was sober!" he yelled, and the others came to silence. "I've seen that myth with my eyes." He sat back heavily in his chair to keep from falling out of it.

"Very well, old tracker," the young voice came again, "but I won't believe it until I've seen it for myself." Amidst muffled agreements and soft laughter, the crowd dispersed to their rooms. The man turned to stare into the fire alone.

The tavern and lodge called the Lion's Pride, was all he had to show for his years of hard work as a tracker. He had given up tracking when he realized that the youngsters of his trade were forcing him out of business. Now he supplied the hunters with room and board and a bit of drink. The profits from the safari season sustained him through the colder months.

Now he sat before the fire and wished for just one more glimpse of the magnificent white creature he had seen in the jungle just the day before. The sight had touched his soul. He tried to recall every moment of that brief meeting. His thoughts were interrupted by a stirring in the flames. Transfixed by the image moving there, he watched as a black outline formed, molding itself into the shape of a small animal. Daintily, a black cat stepped from the hearth and looked up at him. Startled by Harrison's presence, the cat dashed out the front door, which

had been left slightly ajar.

The man glanced down at his drink and considered the possibility that the other men were right. "Maybe I have gone crazy," he thought. Still bewildered, he rose and went to his bed.

* * * * *

Early morning saw the hunters off into the jungle. The man was left to nurse an aching head and clean up the bar from the night before. He heard a knocking on the door. He opened it and found a young woman looking back at him. She was beautiful and slight with ebony hair falling in soft curls below her waist. He invited her in and she thanked him demurely.

"Lady, what brings you here?" he asked with concern. "If you are looking for one of the hunters, you are more than welcome to stay here until they return." The man proffered her a chair and she sat down.

"It is not the men that I seek, but the unicorn that you saw two days ago." Her words startled the man. How could the girl have known? He had seen her nowhere in the crowd of men last night.

"My father died very recently," the girl continued with tears in her eyes. "All his life he wished to see a unicorn, but he never did. In his dying breath he asked me to find one, that he might see it, finally, through my eyes." Tears were trickling down her cheeks, and she fought to contain the sobs which caught in her throat.

The man was touched by the girl's loyalty to her father's memory. He handed her his handkerchief and promised to take her to where he had seen the unicorn.

"The hunters leave tonight, and after that I can do what I please. We can leave then, if you like." He looked at her carefully. "It will not be an easy journey, ma'am..."

"I can manage," she interrupted. Her eyes showed a determined glint. Behind this the man could see an anxiousness.

"Probably spurred by her father's memory," he mumbled and smiled at her. "All right. But this all

BLACK PURITY (Continued)

seems so odd when I don't even know your name."

"My father called me Kat," she offered. "It's short for Katrina." Her smile dazzled him.

Somewhere, deep in his mind, that name bothered him, but he couldn't place it. He shrugged it off and started making a mental list of what they would take.

* * * * *

The hours passed quickly. Dusk crept over the land, leaving darkness behind it. A mist lay on the ground and swirled around the hunters' feet as they departed. The girl watched them go. She stared up into the starlit sky and watched as filmy clouds scuttled across the moon's surface. Her eyes reflected the bright orb's brilliance and a hint of a smile touched her lips.

The man was approaching behind her. She sought to regain her sullen appearance then turned to face him. "It is a good night for traveling, is it not?" she asked, regaining her composure.

"Yes," Harrison agreed, "the moon is full and will guide us well." He pulled a pack onto his shoulders and handed her one of much smaller proportion. He cut off her protests with a low bow, "My lady, the jungle awaits us."

She could carry more, she knew, but decided not to make an issue of such a trivial fact. The man was right, the jungle waited and hidden somewhere in its depths was the one she had searched for so long.

The path they took was easy enough at first; but by the time they camped, the vegetation had grown thick and barred their way. The small fire blazed meekly against the dense darkness.

Harrison leaned in closer and rubbed his hands together to warm them. The girl was impervious to the chill, Harrison noted. She sat detached, staring into the sky. "Maybe I rushed into this," his thoughts provoked him. "I long to see the creature again, but will I be able to find it?" Doubt clouded his mind.

Kat made ready for sleep and lay down. The man followed her action, still disturbed by the girl's anxiousness. He could understand in light of her

father's recent death, but there was a hunger there beyond sustaining a memory. He fell asleep with questions still running through his mind.

In the early hours of the morning, Harrison heard the sounds of a large cat nearby. Whether the creature disturbed his dreams or was a part of them, he did not know. Regardless, he was sure that no animal would come near the still-blazing fire or the gun beneath his arms.

In the morning Harrison investigated in the direction from which the sounds had come. He found the prints of what looked to be a small black panther from the dark fur that surrounded them. He also found the prints of a human leading to and from the tracks. He could only assume that Kat had heard the noises too, and found the tracks. She must have decided not to look further. He asked her about it at breakfast. She was a sly conversationalist and soon he found himself telling her about the unicorn again. "Another good day and we'll be there," he told her.

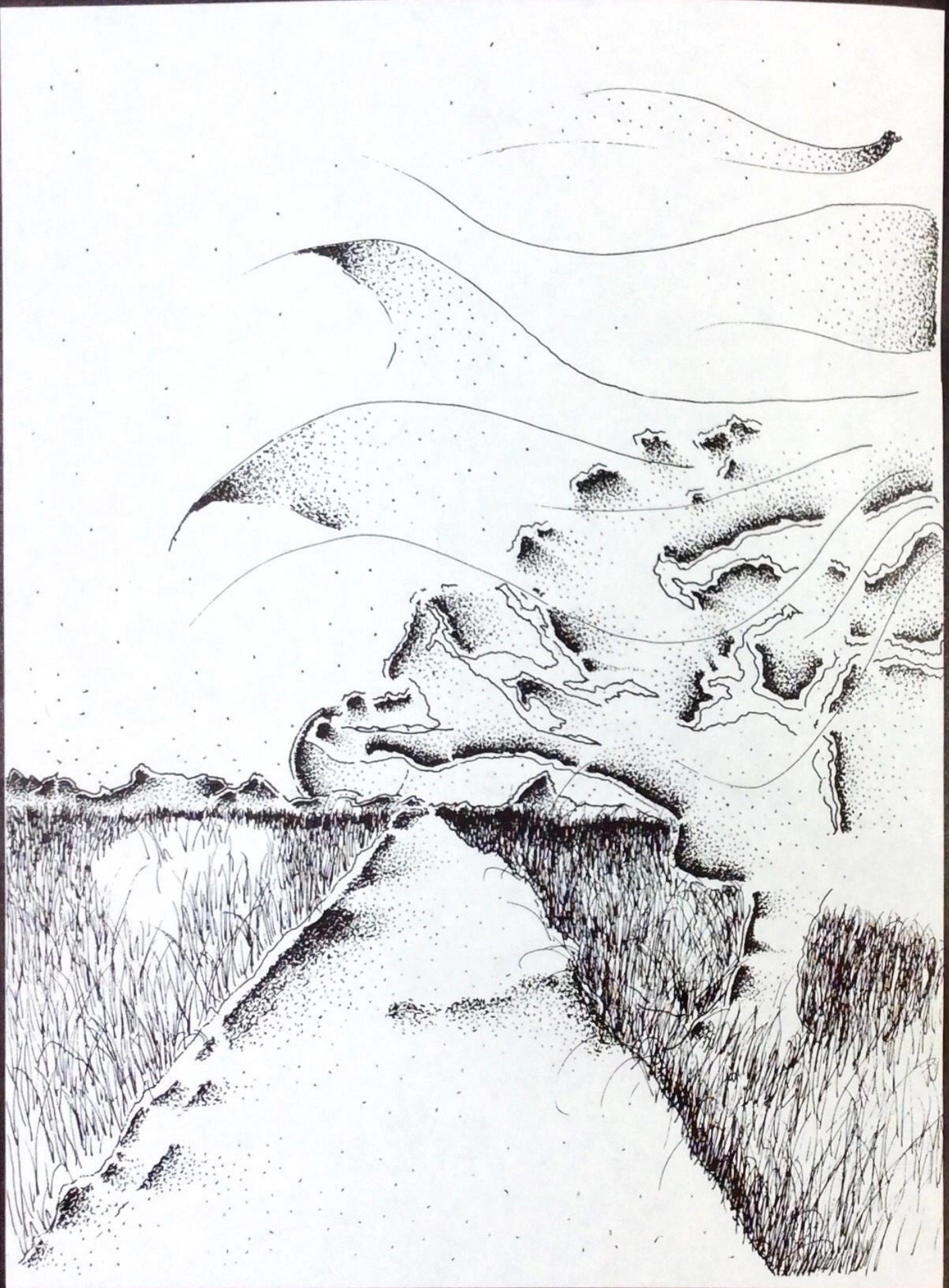
"Where is there?" her inquisition came.

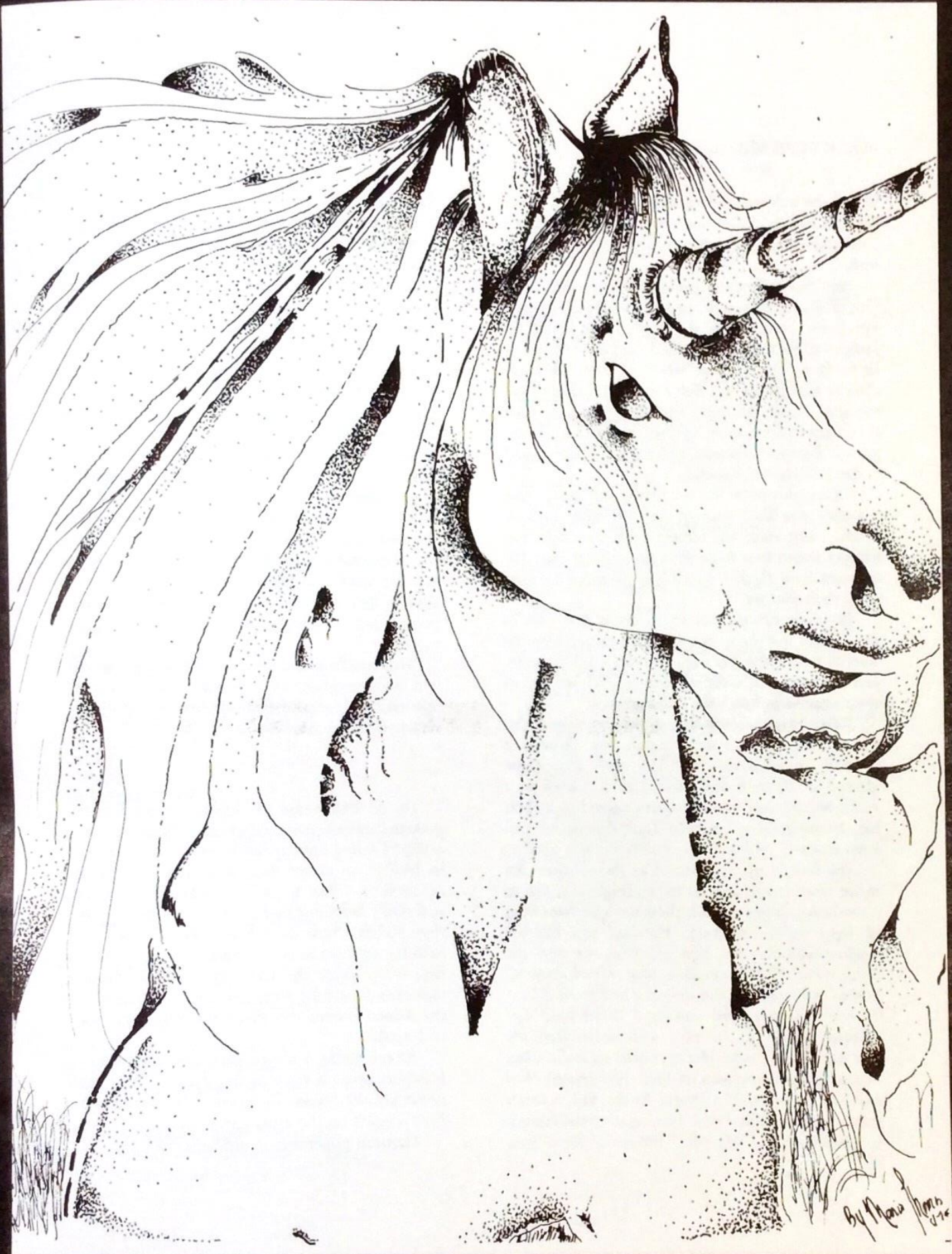
"The small clearing where I last saw the creature," he replied. "I hope that it will come there again."

"It will." He thought it a strange response. It was almost as if she knew the statement to be true. The hunger was in her eyes again. That look reminded him of the hunters that he had guided for so many years. He wondered what she would do with her prey when she found it.

The first part of the day's journey was discouraging. The jungle came down upon them from all sides, strangling vines reaching out their wiry fingers. Harrison slashed contemptuously at his life-long rival and berated himself on his labored breathing. The girl hardly even panted. The jungle seemed a friend to her. "Nonsense," he told himself. "I'm just jealous of her youth." He left it at that and pushed on all the harder.

By noon he was exhausted and very hungry. They found an open space and rested while they ate. The girl spoke little but listened intently to every word he said. Her eyes glowed and flashed whenever he men-





BLACK PURITY (Continued)

tioned the unicorn, and again he was touched with a peculiar feeling. "The closer we get," he pondered, "the more anxious she becomes. Kat stalks her prey well."

Just then a rustling pulled his attention away. Out of the undergrowth sprang a panther, stopping not three yards from where they sat. Harrison jumped to his feet, gun in hand, and lowered the rifle to shoot. The moment before he fired, Kat launched at him screaming. She hit him broadside, and the shot missed its target completely. Before Harrison could pick himself up, the big cat had disappeared. He stood, furious, and was just about to yell at the girl when she spoke.

"You must never kill the blacks, my friend, else someday you find yourself on the other end of death." Her voice was almost a whisper, but that whisper scared him more than the loudest roar. He attempted no further words but prepared to continue their journey.

Dust crept forth once more, eerier than ever in the chill of the night. A misty haze settled over the jungle, setting the scene for a childhood nightmare. Harrison and Kat traveled silently. Neither one of them wished to break the stillness.

When the moon was almost directly above them, the man halted. They stood together on the edge of a small, rounded clearing. The silver moonshine glowed all about it and around it. Kat drew in a quick breath, and when Harrison turned to look at her, he saw tears in her eyes. Their destination had been reached, and for some reason she was crying.

She looked up and smiled as she watched the moon ascend to its apex in the midnight sky. Just as it reached its highest point, there was a brilliant flash of light in the clearing. Harrison was blinded momentarily. As his eyes adjusted, he saw the unicorn bathed in moonshine. Mist swirled about its hooves as it stamped the dew-touched ground.

Kat's face was filled with joy. "Thank you," her whisper drifted to his ears, and he realized the mistake he had made. Her eyes held no malice, but instead untold amounts of love. She leaned close and kissed him on the cheek. As she did, a single teardrop fell into his hand, turning to crystal when it touched his skin. "My gift," she said, "for all your

help and trust."

She turned away and set foot inside the circle. In a blink of Harrison's eyes, Katrina had changed. She was no longer the beautiful girl he had traveled with, but a sleek and splendid panther, blacker than the night sky. Gracefully, the cat moved closer to the unicorn with Harrison watching the contrast before him. Black and white grew closer together. The unicorn lowered its horn and gently touched the panther's forehead. In the unicorn's place stood a man dressed all in white. His skin and hair were white as well, and his eyes glowed silver. His hand rested on the panther's head, and Harrison could hear the cat's purring. A second later two humans stood together, arm in arm. Kat was dressed in a flowing black gown. Softly, she spoke to Harrison. "We are together once more, Crun and I, thanks to you. Remember, my friend, and believe." Before her last word had faded from the air, both were animal again. Without looking back, they disappeared into the jungle, melding with the shadows there.

Harrison looked after them and tried to sort out and understand all that he had seen. He slowly opened his clenched hand and saw the crystal tear. He knew he was not crazy.

* * * * *

He sat before the fire again and his listeners gathered around. Another year had brought another group of young hunters, unbelievers. His story told, he looked out at the faces of suppressed laughter before him. "You laugh?" he asked. "You laugh and don't believe. Proof I have. Look here." Harrison pulled off the chain from around his neck and held the crystal tear that hung at its end before the fire. Deep inside the smoothness of the crystal a movement could be seen. Among the reflections of the flames wavered the image of a leaping cat, dark and nimble.

As the young hunters stood and walked away, Harrison heard a voice in the flames. "You must never kill the blacks, my friend, else someday you find yourself on the other end of death."

Harrison remembered and believed.



The Kite Am I

The kite. High will I fly,
As clouds drift by,
Far below,

far
be
I
o
w.

Aeolus grabs me by the hand,
Off we go across the land,
Twisting and turning ever onward.

I am the object of his desire,
I alone light his every fire,
As we glide through the deep, blue sky.

He talks as the time floats by,
Friends my ears realize,
They drag me along behind them.

We spy on the world below,
Yet of the secrets that I know,
I will never let fly in the wind.

Tied to the ground by one thin string,
My masters will never, ever fling
Me into the fury and turmoil of the sky.

I struggle hard against that bond
To those that think of me so fond,
Oh, how I long to be free!

High above do I sit,
Ready to pounce, ready to rip
The very air in two.

High and mighty do I think,
Never could I ever sink,
From my perch up in the air.

Then, completely out of the blue,
Rips a horrendous, terrible typhoon,
Come to tear me down.

In horror and in fear,
My friends do I hear,
Come to slash my wings asunder.

Backbone twisted, arms awry,
Plummeting downward from the sky.
I had seen my last day.

Suddenly, from the wings of death I am torn,
A new life, miraculously reborn.
My masters have saved me.

The line tying me to them.
Has save me once again!
I will live to see another day.

The kite. High I will fly,
As clouds drift by,
Far below, far

be
I
o
w.

by Bobby Barrett

Copyright © 1982
Bobby Barrett

Funeral
by Marina Broitman

You almost miss the cemetery from the highway, which I think is a sad place to put a cemetery. I know I still haven't grasped it, no matter how much I've cried. How can she be gone? It wasn't supposed to happen to my family. We were all supposed to live forever! No matter how hard I try, I can't manage to lose a single tear.

The gate is wide open, almost inviting. A man in sunglasses stands in the center of the road, directing the cars that enter. He looks like a CIA agent, the kind with the little white car-plugs.

We get out of the car and walk across the road to the plot. I'm afraid I'm going to smile or do something as inappropriate, as I always do when I'm nervous. I rub my arms, even though I'm not cold. People are laughing and talking like it was just another day.

The plot is covered by a green tent, and an indoor-outdoor carpet covers the grass under the tent and the earth taken from its rightful place. Off another small road sits the hearse, which had arrived shortly before us. As we walk around the plot, I see the little stake that will commemorate this place until the permanent stone is added:

Nina Datskovsky
1908-1986

The stone won't add much; you won't even be able to see it from far away. She was a very simple woman, I know, but this isn't where she should have been buried. This isn't her home.

We sit in the first of two rows, waiting for everyone to arrive. I watch the men walking around from the funeral home. I can't understand why they would want to bury people for a living. A man comes over to greet us. I hear that he sat with "the body" for three days. Everytime they call Nina a "body," I shudder. She was more than a body; more than a woman. Nina was a grandmother to three even though she had no children. She had taken care of us when we couldn't take care of ourselves, but we didn't get to return the favor. Oh! How I long to return the favor!

The "sitter's" name is Mr. Cohen. He tells us what will happen and what is expected from us. He talks to Chaim for a few minutes in Yiddish. This funeral is more for Chaim than for the rest of us; she spent half her life with him.

As I sit here, I stare at the grave, so deep yet so full. There is a machine for lowering the casket. I hope it doesn't fall.

Now my sister arrives, and the rabbi. "Time to start. Go to the hearse. "Do you want to be in the procession?" "We need six strong men." "Get to the side of the hearse." "You stand back here." (They're more important.) "Stay behind the coffin." A common wood box with an ebony tail.

Heads lowered, by the threes we walk back to our seats.

The coffin is a plain pine box, very simple, almost no decorations. They had to remove the pillows from inside. Custom. All that stands out about it is the raised Star of David trapped in a circle just above where her head lies. The rabbi starts.

I remember phrases, thoughts. "Good soul." A wife, great aunt, and grandmother. Now as I walk through the valley... He speaks to Chaim in English and Yiddish. "Eternal soul." I cry again.

I try to remember Nina before the cancer, when her color was normal and she was a short, but fat woman making us food we froze but never ate. She never gave a quarrel, never complained until after it started. I'm glad we didn't tell her. When it was almost her time, she knew. The one thing I regret is that I didn't go to the hospital the night before it happened. I almost knew. I wanted to go as often as possible because I never knew if it would be the last time, even though I never believed there would be a last time. Until I saw the coffin. What happened to happy endings? More tears.

Chaim isn't crying. He'll be sad much longer than the rest of us. He's all alone now. She had taken care of both of them until the cancer. What's going to happen to him now? There has been talk of remarriage, but at eighty?

They begin to lower the casket. This isn't as distressing to me as I thought it would be. Two men are helping to lower it, making sure it goes down slowly. They remove the ropes in an almost comical way. I feel like they are about to laugh.

We must cover the body before we leave. First the rabbi and Mr. Cohen throw dirt, then we each get a turn. "Do you want a chance? Go after him." Get in line. Three throws. I try to dig deeper into the pile to cover more of her. This is the worst feeling I have ever had. I feel as if I'm killing her myself. I know I'm getting hysterical, but I just can't stop. I want to let it all out; I want to go on. Sight of the coffin dwindles until even the corners are covered. Now we leave.

A fountain near the plot. Wash our hands—don't dry. More custom. My father drives with my sister; she's too upset to go back to school. On to my grandmother's for food.

I try to think of something sad to cry again. I keep getting dried out, but I don't feel right not crying. She was the sweetest thing alive, and now she's gone! I'll never see her again! Forever is too hard to grasp. If I could truly believe in Heaven, then I could feel like this is only a beginning for her; time doesn't exist to slow her down anymore. I just can't deal with death and forever.



Sands

Through the dreadful heat,
A dry wind blows silently across
An endless sea of sand.

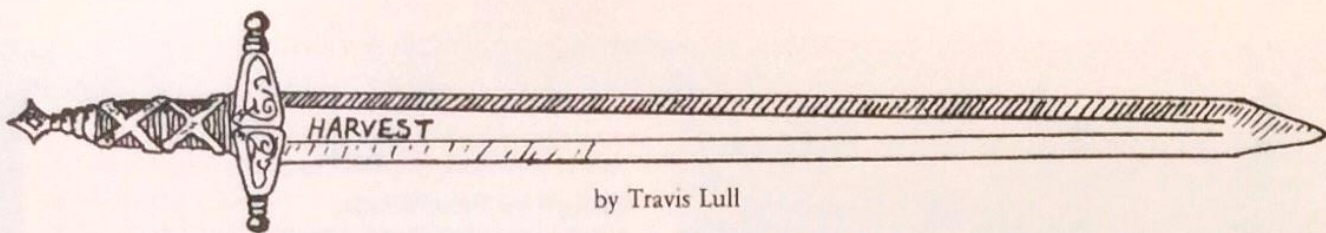
The blazing sun beats down on
Scorched earth, the light it sends
Offsetting the shadows of the rippling sand.

Howling across the barren desert, the
Wind moves the sand, guided by the
Whim of some artistic god, as wispy
Clouds flit overhead, offering shade
To the desolate land below.

The sands slide slowly, so slowly that
The motion is not visible, beautiful
In its harsh serenity,
As it crawls off to some unknown
Destination,

shifting,
ever shifting.

by Scot Graydon



by Travis Lull

Harvey was taking his afternoon walk to his Secret Place. It had been a long day for his eight-year-old mind. He needed to let his imagination loose for a while. He trudged slowly down the well-used path toward the huge, old oak tree. He often wondered what that tree might have survived through. He would get lost deep in thought about this, often taking him back to the Dark Ages, and would think about other kids who may have come to think under this very tree.

It was while he was lost in these thoughts that he tripped over the peculiar stick in the ground. He turned to look at what had caused him to fall flat on his face, then looked again. He thought that it looked strangely like the hilt of a sword. He figured that maybe he could pull it out of the ground, so he put all of his meager strength into the task. It didn't work, but Harvey was not easily thwarted in the tasks he undertook. He put his mind to work and came up with a nice little block-and-tackle that, when he pulled his hardest, pulled the stick out of the ground. Now it looked even more like a sword because it came to a point at the end. He took it over to the creek that ran by the oak and washed it off.

It certainly did resemble a sword. It had an easy-to-grip hilt, a long, broad blade, and a fairly even edge. It had obviously spent a long time in the ground because it was beginning to rust away near the seam of the hilt and the edge of the blade. But, with a little work, it could become a very nice-looking possession. He decided to begin work on it right after he got home, but for now he felt like sitting under the tree's massive limbs and thinking about his new discovery for a little while...

He suddenly became the great warrior Maxx the Terrible, the most invincible fighter of the twelfth century. He could fight entire fleets of dragons and win. His skin was almost impenetrable, and weapons did find their way through his strong defense. His body rippled with muscles, bulging out everywhere, and some said that he could lift entire castles when he felt like it. He knew better; he could lift entire empires if he felt like it.

Wherever he went, he carried his massive sword, Harvest. The sword itself was impressive to look at, but what he could do with that sword in his hands was even more impressive to watch. He had been known to take on entire armies with only his sword. But, Maxx knew better; sometimes he used a shield when he fought more than 10,000 men at a time.

Today Maxx had decided he needed a workout so he attacked the Castle at the Large Oak. Large Oak had an average army of about eight thousand men so

Maxx calculated that he would be in good form by the end of the war. He attacked at dawn the next day.

The first day alone, he slaughtered over a thousand defenders, but he was in no way satisfied with himself. The next day he pushed himself harder and got almost two thousand men. The king of the Castle at the Large Oak saw this and sent for reinforcements from other castles, but none would come, Maxx the Terrible had earned too much of a reputation as it was, without their troops added to it. The battle was stretched out over six days, and on the morning of the seventh day, the king turned the castle over to Maxx to add to his collection. Later that day, a stranger arrived at the castle, a man that never showed his face to anyone but kept it hidden in a deep cowl in his robe. Men shied away from him where he walked, more from fear of what might be in the shadows of the hood than from fear of the small man himself. At last, after his third day in the castle, he appeared in the royal hall and challenged Maxx to a duel. Maxx could not refuse, seeing any fight as a way to prevent boredom.

The two approached each other on the battlefield, shook hands, as was the proper protocol, and went to fetch their weapons. Maxx took his sword, Harvest, out of its sheath and glared the other end of the field who had taken up only a wooden staff about five and a half feet long. He never took off his robe.

Maxx advanced quickly, thinking to make this a quick fight. He swung at his small adversary with enough force to knock over a small building, but the stranger brought his staff up and brushed the blow to one side. Maxx was puzzled at this feat, but simply came on with a stronger swing. The blade of Harvest whistled through the air, only to be swept aside again. Maxx came on with a fury in his next attack, thinking it impossible that someone of his strength could be stopped by a mere stick. His blow came crashing down on the staff once more, and his upswing lifted the hood off the stranger's head. The gathering crowd gasped at the all-too-familiar face.

It was Werdna, the arch magician. Werdna was the only power known that could defeat Maxx the Terrible at his own game. The battle would be better than expected.

In the split second that Maxx hesitated, Werdna struck. The staff hit suddenly in several stinging blows. Maxx fell to the ground, but was merely regrouping. He came back up, focusing his full rage against his sworn enemy. The staff cracked in two as the strength of thirty men came down on it at once.



HARVEST (Continuation)

The next attack went clear through Werdna's cloak, Werdna wasn't there. The blade had severed the dirty, stinking cloak that Werdna had worn for months at a time. Its occupant was no longer visible, until it reappeared behind the unsuspecting human in a ghost-like form. Fire flashed from the fingertips at the back of its attacker. Maxx cried out in pain at the searing heat that flashed from his opponent's hands, trying in vain to clutch the weapon he had dropped moments before.

The fire stopped, and in less than a second, a knife flashed through the air at the barely mortal form of Werdna, missing its main mark, but accomplishing its mission. It sliced through his shoulder, bringing a cry and a pause from the demonic magician. Maxx used his time to his advantage, grasping his sword above his head and yelling the spell name "TILTOWAIT!" at the top of his lungs. The tip of the sword pointed at Werdna, and once again fire

flashed between the two. Werdna screamed a bone-chilling howl and disappeared from sight forever. Werdna had been defeated for the last time by Maxx the Terrible.

But something was wrong with Maxx. His body was hunched on the ground, hovering precariously over the mighty sword Harvest, which had been driven hilt deep into the soft turf. The combat had taken too much out of Maxx, whose lifeless form toppled to the ground and was slowly carried away by the strongest members of the watching crowd.

Harvey awoke suddenly, noticing that it was beginning to get dark. The sun was setting in a brilliant display of red and orange, and it was with this last light that Harvey looked carefully at the sword and found, scratched carefully into the fist guard, the word "Harvest". "Wow!" he whispered to himself and ran home to finish cleaning his new treasure.

Fatigue

As he closes my eyes
And slows my breath,
He surrounds me
With the finest opiate.

I feel his hand
With its familiar touch;
No quarry of stone
Could ever weigh as much.

He pulls slowly at first
Cushioning me with cotton;
But then faster
And all my cares are forgotten.

In an instant he is gone;
He released so he could call
On another helpless victim;
And into the bottomless pit I fall.

Down, down
Into the sea of sleep
Down into the depths
Of unconscious peace.

by Rene Carmichael



Leather and Flannel

Flannel, warm and comforting;
I love the way it feels against my skin.
It is realistic and easy-going, like Paul,
Always here for me and so reliable
But . . .
Leather is excitement.
I need leather.
It is protective yet challenging.
Erik wears leather.
He is a flirt, a cold-hearted little boy,
Doesn't know where he is going,
And yet . . .
His indecision is appealing.
So, for now I will be content with flannel
And dream of leather.

by Lisa Leighton

The Draft Boards

The draft boards
Open the door
Leading to
Purgatory.
God's children exchange
Class rings for dog tags,
Running shoes for combat boots,
Letterman sweaters for fatigues.

The children
Enter and
Encounter
A game
With no rules;
Surgeons
Attempting to put
The pieces of
Half-gone puzzles
Back together;
Purple hearts
That never
Replace the
Real ones;
Lost souls,
Lost minds,
Lost identities;
The practicing
Of Taps and
Twenty-one gun salutes.

The children
Enter and
Encounter
War.

For the children
There were
No more apple pies
Or hot dogs
Or mothers
No white
No blue
Just Red.

For the children
There was
No exit.

by Debbie Paredez



Samantha's Song
by Melanie Wade

In the late afternoon, tender breezes shook the trees, and the wavering sunlight cast shadows on the porch. The shadow's dances were interrupted by the antics of the small cat, who tried in vain to capture them. Swaying in time to the bubbling laughter that escaped from the far side of the porch, the shadows kept dancing, paying no mind to the frustrated kitten.

Curled up on the lazy wooden porch swing was a girl of sixteen, that age when everything touched is glass, beautiful and breakable, seemingly timeless. Her vivid grey eyes shown under the rim of the floppy felt hat, and they followed the kitten's spastic movements.

"Samantha," a mother's voice echoed from deep inside the house, "come and join us at the table, won't you?"

Letting out a tired sigh, Sam slowly stood up, scarcely big enough to fill her light five-foot, four-inch frame. She scooped up the kitten and ambled inside, leaving the shadows to dance in silence.

Somewhere between the front door and the kitchen, the restless tabby got skittish and bounded out of Sam's arms, probably to continue his play in other areas of the Trollinger household.

Once in the kitchen, Sam grudgingly washed her hands at the request of her mother and sat down to dinner with the family. Her mom and dad bombarded her with questions about the day's visit to Dr. Rhinehold, but Sam replied only in quick, one-word answers, somehow managing to keep her eyes glued to the table. She hated to talk about her condition with them, sensing their sensitivity on the subject as well as her own. Sam was relieved when her two brothers started to rib each other about who was the better athlete. Although somewhat tiresome, they could be a blessing at times. Throughout the course of dinner, Sam pushed peas and spread the mashed potatoes around her plate. She wasn't very hungry and tried to hide the fact that she didn't eat much by rearranging her food. Sam excused herself from the table and, after rinsing her dishes, retreated up the back stairs to the sanctity of her room.

Now safely within the walls of her room, Sam sat at her vanity and stared into the mirror, perhaps searching for answers to the questions she was afraid to ask. Still looking deep into the mirror, she removed the soft, brown hat and ran her other hand gingerly over her tender, rapidly balding head. It was the chemotherapy that had done this to her, and it left only a few tufts of hair scattered sparsely across

her scalp. Sam often imagined herself with a thick healthy copper mane of hair; she'd always wanted to be a redhead.

After changing for bed, Sam reached for her night-table drawer and with a red pen, crossed out another day on the calendar and placed it back in the drawer. She turned off the light, burrowed under the blankets, and lay in the not-so-silent darkness.

In the next room, she could hear the low humming of her brothers' stereo, barely audible over the boys' snoring. Outside, the night creatures serenaded her and the breezes stirred in the trees. Sam felt the bed shake as the kitten climbed up to join her. Reaching out for the tiny cat, Sam's mind began to drift, and she pondered the many things that had long since begun to trouble her.

Her headaches had become stronger and more frequent, but she didn't dare say anything to her family; they had enough to worry about as it was. The doctor had told her today that she was "progressing well," but she could see through his words. Something deep inside told her the end was coming soon. Suicide had crossed her mind lately, but though it might prevent her suffering in the long run, she couldn't put her family through the pain. Sam had really thought about not hurting her friends. Over the past few months she had gradually stopped contact with them. Sensing the signals her body was giving her, Sam knew it would be hard enough to come to terms with her future herself. She felt it would be too painful for her friends. Sam rolled over and gently clutched the kitten to her chest. As she drifted off to sleep to the tune of cricket lullabies, her breath kept time with the gentle creaking of the porch swing. The kitten watched her intently, as if puzzled by his owner's thoughts.

The morning sun smiled upon the lawn and crept softly up to the house. It slid through the blinds. Coming to rest at last on a sleep-worn bed. The bright morning sunlight caused the covers to stir slowly. The sleepy form was all at once attacked by the small cat. He fancied himself a ferocious lion, but it was all he could do to hold on to his prey. The little hunter was soundly defeated by jubilant giggling; the startled feline bolted off the bed and tore out into the hall.

The call of "Breakfast" floated upstairs among the vapors of pancakes and coffee, which were enough to rouse any hungry soul. Climbing lazily out of bed, Sam acknowledged the return of the kitten, who ducked under the bed, just out of reach.

SAMANTHA'S (Continued)

Grabbing her old hat, she trudged slowly down for breakfast. Sam slid down the banister. It was always easier than having to cope with the tiring stairs.

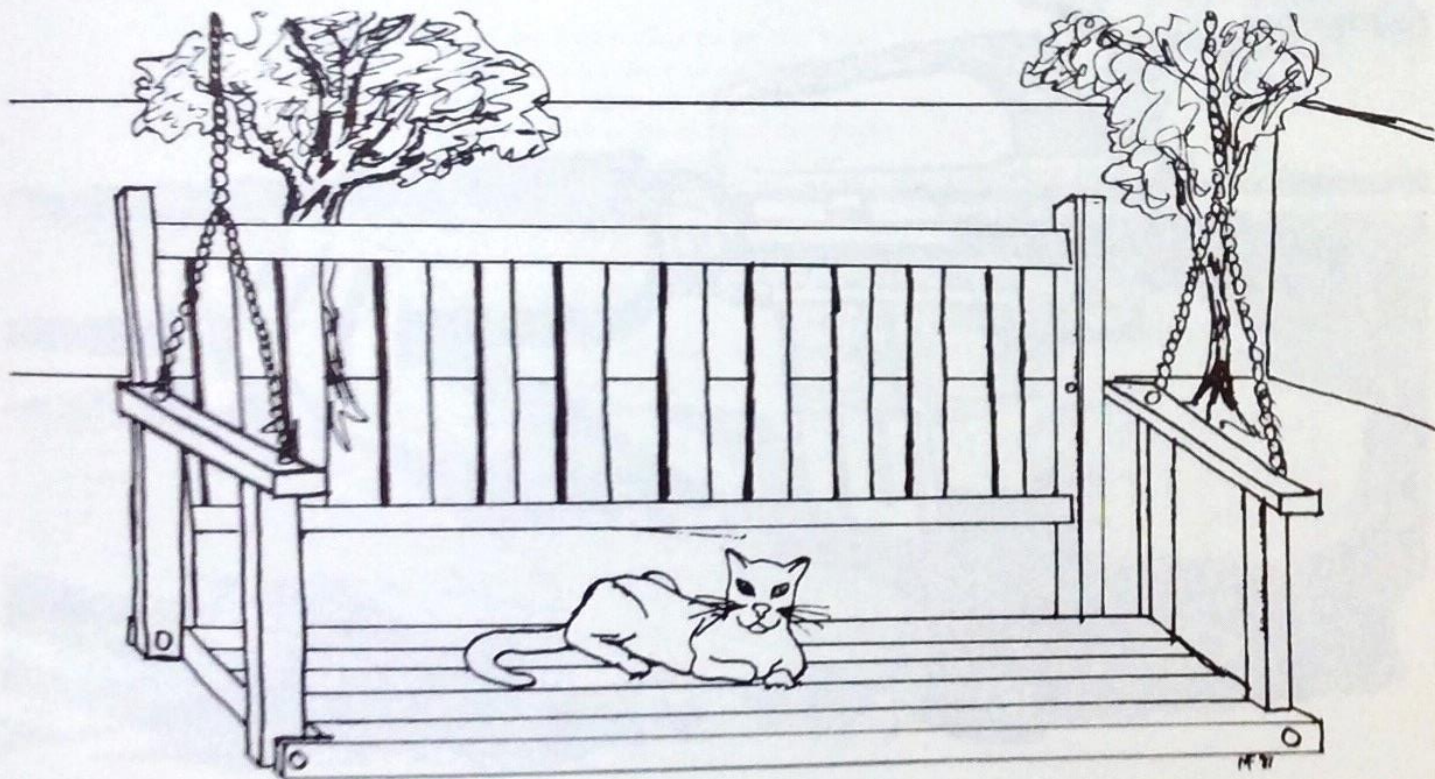
Sam marched into the kitchen and joined her brothers at the table. As usual, they were competing, but they soon tired of that and turned their attention on Sam. She tried to ignore them, but their constant pestering about the felt hat was too much. They had touched a nerve by teasing her, and she was embarrassed. Obviously upset, Sam left the table before she had had time to eat. She clambered up the back stairs and changed clothes. Once she calmed down and regained her composure, she went back down again. Relieved to find that her brothers had already left, she grabbed an apple from the table. Informing her mother that she was going for a walk, Sam headed out the back door.

Once outside, she took in the damp, early autumn and noticed the sunlight that had awakened her this morning had long since disappeared behind low, grey clouds. As she shuffled down the block,

decaying leaves stuck to her shoes, and it began to drizzle lightly. Musty smells of damp trees and burning trash hung heavy in the cool air, and everything was washed in neutral colors. Like most thunderstorms which come up almost as suddenly as they cease, a downpour erupted and drenched her, leaving her no choice but to race home.

Running blindly through the dense rain, Sam didn't notice the cat. In the brutal deluge, a half-eaten apple bobbed in a roadside puddle, and the floppy felt hat landed gently under some bushes across the road. For someone destined to die, death came rather suddenly.

The shadows still dance, but the cat no longer stalks. He has outgrown his kittenish games and endlessly lounges on the old porch swing. Sometimes, when the twilight comes and coolly drains the colors from the day, her lilting laughter can still be heard. The shadows gaily dance as the music-box melodies of Samantha's song live on.



Memorial

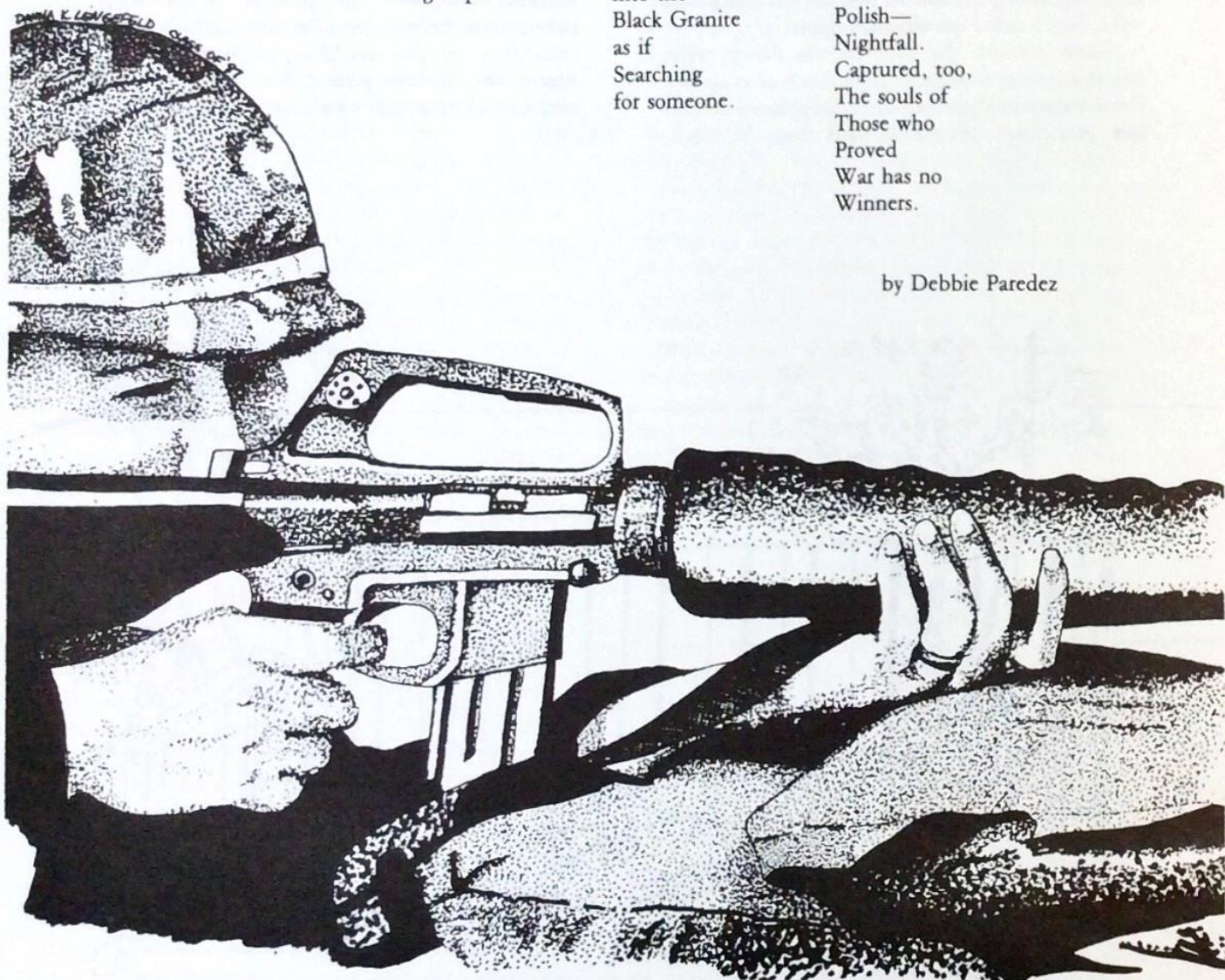
Captured
Atop its
Polish—
Sunrise.
Captured, too,
The tears of
Those who
Prove
They have not
Forgotten.

Alongside
the Wall,
Prayers are
whispered and
Rubbings
are penciled as
Engravings
are traced
by numbered
Fingertips.

In the
Distance,
Three bronze
Figures
Gaze
into the
Black Granite
as if
Searching
for someone.

Captured
Beneath its
Polish—
Nightfall.
Captured, too,
The souls of
Those who
Proved
War has no
Winners.

by Debbie Paredes



I am blind.

No one realizes the frights I encounter:
I search for things I cannot find;
I reach for unattainable goals;
I wish for dreams to come true.
I do not see the beauty and joy in life.
I see nothing but darkness.

You encourage me to go on . . .
I appreciate that.

I've been told of purple flowers and green trees.
I know what flowers and trees are,
but I don't know what purple and green are.
What is blue?
If it is a color, how can it be described
as an emotion, a feeling, or an object?

You try to explain colors to me . . .
It's a nice gesture.

I grow to love people without prejudice.
I don't know of the color of skin.
I don't realize the difference in age.
I cannot see the physical ugliness in people.
I love people for who they are,
Not what they are.

You debate my easy acceptance of people . . .
I really need a friend.

Some day I would like to see the world.
I would like a chance to appreciate
what most people take for granted.
I want to look at the faces of the people
I love and see their expression when
I say, "I love you."

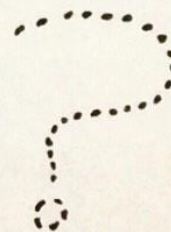
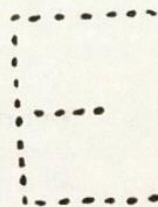
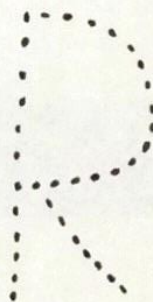
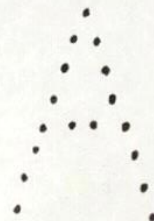
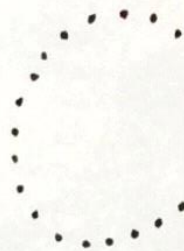
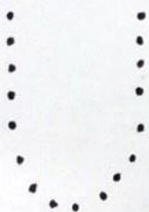
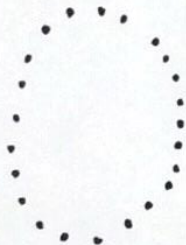
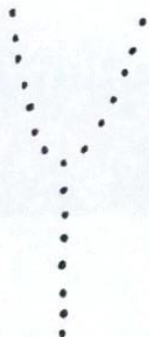
You shake your head and pat me on the back . . .
What good does this do me?

I cannot see my enemies, but they surround me.
My worst enemy is silence.
It kills the beauty of sound; it tears at me.
I am lonely and afraid.
I spend my days at home, alone.
No one visits me, not even you.
I wonder if I am forgotten.
Sometimes, I think, does it matter?

You tell me you're too busy, to see things your
way . . .
But I can't.

I am blind.

by Jennifer Adams





Thunderstorm

A silvery flash
A resounding boom
All is quiet

Then, invading gloom
Tiny needles sprinkle
From a dark, foreboding sky
And increase in tempo
Until they slow and die
The sky alights
Yet one more time
So follows the cracking
Completing the rhyme

When all is past
Life is unfurled
Showing to us
A clean new world.

by Carol Boyer

BULLSEYE STAFF 1987

Alyson Brink	<i>Contributing Copy Editor</i>
Kit Crawford	<i>Layout Editor</i>
Mike Friedman	<i>Contributing Art Editor</i>
Jenny McLain	<i>Assistant Layout Editor</i>
Kelley Stephenson	<i>Contributing Editor-in-Chief</i>
Mario Thomas	<i>Contributing Assistant Art Editor</i>
Kirk M. Wright	<i>Contributing Copy Editor</i>

Faculty Sponsors

Martha Stephens
D'Ann Johnson

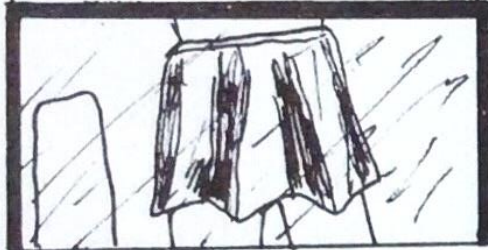
Douglas MacArthur High School

North East Independent School District
San Antonio, Texas

Ron Kyle, Principal

"The pen is the conduit between thought and understanding."

—Gene Hall '89



NORTHEAST INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICT

