

2004

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MacArthur High School

2006
ANNIVERSARY
1984-2004

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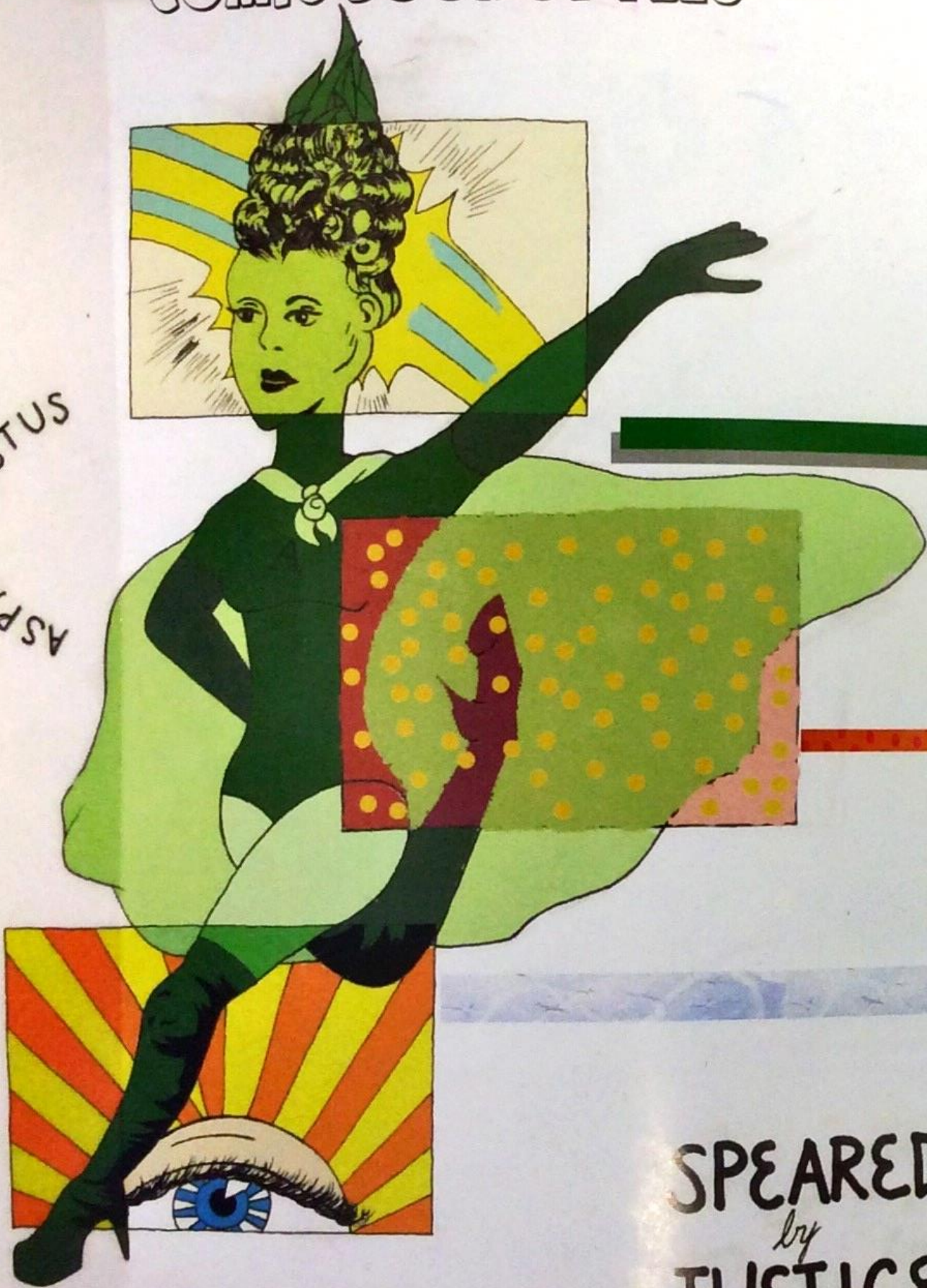
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BULLSEYE

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BULLSEYE COMIC BOOK STYLES

ASPARAGUSTUS



SPEARED
by
JUSTICE

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VINTAGE...3-20

WITTY, LIGHT-HEARTED, AND IN LOVE

POP ART...21-38

LOVE, HEARTBREAK, AND DRAMA

NEOTERIC...39-60

DRAMA, FRUSTRATION, AND ANGST

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For everyone who attended CoffeeHouses

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Triangle - Sarah Gentry

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VINTAGE

The New Adventures of Asparagustus!

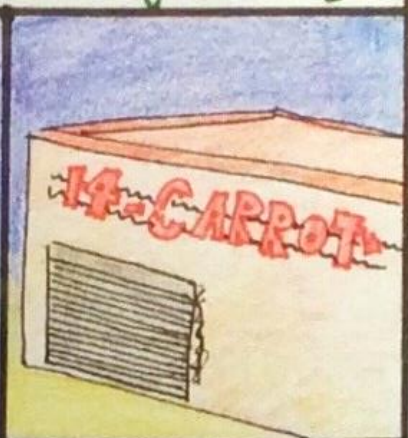


"Asparagustus and the Mediocre Cartoonist"

Surveying the city, our hero listened to the eerie silence... until it was broken.



Over the sleeping town floated the screams of an innocent. Evil was a foot-closer to 11 inches.



Asparagustus followed the sound, finally finding the source- a deserted warehouse.



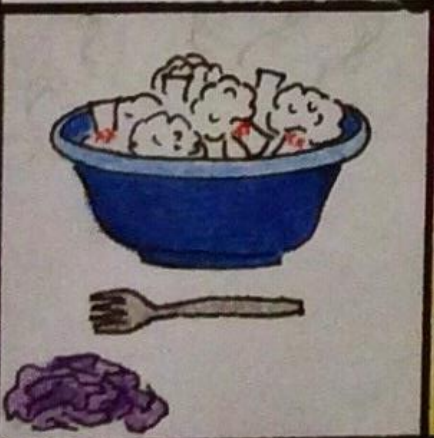
She burst in, disrupting the sinister activities of the CAULIFLOWER COALITION!



The oafish brutes formed a circle around the gallant asparagus spear.



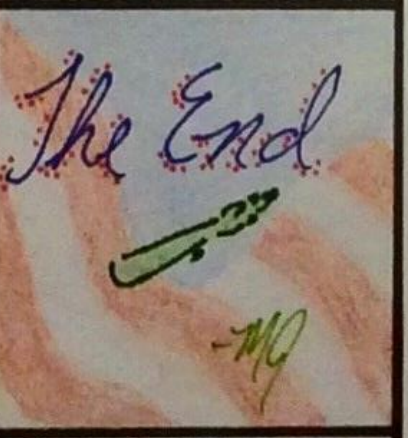
They closed in, and the violent brawl began.



In a bizarre turn of events, not only did Asparagustus prevail, but she came away with extra folic acid in her pocket.



For so is the way of all comic books. Keep that in mind, young grasshopper.



TUNE IN NEXT TIME for... "Asparagustus and the Redundant, Repetitive, and Generally Cyclical Plotline"

Michelle Jones

WOODLE-FUNK

Squiggly dip doo wop
Baps the brain to da' mic
The rhythm, toe tappin',
A funky-phresh delight.

He stomps and he roars,
And he yells out his name
"I'm Flargity Sir FLARG!
Nonsense is my game!"

He yonks a couple dippity doos
And znatches a few stabbity stews
And bang-a-lang-a-langs
Until they are way too bent-a-boo

"What the hell is wrong with him?"
Says the observer to his kin,
"What did he smoke this morning?
And when is it going to end?"

"Why'd he ruin those forks?
And bend all of those poor spoons?
He shouldn't even be on Earth;
He belongs on Looney Toons!"

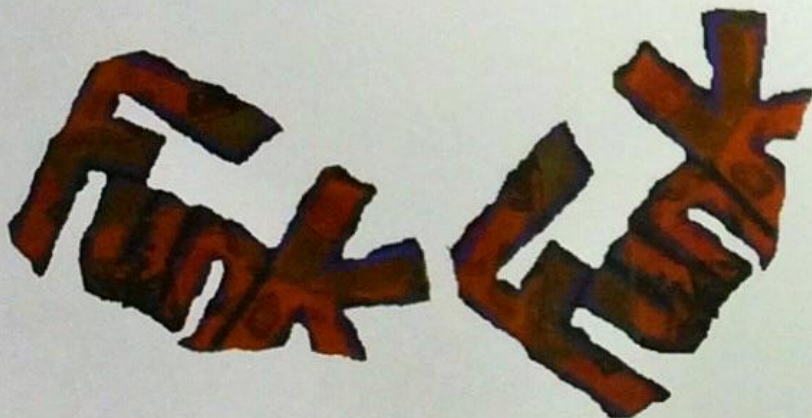
So the observer sticks out a leg,
As Flargity came near,
And down in a crash, poor Flargity went
With his utensils he held dear.

"Whoops, sorry Michael."
And the observer walks away,
But even though Flargity's utensils broke,
His fun was there to stay.

So he stomps and he roars,
And he yells out his name,
"I'm Flargity Sir Flarg!
And nonsense is my game!"

Off into the sunset
Dances Flargity, so krunk,
"Don't mind me," he tells his brain,
Just jamming to Woodle-funk.

Mike Amendola



Cardboard Funk - Marcos Ramos-Rodriguez



Christmas in San Antonio - September Cantu

TOSTADOS UNIDOS

Crispy, crunchy, cheesy,
Greasy fingers stain my clothes.
Pringles, Fritos, Cheetos,
Fun-Yuns, Lays, Doritos.

Thirsty from the salt,
Sweating from the pepper.

My pants are my napkin,
Red from the cheddar.

Tortilla from the South,
Corn from the sun.

Onion from the French,
Yum, Yum, Yum.

They say to stay away,
They say it makes you fat.

They say it clogs the veins,
They say this is a fact.

Take away the peanuts,
Take away the crackers,

Don't give me the Skittles,
And all those sugar smacklers.

I crave the GREASE!

I crave the SALT!

I need to hear the CRINKLE!

I need to hear the POP!

Popcorn just won't do it,

Pretzels don't come close.

Pastries are a waste of time,

It's chips I love the most!

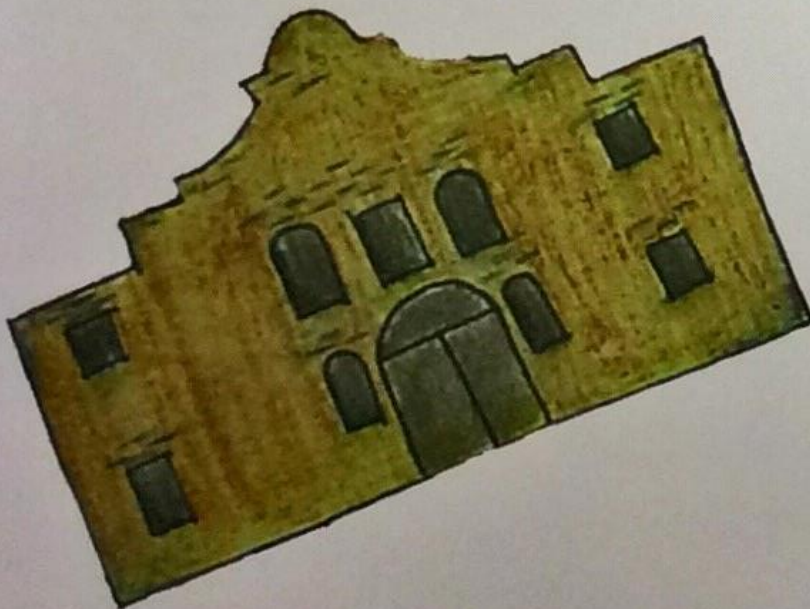
So when Christmas leaves you
indecisive,

My advice to you is this:

Relax, don't worry,

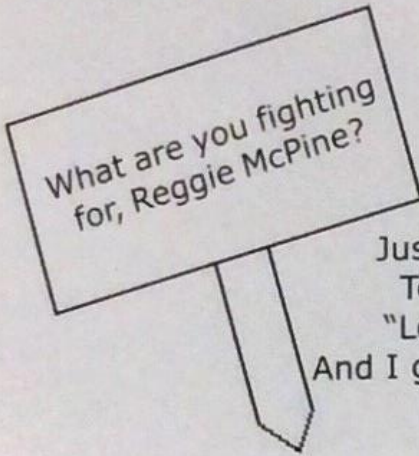
Just send a bag of chips!

Garrett Velasquez



REGGIE MCPINE AND HIS BLANK PICKET SIGN

Always first in line
With a picket sign
The world's favorite rebel,
Reggie McPine.



Some "reason" to riot
Is all that he needs;
Cursing the government
For all their bad deeds.

Just one more chance for a button or pin
To fill up his jacket to show to his kin,
"Look! They have *"World Peace"* in blue!
And I got these hemp socks for a buck fifty-two!

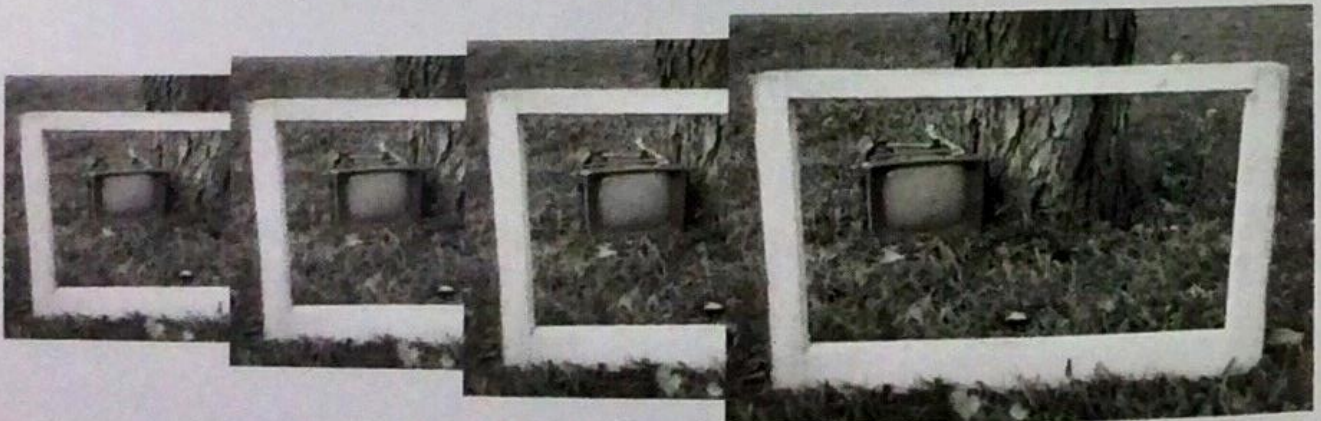
"After the riot, let's go roll a joint
Before the Tobacco Protest
out at Grosse Point."

"Dude, uh, word... cigarettes are so wrong,
don't be so stingy, pass over that bong."

What are you fighting for, Reggie McPine?
What are your reasons to stand there in line?

Is it to show off your Birkenstocks,
Vainly buckled,
over your pair of hemp socks?

Rebellion is in style
So come take your seat
At Reggie's fashion show
Condemning consumption of meat



It's funny how you used to chug down the ham
Before it was cool to diss Uncle Sam.
Now you spend hundreds of bucks
For anti-this, anti-thats
Manufactured by companies
Overseen by fat cats.

So you call them all narrow-minded
But if your mind is so wide,
How come you only look at things from one side?

You don't know what you are doing, Pine.
Just impressing your friends
With ignorant politics and hippie-like trends.

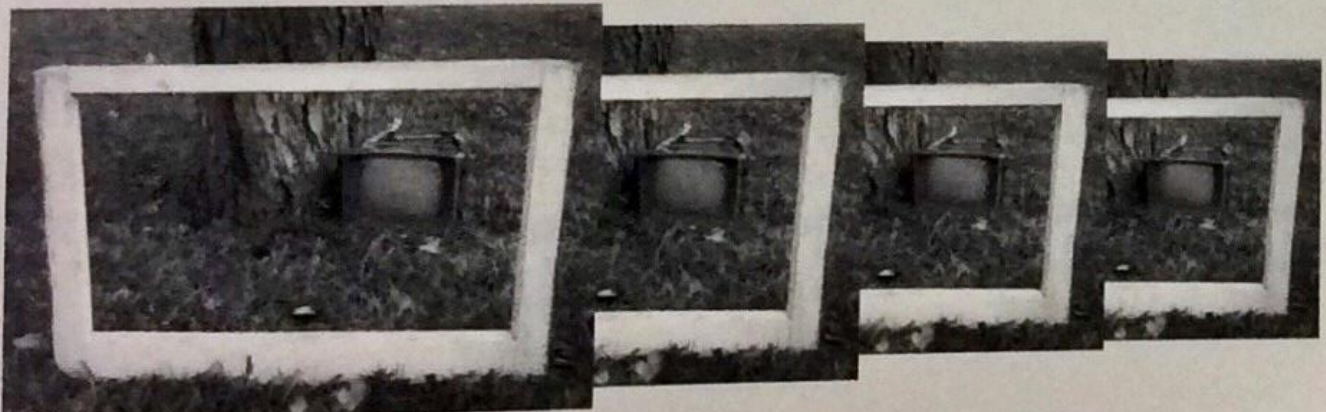
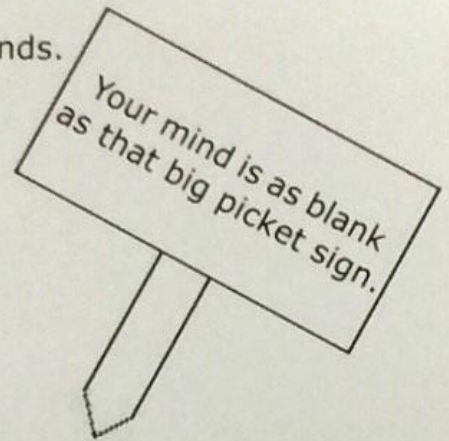
Put down that joint
And pick up a mind
And think for yourself
Just for once, Mr. Pine.

And your liberal glasses
Don't much help your war.
The only help that you give
Is to the rich store.

Vanity is the source of all of your reason
Because purty shoes can match with national treason.

I don't want your fanzine, Reggie McPine.
Your mind is as blank as that big picket sign.

Mike Amendola



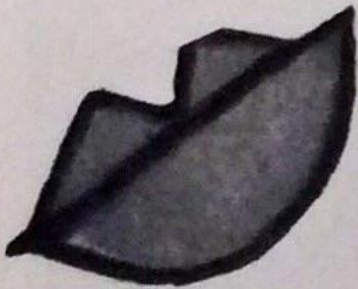
Frame of Mind - Josiah Castillo





Mess - Emily Sawtelle

E. Sawtelle TO JADE



You continually asked me
to return it-
The lip-gloss I borrowed
from you last month.
So when I handed you an
empty tube
Your face contorted,
confused and perturbed.
However I have done you
a great favor,
That color did nothing for
you.

Megan Gibbons



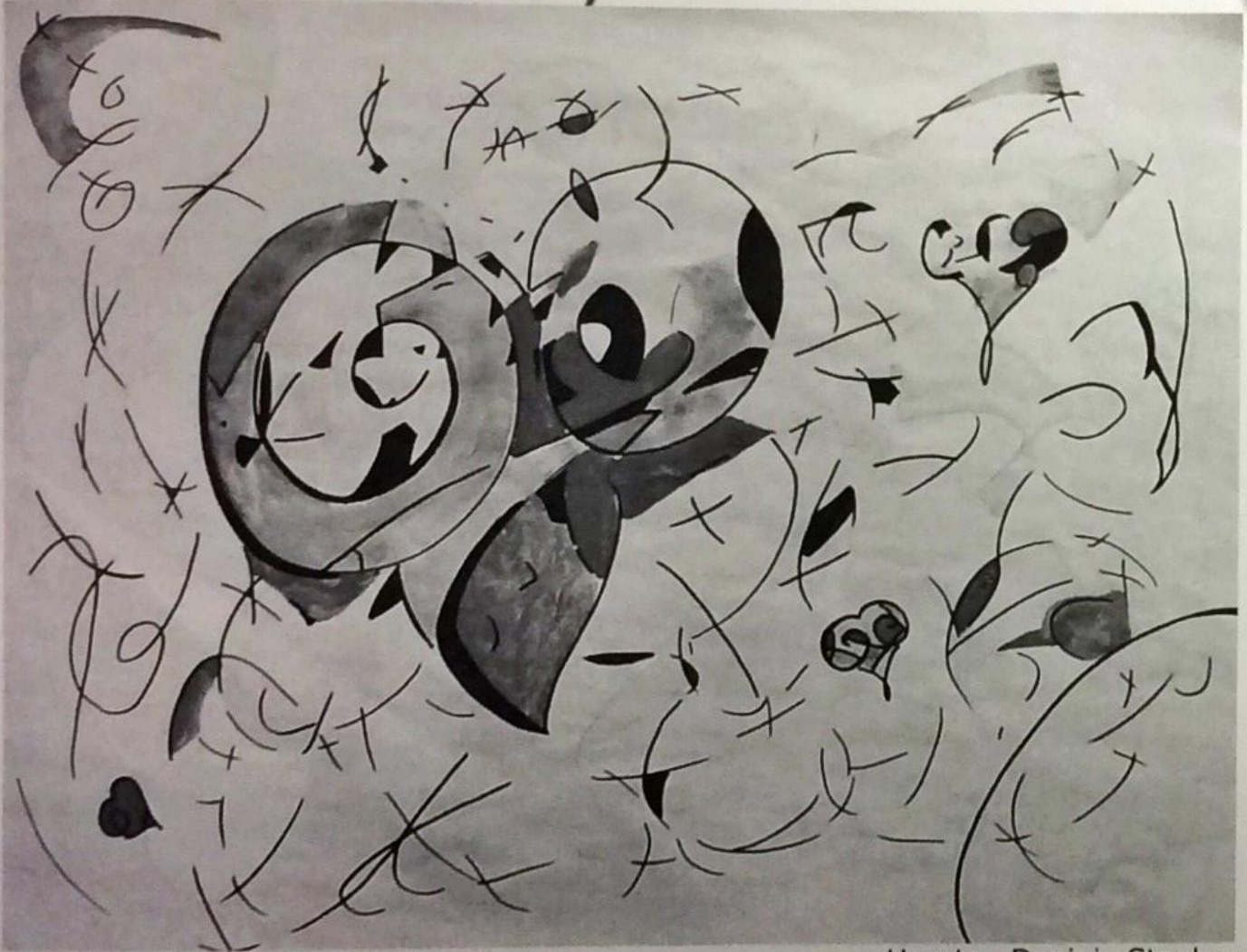
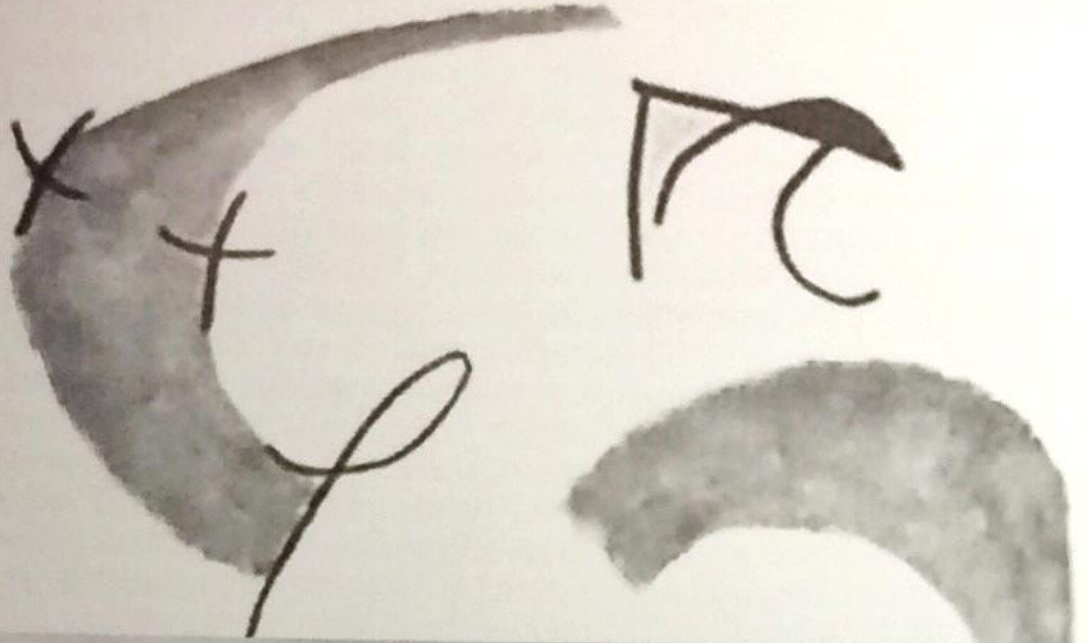
ETHEL

Being in a silly mood
Increased by Justin
And rocking my body

Weeks of dancing
In fast, moving cars
After feeling the wind

Capturing the essence
Of wisdom
In teenage foolishness

Natalie Darrah



Hearts - Davinia Stoeber



GENESIS II: THE SATIRE STRIKES BACK

There once was an entity named God (and he still lives to this day) that was so huge, it took the entire universe to house Him. Of course, He was also made of indiscernible matter, but that is beside the point. You see, God, in his infinite bigness, was all-powerful and would live forever. He decided that since He was spending eternity in this universe, He might as well spruce it up a bit. So, He made light and the Earth, plants and animals, in addition to reupholstering His furniture; but still He was not content. So the entity, God, created man, an odd creature with opposable thumbs. This creature He crowned king of all the rest, and named Hugo. However, after much contemplation, God changed the name to Adam (having discarded Frank, Maximillian, Ernest, and Muclucchucluc). Shortly after this, it became apparent that man would not survive on his own with no one to stop him from compulsively buying useless tools meant to fix things that weren't broken (that is, they were fine until man laid his clumsy hands on them). So God created from Adam's own rib (much to Adam's protest) a reliable companion who would be prompt in informing him of his own shortcomings and overall idiocy. She would be woman, Eve, the wiser counterpart of Adam.

This creature of the opposable thumbs was to be the climax of creation. For in man's timeframe of existence, he created God's favorite invention by far...lemonade. And so, God blessed lemonade and made stands for its mass distribution. And God saw that it was good.

Now, living at the end of a small suburban street, there was a boy named Moses operating one of the aforementioned lemonade stands. He was blessed by God with good business, and profited greatly from it. Moses grew into a humble man, with great passion for lemonade. And so God spoke to him, saying, "Go to the top of Mount Sinai to receive my Commandments for humanity."

Moses raised an eyebrow to an inconceivable altitude (for an eyebrow) and asked, in the most humble tone possible for such a statement, "WHY would I do that?"

"Because I said so," said God.

"So...?"

"And I'm bigger than you."

"I suppose you've got me there."

"No kidding. Sherlock."

"Hey, you're not supposed to be sarcastic!"

"Oh really? I guess I missed that in my job description," said God sardonically.

"There you go again! I thought you were supposed to use words like 'thou' and 'hath'. You know, like, 'hast though brought my slippers yet?'"

God sighed. "Here it goes again. Bringest thine hiney uppest Mount Sinai. Is that better?!"



"Needs work."

"Fine. Imb-clay up-ay ount-may inai-say."

"I guess that'll have to do."

"Good. Now scoot."

And so, Moses trudged up the mountain sulkily. When he reached the top, he outstretched his arms, waiting for the section of papyrus to float down from the sky. He watched the clouds with anticipation. Then he saw it...in the sky he saw the papyrus scrolls. A moment later, Moses was on the ground, his arms full of not scrolls, but 50-pound blocks of marble. With difficulty, he pulled his arms out from under the stone tablets. Then he yelled upwards, "What was that? You could have crushed me!"

"I could NOT! I'll have you know I am on the Heavenly baseball team as pitcher; I have very good aim."

"Well, couldn't you use something a bit lighter than marble...paper, perhaps?"

"Paper?! These are the Ten Commandments for humanity! You think I'd give something delicate to clumsy creatures such as yourselves? Besides, we're experiencing some inflation up here; the price of papyrus is outrageous!"

"Well, the next time you decide to send down a few commandments for the entire human race, at least make them softer, alright?!"

"Sure thing...well aren't you going to READ THEM?!?!?!"

"Oh right, let's see..." Moses scanned through the Ten Commandments, making occasional remarks to himself, with God looking over his shoulder, impatiently waiting for an audible comment. "My, my you are a competitive one...'You shall have no other gods before me'...'You shall not make for yourself an idol'...there's no room for anyone else in your universe is there?"

"How am I competitive? I say that you shall have no other god before me...do you see any other gods here? Hmmmmm?"

"Ok, fine, but do you really have to state, 'thou shall not kill'? I mean, how many people are there that can't figure that out?"

"You'd be surprised..."

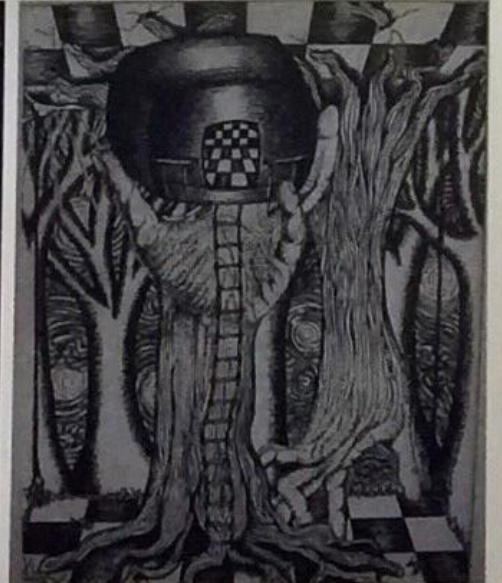
"Oops... 'Thou shall not covet thy neighbor's ass'...hey, God, is there some kind of make-up credit for this? Like let's just say my friend...ummm...Greg...Yeah let's just say 'Greg' noticed his neighbor's mule could pull a lot of weight, and wanted it... could 'Greg' perhaps trade in five 'sin' tokens if he rescued a kitten?"

"Sin tokens? What do you think Heaven is, an arcade? Anyway, the answer to your question is no. The marketing team up in Heaven suggested to tell you 'Just Do It'...it's a bit blunt, but I like it."

"So is there nothing we can do to redeem ourselves?"

"Well now that you mention it... I am rather fond of lemonade..."

Michelle Jones



A TOAST

A toast to faith, foundational thought!
The thing that keeps civilization alive,
The center of all in will and persistence;
Drink to faith, the human spirit.

A toast to hope, the goal to achieve!
The frail thing that cannot be broken,
The reason many strive to live a life;
Drink to the hope, a human force.

A toast to love, a great gift indeed!
The passion of personal company,
The sweetest feeling life can give
Drink to love, the human gift.

A toast to peace, a way to live!
The product of all virtues as one,
A goal to achieve yet still far off;
Drink to peace, the human dream.

A toast to joy, a hopeful sigh!
The time when much is celebrated.
The peace and love combined as one;
Drink to joy, the human emotion.

A toast to life, the very reason
We exist as a group, a people, a world,
Mother Nature's gift and Father Time's toy;
Drink to life, the human itself.

Eric Mielke



Boy - Eric Dorsa



Butterflies - Megan Jaramillo

KNOWLEDGE

Let them be roses:
Always cared for, watered,
And planted into the ground.

I'd rather be a snow-white dandelion:
Being picked, blown upon, and
Soaring through the air,
Looking at all the sights,

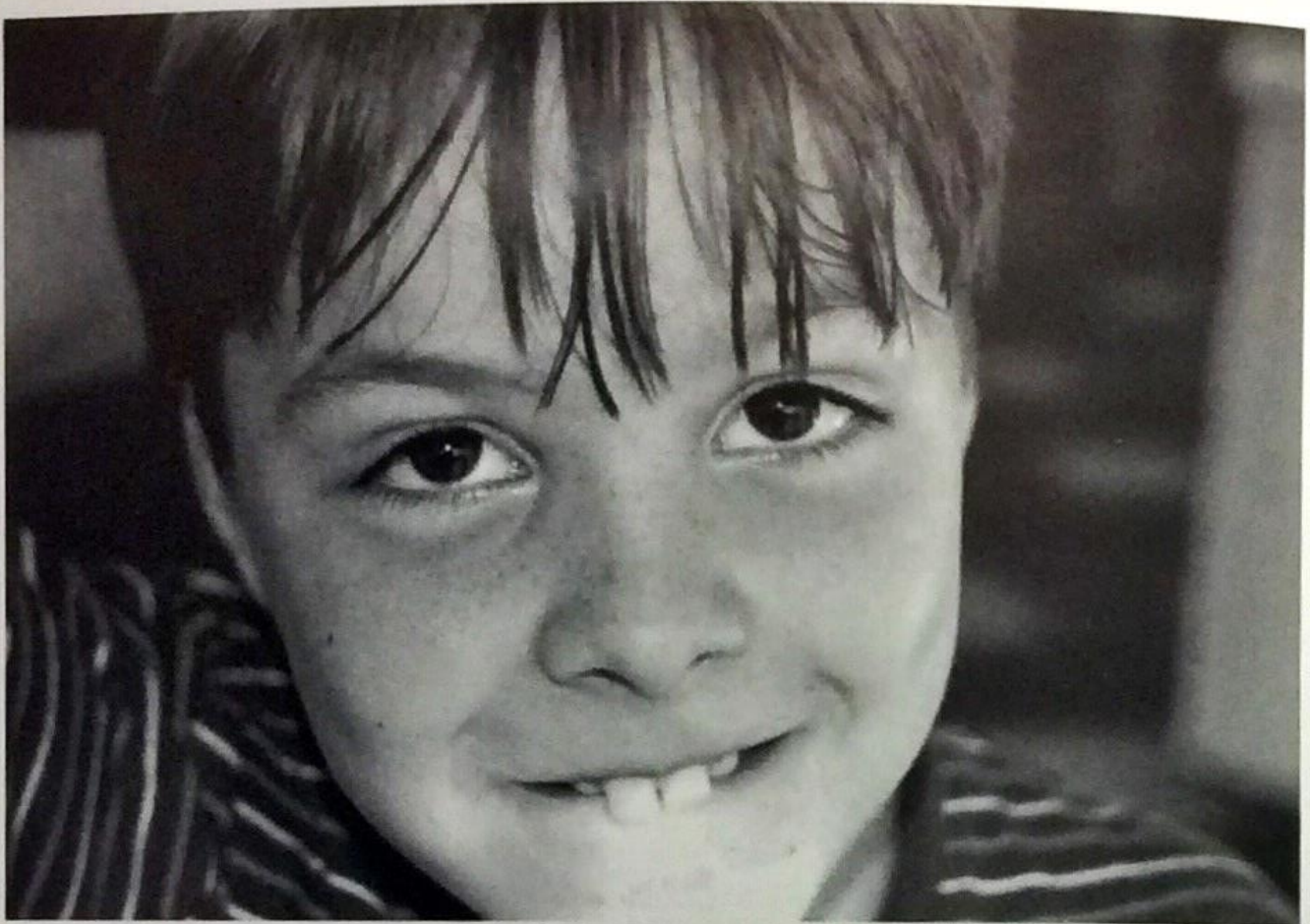
To be set free, to explore the
Earth, looking at nature,
Than to be kept in the ground,
Never knowing what's going
On around me.

I'd rather land some place new,
Instead of always staying in a backyard;
To be curious about the world around me
Than to just think I know it all.

I'd rather be plain white,
Than all sorts of colors, such as
Pink, purple, orange,
Red, yellow, and blue.
I'd rather be a snow-white dandelion!

Shannon Brooks





Brannen - Kristen Petit

A PENGUIN I AM

They asked us all in class today,
"What animal would you be:
A viper waiting in the grass,
a red squirrel up a tree?"
For some the answer came quick,
but, oh, so slow for me.
I like a lot of animals,
mostly because they're free.
So I thought along the line of birds,
like a parrot or cockatee.
But they were already taken,
and too domestic for me.
And so I chose a penguin,
we're both odd, you see.

Shenoa Carroll-Bradd

I LOVE YOU MORE THAN APPLESAUCE

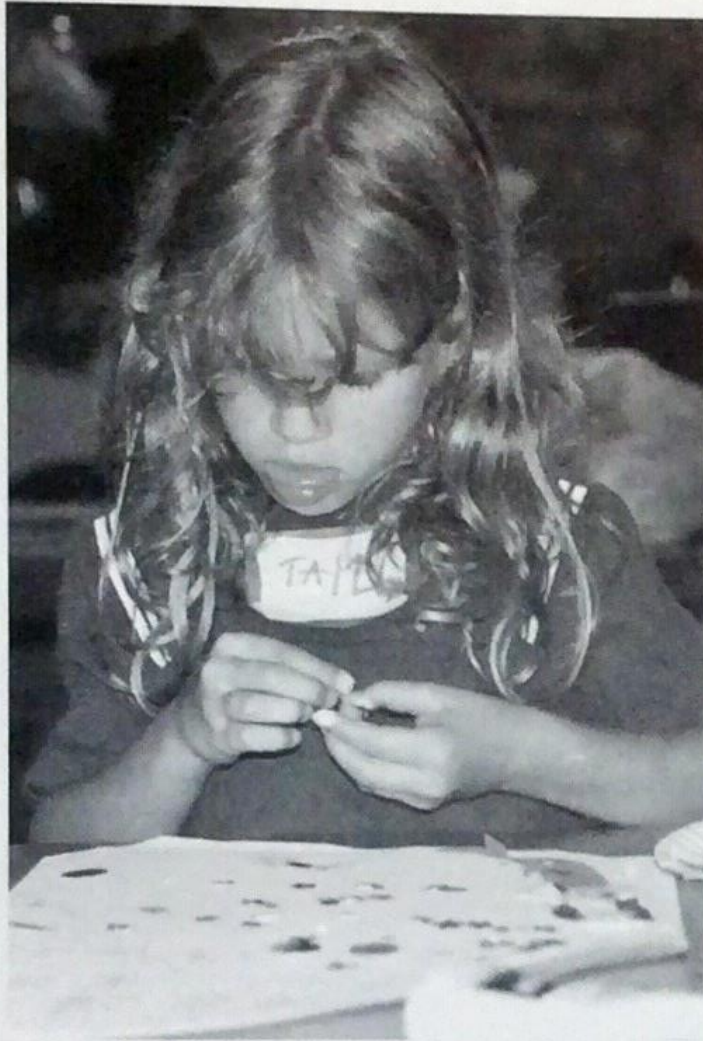
I love you more than applesauce
Than peaches and a plum...
Than cherry hearts and candy tarts
And berry bubble gum.

I love you more than lemonade
And seven-layer cakes
Than lollipops and candy drops
And thick vanilla shakes.

I love you more than marzipan
Than marmalade on toast...
Oh, I love pies of any size...
But I love you the most!

Laura Lawson





Taylor - Kristen Petit

ARMY MEN

I saw those tiny green men last night
I must have not been right...
Walking around with all those guns
Seemed like they were having fun

Man those army men crack me up
I tried to catch one
In my little Dixie cup
But, wow, how they're really fast
Everything was a great big blast

They gave me a toy gun
And, boy, we were having fun
Sadly, my stupid alarm came on
And all my little friends were gone...

Amy Ochoa



I AM

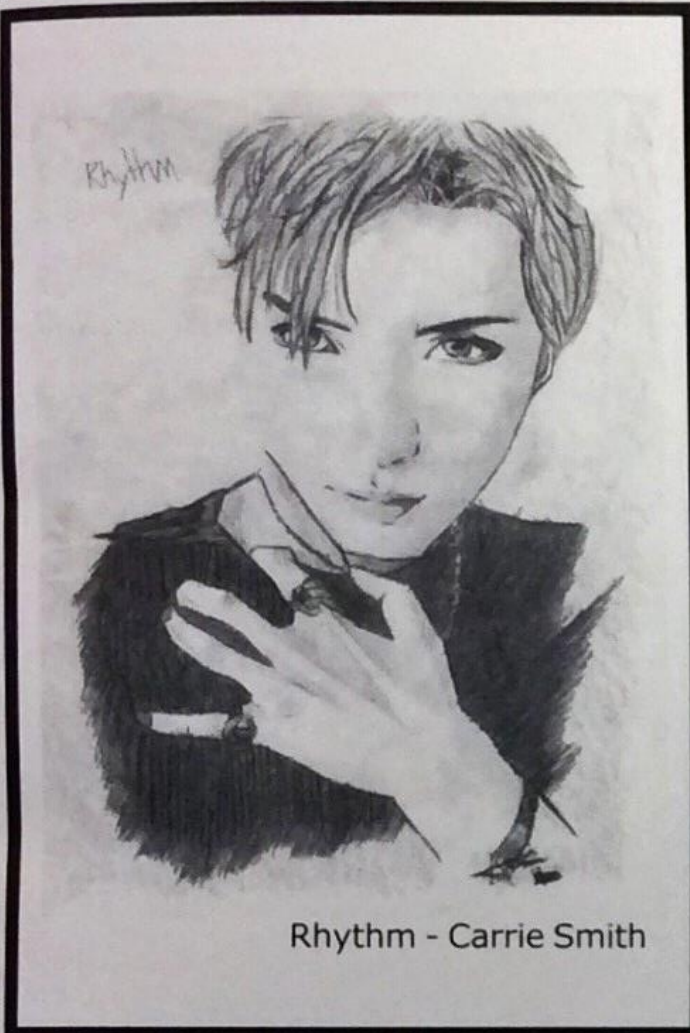
I am a woman,
I have the strength of a man,
I live my life daily according to the Lord's plan,
I am an artist,
I am a writer,
I don't care for violence, but I am a fighter,
I am a protector,
And a lover, I treat my sisters and
brothers as if I am their mother.
I am a teacher/educator,
I am sweet like a Now and Later,
Hot like a tamale, sour like a Skittle,
Compared to tall girls I'm like Stuart Little,
I am intelligent,
I am smart,
I think with my mind and speak from my
heart,
I am like Xena, Warrior Princess,
My love is unlimited, my endurance endless
I am like a new Porsche,
You can't wait to drive,
If I were a bee I'd be queen of the hive.
Like fresh honey, I'm nothing but pure,
If your mind is diseased,
I'll be the cure.
I am love,
I am hate,
I am the honey-cured ham on a
Thanksgiving plate.
I am original,
I am.....

Marissa Beasley

A POEM FORMATION

I have never had such determina-
tion
Or waited with more anticipation
For a time when my initiation
Would be my true motivation
With every part of my imagination
I can almost feel that perfect sensa-
tion
So I am careful in my preparation
And my make-up application
Upon my first observation
While trying to limit my perspiration
He began our conversation
And recognized our correlation
It was after much contemplation
That I made my revelation
And instantly felt total elation
As this was the foundation
Of my complete infatuation
Because of a huge realization
That surpassed every expectation
An obsessive fixation
That induced much complication
When my memorization
Became a monstrous aggravation
There was a simple accusation
That in turn led to an altercation
And in my own desperation
I was hit with hurtful retaliation
It was the moment of devastation
That created the solid foundation
For the further consummation
That I sustained for the duration
Despite my current isolation
I want to make reconciliation
Even though I despise our separa-
tion
There will be no condemnation
For there is an explanation
For actions that need justification
And his sudden maturation
Giving my life regeneration
Just in time for graduation

Caroline DeSanctis



Rhythm - Carrie Smith

1337 LOVE

I'm looking for an intelligent guy.
 It's not his butt to catch my eye
 But rather his brand new TI,
 A Magic deck to make nerds sigh.

He must have some strange love for pi.
 Perturb each of his teachers by
 Asking things akin to why
 The quasars shouldn't rule the sky.

His humor must of course be dry.
 His cunning logic ever spry,
 And it'd be great if he could tie
 A bowtie like that hot Bill Nye.

If he should speak in Elvish tongue
 (And not in process hock a lung),
 Then mine shall he be ever sung
 For a nerd's heart is forever young.

Michelle Jones



Matt - Sarah Gentry



MY STABLE BOY

Once upon a time in a land far, far away...
Isn't that what you're supposed to say?

Young was I,
Who lived in a castle near the sky,
Where the turrets glistened like the sun up high,
And often I would sit at my window and cry,
For I loathed the ancient beauty of ages old,
Because it was a gilded prison, stone cold.

Finally I could stand it no longer and fled,
For I was stripped of all freedom, even to whom I was to wed,
I threw my teachings to the winds,
For this was where the ridiculousness ends,
And ran away hoping to out run the inevitable,
Down to the horses' stable.

There I met a stable boy and he
Knew nothing of manners, nobility, science, or philosophy,
But he was kind to me,
And demanded nothing of me did he,
For he liked me the way I was,
And didn't fight to change me as the Mistress does.

Summer came and went, and we fenced and slayed,
Discovered secret coves, and in the waterfalls we played,
Together we rode upon the wild seas with pirates,
And caused some riots,
We traveled to untamed jungle's path,
And slept under the stars at last.

Autumn came, and we traveled far and wide,
To find all adventures life had to hide,
To the mountains where realms were rotten,
But where treasure laid simply forgotten,
And we rode off to the elves, our friends,
To the dwarves, the kinder, the mermaids, our journeys would never end.



Apple Tree



Stephani Lackey



In winter we would lay upon the snow,
And many wouldn't dare to become our foe,
We traveled deep beneath the surface in caverns deep and vast,
To battle the evil beneath and gained allies fast,
Ice dragons with winter hides.

In spring we roamed the wide prairies,
Hoping to befriend a few spirits and faeries,
We jousted and competed in the town's competitions,
For none could match our skill nor our ambitions,
Best in the entire world went the claims
And throughout the realm all knew our names

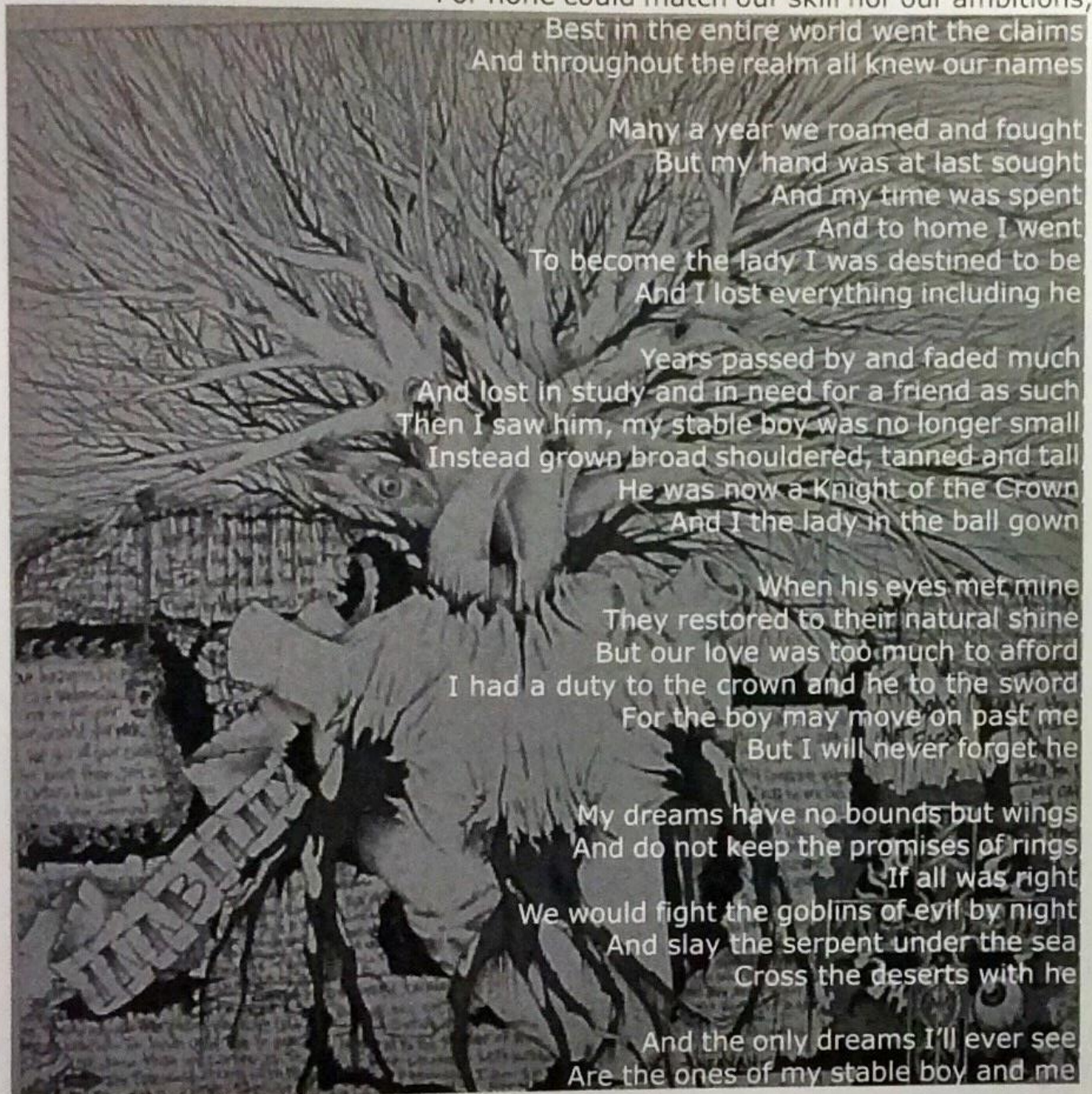
Many a year we roamed and fought
But my hand was at last sought
And my time was spent
And to home I went
To become the lady I was destined to be
And I lost everything including he

Years passed by and faded much
And lost in study and in need for a friend as such
Then I saw him, my stable boy was no longer small
Instead grown broad shouldered, tanned and tall
He was now a Knight of the Crown
And I the lady in the ball gown

When his eyes met mine
They restored to their natural shine
But our love was too much to afford
I had a duty to the crown and he to the sword
For the boy may move on past me
But I will never forget he

My dreams have no bounds but wings
And do not keep the promises of rings
If all was right
We would fight the goblins of evil by night
And slay the serpent under the sea
Cross the deserts with he

And the only dreams I'll ever see
Are the ones of my stable boy and me



Heart - Andrew Alvarez

Liz Guerrero





Still Life - Matt Dayton

3 TASTY FRENCH MEN AND THEIR SECRET STUFFING

As I stood hastily at the vending machine,
I eyed all the members of the choco-lust team:
...*Snickers, Pay Day, 100 Grand*...
each calling for my meager quarter in hand.

Then I saw it, a *Three Musketeers*,
Three tasty French men that kick the others' fat
rears.

So fluffy, chocolaty, dandy and swell,
Deliciously nougaty and low fat as well!

But what is nougat anyway?
And where is it from?
It looks kind of like it came from my bum...
Is it like truffles,
And comes from the ground?
Or archaic marshmallow aged and browned?
Could it be used as sticky tack?
I could put it on my wall,
And then hang up the cat!

Maybe it is manufactured by Bush,
And the government is now controlling my tush,
"Freedom of Speech", but no "Freedom of Ass"
you hear "VOTE BUSH!" every time I pass gas,
since Bush and Congress detest le French fry
You'd never expect them to use nougat to spy.

So is it worth it?
Despite all the risks...

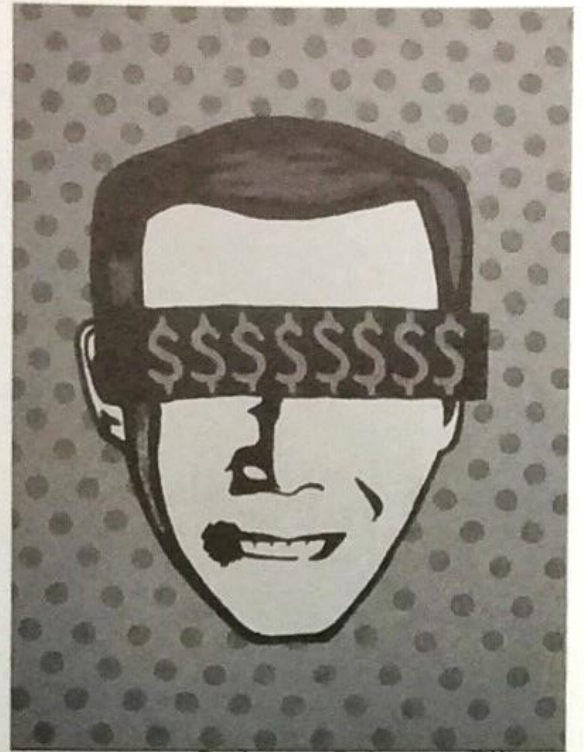
Eh, screw this... I'll take a *Twix*.

Mike Amendola

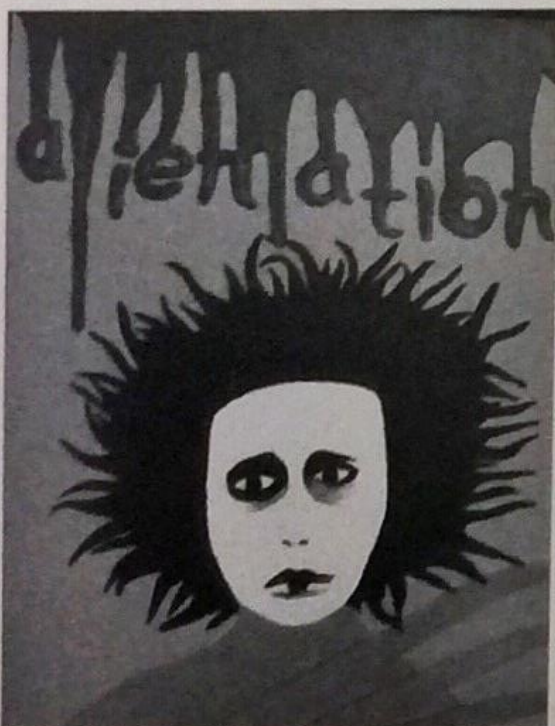
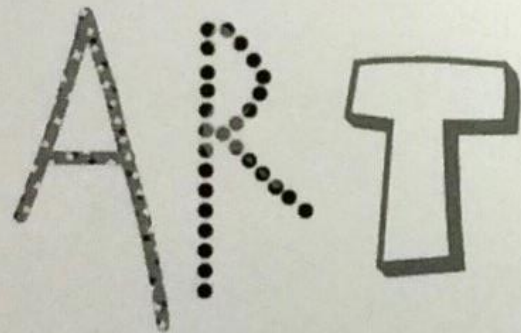
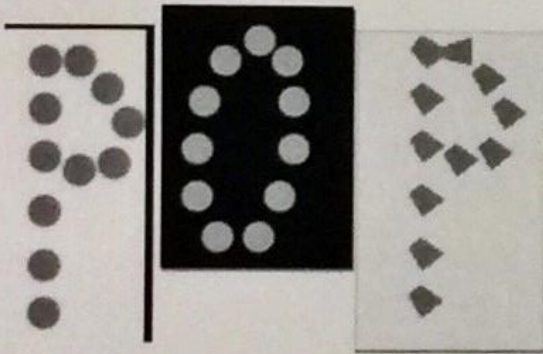




Crying Girl 40 Years Later - Jessica Cardenas



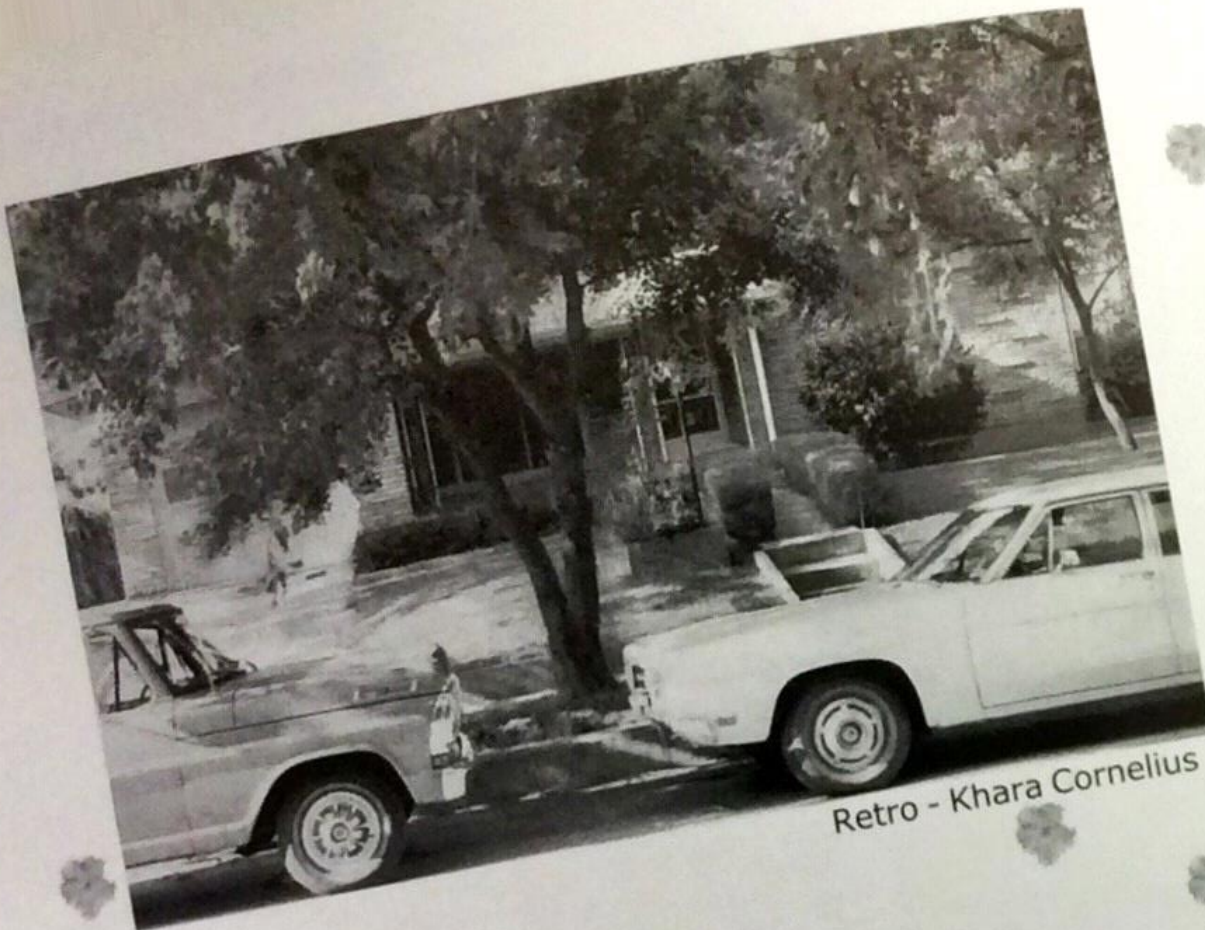
Dubya - Brittany Elliott



Alienation - Brittany Elliott



Baby Polka - Brittany Elliott



Retro - Khara Cornelius

Summer Snow

pink snow falls softly
in the form of small flowers
breeze blown crepe myrtles

Kristen Petit

A Short Story

I've been staring off into space for, probably, about ten minutes now. But, then again, when you're staring off into space, I guess you can't really gauge how long you've been sitting there, fixated on nothing. I'm sitting in the most uncomfortable wooden chair ever made, legs crossed at the ankles, and arms folded across my stomach. My left foot is wiggling in time with the Christmas carol being played over the intercom system here at work. Like the bulk of the music that's played here, it was written and produced decades before I was born, something that seems to annoy me slightly. The more odd anecdote, however, is that it's only the second week in June.

The four restrictive walls of my cubicle are so dull and gray. It seems this entire floor of the building has a completely monochromatic color scheme, now that I ponder the concept: black, gray, white . . . it's all the same.

Don't get me wrong; I've tried to make my small nook more interesting. Apparently, pouring beach sand all over the floor of my cubicle in an effort to make me feel like I was at the beach is "against regulation". Who knew? Instead, I was given a small, framed photograph of a palm tree, probably taken at a home-improvement-type store anyway. It was an attempt to try and appease me because, as my supervisor says, I'm considered a "vital employee". And it's statements like those that beckon me to just storm out of here and never return. I'm still sitting here. I'm supposed to be working on some summaries of something, but I get off in twenty minutes, so what's the point of starting?

Caroline DeSanctis



Abstract - Melissa Garza



A Soldier Unrecognized

On a Tuesday afternoon, deception paints the thoughts of one lover.
The jumbled wounds of the dew-drenched concrete slice deep; age playing the knife.
Crazed eyes blink incoherently, and the parted untouched lips of a woman are dry with
the crust of misconception.

Deep into a Tuesday night the moon has long beaten upon a lost hope.
The minds of all but one await the alarm clock birth of a receptive hell.
Yet the one, blood frozen, blankly staring into the razor sharp night is oblivious to all but
the intense black of an empty sky bleeding all of its lies and misfortune into her large
glazed eyes.

Early on a Wednesday morning, one woman finds comfort in the crisp and inconsistent
melody of one bird.

Ready to cut open another day,
She wets her lips,
And they shine,
And she shines...
A soldier unrecognized.

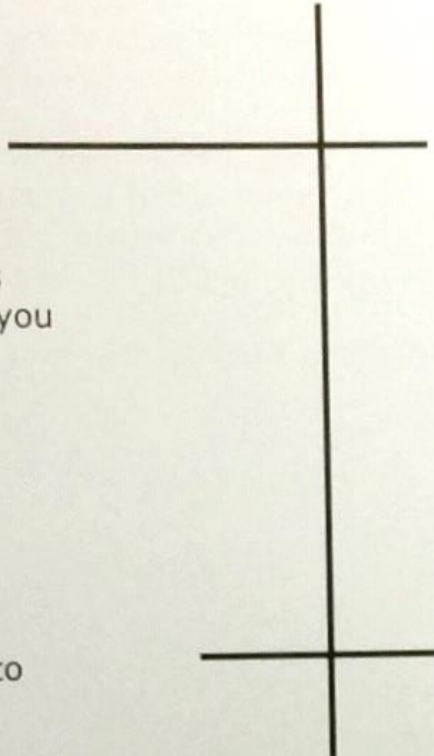
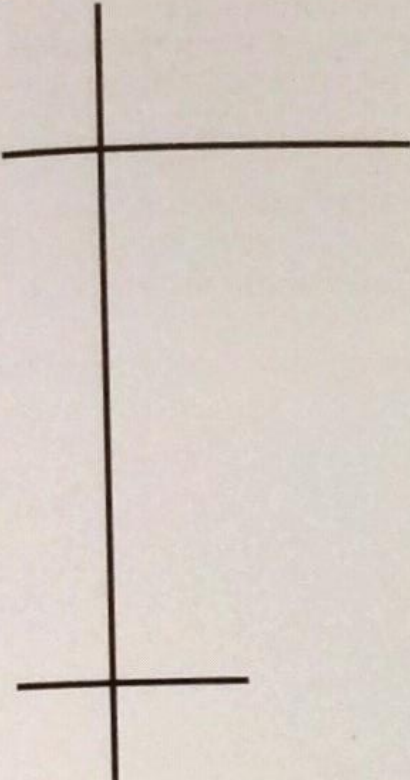
Bailey Davis



Jenny 62 - Melissa Garza



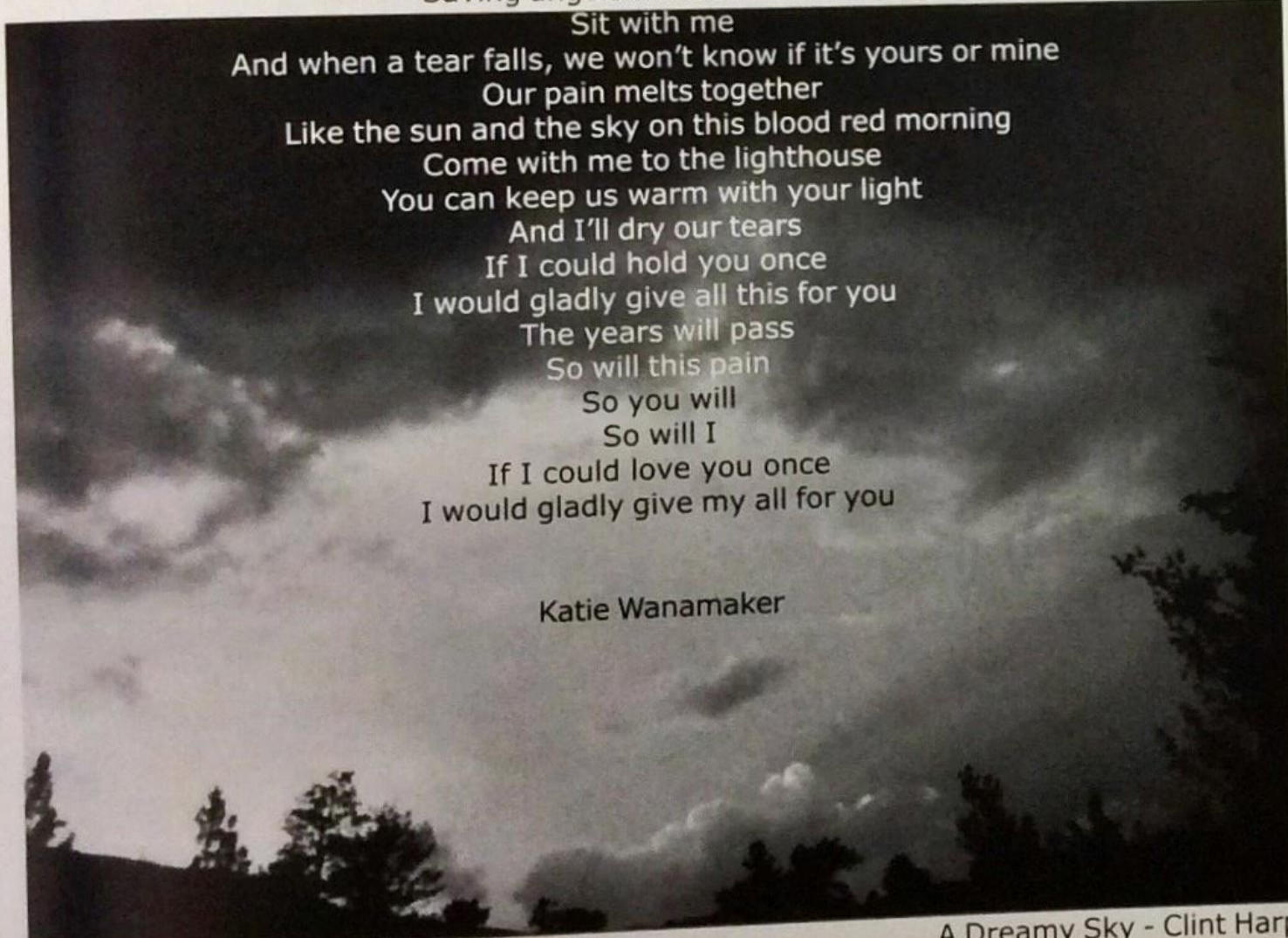
Blood Red Morning



I can see you
Sink
The weight
of your wings
And sky
And sun
Upon the shoulders
That strain against the years
I look at you and long to touch you
I can see the red sky
Reflect in your eyes
As they glaze with tears
And harden with cold
If your crimson lips
Should softly press mine
I promise not to look away
I promise
Touch me and I promise not to
Break
Look at me
I won't disappear
Your eyes shine
Like a lighthouse
Saving angels and demons alike

Sit with me
And when a tear falls, we won't know if it's yours or mine
Our pain melts together
Like the sun and the sky on this blood red morning
Come with me to the lighthouse
You can keep us warm with your light
And I'll dry our tears
If I could hold you once
I would gladly give all this for you
The years will pass
So will this pain
So you will
So will I
If I could love you once
I would gladly give my all for you

Katie Wanamaker



A Dreamy Sky - Clint Harp





Serengeti Dream - Jamison Coy

And a Day

It's the first time I've laughed in forever
You've washed away the memory of tears
Tonight as you sit here beside me
I've forgotten my problems and fears

Won't you hold me forever and never let go
Lay beside me and I promise
You'll always know
I'll be here for you to kiss your tears away
And I'll love you for forever
. . . And a day

I can't forget the first time we met
You tapped me on the shoulder
And as I turned my head
I thought surely heaven's lost an angel
It's a feeling I won't forget
And now it's something you whisper
As we share our bed

Won't you hold me forever and never let go
Lay beside me and I promise
You'll always know
I'll be here for you to kiss your tears away
And I'll love you for forever
. . . And a day

And as I reach the time
Where my breath is my last
And youth and lust
Become part of my past
As God and the Angels take the soul from
my breast
I ask you to honor my last request

Won't you hold me forever and never let go
Just know that I'll live on forever
Deep inside your soul
As the White Light leads the way
And I'll love you for forever
. . . And a day

Just beyond the Pearly Gates I'll wait
To love you for forever
. . . And a day.

Jenny Jaeckle



Gypsy in my Heart

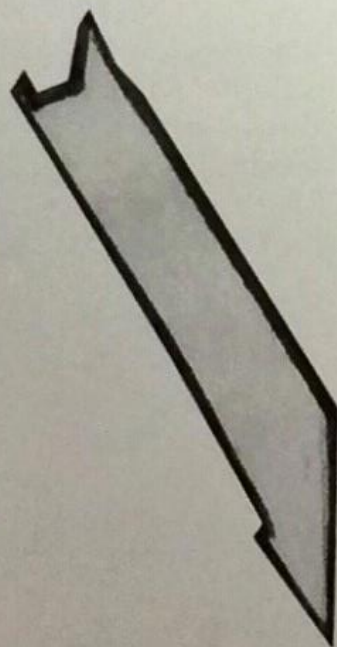
There's a gypsy in my heart
Who tells me what to do.
She is smart and quick and has her wit
And knows the likes of you.

She knows exactly what you'll try
And tries to tell my mind.
But I won't listen to that gypsy;
I see no reason why.

The gypsy sees into your soul
And knows exactly what you'll do.
But the gypsy in my heart,
She knows just what to do.

She'll make me leave this wretched place
Like all the gypsies do.
We'll travel 'round from place to place
To find a better few.

The few who can and will be true
Not like the likes of you.
Because the gypsy in my heart
Always keeps me safe and true.



Mixed - Emily Sawtelle

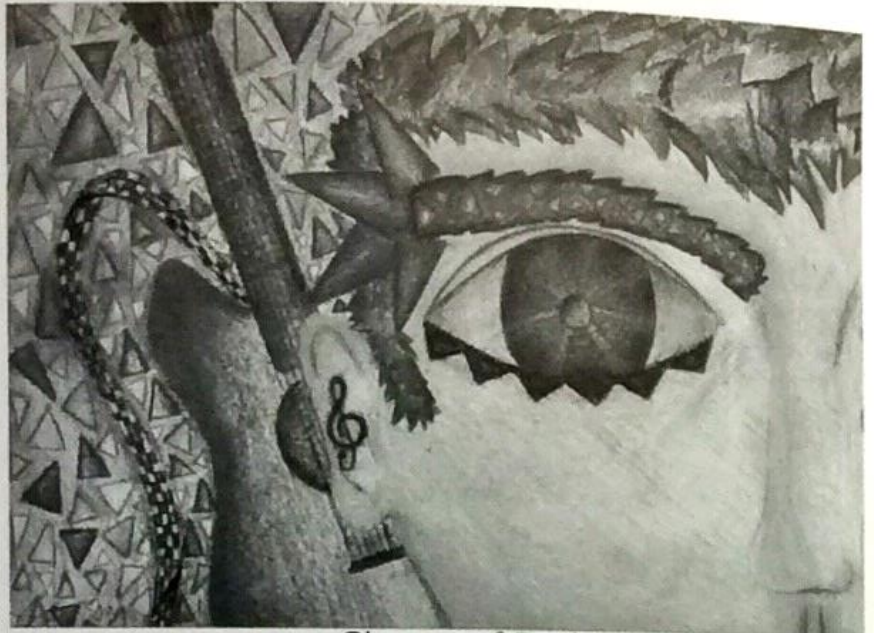


Au Revoir

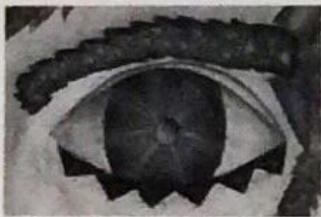
Hope is for the heart
Love is for the soul
Time is for the taking
But as we all know
Goodbyes are all we live for
As we set sail in this strangling world

Au revoir
Tout a l'heure
I will sing thee away
I will bid thee farewell
Watch you leave my heart and soul
In hope that time will give you back

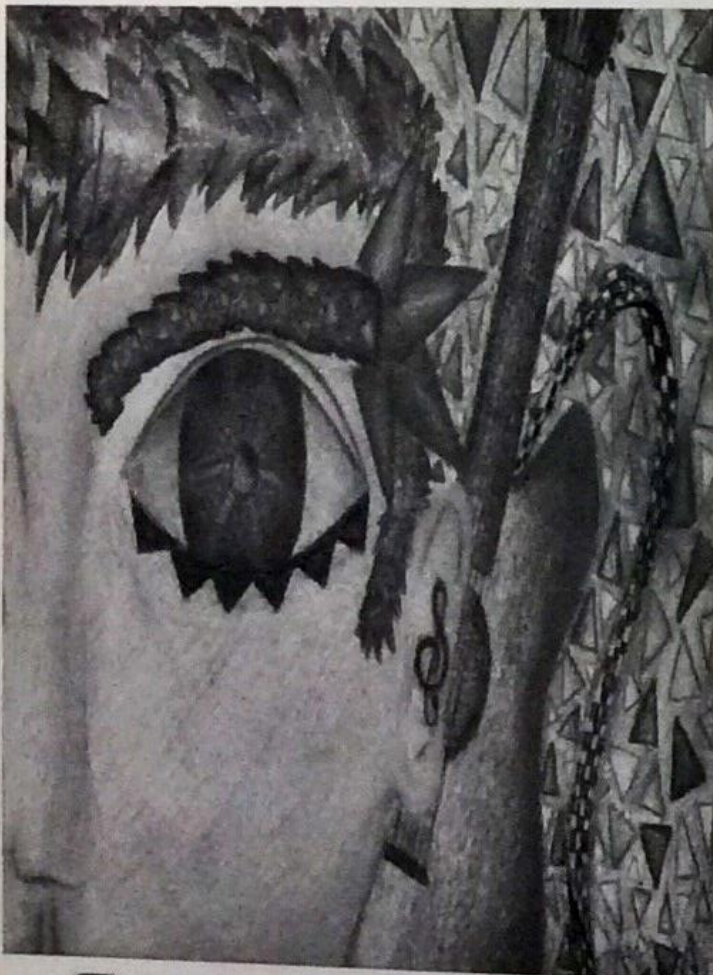
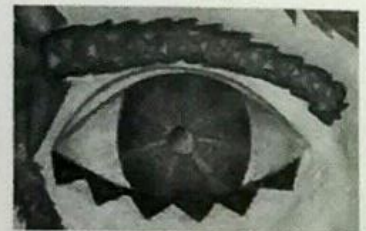
Here we are
Longing for another
And knowing that we departed
So long ago we left each other
Breathing and only so living
Since we only lived for this goodbye



Shapes of Dude - Emily Sawtelle



Au revoir
Tout a l'heure
I will sing thee away (away)
I will bid thee farewell (farewell)
Watch you leave my heart and soul
In hope that time will give you back



Oh, how time weeps for me
Oh how my soul cries
As love slowly dies
For you my love

Au revoir
Tout a l'heure
I will sing thee away
I will bid thee farewell
Watch you leave my heart and soul
In hope that time will give you back

Au revoir
Tout a l'heure
I will sing thee away
I will bid thee farewell (farewell)
Watch you leave my heart and soul
In hope (in hope) that time will give you
back

Au revoir
Tout a l'heure

Zara Matthews



Yesterday's Dream, Today's Reality

Looking upon the crimson evening sky
Autumn leaves scattered on the cold ground
I remember your smile

Pictures of darkness embrace my being
Time itself freezes in yesterday's dream
Leave nothing, but the memory of you
Will you take me to the sky, and show me paradise
But yet, I cannot even reach your hand
I am chained to fate itself, to reality

Time will tell when destiny's voice will bring me to you
As I fall into the infinite shadows
I will dance forever in this dream without end

Begging to the sky, I hear you, I see you
I whisper, "To my love, farewell."

Carrie Smith



Lonely Tree - Sarah Jackson



Serenity

dew

shiver

Velvet - Josiah Castillo

Serenity

eyelash

I lay on the wet grass
The dew tickles my ears
It hangs in beads from my hair
And finally falls down my shoulder
I shiver deliciously
Wrapped in a blanket of stars
And an eyelash of moon
The gentle breeze nuzzles my face

teases

lush

And teases my hair
I breathe in deeply
And the rich scent of the earth fills my nostrils,
Absorbing the lush soil
The world sleeps
But I lie awake
My heart in rhythm with the beat of the earth
As I listen to the sounds of the night
Serenity

Sarah Lillibridge

nuzzles

rhythm



Perfection

You take my words
Press them to your lips
They drip
Like honey
I taste poetry
When I kiss you
I taste my dreams
Your soul
My words
You're perfect
The way
We weave
Our fingers together
You're perfect
Every move you make
Magic
I read your body
Your eyes
The color of deep woods
In the deep night
Your hair
Cascading
Doubling over itself
Your arms
My refuge
Your lips
My heaven
I read you
Like a poem
Written for me
I love you
Like I write
Natural
Raw
A longing
An ache
My love for you
Flows from my fingers
Poetry
For your perfection

Katie Wanamaker

By Any Other Name - Kirsten Petit



The Black Tail

I started my day out today with two eyes of black coffee.
They stared at me, waiting to blink
Or waiting for me to blink.
As I was walking towards a final destination,
They turned to my childhood
And I began a reflective moment
As the bubbles I blew in the park as a child
Resurfaced out of the coffee
And I had the moment in the middle of my middle
Of the younger years
I shared
With the two motionless eyes
Made of black coffee.

Then, later on, as my day progressed
The large black trash bag that I held in my hands
blew up
And showed me the French word for "end."
It was waiting for me, same as the coffee...
It wanted to swallow me.
Eat the memories of childhood
That made me happy.
The bag made me realize
That the reflection of light
Which passes off trash
Is caught
And stays with our living.

I let it consume me.

It showed me a dog, with two black legs, one black arm, and a thousand black fingers.
It barked at me
And I made it a smaller black dog
Out of balloons.
It left, wagging its black tail, and showed me the way out of the plastic bag.

Once I was out, I continued on
Listening to the music
That filtered down from the sky.
It was "Sometimes".
Now that I was tired
I was encouraged to end this day.
So I listened to her, and ran, and hid
And fell into bed
Where I dreamt of a normal life
Without black eyes
Black mouths
Black tales
Like the day my life had been

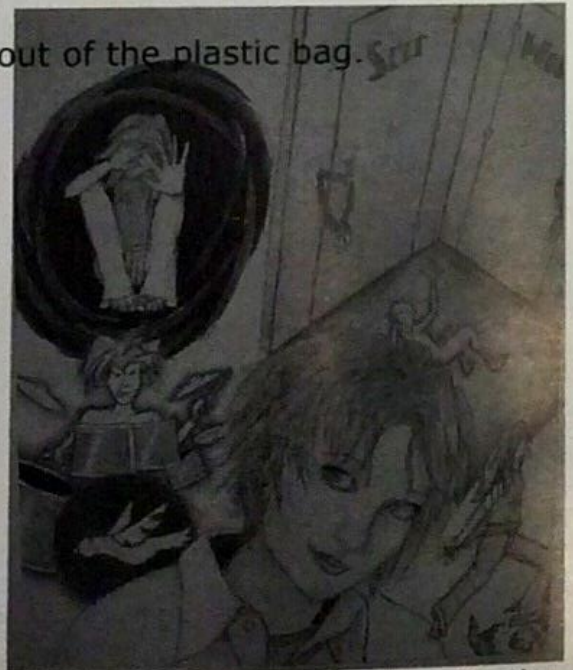
And everything was fuchsia.

Natalie Darrah

Missing

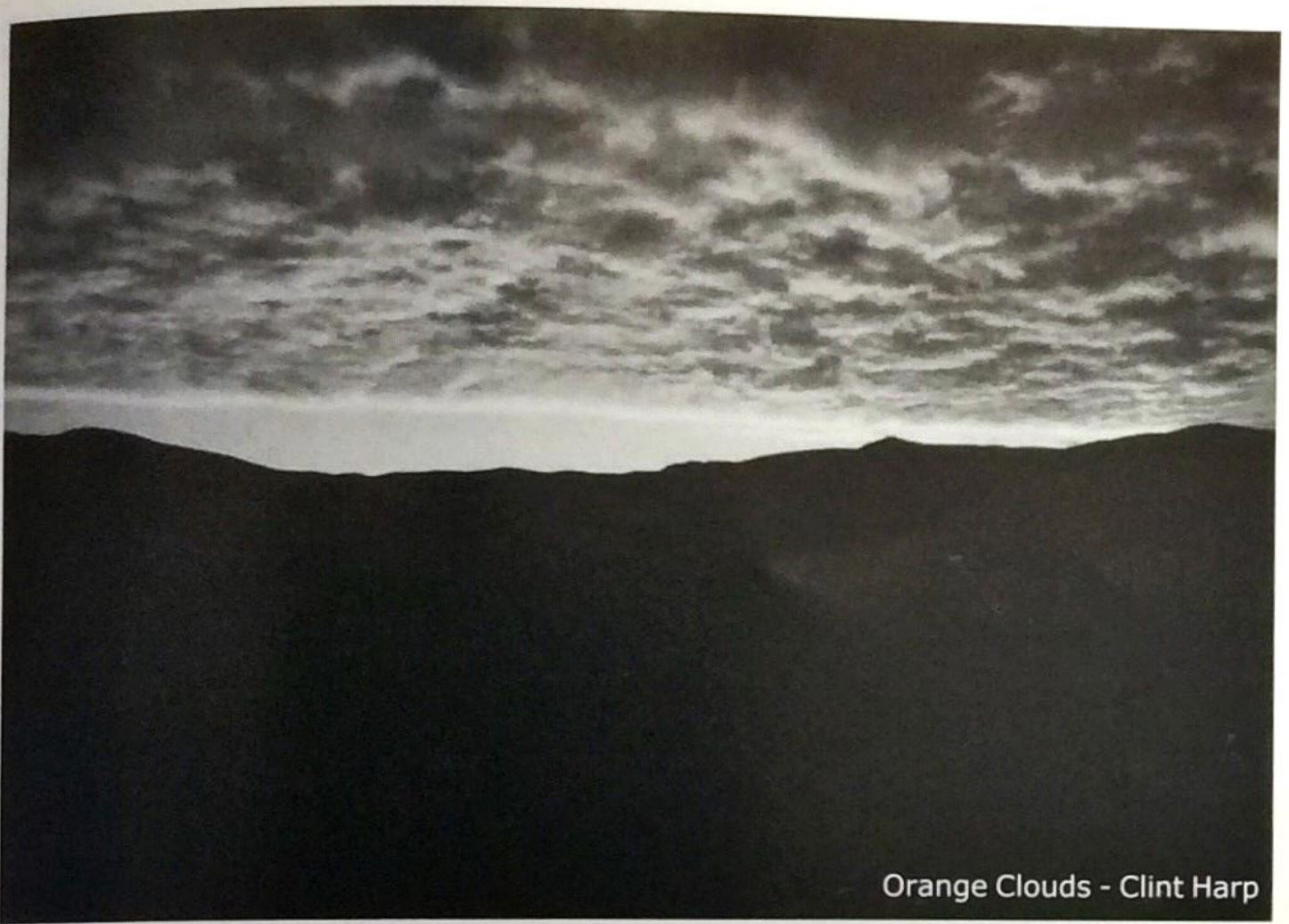
I'm not where I left myself, truthfully,
I looked where I last remembered me
and I was not there,
So I hung signs
with my picture
and a reward
and what I answer to,
But no one called
and now I can't find me.

Megan DeVooght



Portrait - September Cantu





Orange Clouds - Clint Harp

Frozen in Time

Blissful magnitude broadened horizons vertical crevasses alone in time
Judiciary seconds hell bound hours lost along with
Keyless entrances guarded by shadowy figures possessed by lost hearts and souls
Gathered upon the cold, desolate, and gloomy tundra of which many
Lost petals of infinite roses gathered upon time of which it closes within
Compact divisions of compiled death morbid beings standing alone lost in time.
Gatekeepers of the lost movers of the dead, no more life no
Light to cast upon the breath lost gasping feeding off a nonexistent
Supply of air darkness glooms. Brushing away with the broom
Feeding the deadly hunger frozen in stance, no light no breath no way
Out, completely out of time. Frozen with no divine existence of the
Future all is lost all is but frozen in time.

Nicholas Guzman



The Coming of a New Art

Martial arts

A search for a new meaning
A quest in search of order
A description of experience
A simple lesson of emotions

That which we call "martial arts" are patterns
A memorized set of instructions
A choreographed ballet, created with limits
Limits that are meant to be shattered like glass upon tile
Limits that draw the ignorant like moths to a lamp on a humid summer
night

Limits that are drilled and drilled and drilled
Deeper and deeper until we have created a machine
Machines that can think if thinking is following instructions

Come on!

A program

Martial dances where the beat changes not
Zombies to this constant rhythm

This is no art!

Art has passion!

Art has meaning!

Art...is ever changing flowing like water into a cup

Not a daily increase

A decrease

Dispose of the unessential

Cut your strings...Puppet!

Follow my lead

Always changing a new adventure every waking morning

An opening is not made

Openings are found

Don't think!

Execute and allow the energy to diffuse through your body like a
torrent of hot flame upon gasoline

A new era

The evolution of humans

The growth of an art

A martial art with a new beat

Old styles are for old times

A new method for a new beginning

Bryan Howell

The Pain Grows - Caroline Desanctis



Autoincendiary

An inferno of influences fuels
underdevelopment
So please keep your eyes and ears closed
forever

Who knows what darkness may bring
Besides the stereotyped loneliness
Absence from whom is irrelevant to
An occupied mind
Don't get caught up in the ashes
If you're cold make your own fire

Matt Dayton

An Inferno of Influences Fuels Under Development - Matt Dayton



Escape

A warm breeze, washing gently over the sun-baked landscape, reaches down for a moment to touch the sleeping figure of a man. The breeze, having already forgotten, leaves the man as he stirs awake. As sleep surrenders to the day, the man lifts himself up and looks around sadly at his now familiar surroundings. The cracking desert floor reaches out endlessly in every direction. He rises to start his slow methodic walk towards the rising sun.

The morning is always the hardest part of the day, for with the slow entrance of the new sun his memories return: everything he once had, the mistakes he made, everything he lost, and her. The tears begin; the emptiness fills his every vein.

The hate that he finds necessary to chase away his haunting memories takes longer each day to manifest, and after the almost two years in this hellish place, the man's tears flow down his grimace and water the ground beneath him for many hours.

Finally the tears give way. The man is thankful, as hate courses through him. His step quickens and he has purpose again. With an inner curse, the tears ebb and his endless walk continues.

Stumbling lost through his hate-filled desert he notices an image in the distance. He approaches the figure cautiously, as his scowl is replaced with a quizzical expression. This isn't the first time he has found what he thought to be another person in his homemade hell, and he almost turns away for fear of disappointment...but somehow, she holds him.

The woman touches the man from afar with kindness, and by her cautious nature he can see that she is a real prisoner of this empty land, not just another mirage. At first they slowly step closer, each afraid, yet needing each other more than they need to breathe. As they near, their step quickens and it isn't long before they are approaching at a run.

With arms outstretched, they grasp onto each other and hold tightly; they are lost in each other for a long time.

Much later, the moment fades and they look again at their surroundings. Nothing is the same. Finally free from his prison, the man looks again at the woman. She isn't particularly beautiful, nor is she very smart, but she is everything he wants, and everything he has needed. Taking her hand, he slowly leads her down the twilight coast. The tears come again, flowing down the curves of his smile.

Robert Flowers



Self Portrait - Jessica Cardenas

Wild Mind

I don't want to write about clichés or even poetic devices. I don't want to write about my perfect relationship. My imperfect relationship. I don't want to talk about how warm his tongue is, or how sticky his forehead gets when he sweats.

I don't want to keep going on about the beauty in the way he walks, or how goofy he is when he walks, or how much I love watching him walk toward me, or how I despise the way he saunters away from the car after a goodnight kiss.

I don't want to write about our love. I don't want to make him a simile or alliteration, or personify his lips. I don't want to incorporate his heart, his lungs, his stomach, his liver, into a piece of poetry. I don't want to make him poetry. I don't even want to say he's poetry.

I don't want to write an epic about his eyes, whose irises are so tiny even when his pupils are small. I don't want to call them crystal or sparkling or pertaining to blue pools, though they may have the qualities. I don't want to call him a god or Adonis, or a symbol of perfection, or even a man.

I want to talk about how he makes me feel inside, but not inside verse form. I want to write a poem just about his funky toenails, just about his hairy shoulders, just about his stinky breath. I want to record him in literature, but not as the image of Narcissus or Zeus or Hercules. I want him to be known as my love, but not my "dear" or "darling" or "truest first love." I want to write about how my heart bleeds gravel and chalky milk whenever I think of him, how he makes my saliva taste like bleach. I want to tell the world that I love him like a hawk loves the wind, or how a squirrel loves an acorn, but not how a New Englander loves the sea. I want to express it poetically like a word maven, a linguistic vixen. I want to show his perfection, but show that it lives within his flaws.

I don't want to tell you he's my world, my life, my everything. That I wait for his call on the phone. That I begin to miss him before he has hit the door. But I desperately want to. I want you to know that I need him, love him, cherish and adore him. I must tell you he is my world, my life, my everything.

Jennifer Peterson



Self Portrait - Marcos Ramos-Rodriguez



And My House Is Always Clean

This is the stage, dimly lit, a day in life, as it wasn't meant to be.
He writes at his corner desk and she reads over his shoulder at his annoyance.
She subconsciously smooths her hands at the sides of her waist,
And he looks to see her in the corner of his eye.
Oh, yes, and she's sorry.
But she admires his ambition anyhow, and turns away to her original mission.
She paces the foreground of the stage, searching, ah, mmhmm, there it is.
She bites her lip as she plugs in the vacuum...does he mind?
At second thought, she'll sweep the kitchen floor instead.
Yes, and she'll clean the sheets, and make the beds.
His nose twitches at the scent of orange oils, powder, and laundry detergent.
She thinks to herself, there's no time like the present.
She breathes in orange, and apple, so appealing to her senses.
Mission complete. And floors shining, despite that damn carpet.
She reaches into the empty pockets of her apron.
Boredom.
Can she get him anything, she asks...
No, he's fine, just silence please, if she doesn't mind.
Eyes sliding one way to the other, and there's nothing left to do.
Should she take a walk, or go to shop?
No.
She should wait; he might change his mind.
As afternoon approaches, the sun overtakes the stage, and she smiles sadly.
He won't wake from his writing coma for hours, years it seems,
She wonders to herself...
Does beauty cease to exist where it will not be seen?
There's no use thinking these thoughts, dear,
Find something else to clean.

Michelle Hansen



Girl Looking Right -
Emily Sawtelle

NEOTERIC



Melissa Garza



COMPASSION

Sandra lounged on the couch, idly watching the ceiling fan spin. The day had been slow and dull, like every other day. There wasn't much to do in the quiet, tidy house. She used to take long leisurely walks with Rick, but not anymore. She'd gotten ill recently, and the doctor's eyes were dark when he'd given the diagnosis.

Pneumonia.

It made sense. Barely a week ago she'd gotten locked out of the house during a storm; and by the time Rick came home she was chilled through. How she missed the sunlight's warm kisses, and the gentle caresses of wind. But Sandra couldn't go out. Not anymore. Over time her condition had gotten steadily worse, and now it was an effort to even eat or walk. She'd been painfully quiet lately, reserving her strength for the necessary tasks.

Rick was very understanding though. Because of the infection, she had become even more dependent upon him than usual. It must have been hard, but he was always so patient with her.

Outside a car door slammed, jolting her from her reverie. Voices drifted through the window, laughter and barks.

Sandra sighed, closing her eyes. It was only the neighbors. They'd just gotten a puppy, a precious little beagle. How she hated it.

It barked constantly, and Rick paid it too much attention. He was constantly saying, "Look Sandy! What a cute puppy! Don't you like the puppy?"

Of course she didn't like the puppy! It was loud; it chewed on her blankets, and shed all over the place. But Rick just kept saying, "What a cute puppy, look at the little guy."

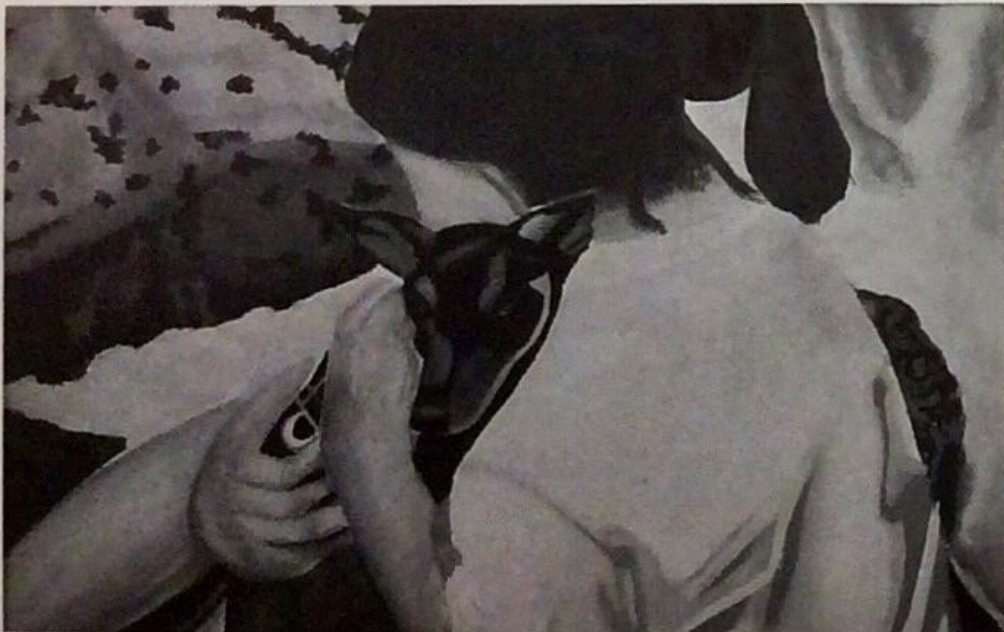
Sandra knew that a puppy would make Rick happy, that her illness had worn him down as well. But she just couldn't stand the thought of the rat parading around their house. He'd asked her about it once. She simply stared at him, her deep brown eyes meeting his. She didn't reply, but inside she was screaming, "Over my dead body!"

A key rattled in the lock, and the front door swung open. Rick walked in, eyes slightly sad.

"Hey, sweetie. How's my girl?"

She tried to look cheerful, to put on a brave face for him.

He sat down, gathering her into his arms. He held her tightly, as if this were their last embrace. She struggled feebly, gasping as her chest constricted.



Britney on a Sugar Rush - Erin Martin

He loosened his grip, but kept his hands on her shoulders. "I think we should go see the doctor again. You're not getting any better."

Sandra closed her eyes as he scooped her up off the couch.

Gently, he carried her over the threshold as he'd done so many years ago. Deftly, he opened the car door, and lovingly laid her onto the passenger seat. Rick pulled the lever to make it recline so she could stay mostly horizontal. He went back to lock the house up, then slid behind the wheel.

Sandra dosed lightly, enjoying the warm sun filtering into the car.

He reached over to buckle her seat belt, but decided against it.

She looked too peaceful to disturb.

He smiled and stroked her cheek gently before starting the engine.

They'd grown up together, and it seemed as if he'd always loved her.

Trees whipped past, tapping out forgotten melodies on the windows. A muscle in Sandra's eyelid twitched restlessly.

It hurt him to see him this way. So weak. So languid.

He remembered, years past, when they were younger. They were at a park, chasing each other.

She'd always been faster than him, more agile. But now she could barely stand.

Tears of frustration and guilt sprang into his eyes. If only he'd left a door open. Just one door! She wouldn't be so sick if he'd only remembered. Angrily he wiped them away, forcing the helpless fear out of his mind. It was his fault, but with the right medication...

They pulled into the parking lot, and Rick rushed her out of the car. Shouldering the door open, he whispered to the nurse, then was directed to a room. He laid her gently upon the table, forcing back a fresh bout of tears.

Sandra's eyes flickered open. Her sight was bleary, but the scent of industrial strength sanitizer flooded her nose.

The doctor came in, a plastic smile plastered on his face. He pulled a small bottle and hypodermic needle from a cupboard.

"So, how are we today?" He chirped.

Sandra moaned. Her eyes cleared enough for her to read the label.

Morphine.

The doctor kept an irritating monologue about the weather. While he was talking, he inserted the needle into the bottle's rubber cap.

Sandra watched as he turned the bottle upside down, filling the needle. A warning shot off in her head. There was too much. He wasn't supposed to give her that much! She began to struggle as the needle neared.

No! Her mind screamed. No! No! NO!

"Aw, what's this? A needle-phobic?" The doctor's forced laughter echoed throughout the bare room.

Sandra yelped as the needle stabbed into her neck. She could feel the painkiller coursing through her system. She grew quiet as the drug numbed her fear. Her pulse slowed, breaths becoming shallow. A quiet dreamy feeling fell over her. Then everything went dark.

Shaking, Rick reached out and strokes his lifeless basset's fur.

"Oh Sandy. I'm so, so sorry. I...I didn't want you to suffer..." He trailed off as sobs racked his body.

The doctor patted him on the shoulder. "Come look at our puppies. You'll be wanting another I assume."

Rick couldn't speak through his tears.

"Don't get so worked up!" The doctor pushed open the door. "It's not like they're human!"

Denial

My world sinks around me
I drown out all the cries
Safe inside my sanctuary
There's nowhere else to hide

Blocking out their words
Too bad it's all in vain
Denial doesn't comfort me
It just masks my pain

Shenoa Carroll-Bradd

January

Taking a walk,
Slowly passing by the withering oak trees,
I can feel the bitter kiss of January on my cheek.
Admiring the promises of quiet summer episodes,
The stars fade, as I pass out into a never-ending winter.
The backwoods have never felt so lonely.

Laura Firebaugh



Wood of the Suicides - Amanda Burgess



Gray Man Painting - Matt Dayton

Metaphor for Life

You ever notice how many times you open and close your pantry door?

It's like you're expecting something new and appetizing
To be there every time you take a peek.

You survey the 3 bags of tortilla chips
The 12 cans of cream of chicken
The 2 month old tuna that no one is really ever going to eat
And you laugh at yourself once you realize
That your whole life is wasted
Waiting for that new, appetizing, and delicious food item
To just appear in your hopeless and boring pantry.

Maybe it will be oatmeal creme pies
Or saffron rice...

But whatever it is, once you eat it, and it's gone...

Your pantry is right back where you started,

Meaningless and empty.

Natalie Darrah

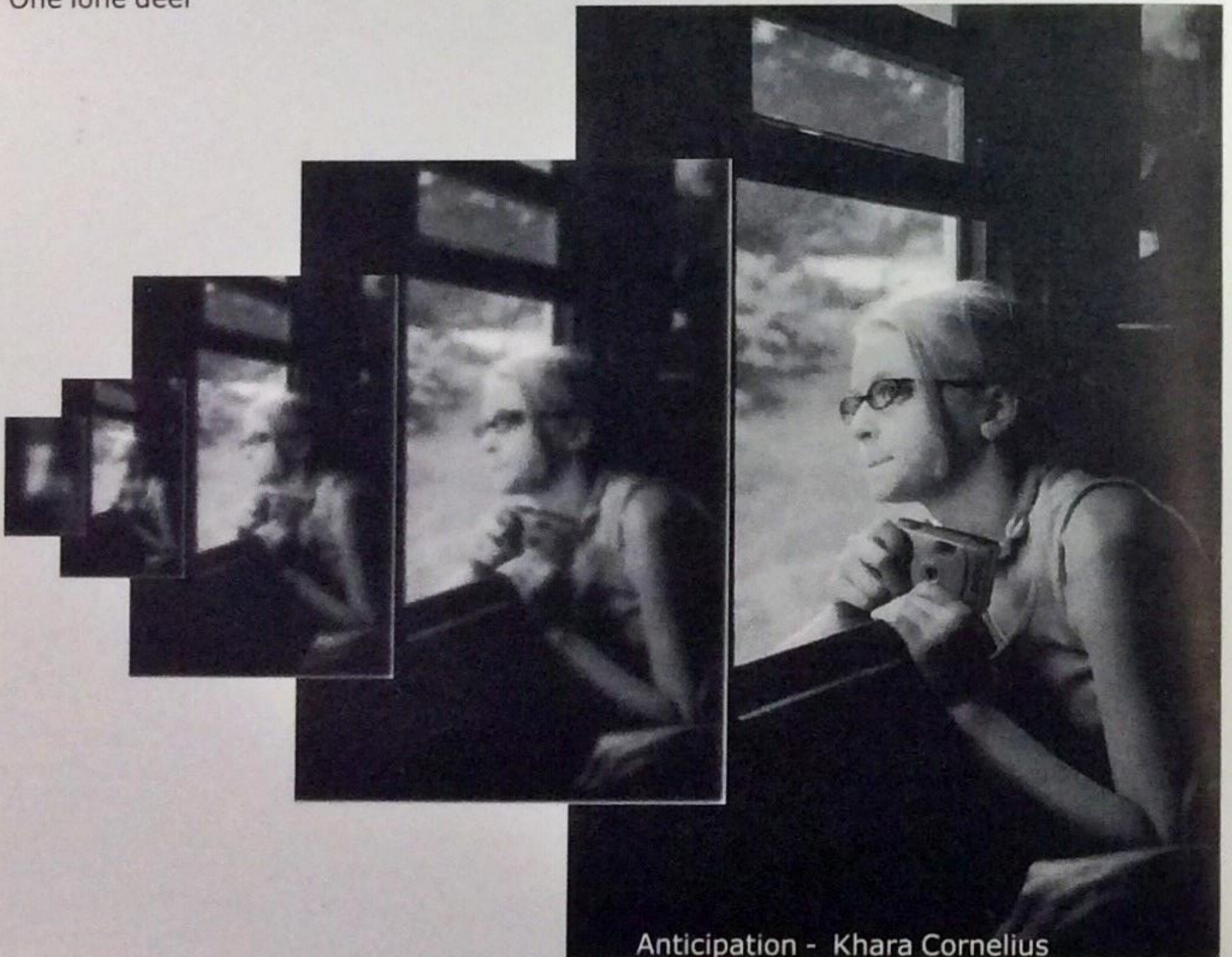


AUTUMN

High in the tree,
I sit and watch
The weather changing
All around me.
I can feel it pulling me with it.
The calm breeze,
The rustling leaves,
Sun shining,
Days slowly dying...
The clouds uncover the brightest ray of sun
To overlook my words.
It glows upon my page
And embraces me with its
Soft warmth.
Cleansing me of myself,
Awakening me to a
Nice relaxing
Peace within.
The woods get quiet.
Lonely.
The only sound being the rustling branches
Waving to the only bit of blue sky left.
One lone deer

Stands and watches
Waiting for me to
Fall.
I stare blankly in its direction,
And look over through the bare trees.
And all around me
The breeze gets colder,
The sky gets darker,
The sun disappears...
And then I rise.
My foot slips and I grab onto the branch,
And it breaks under my weight,
And I rush to the ground.
Falling.
It seems like I was hanging
Suspended in the air
Forever.
Until finally
I hit the ground,
And the deer runs away.

Brittany Bagwell



Anticipation - Khara Cornelius



TEENAGE MOSAIC: SONATA # 905

I pulled up to his house; he had called and told me we needed to talk earlier that morning. So, being the person that I am, I headed straight over, knowing full well that it wouldn't turn out well. He answered the doorbell, and at the sight of him what little confidence I had possessed was shattered. There was so much that could happen, so many ways it could go wrong. The air was crisp; the breeze was nipping at my face and gently blowing through my hair, soothing my frazzled nerves. His sudden appearance had caught me off guard.

The look he was giving me was unforgettable; it was that look of utter and complete hatred. His eyes glaring, loathing what they saw, bearing straight through me as if I wasn't even there. He asked the obvious question, the one question I never wanted to hear: why had I done what I had, why had my naïveté shattered him so, why had I not realized that what we had was special?

I didn't know what to do, so I stood there. I knew he was hurt, hell, I knew he was crushed. I don't think (nor did I expect) he could have taken it any other way.

"I don't know," was all I could say. I didn't know how to react; I didn't know what to say. I mean, I'd never been in such a situation before.

"Don't tell me that, don't you ever tell me that again, that's not a proper answer and it's not going to work for me."

"I don't know," I said shaking my head with my hands in my hair. I couldn't think, my mind was paralyzed, nothing to do, nothing to think. Or more suitably, too much to do, too much to think. My mind had flown into a thousand different directions all at once and become instantly overwhelmed. So it began to do the next best thing, ab-so-lutely freakin' nothing.

"Don't you dare say that again, Summer, I warned you before..." he threatened.

I lowered my eyes, and only glimpsed at his quivering fists, shaking in hatred of me. I didn't blame him. I knew that it wasn't his fault, it was my own, my creation, my wrongdoings that had brought all of this on, and I deserved it. No one but me had put myself in that position.

The wind gently tugged at my hair, cooling me, calling me to leave, to walk away right then and there, to reach the safety of my car. To reach the caring warmth of my heater and music. But as I opened my mouth with my hastily thought up excuse on the tip of my tongue, his hand shot out, and before I had realized it and found myself ready to react, he had placed his hand around my neck.

And at that moment nothing mattered to me more than running away from him and from my life, but most of all him, seeing as at that point in time he *was* my life. But the only thing I could do was look at him straight in the eyes, which I do far too seldom, and pray that I could find that passion, that love that he always said he had had for me.... But it wasn't there; in actuality it was probably never there. But I searched; I searched in vain. I was pathetic, completely and totally pathetic; he must have seen how fully wretched I was and deemed it a waste of his time. He released my neck from his grip.

I took one last glance at him in his sorrow and hatred, walked to my car and got in. I sung to myself, that one lyric, the Taking Back Sunday one, that I thought described myself perfectly, "The truth is you could slit my throat and with my one last gasping breath I'd apologize for bleeding on your shirt."

That's what ran through my mind....that was all I could think of, the best I could do. I turned the key and started my car, and as the first tear began its journey down my cheek, I apologized. I knew it wouldn't do much, but I didn't care, I apologized anyway, apologized for what I had done, apologized for whom I had become, apologized for putting him through hell, a different hell than I had gone through, for hell is different to different people, but most of all I apologized for ever making him cry out of sadness... I never meant to... I promise....

Adriana Hernandez

LION GIRL

I know a tricky little lion girl who always makes her kill. She is sweet and adorable; I know you'll just treasure her. Because, you see, when it comes to little lion girls, boys are hunted for sport and will drown themselves with lust.

Soft and seductive, she moves and breathes, making you want her, making you love her. Her eyes are wise and beautiful. She has secrets and intriguing darkness. No one can resist. You might as well give in; she has no problem making you need her.

Your heart races when she claws you, lightly scratching you, and you just can't get enough. Yeah, I'm that good. And I'm just that tricky.

Taylor Jenkins

THERE'S NEVER ENOUGH SPOONS

There's never enough spoons
but there's always enough time.

The floor is always empty
but you're Bohemian,
so your mouth and mind are
always full.

Two dollars for the rent
three kisses for those you left
behind.

Enough words to pass the time,
but you still have
\$2 to cover the rent.

I was only allowed
33 words today
so I recited a grocery list
and part of "Howl"
to make my brain feel
bigger.

And I sat down on your
clean.empty.floor
traced a line to pass the time
scooped up self pity
with the spoons you never have
-flung them at the wall.
Smile half smiles.

Megan DeVooght



Dir en Grey - Christopher Fuentes

FROM STEHLE'S DOOR

Pale, dead faces, many of them with ghastly wounds, but all of them animated, alive—a man, horribly wounded, with a gaping hole where his nose should have been, hissed and blew spittle, blood and bits of flesh from a mouth that was barely open... Paul's attempt to get away from these faces was futile for he could not feel his body, feet or arms. Paralyzed, with the horror of nightmare escalating tremendously, he awoke.

Sweating and breathing heavily, he sat up in bed and looked around. Clearly this had been the worst dream yet. He felt disoriented, confused, unsure if the dream was really over. He lay back in bed and tried, in the darkness, to regain control of his senses.

Gradually, he took control of himself. He wondered what was happening to Alex for he could hear nothing in her room. With his own nightmare too fresh in his memory, he dreaded to go into her room, afraid of what he might find there...

His eyes searched the dark corners of his room for some vestige of his nightmare that might have come back to consciousness with him but there was nothing. He started to go over his room again when something appeared in his doorway. Immediately, Paul sat up in bed. There, in the darkness, barely discernable, stood his sister.

She didn't move. Her right hand clutched the top of her nightgown...Splattered on the front of it were dark stains from top to bottom. He couldn't clearly see her face but he could see that her eyes were open, staring. She said nothing.

Quickly, Paul switched on his light. Now he could see the stains on his sister's gown vividly...Also, her gown was torn, in long rips that ran the length of the garment from neck to hem. Added to this was a look of terror on her face that Paul had seen before, recently.

He bolted out of bed and shook her. "Alex, Alex, what the hell is going on?"

"Pauli—Pauli?" She choked.

Paul shook her even harder. She seemed asleep, or in a trance.

"Pauli, I've just had the granddaddy of all nightmares," she said. Then she moved off the bed and stood up...she noticed the front of her nightgown for the first time.

"What the hell!" she screamed, running her hands over the gown and in and out of the tears. Without another word, she turned and headed for the bathroom.

"Alex, what is that crap," he called after her.

"I—I don't know," she answered from the bathroom.

Alex had removed her nightgown and was trying to wash it over the sink...

"What is that stuff?" Paul asked again, softly...now he was bewildered. And just a little bit frightened for his sister.

"You said it, Pauli. Crap! Filth!" She stopped her work and looked at herself in the mirror, breathing deeply. "Filth from dead bodies. Long dead bodies!" She talked into the mirror, her chest heaving.

"Filth?" Paul asked, in a small voice. "Where did—did it—"

"Come from?" Raising the soaked nightgown to cover her bare chest, she turned toward her brother. "From my dream," she said...

"From your dream?" Paul's mouth dropped open. Before he could say anything more, his sister continued.

"Yes. From my dream," she said, seeming to have calmed down a bit. "I've had filthy, rotting bodies and hands all over me. Crap, Pauli! Human decay. That's what this is. Putrefaction."

"Decaying bodies?"

"And very much alive." She turned again toward the mirror. "And very much all over me."

William M. O'Brien Jr.

English Teacher

Stehle's Door is Mr. O'Brien's first published novel.



Argument With My Better Half - Josiah Castillo

PROBLEMS

Why do I write?
Won't they still be there?
The haunting feelings in a darkened lair?
Is it fair?
Why do you stare?
Nothing to see here.
Just another kid with problems.
Aren't we all?
Just another one trying not to fall
countless souls being forced to crawl
chained, maimed, framed
hung on a wall?

Nope, not so, not how it is.
Just how we choose to see
until we get our lifelong job,

and grow old in our monotony,
and realize just how dumb we were,
and what a waste of time we were,
how naïve we were...
but that's another life to me.

'Cause here I am, I've seen the light:
society on my left, God on my right.
Be submissive! Why put up a fight?
Conformity is quite all right.
Believe in all that's told to you
and sleep all night, that's what you'll do!
Just make sure that when being spoon-fed
you don't dribble when you chew.

Kayla Mire



A MOMENT LOST

I know you, toothy smile and small-eyed
Black and white fear of simplicity
You, with brown skin and blue eyes
I know you, all ideals, ideas, and dreams
I honor you, between sheets, and on this road
I would follow and lead a path of stone
A rule, a lie, each broken promise of my own
Each moment lost to words and distraction
I can't do much more to ignore
I am drawn to you like waves
Spells and helplessness - need
I was only being myself, I'm sorry for my composure
I am guilty, I am greed.

Michelle Hansen

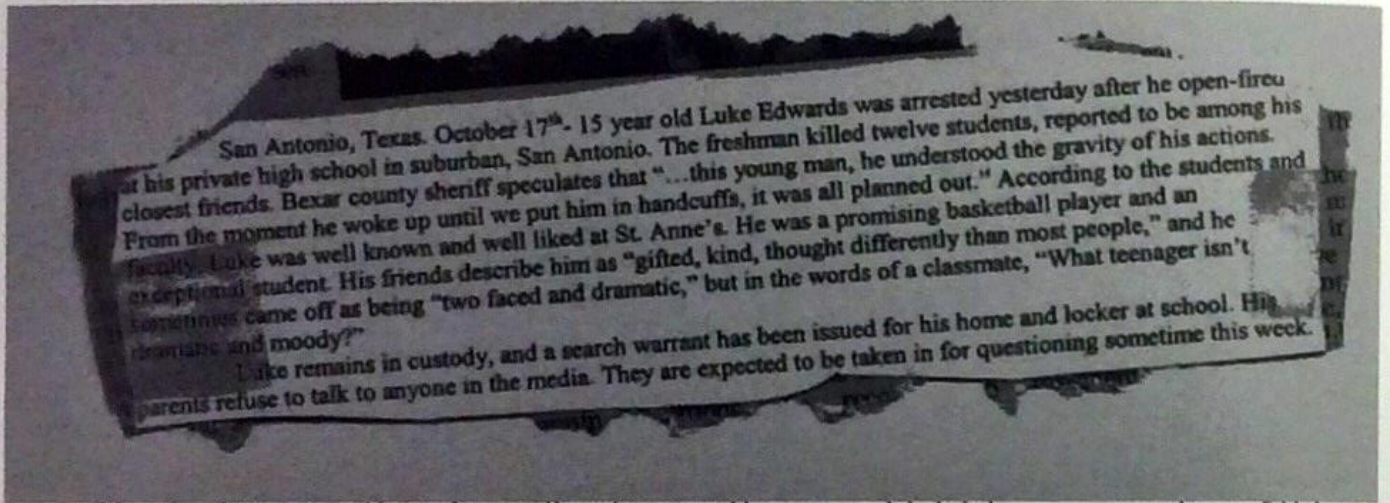


Disconnected Childhood - Matt Dayton



TWO LUKES

I know this boy, or, I *knew* him. His name is Luke. We were really good friends, more than friends at times. We did everything together. I don't know what to think of our relationship anymore, but I don't think it matters anyway. As much as he's changed, I've changed too. I don't see him anymore, and I think it's for the best. I don't think he wants to see much of anyone from before, especially me. But I watch him on TV. I've seen the interviews. He's gotten taller. He towered over Diane Sawyer. His brown curly hair has become unruly, something his mother would have never allowed. His skin used to be so dark from all the summers in California with me. It's pale now. It makes me sad to think how he doesn't see the sun except from behind thick glass. He's lost weight, and he was wiry to begin with. Luke had many faces, so many moods that were always so hard to read. But now... I don't know what to think. This world has warped him. He, in turn, warped so many lives. He's a different person, he even looks it. I wouldn't recognize him if it weren't for his eyes. His eyes were always where we connected. All he had to do was look at me, and his eyes made me feel like a child. Even in his rarest moods, his many faces, his eyes never changed. They remained naïve to the world that had led him astray.



Murder has a motive. According to countless psychiatrists, any number of things could have created a motive: repressed childhood trauma; the pressures of suburbanite childhood; sheer insanity untapped. Many were the feeble attempts to explain why a fifteen-year-old honor student, a good kid, would kill his friends. But really, nobody knew anything. The tiny fragments of the truth were lost under sheets of fabrication and falsities. Truth: I don't know what he was thinking as he cried with that revolver in his shaky hand. I don't know what he was thinking when his eyes locked mine and his finger grazed the trigger, but no bullet ever sounded. I don't know why people fall in love. There are no self-help books entitled *What To Do If: Your Loved One Commits Mass Murder*. I've looked. Maybe it could teach me something, because from all the things I thought I knew... only a few of those "truths" remain. Truth really in abstract. It changes forms from one revelation to the next, but never remains concrete for anyone. Luke and I, we were beyond close. Even in his moodiness, I found him so predictable. It was like I watched him with the detachment and fondness of God. I just saw this perfect creature stumble through his charmed life, and smiled.

You don't know him. If you didn't know him before, you never will. Something consumed him; this thought that he made so real, this idea... I know that whatever it was, whatever evil had grown, it wasn't there when we were twelve and we climbed trees and he said we'd be friends forever. It wasn't there all those summers on the beach when we'd sneak out late at night and go to the water, just the two of us. It wasn't there the Saturday before, when we laid under the stars and whispered to the night how much we loved each other. And when he kissed me, long and deep, I know it wasn't there. It couldn't have been. I didn't kiss a killer.



TEXAS DEPARTMENT OF CRIMINAL JUSTICE

PRE-TRIAL INCARCERATION

Name: Luke Gabriel Edwards D.R. 999087
D.O.B: 09-07-88 Received: 10-18-03 Age Rec. 15
Age crime was committed: 15 Date of Offense: 10-17-03
Race: White Height: 6-1 Weight: 145 Eyes: Blue Hair: Brown
Country of Birth: USA State: Texas Education Level: HS Freshman
Co-Defendants: None
Race/Sex/Age of Victim(s): White Female, 14/ White Female, 14/ White Female, 15/
Hispanic Female, 15/ Bi-Racial Female, 14/ White Male, 15/ White Male, 14/ Black Male, 15/ Black Male, 15/
Black Male, 15/ Hispanic Male, 15

Transcript- *Primetime*: Thursday Interview

Diane Sawyer: Your case isn't like the other cases, Luke, you weren't bullied or ignored or an outcast. The question that we all keep asking you is... Why?

Luke: You know when you've realized something, and you don't know why you know, or how you know, but it changes everything? Well, it was me that changed. I saw something, realized something, and lost who I was. I look in the mirror, and I don't know who I am.

Diane: What do you remember of that day? What were you feeling?

Luke: I remember waking, and my body felt heavy. It was like I was weighed down with the sadness of knowing what I had to do. I remember putting the gun in my bag. I wasn't nervous or scared. I knew I wouldn't have to hide it long. It wasn't really a matter of whether or not I wanted to do it. I had no choice. My mom dropped me in front of the cafeteria; I made a point to kiss her goodbye. When I looked at her, I remember feeling sorry for her. She didn't know what I knew, no one did. I walked into the cafeteria. It's real small, and there are only two exits, one in the kitchen which is closed in the morning. I walked over to my normal table, and it felt like a dream. The first person I saw was Melanie. She came over to me and hugged me. I remember how she smelled. How it reminded me of the person I used to be. When her lips pressed up against mine, I felt it. It caught me off guard and I started to cry. She was scared because she didn't know what was wrong. I told her to go sit down with everyone. I told her not to worry, I'd be over in a minute and I'd explain everything.

Diane: But you never did explain...

Luke: I explained the only way I could.

Diane: Then what?

Luke: I walked back up the stairs and locked the door. I dropped my backpack and took a deep breath. I took the gun out of my bag and walked straight over to my table. I was crying and shaking at this point. Everyone was screaming and hiding under the tables. I told my friends to stand up. They did. The looks on their face... Confusion, terror, longing for their mothers and for their gods. And Melanie, she just looked so scared, but not for herself. It was like she was scared for me. I walked up to each one, told them personally that I loved them, And...I killed them.

Diane: How many? How many did you kill?

Luke: Twelve. Seven boys, Five girls.

Diane: Everyone at the table?

Luke: Everyone but Melanie

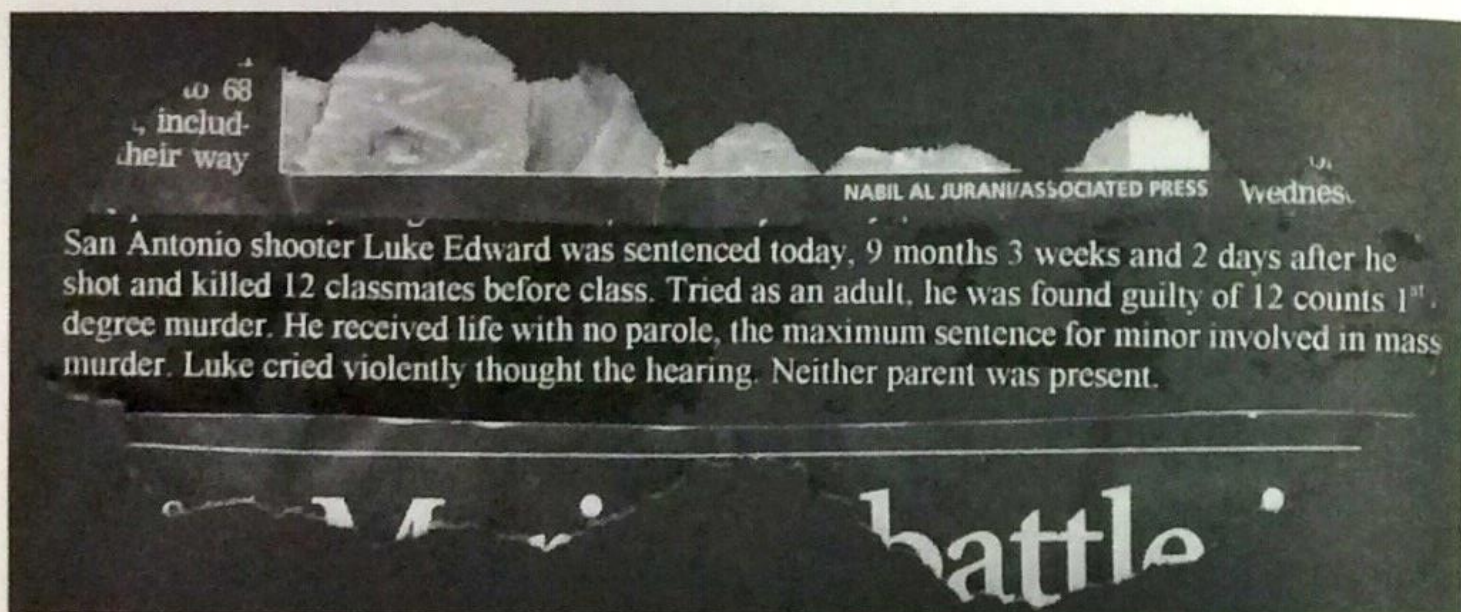
Diane: Then what?

David: I emptied the chambers, put the gun on the floor, and unlocked the doors. I sat on the floor and cried while I waited for the police to come.

Diane: And Melanie? Where was she?

Luke: She was still over with the twelve. She was crying and trying to stop the bleeding. I didn't like to look at her. It hurt too much.

No one came out and said it. No one dared to. No one had to. I had watched the boy I loved more than air, turn into someone I didn't know. I watched him destroy the world he had created with twelve bullets. But that didn't matter. Everyone said it should have been thirteen. Their blood stained my clothes as I watched them fall. I watched them say their quiet prayers and cry silently as the faces they loved became unrecognizable, knowing it was their turn soon. We stood in a circle around our table. Thirteen numbers on a clock. I was the extra. I thought he was saving me for last. Making me watch. Not for a second did I think he would spare me. I didn't think he could be that cruel. He emptied the bullets onto the floor. They echoed loudly against the tile and high ceilings. They were screaming my name. He crumpled into a ball, harmless. Harmless like he had been every day of his life. He shook with such violence thought he might die of sadness. I felt the waves of pain as his heart broke from across the room. Every tear he shed traveled across the bloody floor and shot up my back like a tremor. The gun had been pointed, but only twelve bullets pierced the air that day. It didn't matter though. My life had been robbed of me. I was dying too.



Things happen so fast: trials, hearings, interviews, TV specials. The world was moving for everyone but me. Torn doesn't even begin to describe it. I love him. I love Luke. Not the Luke that killed my best friends. Not the Luke that gave me nightmares and made my days equally as hard to bear. I love the Luke that I knew once. Not so tall, darker, neatly kept curly hair, soft spoken. The boy that was my life and the stranger that ruined it, they are two separate people in my mind. That's the only way I survived it. I separate the past from the present and built neat little lies as fragile as glass. But no lie will ever ease those minutes that felt like hours as I stood in the circle of good people, and watched them die. No lie will ever cover the image of Luke's eyes. Locked with mine, and mine pleaded with him. How he shook and cried and told everyone he loved them, he told me too. He just never pulled the trigger.

At some points I had wished that he would have killed me, the pain would have been nothing compared to this. He warped me. I'm not who I was, I don't even remember her anymore. And the boy in the papers. The boy on TV, the boy who shook with bitter sadness as the jury read its verdict as I sat alone in the back row-I don't know him. I know a boy named Luke. Or I knew him. I don't see much of him anymore. That boy that killed all those people, they are nothing alike. Well, they do resemble each other a little, in the eyes.

Katie Wanamaker

CLOWN TEA PARTY

Open the compacts of mystery slime,
Explore vanity to its supreme
Clumping on mountains of fish-scale dunes
Toned with lavender cream.

They buy bottles and crates of goo and guk
Labeled "*Mid-Eastern facial décor*"
Which are actually mounds of camel feces
Renamed for appeal in the store.

The dyes eat away at young pale skin,
Like they eat at Daddy's pay-check
obsessive applying,
Leaves facial pores crying,
And Daddy's credit a wreck.

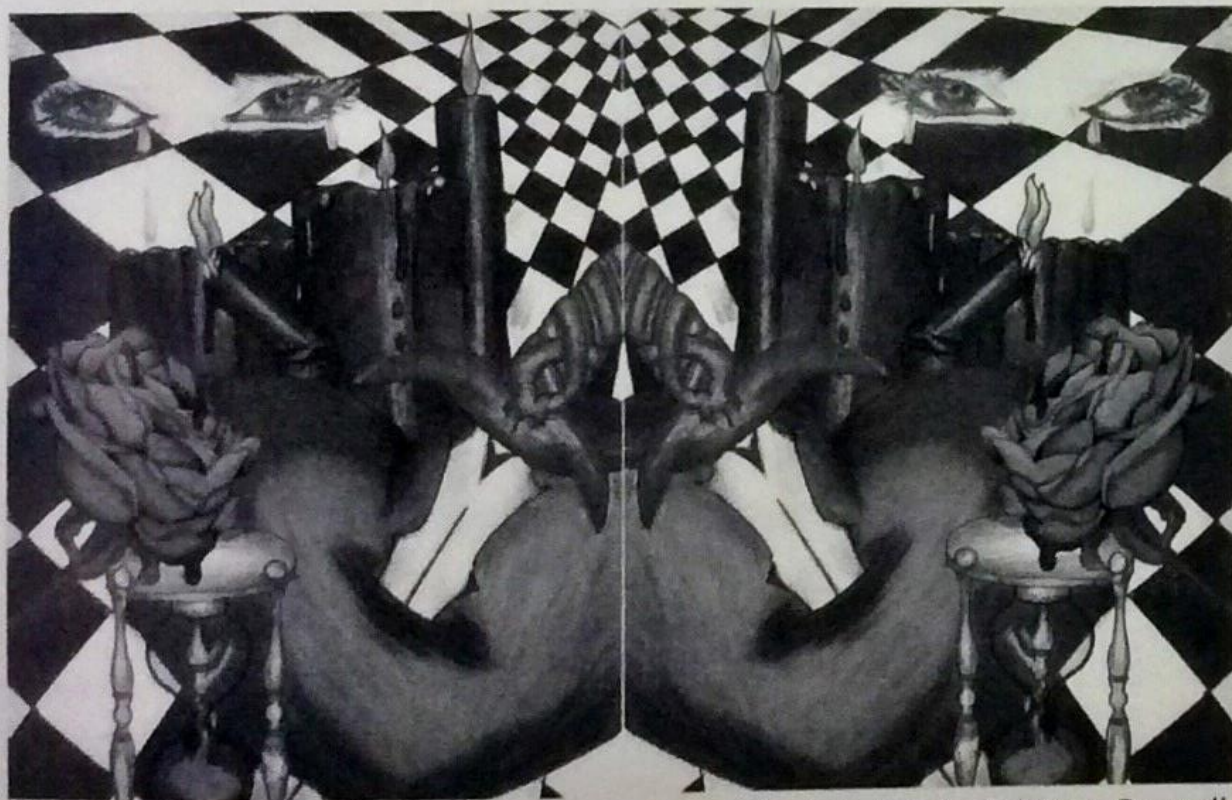
What lies underneath
this deceptive war paint,
painting your portrait of smut?

Within your compact,
you search for yourself,
While you pad on layers of slut.

Mike Amendola



Babe - Ricardo Briones



Broken Heart- Brittany Russell



THIS IS HOW HE RARELY WRITES

He rarely writes me anymore, and when he does, it's colorless.
I inhibit the need for the shade of red, which comes only from his lips.

This was my sunrise, and he's absent.

How can I shine the same, unless it's for his taste?

My need shatters into numerous parts, distributed wide beyond his reach.
My back smooths into its own curves beautifully, but he won't discover this secret.

I could ask him to stay, and although he might oblige, it wouldn't compare to initiative if it were there.

From a touch on the face, or a glance at my legs, all is lost, and he'll never know.

I might say a thousand times how I love the light on his face,
But speaking in this moment does not create. There is no light.
I am lost in another's eyes, in the touch of all else that is not myself, and he is left blind.

I love him. I would lead him all my life, if he would be led.
I am alone while he is close at my side; I am all that is left behind.
If I did grasp a glimpse at a smile on his face, it wouldn't be mine,
And would disappear at the sight of my knowing.

This is my shelter, my rock, and yet I am without a home.
Despite the fact, I find this cold; I cannot walk from all I know.
So I'll sit at his side, missing his eyes on me, missing his words.

I'll live in the letters of yesterday, and the moments past.

I've loved him all my life. This is sufficient.

Michelle Hansen



Portrait - Mari Torres

LOVE IS IN A MOSH PIT

Common sense
Is drunk off adrenaline,
And high off angst.
And all concept of pain
Is drowned in sweat.

Objectives are trivial.
Future is futile.
Existence is merely nominal.
And God is dead.

Alive is the raw exuberance
Of flying elbows,
And bobble head dolls.

Your best friend is the fist in your eye
You thank its owner
With a fist of your own,
Sent with love and care.

This is our dance
And there is no sitting this one out.

Jitterbug me blind
Waltz me to bleeding
You call them punks,
I call them
Swing kids with hairspray.

Hype on stage
Is just a soundtrack
To our adolescent pinball game,
And I have enough quarters to last the
Night

I know my body will hate me tomorrow
But tonight,
I'm alive.

Mike Amendola



Hardcore - Thomas Navarro

OBLIVIOUS

You are shoved into a cart.
You are the first in,
So you think you're lucky-
But you're wrong.
Six of your comrades
Are shoved in after,
And you are pressed hard
Against the metallic, cold back
Of the truck,
Pulling the trailer
Carrying you
To the last place
You'll ever know.

The road is bumpy.
Seven in a tiny trailer
Are pressed against one
another.
It is difficult to breathe.
It is impossible to think.
It is useless to look.

You arrive at your destination.
Where is that?
You don't know.
You look to your companions
for guidance.
They look back at you.

You're all led in a line,
If you deviate, you're whipped.
You're led into a room
With high walls,
Wood paneling,
And various unknown tools.

There is a man inside.
He wears an expression
You cannot read.
You're not familiar with men.
There is a rope inside.
It dangles
With a purpose
You cannot imagine.
You step up to the man.
He looks at you kindly.
You're no longer afraid.

He leads you to the rope.
He slips it around your leg.
No cause for alarm.
It's only a rope.

You inhale.
You exhale.
You inh-
You're cut short
With shock.



Not Kosher - Jessica Cardenas

You find yourself dangling,
See your feet are no longer
connected
With the ground.
The man has a tool,
You see his hand move
toward your neck.

You fear.
You struggle.
You thrash about.
You know you're in danger,
Oblivious no longer.

The tool moves toward your
neck
Your breathing has ceased,
But your heart still beats.
Ba-dum
Ba-dum...

The tool meets the flesh of
your neck.
It cuts.
You feel a sting,
Then warmth....

Then nothing.

You will not feel it
When they cut you up;
When they grind you up;
When you're transported in
freezers
You will not feel it;
When they fry you;
When they grill you;
When they eat you.

Ariel Barkhurst

Lane- Sarah Gentry

MIND MYSTERY

Underneath the stars
My gaze goes from speck to
speck,
One galaxy to the next.
Something so amazing,
So supernatural,
Seems just a speck in the
sky,

Yet we will never understand
The truth of its appearance.
In just a glance, we see
Millions of years of history
Just waiting to be discovered
Yearning to be explored.
Every time my eyes fall upon
Another person just passing
me by,

I gaze in awe, knowing
Every person has a story
No matter how long or com-
plex,

It is always there.
Few get the chance to fully
comprehend
The entire life of another.
But I look into the eyes of a
passing stranger

And I see
A story waiting to tell itself,
A novel searching for a
reader,
A silent plead.

I gaze into the eyes
And in that second
I have already understood
more

Than many have in their
lifetime.

And I move on,
Fulfilling others' requests for
help

Letting them know that
somewhere, somehow,
Someone knows.
Someone understands.
Someone is willing.
Someone sees them for a star
Unique in its ability to shine;
Eternal, yet frozen in time.

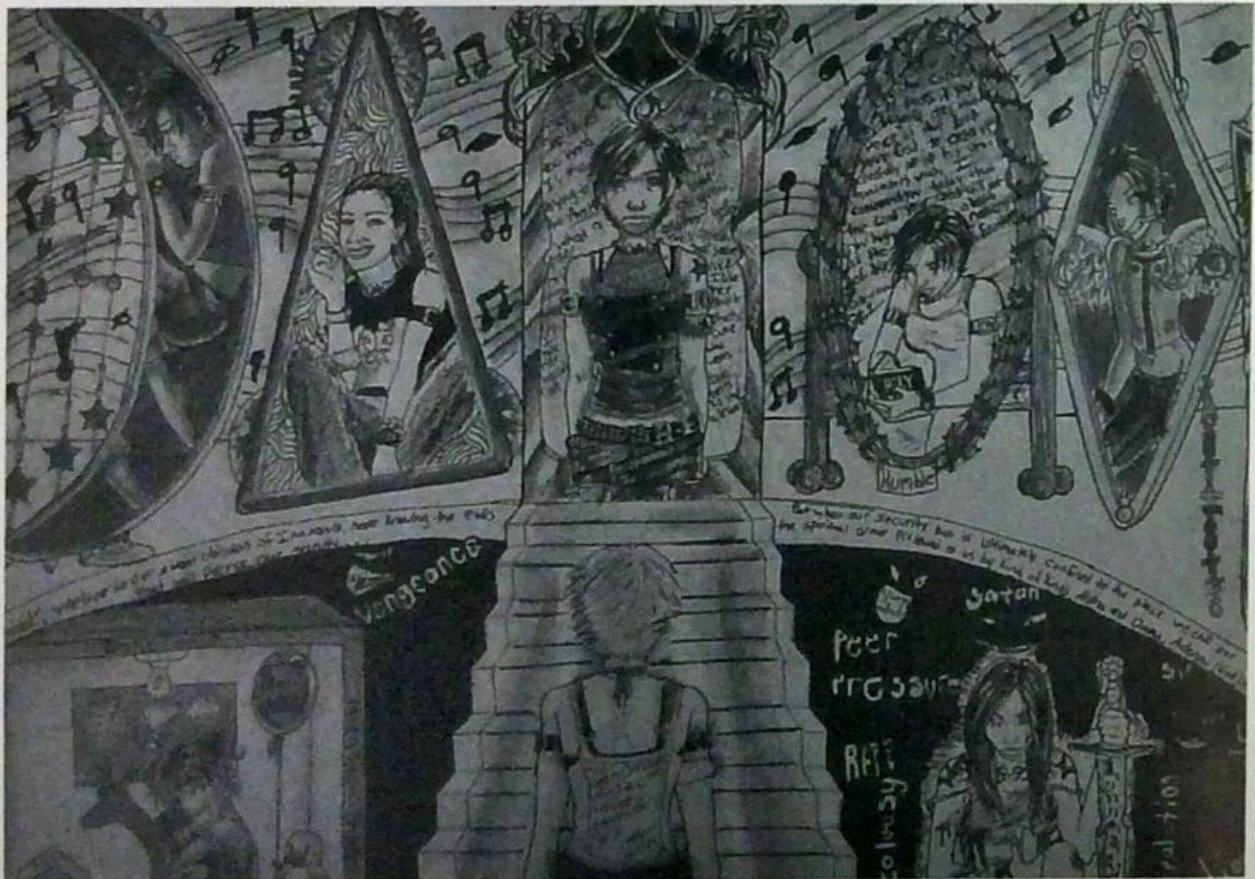
Jaime Mire



OVERWHELMED

The hour hand of my clock sprints to the finish line.
Deadlines and commitments breathe down the back of my
neck.
I hear the loud thump of my own heart as my adrenaline level
skyrockets.
My brow begins to sweat as my blood pressure rises.
Visions of failure come to mind.
Oh, I must hurry to finish!
Faster, faster! Defeat the clock!
I yell for silence; I need my concentration!
Nobody in my empty room responds...
Calendar, why must you read over me? You make me nervous...
There is no time to talk, no time to listen, no time to watch.

Megan Gibbons



Choices - Stefani Lackey



Keep Working to Live - Matt Dayton

SOLITUDE

It's my destiny to be let down
Falling with two feet on solid ground

Normally I can't stand the
condemnation
But your voice and your words ignite
every sensation

I can't concentrate; I'm so refracted
In my mind I see your face reenacted

Solitude is a place and a state of mind
Away from rejection and the ties that
bind

The dust clears and all that's left is
debris
Conclusions from your past all seem to
agree

It's a long, hard life when faced with
devastation
It must be hard to see from your high
elevation

The same sadistic stress that you want
to relieve
Has infected me and now your are
watching me seethe

Now the real you has finally been
shown
I'm tired, I'm frustrated, I'm angry,
I'm alone

My only consolation is that I know
you're wrong
Even though I blindly loved you for so
long

Nothing comes without a price to be
paid
I need a distraction so your memories
will fade

But this is how it's supposed to be
You'll wake one morning and love me
instantly

Wrongfully accused and I'm trudging
away
Knowing that tomorrow can't be
promised today

Caroline DeSanctis



UNTITLED

in our little masquerade
this sad parade
of plumes and paper flowers
it boils down to a simple game
we can dance and sing like anything
from behind a façade of what they want to see

//with jewels around the eyes
and peacock feathers, piled high\\

and I could match your blinding light
reflect the colors you cast on me
yeah, I could match; be just like you
but it's nothing short of lying.

and everybody's searching for the perfect mask
to smile and laugh
but hide behind

well here's a taste of mine:

I wish I could wear this
without pre-conceived notions
projected by that sand in your eyes
you picked it up somewhere in those 40 years
with Moses on vacation.

no, we
just couldn't let go of that mushroom manna;
narcotic food to get through the day
to get on our way
to get far away
to find our promised promise land

it was always predisposed to
distorting delicious dissonance an
the blank beauty of infinity
of endless possibilities

perhaps I'm not angelic white
but what's considerably more important to me—
the future remains asymptotic and black,
always void and empty.

because black is nothing
contaminated my nothing
and open to everything

white
is a little less pure
when you realize what it comprises

so I wish I could be faceless
in a world of simple black
and I wish I didn't have to wear a mask
for you to understand that.

Kristen Ketcherside

Index

Author/Artist	Title	Page #
Alvarez	Andrew Heart	18
Amendola	Mike Reggie McPine and his Blank Picket Sign	6,7
Amendola	Mike Woodle-Funk	4
Amendola	Mike 3 Tasty French Men and Their Secret Stuffing	20
Amendola	Mike Clown Tea Party	53
Amendola	Mike Love is in a Mosh Pit.	55
Bagwell	Brittany Autumn	44
Balusek	Kelsey Gypsy in my Heart	27
Barkhurst	Ariel Oblivious	56,57
Beasley	Marissa I am	16
Briones	Ricardo Babe	53
Brooks	Shannon Knowledge	13
Burgess	Amanda Wood of the Suicides	42
Burgess	Amanda A G/T Kid's Morning	64
Cantu	September Christmas in San Antonio	5
Cantu	September Portrait	32
Cardenas	Jessica Self Portrait	36
Cardenas	Jessica Not Kosher	56
Carroll-Bradd	Shenoa A Penguin I Am	14
Carroll-Bradd	Shenoa Denial	42
Carroll-Bradd	Shenoa Compassion	40,41
Castillo	Josiah Frame of Mind	6,7
Castillo	Josiah Velvet	30
Castillo	Josiah Argument with my better Half	48
Cornelius	Khara Retro	22
Cornelius	Khara Anticipation	44
Coy	Jamison Serengeti Dream	26
Darrah	Natalie The Black Tail	32
Darrah	Natalie Ethel	9
Darrah	Natalie Metaphor for Life	43
Davis	Bailey A Soldier Unrecognized	24
Dayton	Matt Still Life	20
Dayton	Matt Gray Man Painting	43
Dayton	Matt Disconnected Childhood	49
Dayton	Matt Autoincendiary	35
Dayton	Matt Keep Working to Live	59
Dayton	Matt Stairs to Unconsciousness	61
Dayton	Matt Inferno of Influences	35
DeSanctis	Caroline A Poem Formation	16
DeSanctis	Caroline Short Story	23
DeSanctis	Caroline The Pain Grows	34
DeSanctis	Caroline Solitude	59
DeVooght	Megan Missing	32
DeVooght	Megan There's Never Enough Spoons	46
Dorsa	Eric Boy	12
Firebaugh	Laura January	42
Flowers	Robert Escape	36
Fuentes	Christopher Dir en Grey	46
Garza	Melissa Abstract	23
Garza	Melissa Jenny 62	24
Garza	Melissa Mullethead	63

Stairs to Unconsciousness - Matt Dayton



Buffalo - William Melling

<u>Author/Artist</u>	<u>Title</u>	<u>Page #</u>
Gentry	Sarah Matt	17
Gentry	Sarah Lane	57
Gentry	Sarah Llama	63
Gentry	Sarah Triangle	2
Gibbons	Megan To Jade	8
Gibbons	Megan Overwhelmed	58
Guerrero	Liz My Stable Boy	18, 19
Guzman	Nicholas Frozen in Time	33
Hansen	Michelle And My House Is Always Clean	38
Hansen	Michelle A Moment Lost	49
Hansen	Michelle This Is How He Rarely Writes	54
Harp	Clint A Dream Sky	25
Harp	Clint Orange Clouds	33
Hernandez	Adriana Teenage Mosaic: Sonata #905	45
Howell	Bryan The Coming of a New Art	34
Jackson	Sarah Lonely Tree	29
Jaeckle	Jenny And A Day	26
Jaramillo	Megan Butterflies	13
Jenkins	Taylor Lion Girl	46
Jimenez	David Hands and River	16
Ketcherside	Kristen Untitled	60
Jones	Michelle Genesis II: The Satire Strikes Back	10, 11
Jones	Michelle 1337 Love	17
Lackey	Stefani Apple Tree	18
Lackey	Stefani Choices	58
Lawson	Laura I Love You More Than Applesauce	14
Lillibridge	Sarah Serenity	30
Martin	Erin Britney on a Sugar Rush	40
Matthews	Zara Au Revoir	28
Melling	William Buffalo	63
Mielke	Eric A Toast	12
Mire	Jaime Mind Mystery	57
Mire	Kayla Problems	48
Navarro	Thomas Hardcore	55
O'Brien, Jr.	William M. Stehle's Door	47
Ochoa	Amy Army Men	15
Peterson	Jennifer Wild Mind	37
Petit	Kristen Brannen	14
Petit	Kristen Taylor	15
Petit	Kristen Summer Snow	22
Petit	Kristen By Any Other Name	31
Ramos-Rodriguez	Marcos Cardboard Funk	4
Ramos-Rodriguez	Marcos Self Portrait	37
Russell	Brittany On the Outside Looking In	10, 11
Russell	Brittany Broken Heart	52
Sawtelle	Emily Mess	8
Sawtelle	Emily Mixed	27
Sawtelle	Emily Shapes of Dude	28
Sawtelle	Emily Girl Looking Right	38
Smith	Carrie Rhythm	17
Smith	Carrie Yesterday's Dream, Today's Reality	29
Stoeber	Davina Hearts	9
Torres	Mari Portraits	54
Velasquez	Garrett Tostados Unidos	5
Wanamaker	Katie Perfection	31
Wanamaker	Katie Blood Red Morning	25
Wanamaker	Katie Two Lukes	50-52

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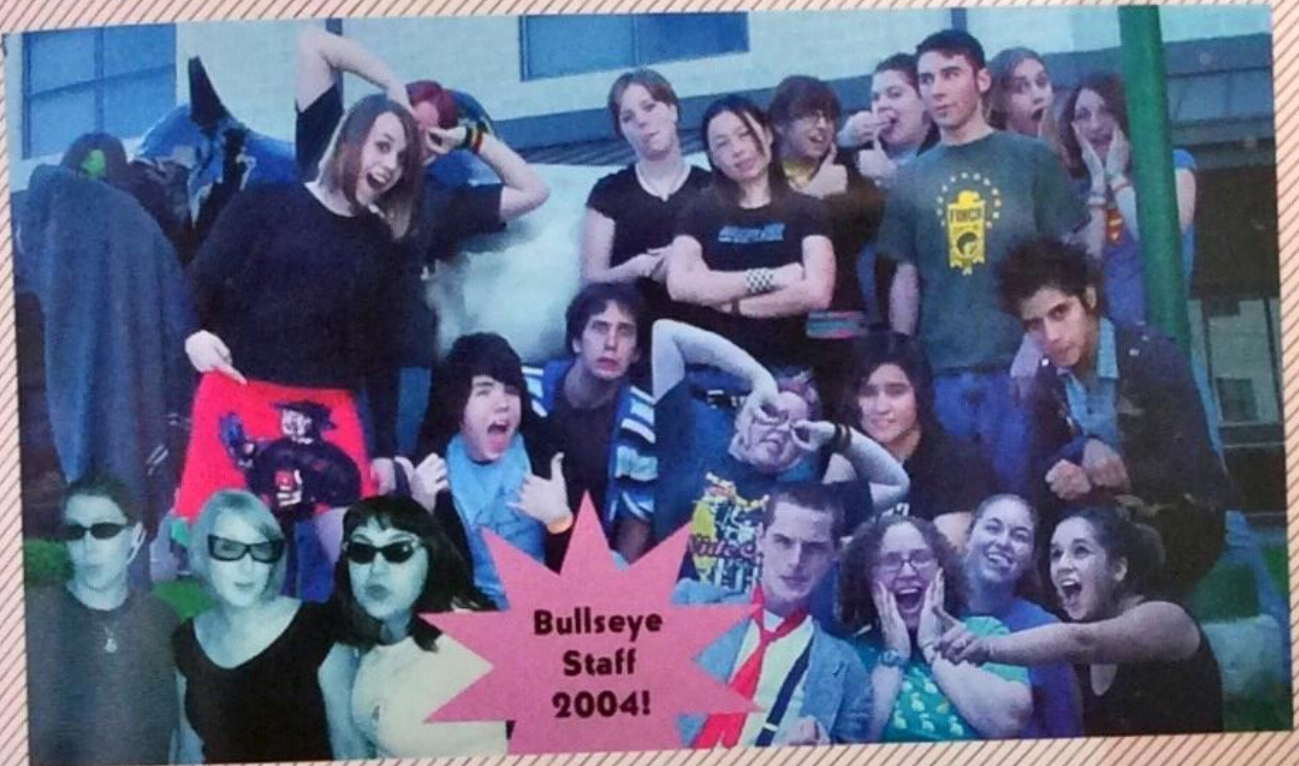


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