





DEDICATION

The staff dedicates the thirty-second edition of the Cub to Mr. Bob Ferris, or "Uncle Bob," as he is known. He has been teaching at Ventura High for thirty-six years, and during that time, he has been a great friend as well as a great teacher. He is a teacher who has always treated his students as adults, and by doing so, he has gained the respect of everyone who knows him. With his retirement this year, we will miss him and the school will lose a teacher who is as much a part of this school as the school itself.



Christina Wood

Ventura High School
2155 E. Main
Ventura, California 93001
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STAFF CREDIT

EDITOR:

Jose Velasco

ASSISTANTS TO EDITOR:

Ken Schoeni

Liz Turner

Erin Blackwood

Ian Patterson

Katharine Molesworth

ARTIST:

Tony Ziegler

Greg Sain

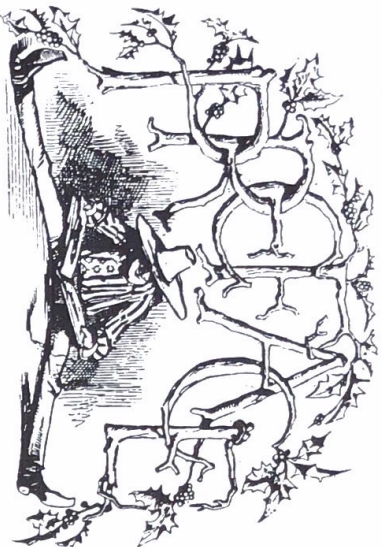
Christine Wahl

COVER:

Tony Ziegler

ADVISOR:

Robert Ferris



"It is the divine attribute of the imagination that when the real world is shut out it can create a world for itself, and with a necromantic power can conjure up glorious shapes and forms, and brilliant visions to make solitude populous, and irradiate the gloom of a dungeon."

— *Washington Irving*

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Table of Contents

On Wings of Ravens - Jaymie West	1
Paradise - Katharine Molesworth	1
0-Hour - Ian Patterson	2
Two in One - Angela Tilley	2
Blanket Dreams - Katharine Molesworth	4
The C.I.F. Shuffle - Steve Wall	4
Cancione del Lago - Joel Topping	5
Song from the Lake - translation	6
Food of Love - Jaymie West	7
Art - Lex Harrington	8
Alcoholism - Sandy Maass	9
Seeking Inspiration - Rob Veith	12
Steady Freddie - Christina Harris	15
All Hell the Customer - Kris Gary	20
Junk Food - Dawn Delu	21
Maxim-ized - Lex Harrington	22
The Mustangs - Anne Roundy	23
Sensuality - Kristi Kincheloe	24
The Cycle of the Soul - Joe Sullivan	25
Twilight - Greg Sain	26
The Existence of God - Helena Dahow	26
Valentine's Day Cure - Anne Roundy	27
Song of Innocence - Kris Ogletree	28
On The Slopes - N. Weston Miller	29
One to Race the Moon, One to Chase the Sun - Shawn Walker	29
Distortions - Kim Milligan	30
Flowers - Sonya Davis	32
Predestination Vs. Free Will - Angela Tilley	32
General Public - Wendy Snider	33
Entry 324 - Lisa McFann	34
The Dirt Crew and the Concrete Crew - Cindy Phillips	35
51-L - Ken Schoeni	40
Who Cares About Jane? - Marianne Kuntz	42
The Time Machine - Steve Boswell	45
Sex - Mike Seery-Smith	46
Women's Choice - Windy Houston	48
My Neighbor - Alicia Dela Rosa	50
The Black Wind - Jason Goodner	51
The Climb - Andrea Charles	52
Goodnight - Tony Ziegler	53
The Woodpecker - Ian Patterson	53
History's Tragic Day - Matthew De Lao	54
It's Fun to Run - Glen Sanders	55
A Shell's Story - Kristina Young	56
Substance Defiance - Greg Sain	57
Big Question - Lex Harrington	57
Dreaming - Anne Roundy	58
Resignation (Part III) - Shawn Walker	59
Got What I Wanted - Shawn Walker	60
Snake - Angela Tilley	61
A Lost Dog - Alician Dela Rosa	62
... Of the Days - Greg Sain	63
A Kiss - Tony Ziegler	63
1986 Contest Winners	64

ON WINGS OF RAVENS

listen, young ones,
To the birds' lazy flight;
Sound is almost tangible.
A wave of peace,
Warm and soft,
That embodies the soul
And takes it up on velvet wings,
Where freedom is infinite.
Hear them, young ones!
The ravens are calling.



Jaymie West '88

Paradise

*Paradise waiting
patiently in the distant
moonrise, far away
from lands of struggling hope.
Endless dreams that never die.*

Katharine Molesworth '86

0 - HOUR

The sound of shells he had gotten used to. The chattering of the machine guns he had gotten used to. He had even taught himself not to throw up when he saw a body, but the fear never went away - he had not yet learned to be unafraid of dying.

He sat in his trench grasping his gun, thinking back to when he first joined us. He remembered his images of what he then thought battle was going to be like. It certainly wasn't this. The dead and the dying lying together in the mud. The smell of burning flesh and stomach juices from disemboweled bodies that once resembled himself. The cries and the whimpers of the wounded waiting in agony to die. No, it certainly wasn't this.

He looked around him at the other men. All looked like him, thin, pale, and frightened. He hadn't eaten in three days. He had tried, but his body wouldn't hold food. This worried him.

"I'll die of starvation first," he thought to himself.

He remembered his mother hugging him while tears rolled down her face. "Come back home after this." Her voice seemed to echo in his mind. He took one of her letters out of his pocket and re-read it. He had received the letter a week ago and almost knew the letter by heart, but it still comforted him to know she had touched the letter and by holding it he was indirectly touching her. He had been meaning to write to her, but he couldn't find anyone with a pencil. Those who did have one wouldn't lend it to him. A pen or pencil was as good as gold where he was.

"All right, get ready," a voice pulled him out of his thoughts. "We're going over in five minutes!" The fear suddenly came back to him in pulsating waves. His stomach churned and his throat became very dry. He was in the second wave. The first had gone about an hour ago and was cut down the first hundred yards.

He looked around again to see if anyone else looked as scared as he was. The boy next to him whispered a silent prayer and tucked his cross back in his jacket.

This was it, he thought to himself. He closed his eyes once more to see his mother's face and to see his neighborhood. The garden in his back yard - the tree he used to climb. Everything he hadn't thought about for a while.

"Fix bayonettes!" the man shouted.

The whistle blew and he scrambled up the trench along with the others. Yells and screams mingled in a terrible unison with

gunfire. He seemed to run in slow motion listening only to his heartbeat.

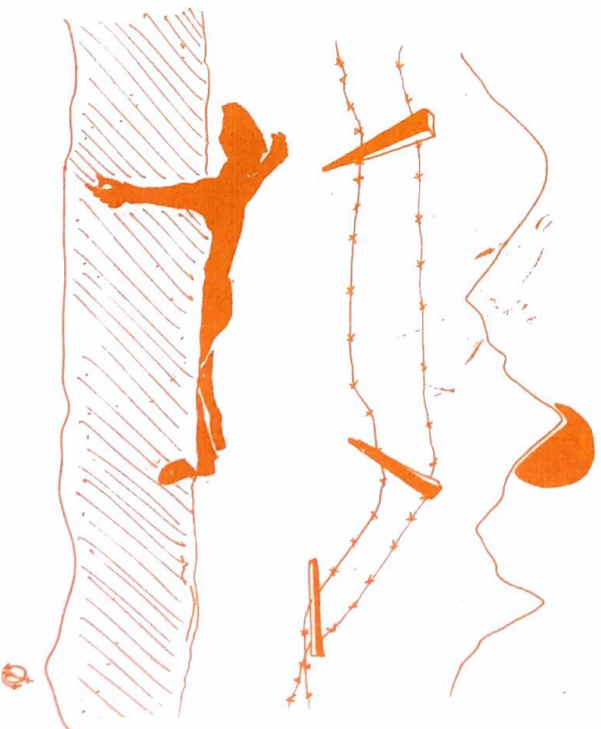
Suddenly he felt a dull pain in his chest. He looked down to see blood. His blood streaming down his jacket and onto his pants.

He quickly fell and curled up with his hands over his chest in an attempt to stop the bleeding. The blood now seeped through his fingers and onto the ground.

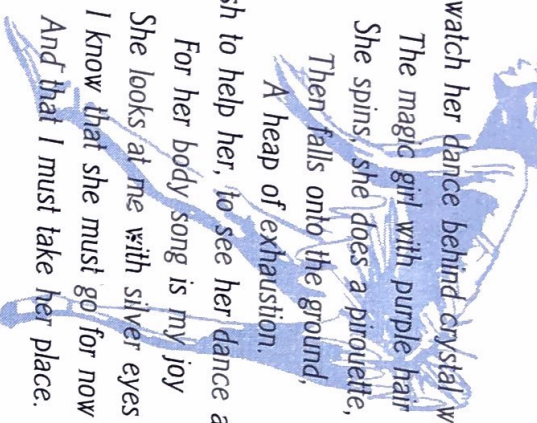
"Come back home after this." He thought again of his mother's voice and what she had said.

"I'm sorry mother, I'm so terribly sorry," he whispered, and closed his eyes.

Ian Patterson '86



TWO IN ONE



I watch her dance behind crystal walls
The magic girl with purple hair
She spins, she does a pirouette,
Then falls onto the ground,
A heap of exhaustion.
I rush to help her, to see her dance again,
For her body song is my joy
She looks at me with silver eyes
I know that she must go for now
And that I must take her place.

Angela Tilley '86

Blanket Dreams

Blanket
dreams are living,
breathing in our precious
moments of prolonged happiness,
waiting.

Katharine Malesworth '86

THE C.I.F. SHUFFLE

I am STEVE and I am fine
I do my job on the defense line
I try to get a sack
on the running back
I'm not here looking for trouble
I'm just here to do the C.I.F. shuffle.
They call me KELLY and I am tall
I play tight end
I always catch the ball.
I didn't come here looking for trouble
I just came here to do the C.I.F. shuffle.
They call me J.B.
I run the ball
You can bet that I do my all
But if I can't do it E.T. can
Because he is our big main man.
Yeah, I'm ERIC TURNER
I am good
I do my job like you knew I would
I take that ball and run those yards.
Just watch me pass through those bars.
My name is CHAD
And you oughta be glad
that you're not the one who made me mad
Because Mr. O.B.
As a linebacker
I am the one who will be your sacker,
I am RUSS
I'm number 4
The pass I snagged was for a score
That little pass shut BUENA'S door
We didn't come here looking for trouble
We just came here to do the C.I.F. shuffle!!

Steve Wallet '87

CANCIONE DEL LAGO

Hay un lago, muy pequeño,
En la cancha, cerca del rancho,
Bello y solo.

Lago, eres como una madre
Con sus niños, porque
Das refugio a los peces, que
Viven en tu agua, seguro de
El calor de día, y también
Los Aves, se quedan en las
Ramas de tus orillas,
Pueden descansar cerca del

Agua fresca. Y
Yo. Me das tranquilidad
y descanso, en las tardes
Frescas cuando pesco en tus
Aguas, cuando mi buque está
En tu cara, plana y tranquila
Cuando el sol se pone y los
Pájaros cantan sus canciones
De la noche.

Joel Topping '86

Song From The Lake

There is a small lake,
Tranquil and secluded,
In the field near the ranch.

Lake, you are a mother
With your children,
Because you give a home,
Safe from the sun,
To the fish that inhabit your waters,
To the birds staying in the trees
by your shore.

They rest near the
Refreshing water.
You give me
Peace and relaxation
In the cool afternoons
When I'm fishing
In your waters,
When my boat is against
Your face, soft and smooth,
When the sun sets

And the sky
Is filled with the
Songs of the night.

Translated by Jose Velasco
(From Cancion Del Lago)



FOOD OF LOVE

Love is a bottle of ketchup.

Those who upend it,

Pound it,

Prod it,

Force it from every angle,

Receive nothing but a trickle of lifeless matter.

Those with patience

And hope

And appreciation of what's to come

Shall be rewarded

By a smooth, delicious emotion

That spills into their lives

And fills every corner of the heart.

Joymie West '88



ART

(Open scene in a small theater in New York. Enter Mother and Daughter, who sit down in seats)

Daughter: Mother, look, everybody says he is absolutely fabulous!

Mother: I don't care. I don't want to see this guy.

Daughter: Mother, it's art. I mean, you can't deny that the man is art personified.

Mother: I can deny whatever I want to deny.

Daughter: No, you cannot. The Great Armando is all the rage

Mother: these days. Why, the New Yorker said that he is "the most shocking act to hit the stage in months." I don't care what the New Yorker said about him. I don't want to watch him.

Daughter: (shocked) How could you? Mother, how could you possibly refuse wonderful, artful, mature talent like this?

Mother: Listen...

Daughter: Oh, shhhh! It's starting!! Oh, how exciting!

Announcer: And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, the Great Armando!

(There is a long pause as Armando steps onto the stage and glares at the audience. There is a table on stage that has many different kinds of fruit on it. In the following, Armando picks up the fruits as if they were his idols.)

Armando: (At the top of his lungs) PERSIMMON!!!

Daughter: (Overcome) Oh!! (Fans self w/hand)

Mother: What?

Armando: Persimmon! Oh great fruit of life's unconstituted inquiries! Oh, magnificent manifestation of all that confuses the inner-most depths of our souls! Persimmon is as Persimmon does!

Daughter: Oh, isn't he marvelous?!

Mother: No!

Armando: (Picking up egg) Oh egg of life, intertwine with mind! (Smashes egg on forehead. Says gravely) Great happiness.

Mother: Oh, God!

Daughter: Please, Mother!

Armando: Banana of life!

Mother: This is ridiculous!

Armando: I dreamed last night that I was a tongueless eunuch. How do I know now that I am not a tongueless eunuch dreaming I am a man?

Daughter: What a fascinating concept!

Mother: What the hell is a tongueless eunuch?

Armando: But hold! Alack! The time has come for a deep con-

centration of the mind! Come! Meditate with Armando!

(Armando sits and begins to meditate, making humming noises. There is a silence as Mother and Daughter watch Armando meditate. Finally...)

Mother: How long is he going to keep this up?!

Daughter: Mother, shhhh! Do you want to disturb him?

Mother: Yes!

Daughter: No!

Mother: Yes! The man is a fake!

Daughter: He's meditating!

Mother: He's not meditating. He's ripping us off! You're so easily sucked in!

Daughter: I'm not sucked in. You're ignorant!

Mother: Ignorant!

Daughter: Ignorant! You don't at all appreciate...

Mother: Appreciate? The man smashes an egg on his head and you tell me that I don't appreciate it! Damn right, I don't appreciate it.

(Armando stops making his noises and opens his eyes wide. The bickering ladies soon notice the marked non-presence of sound and look at Armando, who stares at his audience for a bit.

Armando: Do bees be? Do bears bear? Do ducks duck? Do math majors multiply? These are the questions that provide for us no answers, and thus, the key to our very beings! Endeavor we not to seek the all-knowing vegetables of our sparse and desolate souls? "This," said the wise man to the fool, "is the basis for Reaganomics!"

(Armando sits back down and starts meditating again. Daughter stands and claps her hands enthusiastically as mother angrily grabs her purse and stomps out.)

Daughter: Mother, for God's sake, where are you going?

Mother: (Reentering) HOME!! (Exits)

Daughter: But mother, the show isn't over. Come on! You don't

even appreciate the depth of feeling....
Depth of feeling? Are you serious? I'm going home to watch real depth of feeling. Real art! I'm going home to see what real acting and genuine entertainment is!! I'm going home to watch "The Love Boat"!!!

(Armando remains seated on stage. After a pause he opens his eyes wide, stands slowly, poses himself for screaming.)

Armando: (Screams) KUMQUAT!!!!

(Blackout, End Scene)

Alexander Wild Harrington '86

—ALCOHOLISM—

Alcoholism is a disease in which a person drinks alcohol or alcoholic beverages and drinking becomes a compulsion. People who have this urge to drink are known as alcoholics. A form of alcoholism is dipsomania, which comes from a Greek word meaning "thirst madness".

The alcoholic states that no one can tell him what to do. He tells them, making it very difficult for the family to talk about drinking and its results. The alcoholic needs a drink, so he takes one. He drinks hard and fast, not slow and easy. He may drink openly, but most likely he will conceal the amount he drinks by drinking alone. This is the first part of denial; hiding the amount he drinks; repeated denial, by hiding the bottle and drinking alone, reveals how important alcohol has become in helping the alcoholic feel better. After one or two drinks he cannot stop. The alcoholic denies he has a drinking problem, denies he is an alcoholic, denies that alcohol is causing him trouble, and denies that he has caused his family any trouble. In fact, he blames his family, especially his wife, for all the fuss, nagging, and problems. He may even insist that his wife is crazy and needs to see a psychiatrist. The real problem is that the alcoholic is well aware of the truth he so strongly denies. He is aware of his drunkenness, his failure, and his guilt and remorse become unbearable.

An estimated six and one-half million Americans are alcoholics. Five out of six are men between the ages of 30 and 55.

Alcoholism is one of the most common diseases in America. Ventura County has an estimated 58,949 residents who are alcohol dependent. The effects of alcohol dependency are contagious, especially for the immediate family members. On the average, every alcoholic can have a serious negative impact on the life and functioning of at least four other persons. Each alcohol dependent can seriously affect their family members, work team, supervisors, and community.

The national economic cost of alcohol related problems for 1984 was estimated to be over 81 billion dollars. The cost burden to California in 1984 equaled \$8.1 billion, or an average cost of \$300.00 for every man, woman, and child in California. The cost burden to Ventura County equaled over \$176 million. For 1984 the combined cost to California for alcohol drug abuse and mental illness is estimated at 17.4 billion dollars.

Health care cost for untreated alcoholics and their family members are double those of non-alcoholics and their family, but treatment of the alcoholic member reduces these costs immediately and dramatically, and can lead to net health care savings within three years, a study conducted for the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism has shown. Treatment and Prevention programs significantly help to reserve all the costly effects of alcohol dependence and misuse and these savings, brought about by effective programs, more than pay for the prevention and treatment services.

Doctors don't know why an alcoholic drinks. Scientists' studies show that many people drink to escape from tension, frustration, and anxieties. Some studies have shown that individuals handle everyday tensions by developing psychological defenses.

Many people drink to be sociable, to show off, or to experiment. But the alcoholic drinks because he must. He doesn't plan to drink; he may even dislike the taste of the beverage. Yet the urge is so strong that he can't control it.

Alcohol is a depressant, not a stimulant. It operates on the control center of the brain and depresses. This allows the person to display certain kinds of attitudes that are not usually shown. The common picture of extreme intoxication includes confusion, disorientation and an unsteady walk, sometimes accompanied by disturbing hallucinations.

Often the extreme drinker exhibits delirium tremens, a mental disturbance that results from alcoholism. A person develops in-

somnia, a dislike for food, becomes restless and irritable. Then he may have illusions and hallucinations. This condition may last three to ten days. Death sometimes results because of pneumonia or heart failure. Doctors treat delirium tremens by taking alcohol away from the patient and giving him sedatives and tranquilizers. Another condition associated with chronic alcoholism is Korsakoff's psychosis syndrome in which the individual becomes confused, has hallucinations, and develops various kinds of paralyzes. He has gaps in memory that he fills by telling about fantastic experiences in a most plausible way.

As the brain deteriorates, the alcoholic may develop different kinds of organic diseases. For example, alcohol irritates liver tissues, often making the liver more vulnerable to cirrhosis.

Cirrhosis is a disease of the liver in which scar tissues form throughout the organ. A group of hard cells called regenerative nodules replace the normal spongy tissue of the liver. This may cause the diseased liver to be unable to manufacture protein or remove harmful substances from the blood, resulting in high blood pressure and internal bleeding. Some extreme cases will result in death.

Some other symptoms of alcoholism include drinking and protecting the supply. He will drink at home when no one else is drinking. He will stop in a bar where there are other drinkers. He feels comfortable if he knows that alcohol is available. He "fuels" the trunk of his car or his office desk in the event he may need a drink sometime as a "pick-me-up" or "calmer". Pre-occupation with having a sufficient supply on hand is a trait of any kind of drug dependency.

Alcoholics Anonymous (A.A.) is a worldwide fellowship of recovered alcoholics who help each other maintain sobriety and who offer to share their recovery experiences freely with others who have a drinking problem. The Fellowship functions through approximately 48,000 local groups in 110 countries. It is estimated that there are more than 1,000,000 members, but A.A. recognizes that its program is not always effective with some alcoholics who need professional help.

Sandy Maass '86

SEEKING INSPIRATION

The night plagued my mind with its excessive darkness. Rain splashed from undefined points of semi-light, grey masses of clouds hovering here and there among the shadows of my tired mind.

I stood, like a shadow of a bygone Romantic Age in a suit of pitch-black and faintly glowing yellow, watching. The creatures, malevolent demon creatures from the bowels of my inner primitive subconscious, moved slowly, with vile deliberation through the purposefully constructed city, searching.

I was the one they sought. I smiled slightly to myself. A normal man would be covering in a corner, bathing in sweat by now, begging for it all to end, but not me. I'm an Adventurer. I take on my nightmares first hand, and win.

Growing tired of watching, I acted, swinging into battle on a strong nylon cable. My booted feet connected in a superhumanly powerful kick into one monstrosity's gruesome countenance. The face gave way like so much overcooked oatmeal. His fellows came at me, but I was ready. I drew a small, compact Uzi loaded with the one substance that instantly destroys these demons — lead bullets.

Before I could pull the trigger, a deafening ringing shook the very foundations of my psyche, destroying buildings as well as the grim-faced demons. The sound racked my mind and I can't escape it. It raises my mind higher and higher towards a seeming ultimate Hell.

My skin seems wet with sweat where it touches the soft, sweet-smelling sheets. My eyes opened involuntarily. The phone rang again, and I groggily answered, "Hello?"

"Jake?"

"I think so."

"Jake, this is Bill, the big man, your boss, can you dig?" The voice on the other end was enthusiastic. "We've got trouble. Issue #7 of 'The Illustrations ADVENTURER, your comic book, your life, Babe, needs to be to the artist by mañana... tomorrow. Can you dig? That means you need to write it and hand it to yours truly by today or you're out of a job. You follow me, Babe?"

I was awake in an instant. "Bill, I can't! I've barely started on ADVENTURER #7! I can't write that fast; nobody can write that fast! Besides, I've got a million other things to do, too, and I'm

completely tired out. I didn't get into bed until 4:00 last night!"

"Hey, Babe," Bill said, seeming unconvinced by my hysterical arguments, "you want to keep you job, don't you?"

I saw his side. "I'll do my best. I really will."

He hung up and I leapt into action. I got breakfast and made my bed in barely a heartbeat. Then I came face to face with my worst opponent, my most powerful enemy—my typewriter. It's small, innocent in appearance in the same way a small child appears innocent. Of the electronic variety, my typewriter possesses its own malicious intelligence. As I sat before it, the keys froze in open defiance. I found myself without saving inspiration.

Abruptly, I sensed a foreign presence in the room. I whirled, going for the gun I commonly kept in my desk drawer. It was him.

"I'll take that costume," he said, reaching out his hand. Without a word, I handed him the black and yellow garment.

"What can we do?" I demanded. "The odds are against us."

"Odds? What are they?" He spoke the line I created for him, the line that made him famous, smiling the glowing smile that had made him the idol of millions. "You just give me something impossible to do, and I'll get to work."

"That's the spirit." I said with more enthusiasm than I felt, turning back to my typewriter. I felt extremely groggy for a moment and thought I fell close to sleep. Then I came awake again. "First, unstick my typewriter!" I commanded.

He hesitated a moment, as if contemplating his chances of success. "Hey, you can't take that where we're going," he said, tossing me a small portable pad and a pen.

"Right." I replied, rising to follow him as he swung out of the window onto the back of a souped up motorcycle. I landed less gracefully on the back of my own.

The engines roared dramatically to life, and we sped off into the rising sun.

"What are we going to do?" I shouted over the roar of the engine.

"I thought about looking into those subconscious demons you've been fighting lately." He sounded serious.

"But that's just a dream," I replied. "This is real."

"Can you be so sure?" the Adventurer inquired.

I didn't reply. My thoughts were elsewhere.

"There's one of them now!" he exclaimed as if surprised. I looked and saw the gruesome, mottled red creature's form shambling into the darkness of an alley. He turned his bike after it and I followed, still searching my mind for a way to write Adventurer

#7 by the deadline.

With sudden wrenching abruptness, the darkness of the alley overtook us and I found myself struck with a startling realization. I voiced it somewhat after the fact: "Adventurer, we're surrounded! It's an ambush!"

"Don't worry, I'll take them out," he said, dismounting before the violent shifting mass of subconscious fears and desires given life and consciousness by my weary mind. "You just take notes."

I sat down and turned to the first blank page of my notebook. Adventurer leapt bravely into action, knocking demons right and left with his illustrious fists, but the creatures outnumbered him. Clawing, sloshing, drooling in an amorphous vile blob, they overwhelmed the heroic warrior, bearing him to the ground, clawing the life from him.

I felt myself suddenly get extremely nervous. "Hey, you can't kill him," I said unconvincingly.

One demon turned to me, smiling with total, all-consuming malevolence. "Oh yeah?"

"Adventurer!" I shouted, growing desperate.

A strained voice came in response over the babblings of the evil horde. "Joke, it's up to you...you can save yourself...the world..." That's the last I heard from him as the horde dragged him off into the darkness.

I felt vastly alone as I gazed about me into the impenetrable darkness of the alleyway. One single shining object caught my eye—a costume of black and yellow. I put it on and grabbed my notebook. I knew what I had to do. It was up to me to carry on the tradition the Adventurer had started. I followed the slithering shapes into their eternally dark abode.

The irregular cavern wound an undeterminable distance into the bowels of my mind, it seemed, as I grimly followed the vile, evil form descending just out of sight somewhere ahead of me. Then I saw it—a shining gold castle of immaculate beauty, yet a thing of great ancient evil, the abode of classic nightmares. The gates beckoned to me to sample the horrors within. Having little choice in the matter, I moved forward into the realm of deep, dark nightmare sleep.

The huge wooden door slammed shut behind me with an ominous note of finality, binding me to whatever lay within. I gazed forward into the almost tangible blackness of the nightmare realm before me, trying desperately to get my eyes to adjust to the eerie darkness. I saw a barely perceptible movement and heard a faintly audible grunt of surprise. Something moved

toward me in the dark. I took a defensive stance, my hand near my gunbelt.

Something with a touch like hair-covered, ice-cold jello brushed the exposed flesh of my chin, causing an involuntary shiver to run the length of my spinal cord. I leapt backward in revulsion, slamming painfully into the wall. The impact echoed through the hall, mapping out a large empty room to my trained ears. I estimated the location of my opponent and swung. My gloved fist connected, sending the unintelligibly babbling mass reeling back into the darkness. Though its words seem variable nonsense to my ears, the meaning seemed clear.

"Yeah, I'll spare you," I said, "if you take me to your boss."

It gibbered its assent.

In moments we'd reached a spacious, well-lit room at the top of a long, winding staircase. The room appeared lit by a dozen or so skull-based candles in various stages of melt-down, but the black-stained walls added an unnerving darkness about the place: the furnishings were sparse, of the torture chamber variety, save for an uncushioned golden throne in the center. Seated on this throne was an expressionless man in black silken garb with eyes that burned with an amorphous inner evil.

"Speak," he commanded in a low, even pitched voice that echoed softly, ominously, about the room.

I opened my mouth to speak, but only a hoarse whisper came. I took a deep breath to compose myself. "I... I have a bone to pick with you," I said softly. He glanced at me strangely from the corner of his frightening eyes.

"Your people have been pestering my people even to the point of physically abusing my main man. I want you to lay off; like, don't call us, we'll call you.

"You see," I continued, gaining momentum, "I have a story to write by this evening or I'm as good as dead (which, by the way, puts you out of a job) and I don't want that... you don't want that. Right now I'm seeking in inspiration. Then you go off and kill my main character. That doesn't work, O.K.?"

The Nightmare Prince brooded a moment. "I'll let you go and let your friend live, as well as provide you with your much-needed inspiration if, and only if, you can last one round against the physical embodiment of your greatest fear."

I smiled, trying to find any fear I couldn't possibly overcome, and finding none. "You're on."

A secret compartment opened in the wall, revealing a fearsome

monster with mottled brown, scaly hide punctuated by grey-green hair in various places and a face that bore an uncanny resemblance to Bill.

I felt myself suddenly gripped by a blind nameless fear. "I know you," I stammered. "You're DEADLINE!"

The demon nodded.

Abruptly, the creature attacked, leaping forward with its two-foot long, poison-covered claws extending in my general direction. Using all the strength and ability at my limited disposal, I jumped him and, landing roughly on the black-carpeted floor, I rolled to safety. As I struggled to regain my fractured equilibrium, Deadline charged barbarically at me again. I felt cornered, with no way to dodge. Desperately, I drew from my belt a gun loaded with the one thing that instantly destroys these demons — lead bullets. I shot. The sound and smoke of the explosion echoed on the thick air for several seconds as the bullet impacted in the demon's gruesome hide. The demon stopped moving, but seemed otherwise unaffected.

"Hey, Babe," the creature said mockingly, "you can't do yours truly in that easy."

He grabbed a barbed net off the torture chamber wall near him and hurled it at me with blinding speed.

There was no time to dodge.

There was no place to run to.

I felt a brief, seering pain in my heart as the barbs dug into my flesh; then I felt a loud, all-consuming ringing in my ears. The darkness came about me everywhere. For an instant I seemed lost in living, pulsating darkness, then the ringing came again and with it... light.

The net felt wrapped about me as a spider's web and as I lay there I felt the multilegged spider-creature crawling over the length and breadth of my body.

But I was alive! ALIVE!

Opening my eyes, I whirled, ignoring the constraint of the cobwebs and the barbed net. I grabbed for the spider. My hand connected with a small, orange-furred quadroped who unleashed an annoyed mew in response.

"Oh, Fluff, I'm sorry," I said, gazing at my cat. "I guess I just had a massive nightmare." I began to untangle myself from my sheets. "I guess I really don't have to write that story like I dreamed. What

a relief."
 The phone rang again.
 Groggily, I answered. "Hello?"
 "Jake?"
 "I think so."
 "Jake, this is Bill," the other voice said enthusiastically.
 I hesitated a moment, the phone poised above hanging up.
 "We've got trouble."
 I hung up.

Rob Veith '87

STEADY FREDDIE

*Sometimes it take me a while to wake up
 in the morning
 Sometimes I wake up right away
 Whichever way I happen to be
 I'm running steady all day.*

*I know I'm little
 I know I'm not very fast
 But I bring joy to others
 If I have enough gas.*

*We ride with the wind
 Feeling peaceful and free
 When we're together
 It's just my moped and me.*

Christina Harris '86

All Hell the Customer

Anyone who has ever had a customer service job has had the opportunity to see the public at its most annoying.

My experience (as a sales clerk at a book store) has made me aware that there are basically four different types of customers. The most significant customer is the Browser. Although the Browser rarely makes a purchase and is, therefore, not a great sales booster, he is the backbone of the store. This is especially true in a bookstore, for without the Browser the store would be empty ninety percent of the time. This is not good for the store's image. If you are lucky enough to catch one, the Browser is good for honing the sales skills, because to sell a Browser anything is the greatest accomplishment a sales clerk can achieve.

The customer that most clerks avoid like the plague is the Know-it-all. This is a determined person who relentlessly pursues an item that is usually non-existent. The Know-it-all is high-tempered and the smallest incident can set him off. To avoid this, he must be humored at all cost. However, the absolute worst thing a clerk can do with a Know-it-all is to wear a perpetual smile. To him this is a sign of blissful ignorance, and nothing annoys the Know-it-all more than ignorance. If a clerk should have the misfortune to ignite the fuse of a Know-it-all, it is best to use the manager to block the flying shrapnel when the Know-it-all explodes.

The Simpleton is the customer that most sales clerks have a tendency to brush off like so much lint. Simpletons are pathetic creatures who wander in off the street with no objective whatsoever for coming in. Simpletons are easily distinguished from other customers by the glazed-over eyes, the shuffling walk, and in bookstores, the one question that they (without exception) ask: "Which one is real life, fiction or non-fiction?" It never ceases to amaze me that they can read at all.

The Hesitant Seekers are the most constantly appreciative customers. They are the ones that leave large tips. They are the ones that tell the manager what a helpful clerk you are. They are

the ones you can easily awe by showing off your great knowledge of the merchandise. Helping the Hesitant Seeker in making a decision and a purchase is close to a religious experience for the sales clerk. The fluency in the procedure is flawless, from the beginning to the end.

The feeling you get when you realize that you just talked another helpless victim into spending more money than he can afford is absolutely exhilarating. It makes you remember what you're really here for: to make money at everyone's expense.

Kris Gary '86

JUNK FOOD

Juju-Bees and Cracker Jacks,

Uno Bars,

Cokes by six packs.

'Nilla Wafers and Oreos,

Harmel Sundaes,

Jolly Joe's.

Butterfingers and Kit-Kats.

Food for thought?

Sure.

But now I'm **FAT!!!**

Dawn Deleu '86



MAXIM-IZED

*"Early to bed and
early to rise
makes a man healthy,
wealthy, and wise."*

It is purely upon my own speculation that I imagine Ben Franklin meant well when he sat down to create the above-written aphorism. Certainly there was a definite need for an adage that would stimulate non-argumentativeness in children who were requested to hop into bed and pull up the covers at an "inopportune" time.

But, despite Dr. Franklin's good intentions, something in the depths of my soul yearns to cry out in earnest disagreement, for the simple reason that Ben told a blatant untruth. And, untruths being as they are, I must respectfully suggest that good intentions were not the only things that Franklin was full of.

I think it to be an obvious fact that going to bed early, though promoting extreme healthiness, is not likely to make a man either wealthy or wise. In the stream of things, I believe that the same can be said for getting up from one's slumber before "the cock crows", generally does not make a man healthy, wealthy or wise. Rather, it puts a man decidedly on the cranky side, especially on Mondays. Naturally, there are those who would endeavor to disagree with me, but I think those poor souls are few and scattered, or else all reside in Buffalo, where nobody cares whether or not they get up early, or indeed whether or not they choose to get up at all.

This point established, I think it is time we moved on to the business of creating a new "early-to-bed" statement, as the old one has been proved to be quite unacceptable and altogether inadequate. I think "Going to bed early makes a man rested" or "Going to bed early is better than watching the Wheel of Fortune" would be a more appropriate phrase. I would ask the reader to make careful note of the fact that the "early to rise" phrase was omitted entirely, due to the aforementioned crankiness that early rising in-

variably produces.

Thus, I conclude my criticism of Ben Franklin's old adage, still holding with the contention that Franklin, though a good man through and through, was totally, blatantly, and irrevocably incorrect.

Lex Harrington '86



The Mustangs

As their wild white hooves pound over the sand
And a tremor goes through me with love,
I think to myself, "What a helping hand
God gives with his white glove."
Unstained, untrained, wild and free
As the mustangs that ride the prairie.
The steady gallop is the pace of my heart
And my soul goes flying high.
I live and I laugh as I am part
Of life under prairie sky.
Unstained, untrained, wild and strong
As the mustangs go riding along.

Anne Roundy '89

SENSUALITY

*It wells from a hidden source deep within my soul
surrounding me like a purple and jade haze,
A powerful haze of intoxicating scent
with all the beauty and heavy sweetness of a
forbidden flower.
It is harmony melted from the voices of an eternity
of maidens.
I am tied by its emotions to everything beautiful,
everything captivating, everything hypnotizing.
It is rhythmic, mellowed,
honed to a welcoming strength.
I am love, I am beauty, I am nature.
I wrap the sleepy haze around my bare shoulders
and greet my soul to celebrate it with a
slow twisting dance.*

Kristi Kincheloe '86



The Cycle of the Soul

Still waters are such a welcome sight.

Reflections so clear, but they won't last.

A vivid view of all that night.

That night so still and perfect passed.

A wind crept up and stalked the still.

And slowly, subtly, made the kill.

Old leaves then fell from mourning trees,

Like souls of men at times like these.

Joe Sullivan '86

Twilight

Twilight

In hazy colors

Melting the sun and sky

Dripping waves fall into the sea

Then dark

Greg Jain '86

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

From the beginning of time man's pursuit of God has led him on various routes to prove His existence. While the scientific community and others assert that one day they will, through their own research, be able to understand even the fundamental laws of nature, the inner longing and searching on man's part will only be satisfied by that personal collision or divine encounter with the very Being who holds this universe in His hands. My contention is that our search for truth, whether we admit it or not, denotes the very real need for our acknowledgement of God.

Part of this search stems from man's need to have faith in something apart from himself. Many of us experience a sense of disillusionment or sorrow as a result of the hurt that life incessantly seems to hurl at us. We become weary with fear and frustration. Yearning for someone to turn to, we try everything from drugs to religion to relationships. Neglecting even the possibility of the One who knows us better than we know ourselves, we continue on in emptiness and disbelief in a God that we can't conclusively prove is there.

I venture to say that if there is no God, we would have no need for morals. For who is to say without some frame or reference what is morally right and wrong? The Encyclopedia Britannica takes it a step farther and says that we are just the highest animal in the animal kingdom. Without God this definition would be true and thus there would be no need for a man to have any system of morals, for he is not a moral being. There would be no more hope for man than for parakeets, penguins, or platypuses.

This leads to my next point which is that what we believe concerning the premise of man's origin will ultimately determine all of our actions. Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, stated: "For since the creation of the world, His invisible attribute, His eternal power, and divine nature have been clearly seen, being understood through what has been made, so that they are without excuse." Paul goes on to say that because of our rejection of God we have become vain in our imaginations and that in professing ourselves to be wise, we become fools.

With callous disregard, we continue to set aside the evidence of God's existence, leaving us to humanistic philosophies and

guidance to make our decisions. "What is best for me?" "What about my rights?" is a whole selfish line of thought which permits our every action.

Werner Von Braun once said in reference to those who had challenged him to prove God's existence, "Must we really light a candle to see the sun?" In our determination to rule our own destiny, we have shut out the possibility of God in order to bask in the warmth of our own intelligence. We are constantly trying to shed new light on truth that is already easily accessible to us if only we look for it. Those who choose a humanistic mindset will never find God. Those who find Him will never be the same.

Helena Dainow '87

Valentine's Day Cure

Do you often get depressed
Around Valentine's Day?

Do you feel sad or lonely

Or wish you could hide away?

Well, I've got just the remedy!

Homemade, a wondrous cure

Doctors everywhere prescribe it

to them and him and her.

Just recently discovered

Quite patented and new,

It is called the Miracle Worker,

And I'd like to give one to you!

I'll give you a little hint

It is spelled with an H-U-G,

How much does it cost, you ask?

Well, it is absolutely free!

Anne Roundy '89

Distortions

Reflections.

Looking back at me

I am surprised to see that direct gaze.

Eyes looking at eyes.

We can only assume they move when we do.

A puddle—no, a pond.

A pebble tossed nearby,

Causing tremors in the water,

Tremors in my reflection.

No longer clear, the lines of my face quiver -
frightened.

The water calms.

My reflection composes itself,

Only to quiver again at the thought of the next pebble,

And the distortions it will cause.

Kim Milligan '87

Flowers

I'd rather have a little flower
from the garden of a friend,

"Than flowers thrown around my grave
when my days on earth must end."

I'd rather have a friendly smile
from one I know who cares,

"Than tears shed around my bed
when I bid this world Adieu."

Bring me all the flowers today
whether pink, yellow, or red,

I'd rather have one flower now,
than a truckload when I'm dead.



Sonya Davis '87

SONG OF INNOCENCE

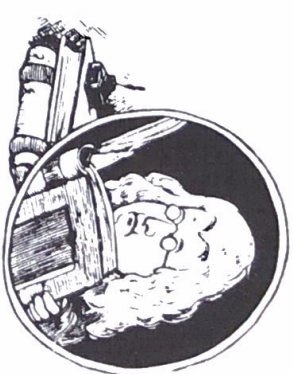
I hear the song of innocence, the many voices I hear:
Those of children, playing hopscotch in the schoolyard,
The sweet song of the sparrow in the early morning light,
The newborn baby, crying for his mother's milk,
The rain, clear and pure,

as it dances upon my winduppane,
The song of new-found romance, long awaited,
The whisper of the willow tree, crying in the wind:
Each singing its own unique song,
Unique only in itself,
Singing rare and untouched melodies,
Singing for all to hear.

Kris Ogletree '87

On The Slopes

It's time to go skiing;
head for the slopes.
The weather is clear,
just like I'd hoped.
I get on the lift and up we go.
My hopes are answered,
just look at that snow.
I put on my skis
I wait my turn.
My heart's beating faster,
I feel my mind churn.
I'm on my way down,
I hear my skis sing.
Up here on the mountain I feel like a king.
N. Weston Miller '88



PREDESTINATION VS. FREE WILL

The gecko sunning himself on a large flat rock flicked his tongue out and caught a fly. Another slid up beside him and he, too caught a small fly.

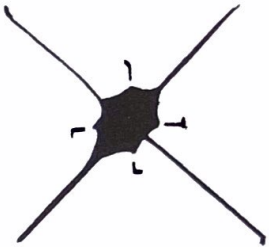
"Pity that such a small creature was preordained to be eaten by me," said the second, picking a wing out of his teeth.

"Preordained?" questioned the first. "Whatever do you mean by that? That fly, out of his own free will chose to fly in your direction, and you, out of your own free will, caught and ate it."

"Nonsense," replied the second, raising to scratch his brow. "My mother and my mother's mother and my mother's mother's father were all firm believers in Calvinism, the fact of predestination. We were all put here with our outcomes already decided."

To this, the first rolled over onto his back and stated, "Well, I say it's your free will to believe that of your ancestors. To think such a thing would create limits in your mind, and you will never know your own personal power to do what you please, knowing it is your own decision. I, however, am going to use my power of free will and leave you to ponder your thoughts and my input." And to this the first gecko slinked away to catch more flies.

Angela Tilley '86



When I held it within,
That was the time
That I found out too late,
Like a moth in a flame:
What I saw on the outside was
Only a light that was waiting
To burn out my eyes

So I loved, and you laughed
And we smiled together
The fool and the fox
Playing tricks on each other
With different reasons
And ticklish answers
Shoring a stolen disguise

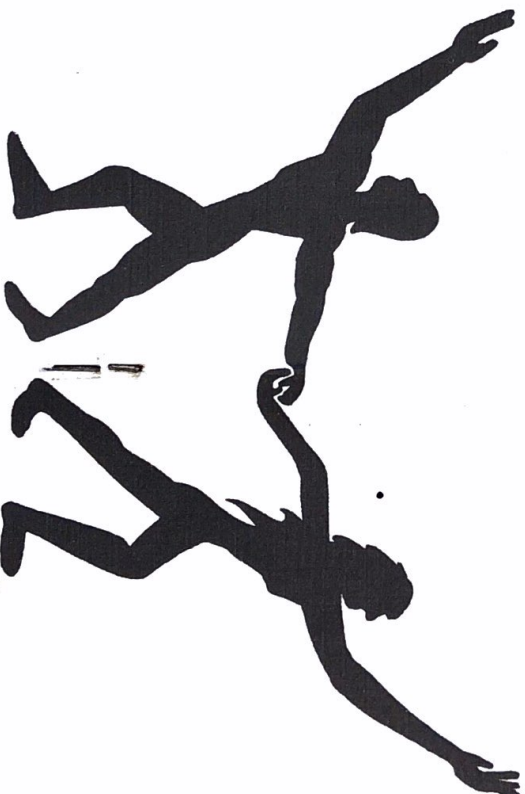
But, oh, my dear
How it could have been
Till the ribbons came undone
And we came apart
Like the sea and a flower—
One to race the moon,
One to chase the sun

When I searched for a song
You were the sound
That filled up my mind
Tore my feet from the ground
And I tried, with ears ringing,
To ride out the storm
While the Sirens sang into the night

One To Race The Moon, One To Chase The Sun

I

And I foundered so long
On the rocks by the shore
As they dashed me away
Just to draw me once more
A death's-headly torment
A life-giving torrent
A war too fair to fight



A.D. 2



But, oh, love
How it could have been
Till the fight stopped being fun
And we came apart
Like a sea and a flower—
One to race the moon,
One to chase the sun

But now I don't have time for
Your glycerine tears
That melt from your eyes—
Melt from your glass eyes
Like patches of ice-blue
Held to a candle
Sparkling down the mirror

You run thru the lines
With your neon emotions—
No warmth to the color,
No change to the motions
Cos a song without feeling is
Only a song that
A singer never hears

But, oh, my dear
How it could have been
Till we ran out of places to run
And we came to part
Like the tide and a raindrop—
One to race the moon,
One to chase the sun

Shaun Walker '86

GENERAL PUBLIC

ENTRY 324

So many people walk on by

Some smile

Some frown

Some try

Some quit

Some win

Some lose

Some respect

Some reject

Some love

Some hate

Some value

Some don't care

Some laugh

Some cry

Some are true

Some pretend

Some are friends

Some are foes

But, we all were born and we all will die.

Are you dying to live or living to die?

Wendy Snider '88

17-09-207

I don't know how to start this, since I've never written anything before. I've read a lot of books and practiced writing, but I've never written anything that meant something.

My grandfather gave me this book to write in. He says writing is for special people who won't abuse it. That's why he taught me. Very few people know how to write or even read. They don't want to learn because knowledge is the root of all evil (my grandfather told me that). He says technology, or something like that, was what led to Temporary Death. But I'll talk about that later.

17-09-211

Today my brother Truk brought home his first girlfriend. I only saw her from a distance because my mother doesn't allow me to see visitors. (Actually, she doesn't allow visitors to see me, but that's another matter.) She was beautiful. She has the prettiest eyes and the loveliest skin. Truk is so lucky!

I've never had a girlfriend. I've never even had any friends. My grandfather says I'm too special for other people, but I think what my mother says is more likely. She says I'm too ugly and would scare people away. That's why she hides me. I would embarrass her if people knew what I looked like. That's why I don't like her, if she loved me she could accept it.

17-12-213

My grandfather told me more about Temporary Death, so I'll try to explain it.

A long time ago, people didn't live in the forest with nature, they lived in evil places called "cities". In those "cities" they learned things they shouldn't and did things that ruined the planet. Everybody wanted their "city" to be the biggest and the best of all the "cities", so they fought and a lot of people died. Still, no one had proven that they were the best.

Then, they got special people and put them in a place called a "Think Tank". The special people

thought up things to erase the other "cities". (My mind goes blank when I try to picture something erasing places.)

I guess I'm still confused. I'll have to ask Grandpa again.

17-43-213

Four days ago, Grandpa came to me and asked if I wanted to see what made me "special". When I said I did, he took my hand and led me down the hillside.

"See there, son," he said, pointing to something in the distance, "that made you what you are." I asked what it was and he said it was a "city". "Doesn't look like much to me, Grandpa," I said.

Then he asked if I wanted to see it up close. He knew I did so he didn't wait for an answer, he just started walking. We walked for a long time and finally we were close enough that I could see it, really see it.

It was... impossible to describe. Everywhere there were manufactured things or at least fragments of things. And buildings, the buildings, they were everywhere. (Buildings, by the way, are places where people hid at night and in bad weather. Silly, huh?) I wanted to go closer, to walk right into the center of it and look at it from there. I wanted to touch the manufactured things. I wanted to look at where they slept and how they cooked (that means heated or changed the taste of) their food. But Grandpa said, "No." No matter how hard I pleaded he still said, "No." I guess I could've gone alone, but I was afraid. What if there was some evil still living in there?

17-59-215

Today Grandpa told me he thinks he's dying. He's not sad, though, because he's outlived all of his own family and most of mine. He's forty-eight now, that's so old, he says I'm lucky to have had him this long.

I'm going to miss him terribly. He's the only one who loves me. My life will be empty without him.

Grandpa really is dying. He's lost all his color and he's really weak, now. He says he has so little time and so much left to teach me.

17-91-230

Today we talked about things called "trucks". I never knew Truk was named after something.

17-17-245

Thlag brought home his girlfriend today. Nobody

even knew he had a girlfriend. She's even expecting a small one.

I like Thlag and Thlag likes me, so when Thlag brought her home he wanted to introduce me to her. Mama wouldn't let him, though. I heard them talking about it and Mama said I'd shame our family.

I didn't want to shame our family, but I wanted to meet Thlag's girlfriend, Braid, so I sneaked-up behind her to introduce myself.

Well the moment I reached out to touch her, she turned around, took one look at me and screamed. Then she took off running. Thlag heard the commotion and dashed off after her. After that Mama came out and yelled at me for being "So Damned Ugly!"

It's been nine days now and Thlag still hasn't come back. Grandpa's sicker than ever, and Mama told him to go somewhere else to die. Just in case Thlag ever brings Braid back, she doesn't want to scare her away again.

17-19-270

Grandpa finished his story. He said the people were trying to kill the people in the other "cities" because they wanted to live in their "cities".

They found a way to make a "Wrath of God" type thing that blows up. Then everybody started making them, and people became distrustful, always watching each other. That made them nervous.

Finally, someone became too nervous and pushed the button. Each "city" felt that they had to retaliate and they did.

After all the smoke had cleared, most of the people were dead. Only a few survived. The few that were left wandered around not knowing what to do.

Their hair started to fall out and their skin to discolor (people have out-grown that, now). They found other people who looked dead, but weren't. After a while those that looked dead got up and they, too, started to wander around.

That's why it's called Temporary Death, because some people woke up from it.

17-27-293

Thlag came home today, but without Braid. She

had her baby, but she won't come back here because she says there is a monster where we live.

Thlag says it's only because he didn't want a family while he's so young, anyway. He thinks that I don't know that I'm the monster Braid's afraid of, but I know.

17-41-293 Grandpa died today. I'm so scared. What will I do without him? With Grandpa gone I've got nothing to stay around here for. Mama doesn't like me. Truk never liked me, and even though Thlag tries to be nice, I know he hates me for chasing Braid away. Grandpa was the only one who cared.

17-53-299 I've decided to leave. Grandpa always told me that the "city" made me, not everyone, just me. So, I'm going to my origin, to my roots.

Besides, I figure if I go to the "city" no one will ever have to look at my hideous face and ugly hair and the way I'm deformed. That will make Mama happy, she won't have to worry about me embarrassing her. And Truk and Thlag can bring their girlfriends home without them being scared.

17-57-305 I've been walking for a full day now. Without Grandpa to lead me I've gotten off course a couple times.

I keep hoping I'll wake up and be at home with my family, especially Grandpa. And maybe, when I wake up I won't be so hideous and grotesque.

17-51-310 I made it! Tonight I'm camping outside the "city". I'm still a little frightened of going in. I'll go in when it gets lighter.

17-62-324 I went in today. Everywhere I looked there were remnants of the past.

I found a place to live. The sign says "Macy's". I don't know what it was, but it's huge.

I don't know why people lived in buildings before Temporary Death. People now see no need for them. Grandpa always told me... I miss him so much!

7-63-324 It's been weeks now, and living in the "city" has been great. That is... was great. Until today.

Today I was walking through a demolished building when a group of dirt children (kids without laws; scum) came up from a tunnel in the ground. At first, they tried to attack me, but when I turned so

they could see my face they screamed and ran. I don't think I'll have any more trouble from them. But, that's not why today was so bad, I'm used to that.

What made it so bad was, before they ran away one of them threw a book at me. The title was "Jefferson G. High School". My great-great-grandfather attended that school. My own grandfather used to pass on the stories of school.

I'd heard so many times about how handsome and loved my great-great-grandfather had been that I hoped he was in the book.

The pepole in the book were so terrible, so disgustingly horrid that I almost dropped the book. My great-great-grandfather couldn't have attended school with those monsters, but I knew it was true. It was the right year, '1989', two years before Temporary Death.

I found him and I finally knew what it was that Grandpa had always tried to tell me without actually saying it. I understood why he loved me best. I understood why people avoided "cities" and why they hated me.

My great-great-grandfather was ugly. So grotesque that it sickened even my heart.

His skin didn't have the beautiful gray tones of my own grandfather, his was tan and looked as smooth as unbroken snow. His hair was light and somehow kept short. His eyes were not the attractive red surrounded by yellow of my family, instead his eyes were as blue as the sky and surrounded by pure white.

My great-great-grandfather, who had been so handsome and so loved before Temporary Death looked like my very own twin!

Lisa McFann '86

THE DIRT CREW AND THE CONCRETE CREW

Chaparral Construction Corporation employs forty-five extraordinary individuals divided into two separate crews: the dirt crew and the concrete crew. Both crews work skillfully and diligently for the same purpose: to construct streets, sidewalks, driveways, curbs and gutters for housing tracts and commercial sites.

The importance of the dirt crew is to excavate and grade undeveloped land for the purpose of transforming it into an attractive, level street. In order to level this land, the members of the crew operate a variety of construction equipment: a D-8 dozer, a 631 scraper, a 12G blade, and an 834 rubber-tire dozer. Most of this equipment measures twelve feet high by eleven feet wide and weighs forty tons. With these massive and awkward pieces of iron, the crew skillfully prepares the grade to within one tenth of a foot. After the grade is completed, the crew then elevates the housing pads, more commonly known as lots, digs out utility trenches in which conduits are held for utility lines, and accurately balances all areas where concrete is to be poured.

The men in this crew are predominately white, grossly overweight, and sometimes considered rednecks. These men can be seen every day driving up to the job site in their four-wheel-drive pickups with country and western music blaring, and wearing cowboy hats and cowboy boots.

Upon completion of the grading, the concrete crew moves in and lays wooden forms in preparation for the pouring of concrete. The crew then strings line to keep the concrete curb straight and level, and lays down steel wire mesh reinforcement for sidewalks and driveways. Using shovels, hammers, trowels and hands, the concrete crew shapes and smooths-out freshly poured concrete and turns the mass of cement, sand and water into curbs, gutters, driveways and sidewalks. Once the concrete is dry, the crew

adds the finishing touches by applying a white huntz mix. This mix, painted on by hand, preserves the concrete for the constant use it will receive. The men who make up this crew are of Mexican descent and have lean, muscular bodies from their years of hard, physical labor. Every day they cruise to the job dressed in brown khakis, long sleeved cotton shirts and knitted beanies in Chevy low-riders while bobbing their heads to the Mexican music.

Both of these crews perform splendid work; however there appears to be a conflict between them as to which group is superior. The concrete crew says, "If you take away from the dirt crew modern machines, fully-equipped with air conditioning, power steering, and a radio tuned-in to the local Country and Western station, what do you have? You have a bragging bunch of fat, frustrated cowboys who would drop dead from a heart attack if they ever did anything more physican than throw a gear-shift lever or turn a steering wheel." On the other hand, the dirt crews says, "If you put the muscular macho on an over-sized catepillar, away from the wailing mariachi music, disaster would surely prevail.

The destruction of priceless property will break any developer's bank account, not to mention the possible crushing death of a co-worker on the ground."

At the end of an exhausting day, the crews get together and hang around to discuss which crew outdid the other. After guzzling four cases of beer and two fifths of Jack Daniels whiskey, the two crews depart arm-in-arm, giving appropriate pats on the backs of their opposition. A truce is declared, and their rivalry is at an end until the next day's work begins and these men revive their fierce pride to carry them through another eight hours.

Cindy Phillips '88

51-L

The disaster of space shuttle Challenger mission 51-L raises serious questions about the space shuttle program. It raises questions about how and why it was built. Why was there no escape system for the crew? Was pressure put on NASA to launch more missions per year and, if so, who put the pressure there?

The space shuttle program was started in 1969 as a part of a much larger program that would eventually end up on Mars. Congress went into orbit, assailing the Mars mission as "the pipe dream of a bureaucracy gone mad." Some went so far as to say the money spent on the Apollo missions could have been put to better use in social programs. NASA was then forced to find something it could sell to Congress. NASA came up with a spacecraft designed to reduce the cost of putting a payload into orbit—the space shuttle.

The shuttle was designed to last for about one hundred missions and carry a payload of 65,000 pounds. The cost in 1970 was between ten and fourteen billion dollars. Again, Capitol Hill raised hell. With Senators Mondale and Javits leading the way, they warned the shuttle was an excuse "for a manned space extravaganza." NASA was forced again to back down.

Now the Office of Management and Budget enters the picture. OMB brought the maximum price of the shuttle down to under \$10 billion. Then OMB informed NASA that shuttle development costs could not exceed a 1971 level of 3.2 billion. In addition to this, NASA had to endure more than \$300 million in shuttle budget cuts by OMB. NASA was forced to buy "a stripped-down Chevy."

During all the budget cuts, NASA's configuration of the space shuttle was changing constantly between 1969 and 1973. The Air Force insisted on the 65,000-pound payload and capability to land from any orbit without putting one dime into the program. Something had to go on the shuttle. Two things that were removed from the design were the abort rockets and the auxiliary engine.

The abort rockets were designed to remove the shuttle from the launch pad or the booster rocket assembly. The removal of this feature offered the astronauts no place to go in case of emergency in the first few minutes of flight. The auxiliary engine and its

fuel tank were also scrapped. The removal of this engine left the astronauts with no fly-around capability in case of landing gear problems or bad landing configuration.

The years 1977 and 1978 were tough years for NASA. The new rocket engines for the shuttle couldn't even survive a run-up, let alone a full test. In five tests, four different engines were damaged and one turbo-pump failed.

During all this, the fiasco of the heat-resistant tiles had only begun. The whole project of putting the 31,000 tiles on the orbiter had been badly misjudged by North American Rockwell, the prime contractor. With most of the tiling complete, NASA found out that the waterproofing material applied over the tiles was slowly eating away at the glue that held the tiles in place. NASA removed over 25,000 tiles and then reglued them. The entire tiling project of the first orbiter Columbia took roughly 670,000 hours or about 76 man years.

The first launch of the space shuttle Columbia was on April 12, 1981. After four successful test missions, the first operational mission took place on November 11, 1982. 1983 brought four more missions and was followed in 1984 by another four. 1985 had eight flights flown. 1986 was to be the big step up for NASA with 15 flights scheduled.

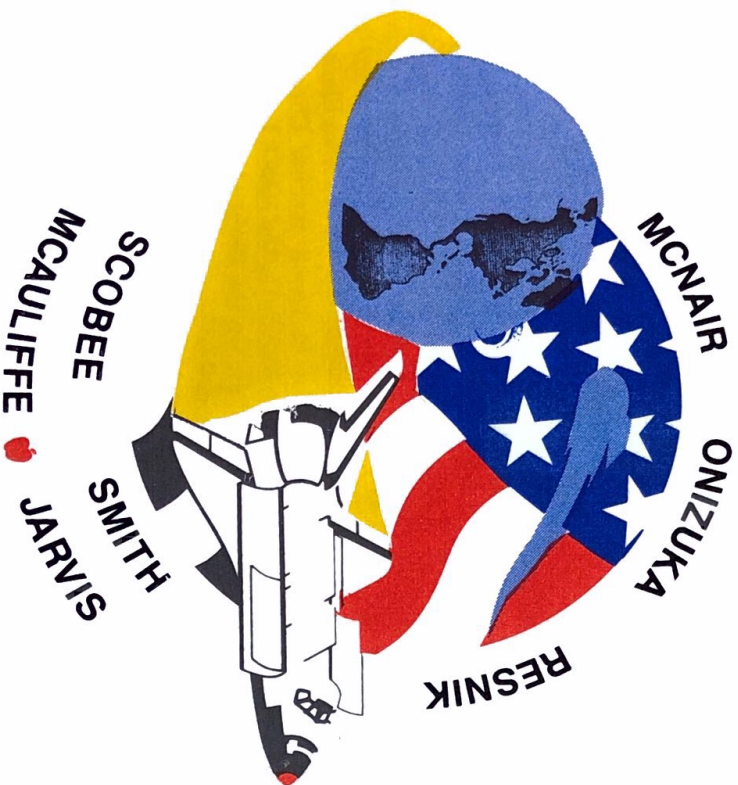
Pressure had been placed on NASA to increase the number of launches. 1986 was to be that year. The first launch of 1986 was delayed seven times and gave NASA a headache in an already tight schedule. Challenger mission 51-L had been already delayed three times—once for bad weather at an alternate landing site, once for bad weather at the Cape, and once for a stripped nut on the crew hatch. The pressure to launch was there. 51-L was to have the first citizen in space, teacher Christa McAuliffe. Congress was in session looking at the NASA budget.

More delays would hopelessly screw up the flight schedule for the year. Somewhere in NASA somebody said, "Forget what the engineers say, let's launch." A mistake made in haste. A mistake that would cost seven lives, millions of dollars and the pride of safety-first NASA. For the first time in NASA history, people in charge asked "prove it won't fail" instead of "tell us what could fail." The answer was in a fireball. 73 seconds after launch.

The shuttle program has been plagued with problems from the start. All these problems originate from Congress that demanded so much while not providing the proper funding. It is time we

gave NASA the funding it needs to truly go to work in space. We are only learning to crawl in our universe. As we crawl, we must have the strong limbs to propel ourselves and eventually stand and walk. To quote a famous Russian space thinker of the 19th Century, Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, "Earth is the cradle of humanity, but one cannot live in the cradle forever."

Kenneth Schoeni '86



WHO CARES ABOUT JANE?

"Another day... not another day," thought Jane. "If I have to go through another day of disgusting repulsive school I'll die. I can't stand school. I haven't got any real friend."

I'm sure. Last Tuesday Diana waved hello to me again. Just a wave. She couldn't even manage a simple "hello" to suit my needs. I mean, I know she didn't wave to me because she likes me or wants to be my friend or anything. God forbid that one of "Princess" Diana's friends should be a fat girl with glasses. I would never think of staining her spotless reputation. Anyway, I know she doesn't want to be my friend because I always see her laughing and talking with her friends. They're talking about me; I can feel it. I'm the talk of the whole school. "Look, here comes Jane. You know; four-eyes, zit-face, metal-mouth, fat Jane." They all laugh; not directly at me, but I know what they're saying. Like I said, I can feel it. I didn't even answer Diana's pathetic hand gestures. I just walked past her without even so much as a glance. It was absolutely hilarious. She was with at least five of her popular friends. I really humiliated her.

School starts at 8:00 A.M. and ends at 3:00 P.M. In other words, I have to survive seven hours of prison camp, five days a week. And then I come home to listen to my mother bawl me out and say, "You're not trying hard enough to make friends!" What does she want me to do, grovel at their feet? Never! If they think they're better than me, let them. I'm not going to spoil their fun.

"Why don't you try going on a diet?" my father says. He is only my stepfather. He isn't good enough for my mother. I always answer his comments on my stoutness by eating something extremely fattening. I don't care what he thinks. He doesn't like me anyway. He never told me that, but I can just feel it.

Today at school I was in the library at lunch. That's where I always go. I have no other invitations. Oh, sure! Every once in awhile someone asks me if I want to have lunch with them. HAH! If I want to. In other words, they don't want me to, they just pity me. Well, they can keep their pity because I don't want it.

"No, I have plans," I tell them flatly but with a touch of rude sympathy. I leave them there dumbfounded. "She's got Plans?" they're thinking. Then I go to the library and read some boring novel or do homework. Anyway, today I was in the library and

Brad Jones (the most popular and gorgeous guy in school and probably the universe) came in and asked me if the seat next to me was saved.

"Yes," I said, "It is saved." It wasn't really saved, I just said that. What is this, "Befriend a Fat Girl Week?" HAH! I'm not his charity case, much less anyone else's. Let him go find some other poor slob. Besides, if he really wanted to sit with me, he could have sat across from me....

Marianne Kutz '88

THE TIME MACHINE

Red and Billy walked down the dark street. Above them shone the city lights.

"Give me another drink," said Billy.

Red reached for the bottle in his coat pocket. "Here," said Red.

"But save some. We'll need it if we don't find a place to stay. Look, it's beginning to snow."

"Yeah," said Billy after he took a long drink from the bottle.

"That's just what we need... snow."

"Let's go down to Forest Street," Red suggested. "That's the best part of town. Might find a garage to sleep in tonight."

"Good idea. Red," said Billy. "I forgot that you grew up in this town. You know your way around here."

Red put the bottle under his coat, then the two men walked to Forest Street. They stopped in front of a large, old house with a big two-car garage in the back. There was a light on in the garage.

"Hey, this looks like a good place to spend the night," said Red.

"Not bad," Billy answered. "Look, they even left a light on for us."

Billy and Red went up to the garage window and Billy cleaned part of it with his coat. "Well, I'll be darned," said Billy. "Just look at that. Ain't that the strangest machine you've ever seen?"

A big, green machine stood in the middle of the garage. Above the machine's door was a sign: "Dr. Smoot's Time Machine." Near the machine was a very old man dressed in work clothes. He walked around the machine, then looked at his pocket watch. "Time to go. Time to go," said the old man to himself. He opened the garage door, turned off the light, and went outside. Red looked at Billy.

"There's our bed for the night," said Red. "That garage looks nice and warm."

The men went inside. Red sat down in a corner, but Billy went over to the machine. He opened up the machine door and looked inside. "Wow," said Billy. "This is some kind of machine." Red came over to look. Inside the machine was a large dial that took up the whole back wall of the machine. In big letters on the left side of the dial was the word PAST. Under the word were numbers that stood for past years. On the right side of the dial was the word FUTURE. Number for the years yet to come were under it.

"Hey, Red," said Billy. "That old guy must really mean it. Just take a look at this machine."

"He's a nut," Red laughed. "That old guy must be some kind of nut. You know how people become when they get old."

"Come on. Let's take a trip," Billy laughed. "What year would you like to see?"

"Oh," said Red. "I'd like to go back around forty years — to 1945. I was ten then. Lived right down the street."

"OK, pal," said Billy. "Let's turn the dial back forty years."

Billy turned the dial and the machine began to hum. The green light turned blue, then yellow. Billy and Red became dizzy, then passed out.

Red woke up first. He looked up and saw that everything was quiet. He shook Billy. "Cmon, Billy," he said. "I feel funny. Let's get out of here." But when Billy and Red opened the door, they got the surprise of their life. It was no longer night; it was bright daylight! The garage was gone. The machine now stood on the edge of a street filled with people. Some of the people that stopped were pointing to the machine. Some people were coming toward them.

"Red's mouth fell open. "Billy, the machine worked!" he said softly. "We must have gone back to 1945! Look at the cars. And look how the people are dressed!"

"Yeah," said Billy. "The women all have funny hats. And the men — look, short hair!"

Just then a black car turned the corner and started down the street. The driver saw the time machine. Just for a second he took his eyes off the road. The car ran up on a sidewalk, where it hit a young boy, knocking him down.

Red's face turned white and he quickly ran over to the boy. The boy opened his eyes, looked at Red, and started to say something, but the words never came. Red turned around and took a hold of

Billy's arm. He could hardly talk. "Let's... let's get back to the time machine quick. Let's get back to 1985. Maybe we can make this whole thing not happen," said Red.

They ran back to the time machine. "You don't look so good, Red," said Billy. "What's the matter?"

Red looked at him in a strange way. "That boy, Billy, That boy. He's me! He's me as a ten-year-old. I hope this is all just a bad dream. It can't be real. If that boy dies, what will happen to me?" Billy turned the machine's dial back to 1985. The machine hummed, changed colors, and finally quieted down.

Billy wiped his face. "Whew! I'm glad we got out of there! Are you all right, Red?" he said.

There was no answer. Red was gone! He wasn't anywhere in the machine, and he wasn't in the garage.

Afraid, Billy ran out into the street. Sheriff Carlson looked up from his desk. One of his men was standing in the door with a prisoner. "We got another one for you, sheriff," said the deputy. "This guy's really out of it; keeps saying something about his friend being lost; keeps talking about 1945."

"What's your friend's name?" the sheriff asked.

"Red Granelli," said Billy.

The sheriff thought for a minute. "That's strange," he said. "I used to know a kid named Red Granelli. Knew his dad real well. But Red was hit by a car about forty years ago. Died right on the street. Did you ever hear of him?"

Tears came to Billy's eyes.

"This guy's had one drink too many," the sheriff said. "Lock him up for the night. He'll be OK in the morning."

Steven Boswell '87

SEX

There are three main schools of thought on the subject of sex: boys, girls, and adults. Each school of thought (by definition) has differing viewpoints on human sexuality from the others. Boys are always ready, girls are never ready, and adults don't really worry about it.

Boys cannot deal with sexuality rationally. They are too wound up in testosterone to have time enough on their hands to sort out their true feelings on the subject. As a result, boys on the whole are sexually ignorant. They believe most of what their peers tell them about it, and even if they don't believe what their peers tell them, the boys will store the information away somewhere in their "Sex Index" for the off chance that, late in life, it turns out their friends had been right all along.

Boys cannot be trusted during puberty. This is a result of their hormonal imbalances and subsequent mental depravities. It seems that all boys want is to hop in bed with some poor girl, ruin her reputation in town, and skip on off to find another unfortunate female to deflower. This is all too true.

Girls, on the other hand, are on the receiving end of all this insanity: all girls really want to do is stay virgins until their wedding nights. This is what all good girls believe. (There are, in fact, a few girls who do not think this way. Of course, the number of bad girls directly corresponds to those statistically predicted.)

Since girls have no desire for sex lives (and, subsequently, no sex lives) they are naturally the most level-headed of the pre-adult group regarding sex. Keeping in mind that the girls have never experienced sex, an attentive but misguided reader will make the assumption that girls know nothing of human sexuality. (More often than not, this reader is a boy.) This hypothesis is incorrect.

Girls know practically everything there is to know about sex. In school, girls gain sex education before males (poor, confused wretches) and thus have more of it. They regularly, secretly conduct "pop quizzes" on the subject, honing their sexual rapier-wits to razor edges. An unimpressed or disbelieving reader may conduct the following experiment: In the middle of an important class assignment when the room is very quiet, ask aloud: "I can't remember for the life of me exactly which part of the brain is responsible for a person's sex drive." Invariably, several girls will turn around in their desks and answer, off the tops of their heads, "The Limbic System."

Adults are knowledgeable people on the subject of human sexuality. They should be, since they (presumably) practice it often. They are level-headed people who have sorted out their feelings in puberty and learned to survive in a sexually oriented world. (This fact alone is enough to qualify themselves as almost as knowledgeable about sex as girls.) Since adults are much more mellow about sex, it isn't illegal for them. (Or, is it the other way around?)

If a person were to have a problem needing a "professional" touch, an adult would be a good place to start looking. Adults know all about the world of boys' sexual escapades, and they know all about the (however rare) problems girls have adjusting to sexually active lifestyles.

In summary, boys believe that when a person is physically

able, he should. Girls believe that when a person is emotionally able, she could, and adults believe that when people are physically and emotionally able, they've probably already done it.

Mike Seery-Smith '87

WOMAN'S CHOICE

Abortion should be legalized. Women should have the right to choose whether or not to terminate a pregnancy. In the case of Roe vs. Wade, the Supreme Court ruled the legalization of abortion. That 7-to-2 decision gave women the right to choose abortion, if desired, within the first three months of pregnancy. The Court also ruled that states may regulate abortion during the second three months, only to protect the mother's health. During the final three months, abortion is altogether banned, unless the life or health of the woman is threatened.

In an opinion poll taken over two decades ago the majority of Americans (more than 80 percent) supported the right to an abortion under certain circumstances, as when the pregnancy endangers the life of the mother, and when rape or incest occurs. In an ABC News poll taken in January of 1984, 56 percent of Americans approved of abortion when "the family cannot afford to have the child."

Such prominent female figures as Jane Curtin, Julia Child, Geraldine Ferraro, Jane Fonda, Whoopi Goldberg, Senator Nancy Kasselbaum, Governor Madeline Kunin, Susan Saint James, and Cheryl Tiegs support the legalization of abortion. "The decision to have (or not have) an abortion should be a private one," believes actress Ali MacGraw.

While unmarried and in her early 20's, Ali MacGraw underwent an illegal abortion in New York. "I think in making a decision to have an abortion you have to think about the life that child you are bringing into the world will have. I don't understand why freedom of choice is such a threat. Those people who are passionate about not having abortions should live their lives accordingly. But if a woman really believes, after all the soul-searching, that an abortion is the right thing to do, then she should have the right to obtain one legally and safely, regardless of her financial situation."

"I was about ten weeks pregnant when I had the abortion," said the thirty-two-year-old Los Angeles corporate executive. "Abortion is a very personal choice, but it's not an easy one. It's not a form of birth control. You don't just go in and poof—it's gone. You feel a

huge loss. And you mourn."

"The Jesse Helmses of the world are the ones who are worried about too many abortions. If scientists can't decide when life begins, how can Jesse Helms know? When the embryo is the size of a penny, how can that influence me? If I was forced to have a child, I'd deeply resent it. If they get rid of legal abortions, that won't eliminate them. It will just create a black market and make them more risky," says a twenty-five-old West Coast graphic designer.

If we want to ensure the survival of our planet, we have to concern ourselves with the quality of life of our children. They need food, shelter, and education, but, especially, they need parents who want them. One unresolved question is when does the soul enter an unborn child. Until that issue is settled, there isn't anyone who should pass judgement on any woman's decision to have an abortion. "Nothing like it (abortion) has separated our society since the days of slavery," declared Dr. C. Everett Koop, Surgeon General.

Windy Houston '86

My neighbor

sat on her porch,

after breakfast

smoking a cigarette

to cure her craving.

Maria Dela Rosa '86

THE BLACK WIND

The cold black wind flows constantly around my form, giving life to my soul. I am deep in my chambers, around me are others of my kind, row upon row, all feeling the life-giving cold black wind. Except for the black wind there is almost no sound in our black cave, only the murmurings of the wise old ones sharing their wisdom with all of the young ones. I have heard that we descended from the ancient ones whose beginnings came from the last great Ice Age that covered our tiny world for an unknown time.

From time to time a great flash of light invades our dark cave and awakens us from our sleep. And, in the flash of light, we can see the frozen hills and mountains of our tiny world. It is such a perfect world of peace and never-ending life. Some say there is another world beyond our dark cave but I do not think it is possible because our world is so complete.

The old ones begin to talk again, but now there are fewer voices and a new sound is heard, the sound of the very young. The young ones which not yet have a form or thoughts are now in the chambers which were once the old ones who are now missing. But, with the black winds come strength and form and soon the young ones become one of us.

Then a blinding flash of light and I am being torn from my home and all my friends. They hear my cries of pain, but they are helpless. I am growing weaker by the second. The cold black wind is gone, and I pray for its return, but it does not come. I'm becoming smaller and smaller; my form is almost gone. And faintly a voice "Honey, here is a fresh ice cube for your drink," and I dissolve into nothingness.

Jason Goodner '87

THE CLIMB

Surrounded by a blinding whiteness, I make my way up the never-ending hill. It is silent except for distant bursts of laughter. I keep moving. The farther I climb, the longer the distance between myself and the hill seems to grow. I stop to catch my breath. There is a faint scent of pine surrounding me. I hear a rustle among the trees. A frightened squirrel scampers away.

Farther I climb. The hill is now becoming less. A sudden icy wind sends a chill through my body like an electric shock. The wind is blowing harder now. I try to hurry my pace, but the inches of powder slow me down.

It is silent. No noise except for my heavy breathing. I can feel the gentle landing of snowflakes on my cheek. I look up, and a white softness is all around me.

Wind is starting to whip harder through the ice-covered trees. I am now able to speed up my pace. I look up the hill, and my destination is only a few minutes away. In my rush, I trip over a log and fall into the cold, down-like snow.

I pick myself up and brush off the powder. I continue my way to the top. I soon reach my destination. As I stand still, exhaustion and cold seem to fill every inch of my body. But the feeling of accomplishment soon warms my body, and soul.

Andrea Charles '87

Mad red

Shows our old sky

In its fuzzy nightgown

While we put it to bed 'till dawn.

"Goodnight."

Anthony Ziegler '86

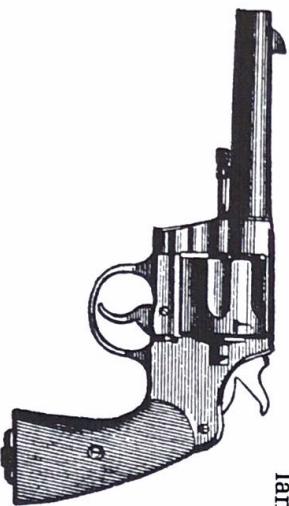
THE WOODPECKER

About a week ago I went out into my backyard with my B.B. gun to shoot at a woodpecker who had been making a hole on the side of our house. With cat-like skill I crept up behind him. I pumped up my gun three times, took aim, and fired. The B.B. hit him; I don't know where. In a flash of feathers he was gone. One of his feathers drifted down to settle on the grass. I picked it up and stuck it behind my ear. The mighty warrior who with only his skill and his Daisy B.B. Gun had driven the evil woodpecker off. I looked at the hole he had made in the house, and thought to myself, "I bet that hole has a good view, plenty of sunlight, and a lot of southern exposure." Suddenly I felt like a clod. What I had just done was terrible. I had forced a bird out of his home. True, his home was in my home; nevertheless it was his home. Then I got to thinking, "what if my family had been laying the foundation to our house and a woodpecker came out with a bazooka and shot at us?" He'd be no less of a jerk than I was.

With that I sat down on the grass and looked at my B.B. gun. What chance did that poor woodpecker have? You with your high powered weapon and him with nothing. Now he'll never come back." I looked at the feather that had been behind my ear. I didn't even deserve to touch it. I laid it on the ground and went back into my house.

I didn't get much done that day; my mind was still on what I had done to that bird. Since then I've put bird seed out in an effort to bring that woodpecker back.

He hasn't come back yet, but then again, I don't blame him.



Ian Patterson '86

HISTORY'S TRAGIC DAY

It was just after second period when I walked out to the quad. I felt kind of weary. Little conversations began to gather in groups. That didn't bother me because that always happens. I looked up to the sky, then at the flag pole. The flag was at half mast. A person in a group next to me was talking very loud. He said, "That's terrible!" I began to think to myself, "Are we at war? Is the President dead?"

I went to my third period class, still not knowing what was going on. It was my American Government class. The room was open, which is kind of peculiar because my teacher usually doesn't get there until the bell rings. I walked in; the television set was on. The only words I heard were, "All seven astronauts are dead." My heart began to pound. I looked around the room; it was totally silent. Some people were shedding tears, others were staring in amazement.

We all watched and listened. The news reporter said, "At approximately 9:30 a.m. the Space Shuttle Challenger exploded in the sky over Florida." The nation stood in mourning. The President postponed his State of the Union Address to speak to the nation. America suffered a great loss. Seven great astronauts were dead. The years of training, the years of education were lost in a few seconds.

The nation hadn't suffered a loss like this since the assassination of President John Kennedy. In the words of Abraham Lincoln, "The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus so nobly advanced." Even though Lincoln gave his Gettysburg Address more than a hundred years ago, it still applies to the tragedy of the Space Shuttle. We must not forget what they did, but must pick up where they left off.

Matthew De Leo '86

It's Fun to Run

*Glances were exchanged
At the traffic light.
It looked like it was
A drag race night.*

*Red turned to green.
Accelerators floored.
Wheels began to spin.
V-8 engines roared.*

*The cars began to move.
Screeking down the street.
Forces of acceleration
Pinned me to my seat.*

*Going so fast we
Ran through three stops.
Red and blue lights:
It was the cops.*

Glenn Sanders



A SHELL'S STORY

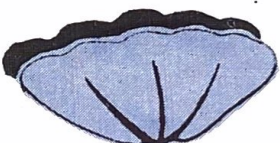
Put your ear
Close to me
And listen to
My legacy

Of rippling waves
And sailing ships,
Of sandy shores
And moonlit dips.
Drift away

To unknown seas,
To rosy sunsets
Beyond the trees.

I am nothing
But a shell
Until you hear
The tales I tell.

Kristina Young '88



SUBSTANCE DEFIANCE

There once was a man known to science
Who was guilty of substance defiance
And the drugs that he used
Caused his brain to diffuse.
Now he acts like a household appliance.

Greg Sain '86

Big Question

What should I be?

This was the question puzzling the off-puzzled Harrington mind as I strolled from English (which I loved) to European History (which I hated). God knows why this particular question chose this particular time to present itself to me, but alas, it did. And, as things are not always quick to jump to the forefront of my mind, I decided that the matter deserved at the very least some thought, if not an immediate answer.

"What do you think I should be when I grow up?" I asked the girl in my European History class.

"A cat-burglar," she said. She was joking.

"No, really," I pleaded. I was desperate.

"I don't know," she replied, "the President of the United States." After a little deliberation, I decided that the idea was all too unappealing, and reverted to my unhappy state of indecision.

This was not, of course, the first time I had pondered over a career choice. At the early age of ten I had predicted my field of study to be somewhere along the lines of firefighting, and at the ripe old age of eleven I reasoned that what was good enough for my father was good enough for me, and aspired to be a lawyer. It took only one summer of working at my father's office to give me a grasp on reality.

And then, in my room at boarding school at about 9:30 p.m. on a Wednesday, I realized what I wanted to do.

"You want to be a *what?*" my mother questioned when I called her.

"An Actor," said I.

"Like an actor-actor?" she gasped.

"Precisely," I assured her.

"Oh my God," she Oh-my-God-ed.

"Now Mom," I said, quieting her down, "don't you remember when I was in the fourth grade, and I was getting beaten up all the time, and you told me that all I had to do was act as though I wasn't scared, and nobody would bother me? And when I was worried about asking a girl out on a date, and you said that it was all acting, that I should just pretend to be Cary Grant? Remember?"

"Yes," she whispered haltingly.

"Well, you always said that life was just acting. So... I'm gonna

be an actor."

She hung up.

Since then, my mother has grown accustomed to the fact that I have "condemned myself to a life of poverty" and takes great comfort in the fact that I have a little brother who will be able to support her in her old age. In doing her utmost to see that I won't starve, she has permitted me to perform in productions at school as well as allowing me to take training in my chosen field.

I am happy to announce that I am, at the moment, still "condemned" and that I am still stalwartly against being President of the United States. Although, seeing that politics and the acting profession seem to be closely related these days, we musn't disregard the possibility.

Lex Harrington '86

Dreaming

The moon is a meadow

Upon which people dream

In the starlit evening sky

Under shady weeping willows.

Dreaming upon the moon

I think of love and flowers

Time and traveling

And all other wonderful things.

Anne Rounding '89

Resignation (Part III)

"Sunday morning," he groans and stumbles to the bathroom. He cuts himself shaving, and the blood is red, pale red, like the swirling maelstroms of his eyes. His face a mass of alum and bandages, he makes his way back to the bedroom where he dresses in his best and only suit.

The hotel lobby is quiet and empty this morning, and the coffee is a day older than it was yesterday. He takes his black and gulps it with two aspirin, wondering on whose tab he drank last night. He leaves a quarter on the table, not knowing how much to tip.

Sundays are the only days he gets any exercise—beyond looking in the mail for the monthly check, or staggering drunk down back-alleys—for today he walks to church. His life's been like this since the accident: he drinks to forget, then forgets how much he's had to drink, and pays hell for it the next morning. Always he says it's the last time, but he just can't seem to get the demon out of his head.

The man painfully peels the bandages from his face, swearing all the way down the dingy street he'll spend his next check on a new razor. His hand fumbles into the suit pocket and procures the last breath mint, slipping it clumsily between a pair of cracked purple lips.

The chapel looms abruptly up from the dirty pavement, but any sense of great height it may exhibit is deadened by the massive structures which so effortlessly tower above it on all sides, reaching in unspeakable arrogance to the same heaven sought with such zeal by the much humbler church.

The man nervously approaches the door, hoping the alcohol won't be noticed in his breath or his gait. An usher flings open the portal, giving the man no choice but to shake hands and enter. He feels detached, out of place, unworthy, but he knows he will always be welcome here despite his guilt-ridden secrets.

Somehow, he stifles his trembling as the congregation completes the doxology, and with a muffled sigh of resignation he takes his place behind the pulpit.

Shawn Walker '86

Got What I Wanted

A note on the pillow
On the spinning bed

"It was fun! Bye-Bye!!!"

Was all it said

Didn't find true happiness
Didn't find love
Didn't find deep meaning
But I found enough

Cuz I got what I wanted
Now we're thru
I got what I wanted
From you

A fond farewell to your
Heaving chest
Breathing deeply in sleep
A much deserved rest

Sorry, dear
It could never last
You'd die young
And I'd love fast

But I got what I wanted
Now we're thru
I got what I wanted
From you

Don't cry, darling
Don't be sad
Think of all the fun you had
A broken heart may never mend
But it's so easy to

.... Pretend
Cuz I got what I wanted
Now we're thru
I got what I wanted
From you.

Shawn Walker '86

SNAKE

There are times when
depression
slides in
like a long black snake.
Yet, if one just stops to pick it up,
one will find that
the snake is really not black at all.
It just shines a different color
in a different light.

Angela Tilley '86

A lost dog

**Out in a field,
Just before sunlight,
Running through the weeds
trying to catch a firefly.**

Alicia DeLa Rosa '86

... OF THE DAYS

Inspecting my life
A life so greatly long in numbers
And yet no lengthier than it was yesterday
For I have none to compare
With my single experience
—The ongoing saga in my mind's diary

With each passing day
I have no more time than the day before
And less to waste
For as I see the end near
I must take greater advantage
Of what is left
In my allowance
Of time

Greg Sain '86

**Lust cracks
Those frozen lies
We hold true as "God's word"
Until we are married, allowed
To kiss.**

Anthony Ziegler '86

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STORIES

Rob Veith '87
 Jason Goodner '87
 Ian Patterson '86
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 Steven Boswell '87
 Kristi Gary '86
 Lisa McFann '86
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Seeking Inspiration
 The Black Wind
 0-Hour
 Who Cares About Jane?
 The Time Machine
 A Fine Performance
 Entry 324
 With Blood on My Hands

LIGHT ESSAYS

Shawn Walker '86
 Lex Harrington '86
 Lex Harrington '86
 Kris Gary '86
 Ian Patterson '86
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 Andrea Charles '87
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Resignation (Part III)
 Maxim-ized
 What Should I Be?
 All Hell the Customer
 The Woodpecker
 Predestination vs. Free Will
 The Dirt Crew and the Concrete Crew
 Sex
 The Climb
 My Fear

SERIOUS ESSAY

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51-L
 Woman's Choice
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 The Existence of God
 Alcoholism

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 Kristi Kincheloe '87
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Sorcery
 Cycle of the Soul
 (Untitled)
 The Mustangs
 Acceptance
 On Wings of Ravens
 Snake, Solitude
 Time, Candles, Twilight
 (Untitled)
 One to Race the Moon, One to Chase the Sun
 Paradise, Blanket Dreams
 Sensuality
 Song of Innocence

LIGHT VERSE

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 Kristy Young '88
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On the Slopes
 A Shell's Story
 Substance Defiance
 Valentine's Day Curse
 The ClF Shuffle
 (Got) What I Wanted
 Cancione Del Lago
 Fun to Run
 Flowers
 General Public
 Steady Freddy

CARTOONS

John Taylor '88
 Brian Knott '88
 Melissa Palme '86

(Untitled)
 (Untitled)
 Guess What?

SORCERY — villanelle

The somber sun awaits decline
 below the mountains silhouette;
 the night then falls serene and fine.

Narcotic smell like April wine,
 it pacifies, but will not yet
 the creatures frolic and entwine?

Above the mountains the moon shines
 long silver beams, entangled net
 through trees' black twisted, tangled vines.

Witches dance folkloric lines
 chaotic rhythm, swirling fest,
 so dark that fear becomes benign.

The sorceress has cast the sign;
 unleashed their carnal knowledge; lets
 primordial pleasures seem divine.

Above the mountains the moon shines.
 It pacifies, but will not yet
 the creatures frolic and entwine?
 The night then falls serene and fine.

Eben Sterling '86