



SIGNAL



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TIME AND TRADITION

Veteran's Day, November 11. Never again will there be the emotion and feeling of that football game, or that space of time. The long line of tradition playing the competitive sport for more than an SIC title.... We were playing for pride and honor. The "rival-school" that had always beat us without mercy or kindness was again trying to beat us. Ah! But we were in the lead, we had the ball, and against all odds and prayers we were going to win!

The sky was painted a variegated blue with the sun shining through the knitted clouds--which were against us also. The wind had helped us get a first touchdown...only to trick us--catching the ball and putting it under the goal, foiling the extra point...so close but not within our grasp; leaving us still with the threat of losing.

The drums were beating with our hearts as the band played, "Rocky". Never again would we all be in that same position: Screaming with tradition and hysteria as 33 ran with the ball going, going, going. Never again would we all, as a united body, be in that stadium together again, feeling the exact same thrill, our bodies constricting with the futile effort of tense anguish while there wasn't a thing we could do about the outcome of that game. Why can't we control how we feel; producing love, hate, regret, or excitement on a cue? Maybe that is what made the game so special (maybe that is what makes life so special)...maybe it was the feeling of never again being able to recreate the special, alive feeling of living to the fullest that we had while watching the pride and tradition and....The shouting.

At that moment it was as if I were lifted up in a glass cage watching as time was, for a few moments--suspended. Everyone was continuing on in slow motion. Had Time stopped? Enabling me to observe every sequence in those few moments of reality critically and exactly while the fatal "Time" itself didn't exist? Ah-down again into the safety of the din and mass confusion and tradition. A tradition of losing, but maybe after the exhilaration of today we will make a new tradition--not maybe! We will! A tradition of winning. Wait! WE ARE,BIG RED! WE ARE, BIG RED...! Counting down through time. 5... 4... 3... 2... We HAVE started a gloriously unique tradition through that space in Time. Oh! fear. Ah! time.

Laurie Aguilera

TIME:

I saw the woman standing there
Her face dark and wrinkled
With age.
I see in her eyes a yearning
For the past.
A past which will never come.

I hear a young boy scream
"What will I become?"
His mother asks to him,
"Come son, we don't have time."
Oh, how it seems we are in such a hurry.
Never time to stop and ponder
What the future holds.

Jim Barnes

DAY

The sun rises, and
with it comes the promise
of a new day.

That which was still
comes to life;

With each minute
they prosper and grow.

The day is warm;
all are touched with goodness,
While evil lurks in
the deepest shadows.

Night and darkness
approach;

The presence of those
who are not seen is felt.

Shadows grow,
those which are seen,
and disappear.

The day is done.

Yesterday

Today is upon me and
yesterday is gone.

Fond memories when all
was warm,

Children played in
the old stone streets,

Friends visited and
times were good.

Yesterday was a
time of joy,

but today the
memories are merely ghosts,
and the children gone

The streets are cold;
and there is little for all.

It is dark;

perhaps I am merely a
shadow of yesterday to be forgotten today.

Breon Williams

TIME

Time is final and never ending
Its goals defeating
Its seconds costly.

Death in the end is its victory
But Birth and time dispatch it
Bitter defeat.

Since it is endless
And chance is but a second
Safety is a climax felt.

To escape into it
Is to die
And to die is a final defeat.

But to escape into overtime
Is to beat it
And to win a timeless victory.

Peter Morrisette

GUNMAN HOLDS PILOT HOSTAGE

*Gunman holding a Pilot
Early today
Flew to Nevada
After releasing 2 hostages
The man with a gun
Wants Mexico
Or Canada
They landed
"No more." he says
"I want
To think
This out."
Silence....
thoughts....
Many, many thoughts
He steps out
Thru the door
Into the light...*

Tedd

CORRUPTION

*Congress kicks of '78 Session
they came to receive the Prize
for their bad habits
A powerful bomb explodes
They left unshaken
and called for a fresh start
Complicating the problem were the
Strangulation of two coeds
No one seems to know
The problem is worse than ever
Demonstrators gathered in Washington
It appeared unlikely to result in
The indictment of any Congressmen
America must meet the crisis head
on
One way to stand
Two ways to go.....*

Rick

THE HURT OF LOVE

*The hurt of love is not
An easy thing to bear,
It happens when the guy you love
Doesn't seem to care.*

*You try to make him understand
Just the way you feel
But if he hears he doesn't tell,
He keeps his heart concealed.*

*And so down deep inside you cry
You know your heart is broken
A feeling so intense it hurts
His thoughts are left unspoken.*

*But just when everything seems lost
You know it for a fact
He comes and says, "Come back to me"
Memories rush back.*

*In time you sew the wound up
With stolen strands of love
Knowing once upon a time,
This was the guy you loved.*

MERLIN AT THE BAT

A Satire. . . . by Dick Murrell

*It was very frightening for the villagers that day,
The gnomes were moving in; the trolls had come to stay,
The elves were casting spells, and warlocks were too,
The townfolk were all crying; moaning and groaning in fear,
But a few kept a stiff upper lip; praying that help was near.*

*They hoped that mighty Merlin would soon come into town,
With his majestic pointed beard, and flowing, long, white gown,
But Merlin was long gone, on a mission far away,
The streets were not safe anymore, the children couldn't play,
Only Merlin could put a stop to this evil, awful, crowd,
That preyed upon the old, were vulgar, crude and loud,
Where the heck was merlin, Merlin was the best,
He'd send those cronies flying, and you can guess the rest,
The townfolk were all sad, full of despair and gloom,
If Merlin couldn't make it, they were really in for doom.*

*But suddenly from the village, there came a joyous shout,
The people were all screaming, they laughed and danced about,
The scream was loud and long and clear, it rose high up and down,
For Merlin, Mighty Merlin, was coming into town,
Merlin's face was grim, as he observed the town a-crumble,
His eyes shot deep towards the sky, the clouds let out a rumble,
He gazed at the elves, the dwarfs, the gnomes,
And the rest of the motley crew,
His gnarled hands were clenched very tight,
He knew what he had to do,*

*His pointed cap upon his head, was covered with stars and moons
He gazed upon the oversized trolls, and swore "Damn you babboons!"
He screamed a chant, his eyes afire, his nostrils red and quivering,
He used all the energy his body possessed, He stood broken and shivering,
But the trolls still stood, not batting an eye, they didn't even wiggle,*

*They were still there, not one hair harmed; all they did was giggle.
But now all the gnomes, trolls, and dwarfs, and other hobgoblins too,
advanced towards Merlin, and growled, "We're gonna get'cha!!!!"*

*Merlin seemed to grow, he got bigger and stronger,
His eyes glowed like fiery coals, his beard was wirey and longer,
His jaw was set, his hair was on end, this Merlin, man of wonder,
The skys grew dark, a wind came up, there rose a mighty thunder.
Merlin lifted his hands to the heavens, his face was blue with rage,
The villagers watched in bewildered awe, this wonderous magical sage.*

*Merlin screamed, he glared at the elves,
He chanted that they all burn in hell,
He stood erect, his body afire,
He seemed to grow taller, higher and higher,
He aimed at the spooks, who were filled with fear,
With one final thrust he shrieked "DISAPPEAR!!!!!"*

In a particular village, folks can walk in peace,

*To that there is no doubt,
But there is no peace in this town,
Mighty Merlin has 'zapped out'*

SAGA OF FOOL

Gnarled and broken, his insides bleeding,
The old man lay on his deathbed pleading
to his son, who looked on in wonder,
How could God have committed this blunder?

"Son," he wheezed, gasping for breath,
"Do not worry that I am so close to death,
My time on Earth is about expired,
And now it's time that I retired,
But promise, son, that you'll do as you should,
Always be honest, trustworthy, and good."

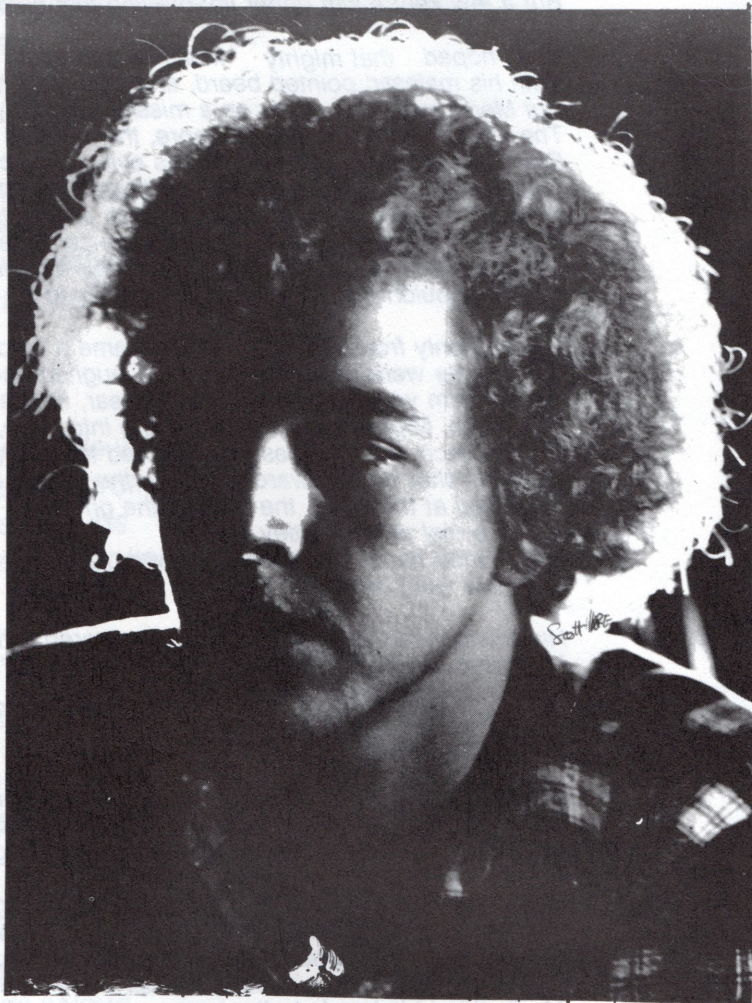
The son took his father's wretched hand,
And squeezed it while he looked at the land,
He said, "Don't worry you know I will,
I'll always be kind, I will never kill,
I'll do only as you've taught me to do,
But I don't know how I'll manage without you!"

A smile crawled across the old man's lips,
He said, "You can manage if you follow these tips,
Greed will only lead to an early death,
It will squeeze out of you your very last breath,
Just remain honest, at whatever the cost,
Because if you're honest, nothing is lost."

Then the old man lay back on his bed,
He was at peace, but alas he was dead,
The son's throat grew tight, his eyes filled with tears,
He was now all alone, after all these years.

He buried his father the very next day,
Under a willow, where he did play
when he was just a very small boy,
But no longer would this place hold any joy.

The boy worked hard for a year or two,
On his late father's farm, where there was much to do,
But he soon grew bored and began to change,
He resorted to gambling, and neglected the range.



One night he was winning, his heart started to race,
He just wouldn't stop 'till he cleaned out the place,
He tried to win, tried to win by cheating,
He won all the money his friends had for eating,
But he couldn't stop, he had to have more,
He just wouldn't quit 'till he had riches galore,
But his streak went bad, he ran out of luck,
He returned to his shack without even a buck.

Yes, he trudged homeward with tangled hair,
He was flat broke, his cupboards bare,
He lay on the bed crying, wishing he were younger,
Weeks later they found him, dead of hunger.

They buried him next to his father, under the willow tree,
The preacher at the funeral, delivered this eulogy,
"Greed led this man to an early death,
It squeezed out of him his very last breath,
He didn't remain honest, he couldn't bear the cost,
Because he wasn't honest, everything was lost,
Yes, he should have listened to what his father had to say,
Because if he had, he'd be alive today,
But the man wasn't kind, in fact he was cruel,
And thus ended, the saga of a fool."

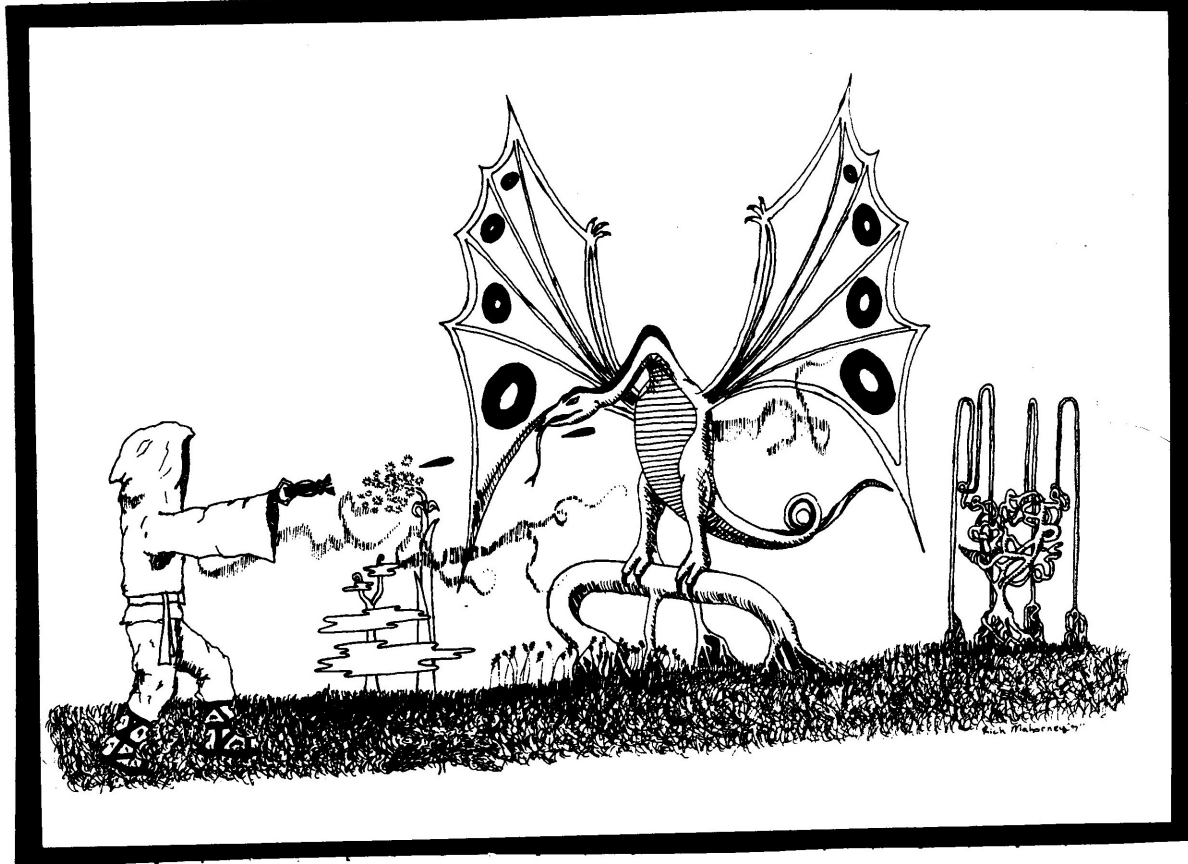
Anonymous

LONELINESS

He left me the other night
on a far away trip to an
unknown place. I miss him
so very much. His smile and
his strong hand reaching out
to grasp mine is in my memories.
But no, I want to be able to
touch him and have him wrap
his arms around me-hold me
tightly and say "I missed you".

by J.J.





While silken wings unfurled in air,
 Its crimson throat sounded a dare.
Blue-black talons clung to the rock,
 And split them asunder with a great shock.
Its great azure eye took in the sight,
 As he laughed at the folly of all that is light.
But then a bold lord stepped into the cold,
 And challenged the beast, but not for riches or gold.
For pure of heart was this lord indeed,
 And his was the destiny to make the worm bleed.
The battle that followed was fierce to the end,
Dragon or man, neither would bend.
 'Til the coming of day sundered the night,
And the worm then was blinded by the truth of the light.
 Thus the man knew that his lance would not stray,
Deep in its heart, the shaft now lay.
 The dark life of the Dragon now covered the ground.
And here it lies still, covered by a mound.

Rick Hobson

HURT BY NORTHERN IRELAND BOMB BLAST

*bomb exploded
damaging
severely woundking
casualties*

*seeking evidence
suspicious
informants
affadavits
blamed.*

Scott



THE SUICIDE

*The sunlight streams into his mind,
Warming his brain but
Leaving him blind;
Unaware of the outside world.*

*His mind wanders,
As he starts to dream,
Thoughts racing too fast,
He lets out a scream!*

*A billion miles an hour,
His thoughts are flowing,
He tries to stop them,
But they just keep going.*

*Drums beat loudly
With trumpets blaring,
An extremely bright light
On his brain is glaring.*

*He puts a pistol,
Between his gums,
He pulls the trigger,
And his brain just hums .*

*The sunlight doesn't hit him,
It just goes around,
But the boy doesn't mind,
Peace he has found.*

by D. M.

"KITTY AND THE MOUSE"

*The mouse sits up on the
 round white bowl
 to touch
the kitty's nose and
 The kitty's pupils
 grow big with wonder.
Kitty sniffs in
 curiosity.*

*Now they are
 friends.*

Tina L.

LEGEND OF LIFE

*A Legend is born.
It brings a message
 And adds magnificence to life.
The pools of the legend of life
 go stagnant
The legend is over.*

Tina Andersen

Inspiration:

It comes in
phrases and flashes
sometimes
racing and darting
sometimes
through slow
contemplation
sometimes like a blooming flower.

Judy Carpenter

"LONELINESS"

The fox lay silently
in the harvest gold field
His plush furry coat
stood out against a rich, royal hue
His tears in his heavy heart.

Tina Andersen

"SUMMER"

The sky is wavering
from the heat. The trees
droop from lack of
water.

Young people are
sitting in the shade.

Old people are fan-
ning themselves.

A young boy's intention
is a popsicle-

no money.

He passes a freezer
with ice in it.

Cold air surrounds it.
Opening the door it sweeps
over him. --Aaaaah---

Slowly he climbs in
and takes a seat.

Alene Butler

THE BOX

by J.J.

Some say you can capture special memories,
lay them away in a box in the back of your mind,
and return to them, when you feel a need to reach for someone.
But why let the cobwebs collect upon this box-
when you can open it up and share those special memories
with a new and special someone?

Alice

glassy-eyed she smiles
out of her plastic
window
into an
imaginary world of
untouchables.

She is protected
and nurtured
by an
unexhaustive ego.

Is that you, Miss Alice,
in your
Wonderland of happy
fantasies]

Judy Carpenter

ABSTRACT

Thought of apart
expressing a quality
Avoids ordinary
Apart from any real thing

not concrete.
not practical.
difficult.
profound.

Avery Tillinghast

Through all the years
They've been TOGETHER,
Through thin and thick
They'll stay TOGETHER
Look.....over there
they still whisper
their deepest thoughts.

Laura

Let me
for once, see the people
behind the clown's faces.
The faces are not the same,
By now they are blurred and irregular.
For the make-up has stained
their features,
And distorted their images.
Does everyone live their lives
in a costume?

---We have it---

Built in
Durable
Speedy
Easy
Fool proof
Prices effective
Repair welcome.

NATIONAL ARMBITER

Nice or nasty
Censorship
Undignified and undelicate
Hand off.

Laura

Clayton

WITHOUT WORRY

*She loved the ocean.
The sound of a seagull
Made her look to the sky and wish she were him.
The way the waves rushed up
Upon her toes made her
Giggle so bad--she'd almost
Fall down. Yet she'd make
It to the safety of the shore.
There she would lure me in.
I'd grip her hand--till I'm
Sure it must have hurt.
Yet she'd never complain.
But you have to understand
She wasn't one to complain.
She was always reaching out
And grasping all the beauty
Within her range, and yet
Beyond her range. Even the
Seaweed laying in long strands
Upon the beach changed
Into a magical dragon when
She looked upon it.
I still visualize her
Running down the beach
Without a worry in the world
Reaching out and grasping
Everything she sees.*

J. J. White

"TOOLS ON THE WALL"

*The tools hang like
pictures upon the wall. Who
Is the artist
that created these pictures?
Why did he choose this wall?*

*Perhaps the wall is painted
on a canvas. Perhaps the
canvas too is painted on
something.*

Is anything real?

Jeff J.



AN ATTEMPT AT AN ELIZABETHAN SONNET

*The lusty month of May is wild and free;
In London-town and every county fair
Rebellious maids and lads cavort with glee
And all too old or young just stand and stare.
The older folk remember days gone by
While youngsters dream of all their loves to come.
The gallant lads pick flowers with to ply
The fickle hearts of maids whose love for some
Seems changed as with the golden moon above.
But many are the lasses gone astray
When wooed from virtue's path by words of love
Their plight is often viewed with great dismay,
For many are the vows that young men break
And charming cads do not good husbands make.*

LONELINESS...

*Is what happens
When I'm watching out for you,
And you're watching out for Number One.*

Kris Nelson

*Her golden wings reflected the sunlight bold
Into her rainbow-washed eyes, that showed
Her thoughts inside, her deep remorse,
At how things had come, at fate's cruel course.
She now lifted her wings, for flight most weary.
And cleaved the air, which, heavy and dreary,
Slowed her flight...*

into oblivion...

Rick Hobson

DIGNITY

*A solitary seagull.
A flight he feels
He has to accomplish.
Yet a willingness to try
And achieve a goal he
feels deep within himself
He can do.
A solitary seagull
Falling to the deep depths
Of the vast ocean.
A solitary seagull
Trying again-thinking
I'll make it this time)
And if by chance
I fall-I will pick myself
Up-with dignity, and
Try again.*

J.J.

THE FIRE

The charred body lay on the smouldering mattress, the facial features unidentifiable, the body a grotesque blackened mass of incinerated flesh. Captain Kelly, chief of the Shaffer City Fire Department grimaced as the coroner carted the burned body away. "Dammit!" he snapped at no one in particular "This is the fifth arson resulting in death we've had this month. I want this nonsense stopped. We must apprehend this crazed pyromaniac before he murders someone else!" Firefighter Fran Statler nodded in agreement, but his thoughts were not with the Captain, and his eyes held a strange gleam.

On his way home from the fire station that night, Fran Statler listened to the news reporter read the local news over his car radio. 'A raging fire destroyed the home of Mrs. Ann Miller earlier tonight, killing her daughter, Susie, who was residing at the house while her mother is on vacation. Firefighters tried vainly to extinguish the blaze, which started about 11:30 p.m. Arson is suspected, but no arrests have been made. When asked to comment on the rising number of arsons lately, Sheriff John Black muttered disgustedly, "Wer're gonna get him, and you can be sure of that!: Captain Kelly was unavailable for comment. In other headlines to..." Fran's large hand reached up and switched the radio off. Mimmicking the sheriff's voice, he growled, "You can be sure of that." Then he let out a hearty laugh, his jet-black hair shaking as he chuckled, "Don't you worry, Sheriff, the day you catch me is the day I die!" He laughed again his steel-gray eyes twinkling in an oncoming car's headlights.

Ever since he was a young boy, he had been intrigued by fire. His first fire had been when he was 4. He had been playing with matches in the neighbor's barn, and some of the straw caught fire. He had run out of the barn, afraid, but in a way, excited, and tried to hide. His father had found out who lit it, and Fran had been severely punished. But still, the smell of burning wood and the sight of yellow flames held a strange enchantment to him and he periodically lit fires throught his life until he was 20, and had been apprehended by the police for arson. He was sentenced to 6 months in jail, and was ordered to undergo a psychiatric examination. The psychiatrist learned of Fran's fascination of fire, but thought that if he became a fireman, and saw firsthand how damaging and destructive fires were, his fire-lighting tendencies would be ended. Surprisingly, working as a fireman was heave for him. He would extinguish the flames, and he recieved an eerie happiness just being around houses that were smoldering with that yellow magic that he loved so well.

Being a fireman, however, had partially helped cure Fran of his fiery tendencies. Since he was exposed to fires constantly, he was content in just being around them, and the number of fires which he was responsible for decreased to almost zero. But in the last month the number of fires had been very minimal and things were pretty slow around the firehouse. The firemen spent the majority of their days cleaning equipment and other miscellaneous chores. Fran longed to see a fire, so one night he lit an onion warehouse on fire. He drove about 3/4 of a mile away to a small foothill and parked his car. He spent the rest of the night just sitting in his car, watching the sparkling flames with binoculars, and smiling devilishly. That fire brought about a strange change in Fran. He remembered how much fun lighting fires was and now he couldn't stop himself. He had lit four more this month and still he yearned to kindle more. He was totally out of control.

Fran looked at the clock when he arrived home. It read 2:30 a.m. "Good," he thought to himself, "Ther's still time before daylight." Changing into jeans and an old blue denim shirt, he grabbed a flashlight, a box of stick matches, a stack of old newspapers, and a gallon of gas and stuck them in his trunk. He started the car and backed slowly out of the driveway. Heading towards town, he noticed that the fuel gauge on his car was sitting right on "E". He wondered where he could go at this hour to get gas. Then a bizarre gleam came into his eyes, and a wicked smile cracked his lips. He would torch the 24-hour gas station!!!

Fran filled his tank at the Self-Serv pump, paid the attendant, and then pulled out of the gas-station. Stopping his car about 2 blocks away, he shut off the ignition and took a deep breath. He sauntered back to his trunk and opened it up. He took out the newspapers and the gasoline and walked up the alley to the gas station. Tying the papers into a tight bundle with a piece of wire, he saturated them with gasoline. Looking around to make sure no one was spying on him, he walked into the 'mens' restroom of the service station. He sat the bundle inside the urinal stall, and lit it on fire. The flames licked at the wall of the stall, and Fran stood spellbound gazing at this wonderful sight. He knew that he had to get out of there quickly. He scurried out the door and darted up the alley. He jumped into his car, rolled down the window, and stuck the key in the ignition. He drove around the block and parked up the street from the gas station. He watched as black smoke rolled out from the back of the station. He started his car again, and drove away with a blank look on his face. When he was about three blocks away, a bright flash and a deafening 'BOOM' filled the air. Fran smiled and turned the car towards home. Damn, he felt good! Tonight he would sleep well.

When Fran awoke the next morning, he felt very rested and refreshed. He put on his bathrobe and walked out on the front porch to get the morning paper. He picked it up, and took it into the kitchen. He poured himself a cup of coffee and sat down at the table. He unrolled the paper and stared at the huge, black headlines--"MAN KILLED IN FILLING STATION FIRE---ARSONIST STILL AT LARGE!!!!" Fran sipped his coffee nervously, and read on. "A Shaffer man died in a pre-dawn blaze at the station, was pronounced dead on arrival at Mercy Medical Hospital at 4:30 a.m. Dr. John Green said the cause of death was smoke inhalation and 3rd degree burns. Sheriff John Black said that no suspects have been arrested, but he does have several leads." Fran closed the paper, and stood up smiling. He had gotten away with another one! He strutted proudly into the bathroom, singing to himself. He took a quick shower, and then turned on the radio while he fixed himself breakfast. The noon news was just starting. The radio announcer was just reading the local news. "We have some further developments on the early morning fire this morning at a local gas station. Sheriff Black had an eye witness to the crime that provided enough information to make an arrest. The witness, who wishes to remain anonymous, reported what he saw to the precinct this morning. An apprehension of the criminal is expected by the time of this newscast. Shaffer Valley weather calls for clear skies today with a ..." Fran clicked the radio off. "SO," he said aloud, "They think they got the right guy, huh. Well, they didn't I'm still a free man!!" He chuckled to himself and reached into his shirt pocket for a cigarette. He reached into his pants pocket for a match. Not finding one, he picked up a fancy sterling silver lighter off the coffee table. He flicked it a few times, but it wouldn't light. "Dammit!" he cursed and walked out to the garage to get some lighter fluid. He grabbed the large can and started to fill the lighter. Spilling some on his hand he exclaimed "Whoa, better watch it. That's kinda ful." He heard a car slide to a screeching stop outside his house. Looking out the window, he saw the sheriff and four deputies running towards his front door with their guns drawn. He scampered into his bedroom terrified. He locked the door and realized that he was still clutching the can of lighter fluid. He heard the heavy sheriff crash through the front door. Sheriff Black yelled, "You tell me wher you are boy! I'm gonna getcha!!"

"The day you catch me is the day I die!" cried Fran. Frantically, he picked up the can of lighter fluid and emptied the contents onto the bed and himself. Double-checking the door to make sure it was locked, he took out the silver lighter and lit it. He tossed the flaming lighter onto the bed. The heavy quilts, soaked with fluid, flared up quickly, and Fran sat quietly down on the bed, a look of relief in his eyes, a peaceful smile on his face.

When Deputy Sam Dean broke down the door of the bedroom, he was greeted by a gruesome sight. The bed was the only thing aflame, and Fran was still on it. The room smelled of roasting flesh. Fran's body was sizzling, and all of his skin was peeled off his bones. His face looked at the deputy with hollow, black, eye sockets, and his brain lay in the burning pillow, crackling like hot hamburger in a frying pan. The deputy could feel the burning bile rushing up his throat, and he knew he was going to be sick.

The sheriff stalked into the burning bedroom, and grabbed the writhing deputy by the back of the neck and pulled him into the living room. Looking back onto the bed at the half-black, half-red pile of ashes that was a human form a half hour ago, he exclaimed 'Looks like we got him, boss! Case closed.' They turned their backs on the bedroom that now resembled an oven, and walked slowly out the door.

UNDERSTANDING

We walked in silence

That day.

Not because of madness

But because of an understanding.

He seemed to read my

Thoughts.

And he gingerly walked his way--,

And I mine.

J. J.

*A young couple,
Playing the dating game!
She acts uninterested
While he is trying out
all his winning lines!*

*She loves it when
He talks that way
And he finds it exciting
That she's not interested.*

Mark Kabbes

*I once had a friend or two,
three or four perhaps even more,
They were helpful in times
of need; easy to forget in
times of greed.*

*Yes sir it was
fun (for awhile) to have the
around; and then to stomp
them into the ground.*

*Fun was fun, boredom came
and I told them to get lost*

*A fair price for a little cost.
I need a friend, times
are lonely;*

*If I had a friend . . .
just one friend . . .*

Breon Williams

PHOTOGRAPHY

*A magic art
a little black box
an invention. . .*

*It is a trick. . .
traps people,
wild animals, strange places,
loved ones and brings them home,
allows us to make instant images
of anything. . .*

*It is a miracle
fast, accurate
efficient and powerful
unmatched way of spanning
time and space. . .*

*Photography is expression. . .
embraced by artists
sophisticated. . .
an irreplaceable trap
of images*

*A magic art. . .
a trick
a miracle
and expression. . .*

Marvelous!

Avery T.

THE SWAN

*After so many years of being an ugly duckling,
The one everybody laughs at,
I've decided to become a swan.
No longer making goals,
Shooting for the stars...
And missing,
I've decided to become a swan.
I know that you don't really care for me,
And that we're just playing games.
So I'm going to be the dumper.
A pleasant change from the dumpee.
That's why I say "It's my turn, if you please.*

Kris Nelson

*The tiny lost puppy
looked under the fence.*

*His head through
a hole, his ears*

Drooping on the ground, His deep dark

*Eyes longing for
Someone to love him.*

Joyce F.

MEMORIES

*Memories are all I have.
Thoughts flashing along the shore of my mind.
Gradually, the lonesomeness is washed away as
I place myself in those familiar, faraway places.*

*The waves slowly roll in.
New sights, emotions, and people reappear.*

*I reach out to grasp the dreams floating
in the shallow water.
But, the waves wash-out again, crashing
into the deeper water.
And i'm alone once more, with only the sea
To hear me
Cry...*

...Debbie Taylor

DEPRESSION UPON SEEING MY PLIGHT

*Funny...
I used to want my name in lights,
To be known all across the land
But now it doesn't matter
If I live or if I die,
I'm just one in millions
And no one really cares
What happens to little ol' me.
And I'm as bad as all the rest,
For whatever fate befalls me,
I simply don't care.
I'm just one in millions.*

Kris Nelson



FOAMEO AND GILLETTE

BY JEFF JONES

Once there were two very influential families in Berona; the Norelcolets and the Shickgues. There was a feud of long standing between the two families and not even their servants could meet without harsh words. Sometimes it even led to foamshed. Now, a grand feast was held by the Norelcolets and all of Verona was welcome except the Shickques. One young Shickque, however, dared to venture to this feast disguised by a mask. His name was Foameo and he was the most dashing and daring oif the young Shickque electric razors. As he entered the hall he was greeted by the old patriarch of the Norelcolets.

"Come in young razor." The old razor laughed and was giddy. "There are many young twin blades here who will dance with you, mask or not."

Foameo walked on into the room. His eyes glanced rapidly here and there. So many twin blade shavers were there and all so beautiful. Finally his eyes rested on one shaver whose beauty was too great for any electric razor to ignore. Foameo spoke to a nearby razor.

"Hey bro, what's that foxy lady's name?"

"Her name is Gillette and she is a Norelcolet." Tydye had recognized the man who spoke to him from behind the mask as Foameo, his hated enemy. So! A Shique dared to come to a Norelcolet feast! Tydye at first wanted to alert his comrades and kill this Shickque, but he waited to see what Foameo was up to. Besides there were too many twin blades here to risk hurting them. Foameo had no idea he had betrayed himself to Tydye for he had not removed his eyes from fair Gillette as he spoke. Foameo caught Gillette's eye and moved towards her. When no one was looking he removed his mask briefly and smiled. Gillette blushed and looked down.

"Why ya' lookin' away mama? Am I such an ugly dude?"

Oh no sir. Indeed you are most strikingly handsome but I know you not and have never before seen you."

If I tell you my name do you promise not to rat on me to your friends?"

"I promise."

"I'm Foameo Shickque, the most handsome of all Shickques and I dig ya' babe."

He dropped his mask from his face again and Gillette gasped. Her eyes showed fear. "You must leave and never return. Our families would kill the both of us."

"O.K. kid. I'll split now, but I'll see ya' around." Foameo whispered as he moved hastily toward the door. Meanwhile, Tydye had watched the proceedings carefully. He leapt upon a table and pointed to Foameo as the young razor neared the door.

"Norelcolets! A Shickque is in our midsts yojnder. After him!"

The group of Norelcolets razors charged Foameo as he leapt outside to his waiting companions.

"Let's split guys. Those Norelcolets are after foam!"

The chase was brief and soon the Shickques were safe. They laughed and joked about the narrow escape. Soon they were all within their homes and sharpening peacefully. Foameo could not sharpen at all for the next few nights. Some days later he sneaked to Gillette's garden under cover of night. He crouched in the bushes below her balcony as her lithe figure swept gracefully to the outcropping.

"Foameo, oh Foameo, where for art thou Foameo?" She cried out the words.

"Hey babe, I'm right her below ya'." Man what a spacy chick, thought Foameo as he climbed the vines to her balcony, she doesn't even look down.

"Foameo, it is not safe for you th be here. You must leave. Tydye will certainly be around tonight."

"Naw, I put knock-out drops in his ripple. Listen, what's say you and I blow this joint. We could go live in a commune and sell flowers."

"No, Foameo, it would never work. You are a Shickque and I, I am a Norelcolet. My family would sooner see my blades ground to dullness."

"Hey, well if it helps, I'd dig spillin' my foam for you. Foam don't mean nothin' in yer life if yer life is empty. Dig?"

"Foameo, you would give your life for me, a simple twin blade?"

"Yeh, I think that's what I said. Hey loisten, you think about the commune. I gotta' go sharpen my blades. I haven't been able to sharpen since I first saw you. See ya'"

"Farewell Foameo."

The next day as Foameo and his friends were watching the parking meters tick in the plaza, Tydye and his friends came along. Lincoln-Mercury, one of Foameo's weaker friends, was determined to fight Tydye. After the fierce battle, (in which Tydye broke a nail) Lincoln-Mercury was unplugged. Foameo became enraged at the untimely unplugging of his friend and he then unplugged Tydye. Foameo quickly hopped on his ten-speed and roared off to Friar Larry Baby's house. A crowd of Shickgues and Norelcolets soon gathered. Prince Remington Razor happened by and had the situation explained to him after which he banished Foameo forever. Foameo, however, was on his way to Friar Larry's pad.

"Hey, Friar Larry Baby, whut's happenin'?" asked Foameo as the two slapped hands.

"Oh, nuthin' much Foam-ee." drawled the freaky Friar.

"Man I need a place to crash for a while cause I got this heavy date lined up and the heat's on in the city."

"Right Foam-ee. I mean whut are us dudes of the cloth for anyway."

"Great. I need you to hitch me and this lady too, o.k.?"

"Woww, hey far-out Foam-ee. I'll send Ralph with a message for her to come here."

"Who's Ralph, another friar?"

"No, Ralph's my dawg here Ralphy, here Ralph."

After Gillette received the message from the good friar she hopped on her Moped and raced to his pad. She and Foameo were quickly married and were just leaving when a knock came on the door. The Freaky Friar cracked open the door slightly.

"Yyyeesss?"

"My name's Thursday. this is my partner Dill Famine. We're from the L.A.P.D. and we're here to arrest Foameo Shickgue."

"Well he ain't here maaannn.

"Look pal, we can either talk this over peacefully or the S.W.A.T. team can blow your door open."

"Woowww, well come on in guys."

The two detectives entered the meager home and began searching.

"Hey maann, if ya' tell me whut yer lookin' fer maybe I can help ya!"

"No thanks, we'll fin. . ."

Just at that moment Foameo was spotted by the two speeding off on the Moped toward the town of Manchurara. The two detectives began chasing him while Gillette sped off back to town. A few weeks passed and Foameo was very lonely. Gillette was due to be married to Parrots, a rich merchant of Verona, and she wanted to escape with Foameo. The young girl went to Friar Larry Baby and asked how to avoid getting married to Parrots the next day. The Friar handed her a vial marked poison.

"Drink this and you'll seem dead for forty-two hours, Gee-lette. Then after they put yer bod' in the tomb, I'll send for Foameo and you two can go off tooo-gether!!!!"

"Oh thank you Friar! I shall do it!"

"Hey right-on Gee-lette."

Gillette hurried back to town and the next day when Parrots came to marry her, she looked dead. Grief swept through Verona at her death. Soon, a large funeral procession carried her to the Norelcolet tomb. She lay there that day and into the next. Meanwhile, the freaky friar had dispatched Ralph with a note explaining all to Foameo in Manchurara. One of Foameo's friends, who knew not of the scheme hatched by the Friar, arrived in Manchurara before Ralph the wonder dog. Foameo, stricken with grief at the death of his young wife, hurried to the Norelcolet tomb. When he arrived only Parrots was there watching Gillette. Parrots turned and saw Foameo.

"Leave uth alone you thilly Thickgue. The'was to be my wife."

"Forget you man! Me and this woman was hitched a long time ago, so you split."

"You lie you thmelly dog! The lovthed me!" spoke Parrots as he drew his unplugging sword. Foameo answered the challenge and the battle was brief. Parrots had been unplugged. Foameo bent over Gillette, kissed her and pulled a bottle of poison from his pocket. He drank the liquid and crashed about the tomb gasping for his last breath. About this time Gillette began to awaken from her slumber. When she did not see her beloved Foameo there, she became worried. Stepping off the table where she lay, Gillette saw the still forms of Foameo and Parrots.

"Oh beloved Foameo, thou couldst not be with me in life so thou chose to be with me in death." saying this Gillette grabbed the knife in Parrot's sheath and drove it home. Soon a group of Shickgues and Norelcolets gathered at the tomb after being summoned by Friar Larry. They stared at the still forms in the tomb. Great was their grief and they vowed never to quarrel again. They saw what their foolishness had caused. Suddenly Foameo began to move. He woke up and stared at the group.

"Foameo, we thought ya' was dead maan. Didn't ya' drink persoin.?" said the Friar.

"Drink what?" questioned Foameo.

"Uh poison maan."

"No that was straight Kool-Aid."

"Wowww, maan. I bet that was a close shave."

"Yeah, hey where's that Gillette chick at?" asked Foameo in alarm.

"Oh her. Uh, well she took Parrot's knife and drove it home. She borrowed my car to drive it home with too man."

"Oh well, I guess it's better just being' a ramblin' guy with no woman tying me down. Right?"

"Right on Foameo."

Foameo forgot about Gillette who had run off with Parrot's knife, the two influential families stopped quarreling and Ralph, the loyal messenger ran off with Lassie. So ends the classic tale of Foameo and Gillette.

THE SUN.

*Funny that I should be so lonely
When I am so important.
But then,
Who ever said a position of importance
Guaranteed happiness?
What loneliness I know!
What accounts for the sadness in me
When I am needed by so many?
It is a lonely job--
Up here all day
With only myself to hear me say
The unshared conversation.
The brightness I possess
Is not proof of any inner brilliance.
I am only a very lonely light.*

Lisette Teal

*.Music is so magic
It is the road of sound
Across the heavens.
Let your own music
Heal your sorrow.*

Anonymous

*Early morning dew, twinkling as the
sun begins to come over the hill;
Clouds make the sky a light pastel
orange as the sun rises to greet a new day;
Everyone begins to rise.*

*The sun warms the earth very
quickly and all too soon it is hot, radiantly hot;
The day seems to drag on, it makes
you feel lazy;
Still the hustle and bustle of the city
keeps its pace.*

*Dusk is approaching;
Quickly, the sun begins its descent
behind the rolling hill;
There are many stars out now,
glimmering against the black sky;
The air is cooler with a light breeze blowing;
Everything is peaceful.*

*The dawn begins to rise, awakening
the birds and people of the sleeping cities;
Another day has begun.*

Danis Beattie





THE TRIP

*With duffle bag, suitcase, and backpack in hand,
I started a trip to a south, foreign land.
By bus we all traveled, by road did we eat.
En route to the border, a new world to meet.
The first night we camped at the Navajo Trail,
In a small town in Utah--here begins the long tale.
The next day we made old El Paso in order,
By morning were ready to traverse the border.
In Juarez they gave us our tourist permits,
Then we went to the bank there to cash a few bits,
Our train left the platform at 10:45,
Went south for Chihuahua--400-mile drive;
She sped about eighty over the dry sands,
Past poor native peddlers with goods in their hands.
We finally arrived at Chihuahua, anon,
And started a walk to the Hotel San Juan.
The hotel was old, was tiled in blue--
Had a plaza to meet in, they danced in it, too!
The Museo of Villa, the Plaza of Arms--
Chihuahua held everyon's eyes with its charms;
Then we boarded the railroad out for Tepic,
On a luxury liner, more adventure to seek--
She stopped at a canyon, had a dining car, too--
To many this was an experience quite new--
On to Tepic, 500 miles away--
A-riding the Vista Dome on through the dav.
Then about nine at night on the first day's travel,
This unusual sequence began to unravel;
The Vista Dome train put them off at a station--
Sufragio--soldiers were on that location--To wait for another line about two a.m..
And continue our ride back in first class again;
The roaches abounded with crickets galore,
They jumped on our clothes or they crawled on the floor--
Well many slept out on the railway tracks,
And some (like me) stayed inside to watch all the sacks.
When the train did arrive at 2:55
Hardly a member of us felt alive.
"La Bala," it turned out, was stuffed to the brim--
'Twas an arguous task to get everyone in!
Without reserved seats we most slept on the floor,
And some sat on suitcases up by the door.
A long night it was while we lay in the aisles,
But on the train rolled for miles and miles and miles*

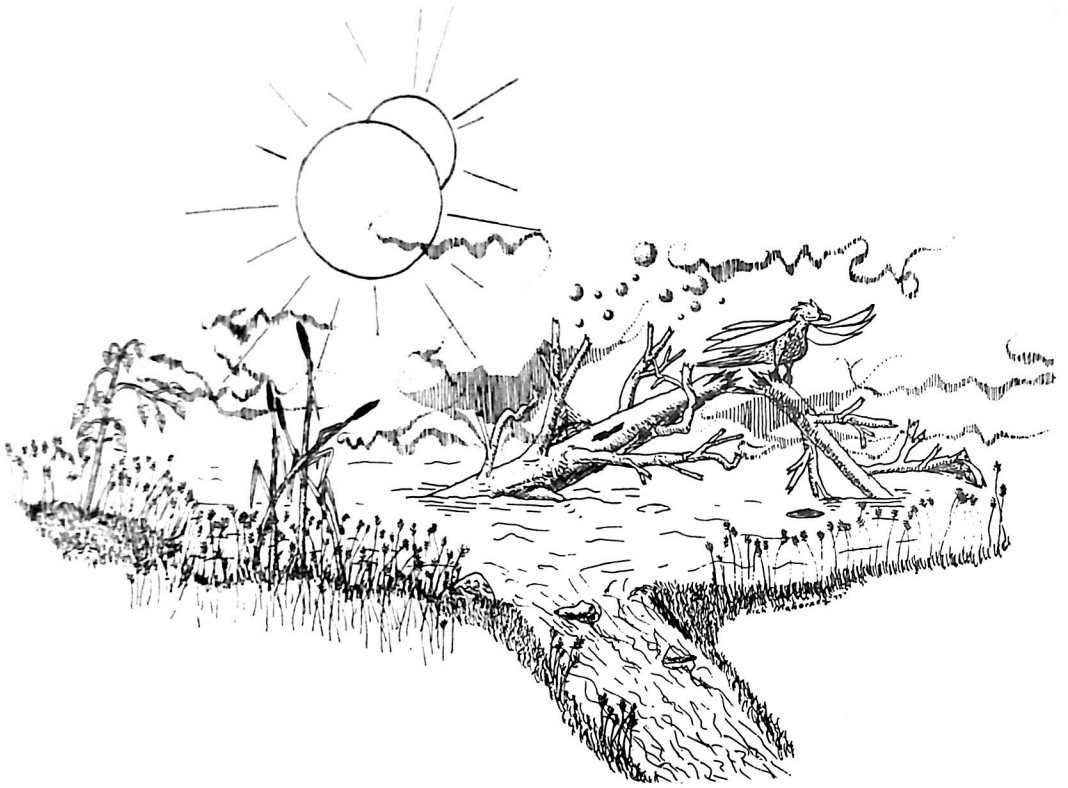
TEPIC! finally came in the late mornign light--
It had been a long and near sleepless night--
From the landing we took a city bus "carry-all"--
Off to downtown Tep'cs Hotel Imperial.
The Imperial was green--the main floor was a diner,
And up to this point, they's stayed in nothing finer.
We marveled at horns blurting out tuneful ditties
As we were to hear in all Mexican cities--
They danced at a "disco" there, went to the beach--
San Blas' mosquitoes gave all ten bites each,
Took a tropical cruise like the AFRICAN QUEEN--
Where each bend abounded with things never seen;
In a crystal clear pool swam with tropical fish,
They feasted on shrimp of some Mexican dish--
Well, many were ill in Tepic on that day
Who missed the cruise, feasting, and warm ocean spray;
The time came for us to depart from Tepic
For Mexico City, our fortunes to seek.
By chartered bus went through Queretaro depot,
Continuing south past old San Juan c'el Rio--
(And I rode the bus into the capital town,
Feeling excitement, and yet being down--
Long hours of travel and so little rest
Had preyed on my strenght and had gnawed at my best.)
It was late at night when our bus pulled on in,
We rode in a taxi through big city din--
That taxi was flying about pell-mell
On a course that was set for the Viceroy Hotel.
Now, the Viceroy Hotel was convenient as heck--
Sold postcards and stamps, cashed a traveler's "cheque"--
Had a restaurant below, right across from the lobby,
Where prices and service did not look too snobby!
We rode the metro to Chapultepec Park,
At Salto Del Agua did we embark,
'Til about six stations down where we got off the line,
And each station's shown by a pictorial sign--
We'd just reached Chapulteped, got off the train,
And all of a sudden ti started to rain;
But soon as the rain began to grow thin,
We walked to lthe Anthropology Museum;
Lot of history was there, and there each one did see
The history of Mexico, man's family tree.
Saw Chapultepec Castle, Maximilian's huge place,
And beautiful statues remembering "The Race."
Back on hte "Metro" they crowded our teeth--
They pushed and they crammed 'til we hardly could breathe!

*Viewed bullfights, shopped markets, and took a small tour.
Outside of the city to see ancient lure--
The natives of old had built a great dwelling:
All over those ruins paletas were selling!
A pyramid we climbed, to its sun altar high--
We marveled how Indians had built to the sky.
The ballet we witnessed, a great performance,
Of Mexican culture in music and dance;
So many things more did we do in that city
Of monuments huge and of plazas so pretty.
Our four days were up in that interesting town,
Was time to move on, Acapulco-bound.*

*By bus once again the itinerants rode.
While visions of beach resort in our heads glowe;
Acapulco, we found, was not as we had thought--
The hotel was broken, the streets smelled of rot--
We danced at a discotheque into the night,
The lights were all flashing in color and bright.
The beaches were sunny with warm, southern water,
The playas were crowded, but that didn't matter;
A yacht cruise was taken out over the bay,
The movie-stars' houses were all on display;
A glass-bottom boat tour from Caleta Sound;
After three days, time to leave came rolling around.
Now we returned to the District Federal,
On our route back to a city of call.
In Mexico City a night there again,
At the Viceroy Hotel, where before we had been;
A Guadalajara, more running about--
At the marketplace big they all bargained awhile,
At Mariachi Square heard musique of their style;*

*Then the tour was over, good will in all us,
From the Station Hotel took the train to Nogales;
For two days we traveled back where we'd been, though,
Memories passing SUFRAGIO--
But Nogales was reached, and all things in order
We passed through their customs and over the Border.
Homeward we sped--through Las Vegas and on,
'Til home's site again to us was redrawn.*

*With duffle bag, suitcase, and backpack in hand--
I ended that trip to the south, foreign land!*



*The sound of life sounded throughout the shell,
And the mother, a wing, responded to life's Knell.
A split of life's fire sundered the pearly white,
And the cry of a new beginning parted the night.
Talons chipped while small wings fanned,
And thus birth brought new blood into the land.*





*Darkness is cold, harsh.
Fear surrounds the soul; loneliness
within, eternal emptiness.*

Ben Christensen





INTRUDER

A train is speeding down the tracks, its whistle blowing in the dar, still night. The animals in the forest are still and silent at the wonderment of the sudden break in the silence. Inside the train, the passengers are safe from what lurks in the darkness of the forest.

A strange beast approaches the tracks and watches as the glow from the train becomes brighter. The train passes the beast and he looks at the train with a sense of curiosity. He wonders what the people in the train are thinking, where are they going, and what they are doing, for the beast has no idea of what sleep is. The train passes quickly and the beast slowly regressed back to his home in the forest for the beast to return. As the beast approaches, the object changes to create an entrance. Steps leading into vast darkness of the object are mounted by the beast. The object once again changes and then suddenly disappears with a great expolosion.

The silence of the forest is once agian broken, the animals once again stand still, and silent. Then, suddenly, as if something has startled them, the animals flee from their stillmess and disperse into the vastness of the forest. For the animals have discovered what has made the explosion. They have discovered the idnetity of the beast whom they had not before known.

Jim Barnes

In many ways life is like a keg. Kegs come in all different sizes, just as people do. In fact, kegs represent people more than some may realize.

A keg is very much like a person. Each one is filled with many glasses of beer, just as people are filled with many different experiences. Many people's lives are flat, and have no purpose to them. These people sit around most of their lives feeling sorry for themselves, and soon their time on Earth is gone. These people feel as if God has deprived them of fun and enjoyment, but it is their own fault. (After all, who likes flat beer.) Other people's lives are bubbly and exciting. These people enjoy life to it's full extent, and every experience is a rich and rewarding one. People like this are fun to be around, and have many friends. When they are gone, there is much sadness and remorse.

There are different styles and sizes of kegs. Although many look the same on the outside, they are always different on the inside. No two are alike. This is another similarity between people and kegs. No two people are the same on the inside, although they may look the same on the outside. There are big kegs and small kegs, but size is of little importance. People come in various sizes, also. It doesn't matter how big you are, but what you think of yourself. There are kegs with light beer and kegs with dark beer, just as there are light-skinned and dark-skinned people. No one had the right to say which is better as it is all a matter of personal preference.

Some kegs are never tapped, and they just sit around and go to waste. There are people like this, too. They have great potential, but it is never put to use. They just lie around and never tap themselves, so to speak. If people do not put forth any effort to find out what their potentials are, then their lives are wasted, for they do not know what they are capable of, and they have not really lived.

In every keg, there is at least one mugful that is spilled or wasted. Every person has at least one experience that they may think is wasted, too. And many a time it may seem that that experience had no purpose but to establish a sense of hurt or fear in that individual. But this is where a person differs from a keg. Someone can always go and pour another beer when the one they had was spilled. But experiences are not something that can just be tossed away in hopes that the next one will be better or not hurt so bad. Every ordeal, no matter how bad or how frightening, had a valuable lesson that can be gained from it.

Yes, kegs are quite a bit like people, except for one small thing. Empty kegs can be taken back to the distributor and their deposit collected. Here the kegs are refilled. But people who aren't enjoying or are just wasting their lives cannot just be taken back to the distributor, so it's up to each and every individual to make sure that he/she is getting the most out of life. After all, if he/she isn't, who's going to collect the deposit?



REFLECTIONS OF SUMMER

*In the summertime
You and I laughed
We sang songs
and drank wine
But now the days are growing short
And winter is drawing near
And his chilled breath and frozen heart
Will soon envelop me
Like the awful embrace of a cold and lonely stranger.*

Kris Nelson





WAR AND PEACE

*The other day a child smiled
at me and then turned and
shot me with his pretend gun.
I wondered if this child realized
that he had really hurt me. I
think he did, because he then
winked and produced the peace sign.*

by J.J.

THOSE THEY MISS:

*With every person
you meet
you either
build a bridge
or
you build walls*

*Every person you
greet
you have
an
option
to make their day
brighter
or
spread your own unhappiness
a little further.*

Judy Carpenter

THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS

*The individual
Man about town
Fool, actor, idiot
Smoking, drinking
Yet trying to belong
To different groups.
He wonders sometimes
Why is smoking bad?
And drinking accepted by most?
He wants to be liked
But has his habit
Smoking
Shunned by some
Others non-committed
It does him no real good
But he enjoys his habit
To quit
Or not to quit
That is the question
What is
The answer?
What?*

Anonymous

*An aged dandelion
Stands fragil and
Alone as its cotton
Seeds gently fall
Catching the wind
And drift farther
And farther away.*

Tammie K.



THE SUBWAY TRAIN

The old man sat alone on the cold, hard subway bench. The night's darkness was barely illuminated by the overhead lights. The man clutched at his cane with both his hands. His hair, his dirty beard, his wrinkled oversized clothes and his worn out shoes made him look hopeless. He came here long ago and stayed to watch the trains go by. The old man could not even afford to ride on the trains but he watched. Every day and every night he sat on the same bench, keeping his silent vigil. He slept under the bench, using broken up cardboard boxes for warmth. He ate the scraps thrown in the garbage by the commuters who hurried from place to place. Off in the distance, down the tunnel, he heard the rush of wind that always preceded the train. A few moments later the engine sped past the station where the old man sat. It never stopped unless there were other people waiting. The train seemed to know that the old man was just watching. Tonight though, the train slowed and the old man looked at the station's clock; nine p.m., the train was over two hours early! The old man watched as the train slowed even more. He looked into the first car to try and see the people in it. He saw young parents with their new baby. The old man could tell that they loved it by the way they held and caressed it. Suddenly he realized that those were his parents from long ago! As he looked to the other side of the car he saw himself as a young boy, splashing in mud puddles, pulling girl's pigtails, catching frogs and doing all the things children can do. A smile crawled across the old man's face showing his chipped brown teeth. The first car moved on and as the old man looked into the second car, he saw his early adulthood. His high school years, his friends, the studying and all his highspirited antics were seen. He saw the great war and all his comrades who fought in it. He witnessed his return home and his marriage to a beautiful girl. In the third car came the raising of his family, the warmth of the good times, his children going on to college and the realization that he and his wife were growing older. He also saw the horrors of the next great war and his terrible suffering at the hands of his captors. The old man saw his crippled leg as he once again returned from far away. He felt the sorrow and hurt as his wife left him because he could not support her. The next car held only bad memories for him. The struggle to cope and survive with handicap caused old wounds to reopen. He saw the crowds staring at his leg and felt the humiliation. The old man witnessed himself turning away from society and finding the peace of the trains.

In the next car he saw his life since he came to the subway. He saw the coldness and loneliness of his existence. The old man watched as he ate the garbage of others and it turned his stomach. He saw himself sleeping under the bench on the cold cement floor. The old man looked very hard at the car. He saw himself sitting on the bench, clutching his cane and staring back at himself. Finally the last car came by and stopped. On board the old man saw all his friends and relatives from the past. They all smiled and beckoned him to come on board. He got up slowly and walked to the train. His body ached and was bent, but as he stepped through the door of the boxcar, a feeling of complete peace came over him. He smiled broadly as the many arms surrounded and held him. The train began moving on down the tunnel with the old man on board.

The engineer on the eleven p.m. train screeched it to a halt. He stepped off and walked to the old man lying on the tracks. The old fellow had a very happy contented smile on his face. The engineer called the city morgue to come and pick up the dead man. The engineer dragged the old man to the bench and left him there with the smile on his face and his hands clutched around his cane.

Once,
it was frankly called.
the madhouse
later,
more delicately
The asylum
Still later,
more accurately
The Mental Hospital
Eventually
less candidly
Saint Swan's Home
Now
So nobody can tell
Boise High School.

Tedd

DESIRE

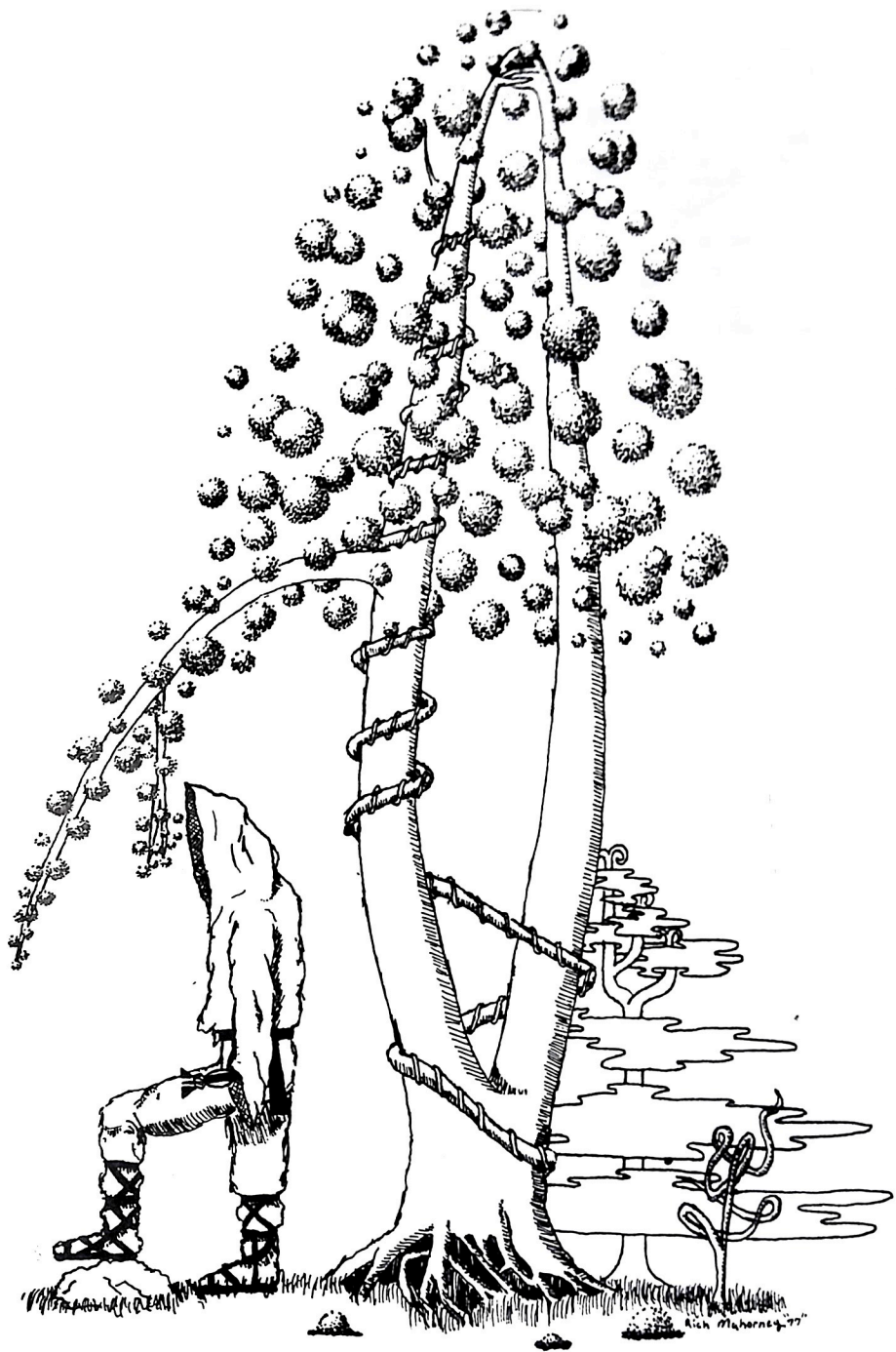
To grasp,

to reach
to hold.

The understanding
surpassing my
want and needs.

It's gone, but I
live on in depths
and miserable contemplation
of my Desire.

K. Booe



SOMEDAY

*Someday
When we are old
Will we look back
On this day?
Will we remember
How we were then
And how both of us
Changed through the
Many years?
Will we love
Each other still?*

G. Higgins

*'This Was
a blank page
but now it no lonber retains its purest form
it has changed into a background
and taken second place
to the quarreling of words
Each vies for the limelight
some catch--but only for an instant
for importance lies at
the finish
and the reader waits impatiently
for the revelation
...and then solemnly reflects*



THE GHOST HORSE

*The ghost horse and rider free rode the fields together,
With silent wind, the rustle of trees and the squeak of
saddle leather.*

*In swirling mists and moss-covered nights
A mystery hung o'er their quiet flights.*

*Not a sound was uttered from either two
From where they came, no one knew.*

*For they galloped never in the brightness of light
And always vanished when someone caught sight,
Of a flying mane or streaming hair,*

Or a cynical rider with a stonehard glare.

*They shrank into the shadows with the grace of a swan,
And no trace of them was left after dawn.*

...Debbie Taylor



SKIING

*Escape. pure and simple
Sprawling suburbs. crowded freeways. pollution
Car payments and house mortgages and tension-filled offices
Go skiing - there are no boundries. no set
rules.
Outdoors. snow a day dreaming
A sport.*

PICTURE POEMS

BICYCLE...

*A two wheeling, heart pumping, fast moving
Thing.*

Tina L.

*A mechanical menace
Ridden by humans.*

Lisa R.

*A two-wheeled vehicle that promotes
Skinned knees* Alene B.

FEET...

*Feet
The transportation of long ago.
Revert.*

Josh L.

*Feet
The seasonal flasher:
Bare in hot
Clad in cold.*

Matt A.

*Obstacles often in the way of others.
Laura B.*

FENCES

*High wooden borders
To keep out neighborhood dogs
Who leave their regards.
G. Morgan*

*ex, ssionless dust frozen in loneliness
winter whitecaps
whispery whisker's rime...
parting icicles.*

Scott Moore

STOP SIGNS...

*Good to steal
And hang on bedroom walls
Bill L.*

*The mother or father
Of the busy motorized world.
Tammie K.*

*Stop Signs
Standing Defiant
Stationarily Erectly Stern,
The Silent Glowing Policemen
Matt A.*

*Red sign,
Whoops, missed,
Red, blue, flashing lights.
\$22.50
Avery T.*

"OLD LADIES"

*Two ladies
old, wrinkled.
Waiting to die,
Flash toothless grins
As young men
walk by
And smile
at them.
Avery Tillinghast*

*With their wrinkle ever growing.
The old women stand in the street.
Their whispers a shout. Their
laughter a rasp. Life is leaving them.*

Josh L.

MAILBOX...

*Shapes holding daily wonders of Pandora's box.
Matt A.*

*Brings life from afar,
and leads it back again.
Nancy Haug*

CARROTS...

*Growing downward, the orange stalagmites
Of the green thumb.*

Matt A.

TELEVISION...

*Deadly tube to hypnotize
innocent minds.*

Judy C.

TREES...

*Historians
They stand as civilizations
Rise and fall*

Peter M.

*American lunch tradition,
Sidekick-soup.*

Greg M.

Between two pieces of bread lies mom's mystery.

Avery T.

A sandwich is nice but junk food is divine.

Jeff J.

BARNES...

*Unsturdy boards thrown together to
Shelter the most humble.*

Laura B.

A place where my mother says I was born.

Mark K.

ZITS

*You go throughout the schoolweek,
Without a zit on your face,
But come time for a weekend date,
And zits are common place.*

G. Morgan

SONG

A song of Joy,

*The Heaven's Split
The Clouds go gray
He speak's, "It's finished."*

*The dynamic turbulence
fulfills our soul,
A song is born
unto this day.
A song of life forever.*

K. Booe

SNOW

*Snow falling from the sky
Sifts like flour through a sieve
And the bread on the ground rises.*

Carlos Arambarri

*The Man gazes at
the blank set, his blank self-
and past it toward the
picteuresque devastation
the daily nuclear attack
had wrought
While, half a world qway,
peasants still gleefully
threw wheat at each other
As if life still went on-
which it did.
Life is not dying
And when it does,
No heavens sleep
But this truth was
a different poem.
written in another place
at another time;
A different life
I have said
What I say.
My word is my song and-
This one's for you...
And that has made
all the differnce.*

J J H

LOVE

*Love like a beautiful butterfly
Flitters and flutters yet is elated,
And the butterfly like love is
so fragile.*

Carlos Arambarri

Go with the Flow

The keepers of Time

*dwell high above the Valley
in shining clouds. . .*

"Whose poem this is,

I think I know

Her locker's on

the third floor, though. . .

Can't you see what I'm saying?

Remember when Zeno told

us to escape this world we

can't change or understand?

Did he ever tell us how?

My Western Civ teacher

is glaring at me for rejecting

the wisdom of the ages.

I'm concentrating on the wisdom

that happens around me.

Zeno copped out .

He sits in his cloud.

I wave Good-bye and walk away.

He speak's, "It's finished."

"We're gonna get 'cha!!!!!"

Mighty Merlin has 'zapped out'

A billion miles an hour,
His thoughts are flowing,

"Come son, we don't have time."

LIFE

Tina Andersen

Life is not dying

We marveled at horns blurring out tuneless ditties

she wanted to escape with Foano.

WE ARE, BIG RED! WE ARE. BIG RED. . . .!

The Mental Hospital

THE SUICIDE

getting married to Parrots the next day.

"DISAPPEAR!!!!!!!"

And the bread on the ground rises.

*Sometimes I regret that
I wasn't born ten years earlier,
I would have run an underground newspaper
and built bombs in the attic
and joined in demonstrations with
millions of revolutionaries
but today
that era's gone;
the spirit's dead
Abby Hoffman sells insurance,
Eldridge Cleaver is a Born-Again Christian,
Bob Dylan's a millionaire.
So now we can't change the world
We can't stop trying, though
It all starts with each one of us
and if we all work at
doing something in our won unique way...*

My life belongs to the world. I will do what I can.

JJH'