

SPONSORS

The First National Bank
J. C. Jacobs Banking Co., Inc.
Central Bank of Alabama, N. A.
Scottsboro Business Equipment

AAUW
Civitan
Delta Kappa Gamma
Fortnightly Book Club
National Secretary's Association
Scottsboro Woman's League

Scottsboro High School Library Club
Scottsboro High School Wildcat Staff

JORCH

SCOTTSBORO HIGH SCHOOL VOL. VII 1974



Scottsboro Literary Club
102 Legion Dr., Scottsboro, Ala.

CONTENTS

Ain't No Cure For the School-Time Blues—Diane Clark	7
Rock—Judy Talley	8
Finding Out—Mike Machen	9
A Moral Lesson—Judy Hale	9
Old Man—Tina Bridges	10
The Preparation—Marie Latham	11
Is Tomorrow Soon Enough—Glenda Johnston	13
The Old Home—Caroline Lynch	14
Death—Kenny Harding	15
Summer—Tami Brandon	15
Young Ted—Brenda Potter	15
Missing—David Wales	16
You and I—Judy Hale	18
My Friend—Loretta Loy	19
Happiness Is—Sharon Rousseau	20
The Bridge—Judy Hale	21
The Final Cry—Walt Kenamer	23
Stop Polluting—Ricky Little	24
I Wish I Were Seven Again—Gary Lackey	25
Tomorrow—Chris Himburg	25
Beautiful Earth—Ricky Little	26
"EAG"—David Kenamer	29
Don't You—Judy Maynor	30
The Boundaries of Death—Doug Owens	31
Fairhill — to L.B.C.—Paula Dawson	32
How Come Holding Hands Feels So Good—Jami McGinty	33
Girl Overboard!—Sherry Tyler	34
His Eyes—Jami McGinty	36
A Race to Remember—Glen Pendergrass	37
Misty—Tami Brandon	38
The Silver Wings of Time—Tami Brandon	39
The Night the Lights Went Out in Bama—Sharon Gay	40
Danger is Lurking—Loretta Loy	42
The Old Man—Caroline Lynch	43
Judgment Day—John Wolf	44
U.S. and Freedom—Dean Guthrie	46
Melodious Walk—Tami Brandon	46
The Ghost—Charlene Stonfel	47
Sleeping Thoughts—Tami Brandon	49
Phase II—Sharon Gay	50
The Party—Johnny Brown	51
Suicide Note—Danny Moore	52
Life—Kathy Rodgers	53
No Tears—Lisa Campbell	53
The Love We Once Knew—Sharon Brandon	54
For Love of Laura Belle—Paula Dawson	55
Time—Tim Pierce	58
Twice A Child—Judy Smith	58
Portrait of Hypocrisy—Connie Glass	59
Save America—Mana Dulaney	62
Plain Jane—Joyce Hargiss	63
His Arrival—Sandra Davis	64
The Beginning . . . Or the End—Steve Downey	65
Wondering—Scott McLelland	67

Goodbye, Daddy—Doris Clay	.67
Confession—Sharon Gay	.68
Daddy, Where's Mommy—Sandy Farmer	.69
Where is God—Tami Brandon	.70
The Unforgettable Experience—Pam Fowler	.71
How Many More—Diane Clark	.73
As Time Passes—Chris Himburg	.73
The Stone Porch—Paula Dawson	.75
Paid In Full—Steve Conklin	.76
Declaration of Love—Tami Brandon	.78
See That Girl—Ricky Little	.79
The Farm-Saving Shotgun—Kirt Kirtland	.80
Where Do the Butterflies Go—Sandy Owen	.81
Unknown—Charlene Stonfel	.82
Lonely Whippoorwill—Brenda Potter	.83
A Letter to His Children—Pat Thompson	.84
The Universe—Ronnie Bynum	.85
The Plane is Now Being Skyjacked—Jim Cook	.86
Life—Cliff Spurlin	.87
The Ways of Justice—Dean Guthrie	.88
Love - Early Morning—Terry Hasty	.89
Memories—Johnny Brown	.90
You Talk to Me of Love—Kenny Harding	.92
First Love: Lost—Brenda Hastings	.93
The Duty—Cindy Harville	.94
May We—Chris Himburg	.95
I Tried But I Couldn't Do It—Judy Womack	.96
Please Do Not Run Me Down—Lovetta Loy	.97
Torch Staff	.98
Awards	.99

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Preparation—Dean Guthrie	.11
Missing—Gary Martin	.16
The Bridge—Judy Hale	.21
The Final Cry—Dean Guthrie	.22
I Wish I Were Seven Again—Judy Hale	.25
Tomorrow—Judy Hale	.25
EAG—Dean Guthrie	.29
His Eyes—Dean Guthrie	.36
The Silver Wings of Time—Gary Martin	.39
Judgment Day—Dean Guthrie	.44
Sleeping Thoughts—Gary Martin	.49
Life—Judy Hale	.53
The Love We Once Knew—Judy Hale	.54
Portrait of Hypocrisy—Judy Hale	.59
Plain Jane—Judy Hale	.63
Confession—Dean Guthrie	.68
The Unforgettable Experience—Dean Guthrie	.71
The Stone Porch—Dean Guthrie	.74
Lonely Whippoorwill—Dean Guthrie	.83
A Letter to His Children—Dean Guthrie	.84
Love - Early Morning—Judy Hale	.89
Memories—Dean Guthrie	.90
First Love: Lost—Judy Hale	.93

AIN'T NO CURE FOR THE SCHOOL-TIME BLUES

How bad I feel when the morning comes

When I remember
the assignments
that I hadn't done.

Seems to me
for English
it was a line or two.

Was it today or tomorrow that it's due?

Work on that
for now
when it's a test.

Oh, how I feel when he lays it on the desk.

I feel
even worse
when he shows me the score.

Dumb me . . .
studied more
and made less than before!

Oh well, 3:15 -- end of another day

and I'll get
through tomorrow
somehow
some way!

*Dianne Clark
12th*

ROCK

The rock looks so lonely,
But how can a rock be lonely?
It has no life.

The rock looks so sad,
But how can a rock be sad?
It has no life.

The rock looks as if it needs someone to talk to,
But how can a rock talk?
It has no life.
But maybe the rock is like me.
I am only what I make myself.
How can I have life?

*Glen Pendergrass
12th*

FINDING OUT

I could do it on two
But I hadn't tried one.
I know I couldn't hurt myself
And I thought it would be fun.
I still recall the sounds
As I got ready to go,
The hum of the big motor
As it idled very low.
And then the time came
When we all would find out
If I could do it or not.
I did it, without a doubt.

*Mike Machen
12th*

A MORAL LESSON

In the reflection of that mirror . . .

I see love,
I see peace,
I see joy,

Who is looking into the mirror?

Hate is looking in.
War is looking in.
Sadness is looking in.

MORAL: The beholder sees only what
he wants to see.

*Judy Hale
12th*

OLD MAN

The night was cold,
the stars were bright,
The man was old
but he stood upright.
He took my hand
He said, "Fear not,
For I am an old man
And I have seen a lot.
I have seen life,
And war, and death
Along with hunger and strife
And my wife's last breath.
But the world in its glory
And all its destruction
Can still daily twirl
Without any obstruction.
The leaves still grow,
the leaves are yet green,
So the earth must be good
As we all truly have seen.
The planet we live on
Has so much to give!
We have to go on,
So the children might live!"

*Tina Bridges
10th*



THE PREPARATION

"Well, John, I never thought I'd see you in my office. You know, I've been trying to convince you to buy a lot for years." Jim burst into a roar of laughter, but was unnerved by the grey expression on his friend's face. Trying to cheer himself rather than John, Jim began some small talk. "How are the wife and kids doing?" Almost before he asked this, he knew this wasn't the right subject to ponder.

"Jim, I'm going to die."

"Sure, everyone is. That's why I'm in business. You know, I made over—hey! you're serious! You haven't been drinking again? You know, you get the weirdest notions when you're drunk!"

"No, I haven't touched a drop in ages. That's why I can't understand this dream I've been having. No, it wasn't a dream. It was too bloody . . . too much glass . . . too many tears . . ." His voice trailed off into nothingness.

"John, what on earth are you talking about? You have to be drunk!"

"Look, I give you my word—now, isn't that enough?"

"Sure, sure. Now you tell me about this dream."

John's eyes stared visionless as he told of his imminent death. "I am driving along 251. It's dark and it's just begun to rain. I'm thinking about how good it'll be to get home and see Janie and the kids when, suddenly, a car pulls out in front of me. I slam my brakes. I skid. I hit him. I fly through the windshield and slide across the pavement. I'm dead now. I know it because I'm looking down on my bloody body. People gather around me. Women scream. An ambulance comes. They put a sheet over me and take me away. Janie's crying. I don't feel any pity for her or for myself. I just feel peaceful." John's eyes came back into focus and he looked tearfully at Jim.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all."

"John, I think you're doing the right thing. Have you thought about insurance? Those kids have to have something to live on, you know."

"I bought a policy this morning—for \$20,000."

"Well, that ought to last them quite a while!"

"Yeah, it ought to. I'd better be going home. It's getting pretty late. Don't tell Janie about this."

"I won't, don't worry."

"You'll see me tomorrow, Jim."

"I know. Good-bye."

John stepped into his car and drove down the highway. He was hungry and he knew Janie would have dinner waiting. A slow rain began to fall. There was the car. He slammed his breaks

*Marie Latham
12th*

IS TOMORROW SOON ENOUGH?

He asked,

Who am I?

Then answered,

I am myself.

But who is myself?

Why am I myself

and not somebody else?

Why was I put into this world?

What use can I be?

How can I find out?

Hey, I don't know how, but

I WILL FIND OUT

tomorrow.

Tomorrow though was too late for him.

He never found out, because for him

tomorrow was always soon enough.

*Glenda Johnston
10th*

THE OLD HOME

There is an old home in Kentucky,
Dear to me even though I haven't lived there.

It sits back from the road among trees, up a twisting
drive, as lovely as it was in its glory.

It has seen many a day, children scampering through
the halls at a family reunion and even Yankees in
the yard.

In the parlor stands an organ, an organ I love to
play.

The sun filters in on the old keys and a note seems
to be heard.

Long lace curtains flutter in the breeze, a breeze
that is the ghost of a breeze blown long ago.

On the walls of that old parlor hang pictures of our
kin now gone, but remaining to watch over the
old home with wise old eyes, a little faded with
age but still there.

I want to return as did others, I'm sure, to play that
old organ, walk through the house and up the
stairs to the bedrooms to see a lovely view.

To feel a part of the past, a past that shall never
return again.

*Caroline Lynch
10th*

DEATH

Lose your breath
..... forever!

*Kenny Harding
12th*

SUMMER

The sunshine on wings had left,
Red dew drops were tasted no more.
Deep blue pools no longer played
joyously in summers dawns.
The jovial daffodils nodding in
rays of golden lace were gone.

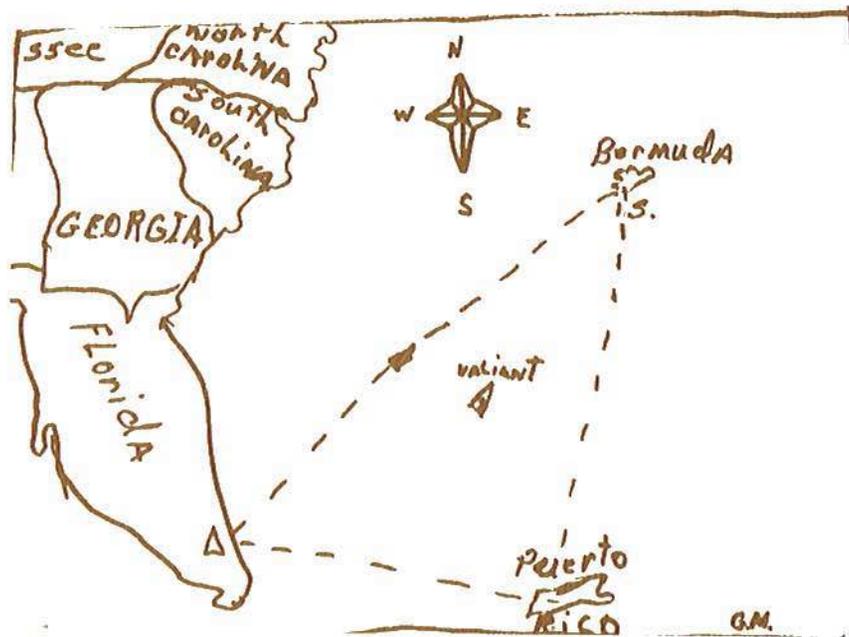
She is dead.

*Tami Brandon
9th*

YOUNG TED

There was a young man named Ted,
Who slept on a guillotine bed.
He woke up one day,
Much to his dismay,
Young Ted was without any head!

*Brenda Potter
12th*



MISSING

The most treacherous and mysterious part of the Atlantic Ocean exists east of Florida. The "Bermuda Triangle" as it is called, can be seen by drawing a line on a map from Miami to Puerto Rico, then to Bermuda, and back to Miami. Over a thousand people and more than one hundred planes and ships have disappeared there. Extensive searches have been made, but no wreckage or bodies have been found.

Alex Limbo, a writer and adventurer, had written many books on the subject and was planning a voyage around the area in a small ocean going vessel. Going along with him was his co-writer, Benny Mills. Three famous scientists, Dr. Harold Weed and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Harris, also accompanied him. The name of the ship was the "Valiant".

The ship left Miami on Wednesday, June 4, 1973, at 2:30 in the afternoon. The voyage was to last about a month. They left well equipped. They had sonar equipment, radar, swimming gear and a very powerful radio transmitter.

They were to radio Miami every three hours each day. Should they not call in, their last position would be calculated and search planes would be sent out along with coast guard patrols.

The voyage didn't get much public acclaim at first, but in the end would be regarded as one of the strangest happenings of the century.

The first two weeks of the trip passed with little excitement, but on Tuesday of the third week a strange object was seen on the radar screen. After Alex radioed in the Valiant's position and the object's position, they began their thirty mile trek to the immobile blip. It only took fifty minutes to get to it.

When they got a half mile away from where it was supposed to be, they couldn't see anything. Dr. Weed thought the radar had malfunctioned. He ran a check on it, and it was working fine. Alex then radioed Miami to give position. Half way through the message, the radio quit and started buzzing.

The sun was high in the sky, but it started getting darker and colder. The thermometer burst into a hundred pieces. Then like someone had just flipped on a strobe light, light started vibrating all around them. They all went down into the cabin but Alex, who tried to turn the ship around. He finally gave up after he fell about four times. Everything around the ship was spinning. Alex glanced at the compass which was spinning like a bicycle wheel. Mrs. Harris looked into the mirror. It looked like a bottomless pit. She thought she could see very far into it. Then the mirror exploded.

Dr. Weed put his hand on the table and leaned against it only to find his hand sinking through the table. "Fifth dimension," he said. "We're in the fifth dimension." They all looked around and saw him moving his hand around in the table.

"No," said Mr. Harris. "If we were in the fifth dimension, we couldn't stand on the floor. Look, I can pick up this chair. We are in some other dimension."

"I'll try to make radio contact," said Alex, "but don't touch anything else electrical." Suddenly over the radio burst the message, "K12 Miami to Valiant, come in Valiant, over." Alex grabbed the microphone and tried to talk, but he couldn't get any messages through. However, the crew of the Valiant could hear Miami calling them.

They enjoyed themselves for a few minutes experimenting with their ability to occupy the same space as other objects. Soon it got painful for them to stick their hands into the side of the wall. When they stuck a pencil through a beer mug, the pencil and the mug both blew up.

They were the only people in the world who understood the mystery of the "Bermuda Triangle", and they didn't think they would live to tell anyone.

They were very worried when Alex looked through the porthole and saw a ship headed right for them. The ship was deserted and drifting aimlessly toward

them. "Everybody on deck!" cried Alex. Benny grabbed a pocket-sized inflatable life raft before going up.

They all jumped just as the ship hit. Mrs. Harris, who jumped early, went floating out in space. The rest of them landed in the ocean. They were very tired and so sore they could hardly move. The life raft was inflated by pulling a cord and they all got in and collapsed.

They woke up in an Army hospital in Miami, where they were told several strange things. They had been missing for over a year. It seemed like a few hours to them. They also had slept a week after they were picked up by a sea plane.

They were in the hospital for at least two weeks, getting their strength back.

They thought they had solved the mystery, but actually they had just added to it.

*David Wales
11th*

YOU AND I

Flaws I have,

But so do you.

Sins I may commit,

But so may you.

Tense I may become,

But so will you.

Forgiveness I can have

And so can you.

*Judy Hale
12th*

MY FRIEND

It's been a long time,

But the time has finally come,

The time when you must go,

To the great beyond above.

You worked your life away,

To serve the mighty God above,

He hath seen you do it all,

Which is why ye shall not die.

Men can harm your body,

But your soul, they cannot touch;

Satan tried to control it,

But the Lord was there to protect!

So now ye shall go on thy way,

To the great land above,

So when the day comes for me,

I shall meet thee above.

*Lovetta Loy
11th*

HAPPINESS IS

Happiness is

having the wonderful parents
who spend a lot of time and effort
trying to make their children's lives
more worthwhile.

Happiness is

having friends
people who can share their feelings
thoughts and opinions
people working together and caring
for each other.

Happiness is

having teachers
who try to the best of their ability
to lead and guide students into
the field of knowledge and strive
to help us form a goal in life.

Happiness is

being a citizen of our country
enjoying the freedoms of our country
and living in a world of peace.

Happiness is

having the special person in your life
someone who is patient, kind and
considerate of your feelings.

Happiness is

YOU and ME!

Sharon Rousseau
12th

THE BRIDGE

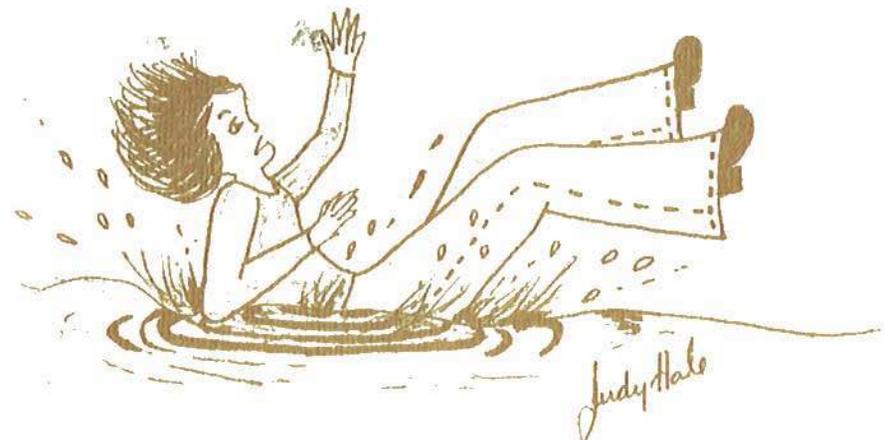
Every time I come to the top of a bridge, as I am doing now, I get a funny feeling inside me. It is as if I would like to jump, but I always manage to resist the temptation. This time seems different from all the others. I want to jump so bad I can hardly stand it. Maybe it is because I am all alone up here. Everyone seems so distant, so cold, so busy. They don't care. I am going to jump, just for the satisfaction of my soul. (Jump)

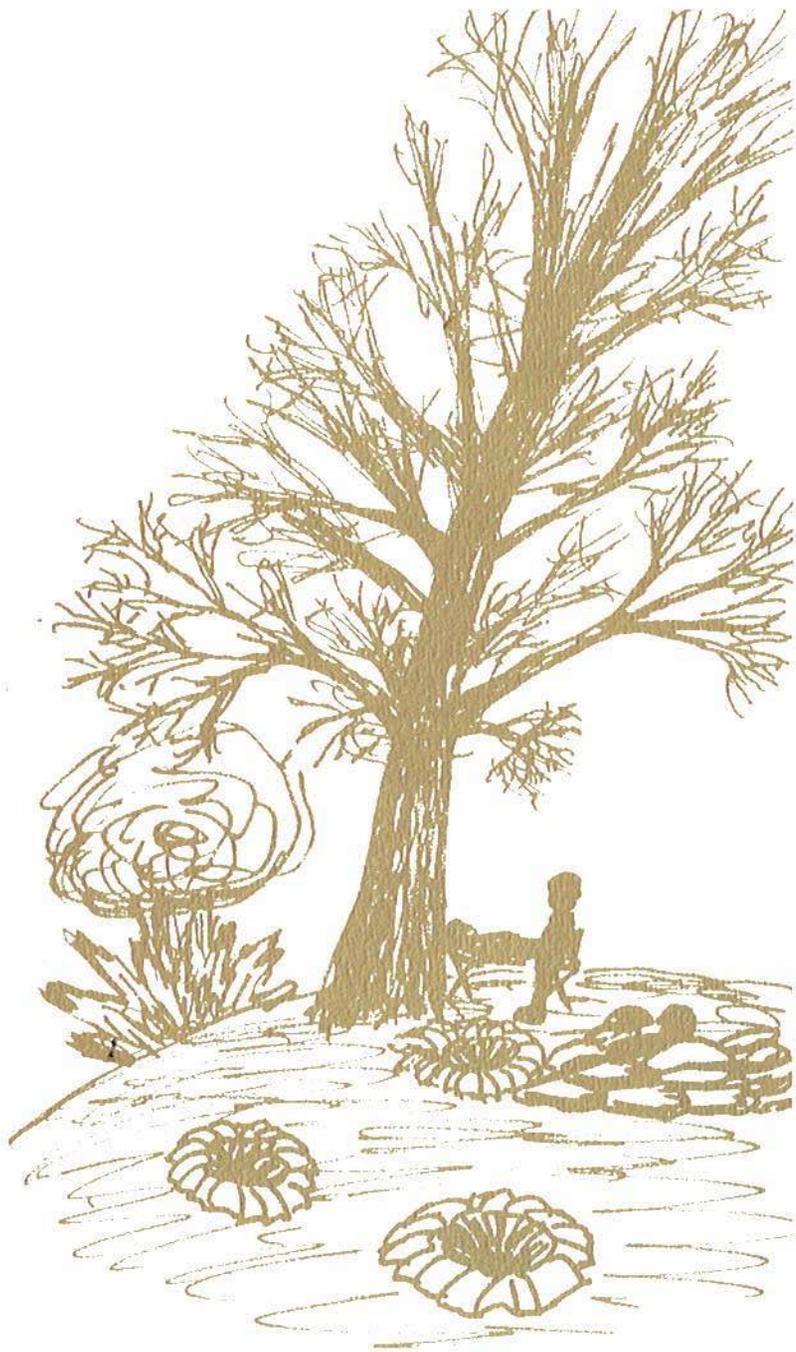
Ah, this feels good. I didn't know that there could be such a blissful feeling. It's like dropping through the air as if I were a falling star.

But wait a minute! This isn't what I really wanted to do!

I . . . (Splash) I can't swim! I . . .

Judy Hale
12th





THE FINAL CRY

A scream erupts through the silence. Beneath a tree, a man is sprawled on a blood-soaked cot. He is overcome by convulsions, and, at the same instant, another scream, this one more piercing than the first. He has been trapped on a deserted hill with only five men for two days. He was wounded when a shell crashed into his bunker. Three of his friends died. His leg is horribly mangled and he is in unimaginable pain.

"Why did this have to happen to me? Why me?" he cries in anguish and despair.

A sergeant, the only member of the company who seemed to care about him, sauntered over to him. Obviously trying hard to contain his emotions, he said in a voice which he made as gruff as he was able, "Don't think of yourself all the time. Remember, you could have been where those dudes next to you were. You ain't dead yet, and if you quit squealing like that, you'll get away from here tomorrow morning. They're sending another regiment in to relieve us. Heaven knows we need it."

Those words seemed to calm the soldier for a time. Darkness came, and then, morning. Soon it was afternoon, and they were still trapped. No help was in sight. Again, the moans that only a dying man can make began.

"I'm dying! I'm dying! I'm gonna die!" he yelled at the top of what voice he had left. The effort which that scream took caused him to turn over. He fell off the cot, and his full weight went on his injured leg. The shriek he let out was ear-splitting. Since the medical officer was dead, the sergeant came running when he heard the cry and laid the soldier back on the cot. Saying little, he walked away. The wound began to bleed again. Soon gangrene would set in, spelling doom for him.

Two more days pass. Time is running short; still no sign of help. The soldier, now much too weak to scream or even talk, simply lays on the cot in a cold sweat. Even the sergeant, himself slightly wounded, has given up trying to encourage the dying man. All hope is gone; silence.

Suddenly in the distance, a bell speaks its single word. The soldier and the sergeant rise and walk to a table nearby. Pouring himself a cup of coffee, the soldier remarks, "I wish I'd never become an actor."

*1st AAUW award
Walt Kennamer
11th*

STOP POLLUTING

The joy of the night when all is quiet,
Just the kitten and me and one dim light;
The frogs are croaking down by the lake
The crickets are noisy, I'm up late.
I walked outside and stood on the ground
The clouds were scattered, the stars shining down,
I looked toward the mountains but all I could see
Was the bulk of the rocks, the big tall trees.
I looked cross the lake and saw very soon
The orange-like reflection of a huge velvet moon.
I looked at the flowers that were growing all around
And the beautiful green grass so dewy on the ground,
I turned to the woods 'cause I heard a dog howl,
I saw the big eyes of a quiet perching owl;
I saw a quail flying high in the sky above,
I could hear the melody of an awakening turtle-dove.
The world is beautiful where people aren't around
Polluting the water, throwing trash on the ground,
I don't see at all how people can think
That the earth'll be destroyed and now's on the brink.
The world is beautiful; I'm sure we'll all agree
That it's just some of the people who are making it be
Like it is right now, in a jumbled up mess.
If these people were gone, it would be for the best
But they're not gone, they're here around us;

So let us show them to stop pollution is a must!
You can have the cities with the smoke and steam
I'll stick with the mountains, the lakes and streams.

*Ricky Little
12th*

I WISH I WERE SEVEN AGAIN

I wish I were seven again,
I might even settle for ten.
I wish I could go
To the Saturday show
And take the bus back home again.

*Gary Lacky
12th*



TOMORROW

... maybe the sun will shine
and catch the shadow
you've cast in my mind.

*Hon. Mention -
Fortnightly Book Club
Chris Himburg
12th*



BEAUTIFUL EARTH

The sleeping man opened his eyes and just lay there for a minute. Looking up at the clouds and the beautiful sky, he wondered why he had never noticed them being so beautiful before.

At this time he sat up and looked around. Everything was so breathtakingly beautiful that a warm feeling ran through his body. He was sitting in the middle of a green grassy field that was surrounded by an enchanting forest. In the background were some large snow-capped mountains. The forest went all the way to the foot of the mountains, then just blended into the majestic monuments. Behind him, the field went a few thousand yards, with the forest on both sides. Then the field went over a hill beyond which he could not see.

That is when it dawned on him, the last thing he remembered was the accident. He remembered how on a rainy and slippery road in the mid-spring his car went out of control and kept spinning and spinning. He recalled how the car was slung off the road and how when it hit the telephone pole he tried with all his strength to hang on to the steering wheel but was unable. But . . . that was the last thing he remembered. And all this seemed like it just happened yesterday. He quickly looked at his arms and legs, desperately searching for any scars. But there weren't any; no scars, no gashes, not even a scratch. He wondered how this could be, and what in the world could have happened after the car accident.

He looked up at the scenery again. He began to wonder where he was and how he got there.

He jumped to his feet and started walking rapidly toward the forest, thinking, "I've got so many questions. There have to be some kind of answers around somewhere. Surely there's someone or something living around here."

He stopped when he got to the edge of the forest. It was bright and beautiful with green ferns and wild flowers. But he was frightened at this point because he was afraid that if he went in this forest there might be some wild animal looking for an easy meal. And right now he needed people to talk to, not animals to run from.

So he settled for walking to the edge of the forest and seeing what was on the other side of the hill. He hoped it weren't another forest.

While walking he kept pondering on the thought of what happened after the accident. Was he taken to a hospital? If so, then what was he doing asleep in a strange field in a place he had never been before?

In the corner of his eyes he noticed something move behind a group of trees. As he looked over there, something much bigger than he, pounced on him. The animal effortlessly knocked him down. The man started kicking and hitting it as hard as he could. But he saw that this was getting him nowhere because the beast held him down with a firm paw. He knew that the only thing left to do was yell for help and let whatever would, come.

After a few seconds of yelling a young lady came running over the hill. When she got to the man she stood there and started laughing. He looked at her wondering what was so funny. Then she started shooing the animal away in a gentle way, pulling at the fur around its neck.

The huge animal walked away and the young lady smiled and helped the man up. He was now very weak-kneed and almost fell as he stood up. While dusting himself off, he introduced himself to the young lady.

"Hello, my name is Ted Harrison."

"My name is Christy Daniels."

"What was that big ball of fur that just tackled me?"

"Oh, that was just one of the lions. They're harmless now. They won't even hurt the sheep."

Ted looked at her and noticed that she wasn't much younger than he was. They both sat down and Ted started asking questions—one right after the other. He finally told her all about the accident and his waking up in the field.

"Well, maybe I can answer most of your questions by explaining what has happened since your accident. First of all, a few years after your car wreck the conditions on the earth started getting worse. There was world-wide famine, with many different shortages like food shortages and gasoline shortages, also politics were getting mixed up in all kinds of crookedness; there was a very bad case of world-wide inflation; the dollar got to be completely worthless and conditions were getting worse. It got so bad that it was hard to just stay alive. Then when it seemed like nothing was going to change or let up, an enormous world-wide war came. Fire came falling from the sky and there were earthquakes everywhere. When it was all over, millions of people were dead. They were lying everywhere. It would have made you sick but everyone who was alive was on his knees praising God for finding goodness in their hearts and preserving them through that war.

Between then and now we've been in clean-up work cleansing the earth into a beautiful paradise. Getting rid of the wicked remains of the sinful system of things that was on this earth. But we couldn't do it without God's help."

"But where have I been since my accident?"

"You've been asleep, or should I say, you've been dead. You have just now been resurrected back to life by God. All the people who have died before this war will be resurrected and given a chance to accept this truth and given a chance to praise God and be one of his followers forever. Satan, the Devil, was cast into an abyss by God in this war and he will stay there for a thousand years. After this time he will be let loose for a little while and then be destroyed for all times. But now there is no more death, no more sickness, not even wickedness. All we have to do is to praise God just like he purposed man in the first place with Adam and Eve."

After sitting there talking half the day, the two got up and walked over the hill. Here Ted could see a few scattered houses around a beautiful pond. A few houses could be seen in the woods. He could also see many animals who used to be enemies of each other now playing with one another.

Ted looked at Christy with a smile and said, "I've got so many questions that need answers, but most of them can wait. Right now I want to say that if anyone had told me that all this was going to happen before I died I would not have believed them. In fact, I probably would have called them all liars behind their backs. But I'm so glad that I understand now that this is true, and that I'm actually here with the prospects of living forever in a perfect world that is ruled by God and not by man."

"I'm glad, too. Right now how would you like to meet some of my friends and afterwards we can both go and eat supper at my house? There you can meet my parents and they can help me answer some of your questions."

"I'd like that very much."

*Ricky Little
12th*



"EAG"

Eagl
es s
houl
d re
ma
in fr
ee,
li
ke A
meri
ca.

*Sharon Brandon
10th*

DON'T YOU?

There sat a tiny bird

on my window sill.

Although it was all alone

it seemed very happy.

I wish I were like that bird,

happy when I'm alone.

Don't you?

There was a little squirrel

running on the ground.

Gathering nuts for food

during the cold winter months.

I wish I were like that squirrel

prepared for the future.

Don't you?

*Judy Maynor
12th*

THE BOUNDARIES OF DEATH

I am walking through the night. Tired from my day's toils, I am trudging homeward. Suddenly, from behind me, I hear footsteps advancing toward me. I turn and only darkness greets me. I continue homeward. There! I know I heard footsteps!

Slowly I turn around. There, only ten paces behind me, is a man with a long, sharp knife held tightly in his grip! I step backwards; he follows! Quickly, I turn and begin running. He follows, slowly at first, then quickens his pace. I sense him closer behind me.

I race madly down the deserted street with that, that madman, yes, madman, at my heels! Faster I run, screaming to the darkness; from close behind only laughs, hysterical laughs, reach my ears.

Running, running, running, screaming and screaming we dash through the night! My pursuer has but one thought on his mind—murder!

I quicken my speed. How much more agony must I endure? We round another corner. I have lost all sense of direction. An occasional street light describes his knife glistening in the night.

Faster and faster I run, crying out to the infinite black night for mercy. My heart is beating madly. It is so loud and fast it reminds me of the old clock on the square, ticking away its life, as my heart is pounding away mine! Has everyone forsaken me?

Blindly, I hurl myself forward. I trip! I fall into the gutter, gasping for breath. The sewage water pours over my body. I listen for the footsteps. They are coming toward me, slowly. I struggle to rise, and fail. Again I plead with the night, but in vain!

He is upon me! "No, no!" I cry! He leans forward on his knees, raises the dagger and plunges it into my breast, again and again! The pain is unbearable! Vaguely, I hear shots ripping through the night. A body falls upon me with a scream of madness . . .

"Where am I? Why am I here?" I ask myself. Then I remember what has happened. Slowly I regain my feet and glance dazedly about me.

What is this? Why, that bloodstained body in the gutter is my own! The other body—my murderer's! Then . . . I must now be . . .

I begin to stumble away from the place. I hear something behind me, coming closer and closer. Slowly, I turn—and see nothing; yet I sense a presence near. I resume my awkward pace through the night. Then—the footsteps! Tracking me, hunting me down in the night!

I begin to run. The footsteps follow, again upon my heels! Faster and faster we race through the night—even after the boundaries of death . . .

Doug Owens
9th

FAIRHILL
To L.B.C.

Down on the plains, up on a hill,

How I wish that I could be there!

That is where my forefathers gathered,

Built their dreams from clay and wood.

Once the rich soil was white with cotton,

Now the cattle graze slowly.

Headstones are fenced, but cannot hold them—

Spirits of the ancient kinsmen,

Hollowness abides within,

Covered by the wooden clapboards.

No one sees a body standing,

But I know they still are there.

Paula Dawson
12th

HOW COME HOLDING HANDS
FEELS SO GOOD?

Why does it make you have butterflies inside,
When he holds your hand,
And looks into your eyes?

What is the purpose of smiling into space,
When you hear his voice,
When you see his face?

Why do you always wonder if he'll call,
When you know all along that he
Always calls?

What is the reason for being so weak,
When he kisses your lips,
And he tastes so sweet?
And . . .

How
Come
Holding
Hands
Feels
So
Good?

Jami McGinty
11th

GIRL OVERBOARD!

As I lie here on the bathroom floor, shuddering, I can look back with calm retrospect upon my "fun-filled" weekend and cry. A glorious weekend under the blazing Florida sun, the brochure had said. Boy, was that the understatement of the year!

How I allowed Maggie, my ex-best friend, to talk me into this wild venture I will never know. Surely it was temporary insanity! It was our Columbus Day weekend and she appealed to my sense of patriotic duty by saying the only American way to spend the holiday was as Columbus did. "Just the ship, the open sky, the blue ocean, and me," she said. How could any red-blooded American refuse?

It was a 400-mile trip to Florida and it rained all the way. I began to have doubts about our trip when the captain told us that we would be charged ten dollars extra due to the purchase of some new electric reels. He said he was sorry and hoped that we understood this was only for our comfort and convenience.

Our ship was the luxurious Star Queen. Our skipper was Captain Robert G. Davis. To a scurvy landlubber like me it could have been the Titanic and Captain Blye.

We pulled out around midnight in a drizzling rain and a slight fog. I was hoping a good night's sleep would settle my already queasy stomach. But my sleep and my stomach were disturbed before I had laid down good. Somehow I had gotten myself in the same cabin with a couple of girls who were smashed. The rules said no alcoholic drinks on board ship, but nothing about coming on ship drunk.

They were laughing and giggling about how much fun they were going to have this weekend. "Oh, won't this be a blast?" one would say. "Yeah!" the other would reply, "just like in The Poseidon Adventure." Then they would let loose another hysterical laugh and yell at their boyfriends who were in the cabin next to us.

Needless to say, I got little sleep that night. What sleep I had was plagued with nightmares of icebergs, vortices, and tidal waves. Maggie came to drag me out of bed at 4:30 to be sure I'd see the sun rise. The only problem was that the fog was so thick we couldn't tell when the sun had risen.

My real troubles began at breakfast. The very smell of the bacon and eggs sent me flying to the bathroom. To my dismay, my stoned friends of the night before

had beaten me to it. I had no choice but to do what Columbus must have done—I ran and hung over the rail of the ship.

Hanging over the rail wouldn't have been so bad except for the fact that the blazing Florida sun had turned into a turbulent Florida storm. The rain pelted down in sheets, the wind was howling furiously, and the boat was rocking back and forth, back and forth.

Maggie came running out on the deck with a bottle of reddish looking medicine. I think it must have been seasickness medicine, but I never did find out. Before Maggie got to me, a big wave jostled the boat and sent me hurtling overboard.

I could hear Maggie screaming, "Girl overboard!" as I tumbled endlessly down and finally splashed into the swirling water. It wasn't the fact that I couldn't swim, or that we were in shark-infested water 100 miles away from any land that really scared me, it was just that my insurance payments were overdue and I was afraid they wouldn't pay my family anything after my death. That'll cure my procrastination, I thought.

I don't know how they could see well enough to pick me out of the water. It must have been the way the whites of my eyes contrasted with my green complexion. All I remember is the captain hoisting me up over the ship's rail and Maggie telling me I was going to be all right.

All I remember from then till now is that I kept having awful nightmares. Once I thought a shark was attacking me. Another time I thought a giant jellyfish was trying to eat me.

As soon as I'm able, I'm going to throw away my aquarium and flush all my tropical fish down the commode. Then I'm going to write an essay exposing Columbus as the lunatic he really was. What's really unfair is that I was the one who fell off the edge of the world.

*Hon. Mention—AAUW
Sherry Tyler
11th*



HIS EYES

In his eyes

I can see his life,

I can see his thoughts,

I can see his strife.

And

In his eyes

I can touch his life,

I can touch his thoughts,

I can touch his strife.

But,

What do you do,

when he stops looking at you?

*Jami McGinty
11th*

A RACE TO REMEMBER

"Well, I'm finally here," I thought to myself as I jumped out of my old Ford truck. It was at one of the best motocross cycle tracks in the world—not only the best but the toughest and the hardest to endure. Its famous 100⁰ southern California weather had caused drivers to pass out for several minutes. It was Sunday morning and in a few hours I would begin my first motocross race with the champions.

As I unloaded my beat up Yamaha 250 off the truck, I stopped for a moment, tried to imagine what all this bike had been through and how important it was to me today. Here I was, Leroy Delgatos, about to enter the race that would mean the beginning or ending of my dirtcycle racing. Why I was out here, I didn't know. One thing I knew was that I could go away from here \$1,000 richer or broke as a Chicago bum.

I went to the clubhouse to sign in and pay my entry fee. Then I decided to take a practice ride around the track that they used for smaller races. After 10 minutes of riding I was already worn out. "This is going to be a race I'll never finish," I thought. Maybe I should hang it up now.

Then Jim Pomperia walked over to me. He's one of the best motocross racers in the United States. He looked at me, then looked over at his friend whom I had just recognized. It was Gary Jones, 3-time grand national champion. Then he asked me why I was wasting my time.

"You won't even finish, Rookie," he said.

Then he walked off laughing. That worried me; maybe I was beat already. Maybe I should forget about this race and go back home. But I can't go back now after driving nearly 300 miles. I'll try to forget about what they said. I know I am just as good a competitor as they are.

I went back to the clubhouse to find out when I would race. The guy at the desk looked up, shoved a pink slip in my face and went on reading a book. As I left the clubhouse, I saw Don Vesco, another champion. He looked up, grunted, and then went back to tuning his bike.

"This sure is a friendly bunch of champions," I thought.

The slip said I would race in about four hours if everything ran on schedule. I went back to the truck to do some minor adjusting to my bike.

In an hour I had tightened my chain ten times, oiled it four times, drunk

eight cokes, and consumed three hamburgers. By race time I was so bloated I could hardly get on my bike.

I finally made it to the starting line. I noticed a group of drivers gathered in the center of the track. In the middle of the group was the judge giving some rules about the race. Since there was an Osso 250 tuning in the pits, the only thing I heard, or maybe the only thing he said, was, "Rule No. 1 — Ref is always right; Rule No. 2 . . ."

After the meeting I walked back to the starting line and on my way I looked around the track. It was lined with hundreds of fans as far as I could see. I got on my bike, looked at my competition, and almost walked off the track. "Look at all those fancy dirt bikes. I haven't got a chance. I'm as good as beat." I decided to go on and race. Maybe I could get lucky.

The flagman said, "Start your engines." All the fans stood up, and by the time the gun sounded I was left in a cloud of dust. I didn't give up then; I popped a wheely and took off giving my bike all it had. I caught up and passed the first five riders and took the lead. My bike was running like it never had before. I couldn't believe it! I was in the lead and stayed there the rest of the race. I crossed the finish line, got off my bike and almost stumbled. I was in a daze when I collected the money.

I loaded up my bike and left receiving no pats on the back, no congratulations. But I had all I needed—the money and the encouragement to continue racing.

*Glen Pendergrass
9th*

MISTY

The silver wings of time had flown,
A cherub's smile, my Misty's own.
Golden moments, a fleeting fawn,
A poem, a kiss, and Misty's gone.

*Tami Brandon
9th*

THE SILVER WINGS OF TIME

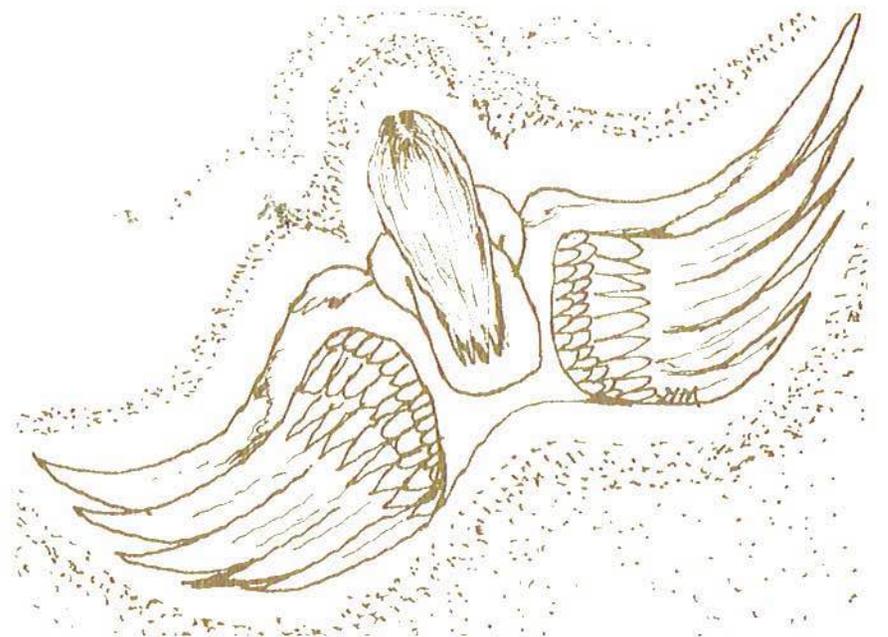
My love was here a day ago,
was here again today.

But left me on the silver wings,
of time that slipped away.

'Twas there we sat beneath the stars,
'Twas there we sat today.

For time has passed us by you see,
has passed us on the way.

*Tami Brandon
9th*



THE NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT OUT IN BAMA

(or "When the Decatur Donkeys Should
Have Stayed At Home")

The Game: The State 4-A playoff finals between the Decatur Donkeys—BOO!—and the Burrytown Bears—YEA! (The writer must admit to a slight partiality.) The Time: One hour before kickoff (in other words, 6:30 P.M.). The Setting: The Burrytown Bear locker room, where Fred Fullback, our esteemed hero, is nervously pacing the tile floor. (It used to be carpeted until he wore it out by nervously pacing it.) Fred is, as we said before, extremely nervous. This game is to decide the State 4-A champion, and Fred, being the Bears' star fullback, naturally wants the Bears to win. Also, he is only four points away from breaking a school scoring record; and a touchdown being worth six points—or so it was the last time we looked—he can set a new record tonight, which is always a nice thing for a hero to do.

Fred is frantically reviewing his plays. "63—slant left—watch Sam Strongback—64 right—I wonder if Sally Cheerleader is here yet—keep your mind on the game—watch for that left guard—keep low—hit hard—I wonder if Sally Cheerleader will wear my Bear letter jacket tonight—keep your mind on the game—36 fake—Question Quarterback usually messes that one up—I wonder if Sally Cheerleader—Fred, keep your mind on the game!

Fred stops nervously pacing while Tommy Trainer tapes his ankle, then resumes pacing and mumbling at the same time (which, incidentally, is no small feat for a typical dumb jock, and of course our hero must be typical.)

The action switches to the field: Sally Cheerleader is also nervous, but she isn't pacing. She's nervously running . . . and yelling . . . and thinking about Fred Fullback . . . and putting up signs . . . and thinking about Fred Fullback . . . and practicing her back exercise she learned from Coach Babyface . . . and thinking about Fred Fullback . . . and sewing Polly Pal's letter on her uniform . . . and, lest we forget, thinking about Fred Fullback. Sally, like every other true Bear fan, is thinking of The Big Question: Can Fred Fullback break the high school career record of 132 points set by Harry Halfback in 1926? Will he do it?

Somehow, Fred and Sally manage to control their nervous pacing and running so that the game can start. The Bears, who have won the toss, elect to receive. Burrytown gets the ball on its own thirty-five yard line. That is about all they get. Being thus forced to punt, they surrender the ball to the Donkeys, who then have the same luck. So the game goes the first two quarters: no penalties, no fumbles, no mistakes, no yardages, and no scores!

At halftime, there is more nervous pacing in the Bear locker room. Fred Fullback nervously paces away the tile under the carpet that he nervously paced away the week before. Coach Babyface nervously digs through his files for a copy of his "All-Time Inspiring Half-Time Talk." Out on the field, Sally Cheerleader is again nervously running and yelling.

Finally, the second half begins, and it is almost as bad as the first! Actually, it is worse, because, with two minutes left on the clock and two minutes left in the game also, we find Decatur in field-goal position! But, unluckily for them and luckily for Burrytown, our esteemed hero, Fred Fullback, blocked the attempt. All is not lost! (Of course not! Heroes aren't supposed to lose!)

The Bears now have a first and ten on their own twenty. Quentin Quarterback calls the snap, and hands off to—is it?—yes, it's Fred Fullback! Twelve yards and a first down! Then: Fred Fullback—7 yards. Sam Strongback—4 yards. Sam Strongback—6 yards. Fred Fullback—fourteen yards. What a triple option! Quentin Quarterback—5 yards. Randy Runningback—6 yards. Fred Fullback—8 yards. (In case you're wondering where the Decatur defense is all this time, don't ask Decatur. They still don't know!) Fred Fullback—4 yards. Randy Runningback—thirteen yards. Fred Fullback—4 yards. Fred Fullback—1 yard. Fred Fullback—1 yard. Now—The Big Moment: fourth and goal on the Decatur one with only six seconds left!!!! Can they do it? Can Fred Fullback score for the touchdown, the ballgame, the championship, the school record, and Sally Cheerleader???

The Bears call time out and the tension grows. On the sidelines, all the players and coaches are now nervously pacing. Sally Cheerleader is again nervously running and yelling.

Then: The whistle! The teams set! The signal! The snap! The handoff! The lights! Wait a minute! Did we say lights? Yes, we did! We said the lights!! As Fred goes into action, the lights go out and the stadium goes wild!!! Now is the time for some nervous pacing! What is happening? Where is the power truck? Where is Fred?

Two agonizing minutes go by until—on the lights flash to reveal Fred lying under a pile of Decatur Donkeys—in the end zone!!! (He didn't even know where he was until the lights came on!) The crowd is delirious!! The extra point is good, and the countdown is even better! 4—3—2—1—VICTORY! Fred Fullback has done it again! He hugs Sally Cheerleader, Sam Strongback, Quentin Quarterback, Sally Cheerleader, Terry Tightend, Sally Cheerleader, Randy Runningback, Tommy Trainer, Coach Babyface, and last but not least (probably even most!), Sally Cheerleader. The Burrytown Bears have won the game 7-0,

have become the State 4-A champions, Fred Fullback has set a BHS career record of 134 points, and they all live happily ever after. (Except, of course, for the Decatur Donkeys, who sneak out the back way mumbling, "Just wait till next year")—which all goes to prove that heroes always win!!!

*Sharon Gay
11th*

DANGER IS LURKING

Why do I feel the way I do?

I feel so weird within my soul,

As if something terrible

Is on its way to destruction.

On Sunday I felt so great,

As if nothing could harm me again,

But now, it's as if

I'm going to lose all of that.

It could and seems to be various things,

Such as death of a close friend,

Or even more, death coming for me,

But somewhere nearby, danger is lurking.

I only hope and pray,

Whatever comes of it,

That if it's trouble for a friend or me,

God will be there to protect.

*Lovetta Loy
11th*

THE OLD MAN

In a peaceful little valley lies a two story white
farm house and a red barn,

It is fall and all the trees are in beautiful red
and gold,

The dew of early morning has left its drops upon
the grass, as an old man in faded overalls goes
to milk his cows.

The old man stops and looks around at the soft rays
of sun peeping over the mountain,

He has lived in the same spot ever since he was a
young boy.

He notices how things have changed.

Once a dirt road passed in front of his home.

Now in the autumn of his years he remembers too,
how he would go to the creek on hot summer
afternoons to swim.

He was married but now that is gone too.

Without his wife he feels nothing is left.

Instead of going to the barn, he goes to the top
of a little hill.

There his beloved wife lies.

Goldenrod nod in the cool breeze, over her head.

It was fifty years ago this day that she passed away.

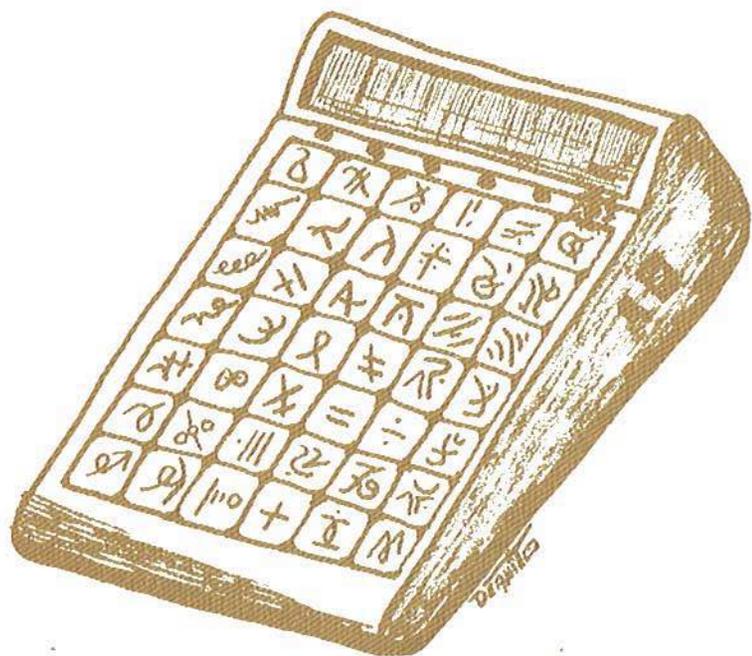
The tired old man sits down to rest.

His head nods and he is gone, now to be with his wife.

The breeze continues to blow.

He is happy and at rest at last.

*Caroline Lynch
10th*



JUDGMENT DAY

I have a great aversion to pocket calculators or anything that resembles one. They have scared me for over eight and one-half years and until last month neither my psychiatrist nor I understood why. I wish I still didn't remember why. Yes, remember why.

It all began over eight years ago. My name is Millo Barcello (two l's) and I was an up and coming cryptographer working for the government. During my summer vacation, about a week before my birthday, a package came. It was in a plain brown wrapper addressed to Millo Barcello. At the time I thought it was just a mistake in spelling but I know better now. I opened the package and gazed upon what vaguely resembled a pocket calculator with buttons marked in strange symbols. Naturally I assumed one of my friends had sent it to me for my birthday as a kind of challenge. So I set to work and without undue trouble came up with the meaning of the symbols. Not understanding what the machine's actual function was, I pressed the button with the symbol for activate on it. Immediately a string of code began running across the digital screen. It repeated itself several times and I copied it down. Finally it stopped, a tiny green light blinked into existence and the keyboard that had been frozen up to this point was freed. This was all very strange to me and by now the unusual design and incomprehensible function of the machine was readily apparent. I sat for quite a while pondering until the green light changed to yellow and a soft

periodic beep began issuing from the device. I became more curious by the minute, and being also just a little bit alarmed, I tried to shut the machine off, only to discover I was unable to do so. After a while the yellow light changed to red, and new shorter sets of symbols flowed across the screen and then the device went dead with an ominous click. Despite my best efforts I couldn't start it again. My curiosity by that time was inflamed and having nothing else to occupy my time, I set to work trying to translate the symbols that by now I was sure comprised a code. After several days of continuous work, I had cracked the code which turned out to be simple yet so unique in its method of construction that I wondered at the mind that conceived it.

At last I was going to see what message the symbols contained. I started transposing the last group of symbols first and was somewhat startled at their message content. It read, "Failed received recognition and codeword: Only assume trouble institute search seize procedure X56!" I feverishly set to work on the other set of symbols. Slowly a message took shape. "Greetings fellow observer Barcello (one l). Here is the data for transmission to the home world via watcher ship 65." This was followed by sets of figures on human population, growth, reports on various portions of our social system, government, economy, and what appeared to be the psychology of humans, to mention just part of the message content. I was, of course, dumfounded but the conclusion of the message is what really shook me. It read, "I trust you had a smooth trip from the home world. The detection devices of these humans grow more of a nuisance each decade. Fortunately our studies will be sufficiently complete within eight years to allow the Council to decide whether the race of this planet will eventually become an asset or a danger to the Federation if it is allowed to mature and to decide on its continual existence or destruction."

By that time I didn't know what to believe so I went to bed. What happened that night even now I have only a hazy, sleep-blurred recollection of. All I recall are two shapes by my bedside, a trilling sound and a disk of spinning colors hanging without support above my head. I awoke the next morning and prepared to go fishing. I didn't notice that the machine and notes were gone for I didn't remember a thing about them and haven't up until about a month ago. And ever since I have had this great aversion for anything that resembles that alien machine. Since my memory returned I have been living in a cloud of anxiety. Has the Council come to a decision? How long would it take an alien council to reach such a decision? Have homo sapiens been judged fit for an eventual place among the stars or has the Council just not decided on the date of our obliteration?

*John Wolf
12th*

U. S. AND FREEDOM

Freedom is a magic key.
Ours started with a ship load of tea,
"England . . . set us free!"
This was our plea.
Determination made it a reality;
Men died for you and me.
Their effort, not an I, but we,
Built a land based on equality.
Get down on bended knee,
You will surely see,
It's the only way to be.

*Dean Guthrie
12th*

MELODIOUS WALK

I walked alone through meadows green,
I listened to the robins sing
a melody so sweet and dear,
and there I felt that God was near.

*2nd Wildcat Poetry Contest
Tami Brandon
9th*

THE GHOST

I went for a walk one evening under old willows whose old trunks leaned a little over the stream. There was a mist which heavily laid about the stream and around the valley. And staring ahead, I saw a pillar of mist standing higher than the rest, which ended among the darkening woods. It seemed so strange just standing there, in all the dim of evening. I moved nearer to see it, but it was hard because of the distance I was from it. As I moved toward it, and the river mist lessened between us, I saw it clearer. I stood facing the diaphonous figure.

One by one lights appeared where there had been none before, as the twilight of early evening readily approached. So, with no one to speak to, and just feeling the loneliness about, I should have spoken to it, since it seemed as lonely as I. Then what an odd thought: there wasn't anyone around to hear me, it needn't answer. Why not?

So I said, "What are you?" and so slight and shrill and answer it seemed to say, "A ghost."

"What?" said I. And very clearly it said, "Have you never seen ghosts before?"

I said that I never had. Then it seemed to lose interest in me. So, to regain its attention, I said that I had sometimes seen strange things which very likely might have been ghosts. And then the grey figure showed some increase of intensity, as though its interest was slowly returning; and in a tone that proved my ignorance it said,

"They probably were."

"And you?" I inquired again.

"The ghost of this valley," it said.

"Always?" I asked.

"Not always," it said. "Just a little more than a thousand years. My father was the smoke from one of these cottages and my mother was the mist over the stream, she was always here."

"What was it like in this valley," I asked, "when you were young?"

Then for a while the ghost said nothing and it looked about.

"The heads of the willows weren't cut," it said, "but that was when I was very young. They were cut off soon after. And then there weren't so many cottages either. They lit their fires in the evenings all through autumn. My mother loved autumn, like you love spring. My father rose from one of those chimneys and the wind drifted him and he met my mother."

"What do you do yourself?" I asked.

"I drift," it said, "whenever there is a wind, like you."

"Drift," I said. "I don't drift."

"You all drift before them helplessly," it said, "you and your friends and your enemies."

"It is easy for you to cut us down," I answered.

"I am just as helpless. I drift this way and that upon any wind. I can no more control the winds than you can destiny," it sighed.

"Nonsense," I said. "We have made inventions which you would never understand down by your river and the smoke of the cottages."

"But you have to live in it," it said.

"And you?" I asked.

"I'm going," it said.

"Why?" I asked it.

"Times are changing," the ghost replied. "The old fireside's dying and poisoning the rivers, and the smoke of the big cities is unwholesome, like your bread. I am going among unicorns and griffons."

"But are there such things?" I asked.

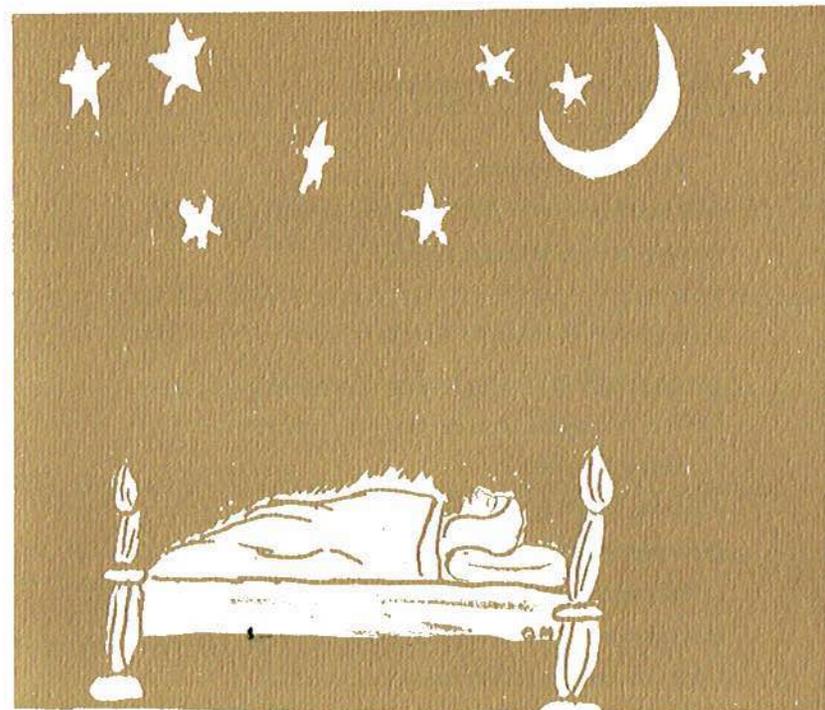
"There used to be," it replied. Then I grew impatient at being lectured to by a ghost so I tried to be smart.

"Are there such things as ghosts?" I asked then.

And a wind blew, and the ghost was suddenly gone.

"We used to be," it sighed softly.

*Charlene Stonfeld
12th*



SLEEPING THOUGHTS

Perhaps she slept one lonely night,

One night without a sound.

Perhaps she mumbled gently,

Rolled over, sighed and found

That life was not worth living,

That evil outweighed good.

The flow of life is heavy,

But it must be withstood.

*2nd Fortnightly Book Club Award
Tami Brandon
9th*

PHASE II

It's funny how summer relaxes you,
Your mind
Your very existence
Just floats down the channels from nowhere to . . .
Somewhere? Anywhere? Winter?
No!
I mustn't!
I must simply drift into stars and fireworks . . .
Never snowflakes.
It's easier that way.
Thinking is bad for summer.
Watermelon and early morning haze are much nicer
for my thoughts or non-thoughts.
But somehow, somebody shattered my peace
I think it was the falling leaves
But maybe it was you.
Summer holds your laugh
Winter, your memory.
It wouldn't let me catch up
(Was I really behind or can you think in summer?)
Winter can look easy
Kind of like David and Goliath
Or maybe you and me.
I can think in the cold darkness
And now I understand what I never would in sunlight:
That I can create and re-create
Time, Distance, Love, Eternity, Gain, and Loss
And that the last, the Loss,
Is the only thing I ever really had.

*Delta Kappa Gamma—2nd Place Wilbanks Award
Sharon Gay
11th*

THE PARTY

Jim, Mary, and Norma were standing near the wall next to the stereo. They were all talking to each other about the weather, the party, and about some people they knew.

The stereo was grinding out some horrible, scratchy song as Amanda, the hostess, brought out more food.

"I wish you would just look at her. She's wearing that tacky old dress I saw on sale at Larkin's for \$8.50," said Norma.

"Isn't it awful? This party is so dull," remarked Mary. "Amanda couldn't give a party if it was planned out for her. I don't even know why I came."

"I told you that I didn't want to come, Mary, but you never listen to me when I try to tell you something," Jim said, slightly angry.

They continued talking for several minutes, and then Amanda walked over.

"My, Amanda, that's a lovely dress you have on. I wish that I could afford such an expensive looking dress."

"Why, thank you, Norma. I am glad you like it."

"My wife and I were so delighted that you asked us to your party, Amanda," said Jim enthusiastically. "We are having a marvelous time."

"Oh, yes," Mary said, "we are having a great time. I think this is probably the best party I have ever been to."

"Thank you," said Amanda, smiling graciously. "I'll go and get you something to drink."

Amanda turned and walked over to the table where the food and drinks were sitting.

"Look at that fat fanny shake when she walks. I think I would go on a diet if I were she," said Norma.

"It's absolutely disgraceful," said Mary, "and that disgusting smile of hers. I could just . . ."

"Here are your drinks," Amanda said, walking over to where they were standing. "I hope you like them. You know, it's so nice to have good friends like you."

*Johnny Brown
12th*

SUICIDE NOTE

As I sit and begin to write
The words come slowly to my mind.

I think of her as my whole life
I love her so I can't even write.

Her hair is so long and beautiful
It shines in the night as if it were the moon.

She left me yesterday for another man
I cried all night thinking of her.

I will always remember the way she smiled,
It was like no other smile I had ever seen.

She said we would still be friends;
But there is no way we can

Because as I sit and write these words
I drop the 45 shell in the chamber.

When I finish these last few lines
I will be no more.

After I die,
Please tell her that

I love her still.
And hope we meet in Eternity

*Danny Moore
12th*

LIFE

I sat alone in the dark

WONDERING

How can it be that life,

MY LIFE,

Could be so dark,

DESERTED,

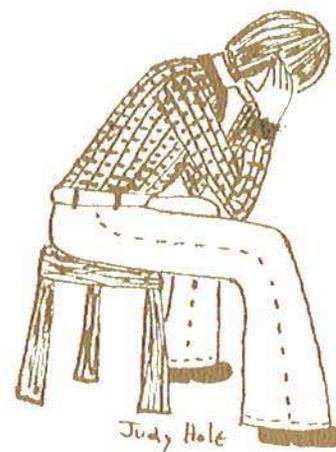
LONELY.

I need someone

with whom to share my feelings,

IS IT YOU?

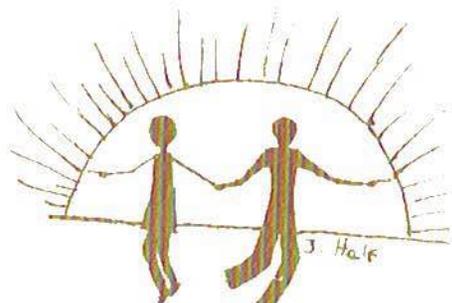
*Kathy Rodgers
11th*



NO TEARS

We said our goodbyes,
And then parted with sorrow.
But why should I cry?
There's always tomorrow.

*Lisa Campbell
10th*



THE LOVE WE ONCE KNEW

I lie awake at night,
And wonder if it's true.
You told me that you love me,
but really do you?

Only God is the answer.
Only God knows what's best.
So let's not plan
For a dreamy love test.

I really don't understand
Why it happens this way;
But, by our faith in God,
He will show us someday.

I pray you'll understand and
Know what I mean. But,
If by chance, you don't,
I know how it will seem.

You always know just how I feel;
And how we watched the sprinkles of dew,
But the one thing you'll never know
Is the love we once knew!!

*Sharon Brandon
10th*

FOR LOVE OF LAURA BELLE

Isaac Baker wiped the toe of his boot. Looking in the wardrobe mirror, he straightened his tie and smoothed his hair nervously.

"Isaac, you 'bout ready?" Cousin McCown called from the bottom of the steps. "If we go too late, they'll think we've come for supper."

Isaac hurried out of the steaming room. It was August, and South Bend, situated near the Alabama River, fairly melted in the heat and humidity.

Isaac and McCown drove the Baker carriage down the hill and headed toward Will Braxton's. Cousin McCown, up until last year, had stayed with the Braxtons as protection while Mr. Braxton, a cotton salesman, was traveling on the riverboats. Now that the Braxtons' son, Tom, was nearing legal age, his mother felt safe without Cousin McCown.

Their purpose for calling was courting. Laura Belle Braxton, Tom's twin-sister, had caught Isaac's eye. But Isaac, to be perfectly honest, was downright slow. Being six years Laura Belle's senior, he didn't feel worthy to compete with the numerous young swains who courted her. Now that the competition was down to one, Leonard Ford, McCown was determined Isaac should get his foot in the door.

The evening passed pleasantly enough, but as usual Isaac let McCown do most of the talking.

As they left, Laura Belle called from the porch, "You be sure and come again, Isaac! Oh, and you too, McCown!"

"I think she likes you, Isaac. But she'd never know you hankered for her, the way you sit around saying nothing. If you don't do something yourself, she's going to up and marry that Leonard, and I don't blame her. At this rate, she might be forty before you'd ask her." McCown remained silent the last fifteen minutes of their ride home.

Isaac had no trouble talking about politics or farming. When it came to President Taft's income tax or the price of cotton, you couldn't stop him. But get him alone with Laura Belle Braxton and he clamped up like a steel trap.

Isaac and McCown called several times the following weeks. Isaac gained more courage and began to talk and laugh with only occasional encouragement from Cousin McCown.

When they arrived one evening, Laura Belle was carefully pacing the porch in the waning light,

"I'm glad you two came," she said. "I've been looking and looking for my thimble. I'm afraid it rolled off the porch this afternoon. Papa brought it to me from Mobile. I don't want to have to get another one."

They offered to help look, but she refused. Tom joined them on the porch, and the visit was a pleasant one.

Laura Belle never thought about Leonard when Isaac would come. But Leonard was in love, or at least he thought he was. He kept calling on her, even though he knew Isaac was calling too. For a while he didn't mention Isaac to her, but Laura Belle sensed he was getting restless.

Leonard paid a call one Saturday morning, shortly before noon.

"Laura Belle, I've courted you for six months. I know the Bakers are your neighbors, and you have to be polite to that Isaac. But the time has come for you to make up your mind. Either Isaac Baker stops courting you, or I'll never set foot on those steps out there again." He delivered his speech while crumpling his flatbrimmed hat.

Laura Belle tried to say something, but he left in the wake of her bewilderment. She hated to hurt his feelings, but she enjoyed having both of them paying her court.

She was out on the porch sewing late that afternoon when she heard the sound of hoofbeats heading down the road from town. She looked up in time to see Isaac turn his horse into the drive. He cantered up to the porch, tipped his hat, and tossed a small object over the rail, and said, "Knew you'd lost your thimble. Thought this might do." He turned his horse and was gone. Looking at his gift, she saw that it was a gold thimble.

Sunday afternoon was warm and lazy. Laura Belle and Tom sat in their usual places on the front porch. Up from the ferry road came the sound of hoofbeats. Isaac Baker turned in the drive and rode up to the porch, as he had the previous evening, only this time he dismounted and came up the steps.

"Well, hello Isaac!" said Tom, as he rose. "Nice afternoon for a ride. Where's McCown?"

"He and Pa are going over the newspaper. You know how those two love to talk politics."

"Why, Isaac, you're pretty much of a politician yourself. It's a wonder you pulled yourself away." He glanced toward Laura Belle.

Laura Belle interrupted Tom's questioning. "I really like the thimble, Isaac. It was mighty kind of you."

By this time Tom saw he'd best leave them alone. "I'll go see about some cake."

"Have a seat, Isaac. We've got lots to talk about. Leonard told me I'd have to stop seeing you. Should I?"

"No," his soft, deep voice answered in the stillness. Leaning forward in the chair, he said, "Laura Belle, I want to court you, and I'd just as soon Leonard Ford didn't come by either."

"I'll tell Leonard in a letter. Help me write it?"

She opened the screen door and he followed. Mrs. Braxton's desk had a lamp with a large globe. She seated herself and began to write.

"Dear Leonard," she scratched, aloud. "I thought about what you said yesterday, and am real sorry you feel the way you do."

She glanced up at Isaac, who nodded. She continued, "But Isaac is more than just a neighbor, and I won't stop him from calling. I hope we may remain friends. Most sincerely, Laura Belle Braxton."

Isaac chuckled, and the sound of laughter floated onto the porch, the warm breeze carrying it past the pine trees, down through the years.

*Paula Dawson
12th*

TIME

Time is like a little ax

Slowly chopping our lives away.

*Tim Pierce
12th*

TWICE A CHILD

Child

Eating lollipops

Child

Often cries

Man

Wanting courage

Man

Swallows pride

Child

Soon grows old, but

Childhood

Never dies.

*Judy Smith
12th*



PORTRAIT OF HYPOCRISY

It was a warm October afternoon. The sun shone brightly through the window of the Brighton house directly onto a small table in the living room. On the table lay a bag full of marijuana and different kinds of pills.

Mr. Brighton leaned heavily against the mantel, his hand shaking so hard he couldn't light a cigarette. His wife poured him a drink.

"How could she do this?" he asked. "She knows drugs of this type are illegal. If word of this gets out, my bank will be ruined."

"Don't fret so, dear," his wife said soothingly. "You'll aggravate your ulcer. I'm sure there's a reasonable explanation. Here, drink this."

"Thanks, Ellen. Look at me. I'm supposed to be the calm one in this family and here I am acting like a silly school girl. I've got to settle down."

"There's Candi now. I just heard her car. Tom, you'll have to ask her about this. I don't think I can." As the footsteps sounded louder, Mrs. Brighton began to look agitated. A pretty blond girl about sixteen walked into the room. The minute she saw her mother's face, she knew something was wrong. Her voice took on a defiant note.

"Now what's wrong? Old Lady Burns call about my grades again? I wish that ol' biddy would mind her own business."

"Don't be disrespectful," her father said sternly. "Miss Burns did not call. Candi, we found this . . . this stuff in your room."

"So now you search my room, too."

"Don't be silly, Candi," Mrs. Brighton put in nervously. "Of course we'd never do that. I was trying to straighten up your room when I came across this."

"Okay, Mother. You don't have to make excuses. If you really want to know, I've never even tried the stuff. Some girl gave it to me and told me to try it, but I never have."

"Don't lie to us, Candi," Mr. Brighton snapped. "We weren't born yesterday."

"Believe it or not, it's the truth," Candi screamed as she ran out of the room.

Mr. Brighton started after her, but Mrs. Brighton grabbed him. "Let her go, Tom."

He shook off his wife's hands and ran up to Candi's room. Composing himself, he quietly opened the door. "Candi, we're going to overlook this for the time being, but if it ever happens again . . ."

"Okay, okay. Don't hassle me, please. Just leave me alone."

His face distorted with anger, Mr. Brighton stomped out of the room. His wife was sitting in the living room quietly crying into her handkerchief.

"Stop it, Ellen. You are to forget this ever happened. I wash my hands of her. Let her do what she wants."

"But, Tom! . . ."

"I don't want to discuss it." Resolutely, he picked up the paper and began to read. Mrs. Brighton saw that trying to reach him would be useless. He had made up his mind. Dejectedly she picked up her sewing.

Several hours later, Mrs. Brighton told her husband, "Time for bed, dear."

"Go ahead. I'll be up in a minute."

On her way up, Mrs. Brighton stopped outside Candi's door. Everything was quiet. She went on to bed, but then went back to Candi's door. She started to

turn the handle but just then she heard her husband coming up the steps. Quickly she hurried down the hall to her own room.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Brighton had a very restful night. They both tossed and turned all night, so when they finally fell asleep, they slept through the alarm. At eight o'clock, Mrs. Brighton awoke with a start.

"My goodness, we've overslept!" she cried. "Get up, Tom. I have to get Candi up. Hurry!" Groggily Mr. Brighton stumbled to the bathroom. All at once he was startled by a bloodcurdling scream. Rushing to Candi's room, he found his wife kneeling over Candi's limp body.

"Look, Tom, on the floor!" There on the floor lay the bag that they had found the day before in Candi's room. It had been full then; now it was empty.

Quickly, Mr. Brighton walked out of the room. He dressed and then slipped a coat over his wife's shoulders. Then he picked Candi up and carried her to the car, with his wife following him as if she were in a daze. All this time neither of them had said a word. The only sound was the ticking of the clock, ticking away precious seconds. Quickly they drove to the hospital. It was too late—Candi's classification: DOA.

Mrs. Brighton, hysterically screaming, clutched at her husband's jacket. "Where did we go wrong? Candi has always had anything she wanted. What made her do this?"

Calmly, Mr. Brighton led his wife to the car. "Don't worry, dear. It wasn't our fault. Ungrateful kids! Give them anything they want and this is how they repay you. Let's go home. I need a drink."

*Comie Glass
11th*

SAVE AMERICA

Look at our country, what do you see?
Watergate, the energy crisis, GLORY BE!
Food shortages, paper shortages, it scares
me to death,
Don't open your mouth, pollution will take
your breath!
Congress wants more pay, Jaworskis hot on
the trail,
"What's our country coming to?" all the
people yell.
Impeachment some cry, others just don't care.
But why can't we learn to love and most of
all share?
People have changed, the United States are
the same.
It's up to you and me. Don't let America
go down the drain!

*Mana Dulancy
12th*

PLAIN JANE

It was that time of year again, the junior-senior prom, the biggest occasion of the year. All the girls had dates and were going, all except the girl they called Plain Jane. All the kids made fun of her because she wasn't pretty; but she was gentle as a kitten's purr. Still she had to bear the pain of being called "Plain Jane."

Oh, how Jane wanted to go to the prom, but it just seemed no one would ask poor Plain Jane. So she was stuck in her plain and lonely world, until one day the phone rang, and to Jane's surprise it was for her. Tears of joy began to flow because it was a boy asking her to the prom!

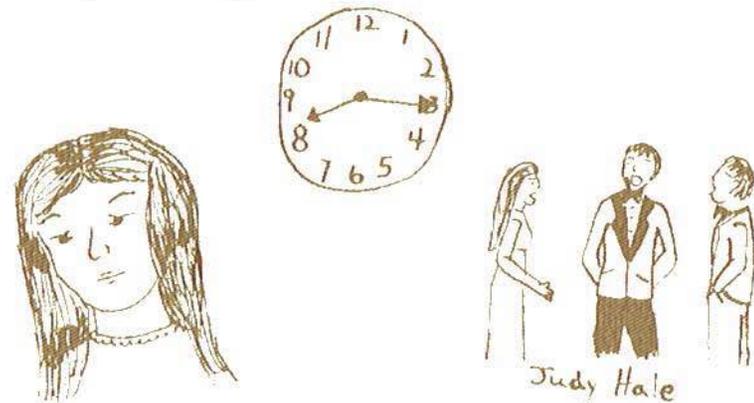
Jane was so excited, she could hardly wait; her very first date and everything had to be perfect. Jane went the next day to find a dress. She finally found one. It was the most beautiful dress she had ever seen. Now everything was ready. Jane spent the whole next day resting, for that was the day of the prom.

The time for Jane to start getting ready was growing closer and closer. She just couldn't stand it any longer, she just had to put on that dress.

It was half past eight. Jane had been ready for almost two hours now and was beginning to think her date was going to be late.

Meanwhile at the prom everyone was laughing at the trick they had played, especially the boy who made the call. But their tears of laughter soon turned to tears of sadness, for they found out later that she couldn't bear the pain of being called the name any longer. Plain Jane was dead.

*Joyce Hargiss
11th*



HIS ARRIVAL

Telephone – Ring, Ring.
Hello?
Can't talk
Gotta go.

Doorbell – Chime, Chime.
Some Beggar, wanting things
Won't answer
Let Him ring.

To town, in car.
Pass Man
In front of bar.
Let Him walk, if he can.

At store
See man,
People stare
Say, "Look at hair!"

Back home
Having fun.
Hear news
God sent his Son.

No one listened.
No one cared.
He came to us.
We only stared.

*Sandra Davis
12th*

THE BEGINNING . . . OR THE END?

Billy Joe James is the hardest person to understand. All he ever talks about is UFO's. Why, I never did hear of such! He has got the most bodacious ideas in his head. He says that these here people come whizzin' out of the sky in what he calls flyin' saucers. He says they come from an advanced civilization on another planet called Mars. I think Billy Joe is a mighty fine person, but he just gets a little bit confused every now and then.

I got Billy Joe to stop talkin' 'bout flyin' saucers just long enough to go to the lake to go fishin'. I hear tell that Big John caught a ten pound bass yestiddy. I sho' do hope I can, cause I has got a monstrous appetite. 'Bout this time Billy Joe wuz gettin' a little confused.

"I think these here flyin' saucers is goin' to try to take over the world," says Billy Joe.

"Billy Joe," I says, "will you please stop talkin' 'bout them flyin' saucers?"

"Why should I?" says Billy Joe. "It's true."

"Billy Joe, if you don't shut up, I is goin' to warp your hide," says I in a hateful manner.

Billy Joe shut up too, cause he knew I'd do it. We got to the lake and began fishin'. We caught a few, but not enough to brag 'bout. Pretty soon though, I hitched on to the biggest bass I ever did see! I wuz a reelin' him in, but it wuzn't easy. He fought me harder than any fish I ever had a line on. I wuz a gettin' him in pretty close to the bank when Billy Joe says, "Do you hear some funny noise, Tom?"

"No," says I, "and leave me a lone."

Billy Joe set down, but I could see he wuz a gettin' a little uneasy. But I dasn't pay him any mind, cause I sho' didn't want to lose that big hunk of fish. Pretty soon Billy Joe comes over to me with the most frightful look on his face. He points up in the air without sayin' nothin', and there wuz one of them UFO's! I jumped up, skeered half to death, and plumb forgot 'bout that fish. That flyin' saucer was a reddish color and a glowin' mighty bright.

We dasn't move, but we wuz too skeered to anyway. 'Bout this time out comes three men floatin' in the air and headed straight for us! They got over to us and grabbed me and Billy Joe by the arm and took us up into that most unusual lookin' thing. They took off those shiny silver clothes and they wuz the

ugliest lookin' things I ever did see. They had gray skin that wuz wrinkled all over. Their face didn't have no nose nor eyes nor mouth like I's got, but just had little slits where they wuz supposed to be. They began to ask us questions that seemed awful dumb to me.

"Are all of the aliens on this planet like you?" asked the first.

"Coss not," says I, "don't none of us look alike."

"Where's ya'll from?" I says to the creatures.

"From the planet Pynthis; more than four light-years from here," says the second man to me.

Billy Joe just couldn't stand it. He wuz a moanin' and a groanin' like a crazy person.

The third man asks me, "What is wrong with the other alien?"

"I think Billy Joe done went hysterical on me," I says.

The creatures asked me a few more questions and then put on those shiny clothes and took us back to the bank. Me and Billy Joe didn't even bother to watch them leave. We lit out to the sheriff's office as fast as we could run. I told him all 'bout it and he just laughed! I told everybody 'bout it, but none of them people believed me.

In 'bout a week or so, a couple of doctors came down here from Jackson. The doctors examined us and asked us some questions, but I wuz doin' all the answerin' cause Billy Joe had had what they called a nervous breakdown. The doctors wuz the only ones that would believe us. All the other folks in town says we wuz up to mischief. They's talkin' 'bout sendin' Billy Joe to a mental institution, as they call it. But me and Billy Joe are the only ones who know who's really crazy.

*Steve Downey
11th*

WONDERING

Our mountains stretch out their
arms to drink in the power
Of God some have not yet
found
For some are still in the
Shady valleys—
Wondering.

*Scott McLelland
12th*

§--

GOODBYE, DADDY

It's time for me to go out into the world,
I'm no longer Daddy's little girl.

It seems as though it were only yesterday

I was sitting on his lap, running to
the door to take his cap.

But today his handshake I receive
as out the door I leave.

"Goodbye, Daddy," I said.

As he dropped his head.

*Doris Clay
12th*



CONFESSION

Sometimes I want to tell you
all those things I lie awake thinking of
and all those things I feel
But the room gets crowded and I change my mind.
Last week I almost told you
but it was raining and you weren't listening
So we talked about the time.
Once I had it all planned out
but then I forgot
Besides you never called.
I've wanted to share my mind
but you're not like that and neither am I.
So we go our separate ways.
Someday when people are gone and things are forgotten
I may tell it all
But only if you tell me first.

*3rd Fortnightly Book Club Award
Sharon Gay
11th*

DADDY, WHERE'S MOMMY?

"Daddy! Mommy! Where are you? I'm home from school! Boy, I sure did have fun today!

"Mrs. Anderson got ink all over her brand new pink dress today. She sure was mad! You should have heard her! You should have seen the way she made little Billy Brown march down to the principal's office when she found out he was the one who had wiped his hands on her dress!

"Where are the cookies? I sure am hungry!

"Guess what, Mary slapped Bobby and made him cry—she said he kissed her. What's a kiss? Is a kiss what you and Mommy used to do all the time? Daddy, why don't you and Mommy ever kiss anymore?

"Daddy, I can't reach the cookies. Will you give me some?

"Thank you, Daddy! Mm-mm, chocolate chip! Did Mommy make these? Daddy, where's Mommy?..

"There was a fight on the bus today! It was super neato!

"Guess what, Daddy, you'll never guess what happened today! I made an A+ on my picture of you and Mommy and me. Mrs. Anderson said it was real good. She said it looked like a real family! Aren't you proud of me, Daddy, aren't you proud?

"Daddy, where is Mommy?

"Daddy, do you think I'll look good in short hair? David said that if I didn't quit following him around he was going to scalp me. Well, I didn't know what that was but he told me it was sort of like a haircut only it was done by Injuns. I told him I'd have to ask my mommy about that!

"Daddy, where's Mommy? Daddy, why are you crying? Daddy, what's a divorce?

"Daddy, please don't cry!!!"

*Sandy Farmer
11th*

WHERE IS GOD?

Where is God?
Is He here with me?
Is He along the ocean,
With His radiant face shining o'er the still blue water?
Is He in the weeping willow
as it sways gently in the breeze,
As if weeping for this torn and battered world?
Is He in the face of a babe,
So soft, so gentle to touch?
Is He in the ocean's wave,
that can be so calm,
Or swoop up everything in its path as it roars by?
Is He in the sunset,
Where so many colors were blended together
As if a paintbrush was swept across the sky,
when only the touch of His fingertips caused
This beautiful scene?
Is He in a man, standing straight and bold,
Ready to fight for His country when needed?
Is He in a woman so fragile and beautiful
with the wind blowing her hair as she stands
On the sea's coast looking toward the choppy sea?
Yes, God is in all these things.
They show His handiwork, what He has created.
But God is in the hearts and minds
of His people, too,
For GOD IS LOVE.

*Tami Brandon
9th*



THE UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE

I have had it! This is all that I can take! Nothing goes right for me. Every time I try to do something good, it turns out wrong. Wouldn't you call that bad luck? I am a jinx to everyone I come in contact with. Nobody wants to be around me and I can't blame them. I really thought my luck had changed when I got a girlfriend. She didn't look too bad. She had braces on her buckteeth, wore horn-rimmed glasses, two miles thick. At least she was talented; she could walk pigeon-toed, swing her hips, chew bubble gum and talk through her nose at the same time. To show how lucky I am, she eloped today. Is that not bad luck?

So, I have had all that I can take. This is the best thing to do. I am just tired of going on like this, so I will smother myself to death. I just know this is going to work fine, but I wonder when I will be missed. Probably in the morning when Mom comes to get me up. I think I really did an intelligent thing by leaving that note telling them I had run away. That way they won't start looking for me in the house, not down here in the basement anyway. They probably won't think to look in this old trunk for a while anyway. Come to think of it, this old trunk even resembles a casket. I should not be laughing since this is supposed to be a very serious matter. I wonder if Mom and Dad will miss me very much. At least the grocery bill will be cheaper. I knew this was the best thing to do, just look how much goodness I will be bringing about. Hey, this is the first time I have ever done anything that will turn out right.

Well, I wonder what I am supposed to do now. I will—no—I will—no, I can't do that—I just don't know what to do. I should have practiced this thing before. This is something that has to be done right, no goofing around on this job. I know what I will do, I will plan my funeral. It will be held in that big church on the corner, the one with red carpet and red cushions on the benches. It should be big enough to hold all the people. My aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, cousins, Granny and Grandpop will be there. Let's see, who else will be there besides Mom and Dad and the relatives. Well, I guess there will be enough to make this thing worthwhile. I think I will have them play that song about the rose garden. The one about somebody never promised somebody else a rose garden. I will have Elvis Presley sing it. He should do me a favor, after all, I am an official member of his fanclub. I have an identification card, an autographed picture and one of his shoes. What more could that man want anyway. I want everybody to send lots and lots of pretty flowers, not the plastic ones, the real thing. I want red roses, pink roses, yellow carnations, white carnations, just all kinds and colors. I bet Mom will cry a lot because I bet she will miss me. I don't blame her because now she will have to carry out the stinking trash, hoe the weeds out of the flower bed, feed Rover, the dog, mow the yard and rake the leaves. Dad's sure not going to do it. At least I know I will be missed, and that is a comforting thought. I guess I have wasted enough time planning the funeral, especially since I won't be there. If something doesn't go to suit me, I'll be back.

I am getting kind of restless in this thing and I sure would love to have something to eat. Maybe I could go get something to eat and stretch awhile and start all over on this project tomorrow. No, I'll stay and get this over with. I wonder how much longer this is going to take. I think I will take a nap so I will be rested up for my long journey. I would hate to be tired and miss something. Wait! I feel stuffy, it's getting so hard to breathe. It's getting darker and darker. My eyes are closing and they won't open. I can't lift my arms or legs. What is this? Is it happening already? I am still hungry too. I am going to go get something to eat and come back later. Oh! It's too late! I'm going—going—gone. I don't feel different but I do hear bells. I wish they would go away but they keep ringing, ringing and ringing. Leonard! Leonard! Get up and turn off your alarm clock. You are going to be late for work.

It was all a dream and what a dream it was!

*2nd AAUW Award
Pam Fowler
12th*

HOW MANY MORE

Way back in the good old days,
our forefathers were thinking of ways
to build a society free from war
that would be peaceful for ever more.

But this dream did not materialize,
and the mind must realize
that lives were given for Uncle Sam
in Germany, Japan, and Viet Nam.

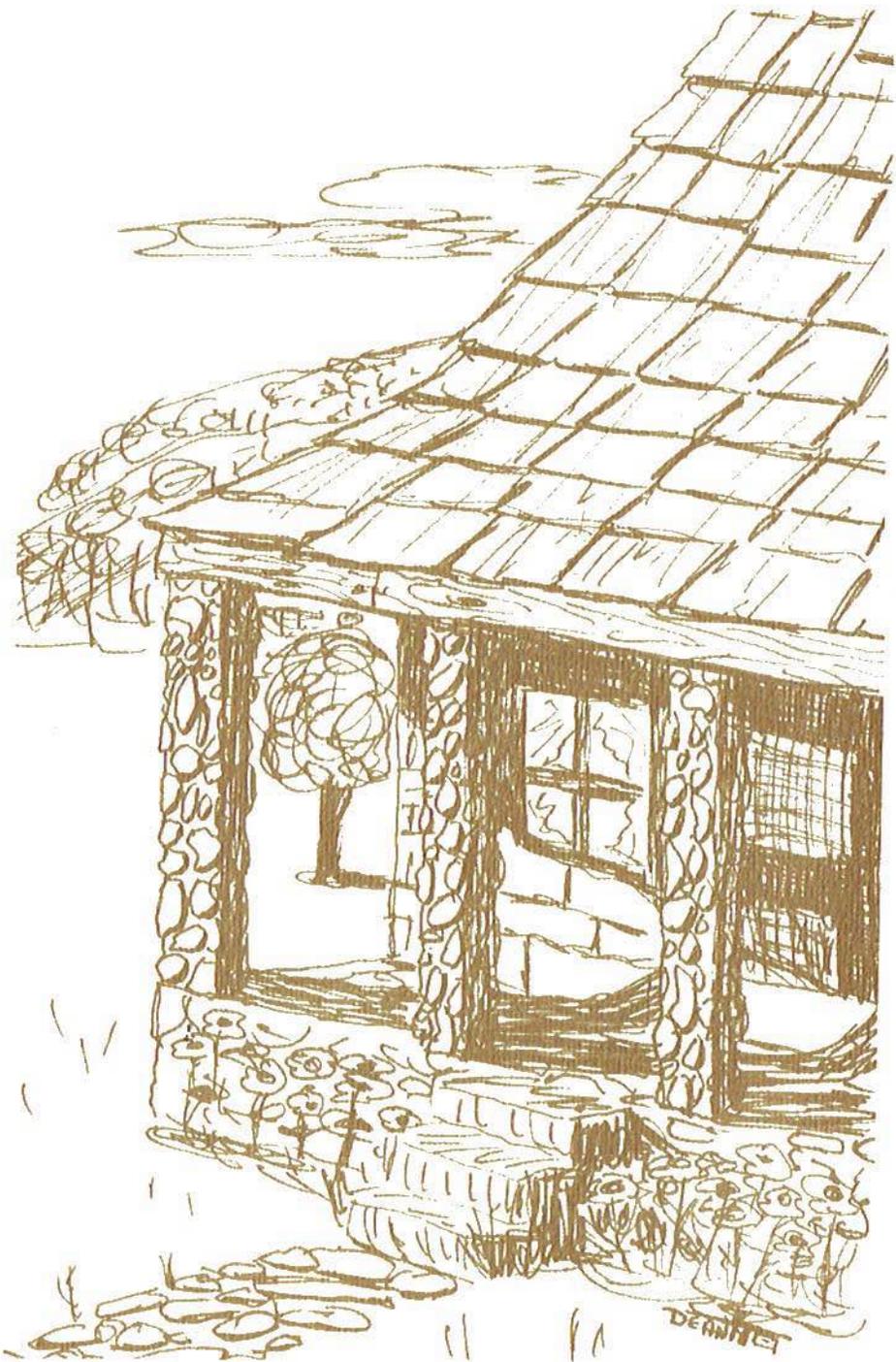
One more war has passed us by and
many people wonder why
there must be hate and there must be war
and they wonder, HOW MANY MORE????

*Diane Clark
12th*

AS TIME PASSES

I think of you without thinking . . .
I see you without looking . . .
I hear your voice when there is silence . . .
I feel your touch when I'm crying . . .
Where did you go?

*Chris Himburg
12th*



THE STONE PORCH

Buttercups were planted in front of the porch.

They bloom each year forever—

A reminder, with the stone porch remaining,

Of a time and people severed.

Do they ever come back to see what they planted;

To pick the buttercups, to walk on the porch?

Someone once lived here, once loved here, once worked

and maybe died here;

Can it be no one ever returns?

1st Fortnightly Book Club Award

Paula Dawson

12th

PAID IN FULL

Cal Wesley looked in the mirror and displayed his satisfaction with a grin. He cut a dashing figure in his new blue uniform. The buttons gleamed and a razor-sharp crease in his trousers completed his tall, handsome physique. For Cal it was the end of a long road, with endless suffering through two-bit jobs to get his college degree, and months of intensive training in the Police Academy. Beneath his calm exterior, his stomach began to knot up. He strapped on his pistol, and headed out the door.

Across town in a shabby apartment, a slight balding man bent over his desk. Neatly arranged before him was a .45 caliber pistol. He slowly and methodically oiled and cleaned each piece. After two years, Joe Bach was set to get his revenge.

Joe Bach was a career soldier and he spent many years waiting to protect and serve his country. When that chance came, he jumped at it. Bach served four consecutive tours of duty in Saigon as a military policeman. Several times he had applied for transfer to a combat unit. After pressuring his commander for three months he was transferred to a combat battalion near Quoc Nah. Bach proved himself a merciless warrior. He drove his men to exhaustion, and returned from every mission with the largest body count. But he had made a mistake. He proposed a dangerous mission. It was reluctantly approved.

When Sergeant Joe Bach crawled out of the jungle, dirty, ragged, and starving, everyone knew something had gone wrong. Bach told how he had been tricked into believing a VC prisoner and how he and the platoon had walked right into an ambush. He was the only survivor.

When Pfc. Cal Wesley was brought to the base by two reliable civilians, he told a different story. Bach had deserted his men, and they had been slaughtered as a result. A long court of inquiry was held. Bach was certified as insane, and Wesley was exonerated.

Since his release from the "hospital", Bach was intent on getting Wesley and making him pay for his lies. Bach had tracked Wesley to Arlington Heights where he was to join the police force. Everything had been thought out. Now Wesley would be ambushed.

Cal pulled his cruiser into a parking lot and leaned back to relax. His mind kept wandering back to his first arrest. But some sixth sense kept warning him; yet, he disregarded it. He thought, "How could there be trouble on a day like today? Everything is peaceful, the sun is shining—just great."

Bach put the receiver of the phone down and said to himself, "That will scare them, a call reporting a shooting. They'll send Wesley, cause it is on his beat." Fishing a cigarette out of his jacket, he walked over to the hedge, checked to see that nobody was around. Then he waited.

"Baker 5, Baker 5." The radio brought Wesley out of dreamland. "Baker 5, we have a report of a shooting on the corner of Rand and Dryden. Handle this with caution. Suspect is male Caucasian. No other details. All units in your vicinity will back you up."

Wesley careened out of the parking lot and headed for Rand Road. As he guided his car through the traffic, his memory kept repeating the procedure he learned at the academy. Over and over he repeated, "Radio arrival. Check the scene. Loan shot gun . . ."

Bach saw the cruiser zoom over a hill. It screeched around the corner, and skidded to a halt. Wesley put his lessons into effect, opened the door, and crouched behind it. "Is anyone around?" he called. Bach peered through the hedge and leveled his pistol. Wesley called out again, and Bach replied in a pained voice, "Over here, please help me. I've been shot."

Wesley advanced to the hedge at a run. Suddenly, he caught sight of Bach. Falling to the ground he shouted, "Police! Drop your gun!" Bach fired in return. The bullet struck the ground in front of Cal. He fired his riot gun in return. Bach caught the blast in his arm, reeled backward, regained his balance, and ran.

Wesley jumped up, took the hedge out with a block, and headed after his quarry. Struggling along, Bach kept repeating to himself, "VC attacking my platoon. Must get help."

Stumbling through a backyard, Bach stopped and leaned against a sliding glass door. His left arm was a shapeless mass of red. The tendons and muscles quivered and the blood gushed out at several places. Bach raised his pistol and awaited his hunter.

Rounding the corner of a house, Wesley saw Bach. Slowly he advanced and spoke to Bach, "Come on, pal. Drop the gun. I don't want to hurt you. Just put it down and I'll get you to a doctor." Bach looked at Wesley and said to himself, "So this gook thinks he can take me. Well, I'm Sergeant Joe Bach, best soldier in this army. I'll blow the hero to kingdom come." As the blood oozed from his arm and an inky blackness engulfed him, Bach sighted his pistol.

Wesley was moving forward but looking at Bach, he failed to see the stone in his way and tripped. As he hit the ground, he looked up. In an instant both men

PAID IN FULL

Cal Wesley looked in the mirror and displayed his satisfaction with a grin. He cut a dashing figure in his new blue uniform. The buttons gleamed and a razor-sharp crease in his trousers completed his tall, handsome physique. For Cal it was the end of a long road, with endless suffering through two-bit jobs to get his college degree, and months of intensive training in the Police Academy. Beneath his calm exterior, his stomach began to knot up. He strapped on his pistol, and headed out the door.

Across town in a shabby apartment, a slight balding man bent over his desk. Neatly arranged before him was a .45 caliber pistol. He slowly and methodically oiled and cleaned each piece. After two years, Joe Bach was set to get his revenge.

Joe Bach was a career soldier and he spent many years waiting to protect and serve his country. When that chance came, he jumped at it. Bach served four consecutive tours of duty in Saigon as a military policeman. Several times he had applied for transfer to a combat unit. After pressuring his commander for three months he was transferred to a combat battalion near Quoc Nah. Bach proved himself a merciless warrior. He drove his men to exhaustion, and returned from every mission with the largest body count. But he had made a mistake. He proposed a dangerous mission. It was reluctantly approved.

When Sergeant Joe Bach crawled out of the jungle, dirty, ragged, and starving, everyone knew something had gone wrong. Bach told how he had been tricked into believing a VC prisoner and how he and the platoon had walked right into an ambush. He was the only survivor.

When Pfc. Cal Wesley was brought to the base by two reliable civilians, he told a different story. Bach had deserted his men, and they had been slaughtered as a result. A long court of inquiry was held. Bach was certified as insane, and Wesley was exonerated.

Since his release from the "hospital", Bach was intent on getting Wesley and making him pay for his lies. Bach had tracked Wesley to Arlington Heights where he was to join the police force. Everything had been thought out. Now Wesley would be ambushed.

Cal pulled his cruiser into a parking lot and leaned back to relax. His mind kept wandering back to his first arrest. But some sixth sense kept warning him; yet, he disregarded it. He thought, "How could there be trouble on a day like today? Everything is peaceful, the sun is shining—just great."

Bach put the receiver of the phone down and said to himself, "That will scare them, a call reporting a shooting. They'll send Wesley, cause it is on his beat." Fishing a cigarette out of his jacket, he walked over to the hedge, checked to see that nobody was around. Then he waited.

"Baker 5, Baker 5." The radio brought Wesley out of dreamland. "Baker 5, we have a report of a shooting on the corner of Rand and Dryden. Handle this with caution. Suspect is male Caucasian. No other details. All units in your vicinity will back you up."

Wesley careened out of the parking lot and headed for Rand Road. As he guided his car through the traffic, his memory kept repeating the procedure he learned at the academy. Over and over he repeated, "Radio arrival. Check the scene. Loan shot gun . . ."

Bach saw the cruiser zoom over a hill. It screeched around the corner, and skidded to a halt. Wesley put his lessons into effect, opened the door, and crouched behind it. "Is anyone around?" he called. Bach peered through the hedge and leveled his pistol. Wesley called out again, and Bach replied in a pained voice, "Over here, please help me. I've been shot."

Wesley advanced to the hedge at a run. Suddenly, he caught sight of Bach. Falling to the ground he shouted, "Police! Drop your gun!" Bach fired in return. The bullet struck the ground in front of Cal. He fired his riot gun in return. Bach caught the blast in his arm, reeled backward, regained his balance, and ran.

Wesley jumped up, took the hedge out with a block, and headed after his quarry. Struggling along, Bach kept repeating to himself, "VC attacking my platoon. Must get help."

Stumbling through a backyard, Bach stopped and leaned against a sliding glass door. His left arm was a shapeless mass of red. The tendons and muscles quivered and the blood gushed out at several places. Bach raised his pistol and awaited his hunter.

Rounding the corner of a house, Wesley saw Bach. Slowly he advanced and spoke to Bach, "Come on, pal. Drop the gun. I don't want to hurt you. Just put it down and I'll get you to a doctor." Bach looked at Wesley and said to himself, "So this gook thinks he can take me. Well, I'm Sergeant Joe Bach, best soldier in this army. I'll blow the hero to kingdom come." As the blood oozed from his arm and an inky blackness engulfed him, Bach sighted his pistol.

Wesley was moving forward but looking at Bach, he failed to see the stone in his way and tripped. As he hit the ground, he looked up. In an instant both men

fired. Bach took the full blast of the riot gun in his stomach and crashed through the glass, collapsing in a bloody heap. Wesley was shot in the center of his forehead and a gray mass seeped through the hole in his head.

As the sun set, sirens could be heard speeding toward the scene. A tall figure in a black robe glided across the yard. The figure raised its arms to the sky, and the scythe clasped in its bony fingers waved through the air. Revenge had been taken. The bill was PAID IN FULL.

*Steve Conklin
12th*

DECLARATION OF LOVE

Shall I tell you how I love thee?
Shall I lift my face to the heavens
and declare it to the world?

Shall I whisper it to the wind,
swaying gently through the trees?

Shall I shout it from a mountain,
echoing to the valley below?

Shall I sigh it in the quietness
of night, so dark and dim?

Shall I scream it to the unruly seas,
as the choppy waves pass me by?

Must I tell the world that all is well,
and just how much I love thee?

*Tami Brandon
9th*

SEE THAT GIRL

See that girl
She winked at me
I don't believe it could ever be
She winked she winked oh yes she did
Now where's that piece of gum I hid
I offered it to her and then her face
Turned red as blood and in one place
On her head you could plainly see
A big long scar upon her knee
She was bow legged her eyes were green
Had freckles all over her dog was mean
I thought a lot of her I did
Until I was walking one day with Sid
We were walking along I could plainly see
This girl in a store who was winking at me
I punched my friend and then I said
See that girl she winked at me.

*Ricky Little
12th*

THE FARM-SAVING SHOTGUN

On the porch of a little brick house sat Joe Tucker. He was a nice man with his own farm in Alabama. His wife had died when he was forty-four and now he was forty-eight. He was all by himself and sometimes called Lonesome Joe. But, why was he not working today? Why hadn't he milked the cows yet? If we look back to yesterday we'll see why. It was at the bank.

"One week, Joe, one week!" hollered the bank owner.

"But, Mr. Jones," pleaded Joe.

"No buts about it, Joe, You're four weeks late! You either have two hundred dollars by next Friday or your farm is mine!"

It was Saturday now. He had only six days to find two hundred dollars. Find it was right. He had it. He had saved three hundred dollars and hidden it for safe-keeping. Unfortunately, he had forgotten where. He'd go to church tomorrow and ask the preacher for help.

While he was at church, two young men would be robbing his house. They were Frank Gibson, who was twenty-two, and his cousin Rex Turner, who was nineteen. Frank was a school janitor and low on money. So the boys decided to try to steal money.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Rex asked Frank.

"Sure," was the quick reply.

So it was settled. The next day they would rob old Lonesome Joe. They weren't exactly looking for money. They knew he didn't have much. They were planning to steal valuable material things.

The next morning, Joe went to church. As he walked into the church house, he remembered where the money was. It was in his 12-gauge shotgun. He would get it when he reached home and his troubles would be over.

"Hurry," came an excited voice, "Let's get out of here!" This was Frank's voice. They were in Joe's house. As they ran outside they carried a radio, a watch, a clock, some fancy woodwork and a 12-gauge shotgun, Joe's 12-gauge shotgun.

By the time Joe came home, the bandits were long gone. Joe rushed inside, not noticing the things missing, ran straight to the closet. He knew exactly where

it was. He never used his gun.

"No," Joe screamed as he looked into the closet. Then he began noticing the other missing things. Quickly he called the police station and asked for a patrolman to come out to his farm.

"Turn here, Frank," Rex told Frank, as he swallowed a mouthful of a soft drink. Frank turned off a dirt road. They were planning to hide the stolen goods for a while. But, as they drove down the road they heard a strange noise—a police siren. After a short chase, the police captured the villains and placed them under arrest. Joe's goods were returned to him. His watch, clock, radio, some woodwork and his shotgun, his three hundred dollar shotgun, his farm-saving shotgun.

*Kirt Kirtland
9th*

WHERE DO THE BUTTERFLIES GO WHEN IT RAINS?

Where do the butterflies go when it rains?

Do they hide far above the clouds?

Or rest in the trees that grow along the lane?

Do they hide under the daisy's petals?

Or do they go down into holes until all the rain settles?

Do they fly until they come to a sunny land?

Or do they go visit a coast that has warm sands?

But since I'm not a butterfly,

And really just don't know,

I'll just confess, at very best,

I don't know where they go.

*Sandy Owen
11th*

UNKNOWN

In the past brighter days,
Some people had found fortune and fame.
Those who did not—
Are still alive,
Without self pity—
And lessened charms.
The weak grow strong, learn to fight;
But some poor fools still fail to try.
Those born to good lives—
Shall never know,
Value of accomplishment—
Value of soul.

*1st Wildcat Poetry Contest
Charlene Stonfel
12th Brewton*

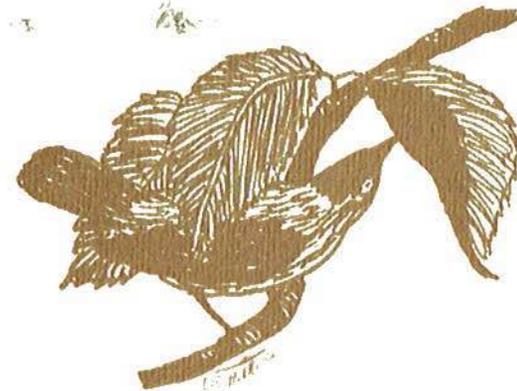
LONELY WHIPPOORWILL

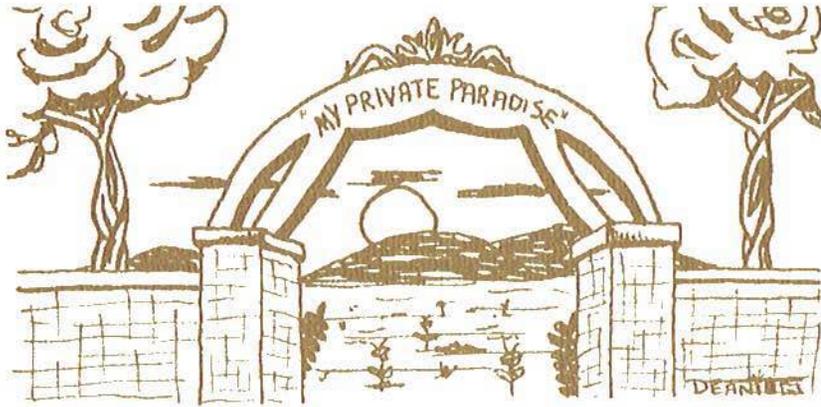
The frosty day grows colder,
The air is frozen still
The coldness sings about the wings
Of a lonely Whippoorwill.

The wind has gotten rougher,
The ice now comes at will,
The wind still sings about the wings
Of the lonely Whippoorwill.

Now the days are warmer,
There are blossoms on the hill,
But up in her perch, upon a limb,
The bird is frozen still.

*Honorable mention Fortnightly Book Club Award
Brenda Potter
12th*





A LETTER TO HIS CHILDREN

Dear Children:

I just wanted to write you and let you know I am doing fine. I don't see much of you since you placed me here but I can't blame you. Besides, if I were young and had lots of fun, I would not want any old man messing everything up for me. I really did not mean to be in the way.

This place is very nice and I can't thank you enough for putting me here. At first I thought it would drive me insane, but it is what its name says: "My Private Paradise." They have a pool where we playboys can flirt with all the girls. We have great meals and the waitresses are great also. We have all types of games. We go to parties very often.

Well, children, I will get to the point of my writing this letter. I have met this fantastic girl. She is seventy-eight and great looking. She really loves me. That's more than I can say for my family. We both were very lonely, so we make a great couple. Her family placed her here three years ago and as you know, I have been here two years. I wish I could invite you to the wedding but only our friends from the home are going to attend. Besides, you probably won't have the time.

Well, thank you for taking time out to read this. Please remember me for I will never forget my family.

Your Loving Father

*Honorable mention AAUW
Pat Thompson
11th*

THE UNIVERSE

I mean, the universe is such a big place
that our earth is a mere fly spot in space.

I HAVE CREATED YOU

And with all the billions of people
crowding our planet

I'm no more than a grain of sand
on one of the ocean's beaches . . .

YOU ARE MY CHILD

And with all the people who've lived
in the centuries before me . . .

I HAVE KNOWN YOU SINCE THE DAY OF YOUR BIRTH

And all the people who'll live
in the centuries before me . . .

YOU ARE PRECIOUS TO ME

How could God possibly have any time
to give me any attention

Or does he even notice me?

He probably doesn't even know I exist.

I HAVE CREATED YOU AND YOU ARE MY CHILD.

YOU ARE AS IMPORTANT TO ME AS ANYONE WHO HAS EVER LIVED.

Me? Are you sure?

*Rommie Bynum
10th*

THIS PLANE IS NOW BEING SKYJACKED

It was October 4, and I was on my way home from a business meeting in Los Angeles. The plane I was on was supposed to go to Dallas, then on to San Antonio. I was on my way home to my birthday party in San Antonio.

I boarded the plane at about six o'clock and found my seat. A little time passed. Then a very attractive young girl boarded the plane. Inside, I guess, I was hoping that she would sit near me, but I didn't think I would be lucky enough to have her sit beside me. She walked right up next to where I was sitting. She looked at her ticket, then at the seat. No! Then she sat down right beside me. Before long the very pretty girl and I were talking to each other like we knew each other very well. I found out she was twenty-one years old, that her name was Gina, and that she was looking for a job in Texas.

We kept our conversation going until a very strange man a few rows up started acting peculiar. He was saying things like, "We're going to run out of gas. We're not going to make it." Then he jumped up and ran toward the pilot's cabin. He burst through the door and said, "Please land this plane before we run out of fuel and crash." The pilot said we had enough gas to get to San Antonio and back two times. The pilot also said that there wouldn't be anything to worry about, because we had plenty of fuel.

The man got up on his feet and pulled out a gun. He told the pilot, "This plane is now being skyjacked." The pilot said, "We'll do anything you want, but just don't hurt anyone."

We had been flying about one hour when the pilot announced that the plane was being skyjacked. I looked over at Gina and tears started to form in her eyes. She laid her head on my shoulder and asked me what we were going to do. I told her that if we would just listen to what the skyjacker said and follow all of his directions, then we should be just fine when this was all over.

We flew on for about twenty minutes before anything else happened. Then the skyjacker came through the door and started walking back in our general direction. He had his gun pulled and it sure seemed to scare the people who were sitting near the aisle. He kept on walking toward us and all the other passengers sitting near the back of that section.

When he got about two feet from me, he stopped, looked at Gina, and told her to stand up. He said, "I told you to stand up." She stood up, took a deep breath, and then eased her hand on top of mine. The skyjacker said, "Come out here where I can get a good look at you." Gina didn't move. He said, "Come here." Gina still didn't move. He reached over in front of me and grabbed her

arm. At that instant I doubled up my fist and hit him just as hard as I could in the stomach. He fell back, but before he did, he pushed me into Gina. When he fell back he dropped his gun. After a few seconds went by he picked it up and pointed it at Gina. I stood in front of her with my side toward the skyjacker. He said, "I'm going to kill both of you so it doesn't make any difference who goes first." He then pulled the hammer back on the pistol and a shot was fired. I closed my eyes and I felt Gina's arms tighten around my ribs. Then they eased off. I looked at her and she seemed to be okay. I looked at the skyjacker but he had fallen to his knees. Then he fell on down to the floor.

I looked up toward the cabin and I saw the pilot with a smoking pistol in his hand. Gina and I just sat down and rested until we reached San Antonio—together.

*Jim Cook
9th*

LIFE

As the seconds of time tick away

I learn what life is all about.

But there is so much to learn

And so little time.

Life is so short!

What am I to do?

*Cliff Spurlin
12th*

THE WAYS OF JUSTICE?

The world dark before me stands.

Alone, I am only one.

My hopes, like many dangling strands,

My logic never again to run.

The burden on my back, a ton.

For my freedom anything I'd do.

I need to see the sun.

This slimy wall I can't get through.

Escape is a battle not to be won,

An ego it will stun.

Of a crime I was falsely accused.

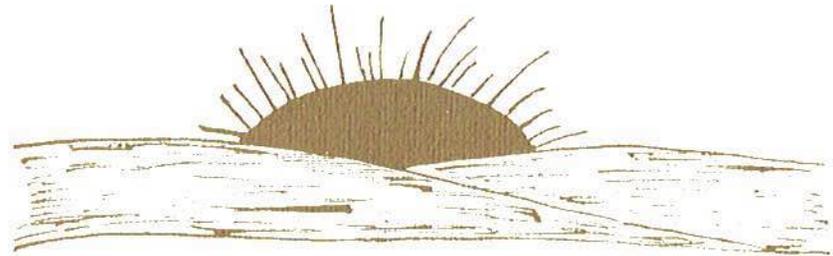
He was the one who waved the gun.

In court my rights were greatly abused.

Around me the imprisoning web was spun,

No more lies my life is done.

*Dean Guthrie
12th*



Judy Hale

LOVE - EARLY MORNING

Each morning when I wake

I look to the sunrise.

I think of you and the fiery

Sparkle of your eyes.

I listen around me to the

Whispers of silence.

And understand life's sweet

Song of soothing violins.

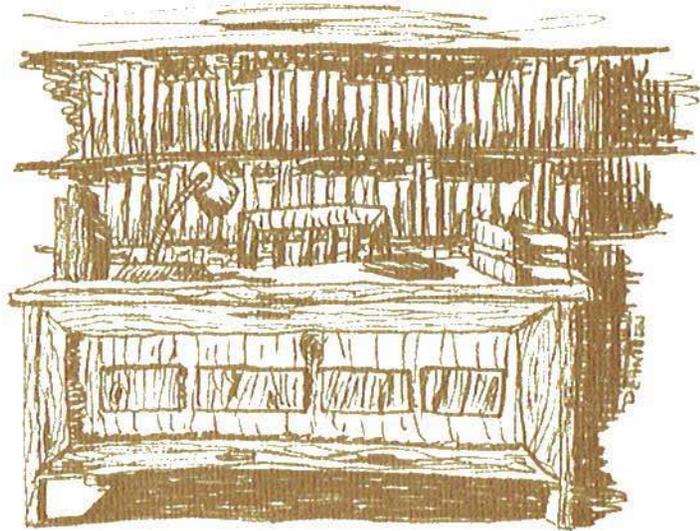
Yet in the cool, crisp morning

Air the sky is blue.

But is it any wonder, darling?

You know I still love you.

*Terry Hasty
12th*



MEMORIES

The large van rolled down the street, bouncing in chuckholes and splashing water from mud puddles formed during the recent rains. It rumbled into the driveway, stopped, and a burly man wearing old jeans and a dirty, yellow T-shirt stepped from the cab.

"Is this 412 Alameda Avenue?"

"Yes, it is," said the woman standing at the door of her house. She was well dressed, small in stature, and appeared to be about sixty.

"Well, Lady! I'm here to take your junk. Just show me where ya' want it moved from, and I'll toss it on to the heap I got all ready."

She took a few steps backward, and he walked into the room. She glanced at the floor as he did so, and saw a muddy trail left by his boots on her clean carpet. Opening a nearby door, she showed him into a room in which there was an old oaken desk, moth-eaten curtains, a few chairs, a dilapidated old couch, and a pile of worn books covered by a thick layer of dust.

Piece by piece, he threw the aged furnishings upon his truck. Several crashings and the tinkling of glass from an old mirror echoed through the truck and settled upon her ears.

She looked toward the old desk, the only thing left in the room, and remembered when her husband had made it.

"Look, Em. It's almost finished. I just have to put on the final coat of varnish." She could now imagine his joyous face as he told her.

How happy he had been when it was finished. He spent many hours studying at that fine desk. He poured over his books on real estate, business law, and financial management to prepare for his career. He had finally passed his last exams and had gone on to become one of the most successful men in his business. There at that desk, he worked many hours preparing for the next day at the office.

"Dear, it's time for supper. Come on and eat before it gets cold," she remembered saying many times.

"Just a minute. I want to finish this last little bit."

He would come in momentarily, after straightening his papers on the desk.

That was many years ago when they were both very young. It had only been two years since he had died of a heart attack, and she left his room as he had left it. Finally, she could stand seeing his things no more, and she called the junkman to haul it off.

"Hey, Lady! You just going to stand there in the way?" asked the man, interrupting her thoughts. She stepped back a few feet and looked at the old desk. Soon the junkman returned and walked toward the dusty desk.

"No!" she said in a loud, harsh whisper.

"What now, Lady? I ain't got all day!"

"No!" I said.

"Now look, Lady, you want me to take this desk or not?" he asked her very gruffly.

"No," she said softly as a silent tear streamed down her cheek. "No, I think I'll keep it."

*Delta Kappa Gamma—3rd Place
3rd AAUW
Johnny Brown
12th*

YOU TALK TO ME OF LOVE?

You think of love

but what do you know?

You know as much as the next man,

how much does he know?

You want to know about love

I thought you already knew.

Why do you ask me?

What can I do?

You think you are in love

but how can you be?

You must find out for yourself,

why not save yourself and listen to me?

You say you'll have a good love

how can you be so sure?

You do understand that for a broken heart

that there is no cure!

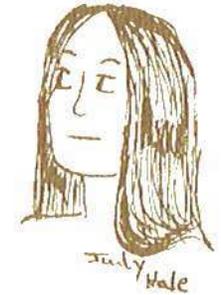
Why do I talk so badly of love?

No matter how hard I tried,

there was no way to save my love,

and before I knew it, my love had died!

*Kenny Harding
12th*



FIRST LOVE: LOST

I loved him, but did he love me?
He said he loved me, but was it true?
He's married another girl, now you see.
And for a while I was oh so blue.

If in your first love you happen to lose,
You'll always find someone much better to choose.

He has a wife now, a little child too.
I hope he is happy, for I'm no longer sad.
I hope he has good luck in anything he may do,
For I'm happy now oh so glad.

If in your first love you happen to lose,
You'll always find someone much better to choose.

I'm getting married in a few days.
My new guy is a much better choice than before.
He shows me that he loves me in many ways.
This new love has opened up so many closed doors.

If in your first love you happen to lose,
You'll always find someone much better to choose.

*Brenda Hastings
12th*

THE DUTY

The girl was new at the job and obviously not enjoying it. She would probably be punished since any display of feelings was wrong and had been forbidden long ago. That was one of the first laws of the Bureau, "Feelings or the showing of emotions will be prohibited now and forever, etc." She was a Patrol Officer for the Bureau and it was her job to enforce this forestated law in Section 36, Galaxy 1000. She was simply called Patrol, since names were much too personal.

Section 36, Galaxy 1000 was a difficult section to patrol because it included part of Earth, the most worn out and worthless of all the planets. The inhabitants of this planet, called humans, were impossible! They were the most difficult to suppress and usually caused the most trouble. She was chosen for this particular job because even though she was half human she was also half Achian. She was a halfbreed and spent most of her life trying to live down the human half. Achians were noted for their emptiness and complete void of feeling. So, she was trying to become a complete Achian, but it was harder than she had thought.

She was floating calmly over Earth on a daily inspection tour, when she noticed a crowd gathered below and landed to investigate. It seemed a group of Achians were picking on a human. Achians were always doing that but what harm did it do since humans were worthless anyway? She guessed "it" to be about nine years old, just a child, but old enough to be expected to know and obey the laws of the Bureau. So why did she feel pity for the human? That feeling was wrong!

"What's the trouble?" she said sharply.

They were immediately quiet, then all began to talk at once.

Patrol interrupted them, "All of you leave. I will question the human myself."

All of the Achians reluctantly flew off, leaving Patrol and the human alone. As she talked to the human, she discovered he had been crying because his mother had been taken away that morning. She reminded him that crying was wrong, very wrong, according to the law. Also according to the law she had to report him and she did, on her portable radio system. They congratulated her. So why did she feel sad and frustrated? But, she kept reminding herself, it was her duty.

She stood there silently by the human until the Guard Patrol came and took him away and left her all alone. As she stood there watching them fly away, she kept telling herself it was her duty, it was her duty, as the tears began trickling down her face.

*Cindy Harville
11th*

MAY WE . . .

May we be granted the ability
to know ourselves.

May we be granted the ability
to know others.

May we be granted the sincerity
to know the difference.

May we, God?

*Chris Himburg
12th*

I TRIED, BUT I COULDN'T DO IT

I have just failed a test
Now maybe my mind can rest.

All night my thoughts were on the exam.
Maybe those thoughts now will scam!

I studied hard to no avail,
All I ever do is fail!

I've thought and thought, but I still can't see,
Why does it always happen to me?

My friends guess and make ninety-five.
How in the world do they survive?

I study hard and make sixty-four,
I don't think I can take much more.

*Judy Womack
12th*

PLEASE DO NOT RUN ME DOWN

Yes, I believe in the Lord,
But please do not run me down for it.
I am proud for anyone to know it,
But please do not talk about the Lord that way.

I have done many sins, but I am trying
To get the Lord's forgiveness for it.
And all I ask from you is—
Please do not run me down for it.

The Lord has done more than his share for me,
So I am going to give my life to him
And be his servant for the rest of my entire life.
But please do not run me down for it.

It is hard to always remember
To say no to the Devil,
But all I ask of you is,
Please do not run me down for trying.

Now, I will sleep and wait for tomorrow,
To prove myself to the Lord.
But all I ask of you is,
Please do not run me down for trying.

*Lovetta Loy
11th*

TORCH STAFF OFFICERS

Editor	Paula Dawson
Assistant Editor	John Wolf
Art Editor	Dean Guthrie
Secretary	Marie Latham
Business Manager	Connie Glass

STAFF MEMBERS

SENIORS

Sonia Bohannon
Johnny Brown
Debra Butler
Steve Conklin
Paula Dawson
Dean Guthrie
Judy Hale
Peggy Higginbotham
Betsy Jacobs
Marie Latham
Judy Maynor
Marcheta Nichols
John Wolf

JUNIORS

Bruce Atkins
Sharon Gay
Connie Glass
Cindy Harville
Walt Kennamer
Joanna Proctor
Sherry Tyler
Mary Wilkerson

FRESHMEN

Tami Beard
Nancy Campbell
Russ Ramage
Glen Pendergrass

SOPHOMORES

Darlene Amrhein
Tina Bridges
Lisa Campbell
Glenda Johnston
Beth Mullaney
Sandy Owens
Patty Smith

SPONSOR: Mrs. Winifred Heath, Librarian

FACULTY CONSULTANTS: Mrs. Louise Thomas
Mrs. Jewell Brewton

The Torch Staff is indebted to the teachers in the English Department:

Ninth	Mrs. Karen Davis Mrs. Louise Thomas
Tenth	Mrs. Harriet Hannan Mrs. Sarah Harper Miss Marie Waters
Eleventh	Mrs. Kay Durham Mrs. Anne Sharp
Twelfth	Mrs. Jewell Brewton Mrs. Martha Pendley

AWARDS

AAUW – SHORT STORY

First Place	Walt Kennamer
Second Place	Pam Fowler
Third Place	Johnny Brown
Honorable Mention	Pat Thompson
Honorable Mention	Sherry Tyler

FORTNIGHTLY BOOK CLUB – POETRY

First Place	Paula Dawson
Second Place	Tami Brandon
Third Place	Sharon Gay
Honorable Mention	Brenda Potter
Honorable Mention	Chris Himburg

SCOTTSBORO WOMAN'S LEAGUE – ART (COVER DESIGN)

First Place	Dean Guthrie
Second Place	Russ Ramage
Third Place	Judy Hale

WILDCAT POETRY CONTEST

First Place	Charlene Stonfel
Second Place	Tami Brandon
Honorable Mention	Tami Brandon
Honorable Mention	Ronnie Bynum
Honorable Mention	Sherry McGaha

DELTA KAPPA GAMMA CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST FOR JACKSON COUNTY

Poetry – Second Place – Sharon Gay
Short Story – Third Place – Johnny Brown

To the sponsors of these contests and to the judges, who wish to remain anonymous, we are deeply grateful.

We express our appreciation to Mr. Bill Heath who conducted short story workshops and to Mrs. Madge Wilbanks who gave professional assistance in proofreading.