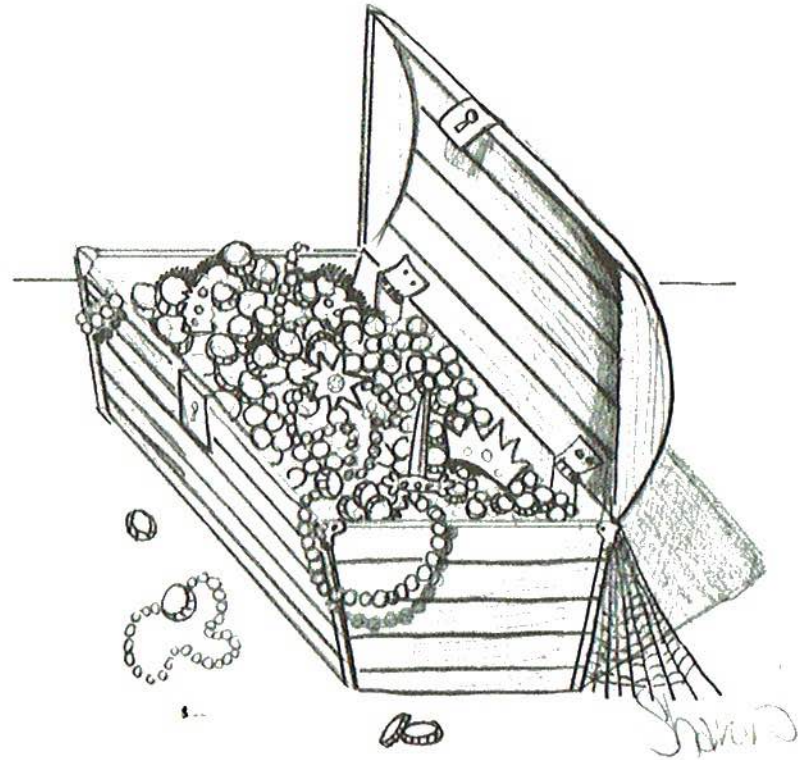


the 77-80

Torch





THE TORCH

1979 — 1980

A treasure of talent and creativity by
the students of Scottsboro High School



DEDICATION

We dedicate this, the Torch of 1979-80, to the Scottsboro Community Theater, who, in an effort to promote a vehicle for creative expression, donated generously to our publication. Their support was vital in making this year's Torch a success.

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The Blue-Eyed Boy

The smiling boy you once befriended
Concedes the fact that you have won,
With the grueling contest finally ended,
The playing is over, the damage is done.

Many times I've prayed, I've cried,
I've waited on edge for a glimpse of sight.
A thousand times a day I've died,
With no one to hide me from the dark night.

Many nights I lay awake
Yearning for precious sleep,
But I know that I am yours to take,
Alone I quietly weep.

I wish you untold happiness
With those I do not know.
Ridding myself of this torturous mess,
Ahead I forge, quickly I go.

Still, my darling, I think of you,
When times were made of gold,
And when I think, my heart turns blue,
Who will love you when you are old?

Ed Henderson

THE HAWK

As I sat on a bluff one crisp November day, I spotted a hawk. He was gliding on the wind with such grace and power that I was overwhelmed by his beauty. He simply rode the breeze for several minutes, then, with a few powerful strokes from his mighty wings, rose higher and higher and began to glide down once again.

As I sat, admiring him, I knew he was aware of my presence, but what I didn't know was what was on his mind. As he saw me sitting on the cliff, I wondered what he thought of me. Does he see beauty in people as we see it in him?

Society in general believes human life to be filled with problems. A hawk, on the other hand, seems to have an easy and enviable life. People look at him and think he has it made with nothing to do but hunt and soar on the wind while his human counterpart has everything against him.

As I was fighting the treacherous wind one day, I spotted a human, sitting on a bluff, just watching me. What does he want with me? He has everything he could want. He has friends, millions of them. He sees hundreds of people every day, just like himself, that he can talk to and touch. All I do is fight this troublesome wind all day, searching for food and water. Day after day I do the same thing, again and again, alone.

Greg Harville

WIND

Whipping young saplings about
Innately playful, restless, shifting
Never dormant, constantly stirring
Dancing, unceasingly, all about our globe

Gregg Berry



Night Sounds

As I lay in the darkness of my room,
My mind tends to wander and flow
with the assortment of night sounds,
A dog, as if very lonely,
howls on some far-off hill.
A large Tom-cat scratches at the screen on my window.
Crickets chirp and owls coo.
The creaks and pops of the
House that I call home give the deceitful mockery of goblins
And ghosts.
As the headlights of passing cars
Whimsically flash on the creamy walls of my room,
I close my heavy eyelids.
I see flashes of bright, blinding colors,
Then pitch black.
As I drift into secret dreams,
I feel peaceful and safe
In my home.

Carol Muse

Future

Planned---Fast---
Set pace---
Non-stop---No time---
Learning---Changing---
Technology---Space---
Nuclear---War.
Holocaust!

END!

Time---Renewal---
Ease---Simple---
New Beginning---
Natural Beauty---
Radiance, Hope, Peace.
Life---

Kathy Jones

What If — Once Again?

What if you had the chance to view the most beautiful sunset that you had ever seen—once again?
What if - you could sleep amongst the trees with your friends—once again?
What if - you had the time to talk with a friend and share your secrets—once again?
What if - you could dream the sweetest dream—maybe even live it—once again?
What if - you had the time to follow an unknown trail—just to see where it would go - once again?
What if - you could do anything your heart had truly desired—would you do it—Once Again?

Tamra Gadberry

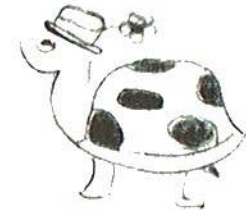
The Little Squirrel's Home

There once was a little squirrel
Who had no place to live.
He asked trees all day long
But no one had a home to give.

There was a walnut tree
Which grew on a pleasant farm
But it had no squirrel to live
Within its spreading arms.

One day the little squirrel
Found that walnut tree.
He hurriedly moved in
And is happy as can be.

Cathy Bynum



There once was an elf named Lester
Who had him a wife named Hester.
They lived in a house
That was fit for a mouse
And it caused all his problems to fester.

Lisa Bayer



There once was a girl named Felice
Who had grown extremely obese.
Others told her to try it
So she went on a diet,
And now she can see both her feet.

Ray Tolliver



DIMESTORE ROMANCE

I sat and watched him at work, It was fascinating, the way he moved so quickly about. I have always been fascinated by the energy and the amount of dexterity that seemed to flow from his whole being.

I smiled and remembered when we first met. It was at a local dimestore; I think it was Woolworths. I fell in love with him the first time I laid eyes on him. He was something I had dreamed of all my life. I walked around the store in a stupor, bought something I didn't even need, (I think it was pantyhose), and started on my way home.

The feeling was unbearable; I had to tell some one about him. I ran to my friend Althea's house. She works at the dimestore so I figured she might see him often. She did know him and told me his name was Johnny. I sighed. The name suited him perfectly.

That same night I had a dream that we lived together. I prepared all of his meals, cleaned up for him, and catered to his every whim. I was his servant. When he wasn't looking at me, I sat and watched him work, the same way I do now. I loved him so much. I dreamed about me and Johnny alone...

The next day Althea came over after she finished working. She banged on my door, shouting that she had a friend in the car whom she wanted me to meet.

I ran down the front steps, regained my composure so my friend could not see that I was bursting with curiosity, and began walking to the car in a casual manner.

Then I saw him. My feet stopped dead in their tracks. I felt myself longing to touch him, but something inside me held me back, as if I were afraid he would bite me. Why had Althea brought him to me when she could have had him all to herself? Althea was a true friend. She knew how much I loved Johnny.

I held back my desire to touch him; I did not know how he would react. He looked at me with his mysterious black eyes, although I could find no meaning in his expression. I smiled. He was gorgeous!

He looked about his surroundings with the air of one who is comfortable and at home anywhere. I turned to Althea, who had followed me out of the house. She grinned and nodded in a reassuring way that told me he was all mine. I could absolutely not believe it! Johnny was here, he was mine! I hugged my friend and tears sprang to my eyes. I opened the car door and lifted the silver cage that held Johnny, my hamster, and thanked Althea for being such a wonderful friend.

Sharon Kolakowski

Sleep?

Sometimes I lie awake at night,
And try to sleep with all my might,
I close my eyes and lay in bed.
I pull the covers over my head.
But sometimes, try as I may, I cannot,
Though my head and my body would like it alot.

It could be a curse, maybe a hex,
Next time I think I'll try Sominex,
Let me talk to the silly person who
thinks,


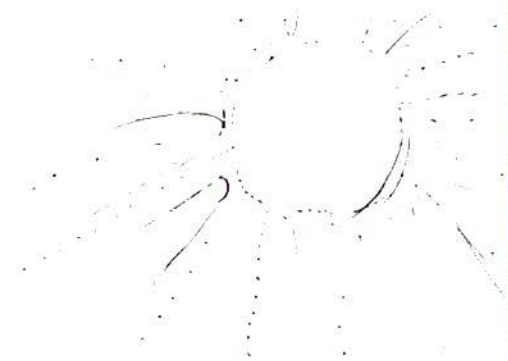
It's so very easy to catch forty winks.
I've tried many ways of getting to
sleep,

From drinking warm milk, to counting
sheep.

But the only method that will never
miss,



Is writing **Stupid** poems like this!

Jan Caudle



IF
ONLY I
COULD BE A TREE
WITH LEAVES THAT DANCED
IN THE SUN'S LIGHT,
WITH GRACEFUL BRANCHES
REACHING UP TO TOUCH
THE SUN IN SHEER
DELIGHT AND WAVING
IN THE EVENING BREEZE

A O
S I T
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H E O
GOODNIGHT



Sharon Kolakowski

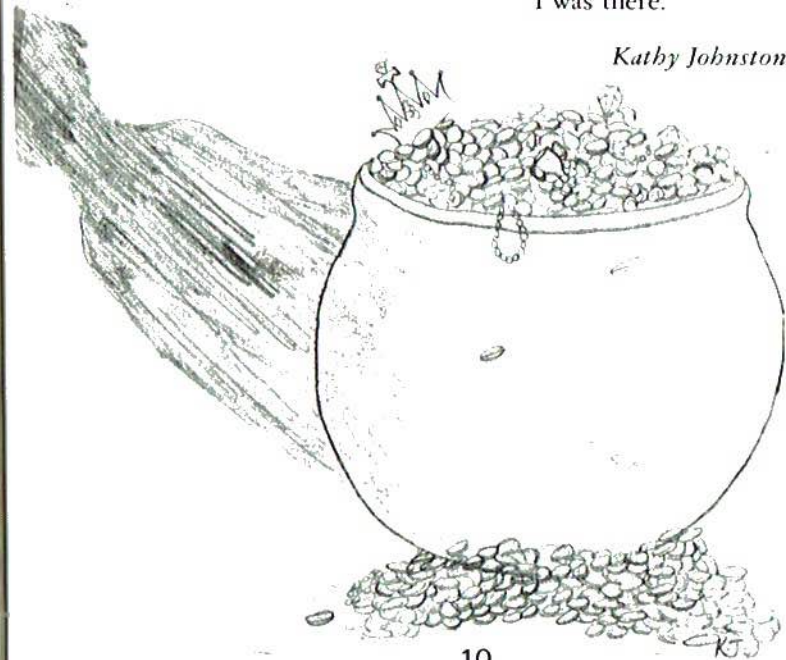
Shadow of Success

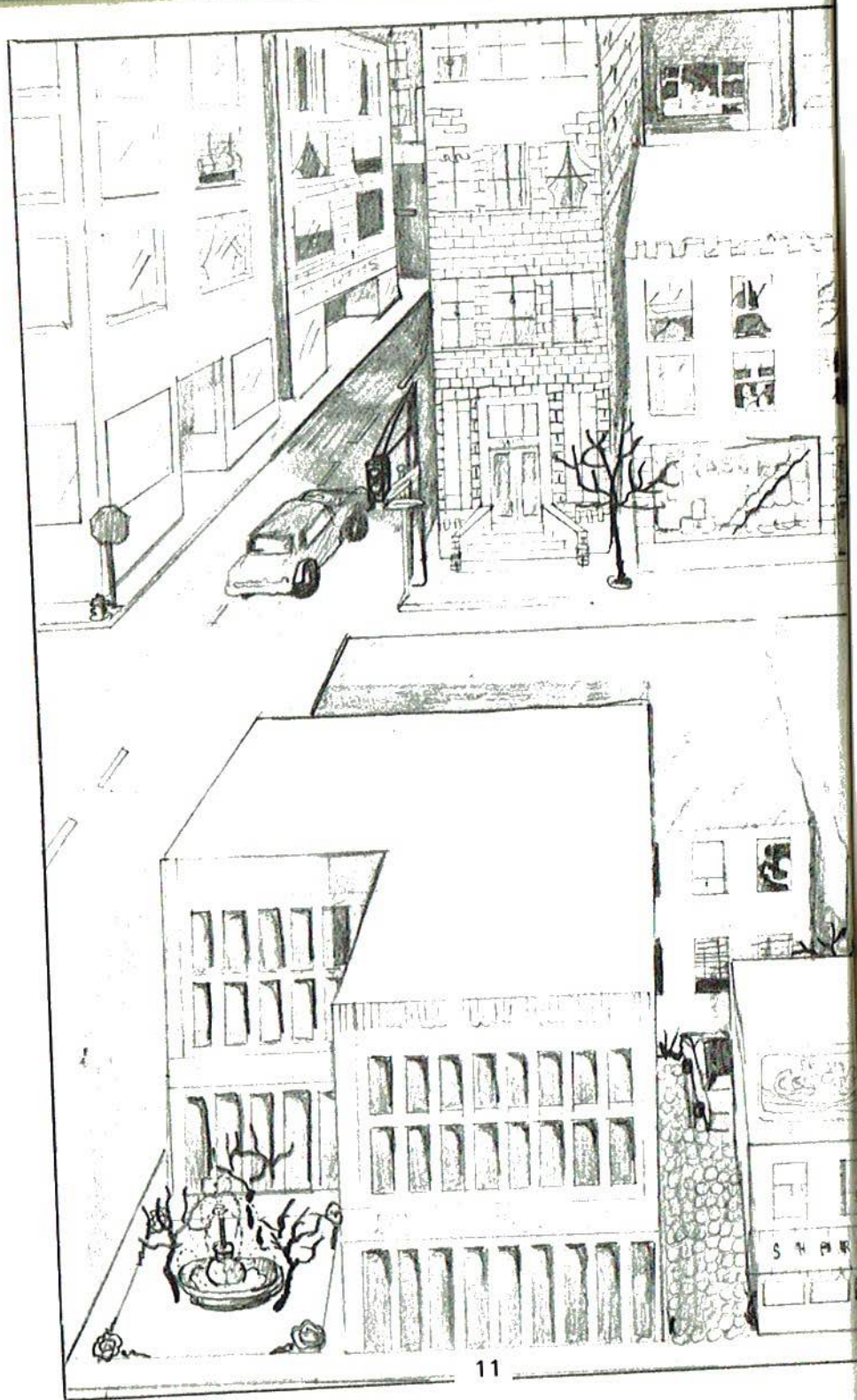
I followed you, you know.
Oh, yes, I followed you right through
The steaming jungle of closed-in alleys and
The unwashed, wall-to-wall bodies of the
Improverished majority.
I followed you past the unreal scenes of
Colonial mansions and perfectly kept
Lawns and the easy life, and
My longing was reflected
In your eyes.
I felt your pain on the ladder of success, but
While tears of sweat burned my eyes
You saw the rays filter through the
Starry skylight.
Now you sit in the well-worn chair and
Revel in your accomplishments while
Others wearily follow in
Your footsteps.

I visioned you here when you first
Took a step toward the goal of your
Mother's outstretched hand--
And you never knew

I was there.

Kathy Johnston





Corners

I searched the corners of my mind,
The subject of a poem to find.
'Tis strange, those very nooks I searched
Are that on which my poem is perched.

A corner is a nifty joint,
Where angles go to meet a point.
And there you'll find directions end,
So new directions can begin.

Rounded is a normal ring.
No corners live in such a thing.
But rings and corners co-exist
From whence a boxer swings his fist.

The teacher saw a spitball zoom,
From Johnny's hand across the room.
For corner's John had no affection,
Spitballs gave a close inspection.

I searched the corners of my mind,
The subject of a poem to find.
'Tis strange those very nooks I searched
Were that on which my poem was perched.

Lynn LePine

AN UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE

As I was walking down the street, I saw all of the kids playing outside. I began to remember all of my previous babysitting jobs. Some I cherish and remember, but some I wish to forget.

I remember once when my mom got me a job sitting with the rowdiest kid in the neighborhood. His name was Marvin Parks. I don't know if I'll ever forgive mom for that. At nine years of age he seemed to have more energy than the sun! I could barely keep up with him.

As I walked into the door of the Parks' brick house, a rubber-tipped arrow whizzed past my face and stuck to the door. The day had just begun, and I knew it wasn't going to turn out right. I wished I were back in bed!

Mrs. Parks was in a hurry and as soon as I stepped in, she stepped out. I really dreaded this! I wished that she wouldn't leave me alone with him. I knew that I might as well get ready for the worst.

I was very surprised, when Marvin asked me to read him a story from one of his books. As I read the book aloud, I kept getting more and more interested. When I was through, I said, "Good book, Huh Marvin?", but when I looked up Marvin wasn't there.

"Oh, No!", I shouted as I jumped up from the living room chair. Hearing a noise in the dining room, I decided to look in to see what was going on. I smelled a very foul odor when I got there, I saw what Marvin was up to. I felt like spanking him, but I told myself to calm down. Marvin had emptied the garbage in the dining room floor and was jumping up and down in it. It was a good thing the dining room floor wasn't carpeted! "Now what will I do with Marvin while I try to clean up this mess?" I thought. I had a bad feeling all over. I looked up. Marvin wasn't there. Please Marvin! I searched each room until I found him up in his mother's bedroom. Out of her jewelry box he had gotten her expensive jewelry, and off the dresser he had gotten her most expensive perfume. He was wearing a pair of earrings, a necklace, and a couple of rings. He was spraying her perfume all over him and all over the room, I got him up in my arms, pulled off all the jewelry, and put both the perfume and the jewelry where they belonged. He smelled like the garbage can that he had just turned over!

After about two or three tries, I finally managed to get Marvin into the bathtub. After I got him in there, I realized that Marvin's mom didn't keep the towels and wash cloths in the bathroom like most people do. Surpassing any track record ever made, I raced to find him a towel and wash cloth. I knew this was one kid, if left alone for two seconds, could create a hurricane in his own bathtub.

Not very much to my surprise, when I returned, Marvin wasn't there. I saw a track of bubbles leading to the hamper so I opened it up. Marvin was sitting in there hiding from me. I managed to pull him out of the hamper, but not without a fight.

I finally got him cleaned up and out of the tub. I got some more of his clothes on him and took him down to the living room. I was so tired! I made him sit down, and told him not to get up.

I went to the dining room to clean up the mess. Very much to my surprise, when I returned, Marvin was on the couch asleep!! When Mrs. Parks came home, she paid me, thanked me, and I left hurriedly.

The very thing that made my day was when I walked into the front door of my house and my mother asked, "How did you enjoy your day?"

Myra Denson



There once was a young man named Nash
Who tried to sweep chimneys for cash.
Soot was not worth his while,
He cramped everyone's style
And was labled a pain in the ash.

Sharon Kolakowaski



A DOG'S LIFE

Every morning bright and gay,
I wait for the paperboy to pass my way.
With a lick on his face my master arises,
He jumps out of bed as the sun rises.
With heavy eyes and stubbled face,
He gets in the shower at a slow-moving pace.
He drinks his coffee and reads the news,
While I bring him his favorite shoes.
He later takes off for work in a zoom,
Pets me and tells me he'll be home soon.
While my master's away I like to play,
With cars and cats that pass my way.
Then I come home and wait by the door,
For my master arrives at a quarter of four.
I sit and think how nice it must be,
To come home to someone as special as me.
Now listen folks and don't be sad,
Living a dog's life ain't half bad.

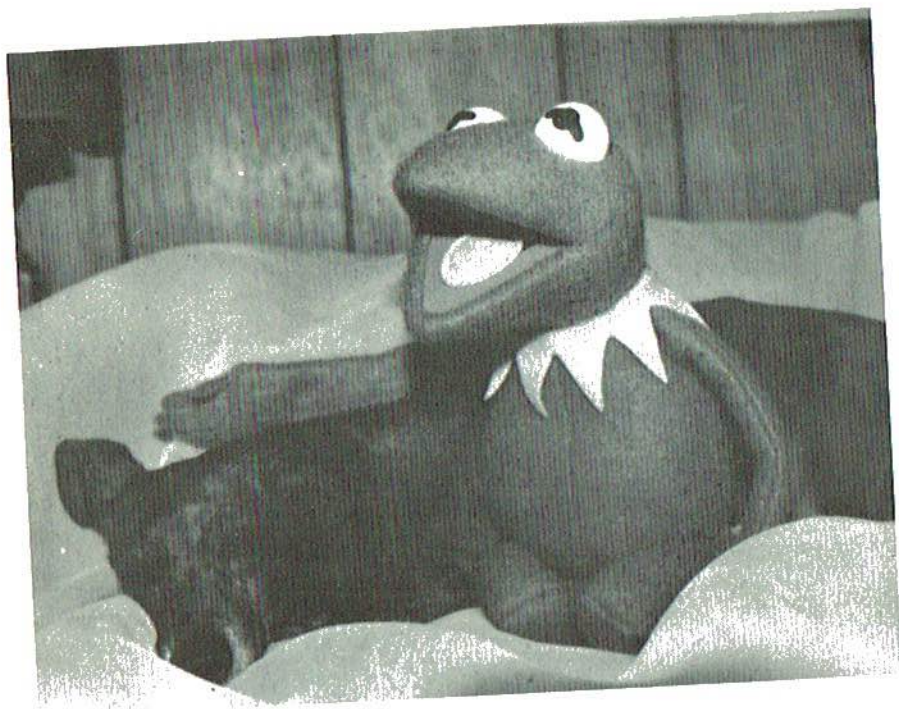
Bonnie Childress

Poems

As I sit here
Wondering,
Dreaming;
Searching for the words
To express my feelings,
A vision appears,
Floating through my mind
Like a winged spirit.
I capture it, and
Set it down on paper,
My dreams now reality.

Jim Thomas





Friends

As summer rushes to its end,
My fantasies and dreams of you must also close,
Not in sorrow,
But in joy.
You gave me much happiness--
Memories never to be forgotten--
Your smile, your laugh, your kindness...
But now our paths go different ways,
And when we meet again,
It will be the meeting of
Two best friends.

Jane Todorovich

GO FOR THE GOLD

The loudspeakers boomed over the busy crowd and I hear our names called, "Steve Jenkins of Scottsdale and Bill Jones of Fulton go to mat number four." It was my third match of the tournament; This was the quarter finals and the competition was getting tougher.

When I walked onto the mat Bill Jones was already there. Since the wrestlers on the mat were finishing their match, I warmed up by doing some hurdler stretches and opposite toe touches. The match ended and it was my turn. I walked out to the center of the mat and shook hands with my opponent. We got on the starting marks and the referee blew the whistle. We began wrestling. I got the takedown and I thought it was going to be an easy match until my opponent reversed me and put me on my back. I was able to keep my shoulders up and made it to the end of the round.

At the beginning of the second round I won the toss and took the up position. At the sound of the whistle I broke my opponent down and pinned him in a "head and arm." I had won my third match and was going to the finals.

I waited patiently as the round advanced up through the weight classes. When they got to the 187 pound class, I started getting warmed up, going through a stretching routine.

At last it was time for me to wrestle. I felt nervous about this match because my opponent had also pinned all of his opponents. I began to worry about losing and convinced myself that second place would be alright.

As the referee motioned us to the center of the mat, I came to my senses. "What was I doing thinking about losing?" I asked myself. "I'm not going to settle for second place because I would be beating myself by not giving 100 percent."

The referee blew the whistle and the match began. The first round went by without a takedown and the score was 0-0.

I won the toss and chose the up position. The referee blew the whistle and started the second round. My opponent switched me and the score was 2-0. He worked for a pin and managed to get me on my back but the buzzer sounded and saved me from a pin. My opponent got 3 more points

and the score was then 5-0, his favor. Going into the third round, I would be in the down position. I knew it would be hard, but I made up my mind to win. The referee blew the whistle and the third and final round got underway. I could tell my opponent was off balance so I took the chance and switched him. This made the score 5-2 and I had the advantage because I was in control. I worked for a pin and finally got my opponent on his back. I had earned the 3 "back points" and tied the score. My muscles were screaming with pain from the constant strain of the battle. I glanced up at the clock and saw I had only fifteen seconds left in the round. I knew it was now or never. Pouring out every ounce of strength I had left I struggled to force his shoulders to the mat. At the last second of what seemed to be an eternity the referee slapped the mat and I had won.

As I went to the stand to receive my first place medal, I had a great feeling because I had gone for the gold and won.

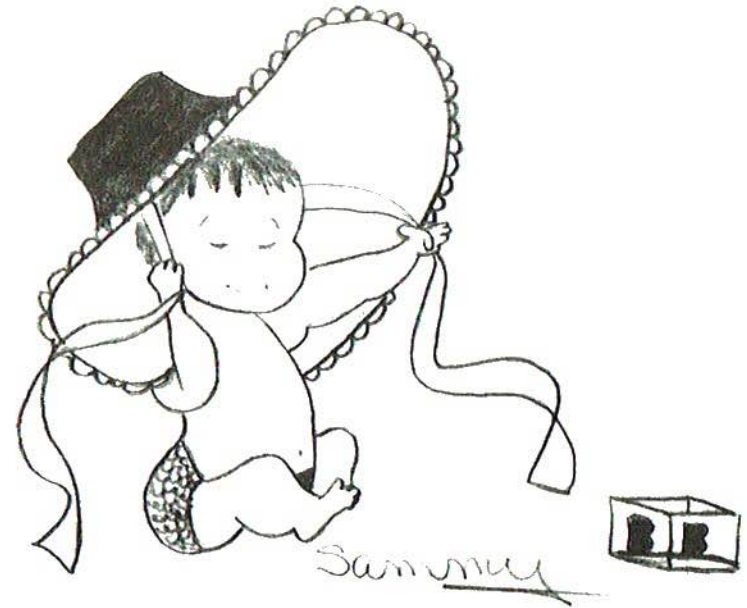
Shane Wilson

A DIFFERENT WORLD

God made the world with His own hands;
He created all the seas and all the lands;
Everything was right and in its place;
God was pleased with a smile on His face.

Now the people don't seem to care,
That there is smog and dirt everywhere
And so now when God looks down,
Instead of a smile, He has a frown.

Connie Willmon



A CHILD'S MIND

Watch a child smile
And brighten up your day.
He always seems content
To play his day away.

His world is usually faultless
And all his dreams come true.
Wouldn't that be great
If it worked for me and you?

His fantasies contain no bad thoughts
For they would ruin his play.
He knows little of the outside life
And the hassles of a real day.

We all should take time out
And enter a child's mind.
Be quiet for a moment
And leave your world behind.

Tammi Davis

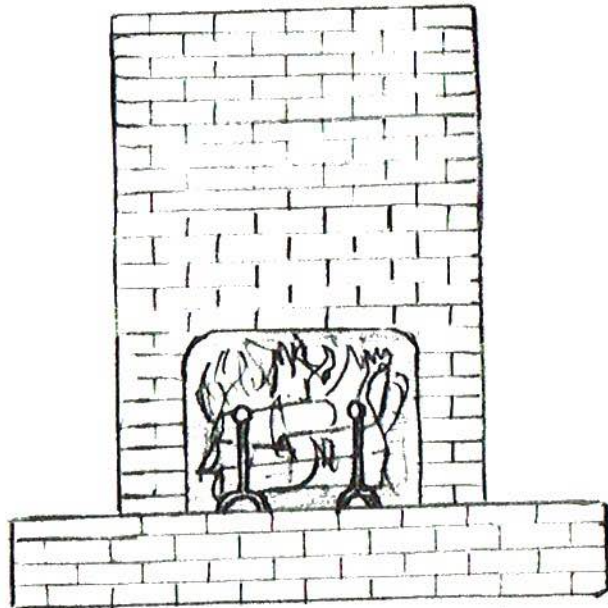
The Hearth

We have built the hearth of our friendship
with the greatest of care,
Laying each stone delicately into place.

Love lit the fire within and we kindle it
always with kindness and trust.
Now, in times of chilling sorrow, we can
warm our hearts by the soothing light.

Then when joy returns, we can smile upon
the steady glow and know that our
friendship will shine forever.

Lynn LePine



FIRST DOWN

"Come on, Stan, give me a break, this ain't a wrestling match," yelled Jim. Stan had just about taken Jim's head off with an extremely hard tackle near the goal line.

"Well, if you can't take the heat, why don't you get out of the kitchen. This ain't a pansy game you know," Stan grumbled as he got up and dusted off his clothes.

"Oh yea, well let me show you who is the pansy around here." Jim was really mad now. He got up ready to fight.

"Break it up," Randy said, running toward Jim and Stan. "You know that if you two get in to another fight out here they'll throw us off the school grounds. Stan, why don't you learn to go easy on all of us when we have the ball. You know that we're not pro's. We're not even on the varsity team yet. "Randy was known for keeping a cool head. His levelheadedness had kept the gang out of a lot of trouble, he seemed to be the leader of the crowd.

"Well, yelled Jim, if Stan would quit acting like a pro and stop tackling so hard, there wouldn't be any need to fight. You know how he is don't you Randy? He's put a few elbows in your face before, ain't he."

"Yea, he sure has. Let me tell you Stan, the gang don't care for the way you play ball. If you don't calm it down, we're gonna stop asking you to play ball with us. You know that you need practice if you're gonna try out for varsity."

The feeling seemed to be mutual among all the players. Stan was well known for his late hits and tackles in the out of bounds. He was not a bully, just an over active player, and there had been many fights caused by his egerness.

The gang decided to take a break and let Stan and Jim cool off before another fight started.

"Let's go get a coke or something," Frank yelled to Stan.

"Alright," Stan replied. Stan walked away slowly and then turned to Randy. "At least I have one friend out here, but the thats all I need," He said.

Stan and Frank jumped into Stan's battered up old Ford. Stan was a little crestfallen, but he soon managed to get back to his old self. Frank had always helped Stan when he needed it, and Frank knew that Stan needed help now.

"Stan, why don't you go a little easier on Jim and the rest of the gang. They know that you are stronger and better than them. You know that Jim don't take nothin off of nobody. Why, I've seen him get in to fights over nothing. One of these days you're really gonna hurt somebody out there. Personally, I'd like to go to spring training without a broken arm or leg or something."

"Yea, I know that I get a little carried away out there, but I don't know what gets into me. It seems like the harder I play, the better I feel. I try and stop myself, but something comes over me. I just get carried away. Well, we'd better be getting back." Stan said.

When Stan and Frank got back, the rest of the gang were ready to play. Randy and Jim had been up town and they got Elmo, a very talented varsity player, to play ball with the rest of the gang. A surprise lesson was in store for Stan.

New teams were chosen with Randy and Jim as captains. Elmo and Stan was on opposite teams. The ball was kicked and Stan caught it. Just about that time, a horrendous shock went all over Stan and he went down.

"Do you think it'll work," whispered Jim to Randy.

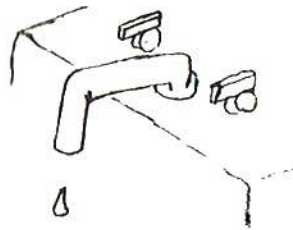
"If it don't, I don't know what we'll do. Get up Stan, let's play ball," shouted Randy.

John Lovelady



Coach
Cool, confident
Instructing, leading, directing
Navigator of our ship.
Cooley

Ray Tolliver



J. WINKLE

The Leak

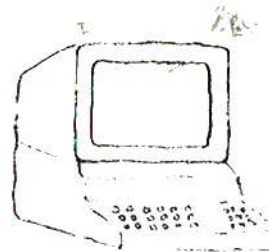
Faucet.
Leaking, Plopping
Dripping, dropping, dribbling, trickling,
Escaping, losing,
Wasting.

Kathy Johnston

Eyes
Deep, silent
Revealing, observing, comforting
An expressor of feelings
Communication



Pam Matthews



J. WINKLE

Computer

Computer.
Complicated—fascinating—
Blinking—beeping—working—
Always puzzling to me—
Computer.

Robin Thomas

Friends

They
Bring
Light to
Our day when
Our skies above
Are shrouded by
The darkness of
Our problems
Or pain

Ryllis Rousseau

Sun

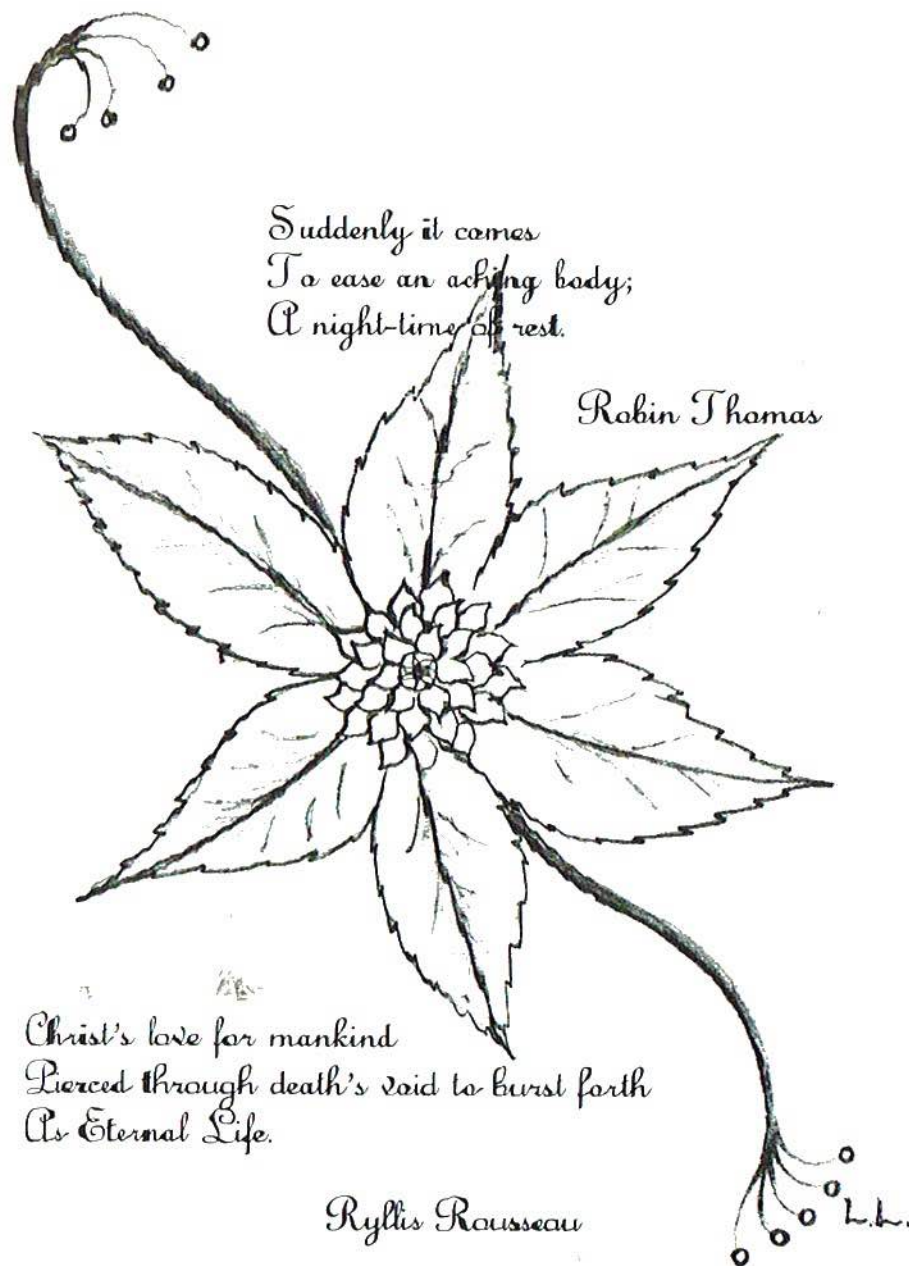
If my world revolved around you,
You'd have to be my sun.
Shining, glowing, always there
Because, for me, you are the only one.

Angie Grubbs

Haiku

Suddenly it comes
To ease an aching body;
A night-time of rest.

Robin Thomas



Christ's love for mankind
Pierced through death's void to burst forth
As Eternal Life.

Ryllis Rousseau

AGE

The old house looks lonely
On the far away hill.
People pass by every day,
But don't look in it's direction.

No one lives in it anymore.
It needs a new coat of paint.
The shutters are broken and loose.
Is the house destined to rot away?

Once people were proud of the house.
They would point it out to strangers.
What happened to it through the years?
Does the same thing happen to people?

Pam Matthews



Make Time

Take time in life for everything,
Don't let it pass you by.
By being too busy to notice,
You'll find that time does fly.

Don't be too rushed to visit with others,
Or just go off alone.
Before you know it, it's too late,
And you are left to moan.

The crickets that chirp, the birds who sing,
A bunch of wild clovers, or a budding tree,
These things you pass by every day,
But do you really see?

Take time my friend, for all these things,
Though now they may seem so small.
Be glad you lived life to it's fullest,
And didn't let it pass you at all.

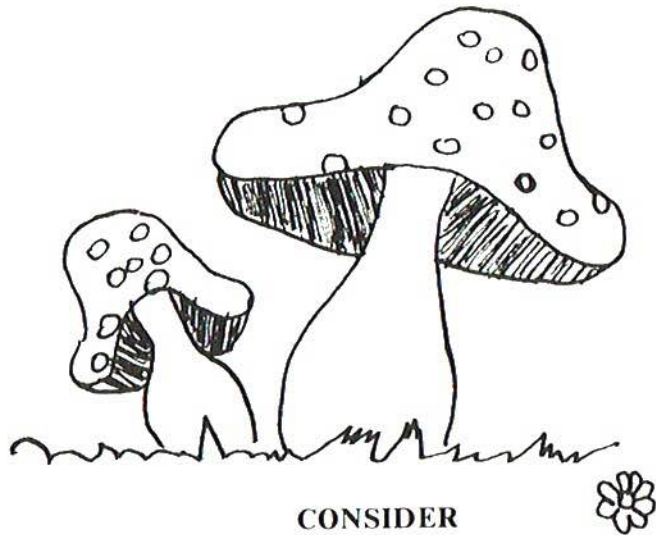
Karon Dunn

THE ROSE

Upon its crimson petal,
a drop of morning dew.
It is the symbol of love,
of everything pure and new.

The beauty is but a guise
when from its stem it's torn.
The flower may be lovely,
but beneath the rose....
a thorn.

Debbie Winkle



CONSIDER

Consider the flower.
It's a wonder of nature.
Think about its petals.
How could something so tiny be so complex?

Consider yourself.
You're another wonder of nature.
Think about your feelings.
How could you be so complicated?

Pam Matthews

THE FENCE RIDER

All the prophecies are now fulfilled. From the birth of Abraham to the rebuilding of the temple of Jerusalem. The stage is now set for the second coming of the Lord.

Two thousand years ago, Jesus came into the world as the savior of men, as the perfect sacrifice on which men could claim salvation. Today he is coming to judge the world and take his children to heaven. This is the story of one who could not be taken.

Seventeen years ago Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Britt were given a son. Their son Robert grew to be a healthy young man. Robert grew up the way most boys do: he enjoyed athletics and had a good social life, but there was something missing in his life, and he knew it.

Robert was a church goer. He acted out the game of going to church every Sunday morning and occasionally his presence could be found on Sunday night and even on Wednesday. Robert became involved in most of the church's activities. As far as anyone knew, Robert was a fine, upstanding young man, but still something was missing.

Now I think it is time to tell what Robert really was. Robert was a fence rider. By this I mean that he was lukewarm for the Lord. You see he was not against the Lord, as far as the world saw him, yet he was not for the Lord either. In the Bible it is specified that there are only two sides to this question, for or against. Unfortunately for Robert, it seems the Bible also says that lukewarm falls under the category against God. It seems that the fence rider's only destination is hell.

"Where am I?" Robert cried out in sheer terror.

A voice of great magnitude replied, "You are now before the seat of judgement in the presence of God."

"What?"

"You will now be judged by the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." Now a great light has forced all darkness out. All things visible are pure and white. There is one figure present in the room besides Robert, a man dressed in white with scarred hands and a face of love and justice. "The world as you know it no longer exists. The only two things left in the

universe are heaven and hell. I am the Christ. I shall defend you upon the basis of what you have done on earth. Now Robert, tell me what things did you do on earth while you lived there that you believe are worthy enough to get you into heaven?

Robert was horror stricken. He had heard this story told to him before but really did not believe it could happen. Robert's thoughts were confused and distorted. Robert thought, "Yes, this is all just a dream, a bad dream. Tomorrow I will wake up and laugh about this." It was no dream. His first impulse was to run, but where? There was nothing but white. White can be such a horrible color. Now he had to answer, but what would he say?

"I went to church every Sunday morning since I have been old enough to go," answered Robert in hysterics.

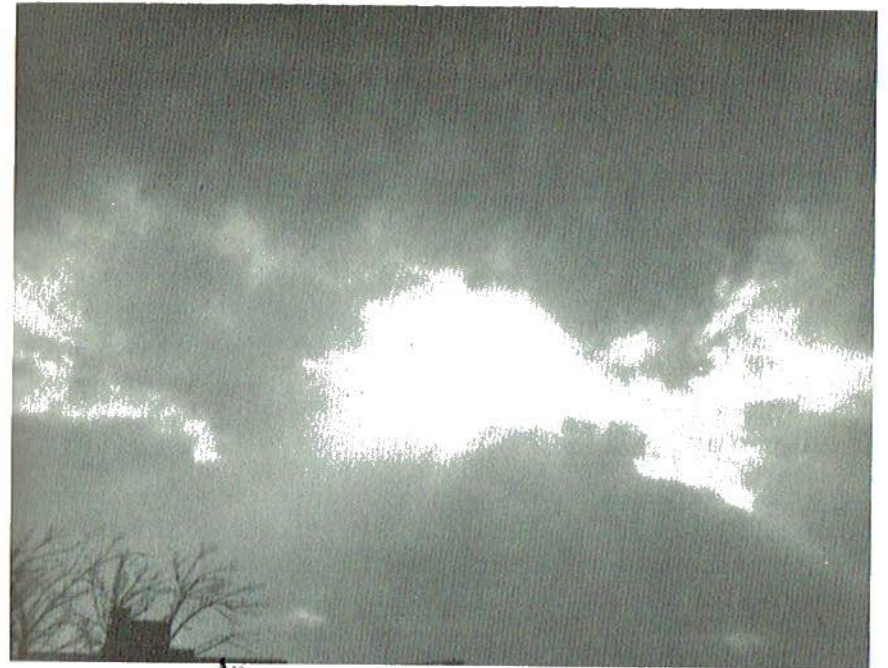
The figure, majestic and pure, only stood there, immobile. What would happen now? Robert had answered as best he could. "Say," Robert thought, "the preacher says that when we are asked why we should get into heaven, all we have to do is say because we claimed Jesus as our savior." It was at least worth a try.

"Hey, Jesus," said Robert, "the only reason you should let me in is if I claimed you as my savior and I..." The words could not come out. Robert's tongue burned like fire, and he screamed out in agony.

"Yes, that is true," said the white cloaked figure. "That is the only way by which any man can get into heaven. Your going to church does not matter to me; it was like rags. All that matters is if you asked me into your heart to lead, guide and direct your life. You found you could not use those words, did you not? Your tongue burned with the fire of the ages. I am terribly sorry, but I must say that I know you not."

With those words, Robert vanished from the white room. It would be only speculation to guess where he went. It seems certain, though, he did not make it into heaven; and Jesus said that heaven and hell were all that were left. Where does the fence rider go?

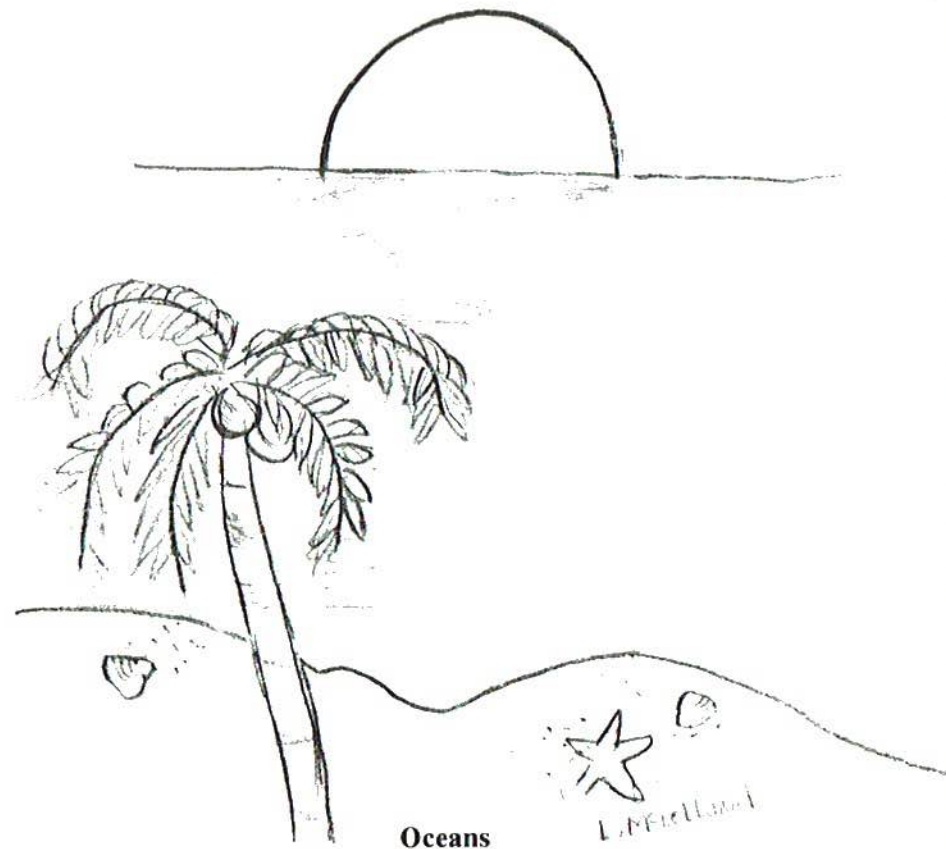
Geoff Harper



"The Storm"

The night time skies are filled with wonder
And the vibrant echo of distant thunder.
The stars still twinkle before the clouds
Come rolling in--dreaded black shrouds.
The rain comes pounding down
And forms a rivulet on the ground--
Blocking out all other sound.

Diane Jordan



Oceans

The oceans of my mind,
 Come crashing into shore,
 To retrace their footsteps
 Of a forgotten yesterday.
 Complete with lonely beaches
 And jagged cliffs of remaining memories
 That were both happy and sad.
 The gulls that cry their mournful songs are my friends
 They alone understand the grief of my life.
 The shells are my trinkets
 Each representing a lost moment
 Never to be recaptured.
 The waves foam
 Beating against the rocky heights
 As my thoughts collide with obstacles.
 And the oceans of thought
 Recede—
 To build up strength and come
 Again.

NEVER SAY NEVER

The wind was blowing gently through the beautiful thicket rustling the freshly fallen leaves and creating tiny ripples on the surface of the lake. Stacy felt content here among all the beauty of her special place. There were no hassles or problems here; nothing but pleasant solitude and tranquility.

She came here quite often to get away from all the problems she faced at home. Today as she sat on a tree stump, she gazed out at the lake and realized how miserable she was.

Stacy's home-life had been difficult ever since she could remember; but since her parents' divorce last year, things had taken a turn for the worse. Her mother tried her best to make them happy, but her alcoholism created many problems. Julie, at seventeen, was a year older than Stacy and had become severely withdrawn and rebellious. The atmosphere in the household was tense and resentment was always noticeable.

Stacy felt as though she were on the verge of losing her sanity. This special place was not enough anymore. She knew she would have to find a new place--one farther away. Stacy stood up and said goodbye to the peacefulness and beauty of her place knowing she would never return.

The following morning before daylight, Stacy packed a knapsack with her clothes and some money she had saved. She stole from the house without a sound and never looked back.

It was mid-morning when Stacy reached the local bus terminal. She purchased a one-way ticket for the next bus due to leave. She did not know its destination and it would not have made any difference.

Late that evening, Stacy found herself in Phoenix--four hundred miles from her home in Lincoln, Nebraska. Her head ached from exhaustion and the rumbling of her stomach reminded her she had not eaten. She walked to a nearby coffee shop, had a good meal, and met Mrs. Hutchins. She was a very kind, elderly lady who owned the coffee shop and made her home in the back rooms of the building. When she saw Stacy's knapsack and big appetite, she assumed that she was a runaway.

For the next couple of hours, Stacy poured out her mixed-up feelings to Mrs. Hutchins. They had a wonderful, heart-warming conversation and it was decided that Stacy would stay with Mrs. Hutchins and work in the coffee shop in return for her hospitality. A strong bond of friendship was forming between the two loners that would last a lifetime.

The thought of Stacy ever returning home to her family was mentioned only once. With a burst of rage that totally shocked and bewildered Mrs. Hutchins, Stacy announced that she was never going back. The subject was not mentioned again.

One day as she was cleaning Stacy's room, Mrs. Hutchins found a letter addressed to Julie that had never been mailed. She copied the address and wrote her mother assuring her that Stacy was fine but somewhat confused.

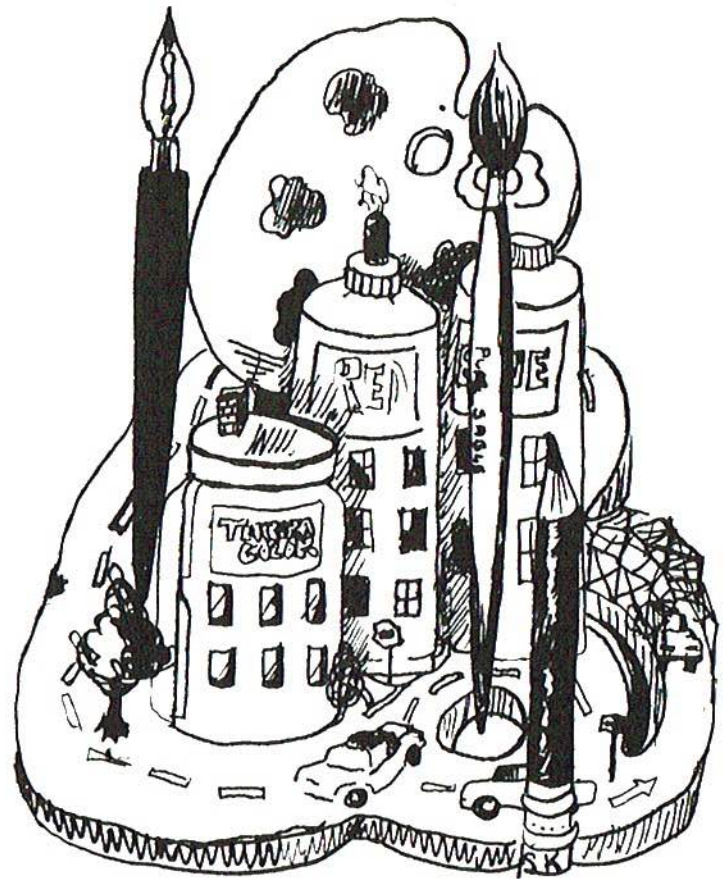
Three months had passed since Stacy had left and things at home had changed. Her mother had been attending Alcoholics Anonymous and met a great man whom Julie approved of and respected. She wished to marry him, but not without notifying Stacy to discuss the matter. She wrote Mrs. Hutchins and explained her situation and came up with a plan to cope with the problem. The next plane out of Lincoln to Phoenix had three extremely excited passengers aboard.

The coffee shop was busy the next morning and Stacy was running herself ragged trying to please everyone. She became agitated with the people in the corner booth because they hid behind their menus and mumbled. Stacy reminded them that she did not have all day and suggested that they speak louder. When the menus came down, Stacy was taken back and was at a loss for words.

After a brief emotional moment, they all had a marvelous breakfast together, including Mrs. Hutchins. Stacy met her step-father-to-be and felt an instant love for him. When the topic of returning home entered the conversation, Stacy knew that Mrs. Hutchins had to join them and become a part of the family.

It only took a small bit of persuading and Mrs. Hutchins agreed to go back as an adopted grandmother. The coffee shop was sold within a matter of days and then they all returned to Nebraska as a happy family.

The first thing Stacy did upon arriving home was to visit her thicket by the lake. It seemed like an eternity since she had said that she would never return to Lincoln or to this special place. She realized that she would be back again and again and that "never" was just a figment of someone's imagination.



God's World of Color

I with a commission to fulfill
Paint a world of color as it stands still.
I brush on the blue of the beautiful skies
And splash on the white of the rolling tides.
I stroke on the yellow of a clear day
And the red of a rose that blooms in May.
The brown of a sparrow flying in the breeze,
The spots of green grass, trees, and leaves,
The gold of a new day just beginning;
The orange sunset of a day ending;
The crest of the mountains in their majestic purple;
The gray of the clouds all rippled and rumped;
The picture completed, I step back to ponder.
Is this the same view I see over yonder?
I open my eyes only to see
a more beautiful scene God created for me.



Jeff Winkle

Is there a being
On the farthest star I see,
Wondering the same?

Lynn LePine

"THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS"

As Johnnie walked down the street he couldn't help but notice all the Christmas decorations in the store windows.

"All this hubbub about Christmas," thought Johnnie. "Christmas is just a good excuse to get out of school a couple of days," he grumbled. With this thought, he hurried on down to the neighborhood department store to buy some Christmas lights for his mother.

"Why does Mom have to have an extra string of dumb old lightbulbs anyway? The tree looks like one big light bulb as it is."

When he reached the department store, his first thought was that he hadn't seen such a crowd of people in all his life. There was a line at every cashier nearly a mile long! "Gosh," he thought, "I'll never get out of here. All these people doing their last minute shopping. I'm glad I don't have to buy any presents; it's just a waste of money." But was this what he felt deep down inside? He thought about this while he was standing in line to pay. Johnnie felt a little hurt because it was Christmas Eve and he hadn't received a card, a present or even a 'Merry Christmas.' But he didn't realize that maybe if he took the right attitude about Christmas he might be a happier person. Instead he went on with his grumbling. "Who cares about a stupid old present anyway? I don't, and who needs friends? I certainly don't."

While he was standing in line to pay he noticed that the old lady in front of him had all the toys she could carry in her arms and all she could fit into her buggy.

"My goodness," said Johnnie, "whoever saw such a mess of toys and a waste of money, too."

"Sonny, don't you believe in the spirit of giving at Christmas time? You're not supposed to worry about money."

"Well, I do. And what kind of spirit can there be in wasting money?"

"You mean this Christmas you're not giving any presents? What about your parents?"

"Oh sure they'll give me presents."

"But you're not giving the many?"

"Why should I? It's their duty to give me Christmas presents."

"Sonny, you have Christmas all wrong. I haven't got time to explain it now, but maybe when you get home you could ask your parents to explain it to you."

Johnnie watched her as she walked toward the door. "How lucky her grandchildren are! I really would have enjoyed talking to her longer. That's something my parents don't have much time for."

After paying, he walked down the street toward home. The only other person on the sidewalk was a man dressed up like Santa Claus ringing a bell and carrying a sign that said: "Give, to support your local charity." As Johnnie got closer Santa said, "Merry Christmas, young man, Merry Christmas."

Replying sarcastically he said, "Yeah, I'll have a really Merry Christmas," and kept walking.

When he got home, the first thing he did was sit under the Christmas tree and think. He thought of the Santa Claus staying out late on Christmas Eve just to help others who are in need, and the old lady who took a few minutes out of her busy day to help him understand the meaning of Christmas. All of a sudden, a large package caught Johnnie's eye; he was sure it wasn't there before. As he looked at the name tag, it read:

To Johnnie with all our love,
Mom and Dad

After reading this, he felt guilty about what he had told the old lady. Now he realized they bought him a present because they loved him and wanted him to have a Merry Christmas, not because it was their duty.

All of a sudden, he had an awful thought! He hadn't bought his parents a present! He ran to his bedroom, grabbed his coat and wallet, and ran as fast as he could to the door. Just then his mother came in and asked, "Why Johnnie, where are you going?"

"Oh, Mom, I really have to hurry. There's something important that I have to do!"

"But Johnnie, what could be so important?"

"Oh mom, I can't tell you. Please, I have to hurry."

"Okay, but please hurry; it's growing very dark."

Johnnie ran as fast as he could down the street and didn't stop until he had reached the department store. When he went in he saw a beautiful necklace. "Oh, that's perfect for mother." As he walked down the tool aisle he saw a set of screw drivers that his father needed.

He took both items and went up to the cash register and got in line behind an old woman. When she turned around, he was surprised to see who was in front of him; the old lady whom he had met earlier that day. When she turned around her face lit up, and she exclaimed, "Hello again, Sonny, I forgot a few items and had to come back. Why did you come back?"

"Well, you know what you were trying to explain to me about the spirit of Christmas? Well, I thought about it, and I think I understand."

"Oh that's wonderful; I'm glad I could help."

After he paid and was walking home he saw the same Santa Claus still ringing his bell and saying "Merry Christmas" to everyone who walked by. When Johnnie walked by he was sure to drop a dollar in the bucket.

Amy Newell

Emotions

Emotions, those tiny voices inside of you

Driving you to actions you never thought possible.

Love, Hate, Happiness, Sadness ---

How do you control those Emotions?

Melissa Muir

BY THE WATERSIDE

Shimmering water stretched out before us, a golden road winding to a point on the horizon. The sun was completing its arc on our side of the earth. As though to bid us a fond farewell, she lit the sky with fire, blending dazzling colour so that when her rays met the deep dusk blue we could hear the sound of them touching. The sun shone, too, upon the rippling water, and it called back to her, glistening goodbye 'til the morrow.

I asked my companion, "Does this bridge have a name?"

The answer came, "Quite surely it does, but call the bridge what you like, it still spans the river."

We sat, not on the top of the bridge, but on the grassy slope that became shore when it reached the water. I gazed lazily at the torchy sky, smiling to myself as I contemplated the answer to my question. My friend was indeed a realist. As for myself, I found the old wooden bridge a peaceful place. Tiny daisies dotted the green velvet grass, and clusters of violets grew at the base of the oaken posts.

The sun moved down nearer to the black hills, and her light tinted our world golden.

I turned once again to my friend and saw that he was deeply engaged in his own affairs, scarcely noticing the beautiful sunset. He paid no attention at all to the water that sparkled like the facets of a thousand diamonds. I wondered how he could be so indifferent to that which fascinated me so.

I said I, "Isn't the sunset beautiful?". It was obvious that I had intruded upon his business for he took a moment to reply.

"Beautiful?", he was puzzled.

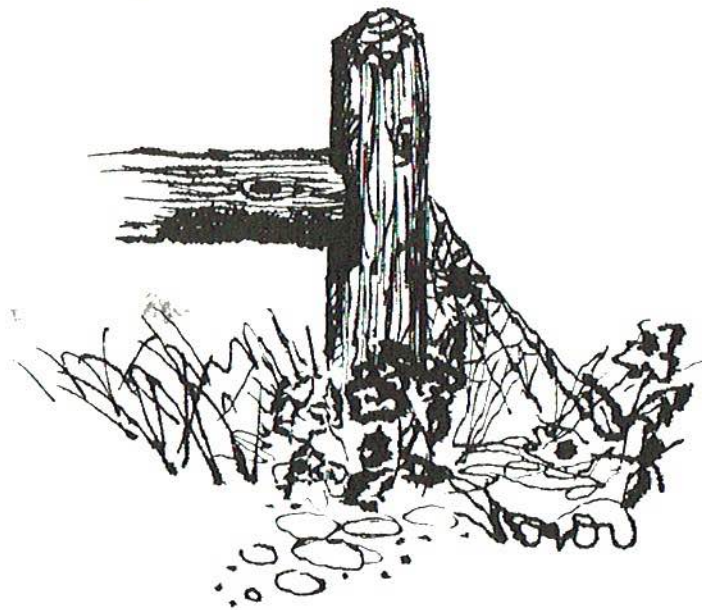
"Yes, aren't the colours of the sunset amazing?"

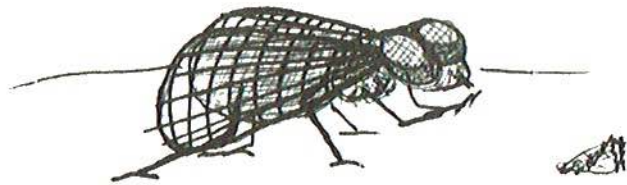
"Dear girl, the sun isn't 'setting'. This planet is rotating as it revolves around the sun. The colours are merely an effect. But since you choose to term this necessity a 'sunset', then you must also realize that the sun will only rise again tomorrow."

Good Lord! He was exasperating! Could n't he see the colours swirling and clashing with the blue of the sky? Didn't the rose-gold shine of the water touch a chord of wonder in his heart? I looked at him and asked, "What value do you place in life? Doesn't anything ever thrill you? Don't you find anything to hold precious, to love?"

The spider spun slowly around, stopped, and eyed me blankly. "I was put here to live, and one day I will die. I ask you, to whom will it matter?" With that he returned to the task of weaving his web.

Lynn LePine





The Fly Spoke Unto the Flea...

The fly spoke unto the flea,
You are you and I am me,
We can't change this -
You know my friend
And on that
You can depend.

For example:
I am large and you are small.
I can fly and you just crawl...
I don't mean to brag I say
But I could beat you anyway.

Said the flea (with much glee),
On only one thing I agree.
Yes, you are you and I am me.
But hold it, hold it my dear sir!
This to you did not occur.
I have features just like you
That stand out in a crowd, I do!
So, said the flea unto the fly,
I am glad that I am I.

Jennifer Falkner

THE DECISION

Ann was working behind the desk in the library, wondering how two people with such different interests had somehow gotten together; Steve, a sports fanatic and she, a bookworm, when the phone rang. She knew it was Steve; He had told her he was going to call at three o'clock, after baseball practice.

"Wear your finest dress," he said, "this will be a night to remember."

"Ann could tell by his voice that he planned on asking her to marry him again. She couldn't help remembering the first time.

He had taken her to the best restaurant in town. He looked so handsome in his blue suit. Yet, no matter how he looked in his suit, she could still only picture him in his warm-up shirt and tennis shoes. And this was supposed to be the most romantic moment of her life! He was filled with love for her but she felt she could not commit herself to him yet.

When she hesitated, he leaned over the table and said very seriously, "You don't have to answer me tonight. I can wait until you are ready, but I can't wait forever."

Remembering what Steve had said, Ann knew he would not be put off any longer. She had to decide either to marry him or lose him.

"How can two people with such differences have a happy, lasting marriage, even if they love each other?" she thought. "He likes all sports, summer and winter. Me, I like books, concerts and movies. We enjoy each other now, but what about years later. Would it last?"

Ann began to think again, dreamily, with nothing else on her mind. Then she heard a woman's voice ask, "What are you dreaming of, Ann?"

"Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, I'm sorry, I wasn't paying attention. I'm very glad to see my favorite visitors here today."

Later on Ann went to the back of the library to talk to the Davis'. But she noticed that Mrs. Davis was asleep. Ann leaned over and asked Mr. Davis, "I thought she liked to read?"

"Oh no," said Mr. Davis, "she really doesn't like to read at all. See, before we were married, we couldn't find anything we liked to do together and we thought we were going to have to call everything off between us. But then we realized that we would rather be doing something we don't like to do with each other more than with anyone else. And, we felt lucky that we had each other to care for. So, we are an old happily married couple and we still love each other very much."

Ann stood up very slowly and smiled, "You have made this one of the happiest days of my life."

Then Ann left work a half hour early because she had remembered her best dress wasn't pressed.

Cathy Myers



My Dreamland

I see a meadow with tall, green grass,
 And a brook that's flowing through;
 And beyond the brook is a little house,
 With a dog and children, too.
 Fluffy clouds float above, high above the land;
 And daffodils and rippling hills on the grassy
 pasture stand.

The leaves are crisp and golden brown,
 And the dew has fallen to the ground.
 The brook is full of lily pads, and frogs that
 leap and bound;
 And I love the many facets of silence that have
 so sweet a sound.

This is my dreamland and maybe some bright day,
 I'll get to go there...
 But till then I'll say...
 I'm content.

Jennifer Falkner

STRANGE?



BAND CAMP

Sweat
 Freshmen
 Mr. Smith
 Exercises
 "Don't lock your knees"
 Sectionals
 Sunburn
 Eight to five
 Cool Daddy
 Seniors
 Bullhorn
 Cokes
 Section leaders
 Flounder
 "Get those mark times up"
 Wednesday night off
 Blisters
 Pictures
 Initiation
 Nothing else like it.

Robin Thomas

Musicians are strange people,
 Set apart from the rest.
 They are quite used to the spotlight,
 And always think they're the best.
 Some people say they are weird
 Because of their personality.
 Greatest highs and deepest lows,
 Give them individuality.
 Although they may be strange,
 (Please do heed my advice),
 Because I am one of them,
 I think they're really nice.

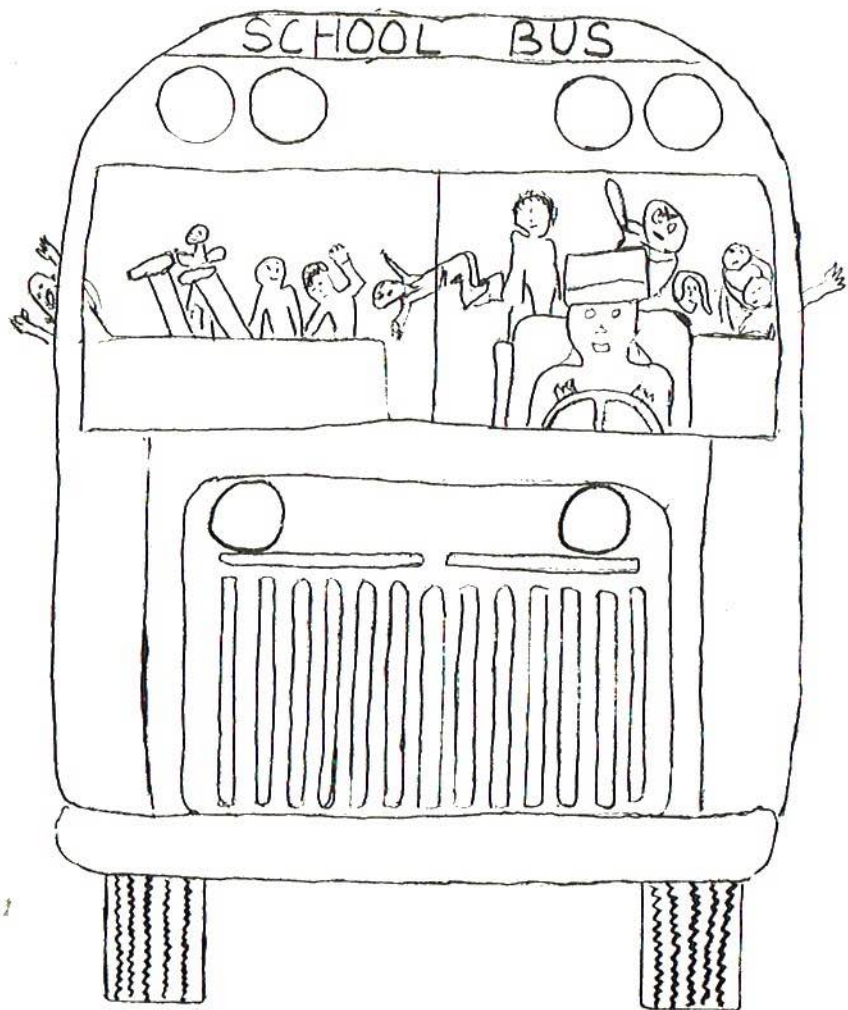
Lori Parrish



4
4

M elodies and harmonies, rhythm and meter;
 U nbound pleasure from something so abstract,
 S taccato and legato, arpeggios and chords,
 I nstruments of strings, percussion, winds, brass
 C ombined to make

Lori Parrish



Jeff WinkLE

The Yellow Monster

Your car won't go,
It's time to cuss,
You know you're doomed to ride the bus.

The seats are hard,
The road is bumpy,
The brats are loud, the driver's grumpy.

Zelda giggles,
Says you're sweet,
You grit your teeth as she takes your seat.

Thirteen stops,
The crowd, it grows
Foreign knuckles invade your nose.

You step aside,
To let Joe by,
You poke a thumb in Elmer's eye.

Your elbow's jammed
In someone's ear,
The driver's screaming, "Move to the rear!"

Bodies are mangled,
Faces are smushed,
Lives are endangered in the maddening crush!

Centuries pass,
You finally arrive,
You find it surprising you're still alive!

You leave the bus,
Relief is small,
'Cause now you're doomed to face the hall!

Lynn LePine



My Day

American History starts off my day;
I'm certain there must be a much better way.
Mr. Keller lectures 'bout the great Civil War
While I'm doing my best to stifle a snore.

Typing I is next up in line,
Day after day, it's all one big grind.
And while I sit there, typing a theme,
Ms. Campbell is fighting a broken machine.

My next thrilling class is Drama/Debate.
Despite all the work, I still think it's great.
Talking to Mark 'bout our unbeatable plan,
And trying to put on a play (if we can).

The next fun class that I go to is SPED,
While all rules of grammar dance through my head.
Hawthorne, Melville, Irving, and Frost,
Personally, I wish they'd all get lost.

Right after lunch, I head towards band.
Hearing us play makes me feel rather grand.
Mr. Smith drives us all to our best,
Fixing dynamics, tone, and the rest.

Last on my list is ol' Chemistry;
It's really not much of a mystery to me.
I hear Mr. Behel talk of Quantum mechanics,
And watch as the class goes into a panic.

Yep, that's my day, from the start to the end,
And when tomorrow comes 'round, it'll all start again.

Jim Thomas



Ice Skating

Free, racing, wind in your hair,
 On gleaming blades of gold.
 All together rhythmically,
 Eyes burning from cold.
 No bounds to hold you back,
 No worries have you in hold.
 Everyone is an equal here,
 All a member of the fold.

Beverly Edgeworth

Hurt me no More

Hurt me no more
 For my heart is scattered
 Like pieces of torn paper.

Hurt me no more
 For my eyes;
 Are wet with tears.

Hurt me no more
 For you have made
 My life a shambles.

Hurt me no more
 For I will survive
 Like a Phoenix rising from the ashes.

Peggylene Moore

WE COULD HAVE BEEN

It could have been nice
 Making it work with you
 But you couldn't see things
 The way I wanted to.

I wanted you to take my hand
 And lead me along life's roads.
 To follow you would have been so grand;
 Couldn't you handle the load?

Just you and me then;
 I thought I had won
 But I guess you grew tired
 Of having only one.

I really am sorry.
 Yeah, I'll get out of your way.
 Please be happy with them
 I only wish you'd stay.

Tammi Davis

"PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS"

"My feet are killing me! I exclaimed to my husband, Allen as I sank on the bed.

"It's no wonder. You danced all night with the senior class president." Allen said, as he took off his shirt and put on his pajamas. "How long has it been since you've seen him?"

I thought for a moment. "Oh, about twenty years. Gosh, it's been that long!"

As Allen shut the door, he turned around and asked, "Who was that blonde that kept giving you hard looks all night? She looked like a faded beauty from long past to me."

"Oh, you mean Julie Quinn, former prom queen and cheerleader rolled into one," I answered as I made a disgusting face.

Allen laughed as he said, "Yeah, that must be the one."

He climbed into bed, leaned over and was about to kiss me goodnight when he saw a far away look in my eyes.

"Penny for your thoughts," Allen said teasingly.

I grinned and said, "It's funny how Julie still has a grudge against me."

Allen looks surprised, "What? Why should she have something against you!?"

I propped up my pillow and settled back as I started my story.

"I was once a very shy little girl. My mother thought the only way to cure it was to go out for something at school to build up my confidence. And that something was cheerleader.

"At Crestview High, we had only one ninth grade cheerleader. Lots of girls were going out so I thought I would give it a try.

Everyone said Julie Quinn was going to get it. Back then I could see why. She was blonde, pretty, and very nice. Everything a girl needed."

"As cheerleading clinic came to an end, most of the girls had dropped out."

"Julie, for the past month, had really gotten stuck-up. Many people had turned against her, and it seemed she would go out of her way to cut me down. Girls and boys would notice this and started coming up to me saying they hoped I would get it instead of Julie."

"The funny thing was that I didn't think I was going to get it at first. I was just going to give it a try. But as it came near election time, I thought I had a good chance."

"As it turned out, Julie was elected. I wasn't far behind in the votes though. After that, I had more friends and confidence in myself than ever before.

The next year I got cheerleader and Julie didn't. Everyone said that they were glad I did and Julie got dropped from the squad. I felt sorry for her. I guess she saw that and has hated me ever since."

I smiled as I looked at Allen. I thought how lucky I was to have him. "It's funny how all that came back to me now."

"I suppose that's how all class reunions are," he said as he kissed me goodnight. "They have a knack of bringing back fond memories and also the pain and hurt of memories we would like to forget."

"I guess you're right," I said as I flicked off the light and turned over.

Debbie Stewart

Old People

They are alone,
no one to talk to.
They are forgotten,
no one to love them.
They are wise,
yet no one will listen.
Why?

Theresa Myers



"What is Spring?"

Spring is when nature awakes,
Fishermen scurry to the lakes.
Crocus and tulips peep through the earth,
Buds on the trees begin a rebirth.
Rains descend and growth appears,
Tornadoes and storms bring about fear.
Pollen falls with a slight breeze,
Bluebirds and robins are seen in the trees.
Frolicking lambs and children at play,
Are part of the cycle of a spring day.

Cathy Myers

AWAKENING

When I fall asleep
I dream of f

a
l
l
i
n
g

stars
of bright pallette colours
of love, laughter, and endless sun.

When I awaken
I see you
and dreams
become
reality.

Sharon Kolakowaski

GOOD MORNING?

The sun was barely up that morn,
The ground was wet with dew,
The sky was filled with color
Of every imaginable hue.
Yes, it was a beautiful morn
'Till I had to go to school.

The day dawned bright and shining,
The birds were singing their song,
It started out a perfect day
But, guess what I had to do;
Get up and move that lovely morn
And make my way to school.

The mornings always dawn so bright,
But then there come the blues,
For having to get up on lovely morns,
And make my way to school.

Cheryl Barrier

America...The Beautiful?

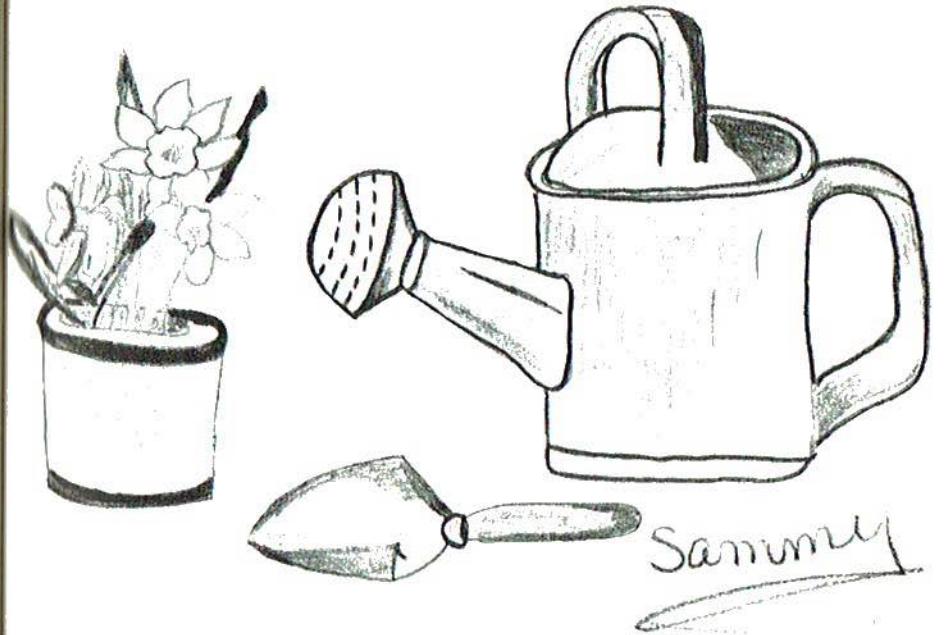
I wonder what the world will be like
In twenty years or so;
I wonder if we as a nation can still
Make this world a go.
We have had a lot of chances
But forever our chances won't last.
And if we make use of the future,
We must likewise make use of the past.
But brooding o'er scars and misfortunes
Is not that which will help us at all;
It's crediting from our mistakes thus far made
That determines our rise or our fall.
As liberty-unified neighbors
We must resolve in our hearts to begin
To live our lives one day at a time
Till God brings our time to an end.
We must fight for the freedom we've cherished;
We must make resolutions anew.
We must go back to sound doctrine by-laws;
While applying these to new needs, too.
We must think of ourselves as a nation,
Not merely a place on the map.
We must let other countries see strength in our hands;
Not folded hands in our laps.
We must not wait for the future;
We must forge ahead with courage to spare.
Let's not blow it America;
WE ARE NEARLY THERE!

Jennifer Falkner

The Decathlon

Of every kind of human competition
One stands out from all the rest.
Ten events combine to make it up,
With athletes that are all the best.

Jeff Winkle



Softly falling rain
trickles
down
to the ground.

Sweet smelling breezes
gently
refresh
the air.

Sprouts of green
everywhere
promise
new life.

Spring
has returned
once more.

Cathy Bynum

WHAT AM I?

Here I am, surrounded by circles of many colors--red, yellow and green. I'm different though, I'm blue! As I look around I see a world that's different from mine. I see things that look strange to me.

What's this? There's something looking at me! It has two big blue glaring things looking at me. Oh, it opened something that's round with big white squares! Now it's gone.

I wonder what that was. What am I? I know I don't look like that funny thing! I'm round and blue! Nothing else around here is blue. Everything is red, yellow, or green. Perhaps if I keep on watching those funny things out there I'll find out what I am.

I wait and wait. A green circle looks at me.

"What's wrong with you?" it asks.

"I'm waiting to find out what I am, and what those funny things are out there. Do you know?"

"Well, I've been here a long time and I've heard that those strange looking things are people--(what a name!)--but no one here knows exactly what we are. I have heard that when we get out that it's the greatest thing that could happen. But the only way to get out seems to be these people put something round in this machine where we live."

(I'm certainly glad to find out that I live in a machine.) "But I want to know what I am!"

"Don't be so impatient! You'll find out what you are soon enough...you've got to wait."

I try. It's hard to sit and wonder. Slowly, very slowly, I go down in my machine. I see many of the people. I'm getting used to them now; they don't look funny any more. I've learned from some of my friends that the little people seem to be the best and that the people called parents seem to always be looking in pockets or funny looking bags for little round things. (Pennies, I'm told.) Then they put them in my machine and I jolt about.

Days and months have gone by and I still wait. Today is just like any other day, except that it is especially long. The first person to stop by my machine has two big round circles with something called glasses around them. As this person puts the penny in the machine, down, down I move. It seems so strange. I can hardly see out now.

As the day wears on, I become anxious. It seems that I'm growing up--I'm not so curious anymore; I just want to be free!

When I mention this to my green friend he says, "Many times I've wanted to be free from here, but now I wonder what it will be like after I get out. How do I know I won't be scared or hurt?"

"You're the one that told me how great that world out there is. Don't you think it will be marvelous to know your identity--to know what you are--to be able to describe yourself as something other than a green circle?"

"Yes, that's true. No matter what happens, it will be wonderful. I'll finally know what I am!"

Perhaps he knows he has nearly reached his fate. Soon a person, a child I'm told, puts one of those funny things called pennies in the machine, and my green friend is chosen to meet his fate. I can see him as he is picked up. He glances at me. I don't feel sad. I know that even though he has left me and this world within the machine, he has finally found his identity, and the joy that maybe someday I will know.

As the days pass, I begin to feel lonely even though I have other friends about me. I must be very close to the bottom of the machine. I have just noticed a small person. I like the way it looks--red stuff on its top, funny brown spots, big staring things--why they're blue--my color!

The person takes his penny and puts it in my machine. I feel so funny. Suddenly, down I slide! I'm FREE! The small person picks me up and looks at me. I'm going up-up-oh, it's dark! I'm squishing...I'm squishing...moving all around...I'm flat. I KNOW! I finally know what I am! I'm a piece of B-ub-ble-g-um...

Jane Todorovich

Memories

Yesterday we began the first of the next twelve years
Since then we've shared our smiles; we've shared our tears;
I never dreamed it would end so fast.
As a first grader, I thought it would never pass,
The first day of school we were scared, and we cried;
The last day is soon; the tears we'll try to hide.

With a new world of promise--with so much to know,
A new life opened; I will never let go.
Before this new year I had few friends,
But the new friends I gained, I will keep to the end.
Just close your eyes tightly and think once again,
Our friendship with each other will never end.

The friends I have, I love so much
I'll soon be leaving. Please keep in touch.
Best wishes to all--may your future be bright;
May your successes be many.
May you reach goals of great heights.

As we travel through life, through the sands of time,
May the best of all memories be yours and mine.
Look for the future; remember the past--
And the good times we've had will all last and last.

Jeff Watkins

ROADSTER

Wind whipping your hair into knots
The pungent scent of exhaust scantily present
The whir of tires meeting the road
Pavement passing swiftly beneath you
The road ahead beckons you onward
Dwellings, barns, fences, foliage rush by
The challenge of a treacherous bend, and afterwards
the euphoria of acceleration
Silent communication between man, machine, and road
brings near-perfection, and the joy found in excellence

Gregg Berry



A Friend

A friend is a person:

One who is always there,
One who never fails to care.

One to count on
When things go wrong.

One who would walk a mile,
For a chance to make you smile.

One willing to lend a hand,
Constantly there by your side to stand.

One interested in what you say,
Who is always there day after day.

One you can count on to understand
And never make any kind of demand.

One who will be with you until the end
This type of person is called a true friend.

One who will stay by your side forever and ever.
Will they let you down? Never!

Jennifer Lovin

Evening at Home

I hear the familiar crackle of cedar,
I feel the warmth of the glow,
I see the red-hot reflection
On the box from which Ma sews.

Supper is over and done with—
The dishes are put away.
We warm our hands by the fireplace
And ask our company to stay.

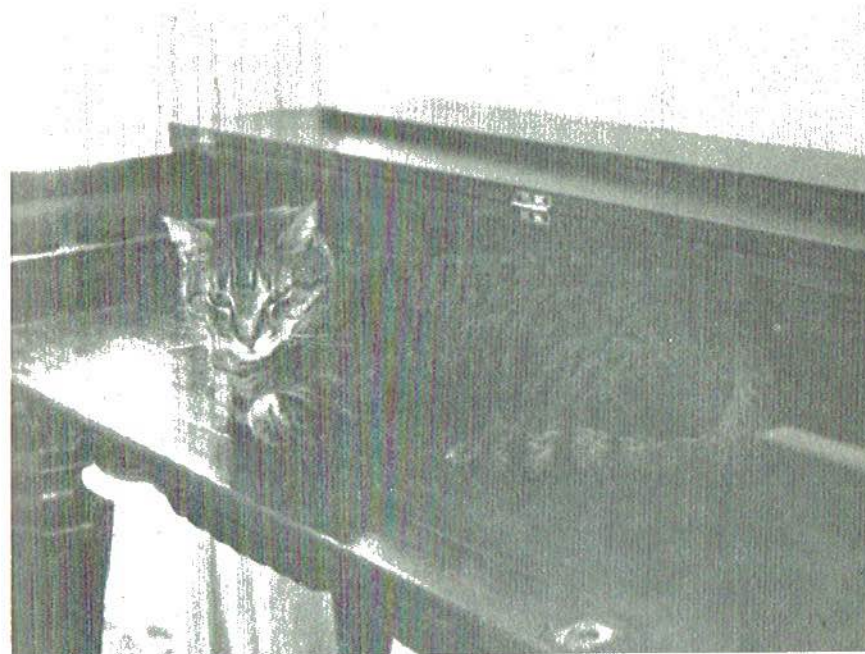
We gather in the parlor—
Reminisce about all that's passed
And wonder how our life will be
When we're all gone at last.

The cold air came blowing in
As our company went on their way—
We called into the darkness,
"Hope to see you some day!"

Diane Jordan

Home
Warm, comfortable
Welcoming, beckoning, solacing
My place of refuge
Home

Gregg Berry



3

Beau Diddle

Timid, furry, first impression
Amusing, cute later on
Growing, changing, mice, and lady cats
Replacing me as your mom.
Loneliness, laughter, tears and triumph
Please don't go yet or grow yet!
Cuddling and tickling, teasing and training
Please watch your fur around gum.
Shedding fur and sore paws,
Sneaky fleas and collars,
Changes you'll always go through
Torn papers, pulled hose
Messy floors and spilt milk
But, Beau Diddle, I'll always love you!

Angie Grubbs



THE LOVE OF A MOTHER

Wrinkled and old,
More precious than gold,
The love of a Mother
will never grow old.

Wayne Moore

TO MELISSA

We have shared many secrets,
The same Mom and Pop.
We have had many good times,
I won't mention the bad.
There shall always be sweet memories —
love to no end.
I'm so glad she's my sister,
I'm so glad she's my friend.

Wayne Moore

DAD

God placed my life in your hands--
I'm so glad he picked you for me.
Friend and advisor;
My security and warmth.
You've loved me--made me special.
Thanks for all you've done.
Dad, I love you.

Melissa Meir

SMILE

Seeing someone dear to you
Makes you feel warm
In your heart with
Love which will endure
Eternity

Riplee Yearwood

Poems
Many, Varied
Entertaining, stimulating, inspiring
Reflections of the soul.
Words

Pattie Cobb



Jello (Scientifically Speaking)

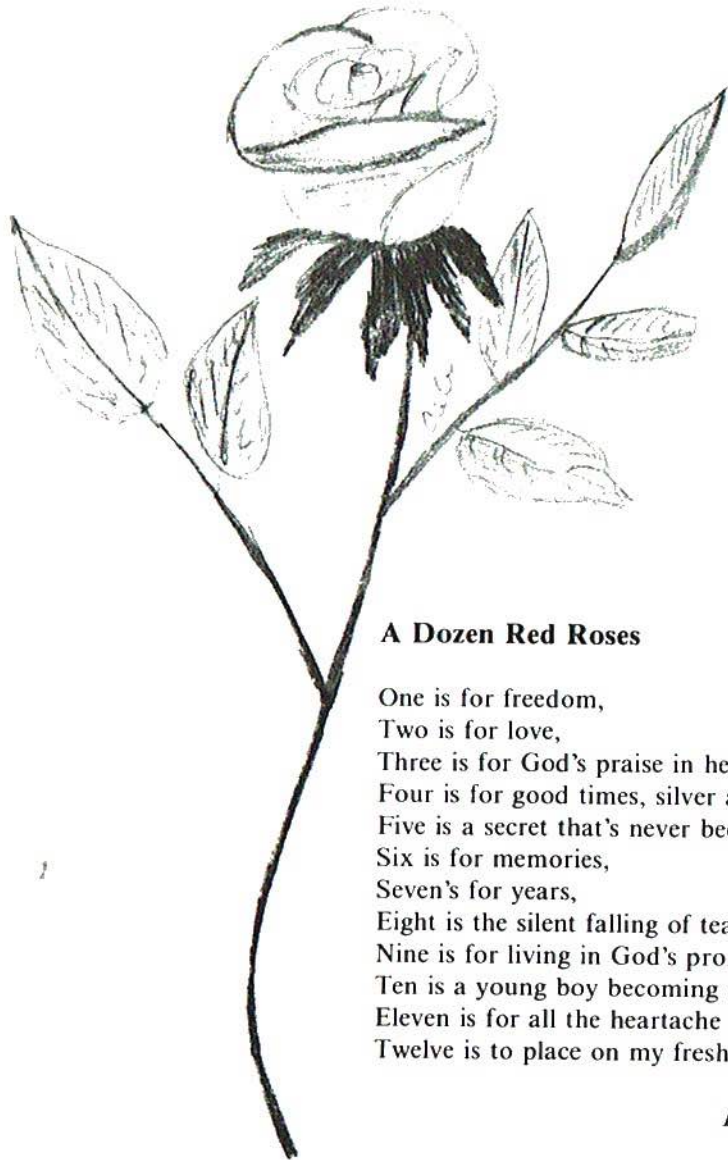
It wiggles,
It wobbles,
It never stays still;
It is a colloid,
not a sol, but a gel.

Theresa Myers

Forever

Like roses in bloom
Each petal a part of us--
Our love unending.

Kathy Johnston



A Dozen Red Roses

One is for freedom,
Two is for love,
Three is for God's praise in heaven above,
Four is for good times, silver and gold,
Five is a secret that's never been told.
Six is for memories,
Seven's for years,
Eight is the silent falling of tears,
Nine is for living in God's promised land,
Ten is a young boy becoming a man.
Eleven is for all the heartache you gave,
Twelve is to place on my freshly dug grave.

Ed Henderson

Alone

One solitary rose,
Pressed between the pages
It's beauty has gone,
It left with the Ages.

Just like our love
That was lost in the years.
We'll find it no more,
It left with the Tears.

The kindness I saw
When I looked in your eyes,
Will never return,
It left with Good-byes.

The softness I felt
When I touched your skin,
Has ended forever,
It left with the Wind.

The coldness I feel
Alone at this sight,
Where our love began,
...but...
It left with the Night.

Dee Denson

Life at its Best...

Life is one of earth's greatest joys,
However some of us consider it nought.
We live for yesterday, not for tomorrow,
As though back-issued days can be bought.
We go around grumbling if things aren't the best,
And wish for what cannot be ours.
We look to the plains instead of to hills,
And to footstools instead of to towers.
So what is the answer?
How can life be secured?
By generous giving...
And by learning the difference between living
your life...
And simply earning a living.

Jennifer Falkner



DREAMS

A small boy sat and looked
at the moon,
And thought how nice it
would be
If he could just fly
away up there
Those lunar wonders
to see.

He'd heard of the trips
the astronauts made,
And he'd read of them
in his new book.
He'd like to take that
trip some day
And have for himself
a good look.

He'd heard it said there's a
man in the moon,
But most folks say there's
no proof.
He'd like to see if it really
is true,
Or if it's some silly
old spoof.

He sat and imagined the
wonderful time
He would have on his
trip to the moon.
The hardships or cares never
entered his mind;
He'd like to get on his
way soon.

It was then that his
mother called from the house,
And he knew from her voice
he must go.
His trip to the moon would
just have to wait;
He'd a few more years he
must grow.

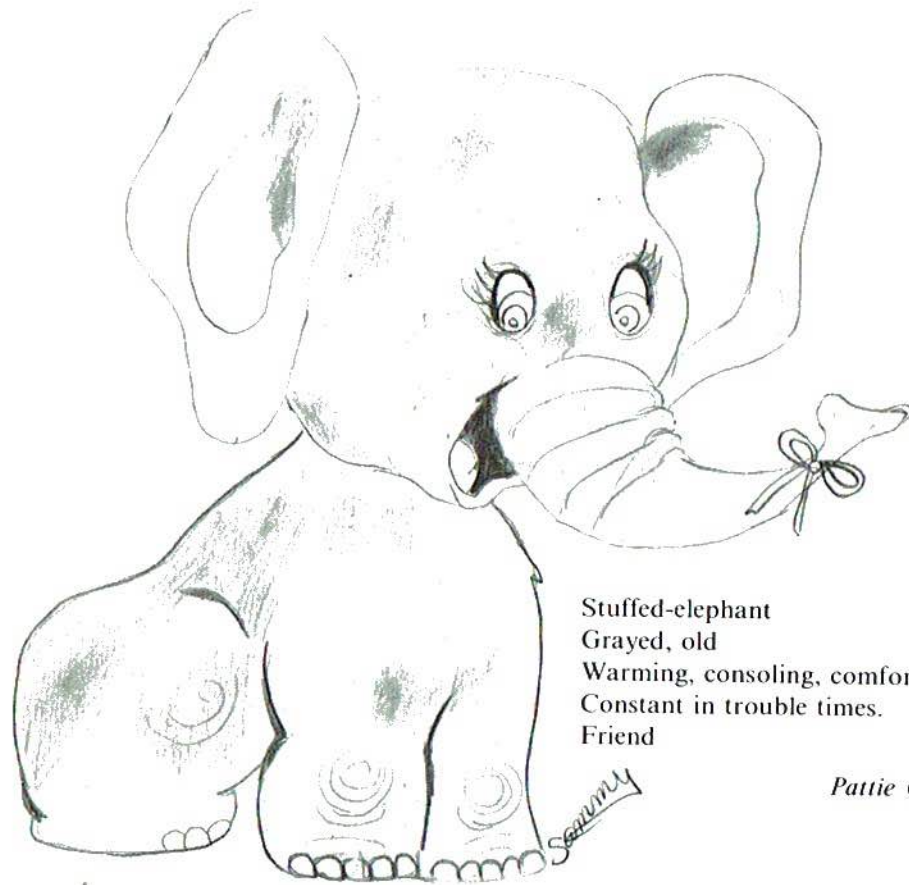
Who knows just how far
these dreams will go;
Who knows what our hero
may do?
Without dreams of the young---
the hopes of the world---
We'd never have anything
new.

Jim Pitt

The Definition of a True Friend

Someone you can feel
comfortable around.
Someone you can trust.
Someone with whom you can discuss,
any, nevermind or must.
Someone you just couldn't do without—
A friend.

Terri Thrasher



Stuffed-elephant
Grayed, old
Warming, consoling, comforting
Constant in trouble times.
Friend

Pattie Cobb



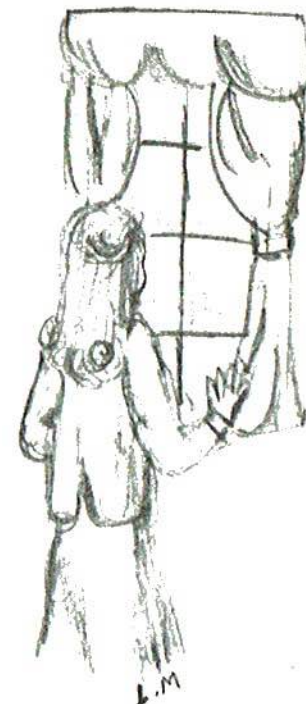
The Hostage

My fate is in your hands.
As I sit tied in this chair.
"Will I be freed?"
"Will I be tried?"
The decision is up to you.

I think about my family.
The torment they're enduring.
"Will I be freed?"
"Will I be tried?"
You'll make the right decision.

Everyday I say my prayers.
That we are not forgotten.
"Will I be freed?"
"Will I be tried?"
Countrymen, it's up to you.

Lauren McLelland



My Friends

My friends are very special to me.
They share my joys,
they calm my fears;
they make me laugh
when I am sad,
and calm my angers
when I'm mad.

They ignore the stupid things I do
and correct me
when I'm wrong.

They're always there
when I'm in need
and help me right along.

Without my friends
I would be lost
and sure to go astray.

I thank my friends
for being them
and pray they stay that way.

Theresa Myers



Tranquility

Sometimes
I just sit, and
Watch birds flying
Across the clear blue sky
Without a care in the world.
And while I watch
Their tranquil flight
I often reflect
And find peace
And contentment
Within myself.

Jim Thomas

Listen

Listen
To the soft pattering of the rain.

Listen
To an old man cry out in pain.

Listen
To the children playing in the street.

Listen
To the people you chance to meet.

Listen
To the cars whiz by.

Listen
To the newborn baby cry.

Listen
To the wind whistle in the trees.

Listen
To the child praying on his knees.

Listen.

Jennifer Lovin

THE CAT

The cat is a mystery
intriguing to all
with questionable history
and dignity so tall.
He bows down to no one
his actions discreet.
And whatever happens
the cat lands on his feet.

Jim Keller

The Ghost of the Moor

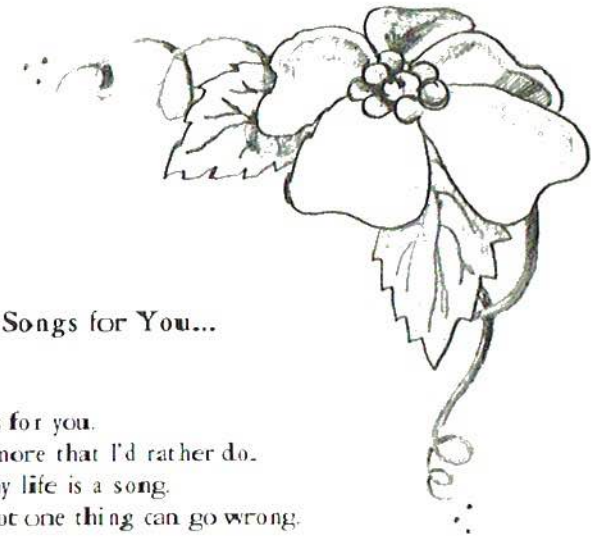
Twas a night full of mist,
And the story goes like this...

There was a man and bold was he,
Who sailed the wild and treacherous sea.
The boat would toss and turn about,
But this man stayed straight and stout.
The story goes he had no fears,
But we all know one fear was near.
He feared the legend of the ghost of the moor,
Who supposedly took vengeance on the
dead and the poor,
on the sick and the helpless,
on the lost and the found.
That was the ghost of the moor.

It was to be a sick and dreaded sight when the ghost
came out at night;
And this poor sailor at the mercy of this sea
might at any time be laughed at with glee by this
dreaded monster (and a ghost! I say again, a ghost
was he!)

...Yet this man to save his pride still let on
as he was not afraid of the ghost of the moor...
This sailor was after this night
Never seen again and this brought about fright
But no one believed in the ghost, I say,
For it was just a legend of his day.
Still he haunts me, that ghost of the moor;
For too, I am a ghost of the
dead and the poor,
of the sick and the helpless,
of the lost and the found.
I am the ghost of the moor!

Jennifer Falkner



I Want to Sing my Songs for You...

I want to sing my songs for you.
There's not much more that I'd rather do.
To sing is to live and my life is a song.
And when I sing not one thing can go wrong.

I wouldn't be proud or boastful if I
Could contently sing till my voice reached
the sky.
I'd write a song for each time of the year;
One about peace, love, ambition, or fear.
I wouldn't care if they all laughed at me.
I'd write and sing till I set myself free.

When I feel mad, I make up a mad song.
When I feel I have been, I sing like I'm wrong.

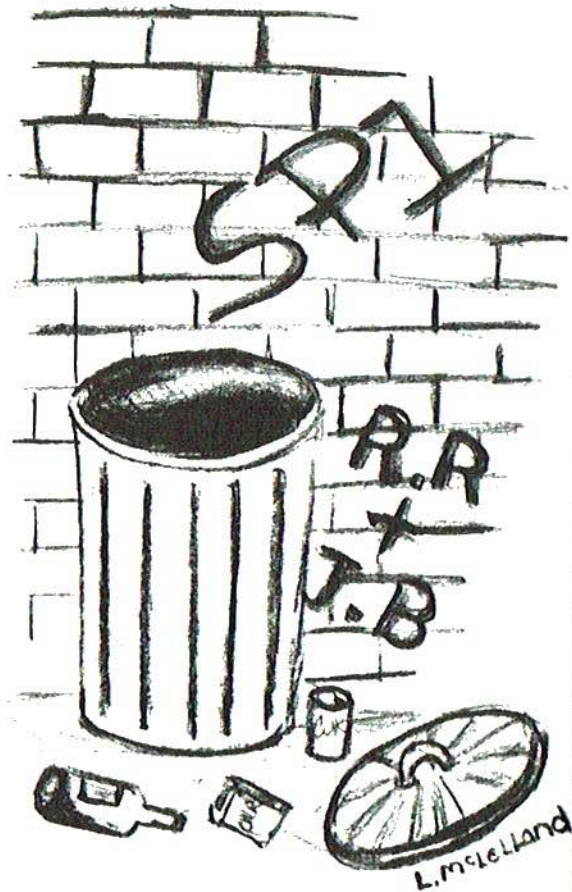
But if you sing what you feel;
(And feel what you sing),
You won't believe all the joy it will bring.
It will fill up your life
With a peace from within,
And you'll be as happy as you've ever been.

I say to you, out there big world,
I won't be stopped, stayed, or hurled;
And no matter what the future may bring
I'll never, no never be afraid to sing!

Jennifer Falkner

Lonely, alone,
By yourself.
Forever wondering
If anyone cares.
Never knowing
What's going on.
Not quite sure
Who you are.
Forever puzzled
Why you live.
Ever questioning
Your existence.
Positive,
No one's watching!

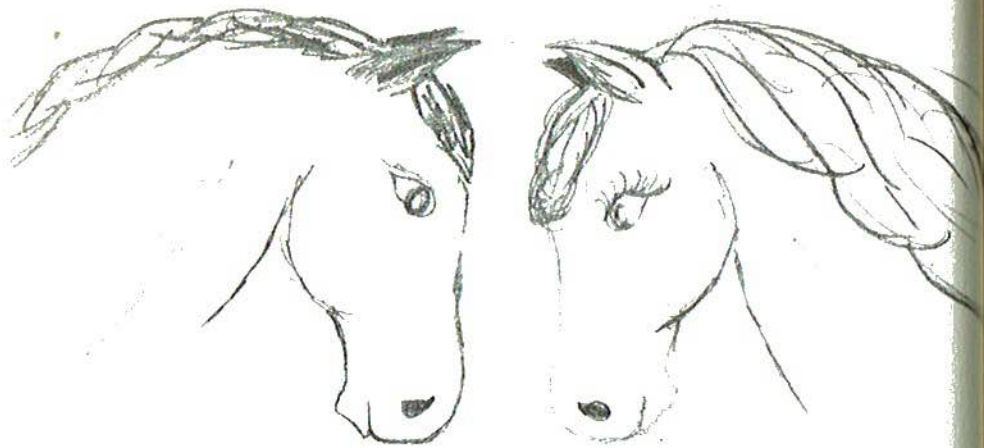
Debbie Winkle



Too often I've been labeled
"The happy go lucky clown."
But seldom do people notice
the times I've been let down.
I have always been expected
to do great and wonderful things.
But do people ever realize
the pain that my life brings?

The will to die does exist.
It's even crossed my mind.
Because, too often, I feel
my life has been all but kind.
During my life, so far,
I've had my share of pain.
And when the outside is sunny
the inside is pouring rain.

Debbie Winkle



THE STALLIONS

You can see them—
Proudly standing on a hill with heads held high;
As they await the coming of the battle.
As they approach one another they neigh warningly;
Rolling their eyes;
And tossing their heads in anger.
Sweat covers their flanks—
As they meet for battle;
Bearing their teeth threateningly.
Raring back on their hind legs—
They kick each other;
Slashing each other—
As the blood mingles with the sweat on their flanks.
They fight for possession of the herd—
As is their nature;
Fight until they are weak and winded.
As the battle ends—
The victor chases the defeated stallion—
While neighing triumphantly;
Only to return to stand guard—
Over his harem.

Regena Campbell



THE KING

The old handsome king strolled aimlessly through his paradise. Soon his reign would be over and forgotten, but for now he was content to gaze about his kingdom.

As the king walked along he thought back to when he, his brothers, and his sisters had walked with his father, the king. Then he remembered how his father had been shot and killed and all the turmoil that had followed. He remembered all the princes who had fought for the crown. As he thought back, he again saw the mauled bodies of those who lost their battles.

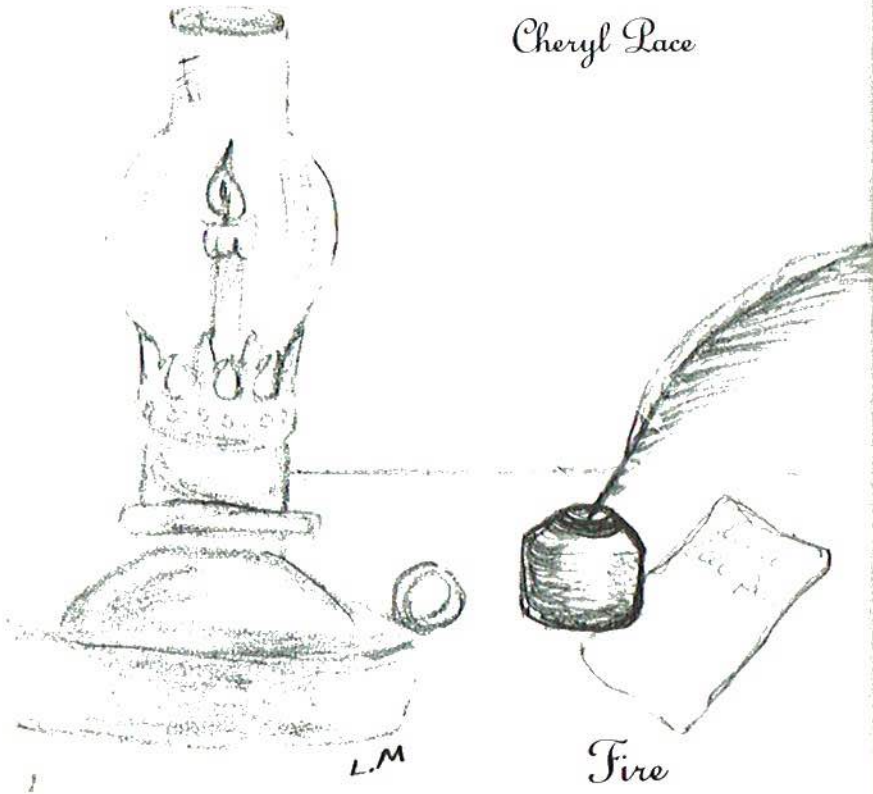
Later that afternoon as the king lay in the summer sun with the young ones playing around him, he thought about how long ago it had been since he was just a babe. Yes, he was getting old now and his reign was coming to an end. Soon young princes would be fighting over the old lion's position and he would be forgotten. For now, though, the lion was content to watch the cubs play.

Cheryl Barrier

Home

Peaceful, Serene
Sheltering, Comforting, Protecting
My place of solitude
Home

Cheryl Pace



Fire

Hot, Fierce
Burning, Crackling, Destroying
Taking a beloved home
Fire

Cheryl Pace

HOMECOMING

Karen looked up into the big blue eyes of the six foot super star of Ridgedale High, John Drake, not believing that he had actually asked her to the Homecoming Dance.

"John, I'd love to go with you! I'll have to change from my cheerleading outfit before we go though."

"Don't worry about that, I'll have to change too. You girls ready for the game?"

"We couldn't be more excited. I hope we can get enough school spirit going this week. It'd be great to get everyone involved in making floats, yelling at the pep rallies, and really getting into theme days. People think being a cheerleader is all fun and glory, but we work just as hard as any one! I love it anyway!"

"I know," John answered. "Sometimes people think I'm crazy to go out there and get knocked around, but I wouldn't do anything else."

"I don't think you're crazy, John. The team wouldn't be anything without you."

"You can't say that, Karen. I wouldn't be anything without the rest of the team. I---"

The sentence was interrupted by the bell signaling the end of lunch period.

"Karen, I'll call you later, o.k.?"

"Fine. I'll be home sometime! See ya later."

"Bye."

During the week Karen was on top of the world. Every day at school she had lunch with John and when she saw him between classes there was always a special grin or a look she knew was only for her. She couldn't help it. She honestly thought she was in love, and she had never been happier. John was just the kind of person she had wanted him to be. So far she had found no faults with him. How could she--John was perfect!

"Karen, Thursday after the Snake Dance and bonfire, how about going with me to get something to eat?"

"John, I'd love to, honestly, but I have to make sure the junior float gets finished. I have to. I really want to go. If you could pick me up around 9:15 or 9:30..."

"Oh, sure."

"John, don't be mad. Maybe Sally will stay."

"No, you go ahead. I'll pick you up. Uh, I gotta go. See ya later."

"Bye."

The snake dance was great. Karen put all she had into it. The band sounded as if nobody could possibly beat Ridgedale and spirit mounted everywhere. When Karen looked up and caught John's eye she knew all her wishes would come true. She felt as if she were a balloon filled with helium floating up-up-up. But like all balloons when they reach a certain point, they burst!

"Karen, it's 10:00. We can't stay here any longer. He must not be coming," said Sally. "Karen, don't cry. It's not worth it."

"Yes, it is, Sally. I really cared about him. Can't you see?"

"Sure, I know. It hurts. Come on, I'll take you home."

"Sally, how can I go to school tomorrow? What will I say to him?"

"Come on, Karen. You don't know why he didn't show up. Maybe his car broke down."

"Maybe."

The next day Karen avoided John whenever possible. The only time she saw him was at the pep rally. He looked at her funny.

"Did you see him, Sally? He looked like he didn't know what was wrong."

"Have you talked to him yet?"

"No, I..."

"Karen, don't be a fool. You just can't fail to go with him tonight."

"I know, Sally. I'm going to talk to him."

Later that evening as Karen checked her appearance in the mirror, she noticed that one could hardly tell that she had cried all afternoon. Thankfully, she brushed back her long hair so her Homecoming mum would show. No matter what had happened, she still wanted to go to the dance with him because she still liked him!

The Ridgedale cheerleaders jumped, yelled, and sang as the Ridgedale Wildcats went ahead 14 to 3. After Ridgedale had completed their halftime show, Karen waited until the team came back to the field.

"Karen, you've got to talk to him now," said Sally.

"I'm going."

"Luck."

As she walked toward the team, John came over to her. He really looked concerned.

"Karen, what's wrong with you?"

"Me?"

"You've avoided me all day. I looked for you after school. I couldn't find you."

"You looked for me? John,...why didn't you come last night?"

"Last night? Oh, gosh, didn't Steve tell you? Coach Harris made us all go straight home. Since I didn't have my car, Steve was suppose to come by and tell you. Karen, I'm sorry. I called your house, didn't you get my message?"

"I didn't bother to read the bulletin board. I went straight to bed when I got home. I thought you were mad at me."

"Oh, Karen, of course I'm not mad at you. The float was part of being a cheerleader. I told you once before I understood about such things. Remember? Karen, I still want to go to the dance with you if you'll go."

"You bet I will!" she said. His smile was proof enough--their relationship was truly special!

Jane Todorovich

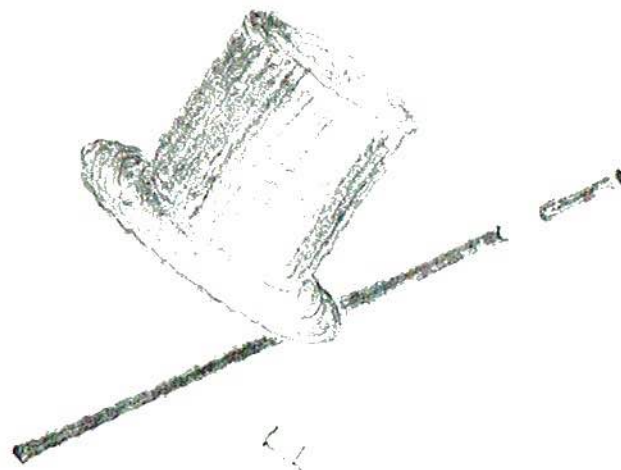


Music Man

Music man, stand tall as mountains;
lyrics rise within him.
Drums rhythmically play his life.

Music man; sing us your song;
make us smile for a moment.
Let your music embrace the world.

Peggylene Moore



Thank You, Ma'am

I kissed her in the morning light,
The morning bright did shine.
Departed were the fears of night,
She said she was forever mine.

I held her close and laughed inside,
I thought "Poor darling, you're so naive."
But time would tell her I had lied,
Broken vows of former eve.

We talked of life together,
A town still young and small.
Always one, parting never,
Kids, the works, I swore it all.

She thinks I'll return, by the while,
She does not know my heart of stone,
For I hide it so well beneath my smile,
But as for tonight, she'll sleep alone.

I've traveled far and traveled near,
They know not where I've been,
I'll find tonight another dear,
and swear my life again.

Ed Henderson



Secrets

Have you ever noticed secrets,
Are the darndest things to keep?
No matter how hard you try,
They always manage to seep.

They slip right off your tongue,
Though you never mean them to,
And you can't see why your friends get mad,
Until they do it to you!

So gingerly I say to you,
"Beware to whom and what you have said,
For three can keep a secret only
If the other two are dead!"

Karon Dunn

THE BEAR AND THE 'BACCER

Now, I wants all of you'uns to know that this be my story, and I's just having this Kirk feller write it down being as how I don't write too good.

Well, this all started back when I'as just a little squirt 'bout nine or ten year old. One day I'as walking up in the woods 'hind my house a-hunting for a spot where's me and my best friend Joe could build us a secret clubhouse. I hadn't gone much more than a mile or two when I comes upon this clearing. I, bein of the lazy sort, decided that I needed a rest, so's I walked out into this field and laid down. Purty soon this strange rustling in the leaves on the other side of the clearing caught my attention. I kinder popped my head up and looked in that direction and what should I see prissin' it's self out into the field, but a big old black mama bear and trapesin' right along behind her was three of the cutest little cubs ya ever did see.

Well, bein' a little feller, I weren't to educated in the ways of mama bears so I decided I'as gonna go get me one of them cubs and take it home wit me. This, of course, didn't go over so well wit the mama bear, matter of fact, she got a might angry. It twas 'bout that time when I made my own judgement concerning mama bears wit cubs. But, by this time it was too late. That ol' bear put her head down and charged straight towards me making a worse noise than my pa does trying to sing Amazin' Grace at Sunday Go To Meetin'. I tell ya what, hit didn't take me very long to decide that I'd alot ruther be up in a tree than down thar with that mad ol' bear. So's I took offin the other direction towards a little stand of hik'ry trees.

Well, I reached that tree at 'bout the time that bear's paw was 'bout to separate me from my legs. Lookin' back, I don't quite recollect as to how I shinnied up that thar tree as quick as I did, but all I know'd was I made it. Well, it sure didn't take me too long afore I'as settled all nice-n-snug amongst them branches of that good ol' hik'ry tree. By the way, when I gets up enough money, I'm gonna make a national shrine out'en that there tree.

But, back to my story. By-by, after I'd purty well quit shakin', I ventured a look down an' there set that mama bear looking up at me and not givin' the weeist little bit of a indication as to when she might take it upon herself to move.

After I'd been up thar fer 'bout an hour or two, I begun gettin' a might figity, bein' as how that bear was still down there eye in' me the way an ol' coon dog eyes a big hambone. All of a sudden I got a honest-to-goodness, for real, idear. Bein' as how I hadn't had too many of them, I reckon I got a might excited. One time I saw this picture book an' it had a picture of this funny lookin' critter called a monkey. Well, in this picture, this here monkey was climbin' from one tree to another. So's I said to myself, "If'n he can do it, so can I!"

Well, I looked around an' sure enough, thar was another big kik'ry tree right smack dab beside the one I'as sittin' in. So's I took off towards a spot where the branches of the two trees came together. When I got to that there spot, I lit out across the branches jest as purty as you please when I hears this big crach an' the branch I'as standin' on took off straight fer the ground. If'n I hadn't been 'aholdin on to another branch, I mighta gone with it, but things bein' such as they was, I got myself back to that tree purty quick like and hopped back up into the little perch I had up towards the top of the tree. 'Twas along 'bout this time when I looked at that mama bear, an' there she sat, not movin' a muscle.

I began to wonderin' whether I'as ever gonna get down, so's I pulled out my chewin' tobaccer and got myself a chew to kinder settle my nerves. Well, I worked it around an' chewed on it fer a minute or two till I had a big mouthful of juice. Then as was my usual habit, I spit, not thinkin' much 'bout it. But somehow's that 'baccer juice found it's way all the way down that there kik'ry tree and landed smack dab in the middle of that ol' mama bear's eye.

She commenced howlin' an' such like I never heard. Then she started runnin' around in circles rubbin' at her eye. Finally, she headed off towards the creek still ahowlin'. So's I seed my chance an' hopped out'n that there tree an' run all the way home. An' 'till this day I ain't never seed that 'ol mama bear again.

David Kirk



THE STAR

You must hurry! This show is the most important event of your career. If you do it just right, oh, if you can keep from goofing up, it will be open doors all the way up for you.

Oh no, the stage hand has just knocked; you only have eight minutes left before showtime. You sure want to make Steve proud of you. He is the best friend and manager a person could have.

Great! Just look at yourself in that mirror. You are a wreck! Listen, you, that is, you in the mirror, I must get my make-up finished. I don't care if you do or not. It is time for me to get myself together. Where is that other false eyelash? If I don't look just right those pictures in the paper will look disasterous.

I wonder who that is knocking at the door? "Oh, come on in Sandy, no you better just leave me alone. I can manage that zipper o.k." Good night! Who else is at my door? Three minutes? Are you kidding? Well here goes, one more going over ought to do it. Do you think you look superb? Are you fit for presentation?

Do you remember all those shabby, run-down theatres that you had to live in before you got your shot at the big time? Oh, can you still feel the heartache of all those cruel letdowns? Is it worth it? It's been hell, hasn't it? Oh, all the people you have known. Where are they now? They are still working the same old routine. Do you remember what they told you? Over and over they said, "Carol, you won't make it. Face it, kid you just haven't got the talent or the guts to handle that kind of performin'. You just ain't cut out to handle that kind of pressure. Listen, why don't you just go back to Tennessee and forget this wild dream."

No, you have come a long way girl. Look at you in the prime. Wait till they hear about you now. It is funny isn't it? It was really strange back then how those remarks hurt. You really took care of 'em, didn't you? It was almost crazy! You got rid of that pain very quickly and now they are sorry.

It sure is getting noisy out there. You, in the mirror, did you know that there is a full house tonight? Well, there sure is! Those people are begging for my performance! It really feels explosive. No, that's not right, it feels like nothing else could. You feel wanted, don't you?

Not again, they are knocking at the door. It is time to go. You must leave now.

Look, you, what is this? Cobwebs are on the ceiling. The curtains are hanging in rotten rags. There are holes in the dusty stage floor. The once plush seats are sagging and filthy. Is this a joke? Well it sure isn't funny! Steve, where are you? Where is the stage crew? Where did the props go? Where is the orchestra? WHERE IS THE AUDIENCE?

Carol floated to the center of the stage. She could sense something but it refused to surface. She felt confused. Why was she here? What was it about this particular place?

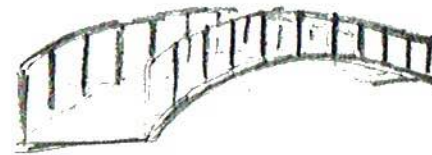
Then the memory hit home. She had just recreated the events that happened on the night that she committed suicide during the last scene of the last act of her last performance. They had said that she couldn't handle it.

Riplee Yearwood

A BRIDGE

The gap has been filled.
The path has been shortened.
The way has been opened.
Now we can go on to new horizons.

Pam Matthews



J.W

The Pattern

Leaves falling slowly,
I walk across the bridge.
Leaning over the railing,
Watching the leaves drift,
Huge oak trees towering above me.
Seems like paradise;
Gazing down at the water
Hundreds of feet below
Banks of lovely white sand,
Bleached by the sun
A leaf catching in my hair,
Is gently loosened by a gust of wind
Round and round,
Taken to rest by the water
The patterned leaves
On the sand are joined by one more.
Paradise is interrupted
By my broken figure,
Lying half covered by the patterns of the leaves.

Angie Crubbs



FROM SOLITUDE TO HAPPINESS

On the outskirts of the town of Nople, North Dakota, lived a widow, Mrs. Weeks. Due to the high cost of living she had moved here from a large town. She had no relatives or close friends so she chose this small town of approximately two thousand, hoping she could raise a garden and find a little work.

Using all her savings, she purchased a small run-down house. The house had been vacant for almost fourteen years. It had previously been the scene of a robbery and an assumed suicide. The townspeople considered the house haunted and no one dared go near it. Everyone wondered why anyone would want to live in this house.

No one bothered to welcome Mrs. Weeks to Nople. At first she wasn't bothered by the townspeople's inconsideration as there was too much work to be done, but eventually it began to upset her. She had no one to turn to or nowhere to go. Whenever she walked to the store or went to church she was stared at and mocked, as she usually wore the same dress and hat. Mrs. Weeks became quite depressed as she lived in solitude all of the time.

People began spreading rumors that perhaps Mrs. Weeks was a witch. The gossip became very bad, and people said you could walk by the house and see Mrs. Weeks dressed in black stirring something in a black iron pot over an open fire. All of the parents forbade their children to go near Mrs. Weeks or her house.

Tom Johnson, one of the neighborhood brats, who would do anything he was told not to, decided to wait after school and walk home by Mrs. Week's house. Hoping no one would see him, Tom hid behind the shrubbery trying to get up enough courage to look in the window. Mrs. Weeks was not to be seen. His curiosity was so strong that he decided to return the next day. Peeping through the window, Tom saw Mrs. Weeks in normal clothes cooking in the kitchen. Tom left without trying to talk to her. He believed she must be very lonely, so he decided to return on Saturday, still not telling anyone of his visits.

Before most children were up Saturday morning, Tom left his house to go to Mrs. Weeks'. He knocked on the wooden door and a small, old lady appeared. She looked startled to see a young boy standing on the porch. She invited Tom in and offered him milk and homemade cookies. After eating Tom began questioning Mrs. Weeks about her past life. Before he knew it, he had divulged the gossip of the townspeople. This extremely upset Mrs. Weeks as she had always had friends in other towns.

Tom began to make a habit of stopping by after school. Even though Tom told others the truth about Mrs. Weeks, they still would not accept her. He began to contemplate a way for the ladies to meet Mrs. Weeks. Tom knew if only they could see how kind and lonely she really was they would be eager to help. His birthday was the only idea he could think of. He asked his parents for a party and offered to address and deliver the invitations. Not only did he invite his friends, but their mothers also. He made a special trip to Mrs. Weeks' to invite her to his party. She thought perhaps this wasn't a wise idea, but finally consented to come.

Tom felt as though the day would never come. At last it was time for the party. Friends and mothers began to arrive, but no Mrs. Weeks. Suddenly, Tom realized he had forgotten to tell Mrs. Weeks where he lived. Dashing out the door and down the street towards Mrs. Weeks, he saw her going from door to door. She saw Tom and came rapidly to meet him. Together they arrived at the party. People stopped talking and stared as they entered. Tom quickly began to introduce his friend. One by one the ladies began to talk to Mrs. Weeks. She was so polite and friendly they readily accepted her and apologized for their unkind actions.

Tom thanked everyone for coming and especially for welcoming Mrs. Weeks. He felt as though this day would be very beneficial for her.

Ladies began inviting Mrs. Weeks to social get-togethers and offered to help her in anyway they could. Also, her home was frequently visited by children after school and on weekends. She always mentioned how grateful she was to her friend, Tom, for bringing her from solitude to happiness.

Cathy Myers



Phantom Foundling

I lie under the cover,
afraid to look and see.
If I look under the blanket,
will something look back at me?

Oh no! I feel something fuzzy and warm!
Should I run or stay here,
and hope it does no harm?
Maybe I'll scream or shed a tear!

A sudden thought rushes through my mind.
I peek under the cover,
knowing what I'll find,
It's just my socks and nothing other!

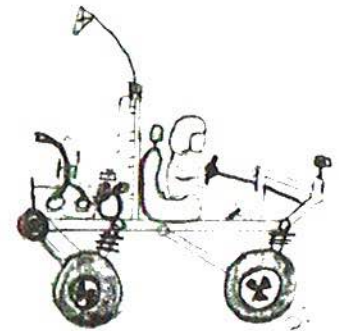
Beverly Edgeworth

AT THE TRACK

Off-road racing;
Fast and furious;
To the spectators
Kind of curious.

They wonder why;
As men fly by;
On bikes, in buggies, and even Jeeps;
Why these men don't get the creeps.

Round and round the track they go;
Over the whoops, both high and low;
Off the jumps they fly;
Sailing through the air so high;
Until they land with a loud "KA-WHUMP!"
Knowing well on that last bump
Their fine machine just turned to junk!



Don Trammell

GAS POWER

There was a young man from this town
Who met a tremendous let down.
On visiting the gas station
He was overwhelmed by inflation
And now he is walking around!

Jim Keller

Life Is Like A Car

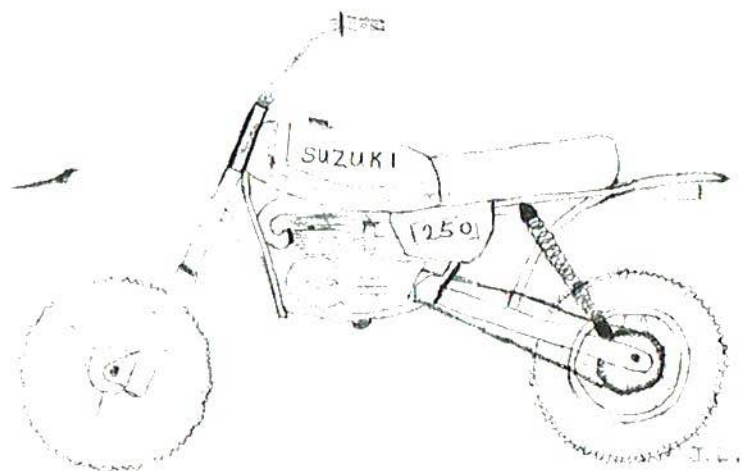
Life is like a car,
It employs many functions,
Destinations,
Pleasures,
Conveniences,
And times to remember.

Jeff Winkle

THE ENDURO RIDER'S LIFE

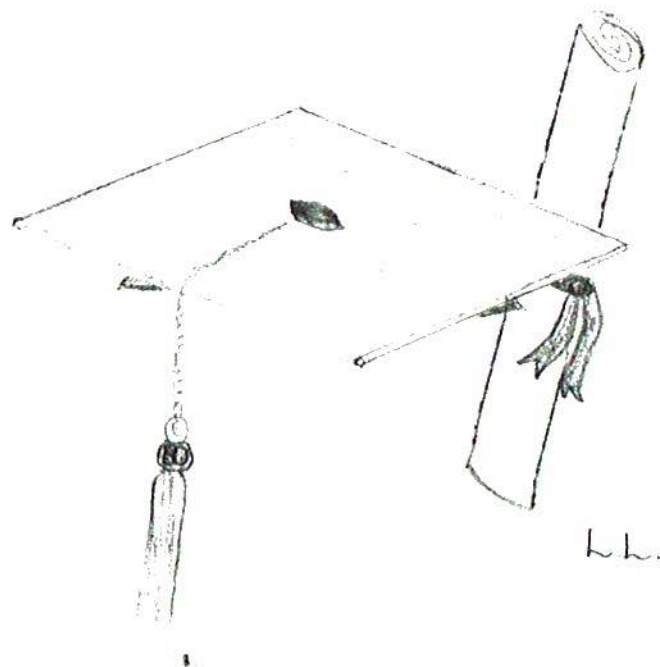
Enduro riders I have known
Must have their minds completely blown.
They'd sell their houses and their kin
Just for that almighty win.
Their bikes come first, right after life;
It's so much fun in all the strife;
They fix their bikes all week long;
And on the weekend they'll be gone;
Riding over new terrain;
Oblivious of all their pain;
And what will happen when they die?
They'll become ghost riders in the sky.

Don Trammell



Motorcycles
Fast, tough
Racing, wrecking, breaking
Trouble in the making
Junk

Don Trammell



GRADUATION NIGHT

Brent Phillips was a senior at Rankin High School in Copeland, North Carolina. He was not only the star quarterback, but he was also one of few students with a 4.0 grade average. Brent had already accepted a full four-year football scholarship at the University of North Carolina.

Brent was an all around good guy. Everyone enjoyed being around him. He never thought of himself as being better than anyone else, whether they were upper classmen or lower classmen.

It was the middle of March and Brent was already looking forward to the following fall. He and his best friend, Tim, were planning to room together. Tim was a nice guy but wasn't a football player or as smart as Brent.

One day after school Brent went over to Tim's house to make plans for the summer and fall. They decided to look for a job where they could work after school and on Saturdays and where they could go on working through the summer.

It was getting late and Brent hadn't been home since that morning before school so he went home to eat supper and to do his homework. When he left Tim's house they were so excited one would have thought they were leaving for college the following day.

Saturday came and the guys set out to look for a job. Fortunately, there was an opening at a wholesale company loading trucks, so they took the job and started work the following Monday after school.

After Brent had been working for several days Mr. Phillips made an agreement with him. He agreed to buy a car for Brent, if Brent would make the insurance payments.

As the days went by Brent got more and more excited. The night before graduation Tim was over at Brent's house making final plans for a party they were giving for all seniors graduating with them. They talked and planned until 12:30.

The next morning Brent slept late. He woke up feeling a little scared but very excited. He thought, "Today is the big day." All that he did that day was run around in circles like a chicken with it's head cut off.

The time finally came to go to the school. Brent drove his car so his parents wouldn't have to leave early and he left in such a hurry that he forgot to call Tim.

It was thirty minutes until the graduation exercises were to begin and Tim was getting worried because Brent hadn't shown up yet. The minutes seemed to pass like seconds to Tim. It was time to begin the program and he still hadn't arrived.

As the students marched down the aisle, Tim noticed every person that moved. None of them seemed to be Brent, so Tim looked around for Brent's parents. The principal walked up to the rostrum to make an announcement and hesitated before he spoke.

Finally, speaking to the students, the principal said, "After tonight each of you will step into the future. Tonight one of our outstanding graduates took a future step. He was killed in a car accident enroute to the graduation exercises."

Beth Barbee

POKER

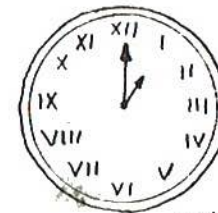
Shuffle, deal
 Count your cards.
 Watch your eyes.
 They could reveal.
 Should I bid?
 Could I win?
 I wonder what
 He is holding.
 Shifting eyes
 Waiting to catch
 That give away smile
 Never knowing
 Quite what to do...



J.W.

Debbie Winkle

Time



J.W.

Time
 Swiftly
 Moving
 Never
 Ceasing
 Flies
 By
 Can't
 Be
 Captured
 All
 Gone
 Nothing
 Left
 But
 Memories

Pattie Cobb



THE VOYAGE OF 1492

The prevalent smell of the sea air was strong as two men standing amid the crowd of people in the village street were talking among themselves.

"Have you heard the news?" began the smaller of the two. "King Ferdinand has agreed to finance Columbus' expedition."

"Really? It's hard for me to see how anybody can even consider the possibility of a spherical earth. Why, everyone knows the world is flat."

"Well the King seems to think there is a possibility of Columbus finding an alternate route to the Far East."

"Still..."

"I don't know, but Columbus is setting sail tomorrow."

The mist hung heavy over the Spanish countryside as the sun appeared slowly over the horizon. The songs of birds filled the air and the distant bark of a dog could be heard.

Docked at the village port were three small ships: Nina, Pinta, and Santa Maria. Cargo was being loaded into each of them as Columbus and his crew prepared for the voyage.

One by one the tiny ships glided silently out to sea. Columbus himself was in the lead ship, the Santa Maria.

He had gone through tremendous difficulty in getting the expedition started. It was easy to get people to listen to his ideas but when it got down to the problem of money, these people quickly disappeared. After months of getting nowhere he finally went to the King of Spain, who had heard of Columbus' reputation as an explorer and had faith in him.

Now here he was--sailing into the "sea of darkness," as the Atlantic was referred to by the people of Spain.

For weeks Columbus and his crew drifted aimlessly without sighting land. The men were scared, tired and were on the verge of mutiny. Columbus, with his comforting and enthusiastic manner, persuaded his crew to continue on their journey.

At dusk at the end of the third day of their sixth week a fierce wind began to blow. Dark threatening clouds filled the sky. The bright flash of lightning could be seen off in the distance followed by a deafening rumble. Twenty foot swells beat again and again against the sides of the small ships. Rain began to fall in torrents.

The ships were tossed to and fro by the gigantic waves. All the men could do was to sit tight and wait for the storm to subside.

Disaster struck! A bad leak had sprung forth on the Pinta and within minutes the fragile ship along with its crew, had sunk beneath the foaming surface.

The Nina suffered a similar fate. A lantern fell from its hook. The inside of the ship was like a tinderbox and the fire quickly spread. The crew fought desperately to extinguish the blaze, but it was hopeless. The fire soon reached the ships magazine and both ship and crew were blown out of the sea.

The freshness of dawn filled the salty air as a lone ship drifted through the calm, blue-green water. The vessel was nothing but a wreck. The mast, with shreds of a sail still clinging to it had blown over. Water seeped through the cracks in the hull; dead and dying bodies were strewn here and there.

A single figure stood upon the bow. Columbus stared wearily off into the distance. He couldn't, wouldn't, accept his defeat. He would prove to the world that the earth was round if it was the last thing he would do.

Suddenly Columbus' eyes widened in disbelief. How could it be? How could he have been wrong? The earth wasn't round it was...

Ever so gently a tiny battered ship dropped off the edge of the world.

Darryl Anderson

Haiku

The hot melting sun

Drips slowly behind the earth

Splashing pink and gold.

Sharon Kolakowaski



ANOTHER DAY

Mark did not notice the chilly north wind, nor did he notice the cold rain that drenched his body on this January morning. He had spent many freezing mornings sitting in these dreary woods since deer season opened the previous November. So far he had had no luck, but he had faith that, one day soon, all of his waiting would pay off.

Mark sat shivering in his tree stand thinking of how excited he would be after he killed his first deer. He could see himself driving down the road with a trophy buck across the hood of his jeep. He envisioned himself showing off the big buck to all of his friends. Oh, what a glorious day it would be!

The silence was suddenly broken by the snap of a twig. Startled out of his dream, Mark quickly looked around, but could not see what had caused the sound. His heart beat quickened to the tempo of an Indian war dance.

As the sounds came closer, a form began to appear out of the darkness. His heart raced on. Quietly, he eased the safety off his rifle, quickly estimating the distance to his potential target. As the form broke through the mist, he suddenly realized it was his dad approaching, not a deer.

"Seen anything, son?"

"Nope. Just like every other day."

"Well, come on down and let's go home. Your mom will have breakfast waiting."

"O.K. We're coming back tomorrow, aren't we?" Mark queried enthusiastically.

His father smiled. "Right, son!"

David Carter

Haiku

See the icicles
Shimmer in the winter sun--
A frozen rainbow.

Kathy Johnston

Rainbows bursting warmth
Hues of seven rich colors
Stretching through the sky.

Lisa Bayer

A soft pink blossom,
Sprung from green and touched with dew,
Opens at sunrise.

Lynn LePine



THE ROLLING OF THE DICE

Ninety-eight percent of the earth's natural resources has by now been exhausted. For two decades the moon has been used extensively as a source of energy. Parts of Mars have also been utilized for about eight years. Only recently, however, has Jupiter been considered for energy resources.

For many years reports of radio waves being emitted from Jupiter have left many unanswered questions. Mrs. Marcina Holloway, along with a team of astrophysicists from the Nuclienergy Corporation, came up with evidence of radioactive deposits on Jupiter. After four years of development and experimentation, a scout ship was sent to the planet. When deposits were verified, a special transporter ship, **The Pantheon** was sent there.

The huge transporter ship had gathered deposits for eleven days from one of the few solid locations on the Jovian surface. Hydrogen, oxygen, helium, and ammonium were gases that were also collected.

When the mission was completed, it was discovered by one of the engineers in the cargo area that certain gases native to Jupiter had also entered the tanks. The density of these gases was much higher than the four others, resulting in a payload of excessive weight.

The escape velocity of Jupiter is about sixty kilometers per second. With the additional weight on **The Pantheon**, the achievement of this velocity became a big problem.

Captain Raymond Burgundy, the commanding officer of **The Pantheon**, was a man of much experience. He was involved in the last of the Space Shuttle missions as well as many of the Lunar mining operations. Burgundy also co-commanded four Martian mining missions.

With **The Pantheon** in the situation it was in, Captain Burgundy had a problem facing him. In order for the ship to leave the planet, approximately one-third of the gas in the tanks had to be released back into the atmosphere. That would have meant staying there an additional three to four days. It would require so much more oxygen for the crew that they might not live to see their home planet again.

After considering the alternatives, Captain Burgundy thought of an idea that might serve as a compromise. There was a possibility of using that gases in the storage tanks to give the ship additional propulsion. The only mediums of transferring the gases from the tanks to the engines were the corridors.

What is the nature of this Jovian gas? Does it have to be processed in any way to become applicable to the antigravity acceleration? Could the alien gas contaminate the empty corridors? Those were risks that the captain had to take.

"I want all personnel to evacuate sections Beta, Delta, Zeta, and Sigma. Please go to the Alpha and Lambda security halls as quickly as possible." The captain had made his decision. He gave orders to transfer the gas through the evacuated hallways. Exhaust and ventilation systems were used to move the gas.

When the gas reached the propulsion chambers, seven doors opened. The engines, which normally operated by a fusion process of dilithium crystals, were switched to a semi-automatic state. This allowed them to receive the alien gas.

After twenty minutes of gas transfer, the doors to the propulsion room were closed. With extreme caution the last preparations were made. All seven of the engines would have to be started simultaneously to prevent any off-balances.

"Start the engines," Burgundy stated. A humming noise could be heard throughout the ship. As **The Pantheon** rose it began to shake. Gradually the vibration subsided.

The ship had a velocity of five kilometers per second. Soon the velocity increased to ten, twenty, and then to thirty kilometers per second. Captain Burgundy saw that the velocity was approaching the sixty kilometer mark. Faster and faster it rose; fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two!

After escaping the inner atmospheric layers, **The Pantheon** assumed an orbiting route. The engines were monitored, revealing no sign of malfunction or damage. The ship orbited the huge planet twice and altered its route for Earth. The gamble paid off.

Jeff Winkle



Just a Memory

The full moon shone on the lake,
The breeze blew slowly,
Riffling through our hair
Like the first breaths of winter
Making an early showing.
Your dog ran impatiently to and fro
Nipping at our ankles,
Wanting to play.
I don't know how we stopped,
Suddenly we weren't walking anymore.
The arm that slipped round my waist
Trembled.
Was it the cold or me?
I inched closer to you,
And I felt warm inside.
We needed no words to express the
Feelings that flowed between us.
I could hear you talking,
Gently whispering, just to me.
We exchanged the expression "I love you"
In a million little ways.
Then we turned
To go back to reality,
But we would always have this
Moment with us as
Just a memory.

Angie Grubbs

HONEYBEE LOVE

"Boy, that Fanny Beeswax has the cutest little wings, I've ever seen!"

"Yea, and she's got a nice little stinger, too!"

"Forget it, you guys, Fanny's Fanny's taken. You don't have a chance with Fred Stinger hanging around!"

Buzz Droner listened to this conversation between his comrade bumblebees with a despairing heart. How well he knew the slim chances of transferring a little pollen with Fanny Beeswax. He had long adored her velvet black eyes and her shining antennae. But how could he, with his shy and taciturn personality, ever hope to compete against that self-assured, debonair Fred Stinger?

Not far away in her cozy little fence-post home, Fanny Beeswax was at that very instant wistfully yearning for something meaningful. But what? She had all she needed: a nice home, some loyal bee-friends, and someone as sought-after as Fred Stinger to look out for her. What else could she need? Fanny didn't need anything, but why wasn't she happy? Because she WANTED something, something new and exciting, something--Oh, what was that something?

On his way to pick up Fanny for the buzz-ball game, Fred Stinger should have been thinking about winning. Instead, he was thinking about Fanny's growing discontent. He had seen her looking with lowered lashes at that quiet little Buzz Droner. He couldn't help making all those derisive remarks about Buzz. Fred was furiously angry that she should want to look at anyone else while she was with him. Why, couldn't he have any bumblebee he wanted? Didn't Fanny know she was putting their relationship in jeopardy? Well, it was her loss, not his.

Warming up on the court before the game, Buzz suddenly felt a beautiful light descend upon the clover field. His heart's pace quickened as he turned and recognized Fanny's yellow and black striped sweater. Then he recognized the blue colors of the opposing team, and inside the blue was Fred. Buzz felt his heart sink as he realized he would be competing against Fred. Fred spotted Buzz, and maliciously eyed the small stature of his opponent. What a perfect opportunity to prove to Fanny how much better than Buzz Droner he was in everything!

Buzz was afraid to look for Fanny in the stands, but he knew she would be cheering for the blue team. Oh, he just HAD to show Fanny he was good for something. He just couldn't let Fred make a fool of him tonight!

The first half of the game passed as expected. Buzz put all his heart and soul into keeping Fred from the pollen goal, but the crowd could tell the more dexterous Fred was teasing poor Buzz. Fred danced and buzzed around, and faked right and left around the flowers and clover. Buzz tripped over his own wings, allowing Fred to score again.

At the peak of his humiliation, Buzz lay exhausted on the ground. The crowd roared and buzzed with glee as Buzz peered through misty eyes at the gold banners of his home team. Suddenly he buzzed straight up and his heart jumped to his throat! Fanny! Fanny had a banner, and it was GOLD! She was cheering for Buzz! Did this mean Fred had finally lost? Buzz knew the answer as he and Fanny flew into the sunset to buzz happily ever after.

Kathy Johnston



"My Paradise"

Water runs rapidly--
Cool, clear.
Surrounding hills are green
With tall timber.
The air is crisp.
The promise of pine is in the air.
The roar of the water fall is within hearing.
This is my Paradise.

Diane Jordan

Lost
All alone
Silence
Then you,
Joy
Happiness
Eternity.

Karen Brandon



Before It's too Late

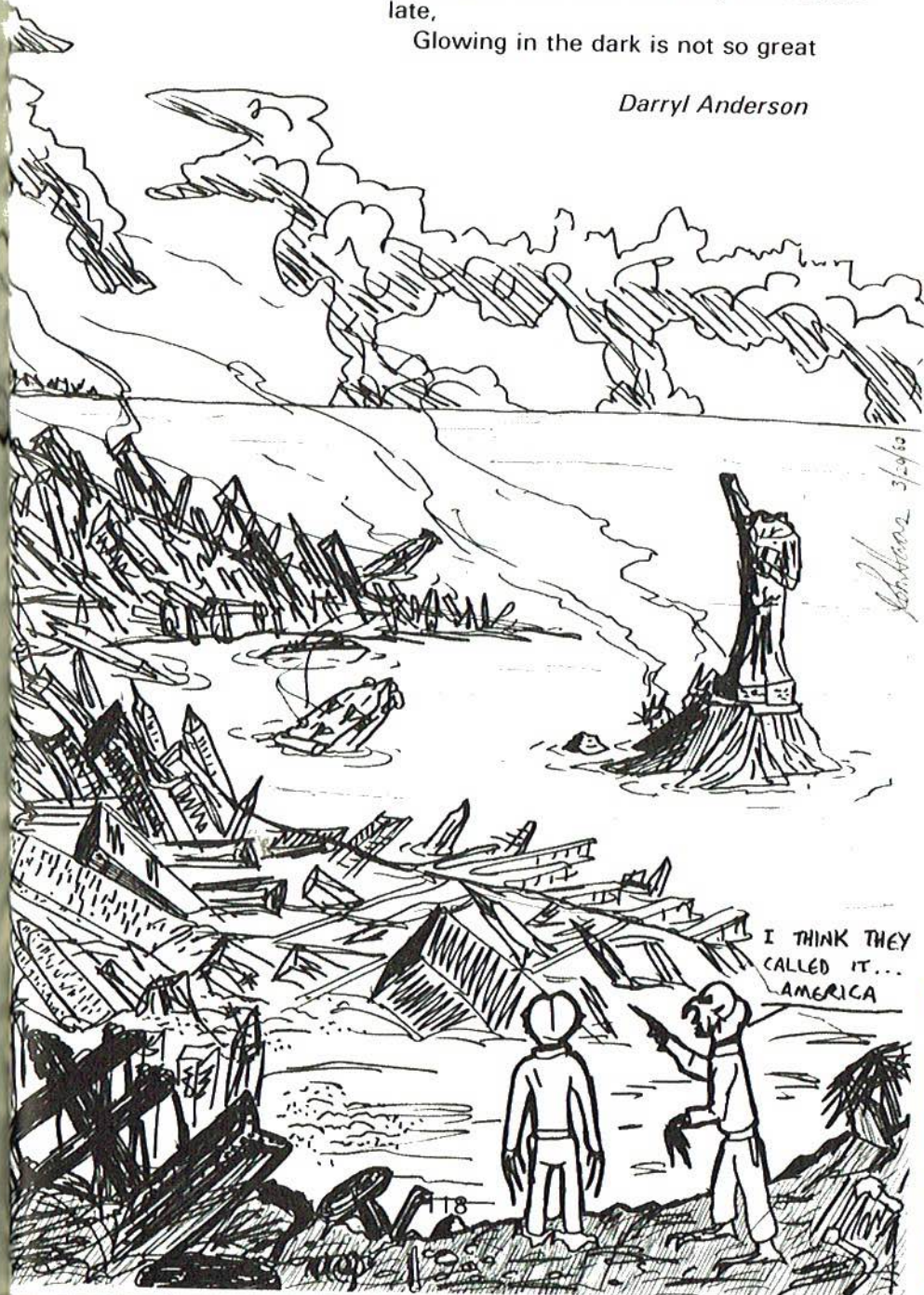
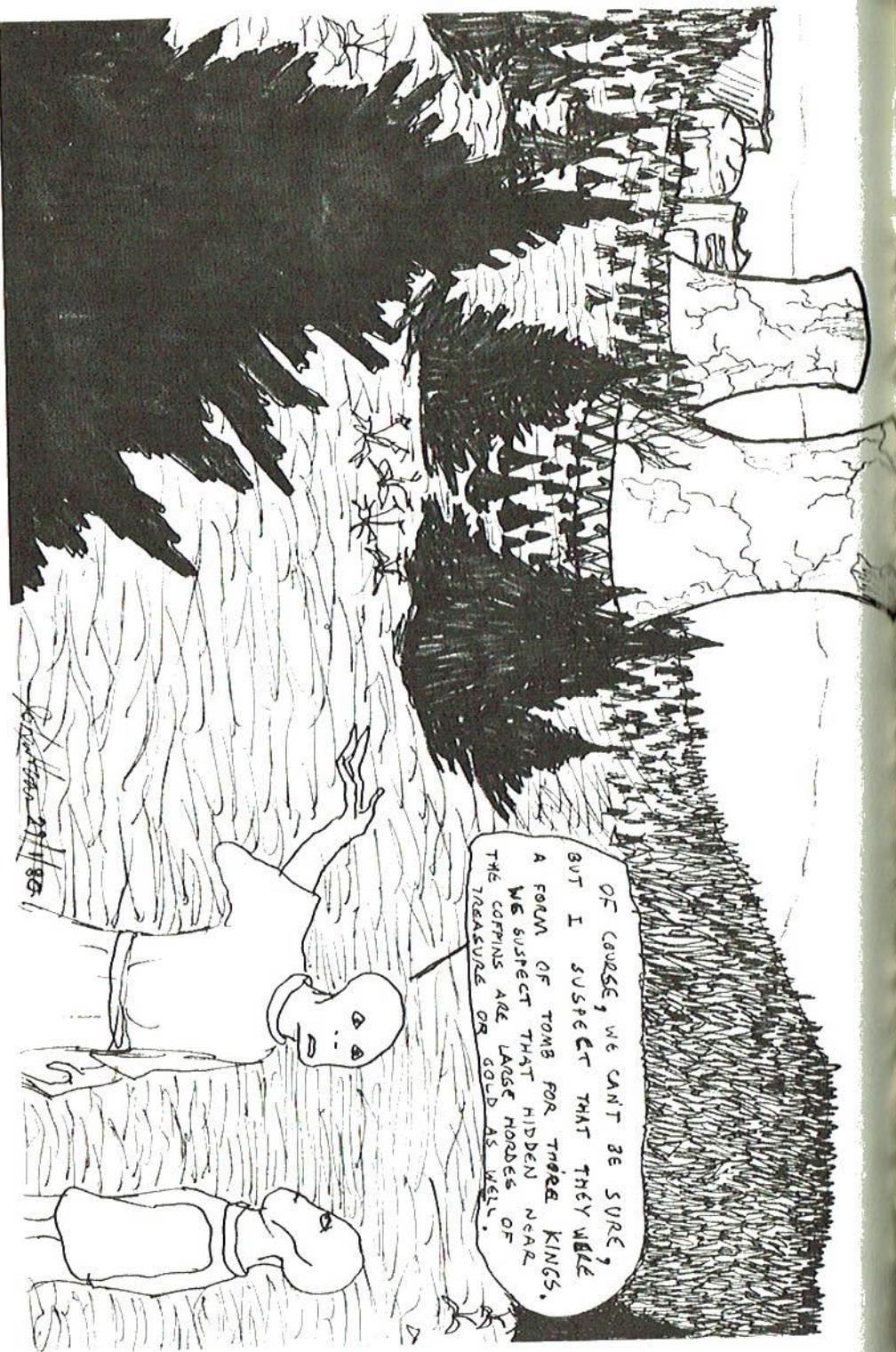
Why do we wait
Till its too late
To, air feelings, indicate
A love we feel, a warmth we share
The ability to confide
When its' really there.
So many times,
Like so many others,
We fail to treat
Our fellow men as brothers.
We all are humans
In a race for life
We need each other
Day and night.
We can share something
so special and rare,
If only our shield of conceit
We will fail to bear
God made us all equal,
No man better than another,
So lets all try to treat
Our fellow men as brothers.

Carol Muse

NUCLEAR ENERGY

They say nuclear energy is what we need,
It produces electricity with ease and speed
But nothing's too safe; we may find out too
late,
Glowing in the dark is not so great

Darryl Anderson

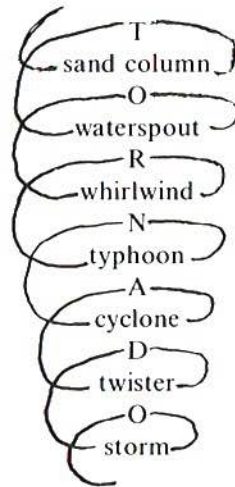




DESTRUCTION

The rain pelts furiously on the earth,
Each drop attacking a tiny blade of grass.
The clouds hang heavily as the thunder
Bellows out its cry.
The lightning flashes across the gray horizon.
The wind howls, ruining the obstacles
In its Path.
Will the storm leave anything behind besides
Its destruction?

Kathy Johnson



Lisa Bayer

TRAPPED

I'm trapped in a shell
Where I can't get out.
The people can't see me-at least
The real me that it's
All about

Why can't they see me,
I'm trying my best to let
It show.
But the way it looks there's
Just no way to go.

With all these defeats I'm
getting a little tired.
Maybe with a little help
I might make another step.

Johngeline Abernathy

Optomist

Do you ever sit and wonder
'bout things that might have been.

Do you ever sit and ponder
'bout things that should have been.

Not me
I wonder 'bout things about to be.

Phil Sisk

India

India, oh India,
A wretched place to be.
Ah, what luck it is to live
Across the briny sea.

India, oh India,
This fact I can allow:
India would not be bad
If one were born a cow.

Lynn LePine



ALONE

My many friends surround me,
And ask caring questions with concern.
Yet, with all this friendship,
I still feel terribly alone.
There is not one that I can talk to,
Not one of all these can I tell of
My most secret wishes,
My hopes and dreams,
Of life.

Lori Parrish

The sky is quite bleak
There is silence in the air
Yet I am content

Riplee Yearwood

You have your own world
I have my own ideas
Apart, we can't grow

Riplee Yearwood



It's over
All is gone
What was, is not
Nothing is left
We've changed
Time has passed
We are alone

Pattie Cobb

SPECIAL RECOGNITION

Cover Design Sharon Kolakowski
Dedication Design Jon Reed

Work presented in this book was selected from the many contributions of the students in Scottsboro High School. The staff considers all participants winners.

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