ConjuRxings
Conjurings

Literary Magazine
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St. Louis College of Pharmacy

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To call or
bring to mind.
To evoke.
   To imagine.
To picture

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Millard

By Shannon Gergen

As Millard looked at those individuals surrounding him, he came to a conclusion. “Okay, I think I’m ready to admit that I may have made some poor decisions in my life.” This comment was met with stares from his three companions. Four, if you counted the sock puppet.

“What do you mean?” asked Chris. “You’ve been stuck on a raft floating miles from nowhere for three days with a cyborg squirrel, a bear with a personality disorder, and me. Seems to me your life has turned out just as your parents always hoped!”

Millard shook his head. “No need to lecture me, I know our situation hasn’t been ideal since... the incident. Are you humans always so quick to judge?”

“Judge not, lest you be judged,” stated the sock puppet worn by the bear.

Chris hung his head. “There goes Socrates again. Seriously, what great achievement could you have possibly had in mind when you taught a bear to use a puppet?”

“How was I to know he would be so philosophical? I still have to keep him doped up just to keep his more primal side in check, or else we’d both be on tonight’s menu.”

“Speaking of menus, we’re running low on those yams Buster found us.” Buster was the squirrel, which Millard had enhanced with cybernetics. Due to a minor mistake with calibration, however, the nut-seeking hardware attached to his cerebellum was only useful in determining the whereabouts of yams. “I suppose if it comes down to it, we could always eat Buster himself.”

“You brute!” Millard was instantly outraged. “I’d eat you before I’d eat Buster, and I’m a vegetarian! Besides, he’s more machine now than squirrel. He’d only be good for a few bites.”

“Progress of technology is a gift, and a curse. A gift to insure life, but a curse to the hungry.”

“Gee, thanks Socrates. I’ll remember your musings next time I watch you get your head stuck in a bee hive.” Chris was glad to see impending doom was doing little to lessen his sarcasm. “Y’know, Millard, I’m not sure which surprises me most: the fact I was abducted by an alien, or the fact that said alien is such a moron. Your head may be the size of a watermelon, but I think someone removed all the seeds.”

“How dare you insult a higher being! You barely rate above cockroach from my point of view atop the evolutionary ladder! My kind has done great things for you and your puny society! Take the anal probe, for example.”

“Oh yeah, of all the alien stereotypes you could have lived up to, you had to go and pick the anal probing! What kind of fetish is that? Did your whole culture get fixated in some lower level of psychological development, or are you a civilization of perverts?”

“I’ll have you know that we do it for your own good. My people are very concerned about your health, most specifically cancers of the colon and prostrate. I’ve lost count of how many abductees we have managed to save with our diagnostic procedure. You should be grateful.”

“Yeah? Well maybe my opinion will change when I can walk straight again.” Deciding to take a break from the conversation, Chris grabbed a yam and placed it near Buster.

“C’mon little guy. It’s lunch time.”
Buster took a moment to understand what was expected of him, but soon used his newly-received heat vision to bake the yam. He then went back to chasing his own tail.

"Hey Millard, what kind of name is that anyway? Your parents not love you or something?"

"First of all, I don’t have parents, I have a parent. We reproduce asexually. Second, Millard is, as you should well know, a name of great honor among my people. We use it as a way of respecting the greatest leader humanity has ever known, your thirteenth President, Millard Fillmore."

Chris nearly choked on his yam. "Fillmore? What did that guy ever do? His greatest accomplishment was being slightly more well known that President Chester Arthur, and that’s not exactly an act worthy of praise!"

"Oh, you poor, naive fool. The media has really done a number on you. Or perhaps your human brain is merely too tiny to comprehend the greatness that was Fillmore. The Whigs shall rule once more!"

"I think this is all a bunch of crap. You are using that as an excuse to cover the fact that even back on your world you’re a pansy."

"Pansy? I come from a line of great warriors!"

"Wars do not make one great," spoke the puppet.

"Ok, now we’ve got a bear quoting Empire Strikes Back through a sock on his paw, and I know he’s never been within miles of a television! That freaks me out more than knowing that Squirrelanator over there can kill me by staring at me wrong!" Chris swallowed the last bit of yam and wondered what he had done in his life to deserve this. Sure, he could have been a bit nicer that time with the Jehovah’s Witness, but who hasn’t faked being deaf to get out of uncomfortable situations?

"Are you always so bitter? I’ve probed my fair share of humans, believe you me," Millard said with an unusual sense of pride, "but few have been as annoying or as rude as you. You don’t see me pointing out flaws in your civilization, and there are plenty from which to choose: starvation, threats of nuclear holocaust, MTV. Your history is full of travesties! Then again, maybe you have plenty of reasons to be bitter about."

"You bet, like the fact you ended that sentence in a preposition! Monster!"

"There you go again. On the offensive."

Chris sighed. "You’re right, but how else should I act? I’m a smart, successful guy, but before you abducted me I had a high-paying job that was ultimately unfulfilling, few friends I could count on, and an ever-growing sense of dread that I would grow old and lonely, eventually living with a dozen cats and spending my nights in a rocking chair on the front porch with a shotgun in my lap. In fact, as much as I’m complaining, being stuck on a raft with this unlikely crew is the highlight of my year. Well, except for having to drink my own urine."

"I see. Well, don’t tell anyone, but I’m not the best example of my race. Most of us don’t even get off-world. We prefer to focus our efforts on the great art of origami. Heck, one strategically placed match could lead to planetary Armageddon."

"What made you decide to take up the animal-mutilating trade?"

"I don’t mutilate. I enhance. Take Buster there. Out in the wilderness he’s easy pickings, but with his new additions, he could pick a fight with a lion and be fine. I do it for my love of small woodland creatures."

"Hmm, okay, but what about Smoky over here?"

"Oh, I just thought it’d be funny to see a bear with a sock puppet."
“Well, I can’t argue with you there, I suppose. But what about me? Why’d you abduct a normal guy?”

“I was a little drunk and thought I recognized your hands from a Country Crock commercial. Thought you might be able to help me get into show business. I’ve always wanted to star in a production of *The Producers*. Imagine my surprise when I sobered up.”

“Right. Well, unless we get off this raft I think you can kiss you acting dreams goodbye. No one even knows we’re here.”

“Without acknowledgement of one’s presence by society, can one truly exist? Perhaps we are all merely fragments of each others’ imaginations.” The puppet looked thoughtful.

“Seriously, we’ve got to do something about that bear.”

As if on cue, the primal side of the bear’s personality seemed to awaken. It started with a grumble, but when he saw Buster chasing his tail, the look of hunger spread across his face. He began to quickly attack the squirrel, but was stopped by his own paw.

“The beast awakens, much as the beast within each of us. Back, foul creature!” The puppet was trying to put up a fight. The bear seemed confused as to why his own paw resisted his efforts, but soon determined the best way to remedy the situation. His tooth squeezed down on the sock and ripped it off his paw.

“I regret nothing!” exclaimed the sock, as it was chewed to shreds and swallowed by the bear. Nothing stood between Buster and the hungry creature.

Lacking knowledge, or at least the ability to comprehend such knowledge, of Buster’s “enhancements,” the bear attacked. Buster’s self-defense mechanisms kicked in. Unfortunately for Chris and Fillmore, the alien culture from which the latter came had always adopted a “run away and salt the earth” type policy when faced with confrontations, and such ideologies were reflected in Millard’s technological modifications. Rather than fight back, Buster exploded, blowing the raft and its occupants to pieces and boiling all the water in the area.

“There you go. The procedure’s done, and you’ve got a clean bill of health. Congratulations!”

Chris awoke to find himself in a bed, and somewhat less obliterated than he expected.

“Man, I had the weirdest dream. I thought I was killed when a cyborg squirrel blew up to save itself from a bear after it tore up its philosophical sock puppet. Crazy!”

“Yeah, we get that a lot, or something similar. We have to use a lot of powerful drugs that alter mental status during the anal probing,” explained Millard.

“Apparently so. I mean, I’m no zoologist, but even I know you can only train bears to operate marionettes! And who would mess with adorable squirrels? Badgers are much better candidates for cybernetic enhancements!”

“Don’t sweat it. You should be fine now, and no colonic polyps! Any special place you want me to beam you down to?”

“Yeah, beam me down to Hobby Lobby. I want to test out that new origami design you recommended.”

“Sure thing. You’ll find it really is a great centerpiece for Fillmore Day festivities.”

“Sounds good. Thanks for the probe. This time again next year?”

“You bet. Give my regards to the kitties.”
Abandoned

You left me alone when I was five
Kissed me on my cheek and said goodbye
I didn’t understand why you had to leave
My heart was left filled up with guilt

I blamed myself for all these years
Your empty words fill my eyes with tears
Now that I’m grown and understand
I can’t blame myself for your mistakes

You have a child now and I hope
One day he’ll come to realize his loss
You shut me out of his life
All you can do is blame your wife

Your cowardly apologies don’t mean shit to me
You’ll realize this soon and see
I’m better off without your so-called love

Now I choose to abandon you
For all the pain you’ve put me through

Erase my past, erase my name and never call you dad
Again.

Anonymous

My reason

I miss your touch
The soft caress of your skin against mine
There is nothing I desire more
With out you there would be nothing to long for
Like a mighty Oak without soil to root in
Or a fish without the sea
I would have no reason, no reason to be

Tom Mengwasser
Questions

The stars shine down on us
The soft comfort of your rough hand in mine
A feeling of warmth on a clear, cold evening
Our breath hangs in the air as we talk of the future
A fearful tear slides down my cheek
As it is gently brushed away
The question still plagues my thoughts
As we continue our stroll it slips from my mind,
And settles in my heart.

Anastasia Roberts

stmas pres
ri en
Ch ts
Searching for sales,
shopping all day,
picking the right
gift for them, takes
a lot of work. But the
look on their faces in
the end is well worth
the work and the wait.

Kylie Clark

Future - Wasted

Wake up... look around - smell the fields of money burn - not for long -
10 more years for US and what will we have...
heaping piles of scrap metal in fields where the money once burned so brilliantly.
Brilliant foresight - a problem seen for years by many -
masked by few with the power to spread the smoke and intoxicate the legislators -
while the masses smile - bodies pile and
metal keeps rolling down the road - with its trail of smoke collecting...
waiting for its power to attack.

Alex Bryant
Addicted

She’s like a drug. I can’t get enough.
Like a smoker holding a cigarette, taking another puff.
I’m addicted to her smell, like roses in the breeze.
I could be with her forever with very simple ease.
I just can’t get enough.

I’d drive two lonely hours at the crack of early dawn.
To be with her at dinnertime my own pleasures all foregone.
Spending the day in her presence.
Drawing in from her very essence.
I just can’t get enough.

It’s like a beautiful mess that I’m in.
All I want to do is run my fingers on her skin.
I want to hold her in my arms, and ease her fears.
I can’t believe it I haven’t been so crushed in years.
I just can’t get enough.

Will our addiction last? Only time will tell.
I’ll use my time wisely and live my life well.
For now it’s back to point one, the start, the beginning.
So I’ll sit back, live it up, and pray there is no ending.
I just can’t get enough.

Brandon Eldridge

True Love

Everyone Longs for that one true love that will make them feel tingly all over and weak in the knees. But if you find that one true love will you know this is the one or will you let them slip on by?
No one knows what will happen today, tomorrow, or in the future.
So if you believe you found the right one, hold on tightly and never let this person go.

Lindsay Nance
I Believe...

I believe this is all part of the Good Lord's plan
Just have faith and put your hand in His hand
He will no doubt lead you any direction but wrong
Sit back, pray, and sing His glorious song.

God knows you're hurting, He's not blind
But He's teaching us a lesson of a valuable kind
It's to trust in His word and follow His way
Take the good with the bad and just hope for the best, come what may.

Plant the seed of love in your children's hearts and minds
Teach them how to stay on the path even as it curves and winds
Praise the Lord's name and do the best you can
Remember His footprints are right beside yours in the sand.

He would never leave you alone or without someone to care
God is always right although maybe not always fair
The reason He takes the good ones first is their work on earth has been done
It might have been for a thousand different people or maybe just one
But they touched a life somehow, somewhere
Maybe they taught a lesson or calmed someone's fear.

So when you feel like this has all become too much
And all you want to do is throw someone a punch
When it seems it might never end and you can't take it one more day
Stop, hold your breath, and think of it this way:

The ones we miss are now in a better place, loving us from afar
Where the angels sing on high among the moon and the stars
One day we will be together, laughing and loving again
But until that time, all we can do is live with the least sin
Love the ones still here and make each day worthwhile
That way they can watch from their cloud in the sky and quietly smile
At how we are surviving without them all the while remembering with a sigh
That soon enough it will be your turn to join that great poker game in the sky.

L. Holmes
Summer Drive

By McKenna Mezera

Leaving the house again, she rolls down her windows as her car idles in the garage. Turning the bass and treble up to the limit that the stock system can handle, she sets the car in reverse to begin her journey to nowhere. She swerves to the right to avoid backing up into the basketball pole, and the brakes screech to a halt as she pulls out onto the street. The houses that line the street blur as she speeds down Forest Ridge. At the bottom of the hill, she slams the brakes, attempting to stop before reaching the intersection. Glancing left then right, she peels out to the right. Lightning bugs illuminate the ditches on this cool June evening. The setting sun behind her casts an orange glow on the farmland surroundings. A one-mile straightaway inspires her to slam her foot down on the accelerator. The car hesitates before the pistons of the four-cylinders react to give into her demands. The car jerks as it shifts from gear to gear while the roar of the wind drowns out the music, until only the bass can be felt. The speedometer slowly increases-50-60-70-80-90 until the car begins to shake. She lifts her foot off the gas to coast through the series of S-curves ahead. She sticks her left arm out the window, causing wind to rush into the car, blowing her hair in all directions. The rush of the cool air and the beat of the music allow her to bask in the freedom that her car and music provide.

Pop Tarts

Cherry, Strawberry, Smores
rather eat you then do chores
good with or without icing
your sprinkles give you bling
when toasted, you so gooey
a frosted sensation, chewiee
for breakfast you’re the best
for hunger, you pass the test
I do enjoy your crumb crust
On my table, you leave dust
my cravings are soo specific
as for your taste, so terrrific

Amanda Painter
“God, Are You There?”

As I pace up and down the hall,
A shiver runs down my spine.
Anxiety is overwhelming.
“God, are you there?”

As I see him lying there,
With nothing to say.
Fear takes over.
“God, are you there?”

As his eyes stay closed,
His body grows cold.
Panic sets in.
“God, are you there?”

As his body is covered,
And tears begin to flow.
Anger fills my heart.
“God, why weren’t you there?”

Lindsey Knuf

Not Alone Because the TV’s on

Immediately after eating breakfast, Burl slowly made his way to his favorite recliner and collapsed in it. He thought of how his arthritis had grown worse over the past six months, and how his recliner and television were two of his only comforts in life. Despite all his suffering, Burl was thankful that he was eighty-four and still alive. He turned on the TV and slowly flipped through the channels, passing time before the morning news came on. Burl let out a sigh as his thoughts drifted to how dreadful his retirement days would have been without his TV; it was truly a magnificent invention. Before he ever watched television regularly, Burl would play outside all day. How he yearned to be a child again and to go fishing, running through the woods, and playing with his childhood friends. Burl became distraught because he knew he would never again be able to enjoy these simple pleasures; now he could make it from the kitchen to his recliner.

He smiled as the news came on; for the next half-hour he would be content. Television had changed life so much. Burl never saw any of the neighborhood children playing outside; he assumed their parents just sat them in front of the TV; this way parents didn’t really have to watch their kids. As a boy Burl was content with a present as simple as a sack of marbles. Now it seemed like kids weren’t happy unless they had a big screen TV, satellite, and a DVD player with surround sound. It was truly amazing how much television
had changed everyone's life. Whenever his grandchildren come to visit, they barely say hello before darting into the bedroom to see what's on TV. This was all rather depressing to Burl, but then the weather came on; he always watched the weather three times a day even though he rarely went outside. There was no way of explaining it, but everything seemed right with the world while the weather was on.

As soon as the weather was over, Burl dozed off. He slept very often now and why not? His recliner was comfortable, his children rarely visited, and the afternoon news wouldn't be on for five more hours. He never slept for very long though; his arthritis prevented that. Once he awakened, Burl couldn't stop wondering why he enjoyed the weather so much.

His thoughts strayed to how his wife had died of cancer a mere three weeks after being diagnosed. His only daughter had been hit by a drunk driver and died before the ambulance could reach her. He never had time to prepare for the death of either one. Then he realized he didn't know how much longer he'd be alive. He'd never had heart problems but who knew if it might fail. He had been alive 84 years, his heart had to be worn out. Or was it 87 years? It didn't really matter.

Then suddenly he realized why he enjoyed watching the weather. With all the unexpected deaths life had handed his loved ones, and the uncertainty if tomorrow would ever come for him, he realized it. The weather gave him a sense of control in his life; the weathermen always knew what was going to happen. It gave him the feeling that life had a sense of predictability. Of course he seldom knew if the weathermen were right, since he never opened the drapes.

Burl recalled when T.V. first became popular; each show was only interrupted by thirty seconds of commercials. Now people watched the Super Bowl just for the commercials. Had television started the downfall of family values in our society? Had in some way his life been made less meaningful by television?

Suddenly the afternoon news came on, and there was an update on the teacher's strike. How interesting that will be. Burl realized he didn't remember anything that happened since the morning weather was over. What had he thought about the whole time? Had he made any life-changing revelations? None of that mattered now; after a short commercial break, the weather forecast would be on.

Joe DeMattei
Win or Lose?

Swinging a bat, catching a fly,  
Both seem rather simple to an untrained eye.  
Some will work for years for a shot in the big game,  
A lot of hard work snubbed is more than a cryin’ shame.  
With character so strong it’s harder to get licked,  
Than get back in the long line and hope to get picked.  
One must be defiant and give it their all,  
To hope to one day get the chance to swing or catch the ball.  
When your time comes I hope you succeed,  
To show all that snubbed you, you were a flower in the weeds.  
So pick up your bat and give it a hack,  
Cause time on the pine is time you can’t get back.

Brandon Eldridge

Karat

The sun catches and I sparkle  
As I am slipped on a finger  
I change their lives forever  
In the eye of the beholder  
There are none more beautiful  
For the time being every time I catch her eye,  
A brilliant smile comes over her face  
Over the years she glances down less and less  
To her I have lost my sparkle  
A discarded memory from yesterday  
No longer proudly displayed but  
Shamefully hidden as a mistake made long ago  
Once representing love and tenderness,  
Now nothing but foolishness and regret  
Maybe someday I can sparkle for someone else

Anastasia Roberts
Support our troops

The war they fight is not their own
Motivated by greed and money

Support our troops and bring them home

Fight for the truth and you will see the face
Of your real enemy

Support our troops and bring them home

So many lives are lost in war
So what are we really fighting for

Bring home our soldiers to their wives
To bring back meaning to their lives

To those who lost their loved ones in war
To the families the war has torn
My heart goes out to all of you
I’ve lost somebody that I knew

So say it loud and clear
Support our troops and bring them home.

AG

Do You?

Do you think? I do.
Do you believe? I do.
Do you remember? I do.
Do you want? I do.
Do you try? I do.
Do you hope? I do.

Karen Seung
Friends...

Friends are there day in and day out
Whether we are smiling or ready to pout.

They sit through our bad stories as well as our good
They would mend all of our heartaches if only they could

Friends are there to lend an ear and quietly listen
They wipe away the tears when our eyes begin to glisten.

Right there next to us through the ups and the downs
Through the good boyfriends as well as the ones who were clowns.

They pat us on the back and tell it’s going to be okay
Promising us it won’t hurt forever and that it won’t always be this way.

Friends cannot be replaced; they are definitely one of a kind
They are among the few people you could call at midnight who would not mind.

Friends will be by your side in two seconds flat
No matter if they were in the middle of a concert or at home with their cat.

Because they love us so much and know how it can seem
When you really need someone to talk to over a big bowl of ice cream.

They have been there to watch us slip and to fall
Only to turn around, pick us up, and take us to the mall.

We cry on their shoulders and they tell us the absolute truth
Whether it’s saying “he’s a jerk” or that there is lettuce on my tooth.

Friends are the ones who know us and don’t judge
They know our fave CD and that we love peanut butter fudge.

They could answer for us because they know us that well
They would never embarrass, backstab, or betray—there’s just no way in hell.

Friends just understand completely and 100 percent
There can only be one explanation—they are truly heaven sent!

L. Holmes
ISO Night

ISO put on a great show.
It made me laugh and feel sorrow.

The beats produced by the percussion line,
 Revealed that the group’s talent was divine

The band that played was not that large,
 But they showed us who was in charge.

Most of us had never laid eyes,
 On the males wearing their cute ties.

The girls on stage wore dresses and high-heeled shoes.
 That’s something that I would never want to do.

One of the best parts of the evening,
 Was when we ate at the ending.

Andrea Maher

My Parents Were Never There for Me

My parents were never there for me,
My friends always thought I had it good,
They always wanted to be me,
But everyone else was who I wanted to be,
My parents missed out on half of my life,
My first basketball game,
My first day of high school,
Other parents thought it was a shame
That they were never there for me,
But little did they know,
How little did they know...

My parents were never there for me,
The first time someone broke my heart,
My first marching band competition,
The day I broke my back,
I was always the kid without a parent,
I had to work ten times harder,
Be ten times better,
Look ten times happier
But no one knew
No one knew what it was like,
To lie with a broken smile,

On my graduation day,
I was suppose to be happy and proud,
I couldn’t help but to look out at that crowd,
And be so sad,
And at the same time,
So mad.
Cause my parents were not there for me.
I cried so hard on that day,
Not for the same reasons as everyone else,
But because I knew,
My parents will never be there for me.

My mom will not be there to smile at me
The day I graduate from this place
Life for me has been such an exhausting race,
My dad will never get to give me away,
Thinking about it makes me not want to see another day,
My feelings about it all,
Are kept in a secret vault,
You see, it's not their fault,
That life had to end so soon.
They were the best parents they could be,
But still, I am so angry
Knowing that they can no longer be there for me.

Anonymous

Your Inner Voice

A Poem is your inner voice
It is trying to make its way out
You never know what it might say
But whatever it does
It will not lie to you
It will always speak the truth
And is not afraid of what anyone thinks
A poem is what you think
But what your inner voice says.

Crystal Nihoris
MY TREE

I

Love

Christmas. It

is my favorite day

of the year. My birthday

is on Christmas and the last

one was the day of my first legal

beer. Ramblings of the Christmas past

will always make fill my mind with joyous

thoughts of the last. Trees, wreaths, lights, gifts,

family, friends,

and loved

ones, the time

always passes

too fast.

Clay Pingel

Closure

A year has found me
Since that first crush
Untouched as the Arctic snow
Pure in body and mind
Promising to remain

Tempted with physical pleasure
A promise soiled
Seeming to be the worst
It cut me apart inside

No looking back at what might have been
My love has boundaries
And you do not fall within

Imperfection I see, now looking back
No longer drawn to you

Every day the stronger I get

Jared Matthews
Jade

By Neha Patel

Jade was a college student at ISU and not sure where her life was taking her. She was 22 years old and was preparing to graduate the following May. She had a good set of friends that cared about her and loved her dearly but she still didn’t seem to fit in. This was probably because most of her friends were guys that loved to play video games all day.

Jade was in engineering school because all of her family and friends were, but deep down inside she wanted to be a doctor. It’s just that a lot of people didn’t have a lot of faith in her. She always worked very hard, but she just sucked at taking standardized tests. Jade was seriously thinking about taking her MCATS, but she never had the push for it.

A couple weeks later, her friends and she had decided they wanted to have one last spring break of fun before they entered the so-called “real world.” They came to the conclusion it had to be some place warm and there had to be a beach. They decided on Panama City, Florida; everyone was so pumped. For the next couple of weeks, all Jade and her friends could do was talk about this trip. They were all so excited; they spent the weeks ahead shopping for swimsuits and other spring break things.

The day finally came when it was time to go. These were all poor college kids so they definitely decided to take a road trip to Florida. They had a great time reminiscing and laughing about all the stupid things that they had done in the past 4 years.

After 20 long hours of driving, they finally reached the beach resort where they were staying. As you can imagine, the hotel was right on the beach. The girls had a nice view of the hot guys running around on the beach, and the guys had a view of girls laying out in their bikinis working on their tan. And of course, there was the ocean.

Jade and her friends unpacked their things, and the first thing they did was work on their tan on the beach. They enjoyed the nice warm weather and were completely relaxed; you know without having to think about school.

Soon the sun was coming down, and Jade and her friends decided it was time to get ready to experience the nightlife of Panama City. The girls got ready in their short skirts and cute tank tops to show off their tans.

All day they had been hearing about this club called “Disco Inferno.” It was the place to be if you were a college student. Once they got there, they were amazed. It was nothing like they had seen before; the entire place had glass walls embedded with water tanks. The cool and unusual thing about this place was that it had mermaids that swam in the walls; they actually hired girls to do this.

Jade and her friends danced and drank all night. It was about 1 am when Jade met this guy at the bar. She saw him from a distance. He seemed to be about 6’2” and had a gorgeous smile with sparkling white teeth. He had brown hair and once she got close, she saw his beautiful green eyes. All of Jade’s friends wanted her to go talk to him. She was a little tipsy by now, so she agreed to go find out the 411 on this guy. She slowly approached the guy and introduced herself. She soon found out his name was Kevin, he was 24 years old, and he was from Chicago. He was a second year medical student at Northwestern. Jade was amazed that she met such a great guy. She started talking to him about how she wanted to go to medical school but never had the courage to actually do it. They ended up talking all night and they pretty much spent the entire week together in Panama City. Once the week was over, they exchanged numbers and talked all the time.

Eventually Jade graduated from ISU and started medical school at Northwestern with Kevin.
A Greedy Wolf Named Chester

By Alex Bryant, Steve Grosch, Anna Gurevich, and McKenna Mezera

Once upon a time, there lived a small little wolf. This wolf was like no ordinary wolf; he was white and did not fit in to the pack. He worked at Cardinal Ritter adult daycare center and was much nicer and more tolerant than any of the other nasty little wolves, but that was all about to change.

At the daycare center, Chester, the little white wolf, would coordinate games and activities for the seniors. Setting up and introducing games such as bingo and hearts, everyone thought he was different than the other wolves.

One night when Chester was sleeping, he was visited by a red wolf with horns and hooves where his paws should have been. The devilish red wolf explained to Chester how he could start an illegal gambling organization within Cardinal Ritter. As much as Chester disliked what the nasty red wolf had told him, his curiosity and greed would soon overcome him.

Chester went back to work the next day and this idea seemed ridiculous, but it plagued him as the afternoon moved along. He thought to himself, how much money these people may have saved over their lifetime, and gambling would be a gift of excitement to the seniors as well as give money to him. Trying to overcome his conflicted thoughts, Chester went home and snuck into his bed for a good night's sleep.

Once again, the next night, he was visited by the red wolf. This time the red wolf was much more convincing and his appearance much more evil. Surrounded by fire, his eyes gazed into Chester's, burning a blueprint into his mind of plans about this gambling business. Chester awoke, abruptly overcome by greed and excitement. There were ten hours before he had to be at work, which gave him enough time to come up with a plan.

Chester called his best friend, Dancing Wolf, to get tips on starting this casino. Dancing Wolf was a Native American wolf who knew much about the casino business and gambling. After talking to Dancing Wolf, Chester started to put his plan into action. Every day Chester helped the seniors play their fun game of bingo. Chester decided to convince the seniors that it would be a much more fun game if they had an incentive for winning. Now, instead of playing for flavored mouthwash and hemorrhoid cream, they would all play for money.

Even though the seniors didn’t have a lot of money, they decided to put all their life savings into that one game of bingo. Granted this was the most exciting thing the seniors at Cardinal Ritter had done in a long time, even more exciting than date night. Chester’s plan worked. Everyone who had screamed, “BINGO!” or even heard the sound, kept wanting more as addiction took over. Those who lost all their money wanted to keep playing and win it back.

That was the perfect time for Chester to bring up his casino idea to the residents. Chester painted a picture of the huge casino to the seniors, and they all agreed. Of course, Chester knew that the other staff members would not go for it. So that’s when he came up with the idea to kill them. He didn’t want to do the dirty work, so he had the seniors do it. They started with the nurses. A mob of seniors with their canes and walkers ran over to the nurses’ station at night and started to beat them with their canes; this was complete chaos.
After the nurses were dead, the rest of the Cardinal Ritter team was easy to get rid of. Chester’s plan to take over Cardinal Ritter was going smoothly.

Next, Chester needed to dispose of the bodies. In the style of mobsters, he poured cement around their feet and tossed them into the lake. Since the people that visited Cardinal Ritter were a select few, the rest of the community had no idea of Chester’s wrong doing. Not noticed by Chester, his fur began to change color, from a white to a faint shade of red; almost a pinkish color but darker. His eyes glowed like hot embers whenever he became enraged. His accomplices in the slaying of the workers of Cardinal Ritter began to fear Chester, but did not dare to raise their voices to him.

With the money raised from the seniors’ gambling, Chester built a magnificent casino and ironically named it Cardinal Red Casino. Chester became greedy and fixed all the slot machines (the seniors favored these) so that the house would always win. Occasionally there would be a payout, but those would come few and far between.

At last Chester’s prized casino was open; by this time his fur was entirely dark crimson and his eyes remained piercing like hot embers. He had also started to develop small nub horns on the top of his head behind his pointy red ears. Chester was blinded by his greed and did not realize the physical changes he had over this time.

One of the seniors, Mrs. Rose Smith, was getting tired of the way Chester was treating all of them. She reached her final breaking point when she lost her last nickel in the slot machine. Now she knew she had to do something to stop the evil Chester, who had now developed full devilish horns. She gathered up a group of the seniors who felt the same as she did and they began plotting their coup. They decided to use Chester’s greed against him. They set up a tournament of Texas “No Limit” Hold’em and invited Chester to sit in. They lured him in by acting like they didn’t know how to play and lost a lot of money to him. By now they had brought all of their social security savings to the table and put their plan into action. They gave each other signs designating the player with the best hand to stay in and letting each other know what cards they had. Chester was oblivious since all he saw was money and considered the seniors to be idiots. He felt he could win every hand. Finally, the right moment came and the senior with most of the money, Rose, made her move and went all in. Chester was excited and jumped at the opportunity and quickly called without thinking. The cards were flipped over and Rose had a straight flush while Chester only had two pairs. Rose gathered the money with a smile on her face and told Chester he was finished. Chester rose from the chair with fury but was cracked in the back of the head with a titanium cane by one of the elderly men. He fell to the table and his blood ran over the cards. Chester was dead and his greed was his demise. The seniors decided to take control of the casinos since they did all of work in the first place. They ran them successfully and as fairly and profitably as they could. They all lived happily ever after until they died, which was not long after that because they were all very old.
Better Days

I know you'll have your good days
And unfortunately a few bad
Sometimes it seems you have to act happy
When all you want to do is be sad.

But I also know that God works in great ways
And he wouldn't give you something you can't make go away.

It seems like this test will never end
That our hearts are broken and won't ever mend
But I promise you one thing through thick and thin
Standing behind you are a lot of women and men
Praying you'll be fine, knowing that you will
If only we can hold out a few more months until
You get rid of your hurt and pain
And we all feel relieved and once again sane.

God's love shines brightest when all else is dark
This test will prove us strong but undoubtedly leave a mark
To remind us all to be careful and say 'I Love You' everyday
So that we won't ever be sorry or regret what we didn't say.

This is to say I Love You and how much I care
No matter what happens or if you lose all your hair.

L. Holmes

If Only...

If only you could be here,
It would never feel like night.
If only you were near,
The world would seem so bright.
If only you could hear,
I would be alright.

Lindsey Knuf
The Beginning of a Beautiful Thing

By Danielle Adams

It all began with a 19-year old girl who was in college to become a teacher. She went to college in Springfield, Missouri, and her parents lived in Perryville, Missouri. To help pay her way through school, she would nanny over the summers for a wealthy family in Ladue, Missouri. She spent the whole summer in the "big city," but she did get some free time. She mostly used her Sundays off to go to church or meet with some of her other friends who were also nannies for families around St. Louis.

One Sunday, Martha, the 19-year old college student, wanted to do some shopping, so she traveled downtown to meet up with a few friends. The first place the girls decided to go was the dime store. As they were looking at all of the priceless items on the shelves, a 15-year old boastful boy named John appeared from nowhere.

John was getting ready to start his sophomore year at McKinley High School. He lived in a rough neighborhood in the heart of St. Louis. He grew up learning to deal with his problems by fighting. He lived with his mother, since she had divorced his father. His family was extremely poor, but John was a smart boy and helped as much as he could. Ironically, he had also just been to church, when he decided to visit the same dime store Martha and her friends had decided to visit.

When Martha noticed John, their eyes met, and John said, "You really have a nice butt."

Martha, being four years older than this boy and a lot more mature, was offended by this remark. She gave him a snide look and referred to him as being a "kid." She and her friends abruptly left the store. This statement really offended Martha, not because she never heard comments like that before, but because it came from a young twerp. Martha's friends found it amusing and had a good laugh about it for the rest of the afternoon. They continued their shopping, and found some very good bargains at other stores downtown.

Eventually, Martha forgot all about the incident on that Sunday afternoon. She continued her education and graduated from college after two more years. Her parents wanted her close to them, so she took an elementary school teaching position near their home. She really enjoyed teaching; she loved the kids, and she loved making a difference in their lives. She was a wonderful teacher, but something was missing in her life.

Ten years after the Sunday afternoon incident, Martha continued to teach in Perryville, and she noticed a new face on the high school campus. She was 29 by now, and she realized that she should probably settle down and try to start a family. Her parents were always asking about boyfriends and when they were going to have grandchildren. Although she did get sick of all of their questions, she wanted a marriage and a family very badly, herself.

A few days later, one of Martha's co-workers invited her to a Halloween party that was going to take place over the weekend. Several teachers were invited, and overall it sounded like fun. Martha agreed to attend the party, and was introduced to the new head basketball coach of the high school.

Amazingly, the coach was the same man she had noticed on the campus a few days earlier. He was an attractive man who stood about 6’3." He was 25 years old, and he was single. Over the next few hours, she became better acquainted with him, and she learned
that he had graduated from the same college as she had! He graduated from a small, rural school in southeastern Missouri but had lived in St. Louis most of his life. His name was John, and they planned a date right away.

John and Martha continued dating for about six months when they decided to get married. Over the next several years, they had two lovely daughters together, and they stayed very much in love.

After they had been married for several years, Martha noticed a book of old pictures from John’s childhood. She opened the book and found pictures from when he was a newborn until he was a teenager. Although the pictures were black and white, she could tell that he had light colored hair and freckles throughout his entire life. She couldn’t get over how familiar he looked. Where had she seen him before? As she was having these thoughts, John walked into the room. “Where did you find that?” he asked. She started to explain when it hit her.

“John, did you ever visit the dime store on the corner of Shenandoah and Michigan Avenue?”

“Every Sunday,” John added. At that moment both Martha and John knew that they had met over ten years earlier. Martha was in “his” part of town, and John undoubtedly remembered a petite “older woman” with a nice behind! It must have been fate for these two to have gotten together.

Relaxing Vacation

By Irene Anthony-Jones, Lakita Johnson, and Jayme Wilson

Ah what a wonderful vacation spot. Mountains covered with wild flowers. Ducks landing and taking off from a deep blue lake. Cool, but comfortable, fresh, pine-smelling air. And best of all, one week- seven days- with nothing that had to be done. Mandy stretched, yawned, and walked to the window of her screened in porch. She briefly watched two squirrels chasing one another through the trees when a couple in front of another cabin a little way around the lake caught her eye. One was sitting in a chair while the other, a middle-aged man, appeared to be hitting the seated person over and over with what looked like a baseball bat. Mandy thought that she couldn’t be seeing what she thought she was. Maybe it was the perspective. No one would sit there that patiently while someone pounded on their head. But what could it be? She wanted to go in and search for the binoculars, but she hated to leave the scene.

Still staring intently, she saw the first movement by the seated party. The figure fell over, chair and all. This didn’t stop the man, he continued slamming the bat onto the head of the other person. It was more realistic now. He had obviously changed position and yet was still aiming at the “head” of the now reclining person. Was she witnessing a murder? What should she do? Should she stay hidden and safe? Try for help?

If she called for help, what would she say? Mandy thought that maybe if she made a loud noise, the man would hear it and stop the assault. She ran into the kitchen to get some bread to feed the ducks. On her way out she slammed the screen door to make noise. Walking towards the lake she looked in the direction of the other cabin, but no one was
there. Where did the man go? Where was the body? This truly perplexed Mandy. Could she have imagined this? Had she been remembering things from her past again?

Mandy returned to the cabin to try and make sense of what had just happened. She made herself a sandwich and poured a cup of tea, then sat down to think about the event that took place. As she walked into the bedroom to take a nap, she had an overwhelming feeling that something was wrong. She tried shaking off the feeling, thinking it was fatigue from the ordeal she had been through, but her inner voice wouldn't let her. As she turned around, she looked into the face of a stranger at the screen door.

She quickly grabbed her glasses and her mace that was sitting on her nightstand. Knock, knock was heard at the door. She quickly put on her glasses and examined more carefully a somewhat familiar looking bearded man with long hair. She scanned the area but could see no one else in the vicinity. Her first instinct was to slam the door in his face and run, but since she could think of no reason to act this way, the only thing she could do was stand there in fear. The good thing was that he came empty handed, but a tall gruff looking man was still very intimidating. "Can I help you?" she asked in a jittery voice.

"I hope so, mam," he said very politely. He then asked her if she had a knife that he could borrow.

"A knife," she tried to say as calmly as she could. What would he want with a knife? He must have killed the person in the other cabin and now he wanted to chop them up, she thought. Or no... wait, he was now coming to get her! Her heart was racing, but she tried to remain calm. Then she heard a beep. Wait a second, she thought. It isn't mine because I don't have a radio. Then she looked at his waist to see a radio and overheard a person saying through the static, "Officer Mike, Officer Mike!"

Maybe this wasn't the same guy. While Officer Mike answered the page, Mandy studied him closely.

"Well, Mandy, I have to go now, but I'll be back to borrow that knife soon," Officer Mike said. With that he quickly walked out.

That was strange. Mandy didn't remember telling this guy her name. While Mandy slept that night, someone in the shadows watched her. The next morning Mandy awoke to a rainstorm. She needed to go to town, but it was impossible to see in this weather. She decided to curl up with a book. Around 11 am she fixed some coffee. She turned on her TV to watch the news. There was an emergency report being broadcast about a killer from the past reemerging.

"Oh, no. It's him! It's him!" Mandy fainted.

Mandy woke up to see Officer Mike standing over her. "Well, well, well. We meet again, my sweet child. Why are you looking at me like that? You're not afraid of your old father, are you? See, Mommy had to die, because she was naughty. Now, you have to die, because you look like her!"

Mandy could not believe it; the man she erased from her past was staring her in the face. When Mandy was three, she saw her father beat her mother to death with a bat. She did not speak for years after that, so she never told the cops who killed her mother. She grew up as a foster child, but her foster parents were the best.

"I need to borrow that knife, Mandy." She was shaken back to the present. "Get away from me! Leave me alone!" Mandy screamed.

At that moment, the porch door swung open. A guy ran in and body slammed Mike. They rolled around for a minute, then the guy jumped up. "Mandy, run!" he said.
Who is this guy, Mandy wondered. She didn’t have time to think. She ran for the door. As she was running, she tripped over the coffee table and fell to the floor, hard. At that moment, Mandy woke up, drenched in sweat. It was all a dream.

Savior

Jagged piece of wood stationed on a hill
Who would have foreseen what prophecies it would fulfill
Only he, he who would bleed for thee.
A day of sorrow bore a millennia of controversy

I love thee, and I forgive thee
Words of peace from others, why not from he
There was no harm meant
A misunderstanding about a man trying to help us all.

Tom Mengwasser

Could It Be...

His eyes are like fire,
His lips red, and soft like a rose petal.
His hair is like the color of the sun,
His touch is gentle, like a spring breeze.
Could he be perfect?
It may never be known.
But in my eyes,
He can never do wrong.
Could this be love?
I think it just might.
One feeling is for sure,
My mind is filled with wonder,
And my heart is filled with fright.

Brittany Beale
Diversity Begins at Home

It was that time of the year again
For students and faculty, a very special occasion
Everyone had worked so hard
To put on a wonderful show
It was the Eighth Annual International Night
As most of the school should know

From the banging of their drums all eyes were on them
From a four-man band we heard songs we all know
The Indian dancers then showed us how to move
The costumes were all so sparkly and bright
The patriotic show brought tears to some
As photos of those we love the most were in our sight

The program ended with a fashion show
From Indian to Palestinian to American attire
The girls and boys were sure to entertain
The show concluded with applause and whistles galore
Following was a dinner of foods from every domain
It was a great night and we pray for more

Stacie Jarden

The Beginning

It started with hello; it was a simple little word
Now the ball is rolling my world is completely blurred.
We’ve started something marvelous; the journey has begun
I foresee complete happiness for both of us in the longer run.
    We promise we will visit, and e-mail every night
The connection we have made is burning very bright.
Our spark started faintly, like a vague and weary flicker
I see that she’s near perfect, now the flame grows even thicker.
    Time is on our side; it’s written in the stars
The next chapter’s being penned in a story that is ours.

Brandon Eldridge
My Jinxed Road Trip

By Britney Burchard

“It’s all your fault,” Callie joked. “You jinxed our car.” Callie blamed me for what had happened to her family’s car. She, not really believing in curses, was only joking but continued to give me a hard time.

My best friend Callie had invited me to go with her family to St. Augustine, Florida. I was excited and could not wait to go. I spent the night before the trip at Callie’s house so that I would be ready to leave with her family the next morning. Callie and I decided we would stay up the entire night so that we could sleep on the way to Florida. We agreed sleeping would make the long trip pass by much more quickly. The idea would have been great, except for the fact that Callie’s little sister, Katie, had gone to bed at seven o’clock the night before we left.

The trip began as Callie and I had planned. We both slept soundly for the first couple of hours; however, Katie was wide-awake. She, of course being the annoying little sister, decided to rudely wake us from our slumber. Katie was bored and wanted us to play a game with her. Callie and I bargained with her to let us sleep for a couple more hours, as we had not had any sleep all night. She agreed to let us sleep as long as we would play with her as soon as we awoke. For the next several hours, even if Callie or I awoke, we kept our eyes shut and pretended to sleep in hopes that we could avoid playing with her immature little sister. We were, in our opinions, as eighth graders, soon to be ninth graders, much too mature and old to be playing silly games with a fifth grader.

Callie and I became weary of having to pretend to be asleep after what seemed like ten hours had passed. We finally decided that even stooping to the level of little sister would be less torture than pretending to be asleep. We made up a game where one person would draw a picture to represent a sentence or phrase, and the other two people had to try and guess that statement. It was my turn to draw the picture. I thought about a sentence that would be easy for someone who was not an artist to draw. An idea flooded my mind. I drew a car with a break down the middle of it. My sentence was, “The car broke down.” Callie guessed it without hesitation.

Two hours later, we pulled off the road to a Florida rest stop. The rest stop was definitely not the Hilton. It was graced with the presence of some odd, perhaps unique, people. A man was walking around the parking lot with a snake slithering about his neck. I, being terrified of snakes, was appalled. After an eternity long fifteen minute break, Callie’s father said that it was time for us to “hit the road.” All five of us climbed back into the car. Callie’s father put the car in reverse, mashed the gas pedal, but the car did not move an inch. Had I jinxed the car with my sentence from the game? Callie found it comical to tease me about the breaking down of the car being my fault. We were stranded at the disgusting rest stop, no matter whose fault it was. What could be worse? I would soon find out!

A tow truck was called to come tow the Rice family car and take us to our destination. After a three-hour wait, the tow truck finally arrived. The driver was an elderly man, who informed us that somehow we would all have to fit in the cab of the truck, as it was illegal for people to ride in the vehicle being towed. All six people piled into the two-
person truck cab. Katie and I, being the smallest of the group, had to share laps of the people sitting under us. We looked like circus clowns smashed in a tiny clown car.

The driver entertained us with stories about how he suffered from short-term memory loss. I, shocked and with wide eyes, glanced at Callie. She looked back at me with the same wide eyes, and we knew we were wondering the same thing. “What if this man forgets where he is going and we become lost? That’s the last thing we need.”

We drove for two hours, bunched together like flowers in a bouquet. My legs seemed to have melted to Callie’s legs. All of our group had become weary. The sun had set and the moon shone brightly. After what had seemed like an endless journey, we arrived at the condos where Callie’s parents had made reservations to stay. One by one we peeled off of each other and climbed out of the truck. Thank goodness we had finally arrived at our destination! I promised that I would never say anything that would possibly jinx us on a trip again!

Arkansas

I went to Arkansas to hunt for ducks.
When we got there, we hopped in our big trucks,
And headed for flooded fields of rice.
But drove too far and got stuck in mud twice.
I pulled myself out with four-wheel drive.
Then I drove to land, and parked my truck,
And realized I forgot my waders.
So I went to get them and some taters.
Then back to the blind I drove, but I did not
Get stuck, Instead I knew to park on the levy.
The walk to the blind was cold and fog was heavy,
It was great weather for duck hunting.
I shot many ducks, on the call I was grustin’.
That Brownin’ shotgun was very faithful,
For this is a lot more fun shooting than yellin’ PULL!
We all killed our limit, and headed back to the trucks.
On the way back, of course out of season, seen some huge bucks.
We kept walkin’ and drove back home,
With our wives waiting to let the dogs roam.

Aaron Lunday
Kidnapped Love

By Lakita Johnson

Julius woke up after a sweat-drenching nightmare. This was his third night in a row having the same nightmare. A year ago, his fiancé was reported missing. They were supposed to go to dinner with both of their parents, but Lila never showed up at the restaurant. She just vanished into thin air. No warning, no evidence. Julius was having a hard time accepting the fact that the woman he loved was gone. He had no ambition to get back into the dating scene.

...Three thousand miles away, Lila sat in her tiny, cramped apartment. She was thinking about the life that she ran away from a year ago. Lila’s family pressured her into marrying Julius, a childhood friend. She loved him dearly, but she was not ready to settle down. After all, she was only 21. She had her whole life ahead of her. Lila couldn’t bear to tell Julius this, so she came up with a plan to leave and never come back. When she was sure that her plan was flawless, she packed her things and left. She never told her parents or anyone else.

...Julius got out of bed. He knew that he wouldn’t be able to go back to sleep, so he decided to go to the all night café down the street. While at the café, Julius thought about Lila. Where could she be? Is she still alive? He knew that the chances were slim to none that Lila was still alive. How could he live without her? He couldn’t

...Lila felt so much guilt that she could not hide any longer. She decided to call her parents for the first time in a year. Ring, ring. No one answered. She dialed Julius’ parents. Ring, Ring.

“Hello,” a familiar voice cried.

“Mrs. Nolan, it’s me Lila.”

“Who is this? Is this some kind of cruel joke? How dare you call my house! Don’t call here again”!

The phone went dead in Lila’s ears. She decided to just go on with her life. In the back of her mind, she always wondered why Mrs. Nolan was crying the night she called.

Somewhere Else

Pop music blares from the speakers
Faceless mannequins glare down
Beautiful people smile from pictures on the wall
You begin to notice no one asks, “May I help you?”
The stylish outfit you tediously picked out
Seems dull in the bright lights of the store
Your face begins to feel hot,
Your eyes look to the polished wood floor
Slowly you find the door,
You sneak out, just to get rid of the feeling
That you should look somewhere else

Anastasia Roberts
The Late Night

By Jayme Wilson

The baskets were raised, the cheering was gone, and all that was left was Marco and all the empty soda cups, popcorn, and dust for him to clean up. To everyone else, this night was the biggest game of the season, but to him it was just a late night sweeping the settled sweat and dust off of the gym floor. It was no big deal to him, because after all, he had been doing this job for fifteen years now. His fingers were splintered from the broomstick and his skin had truly aged from all of the manual labor over the years. The only thing that hadn't changed was his attitude. He was the friendliest guy you would ever meet, although the entire school did think of him as kind of “slow.” Many of the kids would shout out rude names to him like “Retard” or “Dummy,” but it never fazed him. He would just go on about his day and he took great pride in what he did. He was not the one getting all of the praise after the Friday night basketball game, but the gleam of the gym floor after a good waxin' was all that he needed.

So, just like every other night after the game, he got out his broom and started sweeping away. As he paced the gym floor, he noticed a shadow in the background. It kind of startled him at first because he was usually the only soul to be seen that late at night at the school. All of the fans were usually celebrating and the players were either celebrating as well, if they won, or going home to rest up, if they lost, because they knew that it was going to be a practice from hell in the morning. So, he turned around to see no one else, but James Miller, who just happened to be the star point guard, staring off into the musty gym air. Marcus knew of James quite well, but then again, so did everyone else. James was like a celebrity in the town, but it was clear that he was not so tonight. He had scored his usual 26 points that night, but it still wasn’t enough. Jonesborough High just had too good a defense.

He stood there several minutes watching Marco go back and forth, up and down the gym. Marco just went about his business sweeping the floor, when a loud voice said, “Hey, Hey, Hey!” with an echoing voice. Marco turned around, kind of startled, wondering what he was yelling at him for, and not only that, what he was doing there that late at night.

“Come here old man, man, man!” James yelled out. Marco just turned around and walked toward him, kind of nervous as to what to expect. “Have you happened to see any videos laying around that were left here?” James asked. Marco replied by telling him that he saw the tapes in the trashcan earlier and dug them out. “Oh, I am so relieved!” James cried out. “I guess my coach was so mad after the game that he had just threw the game tapes in the trash.”

“You have great potential, but you are just not wusing it on da court!” Marco was telling him. James got a very startled look on his face. I mean, who did he think he was giving him advice when all he did was clean the dirt and grime off of the gym floor?

“First of all, what were you doing watching them?” James asked.

Marco just hung his head and flipped a switch to turn on the gym lights. “Look up there!” Marco said. James stared up to see a championship banner displayed from 1952. It had all of the players’ names, and as he gazed to about the third person listed, it said “Mark Ebert 1st Team All State Conference.” James just stood there in awe because he had heard about a Mark Ebert from his Dad, who was about the same age, but his dad would never really say much about him.
So, what in the heck was Marco doing here as a janitor? James just thought to himself? “All I know is that a scholarship is going to have to get me out of this place or I will be stuck right here with you.” James said. As James looked at the other banners, he didn’t notice Mark’s name anymore, so he just couldn’t help, but ask him why.

“Let’s just say that one night of being in the wrong place at the wrong time really changed my life forever. It was a late night and I was just driving home after a late night to see the headweights of an oncoming truck in my lane, so I swerved to drive head on into a tree. They didn’t think that I was going to live for awhile and well….as you can see, I still am not right.” He shuddered and acted like he wanted to say more, but he just let tears run down his eyes and left it at that. James couldn’t believe it. This was a superstar turned bad in one night. Meanwhile, Marcus took James in the locker room and they watched the tapes together, and Marcus actually gave him some good pointers.

By the time they got finished, it was actually almost time for practice to start. So, James rushed home to see his old man sitting up in the chair. He was so excited about his experience and pointers that he got from Marcus that he had to tell his Dad. As he started explaining his night, he just said the word “Mark Ebert” and his Dad got a funny look on his face. James kept talking, but his Dad just had a blank stare like something was on his mind. “What’s wrong Dad?” James asked.

“Well, son, I never wanted to tell you this because I did not want to disappoint you and that is why I never told you, but you know that oncoming truck that Marcus ran into. Well…that was me.”

The Wishing Star

Oh
Shining
Star, you
Are so bright
Giving much hope to all the kids
On this great Christmas night
They wish upon you
Hoping to get that one
Perfect toy they have been
Waiting for so Long, being
Being good Girls and
Boys Asleep
Until Dawn

Megan Beckman
Appreciation

By Alex Bryant

The sky was painted with the most brilliant colors they had ever seen. It was a setting of the sun neither of them had ever experienced, and for that matter not many people would ever experience. This sunset was made possible by wildfires that were tearing through the forests of the Pacific Northwest. These wildfires caused large amounts of ashes to drift for hundreds of miles, and as the two men stood facing the Pacific Ocean, the ashes caused a blunting effect on the last rays of the sun, causing deep red and purple colors to be added to the already surreal sunset. Being from the landlocked Midwest, the men had not had many opportunities to watch a sunset in which the sun appeared to sink into the distant waters that stretched as far out as they could see.

The two men were brothers; they had taken some time off from their hectic lives to try and catch up on what seemed like years that they had missed. Both men being married now had increased their separation; the older lived in the South East with his family, and the younger brother remained in the Midwest. They were different in many ways, which had slowly caused a distance to grow between them. This distance was not a hateful or bitter distance; it was just a distance due to their polar personalities. The older brother was a more outspoken individual, a man on a constant search for knowledge and life experiences. The younger was a more introverted individual with a cynical view of life who most of the time was not interested in things that he considered “below the surface.” These differences became apparent early as the boys started maturing into men, and began incorporating ideals they had been taught as children with their own experiences.

The older brother snapped a photograph as the colors drained from the sky into the water and was left a dark purple that within minutes became black. The only light was coming from a sliver of reflection from the moon that hung in the sky. Both men walked away from that spot feeling humbled by the sight that they had just witnessed. As they carefully climbed down the rugged path to the gravel road below, they could hear the waves violently crashing against the jagged rocks that they had recently been standing above. Reaching their car, the older brother getting into the driver’s side, they started to head back to their motel along the winding gravel road. On their way back, they saw an encampment of firefighters in the parking lot of a local school. They found out later that they were there as volunteers to protect the pristine redwood trees that towered in the forests outside of the small town, which would be in danger if the fires could not be tamed to the east.

The brothers decided to go out and grab some dinner when they returned to their motel and set out on foot because the night was nice and the town was small. They found a small diner that looked promising and went in to check it out. The smell of grease and cigar smoke engulfed them as they walked in. There was only one other person in the diner besides the cook that was behind the counter. This individual was sitting on a barstool at the counter; he was an elderly gentleman who was dressed in plaid pants, a corduroy jacket, and worn out leather sandals. He was also wearing wire rim glasses that hung on the end of his nose, and half a sweet smelling cigar burned in the ashtray next to him. The older brother sat next to the man without hesitation and his brother followed hesitantly. The older brother asked the man how he was doing and if he had lived in the area long, making small talk with the man while his brother looked at the menu. The man went on to tell the brothers about all
of the jobs that he had throughout his life, about his wife who had died nine years previous, and about his children who were all grown now and had families of their own. The brothers sat silently eating their dinner and listening attentively to the man. The man told them that this was a very sad day for him because his brother usually sat there at the counter with him every evening for dinner, and they would reminisce about their adventures growing up and traveling all over the world together over coffee and a good cigar. He told them how his brother was his best friend through all of the hard times he had and through all of the good times he had, even though at times they lived an ocean apart. Both brothers took this to heart in their own way without expressing it externally, soaking up the man's words and wondering why his brother was not there that night. As they were getting up from their barstools and putting on their jackets, the man closed their conversation by explaining that his brother had passed the day before of a heart attack in his sleep. The brothers then expressed their sympathy and told the man that they had enjoyed the conversation, and wished him well. Then they walked out of the diner, neither saying a word on the walk back to the motel, but both left that diner with a new appreciation for their own lives, and each other.

Childhood Friends

As childhood friends, we grew up together,  
Swearing to be friends forever and ever.  
Sometimes we would argue and fight,  
Other times we would laugh and stay up all night.

We went from playing with games and toys,  
To talking and dreaming about different boys.  
My thoughts and feelings, to you I would confide,  
Never having anything to hide.

Friends we do remain,  
Things changing, and things staying the same.  
To each other we still listen and share,  
About each other we will always care.

Karen Seung
The Last Moment

By Steve Grosch

As I heard the roar of the crowd, I knew I wasn’t favored. I looked around and saw only fog to hear everyone chanting. “Kill that man!” I knew I was innocent, but I kept my mouth shut because I knew what was going to happen. I wished there was an exception but I knew it was going to happen. No matter how hard I yelled, no one would listen except my family. They were very upset, and were the only yelling shouts of love. I looked to my left and thought to myself what is going on; I actually knew what was going on but I could not accept it. I looked around only to see a man with a hood on. He stood there with authority and did not seem to want to put up with anyone. As I waited, I grew more and more nervous. I began to let everything get to me. I took to heart everything the crowd was chanting. I looked around and began to panic. My pulse began to race. I peered over again to see a man holding a rope connected to a large blade, which would soon sever my head. The blade appeared to shine like a piece of metal on a hot summer’s day. I was yelled at continuously. The crowd began chanting as I stepped up. I looked at the tall guillotine as it was tested. A watermelon, no problem. These people were serious and that’s how it had to be. As the chants grew louder, I began to panic. My pulse continued to race faster and my blood pressure grew higher. I can’t believe I got myself into this situation. This is just one of those things that had to happen.

I walked to the guillotine and said my last prayers to the Lord. I knew He understood what was going on as well as the feelings of guilt and repentance running through my head. Interrupting my train of thought, I felt a large hand grab my neck firmly. I was forced to put my head into a locking device. I knew it was over. I heard a big cheer as a slashing sound traveled through my periphery. This was actually my head, I think. Yes, I had served my punishment. The assassin grabbed me by my hair and began to exploit me. “Behold the guilty criminal,” he said. I looked around as if nothing had happened, but felt a sharp pain in my neck. I saw just terrible looks on my family’s faces. I looked down only to see my body, without a head. I was perplexed but at the same time had an idea of what was going on. The pain was no longer, and a horrific confusion invaded my being. “What was going on?” I thought to myself. “I can see nothing but my body and hear nothing but the crowd? Why can’t I move my hands and legs?” I tried to speak but nothing happened. I stared once again at the crowd only to see a faint silhouette of the horizon. The horizon grew darker and darker until I could see no more.

Test Time

Oh

done. No,

are the

You time

up.

has

hurry come
to

Jenna Brinkman
Money

By Irene Anthony-James

On her seventeenth birthday, Sissy and her friends went out clubbing. She was having the time of her life. When she went to the bar to order another drink, she heard a deep voice say, “I’ll pay for that. Give the lady whatever she wants.” Sissy thanked the man and returned to her friends.

Gary had noticed Sissy when she first walked into the club; he loved the way the little red dress hugged every curve of her body. He had decided from that very moment to make her his girl. He started by buying drinks for her and her friends. At the end of the night he gave her his number and a pair of diamond studded earrings.

Sissy called Gary the next day. She figured she would have all the money and clothes she wanted if she was to hook up with him. They met for lunch, and by the evening Sissy was moving in with him. For the first six months, Gary gave her whatever she desired. She stopped hanging with her friends and was always under Gary. One day, Gary stormed into the house and told Sissy she was going to start working that night. Sissy was confused. She had no job skills since she had never had a job before, and she didn’t remember filling out any job applications. Gary looked Sissy up and down smiling.

He said, “Yeah, with your body and my connections I will make enough money to last me for a while.”

Sissy asked, “What do you mean with my body?”

Gary sneered, “Did you think I was taking care of you out of love? No sweetie, all that was just a loan and now it’s time for you to start repaying. You will be working as a call girl.” After her first three escorts Sissy felt humiliated. She was finally starting to understand the meaning behind the sayings “all money is not good money,” and “money is the root of all evil.”

Back in High School

By Anna Gurevich

I slammed the door in his face and ran outside. I could feel a lump in my throat and tears started coming down my face. I promised myself that I wouldn’t cry, but I couldn’t hold it in. The night was cold and dark and it was starting to rain. I put my wipers on high and drove down the lonely street. I knew it was over, our relationship, my happiness, my life.

The day didn’t start out that way though; we had a great day planned. My friend and I had spent all morning lounging around my living room watching old movies. The night before, we rented a bunch of tearjerkers and stayed up all night watching them. I was tired, but still managed to talk to Ally about all of her boy troubles. “I don’t know why you put up with him,” Ally said. I looked down at my dog and started
to scratch his ears, I tried to avoid her statement, but knew she was right. My boyfriend and I had been going out for a month. This was my first serious relationship; being sixteen years old, I knew it was going to be a long one. I knew my boyfriend wasn’t always that nice to me, but he was so cute and I felt that I was in love. Anyway, Ally was probably just jealous because my relationship had been lasting this long.

“I have to start getting ready for my date tonight” I mumbled, hoping Ally would get the clue to leave. I walked her to the door and told her I would call her tonight. I walked upstairs to my room and called Kevin. After five minutes of small talk and making plans for that night, my mom stormed into my room and told me that I had to finish doing all my chores. I hated how my mom always wanted to boss me around; she just didn’t want to see me happy. Soon Kevin and I were going to move in together, and then she wouldn’t be able to control me anymore.

After two long hours of cleaning my room, I was finally free to go out. I got ready fast; I knew how much Kevin hated to wait. I told him that I would meet him at his house at 7:00 pm. I wore my favorite dress that night with the hot new shoes that I just bought the day before. I felt so excited. I got in my ‘98 Altima and drove to his house. When I got there, I knocked on his door. It took his mom a while to answer it. I said hello. She invited me in and told me Kevin was downstairs. As I walked down the stairs, I was excited about our plans. Kevin didn’t tell me where we were going to go, but I knew it was special. I opened the door to his room and got the worst surprise of my life. Ally was sitting on his bed and they were kissing. I wanted to scream.

“What the hell is going on?!” I said grabbing Kevin’s hand and pulling him away from Ally.

“You’re early,” Kevin mumbled, “You’re never early.” I started to walk away; Kevin followed. I slammed his door in his face and ran back upstairs and out of his house. I couldn’t believe it, my boyfriend and my best friend doing this to me. I was never going to be able to trust anyone ever again. That was the end of my first serious relationship and friendship.

Two Limericks

The last thing I want to do is study organic
Just the thought of it seems satanic

Outside in the sun
Would be lots of fun

But I must stay inside or my grade will sink like the titanic.

In the past I lived on a farm
Safe in the middle of nowhere, no fear of harm

Now I see city lights
And have crazy nights

Now it takes a lot to cause me alarm

Stephanie Pieszchalski
Luther Von Dickinson and his Kid Brother

By Joshua Jones

It was 2:55 in the afternoon, and all Tommy could think about was the bell ringing at 3:00 and his cool older brother Luther coming to pick him up in his brand new 1974 VW beetle. Every afternoon when school would let out, his brother would drive up with the music blaring, and the other pre-schoolers would know who the cool kid in the class was.

During recess, since Tommy was only 5 and everyone else was 6, he was always picked last for everything. It was only Tommy’s older brother Luther that could save him. While everyone else rode off in their mom’s minivan, Tommy got to ride with Luther, rocking out to the stereo all the way to Luther’s record store.

While they were at the store, Tommy got to do anything he wanted. He was a rebel. He might have been 5, but he acted all of 7. Inside that store, he was king. Tommy also got to wear a pair of the exact same sunglasses as his older brother. The girls would come into the store and tell Luther how cute he was. Boy, it was the life.

But on the other hand, it was only 2:58 now and Tommy still had to listen to his teacher for another 2 whole minutes. He wasn’t sure if he was going to be able so stand it. As Mrs. Crabappleton spoke, she whistled because of a chipped tooth her boyfriend had given her. When the bell finally rang at 3:00, Tommy could hear the thump, thump of Luther’s radio as he got closer to the school. All of a sudden, Luther appeared in the doorway to Tommy’s classroom. In Luther’s hand were a dozen roses. Mrs. Crabappleton suddenly ran toward the door and threw her arms round Luther.

Apparently Luther was Mrs. Crabappleton’s boyfriend and the one who had chipped her tooth. No wonder Tommy’s grades took a dive the day after her tooth got chipped.

I Remember...

I remember you.
I remember when we would go to the store to buy candy.
I remember feeding the birds in the park.
I remember running around and laughing, having the time of our lives.
I remember eating apples together.
I remember all the presents you gave me.
I remember all the times we spent together.
Grandpa... I remember you.

Karen Seung
Fish Family Values

By Danielle Adams, Addy Elbl, Joshua Jones, and Neha Patel

Fish are fun creatures; they love to swim free and play with their other fish friends in the open water. One day, a big net caught a fish named Lazy. He tried and he tried, but he couldn’t get free. Lazy got pulled onto a boat, but because he was a very rare spider fish, he was thrown back into the water. Lazy swam down to his home to tell all his friends what had happened. He tried to explain how the gigantic net came straight down from the sky and scooped him up. His parents, Charlene and Harry Buzzkill, didn’t believe him and said that he had been swimming behind the poison fish for too long. He tried to warn them and described exactly where he was at the time it happened, but they wouldn’t listen to this out of the water story. They then proceeded to send him to bed without any crab for dinner.

Once Lazy was in bed, his dad Harry was curious about Lazy’s story. He felt badly for accusing his son of lying and he wanted to know the truth. So the next day on his way to work, he decided to go exactly where his son Lazy went. He swam deep in the waters where no fish usually go. It seemed a little dangerous; it was pitch dark and there were no noises. Harry then assumed that his son Lazy was lying about the boat, but little did he know. Within a couple of minutes Harry started to see all these bubbles coming down. He started to get real scared. He looked in every direction trying to figure out what was going on. Before he knew it, he was trapped in a net just like his son was talking about. Harry felt so bad that he didn’t believe his son. Now he was stuck in this net. The weird thing was, the net was not being pulled up yet. Harry was really starting to wonder what was going on. He just kept moving along with this net. Later that day, after Lazy went to school, his mom Charlene was also wondering about Lazy’s story so she started to venture out into the deep.

She couldn’t remember exactly where her son said he had gone, but one thing was for sure, she was going to do a little investigating for herself. She swam and swam for what seemed like hours until she saw some familiar bubbles coming from somewhere near her. She thought to herself that those looked like her husband’s bubbles and something told her that she wasn’t going to find anything good. As she approached the spot, where she thought her husband might be, she saw him. She also saw another spider fish by the name of Trixie who was a known sexpot. Charlene was in total disgust. How could her soul mate be doing this to her? She was still quite a distance away, so she wasn’t worried about him seeing her. She decided that she would wait until after their son had gone to bed to confront her husband about this episode. Charlene was very dismayed and swam slowly home. She didn’t know how this could be happening. She tried to give him everything he wanted, she tried to be a good wife and mother to their son, and this happened to her. Charlene wept and didn’t even start to run any of the errands she intended to run for the day.

Meanwhile, back in the net, Harry had nothing to do except swim back and forth trying to figure out a way to get free. Suddenly he got lurched upward as the net began to move. After what seemed like an eternity, the net broke though the surface of the water and was loaded on a boat exactly as his son had described. Harry was picked up and thrown back in to the water. He knew now that he would owe his son an apology. As he swam back home, he wondered how upset his wife would be with him if she knew that he had taken such a big risk. He decided not to say anything to her or Lazy and that from now on, he would believe his son—no questions asked!
That night, Lazy and Harry noticed that something was unusual because they were having instant made pearls for dinner instead of their usual home cooked pearls. Maybe mom had just been really busy today and didn’t have time Lazy decided. His dad was acting really nice towards him today too.

That night, after Lazy went to bed, Charlene asked Harry how his day was. Harry said that it was pretty uneventful and kept reading The Underwater News. Now Charlene knew for sure that he was up to no good because he had just lied to her!! After sitting there and fuming for a few minutes, Charlene suddenly started yelling at Harry asking him what she had ever done to him to deserve this? How could he even think about Trixie, let alone spend the afternoon with her? If he wanted a divorce, why didn’t he tell her sooner and without cheating on her? Harry sat there flabbergasted, no longer interested in the paper. What on earth was Charlene talking about? Trixie? Where was she getting that (of all fish)? Now Charlene was demanding that he tell her the truth about where he had been today. Harry panicked. Charlene was already mad about something he hadn’t done, should he risk telling her where he went and making her even madder?

Harry took a deep breath and told Charlene the truth—about how he did not believe Lazy’s story and how he had gone to investigate in the area that Lazy had described. He also told her how he got caught in the net, but didn’t get pulled up for several hours and thus was stuck on the bottom of the lake until a boat came to pull up the net and let him go. Charlene just stared in disbelief at him, but as she considered his story, suddenly everything made sense and she realized that she was the one in the wrong.

Now it was her turn to confess that she too had not believed Lazy and she too had gone looking for the same place but had stopped short when she had seen Harry in the distance in a rather dark area. She told how she had seen Trixie not too far away, made a conclusion and left in a miserable state. They both then apologized and promised that they would tell each other everything from now on, especially when they decided to investigate their son’s stories!! Lazy’s personal adventure had turned into a family ordeal that had led to false suspicions and mistrust within the family circle. With this resolved, the fish Buzzkill family resumed their normal happy lives.

Right
now I have
no color. I’m oh
so round and filled with chocolate.
My favorite letter
is M. I can’t
wait to get
my color
back. Yum
especially green.

Melissa O’Neill
This is it

A Poem
Fancy word:
Eloquent
A rhyme scheme:
Hat, cat, bat
A deep thought:
Lover lost.
Don’t indent
Sign and Print

Jenna Brinkman

Sonnet

The Florida sun is where I wish to be
Out on the beach you can not beat the view
There’s water as far as the eye can see
It would be hard to top the ocean blue

I wish I could relax there in the sand
Listening to the waves crash on the beach
With a nice cold beverage in my hand
And my favorite book just within reach

The beauty of the sunset is the best
The beautiful colors are radiant
The farthest thing from my mind is a test
Here on the beach is where my day is spent

And yet another trip comes to an end
I hope to come back to Florida my friend.

Stephanie Pieszchalski
Our Youth Chapter One

Stories began under the sun

Those worth telling are but one
That such story starts today
Upon the soil that sits like clay
Toil and troubles in grade of seven
This new life not such like heaven
Home into houses split into two
Angst of youth became so new
Until a friend he met a year
Made his views become so clear
Evil boy I've come to see
Evil things of things done he
But our youth saw past his exterior
And became a friend superior
However strong his sinless hints
Evil boy still made no sense
So decision our youth will be
Deprived evil boy of his company
Such a year of three has past
Of a love he wants to last
So much fun together they had
Happiness and love their times were clad
Until that day along came he
Of times they had number three
History with love our youth had broke
Feelings of loss now he must cloak
Through these times of roughing year
Had a friend no wrong did steer
A friend did stay forever true
Thick and thin he stayed all through
Now our youth still houses of two
Had to leave, of this he knew
Ecstatic views soon were known
Two houses soon became a home
This home became just for school
For knowledge he kept as his jewel
His story will be forever viewed
Still even more to be continued

Chapter Two

Now of this home split into house of two

Some things of good arise of new
Our youth has dealt with this has he
The years of dealing past numbering three
Every week traveling and packing his things
All his belongings over a shoulder on slings
Whomever he spoke could not relieve
The pain inside, inside indeed
Our youth became dependent of one
For the days of begging help were done
Of this thing no else one could see
Truly relying on self reliability
A quality most learn much too late
Many don't know, up to date
Growing so older at much younger days
Lost those things, lost those ways
Indeed our youth deals with so
Problems that most don't even know
Tis for his dealings our youth will prosper
Of no problem shall his views whisper
Chapter Three

People of worth or people not worthy
Ask one question of him did he
Our youth, indeed, need be fit
Asked all there is and all of it
For those of worth are befriended
And those of not are just upended
Our youth befriended of evil boy
How he made, although so coy
Became such a friend of time and fun
Friends of fun or bad times of none
Such so things are naught to find
Lasting are those only who're kind
Evil boy was one who was not
Things so bad you thought were taught
Done these things our youth was forced
Lack of friends thereof, of course
Years of four have then gone past
The friendship seemed to outlast
Evil boy's apparent lack of worth
Sure one thought, besides the curse
Friends until a day, a test
Broken down many at best
Our youth faced a decision, death or life
Well, indeed, he faced some strife
Best choice of those to pick
For evil boy he had to trick
And no doubt to end those days
A friendship ended in so many ways
There was no tension between the two
Of hard feelings, evil boy had no clue
Our youth lest trials and tribulations
Relinquished horrible confrontations

Looking into your eyes

Looking into your eyes
Makes me realize
How much I love you
And the things I would do
To be with you forever
I wish that there were never
A time when we are apart
I'm speaking for my heart
When I say, I'll love you always
I dream of the days
When we are together and happy
I hope that you see
What we could have together
There will never be another
One that I feel so much for
And I can't just ignore
The fact that I love you
And want to be with you

Doug Laramie

Sara Knapp
Family Story

By Addy Elbl

I can remember winters being a highlight of the years during my childhood. Contrary to winter time now, where we are usually lucky if we get a dusting that lasts more than two days, I can remember several feet of snow out on the farm where I lived as a child. Sometimes we would walk out on our front porch and fall through the snow up to our waists when we happened to step too far, misjudging where the porch actually was.

Besides all the wonderful snow and the holiday fun that came along with it, I specifically remember sledding. And I'm not talking about the usual sledding where you find a hill, climb up it, sled down (maybe take a few tumbles), and then repeat the whole thing over and over again. Oh no, my dad had more inventive ways of sledding. One particular year, he decided that speed was what we needed. He did not see the need for a big hill either. Besides, we lived in the country where it was flat and hills were hard to come by. So dad came up with the bright idea of hooking the sled up to the back of his old army jeep and taking us for a ride through our 20-acre cornfield!!! When we argued that that would not be possible because we would be hitting the leftover corn stalks, he was not at all concerned and said that they had been mowed down enough. Of course he was not concerned....he was not the one on the sleds!!!

Although a little skeptical, my sisters and I were not too worried because we (blindly) trusted our dad. After all, he had never let us down in the past and what did we have to lose? (typical kid thinking) I watched dad as he hooked up the sleds to the back of the jeep. I asked if he was sure that the ropes were strong enough and tied on tight, and he just smiled. Uh oh, either he had not double-checked his rope-tying skills or he did not care. This was just another potential element of surprise he liked to add.

When we first took off, dad made sure to go real slow- for the first 10 yards. Just as we were beginning to think this would not be so bad, my dad gunned it, leaving us to grab on to the sled and each other for all we were worth. As dad raced through the cornfield, I thought my head was going to bounce right off; the ride was so bumpy, and if that did not happen, there was no way I was going to have a hind end left by the time this ride was over! In addition to mastering the art of staying on the sled, we were being constantly bombarded by cornstalks that were not completely mowed down (contrary to what dad had told us) and soon became very efficient at dodging them. After a while dad got bored and decided that we needed some more excitement. He started cutting corners and driving as crazy as possible in zig-zag formation, trying to throw us off the sled. And of course he succeeded a couple of times, laughing his head off in the process. At one point during the ride, we accidentally drove over the lagoon that dad apparently “forgot” was in the middle of the field. As the jeep drove over the frozen surface of the lagoon, it cracked sharply and my sister and I freaked out when dad calmly continued to drive over it dragging us behind him!!! Luckily the ice did not crack all the way through and the sleds went swiftly over it without us falling in, but it sure did make us think twice about letting dad take us on a ride out here!

After an hour or so, dad drove the Jeep toward the house. As we left the cornfield and entered our yard, I could not believe how smooth the ride suddenly became. Now my sisters and I are thinking the ride is over, and because we had worked up quite an appetite,
we began talking about how we were going to go inside and get some hot chocolate, popcorn, and other yummy snacks. If we had not been so busy deciding how to satisfy our growling stomachs, we would have noticed that dad was taking a detour instead of driving straight to the barn. All of sudden, the front end of the sleds went flying up and we went flying through the air. What the heck? Each of us crawled out of the snow and stood up, confused as all get out. We were still trying to make sense of what had just occurred and then we noticed dad. He (of course) was laughing so hard he could barely stay in his seat. He had taken the Jeep around to the side of the house where the dog kennel was, cut around the corner of it very sharply, and made sure that the front corner of our sled hit it and sent us through the air!! Well, we decided that after this, we really did not need to ride the next 200 yards to the barn and give dad another chance to throw us off, so we walked over to the house to take our snowsuits off and get something to eat.

We finally got all our wet clothes off and went upstairs to tell mom about all the fun that we had had, making sure to leave out certain details so we would be able to do it again.

Christmas is Coming

Christmas is coming, I can tell this by,
The smell of grandma baking pie.
The smell of the glistening tree,
Happy grandchildren sitting on grandpa’s knee.

I can tell Christmas is coming by,
The lights on the neighbor’s house,
The creeping of the little mouse.
The ornaments on the tree,
And I see Christ Jesus, and Wise Men,
Kneeling down upon one knee.

Christmas is coming, I can tell this by,
The manger by the tree,
And the shaking of the children’s knees.
Our breath shows up like fog in the frosty air,
And at grandpa’s, well presents are there.

Brittany Beale
Love

Everyone needs Love.
Love is an amazing thing.
Love is something that can be shared.
Love is something that can be seen.
Love is something that can be heard.
It is something that can be broken.
   Love is very fragile,
   Yet Love is very strong.
   Love is forever.
Love is an everlasting peace.
Love is between two people.
Love is a guiding light.
Love is all around us.
Love can come between two interests,
   But pull two people together.
   Love is a symbol.
   Love is a growing creature.
   Love is sometimes doubted,
      Then proven faithful.
   Love is something that
      Everyone longs for.
   Love is a potion
Brewed by only the strong willed.
Love takes no prisoners.
Love is a tangled web we weave.
   Love is a tyranny.
   Love is Bad.
   Love is Good.
   Love is Righteous.
Everyone needs Love.

Joshua Jones
Fall Down

Hey girl, you're looking kinda down,
    I guess it's me again, turnin' your life around.

And you just soak up all the pain,
    While my words fall like hell and stormy rain.

You know I never meant to be,
    The one who's leanin' on, instead of you on me.

That just shows me what I've found,
    Someone who's gonna hold me up no matter how far I fall down.

Hurts so much to see you go,
    We both said some things that we never had before.

And you came back again,
    We can't be lovers but we sure are damn good friends.

I bet you never thought I'd lead,
    Standin' up and lettin' you lean down on me.

Guess it all comes back around,
    So don't you ever worry cause I'll catch you, no matter how far you fall down.

Brandon Eldridge

My Rose

Everyday I long to smell your sweet fragrance
    An addiction to which I have no antidote
Your stem, so supple and fresh
I will place you on high, in the most precious vase
    When your petals sag and fall
I will still care for you
    Your beauty will never fade in my eye.

Tom Mengwasser
My Left Finger

On my left finger,
People’s eyes tend to linger.
An object made of gold,
From the one whom I hold.
He and it, so dear to my heart,
It represents a brand new start.
A day when together we’ll stand,
In front of our family, hand in hand.

Then, a family to start
The idea is so dear to my heart.
To have children and a home,
Made out of brick or stone.
The kids will quickly grow up
And leave us so abrupt.
Then we will be alone again,
And the circle of life will begin.

To grow old with the one you love,
With the grace and beauty of a dove.
May our memories not cloud with dust.
These are just a few of my wishes for us.
But today we are still young,
And with cupid’s arrow stung.
The future let’s no longer plan,
But just enjoy being woman and man.

Amanda Painter

Ready For A Kill

The anticipation in the air, keeps my eyes wide. The eagerness inside me, keeps me warm. The expectancy around me, keeps me on my toes. The thought of seeing one, keeps a smile on my face. The hope of a kill, keeps me coming back

Lindsey Knuf
#1 Mom

I love you for all you did for me.
Keep on reading and you’ll see.

You and dad brought me into this world.
I turned out to be a lovable girl.

You helped me walk; you helped me run.
All day long we have lots of fun.

During the day the alphabets we sing,
Then at night you tuck me in.

When I get hurt you kiss my pain,
The love you give me is the love I gain.

Friends will stay or come and go,
You’re forever, that I know.

You give up your time to help me out,
I can always trust you without a doubt.

Sorry for all the bad things I have done.
When you punish me I don’t have any fun.

I’ve been bad; I’ve been good.
By my side you always stood.

Without you and dad I’d be a nobody.
Because of you, I’ll be somebody.

Nothing or no one compares to you,
I can love you- that’s what I’ll do.

Pailin Janwatanagool

Haiku

Studying for hours
Never seems to give an A
So instead I’ll sleep

Stephanie Pieszchalski
Morning Sickness

As I woke up in bed this morning I began to think
   Why did I go to the pub and drink?
I woke up still drunk and I have a hangover
I feel like a played game and its game over.
   My stomach is churning.
   I feel like hurling.
I run to the bathroom, stomach starts to rumble
Remember I'm still drunk so I start to stumble.
Pain shoots through my body as I run into the wall
   I stumble and trip as I turn to the stall.
Out comes the bad stuff, stinky and smelly
But of course it feels good on my upset belly.
The lesson of course as I'm trying to say
Don't drink your self-stupid and its okay to say nay.

Jeremy Hunt

ISO

The lights dimmed
the drums began to beat
and everyone looked at them
and cheered.

The music blasted
The fashions were shown
I wish it had lasted
But one more minute.

The flowers were presented
To the main figures
I sat back and lamented;
"I wish those were mine."

Michael Reynolds
My Leap

Out of my life but never really away
I never forgot, I loved you all the way
When I thought I was lost and my soul was astray
I let out a call and thought of you you each new day

Every time that I stumble you can break my fall
Would you be the constant in my life if you knew it all
But deep down you do know every fault and every flaw
You've looked inside and broken down the wall

Every time we're together it's like total perfection
You are the prayer that I pray when my soul needs resurrection
And I promise to be true and give you love and affection
I'll always lend a hand and provide complete protection

You are my addiction I never thought that I'd get
Now I am stuck inside and absolutely loving it
You mean all to me and that I must admit
If you were not here I'd be in the darkest of the pits

Now I give to you my eternal soul to keep
Should you ever mistreat it, I'd do nothing but weep
Some might say that I'm in too deep
But love is a destination and this is no blind leap

Brandon Eldridge

Celestial Body

Our souls have become one
Twenty-first of June marks that date.
One that will live on forever in our hearts.
Radiant as a celestial body
Stronger pull then Newton could have ever predicted
Your love,
My love,
Our love, will be our light.

The grave will not hold my love
Even after I am gone, you will still live on.

Tom Mengwasser
I have learned....

That I am truly blessed.

That the reason my home always seemed so warm was because my mom made it that way.

That not all kids are as lucky to come home to a warm, cozy house like I did.

That the fun of making money is getting to spend it on other people.

That if you miss a chance you were truly meant to take, it will show up later when you need it again.

That being the person you want to be takes active effort 24/7 on your part.

That being a good person is not dependent on how you look on paper...it is how you treat people.

That a smile can make someone else's day without hardly any effort on your part at all.

That the small town you can't wait to get away from as a teenager will seem like Heaven after you leave it.

That not everything can be perfect, but if you appreciate all that is good it will seem like it is.

That kindness has a chain reaction.

That you can love one person a million different ways and not even realize it.

That being Santa Claus can be just as fun as believing in him as a child.

That the person most proud of you will still understand when you make a mistake.

That you will continue to make the same mistake until you learn from it...so learn from it the first time.

That changing the world begins in your own corner of it and then spreads outward...so focus on one at a time and the rest will happen.

L. Holmes
Apology

Sorry for being such a dick
Sometimes I just make you sick
I know that I am always dumb
But you have me wrapped around your fingers, even your thumb
I know that I don’t always think about you
It is not that I don’t care, that part is true
I don’t know why I don’t always think
I understand why you hate me and think I stink

I am so sorry for what I have done
I wish I could take it back and make it all fun
I will always care about you so much
I feel terrible for putting you in such a clutch
You are bogged down with tests
I know I am being nothing but a pest
I wish my poem could take it away
And you would be happy by the end of the day

Will I ever please you as you do me
Can I ever be the person that you want me to be
I can be that person that you desire
I promise that I want to set your heart on fire
My feelings for you are as deep as the sea and as high as the sky
They could cover thousands of miles and never ever die
You are as beautiful as a field of flowers on a warm spring afternoon
You are kind, caring, and compassionate, I hope I can see you soon

Please forgive me for my mistake
I want to make you happy, I will do whatever it will take
Please don’t kick me out of your life
I know that it would only be a world of strife
This is my truest apology and plea
I hope that you can find it in your heart to forgive me
My heart is filled with care and love and I hope things will be OK
Because I want to be with you now and every day

Clay Pingel
Many Wishes

I wish for you to be many things
Maybe dance a little or even sing.

I wish for you to be yourself
Have high self-esteem not as low as an elf.

I wish for you to be nice to me
When you’re sick I’ll bring you tea.

I wish for you to drive someday
You can go to work and get your pay.

I wish for you not to judge a book
The pages within are different from looks.

I wish for you to like going to school
When you have your degree, I’ll think you’re cool.

I wish for you to get along with others
For starters how about me and your brother.

I wish for you to exercise and eat right
In karate class you’re allowed to fight.

I wish for you to have your own dog
You can’t if you sit around like a log.

I wish for you to be more agreeable
When you are, you’re even more lovable.

Pailin Janwatanagool

Grandma

I love you grandma!
My heart is torn to pieces
The thought of you never ceases
I miss you incredibly so
I didn’t even let you know
How much you meant to me
I hope that you could see
The love I had for you
I don’t know what to do
The memory is fading-
That I am most hating
I can’t even see your face
I know you are in a good place
But why did you leave me here
Or let the memory of you disappear

Sara Knapp
You

I look around and everything's brand new,
the sky's bluer, the stars are brighter,
and it's all because of you.

You've made me feel something I've
never felt before
happiness, truth, honesty...

You've opened a locked door,
a feeling inside me I didn't know existed,
something I'd given up on long ago...

I tried to fight it,
but I couldn't resist...
and now I never want to let it go.
You've brought out the best in me
and I can't believe I'm not dreaming.

Melissa O'Neill

A's

They are
something
rare here
who few
see but
the dream will
not fade to get
this dear
good grade

Stephanie Pieszchalski
Fifty Winks or So

By Jenna Brinkman

She gets in bed to go to sleep, not because she’s tired, but because it’s time. Pillow just right, blankets up to her chin, lastly, even though she’s 20 years old, her teddy bear tucked under her right arm. The peculiar thing about her sleeping with a teddy bear isn’t her current age, but the age of 17 when she first started to sleep with it. Perhaps, when she was 17, she felt like something was missing. It was that year she dealt with death for the first time when she lost her great-grandmother. It was that year she decided on a college, packed and moved out; and it was that year that she lost something else, her innocence. It was purely physical, yet long overdue, since she couldn’t remember the last time she felt like a child.

Watching the hours melt away, she wished she had more control over her body, and could force it to sleep. Or perhaps, what she really needed was to let go of the control that was keeping her awake. Alone with her thoughts for hours, one of the many dangers she faced each night. After finally tricking her subconscious into being still for a mere second, she fell asleep, only to be awakened by the shrill call of her alarm within a few hours.

It is the time between falling asleep and finally getting out of bed that she is the happiest. No worries, no cares, no disappointment. Even bad sleep is good to her. Her dreams are exactly that, dreams. She dreams of the day when all she’ll do is dream, day and night, wistfully living life at that moment. Being weak, she often finds herself refusing to withdraw from this realm; thus causing more chaos in her conscious world.

Finally forcing her body to emerge from the depths of her comfort, she starts planning her next move to be in that place again. Sadly, she knows it will be hours before she’ll feel that good, and the rest of her day is downhill from here.

No bother in dressing up, she allows her body the comfort of casual. In an effort to simulate the calm she feels in bed, or perhaps she no longer feels the need to impress. Dragging from place to place, she wonders how she ever got into so deep. Nothing feels worse than being at the bottom of a hole, except for looking up. For her, this hole never becomes less shallow, only deeper. And so she accepts this, grabs a shovel and starts digging a fresh path. Every time she thinks she’s getting closer to a new surface, something comes along and mounds up above her. And so she digs, sometimes with less enthusiasm. All the while she ponders the ideas of a life else where, somewhere a little less… gray. Once before, when she used to read, she learned of a place that was nothing but colors. Red, blue, green, yellow and all the products of color collusion you could imagine. They called it the world, and everyone was always talking about seeing it. That’s actually how she got where she is, she had signed on to see the world, and only ended up seeing one city block before it all became so mixed up that it just turned brown. At first the brown wasn’t so bad, but over time if faded. Thus here she is again: gray. The sun sets, or at least she assumes so, her watch is broke but the tides are moving so she goes too. Hours are wasted kidding herself; until she finally climbs back in bed, pillow just right, blankets up to her chin, teddy bear tucked under her right arm. Suddenly awakened by a buzz; was it morning again, or merely another nightmare?
Lounging at the Lizard

By Melissa O'Neill

Carter was having a blast at the Lizard Lounge. He had never met so many girls. Everyone was dancing. As Carter was waiting for a beer at the bar, a beautiful blond started chatting with him. She offered him a tootsie pop. Though confused as to why she was carrying around tootsie pops, he accepted. She then suggested they race to see who could get to the center faster. Carter replied, "How many licks does it take to get to the center of a tootsie pop?"

"I don't know, but there's really no wrong way to eat a Reese's. By the way, I don't have any children." Shocked by her forward comment, Carter replied, "Good, neither do I. It's almost 11 o'clock, we better get another drink before they raise the price."

Not long after that, Carter awoke in an unfamiliar room. He assumed he was still in the Lizard Lounge, since he could still hear the techno music. The room was strange. He seemed to be alone, but on closer examination he discovered animals surrounded him. There was a fish tank along one wall filled with salmon. It looked as if the tank provided a current for them to swim against. The more he watched, the more salmon seemed to be appearing. It was as if they were trying to take over. Next to the tank was a realistic porcelain cow. It seemed evil, like at any moment it would come to life and eat him.

On the other side of the room, there was a cage full of hamsters. They were huddled around something, maybe eating it. Carter moved a little closer, curiosity overcoming him. He cringed when he saw their dinner. It appeared to be human brains. He quickly looked away to find a large tree filled with squirrels on his other side. They looked as if they were hiding something from him. He didn't know animals could be so suspicious.

Carter looked around trying to find an exit, but there didn't seem to be one. He thought he felt something on his head, a hamster maybe. He jumped and looked down to find himself without pants. He started to scream as little Irish people surrounded him, trying to take his last piece of clothing, his underpants. It was the Underpants Gnomes.

Carter shot upright in bed; sweat dripping from his brow. He took a minute to calm himself as he looked around the room. He checked Madison; she seemed to be asleep beside him. He quietly laid back down as he muttered, "What a creepy dream." Madison couldn't help but smirk as she made sure the blond wig was safely hidden under the pillow.
Out of Gas

By Stephanie Pieszchalski

Kerry and Clay were celebrating their one-year wedding anniversary. After a wonderful dinner and a night filled with dancing, the happily married couple decided to head home for the night. It was a record breaking cold night, similar to their wedding night. Kerry hated the cold and was reluctant to even walk outside, but it was late. They had to get home soon; otherwise, their dog would make a mess of things and Kerry would be up all night cleaning. So Kerry pulled her coat tightly around her and raced to her car where Clay was waiting for her.

As they began driving home, Clay noticed the car was acting strange. It just didn’t seem to have any umph. They didn’t want to get stranded in the middle of the street, so Kerry quickly directed Clay away from the highway. They tried to get the car turned around so they could pull over somewhere that was lit up and see what the problem was. However, they didn’t make it very far before the car died. Just then they realized that the car was out of gas. Earlier that day, Kerry was in such a hurry to get home from work, that when she was running late, she forgot to put gas in the car. Luckily, they were able to coast the car into the entranceway of Melonball Mall. Seconds later, mall security drove past on an adjoining road, but they couldn’t get the security guard’s attention. They hoped that security would drive by again, but unfortunately he never did.

Clay didn’t know the area very well, but luckily Kerry did. She knew there was a gas station on the opposite end of the mall, which was probably over half a mile away. If only they had their cell phones with them, but earlier that night they both decided that it was going to be just the two of them, no interruptions. After a few minutes of contemplating what to do, Clay said he’d walk to the gas station and be back in a few minutes. Kerry couldn’t stand this idea. It was her fault they were out of gas, so she was going to walk in the frigid temperatures to get help. Clay would not agree to let his wife walk all alone; so they decided they would both walk. As they began to walk hand in hand through the bitterly cold night, they looked at the moon. This reminded them of their honeymoon a year ago when they were walking on the sandy beach staring at the moon. They had gone through so much together in the past year, and together tonight they were going to face the cold and walk to the gas station.

Emptiness

The emptiness it left
Would beat upon my breast
The time draws near
When you have to leave
I heard the tic-tock of the clock
Which told me it was time
As I picked up my suitcase
And walked out the door.

Crystal Nihoris
Opportunity

By Rachel Williams

"... Two hundred seventy-eight, two hundred seventy-nine, two hundred eighty..." Taryn murmured. She rifled through the last few pages. "...Two hundred eighty-three. Oh, good," she sighed. "They're all here." She tapped the bottom of the stack of papers on the top of the copy machine and straightened them. "Now, how many copies do I want?" she thought. "Well, I want my own, so that's one. One for Andi, one for Bill, at least two for the publisher..." She counted on her fingers, but gave up after a few moments. Frustrated she punched "5" into the copy machine. She opened the lid, placed in the title sheet, and started the machine.

Taryn looked around the small room. "Well," she contemplated "It looks like I'm gonna have some free time today." Her eyes wandered to the walls, covered with inspirational posters. One poster in particular caught Taryn's eye. It showed a mountain overlooking a lake and a dock at dusk. In large print, it read, "Opportunity." Underneath the picture and the caption was another set of print, this one quite a bit smaller.

"Let The Dreams of Today Determine The Opportunities of Tomorrow." Taryn repeated the words to herself once. She took out the new copies and replaced the original title sheet with the first page. She repeated the words again out loud this time. "Let the dreams of today determine the opportunities of tomorrow."

She punched "5" into the copy machine again and pushed the "Start" button. She could certainly identify with that statement. Making copies to give away of a novel she had finished only the night before certainly qualified as a dream; especially since she had never attempted anything of this magnitude before. She took page one out and placed page two in the copier.

As she pressed the "Start" button again, Taryn looked over the first page of her novel. She had been toying with the idea of writing for a few years since she had graduated college, but she had never wanted to take the chance. If there was one thing Taryn Sheets was afraid of, it was rejection. She read over the words she had written and revised, again and again. Her story was a simple one, but it was like Professor Harding had always told her, "Keep it simple."

"Simple stories are always the best anyway. Right, kid?" Taryn heard herself repeat her mentor's words and realized she had been talking to herself. She looked down at her paper again. The plot was semi-autobiographical, but she had thrown in plenty of twists. "Don't wanna bore the audience," she mused. The storyline followed a girl, aptly named Karyn, of course, who had just graduated from SUNY at Albany. Karyn had everything in the world going for her: looks, money, and soon-to-be-success. "...Or so she thought." Taryn finished her own thought out loud. She switched pages in the copy machine again. She was keeping a good pace; she was already on page eight. Karyn set off to the Big Apple, New York City, after graduation and was ready to find a job. She sent out résumés to three major newspapers and nine major magazines, but had elicited no positive responses. Taryn snapped out of her daydream, sniffed, and willed herself not to
cry. "This is going to be my big break. I know it! It has to be..." She switched pages again in the machine.

Page seventeen. In the story, Karyn was desperate for a job and was forced to become a taxi driver to pay the bills. Unfortunately, this was where the vast majority of the autobiography had ended. Taryn had been bitter then, two years ago, but she had only become worse over time.

Page forty-six. Taryn didn’t realize she had been in the cramped room for so long. It had been almost an hour and a half already. She hoped this week’s fares would pay for all of the paper and ink she was using. "Kinko’s isn’t that cheap," she pondered. Her eyes drifted back to the "Opportunity" poster again. She was reading the caption a third time when she heard a sputtering sound coming from the copy machine. She turned to the screen on the front for an answer, only to see the "Low Ink" warning winking at her happily.

"Oh, no. Oh, no. Oh, no" she whispered. Taryn’s voice intensified after every repetition of the two syllables. "This can’t be happening! I’m only on page..." She looked at the copies in her hand. "Sixty-four! I’m only on page sixty-four? What the ----? How ----? I don’t understand!" As she turned to leave the room to find an employee, the poster caught her eye one final time. "Let The Dreams of Today Determine The Opportunities of Tomorrow." She stopped short of the door, laughed and suddenly decided on the last line of her book. "From that moment on, Karyn swore she would always check on her supply of ink before she started another novel."

Christmas

Christmas is the time of year
that brings people lots of cheer.
Friends come from far & near
to celebrate the coming year.
We come together, have a feast
We’ll eat with every aunt & niece.
Santa fills stockings with toys
wishing to fill children with joy.
We love giving & receiving gifts
Togetherness gives us pure bliss
Christmas—my favorite time of year.

Jana Bemboom
Epilogue to Antigone: The curse of the gods

Shveta Dave

TIME AND SCENE. Creon has lost his son, Haemon, his wife, Eudryice; and the daughter of Oedipus and Haemon’s fiancé, Antigone, is also dead. Creon is on the verge of leaving in exile. Enter Chorus and Creon.

Chorus: Poor king! Poor Creon! What now? What about us? And Ismene?

Creon: Oh my people, I feel terrible! And despite of all my miseries and sufferings, which I inflicted upon my destiny with my own hands, I ought to perform my last duties, my duty toward Ismene, Poor Oedipus! Wondering about the future of his daughters, one of whose fate, I already doomed, in her grave now, but for the second one, I can still do something, so that the soul of Oedipus can forgive me, at least not curse me, and so that the gods, the Zeus, looks upon me with a little mercy.

Chorus: So, what about her? What are you going to do?

Creon: Get her married. Find a suitable match for her and give away my kingdom in those young hands, the one who will also mild my harsh fate and one that can aid in resting the soul of my dear son, and my wife, who died to unite with my lonely son, whose soul now rests in the heaven. And also, Oedipus, how can I forget him? I did wrong to him, I exiled him from his own motherland, became the cause of his beloved daughters demise and also his sons. So, hereby, with meager strength left in me, I call upon all the princes of near and far to come forward and walk down the aisle for Ismene, so that I can retire with content.

Chorus: Oh look, here comes Tiresius, the seer of the future.

Enter Tiresius.

Tiresius: Oh Creon! Proud as you were of all that you possessed, now you have none. But yes, you can do something about your harsh fate to make it a little bearable. Be a creator, not the creature of your circumstances! You can still do much.

Creon: Still?! Oh, what can I do now, great one?

Tiresius: Please the gods! Please Oedipus! Please them by marrying Ismene to a suitable one first, and after pleasing the gods, as you will, appeal them to rest your soul with Oedipus, so that you can ask him for his forgiveness and so that you can save this city from the wrath of Oedipus. It is not easy my son, but nothing is going to happen today that you and god cannot handle.

Creon: Yes, yes O old saint! I see hope. Hope of saving this city from the wrath of Oedipus, hope to see my people happy after my rule, because for every evil under the sun, there is a remedy or there is none. And I have hope of finding the remedy to this situation.
Tiresius: Go feeble Creon! May god grant you the strength.

Exit Tiresius.

Chorus: It is better to light a candle
than to curse the darkness.
Because no amount of darkness
Can blow the candle away!

Exit Chorus and Creon.

TIME AND SCENE. A week has passed. Ismene is married to the Prince of Athens, where her father, Oedipus died, and the king, Thesius, with whom lies the great secret of the tomb of Oedipus, agreed willingly to give the hand of his only son to the daughter of his friend, Oedipus. Today is the day Creon performs the religious rites to please the gods, content of giving his land to the prince of Athens.

Enter Ismene.

Ismene: Oh Antigone! I lost my only support after your demise. I was so broken! But now, here I am! The queen of the Thebes. I have everything that riches can buy me, but you. I hope your soul rests in peace in the heaven and may god look upon you with the utmost mercy and benevolence.

Exit Ismene. Enter Creon.

Creon: Zeus! I have done sin, injured the trust of my family and my people. But look upon me with a little pity. I have led a life filled with curse, the shadow of which I inflicted on my family and my people. Bless me with a modest wish to meet Oedipus, so that I can ask his forgiveness in person. Grant this cursed man his last wish, Zeus, grant him!

Chorus: This terrible thunder! This lightening! Who else could it be but our lord Zeus!

Enter Zeus.

Zeus: Creon! You have lived a blighted life, brought joy to none, your unfair ways, only the selfish interest. You brought doom not only to your family but also to your people. You invited Oedipus’s wrath. You were responsible for the blood shed of the young people whose wedding became their funeral. After all this, your call to ask for the burial with Oedipus seems only unjust. Excluding that, I bestow you your first aspiration. Your city is safe from the wrath of Oedipus. The people he loves, he will not hurt them. But for you, there is something I can do, yes, I can! I grant you the life, the life you wanted to give up, I
grant you a life of 100 years. May you live long to be 100 years! May the world perceive the 
man who brought joy to none. You are the master of your own fate, and you chose all the 
miseries you owe now. Prayer should have been your first source, and not the last resort!

Exit Zeus and Creon.

Chorus: Yesterday is but a dream, 
Tommorow is only a vision, 
But today, well lived...makes 
Every yesterday a dream of happines 
And every tommorow a vision of hope... 
Look well, therefore, to this day!

Rally Cross

I can't panic or I will fail. 
Through the forest is where, 
We race flying down the beaten trail.

The best man they will hail. 
I started this only on a dare, 
I can't panic or I will fail.

The tracks left behind are like a tail, 
There's sweat dripping from my hair, 
We race flying down the beaten trail.

Other cars pushing me into the rail, 
It's almost like they don't care. 
I can't panic or I will fail.

Compared to the others, I am a snail, 
They had more money, it's not fair. 
We race flying down the beaten trail.

I have to make it, I can't bail. 
I can see the end, it's right there. 
I can't panic or I will fail, 
We race flying down the beaten trail.

Doug Laramie
Counting Poem

Melissa O’Neill

one girl
two girls
tall girls
small girls
three boys
four boys
bad boys
sad boys
boys that are friends
girls that are friends
five girls
Six boys
lean girls
mean boys
boys have cooties
girls have booties
seven boys
eight girls
waiting girls
late boys
nine girls
ten boys
pretty girls
witty boys

If
you
want to
make
me
fall, just
throw a
ball down
the alley.

Melissa O’Neill
King of the Fairway

Some people slice far into the woods
Wanting to do better if they only could
Some people fan it and yell out damnit
While other people pull it and don’t know how to cool it
Then there are those select few
You know those ones that hustled you like a fool
Never in the rough, the pond, or the sand
Always shaking your hand with a big wide grin
Don’t get mad, angry, or upset
They are the king of the fairway
So show some damn respect.

Matt Hon

“The sweet is not as sweet, without the sour”

Jenna Brinkman

Bathing in the icy waters of suggestion,
Lured in by a familiar scent,
Destined to linger a lifetime.
Manipulation becomes sharp and unyielding,
Mind is lost and reeling.
Searching for comfort in sealed places.
Behind closed doors is seen by all faces.

With caution I do my best swan dive,
Into warm waters.
Floating, peaceful and protected.
A fish nibbles at my toe, and I invite him home for supper.
Supper become breakfast,
Breakfast becomes lunch,
Lunch becomes a lifetime.
Never left to swim alone again.
Thin Line

I said I loved you,
And I don’t say that often.
I expected a reply,
But heard nothing
All that I wanted
Is what we all yearn for.
Why did I let myself
Get so attached?
Now you don’t want
A relationship.
What do I do?
Am I to wait?
Do I move on?
But wait, I can’t.
I still hold on to what could have been
How happy I could have been
Look at what you do to me!
I can’t help but hate you,
Knowing I can’t have you.
I act as though it doesn’t bother me,
But your face triggers the memories,
The ones I cherish of you and I.
I remember the times we laughed together.
The countless hours spent together.
The way you made my little brother smile.
He looked up to you so much.
Oh how my family loved you,
But you betrayed me.
I thought you would never want out
Of what we had,
But I guess I was wrong.
I never saw it from your point of view.
How you were only 16 and didn’t want to commit.
How you wanted to be with your friends.
I understand it a little better,
But why?
Why did I want you so bad?
Why did you seduce me with your every move?
How could I let myself fall in love with you?
Why didn’t it work?
Why do I hold on so tightly to the memories?
I have so many questions that will be left unanswered.
But I just wish the best for you.
I love you, but can’t have you.
I will still be jealous of the girls that stand by your side.
I always will be, that won't change.
You were my first love, but there will be more,
More broken hearts, more memories.
I know we are too different for each other,
But nothing will change how much I love you,
I hope you find what you are looking for.

Sara Knapp

The Start of the Fairy Tale

Ashley Eilers

It was the best night of her life. The night she had been dreaming of her entire life. The night she was finally asked the question of a lifetime, “will you marry me?” It all started when Landen told Melissa it was going to be a magical night, and to dress warmly.

It was a brisk January evening when Landen picked Melissa up at her house. It all started normally. They left the house, Landen opened the car door for Melissa, and she got into his new black Mercedes. They drove to the restaurant where Landen had reserved a private table.

Dinner was magnificent and as they left the restaurant, there was a horse and carriage waiting for them. They took a ride through the park, and the driver stopped near the pond where Melissa saw strange lights in the distance. When Melissa and Landen got out, Landen gently placed his hand on the small of her back and gently guided her towards the white lights.

Soon a path of rose petals began and Melissa was quite confused as to what was going on. She began to think that maybe she forgot their anniversary or her own birthday or something that would justify this special treatment, but a proposal did not cross her mind. As they got closer, there were hundreds and hundreds of white lights draped across the trees and laying on the ground, making a circle of lights, while red rose petals covered the ground.

Just as Melissa and Landen approached, a light snow began to fall from the star studded sky. Then, as Melissa was taking in the beauty of the setting, Landen got down on one knee in front of Melissa and took her left hand into his and said, “Ever since I laid eyes on you, I know that you were the only one for me. When I come close to you, my knees get weak; when you speak, my heart flutters; and when I try and speak about you to anyone, I am speechless at what amazing things to tell them next. I love the way your hair falls around your face and the way you walk and breathe and everything about you. You have changed my life in a way that no one could and I love you now, always, and forever. Will you marry me?”

Melissa was speechless. Tears began running down her cheek as Landen opened the ring box. She looked at the ring and her jaw dropped. It was a two-carat, three diamond ring, and Melissa whispered, “Yes, I will marry you.” And so their fairy tale life together began.
Dialogue

The flowers will go here
You’ll sit over there
Don’t set the candles too near
Everything must be handled with care.

But what if I don’t want the flowers here
Sitting there seems out of place
She’s taking over I fear
I wish she’d get off my case

Now dear are you listening to me?
In the center we’ll have the cake
If everything is not done to my specifications it will be a tragedy
There are so many arrangements I must make

Plans she must make?
Whose wedding does she think this is?
It’s my big day at stake
My name is changing to Mrs. from Ms.

Oh and about your dress
I told the seamstress of some changes to make
It was too revealing I must confess
Don’t worry honey, this wedding is going to take the cake

My dress?? My dress! How dare she!
I don’t know how much more of this I can take
Flowers fine, but my dress? She is taking over completely
And she’s the one person I can’t shake

Dear why are you looking at me like that?
You really shouldn’t frown, you’ll get lines on your face
What have you been eating lately? You’re looking a little fat.
You must look your best when everyone we know is in this place.

That’s it I can’t take it anymore
I’m going to have to drop the bomb
I hope she doesn’t hit the floor
Here it goes, “Go home Mom!”

Stephanie Pieszchalski
A Single Perfect Rose

Brandon Eldridge

A vase made of glass
A ribbon tied so tight
Clusters of white baby's breath
Scattered like stars at night
Above it all are petals of red
This beauty we call a rose
The number of years it's taken to perfect
Only God himself really knows
Most will send a dozen
The rich may send even more
Yet this single rose I send to you
Is for the single heart I adore.
Walgreen’s
By Amanda Painter
Why, life isn’t perfect
And that’s why there’s Walgreen’s. But
Long lines make people
Grumpy, and seven service basics don’t work.
Register tape turns pink. There’s one on
Every corner. Managers drive you crazy with KPI’s
Every week. And pharmacists use little to
Nothing of what they spent so much time learning.
So why do I work there again?

Strike
Eland Siddle
A KNIGHT TO REMEMBER

St. Louis College of Pharmacy
Homecoming 2005
HOMECOMING 25
EUTECTICS VS.
Concordia Seminary Preachers
HOMECOMING 05

SUICIDE 05

DONT CROSS US
HOME COMING
2005

Eutectics vs. Preachers

ST. LOUIS COLLEGE OF PHARMACY
We Confess

We’re the Best!
This is the day BASKETBALL pays off!

HOMECOMING 2005
Have mercy on the Preachers!
Your God didn't prepare you for this one!
Get Ready for Some Mardi Gras Madness!