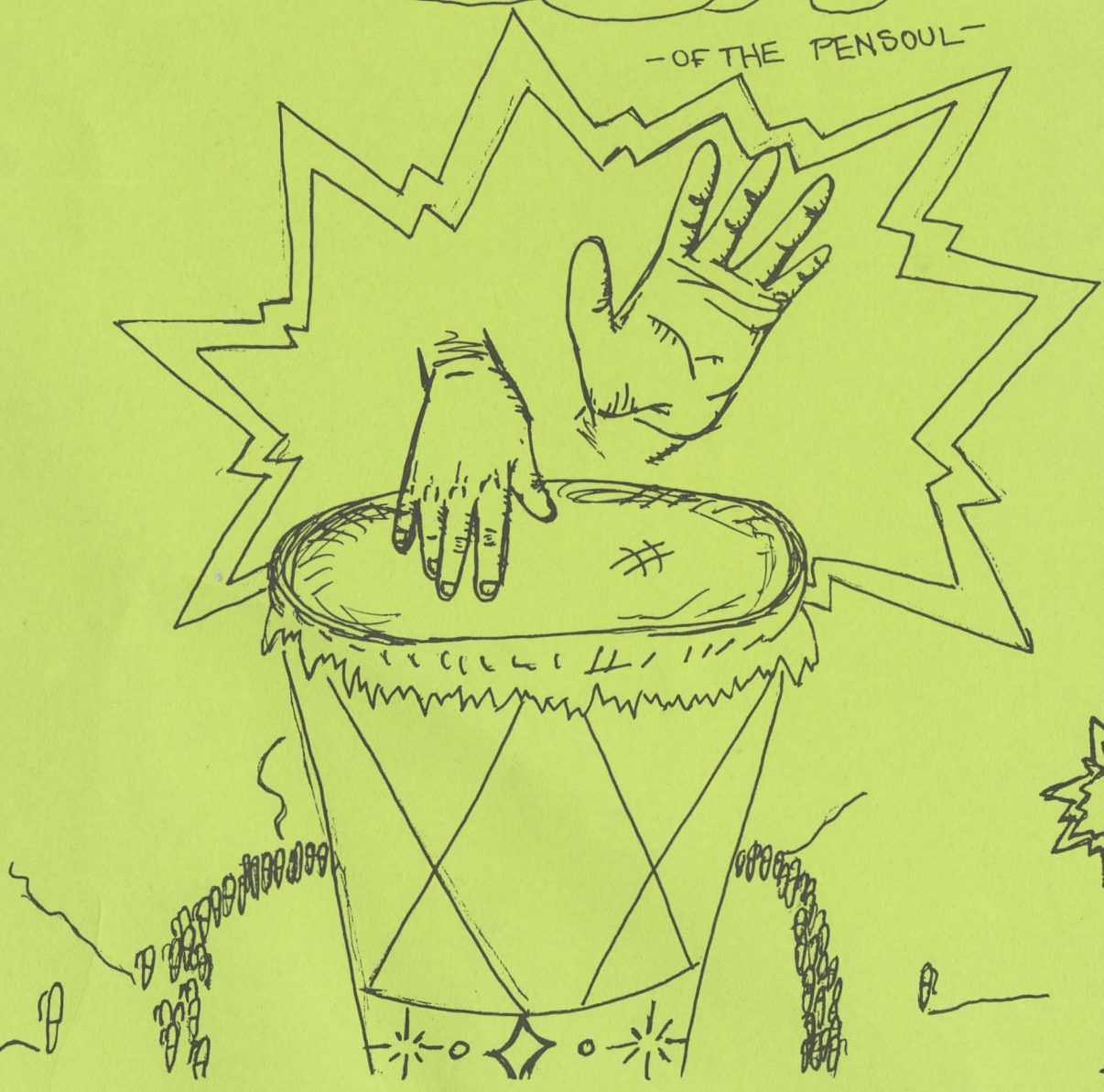
THE BEAT

-OF THE PENSOUL-



-Josh Sheets

-Will Jackson

The Beat of the Pensoul

North Surry High School
Mt. Airy, North Carolina

Creative Writing 1998

Editor: Josh Sheets
Co-Editor: Stacy Barker
Art Editor: Will Jackson
Business Editors: Ashley Collins
Casey Wilson

Sponsor: Ms. Amy Peele

The Beat of the Pensoul

Can't you feel it?
That noise, that rhythm keeping in tune
Be it from your heart, the drums
Or that guy tapping on his desk
The Beat
You don't realize it, but it's there

What is a soul?
It is a non-material thing we all have.
What you do with your soul is your choice.
We, however, have decided to
Vocalize our soul.
To show how we feel.
Pensoul
The ideas we express are our own.
The Beat of our heart and
The use of our Pensoul
Go into them

- Courtney Dunaway

The Beat

The Beat runs through you
Like lightening in the rain
Pounding, humming, driving your feet
Swaying as if in a fiery gale
Your mind recollects the words
Always universal, often similar
Yet strikingly diverse.
The Beat dictates change
Driving you from childhood to adulthood
Losing your imagination all along the way
And ripping it back to reality
As you pour out your soul
Into your journal of dreams
The Beat throbs through life
Until it is released to hang on the stars.

- Jeri Marshall
- Casey Wilson

Order of Appearance

Juliana Nichols

Stacy Barker

Kori Hicks

Jeff Bowman

Sean Allen

Jonathan Collins

Courtney Dunaway

Ashley Collins

Jeri Marshall

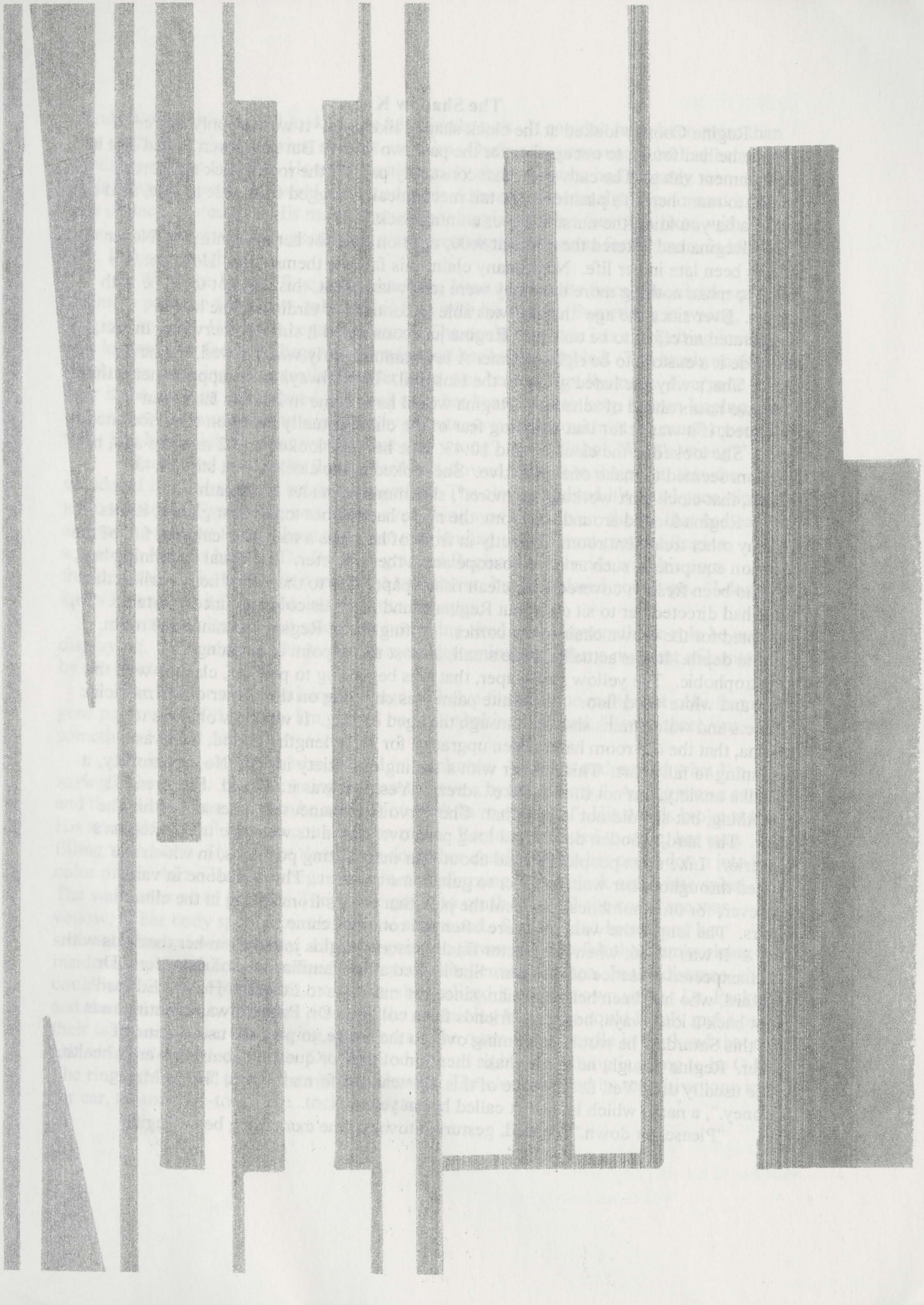
Angie Leonard

Sarah Simmons

Casey Wilson

Will Jackson

Josh Sheets



The Shadow Knows

Regina Cooney looked at the clock shaped like a cat. It was the only source of interest she had found, to occupy her for the past two hours. But now, even it, had lost its entertainment value. The cat's eyes, that constantly panned the room, back and forth, seemed to taunt her. It's plastic, black tail mechanically wagged from side to side, as if to say, "Ha ha you idiot, the nurse is never coming back."

Regina had entered the clinic at 9:00, right on time for her appointment. Never had she been late in her life. Now, many claim this fact for themselves. However, we take it to mean nothing more than they were rarely late. Yet, this was not the case with Regina. Ever since the age that she was able to control her tardiness, she had exaggerated an effort to be on time. Regina just considered it sinful, otherwise. In fact, she made it a custom to be right on time. A few minutes early was allowed, but never late. That's why she hated going to the Hospital. They always made appointments that were two hours ahead of schedule. Regina would have came in 2 hours later than appointed, if it wasn't for that irritating fear of the clinic actually being on time, for once.

She looked at the clock, it said 10:43. She had just looked at it 2 minutes ago, but boredom seemed to make one repetitive. She looked at the clock again, still 10:43. "Shoot, that clock ain't working anymore.", she mumbled under her breath.

Regina looked around the room, the nurse had led her to. At first glance, it was like any other treatment room. Directly in front of her, was a medicine cabinet, full of the common equipment, such as a stethoscope and a thermometer. The usual examining bed, that had been freshly, covered with clean tissue paper was to the left of her. Earlier, the nurse had directed her to sit on it, but Regina found the beds cold and uncomfortable. So, she opted for the brown chair in the corner. Sitting there, Regina examined the room, more in depth. It was actually quite small, almost to the point of seeming claustrophobic. The yellow wall-paper, that was beginning to peel off, clashed with the black and white tiled floor. The white paint was chipping on the corner of the medicine cabinets and water stains showed through the aged ceiling. It was now obvious to Regina, that the old room hadn't been upgraded for some lengthy period, and was beginning to fall apart. This left her with a feeling of anxiety inside. No, not anxiety, it was like anxiety, but not it, more like....dread. Yes, that was it. Dread. She dreaded something, but she did not know what. She nervously, maneuvered herself within the chair. The hard, wooden device had long past, overstayed its welcome under Regina's posterior. Like most people, she had about four main sitting positions, in which she rotated throughout her wait, in order to gain some comfort. This was done in vain, however, for only numbness can heal the pain that comes from sitting in the clinic's chairs. The longer the wait, the more often the rotations came.

It was 10:56, when the Doctor finally came. Regina jolted from her thoughts with the unexpected presence of the man. She looked at the familiar face of the elderly Dr. Packard, who had been her physician, since her marriage to Edward. He and Edward went back a long ways, being old friends from college. Dr. Packard was a betting man and this Saturday, he would be coming over to the house, to play the usual game of poker. Regina thought he might make mention of this, or question about Edward's health, as he usually did. Yet, he did none of this. Instead, he formally said, "Hello Mrs. Cooney.", a name which he hadn't called her in years.

"Please, sit down.", he said, gesturing towards the examining bed. Regina

climbed on to the bed and looked into her friends eyes. It couldn't have been more than two or three weeks ago, when she last saw him. During that encounter, he had been most jubilant and free-spirited. He talked with anxiety about a bet he had recently won, as if their wasn't a care in the world. But, today his demeanor was totally transformed into one of deep depression. His movements were sluggish and his face was fixed with tension and anxiety. Perhaps, the job was becoming to strenuous for the man, in his old age, Regina thought.

"Well," he began, "I've gotten back the latest test results from your check-up." He began to pace the floor now, rubbing his face with his hands. Something is wrong, Regina thought. Her heart began to pound. She could here it in her ear, getting louder and louder. Her forehead began to perspire and her body trembled. The hands on the cat clock were spinning uncontrollably. Her heart was beating rapidly, now. Everyone must hear it she thought. She placed her hand over her heart, as if to keep it from leaping out of her chest. It was going to explode any minute now. She couldn't take much more of this. She had to know, what was it, what was wrong? "God, John! What's wrong?"

He stopped pacing the floor. Her heart slowed, almost to the point, that she wondered if it had stopped beating altogether. The clock regained it's usual pace, tick-tock, tick-tock. Everything was silent, everything was still. Even, the fly that had earlier amused its-self, by flying about the room and landing on different parts of Regina, seemed to hold its breath. Dr. Packard grasped Regina's cold hands with his own freezing ones. The connection made the two shiver, but they dared not let go. "I don't know how to say it.", he said, looking into her eyes.

"Just do, please." She said, now becoming tired of this sympathetic role he was displaying. "Just say it." She said with more determination, after a moment of hesitation by the Doctor.

The Doctor sighed gaining courage. "We've found some malignant cells from your pap smear. Oh Regina, I'm sorry," he said, shaking his head, "I wish there was something I could do."

He looked at Regina who starred in blankness. "Do you understand what I'm saying?", he asked. "You're going to have to have a hysterectomy." A long pause came and then, almost in a whisper he said, "You can't have children." His words broke at this. His strength had left him, he could say no more. Regina continued to stare, her eyes filling with tears. She just let them flow down her cheeks, down her neck, down into the color of her shirt. The floor began to spin, transforming into a black and white spiral. The walls seemed to cave in. They were going to crush her. All she could see was yellow, as her body spun, in circles, round and round. She couldn't breath and her stomach churned with anxiety. She was going to throw up. She felt the chunks rising inside as twirling colors of yellow, black and white, enveloped her. In the distance, she could hear someone yelling no, no! Then, she realized it was her own voice. Dr. Packard and the nurse were holding her down on the examining bed. She could barely make out their faint voices over the ringing in her ears. The nurse had a needle in her hand that she placed in to Regina's arm. The Dr. repeated "It's all right, everything is going to be O.K." The ringing stopped, as her eyes became heavy. The clock echoed its repetitive tone in her ear, tic-tock, tic-tock....tic...tock.....silence.

Rules From The Elders



Grow Up!
But, how can I, if you don't let me?
Act your Age!
But, how can I, if I'm supposed to grow up?
Be yourself!
But, how can I, if you are constantly changing me?
Do what we say!
But, how can I, if I'm supposed to be me?

Regret

I regret pleading for that precious gift,
of having the tool of a percussionist.
But, never once did I attempt to let
myself ascend the rhythmic step.
-this I shall forever regret.

I gaze at the image of the plump naif.
wilderness.
It haunts my memories and my shape.
Oh, foolish girl, who didn't protect,
her anatomy from such defect.
-this I shall forever regret

I was supposed to play, despite the odds.
Yet, masses proved my attempts slipshod.
But, a second chance, I soon would get,
only to fail, by not accepting it.
-this I shall forever regret.

It was my dream, to be on the movie screen,
and in-trance the audience within every scene.
Yet, my first experience doomed this concept,
and this career, no longer did I expect.
-this I shall forever regret.

I loved a man, perfect in my eyes.
But, he was robbed by a friend in disguise.
The thought of fighting back, I did reject.
And now to myself, I am in debt.
-this I shall forever regret.

Sea Shell

The world is an ocean.
The shells it's inhabitants.
All unique in size, color, and shape.

One small shell of a person
So unimportant, so inferior.
as he lives his life in the vast, blue

He is an old man.
Withered and wrinkled,
from years of abuse.
from a higher authority, named sand.

He has been stepped on,
admired by a passer-by,
and cast back into the rough world,
to be forgotten by all.
Until he repeats the cycle of life.



STACY BARKER

"That young girl is one of the least benightedly unintelligent organic life forms it has been my profound lack of pleasure not to be able to avoid meeting."-- Douglas Adams

"All I want is a warm bed and a kind word and unlimited power." -- Ashleigh Brilliant

"It's not peace I want, not mere contentment. It's boundless joy and ecstasy for me." -- Kugell

"Some mornings it just doesn't seem worth it to gnaw through the leather straps." -- Emo Philips

"Those who control their passions do so because their passions are weak enough to be controlled."-- William Blake

"When I get a little money, I buy books; and if any is left, I buy food and clothes." -- Desiderius Erasmus

Frisbeetarianism is the belief that when you die, your soul goes up on the roof and gets stuck.

Of all forms of caution, caution in love is the most fatal.

Sleep is for wimps. Happy, healthy, well-rested wimps, but wimps nonetheless.

No, I'm not an elitist. Why do you ask, peasant?

Don't just stand there...KNEEL!!

"One can't complain. I have my friends. Someone spoke to me only yesterday." --Eeyore

I love thee, I love but thee
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold
And the stars grow old
--Shakespeare

Table Manners

Ms. Brubecker was ready to go home after a full day of taping her documentary on table manners. She was achieving her dream. She had to educate the world in the ways of consuming food. At night she dreamed of flashbulbs going off and people screaming and foaming at the mouth as she walked by on the way to the world premiere of her famed documentary.

Suddenly a shadow fell across her beloved oaken table. There was something familiar about the utensils sticking out of the tall beehive of hair and the three nuts on the neck that appeared to be in search of a bolt.

She gasped as she recognized her archrival, Mr. Fanetiquette. He spoke in the gravelly voice that had haunted her dreams for so long.

"You took it all away! My forks, my spoons, my knives, even my saucers! You took my life!"

He slowly pulled his Salad Shooter out of his deep apron pocket and aimed.

Heretofore Ms. Brubecker had been very confused. She did not know exactly how she had taken Mr. Fanetiquette's saucers. She remembered pilfering the silverware, but she had no recollection of any saucers. When she saw the fully loaded kitchen appliance aimed at her head, dawning apprehension showed in her eyes.

"I didn't take your saucers. That was Mrs. Understatt."

"Oh." Mr. Fanetiquette sounded disappointed. "Well, that's all right then."

He lumbered off, asking innocent passersby where Mrs. Understatt might be.

Mr. Brubecker sighed in relief. She had finally remembered taking the saucers. They had been those pretty blue and white ones.

And after all, Mrs. Understatt was in the way of her plan of world domination. Mr. Fanetiquette would eliminate that threat in a hail of diced tomatoes.

She whistled as she left. She looked at the building, thinking, "One day you will be mine. Oh yes, you will be mine."

YELLOW



The yellow flowers
wave in the yellow sun
the yellow pollen
covers the yellow grass
soon this will all pass away
and bare leaves
and barren stalks
take the yellow flowers place
life goes on
no matter how much
we want the yellow to stay
it will go away
yellow is pleasant while it is here
but its time is short and precious and dear

"Looking back, I have this to regret, that too often when I loved, I did not say so." -David Grayson

"Love has nothing to do with what you are expecting to get, it's what you are expected to give -- which is everything." -Anon

"Tell me who admires you and loves you, and I will tell you who you are." -Charles Augustin Sainte-Beauve

"The greatest happiness of life it the conviction that we are loved -- loved for ourselves, or rather, loved in spite of ourselves." -Victor Hugo

"The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched. They must be felt."-Anon

Love is not what makes the world go around - but it sure makes the ride worthwhile

Absence extinguishes small passions and increases great ones, as the wind blows out a candle, and fans a bonfire.
-La Rochefoucauld

If you love someone, tell them. They won't be the only one glad that you did -Jamie C. Scott

Hearts are often broken when words are unspoken.
-Unknown

She ran through the field, corn brushing by.

She could hear him behind her, crunching tender young plants beneath his hard-driving feet.

She tripped over a bloody oar lying randomly in the field.

She couldn't breathe. Her lungs rasped for air and she couldn't take anymore. She would pass out if she kept running.

The ears waved above her, lashed by the wind.

He loomed above her, his red eyes glowing. His jaws opened wide in a sick parody of maniacal laughter. She saw the gleam of the steel ax.

Her survival instinct kicked in, and she tried to scramble away. Surely this field could not be much bigger-if only she could get to a road. She could flag down a car and get away and be safe.

The thorns bit into her hands.

Oh Lord, save me, save me!

But the man was too fast, too quick, too sure The ax arced in the air.

Her scream was like the cry of a lost soul as the sharp edge of the ax bit into the soft flesh of her neck.

The man flung his head back and let a roar of triumph out into the night.

He dragged the body through the field for along time. Finally he found a suitable place to dispose of the body and severed head.

He worked for hours and hours to bury the body deep enough, and of course he did not want to disturb the corn.

The day dawned on a ripe cornfield. When harvest time came, it was noticed that one small area has done very well. No doubt it had extra fertilizer.

K
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k

RUNAWAY

"Here is your ticket. You look young to be traveling by yourself. Where are you going?"

"Nowhere exactly. Thank you."

"Be careful."

As I got on the bus I thought about what the lady had said to me. I wonder if they are worried about me at home. It's only been a couple of days since I left and I'm running out of money fast. They probably haven't even noticed that I'm gone. One part of me wants to call them and another part of me wants to move on and never go back. Everything that is important to me that happens in my life is nothing to them. It's like they don't understand me and they don't want to. I feel like there is so much pressure on me, especially from my dad.

I would have been graduating next year. My dad wants me to go to college and then learn his business so that I can take over. I've tried to tell him that this isn't exactly what I want to do. He just tells me "I don't understand you. I've worked too hard to throw it away and you don't have to do something that you love doing anyway. The only thing that matters is that you make a good living." He doesn't understand that I just want to be happy.

Its time to get off now. I'm not sure what town I'm in, but it doesn't matter. Growl, growl. That's my stomach, it feels so empty. There's a diner, I'll get some food there. As I go in the waitresses look at me like a criminal. I sit down at the bar anyway. I notice that there is a man sitting a couple of seats down from me. I glance and smile and he smiles back.

"What'll it be?"

"I'll have a hamburger and fries."

"O.K., it'll be ready in a minute."

There are not a lot of people in the diner. It's mostly truck drivers and some of the people from the bus. I wonder if any of them are like me, with no particular place to go.

"Hey there, son. Mind if I sit and talk to you for a while?"

"I don't care, sir."

"I'm Pastor Hill. What's your name?"

"Mark."

"Well, where are you from?"

"A small town in Ohio."

"You are a long way from home. If you don't mind me asking what are you doing here?"

"Well, I ran away from home."

"Here is your food, son. Do you need anything else?"

"No, ma'am."

"How about you Rev?"

"No, I'm fine. Thank you. So, tell me why you left home, son."

I told Rev. Hill all about my problems. It was actually very nice to be able to talk to someone about the things that were bothering me. He listened and it made me feel special. He also gave me some advice. He told me that I should really call my parents and tell them how I was doing. I told him I would think about it. The Rev. had to leave and the next bus was leaving soon. I was about to get my next ticket and some older guys came up behind me. I couldn't see what they looked like. They pulled me into a dark alley that was near by and they started punching me. I tried to get away but I couldn't. They took all of the money that I had left. They left me there and I couldn't move at first but I found the strength to get back up. That was when I decided to call home, I wasn't really sure what time it was. I was just hoping that mom or dad would be there to answer the phone.

"Hello? Hello?"

"Hey, mom."

Flower
Beautiful, unique



Growing, budding, dying
Happiness, excitement, fulfillment, loss
Moving





Cloud

Floating, Peaceful

Cascading, Moving, Dreaming

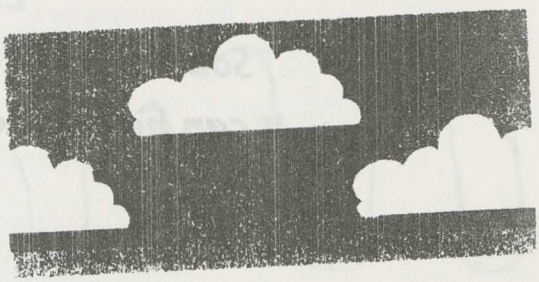
Marshmallow, Animals, Food, People

Seeing, Imagining, Wanting



Day Dreaming

Storm



Time

A clock stopped for a brief moment.
Everything around me stopped.
It was peaceful and I didn't want it to end.
There was no sound,
Except what I made or I heard in my head.

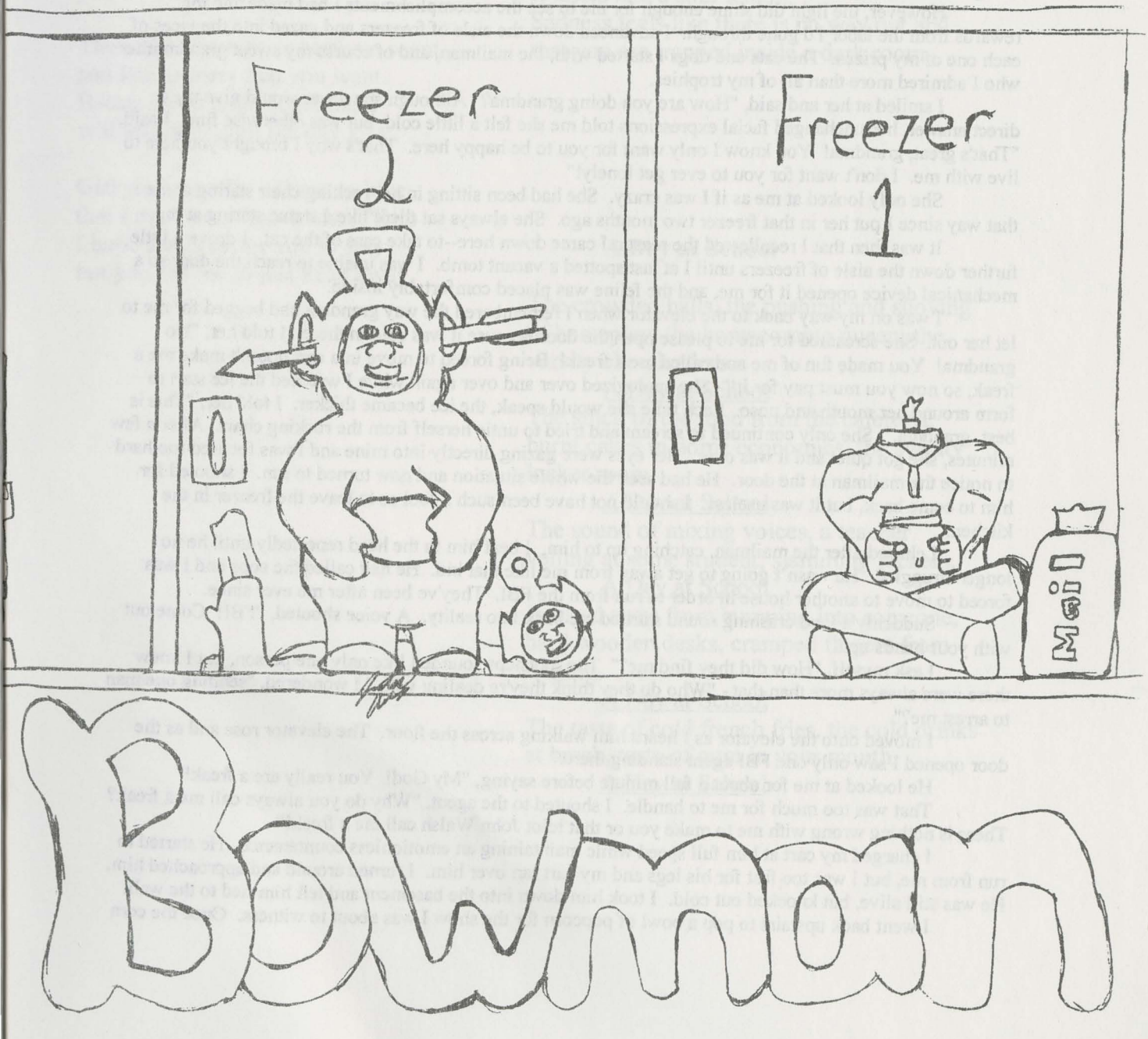
Before the clock stopped,
There was commotion and shouting all around.
Once the clock stopped,
It all stopped too.

I imagined myself in a garden,
With flowers, birds, and a small stream.
There was only the soft, sweet sound of nature,
And a quiet little tune in my head.

Your Interpretation

Life is a surprise,
It is always full of different experiences.
Even when you are in a rut,
Something little happens to make the day different.
It can be good or bad, it's just in the way you look at it.

Jeff



Bowman

I anticipated the start of America's Most Wanted. I felt that John Walsh would never get around to telling my story again. It happened over two months ago but the FBI has yet to find me in my new home.

I watched John Walsh as he finally told America about the accomplishments I had made.

"His name is Thomas Brown. He is 5'2", 500 pounds and must travel by use of a specially designed cart he himself invented. The FBI views Brown as a heartless freak since the day two months ago that he..."

"A heartless freak? Why does he always have to tell them I'm a heartless freak?", I screamed as loud as I could. I was so upset that I threw my pet cat at the television. The loud cracking sound of his neck revealed to me that I would have to take care of him just like the others.

I advanced my cart forward, stopping near the dead cat. My disability prevents me from reaching for anything, so I used the mechanical arm to pick up the cadaverous cat. I drove the cart to the elevator and it slowly lowered me into the basement.

As the door opened a damp smell like mildew met my nostrils causing them to constrict. But the familiar smell of damp, cold, and mildew that every basement possesses failed to stop me from my work. Moving my motorized vehicle into the basement, the automatic light switched on. The light gave off only a dim glow. It wasn't nearly bright enough for the tasks I must complete with precision down here.

However, the light did shine enough for me to see the accomplishments I had made and the rewards from the labor I'd gone through. I advanced down the aisle of freezers and gazed into the faces of each one of my prizes. The cats and dogs I started with, the mailman, and of course my sweet grandmother who I admired more than all of my trophies.

I smiled at her and said, "How are you doing grandma?" Although she never would give me a direct answer, her unchanged facial expressions told me she felt a little cold, but was otherwise fine. I said, "That's great, grandma! You know I only want for you to be happy here. That's why I brought you here to live with me. I don't want for you to ever get lonely!"

She only looked at me as if I was crazy. She had been sitting in her rocking chair staring at me that way since I put her in that freezer two months ago. She always sat there like a statue staring at me.

It was then that I recollected the reason I came down here--to take care of the cat. I drove a little further down the aisle of freezers until I at last spotted a vacant tomb. I was unable to reach the door so a mechanical device opened it for me, and the feline was placed comfortably inside.

I was on my way back to the elevator when I remembered the way grandma had begged for me to let her out. She screamed for me to please open the door because it was cold in there. I told her, "No grandma! You made fun of me and called me a freak! Being forced to move in a cart doesn't make me a freak, so now you must pay for it!" She apologized over and over again while I watched the ice start to form around her mouth and nose. Each time she would speak, the ice became thicker. I told her, "This is best, grandma." She only continued to scream and tried to untie herself from the rocking chair. After a few minutes, she got quiet and it was over. Her eyes were gazing directly into mine and I was focused too hard to notice the mailman at the door. He had seen the whole situation and now turned to run. I shouted for him to come back, but it was useless. I should not have been such a fool as to leave the freezer in the kitchen.

I chased after the mailman, catching up to him. I beat him in the head repeatedly until he no longer struggled. He wasn't going to get away from me like that kid. He had called the cops and I was forced to move to another house in order to run from the FBI. They've been after me ever since.

Suddenly a loud crashing sound startled me back into reality. A voice shouted, "FBI! Come out with your hands up!"

I ask myself, "How did they find me?" The footsteps sounded like only one person, but I knew there were always more than that. "Who do they think they're dealing with," I wondered, "sending one man to arrest me?"

I moved onto the elevator as I heard him walking across the floor. The elevator rose and as the door opened I saw only one FBI agent standing there.

He looked at me for about a full minute before saying, "My God! You really are a freak!"

That was too much for me to handle. I shouted to the agent, "Why do you always call me a freak? There is nothing wrong with me to make you or that idiot John Walsh call me a freak!"

I charged my cart at him full speed while maintaining an emotionless countenance. He started to run from me, but I was too fast for his legs and my cart ran over him. I turned around and approached him. He was still alive, but knocked out cold. I took him down into the basement and left him tied to the wall.

I went back upstairs to pop a bowl of popcorn for the show I was about to witness. Once the corn

finished popping, I went back into the basement. As the door of the elevator opened, I asked myself, "I wonder if he'll scream like grandma?"

Feelings

I still have so many feelings for you
even though you've left me sad and blue.
I can only ask myself why
you would make me cry.

The wind blows your perfume scent
and I'm so sorry that you went.
Because you understand that I
will love you until the day I die.

Girl you've really left me so blue
that I don't even know what I'll do
I hope and pray for you to stay
but you tell me to just keep away.

Sadness

Sadness is blue.
It sounds like someone crying bitterly.
It smells like a sewer on a hot day.
It tastes like a sour lemon.
Sadness feels like there is no way out and
that you are trapped inside a dark room.

A Day at School

The crowded halls, the pushing and shoving of horseplay, the homecoming queen, the varsity cheerleaders

A Day at School

The smell of the food from the cafeteria, burnt cakes in home economics, the sweaty locker room.

A Day at School

The sound of mixing voices, a teacher yelling at some student, slamming lockers.

A Day at School

Bruised arms from bumping into someone, hard wooden desks, cramped fingers from writing.

A Day at School

The taste of cold french fries, the cold drinks at break, taste of gum in your mouth.

A Day at School

Different Ways

Here I am
Not all right, soul broken in two
Painful Nights
Losing Out
I'm thinking of you

Someday I will show you
That the fear that scared you
Will one day allow you
To be loved
But we'll go different ways.
My love won't desert you
You know that I want you
To be loved
But we'll go different ways.

Blue

Blue is the color I see
whenever I look behind a cloud.
Blue is the color that reminds me
of the sadness there is everywhere.
It is the color of the sky
even though I feel unsure why.
Blue is the color of the trash
that falls to the ground with a crash.
Looking at the colors of my school
I decide the color blue is cool.
The color blue is on a lot of things
such as the Powerade machines.
Blue is the color of cars and trucks
with those of the best of luck.
The color blue is special to me.

Grandma

He placed his grandma in the freezer
with the intent of that to tease her.
The air soon ran out of her lungs
and she begged for him to just use guns.
He told her, "But grandma that will not do
because you know I only love you!"

Roads

Life can take you down a lot of roads
and just where they lead no one knows.
There are those that take you away
even though you know you cannot stay.
Then there are the roads that never end
Instead they just seem to begin again.
Of course there is a lonely street
where you can't find anyone to greet.
But in contrast you may find the way
to the road that leads to love someday.
Does a road that leads to love really exist?
No, it only appears to be there in the mist.

JEAN ALLEN

When the wise amongst themselves doth fight,
terror shall spread across the land.
When the great city falls from sight,
glamorous evil is near at hand.
Darkness will appear from the sky.
The shadow war will rage on.
Death shall bleed the living earth dry.
The mighty kingdoms are long since gone.
Two men doth meet upon a blackened field.
Words of truce to be spoken.
Forbidden powers both do wield.
The world shall lie inevitably broken.

!SCANSCANSCANSCANSCANSCANSCANSCAN!

A dream I had, or so it seems.
A redundant fantasy.
I appeared in a world of sacrilege.
Ruled by a sadistically, sinister serpent
of a most unusual nature.
A king ruling by a fang of magnetite.
Ghouls at his side whizzing in the air.
They hiss at me as I do flee,
but when left with no other resort,
a tree I must climb.
The leviathan paid scant heed to me
with his standoffish manner.
The ghouls began to sing,
and my ears began to ring.
Without due notice they lept into the tree.
For that deed they did bleed,
for the limb broke with a mighty snap.
The ghouls did tumble as they landed with a crash.
I however, landed with a splash.

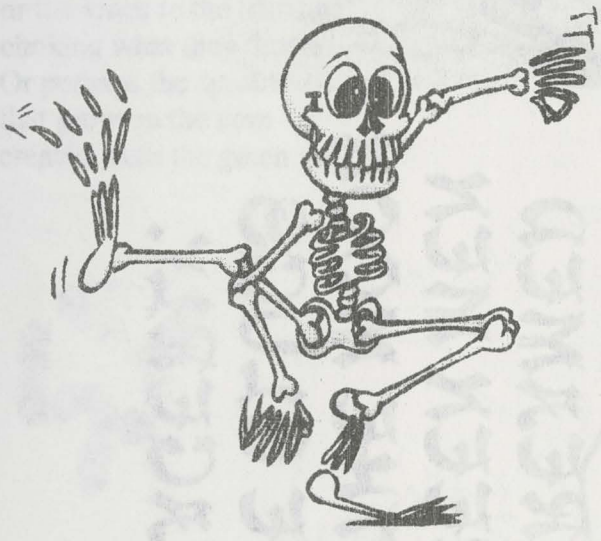


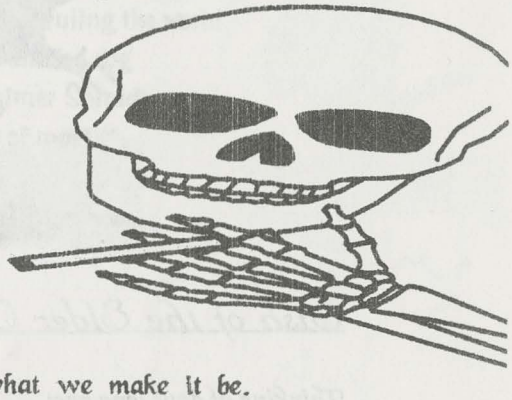
AT THE FLICK OF THE BIC
SHE LIT THE WICK.
THE DARKNESS WAS GONE
ALTHOUGH FEARFUL WHILE ALONE
THE FLAME DANCED EVER HIGHER
SOON BECOMING A RAGING FIRE



Old Mother Hubbard
what do you keep in the cupboard?
Golden teeth and human bones.
Where has your husband gone?

In the darkness the shadowy figure stood
wearing a glamorous cloak and hood.
The rancid smell of the putrid dead.
Ever slowly it uncovered its head.
A bare skull with empty eyes.
"You are mine little one. I free you from this life."
The crackling voice was painful to hear.
With a slight shuffle it drew near.
I stood unable to move my feet.
With each step my heart increased a beat.
It reached out and grasped my arm.
The touch was icy and filled me with alarm.
Its breath was frigid upon my naked face.
Laughter erupted like a growl as we left the place.





"There's nothing else threatening
up here. Just a few deer, a frog
and a few moles or bears."
Lilly Schaffer
Grade 2, Mrs. Rana

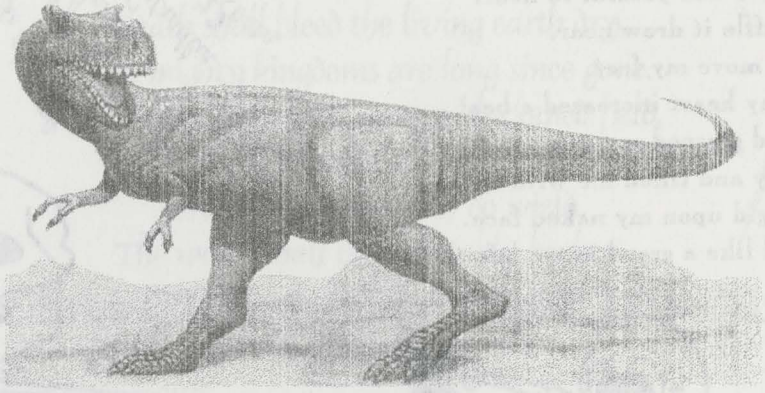
The world is what we make it be.
Look around and tell me what you see.
Would you ever change it?
Perhaps to make everything fit.
No one sees the same thing.
You see a tooth. I see a fang.
You see the earth. I see the ground.
Remember this as you look around.
It all is only what we wish to see,
not what it really might be.

THE CHAIN

Follow the chain.
Off in the distance it leads
with rusty links in circles.
Where will it lead?
Across the river and through the woods?
Or perhaps just next door.
You will never know where it ends.
Would you trust its strength?
Is it dependable?
Is it expendable?
So many other things are.

The heart beating in fear.
The danger comes ever near.
How long can one hide?
Can the world be opened wide?
Why lock yourself away?
Speak. What have you to say?
Nothing is forever after all.
Together we stand. Divided we fall.

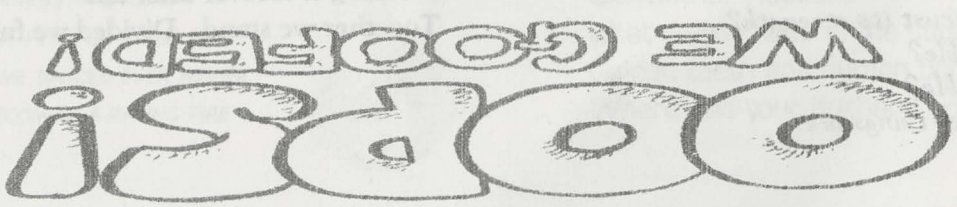
The great lizard of the gizzard
ate the old woman's sloth.
It was fine until it choked on the cloth.
It tasted like poison and felt like daggers.
It began walking as old men stagger.



Wish of the Elder One

Thinking of days long past
I dream of flying fast.
Going where I shouldn't be
to a place where I can be free.
Each year the world dies a little more.
This doesn't matter to those who can soar.
Earth is such an evil place.
Who can win the endless race?
No chains to hold me down,
but I cannot leave the ground.
Invisible bonds hold me back.
A ticket for passage is what I lack.
I belong in the sky,
for now I can only wish to fly.
Somewhere there is a way,
yet I must wait for another day.

I DREAMED
GREEN MEN
ON THE MOON
ATE SLUGS
EAGERLY.



Green

The color we all know.
The color we all see.
Vibrant color of life
forever to be.
Green is the color.
Elusive as the Katydid
hiding in the grass.
Wherever you look
green is there.
The bottles left behind,
or the vines in the distance
choking what they touch.
Or perhaps the sprouts
that grow on the corn
created from the green stalks.

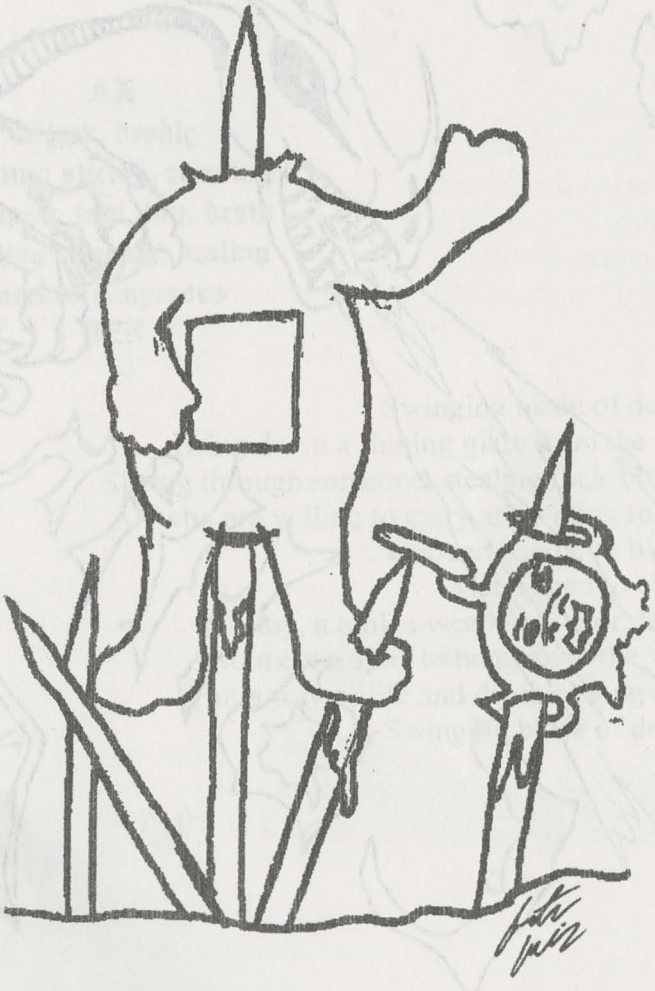


The Goat

Remember the goat with two legs.
He will always remember you.
One day he shall make you beg.
Filling you with pain justly due.
You can try to outrun the beast.
His intelligence is matched by none.
Slow is he to kill and feast,
yet he always gets the job done.

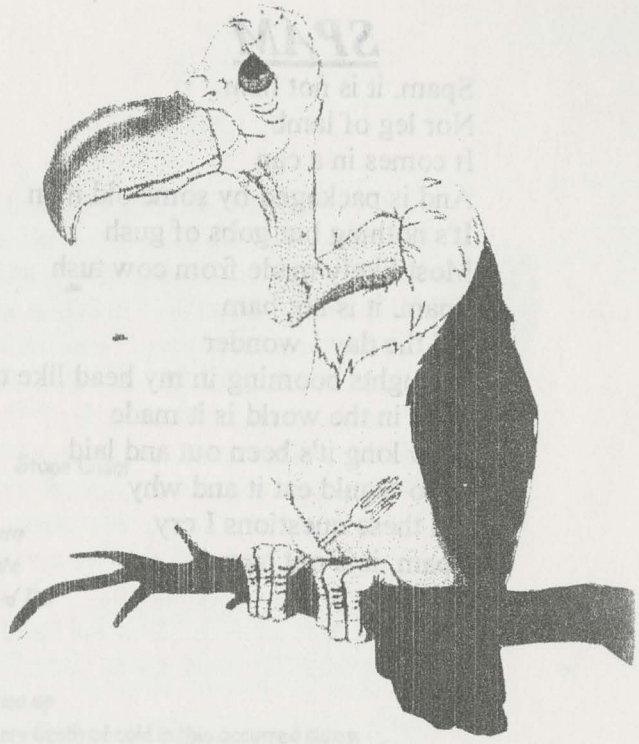
Inside Jonathon's Head

As I look at him I ponder what is inside.
Perhaps his head contains thoughts of:
50 rabbits running in circles
100 thoughts of the deadly Fred
5 giant elephants stomping donkeys
16 bloody axes hanging on a wall
9 gory lizards ten-feet tall
3 thoughts of TeleTubbies ruling the world
2 of McShmick and his stuffed dog
1 of John Jacob Jingleheimer Shmidt
and the thing he thinks of most
FOOD.



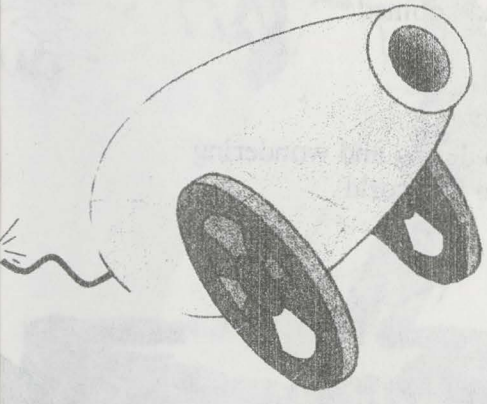

THE INSIDE OF WORKS

HE COMES INTO THE ROOM UNKNOWN
SLEEKING ALONG UNNOTICED TO ALL
HIS TRANSPARENT EYES GIVE NO SIGN OF EMOTION
HE IS LUMINESCENT IN HIS OWN WAY
YET DARK TO ALL
HE IS THE WHISPER IN THE DISCORD
THE CHILL THAT RUNS UP YOUR SPINE
HE IS BOTH HIDEOUS AND BEAUTIFUL TO THE EYE
IF SEEN AT ALL
HE COMES ALONG AND TOUCHES YOU
A COLD CHILL RUSHES THROUGH YOU
YOU KNOW HE'S THERE BUT WHERE?
YOU LOOK ABOUT, BUT YOU ARE....
THERE IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM STANDS A FIGURE
A SHADOW AMONG THE SHADOWS
HE TURNS AND LOOKS AT YOU
HIS EYES MEET YOURS
THEY BURN INTO YOUR VERY SOUL
FILLING YOUR MIND WITH MEMORIES OF THE PAST
JOY, PAIN, HATRED, AND LOVE
HIS LAUGHTER FILLS YOUR HEAD, DRIVING YOU MAD
YOU'RE POWERLESS TO STOP HIM
HE TAKES HOLD OF YOU WITH HIS ICY GRIP
AND DRINKS YOUR VERY BREATH FROM YOUR LUNGS
YOU STRUGGLE, TRYING TO ESCAPE, BUT TO NO AVAIL
SUDDENLY HE LETS GO
HE TURNS AWAY, LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW, AND THEN IS GONE
TODAY IS YOUR LUCKY DAY
FOR DEATH HAS A MORE IMPORTANT KILL.



AX

Sleek, deadly
Cutting slicing, cleaving
Weapon, tool, toy, death
Killing clearing, dealing
needed dangerous
PEN



Swinging blade of death
Bring down a shining glare from the sky
Slicing through someone, stealing their breath
All who are willing to carry are willing to die
Wooden handle to block
Metal head to chop
A toy, a tool, a weapon, life or death
No mere trophy to hang upon the wall
But a way of life and death of long ago
Swinging blade of death



SPAM

Spam, it is not ham
Nor leg of lamb
It comes in a can
And is packaged by some old man
It's nothing but gobs of gush
Most likely made from cow tush
Spam, it is not ham
All the day I wonder
Thoughts booming in my head like thunder
Why in the world is it made
How long it's been out and laid
Who would eat it and why
All these questions I cry
Spam, it is not ham.

Creaking, cracking, snapping
His wings thrash through the air
A carnivores demon is on the lurk
He flies high and gives a jerk
He shots toward the village like,
a half crazed hoard
The villagers know who he is and run
He's that fire breathing serpent
of ancient lore
The Dragon of the Sun
The plains went alight
As the dragon laughed with delight
To him this was a wonderful site
As the villagers fled in fright
He left the scene to return another night

Deep Thought

I am nothing
But yet something
I'm beyond explanation
Beyond understanding
I'm misunderstood

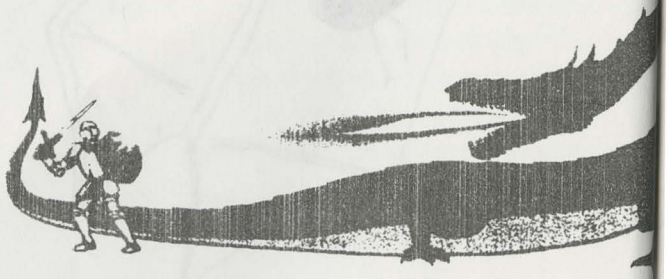
The Thought

Upon the rock I sit
Pondering about the day before
Never had I had such a thought
Never before had I wondered about such a thing

The sea chopped and foamed
The wind blew and twirled
The lighten cracked and boomed
And then an idea came

Now I knew what to do
How to answer my pondering and wondering
I will empty my soul to the world
Now I will jump





The Battle

night: Awaken from your gentle slumber
Awake before begin to mummer
For the sun is up and you are about to bake
Awake, awake, **AWAKE!**

The time is now and the battle is near
And we're two miles from the rear
Hurry, to your feet
You lazy pile of meat

Hurry on your horse, we must go
Or I won't get to lay a blow
Grab my sword, shield, lance, and spear
We're too far from the battle's rear

There, can't you see them all flee
At last I'll get to show them, it's all up to me
Charge you stupid beast, Charge up yonder hill
Around the scorched bodies and broken wheels

uire: Sir, just hush!
Please explain your rush
Can't you see that little girl
She's holding a baby fire breathing squirrel



Stone Giant

Coming from the tavern
In a much drunken state
The good Knight, Lord Dar
Fell flat on his face

Lord Dar: Good squire, do help me up
I do feel that I'll catch my death of cold in this occurred slump
Please, so lend me a hand
Please help me out of this sand

Squire: My dear lord, why are the drunk
Please my lord face the other way
Your breath offends yon skunk
And we must be on our way

Lord Dar: I do agree my wise friend
But, I do believe I see something standing beyond yonder river bend
I say, let's go and see what yonder beast may be
My good squire, please follow me

So along the river they went
To see what yonder beast was
When they drew near to the bend, Lord Dar let out a mighty yell
For before them set a giant made of the hardest stone

Lord Dar: My good squire hand me my lance
If he's asleep I may have a chance
If I don't kill him, Ill ride like hell
So let us pray I don't fell

Off he rode like a flash
As he drew close, the beast did move
But it didn't stop him
He rode on until there was a mighty crash

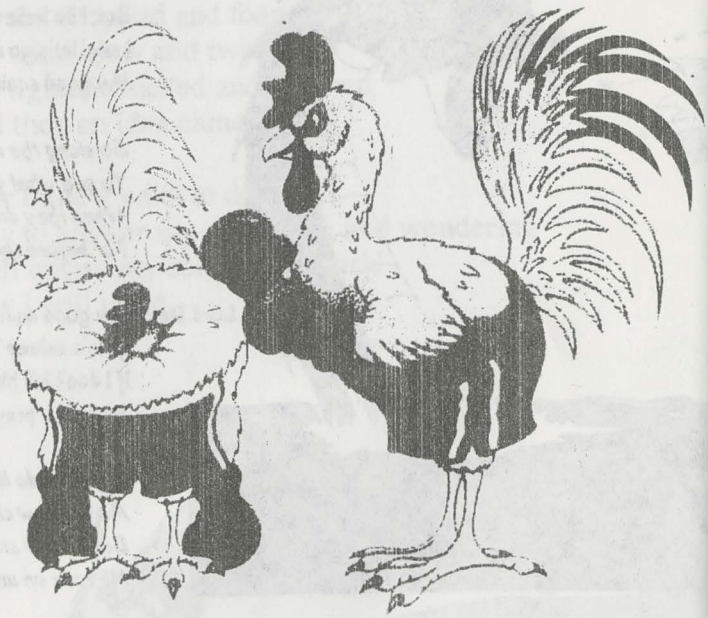
Lord Dar: This is no giant, but a pile of rocks
Look good squirrel who does us mock
Why, it's that little girl
And run dear squire, fir here comes her darling little squirrel



A bird came down the walk
He wanted to have a little talk
"What so you say." he chirped
"What?" I replied with a smirk
"What so you say." came his reply
I knew not what to do, I thought I would die
"I was wondering why?" he looked at me funny
"Why what, my little honey."
"Why are you wrapped up so tight." he said with a cry
And shot up into the sky
"Your wrapped up in such a pretty shirt."
"It appears it hurts."
"No, not at all." I said lying
It actually was quit Confining

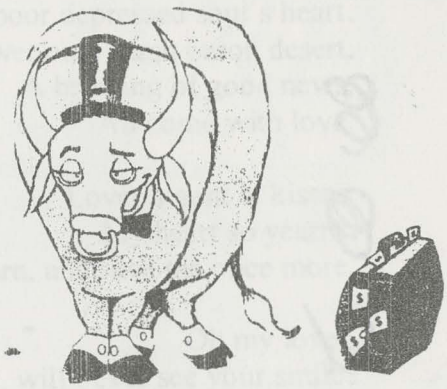
"Now who were you talking to Mr. Jones." came a voice behind me
"Why that little bird up in the tree."
"Come now Mr. Jones, the bird" came the answer
"Yes, the bird." I said to her
"All right Mr. Jones, time for bed."
"Only if you loosen my straight jacket." is all I said.





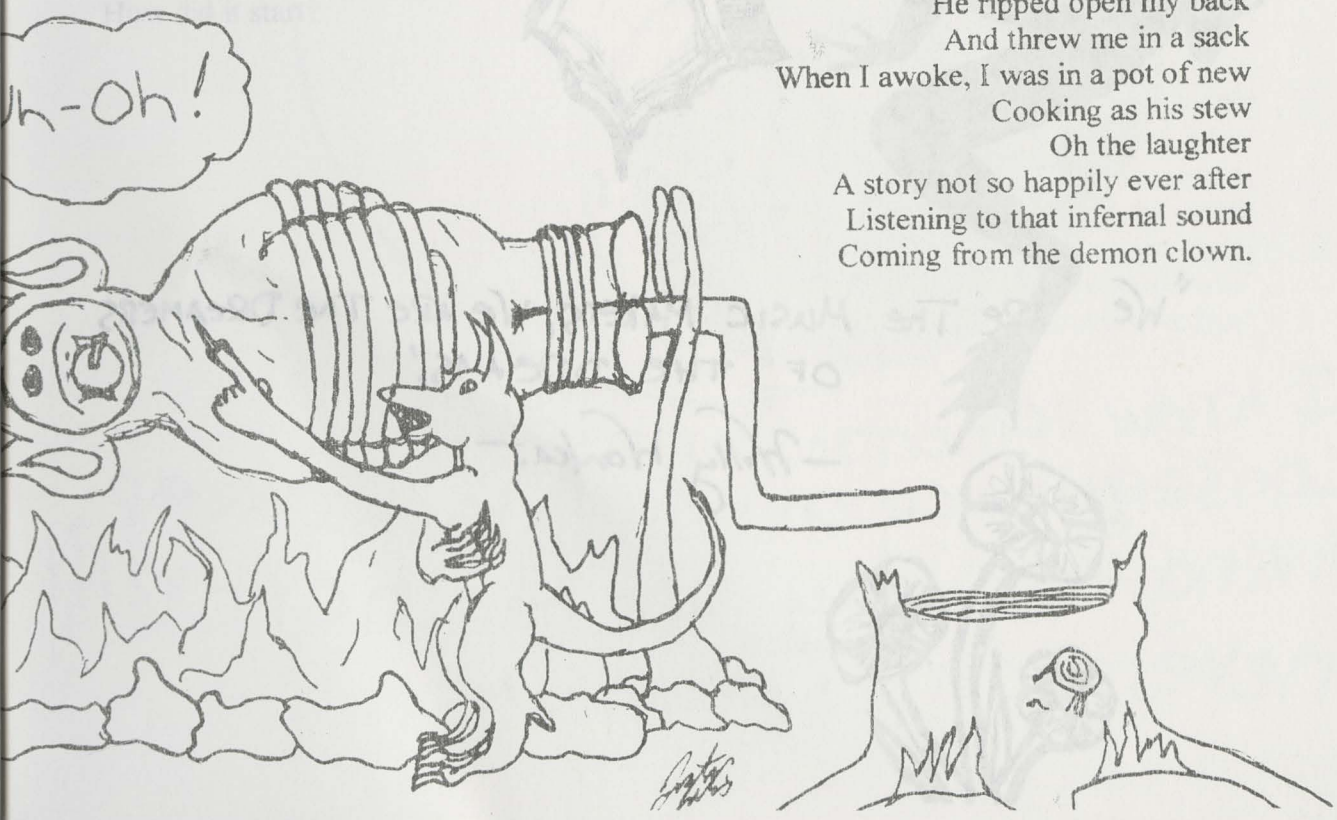
People Against Teletubbies World Domination

We are the people against Teletubbies world domination
We have the strongest determination
We'll drag them out in the street and shoot them
Pull them out in the front yard and boot them
We don't care when, why or where
Stopping them is our only care
They are the foulest of demons I say
They should be stopped today
They are the spawn of some evil creation
We are the people against Teletubbies world domination

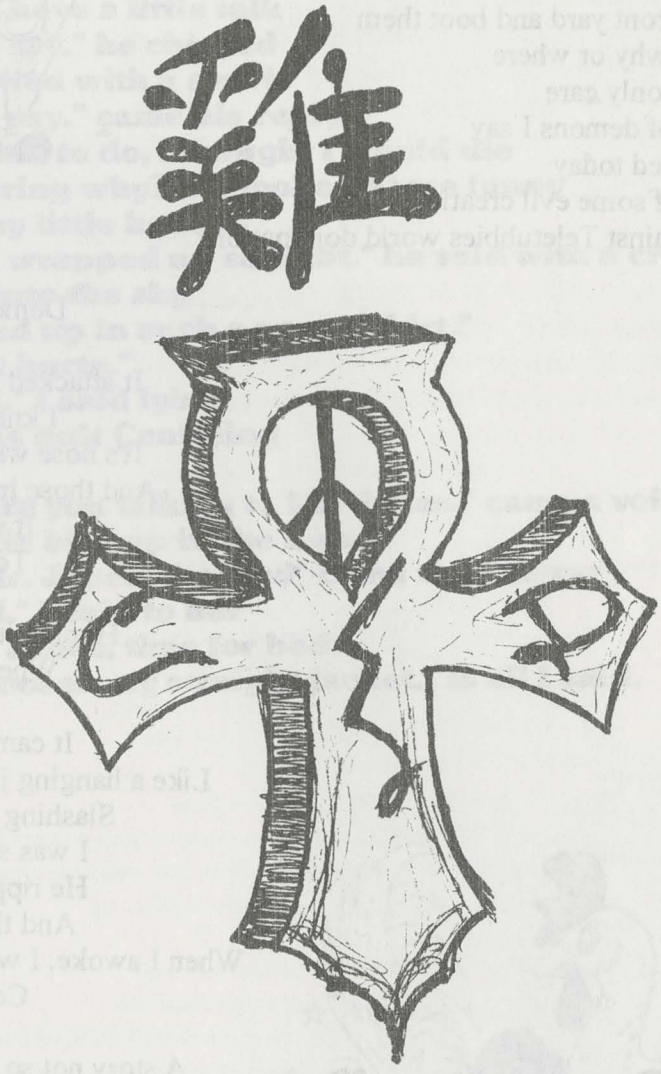


Demon Clown

It attacked me on 34th street
I knew not what to do
It's nose was as red as a beat
And those huge, floppy shoes
It ripped at my flesh
Tore open my chest
I let out a scream
Hoping it all to be a dream
When I did not awake
I knew it too late
It came at me with fury
Like a hanging judge with no jury
Slashing at me like a beast
I was sure to be his feast
He ripped open my back
And threw me in a sack
When I awoke, I was in a pot of new
Cooking as his stew
Oh the laughter
A story not so happily ever after
Listening to that infernal sound
Coming from the demon clown.



Courtney



Duway

"We are The Music Makers, We are The Dreamers of the Dreams."

—Willy Wonka—





A song on a poor depressed soul's heart,
A rain shower on a harsh baron desert,
A bringing of good news,
All come with love.

Lover's gent le kisses,
My heart so yearns,
For my love to return, and save me once more.

Oh my lover,
So far away now, will I ever see your smile?
Dawn passes form night into day,
I so long for your love,
Affection, and kindness.

How did it start?
I wonder why
As I lie awake.
It must have been
When I looked in your eyes.
When you held me all night long.

Lying in my bed again
I cry because you're not here.
Thinking about how things were,
And how I want them to be.

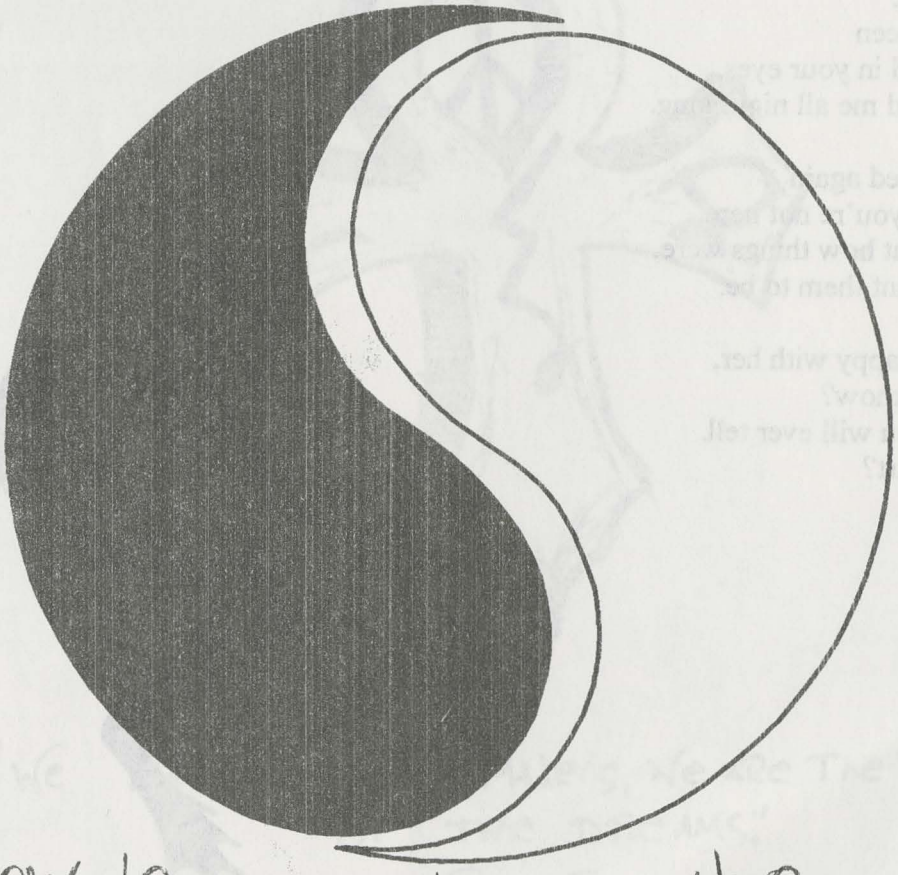
You look so happy with her,
But does she know?
I wonder if you will ever tell.
How did it start?



When will it all end?
When the birds stop singing,
When the whispers go silent,
When the warm lovers touch goes cold,
When the last tear drop falls,
When words go unspoken…and thoughts not felt.

Why must it stop?
Why, because smiles are fading,
And children stop laughing,
Hope is becoming smaller and smaller every harsh word spoken,

We do not trust anyone, so why should it go on?



"I know tomorrow brings the consequence at hand, but I keep living this day like the next will never come." -Fiona Apple-



A sore thumb in a crowd.
I am picked at constantly,
I don't understand why.
I try to be one of a kind,
No one understands
What I have been through,
Alone I stand, The pain I have seen,
The trash I have been.
All I am is a mask,
That is all they see.
If only they knew me!
Nobody has ever looked at what I am,
All they see is the clothes I wear,
The car I drive.
I don't want to be judged for my material being,
Know what I feel,
I cry,
I love,
I get angered,
I forgive.
I do not crave what others have,
I have peace of mind.
But I am pushed into a mold.

For many years I have had dreams.
Dreams where I see myself in the arms of a tall stranger,
A stranger that I felt I knew,
Trusted and loved at the first touch.
I never truly knew what these dreams meant.
I never asked. For it was just a dream, right?
How was I to know it would come true?
Who was I to wonder if it would come true?

The Mindless Scribble of ASHLEY COLLINS

People surround me.
I am in a daze.
I don't understand,
Sights, sounds, voices.

The girl to my right,
Trying to convert me.
The guy to my left,
Trying to control me.

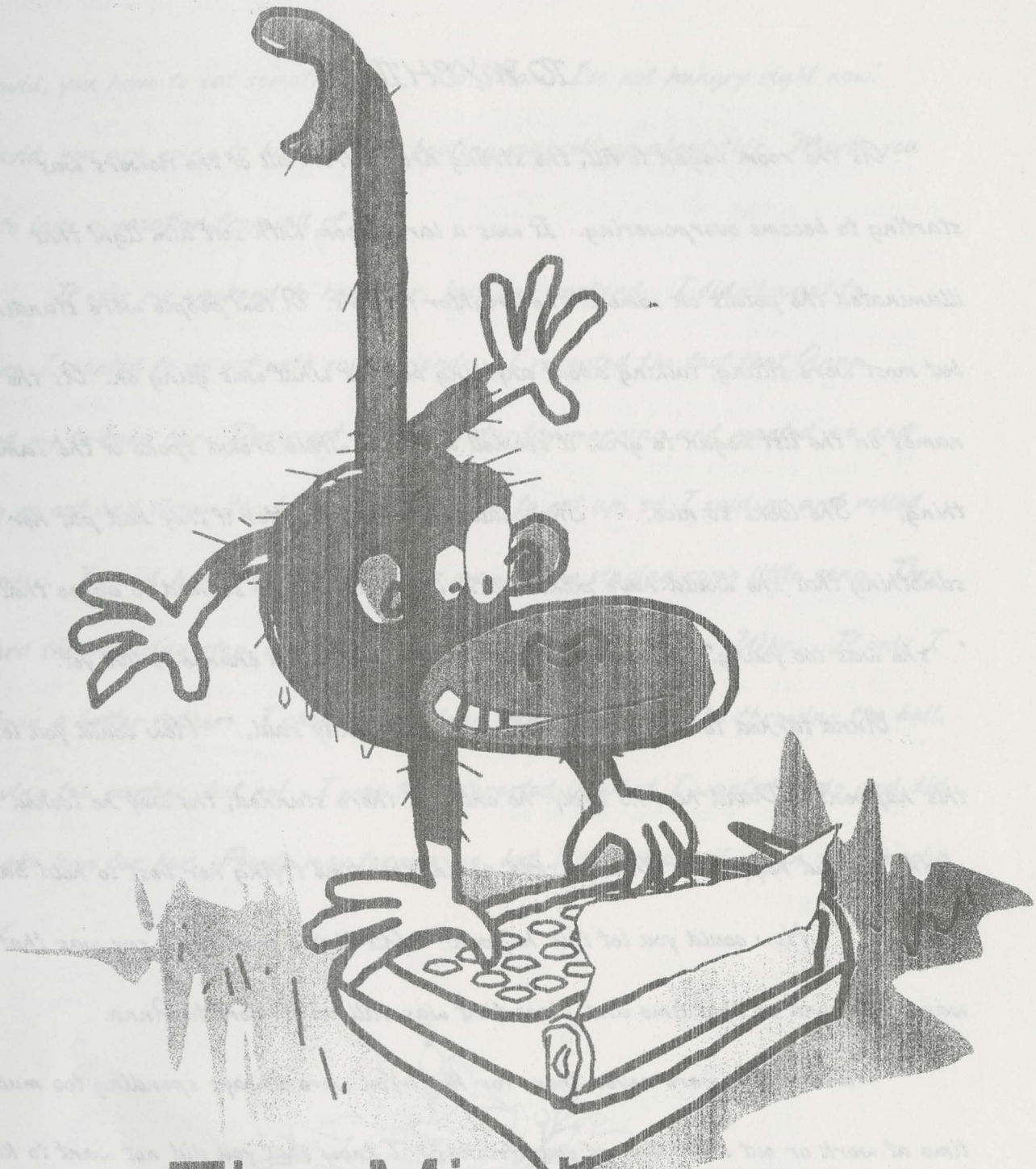
Decisions to be made,
I try to choose right.
Is there no one to guide me?
To show me the way?

People surround me,
Confusion surrounds me.



-Can't Shake the Devils hand
And Say your only kidding-

-THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS-



The Mindless Scribble of ASHLEY COLLINS

TO MY CHILD

As the room began to fill, the strong aroma from all of the flowers was starting to become overpowering. It was a large room with soft dim light that illuminated the petals on some of the brighter flowers. A few people were standing but most were sitting, talking about anything besides what was going on. As the names on the list began to grow it seemed as if the whole crowd spoke of the same thing, " She looks so nice." " She would have looked better if they had put her in something that she would have picked out." The entire group seemed to agree that " she was too young." They felt that she had " not had a chance to live yet."

Anna turned to David and slowly and hesitantly said, " How could you let this happen?" David had no reply: he only sat there stunned, the way he looked when this had happened. Anna asked again, this time trying her best to hold back the tears. " How could you let this happen?" All that David could say was that he was sorry, and at that time and place that was still no comfort to Anna.

" David, you were never there for her. You were always spending too much time at work or out with some of your friends. I know that you did not want to keep her this weekend, but I hoped that maybe the two of you would have a good time. You are always too busy to take time out for her. She is, WAS, your daughter too!"

" David would you like something to eat?" " No thank you Mom."

'David, you have to eat something.' 'No, Mom, I'm not hungry right now.'

'David, you are going to have to stop beating yourself up about this. Maybe you need to take a vacation from all of this.'

'It was my weekend to keep her, just one weekend. I didn't want to because I wanted to go out with some friends. I resented the fact that Anna wanted me to keep her. Dasiy got up that Saturday morning and wanted me and her to go out and throw the ball. I didn't want to get up, so I said no and rolled back over. I could hear her from out side my window singing some little song. Then I heard the bouncing stop, and then... It's all my fault... Why... Why... If only I had been a better father. I should have done things with her like throwing the ball, or having tea parties, but no! I was too interested in what I wanted to do and did not make time for her. People may forgive me, but I don't know if I can ever forgive myself.'



LOVE

Love is nothing but scribble
Its rough and grainy to the touch
Its like and underpaid clerk
trying to obtain his sale.

Its something we need, but may
never get
We can't explain it, and few of
us obtain it
We may be born with it instilled
But we cover it with fear.

The pain, the hurt, the loss
It's like walking on marbled floors
All you can see are the reflections
Of one's eyes, but no deeper.

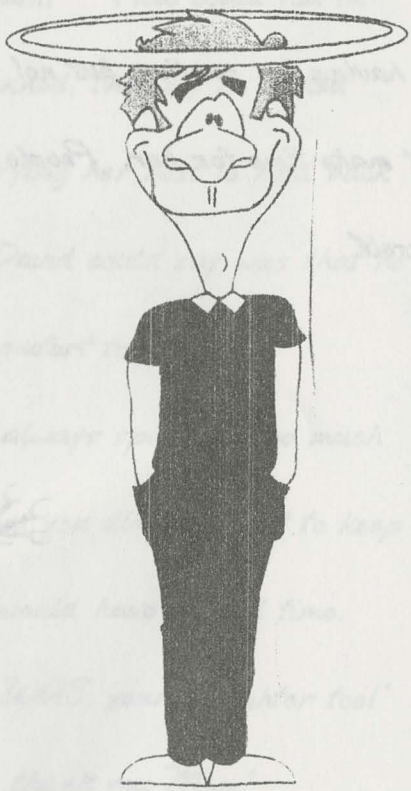
We grasp for what we cannot see
As we try to time our hearts to
chime together.

TRUTH

The truth I cannot speak
For the lies have consumed my life
The illusion that I hold
Is mine and mine alone.

When I try to speak the truth
My tongue can't comprehend
I struggle to free this honesty
But the sin will always win.

As I continue, the lies become
distorted
Both reality and fiction intermingle
And begin to single, me out of this
conversation
And I lose control of my speech,
and of my imagination.



MY SOUL POSSESSION

Our minds built the fences
But our hearts tore them down
Our love shall have no boundaries
There's enough to go around.

You are my shelter
My defense from the storm
The waves of our emotions
Shall always run.

My heart will skip a beat
When it feels that you are near
I could die within your arms
And go through death with little fear

From the cradle to the grave
You were my one and only
The vow of our love
Shall never come undone.

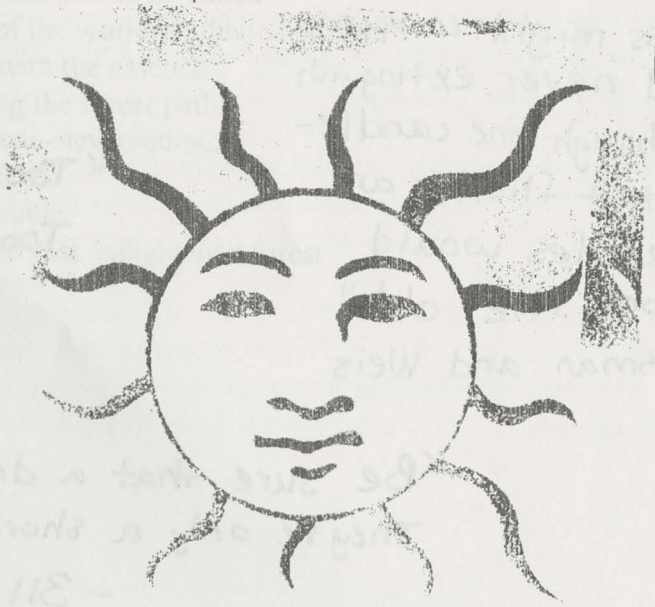
And you are my shelter
My defense from the storm
The waves of our emotions
Shall always run.

Colonel Mustard

As I sit and as I ponder
what to write is what I wonder
Of Ms. Peacock with the knife
Mr. Green gave up his life.

In the kitchen with the gun
On the prowl was Professor Plum
If he found her in good time
With her life she would resign.

In the study
With my pen
I sat all knowing
That I would win.



"Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep."
—Percy B. Shelley

"And still I live..."
-Mary Shelley

" To the woods and waters wild,
with a fairy hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping
than you can understand."
-William Butler Yeats

JERI MARSHALL

"Surely nothing dies
but something mourns!"
-Lord Bryon

"There only shall the swis
Be heard of the regal fis
There like a golden Kn
Dart the feet of the unicorn
And there, death brought to
The dead bird be rebo
—Courtee Culle

"The darkness might conquer,
but it could never extinguish
hope. And though one candle—
or many—might flicker and
die, new candles would
be lit from the old."
—Hickman and Weis

"Too young to hold on,
Too old to break
free and run."
-Jeff Buckl

"Be sure that a dream's alive,
They're only a short burst in life."
-311

A rainbow is life
A myriad of colors blending together
To form a concrete painting of light
No one knows where it begins
Or where it ends
It is just beautiful and vivid
Then, slowly fades away in time



Silvery
Transparent hue
Glowiing strikingly white
A pearl in the sky
A child's dream
The moon



A forest, a vision of protection and shield
To the outside world.
Tall trees loom high in the sky, and can be mistaken
For giants carrying the weight of the world on their shoulders
A girl, dressed in a blue cloak, with the essence
Of nature about her, flows along the forest path,
Which gives the illusion of a maze--neverending,
And winding around life's obstacles.
She heeds the lark's call with a smile,
As she continues on through the vast, enlightened forest
Of her world.

Sweet Tragedies

The clanging of steel was echoed throughout the castle halls, and challenges and insults accompanied these thrusts of anger. A woman's soft voice clamored over the noise in persuasive cries.

The moon, entombed in the bluish hue of nature's fervor, shone on the castle of Belidas. It was a quiet night. Wary travelers on lonely roads even called it a peaceful night, but peace had scurried through the castle gates when the first sound of steel, whisking from a scaffold, rang in the air.

"Please!" shouted Zelda in a demanding voice. "Stop this at once!" The two young knights, clad in their shiny armor, only ignored her.

Thor, a chillingly brave knight, struck at his opponent's shoulder.

Eustace glided back and parried the blow that could have meant his death. "Thor, I thought you proclaimed you were the best swordsman the King had in his Army?" Eustace taunted, his brown eyes burning in rage.

"I am!" Thor replied in a voice, hinting of mockery, and he grinned a crooked smile to show Eustace he lacked fear.

Eustace groaned and lunged his sword towards Thor's bare throat, but Thor countered him in sinister laughter.

"Tsk, tsk," Thor chimed. "Dear Eustace, I believe I will be victorious." Then, he pushed a velvet-cushioned oak chair into Eustace's way. It banged on the floor, shattering one of the well-carved arm rests.

"You insulted my lady," Eustace hissed as he darted around the obstacle in front of him. "Therefore, you insulted me. So, Thor, prepare yourself to be a defeated fool." He then struck his sword at Thor again, and Thor countered his attack once more.

Zelda, stepped back to stand against the cold wall. "Stop it!" she wailed. She now had fear in her heart that her love would be slaughtered, and all her careful plans would be destroyed.

"Insult?" retorted Thor, his blue eyes gleaming with mischief. His laughter flooded over the sound of steel. He struck at Eustace with all his anger, and forced Eustace to retreat back in the direction he came.

The Lady Zelda, whom the duel was fought for, saw the overturned chair behind Eustace. She tried to warn him. but she could not. Her voice caught in her throat, and she leaned against the wall for support. "Please, let it be over soon," she thought, as she closed her eyes.

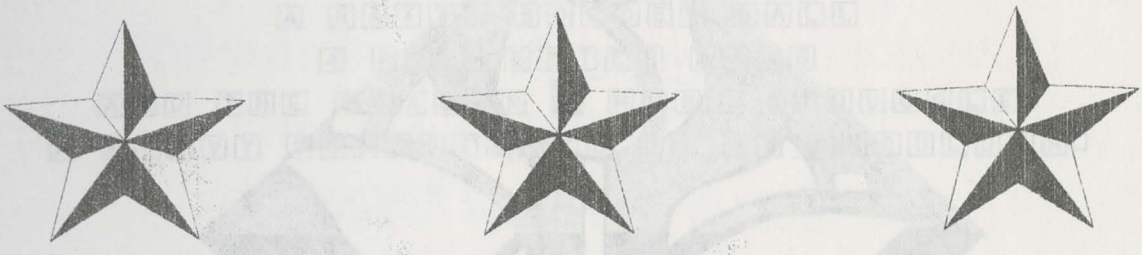
Eustace bumped into the chair, and lost his balance and tumbled to the floor. His head hit the hard floor, and his vision was blurry for a moment. He realized he lost his sword in his fall, so he rolled over, trying to find it, but could not. He turned on his back, defeated and exhausted.

Thor towered over him, with a victorious half smile, and said truthfully, "You fought well, Sir Eustace." Then, he raised his sword high and plunged it into the soft of his stomach, where the mail shirt did not cover. His body twitched twice and laid still. His glassy eyes came to rest on Zelda, the last sight his mortal body saw.

Zelda sighed and refused to look at Eustace's face. She turned to Thor. "Is he dead?" she asked nervously.

Thor nodded and released his sword from the dead knight's body. Zelda rushed to him and embraced him gratefully.

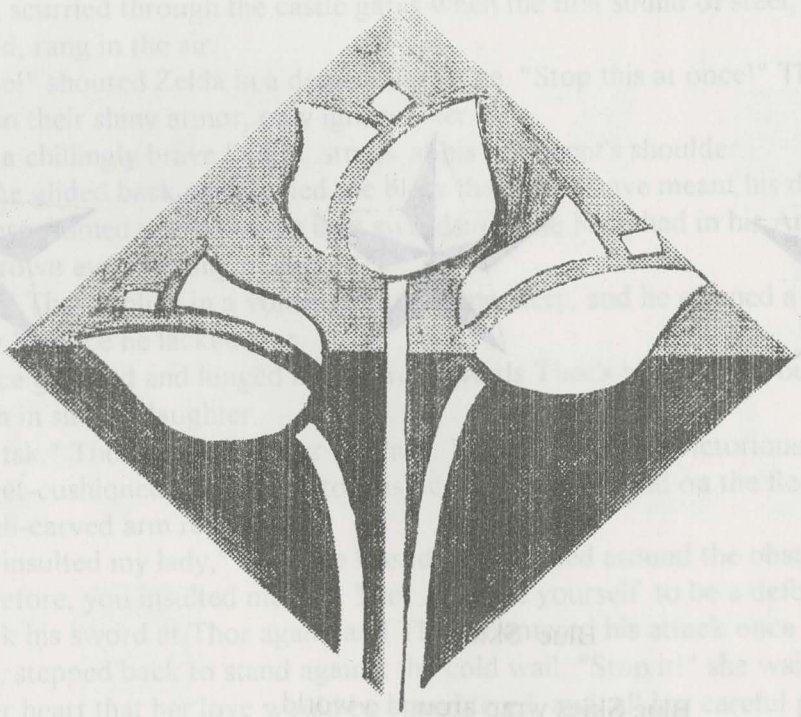
"Now, what will we ever tell the King?" Zelda muttered, as she stood over the body of her dead Eustace, in the arms of his enemy.



Blue Skies

Blue Skies wrap around a world
Tainted with white clouds
Which are etched from the topaz cloak
Of the gods
Green trees reach up to grasp
The silver twinkles of the stars
Which glitter in the celestrial crowns
Of Kings and Queens
Purple is the envious color of flowers
Which sprout in fields of time
And shower galaxies and royality
In an essence of profound delight
Orange butterflies flutter their wings
In a world of myriad colors
And dance in the blue skies
While attracting the attention of regal beings

Angie



Leonard

MY BACK SEAT

AS I STRUGGLE TO GET IN MY BACK SEAT

I FIND

1 SMART BOY

A REALLY BIG STICK

2 SOCCER PLAYERS

A REALLY BIG BEAN BAG

3 BIBLES

A RATTY SOCCER BALL

4 POLYESTER BAGS

AND THE REASON I MUST STRUGGLE

A HEAVY CONSCIENCE ON MY SHOULDER

I dreamed
about Jack Dawson
on the big Titanic
he was very handsome
I'd be with him in an instant...

Asleep
Asleep I am in
A sleep I have been in
Years went by
And I still slept
One day I am awakened
Looking around I saw
I saw my ignorance
I saw my belligerence
I saw my nature
Trusting someone
The one who awakened me
Filling my life with pain
It surrounded me
It became me
A mirror was held to my face
Awakening me
Destroying me
Never again to leave me
Asleep

....

He once said he loved me
perhaps I didn't hear him
perhaps he wasn't lying to me
He said he'd always be there
perhaps I heard him wrong
perhaps he wasn't just mendacious
He said I owned his being
perhaps I heard him wrong
perhaps he wasn't just lying
He said we would never part
perhaps I didn't see him
perhaps she wasn't in his arms
He said that he was sorry
perhaps I should have listened
perhaps I should have cared
He said I would regret this
perhaps I should have listened
perhaps I could have cared
He once said goodby
but only after I left...

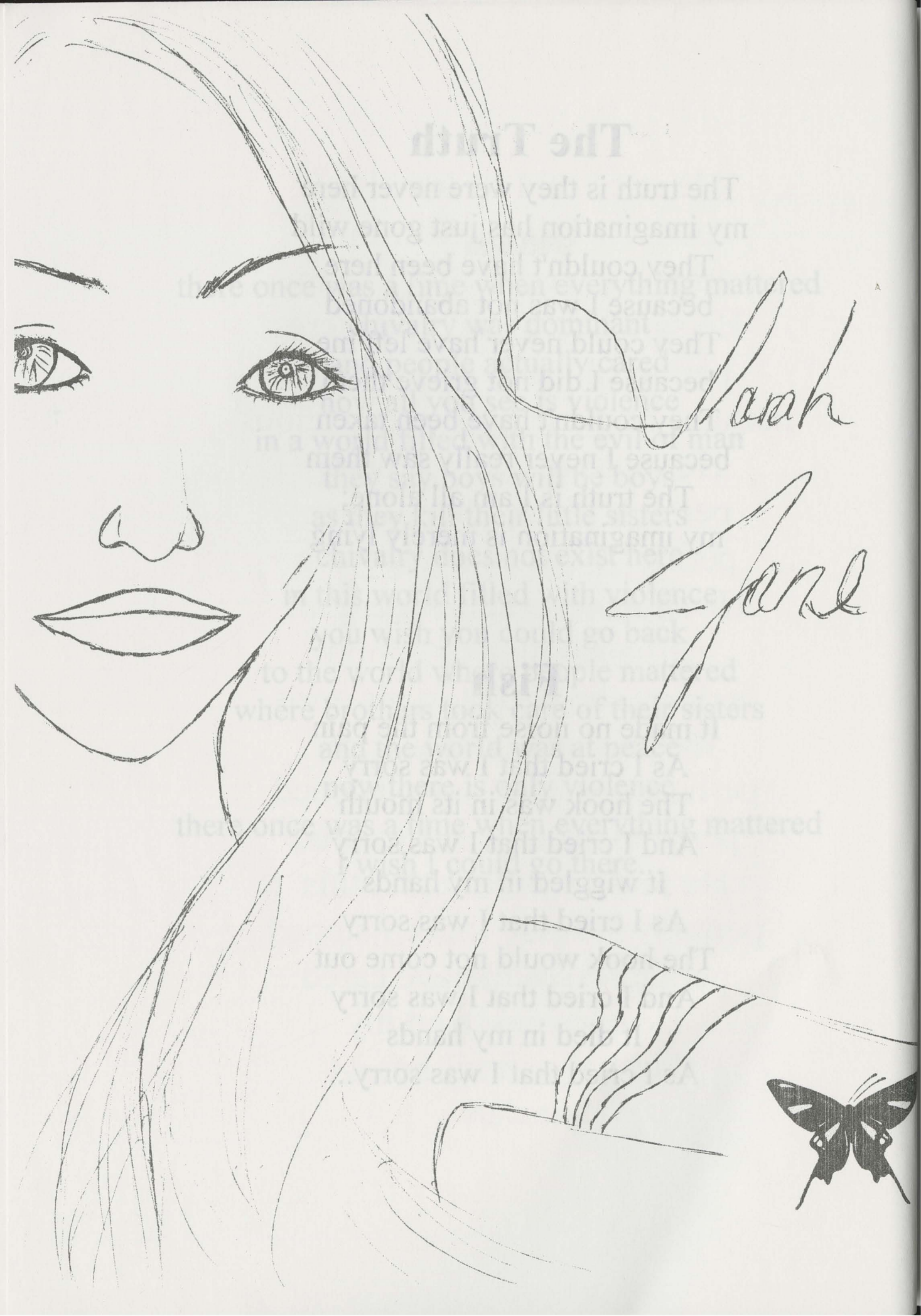
there once was a time when everything mattered
chivalry was dominant
and people actually cared
now all you see is violence
in a world filled with the evil of man
they say boys will be boys
as they kill their little sisters
chivalry does not exist here
in this world filled with violence
you wish you could go back
to the world where people mattered
where brothers took care of their sisters
and the world was at peace
now there is only violence
there once was a time when everything mattered
I wish I could go there...

The Truth

The truth is they were never here
my imagination has just gone wild
They couldn't have been here
because I was not abandoned
They could never have left me
because I did not grieve them
They couldn't have been taken
because I never really saw them
The truth is I am all alone;
my imagination is merely lying

Fish

It made no noise from the pain
As I cried that I was sorry
The hook was in its mouth
And I cried that I was sorry
It wiggled in my hands
As I cried that I was sorry
The hook would not come out
And I cried that I was sorry
It died in my hands
As I cried that I was sorry...


Sarah
Jane



Devil's Appetite

The day is gone
before the sun
before the eyes
of God's children.
Before the light
had reached their door
he stole the fire
they needed more.
Cold and ugly
starved and pale
growing green
becoming stale.
We grew too limp
we took the deal
and now we dine
as the Devil's last meal.



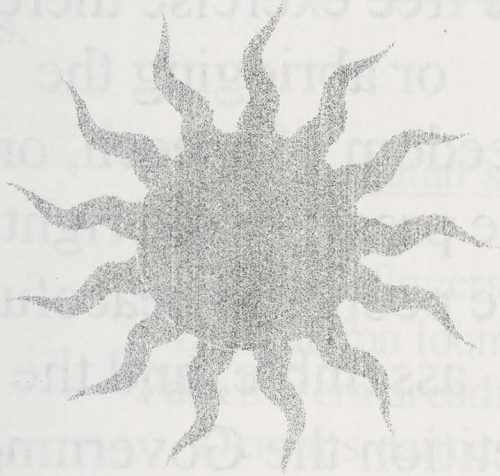
Standing and staring, surreal is the sound
Someone from somewhere is singing aloud
Their voice is a candle, cradled, dumbfound
Held by a hunter, and hunted till drowned
She now whispers softly, living love lies
And thinks round in circles, unable to try
Hurting too badly, to change her own life
A smile left her face, no tears left her eyes.

She lived a life,
tainted with love, unbearable pain
contentment, and a calming numbness
at the sweetest times.
Through unhappiness and change,
honesty was always maintained.
And while the truth was never spoken,
she remained high, above all pity and pride.



A sunny haze fell across the grass,
melting the leaves like wax, hot and dripping with sweet honey
sweat. An uninhibited haven, touched only by peace and the gentle hands of
harvest. In the shade, where the grass grows thick,
the butterflies escape into a tangled mess of mellow flowers, that
sprinkle themselves along the edges of the towering fields.
As the desperate sun spreads its heat across the land, one million
tiny, petaled souls bow their heads and pray for the sultry shower
that is the rain.

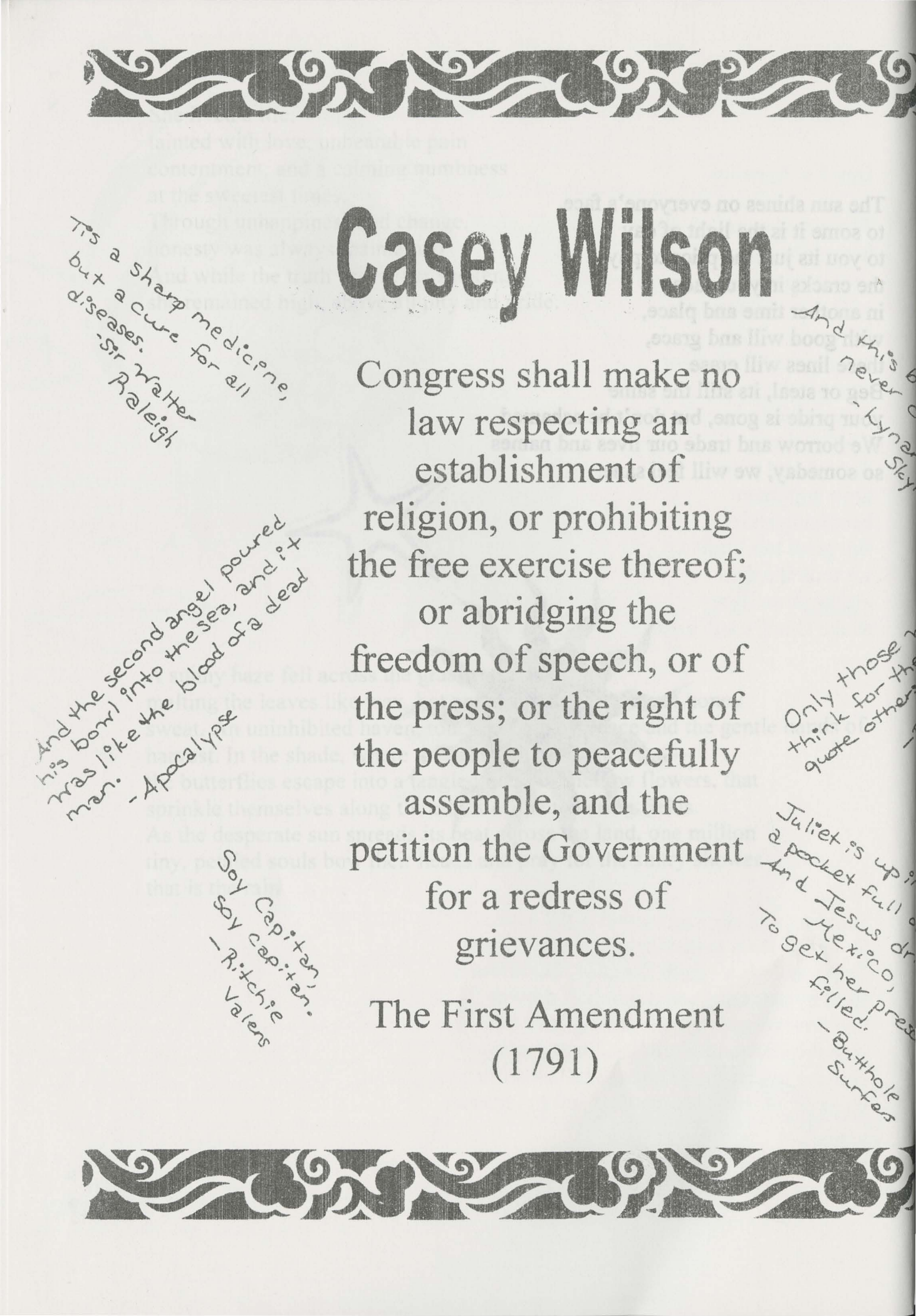
The sun shines on everyone's face,
to some it is the light of day
to you its just the price to pay.
the cracks in your face,
in another time and place,
with good will and grace,
these lines will erase.
Beg or steal, its still the same
your pride is gone, but don't be ashamed
We borrow and trade our lives and names
so someday, we will feel sane.



Casey Wilson

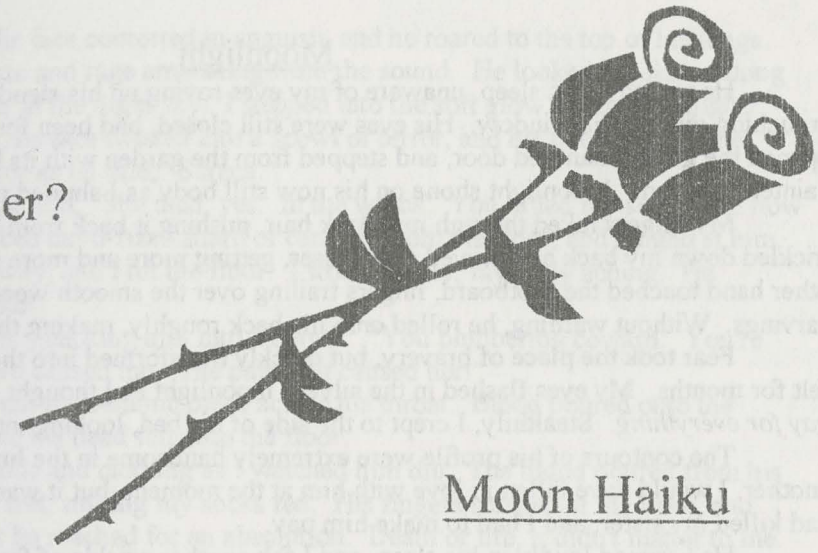
Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people to peacefully assemble, and the petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

The First Amendment
(1791)



Desperate Child

Desperate child.
Where is your mother?
Lost are you?
Cry as I turn away,
Laughing.



Moon Haiku

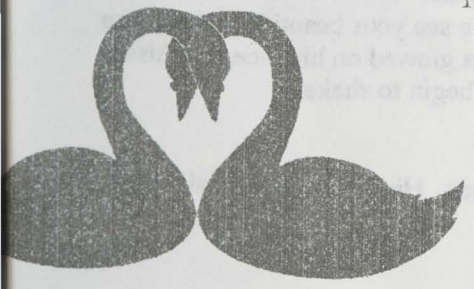
The moon rises bright
In the darkening night sky
Bringing stars with it.

ubble At My Feet

feel strange,
ike nothing matters.
e has killed me,
estroyed my mind,
hattered my soul,
rushed my heart,
urned my dreams,
efeated my spirit,
onquered me,
nd made my world
ll in shambles.
ubble at my feet.

Satan's Fingers

Satan's fingers comb my hair.
Destruction looms on the horizon.
Pain hovers dreadfully over my head.
Demons dance slowly with me.
Red and black cover all that is near.
Is this the embodiment of evil?
Or is this the embodiment of pain?
What right do I have to ask these questions?
Mother Mary tries in vain to pull me back,
But she doesn't realize that it is too late.
Nothing can save me now.
I am lost in this flaming desert of rage.



Moonlight

He stirred in his sleep, unaware of my eyes roving up his slender body, nor of my body crouching outside the window. His eyes were still closed, had been for more than three hours. I opened the golden-handled door, and stepped from the garden with its high walls into the black-painted bedroom. Moonlight shone on his now still body as I slipped up to the four-poster bed.

My fingers raked through my black hair, pushing it back from my eyes. Nervous sweat trickled down my back as I moved ever closer, getting more and more silent with every step. My other hand touched the footboard, fingers trailing over the smooth wood with its intricate carvings. Without warning, he rolled onto his back roughly, making the bed creak loudly.

Fear took the place of bravery, but quickly transformed into the severe hatred that I had felt for months. My eyes flashed in the silvery moonlight as I thought, *You'll pay for this. You'll pay for everything.* Stealthily, I crept to the side of his bed, looking into his face.

The contours of his profile were extremely handsome in the luminescence. Had it been another, I would have fallen in love with him at the moment, but it was not. He was the man who had killed my sister, and I had to make him pay.

He groaned loudly in his sleep, and I felt another prickle of fear. Conscious serenity was ripped from me, and mindless panic took over. I stepped back, alarmed, and my leg bumped into the bedside table. The spindly legs would stand, and it fell to the floor with a loud crash. My body froze as the large, black ceramic lamp shattered, sending razor-sharp shards across the polished wooden floor.

My mind raced as my body shook with fear. My mind screamed, "RUN!," but my body wouldn't respond to the desperate plea. He stirred slowly, but to my surprise did not awaken. My breath escaped in a loud whoosh, louder than I had wanted it to be.

His body began to thrash desperately under the black silken sheets, and his arms suddenly ripped from his sides and stood up straight above him. His voice came as a loud gasp as he said, "Kara!" His arms reached wildly for my dead sister's ghost, but hugged only air. The black curtains rustled behind me, and the gentle breeze from the open windows made his black silken pajamas flutter like waves. His fingers splayed out in desperation, clutching for the nothingness above him.

His eyes suddenly fluttered open, sending knife-like chills down my spine. His arms were suspended, motionless for a few seconds before he dropped them back down to his sides. He slowly sat up, and I moved behind the blackened curtains. He glanced around, and I desperately tried to blend into them, my blacks clothing protecting me from detection. I glanced at my feet, and stared in horror at the whiteness of my socks and at the curtains that only ended at my calves.

He whispered, "Kara?" The bed creaked as he slid off, and his feet made sliding noises across the floor as he drew closer and closer to my hiding place.

My voice floated on the breeze as I whispered, "It's me, my darling Kyle. I'm here."

"Kara? Kara!" He ran to me, and kissed me on the lips before I could protest. His arms were wrapped tightly around me as if he were afraid to let me go. I kept my face hidden in the shadows, knowing that my cruel game would end if he saw me. He buried his face in my hair, whispering, "Oh, darling. I've missed you so much. How did you live through the wreck?"

My lips twisted into a sadistic smile. I said cruelly, "Kyle, I didn't. This will be the last time that you see me." I spoke the truth, and it caused him great pain.

He pulled away slowly, looking at my body. "Then let me see your beautiful face before you go. Or kiss me. Anything before you leave me again." Tears glowed on his face, as I kissed him harder than before. His arms pulled me close, and I felt him begin to shake.

"I hate you," I whispered as he hugged me ever closer.

"What, Kara?"

"I HATE YOU!" I screamed and shoved him into the floor. His elbow made a sickening

crack as he landed upon it. His face contorted in anguish, and he roared to the top of his lungs.

I laughed all of the hate and rage emanating from the sound. He looked up, fear making his eyes shine like twin moons in the night sky. I stepped into the soft glow of the moonlight, letting it illuminate my face. His face twisted into a scowl of terror, and his body froze. The blood disappeared from his face as he said, "Serena."

I practically growled at him, "She died, yes. In the wreck. You killed my sister, and now I'm going to kill you!" I grabbed hand-sized shard of ceramic from the floor, and lunged at him.

He moved out of the way, and I hit the floor. I stood slowly, my body aching. He wailed, "NO! Serena, PLEASE!"

I advanced towards him, backing him into a corner. "You blubbering coward! You're going to die for the pain you've caused me. The pain you caused her!"

I jumped at him, and ran the ceramic piece across his throat. Blood poured onto the polished floor. He groaned and his head fell onto the floor.

Blood covered my hands and clothing as I watched him die. The blood poured from his neck, forming a puddle at my feet, turning my socks red. His fingers scraped at the floor, and blood trickled from the tips as he reached for an absolution. Death or life, it didn't matter to me. I knew that I had caused him enough fear to avenge a life.

I walked into the garden, leaving bloody footprints behind me, and I climbed to the top of the garden walls. I turned once, and looked into the room. The lifeless body lay facedown on the floor, surrounded by blood. I slid off of the wall, forgetting about the body, and walked into the night beyond.

Breakroom Ramblings

Death must begin with life.
Life must end with Death.
Womb gives way to cradle.
Cradle gives way to bed.
Bed gives way to coffin.
Coffin gives way to earth.
Death, life, nothingness.
Everything is virtually the same.
Sanity breeds insanity.
Who knows what sanity is?
Maybe "sane" people are
Truly insane, and define
What they are as sanity,
When in reality, they aren't
Sane, but truly insane.
Maybe the "insane" people see
The world as it really is,
While we "sane" people are blind to it.
Like babies in a cradle,
Unaware of the next step in our evolution

Bass Guitar

Flying fingers...flowing tunes
Feelings through song...sweet melodies
Bass guitar
Playing soft...playing loud
Playing smooth...playing rough
Bass guitar
Notes unheard...notes in the sky
Notes alive...notes that die
Bass guitar
Playing fast... playing hard
Playing slow...playing gentle
Bass guitar
Unused strings...haven't yet sung
Broken strings...sang to die
Bass guitar
Touching lives

Colors

Blue is the sky, a satin sheet stretched to the ends of time.
Green is the grass, a carpet rolled out to greet some royalty.
Red are the leaves, dying ever slowly to pave the way for the new.
Yellow is the sun, a golden shrine in the sky.
Purple is the sunset, disappearing until a new dawn.
Orange is the flower, rising from the ground, risking its life.
Pink are the sunset's highlights, glowing to give hope of a new day.
White are the clouds, children playing in the sky.
Colors are the essence of our live, filling us with love.

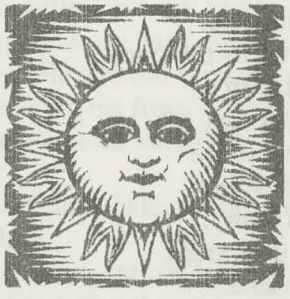
Moon Diamante

Moon
Bright, silver
Stars, space, sky, waves
Illuminating, speckling, wavering
Strong, brave
Sun



Wings

My wings burn against my skin
Searing my flesh while I stare
Unnoticing, at the still sunset
I crouch on the rocky ledge
Feeling the bite of the pebbles
In the soles of my feet
The sun dips behind the mountains
Sending pink, blue, orange
Highlights across the evening sky
I slowly rise, and throw my arms
Above my head with a strength
Unknown to a mortal man
My wings of fire spread out
Gold, white, red, orange and blue
At the very tip ends of the fire tendrils
Glowing against the darkening
Nocturnal night sky
My arms spread out at my sides
Straight, as the arms of a crucifix
And my wings of fire and light
Spread out, burning everything
And re-lighting the night



There's A Certain Slant of Light

There's a certain slant of light
That shines through my window
Trough the transparent glass and curtains,
Spilling upon the floor.
I reach out to touch it,
And it shines upon my hand,
I try to grasp the golden tendrils,
But it escapes from my clutching fist,
And spills again, upon the floor.

The Dance

She asked you for me, and you asked why
I told you the truth, to you I could not lie
You held me close, I closed my eyes
I dreamed of the day, when we would be tied
Together forever, forever and a day
In your arms, I wish that I could stay
I cried for myself, for the dreams that I had
Shining and shimmering, in silver they were clad
Through the night sky, my heart freely soared
The tears on my cheeks, spattered upon the floor
As we pulled away, my heart tore in two
And it ached deeply, wishing only for you

Touch

The feeling of your skin,
Soft against mine.
Touch
Of your lips,
Rough against my own.
Touch
Of the sweat,
Hot against your forehead.
Touch
The feeling of you,
Within me.
Touch

Money doesn't always bring happiness. People with ten million dollars are no happier than people with nine million dollars."- Hobart Brown

Lost memories that will never be,
the night so cold to all my pains,
shall they vanish, today I shall vanish,
slowly fade away



Questioning

I am ever questioning.
Why some things, why not others?
My questions all seem to come back to one origin.
You.
Do you ever see my tears?
Do you ever feel my pain?
Pleasant conversation is a struggle.

I am ever questioning.
Why do we dream when we do, and not other times?
My questions all seem to go towards one answer.
You.
Do you ever hear me crying?
Do you feel my love?
Politeness is no longer necessary.

I am ever questioning.
Why do people love some, and not others?
My love goes back to one place.
You.
Were you there when my heart was ripped from my body?
Did you not know that you were the cause?
My heart feel nothing more than
Despair.

"We are what we repeatedly do. Excellence, then, is not an act, but a habit."- Aristotle

Sunrise

I look upon the horizon,
And watch as the new day dawns,
Bringing with it
A new hope for my future.
The clouds dance in the sky,
Like dreams that have already been dreamt,
Playing gently
Like the new life in my soul.

The ancestral works of:

Will Jackson



HARDCORE + BROTHERHOOD = UNITY

Unifightforus,Unifightforthem,Unifightforall,Unifight for now.



Shimmer

It shocked me with its boldness
Upside down and backwards
A piece of me felt violated
It shined through like lightning
It intruded my space
Breaking the boundaries
Crossing the line
Illuminating the darkness
The light shined through
The light came through
The word FINAL signaled my defeat
I evaded the law
Only to lose myself
The light shined through

"Unity among us, We will persist living amongst slaves, slaves to the fist."-FishsandwicheS-

Picasso's Motivation

You would probably see him lying on his bed as you walk in the room, his yellow and white sheets crumpled beneath him. His ashtray is full of the cigarettes from the party of the night before, and a fresh one bellows smoke like the exhaust pipe of a 67' Lincoln. The ashtray sits along with other things on a square table, it is about 4 feet tall and the top is covered in tin, the red of the wood still shines like new, and the silver handles are still sturdy after all these years. A small lamp ordains the top of the table along with discarded fruit and glasses of water. Small cut outs of pictures are laid in a pile next to the lamp symbolizing the friends he has had and the friends he has lost.

Meanwhile he just lays there thinking of the past, the future and all the other crap that pops in his head. A window directly behind lets just enough light in to see the paintings in the floor piled in a some-what sculptural sort of way. All of which are the works of a person trapped in himself and trying not only to please others but himself as well. The walls are bare, besides the occasional stain on the wall which reminds him that he has to get out of there or he will perish in poverty.
He moves slowly to a stool in the other corner of the room and places his feet on an old stump he had collected from the alley in which he lived. From there he took a look at what he had, the old bed, an old table, and his stump. This, this was inspiration, this was life, this is why we know him. He is what we all want to be, free.



if you want to be true to yourself
you've gotta' to be true to everyone
else.

salmon
jumping around
evading the claws
of the almighty bear

I dreamed
Andy Warhol
in a cafe
bought ignorant art

Ya' Know

It's tough fittin' in
Ya' know
Some people are smarter
Some people are tougher
Ya' know
But, Ya' gotta keep it all inside
Then people will respect cha'
Ya' know.

"Keep away from people who try to belittle your ambitions. Small people always do that, but the really great make you feel that you, too, can become great."-Mark Twain

Knee
Weak, Broken
Running Flying Stepping
Cartilage, Skin, Pain, color
Bending not bending hurting
Torn, left, broken.

The Pitch

I rolled on the ground a bit
Tried to get up but,
The snapping sound my leg made
Kept me wallerin' in the grass
Pain was all I said
Appledorn picked me up
Off the pitch, onto the ground
"Hospital?" I said
"I'll be ok"
My knee was huge
Blue black, awful and me
I was off tha' pitch.

New people

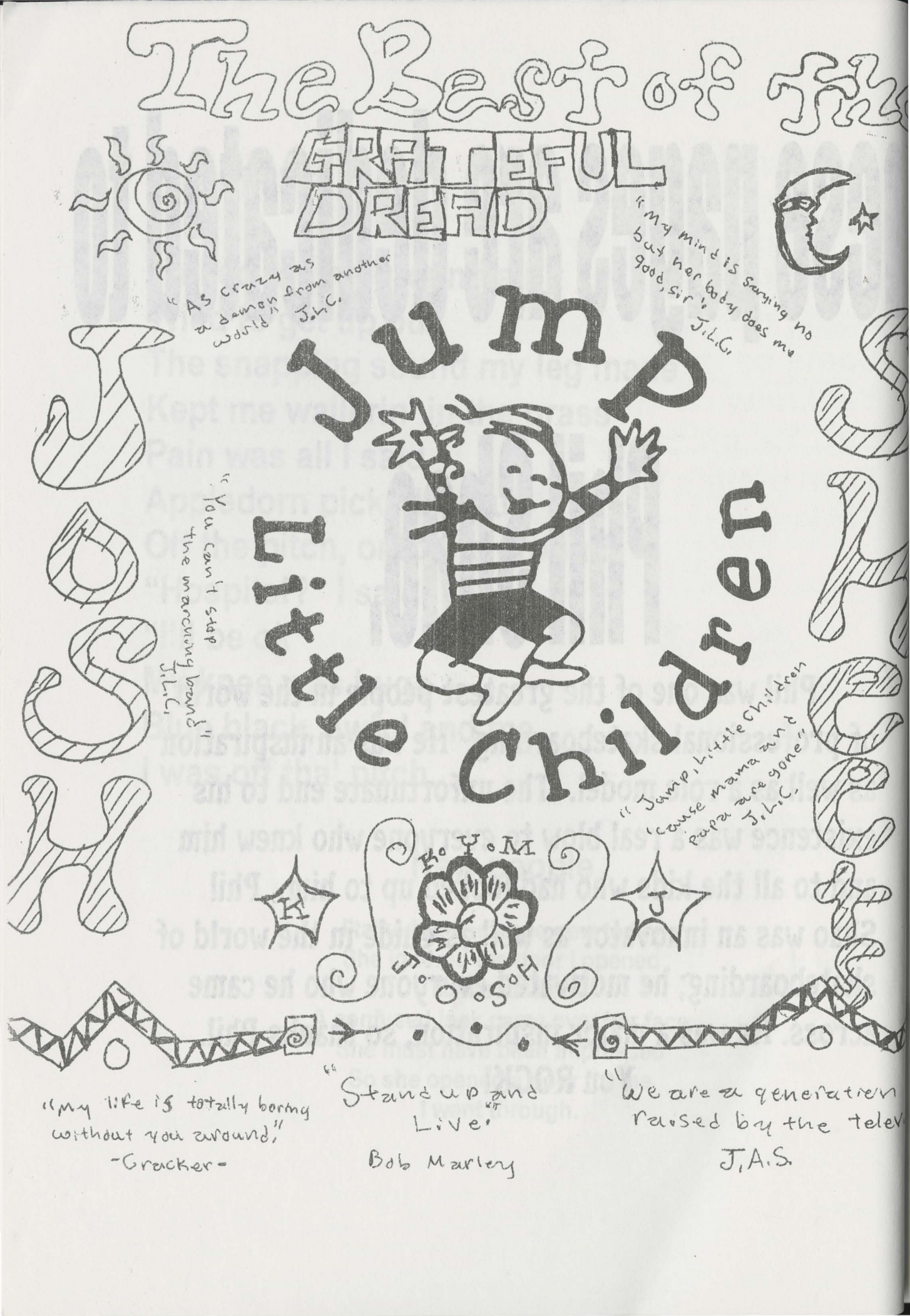
I talked to someone new today
She ignored the door I opened
It was for her
A confused look came over her face
She must have been impressed
So she opened a door for me
I went through.

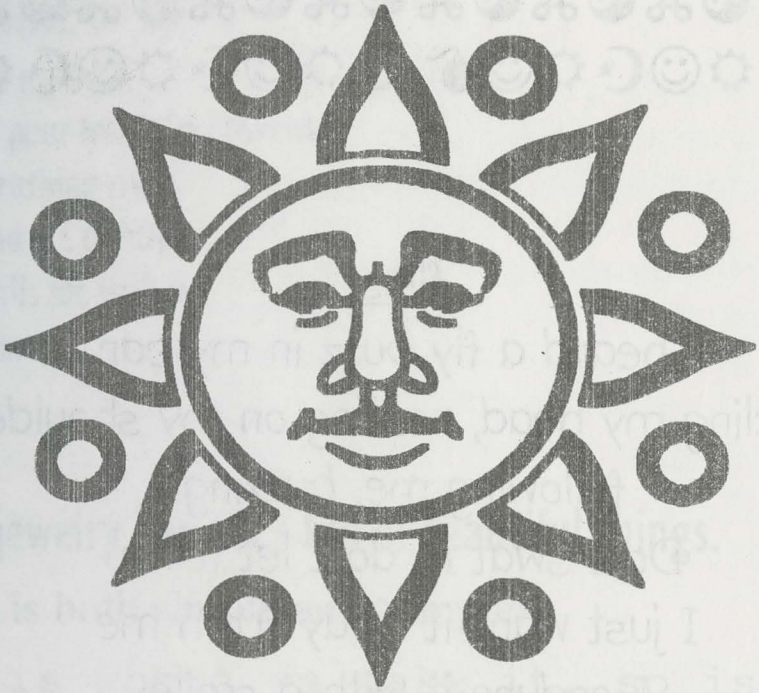
these pages are dedicated to

Phil Shao.

Phil was one of the greatest people in the world of professional skateboarding. He was an inspiration as well as a role model. The unfortunate end to his existence was a real blow to everyone who knew him and to all the kids who had looked up to him. Phil Shao was an innovator as well as guide in the world of skateboarding; he motivated everyone who he came across. He was a major inspiration, so thanks Phil.

You ROCK!


The Best of the
GRATEFUL DEAD
"As crazy as a demon from another world" J.L.C.
"My mind is saying no but her body does me good, sir" J.L.C.
Jump Little Children
"You can't stop the marching band" J.L.C.
"Jump, Little Children 'cause mama and papa are gone" J.L.C.
K·Y·M
T·O·S·H
"My life is totally boring without you around"
-Cracker-
"Stand up and Live"
Bob Marley
"We are a generation raised by the telev
J.A.S.

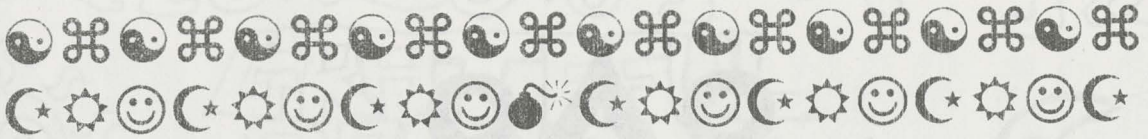


UNTITLED

Forget not angry souls
Your day of reckoning is near
Cast off your faces
Do your tricks
Speak your tales of woe

Awaken all ye lost children
Nights majesty has come upon us
Arise and be accounted for
The stars are above us
The fire flickers in front of us
Our shadows dance on the hard clay ground below us

Dance, all members of the tribe
Stomp, yell, free, live
I am at my last.



flies

I heard a fly buzz in my ear
Circling my head, resting on my shoulder
following me, buzzing.
Do I swat it, do I let it be,
I just want it away from me
I endure it with a smile.

S S S S S S S S

A Haiku

As rain falls slowly
It beats upon the dry earth
Cleaning the cool air

Fish

Fish
In a bowl
Different colors
Different kinds
Swimming in circles of confusion
Trapped by a force they can't see

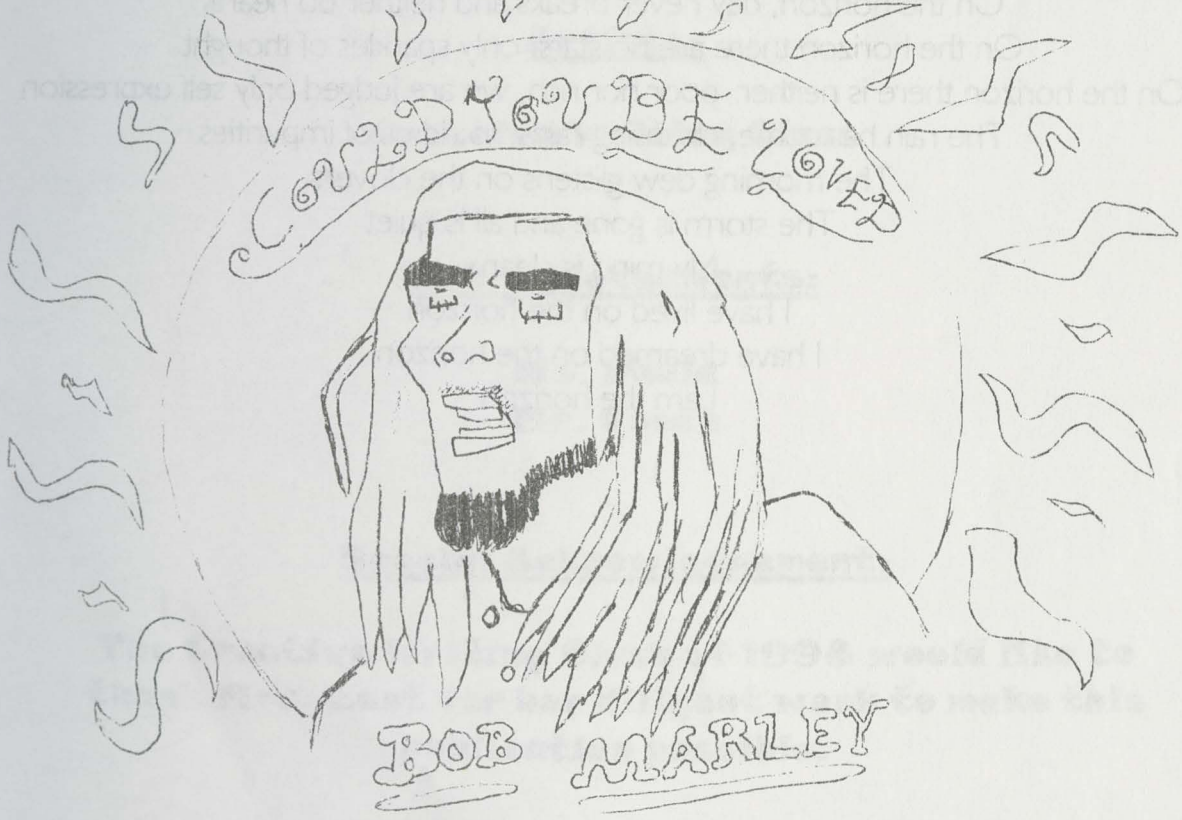
SUNSHINE

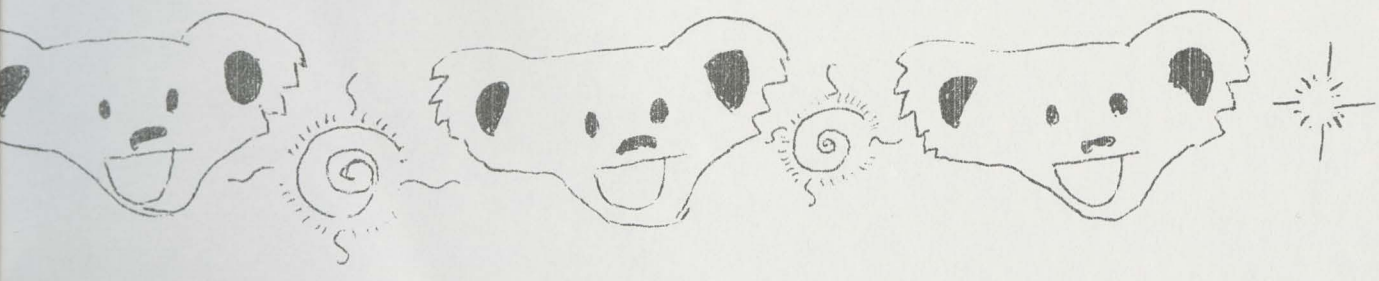
So bright it hurts my eyes
The radiant rays pour from the heavens
Like water in a rushing river
And wraps around me tightly
The sun's smile fills me with joy
The heat warms me
I am drifting

☺-Life is a jewelry box, It's full of beautiful things.

☺-Woman is both simple and complex.

☺-Hell is where we make it, so is heaven.





Horizon

I used to feel my life was a long dream and when I wake up I'd be two years old
The harder it got, the harder I would pinch myself to wake up
Then I discovered a place of peace and thought, the horizon of the mind
I used to dream I lived on the horizon
The morning air sweeping across my back
Shadows of the sun dancing on the fields of green
Tribes of dreams chant tales on the horizon
A girl, a girl of immaculate beauty dances on the horizon
The sky, a thousand shades of pink and blue, sprinkles the mountains with light and life
I sit on the ground in a field of clovers, watching
My attention is drawn to the sky, in the distance
A storm is coming and I am ready
On the horizon we all cherish life
We remember the past and hope for the future
On the horizon, day never breaks and neither do hearts
On the horizon there are no stars, only sparkles of thought
On the horizon there is neither poor nor rich, we are judged only self expression
The rain has come, cleansing rains, to rid us of impurities
The morning dew glistens on the clovers
The storm is gone and all is quiet
My mind is clean
I have lived on the horizon
I have dreamed on the horizon
I am the horizon



Juliana Nichols
Kori Hicks
Sean Allen
Courtney Dunaway
Jeri Marshall
Sarah Simmons
Will Jackson
Stacy Barker
Jeff Bowman
Jonathan Collins
Ashley Collins
Angie Leonard
Casey Wilson
Josh Sheets

Artists:

Creative Writing Class

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