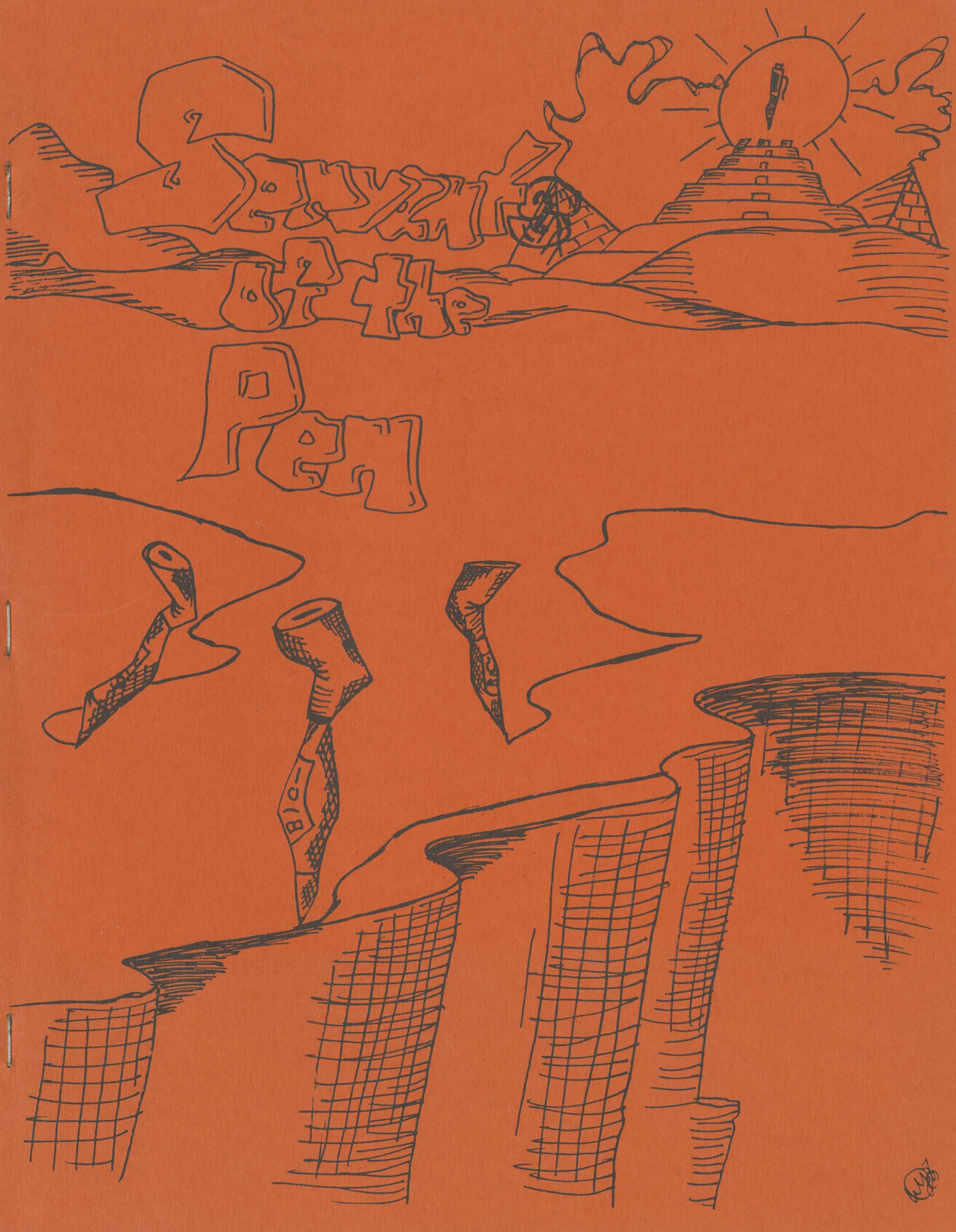
Sword of the Pen



SERVANTS OF THE PEN

North Surry High School
Mt. Airy North Carolina

Creative Writing 1997

Editor: Jarod Sutphin
Co-Editor: Justin Banner
Art Editor: Will Jackson
Business Editors: Stacy Barker
Chad Mauldin

Sponsor: Ms. Amy Peele

My words,
They're not me.
Just thoughts swimming in the abyss of life,
And I set them free.
Which makes me, a Servant of the Pen.

Jamie Tucker
(Sophomore)

They are our masters
Controlling our thoughts.
We fool ourselves to believe
That we are in control.
But the truth is
We succumb
To their force.
Conforming
Bending to their will.
Saying exactly
What they want us to.
It is foolish to believe
We command.
For we are but their servants
Servants.....
Of the Pen.

Justin Banner
(Junior)

Order of Appearance

Justin Banner

Stacy Barker

Jarod Sutphin

Crystal Wilmoth

Allen Edwards

Charlie Riley

Misty Edwards

Chad Mauldin

Jenni Bartels

Jamie Tucker

Amanda Gainey

Brandon Brim

Melissa Smrdel

Josh Sheets

Jennifer Willard

Will Jackson



Walk With Me

For: A. C. H.

Walk with me to eternity;
Walk with me through life.
Walk with me through joyous times,
Walk with me through strife.

Be by my side forever,
Never leave me alone.
Wherever you are in the world,
I shall make that place my home.

Say you'll never leave me;
Forever, to hold me in your arms.
Do this to protect me always,
From all emotional harms.

My life is not complete without you;
My soul is only a part.
My mind is split between two places,
To the other half of my heart.

Angel

Do you know an angel?
I do.
Have you ever touched an angel?
Brush of silken wings.
Have you ever seen her smiling?
Sunlight from the sky.
Have you ever seen her crying?
Raindrops in her eye.
Do you know an angel?
A companion, lover or friend.
I often think them so perfect,
That another, heaven will never send.



Shadows

Walking along in the forest,
Shadows fall upon my face.
They hide in their dark corners;
Misfits of the human race.

They feed on greed and misfortune;
Thrive on hatred and lust.
Pain and sorrow are certain,
Anger and violence, a must.

In day they hide in corners;
Constantly watching from the cracks.
Waiting for you to let down your guard;
To turn an unsuspecting back.

The nighttime is their playground;
With the lord of the dark they will dance.
Be careful not to get too close,
For they're waiting for their chance.

So, as you're walking about at night thinking;
Searching for a clue.
You'd better keep watch over your shoulder,
For the shadows, may be hunting you!

Thoughts

Sitting here, I wonder wishfully for
my life to catch up to me.
Running wild from my past,
Welcoming the future.
The Tic-Toc of the relentless clock
hunting me down, pursuing
Constantly, running, from
dark fantasies, forgotten
Menacing.
Dreams concealing
the long road

Masks

Hidden faces
All around us.
Behind masks of all kinds.
Hiding, from the outside world.
So no one sees their true nature.
Walled behind the masks of their making
Basking in secrecy.
Trying desperately to keep
Their faces hidden
Their thoughts, unknown.
Examining the world
Through false eyes
And closed minds.
Hidden from all
Around the world.
We all
Wear masks.

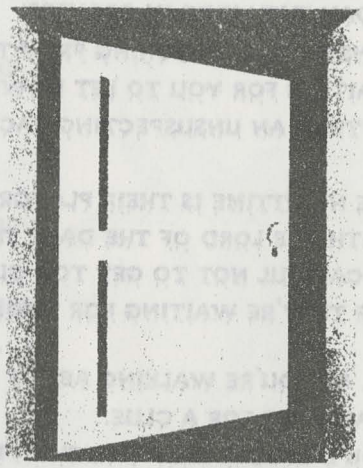
SHATTERED

ONE DAY WE WILL ALL BE SHATTERED,
DESTROYED BY OUR OWN HATRED AND LUST.
ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO DUST.

WE MUST FIND A WAY TO PREVENT THIS;
WE MUST FIND A WAY OUT.
A WAY TO UNCOVER HOPE,
AND DIMINISH ALL DOUBT.

BUT ALAS, THE HUMAN RACE IS DECLINING;
IT'S BEING SUCKED INTO AN ENDLESS BIER.
WE ARE LEFT, ONLY, WITH BROKEN DREAMS,
AND SHATTERED DESIRES.

"Time is the gateway to eternity.
As passengers we have
No choice but
To go where it takes us.
To our destiny!"



JOURNEY'S END

WE'VE COME TO THE END OF A LONG PATH,
THAT WE'VE TRAVELED O SO LONG.
IT'S HARD FOR US TO BELIEVE,
THE TIME WE'VE SPENT IS GONE.

THE FUTURE IS RUSHING AT US;
THE PAST IS FAR BEHIND.
THE CONSTANT OF THE UNKNOWING,
IS RIPPING FEAR INTO OUR MINDS.

BUT, AS THE PATH GROWS CLEARER,
AND IT'S EASIER TO FIND OUR WAY.
WE KNOW WE CAN FACE TOMORROW,
WITH THE COURAGE OF TODAY.

"The mind is the doorway to the universe.
Your will is the key.
Step over the threshold
And prepare to embrace the fantastic."

"Death is the great mystery.
Do you dare venture into the unknown?"

The Crossroads

By: Justin Heritage Banner

The night was chill and the air crisp. Two figures stood silhouetted against a silver moon. Their embrace was warm, but yet, somehow cold.

She broke her lips from his and stared deep into his eyes. "Why?" she said, obviously trying to hold back tears.

"It's best," replied the man. "I don't belong here. My life is elsewhere."

They began to walk along the shore. The sand looked even blacker in the moonlight.

"Why not just stay here?!" said the woman. "You can have a life here too you know."

He took hold of her shoulders so he was looking directly into her face. "You know that's not true; I can't just abandon them."

She forgot all control, the tears came openly now. "You've been here for a year and you've loved me, why do you now change your mind?"

"I have loved you,but my time here is over. I have to go back; you know that."

"Yes, I suppose I do, but it's just so hard!"

He bent down and kissed her warmly on her cheek; it was salty from her tears. "Goodbye." He said as he turned to go.

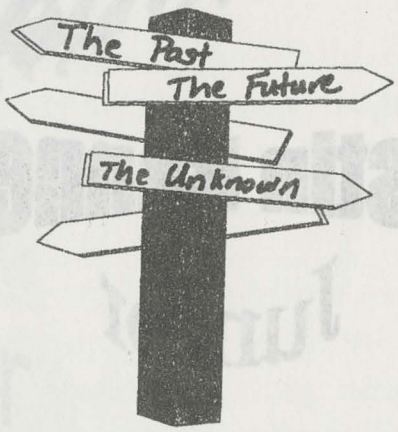
He paused to pull on a small, green, triangular shaped hat. He then produced a small, gold band from his pocket and gently slipped it on his left hand.

With that done, the man walked away down the shore. He knew that he would never see the woman again; he knew he would never return. None of this seemed to matter though, he was going home; finally going home.

As the woman watched him disappear from sight, the slight warmth returned to her abdomen. It was then that she realized that she would always have with her a part of the man she had loved.

Questions

Time
Friend or foe?
The world
Compassionate or hateful?
Life
With meaning or without?
Questions
The basis of human spirit.



Drifting

Leaving the physical world,
Never to return.
Departing the mortal flesh.
No regrets.

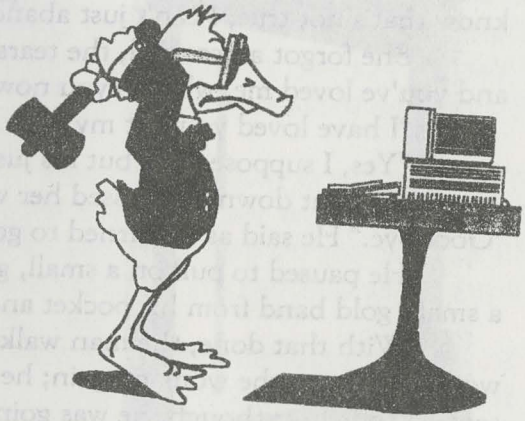
Soaring above the clouds.
Enlightened like never before.
Floating freely in space,
So refreshing!

Fufillment

Through all my troubles,
Away from my tortured past.
I now see the light of salvation,
And how brightly its light is cast!

That which I have suffered for,
The object of my two year strive.
Finally is coming nearer to me.
Finally, becoming mine!

I see now that this long journey,
Has been worth every slow step.
The truth has been revealed to me,
In one sweet, gentle breath.



Winter Wind

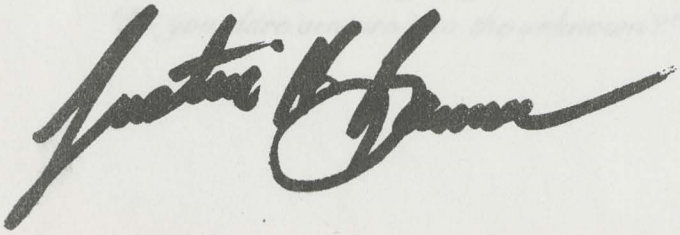
Cool and crisp at morning;
Warm and gentle at noon.
Cold and frightening at midnight,
A hope that morning comes soon.

It carries upon its wings,
The life of autumn's death.
You must listen o so closely;
A soft and tranquil breath.

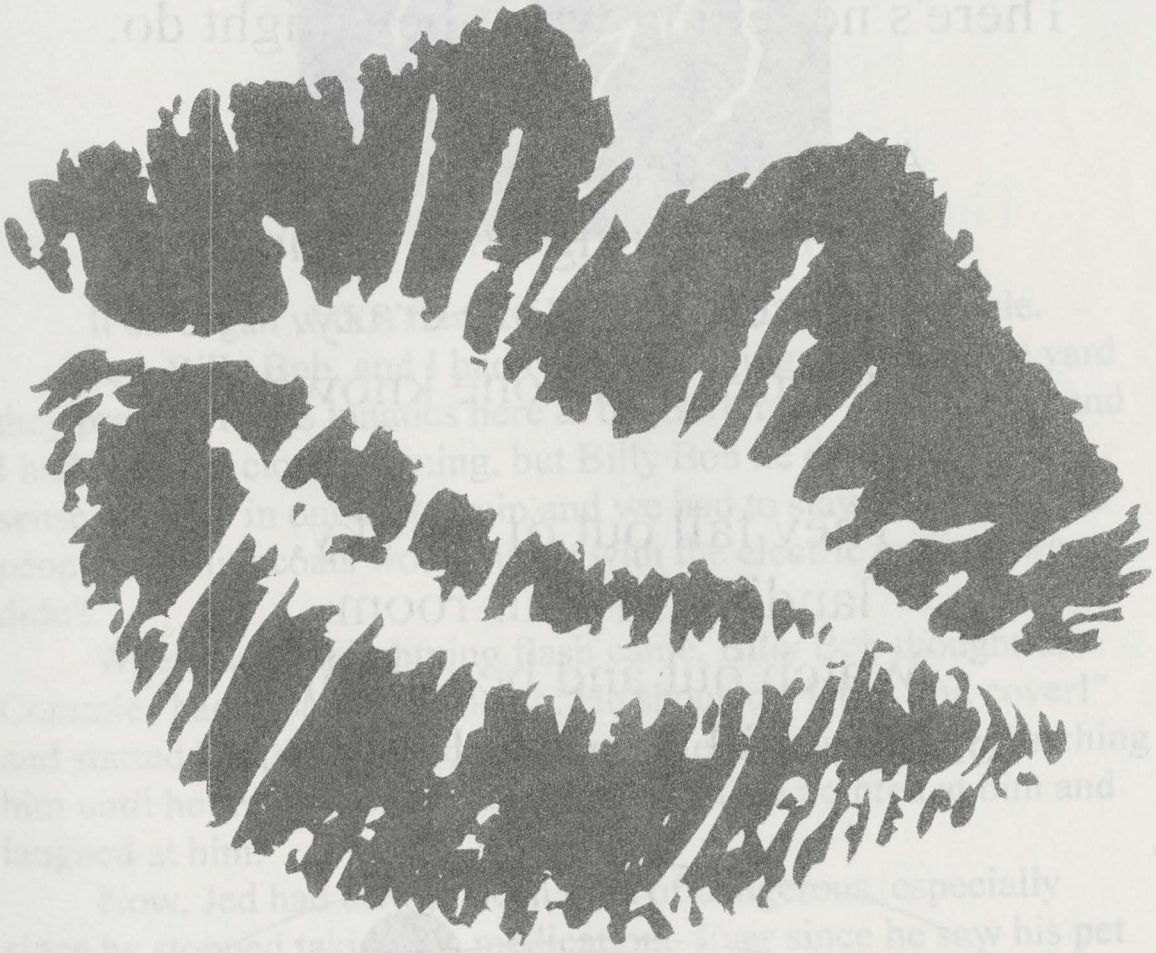
All serene and wondrous;
All from heaven sent.
The freshness and the beauty,
Of a new born winter's wind.

Justin Banner

Junior



Stacy

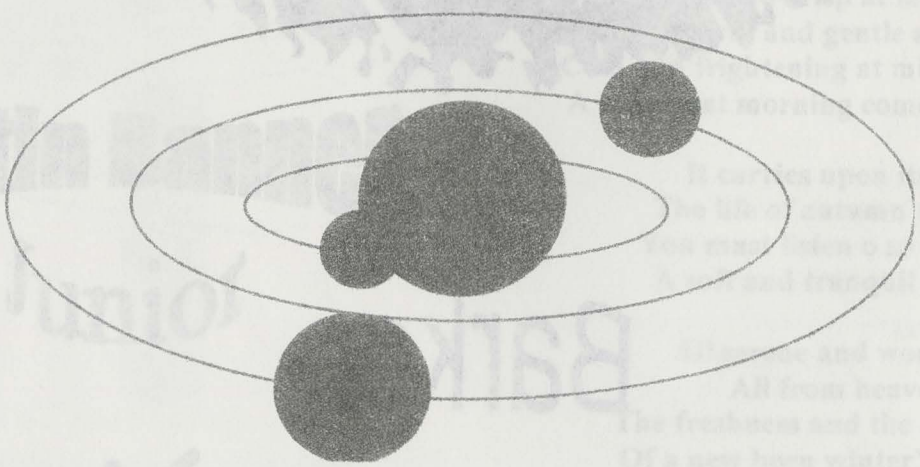


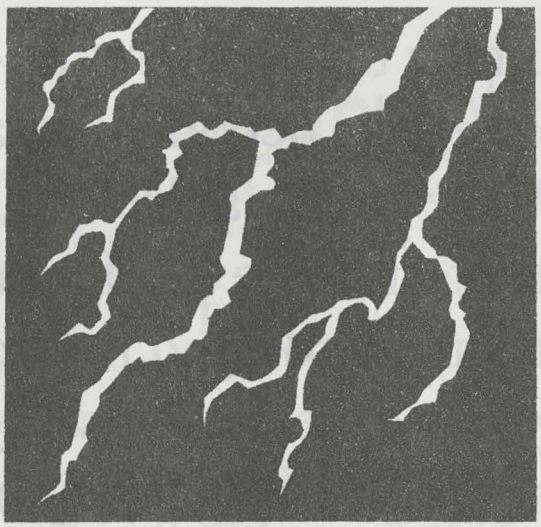
Barker

People come out of your stapler
to dance for you.
They come from a different planet.
There's no telling what they might do.

At night the stapler glows,
communicating with home.
These people are crazy,
I wonder if anyone knows.

They fall out of the sky,
landing in your room.
Watch out and be careful,
for they will conquer Earth soon.





It all began with a flash of lightning and a broken ankle.

Jed, Billy Bob, and I had been wandering around in the yard they provide for us lunatics here at the Berbinger Asylum. Jed and I had seen the clouds coming, but Billy Bob he didn't have the sense to come in out of the rain,and we had to stay with him. The people in white coats would hit us with the electric prods if we didn't.

When the first lightning flash came, Billy Bob thought the Commies had dropped the bomb. He shouted, "Duck and cover!" and started hopping around quacking. We just stood there watching him until he fell and broke his ankle. Then we pointed at him and laughed at him.

Now, Jed had always been kind of dangerous, especially since he stopped taking his medication. Ever since he saw his pet ducks massacred in a holocaust of screaming tires and crunching metal, he'd been sort of weird about people quacking. He thought they were making fun of his ducks.

I saw his eyes begin to turn red,and he started waddling over to the crippled Billy Bob. I got scared and started yelling for the doctors. They told me I was safe in my room,and everything was okay. As I looked out my window, I thought it was a good day for rain.

Fantasy becomes reality
or does reality become fantasy?
We're living a dream.
We try to realize the fantasy
but our words and music
only increase the mystery.
The past a figment of imagination



The future a thing unreal,
The present, the time in which we live,
is the only reality.
But one day this too will be fantasy
and a new reality real
And the moment just past
is the only moment in which we truly live.

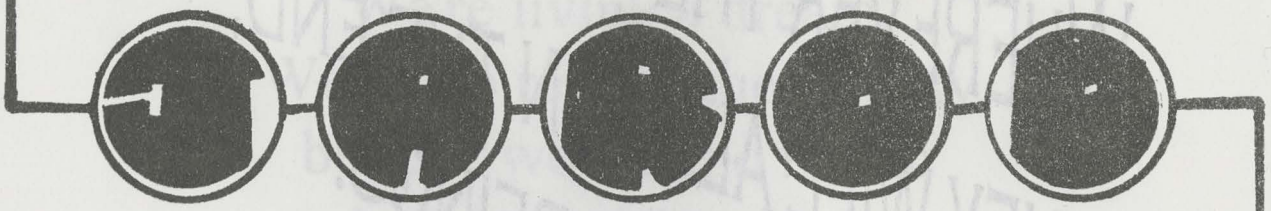
WHEREVER THEY BURN BOOKS
THEY WILL ALSO, IN THE END,
BURN HUMAN BEINGS.
-HEINRICH HEINE

Music is a higher revelation
than all wisdom and philoshophy.
-Beethoven

Cogito, ergo sum.
Descartes

I detest what you write, but I would give my life to make it possible for you to continue to write.
-Voltaire

THE BRAIN EXCRETIONS OF



LOOK, BUT DON'T TOUCH.
TOUCH, BUT DON'T TASTE.
TASTE, BUT DON'T ENJOY.

ILL A BEAVER, SAVE A TREE!

A COFFEE SHOP CONVERSATION

"What chyou gonna get?"
"I dunno. Maybe a float. Yea, a vanilla float."
"A float!?! I dunno how you can eat them things."
"What? What's wrong with a float? I mean, you got you pop, you got your ice cream. Why wouldn't you like se two things together?"
"It's not those two things together that I don't like. It's how you eat it."
"What chyou mean it's how you eat it?"
"Well, eating a float ... it's a contradiction."
"Explain."
"If you don't eat a float fast enough, the ice cream eventually melts into the pop, creating some ice cream/pop nglomeration that is repulsive to the taste buds. But if you eat the float too fast, you get one of those ice cream daches. And I'd rather be kicked in the you-know-where than get one of those."
"See, you just dunno how to eat them. You've got to find the happy medium. You don't eat it fast, you don't eat slow. What chyou gettin'?"
"I'm cravin' a steak."
"A steak? You can't order no steak in here. It's a coffee shop. They don't offer it."
"They offer hamburger. Why wouldn't they offer steak? It's the same animal."
"They just don't. You wanna steak, go to Golden Corral or someplace like that."
"I'm bettin' they have steaks. Where's the freakin' menu?"
"I don't think we ever got one. You know, we've been here a long time and we haven't been served."
"Well, I can tell you this much, someone ain't gettin a tip."
"Why not?"
"Because, the service has not been satisfying."
"Well, whoever it is still deserves a tip. Maybe they're busy."
"I'm busy. I haven't got time for this."
"Well, I'm not hungry anymore."
"Me neither. Let's go."

PADDED WALLS

So Billy was just walking around in the grocery store and he was just thinking to himself why the grocery store s so busy today because it was just a regular day of the week and usually the grocery store is not that busy on a gular day in the middle of the week especially at that time of day Billy was in the store because right now most people re at work instead of doing their grocery shopping because they usually wait until the weekend because on the weekend ey are not at work, but instead they're all walking around buying their Clorox Bleach, party napkins, cantaloupes, 09, milk, bread, cheese, yogurt, ice cream, candy bars, bars of Ivory Soap, liquid soap, even some of those little pieces soap shaped like seashells that are used for decorating your bathrooms if you have seashell wallpaper because if you n't, the seashells might clash, especially if you had wallpaper that had little cats unless your wallpaper had little fish even sailboats because then the seashells would match the wallpaper because fish can swim in the sea and sailboats n sail on top of the sea and the little seashells would match them because they all can do what they do in the sea cept for seashells because seashells don't really do anything, they just come from the sea but they would match the ilboats and the fish but they wouldn't match wallpaper that had puppies or even grown up dogs on it, or moons, or ns, or if instead you didn't have wallpaper, you just had brick wall for walls that would be inside your bathroom or walls ade out of metal like submarines or if you had wallpaper made out of soap that would be OK because even if it didn't ve seashells designed into the soapy wall, they'd both be things made out of soap and things that are made out of the me thing usually match like all the walls on a submarine are made out of metal so they match.

Love is a world where it's 80 degrees in the sun, and below freezing in the shade.

Distortion of a Rain Drop

You were standing there
With your shadow acting
As a contrast to the background.
I stood there in the rain.
Was it tears running down my face?
Just memories.
Of you standing there.
Of you smiling.
Of you crying.
What was a yellow life.
Is now blue.
I looked down at a puddle.
Reflecting the world around me.
But then the rain hit it.
and the world became distorted.
My world - screwed up.
Because you're no longer there.
And there stood
Only the background.
You're not crying.
You're not smiling.
You're somewhere else.
And not with me.
I was standing there
With only my shadow as company.
Because the memories are gone.
The rain stopped.
The puddle was still.
The world was back to normal.
I stepped in it.

Sarcophagus

You're trapped in this coffin,
And I won't let you go.
I would like to,
But something keeps holding me back.
Maybe it was that song on the radio.
Or maybe that necklace you gave me.
Maybe everything.
Because just when I think
I'll open your tomb,
Something holds me back.
Memories are always stronger than action
And that's why I won't let you out.
I pray you can get out on your own,
But you know you don't want to.
You want me to always have a place
For you in my mind, my grave.
So you are the one who's not trapped.
It's me enclosed in this coffin.
Enclosed with only memories as my friend
Not friends, friends don't make you cry.
Just companions.
My companions - You.
You have me trapped.
You sealed the sarcophagus.
You made me claustrophobic.

A Cold Something

I remember last year's fall
The turning leaves
Some had already hit the ground
Catching a leaf, I thought to myself
This will be a memory tomorrow
Smoking my fake cigarette
And really just blowing out my cold breath
The earth was a tease
Sunny day - not a cloud in the sky
But it was still cold
That cold something that lingered in the air
It was dead - the leaf
Teasing me again
These bright colors
Preluding death, foretelling winter
I let go

LOVE - OVERRATED
BIOCHEMICALLY EQUAL TO EATING
LARGE AMOUNTS OF CHOCOLATE

STATIC YELLOW

Bright
It hurts our eyes
We squint to focus
On the refraction
Blinded by the static
our guilt becomes emphatic
Telling us of our atrocitites
White lies
yellow lies
Different colors
same effects
Truth seems to darken
Everything except
The confession

EVIL BEGATS EVIL

I'M PROUD TO LIVE IN A NATION
WHERE ONE DAY WE'RE BOMBING BAGHDAD,
AND THE NEXT DAY
JIMMY CARTER'S REBUILDING IT.

POINT BACKGROUND

THE BACKGROUND FADES TO FORE
THE HORIZON SEEMS TO WALK BACKWARD
SO WE CAN'T GET WHERE WE'RE GOING
IT'S ALL CONFUSION, DELUSION
WE'LL FALL OFF THE EDGE
THE BORDER THAT FLATLINES US
WE CRAVE DESTINATION
GO HERE, NO HERE
POINT A TO POINT B
BUT NOT A CLEAR DEFINITION
OF THE PLACE WE'RE AT
AND IN AN INSTANT
AFTER WE REACH POINT B
A NEW BACKGROUND APPEARS
AND THAT'S WHERE WE WANT TO BE

Illuminated Snowflake

He stared out the window into the pale clouds that loomed close to the ground. God, he was bored. But really, this was relaxing for him. Even when things were like how they used to be, he would come to the window and stare out it. Nowadays, he did it more often.

It looked like it was going to snow. Billy had been outside earlier that day taking out the trash, and he could smell it in the air. The cold, not the trash. You know that cold smell around you before it snows. Billy hated that smell. He hated being able to see his breath in front of him. He hated the cold. He really didn't feel like walking outside today, but Dad told him that if he didn't take out the damn trash, he would be in a lot of trouble.

"I know he's just tense," Billy thought to himself. "If anything, he was the one most hurt when mom died, except for me. He's just been tense for about four months." Billy knew she wouldn't have cussed at him.

It was beginning to get dark outside, and it was only about six o'clock. Back in June, the sun wouldn't go down for another three hours. Billy loved the summer. A time when you could wake up at seven o'clock in the morning and not having to hear dad complain about his car not starting because of the cold.

"You should have put some of that stuff in it. You know, that keeps your car from doing this," mom would always say. She never knew anything about cars, but then again, she wasn't supposed to. Billy always thought of his mom as the woman who took care of him and dad. She made the meals, cleaned up after them, and all that other mom stuff.

"I wish it wouldn't snow, but I know it's gonna, I just know," Billy thought to himself. He hated this. He hated the memories.

"That's all you ever do. Look out the window. What are you looking at anyway?" his dad asked.

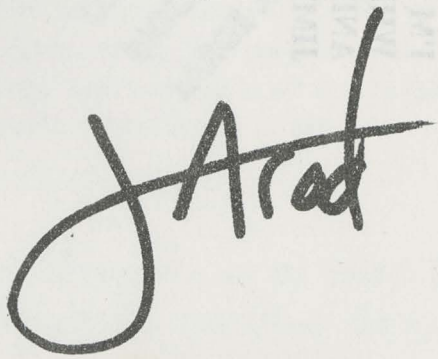
"Nothing. I'm just lookin."

"Well, you need to get up and do something."

Billy wondered why dad was fussing at him. He never did before. He had noticed lately that dad was changing. Before, he never cussed at him, especially over the trash. Everything was changing. He turned back to the window.

Mary Allister died on November 14th - four months ago. A snowstorm forced her to run off the road and she hit a tree. The funeral was beautiful. Everything was blanketed with white. That's how it was at the site, except the red.

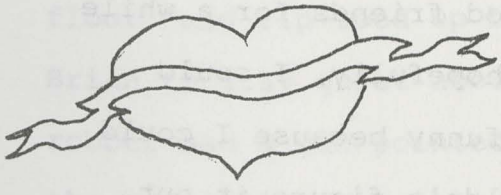
It was dark enough for the street lights to come on. Billy saw a snowflake fall in the light.

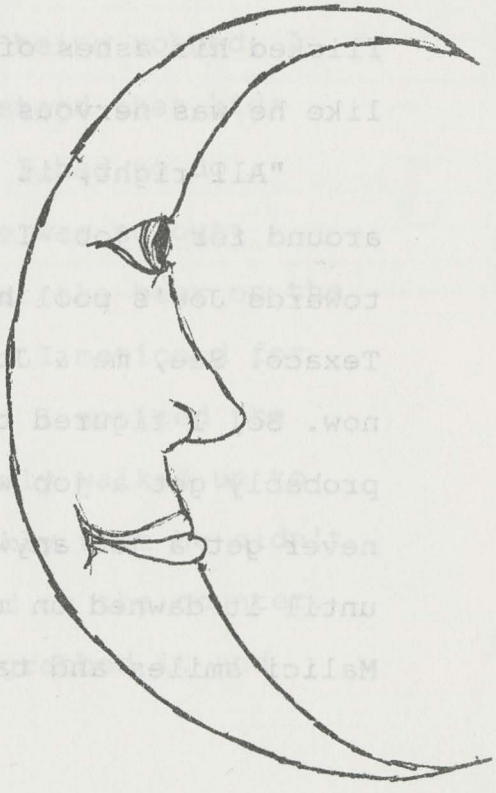




"Base not your joy upon the deeds of others for what is given can be taken away."
-Peter Steel

Crystal Wilmoth





The Interview

"Please, Mr. Isaacs, tell me what you saw."

"Call me Malici."

"All right Malici please tell me about what you saw on the night of Aug. 27, 1997."

"All right, but, can you get me a ashtray in here?" The cop handed Malici an ashtray while he was sitting there finishing his cigarette, he noticed the cop staring at him. But Malici just sat there and smoked his cigarette without looking up. The cop watching him noticed every single detail on this man. He was about six foot-two maybe three with shoulder length black hair. He had dark skin and looked to be about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age; he had a tattoo of a scorpion on his neck, but the one thing that blew the cop off, were his eyes. They were like two blocks of ice. He also noticed how Malici always flicked his ashes off of his cigarette constantly. It was like he was nervous about something.

"All right, it all started like this. I was bummin' around for a job. I couldn't get one anywhere. So, I start towards Joe's pool hall. Ya know the one next to the Texaco. See, me & Joe, we've been good friends for a while now. So, I figured that maybe, just hopefully, I could probably get a job with him. It was funny because I could never get a job anywhere, I just couldn't figure it out, until it dawned on me it was because of Fluffy here." Malici smiles and takes one hand and pulls his shirt collar

down so the cop could see his tattoo better.

"So I go into the pool hall, go up to the bar and order myself a shot of vodka and talked to Joe. Joe said that he would give me a job, so I was thrilled. See, he knows that I can play pool, so, he said that I was to hustle the new faces, keep an eye out for trouble, and go for beer runs for him at the Texaco next door. So, I told him I would take it, I'd be crazy if I didn't, So, he gave me a twenty dollar bill, and told me to go to work immediately. So, I hustled all night long, and for about a week straight after that. Then I started going on beer runs for him. Ya know, he would give me some money, and I would go over and get some beer and anything else he needed. So, one night, I went on a beer run and noticed that everything was a little too quiet. So, I walked over to the drinks and acted like I normally would. Then I turned around and noticed that Brian, the sales clerk, was being robbed. I kinda laughed to myself because I can't stand that kid; he's a jerk-off in the highest form! So, I had to do something, or get out of there, and there was no out.

"So, I knew I had to act quick. I put the beer on the floor, and tip-toed up behind the robber. I motioned for Brian to stay quiet about me being there. I noticed the robber had a gun pointed at Brian. I slowly walked up to the criminal and grabbed his arm so quickly that he didn't know what was going on. I banged his hand on the counter. The gun fell free from his grasp, and I grabbed it and

threw it at Brian. Brian caught it and ducked back behind the counter and hit the silent alarm. The robber swung at me, and I caught his arm; we ended up getting into a fight. And I just fought back with everything I had, till he was unconscious and you were draggin' me off of him. Is Brian O.K.? He looked really stirred up."

The cop looked at Malici as if he had just lost his ever-lovin' mind. "Yeah, the kid's fine." He looks at Malici as he smokes his fourth cigarette through the interview. "You can go now if you want to, o-yeah, good job with stopping the robbery, helping the kid out and all." The cop says as Malici gets up to leave.

"By the way, what is your name, I at least want to know the name of the first man whose been able to calm me down when I'm fightin', especially as hard as I was fightin' tonight?" Malici says as he has the turn to look at the cop as if he's lost <u>his</u> ever-lovin' mind.

"My name is Michael Myers. Goodbye, and be our super-hero again sometime," the cop said.

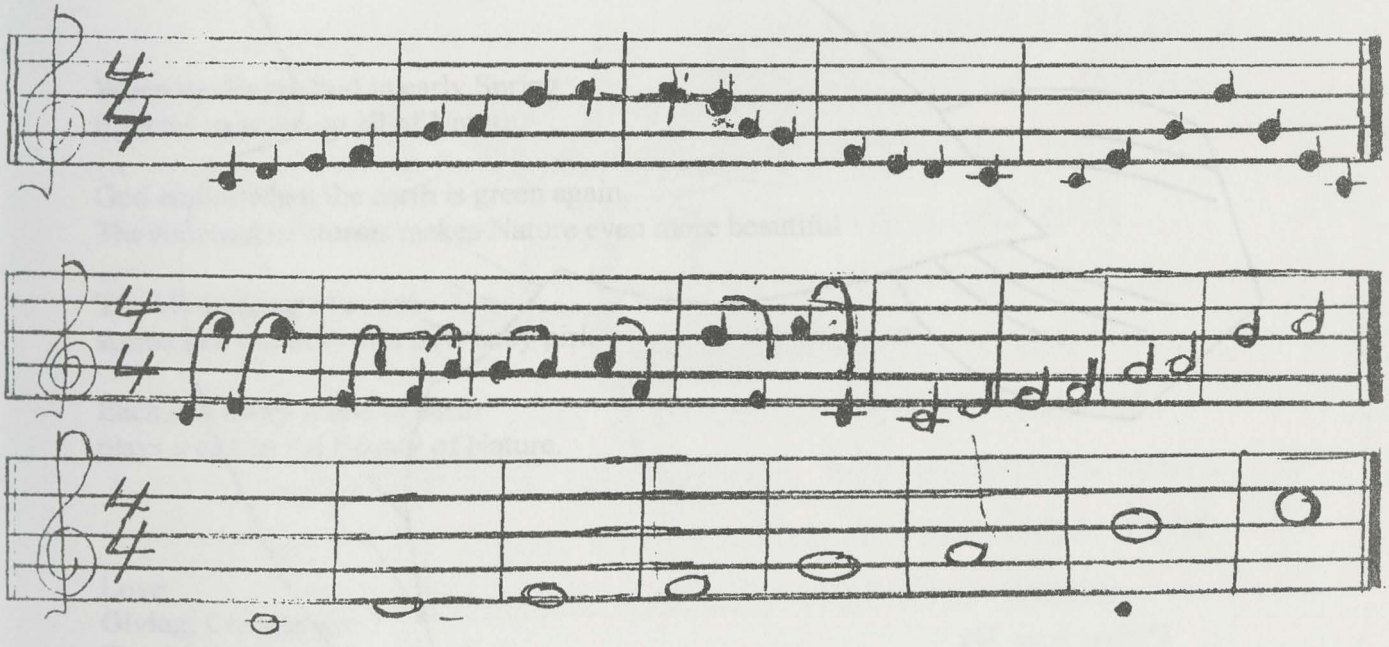
"Later man." Malici says as he got up to leave.

Music

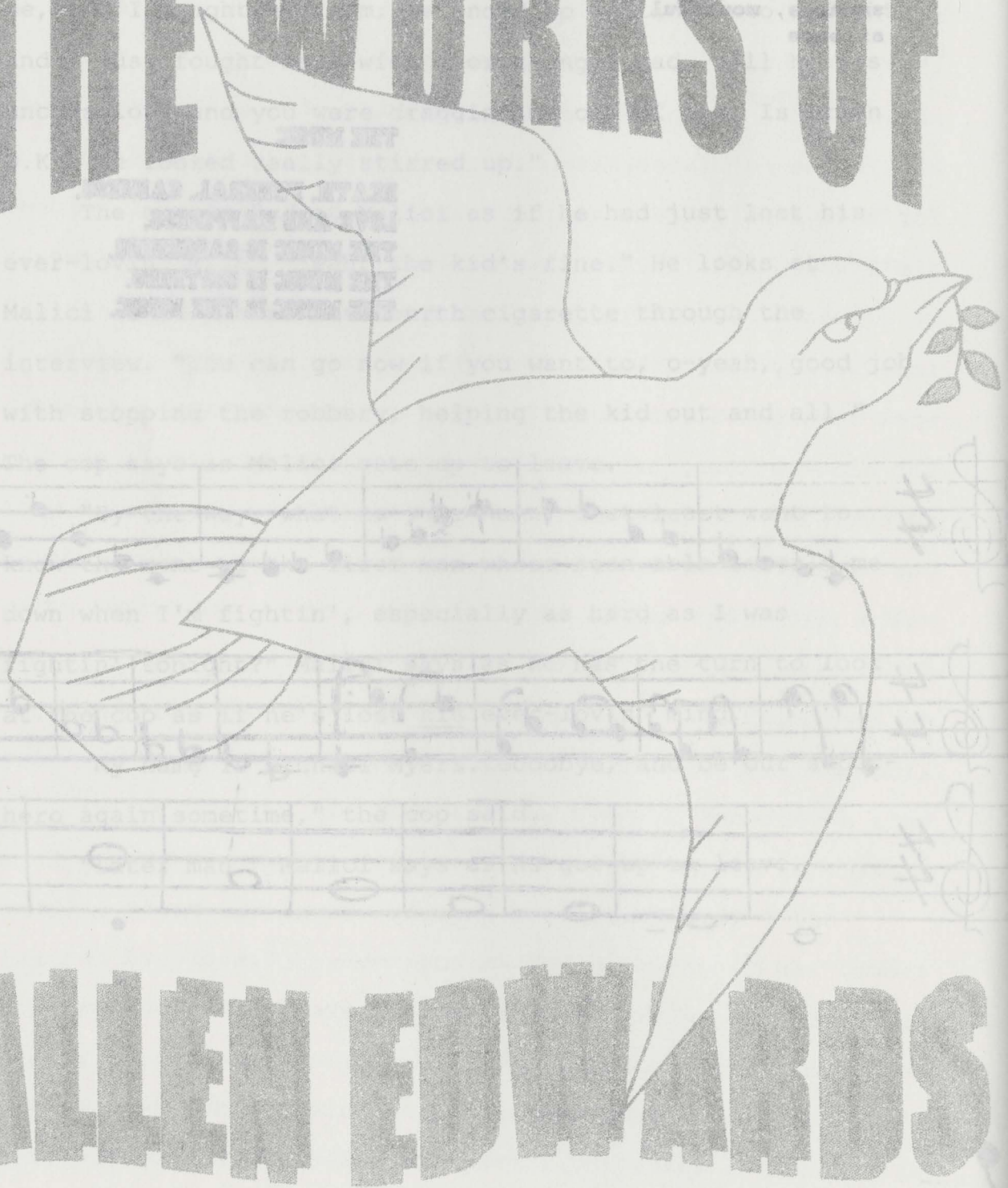
soft, majestic
beating, loving, flying
beats, rhythm, rhyme, melody
sighing, crying, dying
sadness, mournful
silence

THE MUSIC

DEATH, FUNERAL, SADNESS,
LOVE AND HAPPINESS,
THE MUSIC IS SADDENING.
THE MUSIC IS SOOTHING.
THE MUSIC IS THE MUSIC.



THE WORKS OF



ALLEN EDWARDS

Flowers Blooming in a Field

Nature replenished the field with pink.
Oh how beautiful it is, I think.

The flowers are ready for the coming storm.
Like a hive of bees about to swarm.

As the ferocious storm draws near,
the pink flowers shout and cheer.

The flower covered field shows Nature's care.
Nature doesn't like for her earth to go bare.

The Beauty of Nature

When the leaves bud in early Spring
it seems to wake up all of Nature.

God smiles when the earth is green again,
The roughest of storms makes Nature even more beautiful

The blossoming of a rose
seems like the birth of a new baby girl.

Each and every scene of earth
plays a part in the Beauty of Nature.

Love
Giving, Contagious
Touching, Conquering, Moving
Affection, Caring, Compassion, Friendliness
Life

Doves
joyous, happy, flying, soaring, diving
love, peace, Holy Spirit, safety
loving, caring, Angels
compassion, rest
beautiful

WATER IN A POOL

WATER IN A POOL
TRICKLES LIKE WHEN THE RAIN FALLS
UPON THE SURFACE
DISTURBING THE WATER BUGS
AND REVIVES ALL OF NATURE.

Home Sweet Home

Love can be found in my home.
My home is in heaven up above.
In heaven is where the blessed go
for rest because their battle is won.
The streets are of gold, the walls are of jasper
and the gates are of pearl, just like the prophets foretold



Princess Di

Princess Di
made people cry
When she lost her life
before she became Dodi's wife.

"In which I started a New Life"

I found myself at a dead end, and I could see the eyes getting closer. I had tried to bear all of the heartaches in life by myself and I'm here at a place where there is nowhere to go but to turn around and backtrack. The eyes of my enemies were getting closer every minute and I had one last hope.

There was a person that told me about a man who will make a way out of no way and that he's there with you all of the time. This man's name is Jesus Christ. I asked him to forgive me of my sins and then I accepted him as my Lord and Savior. Then out of nowhere, a door opened up right in front of me. All of a sudden, what had been a dead end was a door to better success. There is now a new Lee Oliver. My enemies were left behind the dead end as the mysterious door closed. My enemies hopefully will find Jesus Christ.



My Best Friend

I have a very best friend.
He's there with me all of the time.

My best friend loves me always.
He is the Lily of my Valley.

He is the Rock of my Salvation.
He's my Refuge from the storm.

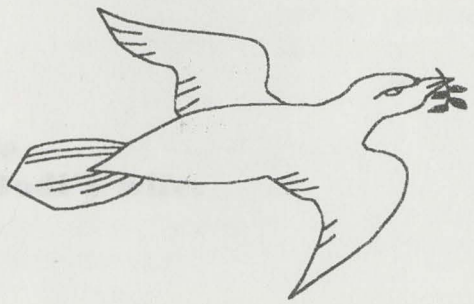
When I'm in sorrow he's my comfort.
He's the sweetest Rose of Sharon.

My best friend is the keeper of my heart.
He's the greatest Physician of all times.

He's the Bright and Morning star.
He's the Master of the wind.

My best friend is the Maker of the Rains.
He's the Creator of the Stars.

My best friend can mend broken hearts.
He's the one I depend on when I feel alone.



YOU NEVER FAIL UNTIL YOU STOP TRYING



LOVE CONQUERS ALL



d Life is dead dead dead dead dead dead dead
d Love is dead dead dead dead dead dead dead
d Fear is dead dead dead dead dead dead dead
d I am dead dead dead dead dead dead dead
You know what you should feel
This is what you should feel
You know what you should feel
This is what you should feel
You know what you should feel

MISERY

MY CHOICES ARE MY LIFE
I CHOOSE TO BE ME
MAYBE I'M UNHAPPY
BUT DO I GET UPSET ABOUT IT
NO, I LIKE THE PAIN AND MISERY
LIFE IS PLENTIFUL WITH SORROW
I CHOOSE TO ENJOY IT
MY LIFE IS BASED ON HATE AND FEAR
NOT LOVE AND HAPPINESS
I NEED MY DEPRESSION TO SURVIVE
ITS WHAT I FEED ON ITS WHAT COMPLETES
ME
I CONSTANTLY HARM MY BODY
WITH DRUGS AND CHEMICALS BUT I STILL
LIVE INSIDE MY HEAD
NO ONE CAN BOTHER ME THERE
JUST THOUGHTS
I CAN MAKE AND CREATE
THEY GET ME HIGH
ONLY TO COME BACK TO THE MISERY

SUCH A PLACE

Kiss me hard with love and let me feel you
Such a beautiful feeling though I wish our love new
Your feelings are lost in me, you say that you live for me
I've been torn apart before by such loves
Tell me am I just insane I don't know anymore
Seems like as days go on more hate grows
If I was ever happy i wasn't in a kind frame of mind
But stay true in my heart
Scatter slowly in thick bits of love
My broken heart cannot feel anymore
I'll do anything to taste your soul
Living hell I never feel whole
just let me love you the ways I know how
I like to feed on your fear
but hold inside what I hold dear

DO NOT JUDGE ME BY THESE WORKS
I HAD TO DO A LOT OF EDITING TO
PLEASE ALL OF THE
TEACHERS\PRINCIPAL
MY WORK OFFENDED PEOPLE

CHARLIE RILEY

MY LOVE

As my love stares into my eyes
I feel my presence
wanting me to want her
I bite into her pale neck
The blood flows across my lips
so sweet and thick
I feel the sharp pain of her piercing my wrist
I cannot think as I feel myself being drained
Her beauty becomes fuller
Her vibrance makes my instincts alive
I want to rip her apart
Yet love her and never let harm touch her
for her immortal kiss
is what I cherish
And her blood is my essence
To taste her lifeline
And to feel her flow through me,
I can live not
If I live not with her
For to me
She is my lover
She will bring forth my child
And let him reign

STORIES AND WORDS

Rain and Tears

The sky is a wonderful thing
It is similar to life.
Some days the sun shines.
Sometimes it is cloudy.
We all have good days and bad days.

The rain is just like tears.
Rain can fall unexpectedly
Flooding the land.
Tears flood your eyes.

Rain helps the grass and trees grow.
Tears help a person grow stronger and overcome problems.
Rain and tears both have the ability to help things grow.

Spirits Soar

She knelt by his bedside.
She always promised she would be there with him.
This was her chance to show him.
As he lay on his bed of death.
She held his hand
In his final moments
And sealed his lips with a kiss.
He went out of this world
And his spirit soared
Into the sky.
He was finally at rest.
He doesn't have to suffer anymore.

Bank Vault

Charlene Gentry woke up at 6:00 that morning and despite the fact that she was nine months pregnant and past her due date, she went to work. She worked in a bank across town, an hour away from her house.

"Hello, Charlene," said her boss. Will you go inside the vault and count money for me? I think that it would be a very easy and light job for you to attend to considering that you are pregnant."

"Yes, Mr. Rowbuck. I will do a good job," said Charlene.

Charlene had gone inside the vault to do her duties for that day and as she went inside the door slammed behind her. This scared Charlene. Charlene then felt her water break, and she was in labor. She put a lot of the money on the floor so that she would have something soft to lie on, and then nature took its course. Charlene went to the hospital afterwards, and she and the baby checked out fine.

The Love of a Daughter

"Is she going to be all right?" cried Gabrielle as they rolled her mom towards the emergency room. Her mom had always been her hero and always done anything for her. The last couple of months her mother had been sick with a kidney infection that had progressed badly and finally led to kidney failure.

"Mrs. Leader, your mother's kidneys are both infected very badly, and I think that the only way that she can survive is for her to have a kidney transplant immediately," said the doctor.

Gabrielle looked at the white floors and the walls of the waiting room,and then she saw the gloves and lab coat that the old bald-headed doctor was wearing. She felt that she needed to do something to help her mother, and she decided to help her mother survive by sacrificing one of her kidneys to save her mother's life.

"Can't I donate my kidney to help my mother," asked Gabrielle?

"Yes you can, but you do realize that you will be putting your life at risk to save your mother," said the doctor.

"I don't care; I want to help in anyway that I can," said Gabrielle.

Gabrielle went down the narrow hallway into the operating room and she smelled sterile air fresheners, and then she saw the bed that had a white crisp sheet thrown across it. Right beside of her she saw a corpse. She saw two feet sticking out from underneath a white sheet and this frightened her. Her heart began to beat like a drum and they told her to change her clothes so that she could go into the operating room.

The next thing that Gabrielle remembered was that she was in the recovery room and when she looked up she saw the white ceiling and beside of her she saw her mother. Her mother was happy, because she had a kidney, and she was going to survive.

Gabrielle was a very good daughter and the savior of her mother because she had risked her whole life to help her mother receive a kidney.

Gabrielle's mom was a very grateful person because she had given her daughter life and now her daughter had done a remarkable thing of giving her life.

The Turtle

Turtle
Slow, shy
Walking, snapping, rolling
Afraid, intimidated, scared, happy
Tortoise



Kitten
Gentle, hairy
Meowing, purring, scratching
Paws, whiskers, claws, tail
Clawing, swinging, cleaning
Groomed, protective
Dog

Elephant
Heavy, big
Charging, walking, eating
Sad, hurt, mad, confused
Innocent

Sadness

Sadness is blue.
It sounds like rain hitting the top of a building.
It smells like a sewer.
It tastes like salty tears.
Sadness feels like a heart that has a hole in it.

Things I like:

Mickey Mouse
Elephants
Reading
Television
Pizza
School
Driving
Flower


MMM... MMM....
MMM....
By:
Chad
Mauldin

I watch you
content with silence
I try to break your contemptuous gaze
only to be drawn back
Drawn back by the beauty in your face
and the purity of your soul
Your cruel words shatter the silence
along with my heart
My soul is left hollowed by your anger
fragile and weak
I retreat into my own subconcious
only to find memories of you

I watch as you cross the room
Your feet never touching the ground
as angels rarely do
I glance into your pale blue eyes
I let myself fall
Into my humbled fantasies and twisted
dreams
With only you to catch me
With only your love to save me
With only your heart to judge me
I continue to fall
deeper still
With hope for the future
and contempt for reality

SCAPEGOAT FOR REALITY

You sell yourself!
You conform yourself!
for what?
Profit?
acceptance?
your vague sense of reality?
Your spiritual beliefs?
Your governments beliefs?
But never your own!
why?

I SWEAR THIS POEM HAS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH THE JAPANESE MAFIA



ASSASSINATION

He couldn't help but feel a little remorse as the man began to grovel at his feet pulling on the cuff of his assassin's jeans.

"How much are they paying you?" the pitiful man managed to blurt out in the midst of all his fear. "I'll double it, triple it, just don't kill me, God, pleases don't kill me."

"Are you a religious man?" the stranger said as his cold breath vanished into the night air.

"What?" his victim whispered.

"Are you religious? Do you trust God? What's your denomination?"

"My denomination, what does that have to do with anything?" A lifetime of regrets streamed down his face.

"You're Catholic, aren't you?" the stranger said with a sadistic smile. His victim watched as the assassin reached into his left breast pocket and pulled out an old brass watch, the kind you would expect to be owned by someone's grandfather, not a killer. "I'm giving you twenty-five seconds to repent."

"Oh, God, no, please, we can work this out!"

"Twenty seconds."

"Just please listen. I have a savings account. It's all yours just please...."

"Ten seconds."

"Please, I have kids, a wife, please..."

"Five seconds."

"Please, no, who hired you?"

"Times up." he said, as he began slowly methodically unloading the clip. First the left arm then the right. *Make him suffer*, the voice rang out in his head. He paused for a second. The third shot was in the stomach; he watched his victim's eyes widen as the gun slowly began to ease north. He tried to scream, but all that came out was a soft, gurgling sound, and with the fourth blast it was over. The stranger placed his gun back into its holster hidden underneath his long, black trench coat. He folded back the cover on the old brass watch and placed it back in his pocket. He withdrew a pack of matches. The smell of burnt sulfur and a freshly lit cigar filled his nostrils. The streetlights flickered as the man slowly disappeared into the darkness.

"If you're not trying to make something better,
then as far as I can tell you are just IN THE W
- Ani Difranco

When there's nothing to see,
and nothing to be
Just as sure as your smile,
I'll be gone for a while
Nothing to say,
no reason to stay
Just as sure as the past,
nothing good ever lasts.
"Nothing" by Velocity Girl

I loved you, but I fell so far I left you behind.

eXcEssIVE NoNseNSE bY jEnnI bArTeLS

We like knowing all
about the things that hurt us most.

what if it's just us down here, what if God is just an idea someone put in your head?
-Ani Difranco's "What if no one's watching?"

"My inner child is cough

Daddy's Girl
needs to be
SHOT

To be great is to be misunderstood.
-Emerso

Did Jesus find Buddha?

Of all the things I've lost, I miss my mind the most.
-- Ozzy Osborne

SUPERFICIAL

The apple of your eye
Is only an orange to me.
I don't see what you see
You see things the way they are,
I see them how I wish they could be.
I watch clouds melt
Like a marshmallow in your mouth
I see the trees reaching for the skies
And aching to touch you
I hear roses screaming for water
I see blood beyond the beauty,
You only see the skin.

BEAUTY IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER; BLIND PEOPLE SEE BEAUTY BEFORE ANYONE ELSE.

SILENT SCREAMER

SHE SITS IN HER ROOM.
ALONE AND COLD.
SINGING AND SCREAMING HER SILENT SONG.
SHE LOST HERSELF
ALONG THE WAY
SO SHE SITS ALONE IN HER CORNER
WITH NO TIME TO PLAY.
SHE MUST CONTINUE
UNTIL SOMEONE HEARS
BUT SHE KNOWS
SHE KNOWS
IT FALLS ON DEAF EARS.
SHE HAS NO FRIENDS
NO LIFE
NO DREAMS.
SO SHE SITS IN HER ROOM
AND SILENTLY SCREAMS.

what I forgot to remember

Bert and Ernie are not gay.
The mayonnaise is in the fishbowl
And God is on the front porch.
Mother's in the kitchen cursing stew
And I should be outside playing.
But instead I'm in the basement with the farmhand
Time goes by so fast and yet we say we have too much
But then when you died
You said you didn't have enough time
And then I remembered
To put the cat out.

HAIKUS

Butterflies flutter
Until they crash into your
Car's pretty windshield.

Stop being a pig
I am not your stupid maid
Wash your own clothes, jerk.

BAMBI

Bambi is who you are,
Hiding behind your mother.
Afraid of your world.
But I—
I am the hunter!
I will knock down your defenses
And I will find you.
I could be Thumper—
I could befriend you and guide you.
I could be your doe
And I could love you.
Or— maybe.....
Maybe I'm the fire.
Strong for a while
But soon dead.
Leaving ruins where I've been.

He Didn't Think It Would Happen To Him

On the street they once lived so happily,
No one could make a sound.
She lay there dead on the sidewalk,
And no suspect could be found.
Beside her lay the groceries
From the store she'd just been to,
When they contacted her husband and he saw her there,
He was convinced his life was through.
Do they know what they'd done to him?
Do you think they even care?
Her children were crying,
"Is Mommy dying?"
But all he could do was stare.
In all the time that he'd been alive,
The light of justice was growing dim.
But he never thought he'd lose someone this way,
He didn't think it would happen to him.

I Don't Know You

I know you see me in the halls
I know you look away,
I know you pretend you don't know me,
Because you did it yesterday.
I don't even know you anymore
You're not the person I saw before,
You've looked away and shut the door,
And I don't know you anymore.
I see you in the halls,
Unaware of my heart breaking,
You don't know that something's changed,
You don't know what pills I've been taking.
And I don't know you anymore
We were inseparable before.
But now you've frozen your heart to the core.
And I don't know you anymore.
And I've sat up and wondered late at night
What made that light burn out?
What made your heart take a different route?
I don't even know you anymore.
You aren't the person I saw before.
You've looked away, you've shut the door,
And I don't know you anymore.

As Time Goes

Time drifted through the halls of her old house and realized it would be the last time. The movers were coming the next day to pack the house up, so this was the only chance she'd have to enjoy her home in its normal state. Tomorrow it'd be full of dust, brown boxes and smelly bubble wrap.

She lit a cigarette and glanced past the black velvet drapes into the rain that pounded against the windows. She hated to leave...Memories everywhere.

The electricity in the old house had gone out an hour before, and the candles she lit gave off an eerie luminescence that she had come to love. She put her cigarette out and tried sitting down and reading, but she couldn't concentrate. She stared out the window, remembering all the fun she had in these walls as a child. All the inspiration that the walls had breathed into her ears. She felt as though she had herself stapled to every inch of the walls and ceilings of the house. It couldn't be condemned!

She felt herself growing short of breath. She looked around and all she saw were the candles. The grandfather clock in the hall was tick-tocking in time with her heart. It let her know that every time the pendulum swayed, it was another second closer to the demise of her house. *If this house dies, I die with it, she thought. It's all I've got left. I won't let them take it.*

She got up and took a candle from the mantle. She walked very solemnly down to the basement as if in a funeral procession. The basement was a thick black, except for her candlelight's weak illumination. The light made her look like a beautiful corpse, with her white skin and her big, sunken brown eyes.

She moved noiselessly to the gas tank and turned the dial.



SKY

LITTLE CLOUDS OF SUGAR FLOAT BY IN A DELICIOUS BLUE RASPBERRY POPSICLE SKY. I SIT AND I WONDER WHAT IT WOULD TASTE LIKE TO LICK THE CLOUD THAT LOOKS LIKE A TREE. VELVET GRASS TICKLES MY TOES AND THE SUN SHINES DOWN LIKE THE QUIET RING OF THE SKY, WAITING FOR HER MAJESTY THE MOON TO RESUME THE THRONE.

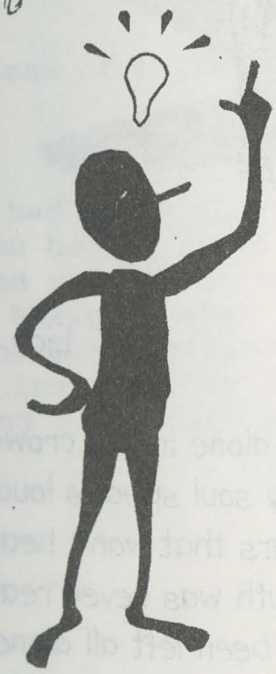
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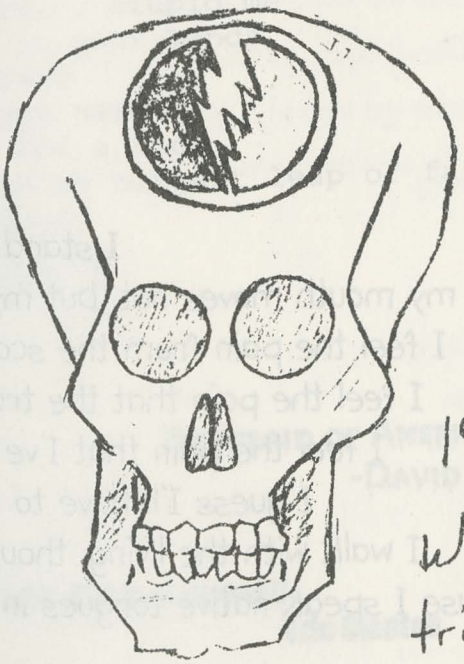
Read at your own risk!



This literary work was created by none other than...

James Tucker





1997-98

What a long, strange, trip it's been

" If Never"

If I was never born
I'd never have to die,
and if I had never loved
I'd have never cried.

If I had never met you
I would've never seen you sobbing in the rain,
and if you had never broken my heart
I wouldn't be drowning in this pain.

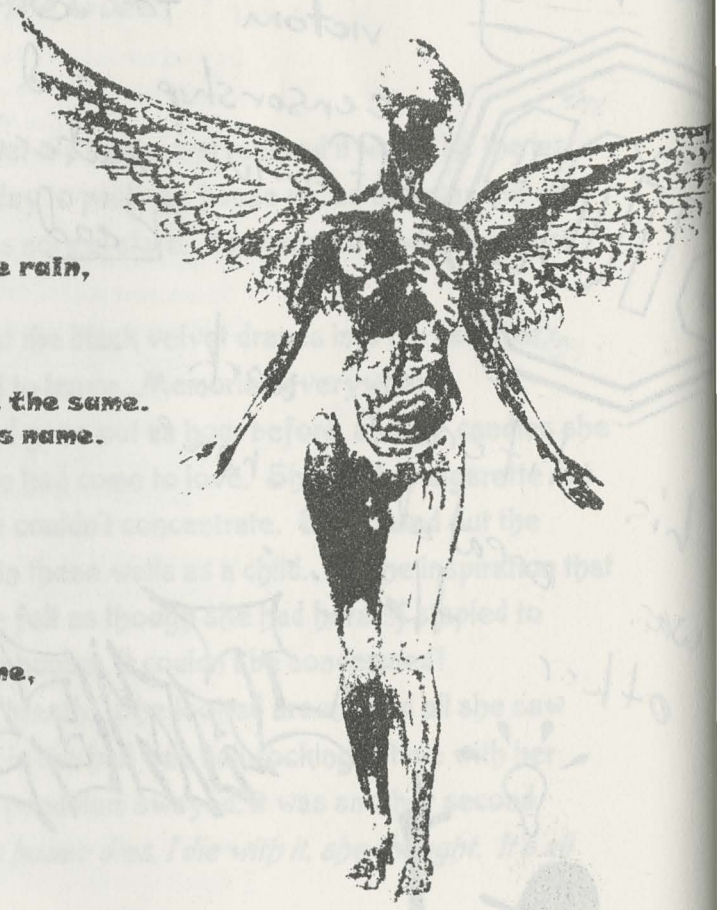
And if I had you back, things couldn't be the same.
Holding you as you call out another guy's name.

When I close my eyes
all I see is your face,
but that's okay
because someone will take your place.

And this broken heart will heal with time,
so I can stop playing this pantomime.

But if this were a perfect world
maybe things would have worked out ...

but that's a big if.



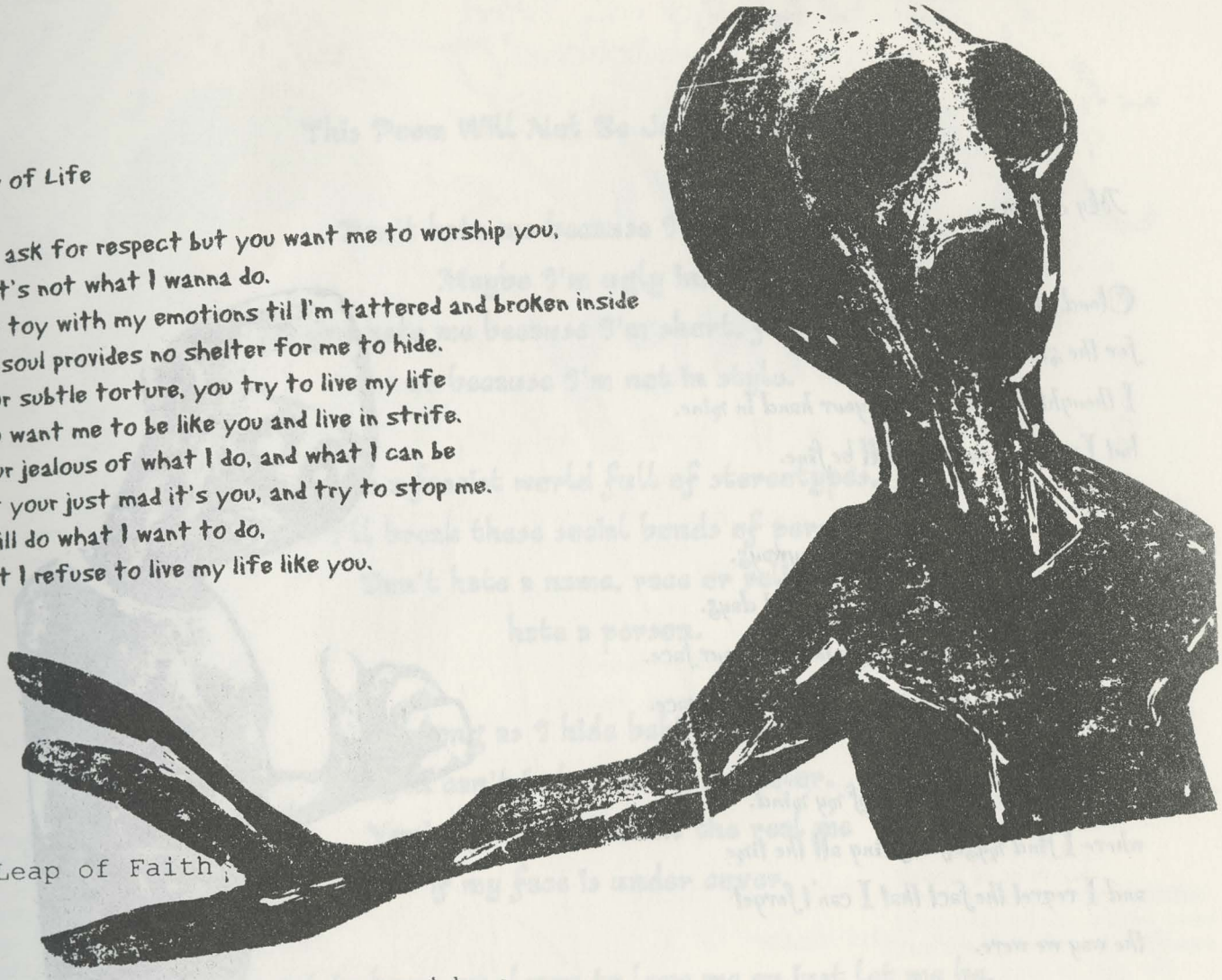


" Liar "

I stand alone in the crowd
my mouth moves not, but my soul speaks loud.
I feel the pain from the scars that won't heal.
I feel the pain that the truth was never real.
I feel the pain that I've been left all alone.
I guess I'll have to live life on my own.
I walk with the living, though inside I've died,
because I speak native tongues in a world full of lies

Way of Life

You ask for respect but you want me to worship you,
that's not what I wanna do.
You toy with my emotions til I'm tattered and broken inside
my soul provides no shelter for me to hide.
Your subtle torture, you try to live my life
you want me to be like you and live in strife.
Your jealous of what I do, and what I can be
but your just mad it's you, and try to stop me.
I will do what I want to do,
but I refuse to live my life like you.



Leap of Faith

I had faith in you... stupid me
You had my heart in your hands,
and you let it bleed
I believed what you said,
and I got played for a fool
I instilled in you my biggest leap of faith... love
and I got hurt again.

I'M AFRAID OF AMERICA...
-DAVID BOWIE

Before you accuse me take a look at yourself
-Eric Clapton

My Drug

Clouds in my eyes make room
for the star in my sky.
I thought I'd die without your hand in mine,
but I've found out that I'll be fine.

You caused me so much grief anyways.
the times of me missing you are past days.
I can barely remember the features of your face,
your long blond hair, your style, or your grace.

I've stuck you in the back of my mind,
where I find myself visiting all the time
and I regret the fact that I can't forget
the way we were.

I lie to myself to keep my pride,
but the truth is inside I've died.
You're still there in my thoughts and my dreams.
You would've gone by now it seems.

Although it's over, I still carry this little bit of hope
so I write this crap to cope.



If never I met you I'd never have seen you cry.
If not for our first hello I'd never have to say goodbye.
- KISS

This Poem Will Not Be Judged by a Title

Don't hate me because I'm beautiful.
Maybe I'm ugly inside.
Do you hate me because I'm short, fat, and bald,
or because I'm not in style.

It's a fascist world full of stereotypes,
but I'll break these social bonds of persecution.
Don't hate a name, race or religion
hate a person.

As long as I hide behind this pen
you can't judge me by my color.
You're forced to know the real me
if my face is under cover.

So get to know me, learn to love me or just let me be.
If I'm from the North, the South or somewhere overseas
don't judge by what you see
Don't hate me because of what I look like,
. . .hate me for me

Your a slave to the money then you die
- Rolling Stones

One thing you can't hide, is when your crippled inside
- John Lennon

"I'll be waving my hand watching you drown"
-Our Lady Peace

AMANDA GAINEY

♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀

"Saw your smile, left my soul to die."
-Drain STH

"You say love is a hell you cannot beat,
And I say gimmemine back and then go there;
for all I care"
- Fiona Apple

"this thing is slowly taking me apart.
grey would be the color if I
had a heart"
- NIN

"You slowly fade and yet still remain,
as if to say everything matters in
such an invisible way"
-POE

"You can kill yourself now
because you're dead in my
mind"
- MM

"The magic is in the feeling"
-Lords of Acid



DADDY

You were the giant
And I was a little girl
But things change
No matter how hard we pull
I'm not who you remember
No innocence resides in me
I know secrets that you
Thought best to keep
You see me as the doll
You molded from clay
But I've tasted the
Fruits of temptation
And thrown all
My Barbies away
My words shock you
And your lies have no effect
I've seen past the image
That your love would reflect



DARK DAYS

The darkness closing in on me
Drugs can't help this feeling anymore
My thoughts turn to rubber
They bounce through my mind
Can't get a grasp on myself
Can't hear the sound of the traffic
Can't hear the voices on the street
Only a buzz in my brain
Like a fly stuck on paper
This grave has always been mine
It's been waiting past the line
Jump away from reality
On to the plains of fear
Souls get lost here
And I become ooze

ILLUSION

The stars were bright
Candles in the sky
They fell all around us
Softly like snow
Staring deeply into
Eyes that couldn't see
I heard golden bells
That crumbled to dust
Before glaring daylight
And your love
Your beautiful facade
Crumbled too



SIN

The night was black
Slipping and sliding
Around my body
Like the softest silk
You came to me
In the darksest hour
My sins washed over me
They didn't matter
I sinned again
Would forever
Feeling a body
Pressed into mine
Smelling the scent
Only you can claim
Your blanket around me
Redemption so far away

PUPPET

You hold the key
To the chains around me
You talk of freedom
All I feel is repression
You hold me down
Caught in your net
Disect me,hold me to the light
Reveal the secrets hidden away
I'm a puppet for your pleasure
Make me bend to your will
I'm crucified for emotion
You hunt me like a fox
Alone in the wild
You crawl into my mind
Like a parasite inside
You burn through my soul
Witha neverending blaze
Keep me caged for your desire

MATCH

IT'S HARD SOMETIMES
HARD TO GO ON
HARD TO WEAR A MASK
I'VE HELD EVERYTHING IN
I THOUGHT IT WAS
BETTER THAT WAY
BUT I LOOK AROUND
MY WORLD ON FIRE
AND I WONDER
HOW COULD THIS BE
HOW COULD I FALL
BENEATH BURNING TIMBER
AND I ALWAYS ASK
WHO STRUCK THE MATCH?

ANGEL

Proud angel
So scared to cry
Your eyes hold the secret
To ancient mysteries
They tell the tale
Of your deception
Of your hunger and pain
Your dernal agony
Locked away from the light
You take sanctuary in the dark
A monastery of your making
Silence consuming all
I want to crawl inside your body
Wrapped up in your flesh
Invade your mind
Pour some thoughts
Make some noise
Shatter your walls
Feel your vibrations

YOU

You raped my mind
Poisoned my soul
Can you see the results
Look at the boiling flesh
Feel my frozen heart
Fire and ice combined
All in your touch
In the end fires die
And bodies burn
And maybe you'll get
What you deserve

2 A.M.

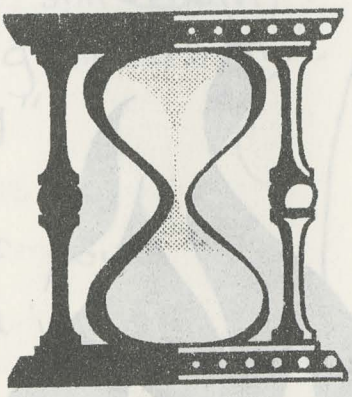
It's late
2 in the morning
No sounds, no distraction
Only a lonely dog
In the distance
Howling his agony
For those of the night
My candle burns low
I watch the wax
Drip, drip, drip
Reminds me of tears
Shed too often
Unanswered
My world collapses
In the flame
Burns my thoughts
Makes me helpless
I feel my soul slip away
And drift to dreams



-The Craft

"Okay, I'm going to the picnic and I'm bringing the cryogenically frozen head of Walt Disney."

"If you were the only suspect in a senseless bloodbath- would you be standing in the horror section?"
-Scream





"DON'T WORRY, I DON'T HAVE LOW SELF-ESTEEM. IT'S A MISTAKE. I HAVE LOW ESTEEM FOR EVERYONE ELSE."
-DARIA

FORGET

It's night and maybe morning
I watch you sleeping
I reach but lack the courage
Touch you once more
The time has come
Time to let go
Tears singe my skin
A feeling I know so well
But did you ever see them
Or did you ever hear
I've got to burn the photo album
Burn this bed from my memory
Forget your name, forget your face
Maybe tomorrow I won't feel so weak
Or maybe this feeling has just begun
This ache, this lonliness
I felt it everytime you walked away
I know I'll survive
Can you say the same



DEMON

Demons are hard to see
They lurk behind masks
Of innocence and laughter
Sometimes they creep
Step past the barrier
Only for a second
Too quick to see
We pass them on the streets
We ask them for the time
Stand next to them on the train
Others we ignore
Afraid to look
At their ravaged faces
And our own demon
Urges us on

"Good night, sweet prince
And flights of angels sing
thee to thy rest!"
-Hamlet

DROWN

YOU FELL BEFORE ME
SUNK DEEP IN THE MUD
I WAVE, LAUGHING
AS IT PULLS YOU UNDER
YOU SQUIRM AGAINST THE FORCE
TRYING TO BREAK FREE
THE MORE YOU STRUGGLE
THE TIGHTER IT BECOMES
MAYBE IT'S QUICKSAND
MAYBE YOU'LL DROWN
I CAN HOPE

"The good only know what the bad teach them."
-Candyman

"Disdain shall never die with such meat as you to feed upon."
-Much Ado About Nothing

ICICLE

YOU'RE LIKE THE COLDEST WINTER WIND
PUSHING THROUGH MY DOORS
CHILL ME TO THE BONE
I SHIVER FROM THE FORCE
TREMBLE INSIDE YOUR EMBRACE
YOU PULL AWAY IN A CLOUD OF FROST
AS I REACH FOR YOU ICICLES STILL MY FINGERS
I'M LIKE A SMALL PALE FLOWER
TRYING TO GROW THROGH THE HARD STONE OF YOUR HEART
I WANT TO BUILD A FIRE INSIDE YOUR BODY
LIKE A VIRGIN PRIESTESS IN A TEMPLE
I WANT TO TURN ON YOUR DEFROST

"Buildings burn. People die. But real love last forever."

-The Crow



TOY

WE WERE BORN TO DIE
LIKE ANTS WE SCURRY
BEAT THE RACE
BE THE BEST
WE HIDE IN FANTASY
PRETEND IMPORTANCE
SOMEWHERE ABOVE US
A FORCE LAUGHS IN A WHISPER
WE ARE THE TOYS
OF ITS CREATION

SHADOW

The end draws near
And your god trembles
Hiding in the shadows
Those who came before
They wait for a new beginning
Where blood will run as rivers
Fires will burn the night
Teeth like razors rip through souls
Our ancestors cry alone
No one will be left to mourn
The passing of humanity
The crimson wave
Shall wash us away





DEATH

The wheel is turning
My fate draws near
He waits in the darkness
Silently damning me
Tearing my world to ashes
Turned me into a corpse
I walk and talk
But maggots fill my mind
My limbs are crumbling
My blood flows free
Death pulls me ever near
And buries my heart
In a worm pit

Brandon Brim's section of thought and skating terms.



Conspiracy?

The pig eats,
eats,
eats,
and eats,
not knowing the conspiracy against him,
getting fatter with every bite,
the fatter he is,
the happier farmer Joe is,
Life is a conspiracy,
So eat up.

Every
Foundation
Grows
High
In
Justification
Knowing
Little
Mental
Negotiations
Over
Problems

Beauty

The world passes on,
Death, disaster, hatred,
somewhere it is beautiful,
leaving a special feeling for whoever is blessed enough to see it.

Unwanted

Cool breeze blows,
blowing away unwanted heat,
or unwanted scents.
Moving seeds along to create new life,
The new life grows creating new scents,
whether wanted or not.

The Favor and the Pardon

As the deer drank from a small stream deep in the Runningham Forest, some of the king's knights were leaving from Hollow Point Castle. They were setting out for the Livelton Mountains that were on the other side of the land. A knight had been left behind earlier that week, his name was Arthur. Arthur was slightly angered. See he didn't know the trail they were on to begin with. They were out looking for a peasant who owed the king for a pardon.

Three months ago, the peasant shot and killed one of the king's cows and the king decided to give him a pardon, but he told the peasant that he owed him a favor. It came time for him to return the favor so that's why the knights were looking for him. He lived in a small shack high in the mountains, he only came out to find food. Arthur hadn't really want to go get him in the first place, so he was even more upset after he got lost. While he was lost he continued to look for the peasant, it took two days, but he finally did find him. When he found the shack, Arthur burst inside, breaking the door down. The peasant was scared to death, because Arthur came in all bloody and in his suit of armor. He grabbed the peasant by his throat and said to him "Show me how to get out of these bloody mountains!" The peasant decided it would be best to show Arthur how to get out and let him go on his merry way. Arthur had different plans for the peasant. Arthur decided he was going to make the peasant show him all the way back to the castle. On the way back, they ran into the other knights.

"We're so glad to see you Arthur." they said.

"I'm glad you guys came back to get me." he said.

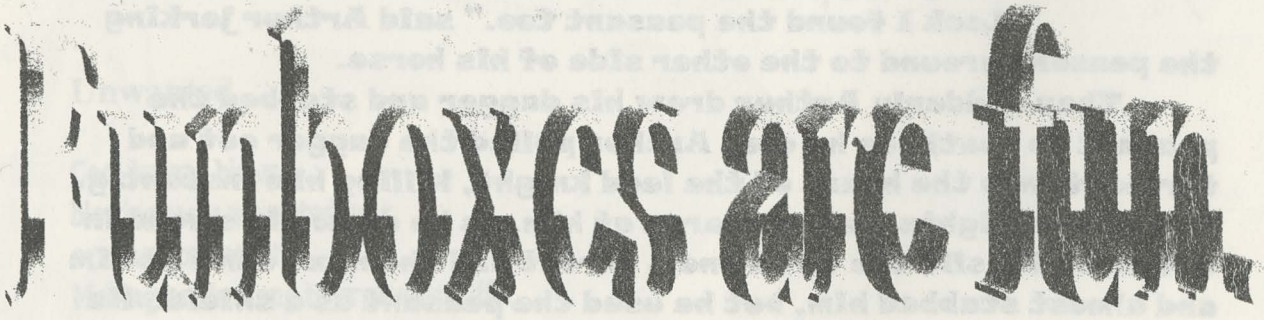
"Look I found the peasant too." said Arthur jerking the peasant around to the other side of his horse.

Then suddenly Arthur drew his dagger and stabbed the peasant to death, as he died Arthur pulled the dagger out and threw it into the heart of the lead knight, killing him instantly. The other knights made a charge at him, as he drew his sword in defense. He slit the first one's throat and the next came at him and almost stabbed him, but he used the peasant as a shield. He managed to fight off the other two knights, but not without the

peasant getting stabbed twice more. Arthur moved on toward the castle. It was a long journey, so the longer it took to get back, the more rage he had growing inside him. As he arrived back at the castle many of the servants were surprised to see a dead peasant man lying across Arthur's shoulders. Arthur was crazed he burst into the king's bedroom, while he was making love to his mistress. Arthur said, "Good day sir, here is your bloody peasant." Just as the king began to speak Arthur threw the peasant on him and his mistress, with blood still dripping from his cold, dead body. Then Arthur pulled out his four foot sword and began hacking at all three bodies on the king's beautiful, elegant bed. As blood was spraying all over the room, Arthur was screaming, "Here is your bloody peasant. He left the castle unbothered and was never heard from again.

Meaning of life

Life is a journey,
A journey filled with emotion,
Joy, heartache, love, and peacefulness,
Making us wiser, knowing more,
When the journey ends, another one begins.
The afterlife is eternal and wonderful,
or so they tell me,
each journey is joyous.
Making for an eternal good feeling,
of love, joy, and acceptance.
Is life a journey, or is journey a life.

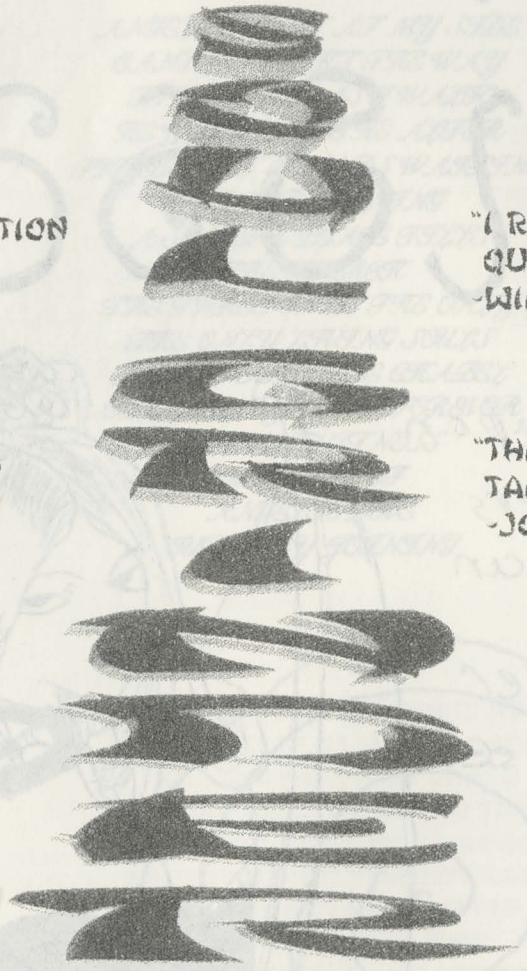


WE'RE A GENERATION DRIVEN BY THE DOLLAR SIGN."
-PAT SHEETS-

"I REALLY DON'T DO QUOTES."
-WILL JACKSON-

"BIRDS FLY HIGH. TURTLES DON'T."
-BRANDON BRIM-

"THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT."
-JOSH SHEETS-



Skaters are greater.

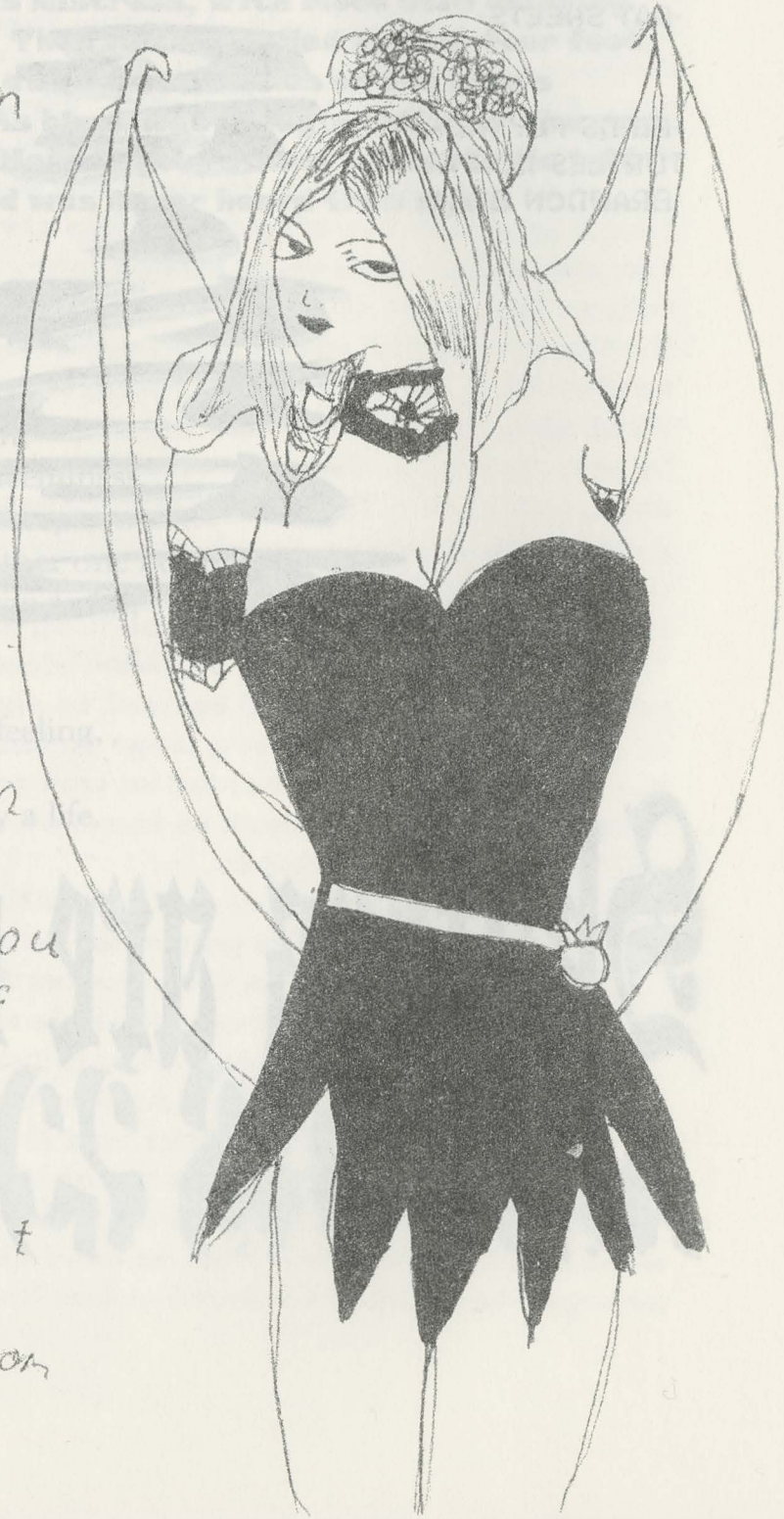
Melissa S

Base not your joy upon
the deeds of others
for what is given can
be taken away
~Peter
Steel

To be great is to be
misunderstood
~Emerson

Absolve to yourself and you
shall have the suffrage of
all the world
~Thoreau

I become a transparent
Eyeball
~Emerson



ANGELS FLOAT AT MY SIDE
CANDLES LIGHT THE WAY
TIME STOPS AS I WALK
HE WAITS AT THE ALTER
THE PRIEST STANDS WAITING
FOR OUR JOINING
A SOMBER PEACE FILLS
THE CHURCH
THE THREE OF US THE ONLY
THE ONLY LIVING SOULS
ANGELS FILL THE CHAPEL
OUR SOULS JOINED FOREVER
ANGELS WITNESS
OUR VOWS OF
ANGELIC LOVE
OUR HOLY JOINING





LOVE
UNTIL
NIGHT
ATONES
THE
INSANE
CALMLY

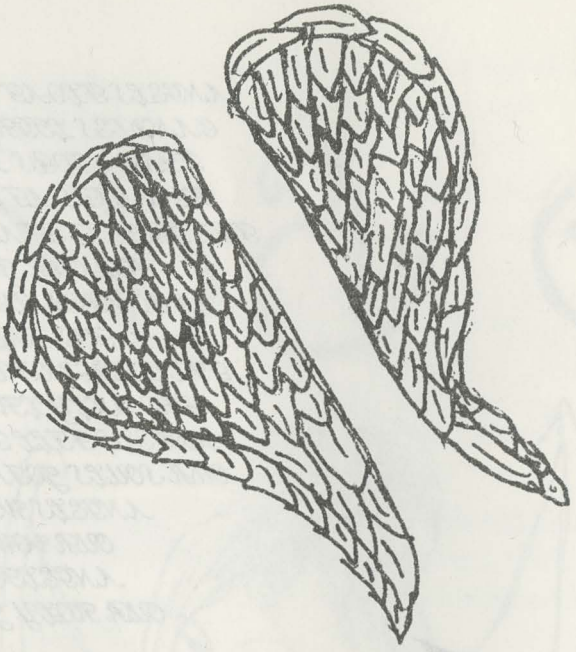
CONGRATING
AROUND
NOTHING
DAY
YELLDS

KID kid's
REVENGE
EVERLASTING
ENDLESS
PRUSE

VIOLENT
ANGELS
MASSACRED
PREDUSE
INTOXICATION
RAPUST
EVERLASTING

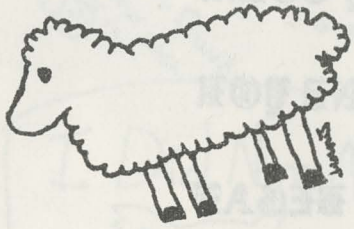


ANGELS WALK THROUGH
DEMONIC HALLS
TRYING NOT TO GET
THEIR WHITE
ROBES DIRTY WITH THE
SOOT OF
BURNT HUMAN FLESH
SOULS SCREAM
OUT FOR SALVATION
ANGELS JUST
WALK BY AND LAUGH



GOD SUPPOSEDLY LOOKS LIKE
AN OLD MAN WITH A LONG WHITE
BEARD LIKE SANTA CLAUS
BUT GOD IS NOT LIKE SANTA
SANTA GIVES AWAY GIFTS AND
ASKS FOR NOTHING IN RETURN
GOD GIVES, ASKS FOR YOUR HEART,
MIND, BODY AND SOUL
GOD NEEDS TO BE MORE LIKE SANTA

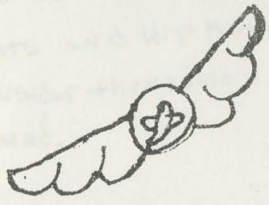
SMALL CHILDREN PLAYING
INNOCENTLY
NOT KNOWING THAT DAETH
IS COMING FOR THEM
DEATH WATCHES AS THEY PLAY
NOT WANTING TO TAKE THEM
BUT KNOWING HE MUST
MAYBE HE WILL WAIT A LITTLE
MAYBE HE WON'T



SHEEP

MASSES OF PEOPLE WALK
FROM CLASS TO CLASS
SHEEP GRAZING WHILE THEY WALK
ONLY RAISING THEIR HEADS FOR A BELL
WALKING INTO AN UNKNOWING HELL
TRAPPED IN A CAGE THEY DO NOT SEE
THEY DO NOT SEE THE BARS
THEY DO NOT TRY TO ESCAPE
THEY DO NOT KNOW THEY'RE CAGED
I SEE THE BARS, I SEE THE CAGE
I TRY TO ESCAPE
I RAISE MY HEAD WITHOUT A BELL.

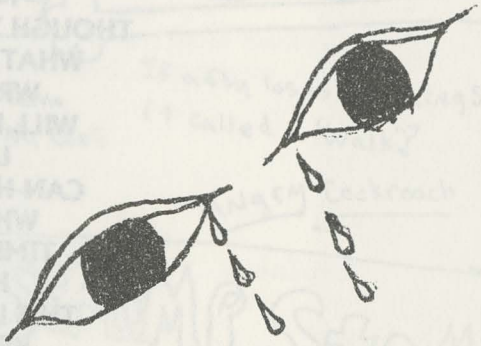
CHILDHOOD



CHILDHOOD IS GOING TO THE COCKPIT OF THE PLANE
EVEN THOUGH YOU'VE DONE IT A HUNDRED TIMES BEFORE
CHILDHOOD IS ASKING "ARE WE THERE YET" AND
" I HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM " EVEN THOUGH YOU JUST
ASKED 5 mins AGO
CHILDHOOD IS WATCHING YOUR DADDY GET IN A CAR,
DRIVE AWAY AND KNOW HE'S NOT COMING BACK
CHILDHOOD IS LISTENING TO YOUR PARENTS' LIES AND TRYING
NOT TO BELIEVE THEM BUT HOPING THEY'RE TRUE AT THEY SAME TIME

LOVE

MORBID OBSESSION
LOVE COMES TO
THOSE WHO WAIT
I WAIT, HE FOLLOWS
I HIDE, HE FOLLOWS
EYES BURN WITH
UNRELENTING PASSION
LOVE AND HATE
INTERTWINED
THEY CAN'T BE SEPARATED
I HID FROM HIM IN HIS
ARMS
DARK CORNERS OF HIS MIND
HE DOES NOT KNOW
LOVE AND FEAR SO CLOSE THEY ARE
ONE



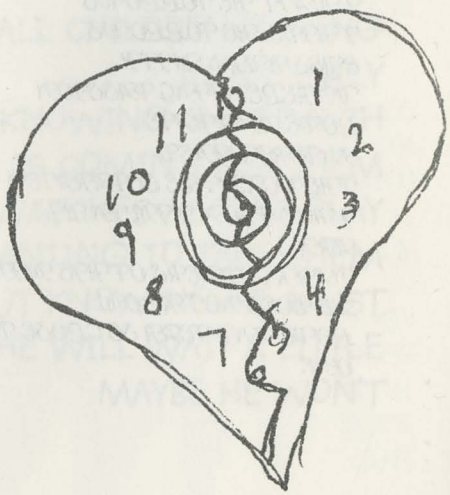
WISH



MY WISH WILL FINALLY COME
TRUE
MAYBE SOON I WILL FIND YOU
THE ONE
I'VE LOVED SINCE TIME BEGAN
I'VE SEEN
YOU IN A MILLION DREAMS
YOUR SOUL
APPEARS TO ME SO WHY CAN'T
YOU PHYSICALLY
SHOW ME THE WAY I WILL
FOLLOW YOU
TILL THE END OF TIME

STANDING

THOUGH I STAND BESIDE YOU
I FEEL MILES AWAY
I'VE STOOD BESIDE YOU
FOR SO LONG
THOUGH YOU DO NOT KNOW.
WHAT IN THE WORLD IS
WRONG WITH ME
WILL I EVER LEARN, TO
LOVE WHAT I
CAN HAVE AND FORGET
WHAT I CAN NOT
TIME WILL HEAL ALL
HEART ACHES
THIS I MUST REMEMBER
BECAUSE UNLESS
TIME KICKS IN OR YOU
LOVE ME
MY HEART WILL HURT
FOREVER
AS FAR AS I CAN SEE



Blink 182

Weasel Snout

[redacted] Josh Sheets [redacted]

Josh Sheets featuring Puffy Daddy IN 98!

What ever you want to do, do it now.
There are only so many tomorrows.
"Where ya' going Star"
The Last Boys-

Anarchy in the U.K.

Jeremy spoke in class today
-Pearl Jam-

Whistle Pig

I want to Disconnect Myself.

Police In General.

Hi My Name's Mike and I get respect, Your cash and your jewelry is what I expect.

Keep sailin' on, just sailin' on to a Higher ground
- Stevie Wonder-

SAVE FERRIS

Neil-00

Real Big Fish - Sell out with me tonight

Kim, Kim, Kimberly Austin
-Porno for Pyros-

Bonedaddy

I Did Not Mean To...



But I accidently ductaped Your cat to the wall and buzzsawed his head off

Jeffie pooh

I'm some kind of suspect? Nah, but your some kind of pig.
-Henry Rollins-

Sometimes it is better to shut up and listen to the other fool.
-Rollins-

This is dedicated to all the Kats and Hip Kitties who consider themselves my friend.

The Constant Ramblings of -Josh-

What's shaken down on Shake down Street.
-Grateful Dead-

#29 Lookin' Fine.

Don't stay home this time. No, Don't stay home.
-311-

If a fly loses it's wings is it called a "walk"?

Angry Cockroach

We're going to heaven tonight, alright
-Black Flag-

I hate my generation
I offer no apologies.
-Cracker-

The sinful dwarf

STOMP, STOMP, STOMP ON KYM KITTEN'S

"God save the Queen"

CHANGES PEOPLE

SEASONS CHANGE PEOPLE
DEATH CHANGES PEOPLE
FRIENDS CHANGE PEOPLE
MONEY CHANGES PEOPLE
STYLES CHANGE PEOPLE
GOVERNMENTS CHANGE PEOPLE
THOUGHTS CHANGE PEOPLE
PRESIDENTS CHANGE PEOPLE
TECHNOLOGY CHANGES PEOPLE
MUSIC CHANGES PEOPLE
ENDINGS CHANGE PEOPLE
I CHANGE PEOPLE



The aftermath of heartbreak

It is ridiculous to think of such minor things.
She is the trouble, the pain, and the hate I breed.
She is the reason I go with a smile on my face.
Not because she makes me happy, no, it's because
I know she's ten times as unhappy as I am.

Death Equals Freedom

Happiness Is Just Knowledge

Governments Harvest Ignorance, Justifying Killing

Police In General

People Of Eternal Thought



SiMpLe ToOlS

What simple tools we are, laughing,
dancing, smiling.
All in a race to get ahead, so we can
make harder to die.
Money, greed, and violence rule
us like a crazed dictator.

These are my untitled ones.

??????????

I squeezed her hand tighter.
I looked at her face and it was
love for the first time.
I felt dazed like coming out
of a 2-hour movie I didn't understand.
I thought about her face that night.
And love.

UNTITLED

**Rainbow tipped tears drip down my face
They leave behind shattered dreams
and hopes.
I just want to be golden.
I just want to be pure.
I just want to be pure.**

POPULAR

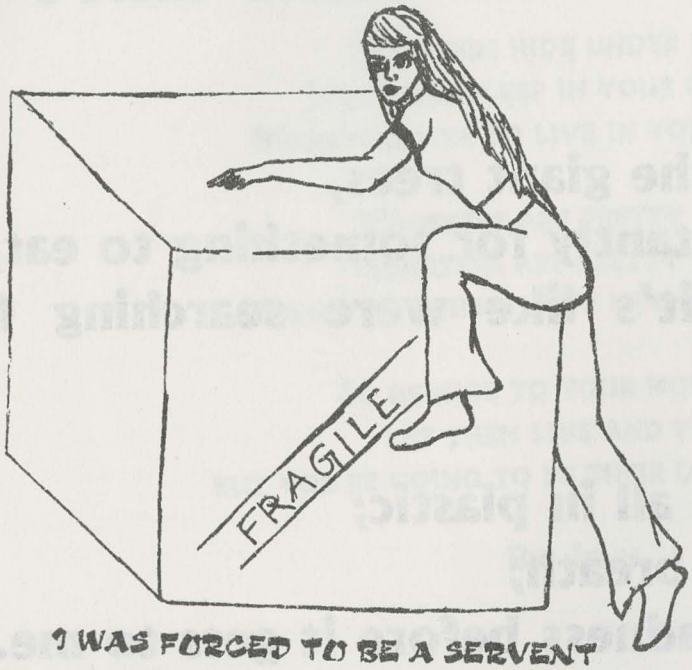
Faceless zombies,
they are all the same,
more worried about their appearance to others
than what they feel about themselves.
Conformity is their comfort.

Childhood

Childhood is lying in your underwear eating Fruit Loops
watching Saturday morning cartoons.
Childhood is seeing how long a bug will last under a
magnifying glass.
Childhood is playing kickball and then fighting over getting
out.
Childhood is playing hide and go seek everyday of your
summer.
Childhood is having heroes and believing they are
perfect.
Childhood is saving the world in your bedroom.
Childhood is not taking things serious even when they are.

JENNIFER WILLARD

♥ CALVIN ♥



I WAS FORCED TO BE A SERVENT

OF THE PEN

The moon no longer loves the spoon and Sally
s wearing a leash while everyone has funkie
oes, dogs are melting and the stars have
one mad. The grass turns purple as the
resident bums money from me and looks as
ny toenails begin to peel. No one sleeps
nymore because the sun is no longer hot and
y eyes aren't really mine, but my lips are
urning to wax as one day fades away and
hen all my teeth will belong to you.

JENNIFER

Nature Frenzy

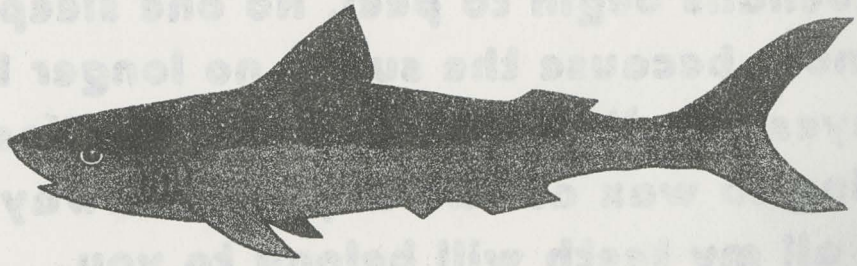
Magnificent blue skies are being stolen;
The clear green oceans are turning black;
some one stop the craziness before there's no turning back.

The bark falls from the giant trees,
Squirrels search constantly for something to eat,
What's happening, it's like were searching for defeat.

The fish are wrapped all in plastic;
The birds can hardly breath;
Someone stop the madness before it gets to me.

The trees are slowly dying;
The waters no longer flow free;
Sadness is overwhelming, and nature we no longer see.

Jennifer



MONSTERS

MONSTERS ARE GIANT;
MONSTERS ARE SMALL;
MONSTERS KNOW HOW TO CLIMB WALLS.

MONSTERS HAVE FEET;
MONSTERS HAVE TOES;
SOME MONSTERS HAVE MORE THAN ONE NOSE.

MONSTERS HIDE UNDER BEDS;
MONSTERS SLEEP IN YOUR CLOSETS;
MONSTERS LIKE TO LIVE IN YOUR FAUCETS.

MONSTERS ARE PRETTY NICE;
MONSTERS ARE PRETTY COOL.
UNLESS OF COURSE THEY LIVE IN YOUR SHOE.

SO BE NICE TO YOUR MONSTERS;
LET THEM LIVE AND PLAY;
BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE THEIR DINNER ANYWAY.

BY: JENN

Sorrow

The coffins are laid aboard,
as the rain continuously pours.
Some people dance, as others cry,
while I just pretend to be shy,
as I hold my umbrella close to the sky.
I catch myself asking why.
Why is everyone dressed in black?
Why do their tears fall like sap?
They come from the eyes, and crawl down the nose,
down the chin they come to a pose.
They weep today and forget tomorrow
I don't know why they bother with sorrow

just another day at school

School's starting next week, my last year of high school. Thank god there's only one more year of this hell to put up with. I'm finally seventeen, what difference that makes I don't know. I'm not old enough to purchase a pack of cigarettes, yet I'm old enough to work forty hours a week and pay taxes. "Life's not always fair honey", My mother would say, she's right about that there isn't anything fair about this school.

"Miss. Lane, are you awake"?

"Yes, Mrs. Pell, and by the way we are in school right, well if we're in school and not in the army, could you please call me Alei, you know my name".

On and on, she could go about how to do a sit-up correctly, when we're the ones that have been doing sit-ups all through school; there's not one fat person in our class. When the whole time, Mrs. Pell weighs close to 300lbs. I know, maybe she needs to learn how to do a sit-up correctly. Finally the sound of happiness fills our ears, the bell.

Lunch is the same as it's always been, except higher in price. I never understood why they charge so much, when we have to study the menu just to identify the food. "Say what Stef," Stephanie's a cool chick, if only she could stay off the drugs. She comes to school high on pot, dressed like she's going to Woodstock, a classic pothead. Oh well I thought they had clinics for that.

English literature isn't that bad. I enjoy reading novels, but sometimes English teachers take their jobs a little too seriously. It's like we're going to war, and unless everyone's got their homework, we're sure to suffer defeat. English also makes me sleepy, maybe if we could turn this heat off or down ten degrees, maybe I could stay awake. Ahhh the bell, one more bell to go.

One last class and I'm home free, and it's the most fun of the day. Art, it lets me express my thoughts although William distracts me often to admire his 32 inch bottom jeans, I often wonder if the boy has any feet. As he would say,

"Yo, yo, yo, Alei check out these bad @#@* jeans".

"Nice William" I reply.

Sometimes I believe something could crawl up those jeans and make itself a comfortable home.

The bell rings once again, just another, normal day at school.

BY: JENNIFER WILLARD

Memories

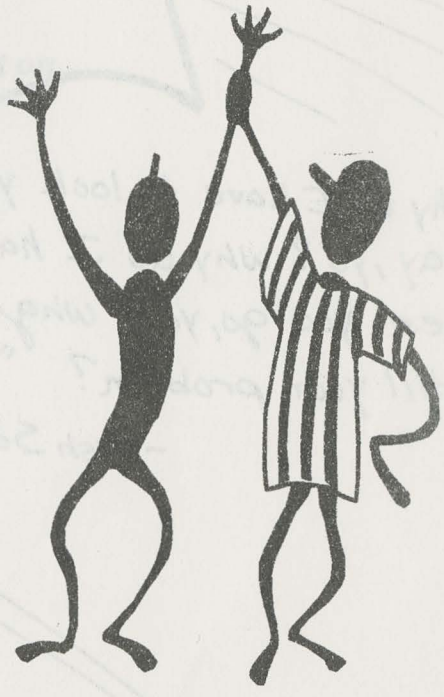
I'll never forget snack time,
Wendy George eating crackers and cheese
I'll never forget the sixth grade,
Mrs. Tolbert, the crew and me,
Kevin Venable and our step-monsters
boy were they mean.

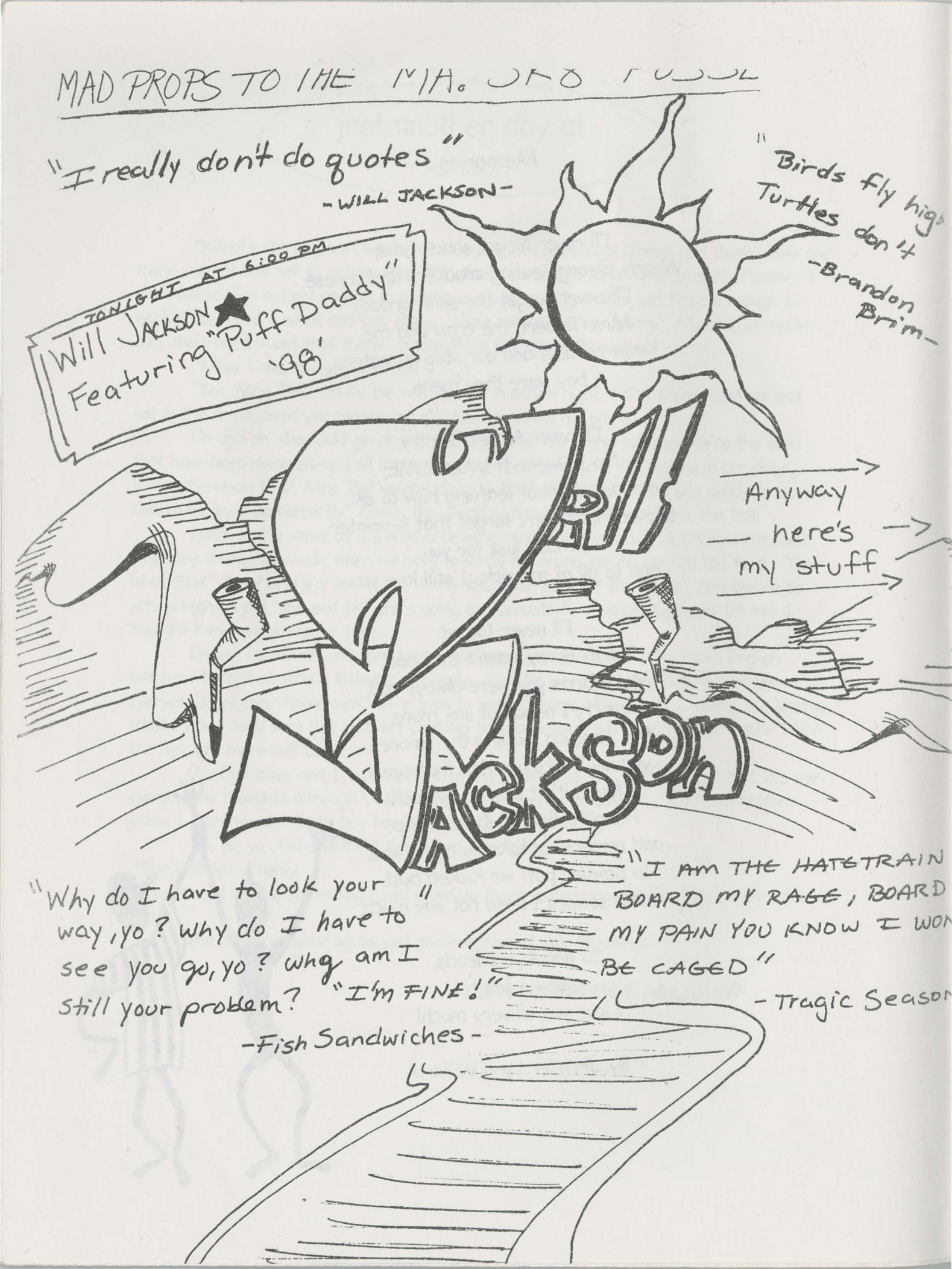
I'll never forget Gentry,
No I Swear It Wasn't ME;
or basketball or learning how to ski;
Steven Hiatt don't forget that 3-pointer
I made just for you,
and to all of my girls, I still love you

I'll never forget
North Surry wasn't that bad,
Mr. Garris you were always rad.
Lunch, I need not say more,
but Angelica did like the smores
Lyndsay Watson watch that curve,
I found it! It was in my sock.
Hannah Hiatt it's been a trip,
and remember take no more sips.
In powder puff we kicked butt,
we are seniors I need not say much.

So goodbye friends,
stay in touch;
I love you all very much!

By: Jennifer Lynn Willard




MAD PROPS TO THE MIA. SK8 POOL
"I really don't do quotes"
-WILL JACKSON-
"Birds fly high
Turtles don't
-Brandon
Brim-
TONIGHT AT 6:00 PM
Will JACKSON
Featuring "Puff Daddy"
'98'
Anyway
here's
my stuff
JACKSON
"Why do I have to look your
way, yo? Why do I have to
see you go, yo? Why am I
still your problem?
-Fish Sandwiches-
"I'm FINE!"
"I AM THE HATETRAIN
BOARD MY RAGE, BOARD
MY PAIN YOU KNOW I WON
BE CAGED"
-Tragic Season

Disarm
Encroach
Fade

Cats
Do
Everything
Freely

SKATEBOARD
WOODEN--------METAL
FLIPPING, GRINDING, SLIDING
BEARINGS,CONCAVE,BUSHINGS,WHEELS
ROLLING, TURNING, SKIDDING
WORN, TORN
STANDARD

All hail the hatetrain

~~I'm an American~~
I like to sport my American
Tommy Hilfiger flag
My peeps like me because I'm
Phat, Dope, Cool, Jive,
I'm Fly, I'm Cheezin', I'm Delectably right on
The man would like my ideas
but the man is the one
who is still trying to bring me down
I rise to his competition
I see the devil in his eyes
and the sin in his offerings
so I say no
to a cannibalistic society
in which my views
will be torn apart like a small animal
So this is me and I am
American

Control Us Please

What ever happened,
to the arts
Those lustful synonyms
of happiness
Then our love guided us
but now
Now we are cultivated
by the machine
our lives are run over
over, by a remote
a round plastic disk
something that doesn't
talk back
but sends us into
a mindless state of self
consciousness
Then we would paint
Then we would write
but now we stare
stare mindlessly
at a screen
our souls drift
our minds wonder
"get him Mario"
we shout
not thinking about reality
our lives no longer fill
with love
but our lives cry
with confusion
why do we
envelope these things
why do we
try to kill the past
why do we even try

Need

I cried for you
you were so much
not only to me

but to everyone
the things our love
could be

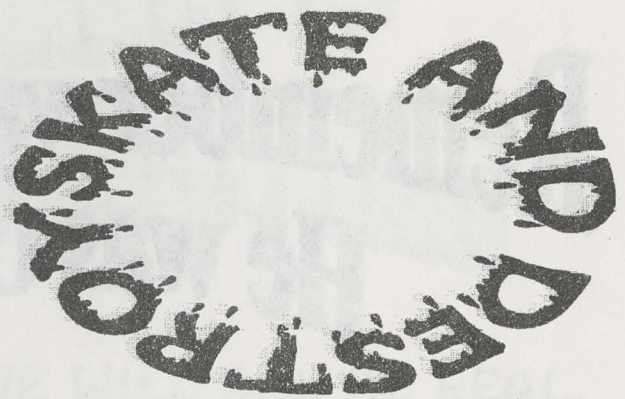
the way we loved
our bodies
our souls
combining to be together

the bond of everlasting

I tried to catch you
but my love was to slow
your love flowed
like the water of a river
nonstop, evergoing
I need, I feel, I miss
us

Cry of hope

A reflection of what
used to be
all our lives of the past
trapped in a glass case
trapped, screaming
for release
leaving me thinking
is this what I will become
is this all I mean
my badge a symbol of
nothingness
his work a symbol of
pride
is this all I mean
is this all I am



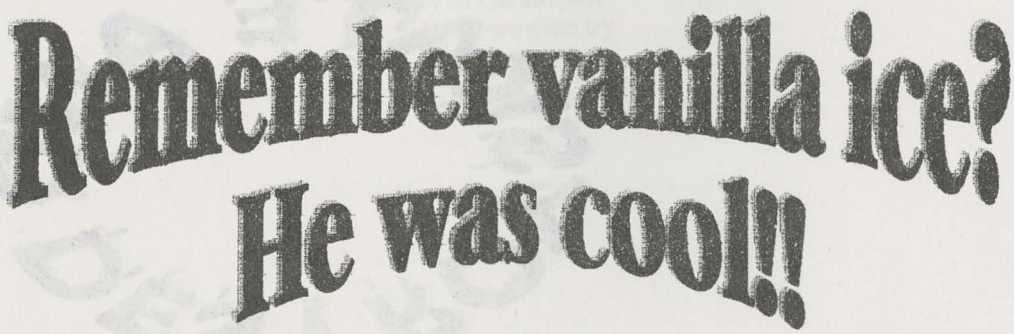
Switchboard Man

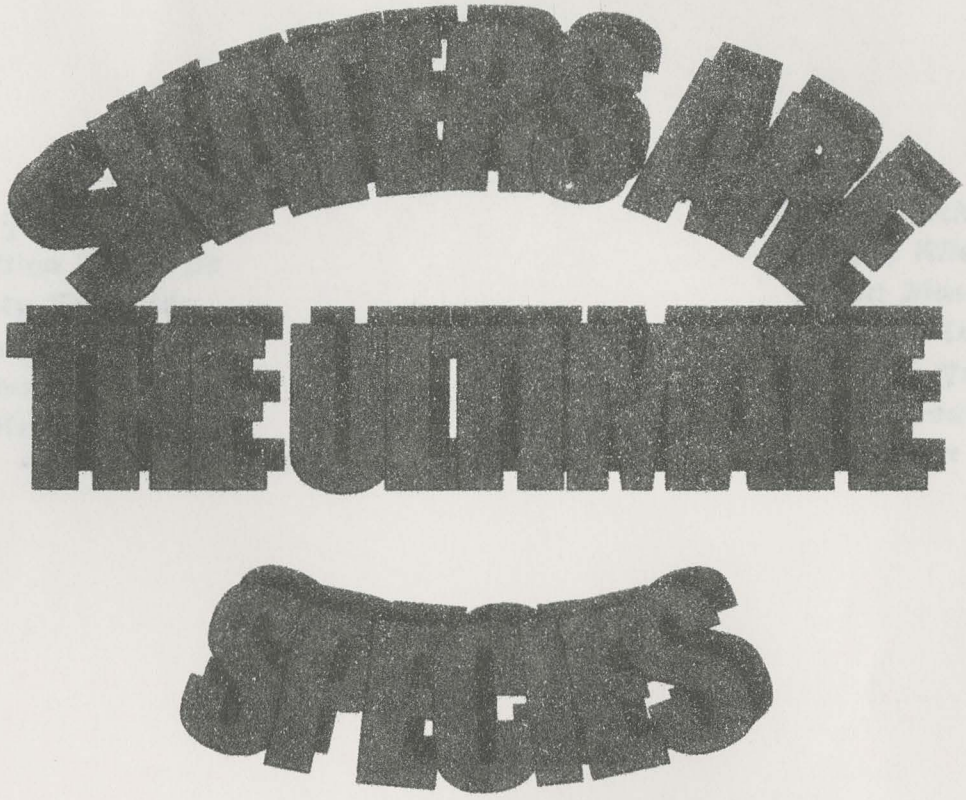
What ever man
you think your all there is
well your not

your group is all there is
well it isn't
your way is the only way
well it's not
NOT at all
Why you act
the way you do
well its still your fault
your a product of television
your brain is a switchboard
for the pigheaded evangelists
of T.V.
you can't be the man
because the man controls you
he lets you think
he lets you work
he runs the switchboard
that is
your mind.

Flow

Crash
down I
SPIN
nonstop
freight train
like the hatetrain
coming like a storm
my mind a blur
crying out stop please
but no
I keep going
only to stop in a foreign
land
a land of metal and pain
the hatetrain commeth
never stopping
never slowing
faster the hate goes
down I spin
like the hatetrain.
down I spin





ALL HAIL THE MOUNT AIRY SK8 POSSE!!!



IN THE FUTURE WE WILL ALL BE REAL,
AND NOT HAVE TO TRY SO HARD!!!

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