

## MIST

By Craig Delancey

Slowly, with purpose, our earth moves. Daylight worlds come and go. Night turns laughter into pondering silence. Like all things in the night worlds, the river changes. Color leaves the waters and shores. Irregular diamonds of slashing moonlight play about the night surface.

The river is not wide and rushing, but narrow and in no particular hurry. Now the river is turning slowly, evenly, down through woodlands, meadows, and finally into valleys deep and without life. In valleys such as this, the mist is born. From water-rounded, slippery, green rocks the mist is freed. In clouds, streams, and misty wisps it breathes.

Moving alone without the wind, it creeps up and about the valleys in which it was born, into forests moss-grown, with spongy bark. The cold breath of the mist journeys over mountains, across rivers, through swaying fields.

Now the mist gropes over broken barbed-wire fences, rusting bicycles, rotting rag dolls and tumble-down porches . . . and on . . . The mist stops under houses and listens to the sounds of sleep. It travels down water-cobbled streets, child-trampled school yards, country roads, and over the statued court yards of lofty estates.

Through closed and open doors it hears the laughter of alcohol, the moans of the aged, the sobs of unwed motherhood, and the tremblings of wondering youth. And on . . .

Through lighted and unlighted windows the mist studies the prolonged life that it does not possess.

The mist itself is a lonesome, curious traveler, it does not linger long in one place. For even now as it rambles through the rotting autumn orchards, it is being hunted by time. Time alone stalks the mist, house to house, town to town, village to village.

And now as the angled earth moves slowly with pitch and roll, the mist feels it, the coming of day. The coming of a great yellow assassin we call the Sun. Quickly the Sun dissolves the clouds, streams, and misty wisps. The countryside yawns.

## THOUGHTS

By Debi Wilson

I thought of being on my own with no one to fall back on;  
and I was afraid.

I thought of leaving my friends and everything I know;  
and I wanted to stay.

I thought of forgetting and being forgotten; and I  
cried.

I remembered my hopes, my dreams, the future that lies  
before me; and I packed my bags and ran.

# The QUILL for 1967

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## THE HERO

*By Dale Repp*

Tightly gripping the gun, Davey narrowed himself behind the tree at the back yard. Sheltered from the humid sun, he ran his eyes the length of the telephone wire searching for game. A shadow darted across the pitch-stained pole where it met with the stretching shoots of the poplar tree. Davey stiffened, feeling the sweat trickle through the creases in his palm, lubricating the gunstock. Good — it was a sparrow. For some reason he was not supposed to shoot robins; he didn't see why, but let it go at that.

At the top of the pole, nearly hidden by leaves, was the dull black transformer. Between it and the wood was wedged a clump of twigs, the sparrow's nest. The leaves on the dwarf apple tree ahead of him flickered listlessly in the breeze. He scurried across the strip of sun and crouched under the apple tree. Parting the leaves of the tree with the gun barrel, Davey pressed the stock into his damp tee shirt. His eyes, shifting in their sockets, swept down the gleaming barrel and then glared into the tangle of wires and leaves. Soon the sparrow rested on the gold bead at the tip of the gun. He nudged the slippery trigger and the gun jerked, rustling the leaves that hid the boy. Emitting a shocked cheep, the bird spiraled to the ground. Davey casually handed the .375 magnum to the imaginary native boy at his side and strode off across the scrub toward the fallen elephant . . . The bird was flopping on the grass, pivoting around a glistening, crumpled wing.

Shrugging his shoulders, he kicked the bird toward the trash burner. The sparrow rolled through the air, futilely trying to remain aloft by flapping its good wing. Davey gripped the gunstock like a golf club and took a murderous swing at the bird. The ball of chirping feathers landed soddenly in the neighbor's sandbox. Davey went over and stood on the bird's head. "Better to put it out of its misery, I guess," he muttered to himself. Presently he felt within his heel the vibration of the bird's skull popping.

A shout startled Davey and made him turn toward the house. It was his brother calling him for dinner. His brother was home on leave from the war because he was a hero. He had thrown a grenade into a trench full of Viet Cong, losing an arm, but saving the life of a buddy. Davey was going to be a war hero just like his big brother. Davey knew he could do it.

## DISSONANCE

*By Patti Reid*

A flag in the breeze  
Holds meaning for me.  
War . . . raging,  
Peace . . . serenity.

## SONNETS

*By Kathy King*

The first chord seems to reach  
The apex of all experience,  
Yet it soars to heights unbearable to hear  
And not to cry.  
Pain is the product of realization:  
I cannot create;  
Cannot even fully hear.  
Some must be audience for any to perform,  
But why can we merely feel  
And not express?  
The music soars and reaches  
Unbearable grandeur,  
Litanies of philosophy and the universe  
Numb within a silent emotion.

Was there a day when silence  
Could speak?  
Music could linger  
And haunt?  
Be lento or largo  
And wordless?  
When hearts spoke  
And minds thought  
In peacefulness?

Times and peoples long dead and yet unborn  
Cry and dream and prophesy  
In pulsations and harmonies,  
Not sterile words.

Liszt; what pain created the raptures  
That make us long to  
Experience . . .  
Experience life;  
Taste sorrow and divinity;  
Create a child  
Of emotion;  
Leave a certain sublimity  
To our children  
As their inheritance?  
The joy of conception  
And pain of labor  
Must be exquisite  
To produce mankind's heart.

This *QUILL* is dedicated to Lorene Chehak whose work has made  
this publication possible.

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comfortable thirty minutes in a house that had once been a home. When she arrived, we spoke a few words and rushed off to a violin lesson. Later, after eating a hasty lunch, we went downtown to buy a dress for a girl friend who had unexpectedly been nominated for homecoming queen.

"I'm sort of disappointed," I told her as we drove into the driveway. "I just wanted to sit and talk to you for a few hours."

"I thought this would happen." She had suddenly changed her mood to one of anger.

"What?"

She gripped the steering wheel firmly. "You're going to make a lot of judgments about me." The rebellious spirit was still in her.

"No, I'm not," I lied indifferently. "I just said I was disappointed. Can you blame me?"

To this she merely slammed the car door and walked toward the house.

Late in the afternoon, we had an opportunity to talk, but the conversation was uneasy and dull; she said little about herself or how she really was. It seemed to me that if she still retained her sensitivity and intensity, it was buried deep within her, covered by a thick shell, away from thought. I think she knew this, and I think she wanted it that way, yet she was as happy as before. Sighing, she rose from her chair saying, "Let's make apple pie or something, so we can do something while we talk."

I knew, then, what I had come to learn. The days of intense, personal conversations were over for us.

## THE ETERNAL YEARS

By Andrea Lund

As a babe is born, so it is with spring.  
She grows from infancy to a blossoming child;  
She is full of gaiety, curiosity, and love.  
Her presence creates awareness of the wonder of things.

The lushness of summer is the prime of her life.  
She is free and alive and has time for romance;  
She experiences joy and rapture attained.  
It's the end of the summer, and she's a mother and wife.

Autumn arrives and her hair is turning.  
She has reached the fullness of beauty life has to offer;  
Surrounding her is the glory of her full-grown children.  
She knows, through them, her light will keep burning.

The serenity of winter starts the last mile.  
Her barrenness belies the abundance of her life.  
The treasured moments, her hopes and her dreams,  
Are embedded in the spirit of her grandchild's smile.

## PHILOSOPHER

By Steven Bright

The philosopher sits in the half light, staring  
into nothing, seeing nothing.  
Passersby stop, stare, and continue; He  
notices them not, thinking the thoughts  
of the wise.

The aged convict stands in his cell  
looking through the bars at the sky  
Myriads of years behind him,  
still myriads more to come.  
Now he contemplates life — what use is it  
to an aged man in a cell?

The child plays in the open field,  
Admiring flowers and probing the mysteries of ants.  
He thinks not of life; there will be time for thinking later.  
All three are philosophers in their own right;  
To whom will the ultimate truth come?

## THE PEOPLE-LIKER

By Vicki Snider

I went to see Marilyn in Cedar Falls for only one reason; I wanted to see how she had changed after spending a summer working near Boston at a camp for diabetic girls. "Don't cling to the past," my friends told me; "she's changed." But I knew I had to talk to her myself before making any judgments.

A couple of years ago I had known the inside of her mind as well as she. Marilyn had a mature and perceptive mind, but a naive heart. This combination kept her value and morals so constantly changing that she and I were in a continual state of confusion. Her defense was always up; she didn't care. But she did care: about people, about ideas and music, and about humanity with an almost frightening intensity.

Her personality was embodied in a cartoon showing a little man who said, "I like People." She was free, so free, that when anything threatened her freedom, she violently rebelled. We had been close because we had entered a new world together: a world of identity-crisis, pessimism, idealism, responsibility, and realization. We began to grow apart because our individuality came from completely different experiences; we no longer had all the same friends or interests. Our roads led farther and farther apart. She went with the people at her school to football games and dances, and I took her old path of a few close friends and rejection of the school social life.

When I arrived, she was at the eye doctor, so I waited an uncom-

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The leader stood up, arms akimbo. "Doesn't anybody care?" The boys picked up their cases and filed awkwardly from the room. The leader stood alone. It was always this way.

## PEACE

By Susan Trecek

There are two orange chairs  
 That sit by the fire,  
 One for the lady and  
 One for the sire.

Lasting love is theirs,  
 In those fireside chairs,  
 Because they know  
 That God always cares.

## A LITTLE OUT OF THE ORDINARY

By Heidi De Marrais

My cat is not just an ordinary cat, but the king of a castle. Having a name like Sputnik is a little odd to start with, but his actions and appearance aren't much different, as they, too, are "way out."

Sputnik is a rusty-colored animal with very long fur, and he is going-on-ten years old. Though he is nearly thirty inches long, from his nose to the tip of his tail, and weighs ten pounds, he still climbs into the kitchen sink for a drink of water or a cat nap. If the sink is cluttered a little, however, he'll find his way to the bathroom and make himself at home there, as he is very particular. He is often found just lying in the bath tub patting at a stream of water dripping from the faucet.

Sooty loves open boxes, sacks, drawers, and cupboards, so we must always check for his appearance before closing them. He is fascinated by the movement of a record while it is playing, and he often tries to stop it with his paw.

Sooty got along surprisingly well with our skunk and two dogs, mainly by just ignoring them. A squabble between them is nothing unusual, however.

He has an unusual liking for chili, ice cream, and green olives, and simply goes nuts when we open a container of any of these. The family has got into the nasty habit of letting him lick our bowls after we've finished our ice cream or chili, so we have spoiled him ourselves. He is also allowed to sleep on tables, in good chairs, on the beds, or on the kitchen and bathroom counters, and we'll go out of our way not to disturb him.

Sputnik seldom cries and is a nuisance to no one. He is just a quiet, delightful pet and seems to have the run of the house, with all of us catering to him. The life of a cat is soft.

## WEARING THE CROWN

By Roger Wahrer

They are off! The five cross country men are fading over the hill as the race progresses. They are the best runners Washington has.

They sweat and toil and strain in practice for a victory. Little things are given up for that extra bit of speed. Coke after the game, or perhaps a candy bar during a TV show.

We men are long distance runners and the best! Few have the guts and determination to try the sport. Practice starts in the torrid heat of August, and long hours of summer vacation are put into training.

The school gobbles up the victory, but the victors recall the cost, and learn the joy of a laurel wreath.

## THE GOAL

By Debbie Nye

"All right, you guys," spoke the self-appointed leader of the group. "What's wrong with us? We've been together for over a year and we still don't have a sound that's professional."

They all dropped their heads, staring at their feet. I sat there musing. I knew what was coming. It had happened before.

"We're good," the singer added, "but not good enough!"

"Just not good enough," mimicked the leader. They all laughed.

The bass player scratched his head. "I think," he sighed, "I think we aren't concerned enough. We don't spend the time on our own, practicing."

"I do!" The leader was irritated. "I spend three hours a night working out new songs. I doubt if that goes for the rest of you."

"Well, I practice a lot, too." The singer seemed satisfied.

"Uh-huh," broke in the bass player. "Is that why you always quit in the middle of a song?"

The singer glared back. "Well, I'd . . . yeah, I'd . . . let's see you do as good a job."

The drummer sat in silence, eyes down. They were all bitter. Each had his own talent; each wanted to succeed, yet each had a separate path; each knew his way was right.

"I'm serious about this. I didn't pay four hundred and fifty dollars for this baby just to play around." The leader plucked his guitar. "I want to know. Where is our sound?"

The drummer was bored. He changed his position and propped his leg up on his bass drum.

"I'm quitting. I can get a job anywhere," announced the singer. It was nothing new. The singer had quit over a dozen times since the beginning of the "combo." It was his way of letting them know how invaluable his services were to them. They all laughed at him.

"What we need is a goal." The leader shouted. They were all packing their instruments. They didn't listen.

## BIG GAME HUNT

By Nan Hirtleman

I stepped out from behind the counter and began stalking the prey. My eyes sought the whites of her eyes as I crept closer and closer.

I aimed carefully, "Hello, how are you today?" and fired, "May I help you with something?"

She shrugged indifferently, her muscles rippling beneath a size fifteen dress. "Nope, we're just looking."

"Would there be anything special that I might show you?" I wanted to add, "Maybe the door?"

"Nope, we're just looking."

Gad, girl, what are you looking for? An electric kitchen range, a diaper pail, a truth, a boy friend or what?

I stole back to the counter while she prowled about, sniffing and pawing at the merchandise. I was casually flipping through the pages of our hunting periodical, VOGUE, when I heard her coming closer.

The prey had discovered a fluorescent, canned dress. After sniffing at it, yanking at it, and tearing the carton, she said the words that set the trap: "Can I try this on?"

"Certainly. There's a fitting room on your left."

I began to smile. She was trapped. The lights in the fitting room could all but transform an ugly creature into Venus and, somehow, maybe by the largeness of the room, each victim was sure to have ten pounds of ugly fat taken off at a glimpse.

I heard the size fifteen barge out. "It fits! It fits! Isn't it cute?" She started breathing heavily and walking around in circles in front of the mirror.

It was cute. About as cute as a size fifteen could look when squeezed into a size eleven dress. Should I direct her to Cedar Rapids Tent and Awning or move in for the kill? I decided on the kill.

"Will this be cash or charge?"

"Oh heavens, I'll pay for it!" she puffed.

I smiled again as I wrapped her up.

## KNAVERY

By Patti Reid

Infatuating and misleading

Describes the night.

Like the seer, its promises

Always seem right.

Shattered and destroyed,

Night's mystery is lifted;

The day is in sight.

Why are things different

When seen in the light?

## I LIVED TO SCREAM

By Kris Pike

The night was black and misty. No moon was visible, and everything was too quiet. A group of teenage girls were walking along Main Street. We had just come from the theater which was playing *The Return of the Vampire* and *Dracula meets Wolfman*. We were discussing the movie, and all of a sudden we stopped talking, for we were passing the house of Old Man Gary. He was dead now, but there were rumors that his ghost still haunted the place.

The house was located high on a hill. The moss and ferns hung depressingly from the roof, forming shadows on the house. On the windows were old broken boards. Suddenly a flash of light seemed to move from room to room. Then the entire top floor was bright; light seeped from the old boards. Another flash appeared and it was gone. We were stunned; would anyone believe us? Perhaps if we had tangible proof, they would have to believe us. We decided to investigate.

My knees were knocking. My heart beat so loudly I thought the entire city would be able to hear it. Every noise we made seemed to be magnified a thousand times. What was that? Thank the Lord, it was a fallen twig I had stepped on. Finally we reached the door. I hoped the door wouldn't open, but to my dismay, it literally flew open. Was it by chance? I almost turned and ran, but I went in as if I were being drawn. Just as the girl behind me was about to follow, the door flew shut. I tried the door; it wouldn't open!

What was I going to do? I tried the door again, but it wouldn't open. I knew I had to find the lights in order to find my way through the house. The floor made squeaking sounds every time I made a move. I knew I had some matches with me. Now to find the lights or a candle. Whew! At least I could see what was in front of me.

The inside of the house was covered with dust. Dingy white sheets draped the furniture. There was a handsome chandelier in the middle of the ceiling. From what I could observe, this house must have been beautiful in its day.

A long spiral stairway led to the second floor. I had started up the stairway when I heard footsteps. I ran back down, out of the large room, and into a long hallway. I didn't know where to go! Finally I hid behind some long curtains which embraced a large window. I heard the footsteps get louder and louder; I heard a shrieking scream! Then everything was perfectly quiet.

I peered from behind the curtains; everything seemed too still. I left my hiding place and kept going down the long hallway. It led to a small stairway leading downwards, so I slowly descended. My candle went out! Quickly I lighted it again.

At the bottom of the stairway, there were two large caskets in the center of a large square room. On one was engraved, "Here lies the body of sweet Mrs. Gary." On the other one was engraved, "Here lies the body of Old Man Gary." I had to know once and for all if Mr. Gary was the ghost and had left his casket. I slowly lifted the cover. I had half expected to see a skeleton or at least something, but it was

playing in the sand and dirt, and getting yourself just filthy. It means exploring the big holes made for basements, walking around in the half-finished houses, and going through rubbish piles left by the workmen. Most of all, it means being part of a gang and having fun with a bunch of guys who are your buddies for life.

Oh, how much I wanted to run out the door and yell, "Okay guys, I'm ready; last one there is a rotten egg." But I knew I couldn't. They didn't even know I existed. If I could only get them to come over to my house and talk. Then, by chance, maybe they would like me and want me in their gang. Wouldn't that be great?

Next morning I decided I would play basketball in my driveway and maybe if the gang walked past, they would stop and ask me to come along. I had been playing for about an hour, when, sure enough, along came the gang. They all stopped at the end of the driveway, probably because of my new basketball, or maybe they were just wondering who in the heck is that kid. One boy turned to the rest. Then there was a pause and the excitement began building up inside me. Finally they all came walking up the driveway, stopped short of me, and stood there gazing.

"What are ya doin'?" one boy asked.

"Shootin' baskets," I replied.

"Do you live here?" the same skinny youth asked.

"Ya, I moved here a few days ago. What are you guys doin'?"

"Oh, we're goin' down the street to mess around in those new houses that are bein' built."

There was a long silence as I stood there holding my ball and looking down at the cement.

"Want to come along?" one boy yelled.

Those were the most wonderful words I had ever heard. Hurriedly, I threw my ball in the back yard, grabbed my baseball cap, and quickly ran back to the group that had already started down the street.

There I was, walking down the street with the gang, and I felt proud.

## ON THE MISSISSIPPI

By Bonnie Bickel

The full moon is over the water,  
Shining on the back of the boat,  
And the fish are briskly jumping,  
And the water lilies are afloat.  
We're coming home from dinner,  
Four miles above our town.  
We hungrily left at seven,  
Before the sun went down,  
And now we're returning contented—  
We've had a good time with our friends.  
It's a pity such beautiful evenings  
Have to come to an end.

## SEASON OF APPEASEMENT

By Rick Davison

Summer is the time  
When clouds float  
Through the blue, blue sky  
Like lazy sailboats  
On a still lake.

Summer is the time  
When silent fingers  
Of the breeze  
Rustle the leaves  
High in the treetops.

Summer is the time  
When the rain comes  
In gentle showers  
Or blowing, flashing storms.

Summer is the time  
When I feel  
Worlds apart  
From the world.  
I drop the worries of the earth;  
They are forgotten  
As I look at the clouds  
Or feel the breeze  
Or gentle rain—  
And yes, even the storm!

## MY GANG

By Jim Stripe

Being in a neighborhood gang is an important and influential part of a young boy's life. Such a gang lurked in my old neighborhood when I was in my early years. This gang of rampaging Indians became a part of my life.

When I first moved into this neighborhood, I didn't know anyone or have any little friends to play with. This situation troubled me deeply. For the first couple of days all I did was to sit in my bedroom window and stare out into the street, hoping to see some kids my age playing. But no one was in sight.

Then came that third wonderful day. Marching up the street came a small herd of youngsters. I knew where they were heading. They were going to the area down the street where many houses were being built and you know what *that* means. It means exciting clod fights,

completely empty! Once someone had lain in it. The impression was still fresh.

I heard footsteps and slammed the lid closed, and as I turned, I saw Old Man Gary coming. He kept saying, "You shouldn't have done that." I ran! He followed! I stumbled up the stairs. I dropped the candle and as I bent to pick it up, I saw Old Man Gary close behind. I blew out the light and ran and ran. I bumped into something; the crash was deafening. Up the spiral stairway I ran. I thought I had lost Old Man Gary. On the second floor, I ran into the first bedroom, slammed the door, and locked it. I turned and saw glaring eyes beating on me, closer and closer. I screamed!

After that I couldn't remember a thing. It could have been days, weeks, months, or even years. It was night and everything was too quiet. It seemed like the same night on which I had entered the old house. I peered out a hole in the boards on the window and saw a young couple walking past. I screamed and hoped they would come and rescue me.

"Bill, what was that?"

"I don't know, Janet."

"Do you think there is any truth in the story of the girl Old Man Gary found exploring his house, and now she must live only to haunt the house?"

"Of course I don't believe that old story."

I screamed at the top of my lungs and wished they would come and help me.

"There it is again," yelled Janet.

"It's only the wind," answered Bill.

*They walked quietly away, hand in hand.*

## PEOPLE

By Lois Yates

Why are they staring?  
But they aren't — their faces are blank  
As I recall their names.  
Why then am I afraid of the world of people?

Is it because their comfort misleads  
As my mind wanders beyond hope?  
Is it because, when I reach out,  
Their hearts turn to freezing ice?

But must I face the pain of  
Walking alone and not among creatures,  
Though I am afraid,  
And inside, the faith is thin?

Although I am forced with this agonizing pain,  
Must I be afraid to try?

## ALL THE CRAWDADS ARE GONE

By Wini Schroeder

Near our house there is a drainage ditch. When I was a child, I used to walk down there and play. Now as I walk, I see a different place, and it makes me sad.

Ten years ago I walked this same way. It seemed farther from my home then. There were tall green weeds with gold and white flowers. Bees hummed, and birds sang. I waded in the cold clear water. I sang happy songs and caught crawdads from under the rocks. My bare feet were never cut.

I should pay more attention as I walk it now. There is glass to cut my bare feet. When I stand here alone, I am afraid. There are rats now, growing fat off the garbage and milling in the tunnel under me.

The creek has changed. The weeds have been cut, and now there is only stubble. No flowers. My home is too close. The creek is not a refuge any more. When I see the water that once ran clear now covering beer cans and carrying oil, I still feel like singing. But the crawdads are gone, and I sing a sad song for the kids who will never know them.

## THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

By Diana Messersmith

It is that still, expectant moment before dawn. The sky is a soft grey-blue, with the last of the stars fading near the western horizon. The dew remains as the mists slowly rise into nothingness, and the first gentle finger of light appears in the east. A soft breeze blows, stirring the topmost branches of the tallest trees. Somewhere a bird heralds the dawn with its clear voice, and the rays of light flicker over the edge of the world. Almost suddenly the sky is no longer grey, but blue, and the last of the stars is now invisible. Then the gentle, caressing light is scattered by the rising of the sun, glowing, blinding blaze of its dominating the east. Gradually the dew disappears as the sun glides slowly upward. Now a hundred birds have joined the one, and the air is alive with light and song. This sunrise is like a million before it, but more glorious, for it is the Dawn of Mankind . . .

No birds sing now. The sky is black, and no stars are shining. The wind is cold and harsh, howling through the lifeless branches of the once-beautiful trees. The sun will not rise on this day, for now the world of light is non-existent. Light, and Life with it, are gone, and there is no one to appreciate the great irony of it. Man has been destroyed by Man, by a light and flame greater than that of a thousand suns. It was inevitable, as some had said, but tragic all the same. Yet, the darkness must not endure; it *will* not endure! There was once another long night, and the sun rose. It will rise again.

But the time is irrevocably lost in teaching a lesson that Man refuses to learn.

## STUDY IN IMAGERY

By Martin T. Smith

Soft grating of steel on stone.  
Plop! A foot touching earth, a shoe meeting cinder.  
A breath audibly escaping,  
A whisper of a spring breeze.  
Flashes of arms and legs,  
Flowing, sailing, gliding forward;  
Bouncing, jostling, pushing onward,  
Cheerfully, joyously, swiftly.  
Sweat forming beads on foreheads,  
Shirts soaked on the back, chilling,  
Sticking to the back.  
Dirt kicked over the shoes, into the shoes.  
Heavily-laden arms and legs,  
Throbbing pulse, bulging veins,  
Parched throat, aching lungs,  
Pain from legs, as if locked in vises.  
    Quivering muscles,  
    Distorted faces,  
    Insensibleness,  
    All unheard, unseen,  
    Unfelt, unnoticed,  
    Running.

## DELIVERANCE

By Ric Thompson

How long he had lain here he did not know. An hour, a day, months?  
One lost all sense of time here.

He figured that he had been unconscious for a long time. Then, gradually, the haze began to lift and a wave of feeling passed over him. Sensation was slowly replaced by thought. He tried to open his eyes. He blinked several times and strained as hard as he could. It was as dark as ever. He slowly unclenched his fists, wiggled his fingers as best he could, and thrust his arms out with deliberate motion. They could move but a few inches. Then, with a determined effort, he raised his knees to his chest and flung out his feet to the blackness. They met resistance with a vague thud.

"No way out?" he wondered. "Why am I here?"

As he lay here, he felt a slight movement, a slight tremor, then a noise growing in intensity. He lost his balance and dropped forward. Dizziness overcame him as he was thrown violently upside down. A rush of cold air whipped his form. A vise-like hand gripped his ankles as light hit his eyes.

"It's a boy!" said the stranger in white.

## STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS TECHNIQUE

By Cindi Nagle

Oh, my gosh! It's 7:30 already — how will I ever be done by 8:00? I guess I'd better hurry. This darn hair! I feel like cutting off that curl on the side — it's never been as obstinate as it is tonight. The only time it ever looks nice is when I'm not going anywhere.

I just *have* to make a good impression — after all, when Julie asked me if I'd want to go out with Tom's cousin, I never dreamed he'd be as cute as he looks in that picture. Oh! Now I'm getting scared! What if I fall down the stairway when I go down to meet him? I'd just die of embarrassment, and they'd all be laughing so hard they'd choke.

I remember once when I was little, we had to take Julie's brother to the hospital 'cause he was laughing at us while he was eating, and he choked on a lamb chop. Can you imagine — if they'd all choke tonight? They'd probably all sue my dad for a million dollars! Oh, well, maybe I'd better get ready and walk downstairs before they get here.

Oh, great! I can't find my left shoe. I know I had them after school 'cause I kicked them off after I got home from the store. Say, that new boy working there isn't bad — I guess I'd better go down there again tomorrow and get some gum. I don't think I have any left anyway.

Let's see; maybe the dog took my shoe; that little pest would do something like that. Oh, no, I forgot. He's been outside since I've come home. He's probably afraid to come in — I think he found out Mom's planning to give him a bath tonight. Sure glad I'm not going to be the one — last time I got that stupid dog shampoo all over my new sweater.

Hey, I'd better get busy and find that shoe! Oh, I'm just going to have to wear my loafers again.

Let's see — I guess I'm about ready. Oh, honestly! I forgot to put my skirt on. That would look real cute! I don't know where my brains are these days! They ought to be here any time now. Oh, what am I going to say? I'll probably have a mental block or something! Oh, why did I ever tell Julie I'd go? I don't think it's worth the case of nerves I'll have by the time they get here. Oh, disaster! There's a car in the driveway! Well, here goes nothing!

## POOR FAY

By Rudy Simms

We once had a dog called Fay  
She slept on the porch every day.  
When someone came calling,  
Old Fay took off bawling.  
She'd had her dumb tail in the way.

## . . . AND NONE SHALL SURVIVE

By Roger Wahrer

A sea of stars is met  
By man alone.  
Existent for eons, the sun  
And planets are disturbed  
By man alone.

An eternity of closeness  
Forever gone.  
Perfect peace invaded  
And destroyed  
By man alone.

Peoples of the universe  
Wonder in awe  
At the power held  
But uncontrolled  
By man alone.

Galaxies for claiming,  
And man  
Destroying to win;  
But it means nothing,  
For he walks alone.

## JUST A HABIT

By Fran Van Milligan

Trailing black dresses  
Fall simply to the floor,  
As serene faces reflect vows.

## AD INFINITUM

By Dixie Lindley

Swirling mist, the surly clouds  
Are blackened by a moonless night.  
Rivulets of water carve patterns  
In the sand.

Man walks alone, directing  
A final glance  
At the waves upon the sand  
Infinitely changing,  
Yet eternally the same.

## THE STAND

By Jan Rankin

The noon lunch bell rang. Again the terror surged in Caroline's heart. She knew no one else could experience such fright. If only she had wings and could fly home, she could avoid the terror that waited for her. Every day Caroline went home for lunch. That short walk of a block contained all the fears and apprehensions in the world. If one of her friends would go home to eat, she'd have someone to walk with. But she was alone. Alone to face Teddy Fear.

Teddy Fear went home for lunch, too. Caroline sat two rows ahead of him, so if she hurried out of school and ran all the way home she could escape him — sometimes.

Caroline's hands grew damp as she waited for the teacher to dismiss her row. Her heart raced and her legs grew tense as she prepared to spring out of her seat. Caroline's row was called. She tore out of the school building and into the street. Faster and faster she ran, not once stopping to look back. She wasn't fast enough, for she could hear him running behind her, staying a few steps away, as always. Finally she came to her corner. Running toward her house, she could hear his terrible laugh.

Going back to school from lunch wasn't so bad. She would leave home late in order to avoid him. There was always the chance, though, of running into him. Because of this, lunch was a very strained time. She ate in silence, her face pale, her hands quivering and cold. Her parents knew of her problem, but they didn't realize the fear that engulfed her. She was told to ignore him or was given other such impossible advice.

The next day Caroline reached her breaking point. She came home for lunch with tears streaming down her cheeks and the conviction of never going to school again. Upon hearing this, Caroline's father gave her strict instructions to slug Teddy Fear right in the face the next time he gave her any trouble. Caroline was shocked. Hit Teddy Fear? She couldn't comprehend the idea.

The lunch bell rang. Again the terror surged in Caroline's heart. Today her fright rose in great throbs, pounding inside. She fought to gather the strength she would need for her stand. The teacher dismissed Caroline's row. Caroline walked outside and continued walking farther and farther up the street. Teddy Fear was puzzled. He ran up on her yelling an Indian war whoop. Caroline held her breath, turned around, and like lightning her fist struck his nose.

Teddy Fear ran.

## BULLY

By Rick Schubert

Looking for a fight,  
His tail held high in the air,  
A dog goes trotting by.

of his way. As I fall from the impact of the flying car my watch is thrown several feet from me. My legs ache but I must reach for the watch. I strain to pick it up and put it to my ear. The watch has stopped ticking. Funny, I don't even remember his name.

## THE LOCKET

By Diane Luther

As Carol left the house, her mouth was dry and she could feel her heart beating much faster than usual. It would be almost eight hours before she would be able to complete her mission. From the corner, Carol glanced nervously back at her house. It seemed so cold and unfriendly — almost as if it were reprimanding her for what she was going to do.

The bus came; Carol stepped in. She tried her best to be her jolly old self, but after exchanging a few remarks with her friends, she sat back and stared out the window. Through the window she watched the sooty, packed snow rush by, but her mind was downtown in a certain department store, looking at a gold locket. She went over her plan again. She knew it so well that it came to her constantly.

School dragged on forever. Last period was study hall, and there was nothing to do for fifty minutes. Carol figured she could go over her plan in detail in just three minutes. That meant she could say it to herself seventeen times before the bell. After the fifth time, Carol got so nervous that she decided she had better try something else. The bell finally clanged, releasing Carol for her mission.

Though she tried not to think about it, the plan kept haunting her as she walked downtown. It was exactly four o'clock when she walked up to the jewelry counter.

"May I help you?"

Carol felt as if she were going to faint. All of a sudden she couldn't talk, but she nodded and waited until she could control her voice. "I'd like to see that little pearl necklace . . . and that gold locket, and, oh, yes, that tiny heart-shaped one over here."

The salesgirl chatted about each necklace as she brought it out. There seemed to be a long pause.

"You go ahead and wait on other customers. I'll be making up my mind." Carol pressed her hands hard against the glass counter to keep them from shaking. The girl was gone. Carol would have been glad to turn and run, but something inside dared her to keep going. She fingered the chain until it became a little wad in her fingers. Her left hand quickly opened the latch on her purse. As she reached inside for a kleenex, she dropped the locket in.

She turned and rushed for the door, charging into a strange young woman, scattering her packages. Carol stopped apologetically, helping pick up the packages, and then was off again.

As she opened the door, a young man stepped in front of her, flashed an identification card and firmly said, "I'm the store detective. Come with me."

## ENLIGHTENMENT

By Dixie Lindley

A timeless venture of the mind,  
Delving into domains unconquered,  
Original thought reveals itself,  
And man conceives an idea.

## THE WATCH

By Jan Rankin

Life without hope is a state of existence. I don't want to merely exist. I don't want to wander aimlessly, sitting on benches, looking back over a life that could have been better. I don't want to laugh at jokes that aren't funny, and be isolated from a world that is still alive. Most of all, I don't want anyone to feel sorry for me. I do not belong in this place of wrinkled skin and yellowed eyes, this discreetly named rest home, where the hopeless come to patiently wait out the remainder of their lives. When I submitted to being brought here, I too, was in a hopeless state of mind. Now I realize that life should be lived until it ends.

It was the watch that brought me to my senses. I found it when I was unpacking upon coming here. It was hidden in the bottom of an old jewel box. I wound it, and it began ticking. As it ticked I remembered when I had got it many years before.

It was on my eighteenth birthday. He came with a carefully wrapped package. He was kind and sensitive, yet so very firm and hard on the surface. I opened the present and found the watch — it was beautiful. Had I only stayed with him, I would not have been here today. But a young girl is foolish and fickle, and a young boy is impatient and proud. I couldn't stay faithful to him, and when I realized my mistake, he wouldn't take me back. I went with other boys after that, but it was never the same. I would see him with someone else, and I would become weak with the hate I felt for the other girl.

After I finished school, I moved to the city. There I would find myself searching for him in a crowd, or following a person who vaguely resembled him. I looked for him in every boy I met but never found him.

That's why I must get out of this place. I must find what I've been searching for. Today I will put on my watch and walk away from a dead world. I will not give up my search until it is completed. I will accomplish that which others strive for. Life must have an aim and a purpose or it is not worth living. Never again will I be brought back to this place where a Sunday visitor is the sole, anticipated event of the week.

It is night and I walk away to a better life. A car is screaming up the road. The driver does not see me, and I am too tired to move out

## A VALENTINE FOR ROVER

By Tom Lackner

You're big and fat and brown and white,  
And slightly overweight.  
Although you gain a pound a day,  
You'd gladly lick my plate.

Very early in the morn,  
Never after seven,  
You bounce right up upon my bed  
And drag me out of heaven.

With all your antics and your pranks,  
And trouble all the time,  
I love you more each day and night,  
My slurpy Valentine.

## THERE'S LIFE IN ME YET!

By Tom Estby

Woe is me. Painful disaster has struck! The nerve of that old man, buying a new car, when I have given him the best years of my life. I've taken that man through rain, sleet, snow and hail, and never once did I falter.

I'm standing here now, "In the shade of the old apple tree," looking at that new car. "It was there he first gazed upon me," and my oil pan bleeds for the old man. "I was shiny and new, top notch through and through, but now I'm so old and ever so blue." I can't wait to see you after fifty-six years of diligent service. He might never drive me again, stick me in some old garage, worse yet, sell me. No! I've got to look at the brighter side of things, like my left side.

Comparing us, I've got just as many extras as his new car. I've got classy spoke rims compared to tinny hubcaps. I've got real genuine leather interior compared to plastic. With my stock four banger I get at least five more miles to the gallon. Safetywise, I've got a pop out windshield, a padded dash, and two emergency brakes, one for the front and one for the back tires.

And as for size, why just look at the length of that car! What would you do on a busy day downtown if you had to parallel park that thing. Also, just think of the speeding tickets you could get with all that power under the aluminum foil, I mean hood. I've still got enough spunk left in me to keep up with him on the highway, you betcha.

Well I'll be darned, if that isn't a real valve sticker. Thinking all this time the new car was the old man's, when really it was the neighbor girl's. Now there's a real swinger, "Five foot two, eyes of blue." I could think of her all day driving me around, "Baby's got a figure of 36-24 . . . .

## MY HOME

By Inka Bleck, International Christian Youth Exchange student from Germany

"Fasten your seat belt! You are landing on the Central Airport Tempelhof," sounds the speaker in familiar English words. The plane of the Pan-American touches the ground. In two minutes the BOAC will send a plane to Hamburg, while the Air France will fly in from Cologne. It is a German airport — Berlin. No German air companies are allowed to land here.

It is the city where I spent the best part of my life, indeed all eighteen years. It is the place where I grew up, which gave me a home and the city which I love.

Don't bother yourself that Russian jets break the sound barrier every five minutes for terrifying the population in Berlin. Only some elderly people have to suffer from it, and the city has too high an age average anyway.

Never mind that the children have to play in busy streets or on the sidewalks. In case that they raise their voices too much, there is a neighbor in the window quieting them and sending them some blocks away (where the next neighbor comes). When in fall the winds blow hard and the children take their kites to an empty place which they may find after an hour walk, don't forget that kites can only fly fifty yards high so as not to interfere with the air traffic.

Don't look at that sign written in four languages "You are leaving the American sector." You cannot leave it anyway. Or do you want to step on that mine which lies behind the five yards of barbed wire?

Well, if you ignore these little extras which are furnished cheaper by the dozen in Berlin (West Berlin by the way), then you can thoroughly enjoy your stay there and accompany me to the main street of Berlin, the Kurfurstem Damm.

Walking along you will wonder where you are. You think you are in Germany, but there are Chinese faces; you'll listen to a conversation in French. "Lovely, isn't it?" state two Americans about the Kaiser-Wilhelm-Eedachtniskirche. There are 50,000 foreigners living in West Berlin out of a population of 2,200,000.

Your view is now fixed on the young man who is sitting on the sidewalk drawing an imitation of the "Mona Lisa." Leonardo da Vinci would smile if he would discover the little box set near the picture containing the money which the student had earned by this copy from people passing by. Perhaps you'll rest in one of the cafes on the sidewalk and watch him.

To spend a night in Berlin there is only one way: to attend a theater performance. Possibly the "Old Couple" is going on in German. Young people will overwhelm you, for the schools distribute tickets for fifty cents to students. The youngsters of Berlin are theater enthusiasts and highly critical.

Tired and worn out, you return to your hotel, and for the first time you actually notice the poster in the lobby "Berlin is worth a visit." You take the elevator to your room on the seventh floor; you glance

## WE ARE AMERICA

By Lynn Thomson

Countries large and people small  
Can find and keep a goal on high.  
Those of greatness who have dissented  
Beyond the tyranny bequeathed them,  
Have struck away and forged anew,  
Thus creating.

We are of their creation,  
Here because a goal was reached.  
This goal materialized . . .  
Our America.

Without her determined folk and fancy  
To set on high their hopes and wants,  
She would not be so great and glorious —  
Her banner would not wave so high.

We, few or many  
Must keep that signal aloft,  
Not to leave it to wallow  
'Neath the boots of tramping warriors.  
This is ours to keep, and keep well in sight.  
America,

our HOME  
our HEARTS  
our HERITAGE.  
her SOUL  
her MIND  
her BEING.  
WE ARE AMERICA!

## GRATIFYING AGONY

By Steve Neff

The strings of my suit are tied and I find my way out of the locker room to the swimming pool. The vastness of the natatorium fills my head with thoughts! Time is evanescent as I set the fulcrum on the board and exercise before my practice dives. I miss the first one; my tower of egocentricity shakes.

Fear is overpowering. My body is feebly undulating with mixed emotions. A smile is a weak attempt for self-confidence.

The diving starts! Down the list, and then my name is called! A feeling of self-consciousness now exists from an awareness of a beating heart.

One set of dives is over! Muscles unravel; knees no longer vibrate. Hunger for the next day. But a jarring flash is felt; an elusive feeling governs the whole mental agony to conclude. But — I like it!

## SAFETY PINS: THE WORLD'S MOST USEFUL GADGET

By Jane Schroeder

Safety pins play a very large part in everyday life, but no one seems to notice how many times they are used in one day. The safety pin is actually the most useful and versatile gadget in the world.

In fashion alone, safety pins have made great advances. They first appeared in the fashion world on baby clothes, and not long ago they jumped into the older generation's wardrobe on kilts and as decorative pins. Even more recently the idea has been brought up that they be brightly colored and used as unusual earrings for those with pierced ears.

Safety pins also have more practical uses, like holding clothes neatly on hangers so that there are no messy wrinkles from clamps or folds, and giving that bulletin board a slightly different flare by using pins instead of tacks. Some people like to use them instead of straight pins when they sew, as a precaution against getting stuck. And many times they come in handy in an emergency when a button or a zipper pops, or a hem comes out, or even when the elastic stretches out of an old hairnet.

In the picking and poking department, safety pins are often used to poke a hole in the lid of a new bottle of detergent or glue, or to pop the balloon of a troublesome little boy while babysitting. If there is no doctor handy, a safety pin will do to remove a painful splinter, and in an emergency it does a good job of warding off any enemies. On the criminal side it aids in picking the lock of a door, a safe, or even a jewelry box.

What a different world this would be without safety pins!

## JUST FOR A SECOND

By Carolyn Ward

I laid down the rake and collapsed into the pile of leaves I'd built. I was beat! Suddenly, I had an irresistible urge to roll around like a puppy. Gazing at the bare limbs and past them, I thought how much fun it would be to just let go and do it. For a precious second I tingled with the energy; then it died. No, I thought, I'd get my clothes dirty, and besides, I had just washed my hair. This is a busy street. What would people think, seeing a grown girl carrying on like that? It'd probably look pretty silly, plus throwing the leaves all over the place again.

Getting up, I brushed off the leaves that clung to my jacket and went to put away the rake. A shriek brought me back to see my sister and her young friends running and jumping into the pile. Angrily running toward them, I began to shout, "Hey, you kids, quit messing up the yard!" but before the words got out, I stopped, turned, and went into the house. No sense in taking out my jealousy on them.

out of your window. About one mile from your room a close chain of bright lights comes into your view. It is the wall lightened by night time, so it can be better guarded. "Berlin is worth a visit." It sure is. A visit of eighteen years and more.

## THOUGHTS OF HOME

By Annabelle Dalip, from Trinidad

As I look through my window I see the ground covered with a lily-white blanket of snow, unclothed trees swaying to and fro in the biting cold, puffs of smoke rising from the chimneys of warm houses and disappearing as they go farther and farther upward. I can hear the noise of the traffic that goes swishing by and which, by no means, is able to break down the surrounding walls of peace and tranquility I love so much. And yet, my eyes long to gaze upon a beauty which they think is by far warmer and more beautiful than the one they now see.

Yes, my eyes long to behold the beauty of my native land. They long to see the coconut trees laden with nuts and shiny green branches rocked gently by the north east Tradewinds. And my ears, they want to hear the wind whistling through the palms that often sing of the almost neverending heat of the tropical sun, the fiery earth beneath their feet and the refreshing sprays of water from the Atlantic Ocean. I crave to feel the glowing warmth of the sun upon me and the soft breezes through my hair.

Alas! Something is invading my tranquility. Who could my intruder be? How disgusting to be interrupted! But wait . . . listen! It is the voices of children. How happy they look in their warm woolly clothing as they play in the snow. Soon, when they are cold, they will go to warm houses heated by gas or electricity. To homes that are sturdily built to protect them from sun, rain, snow, or wind. To homes where there is entertainment . . . a radio, perhaps a television and expensive, fascinating toys, a home where hot milk and cookies are served.

But this typical American sight slowly fades away and is replaced by a remote village scene where children of the same age run half-naked or in patched clothes in the warm sun. These, too, go to homes to rest their tired bodies, but instead of getting milk and cookies they find a piece of leavened bread with a splash of curried potatoes. Their homes are covered with corrugated iron or palm branches and the walls are made of mud and grass.

Tears fall down my eyes as I look at the sad sight. Tears of pity for the poverty of the land, tears of joy because the land is a beauty to behold, tears because I am homesick to be among my people . . . a mixture of races and cultures, showing the impossible is possible.

I think of this land, America, which is now my new home, where neighbors are "the people next door" not "the friends and dependable folks next door," and also of my home-land, Trinidad, where all races live together in peace and harmony with the expected quarrels and arguments of a large family. As these thoughts flow through my mind, I see a difference in the climate, a difference in the lives, and if I may say, a difference in the friendliness of the people of these two countries.

## AN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION

*By Waddah Alem, American Field Service Student from Syria*

Syria is only 71,000 square miles in area. Its inhabitants are no more than five million and a half. It has been the scene of stirring events since the dawn of history. Great civilizations were started there, people emigrated to it, armies invaded its territory, and decisive battles that changed the course of history were fought on its soil.

The weather is like the weather in Missouri: cold, with heavy rain in winter, warm and dry in summer. The land is divided into two parts: mountains on the coast full of trees, and plains for agriculture in the east.

The main agriculture products are cotton, wheat, olives, fruits, and tobacco. Syria is industrializing very rapidly. The main industries now are cement, glass, clothing and electrical industries.

The educational system is different from the one in the United States. The main difference is that we depend, in our system, upon a final exam at the end of the year which will determine our passing grades.

The main sports are soccer and basketball, but there is no football nor baseball.

The currency system is based on the lira, and one is worth twenty-five cents. The main religion is the Islamic faith which requires from the Muslims honesty, peacefulness, politeness, forgiveness, goodness, courage, patience and sympathy.

## RECESS!

*By Janne Forchhammer, from Denmark*

The nicest thing about school in Denmark is the noon recess-period. It's almost time for it now, so I glance at my watch as the teacher keeps rambling on about bygone times — history was never my favorite subject . . . Long Fritz is yawning, and Inger is getting out her lunch bag . . . I can hear the paper crackling. Finally the bell rings, and within a few seconds we are all out the door. Every minute of the twenty minutes allotted for recess has to be lived to the fullest. This is what every kid in the school has been waiting for — probably the teachers, too.

We seniors have a little schoolyard of our own, which makes us feel very important. We can smoke, but only three of my classmates take advantage of that. One of them is Little Bent (four foot, six inches tall) puffing on his big pipe.

The others and I take out our lunchbags. We usually compare sandwiches, and sometimes we trade. Today Ane-Rita has an egg-and-tomato sandwich, which I love! We exchange, and she gets my liverpaste sandwich.

Meanwhile, Lillian eagerly tells about a wild party she went to last night, and Kirsten tells about winning another first place in a

## BOBBY

*By Diane Totten*

The plague is on our house, the plague of funny and heartwarming experiences. This originates from my little brother Bobby. He is at the formative age of two. If little boys were awarded a title for "Little Mr. Energy," Bobby would have no competition.

From the break of dawn until long after dusk, Bobby is a living disaster to my family. He runs from one end of the house to another, making general inspections of each room that he passes. If he sees a book or some clothes, he places them on the floor or in his mouth.

Many times Bobby has trouble pronouncing consonants in words. He can't pronounce his "C's," so candy becomes "andy" and my brother's name, Chuck, is "Duck."

His short, chunky legs carry him to wonderful misadventures in every room of our house and outdoors. The kitchen is his favorite habitat, since he has a bottomless stomach and is always hungry. There he gets his plastic bowl and asks for some "andy." My mother sometimes tries to fool him by reaching for the cupboard containing raisins. To this, Bobby gives an impatient, emphatic "Nooo," and points to the cupboard with candy inside.

In my room Bobby finds all sorts of delight. Many times I walk in finding misplaced books, clothes off their hangers, and the contents of my notebook or purse strewn all across the floor. The culprit approaches me with a cherubic smile and says, "Hi, Di; Bobby bad boy!"

We don't need an alarm clock, because we have Bobby. He comes into our bedrooms and awakens us with a scream, a slap on the face, or a wet kiss. This can be very irritating when it is Saturday and we want to sleep late.

Although there is room for improvement, none of us could live without Bobby around the house. It's really fun having a "Little Mr. Energy" in our family, because he keeps us laughing with his silly, but delightful, antics.

## THE TRYST

*By Lynn Smith*

Young love,  
Spring days,  
Stars above,  
Aprils, Mays.  
Flowers a-blowing,  
Kisses sweet.  
No one knowing,  
Places to meet.  
A secret place  
Two hearts to share;  
Someone to love,  
Someone to care.

## PAINT ME GREEN

By Jupe Allen

My week of walking was over; today I was to get my car back from the paint and body shop. I entered the door of the shabby garage facing the alley. I was met by a smell of paint, grease, and mustiness. The shop was dark and looked empty, but immediately a big dirty face growled across a car hood at me. "Whaddya want?"

"Is my car ready?" I asked.

He recognized me, and his face broke into a sly smile. "Sure is, Kid. I'll get the bill."

The car stood in the middle of the garage. I walked over and inspected the fender. It was straightened out all right, but even the gloom of the garage revealed the paint as being slightly off-color and having two small runs. I wouldn't quibble for the price I was to pay.

The man returned from the office in the back. Boy, was he big; he should be lifting cars instead of painting them! Two similar hulks followed him. They took up positions on either side of me. "Seventy-five fifty, Kid."

I gasped for air, "You said thirty-five or forty when I first brought it in." My voice cracked mid-sentence.

"It cost a little more 'cause we fixed you up real good — didn't we boys?" They all nodded and grinned.

"B-But did you see the runs and the color's diff—" my voice stopped as I looked toward the car and found my vision blocked by another grinning giant with a tire iron in his hand.

"What's all the fuss?" He had stopped close beside me and was fingering the iron.

"Nothin'" Gus; the kids just complimentin' the work, ain't ya, Kid?"

Feebly I nodded and asked for a pen. Trembling as I wrote the check, I misspelled "seventy" but in my haste didn't bother to change it. I grabbed the receipt and keys.

They were standing in the doorway. I revved the engine and slowly they moved aside. As I sped out I heard their laughter start. Now they were rich.

## A GREAT EXPERIENCE

By Barbara Fruechte

Leaping into the chilly water . . . Feeling your heart thumping desperately . . . Anticipating with fear . . . Struggling to pull both water skis properly between the line . . . Trying to remember the directions and last minute instructions . . . Waiting . . . Hearing the roar of the motorboat edging up the slack of the orange ski rope . . . Lurching ahead . . . Fighting for control . . . Feeling your leg and arm muscles strain completely . . . Pulling up quickly to your feet . . . Wobbling at first . . . Adjusting your feet in the huge, clumsy slots everyone assured you would fit . . . Gliding swiftly over the water . . . Proudly triumphant . . .

horseback jumping contest. Mogens comes over, and asks about the declination of a German verb. (We have German next.)

In the other schoolyard we can see and hear the smaller kids playing. Some of the girls have a jump-rope with them, and the boys are trying to spoil all the fun for them. We can hear the teacher on duty bawling them out. Part of the big yard is used as a parking lot for all the bicycles. Most of the kids come by bicycle, even from the outlying villages, and only a few of the seniors come by motorbike. One can get a motorbike license when one becomes sixteen. A driver's license can first be obtained when one is eighteen. Our mode of transportation combined with our often windy weather, is the reason we girls are allowed to wear slacks to school.

Jan comes over to us: "Hi, are you girls coming to the 'Hithouse' tonight? The 'Jailbirds' are playing." There is a big debate, and most of us decide to go down there, because the "Jailbirds" are Kolding's best group at the moment. Jan says to me: "Hey, what's the conjunctive form of 'zu sein'?" The bell rings — much too soon. Fortunately, German isn't my worst subject, so school doesn't seem so bad anymore.

## THE CORRIDOR

By Richard Mahany

The corridor was a silent river bed, with banks of yellow blocks and a bottom of speckled linoleum. Along its banks were rows of closed doors, with the corridor's end sealed by glass doors which led outside. A bell sounded and the corridor came alive with activity as a dozen wooden doors burst open simultaneously, gushing their contents into the narrow hall.

The stream grows, now a raging torrent of activity and sound, fed from a dozen tributaries. Then, as the cumbersome river fills, it slows down to a turtle's pace, a hundred waves of shuffling down the stream bed. Slowly then, the lazy river of humanity subsides as its various tributaries disperse on their individual courses.

Finally, all that are left are a few scurrying trickles. Then they too are absorbed by the wall. And the corridor is left empty and silent.

## CONCEPTION OF A WORLD ✓

By Dixie Lindley

A speck in a revolving void,  
Chosen by the One to fulfill  
A purpose.  
Darkness abides, complemented  
By a spark of brilliant light.  
Two cells unite; life is created.

## THE TWILIGHT OF MAN

By Greg Ludvigson

He woke. It was still dark outside. Through the huge gash in the naked stone that was the entrance way to his crude cubicle, the earliest shafts of sunlight crept. Still, the chill of night was in the air, and he could feel shortly that the first vestige of the sun's sphere would inch over the horizon.

A quick glance to his left revealed that the fire was dead and that more combustibles would be needed. He strongly desired the warmth the fire would bring, so he rose. The worn-out clothes that he wore were not enough to adequately ward off the cold from the outside, so he wrapped the musty blanket, in which he slept, about himself.

When he stepped outside, most of the sky's blackness was gone. In the dim light he could see that many others were already out salvaging the wooden siding from the homes. No doubt there was little left. He had hoped this sector would be saved from the scourges of the roaming hordes of . . . swine! Animalism! Look at the beasts frantically ripping, tearing, hoarding splinters.

He knew he could not participate in anything so low, so degrading. He knew he must leave . . . for the city. No individual would bother him in the city; the city was poison.

When most of the mob had left, he quietly stepped over and picked a few slivers off the ground. When he ate, he noted that the canned food he had so jealously guarded was near depletion. It was well, for he could not carry many possessions on his trek.

"So this was the legacy of mankind: ruin, complete and utter destruction. Einstein, Fermi, the master benefactors of their race? No! the well intentioned, but ignorant executioners."

Before him lay a vast circumference of rubble, twisted, torn, and fused together. Around this huge orb of destruction was a section of partially destroyed buildings, their once grey concrete and stone now showing weird designs in strange colors and peculiar encrustations.

This had once been a city, bustling and vibrant with life. He surmised that there was probably no one within twenty miles of him now.

The rest of the day was spent in search of an adequate shelter. Shortly before dusk he found a two-story building with most of its windows still intact. Upon his entrance he realized that the building had been a small library. To his dismay, the first and second floors were badly damaged by fire.

He began to rummage about and shortly noticed a corridor leading to a stairs, which in turn led to a basement. He had to use one of his last five matches to light a small makeshift torch.

The condition of the cellar was beyond his belief. It was the first time in weeks that he had seen real furniture, and the books — the books! The understructure was overflowing with old books that had probably been too frail for circulation. His eyes hastily surveyed the volume covers . . . Poe, Tolstoy, Hemingway, London, Dostoevski. He had some of the world's greatest works at his disposal. There were also books containing knowledge and scientific facts, technologies that had

## UNFORGETTABLE

By Ed Johnson

"The mouse must have it."

"But where is the mouse, Grampa?"

"There he goes!"

"Where?"

This happened every time I went to my grandparents' house. I always took my toys along. I played at Grampa's feet in the living room, and when something else caught my attention for a moment, my toy would mysteriously disappear. Turning my attention back to my play and discovering the missing toy, I would scream, "Where's my toy? What happened to my toy?"

"That mouse again," was Grampa's standard reply.

But I can remember when I used the mouse, too. My grandfather was a painter, and his garage was filled with paint. Once I got into it and made quite a mess. When he discovered this, he stormed into the house using words I still don't know. After my grandmother calmed him down, he asked me who had been in his paint. "Musta been that mouse," I coolly replied.

Grampa was what I would call a "rugged individualist." Everyday he was up with the sun. He would take his clothes and dress under a deer's head in the hall by the heat vent. He wore long underwear all year long. After he was dressed, he'd go out to work for a while, till everyone else was up, then Gramma would fix breakfast for him. He had the same breakfast all his life: Black coffee, cheese and toast made of French bread.

This man of German descent was hard on the surface, but to me he was a saint. A weekend at Grampa's was my biggest joy.

## LURKING BEASTIES

By Doug Barr

My toes clung nervously to the platform, as my blushing chest heaved large, small, and large again. With a last bit of the warm air I dived sleepily from the slimy green platform, hit the cloudy liquid, and slithered downward through the layer of sun-warmed water into the darker, icy currents near the bottom.

I felt like a blind man as I groped for the handful of bottom sludge that would make me the deep diving champ when I reached my companions at the surface. With a great kick I plunged deeper, until suddenly my arm was eaten to the elbow by a mire of rotting weeds and soggy mud!

In my mind's eye, I could see only pictures of snarling prehistoric beasts, waiting menacingly to devour unwary swimmers. In desperation I freed myself from my imaginary foe and fought my way to the surface, where I hastily pulled myself onto the decrepit platform, being sure to keep my dripping toes from the monster's wrath.

## EXPLAINING TO MY MOTHER WHY MY ROOM WASN'T CLEAN

By Cindi Nagle

Scene: Home after school

Hi, Mom, what's to eat? Great, cookies! Where's the . . . say, why are you looking at me like that? Oh-oh. Don't tell me. You went into my room today, right? Ya, well, I was going to clean it last night, but you wouldn't *believe* what I've had to do! You just wouldn't *believe* it!

Remember, when I came home from school, I had to make three dozen cookies for the bake sale and take them over to that lady's house, and you know how long that takes! Eight blocks is really a long way in the rush hour! By the time I got back, I had to help you with dinner, even though you didn't even ask me, by the way! I must say that was pretty nice of me.

Then, Mom, you know I just had to go over to Susie's after dinner. She wouldn't ever have been able to decide which dress she was going to buy from the three she brought home if I hadn't been there. My gosh, I didn't want her to rush into anything!

You've got to admit it was your fault I watched the early movie, though. After all, if you and Dad hadn't been watching it when I came home, I would have gone right upstairs. Really! Say, that was really good, though — one of the best movies I've ever seen.

Oh, and then you sure didn't complain when I washed my hair. You told me practically all evening how dirty it was. Then I just had to do my algebra. I had just pages and pages! You'd think I didn't have anything else to do! But I did it! You wouldn't want me to flunk the course, would you? After that I was so sleepy I just had to get to bed or collapse, so you see why I couldn't do my room last night, don't you?

I had really planned to get started on it this morning, but you know what a madhouse it was around here because I couldn't find my term paper. From now on we don't let the dog get up on the desk, OK? So I just didn't have time to clean my room.

But you know, Mom, it really isn't that dirty. After all, you can still see the floor, and it's gotta look lived-in to be comfortable. I mean, it doesn't bother me a bit, I kind of like an informal atmosphere. I don't know, maybe you think it's a bit too informal, but we can't think alike *all* the time!

Say, I don't think you're listening: you're sending a message, right? OK, I give up. Where's the dustcloth?

## EARLY MORNING

By Mary Jo Rogers

The morning brings the sunshine,  
A day that's fair to see,  
But with it comes the grumbling  
Of slaves like you and me.

taken years, decades, and centuries to develop. Man needed less than twenty-four hours to dispel his technology into the annals of time, to be rediscovered or redeveloped hundreds of years later.

It was then that he realized what he was — an antiquated iniquity. He was not representative of his race. He had no identity with the wild beasts that he had watched through the stone door. These volumes, that his hands trembled to touch, meant nothing to his race except something to put to the flame.

The dream was a violent one. His fists flailed wildly in the air. These animals would not invade the sanctity of his dwelling in the cellar! He loathed the very thought of their cruel, greedy eyes, their half-naked and stinking bodies.

They kicked him, spat on him, and cursed him vilely, and the worms started gathering his books. Three of the swine started to bind him with strips of animal hide; the rest of them started to prepare the carcasses of some dead rodents for roasting. The smoke from the burning books made his eyes water.

His chest started to heave, his eyes opened, and he looked wildly about. To his relief, he realized that this was another product of his delirium. His chest heaved again and he began to retch violently. His head began to swim, and his body shivered from another chill. He crawled over to his table, pulled himself to his feet, and staggered and fell on his straw mattress.

A copy of Tolstoy's *War and Peace* was lying open at the head of his bed. He placed it, page down, to the side of the mattress, turned on his side and slept heavily until his soul gently slipped from the world in which he had suffered so much.

## THE IMPRISONED MIND

By Carl Shulte

The view from my prison cell was even more depressing than the prison food. The first thing I would see every morning when I woke was the beautiful sunrise, with the city in the distance. For that moment, for that slight second every dawn of a new day, I would think that I was free and that I was an ordinary person. But then realization would strike as the bars formed in front of my eyes, and that never-ending wall which surrounded my house of confinement would appear. To the left and right were the guards, with their machines of destruction, perched in their ever-so-tall towers, with their lights, whistles, and clubs.

All this troubled my mind to the point that I wished God's own hand would come around my throat and end my suffering.

## A GIFT SUPREME

By Luana Hoke

The power to understand is the greatest gift ever received.

## COMPLACENCY

By Susan Geisal

The young man stepped out of his chauffeur-driven car with great care to avoid a large puddle of muddy water. Carefully skirting a pile of garbage, he made his way to a small crumbling shoe shop. The sign was collapsing, the store front sagged, and the grimy window had a large hole in it. Just below the window, two small children were playing near the long shards of glass. The young man eyed them with distaste while he took a clean white cambric handkerchief out of his silk suit pocket, put it on the knob, and opened the door.

He entered the shop, after ducking to avoid a low hanging beam, and allowed his eyes to become accustomed to the semi-darkness. The only light was from the shattered window and a low burning flame in a lamp by which the shoemaker was working on a piece of leather. There was a splintering chair in one corner, presumably for customers to sit on while having their shoes fitted. A few battered boxes were scattered around the tiny room, with shoes and pieces of leather piled on them. A larger box formed the counter. A layer of grime covered everything.

The young man stepped gingerly to the counter and, trying to avoid touching anything, said, "I have come to pick up my father's shoes."

"Eh?" The old man turned slightly and craned his head to look at the customer. "Eh?"

"I have come . . ." the man shouted then let his voice drop to merely loud. ". . . to pick up my father's shoes."

"You come? Oh, you come." The old man smiled. "Hello."

"I've come to pick up my father's shoes." The young man shouted it all this time.

"You come. Good." The old man was smiling and nodding now.

"Shoes. I want my father's shoes." The young man's voice was drawing a crowd gathering outside the door to watch.

"Shoes? Oh, you want shoes. How big foot?" The shoemaker stood up and leaned over the counter to study the young man's well-shod feet. "Ah, you need no shoes. Those plenty good."

He turned and went back to work. Just when the young man was drawing his breath to shout again, a young woman, possibly in her teens, entered the shop through the rear door and went to the front counter.

She smiled and asked, "May I help you?" Her diction was perfect.

"I have come . . ." the young man shouted. Then he realized he didn't need to shout and let his voice drop. "I have come to pick up my father's shoes."

"Oh, yes." She vanished a moment and returned with a pair of hand-tooled shoes.

"How much will that be?" The young man asked, drawing an expensive-looking wallet from his pocket.

"Just a minute." The girl laboriously printed a receipt, adding the numbers carefully.

"Can you read?" the young man asked curiously as he handed her

I was a goner just like the poor Reverend.

But, quick as a wink, it was light again, and everything was just like it was before . . . except for the fact that I was staring at an empty cell. I'm heading back to Sunrise now after turning in some rustlers at Kansas City. I've come a long way and I need a rest. I think I'll stop in and see the new Reverend in North Branch.

*Travelers say he got in there just last Easter . . .*

## HEAD OVER "HEAL"

By Jeri Webb

Clowns are . . .  
Always smiling,  
Laughing,  
Joking;  
Standing on one hand,  
Dancing,  
Playing with the band—  
But  
Underneath,  
Crying.  
Hurt?  
Misunderstood?  
Clowns can hide emotions.  
*Wish other people could.*

## CHANGE

By Doug McVay

Change!  
Swirling swiftly,  
A trend,  
An environment.

A bird dying;  
In the ice  
Frozen  
A maple leaf.

Judgment and . . .  
A new beginning,  
Repetition  
Of natural forces.  
Change.