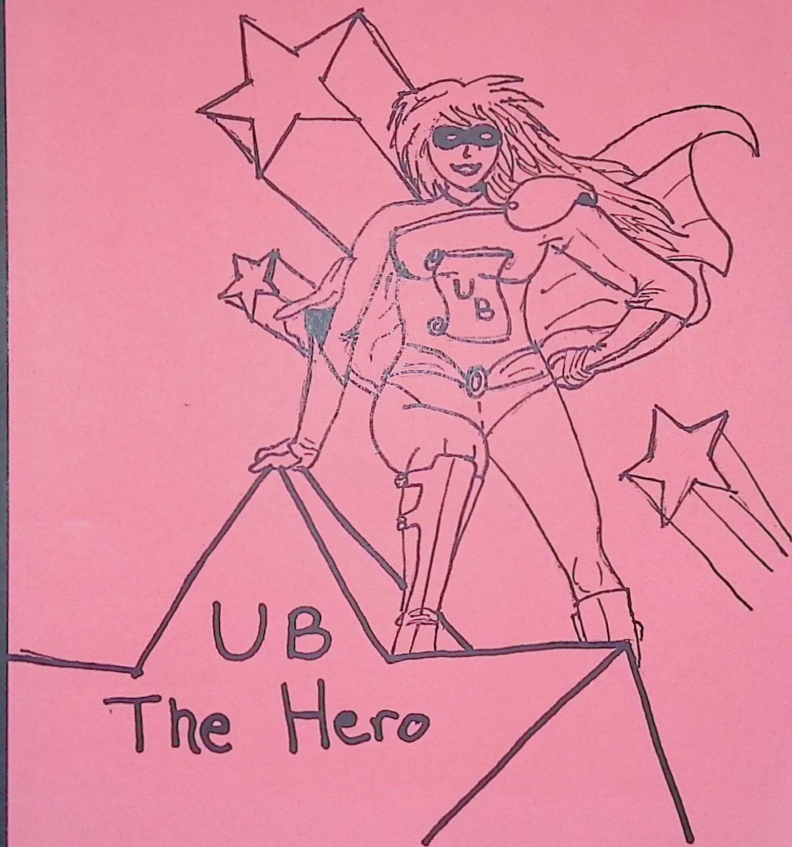


2010!





VB The Hero

Heroes come in all shapes and sizes, but what does it mean to be a hero? Do you have to wear a cape? Must one have extraordinary abilities? Is it necessary to have more than one identity? How about having a special hero name? Well, when you think about it, many of these are trick questions. Look very closely at the person sitting next to you. If you were to truly get to know them, you would recognize that they have some extraordinary ability. It may be untapped presently, but it is there. Additionally, we all have more than one identity. We are sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, students, employees, friends, and foes just to name a few. I think that it is interesting that the individuals who look up to us most or to whom we revere, often have special hero names that only they share with each other.

The truth of the matter is that heroes surround us, and each of us has our own definition of the word hero because we all have individual needs, and heroes do after all take care of our most urgent needs. Another point to consider is that our needs change as we mature, so an individual who we may think of as a hero now, would perhaps not have been considered such when we were young children and vice versa.

This summer, you have all worked together on teams that had superhero identities. I would like to tell you the story of how that theme came to be. While training our group of TCs, I recognized that they were indeed one of the most diversely talented group of team leaders that I had ever had the opportunity to bring together. I was very honest in telling them that they were like my team of superheroes. On most days, you will find that they do not wear their capes, although we all have witnessed sightings. They are ordinary people like you and me, but they all don a special hero name that begins with TC, RD, or ARD. They definitely have extraordinary abilities....each one possessing a power of his or her own. However, one power that they all share is that they have had the amazing ability create teams of superheroes by helping to tap into the extraordinary abilities of each team member. Just like any skill, superpowers must be honed with time and effort. This summer is just the beginning. Take the seeds that you have sewn this summer, and give them all the nutrients necessary to grow to greatness. As you grow in greatness, search for opportunities to share your spark, and then you will be the hero.

Thank you for all of the talents and treasures that you have shared with us this summer. I look forward to seeing extraordinary things from each of you in the future.

Mrs. Espada
11

A SPECIAL THANK YOU

Coordinators

Mrs. Espada
Mr. Ripa
Mrs. Mason
Mrs. Ostrum

R.D.

Sarah Lloyd

A.R.D.

Sandy Sistrunk

T.C.'s

Dave Lewis
Mary Beth Neid
Chris Kudrack
Mark Congdon
Jess Alaimo

Faculty

Mr. "Awesome" Blaum
Mrs. Cavallari
Ms. Fedor
Ms. Ferrantino
Mrs. Glennon
Mr. Hromisin
Mr. Komorek
Ms. Krushnowski
Ms. Lloyd
Ms. Petrosky
Mrs. Porzucek
Mr. Shinko
Mr. Stoker
Mrs. Thamarus
Mrs. Visneski

Lit Mag Staff

Brittany Carey, Ryan Cherkaskas, Maxine Fabrizio,
Amanda Frisoulis, Marissa George, Amber Holoman,
Jessica Kipa, James Lamarea, Bradley McKitish, China
Morningstar, Victoria Pando, Corey Pedulla, Trenaya
Reid, & Ms. Krushnowski



"We all live in suspense from day to day; in other words, you are the hero of your own story."

~Mary McCarthy~

To everyone in the Upward Bound community, thank you for helping us become our own super heroes.

UPWARD BOUND SUMMER POLLS!

Best Dressed- Siomara Amigon and Corey Pedulla

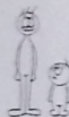
Nicest Smile- Kayla Samsell and Andrew Harrison

Nicest Eyes- Erin Provenzano and Brad McKitish

Best Hair- Kayla Samsell and Andrew Harrison

Shortest- Brittany Carey and Mustapha Conteh

Tallest- Sierra Hairston and Ryan Cherkauskas



Most Talkative- Maureen Suydam and James Lamarca

Quietest- Catherine Qui and Corey Pedulla

Most Athletic- Jessica Kipa, Jessica Baker, and Brad McKitish

Most Artistic- Shelby Wildoner and Andrew Harrison

Best Personality- Paige Rogers, Shawn Hadley, and James Lamarca

Biggest Flirts- Kayla Otero and Brandon Baker

Cutest Couple- Jessica Baker and Brad McKitish

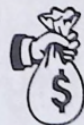
Best Friends- Lynn Agular and Siomara Amigon; Brandon Baker and Kyle Magda



Class Clowns- Paige Rogers and Mustapha Conteh



best Friends forever
BFF



Teacher's Pet- Maureen Suydam and Brandon Baker

TC's Pet- Sam Early, Amber Holoman, and Brandon Baker

Most Likely to Succeed- Jessica Oliveri, Kate Willis, and Corey Pedulla

Most UB Spirit- Maureen Suydam and Brandon Baker

Most Likely to Become TC's- Marie Cary and Brandon Baker

Unique

Positive

Wonderful

Articulate

Ridiculous

Dedicated

Beastly

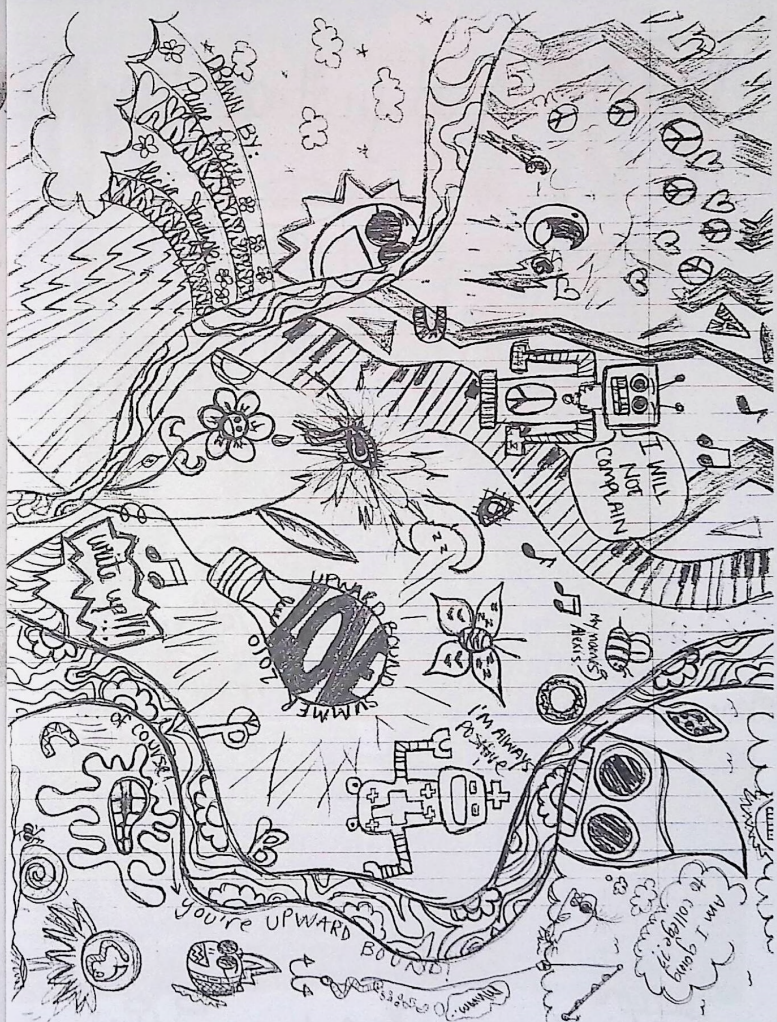
Outrageous

UNITED

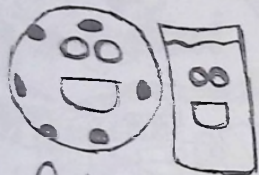
Naughty

Dynamic

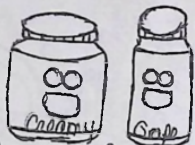
2010



Things that just go together



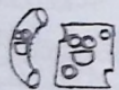
Cookies & milk!



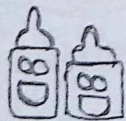
Peanut Butter & Jelly!



Salt & Pepper!



Macaroni & Cheese!



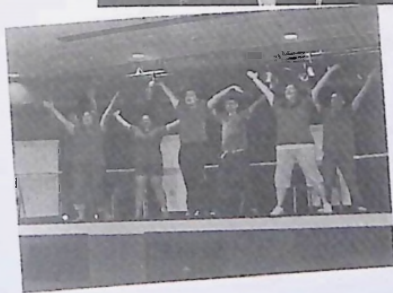
Ketchup & Mustard!

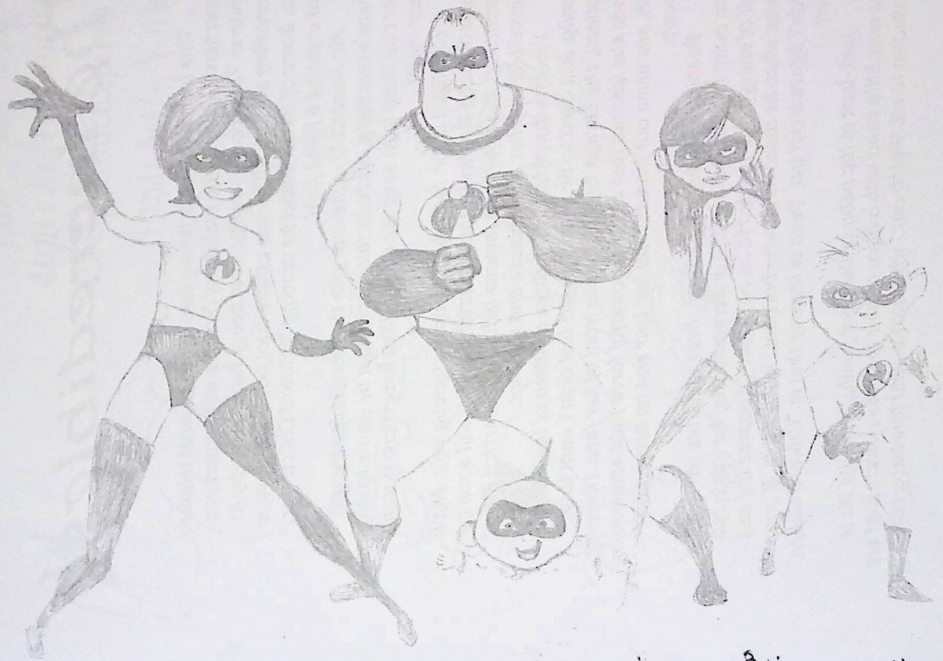


Superheroes & Villian!!

Senior kids!

Our Beloved TC's





By: Andrew Harrisor



T/C Mary

Beth

Kyle Magda

Amber Holoman

Marie Carzy

Katie Willis

Paige Rogers

Jessica Kipa

Andrew Harrison

Jessia Oliveri

Kayla Otero

Lynn Aguilar

Team Incredibles! Upward Bound of 2010 at Wilkes University!

The Incredibles!

This incredible Parr family has to be the most talented superhero family in the history of families with superhero powers! Their powers range from being super stretchy to incredibly strong, with some others cool powers thrown in too. Some of those would be running "Edward Cullen" fast and creating a force field.

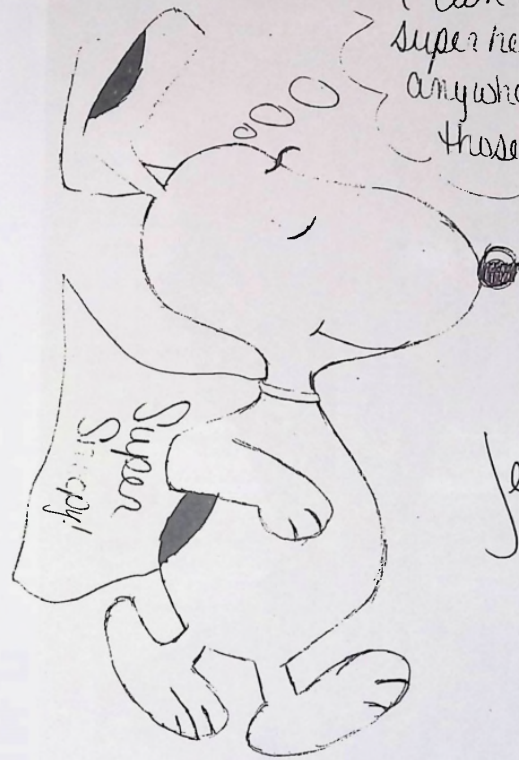
Mr. Incredible is the one with the incredible strength. There's one thing, and one thing only, that he wants to do: and that one thing is to save the world! What superhero doesn't want that?!

Elastigirl is Mr. Incredible's super stretchy wife. She is the mother to the three other superheroes that will soon be mentioned. Elastigirl was famous before she married Mr. Incredible, with her stretchiness and whatnot.

Violet is the eldest of the three children of the Parr family. She used to be a teenage girl that didn't want to be noticed, she always kept her hair in front of her face. However, once she learned that she is a powerful force field summoning girl, she came out from behind her hair and let herself be known.

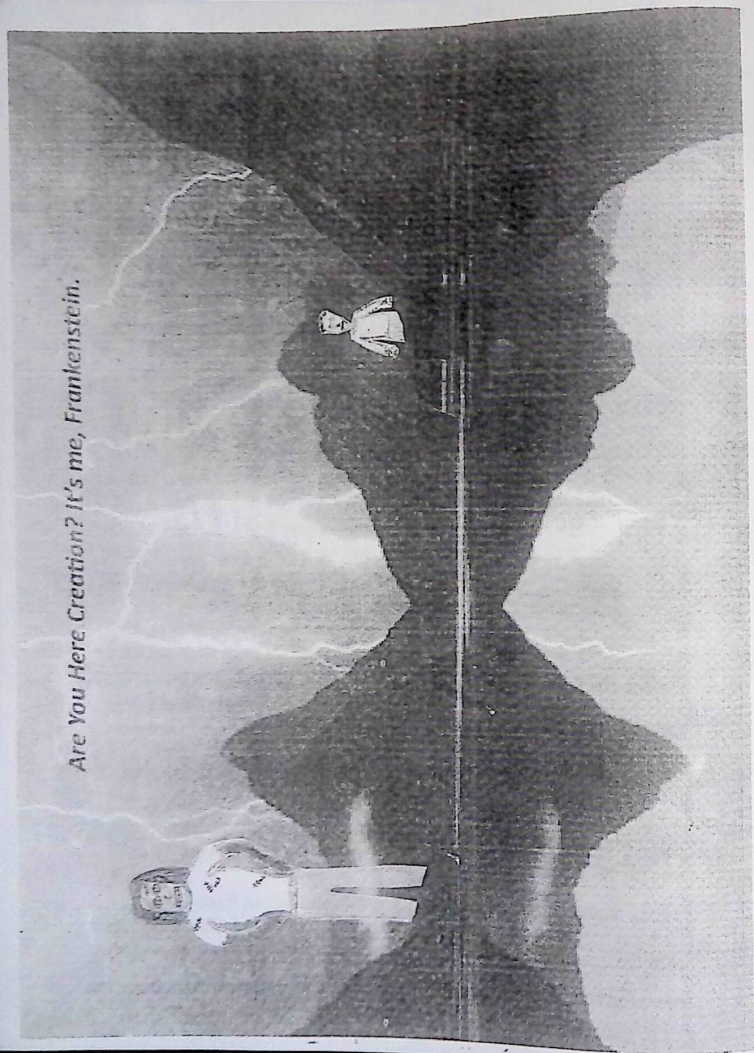
Dash!!!, also known as Dash, lives up to his name. At one point in time, Dash didn't understand why he was a bus full of energy that needed to be released. Of course the day came when he discovered why his name is what it is. If you didn't figure it out yet, Dash is the one that is "Edward Cullen" fast!

Jack-Jack is the baby of the Parr family, literally! He is the cute little baby with a horn of hair that has powers that are unknown to all. Watch out... who knows what this baby can do!



Jessica
Kipa
:D

Are You Here Creation? It's me, Frankenstein.



Amber Holoman

July 9, 2010

Class 1

Composition

The World Around You

What do you see happening around you in a public square? I have seen very interesting things, with sweet and bitter smells. But nothing is complete without sound. I hear loud and soft sounds everywhere.

There were exotic fruits I had never seen before. They looked quite odd like the purple smooth eggplants. At least one recognized the green-striped watermelon. There were even different plants. There were so many colorful combinations of flowers, with patterns bold and weak. One was dark in the middle of the flower, then lightly shaded into a violet and soft pink. People quickly started to pour in from nowhere, taking over the once empty place. Some were very young; others very old and others in between. I was soon distracted by the sight of delicious frozen chocolate bananas. All the wonderful food looked so tasty. The drinks also looked so inviting. It was a very hot morning, so the ice cold drinks would be extremely satisfying. There were also shiny jewelry here and there, sparkling as the sun's light beamed down on them.

With the sight of all those wonderful things, also came some inviting smells. Some of the fruit looked so delicious. The strawberries smelled so sweet and inviting. The scent of a pineapple was also sweet, but had a hint of sour. Then my nose led me to a wild, beautiful scent. Flowers danced in the wind, letting it carry their wild smells. I turned my head to get a better whiff, but it was not what I was looking for. It was making my belly growl. Hamburgers grilled to perfection and Hotdogs too. With the food came drinks of all kinds. Some smells almost made me sneeze, for some odd reason. Next, as I walked around the bend there were sweet, bitter, wild, salty, and other different smells. There were candles for sale in all kinds of varieties.

The zoom, zoom, zoom of cars sounded as if they wanted to race. The people of all different kinds listened to a band play. Some were just walking around, hanging out with their friends or family. Some moms and dads were letting their kids be loud and have fun. As I stopped to listen to birds sing, the wind blew through my hair. Leaves on the trees moved as if to dance to the songs of the wonderful birds. I turned to face the wind. Laughter quickly formed in front of me. It was my friends getting really to go. A sad sigh slowly came from me as I walked over.

Leaving, the sounds of the world around me slowly faded. The sweet sounds disappeared with no good bye. Smells of thousands of different varieties vanished. But nothing is complete without sight. So many memorable things I had seen. The jewelry with their shiny colors was the most memorable of all.

Andrew Harrison
Ms. Krushnowski
Communications
Informative Speech

Have you ever gone through circumstances of pain out of your own free will? Getting piercing entities done through this although getting a piercing is not as long and excruciatingly painful as getting a tattoo.

It was surprisingly scary and painful thing happening up my forehead always had come piercing himself with a sterilized needle. When I was twelve the desire grew stronger knowing that he was going to pierce me and actually had practice. As days went on after the idea of getting my lip or eyebrow pierced ran through my head. I begged and begged until he finally he said yes. Knowing that my mother would disapprove, I would do it if she said no. I called her and to my surprise she unwillingly said yes. I persuaded her by bringing up the simple facts of piercings and how fast they can heal. The second obst was fear. Although I wanted to have my piercings in the world, at that time, it was my first needle in and out of my face before so the anxiety was overwhelming.

As he sat next to me I pushed it out with some music to take my mind of it. I could not stand the thought of having a metal rod poke through my face as much as I wanted it done it was a very scary thing. So I sat in the kitchen where I was (old) and anxiously waiting for his arrival. Though he was two rooms away I could feel like someone went into my head. So finally I asked him to hurry because I didn't think I would have gone through with it had he taken any longer.

So still sat waiting then he finally walked through the doorway as always as I've ever seen him walk before. At least that's how it felt for me. He got his equipment ready faster than I could imagine. I felt because now that it came time for the piercing everything seemed so fast. I ran back and forth in the room as he was adjusting his clamps to hold on to the skin, his needle looked like it was as thick as straw and the alcohol pads to rub the germs being pushed around. Now as I thought the decision was up to me whether I wanted my eyebrow pierced or my lip, but what was not in my knowledge was the fact that he hasn't had any experience doing lip piercings. So therefore I was to be getting my eyebrow done. Finally, the time had come, the moment that I was dreading, but hoping for at the same time. So, as I sat there awaiting for the puncturing of my flesh, the sweat dripping down my face next to the metal clamp on my eyebrow and asked the feared question "Are you ready?", and as I was I said "yes". I felt more and more pressure on my face and with loud amplitude from his mouth he said "I have to take it back out you moved", then I said "No I didn't I had no clue you even started!". Obviously to my surprise it didn't hurt at all so as the blood poured down my face, I felt accomplished. Although I still didn't have the eyebrow pierced as planned, the fact that I actually went through with it gave me a sense of accomplishment.

Since I still wanted to have it pierced we waited until my right eyebrow stopped bleeding to pierce the left one.

Consequently, this one did hurt more, but the clamp squeezing my face hurt worse than the needle going through.

So there it was my first... wait my second piercing counting the messed up one on my other eyebrow. The swollen eyebrow did look very cool in my own opinion.

I looked again and again at the mirror to see if every chance I could. I was so proud of myself for actually going through with it.

As days went on to my surprise, not a lot of people noticed it. I thought it was because it fit me very well. Consequently in the end the biggest obstacle was not the pain, but the fear.

Avatar Holoman

New Name

Hello, my name is Miyu Mai Yoki. You can just call me Mai. It is pronounced like May, the month. I like my new name and my parents do too because it is part of my Japanese culture. The history behind my name and how I received it is very interesting. I got my name from my Great Grandmother. She was from Japan. When I was young, about one, I always loved the snow. My father would take me dog-sledding all the time. I really wanted to go back inside. So my first name means "icy-snow". My last name came from my father. Yoki means "winter". Now, my middle name - that's a story, but I'll make it short. I was dog-sledding with my father. One of the dogs was in training and tried to go after a hare. The sled fell down a big hill. That night I was rescued by a pure White Wolf with icy blue eyes. My great Grandmother called her Mai. So that's how I got my full name - Miyu Mai Yoki.

I am half Japanese because of my father. He is White Caucasian and from Alaska, which is where I live. My mother, who is Japanese, does not want me to lose my Japanese culture and heritage. She taught my people's language to me and it has a very interesting history. I learned how all their names have a meaning. I know a lot of my friends in my school, their names mean nothing. Their parents just wanted their names to be plain.

So in the end I am very glad to have a Japanese name. Also the wonderful stories behind each lovely one interest me. It was very amazing to me that I have two different cultures and histories. I must go now. Thanks for listening, and, when you have a minute, stop to wonder: where did your name come from?



Amber Holman

The Last Dream

Still untouched from hands of time

Cherry blossoms gently float like feathers on a graceful bird.

A White Wolf, with her ice blue eyes look into mine

Sitting on the rock waiting for a word.

Nature speaks volumes to the Soul.

And through the whispering winds a beautiful song is stole.

Now stopped in place, with an icy grace.

As frozen tears fall from the sky.

With a cold, wet, sad taste

I hate the thought of goodbyes.

Nature speaks volumes to the Soul.

And through the whispering winds a beautiful song is stole.

My dress slowly turns from white to black

As my life comes to the real world.

*Once again I turn my back
And left my dream world with a final swirl.*

*Nature speaks volumes to the Soul.
And through the whispering winds a beautiful
song is stole.*

*All-in-All everything is done.
It was the last time to see my furry friend.
There was peace and fun
Until the day comes to an end.*

*Nature speaks volumes to the Soul.
And through the whispering winds a beautiful
song is stole.*



Florida! *By Marie Cary*

The Atlantic water pulls me toward her
The wave is welcoming to me
There must be a place in PA similar
For I am senseless without the sea

The sand between my toes
This feeling that nobody knows

Minnie, Mickey, Lilo and Stitch
Up, down, and upside down
Nothing can make me happier then this
It makes my world go around and around

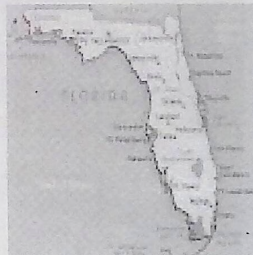
The sand between my toes
This feeling that nobody knows

Big, loud, fast quads
Who doesn't love the sunshine state?
Guys with nice bods
The perfect place to get a date

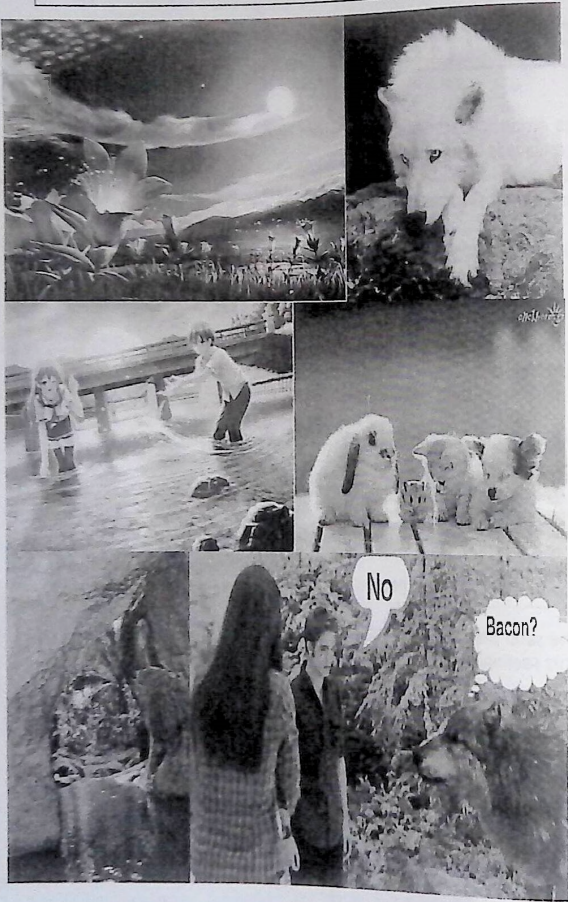
The sand between my toes
This feeling that nobody knows

Waves Crashing
Hot sand
Fish splashing
Nice feeling in my hand

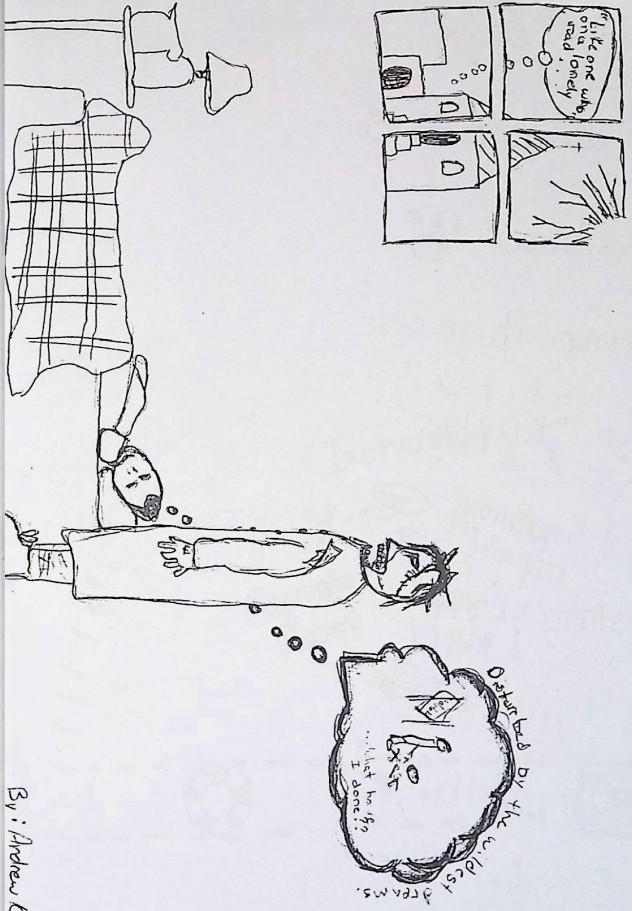
The sand between my toes
This feeling that nobody knows



The pictures of *BB* through the eyes of *Wai*



The demonical corpse



By: Andrew Harrison

I ntelligent $\frac{+}{-}$ $\frac{-}{+}$ $\frac{+}{-}$ $\frac{-}{+}$ $\frac{+}{-}$ $\frac{-}{+}$ $\frac{+}{-}$ $\frac{-}{+}$

N ifty Kate ☺ ☺ ☺

C urious Amber 🐼

R ambunctious Paige ∞

E nergetic Kayla ~~~~~

D aring Kipa 🌐 🏈

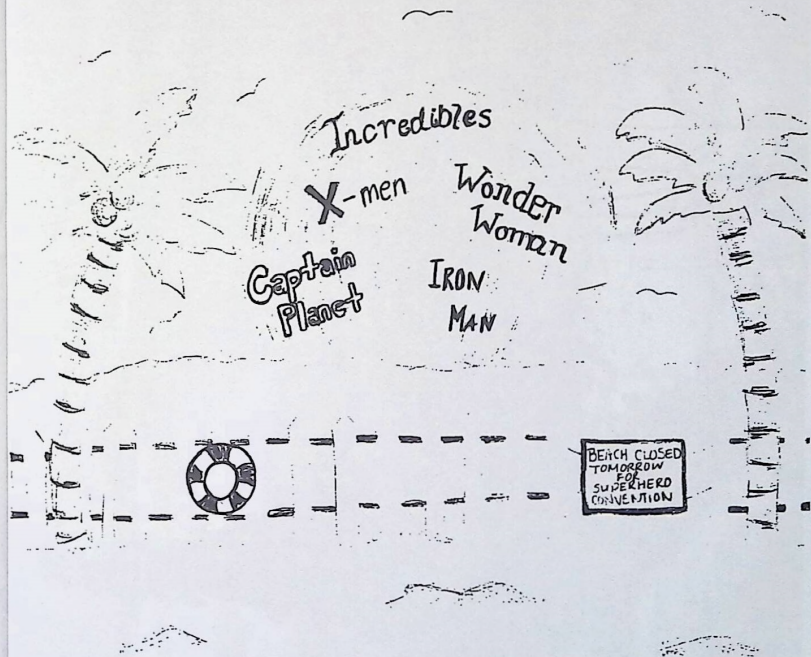
I nteresting Kyle ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

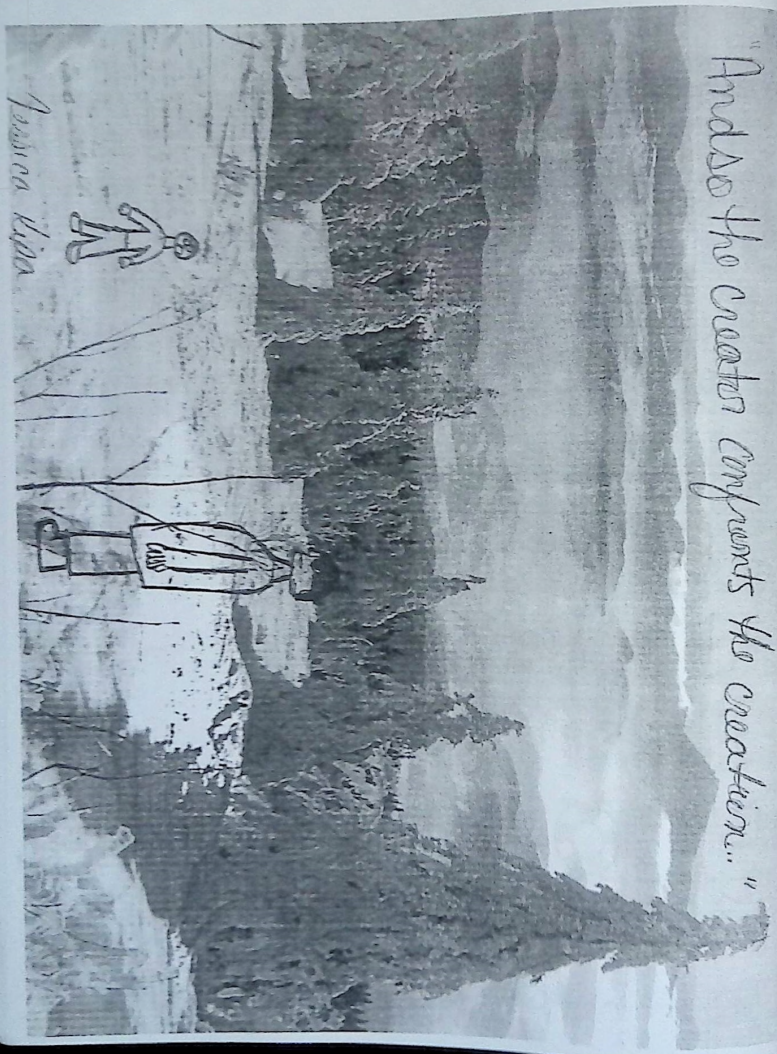
B ubbly Lynn 🎵

Loyal Mary Beth ❤️

E ccentric Andrew 🐼

S ensitive Alice 🦋





Jessica Kipa

"And so the creator compliments the creation..."

This letter is dedicated to the faculty of Upward Bound.

Thank you so, so much for everything you have done for us, us being the students of UB. We are so happy that you have taken some time away from your summer to help us with our education. It takes a lot of strength and courage to want to help a bunch of high school students!

We really appreciate the fact that you made UB not straight up school work. All of the extra activities are awesome, even team sports minus all of the injuries!

Thank you for forcing us to come one summer during our time here with the program. If it weren't for that, most of us would no doubt be sitting on the couch watching television while stuffing our faces with cheese curls!

And don't worry, even though we all hate the waking up early in the morning and the four morning academic classes, that doesn't mean that we hate being here!

Again, thank you so much for everything you have done for us so far because we all know that you will be there for every step for the rest of our high school career.

Jessica Kipa
and the rest of the Upward Bound Students!

Andrew Harrison

Photography

July 26, 2010

Stroudsburg University

In this photo it was a Monday after noon at East Stroudsburg University. We were visiting East Stroudsburg for a college fair with the Wilkes University Upward Bound program. The college fair was to search for a college that best fit our needs and what we wanted in a college. There were ten different colleges there starting from Misericordia to Lafayette. The Incredibles team with Mary Beth all sat together to eat our lunch but when we got done Corey Pedulla came to sit with his friends Paige and Jessica.

Paige decided to get an orange Popsicle. She asked Corey if he wanted half but he said "no" so as he sat there not expecting what was to come she pushed it in his face. Katie sitting behind him held his head there so the Popsicle would touch his face I quickly got the picture as Mary Beth, Katie, Paige and I started laughing. After this he finally said yes and ate it. It was a fun experience at East Stroudsburg University!



Dear Future Andrew,

Congratulations on opening your tattoo shop in California. I heard your work is the best around; people come to you for the most detailed, intricate work possible. They say that you stole all of L.A. Inks business. The main celebrities come to you for your work. Kat Von D. wanted to pay you to have percentage of your company, but you disagreed, so she got put out of business. I hope your marriage with Megan Fox is going well. Is your tiger, Frederick, still tearing up your couch?

Sincerely,

Andrew of 2010



Kyle Magda

The word "redonculous" was used by a friend who said it regularly. It reminds me of the impression of Jim Rome who was portrayed by Frank Caliendo. Jim Rome usually uses four-syllable words like "redonculous," "phenomenal," and sometimes "Count-Chocula." Redonculous also reminds me of all of the sports broadcasters and analysts. They always use crazy and smart words to mean a simple thing. I think redonculous means that something is really crazy or just out-of-line. If something happens in a random fashion, then "redonculous" could be used.



Katie Willis
Mr. Blaum
Composition
14 July 2010

There's a World Where I Can Go and Tell My Secrets...

It's a place where music's lurking
Vintage records adorn the walls.
Rhythms beat down the doors,
Spirited teens are found smirking.

Far away there is a land
Where I can go and be Spiderman

Found on shelves are flocks of Buddha,
On the bed lays a sleeping cat.
A laptop ever so neatly claims a corner,
And in another - a bright pink yoga mat.

Far away there is a land
Where I can go and be Spiderman

Blankets like clouds possess the bed;
The finger strokes of keys
Lead to a Windows XP symphony
And the Rolling Stones hang from overhead.

Far away there is a land
Where I can go and be Spiderman

Meditation becomes the focus while
Black cherry incense permeates the air.
Relaxing thoughts take over ever so easily,
And on the corner of the bed, sits an old childhood bear.

Far away there is a land
Where I can go and be Spiderman

Palge Rogers

My name is Palge, and among a lot of other things, I am notorious for being funny. Having a hard time being serious, I am always looking for ways to crack a joke or make somebody's day. But comedy isn't what I'm all about. I have a creative side too. Not that comedy and creativity differ too much, but they do have their differences. I absolutely adore creative arts, with my favorite being music. Whether I'm playing an instrument or making up little songs in my head, it's a big part of me. Next on my list would be art. Now, my dad's an artist. I grew up around painting, and so it's been molded into my life since birth. Writing is something I do to pass the time. Often I make up stories for the younger children in my extended family and friends. This brings me to the most important things in my life. My family and friends are everything. Without them, I'd be nowhere. I consider family to be friends and friends to be family. The will always hold the most important cards in my deck.

The movies

We got the tickets, ready for the show.
If the theatre will be crowded...we don't know.

I wait in line for the snacks;
The line winds like railroad tracks.

Ready for the movies we sit down,
With the smell of popcorn all around.

The previews begin with all excitement;
The quiet is very triumphant.
The popcorn flying through the air
As it flies in a little girl's hair

Ready for the movies we sit down,
With the smell of popcorn all around.

The movie I've been waiting to see
With my friends I feel happy.
The lights grow a little dimmer;
My anxiousness starts to simmer

Ready for the movies we sit down,
With the smell of popcorn all around.

The movie has finally begun;
In the theatres there is no sun.
Whispers are all that is heard
Through the movie I speak no word.

Ready for the movies we sit down,
With the smell of popcorn all around.

A Day at the Ballpark

When I go to Citizens' Bank Park
There is the smell of hot dogs.
But when the New York Mets fan shows up,

The dogs start to bark.
A winning day in Philly
Is quite filling.

The thoughts of winning
Dances in everyone's heads.
But when the home team loses,
It makes everyone feel dead.

A winning day in Philly
Is quite filling.

The dash for the home run ball
Is like a war,

But all I'm worried about
Is the score.

A winning day in Philly
Is quite filling.

A blown save is Brad
Lidge's worst fear.

When Lidge comes in,
It's a win, win, win.

A winning day in Philly
Is quite filling.



By: Kyle Magda

Team Captain Planet



TC Mark

Victoria Pando

Shawn Hadley

Sierra Hairston

Haley Macuga

Jessica Pacheco

Sarah Tabaka

Jenelle Bruno

Catherine Qui

Corey Pedulla

Captain Planet's History

Gaia, the spirit of the earth, was awakened from her slumber when human activity started to harm and destroy the planet. In an attempt to save her world, she sent out 5 magic rings to young kids around the planet. The rings represented natural elements of the world earth, wind, water, and wind. In addition to those elements was heart.

Wheeler from North America had the power of fire. He is an impulsive goading kid from Brooklyn, NY. With his powers he can call up tiny bolts of lightning or create small direct fires. Gi is from Asia who has the power of water. She is a student of marine biology and loves to surf. With her power she can control any water or summon the ocean to do her bidding by calling up waves or water spouts. Linka is from Eastern Europe and has the power of wind. She is smart and loves to solve problems. With her power she can create small tornados and gusts of wind. Ma-Ti is from South America and has the power of heart. He has knowledge of the rain forest and healing powers of the great forests plants. With his power he can communicate telepathically with the other Planetears and Gaia, he is the essence of caring and concern. Kwame is from Africa and has the power of earth. He is a conservationist and has a green thumb for growing things. With his power he can turn mud into solid ground, create small earthquakes, create tiny islands, or small holes or furrows for planting.

When all of the kids combine their powers and rings, Captain Planet is formed through their emotions and souls. His weaknesses are smog, toxic wastes, acid rain and other pollutants. When he is weakened he must return to the Earth to recharge. He can feel other peoples emotions and pain, even his villains, that is why he does not like to harm other people. So with his wits and his smarts he creates ways to stop others from destroying the Earth. He tries to make people understand that he will not always be there to help the planet, and that "The Power is Yours". He is able to change his molecular form to change into elements of the world such as tornados. His appearance represents the earth with his sky blue skin, green grass hair, brown earthy eyes, blood red chest, and his sunlight yellow globe insignia. When he looses power his insignia sometimes flickers gray.

Corey Pedulla
Mrs. Krushnowski
Communications
16 July 2010

When it Rains, it Pours!

Have you ever lost a grandparent? Has that tragic event ever been followed by a national disaster? When my great grandmother was being buried on September 11th, 2001 it was a double whammy. It was an occurrence of events that even the most sadistic minded person could not think up. The tragic death of a well loved grandmother, the near death of a very close grandmother and the worst terrorist attack to occur in our nation's history around the same day, occurring around the same time is unimaginable and unthinkable.

My great-grandmother was admitted into the hospital on September 6th 2001 after suffering from a massive stroke. After being been dead for a minute and a half she was revived by the work of the nurses and doctors at General Hospital. My grandmother arrived at the hospital to make sure her mother was okay after hearing that she was admitted. Right as she walked into the room to give her well wishes, my great grandmother started to have a seizure. This stunned my grandmother so much that she actually had a heart attack right as my great grandmother was seizing. In just one day, I almost lost two very important people in my life. My grandmother was put into the heart unit at General while my great grandmother was put in the Intensive Care Unit.

On September 7th, my grandmother was released from the hospital and was required to stay at home for two nights. She was not supposed to even visit her own mother out of fear that she might have a second heart attack. My great grandmother died a little past one o'clock in the morning on September 8th. The viewing was to take place both on September 9th and September 10th, and the burial was scheduled for September 11th, 2001 at 8:30 a.m. My grandmother was not allowed to attend her own mothers viewing because she was having an irregular heartbeat. She was, however, allowed by her doctor to attend the burial service.

My immediate family has always been very close, so when a death does occur, we all rally around the person most affected; except this death was unusual. There were four other families involved in this death, my great grandmother's family, my grandmother's family, and the family of my grandmother's two sisters.

My grandmother's sister's children were not fond of their mothers or my grandmother. They seemed more attached to my great grandmother because of the money that she gave them, both while she was alive and in her will. In order to protect their interest in the reward that they would receive from the written will, they tried to block my grandmother and her sisters from participating in the funeral and viewing preparations. Neither my grandmother nor her sisters played a part in choosing the coffin, the tombstone, or even the dress that their mother would wear for the rest of eternity.

During the last night of the viewing, the immediate family of my great grandmother, along with my grandmother, who was now in good enough health, were allowed an hour by themselves with my great grandmother prior to her burial. It would be an early morning the next day and nobody would be able to deal with the added stress of

a family dispute. It was agreed that during the last few moments prior to the burial the families would approach the coffin separately for their last words to the deceased. Through all of this, I was the little seven year old who hid behind his mother's leg in stoniness. After all, seeing a dead body, let alone my great grandmother at such a young age was both shocking and confusing. For the longest time, I just thought she was sleeping.

On September 11th, we all gathered in the parking lot of the funeral home. It was around 7:45-8:00 a.m. when we left the funeral home and it would be about a 45 minute drive to Dallas for the burial, so everything occurred very early. As all the families were called up for the last wishes, I ran up to my great grandmother and in a last ditch effort tried to wake her, sadly nothing happened. My mom just said "she's going to a better place, just say good-bye" my grandmother was the last person up to the casket. The top lid was closed, and still being confused I wasn't sure as to why they were closing the lid on my great grandmother, who I still assumed was sleeping.

The casket was lifted into the hearse and we started our drive to the cemetery, we arrived at around 8:40 a.m. There was a large hill that had to be driven up to be near the burial plot, but there was one problem. The hearse could not make the climb and got stuck in mud right at the top of the hill. So the entire funeral was delayed by a half hour, but not before one of the people in line jumped out of their car and screamed, "They are killing everybody!" now as a 7 year old I was quite confused as to exactly what he meant, after all, I still thought my great grandmother was asleep. It was then that he said, the "11 on Towers were hit with planes," as someone else responded, "Ya and they just attacked the pentagon too..."

Immediately panic ensued, people were backing their cars down the hill and just leaving the burial, which was in progress, without saying good-bye, everyone was afraid that their kids would be let out of school and be home alone. My mother decided it would be best if we left as well. When we arrived home, I saw exactly what everyone was talking about, the images and video of planes slamming into two very big buildings was immediately engrained into my mind. I went out and sat on the front porch, my mother followed after me and asked me what was wrong at which point I answered, "I don't want the planes to crash into our house."

The next few days were horrific. At our traditional Sunday dinner my entire family was gathered around the kitchen table when my grandmother in an attempt to lift the spirits of the room said, "Well my mom always said, she was going to go out with a bang, and she did."

Hayley Macuga
Ms. Krushnowski
Communications
12 July 2010

It Tells All

Just by the way you sit I can tell what you are thinking. Body language tells more than what an average person thinks. When teachers are teaching they know who is bored, interested, and excluding themselves from the conversation. Not only can teachers conclude this, but most people can to by just knowing a little bit about body language.

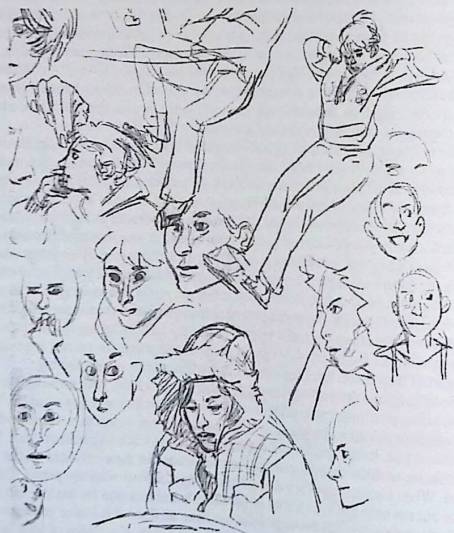
By looking at a persons head, believe it or not, tells what that person is feeling. A tilt to the side tells that you're interested in someone or something, while having no tilt tells that you are thinking about someone or something, whether it's what I'm saying or something else. Most girls that run their fingers through their hair means that they think they're attractive, but it can also mean frustration. On the opposite side, fondling or patting your hair down shows that you're insecure about something. Which to most people is just a lack of self-confidence. Have you ever seen someone place their hand around their mouth during a conversation? It's a common gesture made when people are lying. When someone touches or rubs their nose, that person thinks what is said is doubtful and they're rejecting an idea you made without verbally telling you. When placing your hand on your cheek to most people is a sign of boredom, but that person is thinking or reviewing their thoughts over. In most males, they stroke their chin, which means nothing more than they're making a decision.

The most common and easiest body language to diagnose is checking the clock! It's a sign of boredom- "I want to get out of here already!" On an average day, more than half the students in the class will check the time. As a teacher who has to teach a specific topic get frustrated to know how any students are bored. For me to look someone in the eyes may seem easy, but it's not. When you fail to look someone in the eyes, it's a lack of strong confidence in yourself. It also makes them question your honesty. Recently, most of us have gone through a job interview and if you didn't maintain eye contact while answering the questions, there is a good chance you did not get the job. If you hold eye contact with someone, it shows power. As you see people, watch their eyes. If there is an enlarged amount of blinking happening it just means that the person is nervous. By looking different directions also tells your feelings. By looking upwards and to the right indicates recalling of a memory. Looking to the left means that the person is using a creative part of their brain. Looking directly down means just plain thinking.

Body language does not stop with the look on your face, your torso tells a story too, when biting your fingernails remember it shows insecurity and nervousness. While having your arms folded and crossed, you have put a barrier between yourself and the people around you. Really you're just not happy with what is being said or done. While most people tap or drum their fingers you can conclude that their impatient and/or frustrated. When I am sitting at my desk, I often fidget around with my pencil. I never knew this but not only can it be a sign of boredom but nerves and/or anxiety has gotten to you. And whether you tell the truth or not, we have all done this. Have you ever seen someone touch their neck? That person is giving you a sign of concern of what is being said. So pay very close attention to that so you don't hurt other people's feelings.

Nowadays, we all walk sluggish and do not care what people think. You should! Walking quickly with an upright posture shows confidence. We should all want to look like this! A brisk step may show confidence but a bouncing or kicking foot suggests boredom. When your legs are open/apart shows that the person is comfortable and feels safe with their surroundings. This occurs most in males. For females, however, sitting with your legs crossed suggests relaxation or may suggest a defensive position. It all depends on how tight the leg muscles are.

Every movement you do, every move you make, tells the whole world what you think. Even though most people do not really know how the person knows, it's as easy as learning your ABC's. be careful of the way you sit in class the next time because your fellow student can detect what you are thinking just from your body language.



Jessica Pacheco
Ms. Krushnowski
Communication
12 July 2010

Have you ever wondered what your futures hold in stock for you? I know I have. Have you ever wanted to know what kind of personality you have or what interests you have? That's where palmistry comes into play. This is the practice of telling one's character, or future by simply reading the lines of one's palms.

Palmists began their scientific craft centuries ago, starting in India, and it has spread all over the world and grew in popularity.

Palm reading can be an interesting science, but, then again, it has never been proven with scientific facts to back it up.

The sole purpose of palm reading is to foretell the future of each person by reading, so to speak, or analyzing the lines on one's hands

There are 7 important lines in the palm of your hand. They are the following:

1. Life line
2. Head line
3. Heart line
4. Girdle of Venus
5. Sun line
6. Mercury line
7. Fate line

I will show you how to read 3 lines, starting with your life line. Before we start, I want you to take your dominant hand, which is the hand you write with. Please note that this line does not tell how long you live, but indicates how you will live your life. This line is located at the edge of the palm above the thumb and runs toward the wrist, forming an arc.

- A person who does not have a passion for life often spots a life line that runs close to the thumb.
- A person passionate about life and who lives life to the maximum often spots a life line that is curved.
- People who have a delicate health often have a chained life line.
- A person with a heart for travel often has life lines that are swinging outward.

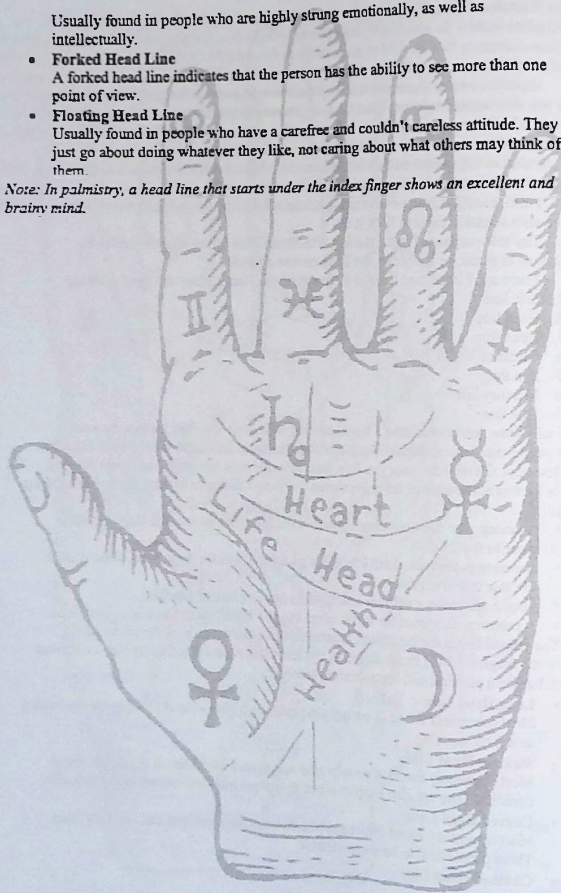
The second line is the heart line, located toward the top side of the palm, just below the fingers. As the name suggests, the heart line represents the state of the human heart, both in a physical and metaphorical sense.

- **Long Head Line**
Most commonly found in people who think and give a lot of thought before taking action on anything.
- **Straight Head Line**
Most commonly found in people who values and practices clear, concentrated thinking. They are also happier when things are handled and solved practically.
- **Curved Head Line**
Most commonly found in people who like to create and put into use new ideas. These people tend to be more creative.
- **Chained Head Line**

Usually found in people who are highly strung emotionally, as well as intellectually.

- **Forked Head Line**
A forked head line indicates that the person has the ability to see more than one point of view.
- **Floating Head Line**
Usually found in people who have a carefree and couldn't careless attitude. They just go about doing whatever they like, not caring about what others may think of them.

Note: In palmistry, a head line that starts under the index finger shows an excellent and brainy mind.



Jenelle Bruno

There are a few things about myself that I will fail to tell people when I meet them or am getting to know them. Usually there is one obvious question the brave ones will ask, having to do with my physical appearance. Three months after my birth, a big puffy mark made its home on what was my lower lip and another on my arm and temple.

Naturally my parents panicked royally and I was rushed to the hospital. They were relieved to learn that it was nothing life threatening, but that I'd likely live with it for a good portion of my childhood, if not forever. Envisioning pictures from my early years, I was always smiling and happy. My parents did everything they could for me, but there was a rough road of elementary years ahead and nothing they could do would prepare me for that.

Throughout those years, I developed a strong tolerance for bullies and it seemed nothing could make me hurt or cry anymore, at least nothing they had to say. When I was ten years old, I went for my first surgery. I was finally big enough for them to safely operate on my head and face. This was their first step towards changing my life, and I was anything but excited.

I have had four surgeries to reduce and remove this "birthmark", which is actually called a hemangioma. Growing up the way I did does a lot to shape one's personality. Dealing with teasing early on, people staring, and the questions that, at the time, seemed so hard to answer, made me develop some shyness. It also made me a much stronger person. I have deep sympathy for any person whose life was altered in childhood by a medical condition, and I am grateful every day that my problem is so minor compared to the complications others face.

After each procedure, the appearance of the hemangioma was much less prominent. The ones on my eye actually went away all on their own, so the only one left is the obvious. Some people look at others, even those of us with very minor afflictions, and wonder how we live like we do. It is very true when they say it's not always as awful as it seems to the people around you. I never think about it, and the people who are close to me and love me know that it doesn't matter to me. What they might not know is that it made me who I am.

Victoria Pando

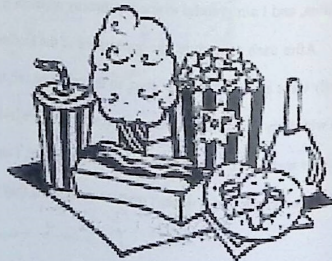
The smell of sweet funnel cake, the sound of food sizzling and the sight of people enjoying themselves. Where is it you can go to have your senses swept into a breeze of pure culture and irresistible treats? The farmer's market has many interesting items and mouth-watering foods that will definitely put a smile on anyone's face.

The sound of lively music, greasy sizzling food, and the laughter of people fill the air. People are talking, shopping, laughing and eating. They dance to music as the children run through the water fountain. The cold water tickles their toes and they giggle with excitement.

A long line forms for the sweet taste of ice cream. Everyone's mouth waters, their throats slightly parched, craving the cold delicious treat. While some want ice cream, others desire an icy cool beverage. Lemonade, water, slushies, sodas - many of these and so much more are what people use to quench their thirst.

While looking around shopping for unique trinkets, many people stop to relax and enjoy the scenery. The blazing sun heats everything around. Benches need caution signs; their seats now hot enough to burn anyone's bottom! The clear blue sky is looming overhead; the clouds large and fluffy like cotton balls. The trees dance to the whispering wind, while the birds chirp their cheery tune.

The farmer's market has many interesting items and mouth-watering foods. It is enough to put a smile on anyone's face and a bounce in their step! The culture, the food and the sights will surely intoxicate you.



Corey Pedulla
Mr. Blaum
Creative Writing
14 July 2010

The year is 1941, the second World War has been raging for two years, and two people have just been married. A young couple in their early twenties arrive at their family's mansion, the Kirby mansion, it has been in the Kirby family for generations but all that will soon change. Old man or Mr. Kirby as most people called him owned the mansion for the longest of the rest of his family, having made it his personal residence. The groom inherited this lovely piece of real estate from old man Kirby, his grandfather. The old man was born and raised in this house. His life, however, was plagued with catastrophe.

When old man Kirby was just a child, his younger sister, was left unattended in the bathtub. When the young Kirby went in search of his sister for a play mate he found her floating in the bath tub. His parents blamed him for this. If only he had been "more responsible, his sister might still be alive". These words uttered by his own mother echoes in his ears. As a 6 year old, taking the blame for the death of a younger sibling would plague him for the rest of his life.

The tragedy does not stop there. When young Kirby turned 12 his older sister decided to drive back from college on a late winter night for his birthday the next day. However, she never reached him; instead she was killed instantly in a head on collision right outside of the Kirby mansion. Again young Kirby was the one who saw the tragedy and called for help and again he took the blame. If only he "didn't make a big deal about his birthday his sister might still be alive." These words in his mother's voice followed him for years.

As young Kirby grew into a more mature teenager and college student the tragedies of the past began to diminish, until one day he received a call while at college. "Hello this is Corporal Patterson of the Wilkes-Barre Police Department, I am sorry to inform you that late last night your parents both passed away". Kirby in disbelief and sorrow asked in response "H-h-how?" The corporal responded "The furnace was leaking carbon monoxide all night and all day. When they went to bed they were suffocated by the lack of oxygen. I am sorry son." Kirby abruptly stopped the conversation by slamming the phone down on the table.

Again as the years passed, the pain of the past diminished. Always remaining in memory but losing its sting Kirby got married to his college sweetheart, and had three lovely children. But the life of tragedy that plagued Kirby would again show its face. While Kirby was away one night, his wife decided to relax in the bathtub and listen to the radio. Little did she know, but the radio vibrated just enough to fall off the edge of the bathtub. When the radio fell in the water it sent an electric current through her entire body stopping her heart cold. She died instantly. Kirby returned home only to again find someone whom he loved dearly dead in the bathtub. Kirby called the police and was immediately blamed for this accident. This was something he would never live down. His family would abandon him, and his children would eventually cease talking to him.

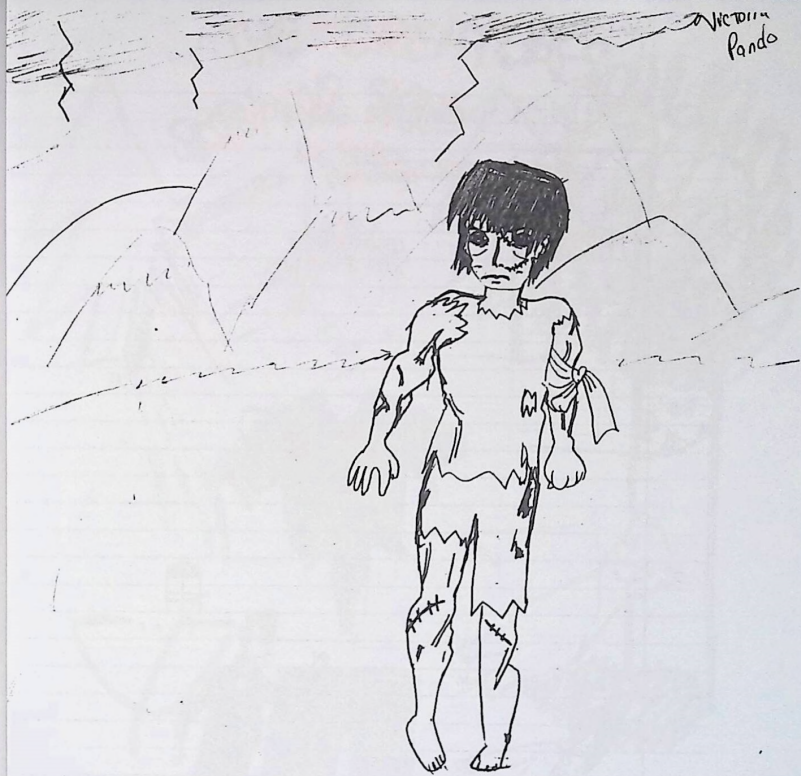
Mr. Kirby became a drunkard and rarely ever left the mansion. As he got older he became more bitter towards the world and the children that had left him. The mansion still kept its beauty even through the lack of maintenance. Eventually Mr. Kirby's drinking got to him. He became extremely ill; the doctor told him he could expect to live only a few more weeks. His liver was destroyed. Having not talked to his children in little over 30 years he thought of his nephew who always would call him to check up on him. It was then that he decided to leave the house to his nephew as a present for his new marriage. As Mr. Kirby became more and more weak he was bed ridden. As he was slowly passing away he had a look of peace on his face. It was as if all the people with whom he had been blamed for their deaths were surrounding him in a welcoming home, to tell him it's okay. Mr. Kirby died over night. Nobody other than his nephew attended his funeral.

After old man Kirby's death many people started rumors about how the house was the true reason behind the bad and tragic luck that plagued him. But even more people believe that because of the history of the house it was an omen of bad luck, after all four people had died in it all assumed or known to be accidental. But the young groom shrugged the rumors off. After all if anyone knew his uncle better than him, they were dead. The young groom at the reading of the will of his late uncle heard to his astonishment that everything was being left to him. Upon hearing this he immediately made plans to move into the home he had always admired, the Kirby mansion.

Upon arriving he was surprised to see the condition of the mansion. For only having one sick care taker, his uncle, it was in splendid condition. The mansion had little to no decay on any of its exterior wood, and the inside looked like it was dusted, polished, and swept every day. He and his wife immediately started unpacking and within two days they were completely moved in. Soon after that his new bride became pregnant. Soon the tragedy that had befallen his uncle would begin to plague him as well. No more than a month after having heard about the baby that was about to bless their life, the groom's wife fell down the stairs. According to her recollection it was as if someone pushed her. Arriving at the hospital, his wife and he found out that she had a miscarriage. Soon after they returned home they found their dog dead at the front door. It looked as if it had been beaten to death. Afraid that the rumors about the house might have been true, they stayed at a hotel for the night. They returned home the next day with a heightened sense of caution. To their amazement the house was serene in a sense. Even though horrific events had occurred the night before, it showed no signs of any distress or horror. Both, under the assumption that the day's events were coincidence or just bad luck, stayed home for the night. Sadly they would not get much sleep.

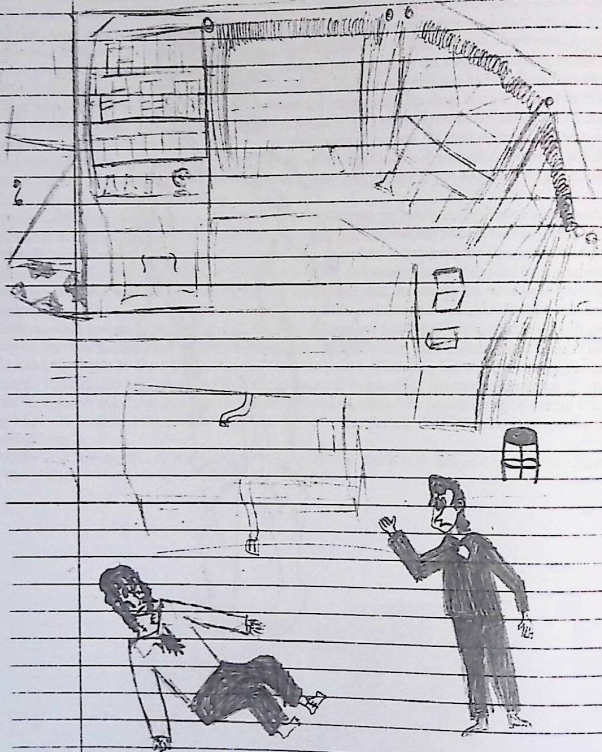
Around 9:00 p.m. they went to bed. Right as the newlyweds got into bed they heard pounding on the downstairs door and the door bell ringing. The groom, quite tired and wanting to save his new bride from having to walk down the three flights of stairs, went to the door. Just as he turned the door knob the knocking and ringing stopped. He opened the door to find no one there. As he turned around to head back upstairs he felt a cold wind and the door was ripped from his hand and slammed shut. At exactly the same time his wife was heard screaming on the top floor. She fell two stories onto the chandelier and was impaled upon one of the candles which was a pseudo light. Just as this occurred he heard what sounded like his uncle's laugh and a shadow upon the wall behind him. Without hesitation he ran out the door and to what is now Capin Hall. He asked the elder woman who lived there if he could call the police. When they arrived, the young groom could not be found. The old lady told the police that when he got off the phone he returned to the house. A thorough search was conducted and the young groom was found hanging. One of the policemen upon seeing the groom dangling lifelessly from the rafters of the basement was quoted as having said, "Well the poor guy looks like he is at peace at least."

Kirby Hall, having no heir was taken by eminent domain and is now used as a campus building at Wilkes University.



Genelle Bruno

Victor Frankenstein's Laboratory



THE CREATURES SURVIVOR SKILLS

By: Harper
Mocisga



Survivor Skills

Lost Memories & New Ones Gained

By: T/C Mark Congdon Jr.

Written as an undergraduate student at Wilkes University for COM 398 on 04/09/07

My grandma and I went shopping on Black Friday in 2003; we went to Wal-Mart to get a \$35 DVD player. My grandma hates the Black Friday tradition of shopping, and since she is only four feet two inches tall, the other crazy shoppers had an easy time pushing, shoving and knocking her over to get the "deals." She quickly became furious and started plunging her cart down the aisle. The fanatic shoppers skeddaddled out of the way as if they had awoken a sleeping giant. Needless to say, we got the DVD player.

This is just one of the many memories I have with my grandma; however, since I left for college, I haven't had that many new memories, and some of the traditions we had when I was in high school came to a halt. I never expected to grow apart from her, and I surprisingly got homesick often, thinking about our weekends together.

For instance, Grandma would pick me up from high school on Fridays, and we would go to Long John Silvers to talk about our week, and would then plan what we would do with our next two days together. Saturday mornings, we would make scrapple, peanut butter toast, and hot cocoa. But my fondest memories are the days when school was canceled for a snowstorm or holiday and we would sit in front of the TV all day, watching *Guiding Light* and *Days of Our Lives*. Together we would watch these soap operas and would laugh and cry at the characters. We loved the tense drama that always occurred in their lives, and hoped that our lives would never become as dramatic.

When my grandma got remarried, I was so happy for her and my new pap. After all, I was going to college in two months, and I wouldn't always be there to comfort her and help her do tasks around the house. I knew that my new pap would always be there for her, which both saddened and brought joy to me. It never crossed my mind that these moments and memories my grandma and I shared would eventually stop when I went to college. After I left home to pursue my education, my grandma and I never thought that the phone calls, visits, and the phrase, "I love you" would lessen with every passing day. I never thought that leaving home to grow, change, and develop my skills would cause me to drift away from the ones I love back home.

Although I was caught up with my school work, part-time job, and newly found friends, I was shocked that it took two and a half years for me to realize that I also changed in a negative way, forgetting the one I know and love, my grandma. The day of this realization came on a gloomy and brisk February afternoon. My mother, Bettyann, had called me to tell me that Grandma's health took a turn for the worse.

"Mark, Grandma's in the hospital," said my mother who sounded as if she were crying. "She had fallen when she took out the trash; the doctors said that the fall gave her a herniated disc in her back," wept my mother. I then asked if she was going to be ok. Mother replied, "The doctors told me that she'll need surgery, and help doing chores around the house. Dr. Jones said that her arthritis in her neck and back had gotten worse." She then quietly asked, "Grandma asked me if I know when you are coming home. When are you coming home Mark? We haven't seen you since Christmas break." Knowing she was right, I shamefully answered, "Soon Mom, very soon; I will be home this weekend. Tell Grandma that when I am home, I will come see her very soon; I will be home this weekend. Tell Grandma that when I am home, I will come see her and do some of her chores." "Mark, Grandma misses you; she is always asking about you and wishes you would call or visit more often," said my mother. I gently replied, "I'm sorry Mom;

tell Grandma I'm very sorry, and that I'll make it up to her! I promise! I will see you both this weekend; I love you; please tell Grandma I love her too."

At the end of our conversation I realized that I wasn't a very good grandson, so I made a vow to never neglect our relationship again. It's a shame that it took my grandma's health to make me realize how much I value our relationship and how much I want her to continue being apart of my life. But, I feel it's a blessing in disguise because I now have an opportunity to rekindle the relationship we once had.

Even though I was maturing into the young man Grandma hoped I would become, with my academics, self-confidence and social life, I was becoming less mature towards the way I communicated with her. Ultimately, I took her love and support for granted. I didn't realize I was missing a big piece of my identity, my grandma, and became saddened when I eventually realized how I was treating her.

It seems we are often reminded that change and developing yourself is good, but sometimes I find myself questioning if this is always true. I feel like I lost a part of myself and my identity after I changed and adapted to college life. Since coming to college, I haven't created many new memories with Grandma. It seems the world is always in a hurry, and we forget to take it easy, relax, smile, and enjoy the moments and memories we have had, continue to have, and hope to have.

I know that I can't go back, but I also know I don't want to become one of those frivolous shoppers that Grandma and I encountered on that adventurous Black Friday, who seemed to always be in a hurry, were rude, and took certain things in life for granted. For these reasons, I readjusted my life by doing the things that truly matter, and making my grandma a priority. I visit Grandma more often, and I take grandma out to Long John Silvers while catching up on all I have missed. Grandma's health is also much better; I continue helping her with the chores, and we even have dates set aside to shop and see a movie. Though we don't watch the soap operas together during the week because I'm at college, we watch them when I go home for the weekend. Our relationship is stronger than ever before. Grandma constantly tells me that, "I'm happy you spend more time with me and look forward to our weekends together, just like they used to be, but better. I'm very proud of you Mark!" As the saying goes, you never know what you have until it's gone; I almost lost the relationship with my grandma when I went to college. I never want to experience those emotions that come with almost losing someone precious to you because you took them for granted again. After all, it's never too late to realize what is important.

By: T/C Mark Congdon Jr.

Written as an undergraduate student at Wilkes for COM 398 on 04/09/07

STRANGER

Dark skin and shades
No one can see her.
Hair pulled back on a single braid,
Back straight, hands on lap, peace and quiet is why she's here.

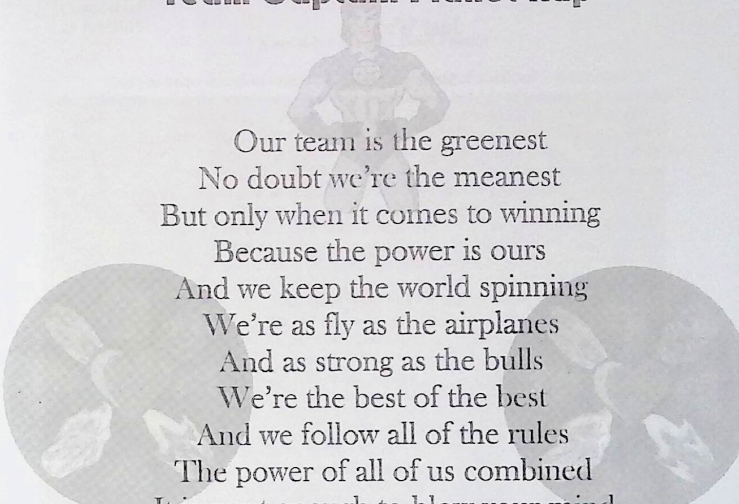
Projecting nothing but power and authority
She is her own master.
Everything and everyone is her minority.
She gets up now moving faster.

His very eyes made her melt.
Its love, she tells herself.
It is true that's the way she felt.
The same love you find on bookshelves.

- *Jessica Pacheco*



Team Captain Planet Rap



Our team is the greenest
No doubt we're the meanest
But only when it comes to winning
Because the power is ours
And we keep the world spinning
We're as fly as the airplanes
And as strong as the bulls
We're the best of the best
And we follow all of the rules
The power of all of us combined
It is great enough to blow your mind
We've got fire, wind, water, earth, and heart!
When you put us together we're incredibly
smart

Sierra Hairston

Just Waiting

Steele's yet plain.

But John has an obsession.

For the lights and fame

He wants a life resurrection.

He wants to be born again.

Life filled with fun and laughter.

He is waiting for these days to begin.

Without sickness and the headaches the morning after.

Professionally unbothered

He works place to place.

The jobs he hated

Therefore working with a frown upon his face.

The lights and fame

He is just waiting for it to come.

Although it might be late.

He wants to be number one.

Qiu 1

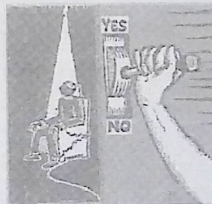
Catherine Qiu
Ms. Krushnowski
Composition
26 July 2010

Capital Punishment: Death Penalty

Did you know that as of October 1, 2009, the number of death row inmates totals to 3,270? Compared to the other states, Pennsylvania ranks 4th in having the most inmates, with 223 to be precise. Throughout the years, the number of inmates on death roll has gradually and continually increased. Looking at this chart however, Pennsylvania has only had a total of 3 executions since 1976. With the number of inmates still constantly filling the cells of prisons, the heated debate of the death penalty, with topics of deterrence, public safety, sentencing equity, and the execution of innocents, among others, needs to be settled. I believe the death penalty is for all reasons, a necessary act that has to be carried out.

Many people will argue the fact that it is immoral to kill a person, and that what right does society have to kill another human being. But are you really going to take mercy on these cold blooded murderers who don't even have the slightest notion of what is moral? These inmates on death row are not normal everyday criminals; they slaughter their victims brutally and viciously. Take for example the case of a man named Marco Chapman. This killer murdered a seven-year-old girl and a six-year-old boy in their home. Both of the children's throats had been slit and they suffered stab wounds on their bodies. Their ten-year-old sister played dead after also being stabbed several times. The hands of the mother were bound with duct tape and she was tied to the bed frame. She was raped and stabbed in the chest with a knife that broke off in her chest. She was later stabbed with a large knife and left for dead. After stabbing the victims, the killer burglarized the home and left the scene. Are you really saying that we shouldn't execute this heartless man after what he'd done? If so, you have no heart. You say you're the better person by not stooping down to the murderer's level, but how much better are you when you're cheapening the lives of these innocent murder victims saying that society has no right to keep the murderer from ever killing again. Society has not only the right, but the duty to act in self defense to protect the innocent. Are you just going to dismiss all the innocent people who have died at the hands of these cruel criminals just because it's "not right"? What right do the criminals have to kill an innocent person, to separate them from their family and friends, and destroy their future?

But let's step away from the emotional aspect of this topic, and take a more logical approach. For one, when people commit crimes, they will know that the death penalty will be waiting for them at the end of the road. With that thought in mind, if they still want to murder a person, they are therefore choosing to die of their free will. The punishment of execution burns fear into peoples' minds, making them think twice about what they are going to do. Statistically, it has been proven that as the number of executions was decreased, the crime rate had increased. During the temporary suspension on capital punishment from 1972-1976, researchers gathered murder statistics across the country. In 1960, there were 56 executions in the USA and 9,140



murders. In 1965, there were no executions and 14,590 murders, and 1975, after six more years without executions, 20,510 murders occurred rising to 23,040 in 1980 after only two executions since 1976. In summary, between 1965 and 1980, the number of annual murders in the United States skyrocketed from 9,960 to 23,040, a 131 percent increase. The murder rate doubled from 5.1 to 10.2. So in conclusion, the number of murders grew as the number of executions shrank.

Some people call for an alternative to the death penalty, life in prison. But if society is only threatening these murderers with the sentence of life in prison, I doubt it would be nearly as effective as having the death penalty. Do you honestly think that being in prison is a suitable and fitting "punishment" for these merciless murderers? In society today, the number of people that are incarcerated in the U.S. is rising at an unprecedented rate. And do you know why that is? It's because incarceration is no longer an effective crime deterrent. In the past, prisons were a horrible place to be, and you were forced to work all day. The prisoners did as they were told, because if they did not, they would be physically beaten by other inmates or guards, and they were often killed. Today work is an option and the most severe punishment while in prison is the taking away of privileges that they should not have in the first place. In the past, citizens perceived prison as a horrible environment; they feared breaking the law and the prison population was extremely low. Today the average citizen perceives prison as a lazy man's paradise, and prison population is at an all time high. Prisoners today have too many rights and privileges. They eat free of charge. They have a bed to sleep on. They get free medical care. They get exercise every day. They get to watch tv, take college classes and even earn a degree. They can work and earn money. Do you really want all of our tax money to go to these murderers?

In addition to all this, if you sentence a criminal to life in prison, you risk giving them a chance to escape and wreck havoc on the public once more. Dawud Mu'Min who was serving a 48-year sentence for the 1973 murder of a cab driver escaped and stabbed to death a storekeeper in a robbery that netted \$400. You also risk the chance of letting these criminals murder prison guards and other inmates. After they've killed innocent victims thoughtlessly outside of prison, what makes you think they'll stop there? Another flaw is that life imprisonment tends to deteriorate with the passing of time. Take the Moore case in New York State for example. In 1962, James Moore raped and strangled 14-year-old Pamela Moss. Her parents decided to spare Moore the death penalty on the condition that he is sentenced to life in prison without parole. Later on, thanks to a change in sentencing laws in 1982, James Moore is eligible for parole every two years. Putting a murderer away for life just isn't good enough. Laws change, so do parole boards, and people forget the past.

One argues that there is a risk of wrongfully executing innocent people with the death penalty. However, with the accuracy of modern forensics and DNA testing today, it becomes very unlikely for an innocent person to be put on death row. Furthermore, it is argued that the number of innocent people that may be killed is equalized by the number of actual criminals that are set free.

The death penalty has been proven to be a very useful method in removing criminals from society both currently and in the long run. There was an estimated 16,692 persons that were murdered nationwide in 2005. If the death penalty isn't kept, you or someone close to you could be the next victim.



Getting out of the comfort zone: a senior's send-off

By: Mark Congdon Jr.

Written on 04/26/08 as the Opinion Editor of *The Beacon*, Wilkes University's student newspaper

It's hard to believe that this is the last issue of *The Beacon* for the 2007-2008 school year, and with that my last article of my college career as well. It's shocking how fast time goes by.

I still remember moving into Slocum: Hall my freshman year for the learning community I was in four years ago. I vividly recall during the luncheon the university had for incoming freshman, the President of Wilkes, Dr. Tim Gilmour, said to the freshmen, "Enjoy your years here at Wilkes because they will go by very fast, and these years could be some of the best years of your lives."

I was sitting with my parents and I remember thinking, "Yeah, O.K. Four years is a long time away and I couldn't even foresee what lay immediately ahead." I didn't want to think about graduation. I was way too nervous about fitting in, making friends, being away from home for the first time and the hard college classes that my high school teachers warned about. But, as a graduating senior and looking back on what the President said, he was right.

My time at Wilkes went by extremely quickly and my years here have been some of the best of my life. But college can't last forever and this amazing experience must come to a close to make way for bigger and better things.

Now, I'm not going to go on an on about my personal, physical, social and academic growth during the past four years, but I would like to offer some insight that has helped me find success, make lasting friendships, and get the full spectrum of the college experience at Wilkes University.

Be yourself & get involved:

I'm the first in my family to graduate high school and attend college. Needless to say I was very scared coming to Wilkes because no one in my immediate family could offer advice on what to expect and no one could really console my fears. The only advice my parents gave me was to be safe, have fun, and don't forget who you are and where you came from. Though my parents couldn't provide me insight into the expectations of the academics of college, their advice about being myself was always in the back of my mind and has helped from the beginning.

I knew that in order to make friends and get the full college experience I needed to become involved with extracurricular activities. So my freshman year I ran for freshman class representative and won. I also joined other clubs my freshman year like the Multicultural Student Coalition club and co-founded the College Republicans club with two upper classmen. Additionally, during my sophomore year I became a Diversity Ambassador and co-founded the Free-Spirit: Gay & Straight Alliance. I also became involved with activities in my major, communication studies, like speech and debate team, Zebra Communications, and *The Beacon* the last two years.

The experiences I had during my four years at Wilkes allowed me to meet new people and make lasting relationships. Participating in extracurricular activities also allowed me to develop my leadership skills. Through trial and error, I learned a lot about myself and others.

I encourage all underclassmen to take advantage of the opportunities that Wilkes is offering. These opportunities will assist you in not only developing you academically, social, or personally, but they will help you to discover what you want to do with your life after college. I figured out that I want to be a teacher and eventually a guidance counselor. I firmly believe that if I didn't get involved like I did, it would have taken me longer to figure out what I want to do with my life.

Try new things and get out of your comfort zone:

In high school I was very shy, quiet, and introverted. But in college, I'm the exact opposite. I'm outgoing, talkative, and extroverted. How was I able to change? I tried new things and got out of my comfort zone.

At Wilkes I have had experiences that would never have happened had I not taken some risks, or had I been too worried about what others thought of me. I've eaten food that I never would have dreamed of trying, like sushi or cow heart, something I needed to eat when I was competing in Wilkes's Fear Factor. I even went on spontaneous road trips to Philadelphia and the beach. Certain classes also helped me develop like dance and theater.

Regardless of what type of personality you have, I encourage all to think outside of the box and try new things. Try not to care what others think of you because that only holds you back. Be yourself, be real and get out of your zone.

Be respectful of yourself and others:

Another important thing I learned and realized while at Wilkes is to respect yourself and others. I learned that by being true to myself, I was respecting who I was and where I came from. It's important to realize that not everyone has the same beliefs or ideas as you and even if you disagree with someone, you must respect their views.

Wilkes is gradually becoming more diverse, and I encourage all to try to get a better understanding of a range of cultures. By respecting other's cultures and meeting new people from diverse backgrounds, you could gain many friends, I know I did. By learning about and experiencing other cultures, I also was able to better appreciate and respect my background and heritage. By interacting with diverse people, you are also better prepared for the world outside of Wilkes University.

Don't take time or others for granted:

The action or inaction you take during your undergraduate career at Wilkes is the foundation of your future and happiness. Don't take the time you have here for granted. Take advantage of the opportunities at your fingertips. Moreover, try not to burn any bridges while here. If you mess up, apologize and admit when you're wrong. Take responsibility. If someone does something that makes you angry or backstabs you, be the bigger person and do what's right. Revenge doesn't help anyone.

Though your years at Wilkes may seem like they will last forever, everything does, eventually, come to an end. Stay positive, have faith and remember everything happens for a reason. College can be tough at times with academics and trying to maintain a certain social image or status. But don't give up and lose yourself in the process.

Get involved and take advantage of what Wilkes has to offer. Get out of your zone, and remember to always be respectful of yourself and others. Remember that your days at Wilkes are limited. Don't take them for granted and appreciate every moment you have in your classes, and with your friends. Time goes by quickly and it only goes faster as you grow and develop. What you do in college will be the foundation for your future. What you do or don't do will cause a ripple effect for the rest of your life. So remember to enjoy life, be positive, be yourself and reach your full potential. I know I did.

Catherine Qiu
Ms. Krushnowski
Communications
16 July 2010

Brother

"Oh, brother." This is a common phrase used when people want to express feeling of frustration and irritation. How appropriate it is for the word brother to be included in this expression. Many of you out there with a brother or even sister can relate to the emotion of annoyance having a sibling who constantly does idiotic things to either embarrass you and/or aggravate you to no end.

I am, unfortunately, one of those people who are related to a sibling that fits that exact description. His name is Johnny, and he is my chubby 12 year old younger brother. I could probably make a giant list of things that my brother has done that has made me angry in some way or form, whether it directly involved me or not. He has tampered with my property from dropping my phone cover into the toilet that had stuff in it to touching and sometimes losing my belongings. He's spilled drinks from water and soda to soup and tea. He eats my food even though he's had his own share. Because of his carelessness, he breaks objects, intentional or not. With the normal instances of shattering bowls and cups, he even manages to somehow break a spoon. Another time, he was just playing with a miniature globe we owned. Out of nowhere, his arm spasmed, and he flung the object all the way across the room. It broke, and even though he tried to fix it, it was a hopeless attempt. But I guess it wasn't all one-sided. In return, I have bullied him. I make him do my bidding, getting me what I ask for most of the time. I steal his pillow and blanket that he treasures. When I was playing Wii before, I got too excited and accidentally whacked him in the head with the remote.

We've had our bad times, but there were definitely good times as well. The nice thing about having such a weird and silly brother is that he comes with humorous experiences. One time, my brother was walking with my dad on the sidewalk in New York. Johnny wasn't right next to my dad, but rather trailing behind him a bit. He must not have been paying attention to where he was going, and he ended up mistaking another man for my dad.



Running up to this complete stranger with the thought that he was his dad in mind, my brother playfully smacked his butt. The guy whirled around and screamed something to him in another language. My brother's face was smeared with horror and shock. But looking back at the event now, we laugh at it.

For some reason, my brother also likes to torture my dad. When his dad offered him a slice of apple, Johnny slapped it out of his hand, stepped on it, and ran away. When his foot hurt, he put ice on it, and later put those ice cubes into a drink my father was going to drink.

During another event, my brother completely covered his eyes with two stickers. He then decides to run and show my cousin, who was in another room rather far away.

©2010 by David S. Brown. All rights reserved. www.davidbrown.com



"I wonder if that would be my father?"

Consequently, he smashes his head off the edge of a wall, making a dent right above his eye as well as on the wall. Bleeding now from the cut in his eyebrow, he calls out for his mom, who was watching tv at the time. She tells him to wait until her drama she was watching finished. My cousin tells my brother to shut up, and I think I kind of ignored him then. Eventually, he's

driver to the hospital, but to this day, there's still a scar where the impact was.

I had always thought my brother was just a big ball of trouble, and truthfully, I still do sometimes, but in time, I've come to realize how important he is to me, how much he has positively influenced my life. His stupid antics make me laugh at times, and he is one of the very few people I can actually with being completely myself and not needing to constrain being the person I really am. I would never wholeheartedly wish him out of my life. And although he'll start to drift from my life, whether I want him to or not, I'll treasure these memories I had with him and of course him, because I never know when I might lose him.

Corey Peculla

RD Sarah

Photography

27 July 2010

The Eagles Abreast

The eagles perched on top of their large podiums, built upon the market street bridge have sat unabated for decades. They sit with their heads cocked high in opposite directions as if they are the protectors of the passage between East and West. Without them the bridge would be void of all character and being. Without these eagles and their beautiful gallivanting wings spread high in a forceful protecting manor, the bridge so many depend on would have been washed away by the acts of nature that have attacked the bridge without purpose for years.

Through the long history these eagles have stood erect a top the market street bridge. The Bridge with its gallant glittering eagles has been around for nearly Eighty-one years. It has withstood the flood of 1936, 1972, 1974, and 2006. This beautiful piece of concrete and steel has been a symbol of the Wyoming Valley its entire existence, not only this but it has served as a main means of getting from East to West for its entire existence. This beautiful work of art is worth more than 1,000 words.



Who Would of Guessed?
By: Hayley Macuga

A journey to a long way begins here. The Kenia family shares this old house in downtown Wilkes-Barre. The house was built in the early 1860s. The Kenia residence built on this lovely structure to their home. It was used long ago for Mrs. Kenia to have a more dramatic entry to home. When the weather was bad the horse and driver along with Mr. & Mrs. Kenia would not get wet because of the shelter. The structure was also built to be different from other homes in the neighborhood.

The brick road was put into place along with the structure. Each brick was placed in a different pattern and each family member placed a brick. Before placing each brick they would have to kiss it and put the kissed side face down. The Kenia's still are residents to the home. However, now the long and windy brick road is never touched. The Kenia residence calls it their family road to never ending memories.



Sarah Tabaka
Composition

A Handful of Shells

Walking through the shallows
My toes in the sand
Low Tide's brought foam to my ankles
And put shells in my hands.



With the salt in the air and the rush of the sea,
Nowhere else can a person feel so carefree.

My friends and I build a sandcastle
And satisfied, in it we stay --
Sun kissed queens of the beach,
If only for a day.

With the salt in the air and the rush of the sea,
Nowhere else can a person feel so carefree.

Long, cool, dark nights
Spent BS'ing with friends.
Sitting 'round green driftwood fire
Makes us wish they'd never end.

With the salt in the air and the rush of the sea,
Nowhere else can a person feel so carefree.

Sun-up or sun-down
In rain or sunshine
This is where I'd choose
To spend all my time.

With the salt in the air and the rush of the sea,
Nowhere else can a person feel so carefree.



Sarah Tabaka
Composition
Mr. Blaum
7/21/10

Unfinished Frog

There are many things in today's society that have come to be seen as common knowledge. Before crossing the street, look both ways. The sky is blue. The grass is green. Never talk to strangers. At night don't walk around by yourself. These codes of conduct, all unwritten, are somehow "understood." It's common knowledge to people everywhere, but no person anywhere is common knowledge. No person can be dissected, observed, and simply "known." Everyone has that side that no one can really see.

I am Sarah Margaret Tabaka. On October 30th, my grandmother's birthday, I was born with a clean slate. Days faded to weeks and then to months. Calendar pages yellowed and fell. One, two, three, four, the years fly by. An infant grows to a toddler, and morphs into a little girl who watches the hands of a clock spin a thousand times over. A decade comes in which I change from little girl to "tween" as my parents called me. On the verge of my "teenage years" I received my first CD player and CDs. Around me I watched thick heavy ice thin and melt away from the tree branches that burst into luscious green hues before slipping from the trees in new red, orange, and golden suits. Again: melt, burst, fall. Ice, green, gold. Again and again. Time goes on and I go right along with it, looking, learning, living, and growing. In my time on this earth I have seen sixteen cycles of melted ice, bursting swelling green, and red, orange, and gold suits shed by the limbs of trees. I am a collection of every one of these cycles. I'm a collection of every sight I've laid eyes on, every smell I've inhaled, every question I've ever asked, all the truths and lies a question can provoke, and every experience I've ever had during those sixteen years.

Every experience in my life is for me considered terribly precious. Really if you take a moment to think about it, that isn't hardly as corny a confession as it initially sounds. Life is one great big butterfly effect. Anything, huge or small and seemingly unimportant can change the course of a person's entire life. Walk or take a cab? Such a simple, "trivial" decision could determine whether you are mugged, robbed, in a car crash, or make it to work on time. Every occurrence, every action, every decision is a ripple. It starts small and begins to spread into the farthest, deepest parts of your life. Such trivial things can be the biggest factors in not only determining one's future, but also who you are far beyond family reputation, social status, or even something so personal as a name. It was a combination all of these moments that made me who I am today.

Yes, it was from these events in my life, small and large alike that I was composed. It was because of these experiences that I could not imagine giving up the name that I have given definition to, for another. It was through these experiences that I became the puffer-fish, silly and in love with the sea. Because of them I am today a bobcat, curious and ever observant. Yes, they made me the wolf, independent, but loyal, preferring the comfort of and support of my pack. I am the enigma that is the platypus, and stubborn like the bull. I share the playfulness of the ferret, and occasionally the twisted humor of the hyena all because of the trivial daily and also extravagant events in my life. However, in hindsight, perhaps I'm more like the frog than any other. Through my days I continue to change, no longer a tadpole, but not yet a frog.

I am sixteen years worth of a person and I'm still a work in progress. I am a student, sister, daughter, aunt, niece, best friend, girlfriend, and dreamer. I am an unfinished frog. The events that made me who I am have made me "uncommon" knowledge. I am Sarah Margaret Tabaka, unfinished frog, and I would have it no other way nor by any other name.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men..." These words ring true from the Declaration of Independence, written in 1776. From the founding of this nation our motto has rung true, "freedom for ALL!" Yet still, to this very day, rights are being denied to every day citizens who just so happen to be different.

Gay men and women are denied rights that, at least heterosexual citizens, are given on a day to day basis. From the right to marriage, to the right to receive benefits in the states they are able to marry in. The right to work freely and openly or love someone freely or openly without being looked down upon. Gay men and women are not allowed to openly serve their country, without being immediately discharged. Gay men and women are voluntarily willing to fight and die for a country that does not give them equal protection under law, which will not recognize or give them the right to marry, nor in some cases allow them to adopt a child.

Gays and lesbians are not looking for special protections. They are not asking for more rights than their heterosexual counter parts. They want equal protection under the law, they want equal rights. Many proponents, however, say that homosexuality is a "choice" lifestyle. Well I pose to that person, this question, who in their right mind would voluntarily choose to be shunned by society, denied rights, denied the right to marry someone they love, denied out right or given a harder time when adopting a child, denied housing, a job, a promotion, and have the increased risk of being beaten up or killed because they are different? Homosexuality is as much a choice as the right to choose ones color, to choose ones age, or to even choose ones culture, there is no choice!

Those who are trying so dearly to deny gays right under law use any weapon they can, from the bible to the constitution, and they are winning, why? Same sex marriage has yet to win a popular vote in any state. More so, 84% of Americans surveyed by Gallup in 1996 said they support equal rights for gays, and yet thirty-one states have rejected gay and lesbian marriage at the ballot box. Forty States have an outright constitutional ban on gay marriage meanwhile 13 states have no law on bestiality. In the gay marriage debate, the religious issue of homosexuality is raised.

In the United States of America, when you are married you gain access to 1,138 benefits, rights, and privileges. So if marriage is solely a religious thing, why should people be given benefits for being married, because that would be intertwining marriage and law? If marriage is solely a matter of religious sanctity, then wouldn't marriage be perverted by the addition of benefits, rights and privileges for doing something that is a holy duty? Although marriage has always been something that is hand in hand with religion, it has become part of a societal benefit. Marriage brings the right to hospital visitation, Social Security benefits, the ability to help with a spouse's immigration, joint health insurance, various amounts of exemptions on estate taxes, family leave from work, right to be in the same nursing homes, home protection and pensions.

Another issue that arises in the gay marriage debate is the idea of a "Chuck and Larry" effect. The idea that people trying to gain rights will marry a best friend just to receive benefits under the law. However, this is a double edged sword because the same can be done with heterosexual marriages. Although this is an issue of legitimate concern, there will always be abuses of any system. A man and a woman can do the exact same

thing if they wanted to; they could get married just for the benefits that they both can receive under law.

The "Don't ask, don't tell" law was passed in 1993 as a compromise to allow gays to serve in the military, just as long as they were not known to be homosexual, simple put, don't ask anyone, don't tell anyone. The reason behind "Don't ask, don't tell" was to give gays the ability to serve in the military. Although the original basis for "Don't ask, don't tell" was right at the time, it has instead resulted in having almost the opposite effect. Instead of allowing gays to serve in the military and increase the amount of people who volunteer, to date it has resulted in 13,000 gay and lesbian service members discharge, 800 of which were deemed essential personnel, and cost the American tax payers nearly 500 million dollars.

In 36 states there are no clear adoption laws. Leaving adoption at the mercy of adoption agencies, and judges. Although this can be good, because it does not legally prohibited homosexuals from adopting in these states. It does allow for judges and adoption agencies to discriminate against couples hoping to adopt. One of the arguments against allowing homosexuals to adopt is the idea that children who are raised in traditional families are better off than those raised by single parents and homosexual couples. Although this has been shown to be true in a lot of cases, a lot of successful people have been raised in single parent homes, without a mother or father figure. The success and well being of a child is also determined by the parenting of the individuals raising them. President Barack Obama was raised by a single parent and he has been rather successful, even without a father figure. Homosexuals, as long as they are willing to give their love and support to a child are capable of doing the same as a single parent, or better.

As gay and lesbian couples get older their lack of protection under law, especially the economic and legal rights become especially obvious and troubling. In Sonoma County California a gay couple of 20 years was torn apart by the county they lived in. It all started when Harold, 88, fell down the stairs. Immediately the county started their efforts against Clay, 77. They started by confining Harold to a nursing home and putting Clay in a different one, involuntarily. Even though the couple had proper paper work to allow for them to take care of each other in the event that one of them became ill, the county pressed for Harold's care in court, they won partial care by claiming Clay was only a roommate. They also prevented Clay from visiting or being involved in Harold's care. They then proceeded to auction off all of Clay and Harold's possessions without determining whose possessions were whose. Although this was a grave injustice and a very rare occurrence, I pose this question, would this have happen to a straight couple? If homosexuals were allowed to be married, this could have been prevented, and Clay would have been able to be with his partner who died 3 months after falling down the stairs. Not only did Clay loose all of his possessions he also lost the man he loved for 20 years.

Homosexuals are people, they can love, they can hate, and they can feel the love and hate of the people around them. Although homosexuality can be debated as immoral, a choice lifestyle, and sacrilegious, it affects people. "No state shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law: nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."



WONDER WOMAN UPWARD BOUND SUMMER 2010

T. C. Jessica

Jessica Baker

Samantha Early (Sammy)

Jacob Monosie (Jake)

James LaMarca

China Morningstar

Deseree Spaide (Desi)

Alicia Stawitski

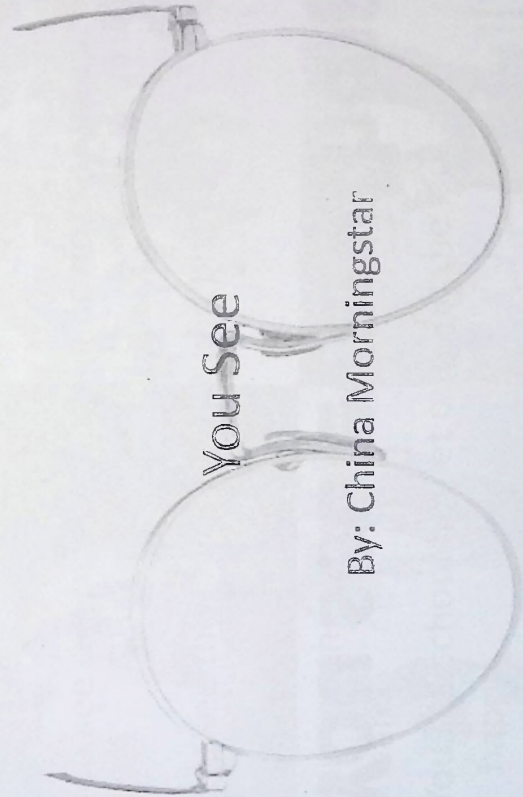
Maureen Suydam

Leslie Torres

Shelby Wildoner

The History of Wonder Woman

Wonder woman was created by William Moulton Marston, a consultant for DC Comics, in the year of 1940. Wonder woman first appeared in 1941, in the All Star's Comic #8. Wonder woman is known as Princess Diana of the Amazon warriors of the Greek Mythology. She is said to be stronger than Hercules and more beautiful than Aphrodite. Wonder woman has a variety of abilities consisting of stopping bullets with her bracelets, jumping very far distances, and a magic lasso that makes her captives tell the truth. She is a member of the Justice League and predominately feminist. In the first wonder woman show she was shown fighting Nazis, in the 1940s. Wonder Woman's mother is Queen Hippolyta, and she lived on Paradise Island. When the first creator died Robert Kanigher started to write her. With this she gained more super powers including her earrings to give her air to breathe in outer space, her "invisible plane", and her tiara became an unbreakable boomerang, and her bracelets allowed her to communicate with her home island. As time went on her origins and where her powers came from was changed. Her powers now came from ancient deities.



You See

By: China Morningstar



You see everything

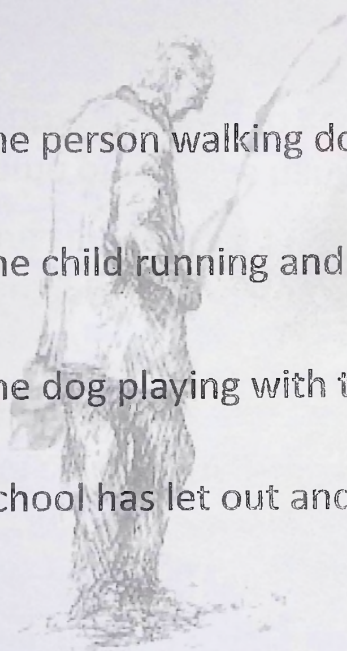


You see the person walking down the street.

You see the child running and playing.

You see the dog playing with the children at the
park.

You see school has let out and the kids are
happy.

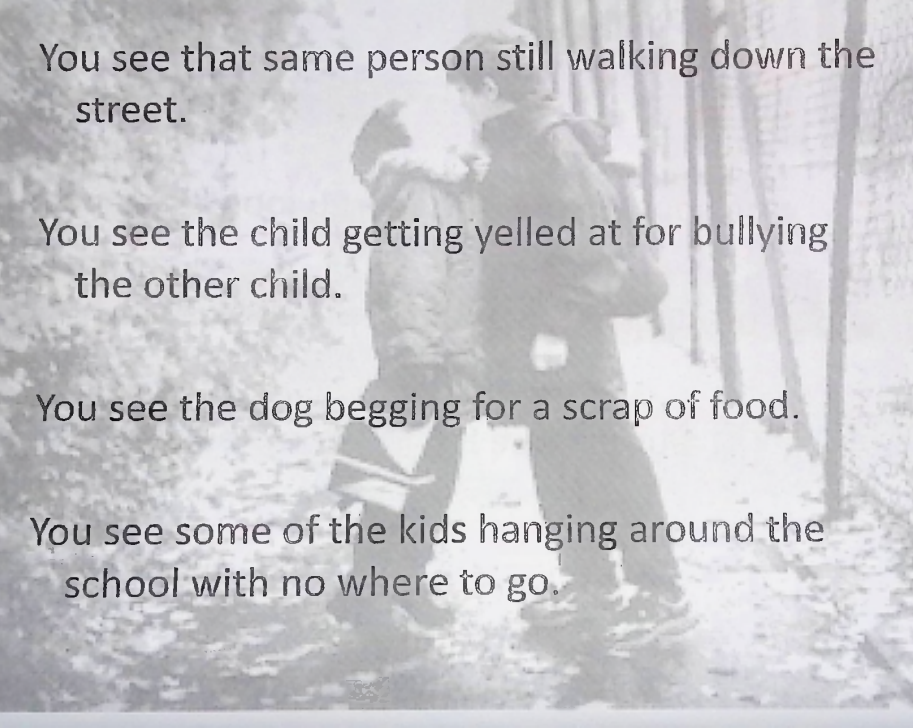


You see that same person still walking down the street.

You see the child getting yelled at for bullying the other child.

You see the dog begging for a scrap of food.

You see some of the kids hanging around the school with no where to go.

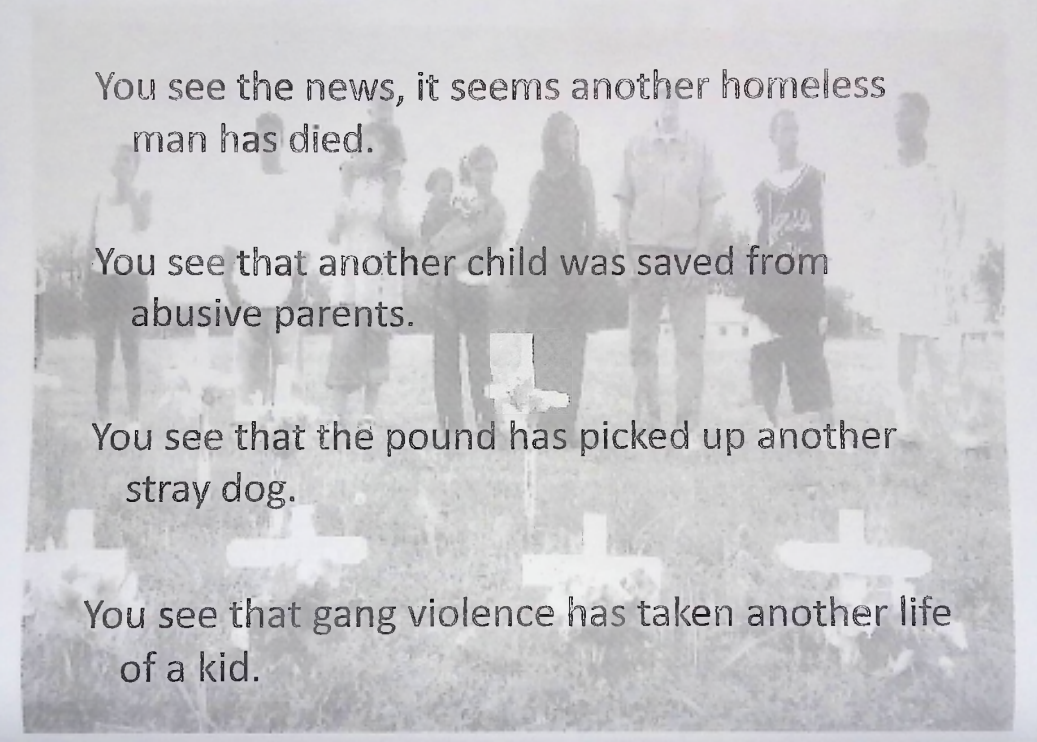


You see the man at night looking for food and a
place to sleep.

You see the smile is gone from the child's face
and there is a bruise in place.

You see the dog moping and giving the eyes only
a lonely dog can give.

You see the kids running the streets and it's late.



You see the news, it seems another homeless man has died.

You see that another child was saved from abusive parents.

You see that the pound has picked up another stray dog.

You see that gang violence has taken another life of a kid.

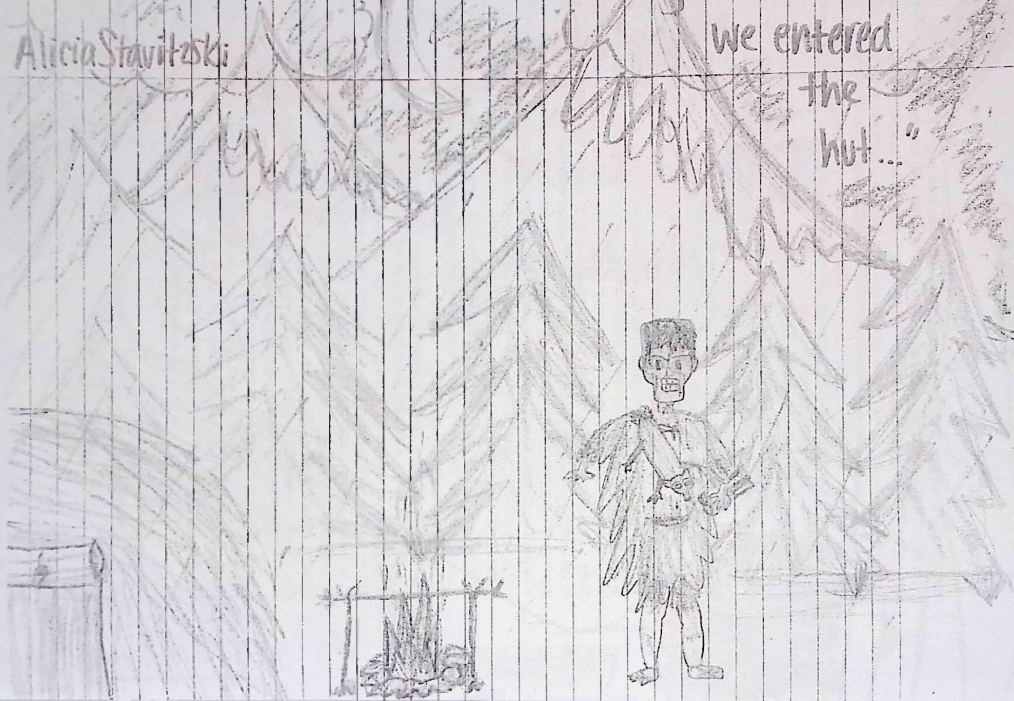
YOU SEE NOTHING.

"The air was cold, and the rain began to descend:

Alicia Stavitzki

We entered

the
hut..."



MEET

THE

CRE

ATING

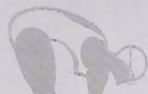
ATION



Maureen Snydam

Creative Writing

Mr. Blaum



Percent Poem

I am 25% daughter,

Which couldn't make me any bossier.

I am 25% sister,

Which doesn't make things any simpler.

I'm 20% smart,

Because I'm not an old fart.

I am 10% role model,

Because I don't diddy dawdle.

I'm 10% athletic,

Because I don't like to be a pain in the neck.

I'm 5% listener,

Which makes me a good sister.

I'm 5% confident,

Who wouldn't want it?

I'm 5% Competitive,

Because I keep my head in it. I'm 100% me, Just Maureen.



Your kisses like rain keep falling,
and soaking me through and through.
I wonder why the world keeps stalling,
but I suppose it's because of you.

Keep on dreaming,
I'll keep on dreaming of you.
Keep on searching,
I swear I'll find you.

There's nothing in the world to stop me now,
you're straight ahead.
I wonder if I have found you now,
possibly I might be dead.

Troubles may come, they may go,
but you'll stay as pure as the whitest of snow.
The one that I want to hold in my arms,
to shelter and protect me from all of life's harms.

-Shelby Wildour

Kirby Hall's Last Visitor

Kragstad awoke to find himself in a dark, foul smelling room. He did not know how he got there, nor why he was there. He stumbled to his feet and walked through the lone doorway in the room to another, even smaller more morose room.

At this point Kragstad stopped and tried to recall what had occurred the prior evening. The last thing he remembered was walking down South Street, but everything after that was a blur. He vaguely remembered being pushed into a bush and a struggle ensuing, however he also may have dreamt that.

It was just at that moment that he realized the intensity of his situation. He was in a dark room in a house he presumably had not seen, let alone ever been in. He may or may not have been attacked and taken there. In addition to all these troubles, there was no clear-cut way to escape his prison.

The room was dark with a doorway connected to another exactly the same only larger. There were barred windows in each room. Kragstad decided to look out one of the windows and see if he saw anybody.

It was a dark and stormy night out; Kragstad saw other buildings and walkways, but no people. The scene seemed eerily familiar, but he did not know why. At that moment he discovered a note on the window sill. The note read:

"Which wall doesn't belong? Find it and you may get out."

Kragstad was sent into a frenzy. Somebody was actually out to get him, but why? He decided that trying to figure out whom and why could be done later and right now he needed to find away out. All of the walls seemed sturdy and were seemingly made of the same red brick. He went around the room pushing on the walls and finally he felt one give a little when he pushed it.

He tried pushing it over, but it only slightly budged. He rammed it with his shoulder and the whole wall fell to the ground with a great billow. Kragstad heard somebody run up the creaky steps and heard the door slam behind him. Much to his horror he found another note taped to the wall. It said:

"I got out; better hope you hurry or you won't."

Kragstad, horrified from the note, ran toward steps when he heard a small continual hush noise and a foul smell started to fill the air. Once he reached the top of the steps he discovered the large metal door was locked, with no hope of being opened. Unable to open the door he sat down and realized he was in a place he had been many times before. He was in the basement of Kirby Hall.

As the minutes passed, the basement's air became heavy with the foul smelling gas. Unable to do anything else Kragstad inquired as to the source of the mysterious smell and sound. It was the hot water tank; somebody had punctured a hole in its gas pipe. Just at that moment the heater kicked on, blowing Kirby Hall and all its inhabitants to pieces.

Maureen Suydam
Creative Writing
Mr. Blaum

Percent Poem

I am 25% daughter,
Which couldn't make me any bossier.

I am 25% sister,
Which doesn't make things any simpler.

I'm 10% smart,
Because I'm not an old fart.

I am 10% role model,
Because I don't diddy dawdle.

I'm 10% athletic,
Because I don't like to be a pain in the
neck.

I'm 5% listener,
Which makes me a good sister.

I'm 5% confident,
Who wouldn't want it?

I'm 5% competitive,
Because I keep my head in it.

I'm 100% me,
Just Maureen.

Maureen Suydam
Creative writing

JUNK FOOD

An ode to junk food,
I can't just pick one.

There's so many to choose,
And they are all very fun.

The candies and cakes are all there,
But don't forget the chips as well.

Cheese doodies, cream pies, and the chewy gummy gloves --
Don't be messy or else it will get in your hair.

The first bite you take is oh so swell.

Snickers, Pringles all of the above combined together and filled with love.



*What you need is what you have
What you have may not be what you want
What you want may not be something you can get
What you can get is anything you get your heart or
mind to do.*

Graduate from high school

Go to college

Graduate from college

Pursue your dream

Be successful

~We Are Upward Bound~

-Maureen Snyder

Leslie Torres
Composition 101C
Mr. Blaum
14 July, 2010

My Room

Every time I turn on the light
I see a beautiful sight
Lavender is taking over
And stuffed animals are alive

To escape I go to my room
To start a new world, in which I don't have to broom.

Teddy bear tells monkey that she has less
Also that she better clean up this mess.
Every time the wind blow is like music in my ears,
Teddy bear realizes that he can't hear.

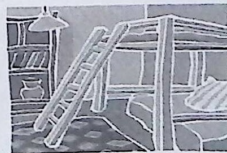
To escape I go to my room
To start a new world, in which I don't have to broom.

I'm not in the mood...
Do I smell food?
I became so lazy,
I think I'm starting to go crazy

To escape I go to my room
To start a new world, in which I don't have to broom.

I asked my neighbor,
"Can you please do me a favor?"
To please shut that dog up
Before I throw a cup!

To escape I go to my room



Maureen Suydam
Composition
Mr. Blaum
7/9/10

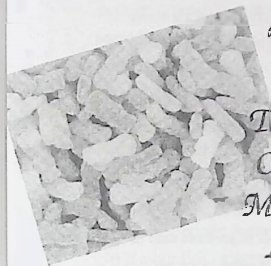
How long have you waited for the fair to get the kind of food they make? Well now in the summers on Thursdays in Wilkes-Barre, you can discover new things and have much more variety at the Farmer's Market. Now, you must be thinking what kind of experience can you get from a Farmer's Market? Well, you can't buy your milk or all your groceries there, although it is a great cultural experience.

When you first go to the Farmer's Market and step onto the square, what's the first thing you see? Probably the trees because they are so tall and provide shade on hot days. So many people are just walking around and sitting on benches. There are so many different stands to satisfy your needs- whether you want Tupperware, jewelry, or candy up to your knees. I told you about the people and I almost forgot all the sounds, like the sound of wind whispering past your ear. Then there's the laughter of children ranging from all years. Also, the sounds that you hear every day, like busses and cars passing by.

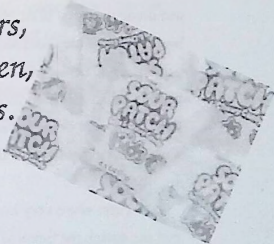
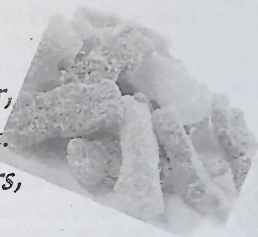
The smells can mix and confuse your nose. Just wait a second, there it goes. Food is way different from the smell of perfume. Chicken is the strongest food if you're standing in the center. Then as you walk the outskirts of the square a new smell hits you. It smells really fresh and organic- the fresh fruits and vegetables. They fill your nose and give off a calming sense- all the bananas, cherries and blueberries. Along with the good smells also come the bad. These smells tend to make your nose very sad. It can be the smoke from a cigarette that makes you cringe. Maybe it's the car exhaust or the smell of someone who just took a wiz.

What you feel is inevitable you know; it will happen, whether it's physical or emotional. Every seat you sit on no matter the feeling maybe a little different, the feeling that comes over you when you find that special purse or necklaces. Maybe it's the feeling you get when you eat your first potato pancake. Maybe it's the taste of the air, but that could be a mistake. So your experience is unique. It's something that is all yours. Whether your senses tingle from good or bad happenings remember it's up to you. Come here for all sorts of fun and enjoyments. Who knows, if there is a need for some help, you just might get off unemployment.

Ode to Sour Patch Kids Alicia Stavitzski



*They taste so sour,
Then so sweet,
They have the power,
Of the tastiest treat.
Many like their colors,
Like red and green,
And orange and yellow;
While so many others,
Like the vibrant sheen,
Of them lil' fellows.*



Jake Honoosic

Mr. Blaum

Composition

13 July 2010

The Wonders of the Farmer's Market

Have you ever been to a place that just sticks in your mind, and for all the wrong reasons? For me, that place is the Wilkes-Barre Farmers Market. The sights, the sounds, the scents, everything you could imagine blended into a single city block of nastiness during the summer months on the square. While it does have some redeeming qualities, they are severely outweighed by the negatives. While it was a grateful respite from the usual order of things, it was not somewhere I wish to visit again.

First off, the sheer amount of people packed into the square was staggering. And with hot summer days comes profuse body odor and the cornucopia of products used to mask it. There were very distinctive groups of inhabitants that only added to the oddities. There was the gaggle of old ladies meandering around the market discussing I Love Lucy and doing their best to fill the area with the smell of rose petals from their perfume and breaded fish as they shuffled by. A group of bikers' dressed head to toe in leather had a permeating stench of motor oil, Bengay, and corn dogs cutting through the air. Then there was the baked-and-fried food stand. It had an odor of frying potatoes radiating for about five yards on all sides. It was pleasing and whet my appetite at first, until it began to thicken and overpower us. But even stronger than the scents were the sights that shocked

There was a very interesting and diverse gathering of people at the farmers market that can stretch the limits of the imagination. From vendors to con artists to Hells Angels to grandmas, every kind of person imaginable populated Wilkes-Barre that painfully bright Thursday. When considering who exactly was there, the crowd was mostly made up of the extreme age groups young and old, but the majority was old, were the densest of the population. They were followed by vendors, angry customers, the homeless hobos and bus dwellers, and finally the Amish rounding out the notable people of the day. Yet

even more than interesting sight than the people were the items for sale. The possibilities were almost limitless. Handbags, bouncy balls, ice cream, plain ice, gyros, Amish baked goods, Barack Obama phone cases, you name it, we saw it there. But all the sights and scents pale in comparison to the sounds.

There are two very good reasons to roll up your windows in Wilkes-Barre in the summer; the town is on average twenty degrees hotter than the surrounding area, and the sound level can potentially rupture ear drums. The people, cars, dogs, busses, angry people, and the general raucous noise of downtown Wilkes-Barre can take a serious toll was seriously considering buying one of the cheap ear plugs on sale at an honest-looking vendor, but abstained due to the fact that I had no money. But the fact of the matter remains unchanged, the sounds of downtown Wilkes-Barre were downright horrendous.

The Wilkes-Barre farmers market is an interesting event held every Thursday of the summer months from mid-summer through November. It is a colorful place, a small city block that is simply radiant with the abusive sounds, scents, and sights common only to large cities such as Chicago, Los Angeles, and New York City. How those sounds have migrated to the lonely outpost of the Wilkes-Barre/Scranton area is unknown, yet the fact still remains: outside the city it is a beautiful place to live, a very quiet and serene atmosphere. Within the city limits the volume is turned up, the colors brighter, and the scents putrefy. While it can be abusive to the senses, it is nonetheless a home, and to make the best of it is the best outlook. Hopefully it can be a success.



The Beach
By Alicia Stavitzski

Salty water in the air
Suntan lotion everywhere,
The taste of ice cream in your mouth
Seagulls flying from the south.

The beach is for me; it's my special place.
It's where I go to get some space.

The sound of waves against the shore,
Heat waves arising from earth's core,
The waves clash on the beach like a Titan's bolt
Knocking kids down with a sudden jolt.

The beach is for me; it's my special place.
It's where I go to get some space.

People run and people swim,
Always trying to look so slim.
The sand is as hot as the beating sun,
But everyone still tries having fun.

The beach is for me; it's my special place.
It's where I go to get some space.

The sunset compares to the northern lights,
Except for the sunset reaching amazing heights.
Many come and many go
Just to see its sparkling glow.

The beach is for me; it's my special place.

It's where I go to get some space.



Jake Honoosic
Mr. Blaum
Composition
14 July 2010

Moon Lake at Midnight

*Listen to the wind as it whips through the trees,
Like eagles and hawks flying high as they please.
The warm and sweet smoke spirals up from the fire
Bringing thoughts of the Pharos and the eternal pyre.*

*Sitting by the fire with family at day's end
Gazing at the stars, waiting to begin again.*

*The deep, endless lake reflects a glistening moon
and with it the knowledge that very soon
the blazing stars falling from the unending sky
roar and thunder calls of a stellar battle fought on high.*

*Sitting by the fire with family at day's end
Gazing at the stars, waiting to begin again.*

*The allure of food roasting on the grill
whets all our hunger and it's ready to spill
because everyone knows that just a little bit more
until dinner is done, that's time for the smores.*

*Sitting by the fire with family at day's end
Gazing at the stars, waiting to begin again.*

*And on that final note our day comes to a close.
We have all taken showers from our heads to our toes.
Now the sky has lit up, with its great blazing flame
full of planets, stars, and satellites, wild and untame.*

Camping With My Friends

By: Samantha Earley

*When I drive into the campsite and I'm coming,
I get filled with excitement and just feel like humming like a bee
that is buzzing.*

*What a beautiful day!
I like to go out and play.*



*I like going camping because it's not plain,
As this entire poem really explains.*

*We cook on the fire and party till it lasts forever,
Then tell stories till whenever.*

*Sitting by the fire with all of my friends
Never going to sleep till the party ends.*

*I like going camping because it's not plain,
As this entire poem really explains.*

*When the stars are twinkling bright,
I watch them till the morning light.
I watch the lightning bugs glow
As they fly by my head sooooo slow.*

*I like going camping because it's not plain,
As this entire poem really explains*

*When we see the morning sun,
We realize our night was just full of fun.
The sun's so hot
It makes me want to pass out on the spot.*

*I like going camping because it's not plain,
As this entire poem really explains.*



Leslie Torres

Composition 101c

Mr. Blaum

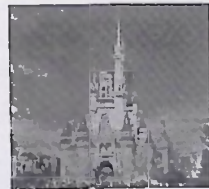
22 July 2010

Most people think that they know the person they're with or are close to. But nobody knows each other well until each person knows herself well. Everyone learns about himself/herself every day. My name is Leslie Torres. I was born in Brooklyn N.Y; my parents are Norma and Julian Torres. Some people may not think that I'm daring and that I go after things that I really want to do. But I am and I do!

People might not believe that I'm daring since I'm a very shy person who seems kind of quiet and not likely to do something like swim with baby sharks and other under water animals. Yes, I, Leslie Torres, swam with baby sharks. This happened at Walt Disney World in 2007.

It was a first time I ever went there. Before we went, I was thinking to myself that it was going to be boring and that nothing fun was ever going to happen. But I was wrong. When we saw a sign saying something about baby sharks I thought at least this could be fun. A guy said that we could swim with them and that was when everything changed.

It never crossed my mind to swim with them. This shy person you're seeing - you would never think she would do something like that. I may be shy and quiet, but you would be surprised what you could learn once you get to know me.



SHY
DARING



TEAM IRON MAN

Mustapha Conteh, Brad McKitish,
Marissa George, Maxine Fabrizio,
Karly Mason, Samantha Lavelle,
Elizabeth Cox, Samantha Headley,
Mariah Betz, Erin Provenzano,

T/C Chris

The History of Iron Man

The first debut of iron man was in 1963. He is identified as iron man because of his armor he wears. His look has changed frequently since his debut. The only thing that hasn't changed is the man who wears the suit and designs them, inventor Tony Stark. Not only does Tony Stark have no super powers of his own, but the armor that gives him strength was also created to keep his damaged heart beating, he could not survive without his iron shell. Eventually his cardiac condition was corrected by a heart transplant, and a later that left him paralyzed was repaired with a microchip. So even without his high-tech costume Tony Stark is a mixture of man and machine, what science fiction writers call a cyborg. Exactly who Stark might be without his armor is difficult to say. Writer Stan Lee and artist Don Heck initially presented him as a suave playboy, part of a long tradition of rich men who have become masked heroes. Yet unlike most of his predecessors, Stark got his income from a specific source: he manufactured and sold weapons. Its undoubted utility, and there were hints that Stark was ambivalent about his role. When his business was menaced by a hostile takeover in a 1979 storyline, he collapsed into alcoholism, and a friend was obliged to take over temporarily the job of Iron Man. Stark publicly proclaims that Iron Man is his bodyguard, and to avoid prosecution for his own violence he once announced that the man in the suit had died and been replaced. He might have been talking about himself, since he is empowered by machinery and sustained by another man's heart. Beneath his polished veneer, Iron Man may be the most troubled of Marvel's heroes, forever fighting to prove that his armor is not hollow. Seeming to pluck his ideas out the air Stan Lee showed something like vision when he chose the country of Vietnam as the setting for the origin of Iron Man (Tale of Suspense #39, March 1963). In 1963 comparatively few American were interested in Vietnam, but before long the war being waged there would become the most crucial and controversial event of the 1960s. For Lee, the setting may have been merely expedient, enabling him to introduce the Communist villains he still employed with some regularity. Later, he had second thoughts about his somewhat simplistic treatment of the Asian nation's problems, yet Iron Man was a character whose very premise demanded political intrigue. The protagonist of the tale, Tony Stark, is a millionaire inventor and arms manufacturer who lead a seemingly charmed life, but who soon develops a problem, as did all of Marvel's best characters. While testing experimental transistor powered weapons in the jungles of Vietnam, Stark INS injured by an exploding booby trap and is captured by the enemy. Fatally injured by a piece of shrapnel that is working its way toward his heart, Stark is ordered to spend his last days inventing new armaments for the Communists; instead he constructs a suit of transistorized armor that also serves as a pacemaker to keep his heart beating. As Iron Man, he conquers his foes and manages to escape, but he is doomed to remain at least partially encased in metal until the day he dies. Life as a Marvel hero was never a bed of roses. Don Heck had the honor of drawing the initial Iron Man story, a rare opportunity in the days when Jack Kirby Seemed to get first crack at just about everything. And, in fact Kirby did have a hand in Iron Man. "He designed the costume," says Heck, "because he was doing the cover. The covers were always done first. But I created the look of the characters, like Tony Stark and his secretary Peeper Potts." Over all, it was Heck's solid craftsmanship that set Iron Man on the road to success.

Samantha Lavelle
Ms. Kruszynowski
Communications
12 July 2010

The animal Kingdom offers many species that are of great interest to humans. Certain animals gain attention by biologist and the average person alike for numerous reasons. One certain animal that possesses characteristics is the butterfly. Butterflies have captivated our minds for centuries due to their remarkable beauty, unique natural tendencies, and complex life cycle.

Though insects are generally considered a nuisance, people find butterflies appealing for their beauty. Many even set up special "butterfly gardens" to attract the graceful insect with flowers full of nectar. Their looks have even been represented by Egyptians on 35,000 year-old pyramid walls. The main appealing trait of butterflies is their wings, which often contain an array of brilliant colors. This insect is sometimes the subject of wall art, as it can be preserved and framed. Also, their change in appearance- from larva to adult butterfly- visually represents rebirth and new life. As any witness can see, butterflies possess a pure, natural beauty in their adult form.

While butterflies appear appealing to the human eye, they have many odd traits and tendencies. For one, the butterfly smells and tastes with its feet, testing the usefulness of the plant off of which it is about to feed. Remarkably, it also must travel large distances year after year to mate and lay eggs in avoidance of harsh winter weather. Similarly, caterpillars and butterflies will move about looking for edible plants. As per communication, they use their wings to create different sounds, or release special pheromones. Interestingly enough, these unique creatures are exothermic (cold-blooded) and have exoskeletons (skeletons outside the body). Clearly, butterflies are unique among other animals.

Though extraordinary in many aspects, butterflies are perhaps most notable for their complex life cycle. To begin, their life changes compose their "metamorphosis". Their life has four stages, the first being the egg stage. At this stage, a mother lays eggs onto the bottom of a leaf or other protected area. The eggs eventually hatch and larvae feed on the plant to which their eggs were attached. As larvae, the second stage, the young butterflies are considered caterpillars. They grow to a somewhat large size, having to shed their skin several times. As the caterpillars reach their full size, they are ready to undergo the stage that makes them into adults. This is called the pupa stage, when they create a chrysalis (or cocoon) for themselves. The spin this similar to how a spider spins webs or silkworms spins silk. They hang upside down from a branch as they work silky threads around themselves, completely encompassing their plump ugly bodies to begin their transformation into beautiful butterflies. Inside this peaceful cocoon, rapid changes take place. The caterpillar becomes more slender and grows thinner appendages. Most importantly, it grows wings that will enable it to fly to obtain its food. As these changes complete themselves the next to last step is complete and the animal moves into its last stage of the butterfly stage. At this point, the creature possesses all of the aforementioned traits and is considered attractive and graceful by most people. This is when it feeds off of nectar and reproduces; creating offspring that must also undergo the four stages of life.

Most animals live life in only one stage, not changing much from infancy to old age. Due to its drastic life changes, the butterfly has as much more diverse existence than most other species. Its individualistic look also contributes to its overall tendency to captivate us and inspire us to learn more about them.

UB RAP



First week of Upward Bound, we came to get dow.
Got my keys, head to my dorm, had to fill out some forms
Got up went down to the café to get somethin' to eat
We gotta make sure we got our grains and our wheat's
8 O'clock gotta get to my 4 classes, Gotta be there quick before the time
passes, At 12:10 we heading down to the sub, I can't keep awake without
I'm in every line filling up my tray, its lunchtime yay the best part of the
day! After lunch we have some fun, acting up in theater or getting a dance
done, right after dat we have a team meeting, where we sit around and talk
about our feelings, Ah man I feel like im in therapy, every single day talking
about you and me, Off to dinna last meal of the day, Gotta read a book for
20 minutes, no way! Study lab is right after dat, better do your work or
you'll get yelled out, Right around the corner is ongoing activies, every
single day ya got someone with an injury, Watch out you better be careful,
playing too rough can be a handful; Free time, when the party begins, we get
to chill out and hang with our friends, Bed time it comes so soon, I gotta
wake up at 6 but wish I can sleep till noon; we're not cocky were just
confident, So when they tell us were the best, That's a compliment!

Harly Mason and Mustapha Conteh

Dear _____,

I am a student at G.A.R High school and I signed up for a program called Upward Bound. I submitted my application and I got accepted. During the spring we had classes every Thursday night from six to eight o'clock. But during the summer we have to stay there in a dorm but at least we get to go home on the weekends. Also we get a visitation night.

The summer program isn't so bad, actually it's pretty good, well after all the work is done. I wake up at 6:50, get dressed and go eat breakfast. Then I go to my first class which is Spanish with Ms. Petrosky. After that I go Communications with Mr. Hrosimission, I don't know if I spelled his name right but that's my teacher. Next I go to Literature with Ms. Krusnowski, I don't know if I spelled that right either. Last but not least I have Algebra 2 with Ms. Cavilary.

Later I go to lunch at 12:10, after that I go to a career mentorship or my dance class. They are both pretty good but I like my dance class better because we have to do business work in the career mentorship at the guard insurance group.

The evening is my favorite part besides the two-hour study lab because we have to work but after that is team sports. Yesterday we played football and soccer. Then its free time and that's the best part. Well that's a day at Upward Bound.

Sincerely,

Mustapha

Erin Provenzano

Mr. Blaum

Composition

7/20/10

Freedom Writers

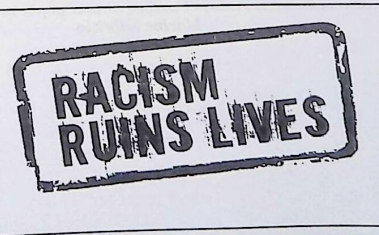
How would you feel if someone didn't like you just because of your race, or simply because of what you look like? Would you feel disrespected? How about alone?

The movie "Freedom Writers" inspired me to give respect to everyone. No matter what race or color you are, they could face the same issues and feelings as you do. You don't know what a person's life is like. You don't know how they are treated, so why make them hurt more to the point that a war is started.

In the movie when one of the main characters said that she hated white people, I felt disrespected because she didn't know me; she knew someone who was white that took her father away.

People fight for their own race to get honored by others. What people don't realize is that if you give the respect people deserve, you will get respect back in return.

Every day you see wars that are happening in this world. Whether it is fighting in the countries or even in classrooms, we're all a family, and most people don't see that. Open your eyes and look at the people around you; they are just as important as you are. Treat them how you would want to be treated. Give them respect.



My Grandma's House

There's a place I go where I feel content
A place where I can smell a lot of incense
If you look all around you'll see lots of pictures
You might even think the place needs a few fixtures
My Grandma's House is really neat
I know it will sweep you off of your feet

The kitchen meows as I walk in the room
My O My! I forgot to feed the kittens at noon
I love the smell of her fresh pasta sauce
It's like fast food, you have to watch!

My Grandma's House is really neat
I know it will sweep you off of your feet

My brother and I are always there
Sometimes I feel like we're in her hair
I love biting into a delicious Rollo
It makes me want to say "Leggo My Eggo!"

My Grandma's House is really neat
I know it will sweep you off of your feet

I love hearing my Grandma sing
It's just as good as listening to a king
My family members come very often
This makes her not want to go in the coffin

My Grandma's House is really neat
I know it will sweep you off of your feet

Maxine Fabrizio



Maxine Fabrizio

My Hero

A hero to me is someone who does the right things, not because they have to but because they want to. My hero is my Aunt Joey. She is my hero for many different reasons.

One, she basically is my mother. When I was 7 and put in foster care she got me and my brother out and we lived with her. She does everything for me. She teaches me right from wrong and how to do things. If it wasn't for her I'm not sure where I'd be right now. I know I certainly wouldn't be sitting here writing this essay. She doesn't have to do the things she does, but she does them because she wants to. When no one else was there, she was. Everything my mom should be doing, she is doing.

My aunt and I are very close and I tell her everything because I trust her very much. I like that she showed me how to be strong in the worst of situations. Also, I like that she taught me not to be afraid of what I want to do.

In the beginning of Upward Bound I begged her to take me home; she said, "No." She explained that it's something I have to do to help me in the future. She's worried about things like that when nobody else is. I'm glad things ended up like this because if I ended up staying with my parents, I wouldn't be the responsible, strong girl I am now.

Ode to Oreos

Chocolate Cookie and Vanilla Cream

This treat is better than the rest.

Chocolate and vanilla is a really good team,

Making junk food diversity the best!

You can dip it in milk,

Or have it fried.

Out of ten, I give it an eleven.

Smooth as silk,

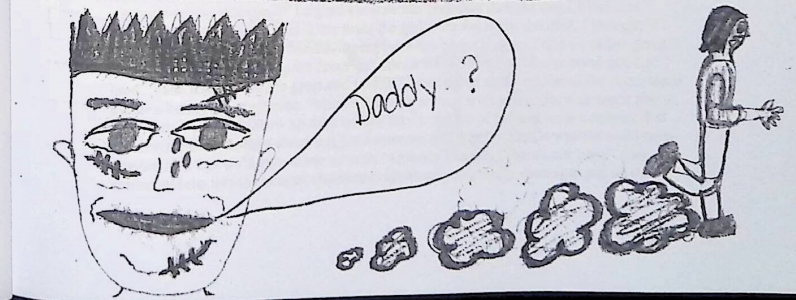
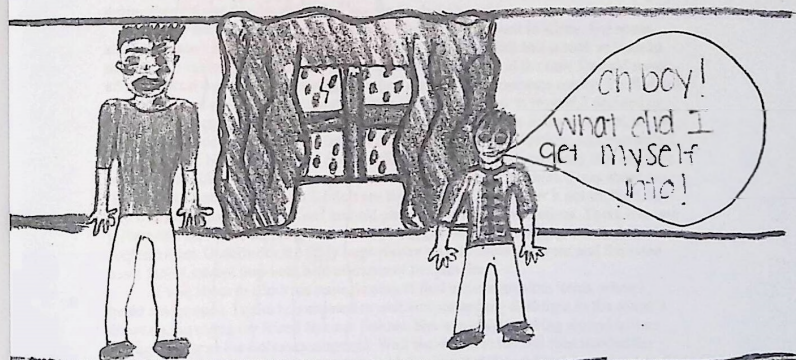
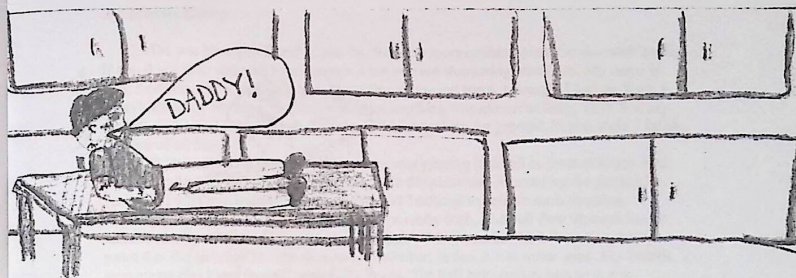
You may happily die,

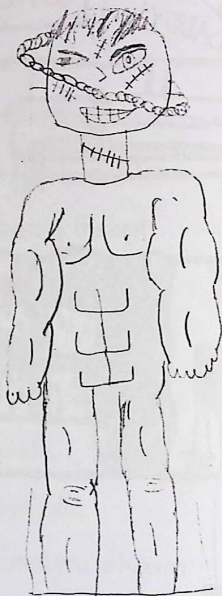
Because this cookie will send you to heaven.

By: Karly Mason

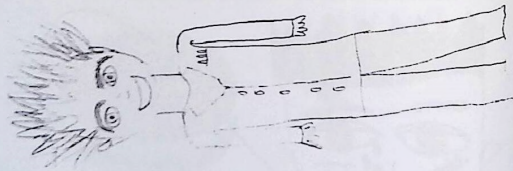


Frankenstein Cartoon





Missy



By: Marissa George

Do you have any fears? If you do, then one more couldn't hurt. On the other hand, if you don't then you will soon enough. I bet you are wondering who I am. My name is Jack Samuels, I'm a teenager, and, like some of you out there, I thought I had no fears. I wasn't afraid of anything, but that was when anything was almost nothing. Now that my newest, and worst fear, has been overcome I take nothing for granted. In one night I faced the fear of all fears.

It was on a cool July 14th afternoon; I was playing kickball in front of Kirby Hall with some friends of mine. Rumors spread that the place was haunted by the ghost of a young girl who was burned to death inside, but I refused to believe such nonsense. Anyway, it was my turn to kick and I kicked it really high. The ball flew through the air and smashed a window. The window just happened to be on the third floor, the exact room that the girl died in. The door had no number; in fact it was never used. My friends were upset that I lost the ball, especially James. The ball belonged to him so it was understandable, but it really wasn't my fault. I decided that I would recover the ball during free time so that I wouldn't be late for Study Lab again.

After the world's most boring class, I signed out and went to Kirby. For some strange reason I felt nervous the second I entered. Every step felt like it took an hour to make, and I think I was frightened for the first time. Of course at the time I would never admit it, but it was creepy. Every light was out and all the rooms were empty. I pulled out a flashlight and started looking around. Since I had a good hour to myself, I decided to see if the rumors were true. So far it was strange, even though the lights were out, all the doors were unlocked. First I went into the room that used to be a kitchen; unfortunately I found nothing. Next was the used-to-be-living room. The room was pretty big, but very empty. It was like a normal classroom, minus the students and teachers. I was about to leave when I noticed a box that I didn't see before. I wasn't sure how it got in there, but boy was I curious! I opened it and saw old pictures and some possessions. There was one picture that stood out the most; it was of a young girl wearing a bright green dress and a golden locket. Underneath the fairly large picture was the dress she wore and the same exact locket, except they both held evidence of the past fire.

I was about to climb the stairs, hoping to find more interesting items, when I heard a door open. I quickly composed myself and pointed my flashlight in the sound's direction, revealing my friend Jazzmin Golden. She was always poking around in here during the day so I wasn't very surprised. Well she waved to me and then noticed the locket and dress I had in my hands. "Where'd you find that dress? More importantly, why are you carrying it around?" I sighed because she probably thought that I liked it or something, and replied, "This is the dress the girl wore the night she died, I thought if I took it with me she'd show herself. So far there has been no sign of this so called ghost." Jazzmin continued studying the dress and after a few minutes an idea popped into her head. "Jack let me wear the dress and locket." I just stared at her confused for about three minutes before she continued. "Maybe if I walk around with you while wearing it she'll come out. If she does show up then we can take a picture of her and have evidence that she never left." I thought about this for a moment and then decided it was the most open-minded idea that we'd ever come up with. "Quickly change, I'll wait out here." She smiled and ran into the nearest classroom; apparently she really wanted to put on the

dress and necklace. After she finished changing and put her hair up she walked out into the hall. It was odd seeing her all dressed up, plus she looked like the girl in the picture. "So how do I look?" she asked me as innocently as possible. She definitely wasn't girly, but right now you wouldn't know that. "You look fine now let's see if your idea was good or not."

We decided to start on the second floor, then we'd head to the room the fire occurred in. The second floor was peaceful, which freaked me out. Usually when you walk into a crypt you get this same rush of peace, a dead peace, the kind that makes you rethink your life choices like it's the last thing you'll ever do. As much as both of us wished to end the silence we couldn't. Jazzmin was also now starting to freak me out. She was as peaceful as the whole building, but it was a sad peaceful, like she felt pain.

Finally we made it to the third floor, the room where it all happened. It was this room that the poor girl died; also it was the room that held James' kickball. Jazzmin walked in casually, as if it were her own room. I was a little nervous because this room gave me a bad feeling, but my pride got the better of me, so I walked in fairly even strides. She flash me a smile and sat down, holding James' kickball in her left hand as her right motioned for me to sit near her. I took the desk to her right and she tossed the ball to me. "Jack, do you know the story of the girl that was burned to death in here?" I thought for a minute and realized that I didn't know the story; I knew about five different versions of the story. "No, do you?" She nodded and faced me, making sure I was paying attention. "I could tell you it, maybe you'll understand the rumors more completely then." At this point all I could do is nod, even though about a thousand questions flooded my brain, begging to be asked. "Well Jack, the girl was about my age; actually she had just turned my age on the day of the incident. You already saw what she looked like so I'll just cut to the chase. Anyway, this girl got a beautiful green dress from her grandmother and the locket from her grandfather. Her parents didn't care much so she received nothing from them. After the small family gathering, her grandparents left and the girl was beaten by her drunken father. She hid in her room crying when she heard a knock at the front door. Of course she had to answer it, and when she did a boy, similar to you in looks and personality, appeared before her, soaking wet from the rain...." "What was the boy's name and why was he there, or here for that matter?" Jazzmin just continued staring off into space and said, "We'll call the boy Jack, in your honor. Now as I was saying, the boy was a close friend of hers, actually he was her only friend. He was an orphan, abandoned by his family because they couldn't handle a child. Jack would either stay over her house or at Kirby Park at night. Of course there was always the orphanage, but he really didn't like the man. Well the girl and Jack went up into her room to talk about the world and how much their day sucked. After an hour of talking and laughing, the boy had to leave...." I was getting very interested in the story, but also wondered why the boy had to leave if he had no home in the first place. "Jazzmin, why did the boy have to go?" Jazzmin sighed out of annoyance and said, "The parents caught the boy upstairs and forced him to leave. Now if you'll allow me to finish.... Ok now after Jack walked out the door, he noticed a bright orange, slightly yellow, light coming from her room. The second he glanced up at her window, the window exploded. All he could see were bright flames and the now blood covered girl, at the window. She screamed for him to help her, but he ran away. Apparently he chose to abandon the girl out of pure fear, fear that made him a traitor in her eyes. The girl couldn't escape so she gave up and used her last few

breaths to make a promise....Someday, years from now, a boy just like him will show up and she'll get her revenge." I was very frightened, my fear radiated from my eyes as Jazzmin stood up, still facing me. "Did she ever get her revenge?" Jazzmin shook her head as if to say no, and said, "Not yet, but she will...sooner than you think."

I didn't understand what she meant by that until I thought about everything that happened tonight. I realized, after a few minutes of deep thinking, that I was the boy the ghost was after, but more importantly, I realized the ghost was the one person I had trusted all this summer... Jazzmin! My face revealed my horrific discovery and she knew it. Her smile turned from sweet and innocent, to that of a killer. I begged for her to stop messing with me, but then she disappeared. A scream sounded, but it took me about a minute to realize it was my own. Fire seemed to swallow the room, like a starving lion, and there was no escape. I tried the doors, but they were locked and really hot. I tried the windows, but they refused to budge as well. For once I was afraid, not of dying, but of the pain. I would meet the fate that followed a young innocent girl, but I decided I wouldn't share her fate now. Even though she did this to me, I refused to hold a grudge. I relaxed all my muscles, closed my eyes, and waited for whatever was to come.

Staying in the room felt like it had been hours, but it was only a few minutes. After a few more minutes I opened my eyes to see that I was outside on the grass lawn. Oddly enough, there was no fire, just peacefulness. It was a happy peaceful, like when you realize life gets better. This peacefulness soon grew as sleep took over me.

Now that you have heard my story, I wish for you to guess my fate..... The right ending would be that I never woke up, but you can think what you wish. Jazzmin still haunts Kirby Hall, but I try to keep her under control. Just remember: When at Kirby, watch your back!



Karly Mason
Creative Writing
Mr. Blain
July 14th, 2010

MOM



My mommy is the best;
She is always there for me.
She is better than the rest;
Just wait and you will see.

My mother is my leader;
She gives me great advice.
I wish to grow and be her,
Or someone just as nice.

My mom's love is never ending;
It's very easy to say
That I love her with everything
And that will never go away.

My mommy is my life,
And I just want you to know
No matter what's wrong or right
She will always be my hero.

By: Karly Mason



A Friend is a Hero
By: Marissa George

When I am troubled or all alone
When all the happiness is replaced by sadness,
All I have to do is call their phone
And they'll drive away all the madness.

Friends stick by you no matter the issue;
Times get tough, but they stand near
Ready to hand over a tissue
And wipe away every tear.

My friends are my heroes and are dear to me;
They always know what's going on in my mind.
It is plain for me to see.
My friends are the one solution easiest to find.

My heroes will help me forever.
By their side I shall stay.
Will they betray me? Hopefully never
For they keep life's evils at bay.

Best Friend Forever



Erin Provenzano

Creative Writing

Mr. Blum

7/9/10



The Lady With Curls

She's very quiet with lots of patience.
Sitting alone waiting for time to pass,
A heart filled with temptations.
I can see she has class.

She seemed helpless like a paper without lines.
Her hair thin with blonde curls;
Her dress filled with different designs,
Especially when it twirls.

Her friend came along and gave her his hand,
Holding him close to her like its love.
It's like they made up their own land.
He heard a sound from up above.

They danced all night,
Without a care.
"No need to cause a fight,
Since we're both losing hair".



A woman walks down the narrow lane.

Tilting her hat, she walks in shame.

No one knows her name,

No one cares to ask

Just a quick glare as you let the woman pass.

She's very old fashioned, on which you can see,

I don't think she knows,

We are in the 21st century.

In her world, its 1969,

And she's walking away from a place she was once going to.

The place is secret,

Maybe she's in disguise.

Walking fast, to keep away from all the lies.

All the lies, she thinks a disgrace,

Another reason to hide your face.

By: Karly Mason



Team X Humans



TC Dave

Ryan Cherkauskas
Brittany Carey
Amanda Frisoulis
Trenaya Reid
Brianna Wallace
Alexis Ardoline
Chelsea Engle
Brandon Baker
Amhad Ali
Kayla Samsell
Siomara Amigon

The X-Men



The X-Men were created by Stan Lee and Jack Kirby. Their first issue was published in 1963. The X-Men ranked the most popular superheroes in the world. The first comic featured the telepathic Professor Xavier and his team of super-powered pupils: mutants who were born with their extraordinary powers, rather than receiving them some other way. The X-Men comic was cancelled after issue #66, but revived in 1975 with 'Giant Size X-Men #1.' It featured a new team of international mutants under Professor X, including the Canadian Wolverine, the Russian Colossus and the German Nightcrawler. The X-Men's goal was to help or fight misguided mutants.

Dear Mom,

There are many experiences I have been through throughout my life from the time I was born until now. The most recent and enjoyable memory I have experienced is being in the Upward Bound Program. This program opened many new doors for me. Being able to meet new friends, discovering what I want to do in life, and being responsible is going to lead me in the right direction on toward college. The Upward Bound Program will help me; not only for college, but through the obstacles I might need to face later on in life.

When first coming to the Upward Bound Program, I was shy and I was afraid to talk to anybody. I thought my whole six weeks of the program would be boring. After the first couple days, I made many friends and I started to become accustomed to the campus lifestyle. It is interesting to be able to experience this situation while still in high school.

Highschoolers share a specific dream. This dream is going to college. Many people will give you negative thoughts and say college is too expensive. Upward Bound helps me come to the conclusion that I could go to college and succeed high in life, without it costing me a fortune. There are always going to be obstacles and struggles along the way.

Before I came to Upward Bound, I was unsure on what I would like to do in life. Upward Bound showed me so many career choices and helps me have some ideas on what I would like to do. I think becoming a lawyer fits my personality. Being able to stand up for what I believe in is my main goal. Even though I still have two years of high school left, it is great to be able to get a head start on my career choice!

Mom, it is strange that you are not there every morning to wake me up. It took me awhile to be able to wake up a six o'clock every morning. It was hard at first but I achieved it. Upward Bound doesn't only help me in academics, but the program helps you become a responsible, successful person. I am learning how to work in an office, being able to manage time, and, to have fun!

Before I came to the summer program, I was having doubts. I thought it would just be straight school work with no fun. After a week being here, I am having so much fun! I miss you and the family, but this program is leading me in the right direction.

Love you,

Trenaya

Dear Readers,

For all of those who care, my latest experience has been life changing. I am in the Upward Bound Program at Wilkes University. Here I get the experience that I will need in college. I also meet a lot of new students that are like me trying to get the experience of college.

We are also taking four major subjects that we will be learning next year. This will prep us for what we will be experiencing next year. I really feel this will help me out, especially with chemistry. I am also taking a composition class to help me with writing.

I also met a lot of new people at Upward Bound and made new friends. In the real world, if I don't communicate with new people, I will not go anywhere in life. It is good that I made new friends because now I am not lonely.

The best part of this program is when we have our ongoing activities and free time. This is when we get to have fun and relax a bit. The worst part is at study lab. I love the fact that we get time to do our work but we should be able to talk to each other and listen to our music. I can't wait to get out of study lab when we go there. Other than that, it is all good!

Sincerely,

Ahmad Ali

Learning For Life

Dear Parents,

I am writing this letter to inform you about one of my most recent experiences. Time is passing by so slow as I am writing you this. You will be glad to hear that I have made the honor roll in the fourth quarter of my junior year. Did you know that I made honors for the first time throughout high school? It was very hard to do, but I learned when I work hard, and set my mind to it, I can accomplish anything I try. Junior year may have passed, but I am going to try and succeed at getting honors for every quarter of my senior year. When you get this letter, I should be arriving back home from Orlando, Florida in about a week. Florida is very warm, I wish you could be here with me to enjoy the beautiful weather.

Anyway, when I get back home in time for school, I was wondering if by any chance you would be able to help me in any way, in order to help me succeed in my senior year of high school. If I needed help in anyway to help me get onto the honor roll, would you be there for support?

If I depart from writing this letter, I would like to send my love and care to everyone at home and I will like to be home as soon as possible.

With Love,

*Your Son
Brandon*

Amigon 1

Siomara Amigon
Ms. Krushnowski
Communications 101
Summer 2010
11 July 2010

Body Piercings

How many of you have your ears pierced? How many of you have your ears pierced more than once? How many of you have a piercing anywhere in your body other than your ears? It has become more than obvious that in the last ten to twenty years body piercings have become more of a mainstream in society today. Everyone who is anyone has some sort of piercing that is encouraged through the media in some sort of way: body piercings are everywhere you turn your head: lips, tongues, noses, eye brows, cheeks, navels, you name it. They've been change from what they originally stood for, into a sort of fashion statement that has taken its toll all over the world. Throughout history, people have decorated and altered their appearance of their bodies in many different ways. Body piercings is one of the oldest and most interesting forms of body modification, yet the reasons for the piercings are different depending on the person's culture and beliefs.

Body piercings originally weren't worn for fashion, but because they represented something that that specific person was trying to portray. In a sense, one piercing represented a personal quality that the person who had it wanted to show he or she had. Body piercings can literary be traced back down to the ancient times when tribes and clans practiced this unique art of body modifications daily. For example, for the Egyptians, body piercings signified status and love. It was very gentleman like for an Egyptian man to have his ears pierced with larger gauged plugs. Therefore, plugs are one of the oldest forms of body modifications.

In addition, the Romans also practiced this art with specific aims and views. In other words, they chose piercings that they believed represented the way they were as a person. For example, the males pierced their nipples to show their ability and effectiveness to get what needed to be done, done. In addition, for the males to have their nipples pierced shows their complete devotion and commitment to the Roman Empire.

For the Aztecs and the Mayans, body piercings represented strength and fierceness. They believed that certain piercings, like a gauged nose, intimidated their enemy. Therefore if they felt intimidating to their enemy, then it is obvious that there confidence is higher and defeat is physiologically easier. For the Aztecs and the Mayans though, a tongue piercing and the way the piercing was done, was a part of their religious rituals. The tongue piercing was thought to bring them closer to their gods and was a type of blood-letting ritual.

All in all, it is apparent that that the views of body piercings have changed as the centuries pass.

Alexandria Ardoline
7/12/10
Mr. Blazm

My Hero

A hero, to me, is someone who has been there for you or helped you. A hero is someone who saves you or someone you want to be like. A hero is someone you can depend on. Most people, if asked, will tell you that their hero is their mother or father, a sister or a brother, another family member or a friend. My hero is myself.

I've never had someone lead me down the right path to where I should be going in life. I learned where to go all on my own. In my life, there have been people who have been there for me and helped me through some tough times, such as my friends and family, but not even they can be there all the time. I can't count on anyone except myself. It's a harsh world out there and I think everyone has to learn to be independent at one point or another. My dad always told me to trust no one. I never took that seriously, but I understand what he means by it now. It's a dog eat dog world. When it comes down to it, people are going to do what they can to forward themselves in life. If they had to pick between themselves and you, they'll pick themselves.

I don't look up to anyone, and I don't want to be like anyone either. I will only ever want to be, and live for, myself. The only thing that matters in life is what you want to do, if you're happy, and if you're proud of yourself. I am where I want to be right now, and I'm more proud of myself than ever before, despite what anyone else thinks. I try to be as respectful and mature as I can, and treat everyone with respect unless they have done me wrong.

Depending on people isn't something I like to do. I'd rather fend for myself. I don't believe that someone can always be there for you. Just when you need someone the most, they're gone, and the only person you have left is yourself. Can you honestly think of someone that has been there for you every second and not once turned their back on you or hurt you in some way?

You can hold your head up high. You don't need someone to do it for you. Everyone has strength to grow and be strong without help. I don't like to think of all of this as a negative, even though you might think that it is. It's just more of a reason to push yourself harder and harder for what you want, and to not have to lean on people and expect them to save you. Nobody can save you. You can save yourself. Be your own hero.

Frisoulis 1

Amanda Frisoulis
Ms. Krushnowski
Communications
12 July 2010

The Sphinx Cat

What do you think of when you hear the word cat? Most of you probably picture a fluffy kitty like this, but there are many different types of cats and one type of cat that I'm going to be talking about today is called a Sphinx also known as a Canadian Hairless or a Moonstone Cat. The first time anyone ever seen a Sphinx was back in 1966 in Canada, when a Domestic Shorthair gave birth to a litter of kittens with a naturally occurring mutation of hairlessness. But a Sphinx is not always totally hairless; there can be tiny hairs on their body which makes them feel like a warm peach. But because they lack the normal protection of fur they are prone to sunburn and sun stroke.

Even though a Sphinx can have hair, they do not have whiskers. The skin of the Sphinx cat is the color their fur would be, and all the usual cat marking patterns may be found on a Sphinx too. One question most people ask is "Don't they get cold?" Well, of course they do and if it's too cold for you it will be too cold for a hairless cat too. However, these cats are smart enough to find a warm human, dog or cat to curl up with or they might even go under your bed covers. Since a Sphinx has no hair they can't absorb body oils so they need to be clean at least once a week.

A Sphinx is a substantial, strong medium size cat. They have good muscle development and they should look like they have a bit of a belly as if they just finished dinner. They have an open-eyed, intelligent face and a friendly expression. The Sphinx cat is highly affectionate, sociable, and intelligent. They are definitely "people cat". They will greet you when you come home, snuggle up with you while you're watching television, and sleep with you. They like to hitch occasional rides on your shoulders, and they even like to give kisses! Since these cats are usually healthy they can live to their late teens or early twenties and they really become a part of your family.

A Sphinx is a very patient and adaptable cat, making them an excellent choice for apartment dwellers and those with children or other pets. They are loyal to their families and enjoy their attention and love their company, which includes playing with them and even playing fetch. A Sphinx likes to have attention and some owners have described them as a "down cat" with it twisting and turning in mid-air and other antics it certainly can be very humorous cat at times.

Most people think that since they are harmless you can't be allergic to them but all Sphinxes will still produce some amount of dander, the usual culprit for causing allergic reactions. However, most people with cat allergies find they are able to tolerate a Sphinx, but depending on the type and severity of the individual's allergic reactions, there are still people who cannot live with this breed. The average cost for a pet Sphinx in the U.S is about \$1,000- \$1,500. You may find kittens for more or less than this. But if you want a Sphinx trained for show it can cost up to \$3,000.

Even though a sphinx cat is very unusual and rare they are considered one of the most amazing and friendliest cats in the world. So if your strange and unusual person yourself and your thinking about getting a cat consider a Sphinx.



Brittany Carey

My Hero

If you were asked "Who is your hero," what would you say? If I was asked that I would say that my hero is my mom. I would say my mom because, for one, she is my best friend, and, for another, she's someone that I look up to.

The reason that my mom is my hero is because I can trust her. Everything that I tell her stays between us, unless I say that she can share it with others. She is the only one that I am comfortable enough to talk to about anything and she will always listen.

My mom went through a lot and I look up to her because I know how bad it feels to have almost everything blamed on you. She protects me from things that will hurt me.

She is my role model. Most young girls would like to be like a celebrity or even an athlete when they get older but I am not like that. I would like to be like my mom when I get older. My mom knows exactly what to say at the right time and she will always have my back with every decision that I make. She will do anything to keep me from getting hurt - either physically or emotionally.

In conclusion, my mom is one of the only people that I can talk to. The person that I can turn to may not be my birth mom, but she treats me like I am her biological daughter. My mom is someone that I can look up to and say "Mom, I wish that when I get older, I am exactly like you." My mom is my best friend and my hero, and, last but not least and most importantly, she is my mom.

BakBakerier 1

BRANDON BAKER

THE DEATH OF AN INNOCENT MAN

HAVE YOU EVER IMAGINED WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO LIVE IN A HAUNTED BUILDING ALONE BY YOURSELF? THIS BUILDING'S NAME IS KIRBY HALL. IT WAS BUILT IN 1873-1874. IT IS VERY OLD AND HAS A VERY DISTINCT ODOR INSIDE. THERE WERE MANY STORIES TOLD ABOUT THIS PLACE. ONE LEGEND TELLS OF A POKER GAME GONE WRONG AND NOW A GHOST RESIDES IN KIRBY HALL. ANOTHER TALE

TELLS OF A FIRE THAT KILLED A LITTLE GIRL AND NOW YOU CAN HEAR HER FOOTSTEPS RUNNING UP AND DOWN THE STEPS.

SO ONE DARK AND STORMY NIGHT, THIS MAN OF MYSTERY IS WALKING AROUND HIS HOUSE AND FINDS OUT THE REASON WHY THE WINDOWS ARE ALL BARRED UP. IT WAS BECAUSE SOME LITTLE GIRL WAS BEHAVING VERY BADLY AND HER PARENTS LOCKED HER UP IN THE HOUSE AND BARRED THE WINDOWS SO SHE COULD NOT ESCAPE.

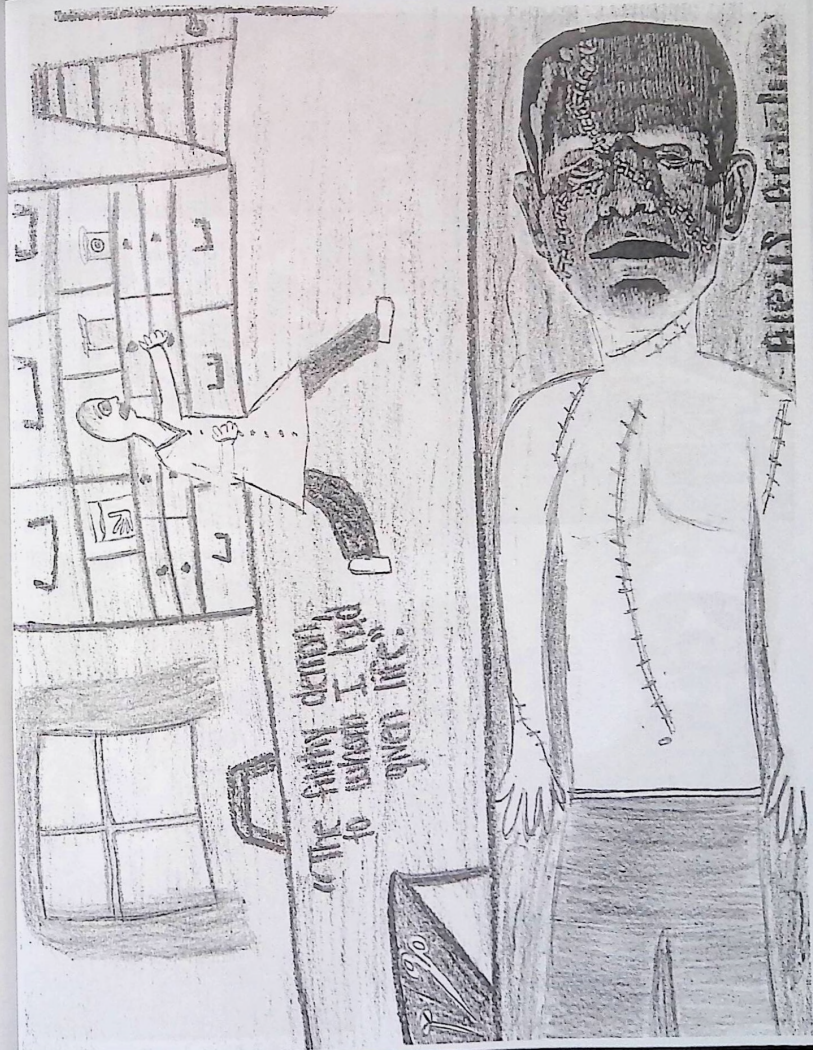
THAT EVENING EVERYTHING WENT WRONG. THE HANGING CHANDELIER FELL FROM THE CEILING, THE PIPES BUSTED IN THE BATHROOM AND A FIRE STARTED IN THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM. THE LIGHTS KEPT FLICKERING ON AND OFF. HE WAS SO SCARED HE TRIED RUNNING OUT OF THE HOUSE BUT AS THIS MAN OF MYSTERY WAS ABOUT TO RUN DOWN THE STAIRCASE, HE GOT PUSHED BY SOMEONE OVER THE OLD WOODEN

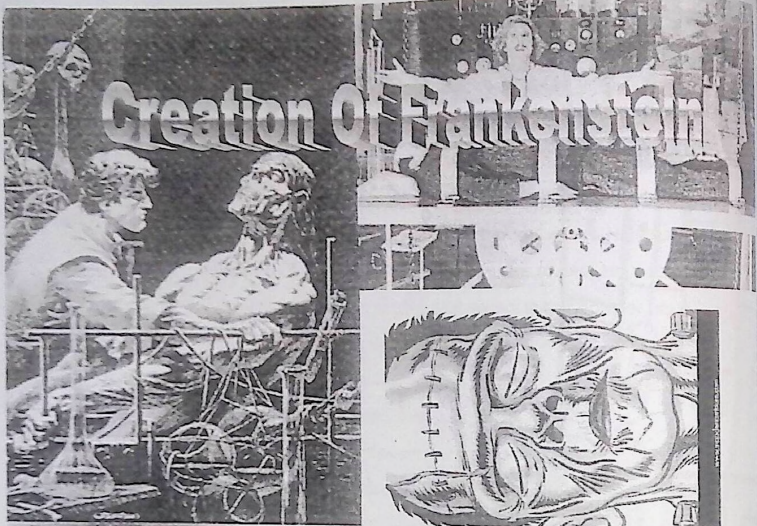




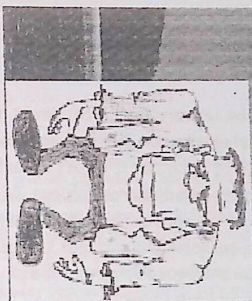
BANISTER AND FELL ON THE GLASS FROM THE CHANDELIER. ONE PIECE OF GLASS WENT RIGHT THROUGH HIS WHOLE BODY; SLOWLY HE GOT UP FROM THE FALL AND MOVED TOWARD THE BASEMENT STAIRS WHERE HE HEARD A STRANGE NOISE. HE FELT A COLD BREEZE ON HIS NECK WHEN HE STOOD BY THE STAIRS. HE THEN WAS PUSHED DOWN THE BASEMENT STAIRS AND BROKE EVERY BONE IN HIS BODY. ALSO, MICHAEL MYERS WAS IN THE BASEMENT AND STABBED HIM TO DEATH AND HE WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

THAT NIGHT, THIS LITTLE GIRL WAS THE ONE WHO CAUSED ALL OF THIS COMMOTION TO HAPPEN TO THIS INNOCENT MAN ALL BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO HER (I.E. HER PARENTS LOCKING HER IN THE HOUSE FOR A PUNISHMENT AND BEING KILLED BY THE FIRE). NO ONE KNOWS HOW OR WHAT STARTED THIS FIRE THAT KILLED THIS LITTLE GIRL AND MICHAEL MYERS WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN...UNTIL NEXT HALLOWEEN IN THAT SAME BUILDING.

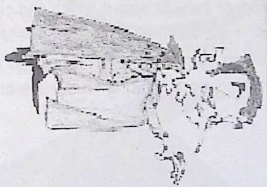




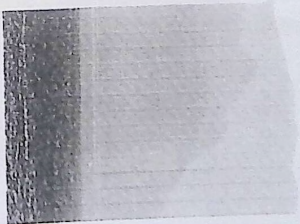
Creation Of Frankenstein



"I Ought to be thy Adam... I am rather the fallen angel"



"Devil, do yo dare approach me?"



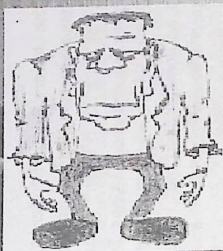
Trenaya Reid

"Finding the Exlir Of Life"

Trenaya Reid

"Finding the Exlir Of Life"

"I Ought to be thy Adam...I
am rather the fallen angel"

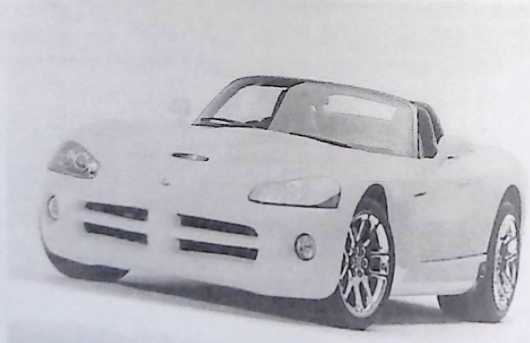


"Devil, do yo dare
approach me?"



Brandon Baker
Creative Writing
Mr. Blaum
2 July 2010

*Brandon (Shake n' Bake)
Child of David and Christine
Respectful and courteous
Who likes Bowling and Theatre
Who dislikes Spinach
Who needs Family, love, and care
Who fears my brother, David
Who dreams of one day driving a brand new sports car and
staying close to home
Resident of Luzerne
Baker*



Brittany Caray
July 27, 2010

Good Evening Honored Guests, Ladies, Gentlemen and Students -

Our high school years seem to have passed in a flurry of activities: courses attended, grades attained, extracurricular activities, social events and lesson learned. It is hard to believe that the next few months will see the Graduating Class of 2012 facing new horizons and challenges. Some of us may stay closer to home, some may move slightly further away and yet others may find themselves in a totally different continent. Where ever you may find yourself and whatever challenge you may have chosen to follow and explore - hold true to what shaped your yesterdays; acknowledge and appreciate what you are today and care to be all that you can be tomorrow. As the Graduating Class of 2012 we need to express our gratitude for the wonderful opportunities that we were exposed to. Our thanks must go to all the staff and the management of Lake-Lehmer Jr. / Sr High School. We are privileged to have attended this school. Lake-Lehmer Jr. / Sr High School offers a world class education - of that we have no doubt. As we make a relatively smooth transition into life beyond school, I am sure that the fine education that we received will stand us in good stead - time and again. Our thanks must also extend to our parents and guardians. You have remained committed to our education, but more importantly, you have remained committed to us. You have stood by our sides, even when things may have seemed a bit rocky - steadfast and constant - stability in a time of turmoil, hesitancy and our quest for independence. Today, we stand on the brink of a new chapter in our lives. Take a moment to reflect on everything that we have achieved. Take a moment to look back and to see and appreciate just how far we have all come. Today is our opportunity to acknowledge our accomplishments. Some may have achieved more than others with relative ease. Some may have had to work harder...may have had to dig deeper to find the resolve to continue to meet the challenges - and perhaps some may have let opportunities pass them by? Either way, today, you need to acknowledge where you are. You may find that your high school years were years well spent. You may find that you regret some of the opportunities that you allowed to slip by. Acknowledge them, accept them and then prepare to move on...to tomorrow! You need to dare to dream to be all that you can be tomorrow. Dale Carnegie said, "The person who goes furthest is generally the one who is willing to DO and DARE!" This is the challenge that lies before you this evening. Dare to be all that you can be and then some. It is time to get out in the world and make something of yourself and prove to the world that you are someone. Once said by Francis Bacon "A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." Thank you, have a good night and good luck out on your own.

Dreams

By Amanda Frisoulis

In the city of New York in the year 2000 there was a 15 year old girl named Ashley who always dreamed of becoming a professional swimmer. Every day she would go to the beach, the bay, or even the pool. She was one of the best swimmers in town and had won hundreds of medals on the swim team.

One day when little Ashley was going to school she saw Matt, a boy she liked. So instead of going straight to school she stopped to talk to him and found out he wanted her to skip school with him. Ashley had never skipped school but she wanted Matt to like her so she said she would skip.

The thing about Matt was that he was a "Bad Boy" and he wanted to go tag up the walls near the train tracks. Ashley was hesitant but eventually she agreed to follow. As Matt was tagging up the walls Ashley noticed a train was coming so they started to run. As they were running Ashley's shoe lace got stuck in between the tracks and she fell. Before Matt could come help her, the train came and chopped off her foot.

Ashley went to the hospital but they were unable to reattach her foot so now she just has a nub. It's been almost a year after the accident an Ashley isn't one of the best swimmers in town anymore. So every day she comes and sits by the bay wondering what could have been.



Amanda Frisoulis
Ms. Krushnowski
Communications
16 July 2010

Change

Imagine growing up in New York for 13 years, having a big happy family and amazing friends. Then, when you think your life is finally going great everything you know and love is taken away from you. Well this is how I felt when I moved from Rockaway, Queens in New York to Hanover Township in Pennsylvania.

Well this all started when I was going into 8th grade and my Dad realized that New York wasn't the safest place to be. So one day when I came home from school he told me that we were moving to Pennsylvania. I didn't want to move and I cried so much that I convinced them to let me stay with my cousins and my grandparents to finish out the rest of the year.

After that year ended it seemed like my friends became best friends and my family and I got closer and my love for New York became stronger. I eventually came to Pennsylvania and it felt like I left everything behind me, my family, my friends and all of my memories.

The day I left was one of the saddest days of my life. I cried so much and I thought about how I wouldn't be able to hang out with my friends and family every day. I also thought about how I wouldn't be able to run up the block and go to the beach whenever I felt like it or take a train ride with my friends to the city, but even though I was going to miss that stuff I don't think that was the only reason I was upset. I think I was so scared to come here because everything was so different, the scenery, the schools, and even the people.

The first night here was the worst. Everything was so new and quite I just couldn't sleep, so I ended up thinking about my hometown in Rockaway. Eventually, I fell asleep but for the next few weeks I was mad at



my parents and I would avoid speaking to them. I know it was childish but I just didn't know how to handle the all of the sadness I was feeling.

Then school started. I didn't know anyone and it seemed like everyone knew each other for years. For the first day I felt like an outsider and I hated when people would ask me to say words with an accent but as the days went on I made more and more friends and my accent wasn't as strong. But in those few days I realized that Pennsylvania wasn't that bad and as long as you were happy it didn't matter where you were.

After a while I realized that my parents didn't move me to Pennsylvania to upset me, they moved me here to keep me safe and out of trouble. I think that the move here actually made us stronger as a family because we were on our own in a new town with no friends or family, so all that we really had was each other.



The next 2 years flew by and on the way I made new friends but I never forgot about my friends in Rockaway and even though I thought I was leaving my world in Rockaway behind they were actually right there the whole time. I still visit Rockaway and I know if anyone their needs help I will be there and I know they will be there for me too. So even though I thought I was alone I have finally realized that I always had people to count on.

As time went on Pennsylvania turned out to be a better place than I thought it would be. Even though it's nothing like New York and the people are different it's still a good place. Don't get me wrong I love New York and I would love to go back but I've realized that change isn't always a bad thing.

FENWAY

A Towering Green Being of Strength and Might
Unconquerable to the average man,
But David Ortiz can.
Green Monster makes opponents tremble in fright.

*Families journey there for a quick get away
Cause you never know what can happen at old Fenway.*

Fans Cheer, Fans Jeer;
They are perturbed at the ump's call
And are disappointed as the rain starts to fall.
They don't worry, they know that the sky will soon clear.

*Families journey there for a quick get away
Cause you never know what can happen at old Fenway.*

See all the ads; check the outta town score;
An escape from the family, cause they're Yankeeas fans.
It's an opportunity to be surrounded by some real fans.
Think this is enough people, but here comes more.

*Families journey there for a quick get away
Cause you never know what can happen at old Fenway.*

Join fellow fans in trash talking;
Overall just kick back and have fun.
Unless you're rivals, you get shunned.
If you don't like what you hear, then better getz a walking.

*Families journey there for a quick get away
Cause you never know what can happen at old Fenway.*

Ryan Cherkaskas

Mr. Blaum

The Farmer's Market

With so much to see in so little time, it's hard to appreciate all that the Wilkes-Barre Farmer's Market has to offer. Uniting the young and old, rich and poor, it's good to see people enjoying a beautiful Thursday afternoon. A quick run over on lunch break isn't out of the ordinary for many individuals working around the square, and the food is well worth the trip. Whatever may be your motive for going, you're bound to have a good time.

There is a surprisingly large amount of diversity in the heart of Wilkes-Barre, which comes with many pros and cons. You're bound to see old faces, whether on good or bad terms, and there's always the opportunity to meet someone new. The vendors are all so avidly trying to sell what items they have to offer, and they make out pretty well. Coming onto the square, you'll first feel the heat and humidity of the summer's day taking a toll on your body. You'll also hear a wide variety of local musicians playing at the bandstand, however some are better than others and you need to acknowledge that fact. With that overwhelming heat, you will need to decide which type of ice cold beverage you would like to indulge in. There are too many options, ranging from forty different flavors of snow cones such as cotton candy and pina colada, and the classic fresh squeezed glass of ice cold lemonade. Now since your thirst has been satisfied you're going to have to decide what you are in the mood to eat. The lamb gyros look absolutely scrumptious with tender roasted lamb meat, cool cucumber sauce, fresh lettuce and tomato, all wrapped up perfectly inside fresh-out-of-the-oven pita bread.



items sold there. On a brutal summer day, you may want to invest in a pair of designer sunglasses for only five dollars, which are perfect for any outdoor activity. For those with a sweet tooth, the candy stand is hard to pass by, offering many favorite treats, such as candy cigarettes, jolly ranchers, assorted lollipops, or sour patch watermelons, which happen to be my favorite. You'll also run into the stand run by two Arabs that sell various too many other items. If you are a fan of fresh produce, then you must experience the many types of vegetables and fruits available at the Farmer's Market. You absolutely must taste them to appreciate their value. The fresh apple cider will put a grin on your face and leave a feeling of fulfillment in your stomach.

If you ever run across some free time on a beautiful Thursday afternoon, don't hesitate on taking a trip down the square to experience the Wilkes-Barre Farmer's Market. With all of the wondrous items that this event has to offer, it's a no-brainer to experience all that it provides. Take my word for it.



Amanda Frisoullis
Ms. Krushnowski
Communications
26 July 2010

Pit Bulls

When you hear the words Pit Bull what image comes to mind? Do you picture a blood thirsty killer ready to attack? If you do then how do you feel about banning them? If you think we should ban them then your wrong. Banning Pit Bulls won't keep you any safer than you already are. There are 11 states that now ban pit bulls and some of them are Denver, Miami and Cincinnati. They think they are keeping their state safer but they are just killing innocent dogs. They never stop to think that it wasn't their fault, it was how they were raised.

Some people think we should ban pit bulls because they could be dangerous but banning Pit Bulls would be like banning cars because people get killed in car accidents! Who's responsible, the car or the driver? Any car can be deadly in the wrong hands or if built with defective parts. Same thing with dogs... Any dog, Pit Bulls are no more responsible for the way they are bred, raised and trained, than cars are responsible for the way they are designed, built and driven.

If you think about it people like to do things that are illegal because they think it's more fun. So having an "illegal breed" may make people want Pit bulls even more, and if their dog is confiscated and killed, they won't care. They will just get another one because the ban on pit bulls punish the dog, not the owner. On the other hand, law abiding and responsible owners have their beloved family member dragged away to be killed. Not because the dog was unstable or mean, but simply because of its breed.

Most of the Pit Bulls that are mean or fighters are trained and tortured to make them mean enough to fight. Pit Bulls are generally great and lovable dogs that just want a place to sleep, good food, water and some love. But it's not the dogs the states should be punishing it's the owners. They are the ones that teach them how to fight. They even abuse them so they can become mean and vicious. So really who's to blame, the one being abused or the abuser?

The number of people killed by Pit Bulls each year in the United States is about 3. The number of people who die from tobacco use each year in the United



States is about 440,000. So even though you are more likely to die from tobacco use people still don't ban that. They rather waste their time trying to ban and kill innocent dogs.

JUDGE THE DEED

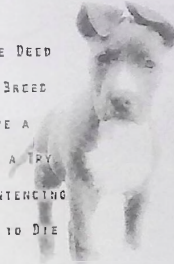
NOT THE BREED

SO GIVE A

PIT BULL A TRY

BEFORE SENTENCING

THEM ALL TO DIE



But even though pit bulls can save people's lives you never hear about it like Weela, a pit bull who saved 30 people, several dogs, horses and a cat during a flood in Southern California. After a dam broke on the Tijuana River it stranded several dogs and a cat on an island. Weela crossed the river to take food to them for an entire month until they could be rescued. She also led a rescue team to a bunch of stranded horses and ran back and forth barking to warn a group of 30 people about the deep water they were attempting to cross. But if California had a ban on pit bulls 30 people and other animals could have lost their lives.

Some myths people use to try to ban pit bulls is that their brain swells and never stops growing until they go crazy. This is a myth that began a long time ago with the Doberman and has now grown to include many different dog breeds. The assumption of a dog's brain continuing to grow or swell until they become violent is a complete myth. And according to the American Temperament Test Society (ATTS), which test a dogs friendliness and other acts of temperment, Pit Bulls pass with average 86% while a miniature poodles average is only a 77%. So which one is really the safer dog?

So next time you're walking down the street and you see a pit bull don't judge them on their outer appearance, just because they look scary doesn't mean we should ban them. And if you think about it your 60 times more likely to be killed by a coconut falling out of a tree than you are to be killed by a pit bull.

A Simple Piece of Craftsmanship: A Vessel

By: Tara Krushnowski

Something can be said about daily affirmations. They inspire, rejuvenate, compose, and sometimes transcend the humdrum life into something magnificent in ways we don't realize. Some choose to obtain their daily affirmations in a church or synagogue, some through a long quiet walk through the neighborhood they live, others in a car ride along a lonesome country road. It is among these places and through these actions in which people find solace and a truthful sense of self. I, on the other hand, find these things in a place and through actions that may seem like everyday life to anyone else. My solace and sense of self come through my personal hours of power. My hours of power aren't in a glass cathedral or among statues of the saints, nor are they in my car or enlivened through my limbs. It is at a kitchen table that I have made my life. At this kitchen table, be it known to me at the time or not, I have received my life lessons. Lessons of love and understanding, lessons of hurt and despair that have molded and conformed my heart, soul, and mind in ways that cannot be explained.

It is said that the family revolves around a meal shared everyday at the kitchen table. I believe this. And my time spent around our kitchen table has made me firm in this belief. How can one piece of furniture shape a life? Simple. It is through this one simple piece of craftsmanship that a family comes together. They break bread, share stories of old and new, discuss beliefs, hard times, and create bonds that will be remembered. So what is this power that the kitchen table has? Well, the table really has no magnificent power; it is no Superman of the furniture world. But is merely a vessel to bridge the bond of human emotion through generations. To take that humdrum and mundane life to levels that we as humans cannot understand unless we translate the simple musings of family and friends into messages of wisdom and hope. I am a very fortunate one to have obtained and translated these simple musings into a life that I am blessed to have. A life that in the quiet time of my thoughts, I realize has been created and molded into one of meaning and substance that very few in this world are able to live.

A meal need not be shared at this table, though. A cup of coffee or tea suffices. The dying of Easter eggs, the stringing of popcorn for the Christmas tree, or the making of center for those sometimes flat chocolate chip cookies does the trick as well. My hours of power are spared from the Columbian art of coffee. Coffee, caffeinated of course. That heavenly stimulant does awaken the senses. My coffee doesn't come at the table of a coffee shop, or of a diner. It comes at our kitchen table. Oddly enough the kitchen table, our vessel, brings us there, our coffee, the addiction, is a perk, but the stimulated banter keeps us wanting more. Banter is an addiction. And with an addiction comes all of the side effects. The wanting of more, the feeling that nothing can appease you body but that addiction, the sadness of withdrawal, and the constant need for more. More than the last time.

Think back to a time that has changed your life. What has inspired you? While drinking cups, sometimes, pots of coffee at our kitchen table. Seems very ordinary, very mundane. However, we do not need to look at the news of the plight in Africa or the

bloodiness of war to learn life's lessons. If we allow ourselves to hear the stories of generations past to affirm hardship and to affirm the glory of simple tasks, then, and only then, can we truly learn.

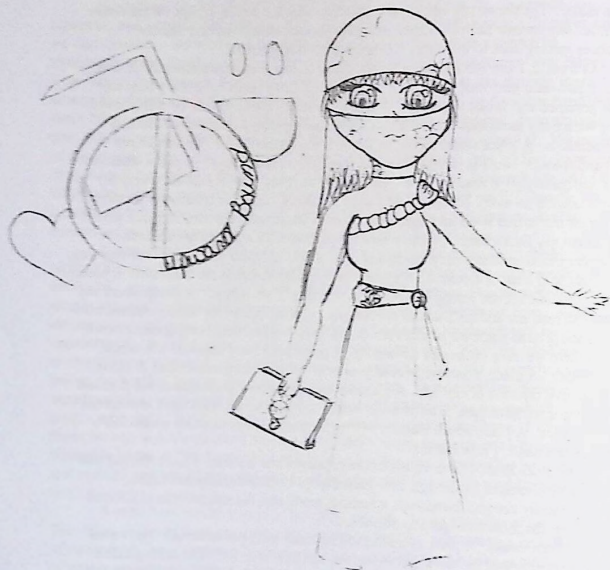
The primitive tearing and sharing of food and drink are instinctive. These instinctive qualities that are ingrained in our soul keep us together at the vessel I call the kitchen table. The banter, the addition, is an affect that the action brings. What a side effect it is. My parents have used these primitive techniques to bond our family. Sometimes giving back to the basics will make all the difference.

As a child, I saw the kitchen table as a place to eat. A place to enjoy all of the succulent and indulgent food of my very talented chef...my Mom. A place where my parents gossiped and spoke of politics. A place where my father put on his work boots. A place where my mom had my brother's dinner waiting after a long day of football double sessions. A place where my Mom would write out her bills. A place where family and friends joined in comical stories about their younger days. A place where we had our obligatory pork meal on New Year's Day (for good luck). A place where my Grandma used to sit every Friday before I went to school. A place where my Grandpa would drink his coffee sweet and light with a saucer underneath the cup. A place where my Mom cut my Dad's hair. A place where my parents have endured my attitude. A place where I have spilled plenty a soda and now coffee. A place that had chairs dawnning purses, hats, and leashes around it. A place where my Mom talked on the phone. A place where I would sit excited for my brother to come home from college. A place where my Mom would read me and my Dad our horoscopes. A place where my father cleaned his silver wedding band made out of quarters. A place we've celebrated engagement news. A place where we have celebrated a wedding. A place where my sister-in-law would read the paper. A place where we have shared news of jobs and promotions. A place where we have rejoiced in new life. A place where my nephew put together his puzzles. A place where we have sunk to the news of death. A place where tears have stained the wooden surface. A place where laughter will be forever echoed. A place where life's lessons are learned... I now realize.

Now, as an adult, I have translated the messages and actions. I have learned that my parents have created a marriage, new generations, traditions, responsibilities, maintained family ties and friendships, educated, celebrated the simple joys of life and agonized over the most unforgettable hardships.

A simple vessel. A piece of craftsmanship made only out of wood. The vessel may change throughout the years, but the symbolism of it will not. The unforgettable simple banter of one couple together with this vessel has created the hours of power in my life. These daily affirmations have kept me trekking through the humdrum and the mundane and have instilled in me what cannot be learned from books or "experts." When I sit at our kitchen table, scenes of past surround and fill me with such awe. This awe has made me the person that I have always longed to be. So sad, that this awe is sometimes never realized. But I am the fortunate one. Through only a simple vessel and the power of the human spirit have I transcended from a child to an adult. I look forward to the days where I too can transcend just one human life. And I promise you that it will be done at my kitchen table.

Creek Ninja Hippie



Peace Love Happiness, Kunalakalae

Lake Raystown

The sound of rippling water in the lake.

Why would I ever leave this place?

A place so relaxing nothing's a race.

I will never leave this place for my own sake.

All the wonderful sights and sounds

Makes my heart take leaps and bounds.

Water rapidly rushing down the water slide,

I am getting closer and closer to the top.

As I stand there my heart might skip,

The water will make me glide.

All the wonderful sights and sounds

Makes my heart take leaps and bounds.

All the wonderful feelings you get

As you hear the sound of all the magnificent trees

Blowing all around in the breeze

Enjoying night time, watching the sunset

All the wonderful sights and sounds

Makes my heart take leaps and bounds.

Vacation is now at an end.

The crystal clear lake you took for granted

Now floats away in time, stranded.

You must wave goodbye to all your new friends and give your heart some time to mend.

All the wonderful sights and sounds

Makes my heart take leaps and bounds.



My name is (insert name here) and I choose to live above the influence. I live above the influence of cigarettes, alcohol, and illegal narcotics. This affects my personality. Because of my "above the influence attitude" I can be very helpful. I am helpful because I am caring, fun, energetic, and eager to help others. I also love to run and do other physical activities. That wouldn't be possible if I didn't live above the influence.

~anonymous





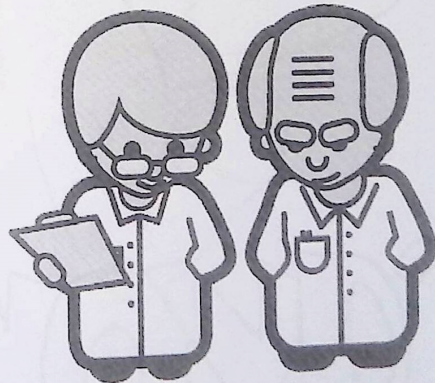
Letter to myself

Dear E.G.,

I see that Upward Bound program helped a lot. It looks like you finished high school and college like you wanted to. I hear you're a pediatrician now, huh? You always loved helping kids. I also heard that you were in Africa for about two years as a missionary? That's great! Always looking to help people; you haven't changed a bit. So, I guess you have a big house now too. Oh, how's the family doing? I heard you've been with the same guy and you have two lovely kids now? What are their names? I really hope you haven't changed that much. Are you still as unique and creative as you were when you were sixteen? You still wear that colorful scarf around your head? You were always a little bit of a weird child. Hey, do you still talk with Sarah and Krys? You guys were the best of friends in high school. Well, I have to go.

Love,

You at the age of sixteen.

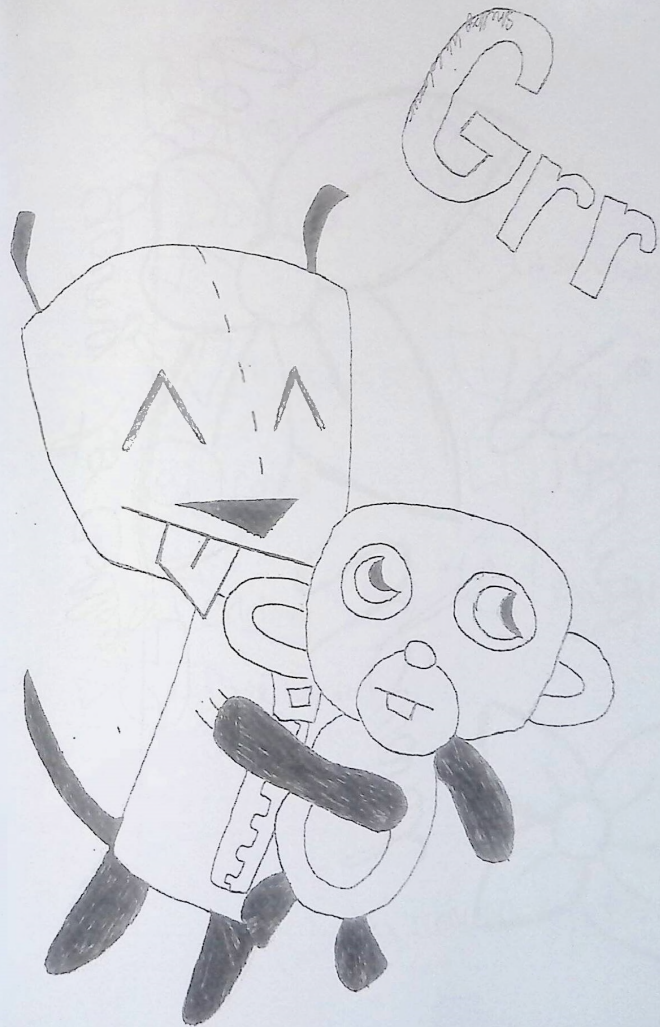


She wants to go home
It's where she lies, broken inside
Too many problems
Don't know where she belongs

A lonely road she walks,
No one to hold her
Only cold sheets at night,
She rips her heart out and
Wears it on her sleeve
Only to be let down, again.

Why does she feel this everyday?
She's done nothing wrong.
Wounds so sore.
Now she's torn.

By: Anonymous

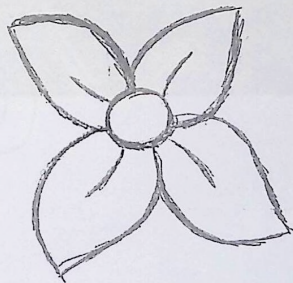


I am going to College!



Upward

Bound



U nited

B rilliant

P owerful

O utstanding

W ell recognized

U nique

W armed

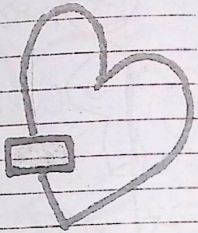
N ever ending

L eading

D isgusted to leave

S once parties

by maureen snyder

Cheer 
leading
IS A
Sport!

-Jessica Baker



Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner



On Going Activities

Team Sports
aka team injury



Aerobics



Walking



Weight Lifting



East Stroudburg University



FOOD!

BFFL'S
(Best Friends for Life)





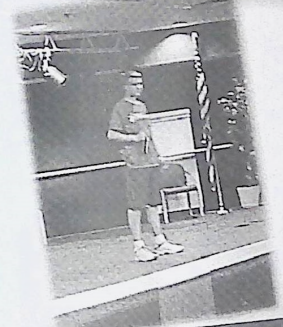
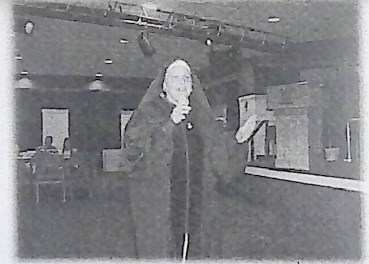
Free Time Escapades



COFFEE HOUSE



Y7033Z 05th 04th 0005th 0kaT





CONTACT PAGE:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

CONTACT PAGE:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

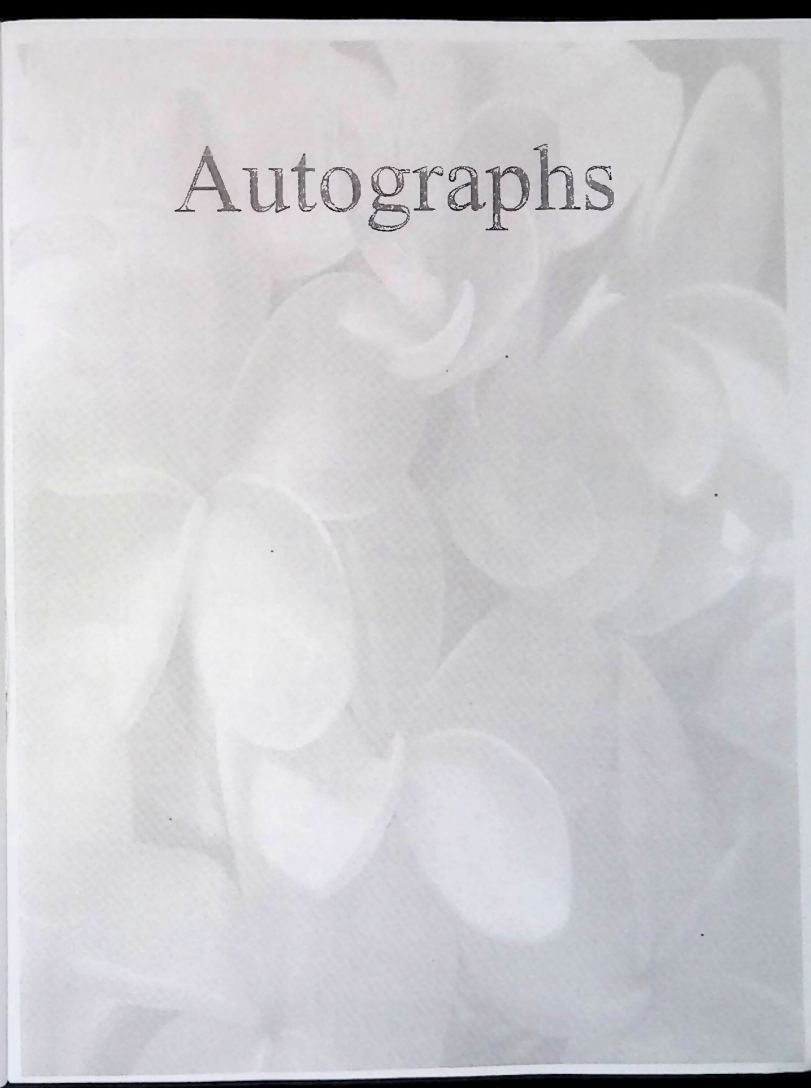
NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

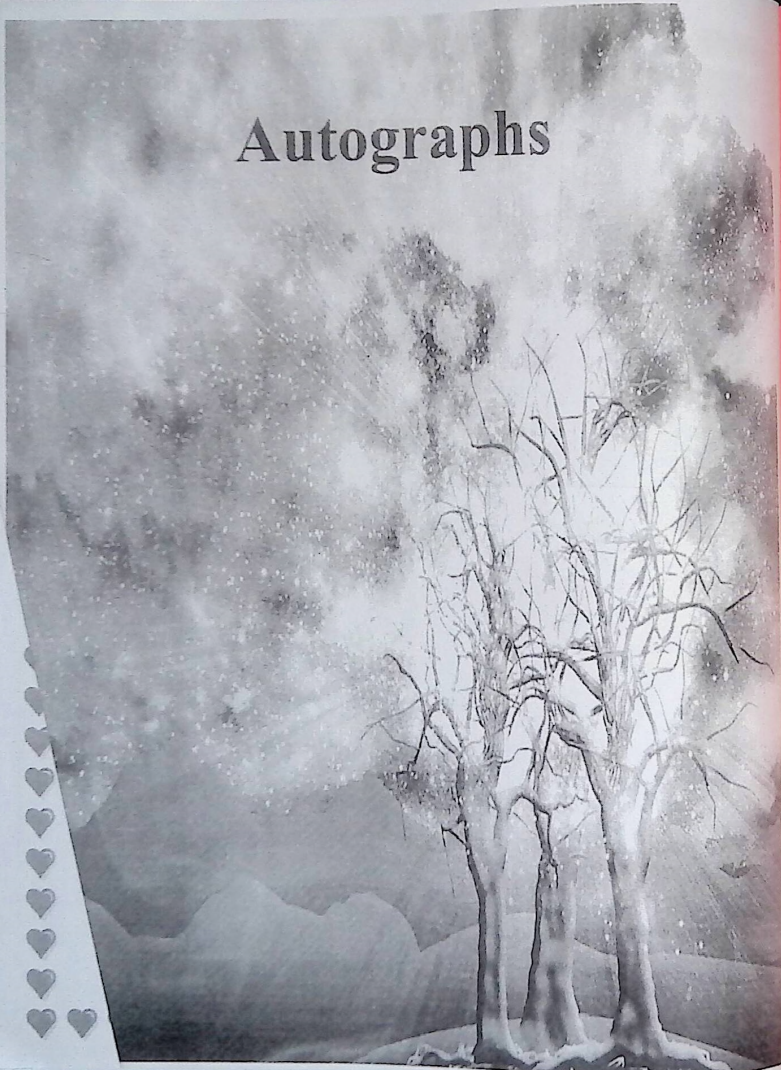
NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE #:
E-MAIL:
SCREEN NAME:

Autographs



Autographs



Handwritten scribbles in the top left corner of the red page.

Upward Bound



"Aim High"



