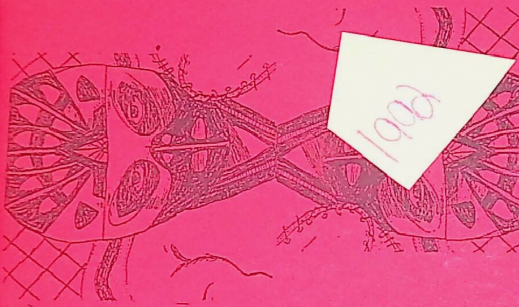
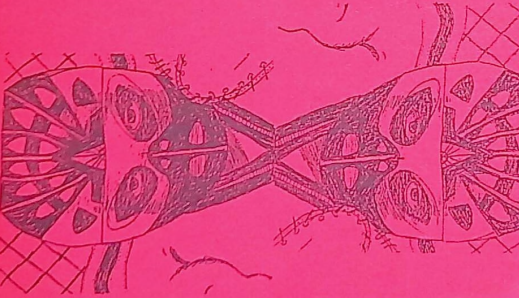


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**Illusions**  
**of Reality**



## **We Come Here**

We come here to grow,  
To learn so much more.

But who ever knew what  
Upward Bound had in store.

*Jen Knight*

Cover Design By Steve Perzla

# **Illusions of Reality**

**A Collection of  
Student Works  
Summer of 1992**

**UPWARD BOUND  
Wilkes University**

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Also, author's who submitted works and  
all Pub'ers of the summer of 1992.

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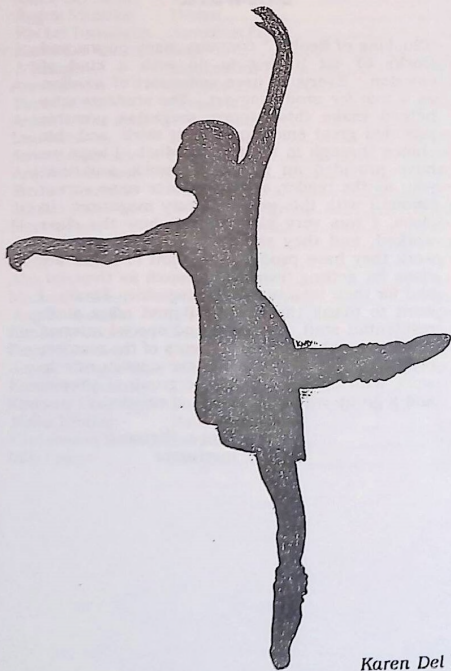
## Forward

"Illusions of Reality," contains many poems and works of art having to do with a kind of emotion. Everyone uses some sort of emotion as a tool for producing art. The students who helped make this literary magazine possible provided great emotion in their work, and this shines through in the final product. I hope we have provided an interesting work, and that you, as the reader, will experience some sort of emotion with this year's literary magazine. In class, I was very pleased with how the class worked, and they should be pleased with the work they have produced. I want to thank my class for getting involved as much as they did, and for their interest in the magazine. Finally, I want to thank the Upward Bound office staff, residential staff, academic and special interest teachers, and all of the students of the summer program. I am glad I had the opportunity to work with such an energetic group of people, and a group with a great deal of emotion.

Paul A. Farber  
Instructor



## Love Found



*Karen Del Kante*

## Our Love

They say our love won't last forever  
 But it will last until the end of time  
 They say we never made to be together  
 But that is just a lie

My love for you is strong  
 I think about you all day  
 I dream about you all night long  
 I dream that I'm holding you in my arms  
 The dream ends, I am awoken by the sound  
 of my alarm.

My heart is burning bright  
 You're the reason for this shining light  
 I know you feel the same  
 Because when I look into your eyes I see flames

Together we will prove them wrong  
 Our love will progress each day  
 It will always continue on  
 It will never fade away

*Bernie Seeman*

## Love

I've realized a dream  
 I don't understand  
 Too far apart to bridge the distance  
 Cause I know you'll soon discover  
 I misunderstood  
 Your silence  
 I guess I'm all alone in Love  
 After everything  
 I can't imagine  
 I understood  
 I had it all

*Barb Roman*

## Blind Vision of Love

As I gaze within your eyes,  
 I wonder what you hold so dear.  
 My stomach fills with butterflies.  
 As these wonders may become clear.

You may be thinking of another man,  
 Or of my secretive love.  
 You may be thinking of when life began,  
 Or none of the above.

I hope your eyes show me what they hide,  
 Which is more than what I could see.  
 I hope your eyes show me what is inside,  
 So I could love you to every degree.

*Brian Kibbler*

## Sea of Love

Our love is like the sea  
 It's changes constantly  
 The sea is calm, when everything between us  
 is all right  
 My heart is filled with love for you  
 When the sea is at high tide

Sometime our love changes, when a storm  
 moves to sea  
 This is when we don't get along, when you  
 and I are arguing  
 My heart is torn apart, it's so hard not to cry  
 This is when the sea is at low tide

We must learn to live through these times  
 Whether they are at high or low tides  
 The sea is never ending  
 This holds true for my love toward you

*Berrie Seeman*



*Angela Mazaika, WUB '87, Staff*

## One Of A Kind

Am I dreaming or awake  
Is this real or is it fake  
Were the thoughts going through my mind  
Across from me was a beautiful girl,  
She was one of a kind

Suddenly I was awoken  
It was only a dream, only a dream  
Throughout the day I couldn't stop thinking  
Thinking of the beautiful girl I had seen

Finally my dream came true  
The next day I met you  
When I saw you I went into shock  
It felt like my heart had stopped

Fate was telling me about the wonderful  
Beauty that lied ahead  
I want you to be mine  
I'll love you to the end  
Because you're simply one of a kind.

*Bernie Seeman*

## Reaching Out

From the heights of the highest mountains,  
To the depths of the deepest sea.  
For today, tomorrow and always  
I'll proclaim my love to thee.  
It's love that's has no beginning,  
Nor one that has no end,  
But a constant state of being,  
And for that I thank thee.  
For to you I can always reach out,  
In time of trouble or pain,  
To soften the soberest frown  
Or comfort the gentlest rain.

*Hilary Adams*



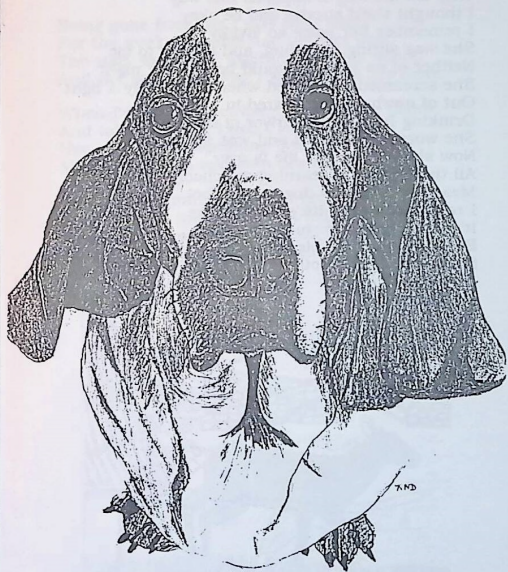
*Angela Mazaika, WUB '87, Staff*





*Tony Karpovitch*

## Love Missing



*Karen Del Kantic*



## My Friend

For Friends we are and friends we'll be,  
'Cause you have always been so good to me.

The times we spent, the moments shared,  
I always knew that you cared.

You drank that night, I knew you might  
For you were wrong and I was right.

You drove the car into a tree,  
While you were on your drinking spree.

You're all right and that's okay,  
for you are still alive today.

As I stand and hold you tight,  
I think of that frightful night.

So friends we are and friends we'll stay,  
'Cause we were meant in a special way.

*Russchelle Scott*

## Waiting

Each time I talk to you,  
It makes my whole day.  
You say we are just friends,  
But I want more.  
I often wonder if  
There will be a day  
When you realize  
I'm the one for you  
And you're the one for me.  
Will that day ever come?  
People keep on hurting you,  
But I never will.  
You keep on hurting me  
By not wanting more.  
But I will wait patiently  
Until you are ready for  
That day to happen  
Because I love you!

*Jennifer Edwards*



## Heart Ache

Sitting, thinking, and feeling down.  
 My only expression is a big, fat frown.  
 I wonder why I feel so blue,  
 When all that's on my mind is you.  
 Being away is so hard for me,  
 This I believe and this you can see.  
 Staring out the window from my room,  
 Your beauty comes to mind as the flowers bloom.  
 Missing you while I'm so far away,  
 Hoping you are true I feel dismay.  
 How oh how did this whole thing start?  
 I feel pain everyday in mind and heart.

*Frank Stoodley*

## Trying to Let Go

Whenever I see you, an uncontrollable smile  
 crosses my face.  
 My hands begin to tremble.  
 My heart begins to race.  
 My stomach gets tied up in knots.

You are the first thing on my mind in the morning  
 And the last at night--  
 The memories are thick and bittersweet.

You have qualities any woman would want in a man:  
 sincerity, warmth, kindness  
 and you even have a good sense of humor -  
 To make one laugh and feel at ease is half the battle.

But . . . I can't verbally tell you this  
 and at this point in time-- I won't.

Are you wondering why? I ask myself why, too.  
 It's because there is someone new in your life  
 and WE are just friends.

I have fallen hard for you, my friend,  
 And it is going to take some time --  
 But . . . I am trying to let go.

*Angela Mazatka, WUB '87, (Staff)*

## In Love With Your Dreams, Not Me

Too wrapped up in your dreams  
 You were happy so it seemed  
 But I knew the truth  
 I knew everything about you

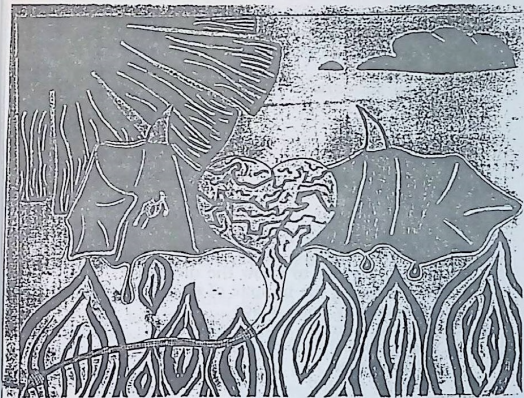
You were a great and beautiful girl  
 The best in the world  
 Until you became mixed up with the wrong crowd  
 I tried to warn you, but you were too proud

Eventually your wish was granted  
 Your dream of being on top of the world came true

I would of loved to congratulate you  
 But that was something only the angels  
 Were able to do

*Bernie Seeman*

## Love Lost



*Jennifer Knight*

## Perspective

Why do women destroy men's live?  
 Why do men destroy women's?  
 It's really quite perplexive.

Who's going up and who's going down?  
 It's really quite reflexive.

And who is wrong  
 And who is right-  
 I guess its all perspective.

*Tony Marcario*

## Realize

Pray through the nights  
 A victim of society  
 Pretending not to know the difference  
 Your needing me in spite of all others  
 It's suddenly hard to see  
 There's so much to realize  
 You turned the other way  
 Let me finish  
 What we shared  
 This is my life  
 Lord I'm needing you now

*Barbara Roman*

## Treated Me Kind

A broken man with out a home  
 Once again we sit in silence  
 You were so blind to let me go  
 If I could recapture  
 But I know my love for you is slipping away  
 You also turned the other way  
 Before you walk away  
 What have we surpassed  
 I focused on happiness  
 But I let love slip away

*Barbara Roman*

## Saying Good-bye

We were together for, oh, so long.  
 Our love for each other was unbearably strong  
 I thought it was a joke when my dad came to say  
 That he lost his job and we had to move away  
 My hurt feelings inside I tried to dispel  
 How should I do it? How could I tell?  
 Losing her-I would more rather die.  
 And part of me died when I said good-bye.

*Frank Stoodley*



## Sulfur

The sulfur from the match burns my nostrils  
As I burn your picture in the parking lot

Holly and Jen were there  
watching me

Your eyes warp and turn to ash  
Eyes

    I once loved  
You fall from my tingling fingers  
The Pain of holding you

    is smothered by losing you  
    I absorb the hiss as you hit  
    the icy ground

    I watch you picture  
    fight,

    suffer,

Surrender  
and

Die

I expect a cosmic rush  
as my bondage hisses out its death

    I wait

    I pray

    I plead

    and beg

For the tolerable indifference to  
your warped eyes.

My eyes turn up under you lids and wait.

*Martsa Rae*

## Rejection

It took so long  
There's gotta be a way  
After all I said and done  
It's not hard to predict  
Surely I would  
When I look in yours eyes  
But now I'm left with a spark...a spark of fear  
Before you walk way  
I want you to remember  
What we shared  
Those empty lies you told  
You might say you don't care  
But I know inside you do

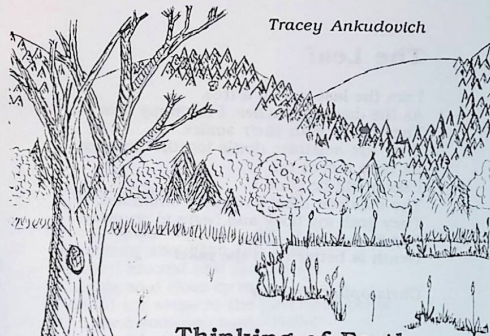
*Barbara Roman*

## Nature



Alex Bash

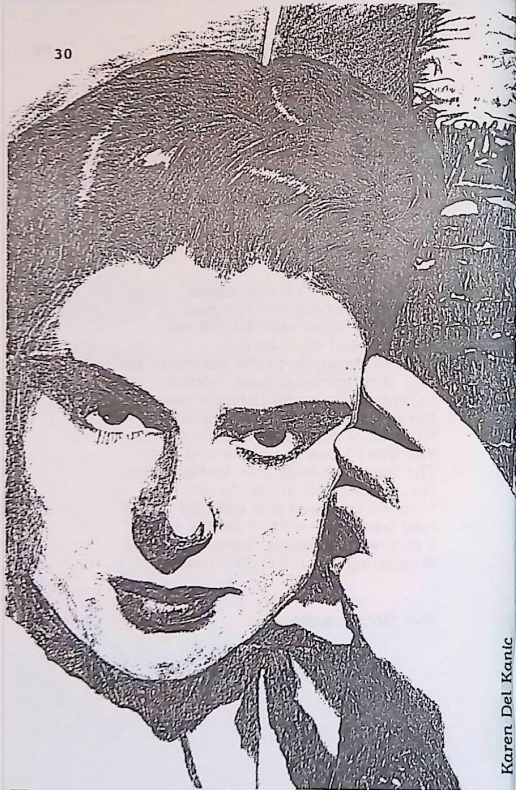
Tracey Ankudovich



## Thinking of Earth

Walking through the forest,  
Should be a beautiful sight.  
Birds chirping, leaves swaying  
Is how it always should be.  
But from where we stand now  
It does not look good for us.  
With the ozone crumbling and  
Pollution in our air, these natural  
Beauties will soon be gone.  
I'm not trying to scare you,  
I'm just stating the facts.  
If you want the earth to be  
Around as long as you are;  
Please recycle and remember  
Take it back!

Anonymous



Karen Del Konic

**Dreams, Life, Time, Etc**

## Dream

In the still of the night  
 In the bustle of day  
 I find myself  
 In a dream- far away...

The sound of the waves  
 Crashing against the shore  
 The heat of the sun  
 Feeling like Pele's lore

The sound of the wind  
 Whistling through the trees  
 The heavy smell of salt  
 On the same breeze

The coconut milk  
 So clean, clear and cool  
 Quenches my thirst  
 And replenishes my soul

In the same dream  
 There is also a man  
 To share my love of life  
 And to hold my hand

As we walk into the moonlight  
 Through the Big Valley trees  
 He picks a flower  
 And bends on one knee...

But alas-it is time  
 To wake up from the dream  
 For even the dream  
 Is not as it seems.

*Angela Mazaika , WUB '87, (Staff)*



## American Flag

Many times I fly high in the sky.  
 Other times I stare right at you.  
 I'm never below you.  
 I am free.  
 I fought to be free.  
 I'm over 200 years old and I stand for freedom.  
 But it seems what I stand for is not  
 important anymore.  
 I have attended more funerals than I could count.  
 Many people have stood under me feeling Proud.  
 Many young men have lost their lives in battles  
 and wars for me.  
 I'm in ever school in the country.  
 People have stepped on me.  
 I have been set afire.  
 I should be fling my colors high  
 and proud to show them.  
 Let me tell you about my colors.  
 The 13 stripes of red and white  
 represent the first 13 colonies.  
 The white stands for purity.  
 The red is for the bloodshed of our soldiers.  
 The white stars represent each new state  
 that entered the Union.  
 I still want to fly my colors high and proud.

Rachel Tarnalcki



Karen Del Kanic

## Impressions

Sitting here upon the square,  
 Christmas feelings fill the air,  
 Lovers walking everywhere,  
 I'm sitting here alone.

All the stark white lights are lit,  
 The season's music doesn't quit,  
 And everything just seems to fit,  
 I just want to go home.

Couples walking hand in hand,  
 Every woman with her man,  
 Embracing tight as night began,  
 But I've no one to hold.

The sun goes down, the sky grows dim,  
 Every "her", a matching "him",  
 But all my hopes are growing slim,  
 O, why is it so cold?

A Bridger



## Survival

Life is a disease  
Like any other.  
It's a constant fight  
To stay alive.

*Anonymous*

## Dream of Living My Dream

I like to fall to sleep  
And get back to my dreams  
They are better than reality  
That is how it seems

I dream of being the only man on earth  
That could keep this world at peace  
I dream of sailing the world  
From Japan to U.S. to Greece.

I dream I have a very caring family  
And an intelligent and beautiful wife  
I dream of sleeping all the time  
So that my dreams become my life.

*Brian Kibbler*

## Deep Thought

Sometimes late at night I lay in bed  
lean back look up at the stars & think,  
"What the heck happened to my roof."

*Tony Marcario*

## Looking Back

Two years have come and gone  
It is as if  
I was standing still  
Letting time pass me by

My memories of you are so vivid  
It is as if  
I just saw you yesterday  
And heard that laugh  
How I loved that laugh

But, I did not  
It has been two years  
I still remember the phone call  
The last one I made to your house  
Shock, sadness, anger  
Why?

The feelings come back to me  
In one sudden rush  
What if...  
If I had just...  
Things may have been different

But, I can not change them now  
And you are gone  
And I never got to say  
"Good-bye, my dear friend."

*Lisa Madden, WUB '89, (Staff)*

## Time

Time. What is it?  
Will it destroy us all?

Time. What is it?  
We all walk its mighty halls.

It withers away the most beautiful women.  
It weakens the mightiest of men.

It makes a boy into a man,  
And gives us another boy.

Time what is it?  
We're all caught in its thrall.

Time. What is it?  
Is there no escape at all?

*Tony Marcario*

## Games

Some games are for two,  
And some are for four,  
And some are made for even more.  
But this is one we all must play,  
Each and every single day.  
In this game we play for keeps,  
And when someone loses- everyone weeps.  
Life is the game I'm talking about,  
It's far to precious to let it die out.

*Tony Marcario*

## Poor but Proud

A man without a name  
A man without a job  
Trying harder and harder each day  
As he struggles on

He is homeless  
With only a duffle bag by his side  
He has much, much more than that  
He has his pride

A quality people can't take away  
No matter what they think; do, or say  
He has nothing but he doesn't care  
He is happy and thankful that he is here.

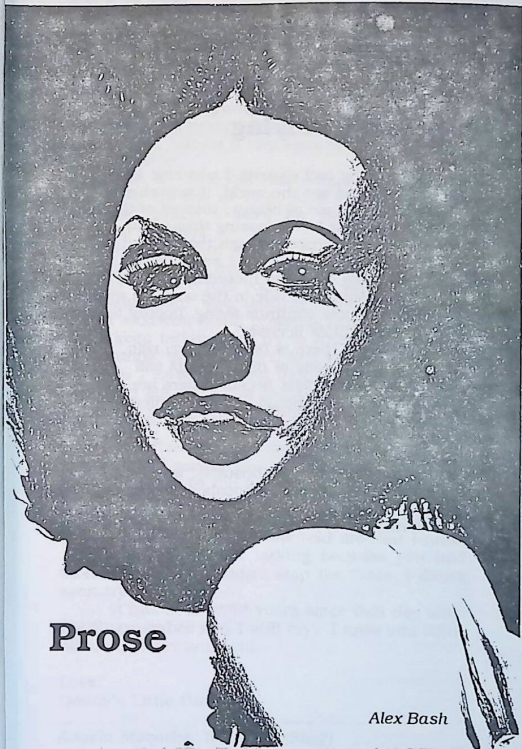
He has nothing materially  
But he has all of the qualities  
The great qualities of life  
These are what make him better than them.

*Bernie Seeman*

## Right or Wrong

Cristoforo Colombo as some may call,  
 Landed on an island some time in fall.  
 When he left port that sunny day,  
 A vision he had of finding Cathay.  
 Gold and spices he claimed for his queen,  
 Little to be found or to be seen.  
 He made four voyages the "new world" in all,  
 Causing some Indian tribes to fall.  
 Is Christopher Columbus a good man to praise,  
 Laying in a box ready to be raised.  
 He had a right to come over and explore,  
 But, why did they treat the people so poor?  
 What they did I think was a crime,  
 And should be punished for a long, long time.

Julie Voelker



Prose

Alex Bash



## Obstacles In Flying

Once the fog had cleared, I was able to fly in the airplane and see the world. I was able to see the land as a place of beauty, instead of the dark and gloomy air I was passing through at the time. The sun broke through the fog and brightened the land around it. I was able to witness the rolling hills and mountains.

I had an enjoyable ride in the airplane my first time, and I now continue flying, hoping to earn my private pilots license.

No matter if there is bad weather: rain, fog, or even snow, none of these things will stop me from flying. Just because there are obstacles in life, they should not really affect our goals. As is with fog, Obstacles will come and they will go.

Moral: No matter what the obstacle, we should not let anything influence our goals and dreams.

*Mike Valentt*

## To F.P.M.

I remember the day so clearly. I was at the camper with everyone else. We were trying to keep our minds occupied, so we went fishing and had a Bar B-Q and laughed and played.

I still feel guilty for having a good time that day. You never left my mind, but for a tiny span of time, you were pushed aside.

And then a little old man came to us with a message. He told us to go back to town because you had taken a turn for the worse. The laughter stopped.

It was late when we arrived at the hospital. I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes as I walked into your room. Mommy was at your side and was fighting back tears. The doctor said you could probably hear us. He told us to keep talking and try to sound cheery. We held hands, said a prayer, and said good-bye. "I told you I loved you and didn't want you to die, and then left the room because it hurt my heart to watch-sad, angry feelings of why?!?" filled me.

I drifted off into an uneasy sleep. The dream I had was of you. It was very vivid. You said good-bye to me and told me to be strong, and that you loved me.

As my sister woke me up, I was crying. I told her my dream and she told me that I must have overheard them talking because you had already died. I couldn't stop the tears, I didn't even try.

It has been eight years since that day and I still remember and I still cry. I miss you with all of my heart and soul.

Love,  
Daddy's Little Girl

*Angela Mazatka, WUB '87, (Staff)*



## Grandmother

My mother told me the news about my grandmother. At first, I was shocked. I could not believe that my Grandma, a person I loved very dearly, was at the hospital in Critical condition. She was the victim of sudden congestion heart failure. I asked myself so many times why it had to be her. I finally decided that there could be no one answer for this. Only time could and would tell her fate. Was she to live or die? I could only pray.

The first night that my grandmother was in the hospital was the hardest. She was functioning on only 15% of her own oxygen. The rest of the oxygen which she received was from an oxygen tank by the side of her bed. At this point, I felt helpless. Suddenly, I just wished that my Grandma would get better again so that I could be given the chance to tell her how much she means to me.

Well, days went by and no change had occurred in her condition. One night, we received a phone call from my Aunt. All of us at my house feared the worse. But, to our happiness and delight, we had learned that Grandma was moved from the Critical Care Unit to a Step-Down Unit. It was a miracle! She had pulled through for now. The worst part was over. I was given the chance to tell my Grandma how much I love her and how special she is to me.

*Kim Courtney*

## Cutting the Cake

My friends and I were sitting in the cafeteria. We were talking about how bad the food tastes today. Brian, sitting across from me, started to tell a joke. We were all waiting for the punchline until he got hit with some mashed potatoes. The scums at the table next to ours decided to have a little fun today.

Brian got up and flung back some cake. We hit the hugest of the bunch right in the face. Our table and others started to laugh and point at the kid. He got up and started to yell but couldn't be heard with all of the laughter. We didn't know what he said nor did we care.

Somehow I knew that something was up. I watched Brian go to his locker. A swarm of kids like bumblebees followed behind. Joe Cake, the kid that got hit with the food, chased Brian and pushed him against the locker. They started to rumble! Blood flowed from Joe Cake's swollen nose: Brian clearly had him beat. The crowd cheered, "Bake me a cake ...Bake me a cake."

This made Brian fall to the ground with laughter. Joe Cake pulled out a knife and jabbed the champ. Brian, bleeding from his near-fatal wound, miraculously grabbed the knife and used it for icing the Cake.

When Brian testified in court he answered the main question by saying "I guess the saying is true: You can't cut the cake and eat it too."

*Frank Stoodley*

## The Minor Detail

Once upon a time, there was a little diner in the middle of nowhere. Peter, a hard-working man, was a waiter at this fine restaurant. Mrs. Goober came in again this morning for her usual cup of coffee. She was the nicest and most courteous person ever to set foot in the kindy diner. One day, the business fell in ruin, and all of her dreams were lost. Then and there he knew he would have to find the arsonist himself. He used to be a rough man himself before he came to work. Some people think that he started the arson fires. He decided to look for clues. He went into the kitchen and snooped around. He found a broken coffee mug in the sink with the initials M.G. The only person he knew who had those initials was Mrs. Marian Goober. He didn't believe it at first, but he knew how much she liked coffee. He decided to pay her a visit. The police barged in and took him away because the police and the neighbors were very suspicious of him.

He sat in jail quietly until his mother paid the fines. He finally convinced his mother to take him to see Mrs. Goober. When they got there, Mrs. Goober was on the porch. She was short and scrawny, and Peter's mother was sure that this was the arsonist. After forcing her to drink Peter's coffee, she confessed. She arsoned the restaurant in order not to taste that horrible coffee again. Peter said "Why didn't you tell the manager?" She replied, "Oops!" They took her away, and Peter was refunded for the damages to his house and workplace. They all basically lived happily ever after...

EVEN MRS. GOOBER!

Joe Gregorowicz

## The Baby Bear's Christmas

This is for all  
of the curious  
little children that  
live in this vague world!

Once upon a time, a little baby bear lived in the forest with his parents. He was very curious. While being curious, he also loved being adventurous. So, one day early in the morning, he decided to leave and explore the surrounding areas. Meanwhile, mother bear was looking for him.

It was beginning to get later in the day. It was almost nightfall. Baby bear was still nowhere to be found. Mama bear was beginning to become frantic. So, Papa bear decided he'd leave and go out to search for baby bear.

At this time, baby bear was nearing the city. He saw all of these weird things. He wondered what all of the neat stuff around him was. Little did he know that it was now Christmas time and great celebrations were presently in occurrence.

All of a sudden, baby bear was surrounded by humans. He thought that he was doomed for sure. But, they invited him into their house for a Christmas party. He wondered whether he should or shouldn't go inside. Baby bear finally went inside the house.

After looking all over the forest and not finding baby, Papa bear headed home to Mama. At the same time, baby bear was leaving the Christmas party to return to his den. The humans wished him well and a safe trip back.

When baby bear approached his den, he decided never to leave it again. He concluded that there was a lesson to be taught and learned. It is better to be unadventurous then to be too adventurous and have to face your parents for a confrontation about leaving without permission. This was baby bear's first and last Christmas party that he would attend.

Klm Courtney

In a small town community there lived a young woman named Donna. She had everything going for her. Strong, independent, friendly, outgoing, darling, and adventurous. That just about describes her. Despite some downfall, for the most part she was accepted by others for the person that she was.

One of the most important people in her life was her boyfriend Derick. Derick was a distinguished mechanic. He did his best to try and make a living for himself. Everyone knew how much he loved Donna and her him. That's why everyone was so shocked when Donna disappeared without a word to Derick or anyone. Where had she gone to and why? Why would she leave town without a word?

Derick could only wonder where Donna had gone to. He kept thinking and thinking of any clue as to her whereabouts. But he could find none. Was she dead or alive? God! Where could she be?

As she flew across the sky, The miles began to pass. Donna pondered on how far away she was from the man she loved. Derick was a great guy and she loved him dearly. But, as much as she had tried to, she could not bring herself to tell him about the baby she was carrying. It was his child!

Every time she would think of telling Derick about the baby, something always came up to distract her. After many agonizing thoughts, she made her final decision. She knew what she must do.

This is how she found herself on the airplane. She needed to get as far away from Derick as possible. It wasn't because she was ashamed of the baby. It was just that she didn't want Derick to have the burden of being responsible for her and the child. They were both young. If she couldn't live her life to the fullest, then she felt that at least he should be able to.

Slowly, Donna fell into a deep sleep. She began to dream of all the happy times she had shared together with Derick. The laughter, the fun, it all seemed like it so long ago and so far away.

Donna suddenly was awoken. She now knew what she must do. The minute she gets off the plane, she decided, would be when she would call Derick to tell him that she was all right. She owed him at least that much. Didn't she? Oh, how she wished she could tell him her true reason for leaving. But, it still didn't seem like the right time. At least, not yet!

When Donna phoned Derick, it seemed as if the phone rang forever before he answered. It felt so good for her to hear his voice. He was so pleased to hear from her knowing that she was okay. At this time, Donna knew that she must return home to Derick to tell him about the baby. She couldn't take the pain of possibly losing him forever over her own stupidity.

Derick was waiting for Donna at the airport when her light arrived. His eyes were overjoyed with excitement when him and Donna embraced.

As much as Donna was happy, part of her was still afraid to tell Derick the true reason for her leaving him.

After a few days had passed, Donna told Derick the truth. At first, he was expressionless. She thought that he was upset. But, in fact it was the other way around. He was amazed with the news. The two of them decided to live together as husband and wife waiting for the arrival of the birth of their baby.

*Kim Courtney*

## Fatal Thinking

It was a scary situation when I saw the car coming toward me. "This shouldn't be happening to me", I thought. All I did was close my eyes and wait for it to happen. The car hit me so hard that I flew to the other side of the road. I didn't feel any pain and I didn't know why. Am I paralyzed or am I... dead? Why am I thinking so negatively? I could be perfectly fine and just have a few scratches and bruises. I played this event over and over in my head. I couldn't figure out what was wrong with me. It was getting hot, very hot. Maybe I was not worthy of going to heaven. I am doing it again. I am thinking that I died. I have to think positively. I opened my eyes and I was in bed. It was my room. It was just a nightmare but it seemed so real. I am so happy that it was just a dream.

*Brian Kibbler*



In the dark streets of the fishing village, Reabt, a lone, cloaked figure walks lost in his thoughts, not aware of the fact that it's past midnight. He doesn't fear the rogues hiding in the alleys, nor does he fear the wolves that often ravage the village after dark.

He's not aware of the chilling fog that has blanketed the streets. He doesn't feel the cold drizzle that's falling. The moon is full, but that doesn't bother him in the least. He makes no sound as he wanders the streets while the village sleeps.

Finally after hours without rest he stops in front of the village's chapel. Staring at the central spire with its cross silhouetted against the moon, a single dark tear rolls down his cheek. The figure wipes away the tear and continues on, a sense of profound longing in his cold heart.

On he walks, this time with a set destination. He would visit the pub down by the docks. When he gets there he stops outside and waits as one of the patrons leaves. The figure stares intently into the other man's eyes, and after a long silent moment, the drunken fisherman says, "Please, enter and warm thy spirit!"

The dark figure smiles icily and walks into the pub. A young gypsy boy dressed in rags was juggling knives in a corner, and an elven bard sitting by the fire played a flute for the customers of the bar.

The bar is brightly lit despite the gloom outside. The scents of ale and mutton are heavy in the air.

There's about a dozen patrons in the bar. A group of adventurers sat at one table, one of which bears the garb of a cleric. Inwardly the stranger winces at the sight. In one corner a few unruly sailors were playing cards. None of this was of any concern to him.

It was on the large man at the bar that he focused his attention as he sits down at a table across the room. The stranger hears the big man complaining to the barkeeper about his fiancée.

After a while the bard stops playing and approaches the cloaked man.

"My name is Torianna, what's yours?"

"Karyan", says the figure, his voice barely more than a whisper.

"A good evening to you, sir Karyan. Care to hear another tune?"

"Leave," is the figure's reply.

The bard decides it would be best to entertain some other patron instead. Moments later the big man at the bar gets up and leaves. Karyan quickly rises and follows.

The clouds have temporarily obscured the light of the full moon. But Karyan could see just as well as any other time.

The larger man was sticking to the back alleys, for a man of his size has little to fear from rogues and thieves. But there are things more sinister in the dark.

The only thing I'm afraid of is my fiancée, he thought to himself. After a few moments he arrives at his front door and realizes he has lost his keys. As he starts searching his pockets he hears someone speak.

"Need some help?" asks a quiet voice. A cloud passes from in front of the moon. In the distance the sound of a wolf howling is heard. Looking up the large man sees a dark figure in front of him.

"I just lost my keys, that's all. My Lord!" the big man shrieked. "You cast no sha..."

He doesn't get the chance to finish his sentence. With the speed of something unnatural, Karyan's hand grasps the man's neck like a vice. Despite his great strength, the man's struggle is futile.

Putting his other hand over the man's face, Karyan rips into his neck and begins gulping the red fluid pouring from the wound. Karyan can feel the power of the immortal undead course through him as he feeds. To his senses it is the purest of ecstasies, one that a mortal could never even imagine. To his mind, however, it's the most painful of tortures. In spite of the ecstasy he despises and loathes everything about this ghastly ritual. But feed he must and feed he would. Such was his curse.

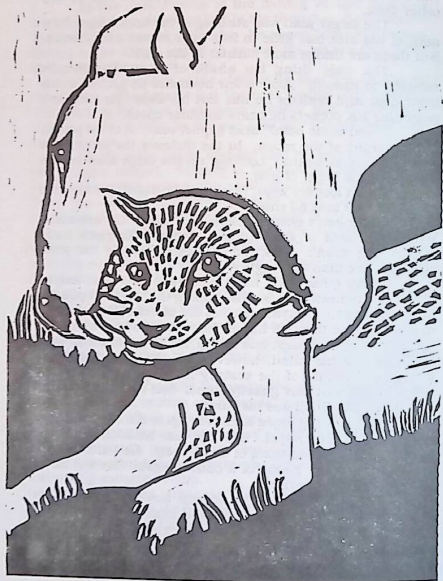
It is nearing dawn and once again the cloaked figure is in front of the chapel. But this time he is on his knees weeping his crimson tears of blood freely. He will never see the beauty of the inside of a church again. He will never behold another sunrise.

For him there can be no pity, however. Such is his curse. No one will ever understand him. No one can ever know what kind of hell he lives every night.

But "no more" the figure thinks to himself. He won't carry on this dismal existence. He will see the sun rise one last time.

As the first rays of dawn permeate the heavens, Karyan makes no attempt to find shelter. He has stopped crying, for he knows in his black, unbeating heart that soon he will finally rest, as he should have long ago.

This morn in Realet everyone is too busy trying to figure out who killed one of the sailors last night to notice the large pile of ash sitting on the cobble stone street in front of the village chapel.



Billy Harry

## First

First simple and sweet,  
Light-hearted and mild,  
Then the days rolled on  
And something stopped hiding.

Slowly but surely we all grew as one  
Who knew of the tears we would shed  
When the summer was done.

*Jen Knight*

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Illusions of Reality