

1997

"Times
to
Remember"

Haren Shripurua

Literary Magazine Staff:

Aurilla Derby
Jodi Lampman
Leanne Long
Heather Metcalf
Chrissy Newell
Faith Posten
Nichole Seniuk
Karen Skripkunis
Ms. Anne Butler - Advisor

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and artwork to the Literary Magazine.
Thank you!*

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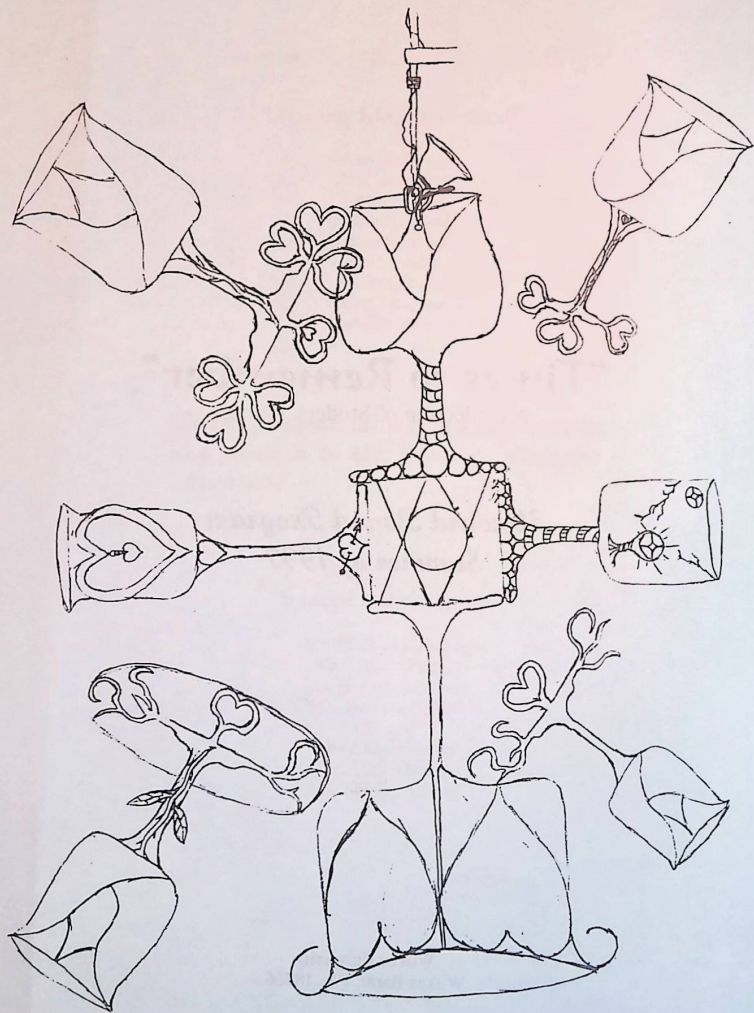
Mr. Michael Callahan
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Ms. Anne Thomas
Mr. Tom Thomas
Ms. Shirley Trievel

"Times to Remember"

A Collection of Student Works

*Upward Bound Program
Summer of 1997*

Wilkes University
Wilkes-Barre, PA 18766



Image

We travel around with our head to the clouds daring to dream
Things aren't always what they seem
You are who you are, not who you want to be
We travel around with our face to the ground
Walking in the shadow of our idols
Who we are and who we want to be are two totally different people
Jekyll shy/lonely
Hyde outgoing/friendly
We travel around with our mind to the stars
Taking a six week journey from Earth to Mars
We travel around with our imaginations running wild
Learning, teaching, growing and believing
Soon our rocket ship will land
But our future will be changed
This is the time to remember
Make it last forever

Faith Foster



3

Karen Strupkunas

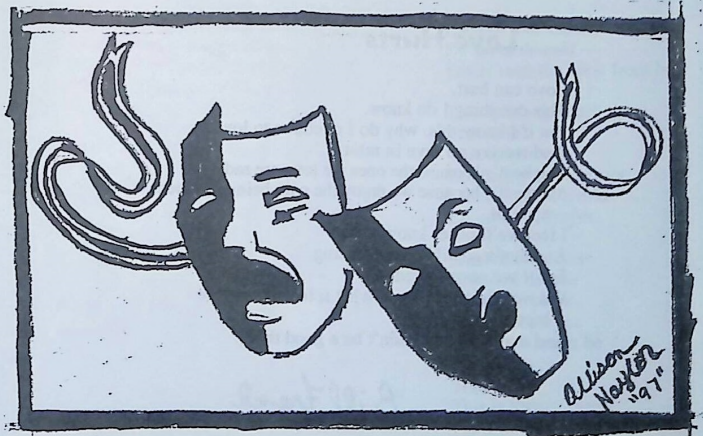
Karin Mambonis

"How Things Revolve"

There are nine planets
There is one sun
There is a person who can have fun
There is a smile that he hides
I can see it in his eyes.

There have been others in many numbers
each one hurt him more. Why
doesn't he realize I'm not like the
ones before. I feel it in my
heart and soul.

So I must wait at the
end of a long line, just now
I realize there is time no
longer I hurry, no more I
rush.



4

Christmas is . . .

Christmas is a time for giving
Christmas is the time for living.

Christmas is a magical time
Christmas bells, hear them chime?

Christmas is playing in the snow
Christmas is fun, don't ya know?

Christmas is the time for sharing
Christmas is the time for caring

But most of all,
Christmas is love.

by: Chuck Ferguson

Love Hurts

Love can hurt.
This one thing I do know.
But if I know this, why do I continue to love
And receive no love in return?
Maybe it's because the ones we love are sadistic
Maybe it's because we enjoy the pain being inflicted
upon us.
I feel we'll never know.
And that's possibly a good thing.
For if we never loved,
We wouldn't ever know what it feels like to be
hurt by love.
And maybe that wouldn't be a good thing.

Bill French

Homesick

Just once in my life
I thought I could do
something right
I thought I could do it
but now I can't
I feel like I failed
because I am about to bail
I want to stay but I can't
I wanted to do it right for
my dad
because he was glad
I don't do anything right
for anyone.

by Melissa VanDerMark

This

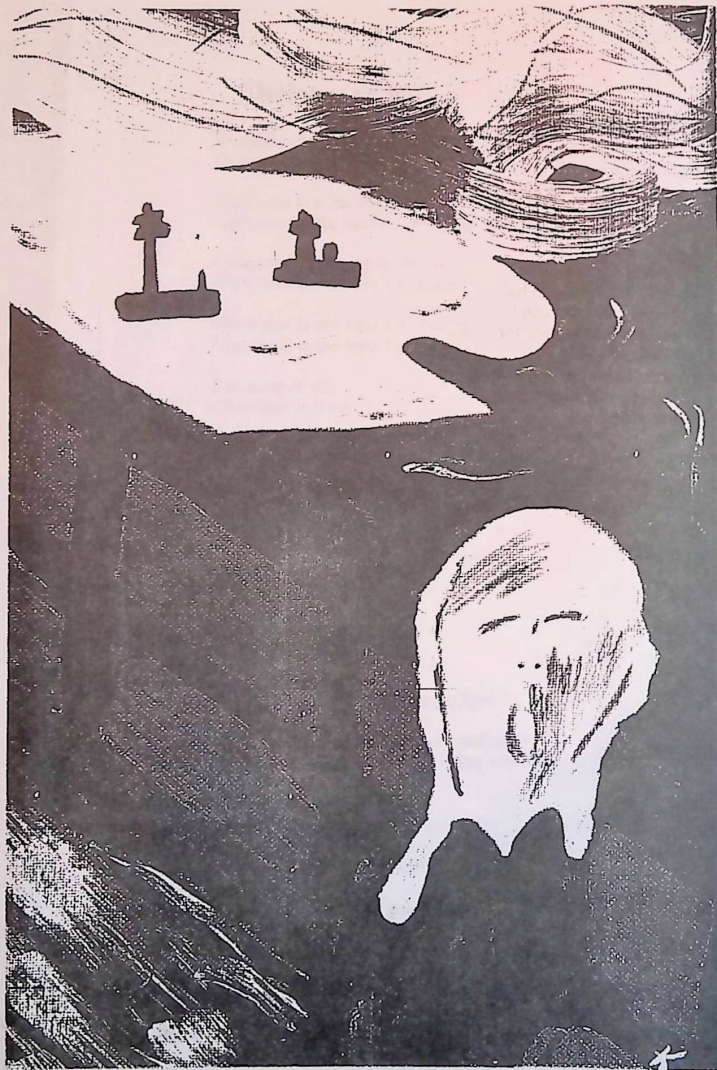
Land of loneliness
House of despair
Better than the view from here

This is life my darling
This is life
This is love
Confusing and corrupt
Money power world
Livin' on a Prayer

Land of loneliness
House of despair
That's the place
Smart people see
Where I want to be

This is life
This is love
Fairy tale told

by Faith Pastern



*Holidays are joyous times spent with family or friends,
but some people have no one.
I wrote this for the one's who are alone.*

"Without You"

My mind wonders when I think of happiness. For me happiness, real happiness, isn't an everyday occurrence. When I reach this so called "HAPPINESS," I feel peace - inside and out. This sense of joy and love overwhelm me and leave me whole in my heart, soul, and spirit.

I am a person who can not be ignored. I care for almost everyone, and yet I feel that this feeling is not the same from them to me.

Fear lives in my heart and mind, and clouds my vision of the future. I have hoped and prayed for so long. Anger rages in my heart of the revenge I would love to take out on my enemies. For me, I have learned to keep most of this anger under control, bottled-up, inside, but sometimes I can't take it anymore and I rip apart.

Life for me is not even close to being easy. I do envy people who have everything just handed to them, but for me, I have to work for what I want such as good grades or even love. Every day I wish for a shortcut, but for now, I get stuck doing things the long hard way.

I have made many mistakes in my life, and I have also lost a lot of "friends" through misunderstandings. Mistakes ruined my life, and sometimes I wish I could use a time machine to go back to my past and change everything so that I could have a better future. I wish, so much, that I could go back and say "Goodbye, I love you," to all the people I have lost, but now it's too late and I must face each new day by myself alone.

Karen Skriptonis

"¡Feliz Navidad!"

Christmas in Spain is very different than in America. In Spain, they use the wise men (Betsasar, Gaspar, and Melcior) as Santa. These wise men are more popular than Santa.

Christmas is much longer in Spain, also. It starts in December and ends the 8th of January. During the Christmas holiday, they celebrate "Noche Buena" (Christmas Eve), "Navidad" (Christmas), "Noche Vieja" (New Year's Eve), and "Vispera de Reyes" (King's Day).

As a tradition, they celebrate by gathering their families together for parties (fiestas). They also have pinatias at these parties. They are usually for the younger children that are there. At these parties, they eat many different things like "turrón" (nougat) or yema. They also sing Christmas songs that have the theme of the manger.

Finally, children put their shoes outside their homes for the wise men to come. The children leave hay in their shoes for the camels that guide the wise men to their homes, the wise men exchange the hay with gifts for the good children and coal for the bad children.

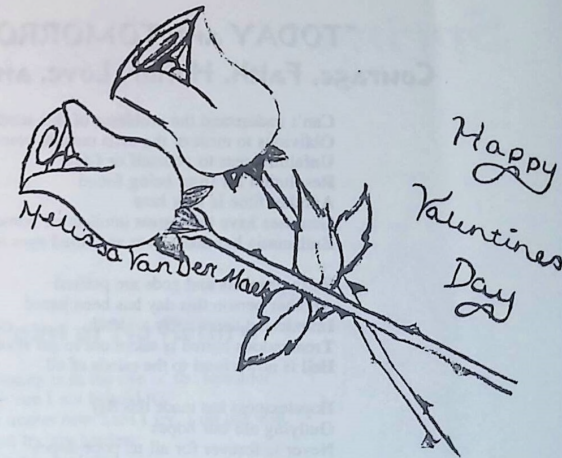
"¡Feliz Navidad y Prospero Año Nuevo!"
(Merry Christmas and Happy New Year)

Josh Perrin

Leanne Long

I'll never tell you . . .
How I feel
when I'm alone
I think
of you.
How much I long for you
in my heart
to hold me
love me
the way I do you.
I miss you
I want to see you
just for a moment
to see your face
again and again
in my mind.
Why I act
the way that I do?
I have to hold back
I am afraid of rejection
I'll never tell you.

Jodi Chapman



Who you Like, What is Right

People always tell you to go for who you like
Or what you think is right
In my life I've missed a lot of things
I have liked
So I never needed what was right
But, for the first time
Who I like
Or what feels right
I can't have
And for the first time
Not having who I like
And what feels right
Hurts

Chris Slattery

"TODAY and TOMORROW" Courage, Faith, Honor, Love, and Loyalty

Can't understand the problems of this world
Oblivious to most of the evils outside your door
Unfaithfulness to yourself or GOD
Resolution far from being found
Another time is now here
Geniuses have their great intellectual powers and yet fear
Euthanasia has taken over and filled eyes with tears

False prophets and gods are praised
Another person this day has been hazed
Intoxicated teens party to death
Tremendous hatred is taken out to get revenge
Hell is now visual to the minds of all

Hopelessness has made this day
Outlying are our hopes
Never is forever for all us poor dopes
Onslaughts have killed the world
Rage grows in the heart of every man and girl

Losing your life has now become the latest fad
Odd people are difficult to understand
Vanity is now a girl's best friend
Every good thing seems to onset one bad

Life is filled with death and pain
On the mind of everyone is the question,
"Will I live to see tomorrow sane?"
Young children will see more in their lives
than their parents ever had
Alone and restless, for comfort is now a thing of the past
Love is lost and may never be found
True love waits as long as you stand your ground
You are the chosen, but are you found?

Today is a day for you to change
Obey goodness and give up darkness
Do not ignore your friends or even yourself
Another chance is here for you
Yesterday is gone, and tomorrow has yet to come

By: Karen Deripkunis

Point of No Return

If beauty is in the eye of the beholder;
why can I not behold it?
No matter how hard I try, I do not win.
I can try my hardest;
I can try my best;
Yet I am still considered at my worst.
Now I am at my point of no return.
Good-Bye.

Bill French

Spring



Karen Skripkuis

The Miracle of Spring

Each year I watch my calendar to tell me when it's Spring. But often old man Winter hates to give up being king. Although, according to the date, the robins should be here, I think old Winter has decreed that Spring be late this year. But now it's April and I'm sure she simply won't take no and in her gentle way she has convinced him he should go. As I walked along today, I saw a pretty sight, some crocuses and daffodils were bathed in sunshine bright. I even saw some violets bloom in sheltered spots, and neighbors are preparing their little garden plots. Though there is a chilliness still felt upon the air, and April showers are frequent, Spring signs are everywhere. Each springtime gives my heart a lift and I feel my life renewed. As I thank God for the privilege Spring's miracle to view.

Kristen Booth

Spring time brings a special joy
Ice cream, bare feet, wet grass
and smiles to each girl and boy

It's also a new beginning
with nothing but buds on the trees
The sun gives off a different warmth
as it fights against cold breeze

But once a year we get to see
New beginning, wet grass
Smiles, bare feet, and ice cream



Overflowing

Deepness, Darkness
Journey with me
See it the way I do
Open your mind
Bring along your heart
Fill it with my love.
Open your eyes
Stare;
and see how the world looks now
The difference is within,
hidden in the darkness of my heart
Around the corner no one has ever been.
You are the first
First to ever experience this.
Love is Natural
Mine is also pure
Unyielding, visible to only the worthy
You are the one
You saw a part of me
Only a glance
Something I know you wish to see
Come in and stay
As long as you're here
My love overflows into your arms

Billy Aoy
7/7/97

"Yours 'Till the End, Get the Message?"

I know he has a girl,
even though I'd love to be her,
Seems like he cares,
or maybe not . . .

Puts tears in my eyes
to know they are one
And we are none.

Makes me cry
And I'd rather die . . .
then suffer through
this pain and sorrow . . .

Our picture together, I will remember
How sweet and wonderful it was . . .
probably heard wrong,
When you said, "On edge . . ."
You probably said,
"Together forever . . ." or something special,
As two could be . . .

I wish he was mine
because our love would be divine
Then, everything would have
A happy ending . . .

Part of our loving sensation seems like it has begun,
Can't we just let it follow through until the end?
And make it real . . . ?
One question?
Could we be "TOGETHER FOREVER?"

Danniele Vitale

Combined Love

You pour your heart in mine.
I pour my heart in yours.
You say three words to me that
can make a whole new world.
You tell me your secrets.
I tell you mine.
We share important events together,
that make beautiful memories.
You make me happy when I'm sad.
You show love and we share pain.
We have each other and
We love each other and
together we make one.
With combined thoughts, love,
anger and sadness we can
climb the highest mountains
and swim the deepest seas.

Ashley

You and Me

I sit and I ponder
Whether this love is true
I lie awake at night
Hoping you love me too

I came to learn
I then found a friend
But soon I found a love
I pray will never end

You know who you are
Now it's me you must find
For this sole purpose
My name I have not signed

Young lovers are what we are
And into the future no one can see
But I can see us lovers
Together you and me

"Love like Nature"

Love is like a flower, it lives and
it dies

Like the rain maybe a shower cause
when the drop falls the tear cries

The pistol breaks just like the heart
And waits awhile to begin a new start
The petals are precious with red and
blue

Just like the feelings made between
me and you

~Teri Belk

"Togetherness"

Together we share the closeness and
together our love shall grow,
'Cause together we create something as
the feelings prosper and grow.

Like when we're in each others arms
together close and tight,

It's just the simple things we
do like keeping warm at night.

For every heart warming word
that's said and every smile we share,

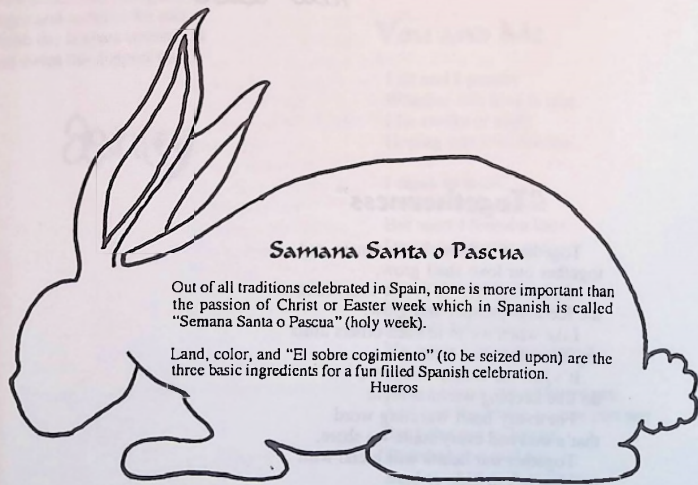
Together our hearts will blend with
nothing left to hide or bare.

~Teri Belk.

Semana Santa (Easter)

The Easter (Semana Santa) holiday in Spain is a very religious week. This week lies between Palm Sunday (Somingo de Ramos) and Easter Sunday (Domingo de Resurreccion). The celebration is large, the towns' people have parades and parties. The women celebrate by dancing in the streets wearing black lace mourning clothes. Their religious processions consist of 58 services at 4 hours each. This is a very holy week for the Spanish, probably the largest.

Doniel Jones.



Samana Santa o Pascua

Out of all traditions celebrated in Spain, none is more important than the passion of Christ or Easter week which in Spanish is called "Semana Santa o Pascua" (holy week).

Land, color, and "El sobre cogimiento" (to be seized upon) are the three basic ingredients for a fun filled Spanish celebration.

Hueos

*Terie Oelke
Allison Naylor*

Love

I never really knew you.
You were just another friend
But when I knew you noticed me
I let my heart unbend

I couldn't keep past memories
they only made me cry
I had to forget my first love
and give love another try.

So now I've fallen in love with you
and I'll never let you go.
I love you more than anyone
I just had to let you know.

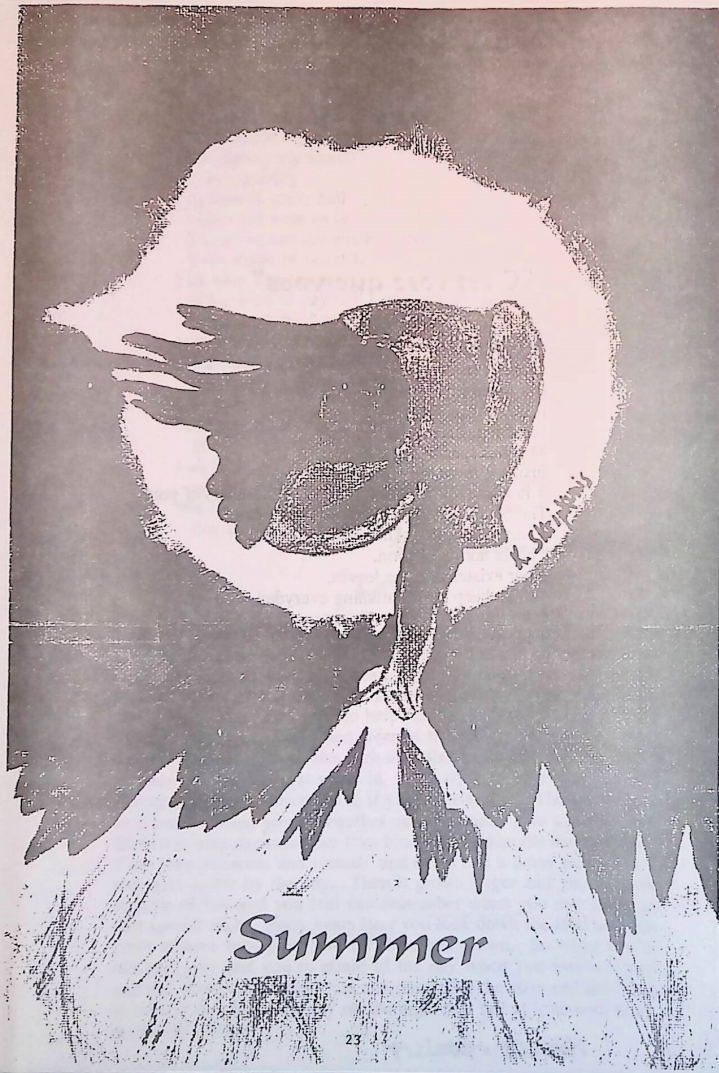
So if you ever wonder,
I don't know what I'd do.
But you are your own person
Just remember, "I love you!"

Dij Anilla Dooly

Cinco de Mayo

People in the U.S., the Batalla de Puebla was said to be 5 de mayo, but we wrongly think that it's Spain's independence when really their independence day is September 16, 1810. Many people find Cinco de Mayo as only having fun and dance. Cinco de Mayo is now mostly Chicano rather than a Mexican holiday.

*Written by
Beth Daniels*



Summer

Independence

Fireworks fly in the pitch black
July sky
Children watch in wonder
Adults sip their beer
Where do we go from here?
Baseball games
Apple pie
Traditions we made

Flags blow in the wind
Freedom rings
Liberty, justice, equality
Fireworks fly in the pitch black
July sky
Grand finale

By: Justin Patten

I Sit Here

I sit here thinking of a world with no crime.
I sit here thinking of a world where everyone
has peace of mind.
I sit here thinking of the years that have gone by.
I sit here thinking of the question--Why?
I sit here thinking of the sorrow and pain.
I sit here thinking of my own shame.
I set here thinking of the loved ones gone.
I sit here thinking of the lost ones found.
I sit here thinking--What's the point?
I sit here thinking--How can I get out of this joint?
I sit here thinking about what is to come.
I sit here thinking--What will be done?
I sit here thinking--Which way will I go?
I sit here knowing GOD's holy flow.

By: Karen Strickland

July Breeze

I love climbing to the top of this hill, with your warm arms around me. Protecting me from the cool July breeze. My heart is so filled with excitement, the fireworks are about to begin.

As the sky grows deeper, and more stars begin to shine, you hold me tighter as if protecting me from the dark. I can sense the excitement being emitted from the crowd as I hear the orchestra play in the background.

It feels like we're in a bubble, watching all the young married couples run after their children who are so excited they can't sit still.

What if it was us?

What if they were our children?

As the final composition comes to an end, everyone prepares themselves for the few moments of beauty. We look at each other and without direction we lie on the big red blanket and look at the sky.

I can feel the corner of your shirt collar touching the back of my neck. Combined with the cool July air I feel a sense of security.

Suddenly, the fireworks begin, and a rainbow of beauty endows the sky. Each bead of color representing an emotion exploding deep within my heart. The colors get brighter and brighter, entertaining our every moment. I'm so lucky to share such an exciting moment with you. With every burst of color my heart swells with more emotion.

As the grand finale plays on and the final moments of excitement subside, the crows go silent.

"Matt?"

"Yea!?"

"I love you."

Holly Hodorowski

Another Metaphor Poem

Life
is a wrestling match.
Sometimes you're up.
Sometimes you're down.

When you win,
you feel good.
When you lose,
you feel bad.

There is a referee
to make sure you
play by the rules.

Just as in life
there are people
to make sure
you play by the
RULES!

Chris
Slatho

La Tomatina

Since 1944, each year on the last Wednesday of August in the little town of Bunol, between 11:00 a.m. until 1:00 p.m. in Eastern Spain, people flock for the tomato war called the *Tomatina*. They do this kind of thing "Just for the heck of it." It is a lot of fun. If planning on going, the rule is simple: Come dressed to wear tomato juice!! Throw them at anyone on the street. Have fun . . .

By TomTippins

"L'Heure Mainteneux"

Trapped within
Stuck for long
Confused and depressed
Help!
Where to go
What to do
Who to turn to
Make the call
Speak out
She will listen
Seize the moment
Now!
Return sorrow to joy
Live once more
Don't waste time
Go for it
Live, Learn, Love
Ask and receive
Understand!
Start again
Take the advice
Love it
Go!
The hour is now!

"Upward Bound"

Upward bound is
making new
friends and having fun.
It's an experience that helps
everyone who attends.
Upward Bound is taking on
responsibilities and challenges we
never would before.
Upward Bound is a place to
learn and to grow.

By: Anilla Davy

Star

High in the sky
Above my head,
I see the star
the one that shines so bright,
I see my love,
but I don't know who he is,
He is beautiful
as my Lord and Savior
Deep in my heart
I hear, "I love you"
unless I'm dreaming,
I must repeat, "I'm not."
"I'm not, I'm not, I'm not."
Now the star is closer
and I feel tense,
my heart burns from within,
because he is older,
he doesn't see me as his star,
he'll probably blow me away
when he finds out . . .

T/C Life

For six weeks we live with the T/Cs.
For six weeks they look out for you and me.
Albie may sleep like sleeping beauty,
But there is no fooling him when he is on duty.
Sara is the type that never boasts,
She tried to get rid of our ghosts.
Matt can be a real loon,
But he uses his entire head to blow up a balloon.
Kris's motto may be "No Deposit, No Return,"
But when it comes down to it she tries to give
everyone a turn.
Beeb is really hospitable,
Last year she took me to the hospital.
Poffy plays the drums,
But she never treats us like bums.
Maggie helps with the Honor Code,
She really puts them in the mode.
Last but not least there is Chuck,
What is left to say but ladies and gentlemen *Ryan Flynn*
here is Chuck the Duck.

Top 10 Reasons to Return to VB Next Year

10. Milk, Milk, Milk . . . and more swished Milk
9. Limit of only 1,000,000 people for lunch
8. Beeb (nuff' said)
7. The Kozicki god might be back
6. More free time
5. Nap time becomes a Special Interest Class
4. Stipend
3. A/C in dorms (we wish)
2. Maybe Maggie will wake up???
1. 1,000,000,000 roaches can't be wrong!

New Faces

Last summer I came here,
I approached the summer with much fear.
I saw a lot of new faces,
And all would become best friends.

Most of the T/Cs are back,
They want to make sure that we don't slack.
This year Kris is new,
She turned out to be pretty cool.

Ed, Brian, Ashley, Alicia, Chuck, Jana, Aurilla,
Faith, Nichole, Brent, and Ryan
Back this year like the family that we are.
We hope to have our family grow this year,
And together we will reach for the stars.

A lot of new faces that I got to know,
Much like me, they are always on the go.
A year ago I was where they were
Back then everything was a blur.

I know they probably want to scream and yell,
If I can, I want to help.
For six weeks we live together,
We might become friends with one another.

Ryan Flynn



Fall

Found Poem

Words taken from *A Wrinkle in Time* by Madeleine L'Engle

standing on a hill,
it could be a hill on earth.
familiar trees: birches, pines, maples.
warmer than when they left the
apple orchard.
autumnal touch; the air,
several trees with reddened leaves,
sumac.
patch of golden rod-like flowers.
looked down the hill,
smokestacks of a town.

By: Godi Lampman

In the midst of our cities
There are people who are trying to survive
Their homes are of cardboard
That line up the street
Their nights appear restless
They have nothing to eat
They ask only for some change
But we just don't hear
They plead for our help
We pretend they aren't there
We don't answer their cry
Ignorant to the fact
Trapped in this world waiting to die
We still turn our backs.

By
Leanne Long

You're All Alone

You left me all by myself,
You knew I had nobody else.
I cry myself to sleep at night,
Missing your arms holding me tight.
I'm all alone.

I dreamt we'd always be together.
You know I'll remember this forever.
How could I forget the times we shared,
But you know I always thought you cared.
I'm all alone.

I sit alone in my empty room,
Wondering if you'll be back any time soon.
You left an imprint on my heart,
If it were up to me we would never part.
I'm all alone.

Haunting memories fill my mind,
Oh, how they hurt me so deep inside.
What you did really hurt,
I should have known because you were always
a flirt.

I knew someday the time would come,
When you would leave for another one.
I'm all alone.

I hope you're happy for the pain you've
left behind
I only hope that when you hear this you'll
once again be mine.
I realize you know who I'm speaking of,
For you knew you were the only man I've
ever loved.
I'm all alone.

If knowledge, not love, were the key,
Where exactly would our relationship be?
Our love for each other would no longer
be poor,
For I would not be overcome by lust.
I'm all alone.

I would finally realize who you really were,
A user, an abuser, and further more,
You know, and I know, who would be
out the door.
You'd be the one all by yourself,
You'd be the one without anyone else!
Now you're all alone.

"Faites le hasard a voulu que"

Look into yourself and find the truth.
For I know you won't regret it.
Hear that internal voice deep within,
And act upon it.
Make the move that could change tomorrow.
Shortly you will see a change in your spirit.
Live everyday to its fullest.
Let your venture turn into fortune.
But how will you know 'till you try.
Who knows?
Why not?
Grab the opportunity.
Try it out.
What is to lose?
What is to gain?
Follow your heart.
Please understand.
Give it a chance.

All this turmoil in my head
Makes me wish that I were dead
Nothing's the same as in the past
Only wishes seem to last
Something old and something new
All has left my soul untrue
Living in my private hell
If you're looking you can't tell
Only seeing darkness and fright
Leaving me to dread each night
Same old horrors in my sleep
Have left my depression far too deep
Try to reach me if you dare
For then I'll know that you care.

Jana VanderMark
Written: July 1, 1997

Presence of Malevolence

He speaks to me in the night.
Black as nothing, dark as fright.
Howling quietly at the moon.
Maybe this will change your tune.
Silently wandering your halls and rooms,
Dropping nothing, sounding booms.
Opening, closing, torture sweet,
Don't tell me that you have him beat.
His icy fingers caress your face,
Taking you to another place.
What has he done, what misgiven deed,
Leaving his ghostly heart to bleed?
Don't tell him you love him or that you care,
He'll never leave, so please don't you dare.

Jana VanderMark

Dear God

So many questions!
Do we go to hell?
how long?

those loved,
where are they?
in heaven?

do they hear me?

I try my best, I do not always
succeed.

I hope when I die sin will not
overcome goodness;

I'm not the best Christian.

I hope you love my faults and . . .
success.

Jodi Hampman

Omnipotent Reassurance

I cannot answer all your questions;
there would be no mystery.
Your loved ones can hear you;
even if you feel no one cares,
no one is there for you,
I am!

I love you for your faults,
failures,
goodness,
success.

Realize what is important
ask forgiveness.

Jodi Hampman



How Do I Know?

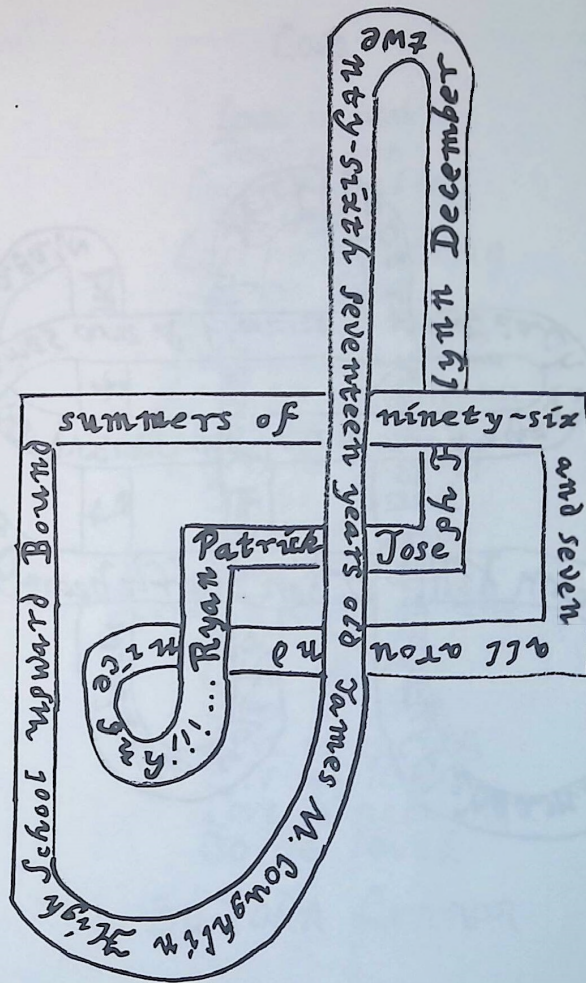
How do I know the sun is shining?
How do I know?
How do I know people from insects?
How do I know?
How do I know hot from cold?
How do I know?
How do I know people care?
Because I know!

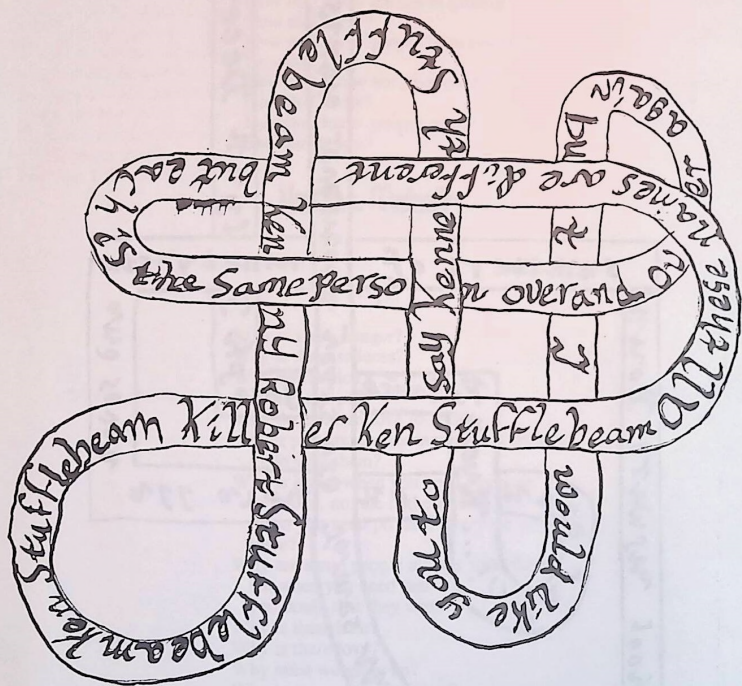
Horner Metcalf

Why?

Why is there hunger?
Why is there sadness?
Why do the rich
Criticize the poor
Why do children love to be like
their parents, but teenagers want nothing
to do with them?
Why is it that when you need someone
to talk to, no one is there; but
when you need privacy, everyone is
there?
Why are some people always right there,
but when you need them
you doubt that they care.
Why is there hate?
Why is there love?
Why must we grow up?
Why is money so important?
Why don't we have one language
that everyone can speak?

By
Leanne Long





Love

Love is real
Real is love
Love is feeling
Feeling love
Love is wanting
To be loved
Love is touch
Touch is love
Love is reaching
Reaching love
Love is asking
To be loved
Love is you
You and me
Love is know-ow-ing
We can be
Love is free
Free is love
Love is living
Living love
Love is needing
To be loved

By John Lennon

Life is made
of small comings and goings,
and for
everything a man takes
with him, there is
something he must leave behind

The Summer of '42
Herman Raucher

To laugh is to risk appearing the fool,
to weep is to risk appearing sentimental,
to reach out for another is to risk involvement,
to expose feelings is to risk exposing your
true self...to place your ideas, your dreams
before a crowd is to risk loss, to love is
to risk not being loved in return.
To live is to risk dying...to hope is to risk
despair...to try at all is the risk of failure.
But risk we must...because the greatest
hazard to life is to risk nothing...because
then we will do nothing,
be nothing...become nothing.

Anonymous



Beeb

Maggie

SAT

Poffy

Kris

RYAN

Matt



Albie

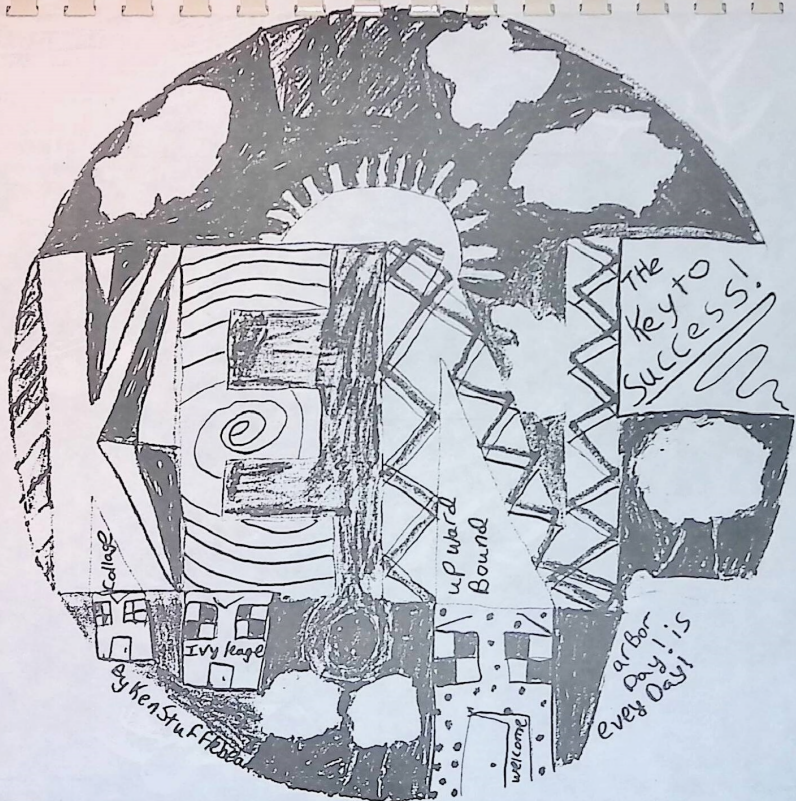


Chuck

UB



1997



The Key to Success!

upward Bound

College

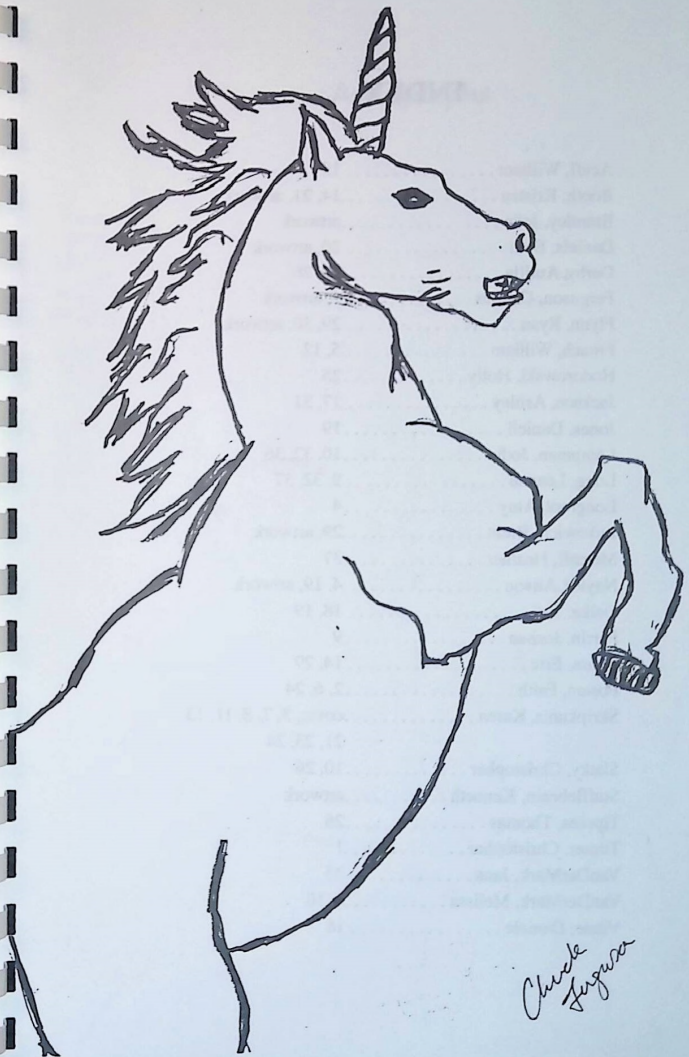
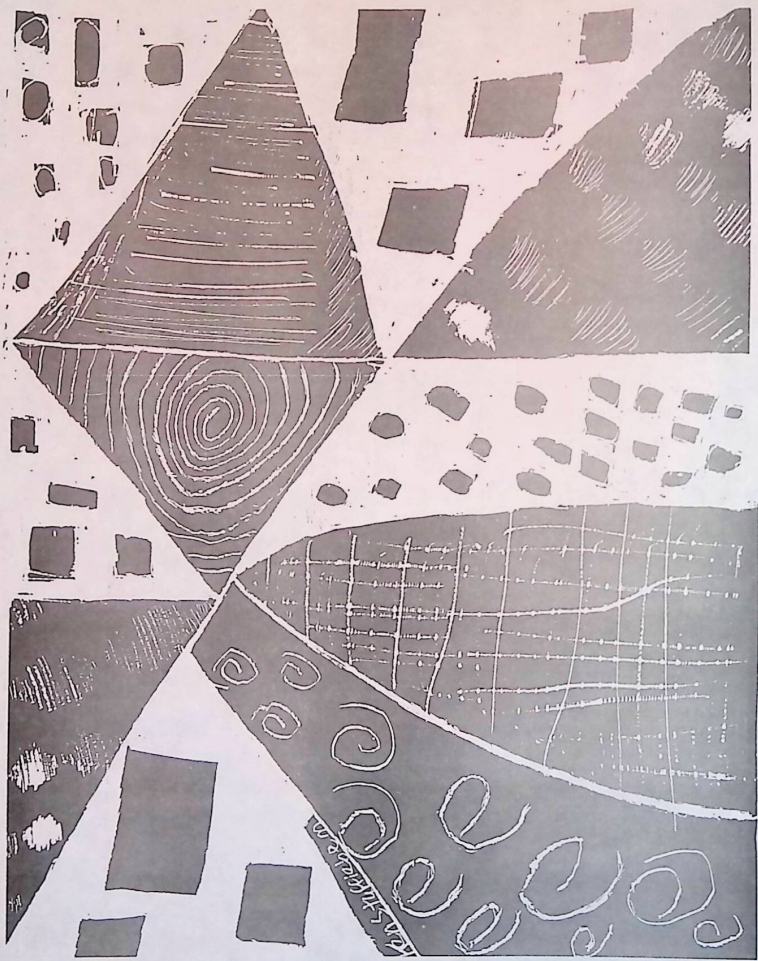
Ivy League

welcome

Arbor Day! is every Day!

By KenStu F. F. F.





Chuck
Ferguson


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
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
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Avilla Derby 

Chrissy Newell


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