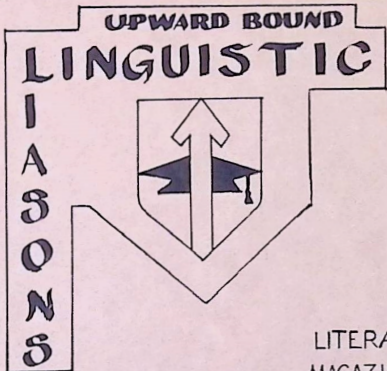
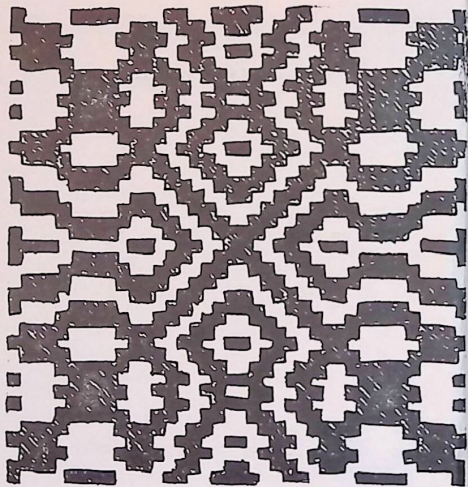


1988



LITERARY
MAGAZINE
1988

LINGUISTIC LIASONS



ORIGINAL OVERSHOT WEAVING DESIGN

-LORI DON LEVAN

THE PINK DIAMOND

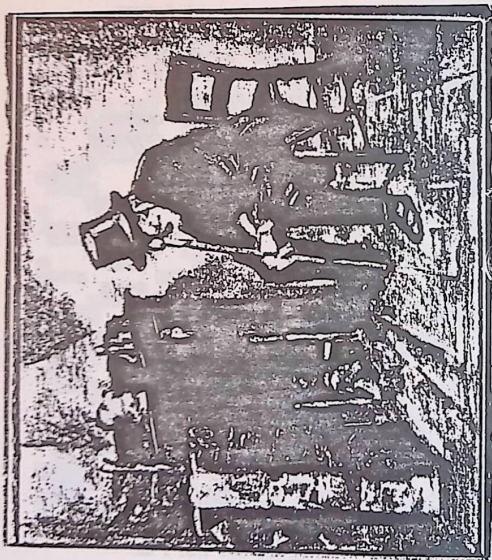
Swimming, floating, in its liquidated course, the determined pink diamond struggled in remorse. Upward, upward, its path was increased. Slowly, slowly, the diamond sparkled in its war with the elements, living in its oblique environment. This diamond is destined to live, to swim, and ultimately, to sparkle.

-Ron Stoker

INSIDE THE OYSTER

Do you know what I am?
I shine like a star,
Or a glass in a bar.
Do you know what I am?
My beautiful luster
Comes from the oyster
I live in.
Do you know what I am?

-Bill McCabe



UNCLE PESTER -Bill McCabe

THERE IS NO TIME

It was a hot summer morning in July. I was delivering my papers. I headed to Grandpa's house up the old dirt road, lined with a world of trees on each side, while birds chirped like a choir of angels. I finally reached the end of the road. There was Grandpa, sitting in his chair on the porch with his lemonade. He was a quiet old man, his skin aged, his hair white, and his bones brittle from the years he put into his farm. I handed him his paper. We both nodded as if we understood each other. We never spoke. I was too busy completing my task.

It is winter now. The dirt road is covered with the new-fallen snow. The trees are dead and the birds are gone south for the winter. Grandpa is gone now, too, just like the trees and the birds. I still pass by there and drop off a paper, trying to relieve the guilt, but it is too late. There is no time.

-Jim Gillespie



THE PINK CANDLE -Bill McCabe

THE ETERNAL LIGHT

In the courses of the heavenly bodies above, the petit light of the endless ocean is everlasting. Shining, sparkling, and reflecting, the eternal light remains, omnipresent, but oh so near to us. The light is calm, but always powerful in its movements above, but most of all, our light is here in us and always in us. For eternity our light will be in constant shining, now and forever.

-Ron Stoker

DREAMS

AS YOU AND I KNOW, WE ALL DREAM,
BUT DREAMS AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM,
IT TAKES AMBITION TO GO ALONG,
YOU MUSN'T GIVE UP, TRY AND BE STRONG.

YOU CAN DREAM TO YOUR HEART DESIRES
BUT IT'S UP TO YOU TO TAKE THAT HIGHER,
STRIVE TO BE WHAT YOU WANT TO BE,
THAT'S NO LONGER A DREAM- THAT'S REALITY.

- JEN MAZUR

FRIENDS

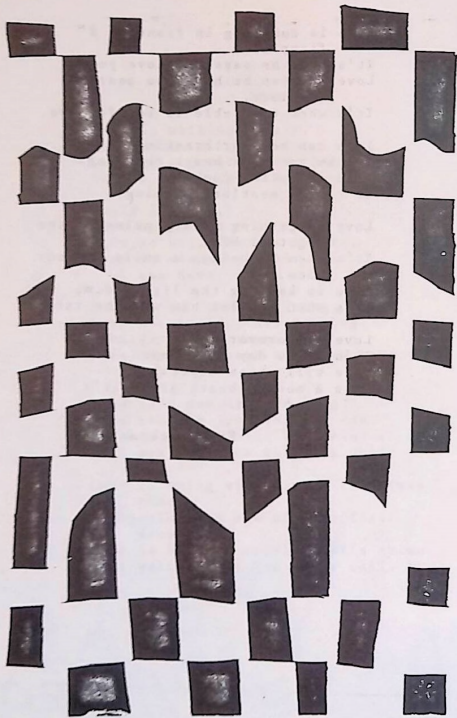
Friends forever as long as we live,
Friends who share and friends who give.
We are special friends, you see,
Just the two of us, you and me.

Remember me and the fun we had,
The trouble we got into for being bad,
The crazy things you and I have done,
It's really been a lot of fun.

-Anonymous



ABSTRACTION -Chris Zukoski



UNTITLED

There was a black stallion,
who stood tall,
with one look,
he could conquer all.

But, a white mare,
so small and meek,
captured his heart,
and left him weak.

Forever' together,
they wished it could be,
but what stopped them,
they couldn't see.

He was a black stallion,
she, a white mare,
that's what stopped love,
the color of their hair.

Stricken with sadness,
and broken hearts,
they knew they had,
to stay apart.

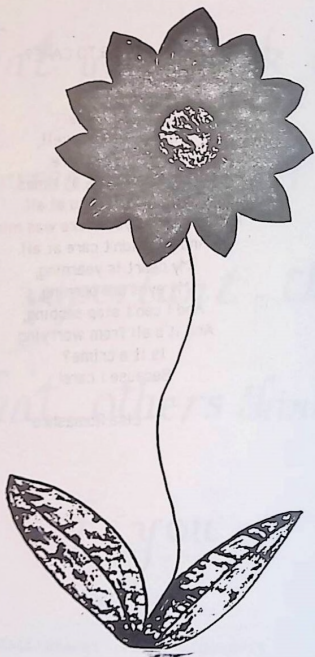
But their love grew stronger,
every day,
neither could stay away.

Finally, they met again,
with love so strong,
it could never end.

The two now,
were joined as one,
and went far away,
into the sun.

Here they are,
A stallion and a mare,
with no colors,
And no cares.

-Lisa Madden



THE FLOWER

A beautiful petal, part of a flower,
One of nature's gift's, from only one rain shower.

A song it sings of perfect scent.
The listener knows exactly what is meant .

Sometimes cruel things make them bend .
They are so delicate they won't mend .

If you pick them, their life will end,
Then forever gone is your friend.

-Kimbo

MY MOTHER

My mother is a little girl inside,
Scarred by the adult world she playacts in.
Under a store's bright glare, I noticed the
gray in her soon to be recolored hair,
The heaviness in her face,
The desperate look in her eye.
Fighting the clock, she must know she can
never win.
So I wonder what it is I fight so hard for.
I too might hurt myself in the long run.
Is happiness a possession found only by
youth?
She seems to have lost it.
People say I look just like her when she
was young.
I wonder if she acted and wanted the same
things I want now.

-Jill Bryant



GRAY PLATE -Bill McCabe

THE WHITE WARRIOR

It was a terrifying evening.
The little humble creature stood
still, waiting silently and very
patiently for its timely kill.
Waiting so silently in his white
coat above, he soars through the
sky like a warrior in flight. So
gracefully he glides, like an
eagle, with no inhabitants in the
farthest of sight. He sets forth
his destiny as the little
creature of the sky, as to go on
in life's journey avoiding all
else but to die.

-Ron Stoker

DREAMS

Did you ever wake up
Scared of something you
dreamed of?
Well these are dreams.
Some can be happy,
Others sad,
Or some are frightening,
Others joyful.
Dreams can be long
Or maybe short.
Some can be remembered,
While others you don't even
know you have.
The best thing to do,
However,
Is to tell about your dreams,
Because each and every dream
Means something.

-John Pelchar

THEFT

I once had a dream that was so relaxing I will never forget it. It was a dream about stealing. It was a dream with a lot of action, but somehow very calm.

The first thing I remember about the dream was waking up in the middle of the woods. I was lying flat on my back. I woke up seeing treetops as I was lying in the leaf-filled grass. I rolled over on my stomach and I saw a big fence with barbed wire on top of it. There were people cheering and screaming inside. It was a concert.

I walked along the fence to find a way in. After a long walk, I came to an open gate. I paid six dollars to get in and walked past the bleachers. I saw a dusty track surrounding the stage. I walked onto the track and stared at the stage, waiting for the band to come out. The band entered in on motocross motorcycles. They were all CR 500's. The lead singer almost ran me over. He stopped about twenty feet away from me and gave the bike to some woman who was pushing a stroller with a baby in it. I began to walk toward her and she began to walk the bike toward the gate. I caught up with her and asked her if I could take a ride. She said nothing and handed me the bike.

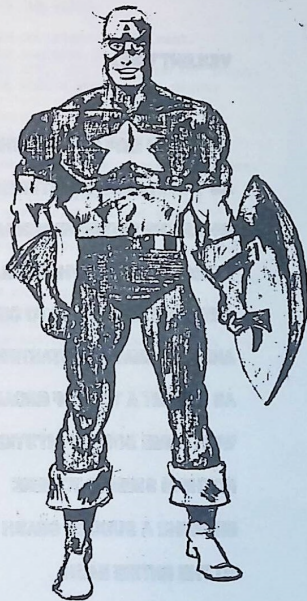
As I sat upon the beast of a motorcycle, I felt completely relaxed. I started the bike and shot out of the gate. I went into the woods to a motocross track. After about ten minutes of riding, I said to myself, nobody knows I have this bike. I could just take it home and keep it. Then I flew off the track onto the street. I began to ride to my house. As soon as I passed the first corner I realized I was being chased by the police, so I popped the bike into sixth gear and left them behind in a cloud of dust. I was going about ninety miles an hour when I hit a huge speed bump. I was flying through the air on my bike. When I was just about to smoothly land the bike on the road I woke up.

-Doug Sakoutis

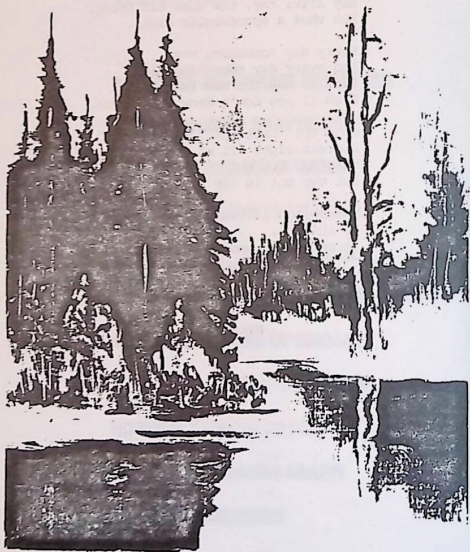
SHICKSHINNY STREETS

I WALK OUTSIDE
INTO THE NIGHTTIME STREETS
HOPING THAT ON ONE MUGS ME
OR KICKS ME WITH THEIR CLEATS.
I AM VERY BRAVE
CAUSE I WALK OUT THERE ALONE.
I KNOW I SHOULD BE CARRYING
A DINOSAUR BONE.
I'D USE IT ON THEIR BODY
AND THEN ON THEIR HEAD.
THEN I'D BEAT THEM AGAIN
JUST TO MAKE SURE THEY'RE DEAD.
I THINK I'LL GO HOME NOW
FOR I MADE IT ALIVE,
I WILL REST FOR A WHILE
UNTIL I GO BACK ON THE STREETS AT FIVE.

-Bill McCabe



CAPTAIN AMERICA -Bill McCabe



PENNSYLVANIA WILDERNESS -Bill McCabe

THE FALLING OF THE LEAVES

Blowing, tumbling, it seeks ground to rest its unique figure from the terror of the skies. In the course of its timid path he waits; he apprehends its coming, the coming of the terror. He falls, but it is here. The heavenly conflict commences as nature watches and awaits for the victor of the skies. After this fight of the skies, nature looks again patiently for the falling of the leaves.

-Ron Stoker

WINTER

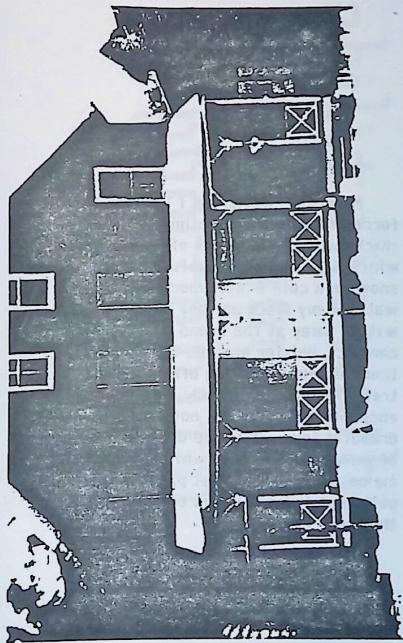
Slowly, gently, subtly, the cottonlike
flakes cooled the warm earth.
They came down ever so gently, as if
in slow motion.
The flakes clung desperately to the
desolate trees.
Soon it started grasping at the now
cooled earth.

It was as if a huge blanket from above
was placed on the earth.
Swanlike drifts appeared every now
and then.
Everything was so peaceful, as though
time were standing still.
Suddenly, without warning, a bird flew
on the branch of a tree.

The silence was broken.

For now...

-Kris Jackson



WINTER HOUSE -Tim Croughn

The March

Marching, watching, I led my forces to battle. The climate thickened with showers of metal, which kept falling gracefully, like snow on a cold winter morning. I watched my flock as they began to wither away at the sound of the conflict, but for myself, I regarded them as leaves falling off an autumn tree. Through the bloody contest I encountered a feeling, not of dreadful fear nor frigid despair, but of inflaming courage, which spurred me on, to march on that path, that path that led my leaves to fall from the tree.

-Ron Stoker

ability is nothing
without
opportunity

CALLIGRAPHY -Phuong Ngu

UNTITLED

Look out your eyes.
See and you shall be wise.
There are skies of blue
And clouds of white.

Babies are crying
And children are trying.
Flowers are for real.
Their world is full of wonder.
Rocks are big and small.
They help make up your wall.

Adults are forthright.
They do this with all their might.
Smiles are hidden,
And frowns they do replace.

Take the advice of the young,
And your heart shall be sprung.
Smiles and hugs should be given,
And the wall will be knocked down.

-Chris Zukoski

THE LONELY ONE

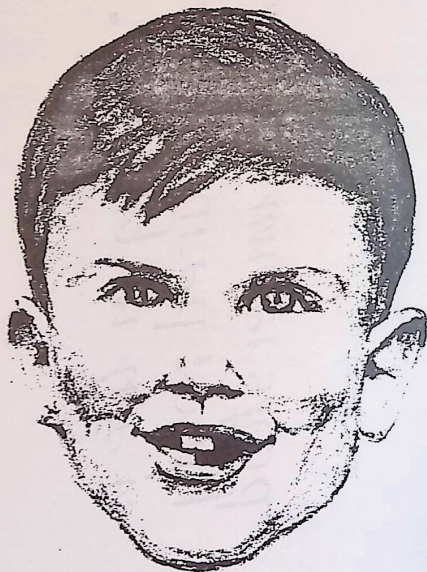
I found a child off the street,
Not the nicest person to meet.
Straggly clothes and dirty long hair,
But all she lacked was someone to care.

She was shy, wouldn't talk,
Neglected, she couldn't walk.
All alone in this lonely world,
But she really was a sweet girl.

Then I brought her to my place,
I started by washing her tiny face.
I gave her new clothes to wear,
Cleaned her up and fixed her hair.

I picked her up gently, holding her head,
I placed her in the center of my bed.
She's so cute and so very small,
But she'll always be my favorite doll.

-Jen Mazur



LITTLE BRAT -Bill McCabe

UNTITLED

Children are hurried,
Told that feelings should be buried.
Smiles should be saved,
So that friendships won't be paved.

Stress poured on by the ton,
So scholarships can be won.
Children pitted against one another,
Whether their sister or their brother.

Parents saying go all the way,
And make sure you don't go astray.
They take away your play,
Which is day after day.

Giggles are replaced by tears,
Forever now children have fears.
Goodbye to youth and their thought.
Hello to future and what it brought.

-Chris Zukoski

TENNIS

It is sometimes called sport of
the pro,
Players on court, always on the go.

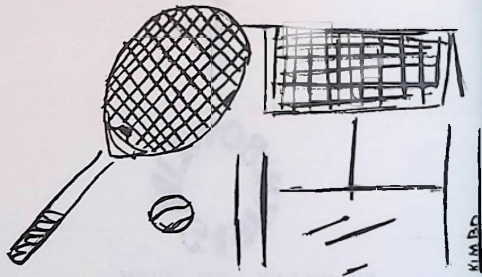
There's women's, mens', singles, double,
Only one side, at the end, in trouble.

In England, it is the largest bet
To see who wins "Battle of the Net."

The winners stand proud, and also fall,
But losers win as they take all.

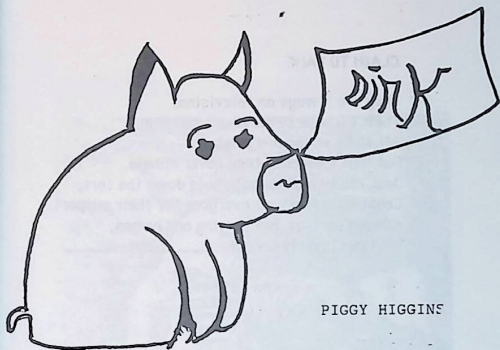
The best part is at the end,
When rivalries become one friend.

-Kimbo



42.

TENNIS RACKET -Kim Kalinas



PIGGY HIGGINS

-Kim Kalinas

This is the left over piggy
The very last one named Twiggy.
His last name was Higgins
The more he ate he was biggins
He lived on a big farm
He did absolutely no harm
when one day in need, farmer Bork
turned little Twiggy into PORK

by: Kimbo

43.

CLAIM TO FAME

They are always on television,
Their purpose to serve one mission.
All alone without a jingle,
But that's because they never mingle.
Just the two of them to hold down the fort,
Constantly thanking everyone for their support.
Always serious, not playing any games,
Well don't you know its _____ and _____

-Kim Kalinas

FUN TO POKE AT COKE

A man? with a voice so sonic,
Yet so distinct, so electronic.
In a plastic suit he's seen,
Flashing diagonal against his screen.
He doesn't appear to be so sound,
Not so tightly to be bound.
Clues of this are his strange background.
And most important, last of all,
He's just head and shoulders, sits so tall.
Finally announcing with a stuttering boom,
That he is quite sure he is _____

-Kimbo



THE AFRICAN CAR -Bill McCabe

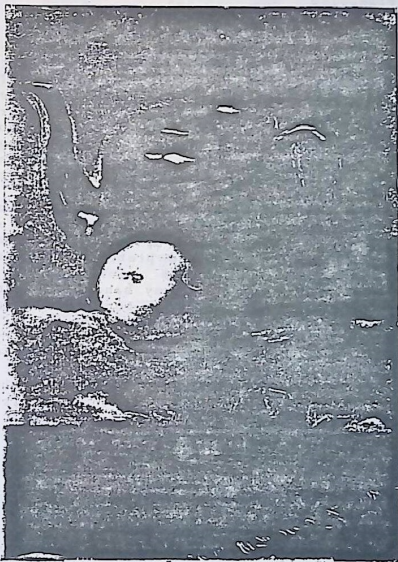
CHANGES

There was a wise man.
He came to the Well of Souls.
There he found great joy but
some hurt in mingling with the souls.
He changed for the better.

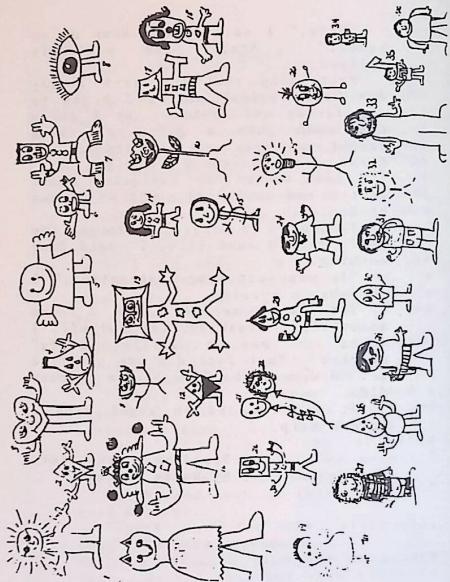
There was a shy but smart girl.
She came to the Well of Souls.
There she found great happiness
in writing which the souls
had shown her.
She lived forever.

There was a great man who came
to the Well of Souls.
He found how to be a great leader
while at the same time have
loving subordinates.
He left King.

-Bill Specht



ORANGE TEA -Bill McCabe



CHRIS'S CHARACTERS -Chris Zukoski

Can you guess who is who?

THE HUMBLE GIANT

There in the village stood a man named Paul. Here his humility reigned as the day of the active setting commenced. In the midst of the proud assembly stood the humble giant, standing fast to help and assist, but to counsel in his own unique quiet way. Here stood the humble giant, here in th village to stay.

-Ron Stoker

KIM

Kim is a person with many moods. She is a tired and quiet person in high school but a very lively girl that laughs at almost everything. She is always a friend to those who treat her like a friend.

She is always down to earth and cares a lot for other people. She is not very big but that saying is true about her. It says that good things come in small packages. She always takes the abuse off other people but she still keeps going on.

There are many people that are her friends while there are very few people - you can count them on one hand - who dislike her. She is not a genius, but is far from stupid.

So as you can see, this person is a very beautiful person to have around. She has all the emotion and intelligence that are needed to make life enjoyable. So don't pick on little people because they play a very special part in people's lives.

-John Pelchar

JOHN

John is very unique.
He has a cute little physique.

He's a fun kind of guy,
And that's no lie.
Even though he's shy,
He's sweet as a pie.

That's because...
John is very unique and
He has a cute little physique.

He likes to bowl,
That's no bull.

That's because...
John is very unique and
He has a cute little physique.

Every morning, rain or shine,
You can count on John's smile
As he goes that extra mile
To give you your paper.
Then he starts on his way
Until the next day.

That's because...
John is very unique and
He has a cute little physique.

-Sherri Marabell

SHERRI
IF YOU LOOK A LITTLE YOU WILL FIND
THAT UNDERNEATH, SHE IS VERY KIND.

SO LARGE IS HER HEART,
ALONG WITH COMMON SENSE, SHE IS SMART.

HER HEART, MEANT NEVER TO CONCEAL,
YOU'LL SEE THE HAPPINESS SHE WILL ALWAYS FEEL.

ABOUT HER PERSONALITY,
ONE QUALITY COULD BE HER CONGENIALITY.

ANY PROBLEM YOU HAVE, SHE'LL DEFEND
AS YOUR FRIEND, UNTIL THE END.

- KIM KALINAS

DOUG

The name Doug,
Who is like a dark stream,
Keeps on running through a dark forest.
It seems as though he goes on forever,
Flowing and flowing.
The water sounds like a breeze
On a cool day.
But what is this?
The water is stopping.
It seems as though something is
Holding it back.
But there is no fear.
Someone will come and save
The dark stream and keep
Its water running forever.

-Anonymus

ANSWERS TO CHRIS'S CHARACTERS

1. Mario Maffei
2. Kristen Valdez
3. Connie Gray
4. Angel Kreidler
5. Mike Jablonski
6. Dan Trotta
7. Tom Coslosky
8. Lisa Romashko
9. Doug Sakoutis
10. Chris Zukoski
11. Bill Jones
12. Krisann Jackson
13. Chet Koprowski
14. Carla Karpinski
15. Mary Dempsey
16. Mary Jean Baird
17. Jen Mazur
18. Ruth O'Donnell
19. Jill Bryant
20. Jennifer Ventrella
21. Bill Specht
22. Toni Fasset
23. Paul Farber
24. Bill McCabe
25. Lisa Lanteigne
26. Duffy Whitmer
27. Lyann Glowacki
28. Sherri Marabell
29. Matt Mros
30. Kim Kalinas
31. Angie Mazaika
32. Lisa Madden
33. Tim Shamp
34. Tim Croughn
35. Patti Monroe
36. Bert Pryce

FRIENDS

Friends are happy
when you are happy.

Friends are sad
when you are sad.

There are so many ways
to tell you when you make my day

You're a real good friend
right up to the end.

If I had to choose a friend
all over again

There is no contest,
You're the best.

-Lisa Romashko
Dedicated to Chris Zukoski
Thanks

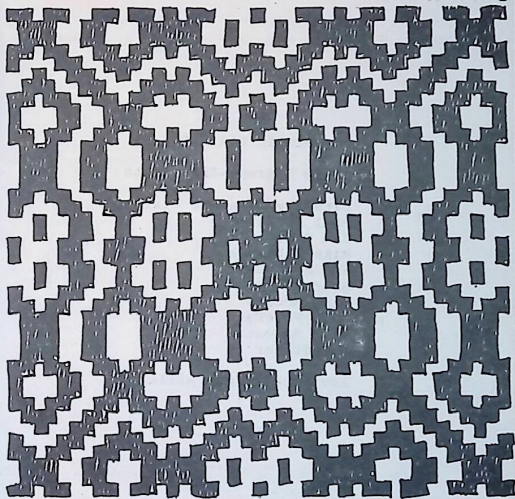
LAST WORDS

Please, don't think of this as the end.

I would like to keep you as a friend.

What we have will last forever,
Because friendship
Is a treasure.

-Doreen Miklich



ORIGINAL OVERSHOT WEAVING DESIGN
- LORI DON LEVAN

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Title Concept-Eric Smith

Literary Magazine Staff:

Paul Farber
Jim Gillespie
Mike Jablonski
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Advisor-Darlene Miller

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