

Wilkes University
UPWARD BOUND
25TH ANNIVERSARY

Literary Anthology



Semantic Sojourn

SIX WEEKS

Six weeks? I'll never make
it that long. I'm coming
home tomorrow I tell you!!

Oh. Good! A weekend, a
chance to see my friends!
Time to start another week.

Mom's here to visit me! Can
my new friends come with us?

You know this activity isn't
as bad as I thought it was.
Can we do this into free
time?

Christmas week, how stupid!
I got another note today.
It made me smile.

Only one more week. That's
still a little ways off.

Oh, oh, exchanging presents.
Five days left!

Celebration of Achievement.
boy it came fast. Time to
say "Bye." I wish it would
never end.

Chris Zukoski
1989



A YEAR TO REMEMBER

*JANUARY BRINGS US SNOW SO WHITE,
IT LOOKS SO PEACEFUL DAY AND NIGHT,*

*FEBRUARY BRINGS US NICE RED HEARTS,
IN HOPES THAT WE WILL NEVER PART.*

*MARCH BRINGS WINDS SO COOL AND CRISP,
IT BLOWS YOUR HAIR 'TILL IT'S A WISP.*

APRIL ALSO MANY FUN-FILLED HOURS,

*MAY BRINGS US VERY PRETTY FLOWERS,
THEY SEEM TO FORM A LACY BOWER.*

*AND OH, SO VERY PRETTY IN JUNE,
ARE GRADUATES' ROSES IN FULL BLOOM.*

*AND IN JULY A TEMPTING LEMONADE,
TO COOL YOU IN SOME SUMMER SHADE.*

*IN AUGUST THERE ARE HUSKS OF CORN,
AND BREEZES BLOW SO BALMY AND WARM.*

*COME SEPTEMBER WE GO BACK TO SCHOOL,
AND THE WEATHER TURNS JUST A TRIFLE
COOL.*

*IN OCTOBER THERE IS A HARVEST MOON,
GHOSTS, PUMPKINS AND WITCHES ON
BROOMS.*

*IN NOVEMBER THERE IS THANKSGIVING
TURKEY,
AND OUR MOODS ARE APT TO TURN
SOMEWHAT PERKY.*

*AND WHEN WE AWAKEN TO THE JOYS OF
CHRISTMAS MORN,
WE MUST REMEMBER THAT IN BETHLEHEM
TOWN, OUR SAVIOR WAS BORN,*

*A SAVIOUR WHOSE BIRTH BROUGHT GREAT
TIDINGS AND CHEER,
AT CHRISTMAS, THE WONDERFUL TIME OF
YEAR.*

LINDA LANZONE
1967

END OF THE SUMMER

(DEDICATED TO EVERY ONE)

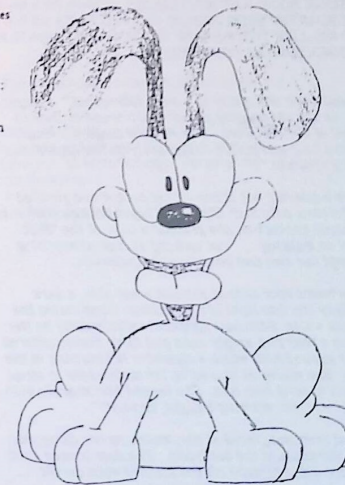
*I can't believe that this is it,
The end is really here.
Now there's only one month left
Before the next school year.*

*I think of when it all began.
No one had a clue
Of what the summer would bring
Or how many people they knew.*

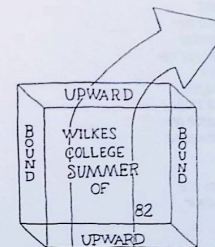
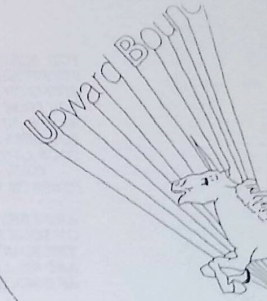
*Now all of us know everyone
And for one, I'm glad
That I have all my memories
Of all the fun we had.*

*I know that I will miss
Everyone in Miner Hall
But here's a happy thought:
We'll meet again this fall!*

Tammy Wortman
1992



'Odie' - Sara Malesnes



ANOTHER VIEW

YOU SLEEP.
STRETCHED ACROSS THE FLOOR ON YOUR
STOMACH LIKE A BEAR RUG.
YOU LOOK SO INNOCENT AS A BLONDE CURL
HANGS OUT OF THE COLLAR OF YOUR JACKET.
YOU BREATHE SOFTLY.
YOUR LIPS PARTED SLIGHTLY
... YOUR ARMS FOLDED
BENEATH YOUR CHIN.

AND THEN I SEE THE CHAIN
ON YOUR BOOT, AND RECOGNIZE
THE SCAR ON YOUR CHEEK
AND REALIZE YOU'RE NOT
AS INNOCENT AS YOU SEEM.

"The landscape of the city is purely fabricated," thought
Racine, as she sat pegging pigeons with bread crumbs in
the midst of Central Park. She ran her fingers through
her raven hair and puffed indignantly on her cigarette.
"It's all a charade."

She drew a quarter out of her jacket pocket and strolled
out of the park onto 81st Street. Plugging the quarter into
a newspaper venderbox, she grabbed a copy of the "Post"
and kept on walking... not looking at it or at anything
else except her own feet pounding the sidewalk.

Her apartment door opened without a key into a dark
room. Only the dim light of a television illuminated the
four bleak walls. Mitchell sprawled indifferently on the
floor like a bear rug, empty cans and dirty dishes littered
the floor around him, while a cigarette lay burning in the
ashtray. She stared at him as he lay motionless in sleep,
and began to bend over him. She tapped him sharply with
her foot, "Are you working tonight, or what?"

He rolled over and glared at her, watching her disappear
into the darkness of the bathroom. The door banged shut.
He jadedly lifted himself off the stained worn carpet...

She came out after Mitchell had left and flopped on the
unmade studio couch. "Crud..." she moaned, and
removed Mitchell's jean jacket out from underneath her.
"What a grime..." She took another look at the jacket
and realized it wasn't Mitchell's. "Crud..." She sat up
and look again. She fumbled curiously through the
pockets, removing gum wrappers, miscellaneous paper
scraps and their address scribbled on the back of a ticket
stub. She flipped the jacket around and found a name on
the collar. "Who the ___ is S. Sherman?" She demanded
from an empty room.

She sat in the kitchen, the red glow of her cigarette the
only light in the apartment. Mitchell closed the door
softly

softly behind him and made his way to the bathroom. She
knew he'd returned, but was too involved with gathering
her thoughts. A moment later he stared at her from the
bathroom doorway.

"You're too quiet tonight, what's eatin' you?"

"C'mere," she said clearing her throat. He sighed and
trudged into the cramped room.
"What?" he said irritated by the tone of her voice.

"Nice jacket," she said, yanking it out from under the
table. "Wanna tell me who S. Sherman is?" She got up and
threw the jacket at him. "What's it this time, Sandy or
Stanley?"

"What is this, The Grand Inquisition or something?" he
erupted.

"I don't need to inquire, Baby... See ya later..." She
picked up her bags and walked out. She sat in Central
Park, pelting pigeons with bread crumbs, cursing the
darkness as it started to rain.

Eddie Lupico & Janine Hyde
1985





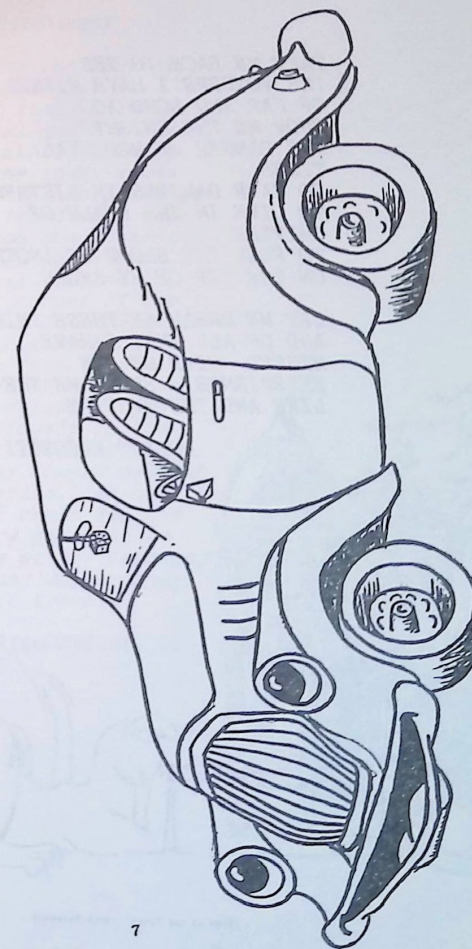
THE PROJECT'S OVER . . . THE SIX-WEEK EXPERIMENTAL STAGE OF A PROGRAM DESIGNED TO DIRECT TOWARDS COLLEGE YOUNG PEOPLE WITH HIGH POTENTIAL AND QUESTIONABLE MOTIVATION. INSTILLING MOTIVATION IN FIFTY MINDS IS NO SMALL GOAL. PROJECT UPWARD BOUND HAS SO FAR BEEN FRAUGHT WITH SOME MEASURE OF ACADEMIC EMPHASIS, PERSONAL COUNSELING AND A TASTE OF THE SOCIAL ASPECTS OF WILKES COLLEGE.

A CONGENIAL ATMOSPHERE OF FLEXIBLE SEMINARS, PERIODIC INDIVIDUAL GUIDANCE AND THE CAMARADERIE OF DORMITORY LIFE HAS BEEN THE APPROACH USED BY TEACHERS AND COUNSELORS TO AID STUDENTS IN ADJUSTING TO THE BASIC REALITY OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

THE TECHNIQUE, WHILE AS YET UNTESTED BY THE RIGORS OF THE COMING SCHOOL YEARS, AT VERY LEAST PROVES THAT SOME PORTION OF SOCIETY CARES ABOUT THE PROJECT MEMBERS. THIS IS MADE PERSONALLY MEANINGFUL BY THE EVIDENT CONCERN OF BOTH COUNSELORS AND TEACHERS.

A QUESTION OF ASSISTANCE IN THE COURSE OF ACADEMIC SUCCESS IS THUS ANSWERED BY PROJECT UPWARD BOUND. THE REMAINING QUESTION BECOMES CRUCIAL: ARE THE STUDENTS INVOLVED IN THE PROGRAM WILLING TO NOT ONLY ACCEPT BUT ALSO TO GRASP THE OPPORTUNITY BEFORE THEM? THE INDIVIDUAL'S DECISION POSES THE CRUX OF THE PROBLEM OF MOTIVATION.

1967



M. B. B.

TAKE ME BACK TO SEE
THE WONDERS I HAVE MISSED,
OF FAR AND LONG AGO.
SHOW ME THE KNIGHTS,
THE DANGER OF MEDIEVAL
TIMES.
TO SAVE DAMSELS-IN-DISTRESS.
TO LIVE IN THE REALM OF
CHIVALRY.
TO FEEL THE BLOOD OF ANOTHER
ON THE TIP OF MY SWORD.

LET ME DREAM OF THESE THINGS
AND OF ALL THAT I HAVE
MISSED. GIVE ME THE
EXPERIENCE. BRING ME THE
LIFE AND THE MYSTERY.

ROBERT PASSETTI
1992

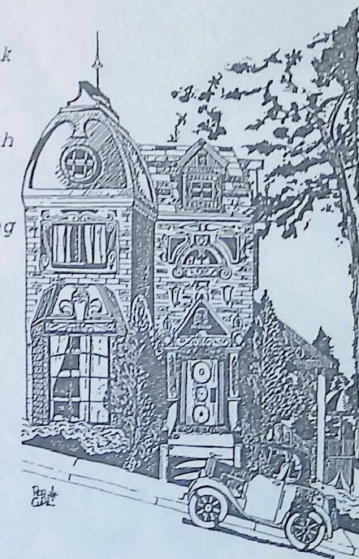


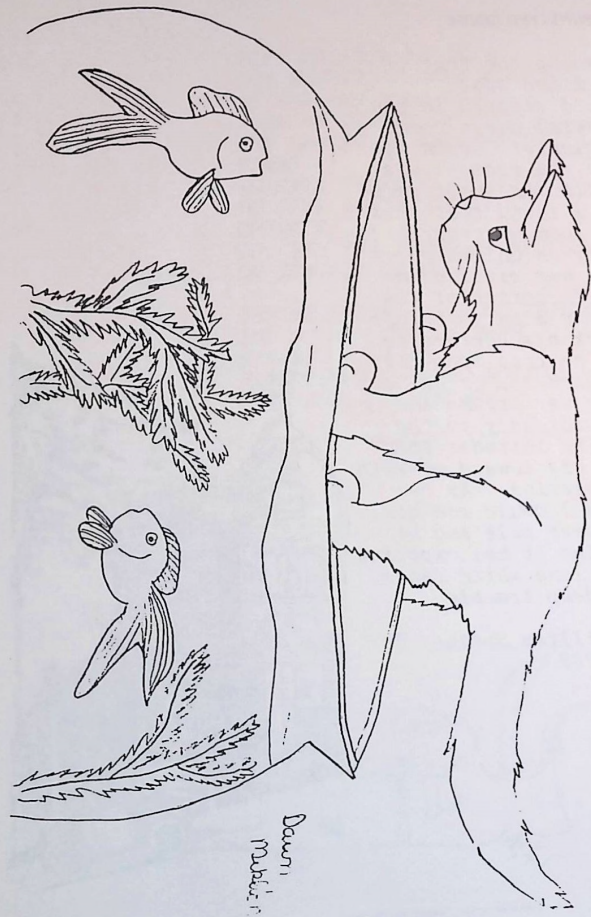
"Sign of the Times" - Sara Malkenes

THE UNINVITED GUEST

Finishing the tour of the house I had just purchased, I stopped in one of the several guest rooms to get a blanket. Upon my entry into the room, I was greeted with the surprise of my life. I found that this dimly lit room was currently occupied by an uninvited guest! He was sitting in the far left corner of the room petting a cat. Before I could ask his business in my house, he rose from his seat, twisted the cat's neck all of the way around and threw it viciously to the ground. The intruder then began his way toward me with his eyes glaring. As he approached I could see his skin was very pale and he was sneering at me, exposing a pair of long white fangs. I was in deep trouble.

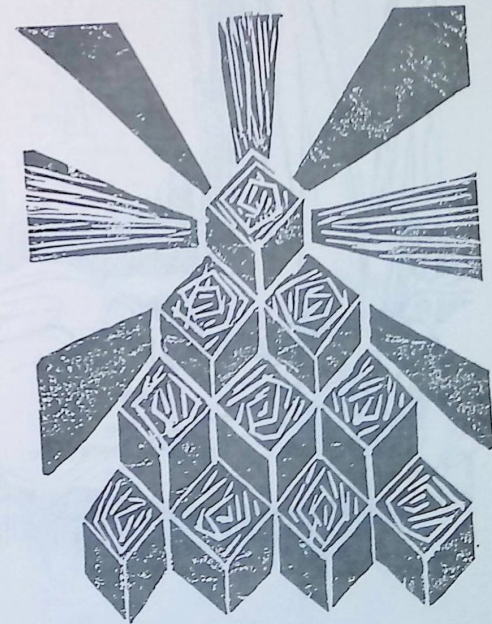
William Specht, Jr.
1989





As the elevator door at the hospital opens it reveals a woman about forty-five years old. She looks very tired and disheveled. Her blouse is untucked and she has bags under her eyes. I notice that she's been crying. Her face is tear-stained and her eyes appear very red. As she steps out her lower lip is trembling and she lowers her head and continues down the hall.

*Margaret Gilgallon
1991*





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TO: NORM

FROM: THE LITERARY CRW

WHAT AM I?
I could be black
Or maybe red. I am
In a bag, usually with
Shoes. I can come in numbers
And even colors. I am
Different than all the
Others, except I have
Three holes like the others
Of my type. I have one
Goal and that is to knock
Down ten white pieces of
Wood. The more I knock down
The better I look. I could
Earn you a lot of money, or
Even a little, and even
Prestige, if you use me
Right.
So what am I?

John Pelchar
1988



13

CAPTAIN AMERICA

She is hospitalized
 My friend is,
 in the pediatrics ward
 A funny place to put
 someone who is a teenager
 She complains that the babies there
 cry too much
 And every time she hears a wheel-
 chair squeak
 She thinks they are coming
 to take her to the lab for more tests
 No one will tell her what is wrong
 or what the tests are for.
 The pain scares her
 But not knowing scares her
 even more
 I visited her one day
 the food is not pleasing to the eye
 or to the palate as she says.
 The funny mushy jello made me
 laugh
 I said "It is terrible here in this
 place."
 She said "You don't know the half."
 I tried to cheer her up.
 I hoped it worked.

I can imagine how it feels
 to have to sit in bed
 day after day.
 It's terribly boring
 and can drive you to want to
 scream.
 They call it rest--but it saps your
 strength.
 You get weak and pale
 like a flower put in a dark place.

So here I am writing all about it
 Because lately I am in
 these poem writing moods.
 My sister would say--"Nothing
 here rhymes, you blockhead.
 But ah, my sister, poetry is more
 than rhyme.
 It is meaning, It is feeling
 It is telling a story
 Or maybe just abstract thoughts
 Put on paper, for a record
 to look back on someday,
 and remember the way we were.
 Anita Zurinski --1987

14

'Never say Goodbye'

A mother anticipates
 the first words of her
 child. The child crawls
 across the floor into her
 arms, saying his first
 word, "Bye-bye." Those
 arms being his only
 source of protection and
 strength. Why do
 children later in life
 run away from the arms
 they once clung to?
 Parents raise and nurture
 their child into a mature
 being with his own
 ideals, aspirations and
 dreams... A mature being
 that will soon step out
 into the cruel world,
 turn around and say,
 "Good-bye."

Amy Zukoski
 1990



LITTLE BRAT -Bill McCabe

A JOURNEY
 OF A
 THOUSAND
 MILES
 BEGINS WITH
 A SINGLE 子
 STEP - CONFUCIUS

CALLIGRAPHY BY: TUE NGU

THE WALL
 NO ONE CAN BREAK THE BARRIER
 I HAVE BUILT
 IT IS MADE OF TEARS
 REINFORCED BY GUILT
 NOT THE MIGHTIEST MAN
 OR MOST INNOCENT BOY
 CAN TEAR THE WALL DOWN
 IT WILL NOT DESTROY
 TIME MAKES IT PERMANENT
 PAIN MAKES IT LONG
 LIES MAKE IT TALL
 EMOTIONS MAKE IT STRONG
 NOT EVEN LOVE ITSELF
 CAN PENETRATE THIS WALL
 ITS BROKEN, EMPTY PROMISES
 KEEP IT FROM A FALL

LISA MADDEN
 1988



20th Anniversary



A POEM ON
BETSY FULTON'S
'STUDIES OF A CHILD'

A little girl
Growing up alone.
Is questioned.
She must stand
And reply.
Using her own
Inexperienced mind.

Winding thoughts
Whirl in her head.
She is afraid,
Not knowing what to say.
Should her feelings
Be expressed?
Or does the judge
Want something else?

Will she tell on that man?
Her dear, loving father
Who treats her so cruelly.
Beating and using her
To his own satisfaction.
Can she punish him,
Or will he reach her first?
Bewilderment intensifies.
She stands there, emotionless.
Staring into the judge's eyes.
Pleading for help.
Will she set herself free
With revenge on her father?

Robin Balla
1985

Circus

*The child smiles, grasping the mother's
hand,
His eyes twinkle with delight.
The funny men tumble and jumble,
The animals roar and neigh, obey the
whip,
The bar swings up high, carrying the
passengers to and fro.
Popcorn and candy abound,
sticky and gooey,
But the child leaves with a smile,
a balloon, and a story for all.*

Michelle Fine
1989 18

SPEAKING WITHOUT WORDS

I WAS SITTING IN A PARR WATCHING AN
OLD MAN AND HIS DOG. THE MAN WAS
DRESSED LIKE A BUM, AND HE CARRIED A
TORN GREY SHOPPING BAG. HE CLONG TO IT
AS IF ALL OF HIS BELONGINGS WERE PACKED
NEATLY INTO IT.

HIS DOG WAS AS OLD IF NOT OLDER. IT
WAS TAN AND ALSO DIRTY. IT WANDERED
SLOWLY AROUND THE PARR, BUT NEVER
STAYED AWAY LONG, AND WOULD ALWAYS
RETURN WAGGING ITS TAIL.

THE MAN REACHED INTO HIS BAG AND
PULLED OUT A SANDWICH, WRAPPED NEATLY
IN BROWN PAPER. HE THEN FOLDED THE
PAPER AND PUT IT INTO HIS POCKET,
PROBABLY TO HOLD TOMORROW'S LUNCH.
THE MAN LOOKED MALNOURISHED BUT YET
WHEN HE HAD HALF OF HIS SANDWICH LEFT
HE STOPPED EATING, CALLED THE DOG AND
GAVE IT TO HIM.

THIS TOUCHED ME AN I WAS STARING AT
THE MAN, NOT KNOWING HE WAS LOOKING
AT ME TOO. HE THEN SMILED AS IF
SOMETHING WAS WRITTEN IN MY EYES. HE
GOT UP AND WALKED AWAY WITH HIS DOG
STILL AT HIS SIDE.

CHERYL OGIN
1985

GONE

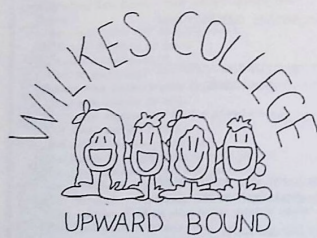
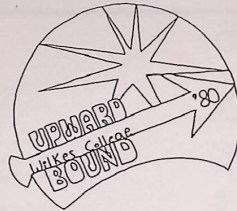
*It is 3:30 p.m., the dismissal bell has just rung and all
the children come running out of their elementary school
to play in the playground while waiting for their mothers.
The atmosphere is happy and pleasant. Children are
running and yelling. Balls are flying. Everyone is
together, except for Suzie. Suzie is on the swings by
herself. She is shy and quiet. A stranger comes up to her.
She asks Suzie if she can sit by her on a swing just to talk.
She tells Suzie of her big house and how it is filled with
toys, but that she has no children to play with them. Suzie
is scared at first, but the lady seems so nice and she finds
no reason to go away or call for help. The lady talks more
about her house and the toys and how she is lonely to hear
a happy child playing. Most of the children have left, but
Suzie's mom is late. Suzie is getting bored. Noticing this,
the nice lady says that her car is nearby and she can drop
Suzie off at her house. Suzie agrees and they leave,
side-by-side. No one is there to notice that Suzie is gone.*

Cheryl Ogin
1985 19

The Floodgate

My words, your voice
break open the heart
Allow its warm, rich . . . pour out.
River runs and choked up you speak -
yourself . . .
rushing through.
Drops - til the Flood
and it Comes.
We, ever in circle,
approach/avoid
But the FLOODGATE Remains.

Jen Gruenloh
1987



SUMMER OF '88

-Be the music-
take me by surprise
find me
touch what no one sees

Be the melody-
the mix that draws
and feeds my emotions
Risk your feelings-
don't be misled
follow your own lyrics

Know me-
as I know you
Be my friend-
Write my song

J. Zarella
1982



FALLEN HEART

I close my eyes and think of you
hoping never to awake
My dreams are all I have for you
upon this magic lake

The stars are bright the moon is clear
and you are by my side
but, still I shed a single tear
my dreams have only lied.

So now I know that this is true
I knew it from the start
That all the love I have for you
would kill my fallen heart.

So now I hope that you can see
that my love is true
The only way you'll set me free
is come to love me too.

Gary Miller
1992

WANTING TO
YOU WANTED TO: SO DID I
WALKING HOME WITH HIM -- AFTER SCHOOL
WAS NERVOUS
THE HEART WAS BEATING AT A QUICK STEADY
PACE

THE TIME HAS COME
SHOULD OR SHOULDN'T
WILL OR WON'T
NOT KNOWING ANYTHING
WANTING TO

I DID WANT TO
LOVING HIM AND KNOWING HIM --
WITH TRUST WAS A GREAT FEELING
HE HAS LEFT, NOT NOW BUT SOON
BUT THE PACE IS SLOWING DOWN
QUICKLY

I LOVED HIM I TRULY DID
WHAT I CARED FOR HAS GONE AWAY --
OR WHAT I THOUGHT I CARED FOR --
I WANTED TO!
REALLY I DID ---

BONNIE OAKES
1992

A
CRUSE

IF I LOVE HIM,

BUT HE NOT ME,

OH, HOW UNFAIR

A CRUSE CAN BE.

KARYE MOORE
1988



"Mystery"

Dear Lord, who watches over me,
Please help me solve this mystery,
I loved him once, he broke my heart,
I love him still, though we're apart,
Why, O Lord, can't he see,
How much he really means to me.

Kathy Koterba
1968

IMAGES

I SEE A MAN IN PASSING,
A MAN I WANT TO BE
BUT HE IS SO MUCH BETTER,
THAN I COULD EVER BE

HE IS MORE FUN TO BE WITH,
WITH QUALITIES GALORE
BUT HE IS NOTHING LIKE ME,
FOR I AM JUST A BORE.

PEOPLE SEEM TO LIKE HIM,
AND HE HAS SO MANY FRIENDS,
BUT I COULD NOT BE LIKE HIM
MY SADNESS NEVER ENDS.

HE HAS SO MANY TALENTS,
BUT I HAVE JUST A FEW,
HE DOES SO MANY, MANY THINGS
THAT I COULD NEVER DO.

I SEE THAT MAN AGAIN
AND UPON CLOSER INSPECTION,
IT SEEMS THE MAN I WANT TO BE
IS ONLY MY REFLECTION.

FRANK WOJCIK
1993

Thinking of You

Sitting alone in a field
filled with Nothing,
that is how I feel because
You're not here to share
my joy.

You aren't far away but
yet
out of reach; for you
have a life separate from
mine, you cannot feel my
love.

But that doesn't matter at
all to me; Because no
matter how far away you
are,
I'll still be. . .

THINKING OF YOU

Shannon Hrobak
1989

THE FLOWER

*A beautiful petal, part of a flower.
One of nature's gifts, 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



26

What To Be

Many times I wonder
What it's like to be
An artist able to paint
Everything I see.
Other times I ponder
How it feels to be
A dancer leaping through the air
So careless and so free.

At times I often muse
How it would seem to be
A captain of a giant ship
Sailing over the sea.
There are so many things I'm able to be
But for now I'll try and concentrate
On being the real me.

Tara Hill
1999

THINKING OF YOU

Just sitting here in this empty room
staring at four bleak walls

-- thinking of you.

Just sitting here watching tears drop

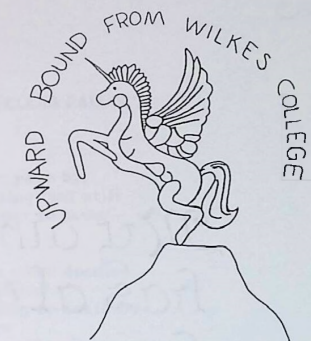
one by one on an empty white page

-- thinking of you.

Just sitting here -- watching, waiting, wondering ...

Wondering if you're thinking of me!

Lynn Sedmina
1982



SUMMER 1984

ACCOMPANIMENT

TOSSING A BALL,
HAVING IT RETURNED.

SITTING UNDER A CHESTNUT TREE,
BUT NOT ALONE.

SLEEPING IN BED,
BUT STILL ACCOMPANIED.

RISING IN THE MORNING,
TO BE GREETED ONCE AGAIN.

TERROR STRIKES.
PANICKING.

STARING AT MY PUPPY
LYING MOTIONLESS UNDER THE CHESTNUT TREE

THIS WAS TO BE THE END
OF MY ACCOMPANIMENT.
BUT I AM STILL ACCOMPANIED
IN SPIRIT.

ANNE MARIE KELLEY
1982

27

My aim in life
has always
been to hold my
own with
whatever's
going. Not
against: with.
-Robert Frost-

Calligraphy by
Megan Fering

KILLER BEES AND NUCLEAR FALLOUT

Quiet times,
Listening to the cars pass by,
And the wind whistling, yet still
Waiting for the fallout to come -- or
the killer bees,
remember them.

Little buggers -- We were doomed.

I was young and scared.

I imagined being stung to death by
those little monsters
in their black and yellow costumes
of death.

Now I have a nightmare worse than
the evil of the insects.

A terrifying dream of death, not by
nature -- but by
man's own hands.

that did not have to happen.

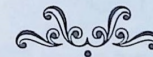
If I sit and wait doing nothing, I
will think some more of it,
And become more afraid.

So I live my life, as we all do,
hoping - praying -
pretending it will not
happen. So we won't have to
think about it.

Instead I think of

Quiet times,
Listening to the cars pass by,
And the wind whistling.

Jennie Gruenloh
1987



FREEDOM

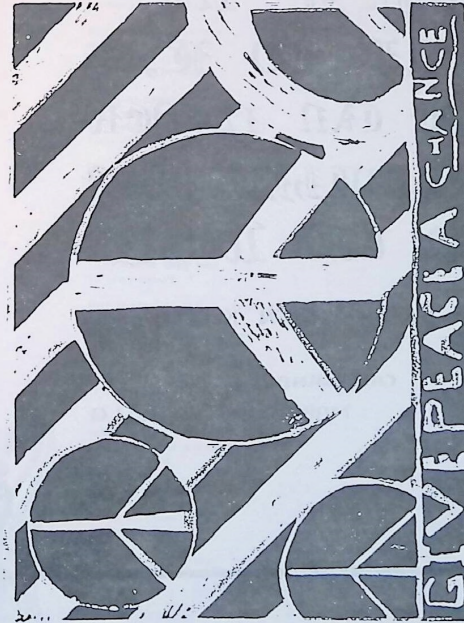
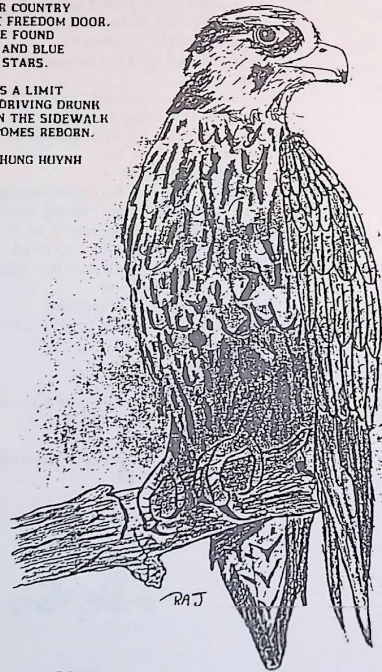
FREEDOM AT LAST
OF HUMAN RIGHT.
FREEDOM IS NICE LIKE A BIRD'S
FLIGHT.

ON A SKY HIGH
DO WHATEVER YOU LIKE.
WITHOUT FREEDOM
THERE IS NO RIGHT.

LIKE MY FAMILY,
WE LEFT OUR COUNTRY
TO FIND THE FREEDOM DOOR.
AT LEAST WE FOUND
RED, WHITE AND BLUE
WITH FIFTY STARS.

FREEDOM HAS A LIMIT
LIKE A MAN DRIVING DRUNK
DUMPS DOWN THE SIDEWALK
HIS LIFE BECOMES REBORN.

VIET HUNG HOVNH
1989



WAR

They sit in the jungle all quiet at
night.
They're too afraid to look at the bloody
sight.
They sit there watching in suffering pain
As their friends all die or go insane.
They wait for a bullet to let them die.
As they ask the famous question, Why?

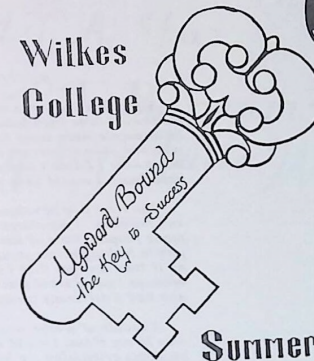
Mary Walsh
1990

SELF-PIETY IS
OUR WORST ENEMY;
AND IF WE
YIELD TO IT,
WE CAN NEVER
DO ANYTHING WISE
IN THE WORLD.

— HELEN KELLER —

CALLIGRAPHY BY
MARIARELENA COMILLO

Wilkes
College



Summer
1987

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
1988

WHY???

September 1988 was my first day at Northwest Area High School. Along with local people were some foreign students who had shown interest in studying at Northwest. I didn't know what kind of an experience I would have at a new place.

The first day of school I felt different and nervous. I wondered if I would meet many people. Most of the time, I felt some people looking at me strangely. It seemed as if they thought that I was an alien because I came from a different country, and had a different background.

A couple of weeks went by. While I was in my class, I could hear some students criticizing me because of the way I read and spoke. I had a difficult time explaining my answers to the questions asked in class. In this situation, I felt that I was useless, and not as well educated as everyone else. When my classes had tests or quizzes, I usually got lower grades than everyone else.

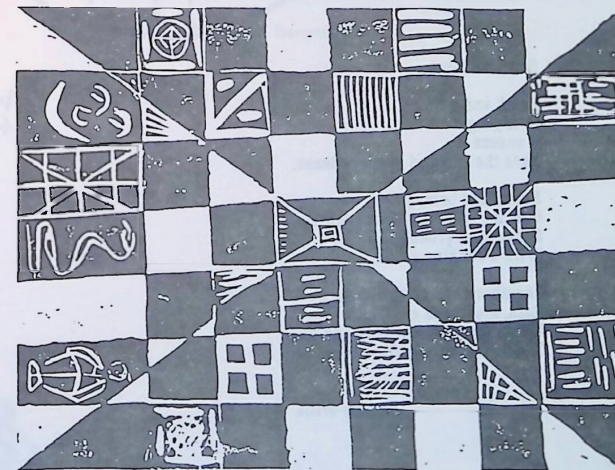
I also noticed that people judged me by my physical appearance. They looked at me mysteriously because of the way I dressed, and my mannerisms. It was very hard for me to understand why people treated me like an outsider.

Sometimes, I put myself down, and I wanted to give up on everything; I felt like a failure. I sometimes wonder why people have to judge other people. They don't understand how much their words hurt me.

Maria Elena Comillo
1992

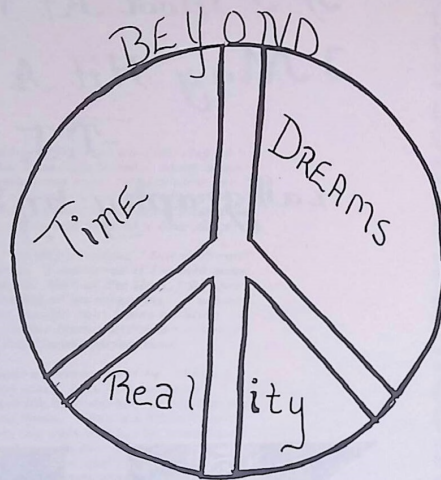
If I Shoot At The Sun,
I May Hit A Star.

-P.T. Barnum-
calligraphy by Julie W.



The boy without ears looked
Down as he sat on the edge
Of the big city roof, disturbed
With the violence, crime and
Poverty which existed below.
He was deaf to the crying
And screaming of the tiny
Visions beneath. He did not
hear the traffic on the
Street. The only thing
He heard was the pain,
the anger and the confusion
Screaming from his heart
As he soared into the
Violence, crime and poverty
Which puzzled him so.

Bonnie Oakes
1990



By Heidi
Tomatich

Salt and Pepper

Black and white
In my sight
A sneeze
Pass the salt and pepper please.

Round and bumpy
Goes on both smooth and lumpy
It has been ground
With a shaking sound.

Together they must always go
Rain, sleet, and even snow
We go together like lock and key
That's the way it will always be.

Valerie Wills
1981

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