

AVANT GARDE



1989

UPWARD BOUND
LITERARY MAGAZINE

AVANT-GARDE

With special thanks to
Rose and Ann Nguyen

FREEDOM

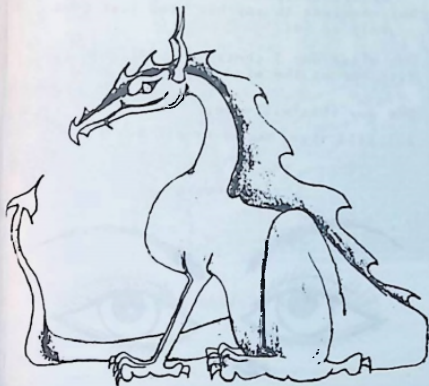
Freedom at last
Of human right,
Freedom is nice Like a bird's flight.

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



Dragon -Sara Maikemba

Her Eyes

They say a picture is worth a thousand
words
But how can that be when I can't even
find one.

I just sit, stare, and ponder at her
face
Gazing into her eyes that just look
right by me.

Never noticing that she is the center
of all I am
She gives me the breath of life so that
I may go on.

They say beauty is external but that I
do not see
The internal spring is what I am after
Beauty that flows naturally not just
artificially
But needless to say her view just goes
only so far.

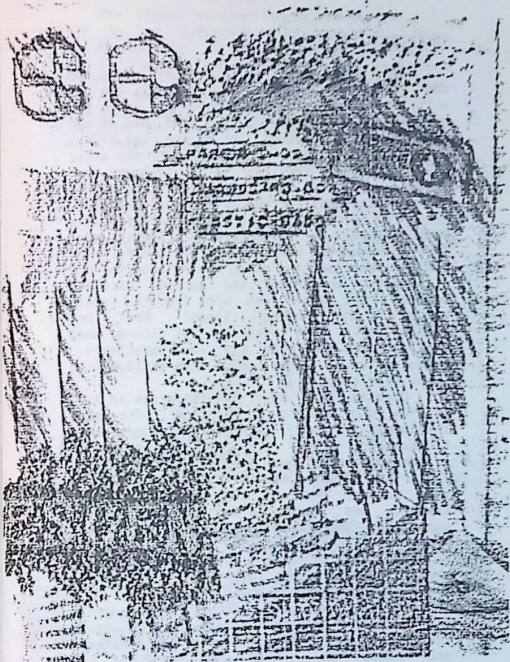
Day after day I continue my flight
With her as the wind edging me on.

One day this will cease
But till then, *may* my breath never end.

-Chris Zukoski



-2-



"Texture Rubbing"- Becky Stark

-3-

THE ATTIC

The young girl smiled as she wiped the dust from the first of many boxes in the old attic. As she looked around the room she noticed that everything reminded her of her grandmother. Although the place was dirty, with a musty smell dominating it, the attic still evoked feelings of contentment and warmth.

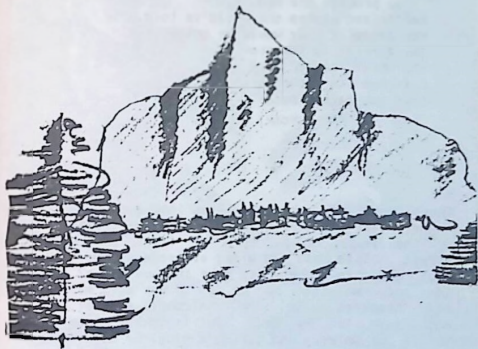
On the wall, right in front of the girl, hung a picture of her grandmother. The picture made her remember the spaghetti that her grandmother was known for making. She could almost see the steam rising from the pot of pasta and smell the garlic, parsley, oregano, and sweet red wine from the tomato sauce. She could almost feel her grandmother's soft, gentle, but strong, hand coaxing hers to help mix the ingredients. Immediately, a sensation of deep satisfaction swept over the girl.

Opening the lid of the box revealed many of the old woman's possessions. The most cherished items were her embroidered tablecloths. The girl recalled that the grandmother made one for each grandchild. They were always made with thread of bright, warm colors, such as red, yellow, fuchsia, orange, and mauve, along with plenty of patience. The complex patterns of flowers were reflections of her love for the children.

As the girl turned away from the box, she saw a beautiful white taffeta gown; it was her grandmother's wedding gown. The top of it had antique lace and pearl buttons, and the train was full length, with intricate designs around the edges. She held the gown close to herself and could smell the faded scent of her grandmother's perfume. She seemed also, to feel the pale, baby-skinned arms around her. It was just as if she were hugging the plump, grey-haired woman right then.

The young girl smiled as she put the lid back on the dusty box in the old attic. She was content now. A tear welled up in her eye, but it was a tear of joy; she knew that her grandmother could never be forgotten. The memories of her grandmother scattered around the attic gave a sense of warm love and gentle happiness to the girl and kept those feelings in the room forever.

-Lisa Madden



"Landscape" -Bill McCabe

LIFE HAS ITS TROUBLES

Driving down a highway,
Forward is a bend.
Life has its troubles,
Ones you cannot mend.

Driving too fast. You won't make the turn.
The car flies off the highway,
The car begins to burn.
Was it accidental?
Was it suicide?

When the family and friends heard,
They all began to cry.

A friend knew she had a problem
But she couldn't tell.

She had made a promise
Sha knew her parents would yell.
For she couldn't tell her parents
the problem she had.

Her friend wishes she would've told.
Who cares if they would've gotten mad!
The funeral is tomorrow.

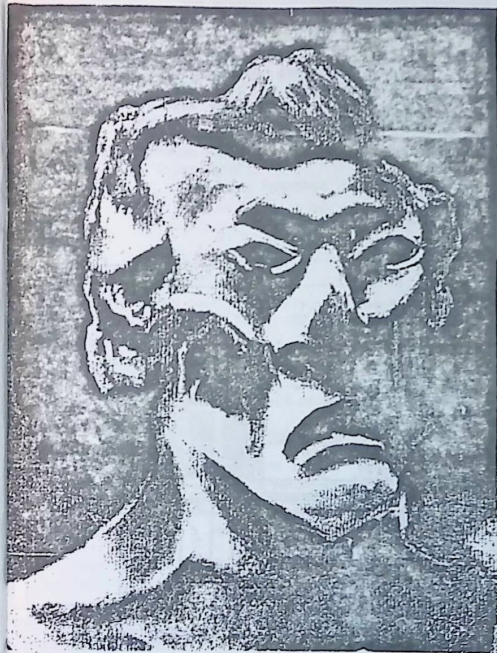
Who shall attend?

Life has its troubles!
Ones you cannot mend!

- Amy Zukoski

There once was a man who lived long ago. His hands, face, and body were totally destroyed by the years of hardship of living on the street. This man was wise; everyone agreed. What could've happened to make this man flee? The only solution to me was to ask this man what happened. He said, "Alcohol, alcohol, son, just let me be." Pulling out a cheap bottle of whiskey and taking a slug, he said, "Son, one more thing before you leave. Don't ever drink; look where it got me."

-Zome Zome

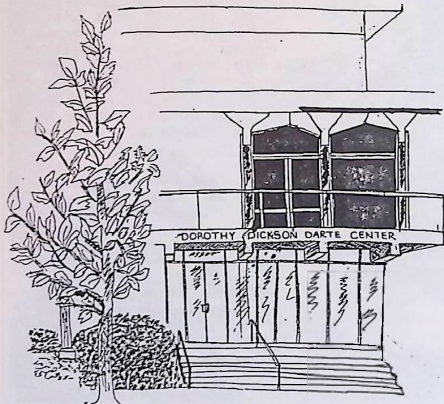


"Distorted View of Reality" -Bill McCabe

REALITY

I am sitting lonely in the night,
With no one to share this heart
of night.
It is dark and gloomy here.
I sit in fear.

-Jim Gillespie



"Darte Center" -Bill McCabe

THE WINDOW

I sit at my window
as the rain trickles down.
At first it was slow
Enough to make a child frown.
The delicate drops slide down the pane
As the fierce thunder roars,
and it's all so untame.

As frightened children wish for
"Never More"

-Lisa Romashko

FOR THE "DEAD (but especially, for the living)
POETS", AND FOR THOSE OF US WHO COULD BE
AMONG THEM

Carpe Diem!
Grow into who you know you are.
Be unbound from the tethers of what you think
you should be.
Be yourself, but don't concentrate on yourself
too long.
Look at the world in a new light. Your own.
Scream. Yell. Love. Live -- because one day
you will no longer.
Dance. "Gather ye Rosebuds."
Don't give up. There is no easy way.
Life goes on -- 'til it no longer does.
Live -- Dream -- Study -- Pray -- Cry.
Follow in your own footsteps,
but heed good advice.
To everything there is a season.
Know the season.
Seize the day!

-Jennie Gruenloh



"Chris Zukoski" -Bill McCabe

Looking At You

The light catches the green in your
Eyes like the dew captures the green
Of the grass.

The sun shines upon your dark hair as
You lie peacefully on the beach.

The sweet sound of your voice echoes
In my head like a happy memory of
Chiming bells.

I long to have you near me, walking
Hand in hand;
Dreaming of what will be.

- Michele Fine

AN EXPERIENCE

The fish wondered what I was doing there. A human invading their territory as I swam around the waters of Harvey's Lake. Not just swimming, but breathing under water just like them. Well, almost. S.C.U.B.A.: Self Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus is how it's done. And what a concept. Being able to breathe and survive in an environment where I would otherwise suffocate.

Seemed like a lot of equipment was involved at first, but each piece was much needed and not difficult to use or put on.

First the wetsuit, covering the torso and arms, to keep the body warm in the cool depths. The wetsuit hood muffling the outside sounds while providing grateful warmth.

The oxygen tank, fire-engine red, strapped onto my back, it's hose supplying the vital element through a mouthpiece. The fins provided the propulsion power through the universal solvent.

A belt of iron weights carefully proportioned to keep me from floating upward, yet not too heavy to slow me down.

Last, but certainly not least -- the mask -- my window to the underwater world.

As I swam around in the shallow water of the lake, I practiced all I had learned in the pool the day before. The movement of the fins stirred the bottom making visibility tough. I was anxious to get to deeper water.



I didn't have to wait long. Before I knew it, we were diving to the depths. The hardest part was trying to equalize the pressure created as I went further down. Sometimes my ears would "pop" as they should, other times I really had to work to get them to equalize properly.

I saw all kinds of interesting things down there: old rusty sunken boats, a few more fish, and even an old wooden toilet seat. At that level my legs were rather cold, but the rest was well protected by the wetsuit.

There were all kinds of welcome sights, sounds and feelings: seeing a few fellow divers after being separated (if only for a few seconds), or even their bubbles rising nearby; feeling the water get warmer as I rose from the colder depths; my ears popping, thus relieving the pressure; the silent communication with a friend. "It's cold," or "That's heat."

Without a doubt, the most satisfying stimulus was the sucking sound of the oxygen entering the mouthpiece and allowing the underwater exploration to continue.

In a sense it was a whole new world, yet one with many elements of our own; fears, doubts, cold, loneliness, warmth, joy, and certain necessities.

It's like life. Something to live. Something to love. Something to experience.

-Duffy Whitmer



WHAT TIME IS IT?

We sit in a clockless room
All of a sudden, we hear

KABOOM!

First we gasp, then we laugh,
Then we say,

"Did they blow up the caf?!"

Now we wonder what that loud bang was.
That's okay, it was just Santa Claus!
In the elevator on the roof.

Why is he in the elevator on the roof?
Because he heard it was

Christmas-time in Miner Hall.

Now we're gonna have a ball!

-Carla Karpinski and
Jennie Gruenloh

You may lose all the excitement
Of coming down the slope,
But still there must be
Just a little hope.
The thrill of the competition,
The thrill of the race,
The chilled and freezing snow
Flying upon your face.
Not knowing when to turn
When the slopes get so dark,
When the spectators see you
They will soon remark.
The crowd is so happy,
Their faces so pleased.
The performance, the style,
The way that he skis.

-AMY ZUKOSKI

TOMORROW

What does tomorrow mean?

Why do we wait for a day that never
really comes?

Why wish away every breath?

When every breath we take is a breath
closer to death.

Despite all the shortcomings
there is always something.

Something to brighten the day.

Whether it be a child smiling
or a beautiful red rose
with a gentle touch of dew.

Why wish away a life of joys and happiness
because of one shortcoming?

-Lisa Romashko

REFLECTIONS

A mirror tells no insults
or compliments--
it merely reflects.

Look into the glass;
see yourself as never before.

Look past your appearance;
see into your soul;

Discover new qualities
about yourself.

Now reflect upon your
discoveries--

Either accept or change,
but always

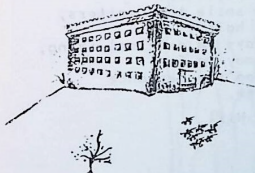
Reflect.

-Carla Karpinski

The Card Reads...

The card turns at birth to show the Madman,
There reads moral blindness, matter,
Breaking of divine communications
For the second birth, sensuality,
Disturbances, expiation
The growth occurs, the Magician is turned
Principle, divine essence, earth, man, father
The other's Magician is in situation changing
Magician becomes the Lover,
With him creation, freedom, two ways of love,
The god of universe
Beware negative child,
You have superiority of secular love
Age brings the Anchoret,
Knowledge, prudence, initiation
For the negative, the wicked will not prevail
At the final hour, the last card is turned
The Judgment --protection of divine forces,
moral rebirth, changing of situation
As the negative one is told,
His Judgment is delay, disappointment
This is their lives,
As told by the cards.

-Michele Fine



"Invasion" -Sara Malkemes

THE GIRL

Her name is not important,
Nor is her appearance.

Its how she acts
And how she feels
Which makes the difference.

As long as she is fun
And I am happy
When I am with her.

It doesn't matter what people say.
I am glad to be with her.

-Jim Gillespie

BEYOND APPEARANCE

It's not the way they look that matters,
It's not the clothes they wear.
It's not the way they smile that matters,
Or the style of their hair.
For beauty is not always an external thing,
And times we find it may be few.
So look beyond a person's appearance
And beauty you may view.

-Tara Hill



'Provocative' -Jim Gillespie

HOW TO MAKE A BOING 'O

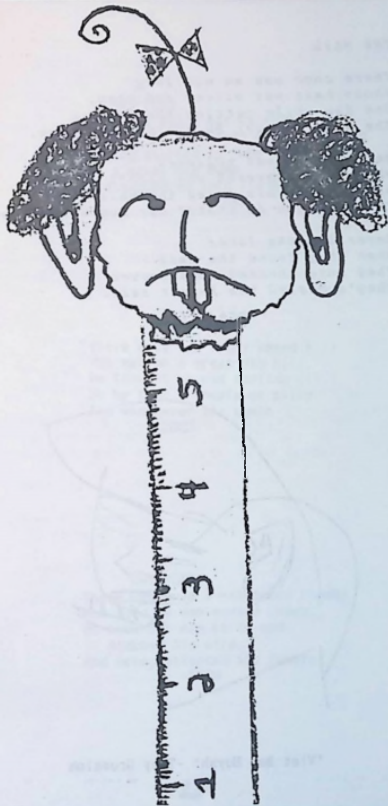
1. Take a ruler and squash paper around it, forming a ball.
2. Use a rubber band to keep the ball bound together.
3. Draw funny face on boing 'o.
4. Let features dry.
5. Beat teacher over head with boing 'o.
6. Cry when teacher takes boing 'o away.

- BUZ BUZ

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 passenger to and fro.
Popcorn and candy abound,
Sticky and gooey,
But the child leaves with a smile,
A balloon, and a story for all.

-Michele Fine



THE MAIL

There once was an old lady
Whose hair was silver and gray.
One day while getting the mail
She was run over by a blue Chevrolet.

Her husband was relieved
When he discovered she hadn't died,
But she had misplaced the mail.
"Why did you do that?" her husband sighed.

Several weeks later
When they found the mail
They were shocked to discover
They's missed the K-Mart sale.

-Tara Hill



"Viet Bao Huynh" -Tony Gruenloh

UNTITLED

There once was a man walking a dog,
They went to the woods and saw a frog.
The frog started to jump
Over a great big bump
And disappeared into its nest.

-ZOSO

There once was a boy named Bill
Who sat on a great big hill
He thought he was feeling ill
So he took a couple of pills
And was never ill again

-ZOSO

UNTITLED

There once was a man named Freddy
Who said he was always ready.
He took out his knife and
stabbed his wife,
And never attended the funeral.

-ZOSO

THE PAPER LESSON

"So anyways," Chelsey continued, "as I was saying before Brenda interrupted, there was no paper back then like there is now, so these monks and all had to make it on their own."

"With what?" asked Robin curiously.

Chelsey smiled and said, "Anything they could find. They would use bark, pieces of wood, all kinds of little garbage." The other girls' faces twisted in disbelief as Chelsey continued.

"You see, they would take all this stuff and mix it in with water until it was all soaked. Then, taking a screen of some sort, they would put it on a container and then put a hollow square on that. After that, they dip the container in, scoop up the mixture, and let the water drain out. The residue, which was the stuff they put in the water, would remain on the screen and it would be set out to dry. After it was dry, a weak form of paper existed."

"Wouldn't it be awful rough, or worse yet, real thin?" asked Brenda.

"Well, yeah, it was, but they just took their time writing and went real easy on the stuff," replied Chelsey.

"They must have used awfully light pens," giggled Robin.

"Actually," Chelsey announced, "they used feathers to write with."

Brenda looked at Chelsey wierd. "You mean to tell me that they went out and plucked feathers from birds to write with!?"

Chelsey nodded and said, "Yep. You see, they would cut the end at an angle, file the tip to the shape they wanted the letters in, then make a tiny slit in the end."

"What was the slit for?" asked Brenda.

"To keep ink running down the tip," answered Chelsey.

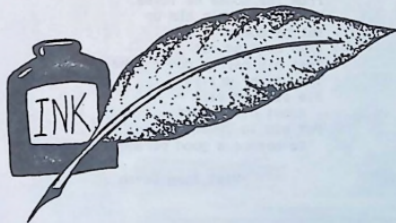
"Hey," Robin said as her face lit up, "do you think we could make our own paper? We could use newspaper bits and there's wood shavings out in the clearing from my dad cutting the trees."

"Where are we going to get the feathers?" asked Brenda.

"Mr. Harris down the road has some old quill pens. I saw them once. Maybe he would let us borrow them," added Chelsey. "I have ink bottles too, at home."

The girls smiled at each other, jumped up, ran out of the room, and went to make their "paper" and get their "pens".

- Michele Fine



U-B TIMES

JOURNALISM CLASS

SUMMER OF 1999

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION

By Tara Hill

The house lights dim and stage lights brighten. A hush falls over the crowd and curtains glide open revealing a cast of characters ready to entertain the audience.

Although the Upward Bound theater students have not performed for an audience yet, they have performed for each other and have learned many things about one another in the process.

According to Tom Thomas, Counselor of Upward Bound, the main purpose of the class is not to make students superstar actors, but to help them meet new people and discover new things about themselves. The students say that is exactly what the class is doing.

"I can be myself, I can open up. I have gotten used to performing in front of others and made a lot of new friends, too," said Rachael Toney, theater student.

Lori Parry, Upward Bound student who gave up volunteer placement at a Day Care Center to attend theater class, stated, "I'm so glad I took theater. At first, I was self-conscious, but then I learned to relax. The improvs are fun and they help me to be creative."

The class not only encourages students to get to know each other better, but it also helps students in getting to know themselves better. It encourages students to try new things. According to Peter Nguyen, theater student, "The class helped me discover talents I didn't know I had. It helped bring out my creativity."

Amy Zukoski, Upward Bound student, wishes she could have theater as a special interest course. "It would help me to let my true self shine, for I am not

as quiet as I appear and the class could bring out the real me," said Amy.

Upward Bound students are learning theater is not just memorizing your lines and repeating them on stage; it's learning about yourself and others, too.

PERSONALITY PROFILE
By Michele Fine

She lives in a small room (for now), but it does have a certain homey aspect to it. Her clothes are casual -- black t-shirt, plaid shorts, white moccasins -- but comfortable for her. She's fighting with her hair though, because it won't go right for her.

Mary Jean Baird, 17, may have given the impression that she is preoccupied with herself, but in all actuality, she is concerned more about the Upward Bound program and its people.

"Being a member of the program," she says clearly and definitely, "is a chance of a lifetime and I appreciate it very much. I'll be a senior next school year, the busiest year of my life. I am very happy for all

Many say the program director, Anne Graham, has one of the hardest jobs around. Mary Jean agrees, but also says respectfully, "If Anne's position needed to be filled, I'd apply in a second. She works with so many people, she tries to give us kids a chance in life. I think that's great and I give her all the

credit in the world for what she does for us. I think she's a really great lady."

Mary Jean sees the program and its people in a very adult-like way. She notices things that most other students don't concern themselves with.

"In my stay with the program, I've noticed a definite pattern of the attitudes of the students," she says. "They come in wild and rowdy and, through their stay, become settled, mature." She adds

the help Tom Thomas, program counselor and Anne Graham, program director, have given me. Without them, I know I would have been confused about choosing a college, applying, and everything like that. They are here for me, to help me, and I thank them for that."

She goes about her business like everyone else in the program: puts on her radio, straightens her room, things of that nature.

She adds matter-of-factly, "This is my second summer here, and the program has changed in some ways from last year's. Students weren't as pleasant and friendly as they are this year. Last summer there was a lot of rowdiness and some people were kicked out. I'm enjoying this summer more because the people are nicer, calmer."

definitely. "I think they realize they have a responsibility to themselves now, they've broadened their horizons. I just wish that so many people didn't have to be turned away. There are so many that don't get this opportunity and it's really sad."

Part of Upward Bound's features is a chance for the students to offer something to the program. Be it volunteer work, representative of students, and so on, every student has a chance to give something back.

Mary Jean says without hesitation, "They (Upward Bound people) want us to get a good education, to make something of ourselves. If I can go to college, get good grades, graduate, and succeed in life, I think that's the greatest thing I can offer the program."

But her personality, compassion and concern go beyond the program. "She tries to give advice to everyone, always is there to help others. She has to be one of the nicest people in the program," says Sara Malkemes, a fellow student.

Mary Jean also likes to keep herself busy. She usually listens to music, dances around and sings. But besides that, she enjoys playing soccer, basketball, and softball.

"I'm very energetic," says Mary Jean. "I can't sit still for two minutes. I guess I'm hyperactive, but I'm always having fun."

SHOULD ROCK 'N ROLL BE BANNED? By Sara Malkemes

One night in a small town in Seattle, a teenager committed suicide. The parents in the town blamed the song "Suicide Solution" by Ozzy Osbourne for the death, even though the song disapproves of the idea. The parents petitioned to have the song removed from the radio and record stores. Was this the first step for the censorship of rock 'n roll?

A small group called the Parents' Music Resource Center is trying to persuade the Supreme Court to vote on an act that would put warning labels on records. According to the PMRC, those records have vulgar or crude lyrics or pictures. The PMRC also wants to ban offensive songs from the radio and record stores.

Among the "offensive" records are "Faith" by George Michaels and Madonna's "Like A Prayer." These records plus many heavy metal records are said to be "inappropriate for sensitive or impressionable listeners," according to Tipper Gore, the organizer of the PMRC.

The PMRC blames the music for the increases in teenage pregnancy and suicide. They believe a song would be more likely to cause a problem than deep emotional troubles would.

Come to think of it -- what does TV cause teenagers to do if the music causes pregnancy and suicide? With TV kids are exposed to sex and violence everyday.

Before parents push any more to destroy an art form they clearly dislike, they should attack the things that will have a bigger impact on

the future such as nuclear war and the ozone depletion.

JOB PLACEMENT: OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE FUTURE By Michele Fine

Every Monday and Wednesday or Tuesday and Thursday at one o'clock p.m., they faithfully walk to wherever they must go and begin to learn something about a career, an opportunity that lasts forever.

They are teenage students at Wilkes College Upward Bound Summer Program who are part of the Volunteer Job Placement Program. From one o'clock until three-thirty p.m., they interact with the adults of the community on their (adults') turf -- the workplace.

"My opportunities are countless," says Krisann Jackson, 17, who works at the Medical Society on Tuesdays and Thursdays. "Mr. Kersteen, my supervisor, has told me many stories about the history of the medical profession and of the Society, which is where doctors come to join the American Medical Association and have meetings. Since I've been there, I've met quite a few area doctors who I may be able to use as references later on when I'm studying to become a doctor."

But if students aren't learning the history of a career, they're becoming a part of it. Christine Okrasinski, 16, works for the Child Development Council at one of their local day care centers. Whether she is watching children or changing diapers, she is "getting closer to the kids, developing relationships, and learning about kids in general."

I'm not exactly sure what I want to do later on, but it will be something to do with kids. This is giving me the headstart I need to get along better with them in the future."

And even those who are in a career other than their desired one are learning something. Sara Malkemes, 16, works in Admissions for Wilkes College on Mondays and Wednesdays. She says, "Even though I want to be a doctor, working in Admissions gives me a

chance to talk to many people that hold important rank at the college. I may have to go to them later on in life for entrance to this or another college. It allows me to develop social relationships and gets me to talk more."

Opportunities last a lifetime, and Mary Jean Balrd, 17, still draws on her experience from

last year. "I worked at Victims' Resource Center, and from there I learned responsibility for myself and my work, and I got to know and meet people in the community. I use all of that to help me get along with people now."

Upward Bound Program Counselor Tom Thomas says, "Job placement is an excellent opportunity for the students to experiment with a career, learn responsibility, and to use the experience to decide on a career for the future. Although a few have said the jobs can get dull and boring at times, they do enjoy the opportunity and are taking advantage of it."

So even though it sometimes can be "dull and boring," these students are receiving opportunities that many adults didn't, and they are getting a headstart in the fast-paced working world.

MALE STUDENTS RAID GIRLS' FLOOR

By Michele Fine

Pandemonium broke loose last night when a group of Upward Bound boys raided the girls' fourth floor rooms at Miner Hall, yielding water guns and balloons and yelling various comments, an unidentified inside source reported late in the evening.

According to the source, the boys raided the floor around 10:25 p.m. when most of the girls were already in their rooms. The raid lasted only a few moments, but there was a considerable amount of mess left behind.

One of the floor's counselors, Jenny Gruenloh, is quoted as saying, "This was unnecessary and childish, and I will see to it that those involved are given a strict punishment."

The source has reported that he has not been able to learn the exact punishment, but said that a number of those involved were detained from this morning's breakfast.

Easy Path

dumb + lazy + bad attitude
future = loser



Dedication Path

Smart + happy + good + hardworking
future = successful



Make Your Decision at Upward Bound!

LOVE IN THE FALL

As the leaves fly in the air,
My heart begins to tear.
My love is like the tree,
So wild and reckless and free.
You are so beautiful and kind,
A wonder to all mankind.
When I look in your eyes,
They remind me of blue skies.
Now that I have heard the lies,
They have broken our ties.

-Jim Gillespie

LOVE

Love, it is just not consisting of
Gazing into each other's eyes,
But looking forward, together,
FOREVER.

-Becky Stark

A LITTLE BIRD

I sat on the deck
alone with my thoughts.
Then a small black bird
flew to the railing beside me.
He just looked at me,
turning his little body
full circle on the rail.
I told him, "Go tell Dominick
I love him, and miss him very much."
Just then, he flew away.
I wonder, did you get my message?

-Carla Karpinski



"Tree" -Sara Malkemes

Thinking Of You

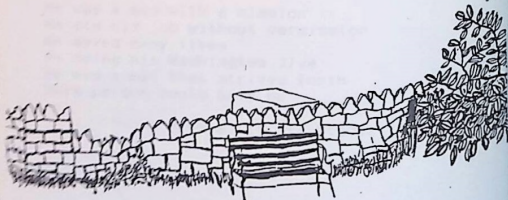
Sitting alone in a field filled with
Nothing, that is how I feel because
You're not here to share my joy.

You're 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



"Park Bench" - Josh Graham

I THINK OF YOU
When I can't sleep at night
I think of you.
When I awaken at 5 a.m. and hear
the birds chirping,
I think of you.
I see a blue van, I hear a
solo drum,
I wear the cross you gave me,
Before you had to go.
Especially when all is quiet,
I think of you.

-Carla Karpinski

UNTITLED

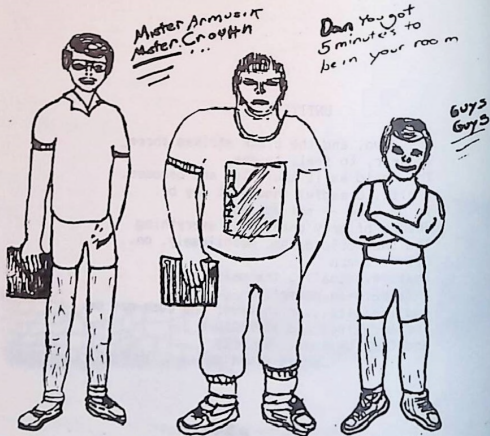
One, two, and the clock strikes three_
To hear, to feel, to see_
The world as it truly is, and becomes.
A gift, dreadful though it may be.
To be used -- not abused.
Shades of grey enter into everything
And the world spins, mercilessly, on.
But we learn
That, eventually, the only things
Left between ourselves
And insanity...or whatever the case may be...
Are ourselves and each other
And God, we hope. We pray
-Jennie Gruenloh

WHY IS THERE...?

Why is there falling rain?
Why is there any pain?
Why is there a sun that shines?
Why is there any boundary lines?

Why can't the hate cease?
That way we will all live in Peace.
- "Knight"

"Three Wise Men" -Eric Armusik



MY PATH HAS CHANGED

It was a crisp October morning as I began my walk to school. I took the same path every day. First I would walk past Mr. Henderson's farm and the cross the bridge at Miller's pond. Today was different. I don't know how, but it was. I walked on with the wind blowing in my face and the fallen leaves crunching under my feet. I lived in this town all my life and everything had a symbolic meaning. As I passed Henderson's farm, I remembered seeing my first calf being born. As I headed down to Miller's pond I remembered catching my first bass and building my first sailboat.

It is winter now and I am bundled up for my journey to school. I head to the back alley and down to the main street where our new school is located. My path has changed and so has the whole town's. You see Mr. Henderson could not keep up his farm and the bank in town took it over and sold it to a company which built a shopping mall. As for Miller's pond, it is filled with pollutants from the new textile factory built near it. As I walk on the asphalt to school, I can't help but feel empty, for my path has changed.

-Jim Gillespie

TO CHRIS ZUKOSKI --
A Special Friend

When others need a friend
You are always there.

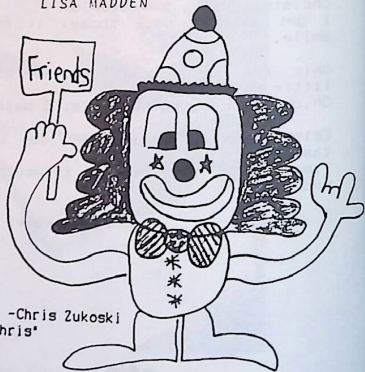
When someone's feeling down
You are first to show you care.

A smile on your face,
A friendly hug each day
shows how special you really are
in each and every way.

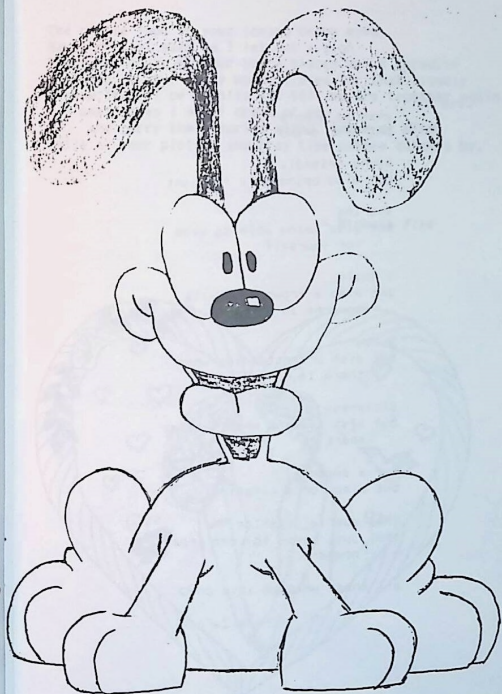
But, when you're feeling down,
Who will be your cheer up clown?

I'll be there to make you smile,
Your friendship, to me,
is so worthwhile.

Love ya,
LISA HADDEN



'Cheer up Clown' -Chris Zukoski
'For Lisa from Chris'



'Odie' -Sara Malkemes

Love is....

ever so simple
but also grand

being friendly
but also being able to fight

sharing
but also being able to keep
for yourself

a smile
but also a frown to invite
someone in

a hug
but also understanding when
there is none to give

closeness
but also knowing when to stay
apart

for a second
but also for a lifetime

that special feeling
that just seems to come from
nowhere

all these wrapped into one.

-Chris Zukoski

The gentle look in your loving brown eyes
Makes me feel safe as I let out a sigh
The sweet sound of your voice places me in paradise
I linger on your every word, listen for them closely
I know it will be a while yet till we are together again,
But until then I shall dream of you
and carry the memories along inside my mind,
Smile at your picture and pray time passes quickly by.

- Michele Fine



-45-

-44-

The Key

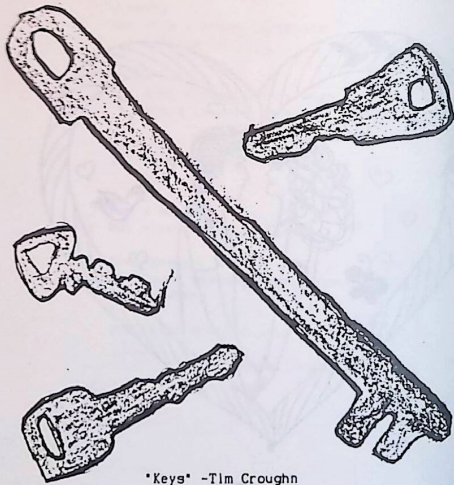
Sitting motionless; filled with nothing but the
The thought of sleep,
Waiting for that final class bell to beep.

Something each person needs to succeed,
The power to be who they want to be.

Each one of us needs the key:

ENERGY!!!

- Shannon Hrobak



Keys -Tim Croughn

FUTURE?

There was an overpowering stench of wet and rotting plaster as I walked through the ruin of the old building. With every step, no matter how carefully placed, I was subjected to a barrage of falling debris. Flat grey storm clouds were visible through large holes in the ceiling. The floorboards that once shone of finely polished oak were now rotted and black. Gaping holes with unseen bottoms covered large areas of the floor. The formerly white plaster that covered most of the walls was now orange and brown from water damage. A consciousness, perhaps the manifestation of the rot, laughed at the degradation it had encroached upon the once grand mansion we call the White House.

-William Specht, Jr.

UPWARD BOUND

LITERARY

Varlene Miller-Advison
Tim Croughn
Michele Fine
Jim Gillespie
Shannon Hrobak
Viet Hung Huynh
Dan Trotta
Amy Zukoski

MAGAZINE

"Dimensional Look" -Bill McCabe



SUMMER 1981