

Reach for the stars because the stars reach for you

U Bowd
2000

So Far...

So far, i have really enjoyed my time at LTB. It is really fun. My peers are great, the TC's are great and the teachers are great. The fool, on the other hand, okay just kidding. Hardy-har-har.... I really like it here. It's an experience like no other. When am i ever going to get another opportunity like this?

Everyone has been really nice to me. I feel so great about everything. Sure, I was a bit home sick the first week. I am sure everyone was a little doubtful about coming here and "throwing their whole summer away." But, if you think about it, there is still a healthy chunk of summer to be had AFTER August 4.

This is going to be the ultimate summer, merely because I am going to take everything in to learn and grow from it.

P.S. A special thanks to all those who wrote my name in one of the empty slots for Honor Code. I won't let you down!!

(nice touch, aye?)

Rebecca Hartmann

Thoughts on Columbine - 4/22/99 1:30pm

By: Kelly Marie McKenna

How can I express to someone I've never met that my heart breaks for them?

How do you tell a stranger that you want to give them a hug and wipe away their tears?

How can you comfort a community drowning in sorrow and pain?

There are no easy answers in a tragedy of this magnitude.

What comfort can I be of?

I can't bring back their beloved children.

I've never felt such a heartache, my soul is in agony over a loved one I never knew.

All I can do is pray, for they are in God's hands now.

Perhaps those grieving parents can take but a little comfort in that their babies are in heaven.

Now and forever we will ask why, but will we ever understand?

In memory of the victims of the school shooting at
Columbine High School, Littleton, Colorado - 4-20-99

Faith

“You, sit there now!
Don’t move unless we say!”
were the orders she heard
after going to class that day.

Her two sick classmates
had taken over their school.
There was no one there to help her,
she had to play by their rule.

Although she once didn’t believe,
her faith in God was fully there.
She desperately wanted them to stop,
but the gunman simply didn’t care.

“Answer my question now!” he demanded.
“Do you believe in the God above?”
She looked him straight in the eye when she answered,
“Yes, for him I have much love.”

He heard her response loud and clear,
and got a certain gleam in his eye.
Because of her answer he pulled the trigger
and decided the innocent girl must die

Sarah Lloyd

SOMEONE DYING

EVER WATCH SOMEONE DYING, SITTING THERE WATCHING AS TIME GOES
BY FLYING, WONDERING WHEN THEY’RE GONNA GO. FEELING SAD,
BECAUSE YOU’LL NEVER KNOW. WAITING PATIENTLY FOR THE WORST
TO HAPPEN, THANKING THE LORD ABOVE THAT’S IT’S NOT YOU FEELING
GUILTY BECAUSE YOU KNOW IT’S TRUE. LOOKING DEEP INTO THEIR
EYES, FEELING THEIR PAIN, THEIR HURT, AND THEIR SORROW,
WONDERING IF THEY’RE GONNA DIE TOMORROW. WONDERING WHEN
THE TABLES WILL BE TURNED, TELLING YOUR SELF NOT TO PLAY WITH
FIRE, OR YOU’LL GET BURNED.

EVER WATCH SOMEONE DYING, SITTING THERE TRYING TO STOP CRYING.
NOTICING HOW PEACEFUL THEY LOOK, TRYING TO READ THEM AS IF
THEY WERE A BOOK. WONDERING WHAT THEY COULD BE THINKING, NOT
EVEN NOTICING....THEIR HEART STOPPED BEATING, AND THEIR NO
LONGER BREATHING.

NOW WHAT, THE WAIT IS OVER, NOW WHAT DO YOU DO. DO YOU
CONTINUE TO CRY, SIT AND WONDER WHY, SO DO YOU MOURN THEIR
DEATH, WERE YOU PLANNING FOR THIS, HOW’D YOU THINK IT WOULD
FEEL, I MEAN IS THIS REALLY REAL. DID YOU EVER THINK THIS DAY
WOULD COME OR DID YOU THINK YOU COULD HIDE AND RUN. HOW DOES
IT FEEL TO WATCH SOMEONE DIE, WOULD IT FEEL AS BAD IF IT WERE
YOU, HIM, HER, OR I?

Natasha Hackett



The Lighthouse Off Conifer Point

By James Williamson

Jack scooped his hand down and let the sand fall through fall through his fingers. Grain rubbed against grain and skin. The sand was still wet; Jack was below the high tide line. He looked out, over the breakers, and out into the moonlit calm far out by the island. The sand felt so warm in his hand, and Jack felt so cold, he contemplated taking off his shoes and running towards then point. He kept going—his laces stayed tied.

It had been, what, thirty, thirty-five years ago? Thirty-five years of a gnawing feeling, demanding he come back. It had taken him thirty-five years to earn his job, his house, his family, but that couldn't make the feeling stop. He looked at his shoes again, then back at the surf. He stared at his socks, and turned the matter over in his mind. Then, he jumped in.

Jack threw his head out of the water, and sit out a thin stream of salt water like an old soda fountain. He tilted his head back, and let the warm summer sun dry his face. Summer would fade soon, and late August was the warmest it ever got in Massachusetts. The trees would change from emerald to gold and ruby soon, yet for now, the sun warmed Jack's face.

Tim and Anne were almost to the lighthouse. The supreme indignation for a fourteen year-old, to be beaten in a race by your best friend's sister, even

if she was a year older. Jack took a deep breath, dived under, and started swimming. He finished a distant third. Tim and Anne were already laying on rocks, drying off the salty ocean from themselves and their bright blue bathing suits, and blissfully making sure they weren't pale come September, even though neither one of them needed worry about that in the first place.

Jack stared at them for a moment before he pulled himself out of the water. He found himself looking at Anne, again. This time, this day, he didn't care. They had gotten ice cream just before, and they laughed when Anne's, melted by the summer sun, dropped to the boiling pavement. Jack, scared enough to run away, offered Anne his cone. She accepted, threw her arms around him, mentioned a "your wonderful" something or other, and brushed his hand as she released him from her hug. For one single, fleeting moment, they had touched, almost held hands. Neither pulled back. Neither laughed nor ran. And now, Jack was looking at her. For the first time, he didn't feel guilty.

He hurled himself from the Atlantic, and sat down next to Tim. How long had they been best friends? Asked Tim, and there were a few sure-I'd-do-anything-for-yous, and in the heat of that late August sun and the desire to run as far as possible from the September only two weeks away, three kids started climbing up the rocks on the abandoned lighthouse off Conifer Point.

But tired words slowly make tired legs rise. Jack stands on the ledge and glances over at his friends. Tim, his friend since he could remember, the pal of his boyhood, and Anne. There was a steady sea breeze blowing in onto the coast. The dolphins played in the distance.

Tim tripped. It was a small stone on the ledge, barely even noticeable. But, it was near the edge, and Tim grabbed on to Anne as he fell. Jack shot out his hand.

He glanced at Tim, and at Anne. His mind raced. A second too late, and he wouldn't be able to save either of them. He grabbed Anne.

Tim's eyes stared at Jack the whole way down. The eyes pierced him, searching his soul to try and find out why; why he should die. Who had given Jack this power to save a girl, and kill his oldest friend? Why had he done it? The eyes stared through him, ripped him apart, laid him bare.

The eyes stared at him. They still stared at him all the way down, all this time. For thirty-five years, they had never stopped looking at him, looking through him, searching for an answer.

Jack bent down and unwrapped a tiny blue thread from around a rusted screw. He put it in his pocket. He had work tomorrow, and Jill would want him home soon. He pointed his hands over his head and dived into the water.

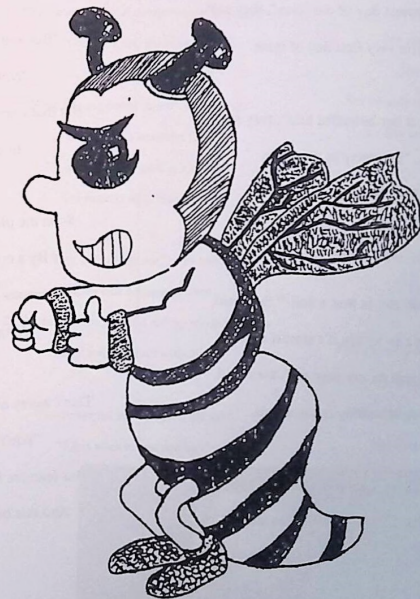
Jack felt the ocean breeze blow and twirl his dripping hair, and smelt the deep, salt air of the North Atlantic. And Jack was content. As long as he kept putting hand over hand and foot over foot, he didn't have to deal with the feeling that he was betraying his best friend. But Anne was so...and they had been friends for so long.

They sat on the little ledge halfway up the lighthouse and stared across the sea to England. On a clear day, you could see it in the distance. Today was a clear day, but there was a small cloud on the distance. They would have to come back to see England.

Baseball. Averages, plays, runs, errors, hit, games, scores. Anne was not totally out - she knew a few of the more important stats. Then, the ocean and pirates. Blackbeard rode the seas here, and all the great pirates patrolled these waters. And the treasure they left behind would be enough to fill the treasuries of a thousand kingdoms.

And Anne. And the way the sun attached itself to her. And Anne. This was summer, and it was beautiful.

Day has a habit of turning its golden rays into the subdued lights of dusk when you're least paying attention. When friends, and stories, and the sea hold your attention. When you forget to hurry home for supper and time stands still just for you.



Looks to Kill

"The world began that day", they said,
In the evening around nine.
"The happiest day of our lives", they said,
The very first day of mine.

"Look at her beautiful hair", they said,
"So pretty in it's place.
I see an angel in her eyes
And written on her face."

"Excuse me, is that a doll?" they said,
"She's so lovely it's almost unreal.
She'd win in any pageant", they said,
And so they made a deal.

"The only one with two trophies", they said,
"I knew she was sure to win.
Eyes to thrill and a smile to kill,
We should do this again."

"Look at the pretty picture", they said,
"And you drew this on your own,"

A girl with blonde hair and sky blue eyes,
The world was her throne.

"But your hair is so dark", they said,
"Not the color of the sun".

But that's how she thought she *should* look
In order to be someone.

Soon the pictures weren't just drawings
By a crayon and a small hand.
Gorgeous faces invaded the TV set,
Magazines, and bands.

"Don't worry about those things", they said,
"You're prettier than that."

But features filled in and hips filled out
And this beauty knew she was fat.

They were popular, thin, and pretty.

"Now I've become a monster", she thought,

No more beautiful and skinny

"Look at her, here she comes", they said,

"Hear the pounding of her feet!"

This time instead of compliments, they said

"Oh, she's just going to eat."

"What has happened to me", she thought,

"I once had a beautiful face.

No one can even look at me, now.

I'm such an ugly disgrace."

"Hey, let's all go out", they said,

But she had nothing to wear.

So she sat in her room and cut out models bodies

And placed her face over theirs.

"No dinner for me tonight", she said,

"I just want to rest and lay."

She hadn't eaten in five days.

She was out of control now, it was too late.

This girl no one could protect.

And one by one she swallowed the pills

She thought would make her perfect.

She slowly twisted off the cap.

Her body hurt and sore.

But no pills made it to her mouth this time.

She collapsed onto the floor.

She beat her fists into her sides.

And kicked and screamed and bled.

As sticky hot tears poured down her face, she thou

"I should be dead."

This girl who once had everything was left

A princess without her crown.

While the rest of her was growing up.

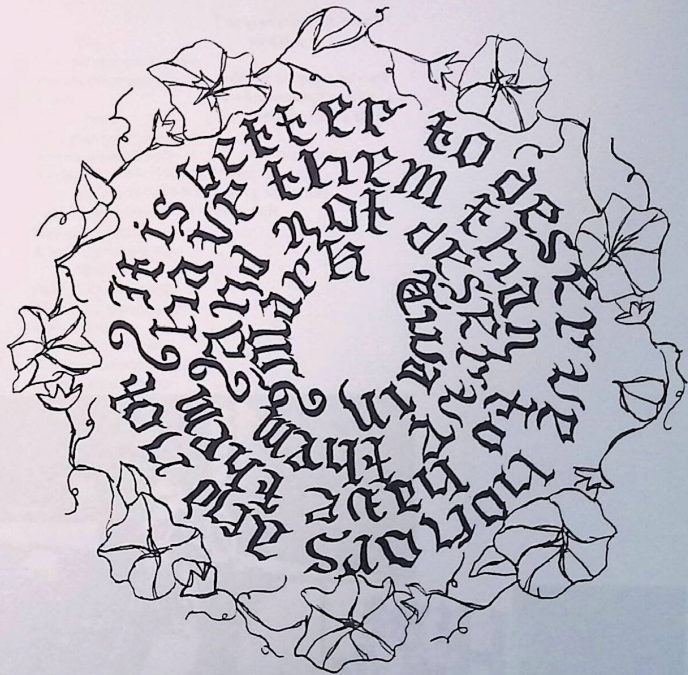
Her soul was growing down.



Janie Karpovich

True Friends
Ann Marie Eddy

Once upon a dream they were known as your friends
But as time flies by your friendship bends
All of a sudden you're all alone
Feeling like a rainstorm drowning in a cone
What happened you say
Why am I an outcast today
What did I do
Then you sit down
And you cry and you cry
You figure out the mystery
Sometimes friendships die
But you mustn't fret
In time they'll meet
Those friends that you really need
True friends are there with you all the time
During a crisis is when they come your way
Suddenly you know what to say
Hello dear friend
You remind me of someone I once knew
True friends aren't just in dreams
They aren't always what they seem
I will make one promise to you
Once these special treasured people are found
they can also help make your wishes come true



Where did everybody go?
A Haiku

They're dropping like flies
I just don't understand why
It's really fun here

Rebecca Hartmann

-Thanks to Sarah Lloyd and the
rest of the gang who made this
Haiku possible-



Untitled

No...

I will not play your game,
And become a part of your
World...

Yes...

I will play your game and
Become a part of your
World...

Maybe...

I will be your friend,
Play your game, become
A part of your world.

But...

I will still be my own
Person and choose right
From wrong...

And I will take blame
If I cause the anger,
Cause the pain, cause
The uproar...

But if I did not
Cause this anger, this
Pain, these uproars,
Then you are to blame...

Friend take in a lot...
But I give as much
Out as I can give.

So my friend, I will
Be the shoulder to cry
And the helping hand,
But if you, my friend,
Anger me...

I will not play your
Games, and become
A part of your world.

You are a friend, and
I am your friend.

-Brian Soy

Jaime Karpovich

"I Prefer Natural Light to Neon"

You bleach and tan
And dress and undress
And suck and tuck
And hide and accentuate
And willingly
Remodel
Yourself.

Like you were a porcelain doll.

Paint on the red lips
And dot in the blue eyes.
Comb the hair that's always lightened
To make it look like
The sun did it.
To make you seem sweeter than you are.

You are a shame to a real woman.
You are a shame to me.
You should be ashamed.

I prefer pale skin to orange
Because it can't be bought
In a bottle or salon.

And my hips and curves
Move in ways your
Bony protrusions
Can only dream about.

Yes ma'am, id say I'm a dream come true.
Because I *am* true.

I hate My Life

I hate my life you always say when things never seem to go your way.
I hate my life you always say when its just happens to be the worst day ever.
I hate my life you always say when you look at others belongings and treasures with envy
and dismay.
I hate my life you always say when everyone else is just having the time of their life and
your just there.
I hate my life you always say when someone else has a pocket full of money and you've
got nothin.
I hate my life you always say
I hate my life you always say
I hate my life you always say

By Natasha Hackett

A Story
By Beth's Team

There once was a man who lived in a castle.

The castle towered high over the valley

As the trees blew wildly through the acre of land.

A thought ran through my head.

But it didn't last long, I scratched my head and the answers were gone.

Gone, gone, gone, like the wind into the wild blue. That where my answers went.

The answers flew high into the clouds and beyond the deep blue sky.

And then another question popped out into the open.

POP!!!

And that was the end of that chapter.

Untitled
By Mr. Evans' SAT Math Class
Period 3

My friends like to play ball

If we do it too much we will trip and fall

That's why you shouldn't play ball

So, if you're hot give me a call

The Haiku Section

!

(welcome to hell)

Haiku

I took back my clothes
This both the T.C.'s know
Now I am in hell

Do not walk alone
Always go to the right place
Make sure you go there

Do not use this door
This door is a fire escape
Stay away from the door

Once I fell asleep
I took too long of a snooze
And must write this haiku

Sleep in team meeting
Can be very very bad
Pay attention boy

From

HELL

PLEASE WRITE
 Sorry
 Please
 NICE JOB
 please forgive us.
 we really are
 STAR PUPIL
 Will I Behave Now?
 Yes I will Go To Sleep or
 read a book and think
 I was a very
 HAND WORKER
 GOOD STUDENT
 Girls
 Just Want
 To Have Fun
 This poem
 EXCELLENT
 We
 Love
 Upward
 Bound

Untitled

Anger,
Pain...

Love.

Passion...

Sorrow.

Depression...

Human.

-Brian Soy



Untitled

by Rebecca Hairman

You always try to be sweet
You always try to be kind
And I would like to say something
If you don't mind

I think you're great
I think you're grand
And I even think
I'm falling in love with you man

Don't take me seriously
Don't take me like a joke
But you're my favorite part of life
Like my favorite part of an egg is a yolk

Forgive Me Father: My past life as a Spanish Conquistador

Kelly Marie McKenna

Forgive me Father for I have sinned.

I had such dreams as our ships flew on wind.

The sun came up and blue water broke to bright green land.

I imagined great treasures, could almost feel them in my hands.

As I stepped out to port, I fear my conscience I forgot,
soon realized my morals for high price could be bought.

I soul my soul that day for silver and gold,

"Go see the natives, they have more," I was told.

We rode back and forth from mud huts to stone domes.

The once glorious nation watched as we raided their homes.

We, the vainglorious marauders, stole not only gold and treasure,
also their dignity and respect. Oh my what have I done sir?

The greed blinded me and I am ashamed of my behavior.

The irony yet, is that which I had longed for I shall not savor.

Please, dear Savior, take pity on my doomed soul,
you must understand the outcome was never my goal.

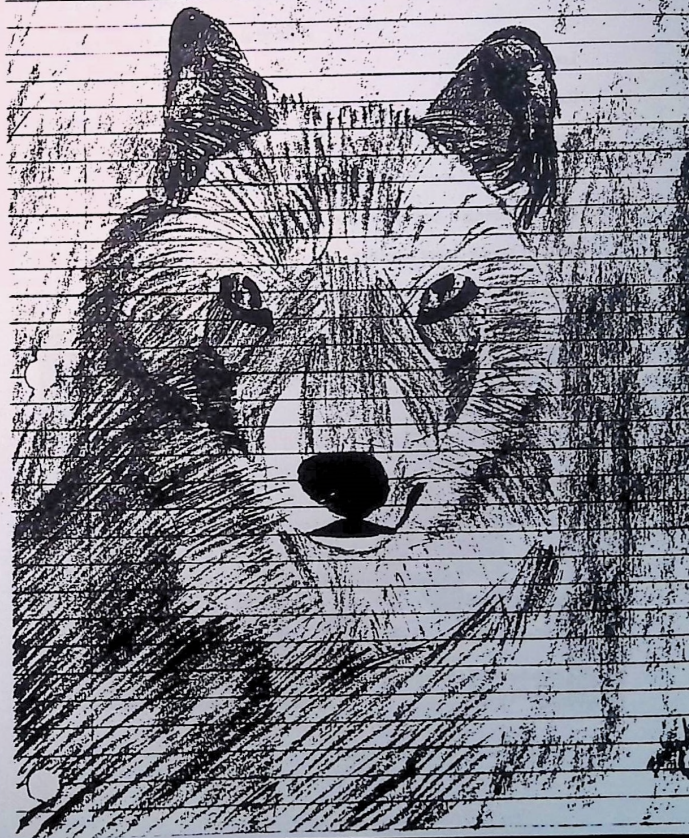
So forgive me Father, for I have sinned.



Nature, Life, the Raven, and I

Looking out the window into a pit of endless people
Is like a raven flying over a church's steeple
We see all that can be seen of a simple world
From within our little space we can gaze upon a universe
What we see with our small eyes is not considered great
But to the beholder this is like a dream landscape
This life we see is beautiful and magical
The flowing curves of nature startle our eyes
We are like to hidden spies locked into security
What we are doing is not wrong, we are only looking for purity
Amidst the rugged crowds, we can see the clouds
The clear lakes are beyond the huge, green hills
As the raven dances in the sky, he eyes me
But he does not leave, he welcomes me to explore and see
I am amazed by the silky beauty of his dark wings
And he is amazed by my awe towards him
We explore each other by using our hearts that are held deep within
Stealing such a bond would be a thief's greatest sin
The raven and I may be different but we are similar in many ways
We are both animals who enjoy every day

Jenny Saccone



Ashley Cristen Day

F.A.L.L.

Lost, scared,
Knowing only few.
Summer started
And we couldn't wait to go home.
Trials of strength and knowledge,
Brought teams closer together.
Study lab, hell, and silent reading
All trials of patience
But disciplined us and made us stronger.
Dances and karaoke
Were great fun.
Friends were made,
But five were unfortunately lost.
Time passed so fast
Without reversal.
Stop! Wait! I don't want to leave my friends!
The summer can't be ending already!
But it is.
Suddenly, home is a dreaded place.

Always remember to follow your heart

Be yourself

And most importantly

Never forget the friends and life lessons

Of UB summer 2000!

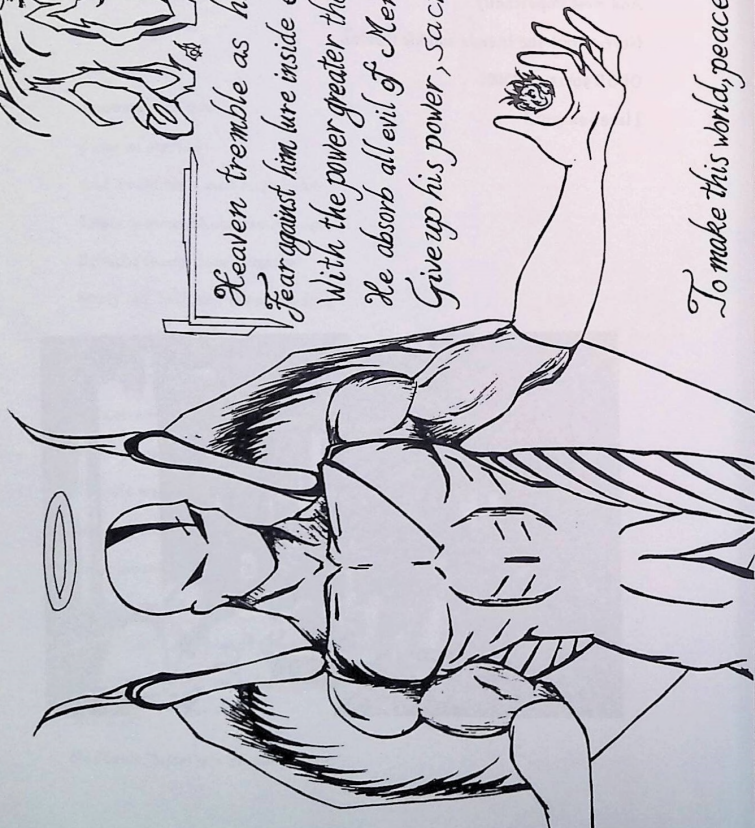
I love you guys!





Heaven tremble as his power grow
Fear against him live inside every Men
With the power greater than God
He absorb all evil of Men
Give up his power, sacrifice
himself

To make this world, peace again.



ERIK DANIELS

HAZEL ON BROWN

A DARK FLOOR AT NIGHT

SOUL MUSIC SO LOW

I PULL YOU CLOSER

AS WE DANCE SO SLOW

WALKING HAND IN HAND

WATCHING DUCKS IN A POND

STROLLING AIMLESSLY

WHILE WE MAKE A LOVE BOND

LOCKED TOGETHER

HAZEL ON BROWN

IT CURES EVERYTHING

LEAVING SMILES, NOT A FROWN

YOU COME INTO VIEW

MY EYES SPARK TO LIFE

WANTING THE PRICK OF LOVE

IN MY HEART I'LL BURY THE KNIFE

HAZEL ON BROWN

THIS IS LOVE NOT FICTION

HAZEL ON BROWN

IT BECOMES AN ADDICTION

The One

Everybody has their own one true love that they think is different is the best.
But to be able to find that one in your lifetime is the one true test.
Relationships come and relationships go but the one that is brought together by fate,
Is the one that survives anger, jealousy and hate,

True love withstands the hardest problems and all the bumps along the road,
Not everyone finds their true love here on Earth,
Some love people grow into through the years, some appear and are present at birth,
In order for you to find the one love of your life,

You must talk openly and work out things,
Whether it is good or bad and are aware of what the consequences bring,
If the consequences bring hurtful feelings and shame,
And return the love between you two will never be the same,

Then you must come to the conclusion that it wasn't and will never be,
All this hurt and pain will be there for a reason so you know and see that it was really
never meant to be,
But if your love can conquer the highest of mountains,
And be peaceful as the calmest fountains,

If you can look past the pain and work things out,
Then this is true love without a single doubt,
So when you finally find the person of your dreams,
Hold on to them with all your will and might,

Don't ever let go because you can never hold someone to tight,
Because like everything they will in time be gone.
And you will find the strength to carry on,
You'll know that this was true love, and you loved them as much as they loved you,
When love finally grabs a hold of you...grasp a hold and don't let go.

Donna

Seeing Him Win

I saw a boy who sat by a window and cried all day.
I hurried to his side and tapped him on the shoulder, he looked away.
I smiled at him but he did not respond.
I tried to force between us some sort of bond.
I finally realized that the boy was deaf and mute.
His nurse told me that he could hear vibrations so for him I played the flute.
I caught his big blue eyes as he looked into my face.
He didn't show any sign of curiosity so I figured it was a waste.
I said goodbye to him and silently turned to go.
The little nine-year-old got up, touched my arm, and shook his head no.
Everyday after that I visited the hospital and grew attached to him.
Everyday his sickness made his lively face grow more and more dim.
When he died, I sat by his little window in the corner and cried all day.
The nurses wept over his bed and began to pray.
I told him goodbye in a thousand tears.
At least before he died, I had washed away his tears.
That boy was an orphan and he cried because he once was all alone.
I came into his life and made the orphanage more like a home.
To this day I think of him and grin.
In the end, he really didn't die because I saw him to the end
And I saw him win.

Jenny Saccone

Une Francais Haiku

Ce n'est pas de ma faute
Le canceriel me la fait faire
Je suis une bonne fille.

Sarah Lloyd



by p/b

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi

By James Williamson

The air is heavy, with sweat and tears. The anthem wafts through that air and latches on to my ear. Its deep, booming tones and soft melodies funnel through the whole of my being. I salute.

It is not a salute made in the joy or pleasure of service. Today is the end of the world. I salute because I must, I am still a King's soldier, and I will salute when I am to salute.

They lower the flag too quickly. Do they not know that the flag is to be lowered slowly? And on this day, when the flag should never be lowered at all, they speed its descent. This day was already filled with too much sadness to bear this.

This is the end of my world. If it is not, in fact, the true end of the world for the rest of the people and peoples, then it is the harbinger of their end. For the end cannot be far off now - I see the Four Horsemen riding with the cavalry. Let the end come, and soon, so I do not have to endure this unbearable torture any longer.

The glorious strains of the anthem stop. They begin raising the blasphemy of civilization, and drop the ancient flag at their feet. I do not salute. I will not salute. I will not salute the ruin of Man.

And then, it is over. We leave, we board the ships, we go back home. They do not realize that we do not go home, but rather we leave our homes behind us. The world is over, the flag has fallen, the anthem will never be played again, and I will live and serve and die and will accomplish nothing. For, after today, there is nothing left to be done. The world is decided, and I cannot change it. I am finished.

ERIK DANIELS

EASY ON THE EYES
FOR DEB TURNER

I LOOK AT YOU

AND IT'S NO SURPRISE

OVER AND AGAIN I'M STRUCK BY CUPIDS ARROW

CUZ YOU'RE EASY ON THE EYES

I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOU

I START TO REALIZE

YOU'RE STEALING MY HEART

AND YOU'RE EASY ON THE EYES

IF LOVE IS A GAME

YOU MUST BE THE PRIZE

YOU'RE GORGEOUS, AND FUNNY

AND EASY ON THE EYES

BEING WITHOUT YOU

I DON'T KNOW HOW MY HEART SURVIVES

I JUST THINK OF YOU

AND HOW YOU

ARE EASY ONE THE EYES

I PUT. Y LONELY HAND IN YOURS

IT SEEMS TO SYMPATHIZE

I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING BUT YOU

CUZ YOU'RE SO EASY ON THE EYES

JUST WHEN I NEEDED YOU

A PLAN GOD DID DEVISE

HE SENT ME A GIRL

WHO'S EASY ON THE EYES

Untitled

I've never met someone like you.
Someone's whose feelings are so true.
Like the song "Swear it again."
You make me laugh through all the pain.

I know that feelings just don't go away,
And I know that yours are here to stay.
And if you thought that I wanted you to go,
You were wrong, there's some things you should know.

You're so sweet, I can't explain.
You're unlike anyone else, you walk through the rain.
You've treated me the way I've always dreamed,
I thought it was unreal, the way you were, or so it seemed.

You're more than words could ever say,
But hear me out, don't walk away.
I know you're mad and full of doubt, so I think we should
Talk and work things out.

I'm just so confused,
I don't know what to do.
I'm so in love I want to cry,
To explain it, I don't want to try.

And so I sit here broken in front of you,
Thinking of something to write so you knew.
I just don't think you can handle it all,

My feelings are all jumbled up, I'm gonna fall.

Please understand what I'm about to tell,
I don't want to hurt your feelings, or
For you to fall like you've already fell.
I know this is hard and gonna break your heart,
But I think it's in our best interest to stay apart.

It's not that I don't care,
And I know, to you, it's not fair.
But friends are forever.
And I always want you to be there.

Debbie Turner

Wishing for a Fire Drill

By Sara Lloyd

It's the same each and every morning .
As soon as the first bell rings,
I packed away my smile,
And gather all my things.

Time to go to first period,
And get on with my day.
I elected Latin III on my schedule,
And now its time to pay.

Out comes the unfinished homework,
And translation I didn't understand.
So I just sit there very quietly,
And don't even think of raising my hand.

While our "magistra" walks around,
To see if we're all awake,
I just look straight down avoid eye contact ,
And pray for a sudden earthquake.

She soon begins talking of irregular verbs,
And I feel a tear forming in the corner of my eye,
If only I had taken everyone's advice,
I'd be in Espanol, instead of here wanting to die.

Never Noticing Me

Alone I sit watching you
Here, right here, at this very moment
I think about holding you
But, alas,
You seem to walk by
Never noticing me
The only thing I want is
To be liked, just a little, by you
I see you walking around
With her
You just drift on by
Never noticing me
I pray every night that you
Will always dance in my dreams
When I wake up, and you walk by
I hope
That one day
You will look up
And notice me

Brandy Andrews

Kelly Hair McKenna
//

The Wind Which Dances

Several strange strangers
gathered together
survival

their unambiguous
yet unadmitted goal
always harbouring
a silent fear
of the unknown
learning to accept and
be accepted

throwing inhibitions and preconceptions

to the wind
which dances
in their hair
illustrating the greatness
of diversity, laughter
replaces nerves
each one taking

friends enemies and valuable
experience

An adventure definitely worth remembering

Red, Yellow, Green

By Ashley Cristen Day

Cars

are deadly weapons.

Car accidents

are all too common.

Innocent lives

are always taken.

Driving

is scary to me.

Because traffic lights go

red, yellow, green.

The glass cracks red,

and right knees shatter.

Holes are torn in fences.

Some

never drive with their mothers again.

For You

A weeping willow
To see my pain
A dreamy cloud
To cry my rain

A fallen rose
So sad to see
A false reality
For me to be

We all live with heartbreak
As if we were meant to
Living is believing, they say
Does not pertain to me and you

We weren't meant to be
But no one told us why
Just so you could say
You need your wings to fly

Flying over my head
A nice white dove
To the endless sea
A sign of our love

When will I see you again?
I may never know
Throughout my life
My love will surely grow

Only...For you.

Jen Healey

The Phantoms Remain

By Erik Daniels

Phone jacks holding ghosts of conversations long past

Did the relationships fail?

Did they last?

A bed where many have surrendered to a long nights toll

Wind whips through the windows souls have peered out

While the curtains roll

A desk where many a nights midnight oil had been burned

It seems to showcase the struggle

For the grades they earned

A closet where clothes once hung neatly

Put up with care

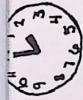
While the room smelled sweetly

The students have gone, but the phantoms remain

Shame on those who look at the room and see one mundane

Seasons
Seasons come and go,
but they always leave their mark,
for us to enjoy.

Jennifer Smith



EXIT

Sturdevant 211

"45 minutes into Lit 11/19"

with Jennifer Smith



Mr.
Selvatore



"Brandy"



Tason

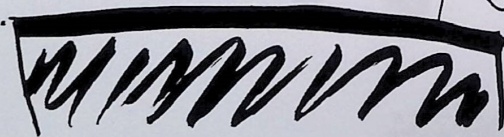


"Notorious"
Bill
Lacanis

ME, THE DIVA



Kelly Marie
McKenna



Donna



Jesus



Wayne!



'ERIN'

Table of Contents

Front Cover	Jen Smith
So Far	Rebecca Hartmann
The Stars	Jaime Karpovich
Thoughts on Columbine	Kelly Marie McKenna
Faith	Sarah Lloyd
Someone Dying	Natasha Hackett
Collage	Erin Zavislak
The Lighthouse Off Conifer Point	James Williamson
Artwork	Brandy Andrews
Looks to Kill	Jaime Karpovich
True Friends	Ann Marie Eddy
Calligraphy	Erin Zavislak
Where did everybody go?	Rebecca Hartmann
Untitled	Brian Soy
I Prefer Natural Light to Neon	Jaime Karpovich
I hate my life	Natasha Hackett
A Story	Beth's Team
Untitled	Mr. Evans third period
Haiku Section	Various Authors
Untitled	Brian Soy
Untitled	Rebecca Hartmann
Forgive Me Father	Kelly Marie McKenna
Nature, Life, the Raven, and I	Jenny Saccone
Artwork	Brandy Andrews
F.A.L.L.	Ashley Cristen Day
Calligraphy	Quang Chau
Hazel on Brown	Erik Daniels
The One	Donna
Seeing Him Win	Jenny Saccone
Une Francais Haiku	Sarah Lloyd
Calligraphy	Quang Chau
Sic Transit Gloria Mundi	James Williamson
Easy on the Eyes	Erik Daniels
Untitled	Debbie Turner
Wishing For a Fire Drill	Sarah Lloyd
Never Noticing Me	Brandy Andrews
The Wind Which Dances	Kelly Marie McKenna
Red Yellow Green	Ashley Cristin Day
For You	Jen Healey
The Phantoms Remain	Erik Daniels
Calligraphy	Jen Smith
Artwork	Brandy Andrews
Lit Mag Stick Figures	UB Lit Mag Staff
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