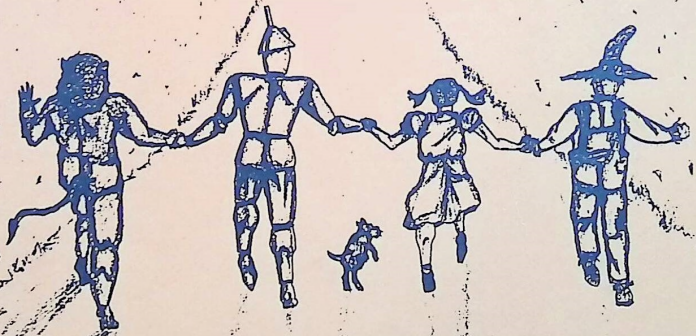
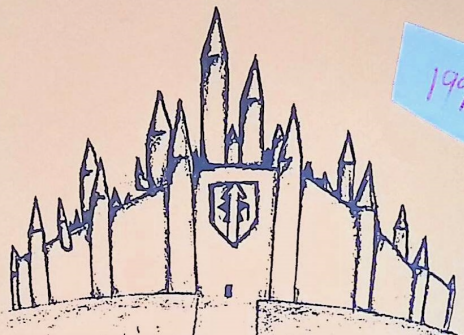


1996



PH  
2-11-96

Our Days . . .

Our days may seem like a chore  
The homework is not to adore  
But making friends and having fun  
And Marisa with our morning run  
We are definitely not in Kansas anymore

by Sarah Geras

"We're Not in Kansas Anymore"

*A collection of student and staff works*

*Upward Bound Program*

Summer of 1996

Wilkes University  
Wilkes-Barre, PA 18766

**Literary Magazine Staff:**

Heather Carey  
Aurilla Derby  
Shannon Garbriel  
Alessa McHugh  
Faith Posten  
Elizabeth Watkins  
Beth Ziegenfus

Kathy DeVivo Pesta - advisor

**We greatly appreciate the submissions of art and writing that we received. Thank you to all who contributed.**

**We also thank the following people for their time, energy, help and support:**

Ms. Ann Butler  
Mr. Michael Callahan  
Chuck Daly  
Ms. Bobbie Fiascki  
Ms. Beverly Glennon  
Ms. Mickey Grzynski  
Mr. Jerry Hromisin  
Mr. Tom Jarmiolowski  
Ms. Barbara Q.-Killian  
Bernie Kovacs  
Sara Malkames  
Dr. Pat Pisaneschi  
Christina Poff  
Rebecca Rampp  
Bernie Seeman  
Ms. Melissa Summa  
Ms. Anne Thomas  
Mr. Tom Thomas  
Ms. Shirley Trieval

Staff  
1996 Upward Bound Literary Magazine

Cover design: Brent Lukowich

**Table of Contents**

First Week UB by Davienne Piatt	1
Terrors by Denise Kelley	1
Beeb's Group by A. Nonymous	2
UB by Sarah Geras	2
Upward Bound by Elizabeth Watkins	2
Circles by Davienne Piatt	3
Our Guides by Crystal Copeland	3
There Was This Day by Tara Yuscavage	4
If Only by Paul Jacobs	5
My Name Is the Tinman by Matt Major	6
Untitled by Edward Marcy	6
Bridge by Mark Slatky	6
Spanish and Translation by Chavon Croman	7
Spanish and Translation by Denise Kelley	7
Spanish and Translation by Angelica Ciufferi	8
Spanish and Translation by Mary Gallagher	8
Spanish and Translation by Rachel Trimble	9
Spanish and Translation by Crystal Copeland	9
Spanish and Translation by Nichole Seniuk	10
Spanish and Translation by Angie Baez	10
Spanish and Translation by Christine Dinger	10
Love by A. Nonymous	11
I Remember by Melissa Blake	12
Thanks by Roman Ciufferi	12
Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough by Bernie Seeman	13
Darkness and Light by Roman Ciufferi	14
Love by Rachel Trimble	14
Yourself by Faith Posten	15
Sanctuary by Jen Gruenloh	15
The World Is Not by Roman Ciufferi	16
Running in a Meadow by Linda Mullen	17
Heaven by Heather Grosz	17
Everything by Shannon Gabriel	18
Possibilities by Faith Posten	18

## Table of Contents

The Resident Life by Mark Slatky	19
Stars by the "Stars" of '95	20
Changes by the "Stars" of '95	20
Together by April Steele	20
Special Place by Chavon Croman	21
Sisters by Christine Dinger	21
Summer of 1996 by Edward Marcy	22
Lit Magazine by Kathy Pesta	23
Window Seat by Jerry Hromisin	23
Familiar Settings by M. Summa	24
Bounding Out of Kansas by Pat Pisaneschi	25
Ode to Legos and Brothers by Jerry Hromisin	26
Six Haiku by Anne A. Thomas	27
The Lure by Anne A. Thomas	28
Memories of a UB Summer Past by M. Summa	29
Made in Taiwan by Tom Jarmiolowski	30
Thank You Upward Bound by Chuck Daly	31
Kitchen Chemistry - fun for all ages by M. Summa	32
Ten Reasons to Country Line Dance by Jen Gruenloh	33
Top Ten Reasons We Know... by M. Grzymiski	33
Art Work by: Chuck Ferguson	35
Calligraphy by: Brent Lukowich	36
Calligraphy by: Alicia Suchoski	37
Calligraphy by: Adrienne Metcalf	38
Calligraphy by: Maximillian McNelis	39
Poem by: Shannon Gabriel	40
Calligraphy by: Brent Lukowich	41
Calligraphy by: Don Juan	42
Calligraphy by: Alicia Suchoski	43
Calligraphy by: Maximillian McNelis	44
Poem by: Shannon Gabriel	45
Calligraphy by: Brent Lukowich	46
Calligraphy by: Maximillian McNelis	47

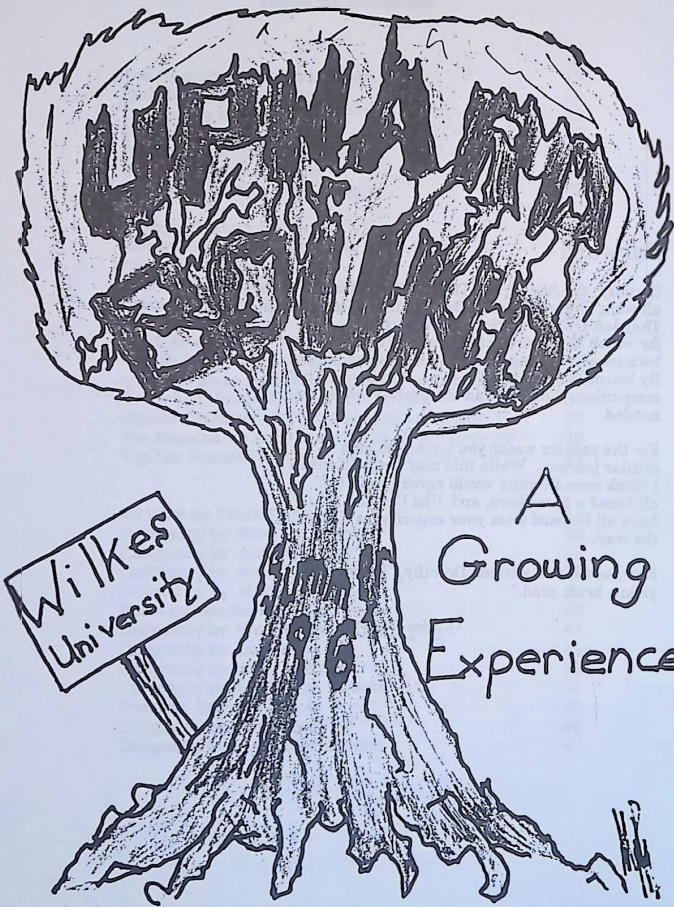
## Forward

Dorothy, the Scarecrow, Tinman, and Cowardly Lion all went to the Wizard of Oz in search of something. They left Oz having "found" those things for which they were searching but it wasn't because of anything given to them by the Wizard. By learning from their journey, Dorothy and her companions found within themselves what they needed.

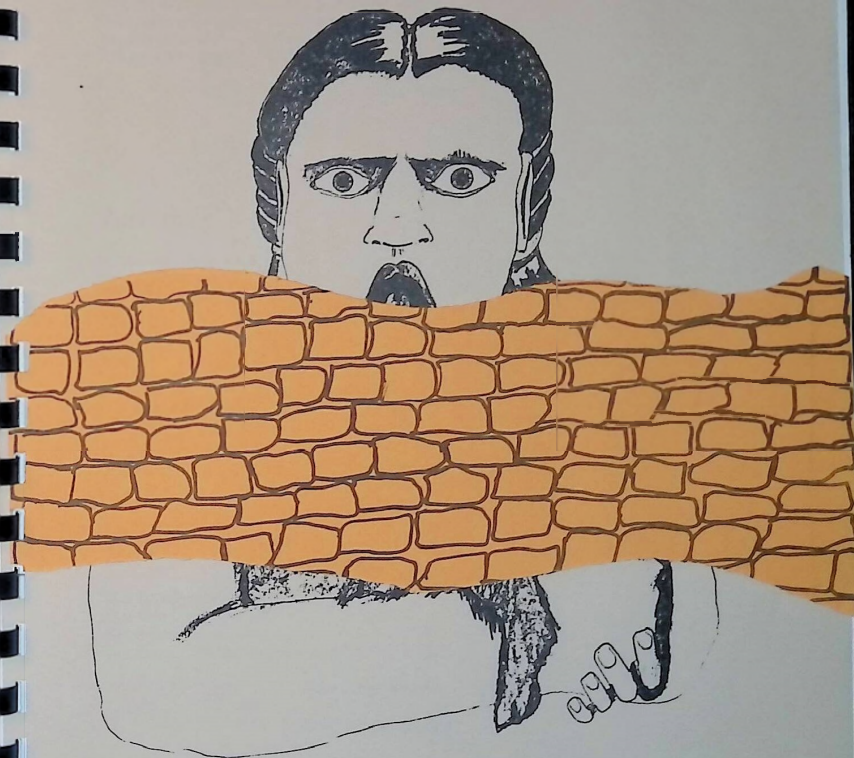
For the past six weeks you have been on a similar journey. While this may not be Kansas, I think even Dorothy would agree - you have all found a home here, and, like Dorothy, you have all learned from your experiences along the way.

Now, as Glenda advised Dorothy, "Follow the yellow brick road."

Kathy DeVivo Pesta



Lions, Tigers, and Bears -  
Oh MY!



PH  
12/11/02

## Beeb's Group

Beeb's group  
seven new friends  
are friendly and sharing  
talk a lot and get along well  
great team

by A. Nonymous

## UB

UB  
What does it mean  
Friends, learning, having fun  
One way we all will soon go is  
Upward

by Sarah Geras

## Upward Bound

Upward Bound  
a six week home  
a world of challenges  
this is not your typical dorm  
dorm life

by Elizabeth Watkins

## Circles

We live in a sea of uncertainty  
Going around in circles, never-ending  
Will we find our way  
Through this stone arch maze  
Maybe, but what will lead us  
Our minds, our thoughts, our imagination  
Or is it our struggle, want, and desire?

by Davienne Platt

## Our Guides

In the distance I can see a gleaming star  
which spreads its light upon a hidden path.  
This is the path of life which we must tread if  
we wish to go far,  
In a world that seems not to care.  
Yet amidst all of the toils, I found a place to reside  
In which there are caring people who will not let you hide  
They guide us on our journey through life; giving us a head start  
on those things which we will face in future years.  
This path is not always easy and we may wish to give  
up it all;  
But friends are there to dry our tears  
And pick us up if we may fall.

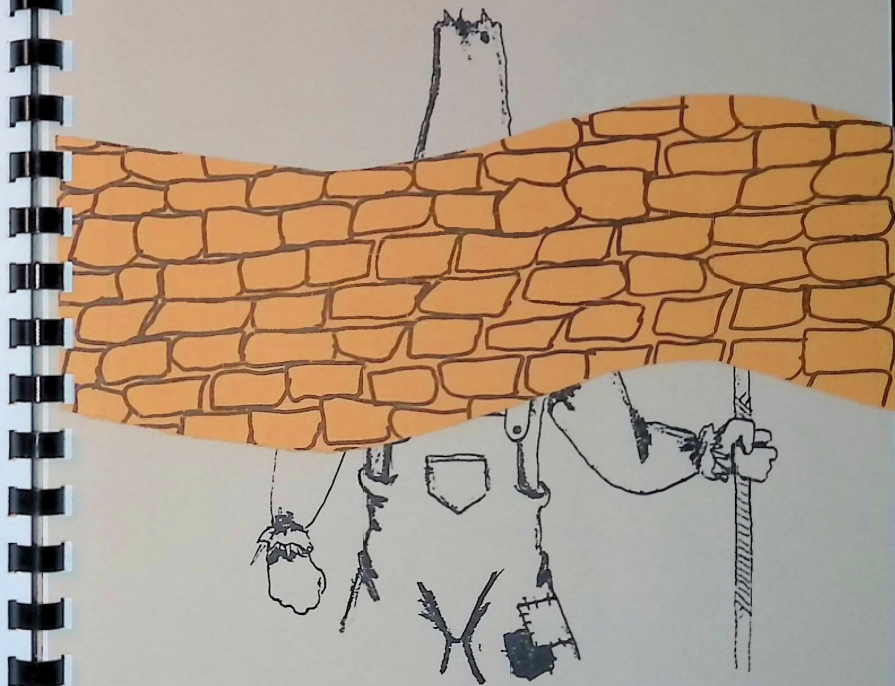
Crystal Copeland

## There Was This Day

There was this day  
When I came to this place to stay  
It was weird, different, and nerve racking  
I thought and thought as I was packing  
We got into the car and drove to the sight  
Thinking how it was going to be the very first night  
We approached the main desk on the first floor  
Giving them our names then they showed us our door  
We headed for the room not knowing what we'd find  
Carrying our stuff up two flights of stairs and not looking behind  
We entered our room laying our stuff on a bed  
Looking around the room and seeing what lies ahead  
Unpacking the truck load of stuff we went  
Finally finishing up spraying our strawberry scent  
We headed down the hall, to the Pit  
In a great big circle where we had to sit  
We went down to dinner after we met  
Waiting for our schedules we were soon to get  
Back to the Pit a movie went on  
My anxiousness soon disappeared and was gone  
Off to their rooms everyone had to go  
Not because they were tired, but because the TC's said so  
The days went by and the week was done  
We finally realized this could be fun  
We only have five weeks to go  
Leaving here, a lot we will know.

by Tara Yuscavage

## If I Only Had a Brain



PAH  
1/20  
1/19

## My Name Is the Tinman

My name is the Tinman  
I have no heart  
I have come to Upward Bound to learn what's in myself  
U.B. is like the oil that lets me function  
in the movie. My friends and I are looking for  
the Wizard of Oz  
U.B. found us and helped us.  
The lion has no courage. The scarecrow  
has no brain in his head.  
We are looking for something inside our selves  
the teachers at U.B. showed us the ability to  
learn what was within me.  
Thanks to U.B. I have fun learning.

Matt Major

## Untitled

The student works hard each day  
Trying to do everything in the best way  
All his teacher does is teach  
He wishes he was at the beach  
But he is stuck doing work all day

by Edward Marcy

## Bridge

Bridge is totally different than Upward Bound  
If you get behind, you may never be found  
So stay ahead and keep going  
I know that classes may be boring  
Sometimes you may be up all night  
But with Chuck's help you'll be all right  
It is okay to be nervous on exam day  
But then you'll find out that you got an "A"  
So if you study hard you'll do fine  
and have a great summer just like mine

Mark Slatky

Hola, Mellamo Glenda. Soy una buena bruja. Por UB yo puedo ayudar a las personas con sus probjmas. UB te lleva por esa calle de ladrillos amarillos de vida. Me gusta UB porque puedo usar mi habilidad para ayudar a otras personas y say simpatica. Tambien puedo encantrar a amigos nueros. Las personas aqui son simpaticas Las personas Dequenas le ayudaron a dorotea. Le Da Coraje, sabiduria, cuidado y un lugar donde se siente amor. Yo recomendaria O UB a todo.

Hello my name is Glenda. I am a good witch. Through UB I was able to help people with their problems. UB leads you down that yellow brick road of life. I like UB because it allows me to use my abilities of helping people and being nice. It also allows me to meet new people. The people there are nice like the little people that help Dorothy. It gives you courage, wisdom, caring, and a place where you feel loved. I would recommend UB to anyone.

Chavon Croman

Dorotea es la chica bonita. Ellale gusta hablar conhente. Dorotea va a muchos lugares. Ella experimenta muchas cosas. Ella la gustan cambios en su vida. Dorotea aprende mucho de ella misma. Ella siguio el camino de la drillos amarillos a Oz y yo segui el mismo comino a Upward Bound. Upward Bound trajo muchas buenas cosas a mi vida tal como, aprendiendo cosas nuevas. Dorotea aprendio de ella misma de La Buena Bruja. Yo aprendi mucho de los profesores a Upward Bound y yo tratate el mejor eh todos las cosas como hizo Dorotea.

Dorothy is a beautiful girl. She likes to speak with people. Dorothy is going to many places. She experienced many things. She likes changes in her life. Dorothy learned much about herself. She followed the yellow brick road to Oz and I followed that same road to Upward Bound. Upward Bound brings many good things to my life, such as learning new things. Dorothy learned about herself from the good witch. I learned much from the teachers at Upward Bound and I will try my hardest in everything, just like Dorothy did.

Denise Kelley



Soy un leon y soy muy fuerte pero no tengo coraje. You siempre deseaba que you tendreia la coraje pero pense que no pasaria. Luego he oido de Upward Bound y Upard Bound me encontro justo como Dartea encontro justa como Dartea encontro OZ. Upward Bound era buena para mi proque tengo coraje ahora.

I am a lion and I am very strong but I have no courage. I always wished that I had courage but I thought that it wouldn't happen. Then I heard of Upward Bound and Upward Bound found me, just like Dorothy, found OZ. Upward Bound was great for me because now I have courage.

Nichole Sentuk

Ser una buena bruj a no es facil. Ellos trabajan mucho a Upward Bound y me ayuda con eso. Upward Bound dijo que ser la bruja no seria facil. Upward Bound me ayudo mejorarme. You nunca espere que seria como eso.

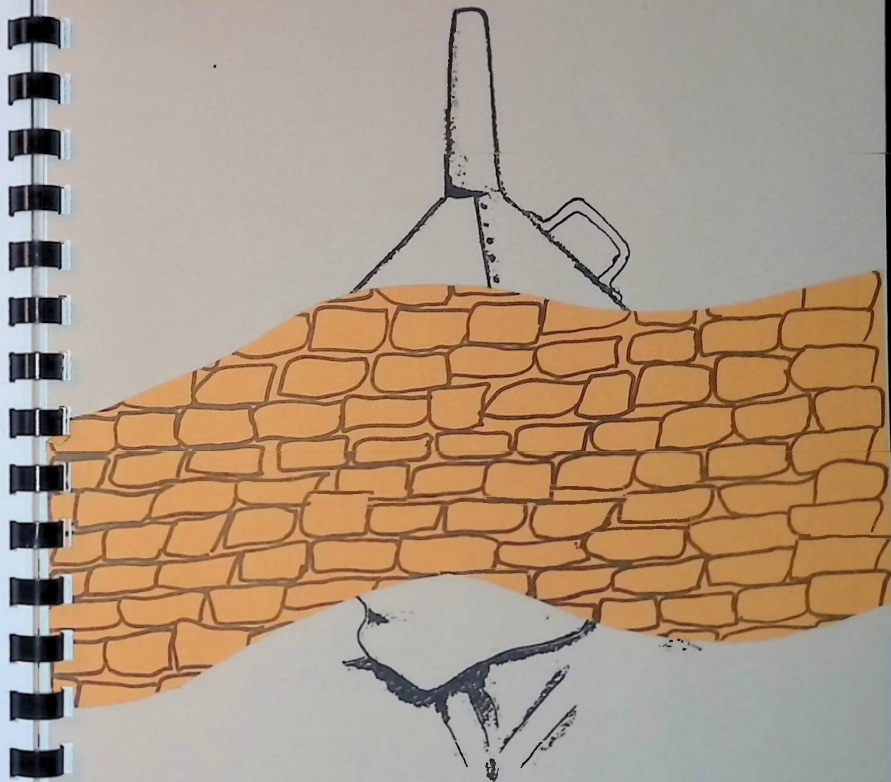
Being the good witch is not easy. They work a lot at Upward Bound and it helped me to be the good witch wouldn't be easy. It helped me in growing. I never expected it to be.

Angie Bacc

Hola. Yo soy el espantajo. Como el espantajo en el Wizard of Oz, you busco un cerebro. Yo espero que Upward Bound me lleva sobre ia caue correcta. Justo como Dorotea ayudo el espantajo del garrote, Yo deseo que Upward Bound me tenga exito. A traves de las experiencias voy a tener en Upward Bound me encontrare mi misma. Divirtiendo me encontrando amigos nuevos, y viviendo en un lijos de mi casa. Yo llego a ser mas independiente pasan ias semands. Como Dorotea me ayudo, yo la ayude cuando you aceite al hombre de lata y en una manera you ayude a los otros. Mi camino de ladrillas amarillos es Upward Bound.

Hello. I am the scarecrow. Like the scarecrow in the "Wizard of Oz", I am looking for a brain. I hope that Upward Bound will lead me to the right road. Just as Dorothy helps the scarecrow off the stick, I want Upward Bound to lead me to success. Through the experiences that I will have at Upward Bound I will find myself. I am having a good time making new friends and being away from home. I am becoming more independent as the weeks pass. Since Dorothy helped me, I helped her oil the tin man and in other ways I will help other friends. Upward Bound is my yellow brick road.

Christine Dinger



I Know I Have a Heart Because  
It's Breaking

10/11/02  
C.D.

## I Remember

I remember the day she was born,  
but I have forgotten her birthday  
I remember the color of her eyes  
but I have forgotten how she looked up to me  
I remember the sound of her footsteps  
but I have forgotten how she walked in mine  
I remember everything about her,  
but I have forgotten her

by Melissa Blake

## Thanks

Find me, fair one, I need your help  
I have strayed again and lost my way  
Too far from who I was  
Too close to losing what I am

Guard me, fair one, I need your strength  
I need shelter from the cold  
Let me regain my warmth  
Let us never part

Hold me, fair one, I need your love  
I am well again  
Bless me so I will not stray  
Bless you for being there

I will find you, fair one, if you need my help  
I will guard you, fair one, if you need my strength  
I will hold you, fair one, if you need my love

That's what friends are for

Roman Cluferrì

## Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough

Too tired to sleep  
I sat on my porch  
With one pint of Ben & Jerry's  
I got lost in Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough  
I forgot about everything, including her  
The world can be so quiet and peaceful at 2:00 a.m.  
Especially with headphones on my ears  
A line in the song's chorus caught me eye  
So I put down my ice cream  
And looked for the lyrics  
They couldn't be found  
Neither could she  
Too tired to cry  
I thought and thought and thought about her  
I asked myself questions to which I knew I did not know the answers  
And thought and thought and thought about everything  
One half-hour passed  
A line in another song's chorus brought me back  
And as I picked up my late-night snack, I laughed  
Do you know how fast ice cream melts in June?

by Bernie Sceman

## Darkness and Light

Darkness and light swirling in my head  
Struggling for control

Light speaks:

I am light

I am goodness and justice

You have used me to help others

Use your goodness

Be just in your ways

Choose me!

Light becomes quiet

Dark speaks:

I am darkness

I am evil and vengeance

You have used me to hurt others

Use your evil

Be cruel in your ways

Choose me!

Dark becomes quiet

Darkness and light swirling in my head

Struggling for control

They want me to choose who I will become

I don't want to choose

I do not choose

The darkness and light become one

A grey fog is in front of me

I am blind

Roman Ciufferrì

## Love

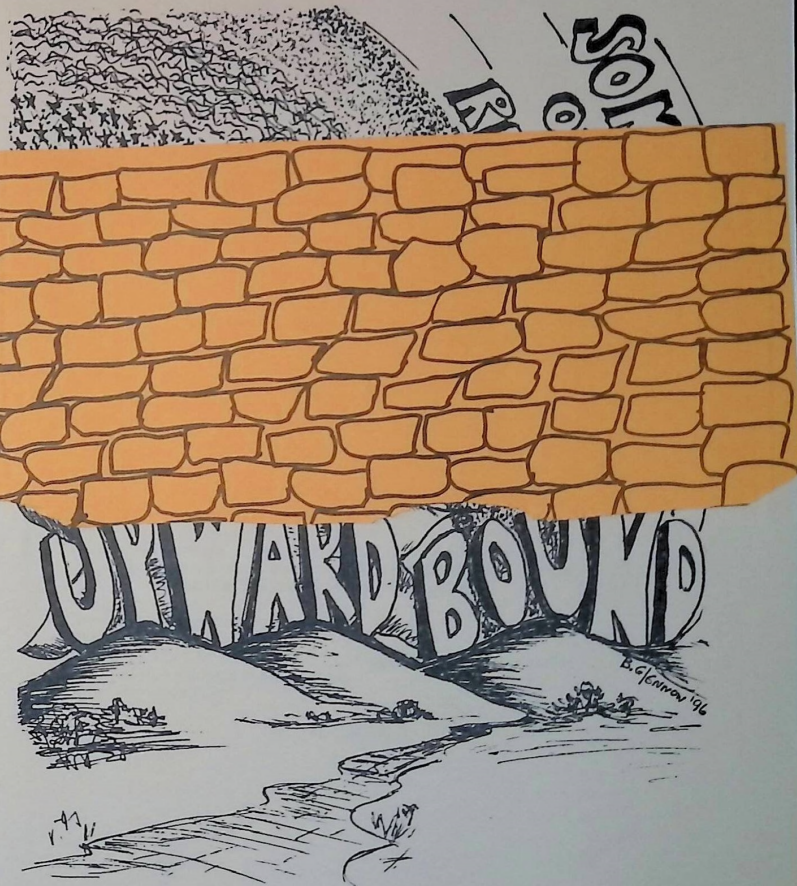
Love can be described in many ways. Love is like a rain forest. You can imagine the tall trees with their big bright green vines and leaves all around. You can picture a beautiful colored parrot with green and red feathers sitting on top of a high branch squawking to its mate. You smell the fragrance of the thick air following a long rain fall. You can also hear the clear, crisp, and cold rushing water roll over the rocks in a nearby brook.

Love can also be heard when my brother talks to his girlfriend. His voice becomes very hushed and gentle when he hears her voice and he persuades her to tell him why she is so quiet. Then they giggle and continue to whisper secrets to each other. It can be pictured, a couple seeing each other for the first time and they start running towards each other through a field full of daisies and buttercups when they finally meet they embrace one another.

Furthermore, love can be felt in the soft whispering touch of my cat's whiskers when she strokes my legs as I stand by the refrigerator or cupboard preparing a snack as she waits for her share.

In the end, love can be an essence of everything desired.

Rachel Trimble



## The World Is Not

The world is not just black and white  
They say that  
There's an infinite number of shades  
Of grey  
That's fine and all  
But I see the world in infinite color  
You see the black and white and  
Infinite grey  
You are normal and sane  
I on the other hand  
See color in the grey  
But then I am not normal  
And I don't care  
Because I think the world looks  
Nicer this way

Roman Ciuferrì

## Running in a Meadow

I'm running in a meadow with flowers all around  
Where the sky is blue, the grass is green and happiness  
Knows no bounds  
Where sadness, anger and fear are not even a care  
All you need is life to be truly happy there.

This sounds like Heaven only reachable when you die.  
But it is always reachable if you'd only try.  
A glimmer of hope in your heart is all you really need.  
To run through the meadow where your soul is finally  
freed.

Linda Mullen

## Heaven

To see gladness on a child's face,  
A man being accepted regardless of race  
To live free of fear,  
To shed not another tear  
All this would be heaven  
To love free and dear,  
To love the ones you're near,  
To be accepted for who you are,  
Not whether you have a nice car,  
All this, would indeed be heaven

by Heather Grosz



## Stars

The "stars" are a very bright group  
when we are faced with a challenge  
we won't fly to coop,

we came to succeed and that's what  
we'll do

because our goals are high and our  
aim is true,

that's why we're one cool troop!

the "Stars" of '95

## Changes

New friends to make  
try interesting things  
A great experience for all  
U.B.

the "Stars" of '95

## Together

We may roam, we may sway,  
but we come back together on  
the hardest days.

We may leave, but we always  
come back to hang our hat  
on the same old rack.

We were just a group when we  
had begun. Now we all come  
together to form one.

by April Steele

## Special Place

I know a place where you can go  
When you're feeling down  
There always is a smiling face somewhere around  
People help by doing what they may  
because you never know  
When you will be a student of the day  
This place is nice  
and somewhat grand  
I like this place  
and here I'll stand  
This place is known  
to us all  
It's a place we know  
Called PICKERING HALL!

by Chavon Croman

## Sisters

For so long you were always there  
Through the good and bad times, I knew you cared  
When I fell down, you'd see me through  
This showed me once more that I can count on you  
The laughter, the pain, the cries and tears  
In your special way you could calm my fears  
Now there is a bend in the paths we take  
New places, new friends and new decisions to make  
Though it's not planned, go where you may  
But in my heart you always will stay

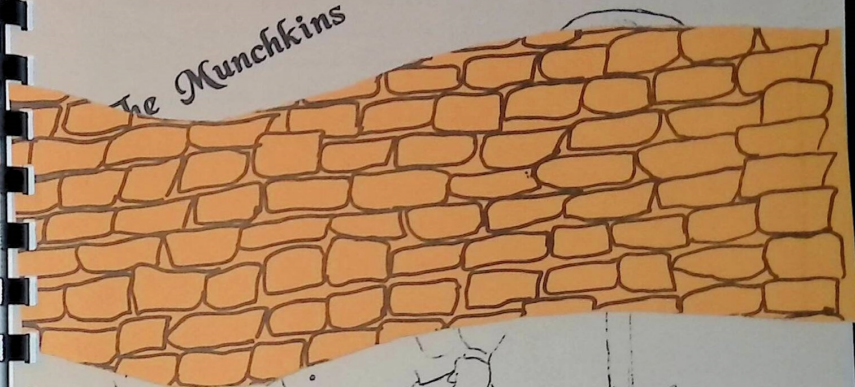
by Christine Dinger

## Summer of 1996

In June I reluctantly left home for the first time  
It was now time to become more responsible  
So I set goals for myself  
Uncertainties of what I would encounter, surrounded me  
When I got where I was going I was confused  
But still doubt was within me  
I assumed this summer would be a waste  
But the TC's quickly improved my attitude  
They promoted a more favorable perspective  
I was soon meeting several new people  
From whom I learned various distinctive personalities  
Then I realized everyone was friendly  
I knew I was in the right place  
The teachers are always there to help me achieve my goals  
I now know what it is like to learn from a dedicated teacher  
Suddenly getting up early was no problem  
Classes became exciting  
Theatre became worthwhile  
Physical Fitness became fun  
At times I wish it would last a little longer  
But all good things do end  
This Summer of 1996 will definitely be memorable  
No summer before have I become strengthened in so many ways  
By the end of the summer I will be better educated  
And more understanding, cooperative, and friendly  
Also I will be more fit and more theatrical  
This Summer of 1996 will have prepared me for the future

by Edward Marcy

The Munchkins



## Familiar Settings

Anxiousness begins to rise  
As I look towards my student's eyes  
For I know something they don't know  
Something that happened some years ago  
Soon they will realize how I can relate  
For I lived through the same fate  
I have sat where they sit now  
Often asking when, where, who and how  
I took the classes and worked away  
And looked forward to Achievement Day  
But as the end of the program drew near  
I finally realized what I learned here  
I learned how to write and communicate  
I even learned how to live with a roommate  
I found out who I was and what I would be  
I learned how to get through life when it wasn't that easy  
Friendships were built and memories were made  
Oh how thankful I am that I stayed  
For Upward Bound was the potter and I was the clay  
They molded me into what I am today  
As I look at the students sitting in their seats  
I feel like the circle is finally complete  
Now I have the opportunity  
To return all the help that Upward Bound gave to me

M. Summa

## Bounding Out Of Kansas

Upward Bound students--  
Quiet and shy or loud and outgoing  
Conscientious or crazy,  
Polite or mouthy,  
Serious or lackadaisical  
(not, necessarily, lacking in daisies--or day's ease);  
Tired and sleepless at first,  
Both confused and enlightened,  
Struggling to learn and learning to struggle.

Upward Bound teachers--  
Speaking in Spanish  
Looking for literary literacy,  
Making math meaningful,  
Showing scientific sensitivity,  
Acting artistically,  
Communicating through computers and calligraphy;  
Pushing, prodding, helping, harassing,  
Monitoring, mentoring, encouraging, enabling,  
Befriending, berating--  
Doing their jobs.

Upward Bound students and teachers--  
Learners,  
learning together.

by Pat Pisaneschi



## Ode to Legos and Brothers

"Build it, and they will come!"  
Unless your creepy, demented brother decides to knock it down and wreck it first!  
Strangle him? Nah, leaves marks.  
Something better! Wait until he's asleep. Take his favorite gotta-wear Jordans,  
dunk  
them in a bucket of water, put them in the freezer for an hour (or two), then put  
them back right by his bed!  
Morning. "AWWWWW!!!!!! Mom, Dad, look what he did to my Jordans!"  
Grounded. BIG TIME.  
What to do for a few days (weeks?)?  
Listen to SQUISH SQUISH SQUISH SQUISH as SOMEONE walks around the  
house. HA! HA!  
Try building it again-and again- and again.

by Jerry Hromisin

## Six Haiku

### Fireflies

Illuminated,  
Words blink in code. Night's mask cracks.  
Like truth, a poem lives.

### Still-watch

Hidden cricket, heard:  
Punctuating ceaseless time:  
Garden's metronome.

### Web at Dawn

Spider's tracery:  
Engineered with thread and air  
Light-pierced dew; rosebow.

### Philosopher in the Kitchen Garden

Two bees in thyme--Snip  
Sprigs for the soup: HA! Truth's nectar  
Is to be--in time.

### Snapshots

Dusty miller: leafed  
Fog; Viola: waif-faced prince;  
Mint: everywhichwhere.

### Somewhere in New Mexico Desert (7/16/45)

Humble mushroom grew  
inward, outward: supreme vio-  
Lence: fissured fungi.

by Anne A. Thomas

## The Lure

There. There it is. The nudge, the push  
That bumps us, shoves us into poems.  
Rooted in some dark tooth,  
Stretched like a constellation's hide.  
Pegged by the curious thorns of desire  
It makes us poems.

We are formed and reformed  
By our knots of efforts; we are known  
And emerge frayed, artless, breathless--  
Like the shadows  
Of zinnias in blue clay pot  
Left for a moment on the gray sill  
In a still July afternoon.

A breeze shifts the weight of the light:  
The curtain reaches out  
    holds, then  
Lets itself down on the lap of the breeze.  
We watch it, like the rise and fall  
Of an infant's chest.

The grand silence makes the thoughts  
Sound out, one by one.  
Like language being learned by deaf ears.  
We want to roar the other way, but  
The nudge, the push leads us to that thin-edged  
Line of words  
And dares us cross  
Alone.

by Anne A. Thomas

## Memories of a UB Summer Past

Moving in day  
Not too much to say  
Anxiety overwhelms me  
As I wait with the others for my TC  
I feel alone as if no one cares  
As I lug my stuff up the stairs  
Never having been on my own  
I found comfort in the phone  
By day three, it becomes very clear  
I made the right decision to come here  
By the end of week one, I knew this was no summer camp  
I did so much homework, I had writer's cramp  
By the end of week two,  
There was still so much to do  
By the end of week three, there was one thing I found  
I never knew I could sleep so sound  
Staying up late and studying all night  
I must have given my 8 am class a good fright  
By the end of week four,  
I knew three wasn't much more  
My theater class was going fine  
Our production should be ready on time  
I've had so little sleep by week five  
I was amazed I even survived  
As week six drew to an end  
I knew I was going to miss my friends  
Packing only led to deep thought  
Will I remember what I've been taught  
As achievement day drew near  
I no longer wished it were finally here  
And all those memories were replaced with tears

M. Summa

## Made in Taiwan

A phrase you may see  
On the products you buy  
May not always be  
Very clear to your eye.  
But to a young lad  
Who's not just yet six  
This phrase always gets him  
In a terrible fix.  
For when he's exploring  
Like all little boys  
And he happens to see  
Upon one of his toys  
Those three little words  
Which mean nothing at all  
To a boy who just stands  
About four feet tall  
Words start to circle  
Around in his head  
Then he understands  
What he has read  
The toy he is holding  
With the funny words on  
Was made in a place  
That we call "Taiwan".  
"Taiwan?" The boy thinks.  
Is that anywhere near Crete?  
Can you get there by car?  
Or is it just down the street?  
Are there girls and boys there?  
Is it a very long trip?  
Can you get there by plane?  
Can you get there by ship?  
He runs out to mom,  
and as moms always do,  
They give you their help  
Until your trouble is through.  
He looks in her eyes  
And tells her, straight out,  
"I don't really know,  
What 'Made in Taiwan' is about."  
She begins to explain  
And the confusion is gone.  
He now understands  
Why it's made in Taiwan  
But deep in his mind,  
Just one question stayed  
If toys are from there  
Then where was I made?  
He then asked his mother  
And she with a grin  
Put him to bed  
And tucked him right in.  
She kissed him and left,  
But before she was gone  
He heard a faint whisper,  
"You weren't made in Taiwan"

by Tom Jarmlowski

## Thank You Upward Bound!

My first summer-  
I was apprehensive about student teaching in the Fall  
UB gave me confidence and enthusiasm

My second summer-  
I was struggling with the decision to stop drinking  
UB gave me support and acceptance (so I could be myself) - with  
no strings attached. A few months later - I quit for good!

My third summer-  
I was unsure of my future  
UB gave me encouragement to move back to Washington to volunteer.

My fourth summer-  
I was constantly leaving for interviews in search of a teaching position  
UB gave me more support and faith in my abilities.

As a result of my involvement with Upward Bound, I now have:  
confidence, enthusiasm, sobriety, direction, faith in myself  
and my abilities, and a higher self-esteem!  
Thank you Upward Bound!

Chuck Dafy  
TC - Summer of 1993  
ARD and Bridge Counselor - Summers 1994-1996

## Kitchen Chemistry - fun for all ages

### Silly Putty

1/4 cup water  
1/2 tsp. borax  
4 oz. white glue  
Food coloring  
Disposable cup  
Stirrer

1. Mix water and borax together.
2. Put glue in cup, add food coloring and stir.
3. Add borax and water mixture to glue.
4. Let sit for two minutes.
5. Knead putty until smooth.
6. Store in a zip lock baggy

### Play Dough

1 1/2 cup water  
2 tsp. food coloring  
2 tbsp. cooking oil  
2 cup flour  
1/2 cup salt  
4 tsp cream of tartar

1. In a small bowl, mix water, food coloring, and oil.
2. In a saucepan, over medium heat, add flour, salt, and cream of tartar. Add water mixture, stir, constantly.
3. Cook for 5 minutes or until a ball of dough forms. Cool for five minutes.
4. Knead with your hands until smooth
5. When not in use, store in refrigerator in an air tight container.

### Finger Paints

1 envelope unflavored gelatin  
2 1/2 cup cold water  
1 cup cornstarch  
1/2 cup soap flakes  
2 drops each of 4 shades of icing color paste

1. In small bowl, sprinkle gelatin over 1/2 cup of water and mix until dissolved.
2. Combine cornstarch, soap flakes, and remaining 2 cups of water in a sauce pan over medium heat.
3. Add gelatin mixture to the saucepan, stirring until it becomes thick. Remove pan from heat and strain into 4 separate containers.
4. Add a different shade of color to each container. Mix in color
5. Refrigerate when not in use.

M. Summa

## Ten Reasons to Country Line Dance

10. It's enjoyable
9. Good exercise
8. Gotta love that country music
7. Great way to meet nice people
6. Have to follow the steps, but everyone has their own style
5. Gotta love those country outfits
4. You don't need a dance partner to Line Dance
3. Great way to meet a 2-step partner
2. If you learn some dances and the basics, you can teach
1. It's something different to do

by Jen Gruenloh

## Top 10 Reasons we know "We're Not In Kansas Anymore."

10. The roaches don't know me by name.
9. The lumps in the mattress are not like at home.
8. The Wicked Witch keeps writing me up.
7. The hot meals are not hot with all the long lines.
6. Study lab!!!!
5. Milk everyday.
4. Encore is ahead of me in lunch.
3. Written up again.
2. Matt doesn't answer to "Ma".
1. I'm having entirely too much fun.

Mickey Greymski

Heather ☺  
Cary

Yog  
Wattums

Burn ☺  
Ziggyfus

Shannon  
Gabriel

Alessa ☺  
McHugh

Faith ☺  
Posters

Aquilla  
Dury ♡

Bed  
Ramp ☸

## Flying Monkeys



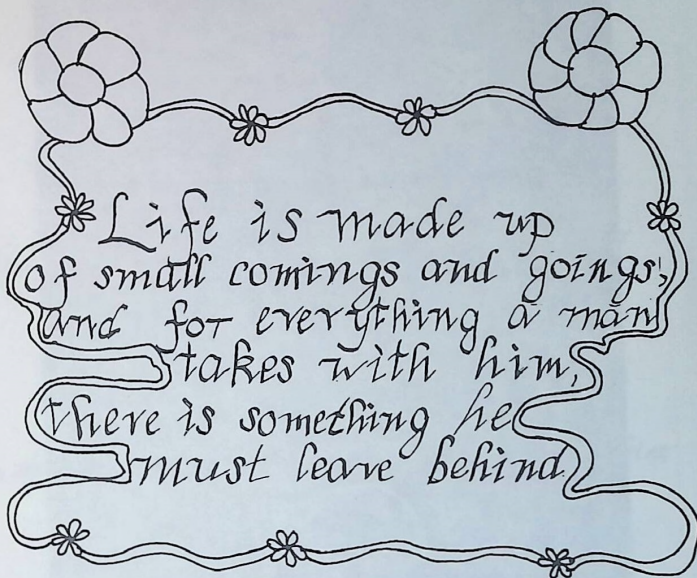
Here we are, born to be kings,  
were the princes of the  
universe...

Here we belong, fighting  
to survive in a world  
with the darkest power...

I am immortal, I have  
inside me blood of kings,  
I have no rival, no man  
can be my equal, take  
me to the future of your  
world...

There can be only one.

*16*  
*11*  
*13*



力産心

忍仕侍

力 口 凡

Everything is going to be fine. Anything is going to be fine. Everything is going to be fine. Anything is going to be fine.

Stories go to the past. The past is memories. Memories are stories. Stories are memories.

Death is death. Death is death. Death is death. Death is death. Death is death. Death is death. Death is death. Death is death.

Shoujutsu  
Gavriel

The basic difference between  
an ordinary man and a warrior  
is that a warrior takes  
everything as a challenge, while  
an ordinary man takes everything  
either as a blessing or a curse.

~ Don Juan ~

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

Anonymous

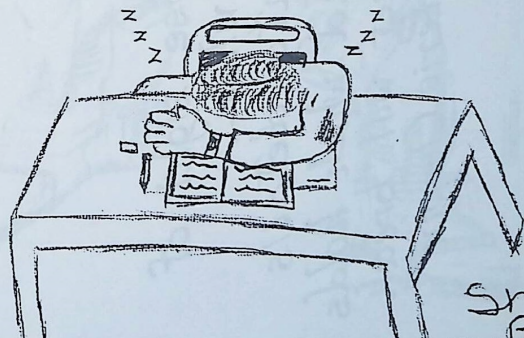


THE MESSY

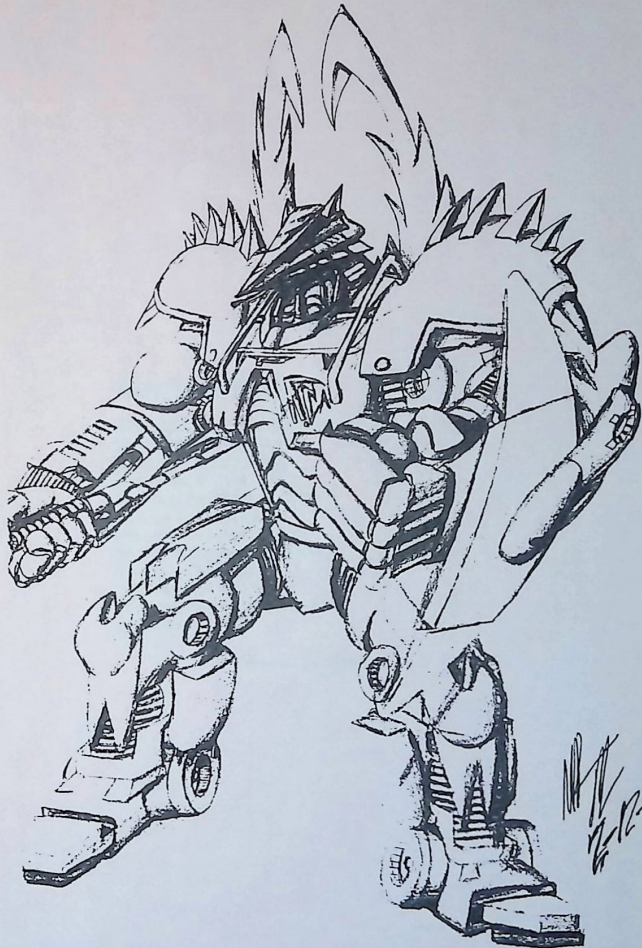
# Dull Dave

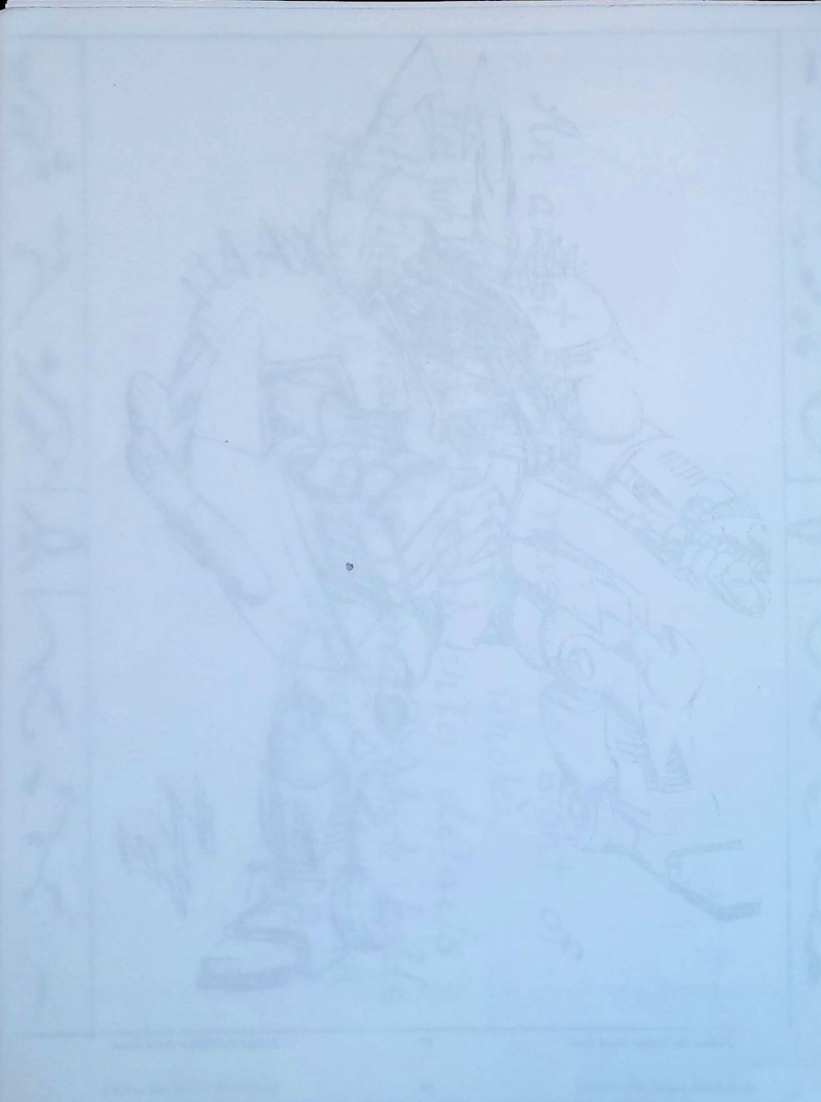
Dull Dave couldn't wait for a break. He sat at his desk for a

while the class all learned something new!



An artist should never lose sight of  
the thing as a whole.  
He who puts too much into details  
will find that the thread which holds  
the whole thing together will break  
Frederic Chopin





### Silent Orchard

When Upward Bound was over  
The orchard was silent  
The trees did not sway  
The birds did not sing  
And the sun did not shine  
So I wait for the fall  
semester to begin again  
So at last the trees will sway  
The birds will sing  
And the sun will shine  
Once again in the orchard in  
my heart

by Jamie Seafran

