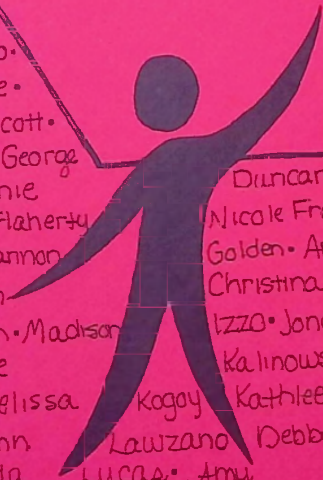


REACH FOR THE STARS

2002

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William Sistrunk
Chari Slater
Amanda Snyder
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Abby Szymanski
Jessica VanDyke
Jenn Washicosky
Megan Williamson
Sameerah Woods
Chris Yarmel



Duncan
Sarrah Nicole Frank
Erin Golden
Amy Grose
Christina Hangrave
Izzo
Jonathan Kalinowski
Kogoy
Kathleen Lawzano
Debbie Lucas
Amy

T
A
R
S

Abbi Szymanski

• Melad Zangorazny

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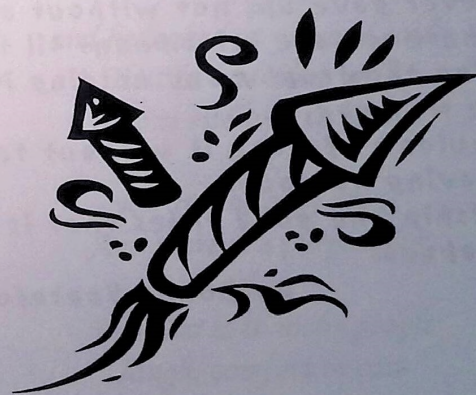
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Mr. Brian Soy
Mr. Tom Thomas
Ms. Mickie Ostrum

..... *For all your help and guidance*

A LOOK BACK!

Upward Bound's

35th Anniversary!



Remember.

Happy are the times we have together,
playing with all our hearts,
our souls attached to the music we play,
how can this be real?

We're playing for the big time now,
Pulling each other through the good and
bad,
not ever looking back because music is
our life where would we be without it?

the bus trip too,

how can you forget?

To win that competition would be the
best,
pushing even harder to make sure we got
it right,

we never gave up, not without a fight,
now here we are triumphant til the end,
winning the trophy and holding it high
above my head,

we couldn't of done it without teamwork
and having no doubt,
friendship and good times that is what it
is all about.

By Donna Spatafora

"Yourself"

I want you to look at yourself,
Your beautiful,

Your smart,

Your unique,

You're an original,

Your one of a kind,

You are: You,

No one in this world is like you,

No one laughs, smiles, thinks,

dancing or just does anything,

like you

God took clay,

and laid a foundation,

and created you,

an original,

and he looked at you and said,

That he had done well,

No one else was to be like

you,

you are the only copy,

And there is a purpose for

You,

Whether is to make people

laugh, comfort or care

-I'll be there-
When no one is there for you
And you think no one cares
When the whole world walks out on you
And you think you're alone
I'll be there
When the one you care about the most
Could care less about you
When the one you gave your heart to
Throws it in your face
I'll be there
When the person you trusted
Betrays you
When the person you share all your memories with
Cant even remember your birthday
I'll be there
When all you need is a friend
To listen to you whine
When all you need is someone
To catch your tears
I'll be there
* When your heart hurts so bad*
* You cant even breathe*
* When you just want to crawl up and die*
I'll be there
When you start to cry
After hearing that sad song
When the tears just won't
Stop falling down
I'll be there
So you see I'll be there until the end
This is a promise I can make
If you ever need me
Just give me a call and...
I'll be there...

Nicole DiVecchia
Less Martiney

SIX WEEKS

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh, oh, exchanging presents. Five days left!

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

Chris Zukoski
1989



FALLEN HEART

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

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

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

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

Gary Miller
1992

WANTING TO

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

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

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

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

BONNIE OAKES
1992

A
GRUSE

IF I LOVE HIM,
BUT HE NOT ME,
OH, HOW UNFAIR
A GRUSE CAN BE.

KARYN MOORE
1988

END OF THE SUMMER

(DEDICATED TO EVERY ONE)

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

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

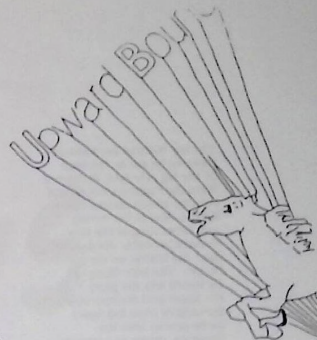
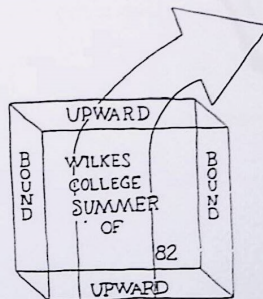
Now all of us know everyone
And for one, I'm glad
That I have all my memories
Of all the fun we had.

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

Tammy Wortman
1992

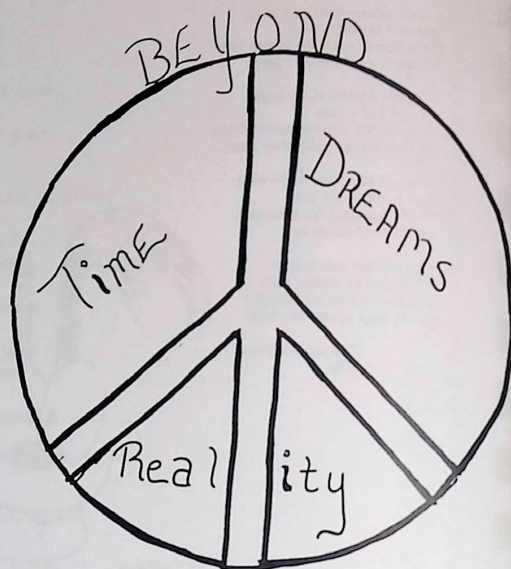


"Odie" -Sara Malkemes



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

Bonnie Oakes
1990



By Heidi
Tumakati

Salt and Pepper*

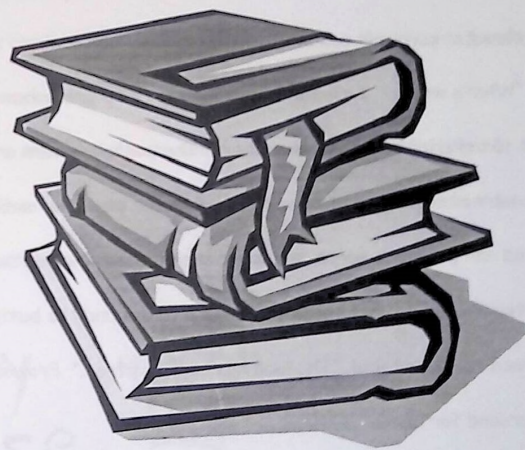
Black and white
In my sight
A sneeze
Pass the salt and pepper please.

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

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

Valerie Wills
1981

Essays



Bathroom Insanity

It was a hot night in the summer of 98'. My best friend Amy and I were hanging out at my house. With nothing to do and the night still young, we decided to go for a walk. Our destination was the local Donut Shop where all the "cool kids" hang out, A.K.A. the druggies and pedophiles. We equipped ourselves with some playing cards and set off on our journey.

The Donut Shop was pretty far away so we set off on a leisurely stroll and talked about our most recent crushes. After about ten minutes, Amy began to waddle like a one thousand pound mustache lady that you see in freak shows at carnivals.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "I seriously need to go number two," Amy replied. Snickering slightly I asked her if she wanted to turn around. She said no were almost there, so we continued on our way. Her waddling persisted and got much worse, suddenly, she stopped. An odd smell permeated the air and her pants expanded a bit around the buttocks area. She turned to me and said, "The load has been set free." Frowning sadly we turned around for home.

What we didn't know was it was way past the town's curfew and the police were on the prowl. Suddenly, a police car slid up behind us. With

insane terror of receiving a fine, I took off with lightening speed to Amy's house.

Upon arriving at her house, I felt terrible for leaving Amy behind, but my terror had made me run. I quietly crept into the living room, making sure not to wake up her Dad, and awaited Amy's return.

"I hope she's o.k!" I said to myself about twenty minutes later. Quietly the door opened and Amy waddled in. "What happened?" I yelled. She came over to me and explained. "Well, after you took off, I tried to go as fast as I could but the cop caught up with me. He asked me my name and where I was coming from. I told him my name was Wendy and I was coming home from work. He told me to get going and left."

As the smell and silence filled the room, Amy and I looked at each other, and then burst out laughing. Her smile and giggling never waned as she went upstairs to change her pants.

Amy
Grose



Which is Which, Right or Left?

The fork in the road could have taken me in two ways... a path that was dark and foreboding, or a path that was filled with golden sunshine. Though it looked like an easy choice, take the path with the light, which was what the others would say, I sat like a statue on the cold, hard ground pondering my situation. The path with the light looked most inviting, but even light has its shadows, but the path in the dark... Though it was frightening, something inside told me to choose this one, to walk this path and to seek the light at the end. For in the dark you cannot be seen, for in the dark you can truly be yourself, in the dark, the light of the day cannot judge you. So getting up, I started to walk down the path that was dark.

At first I was afraid... Darkness looming over me wherever I went. But, it was here in this darkness, that I found my home. My home in my heart, where I was me and only me and no one, not anywhere could take it away from me.... Which path would you choose, I asked many that day when I reached the light and found an inner peace. I faced an inner turmoil and I did triumph.

An inner turmoil bubbling inside, do I seek to be friends with someone who is cruel, or do I seek out new friends and possibly... Just possibly find a better part of myself... The lighted path would have been the easiest, but in the end, would I have come out liking myself or worse

yet be someone I was never meant to be. Or do I take the darken path, in a place unknown to many, and find what I am seeking, and travel through it alone... Though only thus now do I realize, that I was never alone, that I had the sounds of the crickets, the hooting of the owl and soft whisper of the wind in the trees to guide me through it all.

These noises were the people who I had cared about all my life there in a quiet spirit, helping me in a way that only now do I understand. They nudged me in the right direction, down the right path, and into a place where I would be happy and safe. They were my candles in the night that helped me through it all, and if it weren't for them, I only could guess what path I would have chosen.

So next time you stumble upon a fork in the road, just think... Which is which... the right or the left?

By Erin E. Gardner

Prophecy Of The Dragon

By:
Erin Gardinor

***When the Blood and Sky and Ground are one... A new power
will be born, a new era begun... Family of old magic...
Suffer new tragic... One who survived distress... Grasp
the influence and confess... The old will be called... The
new will fall... Peace Renew... Power stay in viciu***

Prologue

The room was darker than the blackest night sky. Nothing could be seen not even the cloaked figures own hands; a twitch of fear came over the figure as it walked closer to the middle of the floor, where the only source of heat and light was coming. Glowing softly in a pit was a pale blue fire, strange, though not uncommon in this place. The figure sighed as it removed the hood from upon its head. Fiery red hair flowed to his shoulders with magnificent royal blue eyes to match. His beauty and grace seemed to overshadow the beauty and grace the fire gave forth. The fire seemed to recoil in fear from the man. The darkened figure stood at about six feet, he was quite muscular and had a dashing, debonair smile. His face was that of a child and had not aged in all of his eighty-eight human years.

As he approached the pit, the whole room lit up to reveal a table stretched across the far end of the small room. It was perched on a ledge that stood a few feet from the ground and looked out over the room. Sitting at the table, looking rather threatening, were four cloaked figures: one in black, one in gray, one in red, and one in a deep shade of purple. You couldn't see their faces or any part of their body. They were the High Council of Pyre, revered for their great power and high status.

"Ah..." came a deep voice, one that belonged to a man, from the figure in black. "So you came after all... Assassin."

The Assassin smiled as he spoke "You sought me out, and I have answered. You said a huge sum will be awarded if I did a favor for you."

"Your intelligence never ceases to amaze me..." a sweet melodic voice sprang forth from the one in red, this one owned by a female "You do things for people who only do things for you. But this is important and..." The melodic tone of her voice turned to an angered one. "I will hunt you down and kill you myself if you screw it up! Understand?" He nodded in understanding. "Very good... Now what we ask of you is quite important and very, *VERY* dangerous..."

He interrupted her with a brisk, hearty laugh before saying, "Let me tell you a thing or two about danger... Your Majesty. Danger is being caught stealing jewels from a Dragon by a Dragon. Danger is diving head first off a waterfall to escape capture. Danger is almost being beheaded for your crimes. Danger, my dear, is my traveling companion and Death is my best friend. So please speak nothing of danger to me." He crossed his arms over his chest and gave the counselor a dirty look.

There was a faint clapping sound coming from the figure in gray as he said, in a voice belonging to an aged and wise man, "I commend your attitude towards certain hazards. However, you will be taking a risk far more perilous than you've ever had before."

He smiled slyly and thought, *A challenge... I love challenges.* "Tell me your favor and I shall do it" the Assassin said with a cocky air about his voice.

"Very well..." came a female voice, worn by the years of her life, from the one cloaked in purple. "We wish to rid this realm of a great evil. Their 'kind' is spreading, and we wish to put a stop to it. If their bloodline continues, who knows what evil will be set upon us..."

The Assassin cleared his throat and asked, "Who is this bloodline?"

The purple counselor was silent for a moment. After a few moments more of silence, the gray counselor spoke "The noble family."

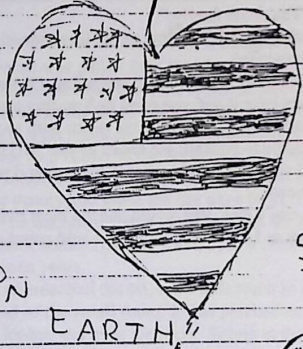
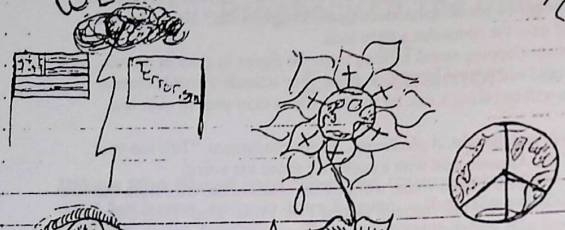
"Yes! They must be terminated before the time of the three-moon alignment or the Prophecy..." the one in purple continued.

"AH! So that is what this is about! It's not about spreading. Or their *KIND* spreading. No! It is about power; they have it and you want it. You fear power, so you wish to destroy those who have it. And you wish to rule this realm with an iron fist!" *Their kind is my kind!* he thought briefly to himself. He spoke again, "BUT, I will oblige... I will not stand for it, but I will oblige." He crossed his arm and prayed to the gods above to forgive his future actions.

If you could see the black one's face, you would see the most twisted and evil of all grins spread across it. "Good such as I thought... I knew I could count on you... Here is the plan..."

"LET
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H."

"WE ARE ALL ONE FAMILY, UNITED IN ONE GOD."



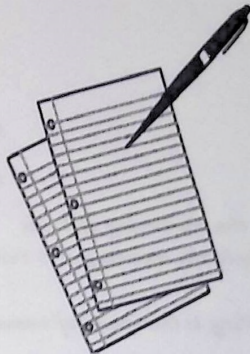
September 11, 2001

"May the victims rest in peace."



Tara Perillo

Poetry



Babble

Babbling is the sound of water running.....

D
B
W
N
N
S
J
R
F
A
M

*Like the chattering of birds
Early in the morning*

Babbling is the sound of water running D B W N S J R F A M.....

*Like the wind whistling past your ear
On a starry spring night*

Babbling is the sound of water running D B W N S J R F A M.....

Like heaven's dear tears rushing down to earth by angels.

Jara Perillo

Dream a Dream

I dream a dream so far away.
I will dream a dream that will always stay.
I dream a dream that someday you will notice me.
Because I can't stand this feeling like I've been stung by a bee.

I wish I could stop dreaming the dream so far away,
But my heart won't stay at bay.
I hate that I can't talk to you,
And I hate that you walk by me too.

You make me mad.
You make me sad.

But I think maybe in my heart of hearts
It's your fault and your loss.
Ya true you pierce my heart with a dart
But my heart is my boss.

But it will mend has most hearts do. There will be others. But I am
stuck with you for now.

Now I stand by my other statement.
It's your fault and you loss.
I am a great person and you missed me.

So that is what I say to you,
I told you my heart that is so true.

Madison Izzo

Can you imagine...

Can you imagine a world without witches,
A world with all people the same?
Where they only know dragons,
Are hiding in books.
And children are all terribly tame?
A world without magic would be sad indeed
I can not imagine the pain!
Of having a world where there's no Santa Claus.
Where wizards are searched for in vain
Can you imagine a world without spells,
That science and business run?
And think of that sadness a unicorn feels
When she can no longer play in the sun.
Can you imagine a world without witches,
No elves and no magical pools?
And can you imagine how dull it would be
If all that we had were the schools?
I cannot imagine a world without witches
A world with no magical wand
A world without beauty, or even a dream,
Or a wood sprite of whom to be fond.
They say I should grow up and be more mature
Like a normal adult ought to do.
But I'd rather, at night, go dance with a witch
And I'll bet you feel that way too.

By: Robert F. Potts
Submitted by: Stacey

Wonderful World

Ran Falling,

Birds Chirping,

Spring is in the air,

What a wonderful world this would be if people only cared,

Children laughing,

Babies crying,

What wonderful sounds you hear,

You can take these wonderful sounds,

And hold them dear,

Bees buzzing,

Dogs barking,

Spring is in the air,

What a wonderful world this would be if people only cared.

By: Melody Zapotoczny

To be Gone

Too much aggrivation,
to be gone.
Too many complications,
to be gone.

Too much bull crap,
to be gone.
Too many miles away,
to be gone.

Too much depression,
to be gone.
Too many lies,
to be gone.

Too much of an annoyance,
to be gone.
Too many problems,
to be gone.

Too much violence,
to be gone.
Too many years and
accomplishments achieved,
to be gone.

-Niki Corker

Nature

Nature is a wonderful thing,
It surrounds us,
We take advantage of nature,
By pollution,
We hurt or kill it.

Dolphins swimming, whales jumping and seals playing,
A part of nature living,
Let nature live in peace,
Forever and ever.

Flowers blooming, trees growing and leaves turning,

Is a part of nature too,
Let nature survive,

Show its beautiful colors,

Through and Through

Nature is a part of us,

Flakes my day shine,

To see nature everyday,

Is a beauty stuck in my mind,

Let's not destroy it,

Without nature our lives are gloomy,

So let it live a thousand more years,

To hear the glorious sound of nature,

Can be a heaven for many more years.

By: Melody Zapotecny

I Am Here For You

I know a person hurt you before,
And you can't forgive her!
I know you thought you could
Never love again, but I'm special.
Please don't be so afraid to tell
Or ask
Anything of me!
I am always here for you.
I also know you think I'm not
Going to stay with you!
Don't be afraid to move on or love again.
I won't leave you.
I am there by your side
Holding your hand the whole way!
I love you with all my heart
And I couldn't do anything to hurt you.
And if I did
I would never forgive myself.
I mean it when I say,

"I LOVE YOU!!"

Sarra Lyann Fine

Just That Girl

Just that girl,
In the way
To be brushed aside.
Always in the way,
Not use to anyone.
Slowly everyday the girl is
Dying.
Pieces of her heart and mind being
Slowly killed.
Her mind, soul and body are tired and want to die.
Nothing else is there for the girl to do,
But to lay still
And slowly die...

Amy Grose

Unspoken Love

My feelings go unsaid
As the days go by,
This love I feel is true
But I can't live this lie.
I know that we are friends
But I have something to say
I think about you all the time
And I can't live this way
I've tried to tell you how I feel
But I clam up inside
I tell myself that this is real
But I just want to hide
So forgive me for not telling you
What I'm thinking of
The one thing that I want to do
Is give you all my love
These words out loud
I'll never say
But they're all that I think of
And I'll be thinking everyday
Of my unspoken love.

By: Chris Hargrave

Angel By Your Side

Angel by your side..... helping you through everything
you can feel the warmth beside you leading you into which direction
you go..
comforting your wounds
and helping to keep you safe
You choose not to do it and you wonder why
You find out it wasn't right and you know why you didn't try
There are times you notice, it's not always right
Yet you go against her, can't help it
Not trying to stop you, leaving you go
You have to learn from your mistakes every now and then
Are you yet to find the identity of your angel?
It takes patience, but for me I understood.....
My angel is my mother, the one who understood

-Melanie Duncan

Don't

Don't push, yell nor scream.

Don't jump on his case.

He and I almost split up today.

Thank you God,

For helping us get through today.

Capitalize sentences, don't yell at him.

Don't jump on his case, always be able and there

For him.

Don't push him to tell you something.

When talking to him, Don't listen to music,

Choose wisely on clicking over to answer the phone,

Don't think of him, Don't think of me.

Think of us, the relationship to be.

Take my advice never think of the other nor yourself,

But think of both you and me

And everything will be fine!

-Sarrah Fine

Crouching slowly to her knees,

The child held the picture like a memory lost in time.

The soft gentle wind whipped through her golden hair.

The swaying branches above reflected

In her sparkling blue eyes.

Shining smiles beamed from the glossy memory,

Reminding her heart of its eternal loss.

Gentle streams of sorrow slid down her face

Onto the cold marble below.

The chill of death coursed through her

And all was lost.

Heart Attack!

Coffee in summer!

A heart attack for everyone!

Too much coffee and your done!

Summer is about happiness and joy!

Not sucking down caffeine and acting all

Coy!

Now if I were you I would drink lemonade!

Because with that you have got it made!

So tell me, Do you still like coffee?

Because if you do I'll Kick you in the jalopy.

Amy Grose

Refuge

Okay, I know I'm pretty
But not as pretty as some
I do things to get attention
But still no one ever mentions
The fact that I'm there
They just don't care
The way that I act is true
Don't let my disguise fool you
My soul is lost
And trying to find
Some refuge.

-Kyle Piccolo

Flowers

They come in all shapes and sizes
Variation and styles
Flowers are like people
New and bright
Exhibiting endurance
Through their life
Flowers are born
Everyday
Never is one the same.

-Author unknown

Memories

*One thing that you can always treasure,
is a memory
At any time you can at a second's notice recall,
an important event, happy or sad,
a lost love, an old flame,
a dead uncle, a strange aunt,
or someone singing Disney songs on a bus ride.*

*A memory doesn't cost money,
they make you laugh or make you cry,
but that memory is special because it's a part of you.*

-Chris Yarmel

Colors

Pink, yellow, blue and green,
A kaleidoscope of colors can be seen,
Arches of color that begin,
Like a pallet of paints,
That never ends.

By: Melody Zapotoczny

Despair

*Your struggle may seem unbearable,
impossible to overcome, but never lose hope
for then you enter Despair.*

*It will surround you,
crush your spirit,
and weaken your soul
but you can triumph over it.*

*All you need is a friend,
a confidant, someone to listen
and take some of the load off your mind.
Then Despair will fade,
for friendship can conquer all*

-Chris Yarmel

Pale Moonlight

My soul is basked in Pale Moonlight,
I watch as it slowly drowns my fright.
Being here in this realm of dreams,
The Pale Moonlight shows forth its beams.

Feeling safe, untouched by fear,
I, alas, shed a tear.
Knowing that my Pale moonlight will go,
And that the ray of sun will show.

But as the moon goes slowly down.
I feel myself smile... instead of frown.
Knowing my Pale Moonlight will return to me,
Fills me with joy, and childish glee!

By:
Erin E. Gardiner

Yesterday

Nothing was the same NOW that it was yesterday,
Everything's different NOW and you can't change your ways.
The years flash by,
But don't ask why,
We can't go back to yesterday.

My Grandmother's Toes

My grandmother's toes are like fungus on a tree.
Sometimes they won't be washed for weeks.
She walks around barefoot all day long,
All the while washing to herself,
"I wish I had a pair of socks".

Soda

The sound of soda pouring from a bottle to a cup,
Is like water running downstream.
The sound is very soothing,
It can sometimes put you to sleep.
In the end you can have a nice drink.

By: Jenn Washicosky

Just Winter, Snowy nights.
Nothing the same, now that
It is Christmas Night.
Sparkling trees, with twinkling lights.
Morning presents.
And Children up all night.

Ailene Myers

Jonathan Juka

Composition

07/18/02

"What I See"

Welcome to "The Square", where no one is rejected!

So who really cares if the pigeons are infected?

As middle-eastern women scream and yell,

I now realize that I have reached the 7th level of hell.

I really can't understand their foreign tongues,

As the last gasp of fresh air escapes from my lungs.

When it comes to places like this there's not much to say,

It's sad to think that my school's just a few blocks away.

What happened to this place? What did it used to be?

There is nothing left here from what I can see.

As homeless women walk by and pick up loose change,

I sit there and watch. I feel so strange.

So all in all, this is nothing like Times Square.

This is what you get when you visit downtown Wilkes-Barre.

As 8:30 A.M. approaches, more buses come in and the elderly leave

Their dentures and Depends they all must retrieve.

"Hurry up Eleanor, it's time to go."

"He just stole my purse, now throw me my crossbow!"

Towards Dunkin Donuts I see Mr. Hastie open up the door

Quote Amy Risko "This place is a bore."

As Mike scares the pigeons out from underneath the bench,

I now smell something of a much stronger stench.

What can it be? I ask myself.

That sweaty woman running around or that disgruntled little elf?

I then get up to walk around,

My nerves are shot, everybody here is so down.

This place is a dump, all splattered in layers

Enough with the presses, lets go bother the mayor.

For maybe one day he can revive this place,

Whatever he's doing, he'd better pick up the pace.

In the Autumn

In the autumn,
I walk by the children
who are jumping in the leaves.

I hear trees *swishing*,
And no more bees are
BUZZING.

In the autumn,
As I walk around the town,
I see green apples, yellow corn,
And fruits of all shape and form.
I always knew the most favorite
fruit of autumn were apples.
Apples are always red in the autumn
when we pick them.

No more birds, No more bees
Just all there is,

Is the sound of *swishing*
Of all the leaves.

Jessica Van Dyke

Nothing

Nothing was the same now that it was almost over.

We knew we were almost done when number 22 took the run.

He ran the ball up the field as a slew of tacklers missed his heels

He took it over and high-stepped it in.

We could not take it any longer, we knew that they were stronger.

As we fell we knew we try our best, for they had beaten all the rest.

My Grandmother's Toes,



Are like squid.

Deformed and smelly.
Fish, Fish, Fish

Ailene Myers

By Richard Read

Reaching to the Stars

By J. Halm

The stars above dance through the dark night sky. I was watching them, hoping to see a shooting star to wish on. It was growing late and all around the night seeped in, blanketing me in an envelope of calm darkness. I was drifting in and out of daydreams, technically "night dreams", but oh well. I had dozed off. I began dreaming. In my dream, I was floating higher and higher, toward the sky, toward the very stars I had been concentrating on before. Someone once told me that if you reach for the stars, you're likely to get burned. I thought I'd test how near I could get before retreating back into the coolness of the night. I continued my journey upward determined to reach a star. As I drew nearer and nearer to my destination, I felt the warmth radiating of the Heavenly body. It was huge! A Massive ball of warm tickling flames.

Nothing was the same now that it was back then.
Everything was so different.
I was usually locked up in a playpen.
At one time my main concern were dolls and toys,
But it changed rather quickly to cars and boys.
I'm soon to grow up and,
Begin a life on my own,
And then comes one day
When I'm all alone.
Nothing was the same now that it was back then.

Apples are red in autumn when we eat them most.
Oranges are in Florida down near the coast,
So they grow all year round,
Lemons and Limes are nowhere to be found,
Unless to the grocery store you are bound.
Watermelons are pink and full of seeds,
Grapes grow on vines that look like weeds.
Apples, oranges, lemons/limes, watermelons,
And grapes...Fruits of all kind.

Murky water reminds me of the time I fell in the lake.
It wasn't my fault,
It was my cousin Blake.
We were walking on the dock,
When all of a sudden we heard a knock.
I looked over the side,
As I began to slide,
I can see the water coming closer...
Closer...
Closer...
SPLASH!!!

I looked for the girl
All around
But she was nowhere
To be found
I woke up
Back in the courtyard
I looked over at the window
The girl was there
In the sill very low
She whispered "thank you"
Before she disappeared
She put a candle in the window
And let it glow.

Amy McDonough

"IF ONLY"

HE BROUGHT YOU TO YOUR GRAVE
YOU TRIED TO BE SO BRAVE
HE KILLED YOU IN A SECOND
IT WAS PART OF A LIFE LESSON
I'M SORRY FOR THOSE DAYS
IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN THE WAYS
BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT FOLKLORE
DADDY KILLED YOUR MIND
AND STILL I WAS BLIND
DADDY KILLED THE STARS IN YOUR EYES
AND I JUST LISTENED TO HIS LIES
DADDY KILLED YOUR HEART
AND NOW YOU'RE MY MISSING PART

MICHELLE "MORGAN" KALINOWSKI

On a Train Ride...

Chug, chug, chug
Riding on a train,
Chug, chug, chug.
All you hear is the sound
Chug, chug, chug.

Riding on a train,
All you can see is the
Winding landscape
In front
Of you *gliding* by.
Chug, chug, chug.

The tracks are *cracking*,
And the sky is SO foggy,
That all you can see is the *smoke*.
The fog plumed through the
Gunshot holes in the train
Windows like
A jelly filled donut.

The train **stops** on its wheels.

Jessica Van Dyke

Luke Knorr
Mr. Peters
Poems

To each is own, but to everyone the same.
Can't teach the word and not take the blame.
With devilish delight and no pain
You insert the evil without shame
Disturbed and vial imagery are cast without shame
But to each his own and everyone the same

Joy, Laughter, fun Coffee in the summer! A cry out for everyone

A spider on an old mans beard is like dirt on a piece of rice

Green

Holy Moly! Look at this grass!
It is really green, Wow kick @\$!!
"What landscape," she cried, "What freakin' landscaping!"
And then there was light.

MASHED POTATOES

Gravy, gravy in the Navy,
Mashed potatoes, potatoes not tomatoes.
He ate with the others,
As we all over looked.
Allen ate the roast beef sandwich under cooked.

Dark

Nothing was the same now, that it was dark out
It had all been done and over.
I don't what it is about
I once had a dog named Rover.

JACKIE FLAHERTY

Jackie Flaherty ☺



Running Water
Down The
Sink.
Faucets Turning
Clink
Clink
Clink
Sounds Of
Wind.
Passing Gas.
Indigestion
Is
On
It's
Track.
Smelly air.

Breath.

Breath.

Plumbing Not
Working.
Clink
Clink
Clink
Indigestion
Is the Sound of
Water
Running

DOWNSTAIRS

Alene Myers

You

We met on a cool October night
It was something about you
Something you gave to me
I never felt so complete before you
I wish you could only understand.

It was so hard for me to just let go
Let go of the fear
Its not easy for me to trust
And its harder for me to admit that I
don't.

It took me too long to truly fall for you
But it took me even longer to get back
up
I still don't think I'm standing yet.

Did you know that?
Did you know you were the first one
To make me feel like I mattered?

Did you know that you have become my
standard?
That everyone I meet is being compared
to you?
And how you were, and how you talked.
How you made me smile, and how you
made me feel.

Did you know that?
Did you know I wish I could make
believe,
Make believe that you didn't matter,
But I never was a very good liar.

Did you know that?
Did you know that just talking to you
Made almost every worry dissolve
away?

Did you know that?
Did you know that I knew I made a
mistake
Did you know that mistake was simply
fear
I was afraid of falling
Falling for you.
I was afraid of letting my heart go
Letting my heart go to you.

Did you know
That I only ended up falling harder
That I wish I took the risk
Do you know how hard it is to smile
Just to smile when you walk by

Because now we're friends
If we're even that
And I'm trapped
Trapped by what could have been

Because its you
It was something about you
Something you gave to me
Something you showed to me
Something I wish I could forget.

Anonymous



It's Just the Way We Are

We hold on to things the tightest,
when we are forced to let them go—
We always want things a certain way,
when we know they can't be so.

Dreams always last the longest,
when they are furthest from our reach—
And the lessons we can learn the most from,
are often the very ones we teach.

The grass is always greener,
when it lies on the other side—
And the truths we preach to others,
are often those we can't abide.

We hold fast to the things in a storm,
which are most likely to blow away—
And yet we neglect to wear sunscreen,
on a bright and sunny day.

We spend our time trying to see things,
when perspective is one thing we lack—
And we never appreciate what we've got,
until we can't get it back.

We expect the whole world to give us a break,
and yet ironically we'll find—
That when others come asking the same of us,
we tell them they're out of their mind.

We tell everyone what's wrong with this world,
and we do nothing to make it right—
We complain about families falling apart,
and yet do nothing to keep them tight.

We preach about loving our neighbors,
and we teach children right from wrong—
But we never set good examples for them,
when real changes come along.

We complain about not having enough time in our lives,
to do what we must do—
Yet if we were given more hours in the day,
we'd use up all that, too.

We desire to be close to all those we love,
yet all too often look on from afar—
And when it comes to the truth do we want to change,
or remain forever as we are?

Kristy Glassen



Murky water reminds me of the time I gave my cousin his FIRST bath.
Who was very *perky & splashed* lots of Bubbles.
He never took a bath without his *Mr. Bubbles Bubbles Bubbles Bubbles*.
And always asked where's *Mrs. Bubbles Bubbles Bubbles Bubbles*.
I'm so glad he's not a double
Because they can be causing lots of

TROUBLE/TROUBLE

Drip Drip Drop
I'm about to drop

BECAUSE *DRIPPING* IS THE SOUND OF WATER RUNNING

D
O
W
N
S
T
R
E
A
M

So don't scream

Allen ate the roast beef sandwich as if it was a piece
of
HAM.

Allen lived on the farm & was friends with the

COWS & PIGS.

But he liked to eat roast beef.

So Allen ate the **ROAST BEEF** sandwich as if it was a piece of **HAM**.

Sameerah Woods

Cancelled checks *in an abandoned boat* seem like *an untold story*

The owner of *the items* *just set both* *adrift as if* *to forget terrible times*

The abandoned *boat,* *floating off* *to almost* *certain doom*

Cancelled checks *litter the* *bottom,* *absorbing the* *surrounding moisture*

They travel together getting lost,

lost
in a
memory

Jessica
Halm

Cupcake Madness

No one knows my pain.
I have nothing to gain,
But more sorrow.
I sometimes wonder if I'll see tomorrow.
The looks, the names, the madness,
They create my sadness.
If only they knew how much their words hurt.
I want to stop having to be so alert.
I really wish I could eat a cupcake,
It's the only thing I can take.
One with lots of vanilla frosting
And chocolaty goodness inside.
This love for cupcakes I cannot hide.
It's the only thing that brings me joy,
In this world of stupid coys.
It's like no one can feel,
So tell me...
Is anyone real?

-Amy Grose



The Child held the lollipop
like a hungry **old man** in **poverty**,

The **old man** clutched his **scarf**
like a **SHIP'S CAPTAIN**, fighting the **STORM**,

The **SHIP'S CAPTAIN** clutched the **HELM**
like a mother holding her newborn,

The mother held her baby, unwilling
to let **him** grow,
grow up,

The Child did eventually **grow up** though,
and found **himself holding his mother** as she had him,
too unwilling to let her go.

Tears

Are the sound of water

Running d

o

w

n

Stream,

FIERCE as a **TIGER**,

but as quiet as a *lamb*

Jessica
Halm

Peace

Everyone is granted in life

Love
Forgiveness
Free will
And PEACE

If everyone is granted

Love
Forgiveness
Free will
And PEACE

Then why is the world split

Right down the center

And in our hearts and minds

South vs. North
East vs. West
Black vs. White
Men vs. Women
Rich vs. Poor

To each is given his own

But to everyone

Love
Forgiveness
Free will
And PEACE of mind

Tara Perillo

NO REGRETS

If I knew it would be the last time
that I'd see you fall asleep,
I would tuck you in more tightly
and pray the Lord, your soul to keep.

If I knew it would be the last time
that I see you walk out the door,
I would give you a hug and kiss
and call you back for one more.

If I knew it would be the last time
I'd hear your voice lifted up in praise,
I would video tape each action and word,
so I could play them back day after day.

If I knew it would be the last time,
I could spare an extra minute or two
to stop and say I love you,
instead of assuming you would KNOW I do.

If I knew it would be the last time
I would be there to share your day,
well I'm sure you'll have so many more,
so I can let just this one slip away.

A poem on Kirby

I sit in a courtyard
On a chilly summer morning
I look over to see
A big, beautiful, old stone house
I somehow get drawn inside.
As I walk in
The house felt alive
Inside it looked like an office
But when I looked around
I saw a ball rolling on the ground
I suddenly went back in time
The office was now a house
A clock struck seven
Chime, chime, chime, chime, chime, chime, chime
I see children playing,
Two dogs laying,
A baby sleeping,
All while the mother is weeping
The walls were done in blue
The carpet was white
Kind of new
I walked upstairs
To find a bed and three wooden chairs
There were a few other rooms
All decorated the same
A bed,
Three chairs,
And a closet

The walls done in blue
The carpet white
And kind of new
In one room I found
A girl in a corner lying
Frightening, shivering and crying
A candle near her
The flame dancing
As I looked over glancing
The candle fell
Walls caught on fire
Horrific screams pierce the ears
I pick her up and run downstairs
But the mother is still
Weeping in the chair
I asked, "What's wrong?"
"You got to get out!"
The little girl in my arms said
"Mommy I love you.
Heaven is OK
The walls done in blue
And the floor is white
Land is new
Just like at home
I'm OK
Don't worry."
The mother gasped
"She died this very day
Five years ago."
My mouth dropped to the ground

RETURNS (cont.)

For surely there's always tomorrow
to make up for an oversight,
and we always get a second chance
to make everything right.

There will always be another day
to say our I love you's,
And certainly there's another chance
to say our "Anything I can do's?"

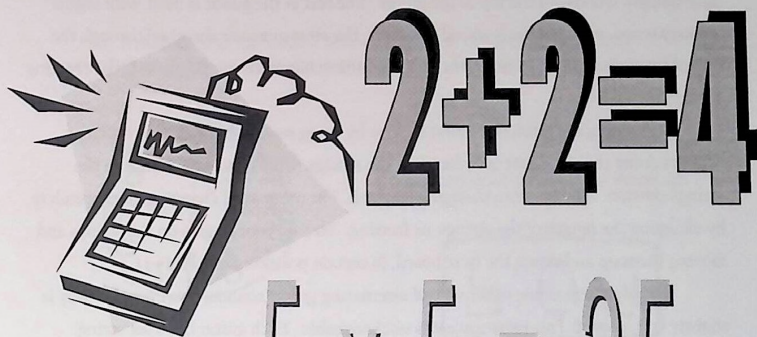
But just in case I might be wrong,
and today is all I get,
I'd like to say how much I love you
and I hope we never forget,

Tomorrow is not promised to anyone,
young or old alike,
And today may be the last chance you get
to hold your loved one tight..

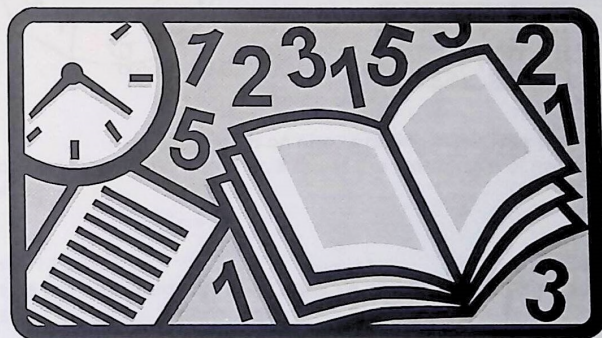
So if you're waiting for tomorrow,
why not do it today?
For if tomorrow never comes,
you'll surely regret the day.

Sarah Cease

SAT Math Essays



$$5 \times 5 = 25$$



A guitar is a stringed musical instrument, which creates sound through vibrating strings. Each string can create a variety of notes, but only if the calculations of the guitar are correct. In order to create the perfect sound, the vibrating strings cause the bridge of the guitar to shake. The vibrations from the bridge are then absorbed through special low-density woods, on the top of the guitar. The rest of the guitar is built with higher density wood, which reflects sound. In short, the vibrations are absorbed through the top of the guitar, reflected off the bottom and then channeled out the sound hole creating a pitch.

Changing the pitch of a guitar is done by using math. There are two different ways of doing this. The first is by bending the strings, which causes a change in the strings tension, and therefore changing its pitch. The other way of changing guitar pitch is by changing the length of the strings, or fretting. Placing your fingers on the strings and moving them up and down the fret board, in certain positions, does this.

Finally, there is one other way of alternating guitar sounds, however, this way is slightly less known. This is because it is unchangeable. Each guitar has a set string length from top to bottom, which does not change the pitch, but it does change the sound. For example, the string length of a Gibson Les Paul is 24.75 inches, while the Fender Stratocaster has a string length of 25.5 inches. This slight change in string length gives a looser, spongier, string response in the Les Paul and tighter, springier, response in the Stratocaster.

-Matt Oborski

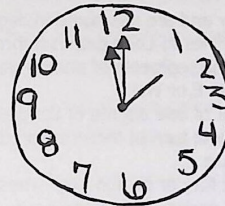
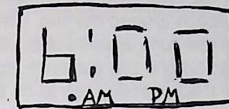
Amanda Lucas

A walk through time shows calendars of ancient time, early clocks, etc. The world clock shows the times of different cities throughout the world.

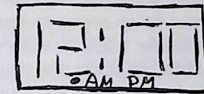
In these online articles it shows the two different meanings of time. A walk through time shows time as in years. The world clock shows time as in time of day.



6:00 am is when I try to wake up



11:30 pm - 12:00 am is when I usually go to bed.



There is on nap or resting in this time period. So if you add all these hours together, it shows the time length of my day. (approx.)

6 am to 12 am

$6 \text{ am} - 6 \text{ pm} = 12 \text{ hours}$... $6 \text{ pm} - 12 \text{ am} = 6 \text{ hours}$... $12 \text{ hours} + 6 \text{ hours} = 18 \text{ hours}$...

That is one long day and a lot of math!

Time

By: Michelle Kalinowski

It's amazing when you realize how much math is reflected in time. There are seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years, centuries, etc... yet all of this is related to one major point called time.

Five thousand years ago, Sumerians in the Tigris-Euphrates valley in today's Iraq had a calendar that divided the year into thirty-day months, divided the day into twelve periods, and divided these periods into thirty parts. We have no written records of Stonehenge, built over four thousand years ago in England, but its alignments show its purposes apparently included the determination of seasonal or celestial events, such as lunar eclipses, solstices and so on. All of this is based on seconds that add up in minutes that equal hours that make days into weeks and months, and soon forming years.

The two natural cycles on which time measurements are based are the year and the day. The year is defined as the time required for Earth to complete one revolution around the sun, while the day is the time required for Earth to complete one turn upon its axis. Earth needs about three hundred and sixty five days to go around the sun once, so a year does not consist of a round number of days; the fractional day has to be taken care of by an extra day every fourth year.

Lines of Latitude run parallel to the equator and are measured in degrees north or south (0-90 N or S) of the equator while lines of Longitude run through the north and south poles dividing the Earth like the segments of an orange. They are measured in degrees east or west. (0-180 E or W.)

The Earth turns on its axis at the equivalent of one degree of Longitude in four minutes, or fifteen degrees an hour. A complete turn of three hundred and sixty degrees takes approximately twenty-four hours.

We define a day as twenty-three hours and fifty or so minutes. These extra minutes add up to one day after a four-year period, and all the hours in a day add up to one thousand four hundred and forty minutes or eighty six thousand four hundred seconds is a day. In a week there are ten thousand and eighty minutes or six hundred and four thousand eight hundred seconds.

(Information of latitudes and equators were found from the resource of Scienceworld.com/html/ses).

Mummification

By: Erin Gardinor

I recently did a research paper on the process of mummification. Mummification was the Egyptian's way of preserving their dead. It was performed because they believed that in order to have a happy afterlife, the body had to be preserved in the most precise way in order for the person to make a safe journey to the afterlife. Also, so that the six important aspects: The ka (spirit), the ba (personality), the shadow, the name, the physical body, and the akh (immortality), had a place to be when the person's life was over with.

The whole ceremony took seventy days, though it only actually took about thirty-five to complete, it is speculated that the reason it took seventy was because of the ceremonies that were involved. Everything was done precisely and in a logical order. Also they needed to use a certain amount of linen to wrap the mummy in, approximately thirty feet was required.

Also in order to dry the body out so it could be preserved in the best mannerism, a substance called Natron was used. Natron is a natural substance found along the Nile River; it is composed of four different salts. Along with that, the Egyptians would include spells from the Book Of The Dead on a papyrus scroll and place them over the wrapped body. However, the spells had to be written in a chronological order so that they worked properly. The body was also wrapped to make it look like it was in perfect symmetry, and certain angles were used, angles, which ranged from one hundred and eighty to just twenty degrees.

The whole process is very interesting, as you think of what was involved to make such a precise body. And if I had to choose, I would be mummified the way the Egyptians did it when I die, for no matter how old the bodies are they still look like the person they were when they died.

The Math Coaster

By John Lawzano

The cool breeze flows through your hair as you approach the first hill. Your heart races faster and faster as the "clickety-clank" of the gears propel you farther and farther upwards. You suddenly feel a sweet sensation of peace and solitude, it's like you've reached heaven as your body is suddenly torn from reality and lunges forward into oblivion at extreme speeds. You feel your body turn with the car as you make your way through the steep hairpin turns of the ride. All that is left is the loop which helps create a weightless atmosphere and sends your mind into a spin. All is clam as you leave the coaster and sanity returns to your mind.

Every day mechanical engineers collaborate on different roller coaster ideas. They begin this task by creating a demo version of their idea by using a Computer-Aided-Drafting system, or CAD system for short, to help others visualize the engineers dream. This program allows many to create earth-shattering coasters within the comfort of their computer.

However, anything can be created from nothing but it takes something to make it work. Lots of hours are dedicated to testing and perfection. This is where many forms of Physics and Calculus formulas come into action. They use these formulas to test the speed of the coaster as it travels around the track. If the speed is not correct, the car may fly off the track or crash into another car. The formulas are also used to help control the centripetal force created when a coaster goes through a loop. When an object revolves around a center, a force is created which pulls the object toward the center. If the speed is incorrect, passengers could fall out of the car.

When the testing is over and the ride is opened, there are only two more math situations. The amount of people ahead and how long until you finally get to ride!

Imagine this: your window is open, your hair is blowing in the wind, and your music is blaring. However, did you know that is it was not for Mathematics, you would not have music.

Math plays a key role in music, its called Music Theory. I will now explain how math plays into it. In 4/4 there are four beats. There are several types of note times, such as: the under note, which is four beats, $\frac{1}{2}$ note, which is two beats, and a $\frac{1}{4}$ note is equal to one beat. Others are equal to notes such as $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{16}$, and $\frac{1}{32}$. They can be arranged in any form; however, have to equal when in 4/4, they can be in 2/4 or cut time, and there they get two beats.

So as you can tell, Math is very important to Music Theory, for if we did not have Math, no one would ever be able to play the same song together. Therefore, you would not be able to sing in chorus, listen to the radio, or perhaps sing a favorite tune around work.

-Jennifer Read

Chris Yarmel
Sat Math

Technology and Math

Many people do not realize the significance of Mathematics in computers and video game systems. Mathematics is essential for them to function properly and perform tasks.

Computers interpret information through a system of 1's and 0's, called Binary Code. Without this code, computers could not function. Originally, computers were not powerful enough to use any other method of communication such as data by language, which would not be universally compatible like Mathematics.

Video game systems use Machine code to interpret data. Machine codes used vary by game system; however, their basis is the same, Mathematics. All the information used in games such as names, events, and items are contained and changed via Mathematics.

Recently, technology has been making rapid advancements. Many, if not all, of these new innovations such as computers and video games, use mathematics.

Music and Math By: Michael Potoeski

Music associates itself with math in many ways. Music can be explained by using math terms; it is very complex but it can be done. When you hear a note, it can also be explained with math. Tempo in a line of music can also be explained with simple math.

When music is explained with math there are many combinations that can be used to explain it. The main three though are the Arithmetic, Geometric, and Harmonic Mean. The Arithmetic mean simply means that the second number is greater than the first number by the same as the third number is to the second. It is simply 1:2:3. In math it is $a < b - b < c$. The Geometric mean is simply the first amount is in proportion to the second amount as the second amount is to the third. It is simply 4:6:9. 6 exceeds 4 by a third which is 2, just as 9 exceeds 6 by a third which is 3. In math it is $a:b-b:c$. The Harmonic mean is simply multiplying the greater and lesser extremes and dividing the result by the arithmetical mean. In math it is $b=2ac/(a+c)$.

When a person hears a note like A they can usually tell it from an B. The only problem is they can not tell why. An middle A on a piano is considered to be at 440Hz. To find A sharp you need to add 440 to the square root of 2. Then add that number to A sharp and you have B. It sound different because the sound waves move faster in B than in A.

Tempo is the object on a sheet of music that looks like a decimal. In a time of 4/4, common time, the top means there are 4 beats in a measure, and the bottom means that a quarter note gets one beat.

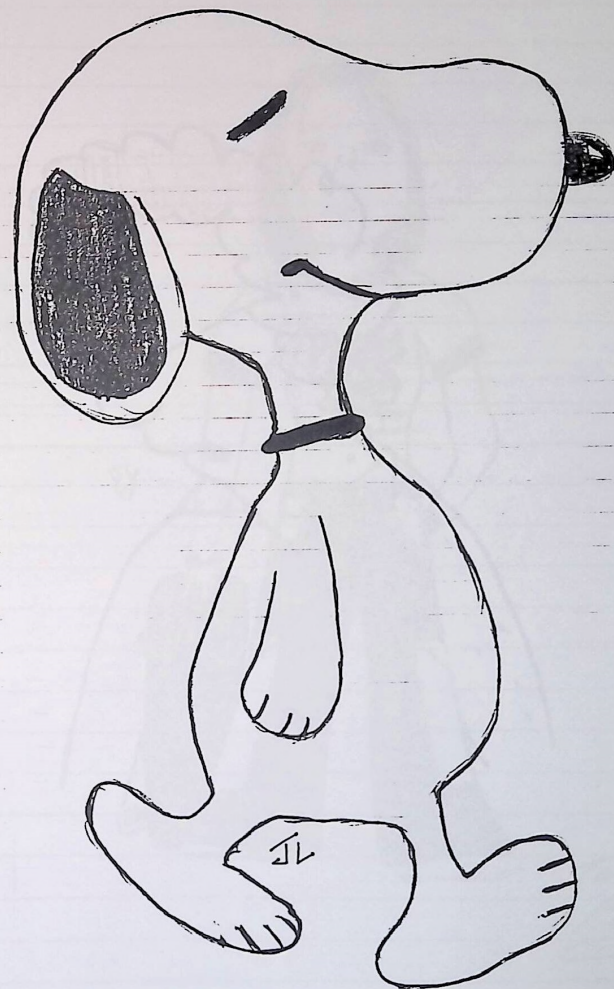
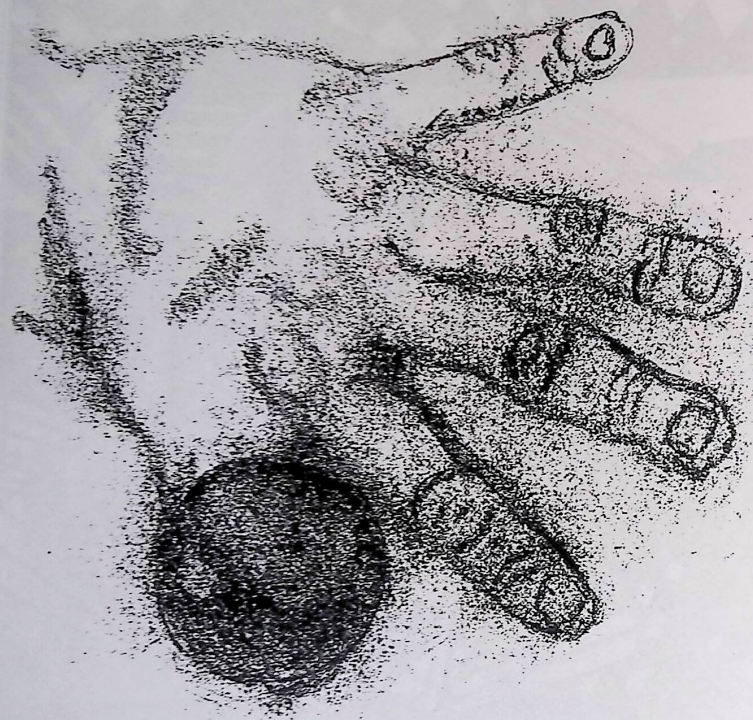


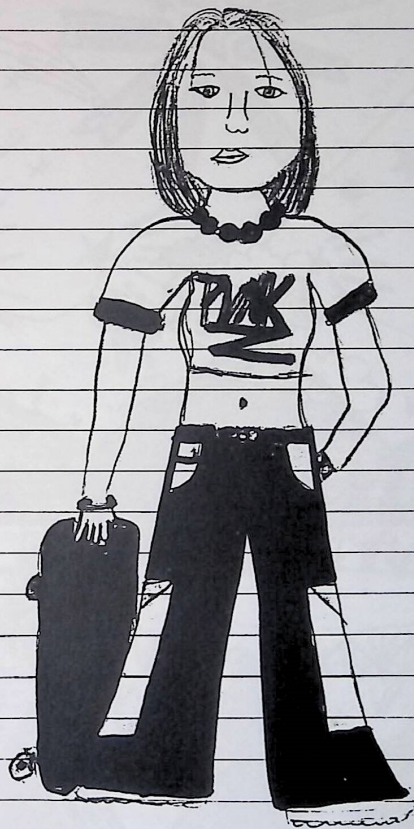
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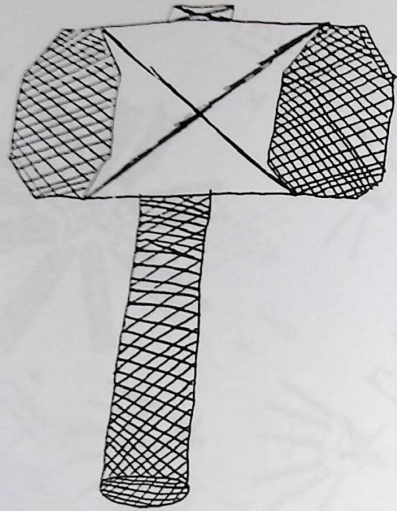
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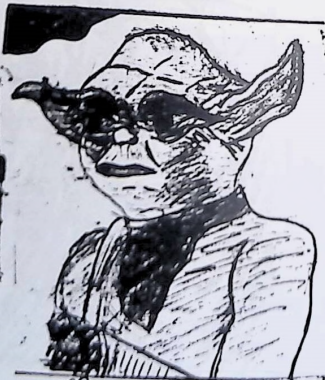


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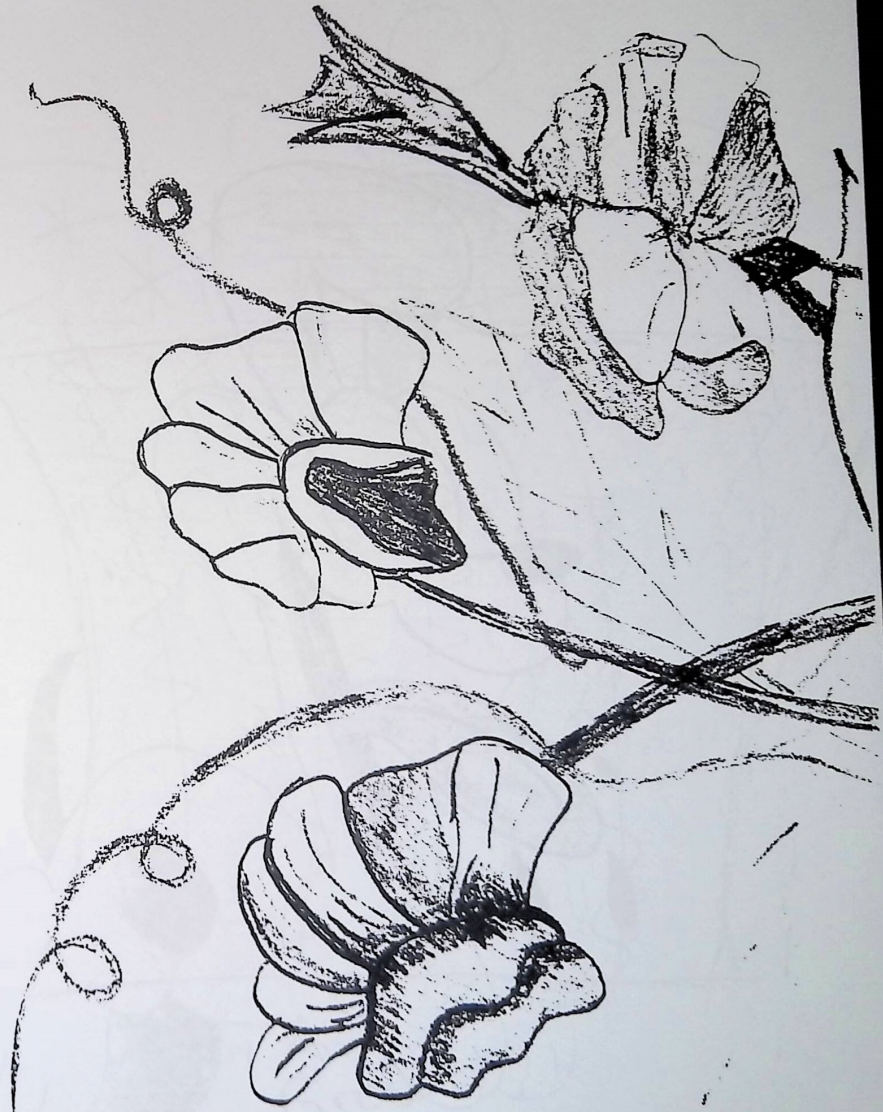


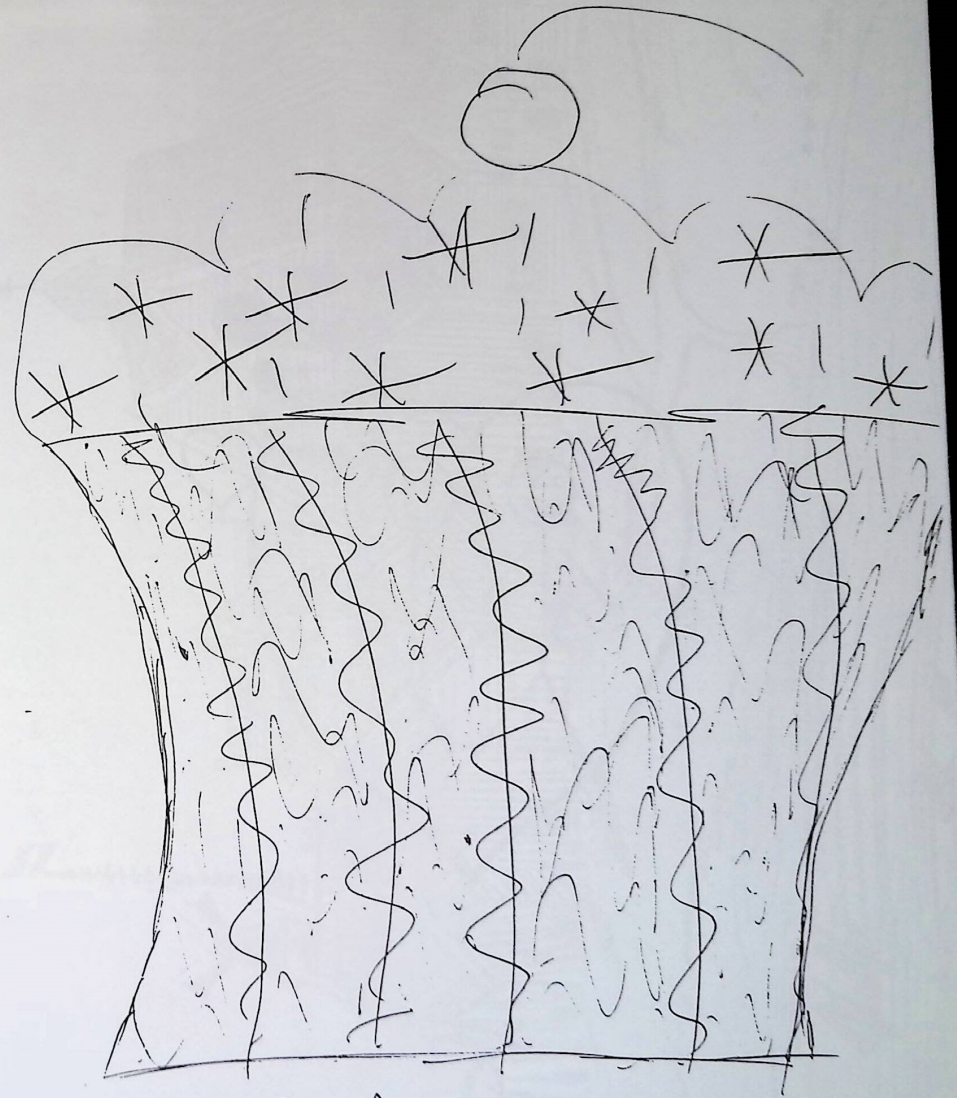
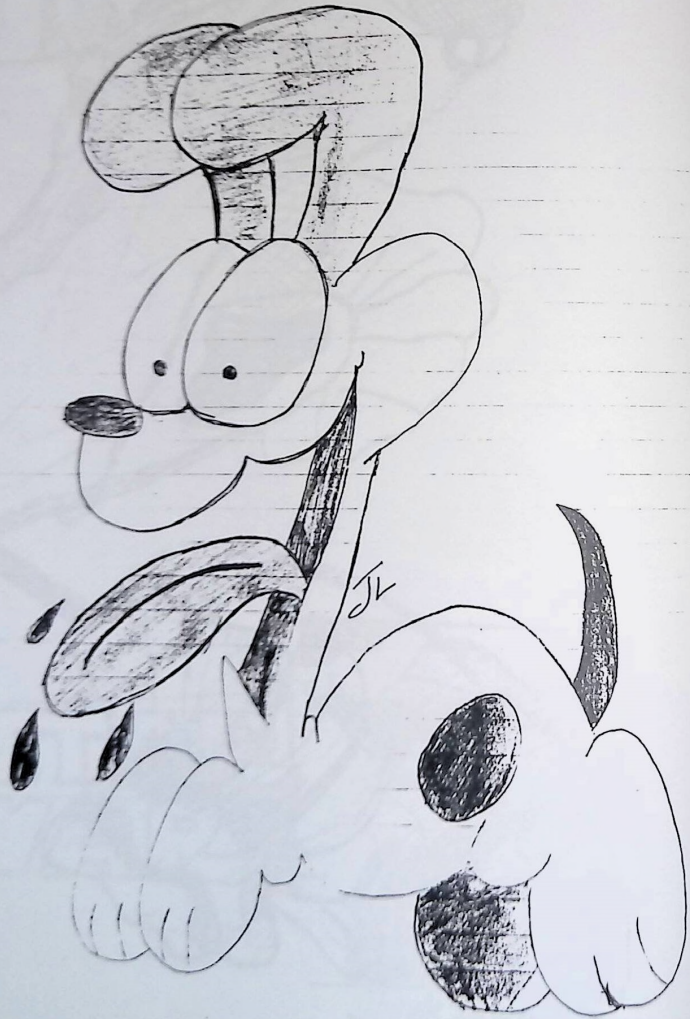
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STAR
WARS



Michelle Kallmann ^{© Mergent}

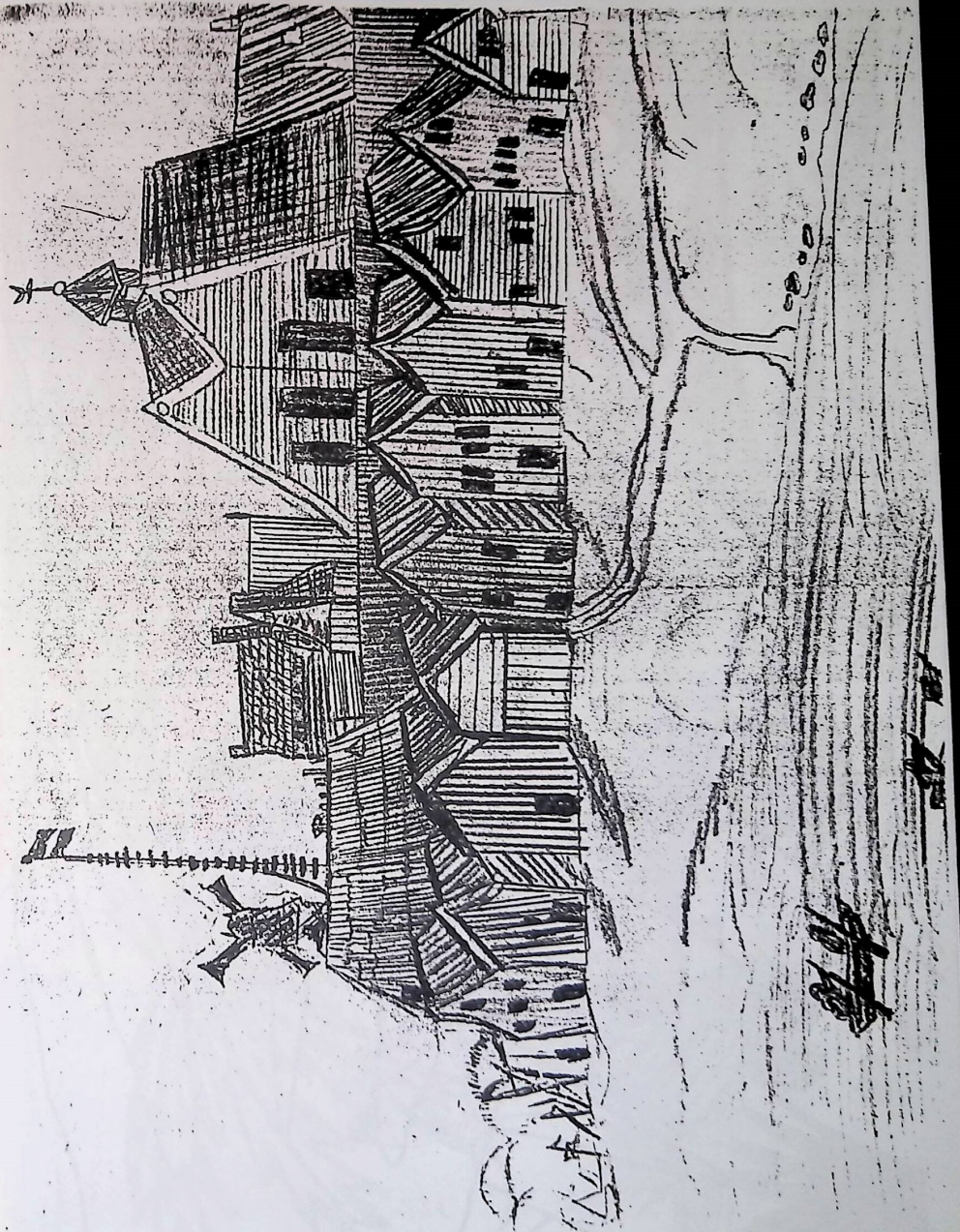




By: Amy
Grose

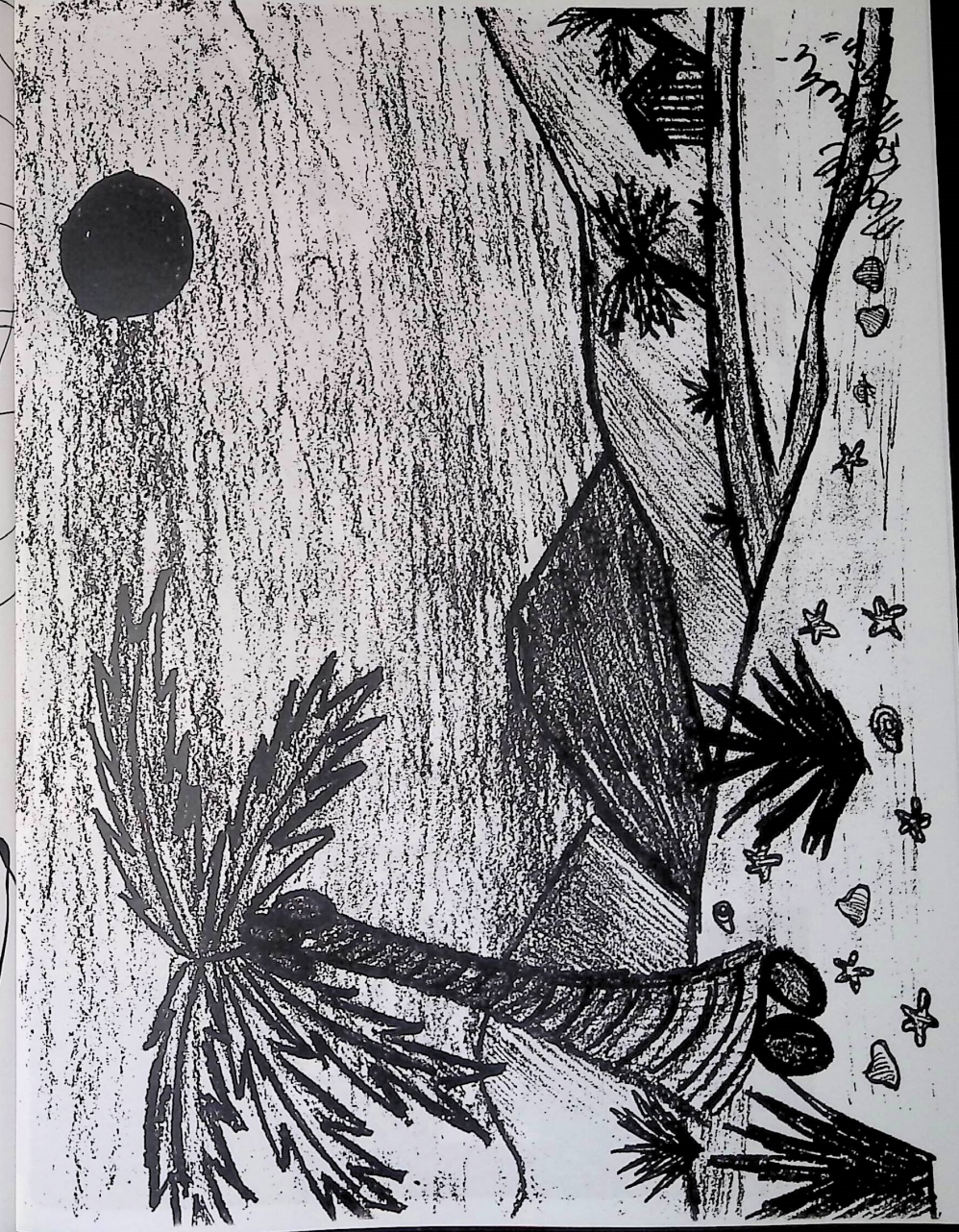


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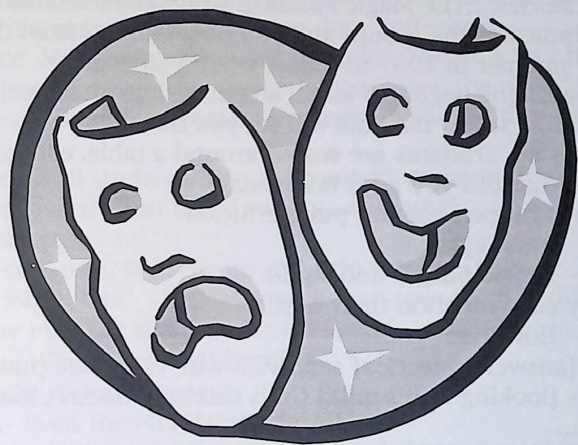


THESE
ARE SOME
HARDWORKIN'
HANDS!





Drama



I know What You Drank Last Summer

Setting- Cafeteria, UB 1st year: 1967

(* Music- Build me up Buttercup)

[Students are seated on stage frozen. Lights come up downstage. The Magic Milk Man, disguised as Kyle, addresses the awaiting audience-]

Kyle- These images we will present to you-
And the ideas that magically will appear.

These are the shadows of what has been, is, and will be in Upward Bound. 35 summers of...thoughts, perceptions and stories....The Magic Milkman will take these students- [he indicates the group] and you on a journey from the first summer in 1967 to today, wont' you come along?.....[he begins to leave, stops, back to audience] Like the USDA says, "the Milk will set you free...."

[Lights up. Students are seated around a table, eating]

Bill- What did you guys take today?

John- Chipped beef on pumpernickel-

Jess- Green eggs-

Amy- Veggie Burger and squid.

[They each mention their meals]

John- How 'bout you?

Bill- [answers] Meatloaf sandwich with chocolate pudding.

John- [looking at his milk] Guys this milk doesn't look so good...

All- [noticing their milk] ew, yeah it's brown....etc.

Bill- maybe it wasn't kept properly, refrigeration techniques are not as evolved as they should be...

[all agree, as they go to put their milk down...the Milk Lady arrives....she is carrying milk and the terror she brings stops the students.

Milk Lady- What are you doing?!

Amy- It's brown.

Milk lady- It's chocolate??

All- It's 2%.

Milk lady- [pause] Oh.....well....drink your milk! [No one does, sighing, exasperated] here see?!! [she downs it]

[all students look at each other and shrug....they choke down the rancid elixir]

(*Music begins, low White rabbit)

[The Milk lady crumbles to the floor]

Amy- oh my god!

Jess- She just went down!

Bill- Uh...I don't feel right....

John- me neither...

[all students begin to feel odd. The transformation begins, reality mixes with fantasy, pleasure with pain]

John- Who's that?

[the magic Milk man enters as the orchestrator of this horrific passage. He addresses their suffering]

Magic Milk man- Yes, yes, the milk. The milk will help us to see through the years, the summers, the decades of Upward Bounds to come. Sleep now. The Milk has set you free...

[Almost all students have succumbed to the milk's effects.]

John- [with a last bit of energy...reaching]

Must...sign....in!

[he collapses. Mel, Nicole and Erin run in....being obviously late. The Magic milk man sees them and hides so he may put them under his spell.]

Erin- What happened here?

Nicole- I don't know...

Mel- Even the Milk lady's down!

Magic Milk man- [entering behind them...sprinkling his magic evaporated milk dust] you too are under my spell [they go trance-like] now....take us....take us to the 70's.... [he fades off, these dairy muses of mystery intone words of fantasy]

Transition- "Bittersweet" (*White Rabbit, plays under poem)

BITTERSWEET

All-I scream. [all do]

I pant. [they do]

I fear the unknown. [freaky noises]

Nicole-The searing stench of an unrequited rain
burns my beseeching flesh.

Mel-"Call the Magic milk man!" [he dances wildly by]
Nicole, Erin-...she beckons.

Mel-"Make him the recipient of a fortnight of love
cuddles!"

Erin-The dragon roars- [the other 2 do]

Erin-He gnashes his teeth. [all do]

Erin-He drinks his milk. [Kyle does while all chant
"chug, chug..."]

All-O study lab!

Mel- You birth me with the pain of a thousand squat
thrusts! [Other 2...squat thrust]

All-Zim-bam-boodle-oo

Scooby-dalla-walla!

I call the TC love call! [Tcs react from audience]

All- [part and move to 3 areas] May the Upward
Bound students ever blossom and cease the -

Erin-vile,

Mel-vomitous,

Nicole-squalor

All-of the cockroach! [all pose]

All-We remain sisters

Bound in classes, fastened with write-ups and
immortalized in the sound of the wolf! [They pose as

Charlies Angels...Kyle howls, the 3 turn kneel and all
howl as lights go out]

Setting- Boundaries , UB year 1978

(*Breathe plays beneath)

TC from Summer past- I am the Groovy TC from the
summer of 1978. One of my many duties, in the Disco
age, is to insure that the students follow rules for their
own safety. During the evenings, students sign out to have
free time. They cannot go any farther than the boundaries
of the campus. Otherwise...who knows what could happen.
[to the students] Alright sign out...where are you going?

Students- For a walk...

TC- OK...but stay near the boundaries....and beware of
the Ghosts, Night People and Freshman Orientation!
[TC moves away, students cross stage left to begin their
walk.]

Students- (Erin) Do you guys wanna check out Kirby hall?
It looks like a cool old building...(*music fades)

Other students- Yeah, Let's go, I heard it's haunted, etc.
[They get center stage where Kyle has appeared, he stops
them]

Ghost- BOO!

[Students Scream]

Ghost- What are you doing here?!?!.....Huh?!.....I am the
Ghost of Kirby Hall!!!! Ahhhhhhhhhh! {he backs them all the
way to stage right.]

You see, I was shot and killed in a poker match , right here
30 years ago....I had a good hand but they had a

.....but.....AHHHHHHHHHHH! get outta here!
[He pushes them stage left again] Get out! If you think I

am scary....watch out for the Night people!

Students-(Bill) Night people? What are the night people?
[They begin to walk stage left again. They meet up with
the night people.]

Night Person Mel- Ay Poppy!

Night person Amy- Hey baby!, You guys wanna party?

Night person Mel- You wanna meet my friend Mary Jane?[they push with their taunting, back stage left]
Night person Amy- C'mon...[continues taunting, seducing]

Night Person Mel- [also continues]

Both Night people- If you think we're scary.....wait till you meet the freshman orientation!

[They turn, and strut off right]

Students- (Jess) What's so scary about freshman? [The students begin to walk again...slowing and stopping center stage...the continue to chat a moment....then hear-]

Freshman Zombies- [groaning] uhhhh! Cafeteria!

[The students stop-look slowly at audience, each other, and then back at the advancing zombies who are approaching from directly behind them]

Freshman Zombies- Cookies! Uhhhh! Basketball! [they continue to groan and scare students downstage right]

(*Thriller starts. Zombies do groovy turn. Dance class ans undead, freshman horrors appear....they dance. As if in some grotesque-freshman activity. The zombies come together....the students are frightened....but enthralled. They move toward the zombies and join the gruesome activity. *Music and lights fade.]

Setting-An activity place, neither here nor there,
UB year 1986

[The students are all standing in a circle as the lights come up. They are playing "Peter Piper" feverishly and with great intent. Finally, one student gets "out." That student approaches the front of the stage and addresses the audience as the RD. The rest of the students continue with no sound.]

RD- Upward Bound students participate in activities from the moment they move on campus, in large groups, in their smaller teams, or with specially selected groups that share similar interests. As the totally awesome RD from the 80s, I have the job of getting each student to choose one fitness activity they enjoy. They do this activity twice a week all summer long. We always encourage students to

try something new. This is just a sample of our "ongoing activities throughout the years.

[Students move into 2 lines. All movements in slow motion to the music (* Zen Breakfast) They slowly are seated, legs crossed, hands together. Each movement is a count of 4. Hands laced, stretch forward. Stretch arms up. Open arms, twist right. (The team sports group begins their movement) Twist left. Change legs and hands. Stretch Out. Stretch Up. (Weightlifting group begins) Arms open and down to sides. Legs underneath body. Fold forward. Hold folded. Stretch up to dog pose. (Running group begins) Come down to gate pose/kneeling high on knees) Right leg up into lunge. Arms up beside head in Proud warrior. Slowly bring arms down and remain standing. All students come back into formation, stopping their movements and then are seated together as in beginning. Hands together.]
RD- Those are some of our ongoing activities.....Shanti.
All- Peace. [lights dim]

[Transition- Students are in a circle, seated. They play the cup game. Music students move on stage in the dim light to sing the altered words to "This old man." The game ends and the singing stops. Blackout....(*Music-If you Wanna Be my Lover) while students leave stage.]

Setting- A classroom, UB year 1994 (*music under speech) [Students are getting into place]

-UB instructor from the summer of 94: I am the quintessential Upward Bound instructor from the summer of 94. The 90s, thankfully brought the hairstyles lower and continued to make UB a good place to be. During my 5 years here, I've experienced a multitude of students with multiple personalities. (pause, students turn and look confused) I mean, many KINDS of personalities. I remember one student Dana. She was always happy to be here, even first thing in the morning.... Our students overall are the

cream of the crop, the best of the best, they help keep Upward bound, "Up." Sometimes, however, in week 4, or perhaps after a long day...even these exceptional students get a bit worn down. (*Music out)
[Students have their flashlights and stand behind their seated partners- They all act and react to the many thought that are going through their heads]
Instructor: After the morning classes....

Magic Milk man- Students drink their milk [All do so in a trance-like state]

Instructor- Then they proceed to a multitude of different classes. In the past their have been classes like, Debate, Psychology, and Calligraphy.

This year we have classes like....Theatre, [she indicates Theatre] health & safety, [she indicates] dance, [again] Music [yet again]....sometimes Upward bound has even combined classes, like Music [Erin Moves center] and Theatre [John moves center]

Erin & John- [deadpan] We are choric theatre.

Instructor- As you can plainly see, our students learn and experience a lot,,,,, still, they are always ready to play when class is done.

[Transition- lights out, strobe on. Students move to a hacking circle while (*music begins/Heaven) other students move chairs and get flashlights /glowy sticks (on a 5 count) After about 10-15 seconds, the Director/narrator takes the hackysack and moves through the group to the downstage center. *Music down and plays under speech. The other students are slowly migrating to opposite sides of the stage in 2002 and 1967 groups.]

Setting- The final dance, UB year 2002

As the UB Director, I've seen it all. Students cry when they arrive, and then cry when they have to leave. At the close of every summer, a dance is held when all of the students go all out. They dress up, they decorate and it's sort of the "prom" of the summer.

It's the first event of the final week every summer. Usually it's a night everyone remembers long after the summer is over.

(* Music/ Heaven up again) [2002 students dance and continue to look at the imposters who look out of place and do odd 60s moves. The song ends/ fades out. The Macarena begins to the delight of the modern kids. The 60s students are intrigued. Today's kids begin and sort of "show" the others how it's done. In no time the 60s students catch on. Chari slips away during the song change and becomes the Milk lady. She enters in a fury and the music stops short.

Milk Lady- Where is the Milk at this dance?!?

[Students notice her and draw back in unimaginable horror.]

Director- Milk Lady, there is no Milk at the dance....

Milk Lady- [booming] What do ya mean NO MILK at the dance!?

[Students cringe expecting the worst]

Magic Milk man- [entering with a milk carton] Milk

Lady....hold up now. We have succeeded in uniting the past with the future. We have bridged the decades of Upward Bound with dairy goodness. Leave our group to get acquainted....behold, I have the sign -in sheet...they have all drank milk today. [students eagerly await to see if the Milk lady will grant mercy. Surprisingly, she smiles and drinks her milk.

Milk Lady- ok guys, go have fun [Students are relived and begin to socialize]

Marcie-[from pit] 2 MINUTES!!!!!!!!!!

[All students begin to move offstage right. They wave to the Milk lady and high-five the Magic Milk man]

Magic Milk Man- We have brought calcium and vitamin D to these students lives.

Milk Lady- Don't forget the career placement, academic enhancement and SAT prep opportunities too.

Magic Milk man- Of course.

Milk Lady-Another job well done...

Magic Milk man- yes...we have won the battle...but
we have not yet won the war!

Milk Lady - True.

Magic Milk man- [raises glass] To Upward
Bound.....35 MORE years!

Milk lady- To Upward Bound! [They klink glasses,
they go to drink, the Milk Lady stops him, to
audience] don't forget to drink your milk! [They
drink as the curtain falls/ lights out]

END OF PLAY

U - Is for Uniqueness
P - Is for the people you meet
W - Is for the wonderful times you have
A - is for the students ambition
R - Is for the rowdiness
D - is for our dreams

B - Is for our boldness
O - is our openness
U - Is for the use of our knowledge
N - is for the nonsense
D - Is for the delightfulness