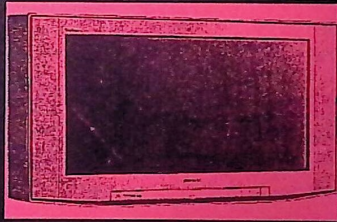


2004

Summer 2004

# U B Real Season 1



Date: June 20—July 30  
Summer 2004

Lit mag presents



Upward Bound Program  
Summer 2004

Director's Name: Mr. Tom Thomas

1&2-week summary

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3&4-week  
summary

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5&6-week  
summary

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A Special Thanks to:

Mr. Tom Thomas  
Mrs. Mickie Ostrum  
Mr. Kevin Hastie  
Mr. Bill Kozicki  
Ms. Sandra Rendina  
Mr. Rich Huffman  
Ms. Suzanne Youngblood  
Ms. Jaime Karpovich  
Mr. Matt Sheehan

Ms. Rebecca Ramp  
Mr. Brian Costello  
Mr. Jerry Hromisin  
Mr. Pat Peters  
Mrs. Andrea Visneski  
Mr. Tom Jarmiolowski  
Ms. Erica Owens  
Ms. Sandy Sistrunk  
Mr. Gary Kravitz

Ms. Donna Chajko  
Mr. Paul Evans  
Mrs. Maria Konopke  
Mrs. Anne Marie Piragus  
Ms. Beverly Glennon  
Ms. Victoria Birkenhead  
Ms. Sarah Lloyd  
Ms. Brianne Wright

**THE CREW**

Amber Williams  
Hannah  
Kara  
Mikela  
Ashley Campbell  
Tawana  
Teresa  
Jocelyn  
Fitzgerald  
Mawana  
Teresa

11/15/04

\* Savannah David \*



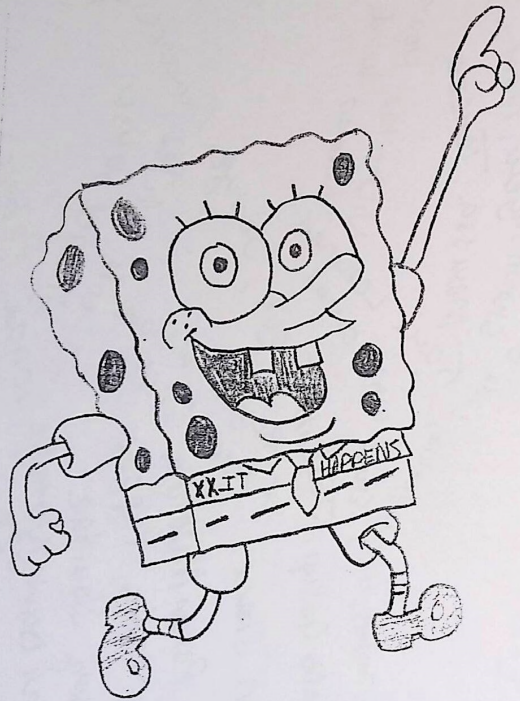
# \*~Autographs~\*

UB 2006

UB  
Family  
Tree  
2004

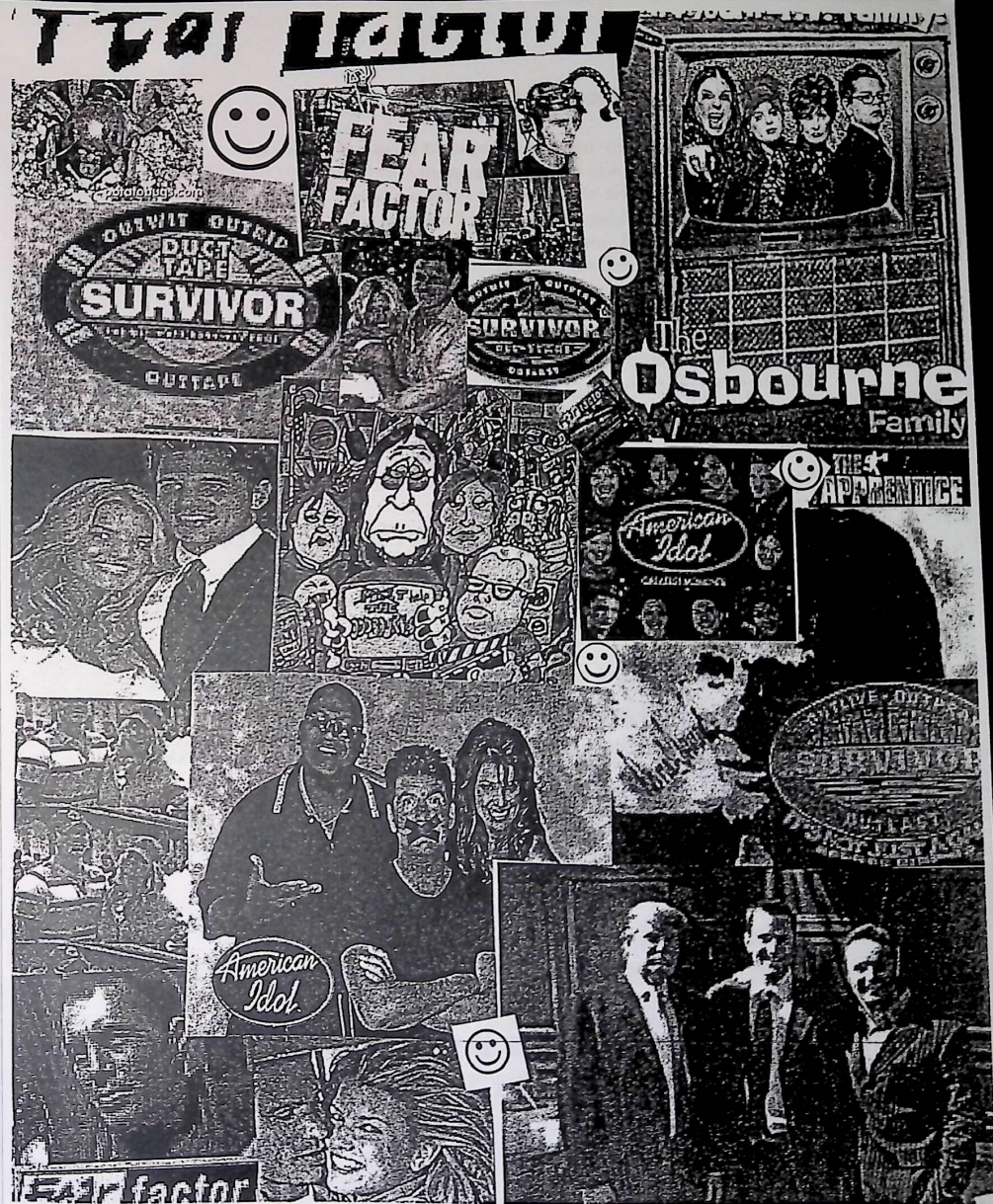
Autumn Egert, Diane Boyer, Joanna Bradford, Alexandria Brucek, Ashley Campbell,  
 Linda Gardo, Sharon Myers, Nathan Myers, Tina Skillington, Lynn Smith,  
 Kaura Tencza, Hoovolell, Ben Longue, Lawrence,  
 Kaura Lehman, Nicholas, Noshman, Jennifer Guerdack,  
 Michael Achey, Timothy Andrus, Holly Seice Whitebread, Benjamin Williams, Miles, Yathson,  
 Danielle Eckert, Bette Gallup, Joseph Goyh, Fred Miller, Nicole, Michael,  
 Paul Moran, Milton Stanz, Joseph Goyh, Jennifer Guerdack, Rebecca Eck,  
 Alykalo Amanda, Pawan Mukhija, Benjamin Williams, Miles, Yathson,  
 Olivia Catherine, Agreonia Pappas, Fred Miller, Nicole, Michael,  
 Joshua Perillo, Gary Savidge, Benjamin Williams, Miles, Yathson,  
 Charis Cye, Savannah Davis, Natabe Dogal, Rebecca Eck,  
 Jessica Zitzke, James Caswell, Mark Chag, Nicole, Amber, Nicole





I'm Ready!  
I'm READY!!  
I'M READY!!!

*Ben Miller*





## American Idol

Why do you build us up (build us up) upward bound, it will never  
Let us down (let us down) or mess us around  
And then best of all (best of all) your always there, baby  
When you say you will (say you will) and I love you still  
We need you (we need you) more than anyone, darlin'  
You know that we have from the start  
So build us up (build us up) upward bound, don't break our heart

(Hey, hey, hey) TC, TC, you try find us  
(Hey, hey, hey) A little time, and we'll make you angry  
(Hey, hey, hey) We'll be in  
You'll be beside the desk waiting for us  
Ooo-oo-ooo, ooo-oo-ooo

Why do you build us up (build us up) upward bound, it will never  
Let us down (let us down) or mess us around  
And then best of all (best of all) your always there, baby  
When you say you will (say you will) and I love you still  
We need you (we need you) more than anyone, darlin'  
You know that we have from the start  
So build us up (build us up) upward bound, Don't break our heart

We don't like the food and we don't wanna be rude  
And We will, we'll eat it anyway  
We won't drink the milk, we won't eat the fruit (ewewew)  
But take it anyway.

( Hey, hey, hey) TC, TC, I need some help  
( Hey, hey, hey) A little time and you'll make us smarter  
(Hey, hey, hey) I'll be here  
I'll be in study lab waiting for you  
Ooo-oo-ooo, ooo-oo-ooo

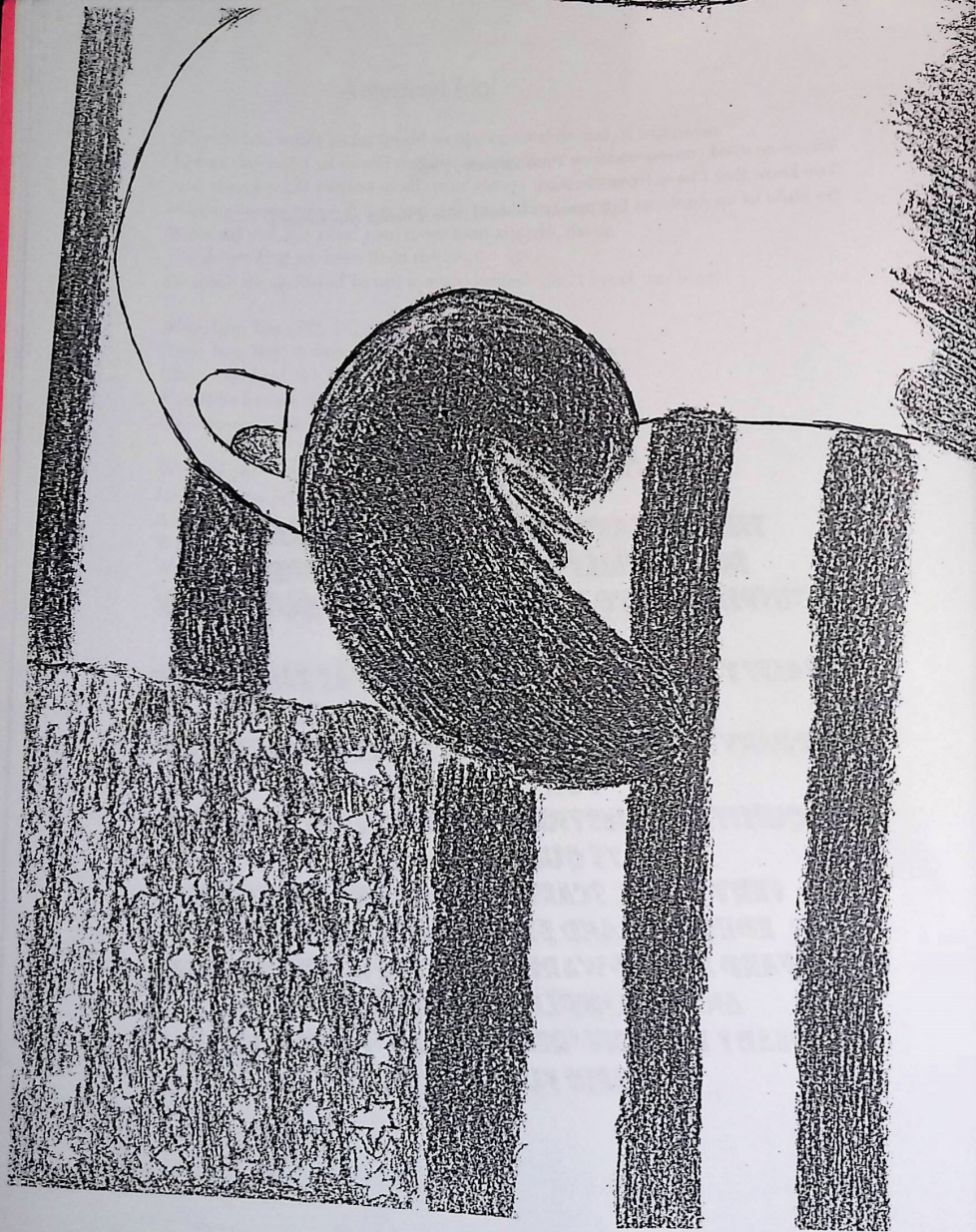
Why do you build us up (build us up) upward bound, it will never  
Let us down (let us down) or mess us around  
And then best of all (best of all) your always there, baby  
When you say you will (say you will) and I love you still  
We need you (we need you) more than anymore, darlin'  
You know that we have from the start  
So build us up ( build us up) upward bound, don't break our heart

We-ee-ee need you-oo-oo more than anyone. baby  
You know that I have from the start  
So build us up (build us up) upward bound, don't break our heart's

## **SURVIVOR BY: TC SANDY**

**SHORTLY AFTER SUMMER BEGAN, NINE  
INDIVIDUALS DEVELOPED INTO ONE.  
UNSUSPECTING TO WHAT LIED AHEAD, BUT READY  
FOR SOME FUN!  
"REALITY IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT," WAS THE THEME  
INTRODUCED THAT FIRST DAY.  
VIBRANT SMILES UPON THEIR FACES WERE READY  
FOR DISPLAY.  
INQUISITIVE QUESTIONS SOON FOLLOWED AS THE  
DAYS QUICKLY PASSED,  
VERY NAÏVE, SCARED TEENAGERS BECAME  
EDUCATED AND EXCITED RATHER FAST.  
ONWARD AND UPWARD, THEY FLEW THE SUMMER  
AND ACCOMPLISHED THEIR GOALS,  
READY FOR THE "REAL WORLD" NOW TO FILL  
THEIR FUTURE ROLES.**





## Top 10 Excuses To Go To the Computer Lab.

10. "I have to play pod online" "What?" "Um I have to find the chemical composition of slime."

9. I need pictures for "Trading spaces" But you're really going to check your e-mail.

8. I have to go do this thing for this teacher about something.

7. I'm in Lit Mag.

6. I have Mr. Kozicki for composition.

5. I'm going to find guitar tablatures for the "Charlie Brown" theme song so I can play it at coffee house.

4. If and only if you're going over with TC Gary "The Eagles have a new roster, and I have to see it NOW."

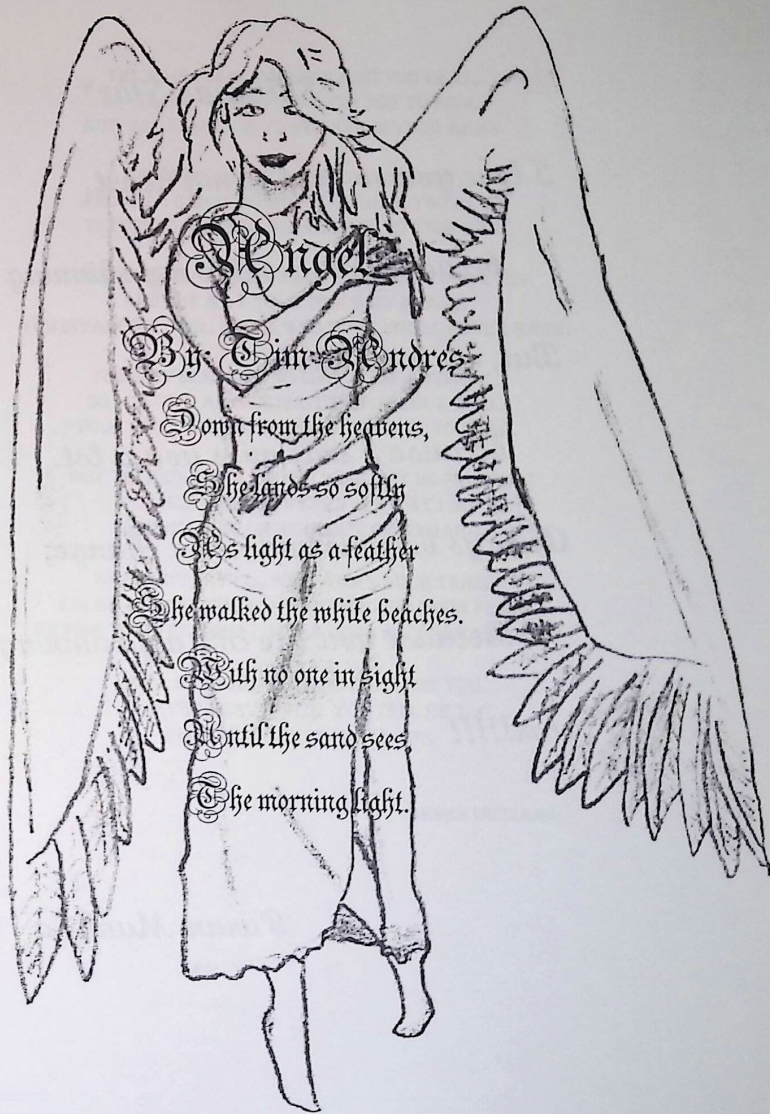
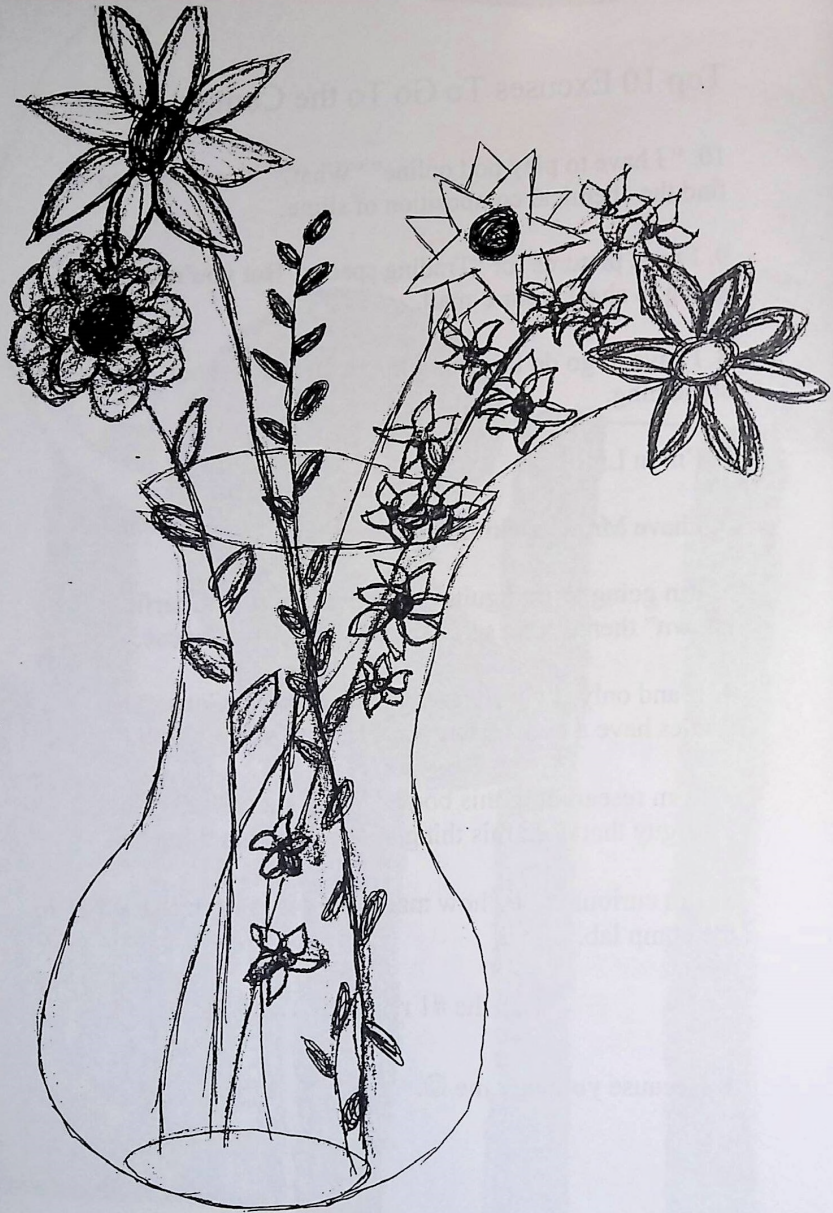
3. "I'm researching this book." What's it about? "Uh... This guy that does this thing and causes this thing."

2. I'm curious to see how many steps it is from Stark 101 to the comp lab.

And the #1 reason is.....

1. Because you love me ☺.





# Angel

By Tim Andres

Down from the heavens,

She lands so softly

As light as a feather

She walked the white beaches.

With no one in sight

Until the sand sees,

The morning light.



*\*Shinning Star\**

*I love you so deep in my heart,*

*because you are like my shinning star.*

*But, never go away,*

*because I will miss you a lot.*

*Always be mine and never change,*

*Because you are like my shinning*

*star!!!!*

*Paran Mukhija*

THE PAIN I FEEL INSIDE IS JUST TOO REAL,  
SO I CLOSE MY EYES AND TRY NOT TO FEEL,  
BUT, ALL I WANT, IS TO BE SAFE IN YOUR ARMS.

THE TIME PASSES TO SLOW TO COUNT  
AND ALL I CAN DO IS WONDER WHERE YOU'RE AT  
TRYING SO HARD TO BELIEVE IT'S NOT THE END.

THE WAY YOU MAKE ME FEEL WITH JUST YOUR EYES  
AND THE WAY YOUR TOUCH MY HEART,  
YOU INVADE MY SOUL, THERE'S SO MUCH YOU'LL NEVER KNOW.

THE WAY SLEEPING DOESN'T COME ANYMORE,  
SO I CAN LIE AWAKE WAITING FOR YOUR CALL.  
YOUR VOICE IS SOMETHING I JUST HAVE TO HEAR.

BOY THERE'S NOT A THING I WOULDN'T DO FOR YOU,  
IF I ONLY KNEW YOU FEEL THE WAY I DO.  
THEN HOLDING ON WOULDN'T BE SO HARD.

WHEN YOU CRY I'LL WIPE AWAY YOUR TEARS.  
I'LL BE THE ONE TO HELP YOU THROUGH YOUR FEARS,  
TRYING TO MAKE YOUR LIFE AS GOOD AS YOU MAKE MINE.

I WILL BE RIGHT HERE WAITING FOR YOU.  
I'LL NEVER LEAVE UNTIL YOU TELL ME TOO.  
SIMPLY BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.

AMBER WILLIAMS



# *To Look, To Hold, To Have, To Take*

By: Beth Gallup

*To be strong is to smile even though,  
Something might be wrong.*

*To look fear in the face;  
Till it goes away, is courageous.*

*To hold your head high,  
Through times that are hard, shows that you believe.*

*To take chances,  
When the tasks ahead are impossible to accomplish.*

*To have Hope;  
When you know all hope could be lost.*

*To have faith;  
When there's know one but yourself to believe in.*

*To Give Love;  
When you need to love yourself first, before you can love others.*

*To be true to yourself;  
When you are faced with untruthful persons.*

*Take Love, Give Truth, Hold On, and Have Courage.*

Allie Bricek

## The Bathroom

Every girl has one home away from home in common ... the bathroom. It's where, after we wake up, we drain our insides and wash our hands. We wash our faces, and take warm relaxing showers or baths. It's also where we brush our teeth. Then we put on our faces to be ready for the world. Although a true girl doesn't need war paint to cover-up the beauty she already has. The sink plays a major role in our morning routine.

"The sink is the sound of water running downstream,

It's also a place of many places.

It's were me and my family wash our faces.

As I use my apple face scrub,

I wish I could party at the SUB.

Sharing is caring,

But when it's my turn I'm daring.

Then I look outside.

I remember last night we did the cha-cha slide.



## **Chances\*** By **Bethy Gallup**

Take chances in your life,  
For which you need to succeed,  
Don't be afraid of anything;  
All you have to do is Believe.

For you will dance the dance of life your hardest,  
You'll take chances that might hurt your heart.  
But, in the long run your heart will learn to grow.  
It will never change in shape-nor -size,  
Because we memorize,  
The times we've shared,  
And every bad thing we've bearded.  
These are the moments we will cherish for a very long time.

Memories will stay with us forever,  
But at some time we will grow apart,  
But we will always know where to find each other in our Hearts.  
For I know you'll dance the dance of life.... your hardest.  
Don't be afraid because you won't lose your way,  
If you just follow your heart.

Believe in yourself,  
And you'll be surprised what you find.  
For you should always follow your heart,  
Memories and your mind!

Remember the smiles we had when we looked back on that day  
when we became friends and you were always there to say...  
I will hold your hand and you hold your head high for don't be sad  
when we say our goodbyes.

## Only For You

*My heart has been shattered,  
My dreams have been battered,  
Life became impossible,  
The nightmares were unstoppable.  
I began to wish for a way out,  
but then you came and erased all my  
doubt.  
My heart has won the prize,  
Dreams began to rise.  
My feelings grew strong,  
nothing feels wrong.  
Trust was built,  
I feel no guilt.  
I'm growing older,  
my heart has grown bolder.  
Life is clear,  
as long as you're near.  
My love is true,  
Only for you.*

*-Quintessence*



### *Stages of Her*

*She was tall,  
Tan,*

*And tempting.*

*She was sexy  
And seductive.*

*She had beautiful  
Blonde hair  
And blue eyes.*

*She had luscious lips  
And voluptuous hips.*

*And the way she dressed,  
Was kinky.*

*She hit the needle,  
And lost it all.*

*She looked anorexic,  
And had tract marks too.*

*She was always shaking  
And couldn't stop the itch.*

*Her face was pale,  
And cadaverous.*

*You may have seen her  
Just walking around  
The streets of L.A.*

*Dirty, bawdy  
And malnourished.*

*When she walked by  
You would smell the,  
Putrid and rancid smell.*

*She may not have lived long,  
But while she did,  
She had her fun.*

### *Great Friends*

*By: Beth Ann Gallup*

*Friends are very special they say,  
They last forever and will always stay that way.  
They're there for you to confide in,  
When you have a problem to solve.  
They're always lending to give you a shoulder,  
That is there for leaning on.*

*We've shared many feelings,  
The good ones and the bad,  
But we will always remember,  
The times we've cherished.  
I trust in you and you trust in me,  
That's the way it's supposed to be.*

*I could tell you anything,  
Like you can tell me to.  
It seems we have an understanding,  
Of the most important things;  
To make each other happy,  
And understand each other's dreams.*

*There's tears and laughter,  
There are smiles and frowns,  
There's love and care,  
This defiantly all counts.  
Friends, is the best relationship  
That I know one can ever doubt.*

*Your one of the Greatest Friends I swear,  
We can get through anything,  
As long as we are,  
The truest of Friends.*



## HOW COULD YOU.....?

*How could you be lonely at Upward Bound?*

*How could you eat all the meals in the Cafeteria?*

*How could you walk 10,000 miles in the rain?*

*How could you write 80,000-page essay?*

*How could you let someone shatter your dreams?*

*How could you let someone make fun of you?*

*How could you drink milk at lunch or dinner?*

*How could you let someone make your decisions?*

*How could you be walking alone?*

*How could you be sad in the summer?*

*How could you be enjoying theatre and dance class?*

*How could you be friends with your enemies?*

*How could you stay up so late and wake up so early?*

*How could you.....? Just tell me how could you?*

*Paran Mukhija*

## Struggling

By: Bethy A. Gallup

There are many thoughts going through my mind,  
Jumbles of words, verbs, and signs.  
Struggling... is this me, is this what I've become to be.  
I see this reflection of a person I don't know,  
This strange struggling feeling I can't explain... I don't know.  
Is there someone who understands my problems, my emotions? Or am I alone?

All the struggles I have to confront,  
And confront them strong I will,  
For every smile I see,  
I know I've got the will!

I'm always running my fastest but I'm not number one,  
I study my hardest, and I know I'm not dumb.  
People are always pushing, but I'm pushing back...  
These people are always being so insightful, and making me feel so bad.

Am I setting into depression? I don't know!  
So if you think I am can you please tell me so!  
For I wish not to lose myself,  
Or do something I'll regret,  
Remember if you're my true friend,  
You'll help me get through this.

All these expressions I see on people's faces...  
The smiles they all come into piles,  
The frowns that make me feel like a clown,  
The tears that I've been shedding for my pears.  
Do you think these kind of things are what's really hurting me?  
Well I guess you have no idea what is happening.

You probably just walking around saying things,  
That you have no idea that you're saying,  
You just keep going round hurting people's feelings,  
Remember you're not the only one with a heart,  
And some people are just a little bit weak in the start.  
So please watch what you say,  
And cherish every single day.



## I Don't Know

The absence of my sanity,  
The emptiness of my mind.  
When I don't know what's going on,  
everything is going wrong.

I just sit there,  
With a blank stare,  
Watching the world pass me by.  
I'll always be empty,  
Until the day I,  
LOVE.



## Untrue

You tell me you love me,  
but I know it's untrue.

I used to believe it,  
but I now know the truth.

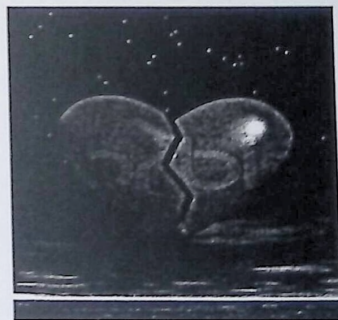
You use the word love,  
like you use the word the.

You are like most,  
and throw it around.

You treat the word love,  
like you know what it is.

You're still young,  
and have time,  
to find love.

So the next time you say it,  
make sure you mean it.





*Illusion of Love*

*I loved her,  
and she loved me,  
or so I thought.  
I thought she loved me,  
so I forgave her,  
for all the things she did.  
I thought she was nice,  
sweet and beautiful,  
and never noticed,  
the horrible things,  
she did to me.  
My friends tried,  
to tell me but,*

*I pushed them away.  
I lost them all,  
because of her.  
I didn't notice,  
until it was too late,  
that her love,  
had turned into hate.  
After I realized,  
what was going on,  
my illusion of love was,  
shattered by reality.*



I wanted a divorce a divorce of course was impossible when I told my husband out of his mouth were horrible horrible words. I'll never forget it. "No no a thousand times no." He said his hand raised high above his head.

-Marissa

The hum of the engine is our soundtrack.

Last night the four of us sat in the car, listening to Dave talk about a plan for communism that works. "The problem is with out any monetary incentive, everyone just got lazy..." and I realize it's a good night for philosophies and headaches, with my ear pressed against the window and the rain flashing the colors of streetlights on the glass, streaking down the sides.

-TC Jaime

My husbands a murderer and you ask how I know well in a closet in his office there is a mural of people I noticed in the paper that four people have already been murdered and those people have no lights placed on them they were his friends or so I thought I should tell someone.

-Marissa

The first visit while in transit.

It's my first time back to Wilkes Barre in two months, and I think this is the longest i've ever gone without being home. It is strange to see this town surviving without me. The billboards are new, the construction finished, but it has the same appeal and allure as any other small town in Pennsylvania, the traffic lights change changing green, yellow, red in slow motion just as I remembered.

-TC Jaime

## That's All

I've been waiting for more,  
but nothing has come.  
I tell her I love her,  
she nods and thats all.

It's been a while now,  
since we parted our ways.  
I still see her though,  
but only on someday.

When I see her she nods,  
and I think to myself,  
Why was my love,  
put on a shelf.  
Way in the back,  
where it couldn't be found.  
then pushed off,  
onto the ground.

I know thats the way,  
that somethings work.  
But when we broke up,  
I was in a world of hurt.



It Feels Like Sunday

The sun didn't show her face once today  
And I wish I could say the same for me.  
I lost my ambition of being productive,  
It got gulped away by the shower drain  
With incentive and shampoo.

If every day were like this

After tucking the secret love note written on an envelope  
And placed on my windshield into my purse  
I turn the ignition, begin the drive home.  
The window is almost all the way down,  
The air is cool and warm at the same time,  
And I'm in no rush - I've got all the night for this.

Over the mountains and house roof,  
I see the sky illuminated by fireworks that are more beautiful  
Than any I can ever remember seeing.  
I pull over and put the car in park.  
I'm inches from the lane,  
Cars vrrwwshhoosh past and I can feel myself,  
Rocking in my seat from the wind pressure.  
Between the radio and passing vehicles,  
I can barely make out the audible booms!  
Of the whole spectacle,  
The colors are sharp and bold,  
They make heart shapes and fizzle out symbolically.

TC Jaime

Ending Thoughts

By: Nathan Myers

Nothing was the same now that it was then,  
Then, it was almost time to go.  
They came to my door with dinner and wine  
Like I asked.

Trembling in fear  
The footsteps drew near.  
Knew it was time  
To meet the Judge of all.

To each his own but to everyone it's mine,  
My choice and my folly  
I lost my mind to it all.  
And now it's over, or maybe it's just beginning...

Yes, Yes maybe it is!  
Perhaps, just maybe.  
My time here is gone.  
Perhaps my life is meant for more  
In a new world and time.

Their here now,  
The walk seems long,  
There it is, my portal  
To the Kings of old  
And rulers of new  
All the fear is gone.

Forgiving I've heard,  
I hope it is true.  
I lost my mind,  
What could I do?  
I hope it is his heart he can find  
Forgiveness for me  
And deliverance for them.

I sit upon my throne  
Kept safe by the guards.  
The priest is chanting,  
He seems quite solemn.  
But there should be no tears  
Nor should there be fears,  
For I have none.  
I close my eyes  
And imagine the paradise  
That I hope to be delivered.



## **CANDY THE CANINE**

**BY: BETH GALLUP**

**CANDY THE SMALLEST OF CANINES THEY SAY.  
SHE WISHED AND SHE HOPED TO BE TALLER SOME DAY.  
SHE STOOD ON HER TIPTOES AND PRANCED ALL AROUND.  
SHE HOPPED, AND HOPPED HIGHER BUT SHE ALWAYS CAME DOWN.**

**SHE CLIMBED UP THE STAIRS, AND FLUFFED UP HER HAIR.  
WHY WAS EVERYTHING AROUND HER SO FAR IN THE AIR?  
SOMETHING ABOUT HER WAS SPECIAL, NO DOUBT.  
SHE JUST NEEDED TIME TO FIGURE IT OUT.**

**WAS IT HER TAIL THAT LOOKED LIKE A SPRING?  
OR WAS IT HER CANINES THAT STUCK OUT WHEN SHE GRINDED.  
ALL ALONE IN THE DARK, AT THE MOON SHE WOULD SHOUT.  
FOR SHE HAD TO BE MORE THAN A DOG WITH A SNOUT.**

**SHE THOUGHT AND SHE STUDIED, AND STUDIED AND THOUGHT.  
HER PAWS RESTING UNDER HER CHIN AS SHE SOUGHT.  
THE ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS, WHAT SET HER APART?  
WHAT MADE HER DIFFERENT, WHAT SPECIAL PART?**

**SHE STOOD ON HER HIND LEGS AS LONG AS SHE COULD,  
BUT SOON LOST HER BALANCE AS ANYONE WOULD.  
SHE LANDED QUITE AWKWARD HER EYES STARING UP.  
HER EYES THEN GREW WIDER, SHE LET OUT A YUP!**

**FOR THEY'RE IN HER EYESIGHT AS BIG AS CAN BE,  
FOUR PAWS THAT WERE BIG AS HER BODY YOU SEE.  
THEY MADE HER QUITE SPECIAL. THEY MADE HER UNIQUE!  
SHE'S THE SMALLEST CANINE, WITH THE WORLD'S BIGGEST FEET!**

**CANDY, I THINK LEARNED A LESSON THAT DAY.  
YOU SHOULD LOOK AT YOUR LIFE IN DIFFERENT WAYS,  
AND IF YOU LOOK UP, AND NEVER LOOK DOWN.  
YOU JUST MIGHT MISS SOMETHING, BELOW ON THE GROUND.**

## **I Thank God He Sent You To Me**

I thank god he sent you to me,  
For you and I were meant to be.  
We have a bond so strong to break,  
We have a love no one can take.

In you, I have found a love so true,  
My heart is filled with love for you.  
Every time see you my heart skip a beat,  
You make my life whole you make it complete.

My love for you grows more with each passing day,  
The thought of your gorgeous face takes my breath away:  
Those brown eyes fill my soul with happiness,  
Those luscious lips I love to kiss.

The day when I become your wife,  
Will be the happiest day of my life.  
Even thinking of that day makes me smile,  
I can't wait 'till I walk down that aisle.

I dream of that day when we'll both say "I do"  
For always and forever...I will love you.

-Unknown

## **Dream**

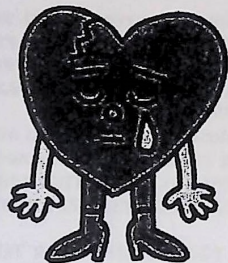
Your kiss is like summer, your whisper like rain.  
Everytime you touch me, my heart goes insane.  
Each time it beats louder, more out of control.  
Finally I feel it.  
I'm breaking the mold.  
Then I start to shiver and the rain's kind of cold.  
What if this is all a joke, I don't think my heart could hold.  
Knowing the danger, and the chance of the fight.  
You hold your heart open, put forth all your might.  
You open your eyes, and hear a loud ring.  
It was your alarm clock, this was a dream.

*Nicole Miles*



### *Falling*

*As I stare at the wall  
I realize that I am about to fall.  
Head over heels in love with your all  
Loving heart that is ten times tall,  
And at least ten times smaller  
When you fall head over heels  
For me.*



### *Emotions*

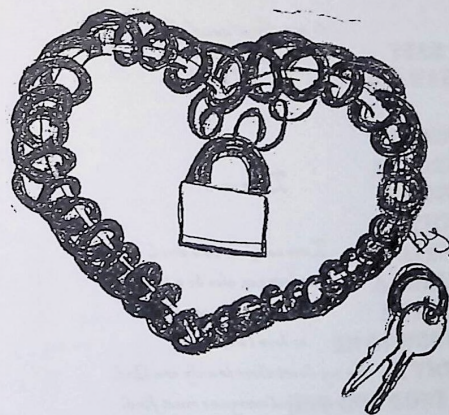
*I look in your eyes  
Full of care and compassion  
Deep enough to drown in  
Eyes that show pain  
Terror, deariness, confusion,  
Sorrow, excitement, happiness,  
And angered emotions.  
All tied up in to one  
Love.....*

*The absence of my sanity  
The emptiness of my mind  
When I don't know what's going on  
Everything has already gone wrong.*

*I sit there with a blank stare  
Wondering what else is out there  
Besides my loneliness and uncertainty.*

*The world just passes me by and,  
I listen to the people,  
When they're happy and when they cry  
My life will be empty,  
Until the day I,*

*LOVE.*



*By Kasey  
delmar*



### *Hopeless Love*

*the hopeless love sits in my heart,  
the hopeless love for the unattainable girl,  
the hopeless dream of a chance with her,  
the hopeless dream of love.*

### *Feelings*

*the feelings of  
sadness and hate.  
the feelings of  
love and happiness.  
i never let u see  
because i was  
to confused and lost  
within myself.*

### *Love can...*

*Love can just be a word,  
but love can also be a lot.  
Love can be casual,  
or love can be true.  
In my heart there is only one kind,  
it's the kind everyone must find.  
My love is true and sent towards you.  
You don't seem to see it, but I try,  
to let you know it's there.*

### Upward Bound

Classes 6 weeks long,  
What was I thinking?  
Weekends off  
Sounds like minimum wage  
Free time 9-10pm  
Feels like prison  
-From the outside looking in-  
Classes 6 weeks long  
Wouldn't change a thing  
Weekends off  
Don't want to go home  
Free time 9-10pm  
More like 9-til the break of dawn  
-On the inside looking out-

By: Kara Lehman

**FEAR FACTOR  
BY: KARA LEHMAN**

**THE ODDEST TEAM.  
AN EAGLE WRITER,  
A DEER HUNTER,  
A CUTE COUPLE,  
A TALENTED DANCER,  
A CREATIVE ARTIST,  
A TALKATIVE TEEN,  
AN OPINIONATED ATTITUDE,  
A VIOLIN PLAYER,  
AND ONE GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.**



I'VE TRIED SO MANY TIMES TO TELL YOU HOW I  
FELT BUT EVERY TIME I CAME NEAR YOU THE WORDS  
JUST WOULDN'T COME OUT. SO MANY TIMES WHEN  
I THOUGHT I GAVE IT ALL AWAY I FOUND OUT  
THAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ANYWAY.

FOR SO MANY NIGHTS I COULDN'T SLEEP  
I SAT AWAKE THINKING ABOUT THE LAST  
TIME I SEEN YOU. EVERYDAY THAT I SAW  
YOU I SAID HELLO AND GOOD-BYE AND WHEN  
YOU'D SAY THE SAME I JUST WANTED TO CRY.  
I KNEW I WAS SO IN LOVE WITH YOU, BUT  
I JUST COULDN'T BRING MYSELF TO TELLING  
YOU.

I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I WAS AFRAID AND  
MAYBE YOUR RIGHT I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO  
TELL YOU SO I JUST KEPT IT ALL INSIDE  
BUT I KNEW THAT THE DAY WOULD COME  
WHEN I HAD TO TELL YOU EVERYTHING I  
JUST WISH I TOLD YOU SOONER BECAUSE  
I SEE NOW THAT YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND SOMEONE.

I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY ANYTHING TILL I THOUGHT THE  
TIME WAS RIGHT BUT NOW I SEE THAT YOU'VE FOUND  
THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE AND I'M SO SAD BECAUSE  
IT ISN'T ME THAT YOU LOVE I HONESTLY THINK  
IT'S MY FAULT THAT YOU'RE NOT IN LOVE  
WITH ME.

FOR SO MANY DAYS I'VE SAT ALONE THINKING  
OF ONLY YOU I WANTED TO TELL YOU HOW I  
FELT BUT I WAS SO AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T  
FEEL THE SAME WHENEVER I HAD TO LEAVE  
YOUR SIGHT I JUST LET MYSELF WEEP AND  
CRY BECAUSE I LOVED YOU AND I WANTED  
YOU TO BE MINE.

CAT 0.



## *You're here for me*

*You're here for me when I have a complication,  
Your here to understand.*

*You're here for me when I have a question,  
You answer them as best you can.  
You understand my problems, like others really don't.  
You're like the older sister,  
That I will never have... I wont.*

*You tell me story's of witch I could understand,  
And understand...I will!*

*For when I go through these teenage years,  
I need someone to hold.*

*To cherish good times with,  
For together we will grow.*

*To guide me through those troubled times in witch my life begins,  
To have someone just a little bit older to give me a hand.*

*You will never let me stand alone,  
For you know I get scared sometimes.  
You teach me lessons in witch I learn,  
To never fall behind.*

*You're here for me when I need to talk,  
When I can't talk to know one but you.*

*You understand every problem, every situation, and every complication,  
Because of what you've went through.*

*You are the older sister I've never had... Yes You!  
You understand every little thing that happens to me,  
Because it already happened to you.*

*I just want to thank you for being you, You're Like My older sister,  
You are the one, who I could look up to and trust,  
You're the only you!  
You're Here For Me*

Beth Ann Gallup



## WHY?

Why  
Am I constantly drying my eyes  
Fighting the nightmares of my past  
Never being able to forget

Why  
Does my heart always ache  
Causing me so much pain  
Filling my mind with regret

Why  
Am I always so confused  
Arguing between my head and my heart  
Looking for the best possible answer

Why  
Am I constantly drying my eyes  
Fighting the nightmares of my past  
Never being able to forget  
Why?

Anonymous

I used to go to school with this girl Kristen. She kept to herself and her friends most of the time but if you were to ever talk to her she always took the time to hear you out. I remember one time that she didn't want her shoes to be the color they were, she wanted them to be her favorite color orange. So what she did was paint them orange. She was always vegetarian and never hurt anything or any one. I moved away from that school the summer of '03. I got an IM later that summer telling me she died. A blood vessel in her brain exploded due to pressure caused by a blood clot. She died instantly and her sister found her body.

The moral of this story is to never take life for granted and to live life to its fullest because life is short and you never know when it'll end  
R.I.P. Kristen Marie Daniel.

-Charis Cyr

## Problems...

Crushes and dates  
Enemies and hate  
Longing for one yet  
Yearning for another  
Hearts and promises are broken  
Friendship is torn at the seam  
Will this go on forever  
Wait and see!!

--- Marissa

## Breaking

As her tears fall  
She runs through the halls  
Running and no one to call  
No one thought she'd drop the ball  
As it smashes against the wall  
Her dreams and all!!!!

By: Kara Lehman



*The Road is Long*

*By: Beth A. Gallup*

*The road is long, in the mist,*

*Keep on going, even with all the ifs'*

*Take chances...like there's a storm in you,*

*But watch; remember sometimes taking chances does hurt you.*

*It's like a river that pushes and pulls,*

*But one thing you need to do is trust yourself,*

*In what you do.*

*My Favorite TC*

*My favorite TC is Gary.*

*He is helpful.*

*He is nice.*

*He can make a bad day good by just smiling.*

*He always encourages you to do your best.*

*When you do your best he congratulates you.*

*I would have to say he is my idol!*

*-Incognito*

You loose your breathe  
Your heart drops,  
Everything falls into place.  
Finally found your warm inbrace.

Feeling safe,  
With you by my side.  
My heart starts to race,  
Looking into your eyes.

Holding hands,  
Keeping you close,  
Just don't leave me  
And break my heart.

Simply because your with me,  
You're a part of my life  
And the man of my dreams.

Amber Williams



I only wanted to help

Tear drops on my pillow  
Trying on and on  
Don't make me feel so bad  
I am only your friend  
Make me stop crying now  
Please I'm begging  
You never lie to me  
Please stop saying that  
I don't understand why  
My dearest friend  
Why can't you understand  
It's not my fault at all  
You see I tried, endlessly  
But not enough so that the  
Truth could not be seen  
She was bound to find out  
it was your life and mine  
oh dearest friend why can't  
you see, I can not hurt you  
but you can hurt me

Ashley  
Campbell

Feel

By: Kara Lehman  
What do you see when you look at me?  
What do you feel when you hold me?  
Do you see me as the little girl I used to be.  
Can ya look at me and feel my soul  
Can ya hold me and feel my pain  
Can you see my past through my eyes  
What do you see in the future  
A wife and kids who all look to you  
Or  
A lonely life all by yourself.  
Do you see how I feel, do you cry like I do  
When you think about all the wasted time  
Passing you by...  
Cause I know I do.

"Boy of the Summer"

This boy I know gives me butterflies  
Every time I look at his gorgeous eyes.  
He's unlike the rest  
Adorable and well dressed  
I wish he was mine  
I think about him all the time  
I like him no matter what  
But this feeling in my gut  
Tells me he doesn't feel the same  
Oh my gosh I'm going insane  
He's outgoing and wild  
And makes my summer worth while

-Marissa

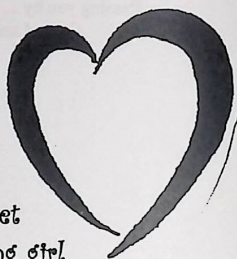
Slipping away.

By: Kara Lehman  
As her hope fell,  
She heard the bell  
To tell her the final round was over,  
Her long lasting hell frozen over.  
As the fresh ground fell,  
People gathered intentions well,  
Her parents yell to the heavens  
They would sell their souls  
Just to tell her they loved her.



Love  
Hearts beating  
Two souls racing  
Why, I dare to question  
How does it start  
Your soul racing  
Heart beating  
Why?  
And how  
Is it different  
From how I love  
A heart that doesn't return  
The love I desire  
He doesn't notice  
How I  
Feel From my  
Deep flowing soul  
Maybe he does notice  
But will never show it  
The way he feels  
Deep down inside  
Eating him  
Alive  
Every day  
Never showing compassion  
To a lonely soul

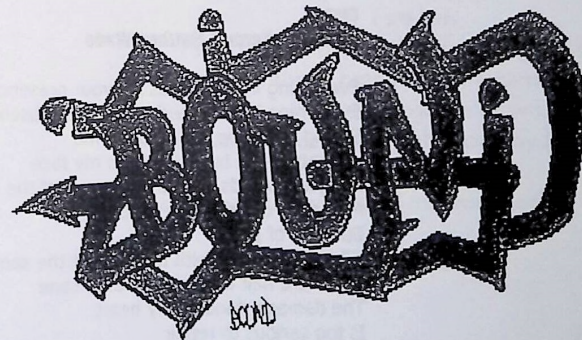
He'll never notice  
Someone like  
Me  
I guess  
They are not right  
Its wasn't to be together  
But here I stand  
Not quite there  
I see  
The  
Bright light  
One foot in  
One not there yet  
A confused young girl  
Not being loved  
For her  
Self  
Tell me  
Tell me again  
Why your heart beats  
And your souls race  
together And not  
I want to know With the best  
Why you love Of your own heart  
With your I'll guess I'll never know  
Head Promise me you'll wait  
For me to  
Under stand  
Why.



## THE ROOMMATE

A simple survey, short and sweet,  
Yet difficult for some to complete.  
How would you describe yourself,  
Would you say your just like Larry Melf?  
Those surveys didn't seem much to me,  
Until we moved in for summer you see.  
It gave me a roommate, sweet and kind,  
A friend who is usually hard to find.

-Nicole Miles





From the day I met you,  
I knew there was something special,  
It was almost too good to be true.  
At the time I was down and out,  
Crushed from another love,  
You saw me for who I am and what I was really  
about.  
You were always there by my side,  
Understanding the pain I was put through,  
Until everything could finally subside.  
I knew you were unlike the rest,  
You are everything I've ever wanted,  
And you wanted to give me the best.  
I can always be myself and you don't expect more,  
You love me for me,  
And I know if I need someone you will always have  
an open door.  
I'm never going to let you go easy.  
You have a piece of my heart,  
And that's how I want it to stay.  
-Nicole Miles

Glare

By. Norman Matthew Wade

Everything in me pleads for your presence to linger  
Everything in me bleeds from your absence  
Strong emotions run through me  
Uncontrollable tears fall from my face  
My heart bleeds from the piercing of the memories  
Memories of joy at the time  
But now of pain  
When you're not with me I'm not the same  
I lay here half empty and half insane  
The damage done to my heart  
Is too serious to repair  
Every time I look at your picture  
There will always be a glare.

*That Fateful Day*

*Today, he got on the school bus,  
It was his first time and mine.  
We talked about this day for weeks,  
I thought we'd do just fine.*

*His book bag on his little back,  
The look that was on his face.  
Told me that he was really ready,  
To go off to this strange place.*

*The bus pulled up and opened the door,  
He waved and went on his way.  
A tear rolled slowly down my cheek,  
As I told him to have a good day.*

*Nicole Miles*

"Its all right!" I heard in a soft voice.  
"I won't leave you"  
"Don't be afraid"  
She lulls my soul to sleep and normality.  
I see her.  
I see that her love for my life is deep and sincere.  
"shhhhhhhh." I hear in a totally caressing voice,  
From this angel unknown.  
The dagger of depression falls from my helpless body,  
I weep,  
For it was you who saved me from neglect and death.

Joshua Perillo



## Ode to Natalie



I am never blue  
When I see you,

But when you told me that evening,  
I went to go a heaving.

I still have many feelings,  
And I don't know how long it will take  
To start healing.

I am ready to burst like a supernova  
And I want to sit down and hold ya'.

I am so very sad now  
But still, when I look at you,  
I say wow!

What I See.....

I see trueness in your eyes.  
I see happiness in your smile.  
I see a loving heart full of purity.  
I feel love which is so different and so real.  
I see a true blue friend,  
Who always lends a helping hand.  
I see a person that is full passion,  
In everything that he does.  
I see someone a great talent.  
I see a person that will go far.  
I see someone who is intellectually smart.  
I see someone that everyone should get to know.  
I see someone I'll always love forever.  
I see someone who is an amazing boyfriend.  
I see someone, who'll be everything that he wishes to be.  
I see someone who has no bad qualities.  
I see my boyfriend, and a friend.  
I see Joshua Lee Perillo



Angel Heckman

## Wish You Were Here

I'm in my room wishing,  
You were here.  
You always were the one,  
That made my life clear.  
You keep me safe,  
In your warm embrace.  
And you wiped every tear,  
You put a smile on my face.  
I've been together for a few months,  
It feels more like a few years.  
I never felt true happiness,  
Until fate has brought you here.  
I'm lying in my bed,  
Trying to sleep,  
But all I do is wish you were,  
Sleeping here next to me.  
Without you here,  
I get no rest.  
Could it be I'm in love too deep,  
To get any sleep?



## IF THEY DON'T

If they don't know me then why do they care?  
Always talking about what I do and what I wear.  
If they don't know me, then why do they try?  
Always giving me that glaring, glancing eye.  
They don't know me then why do they ask?  
Always wondering about things in my past.  
They don't know me, then why do they wonder?  
Always saying that I should just be 6-feet under.



If they don't know me, then why do they care?  
No matter how hard they try, I will keep my head upraised  
to the sky.

- Nicole Miles

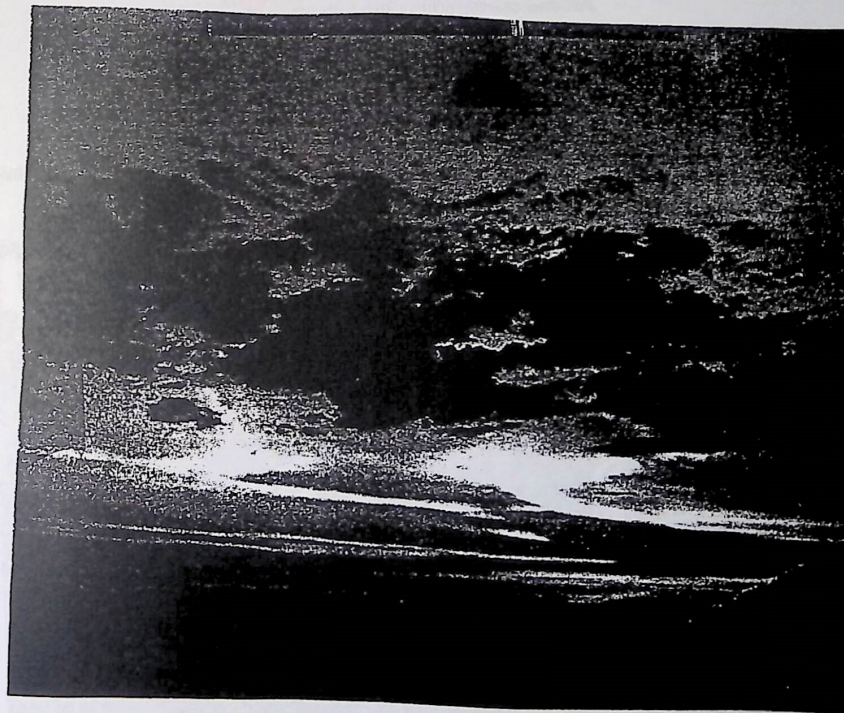
## MEMORIES

Memories will fade so fast  
Best friends gone in just a flash  
Six weeks of your life  
Without a worry or care  
Just being here  
Makes you wish you were there  
Home seems so good  
Yet, You rush to come back  
Upward Bound Summer  
It happened so fast.

-Nicole Miles

Emily Dickinson - The Missing All -- prevented Me

The Missing All -- prevented Me  
From missing minor Things.  
If nothing larger than a World's  
Departure from a Hinge --  
Or Sun's extinction, be observed --  
'Twas not so large that I  
Could lift my Forehead from my work  
For Curiosity.

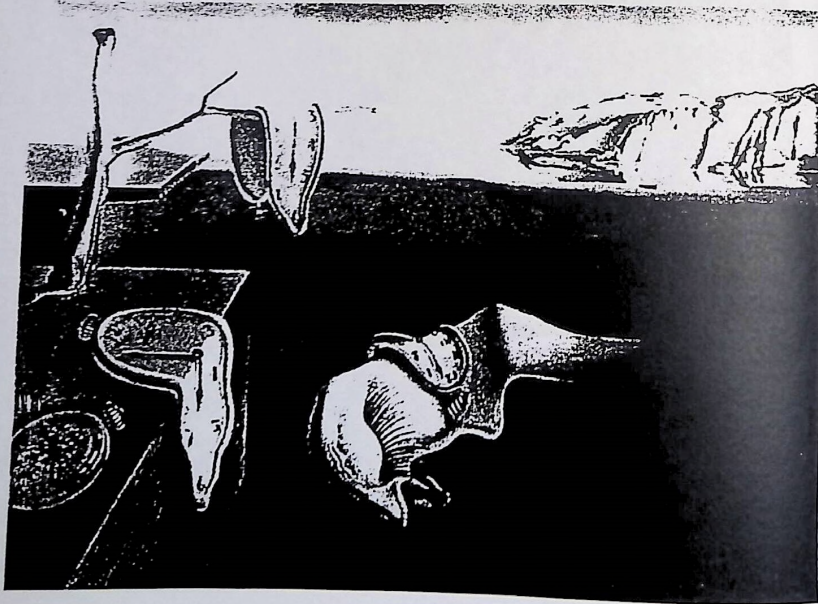




## THE PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY

Time stands still,  
Idling in life.  
Death creeps near like insects to a morsel.  
Life drifts into an endless abyss.  
Uncontrolled we are,  
Though our purpose for life is unknown.  
For a brief moment we die,  
Helpless to be aided by all.  
For we must help ourselves,  
Or our souls forever will be faded.  
Is there truly hope for all the weary souls in this era,  
Or will all seem to fail?  
Our passage to this answer is locked,  
Though we see the key.  
An endless turmoil is stricken upon us,  
When it could have been avoided.  
An unmentioned theory,  
Is binding us forever.

Josh Perillo



## Mundane World

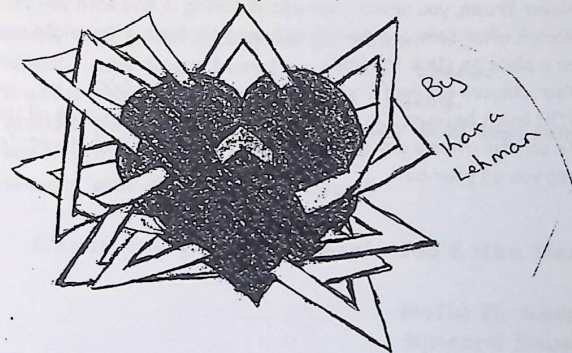
By: Sean Sprague

*Everything in this world is boring and mundane,  
Everything a monotonous chore.  
Why can't we just relax for a while,  
Just for a while.*

*People take things to seriously anymore,  
Simple sayings are taken to serious.  
People get in trouble for senseless things.  
Society just needs to relax.*

*People going to war,  
Fighting for no reason at all.  
Innocent people dying for a "Just" cause,  
Really a sham for money.*

*Everything in this world is boring and mundane,  
Everything a monotonous chore.  
Why can't we just relax for a while,  
Just for a while.*





## Random Quotes

By: Random people

Outta our minds, crazy a\$# Times.  
Not only best of friends, but partners in crime.

I am a Princess and I live in the clouds  
If you wanna kick it with me you  
Better bow down and call me your  
Highness because baby believe it I'm  
~ Upward Bounds Finest ~

- No Fear!
- Dream as if you'll live forever, live as if you'll die tomorrow.
- Everyone dies, why not have fun before you do.
- Life is short make the most of it.
- Tell someone if you love them, that way if they feel the same way then you can be with them and if they don't then your can get over them.
- Never frown, you never know who is falling in love with you smile.
- Watch when someone says they have your back, they might just be looking for a place to stick the knife.
- Your choices are half chance, so are everyone else's.
- YOU laugh because I'm different; I laugh because you're all the same.
- Be careful when a guy sweeps you off your feet, he's in a perfect position to drop you on your butt.

To quote from song  
Devalues it. So to sum them all together:

"We're growing up, take the moment  
and grasp it. You can never  
relye yesterday. Everyone's  
different. Accept change.  
Rock on even if rap's your thing."

-Holly E. Andrews

Upward bound summer '04

- 1 week and your dying to go home.**
- 2 weeks and your barely getting there.**
- 3 weeks and you can feel the ending.**
- 4 weeks you don't know how you feel any longer.**
- 5 weeks and it's almost time!**
- 6 weeks and its see you soon!**

**Never say goodbye. People don't like liars.**

**-Holly E. Andrews  
Upward Bound  
Summer '04**



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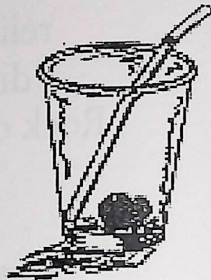
### The best of Friends

© Anonymous

The best of friends  
can change a frown,  
into a smile,  
when you feel down.  
The best of friends,  
Will understand,  
your little trials,  
and lend a hand.  
The best of friends,  
Will always share,  
your secret dreams,  
because they care.  
The best of friends,  
worth more than gold,  
give all the love,  
a heart can hold.

---

**THIRST**



**Louise Rill**

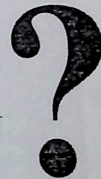
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### A Friend Most True

© anonymous

I need to know if you're my true friend,  
will you be by my side until the end?  
Can I tell you my secrets deep,  
and trust them in your heart you'll keep?  
We are neither of us without our flaws;  
can you accept mine, as I will yours?  
I'll be a shoulder to cry on when you're blue;  
will you be there for me when I need you?  
No matter how busy I will make time for you,  
if you are busy will you make time for me too?  
I will take your hand and comfort your tears;  
will you hold me and soothe my fears?  
I will give you joy and many warm smiles;  
can we share that even across many miles?  
I will not forget what's important to you;  
will you remember what's important to me too?  
With you my most favorite things I'll share,  
If only I know do you truly care?  
If you can accept me as I do you,  
then I will know you are a friend most true.

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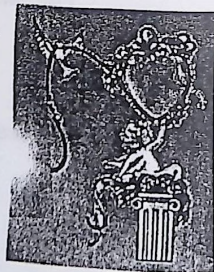
Light coming through my window

In my life the quality of light coming through my window may tell my story. My story may speak of my past present or future. Either way as it shines it only gets brighter.

For me I see a sort of mixed up or confusing past. Showing the light to be somewhat dimmer than others. As time goes on the light gets brighter but not excessively, it takes time. At the present my light shines but not completely, there is still time and it could only get brighter. For my future I see light shining brighter than the sun. Shining on me like the suns rays on a hot summer afternoon. So you see for me, my quality for light will only grow and my curtains to life will always be open.



Savannah David





### Savannah, From A Friends Point of View

Helping friends with any problems they may have is one of Savannah's best qualities. Not only will she just help friends, she'll sit and talk with anyone who needs someone to talk to. Savannah has experienced more in her life now at the young age of 17 years old, than most people do by the age of 30. She feels its better to talk to someone who can relate and empathize apposed to someone who can just sympathize. I agree, and Savannah is one of those people.

Savannah speaks her mind and doesn't hold her tongue for anyone. When one of her friends needs her, she s always there no matter what the case or situation. For example, I went to a party one night with a couple of my friends. That night I told my parents that I was going to stay over a friend's house. The people I had gone to the party with ended up leaving me there. I didn't know anyone else at the party so I decided to leave. There was a church around the corner so I went there and called Savannah from a pay phone across the street. Though it was 4:00 in the morning Savannah woke up and came looking for me. That was complicated because neither of us knew

where I was. She finally found me and we went back to her house and went a sleep. This incident proved to me what a true friend really was, Savannah.

If you don't know her, depending on her mood, she may seem loud and rude or, or shy and quiet. One thing Savannah's friends always hear from her is "I told you". Simply because she acts like our mom or big sister most of the time, even if were older. All I have to conclude from this is if you don't want to hear those three words from Savannah, don't go to her for advice and not use it. Most of the time she is right when she gives it.

Savannah is just an all around true friend. She knows how to make you laugh when you're down, and everyone likes that. She is always there to talk to and will never just blow you off. Taking advantage of her friendship is the wrong thing to do. It's happened to her once and things didn't turn out pretty. One last word of advice, don't ever get on Savannah's bad side.

This was written by Savannah from a true friends point of view—just to fare  
worn everyone!!!!



Title of Story: *Dungeons and Dimwits.*

Made by: Spriggins Sprague (a.k.a Sean)

An old man with glasses and an old dusty book walks out onto the stage. He is an old plump man with rosy red cheeks. He starts to speak loudly and clearly to you. "Now... There are stories told over the years, ones of great deeds... and the heroes that make them up. Those people have... discovered kingdoms, slew dragons; even the occasional bring peace and prosperity to his part of the world... Well... This is not one of those stories. This is of a young sorcerer... He is a bright one... but he doesn't know his true potential... he's not very wise either. Then there's the other one. I am not even going to start on this boy." He pauses and rubs his eyes, shaking his head.

"Now it all starts off in a small town in the middle ages. It has a river and trees... and farms full of animals. Now in this town... By the way, the town is made of many heroes... just like the ones I mentioned." He fades into the darkness behind him. His voice starts to fade as well. "Now there is one young man... his name's Ritrian Winlock by the way, who is trying to be like his brother Sain, now his brother is a very powerful sorcerer of whom he despises Ritrian, picking on him every way shape and form." His voice fades off as it scans over the town slowly from an aerial view. The view stops dead in the tracks of this one very old house. It seems to nearly be falling apart. An explosion is heard from inside, smoke filling the air. The view changes to inside the room.

"Damn it!!!" a young man shouts as he is all charred from the explosion. "I seem to be getting the wrong formula to make this..." he holds up a sandwich... or what's left of it. It seems to be falling apart. "No nitroglycerin in the formula.. That's a bad idea... Oh well... Things seem better burnt anyways." He eats the thing and gets a funny look on his face. "Maybe not..." He gags. He hears rustling down stairs. He sits up and walks downstairs.

"HI RITRIAN!!!" A child sitting at the dining room table shouts, he's brandishing a sword that is a little bigger than he is. "I wanna go to the caves today... Please???" He does the puppy dog face. Sternly Ritrian replies, "NO I hate those damn caves... They are really dark you know... where there is darkness, there are monsters... and where there are monsters there is PAIN!!!" he shouts as he almost

trips over his pet toad. He catches his balance and sighs out of relief. The kid starts to snifle as his eyes start to water. Ritrian thinks "Oh... not this again." As soon as he speaks the words the child starts to cry his little eyes out, while crying he screams with a very loud obnoxious voice... "I WANNA GO TO THE CAVES TO FIND THE TREASURE!!!!!" he starts to cry very loudly and fall to the floor. He rolls around crying, the floor starting to get flooded. "I said no..." Ritrian replies sternly.

Two Hours later....

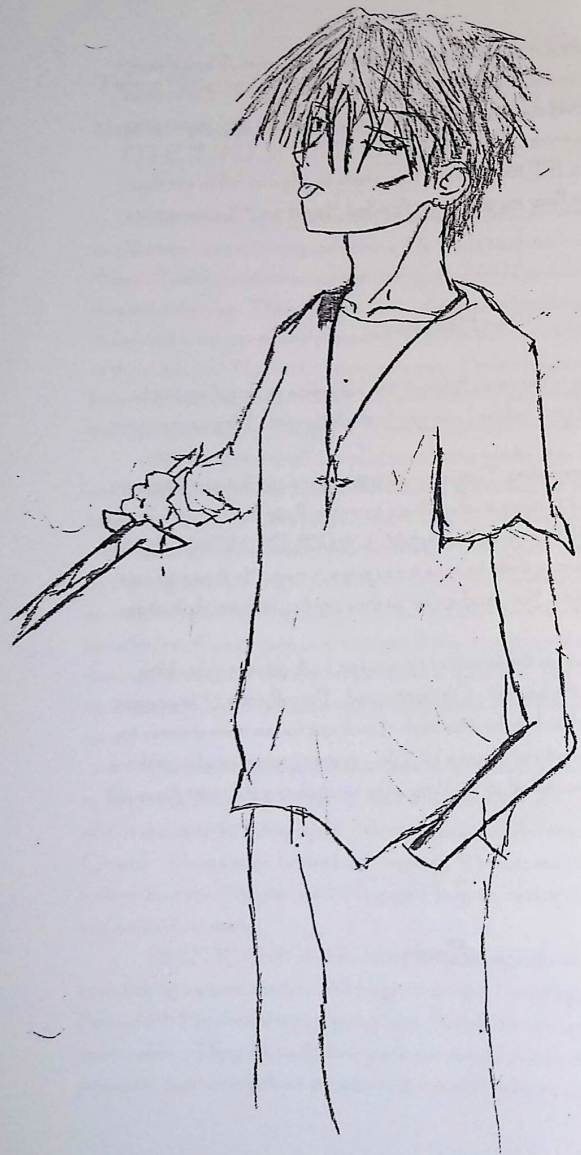
"Yay!!! We're going to the caves Ritrian!!!" the kid smiles as he's dragging his sword along the ground. "I can't believe I said yes to the little runt... Hey your name's Sain right???"

"Yup" the kid replies smiling. They approach the caves and Ritrian shivers a little walking into the cave. He hears a scrambling across the floor and he holds out his hands blasting it with magic. Breathing heavily "ACK!!!! DIE DEMON FROM THE BEYOND!!!!" looking down he sees it was just a mouse. He then picks up the mouse and tosses it aside. Sain laughs a bit as they journey into the dark abyss.

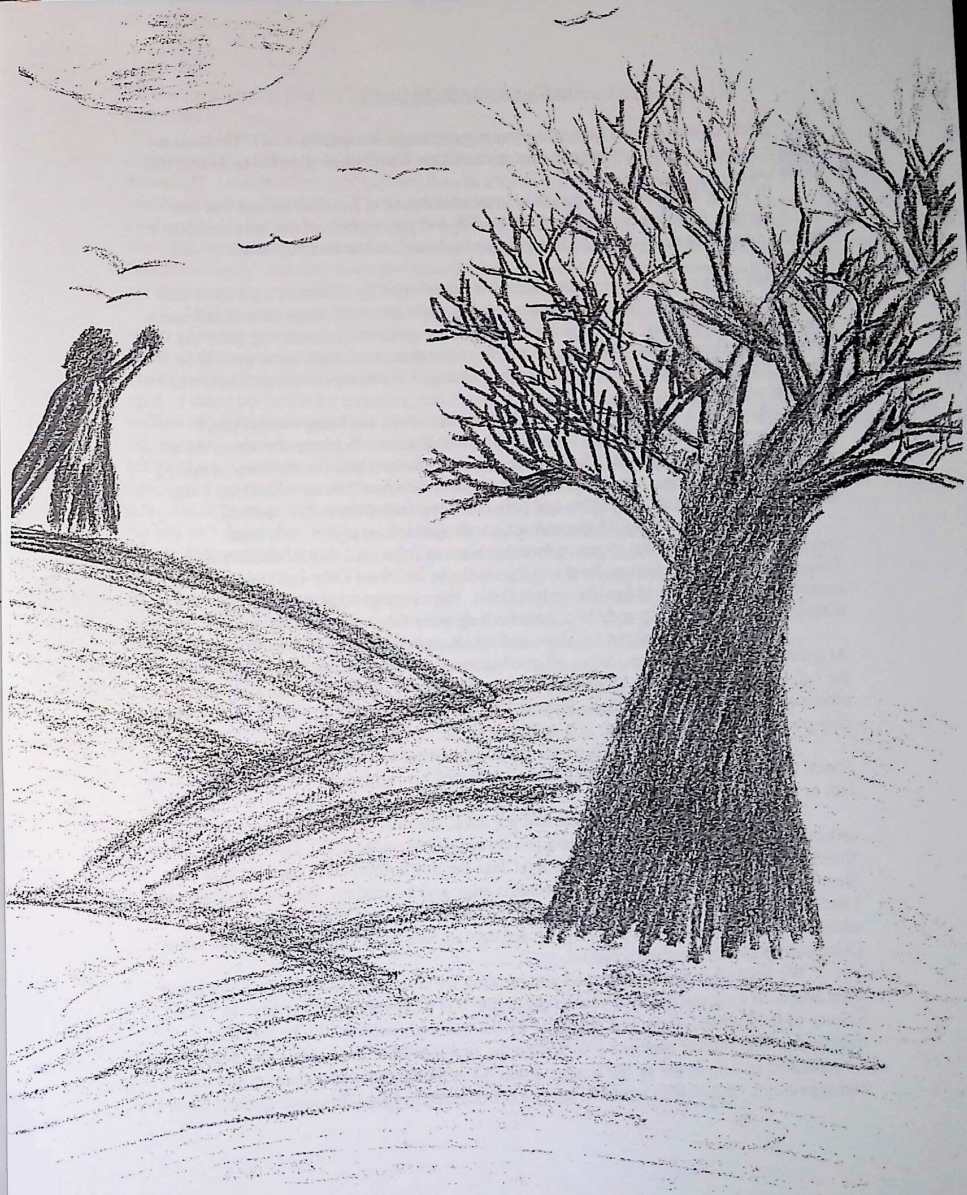
The scene fades out as the announcer guy steps back on stage chuckling.. "Heheh. Die demon from the beyond... Oh that's good... Poor Ritrian." He coughs and smiles a bit folding his hands behind his back. "Look out for another chapter to come!!!" he slowly turns around and laughs a bit "Oh... that was some good lines there... Where does he get this material at! ...Hey Why is the microphone still on!!!" Runs off stage.

~End~





Sean  
Spiegel





### The Chipmunks Strike Back

Did you ever have a time when you wanted to get away from it all? That was my entire summer in 1983. My parents sent me to Camp Wanhokakugi in the middle of the Great Lakes.

It was a "fat camp" or a health orientated camp. I'm Joe, 220 lbs and five feet tall; my robust form has held me back all my life and got me thrown into this hellhole. I eat two meals a day consisting of five grams of tofu and one or two vegetables of your choice.

We did an exercise program, which was developed by Colossus, a gladiator and five time Mr. Universe. We ran 15 miles a day; weight lifted for hours on end, and had a few hours to sleep a day. "The Natives were getting restless" as the saying goes; my fellow campers and I were forming a plan. We all wanted to escape, some more than others. Each of us had our reasons; mine was Candy, a sixteen-year-old girl, who was one year older than I.

I have had a crush on her for nearly two years now, but being overweight, I decided against talking to her for fear of public humiliation. Her long strawberry-blond hair and fair skin was only matched by her "assets," she was also smart, funny, outgoing and captain of the junior varsity cheerleading squad. It's been two months since I was enrolled in the "program", and I've lost fifty-two pounds and grew three inches.

The thing was Cabin 15 wanted out, so we decided on a plan. We were nicknamed the Chipmunks, so are codenames were as follows, I was Alvin, Jim was Theodore, George was Simon, Fred and Frank, the twins, were Chip and Dale, and our counselor, Jeff, was David Seville, or just Dave. For every good plan there is a scapegoat, ours were Chip and Dale, because they were the youngest and smallest.

Simon was our lookout for Dave and the other counselors; we couldn't be caught. At approximately 11:05 p.m., when all good schemes begin, Chip and Dale were to run to the cafeteria to steal the confiscated snacks, candy, and Dr. Pepper. When Dave and the others went to find Chip and Dale, Simon, Theodore and I made a run for the docks, the only portal to the outside world, 1.75 miles away.

That dash to the other side of the island was tiring and rough, at which point Simon had stepped in a large snake hole and sprained his right ankle. We had to leave him or no one would escape.

Theodore and I had finally reached the dock, the only obstacle left was the locked up patrol boat, a run down canoe with a red cross painted on the side. Theodore "borrowed" a set of bolt cutters from Shop Class the day before, and I used them to snap the lock. We dragged the canoe to the water's edge and hopped in. We each took an oar, I steered and he paddled. The nearest shoreline was the town of Erie, Pennsylvania, which was 92 miles from my home. It would take us four more hours to cross that Great Lake, but we finally reached freedom.

We docked and looked around and realized we were just two teenagers along way from home. It took me nearly a year to get home, due to many complications. In "The Silence of the Lambs", there is a character by the name of Buffalo Bill, he was the transvestite who put the guy in a pit. Within the first month of me being away from Jim, we separated in Erie to get to our homes, I was hitchhiking and was picked up and then kidnapped by a "man" who modeled his life off of Buffalo Bill. He called himself Cow

pie Carl; if I here "It puts the lotion on its skin," one more time I think I will kill someone.

I spent three weeks with Carl and we got pretty close, not in a good way. The cops broke into the house and I found out his name was Lindsey; kind of makes you think doesn't it? I continued on my way and then in a sudden and severe urge to excrete, I wondered into an "abandoned" house. There were occupants, a cult named the Church of Lucifer and his Latter Day Saints, and they fed me extremely well. Only after the first week did I begin to comprehend their ancient language and understand that I was their "sacrificial lamb" and they were also fattening me up because they were cannibals. Let me spell it out for you, THEY WERE GOING TO EAT ME!

I had to once again form an escape plan, in four weeks, when the ritual I was the center of would take place, I made dry ice from the food they gave me and I would put it in the cauldron below where I was to be dropped. When the room filled with smoke I escaped through the open window, a fire safety precaution. How stupid, let a window open. I dared not hitchhike anymore, lest I run into another Buffalo Bill wannabe. So I walked and after four moths and a total distance traveled of forty miles, I met up with the biggest challenge of my trip, weed. I had been lonely and met a guy by the name of J-bird in the town of Mansfield. He led me into a world of sex drugs and money, I spent four months at that house of ill repute, until one day I was pouring milk for cereal at 3:00 a.m., I had the munchies, and saw my picture on the side. My parents were out looking for me, so I decided to "suck it up" and go home, quitting drugs cold turkey.

It was almost seven moths and I was thirty miles from home, I needed to get there soon. I choose to steal a car, a 1972 Dodge Mustang, bad choice Joe. I drove home and when I got there my parents were so happy, I was crying with them. I told them of my journey, and as I got to the part where I stole the Mustang, a knock was heard on our maple, front door. I looked through the window and it was a Mansfield Police Officer, the car was reported stolen and there were many witnesses to describe me.

After four months in J.V., I returned home and things went back to normal, or at least as close as they could. I never saw Candy again, she moved to Erie while I was away. Maybe the grass isn't always greener on the other side.

By: *Jimmy Carroll*



Beth Gallup  
Mr. Hromisin  
Composition

### Losing Floyd

A day like no other went by and faded away but would be etched in my memories forever. My uncle Floyd came home to his house in Richmond, Virginia to find that his wife had left him for reasons I will not explain.

Weeks would pass, and with each day, he grew more despondent, alone and depressed. He was truly not a person in his right mind, and he decided somehow he would try to end his life by taking a large amount of pills.

That night, somewhere between his struggle of life and death, he realized what he had done and drove himself to a near by hospital. At first, Doctors thought the over dose of medication had caused his kidney failure. All kinds of tests ensured that there was finally an answer, but not one that any of us would want to hear, Cancer, a very rare type with no known cure. His struggle between life and death was now not of his choosing, but he would end up fighting it, if not for himself, but for those who loved him.

With not such a favorable outcome to look forward too, he had lost all interest in life and thought he was not loved anymore. My family became very worried and concerned for his well-being. Telephones rang all hours, day and

you please put your father on the line?" I was shaken up and upset immediately after I handed the phone to my father. I sat down and watched my father's reactions from what my uncle Craig was saying. Soon as he put his hand over his face and began to cry, I had known what had happened. My father hung up the phone and started saying, "Floyd was found in his car by the Entrance to the Cross Valley Express way, he had an attack of some kind. Then shortly lost control of his vehicle and slightly ran it in to the big cement dividers. He gained control of the car knowing he did not want to harm anyone else and pulled over to the side of the road and put the car in park. He has passed away. They said a phone call came in from a concerned lady who drove by and saw him in his car slumped over." I yelled with tears pouring down my face: "NO, this can not be happening. He was fine." My dad came over and told me, "Beth, he looked fine but you know how much he put up a fight just to live longer because he realized it wasn't the end of the world when he was diagnosed. This whole family made the time he had at home the greatest it could have ever been. His suffering is over now, and he's with family too." "I don't get how you could just see some one, and then the next day they could be gone. I loved him so much and I had not seen him in a week. Why didn't I go to see him this past Sunday? Why did I have to sleep in," I said in an overwhelmingly way. Gathering our thoughts and composure we knew we had to go out to my Nanas house and comfort her in her lose. Most of the family was meeting there to discuss what would happen next. He had little money and no wishes written down for us. He talked about it but never wrote it down. I think



maybe if he did so he would have felt like giving up. The toughest thing was going to let his son, Lowell, and daughter, Heidi, know of his passing. Soon enough and plans were set, we would say our final goodbyes in just three days.

The funeral came too soon. I had an idea of what to expect, but it turned out to be worse. I walked into the funeral home and could barely turn the corner before I realized this was the way I would have to say my last goodbye. I lost control of my feelings and could not enter. I stood by the wall feeble and crying. My aunt Theresa came over to say, "He's in a better place and is not suffering anymore." That kind of thing always makes me even more upset. My dad then took my arm and walked me into the room, and I stood before my uncle's casket watching him there, lying peacefully. "I am sorry we could not have talked one last time, or you could have come and see me perform professionally in Carnage Hall." I placed my hand on his and said, "You have no idea what you did to this family when you came home. You changed us all in one-way or another. You taught me to live every day to the fullest, believe in yourself and shoot for the stars. You had a great journey through life from the stories I have heard. You were the one and only person I have ever met with your type of attitude. We will miss you so much. See you later." I would not say goodbye. I turned my back to face his kids, my cousins. I never thought I would have to see them in a time like this. His daughter Heidi and I have been close since we were little, and his son was like a brother to me. Seeing them cry was the hardest thing I've had to do. I sat down and the service began. My father was sitting next to me and on the other side was

his sister Jan. As the speeches began, his sisters and brothers began to realize that their big brother was really gone. We were all crying hysterically. There was not a dry eye in the place. The one who would stay home and watch after all nine siblings, the Large Baby of a brother, was gone. That's how he got his nick name "L.B." He was the oldest son yet he was still his mothers baby.

I had chosen a poem that had meant something to me. A friend of the family, Jodi Webber, read it for me at the service. Following my poem there were more stories. Sometimes I would think of moments with my uncle and I would laugh, while other memories would make me tear up. My family went through a lot but I know I learned some valuable lessons that I would have never learned if not for my Uncle Floyd.

Whether it had been the way Floyds and my relationship changed through his sickness, or the way I watched him take on challenges. I think our friendship grew enormously. He was stronger through everything he attempted, whether it was the challenge of fixing a leaky facet, weeding a flowerbed, or catching the biggest fish in the pond. The lessons he taught me whether he knew it or not will stay with me for the rest of my life.

Till this day I still see how much he is missed, but if it weren't for this experience, I would not be the person I am today. Thank you Floyd for deciding to come home and be with us for some time before we lost you. Thank you my audience, for your generosity and for lending me your ears.



Norman Wade  
7-16-04

Ode to Joe

I came to Upward Bound this summer not knowing I have Shrek as a suite mate. Every morning since I came here I found a present. There was always something not flushed. One day I walked into the bathroom and saw purple stuff on the toilet seat. So I confronted him about it, and he said he didn't do it. The next night I confronted him about it again, and he told me that it was chocolate. Right then I knew that it was going to be a long summer. One night when I was ready to hit the sack I heard a voice say, "Going pee is the sound of water running downstream. What the heck I said as I put my pillow over my head to mute my laughter. While laughing I heard sound of flatulence coming from the bathroom, and I almost died laughing. I stopped laughing so I could listen for a flush but didn't hear anything, the only thing I heard was his door open and his door shut. So I went into the bathroom and flushed it for him. Then I opened his door to see if it was lock and it wasn't, so I went into his room. What's up he said, then I punch him in the leg, then laughed in amusement as he rolled around on his floor. The next day he showed me the bruise I left on his leg and I felt bad. I guess he learned to be cleaner, because now I only get a present once a week.

SORROWFUL OARS

I began to row on a dark lake.  
Thinking in my mind how I wished you were here.  
I grabbed the oars and started to move,  
But I wasn't decided on where to steer.

I caught a glimpse of you on the shore  
I heard your soft voice calling me,  
But when I tried to turn around,  
The oars wouldn't let me free.

My grasp was too tight.  
I couldn't let go.  
Even with all my might,  
I couldn't even slow.

From the top of my lungs,  
I yelled to you.  
When you didn't answer,  
My hopeful thoughts were few.

A will of their own,  
These oars must have had.  
And their only purpose,  
Was to take me from my love and make me sad.

Josh Perillo

Sorrowful oars

I rowed on a lake  
Wishing you were here  
I grabbed the oars and start to move  
But I am not sure how to steer

I see you on the shore  
I hear your voice calling me  
But when I try to turn around  
The oars wouldn't let me free

I could not let go  
Even if I tried  
I yelled for you  
And then I cried



A will of their own  
These oars must have had  
And their only purpose  
Was to take my love, and make me sad

Joshua  
Perillo



sorrowful oars(the story)

I got into a boat that appeared to me out of nowhere. 'where will I go?' I thought to myself. I didn't care. All that I wanted was to get away from the this world of continuous turmoil and deceit. Every place that i went to just tried to take me down to the deepest level of depression and not even once did anyone even think about trying to get out. they just sat there like helpless babies crying for their mommy. I was still depressed but I thought that if I could just get out of this place for a little bit that I would be fine. I was very wrong. Every row of those oars was like someone stabbing me in the heart and twisting the blade repetitively so that my insides turned to a purposeless pile of shit.

'Why did she give up on me?' I asked myself. 'Why didn't she believe that it could work if we held onto each other. I loved her with all of my heart and she just ripped my heart away from my deepest inner being. she acted like it was a perfectly fine to do thinks like that. I have no heart left to love with.' I argued with myself consistently and the whole time my soul was falling deeper and deeper into the abyss of the world that I just tried to get away from.

When I reached the center of my personal lake of depression, I pulled out a poem that she had written for me when our relationship was still very much in its prime. 'I love you,' she sign it at the bottom. What bullshit! I meant it when I said it and she just threw my heart around like it was a toy and she was a 2 year old aimlessly playing. I promised that I would never give up on her and she gave up on me. tears of extreme sorrow poured down my face as i thought about all the good times that we had together. 'Why me?' I kept asking myself. Just then a dagger appeared to me from the bottom of the lake. Its glisten was extremely entrancing to my weak mind. this is it. this is my chance to permanently get away from this world of horrid eras. I raised the tempting blade into the air and aimed it towards my heart. 'I am going to do it.'

'Stop!' A voice called to me from the distance. It was her. The reason why i was going to put an end to my life. 'Why are you doing this?'

'I don't know. Maybe its because you lied to me when you said that you loved. Why did you think that you could just do that to me. Did you think that I didn't love you? Did you think that I thought that it was just another fling with another girl? No I didn't. I loved you.'

'I was having a very difficult time in my life and...'

'No. You lied. If you were having a hard time in your life then you would have asked me to talk about it, but you decided to get rid of the problem, ME.

with one extremely hard blow, he stabbed himself and ended his life in his world of hurt and never again did he get to see his love.

Kara Lehman  
Mr. Peters

Angie walked down the hall of the dark and dreary house. She could have sworn she saw Benson, her servant, walk down the hall. But she couldn't be sure because it was only a blur of color she saw running past. In the dark the hall was unfamiliar to her, and the little light provided by the candle did not help at all. The cold tile began to make her bare feet cold, sending a hair-raising shiver up her spine. Angie walked a few minutes; confused the hall wasn't that long. She looked around in circles, a confused and lost look present on her face, mainly her eyes. She reached a door and slowly opened it stepping inside. The room was furnished beautifully with tall wooded cabinets and elegant pillow lined a large bed with a rose-colored canopy draping slightly over the bed. To tired to go back to her room she settled here for the night. She sat down on the edge of the bed and thought about what happened the past few minutes.

Angie remembered sitting on a swing, tied to an old oak tree, with her father pushing her. She could remember the laughter and the happiness about the moment. But that's all the happy thoughts she could recall. Ever since that day her life was dark, sad, and gloomy.



She sat and remembered the dreadful day. The day her life changed for the worse. She remembered sitting on the floor in the hall playing with her dolls when her mother ran out of the house carrying a large bag with her. She never saw her again. Her father was only getting worse. Day by day, drink by drink. He had met an older woman who chose to move in with Angie and her father, with her 3 wretched daughters.

Angie had grown quite sick and tired of the way she was treated but each day her life got darker, smaller, and a little more darker. Scrub this, wash that, do this, do that. But Angie did not complain. She began talking to the youngest daughter Cinderella.

Cinderella understood where Angie was coming from before Angie her mother made her do everything. Angie thought her life was the worst it could be. She worked day in and day out.

One day in the middle of her chores a royal messenger came with a notice of a royal ball for all the ladies of every household to attend. It was to have the prince meet his bride to be. Angie and Cinderella traded secret smiles as they planned on dresses. The day of the ball Angie never made it. Her stepmother and sisters had run off and disappeared, and her father had fallen ill. Her pink dress hung in her closet hidden away, waiting for that promising day to come. Ever since

Angie walks in silence and hardly eats. She no longer takes interest in things she used to such as flowers, and butterflies.

Angie sat on the bed tears streaming down her cheeks, as she remembered the past. She tried her self to sleep and soon awoke the next morning. Startled she looked around. She suddenly understood life moves on that she needed to restart her life again, and that time helps heal some problems.

Angie lived a happy, clear and wonderful life from that day on. When she passed on her newfound friends gathered and wrote this on her tombstone:

When we were young

Life was light, caring, and clear,

But life changes.

Murky water reminds me,

Of the time life was unclear.

But over time life gets clearer.





James Carroll

Mr. Kozicki

Composition 201 A

19 July 2004

#### Bob's Evil Plans

Today on Evening Pages Theater, we will reveal to you, the audience, the innards of Bob's, my alter ego, mind. He is Smiegel and Mussolini's clone, genetically enhanced; his numerous, elaborate schemes for world domination are each destined to fail, for the mere fact of being part of me. He talks in the third person, so it may be confusing, but I'll let him explain the plans.

Muhhahahaha, wes in control now, and we'll TAKE OVER THE WORLD!

Plan 1: We will sew up the pouches of all the hippity-hops in Austrichz; You mean Australia Bob; Wes said that, thaqt's what wes said, neways, the govement of Australando; (Cough)Australia(Cough); Shut UP! Wes said that. Back to us, the govement of Whatever will be forced to bow down to the will of the ALL MIGHTY BOB! Muhhahaha!

A adam bom will be launched at the Indians in their teepees and they will think the Untied States did it. Dubya Dubya Tree. WOOOOoooo.

Plan 2: Wes steeles the Queen of England and throw it into France; You mean steal the Queen of England's Crown don't you; WHATEVER wes steeles the crown and throw it into France, Better?!; Much; Theys fight and wes step in.

Plan 3: Oh wes like this plan, cover the Cananandian Leader in maple syrup and leave 'em for "DA BEARS."; It's pronounced Canadian not Cananandian; (Blows



Raspberry) Fine we don't care, Anarchy and chaos and we take over. And invade Alaska and Russia.

Plan 4: Hide in a cave for twenty years, don't shave or shower, and, when we immerge, convince the A-Rabs that we be the real Osama Bin Laden. The we have the Muslims attack the Joos; It's Jews; and then Dubya Dubya Tree, again.



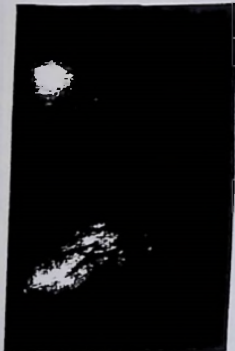
### "The Story Of James"

July 1<sup>st</sup> 2003 was the happiest day of my life. I got married to James. James was by far the most gorgeous man I've ever seen. He was sweet, polite, and always listened to me. I was happy with him and I thought he was happy with me to. It didn't take long for me to actually see how he really was. It all started 2 months into our marriage; James took his lunch break and decided to spend it with me. So we were in town having lunch when I noticed a good friend of mine from high school. I waved to him so he came over and gave me a hug and we started talking about what we were have been up to for the past nine years. When a half hour passed my husband annoyed and we should be leaving because he was only on his lunch break. So I gave my friend my number and told him to call me, because we had way more catching up to do. As soon as James and I stepped into the door he started screaming in my face. So I ran upstairs and hid in our room. A while later I heard him walking upstairs and hid in our room. A while later I heard him walking upstairs so I went into the bathroom. He pushed the door open the bathroom door as hard as he could and busted a hole, in to wall. I realized he was drunk. He started hitting me I was so scared. When I told him I loved him, he stopped and started crying. He told me he was just worried id leave him the next day my friend called and again James got drunk and beat me. When I told him I didn't like his abusiveness and his drinking he said he would get counseling. I called and made him an appointment because id knew he forgets. The appt was between 630 and 800 he said he would go. I believed him so everyday he left at 63 ad returned at 800. A week later I got a call from the counselor asking me why James hasn't showed up to one meeting. That night when James came home I questioned him and he got defensive and started pushing me. He pushed me so hard I fell on top of our glass coffee table and had to get stitches in my leg. I was so afraid he wasn't going to left me go to the hospital so I cleaned myself up and snuck out the back door. When I got to the hospital I was able to be treated right there because I couldn't stop the blood from rushing out of the wound While the nurse was stitching me up she asked what happened. I was scared to tell her but she guessed by the weird silence and the frightened look on my face. She told me he could get me some help and being around an abusive person could result in death. So I asked her if she could help me now because I was afraid to go home. The nurse left the room and came back 20 min later to tell me that I can stay at the hospital until morning. She put me in a single room gave me some water and said she would be back in the morning. As soon as I hit the pillow I was asleep. When morning came I awoke with a sharp pain in my leg and I noticed the bandages on my wound were covered in blood. I called for



the nurse. She cleaned my bandages and told me a service worker and a detective was here to talk to me. I asked her to send them in, they asked me some questions and I told them everything. They said all they could do was interrogate him. I was still very scared but I had to go home. Not knowing that the detective had already questioned him. When I stepped in the house James asked me if I wanted a divorce and he got angry and pushed me again and again. I couldn't take it anymore so I screamed at the top of my lungs. The neighbors must of heard me and called the cops because I heard the sirens. James must of heard them to be cause he stopped pushing me and was so scared he tried to tell me he loved me and if I lie to the police he would never hit me again but I couldn't lie to them because even though I loved James with all my heart I couldn't live with his abuse so I told them everything. They took him away and at our trial I won because I had enough evidence on my body. James got 10-15 years in prison I visit him once a week because I still love him I only wish he could of changed in time.

-Marissa Tencza



It was a beautiful Thursday morning. I was instructed to view the sights at the Farmer's Market on Patriot Square and write a little piece on what I viewed. When I got there I climbed to the top of a silver jungle gym with some other kids from my class. I sat there a while looking around and wondering what to write. First I made a mental list of ideas. For example the people there were all different races and they all had different expressions. Some people were in a little group talking and some people were just staring off into space. There were also many different sounds and smells. I heard the accordion man playing his music I heard some ladies complaining about their kids. I also heard some children crying and laughing. The smells were overwhelming I could really smell the pizza and the potato pancakes. There were a lot of stands. People had a lot to look at and buy. It was almost time to leave when an idea for a poem popped into my head. I started it out; *As I sit atop a silver jungle gym I see a lot of ladies, children, and men. Some are walking and talking others are sitting there gawking. As time goes by I see some children start to cry, I guess its time for them to go. At last it time for me to return to the place I live and learn.* As I finished the poem my class started to climb down, so I followed because it was time to go.

-Marissa

Kara Lehman

JOE

*Everyone searched their homes finding memories left by the little boy Joe. They found a stuffed white polar bear whose fur had little spots of color from when Joe had gotten into the paint and decided to give a make over to the poor stuffed animal. They found toy dinosaurs with teeth marks from when Joe's teeth were growing in. A picture of Joe, his sister and brother, sits next to a watch that has long stopped ticking the seconds by. Also Joe's first set of real tools, that he used helping his father around the house. And his first ribbon won for a rather strange contest he entered when he was ten.*

*They decided to put it all into a machine of memories to keep Joe with them always, but nothing they did would work. They took it apart and put it back together a million ways but it still wouldn't work. For days they tried, until they figured out that Joe was the only person that could work the machine, but Joe was gone.*



Joey Golya

Poem

### THE STRIP MINE

THE ANTS GO INTO WORK AND  
PICK UP THEIR BIG PITCHFORK.

THE LAND IS FULL OF COAL  
BUT LOOKS VERY DUAL.

THE MACHINES FIRE UP  
AND THEN THE EARTH ERUPTS.

THE STRIP MINE IS SOME GUY'S HOME  
AND THEY DIG LIKE THEY'RE IN NOME.

THE GRASS IS GREEN ALL AROUND  
EXCEPT FOR IN THIS BIG COAL IMPOUND.

AS THEIR TRUCKS MAKE THEIR WAY OUT  
YOU WILL NEVER SEE THE GUYS POUT

THE WATER IS POLLUTED  
AND NEEDS TO BE DILUTED

THE MINE OWNERS WORK THEM HARD  
AND TREAT THEM LIKE LARD.

AS THE MOUNTAIN GETS EATEN AWAY  
THE LAND ALL AROUND STAYS THE SAME.

Nick Howatch

### Paris, a Rginy Day

*It was like any other day in Paris. I stood at the corner under a large umbrella taking in my surroundings. The rain was coming down steady but was not a constant downpour with thunder and lightning. The puddles that covered the cobblestone gave the street a glossy, wet-looking surface. Some people did not see the rain coming at all. You could tell by people with no umbrellas, walking fast from building to building to take cover from the rain on this dark gloomy day. Others were walking slowly as if it seemed like any other day and they were not worrying about the rain. Everyone showed signs of being relaxed and sluggish due to the rain clouds making the day feel extra long and dull. Most people took cover in the carriages pulled by their horses dripping wet from mane to tail.*

*In a matter of minutes the wishes of children praying from sunlight would come true. The clouds began to separate slowly to form a hole that the sunlight penetrated through. You can see the rays of light reflecting off the shiny cobble stone streets and the windows of the gigantic buildings reflected the sun which made them glimmer and sparkle. People started to put away their umbrellas and came out of their homes and carriages to enjoy the rest of the day, which will hopefully be sunny.*



Joanna Bradford

It's always gloomy when I walk past Main Street. I live in the town of Crockett.

California, where nothing at all happens? Ever since I lived here, there has never been any Murders, fire, or anything destructive. If you have family problems it stays within the household.

Family gossip does not occur in this town.

Out town is very religious. If you don't go to my church on a Sunday you are Banned out of this town. You may think by the way my town is, that is perfect, but nothing is as perfect as it seems. Talk to the firefighter out in front of the firehouse, or the Two workers, Carl and Dave, they are the ones that are repairing the roof.

People in this town man seem happy, but aren't much at all. When we also have a mayor who owns, and runs everything his own way. You're probably thinking, well if they don't like it why won't they leave? Well the reason is they lived here their whole life, and grew into the customs since child birth.

what really happens behind those house walls, no one really knows. So I advice you again, Nothing is as perfect as it seems..

In my dream, part of my face remains on the ground as I sleep unable to breathe. The other half with my body has melted away with time. We all have seen time being devoured, wasted, and hung out to dry, in fact that's what our lives consisted everyday. But it has never stopped, until now. Because all time has left me was half of my face. I have no intentions of wasting more time trying to open my eye. So time will remain still as I will in silence.

Marina Thomas



Aspects of Negro Life: Song of the Towers

Labor. Day in and day out, hands reach out to us, pushing us to work harder. Those ghost-like hands, paler than the sun. We need to escape. I have my suitcase. The man in front of me is creating an opening in the stone. His work is slow. We've been here for hours. I don't know his name. I don't know anyone's name. We aren't allowed to talk to each other. We work quietly. Desperate to escape, but not desperate to get caught. The sun shines through the crack the man made. Out in the water there is a giant woman. They call her "freedom" around here. She gives me hope; hope that I'll get out of here. I start to walk towards her. Sounds behind me make me turn around. The pale hands have found us. I start to run and call out, but along with the pale hands are the pale chains and whips. The hands surround me, closing in on me, causing me pain. Dragging me away they try to knock me out. As I am being carried away half conscious I take one more glance at "Freedom" and I hope one day I will be able to stand next to her. Free.

Charis Cyr

6/28/04

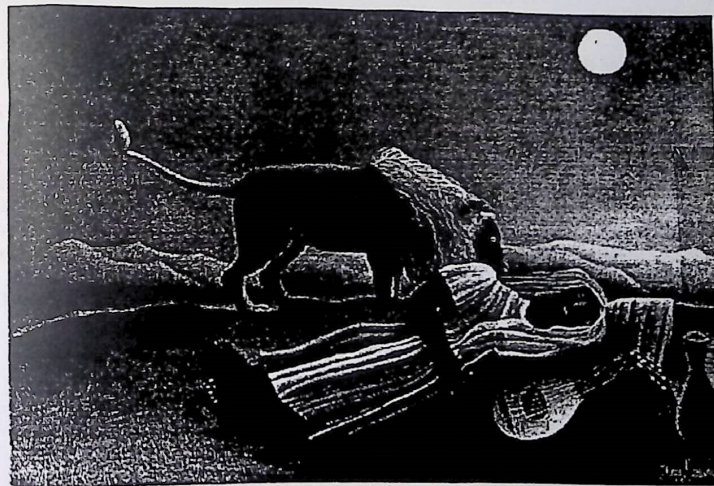
Tina Shillington

Darkness comes while one sleeps creeping, sneaking, unexpectedly.

As the lion nudges the sleep, keeping her safe from as a guardian often does, the lion and lamb coincide in one.

The moon watching, stalling the darkness as the gentle river flows within both.

Tired, she must be, tired of strumming her mandolin.





Allie Bricek

### Last Painter On Earth

Kenny the artist had been dreaming of this day his whole life. He had always wanted to be something. He loved drawing landscapes, but because of the war all he ever saw was horror and he painted with black and red.

He never bonded with the city life. He was more of a quiet guy. The war between the rich and the famous is why the scene looks deserted. Kenny has always wanted to go where no man has gone before. And if life has been there, there is no proof or evidence. It is a mystery of why everyone in the world died, except for probably a few stragglers.

So because of the drastic decrease in population, Kenny figured it was his chance now. He wanted to paint the landscapes and landforms of the world. So he started hiking up to the top of the mountain. When he got there he was shocked. He didn't realize there were only a few of mankind alive. Also he didn't realize it took him one year to climb up the mountain. He started to paint but then he found out he had forgotten the red paint. He needed red to show the effects of the war.

So he decided to hike back down the mountain to get his red paint. He heard noises. Then he saw the shadow casting right in front of him. Then he wondered if he was really alone up there. . . . .

### Adventures in TC camping

Intensity cracked under our feet with the branches and leaves as we shuffled along the trail we couldn't see, using our "night vision" which meant leaving the flashlights behind and whatever daylight had caught itself in the trees by 9pm was the only help to guide us through these woods that could have been in a Robert Frost poem. We were all laughing and clutching arms and made it out (barely) with a newfound energy that lasts until the early morning

(We lay across damp benches and laps and talk about the week and the next few and the others who have already fallen asleep. Next to the fire, my face gets hot and the embers spark and crack and float upward. My stomach is full of graham crackers and it hurts when I laugh, but I don't even consider stopping.)

-TC Jaime



### Insomnia for normalcy

The green of the clock looks at me and blinks some bunch of numbers indicating it's between four and five. I shift my bed, constantly uncomfortable, my shoulders not fitting in anywhere. On my ceiling are small stick-on glow stars from someone who lived in this room before me. I can't see her face, but I can picture her balance, on tippy toes, the chair from her desk shaky underneath her as she presses fingertips into the soft plaster that falls apart on contact.

-TC Jaime

This emotional state better not be New Jersey.

The back of my head pulses in perfect synchronization with the 7:32 alarm. When I finally stand up I feel like I could cough up my stomach. Closing my eyes for a long time isn't equivalent to sleep, but it might not even be that. This self-made solitary confinement is the only medication I've tried. I miss you to the point of this awful indisposition, and can't foresee a recovery.

-TC Jaime

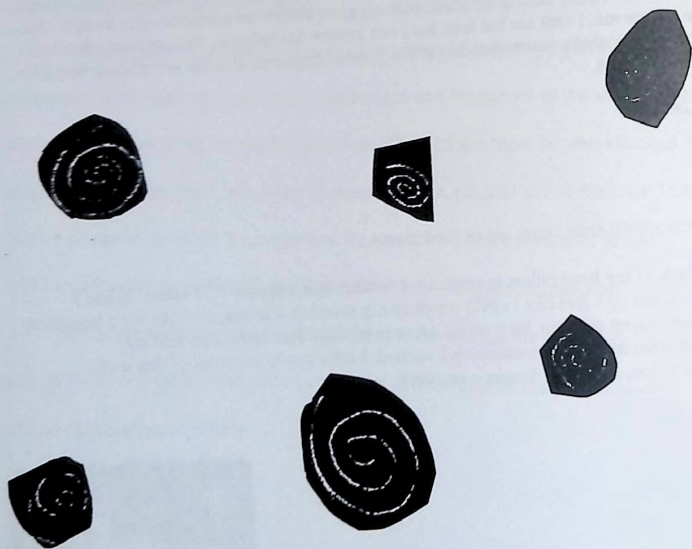




## Dooickey

By: Diane Bower

It's a strange little dooickey,  
This thing that I've got.  
Its got different shapes,  
And differend colors too,  
I'm not sure what it does,  
But I'll be sure to find out.  
Maybe it does nothing,  
And that'd be fine with me,  
But for right now,  
I just think it's pretty.



Seventeen

By Norm Wade

Being a teen is not so easy,  
Good grades and sports never seem to please me.  
I can't deal with the schedule that has been put upon me.  
Time has me so messed up and I can't break free.  
I was captain of the team that would always win,  
But everything changed when I found heroin.  
I lost my friends and my job to this affliction,  
I never wanted it to become an addiction.  
Time has an unbearable chokehold on me,  
No matter how much I struggle I can't break free.  
I used to be the best dressed, but now I'm best unseen.  
I'm lying on the road to destruction  
And I'm only seventeen.  
I hate these burdens, why won't they just leave?  
I'm so screwed up, it's even depressing to breath.  
The only time I really feel happy,  
Is when I put the needle back inside of me.  
Now I'm at the point where I really need help.  
But nobody is there no matter how much I scream and yell.  
My future has changed and so have I,  
There are too many questions and not a single reply.  
She has me by the legs preventing any motion,  
Like a cute little baby causing so much commotion.  
If she won't leave me, I'll leave her  
So put a gun to my head  
Now I am six feet in the dirt.



## Keep In Touch!

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Screen Name/E-mail:

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*“Don’t walk behind me. I may not lead. Don’t walk in front of me. I may not follow. Just walk beside me and be my friend.”*





## GOOD-BYE

They all came from different schools,  
They all had to get used to the rules!  
They were all different in their own little ways,  
But they all managed to get along, day after day!  
Six weeks at Wilkes College is all they had to do,  
They were a rowdy bunch but also fun, too!  
They all got to know each other better each day,  
They all grew closer together in different little ways!  
This is the group for Upward Bound \*04,  
We'll miss these activities definitely for sure!  
So, Good-bye to all the teachers and good-bye to the  
UB Crew, Good-bye to all the classes and the rest of  
the students, too!!!

## UPWARD BOUND SUMMER

\*2004\*

By: Danielle Eckert



