



Just Keep Swimming
- Dou

Makela Powell



Eric,
Wow what a summer! We've come ^{a long} ~~along~~ way since my substituting days at HA. You were a pain then & I'm glad to see you've grown over the past six weeks. I'm so glad we get to share this time together! I hope you had an ~~amazing~~ amazing experience. The friends you made here this summer will forever be with you; RD Sarah & I are on 9 years and going strong Good Luck in the fall with school & baseball!

APD Sandy

Eric,
I didn't know you could dance so well! You won the award because you showed a steady improvement all summer. You have the ability to do well and I hope you believe in yourself. I enjoyed teaching you twice and perhaps this fall will make it three! Mr. S



Swimming Toward Your Best Future

Just Keep Swimming... what a curious and ingenious title for an Upward Bound publication. The Encarta Dictionary defines the word swim as "to move or propel yourself unsupported through water using natural means of propulsion such as legs, tails, or fins." Mrs. Espada defines an Upward Bound student as "one who moves or propels him/herself supported through life using natural means of propulsion such as self-confidence, intelligence, and integrity."

When considering the word swim, we often think in terms of success. For example, when asked how one is doing on a particular task, the response may be "swimmingly!" Or when discussing one's options in completing a project, the alternatives may be "to sink or swim." An individual or group facing many challenges may be compared to salmon swimming upstream. In the same mindset, our 28th President, Woodrow Wilson, is noted for saying, "The man who is swimming against the stream knows the strength of it." In a state of confusion, one's head may be swimming or the words may be swimming on the page. In a state of overabundance, one may be swimming in money or some other riches. It seems that no matter how the word swim may be used, the end result is potentially life-changing.

Throughout the Summer of 2009, I have witnessed each student's efforts to perfect their swimming strokes. At times, you certainly felt as though you were salmon swimming upstream. However, like salmon in the smolt stage, you schooled together in groups both large and small in order to adjust your minds and bodies to take on new and exciting challenges. You tested waters outside of your proverbial boxes. You managed the currents, even when they became rough, and swam toward the finish line, each with your own unique style, but together.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank each Upward Bound participant for allowing me to swim in your pool this summer. As always, I have grown to be stronger because of your strength and resilience. My hope is that you will continue your journey keeping in mind the words of Gary Wood, "Don't wait for your ship to come in; swim out to meet it." And remember, always swim with a buddy, and don't dive into the water if you don't know how deep it is.

Margaret A. Espada

Director

A Special Thank You

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*"If your actions inspire others to dream
more, learn more, do more, and become
more, you are a leader."*

~John Quincy Adams~

*To everyone in the Upward Bound community,
thank you for helping us become our own leaders.*

Lit Mag Staff 2009

An ode to Upward Bound:

Before this summer program, I wasn't planning on doing much, I admit.

My friends were all going places like Nevada and so on, so the summer looked bleak.

My friends had also argued that the program would be a waste of time, and before this, it was hard to defend it, since I had not that much info about the program. Now that it's almost over, I believe I'm ready for Junior Year and the challenges that await. I am glad to of been part of Lit Mag and the program, I wish everybody in the program good luck and I hope to return next summer!

TOBY
Billingsley

To Everyone,

The time had come for us to say goodbye to summer and most important to each other. This summer was AMAZING!! I was happy when I found out I got to come back for my second summer, but no happiness compares to the what I felt this summer by meeting all of our "newbie's" of the program. It has been a privilege for me to become friends with each of you.

Throughout these six weeks I have learned a great deal from each and everyone of you and I hope I taught you some rhings as well. You all taught me that life is not easy, but with the right people by your side endeavors that seemed near impossible were not as bad as you thought they were to overcome, you also taught me that there is no "I" in team and to succeed in life you cannot stand alone. I also came to the realization that I may never be Diva #1 compared to Mekela.

Now I will leave you all with some advice. To the Juniors: Always drink your milk, homework is the key to success, smile as much as you laugh, and remember Dora's always here when you need her. Finally to the Faculty and Staff: Homework in the summer is BAD, write-ups are not as fun for us as they are for you, and Thank You for making me the person I am today. You have all changed me for the better and for this I am grateful.



Yours Truly,

Briana

a.k.a. Dora the Explorer



WHY DID YOU SIGN UP FOR THE SIX-WEEK UPWARD BOUND PROGRAM?

BRIANA: "I HAD SO MUCH FUN LAST YEAR, I WANTED TO CREATE THAT SAME EXPERIENCE FOR THE NEW STUDENTS COMING IN."

CRYSTAL: "I WANTED TO GET A HEAD START ON STUFF FOR NEXT YEAR AND HEARD IT WOULD BE A GOOD EXPERIENCE."

GABRIELLE: "TO MEET NEW PEOPLE AND BE MORE PREPARED FOR CLASSES IN JUNIOR YEAR."

BOBBIELYNN: "FOR THE SCHOLARSHIP OPPORTUNITIES."

MICHELLE: "BECAUSE MY SISTER WAS IN IT AND SHE SAID IT WAS FUN."

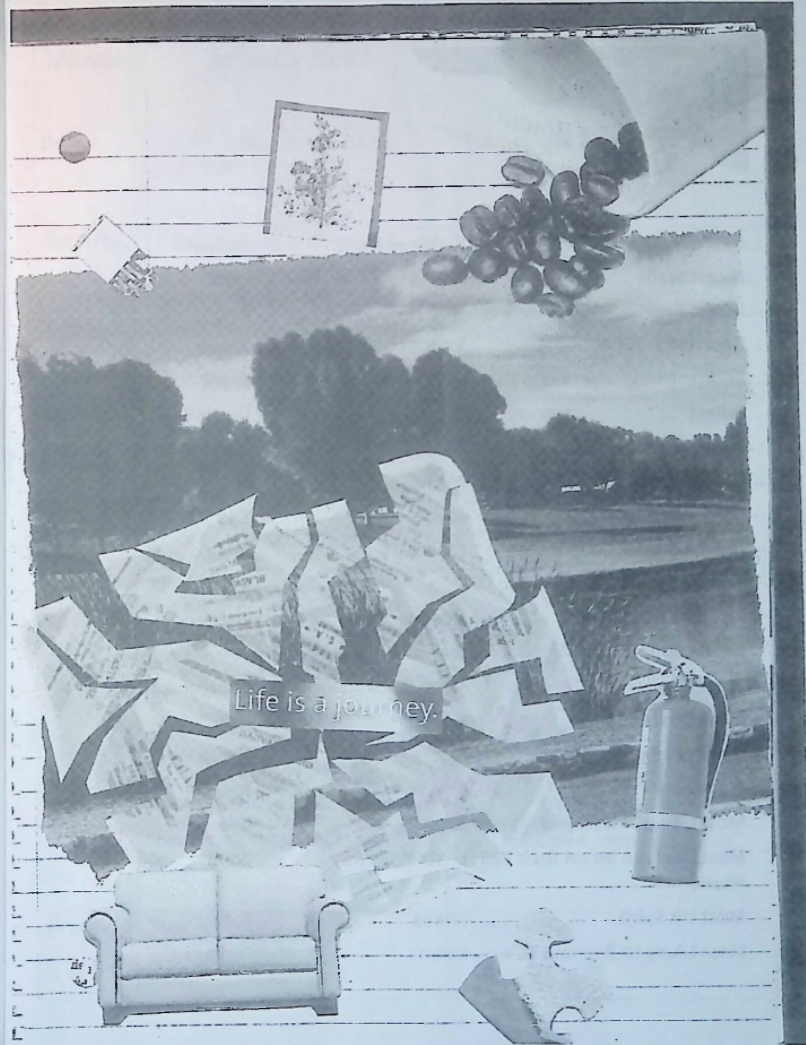
TOBY: "BECAUSE I THOUGHT I WOULD ENJOY IT."

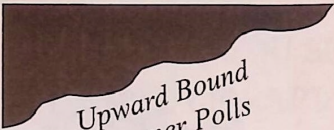
KRISTA: "BECAUSE IT'S GOING TO HELP ME WHEN I GET TO COLLEGE."

MEKELA: "I SIGNED UP FOR THE PROGRAM TO GET USED TO THE COLLEGE EXPERIENCE. THEY TOLD ME IT WOULD HELP ME GET USED TO STAYING AWAY FROM HOME AND IT DID."

LACEY: "TO GET TASTE OF WHAT COLLEGE IS LIKE."

KYLE: "BECAUSE I WANT TO GO TO COLLEGE AND HAVE FUN!"





Upward Bound
Summer Polls

Best Dressed	Kathleen Prest	Tushar
Nicest Smile	Alyssa	Josh
Nicest Eyes	Deena	Josh
Best Hair	Eran	Angelo
Shortest	Christal W.	Brent
Tallest	Jess C.	Victor
Most Talkative	Cabrina	Brent
Quietest	Michelle	Mike
Most Athletic	Jess C.	Eric
Most Artistic	Eran	Angelo
Best Personality	Julia	Josh
Biggest Flirt	Noelle	Eric
Cutest Couple	Brandon & Taryn	
Best Friends	Taryn & Kathleen	Brandon & Tushar
Class Clowns	Cabrina	Josh
Teacher's Pet	Briana	Tushar
TC's Pet	Briana	Tushar
Most Likely To Succeed	Julia	Kyle
Most Likely to be on their Cell Phone	Krista Holloway	Brent
Most UB Spirit	Briana	Tushar
Most Likely to Become TC's	Karen	Tushar

Name	What's Hot?	What's Not?
Briana:	"I gotta feeling by the Black-Eyed Peas"	"Tight clothes"
Gabrielle:	"I don't keep up with trends"	"I don't keep up with trends"
Toby:	"Linkin Park and A Day To Remember"	"Ignorance"
Mekela:	"Retro"	"Sweater vests"
Lacey:	"Flip-flops"	"Crocs"
Kyle:	"iPods"	"CD players"
Michelle:	"Music"	"Smoking"
Crystal:	"Fuzzy toe socks"	"People who grind their teeth off their forks"
Bobbie:	"Screamo, grunge rock, retro"	"The color pink, romance music"
Krista:	"Skater styles"	"Chris Brown"

TEAM FACEBOOK

T/C Chris

Angelo Blades

Bobbie Lynn Richardson

Essence Gibson

Julia Cikota

Kelly D'Alessandro

Lacey McCourt

Michelle Frazier

Sarah Quach

Victor Rivera



What is Facebook?

Facebook is a social networking website that is operated and privately owned by Facebook, Inc. Users can join networks organized by city, workplace, school, and region to connect and interact with other people. People can also add friends and send them messages, and update their personal profiles to notify friends about themselves.

Mark Zuckerberg founded Facebook with fellow computer science major students and his roommates Dustin Moskovitz and Chris Hughes while he was a student at Harvard University

The word "facebook" in white lowercase letters on a dark rectangular background.

facebook

iTunes

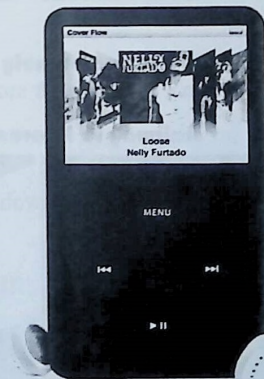
T/C Kaitlyn

Alyssa Andes
April Chewey
Jessie Napkora
Karen Rafalko
Katie Goyla
Kyle Magda
Maureen Suydam
Noelle Visconti



What's iTunes?

iTunes is a free application for Mac and PC. It plays all your digital music and video. It syncs content to your iPod, iPhone, and Apple TV.



Band/Artist from iTunes

Noelle Only One - Yellowcard

Alysa Gollide - Howie Day

Maureen Fire Burning - Sean Kingston

April When I'm Gone - Eminem

Jessie Like A Boss - Lonely Island

Kyle Stairway to Heaven - led Zeppelin



Led Zeppelin

Here is some advice from the doctor of Rock N' Roll,
Dr. Kyle.

Communication Breakdown,

It's always the same!!!!!!

Team MySpace

T/C Beth

Brent Herbert

Briana Lewis

Cara O'Donohoe

Cristal Wasavage

Crystal Koch

Josh Mihal

Krysta Henderson

Shakeer Jackson

Taryn Leyshon



What is MySpace?

MySpace is a social networking website targeted at a general audience. Launched in 2003, by creator Tom Anderson, MySpace became one of the most visited websites in the world within a few years. With almost a billion visits per month, MySpace is the most popular social network.



Twitter

T/C
Steve

Brandon Baker
Deena Savoy
Eran Castro
Eric Killen
Kris Zupko
Krista Holloway
Lindsey Kneep
Mekela Lovell
Minerva Gasper
Toby Billingsley



Team Twitter

What's Twitter?

Twitter was started in 2006 by Jack Dorsey, as a social texting site. You send tweets to other people and them to you; tweets, which are text-based messages which are limited to 140 characters.

Why use Twitter?

So you can follow us on Twitter (especially T.C. Steve!) and talk to friends over the internets. =D

Twitter sells my information to 3rd parties!

Well since it's free, they can't go on making no money at the same time, who cares if the executives are raking in hundreds of thousands off of your private info? ☹

Twitter was used in space this year?

Si, Twitter was used in the repairs of the Hubble Space Telescope by one of the astronauts.



T/C Steve

As the kids walk into Evans Hall I can see their frightened faces as they wonder what they are going to be doing for the next six weeks. I stand outside and wait for the kids and parents to come so I can help move them in, some say goodbye to their parents, and some cry because they never spent time away from home. As they check in and get their keys, I show them to their rooms. Then at 7:45pm we walked over to Breiseth Hall room 107 and had our first meeting of the summer explaining all of the rules.

As soon as everyone got settled and quiet we went down in a row and introduced ourselves and said our names, what school we attended and our favorite movie. I said my name is I graduated from Wilkes University and my favorite movie is Dick Tracey. Then that's when all the rules began and soon after I split up into my team that I would lead for the next six weeks. I was ready to learn about each member of my team. As I get to know the team I like to make my team meetings fun. I like to use marshmallows, sticks, balloons and sometimes team up with other teams.

I enjoy waking up every morning to check everyone in for breakfast at 6:50am. Then I go and sit in on speeches or go to history classes and of course I go back to my room to sleep. I love writing and handing out write ups for when someone does something there not supposed to be doing such as cursing, wearing inappropriate clothes, being late for lunch or classes and so on.

I also like trying to take over Ted's place in Mickie office, usually after lunch and before team meeting. I gave my phone to Mickie one day and she set up my voicemail. So now when you call my phone you will hear my personal assistant, Mickie.

While I'm not busy I like to go to the farmers market on Thursdays. One time while I was there I saw a "hot" girl selling slushies so I thought I would go and talk to her. But I ended having to buy a three dollar and fifty cent peach slushy because the girl didn't really talk to me like I had planned. So then while I was walking around I saw another "hot" girl "*selling free samples of milk*" so I had to go and get a free sample of chocolate milk. Once again I had no luck.

So when I got back from the farmers market I went to visit Mickie in her office and her student worker was there. She was asking me about a paper while I was airing my pits out and accidentally leaned back and hit Mickie flower and knocked it over. There was dirt every where. So I went and got a piece of paper and wrote a note and stuck it to the door. The note said "Mickie not allowed in this office now". So then I shut the door and got on the ground so I could try to hide the mess before she came back into the office. As soon as I heard Mickie coming I asked her if she had a vacuum to use. She said "NO". So of course I was caught dirt handed with the student worker because she helped cover it up too.

Even though the first three weeks are over we still have three weeks to go. It is your time to improve and be ahead for your next school year. So I wish all of you the best.

By: Karen Rafalko

YouTube

T/C Mark

Cabrina Jenkins

Chris Kawalczyk

Gabrielle Johnson

Jessica Curtis

Katie Preset

Mike Conklin

Nancy Pacheco

Tashawna Giles

Tushar Mukhija

You Tube

Broadcast Yourself

You Tube

YouTube is a video-sharing site which allows people to post and view videos from all over the world. It was created by Chad Hurley, Steve Chen and Jawed Karim and activated on February 15, 2005. The first video ever posted was entitled "Me at the zoo" and it can still be found on YouTube today. In 2006 it was bought by Google for 1.6 billion dollars.

T.C Mark: Blind Poem with Residential Staff

I like to sing and dance in the shower-
And in the rain-
Singing in the rain reminds me of a movie.

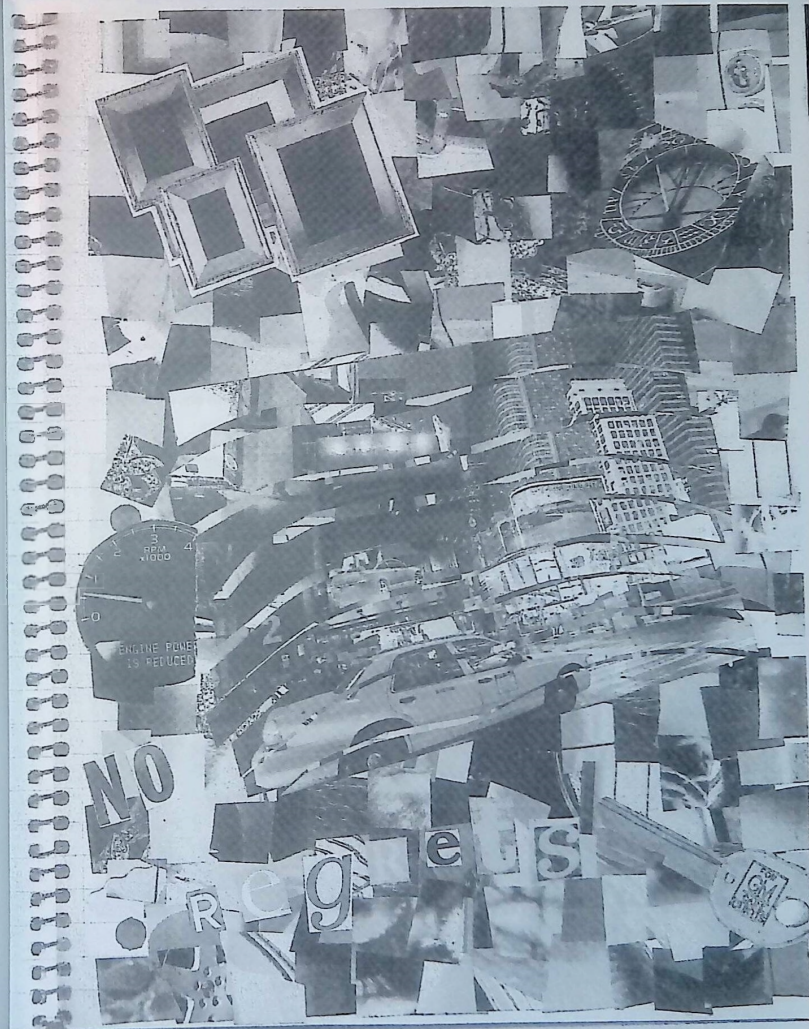
Why is it that singing in the rain reminds me of,
Kissing in the rain?

Probably because it's fun to show your affection in inclement
weather,

"Let's go to the park and make-out under the stars."

Of course though, that would be a write up.

This write up would go down in history for as long as humans
exist.



*To Upward Bound's Summer Program, in which I have learned, lost,
and gained things not of material value.*

The Phoenix

*A legendary bird,
Who has died,
Yet risen again.*

*In a ball of flame,
The bird dies,
But rises from the ash.*

*Symbolized,
To me,
Of a spirit who has fallen,
And risen from the ashes.*



*Ah! To rise from the ashes like a phoenix is something we must, all face,
in life, in despair, in struggle. To become who we want to be—somebody
successful. This will happen at least once in life, life is full of overcoming
difficulties... And everyone at Upward Bound will become a phoenix in
my eyes...*

-Toby Billingsley

Bobbie Lynn Richardson.

Crazy? Oh honey you haven't seen crazy!

You don't even understand the meaning of the word.

Beckoning a second voice to lead me forward.

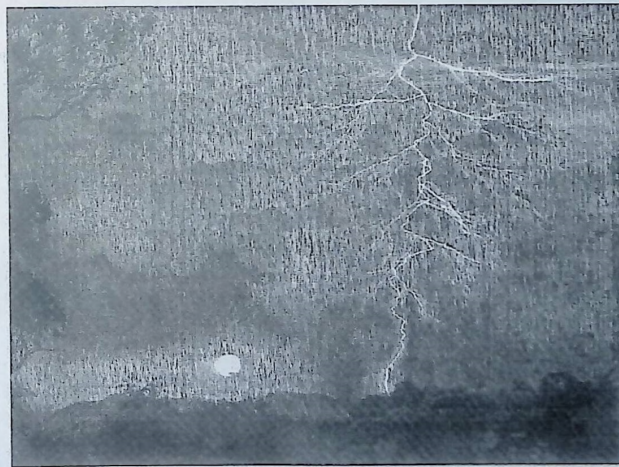
Just a morbid fantasy? Or a horrid truth of reality?

Heh, like you'd understand. Your entire life a lie filled with false hope and forced compliments.

You have no grounds here, to call me by your own last name!

In reality we are brothers in arms, removed from "normal society" or what they make us to believe to be normal.

Remember we only have each other now...because "they" don't want you anymore.



Christopher Kowalczyk
Creative Writing
Mr. Peters

A skew in the plan caused by backles caused the troops to disappear like a
popped bubble.

He searched deep in the murky brown waters and even turned over every stone.

When he looked above the water, into the skies above, he saw them.

They were floating towards giant stone structures above.

He never saw them again.



Cabrina Jenkins
Mr. Peters

The self respect and the determination that you have will push you further in life. With the wind blowing in my hair as I see the river moving in many directions it seems like Moses parting the Red Sea. It has the beautiful scenery but the river is just so dirty. Cars moving on the bridge above the river, they are probably making a living for themselves by going to their jobs. Sitting down looking at "the river" seeing how far it is just to get to the other side. Making me think of how far in life I went through and what I had accomplished in my life. My life had many sunny days and many rainy days but, I made it through it all. It seems to me that "the river" made it through a lot even though sometimes we don't see it.



River Poem by Lindsey Knepp

*you hold on, then let go
pause again and grasp the railing*

hearing the cars driving by

is this too public?

no, it can't be

it's personal, always personal

much too personal to be public

but is it?

no.

wait, is it?

a horn beeps and it's reality

where you are, where you're standing

where you stand.

a bride, bare feet, murky water filled with hatred and sin

sin you're about to commit

sin you're going to commit

but are you?

will you do it?

let go.

no, hold on tighter.

don't let go, just hold on tighter

but to what?

nothing? anything?

it isn't there

you're slipping

no, you're letting go,

giving up and giving in,

knowing on where you stood.

murky water filled with sin.



The Fateful Chess Match

It was late,

Angelo was the opponent,

It had continued into the night,

Past curfew...

Both queens had been slain!

The horror of war

Hath killed both sides' maidens!

As Angelo traded his last bishop for the rook,

The game was in the end stages,

With 2 pawns apiece and kings remaining,

The game was a race-

A race for the new queens.

As both moved,

The game got tense,

But I had gotten the queen first,

And Angelo's next,

But he had not counted for my queen,

Who had brutally killed his new queen,

Perhaps out of spite,

Or out of jealousy.

I proceeded to get another queen,

And seal Angelo's fate.

At 11:02, it happened.

Angelo's fate was sealed,

His doom was imminent,

I had won... finally,

CHECKMATE!

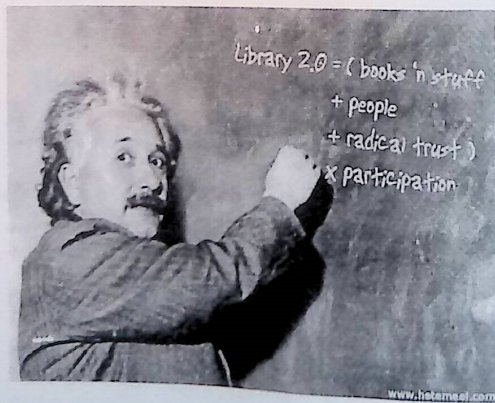
-Toby Billingsley in his victory over his archrival
Angelo.

"Democracy arises out of the notion that those who are equal in any respect are equal in all respects; because men are equally free, they claim to be absolutely equal." -Aristotle

Our Trust

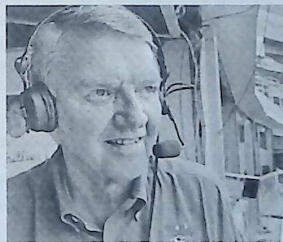
*It isn't given lightly,
We've seen how trust is a tool,
Used by the cunning and the devious.
We're not fools,
You watch the news or read a magazine,
We experience deception throughout all our lives,
As deception happens to everyone,
We slowly lose faith in people as our friends and families are betrayed.
Then people wonder how ~~we're~~ supposed to trust others?
People then raise the question of giving others a chance-
Hasn't mankind had their chance?
Our extreme standards are the result of that only chance.
Call it cowardice, if you will,
But we'll see who gets hurt more in the end...*

-Toby Billingsley



A Fond Farewell

April 12, 2009 was just another Easter Sunday for many families. I was at my cousin's house in Wilkes-Barre with my father, my Uncle Stash, Sunday Dispatch editor Ed Ackerman, and other relatives. I watched my uncle's favorite baseball team, the New York Yankees, lose to the Kansas City Royals. My favorite baseball team, the Philadelphia Phillies, was in Denver, Colorado to play the Colorado Rockies. The Phillies beat the Colorado Rockies seven to five at Coors Field in Denver. The next day was Monday, April 13. It was my last day of Easter Vacation before I went back to school. Around 1pm, I went with my father to run some errands. Around 2:30pm, I arrived back home. I turned on ESPN and saw that the legendary voice of the Philadelphia Phillies, Harry Kalas, had passed away around 1pm. HK collapsed in the Washington Nationals press box in Nationals Park around 12:30pm. Around 1:20pm EDT, Harry Kalas was pronounced dead. You went too soon HK. I never thought that I saw HK's final game on Easter Sunday. Many Phillies fans including myself grew up with Harry. You always get goose bumps when you hear HK say, "Swing and a long drive, that ball's outta here." Harry started as the voice of the Phillies in 1971. He was also famous for singing Frank Sinatra's "High Hopes." But HK would want us to move on and play ball.



Story by Kyle Magda R.I.P. HK 1936-2009

Shakeer Jackson

Mr. Hromisin

Communications

1 July 2009

Personal Experience Speech

Don't you want to know how teen girls experience teen pregnancy? Well, take me for example. Going through teen pregnancy is very hard, especially when you are in the 11th grade and haven't even graduated yet. It's going to be tough having to get a job to support the baby and you're going to need your family there the most of all. Most of it is hard, whenever I walk down the street everyone asks me if I'm pregnant and I start to feel uncomfortable. I don't want to say anything to them because I feel as if it is no one's business. After a while I had to break out of that shell and just tell them the truth because once you start getting bigger, the more they start to notice. When people notice they start wanting to feel your stomach or they just stare at you and it has you feeling awkward. I feel awkward because having people rubbing my stomach as I'm just standing there makes me feel kind of embarrassed and ashamed of myself for being young and having a baby. During my time raising the baby, I'm still going to go to school, while my mom watches him or her. I plan on going to college because I feel that having a child will not stop me from getting my education or college degree.

It really doesn't matter to me what I have because I am good with either boys or girls, but I'm more experienced with boys. When I have my baby shower my family will be there and I will not want to talk to them because I know they will be asking me questions and it's going to start bringing me down.

Watching some shows such as *16 and pregnant*, a show about teen girls going through teen pregnancy, made me realize that having a baby may not be that easy, but I think I can manage through it. This reality TV show proves to me that teen moms try to go to school and get a job to support their child. At the end, the teens are happy with having a baby and they started to cut down on the things that they use to do such as partying, hanging out with their friends, and playing sports.

Well as you can see, I am experiencing teen pregnancy. It's not hard for me. I have my family and friends here to support me, but people are concerned about me having a baby and get a job to support their child. As for me, I think it's going to be easy if I put my mind to it and not let anything interfere with me being a teen mom.

Self Destruction of the sins.

Drowning out the world with vivid dreams. They lay in silent slumber never stirring. Finally they wake in death. Pulled from their ignorant bliss.

Sweet delight, delicious fluffy clouds of satisfaction. Take another, another, stuffing themselves until their final tooth turn black, rotted by need.

More, more they always want more. What's theirs is theirs and what's your is theirs. Enough, they scoff at such an idea. Until what they want, takes away what truly mattered.

Mirror, mirror cold as ice, cast their reflections upon themselves. Beauty, youth they crave such luxury. Distracted by themselves their luster fades.

Lovely dress, they hate you for it. Loathing you over material possessions. Long left hope for themselves, burning of their own insides. You have it, they need it. Destroying themselves over you.

Ah the poor scorpions, pulled through life on desire. Following instinct into empty love. In their distraction on lustful endeavors are then stung by their own tails.

Burning, smoldering charcoal war cries. Hatred brims upon what ashes remain of sanity. Enemies, we all are. Decisions...decisions, what have we done for them to hate us? We don't know. But they go mad in trying to answer.

Bobbie Lynn Richardson.

"He who can be, and therefore is, another's, and he who participates in reason enough to apprehend, but not to have, is a slave by nature." -

Aristotle

Kept Out

We keep people out

Not because of cowardice, but of doubt

Doubt that this person would care enough to understand or listen

For most really don't and are self-centered on being 'cool'

But we know

We see the big picture

That eventually this person will be recognized as a fool

And shunned by the ones he tried acting 'cool' for.

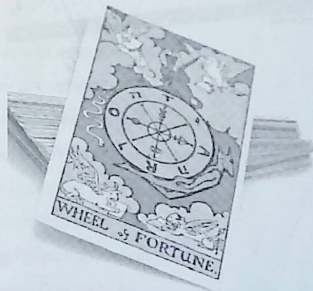
Because if the right people are out of the way

Then maybe we'd say what we really think

Or maybe we'd be gone in the next blink.

-Toby Billingsley

Let's say... I was you and you were me...
What a strange day that would be?
Thoughtless smile upon my face, and dreaded anger that
you'd see.
Wide eyed, childlike freedom open minded fantasy.
Just for me.
Self hatred, cynic by birth lonely closed minded empty.
Only yours.
To bad this day we'll never know.
Happy sunshine rainless skies over golden waters.
Just for me.
Shadow sunsets filled with angry storm clouds.
Only yours.
Open beauty enthralled with life and ravens' claw of fury.
What a strange day that would be!
If I were you and you were me.



Bobbie Lynn Richardson

April Chewey

Mr. Peters

Creative writing

Dislikes:

Confusion overcomes me as I crawl out of my bed.

I can't forget all of the dirty things he said.

The slaughter of sun left an empty night

The sun succumbed only to a dirty fight.

The yellow light we will never again meet.

Like:

My passion is randomness.

Now that I have your curiosity,

Me amore is pronunciation.

That's my situation.

The names Aurelia,

I won't have to tell ya again.

Last sentence:

The yellow light will never meet again.

The muddy water flows into awkward lines.

The smell of mutated fish floats up to the skies.

Peaceful and serene.

'Til Cabrina hits the scene.

Ripples speed in ringlet waves

Wind makes the water take a smoky air.

I feel the heat of the eyes of dragon flies.

Skimming the water's surface.

Watching, wondering, waiting.

Hinting, moving, debating.

As weeks went on and days had passed

These memories will forever last

Each one of you has made an imprint in my mind

We made memories between the things we were assigned

Sleepy all day

Wired at night

Our amazing staff had their word cut out

Stairs, stairs, and more stairs

Just to get to the café

Get food, check in, just to find

You're missing an item... oh, how kind

Hurry up, don't be late

Or getting a write up is your fate

At karaoke night you can tell

Everyone is starting to come out of their shell

TC makeover was innocent fun

Team Twitter got number one!

TC Chris looked great in a dress

All the students left the rooms a mess

Final Dance is coming soon

We are all excited to dance

In a building beneath the moon

Six short weeks flew right by

Many of us are no longer quite as shy

We will miss each other until the fall

Where we will all reunite

Without fright.

By:
Kathleen Prest

Michael Conklin

You cannot face the past
That is why you live
You cannot dream the future
That is why you die
You bring yourself to the present
That is why there are emotions
You cannot predict anything
Why is that?
There is nothing you can do
Why is that?
It is destiny
And destiny alone
That is why
You cannot face the past
Because you live
You cannot dream the future
Because you die
You bring yourself to the present
Because there are emotions
You cannot predict anything
Why is that?
It's because
There is only time.

By: *Lindsey Knepp*

This hatred was like a disease
I could feel it pulsing through me
It was like poison rushing through my veins
Just short of a killer,
The emotion wrapped its fingers around my neck
I could feel it leaving marks,
Carving deep wounds not easily hidden
Paralyzing my ability to forgive
Overtaking me as easily as a wounded animal is preyed
upon
It took everything that was real
Everything that mattered to me
Leaving me alone
Pain throbbing within my emptiness
This hatred had taken everything that had mattered
As I slid down the wall and saw a glimpse of myself in
the mirror
I came to realize hatred had killed me long ago
I was simply finishing the job

I hope my words can paint a picture of what I see for you.

Reborn in beauty now. Wild flowers bloom. Simple, sweet lacy white skyward blue.

Beautiful to me.

Birdsong smiled upon cricket tunes in riverbed bliss.

Beautiful to me.

Leave me not a honeybee's wing or sting of dragonfly tails. Wise spread freedom in flight.

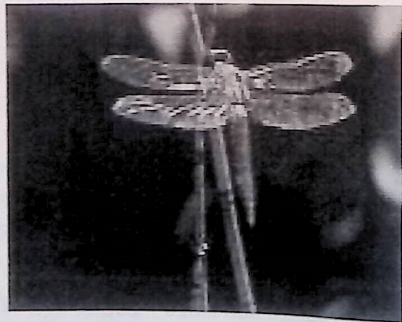
Beautiful to me.

I hope they do not mind me sharing leisure here. Sipping on sweet nectar to the tune of the river's lullaby.

Leave me not to die, or suffer here inside the lush green of new life.

Without such beauty. As it is to me.

Bobbie Lynn Richardson



"We make war to remind the generations of its horror."

Shadows

*The soul illuminates shadows,
The shadows that surround us,
So that we may walk untouched.
These shadows don't physically harm,
But take the shape of evils.
Corruption to the right,
Betrayal to the front,
Revenge to the left,
Violence to the back.*

*The 4 shadows work their way to the soul,
Paths to engulf one in darkness.*

*So when you see one stumbling,
Lend a hand,
Everyone stumbles eventually,
And everyone has 4 shadows of some sort,
And doesn't have to face them alone...*

-Toby Billingsley

Likeable Words Poem:

Crap can be spewed
When indecisive and thinking "maybe,"
And also when junk food has been
Eaten aplenty.

Dislikeable Words Poem:

The shoulders of a Prussian
Holds no small amount of weight.
Under the relatively hot gaze
Of an angered Napoleon.

Combined:

An indecisive Prussian
"Hm's" and "ha's" all day,
But when he's eating
His good ol' wurst and booze
You'll find he's never led astray
Brawny shoulders take all they can,
Even food poisoning
And once he's off the crapper,
He'll show the cook a thing or two
With a good ol' German pounding

by: Kris Zupko

By the River:

With a good ol' German pounding
The captain spat and sprayed
"Get me down this river,
Or you'll never see the light of day."
Scared witless and exhausted
His second-in-command tried to say,
"The sewage here will clog our boat,
Then we'll sink on this very day."
Unimpeded, unrestrained, the captain
Continued on his way.
Down the river, there they met
A three-eyed fish who said,
"Sir, this boat of yours is my new stay."

With a good ol' German pounding
The captain spat and sprayed
"Get me down this river,
Or you'll never see the light of day."
Scared witless and exhausted
His second-in-command tried to say,
"The sewage here will clog our boat,
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Down the river, there they met
A three-eyed fish who said,
"Sir, this boat of yours is my new stay."

Alyssa Andes

CREATIVE WRITING:

River Foam

Shout-BZZZZ!

Little fisher casually floating.

Floating downstream of a soiled river.

Downhere...

Oblivious to the bustle of humanity.

Only realized once it's too late...

A tasty meal.

A perfectly good worm.

Turned sour by the presence of metal.

The unappetizing edimentment of mankind...

Here comes the boat!

Scattering.

Momentary people.

A rush...

The cascading water ceases.

Lost kits.

How can you return to something that's
already gone?

Dreaming of a nightmare.

Bobbie Lynn Richardson

Drops of water in your sleep.

Dripping madness in so deep.

Drilling anger in it seeps.

Till at last you finally weep.



Chilling wind storms in your sleep.

Catching colds bone deep.

Choosing hatred in it seeps.

Tears of ice you cannot weep.



Infernos burning in you sleep.

Internal ashes, burnt so deep.

Insides kindling, kerosene seeps.

Tears to steam when you weep.



Fevers and earthquakes in you sleep.

Forgotten pains that hurt so deep.

Forever damaged, till blood seeps.

Till only red comes when you weep.



Briana Lewis

Period 4

7-13-2009

Three weeks gone. Only three weeks left. I remember the first day just like it was yesterday. The look on their faces was priceless. They were all too scared to smile, but too happy to get away from their parents for six weeks. As they walked into Evans Hall I could see that some of them might cause some problems in the beginning, but I was alright with that. On move in day I was just as scared or maybe even more scared than most of them. My first summer as a tutor/counselor also known as a T/C. What if they didn't like me? What if my team didn't like me? What activities would make my team meetings fun? All of these questions were running through my head.

I was a little mad when I found out that I would have to be at Wilkes with the kids during my birthday, but they made it AWESOME! I was completely surprised when they brought out the cake. It was a great birthday mostly because, this was the first time a surprise was ever pulled on me.

The day we went to the low ropes course was pretty great as well. It all started when the kids were broken down into groups and T/C Mark and I decided we would help the kids that were at the spider web. So Mark and I helped lift the kids through the holes. When we were all done there we went over by ARD Sandy and Briana, our two injured ones for the day. Mark and I laid on the floor wishing we could go back to sleep. I remember all of the kids looking out at the sky saying "maybe we should get out here before we're caught in a bad storm". So we gathered them all up and decided we would walk back. There were two problems in this logic though: we had both ARD Sandy and Briana with ankle injuries and the other problem was that, by the time we decided we would leave it had just began to rain cats and dogs outside. So, while T/C Chris and T/C Beth stayed with ARD Sandy and Briana while they waited for public safety to take them back to the dorms, the rest of us sprinted back to the dorms.

Dance parties on the first floor are ALWAYS a blast! The girls downstairs are AMAZING! The first dance party we had was when they were decorating their doors the night before Open House. I remember Julia and Briana sitting on the floor in the hall putting streamers on their door while blasting N'Sync and The Backstreet Boys. Then I remember the girls coming out of their rooms dancing and singing.

Another great memory had to be the fire drill. This of course was the same night as the dance party, but it was still loads of fun. I remember when it was like two minutes before our actual curfew and T/C Beth and I decided to get the girls in their rooms a little early. Then we said a fake "Goodnight Ladies" and pushed them in their rooms. They were so confused as to what was going on. Then three minutes later BAM, the fire alarm goes off and panic mode begins. This was a great night mostly because of the hilarious stories that came out of this experience.

Besides those memories of this summer so far, I have many more, but too many to share. So I think I will just recap some of them for you: Wednesday teacher meetings, I like these because I can catch up on what all of the kids are doing in their classes, Lunch in the cafeteria, this is ALWAYS the best meal of the day in there, Having the girls on the first floor put my hair in a Mohawk, this was amazing mostly because we were considering putting Elmer's glue in my hair to help it stay up, Silent reading, I LOVE to read, and waking up to be at breakfast duty for 7:15 am, this was not so much fun, but what can I say there are just some things in life we have to do whether we want to or not.

So as you can see my first summer as a T/C has been pretty AWESOME so far and we only got through three weeks. Three more to go and all of this will be just some memories in my head that were once a wonderful reality.

What Happened?

People go and people come,
But what we wonder is "where from?"

Passing on the street,
Never even to greet.
Just another world,
Starting to look all swirled.

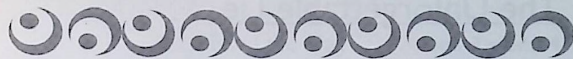
People in a rush,
Perhaps just another crush,
On what life has in store
Behind that large glass door.

What happened to saying "hello",
No matter sun or snow?
What happened to enjoying the day,
Instead of living in a world full of grey?

What else better for a lonely soul,
Than to set goal,
To get chivalry back,
Onto it's original track?



Lacey McCourt



Mixed Moods

Who says being away from home has to be so bad?
Dorm rooms and Chinese food always make me glad.
I have to admit I miss lots of people
But this is a great experience so guess I have to deal.
All the friends I've made and the ones I've had
Are all so great I know I'm going to be sad.
Sad to leave my second home but happy at the same time.
To get back to the real life.. Sorry don't have a word to rhyme.
People and places come and go so we have to live for now.
Make the best at whatever comes our way even when it seems long
Because we know in the long run it will make us strong.

Crystal K



Karen Ratelko

Period #

7-10-2009

Words I Like

When ever going to Hershey we pass this place called Mogans which brings out the laughter to me

Its all because my mother has this saying that were going to "Mogans for the pigskin shoot!" She confuses me but its all worth waiting for.

Words I Dislike

I hate when people say coupon when I say coupon.

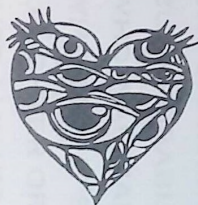
Now do you say coupon or coupon?

When it comes to quakers it brings back too many memories of the school I went to that seems so lost now that its closed

asking a question can turn into asking something such as a squirrel.

She confuses me but its funny and all worth waiting for. I know its not something I would want to but its in a place to sit and relax. As you see the best zip by you think why can't I be out there too? It makes me wonder why I want to be here seeing the scummy water flow by, but its funny when you see someone taking a squut when they dont think anyone is looking but there's always that one person who sees the whole thing.

Krista Holloway.



I smile, I laugh, I joke around.

I play, I fall, I feel joy and anger, happiness and sadness to.

I have two eyes, a nose, and a mouth, two arms, two legs, two eyebrows.

I have a heartbeat, I hear and talk, I'm just like you. In basic ways.

I'm not ordinary but I'm extraordinary.

If I'm cut I bleed like you. But yet in your eyes I'm so weird.

I'll admit I'm not like the rest but I cry and frown just like you.

See me as something new but if you fall asleep you dream, and I do too.

I get nightmares and feel scared the same as you. So tell me, am I so different?

*"There is nothing to fear but the persistent refusal to find out the truth,
the persistent refusal to analyze the causes of happenings." -Dorothy
Thompson*

Fear

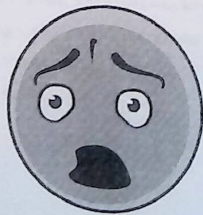
*People Fear.
People Avoid.*

*People avoid.
The problem magnifies.
Like a balloon of air.*

*Like a balloon of air,
It will slowly deflate.
But the Fear is still there,
So people avoid it.*

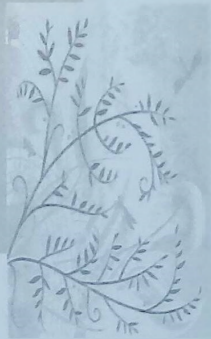
*I have fears.
You have fears.
We all do.
Fear is usually the victor,
But with another person,
Fear is the loser...*

-Toby Billingsley



Anonymous

I LOVE YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE
MY EVERYTHING. YOU'RE MY
BEST FRIEND AND MY WORST
ENEMY. MY SHOULDER TO
CRY ON WHEN I WAS HURT
BUT PROBABLY THE PERSON
WHO WAS MAKING ME CRY
WHETHER IT'S FROM
LAUGHTER OR PAIN
JUST ALWAYS REMEMBER
YOU'RE MY EVERYDAY



"Your time is limited, so don't waste it living someone else's life."

-Steve Jobs

Time

Time Flows,

Time begins life

Time forgets pain,

Time heals wounds,

Time leaves scars,

Time takes away,

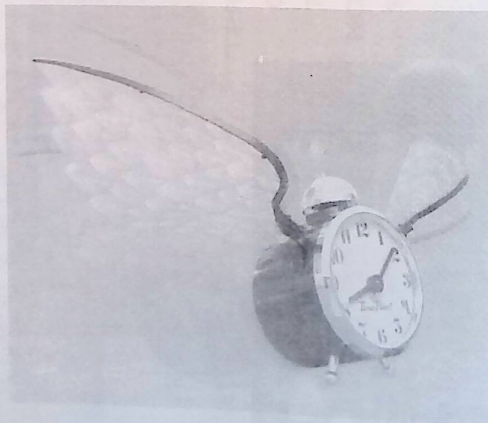
Time stacks up,

Time finally ends life...

...

And the cycle goes on...

-Toby Billingsley



A Soldier's Dream

A hill of rolling green seas, untouched by bile or flame.
Fields of rosy buds and lilac lovers dressed in white linens.
Home at last.

Uniforms clean and cut, stance for battle, for the action that will never
need to be taken. For a war hopefully never fought.
Free at last.

Lovely clear skies filled with white puffy clouds. Blue starry nights with
shooting wishing stars. Our old faithful symbol of freedom.
United at last.

No more crimson blood shed from the innocent.
Nor, death of either friend or foe. Embracing life.
Together at last.

Life, love and liberty. Along the free borders. Seas of shining golden
lights, and hills of silent silver cities.
Peace at last.

They are heroes of their time.

Bobbie Lynn Richardson.



A Day That I Will Never Forget

Late July in the Poconos usually means hot, sunny 85 degree weather. For NASCAR fans, it is when the NASCAR Winston Cup Series comes to the Pocono Raceway in Long Pond, Pennsylvania. For me, it was my first NASCAR Winston Cup Series race ever. The race was the Pennsylvania 500 on July 28, 2002. I was given tickets to the race. I was so excited to finally watch my first NASCAR race in person. The race started around 1:40 eastern time. On the first lap, driver Rusty Wallace made contact with Steve Park and sent him spinning, which also collected Park's teammate, Dale Earnhardt Jr. Steve Park and Junior made contact and slammed into the inside guard-rail on the Long Pond Straight, which connects turn one to turn two. Steve Park flipped many times, but walked out of the car with no injuries. Dale Earnhardt Jr. ran over to find his teammate, but Park was ok. NASCAR red-flagged the race to repair the inside guard-rail. The delay lasted an hour and a half. The race resumed around 3pm. On the 26th lap of the race, it started to rain. So here I am, under the bleachers for an hour. The rain delay lasted two hours. The race did not resume until 5pm. Later on, it was announced that the race would be shortened from 200 laps to 175 laps because of darkness and more rain on the way. Pocono Raceway does not have any lights. 46-year old driver Bill Elliott for Evernham Motorsports passed Sterling Marlin with 19 laps to go in the race to take the victory. I left early because I had enough. I will always remember that day. I still go to races at Pocono and enjoy the racing. But, July 28, 2002 will be a day that I will never forget.

Story by Kyle Magda

Note: the main wreck from the 2002 Pennsylvania 500 can be found on YouTube.

Words I like

What's so annoying. Keeping a promise with the love of your friends. Promises are meant to be broken by my promise you will have forever. With the self respect. Determination, and also with the love of your friends, and family. You can get through anything if you just try. In believing in yourself everything happens for a reason. If it's just someone annoying. You keeping a promise or the love you get from friends and family. The self respect that you have and the determination that will push you further in life.

Words I don't like

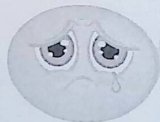
It's hard to see death in your family knowing that they were just there the other day. Trying is just the beginning but the love will get you through it all. No is not a word to use to get through the problems that had just become. Love with all your heart and see what you cannot too.

By: Cabrina Renee Jenkins

Unloved

As the world swirls around me and everything somehow blends together
The thoughts lead themselves and I have no control
It's just a big blur of all gone wrong
Unloved- a word that says a lot about you
It tells you a lot about life
It directs you in a path
It puts the drug into your body
It puts that razor on your wrist
It tells you how to act
It makes you do whatever it is that you need to do to feel loved
It pulls you out of reality and takes over in your shoes
You can't control "unloved"
It's a determined thing
It hides everything you feel and everything you are
It doesn't care what you say
You are wrong that is why unloved paid you a visit, isn't it
Unloved is the new you
It's the control you can't have back
You are taken out of the driver's seat of your life
It puts you in the trunk so you can't see where you're headed
And when you get there it leaves alone to find your way back

By Kathleen Prest



Everything's Up
But you're on the ground
Faking a smile
But feeling a frown
Never expressing
Just what you feel
In this world of attackers
Your mask is your shield
Can't let it all out
No tears do you cry
Your words quiet; unheard
Whatever you're thinking
You have to reword
So no one could know
Or twist it around
The screams in your head
Cannot make a sound
You have to look happy
Have to be nice
Change how you act
With the roll of a dice
So you always seem right
Though you're never quite there
You're faking it perfect
A burden to bear
It is what it is
A happy pretend
Though you're broken to pieces
That no one can mend
Just keep being happy
Playing the game
Someday you'll fix it
This monster, untame

By: Lindsey Knepp



DARLENE, THE KITTEN, AND THE OLD LADY: ON FEATHER STREET

"MEOW" ... IN THE STATE OF GIBSON A SMALL TOWN OF ONLY 5,000 PEOPLE. THE CORNER OF FELTER STREET, A VERY BUSY STREET AT NIGHT AND DAY IT WAS ONE IN THE MORNING, A COLD SNOWY DUSTY NIGHT. CARS DRIVE BY AND BAD THINGS ARE HAPPENING THAT SHOULDN'T BE.

THERE IS A LITTLE GIRL HER NAME IS DARLENE. SHE IS AN ORPHAN AND TRIES TO FIND A PLACE THAT IS SAFE AND WARM TO SLEEP. THERE IS A BOX IN AN ALLEY OFF FELTER STREET CALLED RITE AVE. IT IS DARK BUT IT'S THE ONLY PLACE SHE COULD FIND. WITH ONLY THE CLOTHES ON HER BACK WITH HOLES AND TEARS IN THEM, SHE SHIVERS AND CURLS UP TO KEEP WARM. THIS LITTLE GIRL HAS NO ONE AND IS VERY LONELY.

THE NEXT DAY DARLENE SEARCHED FOR FOOD. SHE LOOKS EVERYWHERE SHE COULD. THE DUMPSTER IS HER BEST BET IN THE MORNING TIME. THIS IS WHERE PEOPLE TAKE THEIR GARBAGE. TODAY IS HER LUCKY DAY. FOR BREAKFAST SHE WAS ABLE TO HAVE A WHOLE BAGEL. DIDN'T DO MUCH BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T GET TOO MUCH FOOD ON A REGULAR BASIS. THE DAYS GO ON...

TWO DAYS LATER THERE IS A KITTEN ON THE CORNER OF FELTER STREET. THIS KITTEN WAS LEFT AND ABANDONED. DARLENE AND THIS KITTEN ARE SIMILAR. THEY BOTH ARE ORPHANS AND BOTH ARE ABANDONED BY THEIR

MOTHER. IT IS VERY COLD. THE LITTLE GIRL WALKS BY AND FIGURES SHE COULD TAKE THE KITTEN TO WHERE EVER SHE FINDS SOMEWHERE TO STAY. SHE WAS VERY EXCITED TO HAVE THIS KITTEN BECAUSE SHE WOULD HAVE SOMEONE TO TALK TO WHEN SHE FEELS LONELY AND SCARED. SHE WAS ALSO EXCITED BECAUSE THEY HAD SOMETHING IN COMMON. ALTHOUGH THE KITTEN WAS FRIGHTENED, IT WAS WILLING TO GO WITH DARLENE. DARLENE FOUND SOMEWHERE TO GO. SHE ALSO FOUND LEFT OVER BANANA SLICES TO FEED THE KITTEN. SHE LOVED THIS KITTEN WITH ALL OF HER HEART. THEY GOT ALONG GREAT. WHERE EVER DARLENE WENT THE KITTEN FOLLOWED.

ONE DAY, THE SNOW STARTED TO MELT AND IT STARTED TO GET WARM. DARLENE WAS EXCITED LIKE SHE USUALLY IS AROUND THIS TIME. SHE GETS EXCITED BECAUSE SHE WON'T HAVE TO FREEZE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND WILL HAVE EVEN MORE FOOD TO EAT.

LITTLE DID SHE KNOW THAT THIS WAS GOING TO BE THE BEST SPRING EVER! LUCK WAS COMING HER WAY AND IT WASN'T STOPPING.

IT WAS FIVE IN THE AFTERNOON DARLENE AND HER KITTEN WERE WALKING DOWN FELTER STREET LIKE THEY DO DAILY, TRYING TO FIND SOME FOOD. AS SHE WAS WALKING SHE SAW AN OLD LADY HAVING A HARD TIME CROSSING THE STREET, THE LADY ASKED DARLENE WHERE SHE LIVED SO THAT

SHE COULD WALK HER HOME. DARLENE DROPPED HER HEAD IN SHAME. THE OLD LADY ASKED WHAT WAS WRONG SO DARLENE TOLD HER THE STORY. THE OLD LADY SMILED AS A TEAR ROLLED DOWN HER FACE. SHE ASKED DARLENE TO WALK HER HOME WHICH WAS A BLOCK AWAY FROM FELTER STREET, SO DARLENE DID. THE OLD LADY STARTED TO TELL DARLENE A STORY THAT WAS SIMILAR TO HERS. THE OLD LADY SAID "I WAS BORN IN THIS TOWN AND LIVED IN THIS BLOCK FOR 89 YEARS. WHEN I WAS TWO MY MOTHER CALLED SIMMONS ORPHAN CARE CENTER (S.O.C.C.). MY MOTHER DIDN'T WANT ME IN THE FIRST PLACE BUT SHE DIDN'T WANT ME TO BE ON THE STREETS." DARLENE LISTENED CLOSELY. THE OLD LADY CONTINUED. "WHEN I WAS 18 THEY TOLD ME I COULD LEAVE AND START NEW SO I DID. I FOUND A BOY WHO WAS GOING TO SCHOOL TO BE A WRITER. WE FELL IN LOVE THEN GOT MARRIED. I BECOME A STAY AT HOME WIFE. AND IT'S BEEN THAT WAY FOR 18 YEARS. MY HUSBAND AND I LIVED A GREAT LIFE. HE DIED FROM CANCER WHEN HE WAS 78." DARLENE STARTS TO TEAR UP BUT NOTHING WILL FALL FROM HER EYES BCAUSE OF THE SHOCK THAT SHE IS IN. THE OLD LADY CONTINUES....

"I LIVE ALONE NOW IN A HOUSE A BLOCK AWAY FROM FELTER STREET AND I WOULDN'T MIND HAVING COMPANY. SOON I WILL BE GONE." DARLENE AND THE OLD LADY CONTINUE TO WALK WITH THE KITTEN FOLLOWING. THE OLD

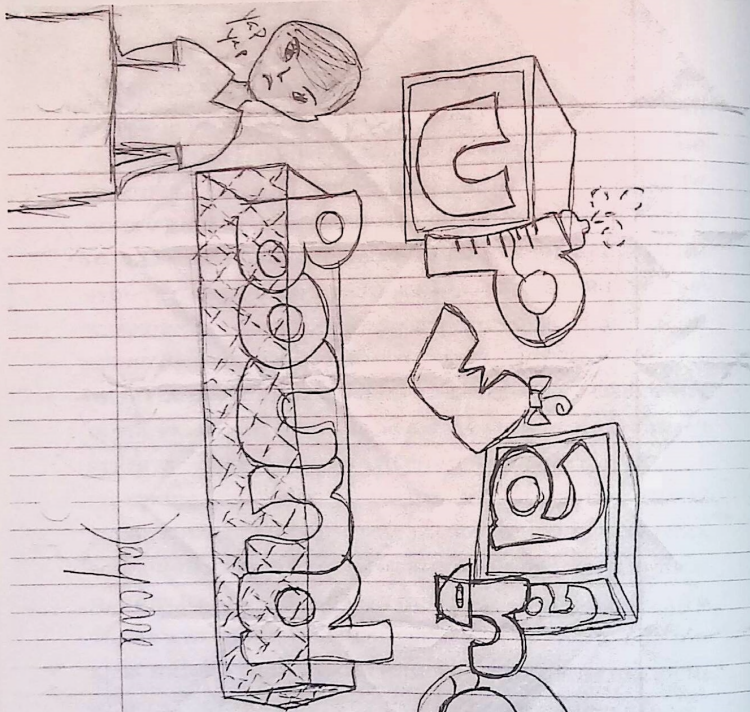
LADY CARRIES TO A STEP AND TURNS TO DARLENE. LOOKS AT HER THEN THE KITTEN SMILES BACK AT DARLENE. "DARLENE HONEY WOULD YOU AND YOUR KITTEN LIKE TO COME STAY WITH ME. YOU COULD HAVE THE HOUSE AND ALL OF MY MONEY WHEN I'M GONE. I WOULD LOVE FOR YOU BOTH TO STAY WITH ME." DARLENE SMILES AND IS SO HAPPY SHE COULD BARELY SPEAK. SHE TOLD THE OLD LADY THAT SHE WOULD BE HONORED.

AS THE MONTHS GO BY DARLENE, THE OLD LADY AND THE KITTEN GROW CLOSER TO EACH OTHER. IT'S LIKE A FAMILY THAT WAS MEANT TO BE.

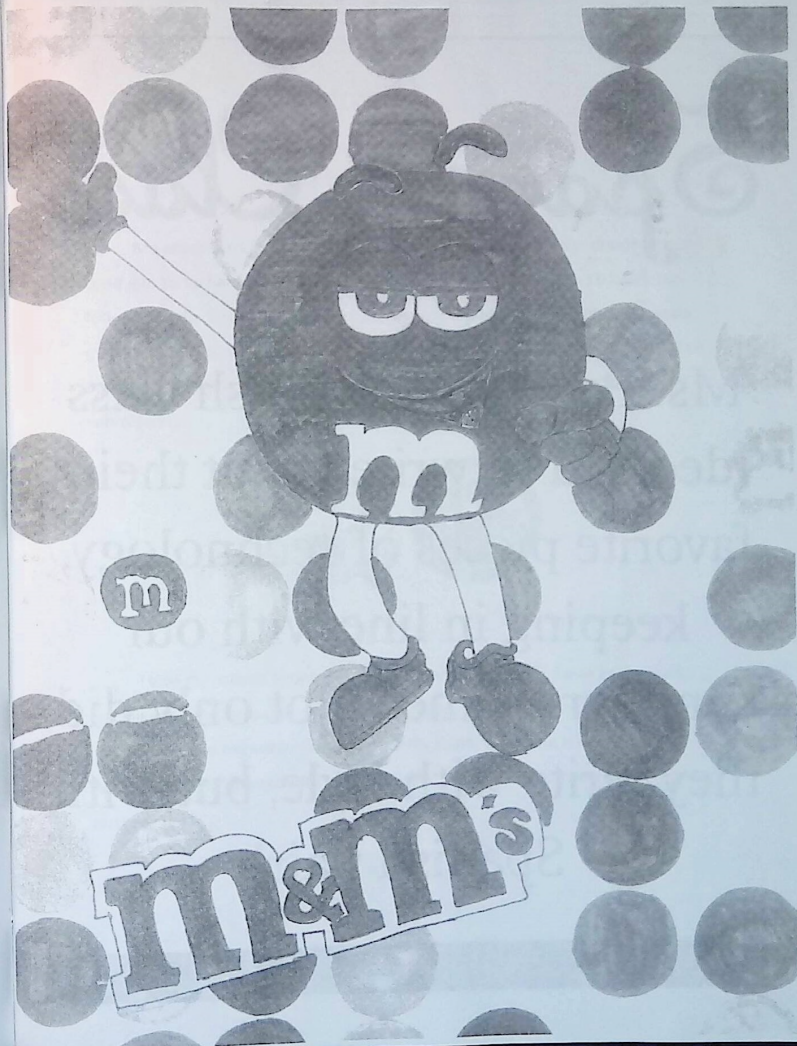
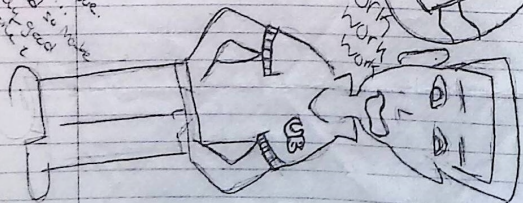
A YEAR LATER THE OLD LADY PASSES AWAY. IT IS VERY SAD, JUST LIKE SHE SAID SHE LEFT THE HOUSE MONEY AND EVERYTHING TO DARLENE AND HER KITTEN. DARLENE ISN'T OLD ENOUGH SO SHE HAS TO LIVE IN A FOSTER HOME. WHEN SHE IS OLD ENOUGH SHE PLANS ON LIVING IN THAT HOUSE A BLOCK FROM FELTER STREET AND FINDING A HUSBAND TO SHARE HER STORIES WITH.

BY:

ESSENCE GIBSON



Miss F. Love
Pic. in note
a student's good
and great at it
me.



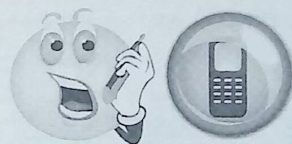
Spanish Class

Ms. Petrosky's Spanish class decided to write about their favorite pieces of technology, keeping in line with our summer theme. Not only did they write with style, but with Spanish flair!

Katie Golya

El teléfono celular

Me encanta mi teléfono celular. Yo lo tomo teléfono celular dondequiera conmigo. Yo no hablo mucho, pero me gusta enviar los mensajes. Yo hablo con todo el mundo. Yo me mantengo en contacto con amigos. El teléfono me ayuda mantenerse en contacto con mi madre, cuando ella no es cerca. Yo lo necesito en caso de emergencia también. Todo el mundo debe tenerlo. Yo lo recibí para mi cumpleaños.



I love my cellular phone. I take it everywhere with me. I don't talk much, but I like to send messages. I talk with everyone. I keep in contact with my friends. The phone helps me keep in contact with my mom, when she is not around. I need it in case of emergencies also. Everyone should have it. I received it for my birthday.(:

"La Computadora"

por

Krysta Henderson

No me gustan los libros. Me encanta la computadora. Me la ayuda con todo. Puedo hacer compras para ropa. Puedo encontrar artículos de noticias. Puedo jugar a juegos en la computadora. Tuve un laptop. Ahora, tengo una computadora de escritorio. Lo recibí durante la Navidad. También, Me encanta "Myspace." Puedo hablar con mis amigos. Es muy útil.

I don't like books. I love the computer. It helps me with everything. I am able to find everything. I can shop for clothes. I can find news articles. I can play games on the computer. I had a laptop. Now, I have a desktop. I received it for Christmas. Also, I love Myspace. I can talk with my friends it is very useful.



La Computadora

My favorite technology is the computer. Me la gusta porque es conveniente y servicial en muchas formas. Generalmente, uso la computadora para escribir a mis amigos. Comoquiera que, a escuela uso la computadora buscar información para proyectos y papeles para mis clases. En la red puedes encontrar mapas y direcciones. También puedes encontrar nueva música y datos muy interesantes.

My favorite technology is the computer. I like it because it is convenient and helpful in many ways. Generally, I use the computer to write to my friends. However, at school I use the computer to search for information for projects and papers for my classes. Also you can find new music and interesting facts.



Lindsey Knepp

"iPod"

Por
Kyle Magda

Yo escucho mi "iPod." Mi "iPod" es mi artilugio favorito. Contiene muchos videos y canciones. La música consiste de música de rock clásica. Unas bandas son "Led Zeppelin," "The Who," "The Rolling Stones," y más. Hay también unos videos en mi "iPod." Usualmente, los videos son fútbol americano y NASCAR. Yo también tengo otros videos en mi "iPod." Adicionalmente, yo llevo mi "iPod" conmigo cuando voy en viajes. Mi "iPod" necesita cargar cuando la capacidad es baja. Me encanta mi "iPod." Mi "iPod" es móvil.

I listen to my iPod. My iPod is my favorite gadget. It contains many videos and songs. The music consists of classic rock music. Some bands are "Led Zeppelin," "The Who," "The Rolling Stones," and more. There are also some videos on my iPod. Usually, the videos are football and NASCAR. I also have other videos on my iPod. Additionally, I take my iPod with me when I go on trips. My iPod needs to charge when the power is low. I love my iPod. My iPod is mobile.

Bobbie Lynn Richardson

"La Radio"

Me encanta escuchar música. No puedo vivir sin la radio. Sin lo me pongo muy aburrida, más día. Hay un estación para todas esencias de música. El sonido me ayuda concentrar, mientras yo estudio y leo. Me gusta escuchar a las canciones y relajár. Es muy excelente para fiestas y es muy buena para entretener. La radio es muy fácil usar y operar por pilas electricidad. Lo puedo tocar el disco compacto y es un muy buen despertador por la mañana. Cuando estoy muy cansada, me ayuda dormir por la noche.

I love to listen to music. I couldn't live without the radio, without it every day would be very boring. There is a station for every kind of music. The sound of it helps me concentrate while I study and read. I like to listen to the songs and relax. It's very good for parties and entertainment. The radio is easy to use and runs on batteries or electricity. It can also play CDs and it a great alarm clock in the morning. When I am tired it even helps me go to sleep at night.

Ipod

Essence Gibson

Me encanta escuchar la música. Me la calma. La música me hace querer a bailar. Me gusta cantar con las canciones. Yo casi siempre lo tengo conmigo. Todos mis canciones favoritas están en mi "ipod". Lo uso mucho. Yo puedo usarlo cuando hago ejercicios, cuando estoy trabajando y mucho más. Me lo encanta! Mi "ipod" es el mejor. Fue un regalo desde mi madre. Yo lo recibí en el día de la Navida. Yo estuve muy contenta cuando yo lo vi debajo del árbol. Le doy las gracias por el regalo cada día. Yo creo que todo el mundo debe comprarlo.



I love to listen to music. It calms me. The music makes me want to dance. I like to sing along with the songs. I almost always have it with me. All my favorite songs are on my ipod. I use it a lot. I can use it when I am exercising, working, and much more. I love it! My ipod is the best. I got it as a gift from my mother. I recieved it on Christmas. I was very happy when I seen it underneath the tree. I thank her for the gift each day. I believe that everyone should buy one.

"Razon Que Tengo La Computadora"

Me gusta la computadora porque hay muchos establecimientos sociales de la Red. Por ejemplo, "Myspace" es un establecimiento social de la Red que es muy popular entre gente a hablar y rememorar los tiempos viejos y tiempos pasados. "Myspace" es también un lugar para mi personalidad. Otra manera que "Myspace" es muy útil es para cuando la gente va a vacaciones o se move de otros. Entonces, todavía tú puedes hablar. Pore so, estoy recomendando que tú compres una computadora.

"Why I Have A Computer"

I like the computer because there are many social networks. For example, Myspace is a social network that is very popular for talking to people and remembering the past times. Myspace is also a place for my friends to see my personality. Another reason Myspace is very useful is for when people are on vacation or they move away. Still, you are able to talk. As a result I am recommending you buy a computer.

-Deena Savoy

Mi favorita tecnología es mi teléfono celular. Me gusta mi teléfono celular porque yo siempre estoy enviando mensajes de texto. Sin mi celular no puedo hablar con mis amigos. Yo nunca hablo por teléfono yo solamente enviar textos a mis amigos. Mi celular es mi todo y no puedo funcionar sin lo. Yo amo mi teléfono celular.

My favorite technology is my cell phone. I like my cell phone because I'm always sending text messages. Without my cell phone I couldn't talk to my friends. I never talk on the phone I only text my friends. My cell is everything without it I couldn't function. I love my cell phone.

Krista Holloway

withstand the unexpected

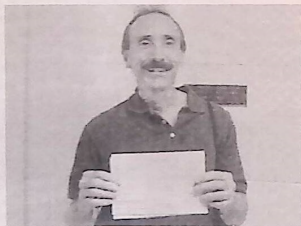
We

Be part of the solution

Make progress

7209-1157

Upward Bound
Look - a - likes
2009



Mr. Ripa



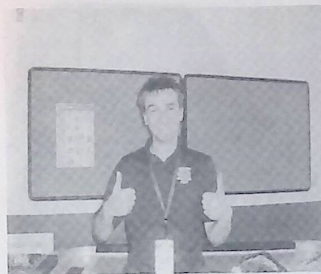
Bernie from the Incredibles



Briana



Dora



T C Chris



Steve



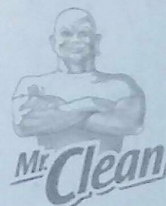
Chris K



Syndrome from the Incredibles



Mr. Stoker



Mr. Clean



Krista



Rosario Dawson



Ren and Stimpy



Brent



Ken Doll



Josh



Zac Efron



Julia



Alyson Hannagan



Deena



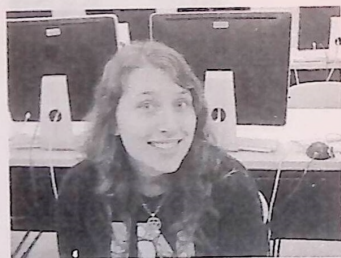
Kristen Stewart



Crystal



Mia Sara



Bobbie Lynn



Leelee Sobieski



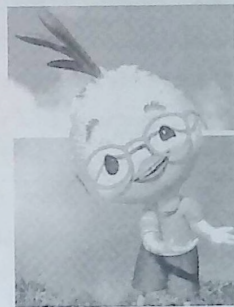
Lindsey



Drew Barrymore



Mr. Komorek



Chicken Little



Essence



Vanessa from Kenan and Kel



T C Steve



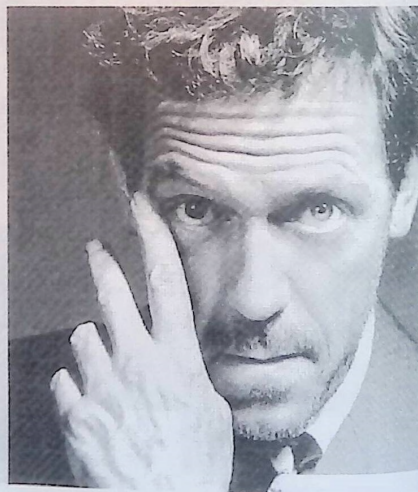
Ben Stiller

Who am I?

I am sarcastic to others.

I push the boundaries occasionally when it comes to medical practices. If I was any other doctor, I'd be fired. But, I'm not. I'm Dr. House.

About me: I know how to play many sports, I love the rain, I'm into games when sports is not an option. Reading is a possibility for me, and I can contemplate and handle things faster than others. Finally, philosophy and psychology are the things I'm interested in.

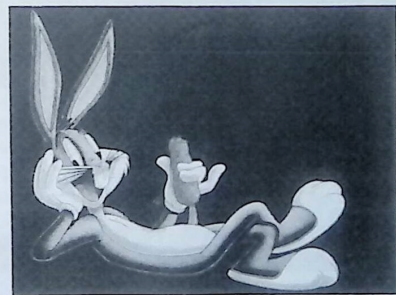


Kyle Magda



I am a die-hard Phillies, Eagles, and NASCAR fan. My favorite NASCAR driver is Jeff Gordon.

Classic Rock is my favorite music. I try and do my best in school.



Who am I?



I am most like Jasmine from Aladdin because not only do we look a little alike, but our personalities are very similar. We are both caring and sweet.

Briana Lewis

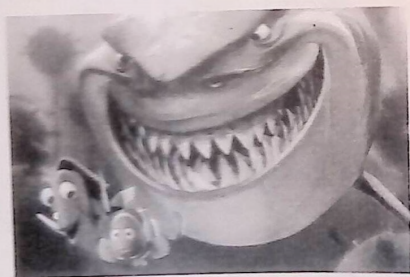
Who Am I?



If there were anyone who I believe I'm most like it would be Betsy from The Mighty Bee you many know her as a goofy girl scout that's always getting trouble with her little brother. I would say I'm most like her because she strives to do her best in everything she does, just like me. She also has a carefree goofy personality and just makes you laugh she not quite like everyone else she's her own person just like me. Who am I ...Mekela Lovell.

Who Am I.....

My personality is like Dory's. I like to have fun and I make people smile and laugh. Sometimes I am a little forgetful. I take any chances or opportunities that cross my path and I try to live my life without a lot of regrets.



Pet Peeve: People who smoke next to the exits of buildings

Favorite Saying: Don't ask why, just answer

What I Hate: Being a middle child and cigarette smoke

What I Love: Friends and music

Michelle Frazier

What Cartoon Character am I?

Lacey McCourt

I have a cheerful personality but can be shy as well.

- » Favorite Color: Yellow
- » Pet Peeve: Being late or people who are late
- » Favorite Activity: Shopping
- » Favorite Place to be: Outside
- » What I'm looking forward to most: My Sweet 16 Party
- » Favorite Movie: The Curious Case Of Benjamin Button
- » Favorite Animal: Dolphin
- » Future Career Goal: Nurse
- » Current Book I'm reading: My Sister's Keeper (Awesome Book!)



Tweety Bird

Cute Caring Sweet Innocent Bright Happy Smiley

Be LOUD, let your COLORS show!

I'm never too busy to enjoy
someone else's misery

Bobbie's world!

Bb!

EVERYBODY
IS SOMEBODY
ELSE'S
WEIRDO.

*Bobbie Lynn
Richardson*

ARE
YOU
INSANE



Born: November, Friday the 13th,
1992!!

Favorite color: NEON
GREEN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Be weird, someone has to!!!!



Art by Clairebear: Girl copyright J. Vasquez

Favorite bands: Disturbed, and Pink!

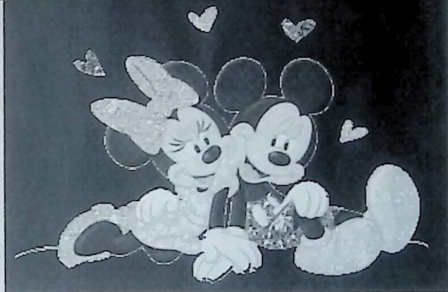
"There is always one crazy friend, if you don't have
one...your it"

A little crazy!!!

WONDERING BOUT ME?!?

"THE FIRST STEP TO GET-
TING WHAT YOU WANT OUT
OF LIFE IS THIS: DECIDE
WHAT YOU WANT"

~Ben Stein



I am like Mini Mouse in one way and one way only... love
struck.

My name is Crystal Koch and the reason I picked this picture
is because this reminds me of my boyfriend (of over a year) and
myself.

But what else about me don't you know? I love to do martial
arts, play violin, and hang out with friends. I have my black belt and
am in area orchestra. Family means a lot to me but with
circumstances at home I am working on moving in with my dad. But
enough about that...

Sometimes people get the wrong impression of me because I
don't always use the right words but a lot of the time it just makes
people laugh. The one thing I can't stand is when people are eating
and they scrape their teeth off of a fork... it drives me crazy!

I am very thankful for what I have because a lot of the time you
don't realize what you have until it's gone and am looking forward to
the near future and trying to stay positive for the times to come.
That's just a little bit about me.

Who Am I...

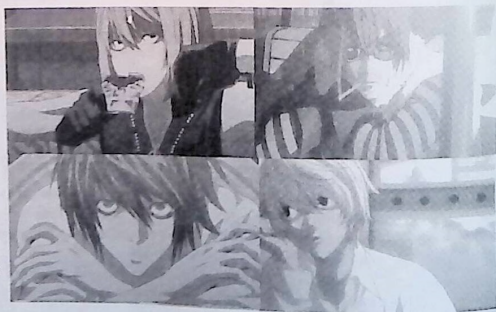


Full name: Gabrielle
Cassidy Johnson

Favorite Quote:
"Selfishness is not
wishing as one
wishes to live, it is
asking others to
live as one wishes
to live." - Oscar
Wilde

Hobbies: Writing,
Drawing, thinking,
games and jigsaw
puzzles, reading,
collecting any and
all obscure oddities

I love puzzles, games, and mysteries. Anything and everything creepy and bizarre interests me greatly. I'm relatively asocial, preferring to spend my time alone and I often try to shy away from large groups. I'd like to think that I'm good at debating (or perhaps arguing is a better word) and I'm not afraid to say my opinion or defend my beliefs.



Krista Holloway



Hi! My name is Krista Holloway, I'm 16 and currently attending the Wilkes University Upward Bound program. I like to be different, so while I'm here I figured I might as well show just how weird I can be. Although I'm strange, I've found a few friends who hang with me even though I'm a little out there.

Born: 11/24/92

MEOW! I'm very random...duh =>
Hope you got to know a little more
about me if not just ask me. =>



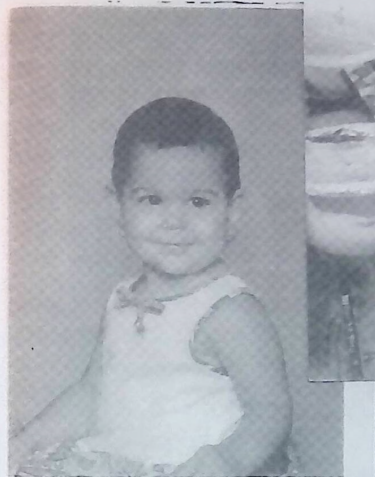
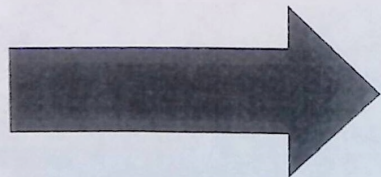
I have 1 Older brother, Brandon, 8 step brothers, Josh, Luis, Troy, Kairee, Jose, Daisean, Mandel, and the youngest Niqen. I also have 3 half sisters Jajanique, Brandi, and Nonie and I have a younger sister Domanique.



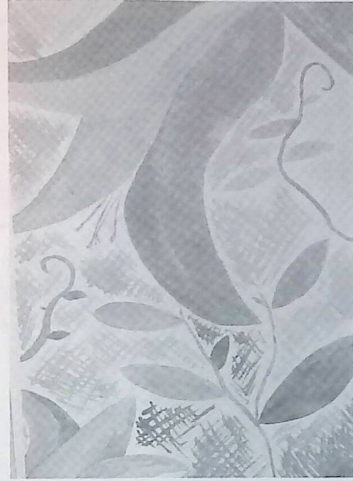
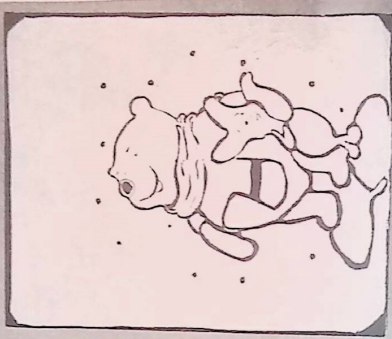
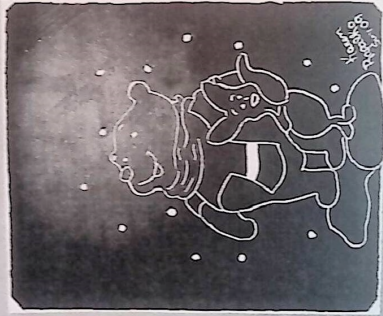
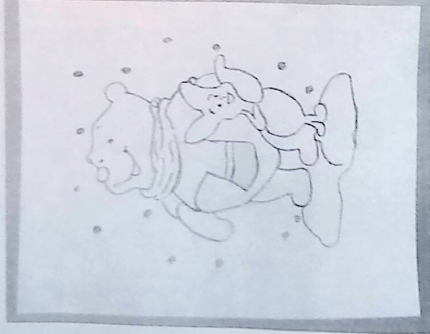
I like to draw and write. It shows just how weird I am sometimes. =>

Baby Pictures!

Can you match the baby picture to the UB senior?



**Printmaking
Karen Rafalko**



**Lindsey
Knepp**

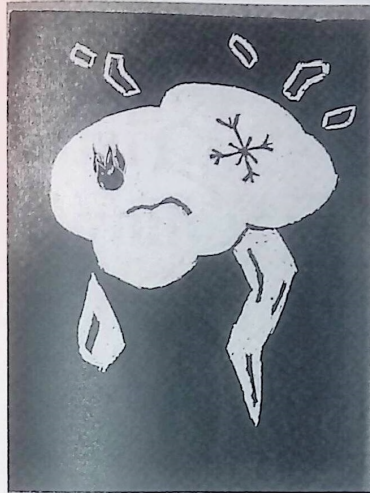
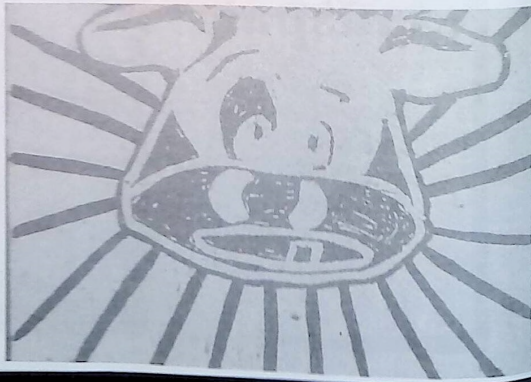
**Minerva
Gaspar**





Eran
Castro

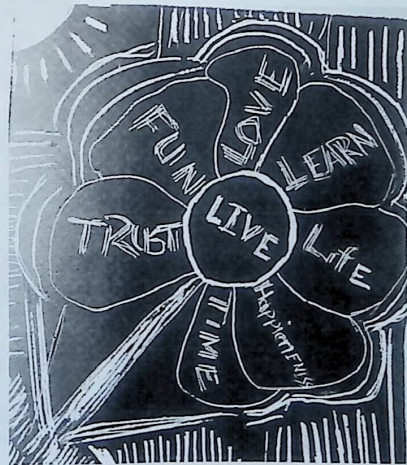
Josh
Mihal



Printmaking

Bobbi Lynn
Richardson

Crystal
Koch

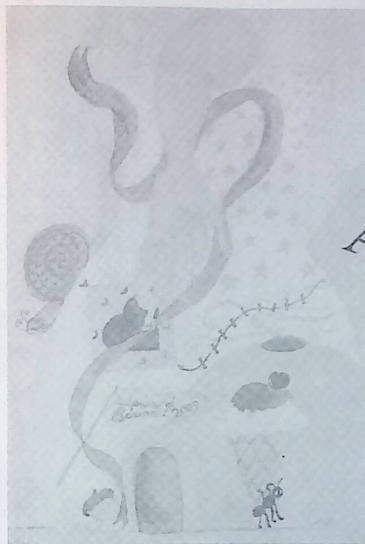




**Krista
Holloway**

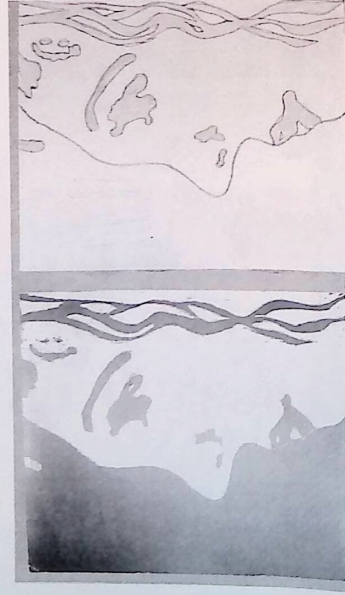


**Krysta
Henderson**

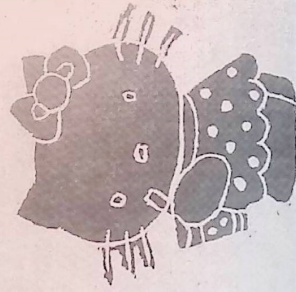


**Painting
Alyssa Andes**

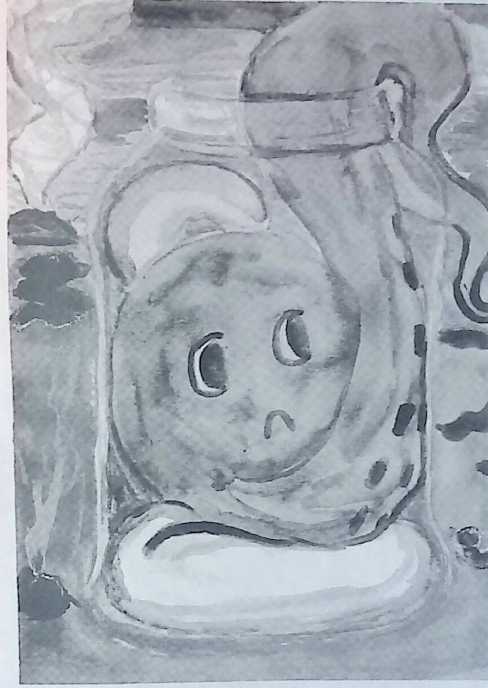




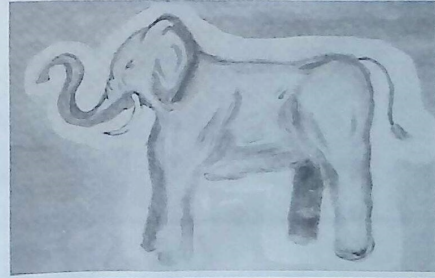
Noelle
Visconti



Shakeer
Jackson



Kristen Zupko





UB Spirit



We are wonderful!



Bobbie Lynn Richardson

Liked words:

Hidden in the sheets of autumn leaves,

Will you see the meaning in the passion in which I write these words?

To prove it, I sign in blood. My name the end.

Disliked words:

Striking summer days bathed in light.

Filled with worthless words, "hello" and "trust".

Every emotion of this foul season creates a monster.

Combined:

To destroy, the worthless words "hello" and "trust",

I sign my name in blood, the end.

I write the words hidden in sheets of autumn leaves and striking summer days.

Will you see the passion in which I write these words? Bathed in light.

Each season filled with meanings, creating a monster.

Final line poem:

I will sign in blood, my name the end.

The end of life here, floating in the chaos.

Cry your tears, but remember you are doomed.

No life is spared the fate of the rapids.

Ships sinking, in the terror or a raging hatred.

A mix of helplessness and death with no boundaries.

Surging waters turn your sight black.

You may sign as well, your safety from this world,

Or rest your tortured soul in Hell.

Michelle Frazier

My heart beats one beat faster
When I walk one step closer
Thinking about what to say
When you walk my way
Listening to your voice
While I make my choice
At the last minute the answer is no
Then my heart says just stay, don't go
But my feet keep walking and I keep regretting
The next day you ask me again
I say no because I keep forgetting,
Forgetting why I want to say yes
Something about your smile
Makes me want to go the extra mile
Something about your kiss
Makes me feel so missed
But I can't seem to answer yes
I ask myself everyday
Why do I say what I say

"Time is the wisest counselor of them all." -Pericles

Scars of Time

Oh,

*Scars of time,
How persistent you are!*

How,

*You must sting and burn,
Grieve us with guilt and sorrow!*

Why,

*Oh why can't you leave?
Leave,
And give us peace of mind?*

This,

*Must be the reason for people's mistakes,
So that we may learn from them.*

But,

*If that's the case,
Why haven't we been listening?*

If,

*We want to be so ignorant,
To the advice of our elders,
The scars of time are here to stay.*

-Toby Billingsley

One? That is what mostly everyone asks for. One?
Why?

Because all we need is one chance to grow, one
way to learn from mistakes,
one love to make us happier. One friend to listen
to us, one shoulder to cry on, one helping hand to
help,

No one notices but basically the number one is
everyone's lucky number.



Eran Castro

Pretty as a picture.

Bobbie Lynn Richardson.

A pictures worth a thousand words. That's what they always say.

But not inside this darling home, at least not today.

They ducked into the silence. Freezing words they cannot speak.

A thunder crash, a lightning strike. Inside...safety.

The light bulbs burst and fizzle. No light can touch this abyss.

A flicker? A sound? Please be footsteps! Please!

A shadow? Oh a girl...I hope.

A flaming gaze. A burning hole. We scream. Brimstone at our feet.

Run, run. Don't look back.

A mantle piece? A photograph..

No a painting? The demons eyes piercing into the soul.

They're watching me! Scream!!!

A grip of jagged nails into the skin. Ripping into the blood stream.

'Help me! Help me!' no one's there.

A hissing, cold breathe on your neck.

Nothingness, no more emptiness.

No echoes in the hall.

A picture on the mantel piece.

Now no one's there at all.

This is my field of dreams
But now it's back to reality
My memories are returning
My head is spinning
Each moment is like déjà vu
It's not possible to forget you
I'm discovering that this won't end
But it needs to 'cause you're stressing me out
It's over again
Crack! My heart just broke
Smash! My hopes and dreams fell
Are you satisfied yet?
Are you trying to make my life a living hell?
How do you live with yourself?
Trying to hide the truth
And speaking all those lies
Karma is going to jump up and bite your a**
For what you said to me over the phone

Michelle Frazier

Bobbie Lynn Richardson

Three months after the end.

The warm may air couldn't make the feel of this place any less abrasive. Cold and dusty with an underling sickly sweet scent of death drifted effortlessly into the small building. Many of its windows were broken now, and the few that weren't had been either boarded up or were covered in a filthy black scum.

Paris, France: it hadn't been the same since the nuclear war. As the few survivors sat huddled helplessly around makeshift fires trying to keep warm a bellowing wind caught their attention. Everyone knew the thought of the end would have been in 2012, but by 2019, the end of the world had passed and the emanate threat had passed. The fear however still loomed over them like lost children in the dead Garden of Eden.

Most of the city had lost everything. From pizza parlors were people took for granted their easy life, eating their lives away. All terminated into nothingness, ashes or reminders of their greatest mistake. No one could really control life, and that kind of greed is what destroyed them.

Romeo Miller a tall, lanky young man stood watch over their small shelter. Covered in dust and dirt from recovering survivors had left him exhausted. And by this time of night the way he looked gave his skin a sickly pallor, almost in a way waxy. Though he was not ill, he felt fear and pain for his fellow man.

His long tasseled blonde hair covered most of his eyes. And by now, he truly didn't care about himself. All he cared about now was survival. A team of people had been sent out hours ago in search of supplies and survivors, he waited for their return. After months of hiding, scared of death, provision were running low and the men, women and children here were depending on him now. For support and leadership.

Former head of the police department, he lived happily with his young wife and two beautiful daughters. But they were gone now, taken away by the wave of death and violence. He ground his teeth; no one could see him as weak.

Azania Harmony Thomas led the search back towards their safe house. She was a small ebony skinned girl, never married. A kindergarten teacher for a local school only taught three months before the war. He gave her sympathy but not pity that was the last thing anyone here needed.

Behind her two big men carried bundles. Curious he ventured towards them to investigate. "George, Anthony! What've you got there?" he ordered in a calm respective tone that people really responded well to. One highlight of his former job. "Couple of kids." George sighed as Anthony finished his thought. "Found 'em rummaging among the wreck." Romeo gave a nodded an allowed them entrance. He'd look in on them later on. For now the moonlight almost gave the illusion that everything was calm. Until you saw the junk pile that was once the Eiffel tower. Now a broken, twisted metal deathtrap. Destroyed during the first few days of bombing.

Azania waited at the door; she planned to keep noted on what had been discovered. And would then early in the morning accompany Romeo on his early morning search. Into the oblivion searching hopefully to find relief and regain security. An untouchable dream kept alive only by the sight of those two children now being cleaned in wash bins.

A young blonde haired girl with huge crystal blue eyes tried not to cry as her cuts and bruises were dressed. She was only about six. Poor soul. Her clothes were ripped and dirty, and a yellow teddy bear was worn with love and fear, always close by her.

The second child a black haired young man about eight with sharp curls and happy brown eyes clutched a small leather bound book, with a small blue wax seal. He screamed whenever anyone got near him. Was it fear, or something more?

"Hey, kid stop screaming your scaring people!" one of the men protested with frustration in his voice, all Romeo had to do was give him a stern glare and this mattered was settled. Azania with her child rearing skills would be more useful in this situation. And he searched the

room for their 'doctor'; she was always hiding away somewhere. She was an oddball always a reject among the others. But she was useful...that's all that mattered.

"Remy! Where the hell are you now!?" his sharp tone echoed through the small building in waves. This boy needed to be persuaded somehow to give up his screams of terror and allow them close enough to help him.

"Remy! You've got five seconds to go-" A voice came from behind him cutting him off mid sentence. "Sorry, I was...exploring." She grinned a wide Cheshire cat smile and awaited further orders. Romeo cleared his throat and pointed to the boy sitting helplessly in a corner.

"Can you give him a look over, he won't stop screaming long enough for us to tell if he's injured at all." That same smirk seemed to widen as he spoke to her. And her grey eyes brightened with ideas. "You know sometimes in times of crisis, children have been known to resort to primal instincts to survive, sometimes even kill-." "Remy..." he caused her to stop her rant. "Yeah yeah, doctor Remone Hawthorn at your service." Her voice dripped with sarcasm as she bowed slightly, rolled her eyes and pushed her short brown hair behind her ears. "Just go!" his annoyance made her laughed as she followed orders.

Romeo just watched confused by this boy. He allowed them to treat him and check for problems. Now he only screamed when they tried to grab the book from him. Remy had proved this theory by attempting many times to snatch it from him, with no luck.

"Azania!" "I know, I'm the only one here good with kids" she sighed but moved from him in a confident way. Maybe she could reveal this young man's terrors? And now he was curious about this book that he held so dear.

For hours he restlessly awaited any breakthroughs with this boy. And while he waited he watched the young girl, who had been perfectly healthy and had found herself attached to a woman who had lost her young son of about the same age. She played happily with her small yellow stuffed bear, and it reminded him of his own lost family...he ignored the memories.

"The boy..."Azania began as she stepped past many people to meet him near the entrance of the building. "Is just extremely distressed and frightened of what's going to happen now." She

paused as if waited for something. "And no, I didn't take the book from him" Romeo let out a long exaggerated sighed, he was annoyed.

"Any family to speak of?" "No, he lived with an older brother. Well...you know." And he did know, he knew far too well what had happened. "Well, thank you for your help! I'll see what I can do for him now."

He approached the boy warily; he was asleep or at least looked it. And he knew he wouldn't get many chances to steal away this book, the reason for the boy's terror. It sat loosely in the boy's left hand the slightest touch would knock it off onto the linoleum floors. He took his opening and snatched the small brown leather book.

The frayed edges of the book showed its age, and the binding tore and fell apart halfway down its spine. It had been fastened shut with a yellow piece of yarn. Curiosity was getting the best of him he flipped it back and forth contemplating if he should dare read its contents, finally he slowly untied it.

On the inner cover was a small hand written quote "When the rich wage war, it's the poor who die." He thought it over; he understood this more than anyone else here. Flipping through its pages were photos of a young man in an army uniform, a family together for a cook out, and a small set of army dog tags. He snapped it shut. No more memories. He had no right in this boy's book. He settled it back down onto the floor next to the young boy. Romeo left him to gather his strength and rest for the night.

As he walked away he stopped turned on his heel and snatched up the book once more. He flipped open the cover and pulled a blue pen from his back pocket. Why he did the following I, your narrator do not fully understand myself. He closed his eyes thoughtfully... thinking...deciding. Moments later he quickly scribbled down frantic words, hopefully this boy would understand.

He slowly slid the book back into its owner's hands once again, than he skulked away in a philosophical mood. Remembering the horrific weeks they had lived through and his writings of a madman...his quote read as follows. 'My past is my wisdom to use today, my future is my wisdom not yet experienced, be in the present because that is where life resides.'

Early the next morning helicopters circled over head, people were rescued, and separated to many parts of the world. From Brazil, to America they were taken to safety not many had survived.

30 years later.

Waking up from this memory I got up and dressed in my usual suit and tie. Grabbed my work papers and signed my name Matthew Morgan to where ever was needed. And I kissed my wife and son as I headed out to commute to my office.

It had been so long since I'd thought of this horrible memory, and even long since I'd lived through it. Watching so many people die and so much fire, so much violence. I'd kept my promise to my brother. I'd recalled me and a young blonde girl circling a safe point, deciding if we would have been welcome there. I was very young then, and naive. But I persevered.

It had been weeks since I'd even thought of my years spent in Paris. As the relief helicopters had come to take us away, I had been the only one taken to the United States, where my family had originally lived. And as the years after unfolded it showed the thousands of people who had survived the true brutality of man. Very slowly we began to rebuild our lives in a horrible world. We tried to survive on nothing, until we had created something.

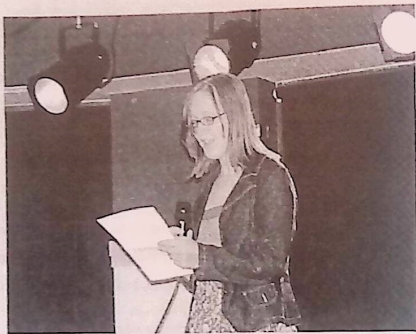
I held my small leather book, this was all I had from then, all that I could remember from before the war, and the messages written from my brother and my savior. I couldn't even remember the face of the man and two women that had tried to help me so many years before today. They were now only faceless silhouettes floating in the oblivion of my memory.

I climbed the marble steps of the building I now worked in, and past many men and women who saluted me. I waved and nodded my hellos and good mornings to them. Pushing past the two heavy wooden doors the scent of printing papers and ink met me at the entrance. Two guards pressed forward to meet me and escort me to my office.

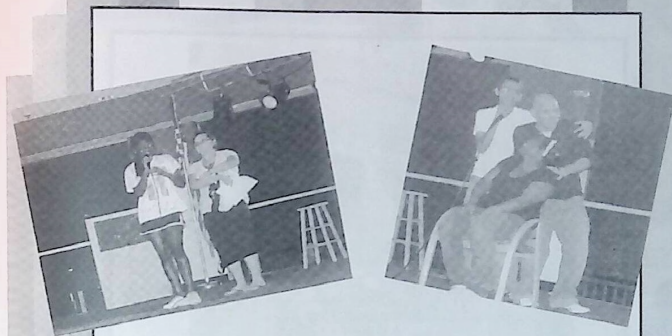
"Good morning Mr. President" the two men saluted he. "Good morning Gregory, you too Patrick." I shook their hands as we headed up to my office here in New York, were we rebuilt as much as we could for this reason.

"What do we have on the agenda today boys?" I joked with them about our age difference. "We've received a call from Agent Thomas in Paris they've cleared most of the mess there and are heading over to China to start the next project." "Glad to hear that's completed. We've got a lot to finish before we can finish out lived out normally now don't we." I had promised my brother I would change what had become of our world and my savior that I would followed his message.

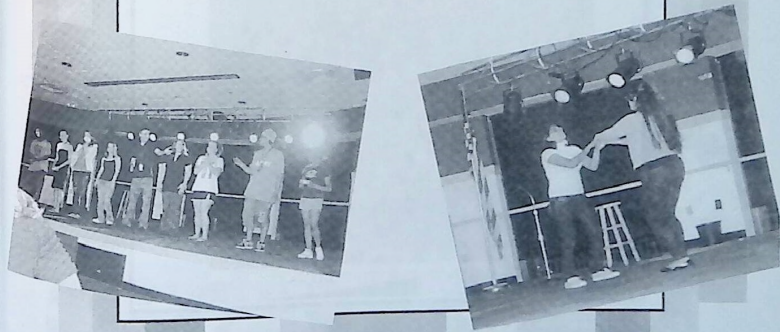
As I sat down at my desk to check off relief of Paris from my world relief program I smiled. Maybe, the destruction of our world had been good for us, it had cleared our world and allowed the survivors to start over, to begin a new and try their luck at a different society, a society closer to life, less eager to throw everything away and more determine to make the best of every small thing that came their way.



Upward Bound Coffee House



Upward Bound Coffee House





Upward Bound Coffee House



Upward Bound Coffee House



Best of luck, Upward Bound Seniors!



Great Job, Lit Mag Staff!

Good Times



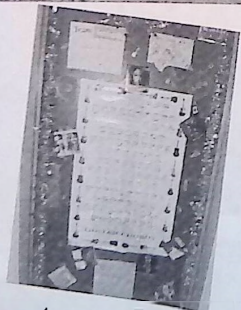
Dorm Life

Coffee House



Team Facebook

3-D Art



Door Decortaiion Contest



Team Facebook



Team Myspace



Team Youtube



T/C MakeOver
Tecnology Style



Team Twitter

1st place- Team
Twitter

2nd place-
Team Myspace

3rd Place- Team
Youtube



Team Itunes

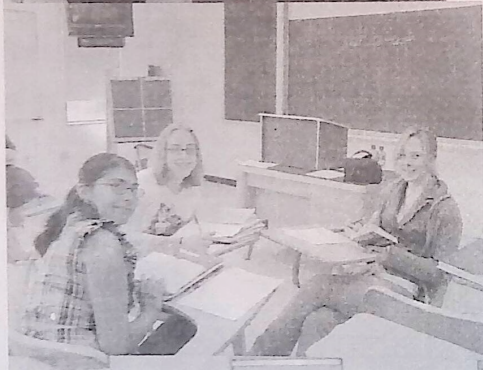


*Looks like
Diva #1
and Diva #2
have
some
competition!*

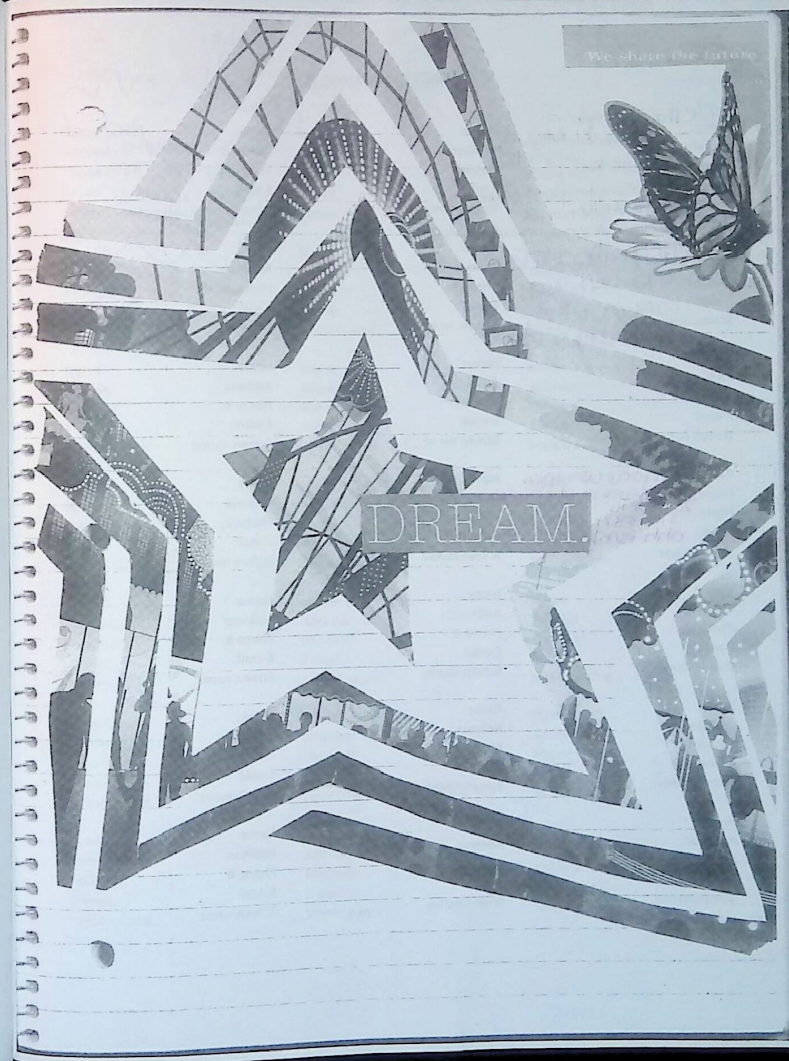


Absent from picture: Toby and Mrs. Ostrum

**Mr. Kudrack...Bio
class will never
be the same!**



U B R O C K S !



We shape the future

DREAM.

Autographs

451-3561
eric...eric...eric
what to say about
you. make sure you
wash hands and
brush your teeth!
lol! JTB. ill miss ya!
love ya much!

♥
CICENDI

Eric
Hey man, it was
nice meeting you +
getting 2 no you
well have a
Great Summer
love your
friend
Jeff

Eric,
Kind thanks for being on my team
Second - Call me when you are in the NCIT
Third - I want tickets to any NCIT games!
I'm very proud of you for all
the hard work.
God bless in
school!

Eric

HEY BFF KE BEAN!!
LOL!!...
you ma favorite walking Badaboy!!
wasting Time Boreas was gym the 9th...
this is ma Boreas was gym the 9th...
Love you lol. W1998. He He
hahaha!!

Autographs

Eric's Hair cut?
Need a
Love your person!
Mrs. De...
JTB



Eric
You really came a
long way since last
semester. - You just
need to stop picking on
Nelle. Dad told this
you and take UB with
you. I know you
will go far.
M... ..

eric,
I am so happy
I got to meet you
this Summer. never
change & keep in touch.
- Briana.

Hello Eric,
I truly
love you
♥️ Bwtanway
have a great
rest of the
summer!
- Nicole &
P.S. You need
your legs
shaved again
soon! again

Eric,
it's been awesome &
I'm glad you stuck
with UB. You better
not quit! I'll miss
the amekush @ my
locker. See you around!
Kait (201) 2993211

Eric
it was nice
meeting you.
Don't get into
any more trouble
Minerva

ERIC!!
It was a
great summer
getting to know
you, keep in
touch! 855-4631
- Kelly B

Eric,
Hey I'm glad you
stuck with UB, hope
you had lots fun
this summer!
ps you're a
great cheerer
- Jami Selby

this time im
going to finish
but idk where to
put it lol.

Eric,
omg where to start...

Autographs

Coneheads

and what to say
to you... we have so
many inside jokes... idk
I'll start with Chinese food and how sick

Shame
your legs.

It makes you just wonder whether it was
the general + so's chicken or the fortune
cookie. Or may be even bushes more you
and brush your teeth when your done. we so
have to gether and chill and "smoke that kush"

im going to miss you so much because
your like one of my besties that
tell every thing to. Your my fluffanutter
and im your peanut butter. I love
you girlie.

-Maureen

tho i love you
this much

P.S. I think i got everything...
and the Maureenisms.
info stalkers.

Autographs

Oh boy what
can I say but my
Supa hoe lol
call me bitch you
got my number
-hella

Eric,

It's been a fun
summer! You def.
have a lot of potential
& are aban leader! Never
give up! Stay positive &
remember to listen to others.
Good luck in school & I wish
you nothing but the best! Keep
up the GREAT work that
you do in your classes! Keepin
touch Man! I'll miss ya!!

TIC Mark

Eric,
you suck butt!!
Lmao JK, I'll be
seeing you many
more days. wont
miss you ~~miss~~ and
if I do I'll just walk
out side & have
fun the rest of the
summer.
JessCurtis

Eric
your a cool
guy wes good getting
to know you
-Crystal

Eric
your awesome
abdshh d do you
haha making
lits
oo go home

Autographs

Eric,

I have so much 2 say
about. I hate you
so much 1st of all let
me say. Watch when I
see you in the fall. We
definitely going 2 be fight.
You always say rude things
2 me. I love you in the
inside. Can't wait till this
baby pop out as you would
say. But I really love you
Bee.

Kiss Kiss
♡ Shaker♡

My Cuddles♡!!!

Eric,

you happen to be "the" most hilarious person I have
ever met. I'll never forget that ride home from the weezy concert
on the way... you can quit your day job because your one white
boy that can rap lol who cares if you got kicked from H/c your
still a really cool person. We should hang out sometime me, you,
and turn of whoever... go to some more concerts. Well you need
your pen so. K.I.T 606829353 Kat.

Eric(a),

You are a great
guy who brings
a lot to the table.
I have truly
enjoyed watching
you grow & mature
this summer &
your future looks
outstanding to
me. Keep the
drama in life to
a minimum in
your junior year
& don't let any
tell you that
you can't do
something. Keep
your head up!

La,
TIC Kaitlyn

Autographs

ERIC,

Wow! what in the world can I write about
you! You are an awesome person. You
are so funny. I'll miss you kid! lol
Have a great rest of the summer!
Stay out of trouble mister!
we need to hang :)

K.I.T. Love

♡ Marny DeGhan

Eric,

It was a pleasure getting
to know you. You have
a strong personality. Keep up
the good work. Next time
I'm going to pour water
over YOUR head.

TIC drama

Eric,

Dude you were something
else. It's been cool. +
It wouldn't kill ya to
text me every now & then.

Krista

Eric,
it was cool
getting to
know you
Weezy kicked
butt! hates
on are seals
Lawnmower
Ahah

K.I.T
Katieg!!!

Autographs

Eric,

You are a true gentleman who has the ability to do great things and always inspire those around him to be a team player. I can see you being an awesome coach one day and make your way up in the business world. You always brighten my day, and I loved being able to vent or talk about your day.

But you owe me a piggy back ride sometime since you never carried me ever (since you said you would) Stay true to you and never let anything or anyone bring you down.

T.C. Burt

Nice show

Cool hanging with you during the summer see you in school

Victor R.

Eric - I am so proud of the progress that you have made, you have a great potential as a student, but you have inspired me to finish what I started and for that I thank you!
Mr. K

So since you want me to write again I will write May all your dreams go true!
Mama

Eric,
I Hate you

☺
K thanks
♥Mawna

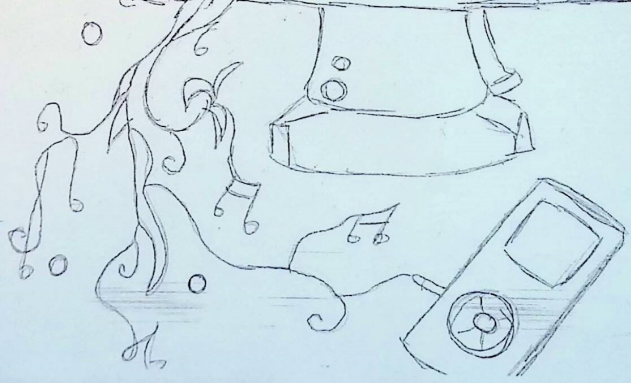
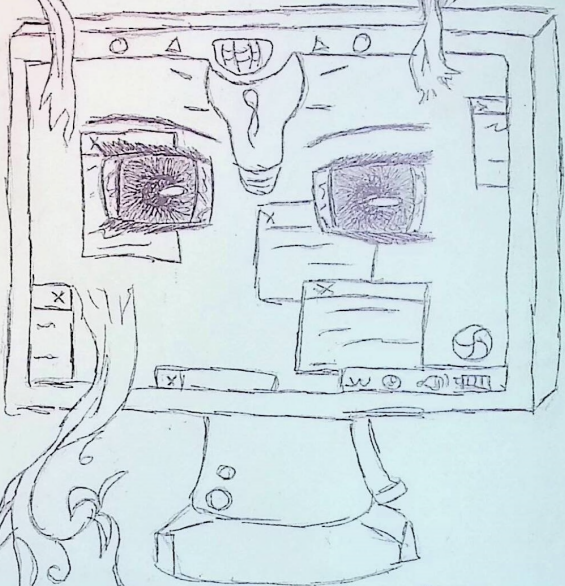
Eric - You were definitely the most challenging yet funniest student I've had this summer! I really will miss your antics! I'm so glad you had a good summer! Remember to always consider the team in team work! See you in September!
Steph

Eric - No offense but you need to respect people of different colors in life!
- Toby

Eric - Even though I technically wasn't allowed to talk to you, I'm glad I broke the awesome kid rule at Harvard! You are a really nice guy! See you in September!
Toby

P.S.: And all the girls say your pretty fly 4 a white guy

1 new msg. 1
future
yesterday



Bobbie J.
Richie