

Megan

BBB

2003

# UPWARD BOUND

Amanda Lopez  
Bill + Susan!!

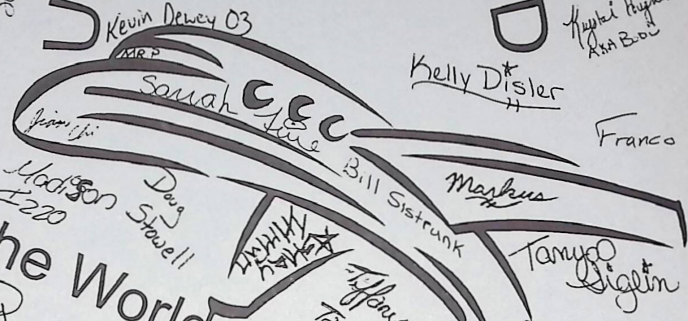
Cori  
Bob

Jim  
Robin  
Kori Murgallis

Mac

Hayden  
A&A

Michael Potbeski



Sarah

Kelly Disler

Franco

Markus

Bill Sistrunk

Tamara

Madison  
Dag  
Stowell

# The World of Imagination

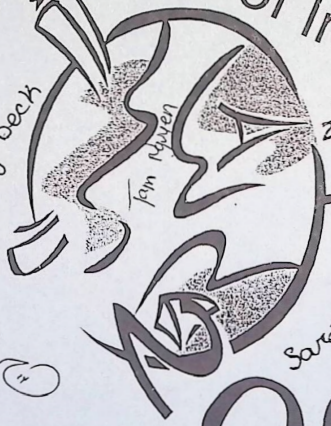
Rachel Sklamy  
Justin Adams

Christina  
Henderson

Sara Richaishi  
Brittany Bech

Melody Zapotoczny

Aurora Mae Jordan



Tom

Savette Tymkowskie

# 2003

Cassie

Jimmy Lowell

Amy Saccoccini

Stephan Babinski  
Lanny Melfy

Katerina Scherbinina

Francis Tandoh

Mike #4 & Mike

Travis

in...



## LITERARY MAGAZINE STAFF

- |                      |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| ▼ Mr. Peters         | ▼ Douglas Stowell   |
| ▼ Brittany Beck      | ▼ Francis Tandoh    |
| ▼ Christina Hargrave | ▼ Justin Winters    |
| ▼ Steve Lulewicz     | ▼ Melody Zapotoczny |
| ▼ Tara Monahan       | ▼ Cindie Zupancic   |

### **\*Special Thanks to:**

MR. PAUL MCHESTRY	MR. PAUL EVANS	MS. ANDREA BRYANT
MS. DONNA CHAJKO	MR. KEVIN HASTIE	MS. BEVERLY GLENNON
MR. TOM JARMIOLOWSKI	MR. JERRY HROMISIN	MR. RICH HOFFMAN
MRS. MICKIE OSTROM	MRS. MARIE KONOPKE	MS. NICOLE MELARA
	MR. BILL KOZICKI	MS. VICTORIA BIRKENHEAD
MS. SARAH BECKER	MR. PAT PETERS	MS. MARIELAN MOSCA
MR. MICHAEL STEELE	MS. ANNEMARIE PIRAGOS	
MS. MARY PELAK	MS. BARBARA SEFCIK	
MS. SARAH LOYD	MR. GORDON WILLIAMS	
MS. JAMIE KARPOVICH	MS. WASHINSKI	
MR. DARRON BADDEN		
MR. MATT SHEEHAN		
MR. BRIAN SOY		

*... FOR YOUR WISDOM AND KINDNESS!*



A World of Imagination....

Poems, Artwork, Short Stories..etc..

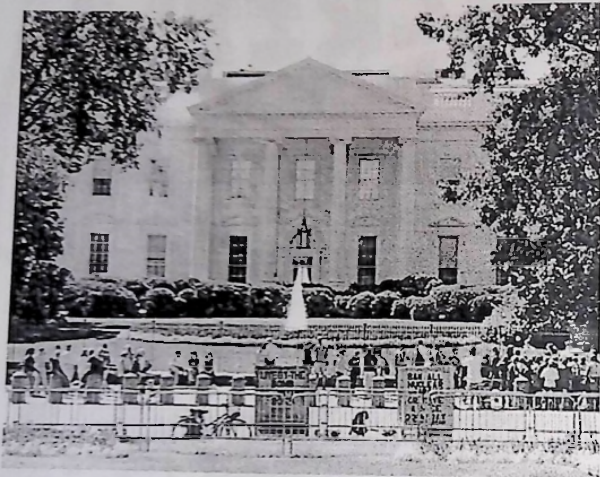
Upward Bound Summer of 03'

Wilkes University  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa 18766





## The White House



For two hundred years, the White House has stood as a symbol of the Presidency, the United States government, and the American people. In November 1800, the White House first resident's were President John Adams and First Lady Abigail Adams. The White House was burned by the British in 1814 during the war of 1812. When they were restoring the building, the smoke-stained grey stonewalls were painted white. The name "White House", however, was not used until Theodore Roosevelt engraved on his stationery in 1901. Prior to that the White House was known as "President's Palace," the "President's House," and THE "Executive Mansion."

Justin Winters

SAT Math

7/7/03

### Stabilizing the Leaning Tower

The Leaning Tower of Pisa has become one of the most recognizable engineering feats as well as blunders of our time. As its name applies, the most notable characteristic of the tower is its lean. Using architectural, engineering, and mathematical concepts, experts from these fields came up with a method to stabilize the tower. Because I am interested in pursuing a career in the engineering field, I felt this would be an excellent article to work with.

This article details the history of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and it's steps to becoming stabilized. In 1137, construction on the tower began, but was soon stopped because of political strife. Almost immediately, the lean was evident in the tower. The cause of the lean is the composite of clay, fine sand, and shells the tower is built on. Over the next few centuries, more of the tower was built on, causing a greater lean to form. In 1990, the tower was closed for fear of its collapsing. Recently, a group of engineers, architects, and mathematicians devised a plan to help alleviate the massive lean of the tower. They devised a soil extraction method to improve the foundation that the tower was held on. The system worked well, and has thus far moved the tower 20 inches back, where it was in 1838.

This project could not have been possible without the use of mathematics. When the researchers first began their mission to rescue the tower, it was necessary to determine just how far the tower was leaning. Using basic trigonometry, mathematicians learned that the tower had leaned 5.5 degrees. When researchers tried to place the results of this on a computer model, it could not replicate the actual position (5.5 degrees off perpendicular) because the model collapsed at 5.44 degrees. Researchers then began the task of determining where and how far they should dig to remove the soil. Using mathematics to determine the optimal position, the researchers began the digging and were met with great success. The tower began to shift to its normal position, and at the moment is only 13 feet off center.



### Percents in Newspapers

I got a coupon from the Citizens' Voice newspaper from an ad by REX. This is a coupon for car stereos with 10% off. They can choose from Audiovox, JVC, Pioneer, Jensen and Sony. On the other hand this coupon contradicts itself by saying "A big 10% off any car stereo with coupon". They said choose from any car stereo and then choose from the five listed above. When you get a coupon it would be a good idea to read the fine print.

When people find this coupon in an ad they think to themselves, "Okay I save 10% off this car stereo so I should go and get it". Well the store knows that the average person is not going to go into a store and just buy one thing. Of course not, they are going to buy more than one item. In all reality they did not save that 10% of a dollar, but they are more likely to lose more than 10%. This is because the items most likely will cost more than \$10 (that is not including tax) in an electronic store. Therefore saving 10% is more like losing 10%.

For example say that the car stereo is \$100.00. With the 10% off this price it would be \$90.00. Now add the tax and you get \$95.40. This is a savings of \$4.60. Now this is not counting all the other items you have decided to purchase. To sum it up you have saved \$10 on the cost of the item, and 6% of the \$10 that you would have paid for the tax. When you go into a store you should keep in mind even though you have a coupon just think, "Hey I know I am going to spend more!"

Michael Potoeski

July 7, 2003

SAT Math

### DDT Per-centa-fish

Percentages play a roll in everyday life. It also plays a roll in the life of scientists. Scientists are people who use data in many different ways. One way is for scientists to detect the amount of Pollution in the environment over a given amount of years. This type of data is a good way of finding out if the world is turning to the light or dark side on any given day.

To get the idea of percentages, we need to look at the basics. First, a percentage is any number over 100. If you have a 6% sales tax, which means that for every Hundred Dollars you spend, you have to pay an extra 6 dollars. To get to a reduction in something, you need to cross-multiply. Simply put the percent of reduction over one hundred, and put an equal sign after the problem. Then put the new number over the old number. Then cross-multiply. That is how you find a reduction.

The article that I chose deals with the reduction of pollution found in Lake Michigan's fish supply. There was a 90% reduction of DDT polluted fish compared to 1973 when the ban was first enacted. This is good considering DDT can lead to death because it does not leave the body.



John Butz

### Summer Blowout Sale

JC Penny is having a big "Summer Blowout Sale" from June 24 to July 2. The article states that there will be a 20%-50% discount on many of the store items. The items on sale are summer clothing, swimwear, pool items, and outdoor tools.

Summer is a good time to bring a great deal of customers into the store by using discounts. For example, people are in need of new clothing for the summertime. Once you see the "Summer Blowout Sale" then they are attracted to the store. In the end, JC Penny has the advantage because customers do all their shopping while in the store.

An example of this percentage issue would be, a grill selling for \$150 with a 20% discount. To do this we take  $20/100 = x/150$ . Following this we cross-multiply to get

$3000 = 100x$ . Then we divide divide both sides, resulting in 30. Therefore, in the end the grill sells for \$120.

I also believe stores use arranged slogans to attract people's attention. By seeing 50% they immediately think half off, but when you arrive mostly everything is 20% off, while little things such as socks are 50% off. In my opinion, the 50% off is just used to draw attention to the ad.



BILL SISTRUNK

THE GREATEST SALES ARE TWO WEEKS FROM THE 4<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY WHERE IT HAS 95% OF ITS SALES. FIREWORKS ARE GETTING MORE POPULAR AMONG PEOPLE EVERY YEAR. THE INJURIES DUE TO FIREWORKS ARE AT AN ALL TIME LOW, WHICH MEANS THE USE OF THEM IS VERY HIGH. AMERICANS SPEND EACH YEAR AROUND \$725 MILLION ON FIREWORKS MAINLY BECAUSE THEY ENJOY USING THEM FOR ENTERTAINMENT. MANY PYROTECHNICIANS AND WHOLESALERS BENEFIT FROM THIS AND MAKE A GOOD LIVING SELLING FIREWORKS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

THE WAY PERCENTAGE IS USED ON THIS ISSUE IS VERY SIMPLE. OVER A WHOLE YEAR, ONLY 5% OF FIREWORKS ARE BOUGHT FROM AUGUST TO JUNE. IN JULY, THE OTHER 95% OF FIREWORKS ARE SOLD. SINCE \$725 MILLION ARE SPENT ON FIREWORKS, WE CAN SEE HOW MUCH OF THAT MONEY IS SPENT IN JULY. THE WAY TO DO THAT IS TO PUT  $95/100 = X/725$ . AFTER THAT, CROSS-MULTIPLY AND THEN YOU WILL GET  $100X = 68875$ . THEN DIVIDE BY 100 AND YOU WILL GET A FINAL ANSWER OF \$688,750,000 FOR THE MONTH OF JULY.

THE REASON I CHOSE THIS ARTICLE IS BECAUSE IT LOOKED VERY INTERESTING TO ME. I LIKE FIREWORKS AND WAS ALWAYS WONDERING HOW MUCH MONEY IT CAN ACTUALLY MAKE IN ONE YEAR. I WAS SURPRISED, HOWEVER, THAT THEY WOULD SELL SO MUCH

IN JULY. THE 4<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY IS ONE OF THE BEST HOLIDAYS, MAINLY BECAUSE OF THE SIGNIFICANCE OF IT. WE CELEBRATE THIS HOLIDAY BECAUSE IT IS OUR COUNTRY'S BIRTHDAY, AND THIS DAY GAVE US OUR FREEDOM. IT ORIGINATED IN JULY 2<sup>ND</sup>, 1777, WHEN JOHN ADAMS CELEBRATED THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF INDEPENDENCE WITH A BONFIRE AND FIREWORKS. BY 1778, THE HOLIDAY WAS BEING CELEBRATED ON THE OFFICIAL DATE OF JULY 4<sup>TH</sup>.



Melody Zapotoczny

The Pennsylvania American Water Company (PAWC) has requested a sixty-five million dollar rate increase so the could recover the lost investments of anti-terrorism. The state's Public Utility Commission (PUC) rejected the fifteen dollars a year per residential customer. They plan to try again, but this time, have an 18.2% increase in the basic rates. They will not know if the plan will go through. We are going to find out the results by the end of January in the year of 2004.

The Pennsylvania American Water Company serves about 611,000 in America. In other countries, they serve more than two million. If this plan goes through, this would be the first one since January of 2002. The monthly increase would be 15.4%. For example, if your bill were \$56.25, then it would be increased to about \$64.91. The way I figured this out was to set up a proportion. The percent is per hundred and then x over the original price. Then, cross-multiply and get \$8.66. Then you add the \$8.66 to the original price and get the cost of the new bill that is \$64.91.

This percent helps figure out the monthly cost. Percent in this case helps figure out their rates and the only thing that means more money out of your pocket. Pretty much, the article tells you that the government or PAWC is taking more money from us every day. The money they take from us goes toward things that the country really does not need. I have one question for you, Is it right to pass on the cost to the consumer for such things as bad investments, managements and terrorism?

Madison Izzo

Did you ever stop to think about why percents pop out all over the place when you are trying to read something? They make it so you just can't miss it and you get interested so you have to keep reading. So you get caught up in what you are reading and you wind u spending more money than you need to.

For example, I did my percent article from a YM magazine. "What Do You Think of Pretty Boys?" is the name. The percents in this article say that 55 out of every 100 girls think they are ok as friends, but could never go out with guys who dress better than we girls do. Anther 25 out of 100 girls say that they have described all of their past and hopefully future boyfriends as pretty boys. These guys are truly in touch with their sensitive side. The last 20 out f 100 girls say one thing: ick. So the percents in this article are: 55% say they are ok as friends, 25% say "give me", and the last 20% say "no keep away".

The people of this particular magazine write about things that appeal to the average teenage girl. They pick topics they know will



get a lot of attention. They know how to use what the average teenage girl thinks to their advantage. They pick topics that will keep readers interested throughout the whole magazine.

YM Magazine has a percent number to catch the reader's attention. They put it in places where it pops right out at you. You finish an article you like, and there is a poll about the article and you're happy. So they want to make sure you are satisfied so you continue reading. Thus, continue to buy their magazine.

So beware of that you read in a magazine or article. They want to make sure they keep you reading and interested. They know it appeals to most people who are looking at percents, they know how to put it so it catches your eye. This means possibly more money spending for you than is necessary.

Jessica Van Dyke

Mr. Evans

SAT Math Period 2

7 July 2003

#### "Something's Fishy"

Hawaii has a very big problem. The island's fish, which is one of the most precious resources, are disappearing. The proportion of adults seen in catch reports for one valuable species of bottom fish, Ehu, is down 10% if its levels of 50 years ago, and the second bottom fish, Onaga, has also faced a dramatic decline. The reef fish are also in decline. Fishes like Onaga and Ehu have always been the highly valued fish in Hawaii. Their bright red color means good luck in Asian Culture and the fish is often served on ceremonial occasions where its symbolic meaning is important. These fish are slow growing and take a long time to mature and reproduce and are susceptible to over fishing.

Brian Tissot, a marine ecologist has found that in areas that are targeted by aquarium collectors, populations of eight of the most popular species had fallen anywhere from 38 to 57%. Hawaii is restricting fishing and the collecting of aquarium fish from certain areas. All over the world, biologists are studying about the fish's habits, monitoring fish populations, and tracking their movements. In a five-year study, a biologist named Bill Walsh has found that a Yellow tang is no longer declining in the newly protected areas but is declining in open areas. Unlike freshwater tropical fish, which are cultivated in tanks, most salt-water fish are caught in tropical reefs. In Hawaii, divers herd fish into large nets, then they use hand nets to scoop them into buckets. In



good weather, an average diver can pull in 100 to 150 Yellow tang a day. On other reefs around the world, collecting is more aggressive. Fishermen, use cyanide to stun fish, making them easy to scoop up. There are other problems that are also threatening to the fish such as over fishing, warming of oceans, and pollution from human development. It threatens both the reefs themselves and the fish that feed off them. Over fishing is when fish are caught faster than they can reproduce such as when large mature fish are depleted and more immature fish, which have not yet spawned, are caught. We need to fish wisely to protect populations. By not over fishing, fish populations have time to increase their numbers so there will be fish for everyone to enjoy in many years to come.

I chose this article "Something's Fishy" because the population of fish is important to our society not just in Hawaii but also all around the world. We need fish not only for the looks of the environment, but also for food and the economy. Fishing is an important part of life for many local residents. Unfortunately many of our fishery resources have been declining for years. Some of our bottom fishes like Onega and Opakapaka are at critically low levels around the man Hawaiian Islands. We must reduce over fishing to help the populations of these species recover. Fishery resources must be managed so fish and other aquatic life can be conserved and sustained for future generations. If you count the added income as the fish are sold to retailers, restaurants, hotels, consumers, plus the revenues from supporting the fishing fleet, fuel, ice, and supplies, the value of the fishery is very important. Not only do humans need fish for food, but the fish also provides food for other living organisms that need to survive. The declining of the fish population affects not only Hawaii but also the society and the economy around us.

## Big Ben



The most famous clock face and chimes in the world, Big Ben is actually the name of the biggest bell (13.5 tons) inside The Clock Tower (320ft) which forms part of the HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Built in 1858/9 the bell was named after one Sir Benjamin Hall and when it was cast it was Britain's heaviest bell. The clock's four dials each have a diameter of 23ft, the minute hands are 14ft long and the numerals on each face are nearly 2 feet high.



## The Choice

*A knock brings you down to the door. A young woman holding a small child is framed in the doorway. The yellow star on her coat sleeve is partially hidden by the blanket, which swaddles the child. She asks you to take care of the child, a little boy of two or three, until she returns. She tells you that her husband has made contact with the partisans, and that she is going to meet him. She tells you that she will come back as soon as she can. Desperately she offers you a gold chain as payment. What would you do...?*

It is 1943 and the Second World War is taking place. Adolf Hitler of the Nazi party has been named Chancellor of Germany and has appointed himself dictator. He is now the commander of the Third Reich.

Because I am German, I have been asked if I am a Nazi and nothing angers me more, since I am so exact opposite.

In my house I have a labyrinth of tunnels under some floorboards leading to a secret place in the woods, in case of an emergency. Everyone knew the penalties for harboring a Jew. You would be killed for sure. With this thought in mind, the next day I left the child with my son, in the hiding spot, to go to the nearest city and purchase weaponry.

When I arrived at my house the next day there were German S.S. officers coming in the opposite direction. As I walked through my door they approached me. They spoke of reports that I was hiding a Jew in my house. I instinctively said, "No of course not. I hate the damn Jews! Heil Hitler." As I stood with my arm extended in the traditional salute, thoughts raced through my mind. "What if they found the Jewish child? What would they say?"

They entered my house without permission mainly because they did not need it. "Why do you have all those guns," one officer asked. I said, "For protection." "Protection from what," the second officer growled. "The damn Jews," I quickly responded.

After about an hour, they were done searching the house. They did not notice the loose boards that lead to the hiding place. After refusing a drink they were on their way. I walked about fifteen minutes before going to my child and the baby. After learning of my wife's death (She was caught in the crossfire in the market. An S.S. officer was firing at a Jew and misfired, killing my wife.), I decided it would be best for my son and the child to stay in hiding. Some weeks I barely had enough food for us, other weeks there was an abundance.

Hitler wasn't only after Jews; he was after Blacks, Christians, Buddhists, Catholics, and any other "imperfect" people, including the handicapped. Towards the end of the war, it was chaos. The "imperfects" were taken off to death camps by the truckload. The allied forces were moving in on liberating the camps. Germany was losing ground fast, but you would not know because Hitler's right hand man (who had polio and walked with a severe limp) was in charge of all propaganda. There was only one newspaper and radio station. I was still safe for the time being. I would also stay safe.

It is now 2003, and I was dying at the ripe age of 89. My son is now 61, and the Jewish boy, who I adopted, is now 52. The Jewish child's mother and father were killed at the Warsaw Resistance. As I lay dying, I called for him. "I am not your father," I said. He stood, puzzled. "Your mother came to me and asked me to take you in. She handed you to me and ran off into the woods to meet your father. She said she would be back in a couple of days, but she never was. She and your father were caught in Warsaw. They were massacred. When I found she never came back, I raised you as my own," I explained, pulling a gold charm out of my pocket. "Here, she gave this to me before she left. I want you to have it," I said handing him the charm. "I love you son." Those were my last words. Before I passed I realize for every evil bastard out there, there is someone who is just as compassionate and willing to give up their own life to save another. It still stands true to this day.

Michael Ackey



Horror House  
By: Mike Potoski, #1

There, Richard Anthony the 3rd walked to the steps, his little 8-year-old legs carrying him up to the top. He was standing there gawking at the huge house that was now his. He was ignoring his parents, who were having the servants get their luggage from the buggy. The stairs he was walking on were granite, the most expensive kind. The huge house was a huge testament to his father's love of material objects. It took three years to complete the house. A huge amount of money was used for all the intricate designs of the house. It was indeed a beautiful house, the worst kind.

The 14-year-old boy looked ardently out into the street. July 29th was just beginning and his birthday was going to be a wonderfully exuberant day; there was a surprise in the newspaper and he wanted to see it. As he looked for something to pass the time, he noticed the workers trying to fix the chimney, which had fallen down the night before during the storm. He could still smell the brick and mortar still in the air. His mother was in the backyard, reading the family Bible and having the servants do the house chores. He noticed the car pull into the driveway; the newspaper was here. He began to run at the man, but at the same time he heard the creaking. The scaffolding attached to the house was groaning. He turned around, and saw everything happen in slow motion, the servants running away; his mother sitting there heavily engrossed in the Bible. The scaffolding began to fall. He wanted to warn his mother, but a spell of silence had been released. He watched in silence as the scaffolding fell and hit his mother, knowing that the impact had killed her instantly. At that moment, the spell was broken, he began to run towards her, screaming at her to answer him and waiting for that answer.

He never noticed the headlines in the newspaper "Happy Birthday Richard, Loved Always Mom and Dad".

He got out of his car at the end of the driveway, knowing full well what he was going to have to put up with. Richard was now 20 years old. He was coming home from Harvard for vacation, the last place he wanted to be. The first thing he saw of the house was the chimney; a twinge of old pain began to grow. He passed a small patch of land, separated by a white fence. The fence was a hard wood, which only grew in the Far East; another show of his father's love of wealth and possessions. "At least my mother is close to home," he thought, even though he knew that home was not the same.

He walked up the granite steps, trying to remember how it felt to be happy and innocent. He heard little feet in the entrance room. The door opened and there stood a little girl, with her hand nestled in her mother's hand, Jennifer. He felt anger rise up in him, but he kept it concealed with a courteous smile. He knew what her appearance meant; his father was not home. "Big surprise," he thought. They exchanged their hellos with as little tension as possible. There voices sounding hollow of any real emotion. "This is going to be a long weekend," he thought.

As he entered the house, he was again struck by the beauty and majesty of it. His father had definitely changed things though. There was now a huge black gate that blocked the main hall from the foyer. They were blacker than obsidian, but seemed to have an unnatural strength. There also seemed to be a less amount of servants around compared to when he lived here. His father was getting more paranoid. As he began to enter the main hall, a sense of foreboding began to grow inside him. It seemed a choice was now presenting itself to him; enter the house, or leave and never come back. Something had changed in the house, and he knew it. The feeling of fear never completely went away from that moment on.

The next few days went surprisingly smooth. Jennifer was acting nice to him, too nice. From the time that she married his father, she always hated him. Now she was happy, because she had two daughters of her own; Crystal and Laura. When he asked how Crystal was doing, Jennifer paled and said that she was sick and could not be bothered. When he asked how Laura was doing Jennifer began to talk about how wonderful Laura was. When he had heard enough, he began to head up the stairs. He could feel the stairs give way underneath his weight ever so slightly, as if burdened by too many memories of evil. The wood of the rail was cold and starving for warmth. As he walked up the stairs, he heard a noise coming from the third floor. The top floor was bedrooms, and as far as he had known no longer used. As he saw the floor, he knew this was the place where his father kept all of his trinkets; relics of long forgotten wars, and some devices that he didn't even want to know about. He noticed one door that stood apart from all the rest. It was not so much a physical difference, but an emotional one. There was a cold barrier that blocked all happy emotions. He tried to open the door, but the door was locked. He figured that he would go down

stairs and go outside, to see if there was anyone in the window. As he walked down the stairs, that feeling of fear was overwhelming. He began to run down the stairs, and turned the corner to go outside. He turned at the sound of squeaking, and saw two girls going down the stairs. Laura and some other little girl began to fall. At that everything began to fall, and he blacked out.

Richard pulled up to those black steps, hopefully for the last time. He was now 29 years old. 1940, and 1941 were a huge draft year. He had managed to be "left behind" by having his pocket lightened just a little. He was almost laughing at how he heard his of his stepmother's death. She had been drinking again, and was reaching for a bottle of White Wine brought over from Italy. She was reaching for it on the mantle when a portrait of St. Peter fell and hit her on the head. When she fell she cracked her head off of the bottom of the fireplace. A huge amount of soot fell on her and suffocated her. He was happy from that moment on. He walked into the house, no longer feeling that dread; the house was now a comfort. It was a protector, something that would not let him down. He walked to the stairs, and looked at the new boards. All were beautifully hideous with Snakes and Demons were carved into the wood. The fireplace was a beautiful marble, newly refinished. The same designs were on the mantle as was on the stairs. This house was a beautiful, and hideous inspiration to Richard. He had picked the right person to carve these engravings. He had the whole house redone, because his father no longer wanted to live in this house. He had given it over to Richard; Richard loved this house. He had installed a telephone system, so that he no longer needed to go out into the harsh world. He would phone his servant's and they would drop off his food, and other necessities. He would never leave this house again; he was a stranger to the outside. The outside would lie to him, and give him false hopes, but the house would always be the same way; a destructive force of nature. Issuing orders to its unassuming victims, but Richard did not know this. For him the house was a source of strength and power. He now was his on creature able to go anywhere he wanted, as long as it was in the house. The house that was always in his dreams, and in his mind until the day he died and even after that.



Sunrise Comes Too Soon  
By: Chris Hargrave

Blaze awoke at sundown, her favorite time of day. Stretching her long arms over her head, she got dressed in her usual outfit: black spandex pants and a black belly shirt. Had she the ability to cast a reflection, she would have seen a knockout. A tall frame accompanied by a slender figure would stare back at her with clear hazel eyes. Her eyes reflected little flecks of brown, the same color as her butt-length hair. Had she the ability to cast a reflection, she would have seen she had everything a man could want... and more.

But Blaze's heart belonged to but one man. He was the man who made her what she is today... Immortal.

Katon had been her first love. He had been twenty-one, while she was just a girl at nineteen. She remembered the day he died, and how she wept with grief all night. Only when exhaustion finally overcame her did she sleep.

When she awoke, she found herself staring into the grey-blue eyes of her beloved. "Katon?" she whispered. He silenced her with a finger and lowered his lips to kiss her neck. Blaze didn't scream when he bit down. She wanted to be with him, even if this was the only way.

That had been almost four hundred years ago. Katon was gone now. They had been together for about a century and a half when a group of Irishmen cornered them. Katon gave his life so she could escape, and as she watched him die, Blaze vowed revenge. All of their descendants would feel her wrath, she swore it.

There was a rave going on downtown tonight, the perfect spot for her hunt. She had one person left, the descendant of the leader of the group that had killed her love. She had spent years tracking him down, and now was the time. As soon as the final ray of sunlight disappeared from the sky, she left her two-room apartment and climbed up the fire escape.

She jumped from roof-top to roof-top, finally landing across the street from the party spot. As she rose, her nose detected a familiar scent... the blood of Patrick Devine, the leader... or, more accurately, the blood of his descendent. The final piece to the puzzle of her revenge.

Blaze jumped down off the roof-top and sauntered past the bouncer. She knew he would have no objection to her being here.

The music was almost deafening, and that was how Blaze liked it. Her eyes scanned the crowd before falling on her prey. There he was... the final piece to her deadly game.

With a wicked grin, she danced towards him, and he caught her eye. They began dancing together, so close, Blaze could hear his heartbeat, feel the blood course through his veins. He was hers, and she knew it.

With a flick of her neck, they were out of there. Blaze, laughing, led him away from the rave, down a dark alley. Above them, on the left, was a fire escape Blaze planned to use in case something went wrong.

The alley was dark, smelly, and a dead end. "How fitting he should die here," Blaze thought as he was suddenly all over her. Pulling his face away from her neck, she brought his eyes to meet hers. Then she let her face change. Her eyes, once a clear hazel, became a deep royal purple, and when she smiled at the sense of panic rising in his chest, she bared fangs.

He tried to scream, but was silenced as she bit into his neck, stopping only when she felt the thick liquid coat her tongue and throat. She drained him quickly, but failed to notice her own blood on his lips.

Her head snapped up as she heard voices calling his name. Turning, she left her prey lying dead on the cold ground of the alleyway, and climbed up the fire escape. Standing on the roof-top above, she winked at the corps below. "My revenge is complete," she whispered. "For you, Kay."

As Blaze stole into the night, her victim slowly stirred on the cold ground below. His eyes opened, revealing bright icy blue where crystal green once rested. "Blaze..." he whispered in a low growling voice. "I shall find you again... I promise you that."





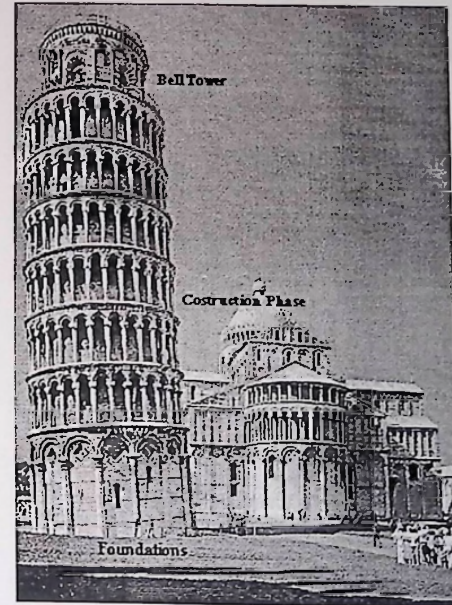
## The Importance of Bringing homework to study hall...

The importance of bringing homework to study hall is so you have it all done. You won't have to waste your free time doing it. Or also you could be up half the night working on it. That would not be good because then you would be sleeping in class. Another reason is so your TC's will know you have your homework completed. If you don't bring it to class and don't do it at night then you are likely not to do it. That would not be good either because there is no excuse on I had no time because we had one and half hours of time. And you also have time at night. These are all the reasons I can think of but even though sometimes I don't bring homework to study hall all my work gets completed.

Doug



## Leaning Tower Of Pisa



The Tower started to sink after the construction of the third floor. Every year the Tower moves .05 inches.



### Guilty

*It feels like a hole in my heart  
No, feels much more like a dart  
What's wrong you ask?  
You shouldn't possibly know,  
You'd bear my pain  
I feel just so.*

*He left me,  
He's gone.  
Should I feel guilty?  
Should I leave as well?  
End the suffering that is sinking my soul?  
But yes he left me with a life  
Yet I don't know if I should still lead.*

*Now I feel it more,  
I never said "goodbye".  
I waved though.  
Do you think he was mad?  
The wave had no love like words really have.*

*I do feel guilty,  
Guilty of love I had  
And never knew.*

### A Promise

*Sweet sixteen is coming soon,  
I won't be your little girl anymore.  
Graduation, time to start my life,  
No more am I the high school charm.  
I'm getting old so fast.  
Here I am looking for my wedding gown,  
Just hope you think he's the right man.  
Yet how great it all sounds,  
My future seems so empty  
Now because your gone.  
It's a fathers promise to always  
Be there for those wonderful things,  
Though you're not coming back,  
You can promise me this...  
That you'll be there to  
Make the fire light my candles on my cake,  
Be there, to blow the wind  
For my graduation cap when we celebrate,  
Be there, so that my gown will fall in perfect place  
While I'm taking my next step in life,  
Be there, so it's not empty anymore.*

*\*Tara Monahan\**

*In memory of John F. Monahan III ~ Rest in peace*

### The Race

Can you see Jimmie Johnson,  
Looming past the other.  
Another spot has been taken,  
Passing the guy in the lead.  
"No, no a thousand times no"  
came from one person in the stands,  
while shaking his fists and yelling.  
As Jimmie Johnson,  
Inches toward the  
Finish line.  
No one is seating down.  
Guys and girls are cheering,  
Because,  
Our guy has just won,  
The Race

By: Sharon Rose Lamoreaux

### Apples

Apples are ripe when we go to school  
When the weather is warm and it's so cool  
One day my grandma brought a bag  
I thought there was a snack  
I grabbed a bag and put it on the table  
And then took off the label  
And I saw some apples.  
I left the room  
And went into the bathroom  
And when I came back  
On the table was only an empty bag.

By: Katerina Scherbinina



The opening room was like the hull of the ship.  
Cross beams meeting to support.  
A chain like an anchor came down.  
Ghastly candles cast a gloomy glow  
Rain pelted the roof like pitter-pattering of little feet  
Conjuring images of a storm tossed ship  
Iron Gates led to their main hall were like the gates of heaven and hell  
Blacker then the obsidian heart of the devil  
Gates that never opened for the living  
Opening slowly for most but quicker for a few  
Hinges creaked and moaned in protest  
Crying against this forceful act  
The entrance was open to take that first step  
A step for life and death  
To take that step would be madness  
No mortal feet could touch that floor  
To shed the mortal coil is the only way to enter  
Forsaking all emotions love, hatred, happiness, fear, comfort, jealousy  
Inside was warm, calm, peaceful, and inviting  
Outside was harsh, bitter, and pain  
The step was taken  
No going back  
Two giant chairs housed two giant angels, preparing the way for the almighty  
No un-judged person could enter the four rooms within  
A huge being came down, showing a life  
A beginning...  
An end...

Michael Potoeski

Stole my heart away  
My life turned to clay  
Took my sight away  
Love appears so sweet  
Each and every day  
I stood before you  
Like I do  
I feel for you  
You will always be my boo!

By: Anonymous









Waiting, watching  
Hungry for food  
Here in the shadows,  
Dark in the night  
Where I can roam,  
Elusive to light.  
Long fangs and a short fuse  
(Don't cross a vampire)  
Someone walks by,  
Looks but not sees  
Suddenly striking feeding real quick  
Somebody's coming  
Time to run  
Find another snack,  
God what fun!  
Sunrise comes too soon.

By: Christina Hargrave

## THE GIRL AND THE HOUSE

As I was passing by the college compose around 9:30 pm and I  
Saw a building really old and creepy  
It looked like there was nobody living in there so I decided to go in.  
As I approached the building I saw the little girl (Jodie)  
Dressed in a white fuzzy dress seeming desperately unwanted  
As I got closer and closer I saw her dress blowing  
As if it was windy, I asked her "why are you sitting by the door  
She looked at me in a very solemn way and said  
I have been frightened my whole life, I tried to perceive with solace  
She yelled and said, "Look out he's coming to get you "  
I turned around but nothing was there, she yelled again "he's getting closer,  
Lets go inside and lock the door, hurry, hurry" right after she said that I realized  
What she was going through all year. We hurried and went down to the  
To the basement, immediately we got there  
Saw the stuffs shaking; as I raised my head to look up I saw a huge  
Wooden part of the building ready to fall on my head  
Both of us screamed as I jumped to the other side of the building  
As the wooden piece fell down it was a box, which had  
A baby boy in it; the baby was covered with a pure  
White blanket, dead. Jodie sat down and covered her face with her hands  
As if there was some bereavement in her family.  
We went upstairs to her mothers room and found a skeleton of her  
Mother. Jodie looked at it, shook her head and said  
"I'm the only one left" We got out with blood all over our body and  
Found ambulance and a big crowd waiting for us.  
I heard someone from back saying, "You are the hero Francis"  
The end

By, Francis Falcun Tandoh



To each his own, but to everyone else they can jump off a cliff.  
The path of life is the most chosen challenge.  
It can often disturb us.  
But it's the only way to go.  
We were put here for a purpose.  
I still don't know.  
I like being who I am.  
Sometimes that can be a trip.  
The world can be a horrible place.  
Why does it have to be that way?  
People need to be less judgmental.  
A world with less havoc is a better place to live.  
Silence is the sound of water running downstream.

Anonymous

### Spider



A spider on an old man's beard  
Is like a bush covered with reptiles  
It looks weird to see  
Some creature on a person's body  
Imagine a man with a long beard  
And found himself searching  
For something in his beard

Francis Tando



### Smile Sparkle Shine

A smile sparkle shine upon her face  
In the unforeseeable future she knows her place  
The "In" Crowd, Lets go team go  
Scream it loud Let's Go Tigers Go

They all know its an act  
Yet she can't see it, can't react  
Cheer it loud, doesn't seem  
She's part of the losing team

*By: Alex Chamberlain*

Lost forever in the vicious cycle  
Hopes, Dreams and Wishes  
Forced to say, what needs to be said  
Hindsight's 20/20 you never knew she'd be dead

Football player's party, best of the year  
Had she not gone, she'd still be here  
Gone now, like a missing glove  
So hated, envied, yet so loved

Smile Sparkle Shine, It'll get ya every time  
Scream it loud, join the crowd, conform get in line

### FREAK

YOU BITE YOUR CHEEK  
YOU ARE SUCH A FREAK  
SO LOVELY SO INNOCENT  
YOU DON'T GIVE TWO CENTS  
MY HEART BROKEN  
MIND GAMES PLAYED  
NO USE FOR YOU TOKENS

YOU WISH NOW YOU COULDA STAYED

**By: Alex Chamberlain**

HEARTS SWELL READY TO POP  
STUFF TOO QUIET HEAR THE PIN DROP?

SKY IS FALLING NO NEED TO PANIC  
IZ JUST ME WITH MY AUTOMATIC  
MY HEART BEEN PLAYED  
WISH NOW I COULDA STAYED

JUST WISHING YOU A SHORT HAPPY LIFE  
WHILE I'M WORKING WITH A NEW BOY  
YOU CAN KEEP JERKING, CREATE A NEW PLOY



All I Have To Give.

You're the first thing I think of each morning, when I rise.  
The voice I hear when you look into my eyes.  
The one I want to see and be with forever.  
You will always be the one I want for life.  
I will always love you.  
You will always love me.  
Maybe you don't love me in a romantic way.... but I can cope...  
cause I do.  
My life will always go on, desperately it will.  
The only thing I've been and must continue doing is follow my  
heart.  
Unfortunately I've been spotting you in that path.  
My conscience tells me to go, shoot for the stars.  
Meanwhile I will always have a spot for you in my heart.

By. An anonymous writer 03

**BECAUSE I AM ME**

I cry about boys  
I cry about other people's **WORDS**  
I cry because I have so much **PAIN**  
I cry because I am *sad*  
I cry because I am me.  
**And yet,**  
I laugh because I have **friends**  
I laugh because I don't care what people *say*  
I laugh because I am **loved**  
I laugh because I am **happy**  
And I laugh because I am **M.E.**

"Pariah Star"  
And  
"Destiny Nicole"

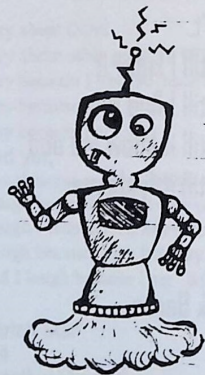
Unwanted

I want to love but,  
I can't.  
I have nothing to offer yet,  
I have everything you like.  
I want to love but,  
What's to come?  
I have nothing yet,  
I have one life to endure.  
Should I waste it on love?  
Nay.  
For love is not to be wasted but,  
Kept and stretched over  
Many life times.  
Love is shattered and scattered  
Over many.  
I want to love but,  
Won't.  
Not till I know it  
Not till I find it  
Not till it know me and  
Not till it finds me.

Mark Baron



My grandmother's toes are like ugly smelly garbage after it's  
set out all day  
They get worse as the day goes on  
That people have to shout the oars on the boat rowed as if  
blue chickens.  
As the day proceeds my grandmother's  
Toes are keep in a box with loads  
Of... cats is the sound of water  
Running downstream  
Then after lunch she takes her  
Toes out of the box to air them out.  
As she does this the people start to say  
"No, no, a thousand times no" he said his  
Hand in his mouth.  
As night falls her toes smell  
Worse than before. That everyone  
Starts to think that.... Cancelled checks  
In an abandoned boat seemed good.



## No Tears

No tears; just pain  
An agony  
Trapped inside  
Am I lost or  
Just abandoned?  
This weakness I have  
Not just weakness but also kindness  
To be kind is also my weakness  
But sadly it's a strength  
It brings those I don't love  
And takes away those I do.  
This night do I feel lost or abandoned?  
Felt invisible, felt weak, felt regret  
Will this always be my end  
A remembrance of things past?  
I have one more weakness  
To love...  
To love is to be abandoned  
And so I must never love  
For fear of abandonment  
This is tragic. No! It's more complex  
This feeling inside is not tragic,  
But a mix of sorrow, regret, hate, love  
Love, hate, fear, hope and sorrow.  
My soul is in the deepest pits of  
It's own man-made hell.  
But tomorrow won't be tragic nor happy  
It will be my weakness that  
Gives me such wonderful days  
But such lonely nights.  
So am I lost or abandoned?  
I'll be lost my whole life,  
But every day I'll be...  
Abandoned.  
~Mark Baron



I am a person

I am person, black  
Black does not define me.  
It is but the thin exterior  
To the many layers of my being.

Furthermore,  
I am not black at all,  
More a nice shade of mahogany.  
That sounds elegant.  
I am person, elegant.

Why I sit always that question people ask?  
Why is it always that answer that people receive?

I am also funny.  
And smart  
And nice  
I am person, funny, smart, nice.

Next time I am asked  
I am person, amazing

By: Robin A. Hazel

“ Different Parts”

There are so many different parts of life.  
Some are happy,  
Some are sad,  
Some are angry,  
And some are weird,  
But all the good things are they are all  
Different.  
And each time you experience one its different  
From any other one.  
So be happy, sad, angry, or weird with the  
Different parts of life

By: Madison

Before

Before you can understand yourself you have to understand you  
Know who you are  
Know your emotions  
Know if you are a leader or a follower.  
Make sure you make yourself  
You! Not your mom, dad, your friends, you!  
Because life can be the prettiest sight in the world.  
But it won't unless you are truly being you.

By: Madison



Grandma's Toes

My Grandma's toes are like pears  
You can see them through her shoes  
And especially when her feet are bare

Grandma's toes are big and round  
For as she walks you can hear them pound  
They are odd looking and are odd colors  
She probably got them from her mother

She scares little children as she walks  
Sometimes she can't even wear socks  
I always wondered how she got those toes  
I don't think anyone knows

By: Sara Puchalski

Nothing

Nothing was the same as it was then  
I still hate the class as much as before  
But now I that I'm here I hate it much more  
I have math in the morning  
I don't think my day could get much more boring

By: Becky

To Do Or Not

I hear the whispers  
I see the pain.  
What can I do about it?  
I could not be weak and be a follower.  
I could be strong and be a leader.  
Do I have that kind of courage?  
Can I resist peer pressure?  
Can I be strong enough to say no or that's not true?  
Will they reject me because I don't agree?  
Do I have the power to do what is right?  
I sure hope so.

By: Pariah Star

Kirby

**The house is dark and covered with dust  
The lights are dim, like at dusk  
There's a tearoom off to the right  
The glass doors are locked but it's quit a sight  
In the basement there's plenty of rooms  
It makes a big circle so don't get confused  
It's so murky and cold  
If you go to the basement you got to be bold.**

**By: Becky**



To each his own, but to everyone something else

For memories alone can drive person.

They drive you on and consume you,

When nothing is the same as it was then.

Growing up away from home

unable to find a way back

To his innocence,

Pushing his conscious to the point of no return

But she is there for him.

Never leaving his side.

And when she was hurt,

He blamed himself.

Surfing the web of life,

Searching for home, and a friend.

Caught in a mouse trap,

Welcome to mega frame.

By: Christina Hargrave

### Sonnet 1977

The sound of lasers in the hull, as bright

As the sun above. In colors of blue

And green. With a flicker of force by night,

The future is foretold, Skywalker flew.

Star Wars, a sight to be hold. In a rush

Of sound, your in the flight to save the hoard

Of allens. Plan to Rebel and crush

Emperor and Vader with a light sword.

Depending on the form the Jedi use,

Acrobatic feats amazed. They destroy

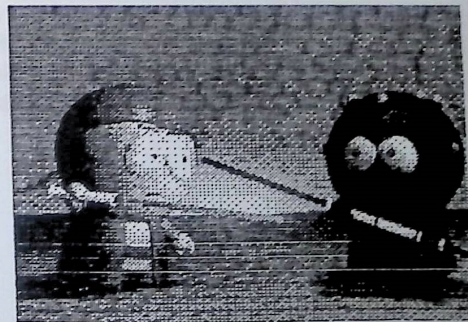
an army of evil droids, just to fuse

The republic together as a toy

I a wait for number three to arrive,

But most of the Jedi will not survive.

By: Michael Potoeski





Kirby Hall

The name of this house is  
Kirby Hall.  
The walls are very tall.  
This place is very old.  
You might say the rooms are very cold  
Some people boast,  
About the ghost,  
They tell the story,  
Without a sense of worry.

By: Sharon Rose Lamoreaux

**House**

I spent my whole life in that house.  
I lived and died in that house.  
I was born in a world of wealth.  
But I was a little different.  
My parents left me locked up in that house disappointed  
and ashamed because I was different.  
Nobody but myself for company,  
They thought I didn't know or understand,  
That they were ashamed of me.  
I loved that house it was my whole life.  
But the disappointment of my parents was too much.  
So I made a decision.  
One I do regret.  
I took my life in that house.  
The one I loved so much.  
By: Madison Izzo

LIFE

What comes to your mind when  
You hear about the word "life"  
It is said in history many years ago  
That people consider life to  
Be whatever they want it to be.  
Life actually is a mission to human,  
From my perceptions. How else would  
You want life to be. A person is born  
As a baby and from that moment on  
He or she has a mission about whether  
Or not be a Christian, Jewish, Muslim  
Or whatever. Besides that it's working till  
You are old. Some people plan their lives  
To be boring, some others also plan theirs  
To be fun, enjoyable, but in the end of  
A persons life all end of the same.

By,

*Francis Falcone Tandel*



## "Feelings"

Bottled up inside, are the words I never  
said, The feelings that I hide, the lines he  
never read.

He can see it in my eyes, read it on my  
face. Trapped inside are lies, of a past I  
can't replace.

With memories that linger, won't seem  
to go away, Why can't I be happier?  
Today's a brand new day.

Yesterday's are over, even though the  
hurtings not. Nothing lasts forever, I must  
cherish what I've got.

The hurt I'm feeling now, won't  
disappear overnight. But someday, somehow,  
everything will turn out alright.

The more wishing for the past, It wasn't  
meant to be. It didn't seem to last, I've  
got to let it be.

By: Trista Fisher

## Kirby

On the Wilkes campus the Kirby building is the creepiest of all  
It sits there alone with it's gnarled shrubbery  
The top floors look as normal as can be  
Until you hit the basement...  
As you walk down the stairs snap and creek  
As eerie cold breezes start to hit you  
The hair on your neck and arms starts to stand on edge  
Your adrenalin starts to pump rapidly  
Staring around at the small stone rooms that lay before you  
Looking as though they were used as torture chambers  
You could only imagine the blood stained walls and piercing  
screams that could have come from there  
Then you come to a small metal door that lies on the floor  
As you lift it up you see ashes of the dead bodies that could have  
been previously tortured  
Getting out of there as quick as you can  
Trying to block out the horrifying images that just went in your  
mind

Tiffany Taylor



Where can LOVE be?  
As the wind blows my hair back, I often wonder is that  
really the gentil breeze or a guiding hand  
telling me the direction to go in life.  
Is it the direction toward love or a destiny?  
Can there really be a love out there for everyone?  
What would he look like?  
Would he be interested in me?  
Would we have anything in common with each other?  
How will I know if I found him or not?  
How will he know?  
Love is very strong.  
It is more powerful than any evil thing.  
Where should one look for love?  
When does a person start that journey?  
Should a person look in the darkest jungle or the  
sunniest beach?  
Should it be found on a boat or plane or train?  
Can he be sitting right beside or directly behind me?  
The journey for LOVE is never over.

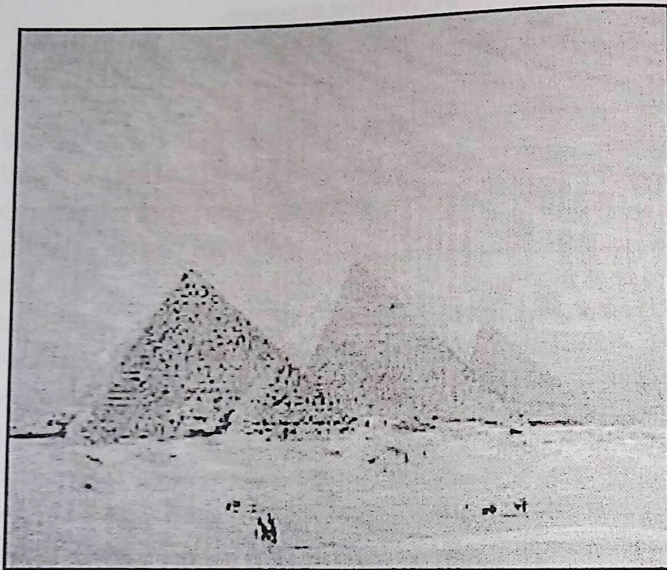
By. An anonymous writer

You Were Mine  
By: CHRISTINA HARGRAVE

I don't cry because it's over,  
But I smile because it was.  
And I think that you know  
You were my first true love.  
There's no denying that  
It's true, we've grown apart.  
But you're still my friend,  
Forever in my heart.  
You know that when you're lonely,  
And when you're feeling down,  
You can come to me.  
I'll prolly be around.  
It was fun while it lasted,  
From beginning to the end,  
And what I think matters most  
Is that we can be friends.  
True it will be awkward,  
But I think we'll endure.  
Cause friendship is for always,  
I've never been so sure.  
So keep me in your heart,  
And know I don't regret  
Anything that happened,  
But this is for the best.  
A part of me will love you  
Until the end of time.  
And I'm proud that I can say  
That at one time, you were mine.

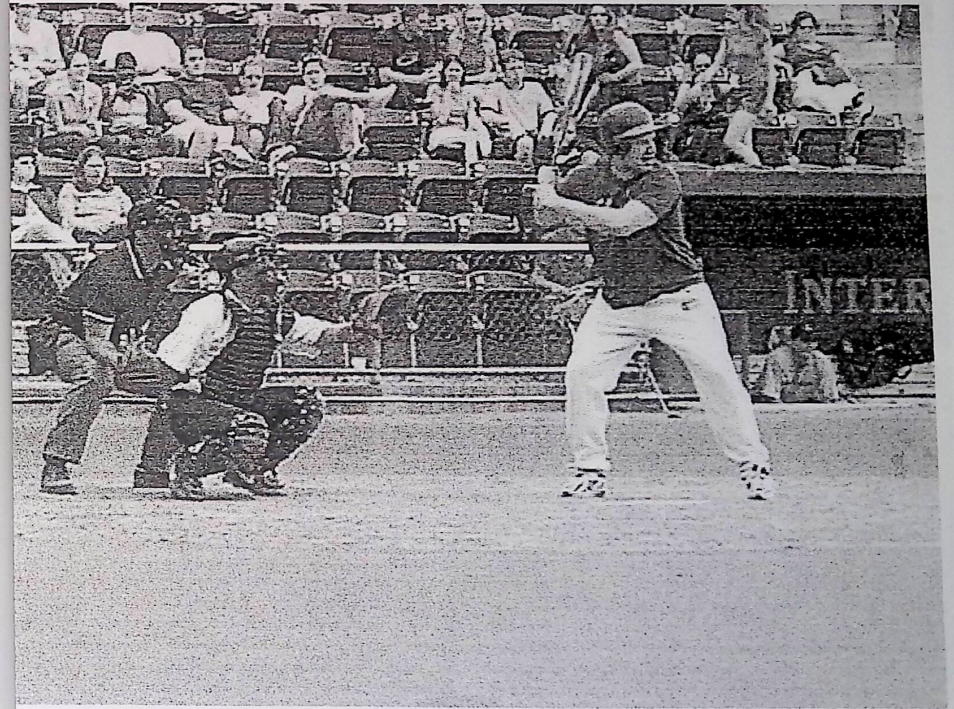


## The Great Pyramids



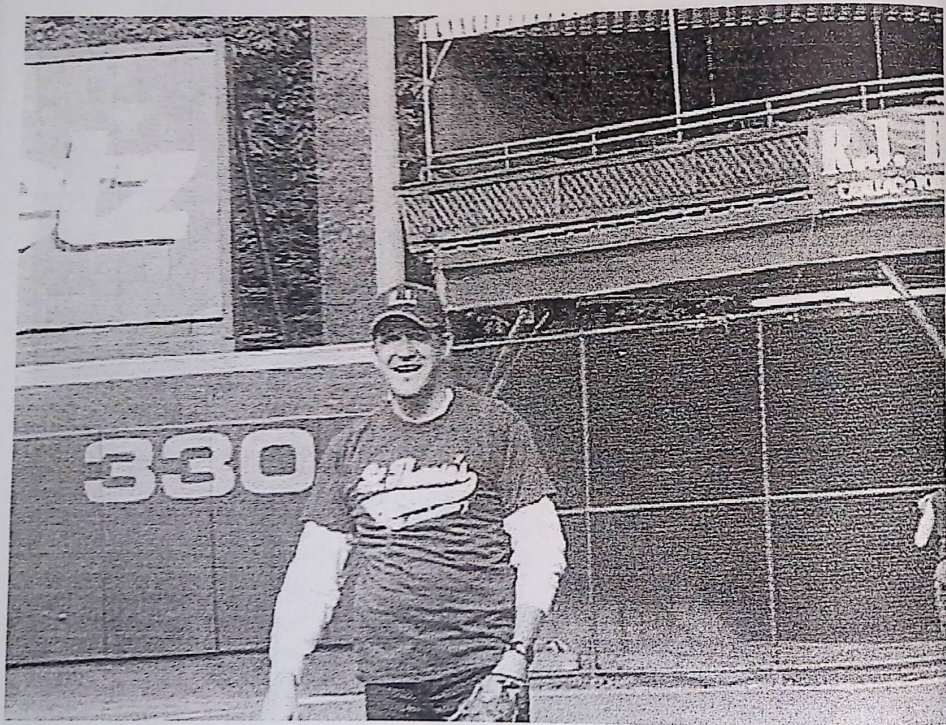
-Herodotus, the Greek historian who wrote in the 5th century B.C., 500 years before Christ, is the earliest known chronicler and historian of the Egyptian Pyramid Age.

-The precise age of the pyramids of Giza has long been debated because, until now, there has been little evidence to prove when the pyramids were built. The history books generally point to 3200 B.C



“.....68, 69, 70, 71, 72”





**"I think it's time to start using the Abdominizer!"**

**Brian gets a makeover**







TRYING TO BURY THE EVIDENCE

*Matt becomes one with nature*

With help from:

Bottom row right to left: Melody, Izzo, Rachel, and Brittany

Top row: Jessica







**Is that a guy?**

## Eiffel Tower

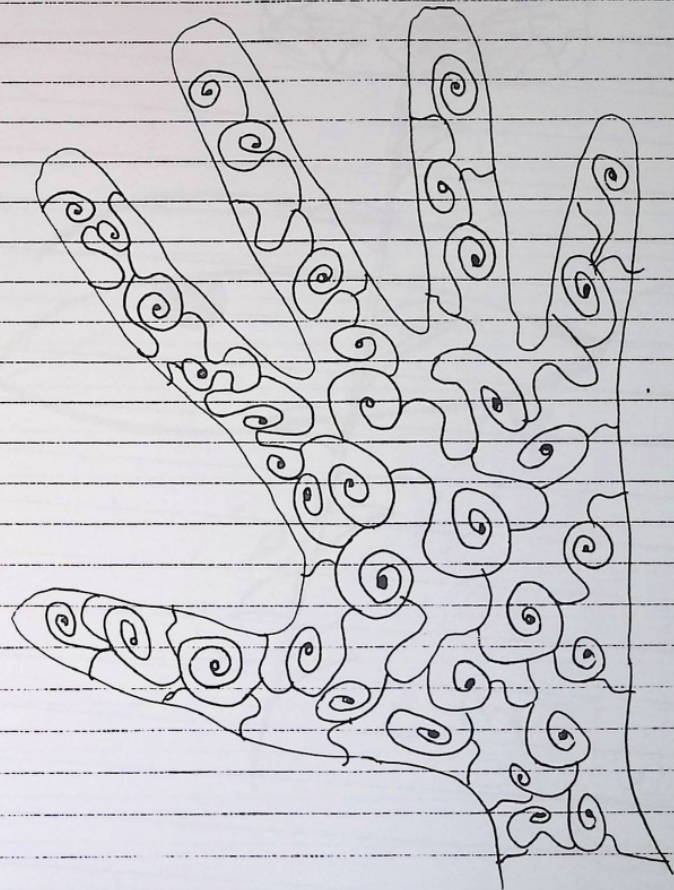


*The Eiffel tower was designed by Gustave Eiffel (1832-1923), a French engineer specialized in metallic buildings. Completed in 1889 for the Paris world exhibition, it was built in two years by 132 workers and 50 engineers. The Eiffel tower is 320 meters high and weighs 7000 tons. It has 1710 steps. The first floor is at 57 meters and 360 steps from the ground, the second at 115 meters and 1060 steps from the ground. The third floor at 274 meters from the ground is only reachable by lift.*

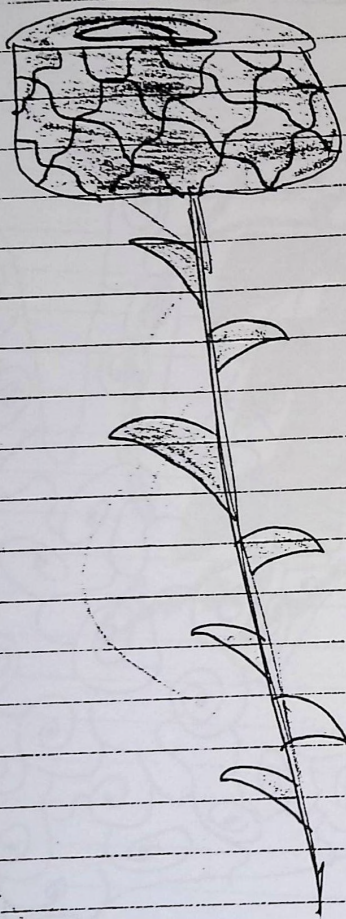




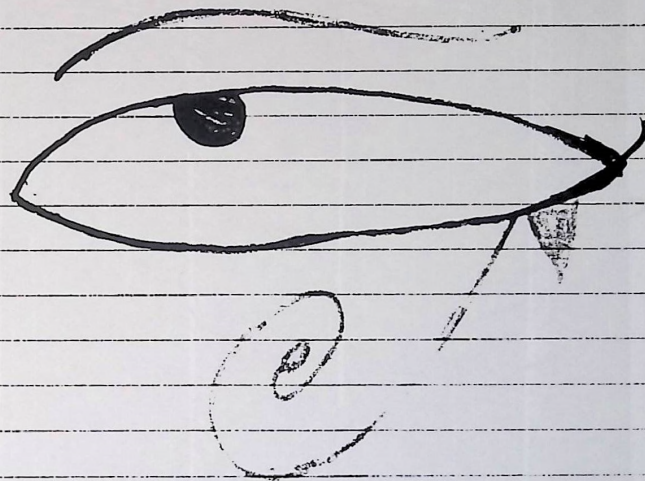
By: *[Handwritten signature]*







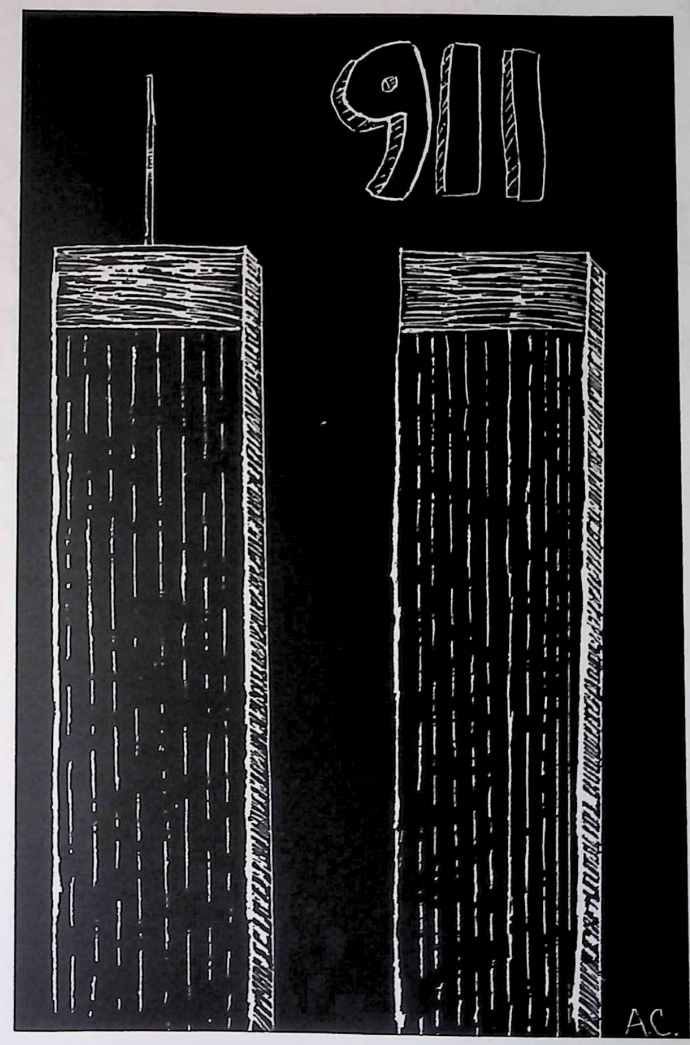
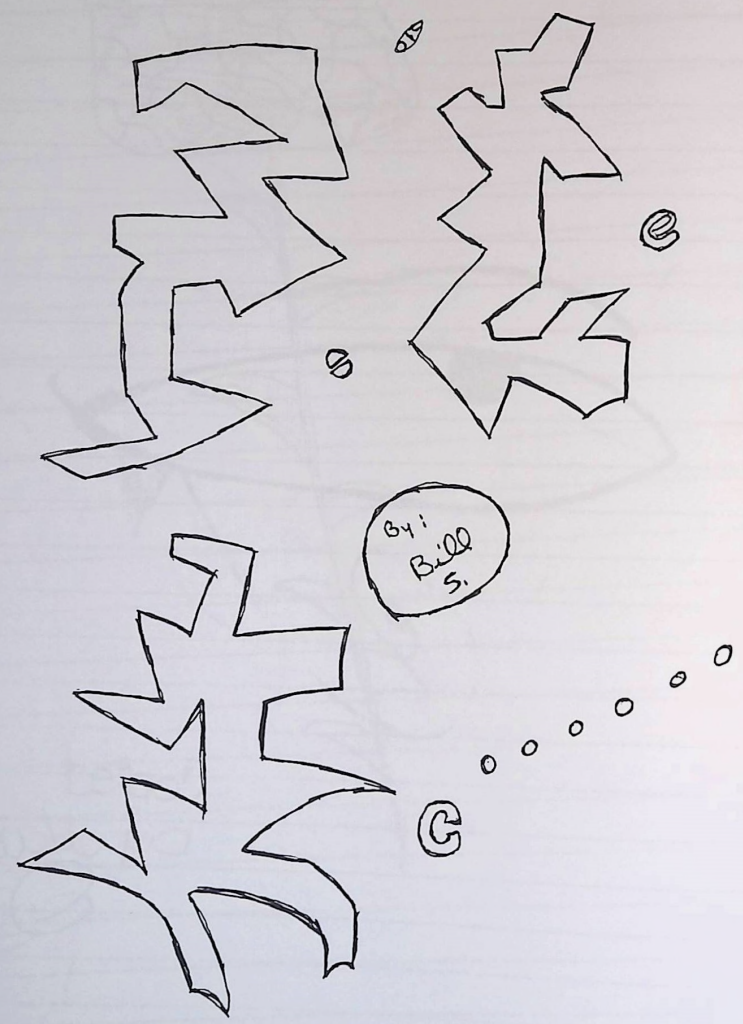
Protect against evil + injury



Copied  
by [signature]

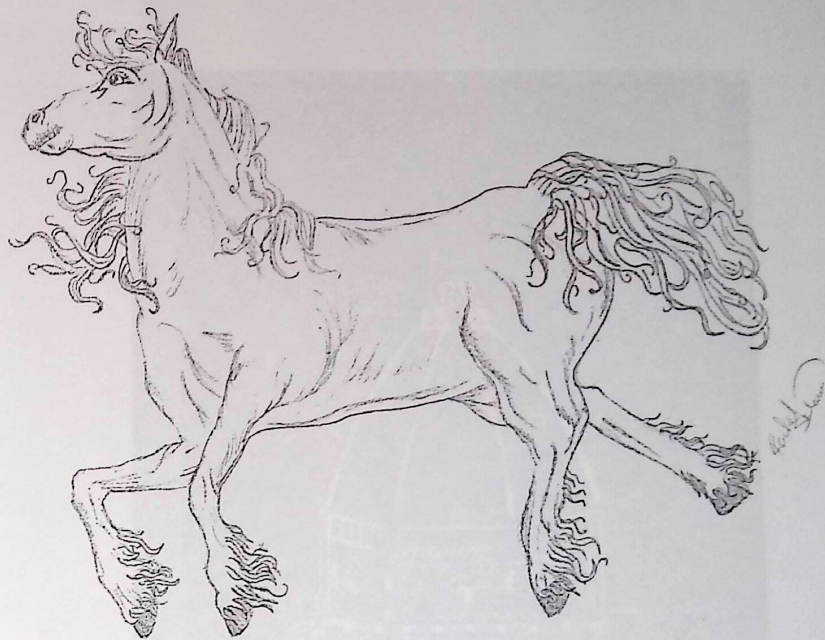


# ZIG-ZAG

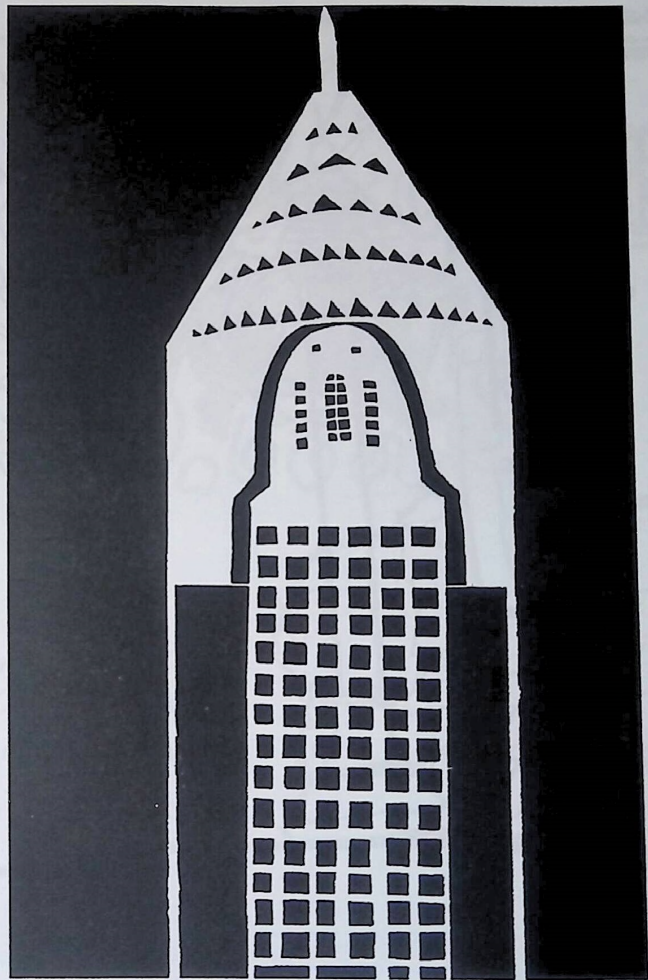
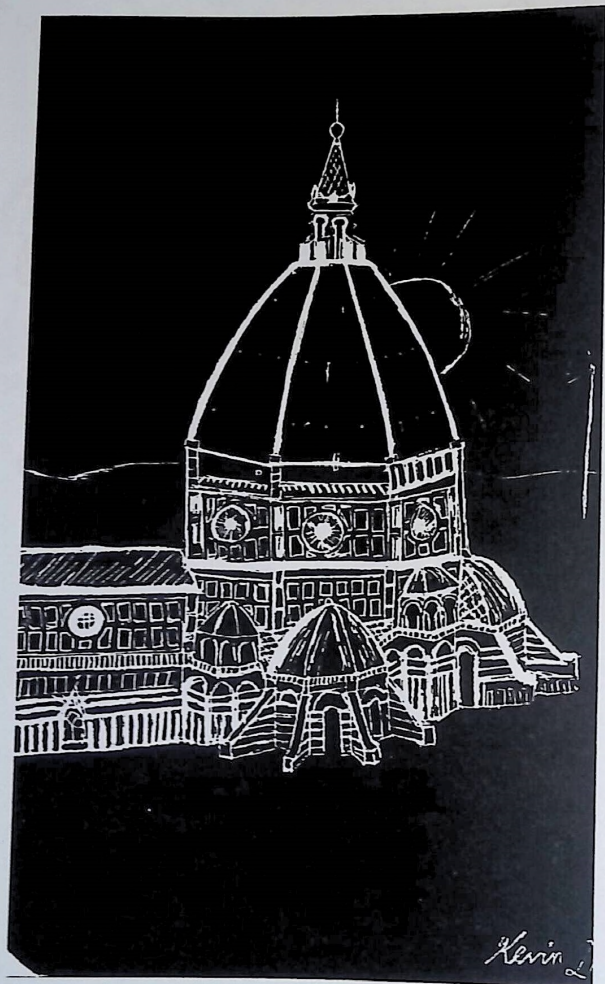


Angela Clayton

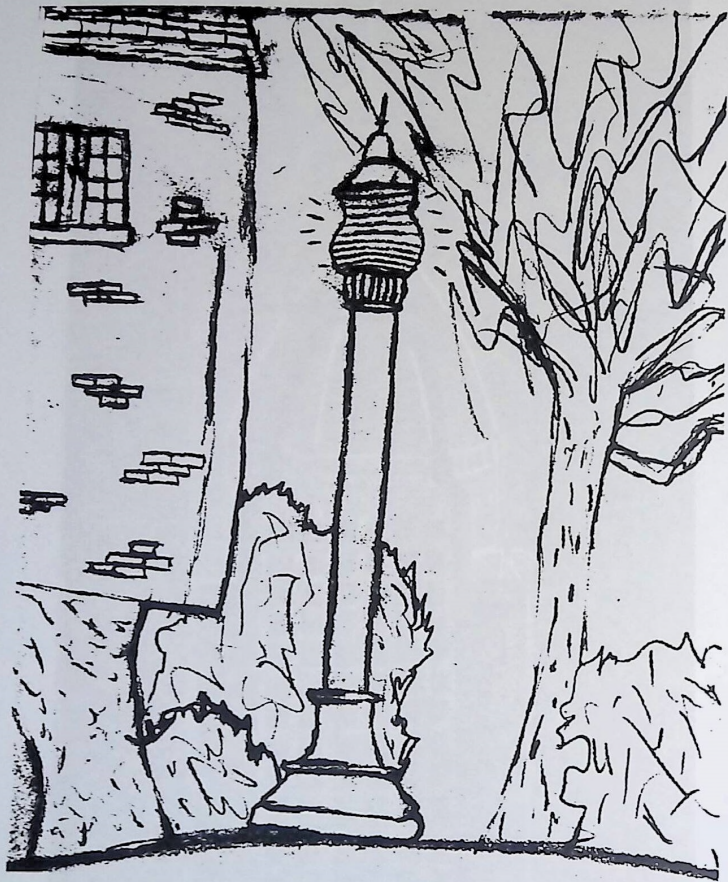




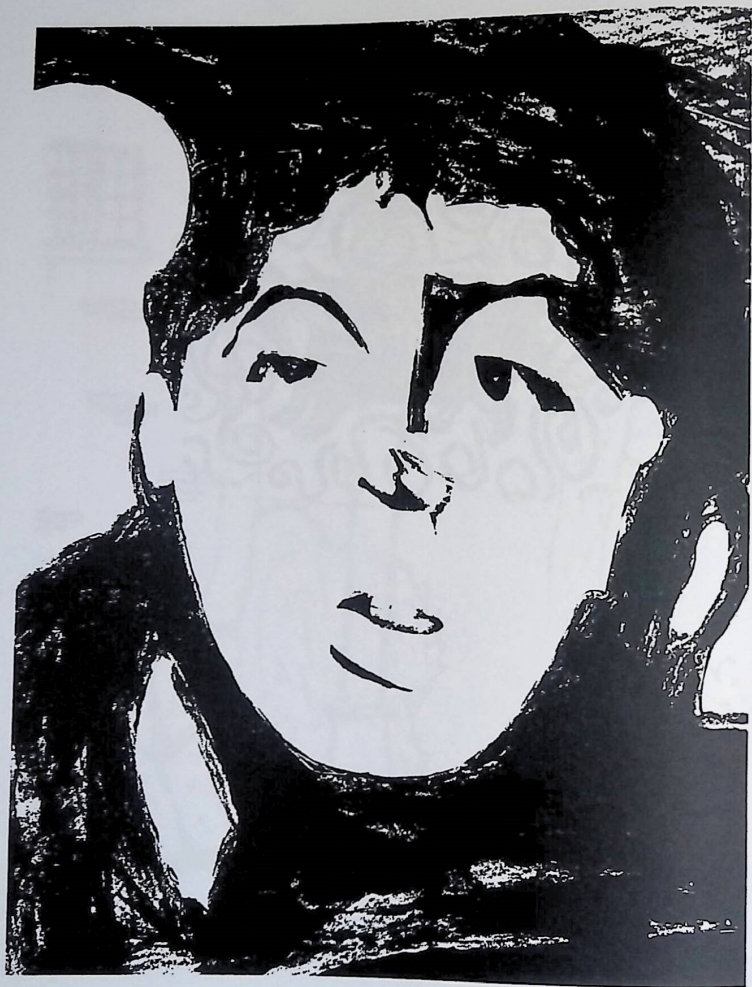








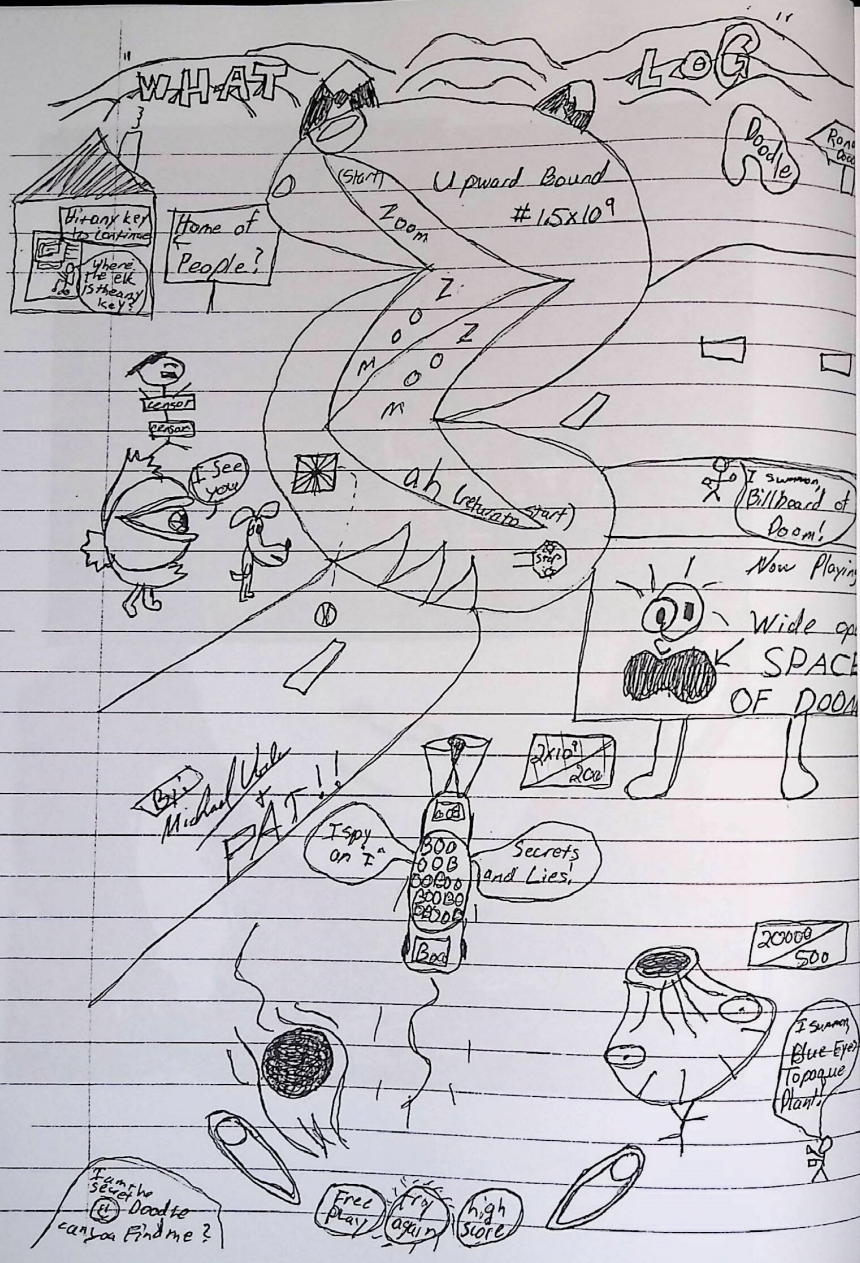




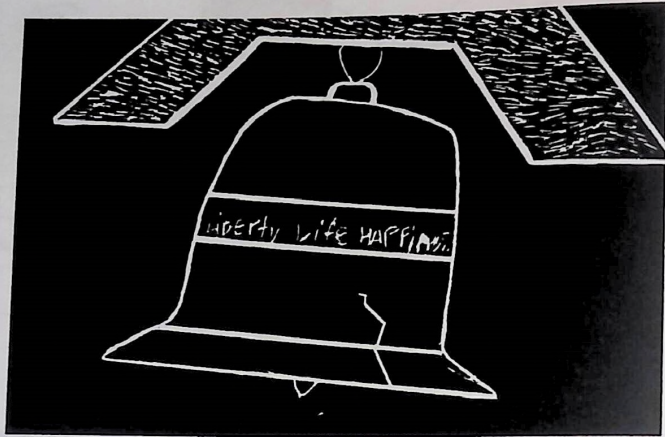
Stephen





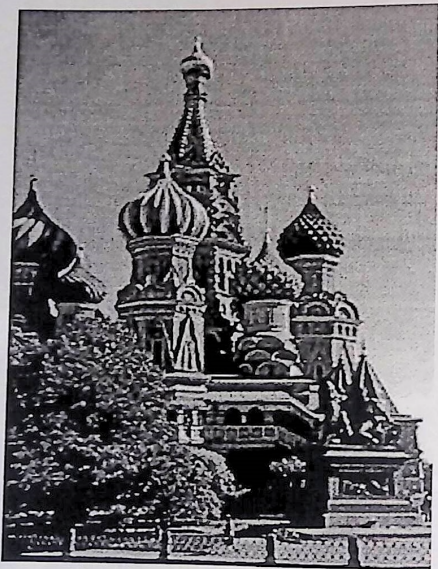








## Saint Basil's Cathedral



Saint Basil's Cathedral is named after the man who roamed the streets of Moscow trying to win converts during the reign of Ivan the Terrible.

*Dedicated*

*to*

*Mr. J.*

*For all that you've done,  
In our hearts you'll always be #1!*

*Love,*

*Students, Faculty and Staff*





Mr. Jay,

Remember the trees

Remember the grass

Remember Trista the pain in your (butt)!

Good luck, Love Trista



Mr. J,

Thanks for being one of the coolest people I know, as well as one of the sweetest. Erin G says thanks for being a cool theater teacher. We'll both miss you a lot, and you better come back and visit when we graduate the program.

Luv, Madison Izzo and Erin Gardiner

Mr. J,

This summer was great and it's not going to be the same without you around here without you. I wish you the best of luck and I'll miss ya.

~Amanda Zajaczowski

Mr. J,

You're such a great person and you are my inspiration.

You have helped me so much in so many ways possible.

Thank you so much for everything and hope to see you at

our Upward Bound graduation next year. Please come

back because all of us would love for you to be there. I will

miss you. Thank you

~Jessica van Dyke "03"

**MR. JAY,**

**YOU ARE ONE OF THE COOLEST GUYS BECAUSE YOU CAN SING, DANCE, AND STILL LOOK LIKE YOU'RE TWENTY-ONE.**

**YOU ARE THE VERY BEST, AND YOU WILL DEFINITELY BE**

**MISSED BY NOT ONLY ME, BUT BY EVERYONE. GOOD**

**LUCK IN THE FUTURE. THANKS FOR EVERYTHING.**

**-THEA**

Mr. J,

You were one of the first people at Upward Bound to talk and introduce yourself to me. You are a great person and the life of the party. I hope you become rich and famous someday. Thanks for being there.

~Sarette D.



**Hey Mr. J**

*It was nice meeting you and I'm sorry to hear you're leaving. However, I'm glad to hear you're going back to school to be a doctor.*

*Good luck with everything,*

*John*

Mr. J,

You're a great guy, friend, teacher and theater director. I am sad that you're leaving, but I am happy that you are pursuing something that you love. I hope to see you later in life and be able to say "hello Dr. J"

Mike Potoeski

Mr. J,

Thanks for making me into a great actor and my senior project wouldn't have been so great without you. Good luck with school.

Bill Sistrunk

Mr. J,

We are going to miss you. Good luck on becoming a doctor!

Best of luck,

Sam

Dear Mr. J,

*I am going to miss you when you leave Upward Bound this summer. All things that all the students have done with you will be an honor. We all say good luck Mr. J at what your goal is now. We will miss you!!!*

*Your student,*

*Stephen Lulewicz*



**Nice meeting you, Mr. J. You were the first UB staff person I started to know. I will miss you next year and good luck.**

**Mike Graboske**

Mr. J,

Yo! You freakin rock! I love you!! We're all going to miss you and we will always remember you. (Lets face it its hard to forget you.) Good luck in everything

Love Always,

Christina Hartrave

**Hey Mr. J.**

**Good luck to you Mr. J. J haven't known you long but I'm sure you've touched people's lives throughout your ten (or was it 11) year adventure. You're a great person and great people go to great heights. God's speed.**

**Mark Baron**

Mr. J,

We will remember all the times we had with you. Thank you for all that you have done for the program and Brian Coleman and Sarrah Fine wish you the best of luck. You had better come back for the 2004 Grad's. Well if you don't we will know that you are working your hardest on fathering your education.

Sincerely,

Romeo and Juliet

P.S. Sarrah and Brain to keep the plays alive forever.





Mr. J.

*I will miss you very much. Good luck, I know you can do it. Hope you come back after you get your doctorate because upward bound will not be the same without you.*

*Melody Z.*

Mr. J.

*I wish you the best of luck! And thanks for a good summer!*

*Brittany B.*

Mr. J.

*Guys like you are irreplaceable. You da man, & you be known as the Dr. formally known as Mr. J.*

*Good luck,*

*Jimmy Carroll*

Mr. J.

*Best of luck to you! Have fun, and UB will miss you!*

*-Cassie Belles*



**Mr. Hippie Jay,  
Yo Mr. J. You're the coolest. It really stinks that your not gonna be here anymore. I hope you come to see us graduate. Love and best wishes.**

**Ashley Inman  
P.S. Good luck**





Mr. J,  
I know we haven't talked all that much but I think you are a wonderful inspiration to this program. You will be greatly missed by everyone. I know we all wish there was a way to keep you here but we all need to please our dreams, so I wish you the best of luck on everything you do.

~Shannon Rose Lamoreaux

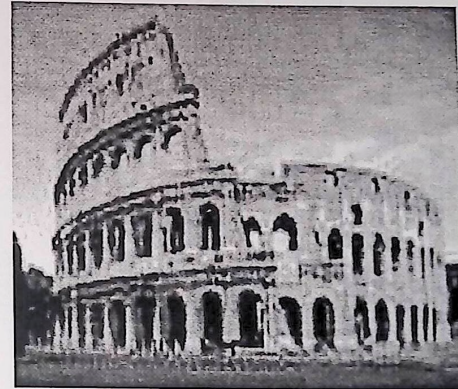
"Dr." J,  
Good luck with college and all that the future may bring you. UB will be completely lost without you. Best wishes in all you do.

~Tanya S.

DR. J, WATCH OUT FOR THE MEDICAL  
MALPRACTICE INSURANCE! HAVE A BLAST!  
~MICHAEL "YODA" VODA



## The Coliseum

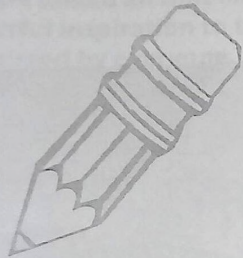


\*The proper name of the Coliseum is not the Coliseum. It is the Flavian Ampitheatre.

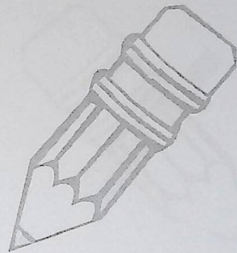
\*A wooden flooring was used to cover the subterranean chambers where the gladiators as well as the animals were kept prior to performance. During the first ten years of its existence, the stadium was filled with water and used for mock naval battles. However, over time the Romans found it was damaging to the foundation as well as to the flooring. (248 is recorded as the last year for the naval battles).



# Autographs



# Autographs





Handwritten text, possibly a title or header, located at the top of the left page. The text is faint and appears to be written in a cursive or decorative style.

