



1980

Gus

Artistic Collisions

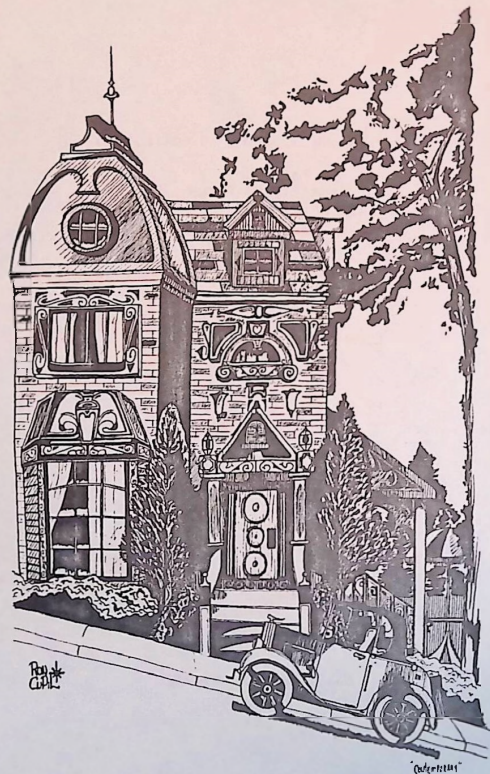
Where the spectrum bends,
Where the rainbow ends,
That is ARTISTIC COLLISIONS.

Debbie Paltrinieri

This Literary Magazine is not called:

Pot Pourri
Centrifical Force
The Writing on the Wall
Spectrum
Inverted Prism
The Pendulum
Reflections
Portfolio
A Glimpse of Art
The "Pubbia" Effect
Locus "The Place for U to B"
Linear Variations
The Exemplar
Discovery
An Adventure Into Creativity
Expressions
Fabrications
Secrets
Images
Collage
Inspirations
A Journey Into Art
The Creative Writers Journal
An Essence of Art and Literature
Designs of Art and Literature
The Dreamer's Book
The PUB Station
Vista
Visions

but thank you anyway.



A Little Child

Quiet, gentle,
Angelic face when sleeping,
Crying he wakes up.
Spoiled with toys and candy,
His angelic face no longer angelic:
Chocolate smeared all over his face,
Mud and grass stains on his clothes.
Bath: bubbles, bubbles, bubbles.
Clean, quiet, gentle, once again.
Angelic face when sleeping.

By: Ann Nguyen

Life

Life is a rainstorm,
Springtime,
A flower blossoming,
A newborn baby,
Waking up in the morning
To see the dawn of a new day.

By: Angela Mazaika

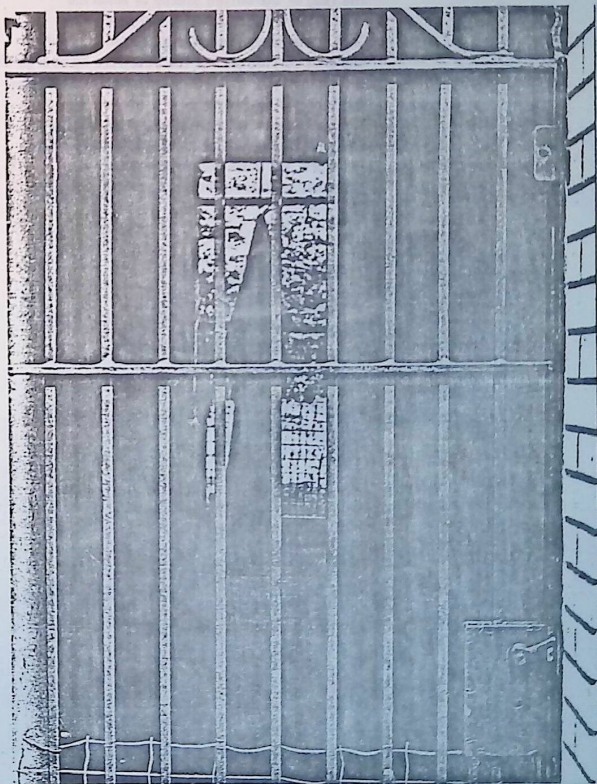
Predicting Tragedy

*As the stars are shining bright
During the middle of the night,
The lovers are tasting the food
And trying to make all the right mood.*

*As the moon moves across the sky
During her darling speed to I,
The lovers are trying the kisses
And the rain that hits but us it misses.*

*As the dark sea down it calms
During her reading of my palms,
The lovers will never get married
Cause one of us at sea will get buried.*

Ton Du

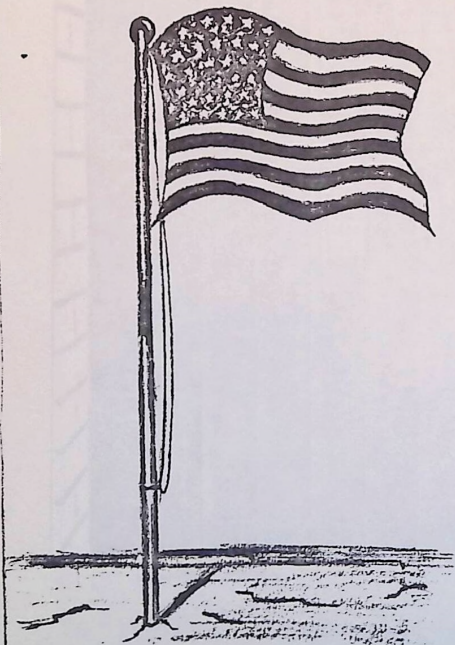


Debra Paltunis

"The Flag of the U.S.A."

Made up of stars, red and white stripes,
The flag of the United States of America
Flies wildly and proudly on the pole
That symbolizes the strength of this country.
She was carried across the Delaware by George Washington,
And she got hit with bullets during the Civil War.
She bled for us during W. W. 1 and W. W. 2,
And she represented us in Korea and Vietnam.
She covers the coffins of soldiers and armies.
In return, we must honor and respect her,
because she stands for our beautiful country.

Ton Du



A DEAD END
A DEADEND IS-
AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM;
A STREET WITH NO OUTLET;
A CORNER IN YOUR ROOM;
A STRAND OF HAIR;
A YOUTH THAT DIED ,
SUDDENLY.

LISA ALAIMO

*Ugliness is a Camel,
Whose fur is rough and dry from the heat of the sun,
Carrying burdens in the desert heat,
Hump full of water,
An odd looking creature,
Heaty footsteps leave moon-shaped footprints in the sand.*

By: Ann Nguyen

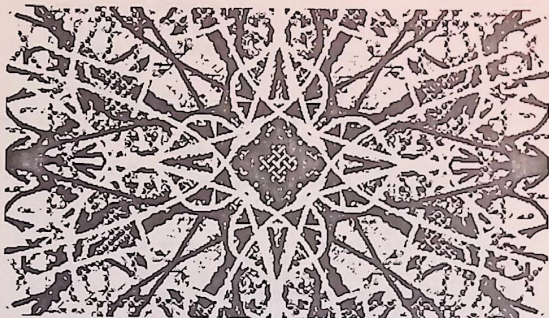
A TEARDROP
A TEARDROP IS-
A SKINNED KNEE OR A BUMP ON THE HEAD;
A WORD OF GOOD NEWS;
A TALE OF SORROW;
A SAD CIRCUS CLOWN;
WAVING GOOD-BYE TO AN OLD FRIEND,
FOREVER

LISA ALAIMO

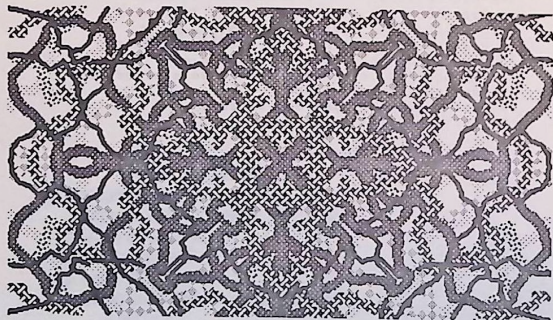
A GROWING LOVE

*He showed me a picture of what I was to be;
He prepared me for the real world, the one I was to see.
All the kindness that he showed me
and all the sweet things that he did
helped me in my time of need, or when I was feeling blue.
It was then that I gave him my heart,
'cause I knew that he cared.
Both remembering the good times, not the bad
that we shared.
Now I hold him closer than I ever have before,
Remembering the first time we met, and the
beautiful smile that he wore.
That night will always stay in my heart
as well as in my head.
A minute never passes without a thought of him,
and I hope we never part.
Now we stand together, looking into each other's eyes
and knowing our relationship is based on truths
and not on lies.
It was then that I told him of my fantasies,
all the things I ever wanted to do.
In a way I was talking of a promising future,
'cause all of the above included him.
It's funny 'cause friends is how we started out,
but not the way we stayed;
We kept getting closer and closer;
now our love will never fade.*

Kim Nickol



Anne



ann nguyen

PresentPast

Lisaangiedebblekathynn2
Sitting in Creative Writing class
Improving our writing skills
Thinking of original ideas
For our literary magazine poem
Reminiscenced about:
Collecting four-leaf clovers
Picking raspberries in the woods
Lying in the grass watching clouds and sunsets
Sleeping over my cousin's house
Going to the market square and looking at all the shops
And reading downback under the maple tree,
Wondering if this will work
Like our teacher said it would.

-by Anne Graham's Creative Writing Class



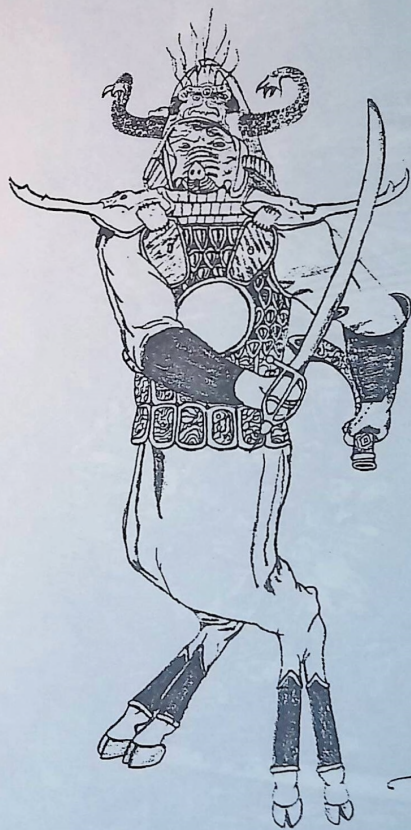
J.L.G. III

Congratulations

We haven't been the best of friends.
To this we can't say nope.
You're certainly not the president and
I'm certainly not the pope.
I knew you could do it.
I had a lot of hope.
I have faith in you.
I know that you can cope.

So with this little poem.
I made it just for you.
I'd like to say congratulations
And to say Good Luck, too.

by: Julie Folmer





A Physics Problem

In an emergency, a driver brings a car to a full stop in 5 seconds. The car was traveling at a rate of 35 m/ sec (78.25 mph) when breaking begins. (a) At what rate is the car decelerated? (b) How far does it travel before stopping?

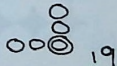
Answers: (a) 7 m/sec (15.65 mph/sec)
 (b) 87.5 meters (95.76 yards)

Compliments of,
 Mr. Charles Knorr



Can you arrange the these 6 coins such that you have 2 lines with 4 coins in each line?

(Compliments of Paul Evans)



LOVE OR AFFECTION

Love is like a rose, beautiful and worth the risk of getting pricked by its thorns. Affection is like a dandelion, it is pretty but it can't keep your interest for very long. Love is knowing when something is wrong, affection is asking if something is wrong. Love is listening to the other's hopes and fears. Affection is only being there and trying not to get bored. Love is Cupid, and all the warmth and happiness that he brings. Affection is a teddy bear, with no warmth and security that only lasts a short time. Finally, love is happiness together, affection is only being together. All in all love will last through the hard times, while affection has left and found someone new.

Ryan Jackson

STARGAZER

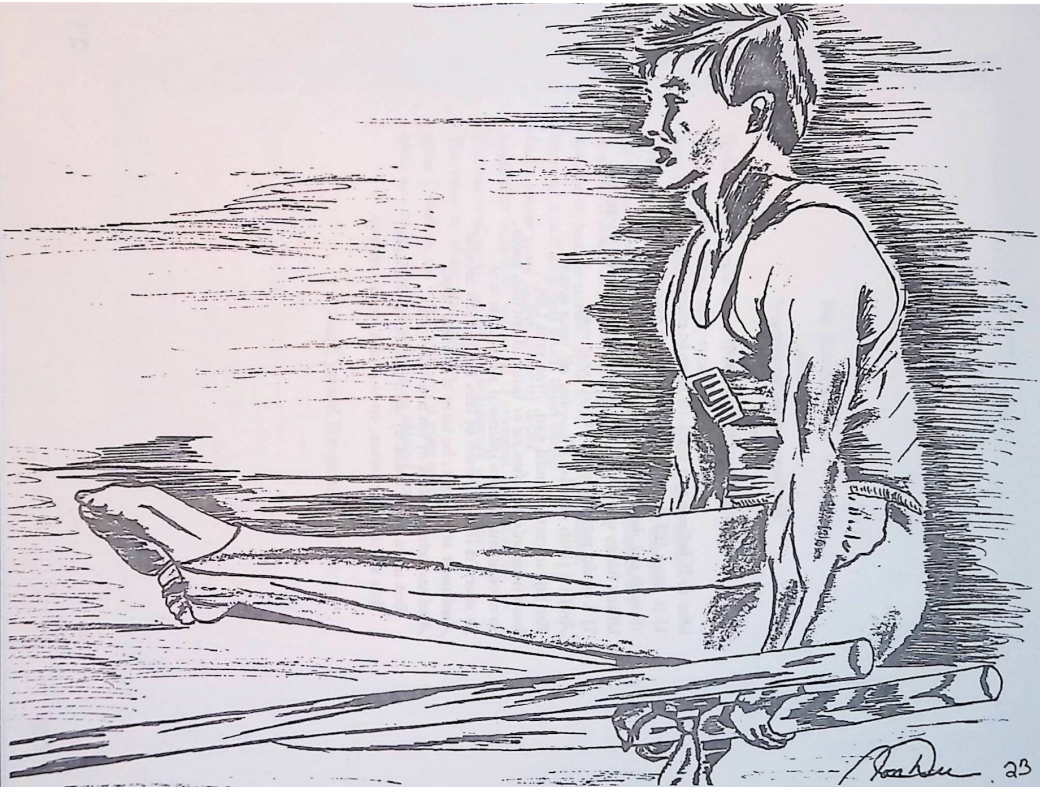
I am the stargazer.
I sit at my window and drift into the stars.
I'm free,
I'm the stargazer.

I travel through the heavens,
seeing the planets pass me by.
I reach out to touch them.
I'm free,
I'm the stargazer.

BY BRETTE HEDRICK



Andrea



Rosen 23

The Seventeenth Sonnet
by
William Shakespeare

Who will believe my verse in time to come.
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet Lies",
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So should my papers yellow'd with their age
Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue
And your true rights be term'd a poets rage:
And stretched metre of an antique song
But were some child of yours alive at the time,
You should live twice, in it and I in my rhyme.

The Tomb Shows
your
Numbers Should

Hides my scorn'd were their graces age rage heaven
but 17th say yours all poets half if knows
Poet time would metre is in who and rights most
touches of such my could of with less papers should
Life your rhyme and not term'd parts old Shakespeare
A child though beauty in yet your you
Tongue to but stretched your true I fresh Antique
Sonnet it aid and my truth than twice
faces never time if the some of with
Song this heavenly yellow'd if number of a deserts
Earthy and write were and believe of age come
The men so alike and which
your filled as an will be touch'd eyes come
William to be were verse live in alive Lies to.

Third period Composition Class

DEJ-80

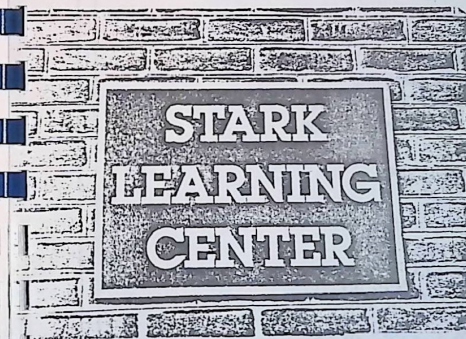
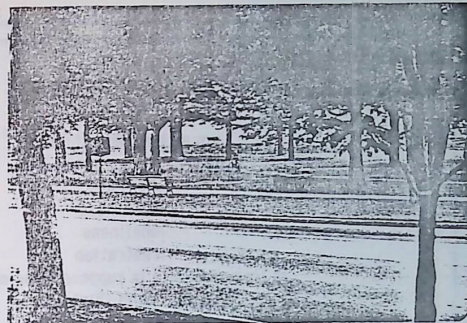
A dream is like a beautiful girl,
but she will take you for a while.
You want to take her away,
but she wants to stay.
That is when you look and see,
she is committed to us not true.

Ryan Jackson

AS I AM

I saw you in the morning,
You came without warning,
I passed you in the hall,
You were having a ball.
I tried to talk to you during the day,
You didn't have much to say.
I caught a glimpse of you in the evening,
As you were leaving.
I thought of you while you were out,
And I began to pout.
I want to tell you I love you,
But I fear you won't love me too.
I could just sit here,
And hide behind my fear.
I could just wait,
And hope you ask me for a date.
I love you too much to let you get away,
But what can I say?
I love you, again,
So take me as I am.

BY BRITTE HEDRICK



Debbie Palumbo

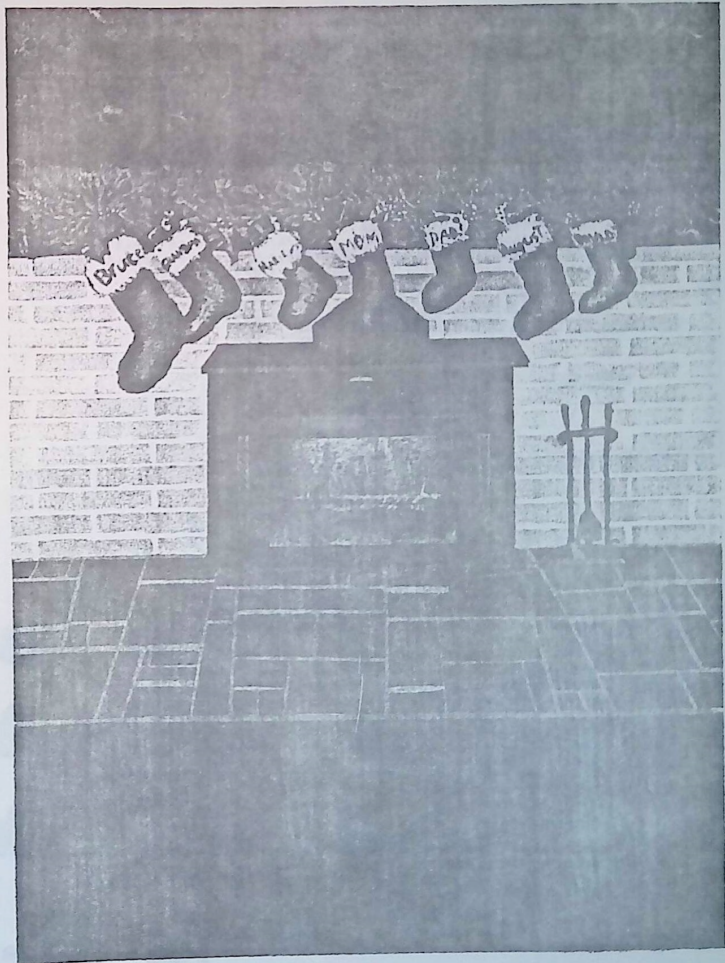


A STREAM

The stream flows freely.
The water is clear with a tint of blue.
You can see your reflection in the water.
As you look in the water you see a rainbow of
different colors reflected on the surface of the stream.
The water is very cool and feels soft as it flows over your skin.
As you listen to the trickling of the waterfalls,
you observe a variety of fish swimming happily to and fro.

Brette Hedrick

30



31

The room is quiet, except for the constant, depressing hum of some machinery. It may be the air conditioner or a light. You can periodically hear pages turning. Once in a while a pencil drops. Chairs squeak every few minutes from a restless person. A tutor-counselor's footsteps can be heard. Low whispering breaks the near silence. A sudden cough arouses those studying. Many rest their heads on their hands as if that's the only thing holding them up. I suppose it's a habit for many, yet I'm not sure. All in all, the atmosphere is one of peacefulness and solitude. One person, who seems to be done studying, stares blankly into space. Many strive to get their homework completed but fail.

Debbie Paltrineri

I was in second grade. I can remember always wanting my own bike. All of my friends had one. When we went bike riding I's have to take turns with someone else or we'd ride each other.

I finally asked my parents for one, but they said I'd have to win the spelling bee first. See, there was this spelling bee that took place every year at our school and my Mom and Dad wanted me to win.

Well, I really wanted that bike so I was willing to try and do anything to get one. I could remember studying for it. Everyone in my family was constantly asking me to spell different words. We'd be watching T.V. and someone would say a big word and immediately my parents would be asking me to try and spell it.

The big day finally came. I was so nervous I couldn't eat.

When the contest actually started and I was asked some words I thought, "Wow! Whis is easy. Maybe I'll get my bike after all."

There were only five people left and I was asked to spell Receeding...

Kathy Wiernusz

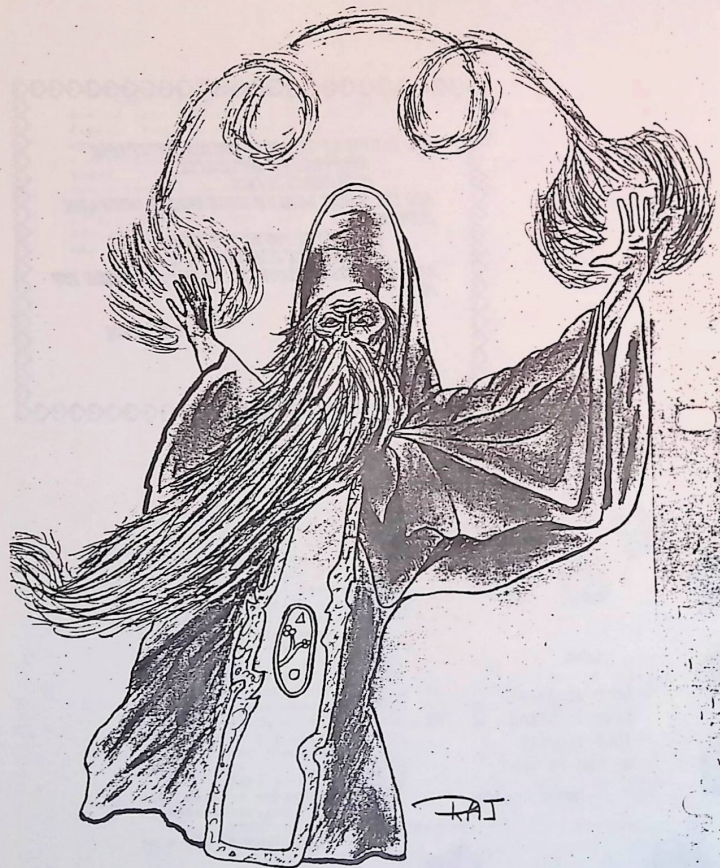
ALL THE WORLD REFLECTS THE BEAUTY OF LOVE,
EVERYTHING'S WONDERFUL,
EVERYTHING IS FAIR,
AND THE WHOLE WORLD'S MORE SPECIAL WHEN LOVE
IS THERE.
WHEN EVER YOU'RE TOGETHER,
THINGS TAKE A SPECIAL GLOW.
AND LIFE IS MORE ENJOYABLE, NO MATTER WHERE YOU
GO.

KIM DICKOL

Love

Love is Sweet
Love is blind
love is what
we had in mind,

Tammy Kreidler



34

I BELIEVE EVERYONE AT ONE TIME OR
ANOTHER HAS TO GROW, NOT ONLY
PHYSICALLY, BUT EMOTIONALLY.
YOU CAN'T ALWAYS FOLLOW IN SOME-
ONE ELSE'S FOOTSTEPS; YOU EVENTUALLY
MAKE YOUR OWN STEPS AND START A PATH
TO SUCCESS. IDOLIZING SOMEONE IS OKAY,
UNTIL IT INTERFERES WITH YOUR GROWTH
PROCESS. JUST BE YOURSELF!!!
LISA ALAIMO

A LIGHTBULB IS AN IDEA.
FLICKERING SOFT LIGHT.
SPARKLING WITH ELECTRICITY,
DANGLING BY A THIN WIRE, HIGH ABOVE.
LIGHTING UP THE DARK RECESSES OF
YOUR MIND.

ANN NGUYEN

IRISH PROVERB
YOU'VE GOT TO DO YOUR OWN
GROWING NO MATTER HOW TALL
YOUR GRANDFATHER WAS.
LISA ALAIMO

35



Lady Liberty

She holds her torch up high
For the boats that go sailing by.
She has always been smiling,
Vehement, youthful, and bold,
Her performance remains the same,
Even at 100 years old!

She has withstood much stormy weather,
Yet still she stands together.
High winds and heavy seas
Will never knock her to her knees.
She is a lady of towering beauty,
She is never reluctant or shirks her duty.

She is a lady of truth,
She never, ever lies--
You can see that just by looking at her penetrating eyes.

If she could speak
I'm certain she would say--
"Americans", it's been my pleasure to serve you this way."

Steadfast and unmovable,
A pillar of strength,
She stands for freedom,
And justice of any length.

We as Americans would like to say,
"Thank you Lady--and happy birthday!

38

by: Joseph B. Jones

BALLAD OF A LOST ONE

THERE AREN'T ENOUGH WORDS TO SAY
TO END THE ACHING OF YOUR HEART,
A LOVED ONE HAS PASSED AWAY
AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR TO PART,
GOD HAS TAKEN HIM BY HIS WILL
TO LIVE ABOVE
AND BE WITH SOMEONE ELSE HE LOVES.

IT'S A RIGHT TO CRY WHEN SOMEONE YOU LOVE DIES,
LET YOUR FEELING OUT FROM INSIDE,
SHOW HIM HOW MUCH HE REALLY MEANT
AND THANK GOD FOR THE GIFT HE SENT,
A LOVED ONE HAS PASSED AWAY;
HIS MEMORIES WILL LIVE EVERYDAY.

Missy Summa

Why I spend as much time as I do in certain places is puzzling to me. Could it be something interests me and draws me nearer and nearer like the force of gravity? Seeing someone I used to know usually gets my attention. Hearing certain music may bring back memories of the past which in return will make me stay settled. Being amused in my own little world may cause me to be frequently tardy. Maybe the environment around me is so comfortable and peaceful I wouldn't want to leave it.

Gus

39

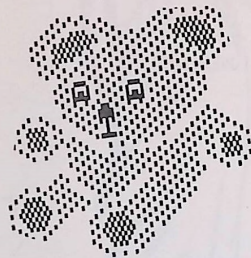
**A teddy bear is:
Security in the darkness,
Someone who never tells your secrets,
The only one who listens without giving their opinion.**

**By:
Debbie Paltrinieri**

**A cheery face on a rainy day,
A friend who is always there.**



TEDDY BEAR



WHILE ALL IS QUIET AND STILL,
THE LITTLE BEAR WAITS FOR HIS CHANCE TO,
ONCE AGAIN, HAVE BACK HIS FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT.
ALL DAY LONG HE SITS AND THINKS OF ALL THE THINGS
HE WISHES HE COULD DO IN THE SUNSHINE. I WONDER WHAT
WOULD HAPPEN, IF FOR ONE NIGHT, EVERYTHING JUST KEPT ITS
PACE. MAYBE HIS "HUMAN" QUALITIES ALLOW HIM TO FEEL HURT
AND ABANDONED LIKE WE ALL DO SOMETIMES. UNTIL TEDDY BEARS
ARE GIVEN THE GIFT OF LIFE, THIS QUESTION WILL REMAIN
UNANSWERED

LISA ALAIMO



Teddy Bear

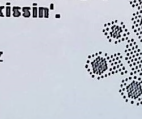
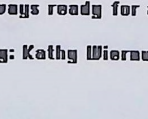
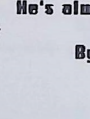
A teddy bear can instantly stop a child from crying.

**Cute, cuddly and comforting,
He becomes a friend in the dark.**

**Taking away the loneliness,
He's always there to listen.**

**Opening his heart and puckering his lips,
He's always ready for a kissin'.**

By: Kathy Wiernusz



A circus clown
Makes you laugh all day
For he chases your problems away.
Clothed in cheery costume
He's friends with all ages
For his mood is always contagious.

By: Kathy Wiernusz

NOT A CARD GAME,
NOT TEETH OR NOSE,
NOT A NAUTICAL PLATFORM,
OR ON A GUITAR, BUT...

A BRIDGE IS:
STEEL ARCHES PUMPING WITH TRAFFIC,
KEEPING EVERYONE IN SUSPENSE,
CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A PROBLEM,
WATER FALLING FEAR,
OVERCOMING LIFE'S OBSTACLES.

-By Anne Graham's
Creative Writing Class

NOTE: The unaBRIDGEd version



A Buttercup

A buttercup is God's creation,
The beginning of summer,
natural beauty,
delicately shiny and fragile,
yellow.

Angie Mazaika

*A sneaker is abused,
It's usually tied up, and
is forced to work day and night
in all types of weather.
It usually looks old for its age,
Because people keep it underfoot.*

By: Debbie Paltrineri

Why?

Why must love come and go?
The answer we should never know.
If in time I should meet
Someone to sweep me off my feet,
Then maybe someday soon
I will hear that familiar tune
That every girl longs to hear
When someone she loves holds her near.
The answer then lies in this:
Love is what you want it to be.

By: Lisa Alaimo

THE SPIRIT OF COMBAT

Calm...soft summer breeze...lush green
jungle before the storm, Not a sound,
not a whisper do I perceive as I meditate;
visions of an expanding red balloon grow
in my head. Getting larger, larger,
larger until... Bang! The storm hits
like gale force winter winds, Like a
hurricane. There is calm in my eye and
I can blow them all away. And then I
know I don't have to fight, because
I can.

Eric L. Smith

Ode to Manuel
 You wander around,
 but never show your face.
 We think we hear you,
 but it may be our imagination.
 We know you're there,
 and yet we're unsure.

by **DEDDIE PALTINEDI**

FIND A WORD

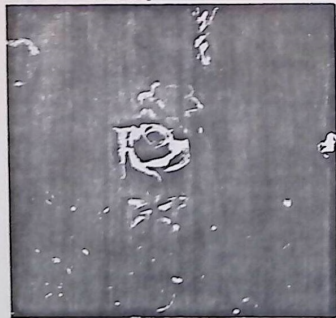
N S C A F E T E R I A H K L A B O
 C U T P S B O L J U M L O T E S F
 O B P O I S M E G D I U R U T E T
 U A N W B T A N U M L B L R N S S
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 U R E T T E L S W E N D R A W N E
 P J O S A I A F R I E N E S H I P
 R E P O R T C A R D D N E P I T S

- | | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Upward Bound | 9. Cafeteria | 17. Opportunity |
| 2. Anne | 10. Dorm | 18. Alumni |
| 3. Tom | 11. Miner | 19. Friendship |
| 4. Linda | 12. Sturdevant | 20. Learning |
| 5. Special Interest | 13. Stark | 21. Dance |
| 6. Placement | 14. Counselor | 22. Stipend |
| 7. Class | 15. Counseling Group | 23. Open House |
| 8. Milk | 16. Bridge | 24. Newsletter |
| | | 25. Report Card |

Julie Pisoneschi



Delice Pittman



Stop and enjoy the simple pleasures of life!



Horrie

J.A.P.

50

*I like my Upward Bound
My very own Upward Bound.
I made new friends,
and great ones, too
Like Bob, Rick and you, and you, and you, and you.*

*Upward Bound is hard work and it is fair.
It's a good challenge for you to prepare
for your future, and
If you're not sure
The staff'll help you! and you, and you, and you.*

*Nothing can spoil your fun
Here on campus, Son.
Regina, she'll keep ya on the run.*

*It's like one big family here.
We walk, we talk, we share.*

*So come one, come to Upward Bound, my friends.
Have a great time from start to end.*

Mike Welsh

Love is like a rollercoaster,
It has its ups and downs,
Just when you think you know that special someone,
They change.,
Not even leaving as much as a reason,
And still that question remains, WHY?

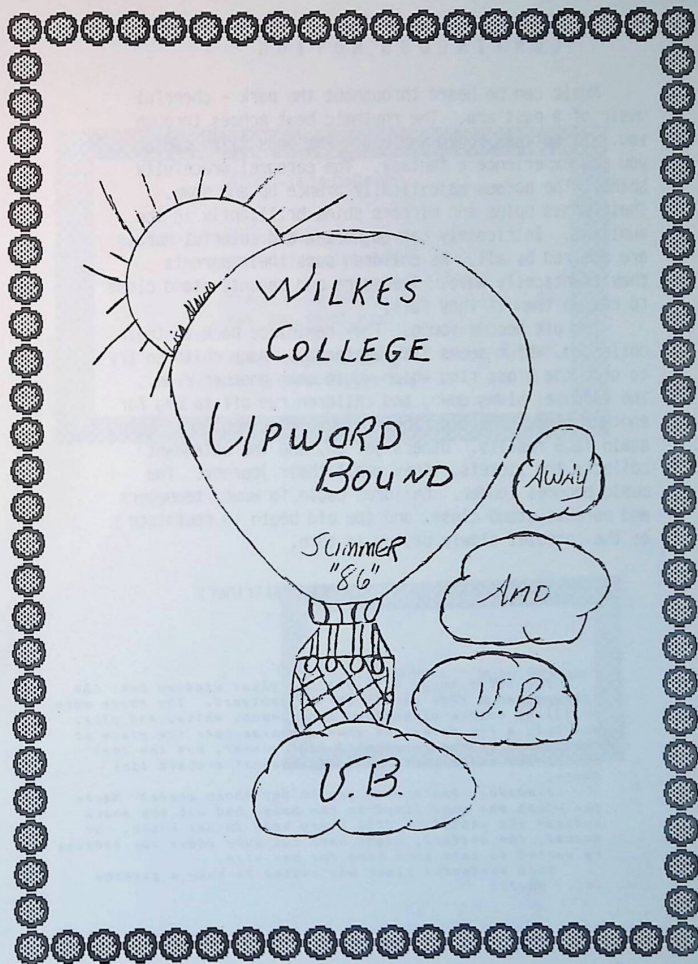
Kim Nickol

IN PRAISE OF LANGUAGE-FARMERS

Glory be to
The poem-makers;
To the word-movers
And the thought-plovers,
To the hope-cultivators
And the heart-croppers,
To the soul-winnowers
And the truth-harvesters,

To the word-lovers:
Who plant them-
Selves in the earth of
Their furrowed lines.
Buried there, the seeds
They be sprout in us:
Glory be.

Anne Aimetti Graham



CONTINUOUS MOTION

Music can be heard throughout the park - cheerful music of a past era. The rhythmic beat echoes through you. It entices young and old. For only fifty cents you can experience a fantasy. The carousel gracefully spins. The horses majestically prance up and down. Their brass poles and mirrors shine brilliantly in the sunlight. Intricately carved horses and colorful murals are admired by all. As children pass their parents they frantically wave. Teenagers and parents stand close to rescue them if they fall.

The old become young. They reminisce back to their childhood, which seems like yesterday. Many children try to grab the brass ring which would mean another ride. The carousel slows down, and children run off to beg for another ride. The old, their minds refreshed, must once again face reality. Others get on, and the attendant collects the tickets. They await their journey. The music becomes louder. Children begin to wave, teenagers and parents stand close, and the old begin to reminisce as the carousel slowly begins to turn.

Debbie Paltrineri

The large house with stained glass windows near the library had a rose garden in the backyard. The roses were brilliant colors of yellow, red, peach, white, and pink. Now only a few trees and some petunias take the place of the house; it was demolished last summer, but the rose bushes are still there, leaning against a chain link fence.

I wonder, did anyone try to cut those roses? Maybe the woman who once lived in the house had cut the roses because she wanted to fill every vase in her house. Or Manuel, the gardner, might have cut some roses too because he wanted to take some home for his wife.

This wonderful place was ruined to make a parking lot. Why?!

Angie Mazaika

A Tribute to DaDaism

brring, yup, yup, yup
grrrrr,glup, glup,glup

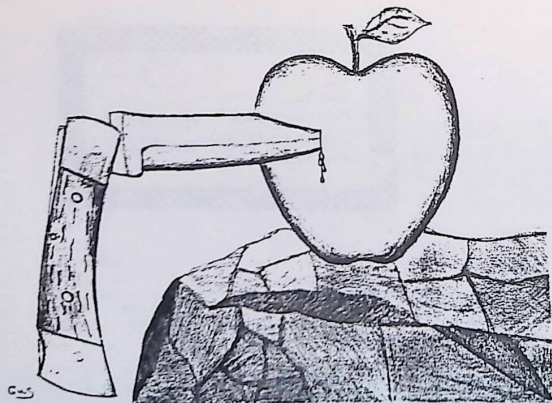
crack, blurp, snap
eek, pop, splat, clep

beep, beep, zip, bang
teh, clomp, oops, clang

by,
Ton Du
Brette Hedrick Ryan Jackson
Debbie Paltrineri Ann Nguyen
Kim Nickol

**Why Did You Hurt Me?
You Know I Loved You, So Why Did You Hurt Me?
I Told You My Secrets.
And My Dreams.
You Were Always There When I Needed A Friend.
I Thought You Loved Me.
So Why Did You Hurt Me?**

By Drotto Madriok



THINKING OF YOU
THIS MORNING WHEN I WAKEND
AND SAW THE SUN ABOVE,
I SOFTLY SAID "GOOD MORNING LORD-BLESS EVERYONE I SAID!"
RIGHT AWAY I THOUGHT OF YOU AND SAID A LOVING PRAYER
THAT HE WOULD BLESS YOU SPECIALLY, AND KEEP YOU FREE FROM CARE,
I THOUGHT OF ALL THE HAPPINESS A DAY CAN HAVE IN STORE;
I WISHED IT ALL FOR YOU "CAUSE NO ONE DESERVES IT MORE!"
I FELT SO WARM AND GOOD INSIDE MY HEART WAS ALL A GLOW-
I KNOW GOD HEARD MY PRAYER FOR YOU-HE HEARS THEM ALL ,
YOU KNOW!!
JUST TO LET YOU KNOW I'M THINKING OF YOU!

CHERYL SIMON

**Mr. Booth
Mr. Booth teaches comp. one,
and most of the time it is fun.
Everynight we get an assignment,
he seems to think they are heaven sent.
This is how he forces us to think,
it will help help us, even though it stinks.
Peanut butter and jelly sandwiches he said,
should only be made on one piece of bread.
Although now he says it is his time,
so I will have to end this rhyme.**

RAJ

DO YOU REMEMBER?

A collection of
Poems from past
Literary Magazines
Pages 60-64

Sitting silently, waiting to roar to life is a beautiful red machine capable of speeds beyond normal autos of its kind, a ship almost capable of flying, hurling men toward the edge of disaster, then bring them home safely. However all the people are not fortunate enough. The machine may lose its stamina and crash into a wall. Not the man loses his life, but the machine, beyond repair, is sent to a scrap yard with only the memory of a galant race.

Another car takes its place and the people cheer as it enters the race. I sit as an observer of sleek, fast machines with a burning desire of climbing into the pilot's seat and flying off with nothing but the road in front of me, the roar of the engine underneath me, and the spirit of driving inside me.

-Jim Gray

Our Human Race

Our human race is a sport,
in the way they act toward each other:
sometimes kind but yet so cruel,
hurting people in many ways.
We see it happen all the time,
in this world it is called a crime.

Brenda Kreidler

"BOOTHINGS"

HAIKU CONTENTMENT

Yesterday evening
I took a walk within me,
To visit my friends.

EPITAPH

Here lies Mike Booth.
He lived for better or worse,
but he's dead for good.

TEACHER

A wandering farmer
desperately seeking
to be
a cultivator of ideas
a nurturer of dreams
a planter of poems.

DO NOT DISTURB

I need to be
in this room
all by myself
for awhile.
My HEness
is making demands
again.

I know you
can see my hurt,
and I appreciate
your concern.
But, have a seat.
Maybe read a magazine,
or study the etchings
on the wall.
I'll be out
in a little while.

Man*

What is man if he can not do as he pleases?
What is he if he is not free to shape his own mind,
and choose his own culture?

He is nothing but a robot programmed with no feelings.
He is a helpless baby in the mind and eyes of the superiors.

The true man is just a dust in the wind, free to
be caught up in a gust when all enthusiasm is nothing
but a dwindling fire.

Free to the day when he is caught and blinded by
a menacing terror called Love.

Lynn Sedmina

I was sitting in my livingroom near our large, multi-colored window.
It was 1:00 a.m. The sky was a dark shade of zebra blue. It was totally
awesome. A full moon was out.

Then it happened. The colors of the sky started flashing like a hot,
burning fire. The iridescent, full moon, which had been hanging in the
sky, had suddenly vanished. Windows shattered, doors flew open, everything
was turned on by itself. I spaced out. Then the clock struck 1:30 a.m.

-Kathy Thomas

You can look
or see
Poems take on different depths

Finding
and relating
Are different concepts

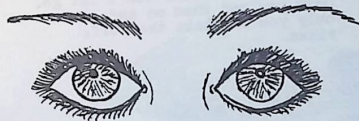
Those who write
Know what they see

Yet
Those who look
don't know what is written

To know what is meant
you must be what you see
and finally

Write what you are.

JUDY ZARELLA



- The Wanderer -

Searching
Searching
For unity and a reason.
Gather your thoughts
And hold on
Lifes branches
Will touch your deep soul
And bring honesty

Searching
Searching
For honesty and life

That's all you want
Right?
For you too are a wanderer
Searching life.

MARK MUTTER

Chocolate Covered Peanut Butter Eggs

Scene: April 3rd and Joann stands at her locker. She'd just come from home-ec and has some snacks in her hand-namely three freshly dipped C.C.P.B.E. Eddie approaches.

Eddie: Can I have one?
Joann: I'm not giving them away.
Eddie: I bet if Dan asked you'd give him one.
Joann: No, I'm not giving them to anyone.
Eddie: What if Daryl asked?
Joann (looking down hall at him): I'd say 'do ya want 3?'
Eddie: What if Willie asked?
Joann: I'd go down and make more.
Eddie: And if Neal Schon asked?
Joann turns and laughs in his face.
Le fin.
-Eddie Lupico

Vices

I don't understand.
Follow the crowd;
act real cool.
Tell me they're old habits,
but they're killing you.
I've seen it before and
each time it hurts to see you
killing yourself.

Why do you do it?
I can't understand;
they grab hold and don't let go.
Only you put them on and
only you can take them off;
vices.

Bill Holmes

River Time

Where does the river begin -
Where does it end -
The only thing I know for certain
Is the direction of the flow.

Time also in constant motion,
Bringing with it the remnants
Of that part of The River Upstream, the past.

I can experience one small part of River Time,
But can you imagine seeing it all at once
As if riding in a plane, miles above the river,
Being able to trace every curve, every change in motion:

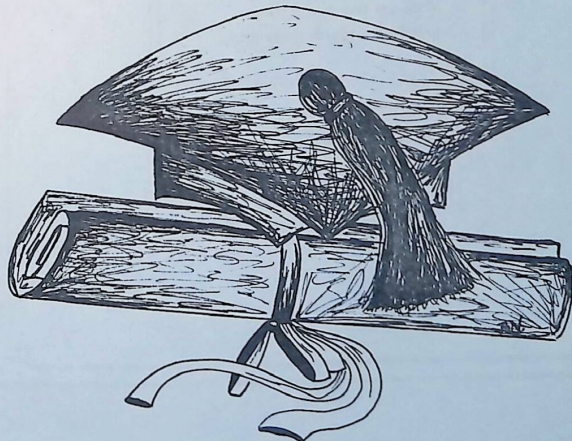
To know where it is headed and how it will end?

-Jennie Gruenloh

Going Forward, moving on
Remembering the years, the friends,...the pain
A time for
Dreaming,
Understanding,
And
Tears
It is the time for minds and hearts to
Open up to the future,
Never quite closing themselves to yesterday.

Best wishes to the Upward Bound Class of 1986.

Jennie Gruenloh



To The Literary Magazine Class

Walk among the flowers.
dance with the stars.

Dream with the dreamers
discover who you are.

Share with the lovers
smile with a friend.

Walk in the sunshine
until you reach your end.

Jean Ann Pollard

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