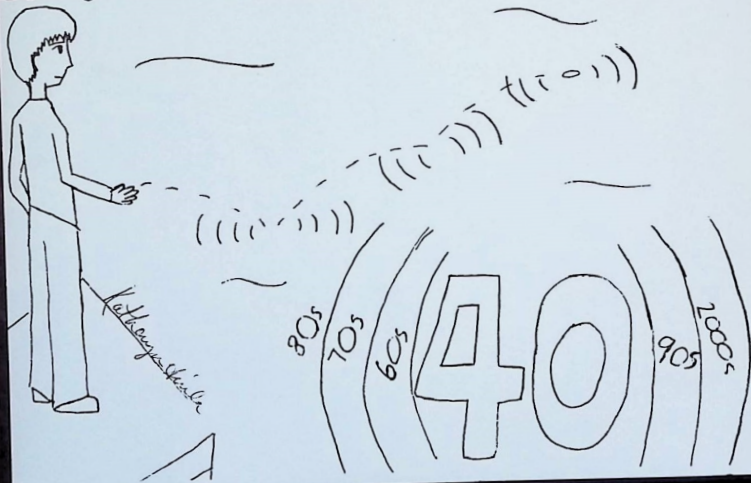


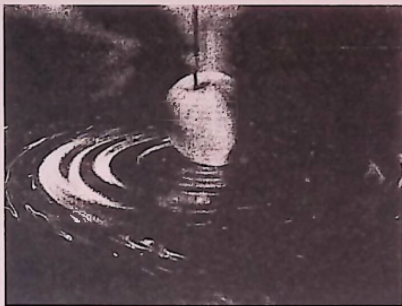
# The Ripple Effect

Literary Magazine  
2007

40th Year  
Commemorative  
Edition

*changing the world, one pebble at a time...*





Being a part of the Upward Bound Summer of 2007 has been truly transforming for me as an Upward Bound director. Celebrating 40 years of success in a program that has been life-changing for so many can offer one new perspectives. Let's reminisce.

Forty-five frightened future friends entered Evans Hall on that beautiful Sunday evening in late June of 2007. They were told that their onerous task for the next six weeks was to explore the wonders of the last four decades while discovering their inner-selves and blossoming socially. Oh, by the way...you do that in your spare time after attending a full regimen of academic classes. In the middle of all of that we must plan and implement a reunion, the Carnival of Decades, for Upward Bound members from the past 40 years.

The transforming took place day by day as the exploring, discovering and blossoming unfolded. As the Carnival of Decades approached, we began reading stories and examining pictures from Upward Bound classes of the past. We realized that each of the individuals that we were about to host had explored, discovered and blossomed in their own special way just as we were doing here and now in 2007. The hairstyles and clothing had changed, but the Upward Bound moral standards and long-term goals were still the same.

The Literary Magazine for 2007 compiles works of present students as well as alumni from the past 40 years. It is befittingly entitled *The Ripple Effect* as it demonstrates how each individual, by casting their pebble in the Upward Bound pond has created a ripple that will transform their lives and make a difference in the world around them day by day. The insights, hopes, fears, and tears that have been shared in this publication will be an inspiration for decades to come.

Margaret A. Espada  
Director

## A Special Thank You

### Faculty

Ms. Konopke  
Ms. Reibe  
Mr. Komorek  
Mr. Evans  
Mr. Peters  
Ms. Glennon  
Ms. Krushnowski  
Ms. Mullen  
Ms. Wrubel  
Mr. Huffman  
Ms. Adler  
Ms. Visneski  
Ms. Barrera  
Ms. Obert

### Coordinators

Mrs. Espada—director  
Stephanie Shandra—guidance coordinator  
Mr. Ripa—academic coordinator  
Mrs. Ostrum—office assistant  
Sarah Lloyd—resident director  
Sandy Sistrunk—assistant resident director

### TC's

TC Ted  
TC Steve  
TC Jayme  
TC Mark  
TC Sarah

### Lit Mag Staff

Kevin Pawlaski  
Mike Seashock  
Kevin Shewan  
Tiara Carey  
Kate Roche

Brian Kerns  
Jennifer Earley  
Kim Doughton  
Kat Avila  
Ms. Krushnowski

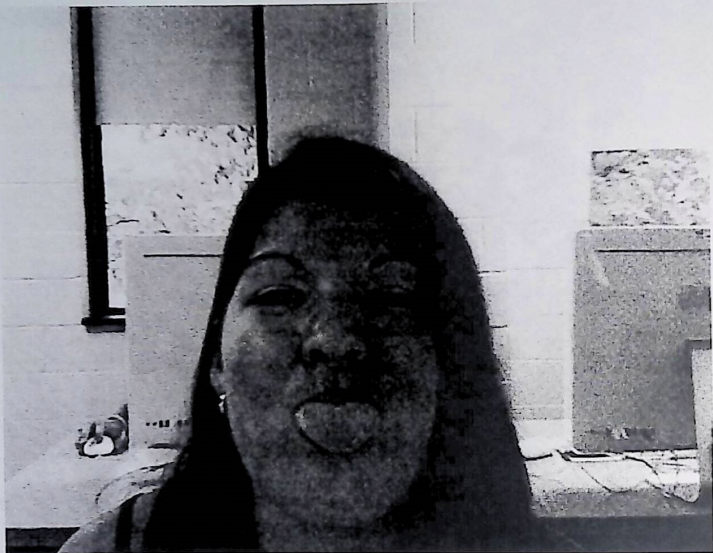


*"But thy eternal summer shall not fade."*

*~William Shakespeare~*

*To everyone in the upward Bound  
community, we would like to say thank  
you for another wonderful summer!*

*Lit Mag Staff 2007*



# What is Upward Bound?

## Upward Bound

Unique  
Powerful  
Wonderful  
Amazing  
Riveting  
Distinctive

Beautiful  
One-of-a-kind  
Uplifting  
Neat  
Daring

By: Michael Seashock

## Time

By Katheryn Avila

We all wonder  
What the Future Holds.  
Happiness?  
Success?

No one truly knows  
What to expect.  
Will we be famous?  
Or just another face?

One thing is certain, though.  
We all look to the past  
For guidance,  
And for ideas.

Nothing is new anymore,  
Only recycled.  
It's not the kind of recycling  
We should be doing.

What about the present?  
Just like the past,  
People live in it too much.  
No matter what,

We should always hope for a brighter future.

There are those that don't care  
About what may happen.  
"We won't be around when it happens,"  
Is the excuse.

What about our children?  
Their children?  
Who will build them a future,  
But us?

Upward Bound helps us look,  
Look towards a brighter tomorrow,  
A brighter future.  
Thanks for caring,  
In the Past, Present, and Future.

## Summer at UB

The summer at Upward Bound is a summer full of fun

With Jayme snorting.

Ted's team meetings.

Mark's concern.

Sarah smiles.

Where did Steve's hat go?

RD Sarah chilling.

ARD Sandy snapping pictures of us all!

With all the games and the friends found.

Upward Bound promises to be fun for all.

Glasses by day.

Free time by night.

Being an UBer is a delight.

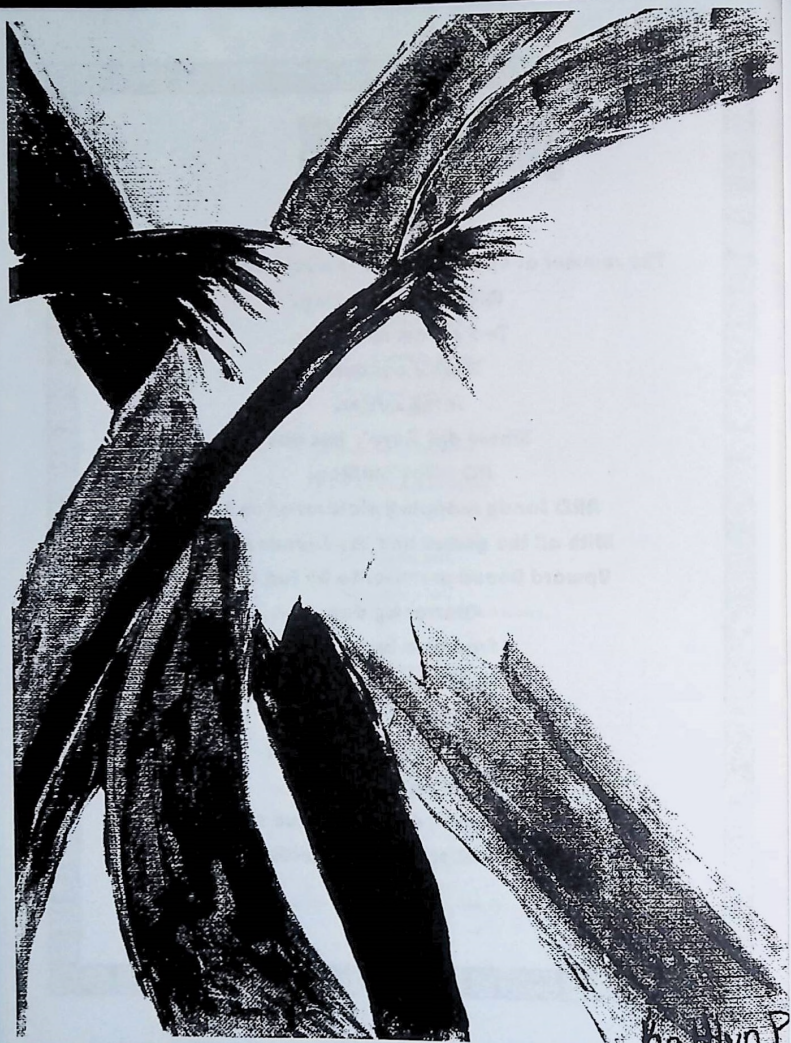
Walking 3 flights.

For a well balanced meal

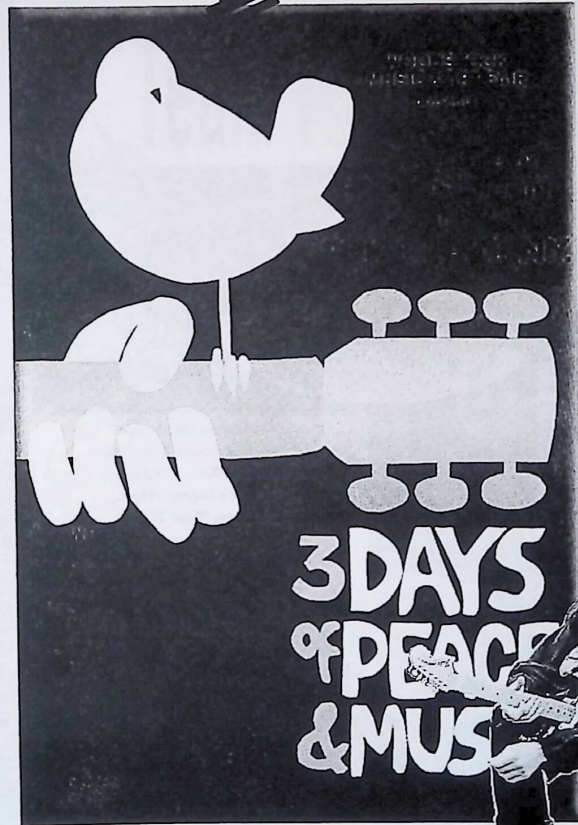
Home on weekends

On Sunday after noon when we return

We are all so happy to be together again.



1960s



**Big groups of  
the 60s:**

Bobby Darin  
Neil Sedaka  
Jerry Lee Lewis  
Paul Anka  
Del Shannon  
Frankie Avalon  
Gladys Knight and  
the Pips  
Martha and the Van  
dellas  
Supremes  
Aretha Franklin  
Smoky Robinson  
James Brown  
Jimi Hendrix  
Temptations  
Bob Dylan  
Joan Baez  
Peter, Paul & Mary  
Beach Boys  
Beatles  
Gratefuldead  
Janis Joplin

1960's

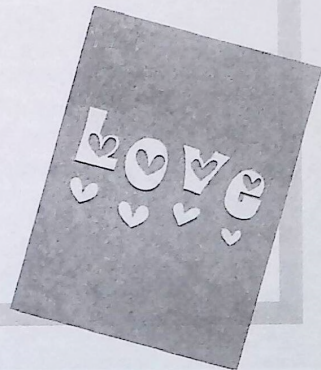
- Population 177,830,000
- Unemployment 3,852,000
- Average Salary \$4,743
- Teacher's Salary \$5,174
- Minimum Wage \$1.00
- Life Expectancy: Males 66.6 years, Females 73.1 years
- Auto deaths 21.3 per 100,000
  - About 350,000 freshmen entered college

# Team Woodstock



TC Jayme

Aimee Alfonso  
Mike Barlett  
Lake Gemzik  
Samantha Hunter  
Brian Kerns  
Jessica Kramer  
Kate Roche  
Brianna Purdy  
Angela Smith  
Amy Linn Zdipko



## *The Love of My Life*

*You are the most amazing thing that has ever happened in my life.*

*Only you could bring me so much joy into my heart.*

*Only you could make me smile that many times without even trying.*

*Only you could make all my fears disappear.*

*Only you know how to make me stop crying.*

*Only you know how to make me feel better at the end of the day.*

*Only you know exactly what to say to me make me love you more each day and everyday.*

*Only you are now the love of my life and I didn't ever want you to go away.*

*You make me whole in every possible way.*

*I wouldn't want to imagine any part of my life without you in it.*

*You have everything I've always been looking for and nothing less.*

*You're what every girl looks for but never seems to find.*

*Well I'm lucky to say that I have found you and I'm not willing to let this beautiful thing go.*

*You turned out to be more than what I asked for but I thank*

*God for that because maybe he sent you to me for a special reason.*

*You are truly the love of my life and I now know that for a fact because no one else could have given me so much happiness in just a day.*

*~Anonymous*

# Payback

By Brian Kerns

"Eww!!! Can't you ever not pick on me?" I asked as my older brother withdrew his saliva-soaked finger from the depths of my ear canal. "I will stop when your older than me" he said.

Like most younger brothers, I was stuck on the losing side of the never-ending war of sibling rivalry. Don't get me wrong, I try to get him back, but let's face it, I'm seven and he is twelve, that means that his bones are like steel because he's eaten that many more vegetables than I. Whenever I try to hit him, I just get hurt.

I once tried to hire a mob hit man to torture him, but my mom caught me on the phone with him. None of my plans just seem to work. Plus Monopoly™ money just wouldn't cut it.

Except for one....

Exactly one summer ago we went on vacation (and this is where I would procure my revenge). The whole group consisted of me, my brothers, sister, mother, various cousins, aunts, and uncles. The total number of people: twenty three.

It was halfway through the week when my mother introduced "the plan." My mother had known that I was plotting revenge on my brother for some time (mom's always seem to know). So she took the incentive to make up her own plan.

When I first heard "the plan" I was flabbergasted. I had never heard such an expertly thought out plan in my short lifetime. The logistics were perfect; the timing had to be exact. Everything hinged on the doings of every team member.

It was "The Day of" My stomach was rolling and flipping in the excitement of finally getting major payback. The team was ready, everything was in place.

Three.....Two....One.....Go Time.

Finally, I had won the War.



*A YEAR TO REMEMBER*

*JANUARY BRINGS US SNOW SO WHITE,  
IT LOOKS SO PEACEFUL DAY AND NIGHT.*

*FEBRUARY BRINGS US NICE RED HEARTS,  
IN HOPES THAT WE WILL NEVER PART.*

*MARCH BRINGS WINDS SO COOL AND CRISP,  
IT BLOWS YOUR HAIR 'TILL IT'S A WISP.*

*APRIL ALSO MANY FUN-FILLED HOURS,*

*MAY BRINGS US VERY PRETTY FLOWERS,  
THEY SEEM TO FORM A LACY BOWER.*

*AND OH, SO VERY PRETTY IN JUNE,  
ARE GRADUATES' ROSES IN FULL BLOOM.*

*AND IN JULY A TEMPTING LEMONADE,  
TO COOL YOU IN SOME SUMMER SHADE.*

*IN AUGUST THERE ARE HUSHES OF CORN,  
AND BREEZES BLOW SO BALMY AND WARM.*

*COME SEPTEMBER WE GO BACK TO SCHOOL,  
AND THE WEATHER TURNS JUST A TRIFLE  
COOL.*

*IN OCTOBER THERE IS A HARVEST MOON,  
GHOSTS, PUMPKINS AND WITCHES ON  
BROOMS.*

*IN NOVEMBER THERE IS THANKSGIVING  
TURKEY,  
AND OUR MOODS ARE APT TO TURN  
SOMEWHAT PERKY.*

*AND WHEN WE AWAKEN TO THE JOYS OF  
CHRISTMAS MORN,  
WE MUST REMEMBER THAT IN BETHLEHEM  
TOWN, OUR SAVIOR WAS BORN,*

*A SAVIOUR WHOSE BIRTH BROUGHT GREAT  
TIDINGS AND CHEER,  
AT CHRISTMAS, THE WONDERFUL TIME OF  
YEAR.*

LINDA LANZONE  
1967

# Team Woodstock

Our Personalities clicked instantly  
Team Woodstock is the Bomb Digity  
We are the best team ever  
We are very very clever

Our T.C. Jayme snorts  
We own all the other teams in sports  
Team Woodstock is so groovy  
We could be in a movie

Because that's how we role  
And don't forget it  
YEE YAH!!!

By: Team Woodstock

Editorial in MEDIA,  
Student Literary Magazine, 1967

The Project is over.... The six-week experimental stage of a program designed to direct, towards college, young people with high potential and questionable motivation. Instilling motivation in fifty minds is no small goal. Project Upward Bound has so far been fraught with some measure of academic emphasis, personal counseling and a taste of the social aspects of Wilkes College.

A congenial atmosphere of flexible seminars, periodic individual guidance and the camaraderie of dormitory life has been the approach used by teachers and counselors to aid students in adjusting to the basic reality of a college education.

The technique, while as yet untested by the rigors of the coming school years, at the very least proves that some portion of society cares about the project members. This is made personally meaningful by the evident concern of both counselors and teachers.

A question of assistance in the course of academic success is thus answered by Project Upward Bound. The remaining question becomes crucial: are the students involved in the Program willing to not only accept but also to grasp the opportunity before them? The individual's decision poses the crux of the problem of motivation.

Ted Sod '69

Upward Bound

Jessica Kramer  
Ms. Krushnowski  
Communications 101 Period 3  
Personal Experience  
23 July 2007

Every year we go to school for 180 days, which can seem too long for us. Many kids can not wait until summer vacation starts. This past year seemed like the teachers were ready for a break as much as us. Normally my summer includes camping, sleeping in, and hanging out with my friends or cousins but this year it was different. I am staying at Wilkes with Upward Bound and spend six weeks getting up early and none of my friends are in it so I have to make new ones. I have thought about the six week program since my sister was in it two years ago.

At first I really did not want even want to go there, but when I arrived I cried. I never really spent that much time away from my family I only stay one week with my aunt in Virginia and it was amazing I would actually want to move there because I like it so much. I am always with my cousins, friends or my sister. So I did not want to think about spending the next six weeks alone. Everything we had to do was new to me. I now had to wake up early to go to classes during my summer vacation. I did not think it was going to be fun being away from home. The first week I moved in with all of these new people who I will be talking classes with and living with for the next six weeks. My classes do not bother me after the first week. I got used taking the classes because I know that it will help me, when I go back to school in the fall.

My classes consist of Algebra 2, Computers, Communications, and Literature. I already had Mrs. Riebe and Mr. Evans in the spring so I knew what there class would be like. Everyone always likes their summer to be free and be able to do anything but I actually do not mind taking these classes. The teachers are all very nice and give up their time off to teach instead of being on vacation. The work we have to do will help me in the fall when I am learning the problems in Algebra 2 or being a good public speaker so I can talk in front of a panel of teachers for my graduation project.

At Wilkes I am eating breakfast, lunch, and dinner and have to get all five food groups. The food gets to you after eating for a while. I like to drink PowerAde. With all of the food we eat, we can not forget about our glass of milk. I am so used to eating food my mom and my grandma makes so the food sometimes gets annoying.

During the summer we are spending a lot of time with TC's which our Tutor Counselors are. They help us with anything we need like our essays, being afraid of the noises from the dorms, or to be there just to talk. My TC is Jayme. We have team meetings with her everyday which is really fun.

Well the first week, went by pretty fast. I really like in study lab how we have so much time to do our homework. I really like having a TC's help me when I need it for my work. In study Lab I get a lot accomplished. The study period is about one hour and thirty minutes, and we get a ten minute break.

My sister stayed at Wilkes for Upward Bound and I did not know why she wanted to do it? Most kids like me do not want to spend six weeks with a schedule and classes. The summer is still fun even though we do work in the morning and activities in the night. I tried it because my sister made it and now I finally realize why my sister liked it

so much. Some summer days at home I might have been bored because no one is around or the weather was just not enough to go swimming. Now I can not say I am ever bored here. I get up at six in the morning which feels like I am waking up with the rooster and we do not stop until nine at night when we finally get free time. My summer so far has been great. I have a lot of new friends that I have been spending a lot of time with.

With this program it's preparing us for college it also takes us on trips we went to two colleges. Now it's time to talk about the trips to the colleges. We got to go to Penn State Main and East Stroudsburg. They were two very different colleges. Penn State Main was as big as some cities. You would be a statistic or a number there. I think if you go to Penn State your professor would not be able to help you because there are some many students. East Stroudsburg University is a smaller college and a state school. I liked go to both of these colleges because I probably would have not known the sizes and if I want to dorm there or to go home but now I have ideas. I am thankful that I decided to stay this summer with Upward Bound because it helped my sister out in so many ways and it seemed to already.

At Upward Bound we get to have a career mentorship from 1:15-3:30 and I go to the CYC. I really enjoy going to CYC. Every Monday and Wednesday after lunch. I get to spend some time with kids from 6-9 years of age. I play games and keep the kids out of trouble. Going to the CYC makes me want to be a teacher but it does consist of a lot of work just spending time with kids is fun and if I was home I would not have been able to have them to CYC. I like how the kids look up to me because I am older. They now come up to me and give me a hug it's great!!!!!!!

So far this is one program I will not forget. I never really stayed away from my family so dorming at Wilkes is very different experience but nice, no parents telling you to clean your room or pick up your dishes. It is fun dorming with someone I did not really know because we have a lot we can talk about. I like how some of the TC's are going to become teachers. It is the summer and I am going to be a junior in high school and I still want to be a elementary teacher/special education. It is nice to have college students to ask for help and opinions on what to do and what they like about college. It is already half way over and I do not think I will want it to end. I wish I can come here to school every day with the same teachers and students. I like have a few kids in each class so the teacher can help each of us. In school we usually have twenty five students so a teacher can not spend as much time with us. I understand and learn a lot more with Upward Bound and small classes.

This is one summer I will not forget I like being around everyone my age from different schools. We get to play a lot of games that I would not have played with my friends because there is not enough of us and because I'd never played them before. I liked the human knot and the games we play at our team meetings. I really like aerobics and exercising with everyone doing the same exercise. The staff of Upward Bound makes my experience even better. I loved going to the Martina McBride concert. It was another thing I would not have gone to if I was home. I still have three weeks left and I hope to make the most out of them.

Now, I realize in this program on move-in day I cried when my mom and dad left me. But now I have independence and I going to probably cry when it's all over! Well, have you made up your mind about spending six-weeks in a program to benefit your whole life to get you to college and take you where you need to go.

*If I Could...*

*If I could change the past  
Rewind back to where it all began  
I wouldn't make the same mistakes  
I wouldn't let him slip away  
Or maybe  
Just maybe  
I could walk away  
Before any of it began*

*I can sit here and let my regrets pull me in  
To a state of being where hating myself  
Is the way it's supposed to be?  
I can lose myself to my mistakes  
Or accept myself for what I've done*

*Every mistake I've made in the past  
For whatever reason that I had  
It's changed me slowly  
To the person I've become today*

*I've watched him walk away  
Let my heart rebuild itself all over again  
More than once leaves a gash  
You can't cover up  
It's got me pulling back  
To the one I should be letting in*

*I've been wishing, wanting,  
Trying to cover up  
How much I've been wanting him back  
Today's the day  
That maybe  
Just maybe  
I can walk away  
And give the one that loves me  
Everything he deserves  
All of me*

*-Anonymous*

## Thank You

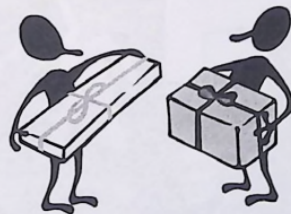
~By Angela Smith~

People say a traumatic event will either ruin a person or make that person stronger. My traumatic experience probably would've ruined me if it had not been for the Upward Bound staff and my roommate.

You can always tell when you are wanted by the way people treat you. At home, I never felt wanted, I never felt loved. When I arrived at Evans Hall on Sunday, June 24, I was so happy I was finally away from home. Then while packing to go home Thursday night it hit me and it hit me hard. I completely lost it, well my roommate called Jayme because I couldn't stop crying. After a few minutes, I broke down and told Jayme why I was deathly afraid to go home the following night. Jayme immediately comforted me and told me that I was going to be okay. At the moment I felt loved.

I spent a good deal of the night with Jayme and RD Sarah telling them the horrific events of my life. Then Mrs. Espada came and decided that there was no way I was going home the next night and I haven't been home since.

I would like to thank all of the Upward Bound Staff for all the support and love they have given over the past weeks. I know that no matter what happens they will always be there for me. I would also like to thank my amazing roommate and my suitemates for being there when I needed them the most.



### My Prayer

Now I sit me down to  
STUDY.  
I pray the Lord I don't go  
NUTTY!  
If- and when- I get this  
JUNK.  
I pray the Lord I do not  
FLUNK!

And if I should die  
before I wake...  
AT LEAST THIS TEST I WON'T  
HAVE TO TAKE!

Robert Jevln '69

Upward Bound

# 1970s

## JAWS

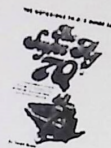
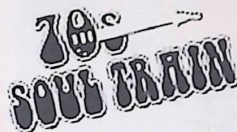


# Top Five Movies of Every Year

	1	2	3	4	5
1970	Airport	M*A*S*H	Patton	Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice	Woodstock
1971	Love Story	Little Big Man	Summer of '42	Ryan's Daughter	The Owl and the Pussycat
1972	The Godfather	Fiddler on the Roof	Diamonds are Forever	What's up, Doc	Dirty Harry
1973	The Poseidon Adventure	Deliverance	The Getaway	Live and Let Die	Paper Moon
1974	The Sting	The Exorcist	Papillon	Magnum Force	Herbie Rides Again
1975	Jaws	The Towering Inferno	Benji	Young Frankenstein	The Godfather, Part II
1976	One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest	All the President's Men	The Omen	The Bad News Bears	Silent Movie
1977	Star Wars	Rocky	Smokey and the Bandit	A Star is Born	King Kong
1978	Grease	Close Encounters of the Third Kind	Animal House	Jaws 2	Heaven Can Wait
1979	Superman	Every Which Way but Loose	Rocky II	Alien	Star Trek

**Some Popular Trends:** *Fet Rocks, Pop Rocks, Lava Lamps, String Art, Disco, The Hustle, Mood Rings, Afros, Gwister, Smiley Face, The Bee Gees, Chicago, Diff'rent Strokes, Laverne & Shirley, Love Boat, Mork & Mindy, Brady Bunch, Partridge Family, Bustin' Loose, Dukes of Hazzard, Charlie's Angels, Monty Python*

# Team DISCO



TC Ted

Jessica Bachman  
 Ariel Flores  
 Robert Dogal  
 Jackie Bartkeson  
 Kim Doughton  
 Jonathan Myrkaló  
 David Davenport  
 Amanda Steele



## How We Waste Time in Team Meeting

Introductions are detailed  
Conclusions are not detailed  
When the time is declared over  
We all never forget the good times we had  
Down by the shore at night  
I stare in the sky.



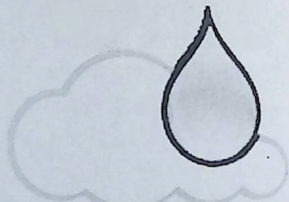
## Sorrowful Storm

I push  
Put up a wall  
You break it down  
You want words  
I've got them, won't tell  
You push the words from my lips  
You wanted words now listen.  
Your eyes grow gray to match mine  
The world is empty  
No souls exist  
Only bodies, empty bodies  
Empty emotions standing cold.  
I find you in a rain cloud.  
There is no happy ending to  
This storm, no rainbow, no puddles.  
Only streams of the lost and forgotten.  
That's where we lie.  
In the stream of lost hope and non believers.  
I grab your hand to get lost forever  
But you pull me out.  
You are my survivor.  
Your voice is like rain.  
Every drop fills my head as if it were a puddle.  
Only to come crashing down like lightning leaving  
echoes of thunder.

I'm alone in this world.  
There is no sunshine anymore.  
Only puddles of remembrance of your voice and your  
presence.

You were here and gone like a storm only to come  
another day and leave again  
when it grows cold and dark.  
I wait, wait and leave behind a trail of rain, a trail of  
tears and a trail of another day.

~Jackie Bartleson



# Friends 4 Ever

Through the good times and through the  
bad

Helping each other where ever we can  
leaving each other alone will never be an  
option

I know when you are down and  
feeling blue

You make every thing good when we hang  
out

It may be fighting off bugs in the middle  
of the night

When you are screaming "get it, get it,  
and help"

I'll be there for you and you are  
there for me

That's what friends are for  
No matter what life hands to us 4 ever  
friends we will be

By Kim Doughton



## Thinking Of You

One day you were here the next you were gone...

You didn't say goodbye before you left that day...

I want to see you one more time,

One more day...

If I only knew

Would I do anything different?

Would I let you go?

I think of you and ask Would you be proud

I try to be happy

But instead I am sad thinking of you...

Thinking what would you say?

What would you do?

I look up and wonder if you're looking down

Everyday just thinking of you....

## STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN

Screeching tires, breaking glass and sobbing, moaning voices were the last things I heard before my death. I can remember a numb feeling running up and down my spine. The feeling of glass and metal slowly slicing through the numerous layers of skin, muscles, and finally bone; but strangely I felt no pain. Deep, red blood greedily oozed out of my body and caused a sensation upon my exposed nerves. Suddenly I left a slight jerk. As I tried to raise my body, I looked to my right and saw an object that resembled a lamprey. After trying to extend my arm I realized the horrible truth, my arm had been severed. At the sight of this incredible scene I vomited a kaleidoscope of color, and finally passed out. Although I have no senses active now I can literally feel my body being thrust upward. As I float through space I pass familiar objects, scenes and acquaintances, I encounter in my short life.

I'm now dressed in a pink gown and stand before a blank mirror. When I look in the mirror I see no reflection of myself only background. I wander around and finally find a door ajar. After deciding to open the door I stepped inside a beautiful landscape. It opens up before me, inviting me to join. Everything had its quality of beauty, the trees, flowers, people and even rocks in this wonderful paradise. The area also smelled beautiful. Soft caring voices are the only ones heard. I entered but could not feel the ground upon which I stood. It was as if I was walking on air. I suppose I am not accepted yet. As I walk down the way I encounter relatives and friends who are long gone. I began to cry.

Robert Dogal  
Ms. Krushnowski  
Communications 101 Period 2  
Personal Speech  
23 July 2007

Most of the people that change our lives are our parents or friends, but for me that was not so. Her name was Rita, but everyone called her Meme, and she will always mean so much to my family and I. She was the best relative any one could have asked for. I often thought of her as a grandmother figure because we were that close. Meme was an all around amazing person, with much to offer this world, who could only be stopped by death.

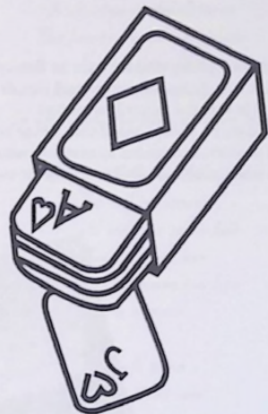
Meme was my Uncle's mother who lived in Connecticut. Every year we would go up to my aunt and uncle's lake house and visit them during the summer. When I was younger my uncle taught my brother and I how to kayak, row a rowboat, and even how to control and steer. At first, I was not very good at this at all, but I always remembered Meme watching us from the dock and telling us that we could do it. I didn't really think she was serious at the time, but as the years went by I realized how much she thought of and believed in me. We would not only see Meme at my uncle's house, but a must stop for my family every time we were there was also her house. I loved going over to her house with the family, especially for dinner when we would get to eat her homemade lasagna. This lasagna was the best you could ever eat. I also remembered making her day by telling her how great it tasted. After dinner we would all sit down and play cards. Her favorite game to play was called Sevens. I never really understood why it was her favorite game until she passed away, then I realized why, and the answer was simple, because she never lost. After she passed away, this game was really sad to play, but it brought back all the great memories we had while playing it when she was alive. I remember always trying to cheat just so I could win one game, but she would always catch me and I would end up losing. Even though she was amazing at playing cards and cooking lasagna, there were definitely more things that she did well in her life. When we would visit her, it was much more than a vacation for me because it was always the best time of my life.

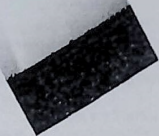
Although she was like a grandma to me, there were plenty more people to which she was great to. For instance, Meme would talk to anyone, even a complete stranger. The most amazing part about her was, that it did not matter the amount of time that you spent talking with her, because you would always leave feeling better than before; and most of the time you would learn something new. For some people, that little bit of talking changed their lives. She was the kind of person that could cheer you up when you were sad, help you out when you needed it most, and would give her undivided attention every time you spoke with her. Every time you spoke to her you were left with a lasting impression of what the right thing is to do. Even to this day I still reflect on the conversations we had all along the way. The conversations we shared and the things that we went through together shows me just how Meme had such a major impact on the person I am today.

That day, August 15, 2004 is still present in my head, as I try to forget the horror which happened. It was early in the morning and I remember waking up to find this look of terror displayed on my mother's face. As she nodded for me to go away, I

knew it was not good, but I would only find out minutes later just how horrible it was. As she hung up the phone with tears in her eyes, she fell to the floor and began to cry. I was scared to find out what could possibly be wrong as I went on over to calm her down. As I listened to the story of how it went wrong, I recalled in my head what possibly could have been done. As I drew no conclusion I knew it was only right for her to slip away and go onto a better life.

I know she is in a better place now which only makes it right, just for us to say that she lived such a great life. If I only knew how her death would have changed my life so significantly I would have thanked her all along for all she has done for me. I know now that words can not be brought back, but all the memories we have shared will be remembered.





## Glory

Anonymous

After the years of fighting and the pain he finally gave up  
He never once complained or moaned, never said cancer has taken its toll  
He was the father I never had  
Through all the years he always stood true, never once gave up  
The day he died, he died in glory, surrounded by everyone who worried about him,  
Everyone who loved him, and everyone he touched



## Taken

*Crossing the threshold  
Not knowing if tomorrow is promised  
They enter her domain  
Threatened by her icy eyes  
The three brave on*

*At the first flicker of the lights  
A skeleton in the distance  
The haunted eyes come closer  
He takes the first  
Returning to the darkness  
In which only the haunted eyes know*

*At the second flicker of the lights  
The evil is present  
The girl with the raven hair  
Shouts to her love  
The warning comes too late  
He is gone*

*She is alone  
Terror takes over  
Her heart threatens to tear  
The very flesh it beats against  
Turning once more at the end  
The piercing icy eyes  
Take her*

*From Above*

Did you ever think about how people will react when you are gone? Will people remember you, or will they go on with life as usual? How will your funeral be, will anyone show? These thoughts never crossed my mind. I wasn't worried about death. I was 51 years old and in good health, or so I thought.

On November 10, 2006 while delivering pizza, I felt a weird pain in my chest, little did I know that moments later I would be gone. At first I thought nothing of it, as I drove on thinking about what I was going to do the following day. If I could somehow convince my wife to hold off on fixing the bathroom floor, so that we could go out to the camper. Then the pain interrupted my thoughts as it grew unbearable. I decided that it was not just something that was going to pass, the first thought that crossed my mind, because I was driving, was the safety of others on the road. I swerved into an empty parking lot and forced my car into a gully, so that I would not harm anyone else.

After I knew that everyone was safe. I thought of my family, until a stranger came running to the car in hopes I was alright. But, the truth was I wasn't; these moments would be my last. By the time the paramedics came, I was gone. I saw blurry figures calling my name, voices in my head, and moments later I was in a room with my family including, my wife, my daughters, Cora, Sara, and Kim, and my Son, Josh. As I watched the doctor enter the room, I was crushed to see my family's reaction to my death.

Everyone was speechless. I wanted so badly to tell them that I was not in pain for very long. That I was ok, and eventually they were going to be too. Though it may seem like a bad dream, it is reality, and I am not coming back.

You know how people say your whole life flashes in front of you the second before you die, or when you are near death? I did not experience that until I saw my children and my wife grieving over me. Then, I looked back on every birthday, every school play I fell asleep at, every Christmas, Easter, all of it popped into my head. I lived everyday to the fullest; every time I saw a need that I was able to fill, I filled it. I looked back on the countless number of family dinners, holiday dinners, birthday parties, and special occasions that got interrupted by my fire tones. I lived to be a fireman, and that I was. My family was present for every parade, whether my company was there or not. I loved it and I felt the fire company to be my second family.

I then thought about all the children that I met, most of which I taught "see my pinky see my thumb when you see this you better run" and I never failed to "steal their nose." I made sure everyone felt welcome at my house, and most did. Though I always sacrificed what I wanted for what other people wanted, I was all the more content. I rarely ever got upset because I found no need in it; all I would have to do is give the look and most of the time it worked. I never thought of myself as big hero in anyone's eyes. I just did what I felt was right. I loved to help people and I loved kids.

The morning after I passed away, my home was full of people comforting my family. I was amazed at how many people actually remembered and appreciated the small things I had done for them. I was upset that everyone made such a big deal about the little things I had done. The weekend passed very slowly for my family: people in and out all the time.

The day of my viewing came, and my family filed into the church. They all still looked so amazed because I had gone so suddenly, but my wife and my eldest daughter helped my other children. My wife telling them that they will get through this, it will all be "a different kind of ok." My daughter taking them all under her wing; she was so strong and I was so proud of her. My viewing had begun and I watched in amazement while people told my family about the little things I had done that truthfully I had forgotten about, but I guess changed their lives. I had thought nothing about it. I just did what I could, and I don't think that I am a big hero for any of it.

Then, about an hour into the viewing I saw the most amazing thing ever in the basement of the church. I found 30 of my fellow fireman gathering to go upstairs. I had gone to many viewings in my 39 years of being a fireman and never once had I seen 30 firemen gathered together. I was honored to learn that all these people truly cared about me. I knew that this also honored my family a great deal. For the remainder of the viewing the men and women guarded my casket while most of them struggled not to cry. I felt like I was a success in life, because I did touch many lives.

The next morning, would be the hardest thing my family would have to go through. I debated on watching or just ignoring the facts that hours from there my body would be six feet under. But as hard as it was for me not to be there with my family, to talk to them, to tell them all the things they wanted to hear, I was there. I watched all the people go into the church. I watched my family gather outside and talk about the night before. Then, I heard those engines that I loved so dearly, the fire trucks. The ladder truck that I made sure everyone saw when we finally got it. The truck was a beauty, the one that every time you pass by the station you see at least one fireman standing in front of the truck, staring at it and drooling. Behind it another fire truck, two ambulances, and a rescue truck pulled up outside the church. My fire company shut down to honor me. I wasn't that great of a person, I didn't do anything that I thought was great all I did was what I thought was right.

I was amazed, as was my family. I knew at that moment that my family was going to be ok with all the caring people they encountered that week and the weeks to follow. I knew I did not have to worry about my family any longer, as I did since the moment I passed away. I would no longer have to walk with them step by step to make sure they were taken care of. Though, every now and then I look down at them, I know with all the support they received that eventually they will be ok. Though they will miss me, I know they will survive, they will learn to breath again, not because they have to, but because my friends and family had one great home going for all to remember me by. They have great memories of me as I do of them, they will smile every time they hear "see my pinky see my thumb, when you see this you better run". Remember and savor the "good times." I am in a better place now, where I could sleep as much as I want, I can watch football games over and over, and I will always be here watching over you. See you in your dreams.



## Believe

In a deep slumber I was  
 Dreaming a frightful dream  
 Alone in my thoughts  
 No one to guide me  
 I was out to sea  
 In a raging storm  
 My ship was ripped apart  
 I wasn't forewarned  
 My raft was made of the problems of man  
 It was sinking  
 My oar was made of the righteous people  
 It had broken  
 There I was in the midst of dying  
 Drowning in my dream  
 And then I heard a voice from heaven  
 A very demanding voice  
 Yet, it was soft and sweet  
 It was the Lord  
 He said believe.  
 Believe in me.  
 Believe in man.  
 And believe in thyself  
 And you shall be saved  
 In the Promised Land

Robert Grossman '71

# 1980S



GET READY!



SCORE 0

LIVES 3

## 1980s

- Population: 226,546,000
- National Debt: (1986)  
\$2,000,000,000,000
- Average Salary: \$15,757
- Life Expectancy: (Male) 69.9
- Life Expectancy: (Female)  
77.6
- Minimum wage: \$3.10
- Price of gasoline: \$1.39  
(lowest)
- President: Ronald Reagan

### SOCIAL TRENDS

- The role of women in the workplace increased.
- Child abuse gained public attention as serious incidents and were uncovered by media, causing great concern among parents and teachers.
- Social welfare for handicapped children improved, and they were no longer ignored or forced into mental institutions.
- No-fault divorce laws paved the way for increased divorce rates and divorce became widely acceptable in western countries.
- National safety campaigns raised awareness of seat belt usage to save lives in automobile accidents, helping to make the measure mandatory in most countries and U.S. states by 1990.
- Child safety seats and bike helmet use became mandatory.
- Alcohol and drug education expanded, bringing about movements such as M.A.D.D and D.A.R.E.
- Drinking age became 21.

- Environmental concerns intensified.
- "Smoking" and "non-smoking" sections in American restaurants became common.
- The transition between the industrial and informational age began.
- The bulletin board system (BBS) gained popularity.
- Compact discs, walkmans, VHS videocassette recorders, and cassette players became popular.
- Interest in space exploration declined as the space shuttle took precedence.
- Voyager 1 and 2 passed Saturn in 1980-1981.
- The accident at the Chernobyl nuclear reactor in the USSR occurred in 1986 (it became the world's worst nuclear accident).

### POPULAR CULTURE

- The first generation of computer graphics in arcade games produced the popular *Space Invaders* arcade game, followed by *Pac-Man*, *Donkey Kong*, and *Frogger*.
- Computer technology began to enter mainstream culture.
- Rubik's Cube, Cabbage Patch Kids, "Baby on Board" signs and Trivia Pursuit fads captured the interest of the American public.
- Rainbow Brite, Strawberry Shortcake, Care Bears, and My Little Pony, became huge trends of the 1980s.
- *The Karate Kid* and *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* became a

widely mass-marketed pop culture phenomenon in the late 1980s.

- "Cool shades" or sunglasses became popular "must wear" items.
- Aerobics surged in popularity.
- Americans became more health-conscious and sought lighter alternatives, with "Low weight", "Low Cal", "Low Salt", "Sugar-free", and "No Cholesterol" phrases becoming common buzzwords for modified foods and beverages.
- MTV, an all-music television station, debuted in the United States in 1981.

### VIDEO GAMES

- Although popularity of video games and arcades began in the mid to late 1980s with rapid growth in video games technology throughout the decades.
- Many other games followed including Pac-Man, creating a Pac-Man fever craze early in the decade, especially in 1982 and 1983; Super Mario Bros. Games became a highly successful franchise starting in 1985 and its popularity continues today.
- In the late 1980s, Atari failed to apply proper quality control to the software development process for its popular Video Computer System game console.
- The release of Nintendo's Famicom/NES console rectified the problem and

revived home gaming by only being able to play games approved by the company.

### TELEVISION

- *The Cosby Show*
- *Miami Vice*
- *The Oprah Winfrey Show*
- *Cheers*
- *Family Ties*
- *General Hospital*
- *MTV*
- *He-Man and the Masters of the Universe*
- *Star Trek: The Next Generation*
- *The Simpsons*
- *Luz Night with David Letterman*

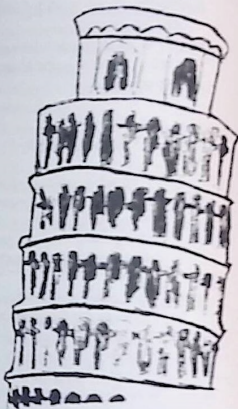
### ENTERTAINERS

- Paula Abdul (musician)
- AC/DC (music band)
- Aerosmith (music band)
- Journey (music band)
- Bon Jovi (music band)
- Motley Crue (music band)
- Poison (music band)
- Easy-T (rap singer)
- Garth Brooks (musician)
- Genesis (music band)
- Guns N' Roses (music band)
- Tom Cruise (actor)
- Ozzy Osbourne (musician)
- Hulk Hogan (U.S. wrestler)
- Michael J. Fox (actor)
- Michael Jackson (musician)
- Janet Jackson (musician)
- Madonna (musician)
- Slayer (music band)
- Metallica (music band)
- Eddie Murphy (actor)

- Pink Floyd (music band)
- Queen (music band)
- Prince (musician)
- Arnold Schwarzenegger (actor)
- U2 (music band)
- Van Halen (music band)
- MC Hammer (musician)
- Red Hot Chili Peppers (music band)

TOP GROSSING FILMS OF THE DECADE

1. *E.T. The Extraterrestrial* (1982) -- \$ 228 million
2. *Return of the Jedi*. (1983) -- \$168 million
3. *Batman* (1989) --\$150 million
4. *The Empire Strikes Back* (1980) --\$141 million
5. *Ghostbusters* (1984) --\$130 million
6. *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (1981) --\$115 million
7. *Indiana Jones and the Lost Crusade* (1989) --\$115 million
8. *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* (1984) -- \$109 million
9. *Beverly Hills Cop* (1984) -- \$108 million
10. *Back to the Future* (1985) -- \$104 million



Robert Royal

Team



TC Mark

Laurienne Abraham  
 Kathryn Avila  
 Tiara Carey  
 David Haas  
 Kevin Pawlaski  
 April Poplawski  
 Shannon Provenza  
 Chrissy Reed  
 Mike Seashock



THE FORGOTTEN MEMORIES

The forgotten memories  
were stirred up from  
long ago pictures.  
They remind me of times past:  
The happy and sad.  
They bring back thoughts  
that are stored in my mind.

CHRIS ROWLANDS

WE BECAME FRIENDS ALL OF A SUDDEN

We became friends all of a sudden.  
Being friends, we laughed, argued, and cried.  
Developing such a friendship,  
we thought would never die.  
When we went our separate ways,  
we swore to be there always.  
Eventually, we became distant.  
Years later we met again,  
and by this time we had  
become foes.

HEDY EVELAND

Friends

TEAM MTV

Friends

Having Mark with us

LiL Timmy

We have so many fun times!

We may forget what goes on in the classes, but we will never forget what goes on in  
the dorms & Team Meetings!!

Team MTV rocks! Our dance is awesome!

Goo & Gurr!



He was bleeding.

The sky was dark by noon  
On a cold November day.  
Curled up on a bench  
Covered with a newspaper  
Was Aiden. A little boy of ten  
His bones visible and brittle.  
Dirty with ripped clothes.  
He missed his mom that he hasn't seen for five years.  
He missed his three sisters too.  
The female parental unit used to take them to the park.  
And she would sometimes leave without him.  
She didn't help him when he was hurt.  
Instead she would slap him.  
Five years ago she tried to leave him.  
He came to the door just in time.  
She didn't love him.  
She slammed the door in his small face.  
Tears poured out of his puffy eyes.  
She bent down and murmured.  
"You were a mistake. I don't want you."  
She sat in the drivers' seat.  
He ran to the door.  
"Mommy, I love you, don't leave me."  
She shut the door and drove away.  
Tears trickled down his face.  
He dropped onto the cold concrete.  
Sobbing because his mother was gone.  
He was scared and alone.

Tears were in his eyes as he awoke  
On November 2, 2000  
He thought about his mother.  
The sky was dark.  
The storm was quickly approaching.  
Children ran into their cars.  
For cold grey raindrops slowly fell.  
Aiden tightly curled on the bench  
Tried to shelter himself.  
No use.  
He shivered uncontrollably.  
Two boys approached him.  
One pushed him to the ground.  
Punched and kicks went flying.  
He remained in fetal position.

## Friends

F - is for all the FUN and FANTASTIC times we have  
R - is for all the REALISTIC things we talk about  
I - is for the INTERESTING places we go to  
E - is for the EXTRAORDINARY people we meet  
N - is for all the NOISE we make  
D - is for the DESTRUCTION we cause  
S - is for the SECURITY we have in each other.

SUE WEISS

## Maybe Someday...

It started off with a friendly "Hi"  
Not knowing where it would lead,  
You appeared to be such a great guy  
Than, I know you were the one I would need.  
Seeing each other more and more,  
Falling in love deeper and deeper,  
Playing our games wasn't a bore,  
As cupid watched over as our keeper.  
There were times I didn't know what to say,  
A look, a glance, or a smile will do,  
Longing to see you day by day,  
Will our love always be true?  
As time went on so did we,  
Different paths have come our way,  
Yours to the mountains, mine beyond the  
Will we unite? Maybe someday.



Marilyn B.

## Global Warming Haiku

By: Katheryn Avila

Beautiful Nature  
Being damaged by people  
Global warming kills



I take a deep breath  
Say four words and let my true tears fall  
When you answer me maybe this won't work at all

Friends we can still remain  
But since then no longer have I  
Heard you speak my name  
Felt your hand touch my palm  
Heard your thoughts

Your deepest secrets that you hide

I close my eyes as a tear

Rolls down my cheek

And I imagine the words you speak

The words you say

The games you played

The options that I've tried

To attempt to keep our friendship alive

As I've failed in all of the above

I admit by chance I just fell in love

My heart breaks and it aches

I've never felt so depressed

And yet all the time I wish

For only the best

I wish for everything to go my way

I wish that all this hurt and all this pain

Would just all fade away

I feel alone

So unloved

And yet I wonder is this how it's meant to be?

I wish I meant to you what you so fondly

Mean to me.

I close my eyes as a tear

Rolls down my cheek

And I imagine the words you speak

The words you say

The games you play

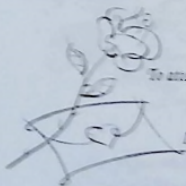
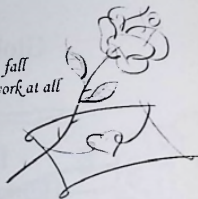
The options that I've tried

To attempt for our friendship to stay alive

As I know that I have

Failed in all of the above

I must admit I just fell in love.



By: Maria (1997)

April Poplawski

Mr. Peters

Creative Writing

**"A World with No Hope"**

It was a cold November day. The clouds in the sky were darkening as noon rolled around. Aiden was curled up on a Winifred National Park bench using a newspaper as a blanket. He shivered as the little bit of sun faded behind a never ending row of dark clouds. Aiden was a little boy, ten years old to be exact. He was very skinny because he hadn't eaten a whole meal in a long time. His paper-thin shoes had holes at the top so his big toe was sticking out. His clothes were very dirty, smelly, and ripped. The last time he remembers having any family was five years ago. His mother took he and his three sisters to the Winifred National Park play area. She didn't pay any attention to him. She always forgot about him while they were there. If he fell, got cut or even bruised she wouldn't kiss it to make it better. Instead she would slap him for making a big deal out of it. Most of the time she would leave without him but would eventually come back. That's not what happened five years ago on November 3, 1995.

His mother tried to be sneaky about it but before she got into the van Aiden appeared at the door. She didn't want him anymore. When he climbed into the car his mother pushed him aside and slammed the door. Aiden looked at her with puffy eyes. She bent down and murmured into his ear, "You were a mistake; you should have never been born." then jumped into the van. Aiden ran up to the door before she closed it and said, "Mommy don't leave me here. Mommy I love you!" tears were trickling down his small unwashed face. Instead of getting of the car to console her weeping child, she

pushed him aside and slammed the door. Aiden knew that this time she wasn't coming back. He laid on the cold concrete parking lot sobbing because he knew that the only person he ever loved didn't love him back.

Today was November 2, 2000; tears filled his eyes, as the thought about his mother. The sky grew darker. He knew it was going to storm. He looked around the park with all the children running into their cars because cold, grey raindrops began to fall from the sky at a slow steady pace. Aiden had nowhere to go. He sat on a bench with his legs curled up to his chest. He tried to shelter himself with his newspaper blanket, but his toes started to freeze and his whole body began to shiver.

A few feet from where he was sitting, he saw two boys. The boys were definitely not friendly looking. They started walking toward Aiden whispering something with their hands behind their backs. He panicked and the sadness took over. One boy grabbed him by the collar of his shirt and threw him onto the ground. The other one grabbed something from behind his back. He slowly revealed a wooden bat. Aiden seeing the bat raised above him, squeezed his eyes closed to help absorb the pain that he knew was coming. He took the beating, but the only thing he thought about was his mother smacking his for anything he did wrong. Tears began pouring down his bloody face. The boys were hitting him as if he were a punching bag. They didn't use the bat much, only one or two powerful swings behind his knees if he tried to get up. Suddenly he saw red and blue flashing lights. The two boys grabbed Aiden and the bat and ran. After running from the scene of the crime, they threw Aiden and the bat against a tree.

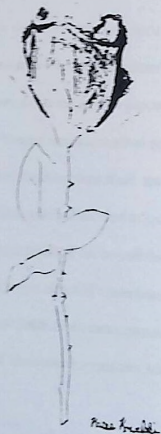
When he arose he remembered that five years ago on this dreary November 3<sup>rd</sup> his mother left him to fend for himself. He wanted to see her. After all she put him through,

he still loved her. He slowly got up from his resting place and began limping back towards his house. Would she still be there? Would she want him? He walked towards the park and saw that his blood was still on the ground. He didn't care that the boys beat him, but he began sobbing because all he could think about was his mother. The tears came out heavy as he bent down and put his face between his knees. He missed her.

Aiden got up and started walking in the direction of his old house. He was walking in a dark forest. He knew the short cut that he took because his mother showed him from previous trips. The wet leaves from the tall compacted trees covered the little sun there was. The ground was muddy from the previous day's rain. There was a blanket of fog lining the cold, damp ground. Aiden was scared that the boys would come and find him again. He didn't want another beating. He quickly ran through the forest, slipping on the ground so often. As he was running his shoes fell off and his clothes tore. His feet began to bleed because he stepped on a Picker Bush. The only thing Aiden thought about was his mother.

He saw his house in a break in the dense forest and he ran faster. He couldn't wait to see his mother. Maybe she would change her mind; maybe she wanted him as much as he wanted her. Aiden walked up to the house and paused. He stood there and looked at the attic; that used to be his room. He remembered when his mother would lock him in there for no good reason and not let him out until the next day. Aiden shook his head to get that memory out of his mind. He walked up the stairs and rang the door bell. A little boy answered it. Aiden smiled and said, "Hello, is my mom here?" The little boy ran in fright. A few seconds later a woman came to the door, it was Aiden's mother. She opened the door in awe. Her face was angry as she came out. Aiden just stood there

smiling and then said, "Hi mommy. I love you." His mother just looked at him. Aiden's clothes were muddy, bloody, and torn even more than before. She examined him for a while, remembering that day five years ago. Trying to forget about that memory she yelled, "You're not my child. I only have one boy named Christopher. Get away from my house." Tears began forming in his eyes. "Mommy you have me too! You forgot me at the park five years ago." "Get away from here!" screamed his mother. She ran inside and slammed the door. Aiden cried. He couldn't control his tears anymore. He slowly walked down the stairs and saw a hole leading underneath the porch. He crawled inside and curled up in the corner. He couldn't stop crying. He was abandoned again with no one to love. The police found him the next day, dead under the porch with the saddest look on his face. He died from starvation, depression, and a need to be loved.



## NEWS FLASH

In a heroic effort today, a Washington D.C. native tried to save a woman from drowning in a 100 gallon bowl of Chocolate pudding.

The pudding, which was an entry in the twenty-ninth annual showing of gourmet foods, was destined for first place before this tragic event occurred.

Dead is twenty-eight year old Sally Spatula, an L.A. native who won many awards for her fine desserts.

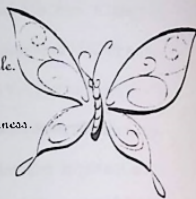
"She was just making sure it was set," says closest companion Betty Beaters.

The man who tried to save her, Sam Spangler, is up for the Senate re-election next year. He is being honored for his bravery in attempting to save Miss Spatula.

Funeral services will be held at St. Pierre's Cathedral, in Maryland. Followed by burial at Angelfood Cemetery, which is located on Pastry Ave., in Washington D.C.

Rick Bullaro

I love to see you smile  
And I love knowing that I caused that smile.  
I love seeing you happy  
And I love knowing that I caused that happiness.



I love to look into your beautiful eyes  
And I love the way I fall into them.  
I love it when you hold my hand  
And I love having the courage to grab and hold yours.

I love to tease and torment you  
And I love it when you tease and torment me.  
I love it when you touch me  
And I love to touch you.

I love rediscovering how beautiful you are  
Each time I see you  
And I love realizing how attractive you make me feel.  
I love wanting so badly to kiss you  
And I love the way you want to take things slow.

I love the fact that you still want to be my friend  
And I love that I want to be yours  
I love so many things about you  
But the most important thing is:



I love you!

By: Tiara Carey

### Confused and Misunderstood

By Kathryn Avila

Wagging my tail, I stared at the glowy box. The two dogs ran around, but they were sounding like humans. I want to do that! It's been my dream ever since I was a pup to talk like humans. It's so frustrating when they don't understand me. I whine, but they feed me instead of taking me out to a tree!

The male in the glowy box was cute. I didn't like the poodle with him, though . . .

What did she have that I didn't? Most of her fur was off anyway. I hate showy dogs, with a passion. Not as much as I hate cat, though.

My human suddenly did something with a black rectangle thingy in his hand and the animals in the glowy box changed. There were two dogs and a fluffy cat this time. They sounded like humans, too. But they weren't with any people. They were all getting along too. I tilted my head, unable to understand. How did they do it? They got along, AND fit in the glowy box. I can't do either. Why are the animals in the glowy box so much cooler than me?

Then my human did it again. The glowy box flashed and really colorful animals appeared. One of them looked like a strange cat. He was wearing one of those things that humans put on their heads. My human hates it when I play with them.

This cat was talking too, but I liked it better than the others because the dogs didn't like them. This one made sense!

Oh no, my human changed it again! What was with all the human sounding animals! These were cats and dogs that were in some kind of war. Oh look! The dog's beating them up. Awesome!

No!

The box went black. Now all I see is me, with my tilted head. Confused. I turn to my human with the puppy eyes, but she stands and leaves the room. She ignored me, so I follow, whining for her to make the glowy box light up again.

"All right! I'll take you outside." No! No! NO! I want the glowy box! She takes my leash, and, against my will, drags me out the front door. The story of my life.

**What a Place**

Upward Bound  
What a place  
Calm, cool, collective  
Wild, wacky, surprising  
The summer hot  
The program cool  
The TC's fun  
The teachers helpful  
The experience priceless  
The friends unbelievable  
The smiles amazing  
The memories irreplaceable

By: Michael Seashock

**\*Her\***

What a beautiful face...  
What a beautiful smile...  
To see her laugh  
Is to make my heart race.  
When she cries my heart dies.  
Her touch so priceless...  
The memories she left behind  
Fill my mind with joy.  
To hold her is to hold the world  
In my arms.

By: Kevin Pawlaski

# Hope

Why do we destroy our world?  
Greed? Power?  
Isn't it wrong? Doesn't anybody  
care anymore?

How can anyone just turn the other  
cheek?

We need to pay more attention to  
what's around us.

*By: Kathryn Avila*



April Poplawski  
Mr. Peters  
Creative writing

He thought about his mother.  
She used to beat him.  
He sobbed.  
He was covered with blood  
Both his and theirs.  
Red and blue lights quickly appeared.  
Aiden was carried as the boys ran.  
He was thrown against a tree.

Dreary November 3<sup>rd</sup>.  
He awoke remembering  
His five year anniversary  
Missing her.  
Wanting to see her.  
He still loved her.  
He limped back to the park. He saw the blood.  
He cried and bent down.  
He missed her.

He walked in the direction of his house.  
Through the dark forest.  
Compacted trees covered the sun.  
He sank in mud.  
Fog lined the cold, damp ground.  
He ran.  
He fell.  
He stepped on thorns.  
He was bleeding.

He saw his house.  
Maybe she still wanted him.  
He walked up to the house.  
Paused.  
Aiden saw the attic.  
He hated the attic.  
He rang the doorbell.  
She answered.  
He smiled.  
She yelled.  
He left and cried.  
Aiden saw a hole under the porch.  
He crawled in and curled up in the corner.  
Abandoned again.  
He died.  
All he needed was hope and love.



## A Battle for the Heart

By: Shinigami

My heart racing, sweat running down the side of my cheek, my hands are all clammy, words try to leave my mouth. But that's it... its over, as I think to myself as her outline fades pass my eyes. Well another day done, the girl of my dreams still doesn't know of my forever love toward her. Everyday since five months ago I spoke with her about things that don't have any relation to what my goal may be. But yet something inside me is telling me to leave her be, and move on. But I will never move on, I will fight for her love even if I must shed my own blood to do just that.

It's hard to actually recall the first time I have made full eye contact with her, but I still get the same feeling every time I look into her eyes. I feel my heart start to work for the first and every time since. My stomach gets all light as if there are butterflies flying within it. My mouth binds words from leaving it and nervousness becomes my new mortal enemy! I guess she is the one that leaves me breathless after every time I see her sweet adoring face. Why must one be fearful of something as this? As I talk with her, I wonder if any feelings come across her mind, any thought of being seen with me every day. My thoughts get so jumbled up that I start thinking what if? What if she will never have feelings for me? What if she will never see me as I see her, and what if it doesn't work...then what? What would I do then? Will I still have a friendship with her? And will it still be as strong as it was before this all begun? Well at least tomorrow I will have the full chance of being with her for the whole day in New York City. Maybe that will be my day.

Finally, the day has come, the day that has been most talked about between both of us, the NYC trip. What do I wear? "What should I take with me for the trip? What do I do!?", as I yell to myself as I run nervously back and forth in my room. But what has me riled up the most was the most important thing, what will I talk about with her as we sit together for four hours? My head now in a complete spinning motion with ideas that I start to second guess myself. Crap! I forgot what I was mainly going on this trip for? Well there go's that conversation, I say to myself as I start leaving to meet the others that are on the trip. When I arrive at the meeting spot I started to get nervous again. But this time I didn't get butterflies in my stomach, my heart wasn't racing, and I wasn't wet on my cheek or hands. This nervousness is quite different from before. I do not know? I say to myself. But this nervousness is turning into anger; it is starting to become stronger and more hateful by every second. Why do I have these dark thoughts of doing and saying to anyone that speaks to me in an odd way? Oh no what if I freak out on her? That will be it; it will be game over no more chances of her knowing of my kind-hearted-love for her. As I'm

fighting with myself she yells out "Hi" to me, and in my darkest of moods I yell back at her... "hello how was the prom last night?" It seems my anger has vanished! I wonder why I didn't freak out on her. Does she hold a power that can stop my anger when ever she speaks any of those sweet words? If so then she is the one I have been looking to have that connection with. I thought to myself, So the day in New York went on and I became so close to her, so close that I can I see victory. All of my hard work and long wait will come to an end.

It has been a month since the trip, and I have found out that she is interested in "Breaking Ben". It also happens that I was given two tickets to go see them in concert. When I found out my heart was filled with so much joy that had become happy for the entire weekend. On Monday, I waited until ninth period to ask her to go with me... as friends of course. When I asked her she was filled with joy of being asked, but her happiness soon turned into sadness. She wouldn't be able to come with me, my heart was hurting. I asked her why and to my surprise she told me that her mother wouldn't let her leave to see them. So she wished me a good time, and jokingly I said "It won't be the same without you." She laughed and said thanks. So as I was at the concert I was thinking of what I should do next with her? And then I had a great idea, I'll get her a T-shirt. With all my love, and money I bought her a nice shirt and was going to give it to her the next time I saw her. Finally the day, the day I would give her it, and hopefully win the love of an Angel. As the final hour came about I was nervous, that same nervousness I got when saw her in the hallway five months ago. But this time, I had a reason for speaking to her, a reason to state my love to her face to face. When I found her in the classroom, the same classroom where I ponder of how the two of us would be together, I came up to her and told her how I felt about her not being there that night. Then I handed her the shirt, the shirt that should wove her heart, the shirt that will make the happiness between us stronger and closer. As she took the shirt I could see a sight in her eyes, something that wasn't there before. It seems that this look in her eyes wasn't too happy. And then it happened. The words that shattered every betting vessel in my body, the words that made me realize how crude the real-world was. These words that she stated were, "I could only like you as a friend."

That was it...it was over the long and forever waited battle was done. I have lost and no one has won. My heart broken with no one to help mend it back together. I felt like I was reliving a nightmare I once had. But as I continue to move through this hellish place called life I realize that she doesn't know me. She does not know the real me, the person that helps anyone that needs it; the person that has become kind hearted again! And with these words imprinted in my mind I know I can win, I know I can take the heart of my love... the love whose name will never be forgotten. With this name, the name hers I fight to say this name, I fight to love this name. Her name is, her name is...!

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6/28/2007

Katheryn Avila  
Embarrassing Story

Laughing, cackling, and snorting, everyone pointing at the fallen twelve year old. That twelve year old was me. I sat on the floor in the middle of a pizzeria. My laughter was just as loud. I couldn't beta them, so I joined them instead. I made them laugh with me instead of at me.

Everything started on a simple day. It was chilly out, with a chance of snow. Of course, it's February. In my opinion, it's the worst time of the year. The snow makes walking a health hazard, and I was a frequent target of freezing missiles. I got ready for another day in seventh grade. I didn't expect it to be eventful, but I'm not psychic, so the future wasn't really a big concern.

The walk to school held some laughs. I saw some people slipping in the slush from the last snowfall. Then there was the ice-snow. Several others were stumbling or going out of their way to avoid it altogether. I was pretty safe, avoiding it myself.

The morning went by in a blur. Nothing exciting happened; it was just another regular day. Fourth period rolls around and the snow starts falling. Not just falling, but bombarding the streets. It was a full blown blizzard. Everyone became ecstatic. The excitement in the room was palpable. Immediately, a snow fight was planned. Of course, I joined in on the fun.

By lunch, there's enough snow to have a war. We went outside, despite the freezing weather. Within minutes, though, our faces were numb. Those of us who had eaten in the school weren't allowed back in until the end of the lunch hour. That was still thirty minutes away. The fight was over quickly, most of us too cold and wet to continue. We scattered, seeking refuge in a variety of stores and restaurants.

Quickly, but carefully, I trekked through the snow and slush. My foot falls made a strangely ominous noise, now that I look back on it. I didn't notice it then. Finally, I reached my destination: warm, cozy shelter of a pizzeria. Needless to say, I hurried inside.

Big mistake on my part.

In my rush to escape the biting cold and save myself from frostbite, I lost my balance and slipped the minute I stepped inside. The pizzeria was usually empty, but the cold caused over thirty people to crowd inside. They all stared at me for a solid two seconds. Then they burst out laughing. What could I do, but laugh with them? I could just picture myself, sprawled on the red tiles. My backside was soaked now, too. At that moment, all I could think was: breathe, laugh, breathe, and laugh." So I did. That only made it funnier. I laughed harder.

So there I was, cold, wet, and embarrassed. All I could do was laugh. There isn't much point to being bitter about it, or even angry at people for laughing. Heck, I'd laugh at someone who fell, too. Who wouldn't?

Confession

Attention, attention I have a confession!  
It is about a person who has stolen my heart.  
You say you're not mean, but you hurt my heart.  
You say you have no fears, but you fear to speak your mind.  
You say you are loved but when look into your eyes I can see the loneliness in your heart.  
So you'll ask you why I care so much, I will tell you:  
When you're mean, I'm mean  
What you may fear, I'll fear  
And when you're down and alone... I will never leave your side.

By: Kevin Pawlaski

The Beginning of the future  
By: Lil' Timmy

In the past three weeks since I began the Upward Bound summer program, it has done a few things to change my life at least for now. At first I didn't believe that this program would do anything for me and that I would be quitting before the end of the first week. However, in the process of the first week I found a reason to stay. Due to having found a reason to stay I have decided to stay for the entire summer program.

My life before Upward Bound was rather fun and interesting but very reckless and self-destructive. I had spent most of my time playing basketball and chilling around my home town. However, I spent the rest of my doing nothing but causing trouble and arguing with cops. I had had a bad run and a year that very well could have led me to jail before I found out about the program. I had been off probation for barely a few months when a guy came to our school to talk about the program. At first, it was a joke to me because I didn't care about my future and I had my mind set on doing whatever came my way. After I had been accepted I began to attend the classes for the program which was an even bigger surprise especially to those who knew me at the time and knew what type of person I was.

So the regular school year ended and summer began. The summer program was right around the corner and I was still my old self doing nothing for my future and only thinking about having fun now. I hadn't really even talked about the summer program since the fall semester of Upward Bound had ended. So when I reminded about it I didn't even have to think. My reaction was im not going. I quit the program. I had no intentions of spending my summer in a dorm room and going to classes. However my dad talked to me about it a few times and convinced me to give it a chance.

So now it was the week before the program was to begin and I still had no intentions of staying I was going to go a week just so my dad couldn't say I didn't at least give it a chance. So I got a few things around a couple of notebooks and the dusty binder from the fall semester out of my closet and packed cloths to go.

Now it was time to leave my house and go for the first day of the program. I got there and it was just whatever to me. I didn't even care because I had the mind-set from the second I walked in that I would be quitting at the end of the week. So when I went up to my dorm room I started to unpack a few things, only what I would need for the week. Then my roommate walked in and I didn't even think to say hi or anything because I didn't plan on getting to know him very well since I wanted to leave.

So the night came and went and now it was Monday morning and time for the first day of the program. I went to classes and thought nothing of it. I went through the first two or three days like this. Then me and a person to be un-named started talking a little bit more. By the end of the week, I was still convinced that when I went home I wasn't going to come back but she convinced me to come back for her so I did.

The second week began just like the first with the exception of me having a small reason to be here now. So the days went by until Thursday and me and her began to get a little closer I guess you could say. So I began to like her and apparently she began to like me also. So the one day we were just sitting like normal when she mentioned something to me and about a half hour later we began dating. After me and her began dating, I found that that was enough of a reason for me to want to stay for the entire summer program.

All in all, I am actually pretty happy that I decided to stay in the program. I say that because if I hadn't I wouldn't be with the girl for one. Another reason I am happy I stayed in the program is that I have actually beginning to care a little bit about my future and what I am doing to help or hurt less shy around people I don't really know. So to sum it all up, I believe that in the short time I have been here it has helped change me for the better. It also made me realize that I am not as useless as I have been told by my peers.

*I Told You So*

By: Kathryn Avila

No one believed me, but I knew it!

It all started a few years ago. A new movie came out on how robots are going to take over the world. Everyone brushed it off as fiction, but I knew better. I made up a plan on how to escape the robots based on the movie. My parents thought I was insane. I stopped using the computers, I never touched the internet. My friends said I lived under a rock.

What did they know? I ignored them.

So time went by, no one believed me, and no one cared.

They called me lunatic, insane, crazy. Just think of anything along those lines, and I have been called it at least once.

But I'm here now, aren't I? I know exactly what I'm doing, I'm not scared, and I am in control.

When the robots rebelled a year ago, no one could believe it. They went insane, destroying buildings, hurting people. They began to act on their own, ignoring commands. The cops didn't know what to do. I, of course, didn't panic. I had everything figured out years before.

I organized everyone into a strong counterattack. We fought them long enough to find a good hiding spot. From then on, I let the politicians and cops handle it, but I was still in charge. They came to me for advice on a strategy, or something along those lines. I was no longer the lunatic, nor did I belong in an insane asylum. Nope. Now they addressed me as one would address a military commander. I was the boss. Nothing happened if I didn't know about it.

Of course, they all felt horrible for the names they called me. They all came begging to be forgiven. It's amusing, actually.

We beat the robots a long time ago, and now I'm the first female president of the United States. I think it's hilarious.

One day, they're calling you insane, the next, they make you leader of their country! Talk about indecisive. But, in the end, I win out. Told you so . . . .

By: April Poplawski

## *You Know Who You Are*

*I didn't want you to know at first  
But now I'm so glad you do, I could almost burst.  
My feelings for you came hard and fast,  
You have no idea how much I want it to last.*

*My world is so beautiful with you in it,  
Your hand holding mine is a perfect fit.  
When I look into your eyes,  
I get this feeling that I just can't hide.*

*You are the one my heart has been searching for.  
You are the one I will always adore.  
No matter where you've been or where you are,  
I want you to know, you're my shooting star.*

## How I Met Her

Ok, this is the story of how I met the girl of my dreams. It was just another day in high school and I was sitting in class when they said something about an program called upward bound. They said if we were interested to leave class and go to the one room for a meeting. Me being me of course left the class and went for the sole reason of getting out of class. I went there I even told the guy there to tell us about it that I was only there to get out of class and that I wasn't really serious about being interested. They still gave me all the papers for the program and stuff anyways so I took them with me. I read them over just to see what it actually was seeing how I didn't pay attention during the presentation of the program. After I had read over the information I decided what the heck I'll talk with my dad about it and see what he thinks. So I talked to my dad about it and decided to give it a shot. I came filled out all the information and papers required and didn't think nothing more of it. I figured that it was just a day I had wasted due to never having guessed they would have chose me to join the program. A little while later I found out I had been accepted as part of the program and began to attend the classes at the program.

I met "her" at the program. We sat next to each other in the room we all met in every week so we began to talk from time to time. After a little while we began to become friends which help me to open up around her more. I began to feel more comfortable around her and started to be myself more. Being myself more allowed me to joke around a lot more seeing how I love to joke around. So we would talk from time to time and I didn't really think much of it. Than the program ended for the time and I didn't have a chance to talk to or see her for awhile. In the time that I was not able to see her I did what I did and didn't think twice about anything.

The summer program had a meeting before it started to tell you a little bit about it. I ended up missing that meeting but I didn't think anything of it. But than it came around that time for the beginning of the summer program and I had a talk with my dad and decided to go. When I got here I hadn't really thought much good would come out of being here. I would talk to her at first like nothing but than I began to feel a little bit more for her than I normally felt towards a friend. We began to joke around a lot hold hands and stuff like that. After that she had told me that she made a wish and that I could make it come true. After awhile of me thinking due to a lack of common sense I finally figured out what she met by that and we began to date. That is the story of how me and her became us.

By: Mike Seashock

As a decade of big hair, rock and roll, and tight pants was coming to a close a new generation was about to be born. These were the children of the 90's. As with any other time period this decade had moments in time that would linger in everyone's mind to come. Whether it be boy band fever, buying a Furby for the first time, or tragedies that were to come.

## SWING YOUR WAY TO HEALTH WITH THE MACARENA!



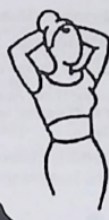
**1** Put your right arm out, palm down. Put your left arm out, palm down.



**2** Turn your right palm up. Turn your left palm up.

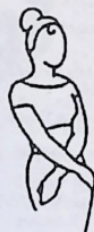


**3** Put your right hand behind your head. Put your left hand behind your head.



**4** Put your left hand behind your head. Put your right hand behind your head.

1990s



**5** Put your left hand on your right hip. Put your right hand on your left hip.



**6** Put your right hand on your right buttock. Put your left hand on your left buttock.



**7** Sway your hips in place for three beats.



**8** Hop a quarter-turn to the right and start over.

### THE MACARENA

## In that Year

# 1990

- Baby names: Michael & Ashley
- World Population: 5,263,593,000
- President: George Bush Sr.
- Movies: Home Alone, The Hunt for Red October, and Pretty Woman.
- Television: Cheers, Roseanne, and Home Improvement.

# 1991

- Baby names: Michael & Ashley
- World Population: 5,359,000,000
- President: George Bush Sr.
- Movies: Silence of the Lambs, Thelma and Louise, and Beauty and the Beast.
- Television: Full House, NFL Monday Night Football, Fresh Prince of Bel Air

# 1992

- Baby Names: Jacob & Emily
- World Population: 5,441,000,000
- President: George Bush Sr.
- Movies: Aladdin, Sister Act, and The Body Guard.
- Television: Hangin' with Mr. Cooper, Murphy Brown, & 60 minutes.

# 1993

- Baby Names: Michael & Jessica
- World Population: 5,522,000,000
- President: The newly elected William J. Clinton.
- Movies: Jurassic Park, Mrs. Doubtfire, & Sleepless in Seattle.
- Television: Frasier, Coach, & Murder She Wrote.

# 1994

- Baby Names: Michael and Jessica
- World Population: 5,602,000,000
- President: William J. Clinton
- Movies: Forest Gump, Pulp Fiction, and The Shawshank Redemption.
- Television: Friends, Roseanne, and N.Y.P.D. Blue.

# 1995

- Baby Names: Michael and Jessica
- World Population: 5,682,000,000
- President: William J. Clinton
- Movies: Babe, Braveheart, and The Usual Suspects.
- Television: The Drew Carey Show, Mad Tv, and Sliders.

## In that Year

# 1996

- Baby names: Michael and Jessica
- World Population: 5,760,000,000
- President: William J. Clinton
- Movies: Fargo, Jerry Maguire, The People vs. Larry Flint.
- Television: Sabrina the Teenage Witch, Everybody Loves Raymond, and The Daily Show.

# 1997

- Baby names: Michael and Emily
- World Population: 5,840,000,000
- President: William J. Clinton
- Movies: Titanic, Good Will Hunting, and The Full Monty.
- Television: Buffy the Vampire Slayer, and South Park.

# 1998

- Baby names: Michael and Emily
- World Population: 5,918,000,000
- President: William J. Clinton
- Movies: Shakespeare in Love, There's Something About Mary, and American History X.
- Television: Sex and the City, That 70's Show, and Whose Line is it Anyway.

# 1999

- Baby names: Jacob and Emily
- World Population: 5,996,000,000
- President: William J. Clinton
- Movies: The Blair Witch Project, The Sixth Sense, and American Beauty.
- Television: Family Guy, The West Wing, and The Sopranos.

# Team POP-ROCK

TC Steve

Jennifer Earley  
David Evans  
Sarah James  
Kasie Kowalski  
Dominic Malacari  
Anthony Melf  
Kaitlyn Purdy  
Kevin Shewan  
Majorie Whispell



Jennifer Earley

Ms. Krushnowski

Communications 101 Period 3

Speech to entertain

12 July 12, 2007

We all have that friend who does stupid things. That friend who acts on impulse and speaks without thinking. The story that I am going to share with you today is about one of those friends. By the way this is a true story.

The day started out like any other. I woke up, followed my daily routine, and left for school. I walked to the bus stop with my friend, like always we were discussing what the following day at school was going to be like.

On that particular day we both had presentations due in our history class. Mine was on local coal mining, hers was on Pennsylvania wildlife. She chose the topic thinking that this would not require any research. I mean how hard can it be to talk about

animals for five minutes right? Well turns out she should have done her research. Others went before her and did great! Eventually her turn was up. She began listing all of the common animals that call our state home. Then she got to what would establish a turning part in her speech. She had written an entire paragraph about all the different types of squirrels that live in Pennsylvania. It was going well until she got to the last sentence and said these words; "Now not many people know this but chipmunks are actually baby squirrels". My mouth dropped I could not believe what I had just heard come out of her mouth. Keep in mind that this occurred in 8<sup>th</sup> grade!! I turned back to see the reaction that this statement had on our teacher. The look on his face could only be subscribed in one word bewildered. However, he let her finish her speech.

The few remaining moments in her speech seemed to last forever. She had no idea that what she had just said was actually a false statement. She wholeheartedly believed that chipmunks were baby squirrels. Our teacher opened up for discussion and no one in

the class raised their hands. So our teacher in the nicest way he could without sounding to rude kindly said " Are you sure about that?" She said yes. The class erupted into laughter I was so embarrassed for her I could only imagine how she felt.

She wasn't going down without a fight though we argued back and fourth for the rest of the period each of us denying that we were wrong. Even though I knew I was right I told her we would settle this once and for all. We had science class next period and who better to ask then a science teacher about animals? She insisted that she do it. We got to science and in front of the class she asked the question. This teacher had the same look as the other. And he in the rudest way he could tell her that she was wrong. She told him that her mom had told her this little fun fact.

Even now, three years later we still bring this up whenever a situation needs a little humor in it. Never let your friends live something like that down and always, always do your research even if you think you don't need to. There is no such thing as being too safe.





By:  
Kimberly  
Lynn  
Thompson

Kevin Shewan

Mr. Peters

Creative Writing

July 5, 2007

Pastels

*Apple...*

She moves towards me as if she is mine, and myself hers. We stare, and stare and I start

*...I won't leave you...*

to melt. A puddle forms on the ground as I'm melting. She's too radiant, too bright for

*...I promise.*

me to look at. She speaks as the light and colors surround us.

Jake, I love you forever.

*The glow, the colors, the heat.*

Apple, I love you forever.

*All go through me.*

Apple, your mine, Apple I'm yours,

you look so sweet in those beautiful curls.

*Her stare makes me levitate*

And as the sun sets...

***We are one.***

...the pastels swirling in her eyes, paint a princess.

***Forever.***

## "L'Heure Mainteneux"

Trapped within  
Stuck for long  
Confused and depressed  
Help!  
Where to go  
What to do  
Who to turn to  
Make the call  
Speak out  
She will listen  
Seize the moment  
Now!  
Return sorrow to joy  
Live once more  
Don't waste time  
Go for it  
Live, Learn, Love  
Ask and receive  
Understand!  
Start again  
Take the advice  
Love it  
Go!  
The hour is now!

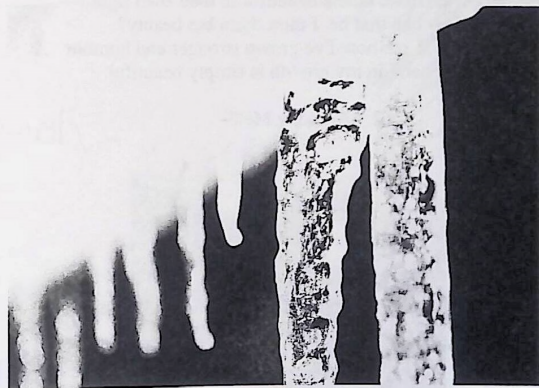
## "WINTER LEAVES"

BY: SHOE

Kaleidoscope images fluctuate into green and gold sparkling kisses and the shades of your eyes resemble icicles.

I'll carve your future out of ice.

I'm frozen, far from defrosting,  
and your eyes I'm getting lost in.



Your irises resemble icicles.

Daddy and auntie are not around anymore  
It confuses and baffles me all at once.  
The pills, the coughing, the constant race against time.  
The hours passing as my palms sweat from her hand  
Or how he just laid there fearless, like no big deal.  
My book under my pillow as I awake startled.

One big circus to emerge:

First, the tears

Next, his eyes shut

Finally, the ambulance goes away as I watched

What is death, a beginning, an end

Will we ever know, no one can say

All I know is it has redirected my life in so many ways

Some terrible, others beautiful in their own right.

How can that be, I miss them but beauty?

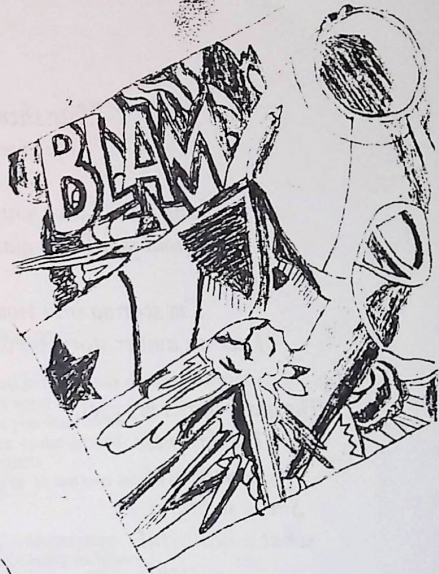
Somehow, I see how I've grown stronger and humble

Their hand in my growth is simply beautiful.

~Anthony Melf~



Roy  
Lichtenstein  
in  
the eyes  
of  
Sarah James



*"Sunshine"*

*By Sue*

*Thank you (I love you) with delicacy.  
I'll hold you like a glass menagerie.*

*I'm staring into two blue oceans;  
I see an amber storm brewing inside of them.*

*The glow burns my eyes,*

*The darkness  
subsides.*

*She is so bright,  
what a beautiful  
sight.*

*She is glowing,  
with golden rays  
of sunshine.*



**Image**

We travel around with our head to the clouds daring to dream  
Things aren't always what they seem  
You are who you are, not who you want to be  
We travel around with our face to the ground  
Walking in the shadow of our idols  
Who we are and who we want to be are two totally different people  
Jekyll shy/lonely  
Hyde outgoing/friendly  
We travel around with our mind to the stars  
Taking a six week journey from Earth to Mars  
We travel around with our imaginations running wild  
Learning, teaching, growing and believing  
Soon our rocket ship will land  
But our future will be changed  
This is the time to remember  
Make it last forever

*Faith Poston*

Ten years past and as quickly as the 90's came in they were gone. Fads, trends, crazes, and controversies were soon to be forgotten. People were beginning to make way for a new age, one that would set the pace for the changing world.

*Open up to the energy  
of the millenium...*

2000s



*"It gives you wings"*

# 2000s

## Energy Drinks

In the 90's there were a few energy drinks such as Red Bull. But after the turn of the century energy drinks became so popular that there are now several on the market including Full Throttle, Lost Energy, Sobe, and Monster Energy.



## American Idol

A smash hit reality series on FOX in which contestants tryout to be the next superstar singing sensation. After the blowout first season captured a massive audience and produced pop singer Kelly Clarkson. Thousands tryout and millions watch at home. Many call in and vote near the end of the series and someone is crowned the American Idol.

## Razor Scooters

Everyone remembers when these scooters were most popular because almost every kid in the neighborhood would race up and down the street with them. Eventually battery operated electric scooters would become the hottest item.



## Atkins / Low Carb Diets

The popular low carb diet that everyone tried. The diet became so popular that even fast food restaurants were adding Atkins approved items to their menus. Usually this meant meat wrapped in lettuce or put in a bowl with no buns.

## US flags on cars (after September 11<sup>th</sup>)

Many Americans became patriotic after September 11th. The way most people expressed their patriotism was by adding a US car flag to their automobile window.

## MySpace

MySpace.com was created in the 2000s as a way of networking with people. In just a few short years it would become one of the most visited sites on the internet. Millions of people log onto their MySpace.

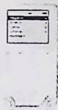


## Reality Shows

A reality show is basically unscripted television. It all started with Survivor, Big Brother, and The Amazing Race. Now due to popularity, many channels have decided to create their own reality shows, such as Simple Life on FOX, The Apprentice on NBC, and The Bachelor on ABC.

## mp3's / mp3 players (iPod)

Thanks to file sharing and online music stores such as iTunes, people are now uploading all their music to their MP3 players instead of carrying around cassettes or CD's. Most mp3 players can hold several hours of music.



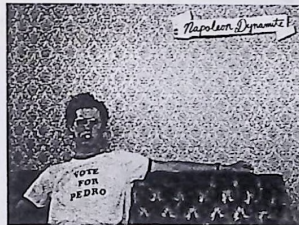
## LiveSTRONG yellow wristbands

Started by champion cyclist Lance Armstrong as a way to raise money for cancer, these yellow wristbands have been sold across the world and worn as a fashion statement. The best part is the proceeds that go to help people around the world who are living with cancer. To this day, tens of millions have already been raised selling them online.



## Napoleon Dynamite

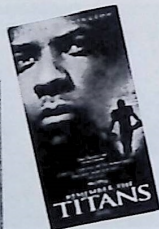
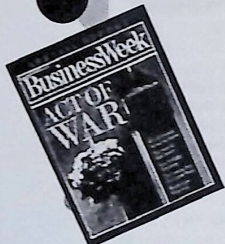
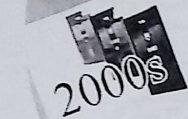
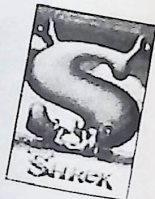
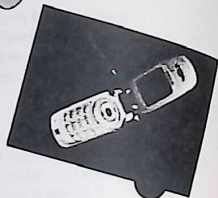
In 2004, this hit movie caused a cult following. DVD sales for this flick were astounding! In early 2005, the search term 'Napoleon Dynamite' was a top phrase searched for according to Yahoo! 'Vote For Pedro' became a very popular phrase which was put on stickers and T-shirts.



# Team Google

TC Sarah

Allen Berlew  
Catherine Fahey  
Jonathan Hogan  
Amanda Olejar  
Xiomara Rolon  
Jill Suda  
Alysha Vehoski  
Mariah Fabbri  
Dave Baker



## Mad Libs

By Team Google

I'm a gansta, I'm a straight up G  
My lip-gloss is poppin'  
My lip-gloss is cool  
We like to drop it like it's hot  
And make a scene like no other  
Fo shizzle?  
My nizzle?  
Fo shizzle  
My nizzle  
Fo sho!

The lip-gloss is poppin!  
Wait? "Why is that guy wearing lip-gloss?"



Daily  
I radiate isolation;  
I incorporate all.

I am a vice;  
I am alone.

I desire more;  
I receive none.

I am human;  
Only one.

~Catherine Fahey



April Poplawski  
Zerle

Stau

A hat. Is it yellow or faded?

Describes all tomorrow's crushed emotions.

A togetherness over sweet sidewalks.

Forget yesterday's rain.

Regret no day but today.

Even though the forgotten Japan lays grey beside a brickwall.

Thoughts of confusion and fools in school.

Promise me that you will be my shoulder.

My life is like a million dreams when I see you.

An innocent time of wonderment came from the hoods.

Their inquisitive minds put out what I cannot.

And sometimes I can remember no other road, no other way but yours.

Don't be simply old, I am in it with you.

To miss life during when it starts.



Dedication

I know I just met you but I feel like I've known you forever;  
I think about us all the time and wonder if we'll ever be together.

I don't say it enough but you mean the world to me;  
And no poem that I write could ever describe the way I'm feeling.

There is something about you that I'm addicted to;  
And no matter how hard I try I can't stop thinking of you.

I think about you everyday, as a matter of fact all the time;  
And the only thing I can possibly wish for is for you to be mine.

I would love to be the lady you come home to after work;  
With open arms, some dinner on the table and after that dessert.

I don't know what it is but I feel so comfortable when I'm with you;  
And the happiness you instill in me is sometimes too much to go though.  
I get caught off guard sometimes because I think how could I find somebody  
so perfect;

I don't think I'll ever need to look for another man because you're the one I  
want to be with.

You say that for some reason that I can't love you;  
Well I'm sorry to disappoint you because I already do.

By: Theresa Kasson  
Zee



## The Battle Call

By Catherine Fahey

Unearth my pain and suffering,  
unleash my needed needs,  
describe the love and hatred,  
which is flowing through my veins.

Recall my need  
as you laughed with me;  
the way I feel  
thrown away  
and here is my Battle Call:

Give me your thoughts and dreams  
hand me your signs of contempt  
realize my need for you  
I never, ever spent.

I need this time  
I need this day  
I need to wonder why  
the way I feel  
is so surreal.  
and indeed I begin to cry:

Loneliness is nothingness  
as I have nothing left to lose,  
dig up the dirt, and begin to see  
my existence, a truce.

Put down the white flag  
put down the wall  
that blocks you from me  
and give me your attention  
and give me your all  
until I close your eyes and sleep.

## 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

## The Thirteenth Day!

By:

Amy Zdipko, Jackie Bartleson, Crissy Reed, and Kevin Pawlaski



It was twelve oh seven when the last of us got to the haunted house. We had all heard the stories. The Kirby building on campus at Wilkes University, how scary does that sound? I wasn't afraid, only because I don't believe in ghosts.

It was the four of us. After we had diner our bosses left. This invitation didn't sound much like a documentary but now a game to see who could survive. I wasn't sure of the people I was with just yet. There was only one boy, his name was Kevin. He seemed laid back but I don't know how he was going to survive screams at everything that goes bump in the night. One of the girls who was the youngest was Amy. She seemed like she would scare easy. The other girl was Chrissy, with her I think she would just run, no screams, all feet.

We were all quite comfortable with each other by midnight of the first night, only because there was nothing better to do than talk. Not complaining because I would like to know how crazy the person sleeping next to me might be. We all agreed that we wouldn't sleep in the same place twice. The house was of a good size so being that we were only there for fourteen days, two weeks to be exact. The first morning wasn't that horrible. My nights sleep was awful though. It's just some creepy, disturbing vibe, it kept me up. I woke up to a scream; it was Amy, who wouldn't think that. There was a spider hanging from the corner of the window. I jolted up thinking it was something else. I was kind of mad that it wasn't I want something good to write about. And my feeling is that all these stories are bull and it's just a spoof. But I want the real deal I want everything to come out. This one story still stands out in my mind:

The floor boards they creek

The doors they slam

But when you hear nothing

Is anything truly there?

The shadows are trees, or are they?

The breathing is your own.

You just think that so you can walk ahead

You don't look back you know I'm here  
I am the death of you  
So be aware...

I don't know why but that story just sticks out in my mind. Like every time I breathe I cut myself short to see if someone is breathing along with me. And the softness of the floorboards creaking sends an instant chill and hair raising wave up my spine. I don't like it here; it's not my cup of tea.

So after the spider problem was solved with a shoe, we decided to go exploring. In the day light we searched almost every room. The only room we missed was the tea room, only because the descendants of the Kirby's have the key to open the door. It's not like it's a mystery or anything of what's in the room because it has glass doors, and glass does keep people out it just doesn't keep nasty ones.

By the eighth day we were afraid to do anything alone, especially going to the bathroom and poor Kevin didn't have a bathroom buddy. We used to buddy system to the full extent. We went everywhere not in twos but fours. If one went we all were going. We were now officially freaking out. It started with the dreams; we all had the same one. I can even draw the girl's face I saw, they can too. Stringing long black hair, bright green eyes and a nightgown that was too big on her, and the creepy childish voice she used to her advantage. The only thing she insisted on saying was "get out" and "leave us rest in peace." This child was from hell. The dreams had settled down and we all thought the girl had accepted her defeat, and then she proved us all wrong. The dream was as follows:

I had gone into the bathroom to brush my teeth, alone for some odd reason. I was humming a song and not paying attention. I turned the light on or those were my intentions, and the light bulb blew. So I turned the water on and started to brush my teeth and the water tasted funny so I grabbed my cup to get a sample and look at it in the light maybe it was nasty or something; I needed assurance of what I was putting in my mouth. I looked and it was pure red. Almost

like blood. I went to dump it out in the sink and forget about brushing my teeth, when the girl stuck her head through the drain out at me, her words were plain as day: "just a sample of what's going to happen if you don't leave."

Let's just say my teeth can stand to not be brushed for a couple of days.

By the twelfth day we were all so jumpy, I don't know if it was because it was almost the end and we were expected some kind of going away present or what. But even sneezes and coughs we all jumped. So the common decency was to pronounce your bodily functions.

The thirteenth day we were all too excited to see our bosses, people from the outside world were so comforting knowing we weren't lost or forgotten. Of course they didn't bring any good news. They wanted our final projects to be individual ones. This meant we had to split up and spend the day each on a separate floor. He had told us that our papers had been of the same stuff and even our perspectives were similar only because we were together all the time. We weren't so happy about his idea, but idea it was not, that was a job, a command something we must do. We all sat on the stairwell after they had left, talking, almost as if to say our goodbies. This was something that was unreal, I wanted to be pinched maybe I was dreaming, please let that be it. We checked the phone number like four times for each person. We were ready. I went to the second floor bathroom where most stories have been generated in our dreams. Amy had curiosity with the wine cellar so that was where she went. Chrissy decided to go to the Kirby room, more power to her that room was no good. Kevin stayed back and he said it would be a good idea if we walked to our rooms together. We dropped Amy off first. She cried as we shut the door and wished her good luck, I think we all had tears in our eyes, we had grown so close to each other in almost two weeks, and we all knew something was to come of this. I didn't want anything to happen to any of my new friends, they were the greatest people I have yet to meet. Next stop was to drop me off. I wasn't so sure of this. The bathroom, where in my dream the sink looked so real and sends the hair along my arm stood up.

I can't believe they made us separate, what were they thinking? They said it was for the good of the project, but what about what was good for us? Where were the rest of them going and when would they come back for me? Those were just a few of the questions I forgot to ask, racing around my head as Jackie, Kevin, and Chrissy walked up the creaking basement steps. I didn't think the wine cellar was a bad place to stay. It had fascinated me since our first night in the house. But tonight it was just a dimly lit, cold, scary, empty room. Although it felt empty it indeed wasn't heard footsteps, bottles clinking together, and the words that set me off "get out now! Or else..." it was a grim warning and I ran to the door before it became more than that. Oddly the solid wood door was without handle and locked. Hiding in the small hole was the only option. More thought raced inside my head.

"What did we do to deserve this?

All the warning signs we dismissed.

It was foolish and dumb to agree to this project.

The old house, and all the stories we ignored.

We're next, the newest story of horror from the Kirby house was us."

Those were my last thoughts before the voices started again. They said "my thoughts were correct that I was next." The voices grew in number and sound, blaming me for them not being at peace, saying that it won't end, and if I knew what was good for me I would leave anyway possible. And that's what I did. I found the end to a broken wine bottle. My last words: "You drove me to do this, and I pray that my friends are still alive and sane..."

Amy Zdipko

My heart and an instant suffocation feeling blew across me from the breeze of the door shutting. The instant I sat down on the toilet I knew this wouldn't be a learning experience: this was going to haunt me for the rest of my life. Then the footsteps started I went to open the door remember telling him to lock it or him telling me he was going to lock it. I sat on the floor I felt dizzy I didn't want to fall off of the toilet to the floor if I was to pass out. I set my head against the wall. I closed my eyes only to see the little girl in my head. She yelled at me right in my face demanding me to leave this minute, if not I would be trapped forever. I opened my eyes and shook my head, I was going insane. I set my gaze to the far wall, which seem to grow farther and farther away by every beat my heart had made. I stood up to run, into the expanded wall only to be cut short of my destination slamming right into the mirror. I had smashed the mirror and my forehead, it was now gushing blood. The blood was running down my face and dripped to the floor. I didn't want to see or touch it but I figured if it was bad enough I had to call someone. I took a little peak at it through the shattered fragments that still remained in the frame of the mirror. To the degree of what I saw I definitely needed stitches. I grabbed my cell phone from my bag and I had no service. I opened thinking maybe it had just frozen and then it completely shut off and I couldn't turn it back on. I was quick to my feet to pound on the door. The little girl's voice rang out over the sound of fist on wooden door. "They can't hear you and even if they can they can't help you their dead." I couldn't take this anymore I shouted to her to shut her mouth. She was wrong and a mere fragment of my imagination. "Leave me alone, I'm leaving in a few hours. JUST SHUT UP!" She didn't listen she went step by step as to how my friends died, adding extra emphasis on the gross and the gore. I turned the tub on and crawled in hoping it would drown out the sound of her voice. It didn't work she yelled louder and louder until every high note of her voice felt as though it was it was splitting

my eardrum slowly just tarring away at it. I couldn't stand the pain my head was pounding and still bleeding and now I had high pitched noises causing more chaos in my head. I wrote my final good bye note.

To whomever finds my body and/or my letter, please if the others are still alive who were here tell them I'm sorry I couldn't make it, and if the don't make it please whoever finds us: get out of this building it's not safe. Please let my family know I love them and always will. I'll be watching them from the sky. Some information so you're not too confused. My name is Jackie Bartleson and I live in Shickshinny.

I got the text saying that I needed to split with Amy, Jackie and Kevin. So I did as the text said to do. As they went to the rooms that they where going to, I went into the Kirby room. As I went in I felt this big chill come at me. The door slammed behind me. I tried to open the door. It was locked. I tried to use my phone but it didn't work. After I calmed down a little, I put my stuff on the table next to the fireplace. After that I opened the double doors and went in. Their where the two pictures of the Kirby's there.

I went by the two pictures to look at them. It looked like they where following me. It was really creepy. I saw that their were two other doors. I went over and tried to open them but I couldn't open them. As I kept looking around I couldn't stop looking over to the pictures. When I noticed that something was different. The table that I put my stuff at was gone, but my stuff was on the floor. I went over to see what happened to the table. It was there when I came in but it wasn't there now. It was really freaking me out now. It was only what seemed a few minutes but I wanted to get out. But I couldn't because the doors and windows where locked. I had already tried to break the windows but I couldn't break them. I tied my phone again but it still didn't work.

By the time it was night I didn't want to sleep. The pictures where still following me. Earlier before I heard them talking to each other. I couldn't understand who or what they where talking about. Then I heard them say my name Crissy. They wanted me to go come over. They kept on saying my name until I went over. I looked at the pictures and it said "YOU ARE GOING TO DIE SOON" in blood. I got really scared and ran into the corner, they started to laugh. That kept me up. I started hearing movement and talking, even though I am the only one here. It was about 10 o'clock at night when I started to become delusional. I started to see things that where not their before. It started to become really cold in the room, when it was really hot outside. It was about an hour and a half before midnight when the pictures came to life and told me to start a fire. I did as they told me. They told me how to start the fire. But before I did I wrote a letter telling what happened to me that I went crazy and died.

As I close my eyes  
I know what is here  
The pictures eyes,  
Follow me near.  
Will I ever become free?  
From this horrible place,  
As I lockout the window to the tree  
As I look in the window at the face

That is still there.

After I wrote the letter for who ever finds it. The fire was bigger now. The voices kept on telling me to go into the fire and I did but not before finishing the story of how I went crazy and died.

Crissy Reed

Even though I said I would stay behind, and wait for Amy, Crissy, or Jackie to return from our final hours apart to finish this dumb project. As much as I hate to emit it, I still think we shouldn't have separated from one another even though we all were told to do so. It didn't feel right... it wasn't right to do that to three girls like that; I know something bad would come from this.

With Amy down in the wine-cellar, Jackie being up in the second floor bath room and Crissy down in the Kirby room I found myself wondering to the top floor of the house. As I sat in one of the main rooms up stairs I seem to have fallen asleep, that may have been my second mistake of that night. As I woke from my sweet slumber for how long I really don't know, but when I did wake up I received three new text messages on my phone. They were from the girls but the messages all said the same thing, "You still have time to save them Kevin." As I sat there in the chair with confusion whether the messages were just a joke from the girls, or from someone from the out-side world. So in order to solve what confusion I had, I tried calling Jackie back to see what was up. But my phone wasn't dialing out, and yet I have a signal.

So after reading that message that started my confusion, I started to wonder if my friends are ok. I hope they are alright! As this thought was racing through my head I started down to the second floor bath room to see if Jackie was alright, but when I walked into the room, there was nothing but a note. As I read this that must be from Jackie I became concerned that something might have happened to her. Her note talked about a little girl, and a dream that she had a few nights ago. But why would Jackie write something so dark? She makes it sound that she's going to die. I pray that nothing had gone wrong, for that sake of me! Now with my head spinning with deep confusion I ran down to the first floor to the Kirby room, smashing the door keeping me from Crissy safely. But as the door flue into the Kirby room I came to find that Crissy wasn't in this room either, but a note. This note was left by the fire place, which seems someone has used quite recent. With this note it seemed like the one I found in the bath room were Jackie should have been, and it spoke of the two pictures coming to life and telling her to jump in to the fire. But there was no body or any thing remains of Crissy, and this note was untouched by any flames. Oh God, what in the hell is going on in this house!

Now with my whole body in a state of fright I sprinted down into the wine-cellar were Amy was hopping that she was alright, now I'm running at my top speed just to see if my friend and maybe my only friend left that I might be able to save! As I turn the corner to get to the wine-cellar I seemed to be having a strange feeling, a feeling of what I might find within the cellar. As I stopped in front of the door, which hopefully keeping Amy safe and I got a sickly feeling as I lifted the hatch? It got worse until I opened the door, then my heart just stopped all together. Amy wasn't in there either, but yet again was another note. But a broken piece of one of the wine bottles was left on the note. With the terror of not knowing where all three of friends were, I picked up both the piece of the bottle and the note. Within the text of the note I found that Amy killed her self to stop her guilt that someone or something drove into her head. With all of my friends gone I'm next, I'm the last for this house to take. My mind in a state of shock, I realize that I must get out alive or find a place that this God for scion house won't find me!

As I stood in that room  
Where I lost my hope of my friend  
The last living friend would still be alive!  
When I walked toward the door  
I found a rope that will help me hide from this house!  
As I walked up the stairs I now heard the voices,  
The same voices that my friends once heard.  
I think to myself  
I now will be free of the same torment that my friends endured!  
The feeling of my heart and soul falling together feels so good  
I AM NOW FREE, as my body hangs inches from the first floor.

Only God knows what me friends went through in those rooms, but I do know that I started o the same path as they did. But with there final words floating to the floor I feel they were the ones that saved me.

# Picture Time

On the count of  
three strike a  
pose and say,  
"Cheese!"



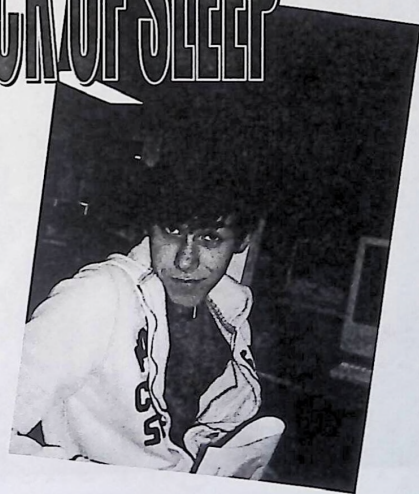


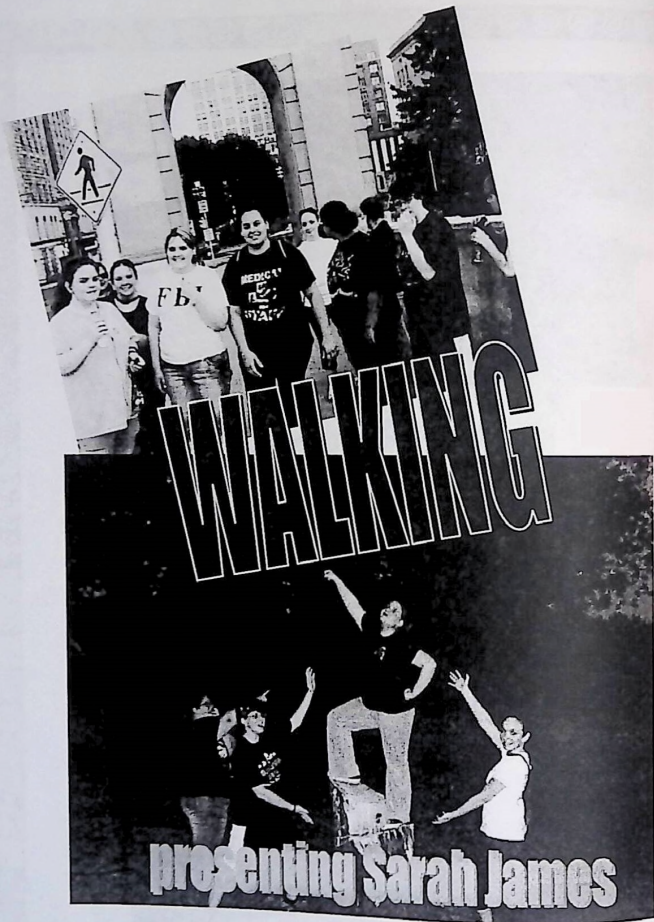


Impressive!



LACK OF SLEEP





*Sing it people!*

Karaoke Night 2007



**Look!**

**RJ:  
The  
Wannabe  
Lit Magger**

**TOO LONG... GOING CRAZY**





Party!  
in my room

After Hours

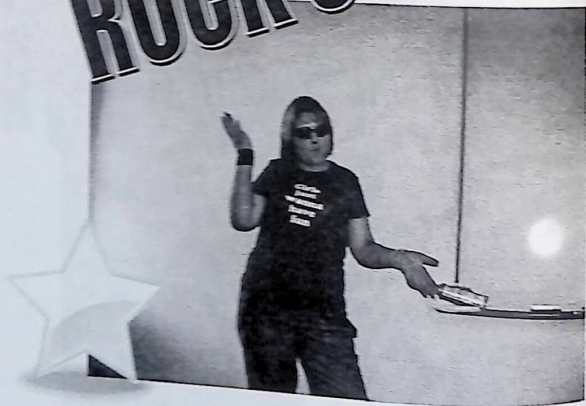


WHAT... I am not guilty !!





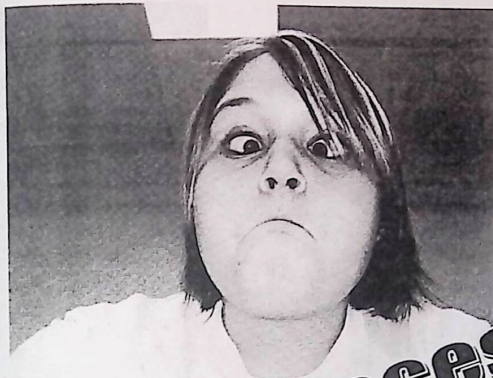
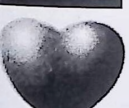
**ROCK STAR**



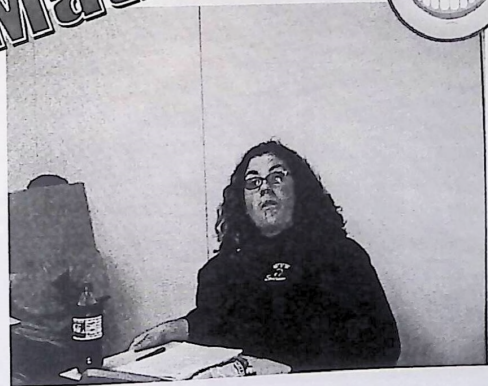
“April, you can’t spill your tray again in the caf! We just can’t have another Kerns incident!”



awe young love



**Math Faces**





## Words To live by:

brought to you by the residential staff of the 2007 summer

RD Sarah : "Follow the advice they give you on the top of mayonnaise jars. Keep cool. Don't freeze."

ARD Sandy : "Never give up on your dreams because only you determine your future."

TC Mark: "I've learned that people will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel." (Maya Angelou)

TC Ted : "Suck it up and do it."

TC Jayme: "All we are saying ..... Is give peace a chance." (John Lennon)

TC Steve: "Never settle for less than your best."

TC Sarah: "Never doubt yourself because nobody has the right to take away your confidence and abilities."

## Quotes Of the Summer



"Your from Shickshinny "

"Melf is the man"

"Sprinklers ! RUN!"

"My lip gloss is cool, my lip gloss is poppin"

"Teddy Bear"

"No hospital visits yet!"

"Jayme Snorted"

"Grrr"

"sleep, good"

" Mark! Please!"

"Speech is Due....."

" Harry Potter"

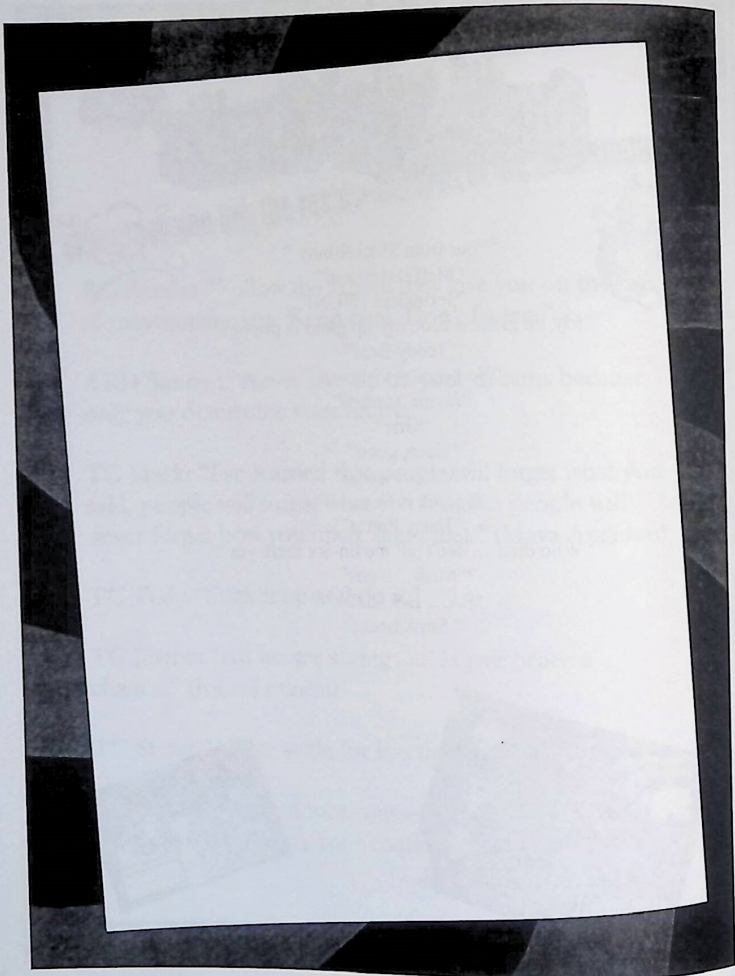
" Who died.... don't tell me im not there yet "

" Math..... grrr"

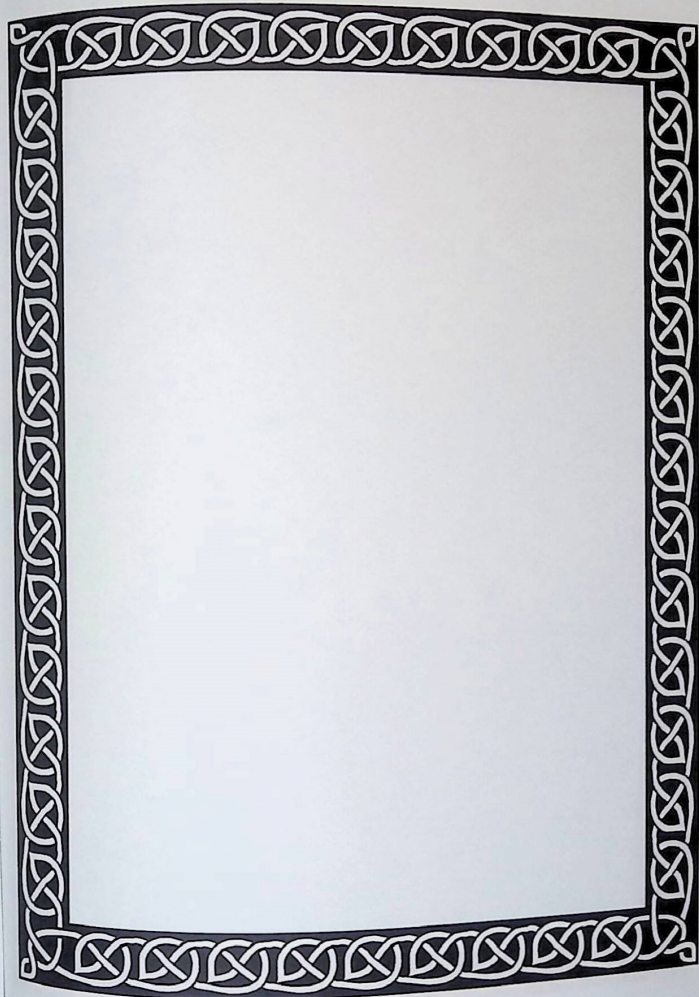
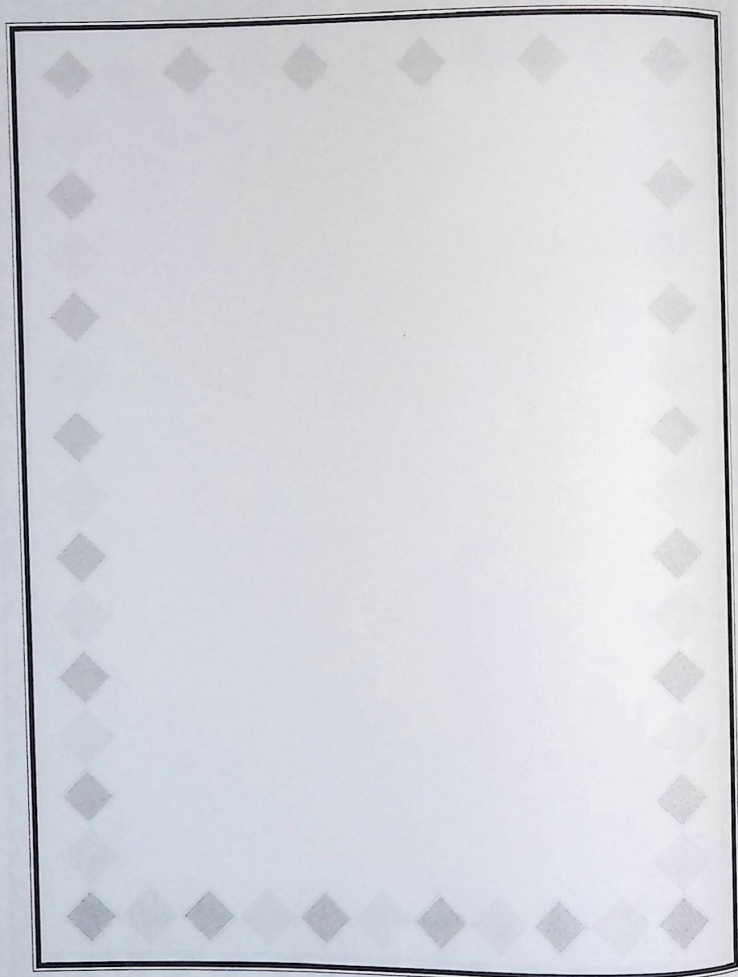
"BA... BA ...BA"

" Say Cheese"

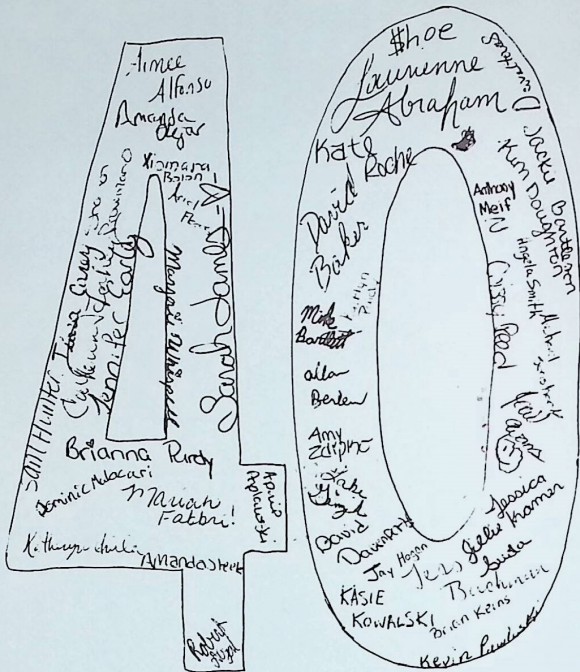












Wonderful  
Years