

D. G. G. G.

Retrospect



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EDITOR'S NOTE

The ultimate goal of this magazine was to produce a publication unexcelled in quality and content. This could not have been done without the individual effort and ability of a small number of competent people.

My utmost respect, admiration, and thanks go to Deb Storlie for her creative mind, ideas, enthusiasm and time. I can honestly say it couldn't have been done without her.

Thanks are also due to Ginger Harmon and her Graphics students for their help and to Steve Rogers for being willing to take the responsibility that should have been ours.

The art work, photography, and creative writing used, for the most part, was highly selective. My appreciation goes to all who submitted material.

I could make a comment on the content of this publication and how it is interesting to note the prevalent theme is one of sadness, misery, and despair..... but I won't because I don't understand why this is so.

All editing was done by the editorial staff. Patrons, obviously, are not responsible in any way.

Cory Eberhart

Cory Eberhart
Editor

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Just Window Shopping . . .
 . . . An Anthology of Poems . . .
 . . . by . . .
 David Stillman
 Ellensburg High School

A Child

A child who is not young
 Has grown old,
 And behind steel grey eyes
 Where tears once stood,
 Bitterness stands,
 Forced to run
 And hide and fear
 He is alone,
 He has grasped for solitary hands,
 Reached out –
 Only to find shadows.
 He has screamed and heard only echoes
 in his ears,
 He will die a thousand deaths only to
 live on;
 And though he may walk with many,
 He is one amongst the crowd –
 Forced to run
 And hide and fear
 He is alone . . .



Here Sit I

photo by Debbie Storlie

Here I sit –
 Watching the monumental sculptures
 Drifting,
 Surrounded by an aura of Blue haze.
 Each one
 Motionless for perhaps a second,
 Then swept away again
 As though it were a wave set against some silent beach,
 Or a sand castle high upon a windy hill,
 Swaying this way and that,
 Entertaining my mind with paintings
 Constantly changing,
 Windfalls carressing,
 As if it were some night of nubial consecration,
 Driving again and again,
 Harder,
 Then falling away
 In seemingly total exhaustion
 Only to begin again,
 And I am awed,
 Here sit I

A Revelation

Tranquility surrounds
 And thou art like a flower to the world
 Childlike
 And innocent.
 Your eyes gaze into the heavens
 And time is but an unlit candle
 The sun shines silently
 And we are side by side
 I know now why they call it
 Love . . .

Scarcely Solice

Thirteen rose petals
 Fall swiftly to the ground
 And unshed tears grow greater.
 Sorrow and Bitterness
 Burn
 Whilst I sit.
 The echoes of laughter
 Still ringing softly in my ears . . .

Only One Sunset

The acquiescent sunset
Escapes the mounting crescendo of nightfall.
Turning away
With almost painful, derisive beauty;
Floating gently beyond a horizon
To find only another horizon to escape.
Running on and on,
Gracing each moment
With intermingling chords of quiet.
And proud -
Even in desecration.

Untitled

The couch's cloth was rough.
I remember no color, only texture . . .
I watched the calloused skin of my hands
fold and unfold.
I heard my own words stripping me—
I sat naked—
As the man who awakens
To the heat of the morning sun
Blind.
Almost unable to perceive reality . . .
Utterly helpless.



SOARING

Riding the currents above the earth,
Sailplanes will be found.
They fly with ease, and gracefulness
High above the ground.

The men who fly them are a special kind
Adventurous, and bold,
Finding thrills in their own ways,
Pilots, both young and old.

A sailplane needs no engine
In order to be flown,
A tow up to a thousand feet
And then you're on your own.

The endless search for lift
Striving to stay up high,
Man against the elements
Makes him want to fly.

This kind of flight called "soaring"
Once, was just a dream,
But a sailplane and a pilot
Makes a winning team.

Mike Sager
Queen Anne High School



photogram by Ken Guy Ellensburg High School

FEED THE CAT

Our cat is a very mysterious thing,
an Aristocat if anything.
I call her finicky, spoiled and rotten,
and most of the time she's not forgotten
It's egg in the morning, and milk for lunch,
wet tuna for dinner, friskies for brunch.

I do not consider my cat as a hog,
yet she seems only to eat things,
which make her sick as a dog:
grass, bees, spiders and flies,
assorted beetles and butterflies.

She's not crazy, insane or even unstable,
although she won't eat food from our table.

This small, fury, gray haired beast,
will wake you at six expecting a feast.

So you roll up a paper and say,
"get out of here",

but she'll make nothing but trouble,
you'll see and you'll hear

She'll knock down boxes, scratch doors in the hall,
she'll stay on your back 'til you're almost up the wall.

So the best thing to do, is to give in and say,
"OK, Cat. I'LL feed Ya today!"

Rick Evans
Queen Anne High School



photo by Irma Hoffman
Ellensburg High School

MOTHER EARTH

I will be a slave to the city
till I've earned enough to be free

the meadows, the forests, the hills
streams valleys trees rocks
are not a visiting place;
I am no stranger there.

I belong with the land
as the land belongs with me,
each unto the other;
we are comrades, friends—
we can handle the enemy.

the sunshine is sustenance enough
as I lie along the treetops.
safe.

I am waiting for the time
I will fall back slowly
into your arms

Anne Marie DeHaven
Rogers High School

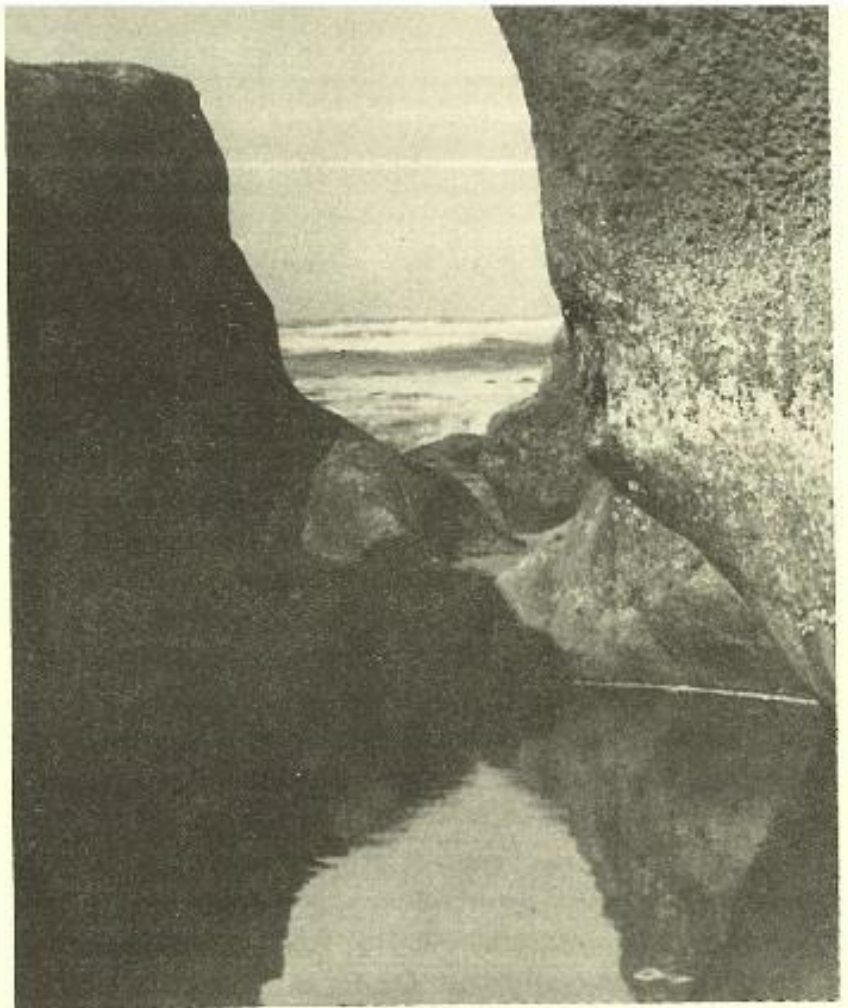


photo by Tyke Gaskell Ellensburg High School



photo by
Shelly Moeur

Ellensburg
High School

THE ART GALLERY

by Deborah Powell

I stared at the luminous hands on the alarm clock for a full ten minutes before my mind became alert enough to distinguish reality from pleasant oblivion. In two minutes, the strident buzzer would sound off and destroy the remaining fragments of somnolence that clung to my brain. That was one form of reality that I would prevent if possible. But another reminder, the cold chill of the air, assaulted my physical comfort as my arm shot out from beneath the warmth of the blankets. The metal of the clock was icy, almost wet to the touch and by the time I flipped the alarm to the "off" position, the cold had traveled up my arm and leaked into the blankets.

My attention was drawn by the rusty groaning of bed springs to the lump in the mattress above me. My companion was turning over which meant that she was as close to wakefulness as she would ever be

without assistance. I decided to provide that assistance and get some exercise at the same time. With one awkward motion, I kicked free of the blankets and prodded the lump with the balls of my bare feet. The lump rolled to one side but didn't make a sound. I kicked it then, with perhaps too much zest and received a muffled exclamation of anger for my troubles.

"C'mon, c'mon!" I demanded in a stage whisper. "Move your bod."

"What time is it?" came the resigned reply.

"Four thirty and getting later!" I answered. I huddled shivering on my bunk and watched impatiently as first two pale legs and then long uncombed strands of black hair dangled over the side of the upper bunk.

With cat-like grace she landed on the floor and wasted no time getting even. Reaching over to the alarm clock, she turned the switch on and noted with satisfaction

the grimace on my face as it peeled forth its insane metallic music. I grabbed the clock away from her and stopped the noise.

"Do you want to wake my mom up, you idiot!" I whispered crossly.

"It isn't loud enough to wake anyone up but you and besides, I can handle your mother," she said confidently. She was always so sure of herself. Mom thought that she was the sweetest, most trustworthy soul that existed among my acquaintances. Oh yes, she could handle mother. Not that I thought her a blackguard or anything; but then I couldn't picture her with wings and a halo either. I take that back--I could picture her with wings. She had wings and I did not. That was the way I saw things.

We dressed with rapid movements to keep ourselves warm and discussed our plans for the morning in conspiratorial whispers.

It was her idea to get up before dawn, slip out of the house quietly, and strike

off for Fort Casey with a sack full of colored chalk. She always came up with exciting ideas and it never ceased to amaze me that she shared them with me. In her place, I should have considered myself dull company.

I was so proud of myself for having been awake at the prearranged hour without any mechanical aid; but when she purposely set off the alarm, the importance of my accomplishment was lost in the din.

We finished at the same time and tiptoed from the room in our stocking feet, shoes in hand. It seemed corny and unnecessary to me until I tested the strength of the floorboards in the outside hallway and found that they gave beneath my feet with hollow creaking, each board with a different note of the musical scale.

The front door was a heavy wooden one that often stuck to its frame. My companion stepped aside to allow me to open it, for I was more familiar with the large bald doorknob that seemed to spin uselessly in its socket until firm pressure caused it to catch and pull on the door.

The door slid open noiselessly; something it had never done before, I was certain. I marked it up as #2 in my list of accomplishments for the day, but she of the silent feet

hurried out onto the porch without smiling--she had expected nothing less.

When we were far enough from the house to rustle freely, I put on my nylon jacket and tied the hood securely under my chin. With each step I seemed to be placing my feet in numerous water puddles hidden by the grass, so I lifted my feet accordingly. But the grass was dry, almost crisp with frost and I attributed the sound to the nylon rubbing against my ears.

The sun had another hour to break the horizon, but the darkness was only equal to that of a cloudy day. This was the way she planned it.

She did not talk. When she was silent, it was digni-

fied. When I was silent, it was stupidity. But I kept my mouth closed because nothing I could say would be worth the irritated glance she would give me. I rustled the paper sack to get a better grip on the crushed, folded-over top and diddled with my flashlight, flicking it on and off and on again.

"Conserve your batteries," she said finally, with restraint.

The pavement under our feet changed to a narrow dirt path and we were coming within sight of the Fort.

In 1900, Fort Casey had been an outpost of the United States Army on Whidbey Island, guarding Puget Sound and its approaches from enemy fleets with monstrous iron guns and cannon-shaped mortars



photo by Irma Hoffman Ellensburg High School

mounted on a platform of concrete. Under the platform lay the vast interior of the fortress where once ammunition was stored and a garrison of thirty men stationed. It is a labyrinth of bare concrete, as dark and silent as an underground mine.

During the day, tourists scramble over the walk-ways and explore the old search-light towers, but only a few independent kids ever go beyond the first few rooms and then only to hear the echoes of their probing screeches, screams, and "hellos". Daylight does not penetrate most of the chambers and passageways and neither do many humans. I was thinking about this as we approached the structure.

It rose from the ground in the manner of a medieval castle with its ramparts and guard towers. I had been used to seeing it there but it still struck me as odd and alien amidst the grassy hillocks.

She didn't wait for me at the entrance she chose to use.

I followed her and used my flashlight as the outside light faded away and left me with the concrete walls, concrete floor, and concrete ceiling. I played an arc of light across the walls as I passed, revealing names crudely scratched into the surface. Names and dates, all recent, and

an occasional obscenity. As I followed her light bobbing in the corridor far ahead of me, the graffiti tapered off and the walls became unbroken planes of gray.

I realized that I was exceeding the limits of my earlier explorations when we began to pass through the chambers. Some were triangle shaped, others had no logical geometrical shape to them at all. Some rooms had no doors, only barred window openings. Then there were openings in the walls that looked like tunnel shafts, perhaps leading to a level below ground. One of them contained an ammunition hoist, coated with orange rust. I clutched my



Print by Liz Ferrero
Ellensburg High School

light tightly, deciding that this was not the place and time of day to drop and break it.

I found her in one of the chambers, inspecting the walls with her flashlight.

"It's clean," she pronounced and turned to face me. Her face was just shadow but I could imagine the corners of her thin purple lips spreading slightly in an amused smile as she contemplated the task ahead.

What must have been an hour later, I had given up and sat down on the hard cement to watch her at work. My efforts at playing artist had been puny and unimaginative. A few small-tuft-legged horses and stick figures stood testimony to that. Her skill transmitted itself into swirls of blended colors forming Chinese dragons, teradactyls, crocodiles, faces with jutting jaws and slanted eyes that leered and danced and made the walls come alive.

"A museum of monsters," I commented, interrupting her concentration.

"An art gallery," she answered smearing the edge of a blue swirl with her fingertips.

"I think we've been down here for a couple of hours," I guessed.

"Uh, huh," she agreed, tinging the blue with green.

"It's probably full daylight outside," I commented further.

"Look, if you want to go,

say so and we'll go," she swung around, with the chalk poised in her hand.

I shrugged my shoulders which did no good because she could not see me clearly. She appeared to come to an immediate decision; dropped the chalk into the open sack and picked up her flashlight from the floor. The light left the walls and the devils drawn on them and concentrated on my face with a sudden glare.

I blinked and put a protesting hand up in front of my eyes.

She handed me the sack, now considerably wrinkled, and directed the beam away from my face. I shifted my weight and rose to my feet stiffly, my legs sore from contact with the rough, hard flatness, and followed her from the gallery. Once again, she had managed to make me feel foolish.

When we quit the corridor and stepped off of the hard concrete, the yielding turf felt refreshing to my feet. The sun was blinding. I looked down to give my eyes time to adjust and noticed my chalk-stained hands. They looked bruised and battered, red and purple, brown and yellow, blue and green.

Holding the sack and flashlight gingerly in one hand, I spit on the other and wiped it on my jeans. All I succeeded in doing was smearing the colors and rubbing them more deeply into the creases

of my palm.

Already my list of accomplishments was being far outstripped by my list of detriments.

My companion eyed me curiously. I glanced at her hands; not a trace of chalk dust. Her long bony fingers were clean. There were no colored crusts under her fingernails.

"That figures," I thought.
"That figures."

A Collection of Poems by Judith Nelson , Ephrata Senior High School

I AM . . .

I am
a rainy day
a ten-speed travel machine
monster movies
Nesbitt's Orange Soda
a Mad magazine
Pink Chablis
walking along a beach with
my Irish Setter at my heels.

I am
a snowmeadow
an old pair of Hush Puppies
a National Soaring Championship T-shirt
Charlie Chaplin's photograph
a stringless tennis racquet
cold spring cliff-diving
a music feeling.

I am an experience, fella, that you'll have to trip with to know.

A pleasure to make your acquaintance.

Who are you?

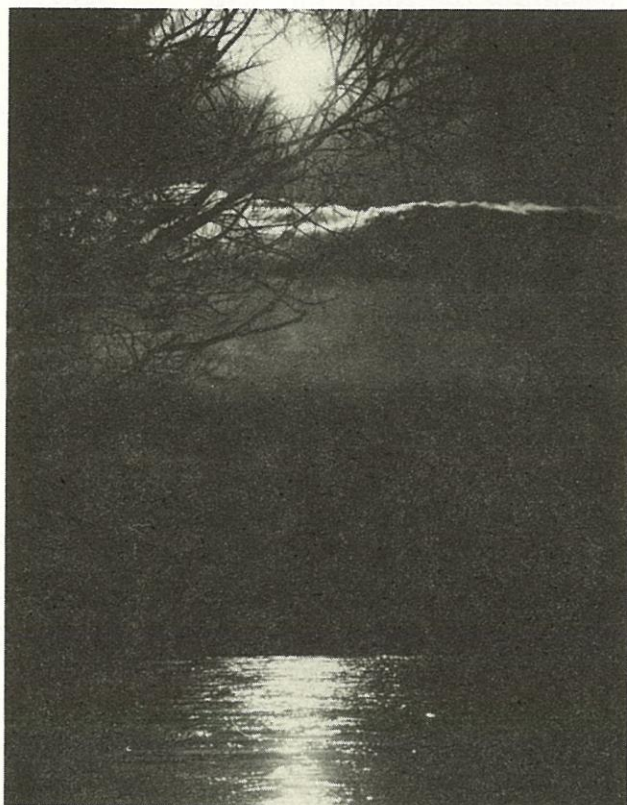


photo by Jim Charlton

Ellensburg High School

PROGRESS

He spent a glorious week in the mountains
baking bread and smoking grass.
After hitching back to Civilization
he hit on the idea of buying a car.
This took money
and money meant a job.
The only job available was ten miles from
his home.

He needed transportation
so he had to get a car
which took money
and money meant a job.
Which meant a car
which took money
which meant-----

He decided to screw society
and hitchhiked to the mountains
where he bakes his own bread
and grows marijuana in his back yard.



drawing by Sam Bunger

ID

He was ugly and obese.
A mountain of acne
and dirty nails
gilded the vessel
that held a heart of pure gold.

He tried (to please)
fixing the house---
lost weight
and soil
.....and modesty.

And now he has
a gorgeous physi que
and manicured
hands to shelter a heart of pure
egotistical
rhubarb.

HAIKU

Play a simple tune
A smile is intermission---
The string has broken.

A wilted flower
lies limp--torn flag dropped witless
on a soldier's grave.

A necklace of gold
dangles loosely from a branch
like petals of sun.

Hey plastic people
I wonder if your heads bounce.
Have you rubber souls?

HEARTHFIRE

Pianokey raindrops
turn on orange glow worm
EXPLOSION
Honey-coloured emotiondrops
sizzle and flair
erupting into spasmodic strobe fingers
which eventually fade
leaving narcotic trails

Inferno the FireEater watches
anxiously
as the log consumes itself
and belches Pride.



drawing by Debbie Storlie

RIGORMORTIS

I am sitting sewing
as I have every night
for a thousand years
And you are reading the newspaper
looking for something new
though you've been reading of Watergate forever.
I close my eyes . . . drifting softly
down
cotton candy promises
wisps of violet flavour
swirl away

(MOTHERSAIDASTITCHINTIMESAVESN----

not belonging to me or we

(IFYOUDONTKEEPUPWITHTHECURRENTEVENTS----)

Come! Let us chase them!

Who says you only live once?

NO. I must sew to save nine,

And how could the world get on without you?

EXISTENTIAL REGURGITATION

by Kirk Marsh

I walked out across the lawn in the summer morning daylight. It was early--the sun had not yet warmed the air. The trees were still. There was no wind. The butterflies and grasshoppers were just beginning to emerge from the fields of alfalfa. Life was stirring, trying to feed in the coolness of the morning before the afternoon sun appeared with its stifling heat.

Far away I could see the gray strips of freeway. There were no cars on them this early, just one or two trucks and tankers that fouled the still air with their engine rumbblings.

The morning was silent--except for the trucks, and the birds. The crows soared high over the oaks cawing loudly and discordantly. Further away, from the cattle pastures came the contrasting melody of the meadowlark's song mixed with erratic sounds of the blackbirds. Also from the pastures came the mournful, lonely cries of the sandpipers. I could see a few of them: orange, white, and brown feathers gleaming in the sun, sitting among the blackbirds that were dotted throughout the pasture.

The fields were full of the bird's activities. They flew in and among the cow dung, the rocks, the red sourduck and jointed Indian grass. The woodcocks paused at the creek to feed on the skippers and watercress, the blackbirds flitted in the

grass sunning themselves.

The yard I was standing in was conscious of the birds, also. A pair of hummingbirds, colored green, pink, and brown, bobbed at the honeysuckle and fuchsia. They hovered on invisible wings until their feeding was over, then disappeared, sliding away like miniature helicopters. Families of robins, yellow-beaked and orange-breasted, gathered under the beech tree to tug their breakfasts from the shaded ground.

And the starlings turned their young loose to learn to fly. There were several of the young starlings on the lawn. They all seemed to look alike: small birds, with dull brown feathers that lacked sheen. I walked toward one that was resting by the raspberry bushes.

It had just completed a short flight, and its wings hung limply without strength. I walked back to the top of the lane and picked up a broken hoe handle leaning against the fence. I walked slowly back, until I stood over the bird. It lay still near the thorny raspberry stalks.

Birds are not supposed to feel emotion, but inside the yellow eyes of this bird I sensed fright and weariness. I nudged it with the stick. It cowered close to the ground.

I knew adult starlings were a nuisance. They defecated on the porches and cars. They moved in and chased

the other birds away. Their unpleasant sounds never ceased. I felt I had ample reason to kill this one.

My hand searched the rough hoe handle for a smooth grip. I could already feel the heat in parts of my palm from the slivers from the handle. I started to raise the stick, but the bird moved a bit--so I paused.

I knew what the killing would feel like: I would raise the handle, the muscle near my neck would start to tense, and I would bring the stick down and smash the bird. It would be silent. The bird might twitch a little. My hand would throb awhile from the stick's impact on the ground. And the bird would be dead.

It was absurd, and yet it still fit into the large scheme of things. Young starlings learning to fly were very vulnerable. Many of them died, as this was Nature's way of controlling the population. But Nature had not realized that it had given me a chance to exercise my freedom. I was not going to kill. I was going to struggle against the pre-determined events of this day. By killing the bird I would have done nothing, I would merely be creating nothingness. By letting it live and observing it, I could learn. I could share the experience of the bird's freedom and its flight. My freedom was intrinsic in this bird, and I saw that it was very important to me.

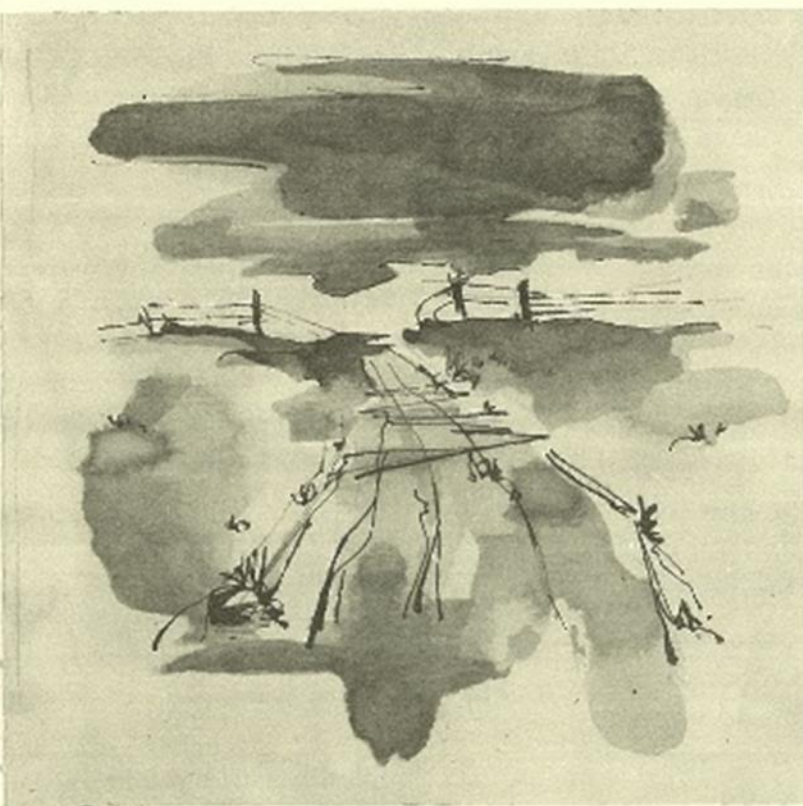
After I had reasoned this a sense of pride came over me. I saw killing as absurd--a part of life that attempted to dispel freedom by annihilating life itself. By preserving the bird I was preserving the beauty of this morning. I felt that I had brought some meaning into life, my powers of rationalization had triumphed. I backed away from the bird. At the top of the lane I started to sit down to watch him.

I glanced back just in time to see the orange tom-cat spring. The pounce, the weak cry, the claw--and it was over.

The beauty of the morning was replaced by the ugly growling sounds behind the raspberries. The comfort of the sun was replaced by the itching of the wet grass blades sticking and drying on my feet.

I stood up, still holding the broken hoe handle. The feelings of nothingness and despair cast themselves annoyingly against my face, like a swarm of gnats.

I saw another young starling on the ground near the red peonies. I walked over to the bird, and stared at it. Then I raised the stick, and brought it down, smashing the bird. I clubbed it again and again, until there was nothing but feathers, until the tip of the handle was stained red with the blood.



POSSIBLY THROUGH A WINDOWPANE

by Kirk Marsh

My mind began to collapse, like rocks rolling down a mountain slope, the rational ideas--the last ones I possessed, that is, disappearing into the abyss of insanity.

Juan's fingers continued to dance on the strings of his guitar. My eyes quadrupled his presence, there was the four headed man playing a-- let's see, how many? Ah, a twenty-four string guitar.

"Stop Juan! God Almighty, you--", I rolled off the bed. My mind dipped below the horizon. "Oh Christ, Juan, don't leave!"

The door slammed, the four-headed man with the funny music box was gone, but he had left the four chairs he had sat in behind, for me to remember-- "Bye Juan," I gasped.

"Umm, salt, where's the salt?", I questioned the empty room, licking the tears from my cheeks. "Christ, all these feelings

coming over me, what next? Can't I expect anything? This doesn't even look like my apartment. Wish I could laugh, I just gotta laugh, but it all hurts so bad!"

The picture on the wall fell to the floor, in slow motion. The young girl in the portrait--her eyes looked to have changed, was she laughing at me? Oh, nooo...

Charlie Chan, save me.

"Where's my pistol?" I pulled the dresser drawer out on the carpet. Blue steel forty-five shines up at me. All right!! My hand asks my mind please! for the impulse to pick it up.

"Ouch! Jesus, is that hot, way too hot!" The gun falls far away to the floor. I pick it up carefully, the heat has left. My pants pocket swallows the gun and regurgitates my hand. What would happen if my pocket tried to swallow my hand too? Probably bad

news, but what would really happen?

"How? How did I get out on the street so fast?" The night air burnt my eyes. Look at the people! They're all lookin' at me--damn, where is that gun?

Young mother pushing a baby carriage, I stumble, thrusting the gun into her face. The baby gurgles, Christ--I gotta kill her. The mother looks at me and screams. Her face goes colorless, waiting for me to blast her face onto the city sidewalk. The trigger pulled itself didn't it? OH NO!!

Click click.

GODDAMN, NO BULLETS!! Cop grabs me, wrenches my arms behind my back. Freezing steel handcuffs choking my wrists. People gathering around.

Juan's face looking down at me-- "Juan, Juan!"

His face is so grim.

"Oh Juan, what did you put in my coffee?"

FALSE REALITY

by Grace Ogoshi

The Fifes had lived a life of confusion. All incidents originated from no where. They happened erratically and there seemed to be unaccounted time between incidents, in which there was no trace.

Mary and John were like strangers in some respects, but they supported each other by piecing together empty spaces, and living solely for their ten year old son, Carl.

At times sanity was nearly impossible. They isolated themselves on a farm, about 15 miles from a small community. They were wary of peers and did not add to the confusion by joining many social functions.

Mary finished setting the breakfast table and brought out serving dishes filled with pancakes and bacon.

"Carl," his mother said. "You'd better hurry, the bus is going to come and you won't have time to eat." Carl ran in and started to fill his plate before he even sat down.

"Okay," he inquired between bites, "If I stay in after school and go to scouts

with Bob? He says it's really neat, and besides, I'll be home in time to help with chores?"

"Well...I suppose, but don't make this a habit. You know your dad needs your help around here."

"Thanks!" Here's the bus I've gotta' go. See you to-night mom." He grabbed his blue ski jacket and ran out the door, shifting his books. Mary watched Carl, until the bus was out of sight. She was standing, gazing out the front window, when John came in and found his place at the table. Mary turned to see his face overtaken with weariness.

"You didn't sleep well again last night?" "No, those dreams they're nightmares!" Something is going to happen to one of us. I keep dreaming that one of us is going to be killed. We have to get out of here some how!"

Mary reached over and laid her hand on his wrist, trying to calm him, "John, be reasonable, I don't understand this any more than you do. You know there's no escape. We've

tried to leave before, but there's no other place to go. We're stuck here. We've tried, but the road is a vicious circle. We always end up back in the same place. The only thing we can do, is stay here and prevent anything from happening."

John looked up, ashamed of his childishness. He knew there was no way to escape. "It's as though we were on a large island, but there's no way off. No water to launch a boat in to row away, only walls." He paused, full of disgust. "Invisible walls that are unpenetrable."

He arose from his chair and walked over to the picture window. Out in the field sat the hungry baler, waiting for someone to repair it and put it back in operating order. He stood and stared...just glaring at the empty baler. "It was terrible, just terrible! "His eyes filled with tears. "I dreamt Carl was helping me and he fell into the baler. I tried to help him. I ran and shut it off. All that I found was a bit of his blue

ski jacket...he was gone!! I yelled that I was coming, but he wouldn't wait. It just kept pulling him in farther and farther. When I tried to help him, it's as though a great shadow was over me. It was as though something monstrous overcame me inside and held me back. I thought I was dead. I couldn't move or open my eyes. I couldn't speak. I could only dwell on what I had just witnessed." He turned and looked at Mary's tormented face. She could not bear to see John suffer, but yet she didn't have an answer for him or for herself, for that matter. Just exactly, what was happening? Why was the past so puzzling? Had they just been sitting back and watching it on a screen? Their lives were like replays. There was never a beginning and never an ending. Mary sat, wishing she knew how to console her husband.

"Mary, please ask the hired man to watch the farm for the rest of the day. I don't know how, but I'm going to find a way to escape."

"No John, it's no use! Just forget it! Last time you tried, it nearly drove you to a nervous breakdown. How do you think Carl and I feel? We don't like the way we live, never knowing if we're coming or going, living behind someone else's mind. I couldn't take not

knowing where you'd be. What if you found a way out and weren't able to come back for us? How could we live?"

"I've got to try." He pulled her arms away from him and ran out the door.

"John, come back...it's useless!" He was out to the car and had already started his search. Mary watched

him go. There was no way to stop him. She'd tried time and again, but nothing was persuasive enough to make him accept facts.

The day moved slowly, she tried to carry on her normal schedule but she couldn't help worry and wonder if John was all right.

The clock showed five-thirty and Mrs. Dillon drove

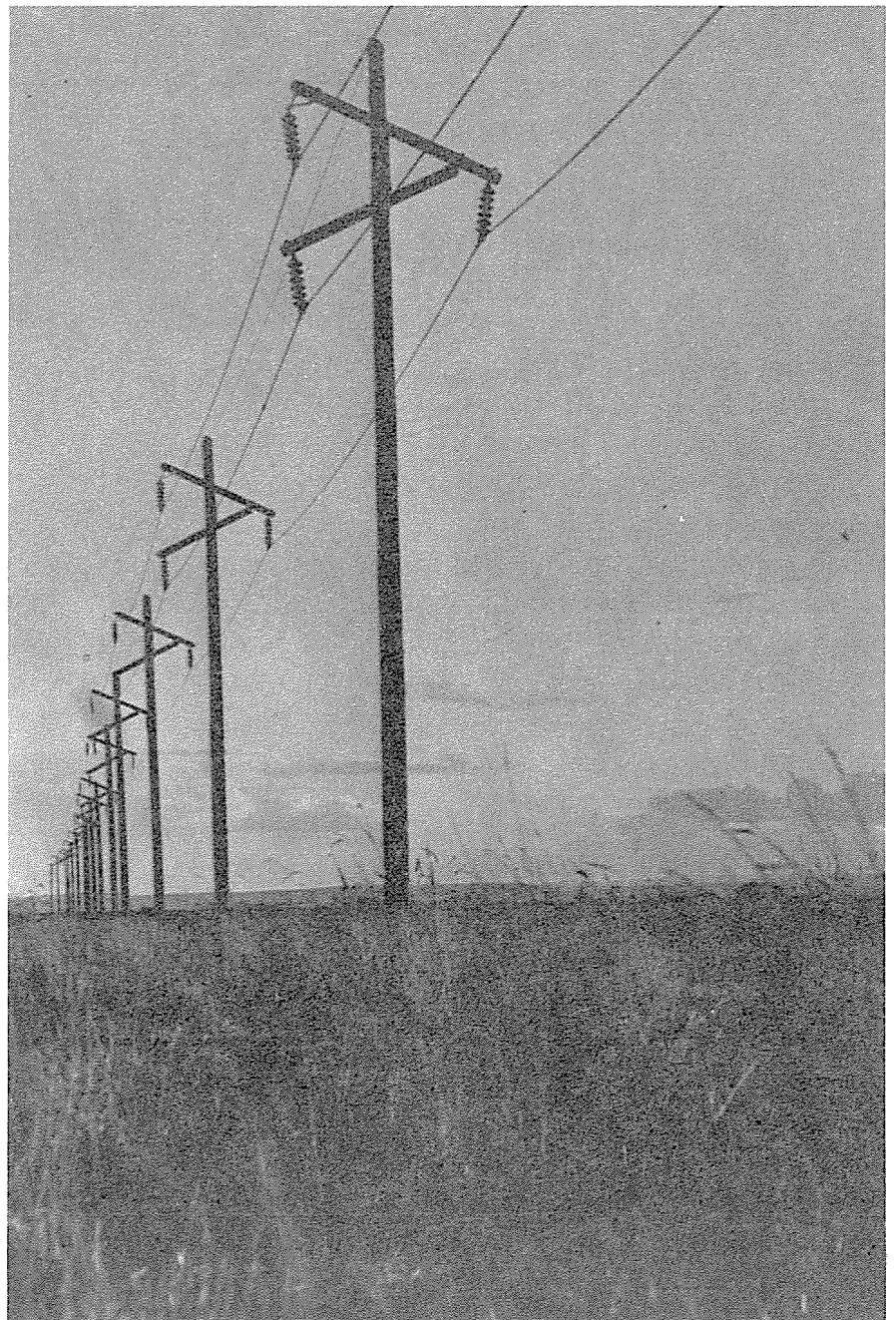


photo by Tom Hopkins
Quincy High School

up with Carl and her son Billy. She cheerily walked up to the door, knocked and entered. "Hello, Mary?"

"Yes, I'm here in the kitchen."

She peered around the corner, and entered the kitchen. "Say is it all right if I leave Billy here for a few minutes while I run up the road to my sisters? I won't be long. She hasn't been feeling well, so I thought I'd run out to see her."

"Oh, I hadn't heard. Is it anything serious?"

"No, just a bad case of the flu, but I didn't think Billy would be very much help. He'd most likely get in the way. I won't be long."

"Sure, that's fine. He can help Carl with his chores. Don't worry about him, he'll be fine."

"You sure it wouldn't be imposing?"

"No, he'll be fine!" They started to walk to the door. "Tell your sister hello, and if she needs anything, have her call me."

"Okay, see you in a little while."

Carl and Billy ran in after tagging each other in the front yard. "Hi mom," Carl managed breathlessly. "Where's dad?" Mary couldn't face her son. Time after time John had tried to find freedom for his family, and each time...defeat. Carl had only become afraid of his

father's condition. Many nights he was awakened by his father's screams. Even though, he knew they were from nightmares, the screams were terrifying. He had learned to accept their life style. Why couldn't his father?

"He's gone out to find a way out of here. We may be leaving soon, Carl." Mary said without looking at her son.

"Mom, why doesn't dad give up? It's not so bad anymore. I don't understand a lot of things, but I still have fun."

"Yeah," said Billy, "my parents were like that for awhile too, but they finally gave up trying to find a better life. Mom just got tired of it and said, 'Why don't we just enjoy what we have, and take things as they come every day, because we can't change the situation.' so dad just went along with her. It takes awhile to get used to."

"Well, don't worry about it boy. I'll talk to dad when he gets home. Why don't you finish your chores and then you can play." They ran out full of energy.

Mary started supper. Time dragged. It had been nearly ten hours, and no word from John. Her thoughts wandered and it only prolonged time. She went on with her task. A car drove up, but it was only Mrs.

Dillon. Mary met her at the door. "How was Marian feeling?"

"Oh, she's getting along fine. I told her if she needed fast attention to call you and she appreciated the gesture...where's Bill, I really have to hurry home."

"They were out playing someplace. Here they come now."

"Well, thanks alot, just holler if I can ever return the favor. When things settle down for you and feel you can adjust, come in to see us. Bye now." Mary waved goodbye.

"Carl where's your jacket?"

"I must have left it out on the baler. We were playing hide-and-seek and I was trying to trick Billy. I'll get it after supper." He sat down at the table, waiting for his mother. "Will...will dad be all right? Last time he got pretty sick. I worry about him alot."

"Yes, I know you do. Give him time Carl, he's determined to change our living conditions, but there's no way out." She tried to change the mood. "Did you wash up?" She looked at his dirty arms and face. She pointed toward the bathroom and gave him a playful smile. He departed down the hall.

Disappointment was over-

It was John. She ran to him. "I was so worried."

"I failed again. I had to stop and rest and I fell asleep a few miles from here. I dreamt that someone was near the baler and it started up. I had to come home before... he looked out and saw Carl's jacket sitting on the baler. "Carl," he yelled. "I'm coming, wait for me!" He ran through the picture window and splintered glass fell on the turf below. Carl came out when he heard the sound of the glass.

"Dad! Dad! I'm here!" Mary and Carl ran after him. John stumbled and ran toward the baler.

"Wait Carl, I'm coming! We'll find a way out together! I'm coming!"

Suddenly a gust of wind came from no where. Lights began to flash. All electrical appliances began to talk. Blinding lights shown down on Mary and Carl. They had to support each other. It was terrifying? They couldn't reach John in time. They saw him disappear in the jaws of the baler. They sunk in agony, despair and total exhaustion...

"Katie, I told you, that your farm and village needed time to recharge. Those electrical wires get too hot if you play with them too much, and they burn out. We've already had that toy fixed four or five times.

Now come downstairs, your relatives are here to see you. Don't forget to close the window, it's getting drafty and the sun might melt your little dolls. It's shining on the little boy and his mother.

"Okay, mom, these sure are fun. The dolls are so real." She set the control on the floor, closed the window and pulled the shade.



photo by Tom Hopkins

REACH OUT . . .

Reach out to life;
Keep it in your sight.
Too many people
Haven't seen the light.
People starving, people dying;
The end is not in sight.
You ask me what to do?
Reach out to life

Reach out to Peace;
Hold on to it tight.
Too many people
Never get it right.
They hate, they kill, they fight their wars
Just to show their might,
You ask me what to do?
Reach out to peace

Reach out to the World;
Never lose your hold.
Too many people,
Leave it standing in the cold.
They pollute the water, the land and air
Its beauty they have stolen.
You ask me what to do?
Reach out to the world

Reach out to love;
Never let it go.
Too many people,
Never get to know
The joy, the warmth, the happiness
From love it seems to flow.
You ask me what to do?
Reach out to love.

John Wraspir
Quincy High School

UNTITLED

I always dive into the ocean
Flounder around for awhile and
Finally pull myself out.

My brain is wet and
My skin is wrinkled,
My feet are cut by barnacles
And I have sand in my eyes.

I'll pull myself out,
With help, and start over again.

I'll never stop starting over again.
So that — someday — this being will
Swim away.

Barbara Petite
South Kitsap High School



photo by Al Crismer
Ellensburg High School

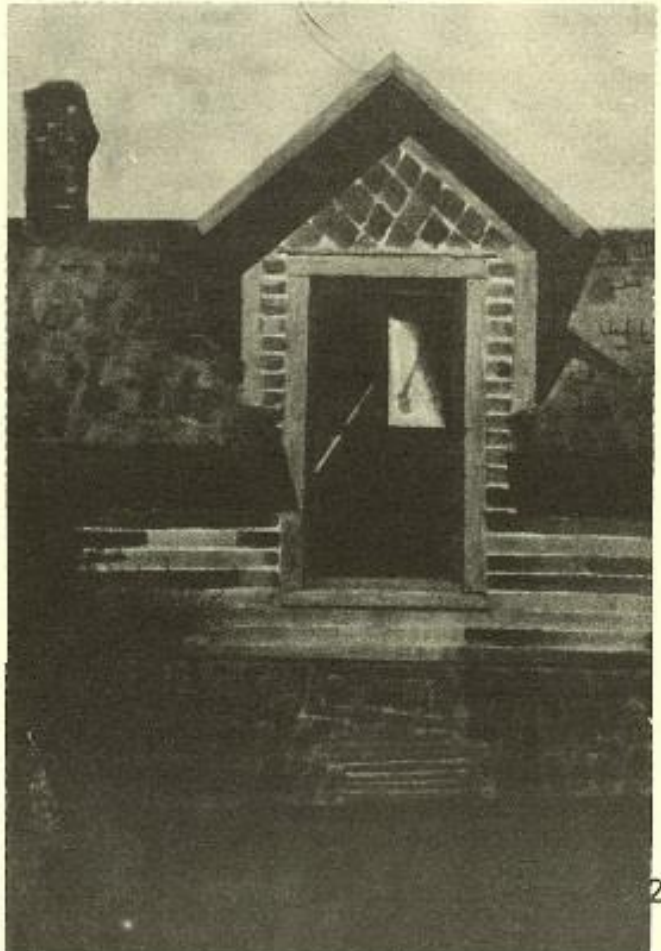
ART & PHOTOGRAPHY



paintings By Glen Bach Ellensburg High School

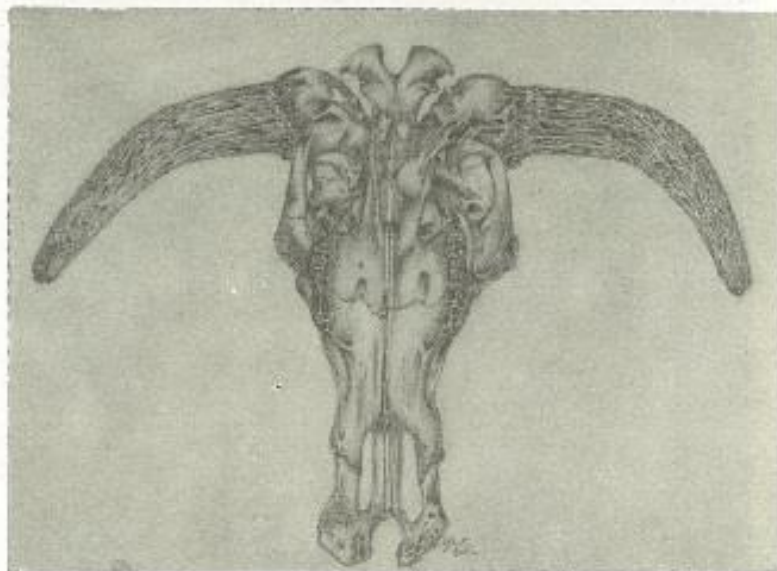


photo by Andy Boles Ellensburg HighSchool





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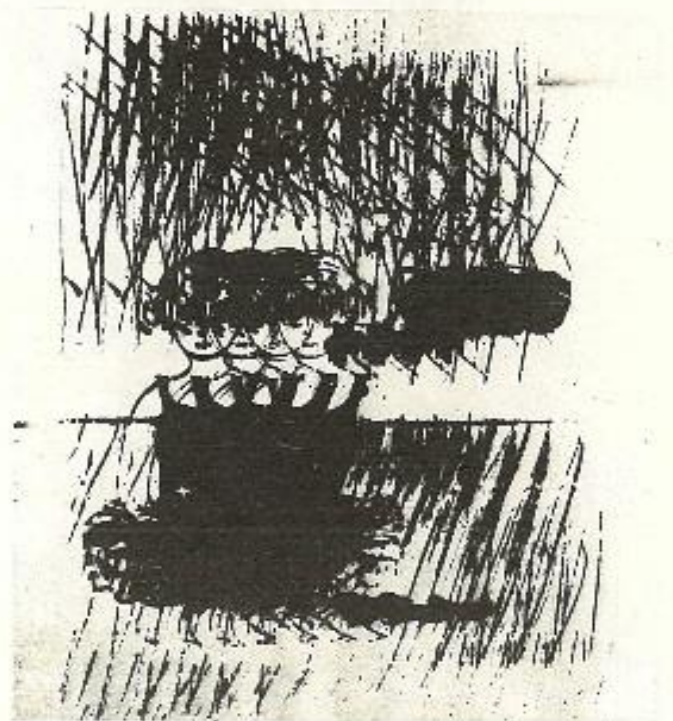
collograph by Erin Condit
Ellensburg High School

drawing by Steve Rock



drawings and ink sketch by
Debbie Storlie

Ellensburg High School

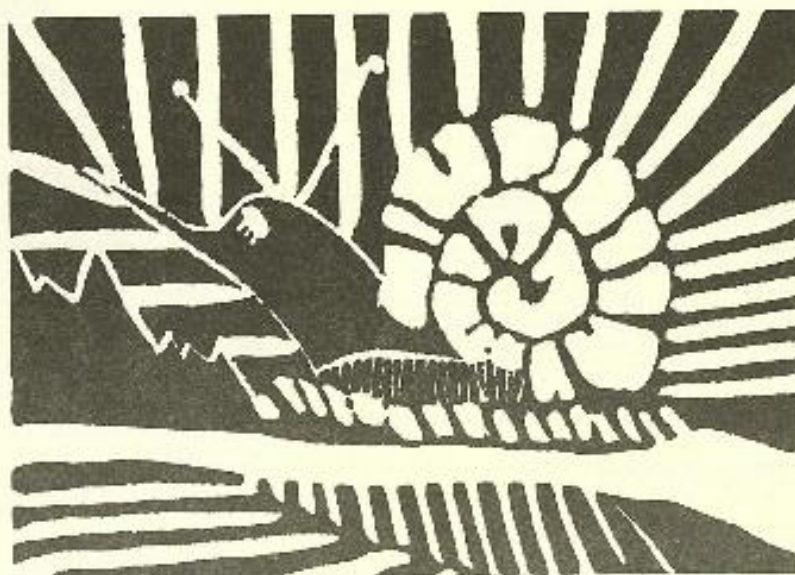


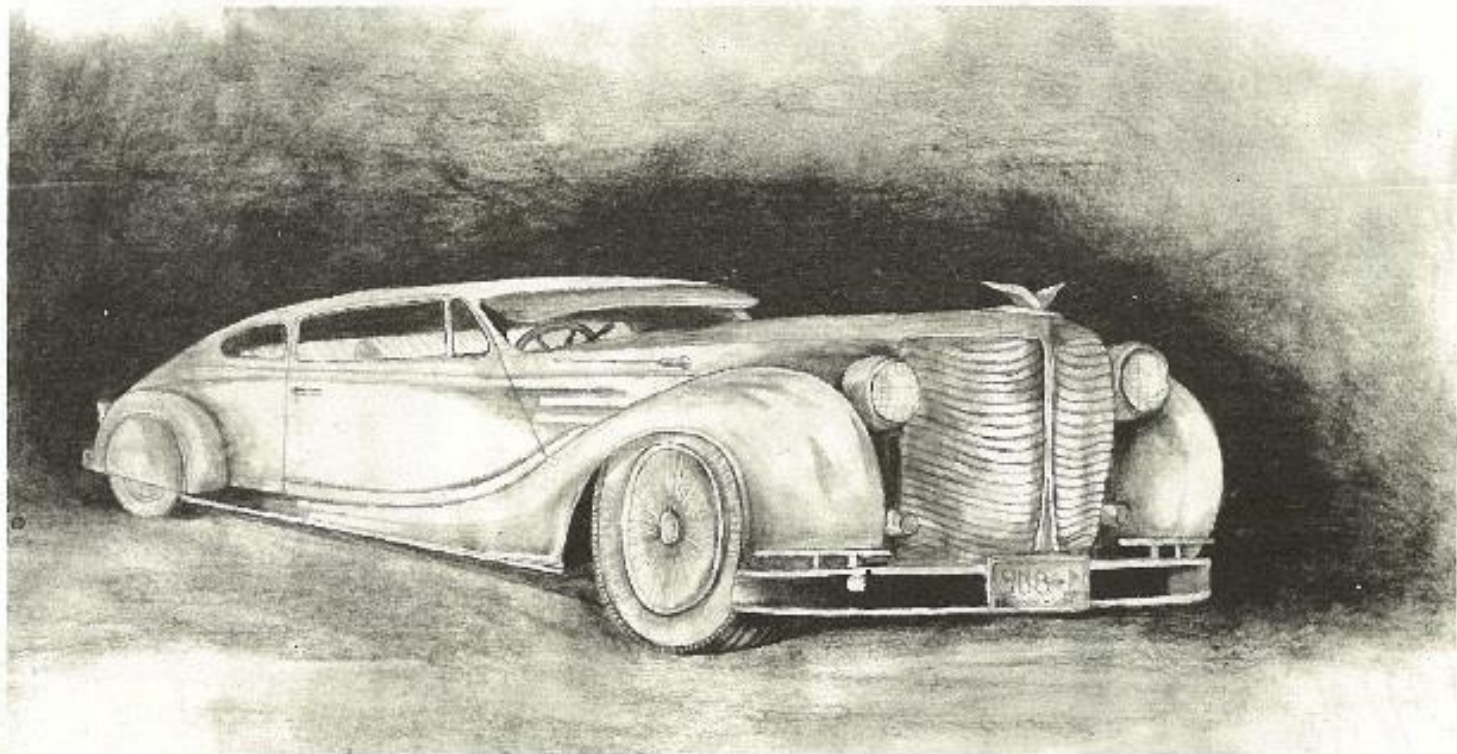


drawing by Debbie Storlie

ballet prints by
Carmen Pinto, she is
an exchange student this
year at Ellensburg High
School. She is from
Trinidad, Bolivia.

print by Ginny Kerr
Ellensburg High School





drawing by Terry Huber Ellensburg High School



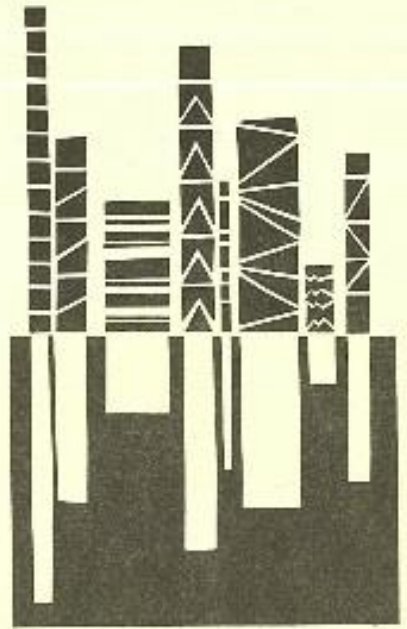
drawing by Phil Kern
Ellensburg High School



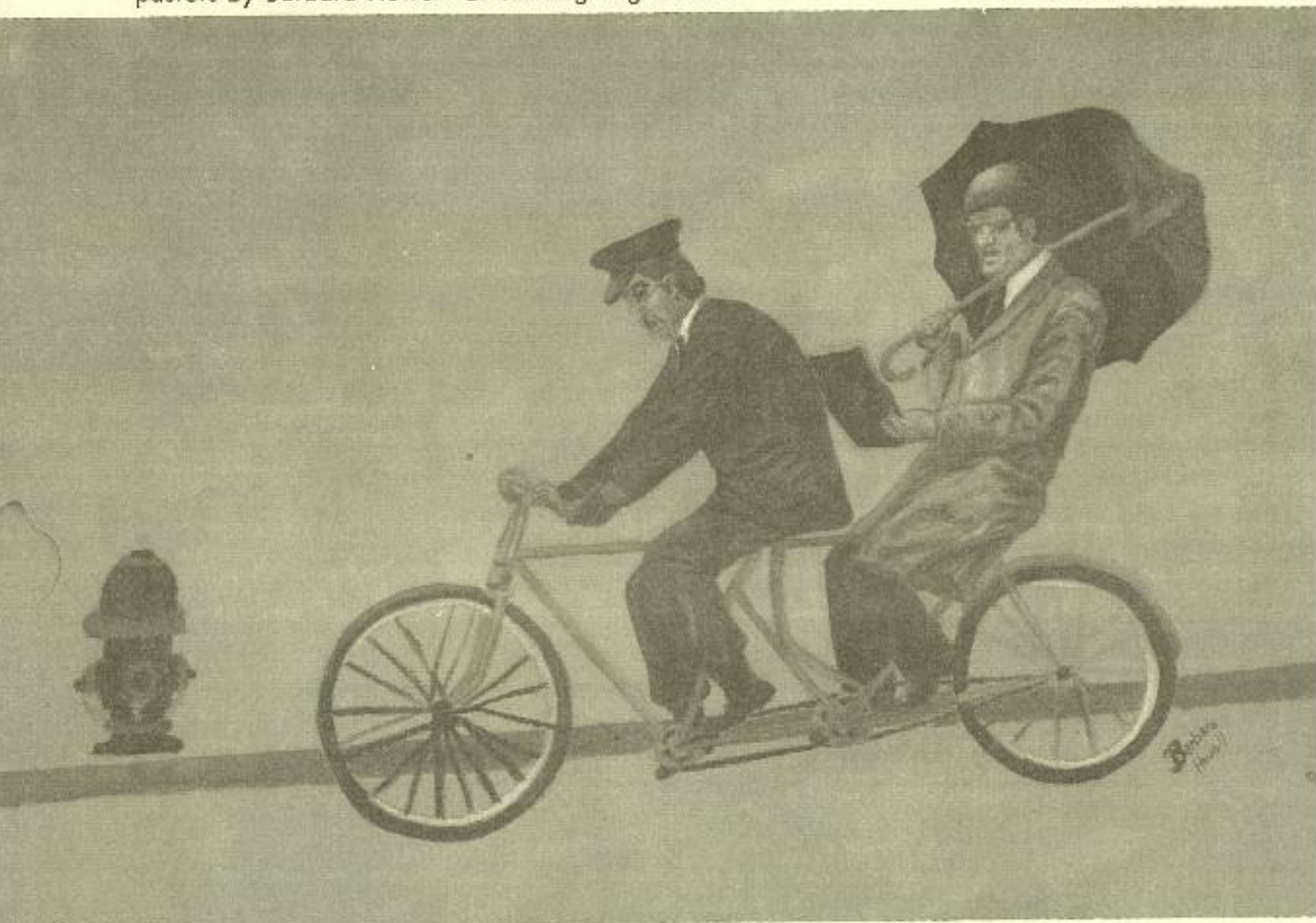
photo by Bev Howell
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pastels by Barbara Howell Ellensburg High School



design by Paula Osborn
Ellensburg High School



EARLY MORNING HOURS

by Deborah Powell

I have always hated the early morning hours, and this morning was no different. It was 4:30 as nearly as I could reckon without looking at my watch, which meant that it would be nearly an hour before the sun would rise and warm the air. I had been standing at attention for five minutes and the cold was creeping up my limbs like a swarm of ants loosed from an ant hill. I shivered uncontrollably and blamed my predicament on a piece of rotten thread. If that simple little silk t-shirt had held together, my insignia would still be attached to the left sleeve of my field jacket, and the field jacket would have been shielding me from the biting cold. I didn't dare wear the jacket without proper insignia or else I could expect a chewing out from the Cadet Commander.

As it was, she was progressing down the rows of cadets, stopping suddenly in front of an unsuspecting victim and sizing him up.

Good old Captain Madden! With a smart pivot, she paced beside my row and halted in front of a tall skinny kid two cadets over from me.

"Cadet Roberts?" she asked him in that hefty masculine voice of hers, glancing at his name plate.

"Yes, m'am," he replied. Out of the corner of my eye I could see his facial muscles trembling with tension.

"Your gig line is sloppy. Straighten it," she ordered.

"Yes m'am."

I could easily imagine the shade of red on his face as he relaxed from the position of attention long enough to fumble with his belt buckle. I could hear his movements, but it would have been too dark to see him blushing; even if I could have looked.

"That's better, Roberts. Now, tell me how many regions there are within the National Network."

"Eight, m'am."

"And which one does Washington wing belong to?"

"The Pacific Region, m'am."

"National Headquarters is..."

"Maxwell Air Force Base, Alabama, m'am."

"Very good, cadet!" she drawled sarcastically. It was obvious that she considered her quizzing game on the first grade level.

"Who created the Civil Air Patrol?"

There was an uncomfortable pause.

"Do you know Cadet?"

"No, m'am," the kid's voice faltered.

"What?" Captain Madden demanded in a booming voice.

"No excuse, m'am."

"How long have you been in CAP?"

"One year, m'am."

"One year!" she exploded. "You've been a cadet for a whole year and you don't know who the founder is?"

"Ask me, ask me! The words floated around in my head. "I know the answer. Oh please ask me!"

"No, m'am," the cadet replied.

"It's elementary, you idiot!" I wanted to shout. Captain Madden shook her

head in disbelief and moved on.

"Cadet Smith--you tell me who founded the Civil Air Patrol." I was next. I hoped that she was concentrating on her victim because the shivers were attacking me again.

"N-n-no excuse, m'am," Smith stammered.

"And you an airman third class!" she exclaimed. "You memorize a few names Cadet, or you'll wind up a cadet basic again!"

"Ask me, Ask me!" my brain screamed. She turned with disgust and stepped in front of me. I felt my body go rigid as she came near. I couldn't feel the cold anymore. Yes, she was going to stop in front of me. Yes,

she was going to ask me. The relief must have shown on my face.

"Powell, wipe that smile off your face!" she reprimanded. It had been nothing more than a slight crease at the corners of my mouth, but that was enough to tell her that I knew the answer.

"Yes, m'am," I answered and waited for the inevitable question.

"Since you're so smart, Cadet, tell me who the first National Commander is," she commanded.

I moaned inwardly. I had been all set for the other question. I should have known, I should have known!

It began with a "C". I know it began with a "C"!

Maybe there was a "y" in it somewhere; I couldn't be sure.

"Cadet?" she raised an eyebrow.

My mind had drawn a blank.

"No excuse, m'am," I heard myself mumble. I closed off my ears to the following tirade and concentrated on the frigid ants once more crawling up my back.

That dirty, dusty, bulky, ugly, insulated, snug, warm, beautiful field jacket was lying on my bunk while I was standing out on the airfield, freezing in formation.

"It would happen to me," I thought to myself. "And in the morning, too."





photo by Tyke Gaskell



photo by Mark Underwood
Ellensburg High School

photo by Terry Huber
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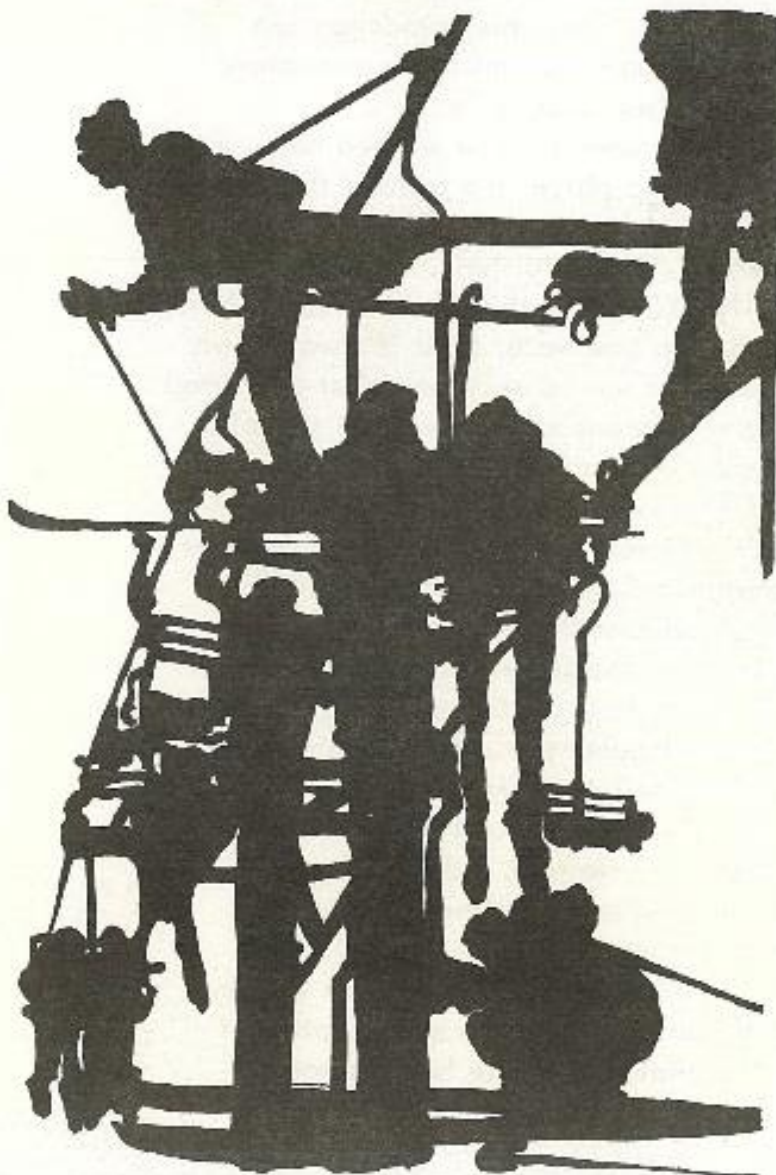
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AVERY BROWNSTONE

by Brad Hatfield

Avery Brownstone was no more concerned than the next man. However the day in question was a nice day. A sunshiny, bird-singing, children playing, cool temper day. Surely the whole world felt as good as Avery. And he wanted to look as good as he felt. Thus, his preoccupation with his bathroom mirror is understandable, if not excusable.

He combed his just washed hair, until it fell into place in a manner that suggested he had to do nothing to make it behave. Beautiful hair. He shaved carefully. Watching the combination of hair, and soap and water fight it's way down the drain served as a somewhat perverted entertainment for Avery. Not sexually perverted. Just perverted, you know? He brushed his teeth, and played games with the toothpaste. He looked into the mirror and allowed a little of the foam to dribble at the corners of his mouth. He was a foaming-at-the-mouth victim of a bite from a rabid dog. He let the toothpaste settle on his chin forming a flouride beard. He was a wise old Egyptian pharaoh carrying news to King Tut. He took a drink of cool water and spit, and he was Avery Brownstone ready to put on his shirt.

Avery was not careless. Or clumsy. But you'd probably drop the bottle of after shave you were holding too, if your mirror started talking to you.

That's right. Avery's mirror was talking. The voice was low and clear. It could have been high and muffled for that matter. Avery was so shocked he dropped the cologne he was about to apply. The bathroom smelled of Norwegian Pine for several days after. The small explosion of glass didn't alter the path of the mirror's words.

"Good day Avery Brownstone."

Avery stood in stunned silence. He felt his knees tremble. He fought to control them.

"I said 'Good Morning', Avery."

The incredible quality of the voice reached Avery. It was too resilient and clear to be human. But what else? Avery found his voice after an uncomfortable pause.

"Uh, good morning..." was Avery's clever reply.

"You look well my son."

"Your son? Look who the hell's speaking?" Avery was frantic. The incredible calm self assurance reflected in the voice did little to settle him.

"You mean you don't know?" asked the voice.

"Of course I don't. Why should I? Look, if this is one of your jokes Roger Marlo I'll raise cain!"

"I have been called several things, but never Roger."

"Oh come on, already." Avery was

disappointed now in the corniness of Roger, his best friend. This kind of theatrics wasn't uncommon in Roger, but he must have gone to quite an expense for this practical prank. He was obviously using a microphone. But that voice wasn't Roger's. That voice wasn't even natural.

"Avery Brownstone, I think you know who I am."

"I sure do, Roger."

"My name is not Roger."

"Oh really," said Avery in a dry tone, "what then?"

"God, Avery, God."

"God?"

"Yes Avery, God."

"Come on Roger, that's practically sacrilege."

"There is no sin in the truth."

Avery was trying to think of a retort, when it dawned on him. Roger wasn't even in the country! He was off the coast of New Zealand on a damned fishing trip. Now Avery was frightened. He started searching the walls for a bug.

"What is it you seek, Avery?"

Must be a camera in here too. Whoever was doing this was going all out.

Avery decided to stall and keep looking for the source of the voice. It was, however, coming from the mirror. All over the mirror. In fact it seemed as if the mirror itself were a mouth from which the voice came. Avery ran his finger along the edges of the mirror feeling for a wire, anything to do with electrical equipment. He found none. Meanwhile he carried on the conversation, conceding to play the game.

"So you're God huh?"

"Yes Avery, but you sound doubtful."

"Oh no. Not me. No sir not me. Or should I call you sir. What should I call you?"

"Father will be adequate. As I am the rest of the world's father, I am yours."

"O.K. Alright Father."

"Alright what Avery?"

"Alright, why would you be talking to me?"

"I talk to all my flock in one way or another. In your case, verbal usage seemed appropriate."

"Uh Huh."

"You sound skeptical my son."

"Well, this is a little hard to take."

"The truth is not an easy thing to accept."

Avery had given up the search for the bug. He was leaning against the shower door and listening. The voice had a quieting affect. It was lulling him into a complacent state. He fought to keep his objectivity.

"You are not God. You couldn't be Him. He could do anything and everything. Why...why you couldn't even reassemble that bottle of aftershave I broke."

"Must I perform some arbitrary test to win your confidence and faith?"

"Sure...sure, why not? Uh..uh... let's see you make the water in my toilet bowl part. Come on."

"You are being crass now my son. Keep your head."

"But you can't be God. It's not possible."

Still Avery was slipping in his argument. The fact remained that he no longer had any desire to argue. The subdued mellow tone had taken it's toll on his resistance. This must be the Lord. It must be. Avery feared he might be hypnotized or something. He shook his head in an attempt to clear it. It did no good. He tried once again.

"Why do you talk to me now?"

"Because, Avery, it is time."

"Time. Time for what?" said Avery weakly.

"Time to go Avery. Time to go."

"You mean die. Is that what you mean?"

"I don't wish to put it in that context.

It's just time to leave where you are now and come to a different place. There is no pain. No emptiness. In fact, my son, this is the only fulfillment you will ever know."

"But I am young. I don't know if I want to leave."

"You know better than that Avery. You have no choice in the matter. You will pass on when I say you must."

"No choice huh. No choice. I'll show you how much choice I have."

Avery was delirious. He reached for his razor. He turned the handle, thus opening the top. The blade fell into his hand. Taking the blade with the last strength he would ever know he made a canal of red across the wrists that had served him so well. His blood joined Norwegian cologne on the floor. He slumped and uttered his final words at a faceless God.

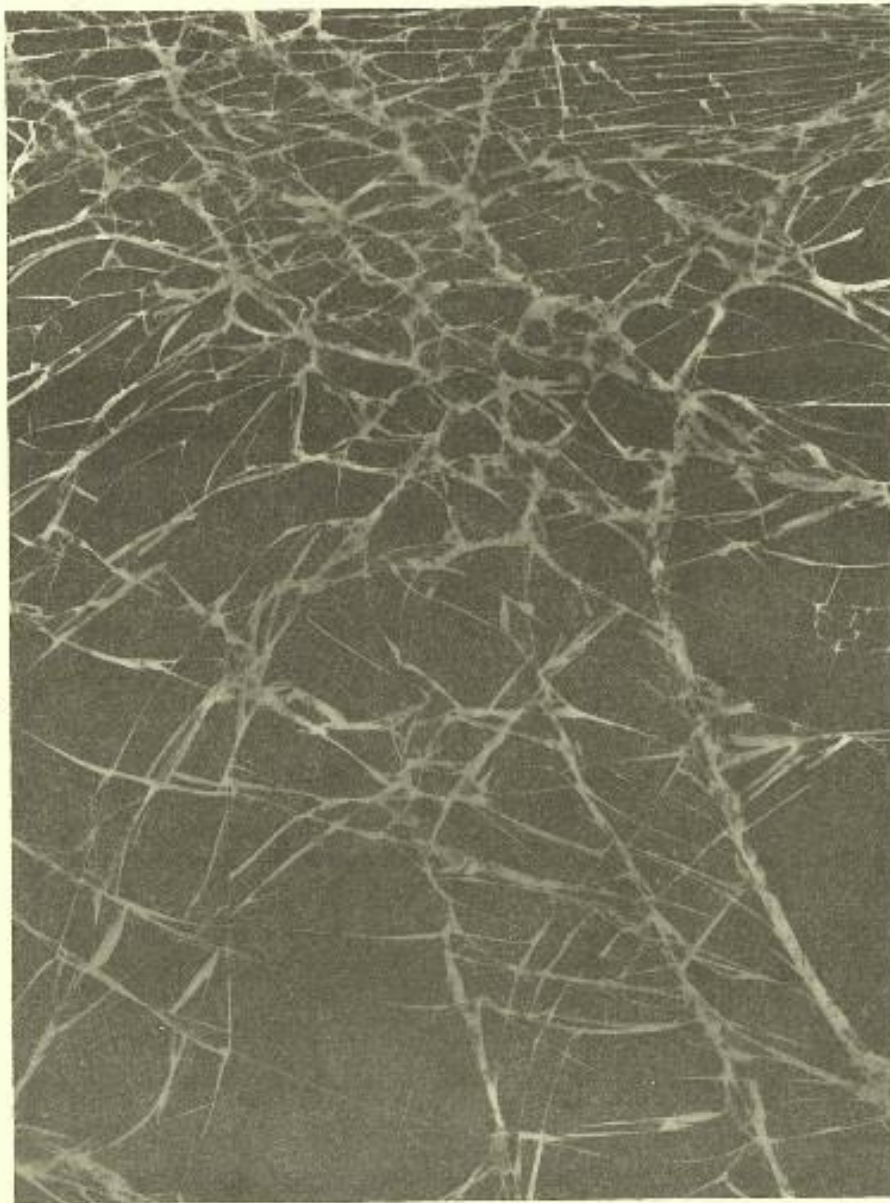
"No choice...I may have had no choice of how I lived...but I now choose how I die...I choose..do..you..hear..me...I choose."

With that he died. Since he was dead he could no longer hear. If he could he would have heard the sound of footsteps, and Roger Marlo's cheerful voice.

"O.K. Avery my boy. Gee and I thought I was being dramatic. You've got to admit though, it was a damn good effect. Rogie boy sure pulled this one over on you."

Roger was almost to the bathroom door now. His voice had been echoing off the walls of an empty house, and falling on no one's ears. He was at the bathroom door now. His fingertips extended to open the door. He shoved slightly.

"Now you're not going to be mad are you Avery? It was just a practical...!"



THE OLD WOMAN

by Deborah Powell

She was a dodderly old woman about seventy, looking eighty, with a shock of brilliantly white hair atop a small squarish head, the skin of her cheeks drawn tightly across her facial bones forcing her small hazel-colored eyes back into their sockets.

She had a rather serious case of arthritis, which showed itself in the constant trembling of her hands. She was very capable when it came to taking care of herself; she had trained her hands to perform their daily tasks with little difficulty. But she had never been able to handle a pen or form a legible script. Because of this, she rarely wrote letters to anyone and received them even less often. She was a proud old woman, who hired a young woman to do her shopping for her because it humiliated her to have the clerks watch her clumsy efforts at writing checks.

She lived in Sherwood Apartment Building #30, apartment 5 on the first floor. The neighbors talked about the old woman as if they knew her quite well,

when indeed they did not. No one did.

The occupants of Apartment Building #30 were elderly. They lived their lives in the privacy of knitting needles, newspapers, and 2:00 naps.

They purposely isolated themselves from each other and as a result of this, the halls and stairway which connected each world were empty and silent.

Or almost always empty and silent.

It was early in the month of June when the children started visiting Building #30. They came early in the afternoon and raced through the halls, shrieking and laughing in their thin, high-pitched voices.

The first couple of days they were greeted by closed doors. But when it became apparent that the hallway was becoming a favorite haunt for the screaming youngsters, and older man from apartment 2 opened his door and pushed his balding pate out into the hall long enough to ask them to leave.

At his appearance the

urchins took flight. They did not come back for almost a week. And when they did come back, they made twice as much noise as if they were daring the old folks to come out and chase them away.

The old woman grew irritated at the pandemonium outside her door and began taking to her bed with the complaint of headaches.

If anyone had asked her why the shrill voices bothered her, she would have replied that they disturbed her concentration. If further questioned as to what activities in her apartment required concentration, she would not have been able to pinpoint them. She might have come up with reading, for she subscribed to National Geographics and Reader's Digest. Or listening to the radio, but this recreation was traditionally enjoyed in the evenings.

The truth was that she did not like youth, spirit, and vigor and did not relish being reminded of them day after day.

Although the old woman disliked physically

expressed enthusiasm, she was happiest when she had a project under way. Gradually, in snatches of thought throughout the day, she began to formulate a plan in her mind. It gave her enough pleasure in anticipation, that the noise did not force her to bed as before.

She did not do much baking because there was only herself to eat it, and it wasn't very economical to bake in small amounts. The occasion she was planning for required ingredients she lacked, so she requested them from the young lady who bought her groceries.

It was the third week in June that she had everything ready. She got up earlier in the morning than was her custom and baked two cakes; taking twice as much time as necessary to be sure of perfection.

She had them iced and a pan of cookies in the oven when the first galloping steps sounded outside her door. Wiping her sticky thumbs on her apron, she grabbed one of the cakes and hurried to the door.

She stood in the doorway for a few seconds, not remembering her rehearsed speech.

The youngsters stopped, startled, when they saw the old woman at the door. They were ready to run; afraid of scolding--but the cake in her arms and the

smell of baking issuing from her apartment held their attention.

When she gathered her thoughts once more, she asked them in for cake and cookies. Her voice was husky and unexercized but the children understood the invitation. She looked rather hostile in spite of the cake, but the idea of an adventure to tell the kids who stayed home lured them in.

There were eight of them that trooped past her; at first warily, then with returning confidence.

She asked them to sit in the living room while she went to get the cookies. One of the girls started to follow her into the kitchen, but the old woman turned on her with a frown and the child ran back into the living room. She didn't want any of them to watch her cut the cake, not realizing that a child would make a bigger mess of cutting a cake than would a blind man and that children don't pay attention to such things, anyway.

She brought the slices of cake and cookies out and set them on a platter in the middle of the children. Then she retired to the kitchen to wait out the ordeal. She heard sounds of scuffling, but did not leave the privacy of the kitchen to verify it. She hoped that one of the kids knocked over a lamp, or smeared icing on

the rug, or broke one of the china figurines on the mantelpiece, or tore the cover off a Reader's Digest. Then she would have a valid reason for the hatred growing inside her.

When she judged that they had had enough time to clean the platter, she reappeared in the living room and was surprised to see it in almost the same order as when she had left it.

She thanked the children for coming in and asked them to do one thing more for her before they left. She opened a drawer in the small mahogany desk next to the sofa and pulled out some slips of paper which she handed out to the children. Then she gave them sharpened pencil stubs from an orange juice can and asked them to write their names and building numbers on the papers. One little girl with frightened eyes, a runny nose, and chapped lips just sat and stared at the old woman. When she returned the stare, the child squirmed uncomfortably. The little girl had not written on her piece of paper. A companion explained that she was too little to go to school and couldn't write her own name yet. The old woman ignored this and asked the rest of the children to please hurry and finish. She collected the papers.

The children, sensing that they were no longer welcome, filed out quietly. The old woman followed them to the door and shut it behind them with finality.

Five minutes later she picked up the telephone and dialed the manager's residence. When a young man's voice answered her call, she explained that she wanted to make a complaint. There were children (she had names and building numbers) that were causing disturbances in Building #30 and could the manager please do something about it?

The young man, thinking her to be a bit senile, asked her to call again if the children came back, but meanwhile not to worry about it.

The old woman put down the receiver, disappointed. But she did not have much time to dwell on it because there was a feeble knock on the door.

She took her time getting to the door, stopping to pull a dead leaf off of a violet plant.

When she opened it, the little girl with the chapped lips took a few steps backward. Her eyes were more frightened than ever and she rubbed her nose on her shirt sleeve to keep it from dripping.

"What do you want?" the old woman asked her none too kindly. The little red-face began

to cry.

"shoe...." she muttered between sobs. The old woman looked down at her feet and noticed that one of her shoes was missing. The child was frightened and had not wanted to come back, but her mother had probably threatened her with a spanking if she didn't return home with that shoe.

The old woman turned and went back into the living room. The shoe was there, protruding from under the sofa. She picked it up and took it to the little girl, who though no longer crying, was still sniffing quite audibly.

The child grabbed for the shoe, turned and ran. As she turned, an envelope fell from her pants pocket and landed on the floor beside the old woman's feet.

She did not call the child back, but picked up the envelope and carried it inside.

Sitting down on the sofa, she opened the envelope and carried it inside.

Sitting down on the sofa, she opened the envelope and pulled out a card. The writing inside was small print and hard to see. She put on her reading glasses and began to read.

"I do not know your name, but I am

very much grateful to you for the party you gave to the children. My daughter told me about it and I realize that it must take a lot of patience to put up with such a noisy bunch as these children are...."

She did not finish reading it, but carefully enclosed the card in it's envelope and propped it on the mantelpiece next to the china figurines.

Then she picked up the slips of paper next to the telephone and dropped them into the wastepaper basket. Sitting down at the desk, she opened the drawer and drew out a pen and writing tablet. With a weary sigh, she ran her fingers through her coarse, cotton-colored hair and picked up the pen.

It would be a long exhausting afternoon, but the old woman was going to write a letter.

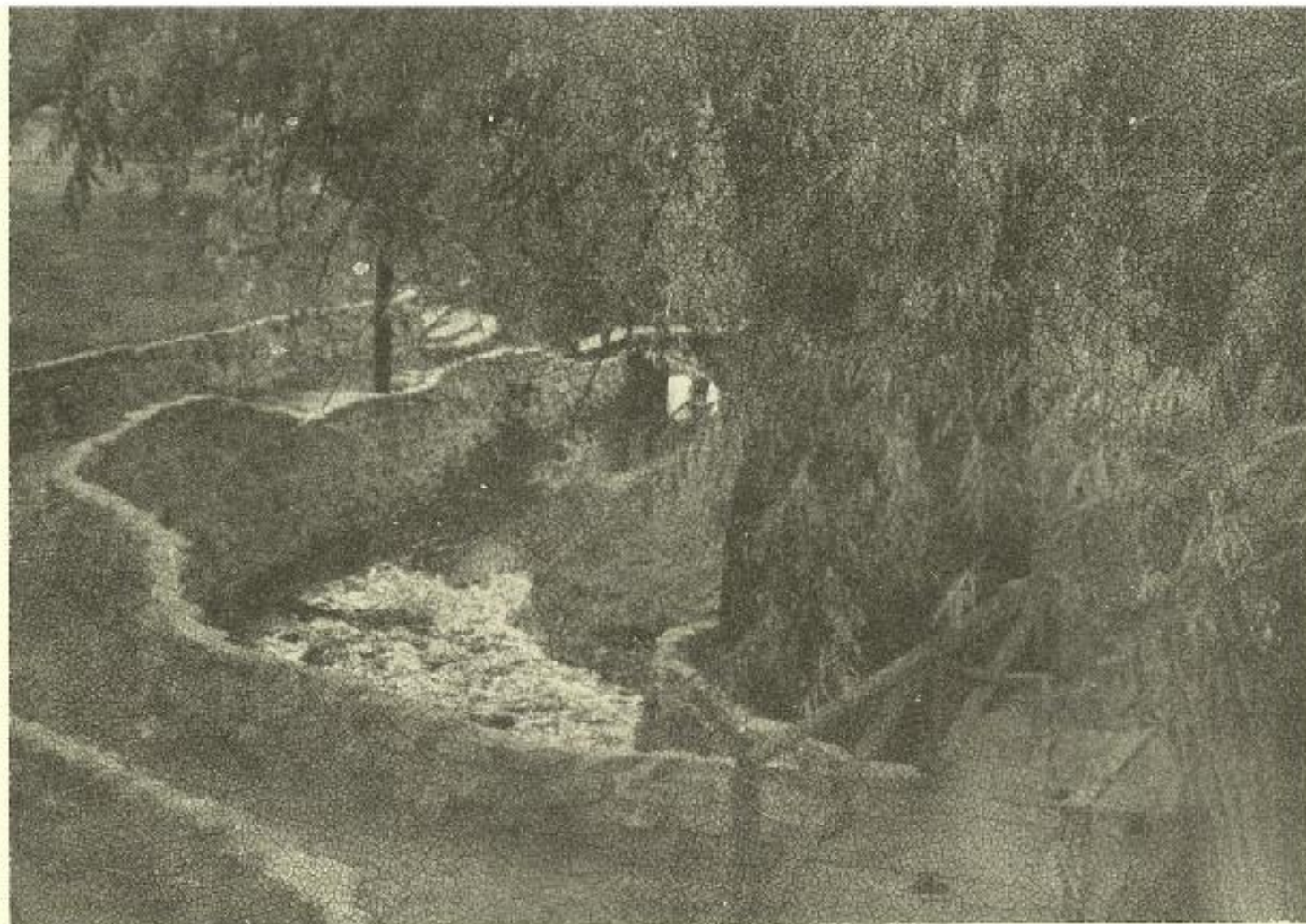


photo by Mark Underwood



photo by Donna Anderson
Ellensburg High School

silk screen
by Jack Jensen
Ellensburg High School

Slender poplar tree
Touch the ground with topmost leaves
Bow beneath the wind.

Soft on the horizon
The hills surround the valley
Like folded velvet.

Deborah Powell
Ellensburg High School

Facets catching light
Frost forms ice statues on grass
A crystal collage.

The wind blows freely
Nature's wild orchestra plays
Making treetops sing.

Phil Kern
Ellensburg High School

Yellow sun melting
Making its way to the grass
Spreading out its'warmth.

Red to brown softness
The roundness dented and bruised
A fallen apple.

Mary Blair
Ellensburg High School

photo by Cory Eberhart
Ellensburg High School



photo by Diane French Ellensburg High School



DON'T TELL ME SORRY

by Kathy Aly

The door shut behind me, and I was alone in the empty house. "Weird," I breathed aloud. "So where are the kids?"

She'd called when I was eating dinner and wanted me to baby sit in ten minutes. She came a half hour later, pulling up in a pale blue sedan with rusty metal showing through scrapes and dents along the side, and honked until I came out.

"Hi!" she said as I got in the car. "Just call me Ann, huh?" I didn't call her anything. I listened to her instructions and watched her foot on the accelerator as she'd forget she was driving and let it fall heavy on the gas, then catch herself and jerk down on the brake.

She was wearing new, almost orange cowboy boots, with flowery black stitching across the toe, and a tooled leather belt with "Ellensburg Rodeo" on a silver buckle. Her pants were green and white check polyester knit, and she wore a pale green crepe blouse. She had her hair up in a bun with the

ends of bobby pins just sticking out and a tendril curling down on each side of her face. Her make up was overdone, the foundation a shade too dark to make it look like a tan.

At the house she came in to get her purse, and I followed, my eyes seeing nothing with the change from the glaring late afternoon sun to the dark inside.

"I'll be at Goofy's," Ann said as she headed out. There's probably a phone book around if you need to call. Let's see...the kids have eaten, but there's some dishes to do. Oh, yeah-- if Donny wets his pants you whip him good, hear? He's too big for that." She shut the door.

As my eyes became accustomed to the dim light I saw I was in a combination living and dining room. To my left was a small oval dining table, with metal legs and a plastic, fake wood grain top. Three metal chairs were pushed in around it, the stuffing sticking out of a slit in the mustard colored cushion on one of them. On my right was a tele-

vision set on the floor, a long green plaid couch, and a small crib.

"The baby must be with the other kids," I thought. "I'd better go find them."

I walked through the house to the back door and looked through the screen. The kids were playing on the wreck of a pick up; the front hood had been taken off and juttied out of the back end. A small, darkly tanned boy was standing on top of the cab wearing nothing but a pair of faded Levi cutoffs. I pushed open the screen door and went out.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I'm your babysitter. Are you Steve?"

"Steven," he corrected. "Hi."

"Hi, Steven. Would you like to introduce me to your brothers and sisters?" I said, gesturing to the other children around, in and under the truck. They were all small and dark and streaked with dirt, as he was, with large brown eyes that studied me gravely.

Steven jumped off the cab and landed in the dirt on his bare feet. "That's Kathy," he said pointing to a girl with long, thin brown hair wearing a pair of navy shorts now brown on the seat from playing in the dirt. "That's Karen and the baby," Steven told me then, pointing inside the truck to an older girl holding a small baby.

"Does the baby have a name?"

"Yeah. Christy." He climbed back atop the cab.

I looked down at a boy lying under the truck. "Are you Donny?" I asked, squatting down to eye level.

Steven laughed. "That's Dummy Donny."

"Mommy says he's the dummy in the family," Kathy said. "He's bad."

Donny slid farther under the truck.

Kathy came over and squeezed my hand. "What's your name?" she asked.

"Kathy, just like yours."

She giggled. "Pick me up," she said. She reached grimy hands toward me. I picked her up, and she hugged me.

"I like you," she said.

I laughed. "How old are you?"

"Five," she answered, spreading her fingers out for me to see. "And... Donny's three and... Karen's eight and... Steven's nine."

Steven had come back down off the truck. "I'm the man of the family," he said, strutting toward the

house.

Karen got out of the seat with the baby. "I'm hungry," she said. "Can we have something to eat?"

"Didn't you just have dinner?"

"Yes, but we can have some ice cream."

"OK," I said. "Go on in the house. I'll be there in a sec." I knelt down and peered under the truck.

"Donny, don't you want some ice cream?"

He stuck his head out and shook it no.

"You'll get lonely out here." I reached my hand toward him. He brushed it away and came out, shoving his hands deep in his pockets and trudged toward the house like a miniature prisoner of war.

In the house, Steven had already gotten out the ice cream. Karen was giving orders. I took Christy from her and put her to bed in the crib in the living room.

"All right, we'll do it by age," Karen was saying, "biggest to littlest."

"Shut up," Steven growled. "I say what to do around here. I'm first, then Karen, then Kathy and Donny." I took the spoon out of his hand.

"And I do the serving," I said. "You can't use a teaspoon anyway. You need a bigger one, like this." I started looking around for the bowls.

Some dirty dishes? Every

bowl in the sink, surrounded by plates and pans and silverware, covered with orange greasy water, bits of lettuce leaves and soaked bread crusts floating on top. Steven eyed the dishes.

"Give it to us in glasses. I don't want to wait for you to wash those."

I did, and then started on the dishes while they went out on the porch to eat.

I heard the screeching of brakes in front of the house and rushed out. A sporty yellow Opel GT had done a U turn in the middle of the road leaving tire skids in a half circle, and had come to rest front wheels up on the sidewalk. A man climbed out and half ran half staggered up the walk.

"Daddy, it's Daddy," all the kids were yelling at once.

He pushed past us and banged into the house, pulling the phone on top of the TV toward him as he dropped heavily on the couch. It sagged as a wobbly leg broke.

Kathy was all over him, trying to climb in his lap, and he was trying to brush her away with one hand and dial with the other.

Donny pressed tightly against me and squeezed my hand. I looked down. His right jeans leg was rapidly turning dark. He was so wet he was dripping from his leg bottom onto the floor. The baby had waked up and

was screaming.

"Damn it!" the father was yelling into the phone. "Don't tell me she's not there. I know she's there. Oh, shit," he said suddenly and slammed down the receiver. He stood up and shoved Kathy off. He stopped a moment in front of me with a crazy, half twisted grin. "Sorry girl." He walked out.

I slammed the door behind him and shut the bolt.

"Try and calm Christy down, OK, Karen?" I asked as I took Donny into the bathroom.

"Man! Did you see that skid?" Steven asked, following me. "In a circle, too! Man! What a car he's got!"

The telephone rang.

"Is Jim there?" the voice on the phone asked.

"There's no one named Jim here."

"That's Daddy," Kathy told me.

"Oh, well, he just left."

"Do you know if he went to a bar?"

I think he had already been," I said sarcastically.

The voice on the other end laughed. "Yeah, well, do you know where he went?"

"No, I don't know."

I hung up.

"Do you think Daddy will go to jail?" Karen asked me. She rocked Christy in her arms. "He went before, for being drunk."

"I don't know, Karen," I answered, but I do know it's time for bed. I'll take

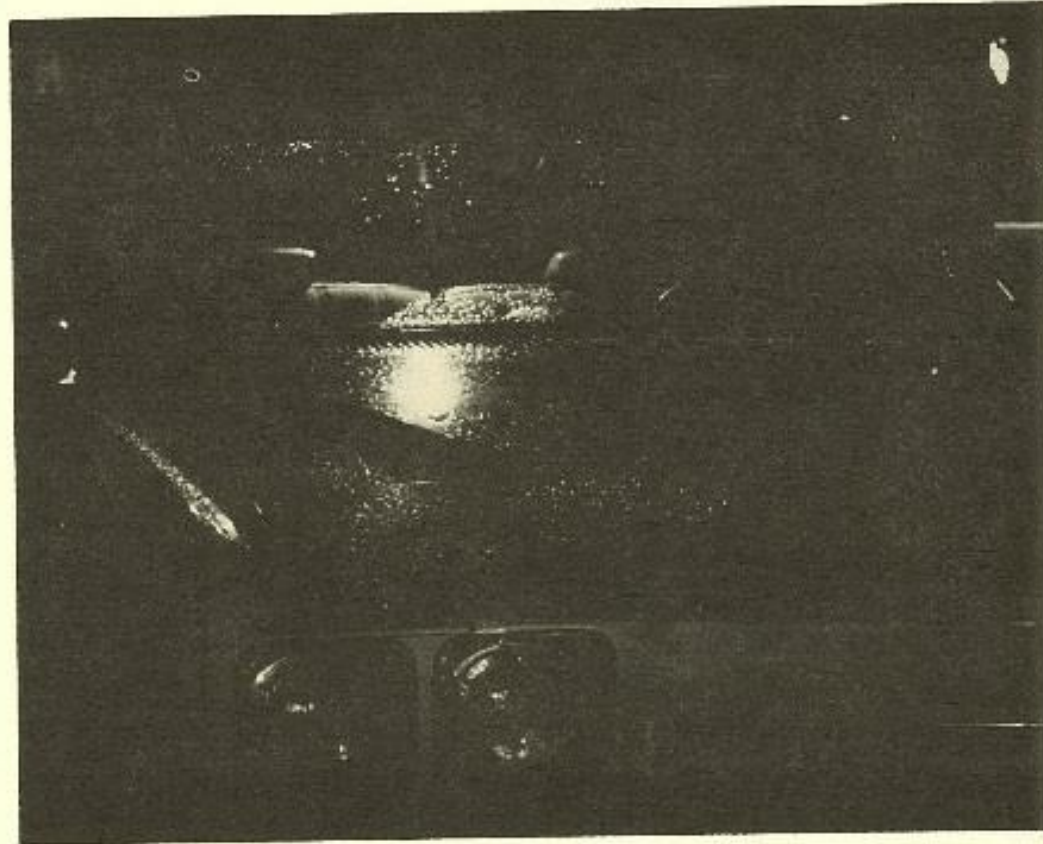
Christy, OK?"

I found pajamas and put the kids to bed, leaving the light in the hall on for Kathy.

Ann came home as I was washing out Donny's pants. I realized I hadn't spanked him. "Lot of good it would have done," I thought.

"Sorry about my husband," Ann said as she drove me home. "He started a fight at

the bar, and they locked him up so he won't be bothering anyone for awhile." She laughed hoarsely. "Here," she said as she let me out. She handed me a five dollar bill. "Here's an extra buck for your trouble. Sorry," she repeated. I watched the tail-lights till the black night took them. The five was warm in my hand. Don't tell me sorry.



THE GRASSHOPPER

by Barbara Howell

This was not the first time it had entered her mind. She'd thought of it a year before--seriously entertained the idea, but fallen back knowing there was no way. But a year had passed--a lot had changed. She looked out the window. The wind tore at the trees, leaves flew everywhere. They fluttered, and from the corner of an eye they looked like moths or butterflies caught in swirls of wind, struggling to be free, thrashed against the windows, the walls but eventually forced to the ground. A fat black and white kitten hopped across the grass. It's prey: a grasshopper. The race began. She couldn't see the grasshopper but for a second when as a tiny dark hole in the air, it leaped above the grass. The kitten lunged--almost, but again the dark spot hit the air. Again the kitten lunged. Again the dark spot appeared. She liked the kitten. Many were the times she'd taken it in her arms and scratched its fat stomach. But something in her wanted that grasshopper to win, to get away. Again the kitten leaped, its front legs stretched forward, its

paws spread, claws out. She wanted to scream--like at a football game--RUN! RUN! RUN! But this time the dark spot did not appear. The kitten's face hidden in the grass told her what was happening. She remembered the blood blotched feathers she'd seen lying around outside: once in a while a bodiless head, the eyes still open.

"Cary! Cary! Jody! John! Where's everybody?" The voice was frightened. It always was.

"Here Granny. I'm right here."

"Who? Where are you?"

"Cary. I'm in here."

She got up slowly. This had been the third time in twenty minutes. She walked into the kitchen.

"Here I am Granny. Don't worry. You're not alone. I'm with you. I'll never leave you." Granny looked up. Cary put her arms around the thin, fragile body. They used to tease each other on who would be taller. There was no competition anymore. Cary had passed her up a year ago. Granny's eyes always had a sparkle and even now, though she was

frightened, the sparkle remained.

"It's okay, Granny."

"I thought you left."

"No Granny. I told you I'd never leave you. Would you like a cup of tea with some honey in it?" She nodded yes. Cary took her arm to help her over to a chair. "How thin," Cary thought. Cary stretched her middle finger to touch her thumb--they more than touched. Granny's skin was thin and white, her veins like a system of canals filled with blue, green, and purple streams spreading all over her limbs. Not a finger was left free from the green or purple.

Cary put the water on. She gazed out the window. The kitten was lying out there bathing in the sun. His sandpaper tongue cleaning his paws and belly, combing his hair. Fat and happy. She didn't know why, but this bothered her.

"Cary," she turned around, "When is Anne coming home?"

"Six or six-thirty. Pretty soon. Would you like me to put some records on? Some hymns, Granny?"

"You won't go?" Her

face unsure, still frightened as she spoke.

"No Granny. I won't leave you. Would you like the records?"

"Will you stay in the same room?"

"Yes. I have some clothes to fold. Okay?"

Granny's face relaxed. Cary giggled and tapped Granny on the nose three times with her index finger. Granny laughed, and for a while her fear forgotten. Cary did this often. She would giggle and laugh, make faces and obviously stretched smiles that showed most of her teeth --and most of the time Granny joined in, though there was no joke or apparent reason to rejoice. For that second and possibly minutes this helped Granny to forget --forget whatever her many fears were.

"Here Granny. Be careful now, it's hot. I'll set it here next to you. Is everything okay now?"

She nodded her approval. Cary sat on the sofa. "Green sock to green sock, yellow to yellow Granny, if only there was some way," the thoughts began, "But how? A seventy-nine year old woman, so thin, losing her mind more each day. Poor Granny, if only you'd had a chance. A chance to escape. To be free. To have a life... A life you could have lived yourself and not had dictated for you."

Granny sat sipping her

tea. Her stick, thin legs ended by swollen ankles attached to tiny feet with bumpy knotted toes covered with faded olive green short socks, barely touched the floor when she rocked forward in the chair. Her balled up, dirty white sweater pulled tightly around her blue flower print dress. Raspberry jello stains and brown gravy spots dripped down the front, now dry, mockingly permanent. Eyes small, dark, the only black eyes Cary had ever seen. Old. Granny had gotten old so fast. Granny had said she was getting old, but Cary had always said no. She never had seemed old, until just the past year. Then one afternoon she'd felt ill. As she lay in bed, her face drawn, her cheeks hollow, the bones high, her mouth open, scarcely a figure formed beneath the blankets--it had scared Cary. She'd looked dead, so much so she'd checked her breathing. From that moment on Cary had known Granny was old. And even now her face was every bit the example of age, the perfect sculpture of years' handiwork. Wrinkles, sagging skin hanging on brittle, thin bones, muscles gone. White and black hairs growing out of her chin and above her upper lip, a few on top her nose. Her eyebrows had grown thick, and being black seemed even thicker. Hair trying to grey but never making it, resorting back to

dead, musky brown with a patch of grey at the temples.

("How can I leave without you? Oh Granny How? You need me--how will you ever make it--who will protect you if I leave? Oh my little Granny who?")

"That's nice isn't it Cary. Who's singing now?" Granny's voice brought Cary back.

"What? Who? Oh, George Beverly Shae," as she threw a pair of socks into the corner of the sofa.

"When is my mother coming home?"

"Granny, your mother died a long time ago. You have children of your own, and grandchildren," Cary slowly explained, pulling her hair behind her ears, "Remember Granny?"

"Yes, yes. I forget. When is Anne coming home?"

"Soon."

"Jimmy?"

"I don't know. He's working. Maybe with Anne." Granny's eyes watered, tears began to form in the corners, then finally too full for the corners, pushed out, trickling down the side of her nose, around the curve, under the nose, over the upper lip and down the chin, dripping near a gravy spot on the blue flowerprint dress. And then another, and another.

"Granny, Granny!" Cary was on her knees before her, her arms around her, "What's wrong? It's okay. It'll be okay. Granny?"

"Is Doc." she took a breath, "d-d-", she struggled with the word not wanting to say it. Her head hung down, some tears now missed her dress, hitting the arm of the chair and Cary's arm, "dead?" she whispered.

"Why, no, Granny. Who said he was?"

"Are you sure he isn't? Anne said I must prepare myself. That he was going to die."

"Oh Granny, no, no. He's not. Now don't worry, he won't. Anne just doesn't understand. I understand, Granny. I know. Don't worry. I just saw him yesterday. He doing fine."

"But why--Cary, why if he wasn't --I miss him. I wish I could see him." Her voice was soft, barely hearable, her words too mingled with her sobs.

"I know you do. You don't live with someone for fifty years and not miss him when he's taken away. Granny you know if I had my way, if I could. Oh little Granny, I've tried. But she won't listen. She just won't listen." Cary recalled the times she had tried. She dare not tell Granny. If she trembled with grief now--to tell the details would crush her. How she had gone to Jim, Granny's own son --and even more at that moment Cary could not understand how he had ignored her pleas.

"Please do something. Please stop Anne. Don't you see she's killing her mind. Please!

She screams at her, she forces her to stay in her bed and room 'til she comes for her. She says she must read and pray for an hour or more. Her eyes are failing. And she's so afraid to be alone. She doesn't understand. The separation from Grandpa is killing her. Please tell Anne Make her let them be together." His face showed nothing, no pity, no compassion. He had done nothing. It had gotten worse.

Granny looked up into Cary's face. The usual uncertainty that shadowed her countenance was gone. "He's Annie's Jim. We're all Annie's," there was no bitterness, only the recognition of a fact.

"Granny I never heard you call her Annie before."

"Oh, I do-- in my mind Cary, I do," then she smiled, her eyes still sad, but they twinkled. She'd figured it out years ago, before Cary had even begun to think.

"Annie's, Annie's." The thought would not leave. "We're all Annie's . Granny had known all along." Cary pulled the covers tighter around herself. It was a dark, cold night .

Anne had not stopped at Granny. She'd been on Cary for a long time, but now it was intensified. The screaming, the lectures, threats-- she had hoped it would get better. The hope had been in Jim's alliance, but that had failed and with it, the hope. Granny's fears had crept upon

Cary as Cary's knowledge of Anne increased. Hiding places sought, timings memorized, all plans to avoid that became more and more necessary as the months went by. Granny's mind went farther and farther from reality, calling on dead relatives, until it began that even Cary's name was replaced with Margret or Jean.

Granny's will to fight was gone. She was broken. And then the decision had to be made. Cary knew then as she had known all along, had thought on had dreamed on-- Granny had never escaped and because she had not, she'd never had a chance. She'd fallen in love with a strong man. A man too strong for her, a man she feared and been hurt by, yet loved too much to leave. And then, her son had married a strong woman. A woman too strong for him. She'd let herself be tied when she was young, when she could have been free--until in her age, it was too late.

* * * * *

Cary walked along the ditch, the ground, soft mud, sucking her feet, "ShuhooIII-splat, shuhooIII-splat," the noise bouncing in her ears, but deeper thoughts lay within. The sun shone on her face. At other times it would have felt good, but now it only glared in her eyes, irritating them, making it harder to see than it already was through

tears. The tall grass scratched against her jeans, pulling them back, catching them on stiff stalks of weeds. She carried her coat under her arm, a bulging tan cloth bag hung from her left shoulder, by a brown, leather strap, bumping the back and side of her left leg everytime she took a step. A gust of wind lifted her hair back, then threw it in her face again, fine blonde strands caught in her lashes and mouth stinging her eyes and annoying her tongue.

She could see Granny now, the frail little body, the small, wrinkled face. She could hear their voices as clearly as if they still spoke.

"Granny, I have to go now. I'll come back and visit you." Granny lay in her bed. She was calm. For the first time in years Granny lay calm, peaceful, unafraid.

"You'll come visit?" she answered.

"Yes," Cary forced a smile. She kissed her on the

forehead, then put her arms around her and squeezed her gently. She blinked her eyes, to fight the salty water that had begun to crowd her eyes.

"You're not afraid Granny?"

"No." She'd slipped out the front door just as Anne had come home.

She had wiped her eyes on her sleeve. A grasshopper had jumped in front of her.

* * * * *

Now, almost a year had past. Hard, icy snow stuck to the ground... "Squatch, squatch," her rubber soles on the snow. A frozen wind slapped her face and dared to pull her coat open, chilling her body with each attempt. The sun hid behind a grey sky. She longed for its presence as she dug her hands deeper into her pockets. Her tongue wet her lips: they were like chips of moistened flour that had dried and flaked on her hands once while making bread. A loud screech echoed through the streets, of a car skidding on ice. She looked up, glancing ahead. A small white dog with long, knotted hair ran before her. Dried mud clots hung from its hair, its stomach wet from having the misfortune of being built too close to the ground. She stooped to pet it. It uttered a deep, low growl, showing its tiny, needle point teeth. She walked on. Soft, clean snow began to fall.

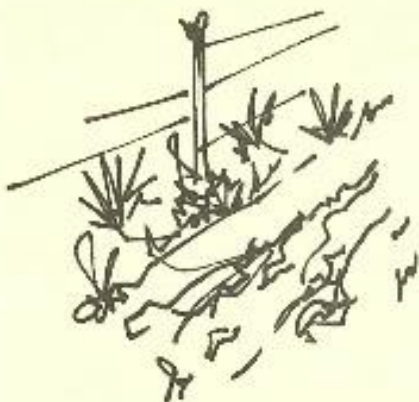
She pulled open the glass door. A cloud of warm air enveloped her. Her toes tingled.

"Six. Number six," she said to herself as she looked down the hall. The place was carpeted a tint darker than army green, the walls white, interrupted by varnished wood doors. It smelled of age, of bodies slowly giving up, wearing down, or already worn out and just waiting. The inhabitants knew this place was the last place.

"Eleven, nine, seven," she walked past them looking in each door. Bent over bodies topped with white fluff or uncombed silver filled some chairs. Some walked as carefully as children do when they first learn, clutching rails, edges of tables. Others lay in beds, some having protruding stomachs, "The newer residents," she thought. Most were sticks, barely a figure formed beneath their blankets. Number six. She walked in. Granny was standing, her tiny form, tinnier. Her once curled hair, now straight, pulled back, unattractive.

"Granny," she spoke softly, "Granny." Granny looked up. She smiled. "Her eyes still sparkle," Cary thought.

Cary put her arms around Granny, "Cary, Granny. I'm Cary. And I'm not Annie's anymore."



TIME IS MONEY THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL ETC.

by Kirk Marsh

Mikal was a prophet, a man who saw all and knew all--though he never disclosed a word of the future to anyone. He foresaw wars, and hurricanes, and plagues, but he never attempted to stop them or inform the world of their coming. Mikal believed the future was sacred, not to be interfered with. Tampering with upcoming events was futile. What will be will be, and nothing could be done to change that, he believed.

Mikal's gift was known to others, and he was constantly plagued with stranger's questions of the life ahead of them. But when asked for insight to the future Mikal would give no answers. His eyebrows would twist downward, and the dark brown eyes would capture a bright, mad-looking gleam. An involuntary sneer would appear on the right side of his tanned face, and he would slip out of a tense mouth the same few words he always responded with:

"You do not really want to know."

And that was it, for

no one had the courage to press harder after witnessing that wild look in his eyes. The strangers had to be content with making skeptical remarks about his prophesizing ability. But the remarks were irrelevant. Mikal saw the future, and he knew it. Others knew it also, they were the real believers. I was a believer, because I had seen the future strike at Mikal.

I went hunting with him one fall. We trampled through miles of pine forest together, in search of elk, despair never showing on Mikal's face, though he knew our efforts were in vain. Suddenly he was down, lying and sobbing in the middle of the dusty foot trail. Then just as suddenly he was composed, off again in search of elk not to be found, ignoring my questions pertaining to his "break-down".

When we arrived back home we learned that Mikal's brother had been killed in an accident at work. His face showed no surprise. He had known.

I often dined with him, and he involuntarily made me a believer at those times,

too. At one meal he sat silent for several minutes, staring at his knife. His face bore a look of pain. Then it passed, and he resumed his meal--until he cut himself with the knife, the same one that he had stared at earlier. He had seen it coming, why didn't he refuse to pick the knife up?

Why? Because he was powerless to try to "avoid" the future. It would not have been "the Future" if it could have been altered. The knife was destined to cut Mikal whether he was prepared for it or not.

There was something present that forced him to take the knife, though he knew it would injure him, something present that would not allow him to do otherwise.

What was it?

To Mikal, it was not a mystical force. The determiner was God. God pre-determined everything. The future, like the past, could not be changed.

He rarely doubted his gift. He trusted the future, he trusted God. While others floundered and

cursed their lives of doubts, Mikal was comfortable in a present and a future that held no secrets. How could he not be happy? Suspense and doubt were alien to him, knowledge was all he had ever experienced. He actually knew, and the faith, the faith!! was there. Seldom does a man have a chance to live through everything twice.

The numbers grew larger and larger, far past the point where they had ceased to have meaning for Ian Branca. He was no longer a man, he was merely a flesh-and-blood symbol of Branca Trusts, Branca Foundations, and Branca Corporations, Limited.

Unlimited. He possessed millions of dollars, money that was invisible, intangible, useful only for investment, investment, re-investment. Ian Branca was a money man, though he probably didn't even know whose face was to be seen on a ten-dollar bill.

He dealt in money, but only false paper--checks and contracts, supply orders and credit cards. The numbers were big, but on false paper. Ian Branca knew he had trillions, but he never saw any of it, so what was the use?

Ian Branca was bored.

And he was a money man. When money men get bored, things happen. Things that money can buy. The

problems result when the bored men, looking through their dime-sized, dollar-green eyes fail to differentiate between what is buyable, and what is not.

The doorbell rang, and Mikal frowned as he walked to the door. He knew who it would be, but the future could not present him with an answer to the obvious question: why has he come?

He opened the door and Ian Branca walked in. The mad gleam came quickly to Mikal's eyes, the sneer appeared, and the voice spoke.

"You do not really want to know."

But Ian Branca merely looked bored, and spoke in a voice backed by the over-estimated intelligence of a man who has made millions.

"You know that is not right. I do want to know. I want to know what is going to happen. To everything, everywhere. To me." He stepped closer to the prophet and played his big card: "How much does it cost?"

It was a question asked out of blindness, asked from a faith present only because it had never been tested. Branca's money was worthless--it always had been, but no one had ever had the courage to tell him so. No one had the confidence that was

thought needed to stand up to Ian Branca's money.

No one except Mikal. He knew Ian Branca had money, sure. But (and he smiled to himself deep inside) he had the future.

"No," he uttered plainly. Silence. A long silence, where Mikal waited calmly for Branca to exit, where Branca waited for something to happen, to make things go right, his way, the way they had always gone before.

A spoiled child, whose requests and demands are always catered to, a child who does not know the meaning of "no"--that was Ian Branca. He had just been told no for the first time. And in the silence the child's mind worked in a stunned, reflexive way.

"Why?" was all he could ask. "Why?"--he couldn't understand. "Why can't I know?"

Ian Branca was lucky. His childish response to refusal had caused him to ask an ugly question. More silence. Now it was Ian who was calm--only because he didn't know what to do, because waiting calmly was the only thing he could think to do.

Mikal eyed the small, bespectacled man standing across from him. The hate and the shame he felt

completely blotted out the sight of the future.

Why? Why? Why, why, why...

He concentrated hard. The answer was the same one he had found the only other time he had asked the question.

Why didn't he tell the future?

Selfish. He was the only Prophet. The future was his. It was his, he was the only one who saw. He never used it, never abused it. He just knew. There was power in that--but more than that, there was no doubt. The others were never sure, never happy. Would they even be satisfied with the future? No, most likely not.

Mikal knew he depended on his own prophecies. He shuddered when he thought how life would be without the gift. And if life would be bad for him without the ability to prophesize how would it be for ordinary men if they were suddenly allowed to see ahead in time? Terrible, he was sure. They wouldn't be able to handle it, he believed.

Or did he? Did he really believe that? Was he protecting them, or was he--selfish?

Doubt. Damn it! There it was, and it caused him to hate Branca. Doubt--Branca--Destroy. Mikal's mind quickly grew clear. He reacted out of faith, out of instinct. The future

had to be protected, Branca had to be eliminated. Mikal smiled faintly. There it was--the chance to reaffirm faith in himself. Give the future to Branca, let it destroy him and feed itself on his corpse. He won't be able to handle it. It'll be killing two birds with one stone....

They had talked for over an hour, Mikal staring into the future and informing Ian Branca of the contents of his life in the coming years. After he had covered six and one-half years Mikal stopped.

"Well, then what?", Branca asked impatiently.

Mikal looked naively surprised, then spoke matter of factly: "Why, that's it. That's all. Your plane will crash near New Orleans and you will die."

Branca looked stunned, once again the spoiled child had found that not all stories have a happy ending. He stood up, blinded again by defeat. Out of habit he tossed a roll of bills on the table. Mikal's peals of laughter echoed on Ian's unhearing ears as he stumbled out the door.

Four days later the world was staggered with the news that the richest man in the world was dead. Half out of despair at the realization of his impending doom and his mortality, half out of the wish to prove Mikal

and the future wrong, Ian Branca had shot himself.

Once again a childish reaction. Another ugly question. Mikal stared at the floor for a long time, the newspaper still clutched in his hand.

What had gone wrong? The future, his prophecy--how could he trust it again? Would it be wrong again? How much faith could he have? Doubt, growing bigger, and bigger. He didn't actually know anything for certain, the doubt was there for him as it was for everyone else. The gleam disappeared from Mikal's eyes....

The next morning the world was staggered again. The Prophet had hung himself.

I am one; I am many; I am whole.

None can detract from the oneness I can — and will — provide. I am eternally with you. In this way we are one. We are many. We are whole, a whole from which none can detract.

You survive in me because I wish it to be so. I am with you when you wish it to be so. We are inseparable.

Together we are birds in the air. We are mammals on the land. And, we are the reptiles of ages past. We love, we live, and because of you, we both can reach out to others. The others we need — I need. It is necessary to the survival of man, to whom this message is beamed.

One cannot argue the facts. I am all. I am just. I am the light, the smell, the touch, the inner feelings of emotion. I am the waving of the fields of grass. I am the twinkling of the stars.

I am also lost — but I am easy to find, hidden only by the mist in your eyes. Think of joining me as not also becoming lost, but rather that in finding me, you are found.

I am one. I am many. I am — we are — a whole from which none can detract.

David Hackett,
Rogers High School, Puyallup

SONNET TO THE DEPARTED

Now that you have left and gone away from me
What treasures have you gained, and battles lost?
Oh yes, great is the sacrifice and the cost
Of giving up a life, but the gain of the next is the key.
With all you've been through I know you must see
That lives are just too precious to be tossed
Away like that. Instead, reverse the paths you've crossed
And head toward that goal of being the person you could be
Take with you memories, as on your way you go
For they will light pathways that are dark
And you will have knowledge not to lose it all once more
As the light uncovers friend as well as foe.
And while you travel you may see the mark
Of those who are making it, going on before.

Anne Marie DeHaven
Rogers High School
Puyallup

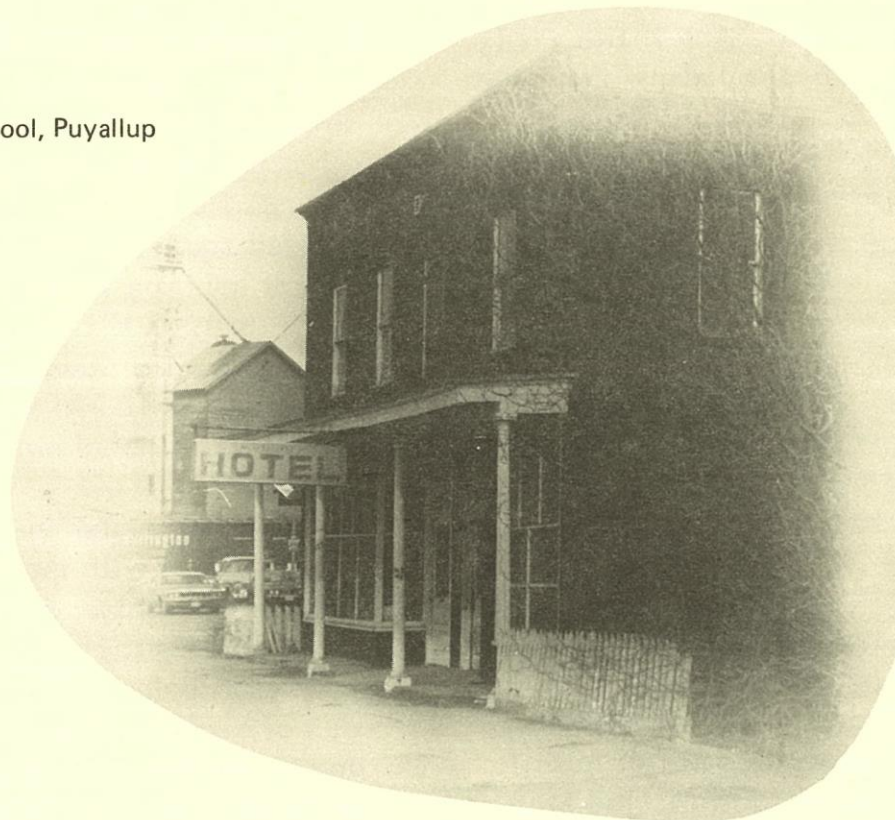


photo by Wanetta Mettler
Ellensburg High School

DIALOGUE

by Deborah Powell

"Ellen, have you seen the hammer lying around someplace?" he called from the garage.

"No dear, I haven't," she replied from the kitchen, pushing her glasses up the bridge of her nose with the aid of a shoulder. Her hands were speckled with slivers of the cabbage she was shredding for slaw. With head cocked, she listened for a moment to the sounds of her husband rummaging through his toolbox.

"Wha'd ya say?" he asked, appearing in the doorway.

"Why don't you close the door, hon. It doesn't do any good for me to turn up the thermostat if you are going to let all that cold air inside."

"Is my hammer in the kitchen?" he repeated, shutting the door behind him as an afterthought.

"No." The rhythmic noise of the cabbage head rubbing against the grater was irritating him.

"But I know I put it

back in the box last night and it's not there!" He sat down in one of the metal-framed kitchen chairs, a frustrated child.

She offered no suggestions. Her obvious lack of concern irritated him even more than the wet scraping.

"I need it now." he stated.

"Have you looked..."

"I've looked everywhere and I can't find the damned thing!" he cut her off.

"Try Kelly's room," she finished, unperturbed.

"Kelly's room?..." he paused and tightened his lips. "I don't know how many times I've told that kid to ask me first when he wants to borrow one of my tools," he hissed, getting up from the chair and striding purposefully from the room.

In two minutes time he was back in the kitchen, wielding the hammer triumphantly above his head by its plastic yellow handle.

"Sure enough," he stated with grim satisfaction.

"Kelly's absent-minded.

He forgets sometimes," she excused him.

"The truth is that shutting himself up in his room all the time is what's caused him to be absent-minded," he corrected her.

"You shouldn't be so harsh," she scolded. She finished the cabbage and put the grater in the sink.

"Ever-calm, ever-patient," he thought to himself. "He doesn't have any friends, Ellen; no companions," he said aloud. "Just that room of his, a stack of detective stories, and a lot of mechanical gadgets that he's always putting together. That's all he's got. What is wrong with him?"

"I don't see anything wrong with Kelly," she said matter-of-factly. "He's just not a social body, that's all."

"Ellen, our son is sixteen and he doesn't have a bunch of buddies to chum around with, he doesn't want to drive, he never goes to movies, never asks a girl out, has never gone out for sports, or run for student

body treasurer, or anything! You can't call that normal!" he laid the hammer down on the countertop with extra force for emphasis. He wanted to crack her shell of tolerance; to provoke her.

"I think," he began deliberately, "that I would be the happiest father alive, if my son were to go out and get slobbering drunk just once in his life."

"Richard!" her tone was sharp. He knew he had pricked her. "I am proud of my son because I know he is good, kind, and gentle. Do you really want the boy to be out all hours of the night, roaming the street with the wild crowd and getting involved in parties where they put L.S.D. in the food for a joke? Kelly is obedient and respects you. That should be more than enough to satisfy you. It's more than most fathers have."

"Kelly is perfectly happy doing the things he does. I don't think that anyone has the right to interfere and try to make him conform to someone else's idea of normal."

"Kind, good and gentle..." he mused finally; staring at the tiled floor, avoiding her angry eyes. "But no personality." The words were spoken in a whisper.

"How would you know?" she demanded indignantly, attacking him savagely. "You've never bothered to find out what he's like; what he's interested in; what

he thinks!" The words tumbled out uncontrolled. There, she had said it: what she had been wanting to say but not wanting to say for the last six years. But she could have bitten her tongue off when she saw the expression on his face. He had asked for it, she reasoned. He had goaded her into an argument.

He was hurt and could not say anything. She wanted to cry and smother him in sobbing apologies. Instead, she grabbed one of his hands in her wet, cabbage-dusted ones.

"I'm sorry, hon." she said in a meek voice.

SONNET TO JANET

Once more, and to the one whom I miss most
I wish to dedicate imperfect word.
On your untainted youth I brag and boast
To speak for you, whose voice cannot be heard.

Your poetry and stories lie unknown
Collected in a folder; tucked away.
I take them out and read them, when alone
I laugh, I cry; you had so much to say.

Your music dances circles in my brain,
It's haunting melody has not yet gone.
As long as I may give my thoughts full reign--
Your life and dreams are mine to carry on.

To bring you back! At empty space I clutch;
When death took you, it took my lame heart's crutch.

Deborah Powell
Ellensburg High School

Do I compare a snowflake to our love?
A snowflake seasoned, gone as quickly came?
In likeness once are we a snowflake dove
That intertwined, a mingling, we melt same.

A river then my sweet, compare our hearts?
For precious drops do flood my heart, I drowned
In waters scent of frankence ne'r part
Dry never, though sun come, in water crowned.

Our love as spring endures the winters through
Though storms enrage, a blizzard freeze the life
Like trees who bard the snow and live anew
A love to be ours it end ne'r over strifes.

So deep our love be buried far in us
That time consume it not beyond the dust.

Barbara Howell
Ellensburg High School

(Frankenscence because: in the Old Testament it was required of the Jews to burn frankenscence on the altar. Never honey. Honey turns sticky, black and a mess. Frankenscence in never more beautiful than when it is in the fire. And so it is with love. Some when tested by fiery trials turn black and ugly. So sticky and goeey before, now black and ugly. Some loves grow stronger through trials, like frankenscence that burns clean, and gives off the most beautiful scent.)

SONNETS

SONNET ON HUMILITY

I see the world as through a goblet glass;
The images distorted and unreal.
I close my eyes to let the feeling pass
In darkness pain runs deep; I'm forced to kneel

And though I've knelt, my soul still rants and raves,
Insists on ego first; on cruel means
To get the recognition that it craves
From crowds of other souls on which it leans.

Perception of the truth makes weak pleas.
The goblet fades; the pride my soul has sought,
Then realization comes while on my knees,
That here I need to be more oft than not.

I need not shout so loud, so harsh, so long ---
With humbler voice I'll sing the world my song.

Deborah Powell



Photo by Mark E. Underwood

AND NO ONE EVEN SAID THANKS

by Kirk Marsh

Damon opened his eyes and rolled over on his side to look out the window. The brightness of the sun, reflecting in the whiteness of the room, hurt his eyes. He squinted. The weather looked good. Today was the day he had to kill Monroe. Those were the only two thoughts in his mind, and the pent-up strength of the latter realization caused it to quickly blot out thoughts of everything else, including the weather.

He had to work today. Tonight. He had to kill Monroe. To make money to eat, to live on. For the past seventeen days, ever since Griswalt had ordered the hit, he had been thinking about it. It had been the first or second thing thought of each morning. A countdown, beginning with that Thursday over two weeks ago. He had awoken and thought immediately: Sixteen days until I have to kill Monroe. The next day had been fifteen. Fifteen days from today. They had gone by quickly.

It had loomed up large on the calendar, the blue twentysix had taken hold of his mind. Like it was doing now. Now especially. Because tonight--well, tonight he was going to kill Monroe.

His feet were sweating, damp and sticky under the bedcovers. Like he had lint between his toes. He kicked the blankets away and shoved his feet against the sheets until the tuck gave way and his feet were exposed to the cool, dry air. He pressed his soles against the bedboard and straightened till his body went rigid, stretching with his arms over his head till his calves threatened to cramp. Then he relaxed and flopped over on his back, rubbing his shoulder blades against the bedclothes, smiling--like a cat waking from an afternoon nap.

He laid there for several minutes, thinking of what he was going to do after he had clipped Monroe. He would be able to do a lot--some

traveling, sailing, flying, maybe even get a steady girl. He would be free, able to enjoy it all, with no worries. After Monroe was dead.

Finally he stood up and walked into the bathroom. He looked at himself. He was dark, brunette, and handsome--yes, he was: but he was not tall. Too short, and when he was dressed in a well-tailored suit with expensive shoes he looked to be exactly what he was: a hit man. Not a cheap one, but still a small part of a big machine. The difference between him and the men who paid for his suits was that he was seen on the streets, and they were not. They never had to leave their suites or their mansions. Telephones separated him from them. They knew how to use the telephones to get all that they desired, and he did not. It would take a long time to learn the numbers to dial.

He touched his face. It was rough, bristly. He had not shaved in three days. He never shaved close to a job

until the morning before the task. It gave him something to do, to kill time. He turned the faucet on to hot, and brushed his teeth while he waited for the water to warm. The toothpaste was blue, with a sweet mint flavor that always made the orange juice at breakfast taste like bitter grapefruit. He brushed quickly, carelessly--the water ran down the handle of the yellow toothbrush, down his arm, and dripped off his elbow onto the floor, creating an early mess. It always did, but he had never stopped to think of a solution.

The water turned hot and he filled the basin with it and wet his face. He spread the latier on, it too smelled of mint, with an added antiseptic smell. He pulled out his Gillette razor and shaved quickly, the long whiskers making ticking sounds as they were met by the blade. He cut himself only once, under his left ear, the same place he always sliced himself. He rubbed the cut with the styptic pencil and marvelled at the immediate cessation of the flow. The efficiency of the pencil always amazed him. It worked so well, so clean. He had often heard others complain of its sting, but he had never minded. It didn't really hurt--and it worked so well.

A drop of blood had spilled on the sink. It contrasted

sharply with the white counter and basin, its redness diluted a bit with water and shaving cream. It bothered him. He hated blood. It made him think of his brother, and Monroe. Hopefully he would not see Monroe bleed tonight.

Damon let the water out and gave the counter a fast swipe with the damp cloth. He tossed it in the hamper, stripping off his shorts and putting them in, too. He walked back into the bedroom and dressed. He took a long time. His body was not yet limbered up, he still felt tired, wanting to lie back down on the bed. But he went into the kitchen instead. He drank a small glass of orange juice, pulpy, and bitter from the after-taste of the toothpaste. He glanced through the cupboards. Peanut butter was supposed to be good for you, but not today. He usually ate very little on workdays, trying to convince himself it was professional discipline and not just butterflies in the stomach.

He walked out of the kitchen and into the living room. He walked over and pulled the curtains aside, and gazed out the window. It was a good day, and it bothered him that he could not enjoy it. Girls in halters and cut-off Levis walked toward the park, where they would lie and try to get an early tan. College boys rode by on ten speeds, whistling and laughing as they coasted by the

girls. Car windows were rolled down, and he noticed more convertibles than usual. The grass in the neighbors yards seemed greener. He had waited impatiently through the winter for days like this one. He wanted to drive down the coast, fast. He wanted to drive along the beach with his arm out the window. But he couldn't--he had a job.

He still wouldn't be free after tonight--not right away. He never felt like doing anything after a job. He usually became ill, and laid around for several days, doing nothing. He didn't even feel well now.

He stood at the window, but ceased to see anything. He walked over and turned the television on. The room grew darker as the sun passed over a cloud. The rainbow dot in the middle of the dull green glass grew slowly, finally exploding into a news telecast. The feature was a Vietnam war veteran who had had the lower half of his face blown off by shrapnel from a landmine. The man was a freak, gurgling words out of a plastic mouth. His jaw bones were gone, he had to feed himself with a syringe.

War. That was real war, Damon realized. The usual monstrosity of five-ton bombs and screaming jets had manifested itself in a single person. The war was over, the war was still being fought--it

made no difference, really. The war had ended when the bottom half of that man's face had disappeared. After that, the war had nothing more to show. It had reached the height of depravity, the peak point of absurdity.

Damon watched the freak play with his children, wondering how it would be the first time the girl brought a date home. The stare. The stumbling, nervous conversation. Finally, maybe Dad would exile himself to the den. Or go away forever. It wears a woman down, living with a creature. Stay away from dinner parties, my husband makes people lose their appetites.

Damon could picture the operating room. The doctors would be stitching that boneless face, and some mysterious stranger would slip quietly into the room. He would look, and see what was being done. Then he would point his finger and say, "You who have done this to your own brother, or son--one of your own race--yes, as you have destroyed him you have destroyed yourselves." It would be sure to scare the hell out of everyone.

But it was true. War drove mankind toward the edge, toward the day when time vanishes because no brain is left to keep track of it. And war's self-sustaining drive had been stopped with that flying shrapnel. The worst had happened, and nothing could be done about it. Repentance was

futile.

Damon switched the tv off and felt the slight, immediate relief. A marvel of progress: push the button and the creature--with that inhuman voice coming out of the pink plastic manufactured mouth--will go away. He leaned back on the sofa and closed his eyes. Then he opened them and glanced at his watch. It was twenty after three, he had fallen asleep. It seemed only a minute ago he had been watching television. But the sleep was precious, he usually slept very little.

Because of his brother. That was a long time ago, he and his brother. It was so strange the way catastrophes took place when the hours before had been so calm, so usual.

Like that night. Two teen-age boys getting ready for bed on a school night. They were worrying about getting jobs, discussing girls and pro basketball teams. Damon remembered how much it meant to them for the Warriors to win. Life had been very simple then. But that night someone shoved a shotgun through the window and fired two shots into the room. His brother died instantly, a mangled body lying there in sheets covered with glass, blood, and birdshot. His family had been changed instantly, entered into a new world--of undertakers, police-

men, and ministers. Everyone dressed in blue or black. Everyone constantly shaking their heads and sighing. Damon had hated that worse than Aaron being shot.

Many of them kept repeating, "It was a waste, such a waste." He had been grieving too much at the time, but he saw now what a hypocritical expression it was. The head-shakers used it all the time, for teen-age boys or greasy, smiling cheaters like Monroe. The men he had killed--often it was wasting shells, for most of them had not really been worth shooting. They ran so scared, they hated to die so much--most of them had had time enough for tears. God, how they hated to die, even though they had long ago forgotten how to live.

He walked into the kitchen and poured a glass of milk. He was nervous, worked up over his thoughts. He drank the milk too fast, and rubbed his eyes to make the cold pain go away. The milk left him with slick phlegm far back in his throat, he leaned over the sink and coughed it up. His stomach itched, but when he scratched it his head grew light and his knees almost gave way. He stumbled into the bathroom and leaned against the counter. He looked at the drop of blood. He saw his face in the mirror, it was the same color as the sink--so white it almost seemed transparent. He felt even sicker, and sat down on the cool bathroom floor.

Damon knew it was the wrong thing to do, but it felt good.

The image of the little girl appeared in his mind suddenly, stationary, like a still life painting. A dark little girl, with brown hair and brown eyes, tanned skin, dressed in a summer-plaid dress on a swing in a park. She was Monroe's little girl. Too bad. He had not been able to come to terms with Aaron's death, the blast of the shotgun had kept him from sleep for years afterwards. How would she react to her father's death?

The girl fell from the swing, tumbling in the scuffed, thin grass, over the hard-packed dirt. Blood trickled from a cut on her knee, her dress was smudged and torn. Tears contorted her face. "Daddy, daddy!" she screamed.

He was awake again. Cramped and sweaty, he got up slowly from the floor. He leaned over the basin and splashed cold water on his face. It cleared his head enough to make him fully aware of the nausea that filled his body.

It had never been this bad before. But the last job had been too messy. The man had been crying, begging-- Damon had been sick, and his shot was off target. The man's arm had come off right at the shoulder. His crying had stopped immediately, and his eyes grew large, looking perplexedly at his severed

limb. The next shot had been right, but there was too much blood. It spurting out on the bottom of Damon's pants, and his shoes. He had burnt the clothes in the fireplace. It had been far too messy.

He felt exhausted, his shirt stuck clammy to his back. It was a cool, unhealthy sweat. He squinted in the bathroom's whiteness at his watch. It was twelve to six.

He would have to hurry. Monroe arrived home every night between a quarter to eight and ten after. It was a quiet, dark neighborhood. Damon would wait across the street for him. When Monroe arrived all he would have to do is get out, and ask him for directions. Then pull out the silenced forty-five and pull the trigger.

Leave him lying there, just get back in the car and cruise away to the paycheck. Simple. Close range. If he was able to stand up. His knees refused to support him, and he giggled as he slid to the floor. His body was trying to help Monroe escape, and he laughed at himself. After a few minutes he grew a little more alert. On hands and knees he crawled into the bedroom. Then he stood up, and slowly got dressed.

The shirt was covered with sea horses colored like the inside of a prism. The pants were yellow and white. Color, no black or blue death-suits tonight. It was a superstition, a subconscious attempt to

avoid any contact with Aaron's killing. Like his father, who had sold the house that had lodged the four previous generations of the family. An effort to eliminate all traces of Aaron.

Damon put his shoes on, still thinking. The people left behind had it bad. He remembered seeing a picture of the family of one of his victims in the newspaper. The woman had been incoherent for months, able to make only one thing intelligible. She wanted a "slow death to the bastard who killed my husband."

That hurt. He took away only those who had cheated, who had tried to take more than they deserved. He had not killed the man she was grieving for. She loved an-- what was it? Was that right? A question appeared in his mind that he had never thought of before. Had he been the one misled, tricked into killing an illusion? He saw Monroe's daughter again, her face puffy with tears. He gritted his teeth, and heard her sobbing, that same exhausted hiccupping that had conquered his mother.

He strapped his shoulder holster on, tight, trying to clear his mind. He put his coat on and walked out of the apartment, down the stairs into the night.

The early sun had disappeared, and the wind was blowing, turning his collar up into his face. He climbed in his car and started it up.

Shivering from the cold he drove automatically to the house he had been surveying the past week. He stared into the darkness ahead of him, trying to blot out the ugly images in his mind. The business-like demeanor was gone, though. Damon was scared, more frightened than he had been on the night of his first job. The nausea filled his body. He parked across the street from Monroe's mansion, underneath the black walnut trees that bordered the block.

Nausea, in every part of his body. He opened the car door, leaned out and tried to vomit, but he could not. He wanted to, he felt the need, the pressure in every pore of his body. But he couldn't, he only choked and gagged, and felt worse. He slammed the door and leaned back in the seat. He relaxed a bit, but in vain--the tension returned when the headlights of the Mercedes flashed in his mirror. The car pulled to the curb on the other side of the street and Monroe jumped out.

Damon waited for a moment, then climbed out. He paused as Monroe opened the trunk of the Mercedes and withdrew a large box. Then he crossed the street behind Monroe, turned and came up the sidewalk toward him.

"Excuse me," he called. They faced each other. Damon reached his gun and fingered the trigger under his coat. The nausea rolled through his body, and he gagged. Kill?

He was too sick. Sick of killing. Sick of ugly images in his mind: corpses in blood-soaked beds; one-armed men; screaming orphans; wailing, black-garbed mourners sighing over and over. No more.

Monroe was staring at him. "Yes?" he demanded. It was a nauseating voice, a big-shot voice. Damon's trigger-finger was still. There was no hate in him. He only pitied Monroe a little. Someone else would do it, sooner or later.

"Nevermind," he said, and turned back to his car.

He flopped down on the bed. He wanted to sleep, to make the nausea go away. Tomorrow he would buy a paper and look through the want ads for a job. Maybe he would sell insurance or something--just no more killing. His eyes fluttered with panic at the thought of telling Griswalt he was quitting. And then he was asleep.



Gently drifting voices
Touch the indelible lines of memory
Catched upon my mind
Faded floral walls and shrouded windows
Laugh at the pain that chokes my heart
Like a carousel's mad rush to nowhere
There is no end.

Cory Cherhart
4/11/94

A. Stull

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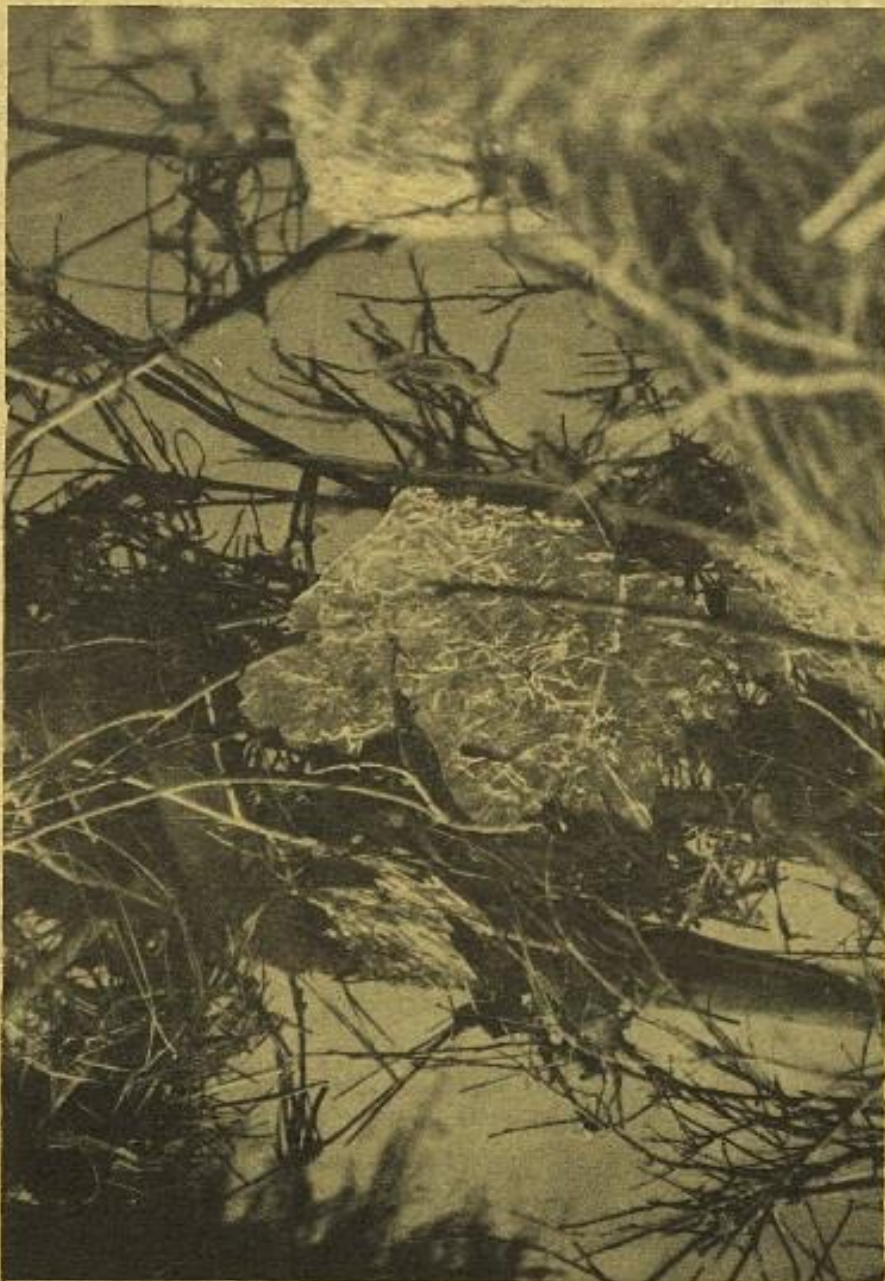


photo by Mark Underwood

