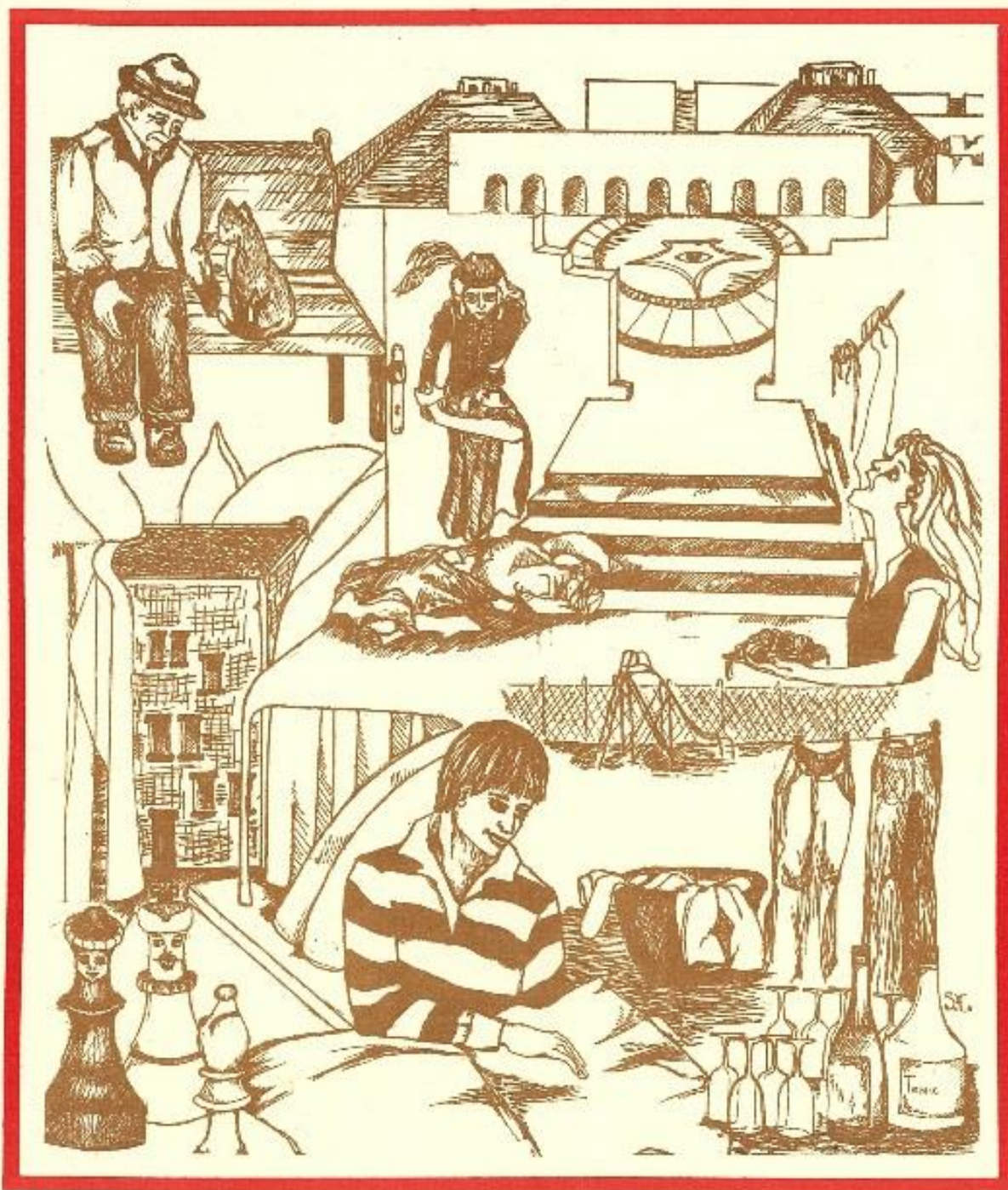


RETROSPECT

ELLENSBURG HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY MAGAZINE

SPRING 1980

\$1.75





Scott Callahan

I think someday, perhaps I'll here reside
With all my thoughts, a spot my very own.
Yes here, a place where I can hide
Among the trees and brooks, the countryside.

—Mary Wiley
“The Countryside”

Retrospect

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Cover art by Sophia Eberhart

Guilty Pleasures

by Gigi Suits

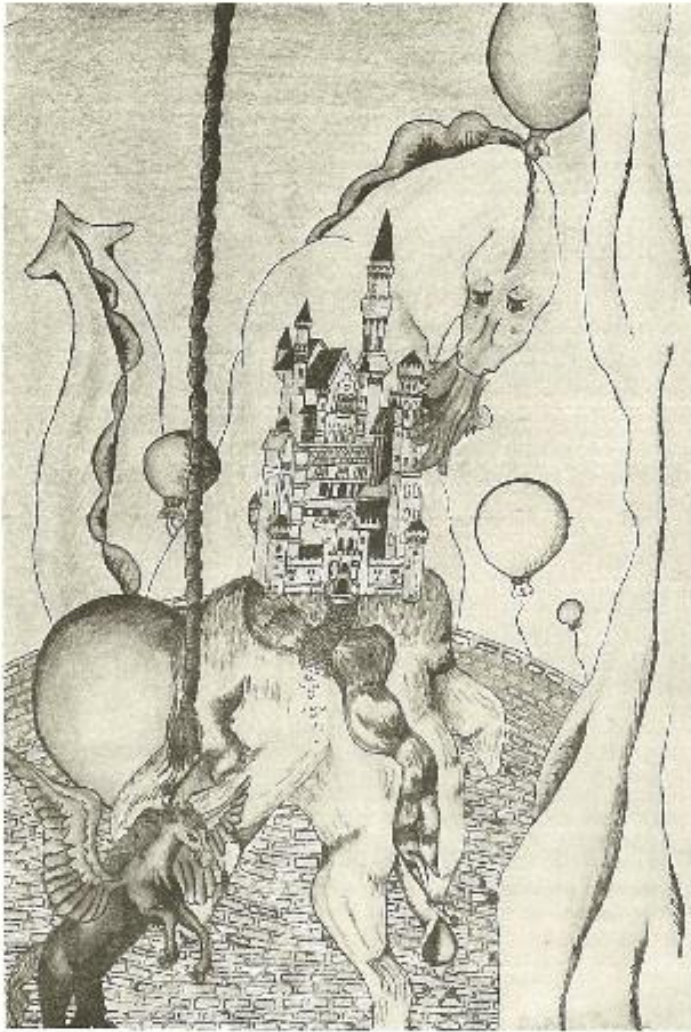
Shoving the heaps of twisted and tangled clothes aside, I opened my closet door. After months of sanity, I was about to let loose. Peering into my cave of hidden pleasures, I carefully extracted a flared gauze skirt, floor length and slightly transparent. I chuckled and threw the skirt over my shoulder.

The dusty tang of long stored junk swirled about me as I delved into the large cardboard box among the forlorn jumbles of shoes on the floor. The darkness of the closet prevented me from seeing what I was looking for, but I could guess what shirts I was handling by the feel of the cloth: smooth and slippery, firmly-knit cotton, or slightly rough blends of polyester.

With a stifled cry of glee, I yanked out an old wrinkled tunic, sleeveless and faded, into the vague light filtering into my room. What had been a bright yellow pattern was dimmed to the slightest wash of amber.

I backed out of the closet and started assuming the personality of the clothes. When the top and skirt were in place, I scanned myself critically in my full length mirror. Yes, I know just the thing, I thought.

I returned to the dark masses of cloth, pushed aside the sober, disapproving every-day wardrobe, and moments later waded through the clothes on the floor, triumphantly clutching my prize. It was a Chinese short coat with drooping sleeves. The blue and white swirls didn't clash with my top when I put it on, but blended harmoniously.



Daphenie Douglas

Again I studied the results. With a sigh of contentment, I began to gather accessories. This was a long and thoughtful process, as each item had to be considered separately. But soon I had collected nine metal bracelets (one with bells), long, blue, formal gloves, and a silken scarf to go around my waist.

First the gloves went on. After these, I clumsily tied the scarf, the senses of my fingers muffled by blue cotton. Next I shoved the bracelets painfully over my hands. They bit viciously into my thumbs, but gave up after a short struggle.

What else do I need? I asked the mirror. I rested my chin on my palm, considering the situation. Ah, yes! A hat.

Quickly I looked around the

room. No, not the black one, or the straw. I need . . . didn't I see that one last week around my door?

I dashed across the room, springing over piles of clothes and papers, and started digging into one of them. As I was excavating, my eyes slid over a tip of a peacock feather in a mound to the left of me. I quickly uncovered it and retrieved the hat I had been looking for. It was a grey cap with three plumes stuck into it.

I struggled to my feet, plopping the hat onto my head. Then I surveyed myself proudly in the mirror, thinking how gloriously weird I looked.

Just then a knock on the door wiped my smile away.

"Gigi, supper's ready," a voice

said.

I sprinted across the floor, wrenching myself around to avoid plastic Tic Tac boxes, books, and skulking thumbtacks. A sharp pain in my right foot, however, told me that one tack had found a victim. I thought I heard it snicker as it fell to the floor.

Cursing and snarling, I panted to a halt and clutched the door knob holding it shut.

"O.K.," I said meekly. "I'll be there in a sec." Retreating footsteps accepted my answer.

Quietly I hobbled over to my closet, and started undressing. I tossed the hat on the floor, shed everything else into a new mound, and pulled on my jeans. Time to go back to Mundania.

Jill Delvo



Carol Pieters



SPAGHETTI

by Molly Smith

I love seeing a large pile of spaghetti covered with small bits of meat and red runny sauce. The steam floats off from the top of the mound and drifts into the air. I shake the parmesan cheese evenly on the messy meal, which makes immediately for that cheesy smell along with the spicy aroma from the spaghetti sauce. I always use a fork with long prongs and jab it right into the middle, clear down to the hardness of the china plate. I rotate my fork and build up a

mixture of the spaghetti, meat sauce, and cheese. I slowly pull the fork out, still rolling it, to make it form a spun glob. Before any meat or sauce falls off, and before any of the spaghetti strings slip, I quickly stuff the huge bite into my mouth and use the grip of my teeth to pull it from the fork. Chewing, not biting, I eventually get the bite down my throat. It leaves a spicy flavor on my taste buds. For the next bite, I add a bit of variety; I take only one strand of spaghetti

that is smothered with slippery sauce and put the end of it in my mouth. Using the vacuum of my power lungs, the strand disappears between my lips, leaving only small spatters of spaghetti sauce on my chin.

The mound grows smaller and smaller as I eat more and more, until, finally, only a unique design is left on the plate from the spaghetti sauce not gobbled down with the rest of the scrumptious meal. My stomach is pleasantly full.

A curtain call—red roses—an “I love you”—homemade cookies—jogging at 6 a.m.—a baby’s laugh—type-writing—building snowmen—hand-made quilts—clowns—crying when you’re happy—a hello from a stranger—rainbows . . .

Favorite Things

Tami Thedens

June Forsyth



Pawns scurry around living the lives of beggars, roaming the streets in their simple style. The rain comes and strips them of their protective lacquer. Shivering wood is a humbling sound, and oh so empty.

Up and back, east and west, forever protecting their territory, rooks find themselves on an endless adventure. A slight mishap and they are cast into space leaving behind more to suffer without them.

Stalemate

by Drue Robinson

Clambering forth in their awkward armor a brave splinter sits upon a bold, prancing horse. Fighting for their keep they stalk the enemy in an unsuspecting manner.

Slinking, slithering, diagonally imprisoning helpless flounders, the bishops, skilled in their work, seek praise from the royalty. Succeeding in their last effort they are caught in their own trap and only wrap themselves tighter.

At last the royalty comes forth in all its splendor, the merciless queen taking control of her helpless husband. Pushing him aside, she steps onto the checkered battlefield. Eyeing her opposite she lifts a shaky finger. They both cringe as one another's rage spills forth.

With confused minds the two kings shake hands in a sorrowful way, turn in different directions, and shuffle silently away.



Sophie Eberhart

MARTY

by Kelle Belbeck

See that old house up there? You can't hardly see it no more, the bushes and trees have grown up so much. Anyway, that's where Marty lived. He don't live there no more, and neither do his parents. They moved out after it happened.

That Marty, though, boy was he something. He used to be in my grade, fifth, but that was two years ago. He was what you could call a class clown, and he was always making us laugh.

Marty, he did funny things. Like driving his desk and playing bumper cars. Then he'd use other people's desks as airports to land his paper airplanes on. Or when the class was so silent you could hear a pin drop, he would just start laughing real loud. Of course we all had to join in, even though we didn't know what we were laughing at.

One time he hid the teacher's alarm timer in her top desk drawer, after setting it to go off during class. Marty locked the drawer and hid the key. It took the teacher fifteen minutes of searching and two swats to finally get the location of the key out of him. It was funny, and we all laughed.

He took all kinds of chances, too. Whenever a ball accidentally landed on the school roof, he would always climb up to get it. We'd all watch and laugh when he pretended to almost fall off the edge.

One day, right after recess, the fire alarm rang. At first I thought it was a dumb drill, but then I saw the look on the teacher's face, and knew it was for real. But when we got down the hall a little ways, we all saw Marty standing by the broken alarm box, a happy grin on his face. We all laughed. Boy, was he something.

And I remember a time when this girl cut her head real bad, and they had to shave off all her hair. So she came to school wearing a wig. The first chance he had, Marty grabbed that wig and had it on the other side of the playground, almost before the girl even knew it. It was really something; we laughed for days.

Sometimes, during recess, he would take one of those multi-colored jump ropes, tie a loop in one end and put it around his neck. After that he'd climb up the slide and tie the other end to the top of

it. Then he'd let himself slowly down the ramp until he was suspended by the rope tied around his neck. It was funny, seeing his face turn red, then purple, and we'd laugh until the playground attendant saw him and cut the rope.

We would all laugh at him, but Marty really didn't have any friends. Nobody wanted to hang around with him. When he talked, you really didn't know if he was joking or not. Most of the time he was joking, though. Or at least I think so. No one ever took him for real. We laughed at anything he said, even when it wasn't very funny. Especially when he talked about dying.

That was how it happened.

I remember that last day. We had a spelling bee in English, and Marty was the last one to be chosen. No one really wanted to pick him, because he wasn't a good speller. He didn't care though. He

never did.

He also got caught for cheating on a social studies test and his parents were going to have to come and have a talk with the principal.

Marty had a pocket knife that he really liked. It was the kind that had the fake ivory handles. He used to show it around at school a lot, and even when the teachers took it away from him, he made sure he got it back at the end of the day.

Well, when he got off the bus that Friday afternoon, he gave that pocket knife to Paul. He lives down the street. Paul was probably the closest thing to a friend that Marty ever had.

I went home. Fifteen minutes later we heard the sirens.

I know he was just playing, and must've slipped. It was just an accident. You see, they found him hanging off one of those branches of that tree behind the house there. He was dead. And nobody laughed.



August Evening

The valley lay hazy and sun-bleached in the August evening.
Dark clumps of shade trees and an occasional sun-reflecting roof mark
each farm-stead midst the pale green and golden acres.
Shadows of dusk reach across the sage-covered hills, untouched by irrigation,
To the bordering fields of grain tinting the land a muted grey.
A family of swallows soars and dives interweaving in the gradual wash
of pink to blue,
Dipping against the purple hills and gliding above the yellow-topped corn,
Up again, calling and chirping as aunts, uncles and distant cousins
join their ballet of wings.
As the sun spreads its long orange tail across th horizon the swallows
separate.
With each departure their pattern loosens.
A shimmer of setting sun catches the last underwing in a golden spot light.

Sophia Eberhart



Joe Ramsdell

A musty autumn breeze ruffles my fur as I bask in the late afternoon sunlight. Curled up on the park bench, involved in my daily washing, my thoughts turn again to the old man.

For almost a year the man had been coming to the park. He rarely missed even one day, and now it's been nearly six since I last heard his faltering footsteps shuffling along the pathway. With his grizzled head bent, as if he were looking for elves in the shrubbery, he would slowly make his way to this bench, then creakingly ease

trail stretches emptily through the trees.

The old man could reminisce for hours. Holding me in his lap, he would tell endless stories of his life. He proposed to his wife right here on this bench. Once he slowly fell to his knees, acting out the entire scene for me.

He would tell me about the babies that he had brought here to play on the grass and of how, when they were grown and gone, he and his wife would take walks through the park, stopping at this bench to rest and talk.

Musty Autumn Breeze

by Amy Barker

himself onto the slats. Reaching out a gnarled hand, he would stroke my fur with a surprisingly gentle touch.

He was a comfortable man, never bustling or harsh. His clothes were as soft and colorless as he, smelling of hair oil, soap and ever so vaguely of last night's dinner. Even his voice was quiet and formless. It sounded like soft bristle brushes rubbing together.

Changing positions, I shift onto my back haunches to gain a better view of the path. Whiskers quivering, I survey the park. But still the

I think the man was lonely. He often said that he missed his Peg. She had been gone nearly nine months, last time I saw the old man. Maybe he's gone to find her. He *did* keep mentioning that it wouldn't be long until he joined her.

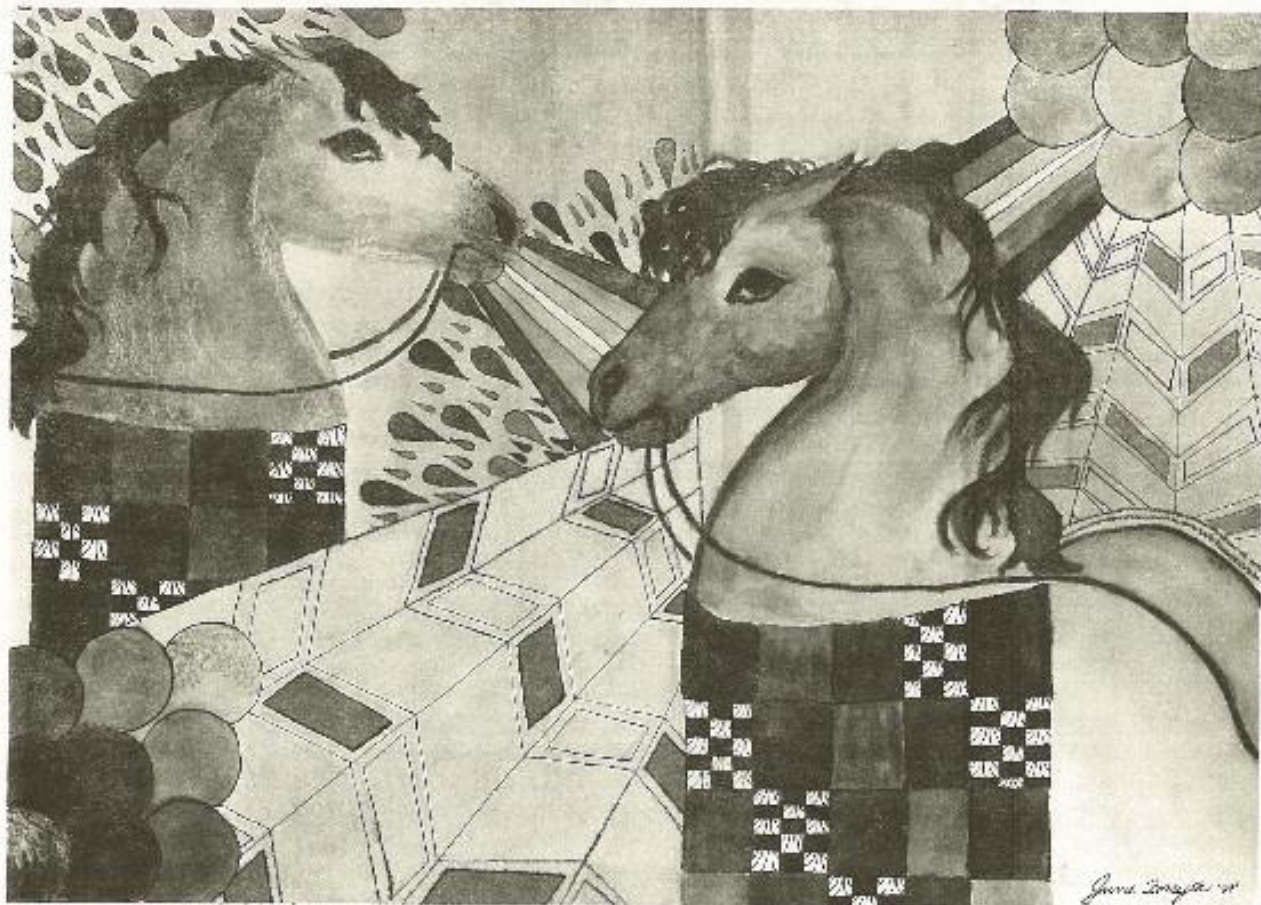
The sun is just about gone. I stretch and leap down from my perch on the bench, then begin padding down the leaf-strewn path. Perhaps the man will come tomorrow, or perhaps he's found another park to walk through.

"... brief candle"

She sat
on the rock
and slit herself down the perforated line.
Inside a dark cloud congealed.
Chipping through the cloud
she picked at a fat guilt.
The guilt quivered and melted
and revealed a slimy suspicion of worthlessness.
She spat and the suspicion evaporated.
It left behind a ruined cork, chewed around the edges.
Prying with her fingers,
she scabbled
and scraped
and scratched
and finally yanked the cork apart.
A warm orange astonishment gasped,
laughed a little nervously,
and crawled out to sit
on the rock,
blinking
in the evening moonlight.

Gigi Suits

June Forsyth



The Sports Page

by Scott Redman

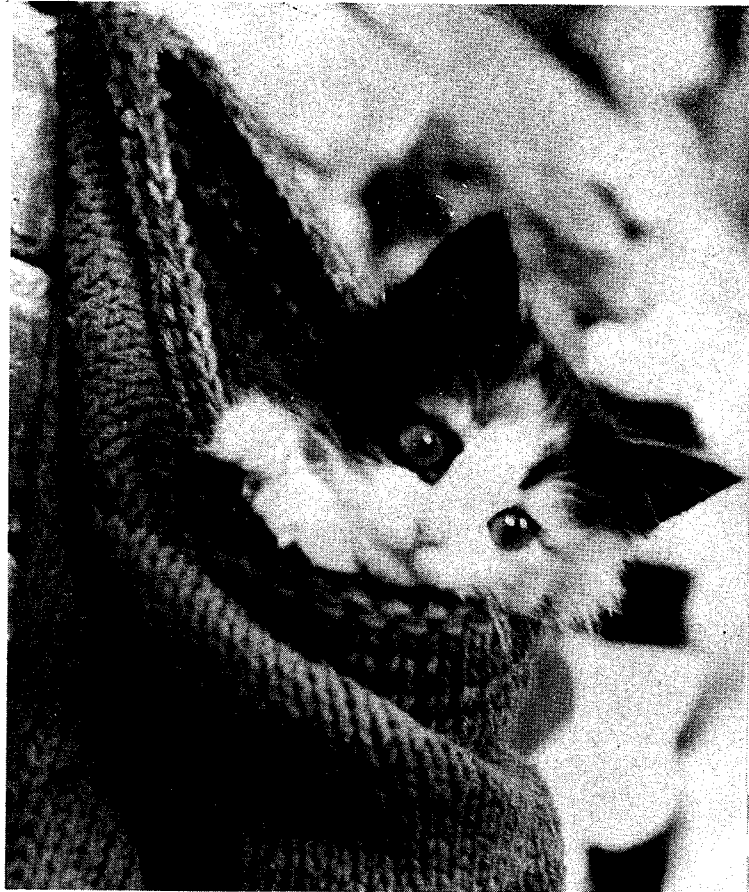
Bringing in the newspaper, flipping past the front-page headlines and thoroughly surveying the sports page is my greatest pleasure. I can do without the seriousness of the all-important front page, Dear Abby's solutions, Jack Anderson's latest concern, and L. M. Boyd's freshly uncovered trivia; but I can't let a day pass without scrutinizing every available fact on the world of sports.

The sports section can be a real fantasy land. I can become an expert on almost any sport I wish. I can learn the intricacies of becoming a better skier or the weaknesses of not having college football play-offs. Just by reading the sports page, I can become a winner. There's something about reading about "my" team that makes me feel triumphant. Ellensburg's basketball team is ranked second in state; "we" sure are doing well this year. The Sonics beat Boston in double overtime; "we" really played a great game. After reading the sports, I can criticize and second guess the guys at the top. Ali should've gotten in better shape, the coach should have sent in a different play, and Bradshaw shouldn't have thrown that rotten pass. The sports page offers a little fantasy that's hard to find in the rest of the newspaper, and the world for that matter.

Also, the sports page can bring that fame-filled world into my perspective. Even the superstars of sports are human. D. J. can have a bad day just like me. Bill Rodgers can run as stupid a race as I can. I enjoy seeing that I am not totally unique. The stories of athletes with only average physical ability making it big with great determination and self-confidence shows me the power of positive thinking and the

importance of setting goals.

But on the sports page nothing is too serious. It's all just a game. There are good guys and bad guys, but even when the bad guys win, there'll be another chance, whether it be next game or next year. And when the good guys don't do well, I can easily find a scapegoat. The refs, the home court advantage, and injuries all make fine excuses, but with all the fun they're not that important. Reading the sports page is one habit I hope I never have to kick.





My True Blue Friends

by Jill Shupe

My comfortable companions follow me everywhere I go and see everything I do. In fact, they know more about me than my parents ever will. They are my true blue friends: my blue jeans.

Every morning I step into a pair of thick denims with red or yellow stitching which decorates the sides and pockets like an officer's epaulettes. Blue jeans are the ultimate in clothing. I have a pair for all occasions.

There are the ones which stay by my side through Latex and Dutch Boy, battling the house with the

brush and me. They have received scars of all colors from the many walls we have tackled throughout the years. Then I have that pair of special Friday jeans which are faded to a whitewashed blue and practically belong in the rags. But somehow I can't imagine them being used to change the oil—they fit too perfectly for that. Besides, they are just right for the days I feel like a slob.

I also have a pair of stand-by jeans—just there for any day of the week. They are invincible. You know the kind. They are the ones that die in the washer and when they are set out to dry, develop

rigor mortis. By the time you've pumped them back to life, they are dirty again. And what would I do without those jeans that bail me out of the dilemma: I want to look nice, but I don't want to appear overly dressed. Those are the jeans that you wear to dances. The ones which usually come out of them in better shape than you do.

How could I ever get along without jeans, especially after a long day of wearing nice clothes? It's wonderful to go home and put on my best buddies, knowing that I can sit in any position I want to. Ah, the good old feeling of blue jeans!

Epitaph

*Remember
that every motion of existence
creates a new history,
a wrinkle in eternity.
Towards this purpose
care enough
To remember.*

Amy Barker



Sophie Eberhart

Flowing Nereid Pas de Deux

J.K. SUITS

mf

con ped. 8va

8va

mp

cres. dec.

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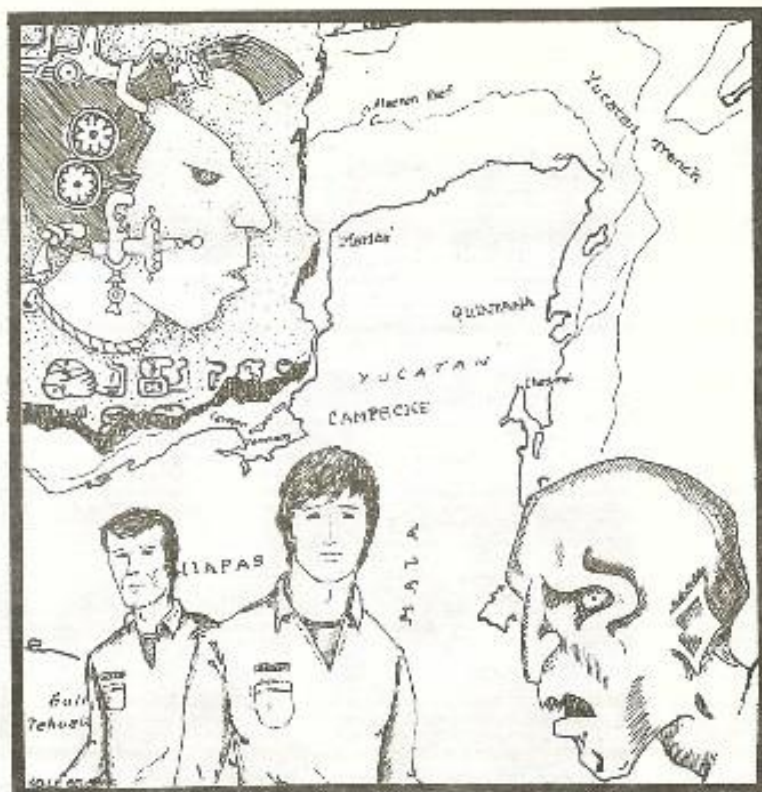
Tap Dance Shoes

An old woman used to be a tapdancer
but now she sits alone
watching herself on the late late show.
When she goes to bed she takes out her teeth
and puts them in her kleenex box.
She hangs up her tap shoes in the closet.
All her friends are gone.
In the morning she doesn't wake up.
And her tap shoes hang in the closet
and her teeth are in the kleenex box.

Mary Town

Secrets of the Deep

by Kelle Belbeck



In the Gulf of Mexico, a sea craft moved silently through the dark murky waters of the Yucatan trench. Powered by Attrarain energy, the *Atlantus*, with its crew of eleven, criss-crossed the Atlantic in a search for something unknown.

On the surface of the earth, the radiation poisoning had become so intense that it had forced man to build domed colonies under the ocean's surface. The only objective of the *Atlantus's* voyage was to discover if there was anything potentially dangerous in the ocean's depths that could harm or break these structures.

There wasn't, though, at least according to Brand. As captain of the *Atlantus* he'd spent a good many years under water, and hadn't seen anything "potentially dangerous" in over six years.

Of the eleven members on board the vessel, only eight were regular crew. The other three were oceanographers that knew nothing of the operations of the ship, and had no interest in learning.

Brand had protested the addition of the scientists. Not only was the *Atlantus* ill-equipped to handle eleven comfortably, they always

acted like they were doing *him* a favor by being on his ship.

Brand was joined on the bridge by Lantry, Nist, and Tyler, one of the oceanographers.

Directly before them, lights flashed patiently on and off at multiple consoles. Still farther in front of them was a long, large window, showing the ocean floor brightly lit from strong lights mounted on the vessel.

"Do you really think we're going to find anything down here?" Lantry asked sarcastically.

Brand smiled. He'd heard the same damn question every morning for the past eight months. He'd been sub-aquatic for so long he was beginning to feel like an infernal fish.

"Never know," replied Tyler. "Man's lived on Earth for thousands of years, and they've just confirmed the existence of the Loch Ness monster only six years ago."

Brand looked over at Lantry, who caught his gaze and winked. And every morning they got the same serious statement from the scientist.

"We've just dropped down into the deepest part of the trench,"

Nist said unemotionally.

"Bingo!" Lantry shouted from the navigation console. "I've picked up something on the scanner." He punched several small buttons on the unit and the screen image magnified. "It's moving west."

"Impossible. The trench runs north-south."

"Shut up, Nist. Haven't you ever heard of a canyon or a cave?" Tyler said.

Someday, Brand thought, someday I'd like to belt that little creep right across that flapping mouth of his.

Taut silence held the control room motionless for a moment, then Brand spoke quietly. "Let's see it on the big screen."

Lantry pushed a series of buttons and a large monitor above the captain lit up.

"How big do you think it is?" Brand asked.

"Smaller than a whale, probably close to a shark," the navigator answered.

"Sharks and whales have been extinct for ten years," Tyler reminded them.

"Maybe it's the last survivor,"

Lantry said, letting a bit of insolence come into his voice, then added, "We're coming close to where the scanner picked it up."

"Cut engines one-half," Brand said, "and let's have some pictures."

Six cameras were attached to the outside of the *Atlantus*, and when they were activated, images of rock walls and water lit up the screen on the bridge, changing every three seconds.

"There," Nist said, quickly getting up and pointing to the screen. "Lower left, a cave."

Lantry punched a button and the picture froze.

"Whatever it is, it's in there?"

"According to the scanner."

"Looks big enough for the shuttle," Brand said. "Lantry, you come with me. Tyler, find another one of your friends and come along too. Nist, I leave you the pleasure of landing the ship."

Brand and Lantry were waiting in the shuttle when Tyler and Webster showed up. Brand was glad Webster was going—she was the only one of the oceanographers who seemed to have a little bit of human in her.

"Okay, let's go."

Each found a seat and strapped themselves in. The hatches closed, and the shuttle moved downward through the two open doors. The craft came to a standstill and a green light came on. Brand punched the button next to it that said "launch" and the shuttle hissed away from the *Atlantus*, toward the opening.

The cave began as a regular underwater tunnel, but after several minutes of travelling through it, the floor began to grow smoother, and the sides formed a perfect triangle over their heads and began to glow with a yellowish light, as if the walls were covered with topaz.

"Holy cow," Lantry whispered.

Suddenly, the passage widened and they entered a large undersea cavern. The shuttle slowly entered the room, the lights shining on schools of fish.

Nothing prepared them for what they saw. A tall, perfectly formed structure stood at one end of the huge cavern.

It was a building—there could be no doubt about it, thought Brand. The construction was far too perfect to have been the result of accidental shaping.

"Well?" asked Lantry.

"Circle around, see if we can get a glimpse of the thing that brought us in here."

The shuttle slowly turned around, its bright lights illuminating the cavern, but they saw nothing, simply nothing at all.

"Maybe the scanner's going on the fritz again."

"Maybe it's in there," Webster said, indicating the structure.

The craft turned back toward the building, and drew up close to it. Brand got up. "We're going out. Lantry stays." In the corner of the shuttle was a cabinet, and he moved over and took out some white suits. After handing the others theirs, he

Clovis spun about. Its small eyes were darting about the compartment. A forked tongue flicked out and its tail was moving slowly from side to side like that of a cat ready to pounce. Clovis moved back . . .

got into his own. As they were getting dressed, Lantry grounded the shuttle.

The under-sea suits were made of a strong lightweight material recently developed that could withstand great underwater pressures. The helmets and air-pacs were also very light, to make for easy working and swimming under water.

Brand was about to close the cabinet door, when he had a second thought, then reached in and took out three pistols.

It was odd, Brand thought, that they had never developed a laser gun. All the science fiction books he had grown up with had predicted them, and here it was 2035 A.D., and still no laser gun. They had developed a fragmenting bullet, though, that exploded the instant it hit something. It made quite a mess of flesh, especially human

flesh.

They stepped into the air lock, the hatches closed, and the chamber began to fill with water. When it was full, the outside doors opened and they moved out into the cool depths of the ocean. As Webster stepped out, her foot bumped against something laying on the floor of the cavern. She bent down and picked it up, then tried to brush off some of the silt. Unsuccessful, she dropped it into her knapsack, and hurried to catch up with the others.

The building seemed to be made of crystal and stood over twenty feet high. An open doorway led into its interior. The walls became a soft gold when Brand brushed off the silt with a gloved hand. He took his pistol out of its sheath and cautiously entered the doorway, probing the interior with his light. They followed him inside.

The chamber was a twenty foot square, and in its center was a coffin-shaped box of opaque, amber colored glass. They stood around it in awe. Dimly, Brand made out a vague form within, but it was impossible to determine what it was. He looked around. There was nothing else in the building. He turned back towards the box, put his shoulder against it, and heaved. It moved a fraction of an inch.

Good, he thought, it's not attached.

But no one noticed the slightest crack that was formed between the coffin and the smooth floor.

Suddenly, a voice filled his helmet. "Capt'n? This is Lantry. Whatcha found?"

"Looks like a coffin of some sort. 'Bout four feet high, eleven feet long. Glassy gold. Can't see inside. It's not attached so we'll move it back to the ship after we get some better equipment."

"Captain Brand?" This voice was clearer, and he recognized it as Webster's. "We found something. It looks like a plug of clear glass on top of the box."

Brand swam over to where they were standing. Tyler hoisted himself on top of the box, knelt down, and peered into the box. Brand heard him gasp, then the scientist

turned to stare at him, his eyes wide in shock. "You've got to see this," he whispered.

Brand pulled himself up lightly and stared down into the box.

It was a face.

The eyes were somehow misplaced. They were small and protected by sharp ridges that nearly encircled them. The nose was very flat and hooked, and the mouth was a wide, straight slit.

Brand's spine tingled. What kind of being was this?

Webster came up next, and when she finished, they headed back for the shuttle.

Later that day most of the crew was lounging in the dining room.

"I don't know what the rest of you think, but that thing sounds spooky as—"

Lantry did not complete his sentence, as the door behind him opened, and Webster came in.

She walked up to the captain and gave him a large clump of a goldish metal. "I found this in the cavern."

Brand flipped on a lamp beside him and was able to see what he held in his hands. It was a tiny statue made of a gold-like substance.

It was the figure of . . . a man?

It was tall and slender, stood on two feet, and had a long tail protruding from its backside. But it was the face that fascinated Brand, for it was the same face that he had seen in the coffin.

"I just analyzed it—" Webster began.

"Well?"

"It dates back to about 2700 B.C. . . . and something else . . . its gold . . . a pure chunk of solid gold."

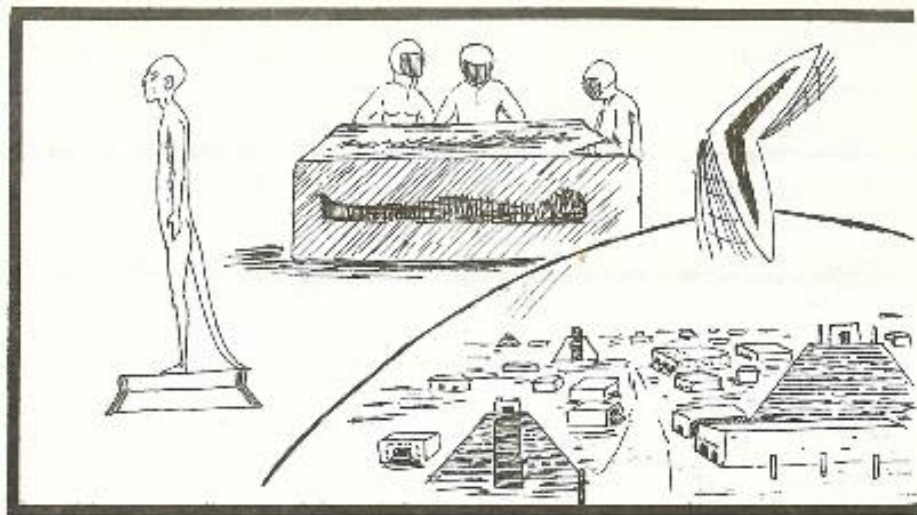
"Jeez," Landry said, "with the price of gold these days, we'd all be billionaires."

The next morning the shuttle, towing a hauling barge, left the *Atlantus* with five people on board: Brand, Lantry, Webster, Tyler, and Clovis, who would stay on board the craft.

The four of them entered the building.

The box was gone.

Rather, it lay in several small



amber pieces on the floor. Directly below where the box should have been, was a dark, perfectly circular hole leading downward. There was no sign of the creature.

Brand swore under his breath, and looked around uneasily. He took out his gun in an instinctive gesture of protection, and noticed that Lantry did the same.

"Clovis? This is Brand . . . the box is busted up and the thing inside is gone . . . there's a hole leading down that used to be under the coffin . . . we're going to follow it . . . relay message back to ship."

"Read you, Brand, will do."

Brand peered down into the hole, took a deep breath, flipped his flashlight on high, and dove downward.

The light forced back the darkness to reveal a smooth tunnel. He unconsciously paused partway down when he thought of what might happen to him if that thing was alive and waiting for him at the end of this tunnel.

They travelled slowly downward for almost an hour. Suddenly Brand stopped. Ahead of him was a gold wall of crystal. As his fingertips met the wall, the crystal barrier swiftly moved to one side. He jumped back in alarm, drawing his pistol, but no monster stood waiting for him. He swam cautiously into the wider passage. Six feet further it too came to a dead end. Brand put his hand against the far wall, hoping that it might open. But nothing moved as the others crowded in behind him. Suddenly, the door through which they had just come slammed shut.

Clovis was sitting on the floor of the shuttle, playing with a deck of cards, when she heard the outer hatch open. She gathered up the cards and moved to fire up the craft when the inner hatch opened. Instantly, a high-pitched hissing sound filled the small room. Clovis spun about. Its small eyes were darting about the compartment. A forked tongue flicked out and its tail was moving slowly from side to side like that of a cat ready to pounce. Clovis moved back a slow step, her hand desperately searching for the intercom button. The creature's mouth moved slightly, revealing rows of sharp teeth, and the hissing broke forth again. The creature stepped forward . . .

Brand quickly turned to face the door. Tyler pushed his hand against it, hoping it would reopen. When it did not, he began to feel around its edges, trying to find a seam to pry open.

Suddenly, a faint humming sound vibrated through the narrow shaft. The water began to drain away and they found themselves standing on amber floor.

As the soft vibration continued, Brand discovered that the walls were slipping upward past his outstretched hand.

An elevator!

One moment they were in semi-darkness; the next moment the shaft was bathed in pale light.

"Good lord!" The exclamation belonged to Tyler. Brand turned and saw that he had removed his helmet. Half-fearfully, he did the same, reluctant to draw the first



breath. But it was fresh oxygen, cold and thin, like mountain air.

The elevator reached ground level, the doors opened, and they cautiously stepped out onto a shining floor. Brand whistled softly.

Before them was a city, a city that stretched away from them in all directions.

Vast buildings, stairways and courtyards were dwarfed by mighty pyramids and towers.

They walked down a wide avenue, breathing the fresh sweet air, gazing at deserted houses and palaces, finding it hard to believe that living beings might have once moved through these streets.

They paused before one of the larger buildings. Ornately carved columns held up roofed areas and wide archways led into its interior. Inside were a number of stone slabs inscribed with two-headed jaguars, serpents, and mighty rulers.

"Looks Mayan to me," Lantry said.

"It could be," Tyler said, "The Mayans suddenly appeared in history in 2500 B.C. No one knows where they came from."

"Look at this," Webster rang out.

It was a life-sized statue in gold of a Mayan king, a knife in one hand, and a severed head of the creature in the other, held high in a triumphant gesture . . .

"Nist," Jennings said, "I've picked up something on the scanner: it's headed out of the cave."

"Is it the shuttle?"

"I don't think so; it's too small."

"They sure are taking their time about getting that box back to the ship."

"Whatever it is, Nist, it's emerging now."

A thin silvery form gracefully swam out of the cave. It used its tail as a rudder and its legs kicked in rhythmic beats.

"My god, what is that?"

The creature quickly spotted the ship and turned up the trench. When it disappeared from sight, Nist turned to Jennings. "Don't lose it."

Brand and the others entered another building. It was of massive block construction and geometric designs were cut into the stone walls.

Inside were large glass boxes enclosing large cubes of a silvery white metallic substance. Every so often a loud zap would fill the room followed by a sizzling noise that gradually faded out, only to be replaced by another zap.

Tyler was studying the contents of the cases. "Looks like sodium," he said, "It must be what they use to power the city."

"Power? How?"

"When sodium is introduced to water it produces a violent chemical reaction that releases energy in the form of heat and light.

"This machine must be allowing small amounts of sodium to come into contact with water and use the energy to power the city."

"And the Mayan Indians did all this?" Brand asked.

"They were a very intelligent people."

"Cap'n Nist," Jennings said, "It's coming back."

Nist ran to the window and peered out. It was not long before he spotted it. The creature was carrying three large balls of a gelatinous mass, and soon disappeared into the cave.

"Jennings, get a hold of Brand."

"Shuttle-craft, do you read? This is the *Atlantus*, over . . . shuttle-craft, please respond . . ."

The next building was a large structure made with small gold-leafed bricks. A wide stairway led up into its interior.

"This is some kind of city," Lantry said as they climbed the steps.

Inside the building were a number of stone tablets covered with a type of hieroglyphic writing.

"I suppose," Brand said quietly, "that you can read this, Tyler, since you're such an authority on everything."

"I suppose that I can, Captain Brand. You see, this is quite easy to read if you know the basic symbols."

Brand muttered something under his breath as Tyler stepped up to the first tablet and began to read:

We are the Mayans. We came from the stars. In our land we were persecuted for our religious beliefs and we fled to this third planet from the sun.

We discovered we could not breathe this planet's atmosphere, and many of us died before we finished this, our first city, and produced an artificial environment in which we could breathe.

Over a period of seventy generations, we gradually forced ourselves to adjust to the higher level of oxygen so that someday we will be able to move up on the real earth, with the real light.

We were not the only ones to escape from our land—several domestic hebruids hid themselves on the starcraft.

We lived in peace with them for many centuries, but they grew powerful, outnumbered us, and tried to conquer our city.

For 117 years we fought and lost many good warriors. We succeeded in killing all but one—the hebyrd lies encased in amber to serve as a warning to those who come—and the eggs of their kind we disposed in the water.

“Sir,” Jennings said, “I’ve picked out something coming out of the cave . . . it’s bigger than that . . . that . . . thing.”

“The shuttle?”

“I think so, sir.”

Nist ran to the intercom. “Shuttle-craft, this is the Atlantus, can you re—”

Movement caught his eye. Something had just emerged from the cave.

“Oh my God, there’s four of them!”

They watched in silence as the four silvery creatures swam past the ship, then came back a few minutes later, each carrying three eggs.

“You’ve got to get a hold of Brand!”

“Okay,” Brand said after checking his watch, “I think we’d better head back.”

They stepped outside the building and froze. At the bottom of the steps was a silver creature with small eyes and a tongue like a snake’s. They had spotted each other in the same instant, and nobody moved.

“What do we do now?” Lantry whispered.

Its mouth opened and a hissing sound came out. The shrill piping noise rose and fell with a sort of rhythm.

“I think he’s trying to communicate with us,” Tyler said. He stepped forward and raised his hand in a peaceful salute.

“Are you crazy?” Brand said.

“It’s peaceful, can’t you see that?”

“It don’t look peaceful to me,” Lantry mumbled.

“Look at the brain capacity. They have to be intelligent beings.”

“Don’t forget the dinosaur,” Brand quipped.

“Those Mayans went about it in the wrong way,” Tyler said to no-one in particular.

“I don’t think so, Tyler.”

“You stay the hell out of this, Brand!”

Brand caught some movement out of the corner of his eye and slowly drew his gun. Somehow he had the feeling that more than one pair of small eyes were watching him.

“Listen to me Tyler. I want you to take a slow step backward.”

“Shove it, Brand! You have no authority over me!”

“Damn it, Tyler—”

“We have to give them the chance.”

“Con’t make trouble for me, Tyler. If you make another move, by God, I’ll—”

“Now maybe I might. Just what would you do about it?”

“I’d kill you,” Brand whispered.

“I don’t think you are man enough to shoot anyone, Brand,” he said as he stepped down another step.

At that instant, the hebyrd leaped for Tyler. Brand shifted his pistol and fired. The creature’s chest blossomed and it fell screaming, knocking Tyler down.

Brand grabbed Tyler’s arm and pulled him out from under the thrashing animal, back into the building. As he did so, he glanced up the street. Three more hebyrds were running toward him.

Lantry stood at the doorway, peering out, gun ready. When Brand came into the structure, the three creatures, stopped, stared for a time, then disappeared between buildings.

“You little fool!” the scientist yelled.

“Count yourself lucky, Tyler, you’ll never be closer to it in your life” Brand said, then moved over to where Lantry was standing, watching the street.

“That creature was trying to be friendly,” Tyler yelled.

“That creature was trying to kill you!” Lantry snapped back.

“How would you like to prove it?” Tyler said.

“How would you like to be dead?” Brand said quietly.

All was still for a few moments. Lantry and Brand watched the fleeting shadows of the creatures as they moved closer to the build-

ing.

Suddenly Brand thought of Clovis, and swore.

“It’s happening,” Lantry commented.

A volley of metallic objects flew through the door. “Get back against the wall,” Lantry yelled. The objects chipped chunks out of the Mayan tablets. One of them skidded to a halt near Brand, and he picked it up. It was a boomerang-looking object made of metal, with razor-sharp edges.

Brand caught Tyler’s gaze and looked up at him. “Friendly,” he stated matter-of-factly.

The volleys occurred sporadically throughout the day. They were only aware of the passage of time by their watches, as the light never darkened. Each stood guard while the others rested, the last shift being held by Tyler. When they woke, he was gone. A note lay near the door. It was brief and to-the-point:

“They’re friendly, you’ll see.”

They never saw Tyler again.

“I think we should pull out,” Nist repeated, “before those things attack the ship. I counted 72 last time they came out.”

“There’s always a chance they’re still alive,” Jennings said.

“After 18 hours? Their air tanks don’t last that long!”

“Brand?” Lantry said.

“Yeah?”

“Somethin’s happening out here.” He jerked his head toward the street.

Brand got up and walked over to where Lantry was standing.

“Right over there,” he said quietly, pointing across the tops of several low-lying buildings where they could see the creatures gathered in an open area.

“Looks like there is over a hundred now,” Lantry said.

“They’re reproducing like rabbits.”

“What are we going to do?” Lantry asked.

“I was sort of hoping the calvary would ride out of the sunset and rescue us.”

“We’ll never get out of here, not with all those damned boomerangs.

We couldn't even put a dent into 'em with the guns before they got us."

"We'll find a way."

They stood in silence. Finally Brand turned. "You got any ideas?"

"Suppose we drowned them?" Lantry suggested.

"I'd guess they can breathe under water. They have to swim down that shaft," Webster said.

Suddenly Brand turned back towards the doorway, drew his pistol and fired two quick shots into the dome. He jumped out of the doorway a split second before the building was bombarded with boomerangs.

"Brand?"

"This dome must have a layer of water surrounding it, otherwise it would have been detected on the earth's surface, right?"

They nodded in agreement.

Brand was about to say something, then stopped. It was faint, but he heard it; the sound of trickling water.

"But we can't drown them."

"We don't need to," Brand said, then added, "I've got a plan. It probably won't work, but it's the only thing I've got. We need to get to that power station. If we can make it there, then it really doesn't matter if we make it out."

"What?" breathed Webster, almost hysterically.

"Come on!"

They picked up their gear and paused at the door. "Luck," Brand said, then raced down the steps, his gun blasting.

All three made it safely to the power center. Lantry stood inside the door, while the others ran into the room.

"Brand, what--"

"Do you remember Tyler saying that this was sodium, about what it did when it came into contact with water?"

"Yes... But Brand, what if it isn't sodium?"

He paused, staring at her.

"We're dead anyway."

"Brand, they're coming," shouted Lantry.

He turned back toward the clear cubes, and drew his pistol. The glass boxes shattered as the fragmenting bullet hit them, throwing pieces into the air.



Joe Ramsdell

The silvery metallic surface dulled, as the substance was exposed to air, and Brand moved on, breaking the cubicles.

When all twenty of the boxes had been demolished he moved back to the doorway.

"Okay, you know what to do."

They sighted their guns on a pre-designated spot on the dome and fired. The impact of the bullets produced a spider web-like design, three feet in diameter, on the ceiling. Suddenly the area collapsed and water gushed in.

"Ready?"

Lantry and Webster nodded.

"Let's go, then."

Brand took a deep breath and they dashed down the street toward the elevator, with the boomerangs raining death around them.

Lantry fell, tried to get up, but fell again. A neat, shiny object was sticking out of his back. Brand stopped and turned towards the oncoming creatures, his gun a steady stream of shots. He glanced once at Lantry; he'd seen dead men before. The water was up to his ankles now, and was still falling strong from the dome.

Heaving with effort, he shouted, "Come on, damn you!"

He got up and ran, zigzagging his way down the avenue. Ahead, he saw Webster banging on the door of the golden elevator.

He felt something tug at his calf, and fell, swallowing salt water. His pant leg was neatly sliced, and blood was oozing from his leg.

Coughing up water, Brand tried to get up, but the leg went suddenly weak and he sprawled out in the water. Something else hit him in the side and glanced off. He rolled over and sat up, water swirling red at his chest, his pistol blasting.

Gradually, they stopped their oncoming rush, then began to fall back.

He couldn't let them win. He said it over and over in his mind. Then he realized there was no reason why he should win and they should not. If they could hit him, they could kill him.

Like a deeper, louder echo of the noise that had powered the city for thousands of years, the sound of an explosion welled up to him.

Brand smiled. It was starting

to happen.

He tried to move his right leg, but it felt heavy and awkward, and the muscles refused to respond. He felt dizzy and sick, and gritted his teeth against the weakness and the numbness that crawled up his legs.

Brand began to move slowly backward, toward the elevator, hitching himself along with one arm and one leg, the other arm raised, holding the pistol.

When he'd put a little distance between himself and the creatures, he shakily got to his feet, supporting himself with one leg. He suddenly realized that the water was hot and remembered Tyler's words:

"... energy in the form of heat and light ..."

If the explosions can't kill them, Brand thought, cooking them surely will.

He turned and began slowly hopping, hindered by the water that was well past his knees. Webster had somehow gotten the door open and was staring at him, white-faced.

She screamed, and he wheeled about, firing into the rushing crowd.

Now he was within feet of the elevator. He turned and half fell, half dived through the door, just as the volly struck. The door whizzed shut, and the platform began to rise. He lay on the floor, soaked with blood. Miraculously, he had managed to hang on to his air-pac and helmet.

He lay very still, exhausted, staring at Webster. He did not want to go on ... he wanted to quit. Just to lay here, close his eyes, and not try anymore. He wanted only to die, to make no effort ... to die.

To die?

No ...

Nothing told him he could do it. His body was weak, and he seemed to have no will, but somehow, some way, he was going to try.

"All right," he whispered, "I'm alive."

And he was—just barely.

Suddenly a blinding white light filled the elevator shaft, and was followed an instant later by three enormous explosions that rocked the dome.

The elevator shuddered, paused a

moment, then continued to rise. Webster helped him get his air-pac and helmet on just as the shaft grew dark. Abruptly the platform stopped and began to fill with water. When it was full, the outer door opened. Webster helped him out into the tunnel. Another explosion wrenched the shaft, and Brand heard a loud snap and watched the elevator shatter and crumble.

Instantly he was thrown forward as the water rushed into the void. He slammed into something in the darkness, and realized, before he slipped into unconsciousness, that the door must have closed.

When he came to, Webster had an arm around him, and was swimming toward the shuttle.

They went through both locks, Webster supporting Brand on her shoulder. When they stepped into the room, she screamed, and Brand's eyes focused on the body of Clovis, laying on the floor. Somehow, Brand would have been surprised if they had found her any other way.

He slumped into a seat, Webster in the next one. Beyond the shuttle lay the ship. A dry place, warmth, hot food ... a cup of coffee. To Brand, at that moment, no paradise he could imagine needed any more than that.

"Go 'head," he whispered.

"I don't know how."

He blinked heavily, trying to focus his eyes. As if in slow motion, he crammed his finger on a button, and the engines started.

Another explosion shook the cavern. The shuttle was lifted off the ground by the force of it, and fell back down, breaking two of its struts. The amber building collapsed.

Brand pushed several more buttons, and the craft slowly rose, turned, and travelled through the cave.

Nist was pacing the length of the bridge when the biggest of the explosions hit the *Atlantus*.

"We can't wait any longer! Jennings, prepare for take-off!"

"But, sir—"

"Do it!"

The *Atlantus* rose off the ground several meters and just began a star-

board turn when a blip appeared on the scanner.

"Something's coming out of the cave," Jennings said.

"Let's go! Now!"

"It's the shuttle, sir!"

"Go! That's an order!"

Jennings stared hard at Nist, then spoke quietly into the intercom: "Prepare to land."

The *Atlantus* set down, and the shuttle docked. Brand was helped out by Webster and a doctor.

"Get out of here," he whispered. "There's going to be a hell of an explosion!"

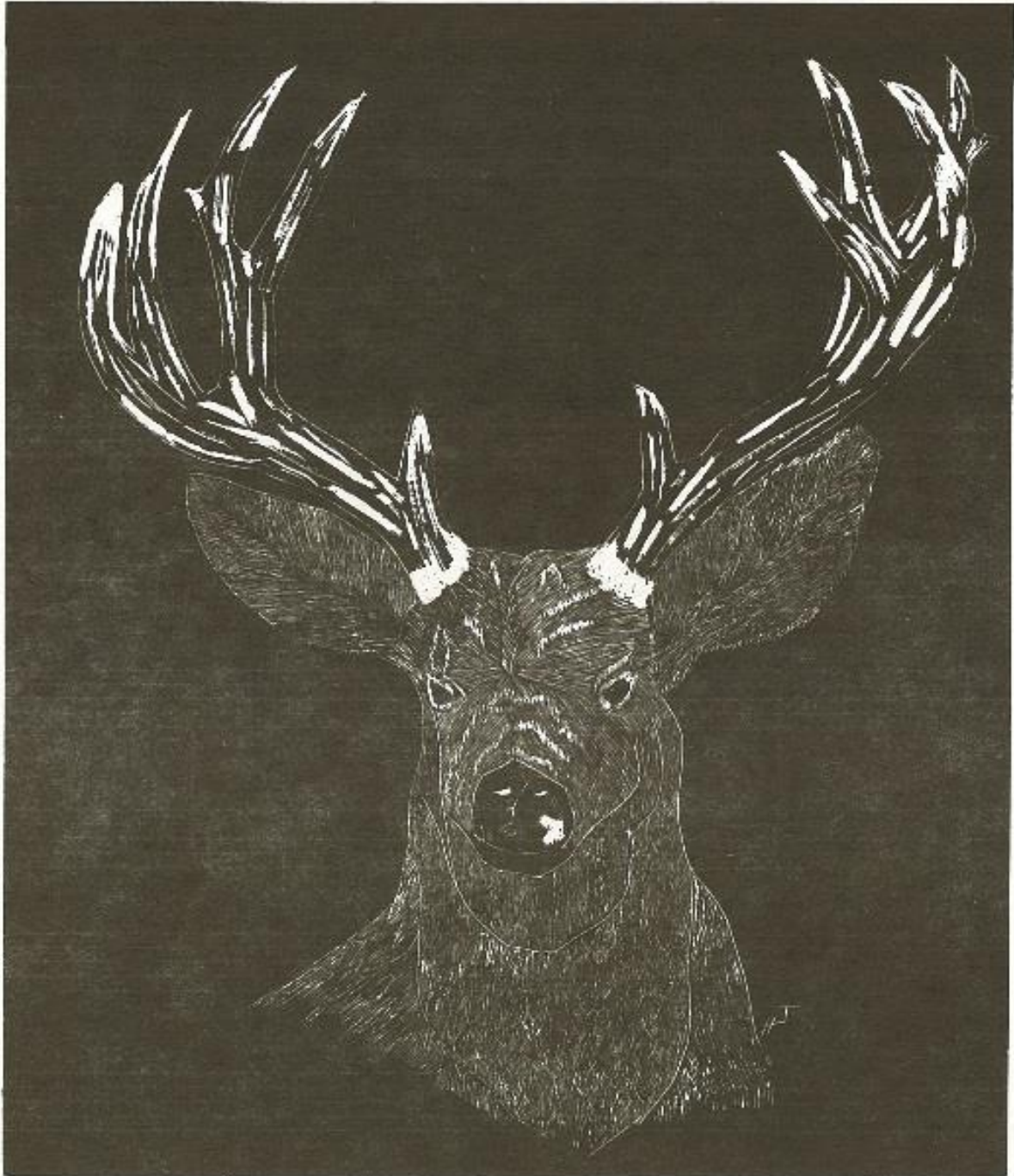
Take-off was quickly accomplished, and the *Atlantus* was nearly out of the Yucatan trench when the world seemed to explode. The ship listed heavily to the starboard side, then righted and sped away.

Brand was almost into the medical clinic when the explosion occurred. After the rocking had subsided, he was set down on the bed, then Nist came in.

"What happened?"

"They were real friendly," Brand said, and closed his eyes. It was no use talking. He would never be able to explain it now. It's over, he said to himself, it's ended and it's over ... or so he thought.

Illustrations by Kelle Belbeck



The Majestic Buck

by Joe Hoffman

Traffic

They walked for years
and found a top sign.
They took the stop sign
and they froze.

They stayed frozen for years
until the sun melted them.

They praised the sun for its warmth
and began walking
for years.

They walked for years
and found a yield sign.

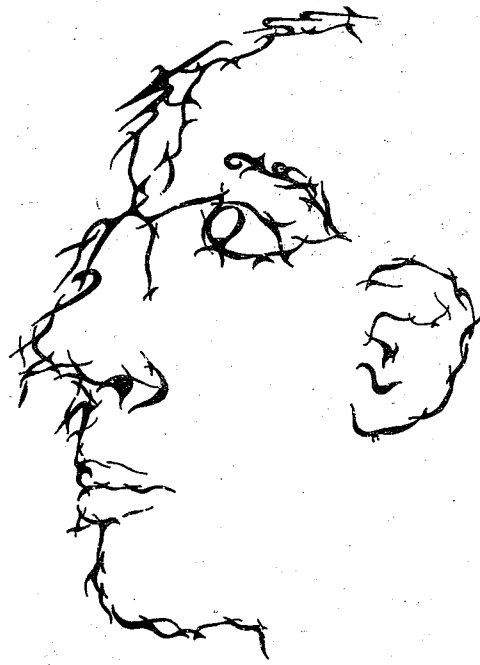
They took the yield sign
and got run over by a truck.

They were like that for years—run over
until the men came and took them away.

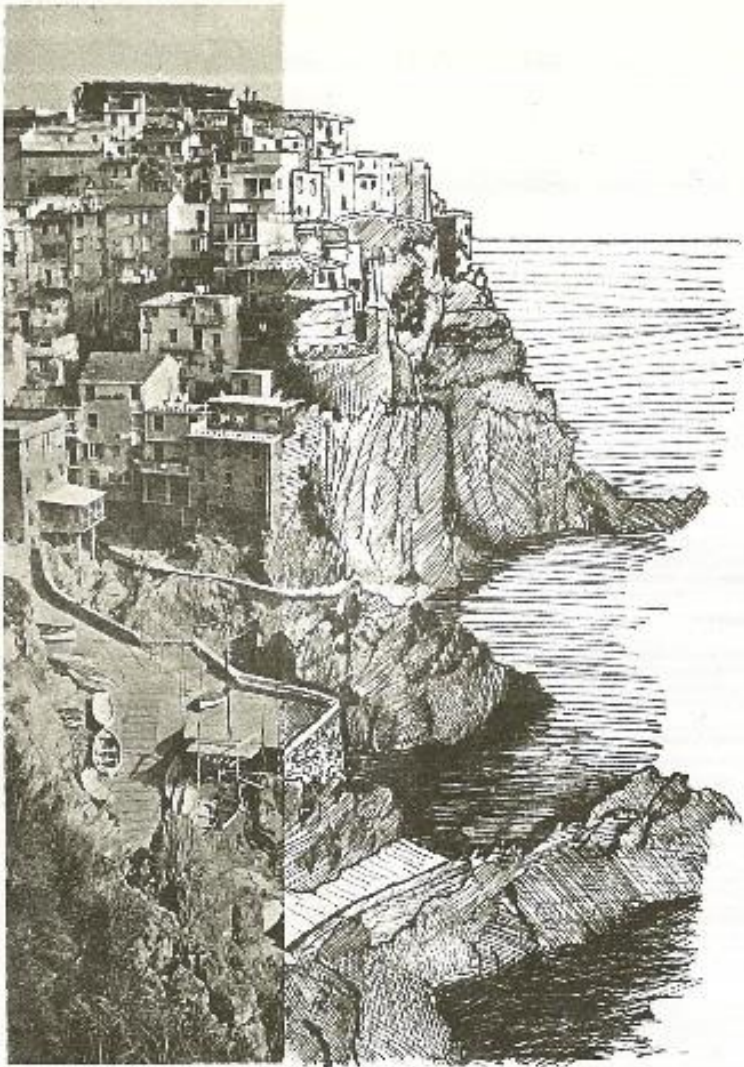
They were taken away to heaven;
heaven's where they will stay

In heaven they walked for years
and found a traffic light

Joe Ramsdell



Krista Willberg



Mark Elkins

Sunrise whittled away the night,
slowly preparing me for the silent burst of
sunlight.

Wind breathed through the trees
as if to rustle one to wakefulness.
I watched breathlessly,
as if I could bring morning into being
simply by grasping it and coaxing it forth.

Janet van Leuven

Janet van Leuven, who graduated from Ellensburg High School in 1979, composed this poem during her senior year. It was later included in an anthology of high school poetry, Yesterday's Faces, published by The Copper Canyon Press.

Love

Love is something people try to share.
It sometimes hurts, which doesn't seem fair.
It also gives joy to those who make it.
Love is precious, so don't break it.

Colleen O'Shaughnessy



Hans Hansen

The Jogger

The fresh crunch of gravel as the
first step is taken—
Frosty air and piercing the chill
air is inhaled—
A warm comforting feeling
from the familiar sweats—
Endlessly the pavement winds ahead—
Coral, violet, and pale yellow
the sunrise beckons . . .
The jogger follows.

Tami Thedens

Left Out

by Dwayne Johnson

Being left-handed is a tough life. Throughout the centuries, the southpaw has had to conform to a right-handed world despite his efforts to be himself. From car gearshifters to push-button cameras, discrimination is bountiful.

The right-hander has difficulty understanding this idea. It is not that the right-hander deliberately discriminates against the left-hander, it's just that he has always been in the majority and America is built on the idea that majority rules. Therefore, the right-hander's feelings are understandable. The left-hander's dilemma, however, is still present.

Language plays a big part in discriminating against the left-handed person. If one would take time to glance through the American Heritage Dictionary, words such as "right", "right angle", "righteous", "rightful", and "right on!" can be found. All of these expressions possess definitions like correct, just, moral, or proper. This puts the left-hander in a bad position. Turning to the "l's" in my dictionary, I find various terms centered around the word "left".

A leftist is one in opposition to a party who achieves his goals by revolutionary means. He's known to take radical or liberal actions. If something is left-handed, it's awkward or clumsy. A left-wing group is a party in opposition, usually the minority. Lefty, a popular nickname for a clumsy left-handed person, is another word adding to the southpaw's disgrace. In Old Eng-

lish, the word "left" was sometimes attested to disease. To the Dutch, "left" means weak or useless. Boy, I don't know if I can stand all of these compliments! Malicious, sinister, and unlucky are just a few more meanings which plague the left-hander.

Along with the language aspect, school life is also discriminatory. Let's look at a day in the life of a left-handed student. He arrives at his desk for his first class. Noticing that his pencil is dull, he strolls over to the right-handed pencil sharpener. This presents a problem as he must operate the contraption with his right hand. Sitting at his desk, he opens his book, turning pages from right to left, convenient for the right-handed student. And, where does he head his paper? Not in the left, but the upper right-hand corner. The papers he writes in pencil usually end up smudged because his left hand brushes over the fresh pencil lead. The smudging is aided by the fact that there is no left armrest on his desk but only a right one. Exiting from the room, he moves into the hall. He leaves the hall through a double door, using the right door because most everyone else is using it and there are people coming in the left door. He walks to a candy machine and locates the coin slot in the right-hand side. He has to awkwardly deposit the coins with his left hand or put the money in with his right hand and risk dropping his valuable cash because of the little dexterity in his right hand. He becomes thirsty from all these inconveni-

ences put on him. Spotting a nearby drinking fountain, he shifts his books from his right hand to his left hand in order to operate the handle on the right side of the drinking fountain. Now, it's off to art class where he meets more handicaps in the form of right-handed scissors and cupboards which are hard for the southpaw to operate. What does the remainder of the day hold for our left-handed student? More smudged papers.

Pencil sharpeners and drinking fountains are the least of Lefty's problems. Most household telephones are made so that the receiver is held in the left hand so you can dial with your right. Not so good for Mr. Southpaw, is it? Fishing poles, television dials and mailbox flags are all constructed to benefit the right-hander. Even our traffic laws prefer right over left. When driving, you must yield right-of-way and travel in the right lane, not the left. You may turn right on a red light if traffic is clear, but when turning left, you must wait for oncoming cars even if the light is green.

There are other discriminations besides what I have listed. Many left-handers have learned to live with a right-handed world, but conforming won't solve the problems of future left-handers. A happy medium needs to be reached. This compromise cannot be settled if the righties or northpaws continue their dominance. No matter how you look at it, it's a long road ahead for the lefty.



Cheryl Sovald

EARTH 2022

by Rob Frederick

The condominiums rise high on the morning skyline, their rich architecture evident to the passerby. Yet among them there is something that does not fit, something that is foreign and is against all human way of life.

Sandwiched in between the grandeur of the condominiums is a building. The building is dark and musty, its corroding bricks crumbling slowly away with each new day. The building is large, four stories tall in fact, but only one family lives within its aging walls. There is a father, a mother, and five children.

The mother arises early to fix some sort of breakfast for her hungry family. Sometimes they have had nothing to fill their empty stomachs. Even though there is nothing they can be proud of, there is still an aura of happiness about the family which flows into every niche of their cramped four-room apartment.

Outside people begin to assemble around the building. The family, aware of what is going on, still go on with their morning responsibilities. The children eat their breakfast, while their father views the crowd from the kitchen window.

"Give it up," they scream. "You haven't got a chance!"

"Go away. We will do you no harm," the father pleads.

"Why fight it?" the crowd yells.

The father finally retires to the breakfast table to ponder over their predicament. Loud noises began to emanate from outside their building. Windows shatter, bricks fall, wood splinters everywhere. The crowd is beginning to destroy their home piece by piece.

"We will not give in," the father shouts at his aggressors. "We are individual!"

"You must. It's for your own good!" a man shouts from the crowd. This man had witnessed this kind of thing before, and knows it is best for them to give in.

Whole sections of wall begin to topple off their foundations. There is nothing the family can do. Their lives are endangered.

"Okay," the father yields to the crowd. "We're coming out."

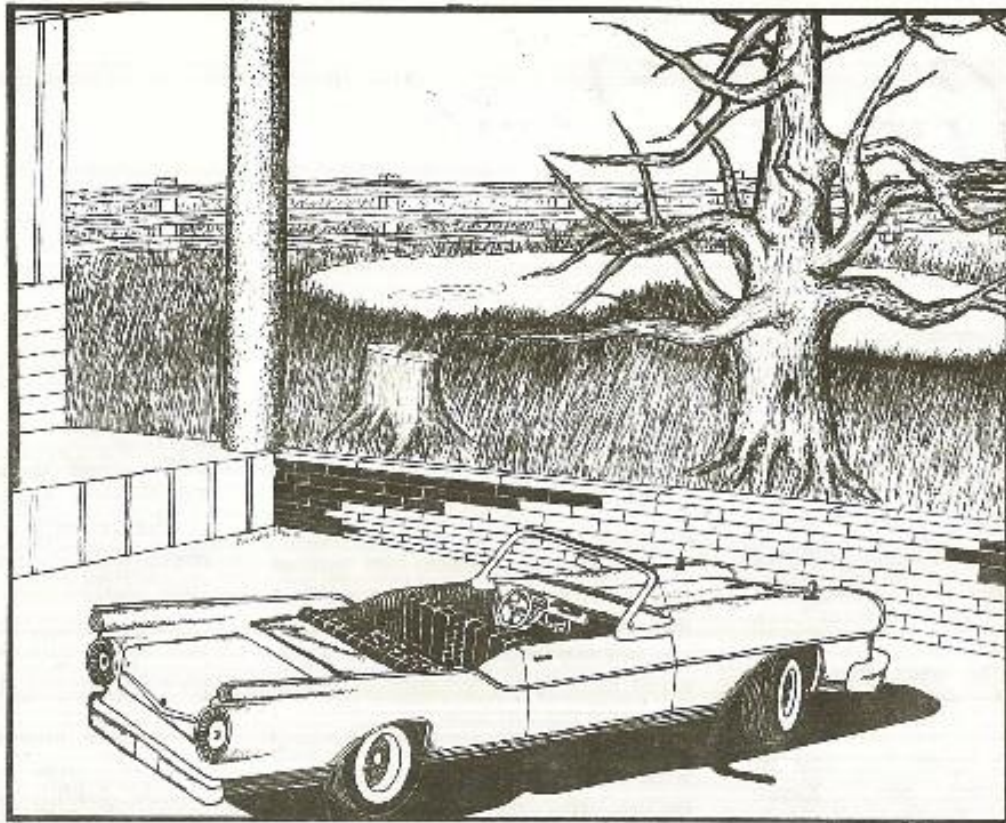
Out of the front door of the building comes the reluctant family. The father, the mother, and the five children. They are met by their harassers.

"You're the last of your kind," one of them says.

"We are happy. Why do you bother us?" the father inquires.

"Our duty is to wipe out poverty, and you are the last poor family on earth," the party member replies. "Your limousine and new life await you."

The family is escorted to the waiting car and are driven away from their neighborhood, a place that was once called a ghetto. Now they are members of a poverty-ridden world.



Randy Hawk

A Wish For Change

When snow descends on waiting ground to lay
And freezing rains make slick the snowplowed streets,
I like to dream of scorching sunny days
And walking on hot pavement in bare feet.

As leaves begin to turn and drift off trees
And fall becomes a cold and lifeless time,
I long for scents of blossoms on the breeze
And music made as spring bird voices chime.

When sultry air lies stagnant in the sun
And summer heat goes on without respite,
I wish for Arctic weather's snowy fun
And icicles that shimmer in the night.

The winter flakes have come to fall once more
And thoughts of summer fill me as before.

Jill Shupe

A Gin and Tonic

by Melanie Males

"Hey, Karen! What do you think? Do I look older with glasses or without?"

"Take them off for a minute and let me see." Karen surveyed Stephanie's sixteen-year old reflection in the bureau mirror. A page boy haircut and round face made Stephanie seem younger than she was.

"With or without glasses," Karen said slowly, "you're never going to pass for twenty-one." Stephanie slid the metal-framed glasses back over her ears.

"I'm going to wear them anyway. They give me something to hide behind."

"You better figure out how to hide your knees, too," Karen laughed. "They're moving pretty ferociously."

Stephanie glanced down at her knees. The white canvas jeans she was wearing were shaking from the nervous motion of her legs. She looked back at Karen and wailed.

"I changed my mind. I'm staying down said that no minors were al-

Karen threw Stephanie's beige jacket at her.

"Come on, Steph. You said you wanted to see what your twenty-one-year-old friends do in bars, so let's go." She opened the front door. "You coming?"

Stephanie squirmed in indecision. "Yes, I'm coming," she groaned.

They walked silently through the stillness of the warm, July evening. A police car glided past them on the empty street.

"Karen," Stephanie hissed, "what would they do if they caught me?" Karen looked unconcerned.

"Probably kick you out and fine somebody," she said. "I really don't know. If they do nab you,

though, I'll come and visit you in jail every day." Stephanie stared at Karen aghast.

"How can you just stand there and not be worried? Visit me in jail, jeez!"

"Hey, calm down. Didn't mean to upset you."

"I'll be calm once I'm out of there and on my way home." Her body trembled from fright but also, she acknowledged, with the excitement of a guilty venture of the illegal and the unknown.

As they walked her mind flirted with images of smoky, dim-lit bar-rooms, teeming with shifty-eyed villains and seductive saloon girls, businessmen with young mistresses, and athletes arguing about which light beer is less filling.

"All at the same time?" Stephanie giggled. Karen tilted her head, questioningly.

"Huh?"

"Oh, nothing." Stephanie mumbled. "I was just thinking about the T.V. cliches about bars." She returned to her imagined setting. What *would* it be like, she wondered. Certainly not like the brawl she imagined now that pitted the villain in black against the hero in white. Feeling silly, Stephanie dismissed the scene.

They were a block from the bar when the two passed the local theater. Waiting at the window was the crowd for the nine o'clock movie. Stephanie had been thirteen when she'd bought her first "Restricted" movie ticket without a parent. Oh, she sighed, if life could be so easy again.

"Hey, Steph," Karen's voice broke through her thoughts. "What

are you waiting for?" She held the door to the bar. "Shall we go in?"

The red electric sign flashed 'Bar and Grill' across Stephanie's face. A small sticker in the door's window said that no minors were allowed.

It's time to back out, thought Stephanie as she walked in.

She attempted to hide behind a much shorter and thinner Karen as they walked past the long, polished bar to the tables in the back. She felt as if the word 'minor' was printed on her clothes and across her forehead. If she hid as much of herself as possible maybe people wouldn't notice. These laughing, drunk, joking people scared her. Where were the beautiful, sophisticated, exciting men and women she had imagined?

Stephanie tugged at Karen's arm to draw her to the safety of a corner table. Disregarding the pull, Karen lingered at the bar to talk with a college friend.

"Karen, please," moaned Stephanie. Finally, she sighed, relieved. Karen was finished speaking.

Stephanie slid stiffly into a chair at the table Karen had selected. Hanging above her head was a light in the shape of a candle which cast a rose tinge on Karen's face. There were twenty other tables identical to their black, plastic one. Almost all were surrounded by laughing, drunk, joking, frightening people like those at the bar.

Comforted by the blast of a familiar country-rock song forcing its way through the smoky room, Stephanie turned to Karen to begin a conversation.

"When were you going . . ." She stopped, then groaned, "Oh, God!" A waitress was walking straight to-

wards their table. Stephanie checked the distance to the nearest exit. Someone must have told the management that she was underage. I wonder how I'll look in stripes, she thought. Will they let me finish high school from jail by correspondence? What would I like to drink? Huh?

"Oh. Yeah. Okay. I'd like, uh, a gin and tonic, please," she stammered out the name of the drink, then turned to Karen with an "I don't know what to do now" look. Karen ordered, reached for her wallet and produced several bills.

"I'll pay for both," she said. Stephanie thought the waitress looked suspicious. Please, she begged of any deity that might be listening, don't let her ask for my identification. Stephanie smiled at the waitress while her body turned to half-set jello. The waitress didn't ask for Stephanie's identification but just smiled back at Stephanie who smiled even harder. When the

danger was past, Stephanie slipped down in her chair breathing in short, whining gasps. Karen frowned.

"Shh," she hissed.

"I don't think I can take any more of this kind of fun," Stephanie hissed back. Once she had received her drink, however, she relaxed a small bit. The hardest part was over, getting by the waitress, who, according to Karen, was the one who checked identification. And the glass was a toy to keep her occupied while she tuned out the uninteresting conversation Karen was having with another of her college friends.

Stephanie nervously played with the straw, jiggled the ice cubes and blew bubbles into the clear liquid. She had the glass precariously tilted to one side when she glanced over Karen's head and saw a very familiar face. She snapped the drink back upright.

"Karen," she whispered across

the table, "you've got to get me out of here, pronto."

"What?" The ice cubes in Stephanie's glass were crashing into each other her hand was shaking so badly.

"What's wrong, Steph?" Karen followed Stephanie's frozen stare to a young, dark-haired man.

"Who's that?" Stephanie looked as if she was going to get sick.

"A teacher from the high school," she whimpered. "I didn't think about running into people I knew. Especially someone from the school. I've got to get out of here." Stephanie pressed her hands on the table and forced her chair back. She quickly changed her mind. The teacher was moving right towards their table. Stephanie saw the empty chair next to hers and sucked in a huge breath.

"Karen!" she screamed almost without sound, "what am I going to do?" Karen bit out the words softly.

"Don't get hysterical. Just play it cool. Maybe he won't notice you, he looks a little sloshed."

Karen giggled when he glanced at the two girls and sat at the table next to theirs. So much for not noticing.

Stephanie was sitting with her back to the teacher, her hand shielding her face. Her eyes were closed and she was again breathing in short, jerky breaths. After a few minutes she opened her eyes, smiled at Karen and pointed towards the door. Karen was unsuccessfully trying to smother her laughing.

"Come on, Steph," she said loudly, "I'd like to get going." Stephanie was the first out the door with the sticker in the window. She fought off the desire to run until she felt the chilly, summer evening wind slap her face. Then she sprinted. Karen yelled to her to stop and when she finally caught up both were gasping for breath and laughing uncontrollably. Karen put her arm around Stephanie's shoulder and pulled her down the street.

"No more bars for awhile, huh?" she asked.

"No more bars for awhile." agreed Stephanie.



TYPING PAPER

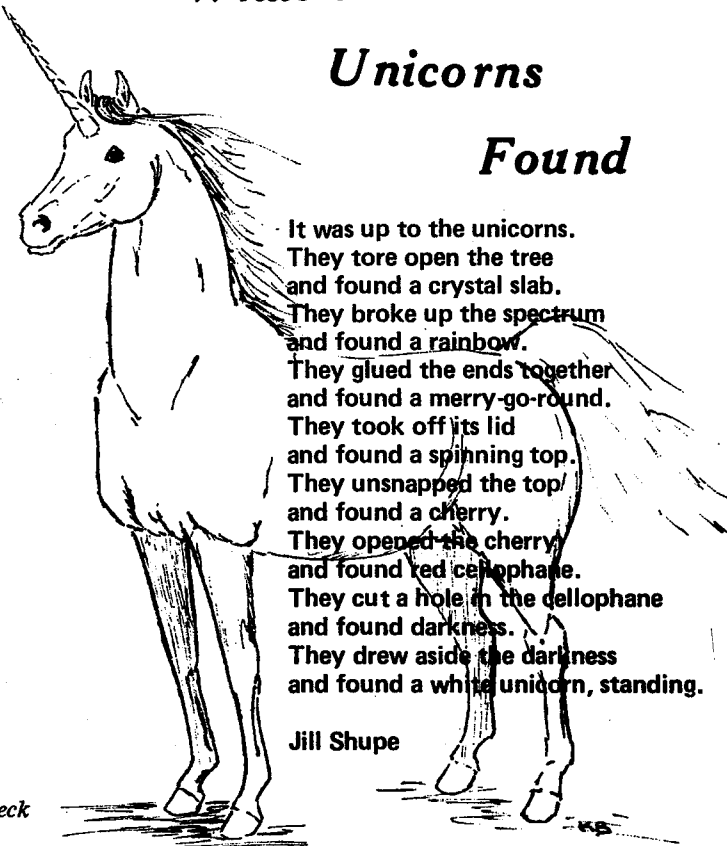
PENNED IN BEHIND METAL BARRIERS
CLASHING GEARS STRIKE AT ME
AND I'M DEFENSELESS.
IN ONE SWIFT MOVEMENT I'M YANKED FROM MY PRISON
ONLY TO BE DISCARDED WHEN IMPERFECT.

KAREN LIPSKY

Michael Jacobs



What the Unicorns Found



It was up to the unicorns.
They tore open the tree
and found a crystal slab.
They broke up the spectrum
and found a rainbow.
They glued the ends together
and found a merry-go-round.
They took off its lid
and found a spinning top.
They unsnapped the top
and found a cherry.
They opened the cherry
and found red cellophane.
They cut a hole in the cellophane
and found darkness.
They drew aside the darkness
and found a white unicorn, standing.

Jill Shupe

drawing by Kelle Belbeck



Katrine Naustdal

Not Mine

He's too big.
He's too clumsy.
He can't be my son.

His nose is too long,
His ears are too big,
He just can't be the one.

He's got four legs.
He stands too tall.
He looks like an elephant.

He doesn't look like mine.
He belongs in a tent.

Please nurse, that isn't my boy.
Don't you have something in a size 24?

Duncan McClinton



"Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow ..."

by Amy Barker

I take pleasure in procrastination, not idle forgetfulness, nor the hasty shoving aside of unfinished jobs, but studied and deliberate dawdling.

It has taken me some time to perfect this art of dalliance. Nevertheless, once the basic tricks were learned, the rest straggled along willingly.

Of the many forms that utilitarian delay takes, my favorite is the postponement of homework. A true laggard, I deliberately heft assorted books and assignments home every day, only to stash them away under piles of clothes that serve as a temporary carpet in my bedroom. My calculator is hastily tucked under a slice of fungating bread on the dresser, while I dispose of pens and pencils by craftily scattering them into

dim and discreet corners. With the evidence hidden, I'm free to relax.

Weekends are the true test of my deferment tactics. For then I must avoid not only insignificant and rodent-like daily homework, but also tread through rank forests of semester assignments which are filled with lurking essays, and sinister reports, not to mention the devious history papers that hound my every step. All these monsters beckon me into their clutches with the lure of a passing grade. I resist their temptation because in return I would forfeit hours of puckered brows and bushels of ripped out hair.

So, through years of practice, I manage to evade all these denizens of the classroom, until Sunday afternoons when open season is

declared, and I kill off as many of the beasts as my weak stomach will allow. Then off to my room I prance to lie in profound contemplation, searching for plausible excuses for unfinished work.

While meditating one Sunday evening my meandering gaze rested on a half hidden wall plaque. It read:

For a Very Little Child
Oh that it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought:
Then let me try with all my might
To mind what I am taught

With these sage verses ringing in my id, I promptly shoved two history books out from under my pillow and fell asleep.

Tomorrow is soon enough to discover my chief delight.

Inspiration

Grubby, moist dirt,
ash siftings,
Gripped in grubby, moist hands;

Matted, dark hair,
Caught on twigs and branches,
Torn by matted, dark vines;

Smearred, sweaty face,
bleary-eyed,
Raised in confusion to the smearred, sweaty clouds;

Lightning ripped across,
a dull mind shone,
and she rose in brilliance with a lightening step
And ripped open the sky.

Gigi Suits

Sophia Eberhart



Freedom

Movement
the freedom of
constant motion . . . the art,
inconceivable to one who's
crippled.

Diane Martens

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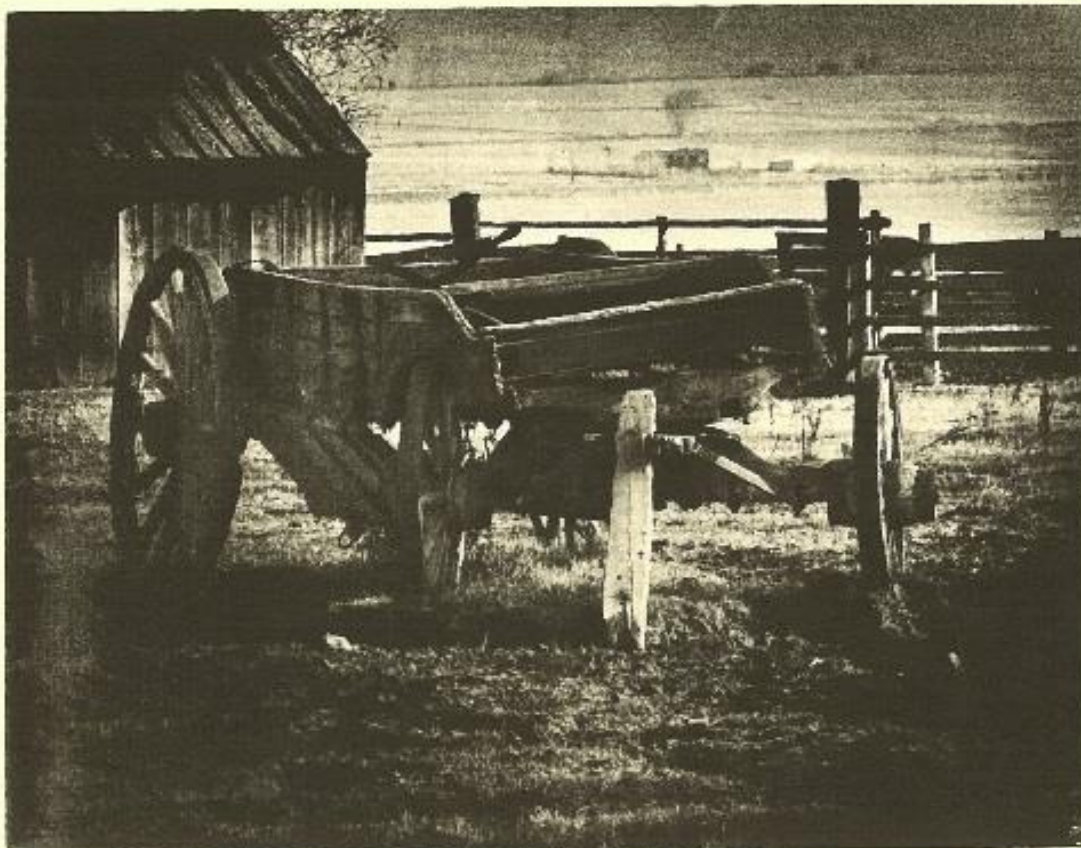
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The Countryside

There is a place where I can go and hide
A quiet place so I can be alone
Among the trees and brooks, the countryside.

The lush green fields, the leas where mice abide
The lonely winds which through the treetops moan,
Here is a place where I can go and hide.

The new cut hay in bundles baled and tied
The sky at night, the stars that all have shone
Above the trees and brooks, the countryside.

The little knoll where I have sat and tried
to find myself, the me I once had known
In truth, a place where I can go to hide.

For here at last I find my hidden pride
in life, and also many thoughts home grown
among the trees and brooks, the countryside.

I think someday, perhaps I'll here reside
With all my thoughts, a spot my very own.
Yes here, a place where I can come and hide
Among the trees and brooks, the countryside.

Mary Wiley

