

Retrospect 2001

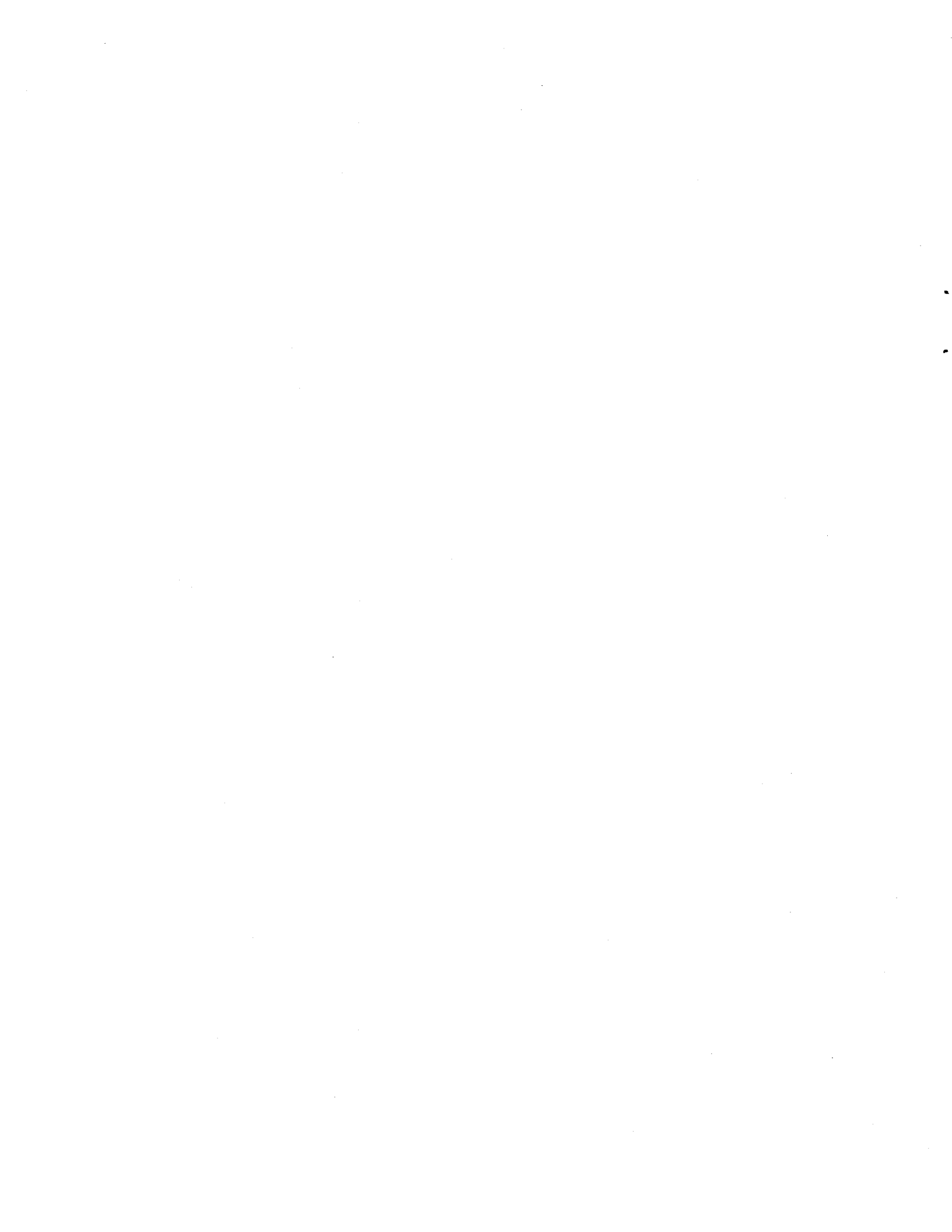


Glimmer

EHS Literary Magazine

*“Not whence, by why and whither are the vital
questions.”*

A.W. Greely



Volume 27

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Glimmer

Retrospect

Editor: Dayne Poshusta

Sales Manager: Ashley Armstrong

Adviser: Joy Lessard

Poetry

"Glimmer," Carey Olson	Page 6
"Memories," Alex Trejo	Page 7
"Giving Away My Innocence," Ashley Armstrong	Page 9
"Untitled," Carey Olson	Page 9
"Always Pray Everyday," Shannara Vasquez	Page 10
"Catch Me," Alex Trejo	Page 13
"Sense," Bridget Rikustad	Page 13
"Poem For You," Alex Trejo	Page 14
"After the Rain," Chelsea Gosk	Page 18
"The Garden," William Yarwood	Page 19
"Untitled," Delton Hauck	Page 20
"America, Don't Turn Your Back On Us," Alex Trejo	Page 22
"Cries," William Yarwood	Page 24
"I Knew," Kristen Adamson	Page 24
"Falling," Corrie Stanford	Page 24
"Faith," William Yarwood	Page 28
"In the Snow," Carey Olson	Page 30

Photography

Chelsea Gosk	Pages 8, 12, 13, & 29
Gena DeFoor	Page 14
Tabitha Lunstrum	Pages 18 & 19
Stine Hansen	Page 20
Ali Alwin	Pages 12, 26, 27, & 30
Paul Arnold	Pages 9 & 11
Robert Alwin	Page 25
Kortni Beedle	Page 12
Kathy Hodgett	Page 17
Grace Schnebly	Page 31

Short Stories

"The Duster," Naysa Poshusta	Page 11
"Family Man," Tyson Wedin	Page 15
"Song Essay," Alex Trejo	Page 16
"Class," Todd Sorenson	Page 17
"California in the Springtime," Brendan Beardsley	Page 21
"A Dismal End," Brendan Beardsley	Page 27
"Untitled," Brett Buchholtz	Page 29

Artwork

Kalie Dove-Maguire	Cover
Blaise Rawlinson	Page 20
Kathy Hodgett	Page 7

Glimmer

By Carey Olson

It had been a hot, humid day
But it was evening and the air was beginning to cool
There was no wind at all,
And the mosquitoes had not yet come out.

Clothed in her swimsuit and one of her dad's huge shirts,
She tiptoed on her bare feet across the damp lawn
And onto the unstable dock,

The sunset reflected off the glass of the lake
And the colors were smooth, blended-
Pinks, yellows, oranges, even greens and purples.
The sun had smeared its last glories across
The still surface.

Putting one foot into the little canoe, she knelt
And freed it from its bindings.
Then, with a somewhat clumsy movement,
She sent the tiny boat rocking
Away from the dock
The ripples disturbed the sun's canvas.

With a brilliant flash, an explosion of color
Made her shield her eyes.
The world around her was suddenly awash with
Pinks, yellows, oranges, even greens and purples.
Slowly, the brightness died down
And the sun's paint began to settle
Into its natural pattern.
The neat ripples were smoothing out
All across the water.

She sat as still as she could, not wanting
To break the perfection of the shimmering art
With which the setting sun had
Kissed the earth good-night.

Memories

By Alex Trejo

They say memories are golden
Well maybe that is true
But I never wanted memories
I only wanted you
A million times I needed you
A million times I've cried
If love alone could have saved you
You never would have died
In life I loved you dearly
In death I love you still
In my heart you hold a special place
No one else can ever fill
If tears could build a staircase
And heartache build a lane
I'd walk the path to heaven
And bring you back again
In my dreams I wish to see you
So at night each day I pray
for God to send you in my dreams
Right before I lay
I really miss you
As much as I ever can
You were my big brother
In my eyes you were the man
I've felt you near at times in pain
Life without you just isn't the same
If I had one wish, one will do
I'd wish to be with you



By Kathy Hodgett



Photo by Chelsea Gosk

Giving Away My Innocence

By Ashley Armstrong

Follow him into the bedroom
the truth is lying beneath the covers
I've lost my decency
would you lie to me?
Can't resist the smile I know is fake,
can't bring myself to get up and walk away
I've lost my purity; I've given away my innocence.



Photo by Paul Arnold

Untitled

By Carey Olson

Can you see me?
I'm the skinny girl in the back.
I'm that head behind the person
On the front page.
I can almost be spotted
If you look from the right angle.
I was there, but if you asked anyone else,
They'd politely say they hadn't seen me.

Do you know me?
I'm momentarily noticed
If the diva steps out of the limelight.
I have something great to do,
But no followers.
I'm the one who's name was
Accidentally left off the program.
I originally had that great idea,
But no one will ever know.

I can barely be heard
If everything else is silent for a moment.
I'm the straight average,
And all too easily forgotten.
Will you remember me?
Probably not.
But it's ok; I don't blame you.

Pray Everyday

By Shannara Vasquez

I walked into your room
You were snuggled up in bed
I kissed your cheek gently
and rubbed your forehead
I held your hand softly
and watched you dream away
Then I slipped to the ground
and started to pray
Wherever you go
wherever you may be
you'll always be happy
Your skies are always
bright and sunny
never blue and gray
That's what I pray everyday
You walked into my room and
Sat on my bed
and you said,
"Mom I'm going to miss you
when I'm dead"
I hugged him and said,
"Don't worry, Hun
you will be fine
I'll be with you soon
when it's my time"
Now my son is gone
God took him away
But I will think about him
everyday
It's time to move on now
But I will still pray
for you my son
day by day

The Duster

By Naysa Poshusta

As Colten walked down his road after school he looked out on the fields. Usually by this time of year there was short greenery everywhere. This year was different. There wasn't enough water and the creek was just trickling.

Colten was fifteen, old enough to recognize trouble, and right now he was really worried. The fields were barren. His whole family rotated shifts of chasing the birds off the seed they had spread. It was starting to get too late though.

When Colten got inside his mom was crying.

"Everyone is advised to stay inside," said a grim announcer over the radio. "Again, do not try to preserve fields. Disorientation can occur in the dust."

Colten didn't listen for more than a moment before he was outside. He helped his dad dip water from the well while his sisters penned the livestock. A windstorm was coming.

On the horizon a tan cloud floated toward them. His father sent everyone in, but Colten wouldn't go. Suddenly the storm hit. It lifted the loam off their fields like a light blanket. His father was three feet from him, but Colten couldn't sense him at all.

The farmer grabbed his son and yelled, "Let's go, it's all gone."

Colten shrugged off his

father's hand and started dipping again. He threw the buckets into the air causing clumps of mud to spatter to the ground.

The next day his family drove their tanned livestock to town to sell. That night his father died. His mother said that the windstorm had broken him.

The only thing Colten could do was move to a city. He worked three jobs to support his family. Over the course of the years his sisters married away. One of them took his mother into her home. When the last sister was settled Colten left.

He went back to the beautiful farm, now just a broken shell. Even his fond memories couldn't rebuild the house or re-soil the fields. In the desolate foreboding land Colten lived out his years as a sad old man. His only comfort was the fact that he died in his rightful place.

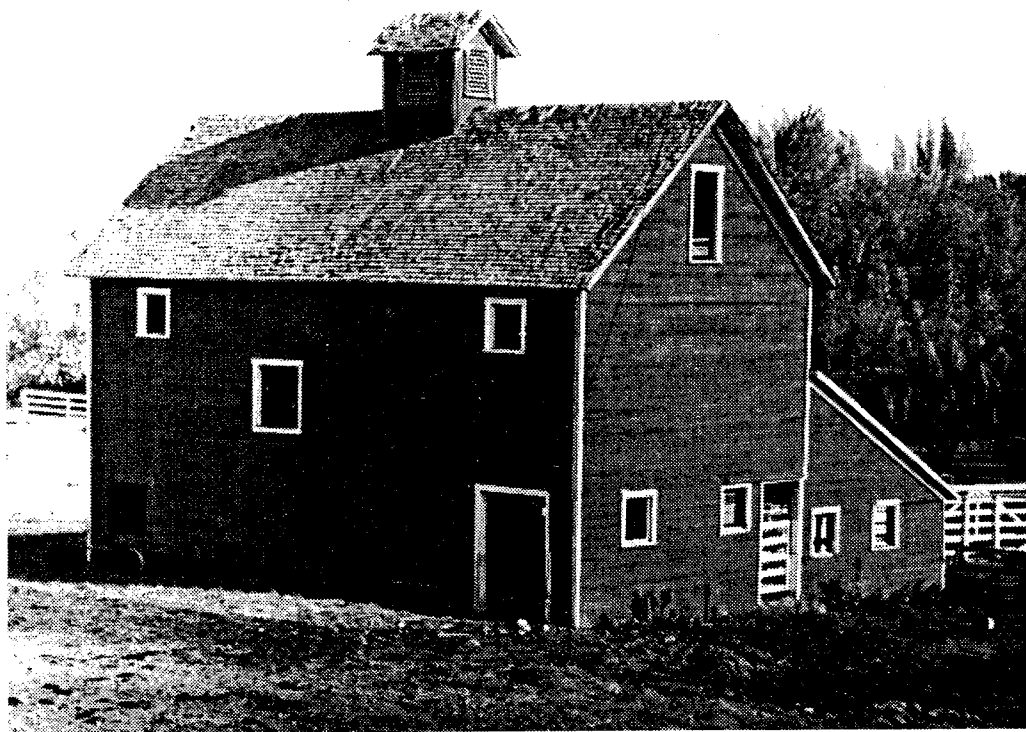


Photo by Paul Arnold

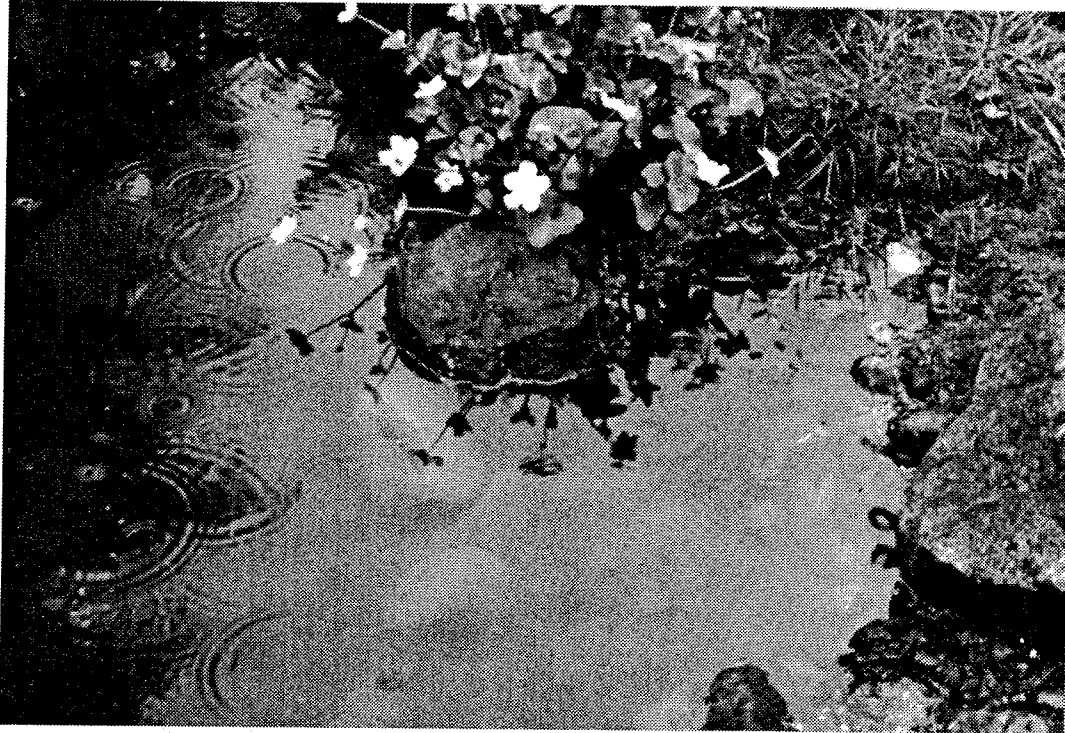


Photo by Chelsea Gosk



Photo by Kortni Beedle

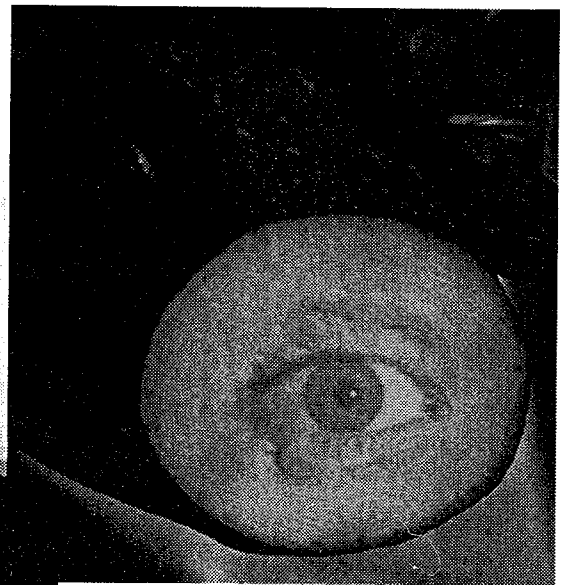


Photo by Ali Alwin

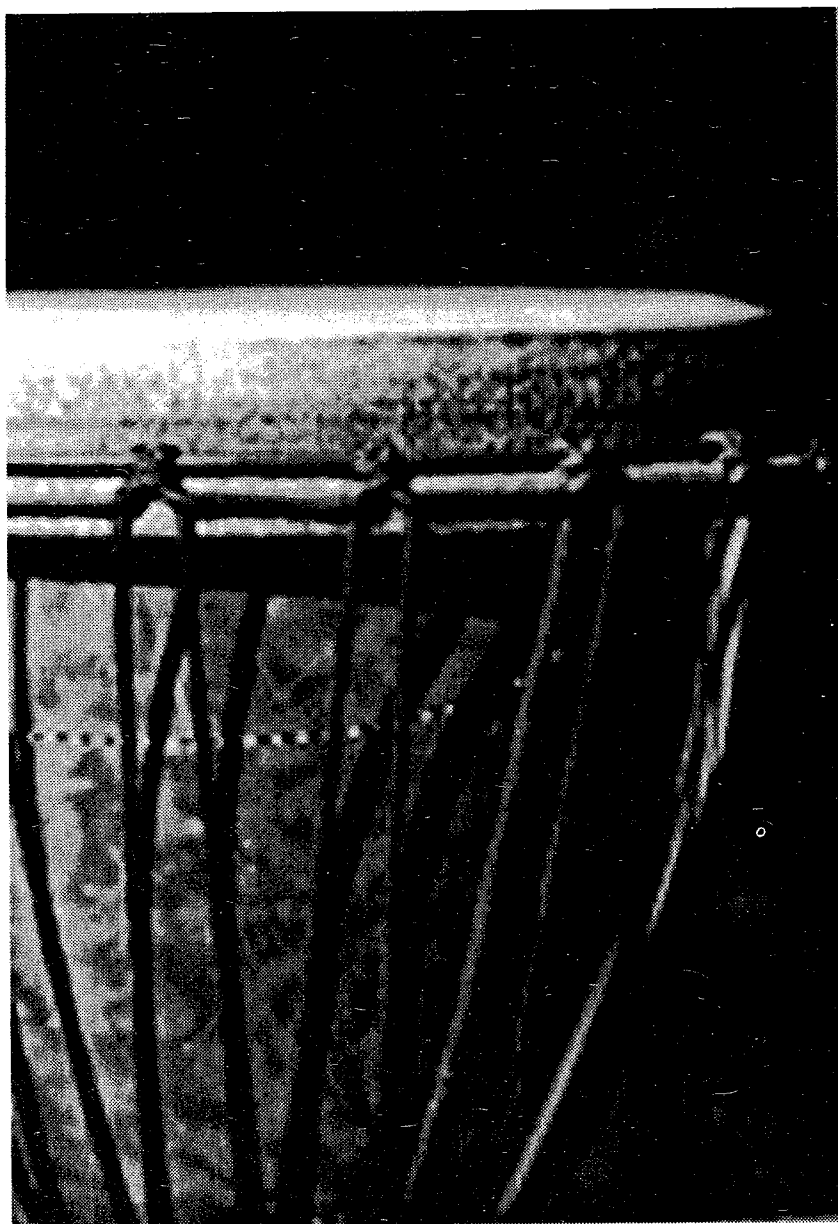


Photo by Chelsea Gosk

Catch Me

By Alex Trejo

Momma catch me
I'm falling
Your baby's out on a limb
I can hear you
Still calling
But I'm blowing in the wind
If you can save me
Please save me
Just make it all end
I'm going crazy
cuz here lately
I feel I'm being tried for my sins
Prayed to God
Like you showed me
Just ignored all my screams
In my heart
I feel lost
Like a child out at sea
Momma catch me
Because I'm falling
and I'm falling
endlessly

Sense

By Bridget Rikustad

I don't feel You
Yet I know You're there
I can't touch You
But I know You care
I can't see You
Yet my vision is clear
I have loved You

I always will
You are the sight behind my eyes
The light that guides my night
The tears that I have cried
The love that never dies
In You I've found
The meaning of this life



Photo by Gena DeFoor

Poem For You

By Alex Trejo

Here's a poem sealed with a kiss
I love the girl who's reading this
Of all the girls I've ever met
You're the one I can't forget
Your heart is like a lamp of gold
Hard to keep and hard to hold
In my dreams our lips have met
You just wait you'll love me yet.

Family Man

By Tyson Wedin

It was a casual morning, the skies were overcast and a blanket of frost covered the land. Little Hanna Jones climbed into the '93 Buick and her dad, Randy, shut the door behind her. The car started up slow and cold as if it had been in a deep sleep.

Randy was a tallish, skinny man with the nickname "Macho." He had been a clean-cut single parent for two years to the day. He worked in a cubicle spreading the word of savings on long distance to many. He lived a very depressed and boring life, as if he wasn't alive at all. Hanna had to see her father's permanently saddened face everyday.

Hanna was a very bright four-year-old girl who enjoyed what she knew about life. Everyday her father took her to her grandmother's house at exactly 7 every morning, where she would spend the day helping her grandmother in the garden, and then watching the endless run of soap operas until her father came and picked her up at 6.

Hanna sensed that this dreary Thursday morning was no ordinary morning. Her father hadn't said a word, nor had the nerve to look at her. Her pet dog, Jaxson, barked as loud as the alarm when it went off that morning. Her father had locked Jaxson in the utility room the night before and hadn't let him out, which was out of the norm and gave the dog reason to bark like a crazy man. The two set out on the busy Interstate 5, their normal route.

The father was quite focused on the road ahead, as if it was about to move out of the way of the car. Hanna just looked out of the window. It was then that she noticed they did not get off at the exit that took them to Grandmother's house. They were headed off another way, into a wooded area. After almost an hour of driving and an hour of silence between father and daughter, Randy pulled onto an exit ramp.

He took an unmarked road heading what seemed south. They drove on this road for a good half hour, then turned onto another unmarked road, followed it, then turned onto several other roads until Hanna had no idea where they were headed. She didn't dare question her father, for she feared the worst would come crawling out of her father's mouth eventually. Yet, no words were exchanged. Finally, on a dirt road they had been following for around forty minutes, the father pulled into what seemed to be a driveway, yet Hanna hadn't seen a house for over an hour.

The father shut the car off and took the key out of the ignition. He didn't even look at Hanna or even say anything to his confused daughter. He rolled down one window to a crack about the size of a pencil. He got out of the car. Hanna just stared at her father as he walked down the deserted road and through the ancient forest. That was the last time Hanna saw her father.

Almost two days later Hanna was found asleep in the car by several hunters that were passing through the area. She was now a very suspicious and scared little girl, with no mother, father, or clue of what would happen next in the world she knew so little about.

Song Essay

By Alex Trejo

The car makes a sudden jolting change of lanes to the right side of the road as soon as my cousin Marcos realizes he almost missed the freeway entrance. My best friend, who is seated to my left, blows a storm of beer breath in my face when he laughs about almost missing our freeway ramp. My tense sweaty hands lie on my lap. And my head looks straight ahead out the windshield not wanting to move at all. Not because I'm nervous about Marcos driving after drinking a few Coronas, but because seated to my right is Nely.

A beautiful girl with a Southern Mexico Indian face and a downtown body, Nely was the first real authentic Mexican girl I ever met. Rich brown skin and not a single English or Spanglish word ever coming out of her mouth. Nely seemed so much prettier to me than any Chicana (Mexican-American) I had ever met. And all this time I thought these pale Chicanas were so much better looking than Mexicanas.

Everyone knew we liked each other, but we both denied it. Somehow even without showing any signs of attraction for one another we both knew we liked each other. We had never really had a long conversation except for once, the day she arrived here from Brownsville, the Texas border town where she had to lay low for a week hiding from Immigration Patrol Officers, or La Migra.

So here we are smushed up against each other in the backseat of Marcos' smoke gray 'Lac, nervous as hell, trying hard not to let our elbows rub. My back begins to hurt and we're not even halfway to town yet. But even though I'm going through all of this pain and nervousness, I don't want to arrive. I start thinking in my head of something to talk about, a conversation starter, but I draw a blank. I don't know what to talk about because we have nothing in common. We were raised in two totally different countries. I don't know what Mexican girls like to do or what they think about. I've only been to Mexico a few times and I only stay for a month each time. That was the only time I wished Nely was Chicana instead of Mexicana. I ask God for help and He instantly does.

We hear a loud and funny snoring sound to our left and we both look over at my best friend, only to see his dead looking, slobbering face looking up at the car's ceiling. Again he snores a really loud, long snore and Nely and I both burst out laughing. Marcos doesn't even notice anything since his girlfriend up in the passenger seat is rolling up a joint for them to share. They light up while Nely and I are still giggling.

Marcos slows the car down as it fills up with the lemony aroma of Sinsemilla Marijuana from South Central Mexico. I instantly feel more relaxed and comfortable. I look over at Nely through the thick purple cloud of smoke between and around our heads only to find her already staring at me with the sweetest smile on her face.

The low soft love song starts when Marcos' pops in the tape and I stick out my hand for Nely to grab. She wants to know what the song is called and what the hell the guy is saying because she says it sounds like a beautiful song. I tell her the song is called "I Like the Way You Love Me," and it's sung by a man named Brenton Wood. And after I translate the title and the first two lines for her, she announces that, that is our song.



Photo by Kathy Hodgett

Class

By Todd Sorenson

Just as I sat down, the professor walked into the room. He strolled to the front of the room and sat down, putting his brown sandaled feet onto his desk. When he sat, his slightly too short, faded jeans pulled up revealing his light green socks. While he asked if there were any questions on the homework, he began to play with his white mustache and brown hair that was pulled into a ponytail.

The bald man with a sun-burned head had a question, so the professor began to write on the whiteboard. His fading black pen was difficult to read and it squeaked as it moved across the board. The professor, irritated with the pen, cursed at it and threw it away, say-

ing it causes cancer. He then proceeded to grab a new one. Tapping her blue mechanical pencil on her desk, the extremely skinny young woman sitting in the second row leaned her head onto her hand.

The ugly student next to me, with an unusually fat nose, set down his blunt number two Pentech and began to run his hand through his Beatle-length hair. He was overweight and had needed a shave for many days. The kid had a faint smell of mold. His paper had barely legible handwriting all over it and what looked like a booger stuck to the top right corner.

An old man sitting on the right side of the room squinted through his thick glasses in an at-

tempt to see the board. He was wearing an old green coat, gray jeans, and a pair of brown cowboy boots with upturned toes. When the professor started another discussion on why his class was more important than every other class, he began to tap his foot.

Finally, the girl who always shows up late arrived. She didn't say a word, and the professor did not acknowledge her entering his class. He just continued to talk about his subject's superiority. The fat kid next to me began to stare blankly at the ceiling, probably thinking of all the women he will never get. After a while, the professor noticed this, yelled at him, and then began to discuss the homework again.

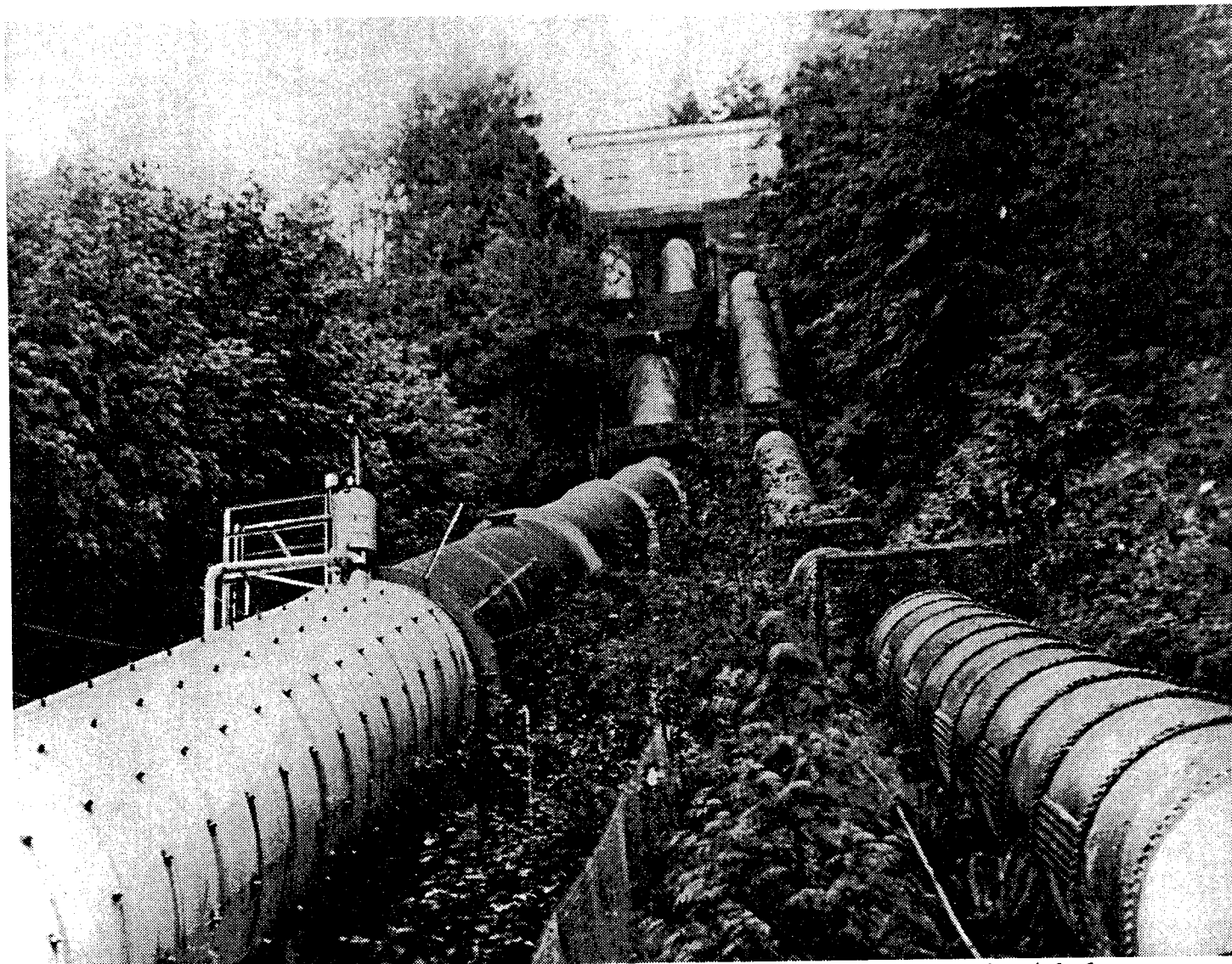


Photo by Tabitha Lunstrum

After the Rain

By Chelsea Gosk

A soft creek bed
 bent with green
 pine winds
 Deep in a black forest
 a milky pear among ebony sands
 carried in a twisted current

phosphorent
 Under an ageless umbrella
 of gloomy air and vines
 Heavy drops
 glistening with onyx rain
 beading over everything

The Garden

By William Yarwood

Suppose I came wandering into your garden,
And I stood in the shadows,
Watching,
As you tended your flowers.

Suppose I came wandering into your garden,
And I watched from the treetop.
As you danced in the morning.

Suppose I came wandering into your garden,
And dropped the shadows and the veils,
And stood all exposed



Photo by Tabitha Lunstrum



By Blaise Rawlinson

Untitled

By Delton Hauck

In the shadows
 he walked
 While I
 in the light
 His name in the caverns
 of my mind
 Mine on the tip
 of his tongue
 -in every word
 Always by my side
 there to the end
 I did not know

-or chose not to
 I am selfish and stupid
 for not noticing
 What a great thing
 it could have been
 Through every step
 he was there
 How foolish I am
 For he was, is, and always will be
 Part of the background



Photo By Stine Hansen

California in the Springtime

By Brendan Beardsley

Sunshine streams through the sunroof of our rental car like liquid honey—it warms my body thoroughly, and begs my soul to come out and play. I can taste the salty air wafting off the Pacific Ocean. The smell of a fruity perfume, from the last rental car patron, remains on my seat belt. My cotton, blue and white checkered poplin shirt flutters in the breeze. My sleeves are rolled up California surfer-style. The gentle sweeping corners of southern Highway 101 wind through endless rolling golden hills. Occasionally, the hot cracked asphalt gives way to steep cliffs and shows signs of past erosion. Sun-bleached siding on the old San Gregorio General Store is a historic texture that cuts through the urban hubbub and concrete of California like a blunt stick cuts dried birthday cake.

Across the lane from the general store there is a small herd of cattle gathering near the uneven barbed wire fence. They have coffee colored fur, their hooves are caked with dried mud, and their faces are powdery white with tinges of pink near their eyes and nostrils. They look straight at the tourists visiting the store with a blank stare and a simple flick of their white-tipped tails. The noon hour sun heats their dry pasture, and the morning dew that was hiding in the shadows now evaporates in the ever-rising sun. In the rising vapors the smell of cow manure is pungent, as is the smell of matted grass and freshly-munched hay. The closest cow's breath feels warm and moist and smells sweet and unique as it billows onto my hand in a sensory test for food. The cow turns away from me, but it is evident by the whites of her gentile eye that she is still watching me with curiosity.

As I watch through the rear view mirror, the shiny, corrugated tin roof of the San Gregorio Gen-

eral Store fades in the distance. Endless miles of artichoke fields stretch over the horizon. The plastic door handles of the rental car seem greasy under my travel-weary hands. The radio plays my springtime anthem—The Verve's "Bittersweet Symphony." The song has been played on every radio station in California nonstop for the last four days. The dreamy, upbeat melodies are repetitive, but never tiring, and the eerie background of stringed instruments is very catchy. When I think of spring I now think of this song, and spring is by far my favorite season. Everything is so fresh and new. There is evidence of new life, even here, in the parched southwestern region of the country. Oak trees stand like giant green sentinels high above the highway on the coastal hills. Their new leaves add a vibrant contrast to the scene when compared to the surrounding parched grass waving in the warm sea breeze.

The roads in California are different than home. The lanes here are about two feet narrower and the yellow paint seems brighter. Oncoming semi-trucks add an element of suspense each time they pass with a whooshing sound, brief blockage of the sun, and wind turbulence on the car. The suspense is born from the constant subliminal thought that our combined confrontation speed would be about 120 miles per hour should we stray even three feet to the left of our center lane-position. Because of this detail, my father is not able to admire the beautiful scenery. His deep concentration is not shared by me, however. I recline in my seat and enjoy the warmth of the ultraviolet rays on my winter-white skin. Serotonin is surging through my brain, and I am breathing in sunshine vapor.

America, Dont Turn Your Back On Us

By Alex Trejo

<p>Don't turn your face on me, America Listen to my rage Allow me to be politically incorrect And get into the inner being of your guilty conscience Let me take your brain apart cell by cell While I shout out exactly how I feel about Your political-historical nonsense</p> <p>Don't you dare turn your face on me, America Listen to my rage I am the original inhabitant of this land Red skin- long hair, bloody past Of conquest, genocide, cultural castration and rape That's right, Columbus, kiss my indigenous ass Because I was here first You don't intimidate me</p> <p>With your condescending claims of discovery Man-made borders, and ownership Hell no, because even though I was killed, Denied of my citizenship until The early 20th century, 500 years of resistance is what I have To throw up in your European face Our numbers might be gone after the battles, But we're still here, ever present on our land Our Land, America, Our Land</p> <p>Don't turn your shameful face on me, America Listen to my rage</p>	<p>That's right, it's me The buffalo soldier You took from Africa 300 years ago Brought in chains on slave boats treated like animals Simply because my skin was darker than yours Dehumanization, lashed backs on Southern plantations To uphold the economy of a country that did nothing but reject me forget your unsupported contentions Of my inferiority because of genetics, complexion, and Origins I turned around, surprising you Using my blackness as a cause of pride and Empowerment, cultural celebration I'm still here as well, America Waiting to take some sweet revenge for the pain Suffering, toil of the soil I underwent At your blood-stained hands</p> <p>Don't you turn your face on me America — not for one second Listen to my rage Listen to my shrieking wails Foreigner upon my own native land Because of your 1848 "Manifest Destiny" Manifest this: You betrayed me in every aspect</p>
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False promises you would respect my culture,
 My property, my language, my people
 Using the name
 of the honorable Guadalupe Hidalgo
 As your proof
 But your turned around and betrayed us
 Taking all of our land-
 The American southwest was once Aztec
 Aztlan, occupied U.S.A.
 Swallow the bitterness in my tone
 and mark my words:
 Not for long
 Denying me my Mexican history,
 My brown pride,
 Arresting me and stripping me in 1943
 Because of my daring to take advantage
 Of my freedom of expression
 Of my freedom to be different
 I'm still foreign to you
 You mock my language calling me a spic
 You label me as His-Panic
 -whose panic, America?
 Yours?
 But soon there will be
 a population takeover of Latino youth
 And then we'll see who has the final word
 Keep facing me, America
 Don't turn your face on me
 And listen to my rage
 I'm here, too
 The yellow man
 -the Asian American you refused to educate
 The one you relocated in internment camps
 Unjustly, knowing we were your native sons
 American citizens because of origins,
 once again and
 A different color of skin you couldn't tolerate
 My maker is in the gold rush, in the railroads
 I toiled over endlessly to build for you
 So you could turn around and discriminate me
 Calling me a Chink, a Jap,
 unwanted, un-loved, unattended to
 I'm marked, America
 I seek advancement,
 but I don't forget that easily
 History is more powerful
 than you can ever imagine
 And I know my realities,
 Can you recognize the truth?
 Don't turn your face on us, America
 Listen to our rage
 We are the historically under-represented
 Communities of color
 Who refuse to give up on you
 Because we believe in you,
 despite all the oppression
 We underwent at your racist,
 ignorant, rejecting hands
 We are Americans, too,
 Americans of color
 All we ask is that you recognize our history
 Instead of denying it
 Teach the truth to the children
 Instead of blinding them
 Take responsibility for your mistakes
 Instead of ignoring them
 Because we're here
 and we're not going anywhere

Cries

By William Yarwood

And so we stand,
 All wrapped in armor.
 Glistening in dreams
 But never in life
 Struck down by our own hands
 Suffocated by our own breath
 Dante's woods are here and now
 The path is by no means straight
 Wolves are at our heels
 And vultures above our heads
 Tears fall in vain
 And cries go unheard

I Knew

By Kristen Adamson

From the moment I saw you
 I knew
 That I was the one for you
 The only one for you
 I can make you happy
 And I can make you smile
 You can laugh with me
 We are true
 But now I know
 You don't think I'm the one,
 The only one for you
 You believe I won't make you smile
 You think I can't make you happy
 You don't want to laugh with me
 Because to you, she is true
 But I knew



By Lacy Bender

Falling

By Corie Stanford

Collapse beneath me
 But nothing to grasp
 Flail and try to scream
 But escape a rasp

Vision so clouded
 The flesh soon does sear
 Chaos does engulf
 Salvation appear

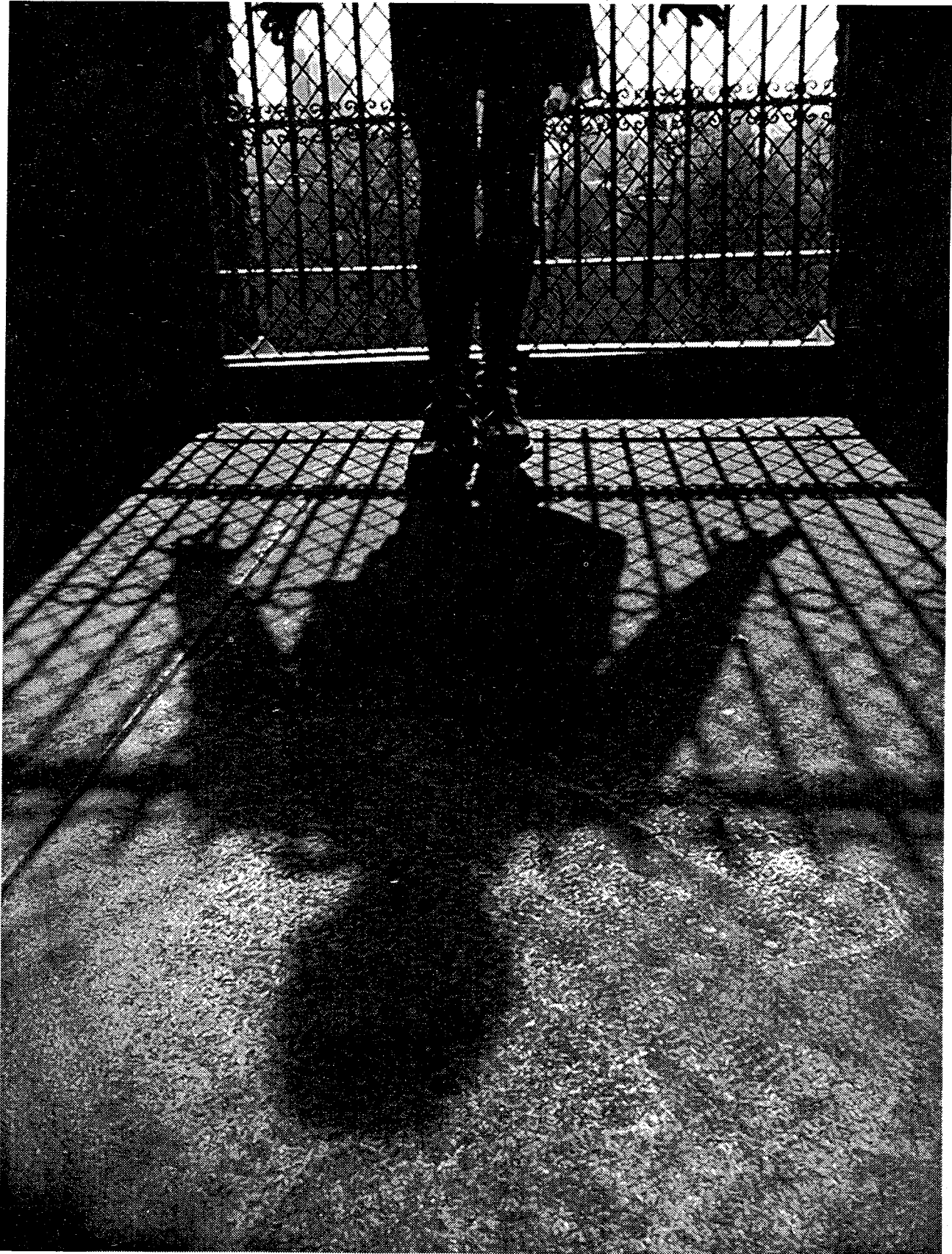


Photo by Robert Alwin

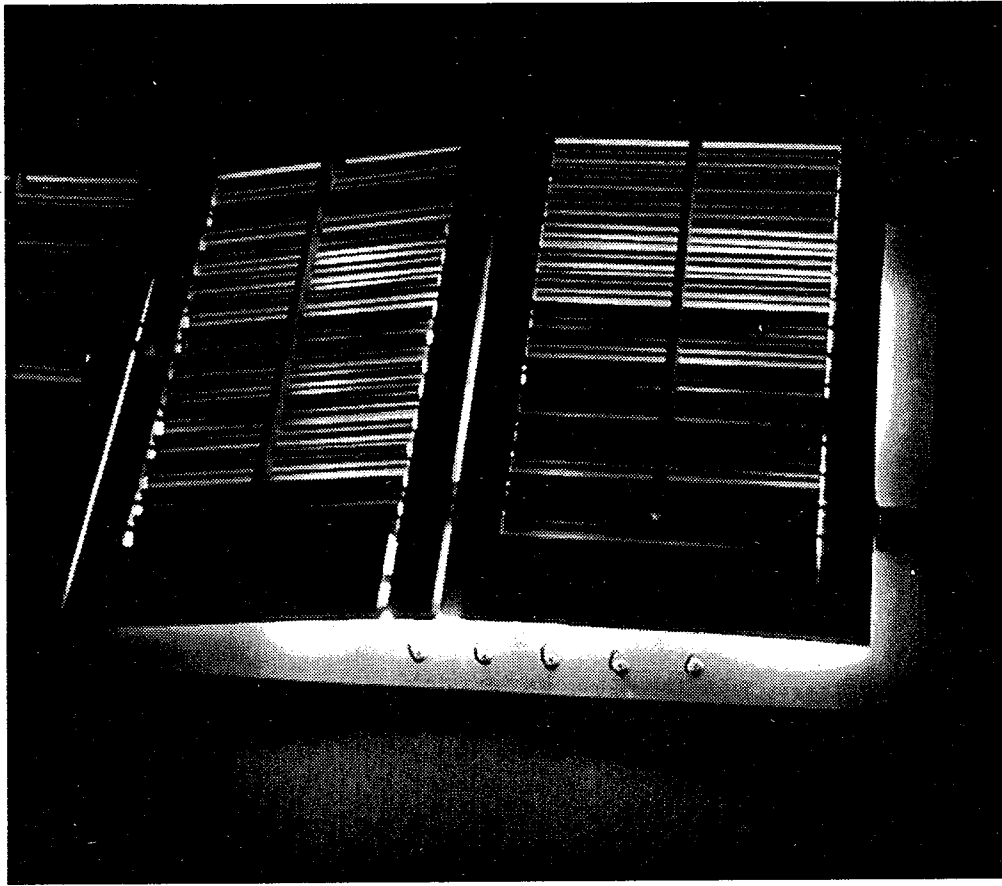


Photo by Ali Alwin

A Dismal End

By Brendan Beardsley

The constant tapping of Ed's foot keeps the nursing home patrons' in a high state of tension. The heater's fan overwhelms Margie's meek voice as she describes the next crochet pattern to Ethel. The fact that Margie speaks through a wispy-sounding tracheostomy doesn't help the situation. Too many cigarettes can kill you early, but if you smoke just the right amount, you are left with a dime-sized, froggy mount halfway down your neck for ten years prior to death.

George and Joe argue about their uneven card game (uneven because Joe is blind), and Auntie Dee prances around the room in a pink chiffon evening dress. Betty just sits and watches the television, her oxygen respirator's loud breaths clearly audible over the thrum of activities. The volunteer cooks can be heard cleaning up the chicken and mashed potato dinner; the clank and clash of dishes and glasses orchestrate a broken rhythm. A faint smell of urine is detectable; it combines with the aroma of fried chicken from the recent dinner.

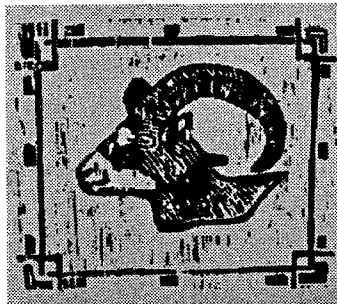
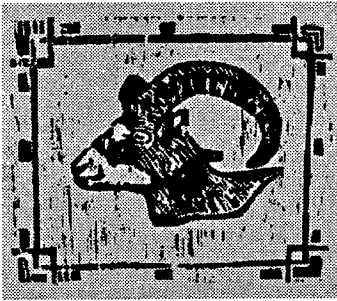
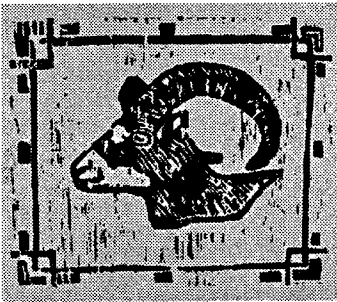
"Cleanse away our sins for we are ancient giants of a gilded age..." Crazy Willie half-whispers to no one in particular. Crazy Willie recites beautiful poetry occasionally, but he spends the rest of his time watering down the main courtyard in an attempt to "keep down radiation levels." Crazy Willie was a Navy photographer in the South Pacific during the Manhattan Project trial explosions-- he's been at ground zero, and he won't let anyone forget it.

Auntie Flo gracefully glides by on her way to the leaded glass French doors where she meets her date for a round of Bingo and a night out on the town. Flo's date is Mr. Dougie Drake, a large Texan blowhard who claims to have earned his money on the Alaskan pipe line. Drake then squandered his supposed earnings running from the KGB in yesteryear Russia. No one knows if his self-proclaimed history is fact or lore, but many think he may be D.B. Cooper in the flesh. The odd couple ramble off in Drake's rattling, old white Lincoln Continental. The car's faded headlights cut through the winter night's twilight like distant flickering candles.

Joe's white cane has long since fallen from his lap, and Betty is asleep; her breathing is slower now. George is playing solitaire-- discontent with Joe's card game ethics. Ethel and Margie are quietly crocheting, and the faded western sunlight silhouettes a few resting chickadees at bird feeders in the courtyard. Crazy Willie is pacing between the electric fireplace and the large sliding glass doors near the grassy courtyard. The chickadees bob wearily whenever Willie comes near to the door. Willie moans another of his favorite phrases, "Winter is upon us and death shall separate the sick from the living. A dismal end always has overtones of lost hope and remembered freedom..."



Photo by Ali Alwin



Faith to You

William Yarwood

Let us lie still now,
 Let winds and rains,
 The sun and stars,
 Bathe us in life
 In death.

Forgive me Babe,
 But right now it all feels...
 ...the same
 I can no longer distinguish
 And I no longer care.

You have said what you must,
 Said what is right,
 How can I cease to love you?
 My blessing, my curse
 My cure, my plague.

But I still love you,
 And I still wait.
 You keep faith with yours,
 And I,
 Faith with mine.



Photo by Chelsea Gosk

Untitled

By Brett Buchholtz

Karl blazed through the forest, narrowly dodging the thick foliage. Everywhere, the sound of thunder crashed around him as flak hit dry earth. Flying dirt pelted Karl, sending needles of pain through his core. After diving through the air, he crashed into a ditch full of bramble. Cautiously, he tried to take in his surroundings. The next instant, Karl was rocked by the debris given off by a mortar and he soon passed out from a blow to the head.

After he woke up, Karl dug himself out of the debris that had buried him, and possibly saved his life. Bodies lay around him, both those of his unit and those of enemy units. Instead of wandering aimlessly for hours and getting lost, he planted himself back in his hole and examined his wounds.

A six inch stick had run itself halfway through his forearm, luckily it had not broken any bones. However, there was stream of blood running down his arm, and he had lost some blood while he was buried. He broke off both sides of the stick

to allow a little more movement, but he didn't dare pull it through. Karl felt woozy from jerking on his arm. He reached down to grab his compass, but in his dazed state he used his bad arm. Catching on the edge of his coat pocket, the stick opened the wound enough for blood to splash on his jacket. Karl fell to the ground and quickly passed out again.

When he awoke, he was in a hospital at the German Reserves unit in Berlin. He looked up at the wall and noticed the German WWII motto, "Get busy living, or get busy dying!" Obviously, it meant that to live you had to experience war, but for Karl it was a matter of determination to keep living.

Karl came back from another brief flashback and he had a new drive. He quickly got his map and compass out to find the direction to his rendezvous. With only 30 minutes to reach the point, it was going to be a grueling four miles. He made up his mind that he was a survivor and started his endless sprint.



Photo by Ali Alwin

In the Snow

By Carey Olson

It had a way of covering the ground
The way cotton can kill sound.

The diamonds, they danced in and out
Of skeletons they told about
Long past years when the earth was new
And no rules ever haunted you.

And even though it was night,
All the black had turned to white.

The people did not notice me
As I poked the browning tree
From a time a month ago
When there was joy about the snow.

And not a moment did I miss
Of someone else's perfect kiss.

A car drove by and spewed exhaust
That stunk and then it turned to frost.
The arms bent low like melting wax.
I turned to make the very first tracks
In the snow.



Photo by Grace Schnebly

Patrons

Businesses

Button Jewelers	Campus-U-Tote-em
Downtown Pharmacy	Williams' Florist
Sweet Memories	The Copy Shop
Q Nails	Mr. G's Grocery
Calamity Jane's	KXLE Radio Station
Dance Centre	Burger King
The Palace Cafe	Cafe Eden
Dixon's Old West	Recycle Shop
Law Office of CK Heaverlo	Casa de Blanca
Boogieman Music	Daily Record
Blue Ridge Insurance	A Time For Sweets
Billy Mac's Juice Bar	Mountain High Sports
The Mustard Seed	The Clymer Museum
Arnold's Ranch & Home	Dean's Radio & Television
Knudson's Lumber	Mom's Crafts & Fabrics
Grant's Pizza Place	Godfather's Pizza
Armstrong's All Seasons	Sunrise Espresso
Skippers	Papa Murphy's Pizza
Panda Garden	

Families Students

Drummond Family	William Yarwood
Mary Heavilin	
Blazek Family	
Mecham Family	
Alwin Family	

