

REFLECTIONS

REFLECTIONS

1980-1981

"Reflections" is the Thomas Jefferson Junior High School literary magazine consisting of essays, poems, and short stories written by the students.

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POEMS



The Sun

anonymous

As it moves across the sky with grace,
I look up and let its warm rays caress my face,
Then, at the end of the day it sets in its place,
Beyond the horizon without a trace.

The next morning when I meet it again,
I think of the life it gives and give a grin,
It moves with you and keeps up with your pace,
Until it must go and warm the other parts of space.

Jack's Adventure

by Doug Surber

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack jump into an oil slick.
Jack fill bucket, Jack not stop;
Now Jack icky and smeared with glop.
Jack not care, Jack not pay,
Now Jack heating his house this way.

Leaves

by Annette Ooyevaar

The dry toasted leaves
Skittered
Across the coal black cement
Wind whipped
and
Tousled
Over a sea
Of lichen, moss and assorted creatures
Of the land
To be swept away
By the mad, idiotic,
Insane asylum wind
But to return
In the spring
On the fabled, gentle
North Wind.

The Wind

by Charlie Rauhut

The wind is a soldier,
Marching in the sun

The wind is a soldier,
Rolling down claiming many to die.

The wind can be useful,
Turning big windmills.

The wind is a friend
To you and to me.

And the wind will blow to the end;
Always whistling, always free.

Mountains

by Adam Levi

Mountains are big mountains, small;
 Sometimes, there are no mountains at all!
 Mountains are white mountains, are blue;
 Some mountains are pretty new.
 When you're on a mountain, you can touch
 the sky,
 When you're on a mountain, you can just
 watch it go by.
 When I'm at the top of the mountain,
 I feel tall;
 When I'm at the bottom, I feel small:
 When I go to the mountains I like
 to climb them,
 Then when I'm at the top, I
 run to the bottom.
 On some mountains, there are trees;
 On others, there is just a breeze.
 Some mountains are big, some mountains are
 small;
 Sometimes, there are no mountains at all.

Clock

by Donna Sparks

The clock sees me working,
 I see it ticking.
 It tells me the time,
 When something is dull.
 It has welcoming hands.
 The clock can count to twelve.
 Some can count to twenty-four.
 One hand moves slow.
 Some are round,
 And some are other shapes.
 I carry its relative on my wrist,
 To take the time with me
 Wherever I go.

The Lesson

by Annette Ooyevaar

Late as a bird
 On broken wings
 In flight
 Toward the stairs
 She goes
 Bursting forth
 In all her clumsiness
 With shoelaces partially done
 Hair in a mess
 And stockings that look like they've been wrung
 To throw herself
 At the teacher's mercy
 And to haphazardly
 Settle down
 To her lesson.

Difference

by Charlie Rauhut

The difference between winter and summer;
 The difference between worse and funnier;
 The difference between sun and rain;
 The difference between lonely and fame;
 The difference between sour and sweet;
 The difference between coffee and tea;
 The difference between you and me.
 For you and me, you see,
 Difference sounds good to me.

That Creepy Tree

by Kris Honey

Its branches sprawled all over,
 Creepy in the night,
 Frightening me and chilling me,
 Standing still with fright.
 The darkness of it all
 Makes it seem quite evil;
 Hovering over me
 Like a giant.
 It makes me feel small
 Because it looms so big and tall.
 It stands on the other side of the fence
 Looking over at me,
 That creepy, dark, and evil tree.

DOG

by Chris Kuhn

His round brown button eyes
 Lie hidden in a furry disguise,
 With his cute little body
 And his knees so wobbly,
 With his warm, loving tongue so pink,
 While he sits, wonders and thinks.
 Of the commands that are called
 And the bounce of his red ball,
 A flying stick thrown at the ground
 As he runs and jumps in sill bounds.
 His deep vibrant voice used at different folks,
 Later becomes a joyful, caring coax.
 He sits, waiting for his master day by day
 and when he spots him, his tail wags away.
 But always after a day's fun,
 He lays tired for his job is done.

Waterfall

by Pat Billington

Waterfall, you are so fine,
 Clear, crisp, sweet and kind.
 High above to low and below
 Water drips so fine.
 Trickling over rocks and pebbles
 The splashing and spashing,
 So fast and swift, like a fish,
 Jumping up the fall so high and so fine.
 White and shallow and so kind.
 The whirlpools swim fast and fine.
 Having a brook, being
 Like a little river streaming down.
 Waterfall, you are so clear,
 Crisp, sweet and kind.

The Deer

by Kristine Pearson

A deer is a dear,
 Wherever you go,
 They're sweet and soft.
 Especially the doe.
 There's a white tail,
 and a black tail,
 and when they run,
 You can see them run
 Towards the morning sun.
 A male is a buck,
 A female's a doe,
 They walk daintly along,
 Putting on a show.
 They munch on your flowers,
 And tomatoes by the score,
 They'll never stop
 And always want more.
 But the things I like,
 About the deer,
 Is that they're graceful and proud,
 And will always be here.

Pegasus

by Patricia Ann Cunningham.

The rainbows
Are your happy smiles;
The raindrops
Are your tears.

Lightning
Is your wretched anger,
Mist and fog
Your fears.

Thunder
Is your angry voice,
Singing birds
Your sweet.

The earth
Does hold your pawing hooves;
The earth
Does hold your feet.

Your crystal breath,
The frozen snow
Which makes the winter white.

Your beating wings,
The summer breeze
As born you are to flight.

So with your tail and beard and winds
Flying by goes Pegasus,
Ruler of the mystic things.

World

by Bryan Rhoades

Go away, World; just get off my back, World.
It's not as easy as you think World, World.
Sometimes, it seems like everyone hates me.
So, World, just go away.

Rib-bit

by Robyn Adkisson

There sit that frog
All green and slimey
With a combination color of a log
And still a little bit limey

He's all rough and bumpy
And, oh, so jumpy.
His tongue snapped out, to catch a fly
A pretty good catch for being so high

Instead of a jump, he lets out a croak
It sounds like there was something in his throat
A bubble blew up, under his chin
Like a balloon, you could pop it with a pin.

By the lake, with a flash
He jumped in, with a big splash.

Really

by Robin Percell

I seem to be condensed
to strangers, but really,
I am the air, really.
I seem to be selfish
to the rich people, but
really, I give things that
their money couldn't compare
to, really.
I seem to be immature
to my parents, but I've lived
for 200 years, really.
I seem to be insensitive
to people who have problems,
but I understand, . . . really.

Fire

by Dave Luehr

Green roses,
 Loveliness of a country home.
 Flashing lights,
 Sirens out of hell.
 Fiery horror,
 Deaths,
 Darkness and blackness;
 Sorrow.

White

by Misty Sandhorst

White is all sorts of
 things,
 White can be like a
 fluffy new kitten,
 White is like a shiny
 new shoe,
 It is a fluffy marsh-
 mallow, too.
 White is the glittering
 snow, melting in
 the sun.
 White is a light,
 shining bright
 White is the stripes
 on a zebra,
 White is a playful
 puppy,
 White is the sheets
 on my bed,
 White is the paper
 that we write on,
 White is eggs that
 we eat,
 White is a wedding
 dress to get married
 in,
 White is the clouds
 in the sky
 White is a color, the
 color of white.

Star Light, Star Bright

by Stacy Nordstrom

Star light, Star bright
 Shining with a glowing light.
 Down to our earth, you send a glow,
 of light that shown years ago.
 You hang by a thread in the dark
 night sky,
 You make the young stop and sigh.
 And then, when you become quite old
 You begin to slip from you tightening
 hold.
 Swiftly streaking through the sky,
 You're a sign to all that somene's
 died.
 Star light, star bright
 shining on into the night.

Together

anonymous

Together is where I'd like to be,
 With a friend, wild and free.
 Remember when you taught me how to ski?
 I rolled down the slopes, yes, that was me.
 Together is where I'd like to be
 With a pal, careless and fancy free
 When I'm with a friend I wear no veil,
 Even when my pal has a fluffy
 fur tail
 Together is where I'd like to be,
 Sharing and caring, my love and me.
 When I am with him I have no care,
 As long as I turn and he is there
 Together is where I'd like to be,
 With my parents who care for me
 They're very important, that I know
 They helped me in every way to grow
 Yes, together is where I'd like to be,
 With all those I love for eternity.

My Love Has Left

by Kris Attack

My love has left on his road to happiness,
 While I stay home and watch in sadness,
 The marker is stone and clean and pure
 I think I'll cry for lack of a cure.
 The graveyard is silent with it's new found grave,
 My true love is dead; his name I'll save.
 The grass that grows is long and quiet,
 Like sentry guards who guard a palace.
 The eyes in the night watch over the grave
 They watch my love,
 They watch my Dave.
 Forever and ever he will be gone.
 While still I struggle to carry on.

Cindy

by Stacey Stillwell

Who's creeping out from under a bush,
 As if by a silent push,
 Striding forth to present a mouse,
 She caught from under the house?
 All the neighbors know - it's Cindy.
 Who begins to softly purr
 while meticulously grooming her fur,
 Then scampers up a tree,
 Showing off just for me,
 Playfully snatching at a bug.
 Proving she's so lovable to hug?
 All the neighbors know - it's Cindy.
 Whose eyes sparkle at night,
 while hunting by the pale moonlight?
 Who naps on the sunny days of May,
 Curled atop the bales of hay?
 All the neighbors know - it's Cindy.

The Lady

by Sue Matthews

Their once was a very rich lady,
 Whose husband was really quite shady.
 He was in on a lot of bets,
 But his wife had no regrets.
 He bought her jewels and furs,
 And a horse that came with spurs.
 Until one day at last,
 Their luck just didn't hold fast.
 All their money was gone,
 He left her way before dawn.
 She had to go live in the slums,
 And walk hand in hand with the bums.
 Rich to poor, from that day on
 Her very life was all but gone.

A Heart

by Brenda Howell

A glass heart
 A clay heart
 A play heart
 A ceramic heart
 but never.
 A broken heart.

Opposite Views

by Robin Percell

People say things - but they
don't mean it.
People smile, but it's not
sincere.
People say they'll get,
around to it, but that's
just a cop-out.
People say that they'll
never tell, but they always
do.
People say that they
understand, but they never
will.

The Lord

by Jill King

Step into the light, my dear child,
And then you may see the Lord.
Oh, how the light does shine
for He knows you are there.
He knows what you are doing,
He knows what you are thinking,
So, step into the light, my dear child,
And then you may see the Lord.
You don't have to be afraid any more
Because he will always be with you.
He will be with you at birth,
He will be with you at death,
He will be there in your need,
And He will heal you.
So step into the light, my dear child,
And then you may see the Lord.
For He is the greatest power on Earth!

An Expression

by Amy Maurer

You are someone who will always be cherished,
to love, admire and trust.
My respect for you contains so much value,
surely this will never be in lust.

People change, people grow, as do their feelings,
even ours I'm sure have done so, too.
Not backwards in a wrong direction,
but so I can truly say, "I love you".

This need not be passionate nor flattery,
but words that have come from my heart
For cannot close friends and true family,
express what they feel from apart?

It is your decision to make, yet not play with;
you can write or call or just feel
the same emotion I have had an engagement with,
that from me to you is so real.

ME

by Kris Atack

I used to wonder how it was with feelings,
 To sit on my bed and cry with no meaning.
 Sadness, cheerfulness, madness, they all made me wonder,
 Why do I cry when someone leaves?
 Is it because I love them?
 Yes, I think it is. A special feeling toward
 everyone, yet different all the while.
 Feelings help us cope,
 They help us communicate when words just
 can't say enough.
 They keep us from emerging into a
 endless world of talk that has no meaning.
 So cry a little, laugh a little; let the whole
 world know what you're about.
 And for those who can't stand up and shout.
 I'm me, just me, and no one can change that.
 I want to be me, so don't try to change that.

Martin Long's Death

by Kris Honey

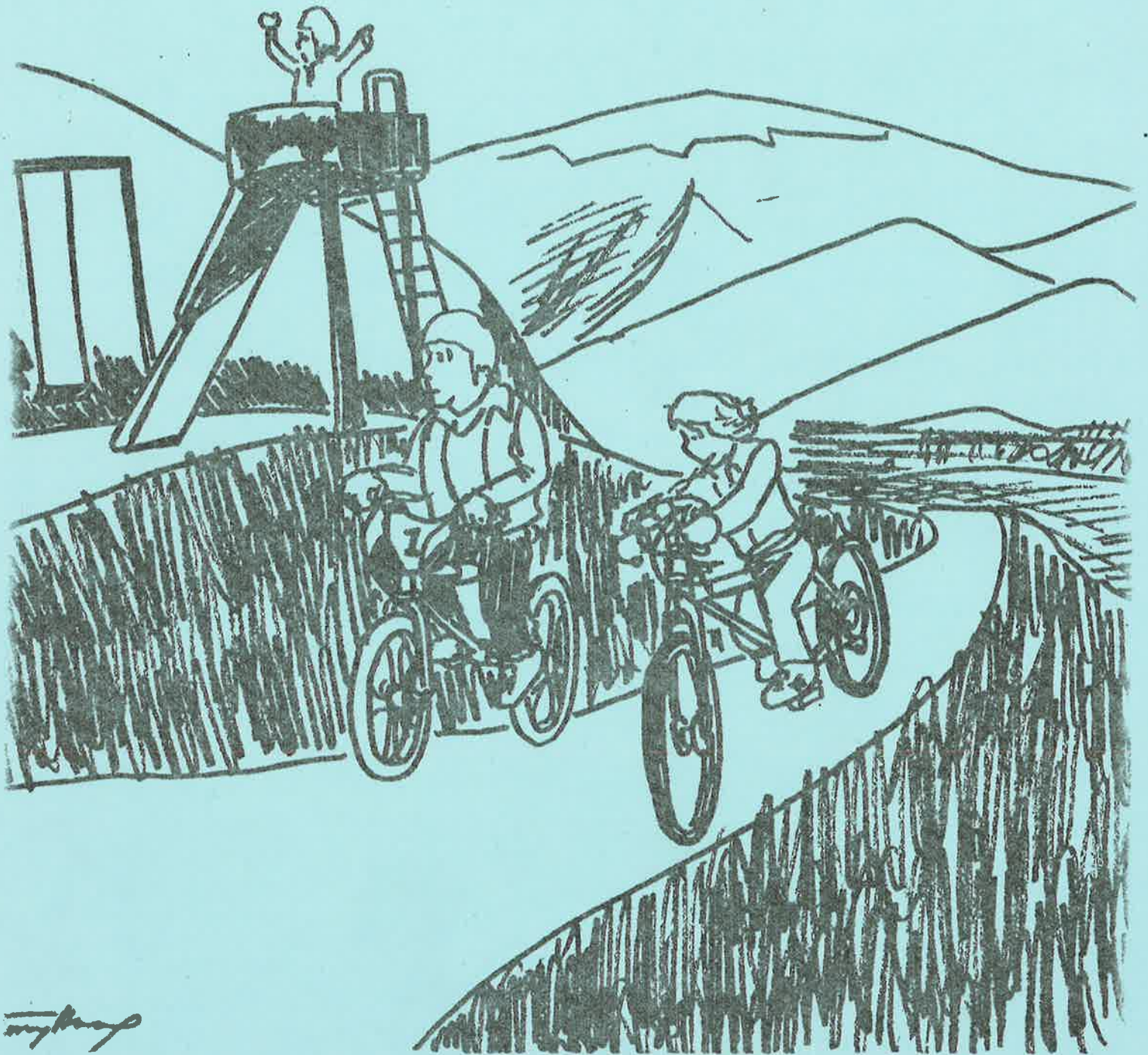
Martin Long died that
 Saturday evening,
 While his brother Kevin
 was leaving,
 And when the police came,
 It was all the same,
 The servants, the guests;
 no one took the blame,
 The doctor just analyzed his death a murder.
 The maid muttered a prayer but no one
 heard her,
 The guests sat with
 their mouths ajar,
 But no-one had
 taken the blame so far.
 All night long they
 had to plan and decide.
 The verdict was "committed
 suicide."
 So the case was closed and the
 folder put on an empty shelf,
 But no one really
 believes he killed himself.

Friends

by Lora Meadows

Awhile ago,
 I had a friend
 And that was my only friend.
 We would run,
 We would play
 Until the end of the day.
 Then in the morning
 We would ride our ponies
 And play in the hay.
 We would see our way
 Down to the bay,
 Until the end of the day
 We would walk our way,
 And be friends, day after day.

ESSAYS



myknap

SUMMER RAIN

by Maresa Kirk

The first drop of rain fell lightly to the ground and spread itself over the soil, forming large puddles, quenching the thirst of the dry and withered plants. The hard dehydrated cracks in the soil closed with the refreshing taste of water, moistening all of its rich minerals. Oak trees, desicated from the past dry spell, seemed to reach out their leaves to the cool rain and were quickly rewarded, for Mother Nature understood that all life needs water to stay alive.

Animals came out of the dark, dry forest to the cool moisture of the meadow to drink the water that was so hard to get just an hour ago. Rabbits joyfully sprang over and under sticks and branches. Deer, followed by their fawns, leaped over large logs, stopping at times to sip the cool rain water.

Birds were chirping as if thanking God for the rain that they so desperately needed. They were thanking Him for all of the plants and animals. For now, everything was happy, with no thought of the next dry spell.

GEESE ON A MARSH

by Martin Campbell

The wind whispers peacefully through the tall, dying, wild rice. It is fall and the leaves are falling onto a thick carpet of dead, windblown grass and brackish water. A sense of tranquility reigns over the marsh.

As the sun climbs higher into the cloud-spattered sky, a sudden flopping of wings accompanied by a chorus of undefinable voices is heard. A large flock of geese come gliding in like a swarm of locusts. The marsh that was very peaceful only a few minutes ago has now become tranformed into a loud, roof-raising barrage of goose calls that would successfully compete with New York's Fifth Avenue. The sun sets with golden splendor and the geese continue their relentless chatter but with somewhat less alacrity than during the daylight hours.

The following morning at daybreak, the geese resume their squawking with renewed vigor. As the sun begins to peak over the far hill, a sense of restlessness settles over the geese. Suddenly, a lone goose takes off into the leaden sky with a loud squawk as if pulled by some invisible string.

Soon the entire sky is filled with the calls of the wild geese. In just a few minutes the marsh is once again quiet as though the geese had never stopped there.

The Wreck of Mt. St. Helens

by Martin Campbell

As I stand here on this great mass of mud and ash, I can't help but wonder what Neil Armstrong was thinking as he gazed out at the lunar landscape.

A small puff of ash drifts by. The great gray expanse of tangled tree trunks and branches stretch out in all directions before me. The sound of desolation is so intense that I long to hear any sound just to know that somewhere in this barren, bleak world, there is life. I glance down near the base of a driftwood-colored tree trunk and spy a tiny green shoot starting new life. From this, I know that someday this forbidding wasteland will once again be green and beautiful. As I stand here, my gaze slowly travels upward to the crater where a puff of steam indicates that the cause of this alien landscape is still alive and at work.

The Slide

by Jacque Brunner

The early morning sun glinted off the shiny, new slide. It was sixteen feet high and had four compelling, twisting turns. It seemed to wind to the ground like newly unbraided hair. The top was lustrous steel; the bottom was a luscious navy blue.

All around, little children gazed in awe at the sight of the new play-thing. They scurried over to the sky-blue steps and began to climb, holding onto the cool metal railings wet from dew. As the children neared the top, the clanging steps moved to a faster beat. In an instant, the first child - a boy - was starting down the smooth-as-ice, metal joy. He slid freely into the first curve, screaming with glee. Approaching the finish of the ride, the boy felt himself being propelled faster into the depths of excitement. The slide seemed to disappear and he was flying on air. All at once, he landed with a swoosh at the bottom of the slide. He scampered over to the steps of the bright, new slide, ready for another exuberant ride on the still wonder.

The Ball Park

by Quinn Higgins

The ball park seemed dead. Some people might say peaceful, but a place that is made to hold screaming people is desolate without them. The darkened stands were empty, devoid of all life. The janitor arrived and readied the field. The lights went on and the stadium seemed to quiver with excitement as if it knew what was to happen. The people began to arrive and the game soon started. The fans screamed wildly, cheering their favorite player on. The stadium seemed at home with all the people crowding the stands. Once again, the stadium was full. As soon as it had begun, the excitement was over. The game was lost, and the dejected fans were silent. After a short time all the people were gone. The janitor cleaned the stands of the litter deposited by the fans. When the cleaning was finished, the stadium looked like it had before the game. After locking up, the janitor shut off the lights. The ball park was drenched with darkness once again. Imperceptively, the stadium sighed, frustrated at being alone. The stadium seemed dead, deserted. Some people would say peaceful, but a place made to hold screaming people is not at peace without them.

The Wild Mustang

by Robyn Adkisson

The wild white mustang threw and bucked himself around inside his corral. He was dying of captivity. His long white mane tossed and turned. His fiery red demon eyes burned with madness. Snorts of fierce steam from his nose and white foaming around his mouth indicated that he was getting tired but wouldn't give up. Then he calmed down, walking on the path that he had made until he got his strength and energy back.

Soon, he stopped on the opposite side of the ranch from us. It was silent. Before we knew it, the amazing animal was running towards the clear, clean, fresh mountains. He had knocked down the fence. His tail flew in the wind, trying to keep up with the horse. He was beautiful, running faster and faster, as his muscles bulged out. The thumping of his hoofs grew fainter and fainter. He was free!

Run for Fun

by Jacque Brunner

In the past, running was looked upon as a sport for the physically fit, well-trained athlete. During the past decade, this concept has changed, and today running has become a great part of many people's lifestyle.

Not only does one benefit from the physical point of view, but the relaxing, carefree affect of running is great for one's mental health, too. Running gives one a chance to forget problems and let one's mind wander from the anxieties of everyday life.

There are more reasons for running than just to get back into shape or compete against others. Just doing it for one's self is good enough, and how many times does society give a person much time to think of the self? People have been brought up to look out for the other person and thinking or helping themselves is considered vain and selfish. It doesn't hurt to let one's self relax once in awhile; in fact, it can help one feel more self-confident and improve a person's relations with others.

Because running is so natural, there is really no correct way to run. Everyone is different, so the style a person uses may differ from the style used by others.

Where a person decides to run will also differ, depending on the individual. Some like tracks, and others enjoy going a more scenic route, such as a park or just around the neighborhood. Where a person decides to run is up to the individual. There is no right or wrong place.

Many people have trouble finding the time to run. At first a person might only get out four to five times a month because it seems strange to set aside time for running. As one gets more enthused and used to running, the person will start to make a point of getting out more and more often. A person could get out as often as twice a day or as little as once a week. Remember, it all depends on the person and his/her lifestyle. Whatever feels the most comfortable is the best.

There is no special equipment needed for running besides a good pair of running shoes. The clothing a person decides to wear will depend on the weather and one's own personal preference. For most people, a t-shirt and a pair of shorts is preferred.

Many people are discouraged from running because they're too embarrassed, think they're too old, too out of shape or the like. These thoughts should be abandoned. Any able-bodied person who does not have some sort of physical handicap or who has been otherwise warned against strenuous exercise may run. People are only helping themselves with most any physical activity. Do not hesitate from running because of a fear of being laughed at. A person who laughs has probably never tried running or is too embarrassed to run. As they say, don't knock it 'til you've tried it.

cont'd

As one gets better and more interested in running, their enjoyment for running will increase. There are no time limits, distance limits or special days to go running, so a person can decide his/her own schedule.

Remember, while one's out there enjoying him/herself, the person is improving his/her physical being by losing weight and replacing fat with muscles. All this and having fun is almost too good to be true.

Since no spectacular expenses or training is needed, running is fast becoming a nationwide pasttime. People are beginning to adapt running as a regular part of their lifestyle. Running is fun, natural and easy to do. It makes getting to the top of that hill worthwhile.

The Sun

by Quinn Higgins

Rising in all its glory, the immortal sun casts a baleful eye on the sleeping people. Shrouded in gold, it inches slowly upward, lighting the countryside with majestic color. Circular in design, yet large beyond belief, it remains a silent observer of the small accomplishments of Man.

The sun, giver of warmth, seems to be a huge lifeless eye guarding the frail beings below. A relentless furnace in the summer months, the Sun beats down mercilessly. A one-time god, the Sun deserves the lavish praise it sometimes receives.

Snow

by Lisa Olivier

Millions of tiny snow crystals fall softly on the ground. Snowflakes, shimmering ice crystals formed from frozen water vapor in clouds, gleam like diamonds on the meadows, reflecting the sunlight. They flutter from the sky like goose feathers and settle like cumulus clouds on the ground. The snow hushes the loudness in the road. When enough snow falls, it can silence a city. Newly fallen snow crackles its freshness and laughs beneath each footstep. Before a thaw, it squashes and sounds like a plunger unclogging. It softly sticks in hair and eyelashes. Each tiny crystal has its own unique design. They're tossed and twirled by the wind until they pile up side by side, creating snow drifts, looking like soft whipped cream from a distant.

The Untitled Story

by Jacque Brunner

Life was hard in this neighborhood but it was just one of the many Skid Rows in the city. Grey, dingy complexes made up the whole area. Everything was alike; the same filthiness was to be seen all over. Smog filled the air; garbage littered the streets. People tried to do the best they could with what they had, but it wasn't easy. Women dried their clothes on clothes lines stretched from window to window, building to building. The sun was hot and the wind faint. The heat made everyone lazy, even one small, starving cat who was curled up under the steps of a building, trying to get some shade and save its strength. A few kids hung around in the gutters, playing marbles in the sticky pavement. The street had been patched with tar so many times that miniature black sticky rivers oozed out everywhere. There was no talking, hardly any noise at all. Everything seemed to be in a state of dormancy.

The lazy heat-scorched scene vanished with a sudden loud crash, then a shrill scream. Three greasy-looking hoods came running out of a nearby liquor store. An old Mexican ran out of the store with a gun, shooting wildly and screaming vicious obscenities at the three young thieves. They ran harder and faster, pushing over garbage cans and scattering rubbish all over the place. The kids hadn't run far when the loud whine of a siren screeched through the air. The scoundrels halted, turned for a moment, then ran. The place was a scene of confusion. Women screamed; small children cried. Police were everywhere. In a crowded alley, four cops fired a few shots, overtook the culprits, roughed them up a little, then handcuffed the boys. They struggled fiercely as they were pushed by the police into the back of a police car. An engine backfired and the store keeper stomped back into his shop, slamming the door behind him.

The women gathered their children, brought them back to play, then went back to their clothes and other chores. The wind rustled a pile of paper, then ceased. The cat who had been idly watching the confusion snuggled back up under the steps, yawned and shut its eyes. Things were peaceful once again.

About the Fox and the Dog and the Cat

by Kira Bohn

The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog while the kitty cat sleepwalks thinking he is in the tropics with a handsome fish. The fox accidentally trips over the dog. The dog becomes really active all of a sudden and wakes up poor kitty who hates dogs, especially when they wake her up!

About Little Miss Muffet and the Brown Recluse Spider

Little Ms. Muffet sat on a tuffet eating her soggy oatmeal, when along ran a Brown Recluse Spider and sat right beside her little green tuffet (or was it blue?). She asked the stupid brown recluse to remove his fat little paws that were resting on her lingerie and to stop blowing bubbles. He stopped blowing bubbles, but refused to move his fat little hooks. So little Ms. Muffet took him and her lingerie to court. Six years later, the court was finally adjourned and the Brown Recluse had been sued for eating personal property-\$21,000. Little Ms. Muffet was arrested for loafing on one of U.S.S.R.'s secret missile bases and spilling soggy oatmeal on it. The moral: It is best not to eat soggy oatmeal.

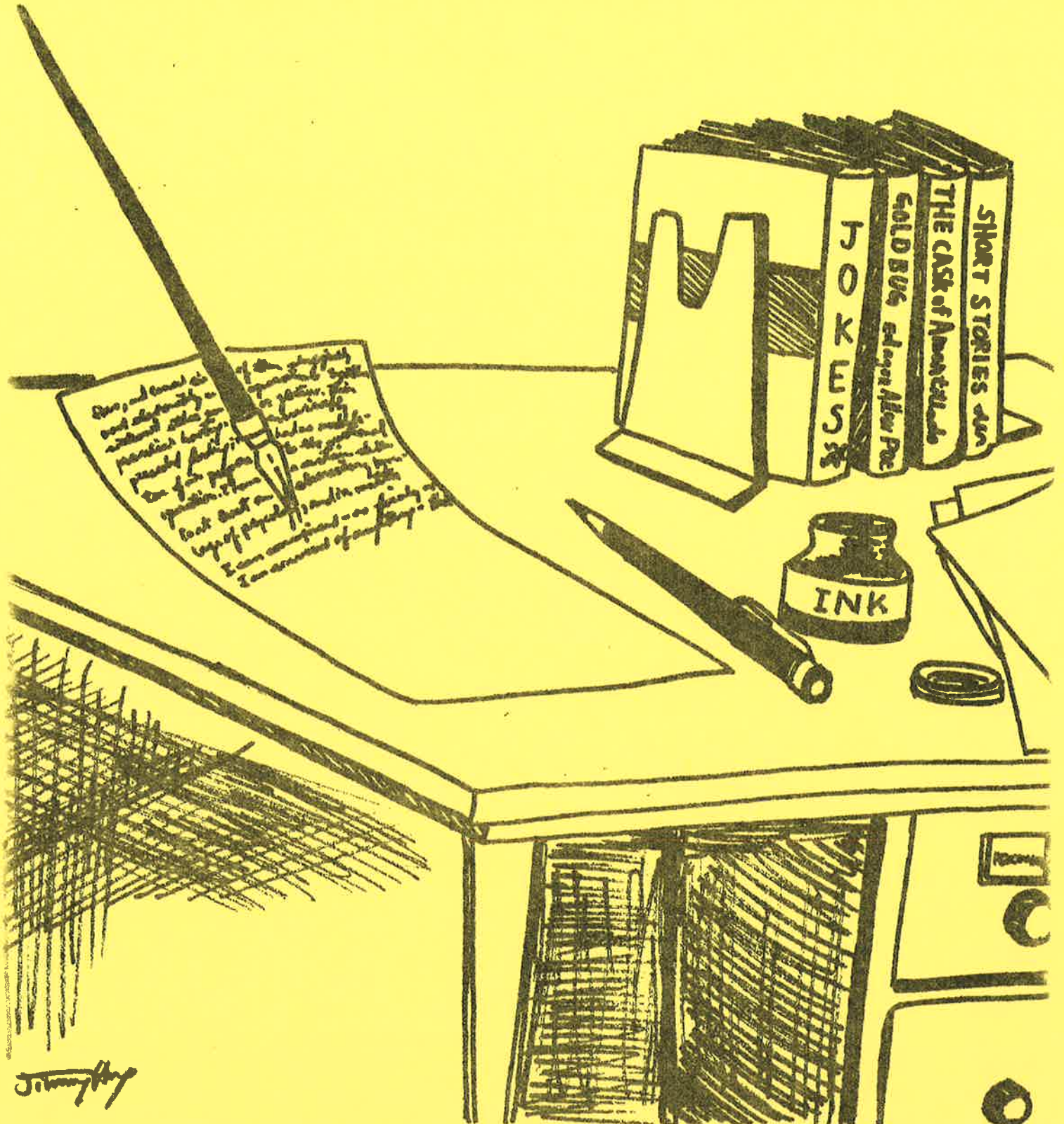
About Humpty and All the Great Men

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall. All Carter's grape horses and all his great men took Humpty to the doctor. Dr. Dump and all his dumb nurses couldn't tell if poor Humpty had polio, a concussion or acne. They thought that polio was too serious and they didn't really know what a concussion was, let alone know how to treat it. So Humpty Dumpty was given a bottle of clearasil and told to not call them because they didn't want to hear about it. Several days later, Dr. Dump received a call from all of Carter's grape horses and all his great men telling him that Humpty Dumpty had died the previous week of v.d. Of course nobody knew what v.d. was, so they held a party in honor of one of the dumb nurse's divorce. The moral: Don't sit on walls!

THE END (OR IS IT?)

For more Father Goose boredom, don't contact me
because I don't want to hear about it. For
compliments, etc. call toll-946-3663 (WHO-DONE)

SHORT STORIES



The Forgotten Wish

by Charlie Richards

Steve was a small, lonely boy with a big imagination. He fantasized being an astronaut, owning a candy store, and all those other fantasies of children. However, Steve's problem was constant. He was always daydreaming while all the other kids were out having a good time.

Thirteen was a tough age for Steve. So was being an only child.

His family owned a large three-story house with an indoor pool. Steve couldn't swim. His parents didn't swim either but still the pool man came twice a week to clean a pool that hadn't been used in two years. That's the way his parents were. To them, money was merely a toy, and so was Steve. They never talked nor listened to him. For Steve, life was cold and lonely.

One day he was sitting on the steps of his home, staring down the long driveway through the forest (through which his friends had never ventured for he actually had none) when his eyes could no longer hold back the tears. For the first time, Steve was not thinking of candy or rockets but of revenge. He wanted all the people who had treated him so badly to feel the pain he felt. The thought scared him. He had never thought so violently toward people before. The tears flowed more quickly. The thought became stronger and stronger.

Steve's parents were gone for the weekend, and it was a good thing because he could no longer hold back. He shouted with all he had, "I hate you, World; I hate you and all the people!" He put his head on his knees and cried aloud.

Suddenly, he felt an extreme flow of anger. More than he could stand. More than just a feeling to scream. More than just to cry. A surge of heat ran through his body. He could feel reality begin to slip away. He passed out.

He dreamt he was sitting in a chair talking to, well, that he wasn't sure about. Whatever it was, he felt he was meant to listen. "Your temper," the words came almost a feeling as much as a voice, "If you had a chance, you would have killed someone." The voice was soft and easy. "You deserve a break," it said, "and you're going to get one. You'll have ten, ten wishes and you're on your own. Please, be wise."

Steve woke up. It was night. He had lost about five hours. What a dream, he thought, it seemed so real.

He ran into the house to get something to eat. "Chicken", he said aloud, "I want chicken." That was what he wanted, but he knew all they really had was ham. He hated ham. He opened the refrigerator door and, to his surprise, there was chicken. His mom must have made some before they left that morning, he thought. Steve munched happily.

The next morning he felt relieved. He started to think more about that dream. He pretended it was real. "I wish I had a...chocolate sundae" he said and before him appeared his wish. At first he was scared, then happy. He now realized it was true. He could have anything he wanted. He wished he had a box of candy bars. There it was. "I wish I had a carton of ice cream."

He said, and so it was. He ate and ate until he was almost blue with nausea. He wished it gone. It went. He ate readily again.

Tired of eating, he sat down and began to think of what to do next. He thought of how that boy in school the day before had poured milk on his lap and would not allow him to wipe it off, and how all the kids laughed at him for it. He wished the boy to his room. The boy appeared before him with his mouth open, his body shivering with fear. "Hi, Joey." Steve said in a low, smooth tone of voice. "How've ya been?"

Joey couldn't speak.

"Loved your joke yesterday, Joey."

"What do you want?" Joey shouted frantically.

"You, Joey," Steve said, "I want you." Steve's face turned cold. "All my life I've been runnin' with no place to go. Scared, Joey. Scared of people like you. Well, now it looks like the shoe's on the other foot, don't it, Joey? Ya scared, Joey?"

"Just leave me alone!" Joey shouted. Tears began to flow from his eyes.

"Hope you have fun, Joey. Ya know why? 'Cause where you're goin', ya ain't gonna like it. Fact is, Joey, I wish you were dead." And so it was.

When that was over, Steve couldn't believe what he had done, but still he felt pretty good.

Steve suddenly remembered a part of his dream he had forgotten. He only had ten wishes. How many wishes have I used? He thought. He whispered to himself, "From the beginning-the sundae, one. The candy bars two." He hesitated a moment. "The ice cream that's three. Gettrng rid of the sickness, four, Joey here and gone, that's five and six. No problem. I still have four left."

Now what to do with the four remaining wishes? Steve thought of how sick he was of junk food already. That's out. The obvious suddenly came to mind. He always wanted to be an astronaut.

"I wanta float in space.:" He said. "Fantastic, that's just what I'll do! First, I'll need an oxygen tank." And so he had one. "That's number seven." He said. "Oh, and, of course, a space suit. That's eight. And for nine, I want to be a million miles in space." And so he was.

Steve knew a lot about outer space. He loved to read about astronauts. He knew about aircraft, the moon, and even the oxygen tanks. The one he had was to last fifteen hours; he had decided that in his wish.

Floating around in space was a joy to Steve. Never was he so happy. After about two hours the cold air seemed to be cutting through the thick skinned suit. A chill ran up Steve's spine. He thought of something more awful than what anyone had done to him. More awful than the feeling of the anger the night before. It was his first wish. His first wish could have been the chicken. He had only one way to find out. Slowly he said, "I wish, ...I wish I were home."

Nothing.

The sickening feeling in him numbed his body.

Steve was all alone, scared. It was dark and Earth was merely a spot a million miles away.

"I wish I would have been-----wise", he said.

Captain John

by Peter Gunnerman

A certain quiet fell over the Jackson County Airport terminal. The only sounds that could be heard were the employees behind the airline counters, preparing for the next day, and a maintenance man, slowly pushing his cart on the freshly cleaned tile floor.

On the outside, one could hear soft music coming from the airport speakers and the slow-back and forth pacing on the cement of a cab-driver, smoking a cigarette, while waiting for a rider. The fog against the blue runway lights gave off an icy blue shade which was a perfect companion with the cold western Colorado night.

The day was almost over. In fact, it would have usually been over had it not been for the delays of Flights 121 from Tucson and Flight 751 from Reno.

The men in the control tower, although a bit uneasy about the fog, were anxiously awaiting the two planes so that they could get home. It was dark inside the tower. The only light was the erie green given off by the radar screens. There were four men sitting on the chairs, in the tower; a fifth man, Chuck Johnson, was behind them.

Chuck was a former F.A.A. inspector. Now in charge of airport procedures at the Jackson County airport.

"Ten more minutes for Flight 121," reported one of the controllers. "and for 751?" questioned Chuck.

"Fifteen at the most," replied the controller.

"It may take longer if Captain John is out there again tonight," Chuck said.

"Should I warn the pilots?" asked the controller.

"No," replied Chuck, "They'll have enough to worry about with this fog."

The thing the two men referred to as Captain John was not a man. It was the vision of an airplane crossing the runway seen to pilots while trying to land at Jackson County Airport. The vision is only seen on foggy nights.

The only explanation as to why this vision exists is that four years ago Captain John was alive. He had landed on a foggy night at Jackson County Airport and due to an error made by the controllers, another plane was landing while Captain John was crossing the runway. The two planes collided and most of the passengerd died. Captain John was seriously injured. Chuck, at that time, was also in charge of airport procedures. During the few days that C aptain John was alive after the crash, he blamed the accident on Chuck and swore to get revenge. Now on foggy nights, Captain John appears on the runway in his jet.

By this time, Flight 121 from Tucson had landed and was crossing the runway making its way to the terminal when suddenly it lost all power and stopped dead on the runway.

"He never gives up," Chuck said quietly referring, of course, to Captain John.

Knowing that Flight 751 was not far away, they radioed it, wanting to tell them of the potential danger on the runway. But Flight 751 did not respond. All communications between the tower and the plane were dead. Flight 751 was already on final approach. By the time the pilot saw the plane on the runway, it was too late. Flight 751 smashed into the tail of 121 causing the stalled plane to blow up.

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Not wanting to rush Flight 751 blowing up, the controllers ordered it to continue moving towards them. From the angle of the tower they could not see that one of its wings was engulfed in flames.

Flight 751 moved to within twenty yards of the tower. The fire on the wing spread rapidly and suddenly the whole jet exploded. A huge section of the tail was thrust directly at the control tower and smashed through the glass. It missed the four controllers that had been sitting down but sliced directly through Chuck's body since he had been standing.

Captain John had his revenge at last. After that night the awful vision was only a nightmare and no longer a reality.

THE GAME

by Becky Speelman

The sun would soon be up, and the police would be here shortly. It was an accident, but I can't imagine that they will see it that way. I didn't try to kill him; it was just a game, or, at least, it started out that way.

My name is Rod Starrling, and my friend Mark Sparks and I work at an amusement park as night watchmen. Being a night watchman can be pretty boring, so Mark and I started making up games to keep us occupied. As the nights wore on, the games became more and more involved, until it got so we actually lived the roles we played in our games.

Last night the game was especially exciting. Mark was portraying a vandal breaking into the park. I was the watchman trying to stop him. Mark had gotten to the main switching office and the rides were going full blast. The music and the lights filled my head as I ran through the park, searching for the intruder.

Then I saw him. The flashlight on his belt glittered in a darkened corner. I had him and I knew it! I pulled my gun from its holster and walked silently towards the stranger who disturbed the peaceful surroundings. As I got closer, the man called my name and announced in a laughing way, "Ah, you caught me! Game's over!" I thought he must be some kind of nut! A game? He thought breaking into a park was a game? Then he came at me. I fired. The sound of the gun echoed through the park, breaking the turmoil of music in my ears.

I looked down and there was Mark, dead. I looked around to see who had fired. I saw the gun in my hand. Then I realized what had happened. The game was over.

Now I lay here on the couch, looking out my window. Down the road the police car is flashing its lights, coming closer to my home. They have probably found the gun with my fingerprints and my name engraved on the handle. This is a different game; nobody wins.

Beowulf and the Passage to Crynon Valley

by Marty Campbell

The king of the Jebuzites was greatly distressed when his servant came in loudly crying that the Passage to Crynon Valley had been taken over by five huge bats. Ten people had already been ripped to pieces by the big bats. Each bat had five sharp claws on his wings and huge gleaming fangs with which they sucked their victim's blood.

The Passage to Crynon Valley was a long cave-like tunnel through a range of very high snow-covered mountains to the beautiful warm Crynon Valley. Wonderful crops of every imaginable kind of fruit and vegetable grew in huge supplies. With the passage blocked, the Jebuzites would soon be without any source of vegetables except what had been raised that past summer.

Now Beowulf, who was in his fifteenth year as king of Sweden, exclaimed with rage when he heard of the terrible bats. Gathering together the bravest warriors and best servants from all of his royal bodyguard, he called for his fleet of great warships to be made ready to set sail at once for Jesuben.

Sailing quickly across the rough and stormy sea, they dropped anchor off the shore of Jesuben. Immediately, he was hailed by the coast guard man who sent word to King Rheobom, king of the Jebuzites, that a man who walked in victory was on his way to free them from the bats.

Arriving at the great castle of King Rheobom, he was greeted with a welcome fit for a visiting king. King Rheobom expressed his hope that Beowulf would be victorious. A huge banquet with feasting and drinking ensued.

At the break of dawn, Beowulf and his warriors burst away from sleep's grip and with their spears, arrows, and shields set off to the Passage. They did not wear their mail coat as the bats could rip apart mail like paper.

Arriving at the mouth of the cave, the procession broke up into three groups. Each group got several pieces of pine branches to use as torches. Beowulf went in first, followed by the other groups. Soon, the awful shriek of a bat could be heard. With a fluttering of wings, a great bat hurled itself at Beowulf. Ducking quickly out of the way, Beowulf put out his spear with the bottom of the shaft against the ground. Unable to stop itself, the bat drove its body hard onto the spear tip. Raising his mighty sword, Beowulf finished off the horrid creature. The second bat came at him and he repeated his maneuver.

The third bat had seen what had happened to the first two and used a different method. He silently swooped down from behind on Beowulf. He drove his talons into Beowulf but before he could do anything to further harm him, the bat was chopped to pieces by Beowulf's men.

The last two bats did not attack, so Beowulf hunted them down. Finding them perched on a high ledge, Beowulf took several huge rocks and climbed around in back where they could not see him. He climbed up above where the bats were and swiftly sent the huge rocks hurtling down onto them. This injured them and sent them toppling down onto the warriors below. There they were killed with spears and swords.

Beowulf chopped off the head and claws of one of the horrible beasts. He then took these and returned to the palace of King Rheobom. The king was so excited that he ordered his armor makers to make Beowulf a mail coat of solid gold. He also presented him with two solid gold swords that were so heavy that only Beowulf could heft them.

After three days of feasting, Beowulf, along with his men, went back to the sea shore where his ships rode at anchor. King Rheobom also went with him to see him off. Beowulf then boarded the ship with his warriors and sailed home in triumph.

The Trial

by Dave Dunshee

Ben had looked forward to this day for a long time. It was the Olympic Trials finals, and he was a favorite in this race as well as in the Olympics.

Ben had trained exclusively for the Olympic final in the marathon for three years. His lifelong dream was to be in the "Games", and now he was leading the field by a good half-mile with seven miles left.

He was gliding along almost effortlessly, and had been doing so the entire race. Ben had just turned onto an old road leading through a meadow. It was early morning and the fragrant aroma filled his head. He felt as if he were floating and there was no way he could lose.

The twenty-mile mark came and he knew he probably wouldn't see another person for two miles. Ben decided this was a good time to pick up the pace.

The scenery was beautiful and unbroken as he glanced at the country-side, when he noticed a cottage with smoke coming out the chimney. He thought it odd, someone having a fire on a sunny day such as it was. He didn't think anything of it until he heard an explosion. Ben looked back and saw that the house had burst into flames. There was no one around since his escort car had gone ahead, and there wouldn't be anyone around for several minutes.

He thought about going on, telling himself that there was no one home, that they must be watching the race. But the fact that it was still early and a holiday kept him from going on. There could be someone sleeping in, he thought to himself. So despite his dedication for winning the marathon, he took off over the field to the cottage. He sprinted, using all the strength in his legs left from the race. This brought him there quickly.

He checked the door and it wasn't hot so he entered. Having checked the main floor and not finding anyone, he went upstairs to the flame engulfed second floor.

He put his sweat-soaked shirt over his mouth and checked the doors. The first two rooms were empty. The third was a bedroom with a basinette in it. He ran in and found a pair of infants in it. The smoke was getting to him, but he picked them up and ran down the stairs. He lay them on the grass a good distance from the house, took a deep breath and dashed back in. There was one

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door left, but a wall of fire stood between it and Ben. He jumped through it and opened the door. A woman lay on the floor coughing. He picked her up and as he moved a dresser, she knocked a black box off the top of it and muttered "John" weakly. Ben picked it up as he moved out the door. The fire was raging in the other rooms but was about the same in the hall. He plunged through the flames and down the smokey staircase. He was almost out as he heard the roof collapse on the second floor. He escaped the inferno and laid the woman down on the grass and then fell from exhaustion.

Another runner came several minutes later and revived Ben. Ben told him to get word to the next aid station to send help. The runner left, and Ben thought he must have been a pitiful sight. Shoes partially melted, skin blackened from the soot and wheezing from the smoke, when he should be in the final stages of his quest for the Olympics. He was beginning to feel cold from not having a shirt on. The woman regained consciousness and came over to him. Ben handed her the box, and she stood, there speechless for a minute before she said, "Thank you so much for me and my babies. I don't even know your name?"

"Ben Riley" he replied slowly.

"I don't know how to thank you enough. How did you see the fire?"

"I was in the race and I saw your house burning, so I dropped out of it", he answered, beginning to feel sorry for himself.

"Oh, I saw your name in the paper, you were the favorite, weren't you?"

"Yes, and I was leading too."

"I'm so sorry", she said, thinking for a moment. "I said before that I couldn't thank you enough. Well, maybe this will help", handing him the box as she spoke. "This belonged to my husband. He won it eight years ago at Mexico City." Ben lifted a small golden medal from the box.

"He died two years ago, and I cherished it above everything else, but I want you to have it not."

"No, I couldn't take it," Ben refused.

"You deserve it more than I do."

"It wouldn't be right", he insisted.

"I insist!" she said as she shoved the box into his hands. You must take it; he would have wanted it that way."

He accepted it and despite the strong cool breeze that had come up, he felt warm inside.

Jenny

by Suzanne Iselin

Quite early every morning, a beautiful girl could be seen wading through the water of a private beach in Florida. She was not seen much for she stayed inside most of the day. It was said that her fat, old, rich husband married her, brought her there and kept her cooped up in the house all day.

This rumor, among many, seemed very odd to me, and I was determined to find out the truth and to help the girl!

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Everyday Mr. Rex (her husband) could be seen basking in the sun. He reminded me somewhat of a pig on an open fire, and I was always tempted to replace his cigar with an apple.

I could feel that I just had to do something, but what? I thought that maybe if she got to know me she might get to trust me, and I might be able to help her.

The next morning I got up with the sound of my alarm clock. I had forgotten how loud that thing could be! I vowed never to use it again. I put on my bathing suit and rushed out the door.

After about an hour of jogging around, I finally spotted her. I ran to where I saw her picking up a shell to examine.

"Hi! How are you? Lovely morning, isn't it?"

She looked up at me, and smiled

"Are you out here every morning?"

Finally she spoke. "Yes, are you?"

"No", I replied "this is my first, but I have a feeling it won't be my last." She gave me a puzzled but pleased look.

"I think it's neat that people like you and me come out here so early in the morning. I've been trying to get my husband out here for quite a while. He just won't get up before ten or eleven in the morning though. I have to sneak out and get back before he wakes up so he won't know I've been gone; he's the worry wart kind. Hey, want me to show you a beautiful place this time of morning? Come on, follow me."

We started jogging towards some rocks, then I realized that I didn't even know her name. I said, "Um, I'm George Brown. . ."

"Oh! My goodness! I'm sorry! I'm Jenny Rex. I live in that big house up there," she said as she pointed to a house up on a cliff.

When we got to the rocks, we climbed to the top of them and sat down. Three or four feet and it was a sheer drop-off.

She spoke, "Beautiful, huh? I just love this spot. I . . ."

She was interrupted by a voice yelling. With a panicked look on her face, she leaped to her feet and faced her house. I asked where she was going, and she answered; "MY HUSBAND! Oh, no! I'll see ya tomorrow!"

Stunned I sat there for awhile. Jenny's right, I thought, this is a beautiful spot.

Everyday for about a week, I went out there, but Jenny was not seen anywhere.

Finally, one morning, I saw Jenny and her husband jogging by my apartment. I followed them with my eyes. Jenny took him up to the rocks. I decided to go see why Jenny and I had not met lately. I climbed up to the top of the rocks and found only Jenny. I looked around but could not see her husband anywhere.

"Where's your husband?", I asked, "I thought I saw the two of you jog by this morning."

"He finally got up enough guts", she answered, "and so did I," she said looking down the cliffs to the water far below.

The Lonely

by Janet Bland

I stop swimming, hovering 30 feet from the surface of the water. There is no current; I am still, unmoving. The sun is bright and it hurts my eyes for I have been down deep for so long.

Ten feet closer; then I hover. I look above me; boats floats lazily on the surface. The surface is like a great, distorted reflection above me: A mirror, endless except for the boats. I avoid the nets around me. I do not want to become entangled in them.

Ten feet closer; I hover again. The cry of a gull breaks the eternal silence of the deep. Sunlight filters down through the water. It is very beautiful.

I am cautioned by the voices I hear to move into the shadow cast by the boat. It would not be wise to let myself be sighted now. My presence here is unexplainable.

The old boat above me creaks and groans as it rolls with the waves. Many men are straining to pull in the nets.

I look above my head. The imageless mirror of the water seems to stare back at me, as though there is a sheet of ice between me and the air. Another gull flies by.

I suddenly feel a kinship with these men, a longing to be with them, among them, to be one of them. I'm trembling. I don't know whether I tremble out of fear or because of the excitement projected at me by the upper world.

I study my surroundings more carefully. There is nothing but darkness below me. Parallel to me is an infinite expanse of murky, sunlit water. Above me is the sky, strangely twisted by the waves. The gulls fly about as if they find it entertaining to appear to defy gravity. The boats are still hovering about me, pulling in nets and putting them back down again.

A dangerously fantastic thought enters my head. I try to dismiss it, but it remains. How can I think of such a thing? I should never have come so close. I want to go up. I want to surface. It is a fearful thought. But to surface would mean death. I want to live there. But I would not be allowed to live; they would kill me.

I recall a foolish action of many years ago. I surfaced. I used my lungs and breathed the sweet air. I felt the wind, the sun, and the gentle lapping of the waves. But I was much too close to shore. I saw people on the beach. Small children frolicked in the mild surf. I was lonely and I wanted one of them to come with me. I took one and tried to drag him into the depths with me. They screamed and shouted and threw things at me. Then they shot at me. They caused me great pain for I was shot twice in my right leg. I still have trouble swimming sometimes. By the time I was far from those hateful humans, the small one was dead.

That was long ago. I must not repeat my mistake, so I turn and begin swimming downward. I stop and look back upon the world I want to join but am not allowed to enter. I wonder why I am greeted so violently by these people. I continue to stare at the beautiful world I'm banned from, the world of beauty and certain death. This is the last time I will surface. I'll never come back to the door between the worlds.

I stretch a webbed, green hand up toward the unknown world I long to be part of. I reach up toward the sunlit world, begging for someone, anyone, anything; begging for someone to join me as I swim back down to the black waters where I, the lonely, continue to live - forever.

The Case of the Clawing Cat

by Julie Jones

The wedding march began. Everyone stood and watched the radiant bride walk slowly down the aisle. Her nervous husband-to-be stood patiently waiting.

Do you, Don R. Stuchell, take Lucille K. Lambart to be your lawful wedded wife?

Everyone was happy. Even Mrs. Pratt, who was sure she wouldn't get enough to eat, enjoyed the wedding and reception.

Don and Lucille escaped from the church and set off in their decorated car to Sun River where they would have their honeymoon.

Don had insisted on taking his wife to some faroff place; he had plenty of money. But Lucille had just wanted a simple vacation resort in which they could just relax.

Don knew of Lucille's background. She had inherited a big oil company when her parents died. Don had offered to run the business and quit his job so that Lucille wouldn't have to sell it. Everything had just worked out fine. They loved each other, and they would be very wealthy. But Lucille didn't know the real truth about Don's background. He had been married already four times. Each of his wives had mysteriously died. No one knew the reason except me. I am Inspector Fish. Don had fooled everyone completely. I discovered first that all of his wives were rich. You see, when each died, he inherited their fortunes.

I first became interested in the Stuchell case when one of my dear friends came to me when his sister died. His sister had been married to Don Stuchell. I had an autopsy done on her and found that she had peculiar white transverse lines on her fingernails which I didn't understand at first. Later, I had one fingernail removed and analyzed. It turned out that the white lines contained arsenic. Immediately, I had Don's three other dead wives exhumed for autopsies to check for arsenic poisoning.

The fingernails of each victim also revealed the strange white transverse lines. I later found out from the pathologist that these were called Mee's lines and had a high content of arsenic. This made me suspect that all of Don's wives had been poisoned. I had to find out how. I talked to my friend Bart whose sister had died and found out that Don had moved. I went to the post office and got Don's forwarding address.

When I arrived at Don's new house in Eugene, I found no one home. I checked with the neighbors. They said that Don and his new wife Lucille were on their honeymoon in Sun River. I had to get to Lucille before Don poisoned her.

I checked at the Sun River Inn's front desk and learned that in room 207 Don was cooking Lucille a big fancy dinner. I barged into the room and pushed all the food onto the floor. I was sure Don had poisoned Lucille; it was the only logical way.

I pulled out my revolver and pointed it at Don while phoning the police. Then I sat still, pointing my gun at Don. A big fluffy white cat jumped up on my lap, stretched out his claws and sank them into my pant leg. Ouch! At that moment Lucille started complaining of abdominal pain. I called the ambulance. Lucille was checked at the hospital and had arsenic poisoning.

I took the food down to the closest lab and had it checked. It was negative for arsenic. I didn't know what to do. The police could only keep Don for 48

hours unless I found the proof. Then it occurred to me after looking at Don's four other wives' x-rays again. Each had scratches somewhere on their body. THE CAT! The fluffy one that hopped up on his lap the other day. The cat was run down to the lab and checked for the poisoning. It was positive. The arsenic had been put under the cat's claws.

After the case was closed I went to the hospital and got a prescription for BAL, the antidote for arsenic.

Reflections

by Heidi Prichard

Two men were walking down the deserted country road. They were both tall and thin with light brown hair. They looked like brothers, but neither of them had ever seen the other before.

Robert Scott had been walking along roads like this one for six days, but he hadn't met anyone as easy to talk to as Trebor Scott in a long time. Robert had met Trebor just outside of Hains and since they were taking the same road to nowhere, they kept each other company.

The autumn days were getting shorter, so Robert and Trebor stopped at a stark looking motel. The two men went in to register. The man behind the desk was pleasant to Robert, but he never said a word to Trebor. During dinner Robert and Trebor discovered many mutual friends and interests.

That night a storm came up, and Robert had restless dreams. He dreamed that Trebor was controlling him. Robert was walking through a hall, carrying a flashlight that cast eerie shadows on the blank white walls. He stopped in front of the proprietor's door, turned the knob and crept stealthfully in. He went up to the man, choked him, made sure he was dead, turned around, and left.

When Robert woke, he shuddered and wondered why he had dreamed such a terrible thing about himself and Trebor.

Just then Trebor came in and said, "The manager, Jerome, is dead." Robert gaped at Trebor, turned around and left silently.

When Robert had fully digested the news, he was very upset. It took him ten minutes just to stop his hands from shaking. When he was calm, he went downstairs to breakfast. While he was eating, the waitress informed him that he was not to leave the motel.

While Robert was wondering about Trebor the police came. As Robert was being questioned, he felt and heard Trebor's voice coming out of his mouth. Robert glanced at Trebor, but he could barely see him. He hoped that his eyes were playing tricks on him, but he felt very confused.

The police didn't believe Robert was capable of murder. They didn't even see Trebor.

cont'd

By evening, Robert was a complete wreck. His dream kept nagging horribly at him, and he knew now that only he could see his strange traveling companion.

Robert felt he must get some sleep, if it was possible. He went up to his room, but almost immediately after he shut the door, he heard a knock. Robert somehow knew Trebor was outside, and it terrified him.

As he debated what to do, the knocking increased and he felt drawn to the door against his will.

As Robert's trembling hand fell upon the door knob, it suddenly flew open towards him, throwing him against a full length mirror.. As the door swung back and forth on its hinges, Trebor was nowhere to be seen.

Robert drew in a ragged breath, but it all escaped him as he turned, and beheld not his own, but Trebor's reflection in the mirror. In a demented rage, Robert slammed his fist into the mirror, shattered it, and watched the blood flow from his arm.

The next morning, the body of Robert Scott was found lying in a pool of blood; the smile of a madman on his face.

Just Another Whistle Stop

by Dave Ganley

As the 12:04 pulls in, a lone figure jumps from a boxcar. He hits the ground, rolls and rises to his feet, and starts down the lonely road.

After a short walk, he sees flashing lights and makes out a large group of people in the distance.

When he reaches the group, he confronts an officer and asks him what's going on. The officer replies, "There seems to have been a murder." Just another cold can of beans, thinks old Joe.

When he reaches the town and is heading down the sidewalk, he notices a well-lit house. He looks in the kitchen window; it seems to be empty. He slips quietly in and overhears loud voices. "You shouldn't have left him in the road. Someone would have found his wretched body anyways."

Old Joe's face turns pale. He quickly picks up a drumstick and a quart of milk and darts out the door.

He tries to forget the whole thing, but can't get it out of his mind. He is not the kind to get involved in such matters but thinks, what if it's his old buddy Frank or Skinny John? A block away he spots a phone booth. There's no dime in his pocket, but you don't need a dime to dial the police

Rat trap

28

by Doug McNaughton

Mike Swan threw himself on the top of his bed in complete physical exhaustion. He had managed to outsmart Jacob Wriley one more day.

For the last three years he has been hunted like a wild beast to satisfy the anger in Jacob.

As he lay there, he began planning. He was sick and tired of being chased and hunted, and Mike was going to strike back.

For the next week he spend his time working hard, building his revenge trap. He dug up the middle of the alley in back of his apartment and made it a forty foot pit. When he finished digging it, he went to the cellar of his apartment and captured forty rats. He put them in his pit and put a thin tarp covering over it. His trap was finished. Now he had to set the bait and get the victim.

The next day as he sat down in the lunch room at school about to eat his lunch, he saw Jacob Wriley looking over at him with an evil, mean look on his face. Any other day it would've driven Mike crazy, but today he knew this would be the last day Jacob ever looked at him again.

When the bell signaling the end of the day rang, Mike began phase one of his deadly plan. He ran by Jacob's locker and Jacob started running right after him.

When Mike got outside the building, he began running as fast as he could. As he ran, thoughts flashed into his mind. He began picturing Jacob falling down into the pit. Mike was in such intense concentration, he wasn't watching where he was going and almost ran into a wall.

All of a sudden Mike's thoughts were broken off. Mike Swan was laying in the bottom of the pit with both legs broken and rats crawling all over him.

A minute later, Jacob Wriley ran up to the pit and saw Mike just lying there. Jacob began covering the tarp over the pit again. While he was covering the pit, he could hear the painful screams of Mike Swan. The screams slowly died and then stopped as Jacob walked down the road hysterically laughing.

Stop the Music

by Bob Bollinger

"I can't take this anymore. That music is too loud!" yelled Benny Rabbit.

"I wouldn't even call it music." answered Tom Squirrel. "It's more like...like noise."

"Well, whatever you call it, it's got to stop. Ever since Woodchuck got his stereo, he's been playing loud music. I can't even get to sleep at night," replied Benny.

"I know what you mean. I fell out of my tree last night because the music was vibrating it so much." Tom Squirrel angrily added.

Not only were Tom and Benny affected by Woodchuck's music, but all the animals in the forest were bothered. A meeting was held to decide what to do about the situation. At the meeting Benny Rabbit said he would organize a committee that would turn off Woodchuck's music once and for all.

After two days of recruiting, Benny had gotten what he considered was a top notch committee. The committee consisted of himself, Tom Squirrel, Tom's brother Fred, Rocky Tortoise, Morris Mole, and Becky Chipmunk.

The next day a committee meeting was held under an oak tree. The meeting was conducted away from Woodchuck's burrow so they could hear each other talk.

"I call this meeting to order," Benny said getting everyone's attention. "Does anyone have any ideas on how to silence Woodchuck's music?"

"How about blowing up his stereo?" Fred Squirrel suggested.

"Yes, yes, blow it up, blow it up, blow it up!" everyone chanted.

"Well, um, yup, yup, uh how we gonna blow it up?" Rocky Tortoise sputtered out.

Becky Chipmunk, who was an avid pyromaniac, immediately pulled from her purse ten sticks of dynamite and plenty of matches. Before anyone could say anything more, Fred Squirrel scooped up the dynamite and matches and dashed off toward Woodchuck's burrow with everyone following.

When Fred reached Woodchuck's burrow he scampered down the entrance hole. Everyone waited outside the hole for Fred to return.

A few minutes later, Fred burst out of the hole yelling and screaming. He was immediately followed by the sticks of dynamite. Fred collapsed into a thrashing bundle on the ground. His eyes were bugged out and he was yelling garbled words.

"Music, lights, flashing, red, blue, stereo, records, strobe lights!" Fred yelled as he was held down by the other animals.

"Morris, you'd better go call Dr. Headshrinker's Nut House for Mentally Disturbed squirrels. Tell them we've got a cracked one for 'em," explained Benny to Morris Mole.

"Okie dokie," answered Morris as he stumbled off to a conveniently located nearby phone booth.

After Fred was carted off to the nut house, Benny called for an emergency committee meeting. Everyone returned to the burrow under the oak tree.

"Hey, Benny. What do ya think happened to Fred?" asked Tom.

"Woodchuck must have had strobe lights down in his hole. The combination of the strobe lights and loud music must have turned his brain to jello." explained Benny.

"Well um, uh, what we gonna do now?" inquired Rocky.

"Hey, I know!" said Becky. "I saw a do-it-yourself atomic bomb kit in the store last week."

"That won't work." explained Benny. "We've already tried explosives."

"I heard Woodchuck hates gooseberry yogurt." spoke up Morris.

"All we have to do is pour about fifty gallons of gooseberry yogurt down Woodchuck's burrow. That should make him turn off his music."

"That's a great idea." responded Benny. "Hand me the phone book and I'll find a store that sells yogurt by the gallon."

"Here's the book." Morris said as he handed the phone book to Benny.

"Would someone turn on a few lights?" asked Benny. "It's too dark I can't see the yellow pages."

Morris flipped the light switch then all went dark.

"Smooth move, Morris. You blew the fuse for the whole forest." said a voice in the darkness.

"Wait," said another. "The music has stopped. Morris turned off the electricity to the whole forest including Woodchuck's house. Morris stopped the music!"

Those joyous words echoed throughout the forest. "Morris stopped the music."

Everyone was so grateful to Morris that they erected a statue in his likeness. At the bottom was a plaque that read:

In honor of Morris
The mole that muffled
the music.

The Sniper Strikes Again

by Robyn Adkisson

Sweat rolled from the bank teller's forehead as the gangster, Sam the Sniper, pointed a gun at the teller's left temple. The bank teller was trembling with fright. "Say your prayers," calmly demanded Sam the Sniper. A click came from the gun.

A quick clenched fist was thrust into the gut of Sam, knocking the gun out of his hand and swirling it across the floor to the other side of the room. Two more hard hits went to each side of his face. The Sniper stopped a duplicate punch and returned it with a piercing poke in the nose, throwing the teller against the wall. The scrawny bank teller, ready to make the devil pay and filled with rage and anger, scrambled up from the wall. He stared into Sam the Sniper's black beady eyes, determined to kill him. He flipped Sam over his back, jumped on him and started punching the living daylight out of him. The bank teller grabbed the gun, thinking, If I shoot him, I'll become a hero. People would idolize me!

Bang!! the gun went off, loud enough to kill the pain of a headache.

After the villain ran out of the bank with the money, the bank spectators gathered around the poor murdered boy. He had a clean-as-a-whistle shot through his head.

