

EXTRA-EXTRA

Cover by

Casey

Life

Marks

Seinfeld says "Goodbye"

RMS Kick

Roosevelt Arts and Literary Magazine 1997-98

Cultural Fair Meeting Nov

...a bigger picture of the... Open Hour... Parents are encouraged to come to Curriculum Night... All topics will run concurrently... the evening.

...where... suggestion... progress reports arrive home... Since publication of our back... several additional staff changes... Louis Sena is our new Cafeteria... EMU on the University of Oregon... who is the new Cafeteria Manager... at Spencer Butte. Maureen Reeves... time custodian who has joined our... night on new staff on page 3. Next... we hope to picture Louis... Sena, Catherine George, Kathy... Hunt, Hazel Jones, and Daven Tubb... to get to meet these new staff mem... members soon and welcome them to

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...the United States was... A slippery... condition... the U.S. Sp... quarterback left by up-coming seniors Akili Smith and Jason Maas. LB John Harris and WR Jason Jenkins... Ducks, shunning favorites Washington and Stanford... RB Herman Ho-Ching, a Prep Star All American and former Oregon signee. QB Adam... and former Hills HS will fill the void at... coming seniors Akili Smith and... Harris and WR Jason Jenkins... "This could be our... possibly be right. Many... as low as fifth or... recruiting class... Good luck to all... football team.

...the Chicago Bulls and the great dynasty he has... has won, and of the time he retired. It was a very... of his father who had taught him the game... synonymous with the game itself. After his... n better. He has brought the Bulls the title... hat it will be a sad day in basketball... will be saying things like, "I think he had a... think it's some sort of... will need to face this... be the greatest ever in... young stars like... spotlight. For... because of Jordan... couple of... even Dennis... a World Title... e is now.

...Wednesday, February 4th was a day to remember for Oregon football fans everywhere. February 4th, National Letter of Intent Day for High School athletes, provided an enormous surprise as well as an extremely talented class. First, at 9:00 AM from Marshfield High School, Parade All-American Mike Belisle signed with the Ducks, shunning favorites Washington and Stanford. The Ducks also signed many other big-name players including RB Herman Ho-Ching, a Prep Star All American and former Oregon signee. QB Adam Long Beach Poly HS, RB Reuben Droughns, a quarter-back left by up-coming seniors Akili Smith and Jason Maas. LB John Harris and WR Jason Jenkins round out Oregon's big name players. Oregon coach Mike Belioti said, "This could be our best class ever." He could very possibly be right. Many recruiting services have Oregon rated as low as fifth or as high as second. UCLA had the best recruiting class the Pac-10 and second in the nation. Good luck to all

...Shawn Williams is a very athletic student. He plays basketball, football, baseball, wrestling and track. Shawn has been playing sports since first grade because he says they're fun and he likes to exercise as well as compete. Out of all the sports he plays his all around favorite is football. He likes football because it's a very physical sport. Football is not only his favorite sport but it's also his best. Shawn recently made the basketball team. He likes it but he says it's a big commitment as to give up a lot of his free time for it. Shawn sometimes goes to practice to get ready for the challenging season ahead of them. The players on the team are Nick Parmenter, Evan Long, and Cody Deaton and the two time MVPs are Nick Yarabinec, Nick Nelson, Joel Worcester, Mark Wolf and Andrew Nick Horton and myself.

...one of RMS's athletic stars, Lauren Harris, provided a surprise as well as an extremely talented class. First, at 9:00 AM from Marshfield High School, Parade All-American Mike Belisle signed with the Ducks, shunning favorites Washington and Stanford. The Ducks also signed many other big-name players including RB Herman Ho-Ching, a Prep Star All American and former Oregon signee. QB Adam Long Beach Poly HS, RB Reuben Droughns, a quarter-back left by up-coming seniors Akili Smith and Jason Maas. LB John Harris and WR Jason Jenkins round out Oregon's big name players. Oregon coach Mike Belioti said, "This could be our best class ever." He could very possibly be right. Many recruiting services have Oregon rated as low as fifth or as high as second. UCLA had the best recruiting class the Pac-10 and second in the nation. Good luck to all

Curriculum Set

Parents got a glimpse of the new Curriculum Night program. There will be an opportunity to attend three different sessions on Tuesday, Nov. 6, from 7-9 p.m. All topics will run concurrently during the evening.

Round Athlete

Lauren Harris, provided a surprise as well as an extremely talented class. First, at 9:00 AM from Marshfield High School, Parade All-American Mike Belisle signed with the Ducks, shunning favorites Washington and Stanford. The Ducks also signed many other big-name players including RB Herman Ho-Ching, a Prep Star All American and former Oregon signee. QB Adam Long Beach Poly HS, RB Reuben Droughns, a quarter-back left by up-coming seniors Akili Smith and Jason Maas. LB John Harris and WR Jason Jenkins round out Oregon's big name players. Oregon coach Mike Belioti said, "This could be our best class ever." He could very possibly be right. Many recruiting services have Oregon rated as low as fifth or as high as second. UCLA had the best recruiting class the Pac-10 and second in the nation. Good luck to all

Seinfeld says "Goodbye"

After 9 years, Jerry Seinfeld is saying good-bye to his own television comedy show, much to the disappointment of his fans. The network is proposing 5 million dollars for the final episode, which will be very similar to any other episode and will be broadcast on the same time slot as the rest of the cast. It is expected to be more popular than the rest of the cast. It is expected to be more popular than the rest of the cast. It is expected to be more popular than the rest of the cast.

RMS Kick

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Life

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Marks

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Roosevelt Arts and Literary Magazine 1997-98

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Cultural Fair Meeting Nov

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Curriculum Set

EXTRA-EXTRA

[Background text includes: "at Roosevelt Middle School. Parents are encouraged to come to Curriculum Night... on Tuesday, Nov. 6, from 7-9 p.m. All topics will run concurrently... on Open House... a bigger picture of the... Parents got a gl... Curriculum Night..."]

Round Athlete
 Lauren... healthy... rights and... for defining... demonstrate the... orcing appropriate... consistently consequ... You will be hear... it when school... year. Parents of sixth grade... assignments and... If you do not receive your... student's progress report by Oct. 20, please call the school office or contact your student's advisor.

RMS Kick
 district 4J has... tough... (10) school... limit. Ex... of \$100.00... whose chil... we encourage... Student Rights... student. The... district office.
 The network is proposing 5 million dollars a show if Seinfeld signs off the air at the end of this season. Is he just getting tired of his show? Or are there other things? These answers will be answered over the next year. On one episode non-fat yogurt was...

Roosevelt Arts and Literary Magazine 1997-98
 Council... our annual back-to-school picnic and our marching band for their performance at the picnic. Finally, congratulations to our marching band for receiving the Sousa Outstanding Middle School Band award at the European Convention. We're proud of...
Parent Se
 Fall Concert has been set for Friday, November 5, at 7:00 p.m. This concert is in the evening. We invite parents and students to wear Side Street 30 and sing with the Choir. We will be singing with the Choir in a chorus part in the concert. We will be singing in a chorus part in the concert. We will be singing in a chorus part in the concert. We will be singing in a chorus part in the concert.

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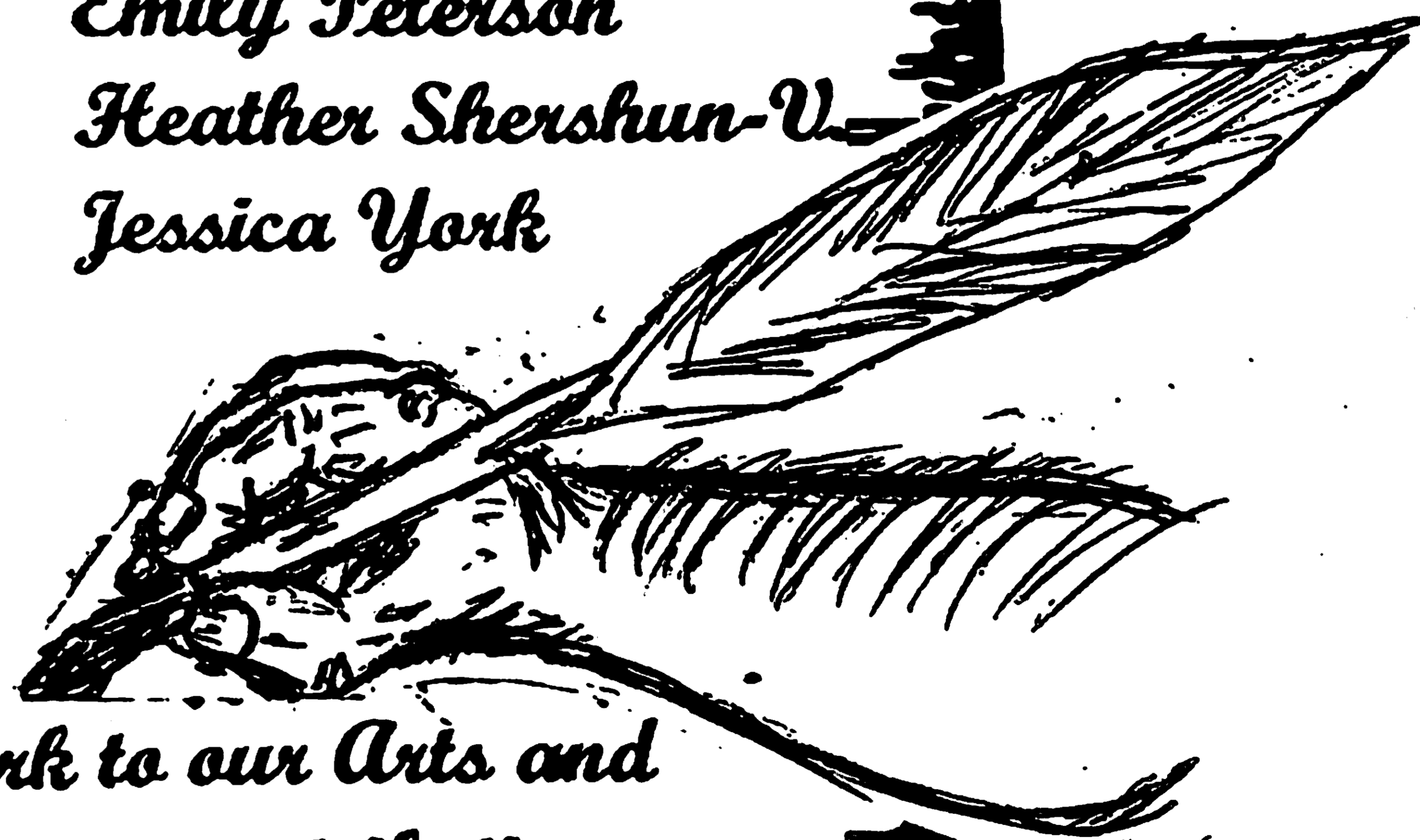
Whitney Moser

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Jessica York



*We thank everyone who turned in work to our Arts and
Literary Magazine. We appreciate your contribution,
although we are unable to print everything. Thank You.*

Drawing By Hans Eichlinger



I Will Find a Way By Tegan Mulholland

I have tasted the apple
I know it is sweet
I can't stop now
Have to keep on

You tried to stop me
But you were too late
You tried to scare me
But you were too late

You can't stop me down
That I've tasted the apple
I can't go back
To who I was before

I don't care what you do
I don't care what you say
I will defy all
I will find a way

Better than anything
Money can buy
I will go on
Continue to try

I don't care
What my friends say
They don't really know
I will find a way

Ode to the Cherry Tree

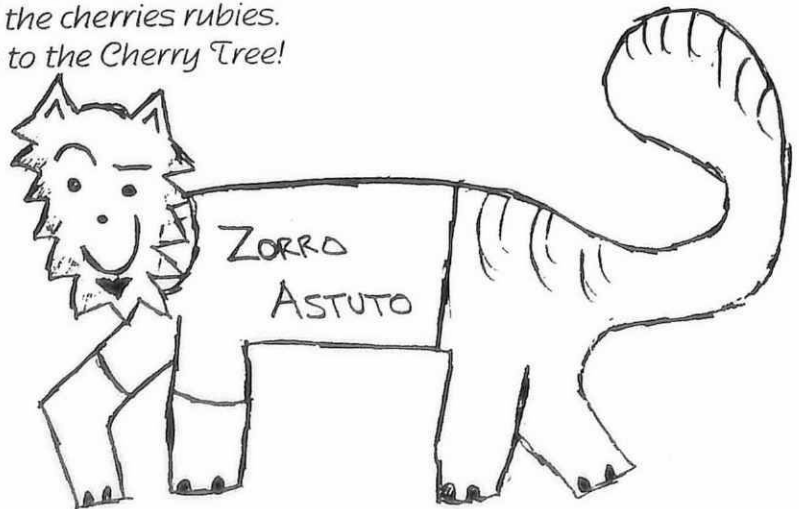
page by Nathan Upham

By Olivia Bender

In the Summer time
the cherry tree is thick
with green leaves and red gems.
They are like precious stones
sparkling in the sun.
So valuable that
everybody wants them.
Birds fly to the top of the tree
early in the morning,
pecking at cherries for breakfast.
On hot afternoons,
small come to eat too,
their arms stretched out,
reaching for the sweet fruit above.
They climb the tree,
higher and higher.
The branches shake
and tell them they are heavy.
And in the evenings,
even dogs make their way over.
Lapping up the fallen cherries
that lay on the ground.
The juice makes their pale tongues
as red as crimson colored lights
on a Christmas tree.

Then I come,
I pick the sweet fruit
and rock back and forth
on the wooden swing.
I savor the red jewels as I
eat them one by one.
Even then there are
still cherries left for the next day.
So many different people
and animals appreciate
the cherry tree,
that it sometimes seems
that it is sacred,
like the leaves are emeralds
and the cherries rubies.
Ode to the Cherry Tree!

Cartoon By Nathan Upham



Wishes

By Felicity Rose



"If you could have anything in the world, what would it be?" the teacher asked with a smile. Caitlin felt like she'd been punched in the stomach. She knew what she wanted. Oh, yes, she knew. There were several giggles from around the room and a couple of whispers.

"The paper should be at least one and a half pages long, and should illustrate why you want this thing. It's due on Friday. I'll give you some time to work now, and then it will be homework," Mr. Durham said. A boy in the front row raised his hand.

"Yes Colin?"

"*Anything*, Mr. Durham?" There was a general giggle from the room of students.

"Within limits, Colin. Within limits," Mr. Durham replied. "Anymore questions? Then you can all start working. And I want actual writing to be done, not talking." There was an innocent silence from around the room. Mr. Durham sat down at his desk, and the class began getting out paper.

Caitlin had no trouble with this assignment. She knew what she wanted. The only thing she wanted in all the world. She wanted her father back. The one thing she wanted and there was no way to get it. Ever.

A foot pushed at her chair and she turned around to receive a folded note from her best friend, Cynthia, who sat behind her. Caitlin turned back to her desk and unfolded it carefully, making sure Mr. Durham didn't see. It had four words scrawled in Cynthia's handwriting.

Two words: it said, Brian West. At any other time Caitlin would have laughed. She didn't laugh now.

She wanted her father back.

The memories came then, pushing at her consciousness with all their strength. She didn't even try and push them away, like usual. They seemed inevitable now. Caitlin closed her eyes and let them come.

Sunglasses. That was what she thought of. Why were the last words she could remember him saying asking for designer sunglasses? *Why?* Why couldn't they be saying he loved her, or good-bye. He might have said those things, but she couldn't remember. Couldn't ever remember. Worse, she couldn't remember if *she* had said them.

Wheezing. He had sounded so bad that last day, as if he were struggling for every breath. Why hadn't they realized that breathing had nothing to do with a strained muscle? That by the time they got him to the hospital it was too late. Far too late.

Caitlin remembered sitting in the waiting room at the doctor's office, days before. His back had been hurting him for days. The doctor said it was a strained muscle, and gave him a prescription for morphine. Morphine. Which only made it worse, because how was he supposed to tell that it had gone far

beyond a strained muscle when he was full of drugs?

He had gotten worse after that, but who was she to doubt anything a doctor said? She didn't know enough to say that he was really sick. That he should be at a hospital, not in bed, unable to move for the pain and struggling for breath. If she had known, maybe it would have helped. Maybe she could have done something.

Finally his girlfriend decided he should go to the hospital. And what he thought of were his designer sunglasses. As if he would need sunglasses in the hospital. They had picked them up later with the rest of his things. Days later, but it seemed like years. Certainly Caitlin had aged years in that time.

The doctors at the hospital said he would be fine. Or so they told Caitlin. She never knew the whole truth. Perhaps they knew as soon as they saw him that it was too late. Whatever had happened, no one was telling Caitlin. She knew he was in an Intensive Care Unit, but at ten years old, that didn't mean anything to her. After all, they said he would be fine. He had pneumonia, yes, but he would be fine.

He wasn't fine. And nothing would be *fine* again.

Her mother called that night, and told them she and Caitlin's step-father were coming down. Caitlin was confused—after all, he was going to be all right—but wasn't about to pass up a chance to see her mother, who she'd been missing lately.

Later, Caitlin wondered how she could not have seen. There were so many clues, but she couldn't put them together. She didn't *want* to put them together. Because the answer was more than she had ever dreamed of. More than she had ever had a nightmare about was more like it.

Her mother arrived the next day, running to her and hugging her so tightly.

"How are you?" her mother asked.

"Fine," Caitlin replied, not understanding.

"You don't have to be fine," her mother said. Caitlin was confused.

"I haven't gone to see him. Jeff," her older brother, "did last night, but they didn't want too many visitors," Caitlin told her mother. The older woman blinked.

"Why does it matter? He's dead."

Dead. Dead. *Dead*.

She wanted her father back.

That memory ended and others began, different memories, of his smile, his laugh, the curls of his hair. The silk shirts he always wore. The warmth that was her father. The joy that touched everyone who saw him. You could have your eyes closed and still know when he walked into the room, without him speaking at all. He was *that* alive. Except that now he wasn't. He was just gone. Gone.

She wanted her father back.

A year ago, less than a year ago, she would have had a hundred answers for the question Mr. Durham had asked. She would have wanted world peace, a million dollars, to be the most famous actress in the world. The first woman president, a world-famous author, the list went on and on. She only wanted one thing now. The one thing she could never have.

She wanted her father back. Someday there would be more. Someday all those little things she had dreamed of would come back to fill her life again. Someday little things would be important again. But she would never stop

wishing for this one thing that she could never have.

Caitlin picked up her pen and looked down at the blank paper before her. And thought of her father. She thought of his exuberance, his vitality. She thought of cruising in his convertible. Of him singing 'Brown-Eyed Girl' to her. Of Grateful Dead concerts. And Caitlin smiled, because though she could never have him back, alive, she could, did, and always would have him in her heart and in her mind. And that was what mattered.

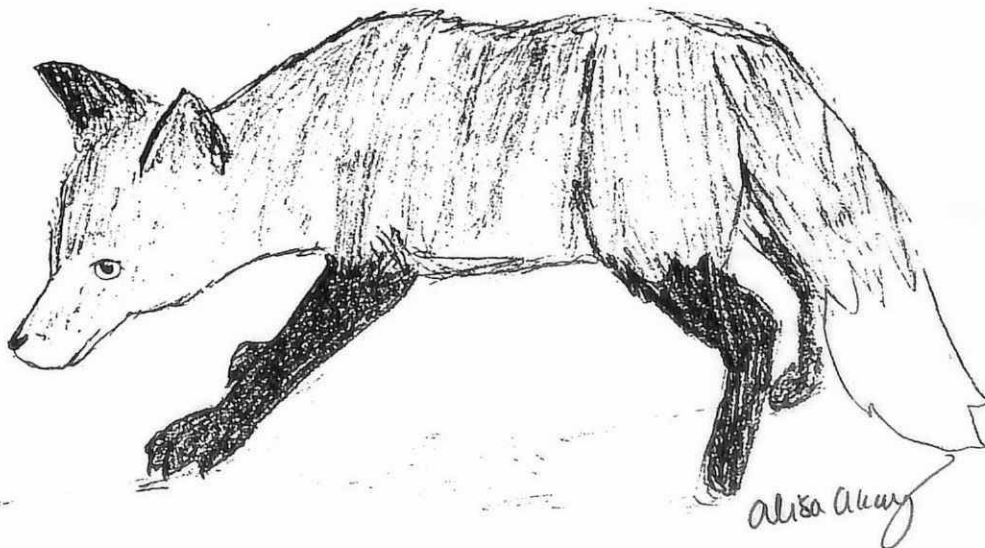
And so it was with a smile shaped of sorrow that Caitlin set pen to paper and wrote her father into a story that didn't need to be written, only told so that everyone else could know it too.



by
Jino Young



Layout by Felicity Rose
and Tonia Boock



Little Red Riding Hood



HUMOROUS
SHORT STORY

Rosie was 2 years old the first time she flew a space ship- well not really by herself, she was sitting on her dad's lap while he flew. She was five years old the first time she flew on her own - with her dad sitting next to her.

Now that she was 10 she could do anything a grown-up could do in a spaceship, and she did. She even had her own spaceship. It was painted bright red. She also had a red space suit. But what was the most strange of all was her red cloak with a hood. She loved it and would not go space traveling without it. It was because of this that she became known as "Little Red Riding Hood." Everyone in the galaxy had heard of her.

Every thing she owned was red except her hair and eyes; her hair was black and her eyes were brown. Some people said they looked red but her mother said they were brown, so they were brown.

One cold December afternoon Rosie was home with her mother sipping tea and telling stories of her travels when her mother asked, "Rosie dear, I made your grandmother a basket of healthy snacks last Monday and the spacemail won't be coming until tomorrow, I'm afraid the dairy-free whole-wheat cookies will go stale, so could you go and deliver them to her?"

Rosie bounced to her feet "Of course I'll go, mother!" she said "Just let me grab my cloak and I'll be off."

Rosie put on her cloak and her mother kissed her good-by and said "Remember dear never talk to aliens."

"I'll remember, mother!" Rosie called as she got into her spaceship.

Once Rosie was out of Earth's gravity, she set her ship to light speed. Now she was on her way to planet Zankis (which was where her grandmother lived).

A long time later Rosie began to feel tired. She looked at her red watch and saw that it was midnight, Earth time. She decided to stop on Pluto so she could get some sleep.

When she landed she heard something tapping on her spaceship. As quick as a flash she pulled on her space suit, grabbed her laser gun, and stepped outside to see who was bothering her. She saw a huge mop of green slimy skin with long twisting tentacles sticking out all over it. It had a huge toothy mouth. Rosie recognized this as one of the rare aliens that liked to feast on humans. Aiming her gun straight at the alien's only eye, she said, "Get out of here, you big blob of snot, before I blow your eye out."

The alien was not going to be scared off by a little girl, so instead of leaving, it said in its slimy voice, "Oh, don't be foolish, little Red Riding Hood, I would not want to eat you. I was just going to ask where you were going."

Now, Rosie had already forgotten her mother's advice about not talking to aliens, so she said cheerfully "I'm off to planet Zankis to visit my grandma and give her these healthy snacks." When the alien heard this, it quickly left. So Rosie went back into her ship and went to bed.

Meanwhile the alien went to its ship and flew off to the planet Zankis while Rosie slept, so, of course, it arrived at Granny's long before Rosie did. When it got to Granny's, it knocked on the door and said in its sweetest voice, "Hello Granny, it's Rosie. I've brought you some healthy snacks." When Granny opened the door, the alien swallowed her whole before she even had time to scream.

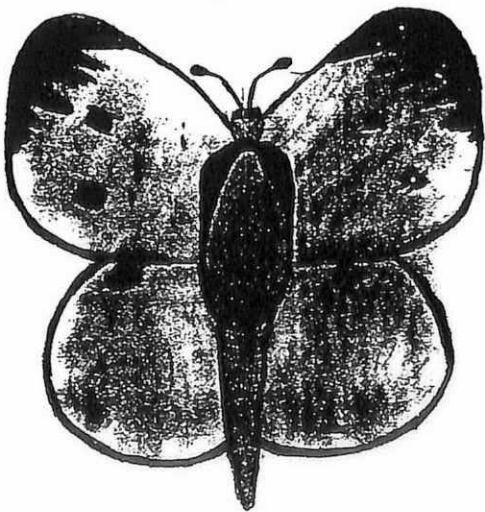
When Rosie arrived the next morning she knew from the moment "Granny" invited her in that this was not, in fact, her granny, but the alien she had met the night before. She also knew that she had to be clever in order to get rid of this human-consuming monster. She noticed that something was struggling under the covers of Granny's bed where the alien was. She also saw that the alien was wearing her grandmother's night cap.

Rosie crept to the edge of the bed and said "Oh granny, what a large eye you have!"

"Better to see you with, my dear." It was, of course, waiting for her to comment on its particularly large mouth.

Instead, Rosie went into the kitchen saying "Well, I had better get a knife to cut the apples with." When she came back, she said to the alien "What a green skin you have, Granny! Are you that way all over?" And with that, she pulled the covers off the bed and as soon as the alien's stomach was exposed she took the knife and sliced it open, allowing Granny to jump out.

Together Rosie and Granny cut the alien into little tiny pieces, and threw them out the window one by one. They spent the rest of the day eating healthy snacks and talking about nothing in particular. Then Rosie flew straight back to earth without stopping anywhere.

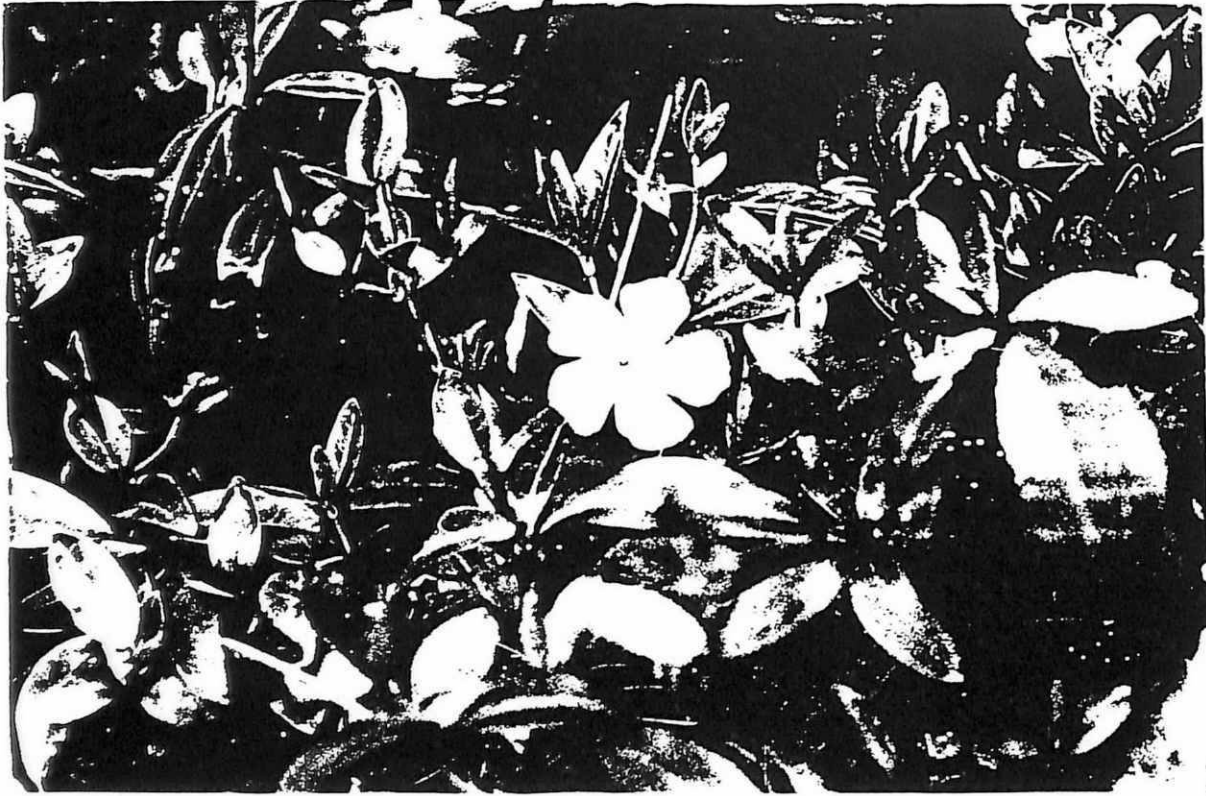


The End

by Moksha Rainbowlight



Layout by: Heather Shershun-Varner
and Mollie Toper. Sketches By: Tina
Young and Jasmine Duvall



layout by Eva Miller

photograph by Richard Cissel

Summer

By Justin Neville-Kaushall

Summer is a time of purple, green grapes that slide into your mouth, feeling like rubber until you burst them open, and all the flavor comes melting out into your mouth, making it seem like a resivar of Sweet Water.

It is a time of blazing days, gold and white speckled flower grounds, and freedom.
It is Summer.

If the grapes are not enough, then you shall soon hear the tea kettle screaming like an infernal Hitchcock rerun, then the Spice Bags shall be taken out, and immersed in the boiling water, only to be cooled in the freezer of Cold. When the freezer has done its work, you peer nervously into the shimmering, dark, liquid in the white clay cup, that looks like a melted glass against a cold, night, sky.

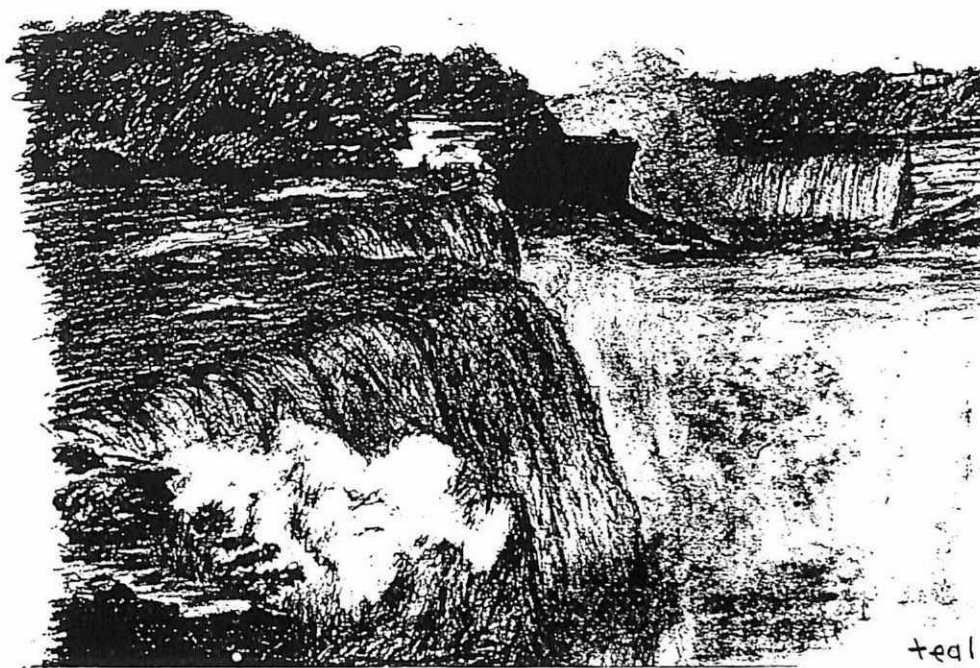
And you drink.

It is also a time of late afternoon catnaps, and when you have waken, many times you will find that the sun has forgotten you.

In Summer, the Wind rustles the trees and the leaves flutter down like a thousand birds, rippling the air with flight.

And finally, the Dog, Seneca, climbing through the tall grass like a smiling gold-fuzzed bee, with her own special treasure of a solitary rock in her mouth.

All of this, my friends, is Summer.



Drawing By Teal Greyhavens



Drawing by Alex Murphy



Drawing By Simon Newton

By Kyla Duncan

Angels cry, did someone die?
Unseen harmony makes us silent.
What causes this world to become so violent?
A long kiss goodnight
Will make us dream.
My life is ending; or at least it seems.
A pod of silken water ripples
As tears from someone's heart fall.
Am I dreaming? Or have I ever dreamt at all?
A flash of imagination
Left my mind a long time ago,
Or could I still be dreaming?
But the tears I cry are real as they continue to flow.

page by Simon Newton

Aliens

By Lisa M. Gibbens

A phone rang in the daily OFN newspaper office and Jane our night editor picked up. The woman on the phone said "Aliens have landed on top of City Hall. Please get someone down here to do the story." Jane replied " We will see what we can do Miss. But I do not promise we can do anything because we are short of staff right now." The woman on the phone hung up and Jane called into Carter "Are you busy right now or can you cover a story?"

"Right on it, Jane, as soon as I finish this paper." Replied Carter, Carter finished his paper and got over to City Hall to cover the story. There the aliens had landed and were holding the mayor hostage.

The aliens said, " We will release your mayor if you give us a subscription to your daily OFN newspaper to help keep us updated, and the paper has to be in our language. Which we will give you the sample alphabet in the language. but we need the editors promise that we will get the paper." Carter went to the phone and called the night editor and said, " Jane you have to get down here. The aliens want a subscription to the OFN and the editors promise that the OFN will be delivered as well as that it will be in their language."

Jane got down to the City Hall and gave them her promise and said, " If you give me the address of the place where you want the papers delivered I will make sure you get your papers." The aliens gave Jane the address and some special stamps that she could mail the papers with. The city of Cleveland remained a peaceful treaty with the aliens forever more. No more events ever happened that are worth writing about, hope you see this event in your local newspaper.

page by Dylan Farque



Middle School

Middle school is not the place every growing teen wants to be. No one minds middle school because it's pretty fun for you and me.

The friends, the laughter, the exciting adventure walking from class to class.

But when the bell rings you get stuck in hallway traffic, and everything gets hectic because you didn't do your homework, and you are probably going to be late, and then your really going to get it.

You get into class and you try to do it quick but it never gets done, and when the teacher comes over to check it, you consider yourself done. Middle School is pretty great but it can also give you a major headache.

Alex Murphy

Ode to Books

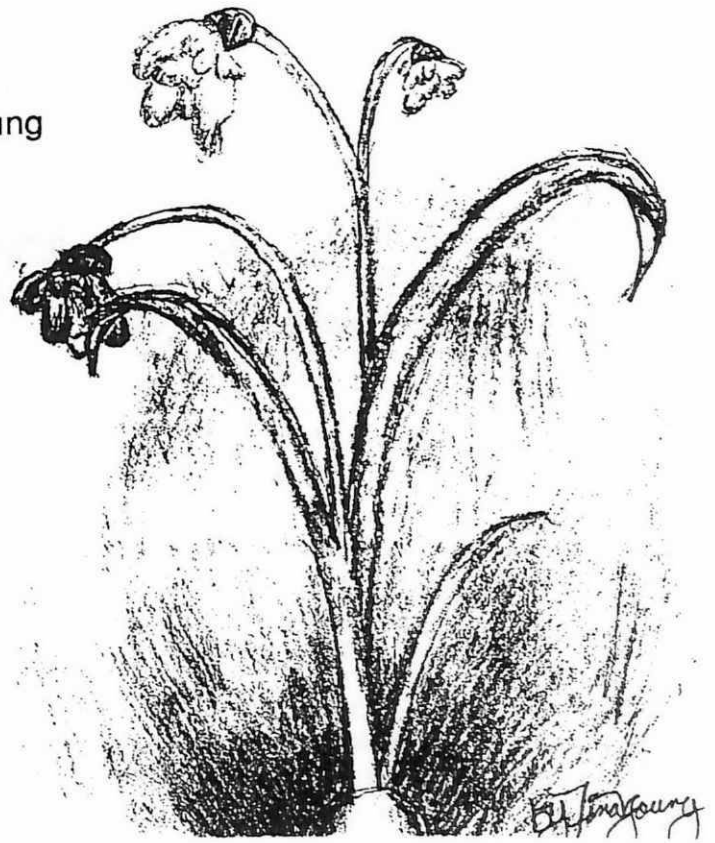
By Sarah Albi

Myths and legends
Stories and tales
About fairies and
Princesses. Knights
In shining armor
Like a dream told
Out loud, treasure
Island with pirates
Galore as I shout I
Want more about
Fair maidens and
The seven seas
Adventure, fiction
Novels, comedies
Thriller and
Mystery too. As I
Devour them into
My mind, my brain
Is painting pictures
Impossible to paint
On a canvas with a
Brush and fine oil
Paints, words in my
Brain that mean lots
Of different things,
That make me feel
So many different
Ways. Imaging far
Away places, and
Not going by car
But by camels and
Flying carpets with
Fine color like rich
Tapestries in a
Castle owned by a
Royal king and
Queen. While I sit
Inside by the fire
Cuddled up with
My favorite book.



Lia Gelred

Tina Young



The Ladder

It goes forever
And then it ends
The summer comes
And goes

Another year has come
Of books and words and thoughts

Then it's gone
And comes again
You're on top of the ladder

You're on top of the ladder
For just one year
And then its back
To the bottom

To start all over again

Page by Richard Cissel

"The Ladder" is by Mollie Toper

The Sea

By Tegan Mulholland

I stand on the beach in the cold and wet
The sand underfoot lets me forget
The waves wash away the pain I knew
I forget all the times I have been untrue

The water enters into my veins
I pulse with the sea, which yet remains
My cleansing and eternal joy
My one truth no one can destroy

The wind blows away the fear I feel
And the pain I have seen so hard to conceal
I am one with the world, I begin my ascent
To that place that is mine, my true element

I see my inner self before my eyes
Feel my true heart deep inside
At least at this moment I am light, I am free
To make into one myself and the sea



DRAMATIC
POETRY



artwork by Nell Deligio-Spiess

By Kyla Duncan and Sydney Bherrends

A sinful tear runs down a serious face,
A dancer dances with such beautiful grace.
Often those tears fall,
Just like petals from a rose.
My heart will always continue to grow.
Her mystical dreams
Have always told lies,
Will she ever come out of her lovers' disguise?
The regret of tomorrow
Will constantly bring on years of sorrow.

layout by Eva Miller

Ode to Piglet

By Jess Hock

Drawing by Felicia Katz

He may be short.
He may be scared.
And he may be pink.
But there is more to Piglet
Than you might think.
He's Pooh's best friend.
He's Eeyore's bud.
Tigger always bounces him in the mud.
It's Piglet's size that gives him trouble.
The wind takes him up like a peppermint bubble.
He says "Oh my . . ."
And "D-d-d-dear."
Of Heffalumps and Woozels
He has great fear.
For such a small animal
It's hard to be brave.
But it is his kindness and sweetness
Of which I rave.
My admiration for Piglet has no end.
I wish I were Pooh
So he would be my best friend.



Drawing by Catherine Earl

Remembering a Son by Anna Richardson

Dear Commanding Officer,

He was the best that ever happened to me. Tim was my only child, and ever since he was born, his father and I cherished him. All through school, Tim always seemed to be bright, and his father and I knew that he would go to college. When Tim entered the local High School, he was very popular. He was captain of the football team and student body president. One thing I started to notice about Tim was that he had very strong opinions about war and politics. I was not very surprised when he signed up to fight in Germany, during World War One. I trusted Tim, and knew that he would be safe, although I was a little frightened with the fact that he was leaving me. We had a teary good-bye at the Train Depot, and then he was gone. Awhile later, I'm not quite sure when, I got word that Tim had died, while fighting in the Argonne forest in France. At this point, most mothers would be sad, and angry at the government, but I wasn't. Tim didn't fight in the war because he had to, but because he wanted to make a difference. I know that Tim is dead, but I truly feel that if he would of never fought in the war in the first place, he would have felt empty and thought that he could have helped. I miss Tim, and think about him every night, but I do this because I now know what a truly wonderful person he was.

Yours Truly,
Margaret Arnold

Layout by Ani Niedelman
and Chelsea Maloney

Jimmy Powell's Classroom Adventure

by Jonah Hankin-Rappaport

Jimmy Powell was a small, shy fifth grader with red hair and freckles that occupied most of his slender face. Unfortunately, because of his size and the color of his hair Jimmy was teased quite frequently. The most common way Jimmy dealt with this and other situations was to mentally escape. He just went into a daze. Where he wouldn't have to listen to anything anyone was saying to him (which quite often was rude, degrading, or negative in some way).

On this particular day Jimmy was in his history class with Mrs. Broomtwitch who had acquired the reputation of being the "Broomed Witch." She was at least 137 years old, according to most of her students. She had tiny spectacles that somehow always ended up on the very end of her elongated, mole producing nose. She also had white hair that she wore in a bun. But, most terrifying of all were her evil, menacing, devilish, squinting yellowish-green eyes. She was, with no doubt in anybody's mind, the meanest, strictest, most terrifying teacher in the world.

On this particular day Mrs. Broomtwitch was talking about Columbus, and his trip to America. She started out by saying "Columbus spent many weeks and many days voyaging across the wide Atlantic...."

"Blah, blah, blah," thought Jimmy, as he sluggishly drifted off into a misty dream. He found himself swimming in the depths of the ocean, somewhere near a tropical area. He saw mysterious, exotic fish of oranges, yellows, reds, blues and purples. As he was exploring the ocean depths far off he could see dark shadows that belonged to a very large object. He cautiously, but inquisitively approached the unknown object. The shape started to become more identifiable, and when he was closer to it he could then tell it was a sunken ship. Now that he had figured out what the originally frightening thing was he was very interested in exploring the new find. He circled around the ship looking for an entrance, and on the deck of the ship was a hatch. He pulled with all his might and the heavy hatch began to open little by little until Jimmy could slide it away and go down into the belly of the ship. Jimmy was very excited about exploring the dark cavernous vessel and eagerly swam down to investigate. Once he was down there he was a little nervous. On his right against the wall was a barren desk, on his left there was a cracked window, and straight in front of him was an old, brown, wooden chest. Jimmy was drawn to open the chest. So he

page by Dylan Farque

slowly approached it hoping that it might be filled with gold. When he reached the chest he carefully lifted the lid and peered inside with breathless anticipation. To his surprise and delight lying inside was a gleaming silver sword. He held it in awe and pride. All of a sudden out of the corner of his eye he saw a through the cracked window a pair of haunting yellowish green eyes that belonged to a massive shark. The shark circled once, then swam like a bullet head on towards Jimmy who was frozen in shock. The horrific beast burst through the window, shattering the side of the boat. Then Jimmy in panic swung the sword with all his might striking the shark in the head. The shark was injured, but with all the momentum it had built up it went colliding into Jimmy who went flying backwards, landed on his head and was knocked out. In the meantime the wounded shark had swam away to recover from the damaging blow.

Jimmy blinked his eyes a few times as his vision cleared and he gained conscience. The sight in front of him was not a pleasant one. He was lying on the floor looking at the same greenish beige tiles as the ones in his history class. He slowly raised his head expecting to see the giggles, pointing fingers, and stares of all twenty eight other students. Worst of all he imagined Mrs. Broomtwitch standing over him with her hands on her hips, an evil scowl on her face, and her menacing eyes darting into him like spears. But, instead of all this, the students were staring in awe at him, then the front of the classroom, then at him, and so on. Jimmy slowly lifted himself to see what they were all looking at in the front of the classroom. He didn't notice anything odd or amazing. Nothing was there.

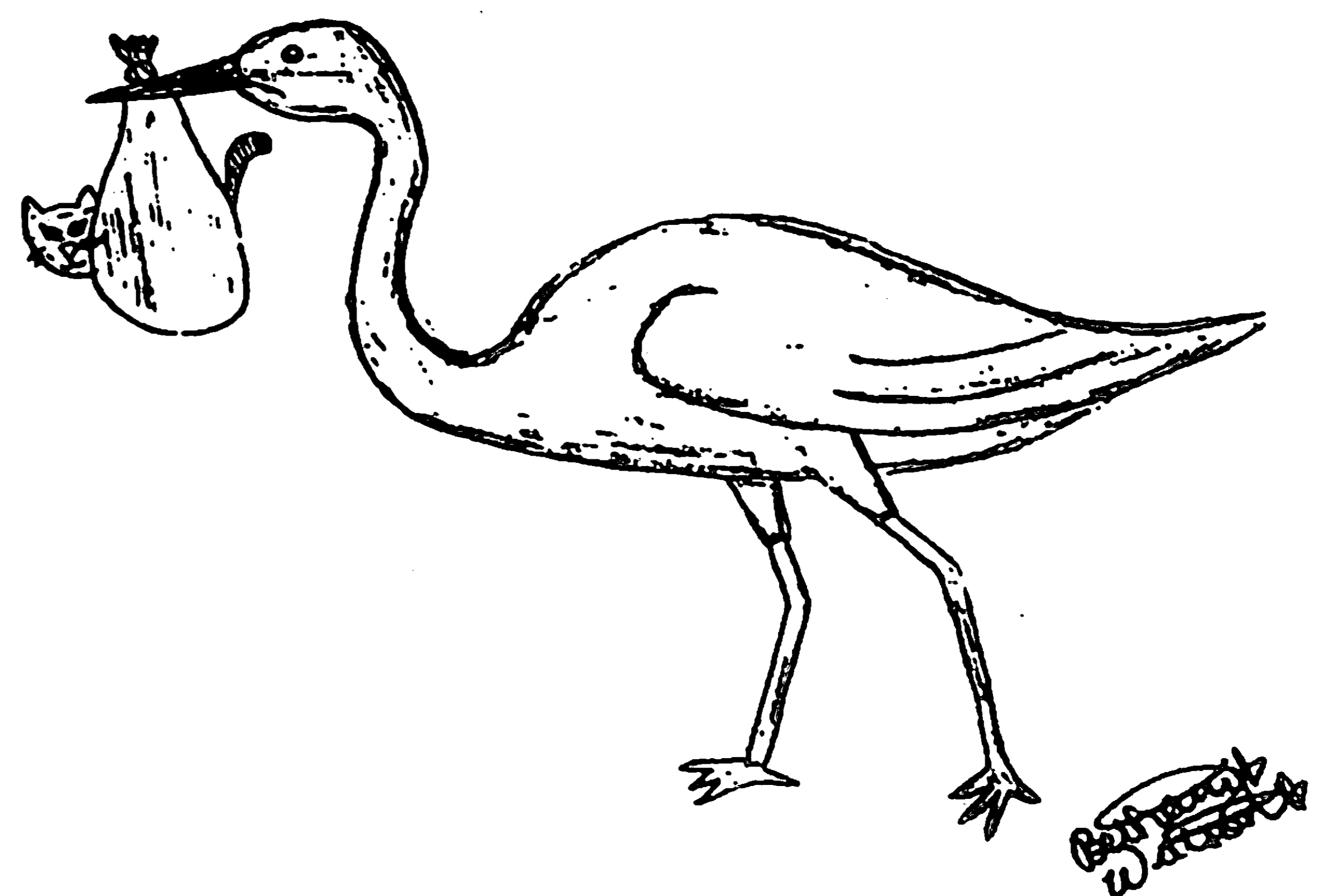
"That's it," he said to himself in delight. "Mrs. Broomtwitch was gone!"

All around him kids were saying things like "Wow, what happened," or "How did you do that?"

Jimmy had destroyed the evil Mrs. Broomtwitch. That day at lunch Jimmy wasn't sitting alone like he had every other day, in fact he hardly had time to eat he was talking so much with his new friends.

page by Starlight Alvis

The End



By Eva Krivak-Tetely

Ghost Dance

by Kathrine Harrison

Swirling Shimmering Spiraling Spinning
in the eerie light of the moon
the ghosts have just begun their dance
and it won't be over soon
Mischievous Misty Mangled Monsters
they leap about the leaves
red and orange and golden leaves
that crackle by the eaves
Riveting Rambling Reeling Rainbows
by the sky a velvet blue
the stars shine bright and what a
fright! The ghosts are shining too
Limber Leaping Laughing Looping
until each one is dizzy
they then slide down a waterfall
where their ghostly forms turn fizzy
Galloping Garrulous Graceful Gliding
sneaking among the trees
until with a swish their carried off
by a sudden gust of breeze
Dancing Devious Delightful and Daring
they race each other for fun
they crowd together the tension builds
until the starting gun
Iridescent Impish Intelligent Images
they search an abandoned house
a scratching sound!
they run out scared
though it only was a mouse
Whispering Whimsical Witty Wisps
they talk and sing with flourish
for hours on end their voices blend
until each one is hoarse
Tired from Tumbling Tossing Turning
dawn is almost there
a streak of light the ghosts take flight
and soon they fill the air
Blank...Bleak...Barren...Bland...
no trace of them is showing
but next year they'll be back again
when the harvest moon is glowing

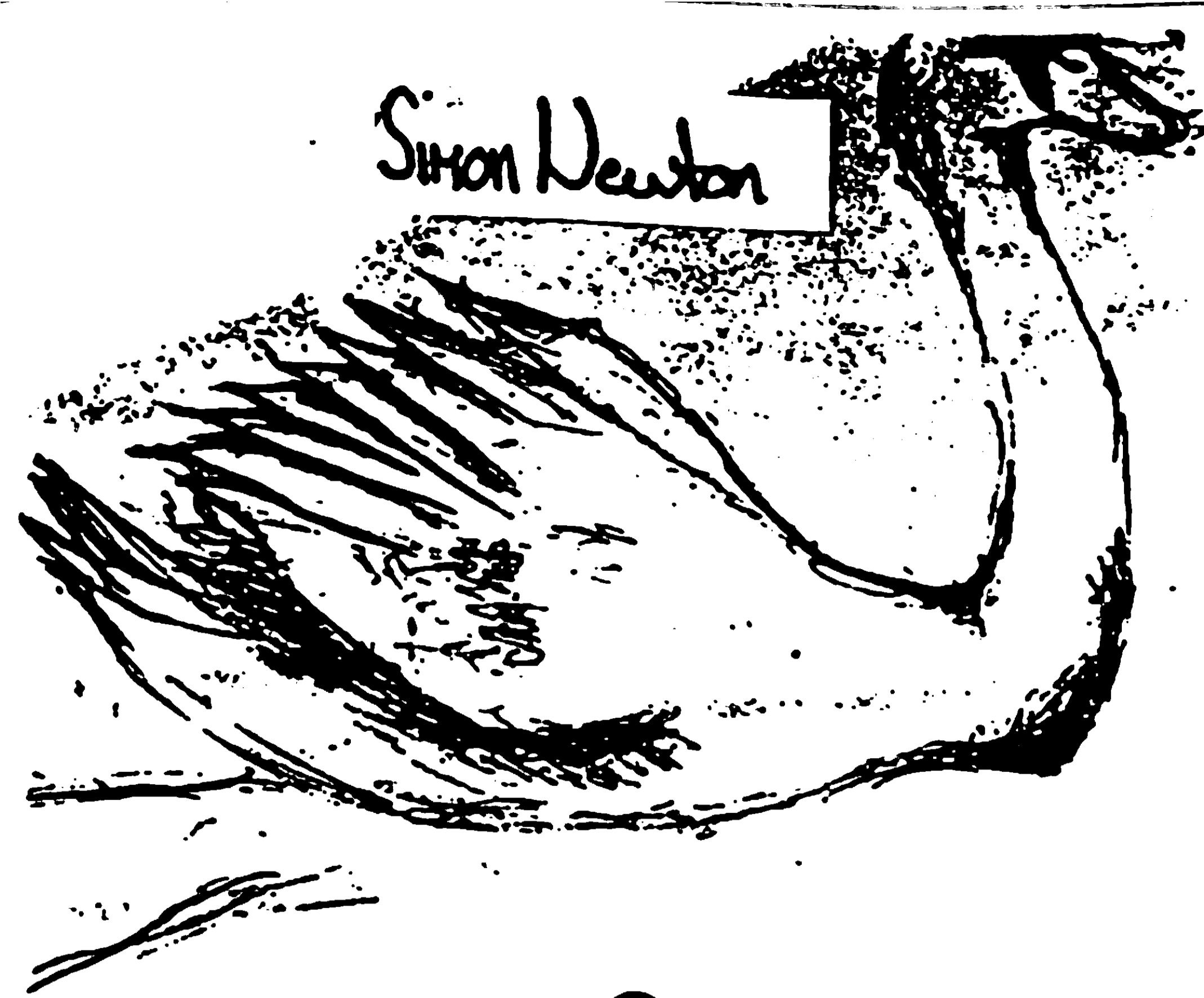


the lights flash
the siren rings
the body lays
in the moonlight
near the curb
one more girl
is laid to rest
in this cruel world
blacks and jews
women and men
all treated differently
yet all the same
the lights flash
the siren rings
the body lays
over the broken bed
one more boy
is laid to rest
in this cruel world

Layout by Emily Peterson
and Jacque Fitzgerald



Wood Lily
and
Honey Bee



The Banana Fight

by Max Nosiglia



HUMOROUS
SHORT STORY

One rainy day in my old house in New York, my friend Paul and I were trying to think of something to do. The rain was pounding on the house so hard it sounded like people were throwing rocks at it. I suddenly got a craving for cereal. I asked Paul if he wanted anything but he wasn't hungry. I walked down the stairs and went into the kitchen.

"Go away," my mom said as soon as she saw me walk into the kitchen.

"But mom, I want something to eat..."

"Here, have a banana."

And that's when it all started.

I came back up the stairs and sat down next to Paul. I tried to open the banana but it was stuck.

"Can you help me with this?" I asked Paul.

"You can't open a banana?" Paul laughed.

Paul tried to open it but he couldn't either.

"What is the matter with this banana?!?" Paul shouted.

"Give it to me!"

"No."

"It's my banana," I said as I took the banana from him.

By this time the banana was soft and mushy inside the skin. It brown and yes, it was still not open. I yanked it as hard as I could 'Plop'! The banana opened and it was really gross inside.

The mushy banana oozed over my hand. I threw it at Paul and ran into my room. Hearing his cries of anguish I held the door shut as tightly as I could so Paul couldn't throw the incredibly nasty banana at me. He broke down the door and I didn't have time to run. A small ball of banana flew through the air. SMAAAACK!!! I had ducked just in time and the ball of ooze hit the wall and sprayed little blobs everywhere.

"Yuck!" I yelled as I scooped the banana off the wall. I anticipated the direction Paul was going to try to dodge the sludge and I threw it in that direction. The ball of goo hit Paul in the side and he yelped. He picked up the banana peel (which was worse than the banana) and threw it at me. It hit me in the face. This went on for about an hour, until my mom called us for lunch. We froze and my mom started coming up the stairs.

Paul and I searched frantically for somewhere to hide but it was too late. My mom opened the door and at that moment I was dead, at least for a week. Paul went home and I don't know what happened to him.

I ended up having to scrub the room top to bottom, and once I was done I was grounded for a week. I didn't do a very good job and as far as I know, there are still dried pieces of banana there today.

Layout by Jacque Fitzgerald
and Emily Peterson

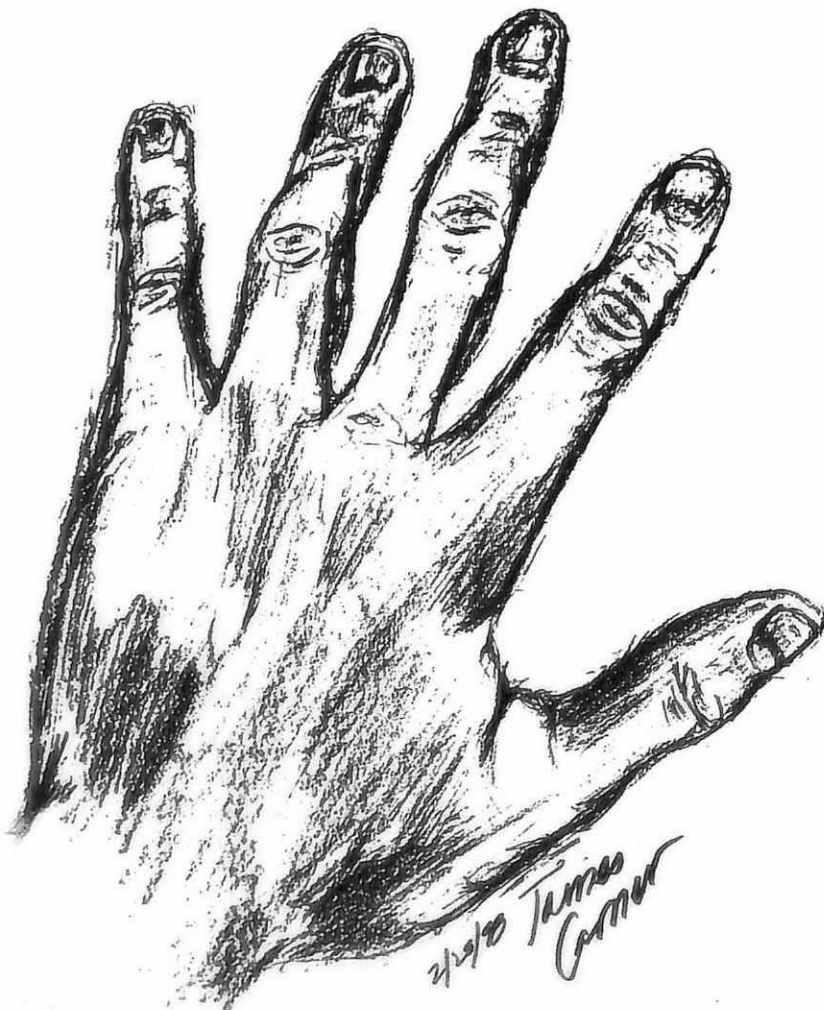
Another Day of Middle School

By Tonia Boock

4/30/98

I awake to the sounds of stampeding elephants in my head,
Another day of middle school, I'm sure that I will dread!
I rush to the bus, missing by an inch.
I guess I'll walk to school, don't worry it's a sinch.
The second bell rings and echoes in my brain,
I run through the courtyard, the kids and the rain.
Chemistry, choir, connections and math!
I'm sure that Shakespeare never hath!
The clock strikes three, the buzzer sings,
It's time to catch the bus and all the running that brings!
After the homework, It's time to hop in bed,
I awake to the sounds of stampeding elephants in my head.

Layout by
Shanna Grose



Icarus

by Tegan Mulholland

You say it brings you up
It takes away the pain
But how long 'till you fall
and can't get up again?

While you fly in the clouds
I watch you lose your humanity
When you crash to the ground
I try to mend your broken bones

It eats you alive, devours you
And you crawl back for more
Anything, anything at all
To return to the clouds

But like Icarus someday
You will fly too high
And how 'till I find
Your broken body fallen from the sky?

Children of the Moonlight

By Tegan Mulholland

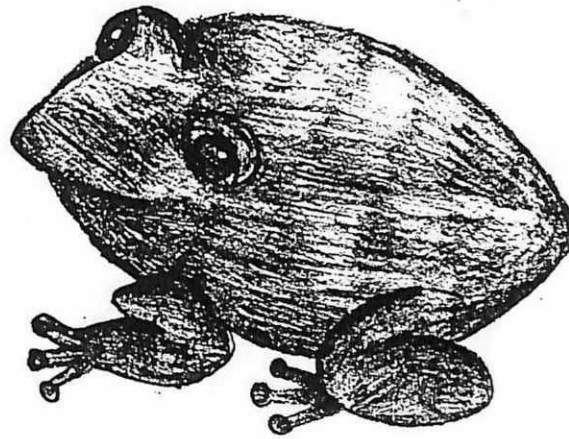
Drawing by Nicole Trickett

We are the children
Of the moonlight
Eating bargain brand
Chicken soup at midnight

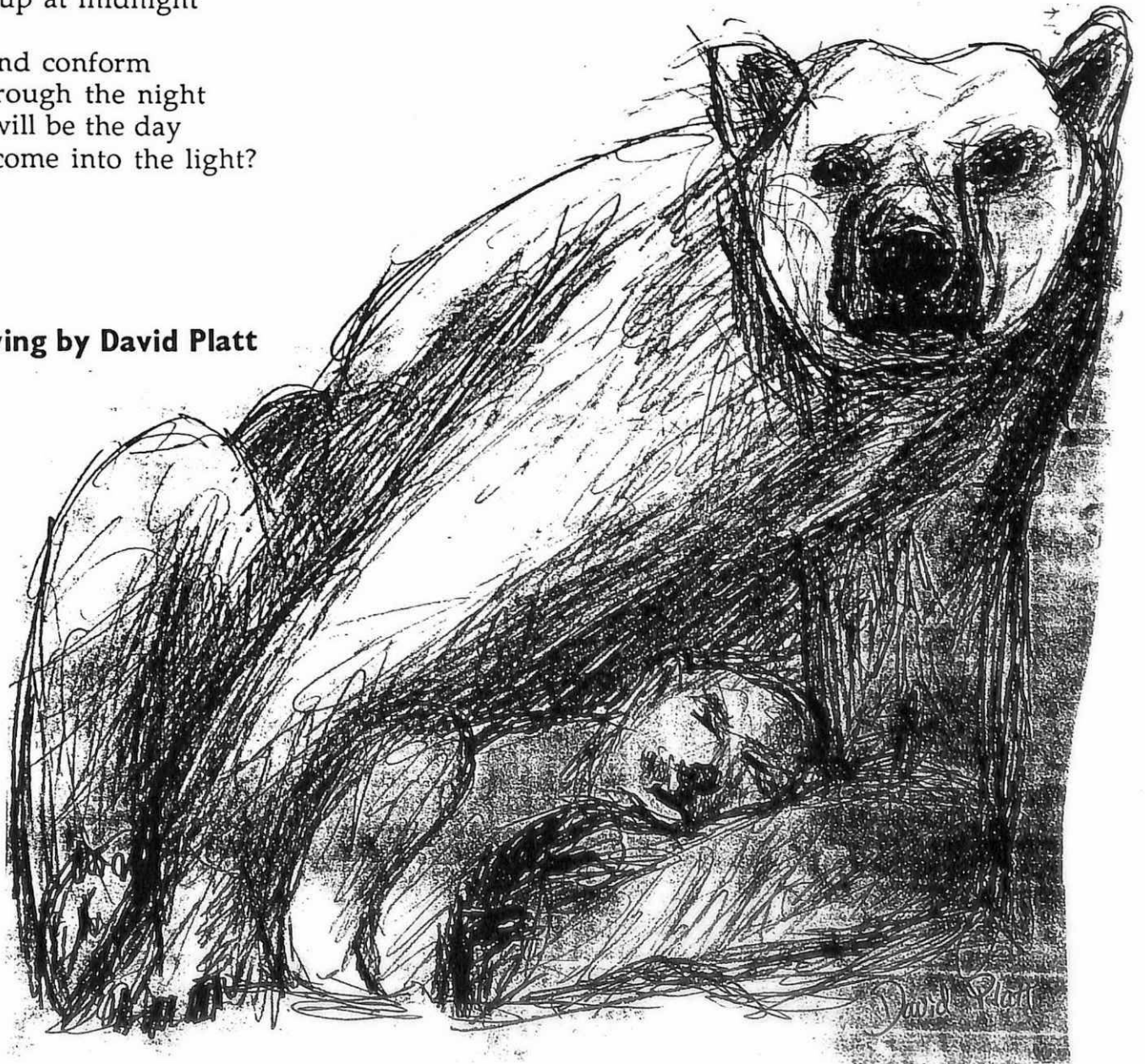
We have no names
We have no homes
We're lost, but know
Exactly where we are

We are the children
of the moonlight
Eating bargain brand
Chicken soup at midnight

We rebel and conform
Moving through the night
But when will be the day
When we come into the light?



Drawing by David Platt



Layout by Nathan Upham



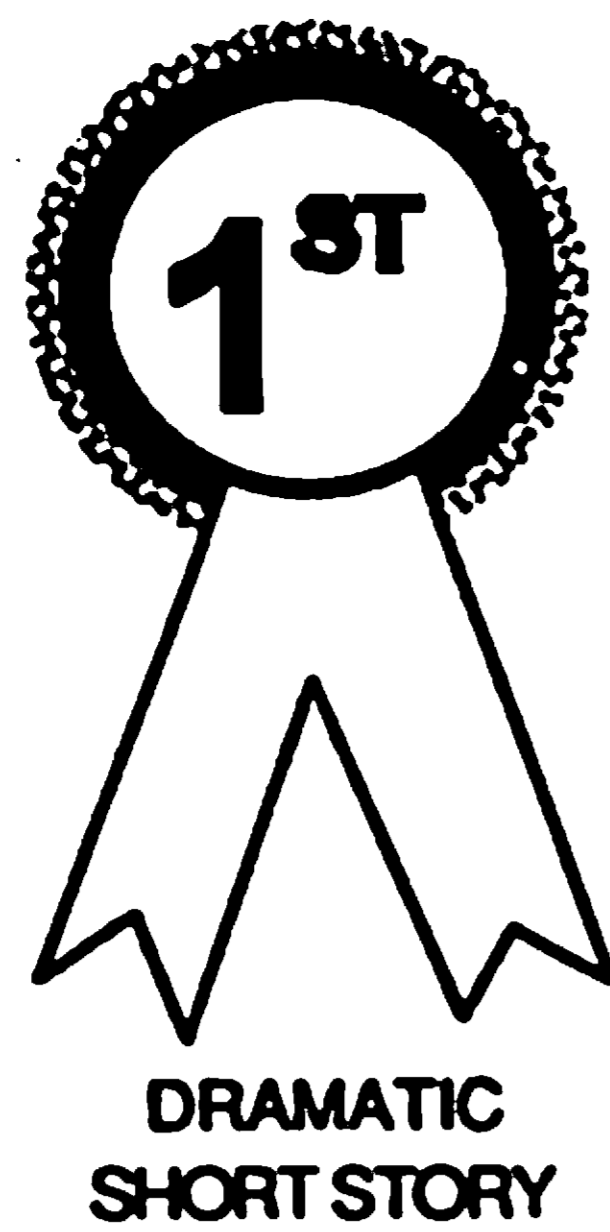
Page by: Heather Shershun-
Varner and Mollie Toper
Photography by: Richard
Cissel
Sketch by: Sean Chappell

Books

By Jonah Hankin-Rappaport

A book is fairy tale
A fantasy, a dream
You'd think they were so simple
But they are not what they seem
A book is a lifetime
A history, a tale
A book is a story
Of a sweet nightingale
A book is mystery
A horror and a flight
A book is a nod
A chuckle or a tear
A book is a comfort
That blocks out all your fear
A book is a beginning
A middle and an end
It starts out as an enemy
And then becomes a friend.





My Journey

By Andrew Karasek

As the plane touched down at the airport at Birmingham, I thought about the other flights that I had taken earlier in the day: first to San Francisco, then to Chicago and finally here to Alabama. I also thought about what our Rabbi Yitzak had told us the night before. He said that this was a journey of healing and that we were on the first leg.

I am on this journey because twenty-nine days ago, during a routine eye exam to update my contact prescription, I complained to the doctor about a blurring of my vision. After many eye tests, the doctor suspected that I had a tumor of the pituitary. Later that day I had an MRI and from those results the doctors concluded that I had a brain tumor, probably a cranial pharyngioma. After a few weeks of searching for the best neurosurgeon, my father (who is a doctor of the brain himself) decided that we should go to Birmingham and see Dr. Jerry Oaks.

I remember all the support I was given from the community. My friends, who held a party for me the night before I left and also came to the airport to send me off, were extremely kind during the whole ordeal. My family was very supportive of me and gave me a lot of help. They took me to Charlotte Peterson, a child psychologist. She taught me how to relax my body and calm myself.

One of the amazing gifts that I was given was from my 6th grade basketball coach, Jeff Smith. Jeff coached my AAA team while going to the U of O undergraduate program. He now goes to school in Boston at Harvard Law. When he heard about my brain tumor, he took a flight to Eugene to see me. He stayed for a weekend and played basketball. He said he came here to make sure that I knew that there was nothing to worry about. Jeff has been a role model for me, with his strong work ethic, self discipline and compassion.

I thought about all of the kindness of people at my middle school. For example, my teachers gave me extra time to turn in assignments. My choir teacher had the entire choir of 150 kids write me good luck notes. At my religious school, they were dedicating the next Saturday morning service to my recovery. It was meaningful to me because it was the one year anniversary of my Bar Mitzvah. The Torah portion that they were going to read was the same one that I read. It was Bereshit, the first chapters of Genesis.

All the support that I had received helped me get ready for what was ahead.

We landed in Birmingham late of Wednesday night. My operation was scheduled for Friday. So I had one day to see the city. However, our main activity was changing hotels. We checked in at the Radisson, but that was not clean. So we moved to the Sheraton Hotel. On Thursday night we went to a southern barbecue restaurant where we had ribs, ground pork, ground beef, chicken, french fries and banana cream pie.

The next morning was my surgery. We woke up early and went down to get the cab that we had ordered the night before, but there was no cab. We

waited and waited. We started calling other cab companies. Finally after 45 minutes a cab picked us up. We were late.

At the hospital they had me change clothes and wait in a little room. While waiting in the room, Jeff Smith called. That was great. Our conversation kept my mind off the surgery. As soon as I got off the phone the nurse wheeled me into surgery. The last thing I remember was telling the doctor that the anesthetic was working.

The first thing that I recalled after waking up was being in the PICU, the pediatric intensive care unit. There were many intravenous lines hooked into my arms and I felt very weak. Later, Dr. Oaks came in and told me that he could not remove the whole tumor. It turned out that when he saw the tumor, it was not what he expected. He took a small biopsy of the tumor, not wishing to go further until he knew what type it was.

At noon the day after surgery I had an MRI of the surgery site. After they put me in the machine, my father asked the nurse if I had any metal staples in my head. She said that I did. The problem was that the MRI machine is a magnet. Magnets attract metal. So when they figured out that I had metal staples, they took me out of the MRI machine. Then, the neurosurgical resident took a pair of scissors and shoved them under the staples, then tried to pull the staple out. This hurt a tremendous amount. I started screaming and crying and asked her to stop. The resident continued to remove the staples with the scissors. Fortunately for me, my PICU nurse came in with the staple removers and took the rest out easily.

The rest of the stay at the hospital was uneventful. My parents got a small room next to mine. They stayed there during the day because I was very sensitive to light and wouldn't allow any light in my room.

Five days after surgery I was released from the hospital. I was taken to the Sheraton Hotel where I started to regain my strength. I did, however, have a severely upset stomach. To help with this problem I was given phenergan, which is an anti-nausea medication. Over the next few days I took frequently. On Thursday morning, I woke up very nauseous. I took some phenergan and my parent and I went to the hospital for an appointment with Dr. Oaks. We waited awhile and then they took us back to an exam room. Dr. Oaks came in and told us about the results from the biopsy. He said that the tumor was soft and gel-like and was one inch in diameter. He also said that this tumor is characteristically benign and extremely slow growing (or indolent). He felt that I might need some more surgery someday, but he didn't know when.

Later that same day, while watching television, I went into a confusional state. My parents were very worried and rushed me back to the emergency room, they took a CAT scan which showed no problems with my surgery. Then they took me to a small exam room. As we waited to be seen by the ER doctor, I had a full seizure. The next day I woke up back in the PICU. The doctors believed that my seizure was caused by a number of factors, sleep deprivation, a craniotomy, but mostly by the nausea medication. They put me on dialatin to stop the seizures, and after one night of observation, discharged me.

That Saturday night my parents took me to the Alabama International Auto Show. This was really great because I love cars and I wanted to be around other people.

On Sunday we flew back home. First we flew to Chicago, then to Denver. At the Denver airport, my relatives came to greet me. They escorted us to our gate and gave me two big thermoses of chicken soup. Next, we flew back to Eugene. At the airport I was welcomed back by all of my friends and my sister. It was great to be back home.



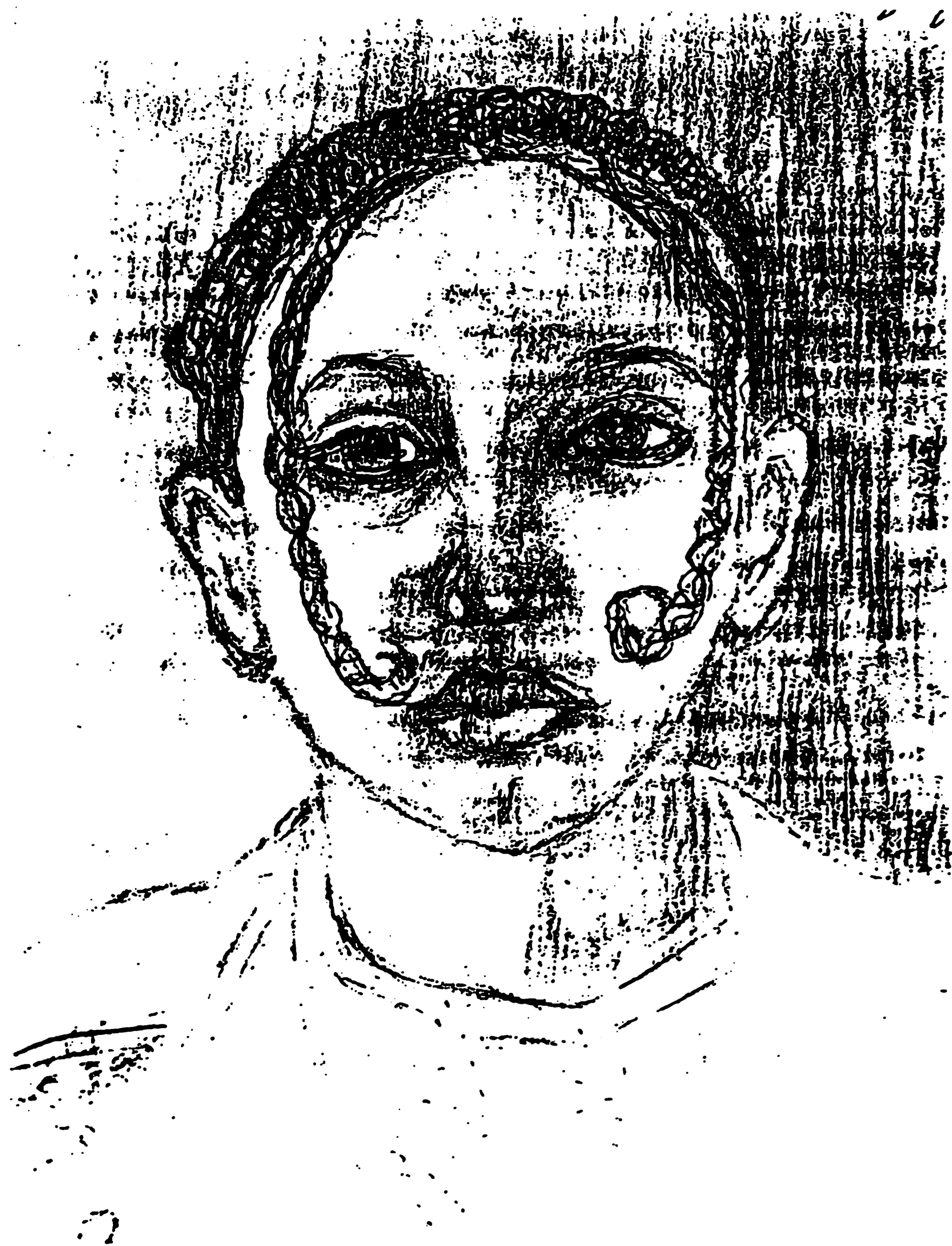
*Drawing By Pragna Cole
8th grade*



*Drawing By Tina Young
7th grade*

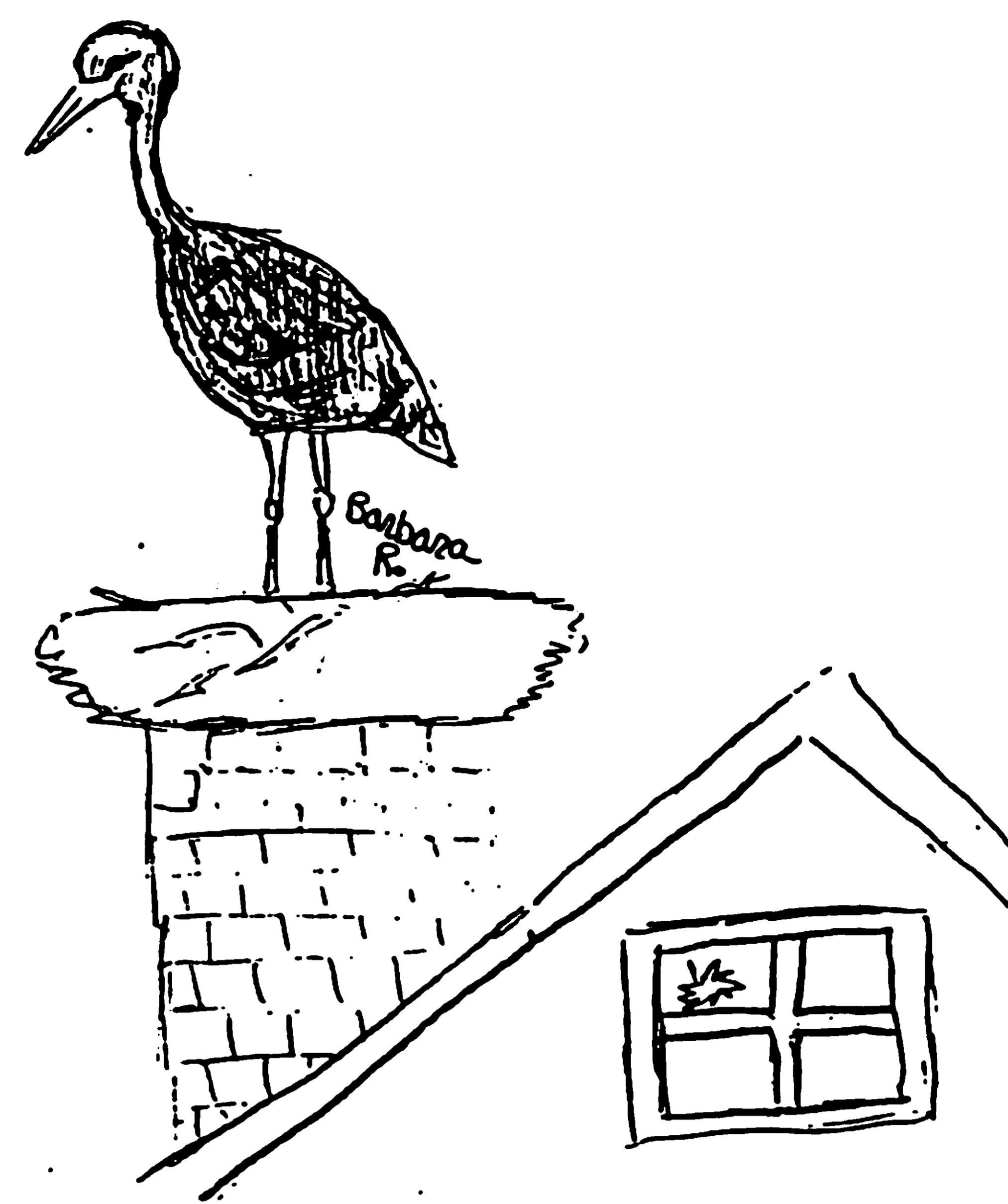
Layout by Emily Chereck

and Alexis Pernsteiner



Pictures by Tina Young

Picture by Barbara Radding



A Backpacks Life
Klunk, I hit the desk
Wheee, I'm back up
Boom, I collided into a stomach
Klunk, there's the desk again
Ahh, home
tucked into a corner until tomorrow

Poem by Whitney Moser



Page by Whitney Moser
and Alex Murphy

School

Poem by Felicity Rose

I'm drowning in a river of words,
Dragging myself out of the current when I can
For gasps of life, of friends and movies and lazy days.
Pulled back into the undertow of homework,
Drenched by the swirl of knowledge.
I revel in the feeling of water against my skin
Even as I fight to the surface from the endless pull.
Ever in front of me.
Threatening me even as it entices me on,
It is the raging waterfall called high school,
The rapids of College.
For now I am busy with the deepening current
For now I could not handle more,
Than the ever swirling river of words,
Threatening to drown me even as it shapes my life.

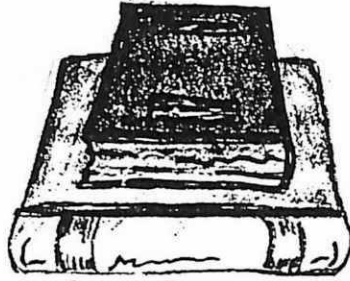
Summer Night

By Momei Qu Drawing by Tina Young

The sun painted the sky with its last red,
The clouds changed their colors in the reddish sky,
The wind pushes the clouds to catch the sun,
And the trees whisper to the ground for a good night.

The birds sing their last song for the day,
The puppies give one last bark to the sky,
The kids shoot one last ball to the basket,
And the parents yelled: "Bedtime!"

Layout by Jade Chamness

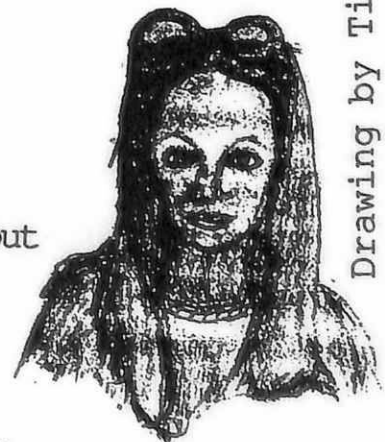


Flower by Whitney Moser



By Casey Marks-Fife

The last fresh breeze
Flows and splashes
Over my face like
Water before I go
In the dank dirty
Halls of school
The front is like
A palace as
I pass through it but
The farther I go
The more like a
Dungeon it gets
I feel as though
My school is a castle
And I try to stay
Out of the dungeon.
The teachers are
Royalty some stubborn
Some mean, but
Some joke like
The Jester. My school



Drawing by Tina Young

What can you do

By Michelle Hogan

While outside you laugh inside
you cry
You nod your head even though
you don't understand
Inside you climb but you have
a fear of falling down
You say you trust after you've
been betrayed
Who do you talk to about what
you really think about yourself.
Do you break down or stay strong
Someone wants to help
Someone tries to help
But it doesn't mend the
hole in your heart
What can you do
Help yourself



Drawing by Liisa Heinonen

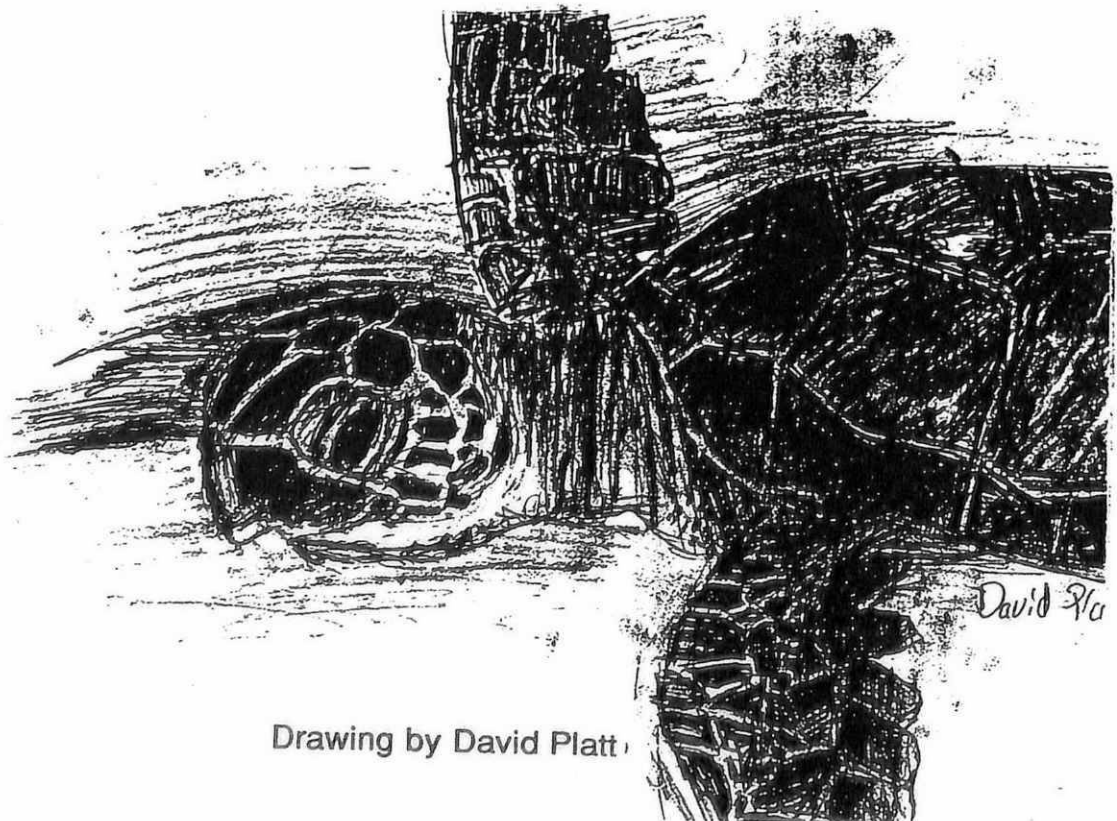
LAYOUT BY BRITT SEVERSON
AND MEREDITH FLEMING



By Tonie Brock



Drawing by
Meredith Fleming



Drawing by David Platt

Seasons

*The coldness hits and the leaves start to fall.
The innocent days of children climbing in your branches are gone.
Each carefree activity is swept away with the wind
And only the essence remains in your barren branches.*

Drawing By: Julia Hill

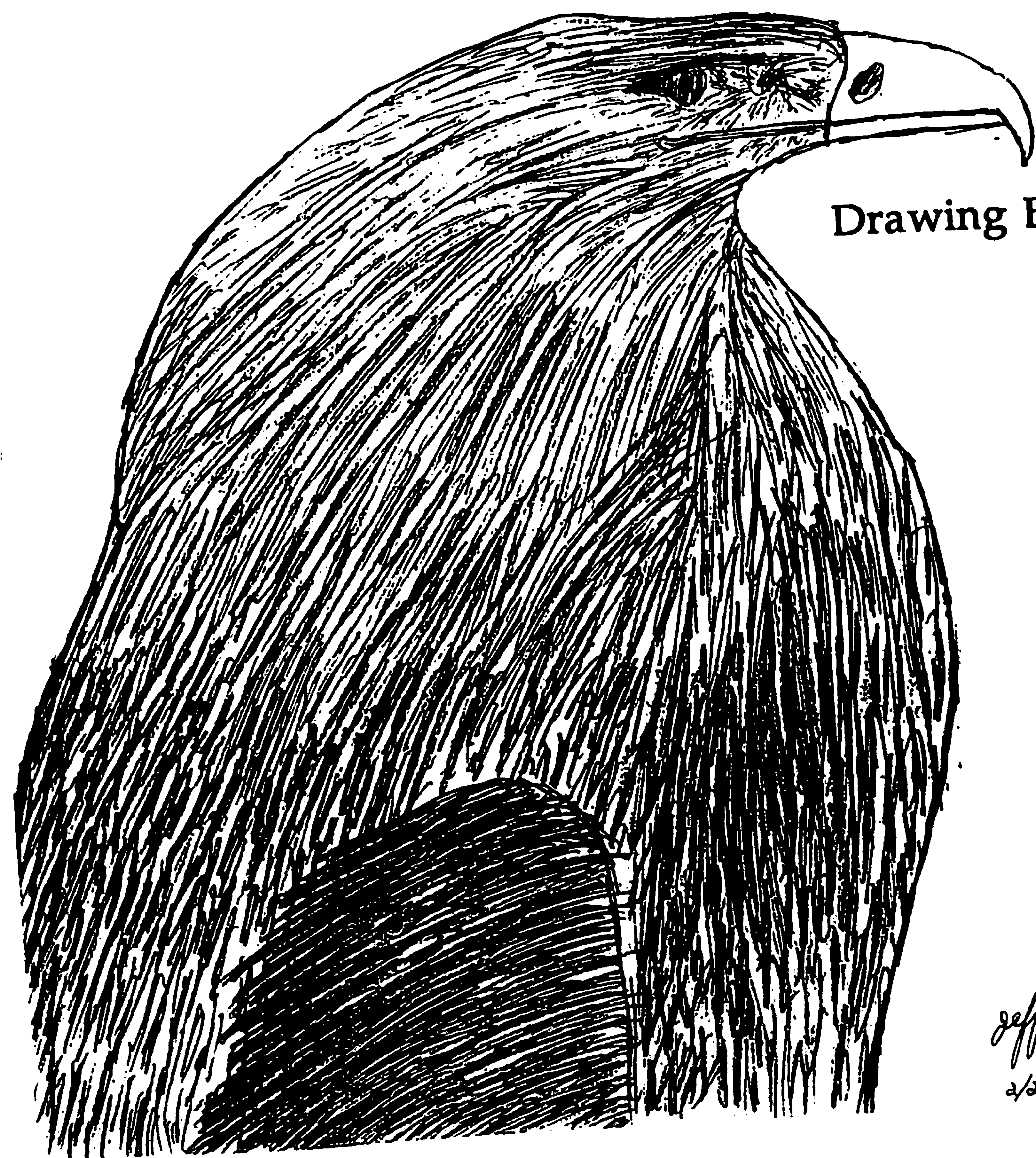
*You've gained more rings and with them more sunlight.
You've grown more roots but a stiff wind could still knock you down.
The thick fog of confusion and unknown still remains
And only the time can clear it.*



*You strive to survive the long, cold days of winter.
Slowly you see your friends tumbling to the ground beside you.
But you hold fast for it is only a few more months till spring
And clarity comes with new life.*

*Soon the buds on your branches start to blossom.
The animals awaken with the sweet scent of dew in the air.
You made it through the tough days of adolescence
And stand confident, ready to do it alone next fall.*

Britt Severson



Drawing By: Jeff West

Drawing by Lisa Potter



Jeff West
2/23/98

Holmes and Imagination

By Justin Neville-Kaushall

Caught in a daydream 'tis easy to forget
that bus now roar where the clickety-clack of the hansom once roamed the streets
of the Houses of Parliament

(contained: a killer? Only the Master knows that. . . or the present?)

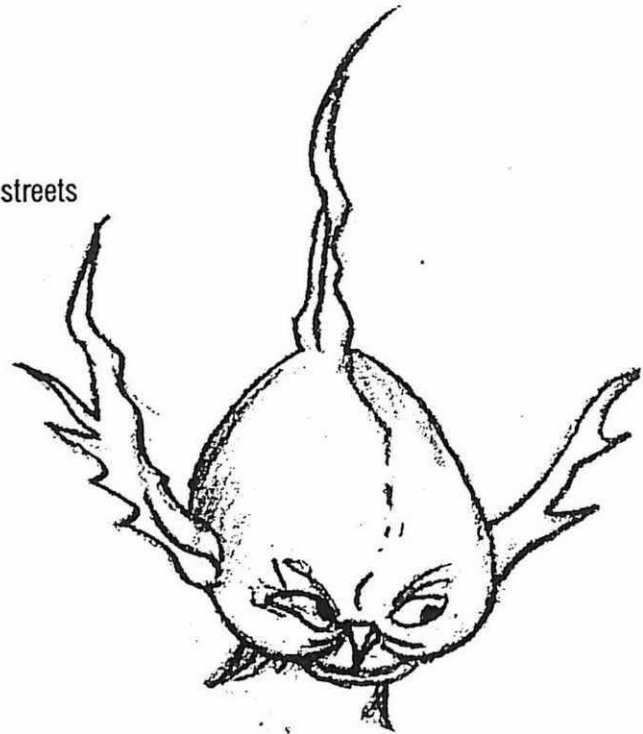
Now where pudgy fingers of Mr. Perlman replace
the long, delicate extremities of Sherlock,
where the trenchcoat if a symbol of closed files not the deer-stalker,
in a world even Holmes' fabulously constructed mind couldn't work in,
where simple logic is taken for granted and yet not obtained.

But, for many children at heart, where the tooth-fairy,
the Clauses and sugared rabbits still roam,
there is still hope for the land of sickly-yellow gas-lamps,
spreading a thick coat of light in all directions,
there the fog is so thick you can barely see the hand in front of you.

It was a time of innocence, where the romantic criminals roamed,
of heavy coats, mufflers and stove-top hats—
where now the synthetic Fleece now dominates.

But, for some there is still Hope—those that still do not deny the magic,
wonderfilled world that is opened up to us if we can only use that tiny speck that
we all have mobile, at least, in our brains.

If you use our imagination, we may still see the pale fingers flying over the violin,



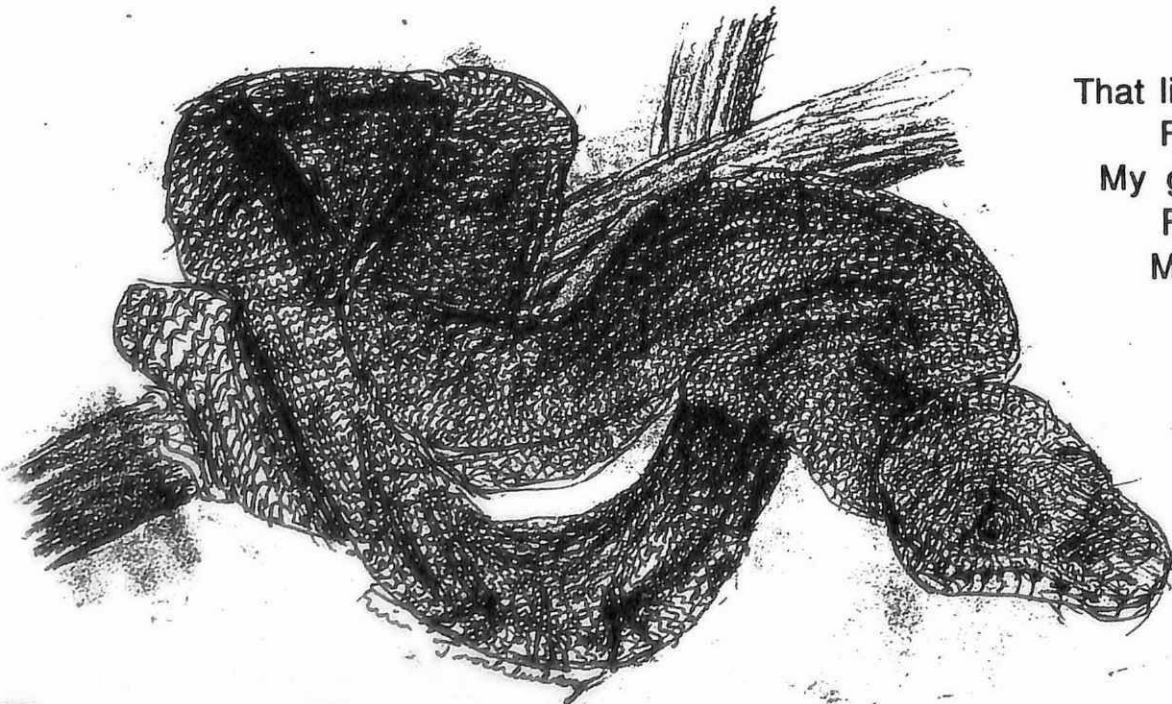
by Tina
Young

A Simple Smile

By Ciel Miller

That smile,
It made me swoon,
That smile,
It could bring down the moon.
That smile,
It made me see,
That life has been good to me.
For that one second,
My grief was thrown away,
For that one second,
My pain away to stay.

page by Dylan Farque



The Cake Adventure

By: Lilly Harris



Cooking is an art. But for me, cooking is, well, not an art. I can make chocolate chip cookies, and rice crispy treats, and that's about it. One year for my mom's birthday, I was supposed to make a triple layer chocolate cake. It was about two hours before I needed to have it done, which I thought would be plenty of time to make a cake. Little did I know what problems I would have on the way to the final product.

The first thing I did was get out my recipe book, to look up the recipe for the cake. Then I checked to see if I had all of my ingredients. Here's where I had my first problem, I had all the right ingredients, but not enough of some of them. I figured that I would just substitute some ingredients and add less of others. It seemed simple enough. I had begun to like cooking, having it be so easy.

When I started mixing my ingredients together, I found that the ingredient that I was short on was flour, I was short one cup. I didn't really think about it, but instead of adding just one ingredient for the substitute, I added two. I added half a cup of baking soda and half a cup of sugar. That was my biggest mistake. I didn't really know what baking soda did to cake.

When I got all of my ingredients mixed together, I poured the cake batter into three round cake pans. Then I put the pans in the oven. I set the timer for about 40 minutes, and went to get ready for the party.

About 30 minutes later I started to smell the cake. It smelled great! I was already congratulating myself on a good cake, and imagining what people would say when they bit into the splendid dessert. My mom would be so happy!

When the timer went off, I ran into the kitchen to see what the cake looked like. I opened the oven, and was disappointed and surprised to see three, one foot tall cakes where there once were only

pans filled with batter. The cakes filled up most of the oven, so I almost couldn't see the back of the oven. I got my oven mitts out of the drawer and put them on my hands. I reached into the oven and grabbed a pan. Along with the pan came an enormous cake, and as I set it down on the counter, I wondered what my mom would say.

When the three cakes were out on the counter, I started the task of removing them from their pans. With the first cake I knew another mistake I had made. I hadn't buttered the pans, and the cake was stuck to the pan. With some struggles, I finally got the three cakes out of each of their pans, with a few bits and pieces of cake still stuck in the pans.

When I had them each on a separate plate, towering over me, I had to laugh. Who would have thought that I would one day make a cake that when set on a counter, I had to look up to. Then I opened the refrigerator to find my frosting. I looked around the refrigerator, and remembered that I had not made frosting. Oh well, I thought to myself, it would look silly if I had three one foot cake's with frosting. At this point I was just trying to make myself think this, I didn't really believe it.

I took the cakes and brought them into the dining room. Then I disappeared into my bedroom, waiting for the moment when my mom would freak out and call me downstairs. I waited and waited, and finally I heard the sound of my mom's voice calling my name. I walked slowly downstairs with my head down. I was ashamed of myself, and I felt horrible. I walked into the dining room and looked at my mom.

"Why the sad face?" my mom asked me. I looked at the cake, and then looked back at her. "Well you better take that frown off your face, we've still got to set the table before guests start arriving."

My mom never questioned the cake, and boy was I happy. We had a wonderful time that night, and my mom actually ate a piece of the cake, but I think it was just to make me happy. I guess it was the thought that counted, but my mom has never asked me to make a cake again.

Pages by Felicity Rose and Tonia Boock

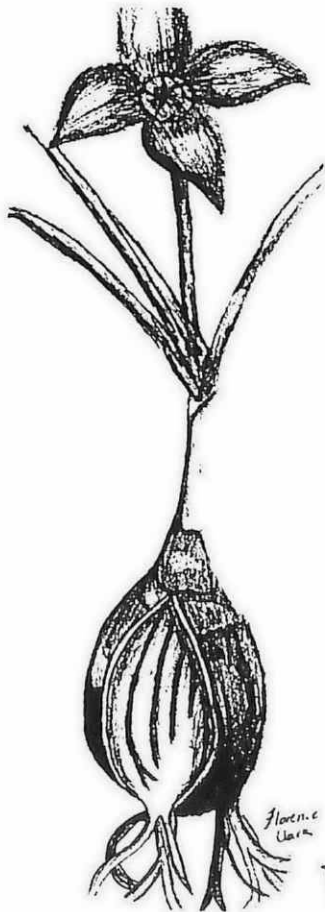
Ode To Raindrops

By Ana Fernandes

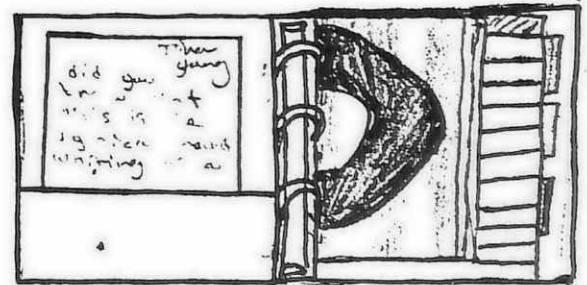
They are like music,
Cool flat drops
That land on rooftops,
They feel like
Gumdrops
On my tongue,
Thick and sweet.
Yet rain is a bully
Fierce and hard
In hurricanes,
Storms
And winds
Like tantrums.



Layout by Ani Niedelman
and Chelsea Maloney



Picture by Tina Young



Left: Drawing by Florence Clark
Right: Drawing by Nell Deligio-Spie

Ode to spying By Toyomi Yoshida

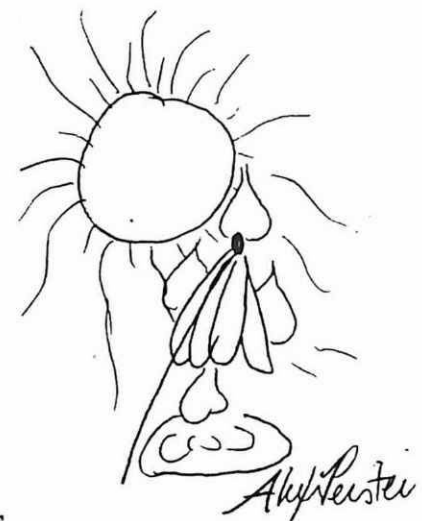
Wishing to the Stars By Kyla Duncan

The depths of my heart
Run as wide as the ocean.
The unforgettable fear is what's pulling me back.
It seems like my life is tearing away,
From the kindness
I received yesterday.
The tears keep pouring,
My heart keeps mourning,
For the day I will lay awake
Wishing to the stars.

Looking at
Funny acts
Laughing very Quietly
Talking to my friend
Every second with
Walky- talky
Running
Going to the club house
Laughing very loud
Time goes so fast
Sun goes down like a basketball

**It was a stage of only the finest actors
 They recited words memorized to please the audience,
 Wore masks brightly painted
 But underneath, a well of sorrow lurked,
 Only to appear when the mask cracked
 The script was filled with whispers, lies, and betrayals
 Everyday people were chained at mind and heart
 But no one would admit it
 They were all too good at pretending
 And so it went, 6 hours a day, and 5 days a week
 They laughed when they wanted to cry,
 Smiled when they wanted to frown
 And slowly, their spirits died
 Substances used to deny the hurting
 Sharp objects stabbed deep into the flesh to punish themselves
 Self hatred became evident in each person
 But, as an audience member you applauded them,
 Thought they were marvelous, joyous people
 You never knew the truth**

**Alexis Pernsteiner
 8th grade**



**David Platt
 7th grade**

Memories

Julia Hill

8th

I can remember when
 time was longer,
 When the hours
 seemed like the days
 do now,
 Or maybe they
 were days

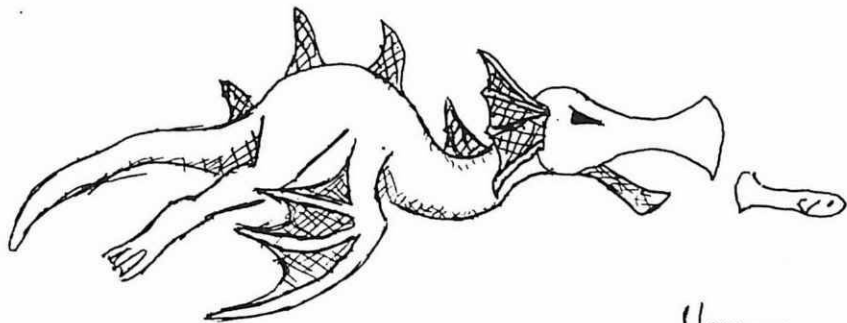
I can remember when
 you were taller than I was,
 But then I grew,
 Or maybe you shrank

I can remember when
 life was so simple
 But then you grew
 Or maybe I did

I can remember when
 I was young
 My past is stored in
 my memory
 Or maybe I'm just
 imagining.

Layout by Emily Chereck





NATHAN

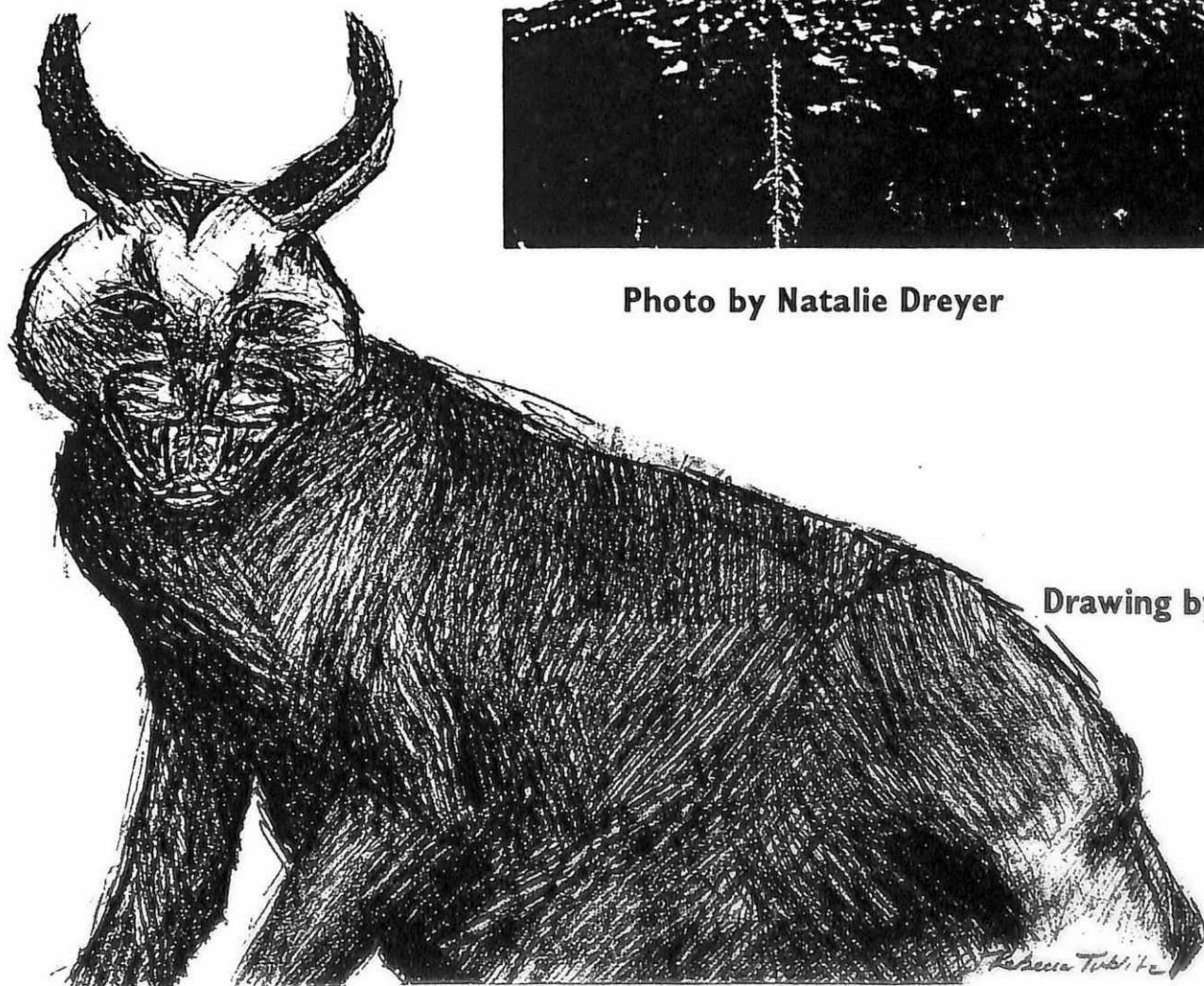
Drawing by Nathan Upham

Spring Time
Emerald hillsides
Dreams of sunlight, sapphire skies
Teardrops on roses
By Felicity Rose



Layout by Simon Newton

Photo by Natalie Dreyer



Drawing by Rebecca Tublitz

Thoes letters,
RMS!
Thet lovely Cheer
rings loud n' Clear.
Everyday I am there,
Getting assignments,
passing and falling.
I am sad,
I have to live,
And hear those letters
SEHS!
I have never
heard that cheer!

Poem by Ani Niedelman

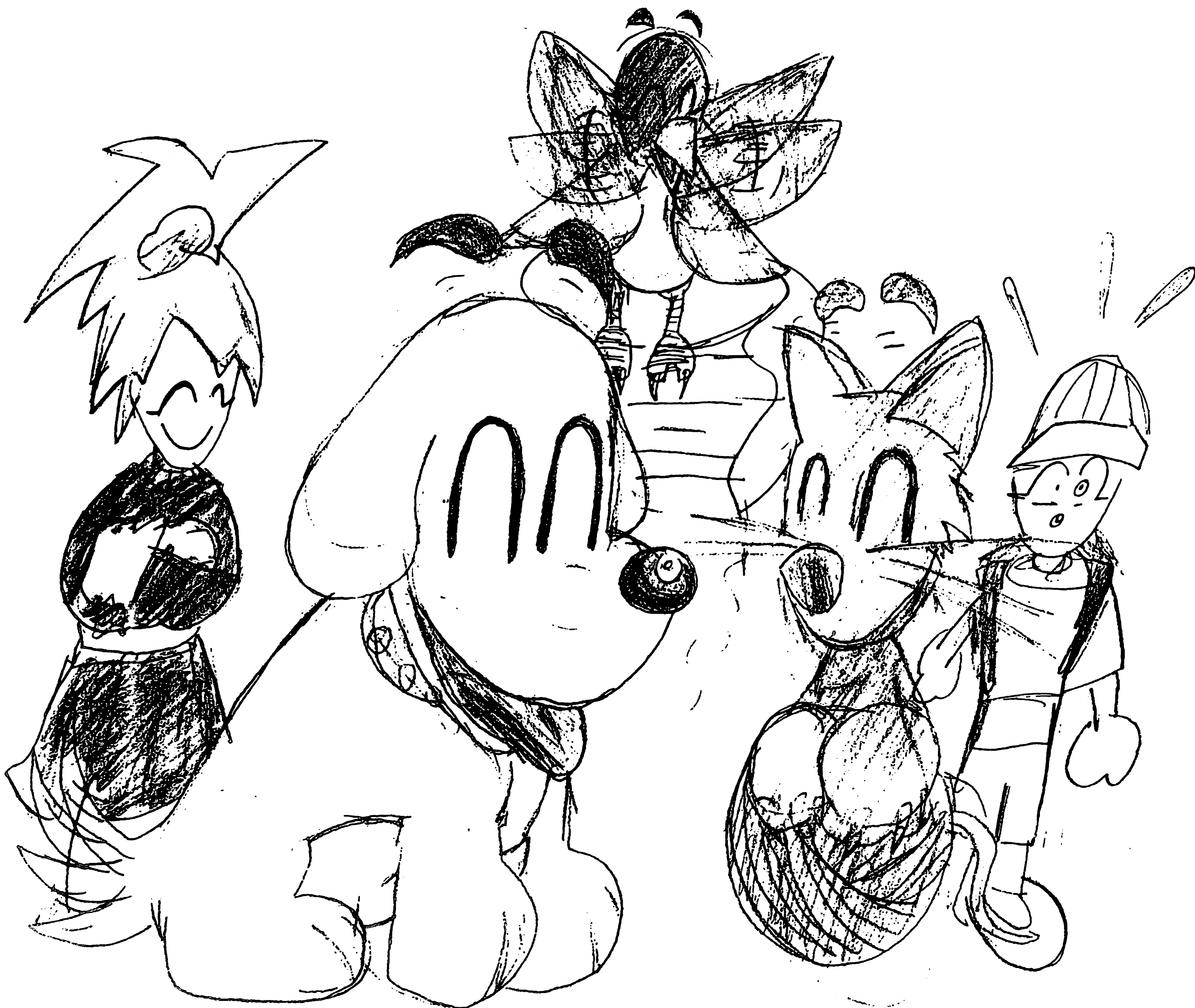
Lay-out by: Amanda Moss and Jessica Ingles

Middle School

Choises, choses, Middle School
choises
so many choises to choose from not
very fun at somrtimes
choises of classes
choises of homework to do
most of the time it is not fun.

Poem by: Jessica Ingles

Drawing by Charles Boucher



Drawing by Mindy Tseng



Bethany
Watson

Drawing by: Bethany Watson



Mindy Tseng

Spawning of the Salmon

By Mark Habliston

Page by Julia Hill and Amanda Moss

There was a male and a female spawning
two salmon in their yearly ritual
of swimming up stream,
back... back to the place of their birth
to spawn.

There they are, lying on the stream beds spawning.
We have to leave but I go back later,
by myself.

There she is, the female.

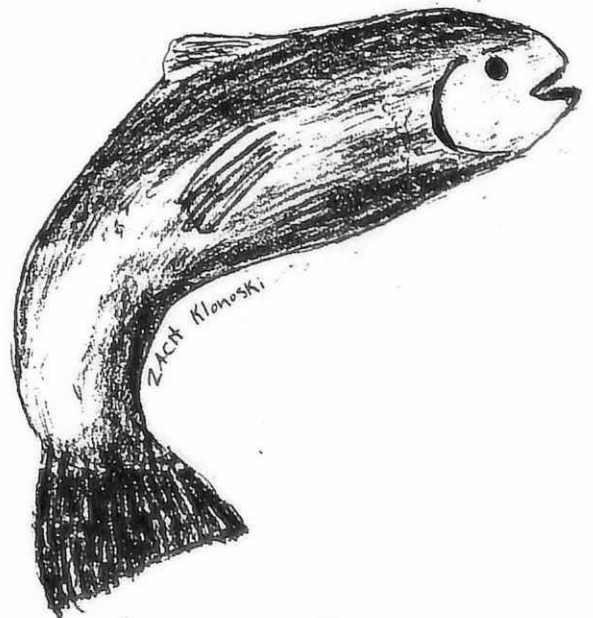
The male is dead, wedged between two rocks downstream.

She is scraping her belly on the bottom
when suddenly it ruptures sending millions of
tiny little eggs into the stream.

The life force of the fabulous event overwhelms me.
Most get wedged under rocks close by
but many are lost.

Then she dies and floats wearily down the stream.

She bangs her head
against her mates grave of stones
in a silent tribute to him
and then continues her journey to the sea
from whence she came.



ZACH KLONOSKI

Drawing by Zach Klonoski

Teen Life

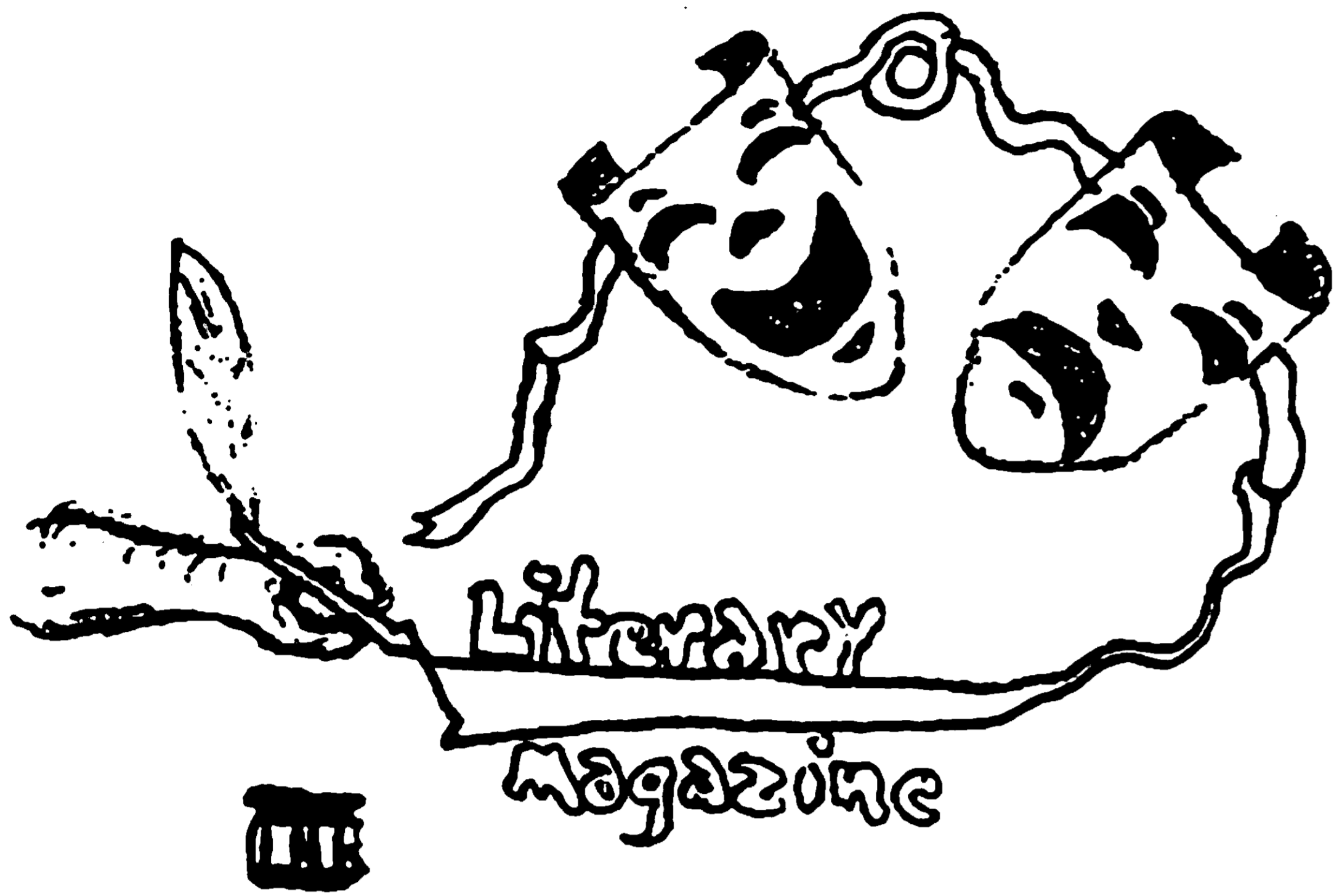
By Jonathan Blum

Drawing By Casey Marks-Fife

Teen life is a roller coaster,
going up and down
one day you smile
next day you frown.

Teen life is like the weather,
it varies from day to day,
sometimes it's dark and yucky,
sometimes it's bright and gay.

Teen Life is a raceway,
everyone's in the fast lane,
in general it's pretty good,
although it can be a pain.



Drawing By Whitney Clark



Portrait By Megan O'Connor

By Megan O'Connor



By Lela Mansfield

I step in the door and suddenly feel as though I sink through the floor. Tension surrounds me, bells are ringing, people are rushing and I'm late for class. Coming to school is like coming to a world of work. Teachers talk and we work, it's like I'm being pressured to do better than the rest of the class. There should be no punishment for any mistakes. Life is school and some times you can't help it.



Page by Tonia Boock
and Felicity Rose

Falling

By Olivia Bagdade



DRAMATIC
SHORT STORY

Ivy gazed at the reflection in the mirror and cursed as she turned around, disapproving of the sad being which stared right back at her with those haunting eyes. She was afraid of those eyes which saw right to her soul, her deeply depressed soul. She didn't seem to see any beauty or good in herself. There truly were bountiful amounts of both. Her skin was supported by a thin, fragile frame which was embraced by her black-as-night hair. It descended down to her knees. Ivy's face featured high cheek bones, a small, peaked nose and large, round eyes of such a deep hue of violet, others often questioned themselves if those eyes were black, like her hair.

Nothing had really happened to Ivy to make her so depressed; she just was. Her family loved her as any good family would, and she could have friends if she wished to or tried. Ivy seemed to see evil and darkness where others didn't—couldn't—see. This darkened her perspective of life while others enjoyed it.

She had wings, as did all the other fairies where she lived, but hers did not look as strong, yet they were somehow more delicate and beautiful. They lived on a small, undiscovered island, unknown to humans. Ivy felt that the wings she had were given to her only to put an evil wrath upon her and make her feel cursed. She watched the others flit about and she sometimes wished she could do those tricks too, and yet for some reason she never even tried to flap her wings once. She thought it would make her feel that she was never fast enough so she simply sauntered about from place to place on the ground at her own slow pace.

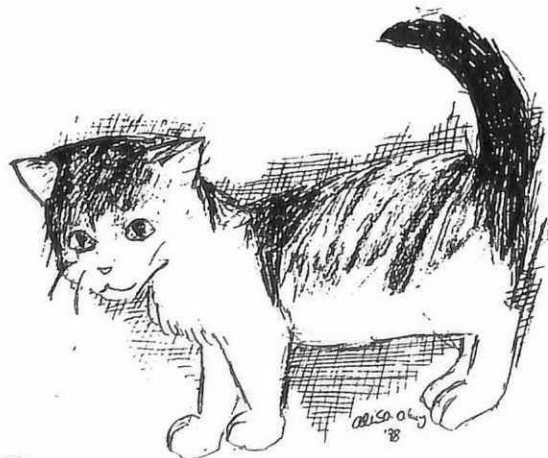
Ivy spent most of her time in her room, looking up to the heavens and feeling droplets of water leak down to where she lay from the plants above her. They broke up into little pieces when they crashed upon her fair skin. Those moments were almost the only times a smile broke upon her lips.

Her spark for life had seemed to fade. All of the things that were once bright and vibrant for a brief span of time in her youth were no dull shades of gray.

When the rain ceased, Ivy sighed. Without thinking much, she arose from her bed with a solemn face, and she slowly wandered out of her home. Her pace picked up and soon she was speeding barefoot through the forests which she had lived in for her long, sad life. Her heart beat at the pace of the hoof-beats of a galloping steed and her legs moved faster still. A salty tear fogged up in her eyes and soon began streaming down her cheek, once white with innocence, now red with rage. She was angry with herself, with life and some things that she didn't understand or couldn't help. Her long black hair streamed behind her as she sped through the trees.



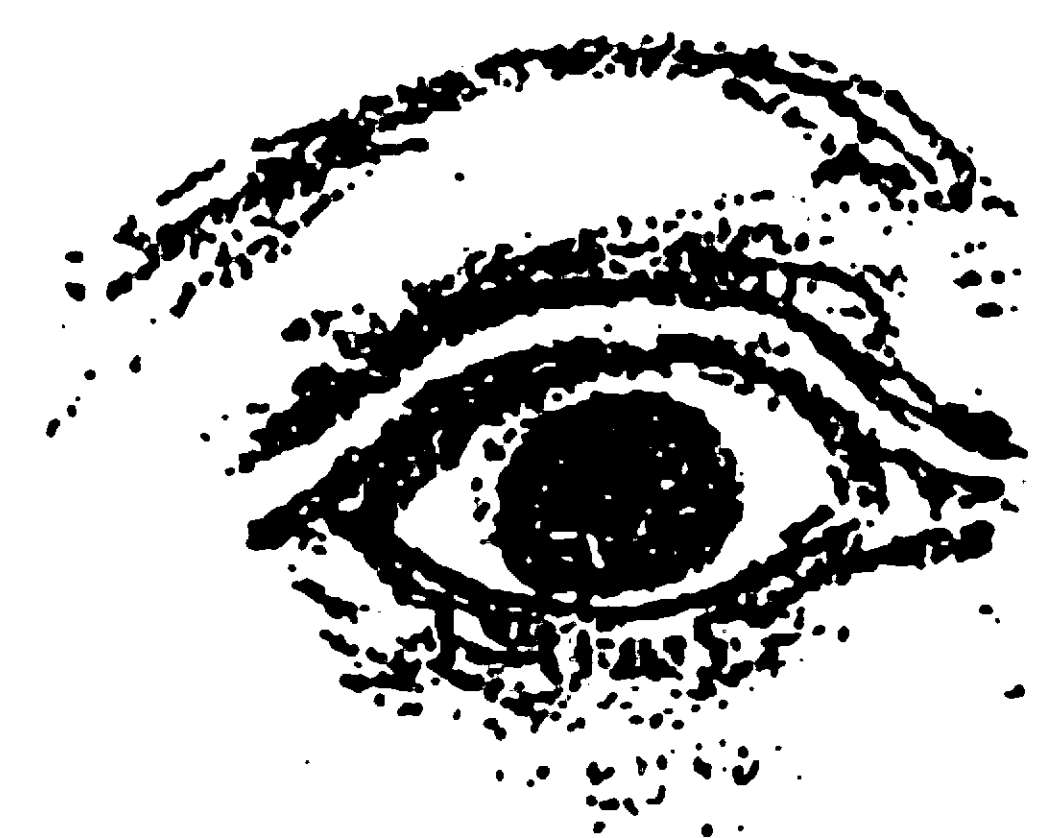
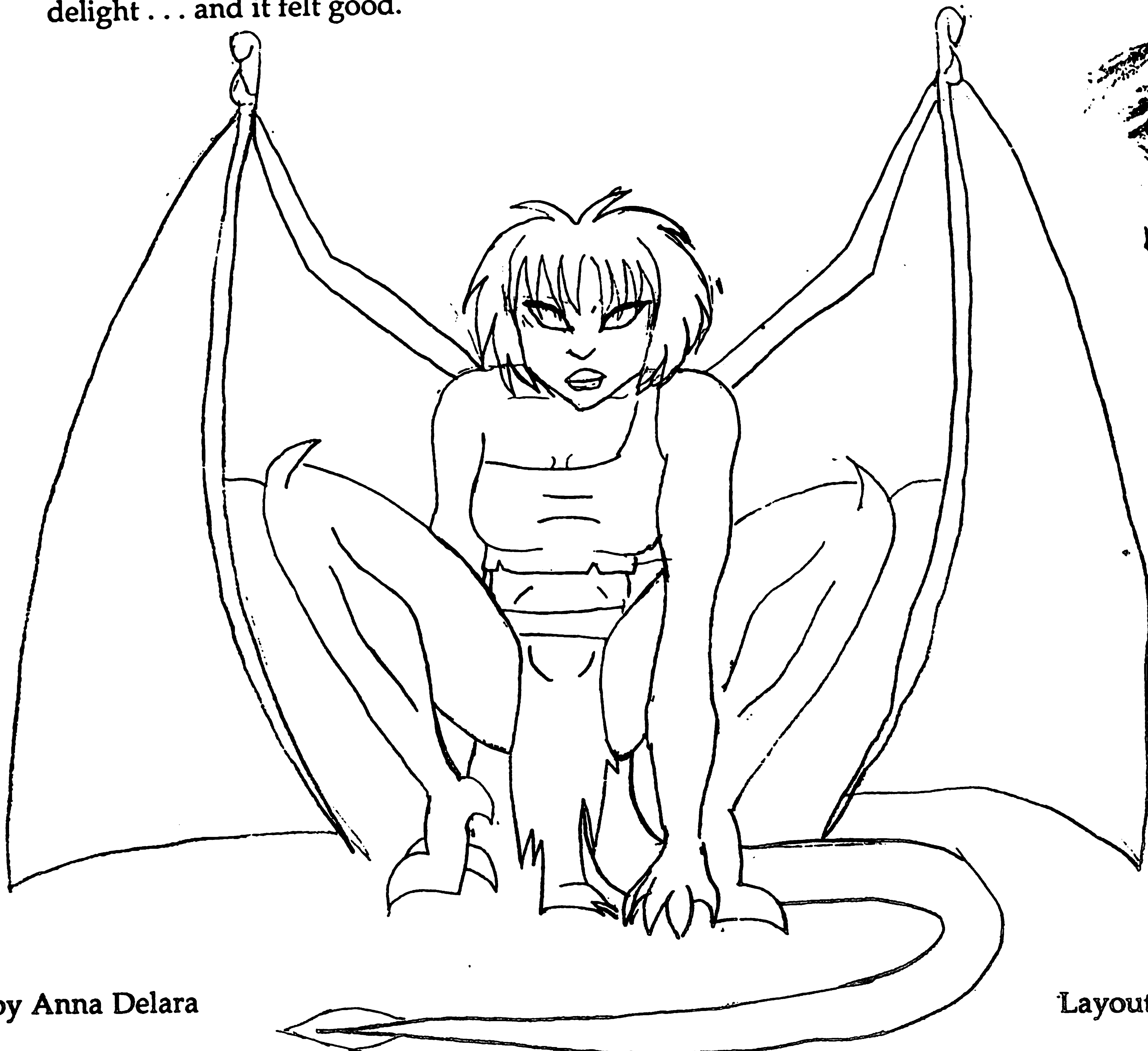
by Liisa Heinonen



Layout by Dagmara Marston

Ivy's velocity halted when she faced one of the greatest trees on the island, towering above her. She cocked her head back to see the top. She began advancing on the tree, frantically groping about the bark for small ledges for her to step on. Tears were streaming down her face from her violet eyes and she occasionally let out a whimper of grief and frustration. She grimaced when the tree's bark scraped her, drawing blood from beneath her fragile skin.

When she came to a large wide branch, slightly over her halfway up the tree, she slowly stood up and walked over to where the branch split in two. Her sobbing had eased now. Ivy took a deep sigh as she gaped down to the ground far below her. With her arms outstretched from her sides, she looked out and with a small hop, her flightless body plummeted down. She held her breath as her body was sucked down toward the earth. The air beat upon her skin and it felt good and exhilarating. She was going somewhere, and it was going to be the last time she could . . . but somehow something was still strangely wrong. She closed her eyes and exhaled slightly, trying to relax as she dove down. When she was a split second away from crashing to the ground, her wings opened up without any thought or effort and her body was swept upright. Opening her eyes she looked around and pitied the thought of a flightless fairy jumping off a tree. It was as though someone had suddenly turned on a light and everything was more beautiful than it had ever been. With an easy, great, swift motion of her wings, her body was swept up. Ivy smiled. It had been so long since a smile had spread across her face out of pure joy and delight . . . and it felt good.



by *Fernando*

by Anna Delara

Layout by Liz Allcott

Ode to George (my cat)

By Jess Hock

Gray fur
Resounding purr
A fluffy, pouncing, feline blur

Haughty pose
Dirty nose
Sometimes naughty, I suppose

Likes a haunch
Then rocket launch
And ever-ready cat response

Calms my tears
Snuggles fears
All for food and well-scratched ears

The Bird:

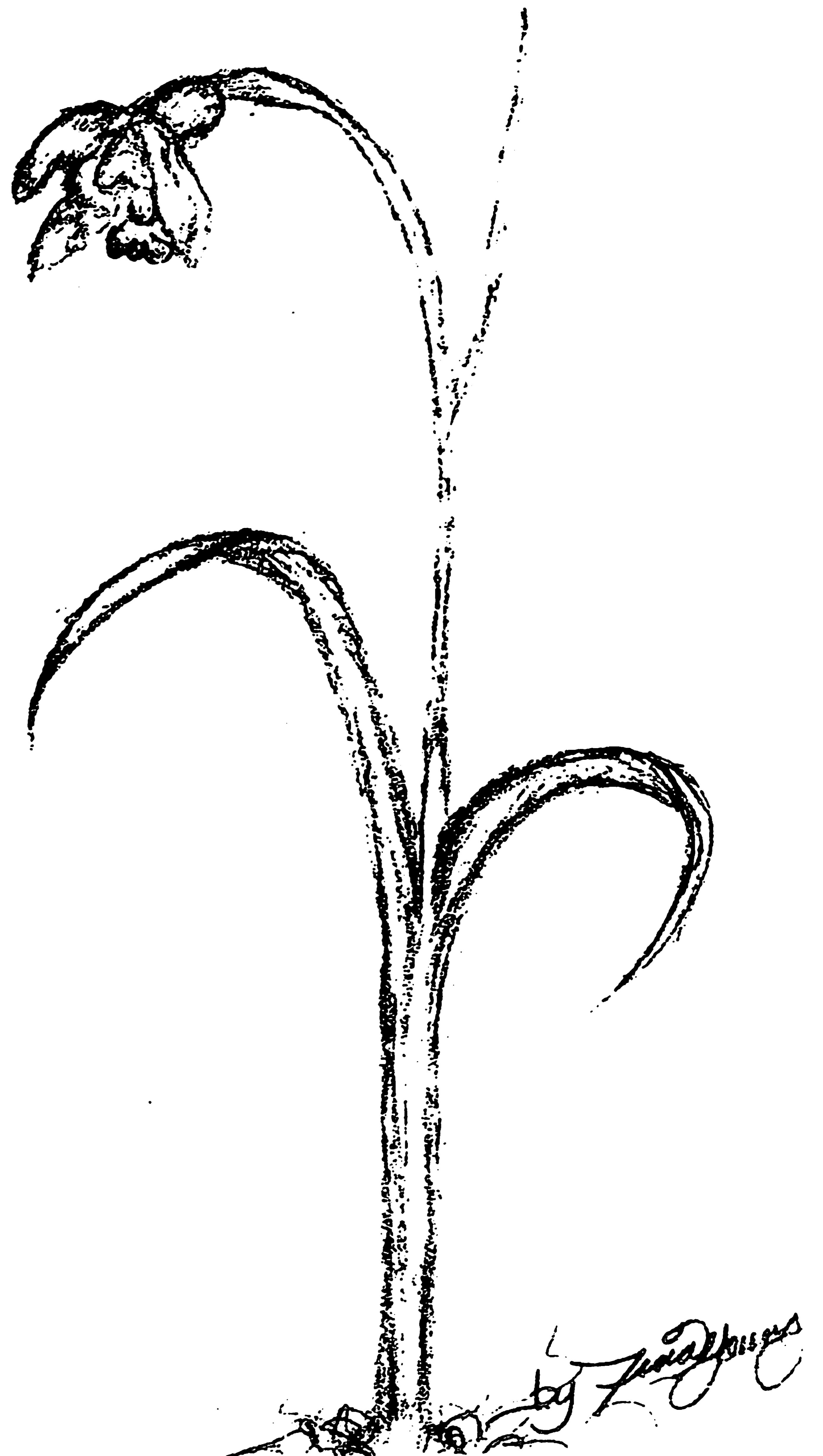
The noisy bird sits in her cage,
With the name she got of Sage.
The cat swings at the bird with giant claws,
That is just one of the cats many flaws;
Because the bird yells and bites at the cat,
This teaches the cat to stick with the rat.
The bird will squawk if she isn't fed,
Water and food may be a little bread.
Sometimes the bird will talk with you,
Teach them words like JAY and DO.
What to do when the bird goes away,
Get her stuffed is what I'd say.
Then put her in her old cage,
And say to her every morning "Good morning Sage".

HERE ENDS THE BIRDS TALE

The Pet Of Vaths

I'm the pet of vaths.
I do not like to take baths.
People from near and far try to guess what I am,
But nobody has gotten it right, but my name is Sam.
Mean am i not,
But a gerbil I look a lot.
Don't let me escape, I run really fast,
And I'll be happy that I'm free at last!
If you catch me by my tail you'll be in shock,
My tail will fall off and I might run into a sock.
My hair turns white when I get old,
I can live to be eight I'm told.
I am a rodent in case you want to know,
Like a rat or mouse I put on a good show.
If I die I recommend one thing,
Bury me, but please don't sing.
I squeak a little if I want to,
Run on a wheel I love to do.
When somebody walks by,
I expect a little "hi".
I get sad when ignored,
Sometimes I can get very bored.
If you don't know what I am,
I will tell you what is Sam.
Sam who I is is a Degu,
I hope you like me like I like you.

Page by
Dylan Farque



One Last Time

By Craig Eads

I once wanted a little man to wish upon but they would always say
that's the last time you'll say that.

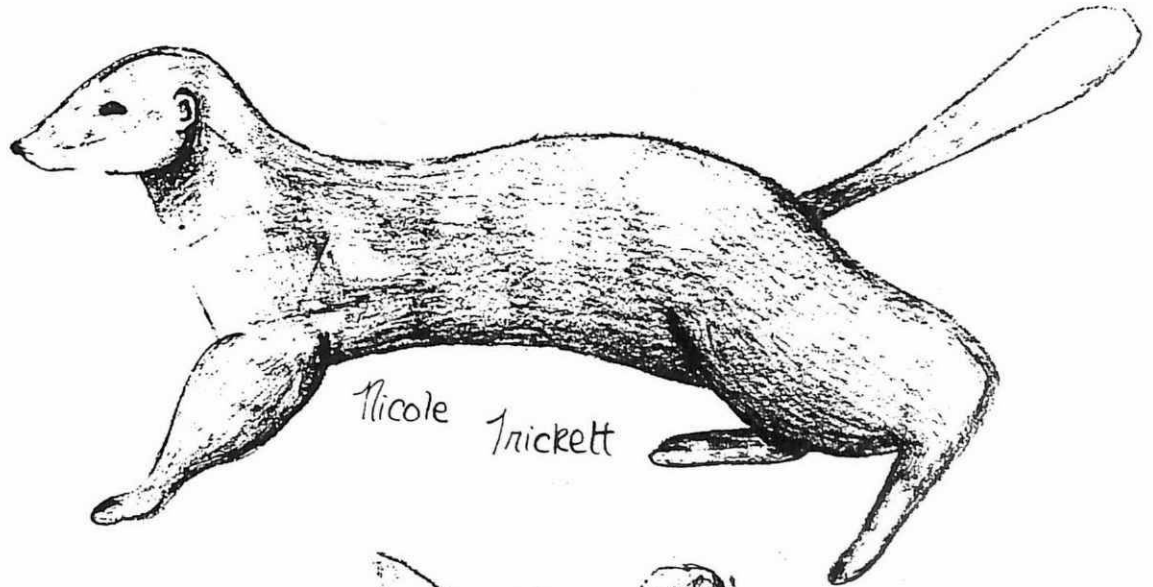
Here's what I'd say.

I want a little man to wish upon and cry upon that will say it's
okay.

I want a little man to lean upon and yell upon.
I want a little man to cry upon because there is only sadness in
this house and this room for I'm the last one to chant this song
because the rest have all gone.

I need a little man to stop the pain. A little man. A little man.

Layout by
Jessica York



Bird Poem

By Justin Neville-Kaushall

Drawing by Alex Murphy

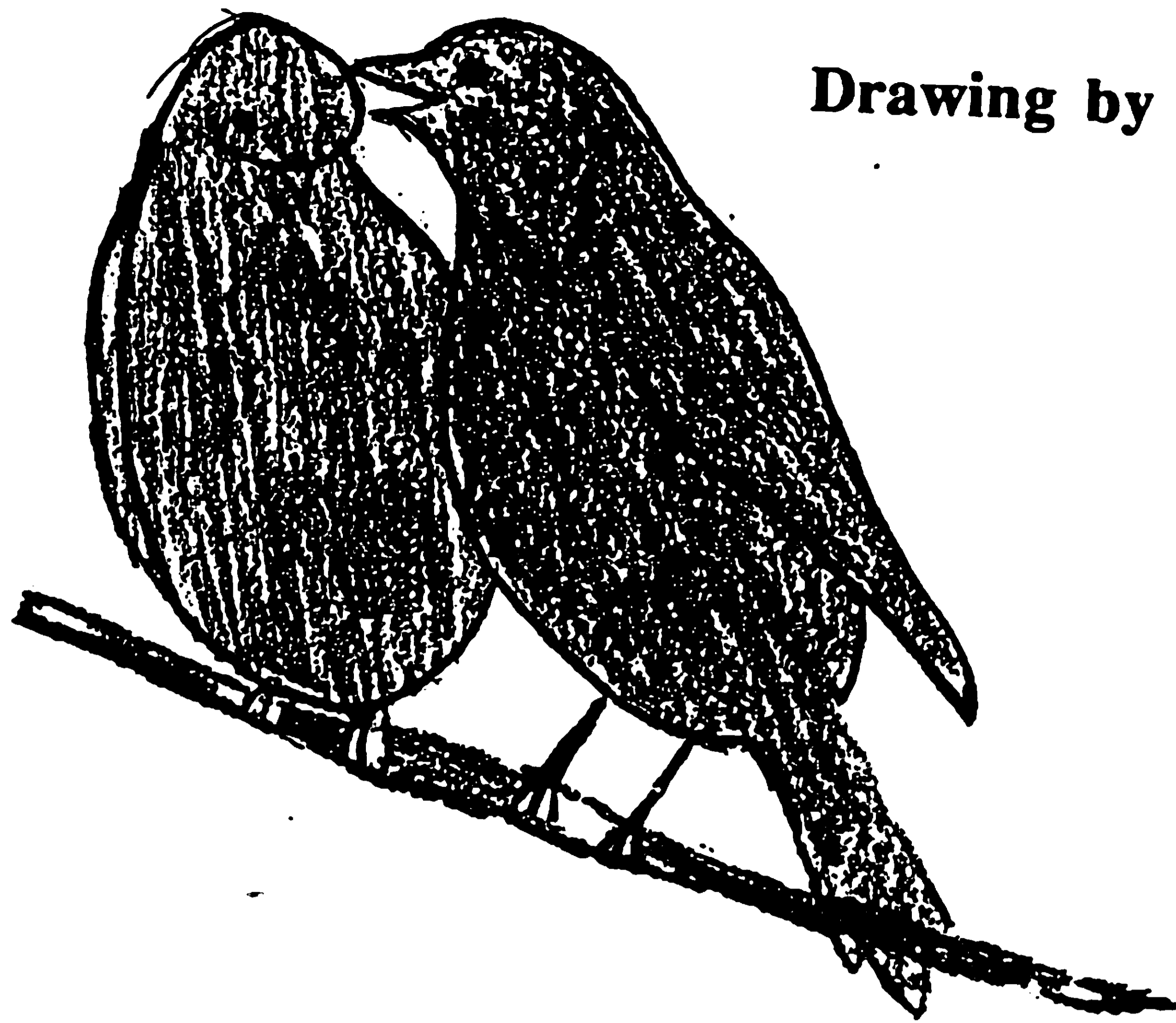
I am a Raven,
soaring skillfully,
my gaunt, grim silhouette
dodging trees, branches
bare and cold while
colourful counterparts
lie on the ground,
dry and crackling
like the Dead
on this Halloween night.

I am a turkey,
wobbling between dead,
crumbling stumps, to and fro
I attempt to run from
the Hunters whose
eyes glint hungrily,
scraggly hair matted out at every angle,
Fat bellies bursting out of
Red, flannel shirts, like
ripe pumpkins.
Suddenly, the Fire comes:
a huge monster-man I
failed to notice leaps out,
a twisted smile playing
on his lips.

I manage to teeter towards him,
weak with my new wound
I grope at his muddy pant-leg,
then grab a chunk of flesh
from the Hunter, blood and denim
mixing in my mouth for a moment.
He finally shakes me off, then
raises the rifle and--

I am an Owl,
wise with Time,
sleeping serenely in a tree.
I am awakened by a group of Carolers,
crunching through
pure, white, snow
bright scarves bundled up,
against their necks.
I hoot once, twice,
three times, gather up my wings
and fly away, startling
the Carolers to their
Amazement and Delight.

Page by Amanda Moss and Julia Hill



Drawing By Heather Brule



MIDDLE SCHOOL

By
Amanda Moss

I have three juggling balls,
Juggling around in my head.
The first is noise.
The second is poise.
The third is the biggest and
Hardest of all
Trying to learn
Over the noise and the poise



Drawing By Moksha Rainbowlight



Ode to the Photograph

By Rand Biersdorff

I stand on my
Tiptoes
And feel for the
Wooden chest that
Holds so many secrets

My fingers brush against
The box and I have
To make a basketball jump
In order to
Grab my treasure

I drag the heavy box down
And sit on the floor
I write my name
RAND
With my finger
Through 3 decades of dust

When I lift the lid
The long trapped air
Breaks free
Through its chains
Into my face

Black and white people
With blank stares
Smile vacantly at me
I wonder what
They are thinking as they
Pose for the camera

Probably not
That a blonde
11 year old
Will smile back at them
Someday

layout by Jessica Ingles

The Peterbury Tales

by David Gallic

The Dog:

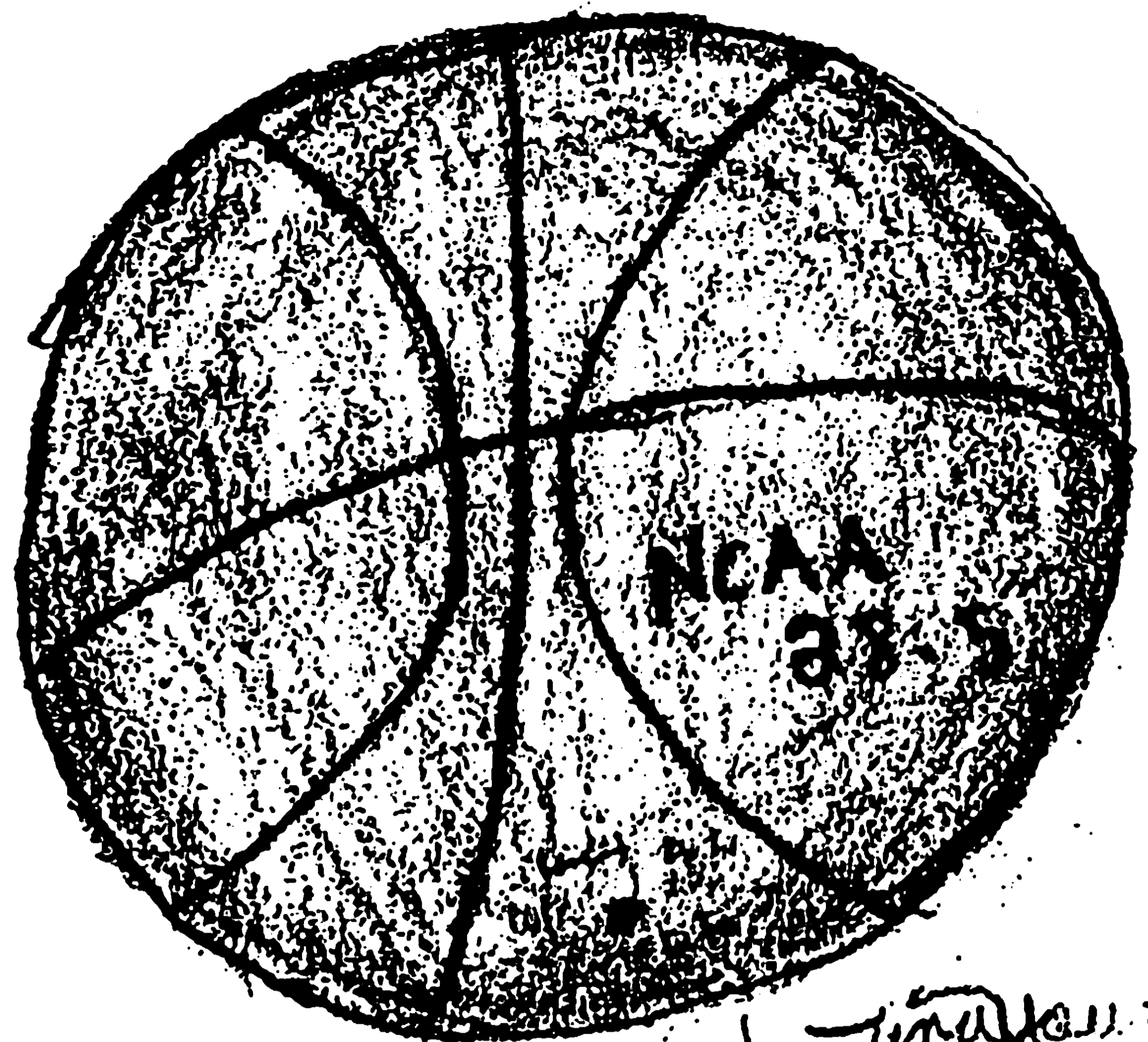
The dog am I who woofs and growls,
The human who is my only pals.
I chase up trees and squirrels and cats,
I also tinkle on the welcome mats.
A leash I have when I walk,
I drag my human if they stop to talk.
My tail wags when I'm not sad,
But then sometimes I get really mad.
I bite kids and parents too,
Then they kick me with their shoe.
I whimper and wine until I get my way,
No dog cares what a human has to say.
I do get tired and will sleep by your side,
I just hope you haven't lied.
The time has come to say goodbye,
I'll be back to chew up your tie.

HERE ENDS THE DOG'S TALE

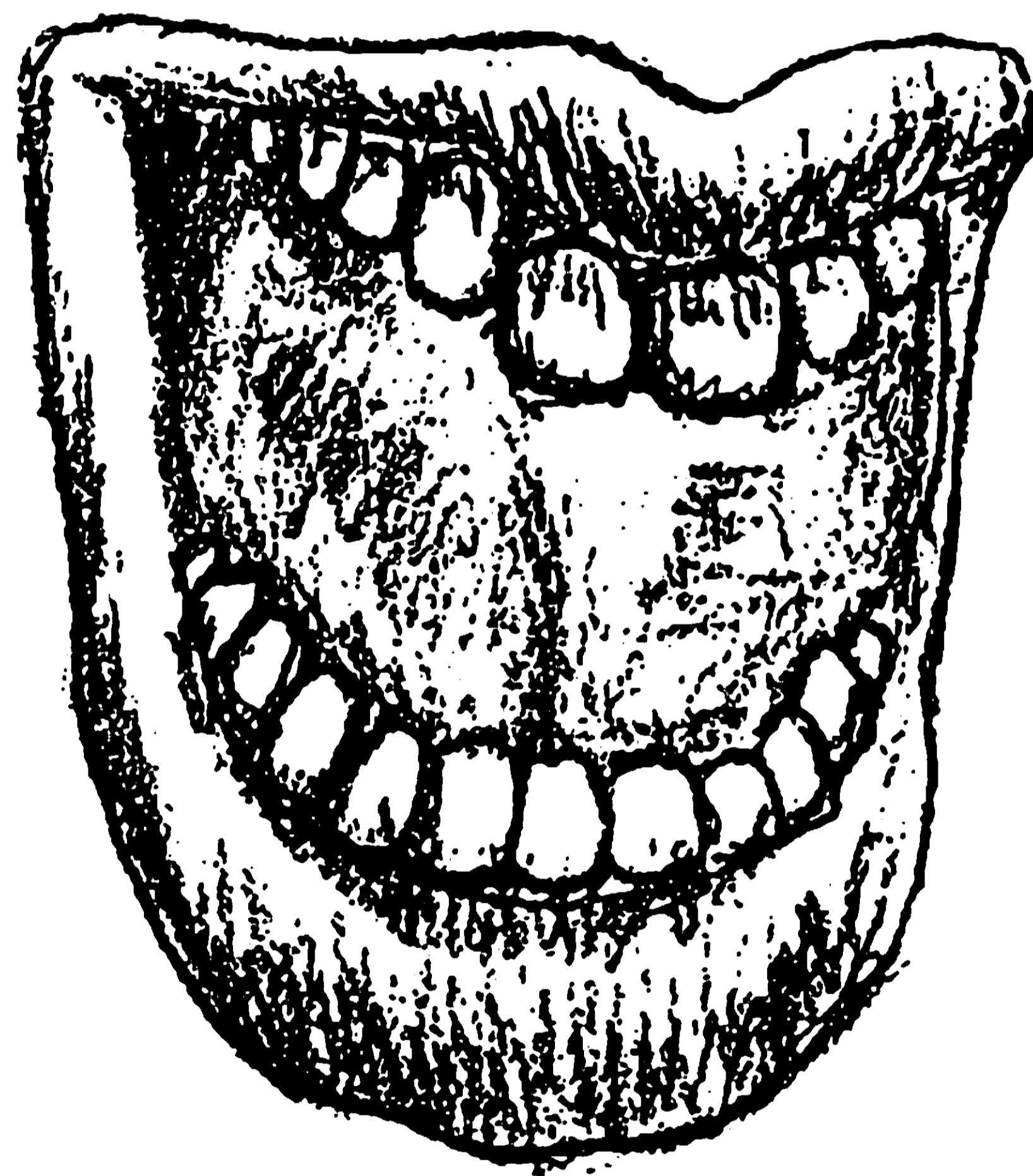
The Cat:

Meow, meow is how it will talk,
It will listen with you to the musician Bach.
When the cat gets hungry you will know,
It'll use it's claws to show.
The cat's main enemy is the one above,
The dog is the one that will push the cat and shove.
If you pat the cat it'll purr,
There's only one way to rub it's fur.
If you pet the cat wrong it will hit and scratch,
But if you pet the cat right you and it will be a heavenly match.
The cat loves you no matter what,
But please don't give the cat..well....a cut.

HERE ENDS THE CATS TALE



by Fenayoung



by Fenayoung



by Fenayoung

Page by
Richard Cissel

Ode to My Bike

By Elijah Buck

Dust falls
From my bike as
I caress the dirt
From his body.

He gleams in the morning
Sun, blue
Like the setting sky.

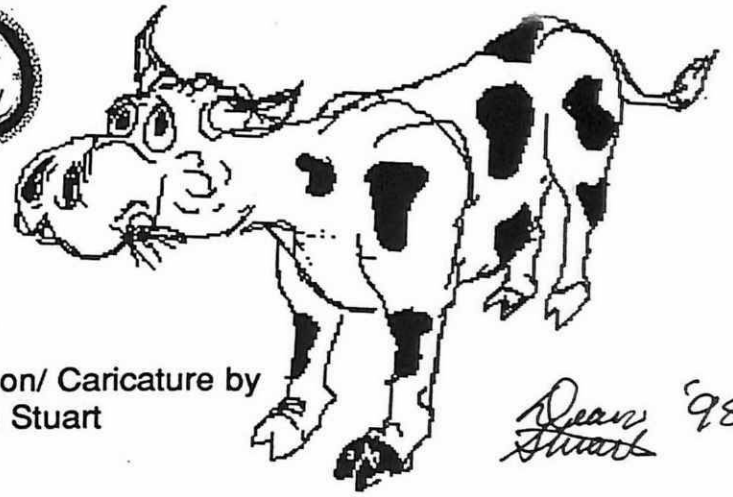
I get
Carried away, and
My bike talks,
Telling where
To go.

My bike is
Always happy
With me on his back.

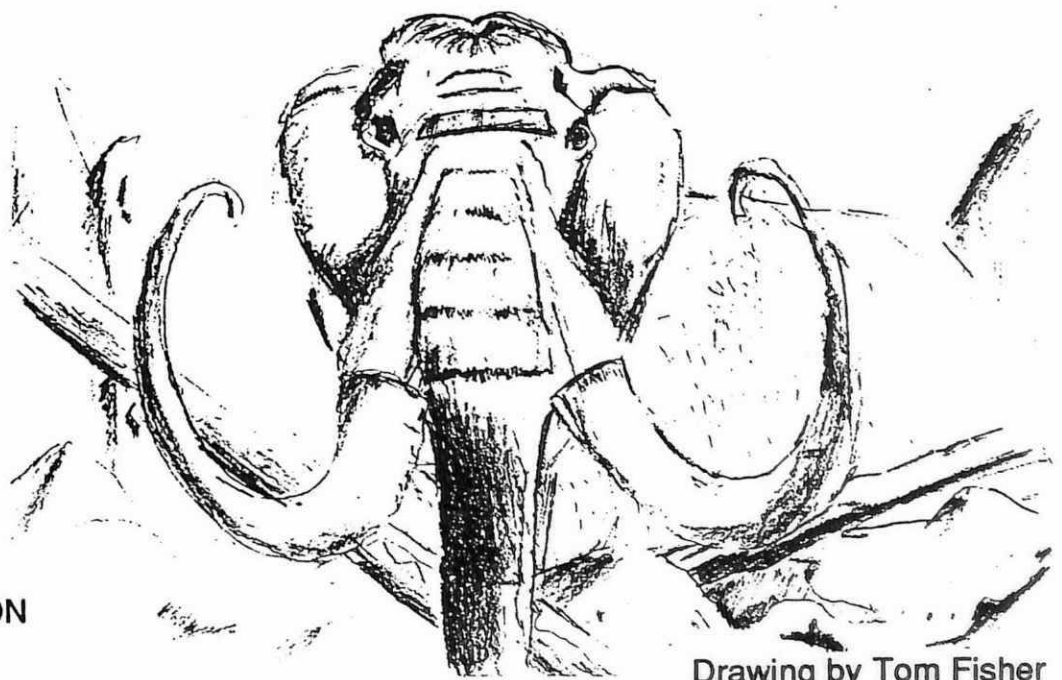


CARTOONS/
CARICATURES

Cartoon/ Caricature by
Dean Stuart



Dean Stuart '98

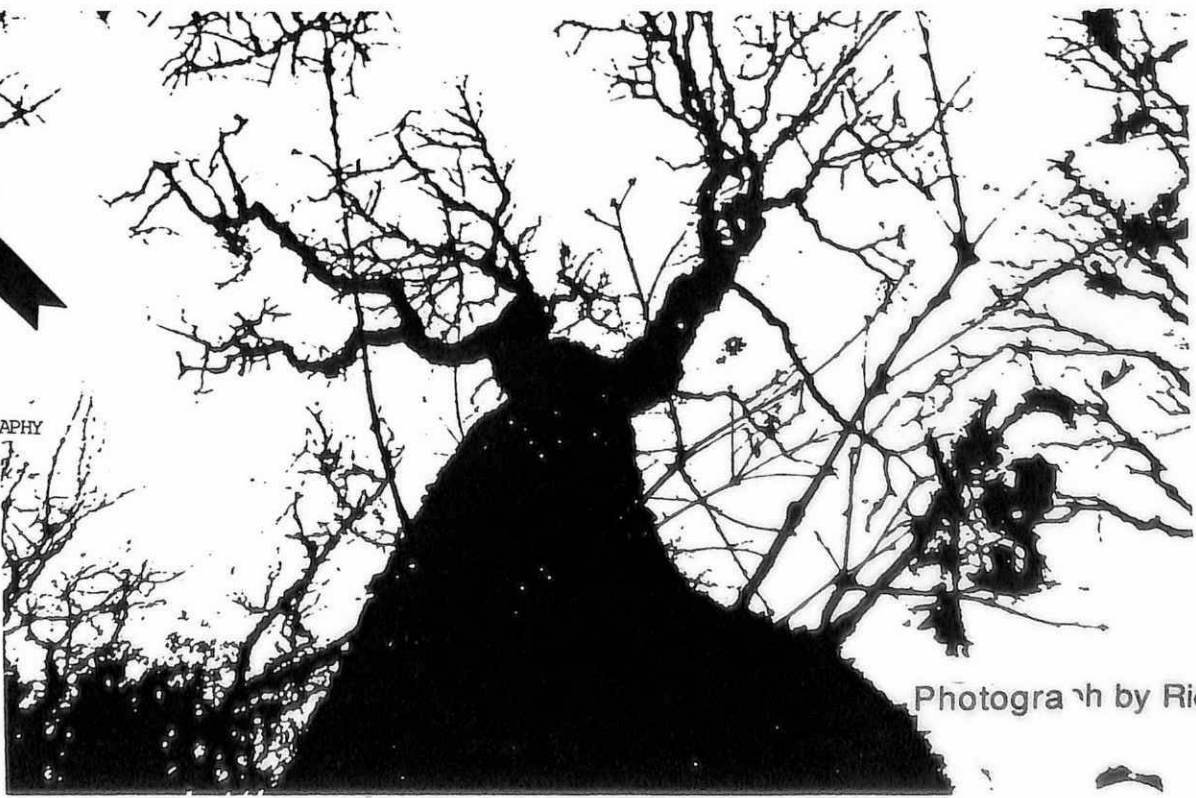


Drawing by Tom Fisher

LAYOUT BY BRITT SEVERSON
AND MEREDITH FLEMING



PHOTOGRAPHY



Photograph by Richard Cissel

Middle School Blues

Caught in terror
Held in grief
Dead from no sleep
Agonizing, Self relying

Caught in day dreams
Held in belief
Alive with hope
Joy, and happiness
By Jessica York

Page by Starlight Alvis

Drawings by Laura Delancey



*Laura
Delancey*



Drawing by Hans Eichinger



SKETCHES/
DRAWINGS

Death

By Felicity Rose

If Death was a monster,
I could slay it like a hero from a story.
I could cut it down until it would not rise,
Until it *could not* rise,
To take another I knew.

But Death is not a monster to be slain.
Death is a wall,
That cannot be toppled,
Nor conquered.
A simple wall,
Yet never simple,
Surrounding us.
It follows wherever we go,
Capturing us,
Keeping us in the place we call Life,
Until it is time for us to pass it,
To enter it.



DRAMATIC
POETRY



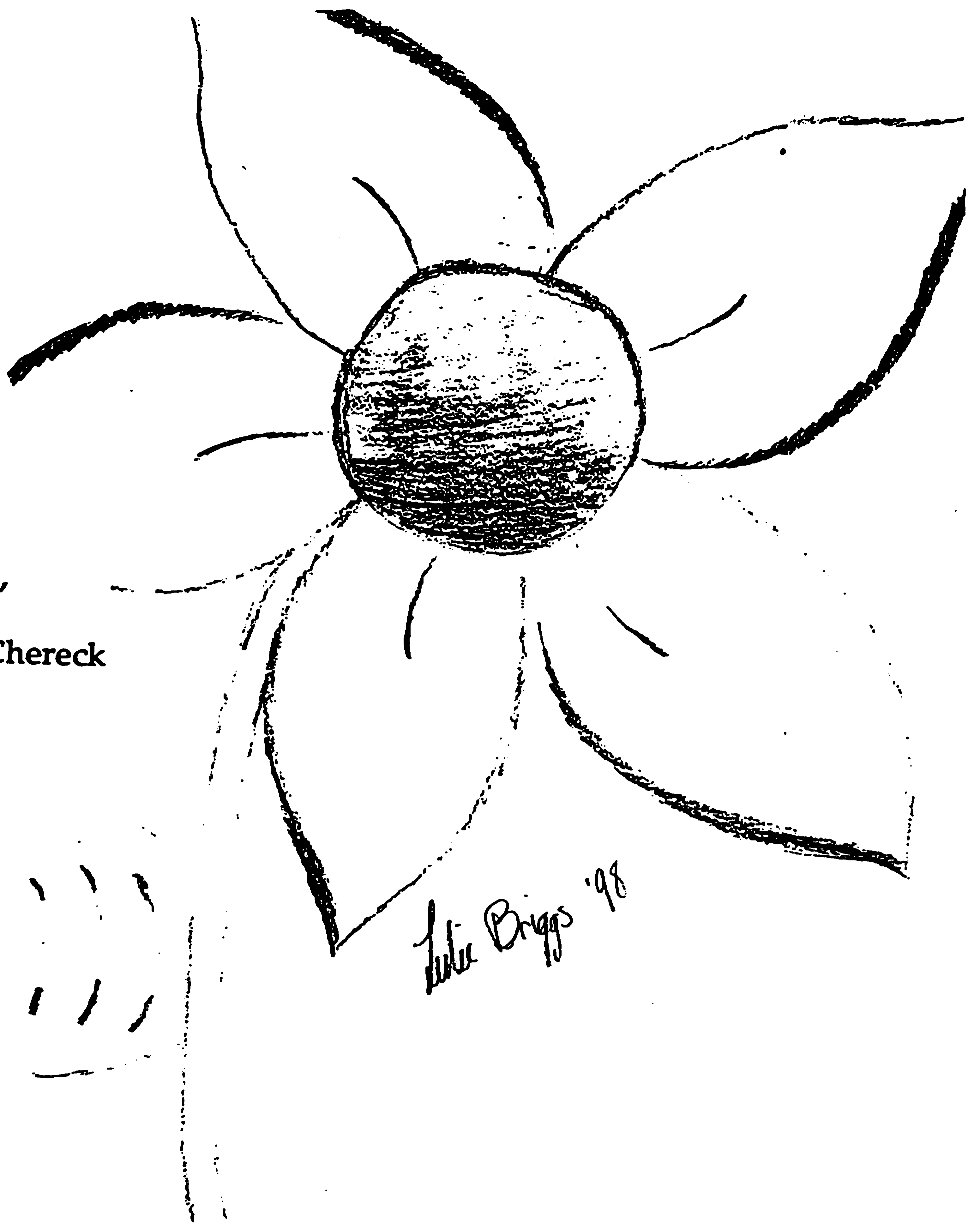
Drawing by Lisa Edens

A wall,
Piercing in its emptiness,
Unrelenting in its darkness,
Shattering in its light.

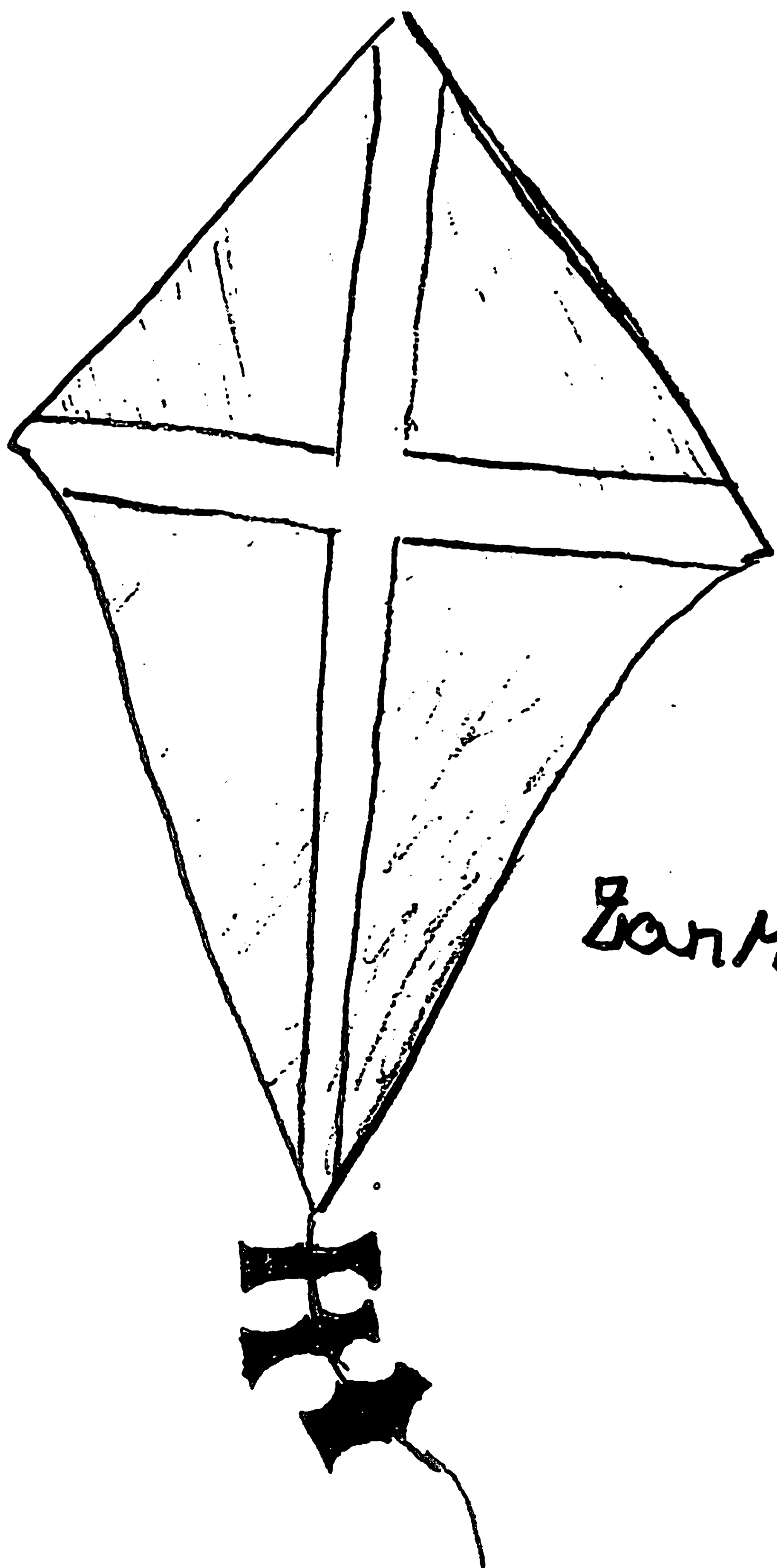
LAYOUT BY BRITT SEVERSON
AND MEREDITH FLEMING

I go higher than my life,
 you shoot me down again
 I feel like the sun on my heart,
 the rays burn right through,
 I spin in circles and face you,
 you look down in shame
 your smile makes me swell up,
 just don't burst me again
 the world around me changes,
 I see the stars in the clouds
 I raise the force against me,
 you know I'll do it by myself
 For my heart is a complex journey,
 yearning to find my light.

-Emily Chereck



Julie Briggs '98



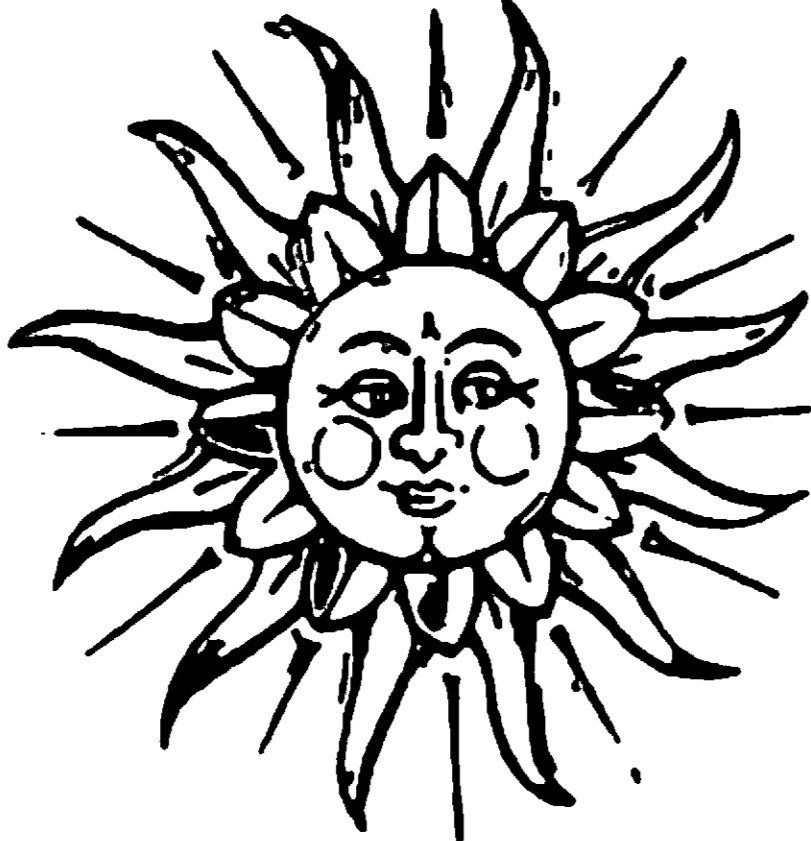
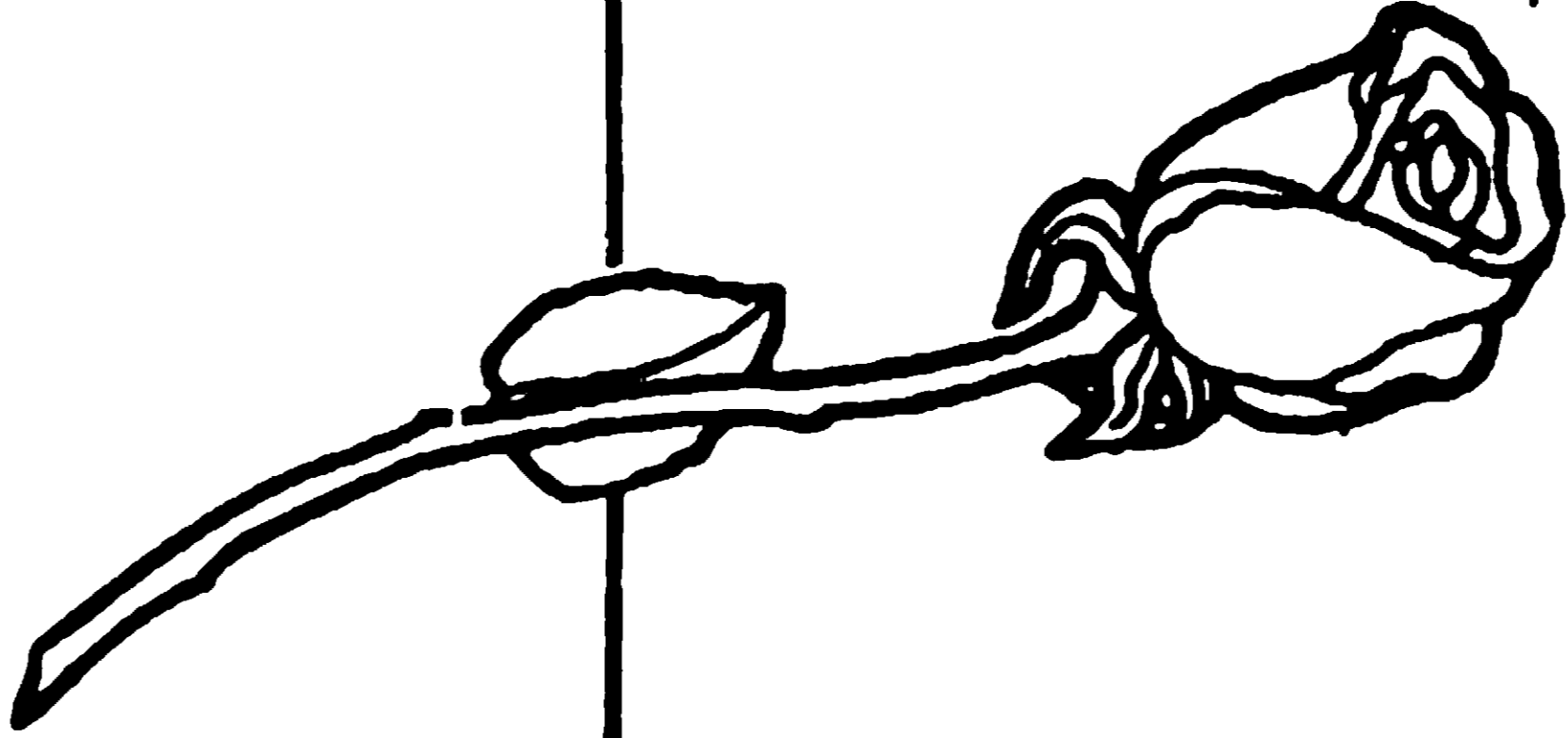
Ian Moore

Wake up early
 Earlier than the birds
 Hoping the day will go well
 The chatter of the halls
 Drowned by the ringing of the bells
 Class after class drags on
 A relief or two during the repetition
 The last bell jingles
 This time drowning out the teacher
 The jubilation arises once again
 As the day ends
 Only to be greeted by the days to come
 Though never is any student more happy
 Than that of the day where the weekends.

-Jacque Fitzgerald

Layout by Alexis Pernsteiner

June

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		<p>1</p> <p>2</p> <p>Katherine H. David Brink Hannah Allender June Marion Lauren Meyer Katherine Harrison</p>	<p>3</p> <p>Kathryn O'Ryan Matt Erickson</p>	<p>4</p> <p>Selena D-Fields Lisa Gibbens Garrett Marco Jedaiah Lunn</p>	<p>5</p> <p>Jenny Risley Nathan Risley</p>	<p>6</p> <p>Dunham Sage Sam W-Moses Katherine Johnson</p>
<p>7</p> <p>Lung Ng Joey Johnson</p>	<p>8</p> <p>Matthew Cook Chris Hicks</p>	<p>9</p> <p>Emily Hildreth Cielle Miller Brooke Woolfson Sean W-Earp</p>	<p>10</p> <p>Caitlin Murphy Brian Teem Sofwan Ahmad</p>	<p>11</p> <p>Kang Seo Evan Churchill</p>	<p>12</p> <p>Nic Yarabinec Whitney Clark Brendan Treacy Bailey Stokes Jade Chamness</p>	<p>13</p> <p>Nicholas Retallack Kyle Gregg</p>
<p>14</p> <p>Zachary Knight Kira T-Dietz Liz Rice</p>	<p>15</p> <p>Kyle O'Keefe-Sally Kyle O'-Sally Judith Sussman</p>	<p>16</p> <p>Theodore Long Haley Laing Megan Vandever</p>	<p>17</p> <p>Manuel Renard Njeri Njooora Nicolas Boucher</p>	<p>18</p> <p>Liberty Worsowicz Lindsay Temes Heron C-Dolen</p>	<p>19</p> <p>Christopher Stimas Warren Clevon Laura Gladstone</p>	<p>20</p> <p>Andrew Schubert</p>
<p>21</p> <p>Pablo Lasha</p>	<p>22</p> <p>Katherine Boyd</p>	<p>23</p> <p>Jean Wheeler</p>	<p>24</p> <p>Oron Tipton Michelle Hogan James Corner Justin Byrd</p>	<p>25</p> <p>Chris Ware Toyomi Yoshida Stewart Anderson</p>	<p>26</p> <p>Emily Peterson Shanna Grose Gerritt Lighthart Anthony G-Havens</p>	<p>27</p> <p>Jennifer Radcliffe Nick Pemble Andrew Sorg Chloe W-Miller Trevor McGowen</p>
<p>28</p>	<p>29</p>	<p>30</p> <p>Nanette Dondero Lillian Maher Timothy Anderson</p>		<p>Page by Zan Moore and Shanna Grose</p>		



July

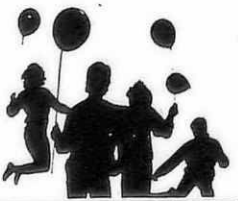


Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1 David Gallic	2 Julian Meeks-Wagner Brian Wectawski Ted Johnson-Freyd	3	4 Rose Kostur
5 Sydney Behrends Corey Barber	6	7 Leif Burton Zoë Schwartz	8	9 Mikiel Welter-Dubin Vincent Ary Aubrey Box	10 Madeline Bryan Mark Turner Nathan Upham Shelby Whitmore	11
12 Chelsea Jones Lauren Gazley Anna Johnson Corina Michels	13 Momei Qu Eric Trachtenberg Julia Kepler Lisa Riihimaki	14 Chelsea Maloney Kevin Kahle Jonah Getta Abby Dawson Christopher Marshall	15 Brandon Mitchell	16 Austyn Young Amber Tucker	17 Bryn Riley Lowell Fleming	18 Wesley May Kiki Veralrud
19 Florence Clark David Silverstone	20 Arun Storrs Eva Miller Josh Walker Haley Davis	21 Sarah Albi Maiah Albi Kim Sticka	22 Daniel Sullivan	23 Kalinda Harris	24 Amy Kitchel Emily Chereck	25 Sydnie Reed Rochelle Jaques
26 Tyler Baird Brendan Lindsay	27 Madelyn Whitmore Joel Worcester	28 Olivia Weldon Peter Hinson	29 Mike Harris	30 Haley Whitley Shannon Mosely Max Nosigila	31 Jonathan Powell	





August

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						Mickey Bersch ¹ Kyla Duncan Ani Niedelman Laura Theiss Christian Layton
² Daniel Wheeler	³ Robert Bridges Teresa Scott	⁴ Kang-Min Seo Fekerte Reece-Steeves	⁵ Yael Schultz Julia Bennett-Stroud Elliot Crosswhite Angela Knighton	⁶ Dylan Farque Colin Stutz	⁷ Petrel Chapman Max Deurloo-Willard Otto Deurloo-Willard Adrian Metzler-Holden Dominick Metzler-Holden	⁸ Erik Wright Heeteesh Bhakta
⁹ Cambria Smith	¹⁰ Melissa Kelm Sydney Smeed	¹¹ Samuel Thomason Jefferson Beal Alex Strandlien Christian Stairs	¹² Kui Cao Sage Oaks Crisselle Lacsina	¹³	¹⁴ John Dusseau	¹⁵ Leslie Straight
¹⁶	¹⁷	¹⁸ Christopher Duke Cameron Kellett Brittany Millard Maria Hindman	¹⁹ Colin Mcculough Florence Clark	²⁰ Stephanie Snortland Lillian Harris	²¹ Natasha Ellis David Platt Faith Blum Zachary White	²² Julian Moody
²³	²⁴ Douglas Smith	²⁵ Tom Bonamici	²⁶	²⁷ Palmer Auty Brian Bergersen Whitney Cox	²⁸	²⁹ Nathaniel Swallen Quinn Wilhelmi Lauren Dillinger Savannah Naffziger Grace Nielson Kuitlahuak Rojas Layne Wilson Ryan Thurlow
³⁰ Timothy Armstrong Nathan Lamb Meredith Jones	³¹ Jessica York Miah Edson					

September

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1 Jade Brooks Alexander Reynolds-Boswell Jordan Tucker Darby Jones Lucas Laird	2 Alisa Akay Paige Labarre Tod Levin	3 Matthew Haughom	4 Amy Dilg Eric Mirsepassi	5 Emily Byers Keenan Yanit
6 Andrew Karasek Cara Simonton Rita Vanallen	7	8 Tyler Cling James Wray	9 Todd Perimeter Jennifer Oimet	10	11 Brianna Anderson	12 Emily Wagonknecht Lee White Bill Dyball Ryan Williams
13 Micheal Barnes Martha Fryefield Emma Katz Briony Walker	14 Britt Severson	15 Melissa Hamann Sarah Crow	16 Jessica H-Gamer	17 Lindsie Boyett Matthew Curtis	18 Ryan Dwyer	19 Stewart Barnett Holly Fisher
20 Dylan Hausam Tasha Davis Diva Jones Jacob Ranney	21 Anna Dart Liz Allcott	22 Simon Ehrlich Seth Wilberger Jillian Willett	23 Yasahiro Tanaka Autumn Maker	24 Nathan Ford Mark Habliston William Wilgus	25 Francisca Faxon	26 Catherine Glasser
27 Aisha Kudura Zachary Millard Lauren Tyree Katherine Petit	28 Nicholas Horton Kristina Swanson	29 Emily Monfort Nichole Trickett	30 Kendra Frasier Peter Minta			

October

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1 Alisha Snyder	2 Jessica Ruch Zan Moore Han Allred	3 Joshua Adair
4 Ashley Friend-Kendall	5 Matthew Karp Liisa Heinonen	6 Chelsea Cameron Ashley Joyce Katherine Cirssel	7 Shannon Clawson Vaughn Watson Jasmine Duvall Adrian Young	8 Silas Baxter Esteban Esperanza Peter Barnhart	9 Elijah Buck	10 Christopher Carothers Rachael Markin Amanda Moss Mickie Waggoner
11 Sarah Ditson	12 Celeste Johnson Aurthur Rowe Rachael Janis Angela Best-Lee	13	14 Mark Litchman Josh Yerly Martina Young	15 Teal Greyhavens Brandon Johnson Jeffrey West	16 Steven Graves Taylor Hinz Trenton Tyree Kevin Corgleton Shira Husbands-Hankin	17 James Herman Garrett Lindsey
18 Jacob Buskirk Myrna Robinson	19 	20 Grant Backer	21 Rachel Enos Nurit Schwabsky Andrew Gregersen	22 Jay Rubenstein	23 Levi Curran Zachary Klonoski Ali Magee	24 Ben Chinburg Brett Close Kimberly Degifis Genaro Peredia-Lear Adam Walsh Calin Wheeler
25 Jacqueline Fitzgerald Rosy England-Fisher Colby Neal	26	27 Mark Wolf Star Alvis Thomas Wiebe	28 William Guessford Brook Young	29 Tereza Skrbkova Jessica Siegel Anne-Allegra Bennett Meredith Fleming Jesse Buckingham Natalie Dreyer Courtney Fender	30 Jesse Re'Voal	31 Phillip Stiggins Gwyneth Haydock Wells O'Byrne


Page by Amanda Moss

NOVEMBER 98'

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Olivia Bender Coleman Dow Ryan Ingles Mary Woodruff Tonia Boock Alexis Pernsteiner Caitlin Schauer	Devon Biggerstaff Andrew Caragol Brian Sutherland	Joel Devore Amy Johnson Michelle Potter Mariah Rich	Jennifer Eschelbach Rena Ueno Wendy Everett Jessica Ingles	Andy Fox	Jan Goicochea Molly McCarthy	Andrew Holland Erin Noble Zach Lyons
Heather Brule Alexander Pratt	Heather Shershun- Varner Kevin Young	Moksha Rainbowlight Sage Carlin	J.T. Magee Ursula Evans- Heritage	Caitlin Franke Jean Kolb Leah Child	Stanley Spriggs	Whitney Owen Charles-Jean Boucher
	Jessie Reynolds Katelyn Vandever James Jurasevich	Jonathan Blum Zach Klassen-Keim	George Morse	Evan Jones	James Martin	Jessica Jerrit Julia Nicols Jessica Schoener Weston Schoener
Adam Dwinell Cameron Laue Mary Jane Ward	Rita Ives David Seltzer Jesse Stephens	Nathan Smfeld Crystal Anderson	Andrew Munkres Jessica Sissom	David Delgado	Travis Edson Courtney Moore	
Chris Duke Scott Dalton Dominika Short	Leticia Jurema Jasmine Swisher Amber Maclean					

Page by Meredith Fleming

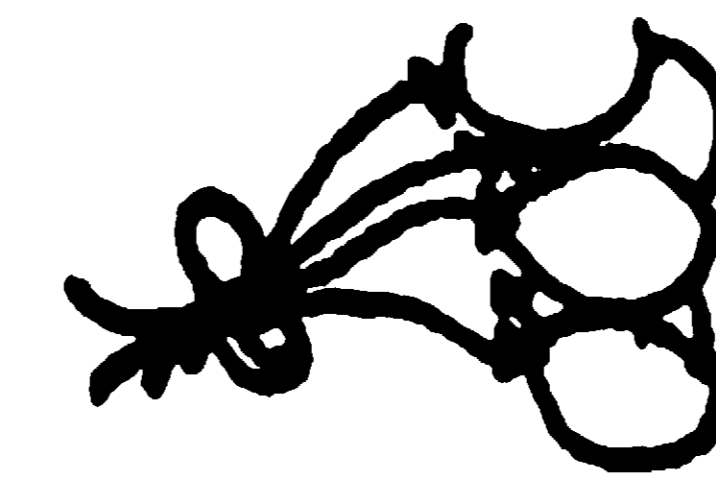
December

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1 Rachel Blum Christine Duckworth Mollie Tooper	2 Felicity Rose Olivia Bagdade	3 Jackie Lowry	4 Prajna Cole Peter Shinn Adam Pruett David Smith	5 Genna Shershun- Varner
6 Chris Howard	7 Tricina Elliker Jonathan Frohnmayr Alathea Letaw Kery White	8 Brett Beauvais Nate Segall Kylee Wong Aaron Schrier	9	10 Emma Bradley James Conner	11 Jennifer Kosydar Sarah Hurwit Litany Deshincoe	12 Lynda Sloanes Corey Anderson
13 Shawna Bray	14 Ariel Kidwell-Leuck	15 Trina Bascom	16	17 Damon Mikkola - Sears Lisa Piccolotti	18 Chris Barnes Shane Benway Brandon Tucker Chris Ladely Brooke Parrott Zach Parrott	19 Kim Weaver
20 Will Stclair Kevin Minor	21 Adrienne Deflorio Tony Perez-Whyte	22 Joe Boyd Loraine Downard	23 Mihal Freinquel Sebastian Jaramillo	24 Eli. Kriegh Ila Kriegh	25 Emily Shankman	26 Rose Wilberger Eva Krivak-Tetley Porshe Faulkner William Martin
27	28	29 Ryan McShane	30 Gary Carnes Garrett Bentley Nell Deligio-Spiess	31		

Page by Jessica Ingles







January



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1 Chelsey Augustynaik Zachary Diehl	2 Casey Marks-Fife
3 Adam Hollingsworth Brendan McCullough	4 Taichiro Nakata Kyle Ruxton	5 Arianna Chadwick-Saund Christopher Dignam Loren Morrison Nicole White Gabrielle Sloane	6 Jennifer Reyes-Du Pont Chloe Helton Gallagher	7 Heather Northup Drew Hoselton Kalab Washburn	8 Brandi Grawl Alicia Spurgeon	9 Billy Barnard Ryan Young
10 Anna Richardson Lyric Weiss Eamon McCleery	11 Christina Kim Reno Camozzi Alison Gary	12 Matt Clark	13 Jared Morse Hooly Revels Emily Seider Ezra LeBank	14 	15 Sadybeth Kelley Talia Lewis	16 Kerry Flegal Michael Hansen Joseph Baailey Whitney Vogel Sharon Gordon Landon Matteson
17 Patrick Naleway	18 	19 Dylan Kahle Claire Lapoma Lee Shaffner	20 Lamie Gibson	21 Shayana Kennedy	22 Charlena Jost	23 Michelle Clark Ann Koreisha
24 	25 Bethany Watson	26 Michael Davidson Zachary Reid	27 Anna Miller Brian Moshofsky	28 Luke Frishkoff Sumner Bertone-Riggs Nick Zosel-Johnson	29 Mathew Phipps Colin Chun Emily Harris-Deutch	30 Shaun Yocklson Bridget Murphy
31						Page by Casey Marks-Fife

February

1999

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	Nikolaus Mixon 1	Justin N-Kaushall 2 Eva F-Henry Samual F-Henry Ira Munkvold Dean Stuart	Eric Cook 3 Erica Kilbourne Dagmara Marston Sean Chappell Karmen Day		Anna Hetrick 5	Joshua Colby 6 Michael Tinoco
Russell Kerns 7 Emily Smith Samual Glaser Laura Prebus		Evan Weinerman 9	Victor Schramm 10 Vincent Young Paul Trendler	Megan B-O'Connor 11 Lisa Edens	Keith D- Hazen 12	Lela Mansfield 13 Zachary Brewer Amy Humphreys Virginia Robbins
Valentines Day 14   	Jessica Sprick 15	J.T. Dygert 16 Lia Gelrod Emily Shellabarger Natty Eeds		Sarah Cooper 18 Cheyne Dandurand Jessica Jobanek Jenny Nissel Lauren Percy Gudrun Sturludottir Andrew Syrios	Lauren Thompson 19 Catiyn Vickers	Julia Rear 20 Kevin Gilbert
Jordan Roney 21 Jasmine Tager	Julia Frantz 22 Kiel Trutt	Alexander Brice 23	Anna Delara 24 Courtney Stanley	Nick Leonard 25		Taylor Boling 27 Lill Csonka
Marianna Gordon 28 Hans Eichinger	(29) LEAP YEAR Michelle Fisher					

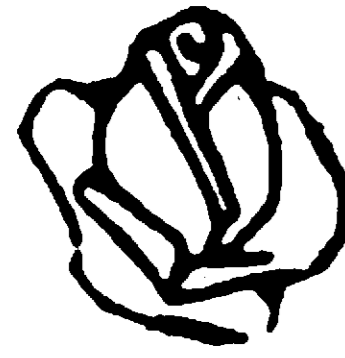
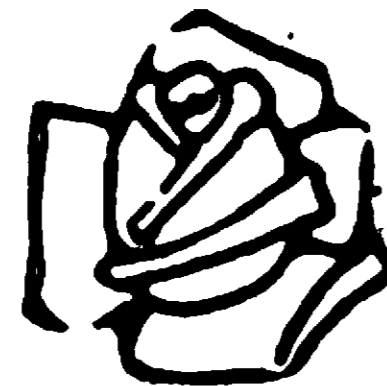
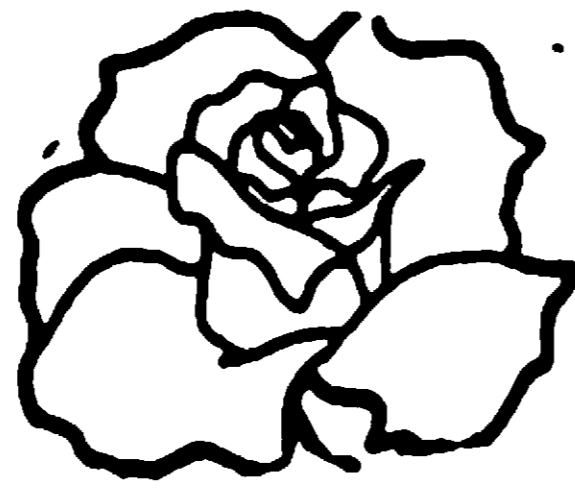

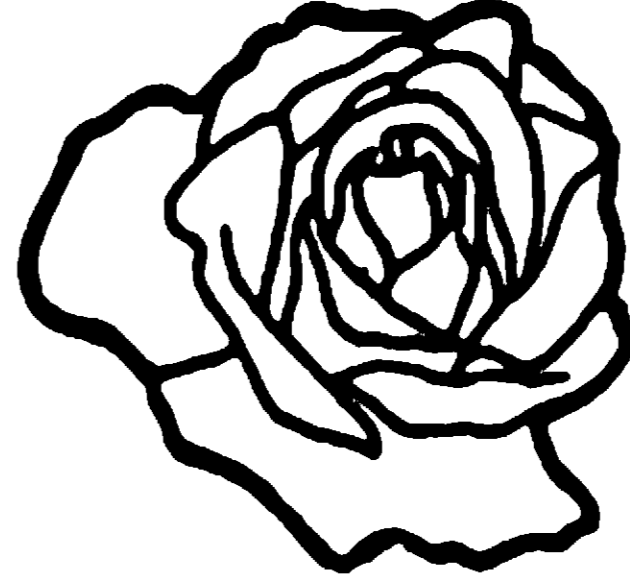
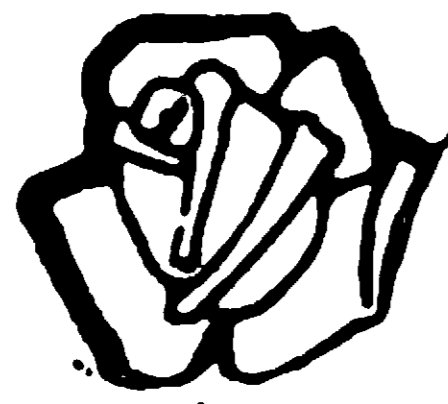
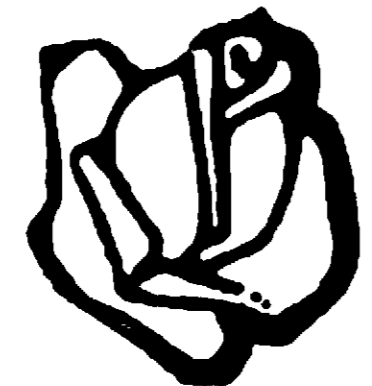
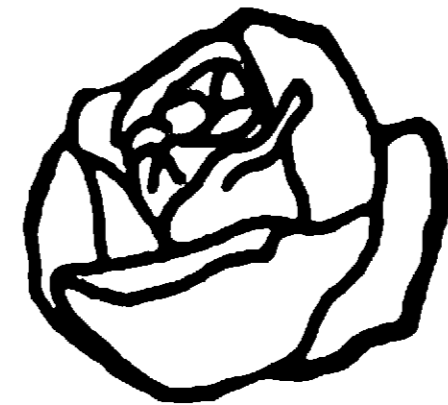
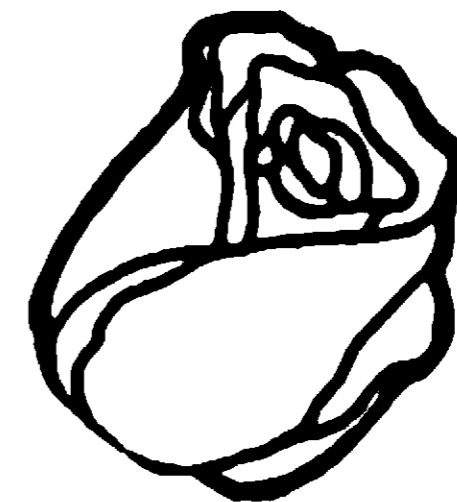

Page by Lela Mansfield

March

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1 Barbara Radding Leslie Stonelake	2 Evan Lobiser Nicholas Nelson	3 Max Schwartz Tegan Mulholand	4 Alex Barnhart Will Norris	5 Molly Diedrich Sam Kontny Bruce Lyles Nick Pearson	6 Dawn Jagger Chris Koehn
7 Katherine Ross Niko Tomooka	8 Lucas Segó Nicolas Gusset	9 Adam Unger	10	11 Christina Mentzer Matt Kiese Alex Murphy	12 Leslie Briggs Caroline Hong Spencer Diehl	13 Jon Cassel
14 Fran Robinson	15 Jessica Brown Rachel Rothgery Jeff Mecredy	16 Isis Barone Graham Hatten	17 Rebecca Tublitz Fatou Doucoure	18 James Brassfield	19 Erik Sorenson Marisa Rodney	20 Renea Downard Racheal Byrd
21 Ashley Kelly Margaret Gilmore Joe Martinson	22 Edward Earl Genevieve Labahn Rebecca Nelson	23	24 Joseph Hurt Jesse Worcester	25 Carridwen Martin Nicholas Rodgers	26 Elizabeth Ohsson Gabe Wasil	27 Jonathan Abinante Craig Eads Tyler Mosby Terra Wegner Andrew Hanna Joseph Fraedrick
28 David Dahl Jocelyn Chesterman Kristin Peil	29 Anna Wright	30 Elke Richers Jacquelin Poasa	31			

April

Page by Julia Hill

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1 Michael Martinson	2 Nathan Reiff Joshua Suchan Brian Register	3 Jeffrey Ballantine Justin Becker
4 Mindy Tseng	5 Julia Hill Sean Odell	6 Melissa Jacobson	7 Courtney Cammarota	8 Kathryn Manning	9 David Evans Zachary Hubbird	10 Rachael King Sarah Mann Elaheh Nakhai Sierra Vickers Ian Merrill Bobby Zufelt-Moore Cassandra Purkey
11 Gabrielle Hobbs Leif Fuller	12 Lindzey Chadd-Bailey	13 Samuel Dotters-Katz Nicholas Faunce Michael Andrade	14 Aaron Waechter Kolu Westcott	15 Victoria Brewer	16 Margaret Epps	17 Ty Campbell Adrienne Keller Myles Wanstall John Melia Kellen Schmitz
18 Felicia Katz Sean Tamulonis	19 Nicholas Labarre Nicholas Manwill	20 Andrea Rosati Bob Pan	21 Rachel Miller Jonathan Schill Ryan Wiser Jordan Andersen Nathan Forster	22 Emily Loughran	23 	24 Skylar Baldwin Benton Collins Rebecca Sax
25 Sierra Fletcher Germain Knust-St. Rand Biersdorff Arlo Walsman	26  	27 Rachel Callahan Forrest Doweny	28 Andrea Predko Calyn Organ	29 Tova Opsal Ely Plouff Alexis Viggiano Sarah Cairo	30  	

May

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	
						Adam Masterson ¹ Laura McDonald Jessica Hock Jordan Hock Joshua Ortega	
2 K.C. Aiken	3 Avery Rosen	4	5 Emily Gilkey Casey Nagler	6 Michael Wectawski Caitlin Terborg	7 Erich Shafermeyer Vanessa Wolff	8 Seth Horner	
9 Evan Dresman Christopher Snortland	10 Marga Glasser Christopher Conlin	 11	12 Christina Larson Tom Fisher Kyle Lasater	13 Adam DeHeer Joe Weinman	14 Mical Lewis Joel McClure Gregory Hickey Austin Thelen Jonah Hankin-Rappaport Corrie Gustafson	15 Matt Elliott Nic Lamb	
16	17 Laura Delancey Courtney Henderson Jacob Dyste Tom Spettel Adreanne Vilhauer	18 Mieka Hopps	19 Richard Cissel Clay Neal Kenneth Westcott	20 Lisa Potter Amy Bunker Ashley Helms Corie Hinton	21 Simon Newton Giles Westerfield Rachel Pinkstaff Jane Wilson-Moses	22 Robert Dehaas Madison Akuma	
23 Erik Anstine	24 Whitney Moser Sophie Bloch Sarah Pangborn Paige Gilbert	25 Ana Fernandes Angelina Herkner David Hawker	26 Patrick Hennessey	27 Tyler Shaw	28 David Bumstead Zane Hart Heather Mccoy Daniel Shaw Anna Casey-Witte	29 Amy Coddington Chelsea Farber Joseph Campos Colin Miller	
30 Eric Weinerman John Stokes	31 Nesa Levy Jonathan Reeves	Happy Birthday!!!					



Shawn Williams is a very athletic student. He plays basketball, football, baseball, wrestling and track. Shawn has been playing sports since first grade because he says they're fun and he likes to exercise as well as compete. Out of all the sports, he plays his all around favorite is football. He likes football because it's a very physical sport. Football is his favorite sport but it's also his best. Shawn recently made the basketball team. He likes it but he says it's a big commitment to give up a lot of his free time for it. Shawn sometimes thirty in the morning. He's hoping to play football and I'm sure he'll do fine.

Wednesday, February 4th was a day to remember for Oregon football fans everywhere. February 4th, National Letter of Intent Day for High School athletes, provided an enormous surprise as well as an extremely talented class. First, at 9:00 AM from Marshfield High School, Parade All-American Mike Belisle signed with the Ducks, shunning favorites Washington and Stanford. The Ducks also signed many other big-name players including RB Herman Ho-Ching, a Prep Star All American from Long Beach Poly HS, RB Reuben Droughns, a Parade All-American and former Oregon signee. QB Adam Annybrew, from Beverly Hills HS will fill the void at quarterback left by up-coming seniors Akili Smith and Jason Maas. LB John Harris and WR Jason Jenkins round out Oregon's big name players. Oregon coach Mike Belioti said, "This could be our best class ever." He could very possibly be right. Many recruiting services have Oregon rated as low as fifth or as high as second. UCLA had the best recruiting class in the Pac-10 and second in the nation. Good luck to all the players on the team.

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Cover by

Casey

Fife

Marks

Seinfeld says "Goodbye"
by Alex Strandlien

After 9 years, these could...

one of RMS's athletic stars, Lauren... got started when her dad signed her up for... every year since. Her biggest accomplishment was playing soccer. Her favorite...

ink of the Chicago Bulls and the great dynasty he has... has won, and of the time he retired. It was a very... synomous with the game itself. After his... en better. He has brought the Bulls the title...

hat it will be a sad day in basketball... will be saying things like, "I think he had a... think it's some sort of... will need to face this... the greatest ever in...

young stars like... spotlight. For... because of Jordan... couple of... even Dennis... a World Title... is now.

Book Review: 'The Ancient One'
by K. Kauschall

Book Review by Justine... give this book a 5/5...

...for excellent sensory descriptions, story... many good things about this book. It has everything: Action, suspense, sadness, compassion, sympathy—it gives the reader a true picture in the mind.

...about 13 years of age decides to spend a month in Blade, Oregon. Blade is the home to the Halamis Indians (a fictional tribe) who disappeared about 500 years ago. Kate's aunt, who is an inveterate explorer, invites her to travel with her into the storehouse of many 700-year-old artifacts. Kate sets off on a journey with a cast of weird characters: a powerful chief, a powerful witch, a powerful wizard, a powerful sorcerer, a powerful wizard, a powerful sorcerer, a powerful wizard, a powerful sorcerer...

...Valentines... Put a...