

Jones Junior High School Upper Arlington, Ohio.



THE DENTIST by Leslie Hannaway (9)

FOREWORD

"Any man who will look into his heart and honestly write what he sees there will find plenty of readers." - Ed Howe.

PEN POINTS is a magazine designed to represent the many students who have felt the desire to express themselves and who have been able to do so effectively through form and word. It is dedicated to every student reader, with the hope that he or she will also attempt to reproduce thoughts and emotions for the many persons who are searching for truths.

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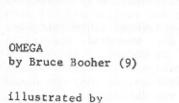
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Cover design by Ann Jackson

"All ideas take form at the point of a pen."

Unknown



Barry Chern (9)



EARTH HAS BEEN INVADED!

No, headlines like that were not seen during this invasion, nor for that matter will they ever be seen. But Earth has been invaded and conquered.

Exactly when the invasion started, I cannot say. You see, I was, and still am, in a spaceship equipped with a viewer that let me see what was happening on Terra Firma. It let me see what was happening, but I still don't know what occurred. When I "woke up," I was in the Crab Nebula, some 900 light years from Earth. Since my spaceship traveled at 99% of the speed of light, I was seeing things that happened just nine years after I left Earth, or in the year 2024 A.D. This is Earth's last story:

Life on Earth was simple in those days. Even though machines did most of the work, unemployment was not a serious problem. By 2015, earthlings had explored the entire solar system; however, because of the environment, they had not been able to colonize anything but the moon. In that year, as a top scientist, I volunteered to go deep into outer space. My offer was accepted and in late 2015 I was launched on this mission.

By the year 2024, strange things were beginning to happen on Earth, things that couldn't be explained by anybody. Specifically, Earth's gravity, rotation speed, and revolution speed had all increased by 1%. This meant that

the Earth's mass had increased proportionately. All of the top scientists worked to find the cause, but not one of them could come up with a reason for these changes or find a way to counteract them.

Soon the changes were affecting everything near Earth. Because of its increased gravity, Earth pulled down its man-made satellites and an increased number of meteorites. It also pulled the moon slightly closer, which upset the tides.

Earth was beginning to be considered uninhabitable. Since there was no place else to go, everybody was trying to find a way to get Earth back to normal. It was also decided to send one hundred spaceships to different places throughout the universe for colonization, so that the human race would continue in case Earth was destroyed.

All preparations were completed, and it was time for countdown. Suddenly Earth's gravitational field started pulsating! It went suddenly from 3 g's to 1/3 of a g and back again in such a way that only the strongest men and machines could stand the extremes in pressure that it created. Although the phenomenon lasted only five minutes, it was long enough to destroy the spaceships; and two billion people were killed by heart attacks, ruptured blood vessels, or by falling objects which crushed them. During the pulsating, Earth had pulled the moon dangerously close. The moon's gravity in turn caused tidal waves so tremendous that cities as far inland as Richmond, Virginia, had up to ten feet of water. All of the coastal cities were wiped out, and death from the tidal waves dropped Earth's population to less than one billion people.

Since most of the top scientists had been killed by the gravity or tidal waves, the chances of Earth being saved were slim. Everyone worked furiously to do something about it, and it looked as if Earth might be saved.

Most of the people on the moon were killed by the sudden jerk of the moon towards Earth. The rest were killed when Earth made a last desperate attempt to save itself by destroying the moon before it collided with Earth. The destruction was done by protonium bombs, each of which exploded with a force five hundred times that of the largest H-bomb. No radioactivity was created, but the destruction of the moon was complete as the debris which covered Earth killed nearly half of the remaining people.

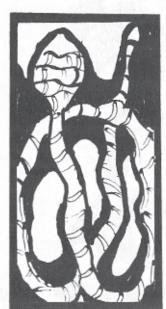
Although this explosion might have saved Earth tem-

porarily, it did not save it for more than one day. Earth's gravitational field started pulsating again, this time so violently that no one could endure it. Then the gravity was peaceful for one more day before it started pulsating so violently that Earth itself exploded.

Yes, Earth had been invaded, conquered, and destroyed. It was not by aliens from different planets, as many science fiction writers had predicted, but by energy — energy too great to be opposed.

THE SNAKE by JoAnne Janis (9)

illustrated by Leslie Hannaway (9)



I walked the lonely, dirt road that sent shivers up my spine. There were no birds singing, nor were there merry crickets. walked further. The desolate place seemed evil and dead, but then I had a visitor. He crawled slowly out of the grass. He was long and slimy, and his tongue constantly came forth as if he had found goodies to eat. His eyes were like small beads and he cautiously crept over to me. He, too, was lonely and I seemed a friend in an eerie place. To me his very silence, his ancient, patterned scales, were deadly; and in my fear I crushed him.

I walk the lonely, dirt road that sends shivers up my spine. There are no birds singing, nor are there merry crickets. There is only my conscience. SHOOTING THE BREEZE by Ann Jackson (9)

A dog with a terrible wheeze Was invaded by an army of fleas.

The battle raged through the night; Came the dawn and a horrible sight.

The fleas had suffered small loss, And had shown the dog who was boss.



Terry Wise (9)

The early morning of Friday, June 25, 1964, had all the promise of a usual day. The sun was shining brightly, and it seemed to dare clouds to appear; for if they had, it would have burned them with its unyielding rays. The milkman had left the customary amount of milk at my doorstep, and there appeared to be nothing exciting in the morning's newspaper.

That Friday was to be a day out of the ordinary, because I am an attorney-at-law and I had a big business deal with a client an hour's drive away from my home. After eating a dull but nourishing breakfast, I strode out to my car which I had not used for some time. After I had picked up a friend who was to accompany me on my trip, I drove down the road which led to the highway.

Inside the car the air was a bit stale, so I was forced to open the windows and let in some fresh air. The car was in rather poor condition; there were several unsightly tears in the back seat cover, and the whole interior had a look of dinginess. I turned my attention back to the road, for the traffic was getting heavy and I still had not fully awakened from the night's sleep.

All of a sudden I was snapped out of my daydream by a multitude of blaring horns. A car had stalled about twenty yards ahead of me, so I maneuvered the car onto the side of the road. Through the din of the ceaseless and irritating noise, I thought I heard my companion attempting to tell me something. As I glanced down at my arm, I was transformed from a state of sleepiness to one of utter shock and horror. Before my terrified eyes lay on my arm the most tremendous spider I had ever encountered! His abdomen was a little over an inch in diameter and extremely black. His eight hairy legs seemed to be moving all at once, as if he couldn't decide in which direction he wanted to go. black, protruding hump on his back gave him a look of fierceness and ill will toward everything. I glanced at my associate; I realized then that he had already discovered it and had attempted in vain to warn me.

The spider started on a path up my arm. It was getting intensely hot in the car, and I felt as if I were boiling in an infernal oven. The fact that I had to hold my arm level to keep it steady so that the spider would not

react violently to any abrupt movement caused me to suffer all the more. The spider took each step cautiously and slowly. It appeared as though he were tip-toeing on a vast ocean of gray flannel and trying to reach land, which was my neck. At one time my friend made a futile but honest effort to blow the wretched creature off me. That just more or less hindered the progress of the spider, as he kicked up his spindly legs in a sudden rage and did not resume his travels until two agonizing minutes had passed.

Each step by the monstrous spider made the whole ordeal more unbearable. I almost yelled out loud when he reached my hot, sweaty neck. Every second I expected his jaws to close on my warm flesh. My nerves were nearly at the end as I felt the grimy, hairy feet of the spider tickle my throat. It made my blood turn to ice! After about one and a half minutes, that seemed to me like an hour, the spider had journeyed to my opposite arm. Every cramped muscle in my body yearned to move; my arms begged to be lowered as the spider continued on his slow jaunt. At last he reached my hand and I had to endure the same agony as when he was on my throat. The temptation to fling him off did not quite erase the thought of what would occur if the attempt did not work.

The spider neared the car seat. I wanted to breathe a sigh of relief, but I could not until he had completed his seemingly timeless expedition. When the horrible thing reached the seat cover, I slowly moved over and opened the door. Then with one wobbly blow I hurled the spider into space. The force of gravity brought him down a good dis-

tance from the car.

I arrived at my engagement an hour late and lost the business deal. I was so exhausted and nervous when I got home that I went straight to bed. I did not waken until 10:00 the next morning. After breakfast I went to one of my reference books to ascertain just what species of spider had come upon me. The shock was about as powerful as the first time I laid eyes on the thing. The book stated that the spider was an abnormally large, but harmless, jumping spider!

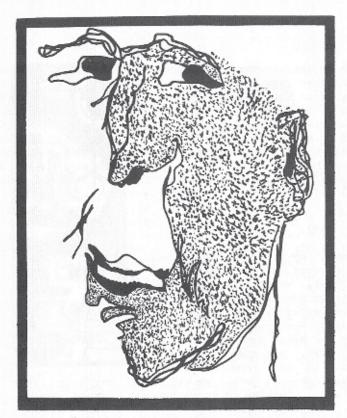
A SLEEPING MONSTER by Scott Roberts (8)

illustrated by Steve Hinton (9)

A friend, my brother, and I accidently discovered an abandoned factory. Glancing about, we noticed trespassing signs scattered everywhere. Although we hesitated to venture inside the building, our curiosity encouraged us to enter. Immediately we began our investigation.

Dust, dirt, and rust smothered every object in the room. Rummaging through the loads of junk, we collected anything that caught our eye. Lurking in every corner, unseen hazards threatened our foolish rambling. On the fifth floor we stumbled upon a control panel with many operating devices. Thinking that they were all out of order, I walked over and pressed an interesting button. Instantly a whirring noise burst from the machinery surrounding us. The machines awakened, causing heavy downpours of dust which added to the confusion. A huge conveyor belt began to rotate rapidly. Panic-stricken, I leaped desperately for the doorway. The now-deafening noise echoed throughout the factory, shaking it violently. Quickly my brother darted to the opposite button and shoved it in roughly. The disturbed mechanisms slowly died and retreated into their deep hiber-

Racing from the scene of our crime, we fled from the factory. Fortunately, we escaped without detection, having learned a valuable lesson.



SUSPICION

Dinah Lownie (9)



BLONDIE Jane Bowers (7) THE BOY'S VERSION OF SIXTEEN (By Maureen Daly) by Ellen Magnuson (9)

Mom and Dad were really having it out with me tonight. "Why can't you be like your brother?" That's all I ever hear. "HE cleans his room. HE respects us. HE likes to spend time at home. You never do." Like I said, that's all I ever hear. So I left — for a while, anyway.

The air was cold and brisk, with the stars shining like brilliant diamonds against a velvet sky. I headed for the skating rink. "What a night for a few kicks! Maybe I'll pick up some chick and give her a few thrills."

There I was, gliding smoothly across the uneven rink, when I spotted my "target" for the night. She was skating along — all alone — with a sort of wistful look on her face, and I knew she was just the type to fall for a phony like me. I came up to her from behind; and being the forward type, I slid my arm around her waist and whispered, "Would you like to skate?"

Her eyes lit up like the stars above and she could barely manage to murmur, "Yes, I'd love to."

To me, the night wasn't all bad, but this girl sure didn't give me any large charge. Yet I knew she was in seventh heaven; and while I hated to break up her big moment, I suggested we start for home. She seemed startled that I would want to take her home, but regained her poise to a certain extent as we walked away hand in hand.

On the short walk to her house, I thought, "Why not kiss her?", but quickly decided this whole farce had gone far enough. Were we never going to get there? Aahhh, at last we arrived. I gently laid her skates upon her small shoulder and continued along on my happy-go-lucky way.

Tonight is Tuesday, and I vaguely remember saying something like, "I'll call you." Wonder if she's still waiting. Oh well, like I said, she never did give me any large charge.

THE GRAY CLOUD by Phil Sparling (9)

I saw a squirrel jump through the trees, A fast moving cloud in a strong breeze. THE THREAD by Barry Chern (9)

I lay on my back on the couch with a small, twisted piece of thread between my thumb and forefinger. I cannot remember now what color the thread was and it doubtlessly was destroyed a long time ago; yet, for fifteen minutes, I was unaware of the rest of the world. I twisted my fingers slowly, and the thread twirled through the air like some mad dancer contorting through flames. The sunlight streaming through the door behind me played on the ridge of each twist and coil of the thread, hiding in and behind each loop and then bouncing in all directions over the room. As I sat and looked at it, the rest of the room blurred and faded out of my sight. My mind left the world and flew far into the vacuum of space. I wasn't dreaming, thinking, or creating. I was just staring and letting my brain have a rest which it cannot enjoy at any other time of the day. Rest cannot come during sleep since dreams then constantly exercise my mind, and at most other times I am debating something with myself. The only thing which saves me is this unusual talent of being able to "turn myself off" completely at times.



John Fergus (7)

WINTER by JoAnne Janis (9)

When all the earth is white with snow And trees stand brittle, stark with cold, Oh, how the wild winds groan and blow, Their wailing stories to unfold. MY WORLD by Chris Merrill (9)

It was my own world, my only world. I walked through the tall grass and daisies, down the lane, and into a small opening where the grass was as thick as a carpet and as smooth as velvet. I brushed aside a small bush covered thickly with golden yellow leaves and there lay my book. I picked it up, opened it at random, and immediately began reading the poem on that page. I had read it many times before and knew it almost by heart.

My mind wandered into an imaginary dreamland. I saw reality in many of the characters' problems. While I read those poems, the time flew quickly by. I replaced the book in its hiding place and left my grass-covered inlet. I walked through the woods and down into the small canvon where the brook bubbled down towards the river. Soon I was out in the middle of a large field sprinkled here and there with yellow or orange flowers and dotted on the border by small groves of trees. Three small boys played on the "grandfather" tree next to the road. As I looked up, I saw two boys leading their bicycles along the ridge of the hill. They mounted and began coasting down the grassy slope. As they neared the bottom, one bicycle overturned on a stray hedge apple that had fallen from the trees. I lay down in the grass and looked up into the blue sky, reminiscing about times that I had done this same thing. While lying there, the sun grew hot on my face and I became aware of the late hour. I picked myself up and ran home through the fields.

That was my world, but it no longer can be; tall buildings and houses have sprung up over that once-grassy field. The woods have been replaced by a motel and restaurant. "No Trespassing" signs are posted around the property. My world can no longer be.

BLESSING by Brooks McCarty (9)

Raindrops are drops of love from the sky, A shower of blessing from Heaven. God gives to all of us The purity of Himself.



THE CAT by Nancy Bretz (9) illustrated by Donna Frye (7)

Soft footsteps like the patter of rain,
A steady tap on the window pane,
Swiftly down the stairs he bounds,
With wings on his feet barely touching the ground,
Cautiously, cautiously scanning the night.
Searching, searching for morning light.

PEEPING TOM by Debbie Fischer (9)

A house produces strange noises at night: the creaking hinges of the shutters, and the various groans of its joints, with the wind blowing through the trees outside. That night was no exception. It was very still and a black veil covered the street and houses. Sandy, the McQuins' babysitter, was inside their house making a last-minute check before she settled down for the night with her homework. Walking to the front door, she found that it was locked. The windows were closed, so she made her way to the kitchen to check the back door. Just before she reached it, she remembered that it wouldn't lock. She tried to open the door; it wasn't locked. She tried locking it again and again. Sandy soon tired of this and decided to do her homework. She picked up her books, piled them on the kitchen table, and started to work.

In less than an hour Sandy, her homework finished, went to check the children; Bobby, the oldest, was seven and Charlie, his younger brother, was four. Sound asleep in their beds, they looked very little and helpless; and Sandy quietly tiptoed out of the room. Once downstairs, she turned on the T. V. and started watching a western.

In the middle of the show the telephone rang. Sandy's heart skipped a beat as the sudden, shrill peal of the phone broke the deep silence. She walked over to the telephone and picked it up, still a bit shaken.

"Hello," she said. There was silence on the other end of the line for a few seconds.

Then a man's voice spoke. "Hello, Sandy." It was Mr. McQuin. "Is everything okay?"

"Sure, nothing special has happened."

"Good, I just called to tell you we won't be home till after midnight. The car broke down, and it'll take a while to fix it."

"Oh." Sandy couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Your parents won't mind, will they?"

"No, not as long as I'm home before dinner tomorrow!"
Sandy said in a gay voice.

"Well, I've got to be going now. If anything turns up, you know where to call. Bye."

"Bye," Sandy mumbled as she heard a click and the harsh buzz of the dial tone.

By the time Sandy had seated herself in front of the T. V. again, her western show was over and they were starting to introduce the <u>Twilight Zone</u>. As she listened to the weird music that the speaker emitted, there was a piercing scream; and Sandy jumped nervously. She watched a man running out of a dark house and down the street. Sandy was filled with horror when the next scene showed a young girl lying on the floor in a pool of blood, with the hilt of a knife sticking out of her back. Sandy felt goose pimples forming, and her heart beat so fast she was sure anyone could hear it.

Suddenly she heard some noises outside, over by the window in the front room. She saw the bushes below move. Walking to the window, she pulled back the curtains.

"He's heading for the back door," Sandy thought, her heart beating faster than she had ever imagined was possible.

She rushed to the kitchen and looked out. Nobody was there, but the bushes moved again.

"Oh, please help me, someone, please!" she cried out loud. "The phone!" This was the only way she could call for help. She picked up the receiver, but put it down instantly. "What a dumb bunny I'm acting like! What would I say?"

For the next ten minutes Sandy sat watching the television and kept telling herself it was just her imagination. Suddenly her thoughts were interrupted by another sound outside the window. She tried to ignore it, but it continued. Sandy really let her imagination go then. She started visualizing an imaginary picture of the "thing" outside.

"He's a great, huge, ugly-looking cuss who is out for blood," she thought. "He's got shaggy, black hair that's all messed up, and his clothes are shabby and dirty."

The noise came again, this time at the front door. Sandy froze and tears of fear started rolling down her cheeks. The bushes outside the window started moving again, and a harsh scratching on the window began. Sandy was white as newly-fallen snow as she moved towards the window, but she stopped dead in her tracks.

"I can't pull the drapes open; I just can't! But you have to," she said to herself. She kept talking to herself, fighting herself. "Should I or shouldn't I?" she said out

loud. "I've got to! There are two little kids in this house and there's me, too!"

Slowly she moved closer and closer to the window, wondering if she dared pull the curtain back. "Suppose he has a gun?" she thought.

As Sandy shoved the curtain back, she had the uncomfortable feeling of being a martyr. She took a deep breath and squinted into the darkness. A long, dark form spread itself along the window sill. "His arm?" she wondered.

"Meow?" came the questioning cry, as a furry paw scratched at the screen.

THE OLD MAN by Karen Brown (9)

illustrated by Bruce Morrison (9)

In his day he was a giant of a man, but now he is old and stooped. His stark white hair tumbles over his forehead in wild disarray, while his piercing blue eyes are either mischievous or solemnly wise. His lips are thin and dry, and his stubbled chin always scratches anyone who nestles up to him for a quick hug or kiss. It is a common sight to see him limping around the farm in his faded, patched coveralls, blue denim jacket, and his ancient railroader's cap pulled down over his eyes. Sitting and reading his Bible for hours on end is his favorite pastime, and he turns the pages with gnarled, brown hands that have become dry and calloused with seventy-odd years of hard work. He tries to be gruff and stiff when he's with me, but I know it's just an act because, after all, he's my grandfather.



THREE WEEKS OF TORTURE by Tom Wiseman (9)

I spent the worst three weeks of my life this summer at a camp. During the first few days, they told me what I had to do: swim at a certain time, play basketball at a certain time, and so on the whole day. This was to let me find out what I wanted to do. Then I knew what I wanted to do — stay in bed!

I started out with a bang. I couldn't stand either my counselor or the camp director. My counselor was a Yale man, and he wouldn't let us forget it. The camp director and I didn't agree on the strict schedule, and he wouldn't get off my back. I didn't like the idea of changing activities so often, because I would just begin to get interested and then would have to change. He believed we would benefit more from a greater assortment of activities.

A loud, noisy bell woke us at 7:15 a.m. every day. We then went to the mess hall and had breakfast which was usually lousy. After breakfast we went back and cleaned up our cabin so we would not get a bad grade on inspection. At 8:30 another bell rang, and I had to leave my warm cabin to swim in a cold lake. After an hour the bell rang again, and I had to change to lifting weights in the recreation hall. This routine kept up all day.

At night there was nothing to do but go to bed and look forward to another boring day. Twice a week we took all the heavy and awkward bunks out of the cabin and mopped the floor and walls with cheap soap and cold water. This took at least two wasted hours.

Whenever someone received some candy or soft drinks, they were either confiscated or passed around. This was because the camp was supposed to be an athletic and conditioning camp; however, when the counselors had their parties, they had all kinds of things to eat — I don't know what they had to drink.

Not every minute at this camp was bad. One exception was when the counselors split up the campers into two groups for a three-day war. We took our food with us and slept out for two nights. It was like a giant game of capture-the-flag over 14,000 acres.

The camp did have one other good point. It made home seem great.

The many different feelings I have while running in the various stages of a race are interesting, yet queer. At the start I wonder, "Will I finish with a good time?" Later on, about half way through, I begin to feel tired and want to stop and give up. When I feel this way, something inside me says to keep running and try harder. Toward the end of the race it seems that I can't take another step; but for some strange, unknown reason I guess I'll never understand I keep running. After the race is over, I have a good, proud feeling because I know that I have done something worthwhile, even if I have lost.



Nancy Bretz (9)

THE RENAISSANCE by Locke McKenzie (9)

The Renaissance was the period in history between the Middle Ages and modern times. Renaissance is a French word meaning "rebirth," meaning a renewal of interest in literature, culture, art, and science.

The Renaissance began with a reborn interest in the old Greek and Latin manuscripts. Many of these manuscripts could be found in Italy; and church officials, fleeing from the raids of the Ottoman Turks on Constantinople, brought many other manuscripts to Rome for safe keeping. It can be said, therefore, that Italy was the birthplace of the Renaissance.

During the Renaissance, people became more interested in learning. Before this time, the Bible and Aristotle's works were the undisputed authorities on any conceivable question; but during the Renaissance, people became dissatisfied with the answers found in these two sources. Many inventions were made during this time to help the people satisfy this curiosity about the earth. Copernicus was the first who was bold enough to state that the sun was the center of the universe, not the earth, and Galileo's invention, the telescope, proved this.

During the Middle Ages, religion played a large part in everyone's life, and the people were afraid to question or to try to improve anything because they felt that it would be going against God's will. In the Renaissance these fears disappeared. Because of this change, many advances in science were made; whereas, in the Middle Ages, science was at a standstill. The Bible hinted that the earth was flat, but this was disproved when Columbus discovered America and when Magellan became the first to sail around the world. The invention of the printing press by Gutenberg enabled more people to learn of Marco Polo's trip to the East and of the wonders that he saw. Because of his book, a tremendous interest in the East developed which led to daGama's sailing around Africa to India.

People became interested in art. Expressions were given to statues and paintings, and non-religious subjects were portrayed. Some of the greatest artists of all time lived during the Renaissance, such as Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Rubens, and daVinci. Architecture became more artful, also. Before the Renaissance, all art had to pertain

to religion, and architecture was too big and bulky to suggest a religious feeling. During the Renaissance, the people wanted their churches to be beautiful, so a more delicate, more beautiful type of architecture was developed, called Gothic.

During the Renaissance, the first books in languages other than Latin were written, and they included Chaucer's Canterbury Tales in English, Dante's Divine Commedia in Italian, and Cervante's Don Quixote. These helped solidify the form of the language in which they were written.

In general, in the Middle Ages, man made no advances in culture or science because he felt it would be going against the will of God. All art pertained to religion. Religion tied the men of the Middle Ages down. During the Renaissance, man became less concerned with religion and he began to satisfy his curiosity about the earth and things on it. Art dealt with things other than religion. The Renaissance was a complete rebirth of civilization and culture.

A DECEIVER by Beth Postle (8)

That miserable, black night was enough to jar the courage of the bravest man. Anxiously, I hurried down a vacated and eerie country road toward home. Torrents of rain pounded endlessly against my face. The howling winds swept through the trees. As I pulled my coat tighter about me, fear scratched at the pit of my stomach, shooting shivers through my body. Run! Run! Run! Each yard lengthened to a mile. Could I make it? Suddenly, I tripped and fell against the sharp stones. There I lay sobbing, a captive of my imagination.





THE WAR IN VIET NAM by Nancy Bretz (9)

AN AFTERTHOUGHT by Bruce Johnson (8)

It was a nice visit. Maybe I shouldn't be so sad, after all. Wasn't I lucky just having him home? Oh, it's no use — I guess I'll miss him anyway.

The ride to the airport wasn't particularly sad. At the time I thought, "We've lived without him for the last four-and-a-half years without any trouble. What will be so different about the next six or seven months?" Dad had talked with him about insurance policies all the way there. When we arrived, I must admit I was more interested in the majestic jets on the other side of the terminal than the dinky two-prop plane in which he was going back to college. The plane took off on an airstrip way off to the side. It was a very simple departure.

Now my thoughts have changed. In the morning he wasn't there to groan when I turned on the light at five-thirty to do my paper route. At the first dinner we had after he left, I missed his funny quips about my sister's weight and the uncooked potatoes, and the after-dinner talk with dad about an important issue.

Yes, it's just the little things I miss - the things that he alone can bring back on his next visit home.

FAR EAST MORN by Ann Jackson (9)



Leslie Hannaway

As the sun pushes away the morning fog, the streets of Heangsu awaken to another bustling, crowded day. The dusty streets, filled early with beggars calling to passersby and women on their way to market, pulse with life. Caravans of donkeys laden with bricks or grain patter by; rickshaws and horse-drawn carriages hurry to their destinations. Rich food overflows the stalls erected in the streets as the crowded markets display their wares to all who pass. The vendors of sweets move back and forth as children run out with pennies in their hands. The less fortunate hurry to the rice kitchens for a cheap meal. Crowding the once-silent streets, the multitude presses onward.

THE TIDE OF TIME by Joan Brooks (9)

The young man walked out into the field. He stood alone, feeling that the whole world was against him. People just didn't understand him. He kept on walking, thinking, and hoping to find a way of escape. It was apparent that he was uneasy.

Suddenly he heard the happy, carefree laughter of children. They had been there all the time. He had not noticed them before. The children had seen him. His steady, hollow stare was directed toward them, but he was not really seeing them at all. It gave them an uneasy feeling. They got up and left, talking among themselves.

On he walked for hours. The sea was ahead of him; his life behind him. His walk had no destiny. On and on he continued. He did not think of his past life. The future was too frightening for him to think about. As before, his mind was devoid of any thoughts.

He now stopped and faced the sea. It was roaring and rough. There were no boats out. Nothing could be seen but the sandy beach, the uneasy sea, and the darkened sky. He breathed heavily from his long walk. This man had been out here many times before but never felt quite so alone. Past were the good times when he had laughed and had fun with his friends. Now there were no friends — none at all. He was all alone in the world.

Having lost all conception of time, he walked down to the water's edge. Far across the water a lonesome island rose above the sea.

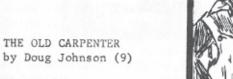
An old, but seaworthy, rowboat had been washed up on the beach. In spite of the stormy seas, he was able to make his way to the secluded island.

After beaching his boat on the island, he trudged to the top of a sand dune thrown up by the wind and waves. To his amazement there was nothing on this island but sand, pure simple sand! It used to be covered with immense trees, beautiful birds, and little animals. Now it was nothing. This island could represent his life.

He kicked at the sand. It flew into the air and was blown away by the wind. This young man did not want to return to his home and the field. He did not want to stay on this island. Where could he go? Was there no way of escape? The world was against him.

After walking across the island to the other side, he stood on the beach staring out over the water for a long time. The cool water from the waves breaking on the beach swirled around his feet. After seeing the nothingness of the sea, he, for some unusual reason, felt no fear. The moments passed as he looked over the water, and the more relaxed and calm he became. He dived into the water and swam out into the sea, enjoying the coolness and the feeling of freedom.

Days passed and this sandy island was washed into the sea, just as this man's life.



illustrated by Davan Dodrill (9)

His haggard old face is browned by the sun; No time for dreams; no time for sleep.

His old roughened hands still drive home the nails, Fastening together the dreams of men.

Weary with labor he wonders when His work will be done and rest prevail.

One day he will stop, lay his blueprints aside, In his heavenly home will forever abide.



After studying Guy de Maupassant's famous short story, "The Necklace", several English classes were asked to write a story about what actually happened to the lost necklace. One version follows:



THE GIFT OF THE GUTTER by Marty Bush (9)

illustrated by Donna Frye (7)

It was one of those freezing, crisp evenings when the pavement will crack into tiny pieces if it is stepped on too forcefully. The old streetsweeper's whistle shattered the still air like a rock splintering glass. He was alone on the wide street. No pedestrians were on this avenue, for there was a ball at the embassy. Several gendarmes had warned beggars to keep away from the ancient building's entrance and had chased stray dogs away.

The bent old man shivered convulsively as a sharp wind cut its way to his lean body through the tattered rags he wore. He tried unsuccessfully to pull his worn jacket more closely around his shoulders, but to no avail. He shrugged and bent to pick up some frozen leaves from the gutter. As he dumped them into his bag, he crossed to the other side of the street to sweep the walk for departing guests. He began brushing the crusty snow into the street; suddenly, a bright flash caught his eye, and he stooped down to see what it was. For a few seconds he fumbled in the freezing

stuff until he finally picked up a brilliantly sparkling diamond necklace. With trembling and gnarled fingers he held the jewelry up to where the streetlamp shone dimly.

"Ah!" he muttered, smiling slightly. "This is a rare prize!" He studied the necklace from various angles, trying to get the best view of the exquisite stones. Then he glanced around furtively to see if anyone had observed his actions. Apparently no one had; so, he dropped the neckpiece into his pocket and turned to go home. It was home, if that is what one could call the small and dingy hovel where he, his wife Mathilde, and their seventeen-year-old daughter Francesca lived, all crowded together like rats in a hole. He laughed softly to himself. That would all change now. He had seen people with all their finery sail in and out of the embassy and had imagined himself and his family in their places too many times not to change all that now. He approached his apartment. Then he opened the door and stepped into the dim interior.

"Mathilde! Francesca! Our days in this hole are over! Yes, they are!" he cried loudly.

His wife couldn't believe her eyes when he held up the sparkling treasure. She thought he had stolen it. His daughter was awakened by the commotion and screamed when she saw the necklace.

"I can have my dresses now!" She collapsed, weeping.

Her mother comforted her. "Oui — all those things,
and more!"

"I will take the necklace to my friend Jean-Paul, the jeweler's apprentice. He will take some of the stones out, and I will sell them. We must not be too hasty, though, for it would arouse suspicion," said the old streetsweeper solemnly. His wife agreed with him but pushed him toward the door.

"Go now, my husband! I cannot bear the stink of this hole another hour! Go to your friend!" In her excitement she was flushed and nervous, eager for the francs the beautiful neckpiece would bring. He was eager for the money, too; so, he let himself be urged to the apartment's entrance. Passing out into the street, he noticed how bitterly cold it was. Then he began to dream and plan for the house he'd buy for his family. It would, at first, be a modest cottage; then, as any suspicion died down, they could buy a larger and still larger house. People would

speak of him with respect, and he smiled as he thought of it. "I may be but a wretched streetsweeper, but soon... heh, heh, heh!"

He walked as quickly as his old legs would allow him. Finally he arrived at the doorway of Jean-Paul's and knocked loudly. In a few minutes the apprentice's wife opened the door and blurted out angrily, "Well, and what is this man on my doorstep?"

"I have business with your husband, the jeweler's apprentice," he replied. The woman was reluctant to call her husband, for she saw the man's tattered clothes and thought it was a waste of time. The old man assured her that she'd be well paid; so, a moment later the apprentice appeared at the door.

"I have here a necklace my dead cousin left me, and I want to sell some of the stones," the old man lied. you help me, for I do not know anything of this business?"

When the man hesitated because he was not sure that he would be rewarded, the older one again said that there would be plenty of money for Jean-Paul's work. With trembling hands the streetsweeper placed the necklace into the apprentice's hand. He held it up and squinted at it.

"Is it not very beautiful and priceless?" the old man said proudly. "See how it shines?"

"Why. I can tell you right now without light or tools that this piece is worthless - not worth more than a few francs," Jean-Paul said calmly. "It's just paste and glass."

The aged streetsweeper leaned against the door frame, shaking and shocked. His mouth hung open; his eyes bulged. The other gave the jewelry back to him and re-entered his house. As the door closed on him, the old man sank to his knees, and then sat down upon the narrow curb. A lump formed in his throat, and hard tears came to his eyes. Carefully, he placed the necklace on one of the bricks of the street and crushed it with the heel of his worn shoe.

Experiences: Happenings which are jumbled One upon another. Peggy VanFossen (9)



THE REBEL'S THOUGHTS by Barry Chern (9)



THE GIFT OF AN ANGEL by Linda VonHaam (9)

illustrated by Renate Knodt (9)

Her face was that of an angel, soft and gentle. Her golden hair shone like the sun; her eyes were as blue as the sky. Her mouth was small, and she never spoke unless necessary. She seemed to float when she walked. She was named Angelique and rightly so. God had touched her with beauty to make up for her mentally deficient mind. The emotions of her parents were that of love and pity, pity for their daughter and for themselves.

Angelique and her parents lived in a small town. Because she was mentally retarded, Angelique could not go to school with the rest of the children. She had to be taught by special teachers. Most ten-year-olds played games with their friends; Angelique preferred to be alone and outdoors. Nature provided her with playthings; and only these small, inanimate objects were her friends. The smallest stone or leaf fascinated her. She kept all of her "treasures," her precious stones and twigs, in a box. She valued her box above all of her possessions.

The coldness of the winter months had just arrived. Thanksgiving had passed, but the first snow had not yet come. Angelique looked forward to Christmas; and even though she didn't understand the meaning of Christmas and Santa Claus, she knew it was a joyous time. She also knew that for some reason she was supposed to give her parents a present. She planned to give her father her two favorite stones. She did not want to part with them, but she knew her father would enjoy them. He would thank her and kiss her on top of her head. It would be a happy time for her.

Her mother's present would have to be very special. The little girl could not think of one which would be good enough. She once thought she would give her mother the robin's eggshell that she found, but she decided that it was not suitable. When the snow began to fall, she still didn't have her mother's gift.

Then one day when Angelique went out looking for treasures for her box, she saw something glittering brilliantly in the snow. She ran to see what it was. To Angelique it looked like sparkling rain drops strung together on a golden thread of sunshine. Although she had no concept of its value, she knew it was just perfect for her mother's gift.

Everyday after her lessons, the child ran upstairs to admire the shimmering string of stones, the most beautiful stones she had ever found. She kept it in her box along with the stones for her father and her other treasures, and hid the box under her pillow. She did not want her mother to find it; Angelique understood what a surprise was. She had no more questions in her mind about her Christmas presents.

It was Christmas Eve, and Angelique went with her parents to the evening church service. Although her parents knew she would not understand one word of the service, they knew she would enjoy going. The service seemed endless to Angelique, but she sat quietly.

After church, the family went for a leisurely drive to see all the glamorous, Christmas decorations. As they headed for home, three fire engines passed their car. They certainly had pity for anyone having the misfortune of a fire on Christmas Eve. As they came nearer to their house, they saw enormous flames. Suddenly, they realized that it was their own house that was ablaze!

The firemen were desperately fighting the flames which were completely out of control. Angelique did not understand fire. She watched the enormous flames in amazement, only dimly comprehending that they were demolishing her home. The parents were so concerned with the fire that they paid no further attention to Angelique. A crowd gathered quickly. Everyone talked and moved about in aimless, excited ways.

The flames were twice as tall as the house. "The lights were left lighted on the Christmas tree," one person told another.

"A pity! Oh, a pity," another moaned.

The firemen fought on unsuccessfully as they tried to bring the blaze under control. It seemed to subside only to burst out with another fury at another spot. The flames grew hotter. One could barely stand near the house! By that time the crowd had grown quite large. The voices, the shouts of firemen, the crackling of the vicious blaze, the water — all contributed to the confusion.

Angelique's mother was trying to be strong, and she was determined that she would not break down in front of all those people. She was thinking how much work they had put into their home. They had had the whole house re-decorated recently, and suddenly all of her possessions were turning into ashes. How could they start from scratch? It was a good thing the house was insured.

Angelique's father was thinking the same sort of things. All of their work was just ashes! Twelve years they had worked to be where they were. What was to happen? He was thankful that the members of his family were all together. Looking around to locate them, he shrieked, "Where's Angelique?!" It had suddenly appeared to him that she was gone!

The mother was frantic. She no longer cared about the house or the crowd, only her defenseless, little girl. "Don't worry, lady," one of the firemen yelled, "we'll find your daughter!"

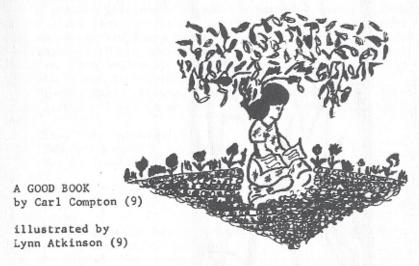
A search was started immediately for the "human angel." Her name was called, yelled, and screamed. Everyone ran about checking the areas around the house, but nowhere was she to be found!

Then, in the doorway of the blazing house, appeared a small figure clutching something in her hand. It was Angelique! As the child came staggering nearer to the stunned parents, it was obvious that she was horribly, fatally burned. She stumbled to her frantic mother. Silence fell upon the crowd. Everyone stood rooted in horror; no one moved. Angelique was almost black. Her hair was burned off, her clothes charred and mostly missing. In her hand she held a diamond necklace! She faintly gasped her last words, "Merry Christmas, Mother," and collapsed.

The grief-stricken mother knelt to take the gleaming necklace from the lifeless hand stretched toward her in the snow. The fire played brilliantly against the shining string of jewels. "Angelique, my darling. Oh my darling,

where could you have found a diamond necklace?"

It did not matter that close examination revealed the necklace to be a clever fake — only diamonds of paste. They were real diamonds to Angelique's mother. They were tears strung on a golden strand of Angelique's hair always to be treasured as the most precious Christmas gift a mother ever received, the gift of an angel.



I enjoy reading a good book on a lazy summer afternoon. As I settle back in a favorite chair and pick up a book, I forget about the routine of daily life and am transported to a different world. It might be India, the Yukon, or even another planet. Great adventures, such as chasing a giant whale or discovering a new land, are at my fingertips. My imagination is free to wander, painting a picture in my mind of Stevenson's Treasure Island or Verne's Nautilus. As I read on, I become involved in the ideas of other people, seeing the world through their eyes. Becoming caught up in their lives, I am barely conscious of the things around me. The sounds of wind. cars, and people blend together to form a soft murmur which is scarcely noticeable. I have become Tom Sawyer painting a fence or his brother Sid taking sugar from the kitchen. After reading about other people and seeing what it is like to live in another part of the world, I find that somehow my own life has been enriched.



Dinah Lownie (9)

TO DANCE by Nancy Owens (9)

She had soft green eyes and bright yellow hair. A young man sat at her side and spoke to her occasionally. Sitting on the park bench in the April sun, they looked like a part of a painting.

A middle-aged woman passed the couple, gazed on them with wistful eyes and asked herself why her youth hadn't been as serene and happy as theirs seemed to be. Irregular footsteps were heard on the sidewalk, and a ragged vagrant shuffled down the walk. He sat down next to the lovely girl who looked at him compassionately.

"Lookit those pigeons," he said as he pointed a trembling finger. "They kinds look like they're dancing, don't they?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"You dance much?" he inquired.

"No, not much." Her tone seemed to harden the slightest bit.

"Why not?" the tramp persisted.

"I suppose I lost interest." Compassion again showed in her face.

The young man at her side glanced at his watch. "We'd better be getting back," he said.

She sighed "All right."

Without rising, the young man turned and retrieved a wheelchair from behind the bench.

The tramp stared and began to stutter, "I-I-I'm awful sorry, Miss, I ..." He broke off as the girl helped the young man into the wheel chair and wheeled him off into the shade of the trees which lined the lane.

CAN I FINISH? by Margy Scully (8)

I know I have to get my math done in this study hall. I have to have it finished before the period is over. I must concentrate.

Oh no! Of all times to have a fire drill. Let me see, how do we get out of the building? Out the door, turn right, down the steps, and out the door. My gosh, it's cold out here! I hope we go in soon. Finally! It's about time.

Now, back to work. If "x" equals "y" plus two and... This certainly is a long assignment. Of all days to give a long assignment, why did she have to pick today?

Only ten minutes left and three problems to do. Oh dear — hurry, hurry! Two minutes left and I've still got another problem. ...421½ equals "x" plus two... Finished just in time and there's the bell. Never again will I save my homework for studyhall!



PEACE by Kim Autrey (7)

illustrated by Nancy Bretz (9)

Peace is something we each find inside of us. To me, peace is sitting on a hill watching the sun go down. Peace is also sitting with my family or running along a beach, no one but me. Peace is a misty night of stillness; it is lying half-awake, warm. Peace is found underwater in a still blue-green world. Whatever peace is, we must find it for ourselves.

THE WORST NIGHTMARE OF ALL by Mary McKitrick (9)

"An English theme!! What English theme?" I exploded.
This is how a most startling English period had commenced; namely, I had forgotten my five-hundred word paragraph.

My stern teacher announced, as the bell finished ring-

ing, "Pass in your themes."

Suddenly, dizziness and sickness struck me; my class of friends blurred before me. What was this crazy talk? As I glanced around my bleak classroom, students hurriedly added last-minute details and corrections. I then realized that I had put this homework assignment in the back of my mind and left it there to fade away. My pounding heart

plunged to my stomach.

One, and only one, thought raced through my mind during that brief time span. "What excuse can I give?" I beat my brains trying to think up a logical and natural reason for the absence of my composition. An idea finally arrived. I would say I was absent on the day that the assignment was made. Oh, no, that wouldn't work; I hadn't been absent all year. I arrived at a second conclusion; I was called down to the office, and the subject of the assignment was never mentioned thereafter. Now, what teacher could dispute that reply? I was very proud that I could wriggle out of a tight situation by thinking for a few minutes; also, I was proud that panic hadn't overridden my self-control.

After class, feeling very secure and smug, I approached my teacher as she looked down her nose with a prim look on her face at little, innocent me holding my breath; she demanded, "And where was your theme?" The way she said "your" made me feel as if I were two inches tall. Usually I don't admit this fact; but, right then, all I wanted was my mother to stand in front of me and protect me from my teacher.

With as much courage as I could muster, I proceeded to repeat my excuse just as I had practiced it at my seat during the period. Suddenly the strict teacher's face clouded and turned a deep shade of red. I had never seen her this way.

I began to become unsure and doubt my "perfect" reasoning; I trembled. Where had I gone wrong in my explanation? What should I do? Why wouldn't she reply instead of standing there and making me miserable? I realized that I shouldn't have lied, although it was too late.

Then I heard someone's voice calling for me from the hall; it was high, tense in sound, and rather distinct. Could it be the principal? No, the voice was that of a woman. Anyway, how would he know already? Panic seized me and gripped my soul. I felt as if those few minutes, in reality, only seconds, were my last.

Then I heard a familiar person, my mother, saying,

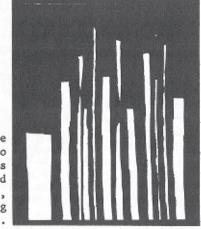
"Get up, lazy bones, or you'll be late for school."

Was it truly me? Was I just in bed? My English theme, where is the theme that is due today? I jumped out of bed and ran to my study desk. Oh, what a relief! There was my composition, all neat and orderly! Believe me, after that harrowing nightmare, I'll always remember my assignments!

SATISFACTION WITH THE WORLD by Bob Wilcox (8)

illustrated by Rick Rytel (9)

I'm satisfied with the world late in the night — so late. The hazy, dirty air has left the earth and is replaced by an atmosphere that is clean, clear, and fresh. Sparkling dew covers each blade of grass.



The stars are no longer obliterated by haze, and they shine in their full glory — brightly, clearly, and beautifully. The breeze dashes from tree to tree — a refreshing rustle! Only the scream of a cat breaks the silence. People are asleep in their houses; and no cars, trucks, or buses can be heard. The signs of hate, sin, ugliness, and death are temporarily gone. When one is alone with nature, the earth is a peaceful, satisfying place, late in the night — so late.

NEW SCHOOL by Ellie Greegor (9)

The first day at a new school can be one of the most terrifying experiences a person can have. As I enter the cool, dim halls it seems to become one blur of confusion. Shouts of greeting are echoed throughout the building as friends meet and compare summers. Wandering blindly, I pray for the principal's office to come into view. Maybe there they can set me straight.

As I walk into my first class, the surroundings look unreal. The sea of faces about me show mixed emotions and expressions. Laughter, frowns, smiles, jeers, but most of all curiosity, seem to jump out at me from these puppets. The room begins to spin and so does my heart. When I try to speak, words stick in my throat and sounds simply squeak out. The stern professor points to a seat in the middle of the room. All eyes are on me as I stagger towards it. I am suddenly aware of the fact that I just tripped over someone's legs. He smirks and says "Coordinated, isn't she?" Hot tears of embarrassment sting my eyelids. Longing for "back home" does no good; it's now or never. Smiling bleakly at the class, I set out to conquer the world.

BIRDSONG by Keith Farrell (9)

If you own a feathered swallow, Here's a rule that you should follow. Confine your bird inside his cage, So he will reach a ripe old age.

For if he should sail out the door And swoop beneath the power mower, Among the grass and weeds and peat, Alas, you'll gaze on shredded "tweet."



Betsy Dill (9)

I SAW THE BEATLES by JoAnne Janis (9)

This is a true story of when I was lucky enough to see and hear the Beatles' live performance in Detroit at the Olympia Stadium on September 6th, 1964.

It was Sunday and mother, my sister and I left for the stadium at 2:00 p.m. We had cameras and binoculars along so we could see those fabulous four — John, Paul, George and Ringo! There were girls all over with signs saying "WE LOVE YOU BEATLES," and badges saying "I LOVE PAUL" or one of the other boys. Some girls were really crying and looked as if they'd been in a real mob. We were all very excited about seeing the Beatles — I mean not everyone gets to see their live performance!

When the three of us walked into the stadium, there were people selling Beatle photographs, badges, and magazines. We went to our seats but found we had to be separated. I sat away from the rest, my heart beating fast because the Beatles were in the stadium right then!! There were many kids there with Beatle haircuts, collarless jackets and tight black pants. Mostly boys wore the tight pants and jackets, but there were a few girls dressed like that, too. I was really amazed when I saw parents there, many, many of them.

Suddenly the girls got up, pointed at the balcony and screamed, their binoculars lifted to their eyes. I rose from my seat, took my binoculars, and looked through them. I saw four policemen, and in the middle of them was Beatle George Harrison, the lead guitarist! Every now and then he would look over and smile at the screaming mass of girls as he walked with two policemen at his side, one in back, and one in front of him, down to a stairway. As they started going down, a girl made a lunge and tried to grab him, but she missed and fell over.

I kept on looking, but didn't see any more. By then I was really excited just thinking that while I wasn't watching, they could be around looking down at the crowd from somewhere! Every now and then I would hear shrieks and see girls pointing at the different entrances and exits. I knew that either they saw something or thought they saw something that looked like a Beatle.

The show started at 6:30 with a combo called the Bill Black Combo. They were very drab in my book. The Exciters

were there, Clarence Frogman Henry and Jackie deShannon. The girls clapped along with the beat of the music and joined in when they were asked to sing along. Cameras flashed every now and then, but most of us were waiting for the FABULOUS BEATLES!!

Policemen were lined up around the stage out in front of the audience, in case of emergencies. Excitement was in the air!

Finally the one and only Beatles ran onto the stage. Girls screamed at the top of their lungs! The Beatles began with a song called "Twist and Shout"; and the fans kept on screaming and climbed up and stood on their seats. Girls screamed out their names and waved at the boys. People pushed, trying to get a better look. Who cared if anyone fell from their seats? The Beatles were up there!

Some girl threw a little yellow and white teddy bear at Ringo and hit him in the back of the neck. He turned and threw a very disapproving look at the balcony. Another girl tried to climb onto the stage to get to one of the boys and ended up by being carried away by two police officers. Some girls threw jelly beans, but the Beatles sang

away and ignored all of this from their fans.

John leaped around the stage when he wasn't looking around at the audience. George was sort of scared-looking because of all the things that pelted him; but he played on, smiled now and then and did his smashing little dance step that he did in their movie! Paul played away, smiled and enjoyed himself more than the fans. Ringo sat at his drums, beat away and smiled at his fans when he wasn't watching what he was doing. After every song he would lean back and open his mouth a little as if he were going to faint any minute. It was stuffy from all those kids screaming and everything, and I wondered how he felt with all those bright lights glaring down on him; but Ringo didn't faint. Thank goodness!

Paul had his mike taken away from him by a fan, and his face was a real picture when he saw it being pulled away; he was startled but laughed about it. It showed what

good sports they are!

The Beatles talked to the audience between songs; and before Ringo sang "Boys," George stepped up to the mike and said, "And now the one and only Ringo Starr will sing 'Boys'!" You should have heard the screams then — it was fantastic! Ringo sang, shook his famous hair and beat away



illustrated by Candi Herminghausen (9)

at his drums while he kept time to the music with his other foot. Put that all together, and that's quite a lot to do at one time; but Ringo did it!

I always thought I was well behaved, but I was just about as bad as the other fans. I screamed every now and then, yelled Ringo's name, and felt as if I were going to die because I was there seeing them in person and breathing the same air they breathed! It did wonders to one — even the mothers were excited about them! It felt like Christmas with all the flash bulbs going off all over.

After the Beatles performed for thirty minutes, they sang their last song, "A Hard Day's Night." I jumped up from my seat, ran to the exit near their dressing room, and found myself right in front of a police officer. I wasn't the only one, as there were loads of

kids in back of me. I glanced over to the side and saw a

moving van waiting at the door.

Then suddenly I saw John Lennon run right by me!
Girls screamed and started pushing, and I had a hard time keeping my feet on the floor. I was scared half to death;
I never guessed it would be like that! The Beatles ran either to their dressing room or to the van to get away from the stadium.

I broke away from the mob of screaming, pushing fans and found my sister and mother. As we walked out, I bought a photograph of the Beatles, and, of course, other things. Girls were outside surrounding the stadium at every door, and police were guarding every door so no one could get in.

Fans on the street yelled to police such questions as "Did you touch them?" and "Are they going to come back?" All of this was for four young men who play the drums and guitar: John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison, and Ringo Starr!



WHO CARES? by Doug Brandt (8)

illustrated by Marti Foster (7)

The girl in the red hat looks lovely. Yes, I must confess. That girl in the red hat is my girlfriend. Of course, she doesn't know it; but who cares? If she knew, she probably couldn't care less. But who cares? I like her and she hates me — who cares! It takes only one person to be happy no matter how anyone else feels, doesn't it? Then, who cares? Life is made to have work and fun, and can't this be my enjoyment? Can't it? Can't it? The girl in the red hat looks lovely....

VICTORIOUS FEELINGS by Dody Johnston (9)

Rising upon waterskis gives the beginner a victorious feeling; he has conquered all of nature's opposing forces. The inanimate extensions of his feet, waterskis, no longer feel long and unwieldy, but are winged arrows darting through the water imprisoned by the call of the boat. His hands, after exerting pounds of pressure upon the handle of the tow rope, begin to relax as the jerks grow less frequent. No longer harassed over such trivial hardships as crossing his skis or doing a bellysmacker, the skier concentrates upon keeping his knees bent correctly and holding his arms straight. The beginning skier has triumphed over the jerky pull of the tow rope, the unwieldiness of his skis, the nervous feelings in his body, and feels victorious.

BRIGHT PURPLE by Charlie Bleak (9)

My mother said, "Now, Charles, Avoid the road to sin." She said to me, "Remember All the trouble you've been in.

"The time the firecracker Just happened to explode, And all your gallant little friends On you the blame did load.

"The time you pulled that rocking chair From under Betty Lou —
You, my boy, were lucky
Her parents didn't sue."

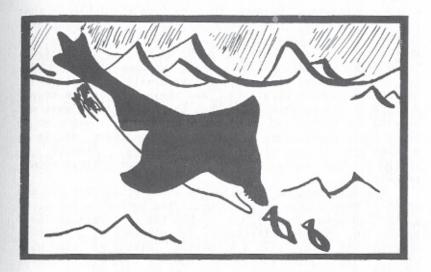
These words my mother said to me I understood so vividly, For the brilliant color of her face Glowed bright purple lividly! A CHILD'S WORLD by Alison Odgers (8)

The pond sparkled in the early morning light. A small girl padded softly on the path that wove along the edge of the pond. The soft pine needles were springy and the cool earth felt good under her bare feet. Rarely did anything break the stillness on the edge of the forest. Her heart beating excitedly, the child followed the path as it veered sharply to the right and entered the forest. Only the tall rushes along the pond were visible to her left and trees and ferns to her right.

The child stopped quickly but quietly to watch a chipmunk run across the path in front of her. The little rodent stopped a safe distance away to eye her warily before scampering away. As she continued her journey, she kept a sharp lookout for all living things. She often heard little rustlings under the nearby trees, although she could see nothing. As she stopped to survey her surroundings, she sensed the presence of someone other than herself. She looked to her right among the tall ferns but could see nothing at first. At a second glance she saw a doe which was well camouflaged. Then she saw a smaller object next to the doe, a tiny, spotted fawn. The girl was held spellbound at the sight of two such lovely creatures. Motionless, she returned the gentle gaze of the doe's soft, brown eyes; and there was no hint of fear in either of them. Suddenly there appeared a magnificent buck whose great size was startling. Throwing up their white tails, the three deer bounded silently away, breaking the spell. Sad at the departure of the deer, but with a great joy in her heart, the girl turned homeward.



Ann Jackson (9)



THE ORCA, CHAMPION OF KILLERS by John Neale (8)

illustrated by Nancy Bretz (9)

The killer whale, Oranus orca, is the giant piranha of the sea. It is far more deadly than the piranha, not only because of its greater size, but because the orca needs no blood scent to drive it to kill. It kills for sport as well as for food. Anything from a huge blue whale, which reaches a length of one-hundred feet and a weight of over one-hundred tons, to a tiny bastfish weighing less than a pound, can be its victim. The orca eats only the lips and tongues of the whales, but its smaller victims, including porpoises, seals, and men, are swallowed whole.

In addition to its size and ferocity, the orca has other qualities which cause biologists to rate it among the most potentially dangerous of all wild animals. One is its exceptional intelligence. The orca is more intelligent than the horse, and is at least as intelligent as the dog. This fact is not surprising when one realizes the true family identity of the killer whale. It is actually a dolphin, and the intelligence of the dolphin is well known.

A minor difference between the orca and a dolphin is that the orca has cruel jaws instead of a beak. The major difference is its fierce disposition. Another of the orca's traits is that it hunts in packs of two to twenty-four. These packs show all of the cunning but none of the cowardice of wolf packs. Usually, the pack will send out one or two of its members as scouts, and these will cruise around until a victim is spotted. Then the scouts will jump, not only to see better and to identify their prey, but also to alert their companions. They will flank their victim to prevent its escape until the pack arrives. Finally, as though at some secret command, the killers charge simultaneously.

One such account describes a pack of killers off the coast of Nova Scotia. Its scouts had herded a school of giant tuna into a small bay. When the tuna were enclosed by the bay, the pack attacked. The violence of the battle churned the water like a hurricane, making it pink with blood. The killers soared into the air with eight-hundred pound tuna in their jaws.

Besides its savage habits, the orca is one of our most interesting creatures biologically. It is a mammal, not a fish; and it even has hair on its lips. Its skeleton is that of a mammal. It has vestigial hip bones, and the bones of its flippers are connected to its skeleton like arms. Each flipper is actually a hand encased in flesh. There are no bones in its dorsal fin or tail flukes, which are simply fleshy protuberances. It has two lungs, and it breathes through a blowhole on the top of its head.

In spite of the orca's blood-thirsty nature, there is at least one recorded instance in which it showed friendliness toward humans. At the height of the whaling industry, the Pacific, off Turfold Bay in Australia, was one of the most productive waters for baleen whales. Every year when the baleens showed up, with them would come the killer whales. The orcas would be the first to spot the whales at sea, and they would alert the whalers on shore by churning the bay with their bodies. They would convoy the ships to the whales, herd them to within harpooning range, and then stand by until the men had harpooned and killed all they could tow. Finally the orcas would escort the ships back into the harbor. Once in the bay, the killers would go into action, tearing at the lips and entering the sagging mouths of the dead whales to eat the tongues.

A pack of killers almost succeeded in capturing photographer Herbert Ponting on R. F. Scott's expedition to the Antarctic. Seeing the fins of eight orcas cutting through the near-by waters, he ran to the edge of the ice to take a picture. Immediately, the killers dived and came up under the yard-thick ice, shattering it and leaving him adrift on a floe. Then all eight killers lined up fin to fin, surfaced with heads several feet out of the water to look for him, and blew simultaneously. He reported that the noise was as deafening as the roar of eight steam compressors. Desperately he jumped from floe to floe, just out of reach of the orcas who upset each floe just as he left it. Finally, he reached solid ice. Just as he did so, one of the orcas pushed its black head onto the ice, rested it there with its mouth open, and revealed its long, conical teeth. The orca watched him and then slid back into the sea. Once more all eight of the orcas lifted their heads out of the water and then disappeared. Ponting was one of the few who did live to confirm the intelligence and deadliness of the killer whale.

THE BEAUTY OF NATURE by Tracey Potts (7)

One of the beauties of nature is a large expansive mass of water rushing wildly in all directions. Its waves overlap in their hurry; and as they fall, their white crinoline petticoats show. As the waters move faster, they dash onto the beach of warm, glassy sand, depositing the valuables of the sea, now dotting the shores. In the distance is an artist with a canvas, trying to paint what he sees. However, try as hard as man might, he fails to catch the wondrous beauty of nature.



Susan Giovanello (9)

FROM THE WINDOW by Krissy Lindley (9)

A small, frail child of about eight sat alone at the open window of an old stone school. A brisk breeze hit her face and the earth smelled of fresh, spring air. Below her were many children who had happily doffed their winter coats to play in the warmth of the day. Two girls in bright-colored skirts and sweaters played hopscotch. One of them, a short curly-haired child with healthy, sunburned cheeks, threw a stone, and then, balancing herself carefully, hopped along the squares while her opponent teased her, trying to make her miss. The child at the window envied the girl's red cheeks and her ability to hop along the squares without missing.

But her attention was soon attracted to some boys playing football. Their hands and faces were smudged with dirt and dust, and their clothes were mussed, but they did not seem to care; for as one boy ran to score the final touchdown, an expression of ineffable joy spread over the faces of his teammates. With a sudden surge of energy from their tired limbs, the winning team hoisted the scorer onto their shoulders and paraded off the field. The child looked at the small but energetic bodies as they walked away on their short legs.

She looked at the other children on the playground. Five girls were jumping rope to the tune of "Down in the Valley." The child watched as a small blonde girl jumped, her thin, healthy legs rhythmically skipping over the piece of rope. When she missed, a short plump lass with red hair and freckles tried to jump hot peppers; but her stamina gave out, and she fell awkwardly to the ground. She and the other girls laughed and went on with their game.

Suddenly a bell rang out and all the children ran to the big double door. The child heaved a sigh and wheeled herself away from the window.



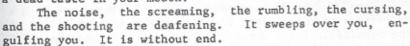
Leslie Hannaway (9)

THE BATTLEFIELD by Dinah Lownie

illustrated by Ann Jackson (9)

You are on the battlefield. Everywhere there are men, horses, and cannons. The living scramble around blindly, trampling the dead and the dying.

The dust, the very earth itself, seems to rise up and take part in the fighting, as if in revolt. You breathe it in. Your lungs will not take it. You cough and spit it out. You breathe it in again. It leaves a dead taste in your mouth.



Blood is all around you, and it flows like rivers in the mud. The man next to you catches a bullet in the head; you can hear his life's blood spurting. Some of it splashes onto your face; and as you pass your hand over it to rub it off, some of it passes into your mouth. It is sweet and salty, and still warm with his life, which is no more.

To the left of you, a horse catches a shell in the belly. He screams. It is the first time you have heard a horse scream; the sound is high and piercing, and terrible. It raises the hair on the back of your neck.

The horse, drunk in his dying, tries to run; but his legs get caught and entangled with his entrails which bulge from his open belly. He stumbles and falls, only to rise again. He falls once more, crashing down on his side. This time he does not get up.

The horse and the man are lucky.

Shooting stars are stones Moon finds in his shoes and throws While walking the sky. Carol Rausch (9) THE LAST RECITAL by Nancy Davis (9)

My heart thumped wildly as I heard my name called. Rising to my feet, my knees wobbling beneath my neat, blue skirt, I felt my hands break out in a cold, nervous sweat. I walked slowly into the small, crowded room, took a long, deep breath, and then sat down.

That warm Sunday afternoon was the day of my piano recital. I had prepared my twelve-page piece for about nine months; but although just the day before I had played it perfectly, I knew I was going to forget every note of it.

For what seemed to be hours I sat there on that small chair looking at the even pattern of the black and white keys, which seemed to challenge me to play on them. Finally I placed my hands on the keys, hoping desperately to strike the right chord. When I heard the chord I had played, my heart plunged to my stomach which proceeded to turn a double flip. It was all wrong and everyone knew it. I snatched my hands away and quickly replaced them in a modified position. This time I heaved a sigh of relief as the beautiful first chord finally rang out into the still room.

I don't even remember playing the rest of my piece until the last few measures. Then I suddenly realized that I was rapidly nearing the end and panic seized me once more. Again my heart pounded wildly. I hit the last notes, and the violent discord shook the roof. I immediately revised the chord, jumped to my feet, and nearly ran out of the room.

I flopped into my chair breathing violently, unaware of anything around me, and unaware that the audience was applauding. I felt as though I had just fought a battle for my life and had nearly lost; but it was over. My heart throbbed with joy, for that was the last piano recital I ever had to be in.

THE SNOW GATHERING by Lonnie Comfort (9)

The snow gathers lightly everywhere, Converses on corners of every street, Until the wild wind concludes the visit. TIME, THE TYRANT by Craig Robinson (8)

illustrated by Steve Hinton (9)

Time is always ready to clamp down slowly like a vise squeezing now into yesterday. There have always been and always will be the ever-present rhythms of bygones floating away from us into infinity and the events of the far-seeing future coming steadily closer only to meet the same fate. Try as hard as we can, we still can't stop the unfaltering beat of time which at this moment is eating our lives away. Time is everywhere around us; yet, we can't hold it or even point it out. Time fits our lives into a set pattern. It takes away the present happenings which we cannot possibly regain. Without time, there would be nothing. We are the slaves of a tyrant, unable ever to free ourselves.



REMINISCING by Tom Jones (9)

In the maturity and wisdom of my freshman year in high school, I can reflect upon happenings when I was young. One sunny autumn day, when I was in the fifth grade, I found myself walking fifty feet ahead of a beautiful blonde who was my girlfriend. Immediately my pace slowed and my stride shortened. Step by step, I allowed her to draw nearer. Halfway home she was still thirty feet behind. I slowed down more. Soon my dreamboat was just fifteen feet away. My heart pounded as she approached closer and closer. At last I could see her shadow on the pavement beneath my feet. My heart raced! I gathered all my strength and bolted down the sidewalk toward my house. Streaking homeward, I glanced back to see what effect this display of heroism had had on her. She must have been impressed, for her gaze was fixed upon a gray squirrel in a nearby tree. I was very serious about my actions at the time. Of course, now that I am a wise, mature freshman, I can look back and chuckle over the behavior of a foolish, immature child.

PROGRESS by Cathy Philips (9)

Progress is like a jet. It climbs higher and higher, but only if it has fuel and someone to guide it lightly. Progress fails when men no longer create new ideas or when they are guided in the wrong direction. The more men learn and the better they employ their knowledge constructively, the higher the jet of progress climbs; and it continues forever.

SOMEDAY I'M GOING TO MURDER THE BUGLER by Tom Jones (9)

I dread getting up on a cold, winter morning. When my alarm clock sounds its harsh tone, I struggle to open my eyes. Through the frosted windows I see the trees shivering in the icy wind, their bare branches outlined against the dark sky. "Today," I firmly declare, "I will get up now and have plenty of time to dress, eat, and walk to school." Throwing back the covers, I jump across the room to turn off my alarm clock. Seconds later the shock of the chilly air awakens my sleepy nerves. I leap back into my bed, gather up the warm blankets, and quickly assure myself that I will rest for only three more minutes.

"Tom," calls my mother, "get up. It's five minutes 'til eight." Wearily, I sit up again. The sky is lighter, but dark clouds still envelop a bleak and dreary world. A neighbor's snow shovel grates on his driveway, and a student car-pool driver honks impatiently for a friend. As the tires of a snowplow crunch through the streets, its flashing red light casts a dismal glow across my room. Feeling no air coming out of the register, I decide to remain in my warm bed only until the furnace starts blowing hot air into my room again. As my head sinks into my pillow, I fight to keep my eyes open, but my strength is sapped. My heavy eyelids close like iron doors.

An eternity passes. "Tom," shouts my sister, "it's eight o'clock!" I leap from my bed, hurriedly dress, and run downstairs to gulp my breakfast. Minutes later, as I dash frantically down the school hall to my homeroom, I firmly resolve that tomorrow-----

As evening approaches in East Berlin, guards line up at nightly posts. People rush into their simple homes so that they won't be caught out on the streets after dark. One daring man does not go inside because the desire for freedom has gnawed away his fear. Hidden in a sewage pipe below a street, he, covered with filth, crawls on hands and knees over the slimy cement while he fervently prays that his tunnel will guide him past the wall.

After at least an hour, he sees a gleam of light shining through a crack a short distance away. Almost running, spurred by anxiety, he traces the origin of the beam. Finally, he comes to a large gap in the surface of the pipe. As he strains to quietly pull himself out, he sees with great relief that he has passed the wall; and there is only a short stretch of land to cross until he can reach his destiny. Luckily, no one has noticed him. Flopping to his stomach, he glides through the mud towards West Berlin. Finally, only five yards remain ahead of him.

A guard yells out, breaking the stillness. Terrified, the man dashes forward with all possible speed. A shot rings out. He collapses as a bullet pierces his heart. His hand stretches forward in his last attempt to reach the land of freedom.

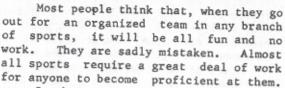
The sun rises and new guards replace the old ones. For the watchmen of last night, it was a usual evening in East Berlin.



Renate Knodt (9)

WHAT SPORTS REALLY ARE by Locke McKenzie (9)

illustrated by Davan Dodrill (9)



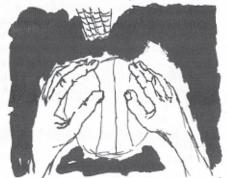
In the more strenuous sports a good deal of time is spent on exercises to get oneself into proper condition. In some sports, drills come after the exercises. It's drill and drill until the would-be athlete begins to wish he had never gone out for the sport. He goes over fundamentals until he is sick of them. During the warmer months the heat is enough to make him swim in his own perspiration. In sports such as track, swimming, or any other which involves racing, he runs or swims until he feels he cannot lift his

arms and legs. He gasps for air during the couple of minutes between races, and then he tries again. He sweats and smells, and feels entirely miserable. When he gets home, he aches all over and goes to sleep exhausted.

It seems as if there are an endless number of practices before the first game or meet. As the date of the first game comes closer, the practices get livelier; and the athlete is driven harder. The day before the event he has a very light practice. He is excited at the thought of the coming game. During the game either everything goes well or nothing works at all. If he wins, he is happy and forgets the misery of the practices. If he loses, he dreads being driven even harder in the coming practices but looks forward to the next game with more determination than ever. As each game goes by, his resentment at the practices lessens.

When the last game is over and the season has been determined as successful or unsuccessful, he knows he will come back eagerly next year for more, practices and all.

To shoot a foul shot with less than five minutes left in a basketball game often proves to be a nerve-racking experience. You wait on the foul line while the official holds the ball. The crowd shouts its encouragement or jeers, and the tension begins to build. All eyes are upon you, and your movements must convince them that you have yourself under control. When the official finally hands you the ball, the tension increases more and more. Trying to convince yourself that this is just like practice never really helps the situation. After bouncing the ball a few times to get a good feeling of it, you try to remember all the little techniques which help you shoot better. Your teammates shout their encouragement, but you know as well as they that they would not like to trade places with you. You can sense an ever-growing feeling of isolation. All past experience in basketball will not help you now. success or failure of this shot depends solely on your ability to compose yourself. When you are finally ready to shoot, the crowd senses it and becomes quiet. A queer feeling comes over you. The tension and the silence are almost too much to withstand. The significance of the shot swells to enormous proportions and your senses become keener and keener. You fix your hands according to your style and let the ball fly. The tremendous alleviation of pressure startles you. The success or failure of the shot is no longer important to you; the ten seconds spent on the foul line have caused you a lifetime of anxiety.



Steve Hinton (9)



FEAR by Gretchen Rawe (9)

illustrated by Lynn Atkinson (9)

I have a fear of being alone which is unlike any other fear I know. When my parents go out, I am alone; a strange feeling creeps over me because I have no one with whom to converse. I'm not afraid of being harmed because behind locked doors I am safe; but my problems seem so much larger when there's no one around to listen to them. Walking down a desolate, dark street at night with only the sounds of my footsteps to accompany me, I sense an empty feeling of loneliness. In the fall, as I shuffle aimlessly through carefully-raked piles of ugly, brown leaves, I experience a sad kind of loneliness, as though the world is dying and I am the last one on earth to see it. After the laughter and gaiety of a party, when suddenly it's over and everyone is gone, I feel more alone than ever. My imagination works overtime, and sometimes I imagine I am without a friend in the world, which is what I fear the most.

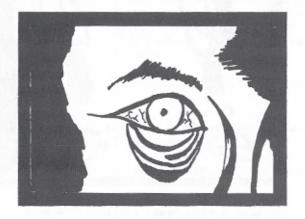
A BOOK GIVES US by Mary Moore (9)

Knowledge compressed in black and white, A queen, a king, or a jolly sprite, Sailing mates, priceless, day or night. TENSION by Richard Rytel (9)

The room was jammed with people just like a New York subway. The stocks had dropped so low that the nervous crowd took on the tense characteristics of a political convention. The air was filled with cigarette smoke which blurred the vision and made the room so stuffy that it became hard to breathe. One could even taste the smoke as it floated upward in billowing clouds, rising to the ceiling to be lost in oblivion. The clicking of the ticker tape added a touch of bright spirit to the room, a contrast to the sluggishness of the atmosphere and the movements of the stock holders.

Small lights constantly flickered among the people. These matches probably lit a hundred cigarettes a minute. The room was like the sky on a cloudy night, with stars vainly trying to appear for more than a few seconds at a time. The burning lights pleaded desperately for more time, but all they got was the tip of a cigarette anxious to borrow their brightness.

One could feel the unity of the group, for on all sides the people were compressed as if in a vise. Every man and woman in the room was being controlled by the small machine, ticking away in the corner.



Steve Hinton (9)



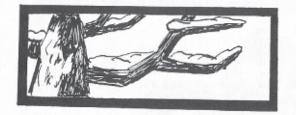
THE MOURNERS' BENCH by Renate Knodt (9)

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHT IN THE WORLD by Bev Parrish (8)

There is one thing that keeps me going all through my restless day at school, one object that I look forward to with ecstasy. And when the hour hand finally points to the three and the minute hand reaches the six, I'm one of the very first out of the building, rushing like mad to get home to my goal. All I can think of is the treat that awaits me. On the last leg of my journey I find my mouth watering; and as I throw open the door, saliva is dribbling from my lips in tiny crystal trickles. My taste buds are preparing themselves for the pleasure they know is to come. Then, suddenly, there it is in all its glory, the only thing I have thought about and dreamed of all day long. It's my mustard and mayonnaise sandwich with a pickle or two or three to give it personality. To many people my pride and joy would be a repulsive sight, but to me it's the most beautiful sandwich in the world. Why people would even think of eating hamburgers, hotdogs, sloppy joes, or, even worse, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, I'll never understand. They could enjoy a mustard and mayonnaise sandwich with a pickle or two or three to give it a little touch of flavor. But then, sadly, the high point of my day is over and all there is left of my feast is a single crumb. After consuming this, I lean back to think. Where did all the time go? This is the worst time of day for me because I realize it will be a full twenty-four hours before I will be able to enjoy my mustard and mayonnaise sandwich with a pickle or two or three.

THE FUTURE by Bev D'Angelo (8)

Maybe I am like a leaf, only to grow, wither, die, fall. Maybe I will never know love. Maybe I will be strong like a lion, or maybe I will be weak like a kitten. Maybe some day the sun will shine a little brighter, the wind will blow a little harder, and I will fall. I will fall from my mother's arms as the leaf falls from the tree. Maybe then I will grow and prosper; maybe then I will wither and die. But as the leaves drift in the wind, I shall wait for the seasons to pass.



WINTER'S AWAKENING by Mary Hughes (9)

illustrated by Ann Jackson (9)

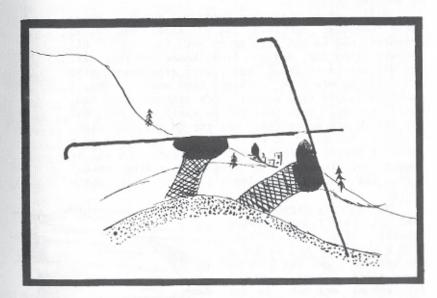
The gay flakes of snow fell softly all the night; and in the morning, I awoke to a dazzling winter fairyland. The bushes were wrapped in untouched cotton. Fence posts had donned sparkling hats and trees had tipped each branch with a fluffy white mitten. Yards were covered with white icing, beckoning children to make angels in the soft white glitter or roll balls to create tottering snowmen. As I walked, the ice chuckled beneath my feet; the snow squeaked; the wind sang as it piled the snow into sweeping drifts. Lacy-edged flowers covered the window panes. I knew that the glorious, brilliant morning had begun the grand awakening of winter.

ADRIFT IN THE ARCTIC by Molly Hood (7)

In the dark, bleak Arctic of Northern Canada it is below freezing and it's getting dark. The light is growing dim and shadows are falling on the white snow. No trees can be seen, only the white vastness of snow and ice. To the east, miles away, a dark outline against the sky shows the snow-covered mainland. The only sounds are the creaks and groans of the ice breaking into smaller pieces and the sounds of the black waves lapping against the sides of the ice floats. It is night now and the moon is casting eerie dark shadows on the ice.

THE LAST DESCENT by Nancy Owens (9)

The crusty snow crunched under her black ski boots. Her lungs were filled with the pleasant scent of pine trees. She sat down on the knotty wood bench and put on her skis. As she stood up, the rushing wind whipped around her bare face. When she opened her mouth, the air had a wonderful peppermint taste, and her ears were ringing with the laughter of the wind. She dug her ski poles into the frozen ground and dashed down the slopes, skimming across the angel-white snow. As her legs tensed to make the turn in the bend, she could see the stately pines whiz by in a kaleidescope of minty green and brown. Her heart stopped dead as a ton of billowy snow came pounding down the icy slope. In an instant all the sights and sounds of that perfect winter day flashed through her mind, never to be seen again...ever.



Barbara Meistedt (7)

THE BIGGEST CAT by Mark Havener (9)

illustrated by Davan Dodrill (9)

On the Ohio River, where the Scioto River joins it, there is a town — name of New Boston, Ohio. It's a small town, and there's always been a bitter rivalry between it and a town across the river in Kentucky. One of the fiercest points of rivalry had to do with a catfish. Now this was no ordinary fish, but a catfish with powerful intelligence. In fact, folks around there got to callin' that cat Ol' Getaway 'cause you could get him hooked so solid he'd just about pull you out of your boat; but he'd get away anyhow. The people of New Boston wanted that cat so bad they offered a fifty-dollar reward to whoever caught him.

Well, about that time there was a boy. Wadsworth Ebenezer Harrison was his name, Wad to his friends; and he had his heart set on catchin' Ol' Getaway from the day he first heard of that cat. Now Wad was a stubborn boy (most eleven-year-olds are, but he was more stubborn than most). Why, I doubt you could find a mule more stubborn than Wad. Well, anyhow, from that day in April on, all that boy did in his spare time was try to get that fish. He tried for about a month usin' a bent pin on a piece of string with a hopper for bait, but all he caught was bluegill. A bluegill's a fine eatin' fish, but catchin' 'em doesn't offer much challenge.

Wad finally figgered out that he wasn't gonna catch anything like Ol' Getaway with a bent pin; so, he got a job sweepin' out the General Store after school. By the day school was out, he had enough money to get fifty yards of twenty-pound test line, a nine-foot bamboo

pole, and some very nice catfish hooks. That evening at supper he told his dad he was gonna go out an' get 01' Getaway, and asked if he could use the rowboat. All Mr. Harrison said was, "Just don't lose the boat." At nine o'clock that night Wad went out huntin' for night crawlers. It took him 'til eleven, but he got a fair number of goodsized crawlers.

The next morning Wad got up around five-thirty, fixed himself breakfast, packed a lunch, stuck it in the rowboat, and rowed out to where there was about twenty-five foot of water. At first he tried usin' one worm at a time, and was gettin' small cats, but he wanted to get Ol' Getaway; so, Wad decided to go for broke. He took all his crawlers and put them on the hook in the way known as a "gob" to most fishermen.

'Long about now under the river comes Ol' Getaway lookin' for somethin' to eat, when all of a sudden a big gob of crawlers comes floatin' down through the water. Any ordinary cat would have swallowed the gob and took out, but Ol' Getaway was too smart for that. He swallowed the gob, but he didn't take out. He just sat there and chawed on the line, figgerin' whoever was up there wouldn't know the difference. For the first time in his life he was wrong. for out of the clear blue sky comes one of the biggest jerks Ol' Getaway had ever felt in his life. It very nearly scared him out of three years' growth. He panicked, began to act like a regular cat, and took out of there as fast as he could swim. This didn't get him nowhere; so, pretty soon he got back to his senses. He dove down to an old sunken log on the bottom of the river and tangled the line good.

Up on the surface Wad had been havin' a pretty good fight, but now he was just pullin'. He pulled 'til the line busted; but even after it did, he figgered Ol' Getaway was still down there. What Wad did then, anybody one bit less stubborn would not have done. Just the same, he did it. He jumped out of the boat into the river and swam down after the cat. When he got down there he saw the most surprised cat in the entire Ohio River. Why Ol' Getaway was so surprised he didn't even fight when Wad grabbed him and took him up to the boat. When Wad looked down at that cat in the boat and saw the pitiful look in his eyes, he couldn't help but throw him back. Just to be sure that

everyone knew he'd caught Ol' Getaway, Wad cut a hole in his tail fin.

Wad told his story all over town for the next three days, but nobody believed him.

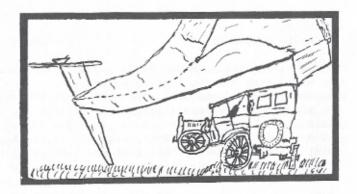
Years later it was Henry Wilson that finally caught the cat and got the fifty-dollar reward; but when he did catch Ol' Getaway, there was a strange lookin' hole in his tail fin.



THE RAIN by Kim Autrey (7)

illustrated by Marti Foster (7)

Where do I like to be when it rains? I like to be outside in it. I watch the city and its people from under wet bangs. I enjoy sloshing through puddles and getting my feet wet. I like seeing the other children inside their houses, their noses pressed against the window panes. I like petting small, wet dogs and walking in ditches till, when I get out, water sloshes in my shoes. I like watching small toads hop about in the cool freshness. I sit under a bush and listen to the steady drip, drip, drip. Where do I like to be when it rains? Out in it.



SORROW by Dana Thompson (7)

illustrated by David Morales (9)

The small boy looked at the model he had made, a 1936 Essex. That model had cost him ten dollars, plus eight months of carefully scrimping and saving his meager allowance. He had looked regularly under all the chair cushions to see if any money had fallen down since the day before. Now his model was ruined. He had accidently stepped on it while it was in its final stages of completion. Now it lay there, broken, twisted, buckled. His vision blurred. He wiped the gathering tears away from his eyes. Slowly, dully, he picked up the bent radiator and tried to fit it into the twisted frame. He smoothed down the torn upholstery. He had spent days on that upholstery, carefully fitting on tiny strips of corduroy, Funny Fur, angel's hair, and his own creation that he had been so proud of, a shredded cattail carpet. It was no use; the model was ruined. Slowly he got up and walked out of the room.

Sunshine is pure gold,
Filling hearts with rare treasure,
Till stolen by night.
Marty Bush (9)

HOUSEWIFE by Leslie Hodson (9)

A housewife's job is never done; She works from dawn to setting sun. She is the nurse, the cook, and maid, And always gets the table laid. Cleaning is her daily task. Children with their questions, ask. Upset she gets but knows quite true No other in the world will do.



HORSEBACK RIDE IN THE MOUNTAINS by Patrick O'Donnell (9)

illustrated by Meredith Charles (7)

I will never forget the beauty of the gorges below as I took a horseback ride through the high Rocky Mountains. The green and white slopes seemed to spread onward for miles, making me want to stop and take in the wonders below. As I went higher, there was a slight feeling of danger caused by the sight of the jagged peaks below and the narrow trail on which I rode my horse. While riding, I looked far down into the gorges below and saw the very trails that I had started out on. They were filled with tiny, moving dots which I knew to be other riders. When I reached the summit of the trail, I dismounted and walked over to the edge. As I looked down on the trails and tundra, I also realized that objects that had seemed quite large on the ground now were reduced to mere specks in the scenery. When I remounted and descended the trails, the view seemed more frightening; and yet, the scenery still held beauty I will never forget.

MY PLACE by Renate Knodt (9)

I know an entrancing place amid scented woods, majestic mountains, and falling streams. It was enchanted with age. Each old pine tree had the stateliness and grandeur of an old and well-loved king in its towering, massive, unwavering height and uprightness. Each had lost its excess foliage and frail, delicate little twigs of youth. This loss of wild underbrush left a soft, matted carpet on the forest floor, trodden, it seemed, only by time. The riddance also provided for a patterned gate through which the golden-white sunlight of early morning twinkled as I walked along. Besides the flickering, gem-like pattern of light, the open spaces between the great trees were windows to such a view that it was to me as if Saint Peter had just opened the Gates of Paradise. Mountains, robed in blue, green, and purple, stood in majesty and exaltation with an eternal white crown. Waterfalls glistened, lovelier than a perfect diamond, and ran so blue that a peacock would hide in shame forever. The sky shimmered like a sapphire; a dark sheep dared not appear among the pure, billowy flock of clouds. Such are the blissful pictures of my enchanting place in the woods and mountains of Tyrol.

HOMESICK TRAVELER by Kathy Barrere (9)

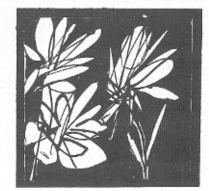
Jamey MacFeeters McKinley, Along with his flea-bitten mule, Set out on a run-away journey, Because he'd been punished at school.

He tried to run to the jungle, But discovered how wet was the loam. So after some very dense thinking, He discovered "there's no place like home." HAIKUS by Eileen Terango (7)

illustrated by Rick Rytel (9)



Marching through deserts To their mighty fort and home, Little soldier ants.



Painters' ink or grass? Colorful spots so bright, Dainty spring flowers.

> HAIKUS by George Miller (7)

The night breeze blowing, Across the cherry blossoms, Or is it a flute?

One sad katydid, Sitting on the grass so dark, Six-footed guitar.