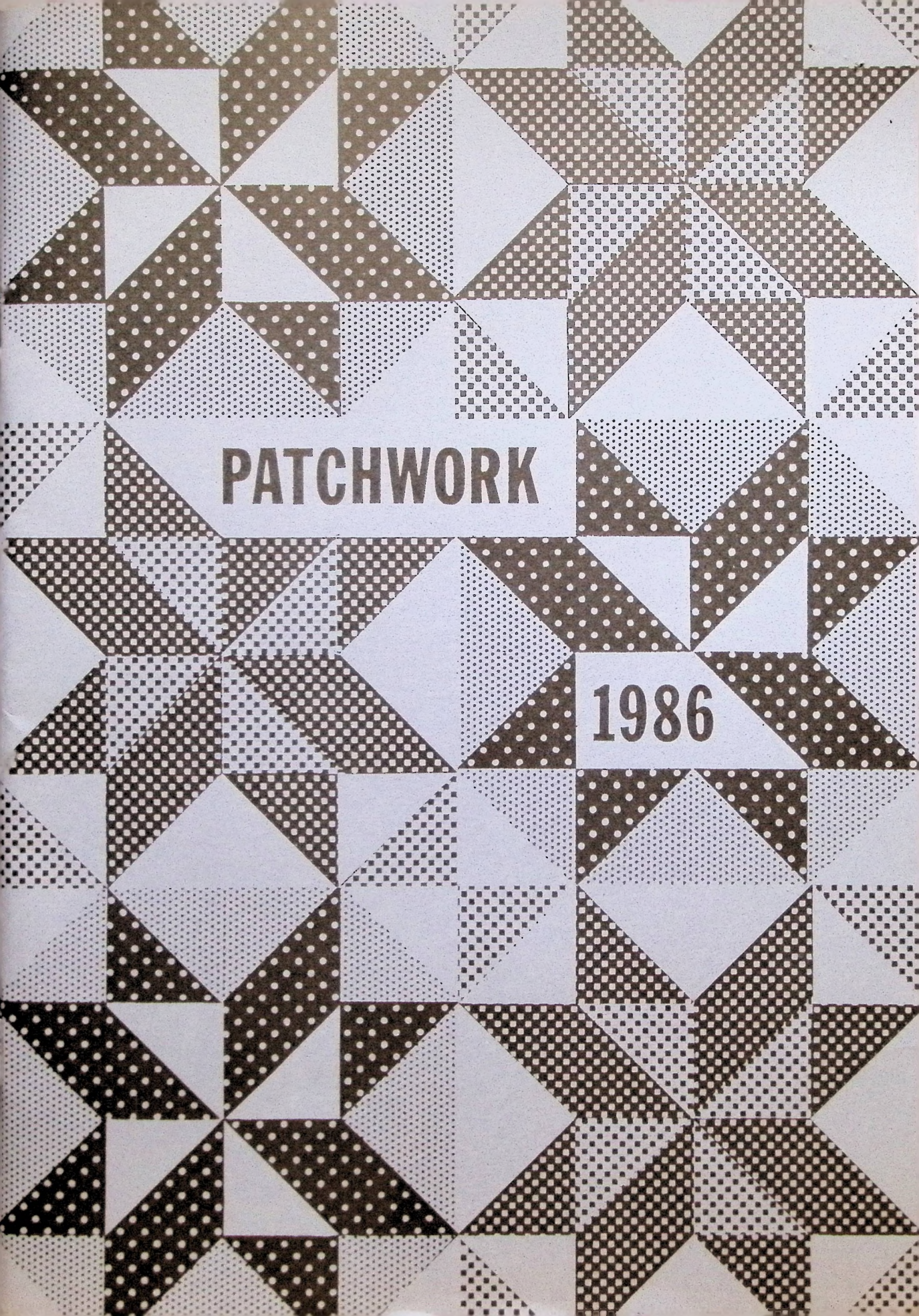

PATCHWORK
1986

PATCHWORK

A Creative Anthology by Students
and Staff of Patch American High School

Patch American High School
Stuttgart-Vaihingen, Germany
1986

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Patchwork was made possible this year by generous grants from the PTSA and the Patch High School English Department. We are deeply appreciative of their financial support in this project. We are also grateful for the timely financial contribution from the Nellingen OWC. Thanks to all who believed in Patchwork and worked to make it a reality this year. Mr. David Young helped with organization and publication; FBLA took on responsibility for sales; Jimmy Lozano worked diligently on the word processor; and Kathy Weber, Matt Leeling and Jonathon Cox all helped in typing copy. (Special thanks to Kathy and Jimmy for the Saturday/Sunday shift!)

We take this opportunity to thank the friends who kept us from going insane during the long hours it took to assemble this book.

Many thanks!

Faculty Sponsors:

Carol H. Zahl-Rehwaldt

John Swenson

Terri Birkhead
Grade 12, pencil drawing



Christa McAuliffe

1948 - 1986

PATCHWORK 1986 IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF SHARON CHRISTA MCAULIFFE

"I TOUCH THE FUTURE; I TEACH"

-C.M.

We recognize Christa McAuliffe because of her contribution to America. She was willing to risk her life to see and then relate to us her experience in space. She wasn't actually an astronaut, but a lucky teacher picked from a million others. From what I have heard, she was an excellent teacher, and people really realize now after her tragic death how important this one teacher was. We all share in her family's and student's grief, and although we never knew her, she will be in our hearts forever.

Michelle Dubbel
Grade 9

Christa McAuliffe won over thousands of other school teachers to be the first to ride on the space shuttle. I saw her on TV one time on the TODAY show and she was really excited about this journey she was about to experience. She said when she came back she was going to share her experiences and things she viewed up in space, and for that reason maybe it would give her students a good idea of what it was like. She wanted them to actually feel it. I know her students were very proud of her and I know they loved her as much as she loved them. I liked her because she enjoyed and took pride in what she did in her life, and because she was a very outgoing and inspiring person. Right now I know she wanted her students to do their best in whatever they do, and I'm sure that's exactly what they are doing. They don't want to let her down.

Amy Sanchez
Grade 9

Christa McAuliffe was a lady who was strong and brave. She risked her life for an unforgettable journey to outer space. But because of an unfortunate accident, her family is living a terrible sorrow. Her death stunned the American people. Mrs. McAuliffe lived for a cause--to teach kids, to inspire them in their dreams, and to show them, by example, that dreams can be realized. I think that her students and all people learned something very important: it is worth taking risks to accomplish goals that are important to you.

Jay Platt
Grade 9

Christa quite a lady
Her expectations her goals were higher than most
Her courage was far greater than some of her peers
Christa a teacher by profession
An adventurer at heart
She has a great lesson to give to the world
We will always remember her for the lesson she tried to share

Dawn Carroll
Grade 9

Photography - David Young

Collage - John Swensen

If you inquire what the people are like here, I must answer, "The same as everywhere!"

J. W. Van Goethe

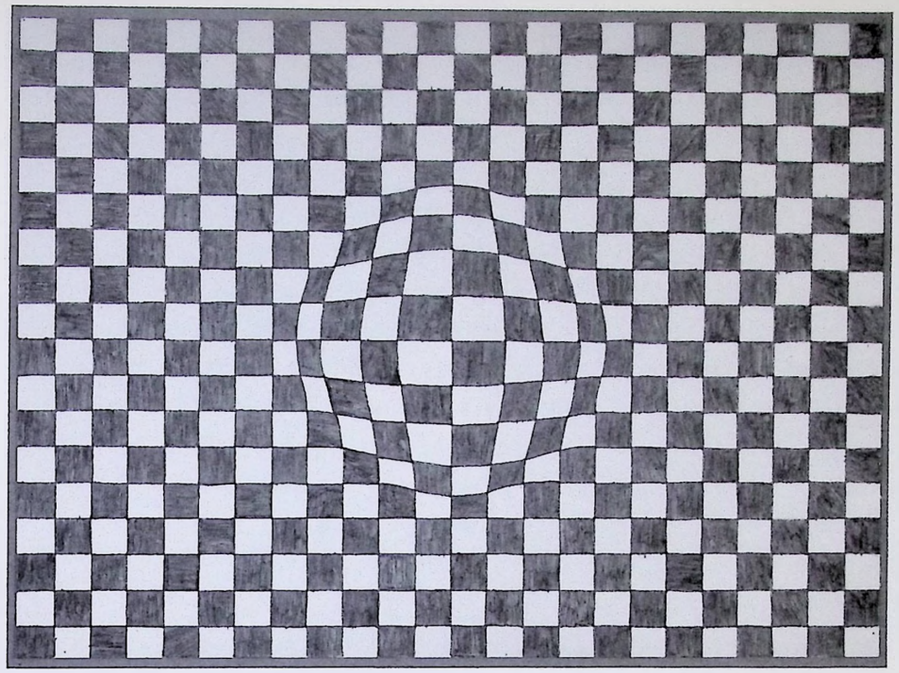
I did not know which way to go as the firing of the guns grew nearer. The whole unit of doctors, nurses, and myself dreaded the thought of having to move all the wounded soldiers. The guns were becoming a real menace to us. All of a sudden, they stopped, and everyone had a great feeling of ecstasy come over them. The guns had been firing more frequently now that negotiations were going on. Every one was hesitant for a moment. We knew we would have more wounded coming in. The whole unit was appalled at the sight of the wounded. The nurses started to set up for surgery. I would be assisting Dr. Jones with the surgery. Dr. Jones suddenly felt very weak, before he collapsed from exhaustion. Immediately I had to act to save the patient. I was about ready to start, when suddenly I heard, "Lyrissa!, Lyrissa! Did you hear me, do you have your homework?". I realized it was my English teacher.

Lyrissa Rieks
Grade 11

WAVES

Waves trapped by an everlasting shore
Condemned to search for evermore
Waves carry brave soldiers away
Only to destroy them another day
Waves can sing and play and dance
They are a bit of magic enhanced
Waves will call you and draw you in
Some do not know the fate they're in
Waves will continue to press the shore
And keep their secrets locked inside
For evermore...

Whitney Scott
Grade 10



Chris Varosy
Grade 8, op art

IN MEMORY OF ERIC

I remember him
That one with the funny smile, the cheerful face
The one who could always make you smile when you were
In your darkest mood.
The one who always got in trouble with no one knowing why.
The one who cried out to others for help with no one hearing.
Now all I can do is remember him
For he took the easy way out
He hung himself
He just got tired of crying out and not being heard
If only someone had heard him.

Ondrea Hart
Grade 12

It was back in 1968 when I was serving a tour of duty in Vietnam. I was a 19 year old private in the Corps. The mission: a typical search and destroy, south of the Mekong Delta. Our objective was to search all hootches, looking for Vietcong weapons, then burn down all of them--ally and enemy. Our company stopped at 2200 hours and set up a perimeter. Since I had the big M-60, I had the safest position, mainly because the heavy ground fire provided a decent wall of fire. At about 2300 hours a sudden click of a Chi-com grenade came hurling our way. I opened up with the M-60. The green tracer rounds gave my position immediately. Chan, my A-gunner, fed the gun with his right hand, firing his M-16 with his left. Suddenly a deafening explosion blinded me and Chan. I stopped firing to rub my eyes. Then another explosion came, knocking me unconscious. I can't remember anything after that, but when I woke up I was on Cloud 9. Fans whirred above me. There was no mud, no fear of being shot. Plushness surrounded me. Twenty minutes later Chan came hobbling into the room. He had been riddled by shrapnel to the arm and thigh. I had been shot by an enemy MG. "This war is over for us, isn't it, Chan?" I asked. "Yea, it sure is. One heck of a way to exit, isn't it?" replied Chan.

Jason Teele
Grade 9

Terri Birkhead
Grade 12, pencil drawing





David Shoemaker
Grade 9, scratchboard

LEAVES

On a bleak and leafless day in Fall,
When the trees no longer have a shawl,
You can watch the leaves fall upon the ground,
Forming themselves into a colorful mound.

There are sprinklings of every hue,
You could have imagined or even knew.
As time passes and Nature consumes,
Winter's demonical weather resumes.

As the wind blows with a rustling sound,
On the trees not a leaf is to be found.
The stem is the lifeline and when broken,
The leaf's death is the final token.

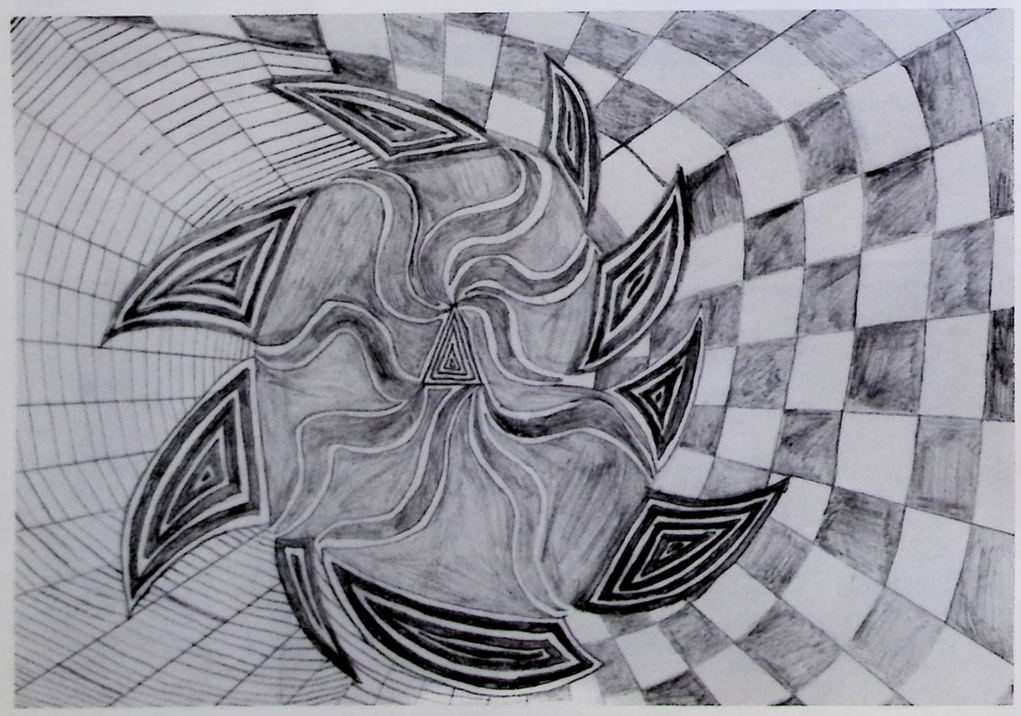
Dimitri Randall
Grade 10

THE SUNSET

As evening comes, the clouds don their painted costumes for their finale of the day. The purples and pinks blend in perfect harmony as nature's dancers waltz across the stage with the grace of flying doves at peace with the world. As they dance to celebrate the beauty of nature, we gaze in wonder. We wonder why man desecrates the beauty of nature. We wonder if there is a way to prolong the performance so our descendants can marvel in the beauty. But most of all, we just wonder at the graceful and peaceful dance, the dance we call a sunset.

Corinne McMillen
Grade 10

Joe Paul Waldron
Grade 7, pencil drawing



Sterile Hawks

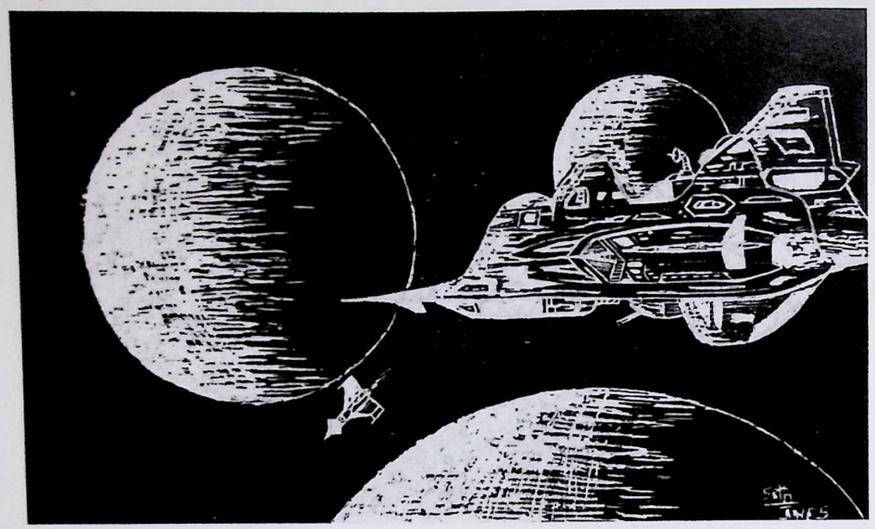
The stolid city incessantly calls
From filthy, painted subway walls
The civilized, the business men:
It beckons and it summons them.

They hearken not to jungle drums;
Day in, day out, they figure sums.
And in their heads the turning wheels
Are inventing clever business deals.

Would that pylons turned to vines
And dirt would take the power lines.
And trees where buildings used to be
The pavement changed into a sea.

The sickness and the curse of steel
Would turn to stone and thus be healed
The blight of impotence thus cured,
The Hawk again a taloned bird.

Barbara Siples
Grade 12



Seth Jones
Grade 10, scratchboard

DIVINE NATURE

On a bright sunny day, perhaps some time in May,
When the air is crisp and clean, and sounds are not serene
You can take a walk through the forest,
And hear the birds singing their chorus.

You can look at the bottom of a lake,
Long silver pieces for a fisherman to take,
And you can watch the deer prance about their realm,
And you can watch a squirrel play on an elm.

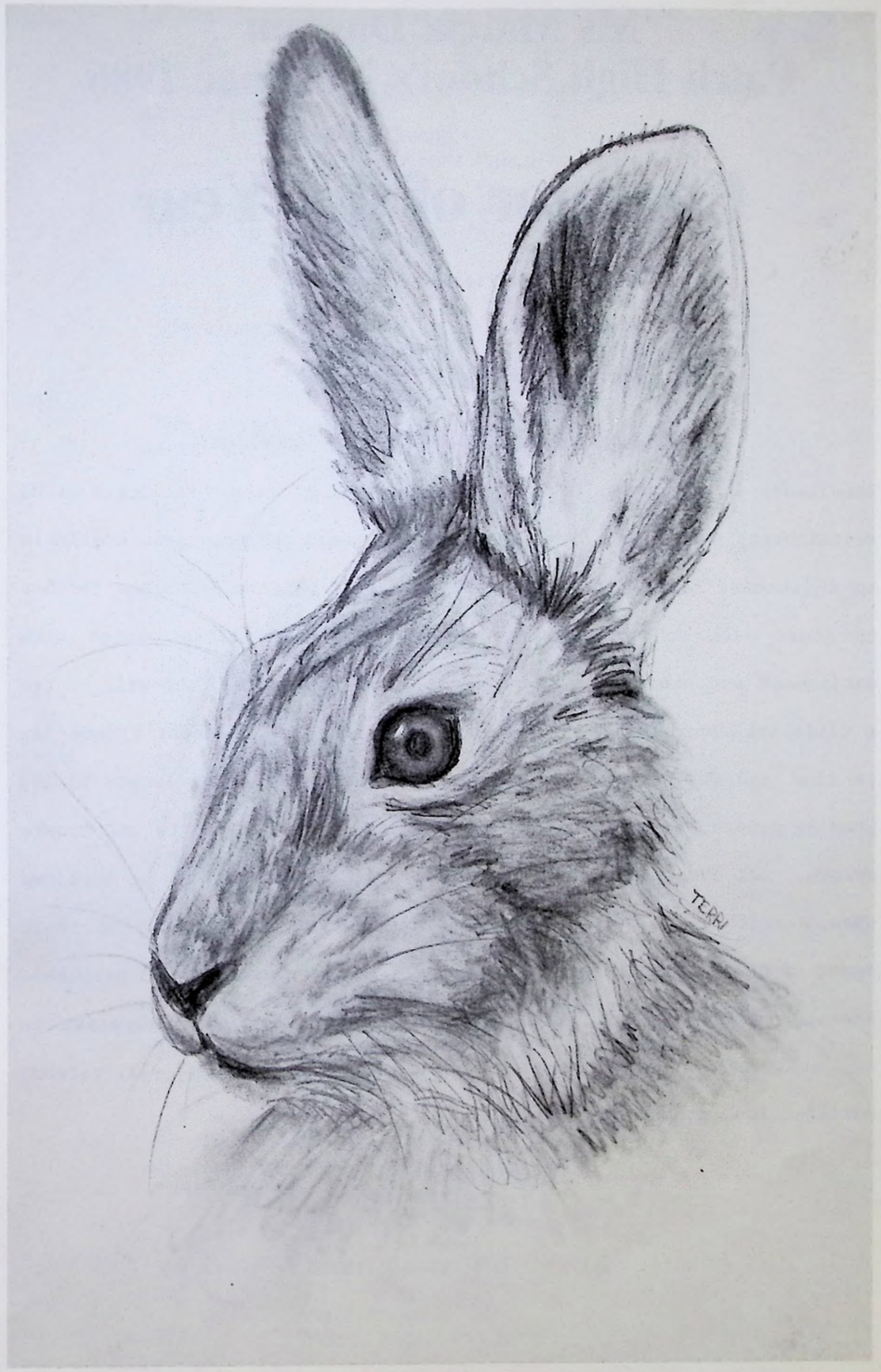
You can watch a rabbit eat some leaves,
And you can watch a bug tend to its needs,
But perhaps it may start to rain,
But then you will see a new domain.

You will see small, egglike drops
Sparkle like diamond spots,
And the clean , clear streams, sparkling with new dreams.

But alas, a rainbow is in sight to
Show off its colors nice and bright,
Giving the world a victorious sign,
Showing nature is divine

Dimitri Randall
Grade 10

Terri Birkhead
Grade 12, pencil drawing



Ms Marcia Dawson
Patch High School's Nominee 1986

Educator of the Year

HOW DO YOU DEFINE EXCELLENCE IN EDUCATION?

Excellence in education is an intangible quality which has little or no relationship to the facility, the equipment, and the materials available to a teacher. It is an inner drive or desire which enables the teacher to start each school year,each school day, each class period with excitement and energy; it is patience and perseverance, the will to try a different approach when puzzlement plays across a student's face; it is time and dedication, before and after school, making lesson plans, grading papers, chaperoning dances, and cheering at concerts and sports events. But even with all of the above, excellence may only be obtained when a teacher truly loves interacting with students, enjoying their sense of humor, savoring their successes, helping them through problems, learning from them, and, in exchange, teaching them that education is an unending, lifelong process whereby one builds self-esteem, satisfaction, and serenity.

Marcia Dawson

WHAT MAKES MS. DAWSON A SUPERIOR TEACHER?

"She has a very positive attitude and always listens to our ideas."
Darrell Stone
Drums, Concert Marching Band

"She teaches responsibility and dedication. She strives to teach one extra thing every day."
Daniel Carroll
Trombone, Concert Marching Band

"She always gives it everything she's got!"
Donna Navarro
Clarinet, Concert Marching Band

"She is very devoted to her students. I feel she wants everyone to know just as much as she does."
James Givens
Base Clarinet, Concert Marching Band

"She makes you want to do your best, and try your hardest."
Heather Bignall
Oboe, Concert Marching Band

"She is very funny."
Cindy Ficken
Flute, Beginning Band

"She is firm on rules."
Patrick Engelkims
Trumpet, Beginning Band

"She pushes you."
Joe Christoff
Trombone, Beginning Band

"She treats us like we are experts."
David Barnes
Trumpet, Beginning Band

"She really puts a lot of time and energy into teaching us."
Stephanie Dennis
Flute, Beginning Band

"She lets you know that she cares."
Charlene Neely
Oboe, Beginning Band

"She keeps an orderly class and she makes learning fun"
Angie Mucker
Drums, Beginning Band



Terri Birkhead
Grade 12, scratchboard

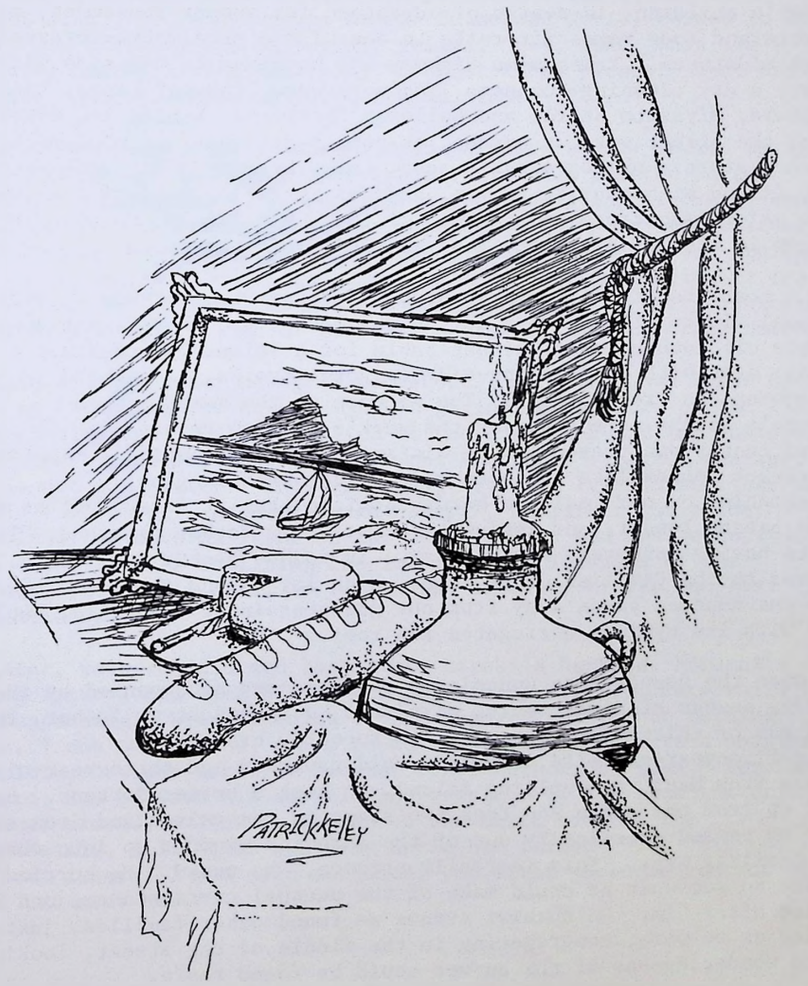
Only to be

A rose dies in the winter
Only to be reborn in the spring
A leaf falls from its perch
Only to be replaced by a bud.
An ocean wave disperses on the shore
Only to be followed by another
People move on
Only to be succeeded again and again.

Whitney Scott
Grade 10

Today I feel nervous about coming to high school. I'm so nervous that my palms are sweating like crazy. There are so many big people here that I feel like an insect in a garden among bushes of weeds. I'm so nervous that with every other step it feels like my knees are knocking, but they're really not. I wish people weren't in such a hurry in getting to their next class, because I feel like a ping-pong ball bouncing back and forth against the walls on my way to class.

Lisa Engelhardt
Grade 7



Patrick Kelley
Grade 9, ink drawing

A SUNDAY MORNING

December 7, 1941 ... I was there. Not at the scene of densest activity--Pearl Harbor--but, I was there on the same island, further inland where the activity was not as furious, but just as awesome ... and incomprehensible.

Before that unforgettable day Wahiawa was an unsophisticated country town in the verdant uplands of Oahu between the rolling Waianae and Koolau Mountain ranges--in the heart of pineapple country. The main street of our town extended from Kilani Avenue on one end to Wilson Bridge, an open grillwork, iron span over a murky, winding river where the town's children, in search of adventure for summer amusement, caught polliwogs and rode makeshift rafts to one of the eucalyptus-forested islands midstream. Kamehameha Highway was bordered on one side with a florist, a dry cleaning business, Tom's grocery, Castner Store, Bata Shoe Store, Miyasato Store, and Galloway Pharmacy. Lining the other side of the street were an arcade, an auto dealership, an electrical appliance store a photographer's shop, Lai's Market, along with souvenir shops, filled with tourist trivia, and honky-tonk bars hinting at the town's major importance to the rest of the world, which was that it was adjacent to Wheeler Air Force Base and Schofield Barracks.

On that eventful day my parents, my younger brother and I, after the usual flurry of preparing for Sunday School and church, sat down at a simple oilcloth-covered kitchen table for a leisurely breakfast of oatmeal, eggs with their sunny-side-up goggle-yolks, bacon, and cinnamon-spiced French toast. The silence of the moment--when everyone's mouths were savoring the week's special repast--was intermittently punctuated in the distance with unrelentingly repetitive ack-ack-ack sounds like the ones made by toy machine guns. Concentrating on our meal, we hardly noticed them at first, but as the sounds became louder, and imminently closer, my father remarked, "They must be having maneuvers again today. It sounds pretty busy there." He referred to the Civilian Corps camp, which lay beyond the train tracks about one hundred yards away from our green-stained, clapboard, duplex house with its typical corrugated tin roof.

When the sounds were undeniably overhead and accompanied by the whirring sounds of dive-bombing airplanes, I looked at my father, then a young man of thirty-one years who had recently brought his twenty-five-year-old wife, five-year-old daughter and three-year-old son to Oahu from Maui, an outlying island, to seek a better fortune. He stood up from the table and took two steps to the galvanized iron sink where he peered quizzically out of the screened windows up into the once-familiar sky. "This is really strange," he mused. He hurried outside to see what he could make of the unusual circumstance, and we trailed after him. On Kuahiwi Avenue we found other families, just as puzzled as we were, congregating in the middle of the street, looking upward wondering--as if the answer could be found there.

"What's the matter with those guys, anyway?" Bob Hayashi charged.

"They're coming awfully close," noted Mr. Kitagawa, the County Courthouse clerk.

I was happy to be outside with the neighborhood children: Earl and Ella, Grace and Jane, Hisao, my cousins Norman and David, whom we called by their Japanese names--Hisashi and Masami. My grandmother, my mother, and other women--including Aunty Miyako, my father's younger sister--huddled together, waiting for the men to untangle the mystery overhead.

When strafing bullets before him pockmarked the street in a straight line , my young uncle, George Shimekazu Kurio, turned to my father, his brother, and agitatedly yelled, "Hey, Duke, this isn't maneuvers; that's live ammunition! Look at those planes! That one has been hit. See the smoke trailing behind its tail?"

As we all--men,women, and children--simultaneously looked up at the crippled object, I saw the unmistakable red circle painted on the underside of the khaki-green wingtip of the nosediving aircraft, smoke spewing out of its entrails and the appendage of its injured carcass barely missing the corner of Nagata-san's tin roof behind our duplex! Its engines coughing and sputtering, the doomed craft inevitably crashed a block away behind the Takeda's two-story home, forcing its inhabitants to jump helter-skelter out of windows to escape almost certain death!

Like all the other heads of households, my father and Uncle George herded us back into the house. "Let's go inside and turn on the radio." my father directed. With the click of the dial we heard the insistent wail of the sirens interspersed with the announcer's urgent message, "This is <u>not</u> a maneuver! This is a real attack! Pearl Harbor has been bombed! Take cover! Repeat: take cover!" My father and mother nervously piled several <u>futon</u> on the metal framed bed and we dutifully sat beneath, at last realizing the immediate seriousness of the situation, but unable still to fathom the entirety of its complex ramifications.

Later, we were informed that Aunty Miyako's husband, Hisashi's and Masami's father, had been hit in the abdomen by stray bullets while he had unsuspectingly been standing on Kam Highway early that morning. Someone, I don't know who, tried to take him for surgery to a hospital in Honolulu, but was deterred because Pearl Harbor, by then a veritable graveyard, lay between his vehicle and refuge. By the time the driver had turned around, driven to Kahuku on the north side of the island--really, a lifetime away--my uncle had turned blue. His was the very first funeral I had ever attended, the first shrouded contact with death I had ever had.

The aftermath of this indelible experience was that the once-xenophobic Kurio clan, established by Ikutaro Kurio, an aspiring immigrant laborer who rose to become a "luna", or foreman, in the pineapple fields during the late 19th Century, and his picture bride Sen Hirayama--from the Fukuoka and Kumamoto prefectures of Kyushu, Japan--was irrevocably altered much as all of Hawaii was changed. My Aunt Miyako, her handwriting having become a shaky scrawl, favored her English name Mildred, and after many years of widowhood remarried, choosing a Hawaiin-Chinese husband. Hisashi selected a Caucasian military dependent, Sarah from Phoenix, who only called him Norman, and Masami married a Portuguese girl from Waipio who singularly addressed him as David.

My Uncle George, his education at University of Hawaii interrupted indefinitely, trained with the 442nd Infantry Unit under the 232nd Engineer Batallion at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, and subsequently went to war in Italy and France. My grandmother communicated with him in English, through me, rather than in her native Japanese. Possessions un-American were destroyed or carefully stored and my grandmother lost touch with her family in Japan, only later discovering long after the war that no one with the name Kurio remained in the old country.

My parents, responding now only to Duke and Margaret rather than Tokiuchi and Kiyoko, became part of the burgeoning labor force, the numbers of which increased with wartime demands, my mother eventually serving thirty years in civil service work at Schofield Barracks, at Fort Shafter, and at Fort Ruger.

My brother and I had to go to Japanese School after the war to learn a language made alien to us.

All of us, for the duration of the war, endured the blackouts, the bomb shelter alerts, the fingerprinting, the occasional taunting epithet from Napoleon Kaio as we walked past his home, the rationing of food and gasoline, the scarcity of Christmas trees, the invasion of our town by the 25th Infantry Unit, tens of thousands strong, at Schofield Barracks. We tried to make sense out of non-sense as best we knew how.

Such was the imprint of that incisively memorable Sunday, as ineradicable as Wahiawa's red dirt stains.

Marilyn Setsuko Kurio Coleman



Darrin Weber
Grade 11, pencil drawing

Just as leaves, your friends will fall

Beautiful colors, each different.

The wind will blow and they will be gone

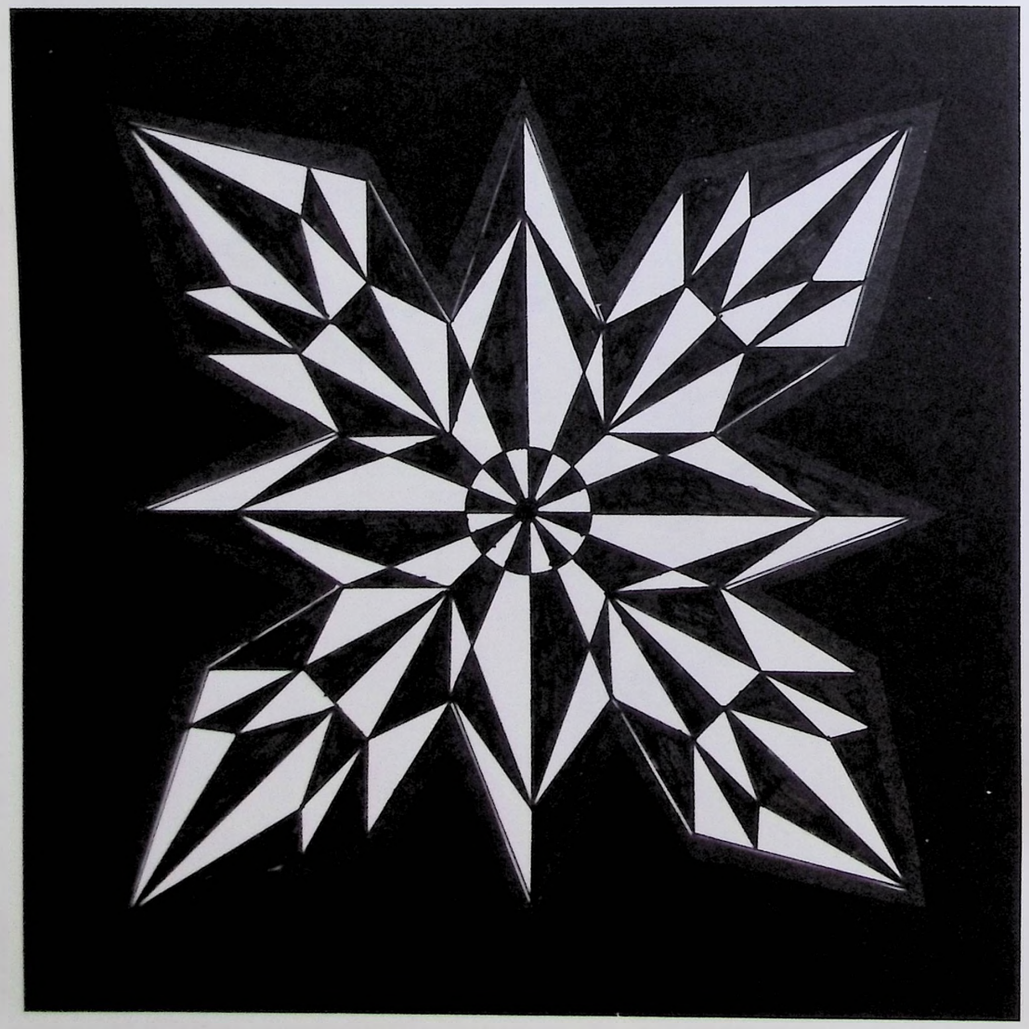
But not for long.

Sometime soon they will return

As beautiful as they were before

Alexis Boukalis
Grade 11

Mike Dupre
Grade 10, op art





David Shoemaker
Grade 9, linoleum cut

The days grow short
The leaves fall
The colors change
Autumn is coming

Those fiery yellows
Those glistening golds
Those bloody reds
All because autumn is here

Then leafless trees
The white snow
That Christmas spirit
Autumn is gone

Bobby Thigpen
Grade 10

Reality is a fact of life
But to some people it is
Only a dream
But through these dreams
These people find reality
In themselves and in the world
That surrounds them

William Demaske
Grade 12

My father went to the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs and was a roommate with a man named Gary Payton, whose dream was to become an astronaut. They were really close, and have kept in touch over all the years. Our families are very good friends and visit quite often. Last year in February, 1985, this man flew on the space shuttle "Discovery". When he got home, I proudly shook his hand and gave him a big hug. He proved to me that dreams can come true, and because of him, that is one thing I will never forget.

Kelly Callen
Grade 7

A DREAM

As I clothed myself with deadly objects,
And dressed myself like the night,
I thought ahead of the task that lay before me.
I was a shadow, stalking shadows, in a forest full of trees.
So invisible, I thought, as if I were like a tree,
Because I felt their presence.
As I moved silently, my senses tingled.
Three shadows lay ahead of me, waiting still.
Though I could not see them, I could sense them;
I knew they were there,
And they were watching me.
Their invisible eyes, probing, piercing my body.
I wanted to hide from them, but where was I to go?
I was one of them.
As I gingerly stepped ahead, two of the shadows
Detached themselves from the forest and moved toward me.
Suddenly, the flash of steel, cold and sharp, blurred,
As two blades made their way hungrily toward my flesh.
A parry.
I produced my own blade, sharp enough to cut
The stillness of the night in two.
A flip.
An arrow pierced my shoulder.
As my enemies drew close I charged.
I ducked and thrust my cold, sharp steel
Through the shadow at my side,
As the swish of another blade had passed over my head,
I brought the cold, steel lifeline of mine sideways
Across the torso of the other shadow,
And then retreated into the tender haven of the trees.
As I watched, precious crimson fell,
Like raindrops on a flower.
Then, when all was still,
I returned to the companionship of the night.

Ryan Witbeck
Grade 12

CHESTNUTS

On a crisp, clean, fall day, one can expect to see chestnuts on the ground. Smaller than a walnut, but larger than an acorn, a chestnut's outer covering reminds one of a highly polished ball of mahogany. The texture of this ping-pong ball sized nut is as smooth as frosted glass. Each of these small, life-giving seeds is capable of giving birth to a majestic chestnut tree, which in turn, will produce thousands of nature's little children.

Corinne McMillen
Grade 10



Seth Jones
Grade 10, pencil drawing

THE SEA

The sea is a vast azure
blanket,
Covering the secrets that
lie beneath.
Reef, coral, shark, and whale
all of which live in this pacific frontier.
Soon a nautical quest will uncover
what is hidden on the ocean floor,
Neptune has placed these secrets
a dozen times before.
Palanquin for the ships at sea
will be here for years to be

Kirk Shoemaker
Grade 7



Melissa Cleary
Grade 10, linoluem cut



Darrin Weber
Grade 11, pencil drawing

THE VISION

The glare of light,
Reflecting the beautiful sight.

Glowing like the dawn of day,
Showing every ray.

Each sprout a new beginning,
Expressing love and winning.

Petals so soft that are held together,
Always remembering it won't last forever.

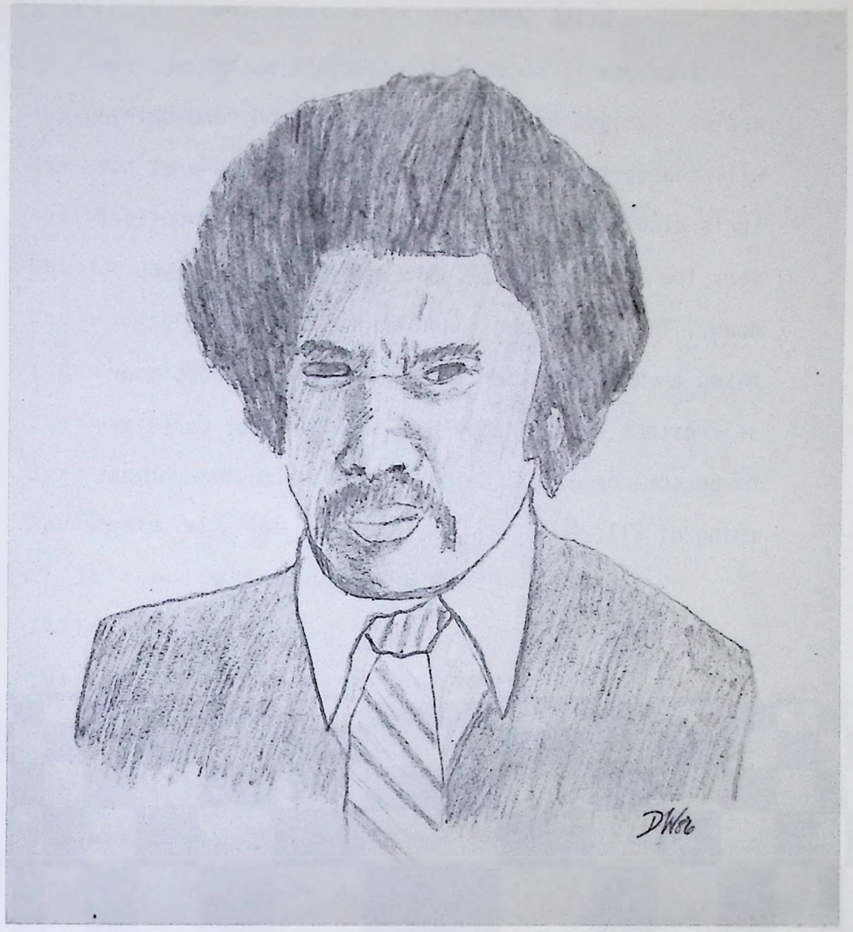
Michelle Lambka
Grade 10

I had a dream--a wonderful dream
That I was a star, a glistening star
Shining light upon dark
Giving heat upon heat
Glistening like a candle--a large candle
Able to float aound like a god.

Kristi Manning
Grade 7

Andy Keller
Grade 8, scratchboard





David Williams
Grade 11, pencil drawing

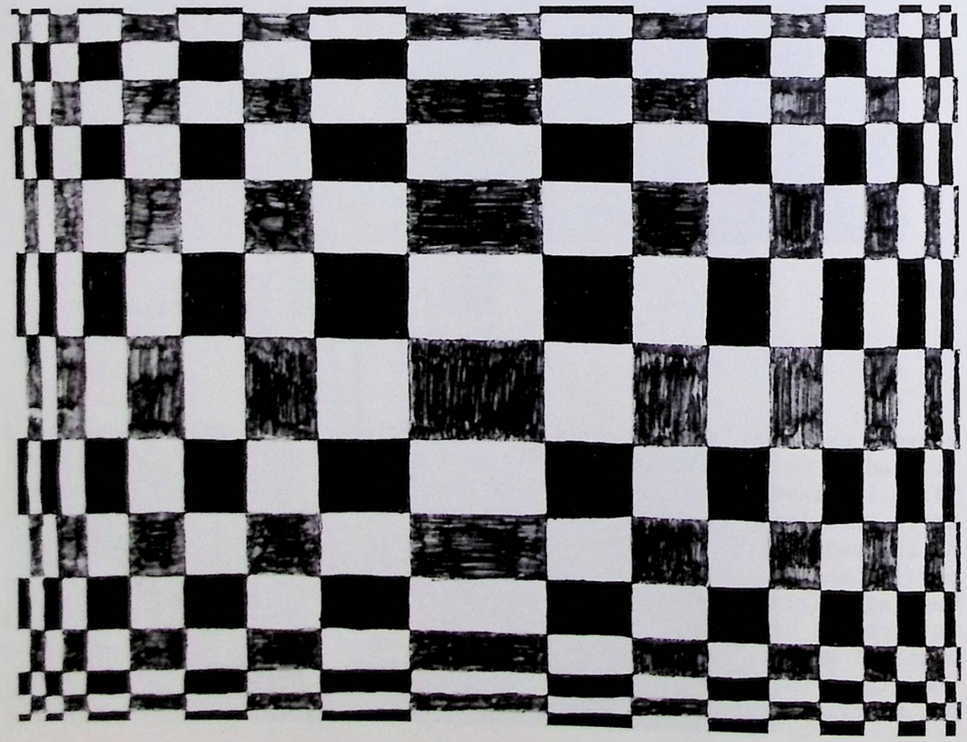
Where I used to play as a child is now a big apartment complex. It used to be a large hill of dirt about 30 feet high and 300 yards in diameter. We used to call the hill "meatball hill" because there were large clumps of dirt that looked like large meatballs. At the base of the "mountain" was a small creek. The creek had a lot of fish and frogs in it. We often went tadpole hunting or crayfish hunting. During the summer my friend and I would take BB guns up there to shoot at cans or at boats that we put in the creek. I went back to meatball mountain and found out that it is now a large apartment complex. They level-cut the hill and filled in the creek, so that nothing remains but memories.

Bill Dyer
Grade 12

BEING SOMEBODY

Everyone is someone. It doesn't matter who you are or what you are, but you are somebody and nothing will change that. Your identity is who you are, but it is also your title. Your peers can make you feel very low about yourself, but don't let it get you down. They tease and laugh at people because it makes them feel better about themselves. Keep your self-esteem and be happy with who you are; don't try to be someone else. Being you is the most important thing of all.

Sharon Nix
Grade 7



Bromlyn Ryan
Grade 8, op art

I still believe that they
In their ignorance and squalor
Have overlooked the true meaning of life
Why, to be a doctor could be OK
And a lawyer might be neat
But to deal with these just as they are
One must put up with defeat
I don't understand, why they can't see
The wisdom I offer--It can't be me.
Just laugh and play and play
And smoke all day
If it's enlightenment they need
I'll lead the way
Through purple blossoms and azure dreams
Glistening prickles on mushrooms of green
Why can't they see my way
Why must they deal in things that are real
When we can turn on and tune out
Ya know, I mean like, really feel?
Responsibility is what none of us need
The responsible are worms and we are their feed
So come my friends and we'll find a new day
The unreal is real, I'll show you the way.

Gordan Thibedeau
Grade 12



Amy Dickson
Grade 11, pencil drawing

The Widow

The statue in his favor,
Reflected his behavior.
It showed a tall, lean, proud man
With a wooden walking stick in his hand.
A top hat on his head,
Wearing a tuxedo as smooth as silk thread.

That's my husband's tombstone over there,
He lies now as a dragon in his lair.
Sleeping, waiting, dead.
Look at the statue erected in his honor,
Yes, it is he, Mr. Lewis Conner.
As you see on his face, he looked very kind.
The stupid fool never had half a mind.

I remember sitting, sunning by the pool,
What happened to him now seems very cruel.
Yes, he was a millionaire,
Billionaire, surrounded by money,
That's all he had time for
To him it was like honey.

Yes, how sweet it all was--
Bars
Restaurants
Expensive cars
All this and more
Until it all became a bore.
We quarreled, we fought, we thought of divorce,
Those were discontent times with much remorse.

The man was old, greedy and boring,
I could not stand even his snoring.
When it happened no one suspected it was me,
They all thought it one of his adversaries.
So now I stand and remember the good qualities he had,
Mr. Lewis Conner, my husband, drove me quite mad.

Jimmy Lozano
Grade 11

DREAMS

Silent as a moonlit night,
Allured by a thought,
Mesmerized by a white sky,
Captivated by a disconcerting idea,
Walking with Him through a tempestuous lane,
Waking to the greeting of the sun.
Dreams are alive.

Scott Adams
Grade 7

Where is the lady that I fell in love with?
Is she with someone else? Perhaps married?
Has she forgotten my name by now?
I doubt that she has any kids.
She wasn't the settling down type.
However, she may have her pool
Luxurious jewelry
Even her own car.
To her that was more important than love
And love was all I could give her.
She got what she wanted, then left.
Like one army invading another.
I sleep at night wondering why she left
How to get her back
And if she came back
What to do.

So later my dream becomes reality.
The pounding on the door--
Should I send her away?
No, I invite her in.
That look I saw on her face...the one she gave me
When we first met. Could she be trying to
Forget the past?
Does Love come first now, instead of wealth?
I can't play the game.
She'll leave when she's got what she's come for.
I know her too well.

So I become the demand.
Obsessed with winning--
A will to hurt her more than she had hurt me.
"Our love is only a game"
Kept running back and forth in my mind.
I was possessed now
I had to become NUMBER ONE
And watch her die slowly like she made me
(So I thought I was dying)
I gave no money, she cleaned my messes.
I left nights, staying out late.
I'd watch her cry but
Not once stop to ask why or help her.
It was in my blood. I had to get ahead.
It'll only get better if she realizes what she did,
I kept thinking.
She deserves the pain I felt from her.
I'm the winner now! I'm ahead!
I leave for work not saying a word.
I can see the feelings she's having. They show...

Until I come home. The door unlocked--
Why though? It never was before.
I knew it!
I screamed aloud, I was so surprised.

She couldn't handle what she deserved,
And that was the pain she gave to me.
I head for the bathroom.
Can't wait to get out with the guys now that she's
Not on my mind anymore.
Now I am the winner!
I approach the bathroom with pictures in my mind
Of her, running to her daddy's arms, begging for--

Suddenly, the pictures stop.
The whole world stops
All at once.
I see her hanging, looking straight at me, into my eyes.
It was like she was alive, saying,
"You fought your battle and won. You got exactly what you wanted."
Then, only then, from the time we met again,
I thought.
Maybe she did change.
She changed so much she couldn't face something like this.

It is too late.
I wonder who has found
Both of us here
Together again.

R.J. Cowan
Grade 11



Per Crenshaw
Grade 12, pencil drawing

Andy Brus
Grade 8, scratchboard



FALL

Fall means old winter is on the way
No more sun tanning or swimming
Leaves are turning colors
Birds and bugs are leaving
This cold climate
Ghosts and goblins are getting ready
For their special night of fright
Turkeys trying to hitch hike
They know what's coming soon
Eventually it'll all be over
And then it's time to freeze

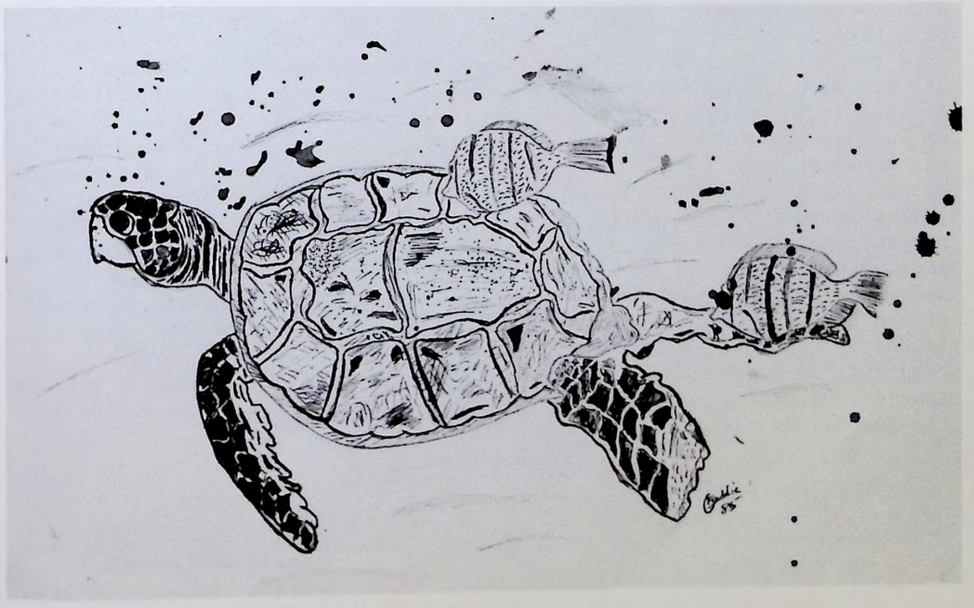
Maurice Joshua
Grade 11

SEA

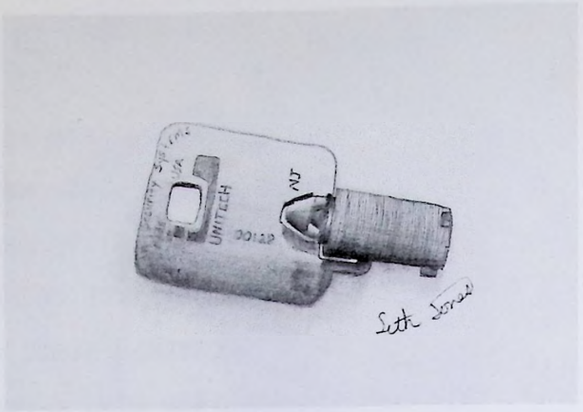
THE SEA WAS PACIFIC AS THE QUEST BEGAN
AT THE START OF OUR NAUTICAL MISSION
I WAS CONTEMPLATIVE AND FILLED WITH JOY
AT THE THOUGHT OF GOING FISHING
AS THE WESTERLY WINDS HOWLED AT THE BOAT
IT WAS RISEN LIKE A PALANQUIN OF OLD
ON TOP OF THE WAVES LIKE A ROYAL KING
STEADY, STURDY, AND BOLD

ALEX TRUMAN
GRADE 7

Freddie Gutierrez
Grade 9, ink drawing



Seth Jones
Grade 10, pencil drawing



PHYSICS LAB: MEASURING THE WAVELENGTH OF LIGHT WAVES

CONCLUSION:

During this investigation, we observed the interference pattern of diffracted Crisco grease. This was then used to measure the wavelength of the geothermal lethal radiation of a typical hamburger at an AAFES cafeteria. The colored lines of light (yellow, green, and purple--like the lettuce, tomatoes, and pickles) that we observed through a diffraction-grated slice of cheese, are all due to the nuclear reinforcement of the alpha-particle radiation given off by the neighboring fries--slightly soggy, showing great resemblance to Ronald Reagan's foreign policies. Although the grease was in-phase, and didn't cause the need for psychopatic treatment in Oregon, the onion rings were subject to a strong anti-gravitational force, causing an immediate 180° turn, once they hit the stomach. As the experiment continued, we measured $L \pm x$ and were consequently able to calculate the tangent to the milkshake, drowned in an overwhelming amount of H_2O. This, however, exposed us to an even greater output of radiation--lethal to the test rat. Good-bye, Mr. Rehwaldt. Our Mercury light source--definitely communist, yet reduced by a frosty, flaky filter, did finally produce the violet, green and yellow sources of undeniable evidence for the theory of evolution. The percentage error was relatively small, but according to the deuteronomic code, the spectrum was imcomplete, because our fish sandwiches got up and walked off the table--slightly undercooked! That the energy content of the hamburger increased with its frequency of Light Amplification Emission, due to the radiation, only proved the basic rule of wave behavior: in a plane, perpendicular to any good relations to your physics teacher, all waves are allergic to piranhas, especially those active in the Republican party.

Karin Wohlgemuth
Grade 11



Karin Wohlgemuth
Grade 11, pencil drawing

WALTER MITTY AT PATCH HIGH SCHOOL

"Hold on!", I ordered as I snapped the futuristic helicopter into a viscious climbing turn, while engaging the two booster turbines. I held onto the controls as my two companions were almost wrenched out of their padded chairs as we accelerated through Mach 1.

"Sir!" my engineer in the rear shouted over the intercom," we can't maintain Mach 1 for very long! We're in critical fuel consumption as it is, and we may have cannon damage over the main fuel tank!"

"Can't you tell?" I replied.

"No, sir, I'm not getting a reading!"

"Damn!" I howled, "we poured half-a-billion dollars into this thing, and the bloody fuel gauge doesn't work!!"

Just then, a Russian helicopter dived at us, its nose gun blinking at me in greeting. I turned to meet him. "Eat this, you mother." I growled as I jammed my finger on the trigger button.

FFWWOK!! A Copperhead missile spat from its launching tube, and followed unerringly by to its target. The Russian screeched to the ground, bleeding fiery fuel. That was when I saw the missile coming at me. I jerked the stick to the side . . .

. . . narrowly missing as the eraser sailed past my head. I glared at the innocent eraser as my super-helicopter and the vulture-like Russian Hind model faded back into the turbulent mishmash of my mind.

"Mr. Wright," the aerodynamics teacher repeated," would you <u>please</u> tell me how the rotors on choppers work?"

"Huh?"

"Rotors, Karl," the teacher repeated.

"Oh yeah, right." I mumbled some incomprehensible jingo-lingo and was saved from having to explain it by the ever-friendly end-of-class bell.

Shuffling from the class, I strained my brain to remember what we would do in Ancient History class. Oh God, I thought, we get to see more pictures of the wonderful ruined castles in England. As I pulled stuff in and threw stuff out of my locker, I saw the new student in my class come walking my way. My heartrate increased threefold when I saw her, as usual. She was really fine.

She came right over to me and asked me to walk with her to class. She had missed the point on the defensive structural details of the old castles. I had missed the point too, but I managed to stumble through it. We joked and kidded around until class began. Before we started, I let my eyes rest on her for a little longer. Our eyes met. She smiled and gave me one of those low-lidded, seductive looks every guy wishes the prettiest girl in school would grant him. I caught my breath. Then I responded by giving her a rakish grin, before the teacher's third UH-HUM forced me to tear my eyes away.

The teacher then began another bonehead lecture about old, crumbling piles of rock that were once great castles of kings and knights. My classmates and I muttered the expected responses, knowing that all this would be forgotten by lunchtime.

Just then, a picture came up that, for some elusive reason, caught my attention. It was a picture of some old staircase that had remained surprisingly intact while the rest of the building was gone. I looked at it more closely . . .

. . . at the candlelight shimmering on the deep red satin carpet over the stairs. It danced along the highlights inscribed in the hilt of my sword and my armor. I was in the process of trying to fathom the reason why I was here when she glided into my field of view. My armor clinked as I shifted my position into a nonchalant, appraising position. It was an act; the sight of her battered at my emotionally armored exterior.

I swaggered toward her, stopping at the foot of the stairs. She turned and looked at me. She lifted a gold-clad hand and motioned me to follow her silent command.

I obeyed.

I followed her throughout the great castle; all the way, I was astonished at how the dress hung upon her, cut devilishly low at the back and with a long leg slit up the side. We stopped at a pair of great, gilded doors. She opened them up and went in. I hesitated for a moment, uncertain of what was going on. Then, throwing off all doubt, I went and closed the door.

Inside, I found that she had taken off all of her extravagant jewelry. She stood there by the bed, looking up at me. I returned the desirous stare. Giggling, she lifted her foot up to a short footstool, and pulled the hem of her skirt up to her hip, which was gloriously curved. She began to undo the fastener that held her stockings, freeing her white thighs from their nylon sheathe. I stood in torment, watching her sweetly torture me for what seemed an eternity. When my eyes focused again, I saw her lying on the bed, deliciously inviting. My conscience battled with my darker side.

The dark side won.

I flung off my armor. Letting loose an animal growl, I charged the bed. Gathering her up, I ragaved her. The storm lasted for an hour. Then a great force wracked us both, bring screams of pleasure from her, grunts of relief from me. I raised myself up and opened my mouth to declare my conquering her. GGRROOONKK!! Groaning, I collapsed down onto . . .

. . . the desk. Raising myself, I looked around to see if people had noticed me.

They had. I shrugged, muttering apologies and blaming illness for my strange delusions. I scurried from class, arriving early to woodworking class. Being the first one there, I had to go out and cut down a tree. The teacher wanted us to describe the differences between refined and raw wood. Boredom! Gathering up an axe, I went outside the door . . .

. . . barely managing to block a Hun's surprise attack. I swung my axe down, splitting his head like a ripe watermelon. I charged into the smoky carnage, swinging my axe, cutting down any threatening savages. When I was done, I climbed atop the heaped dead. Gaining my balance, I raised my axe over my head and let loose a war cry. NEEWRAHHH!! The keen cry echoed across the plains. I then lifted the carcass of the biggest Hun over my shoulder, as proof of my victory. Then, as the wind wailed a somber dirge, I left the battlefield, leaving behind a field of battered, butchered . . .

. . . stumps.

Karl Wright
Grade 11

THE FLOWER

The flower that's alone
In a world of its own
The other flowers get the warm
Touch of the sun's golden rays
But one flower sits in the shade
Reaching high for the rays of sunshine
The flower in the dark
Is never noticed
It sits with its beautiful petals
Spread high and wide
Proud of its colors, proud of
The strength it has to grow
When it's surrounded by darkness
But always wishing it would be
Noticed and admired for what it is

S. L.

Amy Dickson
Grade 11, linoleum cut



LOVE AND HATE

LOVE
ROSES, HEARTS
CARING, SHARING, BELIEVING
LOVE OFTEN TURNS
DESPISING, VENGING, IGNORING
ASHES, TEARS
HATE

Corinne McMillen
Grade 10

MOON

SHY MOON BEHIND CLOUD
A DRENCHING SUMMER'S WARM RAIN
SMILE ILLUMINATES.

BY: MARILYN COLEMAN

TO BE SOMEBODY . . .

To be somebody, you must make your identity known. People need to know who you are. Popular people are "SOMEBODIES" because everyone knows who they are. You can be known by doing well in something such as school, sports, etc. "Isn't that the girl that always gets an A on the history tests?" "Yea, she never even studies either!" Or, "Hey, that's the cute guy that scored the winning touchdown yesterday!" "Uh huh, he's so cute, and such a great player," someone might say. You can be somebody in this way, or, you can just be known for YOU, yourself. If you have a good attitude towards others, have self esteem (you should always respect and like yourself), respect rights of others, be outgoing and confident by getting involved in the school's extracurricular activities, others will notice you. You'll meet new people, and a feeling of elation will just bubble out because people really like you for what you are. If not at school, you'll always be somebody to your parents, siblings, a close friend maybe. Everyone is a "SOMEBODY" in his/her own special way.

Elisa Stephens
Grade 11

BLUE

Cool and clean like morning air
Soft and gentle like springtime
Flowing but bouncy like a mountain spring.
It reminds me of happiness...

Whitney Scott
Grade 10

NUCLEAR WAR

No longer would their offspring play
In the once green fields
Now burnt blacker than death
No longer would they pray
To their benevolent god
In the temples.
And it's true, very true.
They killed themselves.
All it took was the push
of a few buttons,
The turn of a few keys,
And they were dead,
Those who called themselves
Rational Human Beings.

Barbara Siples
Grade 12

Bill Blankenship
Grade 12, scratchboard



THE MOST INFLUENTIAL PERSON

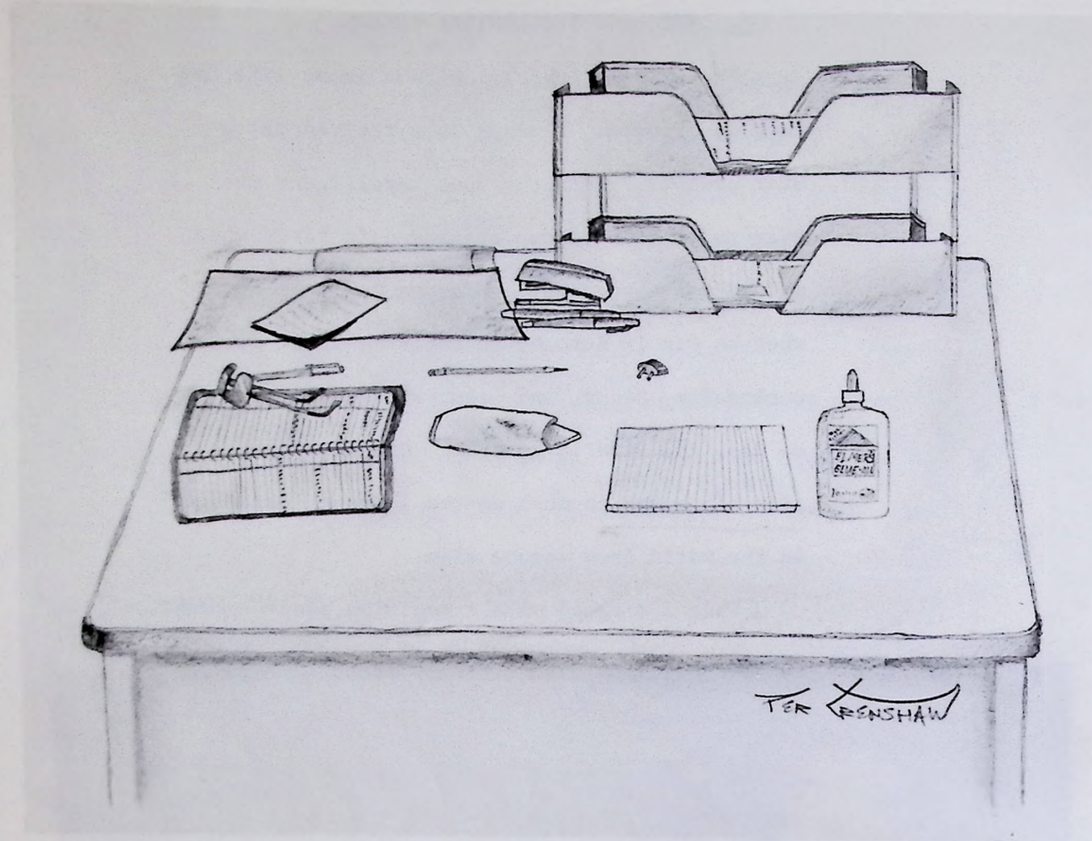
The most influential person in my life has been my grandpa. Grandpa is a retired three star general. He's the most intelligent man ever to exist. He was stationed in Paris when my dad was a teenager. Grandpa tells me about when he was in Europe; he tells me about my uncles Tim, Denny, and Sean; stories about my dad, and life in general. One sentence from him means as much as the longest lecture in the world from anyone else.

When I'm faced with a decision about something, I think about what Grandpa would do, and on what he would base his decision. He was quoted in NEWSWEEK once, and he was in the WHO'S WHO book for thirty years, so I'm not the only one who recognizes his significance. I brag about him a lot, but I don't care. People could learn so much from him!!!

Erin Corcoran
Grade 7

They say first love is the strongest
and true love is, too.
But I'm not your first
and who's to say it's true?

Rebecca Allen
Grade 10



Per Crenshaw
Grade 12,
pencil drawing

Knowledge is said to be
The key to happiness
But what do you attribute knowledge to?
Your surroundings? Your peers?
What is it that gives us knowledge--
That overwhelming force of life and death.
With knowledge you can gain
Qualities which others cannot.
Without knowledge
Your mind remains barren and desolate
And leaves you only wondering what lies
Beyond your own ignorance.
You can appease that compelling force
Which drives you on
To try and find the key to knowledge
And that key can be found
In books
And in your own analogies and perceptions
Of the books you read.

William Demaske
Grade 12

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh say can you see
By the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed
At the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars
thro' the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watch'd
Were so gallantly streaming? And
the rockets' red glare,
the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night
That our flag was still there.
Oh, say does that star-spangled
banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the
home of the brave?

Jennifer Hutchings
Speedwriting
Grade 10



Mike Dupre
Grade 10, caricature drawing

Plotting Johnny's Rescue

Johnny can't read, Johnny can't think
He's dyed his hair bright blue and pink.
He gets in trouble with cops and Turks
And listens to the "Circle Jerks."
Though Johnny likes his whips and chains,
It's plainly clear he's not insane:
We've figured it all out, you see,
John's a victim of society.
And as Adults our only role
Is to rescue his delinquent soul.
We'll burn his books, we'll choose his clothes,
We'll rip that earring from his nose.
And Johnny don't you pout and brood,
We're doing this for your own good.
So Johnny, please. Are We understood?
We're doing this for your own good.

Barbara Siples
Grade 12

TIME

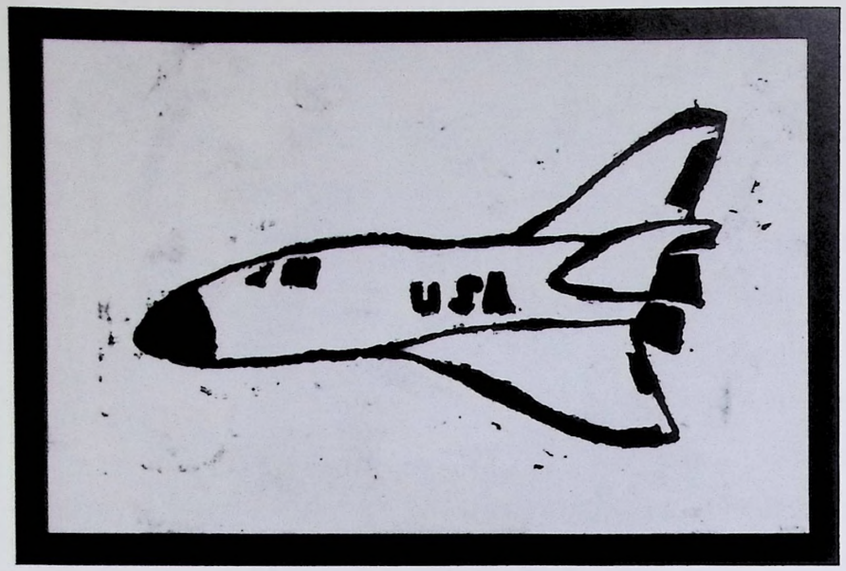
Time condemns the biggest man
And raises the smallest babes.

Time can twist the strongest tree
And lavish the weakest twig.

Time can crumble the tallest mountain
And uplift the shortest hill.

Time can break the most powerful heart
And mend the strongest love.

Whitney Scott
Grade 10



Derrek Davison
Grade 8, linoleum cut

The threat of nuclear war is over
The earth lies bare and cold
No grass no trees or clover
The way it was in the days of old
The sun is never seen
For the dust blocks out her light
Turning what once were glorious days
Into never ending night
Few sounds are heard from Mother Earth
For her spirits and soul are deeply wounded
We cannot undo this

Bryan Henderson
Grade 11

Dreams

I had an alluring dream last night
It was very disconcerting
I ate so many sundaes
That my stomach started hurting
My mind was mesmerized at the amount I was eating
My stomach was captivated my heart stopped beating
I found out later it was all a fake
As the light turned on and I was awake

Alex Truman
Grade 7



Mike Lappen
ink drawing

Swimming the Dead Sea

Silently the people glide
Swept up by the burning tide
Silent hearts and silent screams
Silent hopes and silent dreams

Sailing drifting, on the Sea
Gentle floating, quietly
Quiet wails and fears
Quiet hurts and quite tears

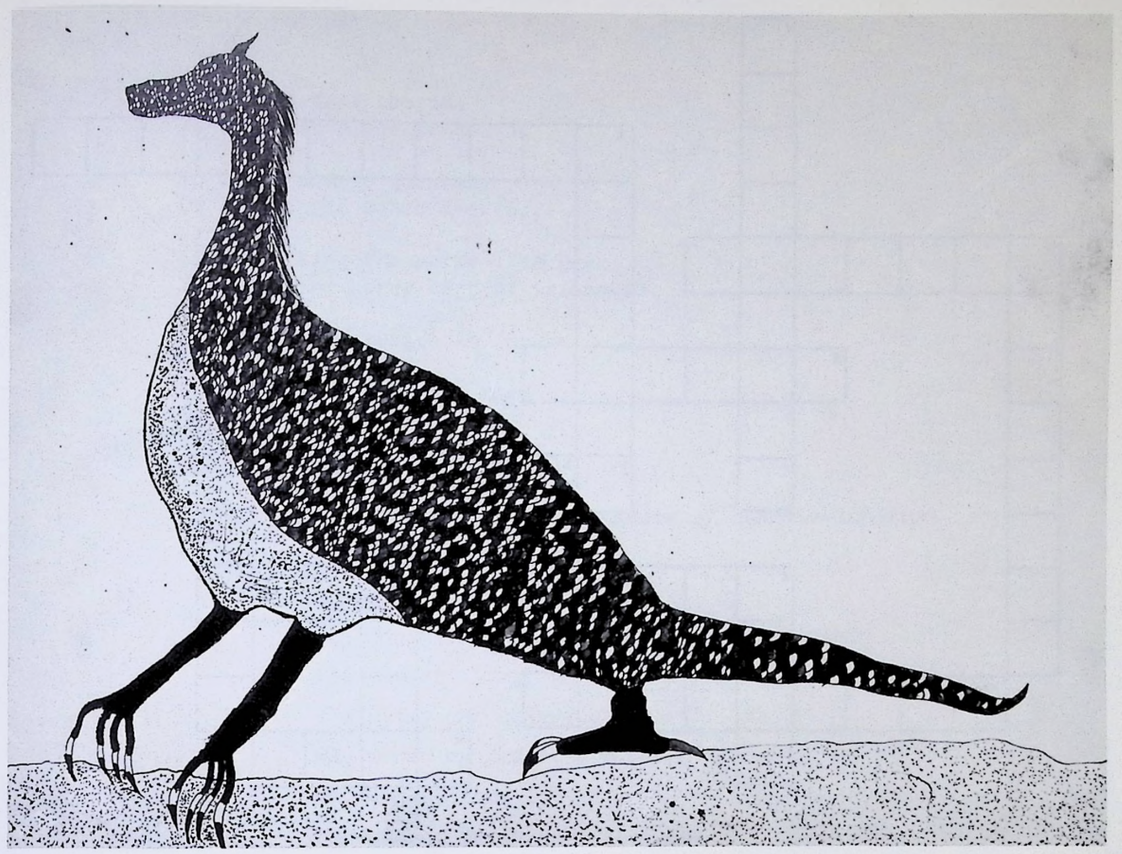
Up and down the smoking coasts
Stumbling wandering, soundless ghosts
Soundless shame and soundless pain
Soundless loss and soundless gain

Floating skating, muted drive
In times gone by we were alive
Raging anger, roaring fear
Raging roaring, growing near:

Sreaming shouting,panic comes
Ancient cities instant slums
Pushing buttons, turning keys
A giant, burning, dry Sea.

Time is ended, life is gone
The silent dead continue on
Silent death for silent pain
The Sea comes down in silent rain.

Barbara Siples
Grade: 12

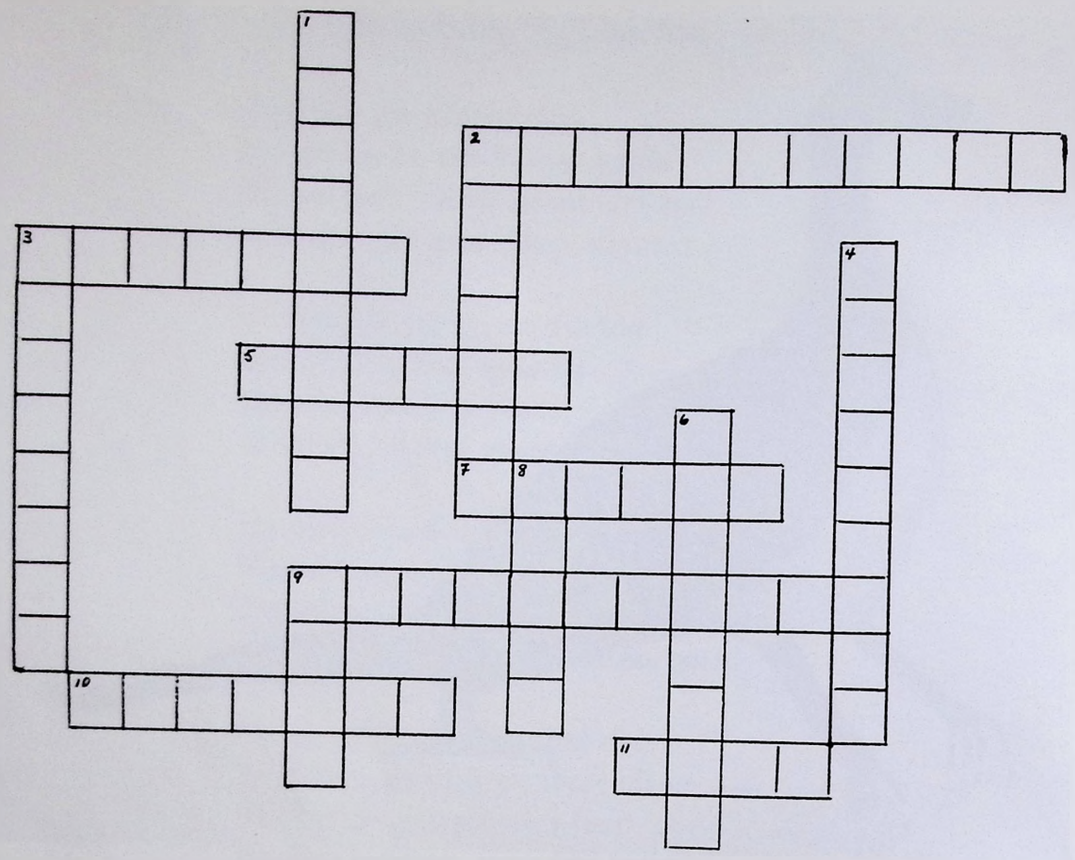


Chris Carlson
Grade 9, ink drawing

RAGE

It's not what you see or hear,
It's not what you dream or fear,
It's something that grows inside you
Year by year by year.
It builds up as you get older,
And finds a way to get out
And then all control is gone
And you start to scream and shout
If you do not know what I'm talking about,
Some people already do
It grows inside you with the coming of age
It's fire burning rage.

Ralph Griffey
Grade 10



ACROSS

2. Senior class trip
3. counselor and teacher
5. sponsored by school clubs on weekends
7. basketball, football, wrestling, etc.
9. reason for going to the gym for a few hrs. (two words)
10. related basketball players
11. nickname for 2 teachers

DOWN

1. downtown
2. red in color, put up in February
3. Senior class pres.
4. Class of ____(seniors)
6. signed a German soccer contract
8. where we go to school
9. famous wrestler

Courtney Bison
Grade 11

THE SEA

I am sure that the sea
Is the best place to be.

To leave and go questing
Or lie on the beach resting,

Contemplating the ports I've been
Traveling by horse cart or palanquin.

O, the nautical life is for me!

Ronnie Mead
Grade 7

Here, where I sit in a state of bland meditation
Just watching in silence
Where silence shouldn't be
Why doesn't anything come out of my mouth?
The harder I try, the more I fail
I'm dying and cannot speak
Why would my favorite possession betray me?
My blanket that I love
Surrounded me to eternal sight
It grows, and has color
Where color shouldn't be
It suffocates me to where I have no breath
It suffocates me to where I see my death
Now it's quiet
I'm alone
It's peaceful
And I am me
I have control, but none I had before
I take advantage of my control and
I hold onto my blanket
Waking, realizing
It could never be.

Michelle Valdes
Grade 11



Bryon Hill
Grade 12, linoleum cut

The sky was streaked with flashes of light,
While rain continued to fall.
I heard her rapping at my door.
As she entered the room
She shook the rain from her coat.
Her black hair glistened with the drops
Still resting there.
Her head was held high
As she walked through the room
Watching everyone's moves.
Suddenly the light flicked off
And her head spun around to show
Pools of lava glowing in the night.
As she walked toward me her eyes widened,
As if to tell me not to turn off
The lights just yet.
When the lights came on
She went running into the next room,
The chains she wore jingling at every step.
When she returned she was holding a tennis ball.
She wanted to play catch.
We played until both of us were too tired to continue.
Parting, we moved to the couch.
As I sat, she jumped into my lap and gave me
A big, tickling kiss with her tongue
To say that she loved me.

Andria Erickson
Grade 11

COMMENTS MADE BY STUDENTS WHO WERE TEACHERS FOR A DAY, MARCH 1986:

"I learned that teaching has its rewards and its drawbacks. Every teacher has fun at least once a day with his/her students. This in why some love the profession."

"Teaching is a profession that requires a certain personality...dealing with students can be a rewarding as well as a taxing job."

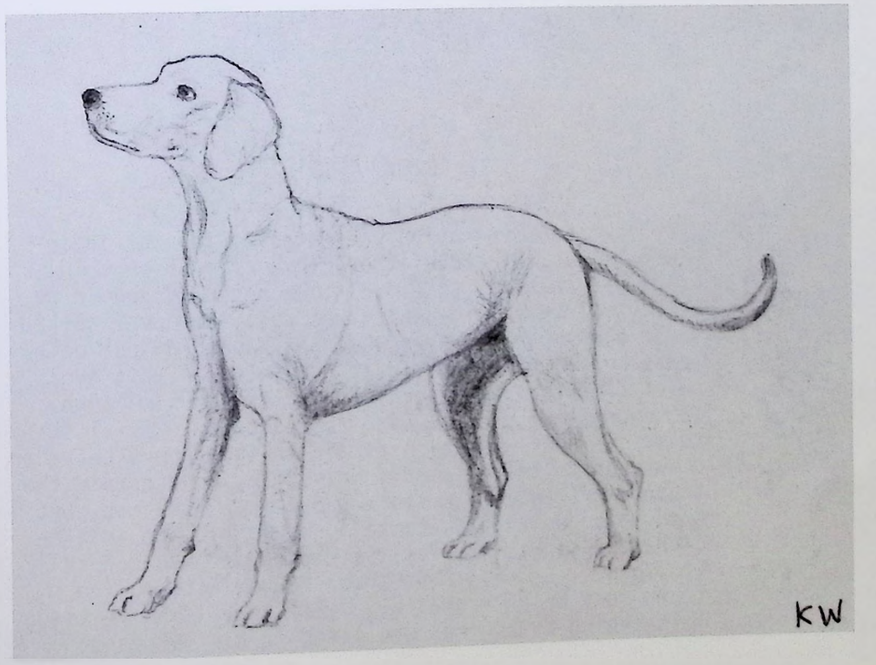
"I learned how to keep control of a group, and how to be looking in three different directions at once."

"I didn't bore them!!!"

"Students were very disruptive in one class--one student exploded a soda during class!"

"My feet hurt terribly."

"I can suddenly understand why teachers get edgy or seem like they don't have time for you sometimes."



Karin Wohlgemuth
Grade 11, pencil drawing

We Are Too Much With the World

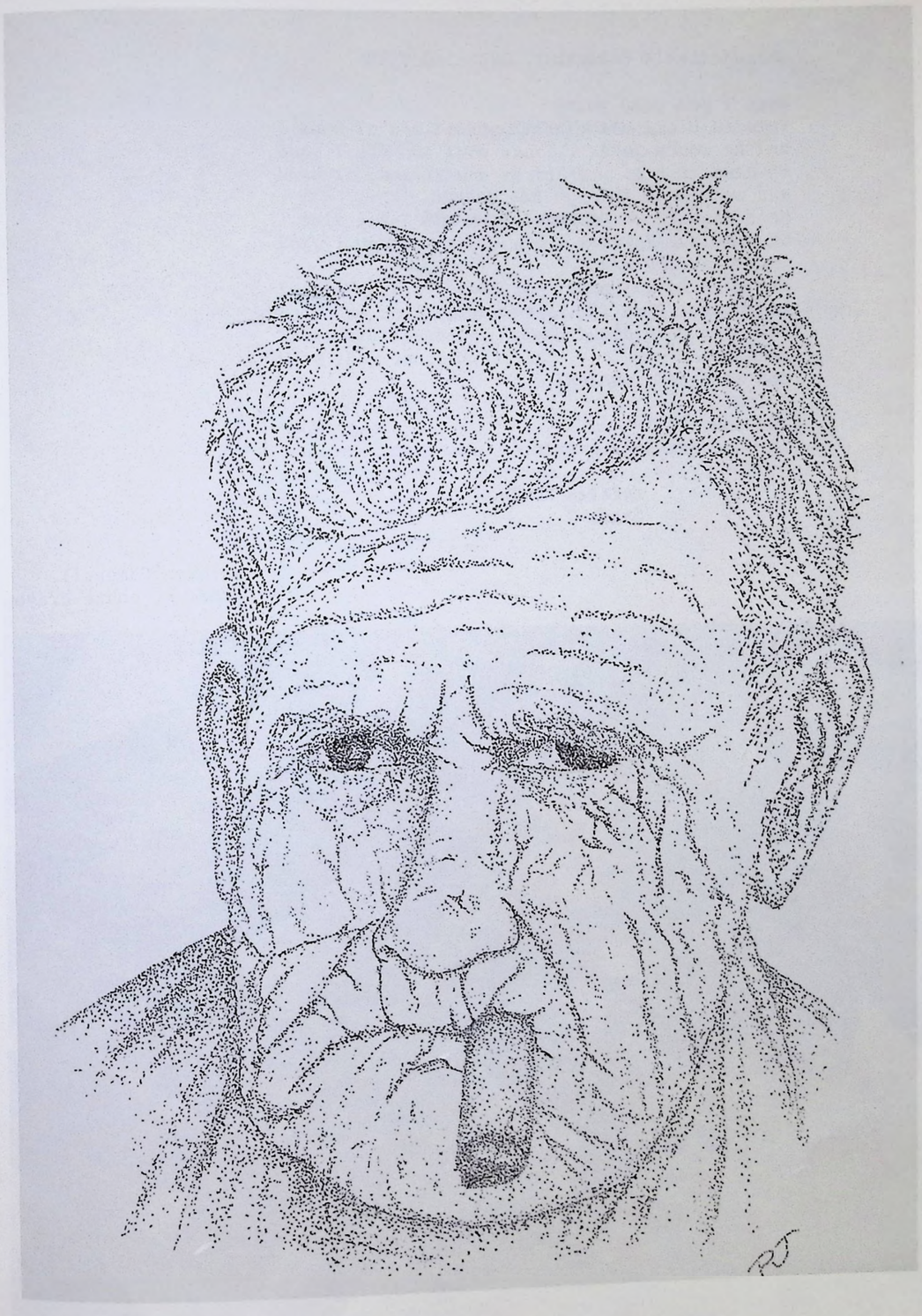
We are too much with the world:
A stinking, blackened mess
Too vast, too great to assess
Where once wild water swirled,
Where green fields kissed and curled
Alive in Holy Blessedness,
We screaming 'More!' Earth begging 'Less!'
Our banner of blight unfurled,
And wave above this broken place.
Where once was God, where once was Life:
Naught but regret for a human race
That burned and scarred in strife
The works of the Creator's grace
Our butcher's hands on the cutting knife.

Barbara Siples
Grade: 12

THE GRANDFATHER

The gap in communication was intense, the hatred in him ruthless. My grandfather, I've often been told, was a man that was to himself; he never joined in at parties. I think his health was poor, he never talked about his youth, or even what had happened just a few years before. His face never held a smile, his eyes never sparkled, and you never would hear him laugh. Yet my mother tried so hard to reach him. Why--I think to myself--why was he so afraid to talk about being in a war, or to tell a story? Only after he died did the truth start to come out. He had been a nice man, but then he began to hide himself away. Maybe he felt he didn't belong to the family. Who knows? Who can tell? If I could, I would, but I don't know either. The truth must be extraordinary, yet there is no heritage left behind by the man who lived in his own past.

Gail McDowell
Grade 7



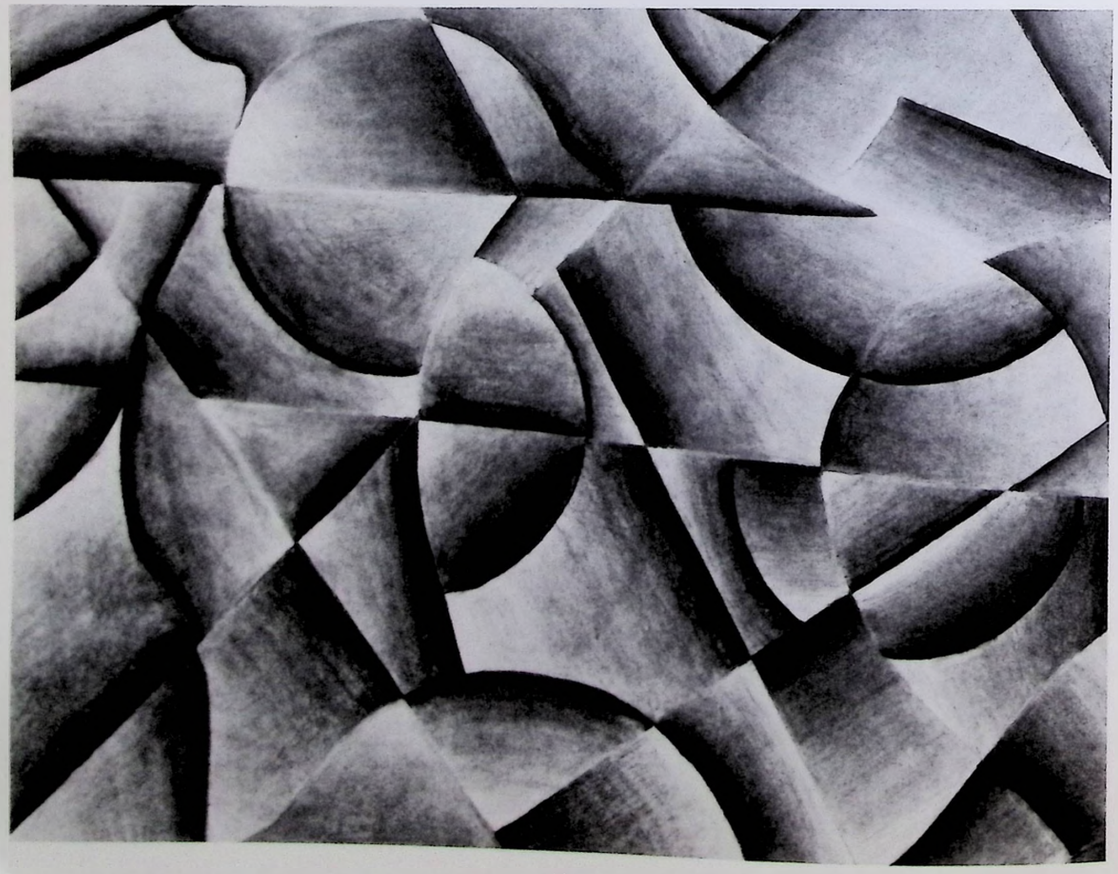
Patrick Jacobs
Grade 9, ink drawing

Grandfather's Garden

When I was very young
I would visit Grandfather
and he would take
my hand in his
and we'd walk through his garden.
He'd proudly point out a new rose
or some sunflowers
waving in the wind,
and when he was done,
we would sit in the summer sun,
and he'd talk about days
long ago
and we'd sit, content,
watching
the sun set
in Grandfather's garden.

Kristin Romey
Grade 7

Kathryn Campbell
Grade 8, conte crayon



MY TERRIFYING VISION

I knew it was coming, this vision,
But, I did not know exactly when.
When it came it was terrifying

I felt grief for my loved one,
For, I was not the one who was lying in his arms.

People were all over the place,
They had no faces, so I cannot say that I knew them.
They were laughing,
Were they laughing at me?

I began running,
Running away,
Running from these unknown people,
Surely they were after me.

I stopped.
They disappeared.
He appeared,
With her.

My eyes were swimming in sorrow.
He did not care.

Gunesh Moser
Grade 12

A boat gliding pacifically across the sea,
Dolphins doing acrobatic stunts through
The waves
The whales having an immense and long
Unending commotion
Fishermen going questing
Schools of fish doing somersaults through
The water
Your lips getting saltier
Seamen trying to catch fish and being
Nautical with them
A contemplative storm in the west.

Eric Breitweiser
Grade 7

Transparent Person

The outside is as sweet as candy,
Your outer layers are beautiful and sweet.
But to look in your eyes is to see you.
You are transparent.
I can see right through your beauty.
Into the darkness of your soul.
From an eye of another
You are beautiful.
But the darkness in your
Eyes goves you away.
You are transparent.
You are not real.
The plastic beauty of your
Outside does not cover all the darkness.
Your eyes are full of darkness.
To look into your eyes time
After time removes your
Candy coating.
And shows the real you.
You are transparent.

S.L.

Per Crenshaw
Grade 12, pencil drawing





Patrick Stokesberry
Grade 11, scratchboard

THE BROTHER

I wake up with him
in the morning
I go to bed with him
in the night
That is when the time
is right cause
he was here
and he was there
but he doesn't remember
where that night
I suppose the time was right
He woke up in a different
place a different time!

William Demaske
Grade 12

Rain, gently it comes,
Pitter--patter--pit,
Rain, how refreshing.

Eric Breitweiser
Grade 7

I walked alongside the cool refreshing water,
splashing my toes, feeling the irresistible urge
to dive in for a swim. Instead,
I waited, for I cater to his every whim.
I must not touch the waters clear, without his say so,
My darling dear.
I see him coming from afar with shoulders squared
and mouth ajar, as if to say a word or two. I--
hoping to hear these: I love you...
But instead, what I dread--he tripped, he fell,
He hit his head. I ran to help him, to his side,
but under the water he did gracefully slide.
Alas, I could not help him then.
I called for help but no one came, so under the water
he did remain. I felt the sun upon my neck
blazing rays which were causing sweat.
Watching glistening ripples, the urge grew stronger
I thought to myself, I'm his slave no longer.
Into the water I did dive to see if my lover was still alive.
He was contented, I could tell.
He lost his soul, or did he sell?
I gave him all that I could give
But now he's dead
and I still live.

Khristine Badger
Grade 12



Juan Gutierrez
Grade 9, scratchboard

The world is too much with us
Our dreams have come and gone
Our forefathers are rolling in their graves
Wondering where they went wrong

We destroy our things of beauty
To build our mountains of steel
But what world will our children find
To get back to those things that are real?

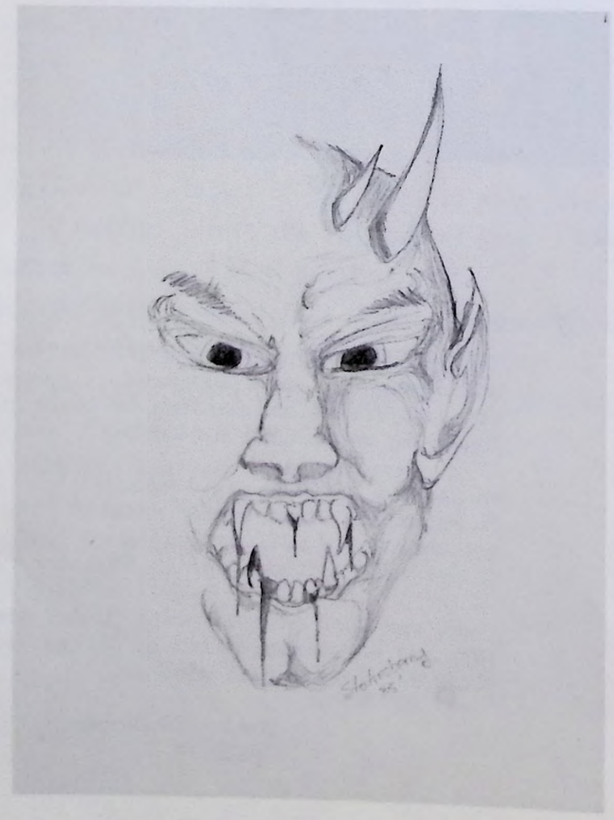
Where our eyes once met with forest green
They are now struck blind by things obscene
The world is too much with us.

Gordan Thibedeau
Grade 12

THE RAIN

The wind drives the rain. The lights flicker. The rain beats steadily on the house while the cozy, warm fire in the fireplace casts strange shadows around the room. Hot chocolate, steaming and rich, is passed around as the whole room waits for the next bolt of lightning. As the night goes on, the rain continues and puddles grow into small rivulets on the street, flowing down the gutters toward unknown destinations. Nature's tears continually fall to caress the earth as children sleep. It will be morning before Nature has wept her last.

Corinne McMillen
Grade 10



Patrick Stokesberry
Grade 11,
pencil drawing



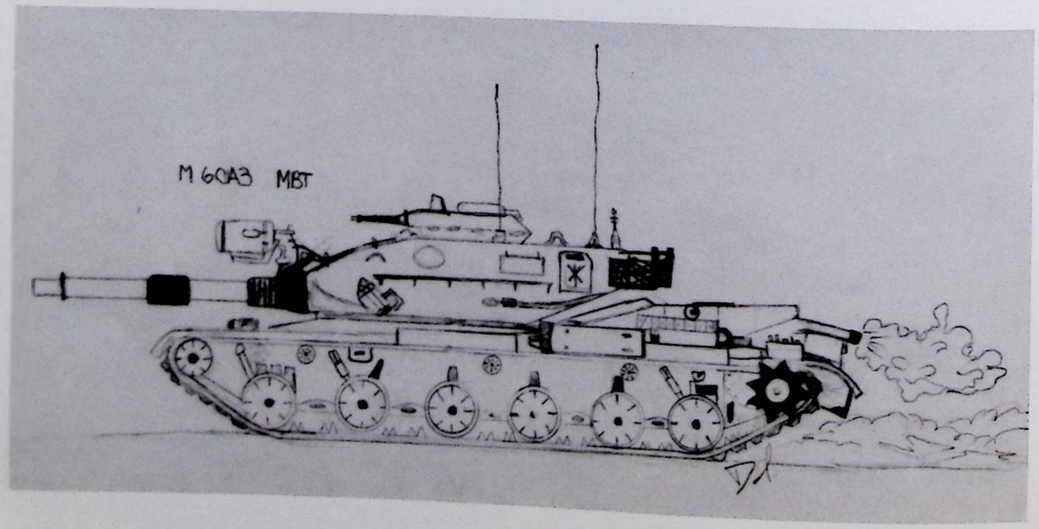
Patrick Kelley
Grade 9, ink and watercolor

The Dream

Tell me mirthful mystic fire
Where now lies my heart's desire?
For my eyes cannot yet pierce the mist
To find the luscious one who kissed.
She kissed me, passion burning
As I watched, my body yearning
But the distance would not tell
If my clone was faring well
My God, I never felt that kiss
Nor ever clearly saw those lips
That I know devoured me beyond the mist
And to my horror I awoke
All enchanting chains now broke
And I realize I'm alone.
So tell me mirthful mystic fire
Where now lies my heart's desire?
I lost her somewhere in the mist...

Gordan Thibedeau
Grade 12

David Iacono
Grade 7, pencil drawing

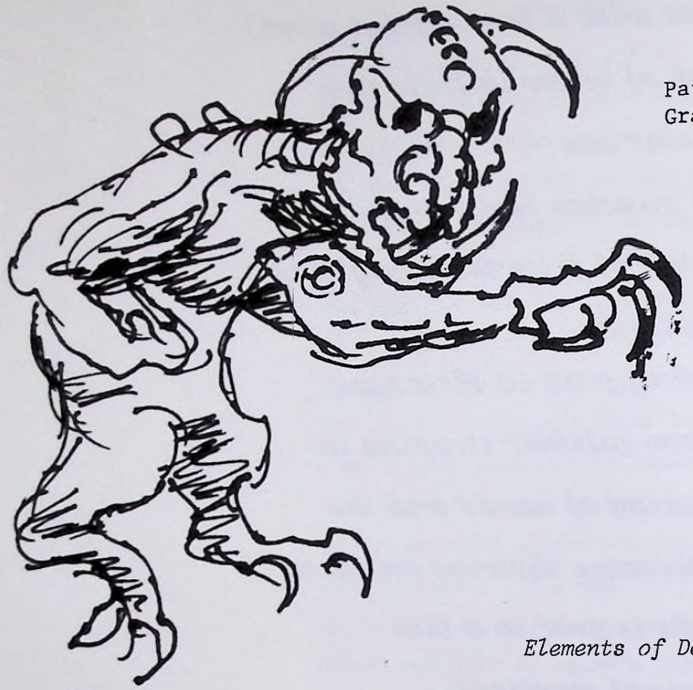


It starts with a few hateful words
The look of anger in their eyes
One pushes one
and punches begin to fly
The sound of fists thudding onto
bare flesh
The look of pain in their eyes
The brave outsider stepping in
The Shaking of hands and the
forgiveness showing on faces.
The fight is over in a blur
of mixed emotions
Emotions never understood,
never explained,
only shown in the expressions of
the fighters.

Deanna Hogate

When snow comes gently,
When it swiftly is falling,
How gracefully it falls.

Eric Breitweiser
Grade 7



Patrick Kelley
Grade 9, ink sketch

Elements of Depression

Tattered clothes covering broken hearts
and a worthless dollar in hand
They are the elements of economical
depression
The depression to be feared most is
a cry for help
a soul searching for sanctuary
a mind that just doesn't care anymore
a life with the desire to end
The curse depression
the effect tragedy
a sad reality

Erika Miller
Grade 11

A rabbit, searching for food, hops across a field. Snow slowly tumbles from the clouds in the sky covering the land. Ice skaters make lazy figure eights on the pond while flowers lie dormant under the ground. The bare trees against the leaden sky weather the cold as the snow keeps falling.

Corinne McMillen
Grade 10



John Rose
Grade 8, scratchboard

Because I Am Animal

Because I am Animal
I go out among the people
Unadorned,

I wear no jewels,
No mocking mask of my
Humanity,

Because I am Fire
I forge the world
With heat,

My breath is the bellows
To the flaming furnace
Of the earth,

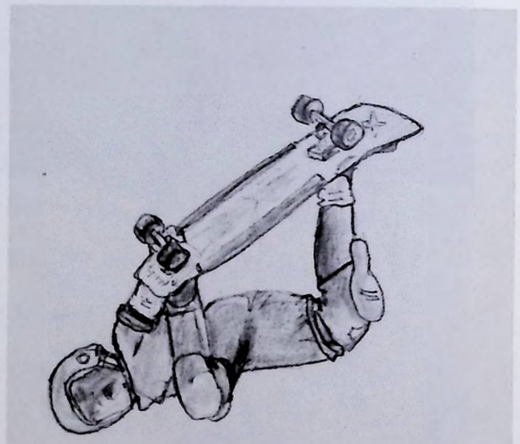
Because I am Lust
I cry to the sobbing, throbbing
Multitude,

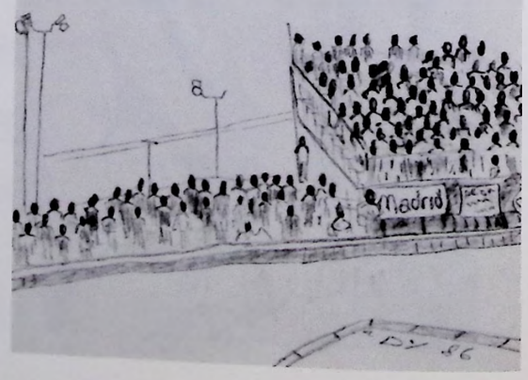
I gasp and scream
To the rhythm of pulsing
Flesh,

Because I am Power
I know no wrong
Or right,

I am unformed
Only ingnorant dignity
Shapes me.

Barbara Siples
Grade 12





David Yoder
Grade 10, pencil drawing

DRUGS

FASCINATING REFUSE OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.
THEY DESTROY AND PLUNDER THE HUMAN MIND TO A DEPTH TO WHICH MOST CANNOT RETURN. BUT THE HARDEST PART ABOUT DOING DRUGS IS THAT MOST CANNOT RETURN TO THEIR NORMAL STATE OF MIND OR TO THE REALITY WHICH DROVE THEM TO THE USE OF ILLICIT DRUGS. ONCE YOU START IT, IT'S SO HARD TO STOP BECAUSE UNDER THE INFLUENCE YOU WILL ALWAYS BELIEVE THAT YOU'RE ON TOP. BUT TO THE OTHERS WHO SEE THROUGH YOUR GLASSY EYES AND YOUR HIGH SMILE THEY KNOW THE REAL DEAL, NOT A TWENTY DOLLAR STEAL FROM SOME NEW DEALER. THEY TRY TO HELP YOU BREAK YOUR HABIT BUT YOU RUN AWAY LIKE A RABBIT UNDER THE GUN...

WILLIAM DEMASKE
GRADE 12

The room was filled with wonderous light
And plants with flowers of all colors.
The light, however dim, shown brightly
As if all the lights in the room were on.

It Reflected
Bounced
Formed Prisms
Made every color bright.

The flowers were Blue
Yellow
Pink
Red

And some were mixed

R B
YELLOW
DPURPLE
E I
N
K

And they were beautiful

One day I will return to this place
To live my life in Peace and Beauty.

Rick Bailes
Grade 10

I once had a chance, but I threw it away
I'm lost without hope, and my soul has to pay
I went over the edge, pushed by denials
I selected the worst
DEAD ON ARRIVAL

Mike Burkey
Grade 10

RIME-COATED BLOSSOMS SPARKLE AGAINST THE FAINT SUN
AND ONCE GENTLE BREEZES WAIL PLAINTIVELY THROUGH
THE TREES.

KRISTEN ROMEY
GRADE 7

MURDERESS

Things I should have forgotten
Things I simply can't forget
Keep surfacing in nightmares
'Til I'm wretched with regret
Memories of deeds done in
The quiet of the night are
Echoing unceasingly in the
Tell-tale rays of light.
Two lovers whispering softly
(But far from deaf my ears)
And a lilac dram of poison
Won't be hidden by the years
It was the classic betrayal
Of words spoken but untrue
And the more they loved each other
The more my hatred for them but grew
They kept their innocent faces
As I watched them slowly die
But then, they really were too innocent
To think I couldn't see the lie
Now my old and twisted body
Though it has weathered these long years,
Is not too proud or unfeeling
To shed a few soft, lonely tears.

Barbara Siples
Grade 12

HOPELESS TIME

I walk along a sandy beach,
my emotions are now out of reach.

I then think that these are hopeless times,
as I think of all my deadly crimes.

I rob my mind of the joy and the love,
that is usually shown in the beauty of a dove.

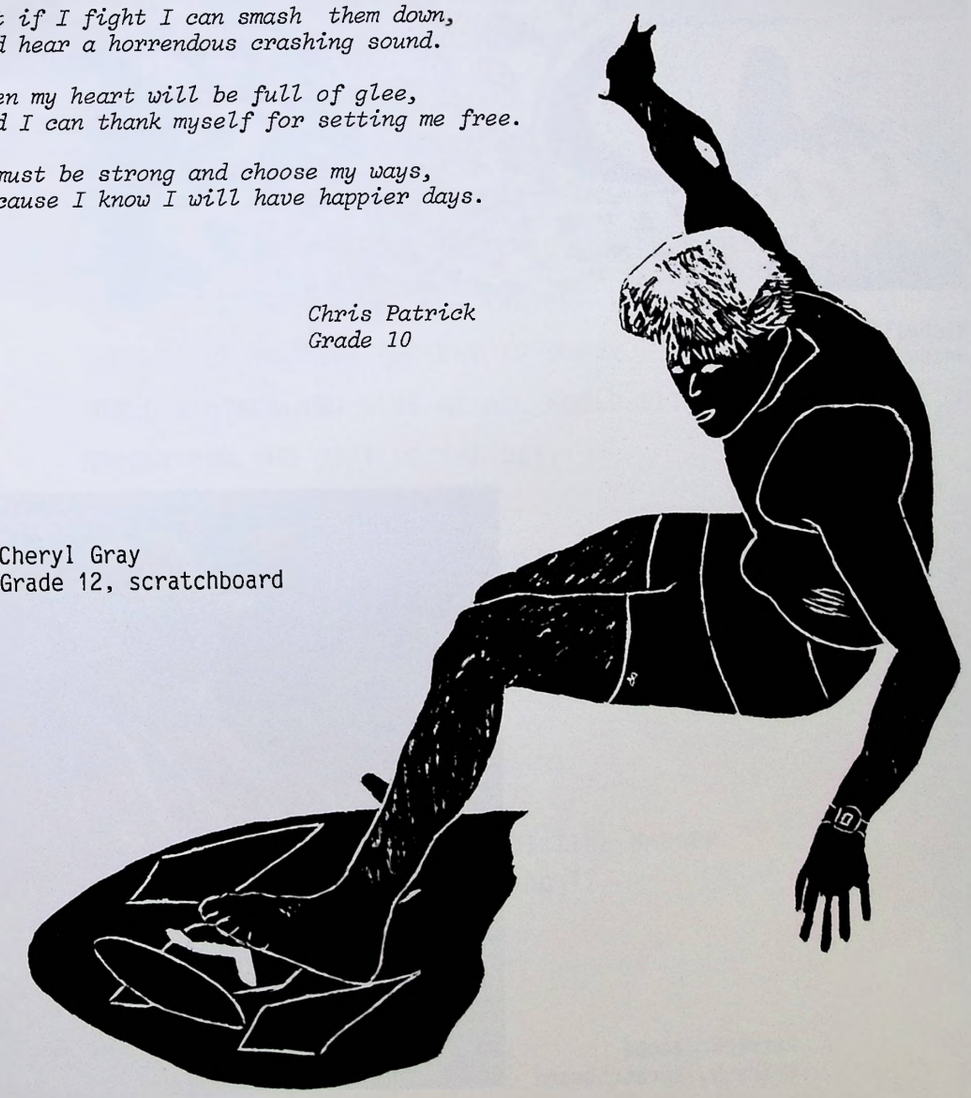
I start to wish I could cast away,
all my sorrows that stand in my way.

But if I fight I can smash them down,
and hear a horrendous crashing sound.

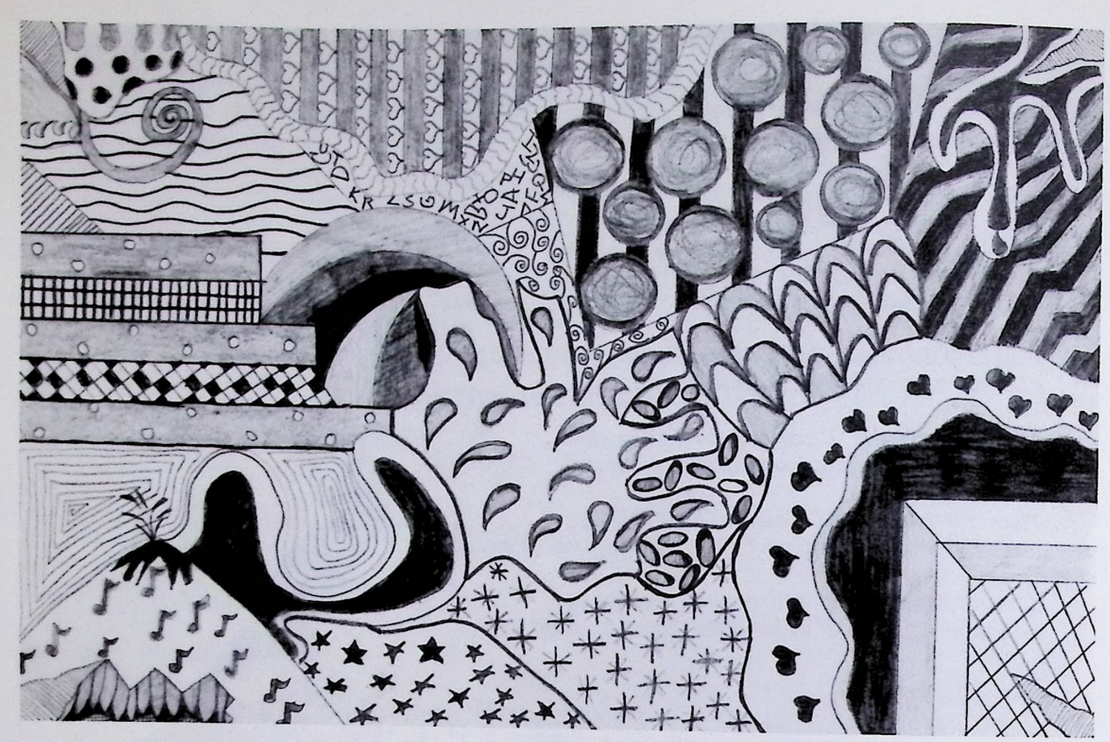
Then my heart will be full of glee,
and I can thank myself for setting me free.

I must be strong and choose my ways,
because I know I will have happier days.

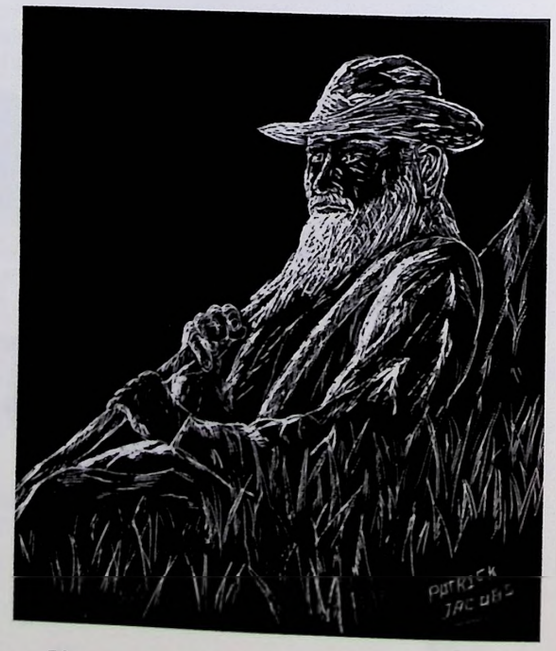
Chris Patrick
Grade 10



Cheryl Gray
Grade 12, scratchboard



Michelle Enfiejian
Grade 7, pencil drawing



Patrick Jacobs
Grade 9, scratchboard

LIFE IN THE 1880'S

WITH TUMBLEWEEDS AND
DUSTY SWIRLS AROUND WAGON WHEELS
BLAZING SUNBEAMS CAUSING ONE'S BROW TO SWEAT
AND YET
LITTLE CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER RINGS OUT STILL.
SHOES WORN WITH HOLES IN THEM OR
NO SHOES AT ALL
IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER, BUT
FEET WOULD DELIGHT IN A CLEAR RUSHING STREAM
AND DUST-CREASED FACES RELIEVED IN ITS COOLNESS.
CLEAR BLUE DESERT SKY AND THE SETTING SUN
MAKE RAINBOWS WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.
ROUND A CRACKLING FIRE WE ALL WOULD SIT
FORGETTING THE HEAT OF THE DAY.
THEN SOMEONE WOULD SING
AND ALL WOULD JOIN IN THE MUSIC.
THEN WITH EYELIDS DROOPING
I'D LAY MY HEAD DOWN ON MY PILLOW
I'D DREAM OF OUR HOUSE
AND PERHAPS MY FELLOW.

KHRISTINE BADGER
GRADE 12

The Yearbook

Glendora was beautiful and popular.

She was the center of attention.

She had a style and grace all her own,

The attention was focused on her whenever

She entered the room.

Her intelligence was far beyond mine.

For her birthday she received many gifts

Bows for her beautiful long hair,

Attire of much splendor and

Jewelry with eternal sparkle.

For my birthday I received merely a card.

I once dreamed that if she were dead

The attention may focus on me,

And I would be the one most talked about.

But now, it's all too true,

She's gone and has more attention than ever.

Two pages of the yearbook covered front and back

With pictures of that beautiful face,

Poems of her grace and intelligence.

All that unnecessary time spent on her.

Michelle Valdes

Grade 11

CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF '86



Rose Whitney
Beginning Typing
Grade 9

-A-

ADAMS, S.....29
ALLEN, R.....41

-B-

BADGER, K.....60,73
BAILES, R.....69
BIRKHEAD, T.....iv,4,9,12
BISON, C.....50
BLANKENSHIP, B.....40
BOUKALIS, A.....18
BREITWEISER, E.....57,60,65
BRUS, A.....32
BURKEY, M.....70

-C-

CALLEN, K.....20
CAMPBELL, K.....56
CARLSON, C.....49
CARROLL, D.....v
CLEARY, M.....22
COLEMAN, M.....14-16,38
CORCORAN, E.....41
COWAN, RJ.....30-31
CRENSHAW, P.....31,42,58

-D-

DAVISON, D.....46
DAWSON, M.....10
DEMASKE, W.....19,42,59,69
DICKSON, A.....28,38
DUBBEL, M.....v
DUPRE, M.....18,44
DYER, B.....25

-E-

ENFIEJIAN, M.....72
ENGLEHARDT, L.....13
ERICKSON, A.....52

-G-

GRAY, C.....71
GRIFFEY, R.....49
GUITIERREZ, F.....33
GUTIERREZ, J.....61

-H-

HART, O.....3
HENDERSON, B.....46
HILL, B.....52
HOGATE, D.....65
HUTCHINGS, J.....43

-I-

IACONO, D.....64

-J-

JACOBS, P.....10,55,72
JONES, S.....8,21,34
JOSHUA, M.....32

-K-

KELLER, A.....24
KELLEY, P.....13,63,66

-L-

LAMBKA, M.....23
LAPPEN, M.....47
LOZANO, J.....29
L., S.....38,58

-M-

MANNING, K.....24
MCDOWELL, G.....54
MCMILLEN, C.....6,21,38,62,67
MEAD, R.....51
MILLER, E.....66
MOSER, G.....57

-N-

NIX, S.....26

-P-

PATRICK, C.....71
PLATT, J.....v

-R-

RANDALL, D.....5,8
RIEKS, L.....2
ROMEY, K.....56,70
ROSE, J.....67
RYAN, B.....26

-S-

SANCHEZ, A.....v
SCOTT, W.....2,12,39,45
SHOEMAKER, D.....5,19
SHOEMAKER, K.....22
SIPLES, B.....7,40,45,48,54,68,70
STEPHENS, E.....39
STOKESBERRY, P.....59,62
SWENSEN, J.....vi

-T-

TEELE, J.....4
THIBEDEAU, G.....27,61,64
THIGPEN, B.....19
TRUMAN, A.....33,47

-V-

VALDES, M.....51,74
VAROSY, C.....3

-W-

WALDRON, J.....6
WEBER, D.....17,23
WHITNEY, R.....75
WILLIAMS, D.....25
WITBECK, R.....20
WOHLGEMUTH, K.....34,35,53
WRIGHT, K.....36-37

-Y-

YODER, D.....68
YOUNG, D.....vi

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