

BEYOND
THE
WALL

4/23
4/24

BEYOND THE WALL

LITERARY MAGAZINE

BERLIN AMERICAN

HIGH SCHOOL

STAFF:

Carrie Abel
Jacqueline Bailey
Evan Deery
Julie Hamilton
April Hill
Kathy Kottke
Rose Lopez
Scott McAllister
Kelly Meister
Lonnie Spikes

ADVISOR: Lesley Dunkle

1983-

1984

The student publication is an authorized unofficial publication for students and parents of BAHS. Contents of "Beyond The Wall" are not necessarily the official views of BAHS, DoDDS-North Germany Region, the Department of Defense, or the United States Government. Opinions and views of writers, editors and contributors to "Beyond The Wall" are not necessarily shared by the entire student body and faculty, or administration of BAHS.

Working

Working quietly at a job, a
job I loved
A memo came to my office
Opening it was a terrible shock
I cannot handle being out of work.

Now being left with two
things, my home and wife
Walking slowly up the
street, thinking only of my
house and wife
Very fatigue I was trailing
up the steps
Only waiting to see and
love my wife.

Falling onto my bed and
slowly inhaling the scent of
new cologne
Then I recognized the unmade
bed
Jumping quickly, having the
knowledge at what might be
going on.
Hearing the door slam, made
my suspicions worse
Racing to the front of the
house
Smelling my wifes perfume
and the strange cologne
coming out of the house.

The smoke of an engine
running
Also my heart running
I will remember this
always and remember it well
My stolen heart that used to
dwell.

Johnny Jackson
Grade 9



Wondering

I often sit and wonder why
the sparrow sings,
of nature and it's crystal
clear springs,
oh, and the way an eagle
soars way up above the
clouds
So free.. brave.. mighty..
and proud..

Michelle Wayne

A Dream

He stood there alone, afraid in the
dark.
Waiting for someone to light a spark.

No one to be seen,
No one to be heard,
Not even the sight of a happy bird.

As he stood there and dreamed,
he was almost sure he had found the
answer for being so bored.

As his dream went on,
he walked out of the dark to see the
biggest and brightest spark

For the world was all peaceful and
happy and gay.
For his dream came true, he saw the
world. And made peace with his little
bird

by Tracey Dale
grade 9th

Reach Out

I know it must be hard,
going through a divorce,
and being able to remember
it.

Saying to yourself,
"Was it my fault or what?"
Moving from place to place,
leaving your friends,
and people that mean a lot
to you.

Being confused about "new"
people in your life.
You want to be careful
and not get hurt,
but sometimes you get
hurt not trying.
Being able to make new
friends, or even
make old friends new again.
Together we can make
it,
Together we can try.

I know it's hard for
you,
and hard for me,
but please just reach out,
and grasp my hand,
for a lifetime friendship.

Leigh Love
Grade 11

Insane

Darkness fills his
mind and soul, his
thoughts are distant and
far from within he
feels the hate and anger
grow with ever passing
moment his body is a
cage just holding
back his rage and fear-
the darkness that's always
in his mind grows in
his mind with hunger
to destroy him he knows
what happens next for
soon he will have no power
to stop this attack for
soon he will be
INSANE!

by Mason Sherry
grade 9th



I Forgot

I'll never forget
I promise you.
I'll remember this
My whole life through

Nothing could ever
Make me forget
When I am old
I'll remember it yet.

"What will you remember,
Silly little Dot?"

"I, uh, er,
Well it seems
I forgot"

Lora Webert
Grade 9



I Remember

I remember the times
we'd burst in laughter
Any time I could always
make you laugh
And when you were down
I would cheer
you up
Those were the good times
I wish we could always have
them, the good times
Then one day a little
misunderstanding
grew to a fight
I thought we'd become
friends again
But on top of our fight
your husband dies
You turn to me for help
But I let you down
Your hands on that knife
tortured by my words
You took your life
I'll always remember
the good times we had
And wish we could start
all over again
I'll never quit
Wondering why you did
this to yourself
And I'll miss you forever
And with my eyes full of tears
I'll always think
"It was all my fault."

Alison Chavies
Grade 10

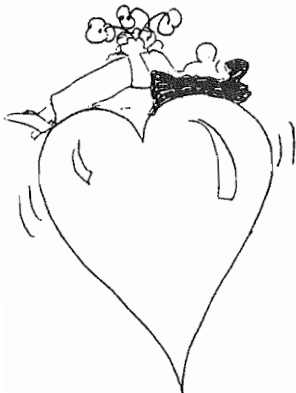


I'll Never Forget

I'll never forget the day,
trying to pass the time away,
In a room white and dreary.

Waiting just to hear the news
Of someone I love to pass away soon
The pain, it hurt so much,
and the knowing of letting go
is so much one can take
Then I waited no more
The news came
My loved one
Passed away.

Monique Haddock
Grade 9



My Friend

She warned her to stop, it would only get her in trouble.
She said "but it's fun, it makes me feel good."
They were best friends, but so far apart.

She kept on drinking, smoking and getting high,
With friends, family, and anyone who would
She wouldn't stop, she couldn't,
She didn't know how.

She'd say to her friend "come on, try it."
But she'd refuse "it's not for me, or you."

She just kept on wasting herself away trying to "feel good."
Then she got her car.

She had a ball, taking her "Friends" out and partying.
Then on that night, with a car load of "Friends"
She drove off a cliff.

Her friend tried to tell her,
But now it's too late.
She wouldn't listen
Now she's gone.

Jody Rodriguez
grade 9

Our friendship grew and grew
stronger every day
We were like each other
in so many ways

Our trusting, it expanded
telling everything we knew
whispering secrets to each other
about "you know who."

But, when we liked different guys
Our interests started to part
The only thing we thought of
was the guy next to our heart.

Days went by and we realized
the guys liked someone new
And our friendship began to grow
again like a rosebud in the dew.

We are now best friends again
and we know well never part
Even when a guy steps in
and steals away our heart.

by Kathy Kottke
grade 10th



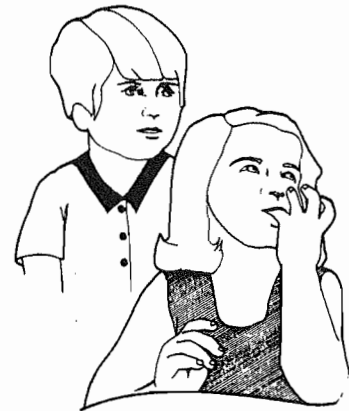
My Friend

You've walked with me through life
Always at my side
When I was down, you held me up
And when I was up you let me shine

You walked behind me in my shadow
You were always content to be strong
for me
And that strength brought me so far.

You must think it goes unnoticed
That I'm too busy to care
But I have noticed and have only one thing to say
Thank you for being a friend.

Lora Webert
Grade 9



I took a step
Out of myself
To see what I could see
How I wish I could
Read the thoughts of others
To know what they see as me.
It's amazing how our friends
Describe us and can be so definite
As to what we are,
When we, ourselves
Even though we've been inside,
We will never understand that far.

by Paula Risner:
grade 10th

Ol' Teddy

My old teddy bear
Sits alone on the
shelf
Sad to be there by
himself
So he gives a great
sigh
With a tear in his
eye
He knows he's left
aside
For I have died

Katherine Young
Grade 10

First words,
First hurt,
First steps,
First friend,
First love,
First child,
All a part of life,
All a part of growing up.

by Joe Myrda
grade 10th



A Friend

A Friend for life, that's what
he is,
We'll stay together all our
lives;
He knows what my thoughts
are, and I know his.
That's something to cherish
with him.
We may have arguments but
nothing more.
That's what makes our love
grow.

Stephanie Fuss
Grade 10

My T.B.

For years I took him everywhere,
He was my big soft teddy bear.

He'd be my friend when I needed one,
Oh we used to have so much fun.

When I was sick he'd stay at my side,
To wait for a day when we can go for a ride.

I would dress him up in fancy clothes
And he would do a pretty little pose.

But when I turned ten,
My life got so busy then.

I suddenly forgot my bear,
And realized that boys were everywhere.

Lisa Jacoby
grade 10..

These are the times when I just want to take a walk,
Through the paths covered with flowers
Where the sun shines and I can watch the clouds
Sometimes I'd like to climb a mountain
And sit on the top and just enjoy the view
I'd like to the birds sing and the wind blow
And hum some tunes or play the guitar
Sometimes I'd just like to be left alone

Anonymous



Memories

I remember the times
we went to the Volksfest.
With colorful lights
and children running
around with cotton candy.
The turn in my stomach
when we went down hill
on the rollercoaster
and you laughing
when you felt me grab
your hand tighter.
I felt so safe with you
holding my hand as if
I was a small child
that did not know
its way home.

Now that you are gone
over hundreds of miles
and that all the lights
and the rides are turned off
and packed away.
The only thing left
are the tracks on the field
where we used to walk
and the grass
slowly growing back.

Tricia Platz
Grade 10

The clock ticks on
Time is slowly passing
I am sitting here
Trying to pay attention
But my mind is just not with it today
I doodle on my paper
As the teacher drones on
I pass a note to my friend
And read her reply
Boy this class is boring

Anonymous



Time goes by.
I want to be older and more
independent.
Yet,
I still want my mother's
comfort and embrace.
I am confused about myself,
and things.
Will everything be all right
when I grow up?
Will I not be so confused?

There is a loneliness in me.
I reach out for something
I cannot grasp.
I cannot find whatever it
is I'm looking for.
I need something.
On the outside everything
is all right,
but in the inside, I don't even know
who I am.
There are so many feelings
in my head,
That I cannot sort out.

Caroline Kelly
Grade 10

Does Anyone Care?

Doesn't anyone care how I feel
about things?
Do they think they can push
me around all the time?
they're crazy if they do
But am I strong enough to say
Stop
I don't like the way you push me
or are they to busy with themselves
If they did listen would they
think I'm trying to rebel again
Will they say I don't know
what I'm talking about
that I'm just like a broken record
constantly repeating stupid stuff
That I don't ever make sense
or would they sit down with me
and really listen to what I say
If they did would they remember it?

Tammy Stoeber
Grade 11

Alone

Alone.
By myself with only the company
of me.
My friends desert me.
My parents leave.
I'm alone.
I'm scared.
I need someone, someone
who will never leave me.
Someone who will care
and understand who I am.
Someone, someone, I truly need
a friend!

Anonymous

Death

Death is painful in more ways than one.
Your family will live on and try to have fun.
Not only did you hurt yourself but your family as well.
They will be asking each other if you jumped or if you fell

Larry Pohlman
Grade 9



It overtook him
Clenching on to him
With it's evil power
Grasping the last
Breath of life
Away from him.
Taking away his
Appetite, leaving
Him with barely
Enough flesh on
His bones.
Away went his
Hair and energy...
But the sparkle
In his eyes remained
Till the end.
He fought back
But was still no
Match for this
Terrible thing called
Cancer, who left only
Memories...

Claudine Robinson
Grade 9



Yesterday

Sadness fills my heart
Tears fill my eyes
And my head reels.
She was my mother
He my father
Together they raised me
Teaching me
Helping me
With all the pains
And all the sorrows
Of growing up
Of becoming an adult, and of life.
Now they are gone
Taken from me
Their souls flying on the wind
Lifting slowly to heaven
While I stay here
And wave goodbye.
Enduring pain and sorrow
I have never felt before.
My heart is aching
I am filled with such sorrow
I am but an empty void
My parents are gone
But no one seems to notice
The world doesn't even stop,
To say "I'm Sorry"
It just moves on
I alone am left to mourn.

Chandi Peterson
10

It was just yesterday
When I saw your smiling face
It was just yesterday
When we walked together.
It was just yesterday
When we shared the world's fun.

But it was today
When it all ended
It was today
I said good-bye
It was today
That I wish were yesterday.

Kelly J. Meister
12th Grade



Sorrow

Sorrow,
It's a sad feeling that hurts as long as you want it to
It's a feeling that also can be shared or spread
It's a feeling that you can hurt someone else with too...
Denise Worlds

Hello is anyone there?
Am I alone?
Should I be alone.
No I shouldn't, but I am.
Alone in my cell waiting for my doom
Did I kill him?
Did he die?
I never meant to harm him.
Just a little sweet revenge was
all that I was after.

Please help me.
I am destined to die.
I cannot live for I have killed another.
But I don't wish to die.
Is it not enough that I must live
with the pain that says,
"You have killed, You have played God."

No I am not alone.
I just feel alone.
People surround me on all four sides.
Gazing at me as though I was
an animal on display at the circus.
Bells, Bells I hear the church bells.

Is it that time now? I asked the
guard as he placed his hand on my
shoulders summoning me to come
with him.
The walk down the dark and lonely hall
was tiring.
I knew it would be the last walk
I would ever take.

As I entered the doom room I
felt hot tears rolling down my face.
I fell to my knees and cried.
Why me! Why me!? oh, God!!!
I have a family, wife, and
a baby but, so did he.
Help me please help! I cried as
the once friendly guard strapped
me in the chair.

Suddenly I felt a shock wave
running through me and it was over.
Done with.
Am I alone?
No!
Just dead!

Tanya Howard
Grade 11

If You Only Knew Me

If you only knew me
You would always care.
If you only knew me
You wouldn't dare.
If you only knew me
You would be by my side.
If you only knew me
You would be mine forever.
If you only knew me
We could spend time together.
We could be together
Were ever we went
If you only knew me.

Anonymous



Differences

Why am I sitting here with these kids?
They're not really my type.
Sure they're my friends but what could
We possibly have in common with one
Another?

I can't think of a thing,
They are always flapping their jaws,
And talk about mean, useless things.

I smile and laugh alot, even though
I have no interest in what they say.
I do this so they don't think I'm
Brushing them off.

And sometimes I even put in an idea of my own
Which I think of off the top of my head
They usually go for what others say
Though it's usually senseless.

Whenever I'm with them I can barely
Keep up my end of the conversation.
Lord knows the rest of them talk
Fifty words per second anyways
I could never get a word in otherwise
Whether or not I wanted to.

I look around the table,
Around the entire cafeteria,
In fact, and think
Is there anyone out there,
Who feels like I do?

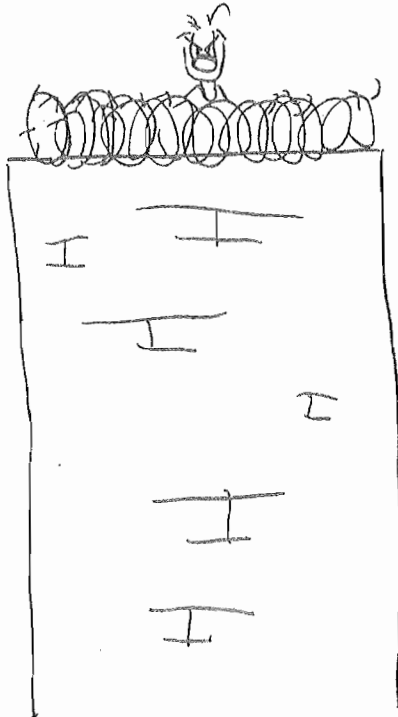
Beth McLeod
Grade 9

People say I'm shy
and don't speak much
at all. I'm also known
sometimes as a jerk but
I don't mind.

I'd like for you
to get to know me
and find out
who I really am.
Because you think
the same way as
everyone else does
but you don't know
if it's true.

So I'd like to
take the time and say:
IF YOU ONLY KNEW ME!

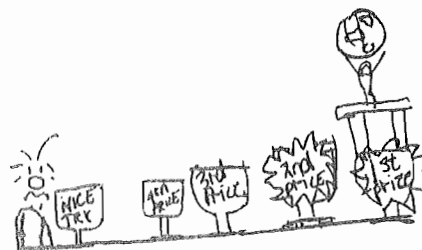
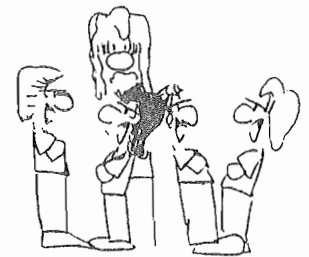
by Judy Owens
grade 9th



Diplomatic Kids

I shouldn't feel these things I know
But I can't help it.
Whenever I see those diplomat kids
Driving in a Mercedes and wearing nice clothes,
I wonder, what is so bad about the West?
At school they tell us that the Americans
Are war-mongers and would kill us if they could.
But these kids seem nice enough.
They act just like any other kids.
We are taught that everyone here in the East
is equal.
Why then does Honnecker drive a Jaguar
And my family a Trabant?
We are told life here in the East is perfect.
Why then must I wait in line for food?
I can watch TV from West Berlin.
I can see the quality of life there.
Nice homes with fresh paint.
Why is the plaster in front of my house
falling off?
I have been told that communism is the
Best way of life.
Why is it that I cannot go to the West
And find out for myself?
Are they afraid I might find out the truth?

Matt Austin
Grade 11



The Odd Ball

Being number 3 instead of
number 2.
Being last instead of first.
That's how I feel at times,
being an odd ball.
Why me?
I am always being pushed
away
They don't feel the pain or
rejection that I do.
They play with my mind as
if it was a top.
I want them to feel as if
I do, I want revenge!
But now I would only end
up the odd ball.

Julie Davis
Grade 9

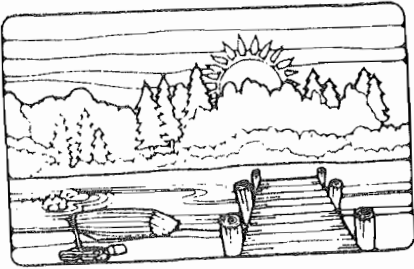
The Double City

The divided city
It is called
Oh, isn't it a pity
That the people are walled?

The "Wall of Shame"
Dividing brother from brother
Has left nothing in a name
But torn families from each other.

This side of the wall
With the help of "the land of the free"
Has let the people stand proud and tall
And has let them be what they want to be.

by Kelly J. Meister
grade 12th



The River

Lying in the country
Long and slender, ever winding
Always running, never ending
Never tiring.

A river. Winding its way
Forward,
Infinity,
Forever.

J.J. Jones
Grade 10

The Predudiced Poem

Some people think they are better than others.
But we are all sisters and brothers.
Some are red, white, and some are black.
But brains and skills none of us lack.
Blacks have fought for freedom for years
Going through pain, stress and tears
Some people formed a group called the KKK
But we have fought it up to this day.
There's one point in life you should not miss
Do not be a fool who's prejudiced
The day will come when the human race will die.
But we can stop it if we try
We must work together in harmony
Yes my brother you and me.

Kevin Greene
grade 12th

I am scared, and tired, and alone
I have nowhere to go
No one will let me inside
No one will listen, no one will care
What should I do?
Do I really need to live?

I look down;
At the ground, so far away
If I die, would anyone notice?
Would they question
Why? Why would she kill herself?
What was the reason?

I am scared, and tired, and alone
I think for a long time
I make my decision
And before I can change it;
I jump.

Anonymous

Mankind

In ages past
With mountains high
And valleys low
When men were few
And goblins great
When elves froliced
And magic ruled
When battles were fought
And glory was won
There was a battle
And to its name
Came the title
"The Battle of Death"
Elves and goblins
This battle destroyed
And from the wreckage
Mankind arose

by Micheal Carey
grade 10th

The horsemen's lance lowered
Swordsmen unsheathed their swords
Armor shined in the heat of the day
With spirits high
And weapons yielded
Into battle they rush
Swords swung
and blood splattered
Bodies impaled on thrusting lances
By midday the war was won
victory was ours
The enemy destroyed,

James Jenkins



Greed

As you look outside
You see the world
And you wonder in amazement
what's out there for you and others
you can only except what you
recieve
But you should try harder
to recieve what you think you
deserve
But if you take more than you
shall recieve
You will suffer the consequences of
greed.

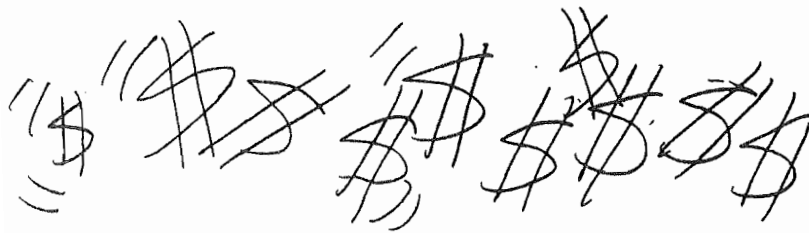
John Bradford
Grade 10



Looking At You

I slowly lift my head,
My eyes follow.
Your chin, mouth, nose,
Your eyes.
Beautiful blue,
But conscious and
Afraid.
For everyone knows,
Once two pairs of eyes meet,
No secrets are safe.

By Laura Jacoby
Grade 11



Is It Real?

Is it real?
Is the war in Lebanon real?
Is the prejeduice of the world real?
Everything is real?
Is the U.S.S.R. real?
Are the warheads real?

Yes says the voice deep within.
Yes, it tells me.
Yes it is real and the world is full
of hatred
We can't escape this,
We want to get out but we can't.
All we can do is hope for the future,
Hope that the hate will end
Before the next generation tastes it.
Hope to raise our children, problem free.
Is it real?
Yes.

Betty Ambuel
Grade 9

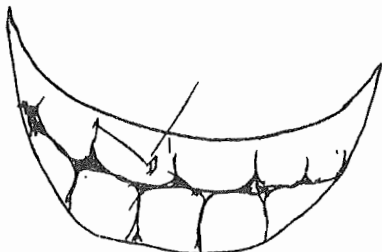
Hatred

Hatered is bad
Why can't we wash it away
Forget anything that happened
Or that will happen

There's to much
Of our hatered
And not enough
Of brotherly love.

It's easier to smile
Than to frown
It makes life simplier
To love instead of hate.

By: Dawn Abel
Grade 9



Feelings

I scream.
I scream loud.
I scream with hate, anger and love all mixed into one.
I scream with confusion.
I scream with fright.
I cry with no reason at all.
Everything builds up inside me until I open up,
Let everything out.
I scream, cry, yell, curse, hat and close up again-
Until ther's another time when I let everything out again.

Paula Risner
Grade 10

Why must we let these minutes go by
when passing each other without saying "HI"?

As the hands of my watch go 'round and 'round
I think of you without making a sound

It seems as if you don't want it this way
but still you let your thoughts go astray

Please help me now, for I need you
so I can say "I love you too".....

Without letting the time go by.

by Kam-Lin Young
grade 12th



SUICIDE

Suicide?

It's my only way out
My problems are growing
My pressures are building
I can't take it anymore
Help me please
Help me to see what I need to see
I'm running scared and nowhere to go
God, why does life have to be this way?
When will it end
How long must I go on suffering
Suffering, always suffering!

Anonymous



SCHOOL

School is a place where
we are told to go
To learn how to read, write
and learn to sew.
The mornings are long
the afternoons longer,
But playing school sports
make us all a bit stronger.
There's plenty of homework
lots for us to do.
So get off your duff
we're waiting for YOU!

Tammy Davidson
Grade 10



DEATH

Death is and end, an end of life,
an end in time.
Death is an end life and and time
yet death may be a beginning.
Death is also a beginning for it
leaves time for another to
follow your steps.
Follow the steps of a good man
which has done so much,
yet death is a beginning of
a new life.

Anthony Sims
Grade 9

WAR

He was scared.
It wasn't just a surface fear.
It was deeper, much deeper.
The fear was inside of him,
Creeping around, attacking every
sense and feeling in his body.
Not only was it self fear, but fear
for all those around him.
The fear that he would never see home again
was a thought he couldn't shake.
His eye lids were like a movie screen.
Every time they shut, the film of his family
started to roll.
He could see his wife holding his baby boy
which he had never seen.
He knew the other soldiers were having thoughts
about home too.
He could see it in their eyes.
They all wanted to be home.
They all wanted to go home as heroes.
Nobody wanted to die.
He knew a war must have the heroes as well as the dead.
He never thought he might be one of the dead.
Not till now.
But now it was too late.

Doug Magruder
Grade 11



A Time Of Growth

Your body grows
As does your mind,
Ideas begin blossoming
As a sign of the time.
People no longer say,
"Kids are to be seen,
Not to be heard."
You must mature as well,
Living your own life
Shaping your own goals
A time of anger,
A time of sorrow,
A time of growth.

Paul Murphy
Grade 10

Growing Up

Growing up,
A task everyone must accomplish.
Some do it wisely,
While others do it foolishly.
Some grow up before their time,
Some hold it off as long as possible.
People are often told to "grow up."
But why? Why must we grow up?
Can't we be children forever?
Why must we worry about taxes, bills,
and other responsibilities?
Why do we ask these questions?
Is it because we are afraid?
No.
Because we have to "grow up" someday.

by Joe Myrda

If Only You Knew Me

If you only knew me
and how I feel for you, but I'm
scared and ashamed to tell
you!

You won't ever get to
know because of the shyness
I have within my heart.

I want to reach out and
tell you but something is
holding me back. I am a
nobody in your eyes, like
the wind that passes by.

If you knew me!

Julie Davis
Grade 9

Oddball

He does everything different then we do.
When we are playing basketball,
He's playing cars.
Whenever we're playing cars,
He's playing basketball,
But with an imaginary friend.
He runs around them everywhere.

He is the ODD BALL everybody calls him.

by Steve Smith
grade 9th



Growing

Growing up is not easy!
People are always telling
you to act your age.

And when you try to, all
you get is, "Punk", "Snob"
or "Smart Aleck".

Whenever you are trying to
have some fun, people tell
you to stop acting so
childish.

But the minute
you want to do something
or go somewhere, it's always
"you're too young."

Theaters charge you
adult prices won't let
you see R rated movies.
How are you supposed to
grow up and be an adult
if you never know what
people want or what grown
up is?

Eric Salahal



FAMILY

Sometimes I try to push away from my family
 But I can't; it's too hard.
 No matter what I do
 They're always there to take me back.
 They trust me
 Even though I don't give them reason to.
 I try to do things right
 But I always mess up.
 I cause trouble for my family
 They cause me trouble too.
 I need my space.
 Which is a lot
 And they need theirs.
 There must be a barrier
 But I will climb over
 I think my problem is that I push away
 there is a pull.
 Someday I'll leave 'em
 But I'll always reach back for 'em

Steve Sutherland
 Grade 10



MY OLD MAN

He is not a great man
 For no one really is
 He has his faults
 His dreams
 His doubts
 He has made a few mistakes
 But when it comes right down to it
 My old man has got what it takes.

Chris Bizzak
 Grade 10

GROW UP

Why can't you grow up?
 You stupid kid. Yes you
 can dress yourself and clean
 your own tush. No I'm not going
 to tie your shoes. Stupid! Boy, you
 can't understand I don't have time
 for you. Brat! No, I won't! I refuse!
 Are you kidding?
 I don't love you. Why don't you just
 go away.
 No wait. I need you.
 Don't cry.

By: JO- Anne Prokopowiz
 Grade: 9



The child ran across the beach
 looking for her mother.
 The memory ran cold in her blood.
 She grew up on the isle, alone but
 not afraid.
 She needed nothing, for nature
 provided everything.

Time passed.
 The ship arrived, they said to
 rescue her.

"Why?" she asked in an all
 but forgotten tongue.
 To take you away from this wild,
 Savage place, to take you to
 "Civilization"

She arrived in "Civilization" but all
 she saw was crime, hate, dishonesty,
 suffering, hunger, and sorrow.
 From that moment on she
 she longed for her "wild", "savage"
 island.

IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU

When I was lost and feelin' blue
You were there when I needed you.

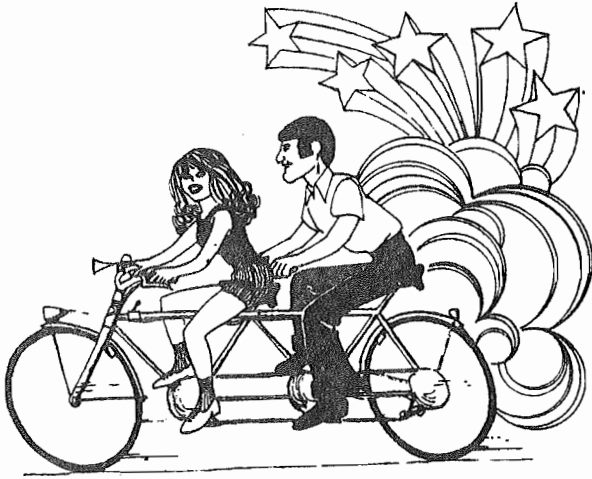
You were always pickin' me up off the ground
After I fell off life's merry-go-round.

My life hasn't been straight at all
But through it all I've had you to call.

I thank you for being true
Stickin' by me when I need you.

You were there when I needed you
When I was lost and feelin' blue.

Kelly J. Meister
12th Grade



ONCE...

You tell me you love me,
I wish it were true.
You tell me you've missed me,
I used to miss you.

When you walked out that door,
I thought I would cry.
But you just kept walking,
Didn't even say good-bye

And now that your back,
It isn't the same
With me it was real,
With you it was a game.

Its true I once loved you.
But that was ~~before~~.
Now you say you love me but,
It doesn't matter anymore.

Anonymous

LOVE YOU TILL THE END

Love me till the end of
time, and love me till I
die.

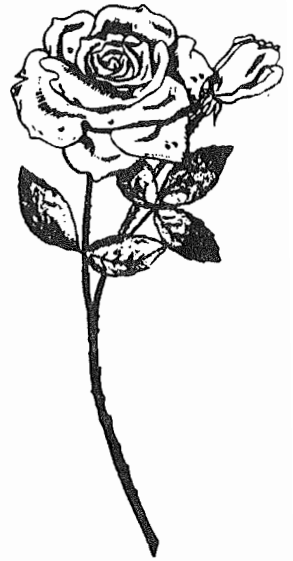
But I beg you to never
leave my side, cause I'll
love you till the end of
time.

Say you'll be there when
I need you, and also
when I'm blue.

I'm saying this from my
heart

Because...
I love you.

by Judy Owens
grade 9th



FUTURE LOVE

I heard a voice in my dream,
A whisper from afar,
I know you're waiting for me.
But I don't know who you are.
For everyone there's someone,
I've heard that line before,
I don't know if I believe it
But I'm just not sure.
Still, I heard that voice,
That whisper from afar,
Why don't you show your face to
me?
Please tell me who you are.

Rose Lopez
grade 11th

Our First Kiss

I remember the day,
I remember the place,
I remember the thrill
As we stood face-to-face,
I remember your lips
As moist as the dew...
But, I cannot remember,
Did you close your eyes, too?

It starts with L
Ends with E
And in between
Are O and V

It never rains
It never pours
Because you're mine
And I am yours.

You wanna know Sumpin'?
You keep my heart Jumpin'!!

Holding hands
Exchanging looks
It's just like out of story books.

Someone up there must have loved us.
Do the stars shine for others besides us?
We're not the only ones in love...
We just think we are.

I looked at you
You looked at me
And we both knew
It was meant to be.

Close together
Or miles apart
We'll always be
Heart-to-Heart.

Is it wrong for us
to be so happy?

Some people have never
been in love.....
POOR PEOPLE!!

A Junior

The Foal

Black and fluffy, cute little foal.
Black as night, black as coal.
Trying to stand so brave and tall,
Wondering if he might ever fall.
Slowly growing strong and proud,
His hoofbeats sound so hard and loud.
Growing older still swift and strong,
Living a life full and long.

by Laneie Rowlands
grade 7th



To be, Is to have, Is to wish...

To be, Is to have, Is to wish...

I am a leaf
I am as fragile as can be
I am not perfect
-as you can see
I have feelings
That I try to hide
I have them locked away
Deep inside
I want to reach out
and touch a hand
I want to be loved
by one who understands
I wish I could climb
as high as the stars
Mount a rainbow and
sail to Mars
But-
I am a leaf
I am fragile as
can be
I am not perfect
-and never will be

Katherine Young
Grade 10



As I stand beside myself,
I try to remember what happened.
I was crossing the street,
I didn't see the car.

I heard a screech and then saw black.
I got up quickly,
But strangely enough,
Nothing hurt.
I looked down at the ground,
And then knew why.
Oh my God, is it true?
Am I really dead?
I started to walk,
The road was one way,
I walked and walked,
Going down under.
Getting hotter and hotter,
I know where I am...

As I stand on the brink of hell,
I look in the pit and see the fire,
And look up in despair,
And shout "Why me, why me?"
I got the answer quickly,
And this is how it goes:
"Remember kid, you've only got
one life to live,
So do it right the first time."

by Marta Stowell
grade 10th

Spring Time

Spring time is drawing near,
All the laughter and the cheer,
The kids running all about,
Singing, laughing, giving a shout,
The flowers blooming,
The sky so blue, the birds all singing,
People loving,
Springtime is drawing near,
I wish I could stay through the year.

Frank Ambrusko
Grade 10



The Secret Me!

I am very shy and not as out
going like my friends think I am.
I hurt inside when you cut me down
"Sure, I'm fine", I pretend.
I understand that I am not perfect
But step into the light.
I glow when you're around.
You just can't tell.
Look a little deeper and maybe
just maybe I'll let you in to see.

Anonymous



Memories

The memories of summer with you
are everlasting.
You cast your face upon mine
That is filled with thoughtfulness
No evil could ever be behind those
wonderful eyes.
I sense the tenderness in you and
feel the warmth of your body when
you hold me close.
Like I was someone special.
You made me special.
I feel safe in your arms.
Safe from the ugly world outside
that always makes us part so soon.

Debbie McAuley
Grade 11

I'll Never Forget

Remember how
The way we were
I do
I always will 'cause
I'll never forget

We were so good
When others were bad
But now it's different
We both have changed

We grew up
Me to fast
You all at once
You drink now
I never did

We were so close
Till I moved away
Then you wrote
I wish I was there
To turn you around
So It'll be like
It used to be 'cause
I'll never forget.

Dawn Abel
Grade 9



Special Friend

A special friend is someone
to share secrets with.
A special friend is always
loyal.
It is someone who lends a
shoulder in time of need.
That special friend could be
you.

Virginia Cautney
Grade 9



Yesterday

Yesterday was beautiful
It had a warm, smiling sun and clouds of puffy white
And yet I wonder
I wonder where the time has gone
It seems like yesterday but today is today
Could this be a mystery that I might solve
Oh, how I miss yesterday most of all!
Because it held a feeling in its glowing sky!
Yesterday, sweet yesterday!

Anonymous



I'll never forget

I'll never forget how
nice you were to me.
I'll never forget the
way you loved me
and the times that
we shared.

I'll never forget
the plans that we
made or the songs
that we sung.

I sometimes wish
that you were still
here so that we
could share those
moments again.

by Judy Owens
grade 3th



Watch out

It hurts
It can cut like a knife
But it can heal the deepest wounds
When you feel it, it will never leave
It's like a disease
It's the day you'll remember.

It's all around us.
We see it everyday
But very few people know what it is.
It'll surprise you.
It's love.

By: Lee Muhart
Grade: 10

Love of My Life

I love life when I see
the sun's bright, beautiful
rays, and see a bluejay in
flight, or watch a willow tree
sway.

Life is made up of little
things we see from day to day
But I love life even more when
you look my way.

By: Michelle Wayne
Grade: 9



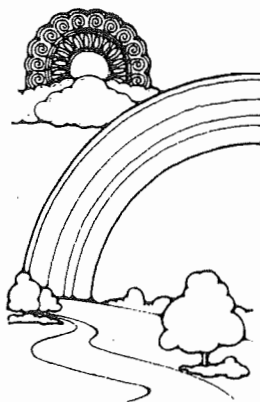
Until we meet again

The times we've shared
The moments we've cared
The things that we've said
Bounce around in my head.

The sweet smile on your face
Is in my heart in a sacred place.
The soft, gentle words you speak
Make me all so weak.

Things wouldn't be the same
Without the sight of your face
or the mention of your name.
But the test of one's heart
Is always the distance apart.
So I give you my friend
My love and happiness until the end.

Kelly J. Meister
12th Grade



Lollipops and Rainbows

Lollipops and rainbows
That's just what little boys are
They dream of candy canes and
lemon drops.
As their eyes twinkle like a star.

Their hair so soft and wavy.
It shines beneath the sun.
Their skin so soft and gentle.
For the girls heart that they
have won.

Yes, the boy I fell in love with
Is always on my mind.
I long to hold him everyday.
He's so trusting and so kind.

His touch to me makes me tremble
His words to me make me shake.
But when he turns his back and leaves,
My heart begins to break.

If I am just one of another,
whom he can push away
I want to tell him oh so much.
In my heart his love will stay.

For lollipops and rainbows,
And little drops of rain,
My heart begins to jump for joy,
Because I'm in love again.

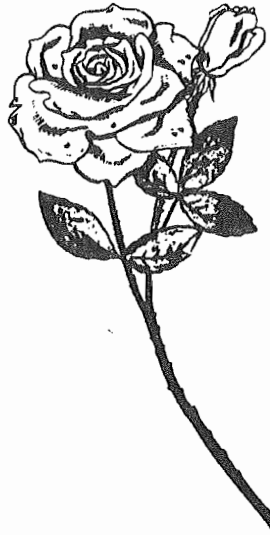
Laura Hyder
Grade 10

What's Inside

If you only knew what's inside
of me
You would understand
Life isn't full of fun and
games, like everyone thinks,
It's full of pain and sorrow,
and it sure seems to me that
everyone isn't thinking of me.

Well, sometimes I'd like to go
and have some fun, with you,
If you'd only let me.
Would you?
I think so much of you
Each and every day.
If only you knew how much I
feel for you,
I could talk to you each
day.
I understand how you feel about me
and all, but please. I'm not
so ugly
If you only knew how I feel
I would be so glad.
Just let me talk to you,
instead of feeling the pain

Windy Hill
Grade 9



Life

What is life?
Life is a world of wonders.
Life is a world of joy and happiness,
Life is also a world of sorrow and sadness.
Life is a world of thoughts, questions, and
answers.
And life is beautiful in all ways,
Life can be like the leaf of a tree.
The leaf falls off in the Fall,
And a new one springs out in Spring
Life, in a sense can be called a cycle.
It comes,
And it goes.
Life can not be stopped,
Until someone ends it all.

Leroy Lopez
Grade 10

Key to Life

Life is funny, yet serious,
With it's twisting and turning ways.
One minute you're jumping for joy,
The next you think you could die.
A door stands closed,
A hopeless situation,
But if you search carefully,
A key you will find,
Stands by every door,
And all doors open quite easily.
For all problems have solutions.
Some come easier than others,
But keep your head up high,
And walk through life.
With confidence in yourself,
And with love and kindness in your heart.
For they are the key to life.

by Chandi Peterson
grade 10th

Starving and Lonely

I'm standing here in the middle
of the desert,
My mother's washing clothes,
My father's tending sheep,
I'm in the middle of nowhere,
With nowhere to go.
Will I ever have food?
Will I ever have clothes?
I haven't eaten in days.
I only wear a sheet.
My feet are blistered from the
scorching sand,
Why doesn't anyone help me?
I'm starving and lonely.
With nowhere to go.

Marta Stowell
Grade 10

Growing Up

Growing up.
Changing from a child,
To someone mature.
Making mistakes and learning from old ones.
Becoming a new sort of person.

Who are my friends?
Who can I trust to
Share my inner-most feelings with?

You think you can trust
You "real" friends,
But then you find out that
they aren't your friends at all.

16 How do you know your real friends,
If you don't even know yourself?

Anonymous

Forever Free

Forever in my heart
Forever free
I hold the memories of you
and me
Engraved deep inside the
Everlasting lock
The hope, faith, and beauty
will always glow
But all of our special kind
of love we share
will forever grow
Although we may feel
We're deep in love
There's one thing we must remember,—
Like the sun's gleaming rays,
The earth's blowing winds,
And the tides that come
in from the bay—

Our love will erode
Like the sands of a
nearby shore
And we'll be forced
to let go
But not for evermore
So no more questions
No more thoughts
For only the hour glass of the future
can tell us
That someday
Somewhere
We'll meet again and never
let go of each other
It will be at this time, that
together—
You and I will hold infinity
in the palms of our hands
and therefore
Cling to eternity-- Forever---...

Kathy Young
Grade 10

A Dead Best Friend

She warned her to stop, it would
only get her in trouble
She said, "but it's fun, it makes
me feel good".
They were best friends, but so far
apart.

She kept on drinking, smoking and
and getting high,
With friends, family, and anyone
who would.
She wouldn't stop, she couldn't,
She didn't know how.

She would say to her friend, "come on,
try it".
But she would refuse, "it's not for me,
or you".

She just kept on wasting herself
away trying to feel good.
Then she got her car.

She had a ball, taking her
"Friends" out and partying



Through The Eyes Life Of The Blind

Sight is something that I never had
Therefore I don't really miss it.
To me it is not a handicap,
It's just a slight inconvenience

I use other senses as my guide,
My fingers, my ears, and my nose.
I know I stumble and sometimes fall,
But nobody's perfect but God.

I get up in the morning and feel for my clothes
I've learned how to cook and to clean
Sometimes I walk my stick in my hand,
The only indication that I'm blind.

Out on the street I begin my stroll,
My head is held up high by pride.
I shop with my ears, I buy with my mouth,
I am only dependent on me.

Once and awhile I get carried away
By a sweet sound or smell,
I step before checking to see if it's clear,
And sometimes that makes others mad.
Some will say, "Hey, look where you're going."
Others will just walk away
By a sweet sound or smell

Others will just walk away
I know deep inside they're sorry for me,
But I just can't figure out why.

Hey, I'm not a cripple,
I can pull my own weight,
And I don't think I'd change if I could.
I'm happy just living life free.

Sri Chanthorn
Grade 11

Grandma

I pace the floor. I stare at
my watch. It's not clear at first
but then I see it clearly, 11:30.
My stomach begins to rumble at the
thought of lunch.

"Dr. Jason please report to
the emergency room." says the in-
tercom. "I repeat, Dr. Jason,
please come to the emergency room."

The door opens; out of my
grandma's room step my parents.
"It's your turn" says my dad, his
eyes looking everywhere but at me.

I walk into her room staring
at my newly-polished shoes. "Come
here my son."

I know she's weak by the shiver
in her voice. "There's nothing to
be afraid of."

"But I don't want you to die
Grandma!" I cry forgetting only
babies cry. I look at her for the
first time through tear-stained
eyes.

"My son, my son. I do want to
die. Forty years of pain and suff-
ering soon will be over."

"Don't talk like that Grandma,
I love you!"

"I love you too, but there are
some things you won't understand un-
til you are older... much, much
older. Soon I will leave you." A
weak, wrinkled smile glistened a-
cross her face.

In a few minutes I knew she
was dead. I buried my head in her
chest.

Now fifty years later I've in-
herited my grandma's disease and
now I understand her words, "Forty
years of pain and suffering soon
will be over."

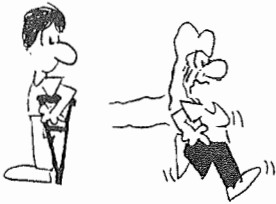
by Chris Tucker

Handicapped

A brace under each arm
To replace the missing leg.
Full of questions
My eyes search
To find the answers
Buried in his eyes
But being cautious
Not to let them meet
For then he would know
Their intentions.
Why is it that I feel
The awkwardness?
And why is it that I look away,
Ashamed?
Why do I feel guilty
for having two strong legs
When he has only one?

We pass now
Him,
Carefully planning each step
Me
Rushing by.
He lifts his head to nod a
"Good Day"
But I,
Embarrassed,
Avoid his eyes,
Where the answers lie.

Laura Jacoby
Grade 11



Hope.

Is there really hope?
Who knows if there is hope.
I don't know....
Do you?

Scientists say there's hope to save
our country.
I don't understand scientist.
Because they can't prove there's hope.

But I hope there is a way
to save our country.
I hope there's
HOPE.

Chris Aycock
grade 9



But Why?

But Why?

Get on a plane
Wave good-bye
Try not to cry
But why?

Try to make friends
Go to new places
See new faces
The girls are rude
The boys are crude
But Why?

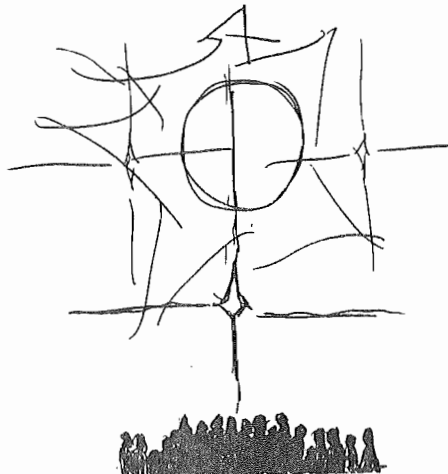
Really hate it
Go on living
Being forgiving
To all the rude and crude
But Why?

Meet someone neat
Someone really sweet
Become best friends
But here's where it ends
You get in a fight
Make enemies overnight
But why?

Go on living
Go on forgiving
Go on hating
But why?

When does it end?
When I die?

Jenny Milton
Grade 10

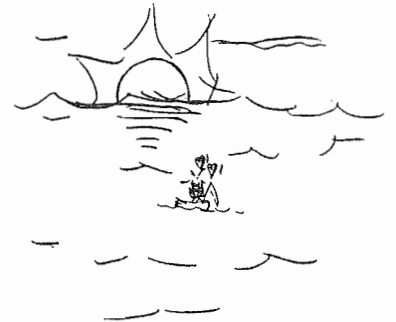


Growing Up

Do I really want to grow up?
Do I want to handle my own problems?
When all my life my Mom and Dad
made my decisions, told me what to do,
helped me, loved me, cared for me.
And now grown up, kids pushing
drugs, getting high, nothing to do,
not caring for themselves, not doing
things that might help them become
independent.
But you're all alone now, making your
own decisions.
Caring and helping yourself.

Do I really want to grow up?

by Frank Ambrusko
grade 10th



The Sea That I Love

The sea that I love
The rolling sea
Forever rambling
Forever free
Full of adventure
And mystery
The sea that I love
The one that's free

The sea I love
The wild sea
I wish I could be free
As free as the sea
Forever Rambling
Forever free

But my soul will be
Forever like the sea
Always rambling
Always free

Kathy Young
Grade 10

Shauna

Screams of mercy
pierce the starless night.
They grow louder,
until they are heard-
no more.

Another child has fallen
under the hands
of a cruel and merciless
parent.

Eyes wide with horror,
Mouth opens to scream.
A large, evil hand
strikes upon the fragile
skin.
A large, deep red, almost
purple stain
slowly spreads across
the cold, hard floor.

It is a child.
The child hurts.
Her body feels as if a
thousand needles
are piercing her skin
everywhere.
Every muscle sore,
every joint stiff.
Cuts and bruises cover her body.

She asks for nothing
She gives everything
she has,
and yet, receives nothing
in return.

Cold, tired, hungry.
It has been days
since a drop of liquid or
a morsel of food has passed her lips.
Her longing for just a drop of sweet, cool,
water to quench her thirst
growing more intense with
every passing moment.
Her stomach is ravenous with hunger.
It matters not, she sadly thinks.
I must ask for nothing.
It is wrong for a child to ask of their parents.
But I cannot stand it.
I must have something.
Anything.
Just feed me, please.

Her eyes follow her mother's stout figure.
Where her face may have been,
was a mask of pure hatred.
No, it is not my mother.
My mother is beautiful,
and gentle, and kind.
She loves me, Doesn't she?
But there is no one to reassure her.
Oh, how afraid she feels.
Doesn't anyone care for her?
"Here, eat this." It is the voice of her mother.
A voice that she has grown accustomed to.
A cruel, mean voice, which she dare not disobey.
Slowly, she unwraps the thin paper.

Inside, is something covered with mold and fungus.
The stench reminds her of the sewers in the city.
Startled, she steps back.
Her eyes wide with fear and her small mouth agape
"Eat it. It is your supper."
Again the voice of her mother.
"What is it?" she asks in a voice barely audible.
"It is some meat I found in the cellar. It has spoiled."
No! No! She cannot eat this abominable substance.
No! No! She must be strong and resist.

"I said eat!"
Out of nowhere, a baseball bat appears and is seen by
the girl for a fleeting moment.
She opens her mouth only to be struck on her crown.
Then, everything is black.

Sobbing.
I can hear someone crying.
How can I see myself?
I am floating.
Am I dead?

Yes, Shauna is dead,
but her battered spirit lives.
She has passed through the gates of heaven, and
shall live in happiness, forever more.

by Carol McAllister
grade 9th



Death

As I lay here alone
I think of my life past
My childhood days
of candy and playgrounds
Evolved into my teenage years
of school and dates.
Then came
My adulthood
of jobs and family
and slowly into
old age
Moving into death

Death that ends my life
of sorrow here
on earth, but
Death that also begins
a new life
of joy and true freedom

A life after death
No longer alone
Forever

Lora Weibert
Grade 9

Places

Jimmy Carter was in
For four years we put up with
His smile and his grin.
Now it's Reagan
On his ranch in his jeans
In the White House
With his jar of jelly beans
Will it be Kojack next?
All bald on top
Will he be sucking on
His last lollipop?

Michael Carey
Grade 10



New York has the people
Chicago has the slums
Los Angeles has the movies
And Phoenix has the suns

Philly has the history
Detroit has the cars
D.C. has the government
New Orleans has the bars

Houston has the astronauts
And there's Frisco's cable cars
Seattle has the airplane plants
And Dallas has J.R.

Milwaukee has the breweries
Alaska has the furs
There's no place else I'd rather be
'Cause San Antonio has the spurs

Kathy Young
Grade 10

Fat

Fat is when your navel can no longer be seen,
Fat is when your ankles cover your heels,
Fat is what happens when one pizza won't do,
Fat is a condition that often protrudes.

Fat is when your stomach has seventeen rolls,
Fat is when you are standing alone on a street and
being mistaken for a crowd.
Fat is attending a beef cattle show,
and winning the blue ribbon prize.

Jeff Lockhart
Grade 10

Hair

Short, long
Weak, strong
Hair is everywhere
Even if you don't care
Nappy head
Bald head
Comb your head; you won't dread
Straight, wavy
Even if your crazy
Wirly, Curly
Just like Shirley

Johnny Jackson
Grade 9

Preppies

Alligators, dragons, and all those preppie shirts.
Calvin Kleins and Jordache.
The preppies call the works,
Doxsiders and Nikes are shoes they just must wear.
Then make a date at a hair salon.
To prep their gorgeous hair.
Phooey, we say.
Preppies watch your step.
Cause we're on the prowl!
And if we catch you
You'll never again be a prep.

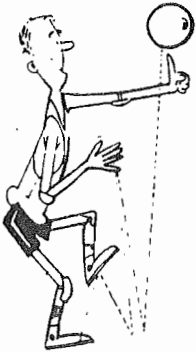
Rhonda Stokes
8th

The Fake

Basketball

Buzzzz
And this sound
Starts the game!
Keep calm coach
Exclaims, out loud,
Time for the tip-off.
Boy, am I scared I
Always have to jump! I
Love to score
Lots of points!

by Nicole Moses



If You Only Knew Me

If you really knew me,
you would have been my friend.
If you really knew me,
you would have backed me up.
If you really knew me,
you would be here,
but you didn't take the time
as you didn't really know me.

Michael Madero
Grade 9

Our Problem

I hate to see you drink so,
Running around with friends,
You know if you keep it up,
Your life is going to end.
You say it makes you feel good,
But what you can not see,
Is that the more you do it,
The more your hurting me.
I try to tell you nicely,
I try to be so kind,
I worry so much about you,
I'm gonna loose my mind.
But that doesn't seem to do anything.
It doesn't even help,
You're gonna get addicted,
And then there's no way out,
You go out at night,
When ever you get mad.
You say: "I'll show her."
But it only makes me sad.
You find another girl,
And together you get blasted,
If not for that,
We just might have lasted.
Everyone knows our problems,
It is plain to see,
It might not bother you,
But it's really hurting me.

Rose Lopez
grade 11th

If he ever had a problem
he wouldn't show it.
He was just too good to go
for the sports
If you saw him, you would
think he must be the greatest.
He would explain how everybody
liked him.
His clothes, his habits, all
pointed out the latest styles.
The way he talked, he just
had to be cool.
He wasn't however.
People put him down behind
his back.
He sat in bed at night,
knowing that he was a fake.
He couldn't stop now, the
game had to be played.

by Tom Carey
grade 9th

If You Only Knew Me

If you only knew me
just maybe, maybe I wouldn't
feel so lonely.
I think of you both day and night.
I think of you with all my might.

When I see you I try to speak
But what can I say?
Something's stopping me,
blocking my way.

I feel it! I feel it!
I know it's there!
Come out! Come out!
This is something that just
has to be shared.

"Hi."
"Hi. My name's Robert.
What's yours?"
"Monica."

I did it! I did it!
I knew I could.
My feelings have'nt betrayed me
like I said they would.

Now I can go on smiling
and having fun.
Because now, now my new
life has just began.

Monica Joe
Grade 9

The Oddball

We are born with
big imaginations on
dreams as we grow
older the dreams stop
and time is wasted.
Without time there's
no dreams to fulfill
If we would only
fulfill our dreams
maybe life wouldn't
be so bad.
If dreams could become
the present and now
become the past.
Don't stop dreaming
they may become
reality someday.
Dream forever!

By: Julie Davis
Grade 9

Being number 3 instead of
number 2.
Being last instead of first.
That's how I feel at times
being an Odd Ball.
Why me? I am always being
pushed away. They don't feel the pain,
the rejection that I do.
They play with my mind
as if it were a top.
I want them to feel as if
I want revenge!
But how! I would only end up
as an Odd Ball.

Julie Davis
Grade 9

Worlds Toughest Job

He fumes out of the room
Muttering curses under his breath
The mother sighs,
Was I that unreasonable?
I was only trying to do what's right
Doesn't he realize that I really love him

Sometimes, I get fed up with parenthood
The constant problems
Needing to be solved
Usually Thankless with no reward
Just once, couldn't I receive
A "please"
Or a "thank you"
Without Asking for it,
Just once?

Jim LeBlanc
grade 10th



The Real Me They Never Knew

The person everyone sees
Who goes to school
And lives in my house
And does all my work
Hides the real me
The one that thinks my thoughts
and dreams my dreams
Is the real me

Lora Webert
Grade 9

The Youth Within

Is it me?
Or is it the youth within,
that influences me?

Am I blind?
Or is it the youth within
That won't let me see?

The questions are clear,
But the answers are no more than static.

Am I right?
Or is it the youth within
That makes me oh, so wrong?

Do I fit?
Desire from the youth within
Compels me to belong.

I fear the answers
In that I am too ignorant to understand.

Peggy Van Gorder
Grade 12

The Staircase To Hell

I found myself alone,
walking down a staircase
-but to where?

I don't remember when
I started and I don't know
If I'll ever stop

But I'll continue to descend
Down the stairs of hell.

Until I reach my destination
A destination point set long
ago.

Will I ever reach it?
Will it still be there?
When and if I arrive?

Have the others sent to go
made it,
Have they made it to hell?

On my way I passed no one,
And now I become weary of
traveling alone.

For sinning on earth,
I'm paying my dues.

I'm no longer human.
I'm just another sinner
beating the path of hell.

by Jay Hamilton
grade 10th

Me

I look in a mirror
But all I see
Is a girl that looks
And acts like me.
Not a glamorous model,
Not a beauty queen,
Just a normal, average,
Everyday, teen.

Rose Lopez
grade 11th



Yesterday

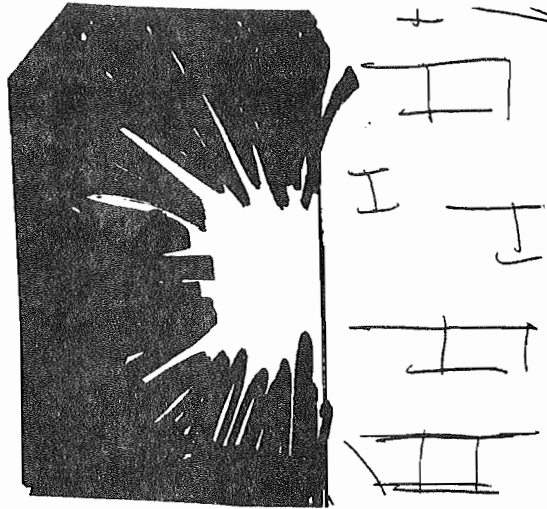
Yesterday is when I did.
Today is when I do.
And tomorrow is when I will,
But what will I do.

By: Clifton Rone
Grade 9

Us

I have tomorrow
In my dreams of today,
I am the future,
I'll find the way
You are yesterday,
Gone like our sun,
You are the memories,
Fading one by one.
Today when I saw you,
I remembered our past,
We shared something wonderful,
It just didn't last.
I can't stay any longer,
I have to move on
To look for the future,
Yesterday is gone.

Rose Lopez
grade 11th



Hope

Hope

Lurking in dark corners
are fear, sorrow, and death
But a slowly building brightness
begins to appear
Casting light through the darkness
Growing steadily stronger
until it overpowers the dark
and the demons
And brightens the heart
The strong growing light of
Hope

Lora Webert
Grade 9

The boy sits at lunch,
All alone,
Nobody likes him,
"He dresses funny and
does strange things,
he's not like us."
"He's so weird," they
say.
He might have been nice,
But they would never know,
They just considered him,
The odd ball!!

by Amanda DeBerry
grade 9th

There are those that say,
"If I had all the money in the world I'd be happy," or
"If I had everything in the world I wanted I'd be happy," and
"If there were no problems in this world
everything would be wonderful."
But this won't work

If you had all the money in the world
And you could buy anything you wanted
You wouldn't have to work
You could just lay around and count your money
What kind of happiness could this bring?
There would be nothing you couldn't do
Nothing you couldn't buy
There would be nothing new

If you had everything you needed and wanted
How could you be happy?
There would be nothing to look forward to,
Nothing to work up to
No surprises, nothing new
You would become bored with the things you have.

If there were no problems in this world
People would never learn to enjoy
How could there be happiness
If no one has experienced sadness?
Without misery there is no joy
If there is no wrong
Then there can't be a right

So don't dream these silly dreams
And think these silly thoughts
For they can only end up in unhappiness.

Anonymous

Some people spend their life
Worrying about the past and the future
They are caught up in things they have done
And drowning in the sorrows of the past
They spend their time planning tomorrow
And yet, how do you know what will come your way
People are too busy regretting things they have done yesterday.

There is no way you can change yesterday
And you can't plan tomorrow
You can't worry about the past
Or the things that haven't happened
Live nothing but today.

Anonymous

I'll Always Love You

You say I don't always love you
But in my mind you can't see
When my eyes cry and my heart aches,
You're still everything to me

My love for you is so strong.
My love for you is right.
That when I see passing
I wanna kiss you and hold you tight.

It's hard for me to tell you
Just exactly what I feel.
Sometimes I have to ask myself
Are you really real?
Or are you just an angel?
To tell me when I'm wrong?
Or are you a little girl's dream
That appears in every song?

So when I said I'll always love you
Believe in what I say
It's hard for me to tell you
But I love you everyday.

Laura Hyder
Grade 10



Once Upon A Time

Once upon a time our love
was brand new.
Once upon a time the skies
were all blue.
But now our love is dead
and the skies are gray.
My only hope in this
great big world is that our
love could be revived for
just another day.

Once upon a time!

by Kimra Burns
grade 9th

Symptoms of Love

There is always going to be a feeling of loss,
There is always going to be a part of you broken,
Forever lost, and never mending.
These are the symptoms of a broken heart.
There is always going to be a part of you that wishes for him,
There is always going to be a spot in your heart for him,
A void waiting to be filled.
These are the symptoms of a school girl crush.
There is always going to be something to remind you of him,
There is always going to be the thought of him,
Always his standards to meet up to for the next guy,
These are the symptoms of a lost love.
There will always be the feeling of wanting to die,
There will always be the feeling of wanting to pull back,
A constant tugging at your soul.
These all are the symptoms of love.
Love, how can a word that small cause so much trouble?
How can it hurt someone so deeply and yet be the most
beautiful word in the English language.

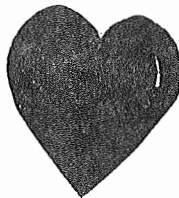
Juli Hamilton
Grade 10

I remember...

I remember:

Our first kiss
The day we met
The way we looked into each others
eyes.
It was beautiful
I loved being with you
It was always heaven when we were
together.
Then she came.
Stole your heart.
It happened so fast you didn't
even say good-bye.
And I remember crying night after
night
Hoping, Praying, that you'd return.
Then she left you for another.
You were hurting.
I came to you, helped you, and
loved you as before
Now I can remember day after day.
The way we were and the way we
are now!!!

Anonymous



Our Love

Our distance apart will seem longer,
But our love will grow stronger.
Each letter we receive
Brings us closer than we believe.
The crazy little things we write
Make each others day happy and bright.
We've really never said it, but it is true
You love me and I love you.

Kelly J. Meister
12th Grade

A Thought For You

Why do I feel so blue?
When inside I have a
special feeling for you.
Whenever we meet
My heart skips a beat.
Although you may not
believe this to be true
I just thought I'd say...
I love you.

Kelly J. Meister
12th Grade

Love always seems so easy,
I can see it everywhere I go.
But I don't understand how
they do it, loves so hard to
show.

If somebody loves me with
all of their heart, they ex-
pect me to love them back!
But how can I show love if I
don't even feel love, I just
don't have the nack.

I try and try to show how
I feel, but there doesn't
seem to be anything there,
so if I show what I really
feel no one would like it,
that isn't really fair.

I might love someday, I'll
wait as long as I can. I
just hope by the time that
day comes, my love will be a
man.

Stephanie Fuss
grade 10th

Watch Out

It hurts.
It can cut like a knife.
But it can heal the deepest wounds.
When you feel it, it will never leave.
It's like a disease
It's the day you'll remember

It's all around us.
We see it everyday.
But very few people know what it is.
It'll surprise you
It's love!!.

Lee Muhart
Grade 10



Torn Apart From Love

Lonely, it's not easy.
Solely, you must walk
The heart close to despair
Feelings, confused and impaired
The soul, down and out
The mind, trying to be strong
Your body, longing to be close
Your smile, just not as before.
The world around seems to fall down
In real, it's yourself that's breaking down
Lower and lower with time
So I ask myself, why?
Why is there such pain?
Why must it be I it claimed?
Why can't I be happy just once more?
Despairing and broken you walk
On and on but never reaching your destination
For your heart, mind, and soul
Are way back with the one that you lost.

C.A.W.
12th Grade

Special Feelings

When you hold me in your arms,
The whole world stops
And waits for you to let go.
But you don't
You keep holding me and loving me
Until the world begins to turn again
Revolving around our love

by Rose Lopez
grade 11th

I had seen her in the halls before
I told no one of my thoughts
To meet her was what I wanted most
But I never got up the nerve

I began to see less and less of her
I wondered where she could be
At the times when I had seen her the most
I would look up and down the halls for her
But could not find her anywhere

Then I had seen her with him
And knew I had been too late
At my approach.

By: Bob Austin
Grade 9

The Perfect Love

You whisper in my ear
You gently touch my cheek,
You help me, oh, so quietly
To find the things I seek.
You're there when I celebrate
And when I feel blue,
It seems you're always at my side
We're like one, not two.
You guide me ever so patiently
With tender loving care,
It seems that you were made for me
We are a perfect pair.
You know my moods, and I know yours.
Together our love will grow,
To find a world of happiness
That everyone should know.
Our love will never die
I know that this is true,
'Cause everytime I see you
I fall in love anew.

by Rose Lopez
grade 11th

The last time I saw your face
I was wearing a full dress of lace
I was holding your hand
As we raced across the land
We laughed together
Always and forever
We hummed beautiful tunes
As we danced across the dunes
But in the end
We went abend
Playing no more games
Calling each other names
No more laughing together
Or to be loved forever

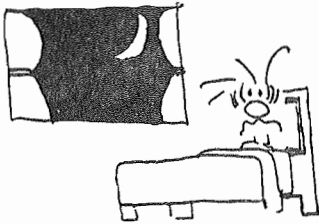
Juli Hamilton
Grade 10

The Night



My mom turned off the light,
And closed my door.
Darkness! I couldn't see, what could I do?
"Help me somebody!", something was in my room.
I put my blanket over my head,
I couldn't, yell I was too scared.
I couldn't hear the eerie noises it made.
I felt it grabbing my feet, I started to cry.
My life would be ending soon, what could
I do?
Light! There was light! I heard laughing.
I looked at my door, there was my mom.
Then I looked at my feet,
There was my puppy.

Doug Kiser
Grade 10



Learning and trying new things everyday
Exploring love and feelings
And discovering new techniques.
Sometimes you feel like giving in
But it's part of growing up.

Someday you feel like you're reached the stage,
But turn around again and you've lost it.
Taking responsibilities and pressures on,
May seem to be a hassle,
But it's when you give up
You have a hassle
If growing up is what you want
Maybe you might get it.

But have patience'
Soon you'll have all the adulthood you wanted
Nobody knows how, why, or when.
But it'll happen.
Enjoy while you can,
Learn responsibility, but learn fun.
Who knows, is it worth it?

Anonymous

The wind gently lifts the hair off his forehead and plays with it,
making the hair toss to and fro. He is free as a bird, He's on his
bicycle. He is happy...

He just graduated...More and more responsible decisions to be made.
He's lived with and obeyed his parents for eighteen years and now he is
his own master. Maybe he'll marry, but that's for later, he has his
whole life ahead for that!! First he'll get a job, maybe involved in
electronics, no computers is the better field. He's going to celebrate
with his friends tonight, the same ones that will meet twenty years from
now at a class reunion and say "You haven't changed a bit!"
He'll have a steady job, a pretty energetic wife, two lovely kids...
Everything will be perfect and he'll turn out the most successful, an
expert in his field. He'll be clever, athletic, everything. He's got
the whole world in his hands...

The car's brakes screech...

The crumpled like...

The dismembered body...

All his hopes, dreams, fears, loves, all are destroyed.
Forever!

The driver stumbles out blind with guilt and worry, "I've killed him,"

"I've killed him..."

Leaves

The leaves of the tree
Are as thin as the air
And their tiny veins
Spread out like a child's hair

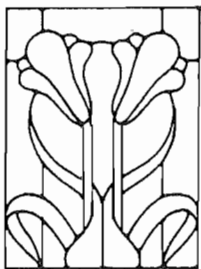
When spring comes about
They sprout and grow
Until the first signs
of winter show

They fall, float and freeze
With a gentle ease
Till winter gets swept away
With a breeze

And again once more
Spring comes around
Creating new beginnings
all over the ground

But most of all there's
One thing we all see
A single protruding leaf
On an everlasting tree

Kathy Young
Grade 10



Nature

I remember when the breeze blew cool,
And the flowers bloomed in spring,
I remember when the horses ran freely,
And how much fun they would bring,
I remember how cities destroyed the trees,
I remember how smoke and smog ruined the air we breathe,
I remember the animals killed because of careless fires,
I remember when animals were slaughtered,
Along with nature's desires.

Craig Mahek
Grade 10



Trees

Trees are beautiful
trees are sweet,
birds land in them
and go tweet, tweet.
They walk down
the street picking
up bits of bread
and popping up their
little heads.
Picking it up
with their
beaks, putting
it in their
cheeks.

Robert Swindle
Grade 8

Today

The sun shines
On a single leaf.
The leaf, wet with dew
Glistens like gold,
While it softly waves in the breeze.

The sun shines
On the calm sea.
It reflects on the rippling waves
As the water flows outward
Never to return.

The sun shines
On a tear
That glistens in my eye,
For I am full of happiness
And happy that I am alive.

I sit and stare
At all the beauty around me.
I see a rainbow, and a mountain,
and a waterfall.
All so very beautiful.
I love today.

Stacy Wahlquist
Grade 10

Easter

Pastel pinks,
purples and
blues.
Jelly bean
candy
with sticky
marshmallow
goo.
A brown wicker
basket
with green squeaky
grass.
Little toy trinkets
made of delicate
glass.
Cute little
rabbits
with mulberry
spots.
Great fun
for the parents
and their little
tots.

Tammy Davidson
Grade 10



The Seed

A seed falls
The rain comes
The seed takes root and begins to sprout
Reaching for the sky it unfolds its leaves
To catch the life sustaining rays
It will grow till it too can shed seeds
For mother earth to nourish
And in its turn it provides shade

Micheal Carey
Grade 10

Wind

I have blown across the land
since the world began.
I have shaped the rock and sand
and carved through solid stone.
I chase the clouds in the wild blue
hues in free and open skies.
I am the cooling breeze on a hot
summer day and the cold hard
winters storm.
You see me moving through the
leaves and grass in open fields.
I am the WIND!

by Brain Wacter
grade 10th

Political Leaders

The disease is controlling
his weak and fragile body.
He is fighting as hard as he can
and he will till the end.

He lies in the room...
all alone
He wishes someone would
pull this terrible felling out of him.

The hurting stops,
there is no more pain.
He feels refreshed and full of life.
He is a spirit now,
and a fighter deep within.
He fought hard...
till the end.

by Claudine Robinson
grade 9th

We have them in the capitol
And a place called Congress too,
They got their jobs because of us
But now have forgotten you.

They make a lot of promises
And they make them every week,
But all you can do when you hear what they have done,
Is sit home in your living room and weep.

We have one thought to hold on to
As all of this unfolds,
And that is to wait till next time
When we can go back to the polls.

Jeff Lockhart

Grade 10

People



People prance
And people
Dance, they
All got ants
In their pants

People flop
And people
Mop, they
All go
Downtown
doing the pop.

by Robert Swindle
grade 10th



The Me Nobody Knows

The me
that no one knows.
The me
that never gets out.
The me
thats couped up inside.
the me
that
never
was.

Kattie Stenzel
Grade 10



The Me Nobody Knows

You see me in the halls,
But do you really know,
Who I am?
I try to be tough,
But deep down inside,
I know I'm weak.
I try to be strong,
But I know that deep down,
Inside I'm scared to death,
Of what others might say and do.

Yet I have pride of who I am.
I feel I really belong.
This is what I feel inside.
This is the ME NOBODY KNOWS!

by Carla Carson
grade 9th

Split Decision

When I was young I
used to dream of growing
older as if it were a
fantasy that would never
come true.

I used to want to be rid
of all the problems of being
a child, but now as I
look back and realize how
lucky I was... Now I
wish that my dream, had
never come true.

Now as my dreams are
reversed and I wish
I could again be a child,
I think of the poor kids
that must also grow up
in a while.

by Clifton Rone
grade 9th



I've waited a long time for this day
Thinking and contemplating about it
Wishing it
But now that it's here...
I have mixed feelings
Sure! I've wanted to live on my own
Free of parent's yoke and guidance
But now that it's here...

While I was living with them
I couldn't wait to get away
All I can think of now
Is the next time I'll be seeing them.
I feel torn in two
Thinking of all the good times
But also the thrill of an
Independent life
Guiding and shaping my own
Destiny

I suppose I'll adjust...
Eventually
Right now, though, I'd pay
Gold for a solution to my dilemma
I know I can't have my cake
And eat it, too
But I can always hope
Can't I?

I guess I'm being selfish
Wanting the best of two things
But that's human nature
Isn't it?
I realize that now I have to accept
My growing up years as over
I just can't let go all together

There's no easy answer
I can understand that
I just hope time
Can give me a solution to my
Loneliness, my homesickness.

Chris Hale
grade 10th

Jim LeBlanc
Grade 11

I live in America
neither right nor left am I
and certainly not center.
To me to be among
the silent majority
means to be among the dead.
And for me
no two or ten or two hundred
make up a minority.
Every man is such
Because every man is different.



Can you believe?
That once we were,
As small as a pencil dot.
But soon we are older,
Bigger and stronger,
Facing what is to come,
In our future undertakings.
Taking the path to what we
call the jungle.
Can we cope on our own?
Or do we need someone
to help along?
Even though we do,
Somehow, someday,
We've got to let go,
And do on our own,
For everyone who went through,
And survived the jungle.
Was once like us,
The young and helpless!

by Syva Mangroo
grade 10th



People

People don't seem to care any more
Rushing down the city streets,
They strive for material gains.
They push and shove as they go,
Ignoring all but themselves.
They live for money and possessions,
Not beauty nature or love.
People just don't seem to care.

Brian Wacter
Grade 10

Silence Is Welcome

When words say nothing, and tone says everything-
When words turn to weapons.
Silence is welcome.
It eliminates the weapons.

Conversation turns to battle,
And wounds run deep inside.
Silence is welcome.
It helps heal the wounds.

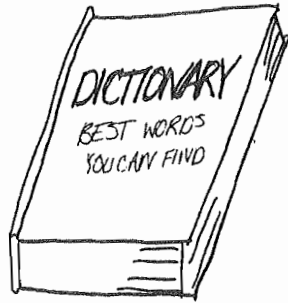
Only when a person cares
Can words make a soul bleed.
Silence is welcome.
It may stop the bleeding.

Love can be a bullet
When fired with words of hate.
Silence is welcome.
It can slow the bullet down.

One can be beaten, and damage done,-
With words so heavy few can carry.
Silence is welcome.
It softens the blows.

Silence is best broken with love,
No words need be said.
Hatred creates the loneliest silence,
And love creates the loudest.

Peggy Van Gorder
Grade 12



A Friend

A friend is someone to be with,
To laugh with
To cry with
A friend is someone who shares,
The bad times
And the good times
A friend is someone to be happy
with.
And to have fun with
A friend is a special person,
A person all your own.

Stephanie Harwick
Grade 10

You're A Special Friend

You know what you are
My special friend
The one who understands me
Someone I can talk to
Someone to be with
When times are good or bad.
We shop
We talk
And just sit around
Thank you Jennifer
For being my special friend.

By: Dawn Abel
Grade 9

A Friend

At first just a stranger;
A new kid on the block.
A smile here,
A smile there.
And then before you know it
A friendship begins to grow.
Will this friendship last?
Hopefully a life time.

Kim Rejzik



Feelings: Happiness

Happiness first crept into her heart
when she awoke to hear the twitter of the birds
for she realize she was lucky to hear them,
lucky to be alive.

Today was the day of the Valentines Dance
where she would be crowned Queen
and Bob her King.

She would walk onto stage with everyone silent,
the King at her arm with the audience silent,
and then the applause would begin
filling her to the brim with joy
knowing these were her friends.

The moment would end and everyone would forget,
but not her;
she would remember for the rest of her life,
the joy she felt on stage with the applause.

No she would remember happiness like no other:
happiness with herself.

By : Lora Webert



My mind cried out for mother
I need you it screamed
My heart yelled "I love you!"
"Please listen to me!"

But,
A swift shove
Pushed me away

And,
A yelling voice
The violence of it hurting me.
Yelled for me
To get out of the way

My mind yelled out at mother
Leave me alone it screamed
My heart yelled "I hate you!"
"Get away from me!"

But,
A loving embrace
Hugged me to death

And,
A loving voice

The softness of it stunning me
"I love you"
She whispered to me.

"Mother, I love you too!"
I whispered to her.

by Chandi Peterson
grade 10th

Facts On File

Do you want to know what I have learned
That will help me excel in life?

I can integrate your SSn
With a minimum of strife.

I can maximize a value for X
Or calculate refraction.

I can tell you all you want to know
About inertia, friction, and traction.

I know about Hitler and what he did,
I know about Goebbels and Hess.

I know all the facts about Nuernburg--
The trials became such a mess.

I know about femurs, biceps, and joints,
I know what A does to B.

I know about Marianna's Trench
And micro-organisms of the sea.

I know the laws of logarithms
Like I know the alphabet.

I've learned about Siberia
And the Himalayas of Tibet.

I can recall the Quadratic equation
Or the Constitution with ease.

I've learned about cell division
And about the birds and the bees.

I can spot a schizophrenic
From at least a mile away.

If seven percent is the interest rate
I'd know how much to pay.

My brain is a living "Facts on File",
But I still don't know what to say

When my parents ask "What are you doing
Come the end of May?"

By Peggy Van Gorder
Grade 12



Imagine the things we do in life,
how we imagine the ways the
season's would turn out.

Imagine the ways life is with this
special thing, we have love,
hope, and many other feelings.

Imagine how life would be without
the imagination, how much we
need it to life on life.

Without imagine we lose many
things and without it we
cannot live.

Anthony Sims
Grade 9
Imagine

Growing Up And Old

Sun baked days and mother's praise,
Ice cream and roller skates,
Grassy summer meadows, brown from the sun rays,
And all the scratched up knees,
This is what Texas summers bring.
The memories of growing up,
The crisp clear nippy days of winter,
Barely needing a jacket for the cold,
And running noses that mothers whip,
Running wildly to and fro,
Through leaves and fields we go,
Playing tag and riding bikes,
I barely even noticed,
The years were passing faster now,
Fast as I got older,
All the dreaming I do now of going back to where,
My childhood was and life began,
Grows warmer with passing time.

Fleshetta Loftin
Grade 10

I held a treasure in my hands
And though they wanted it I won't let them have it.
I will fight to the end to save my treasure.
To keep it safe, to keep it going.

I don't care what they say;
My treasure is worth a lot to me.
They command me to come to them
To give up and let them take what's in my hand.

So I shout to them saying
"Maybe things haven't worked out;
You may want my treasure but so do I."
For that treasure is my life.

Stacy Wahlquist
grade 10

Mondays

Mondays,
Mondays are such a bore,
Mondays are days when
you don't have any money,
Mondays are days when
you forget your homework,
Mondays are days when
you miss the bus,
Mondays are days when
you pass-out in class,
Mondays are mostly just
days when you feel
as if you should have
stayed in bed.
If there is one positive
thought about Mondays
it's the simple fact
that in four days the
weekend starts again.



Come Monday Morning

It's Friday at last
And all my tests I have passed
When Monday came about
I thought school wouldn't let out
Tuesday flew right by
Like a plane high in the sky
Wednesday came along
With a high note in its song
And Thursday just dropped dead
Like the feeling you get-
When a long bombing birdie lands
on your head
So now it's Friday at last
This weekend is gonna be a blast!
But after Saturday and Sunday...
Back to boring Monday.

Kathy Young
Grade 10

by Author Rafferty
grade 10th

MY BABY

The pains started and
seemed to never end.

When they finally did
I lay there with a look
on my face that I had never
had before.

In my arms I held
a baby girl with eyes like
coal that would soon turn
to diamonds.

As she lay beside me
I felt a love between us a
bond that could never be broken.

For she was my child and I was
her mother.

While the hours past I grew
to love my baby more and more.

Time had slipped away so fast
until I had not noticed that the
time had come and there was no turning
back because I had already signed
the adoption papers.

Now it was time for them to
take away the baby, not just any
baby, my baby!

Kimra Burns
Grade 9



FEELINGS

They know deep inside it's not right.
But what can they do?
They must face it, for it's reality.
But they can't help wondering
what it's like to be free.

Freedom is a word that does
not exist...
but is in the thoughts of many.
The urge of wanting freedom
is overpowering.
Why must they build a wall
around freedom?
What are they afraid of?

They wonder what it's like
to be on the other side.
Will they ever find out
what freedom is like?
It's so close, yet so far.

Claudine Robinson
Grade 9



People come and go.
Some you may not even know.
There are tall, short, skinny, and fat.
Some have the characteristics of being good and bad.
People are silly and people are dumb.
Some may even be on rum.
However they appear to you, just remember
to think twice because you might look the
same way in their book too!!

Clarke Mahek
Grade 10

I'll never forget those faces,
thousands of faces,
all staring at me...
watching and waiting

I knew what they wanted,
I wanted it too...
But could I give it to them?

I took a deep breath,
the music began,
it had never been so beautiful!

Though I felt clumsy at first,
the soft music picked me up,
and carried me away.

Those faces from a world
full of tears and fears,
were gone.

I floated around in a new world,
where dreams were real and love
was again innocent and everlasting.

But before I could become
totally lost in my fairytale world,
loud applause and cries of "Bravo!"
brought me suddenly back.

The tears welled in my eyes
and slipped down my cheek,
I took my bows and accepted my roses.

I had danced...
and I'll never forget!

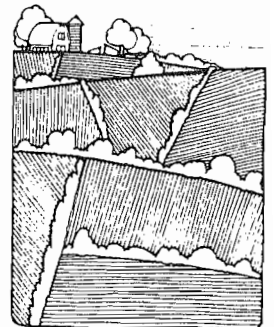
by Laura Jacoby
grade 11th



WHAT'S INSIDE

If only I knew what was
inside your heart.
If only I knew what
feelings are in there for me.
Is it worth the time
If you haven't even
noticed me, oh if I weren't
so shy I would tell
you my love to you.
My love to you is so
strong that it seems to explode.
Oh, if only you knew
the way I felt than maybe
you'd understand. Maybe you
really would would. At least you
would know what you
mean to me, and not hurt me
so much by taking "her" out.
you are with her,
when she doesn't deserve you,
I know her love to you
isn't as strong as mine.
Just give me a chance;
well maybe you will.
In fact I know you will,
sometime or someday you'll
give up on her and notice me.

Conny Jimenez
Grade 9



Lost Enchantment

Speak to me of yesterday when we laughed and love in the sun.
 A gentle touch, a soft caress as our love had just begun.
 Reveal to me a time gone by when my world was free and light.
 Whisper to me of the love we shared on a bright, star-filled night.
 My tortured mind reaches backwards to a not too distant past.
 To a soft-spoken word and gentle kiss and a time that could not last.
 I am now in a faraway place, not to hear your voice or to see your face.
 I cry out for a time gone by, and the abiding love that will not die.

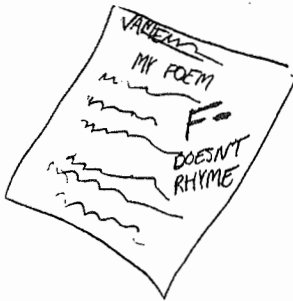


by Diana Foshage
 grade 10th

Memory Lane

You sit and wonder of what to say,
 With a hundred different topics
 Running through your head.
 Planes, books, flowers, school,
 Which one will I use?
 You decide to try all of them
 But none of them work,
 You try again and again, but
 Decide to give up.
 When all of a sudden one comes
 Into mind.
 You write it down and to your surprise
 You've written a poem that doesn't
 Even rhyme.

Didi Crawford
 10th Grade



When I was a tyke,
 I loved the circus and such,
 My phrases were "gee"
 And "I love you this much."
 As I got older
 And boys were my thing,
 I said things like "groovy"
 And "Gimme a ring."
 On through the years,
 With music my crave,
 Hard Rock was my kind,
 The Stones were my fave.
 Later on I said things like,
 "You are the most"
 And ate things like herring
 On cold Melba toast.
 I look back on those times.
 And I see a replay,
 I don't dwell on the past though,
 I live for today.

Anonymous

The Stream

A gently flowing stream
 Gurgling in the shade
 It comes to a root and flows over
 Then to a rock and it flows around
 A waterfall
 A splash
 It continues on and on
 Ever onward to its destination

Micheal Carey
 Grade 10

The tears stream down my face as I see the
 Sight of someone new in this world.
 To think how lucky they were to make it in this
 time of life.
 It just terrifies me to think that if my mother
 didn't want me, she would have thrown me away,
 As if I was a common piece of garbage.
 The people who make these types of decisions must be
 Out of their mind.
 A child is the sweetest gift that can be given to us.
 Thank you mom for loving me, caring for me, and giving
 Me the chance to take part in your life.
 I love and appreciate you for your decision,
 I hope more people can learn the joy of children.

Anonymous

DEATH

People often speak of how awful
death is but they are often speaking
without knowledge.
Without the knowledge and understanding of how
it works and what it is, is what scares people.

BY: Clifton Rone
Grade 9

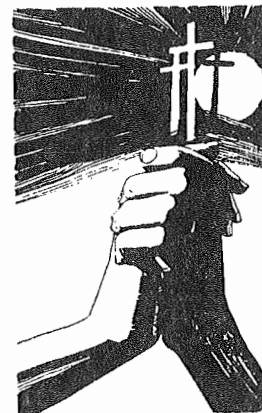


I held a treasure in my hands
And though they wanted it I won't
Let them have it.
I will fight to the end to save my
Treasure.
To keep it safe, to keep it going.

I don't care what they say;
My treasure is worth a lot to me.
They command me to come to them
To give up and let them take what's in
My hand.

So I shout to them saying,
"Maybe things haven't worked out;
You may want my treasure but so
do I."
For that treasure is my life

Stacy Walquist
Grade 9



I woke up and felt the
strangeness that had crept
in during the night

I lifted my arms
to raise from my bed
-but they did not raise
-now I remembered...

Last night I was hurt
Life was mine to keep
or to take

I took it

When I realized life
was mine
to take and when I
tried to claim my own

They took it from me

They strapped me to my
bed and forced me to
stay

Like it or not because
now I have to do it their
way

I had it

Everything is so clear
now, why can't I go
back and change it, it's
my life, but...

They have it

They say they are
saving me, but...

FROM WHAT?

Jay Hamilton
grade 10



DEATH

Is it the end or the begining?
Yes, your heart may have stopped beating,
And your brain may have stopped thinking,
But your body and soul, are still whole.

That body of yours is still the same
Of course it will change fromm day to day

Yes, it may be in darkness, locked in a box
Wondering what is going on in the world above

But then you look to the future and you see
Heaven, God, and yourself.

Looking down onto yourself, than you will
Be able to say, It's only the begining...

Tonie Moore
Grade 9

THE APPLE TREE

Standing in the yard
Thick and tall, ever growing,
Never stopping.
Providing homes for
Birds, and squirrels.
Giving shade to those who desire it.
And happiness to those who climb it.
Providing fruit to those who need it.
The animals , birds, and man.

J.J. Jones
Grade 10



You're Strange

You're strange
 You're not like him or me,
 Or anyone
 You're alone, always, waiting
 No one wants to know you because,
 You're strange
 You shouldn't be so odd,
 Be yourself, be somebody.
 But no matter what,
 We will always think,
 You're strange.

Christy White
 Grade 10



Death

Is it a beginning
 or is it an end?
 nobody knows
 except the dead
 Is there life after death?
 Do people come back?
 Do they rot away?
 Or watch over us?

Nobody
 Knows!

Ketia Stenzl
 Grade 9



The Oddball

The little boy sat in the back
 of the room,
 His classmates smiling, then laughing
 looking him over with curious eyes.
 What a strange sight this new boy was,
 his odd-shaped glasses;
 his crooked smile;
 his worn patched blue suit with the
 big green tie.
 Everything about the boy was strange.
 Even the way he talked.
 His slight lisp.
 The little boy's face turned red.
 Why were they whispering about him?
 What had he done?
 The boy had tried so hard to be friendly
 to everyone he met.
 But they were laughing at him.
 The recess bell rang.
 The boy walked outside like the rest
 of the children.
 But not with them.
 Alone.
 He was just glad that no one had
 seen the single tear
 That fell down his cheek.

by Jennifer Prittie
 grade 9th

She Fooled Everybody

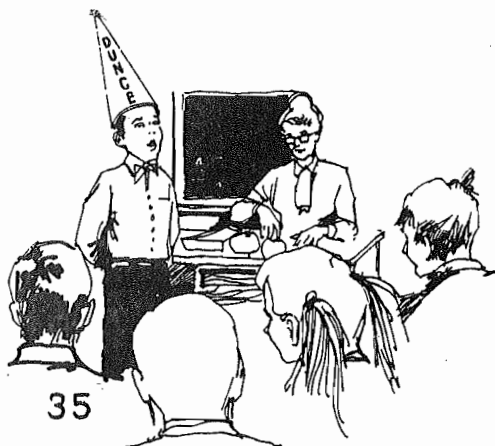
She was ugly and mean.
 Everybody thought her to be
 Cruel and vicious
 Then one day they found out
 Her dog was hit by a car.
 She cried.
 Maybe she was actually
 Kind and caring
 Not as mean as they thought.
 She fooled everybody.

Amanda DeBerry
 Grade 9

He Fooled Everybody

He wore baggy pants and
 shaggy shoes! He had ripped
 up shirts and considered it
 cool. He's just sixteen out
 of money, out of luck! He's
 running wild, he's running free.
 He spent the night in every
 jail, as a result of raising
 hell! But in reality he had
 fine clothes and good food, a
 big house and lots of booze!
 He's running wild, running free!
 That's how it'll always be!

John Gipson
 Grade 9



Total Peace In Heaven

The car accident was far away.
Now I was at total peace,
with these other spirits,
all filled with joy and friendliness:
I have no worries,
No problems,
No hate.
So this is what heaven is like.
All the days I wondered
what this day would be like
If I knew what this would be like
I wouldn't have been able to wait.
How could anyone fear death?

Tom Carey



Insane

Darkness fills his mind,
His soul and thoughts are distant,
And far from within,
He feels a hate and anger
Grow with every passing moment
His body is a cage just
holding back his rage and fear
The darkness that's always
in his mind, it grows in his mind
With hunger to destroy him.
He knows what will happen next
For soon he will have no power to
Stop this attack, For soon he will be
INSANE

Mason Sherry
Grade 9

Quicksand

I am in quicksand,
stuck here, unable to help myself
somebody! Somebody please help
me before I get any deeper!
Please see me and give me
a chance because I can't
do this by myself
Please help me now,
because,
If I get any deeper,
I will surely die.

Caroline Kelley
Grade 10



These Dogs Are Frightning

These dogs are frightening,
More frightening than lightning,
You can run up, you can run down,
You can run across, you can run around,
You can run fast, you can run slow;
their gonna get you wherever you go.
Beware of these frightening dogs.
When you walk down the street,
They might just be the last thing
you meet.

by Frank Davis
grade 9th



I hate to see you drink so much,
Running around with friends,
You know if you keep it up,
Your life is going to end.
You say it makes you feel good
But what you cannot see,
Is that the more you do it
The more you're hurting me.

Leroy Lopez
Grade 10

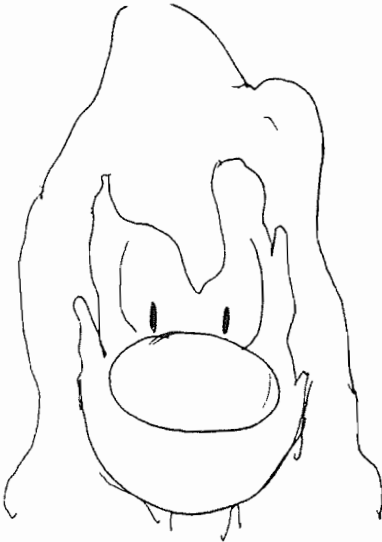
Why

Why did you leave me
Why weren't you there
I thought you had loved me
I thought you had cared

Is it something I did,
Or was it something I said?
And now that your gone
I'd rather be dead

I'm truly sorry for whatever it was
And now I guess it's goodbye
But the question will always
Stay with me and the question is "Why?"

Kim Rejzek
Grade 10



Why can't he be mine?
I love him more than her.
Why can't he realize that?
I'd give up anything to be his.
Why did she have to move here?
It's no fair!
He should be mine.
I saw him first.
Why did she have to interfere?
He would be mine by now.
I would've been the happiest
person alive.
She doesn't deserve him.
She's a piece of trash!
Why can't he see that she's
going to hurt him?
It wouldn't have mattered if
someone better would've got-
ten him, but her?
He's too good for her!
I may have my mistakes
but I couldn't be that bad,
could I?
Why?
Why did I think he should be
mine?
Why did I get my hopes up
so high?
Good-bye forever,
You're her's now.
She won, I lost.

by April Fletcher
grade 11th

The Chain Around My Neck

There is a chain around my neck,
And it drags behind me
As I walk down this long, dirt tunnel.
I am tired, very tired.
I need a rest but I can't;

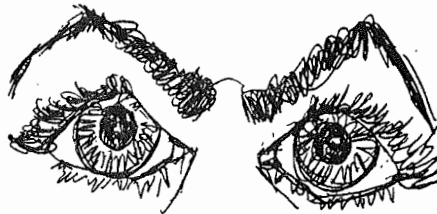
We come to a room,
I look in.
I find out that I am not the only one
There are others, all with chains around
their necks.
Chained to the ceiling,
Chained to the floor.

The people behind me turn and leave,
The last one closing the door behind him.
It shuts with a loud bang
That echos through my mind,
Reminding me that I will be here
forever and ever and ever.....

Stacy Walquist
grade 10

The tears stream down my face as I see the
Sight of someone new in this world.
To think how lucky they were to make it in this
time of life.
It just terrifies me to think that if my mother
didn't want me, she would have thrown me away,
as a common piece of garbage.
The people who make these types of decisions must be
out of thier mind.
A child is the sweetest gift that can be given to us.
Thank you mom for loving me, caring for me, and giving
me the chance to take part in your life.
I love and appreciate you for your decision,
I hope more people can learn the joy of children

Anonymous



Peace

Why do they all come to weep and to mourn?
Is it such a great tragedy what has happened today?
I do not know if it is right or wrong.
I have prayed for this moment day and night long,
All the suffering and hurting no more,
It has to end forever.
One last scream!

And then silence,
And peace dear Lord,
Peace from this day on.

Why Do People?

Why do people destroy the trees?
Why do people pollute the streams?
Why do people kill other people?
Why do people kill the animals?
Why do people lie?
Why do people cheat?
Why do people kill themselves?
Why do people start wars?
Why is the world this way?

There is a chain around my neck,
 And it drags behind me
 As I walk down this long, dirt tunnel,
 I am tired, very tired,
 I need a rest but I can't;
 They won't let me.

We come to a room;
 I look in.
 I find I am not the only one.
 There are others, all with chains around
 Their necks.
 Chained to the ceiling,
 Chained to the floor.

The people behind me turn and leave,
 The last one closes the door behind him.
 It shuts with a loud bang
 That echoes through my mind,
 Reminding me that I will be here
 Forever and ever and ever...

The sun shined
 On a single leaf.
 The leaf, wet with dew
 Glistens like gold;
 While it softly waves in the breeze.

The sun shines
 On the calm sea.
 It reflects on the rippling waves
 As the water flows outward
 Never to return.

The sun shines
 On a tear
 That glistens in my eye,
 For I am full of happiness
 And happy that I am alive.

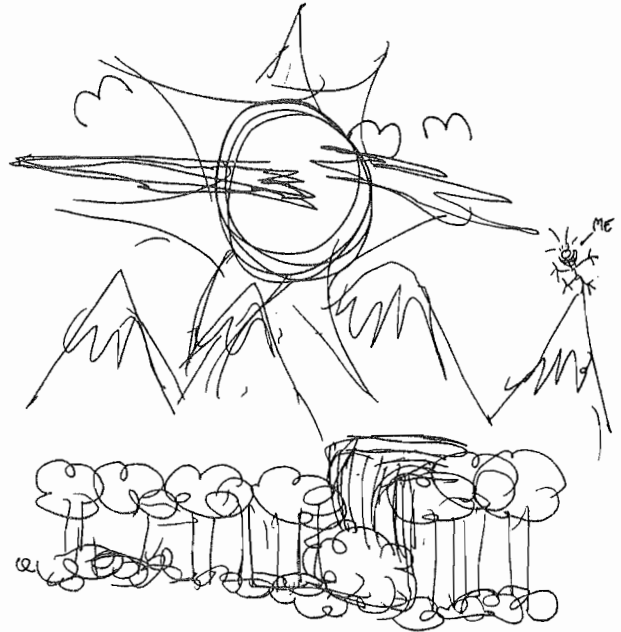
I sit and stare
 At all the beauty around me.
 I see a rainbow, and a mountain,
 And a waterfall.
 All are so very beautiful.
 I love today.

by Stacy Wahlquist
 grade 10th

Dreaming

Dreaming
 My life is so so...
 How do you say it
 It's like a dream
 You're living in a fantasy world
 You've got your perfect boyfriend
 Perfect friends
 Everything is perfect
 Then you return to reality
 And find your world falling apart.

Anonymous



There is a man who is
 but also who is not,

He is alive physically
 but not mentally,

Although he runs and hides
 he can never really find peace,
 for he is crazy; a total madman.

Tormenting pain is his.
 Always trying to be able to
 act and feel normally
 He is always made fun
 of and laughed at, he says to himself,
 why must I live like this?

And so when our madman
 goes on a rampage, it's
 back to the rubber room to try
 and find his mental self again.

by Bryan Potyk
 grade 9th

KIDD



NON! YOU'RE ONE GORGEOUS GUY!

YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GUY I'VE EVER MET!

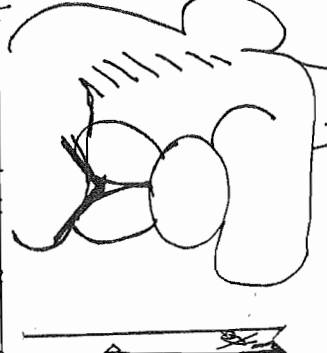
CAN... CAN I TOUCH YOU?



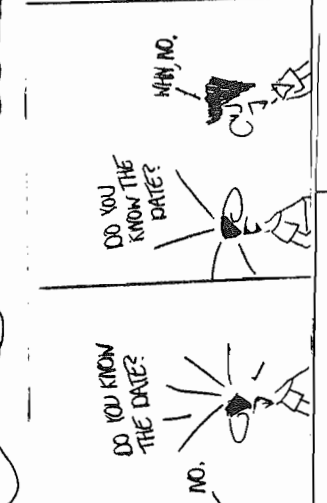
MMMM... THAT FEELS GOOD.

I WANT YOU.

I WANT TO... TO...



PERVERT!!



DO YOU KNOW THE DATE?

HELLO LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I WOULD LIKE TO WELCOME YOU TO OUR CARTOON STRIP "KIDD".

AND HERE ARE SOME OF OUR CHARACTERS.

SMILE.

WELL WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO NOW?

IT'S HARD TO TELL IN A BLACK AND WHITE STRIP.

THIS ISN'T RED!

THIS ISN'T RED!

IT'S HARD TO TELL IN A BLACK AND WHITE STRIP.

HERE.

HAND ME MY RED PEN, KIDD.