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ledgements

It has been a honor and pleasure assembling this year's Legacy. It never ceases to amaze me the amount of hidden talent we have among our students. The submissions have been a source of inspiration for me, and I know that the world be a better place because of these authors.

I would like to thank all those who contributed thier work. Your hearts have been spilled onto paper, which is not an easy task, and it has not gone unnoticed. I would also like to thank the judges; Dr. Haluska, Mr. and Mrs. David Warden, Ariel Childers, and Mrs. Pyke. Thank you especially, Mrs. Pyke, for continuing to support the Legacy by being its sponsor. The Legacy would not exist without you. You have been a pillar of strength during this year. May God bless you as you continue to be a model of Christ for your students.

To all that read this compilation, my aim is that you will gain as much as I did from it. I hope it wll be inspiring, uplifting, insightful, and enchanting. Enjoy the souls within.

• **Krystal Smith**
2001 Legacy Editor and Layout Artist

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REFLECT THE SON

The moon sits dignified and stable
On the crisp, winter night.
For some out in the dark,
It is their only light.

We should help others along their way,
By reflecting the Son as does the moon.
For some are looking for the True Light
Not realizing He is coming soon.

We can not give up,
Our faith to others share.
For through the way we act
They will see how much God does care.

We are no different than the rest
Unless we have the light from the Son
Who is the One to strengthen us,
So we can shine out and help other on.

Then when the wondrous day comes
And everything that can be is done
We will fade away as the moon
And watch the glorious rise of the Son.

• Kristina Bowers

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Imagine the power to create life from nothing
And a frame of mind that never wanes
Imagine being so strong no one could hurt you
But you felt a love that caused you pain

Imagine providing everything for someone
And then watch him stab you in the back
Imagine the pain of watching him suffer
And being blamed for the faith he lacks

Imagine creating a perfect world
A world before man fell
Imagine watching this perfect world
Knowing it will go to hell

Imagine you saw this world
And wanted for it to be saved
And you had the power to save them
But they did not want your grace

I am glad that I'm not God
Because I tend to act in haste
I imagine what I'd do
I'd probably say this world's a waste

• Rob York



THE LORD

He offers his love with open hands;
Freely gives to all from all lands,
Stout with mighty power, he stands.

A weary world beneath him crawls;
He watches from his heavenly walls,
And as a loving Savior, he falls.

• David Heinrich

E — L — A — S — T — I — C — I — T — Y

I was a rubber band
Plain, as rubber bands go
I had no color
According to other rubber bands
And being plain
I accepted it

I was a rubber band
With many different uses
I was strong
For my life was centered
On one part of life
Be all the rubber band I can be!

I was a rubber band
Who encountered twists
And ripples
While holding others together
Others were important
Even if they weren't concerned about me

I was a rubber band
Who had been stretched
To my limit
And finally broke
In tiredness, in dreary tones,
And in helplessness- I was alone.

I was a rubber band
Who discovered that I was still of some use
With another broken band
The greatest rubber band ever
Who was broken for others like me
But survived.

• Krystal Smith

Untitled

In the midst of night I woke
Roused by a voice that softly spoke
Of angels and of peace

Its words encouraged my mortal pen
To write these words
To fight this sin
I've battled since my birth

I used to wish to be someone
Who people would admire
Who all men would desire
But now I wish for love

When greed once took another's bread
And hope was killed by one word said
Without the thought of kindness
My conscience repaid justice
So where to go from where I stand
I feel somewhere Another's hand
Outstretched to hold my own
And guide me on to heaven

• Shelley M. Chamberlain

silent **AGREEMENT**

In upper rooms of nestered New Jerusalem,
windows look always into outer space
---her heights transcending the atmosphere of earth.

S-l-o-w-l-y swirling;
view ever new,
man's galaxy glides again
into virgin cosmos.

Ovation stars glint
like tears of joy.

Converted eyes catch chromatic gases
defying the darkness---a field of depth
vast enough to absorb every echoing thought
into silent agreement.

• Adam Hendron



MAGIC

I'm waiting, Lord.
It hasn't happened yet.
That magic that you promised?
Well, I'm watching that hat
And I haven't yet seen the rabbit.

When will it be my turn, Lord?
Seems like everyone has played already-
Some three, maybe four times.
Yet I'm still standing in line waiting to sit at the table.
And the line doesn't seem to be getting any shorter.

Lord, is it my fault?
Have you told the joke already,
and I just missed the punchline?
Did the parade pass by
while I was watching the crowd?

I'm waiting, Lord.
It hasn't happened yet.
That magic that you promised?
Well, I'm still watching that hat
and so far no rabbit.

Maybe your wand broke.

• Alexa Merickel

DEVOTION

He memorizes two verses
from his worn-down Bible
everyday.

And he says the Lord's prayer
before sun rise seven days
a week.

On Saturday afternoon he
crafts cards from construction paper
saying inside:
"Jesus is coming soon, keep it in mind."

But during the week he
hides, he passes people
and doesn't even say hi.

Devotion to me is more than
daily devotions.

• David Heinrich

•B•L•I•N•D••T•I•M•E•S•

In the blind times
Of the early morn
When you feel your heart
Empty and fill
At a slower pace,
And thoughts of the
Daily gauntlet-running
And bruises incurred
In the way cause
Trembling and tears,
If but for one moment lift
Upwards a cry to the One
Whose heart only fills
With thoughts of you.

• Joseph Earl

EMPTY PLACES

Going down life's long path
Once anxious to depart
You now are low, but remember,
God can fill your empty heart.

When all seems lost
And hope, it seems, is very hard to find,
Just let God in, and every time,
He'll fill your empty mind.

When you are of no help and there's
No one on whom to depend
God can lift you up
So you will not have an empty hand

When you're about to give up
And vision blurs on our only goal
God is there to support you
And He will fill your empty soul.

• Krystal Smith

PRE

•

DISCOVERY

I don't even know the color of his eyes.

It's funny, but when I'm with him,

I forget to look.

I can't recall his face on demand,

though I wish I could,

and every time I catch him looking my way, I gulp,

because I'd forgotten how good-looking he is.

I get so caught in his laugh that I miss his smile.

I'm so tangled in this careful hugs, I forget his arms.

I'm so intent of his gaze, I don't see his eyes.

Funny.

I can love him before I can describe him.

• Alysa Shepherd

BANQUET : DATE

Like that last piece of cherry cheesecake at church potluck
Or that used guitar with solid spruce to in L&M Music
Or that silver Acura for five grand in the Auto Trader
She was taken.

• Milo Hurley



BREAD OF TRUE LOVE

Take two souls.
Put them together in a bowl.

Whip in handfuls of impassioned violin music,
add yeast of patience,
a pinch of candle light,
until you are left with extremely sticky dough.

Flour the dough with conflicts of interest.
Knead it, pound it, knead it.
Cover and place in a warm embrace to rise.

Grasp the flesh of dough.
Flour with the busy schedule of the world.
Knead it, pound it, knead it.

Bake in ardent heat until golden brown.
Savor the resonating aroma.

Cool.
Slice into thick pieces and devour.

• Dorothy Ann Porawski

Un

titled

Hold me like the water holds me
Soak into my skin
And when the breeze begins to cool me
Make me warm again

Fill me with your laughter
Tell me stories till I sleep
And when I wake in morning
You're the only dream I'll keep

If I Go Over

There

If I go over there
He'll grab me and tickle and I'll laugh and feel happy
For a minute
So I go over
And I'm right
For a minute
But then what?

Something green and cold
Climbs in between
My sternum and spine
Only a laugh or touch or look
Will warm it
For a minute
How can I keep it warm?

I know how attention whores are made.

• Emile Wilson

What You See What You See

Your eyes paint pictures
of sandbars between two slates of sea
and the sky above that sea
and me

Your eyes sketch stories
of a peaceful, private place
and the people in that place
and my face

Your eyes do dances
of me and you
of me and you
on waves of foamy blue

• Cassandra King

UN

TITLE

D

In a field of bitter herbs,
I was standing.

The ground breathed and slowly spewed forth
a bitter flower, full of loveliness.

A flower smaller than I but with grander things to say.
Her cherry lips bit at me and her sunny eyes burned.

She hissed, "How can you let him go?"

I stammered, "It was not my choice."

The flowers words shot venom.

"It was a choice, but was it yours to make?

A seemly distant place isn't as far as you think.

All distance is emptied into a place called 'loneliness'

You don't have to linger there. Look at all he's offered you.

Love, friendship, a life long commitment. Even sunshine...

Distance or not, it is not a choice taken from you..."

I cried myself to the ground.

"What can I do?" I said as I inhaled my tears.

The flower's face melted into a million little sparrows and
descended into light as she said,

"Love him..."

I woke up in a field of bitter herbs, shadowed by bitter tears.

• Melissa Mead

C H E R R I E S

You bought them
for her
I know
but, I ate them-
all-
the heart shaped cherries
whose blood
red juice stained my
chin.
Will you love
me now?

- Autumn Wurstle, First Place Poetry

..... **To A Girl**

I'll Never Hold ...

For the reason that one looks into a sky
Of sunlit clouds in their cumulation,
Although he has no wings in which to fly-
For the reason that one looks out to a sea
Of waves forever fading into dawn,
Without a sail to steer at liberty-
For the reason that one looks up to a tree
To watch a squirrel chatter on a limb,
Although he dare not climb, lest it flee-
For the reason that one looks upon a doe
Nurturing her freckled fawns in spring,
Although one twitch of his will make them go-
For such a reason, if I may be bold,
I'd gaze upon the girl I cannot hold.

• Milo Hurley

De **ci** **sion**

I've made the decision to forget you.
i fell in love with nothing
there were moments when i knew
i knew that you loved me
you love me

but there's no way to prove it
you were so careful
not to give me anything concrete
you gave me things that looked like bonds
Secrets
Dreams
Kisses
you sang to me
showed my your piano-playing self
talked about what our children would be like

but you never promised anything
Never asked when you would see me again
Never made plans with me
i'm always spur of the moment with you
you call and i come

and i hate it
because for so long i never called
and when i finally did
you didn't come
and i feel like trash
and i feel stupid
and used
i'm trash because i was stupid enough to
offer myself for your use
and then talk myself into thinking you weren't using me

i still love you
and i think you still love me
but not enough to stop hurting me
and that's not enough

• Emilie Wilson

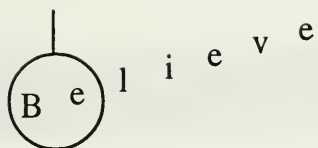
Natural

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Soft, delicate, and pretty.
She lay in a bed surrounded by green
With no thorns on her frail body
Her future certain
The sun burst forth from a horizon
Unknown to her
Demanding every flower to open
And bow to him
Brilliant colors appeared as flowers gave in
His command to their appeal
All but one
She refused to open herself
To a demand
At her refusal he beat on her
Trying to scorch and destroy her
But the day would not allow it
The moon came and showed a gentle beauty
Calling, soothing, and trying to win her appeal
She opened and the other flowers
Found that she alone
Held a brilliance that no one else had
And could only be obtained by
Self-Worth, determination, and inner strength
Not by force, but by discernment.

• Krystal Smith



If you believe you are defeated,
before you have completed,
then how can you succeed if
you can't believe.

Believe

Succeed

Achieve

• Natalie Williamson

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I can't stop looking at the box you're in:
Your coffin.
Your wife wants to express her pain,
She refrains.
I could think about what the preacher said,
But instead
I look behind the clouds, the sun appears
All my fears
Vanish, and I know it's better this way
I know today
All your pain is finally gone
I can move on

• Rob York

My

Treasure

A pitch fork
Poking for potatoes
Buried underneath
Garden dirt.

My grandpa
In his straw hat
Holding the handle,
Digging around the
Edge of the potato patch

Me, with dirty knees
Hovering over the
Patch with big eyes
And a burly gunny sack
Ready to tag a hiding spud.

Grandpa never mistakes my hand
For a potato.

• David Heinrich

R E A D

ME

Dust is on my cover
Rarely opened
Quickly shut
Please read me

Dust is on my cover
I'm masquerading worn
Hiding the new
Please read me

Dust is on my cover
No newness shining
Can you see my title?
Please read me

Dust is on my cover
My perfume a musty smell
Do I make you cough?
Please read me

Please read me
It's all I ask
I hold a treasure but
Dust is on my cover

• M. Colburn

Untitled

I watch her fingers
Intricatel weave
Invisible threads
Of pattern

As her hair
Flying like fire
About her swaying form
Tangles

Her feet
Slip lightly over the earth
In rhythm to a music
Only audible in her mind

To some she is strange
For her solitary dance
Performed more out of whim than actual purpose

To me, she is beauty
A dying ember of courage
An interpretation of depth
And all that I long to someday become

• Shelley M. Chamberlain

D E C K O F C A R D S

The cards in my hand shuffle,
the sound fluttering the silence of the room.

Life is a game
a challenge
one that I must master to win.

Gain the points
Find the ace
Beat the opponent
And never, never lose your poker face.

The game gets easier as I play,
and my hands fly over the smooth surfaces.

Every move is planned
every tactic thought out.

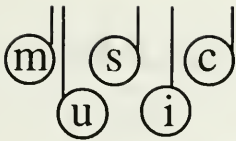
I have become a master.

The game is me
I am the game

But as I look at my silent opponents, I realize

I have become Solitaire.

• Alysa Shepherd



BOXES

When I was little
Grandpa bought me pretty music boxes
with twirling ballerinas in pink leotards
dancing bears with tall top hats
figurines who came alive
when I chose to wind the shiny metal knob
and set the gears in motion
when I chose to make the life-songs play
their light repetitions, repetitions
to break through the silence
for a time.

But no matter how far
I turned those shiny knobs
no matter how fast
those ballerinas twirled
those bears danced
those gears turned
at first,
the dance and songs
would always get slower
and slower
and
slower
and
stop.

• Cassandra King, Honorable Mention

SKIPPING

CLASS

I accidentally skipped class-
again.
Oddly,
I don't care
except for
a mild sadness
that Mommy and Daddy
will be disappointed.

There's also a fog of an idea that my grade is suffering.

But what's a mild, sad fog
compared to harsh, scraping
memory swords
that make me crave unconsciousness just to escape them?

• Emilie Wilson

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LESSONS

LIFE

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At birth we are born human,
Just life put into place.
With no choice on religion,
Color, creed, or race.

While still held by our parents,
They lock us in a name.
As if throughout our lifetime
We'll remain the same.

Then without an option
They shove us off to school.
Teaching us to obey
Their every senseless rule.

Going on in teenage years
It's then we want to be free
But adults don't break our bonds
Not seeing how it could be.

So seeing our pre-set path
Just dripping in a sink.
If adults really wanted us to achieve
They'd leave us alone to think.

• Krystal Smith

Dream

A dream can form from many a theme.
Plan and seek and you'll reach your dream.

Dreams are driven. They move and glide.
It is clear.
Not a storm in sight.

So whenever someone tries to drive you to doubt.
Tell them to get out.
This is my ride.
So move aside.

• Natalie Willamson

Alas

Loss

for the

Alone and aghast, I stand shamed.

The fearful waves

Lunge forward in attack,

Sand my only defense.

Remanded by screaming gulls,

And the thund'ring riptides.

The sun, unable to look

On my face any longer,

Enraged!

Casts itself into the sea.

Alas for the loss of my friend!

Winch now my soul and his together,

Destroy, thou heart, both

Lever and fulcrum you placed

Between the earth and he and I!

This distance more than I can bear.

• Joseph Earl

Awake

ning

Flickering shadow
Across a floor of dead leaves:
Yellow Butterfly!

• Milo Hurley, Honorable Mention

D **r** **i** **f** **t** — **ing**

A man upon a wind-tossed ocean,
Lost in thought, no sense of motion.
A red leaf floating down a stream;
Gossamer wisp of a dream.

• Joseph Earl

The

Spanish

Man

Today we have a Spanish test.
'Estar' and 'Ser' and all the rest,

To get an "A", that is our goal.
So we can speak in Es-pan-ol.

But Sr. Parra, our pro-fes-or,
A Caramba! Es un dolor.

The section which he calls "oral,"
Is very hard. Es muy mal.

The test itself is not too short.
Y mas temprano, we must abort!

But Rob and I, we try our best
"Por"y "Para" are on this test.

We have prepared the best we can
To face our foe: The Spanish Man.

• Kristin Stagg

P

ROSE

Why I Love My Dad

Growing up on the farm, I was used to being surrounded by animals. Some were just animals we bought and sold like any other piece of property. But some of them I felt a bond with. I've always enjoyed having pets, and when you have a pet, you give a piece of your soul to the animal. The problem is the animal will die before you do, and when it dies, you lose that piece of your soul.

My family kept chickens on the farm that I grew up on. Most chickens are impossible to consider pets. Most of them don't have endearing traits, like the dog that licks your face when you come home from school, or the cat that rubs against your leg while you're watching TV. Most chickens are not the kind of animals people lose any sleep over.

But Jerry was different. I selected Jerry not long after his hatching to be my special chick. Why, I don't know. When I was 7 I must have been going through a paternal stage. I kept Jerry in a little plastic pail and carried him around. I fed him, I petted him, and I bonded with him. Unlike most chickens, I could feel something about Jerry that made him my pet.

There were a few roosters among our flock of chickens. Most of the chickens were hens, because we wanted eggs: that was the whole point of us having chickens in the first place. But a few roosters were necessary to see that eggs were being manufactured.

Roosters are territorial, and can be violent for no reason. I remember once reading a poem, probably written by some dirty hippie, downing the human race for being the only animal that abused its children. That dirty hippie never raised chickens.

This one particular rooster was especially violent. I can remember him always attacking the hens, the chicks...he probably would have attacked the dogs if he'd had any real chance of surviving. I can always remember getting mad at this rooster because I thought he was being mean to the hens by jumping on their backs...when I was older I realized what he was actually doing, but that's another story.

Anyway, I can remember one day, one Saturday afternoon, I believe, I ran outside to find Jerry. The rooster had found him first. In one of his violent fits, the rooster attacked Jerry, and

Jerry was mortally wounded. Not only had a piece of my young soul died, it had been violently murdered, and I would never be the same. Mom would have to hold me real close and told me that I would feel better tomorrow. But Mom was not there that afternoon. Dad was.

Dad stepped outside, probably just to throw out some garbage into our garden, where he saw me. I had Jerry's lifeless body in the pail. I was inconsolable. Dad asked what had gone on, and I told him that the evil rooster had killed my Jerry. Dad isn't much on sensitivity, isn't much on empathy, really isn't much on words in general. Dad is a man of action. Dad knew that there was one thing he could do that would make me feel better, much to the chagrin of dirty hippies everywhere.

While I'm beside the barn burying Jerry, I hear a shot. I looked across back at the house just in time to see Dad on the back porch, stepping back inside the house with one of the many guns in his collection. Not too far away, I see the rooster going through its death throes, leaping about uncontrollably, dying by the sword it had lived by.

I went over to where the rooster lay when he stopped moving. I looked at it for a moment, before running inside the house. There was Dad at the kitchen table, drinking water like always, reading the newspaper like nothing had happened. In the face of such wanton and callous violence I could only think of one thing to say:

"I love you, Dad."

• Rob York

A Lesson in Grammer

Most of you are no doubt familiar with nouns, verbs, adverbs, adjectives and such. However, here are some less common things your English teachers may have neglected to tell you.

A noun, you know is “A word used to name a person, place, thing, quality, or action” (The American Heritage Dictionary). A proper noun therefore is a person, place, thing, quality, or action which is considered to be good and proper, such as church and kindness. An improper noun is a noun which is considered to be in itself improper, such as deception. Proper nouns may also include any person, place, or to particular people, but not others and improper nouns include any person, place, thing, quality, or action that is inappropriate in a particular situation, time, place, or to particular people. A good example of this is laughter. Although proper in many situations, it is improper during funerals. Proper nouns also include words signifying a person, place, thing, quality, or action which it is improper to use in a given situation. This is especially important for writers to understand. For example, if you are writing an historical novel set about one hundred fifty years ago, you will most likely want to avoid using the term “leg” as respectable people did not use that word at that time. It is much more acceptable to say “One of the table *limbs* is broken.”

Proper and improper verbs follow much the same rules as proper and improper nouns. Murder and slander are good examples of improper verbs.

A helping noun is what you use when you cannot think of the name of the person, place, thing, quality, or action that you need. “We went *over there* and they gave us the *things*. They were ruined. I have never before experienced such, *you know*.” They also include such words as *dodad*, *whatchamacallit*, and *do flotchymajigger*.

In addition to declarative, imperative, interrogative, and exclamatory sentences, there are inflammatory sentences. It is important to know what they are in order to avoid making them. Inflammatory sentences are those intended to “arouse strong emotion, as passion or anger” (“inflammatory”, AHD)

An independent clause is a clause that “functions...as an independent unit,” whereas a subordinate, or dependent, clause functions as “a dependent unit” (Hodges Harbrace Handbook) That is, it is dependent on something else in order to make sense. Independent and dependent sentences work much the same way. A dependent sentence is a complete sentence but is basically meaningless on its own. “The dog ran.” is a good example. No one cares that the dog ran unless they know the rest of the story. An independent clause stands on its own and is meaningful even in the absence of the sentences surrounding it. It may be a long sentence, but it doesn’t have to be. It may in fact be quite short: “Words without thought never to heaven go” (Shakespeare)

To verbalize means to turn something into a verb, or to use a lot of verbs. For example, “She walked very quickly and extremely excitedly to the store. She carefully and deliberately made her selections before impatiently and hurriedly making her way to the check out.” This is not a good thing to do. (To *adverbalize* is therefore, an improper verb.) (Note to future English teachers: As a teacher, you will no doubt encounter students who are adverbialists. Their vocabulary will consist solely of verbs such as walk. Their characters will walk slowly, walk very slowly, walk very slowly and deliberately, but they would not dare stroll or amble. If you turn their “walked very slowly” into “strolled” they may wonder what has happened to their lovely adverbs. The technical term for what has happened to this is *verbatim*.)

- Tina Huffman, Honorable Mention

The Ladybug

This is me-cute, small, generally unobtrusive. I dart through the days, chasing hours from place to place, from building to building, a colorful distraction in this busy universe. Every morning I race to conquer a thousand empty tasks. Maybe I'll stop someday on a warm windowsill to rest and watch the sun go down. And in the morning, they'll find my shell there, with dozens of lifeless others who finally stopped darting and chasing and racing to rest on the windowsill and watch the sun go down.

- Jolene Harrell

The Line She Didn't Read

The telegram from Jimmy read, "war over stop headed for Dallas stop sorry stop." Elaine tossed it on her bed in disgust. Why did he even bother? At one time they had been in love, or so she thought. A future with Jimmy had seemed natural. Then came the war, but before that the argument. It had been heated, but silly. They hadn't spoken with each other since. They hadn't even corresponded during the war.

The smell of roast beef baking in the oven reminded her that dinner would soon be ready. She should help Mama with the preparations. There would be time later to cry over her failed relationship with Jimmy.

As Elaine entered the kitchen, the sounds of the 6:00 train reached her ears. Trains didn't stop for long in small Pennsylvania towns. She soon heard the whistle blow again signaling the train's departure. Setting the last plate on the table, she wondered if Jimmy was on that train.

Entering her room to freshen up before dinner, she glanced at the telegram on her bed. Picking it up, she read the last line. "meet 6:00 train if you love me stop will stay stop."

- Lori Astleford, Honorable Mention

Captain Spectacular

Shawn struggled to put on the costume. It was a costume his mom had bought for him down at K-mart earlier that day. He begged, he pleaded, and he promised to do all his chores. He just had to have it. She caved in to his pleas, and bought him his own Captain Spectacular costume.

Captain Spectacular was Shawn's hero. The huge muscles, the gleaming smile, the never-say-die attitude, and, of course, the Photon Stun Cannon. Captain Spectacular shot the villain with it in every episode, and they always said "Augggggghhhh!" and fell to the ground unconscious. Captain Spectacular always saved the day.

Every hero needs a villain. Captain Spectacular had Dr. Diablo. Dr. Diablo always tried to trap Captain Spectacular, to get the hero out of the way so Dr. Diablo could take over the world. But Captain Spectacular always outsmarted him, rescued the Innocent Hostage, and shot Dr. Diablo. with the Photon Stun Cannon in the end. Every episode of Captain Spectacular ended with Dr. Diablo saying "Augggggghhhh!" and falling to the ground unconscious. He always lost, but Dr. Diablo was a good villain.

Shawn had his own villain in the next room. He had Dad. And Dad was making an Innocent Hostage out of mom. "You bought him a stupid costume? If you weren't so easy on that boy he wouldn't be watching that stupid show everyday! That's why his grades are so bad!" In between his mom's shrieks and cries, and Dad's swearing and threatening. Shawn could hear the sound of glass breaking, fists pounding on the table, and Dad hurting Mom. The villain won almost everyday in Shawn's house.

But today would be different. The other kids made fun of Shawn for loving Captain Spectacular, but they didn't understand. They didn't know how Captain Spectacular rescued Shawn every day, took him away from a life of angry Dads, and showed him a world where the good guys always won. Shawn was sure that the power of Captain Spectacular was real.

But Shawn sometimes wondered why Captain Spectacular hadn't rescued Shawn and his mom. He was more powerful than Dr. Diablo, so maybe Captain Spectacular was even more powerful

than Dad. But then it occurred to Shawn, Captain Spectacular had an alter ego. An alter ego who was just a normal guy. If that normal guy could be Captain Spectacular, then so could Shawn. First, he needed a suit. He had that now, so all he needed was a Photon Stun Cannon...

“Get in the kitchen and make dinner now!” Dad shouted. “I didn’t work all day keeping us out of poverty to come home to no supper! Get in that kitchen before I break your face!” Dad grabbed his fourth or fifth beer out of the refrigerator, began to chug it and continued yelling.

Suddenly, out leapt his son, wearing a Captain Spectacular costume, holding Dad’s 16-gauge shotgun. “Freeze, villian! Your reign of terror ends today!” He then pointed the gun at Dad and proclaimed, “Let the lady go or taste the Photon Stun Cannon!”

Had Dad not been drunk, he might have tried to reason with Shawn, to get him to put down the gun. But being drunk and used to getting his way through force, Dad took another course of action. “Give me that gun, you little brat, before I shove it down your throat.” Shawn shook, his lower lip quivered, and he began to lower the gun. But then he raised it again, because he was Captain Spectacular, and he was fearless.

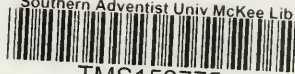
“I siad put down the gun, you little...” before Dad could finish his threat, Shawn pulled the trigger. The recoil knocked Shawn onto his back, his ears ringing, and the wind knocked out of him. When Shawn looked up, Dad was lying on his back, not moving. Mom was still crouched in the corner, bruised and crying. She was in shock over what she had just seen and would not move.

Shawn looked at teh villain for a moment, then jumped up on the kitchen table and proudly exclaimed, “Captain Spectacular saves the day again!” He puffed out his chest and began singing the TV show’s theme music.

Then Shawn looked at Dad, lying on the floor. Something was wrong. Dr. Diablo never bled when he got shot with the Photon Stun Cannon.

• Rob York, FIRST PLACE PROSE

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