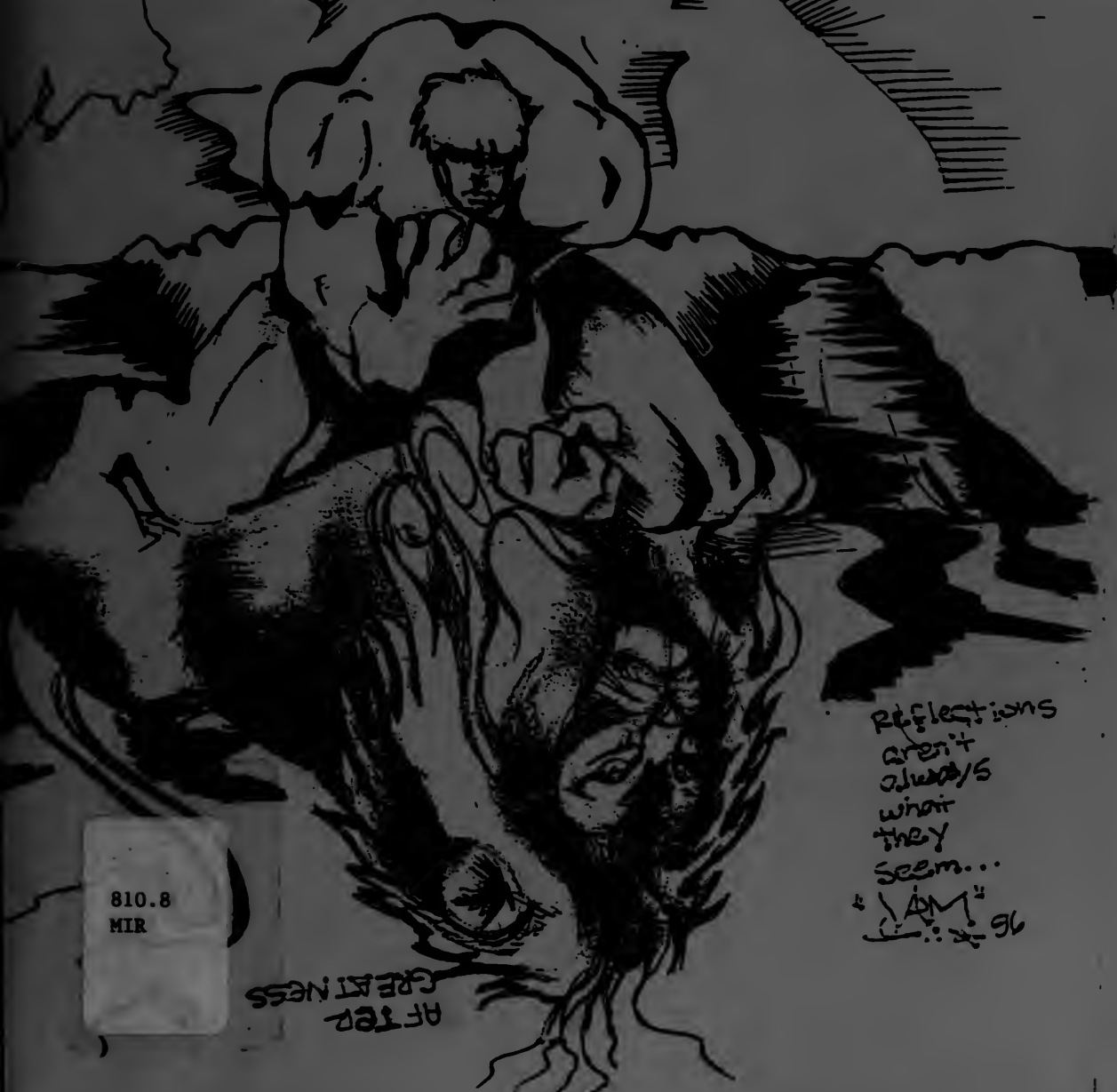


REFLECTIONS

BEFORE
THE CHANGE
OF GREATNESS..

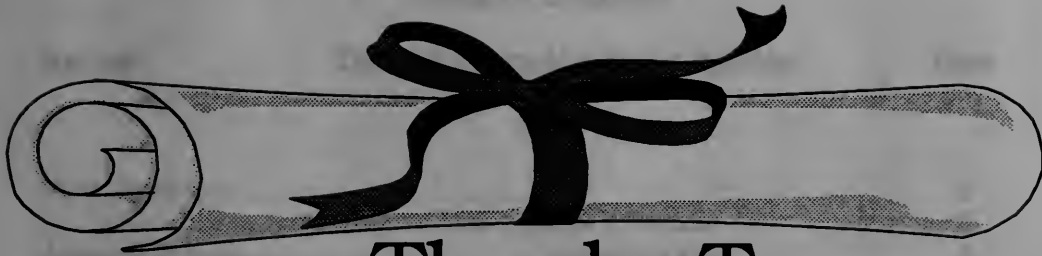


Reflections
aren't
always
what
they
seem...

"I AM"
96

810.8
MIR

AFTER
GREATNESS



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Table Of Contents

<u>Author</u>	<u>Title Of Poem And Short Stories</u>	<u>Page</u>
Life		
Tony Borrayo	Pop	2
.....	Black Sonnet	3
Adam Bowman.....	Homeless Life	4
.....	To All Parents	7
Jessica Carrillo	Shiny Bubbles	8
Todd Clymens	Bubbles That Go Splat	9
Ramon DeLao	Bubbles	10
Jessica Garcia.....	Motherhood	11
Mike Griffin.....	Confusion	12
Brian Hilton	Boring	13
Garrett Kelly	Suburb	14
.....	Losing My Mind	15
Sarah Ridenour.....	Awake	18
Susan Silva.....	On The Inside Looking Out	19
Melissa Woppert.....	But I Never Know	20
Joshua Woods	Colors	21
Love		
Amber Anderson	Him	23
Tony Borrayo	Loving You	24
Jen Connelley	Us	25
Damon Creal.....	Night Is Near	26
Damon Creal & Jamar Hopkins.....	Falling Star	27
Martin Delgado	Love	29
.....	Your Love	30
Nicole Evatt.....	Handle With Care	31
Jessica Garcia.....	Missing You	32
.....	Memories	33
Carrie Lloyd	Together Forever	34
.....	A Sonnet For Brian	35
.....	I Give My Love To You Only	36
Chrissy Murphy	Chris	37
.....	Because I Really Love You	38
Sonia Rodriguez.....	Waiting By The Phone	39
.....	Mom	40

Love (continued)

Susan Silva.....	On The Inside Looking Out	41
.....	My Box Of Love	42
.....	He Loves Me Not	43
Juliana Wagner.....	Vanished	44
Barry Williams.....	Love	45
Joshua Woods.....	Our Memories	46
Martin Valles.....	Chincano's Prayer	47
Anonymous.....	Untitled By Anonymous	48

Fantasy

Amber Anderson & Kevin Wylie.....	A Really Good Poem	50
Adam Bowman.....	The Beast With In	51
Todd Clymens.....	Dragon vs. Man	57
Nicole Evatt.....	Snow White And Election 96'	58

Changes

Michele Amaro.....	A Change Of Season	60
Tanisha Boyer.....	Thanksgiving	61
.....	Summer	62
Jessica Carrillo.....	Cold	63
Lacy Dunn.....	"Lost"	64
Donald Garza.....	Death	65
Jeff Graves.....	Thunder	66
Mike Griffin.....	A Thing I Lost	67
Sarah Ridenour.....	The Severed Garden	68
Susan Silva.....	Betrayed	69
Joshua Woods.....	October	70
.....	Winter	71
Kevin Wylie.....	Something Lost In My Life	72

Pride

Ramon De Lao.....	My Dog	74
Donald Garza.....	The Struggle Of Power	75
Mike Griffin.....	Lions In A Pride	76
Ivette Michel.....	Chicana Heart	77
Barry Williams.....	Lazy	78
Kevin Wylie & Amber Anderson.....	Stupid People	79

Last Words	80
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Life

Pop

Bubble bubbles everywhere
Bubbles bubble in my hair
Bubble bubble I don't care
Bubble bubbles it's not fair
I would rather be square then have
Bubbles in my hair
Bubbles bubbles you don't dare
Put bubbles in my hair
- Tony Borraro

Black Sonnet

Black is a color that is very dark.
It is often used when there's a deceased.
If a black cat scratches it leaves a mark.
If you pick the scratch the pain will increase.
Black is a color of very bad lick.
Superstition is related to it.
Black is known to make a bull go buck.
Kids that are scared of the dark through a fit.
Black is the color of the witches hat.
On her broom the witches rides in a black night.
Too many black olives will make you fat.
When you put on your clothes they will feel tight.
Black in a color that is not rare.
But it will give you a frightening scare.

-Tony Borrayo

HOMELESS LIFE

God I love the summer, the fresh air, the warm sand under my feet, the hot sun turning my back a beautiful golden brown. My hair is a beautiful golden blond color. My body is clean and muscular. It's the kind of body every person wishes for; legs like tree stumps, a stomach like a wash board. My arms are well built and cut. My shoulders are broad and strong. My face is clean cut and gives a sense of strength and dignity.

My kids are running around me playing tag. Most of all I have money in my pockets and lots of it.

I can see my self lying in the sand, when all of a sudden something hit me dead in the mouth. I open my eyes just in time to see my attacker lunge his foot back down onto my face again.

The pain is so tremendous. It feels like my head is in a vice as it's squished between his foot and the ground. The vice doesn't release it's painful squeeze on my head. It only tightens, leaving my body completely paralyzed from the tips of my toes to the top of my head. Hell, even my hair is paralyzed. The only thing I can do is curl up in a ball and try to protect myself from his unforgiving blows.

Then, just as I start to welcome death, maybe even beg for it, he stops and takes what little I have in my shopping cart and flee the scene.

I find myself just lying here, waiting for him to finish me, but it never comes.

After about ten minutes I raise my head and look around. I don't see the man anywhere.

All along the streets there are people just walking by. I know they saw my attacker but, let's face it, I'm a bum and no one cares what happens to me.

I'm trying to rise to my feet. The pain from the blows to ribs, legs, and back were so hard I could swear he was hitting me with a twenty pound sledge hammer. My legs are stiff, and my ribs are bruised but I'm still alive. So I just prop myself up against the wall and sit there.

It takes me a little while to realize I'm bleeding from the nose and mouth. I pinch my nose to stop the bleeding but I have no idea what to do with my mouth. So I let it bleed.

When the bleeding from my nose stops I'll look in the cart to see what all he took. I don't know why I'm going to look. I know what he took; my food. Besides for a rag,

that's all there was in it. It wasn't much but it was all I had.

As I reach into the cart to grab my rag and clean the blood that has trickled its way down my chin onto my clothes from my face, I realize I'll have to panhandle on the corner or I'll surely die of starvation.

I start working my way to the corner. It's taking me forever. The pain in my ribs on my right side is overwhelming. I can feel it now. My first guess was wrong. They're broken. But it will heal, I hope.

I finally make it to the corner and sit down. I stay there all day, just watching in amazement as everybody who walks by stares at me. No one stops. No one cares. I'm just another bloody bum lying on a street corner.

During the day the pain at first increases then goes away. When the pain finally goes away I feel real weak, cold, and faint. I have to force my mind to stay awake. I don't know why but I can't think or move. It feels like my body has died but my spirit refuses to leave this spot for fear of missing something it has held on to this long.

After a while I fall asleep and I can see myself before I lost everything. I'm standing in front of a desk. It's my old boss's desk. It takes me a while to see what my boss is saying. He's telling me they're laying everyone off. Then he hands me my last check.

Then a bunch of scenes flash before my eyes. I see myself applying for a job everywhere, and every time I get turned down.

I can see the horror spread across my face as my landlord give me one month to pay rent or get out. Then the police come and throw me out. I sit outside my house with a look of amazement and terror on my face. I have no where to go.

I spend two days just walking around with a gray haze in my eyes, not truthfully seeing anything, or feeling anything.

I find myself standing on a corner looking at a box. It's a large box, and I'm cold. I grab the box and drag it into an alley by the corner. I start grabbing newspaper and anything else that I can use to keep warm. Then I crawl into the box and fall asleep.

Then I see the next four years flash before me. I watch my body turn from every man's dream to the hellish form I have now. Every muscle has turned to mush from the lack of nutrition. My face is covered in craters, and prickled with hair. My hair is a dark brown color from all the dirt. I start feeling helpless. I'll never get out of the box. Who would hire me? They'd have to be crazy.

When I finally awake, night has already come. Since no one gave me any money I force myself to crawl back to my box. As I try to stand up my legs won't move. I can feel them so I know I'm not paralyzed. I guess I'm just hungry and tired, so I drag myself across the pavement home. Inch by inch. I can feel the break in my ribs, tearing at my insides like a lion clawing at a piece of raw meat.

The pain lasts forever and I find myself crying as I crawl to my home, my box, the only place that is truthfully mine.

I finally make it there and lie down. The trip felt like it took forever. I feel a hundred years older. My whole body hurts.

I lie there, thanking God my journey's over, but at the same time I beg him for death, for release from this world where I'm so hated.

At last I finally cry myself to sleep. At first I can still feel the piercing pain in my chest. I can feel myself laboring for breath. Then the dream starts all over again.

I'm on the beach with my heavy pockets and my kids. This time it's different. I'm cold and the sun is growing darker, like it's dying out. The wind is coming in slow, short gasps.

Then suddenly there's one last rush of wind. Then a couple of seconds later the sun suddenly turns black and dies. Then everything, including me, disappears.

There you have it My Lord. You asked for a single day in my life as my testimony, now the choice is yours. Shall the gates open or remain closed?

ADAM BOWMAN

TO ALL PARENTS

I'll lend you for a little while a child of mine he said. For you to love while she lives and mourn when she is dead.

It may be for six or seven years, or twenty-two or three, But will you till I call her back, take care of her for me?

She'll bring her charms to gladden you, and shall her stay be brief you'll have her lovely memories as solace for your grief.

I can not promise she will stay as all from earth returns. But theres lessons taught down there I want this child to learn.

I've looked the wide world over in my search for teachers true, and from the throngs that crowd lifes lanes I have selected you.

Now will you give her all your love-not think the labor vain, Nor hate me when I come to call her back again.

I fancied that I heard them say Dear lord thy shall be done!for all the joy this child shall bring, the risk of grief we'll run. We'll shower her with tenderness and love her while we may, and for the happiness we've known, forever grateful stay.

And should the angels call for her much sooner than we planned, We'll brave the bitter grief that comes, and try to understand.

ADAM BOWMAN

THE GREAT WALL

The Great Wall of China is a long wall built across the northern border of the country to protect against invasions from the north. It is one of the most famous landmarks in the world.

The wall was built in sections over many centuries, starting from the 7th century BC. The most famous part is the Great Wall of Ming, which was built between 1368 and 1644.

The wall is made of brick and stone, and it is over 6,000 kilometers long. It follows the course of the Yellow River and the Great Canal.

The wall is a symbol of the strength and unity of the Chinese people. It is a reminder of the long history and culture of China.

The wall is a UNESCO World Heritage Site, and it is one of the most popular tourist attractions in China. It is a must-see for anyone who visits the country.

THE GREAT WALL

Shiny Bubbles

Bubbles are shiny,
Bubbles are big,
Bubbles are nice rainbow colors.
They go way up in the sky and disappear.
You pop them,
You blow them.
You could do anything with bubbles
-Jessica Carrillo

Bubbles That Go Splat

Bubbles are like the sun
They go up then back down
They are in the shape of a bun
They look like they could weigh a ton
When they hit something they just go splat
Just like when you light a big hairy ugly gray rat
Bubble go up then down and splat like a big fat rat.
- Todd Clymens

Bubbles

Bubbles are round,
Bubbles are filled with air,
But when they hit the ground,
There is nothing there,
You blow one more,
Just to see it float,
It almost hit the floor,
But instead it hit my coat.

- Ramon DeLao

Motherhood

To hold, play, it's not all fun and games.
Every time your sweet little baby cries,
The feeling you get is never the same.
Being a mother opens up your eyes,
My precious baby is my pride and joy.
He opens his arms so he can hug me,
Nothing compares to my baby boy.
We have each others hearts with lock and key,
Nobody could ever imagine how
One little child could make you smile.
He fills my heart with much hope and dreams now,
I just want to sit and hold him awhile.
Motherhood is reliability.
Motherhood is responsibility.
- Jessica Garcia

Confusion

It seems as if there's an attraction, but that's just a fraction of what's there. I act as if I don't care but the memories are there .Of stories far and near. She seems to want to try, but sometimes it seems like a lie. I don't know why but I seem to be confused and my feelings abused. Why the lame excuses. Maybe I shouldn't try any more instead of searching my core and see the outcome of the situation but it makes me feel in sedation and I can't keep still. As I fill my mind of thoughts of confusion.

- Mike Griffin

Boring

Doing a sonnet is really boring
But it's better then doing math or crafts
When doing a sonnet I'm like pouring
I just sit here and write stupid paths
Writing a sonnet is not like a shirt
Make a line of 10 dumb syllables
They have to make some kind of weird squirt
If good it could impress your big fat mole
If bad teachers will call it a big joke
I want to be successful in creating this
I don't want to fail I hate bad goats
So I will make this sonnet with much ziss.
Doing this sonnet reminds me of a boat.
They both stink and are very tasteless.

- Brian Hilton

Suburb

Dead milkmen pouring out their hearts,
Tupperware women closing their lid.
Coffee heads spilling their busy life,
Geezers with alcohol, a bottle they hid.

Jell-O with fruit made by the gallon,
By apron-women stuck in the mold.
Lime green curlolse from way back when,
Remember their wives through winter cold.

Secrets of life, secluded from reality,
By the siblings and friends you hold so dear.
Clone housing that covers the shame,
The pain, the obsession, the fear.

-Garret Kelly

Losing My mind

Sometimes, when the episodes get really bad, I think my decrepit brain is ready to explode.

(explode?...explode?...what does that mean?)

No matter. I've lost it. Another word sucked into the bottomless pit known as Alzheimer's. I'm surprised I'm still writing. I can thank whoever it is I'm going to meet soon, for that. It's amazing actually, really quite...oh, you know. I'm not going to search my brain for the right word, when I know

(i know?)

I'll never find it anyway, and besides, my time is almost coming to an end. My head is ancient, 103 years to be exact, and like most old things, it's molding like a block of cheese.

(momma used to make a fine goat cheese real spicy all the right herbs i love that cheese it was so good and)

What was I saying? I don't cry so much anymore. I used to. When I first realized I was losing it. Then I forgot *how* to cry. Haven't cried in five years now, haven't done *much* of *anything* in five years.

(the jell-o here is never made right never any fruit never any real

fruit just that imitation crap with no flavor and the water makes me sick
so does all the food i hate this)

There's only one real moment in my life that I can remember.
One time when I was younger I broke a window in a policeman's
car. I had to do community service at an old folks home. Hated every
minute of it. Learned one hell of a lesson. Caring for all those geezers.
But there's one thing that haunts me now. One moment in my life I
wish I could take back. There was this old man who always ran into the
walls and forgot his name, and unfortunately I was assigned to his room.
I tidied up and fed him jell-o, discontent the whole way through. Then
he urinated all over him self and began yelling.

"Peee! Peeee! Peeeeeeeeeeeee!"

I could not help but laugh hysterically at this situation. An old
feeble man with urine all over himself yelling "peee", it just struck me
funny. And I laughed. And I laughed. And I laughed. Until....

I looked up and gazed into his wrinkled blue eyes, the saddest
look pierced my soul. I had caused this man so much sorrow. This man
who had constantly forgot his name, had somehow ...known I was laughing
at him.

He died the next day.

Awake

Awake in the night
And explore the words
Of mad poets
Long forgotten
Shake the dreams from
Your hair
And enter again
The purple legion of
Slumber
-Sarah Ridenour

On The Inside Looking Out

She's on the inside looking out.
Her hands pressed against the glass,
And her breath leaves fogginess,
As her eyes gasp for attention.
Never known what love is like,
Always passed her by.
Lost in a daze,
But she ain't gonna cry.
Doesn't know what she's missing,
So why show pain?
For something so unknown,
About a girl so plain.
Always wondering "What have I missed?"
Never been held,
Never been kissed.
So she goes out,
To find the unknown.
And a dirty man,
Takes her home.
Day in and day out,
He puts her through hell.
She knew nothing else,
So he taught her to sell.
Thought it was love,
Cause she'd never been shown.
Couldn't get out,
Cause it was all she'd known.
Couldn't leave,
Even if she tried.
But it's all right,
Cause she ain't gonna cry.
Every night,
She's with ten different men.
Now she is on,
The outside looking in.

- Susan Silva

But I Never Know

As I sit here waiting for the time to fly by.
My thoughts wander for a lifetime.
Sometimes I daydream and sometimes I don't,
But sometimes I don't even know.
While I wait for my ride to come by,
I look at the events of a lifetime.
As I look sometimes I cry, or jump for joy and
Fly high.
But I never know!
When my ride comes I smile and say hi!
Forget the past that might have made me cry.
But I never know!
- Melissa W.

Colors

A bubble is like a rainbow,
on a cold Autumn day.
They're small then they grow,
and pop or fly away.
They are red like a strawberry, blue like the sea,
yellow like the sun on a summer day,
purple like royalty.
Orange like the sky before night,
green as the dew on the grass shining bright.
- Joshua Woods



Him

If I saw him in the drug store between the aspirin and Ben Gay-
Would my heart drop to the floor, would I know just what to say?

If I saw him at the movies with his popcorn and his coke-
Could I casually say "Hello", or maybe tell a joke?

If I saw him at the deli between the pickles and the wieners-
Or maybe in the supermarket, or taking his jacket to the cleaners.

Would I be able to smile and say "Yes I'm doing fine"-
Or act as if I had forgotten that this man had once been mine.

Yes, I do believe if ever I see you in the deli or the cleaners-
I'd be forced to tell you what to do with your pickles and wieners.

And if I see you in a drug store between aspirin and Ben Gay-
I know my heart would stay in my chest, and I'd know just what to say.

So, if someday you see me in the movies with my popcorn and coke-
I suggest you don't stop and say "Hello", cause to me you're just a joke.

- Amber Anderson

Loving You

That you and I would forever be.
Loving not lying
Kissing not crying
Blowing out kisses through clouds of denying.
Here I wait for you to come
Take it step by step
I'll always be here for you.
And if you happen to stumble and fall
I'll be there to take it all.
Cause it's the night I make my call
Cupid shot his arrow
Don't let it fall.
I'll love you forever
Please don't let it end.
If you can't love me back
At least be my friend.
I know we don't have to be apart
But our friendship will mend my broken heart.
I'll love you forever
A love that's true.
No matter what happens
I'll keep loving you.
- Tony Borrarayo

Us

When I am sad I think of you and me
You can lift my spirits and make me smile,
I like to remember the time spent with thee
I really do hope you can stay for awhile.
When we first met on that cold winters morn
You were so sweet when you first asked me out,
Your smile and charm was so very warm
I wanted to see what you were about.
Time spent with you has made me much stronger
We have connected in so many ways,
I have a feeling this will last longer
I often recall our fun yesterday.
Now I have stated that my love is real,
I would like to hear how you feel.
-Jen Connelley

Night Is Near

When you are and I are apart
Can sorrow mend my broken heart?
I dream of holding you
Sleep is sweet when I dream of you
All my love just grows and grows
Night is near so I must go
With each first word of every line,
You will find the question of this rhyme.
-Damon Creal

Falling Star

Years gone by and your voice so far
I've missed you so much that I wish on a star.

To bring you back and start a new
Returning happiness for me and you.
The love we had once burned so bright
Suddenly lost its flame one night
And now I wish that you were here
To hold me close and melt my fears.

To tell me it will be alright
And thanked the star that helped this night.
The star that mended our love so true
And sent my message of love to you.
But now you're gone I'm sick and blue
Trying to take away the sad memory of you.

Hurting so bad deep in my heart
Trying to make way for a fresh new start.
My heart is locked, you have the key
So open me up and set me free.

Come on in I'm waiting for you
I'll love you forever and cherish you.
A whisper in the night calls your name
It echoes like tears crying in the rain.
If dreams could come true, then I would dream

I start and end this with a kiss
If you love me you'll answer this.
"Do you love me or do you not?"
You once told me, but damn I forgot.
I had a heart that once was true
But now it's gone from me to you.
Take care of it as I have done,
For you have two and I have none.
I do believe the Lord above
Created you for me to love.
He picked you out from all the rest,
'Cuz he knew that I'd love you the best.
If I should die before you do,
I'll go to heaven and wait for you.
If you should die before I do,
Wait for me like I'd wait for you.
And when I die and go up there,
I'll wait for you by the golden stairs.

If you're not there by judgement day,
I'll know you went the other way.
I'll give the angels both my wings,
Golden harp and all those other things.
And just to prove my love is true,
I'll go to hell to be with you.

-Damon Creal & Jamar Hopkins

Love

Your love for me was total, warm and true,
Although we lived far away from each other.
I couldn't stop thinking of you.
We will be together night and day,
My heart was filled with pride.
even though you set me free,
When yuo left from my side,
You loved me, then why did you hurt me?
Did you love me like I love you?
Than don't hurt me like you do.
Let's be together me and you,
I want you to be true,
So I can trust you again.
Because I want you to love me like you use to.
- Martin Delgado

Your Love

Your love is so warm and true,
That I couldn't even stop thinking of you.
Although we live so far way,
I knew that someday we could find away to be together night and day.
My heart was filled with pride and joy just to think that we could last forever.
But it will be hard for us to be together.
Just in case you did not know I cared a lot and loved you so.
My feelings that I felt for you stayed the same.
Even though you set me free, and since you made
Me say good-bye, you broke my heart and made me cry.
If you loved me like I loved you than why did you hurt me,
Cause I would have done anything for you.
- Martin Delgado

Handle With Care

A heart is something easy to break.
Something you must never forsake.
For me to open up my heart,
You must be kind and truthful from the start.

Please tell me you will never leave.
For I am still young, and my heart still naive.
Please treat me right, you know you should.
All my defenses are down, if I could stop. I would.

You've put butterflies in my stomach, love in my heart.
And now I wish we never part.
So if you want to love, and take the dare.
Remember, always handle with care.

-Nicole Evatt

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Missing You

Missing you.

Every time I close my eyes,

A vision of him pops into my head.

I want to hold him and tell him.

"I love you so, and I'll never let you go!"

And I wish we could be together,

Forever until eternity.

- Jessica Garcia

Memories

We all have them, good and bad
There are memories some of us would rather forget
And there are memories that we never want to forget
Everytime we do something we are making
Memories
Like your first kiss
Like your first love and how they broke your heart
Or when you got your drivers license for the first time.
Memories
- Jessica Garcia

Together Forever

I hope we will always be,
Together forever.

I dream we will always be,
Together forever.

Holding each other tight,
For the rest of our lives.

Tell me,
Will we be,
Together forever.

- Carrie Lloyd

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

A Sonnet For Brian

As the days go by I think about you,
When the night comes I hold you close to me,
Constantly thinking of the things we do,
I hope someday this is how it will always be.

Me and you together until we die,
You will always be close to my heart hon,
I hope we will never have to say bye,
The things we do are always so much fun.

The day we become one will be happy,
Kissing each other and not caring where,
I don't care if people think it's sappy,
Living together warm and sweet somewhere.

Us together as peaceful as a dove,
Together forever always in love.

-Carrie Lloyd

I Give My Love To You Only

I want,
To live and love with you
And be one forever;
To be near you so I can
Reach out and touch you
Talk with you
And be silent with you;
To hold you close every night
And wake up with you
Each morning.....

I want,
To share my secrets with you
And be honest with you,
To understand and respect you
Accepting you as you are
To find shelter in you when I'm afraid
And hold you when I need warmth
To be with you through all the seasons
Walking with you in the sunshine,
And cuddling with you in the cold;
To care for you when you are ill
And be joyful with you when you are happy
To grow old with you
And be with you until the end of time
I want all of these things with you only
I would do all of these things for you only
And to you only I give *all* of my love.

Dedicated to Brian T. Linden

- Carrie Lloyd

Chris

I love him so dearly, our love is true,
We were to young when we first met I thought.
But now I am older and our love grew,
Hanging is the flower that he first bought.
Our eyes correspond with one another,
His dark hair is so nice and so silky.
He is a good friend he does not smother,
Some relationships are a roll of dice.
He is always so dear and nice to me,
He is always by my side every day.
Someday he will be a husband to me,
Us together every step of the way.
Our love is so dear, our love is so true,
Chris I will always be in love with you.....

- Chrissy Murphy

Because I Really Love You

When I knew you liked me,
I didn't think anything of it,
But now that I like you
I'm wondering if you think of us.
I'm not sure how you feel now.
But hope you still like me,
I'll always wonder if a man
Like you would love a girl like me.
Would there be a chance between me and you,
I hope so BECAUSE I REALLY,
REALLY LOVE YOU!

- Chrissy Murphy

Waiting By The Phone

I see you standing there by the phone waiting for her to call,
Not knowing that I've been watching you from the corner of my eye.
Wanting to talk to you to ease your pain that she doesn't call,
But what can I do when you want her and don't notice me at all.

I want to know you from inside and out,
Physically and mentally to see what you're about.

I know you don't know me and you probably don't care,
But if you give me a chance I'll care for you and I'll never leave,
You there, waiting by the phone.

- Sonia Rodriguez

REPORT ON THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK

The work of the Commission during the year 1954 has been devoted to the study of the various aspects of the problem of the development of the economy of the countries of the Eastern Hemisphere. The Commission has held a number of meetings and has held discussions with the Governments of the countries concerned. The Commission has also held a number of meetings with the Governments of the countries of the Eastern Hemisphere. The Commission has also held a number of meetings with the Governments of the countries of the Eastern Hemisphere. The Commission has also held a number of meetings with the Governments of the countries of the Eastern Hemisphere.

Mom

My mom is the coolest parent there is,
And she pretty much let's me do what I please,
But when I do wrong, she's very unhappy with this,
So I go by the rules to keep her at ease.
She listens to my thoughts and my problems,
And she is always there when I need her,
And she always takes time out to solve them,
And that is why I love my mom to death, for sure.
We are not only mother and daughter,
But we are also the bestest of friends,
We have so much memories and laughter,
I hope this life time with her will never end.
And that is why I love my mom always,
And the love will be there forever, for days and days!!!!!!
- Sonia Rodriguez

On The Inside Looking Out

She's on the inside looking out,
Can't figure out why they're passing her by.
She ain't gonna cry, cause she ain't gonna try.
She doesn't know what she's been missing,
So why show her oh so painful tears?
Why isn't anybody listening?
Too distant cries, throughout the lonesome years.
Constantly wondering "What have I missed?"
The movies, the dates, the flowers, such hate.
She had never been held, never been kissed,
No one ever knew, that her name was Kate.
Now every night, she's with different men,
Now she's on,
The outside looking in.
- Susan Silva

My Box of Love

I'll leave a book,
With many pages,
And many pictures,
To be remembered.
All the fun,
And things I've done.
A picture is worth,
A thousand words.
Do you know who I am?
Do you know what I've seen?
My diploma-
Was my longing dream.
An athlete was I?
With ribbons and medals.
A wedding picture-
Of grandpa and I.
This box,
Was put together you see,
So that you can paint-
A picture of me.
And my rosary,
Lie neatly across my life.
Make the best of yours,
It will all fly by.

-Susan Silva

He Loves Me Not

He loves me
He loves me not
I say as each daisy petal floats to the ground.
He loves me
He loves me not
I see his face in the sky.
He looks down at me
He smiles
He loves me.
He turns
and leaves with his friends
He loves me not.
He comes over to see me
But that's not all he wants.
He came for something else
He loves me not.
He tells me he loves me
I want to believe him
so I tell myself
He loves me.
But when he's got
What he truly came for
I know in my heart
He loves me not.
Two petals left,
What could this mean?
He loves me?
Or he loves me not?
I say, as I throw the remembrance
of our love behind me,
never to return.

Susan Silva

Vanished

Today, an awful day no sun to shine.
He said good-bye then came the pouring rain.
Dreary out when he said he would be mine.
Our love would always made me fell insane.
He knew he loved me, he'd never leave me.
He told me good-bye, all I did was cry.
But now he's gone I wish he would have told me.
He's not here now I feel like I could die.
He said he'll come back but I'm not sure.
I have memories of time with our love.
Our love is gone, our love that was once pure.
Our love was clear much like the Holy Dove.
Forever he said we would never part.
But now he's gone and with him is my heart.

- Juliana Wagner

Love

What is love, who really knows?
Maybe it's cupid striking two unsuspecting people
Or it's simply the physical attraction that makes POWs
Go through your body unlike Bob Dole
You think about that special person everyday
All the time, 24/7 even in your fantasy or your dream.
You think about that special person everyday hoping looks pay
So just pass out cherries and whip cream
Tell that person how you feel
Or like 2 PAC, " Just Tell How You Want It".
Hopefully this person won't act shady to where they need to peel
Love gets you out the pits with a hard hit.
A lot of times it takes a long time to find that special person.
But don't give up, you never know if that special person is close by.
-Barry Williams

Our Memories

The day I saw her eyes,
I knew she'd tell no lies.
When I saw her face,
I visioned our embrace.
Then I touched her hand,
I knew we'd walk on sand.
When I touched her lips,
I knew it was more than a kiss.
then she said those words,
And I said I love you too!

- Joshua Woods

Introduction

The purpose of this study is to investigate the effects of various factors on the performance of a specific task. The study is divided into two main sections: a theoretical background and an empirical investigation. The theoretical background discusses the relevant literature and the underlying principles. The empirical investigation describes the experimental design, the data collection process, and the results of the study. The results are discussed in the context of the theoretical background and the implications for practice are highlighted.

Chicano's Prayer

Heavenly Father up above,
Please protect the chicana I love.
Keep her safe and keep her sound,
No matter when or where she's found.
And dear Lord full of grace,
Bless my chicana's beautiful face.
Bless her voice that sounds like a song,
And keep her hands where they belong.
Bless the chicana that I shall marry,
And the child she'll someday carry.
Keep her safe from other guys,
I'll love her until the day I die.
- Martin Valles

Untitled By Anonymous

I often think of my love is not received,
I'm bound up, trapped in thoughts of her alone.
The handle of love, a sore that deceived,
Meaningless words said, I'll never condone.
She bent close to me, whispered in my ear,
She has let me caress her velvet thigh.
I'm hopelessly falling in love I fear,
As I gaze into cowardly lion eyes.
"Jimmy", she admits, "is the one I want,"
I sigh, my heart breaks, for I'm not the one.
If only she knew, how my soul she haunts,
Then maybe she'd see my love quest in done.
Took my affection, gave none in return,
Loves consequences is what I have learned.

- Anonymous



Fantasy

A Really Good Poem

Kevin made a snake and it was green,
It bumped my head and made me scream,
At night that snake gave me bad dreams.
I made a bat and bumped Kevin on the head,
It hurt real bad and now he's dead.....

- Amber Anderson & Kevin Wylie

MEMORANDUM

TO : [Illegible]

FROM : [Illegible]

SUBJECT : [Illegible]

[Illegible handwritten text]

THE BEAST WITHIN

Lord help me what have I done. He's just a boy. I didn't mean to but he wouldn't stop. He kept pushing and yelling. Oh my God, I didn't mean to. I reached down and pulled the knife from the body. I took a second to admire my work. I still got it. I did just as I was trained. Remember, wait for him to pull his knife and lunge forward. Then grab his knife, welding your hands to his wrists, while stepping behind him, yank the knife from his hands and bring the knife up and slit his throat. Swing in front of him and bury the knife into his lower abdomen as he falls.

Ahh, the wonderful United States Marine Corps. They teach you how to kill and give you medals for doing it right. What would our young men do with out good ol' Uncle Sam. Being a Vietnam vet has its advantages. Living on the streets like this, it's good to know the things I know. I have no reason to fear any man. I mean come on, I'm an ex green beret for Christ sakes. When it comes to killing men I'm the best. But this isn't a man, it's a boy. I can't believe what I've done. I had no choice, he tried to rob me. Since I had no money he pulled his knife and lunged forward with the intention to kill me.

How do I convince the police. Like the police would believe me. Look at me, I'm covered in dirt and grime, I'm homeless, he's well dressed, clean, and doesn't look like he's missed any meals. He must be a junkie, that's the only thing that makes any sense out of this. I let my mind wander on and on as I stand over the body with the knife in my hand.

Then I hear a scream, my head snaps up. There are two young girls standing at the mouth of the alley. They see the knife in my hand, and the boy lying on the ground. They're still screaming, I have to shut them up or I'm dead. The police will be on me in minutes. As I lunge forward, I can feel the hate and rage building inside me. The hate and rage that this country has driven into me, in order to get me to do their killing. My eyes start to haze over and my mind starts to lose control. I'm no longer human. I'm not a man but a beast, devouring anything that gets in my way. A beast that knows no love or compassion. Only rage and the desire to kill.

Just before I reach the two girls, my mind takes control for one last second. It makes my head turn and look at the boy. As my eyes settle on the boy I stop dead in my tracks. The haze starts to lift and the storm inside my body dies. I turn and look at the two girls. They're standing there ghost white, paralyzed with fear. They see the beast and they know their time has come. They'll never see their parents again. They know this beast can destroy them with a single swipe of his hand. The fear is so deeply set that they don't move or scream, they just stand there motionless like two stone statues waiting for the wrecking ball to come crashing through them.

I stumble backwards in amazement as what I almost did starts to settle in my mind. I start yelling at the girls to get out of here now. The girls just stand there, a look of pure amazement falling across their faces. They no longer see the beast but instead a scared animal that wishes for them to flee.

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice, and that these documents should be stored in a secure and accessible location. The text also mentions the need for regular audits to ensure the integrity of the financial data.

The second part of the document provides a detailed overview of the company's financial performance over the past year. It includes a summary of the income statement, balance sheet, and cash flow statement. The author notes that the company has achieved a steady increase in revenue, primarily due to the successful launch of its new product line. However, there has been a corresponding increase in operating expenses, which has resulted in a slight decrease in net profit.

The third part of the document discusses the company's financial strategy for the upcoming year. It outlines the goals for increasing revenue, reducing costs, and improving cash flow. The author also mentions the need for the company to continue investing in research and development to stay competitive in the market. Finally, the document concludes with a statement of confidence in the company's future prospects and a commitment to transparency and accountability.

The girls look at each other and in a second they're gone; running down the street, praying the animal has enough strength left to keep the beast from returning and taking up chase.

I finally regain my footing and take off running the opposite direction. I'm still very disoriented, I crash and fall over everything I run by. I trip over tree roots, run into a countless number of trashcans and people, the knife still in my hand, rolled backwards, so the butt of the knife is facing outwards and the blade is facing the inside of my arm. As I run and fall, I'm squeezing the knife so hard that my nails bite into the handle and the blade cuts into my arm.

There it is, about two blocks ahead. The old abandoned house. If I can make it there I should be safe. As I reach the house, I dash into the back and bust down the door. I fall in a heap on the floor. Breathless but alive, and in control of the beast. As I lie here I can feel the beast struggling to take control, thrashing about, yelling out challenges. Trying to convince me to have one last battle with it. WINNER TAKES ALL.

I don't move, I just lie here trying to ignore the battle waging on inside my body. Eventually, I doze off. I see myself standing in a field covered with a white mist and I know there's something out there, waiting and watching me. Fear is starting to take control of my body. But this time my reactions are different. My eyes don't haze over and the beast is silent. I feel not the defeat of my mind to temporary insanity, but the bone chilling mist. Suddenly something springs up from the mist and lunges forward slashing my

The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the position of the various groups. It then goes on to discuss the political situation and the role of the different parties. The second part of the report deals with the economic situation and the role of the different sectors. It then goes on to discuss the social situation and the role of the different groups. The third part of the report deals with the cultural situation and the role of the different groups. It then goes on to discuss the international situation and the role of the different groups. The fourth part of the report deals with the future of the country and the role of the different groups. It then goes on to discuss the role of the different groups in the future of the country. The fifth part of the report deals with the role of the different groups in the future of the country. It then goes on to discuss the role of the different groups in the future of the country. The sixth part of the report deals with the role of the different groups in the future of the country. It then goes on to discuss the role of the different groups in the future of the country. The seventh part of the report deals with the role of the different groups in the future of the country. It then goes on to discuss the role of the different groups in the future of the country. The eighth part of the report deals with the role of the different groups in the future of the country. It then goes on to discuss the role of the different groups in the future of the country. The ninth part of the report deals with the role of the different groups in the future of the country. It then goes on to discuss the role of the different groups in the future of the country. The tenth part of the report deals with the role of the different groups in the future of the country. It then goes on to discuss the role of the different groups in the future of the country.

arm, then returning to its wicked game of hide and go seek in the mist. I twirl with the power of its slash. Finally stopping facing where it disappeared. The cut on my arm is pretty deep, the blood flows as if it's flowing from an erupting volcano. I grab the wound and try to squeeze the huge gap closed. But the blood keeps pouring, staining the mist a dark crimson color before tumbling to the ground. All of a sudden I feel a sharp, crippling pain on my leg. I lift up my leg to inspect it and see an incision revealing the bone. Death is starting to creep up on me. I can feel it coming. This thing in the mist knows I'm hurt and can't protect myself. He's laughing to himself as he enjoys this game of death. But now its time to end the game. He stands up no more than two feet away from me, a strangled scream makes its way through my throat to find myself looking at a mirror image. The only difference is between me and this thing in front of me is the eyes. They're blood red. These are the eyes of an animal that has been starved for several days and is standing over a slab of bloody meat. The eyes stare at me as if they're starting to devour my very soul.

Then it comes to me, the reason the beast inside me hasn't taken over. The thing before me is the beast. This beast has all my training and knowledge. I have nothing, I'm just the shell of a soldier long forgotten. The beast lets out this horrible laugh, lowers its head and dives forward, slashing, and maiming, but not killing. It can't kill me. Without me, this beast can't exist.

When it stops, the beast looks at my body lying there, a pile of broken bones, and blood. The beast unleashes an ungodly laugh. Proud of the work its done, enjoying the sight of my mangled body lying at its feet. I wake up screaming and covered in sweat. As I pull myself to my feet, I hear three cars come skidding to a halt in front of the house. I run to the window and look out. There are police everywhere.

The girls must have told someone what they saw, and the people on the street must have told them I ran in here. Wait, what's that, oh my god! The SWAT team's moving in already. There's two teams of five. One on each side of the house. I must have been out longer than I thought. Well it's time to decide. I can give myself up, and spend the rest of my life talking to guys named "Bubba" and "Jeff" in prison or die like a true Marine with honor. For a Marine, surrendering is worse than death. To die in battle is to die with honor. So I made my choice.

As the first team enters through the back door, they find me kneeling down with my hands laced behind my head. Three of the men come over to me and start making a circle around me. I spring up and grab the closest man and cut his throat. At the same time I swing his body between me and the other two men. As my knife exited the neck of the first man, I used the momentum from the turning to place my knife into the other man's chest. The third man fires his gun but only hits the lifeless body I hold in front of me. I grabbed the dead man's gun and shot the three remaining men.

As the last man dropped I heard a burage of shots fired behind me. I fall to my knees then my chest. As my eyes closed, I saw myself standing over the red eyed beast. My wounds are healed, and two wings are taking form on my back. The red eyed beast was on the ground, a blood covered body full of bullet holes, and an air of dishonor surrounding the ravished body.

At one time the beast and I lived as one. But the beast was weak, and gave into the rage. Now his body will lie there without honor for eternity while my soul will float on the wind, searching for a way to regain my honor.

--Adam Bowman

1. The first paragraph discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the success of any business and for the protection of the interests of all parties involved. The text also mentions the need for regular audits and the importance of having a clear system in place for tracking expenses and income.

2. The second paragraph continues the discussion on record-keeping, highlighting the benefits of using digital tools and software to streamline the process. It notes that digital records are easier to access, store, and share, which can significantly reduce the risk of errors and improve overall efficiency. The text concludes by stating that while there may be an initial investment in technology, the long-term benefits far outweigh the costs.

Dragon vs. Man

Once upon a time there was a dragon
He would lay there whimpering about food
Then there was a man in an old wagon
He had to be at least 200 pounds of crude
You don't need to be such a potato
The fat man said "please don't eat my rats,
I might have some food for you Mr. Plato"
The dragon said "you better get some food mats"
He said "otay let me look, but don't eat nick"
The man saved his life, when he found the kit
The dragon ate the food but the dragon spit
The man went up in a burst of red flames
Then there came a knight who said he was tame.....

- Todd Clymens

Snow White and the Election of 96'

Once upon a time there co existed a independent feminist named S.N.O.W. W.H.I.T.E. (Smart Naturalist Occupational Womanist Who Hates Idiotically Testosteronefull Empowerment) And....that's Ms. White to you! Our strong, yes gorgeous female heroine was greatly detested and envied by another woman's lib. leader known as the W.I.C.K.E.D. Queen (Winkled Icky Completely Kookie Evoked Deviously) Everyday the wicked Queen would look into her magic public rating scale and ask, " Ratings, ratings who do you suspect- is the most feminist politically correct?" Every day the ratings would show over 90 percent in favor of proposition Snow White. Ms. Queeny was so jealous that she sent an imbecilic- type person to take care of that Snowy politician. She sent the stupidest of all creatures to do the dirty work...a man! As the servant boy was plotting on how to ruin S.N.O.W. W.H.I.T.E's campaign he was caught red handed! Our beloved hero found him tapping into her files and they preceded to argue controversial issues on next seasons ballet. All of a sudden the servant boy realized how incredibly inferior he was to her (being a man and all!) and he couldn't ruin her carrier. He brought back a few of Snow's file folders and told the Queen her job was done. Meanwhile Snow White and her seven ironically short female assistants; Smarty, Strongly, Independently, Proudly, Revolutionary, Un-manly and More effectively; worked hours on end perfecting their campaign. Once the Queeny found out about the political seniority of Snow White, she was pretty ticked off. On the night of the post-election party Ms. Witch placed a can of poisoned barbequed wieners on Snow Whites appetizer table. Snow White being as politically correct as she was, had no idea why meat would be served at this strictly vegetarian party, threw them in the trash! (What, do you actually think that this nineties style heroine needs a MAN to revive her? I think not!) Snow White went on to win the elections and later became Presidentess of the United States of America. While the evil Queen was vetoed, became senile, was put in a home and lived the rest of he days selling Avon to retirement couples!



Before

After



Change

A Change of Season

Getting cozy
Building a fire
Turning orangish-red
Laying beside the fire
Sipping some hot chocolate
Falling off trees leaves
Watching rain pelt the windows
Knowing that the holidays are near
Coming to a dark and cold house on a stormy night

Autumn..... a change of season.

- Michele Amaro



Thanksgiving

October is here!
cranberry,
pumpkins,
turkey colored leaves,
make me hungry,
for Thanksgiving,
The first Autumn breeze,
clothes coming out of the closet,
hot chocolate,
the soft white snow looks like a blanket,
family coming together.
-Tanisha Boyer

Summer

When I think of the summer I think of love,
The birds are singing in the trees so high,
It's soft and pure as the summertime doves,
I see the stars that shine bright in the sky.
Sometimes the moon in the sky shines so bright,
And the warm summer sun beams in the sea,
When the winds remind me of a cold night,
As we walked together just him and me.
The shimmering grass that lays on the ground,
As the warm summer sun shines on my face,
The seashells on the beach that can be found,
And I feel his love and his warm embrace.
I wait patiently for love to come near,
Love's hard to find everyday of the year.

-Tanisha Boyer

Cold

Autumn is a time of cold weather.
Then cold wind hits your window.
A touch of another or sitting by a nice warm fire.
The cold air blowing your hair.
Making your ears cold .
The smell of the cold air when you walk outside.
The sound of the leaves falling.
Autumn reminds you of Thanksgiving or Christmas.
That's what Autumn is to me.
-Jessica Carrillo

"Lost"

To compare someone to you, I cannot
The time I spend without you I cry.
When you go about your dreams
I feel happiness and sadness
Because I know you'll make it
And leave me behind.

Leave me "lost" and incomplete.
Lost in an endless world of darkness, loneliness, and shattered dreams,
Dreams we shared.

In my mind I believe you'll return and lead me in the right direction.
In my heart you never left and I'm still on the right track.
Remember the endless days and nights full of affection,
Suffice and retreat what was left behind.

Then once again we'll be one with ourselves and each other.

- Lacy Dunn

Death

Cold hands holding my throat
Blackness covering the land
My hope leaving with each breath
I hope for death but it does not come
My love going with each heart beat
My soul fading to a black nothing
At last it comes, an eternal light
My love stands their with gentile hands
The pain begins to fade away!!!!

-Donald Garza

Thunder

When I hear the thunder at night,
It feels like something rolling up my back.
I feel fear inside when it gets to my neck,
Then it creeps up to my head,
I think to myself,
"I should have some courage, because it's only a sound"
When the noise is gone,
I can see the next lighting bolt hit the ground,
From my window I think to myself,
"What beauty nature gives;
We do not always appreciate."
-Jeff Graves

A Thing I Lost

In my life I have lost a lot of material possessions, but there is one thing I am glad I lost. Ever since I was in sixth grade I have been overweight. Not really huge, but big. I have been called fat names of every kind. From twinkie to lardo. I have been teased a lot. I didn't really get teased as bad as I did in eighth grade. I was 230 at 5'11. I was one of those big non-athletic guys who came home after school and sat in front of the T.V. and played video games. All summer long I would sit in front of the T.V. with a bag of potato chips. When my friends came over that's all we did because they were the same way. I rarely went outside.

During my freshman year, I was the same way. I had just moved from Antioch and I had a hard time adjusting. I did the same thing I did all my life, come home and become a couch potato. I really didn't do anything athletic. In P.E. I ran the mile in 11 minutes and I could barely do one pull-up. I signed up for freshman football but never showed up to tryouts. My parents tried to get me to go out for football but I didn't think I was good enough because of the shape I was in. While I was a freshman, a guy in my English class who played football, asked why I didn't go out my freshman year. I finally went and talked to the coach about playing the next year. He told me that spring practice had already started and I would have to make up a couple of days.

My first day was the worst day of my life. I felt like I didn't belong but I wasn't about to quit. I thought that if I quit it would make me look worst than if I stayed. Spring practice had went by and it was soon Summer. We had some of the hardest practices you could ever imagine. Even today with me being in shape they seem hard. Finally Hell Week came, a couple of days of that didn't seem hard. After we got into the season I reliezed that I had lost a lot of weight. I only weighed 195. It felt pretty good, that's something I am proud to have lost.

-Mike Griffin

The Severed Garden

Twisting, turning
Burning blindly
Severed walls guarded
By angry Gods

Presences of killers
and mad kings secretly
Among us,
Wandering, wandering
Through hopeless night
All brought forth
By a single rose
-Sarah Ridenour

Betrayed

Betrayed
Best friend
Together
Inseparable
Gone
New crowd of friends
Drugs
"I'm not addicted"
"I don't like it"
"I won't do it again."
Look at it.
Make your decision.
She swore.
She lied.
Ended the friendship.
Mental hospital.
Wired.
Didn't call.
Friends again.
She hurt me.
Never the same.

-Susan Silva

October

Autumn is here,
Ghosts and goblins all back,
From the dead,
A werewolf and dracula and a,
Man with no head,
All here to haunt on
Halloween night,
With the crystal clear
Raindrops,
The chatter of teeth with each
Gust of wind,
The Veteran's will gather to
Say their prayers,
On November 11 to say Good-bye
To their peers,
The grass now white all covered
In snow,
The frost will grow thicker and
Thicker on the bare oak trees,
Quacks of ducks going
South early,
Autumn is closing,
Winter is near.

-Joshua Woods

Winter

The fresh new snow appears soft and silky,
It bring me happiness on winter's nights,
With each sight it looks so smooth and milky,
Then by mid-day it will shine very bright.
The sun will soon dim down and go away,
Which will ripen the beauty of the land,
As the streams flow on a beautiful day,
And the sparrows sing, a symphonic band.
With every gust of wind the crickets creak,
The trees sway in the late night foggy air,
The forest is sleeping that we've long seeked,
The world is sleeping with only one care.
All of us want to be loved and to love,
On earth and down from the heavens above.

- Joshua Woods

Something I Have Lost In My Life

When I moved to Brentwood from Hayward I had no friends. I missed having fun everyday of my life. There weren't a lot of things to do so I improvised and went looking for a woman to occupy my time. After a while I found no such luck. I was miserable and my life sucked. It wasn't until I hit rock bottom when I met Kasie Skidmore. She was beautiful and I knew that she was the one for me. We got to know each other and we clicked immediately. Soon we became boyfriend and girlfriend.

Our relationship lasted the whole summer and before I knew it school was about to start. Kasie and I were still together after a year and six months but we started to have problems. We fought all the time and we did not get along. One day we got into a serious fight and I said some things that are not to be mentioned and we broke up. I kept telling myself that I didn't need a girlfriend but in my heart I knew that wasn't true. It has been said that you don't know what you have until it's gone, and I found out that sometimes that statement is painfully true.

I decided to go to her house and beg for forgiveness, and try to get her back. I apologized to her and she said we had to talk before we move on with our relationship. We got back together a few days later and I was going to make sure that we would be together for a very long time.

After two years we are still together. I know now that I don't ever want to loose her because I need her and I love her with all my heart.

-Kevin David Wylie



PRIDE

My Dog

My German Shepherd dog is very black,
My German Shepherd dog is also white,
When I talk to him he never talks back,
He likes to chase cats and get in lots of fights,
My dog he is skinny but really tall,
He is really tall but is also tough,
He will always come when givin a call,
But my German Shepherd loves to be rough,
He really likes to play with his toys,
But my dog he is always really gay,
He loves to get in fights with other boys,
But unfortunately he went to bed,
He never woke up because he was dead.

-Ramon DeLao

The Struggle of Powers

Night passes as I drowned you in my sad tears
Woes and sorrows a distant memory
The cold dark winds travel across my fears
Breaking every hope I had of Mary
Pain slowly numbing to a sudden stop
The empty thoughts of his heart a black hole
Twisting horns that grab from bottom to top
This cold black heart squeezes my naked soul
Its twisted vile grip will not hold me
I face my fears for I am no coward
I worry, I say no more about thee
It's evil that I destroyed for power
I dare live where no man has ever gone
And I will live so ever lasting long
-Donald Garza

Lions In A Pride

To move in strides like lions in a pride,
And find a way through life and not look back.
To see the light behind the moving stride,
Full of strife and find the way throughout the pack.
The paths we choose are not what we want,
But if we look back the past will be strainful.
If we had control over the future taunts,
The paths we choose would be less painful.
And we could easily look back and find,
It to be less strainful to see the past.
But its not like that and we see the bind,
As dark and without pride of the last.
That is why we must move in a swift sweep,
And go through life without seeing it deep.

- Mike Griffin

THE [illegible]

[The following text is extremely faint and illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be a list or a series of entries.]

Chicana Heart

Once I saw a vision through these dark brown eyes.
Something someone like me does often realize.
A young female, distinguishly known.
Whose future has been determined by her dark skin tone.
A beautiful accent of Latin decent.
Something they try to change, something they resent.
Underestimated her talents because of her race.
Not good enough for the part, she doesn't have the face.
Mexican blood runs through her veins.
So when she asks a question, they think she's insane.
As my visions become clearer, I can sadly see.
How they insist to bring her down,
She was born a minority.
A young girl with the knowledge of a woman.
Yet still consider a child.
Eager to prove her abilities,
But they say it not worth her while.
Why is it that they cannot see,
The vision that comes so clearly to me?
Too proud, yet she falls,
Always standing up again.
Hurt by the discrimination,
She is Mexican.....
I focus back into the present,
As I see a reflection staring back at me.
Knowing that a female such as I has to work twice as hard,
Forthe same opportunity.
Looking through the eyes of a Chicana is so hard.
Yet nothing will bring her down,
If she truely has the Chicana heart.

- Ivette Michel

1996

Lazy

Laziness is a vice I cannot take
People should work not be like a dog.
Be like mother and bake a cake,
Instead of eating a cake like a hog.
Don't let time pass you right by,
While you gather fat all over your body.
Slipping and sliding in the same way,
People ask you for a ride and call you cody.
Why don't such crawl under a rock,
So you won't influence others around you.
Or jump of a boat dock with a stone block,
Maybe you should learn so good work from Flou.
Being a coach potato doesn't get you anywhere,
You just become a mummy who stinks bad.

- Barry Williams

Stupid People

People are stupid and should go away
They talk about stupid things and bug me
When they are annoying they should not stay
They fly around my head like a loud bee
People are stupid and should bug Kevin
Too many people are so immature
People act like they are under seven
I wonder if we could find a good cure
I guess we are all annoying sometimes
Control is good if you want to act right
You shouldn't peek at people through their blinds
Didn't your daddy teach you not to bite
You should not peek, or nag, or bite or talk
Or we will tell you to take a long walk.
-Kevin Wylie & Amber Anderson

MIRROR MIBBOB



MAGES

LAST WORD

My thoughts:

This book is very special to all the authors and me. It means so much to us that you have purchased this symbol of all of our hard work and dedication to this class. This book is about us, it is about our feelings, and talents that we may have never known about without our teacher Mrs. Watanabe.

**Thank you so very much,
Susan Silva**

I just want to thank the people who inspired me on writing my poems.

Chrissy Murphy

Helping write this book was a good experience.

Jessica Garcia

I would just like to thank the people who helped inspire me to write the poems that are in here.

Juliana Wagner

At the beginning of the semester, I didn't think I could write very well, especially with poetry, but in the end I pulled it off: Thanks to my new friends and all their criticism, and those who inspired and motivated me to do my best.

Lacy Dunn

We had a ball, we screamed at titles and smiled away, but yet, were done at last.

Tony Borrayo

We laughed, we smiled, we had a ball. Now that it's all over, we start it once again.

Todd Clymens

Good Job People!!!.....Sonia Rodriguez

(last word continued)

**Thanks to Mrs. Watanabe for inspiring us in all our work.
Thank You, you're the best.**

**Jessica Carillio
Class of 97'**

**A special thanks to everyone who helped with the book,
especially the ones who typed it. Thank You.**

**Joshua Woods
Senior**

**Thanks a lot to the editing staff for working hard to put this
book together, and their time and effort. Thanks guys!!**

Michele Amaro

**This book is a reflection of the students who created this book.
I would like to thank the staff and the teacher for making this
possible.**

Mike Griffin

**My sonnet is crazy like me,
Where I got the idea don't ask me.
It came to me like a dream,
I guess my mind works well as a team.**

Brian Hilton

**Thank you for reading this and a special thanks to the editing
staff and those who participated.**

Donald Garza

**After a whole lot of stress and hard work our book is finally
done thanks to everyone who participated.**

Jen Connelley

(last word continued)

I'm happy this book is done because it makes it possible for me to show my work to my fellow students and it gives me a chance to also read their work.

Adam Boman

Finally it's over, the book is done and my masterpieces are in. Now everyone gets to see what I'm about. Barry's talent is greatly shown in the book.

Barry Williams

The forces of nature and unknown cosmic phenomenon have combined into this tablet of thoughts, to become this pleathera of creative literary masterpieces. (in other words, it was fun.)

Garrett and Nicole

It is done and everyone was a great help. Thanks.

Carrie Lloyd

[Large stylized signature]

Janisha Boyer
Julie Woods

Amber Anderson
Jessica Garcia

Danah
Lynn

Barry Williams
The Team W. J. Coyote

Jessica Carrico

Adam Bauman

Mike Griffin
"Griff"

Laurel P. Kelly

Nicole Hunter
Evatt-Mofford

Dustin #19

[Large stylized signature]

[Stylized signature]

Michelle Amaro

[Stylized signature]

Jennifer Connelly

Ann D. Lewis
Christina M. L.

[Large stylized signature]
Ramon D. J. O.

Kenneth

Martin Belgado

