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TYGR

ISSUE No. 2

SPRING 1990



THE LITERARY MAGAZINE OF OLIVET NAZARENE UNIVERSITY - KANKAKEE, ILL.

TYGR
ISSUE No. 2
SPRING 1989

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OLIVET NAZARENE UNIVERSITY
KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS 60901



"EDUCATION WITH A CHRISTIAN PURPOSE"

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK...

What makes for good writing?

Even most writers couldn't tell you what good writing is, philosophically. Because a narrow enough definition of "good" hasn't been invented yet. Oh, most of them have an inkling of the literal meaning of good writing according to the writing professor's point of view. But is there a difference between *good* and "good" when it comes to writing?

Of course there is! Because the true purpose of writing is to bring enjoyment to someone, regardless of whether all the proper rules have been followed or not. A friend and fellow writer once said it this way: "Every scribbler who cares one bit about "good"...must have spirit, care about people, and be able to see the world from the highest mountain to the smallest speck of dust. And then that writer must be able to write about it, even to the point of pain sometimes, and hope that somebody--himself included--likes it."

It is *this* idea of "good" that moves the writers in this publication.

What you read here may never be included on the lists of great literature of the world, or even be adapted into a television mini-series. But it represents the efforts of a group of individuals who are sensitive to words on paper, people who one day may put in front of your child a sentence or paragraph that will somehow change that child's life. For such is the power of *good* writing.

As you read these pieces, realize that you can learn something from every writer. Maybe you'll learn something about yourself, or about writers, or perhaps even life in general. You are probably fulfilling someone's goal simply by getting to the end and feeling somehow moved. And seeing that person differently when you see them tomorrow.

After all, it could be that good writing is definable only by good readers.

John Small, Editorial Director

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THE EYES OF A CHILD

BY DANA INGRAM

Sparkling in the noonday sun like a freshly cut diamond, the lake looked the same as I'd always remembered it. As a little girl, I had loved spending lazy summer afternoons at my favorite spot, fishing or just reading a book. The calm serenity of the smooth and tranquil water always seemed to soothe my tattered emotions and terminally frail ego.

Today was no exception. From the very first moment, when I stepped out of the piney forest onto the lush green grass surrounding the lake, I felt the tension and stress of a troubled life that I had not chosen seep slowly out of my body. I was at peace.

When I had started my car early this morning, I hadn't cherished the slightest notion as to where I'd end up. "A nice drive," I'd said to myself. "I'll just take in some scenery, listen to the radio. It will be nice just to get away for a few minutes."

Three hours later, I found myself parking the car along the roadside, climbing through the slatted fence and walking along the worn path to the lake. My lake.

But it was my lake no longer. Mom and Dad had the wreck months ago. Naturally, the lake had been sold along with the rest of the land. It wasn't my lake anymore.

Sadness and bitterness hit me from both sides at the thought. I sat in the grass, arms locked around my knees, rocking back and forth.

Life had been hard since my parents' deaths. I loved them so much, and everything I did, I did with them in mind. I tried my hardest to make them proud and always felt so rewarded when their eyes had shone at one of my successes.

When Mom and Dad died, the inner fire in my life died as well. My desire, my edge was gone. I had fought

my battles with my parents in mind. Now I needed a new reason to fight, and instinctively I knew that that reason had to be me. I had to start fighting for myself.

So here I sat, looking for a reason to go on. Looking for an inner fire, a spark that would put my life in order again. And all I could do was sit and wonder who owned my lake.

The lawyers had taken care of everything. There was a name on the bill of sale, but a name doesn't tell anything about the person who calls that name their own. I wanted to know who owned my lake, and what had made them buy the one thing that still had meaning in my life.

It was then that I realized the grave significance the lake actually had for me. The lake was my edge, my reason. All my life, I had gotten strength from the magical elixir that was my lake. I had to get it back.

Singing--beautiful, angelic singing drifted into the clearing. And a beautiful, angelic child followed it, skipping merrily. Her blond hair was a halo in the sun, and her rosy cheeks reminded me of apples in October. She

carried a small fishing pole in her right hand and a large picture book in her left; she sat down at the edge of the lake, threw her line in the water and began to fish.

It took her a few seconds to notice me, but when she did her only reaction was a shy smile. She didn't act like I'd invaded her privacy. She didn't act startled or frightened. All she did was smile and go back to her fishing.

I was enraptured with the child. Slowly, I got up and went over to join her, watching her every movement as I went. The girl was me in my youth, a perfect replica of my memories of the past.

"Hi," said the little girl as I walked up beside her. "Isn't my lake pretty? I love living here so much!"

"Your lake?" I asked.

"Yes, my lake. My daddy bought it for me a few months ago. He says it will be good for me, breathing in all the fresh air. He says the outdoors are healthy, and I won't be sick as often if I play outside and eat good, healthy foods."

Time flew by and I talked more with the little girl. Her name was Heaven, and it suited her perfectly--she was a glimpse of all that was good and right in the world. And as she ran off, returning to her house and her world, I seemed to feel a weight lift from my chest and fly with the wind.

I returned to my car, feeling both chastised and relieved. The legacy of the lake would live on.



Are Disabled People Normal?

by Lisa Lehman

At the age of fourteen, my entire life seemed to be disrupted.

Without warning, my mother began to suffer from renewed symptoms of Polio. Gradually, yet daily, my mother's steps became more difficult, her breathing more sporadic. Six months later she was unable to move, lying flat for three days.

She had become physically disabled. Within the next six months she could rarely walk without the use of a leg brace, crutches, and sometimes a wheelchair.

Throughout the following year I continued to fight the changes that her disability brought to my life. Shunning her in public, I no longer enjoyed being with her. I was embarrassed to have a crippled mother. I determined that her condition would have to change. I could not accept it. In my opinion she seemed to be a different person.

I politely helped her, although I dreaded every extra effort I had to expend. I had to do more of the housework, sometimes help her get dressed and put on her brace; I was needed to open her doors and sometimes get a wheelchair for her to use. I went through the motions, keeping my true feelings inside.

Because in my opinion she had become an abnormal person, I no longer felt free to talk openly to her. "Why did this happen to my mom?" I inwardly asked. "It messes up my life!" I thought that my mother was different because she was disabled; she wasn't normal.

One afternoon two years ago I decided I could not hold in my feelings any longer. Emotionally I was being destroyed; my relationship with my mother was falling apart. With the Lord's help I finally released my emotions toward my mother.

"I just can't handle this! I can't get used to your being different!" I cried to my mother.

"You have to get over your feelings," she told me, and her face tightened to conceal her frustration as she realized again that I was not accepting her disabilities. "It's not any easier for me, you know."

"It just isn't fair!" I emphasized as my emotional wall began to break down. "I wish you were back to normal so we could enjoy times together, like other mothers and daughters do."

She was hurt. I could see it in her grief-stricken eyes as they began to fill with tears--but yet, she understood my reaction. "I know," she said. "I love you."

She still loved me! At that moment I realized a startling fact: she really hadn't changed! She still loved me as much as she always had. By focusing on her disabilities I had failed to see her as a person. Dormant love for her began to break through my heart, placing a genuine smile on my face. Tears streamed down our faces as we hugged each other. I had hidden my love for her behind my preconceived ideas about disabled

people. I had assumed that disabled people were somehow different--somehow less than normal.

I began to enjoy time with my mother. She may have looked different, but she was still my mother. I gladly went shopping with her. I was unashamed to be seen with her, even if others did stare.

PREMATURE UNSOLICITED CAPITULATION

Yes, my child, life is sadness.
Many have forgotten Me and live
a spineless life.
However, in light of all you have
seen of Me,
isn't the ultimate beauty that of choice?
No automation will truly love Me;
no slave his master.
But a soldier will love his faithful
captain,
and a son his loving father.
And now I send you as a symbol of
My love for humanity.
How soon outside your mother's womb
you'll tarnish.
And if by chance you're not sent,
I cannot fault you for rejoicing.
I lose but an envoy;
The world, perhaps, a great;
And you--all sadness.

Theron Wilson

Westminster Abbey

Today I walked on top of graves. I walked carefully
so as not to step on top of heads that once
were cradled on a chest—
or laid upon a lover's breast—
on top of heads that now are dead.

I tread on ground that had sunken low—
where people rested down below,
eyes that were either brown or blue
and lips that once said "I love you!"

I wondered as I walked on by—
over ground where loved ones lie.
Where is the mystery that lies within—
where does life end—
and death begin?

No one can answer these questions of mine—
For lips were sealed in another time.

No one comes back from that secret place
to answer the questions
of those who wait.

In Poets' Corner rest Shelley and Keats—
their skills lying dormant
just under my feet.
With awesome reverence
I turn to go and with
a sense of wonder
I finally know—

No matter whom we are—
be we kings or queens—
or writers all—
There is only one answer...
to the Master's Call.

Connie Walker

I Need A Manual For This Friend

Honesty and openness.

Black and white.

Right?

But, when honesty is painful

Or deception is protection--

Shielding, defending?

The line blurs. Tact.

Right and wrong. Yes and no.

So?

If it hurts, must the truth be known?

And if the hurting is unnecessary,

The truth not long relevant?

A life of transparency.

Open for viewing.

Secrets left unguarded.

Taking the focus from oneself.

Trust.

Honesty in action; letting all be found.

Admirable, but constant?

Here and there.

When convenient...

I can't see you now.

There must be a blanket over my head?

When to know truth is most important

Or must sensitivity be honored?

Everything is to always be considered...

But--

Don't we come with instructions?

M. Elizabeth Roose



That Bright Yellow Day

Mommy sat on my bed that bright yellow day.
Debbie, Isabel passed away last night.
Where did she go?
Heaven.
How'd she get there? In an airplane?
No.
Did she ride in a car?
No.
A boat?
No.
A bus?
No.
A bicycle?
No.
How'd she pass away?
She died.
Oh.

Debbie Hickman

Does Anyone Mourn The Loss?

The butterfly
Played among flowers
Darted between sunbeam and shadow
As erratic as a feather floating
With a purpose behind it all.

The butterfly
Lies crushed on the ground
Frail, beautiful wings of transport
Broken, twitching like the second hand of a clock
Beautiful colors slowly decay.

A man dies, but does anyone mourn the loss?

Todd Forrest

Vengeful Martyr

His manner suggesting a thorough contemplation of this moment in the long months since he has seen me, he cocks his head in that unique, endearing way of his and carefully intones, "Well, hello..."

It is a simple, two-word greeting, but that deep voice is full of undertones and inflections, telling the story of all that ever existed between us, revealing a special interest in how I have been in the time of our separation, and displaying an unintentional vulnerability of hope that nothing--or maybe everything--has changed.

I am caught off-guard and distracted, having already set my mind apart from this reunion when he set his initial course in the opposite direction--as was his habit, though I had forgotten...just as I had nearly forgotten him.

Not wishing wishing to appear unfriendly, however, I make a valiant attempt to brighten my eyes, flash a smile and excitedly say, "Hi!"

Apparently this is not sufficient, for he immediately turns away, visably steeling himself in the face of interpreted rejection, and seats himself at another table.

I am bothered at the idea of hurting him, but I am amused that he wishes to take this role of martyr. I would not have assigned it to him, but I cannot help him now.

But Greg is not finished. Rebellling against my "rejection," he now demonstrates his freedom from anything he may have changed in himself for my sake. Standing up and calling across the room in a voice all can hear--intended especially for me--he says, "Hey, Tony, did Steve make it home last night?"

"Yeah!" Tony calls back and, as though they had planned it all beforehand, immediately continues. "Smelled like a brewery!"

Greg laughs and returns to his seat, satisfied.

But this elaborate display of his fulfilled party life does not have the effect on me he might have hoped. I am not hurt in the way he intended, but I am deeply grieved that people I care about are wrecking their lives.

You never understood, did you, Greg? It never should have happened.

Ann Dorsey

Chris And Voltaire Have A Chat

A flat earth society seems the best for me.
Don't look past your horizon, or else you'll fall off;
Be afraid of your future, more than you can.
Find your order in chaos and
"Crush the infamous thing!"

Christopher M. Jones

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No Place Like Home

by Matt Barwegen

"Ptt...pt...ugh!" Russ spit out the milk while he sat at the restaurant table, waiting for his hamburger. "This milk is spoiled!" He squinted into the brown plastic jug; through the opening he saw the green foam, the layer of skin covering the yellow liquid.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said, tapping a waitress on the back. She turned quickly. Across half of her face she wore a black veil, leaving only her enchanting brown eyes and her exquisite, sloped nose for the world to see.

"Ma'am, this milk is spoiled. Look, it's even green."

"Non anglais," she replied. Gracefully, like a white silk curtain caught in the morning breeze, she wisped away to a back room.

"What is it with this country?" He hated it. He hated the rotten food, the disastrous living conditions, and the total incomprehensiveness the people had of him. Why was he here, anyway? He didn't want to come to Turkey. He didn't want to go anywhere. Iowa was where he loved life, where he wanted to stay. He missed his home state: his helpful parents, their endless acres of sweet corn, their fields of thoroughbreds, the warm and friendly neighbors who would bend over backwards to help him. But it had been a choice between Turkey or Colombia, and the Army seldom gives choices.

"Izemulkdink emlei." A man, probably in his thirties, with very thin eyebrows, flaring nostrils and slanted eyes, slid a hamburger across the table to Russ. The plate stopped on the edge.

"Here ya go." Russ handed him some Turkish coins. The waiter's nostrils flared as his eyes burned with anger at the stupid American.

"Sorry, that's all I have."

At least the hamburger looked good, he thought. Tasted good, too. The tomatoes were a little crunchy...crunchy? Russ fumbled out of the restaurant. Grasping a nearby tree, he vomitted violently. "Tomatoes shouldn't be *crunchy!*"

The air was cold, causing the taste in his mouth to linger and hardening the roach juice that had splattered his mustauche. Stiffly, he made his way to his apartment. "Days off aren't supposed to be like this!"

The streets were cave dark. "No difference," he thought. He knew the neighborhood by heart: the bare, brown fields; the bland, gray sky; the narrow, dingy apartment buildings, huddled together with only inches separating them. "I wish I could see," Russ said to himself as he stumbled down the crumbly sidewalk. Finally, he came to his apartment building.

The building was hardly standing. In one spot, bricks were missing and a nest of tarantulas were cuddled inside, keeping warm. Warily, Russ made it up the sagging stairway.

Inside the apartment, he turned on the sink faucet. There was no bathroom; just a sink. Brown, rusty water chugged into his tired, waiting hands. It was cold, as usual. At least it would remove the terrible vomit taste from his mouth.

Russ stared into the dark night as he lay on the thin mattress on the creaking floor. The rats were burrowing yet another hole in the wall. Drifting into lonely sleep, he mumbled, "I wish I were home."



12-5-88

I dreamed
That I flew above
The trees
And scraped my belly
On bare branches.
I awoke
With my chest hairs
Tied in knots
And a sunburn
On my backside.

Steve Sykes

Living In Kankakee:1990

I read that Moses
Led his people out of bondage one day--
Which was quite the thing to do, I'm sure.
But if it could happen for them,
Why can't it happen for me?
The time and place may both have
changed
But the song remains the same.
And they've closed the train station down...

J. Allen Small

Love

Love is great
Love is grand
It's the ability
To understand
It's something new
Every day
It's based a lot
On what you say.

Rebecca Berry

THE JOYS OF MOTHERHOOD

The lady shifted in her chair as her thoughts went back to the summer of 1968. She glowed with pride as she remembered the birth of her 8-pound, 7-ounce baby daughter. It was the beginning of a new life and the many experiences which went along with it.

She chuckled at the memory of searching for the "joys" of motherhood while changing diapers and warming bottles at two o'clock in the morning. However, the joys were soon to be found in infancy as she felt her daughter's first tooth and saw her take her first step at an early age. It seemed that as quickly as the first steps were taken and the first words were spoken, the days of school had begun.

The once bouncy, plump little baby with tiny blonde curls had turned into a slender little girl with long snow white hair, freckles, and a personality all of her own. A smile came across the woman's face as she remembered guiding her daughter as she learned to read and write and make her first friends, for these were the formative years. It brought tears to the mother's eyes as she remembered her child accepting Christ at the age of nine. With this decision, Sunday school and church brought new meaning to her life. The values formed at this point in her life were carried into her teen years.

As she matured into a young woman, the mother found it difficult to let go and allow her daughter to make decisions on her own. Along with this came dating, proms, homecoming dances, and the added responsibility of a driver's license. In eighteen short years, this little bundle of joy had grown into a beautiful young woman, ready now to face the world on her own. As she searched for her place in society with various jobs, college, and living on her own she learned to face the responsibilities of life as an adult.

The lady's thoughts now turned to the present as she eagerly anticipated her first grandchild, anxious at the thought of her daughter experiencing childbirth. She was filled with numerous thoughts and emotions concerning values this child will be taught. Although life is a cycle and everyone experiences the same stages, we become individuals and build our character through the things we are taught and the way we apply them to our lives.

The lady sat back in her chair and breathed a sigh of relief. Her job was done. She could now enjoy the pleasure of watching her daughter mold her child under the same principles upon which she was reared.

by Bonnie L. Ballinger

What's The Reason For The Season, Anyway?

By Kathy Shaffer

Like blankets of cotton, the snow was gently falling outside my bedroom window as I anxiously anticipated the calling of my mother's voice saying, "Okay, you can come out now. Merry Christmas!" It was Christmas morning. The traditional time when my sisters and I dashed down the hallway to the living room with great expectations. What did Santa Claus bring me this year? Did I get that pair of Jordache jeans I want? Did Santa bring me that new Ken and Barbie set? With great excitement, I ripped into my pile of presents. This was so exciting!

I always looked forward to Christmas. I loved getting the lead part in the children's church Christmas program, getting stuffed on Grandma's chocolate fudge and Christmas cookies, seeing long-lost relatives and--most of all--Santa Claus.

Well, times changes a lot after that. I viewed Christmas from a different perspective. My most memorable Christmas was the year that I found out that Santa Claus was actually my Mom and Dad. How devastating! I was crushed. I thought that it was the end of the world; no more presents, no more fun. My life was over!

However, it was that year that I discovered the real meaning of Christmas.

Santa Claus still came to visit my house, just as he did every year, but it wasn't the same. I felt empty inside, knowing that it wasn't real. I knew that all of my toys were bought at K-Mart and not made uniquely for me by an elf at the

North Pole.

I began to ask myself, "If Santa Claus isn't real, then why do we have Christmas?" It wasn't until later that same Christmas day that Daddy told me that we celebrated Christmas in honor of the birth of Jesus. It was then that I grasped what Christmas really meant.



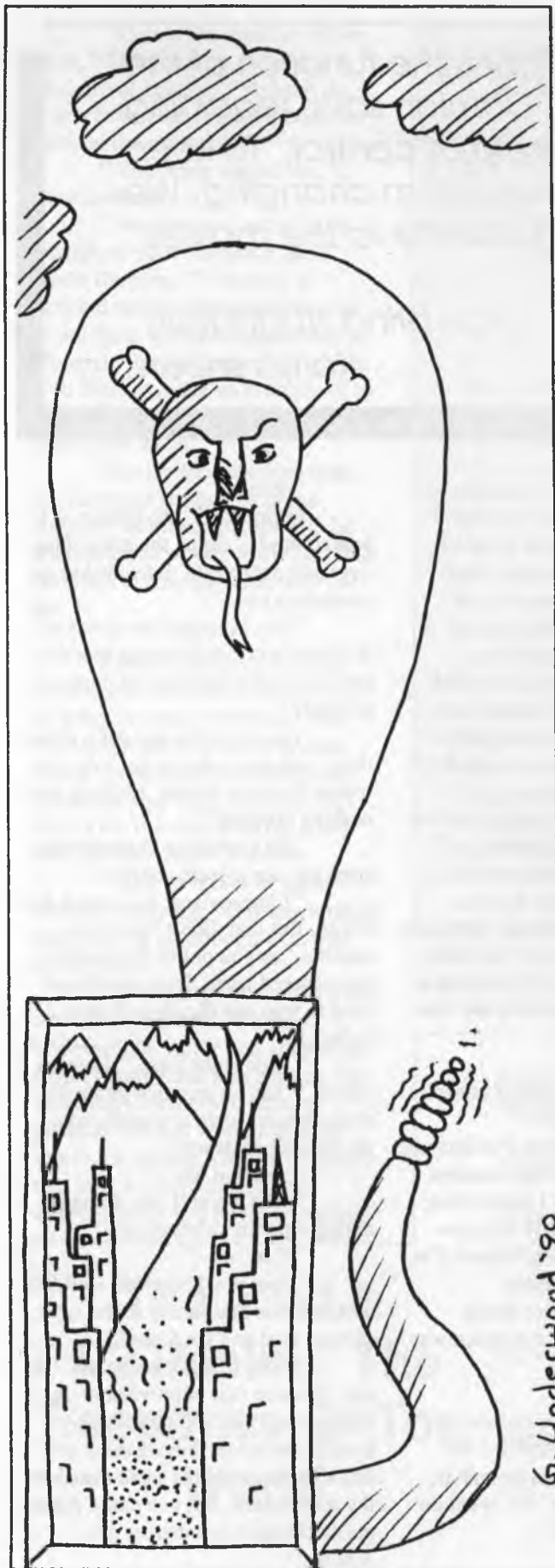
Now I am considerably older, but Santa Claus still visits me. Not just because I am a good kid, but because I have younger sisters who still believe in Santa Claus and reindeer. Every year I assist them in preparing a plate of lettuce and cookies for Santa and his reindeer; amazingly, they are always gone the next morning.

But now I know the real meaning of Christmas. Every year on Christmas Eve, my family gathers round the Christmas tree for a birthday party. Each member of the family reads a portion of the Christmas story from the Bible, and then we sing "Happy Birthday Jesus" around a birthday cake made especially for the occasion. This helps us to remember the most important reason for celebrating Christmas.

I no longer want the lead part in the children's church Christmas program, I just sing in the choir Christmas cantata. I don't put Santa Claus before Jesus...remembering the true reason for Christmas. But I still look forward to Grandma's delicious fudge and Christmas cookies.

Improvisation

By
LeRoy Hathaway



The crisis began during the Festival of Adoration in the city of Samora. Apparently, the Dance of the State had broken down into a chaotic revelry. Attempts to suppress the revelers had sparked confrontations that spread until the whole city was in riot. Clashes between rioters and State guardsmen resulted in a tenuous stalemate that threatened to again break out in violence. The Ordering Council of the State decided that swift action was required to resolve this crisis, and sent Reverend-Chairman Damian Burgess to Samora.

This had all taken place some 36 hours ago. Presently, Reverend-Chairman Damian Burgess reclines in his seat and glances at his watch--7:06 a.m. He rests his eyes, knowing he has a long day ahead of him. The whirr of the rotor muffles sounds inside the helicopter, but below bonfires can be seen dotting the streets of Samora. The helicopter banks left, continues to the

center of the city, and lands on a lawn outside a sprawling mansion still untouched by the rioting. Several men are waiting on the lawn as the Reverend-Chairman disembarks.

"You are welcome to Samora, Reverend-Chairman Burgess," says the lead figure in the delegation. "I only wish you could have come during a more hospitable time."

"Your greeting is well received, Alderman-Governor Erringdon," responds Damian Burgess. "With the beneficence of our exalted Lord God, our little crisis will soon be resolved."

The Reverend-Chairman and the Alderman-Governor lead the delegation of minor functionaries and bodyguards to the mansion. The two men leave their retinue and enter Alderman-Governor Richard Erringdon's private study.

"Enough of the formality Dick. Why haven't you gotten this riot under control?" asks Damian. As he speaks he

takes off his ceremonial robe, revealing a well-cut business suit underneath.

"Don't start on me, Damian," Richard replies, collapsing into a chair behind his baroque desk. "Things are a little unmanageable right now, but they are not unsalvageable."

"So now we go to work salvaging," Damian says wryly, taking another chair facing Richard, "You can begin by giving me some details as to how this whole affair started."

"It started out ordinarily enough," Richard begins slowly. "We had our Dance of the State. The dance was the high point of the festival, and everything seemed to be proceeding quite normally. Then halfway through the dance, things started going awry. This girl started deviating from the movements of the dance--minor, almost unnoticeable deviations at first, but these grew until she was doing her own thing.

"This then seemed to infect the rest of the dancers, until they were all dancing their own separate dances. Naturally, I sent in the State guardsman to suppress the dancers. But this only caused the spectators to react violently. The whole thing escalated into the conflict we have now."

"The girl," Damian says after a moment's pause. "You mentioned a girl being the cause of all this. What happened to her?"

"We managed to arrest her," answers Richard. "Her name is Karrisar Tharan, and we have her in custody now."

"Excellent," exclaims Damian. "Bring her here so I can question her."

The interview with Karrisar Tharan is conducted in the Alderman-Governor's audience chamber. Damian and Richard sit behind a table with one bodyguard against the wall behind them. The only other person in the room is Karrisar, who stands before the table with hands bound behind her back.

"So you're the one who has

"That is the function of the State," Damian says, regaining a measure of control. "To keep the music from changing. We bring stability to the masses."

"You bring stagnation," Karrisar sneers.

created all this havoc," Damian begins. "I find it difficult to believe that our present situation resulted from such a slight figure as yourself." Karrisar's figure is indeed slight. Her disheveled black hair snakes down to her shoulders, merging with her finely-knit black sweater which in turn merges with her black leotards. Standing before the table, she resembles the black cobra preparing to strike.

"And I find it hard to believe that such a pompous windbag as yourself has actually acquired a seat of authority," responds Karrisar.

"Touche." Damian politically keeps the irritation out of his voice. "Shall we dispense with personal attacks? We need to attend to the business at hand."

"Your lead."

"Fine. What kind of conspiracy are you involved in?"

"Don't you think I've already been asked that?" Karrisar answers, clearly exasperated. "I keep telling you I'm not involved in any conspiracies. I do one thing--dance. I'm a dancer, not a conspirator."

"So all you were doing during the Festival of Adoration was dancing?"

"Yes."

"Then just how do you explain our present situation? We have a city falling apart around us, apparently because of you. What do you do in your dance?"

"Improvise."

"What?"

"Improvise," she repeats. "I was so tired of doing the same thing over and over again. I decided to do something new."

"But I thought the dance of the State was a challenging piece to perform--not everyone can dance it properly."

Yes, but once you get it down there's no more challenge. You just repeat the same moves. Nothing new, nothing exciting."

"So you chose to improvise, sparking our present conflict."

"I improvised, and others followed. But that didn't spark this conflict," as you put it. The conflict was sparked when State guardsmen tried to stop our dancing. If they hadn't..."

"Hold right there," Damian cuts in. "Isn't it true that you and other dancers were deviating from the prescribed dance?"

"Yes, but we--"

"And weren't you doing it during a public celebration?"

"Yes, but--"

"And you know full well that to do such is blasphemy in the sight of both God and the State?"

"No!" Karrisar exclaims. "I can't believe that improvisation is blasphemy. You and your thick-headed theocratic friends think you can keep us doing the same dances to the same music, but you can't. As the music changes, our dances must change."

"That is the function of the State," Damian says, regaining a measure of control. "To keep the music from changing. We bring stability to the masses."

"You bring stagnation," Karrisa sneers.

"I believe we've had quite enough of your insolence, girl," grates Damian. "You have attempted to subvert the holy dances of the State and in doing so have plunged this city into unholy chaos. You shall be made an example of to all who would seek to follow your subversive ways."

Damian Burgess rises from the table and strides out of the audience chamber. Behind him he hears Karrisa's parting words: "The people will dance to their own music."

Finally, the crisis is ended. Rioters quit the streets and go back to being ordinary townfolk. The State guardsmen are able to relax. Inside his mansion, the Alderman-Governor sips his drink as he discusses the resolution to the crisis with the Reverend-Chairman.

"And so it is over with," Richard is saying. "But was it really necessary to go through with that crucifixion?"

"Necessary? Of course it was necessary," Damian answers. "It dispersed the rabble and allowed us to get firmly back into control. The Ordering Council will be most pleased with our work. Mark my words, by nailing Karrisa Tharan to that tree, we have assured that improvisation will never rise again."

The 23rd & 1/2 Psalm: The Response Of The World

Search For Serenity

There's a difference between shyness and insecurity.
Shyness is personality, insecurity is the person.
Sometimes I long to go out;

To make my own design,
Create my own masterpiece,
Paint my own picture.

But something holds me back.
Insecurity pulls me, covered by a mask of shyness.
But masks are make-believe.
Perhaps below the surface are threads of shyness,
But the urgent reality is insecurity.

The search for security takes time:
Time to build my confidence;
Time to examine myself and learn who I am, what I need,
what I want, what I stand for;
Time to realize what I value, what is important to me,
what matters for me.

Security cannot be dependent upon others,
It must come from within me.

I am me, a unique creation.
My strengths and weaknesses were hand-picked by God for me.
His perfect plan for me requires both.
There really is strength in weakness.

Security is in Him and must come from Him.
As I really learn to believe and accept this I will begin to
Sing my own song,

Write my own book,
Color my own rainbow.

Janet Willett

Is the Lord my shepherd? I want everything.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.

I get up and run around; I do not have time to rest.
He restoreth my soul.

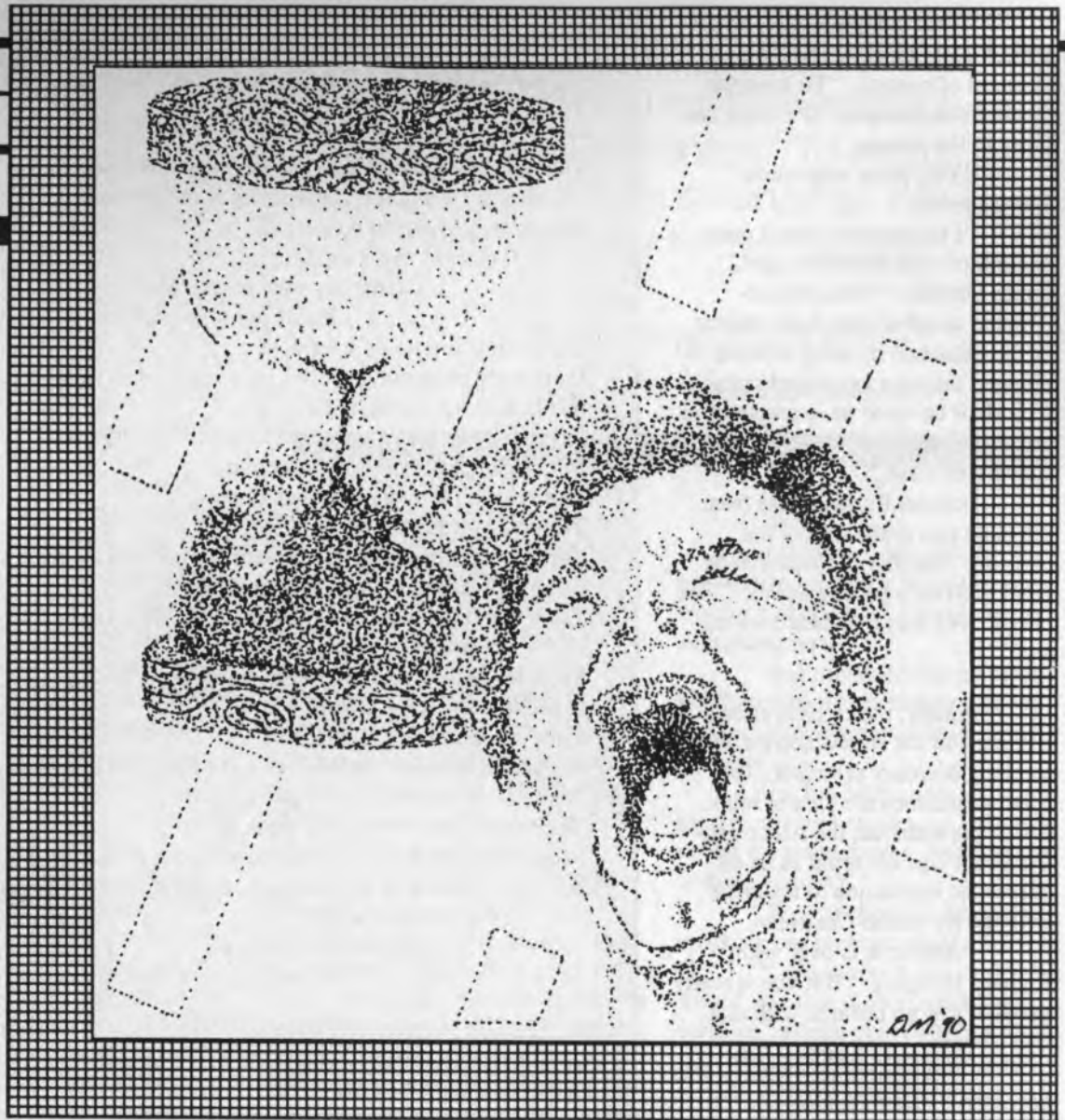
I could do better on my own.
Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil.

What a joke! If He is so powerful,
I would have no evil to worry about;
I knew I could do better on my own.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies.
They will laugh at me and I will fall down
the ladder of success.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the
days of my life.

And I will happily dwell in my own house forever???

Heidi Winter



The **PAIN** of Procrastination

By Kevin Moore

Procrastination can cause a person a lot of pain; unfortunately, I found this out the hard way. I put off a problem and paid for it in the end with a lot of pain and discomfort.

I was fifteen years old and playing soccer in my friend's backyard when I first noticed it. A sharp pain raced madly up my leg whenever I kicked the soccer ball, but this only happened for an instant. I removed my shoe and found my sock saturated with blood; as I removed the sock, I could feel the threads being pulled from the raw flesh. I immediately squinted my eyes in pain as if suddenly blinded by sunlight. I looked down at my big toe and found an ingrown nail, but I didn't think much about it and resumed playing.

Little did I know that I had a few months of agony ahead of me.

Two weeks had passed and my toes did not improve. I told my mother about it and she called Dr. Martin, our family physician, to arrange an appointment. A week later I found myself sitting in a private room in the doctor's office complex.

After about ten minutes, the doctor came in. He looked very plain. His clothes were all solid colors; he had a childish face with soft, rounded features, and a thick but nicely groomed dark brown moustache which matched his hair. As

he greeted me, I noticed that his voice was deep and soothing. Very soothing, not only in tone but also in his choice of vocabulary. It relaxed me as he spoke.

Dr. Martin then began to look at my toe and placed two small strips of cotton under the outside corners of my toenail. Immediately my forehead started to perspire and the room became very hot. I began to get nauseous as I felt the doctor prying the pieces of cotton under the nail. For two months at one-week intervals Dr. Martin put me through this agony until he finally said that surgery was the only other alternative. He also said that if I had come to him as soon as this problem came up, surgery could have been avoided.

A week and a half later, I walked up the all-too-familiar path to Dr. Martin's office. I approached Wanda, the receptionist, and told her I was here to see the doctor. She led me down the same dark corridor. Babies were crying and little children were calling for their mother's protection. None of this gave me a positive outlook on my situation. Wanda showed me to the third room on the right.

Dr. Martin entered the room and still looked the same as he always did: the soft, rounded childish face, the same-colored

clothes, the same thick, brown moustache and hair. I laid back on the doctor's little table and he gave me four shots to numb my toe, two in each side. After the shots started to work, he began to cut. I tried to concentrate on many different things such as automobiles, windsurfing, my friends...anything to keep my mind off of the surgery.

But no matter how hard I tried not to, I kept hearing the scissors clipping the nail towards the cuticle. The clipping seemed to echo throughout the entire room, bouncing back and forth from wall to wall, getting louder and louder. Perspiration started to make its way down my face. I began to feel nauseated and hot. Very hot. I couldn't feel any pain but I could hear the scissors clipping away, the doctor breathing and the pressure he exerted on my foot. I could only question myself as to why I had put this off, but I couldn't come up with an answer.

After Dr. Martin finished cutting away the nail, I sat up and he applied some sort of thick, brownish liquid which would prevent that portion of the nail from growing back. He also said that it would produce a burning sensation once the shots had worn off.

On the way home, his words came true.

The pain slowly began to increase as the shots

began to lose their effect. I began to get restless and could not sit still. The closer we got to home, the more uncomfortable I became. Once at home, I again tried to keep my mind thinking about other things but the pain was too great. I tried listening to music, reading, and working around my room but nothing seemed to ease my discomfort.

For eight hours my toe felt as if it had been put in a vice and the pressure was constantly being increased. I again began to question myself as to why I didn't do anything about my toenail when I had the chance to ease the burden, but I still couldn't come up with an answer. I decided to go to bed, and it was only after a long duration of time that I fell asleep.

After two weeks I found myself back in my normal routine of things. But I could not do some of the things that I love to do—such as play soccer, windsurf, or other activities which involved my feet—because my toe was so sensitive to pressure.

I have learned the hard way that a person should never put off anything that could later have an effect on part of their life. I have learned to get things done as soon as I can get to them, so that they don't become a burden to me as my ingrown toenail had been.

Why Me, Lord?

I ask, "Why me, Lord?
Why the trials and tribulations,
the sin I've committed?
Why the possessions I desire,
the emotions I share?
Why the beliefs I seek,
the family so sweetly given?
Why the understanding friends,
the undeserved forgiveness?
Why the love I've desired, lost?

All these things, Lord,
I do not understand.
Why me?"

The Lord replies, "Because
I've given my only son
for the life without sin
for you and others."

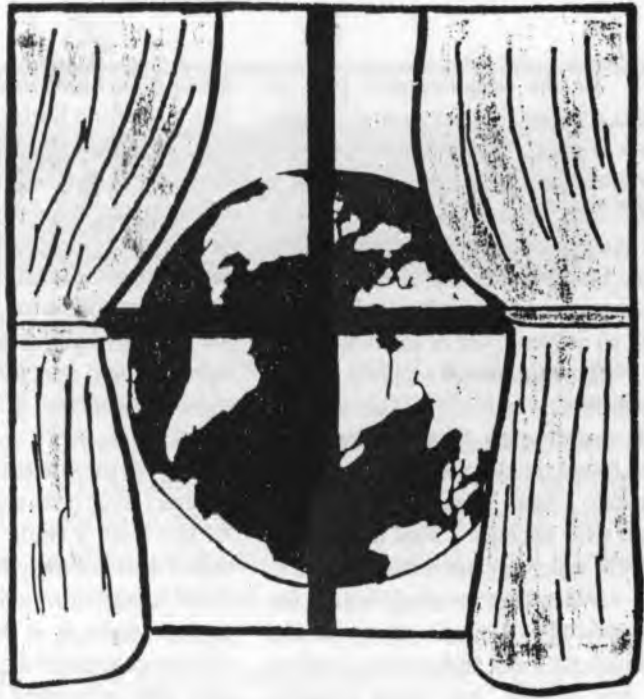
...Amen

Lisa Spurlock

Perfume

Jealousy, my dear, is poison...
Not of Christian Dior
But your obsessional scent.

Horsha Patel



My Private Window

I look at the world
through my private window,
glass that is stained and warped
by my experience and teaching.

As I walk down the street
I carry my window with me.
Only through it do I experience
my physical, mental and spiritual realities.

I go to eat a meal and am told,
"Most of the world would see this in vibrant greens."
With a sense of guilt my window stains it brown.

I read from Shakespeare and am told,
"Others see only dim, ghostly shapes."
I view scenes of magnified people in amplified contrasts.

I attend a church service and am told,
"All windows here vary only in shades of rose."
My window shifts, returning often to the sand from which
it was made.

Would that I could shatter the glass
and be free from my window's illusions.
To remove forever the tint and distortion
that have become my only interpretation of life.

Yet I fear for what windowless sight should reveal.
Would it be a world of clarity, color and sharp edges?
Or could I find a fuzzy world of grays
made scenic only by that which I seek to destroy?

Ethan Reedy

In the southwestern part of Idaho, a mountain rises from the Snake River Valley. This mountain, Mount Harrison, has an elevation of almost 8,500 feet. Mount Harrison stands at the head of a range of mountains, just like a king would stand at the front of his armies; it commands awe for being such an adverse part of the landscape.

This mountain supports a large population of wildlife. Of all the animals that live on Mount Harrison, I have found the deer to be the most intriguing. I have learned many things about deer because I hunt deer in the fall. They are very interesting to watch.

When I am hunting I will sit for long periods of time and scour the hillsides with my binoculars, looking for any motion that could possibly indicate that the deer are starting to move around. Many things catch my

attention as I look through my binoculars. I see little birds coursing through the air, darting in and around trees as if playing tag; squirrels can be seen scurrying across the ground from tree to tree, looking for nuts and pine cones. My eyes are attracted to these quick movements like a magnet. I overcome the urge to look at all the birds and squirrels, and start looking for a large object that moves at a slower rate of speed.

My eyes detect a color change in an area I have been studying carefully. At last I see a slight movement. The object moves slowly like an extremely thick liquid. I watch and wait; sure enough there is a deer, one of the sleekest animals of the forest. The thick gray coat is brushed back neatly; the tree on its head has thick, beautiful branches, perfectly symmetrical with

sharp points at the ends; its ears are swiveling like radar dishes, each continually changing position to pick up any noise.

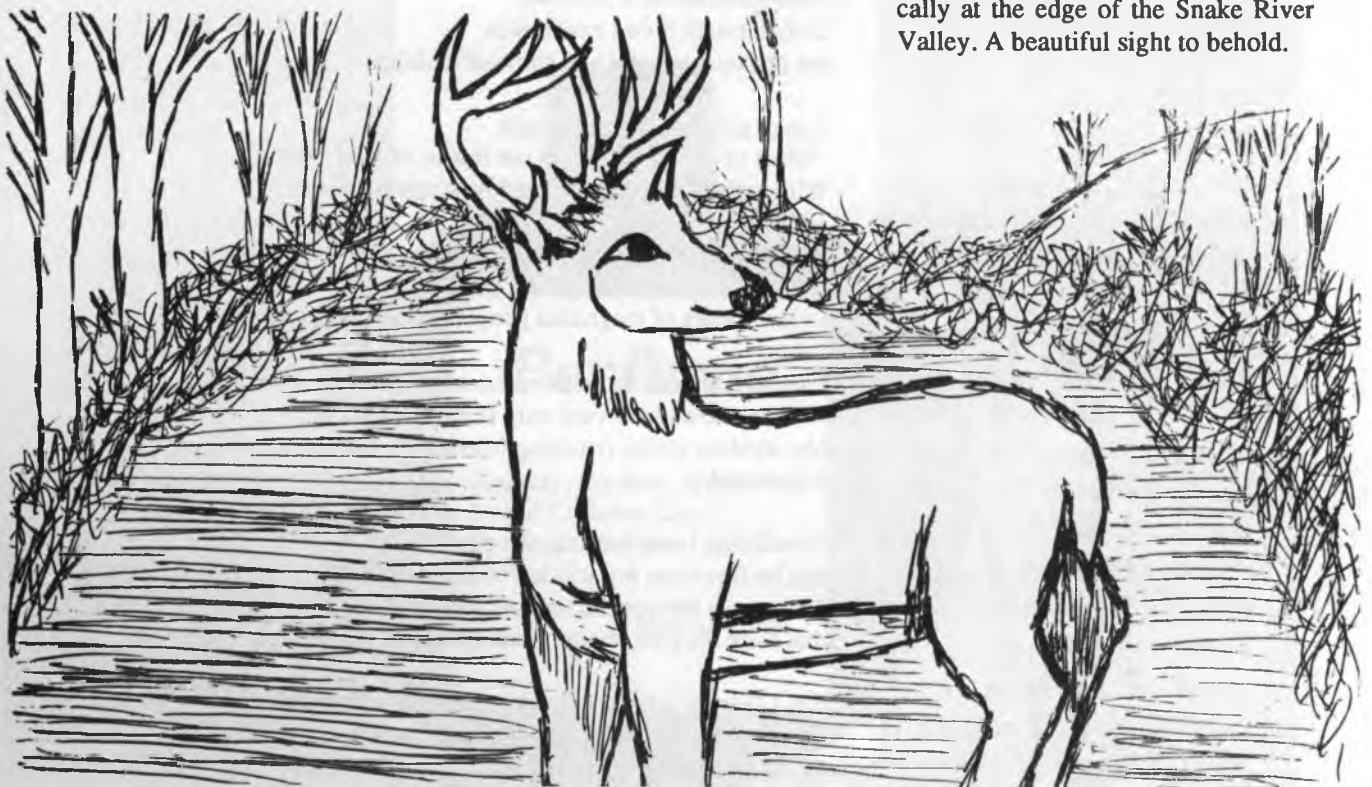
The deer's black eyes are like binoculars. It can see minute movements at far distances, just like I can when I use my binoculars to look for the deer. If an unfamiliar movement is seen or an unfamiliar sound is heard, the deer will stand like a statue and look and listen with its motion and noise detectors. I sit and watch in fascination as that big old buck takes pride in everything it does.

The buck slowly wanders down the canyon side. It stops to look at its surroundings before going into the trees; as I watch, the buck disappears into the forest like a ghost, never to be seen again.

I sit quietly, just watching the area where the buck disappeared, intrigued by what I have just seen. The most splendid animal on Mount Harrison has just passed before my eyes. This stately mountain holds more than meets the eye; it contains the key to life. Mount Harrison, the home of deer and many other animals, stands majestically at the edge of the Snake River Valley. A beautiful sight to behold.

The Deer

by Corey Krantz



City Sidewalks

By Brad Reedy

"Come on, Ted," Mother scolds as she grabs Ted's arm and wisps him along. "Would you please try to keep up with us? You're a big boy now, and you should be able to walk right along with us."

Ted's arm is stretched fully above his head while he is trying to walk on his tip-toes, but he is getting dragged every other step. Little kids getting wisped along a busy city sidewalk have a very different perspective of the world and everyone in it.

Scoping ahead of himself, Ted sees what he thinks must be a millionaire. Sparkling black leather shoes shine brightly in the early morning sunlight against the dingy, cluttered sidewalk; when Ted looks down to see the shoes, he sees himself glistening in the brightly polished leather. Charcoal gray dress pants flutter in front of his face; what seems like a coat tail really begins to bug Ted when it blows in his eyes so that he can nothing in front of him. Elegant red and black paisley sock match beautifully with the fine suit. Although Ted could not see anything but the back side of this man, he was sure this was an important businessman who had mega-bucks.

Turning onto another street, Ted became lodged between two more people. Soon he wished the fluttering suit tail was still in his face. There was an awful stench that permeated the air all around him; he looked up just in time to get a mouthful of grease, dirt and grime as the bum in front of him stopped at the street light. A filthy burlap coat loomed in front of him. Ted could go nowhere to rid himself of the horrible smell. It smelled like the time when Mom left eggs and milk in the refrigerator

for two months.

It was the same smell, all right, but it was ten times more potent this time. It was breathtaking, and Ted struggled for fresh, wholesome air. Ducking down to avoid the garbage-saturated brown and black coat, Ted found a pair of the ugliest plaid pants; orange, brown and purple stripes criss-crossed these bell-bottom pants as if a drunkard had mixed the colors and put the patterns together. They looked like the pair of pants Dad had on in the picture that Ted had seen of Mom and Dad just after their wedding. They wore torn in the rear, where Ted saw a patch pitifully sewn on with green yard.

The shoes that this person wore were something beyond belief. Ted thought his old tennis shoes were bad, but these shoes looked like old army boots that had been worn in World War I. Every bit of the polish had been worn off, and scuff marks deeply penetrated into the already-cracked leather. The heel was missing from one of the shoes; the sole had given way on the outside of each shoe, and toes were peeking in and out with every step.

Ted and his mother turned right once again and they were thrown through a revolving door, snagging them off the sidewalk wonderland. When they were inside Mom let go of Ted's arm, and he felt as if it would stretch to the floor if he let it down. His clothes smelled like garbage from the bum, but Ted didn't care. It had been a good walk to Mom's work today, although the perspective was no different than any other day.

BY
TRACI
AUGUSTOSKY

FOURTH FLOOR

What a frenzied and raging world. Avenging invasions, terrorism rampant, assassins topple governments, politicians create scandal and blind the public. Natural disasters eradicate, annihilating entire cities. Everything becomes carcinogenic. Again an idolized media figure plummets to tragedy, drugs, alcohol, sex...and some sadist becomes a pedophile. Escape is insurmountable. Mania is universal.

Collegiate mania is divergently separate, distinctive, unique.

My initial college experience was maddening. An utter catastrophe comprised of humor, tautness, tumult, violence, and bewilderment. I, along with some thirty other girls, sauntered along an unparalleled prodigious path. One which entertained the ears of many and is still occasionally heard.

Initially, escapades of witticism frolicked throughout the floor. Niki was doused with water unexpectedly; Neicy prowling about, snapped a picture of Verlinda in quite a compromising position, in the lavatory. No one could relieve themselves in peace, especially not Heidi. She received a mere frigid gallon while occupying a stall. Dawn's retaliation amused us all; exemplifying warrior courage, she endeavored to procure a picture of Neicy in the shower (shower cap and all).

A notably amusing shaving cream prank was not considered humorous by the unfortunate victim, Paula. And of course Amy was ultimately thrilled when prodded out of sweet dreams to have glacial water heaved in her face. Kim, I vividly recall, was encased in toothpaste--excluding her teeth.

Lisa finally halted her parading the halls in her underwear. Julie's peaceful slumber was interrupted to the inquisitiveness of "Were you sleeping?" Donna and Michelle ob-

tained gratuitous reornamentation of their door frame, with a mattress. Someone stole Vicki's pen, causing intense feelings of being, I believe it was "hacked off." Janette was ALWAYS giggling, then...well, the general idea is made.

The jokes tickled some, aggravated others, caused excessive paranoia, but they were no match for the enigmas ahead. Enthralled by suspensions, due mainly to alcohol expulsions, violent confrontations, and even the severity of multiple attempts of suicide, we were all involved. Entangled emotionally, disconcerted intellectually, all were affected.

Sheltering puns and cracks exchanged became a screen, a refuge, protection from pain and relief from stress. Roommate exchanges and switches alleviated tensions and frus-

trations, bonds were created and broken. I often ponder the situation. Why us? Why so much to so few? It seemed concentrated, infested almost, unanimously and exhaustively baffling!

Searching deeper, past superficial apparentness, I discern friendships, respects, lessons, maturation, growth, learned spiritual dependency, experience... I can now thank God for my collegiate mania, for the mad world in which I reside. I learned to extrapolate optimism, to accrue benefits, to reasons as opposed to blaming.

To all the girls involved on fourth floor I bid my respect, my sincere gratitude for friendships made, lessons learned, and memories given. I, like you, shall always be a part of this past, and shall never forget and never regret.

Love, Traci.

The Procrastinator's Art

The procrastinator's art is one of self-deception.

An art for the self-believing liar,

to believe the immediate is unimportant,

to believe the foreseeable future exists only in the present mind,

to believe what is past...is past.

An art of excuses,

An art of escapes...

verbal,

physical,

psychological,

emotional.

An art of diverted effort and attentions

from the more important to the less important,

from the practical to the trivial.

An art for the idle imaginatives

to make something from nothing,

to make nothing out of something.

A procrastinator's art is one of disaffection and laxidazical perception.

Greg Fulton

AULD LANG SYNE

by Amy Gillespie

Snow trickled down, tickling my nose, as I walked up the steps to "the Shire," a home owned by four art students. It was New Year's Eve in downtown Flint, Michigan. It was the night of the party my parents had forbidden me to go to, but temptation took a hold.

I hesitantly rang the doorbell, not knowing what to expect. The door opened up to a world I had only seen on T.V. or read of in books. The odor of incense tingled in my nostrils. Paintings and other artistic relics adorned the dilapidated house in a haphazard way.

Being surrounded by unrecognizable faces, I quickly scanned the crowd for Chris, the person who had invited me to that party. His long blond curls bounced as he danced over to me, introducing a group of people that looked like they had stepped out of a 1960 photograph. It seemed as if at any moment one of them might pick up a set of bongo drums and start quoting poetry.

Needless to say, I didn't fit in well with my surroundings. My bright

red pant outfit stuck out like a sore thumb as I was encased by a long-haired caravan clothed in black.

The evening began with each of the guests being blessed with olive oil for their "sacrament stew." I was not feeling very at ease, especially when the major discussions began on the subjects of "Which drugs are best," and "Do you believe in out-of-body experiences?" It seemed like a really opportune time to take a "potty break."

Walking up the steps carefully as to not step on the cat, Perciphone, I ran into Mike. Wire-framed glasses peeked through his cascading black hair. He invited me into his room and I quickly took a seat on the small sofa on one side of the room. He sat in a chair across from me.

"Do you remember the massive drought of 1988?" he asked. I nodded nervously.

"Well," he continued, "I was sitting downstairs and it was real hot. I looked over into the fish tank and thought how cool it would be to be swimming around in there and I wrote this song." He then picked up his guitar and started to sing about how he wished he was a fish, "Swimmin' in the water all day."

A strange scent began to fill the house. The group had gathered downstairs to begin smoking one of the illegal substances they had been speaking of earlier that evening. I declined an invitation to join them and, even though it was only 11:30, I decided that I had better be heading home.

Driving the icy, drunken streets that night I prayed a silent prayer. It was a thanks for the safety He had given me and the sheltered life my parents had tried to show me. I also prayed a prayer of forgiveness for not doing what I had been ordered to do, and for going against everything I had been brought up to believe.

Thank you, Lord.

The One For Me

Your eyes told me you were honest.
Your smile showed me you were kind.
Your actions said that you cared.

My heart knew you were the one for me.

Anita Lovell

Melt Or Run?

If I were to sing songs of my love for you, would you melt or run? If I said that I wanted you as my husband, would you melt or run? I don't know where to go or what to do, but I know that the Lord has plans for me and you. I know that whether together or apart, you have captured a piece of my heart. I will always love you.

Annette McDonald

Funny People

Parents are funny.
They fall in love and want to be with each other,
so they get married.
They feel empty and want to share their lives with another,
so they begin a family.
They remember the "good ol' days" before ball practices and recitals,
so they begin planning for retirement.
They experience the empty nest,
so they want grandkids.
Parents are funny.
I'm glad I'm not like them.
All I want to do is get married.

Rob Hurt



The Birthday Present

By George A. Wolff



"It's my money," I would say when caught. "What's the use of this dumb thing if I can't use it?"

On my fifth birthday, my parents gave me a large red and blue striped box. I remember it like it was yesterday; the box was heavy, and it jingled when I shook it. So many wonderful things could be in this box, and my mind covered them all: a train, a stereo, anything! My mind raced as I ripped the paper from the box. I tore it open in a hurry, and was I surprised!

Yes, I definitely was surprised.

A duck. A yellow and orange bank in the shape of the duck. I didn't really have any great fondness for either ducks or--at that time, anyway--money. Of course, I had already received a few new sweaters and some stuff for school, but this was supposed to be the BIG gift.

"This can't be it," I said to myself. "Birthdays are real big in my family..." But as the relatives began to leave, I realized that the gift opening was over.

My parents returned from saying goodbye to the relatives, and so I quickly had to replace the frown on my face with a semi-convincing smile. I grabbed the duck off the table, and suddenly remembered the jingle I had heard in the bottom. The excitement in me returned. What could it be...A watch? A necklace?

After about five minutes' worth of struggle trying to get the bottom off, I discovered a new, 1976 penny. Obviously this was not what I had expected to find; I pretended to be happy, but deep inside I was quite disappointed.

But my parents were ecstatic to see me smiling, and so they went on to explain the reasoning behind this unusual gift.

Every week, my father had

planned to place a sum of cash in this stupid bank, in the hopes of building for me a substantial account. Money was hardly an important factor in my life, but I guess that a full ugly duck bank is better than an empty one.

After work on Friday I watched as Dad took some money out of his wallet, preparing to place it in my duck bank.

"Let me see! Let me see!" I shouted.

"No," he said, "it's a surprise."

I watched the bank grow, and occasionally I would try to sneak a couple of bucks out of it. "It's my money!" I would say when caught. "What's the use of this dumb thing if I can't use it?"

My parents took the bank from me, saying that I had no respect for their thoughtfulness. As the years passed, I chose to forget about it. I'd probably never see any of it, anyway.

It wasn't until a couple of years ago that I finally saw that cute yellow duck again. My mother and I were going through my father's things shortly after his death when I noticed it, in the back of his sock drawer.

Suddenly a tear came to my eye, and I couldn't speak. I picked up that wonderful bank and clutched it with all my heart; although many say that money is the root of all evil, at this moment all I could feel was love. Not for the money, or even for the bank itself, but for my amazing father. Somehow, after I had given up caring about that bank, he had continued filling it.

That beautiful little bank now sits on my desk in my bedroom. It will not sit there forever, for I have plans to give it to my own son someday. And if the old saying "Like father, like son" is true, my son shall learn the most valuable lesson a father can teach his child--the value of patience and respect.

On My Observations At The River Cam: Cambridge, England

I lie down upon the bank of the smooth river Cam, under the shade a mad willow which hangs far into the river. The smell is pleasant--of young and old. I gaze across the river, and Cambridge's elite Trinity College stands before me--magnificent! One can smell academia in the air... Small boats float by, full of tourists eager to explore this city of dreams... Holly bushes barcade my sight to the left. The bank is cool, and my eyes are tired...a branch tickles my feet.

The grass smells fresh and alive--vibrantly green. Whitman would have liked it here. Pink blossoms hide from the holly's grasp, far under its belly--cool in the shade. I hear the laughter of young children. Ducks move swiftly out of the way of the little boats... Dead leaves stick to my skin, content to remain there until forced off my the breeze. Beauty, as God, dwells here.

A small willow branch falls from the heavens upon me, perhaps a magic wand. Nature surrounds me. I am a writer from a strange land running my hands through strange soil, yet it is as though I am as close to home as ever.

Marvin Adams

L'etranger Noir

The Blackened Stranger grasps
My neck and strangles
Me in yonder park.
My breath is shortening;
My heart beats quick; and
The ocean rages in my head.
I turn in one last move,
To see the arm linked
with my face.
And my last gasp brings
Night upon my heart.

T.L. Hooppaw

Lisa

I've seen science fiction creatures
that were far more handsome.
I probably wouldn't have looked,
but she kept staring at me.
Finally she said, "Hi, I'm Lisa."
Her voice matched her face.

"Can you help me?"

Seeing no one else around,
I volunteered.

What a Christian.

"You want to make a what?
A computer-graphics valentine?"

We struggled,

but managed to make a heart.

Then she inserted the words,
"I love you," and smiled at me.

The heart on the computer screen
seemed to reflect on her face.

She wore a big heart
and a beautiful face.

Kim Tysse

Thank You For Loving Me

You say have patience
and I get upset.
Yet you still love me.

You say have faith
while I become worried.
Yet you still love me.

You say to love others
but sometimes I hate.
Yet you still love me.

Your ways are different.
Your words are deep.
They reach right down inside of me.
You set my feet upon the path,
and carefully guide me so I don't turn back.

Teach me to stay there day by day;
It's tough sometimes, the narrow way.
And when I fail I hear you say,
"I love you, my child, please come home today."

Paula Osborne

Morning Thoughts

By Monica Robbe

"Beep...Beep...Beep..."

Ernie rolled over in the bed and peered at the alarm clock beside the bed. Its illuminous numbers flashed their message through the pre-dawn darkness: 4:30 a.m. Another day has begun. Just thinking about all that he wanted to get accomplished that day had Ernie hitting the snooze button and rolling back over to his side of the bed. The cows could wait a few more minutes.

As he settled himself back in amongst the blankets, Ernie thought back to the day before. He hadn't thought it would ever end; the day had started out full and kept up its pace until the sun went down, leaving Ernie exhausted.

It was raining when he had gotten up. That was all right because the the field needed the rain, but the thought of milking thrity-odd soaking wet cows caused a frown to form on the farmer's whiskered face.

His wife, Gert, confirmed that the day would be busy when she came in from doing the outside chores.

"Sparkle wasn't with the rest of the dry cows," she said by way of greeting. "She was acting funny last night. Do you hink she's down under the hill having her calf?"

Ernie thought for a moment. "She probably is," he said. "You know how those cows delight in having me walk clear across the pasture to bring their babies back."

Gert laughed, remembering some of the more

colorful jaunts across the pasture. "Oh, shut up. You know you love those cows like you do your own kids. In a way, they have filled the void that opened with the leaving of our youngest. What would we do without these animals to brighten our lives?"

"You're right, Gert," Ernie said. "We would be lost without these ornery heifers. But you're the one who treats them like children!"

Ernie smiled as he said the words. His wife was crazy over their herd of cows. Each had a name befitting its personality--and if ever animals could have a personality, their did. Gert loved to name the new-born calves, after relatives or people she knew; why, even the minister's wife had a cow named after her. Others would be named after the day in which they were born, like Firecracker. The Fourth of July was a perfect day for that wild calf to have started her life.

"Hey, there! Watch out what you're doing with that foot there, old girl!" Ernie soothed the cow as he took the milker off her. He'd have to watch what he was doing instead of daydreaming, or one of the cows was liable to step on him.

"There, you're done. Go on outside, I know that's where you really want to be." He patted Lana on the hip as she walked past him on her out of the barn.

"Are you talking to the animals again?" Gert questioned as she walked out of the milkhouse. She was smiling as she reached Ernie. She knew of his penchant for talking to the cows when he was alone.

She knew that he would deny it if asked, but Ernie loved the farm and the life it gave him.

"I am almost done in there and the rain is letting up," she said. "I'll help you finish cleaning the barn, and then we can go check on Sparkle together."

They worked quickly and silently, as people do when they've been together for a long time, working as one.



Sometimes they had to stop and remember how many years they had been on the farm. They had accomplished minor miracles when others had thought they would fail. It was their love for the land and each other that had kept them going; whereas the world might view them as poor, they were the richest people on earth. They had each other, the farm, and their family of animals. Who needed more?

"Are you ready?" Ernie asked as he hung up his pitchfork and joined his wife at the front of the barn. Together they walked across the barnyard to the pasture that held the dry cows. Their little dog, Bandit, raced ahead of them, barking at everything in sight. As they neared the far corner, they could just make out the shadowy shape of Sparkle in the pale light of the rising sun as it topped the distant hills.

When they finally made their way over to the cow, they saw it. At her feet was a soaking wet bundle of newborn calf.

"Oh, isn't she pretty? She looks just like her mother, don't you you think?"

"Yes, Gert, she does indeed. Hopefully she'll turn out to be a good cow like her mother, also."

"She's beautiful," Ernie thought to himself. He would never lose that feeling of wonder and awe at the sight of a new life. Each calf was so precious, with long spidery legs that looked as if they couldn't hold the slightest weight. And those big, soft chocolate brown eyes, so trusting as if they could look right into a person's soul. It didn't matter that the new life wasn't human. It was a life, pure and simple. Ernie also felt that if he ever lost his love for animals, he would quit farming. If your heart wasn't in your work, your life, then what was the point in working, in

living?

"I'm going to call her Rainy," Gert told her husband as they helped the calf to stand.

Ernie turned to the cow beside him as she nudged him with her head, looking at him with her large eyes rimmed with ridiculously long eyelashes for an animal. "You did a fine job, Sparkle," he told the cow. "Now let's get your baby up and out of this rain."

"Beep...Beep...Beep..."

Ernie rolled over in the bed and peered at the alarm clock beside the bed. Its illuminous numbers flashed their message through the pre-dawn light: 4:35 a.m. The day was still beginning.

A few minutes later Ernie stood on the porch and looked out over his farm. In the distance he could see Gert as she fed the calves and the dry cows. Bandit was at her heels, barking every step of the way.

"It's so quiet this time of day," he thought as he surveyed his life. "These moments are what makes farming worth all the pain and suffering that comes our way."

Ernie took a deep breath and smelled the lingering scent of the rain from the previous day. It was clean and fresh, making thoughts of green valleys filled with flowers, a scent that--if searched the world over--could never be duplicated.

Down to the south he could see the light of the neighboring farm go on, signaling that the day was officially started. Just then Gert looked up and smiled at her husband as he stood there. Bandit saw and ran to meet him. When he had crossed the yard, Ernie reached down and scratched the dog behind the ears before walking out to meet Gert.

"Yes, another day has begun," Ernie mused as he made his way into the morning.

Embattled Youth

Pushing up the throttle,
He hears the engine roar.
He has taken on the world
Up where the eagles soar.

The heights that he's attained
Have made him hold his breath
For he is in control of
His enemies' life or death.

He thinks to himself of
Anger, hate and death.
For he will only be happy
When his enemy takes
his last breath.

The feeling that he has for
them
Is burned deep in his heart.
I guess he's been this way
From the very start.

The closed fist and with the
Plane built so quick
Will be used against them.
It will not let them be.

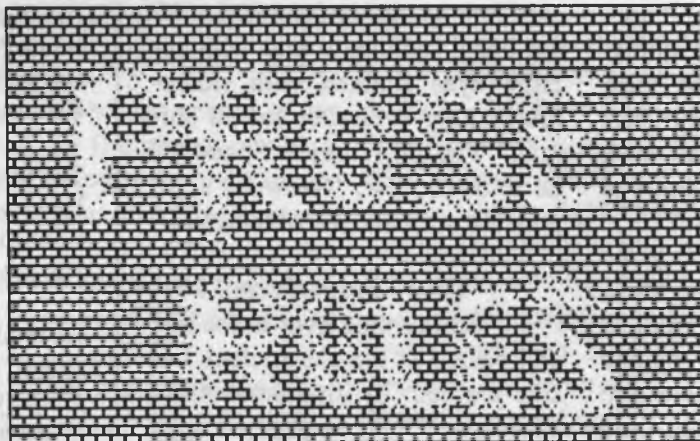
Engulfed in gray dullness
The foe around him flies.
He takes aim and fires,
And his enemy dies.

The life he had ended
Will yet be joined by more
For an angry youth takes wings
Up where the eagles soar.

For he is happiest, you see,
When his enemy is in pain.
He wants to be the giver.
Look in his eyes,
They control this weapon--
They control this trigger.

Now he feels so great,
So happy, and so clean
For an angry youth
Is beyond our grasp, unseen.

John Spohn



*I walked through life, content with Prose
When suddenly a conflict arose.
Poetry came and said, "In time
I'll make you write in words that rhyme."
The two faced off, the duel began
Victory eluding either man
When I began to see the light
And then took out a pen to write,
"I like trees, I think they're nice
Especially when they're full of ice."
"No," screamed Poetry, "Stop! You fool!"
But he'd already lost the duel
He fell totally dead right then.
Felled by poison from my pen.
No matter how hard Poetry duels,
Where I'm concerned, Prose rules.*



A Prose by any other name is still a Prose.

James Tew



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The students who have worked so hard putting TYGR together during the course of this year would like to take this opportunity to express their gratitude for helping to make this publication a reality. There's no way we could have done it without your help, and we all hope you enjoy the final product. If even a small portion of the enthusiasm which was brought into this project shines through, then it has been worth it. Thank you so much, on behalf of everyone associated with TYGR.

Sincerely,
John A. Small
Editorial Director, TYGR





**"And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?"**

--William Blake, "The Tyger"