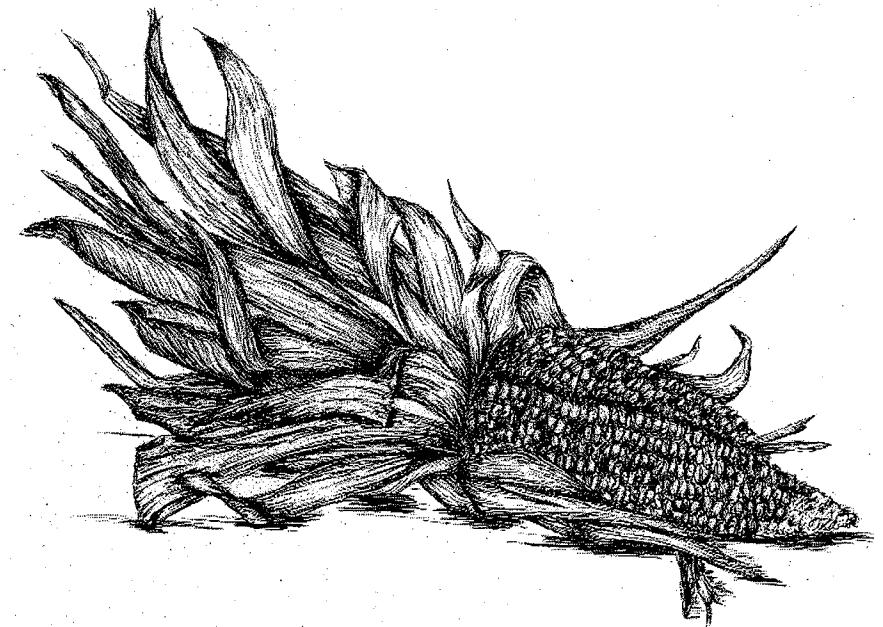
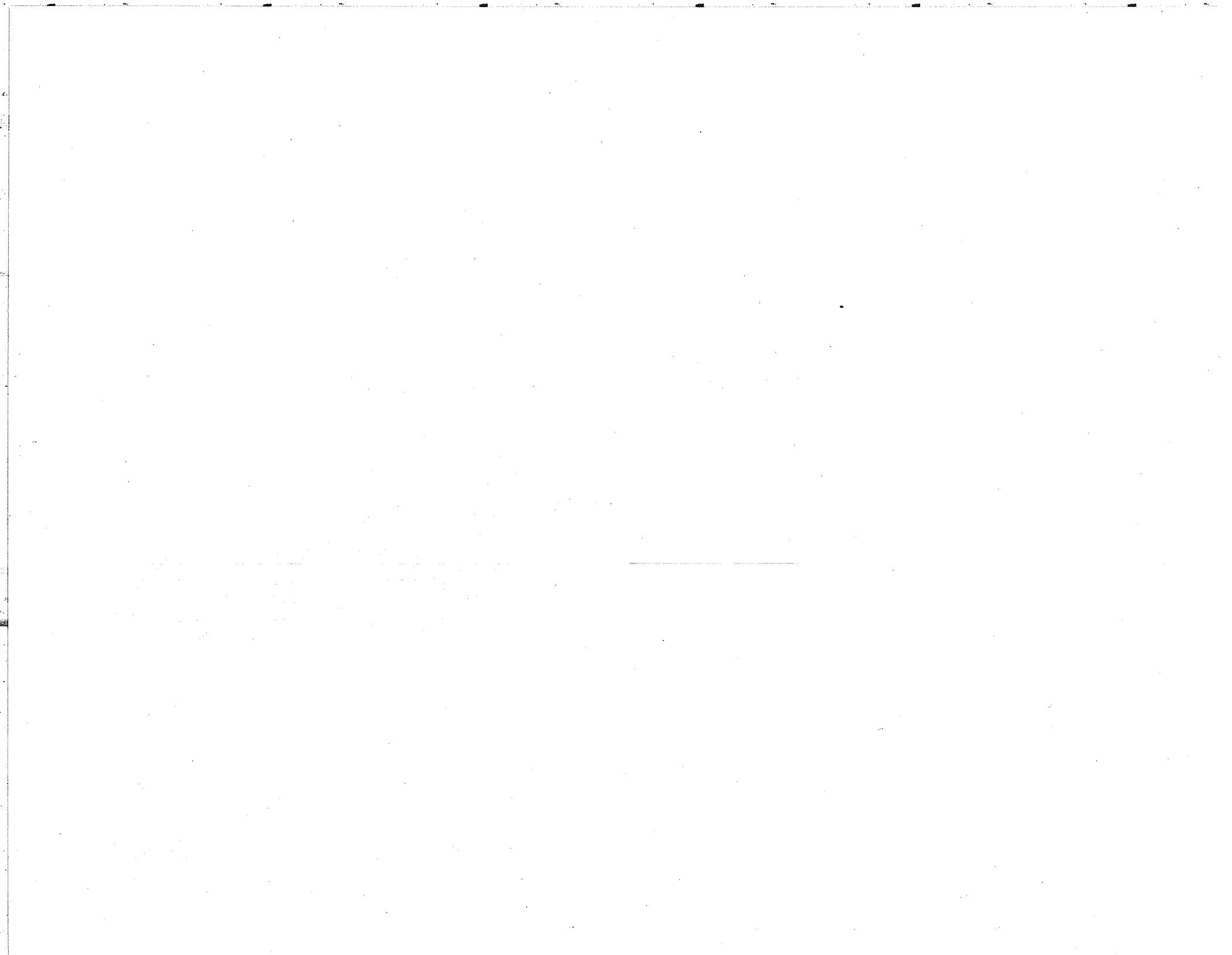


Northern
Lights '01



University of Wisconsin-Marinette
Arts Journal



Christmas Presents
by Tonya McGee-Bowers

The snow was falling on a cold winter day.

The kids were all playing away.

Mother in the kitchen, dad in the den.

I was upstairs wrapping away.

One for my mother all pretty and green, two for my brother,
who's all stuffy and mean.

One for dad who I think will be glad.

Three for my sister so she won't be mad.

Two for my kids, whom I love a lot.

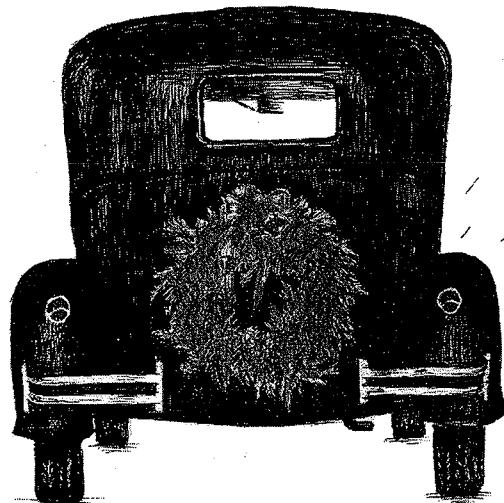
One for my cuz', who's still a tot. One for my aunt who's really mean.

One for my best friend whose name is Jean,
and then it's my uncle who I think is cool.

Then it is my husband who's really a fool.

Well I guess that's everyone except for myself.

I guess I will have to wait for those darn sales.



Christmas Buggy
by Angela Phelps

Northern Lights

2001

Arts Journal

University of Wisconsin
Marinette



Trees and Shadows
by Jocelyn Gerndt

Volume 21

Spring, 2001

University of Wisconsin
Marinette
750 W. Bay Shore St.
Marinette, Wisconsin 54143

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This publication is printed on recycled paper.

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Acknowledgments

We were not able to publish all the entries submitted this year, but we wish to thank everyone who contributed. Thanks also to ABC Printers for their printing assistance.

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Northern Lights is funded by the UW-Marinette Student Senate.

Doing Things for the Last Time by Wendel Johnson

We all remember doing many things the first time. It's a thrill or rush to see our first shooting star, drive a car the first time, hear wolves howling or meet someone we come to know and love. These events stand out and we talk of them often and proudly as accomplishments to be passed along to our offspring, parents and companions. In turn, we are routinely asked by others, "when did you first..."

But doing something for the last time seldom gets the attention, appreciation or solemnity it deserves. Think about the times your friends or companions asked, "When did you do this for the last time?" "Not very often," is sure to be the answer. The reason for this is that we don't think that opportunities cease for us; instead we assume that we will continue to have most options throughout our lives.

To do things for the last time and realize it forces a finality upon us, a discipline, if you will, upon our psyche. It is a thought that bothers us to the core as we ponder the profundity of it. Of course, we often don't realize that we may be doing something the last time. A farewell embrace or kiss to a parent, a glance over a beautiful landscape, a visit to someone's home or a conversation with a friend. We savor these moments, and look forward to them, but at some point, sometimes known and sometimes not, they become the last time. They become a frightening realization that tells us we had our chance.



My grandma has been my mother, father and family. I couldn't describe her in words, so I drew her!

Grandma Laning
by Kristina DeFrance

Boxes

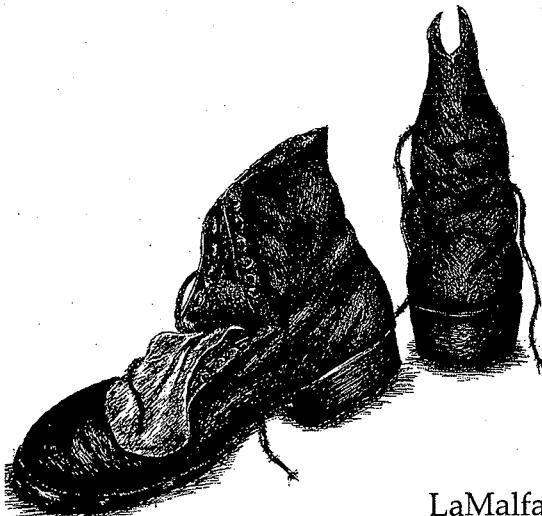
by Lori Pansch

The boxes are stacked
from ceiling to floor.
She's ready to move on,
to find something more.

She stares at the boxes
that contain her life.
Then feels the sorrow
like a striking knife.

Hanging her hopes
on the stars at night,
she looks to the future
with uncertain delight.

She sees the boxes
as a closing door.
Hoping another will open
on her way to find more.



LaMalfa's Stinky Boots
by Angela Phelps

Bay Spirit

by James LaMalfa

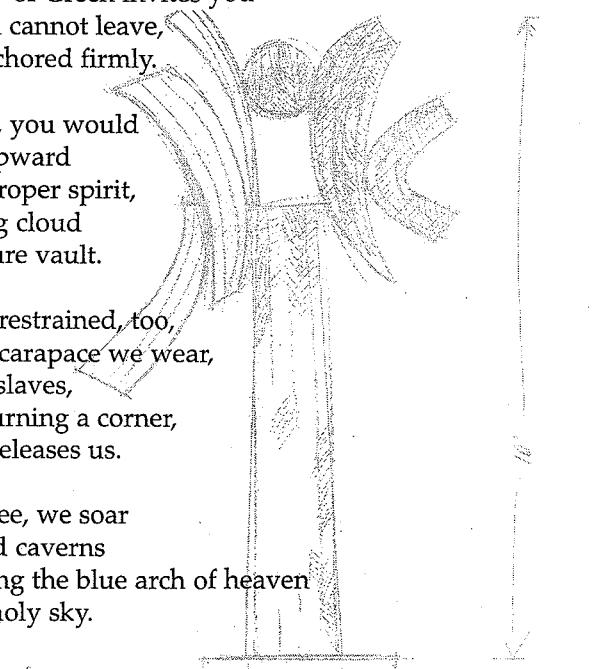
Bay Spirit, I created you,
planted you solidly.

The Bay of Green invites you
but you cannot leave,
foot anchored firmly.

Like us, you would
wing upward
like a proper spirit,
cleaving cloud
and azure vault.

We are restrained, too,
by this carapace we wear,
bound slaves,
until, turning a corner,
Death releases us.

Then free, we soar
in cloud caverns
frolicking the blue arch of heaven
God's holy sky.



Conceived
Borne Marinette
James LaMalfa
UW-Marinette
Bay Spirit

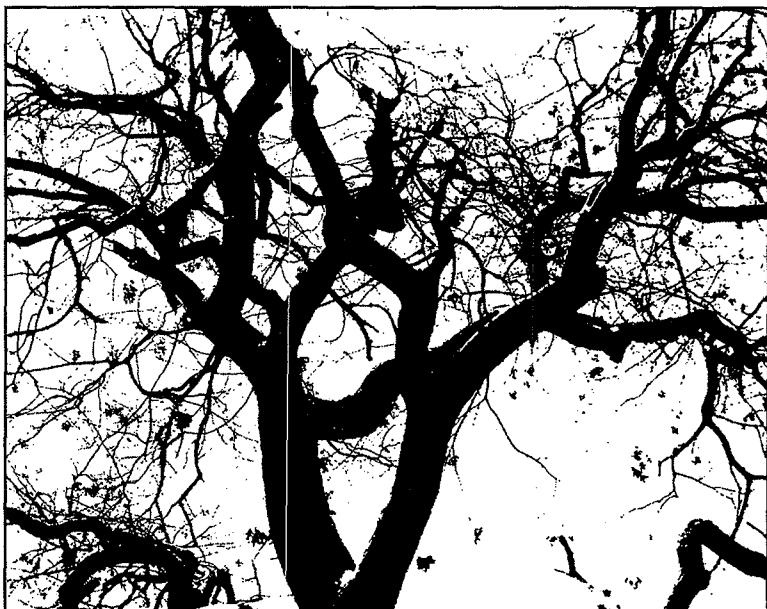
Ed. note: James LaMalfa's sculpture "Bay Spirit" was installed and dedicated in the newly formed sculpture garden at the UW-Marinette campus September 26, 2000.

Ice World

by Elouise Rossler

Frozen.

Ice branches reflect
A sun drifting in blue sky.
Original ice sculptures
Of black, naked trees
Shamelessly exposed
By sheer crystalline gowns
Of ice.
Celestial.



Twisted Branches
by Jocelyn Gerndt

I breathed for what felt like the first time in years.

"But the monkey wanted to play instead of work, so when the man told the monkey to bring him a glass of cold water to drink, the monkey brought him hot water," I continued.

The class thought this was hilarious and roars of laughter rang out across the room. Whew! I'm going to get away with this, I thought.

"That's a good story, but why isn't it *written* on your paper?" a voice from behind me boomed. Sometime during my nervous recitation, Miss Groatburg had managed to sneak up behind me. "Please take your seat," she ordered. The laughter ceased.

As I walked back to my desk, whispered questions came flying at me from all directions. "Why did she make you sit down?" asked Jimmy the Vandal. Even he seemed intimidated. I shrugged, "I guess she didn't like my story."

While someone else was up front rambling on and on about a man and a monkey, the recess bell rang and the classroom cleared in an instant. Miss Groatburg met *me* by the door. "Please take your seat," she said. I did and she leaned on the desk in front of me. I could feel the hot tears pooling in my eyes. "Why didn't you write your story in your notebook?" she asked, almost gently. "Because," I sobbed, not being able to hold back the tears, "all I could think about was horses and stuff!"

Miss Groatburg smiled. "Oh, I see. Well, next time if you have any trouble writing, please raise your hand and I will try to help you. You may go for recess now." I was stunned. Miss Groatburg had revealed a compassionate side of her that was known to no one!

I went outside with tear-stained cheeks, and the class was silent when they saw me. They could only imagine the horrors I was subjected to. But I knew something they didn't; Miss Groatburg was *human*.

To this day, she is among my favorite teachers. When I see her now, she still gives me that same stern look, but it has an added mischievous grin to it!

half an hour to do this." At this time, a loud snap made Morton jump in his chair; the snap came from Jimmy the Vandal. In one hand, Jimmy held two broken pieces of a pencil, and with the other hand, he pointed to Morton and then back to the broken pencil. Morton was doomed for many recesses to come.

A man and his pet monkey? I thought this was about the dumbest thing I had ever heard of. Why not let us write about something real, like a beautiful Indian princess, with long dark hair flying behind her as she rides off on a beautiful black stallion that she had stolen from the bad guys, and the bad guys were trying to steal it back from her. And the horse is running so fast, its hooves don't even touch the ground. And just as the bad guys are closing in, the horse sprouts huge white wings and flies with the princess to the mountains...

"Lynnae, would you please stand up and read your story for the class?" Miss Groatburg's voice shook me back to reality. "N-now?" I stammered. "Yes, please." I looked at the clock; the half-hour had just disappeared while I was daydreaming. I looked at my blank notebook. "But I'm not finished," I managed to croak out. "Just read what you have," the irritated voice of Miss Groatburg responded.

I got up from my desk, and walked as slowly as possible to the front of the class, until I reached Jimmy the Vandal. If you walked quickly past Jimmy, he would stick a foot out to trip you, and if you walked by slowly, he would sock you in the stomach. If you managed to sneak past him, he would always catch you and give you a good shove. But this time, Jimmy was working feverishly on a story. Gees, even Jimmy the Vandal had a story about a man and a monkey.

I took my place in the front of the classroom. Maybe everyone would keep working and not pay any attention to me. No such luck. "Class, please put your pencils down and listen to the story," Miss Groatburg ordered. All eyes were immediately upon me. I tried to clear my throat seven or eight times and swallowed hard. Nervously, I began:

"Once upon a time (because all stories started with 'Once upon a time'), there was a man who didn't have a wife or children, so he bought a monkey from the pet store. He trained it to do things for him."

Children of the Night

by Katie Anderson

The nightmares that haunt my subconscious
Shadow my thoughts
Painful memories
Tear at my soul
The ghastly apparitions
Will soon appear
Hollow promises
Cause children to become doubtful
Troubled faces
Worried glances
So different from the Unconcerned
Yet so the same

A restless night
Full of anguish
Dreams full of sorrow and dread
They stare off in space
Trying to forget their frustration
In the midst of it all
They remain altruistic
You would never guess
The dangers they face
Intolerance, misunderstanding and resentment

These peculiar few
Are to be appreciated
For their indomitable spirit
They're trying to find an identity

Cursed Heritage

by Tatiana Butovich

Nobody expected it to be like that.

The freezing cold floor of the one-meter-square cell was covered with dry pools of blood. The sounds of dripping water from the icicles were changed by the sounds of approaching men. A half-alive body that occupied the prescribed territory didn't move. It was difficult to guess what that creature was thinking about. It didn't remind one of a human being any longer. The body was swollen from hunger and numerous beatings. It seemed nothing mattered. And yet every single day began with asking God for relief. The hope that the next day's torturing would bring death was the only dream. And still it couldn't become true despite the request of many.

Russia, going along the road of development, has always been perceived by the world as a clumsy bear. You never know what it is going to do next. To predict the way the bear goes is almost impossible; thus it is very difficult for one to stay alive. The most interesting and characteristic feature of this country, that used to be mine too, is that it's not always kind to its people. Sometimes they are the last to find out about the news in their country.

According to the number of days Yackov could remember, he had spent about two weeks in prison. Sometimes he was beaten so hard that he remained unconscious for a couple of days. It was useless to ask a guard about the day. The answer would be "Enough days left to begin to hate life."

The guard dog did not know that he already hated it. 1917 was the beginning of it. Everything was taken away. Pictures, sculptures, land and house did not belong to Yackov (or what was left of him) any longer. Since the revolution, everything belonged to everybody. Hypothetically there should not have been anything yours or mine. It all belonged to the working people. They were supposed to become the power then. What kind of power would it be? Nobody mentioned that. And it was supposed to be a working power. They all had to work, to serve.

The picture gallery of horse breeding, which belonged to Yackov before the Revolution, his pride and dignity, was nationalized. Yackov was allowed to stay with it for some time. It wasn't his according to the documents, but the horse-breeding business was his life; and as long as he could stay with it, nothing mattered. For 10 years he had been taking

The Tale of the 3rd Grade Author

Lynnae Kae Neuberger

We all thought that Miss Groatburg took "Reading Awareness Week" a little too seriously, but when she announced that we were going to be authors, we knew she had flipped. Whoever heard of an author that was a 3rd grader? But Miss Groatburg commanded each of us to bring a small, pocket-sized notebook to class the next day.

And so we did. There were 24 new, colorful pocket notebooks, most of which were probably purchased in a frantic last minute the day before, and one new notebook with both of its covers torn off. This unfortunate little notebook belonged to Jimmy the Vandal. It lay pathetically on Jimmy's desk, its spiral wire bent out of shape, containing fringe remnants of cover, while Jimmy was grabbing for a purple notebook that was clutched tightly in a screaming girl's hands. It really didn't matter to Jimmy what it was or whose it was, if it could be demolished, he would be the one to do it.

Among the "oohs" and "ahs" of the new notebooks were comments like, "Oh, yeah? Well, my cover flips up!" and "So, mine was my brother's, and he's in high school!" The bragging, squabbling and cover-ripping immediately ceased. Miss Groatburg commanded us not only verbally, but also physically. To us, she was enormous, and we feared her more than a dark night. As she hovered over the classroom, we took our seats quicker than the scattering of mice at the sight of a cat.

"Today we will each write a story in our special notebooks," she announced. Cool, I thought to myself, because I had already planned to write a story about a beautiful Indian princess, galloping across the plains on a black stallion, fleeing a bunch of bad guys... "And then we will read our stories to the class," she finished. Out loud? Not cool, I thought.

I didn't have much time to be concerned about reading my story out loud because some idiot in a small, trembling voice asked, "What should we write about?" This was the kid who constantly reminded the teacher that she forgot to assign homework for the weekend or forgot to quiz us on something. He sat in the desk that was the closest to the teacher's, probably for safety reasons.

"What a fine question, Morton," replied Miss Groatburg. "I think we should all write about a man who had a pet monkey, and you will take a

Two for Lunch

by James LaMalfa

We,
two birds of prey
circling warily,
looking for lunch
see a plump pigeon below.

You,
always quicker,
dive with speed
that tears the air
from one's lungs
and dispatch the mark
quickly.

We dine,
carrying on a dialogue
concerning the letters
of St. Paul to the
Corinthians.

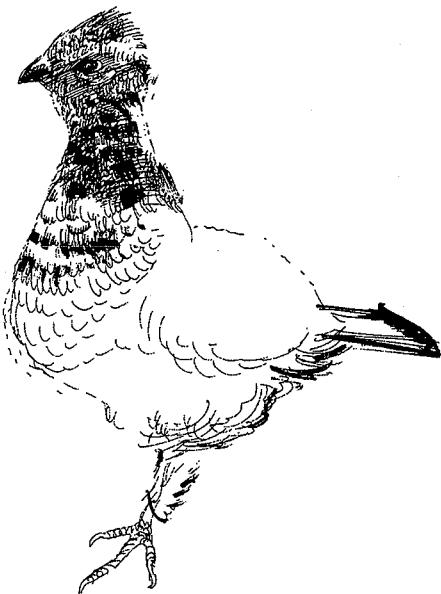
Appetite sated,
You,
delicately clean
beak and claw.

I,
wishing to impress,
reach for a napkin,
but there is none!
Poor service!

Repast finished,
leaving little for the ants,
we take flight,
wingtip vortices
stirring forest debris.

Spiraling upward,
borne aloft on
warm summer air.

"I'll not dine here again," say you.
"Nor I," is my reply.
We depart
leaving no tip.



Partridge
by James LaMalfa

care of the museum. Every morning began with an image of a horse. He looked at the horses, their paintings and sculptures, and marveled at how gracious and strong those creatures were. He needed their vitality, their endurance, and their ability to adapt to the existent conditions of life. Every day, spent with his best friends, brought him courage and confidence. Little by little he learned how to speak to the police officers, to the party members, to his comrades. He got used to going to the meetings and sharing everything he had. He learned a lot of new words: proletariat, party, Politburo, etc.

By and by, life seemed to get easier. As long as you did not ask questions and did not try to be noticed, you seemed to be forgotten and left alone, but it only seemed to be like this.

In 1928, the power descended upon him. The leader was different (Joseph Stalin), but the strategy was the same, if not worse. Yackov turned out to be a "kulak"- the one who owned a relatively large farm and several heads of cattle and horses and who was financially capable of employing hired labor and leasing land (www.britannica.com). According to the regime you could not have more than anybody else could. Everybody was equal and it was an unchanged and indisputable rule. Since 1917 Butovich had been as poor as Job's turkey; nevertheless, Yackov's fault was that he used to be one of them. It was considered the worst heritage the person could have from his relatives. To belong to the noble family was shameful and frightening. Why?

I don't know the answer; neither, I think, did Yackov. Unskillfully jumping from one reform to another (giving the land to peasants, taking it back again in the forms of kolhozy; proclaiming the development and prosperity, while there were thousands of hungry people all over the country), the government found thousands of ways to make the life of the majority unbearable.

While Yackov Butovich was taken down the corridor to the "conference room," thousands of Ukrainian families spent their time eagerly seeking for food. It was the time of hardships for everybody without exception. Collectivism and industrialism had already taken place; nobody knew what reforms were going to take place later, but the changes were expected to happen. People were deprived of everything, even of their hope to die on their own.

Straight rays of light hurt his eyes; one more interrogation procedure was taking place in a dark, cold, stinky room.
"I wonder if it will be finished before I die?" asked Yackov. There was no hope. In his soul of souls he could only ask.



Wooden Dancer
by Jocelyn Gerndt

I like that You Are Not Obsessed with Me

by Marina Tsvetaeva

translated by Tatiana Butovich

I like that you are not obsessed with me,
I like that I am not in love with you, sir,
And our planet-earth that is so heavy,
Would never twist away from you and me, sir,
I like, you can afford to laugh at me,
I can be spoiled—and not play words with you, sir,
Escape the wave that puts the blush on me,
The time you hardly touch one of my sleeves, sir.

I like, while you're sitting beside me,
You calmly can embrace the other woman,
I like that you are satisfied with me,
Despite the lack of kisses you are given.
My gentle name by you is mentioned slightly,
Unreasonable use can be remembered hardly, and
Thus the church'll escape our presence quietly
Our union'll miss the praises of Divinity.

My gratitude is totally sincere,
Thanks for the love you give to the unknown me,
I justly value nightly peace; that's clear,
I like your very rare dates at dawn with me,
I thank you for unreal walks; we didn't care,
I'm glad the sun was bright, but not for me,
I like that I do, honestly, not care,
I like that you are not obsessed with me.

3 May 1915

Мне нравится, что вы больны не мной

Марина Цветаева

Мне нравится, что вы больны не мной,

Мне нравится, что я больна не вами,

Что никогда тяжёлый шар земной

Не уплывёт под нашими ногами.

Мне нравится, что можно быть смешной-

Распущеной- и не играть словами,

И не краснеть удущивой волной,

Слегка соприкоснувшись рукавами.

Мне нравится ещё, что вы при мне

Спокойно обнимаете другую,

Не прочите мне в адовом огне

Гореть за то, что я не вас целую.

Что имя нежное моё, мой нежный, не

Упоминаете ни днём, ни ночью – всуе...

Что никогда в церковной тишине

Не пропоют над нами: аллилуйя!

Спасибо вам и сердцем и рукой

За то, что вы меня- не зная сами!-

Так любите: за мой ночной покой,

За редкость встреч закатными часами,

За солнце не у нас над головами,-

За то, что вы больны-увы- не мной,

За то, что я больна-увы-не вами.

3 Мая, 1915

Charade

by Lori Pansch

I remember a young girl,
her hair held a braid.

She had stars in her eyes,
believed her future was made.

At a tender young age,
her mentors conveyed,
she wouldn't get her dream
and sent her future to fade.

Through all of her dreams
the voices would invade,
saying she would be unmasked
at a grim masquerade.

Even as she succeeds
she remains forever afraid
of others finding out
her talent is just a charade.

Untitled III

by Jessica Remington

Pain, throbbing aching pain.

Emotions yearning to get out but better left inside.

Burning fires enrage them further, breathing only smoke but no words
as you try to let them out.

Scorching flames, glowing embers, the fire grows deeper as more fuel
gets tossed on.

Fluid that once quenched the fire now fuels the inferno.
It devours your body, a blackened shell remains.

The dam gates open as fire spews out your mouth.

Everything that was once on the inside now is not, scribbled across
many sheets of paper.

The only release scrawled in letters of blood.
The fire died, as did the body.

Different Worlds

by Darya Sosova

My mom told me this story not a very long time ago, at the time when I could already understand quite enough about the worlds around us. That time I realized that there were a lot of worlds, and it couldn't be different. That story was about one Jewish woman who lived in different worlds from us. She lived through a number of lives that were opposites of each other and I doubt they could fit each other. She had to change them very quickly following the orders of providence and God. She lived in worlds of happiness, family and kids, in the worlds of dreams, and then in the world of long hard imprisonment and inner war with herself and everyone around her. With a number of scars on her heart, she became a victor in that war.

She was a history teacher, a famous faculty figure, journalist, and writer. She worked in a big university in one of the central cities of Russia. It wasn't a calm and quiet time for this country, which was constantly living in the time of wars, revolutions, fast changing regimes, parties and people in the government. It was the 1930's. It was Stalin's time. Her husband worked in the same university on a different faculty. She had two sons ages six and eight. Later she would remember that day when her elder son, Maxim, playing, accidentally broke her new favorite perfume she had just gotten for her 32nd birthday. She was angry and upset. Maxim was punished quite enough as an eight-year-old boy could be punished. She couldn't hold her tears when, years later, she wouldn't have even a hope to see him again.

The year 1937 started as usual as all previous years of her life. Now every Russian who knows the history at least a little bit can't think about this year without fear. She was spending her time with her husband and sons. She was teaching. She was living. It stopped suddenly on one day. She just jumped from the world of happiness into the world of prison, lies, and fear. She didn't know the reason. I believe she didn't know until the very last days of her life. They didn't need any reasons to arrest thousands of innocent people and blame them for things they had never done. They just came and took her away. Forever. She went through interrogations, threats, and prosecutions. That time they were sending hundreds and thousands of people far away and would hide them in special places named concentration camps. Now we wonder how people survived there. But they did. My hero was surviving there for 10 years. Now it's hard to believe and understand how people didn't give up and even had their reasons to live and to hope. Once on duty as a

Leah's Cats

by James LaMalfa

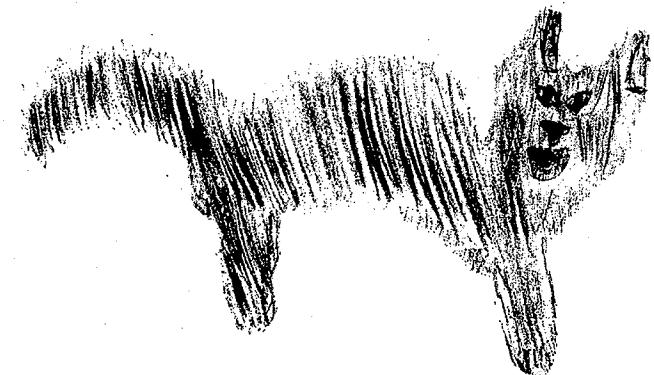
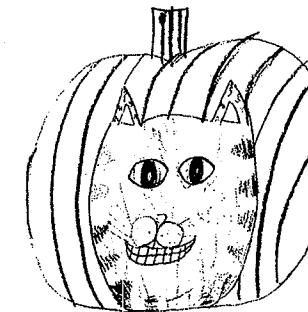
Leah's cats look at me
from the walls.

Made of wriggly, squiggly lines,
wryly smiling their quizzical smiles,
they are like Leah,

mischiefous, fun and funny,
mysterious, loving and loved.

The cheshire cat is no match
for Leah's cats,
for they embody cat-ness
beyond his wildest
imaginings!

I cherish Leah's cats
and Leah too!



Cats

by Leah LaMalfa

Silent Sentinel
by M. P. Ceccarelli

Silent sentinel
draped in mist,
standing steadfast watch,
anchored against encroachment,
uniformed in verdant lush,
or dress colors bold;
in the blush and bluster.
Raining progeny toward
some distant future,
as the waves,
continue to lap
at our roots.

"Is there anything else?"
(for the scent of aging paper)
by M. P. Ceccarelli

Among the aisles of friends and strangers I wander impatiently,
recognizing value, the possible impressions, the classical edition,
seeking the familiar and ignoring far too much.

The damp rises, carrying a memory of comfort and decay.
How little I know the effort stored in these pressed and brittle leaves.
Did Aristotle suffer so? Coleridge beckons.

Wading through them, hearing their crisp and crackle,
feeling childhood's fog, entering its eternal envelope;
a pause- a smile- a thought.

Distracted, they fall, to flap and plop, enduring the linear penitentiary,
awaiting an affable custodian, to turn the key and enable their flight.
But I cannot save them, not all of them.

"Is there anything else today?"

"No, no, just these books."

nurse in a camp hospital, she met a doctor, also a prisoner, who saved the lives of a number of people. After several months, he became her husband. When her term was over, she had to stay in Magadan for another five years. They started a new life, which, of course, wasn't as "free" as 10 or 15 years before. Nobody was free, and everyone had to find a way to survive in that world. They adopted a girl. He worked at the hospital and she returned to teaching. The difference was that at that time she had different students. They were not those young carefree students she used to teach. They were people with a traumatic past behind them and an unknown future ahead. They were people who went through camps and prisons, through aimless life and hard work for the establishment of a new city in the middle of nowhere. Some of them had families and came to the Far East by themselves, because they thought that it was better to come than to be sent. She found a lot of friends among them.

Once she was alone walking home from her evening class when she noticed that somebody was following her in the darkness. She was trying to evade that person. Suddenly she felt a strong hand on her shoulder turning her around to face him. His only words were "Passport. Now." She couldn't catch her messy thoughts that were flying through her head. Suddenly she burst out with laughter.

"No. I don't think so."

"I don't ask. I demand."

"I'm not sure that you would need the passport of an ex-Jewish prisoner who has no rights and especially the main right you need so much—the right to leave this place."

He walked her home and they talked all the way. He told her that he was in the same position she was—a former prisoner who tried to find the way to get rid of this label and to leave this place forever. Since that time her students established a rule to walk their teacher home.

She was able to leave Magadan only 10 years later. She left with her husband and adopted daughter. She met her youngest son but never found any information about her eldest son and first husband. She died in the city of her birth just 10 months after her justification. This story taught me that different worlds could change very rapidly but would never be as they were before. This story taught me that we need to follow life's rules sometimes without a single word of protest. This story taught me that sometimes the only thing we can do is to keep our souls pure, as she did, and not give up, as she didn't. The example of this brave woman is one of the best examples from the book of life we all go through.

A Legacy

by Elouise Rossler

Pile all the books as high as the sky,
Line all the inventions in a row,
Circle all these with great works of art,
Dot with philosophies and theologies to explain.

Then walk away.

For legacy is not

Books we've written,
Gadgets we've built,
Art we've conjured,
Or ideologies we've voiced.

Legacy is the smile we gave

To a room of gloom,
It is a tear that ran down our faces,
In very public places,
It is the touch of a hand we gave
To an old, dying one of our own,
Legacy is our individual perfume
Of the essence of our own lives.



Old Army Boots
by Jocelyn Gerndt

My grandfather and his friends played on the Germans' nerves. My grandfather told me that it was funny to see the irritated soldiers' faces when they were confined to the headquarter territory. The workers had to pull themselves together and keep on working as though nothing had happened.

Although my grandfather was one of the first people in Europe to see troops come from England to destroy Hitler's reign, he was also one of the last to risk his life. He was living in Normandy. After the 6th of June 1944, all the German forces flew back to Germany. It took a long time for the soldiers to liberate Europe and then to get back their completely destroyed but liberated land. Reconstruction began after the war. Some jobs included rebuilding and cleaning. The others were more delicate. My grandfather was concerned with cleaning the beaches, one of the most complicated jobs. Why complicated? Not because of the detritus on the beach but because of something that was hidden in the sand. A vicious means of destruction waited there to kill: mines were everywhere. A long delicate job... In fact a dangerous one.

Slowly, inch-by-inch, they had to check with a knife the entire beach to find the line connecting a group of mines together. They followed the line until they found the mines, and then they tried to disconnect them. They had to be very careful when they were walking along the beaches. They had to feel every movement and hear every noise in the ground, because every step could initiate an explosion. If they were trapped, they had to stop and scream to save their friends' lives and after that they sometimes sacrificed themselves. An awful thing at that time. In order to save their lives they had to jump backwards, to fall on the ground as fast as possible; sometimes that prevented them from death and serious injuries. In fact, there was no technology like nowadays to find and disconnect the mines, no metal detectors, and no equipment, just simple hand tools like knives... My grandfather was lucky. He did not get into trouble and still has a whole body.

Sometimes when a house or a building is constructed, we still find mines or bombs in the floor, a vestige of the recent past of Europe. It's not that the job was not well done; it's just that many bombs, mines, and all kinds of explosives were disseminated in horrific quantities all over Europe. The last major event of this kind that I remember was an unexploded bomb from an airplane in the middle of the city of lights, Paris...

Alone

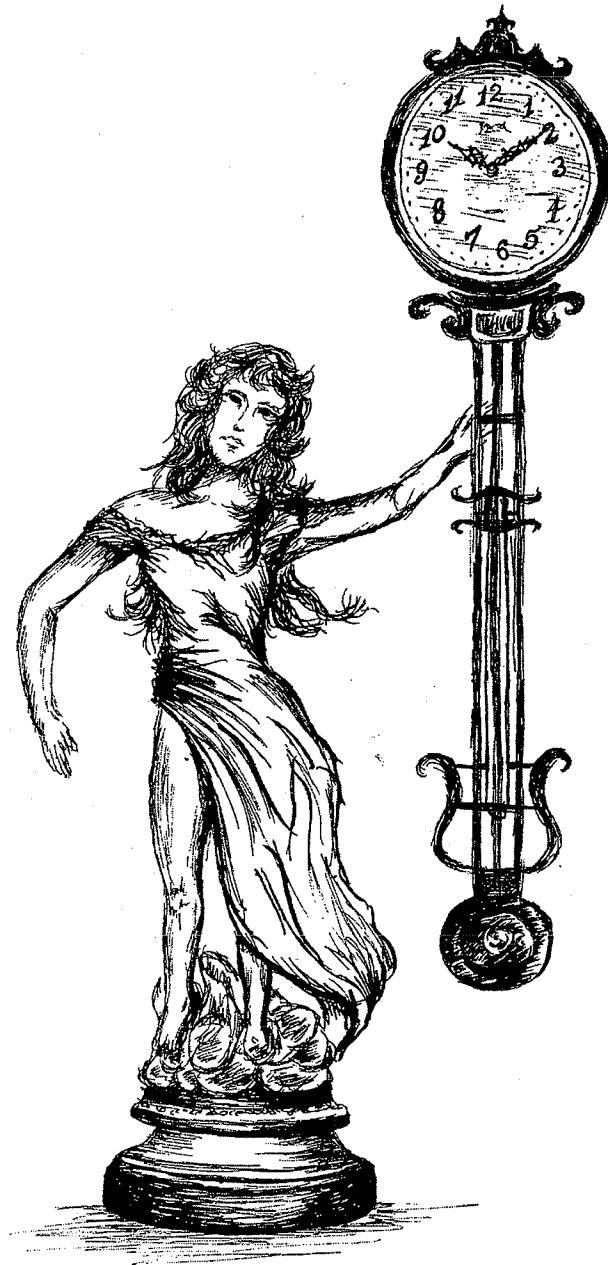
by Angela Warzon

It was another hot July day in Florida when Sarah was asked to babysit for a neighbor's friend who lived across town. She was sixteen years old so she was always looking to earn some extra money for herself. Sarah decided to do something she hardly ever did. She asked her mom if it would be all right for her to babysit and her mom said that it was fine. Sarah had not known that her mother was making other plans that didn't include Sarah.

Mr. Bernard arrived around six o'clock to pick up Sarah; he told her that they would be home around midnight and that their daughter Samantha was eagerly waiting for her to arrive. Sarah and Samantha ate supper together, played numerous games, and at eight-thirty, Sarah put Samantha to bed. Sarah turned on the television and waited for Mr. and Mrs. Bernard to return home; around midnight, as they had planned, they drove into the driveway. Mr. Bernard paid Sarah for babysitting and drove her directly home. He asked if she wanted him to wait for her to get inside and she said, "That's ok." She thanked him and he drove away.

The house was pitch black, which was very unusual because a kitchen light was always on. Sarah went to unlock the door but the door wasn't locked; her mom always locked the door after ten o'clock at night. Cautiously, Sarah walked into the house and quickly reached for the closest light switch. The kitchen light came on and Sarah stood there in shock. The house was in shambles and everything was gone. The house had been as normal as could be when she had left to babysit for the Bernards. Sarah's mother had even gone to the grocery store during the day, so the kitchen had been stocked with the normal everyday cooking supplies as well as the basics such as cereal, eggs, bread, etc., so one could understand Sarah's total dismay when she found the house in shambles. Everything was gone: the food, the furniture, and most importantly, her younger sister. Sarah's mom had packed up and taken everything but Sarah this time.

As she semi-consciously wandered through the house, she came upon a letter that had been placed on the refrigerator with a lone magnet. Sarah took the letter off the refrigerator and opened it: "Sarah, as you can see, we are gone. We do not plan on contacting you; you are now left to fend for yourself. If you don't end up dead, which would be better for all of us, you probably will end up pregnant or in jail. I had enough of your back talk and never want to see you again. Don't waste



Time Piece
by Angela Phelps



Pondering
by Melissa Kowalczyk

Soft Resistance
by Samuel Pouyt

My grandfather's memories are still alive. Many springs didn't erase his memory. That period of fear and doubt had been printed in him forever. The story took place during difficult days for Europe, in France, where my family is still living. Following Europe, the entire world was infected when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. It was around 1939-1945, during the Second World War.

At that time my grandfather was physically unable to be a soldier. He was at home with his wife, working to survive and looking for some rare food. The Germans were everywhere. France was torn apart in two distinct parts, the "free France" and the "occupied France." "Free" wasn't the right word. That part was just freer. French guys, collaborators, who shared the German ideas and politics, had the power to rule that part of France. I think that those collaborators were opportunists, who expected fortune and money. But it is evident that their devotion to the Germans gave them a lot of advantages. Unfortunately my family lived in the north, the worst part of France, the one that was governed by the German army. The SS or the Gestapo (the German police), controlled all the factories, the businesses and, in fact, everything else. Every worker was under German domination. The only ways to "tease" the Germans were sabotage, resistance or the black market. The "Resistance" was a secret army of people who tried to create an ambiance of fear and hatred to spoil Nazis' lives. They organized hard sabotages (destruction of bridges, railways, factories) and terrorism. They also gave information to England to direct the Allied army's invasion to free Europe.

My grandfather was enrolled to repair and fix German vehicles. He and his co-workers were delaying their "boss" by soft sabotages. They did some "useful" modifications like putting sugar in the tanks; that created a new recipe of inedible caramel. They were not cooking! That caramel was used to make the engines dirty. After that they had to find the problem and to fix it, but they acted as if they didn't know what caused the problem. Several days later the same scenario was followed; they put sugar in again, and again cleaned the engines afterwards! Another way to sabotage was to use potatoes to obstruct vehicles' exhaust pipes. They could do that because they were fixing the cars themselves. Although they did their job carefully, there was a risk of being denounced and the Germans were quick to use guns. The sabotages weren't discovered because no Germans were working with them. The Nazis were only the customers!

I can see what is over there, for I have felt it in my dreams
and when awake I long to take the journey so it seems

But would I know how to come home and land on shore again
Or would the beach just disappear when you know not how or when

I fear the loss of this place that I love so much
Can I really ever come back and understand its touch

Once I have seen the world so high, and felt it oh so real
what else would it take for me to know that I must heal

My heart stirs and my body longs for the embrace of the wind and rain
But I wish that I could fly over the wonder and return to feel no pain

I shudder as the rainbow fades, I smile at such a dream
The world awake is not the dream I forsake and nothing is as it seems

For those of us that feel the storm and see the rainbow bright
Have to live with the choices we make, and know the pain of what is
right

We cannot fly as the blue birds do and return to walk along the shore
For God knows best, the birds shall be part of the adventure that we'll
forever long for

So we go through our lives day by day, sometimes knowing we're
missing more

And the days that are happy and we are content are the days of a
peaceful world

But no matter the years or the effort we pour into the wall we hide
behind

Those storms lie out there on the horizon and we know that we will
find them, every now and then

We will hear the thunder stir from a distant land, our body will
remember when,
A shudder at the memory, a physical sense we can not fight, but hold
our heads up, feel the wind and love with all our might

The life that we have been given never perfect near or far, for no one can
have it all and be the ever-shining star

We must go on and walk the shore, dig our feet into the sand, for we are
not supposed to fly away to other lands, all that we are and ever will
be, must be forever in God's hands.

your time trying to find us because it will be useless. I will make it so
you will never find us. Like I said, you are on your own. I hope the rest
of your life is a living hell!"

Sarah put the letter on the kitchen counter because there wasn't a
table to place it on, and she sat on the floor and cried. She thought about
the problems she and her mother had had and didn't think they were
that bad. Daughters have always given their parents trouble; at least her
friends did at that time.

Sarah thought, "What could I have done to make my mother wish
me dead? Were our problems that bad? How can she leave me without
even letting me say goodbye to my sister, Leslie?"

Sarah thought about where they might go, "Texas? No, they'd
already been there. California? Illinois?" She went through the United
States in her head but she had no idea where her mother was off to this
time.

Sarah thought, "What kind of mother would abandon her own child
in such a way?" She realized she was totally alone for the first time in
her life. Sarah's mother had left Leslie and Sarah home alone for months
at a time but they were always together.

Sarah was in shock. She couldn't sleep, and in between the tears that
rolled down her face, she kept questioning herself, "Why—why did they
leave?"

Suddenly Sarah realized it was close to noon; she had to get up and
do something. Sarah knew that she had to try to find someplace to live.
She was most certain that her mom hadn't paid any of the bills, so she
could go on living in the house. After all, her mother wished she were
dead. The first place Sarah went was to her friend Ronnie's house; she
only lived down the block.

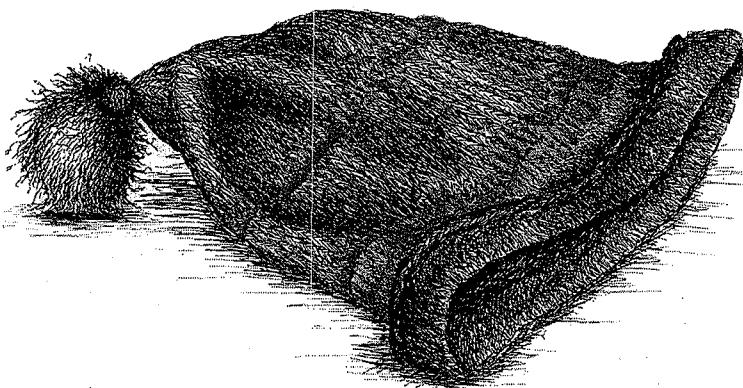
Ronnie's mom, Pam, answered the door. Sarah must have looked
like hell because Pam asked her what was wrong. Sarah handed her the
letter and as Pam was reading it, she started crying. At a loss for words,
Sarah cried right along with her. When Ronnie's dad, Ron, arrived shortly
after and saw both of them crying, he knew something was wrong.

Pam took Ron into the kitchen while Sarah sat in the living room. A
few minutes went by and they both came and stood in front of Sarah.
Ron told Sarah that she had nothing to worry about, and she could stay
with them as long as she needed to. He took Sarah back to the place she
used to call home to get the few items which her mother had left for her.

As Sarah was packing up her things, she stumbled upon an old
Pringles' potato chip can. It felt sort of heavy, so she opened it up. Inside
the can was her younger sister's life savings (which wasn't more than

ten dollars) and a note that said, "I am sorry but mom didn't tell me that we were going until after you left to babysit. I am sorry and I love you, Leslie." Sarah started crying all over again; Sarah and her sister had gone through so much together and now they were both alone.

Sarah didn't try to locate her mother. She needed to move on and get over the hurt she felt. She stayed at Ronnie's house for about a year before deciding she needed to be on her own, even if she was barely seventeen. She didn't have a choice; she had to grow up sometime. Sarah eventually made it on her own. She didn't just die like her mother had wanted her to. She went back to school and found a job. As for her mom, she sent Sarah a letter several years later. The letter was post-marked from Michigan; she was surprised to find out Sarah was still living and not in jail. Her mother never regretted leaving Sarah behind; she claims that she didn't do anything wrong and never thought she needed to apologize.



Chook
by Angela Phelps

Over the Rainbow
by Rachel Jarvey

I watch the huge white clouds as they roll around in the sky
The water crashes against my legs as my feet sink into the shore

And somewhere in the distance the rain begins to fall
The air grows cool and the wind changes its direction

I can smell the moisture; hear the birds change their call
I can feel the rumble of the ocean as it builds into the wall

Then I feel them touch me, each small and wet raindrop
I lift my face up to the sky and feel the power of the storm

Darkness quickly surrounds me but the rays of sun shine through
For a few moments I close my eyes in wonder and I am terrified

I gasp for air and open them; the clouds burst and down comes the rain
My skin stings with the heavy beating drops that hit me now

I push my feet into the sand and hug myself tight
Stand strong you must not give up, this is death or fight

I pull my head down and protect my face
My eyes have seen enough

It will pass; it won't be long; just hang on another night
Here he comes to rescue you and carries with him the light

The rain slows, the sound quiets, and the darkness fades away
Somewhere in the distance is a much more peaceful day

The sky turns the strangest shades of purple and blue
And once again the colors form in the arc that is so true

Red, yellow, orange and green
Blend with blue and purple I've seen

And the rainbow grows brighter and the clouds fade away
The rain has passed; a different feeling fills the air

The birds begin to sing and fly high till they are gone
Somewhere beyond my view somewhere I can't see

Oh but how wonderful it would be to go and join them in the sky
I want to feel the freedom they have to go where they can fly

Midnight Stalker

by Sarah Beth Zemba

I am alone. Far off a wolf howls and my midnight stalker howls in reply. I trace his stealthy movement in the darkness, his iridescent eyes glowing in the silky moonlight. Those eyes follow my every move, hungrily beckoning. A shiver of fear runs down my spine.

The beast circles me with fluid strides that mask the raw power of his being. A cricket chirps distracting him for a moment before returning to his flawless game. My body breaks out in a cold sweat, which chills my skin to clammy leather. I silently wait for the monstrous beast to pounce. A simple game of cat and mouse. No wasted movements, only the threatening strides and glares before the stalker claims his prize.

A split second and the beast is upon me; I fall to the ground under his massive weight. His tremendous claws tear at my flesh, ripping skin and muscle. A crimson fluid gushes forth, coating the beast's gray hide. I am terrified as his hot breath beats down upon me. A twig snaps and he lunges into the darkness of the trees, just beyond my view. Listening to his breathing, I wait for him to pounce again.

Pieces of flesh and muscle hang from my arm, torn by the beast's massive claws, yet I feel no pain. I stumble as I try to escape. I've lost a considerable amount of blood and my mind begins to become cloudy. The beast emerges again and begins to circle knowingly, waiting for the exact second when I will collapse and he will again be upon me. His teeth gleam in the moonlight and he works his tongue hungrily.

I smile to myself as a strange peace comes over me and I continually grow weaker. My breath now comes slowly. Gone is the adrenaline that coursed through my veins only moments earlier.

A cloud passes over the moon and we are covered in shadowed darkness. Silently I wait for him to find me in the darkness, yet nothing happens. I can hear the beast breathing in the silence of the night, in and out...in and out...in and out, his nostrils smelling the blood that pours from my wounds. I come to peace with the thought that I will soon be done and find it strangely comforting.

A piercing scream shatters the silence. I see the silhouette of a man running towards us through the darkness. Trapped now is the beast, between two beings. Gone is his superiority, replaced now with the wild-eyed fear of the hunted. He lunges from left to right, in a desperate dance for freedom. A shot breaks through the silence. The beast plummets, falling to the dusty earth and all is still.



Trick or Treat
by Jocelyn Gerndt

Siempre
by Katie Anderson

Fue alguien
Luego te conocí
Tuve muchas dudas
Cuando nos casamos,
Nos peleamos
Nos besamos y nos olvidamos
Me das una rosa por cada pelea
Pero hay una contusión por cada espina
Pronto recibí rosas cada día
Siempre con una tarjeta
Que dice
—A nadie, de tu amor—
Así, ahora soy nadie

"Hear what?" he asked looking around. "It was probably just the wind or something." A few minutes went by and I heard it again a little louder.

"Bill, Bill," I said tugging on his arm. I was scared.

"Shh! You'll scare 'em away, Les." He was growing impatient. The moan came again even louder. This time it sounded like a wail. It seemed to be getting closer...and closer...and closer.

"Ada, stop foolin' around!" Bill warned.

"I didn't do anything. Untie me, guys. I don't like this game anymore." There it was again, even louder.

"It sounds like a lady screaming!"

"Maybe it's a ghost," I gulped.

"Let's get outta here!" We ran as fast as we could. We didn't look back. We was too scared. We got all the way back to the house when we realized we had left Ada tied to the tree.

We hurried back there as fast as we could. She was sitting there scared and crying. We quickly untied her. Still scared ourselves, we raced back to the house practically dragging our little sister behind us. When we got to the house, we apologized, promising her to never do it again, and gave her a big hug. We never did see that ghost lady, but we knew she was there. Ever so often, we'd hear her wailing late at night and shudder in our beds. They can think it's a screech owl all they want, but Bill, Ada and I know better.



A Quiet Place
by Jocelyn Gerndt

An Unforgettable Apparition
by Katie Anderson

Everybody heard it. Some said it was just the wind blowing over the holler; others said it was nothing but a screech owl. My brothers, sisters and I knew better. It was a ghost woman. At night you could hear her wailing, her voice echoing off the hills at the edge of the holler. She was searching for her lost love. We would a seen her, but we was too scared to stick around. Sure, we was curious, but we warn't dumb enough to fool with no ghost lady.

Back when I was growing up there warn't no such thing as television, only radios and we was too poor to buy one a them. We had to find ways to entertain ourselves. It warn't hard. They's all kinds a stuff to do on a farm. Catch frogs, tease the pigs, climb trees, pick apples, and all sorts a neat stuff. When we was little, we always played in the holler by the crick. One day, my brother Bill and I were gonna go fishin' for crawdads and minnows. We had our cans and rope. As always, our baby sister Ada had to tag along.

"Wait up for me, guys! You're goin' too fast!" she wailed.

"No, you're goin' too slow, Ada. 'Sides, nobody invited you, anyway," I told her trying to get her to go home. She was always wreckin' our fun.

"If you don't slow down, I'm gonna tell Momma on you, Lester Roach, and you're gonna be in big trouble!" Ada threatened.

"She's right, Les," Bill advised. "What harm will it do? Ya know she's gonna tag along anyway. Ya know we could have some fun with her," he whispered mischievously. He was the best big brother in the world. He always knew how to have fun. 'Course it usually ended with us gettin' a sound tannin' when we got home, but it was usually worth it.

"All right, Ada. You can play with us. We're gonna play cops and robbers. We're the robbers and you're the lady we kidnapped," Bill told her. "That means we hafta tie you up."

"Robbers always tie up they's hostages," I chimed in.

""Okay," she readily agreed, "but not too tight."

"Oh, we won't," we assured her with fingers crossed behind our backs. We finished tying her up; then we started playing in the crick.

"Guys," Ada whined, "what're you doin'?"

"We doin' robber stuff," I replied.

"Well, when are the cops 'posed to come to save me?" Ada wanted to know. She sure was pesty.

"Not much longer. Don't worry, we'll let ya know," Bill told her reassuringly. I'd just caught a crawdad when I heard a soft moan.

"Bill, did ya hear that?" I asked nervously.

Forever
by Katie Anderson

I was somebody

Then I met you

I had many doubts

When we got married.

We fight

We kiss and forget

You give me one rose for each fight

But there is one bruise for each thorn.

Soon I received roses every day

Always with a card

That says

"To nobody, from your love"

So, now I'm nobody.

2DEC97
by GJK

1234567890-=
qwertyuiop[]\\
asdfghjkl;'
zxcvbnm.,/
!@#\$%^&*()_+
QWERTYUIOP{}
ASDFGHJKL;"
ZXCVBNM<>?

all the ingredients laid out nicely

don't look so impressive
'till the code
is cracked,
mastered and applied.

understand absorb

in the end it's all just shapes on paper

(READER is the imagining one...)

catchin' my drift?
callin' my bluff?
still buyin' the books?

I think you can write your own

p.s.

my publisher's gonna kill me

ТАТЬЯНА
by Samuel Pouyt

My love, how can I show

My flamboyant passion?

How can I be the one?

How can the way be known?

Your smile inflames my heart

A fire in me is aroused

When your eyes transmit your blaze.

The anticipated split

Shakes the future foundations.

Three months ago, I met you.

Too soon, I may lose you.

Fulfilled is my life now,

Burning here and tomorrow

Living to be with you.

My life is joy and fear.

I see two roads rising

In the same direction.

I cannot see the end

But I can only hope and wish

That when we love

All will be possible...

Just Breathe
by Melissa Kowalczyk

Breathe in life.

Breathe in the sound of a baby crying out.

Breathe in the wind rustling in the trees.

Breathe in a wave that has rolled in from a far away place.

Breathe in the smell of the sand on a hot day on the beach.

Breathe in the hospital where you are getting a cast.

Breathe in the spring air as you coast down the highest hill.

Breathe in the smell of a freshly caught fish.

Breathe in the smell of a summer...a bonfire and memories.

Breathe in your loved one.

Breathe in the blood that surrounds you in an unknown land.

Breathe in the sweet smell of baked bread on your return home.

Breathe in your children.

Breathe in a brisk fall day in the woods where you are free.

Breathe in the thought of how it used to be...simple.

Breathe in the cold of winter...snow.

Breathe in what you have done in life.

Breathe one last time.

Field of Friendship
by Louise Rossler

Small blue forget-me-nots
Dot the field with compassion
Among the fresh spirits of grass,
Blades so vibrantly green with life-energy.
Bright faced yellow pansies
Dance in joy across the meadow
Leading to a forest glen,
Darkly green and stolidly loyal.
The occasional Indian paintbrush
Dabs the scene with red strength
Accenting the composite beauty.
Tiny purple violets become evident
Defining the field's dimensions of character.
Calmly and serenely the blue columbine
Waves away the grip of fog and doubt,
As the bright mountain laurel
Beckons, welcoming all to live in peace.

Sunday Morning
by James LaMalfa

Summer Sunday morning,
rose colored rays of sunlight
grace the Picassooid geometry
of a nearby apartment.

The fire escape was put there
to remind me of cubism.

A fire escape by Mondrian
would be more difficult
for people to use.



Korean Landscape
by Manuel Lim