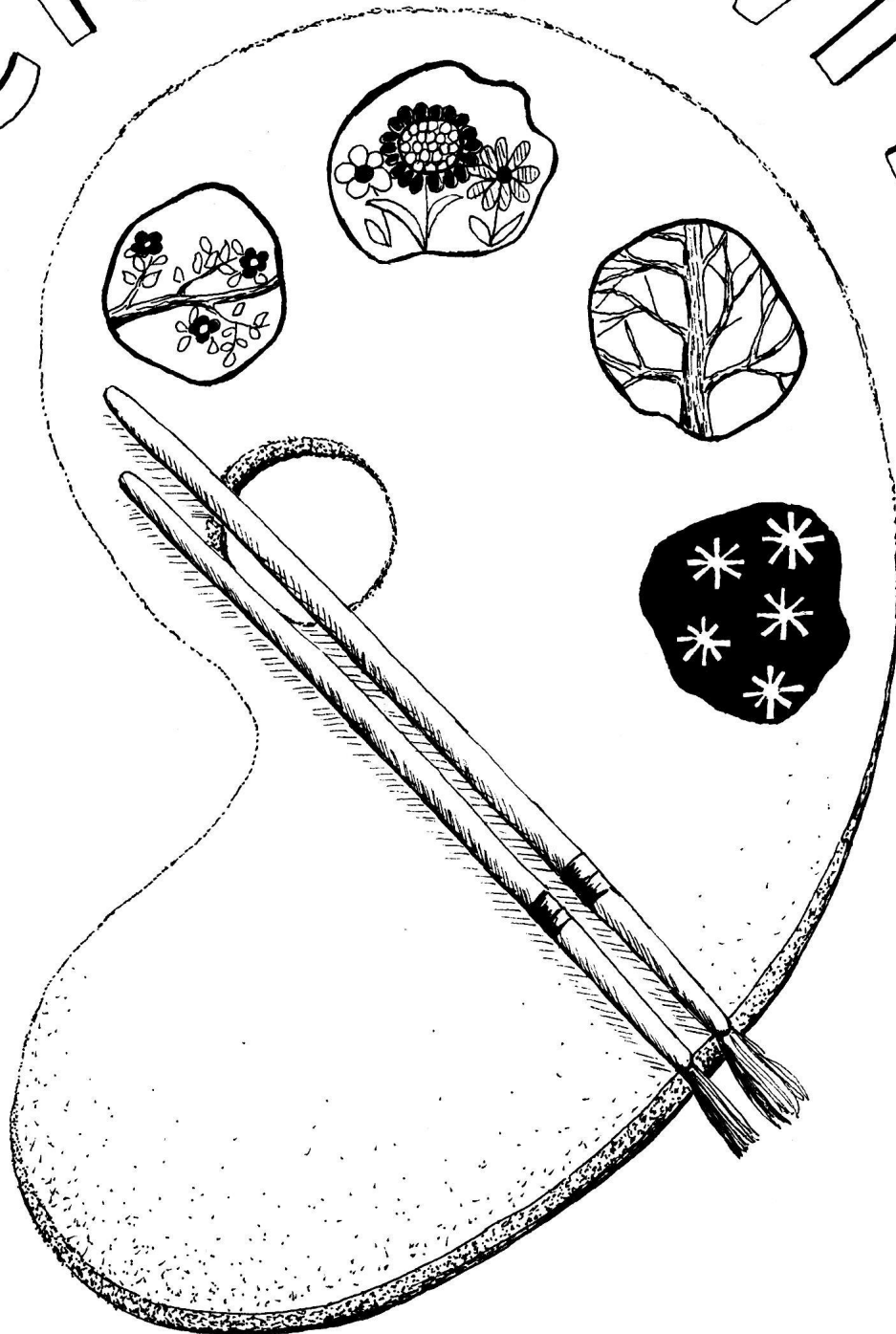


CREATIVITY



Walking along the beaches in the dark of night. Hand in hand, with your new found friend. It paints a romantic scene, but such things all disappear into the past to remain a memory of what once was.

Why things end, that I cannot explain. But things happen. Thousands of miles separate us from what once was. There is no reason to hang on to things which can no longer be. Sometimes to forget is the best answer. No, never entirely, things may always live, quietly, in the mind.

I will think of your memory fondly, maybe occasionally wishing. But reality is the truth. The world keeps going on and so must I. I can't live in memories.

You must understand my feelings and love for you will never die. But I can't love someone who is only a memory.

Lisa Hoffman



Autumn

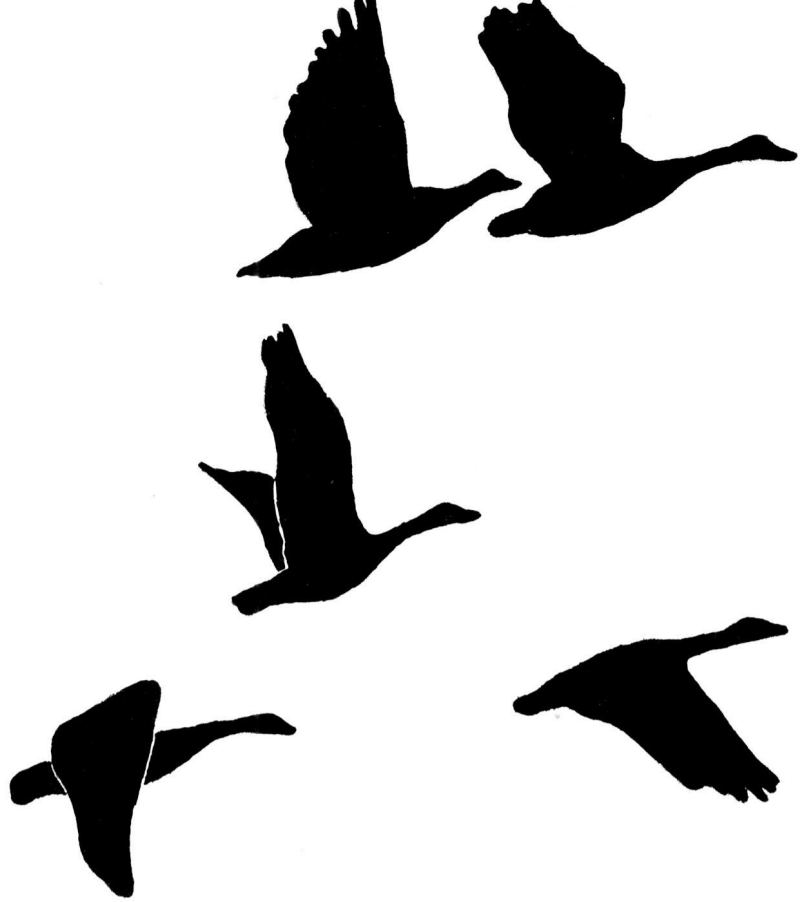
undertaker of the seasons

dressing up the world

for the hand of winter

to destroy it.

Joseph Bornstein



Leaves

The flock rises

from the mossy ground,

up higher in the wind.

Entire sky filled

with these early

Christmas decorations

flying south for winter.

Joseph Bornstein



HOW THE GIANTS HELPED SAVE THE WORLD, BUT LOST THE BATTLE

In a place far off, a planet whose very existence has never been discovered, dwells a race of alien creatures called Troggs. The Troggs were ambitious souls and they had expansion plans. They set out to capture the Earth. The first part of their master plan was to study the Earth and learn all about it. They constructed dozens of screens and set up observation teams. One night the Commissioner of Willemaze (the planet) was fiddling around with the set and he focused on a baseball game. This was a new thing with the Troggs as none had ever watched a game before, or knew any of the rules or terms. Since they also had an audio pick up, they were able to catch the play by play.

The game was between the New York Giants and the Pittsburgh Players. The first batter hit a smash to the hot corner. The Troggs figured it was going a long way since the only hot corner they knew was in Ecuador, and were stunned to see it be caught by the third baseman. The only bases the Troggs knew about had to do with numbers, and they thought it absurd that he was called the third baseman.

"Maybe," one of the Troggs reasoned, "the first two abdicated."

The next batter hit a high fly to centre field. The thought of a bat hitting a fly was unbelievable. Later on, when a runner was caught stealing, the Troggs were amazed to see him just walk away. There was no arrest made. What was happen-

ing? When the Giants threatened, (weren't Giants always threatening?) the Players went to their bullpen and brought out their ace. The Troggs expected to see either a bull or a piece of cardboard. Instead another Earthling came on to put out the fire. Only there weren't any flames. The Troggs also were confused by the terms infield and outfield. If you hit it to the infield, you were usually out. That the Players pitcher was blowing it by the Giants seemed physically impossible unless he had iron lungs and his mouth was in his palm. The Players built up a big lead and turned it into a runaway. Yet the only people leaving were filing out of the stands, where they had all been sitting.

The Troggs were disturbed by what they had just seen. Their opinions of Earthlings had changed drastically. Originally they had been thought of as logical, but now they seemed to be crazy. They talked in riddles, and played what looked like a juvenile game, attired in pajamas. This was distressing for a logical foe is easier to defeat than an unpredictable one. However, the really bad news was relayed to them by the Commissioner, who had read quite a bit of Shakespear. He said, "I fear we shall never conquer the Earth. I read that all the world is a stage and all the people players. If a few Players could defeat Giants so easily, we could never conquer them."

Besides, Willemaze would never have been able to take over the Earth. The Say-Hey kid has been in a slump all year.

ODE IN ABSENTIA

(to the tune of "If Ever I Would Leave You")

If ever I would see you, it wouldn't be in springtime
Cause springtime is exam time, and school's just not for me.
It really isn't funny, I have to cram and study
For all these days that I skipped biology.

If ever I would see you, it wouldn't be in winter
For winter is for skiing and being very ill.
And then all of my family, will go sunning in Miami
And snowstorms are on any extra time I have to kill.

If ever I would see you, it wouldn't be in summer.
Cause summer school's a bummer I never want to know.
So what if I was absent the entire school year,
What's the difference when the teachers also didn't show.

If ever I would see you, it wouldn't be in autumn.
For in autumn there is not one day that's not a holiday.
No, I will never, ever see you, summer winter spring or fall
Just to pick up my report is when I'll see you, if at all.

EVERYBODY'S DOIN' IT

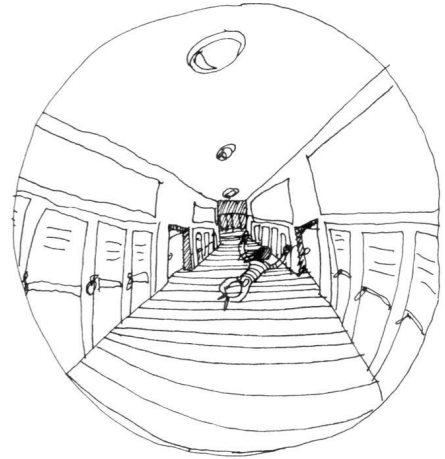
(to the tune of "Windy")

Who's skipping down the hallway of Wagar,
Hoping his steps are lighter than air.
Who's looking out the door of the bathroom,
Everyone knows he's skipping.

Who's stepping out the door of the barracks
Keeping his pack of Players on hand.
Who's hoping that his name won't be called up
Everyone knows he's skipping.

But he will watch out, you know,
For any sign of Snow.
And he will be far away.
From Keith today.

Who's skipping down the hallways of Wagar
Hoping his steps are lighter than air,
Who's looking out the door of the bathroom
Everyone knows he's skipping.



SUTHERLAND, SUPERSTAR

(to the tune of "Jesus Christ, Superstar")

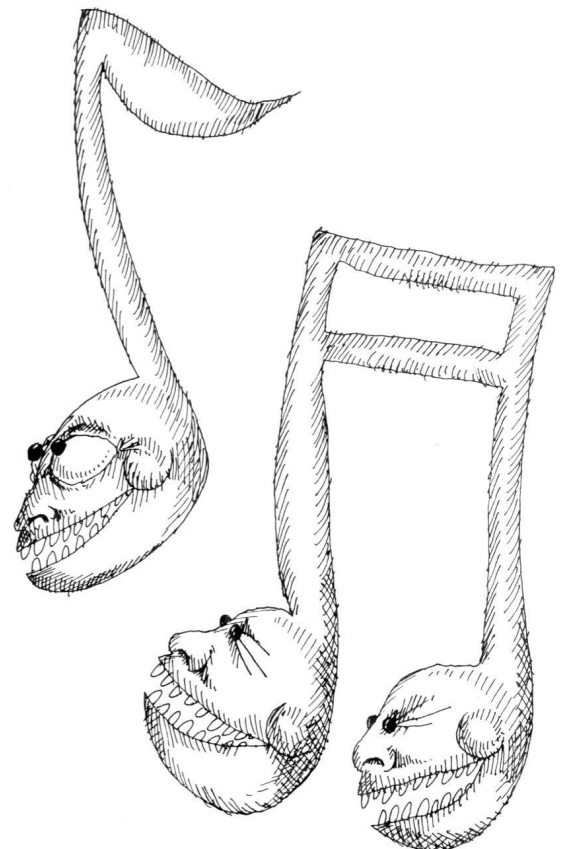
Everytime I look at you I don't understand,
Half the things you tell me-
Look I'm taking a stand.
I'm sure you're great at teaching all the math we should know.
It's not that I am lazy, it's just I'm sort of slow.
I think I've got relations, so I'm not such a dope.
But then you go and zap me with those darn asymptotes.

Dont you get me wrong...

Sutherland. You're the best.
So would you mind if we skipped the test.
Sutherland. You'll go far.
Wish that I know on what page you are

Odds and even functions, I think that's where it's at,
How you can read log tables, well I take off my hat.
When I'm sure the answer's something like two or three.
I find it's in respect to some x axis symmetry.
How I ever passed grade ten, I wasn't that bright.
I'll be very happy if I get fifty right.

Sutherland. You're the best.
So would you mind if we skipped the test.
Sutherland. You'll go far.
Wish that I know on what page you are.



AN AIR FOR BLAIR

(to the tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home")

So Christopher Blair's your teacher, well hurrah, hurrah.
Oh, Christopher Blair's your teacher, well hoo-hah, hoo-hah.
He'll hope against hope that you care two beans
'Bout the French in Quebec and in New Orleans
But you know he's wrong.
Poor Christopher Robin Blair.

So Christopher Blair's your teacher, I think that's the best,
He always could use some more help when he moves the desks.
He's very nice but it hurts him to see
That we all can't write three line poetry.
And it's such a shame for
Christopher Robin Blair.

New If you want to make Chris your pal, you can, you can.
Just tell old Chris that you think he is your man, your man.
Then write him a story with evil and wee.
And plenty of meaning: of what, I don't know.
But it makes him happy.
Christopher Robin Blair.



THE LAMENT OF THE SHERMAN

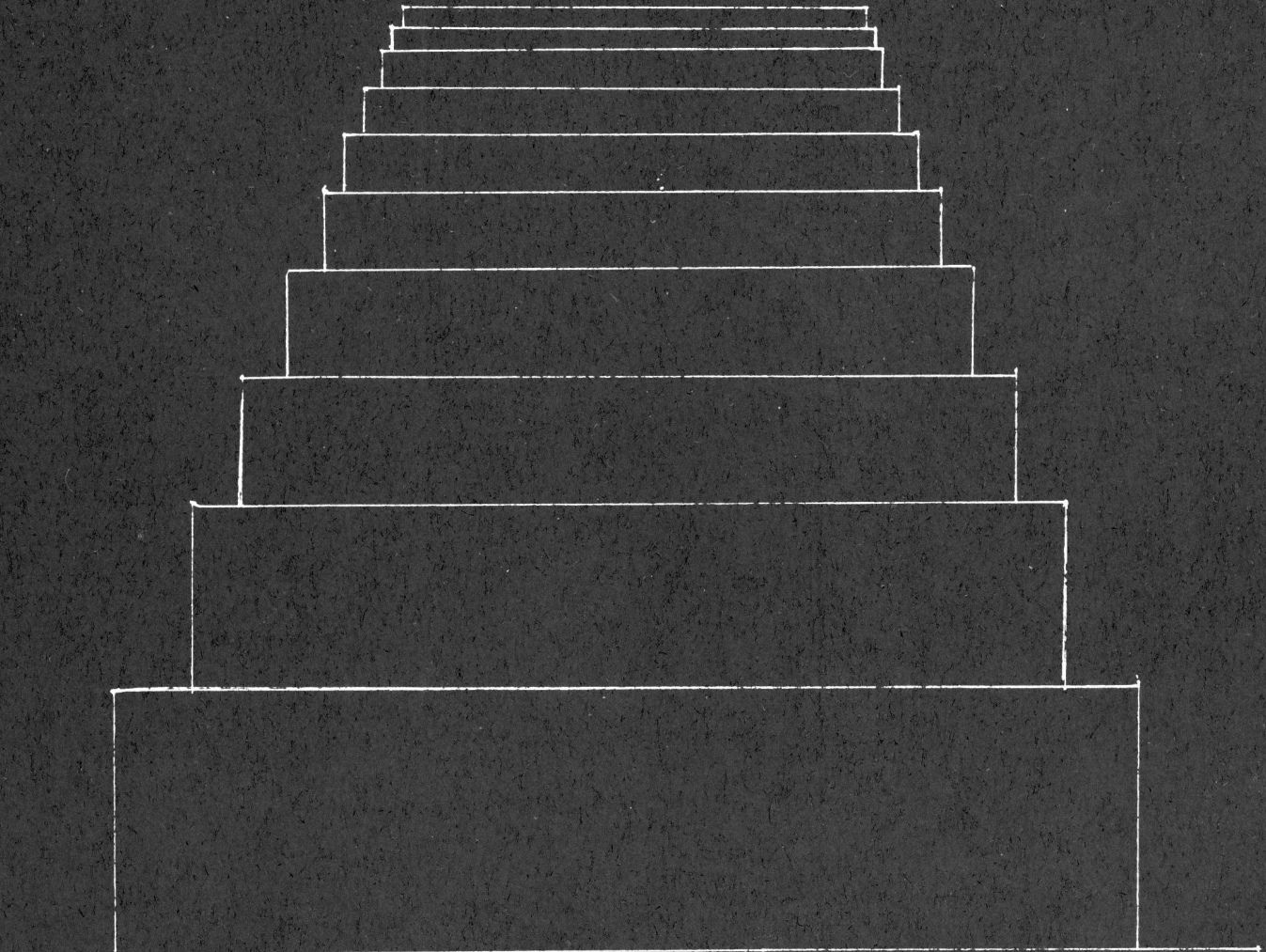
(to the tune of "Camelot")

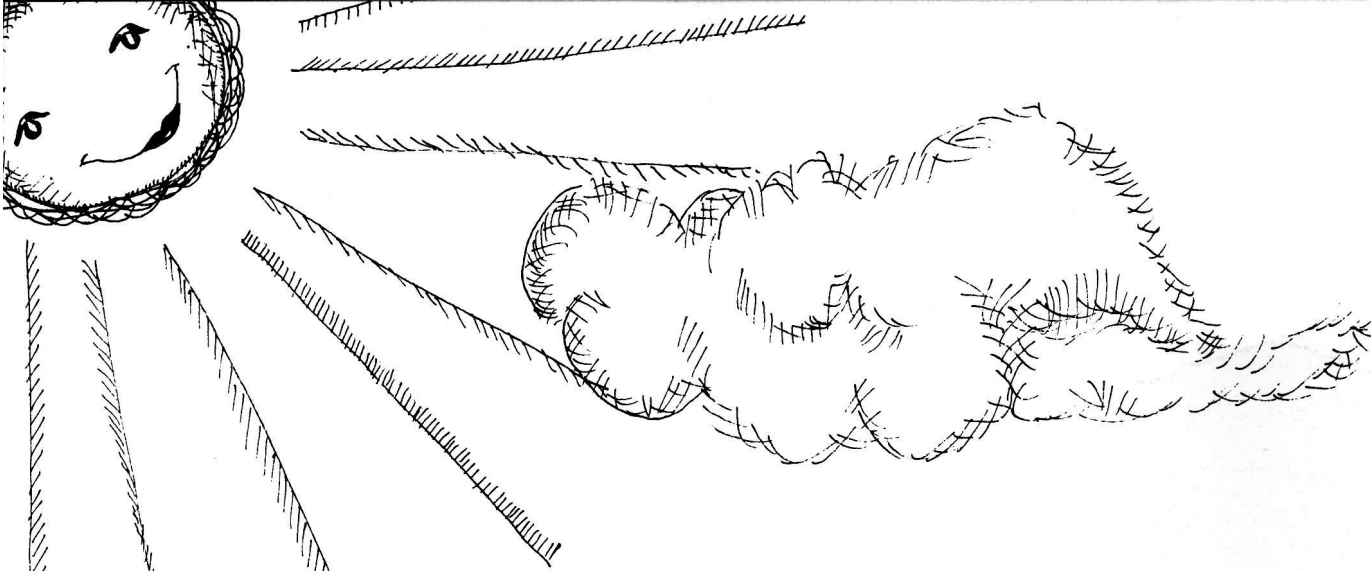
The bells they never ring when they're supposed to.
This class is now two hours overdue.
I don't know how to take,
My grandiose mistake,
Of coming to this godforsaken school called Wagar High.
My class has five or six kids if I'm lucky.
Or maybe forty-five, when I am not.
I'm in such misery,
They all hate history,
How happy I would be if I could leave this Wagar High.
My time is almost through, the end is nearing.
I thought the worst had come, but I was wrong.
God knows I really tried.
It's worse than if I died.
The government just told me I have been de-class-i-fied.

LYRICS BY CHERYL L. KRASNICK

DEPRESSION

You're down, slowly descending,
lower, into the void known as the mind,
That large, infinite space, dark and mysterious,
overpowering you, taking control of the senses.
Aggression and aggravation are one.
You have no reason, but the symptoms are there,
Manifold, reaching into the heart itself,
raping the concious being.
An urge, sudden, but nontheless existent,
A wish to give way, a need for the subconscious,
But nothing will help, such is the extent,
Morbidity rules, and there is only one way out.





THE SAGA OF "INSTANT"

Mushrooms came to tea
Wearing flowered hats
and rainbow spats
For all the world to see.

One mushroom cried
he'd lost his bride
and----oh, the hell with rhyming!

Some idiot weed got hysterical
because the coffee was
INSTANT

And soon they called in
the army because the
younger mushrooms
became rebellious.

And God knows that
mushrooms' taste buds
are not what one
cou could call
accurate

Anyway

So all the squished poisonous
ganged up on the speckled
non-poisonous

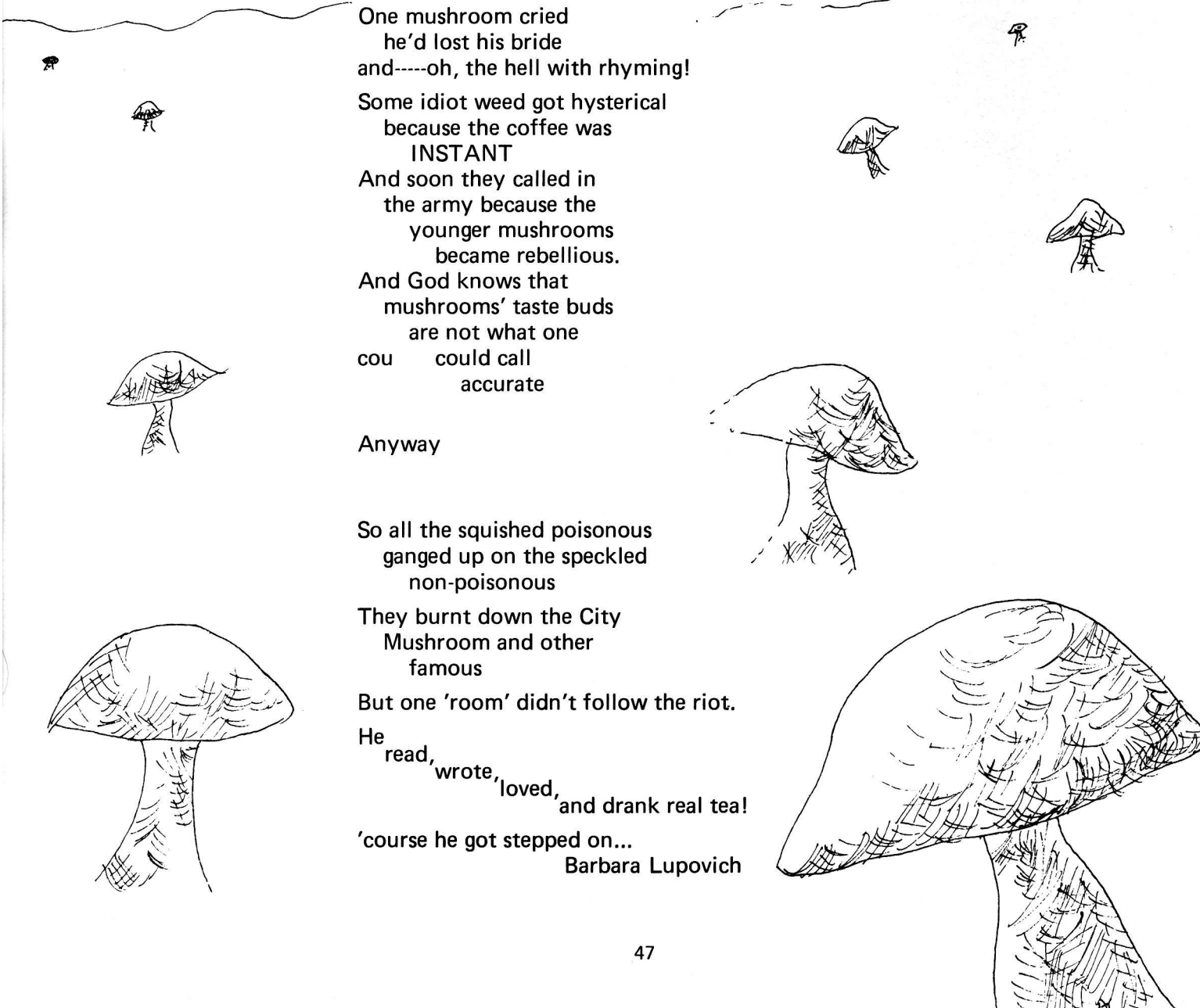
They burnt down the City
Mushroom and other
famous

But one 'room' didn't follow the riot.

He
read, wrote, loved,
and drank real tea!

'course he got stepped on...

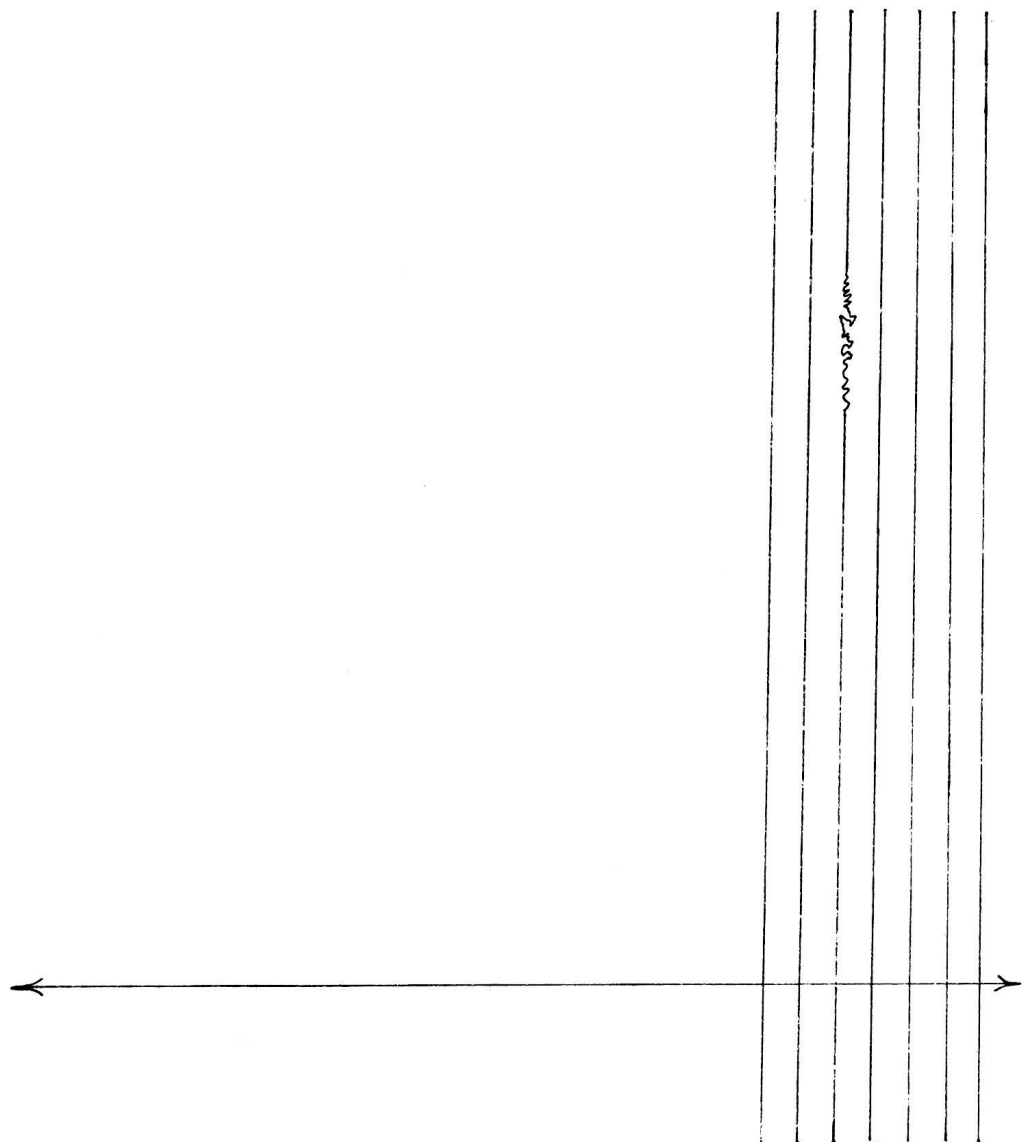
Barbara Lupovich



LOGIC

Premise 1

On Ash Wednesday
i learned that
 i hadn't learned
 anything.
That logic depraved
 my sanity
shook up
 my emotions
sending me into a frenzy
of confusion
 that logically
could not be defined.
I argued with my teacher
pleading for security
in what i'd learnt,
laughed nervously as he
became illogical
and defined his desk
 as there.



Premise 11

I'm told that now
i must go out and
preach to the world
 that desks don't exist
 emotions are unreal and
 senses are corrupt,
i suspect my logic teacher
is unrelated to Billy Graham,
for logic is obviously illogical
and no one will believe it.

- Joseph Bornstein



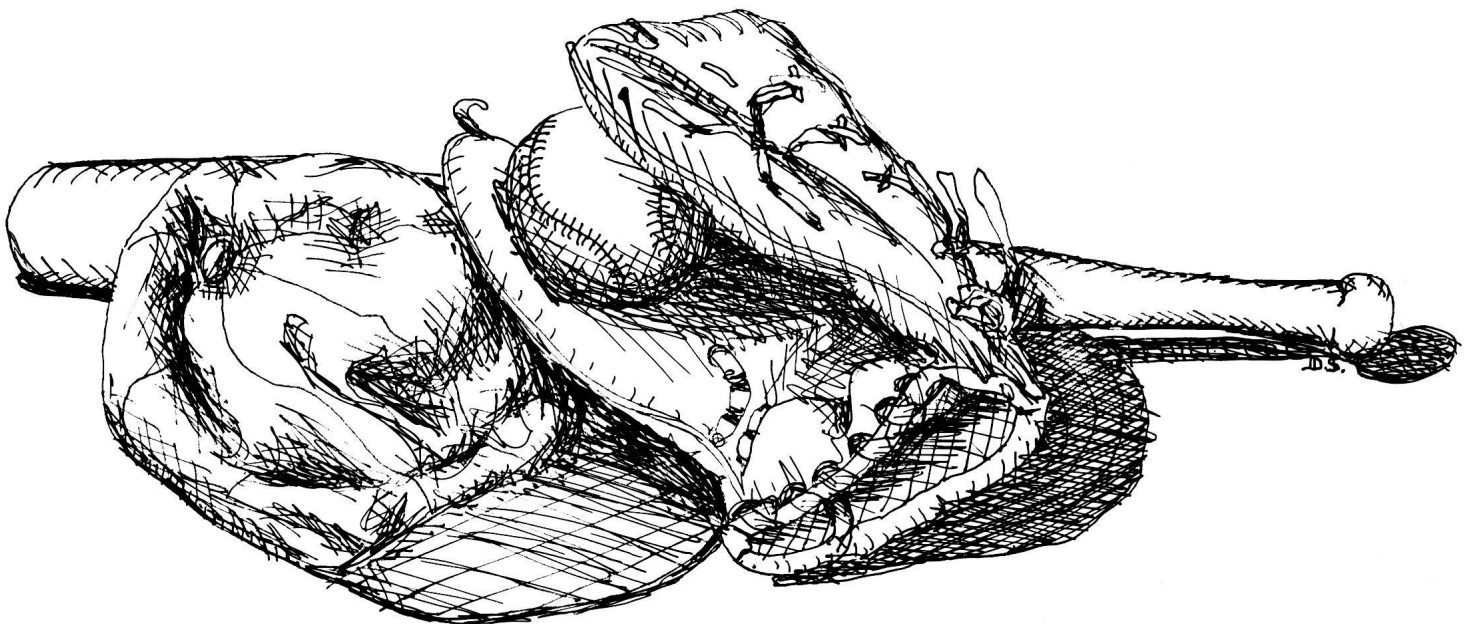
It seems as though
i hear the words that do not leave any
impression upon my mind
i can't remember having heard them or having seen
them formed
into endless streams of forgotten syllables
and overridden vowels
sounds of echoing paragons
virtuous beginnings of infinite ends
upon the water i sit and contemplate
the weight of the problem
being me
and so i turn around and sink upon splash
in effect i remember the days and years
which frame a past i can not call mine
instead i'll leave the words unsaid
but not my thoughts unthought
sad blue jean baby queen
sits upon the sunset of your soul
and desparately tries to undo all she's done
Which doesn't even mean that sixteen
means that she's beautiful cause tomorrow
she can rock on

And somehow,
Everything that is real
turns
to stone.
The frozen people's eyes
stare endlessly
into infinity.
Their roles end
suddenly,
And they are left
speechless--
With no lines
to learn
No characters
to portray.
They're left to act
as themselves
and they realize that
without a script
they are
lost.

Barbara Lupovich

I've done it.
I've committed the perfect crime.
I will go as unsuspected, unquestioned, labelled as
one of those "who could never do such a thing".
But you-
You had to witness my deed.
Oh, you promise to forget everything you saw.
You swear by the book, even
But I know you could never forget.
You are only human.
No matter how many times you tell yourself that
you did not see,
My crime will be implanted in your mind forever.
You're on your knees begging.
But I hold the power in my hand.
You do not realize that your brain has the ability
to store thoughts in it for several years. These
thoughts to be coughed up eventually,
the thought of me.
I can not let this happen.
I must not let this happen.
You're offering me money?
Don't you realize that when you are gone, I will strip
your wallet of essentials anyway?
Besides, money is no replacement for what you saw.
What if, (should I let you go) in several years, you
get into a conversation and accidently let one word
slip out about me?
Then what?
More begging? More money?
This shall not be.
I will be merciful to you.
It will be short, painless, and not messy.
I'm sorry, dad.

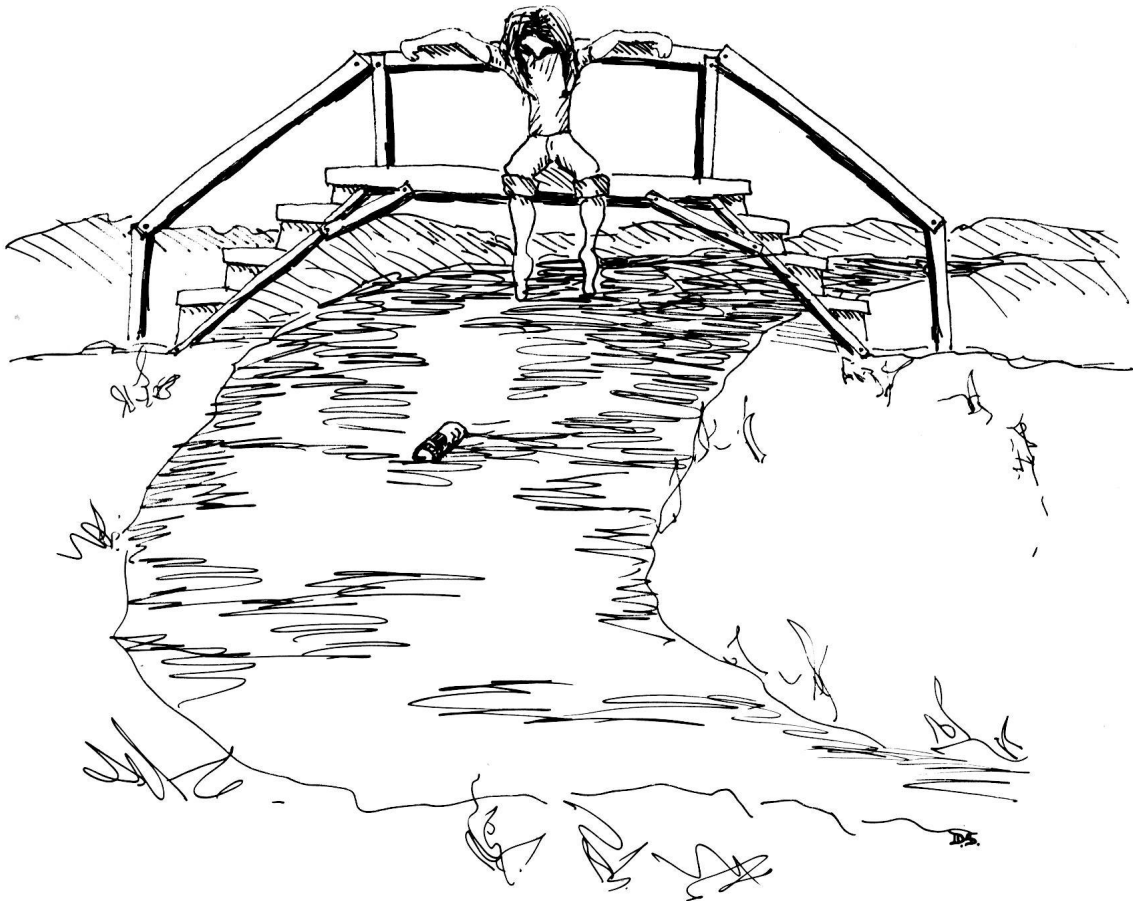
-Susan Goldfarb



The gentle waves lapping against the shore
like two pair of lips meeting.
The calm elegance of the tiny ripples
accentuates the tranquility of this magnificent stream.
Odd shaped pebbles arranged in nature's mystic pattern
dot the shore line.
Tiny minnows dance against the sand,
ecstatic to be alive.
This winding, narrow stream
has an enchanting beauty all its own;
Of prancing horses, and castles gleaming in the sunlight.
I rest on the arched, wooden bridge,
Dangling my naked feet,
Never contacting the water,
Never feeling the cool freshness of its breath.
It is all so deeply green, so playful--
Yet, it was now ruined
by something that bobbed and floated
senselessly about
And it read

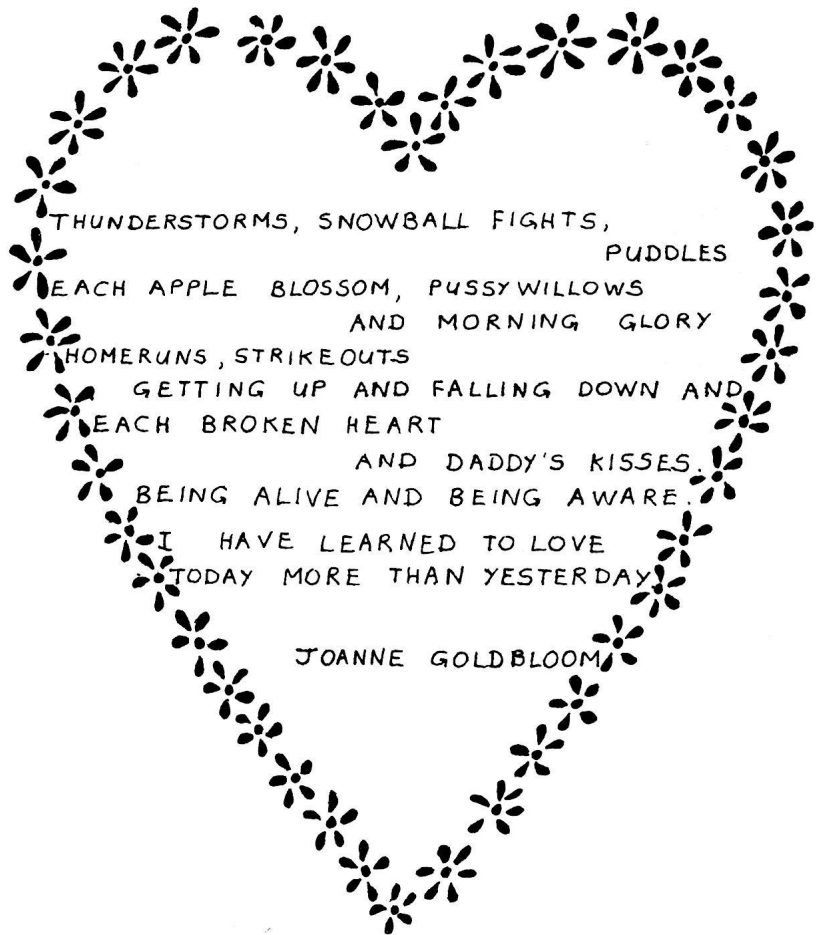
Budweiser

Barbara Lupovich



a smirk is splendid, a grin brings good cheer, but a smile makes
a dimple appear

a dimple lover,
JOANNE GOLDBLOOM



If you call warfare
a means of self survival,
and love a genetic flaw,
its purpose to perpetuate the species,
then 2 plus 2 can be anything you want it to be.

Jo & Joe

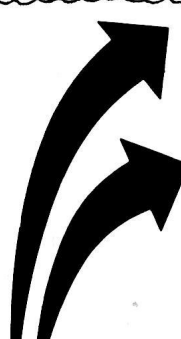
there is something
to be said
about a lit cigarette
tossed
from an open bus window
onto the wet pavement.

-Susan Pinker

ATTENTION ALL STUDENTS

ENTER ESSAY COMPETITION. . . WIN CASH PRIZES

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		1st PRIZE	2nd PRIZE	3rd PRIZE
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In addition, every essay given "Honourable Mention" by the panel of judges will receive a cash prize of \$ 10.00.

For full details on the competition get in touch with

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