

Fred Salamon

PARADOX

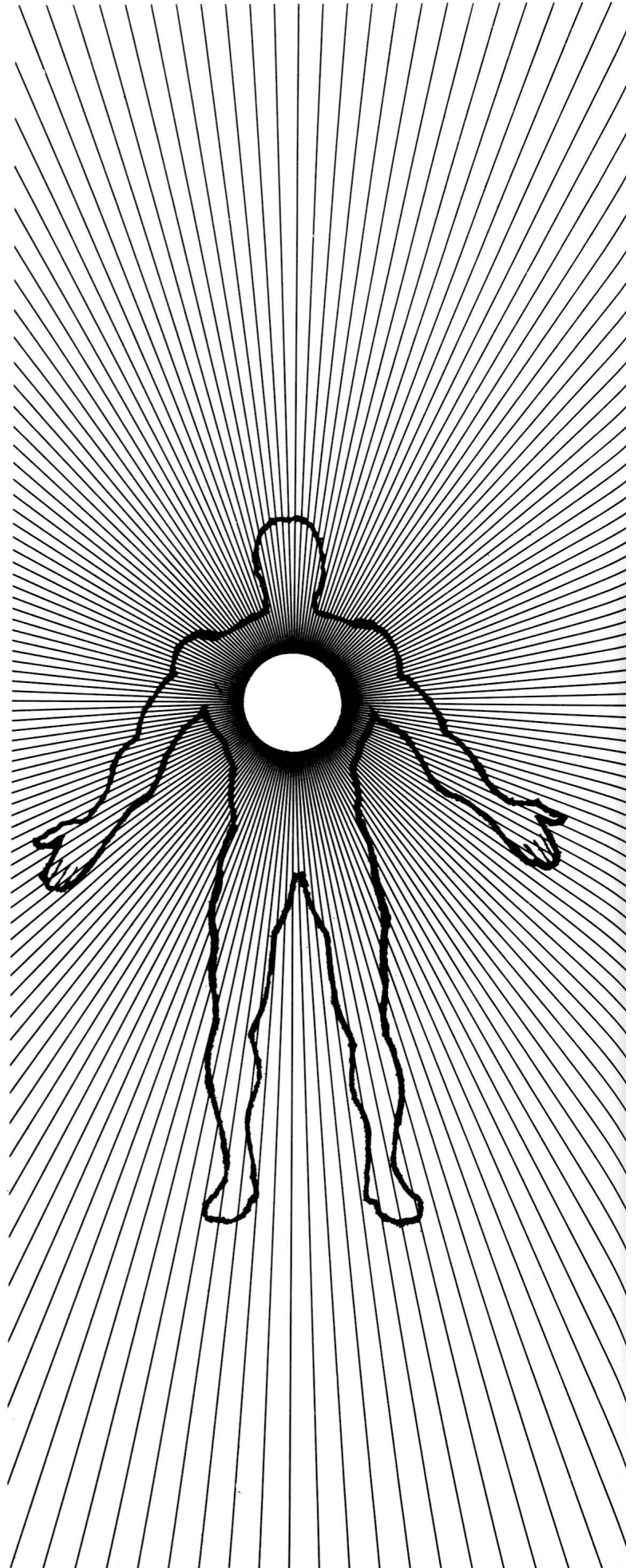
Browning suddenly walked out of the shadows as though he had not been there a moment ago. A final check and all would be ready for the greatest feat ever performed by man: time travel. He stepped into the eerily shimmering field and stood still. The entire process was automatic from that point on.

As he awaited the formation of the warp, he wondered whether it would be possible to alter the course of events in the world. Could history be changed? Then a more disturbing thought occurred to him. He remembered the stories he had read as a child. They were stories of time travellers like himself. If a man killed his parents before they had ever met, he would never have been born. If such was the case, then he could not have killed them. If they had not died, then he would have been born.

Or, a man could steal a future invention and claim it as his own in the present, but by the time of the birth of its true inventor, would it have become obsolete? Who then would have invented it first? As he pondered over these and similar enigmas, his form faded into the glow of the field.

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Gerry Moraitis



i sit alone, mind is blank
i wonder for what reason am i here.
i look down, and see an empty page
and wish to create
but cannot,
all the creativity i have ever possessed
has been

SQUEEZED
out of me
by assorted
mind vices and other teachers.
stare at blank walls
of hospital colours
wishing rather to
see
birds
and
squirrels
and
chipmunks
and
other
signs of real life.
they hand me out a paper
filled with figures
and ask me for the truth
and correct number of
significant figures
and various other
realities,
and when i cannot,
am classified
as a dull student,
a non-worker
while they funnel
information
into my
cerebrum.

i wait and wonder
if i have conformed quite
enough
to fill my little hole
in the system,
whether i can
yet be classified
as intelligent
upon writing
stories
such as

"My Summer Vacation"

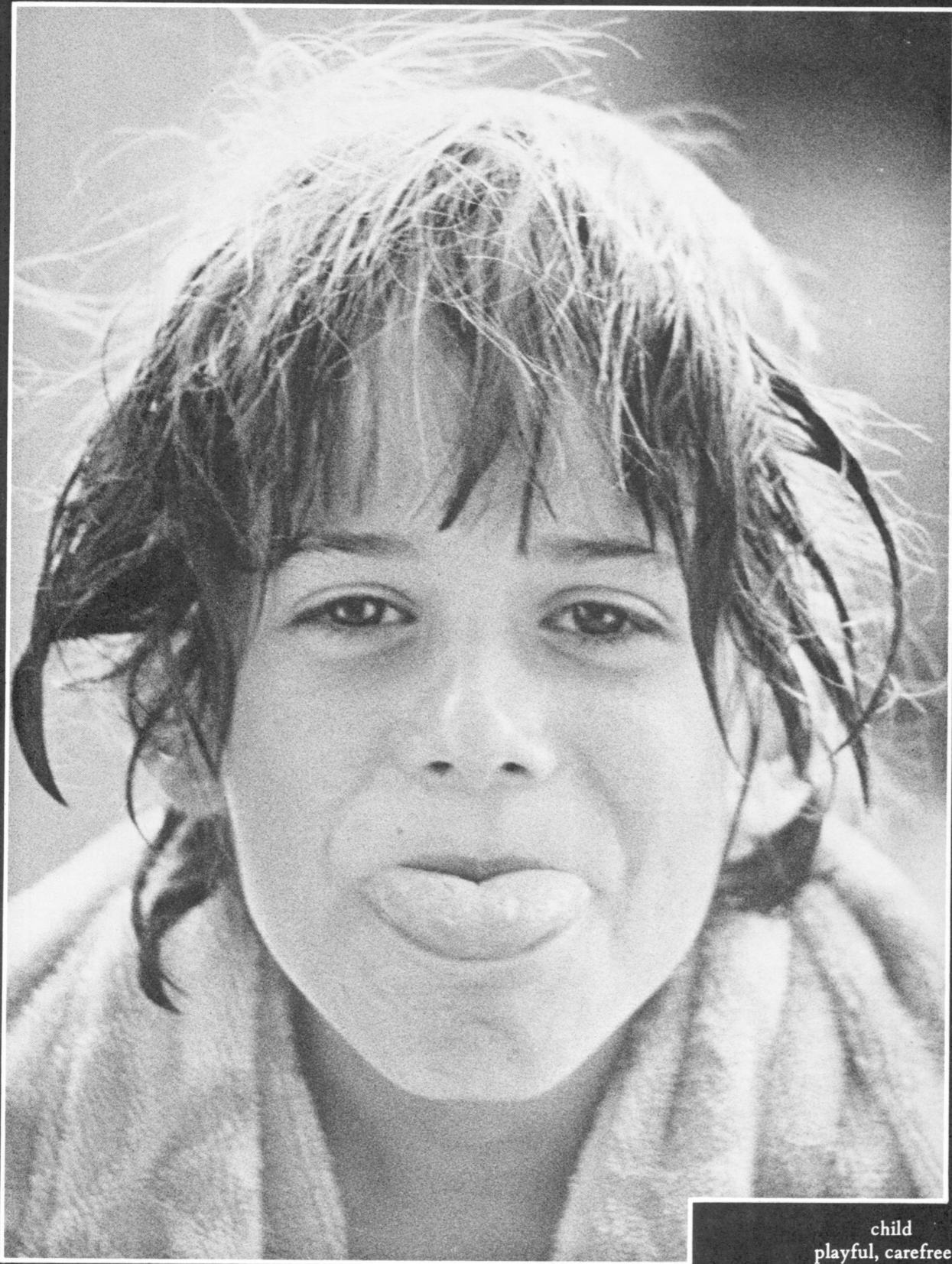
getting
95's
which mean
no more
to anyone
than
these
facts
of concepts
too
abstract
to believe
that are
constantly
being
spewed out of
these machine
mouthed
never
stopping
never ever
stopping to
relax,
or breathe
schools.

Laura Z.



today is
another
ordinary day,
for the joe
who finds
himself as constant
as the moon.
for the ordinary joe
who finds today
as constant as
another
alas for
constance,
who sits nimbly
twiddling,
needling wishes
by the baker's-
crazy cursings,
as we find
the whole
opera
enveloped
in bubbles
of
Ivory.

Dahna Berkson



Fred Salamon

child
playful, carefree
touching, laughing, learning
friendships, problems, challenges, realities
molded, confident, experienced
mature, responsible
adult

TEACHERS HAVE NO SENSES OF HUMOUR or
THE TIME MY TEACHER BROKE HER LEG

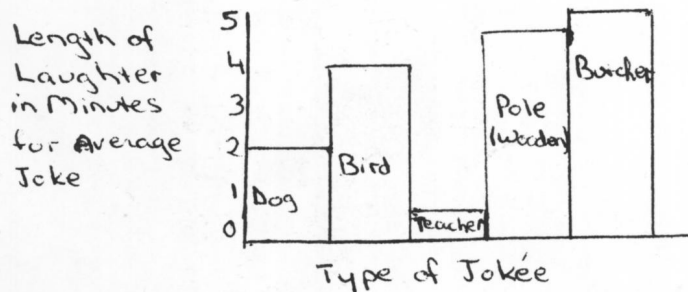
Gentlemen, I am here today to prove once and for all that teachers have no sense of humour. I will now proceed to make my point and show my references.

- 1) New York Times article; "Teachers, A Species Without Humour."
- 2) Chicago Sun article; "Do Teachers Crawl Out of the Woodwork?"
- 3) Montreal Star article; "Are Teachers Born Humourless?"
- 4) Newsweek article; "Do They Laugh at Failing Students?"
- 5) Sunday Express article; "Teachers, People without a Word for Laugh."

I am also in possession of an international poll which was recently taken and which proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that the Thoracular region (or laugh organ) of a teacher somehow degenerates or is lessened to such a degree that those of the Teacher Species (or Makus Go Nuts Sapiens) are put in a mood so that he, she or it can not laugh. We, my staff and I, went around and told jokes to various people. Our studies show that teachers laughed only at the jokes where someone is hurt. In fact, when asked why they did not laugh, they forced us to sit in a corner.



Laughter Poll



From reading the articles mentioned above and from going to various teacher meetings, we conclude that teachers are humourless. Also, a great risk to myself and my staff, we disguised ourselves as students, and enrolled in an average high school. The name of the school is unimportant, but let it suffice to say that this school is in North America, Cote St. Luc, Quebec, Canada, around 5700 Parkhaven Ave. I do not want to reveal the name of the school for fear of hurting anyone. We talked with many teachers (incognito of course) and found that they would not laugh. They did let out with a mean cackle in the event that a student failed an exam. We remained there for three months compiling information, and we can conclude that teachers do not even have a funny bone, let alone a Thoracular region. I hope that after hearing my debate you will replace all teachers by machines because of the better humour of machines.

(Wait for applause) Thank-you.

Neil Klar



Fred
Salamon

THE CORPSE

I stare - but I see nothing
My eyes strive to pierce through the leaden
veils of their lids and cannot,
the lids will not open, they are sealed
by networks of cobwebs!

Don't they see, I'm dead!
Why do they torment me?
Do they enjoy tormenting a corpse?
I raise a dead limb. I push. It is no use.
I am trapped. They have strapped my corpse to the table.

A thin weak limb brushes my restraints partly to the side.
It is my arm. Perhaps I am not dead. Perhaps I am.
My lids are cruelly ripped open.
A dark grey form looms over me. It strikes out with a - sound
God, I hate getting up in the morning.
Ilana Waldston



THE HITCHHIKER

New York City stood bare against the cold autumn wind. It was nightfall and a hard rain had started its cold sweep of the city streets.

On one darkened street corner, beneath a dimmed street lamp, a lone hitchhiker, his thumb pleading for a ride, braved the elements that so mercilessly cut at him. A normal citizen in all respects except for one, this man was sitting in a wheelchair.

An occasional car splashed its way past the street corner passing the forlorn figure. Before the driver could even realize that the hitchhiker was different, before appreciating the fact that this poor cripple needed help, the driver's instinct of the city, the curious impulse that says: "don't get involved," forced him to continue on his way.

Time passed, the rain continued to fall and still the lone hitchhiker had not yet been picked up. His face, twisted from the cold cried out into the cruel night for someone to stop. Yet it seemed that the influence of the

city spirit meant more to its inhabitants than their "good Christian charity".

Just as the paraplegic was about to quit and fade back into the shadows that he seemed destined to live in, he heard a screech, a honk of an automobile horn and a voice crying out to him. At last, someone who really cared! A kind soul amidst the cold city had appeared as if by magic to come to the aid of those in need. The hitchhiker cried out in joy and wheeled himself out to the curb. The good samaritan had already gotten out of his car to help him with the wheelchair but it was then that a most surprising thing happened. The hitchhiker, no longer as crippled as he at first seemed, picked himself out of the chair, smoothly placed it in the back seat, climbed into the front as agilely as you or I, bent over to a much surprised driver and said, "Brooklyn Heights please."

Stuart Berger



SHOWDOWN

The bright light rays of the arena, bright enough to make a person squint, extended down to the flat surface. At the north end stood a tri-coloured figure, which a million eyes focused upon. There was a small wave of frozen confetti just to the side of where the figure rested. Suddenly it began moving swiftly towards the center of the rink, a figure with limbs swaying with a steady, rhythmic mobility. Then a distinct click; as the blade of a stick make contact with a little black disc, and foot by foot, push by push, the accelerating power took hold of the speeding figure exerting it to full force and pushing it down the rink while the figure tapped the disc from one side of the stick's wooden rod, grasping it tightly, to a point just above its shoulders; then, with the strength of a bull, lowered it quickly, lifting one leg simultaneously. And as a sudden sounding crack echoed throughout the arena, the small disc took off, and the black comet-like tail that was faintly left behind quickly faded. Within seconds, the circular object travelling in flight at the speed of a bullet, was cushioned and halted by the cross-hatched mesh of the steel-framed net. There was a very abrupt flash of red light which reigned over the white rays of the arena, relieving the tension, causing an uproar, announcing the climax of the world's fastest sport - the goal.

Ted Yudelson.



I saw a city far beyond reach,
It's buildings were towers of glass.
When the sun came up and shone on each
I thought of a memory past.

Now this city is far beyond hope,
Pollution and crime aren't the last.
They just hang each one on a separate rope.
As I think of a memory past.

Iona Hassoun





And when it rained
for nights and days
God promised
that after every rain
there would be a rainbow
that after every tear
there would be a star
but yet there is not

And sometimes there is no rain
or no sun
but only clouds
hanging
drifting
for eternities and lifetimes
never full enough to let the rain drip out
or light enough to let the sun creep in
there is no sun
or no rainbow
or no rain
but there is always a black pot
at the end.

Peggy Hoffman