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Life

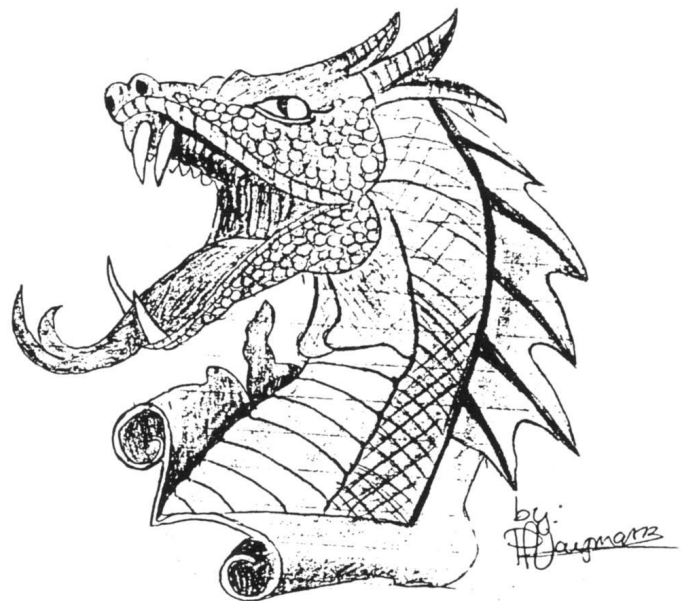
I find myself in a world of fear
A world not so clear
I find myself in a world of need
A world to succeed.

Do I know who my enemies are
I'm sure they can't be far
Can I tell my friends
There are a lot of bends.

How's life?
Is it really okay?
You don't have to hide
There's no shame to say.

Have I learned a lesson?
I've figured my answers
When you see you life in a ball
Then you know you can't win 'em all.

Annie Havis

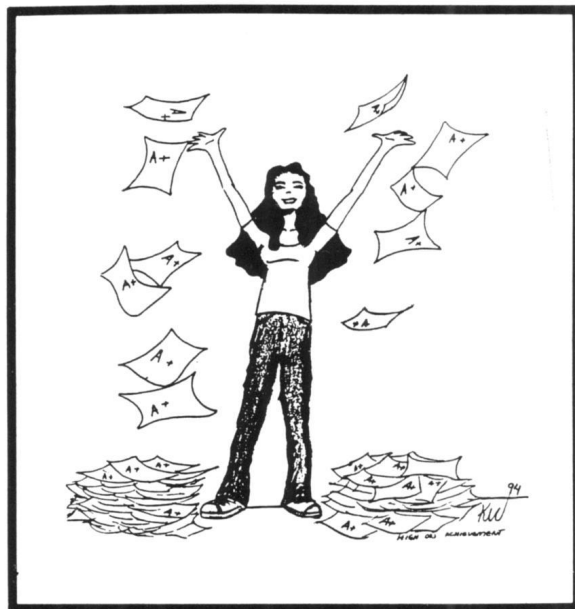




From the Home Office In Sou City Iowa . . .
DAVE'S TOP 10 LIST

TOP 10 THINGS OVERHEAD IN WAGAR'S HALLS

10. Tuck in your shirt, Kotler's coming!
9. We're gonna be late, the teacher's closing the door!
8. Did you see what she's wearing? It's so ugly!
7. Yes! I go a 50%!
6. Do me a favour, can you forge my mom's signature on this ED?
5. Gimme your homework NOW! I gotta copy it.
4. Oh no! Who put gum on my lock again?
3. It smells! Oh, it's only a stinkbomb. No it's not, it always smells like this!
2. No sir, I'm not eating. It's just resting in my mouth!
1. BEEAATCH!!!!



A Pot of Gold

Natalie B.

Struggling to be your possession brought by fate
Makes me hard to find, amongst the outburst
of shells appearing at the boarder of the shore.
The waves plunge and spread themselves to a thin,
I am part of the unwanted, I am dry and crumbling
Why do I seem so hard to attract
If only I could take you away from my surrounding
If only you could feel the vibrations
of the ocean giving you my message
You could only know my appearance is disguised
push to find me, I want to be chosen,
by heart.
See through the grains of sand
which fall upon my cover with shame and failure,
due to every filled wave that shoves me
even more under the hardened ground.
My signal weakens, yet my inner colors
pull me toward you.
I may be difficult to place
but if you singled me from the rest
and saw my display
what you'd be looking at would be
a vision far from reality.
Finally I'm spotted, my shape is found
and being picked. I'm the most perfect sphere
lying between a handful of innocent sand.
"I came out of my shell so that you may see my
beauty.
You deserve me for your efforts"
was replied by my voice.
After hearing you, you placed my white glazed sphere
in a hole surrounded by wet solid sand,
and left me for nature's will.
Picking up the dry, crumbling, pieces of shell,
which was my cover, a tear showered he rainbowed
vision you'd been long looking for.

The Alone

The alone is like an ocean,
Vast and wide,
With no end, and no beginning.

People who have been there, claim,
"It's not as bad as it seems,
for some it's like a flame,
Burning up inside, just waiting to get out,
For others it's all around them,
When they scream and when they shout.

When you're freed from the alone,
You're like a flower in full bloom,
But when it has you -
It's like you're trapped in the never ending
tunnel of doom

The alone is a scary thing,
Like a bird with a broken wing,
Trapped with no where to go,
A stream that fails to flow.

When you are no longer scared of the alone,
You are freed from the cage,
Away from all the anger and rage,
Because you are free, free, free,
From the alone.

Ingrid-Morena Marini

IF . . .

If I could fly
I would fly faraway.
To reach my freedom
I've longed from day to day . . .

If I could wish
It would be upon a star.
I'd wish to be loved
By whoever you are . . .

But if I had a dream
I'd dream for you to care.
And if it could be true
What feelings we could share.

Leah Kosatsky