

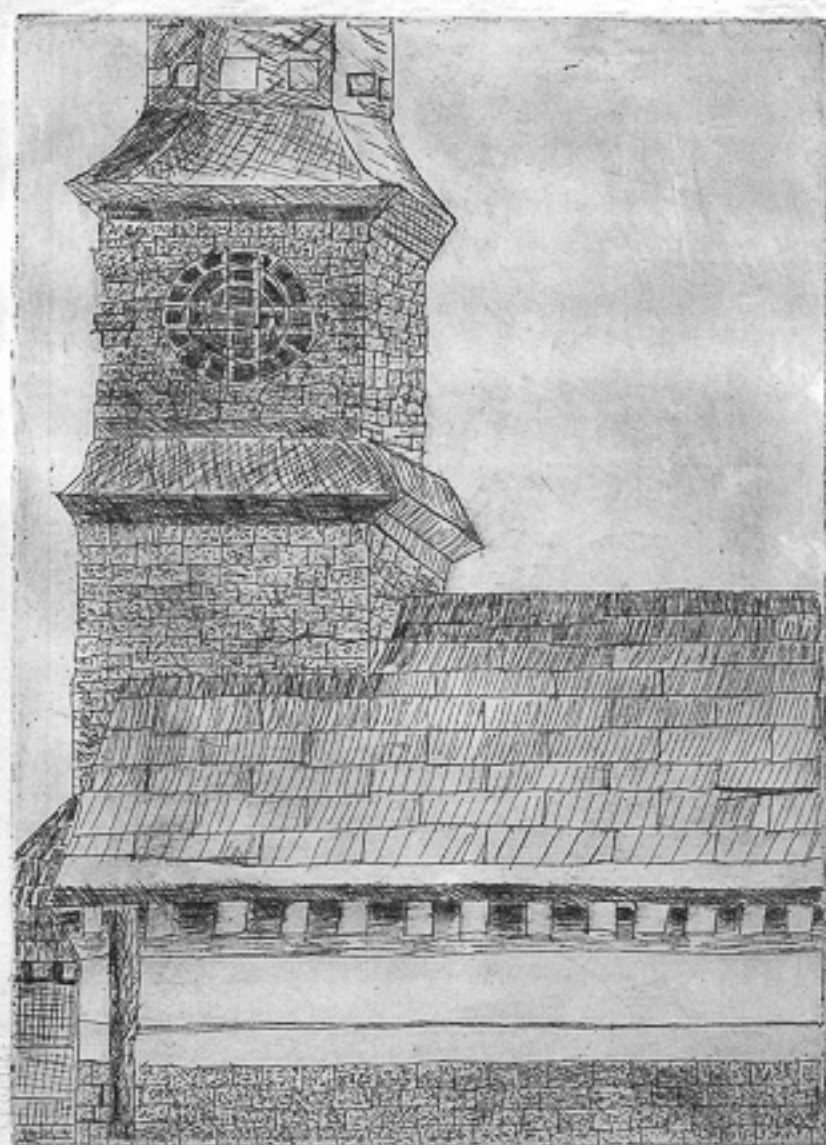
Labyrinth

Literary /Art Magazine

Editor's Note

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** * **



A/p First Baptist Church
of Alexandria

Sarah Puterbaugh

Spring 1996

Labyrinth

Literary /Art Magazine

T. C. Williams High School
Alexandria, VA

22302

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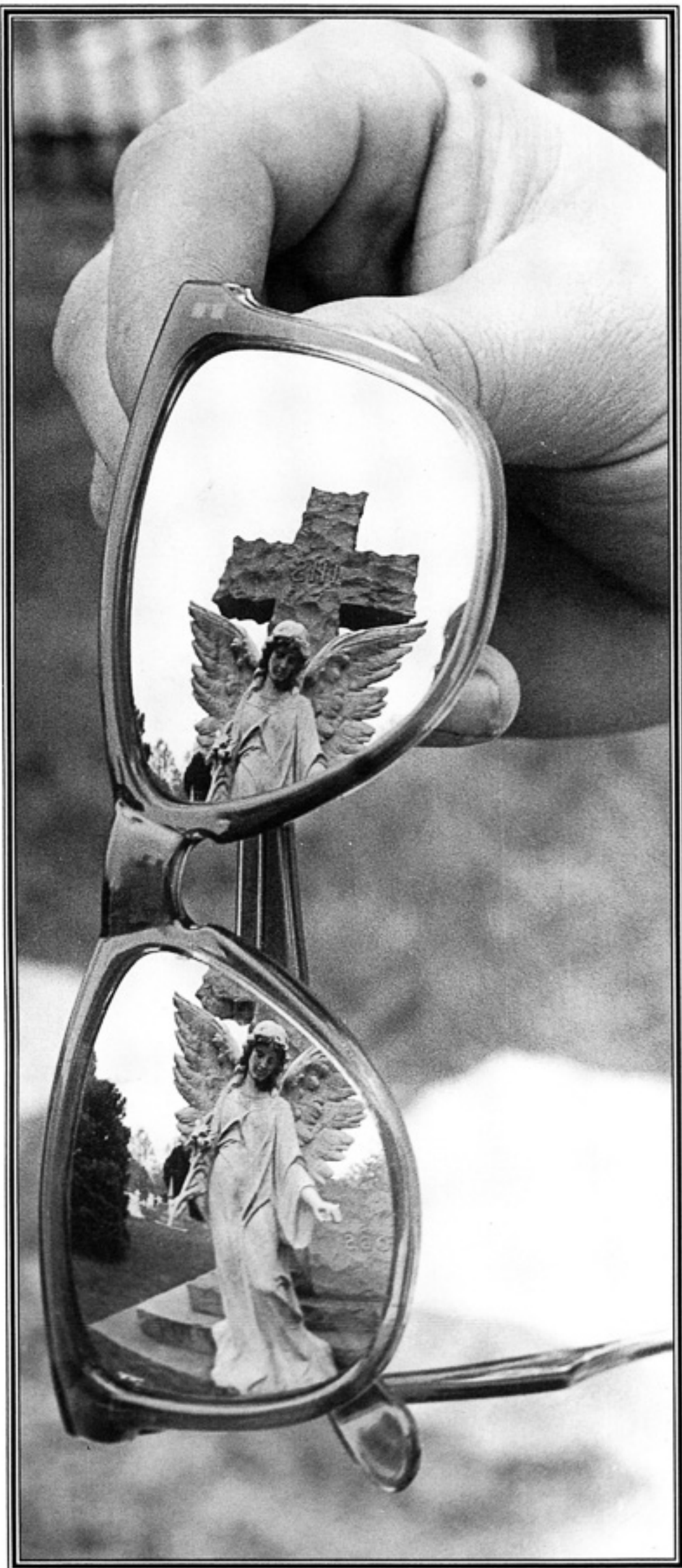
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Ariella Blejer

Chaos, everything moving, bustling;
and he is being pushed aside
like so much baggage.
The grime, crumpled newspaper
and cigarette butts are
more
connected.

He stands still, while people move
in and out of shops. As they get into
taxis, and exit buses,
A woman yells
at the cat calling outside her
tenement;
and
he gazes up at her from his low
vantage point as the noise from
the street
careens into his delicate
other worldly
ears.

He looks about as though at an
African plain
beholding graffiti wildflowers
junkie trees.
A lion bicycle lopes by
knocking the
boy
down.

He gets up and resumes his pondering.
The city in all its religious glory
freaks and weirdos
add colour to the monotony
of tall skyscrapers.

He walks over and sits on the stoop
of a long abandoned theatre.
Head in hands,
a drag queen struts by
like an ostrich with an attitude,
but

the boy feels nothing
and stares blankly
at the flow of people.

A horde of loud teenagers tromps
towards an
unknown destination.

A flasher monkey
shocks the mice
but the boy
is numb.

He gets up
and drifts
toward a demilitarized
playground.

A chain-link fence
and briar-like barbed
wire encircle
the satirized version
of play.

He stands,
hands gripping
wire diamonds
face pressing close;
and he
watches silently.

He walks within
and sits down in a corner
clutching his knees,
cushioned by
hypodermic needles
and used condoms.

He stays there
until the city
falls silent;
and then
he goes
home.

Mary Barnes

BOY





A large man in a dark suit (his breath smelling of orange Tic-Tacs) and his right lazy eye drifting over to his ear, is holding a very loaded handgun to that zigzaggy vein in my left temple, and all I can think of is Ed MacMahon.

When life is facing a possible end like that, it deserves a story; and here is mine.

Ten years ago, I met a man named Señor. He had no last name, or a first name either, just Señor. He spoke no Spanish, but I'm not the curious type, so he was merely "Señor" to me. Señor was my boss at the Laundromat that I managed five nights a week. I had been

working there for three weeks when Señor came by one evening and mysteriously told me, "Take this laundry bag and put its contents into the fifth machine," he pointed down the row of Westinghouses, past the Big Bertha. "

You do this only when a woman wearing sunglasses walks into the laundromat."

"How will I know it's the right woman? There are lots of women that come in here." Of course I didn't ask what was in the bag, or why I should do this; when your boss tells you to do something, and a boss known

simply as "Señor" at that, you do it. Besides I'm not the curious type.

"How will you know it's the right woman? It's ten o'clock at night, you idiot. Who wears sunglasses at ten o'clock?" With that, he turned and walked out of the door.

I did as I was told. A woman with sunglasses appeared. When I saw her coming through the door, I sidled down the sloshing machines and casually dumped the bag in number five. She bought a Nehi Grape soda and popping the top, she casually opened the machine. "Sunglasses" took whatever was in there, walked out the door, and left

kept increasing, and I got to drink the grape soda that the lady left behind. I was happy.

Then one night I was working, and a man who had never done his laundry at my place before came in carrying no laundry. (Laundromat managers notice such things). He glanced about the place for a moment and then motioned for me to come over to him. "What time do you close?"

"Twelve." It was 11:15.

"Lock up now."

Not being the curious type, I didn't think to ask why I should be taking orders from a person I had never met before. "Um, O.K.," I said.

"After you lock the door, turn out the lights, and meet me at the pay phone on the corner." And then he left.

I did as I was told. (I did modify his instructions slightly as I found that I needed to turn out the lights first, then leave, then lock the door from the outside. But

that didn't make a difference in my life. Looking back now, my hindsight clarified by this very present handgun which was still pushing against my skull. I realize that I never had much control over my past.)

At the pay phone, a badge was flashed and I was informed that I was speaking to an agitated F.B.I.

Death Comes to the Laundromat Manager

By Stephen Seltz

her soda fizzing on the nearest dryer.

Señor came by the laundromat about once a week from then on, always with the same instructions, bag in fifth machine when lady with sunglasses comes in. I had no complaints about the situation, even though it wasn't in my job description. My paycheck

Agent. "You are working for a big crime boss. A regular customer of yours is a Mrs. Nyklroob. A nighttime sunglasses wearer, we have seen her regularly going into this laundromat. Nyklroob, a vicious dealer in illegally obtained pot bellied pigs is selling the porkers to the owner Señor."

Nyklroob, a vicious dealer in illegally obtained pot bellied pigs, is selling the porkers to the owner Señor."

"There were pigs in those bags?" I queried.

"No, you fool. That was money being exchanged!"

"Oh," I said.

Then Mr. F.B.I. Agent told me that the authorities had enough information to prosecute Señor, but they didn't know where to find him to arrest him. Did I, by any chance, know where Señor could be apprehended? Mr. F.B.I. breathed heavily into my face, "Perhaps you know a club he frequents or the days he is betting at the dog track?"

"About the betting and clubbing I know nothing, but I do have a phone book." I offered helpfully. Agentman looked up Señor and found his address. (Oh, wondrous White Pages.)

"Thanks for your help. Of course, as a main witness, you'll need to be placed in the witness protection program, IMMEDIATELY! Señor is a very bad dude who takes his pot bellied porkers most seriously. You're in a heap of danger, Laundro Boy!"

Thus, ended my life as nighttime manager of Señor's Laundromat. I was moved that night to a small milling town in the Pacific Northwest. For my own protection, I was given a birth certificate with a new name, year, and date. I was given a new social security card and a new driver's license. My hair was dyed, I grew a beard, and had reconstructive nose surgery completed onboard the flight out of town. I was told that my previous life, all and any record of it, had been expunged from the face of the earth.

Except in one place. Two weeks after I moved, a Publisher's Clearing House Sweepstakes envelope came to my old house. It sat, untouched, for three years in the mailbox, until the new owner arrived. Apparently thinking that I should be told that I had just won

TEN MILLION DOLLARS

he graciously forwarded the envelope which sat, untouched, in the post office for two more years until a junior mailman said to himself, "Golly, this guy might have the winning number! He deserves to see this!" One year later, the very diligent junior postman somehow managed to make that letter arrive at the post office in a small milling town in the Pacific Northwest, addressed to a person who was not supposed to exist anymore. Me...

Of course my life being nothing, if not, coincidental, the person who handled the mail in that post office

was, you guessed it, Señor, out from the federal penitentiary on a work-release program.

There were really a very few moments from the moment Señor's eyes widened with rage as he saw that smiling face of Ed McMahon

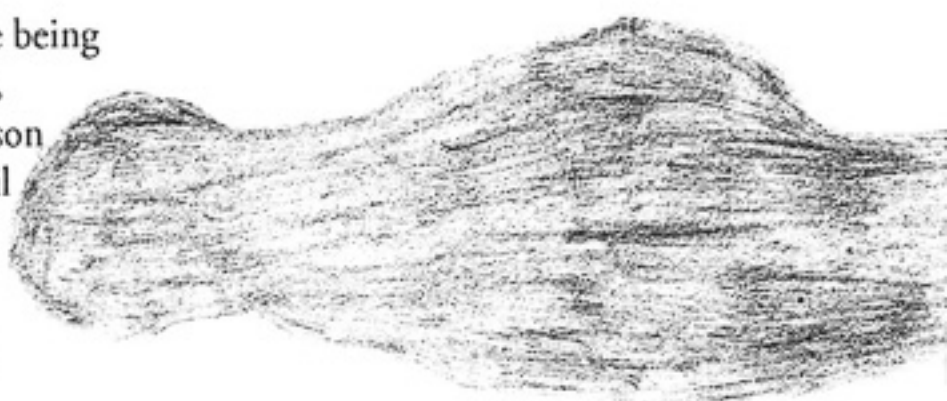
A large man is holding a gun to my left temple, and all I can think of is Ed MacMahon.

on the corner of the envelope with *my* name on it, to the moment a handgun was pressed to my left temple. Señor took the letter, started listening for people around town that sounded like me and, soon enough, heard my voice in the post office.

"A thirty-two cent stamp, please?" I was doomed. "You know who" followed me home, and burst through my unlocked front door. (After all, who locks their doors in small Pacific Northwest towns?)

Who hands out death? What does death look like? I smelled the orange Tic Tacs as Death smiled in his big square glasses. He laughed jokes that were not funny. He was Ed MacMahon and holding coupons for *Better Homes and Gardens*.

* * *





Now is the Time

Maria Catilo

Editor's Note:

The following speech won first place at the Alexandria Belle Haven Optimists Club in their annual oratorical contest. Pat Herrity T. C. Williams English teacher has sponsored student participation in the Optimists annual contests for many years and his student, Maria Catilo delivered the following winning oration at a luncheon meeting of the club on March 20, 1996.

We, members of the global community, are rapidly approaching the end of this millennium, and with the arrival of the year 2001, the beginning of a new millennium. Now is the time that we should not only contemplate the future, but in addition, examine and reflect on our past. Hopefully, from searching the past we will be able to determine what

is relevant to making our future a success.

With the coming of the new century we can learn from the significant events of the past. Now is the time that the lessons of history can better enable us to prepare for the future.

In 1945, it was only after the Allies marched through the lands that Hitler and the Nazis had occupied, that the horrors the German Army inflicted on humanity came into light. The discovery that over six and a half million people were massacred in Auschwitz, Bergen-Belsen, and Dachau was too horrible to comprehend.. Now is the time to emphatically restate, "Never again!"

The struggle for civil rights has also claimed many casualties. Beginning in the late 1950's throughout the south, African Americans nonviolently protesting the denial of their rights were met with raging police dogs and firehoses. In the early part of this century, suffragettes, before finally obtaining the right to vote, were jailed for protesting. Women sat in freezing jails and endured forced feeding when they went on hunger strikes. Now is the time that the noble actions of civil right's protesters and suffragettes should not only be remembered, but also preserved, by not turning back the clock on progress made, but by recognizing that we must move forward.

There have been great achievements concerning the basic human rights of all people. We have joyously witnessed the collapse of communism in the former Soviet Union, the fall of the Berlin wall, and the abolition of apartheid in South Africa; however, these events would not have occurred unless many people were willing to sacrifice everything, even their lives.

Yet, still today, there is much to be accomplished. For example, in the Balkans, the struggle for peace surrounds the right to be Croatian, Serbian, or Muslim without the fear of being murdered in the name of "ethnic cleansing" Terrorists' bombs explode at will in Northern Ireland, Israel and Palestine. And sadly, the echoes of terrorists' bombs have blasted across the heartland of America. As the summer Olympics approach many Americans are worried about the threat of terrorism. Terrorism threatens all.

Despite how far we have come in treating people equally, there is still prejudice against race, gender, sexual preference, and religion. Now is the time to look to the success of those before us, and fight on to preserve the freedoms gained at such cost.

As we are nearing the end of this century, now is the time that we should not only realize the advancements made in our past, but also recognize the advancements we have yet to make.



Carol Naguit

We have eradicated small pox, but we have still yet to discover the cure for AIDS. We have passed laws and organized summits reducing and eliminating nuclear weapons, but we have not solved the problem of violence on our streets. We have gone to the moon, but we have yet to find the remedy for homelessness.. We have discovered DNA and are exploring many ways to use the DNA to solve medical problems; however, we still are faced with the job of protecting and educating our children.

The tasks still facing us might seem as formidable as conquering Goliath seemed to David, but now is the time to look at our past accomplishments. You and I need to realize that, together we can beat overwhelming odds. We *can* topple any Goliath! Armed with lessons from the past, we can approach the 21st century with courage and confidence that we can continue to improve our world. Now is the time. * * *



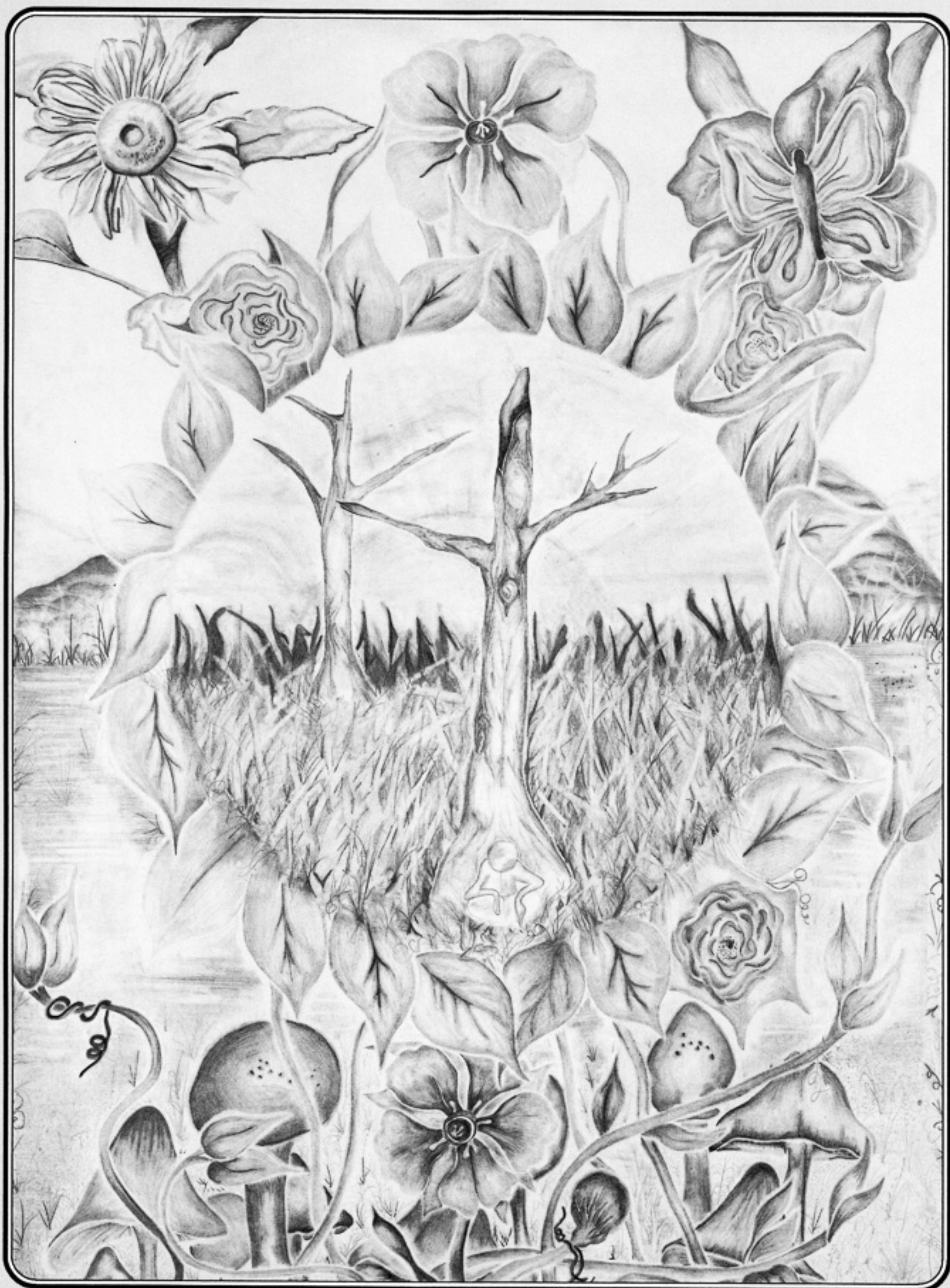
Carol Naguit

The Coffee Shop

I sit gazing out the window at the sleepy town.
Above me, the constant whirring of a fan.
The ceiling is decorated with suns and stars.
I sip my bitter coffee.
Across the table sits a young woman.
No older than 17, the soft florescent light
Bathes her face in a pale glow.
Maybe under different circumstances.

The coffee shop is littered with antiques
From a time long distant.
Next to the window, two women sit gossiping.
I do not hear their tales.
A young musician struggles to create lyrics
for his newest song.
I watch and sip my coffee.

Jesse Gallun



Scott Mikovich



was in first grade when my teacher caught me reading during "nap time" and told me to stand in the hall outside the door. My class had misbehaved in the cafeteria during lunch, and as a result, we had to sit with our heads on our desks while

she paced around the room, upbraiding us vehemently. I should have listened; but, innocent of any wrongdoing, I slipped a thin volume out of my desk - *Snow White for Beginning Readers* - and proceeded to read in stealth. Suddenly, the teacher discovered that my head was not really down on the desk, and that I was occupied with something. Her anger erupted over my head, transferred from twenty three small victims to me, all alone and shrinking in my seat; and I was sent scurrying out to the hallway, to stand-out my penance, hiding my tears in my hand

The next year, I discovered Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women* - a fat, well-read book with a comforting crinkly plastic book jacket - on a shelf in the library; and I immediately fell in love. I discovered, through my ravenous reading, that Louisa modeled my favorite character, Jo, after herself. Jo was a tomboy who used slang, read books constantly, always got into trouble, and aspired to be a writer. Her first stories were sensational tales of murder and seduction, written in poor taste because she thought that she had to write trash in order to sell anything. But she learned, over time, to write from her own experiences, to be more gentle and patient, to control her fiery temper, and to avoid getting into too many scrapes.

I liken myself to Jo in many aspects, both virtuous and disagreeable. I reveled in using my imagination to make up stories; I enjoyed reading, music, outdoor exercise; and I was naughty and short-tempered. Jo and her family also possessed many of the same same traditional values as my own family. I felt a bond with Jo and with Louisa, because we were so much alike.

Today, ten years older than I was when I first discovered *Little Women*, I still find it to be one of my favorite books. I can imagine spending a wonderful evening with Louisa May Alcott, sipping tea and talking. I feel as though she is an old and special friend with whom I would find much to discuss, despite the long century that she has been dead. In elementary

An Evening with Louisa May Alcott

by

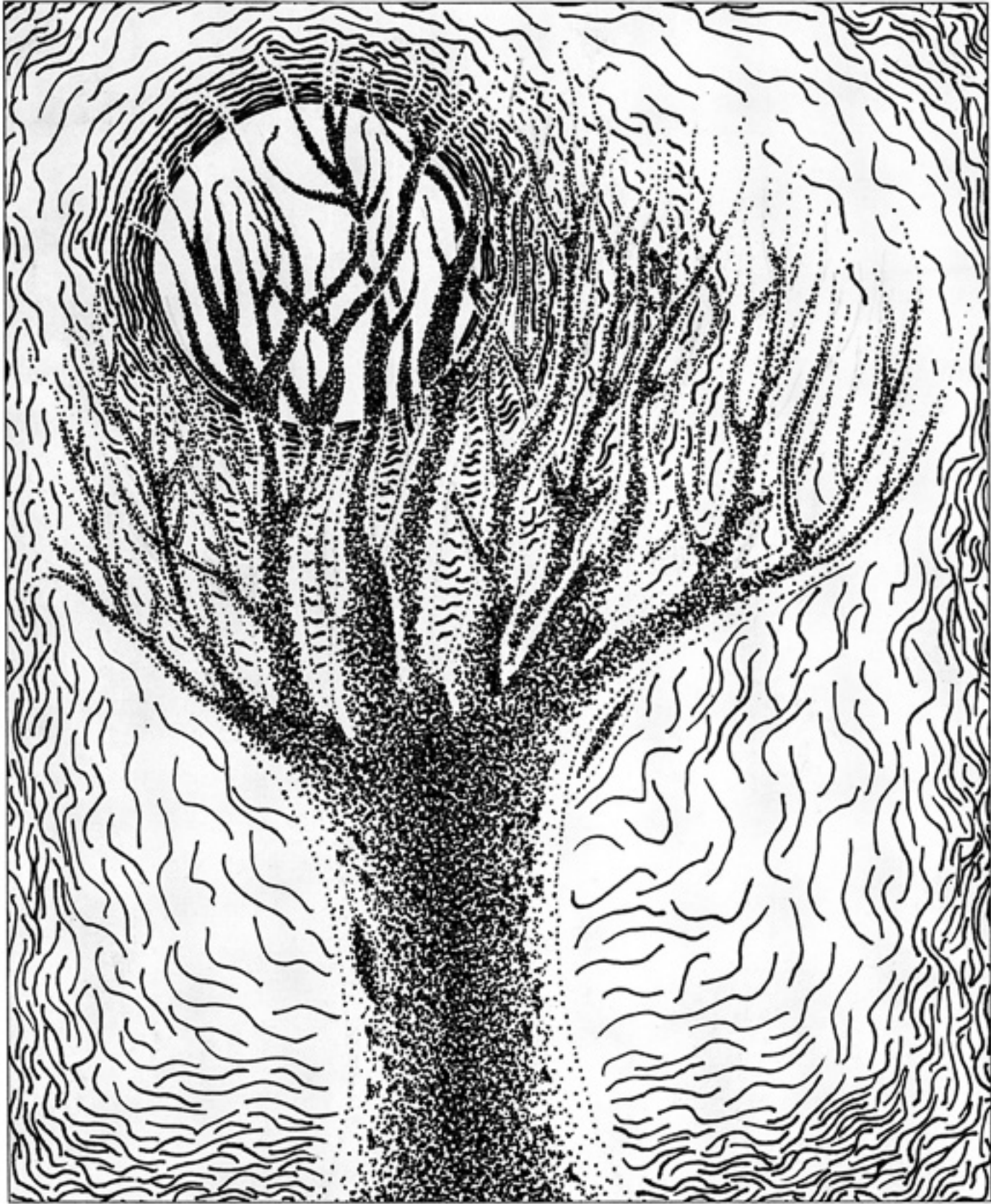
Jacqueline Ferrand

school, I was fond of daydreaming that Jo (Louisa) slipped into a time machine and we became best friends. She is very much like me, I have always dared to think; and now, I understand even more why we are spiritual sisters. Louisa May Alcott was a Unitarian, brainchild of her Transcendentalist father and her more famous neighbors- Thoreau, Emerson, and Hawthorne. I am also a Unitarian, and we have similar beliefs. Most people are unaware of what a Unitarian is, so I was quite surprised that one my favorite authors happened to be one, like me.

I think that Louisa May Alcott would have much to say to me that I would be interested in hearing. I imagine that as she talks to me about her life, she shares with me some of the hard learned lessons that she's mastered. She would explain how she incorporates her own experiences into her writing, and she would laugh about the mischief that she got into so frequently as a child.

Louisa May was a pioneer, an unmarried woman, educated and career-minded. She was never afraid to speak her mind or to act as she knew best. When I was a child, I liked her because of her honesty, her imagination, and her escapades. As a young woman, I still can find much to emulate in her character and much room for myself to grow.

NINE



MINUTES

By Catherine Armstrong

A small group of scientists," the news reporter was saying, "are speculating that some *now* small disturbances occurring in the sun's core *might* mean the end of the world. This maverick group of scientists predicts that these disturbances are the first signs of the sun 'going supernova'. The supernova stage is expected to occur in about 20 billion years. This unusual report from very few scientists is not to be taken seriously because the bulk of the scientific community supports the contention that even in 20 billion years the earth will not be sucked into the sun when the sun turns itself into a supernova. Virtually everyone in the world of science believes that current solar disturbances are nothing more than the constant normal splitting and reforming of solar atoms. We, at News Five, will keep you updated on this harmlessly, sensational story as soon as we have more information. Please, do not be alarmed. And remember, News Five is the one that..."

Bob Gibson hit the off button on the remote in disgust. What was this anyway, a last ditch effort for that station to save its ratings? He laughed to himself and strolled into the kitchen.

He heard the door slam as his wife Mary came home from work. "Hi Honey," she said as she came into the kitchen. Hugging her he warmly kissed her cheek.

"How was work?"

"Oh, all right, I guess. Nothing out of the ordinary, except the darn fax machine broke again."

"I bet this puts your work behind schedule." Bob looked out the kitchen window at the green grass that needed mowing.

"Something was wrong with the sun, it was flickering."

"Oh, I got a laugh today while I was listening to the news. Evidently, this small group of crack head scientists are saying that they've noticed some disturbances happening in the sun's core and the bobos think that the sun is going to go supernova early.

"What does 'Go supernova' mean?" Mary asked as she sat down at the formica kitchen table.

"Oh something about the earth being sucked into the sun. Can you believe those media slugs?

They'll do anything to get ratings."

She laughed and picked up a *Newsweek*. The cover story was something about the sun. "Where's Max?" she asked.

"I dropped him off at baseball practice about an hour ago. I'm working late tomorrow, so I told him he'd have to catch a ride with the Browns or the Jordans if he wanted to go to practice."

The next day, ten year old Max Gibson stared out the dirty classroom window which was at ground level; and today the screen was off. The school was right behind his house and Max was considering trying to make a break for it. Right out the window! This social studies teacher was sooooo dull! He was only half listening to Mrs. Burns who could drone on for hours putting half the class to sleep.

The bright sunny light filtered through the buds on the oak tree in the school yard. Max turned his gaze to the blue sky. Mrs. Burns droned, "...and the pyramids built by the Egyptians were constructed by many slaves, who hauled stones to the..."

"Mrs. Burns stopped in the middle of her sentence and was staring out the window with wide frightened eyes."

Suddenly, Max almost jumped out of his seat. Something was wrong with the sun! It was flickering! Max looked around the sky for what had to have caused a huge shadow but he saw nothing! Not believing his eyes, he looked toward the tree outside the window and realized he could not see it at all. Complete darkness. Suddenly, the light returned brighter than Max had ever seen it. He covered his face with his fingers. Sally, the girl who sits next to him, screamed. All the students began talking. Mrs. Burns stopped in the middle of her sentence and was staring out the window with wide frightened eyes.

The sun flickered again, Sally jumped out of her seat and ran up the aisle, "Sally, come back!" Mrs. Burns shouted. But no one heard the sound of her running feet as Sally fled because all the kids were rushing to the window to look.

Mrs. Burns' stiff body and wild eyes barely contained her panic. She covered her face with her

hands. "It was true. The news report!" she muttered. She turned away from the students, a look of terror barely concealed on her face. Students closest to Mrs. Burns left the window and went to the teacher not understanding what she was talking about. Some, like Max remembered seeing the news or hearing about this crazy story from their parents. Could it be coming true? Might the sun really explode? Max didn't wait for an official announcement, climbed out of the window and ran toward home.

A shaky voice came over the loudspeaker. "Boys and girls," the principal quavered, "an emergency warning report from the radio says that the sun may about to become a supernova. If I understand correctly, this means," he continued in a croaking voice, "the sun will suddenly increase in size until it becomes so large that it will pull the first three planets, Mercury, Venus, and," he paused, "and Earth into itself.

Oh," he turned away from the mike and seemed to be speaking to someone in his office. "Yes. It's on now?" Then he returned to the mike. "Here's the ABC radio report."

There was the sound of metal on metal as the microphone touched the speaker of the radio. A somewhat distorted voice could be heard. "Scientists still disagree on the probability of the sun going supernova but if the worst case scenario is correct, then the earth as we know it will only last for approximately another nine minutes. Effectively as of one minute ago we all have nine minutes to live if all their calculations prove to be correct. A small group of scientists estimate that we have nine minutes left to live." The announcer's voice broke and he could not speak. The sound of people sobbing could be heard in the background. "We must hope that science has made a

mistake and that the sun's flickering is nothing more than, than....," he broke off crying. "Please," he said through his tears, "stay calm. If this is the day that all mankind perishes, we must do so bravely." The sun's flickering now was rapid and irregular.

The doors of the elementary school burst open as a wave students and teachers fled outside. Of course, there was no place to go. Some people were running to their cars or down the sidewalks, hoping to get home before the explosion occurred.

One little girl in a sun yellow dress just stood staring at that strange blinking sun going on and off like some crazy neon sign. One disbelieving teacher was trying to call his students back inside, saying that someone was just playing a joke on them and that the flickering meant nothing. He was quite unsuccessful.

In the radio station of WLS, Chicago, Mike Abraham continued to stumble over his words, trying to fight back his



Shama Kahn

tears and ignore his hysterically sobbing program director. Someone handed him a second news bulletin. Wiping his eyes, he read in a tremulous voice. "The Goddard Space Center reports that the sun's flickering and subsequent radiation explosions are being felt all over the western hemisphere. While on the other side of the world it remains dark at this hour, a growing group of scientists are now saying that the whole world will be effected by this devastating sun activity. Let us hope and pray with all our strength that these people are wrong in their predictions."

Mike held the wire in his hands and was silent. Suddenly, Betty, the program director, rushed into the control booth hysterically crying as she wielded a huge pair of wire cutters. "Get out of my way!" she screamed and ripped Mike's microphone

out of its stand, pulled the plug on the main console, and, with the cutters, hacked through the main line from Studio A to the audio processing room. Mike stood helplessly in the door watching Betty's hysterical efforts. As she charged past him out of the control booth, Mike made a futile grab for her arm. Sobbing, she stumbled down the back hall. A moment later Mike heard a crash and a thud; he sat heavily in his chair and looked at what was left of the studio. He did not move. Mike simply waited.

The streets filled with people. Outside the home of the Gibson family the street was blocked. Cars had been abandoned and traffic was stalled in gridlock. Mary Gibson stood frantically on the porch looking down the street for Bob and Max. "Bob," she screamed as she saw her husband and son come running toward her.

"Just before the street got blocked, I was able to grab Max. We ran the rest of the way. Mary, this is incredible! Stop crying, it will be OK. Stop crying!"

"Mom, the sun's all funny, What's going on? Is it true. What they say?" Max looked trustingly at his mother's face and felt terribly upset at the stricken look she gave him in return. She was thankful that Bob had somehow managed to find Max.

About four of the nine minutes remained and the family waited numbly, watching the growing panic from their front porch. Max's friend Brenda ran up the porch steps. "Max, I can't get home, Where is my family. I want my mom!" She turned to Max's father, "Mr. Gibson, do you think my mother would come over here? Have you seen her?"

"Mary, this is incredible! Stop crying, it will be OK. Stop crying!"

Brenda grasped Max's free hand as more people crowded on to the little porch. Everybody could feel a desperate sense of fellowship. People were afraid to be alone and their thoughts were focused on their loved ones from which they were separated. This small group waited anxiously, peering out from the porch at the flickering sun light.

Similar groups were forming on many streets, and sidewalks all over the western hemisphere. Crying

children with hysterical parents clung together. People rushing to get to a safe place ran over anyone in their way. Strangers comforted each other. Other frightened fools were running to nowhere.

The waiting became too intense for Bobby. He sensed that something terrible was about to happen. He wanted the waiting to be over, done with, finished; but it was not. The sun continued to flicker more wildly than ever; sometimes, it flickered so brightly that people shrieked. Three minutes were left. Even those skeptical few, now caught the hysterical fever.

All of a sudden, the sun stopped flickering. Gasping, as the sun resumed its normal brightness, the people waited for it to flicker again, but it did not. A warm soft beam of light filtered through the maple tree in the Gibson's front yard. "It's stopped!" cried Mrs. Gibson as a tear flashed in the sunlight.

People were afraid to be alone and their thoughts were focused on their loved ones from whom they were separated.

There was an almost palpable surge of hope at the possibility that the sun would once again become that dependable yellow orb traveling slowly through the sky. The teacher who had tried to keep his students from going outside now began to effectively usher them inside. At the radio station, Mike had found Betty pressed against the window at the end of the hall; she wilted in his arms as they looked out the window at the shining sun.

More people began to go inside the school. Some of the other radio station employees were laughing and cheering with their friends. "So it was all a mistake," someone was yelling.

Max was smiling at Brenda and let go of her hand. Betty turned to Mike. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson looked at each other in relief.

A wave of excruciating pain hit but their screams were not heard. It was all over. The earth was pulled into the sun's core like a pebble in a title wave.

* * *



High Yellow Red Bone

*Skin too dark for some
and then
too light for others.
Light enough to pass,
but never wanted to.
Not with that hair
straight as it is.
Not with that nose
wide as it is.
Why not?
Some still refuse to accept my skintone.
They don't like high yellow red bone.*

Ben Bailey

I Wish I Never Knew

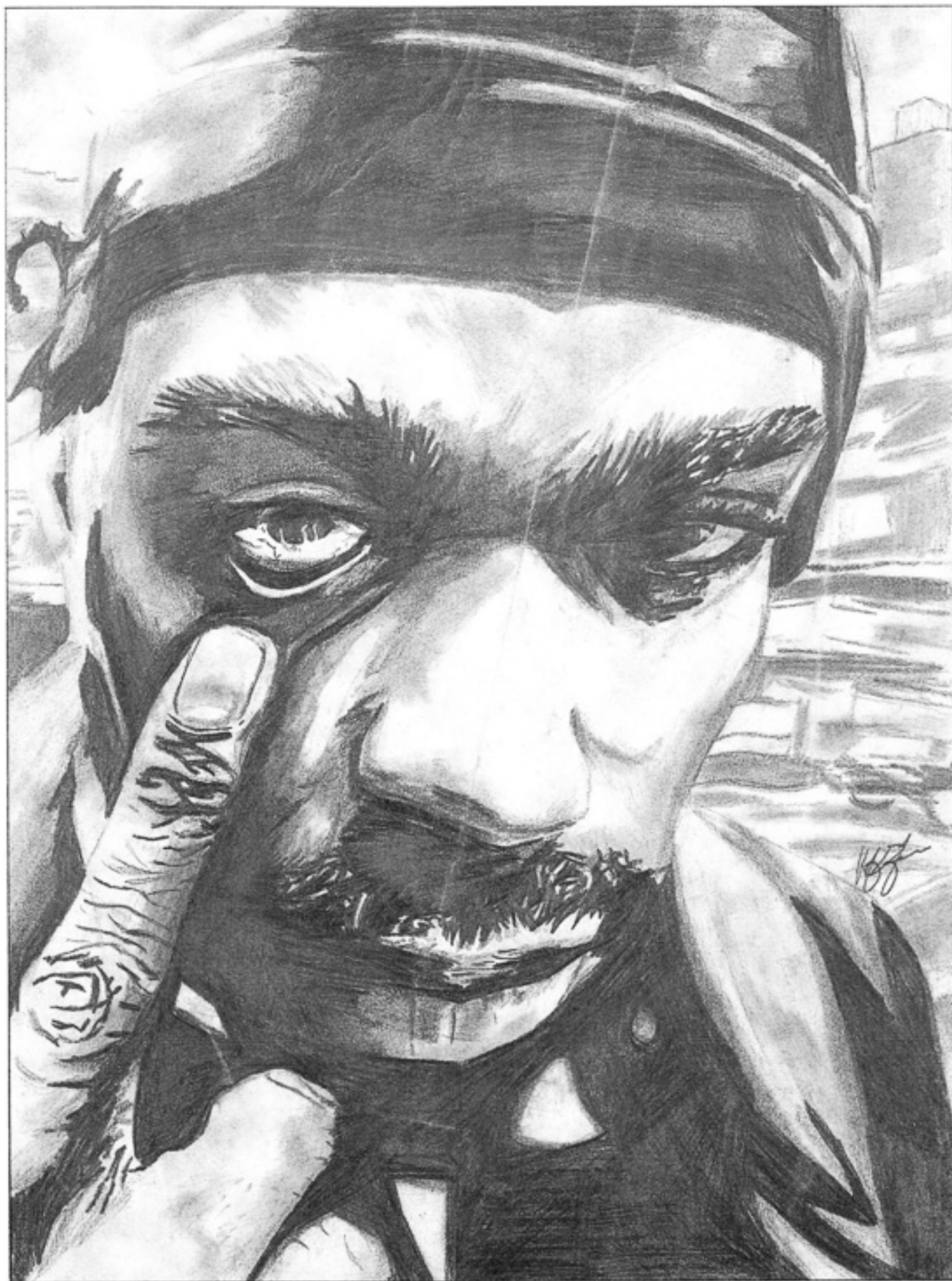
*I used to get the pleasure of your
presence hardly ever.
I watched you pimp by with ease.
My flesh went crazy as my face
remained unchanged.
I treasured the few peeks I got of you.
The anticipation of your rare sight
brought only sunlight to my day.
I was dying for your friendship, attention,
acknowledgments, anything.
Then your mask visited my mask
and was removed.
To my surprise there was nothing there,
And I remember saying,
Oh, please put it back on.
Oh, please put it back on.
I only wish I never knew.*

Christa Thornhill

Ever 915

The Gallery

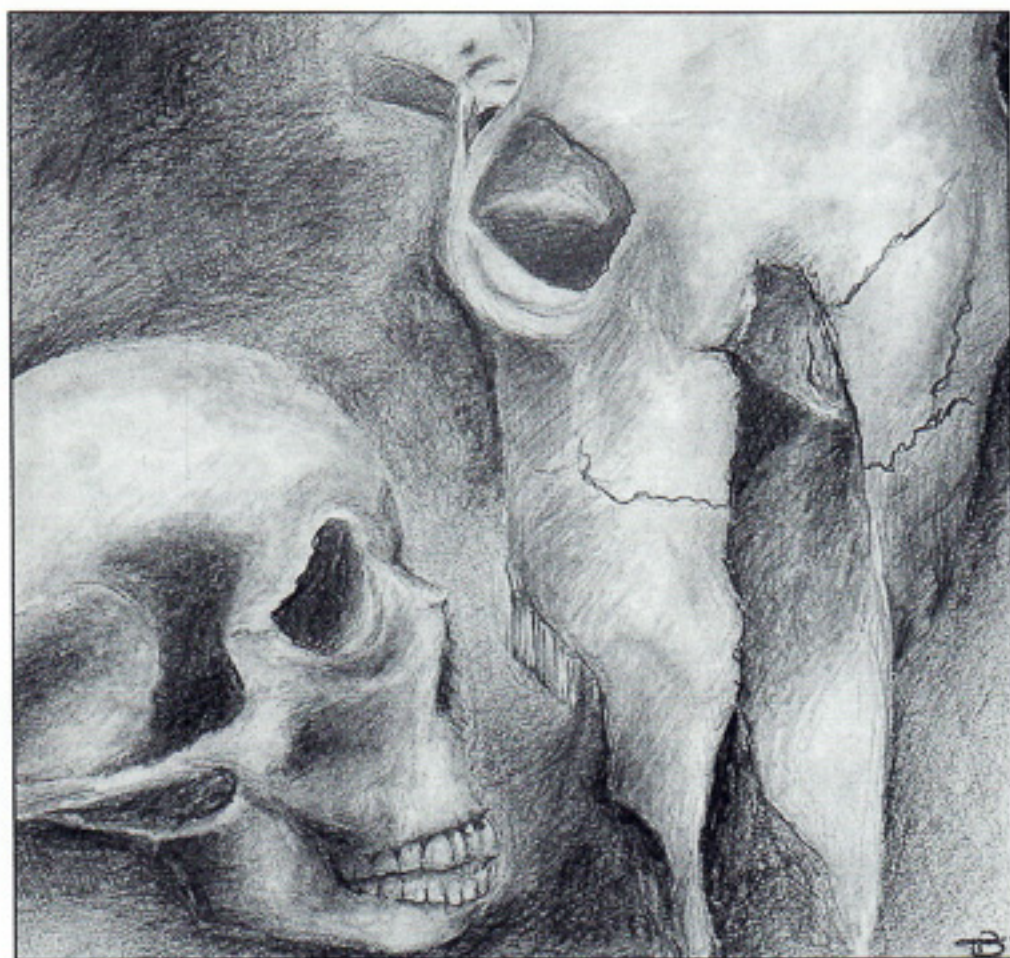
The works of art featured in this section were all finalists in the Labyrinth art contest



Kofi Dofour



Brendan Barnett



Travis Barton

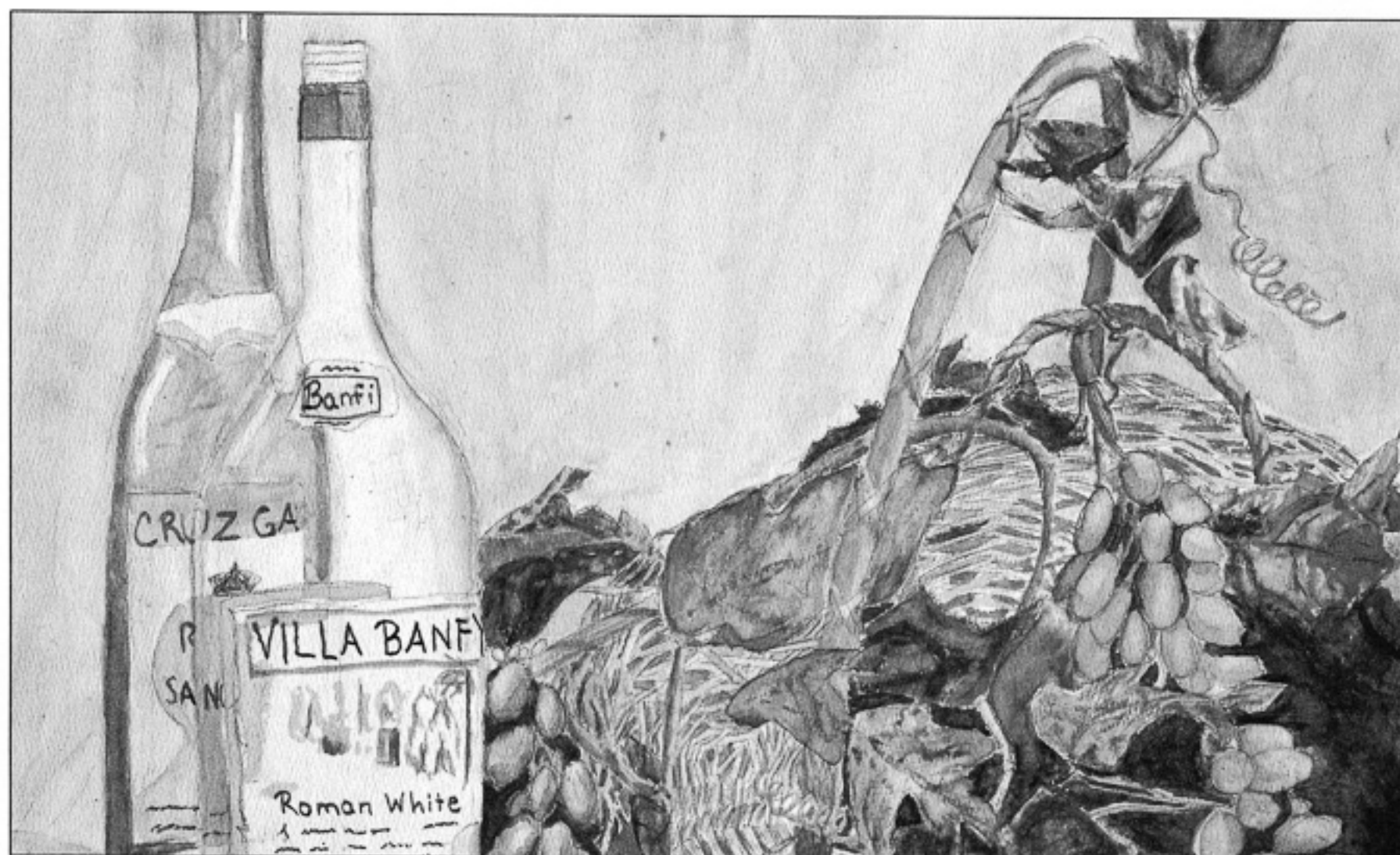


Kate Hines





Kelly Shackelford



Sarah Martin

Catullus' Carmen X

A Modern Version

Editor's Note: Students in Ms. Janice Moody's A. P. Latin class were asked to compose a modern translation of Carmen X by the Roman poet Catullus. What makes this selection by Catullus particularly interesting is that it contains conversation which is rare to find in any ancient language.

What was conversational Latin like? In Carmen X we have a conversation between Catullus, a Roman poet of the first century BC, and the girlfriend of his friend Varus, whom he happens to meet while walking near the Forum in Rome. When the conversation turns to talk about the provincial officials and graft in the provinces from which Catullus has just returned empty handed, Catullus tries to save face by boasting that he has brought back eight "litter bearers," slaves who carry a framework enclosing a couch on which a person is carried. With feigned innocence, the unnamed lady asks Catullus if she might borrow the bearers for a visit to a local temple. The litter bearers actually belong to a friend of his and now Catullus is caught in a white lie. Exasperated, Catullus loudly expresses his annoyance at the girl and the conversation.

Carmen X

sermone varii, in quibus, quid esset
iam Bithynia, quo modo se haberet,
et quonam mihi profuisset aere.

...

'at certe tamen,' inquiunt 'quod illic
natum dicitur esse, comparasti
ad lecticam homines.'

...

'non' inquam 'mihi tam fuit maligne,
ut, provincia quod mala incidisset,
non possem octo homines parare rectos.'

...

'quaeso,' inquit 'mihi, mi Catulle, paulum
istos commoda: nam volo ad Serapim
deferri.' 'mane,' inquit puellae,
'istud quod modo dixeram me habere...
fugit me ratio: - is sibi paravit;
verum utrum illius an mei, quid ad me?'

...

sed tu insulsa male et molesta vivis,
per quam non licet esse neglegentem!

Catullus

Annoying Sly Witches

I saw Lefty up at da square da other day. I wuz just
hangin' out. He took me over to his chick. A fluzie,
she seemed to me at first, but not uncute and witty.
We started talkin' and carryin' on and dey brought up
Vegas. What wuz up wit it? Wuz it a cool scene? Did I
get any dough? I tol' dem, "Nothin' doin'. Nothin' for
Vince or any of da boys, no one comes back from dere
loaded." And dat no good rat Tony didn't give a damn
'bout our perdicament. Da girlie asked, "Wuz you able
to git any spirits out of da deal?"

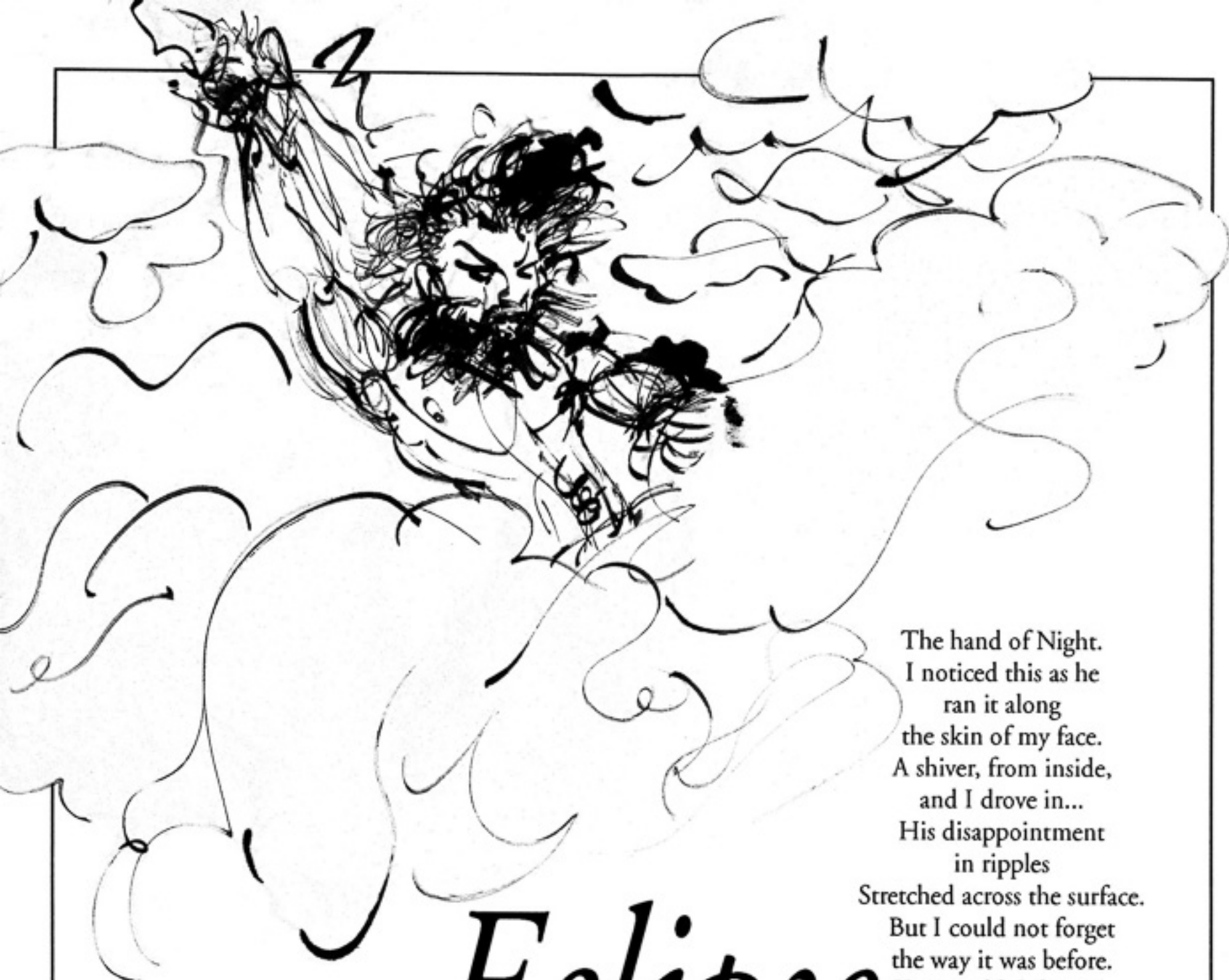
"Even tho' Vegas wuz nothin' but a waste, I did
manage to git me some moonshine," I slyly told dem.
Of course da cat begged me, "Oh, Jake, I gotta have
some of it for da party I'm throwin' here!"
"Uh, uh, uh," I lied, "Well, uh, Franco was like da one
who really got da stuff; but, uh, it's just like it's mine."
Deres just one thing dat I can't stand, and dat's dose
annoying, sly, witches that you always got to be on
guard around!

Jay Nottingham



Y
K
K

PK YUSA
H. ECH



Eclipse

It is quiet, suddenly...
Night seduces day
draws her close
Sinks his long fangs
Into her egg shell neck,
Drawing out her warmth
her light
her life.
The water in the lake at the place
Where Day died
was smooth
and cool like

The hand of Night.
I noticed this as he
ran it along
the skin of my face.
A shiver, from inside,
and I drove in...
His disappointment
in ripples
Stretched across the surface.
But I could not forget
the way it was before.
You wouldn't let me.
Your face darkly outlined
in the nebula.
Your voice twisted
in the wind
that swept across
the dewy pool.
I turned against you
against myself.
The screaming angels
collided in heaven.
The stars
blinked and collapsed.
And I collapsed...
Becoming a dark whisper
in my memory
of you.

Meredith Haines

We numbered three that fateful night.
We searched a sign so big and bright
For we had heard December morn
The King of Kings had just been born.

The voice that told us also said,
"Go, if thou longest to be fed,
For only there can all men find
A meal that's happy, great, divine!"

We kings at first light then did start
And from our kingdoms did depart.
We hiked through deserts, went afar
Just to glimpse this noble star.

When, fatigued and filled with chill
We stumbled on a towering hill.

Up, up we climbed and looked around.
I peered and squinted, scanned down toward
town.

King Casper pointed at a light,
And, lo, it lay there - what a sight!
Golden arches like a bird.
The sign read "Billions and billions served."

A noise came thundering from the skies,
"This is the land of golden fries
Where cheeseburgers and drinks abound!
Where adults are large and children round!"

But wait my lambs, there is more news.
A red-nosed man with floppy shoes,
The clouds did part; a voice did shout,
"This is the new King, have no doubt!"

Andrew Burtless

The New King



Brendan Barnett

Pep C. Cola: A Love Story

Jaime McGreevy

Hi! I'm Pep C. Cola. My friends call me Pep. I'm here to tell you a little about my life, my love, and how I wound up on this trash heap.

I was born several months ago to Mr. & Mrs. Pibb in a small bottling plant in Virginia. My parents were extremely happy when Dr. Pepper told them they had a boy.

Life in the bottling plant was a happy one. My buddies and I would sit around in our cases all day and try to guess where the outgoing cases were headed. We would tell each other our hopes and dreams for the future.

One day, a new batch of cases came into our part of the plant. They were a little different than we were, and we were all curious about them. While trying to get a better look, my eyes fell on the most beautiful can in the world, and I knew that I was in love.

Her name was Di, short for Diétte. For the next several weeks we only had eyes for each other. My friends said it would never last, me being decaffeinated and all, but when we looked at each other nothing else mattered.

Then, tragedy struck. The forklift stopped at our section and Di's case was lifted up and loaded onto a truck. My life was over. I would never see Di again. Life is so cruel.

But what's this? The forklift is coming back. It's lifting my case and loading it onto the truck too. Happy days?

Di and I were delivered to T.C. Williams High School and loaded into the soda machine in the gym. It was cold and dark and cramped; but Di and I never felt the cold, or saw the dark, and actually liked being cramped. We were very happy.

One warm April day a few weeks later, a couple of teenagers came to our machine and as

luck would have it chose Di and me. We happily rolled down the chute together and came to rest in the hands of two hot, tired kids. They popped our tops and the young boy drank me thirstily, down to the last drop. He deposited me in the trash can nearby. The girl lovingly held Di, as I wished I could, and drank slowly, savoring every drop. When she finished, she placed Di next to me in the trash.

Now, you may think that this is a sad ending; but, Di and I are still together and on our way to the environmental center where we may be joined together forever in holy recycling.

So please, do your part for the ecology. Recycle your cans and bottles so other couples can live happily ever after, just like Di and me. * * *



An Excerpt from The Case of the Screaming Queen

Brendan Barnett

Anyway, this Rocky Horror was about as ladylike as Arnold Schwarzenegger. She had the figure of a linebacker, before he takes his shoulder pads off. "My curves, dar-ling," she called them.

"Fabulous, dar-ling," I lied.

She was wearing some ripped stonewashed jeans with a few tactical tears here and there. Her shoes, or slippers, or socks, or WHATEVER they were, looked like the kind of things Peter Pan used to wear before the days of Doc Martins. She must have stolen those booties off the Lucky Charms man, 'cause I don't know where else she could have got them. The fur coat she wore looked like she grew it herself. She told me it was mink. I think she meant SHMINK. And that WIG!

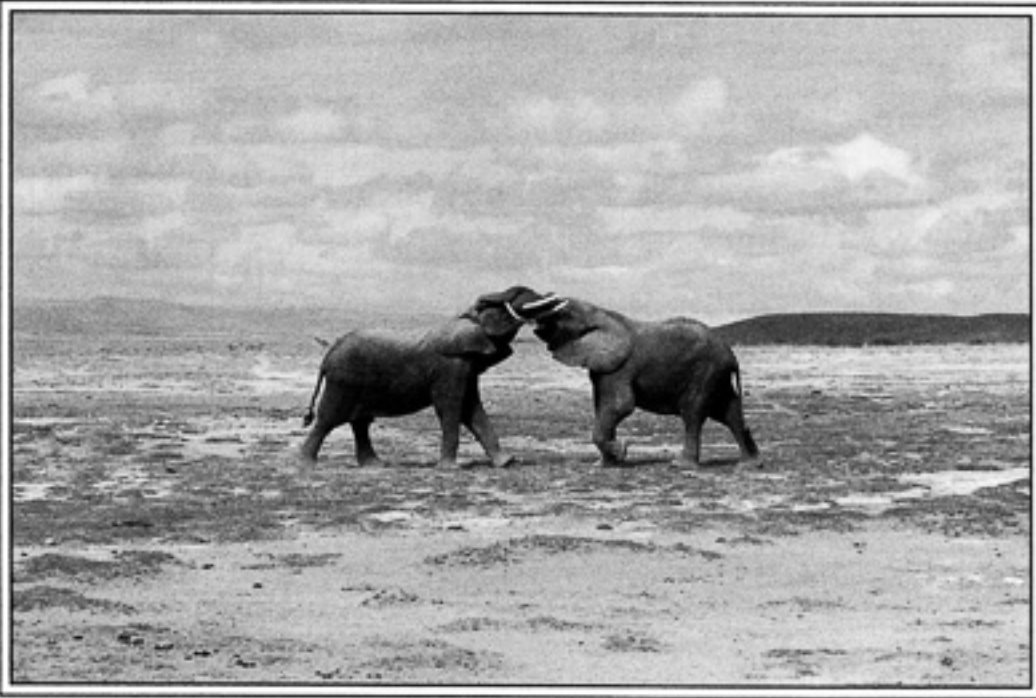
OHMYGAWD!! All I know is, I sure feel sorry for the Rasta man who now must be bald, Honey! And her FACE! First of all, her foundation was about five shades off from her skin color. It was more like a pumpkin orange than a dark brown. I guess that's what she gets for getting her makeup from the Dutchboy Paint Store. And OOH! I swear, under all that paint, she had the kind of face that would make a goat turn and run.

So, anyway, here was Norma Desmond Junior, standing in front of my face, trying to strike a pose and grinning at me with that Jurassic Park smile of hers. UHN! "So whatcha want," I asked her? "DARLING, I have a mission for you," she drawled. OH GOD, here we go again. *

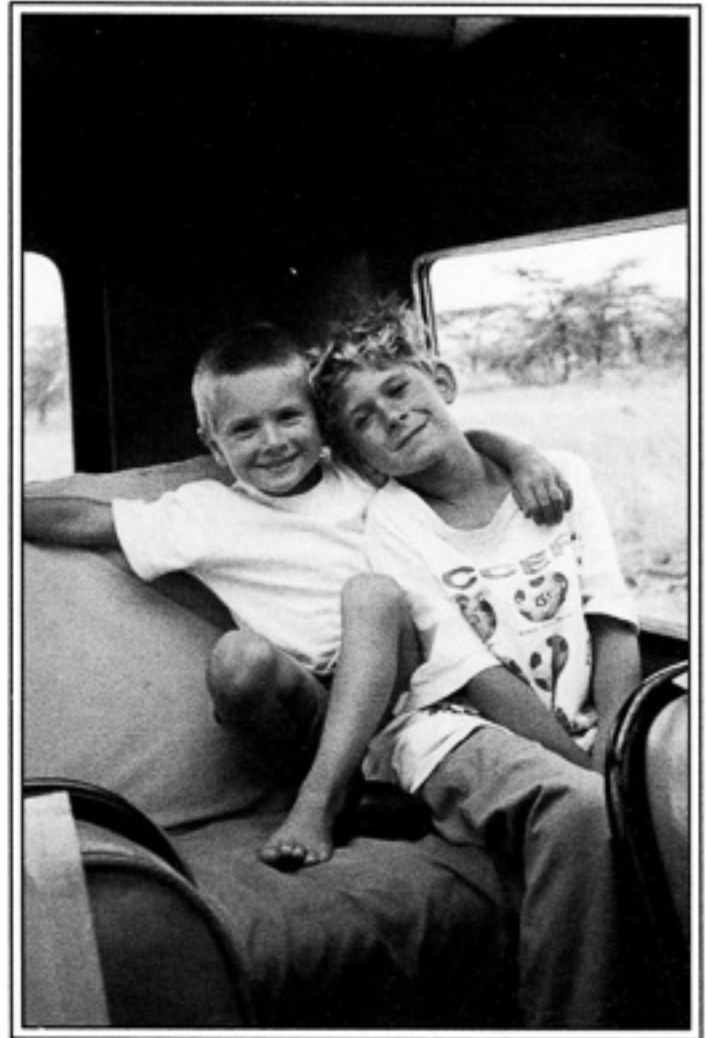


Kiera Lewis

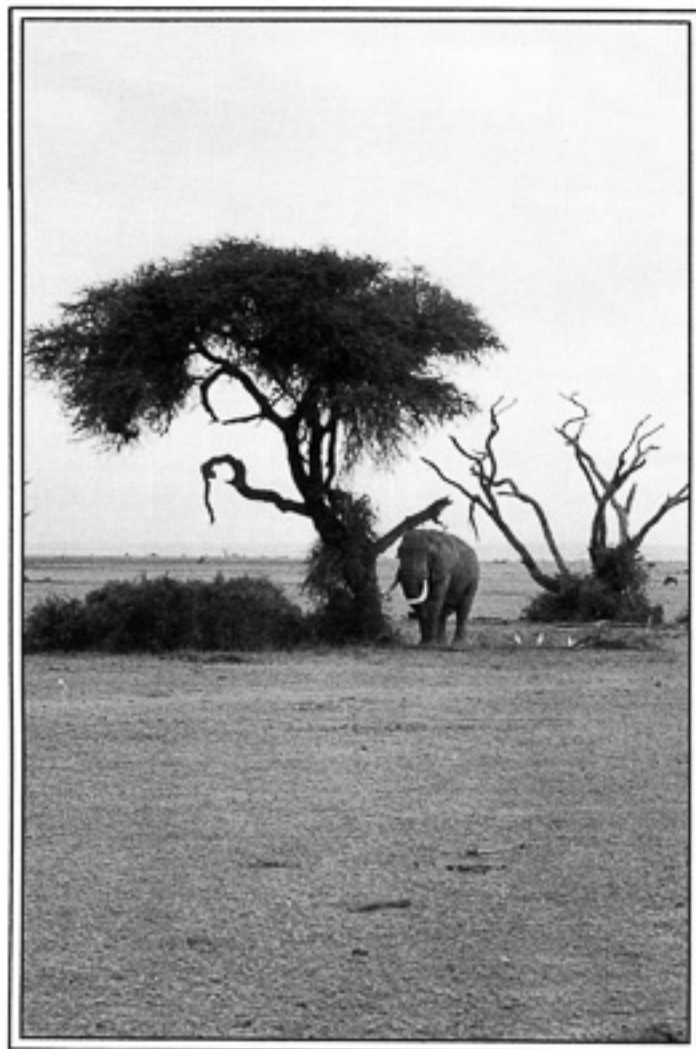
Editor's Note: Amateur photographer and T. C. student Drew Brodhead took these photos while on a family Abercrombe and Kent safari to Kenya, East Africa. Traveling with six cousins (two are pictured here), two brothers, three aunts and uncles, his grandparents and parents Drew visited Amboseli National Park, Sweetwater State Park, Samburu National Park, Lion Hill Private Reserve and the most famous game reserve in Africa, the Masi Mara National Park. The photo of the two elephants wrestling won first prize in Labyrinth's photography contest.



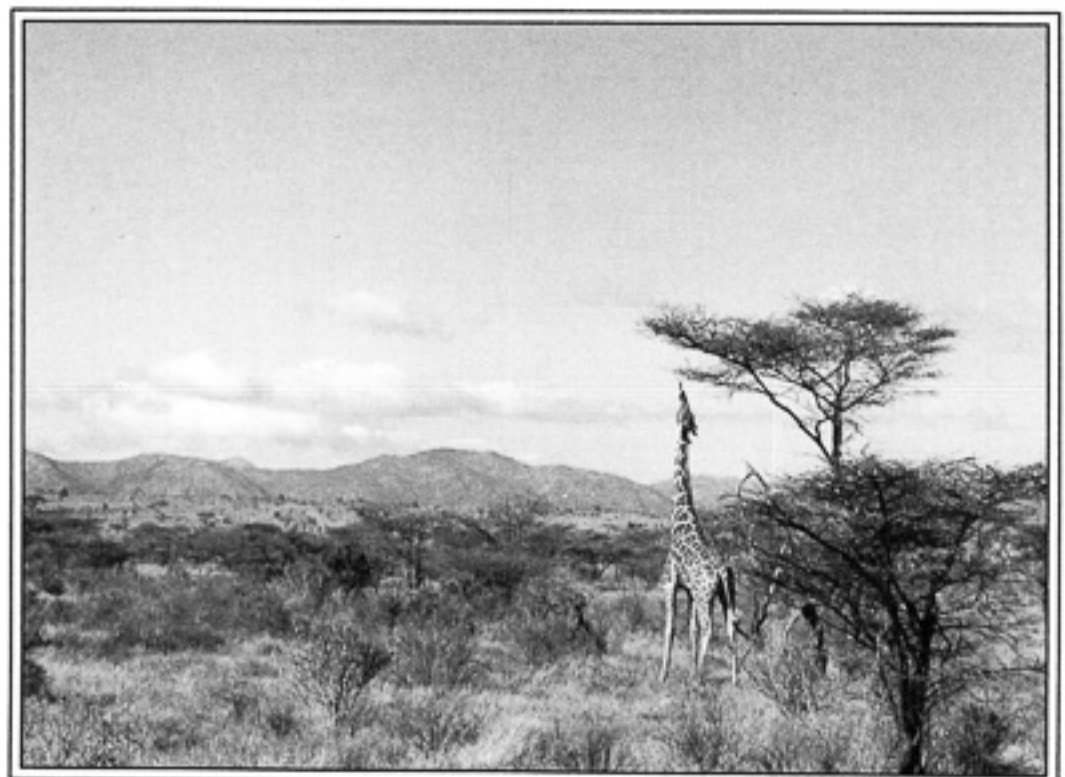
Bull elephants wrestle in Kenya's Amboseli National Park



Cousins relaxing in the Range Rover on the road to Masi Mara National Park, Kenya, East Africa



An elephant rests in the cool shade in Sweetwater State Park, Kenya, East Africa



Giraffe in Kenya's Masi Mara National Park



Editor's note: Inspired by Mr. Hugh Hollar's photography class and her love of photography T. C. Williams senior Linda Gryboski took the pictures of the abandoned Kansas farm house on a trip back to see her mother's birth place. Linda's mother lived in this windswept spot when she was growing up, a very different place from Alexandria, Virginia where Linda took this picture of a yacht anchored at the dock in the Old Town section of Alexandria.

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