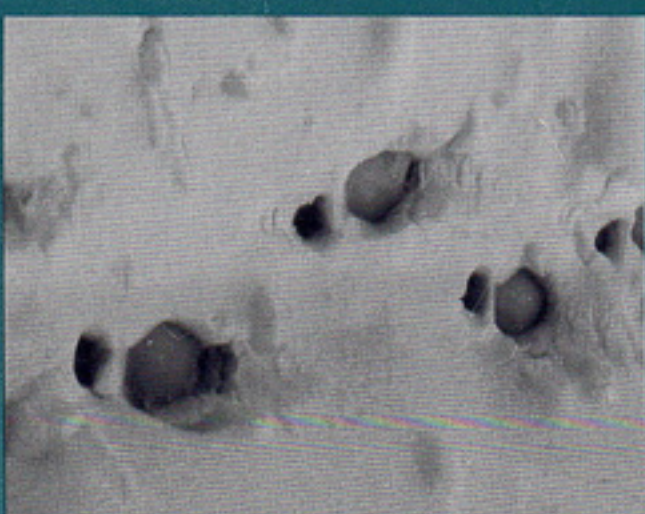



LABYRINTH 2003

T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL

Volume 32, Number 2



FOOTPRINTS: A JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE



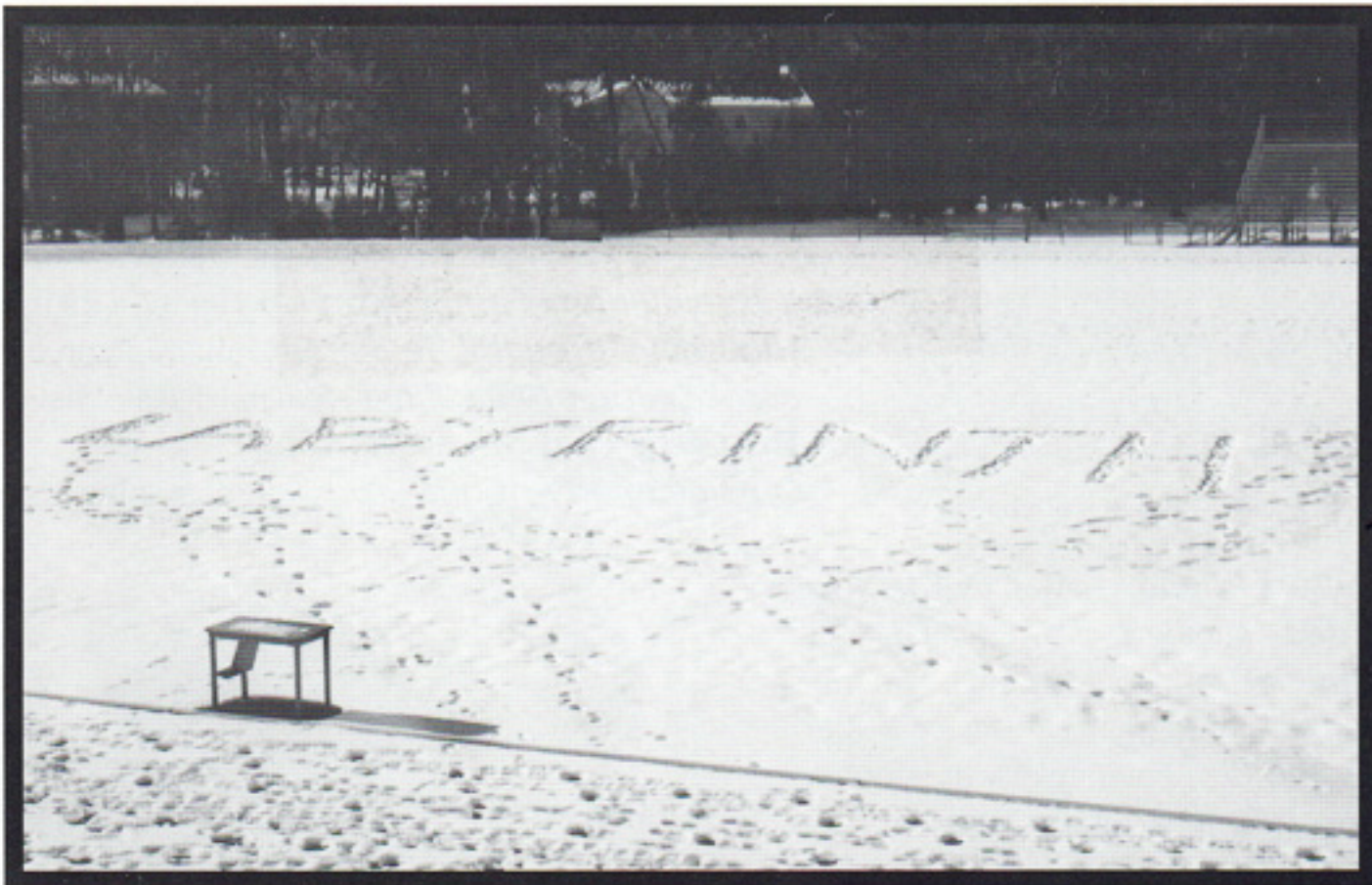
COVER ART:

The photo collage on the cover was created collaboratively by *Labyrinth* staff members with assistance by Ms. Langenfeld's 6th period art class. The gravel photo (middle left on the cover) was taken by senior Stephanie Thornton. The photo on this page was taken by Layout Editor Genny Loutinsky.

LABYRINTH 2003

LITERARY, ART & PHOTOGRAPHY MAGAZINE

VOLUME 31, NUMBER 2



graphic
too
heavy

A Giant Wanted to Win This Time
Colleen Cassidy and Stephanie Thornton

Good?
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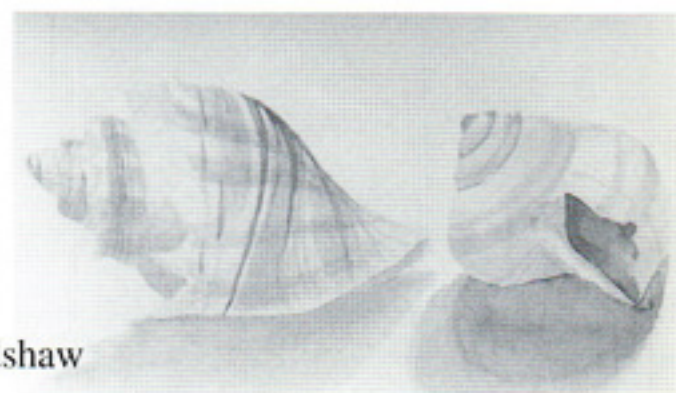
TABLE OF CONTENTS

Past Experiences



My First
acrylic
Songvuth Intavong

- 5 *Untitled* - photograph by Stephanie Thornton
- 6 *The Playground* - fiction by Kristin Grady
- No Dogs Allowed* - photograph by Rachel Thongtavee
- Action Man* - photograph by Bobby Rhodes
- 8 *Love and Hate* - essay by Tiffany Young
- A Different Side of Me* - linoleum print by Michaela Murphy
- 9 *Divorce* - poem by Tiffany Young
- Anime* - ink drawing by Francis Eyeson
- 10 *Strife in the Fast Lane* - essay by Perrin Bailey
- 11 *A Journey by Boat* - essay by Tajdikur Rahman
- Mirror Ship* - photograph by Erin Lutz
- 12 *Going Home* - fiction by Austin Blakeslee
- The Essence of Cool* - pencil drawing by Joe Whitmire
- Untitled* - sculpture by Robert Egan
- 14 *Daejah Renee* - essay by Latoya Moody
- Maria Jose* - photograph by Bianca Martinez
- 15 *A Stupid Funny Family Story* - poem by Kristin Grady
- A Journey Through Life: Parent* - photograph by Jessica Miller
- Patent Leather Mary Janes* - poem by Kate Sistek
- 16 *The Castle* - essay by Travis Snyder
- Outside of an Antique Store* - photograph by Stephanie Thornton
- 17 *Of A Best Friend* - fiction by Kat Milyko
- Untitled* - photograph by Collen Cassidy
- 18 *Annunciation* - essay by Jake Dingman
- Religion* - photograph by Jessica Miller
- 19 *To Is and Liz* - poem by Molly Grove
- Sailing* - poem by Juliana Glassco
- Atlantic Beach* - photograph by Lauren Shaw
- 20 *Evolving Theories of the Universe* - feature by Dexter Bradshaw
- Malestrom* - ink drawing by Richard Lindsey
- 21 *A Moment in Time* - essay by Krishanna Coleman
- Lotus Flowers* - watercolor by Mercedes Kiss
- 22 *Untitled* - watercolor by Caroline Gullickson



Shell Study
watercolor
Alana Noritake

PRESENT ENDEAVORS

- 23 *2002-2003 Highlights* - feature by Clotiel Dean
- Untitled* - photograph by Stephanie Thornton
- 24 *Blue Dah Bah Dee* - oil painting by G. Graham Van Hook
- Cosmetology with Blue Lights and Orange Floors* - painted collage by Kristen Hanner
- Bird* - painted embossed print by Sonja Blain
- 25 *This Side of T.C.* - painted collage by Roseangela Arbiato
- Space Needle* - acrylic painting by Songvuth Intavong
- Titan Pride* - watercolor by G. Graham Van Hook

LABYRINTH 2003

- 26 *A Breath of Fresh Air* - painted collage by Lindsey Crook
- Dear Claudio* - oil painting by Stephanie Thornton
- Untitled* - tempera painting by Chidiebere Muomaife
- 27 *Uhh . . . I Don't Know* - oil painting by Stephanie Thornton
- Show Me the Hole* - oil painting by Stephanie Thornton
- 28 *Barefoot* - poem by Jake Dingman
- The River* - poem by Kristin Grady
- Footprints* - marker drawing by Brian Woodward
- 29 *Conspiracy Revealed* - feature by Shirley Daatu and Nicky Corbett
- 30 *The Triumvirate* - fiction by Will Mannen
- Bahrain* - watercolor by G. Graham Van Hook
- 31 *The Face* - sculpture by Larry Bragg
- 33 *Hanging Out* - poem by Juliana Glassco
- Footsteps* - poem by Rodney Martin
- Boatman: Ollie Like Whoa* - photograph by Ryan Hardy
- 34 *Restless* - poem by Kristin Grady
- Hey, Mercedes* - poem by Stephanie Thornton
- Commercials* - poem by Kristin Grady
- Untitled* - pastel drawing by Zarah Bernstein
- 35 *Gentlemen, Start Your Engines* - feature by Rachel Thongtavee
- The Car From Mars* - painted collage by Rosa Zlotkvosky
- 36 *Footloose* - feature by Clotiel Dean
- Steps To Success* - computer graphic by Desmond Tutu
- 38 *Hip Hop 'Til You Drop* - feature by Kim Hernandez
- 40 *Scott's Fight For Victory* - essay by Megan Coyle
- Untitled* - photograph by Brandon Viani



Footprints: A Journey Through Life
pencil
Mujhid Shukur



Future Aspirations

- 41 *Window of the Future* - poem by Megan Coyle
- Waiting* - charcoal drawing by Fuzum Bahta
- 42 *Preparing for the Future Now: JROTC* - feature by Libby Paniagua
- 43 *Warning* - poem by Casey Cleverly
- Flatline* - poem by Becky Keller
- Death Game* - poem by Kat Milyko
- Ewwwy* - photograph by Stephanie Thornton
- 44 *The Boy Behind the Curls* - feature by Yasi Ghanbari
- The Iron Bell* - poem by Joe Fierstos
- 45 *Dollop* - fiction by Joe Fierstos
- The Tutor* - poem by Joe Fierstos
- Street* - tempera painting by G. Graham Van Hook
- 46 *Monkeys and Trees and Fish and Beavers* - fiction by Joe Fierstos
- 47 *Giving a Hand to Others, Inc.* - essay by Desmond Tutu
- Eclipse* - linoleum print by Jofrey Rivas
- 48 *Athletic Scholarships* - feature by Genny Loutinsky



Bamboo
watercolor
Mercedes Kiss



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SUBMISSION POLICY

All work for this issue of the spring magazine was chosen collectively by the Journalism 2M class. All students from T.C. Williams and STEP Center may submit literary, art or photography for consideration. No submissions will be published anonymously. We reserve the right to edit submissions. Opinions expressed are not necessarily the opinions of *Labyrinth* staff members or adviser.

A NOTE FROM THE STAFF...

This year, *Labyrinth* chose "Footprints: A Journey Through Life" as the theme for our spring magazine. We feel that this theme is a metaphor for the thousands of different journeys that students at T.C. Williams take not only at school, but throughout their entire lives. Students submitted works pertaining to their past experiences, present endeavors and future aspirations. Staff members were required to write features on topics of their choice, focusing on current events and achievements of fellow students. Our folio, the foot on the bottom of the page, follows the reader through the magazine, appearing to walk when the pages are flipped quickly.

SPECIAL THANKS

The *Labyrinth* staff appreciates all the teachers, parents, and community members who have financially supported the magazine through their patron donations. Additionally, the *Labyrinth* staff would like to specifically thank the following people: Michael Gillam of Charter Printing; the Art and Photography teachers here at T.C. Williams: Diane McClaugherty, Holly Langenfeld, Patricia Lewis, and Heather Hoffman; English teachers Jeff Cunningham, Mary Lou Smith & *Theogony* newspaper, and Peter Reddington & *Cerberus* yearbook; all English teachers who allowed the *Labyrinth* staff to speak to their classes; and all the students who submitted their work to us.

COLOPHON

This magazine was set using Adobe PageMaker 7.0 on Macintosh computers. The fonts used for headlines were **Comic Sans MS** (PAST), **CAPITALS** (PRESENT), and *Palatino italics* (FUTURE). The font for all body copy was Times with the exception of Skia, which was used in the Table of Contents. Photographs were placed using Adobe Photoshop 7.0. A four color process was used on pages 21-28. Spot color of Pantone #8463 was used on pages 17-20 and 29-33. The cover was printed using Pantone #5473 on 100# Anthem gloss cover. The text was printed on 80# Anthem text. The printer was Charter Printing of Alexandria, Virginia.

The 2002 *Labyrinth* is proud to have received the following awards: Trophy Class from the Virginia High School League, Silver Medalist from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, and First Place from the American Scholastic Press Association.

Past



Untitled
Stephanie Thornton

Experiences

The Playground

Fiction by Kristin Grady

The little blonde girl brushed the powdery dust from her hands and stood back to survey her accomplishments. All around her stood a well-stocked general store from the Old West. Wooden counters and shelves were filled with horse feed, elephant feed, camel feed, repellants of all sorts, new saddles and boots and a single chicken costume, forty cases of root-beer, candies and sweets galore, and barrels of some unknown stuff. Of course, to anyone else this would be a rectangle of pine needle heaps surrounding some rocks and pinecones and "pricker-balls" in neat little piles, but it was so much more to her.

"Welcome to Kristin's General Store! We've got anything and everything you need for life in the Old West."

Her lively green eyes peered off into the distance at the mountains, which looked conspicuously like playground equipment. Those mountains were crawling with natives, whooping and hollering at each other. She shook her head at them and turned back to her task of straightening the "walls" of her store by dragging her foot along the sides of the piles so that they would be in straight lines. She heard someone approach and swiveled around on her heels. What was to be the first customer of the day, stepped over one of the piles of pine needles to see what she was doing. The girl was disgusted.

"You just walked through a wall." Her voice was flat with anger and contempt. The boy looked surprised and stepped back over the pine needles and entered the store through the break in the row which represented the door. The girl's demeanor changed completely. Her face brightened and she switched to salesperson mode: "Welcome to Kristin's General Store! We've got anything and everything you need for life in the Old West. Everything from spark plugs

to white wash! What can I getcha?" She didn't really have an accent but no auctioneer or southern preacher could have said it faster or better.

"I thought you were playing army fort," the boy said, a little disappointed that the piles of merchandise were not ammunition. The girl's smile twitched for a second, but she didn't break character.

"I don't know what you're talkin' about stranger. There hasn't been an army around here since the flood took them off about a hundred years ago." Her smile grew broader as she added that little absurd tidbit of imagination to her game.

"A flood in the desert?" the boy asked. By the cold, hard look she gave him, he understood that she wouldn't put up with him not playing along for much longer. "Oh yeah, now I remember the big Desert Storm of 1991." Amusement sparkled in his eyes but she didn't really understand or think it was very funny.

"Yeah, I guess," she said, then went back to trying to sell him something. "Well, didya have anything in mind? Maybe a pack of gum or a crystal ball?" The girl figured the weirder the things she



No Dogs Allowed
Rachel Thongtavee

offered, the more he'd want to buy it. She was right.

"Crystal ball?" he asked. If her smile had been any broader than it was right then, it would have split her head in two. She turned to her stock and searched for a few long seconds, then popped back up with a brown pinecone. She handed it to him and he held it in the flat of his palm with the circular part facing down, so it wouldn't prick him.

"This is a pinecone," he said. She just gave him that cold stare that said he couldn't play if he didn't start playing along.

"You just don't know how to use it," she said, snatching the cone back from him. "First, you hold it in your hands and spin around as fast as you can, then when you fall over, you hold it up to the sun and see your future." The girl did all of this, whirling around madly and then sitting down with a thump and holding up the pinecone. The boy took the pinecone from the slightly dizzy girl and tried what she had done.

Sure enough, as he tripped over her outstretched legs and sat down, he held the pinecone up to the light and saw a prism of colors shining through the tines of it. It wasn't his future, but it was pretty.

"Neat. But it isn't what I'm looking for in crystal ball," he said, handing the pinecone back to

the girl. She looked at him with contempt for a split

second, then went back to smiling. Getting up, she brushed off the back of her jeans and picked up a rock then handed it to him.

"How about a pet rat? It has special powers; it can turn into a rock," she said as he inspected the gray rock.

"Hmm," considered the boy. "How much?"

"Four gold da-bloons," she informed, holding out a yellow pebble to show him what a gold da-bloon was. The boy looked around; the entire playground was scattered with the same pebbles.

"I'll take the rock; you can get your own da-bloons," he said, walking out of the "store" with his pet rat. The girl snapped, and shook an angry fist at him.

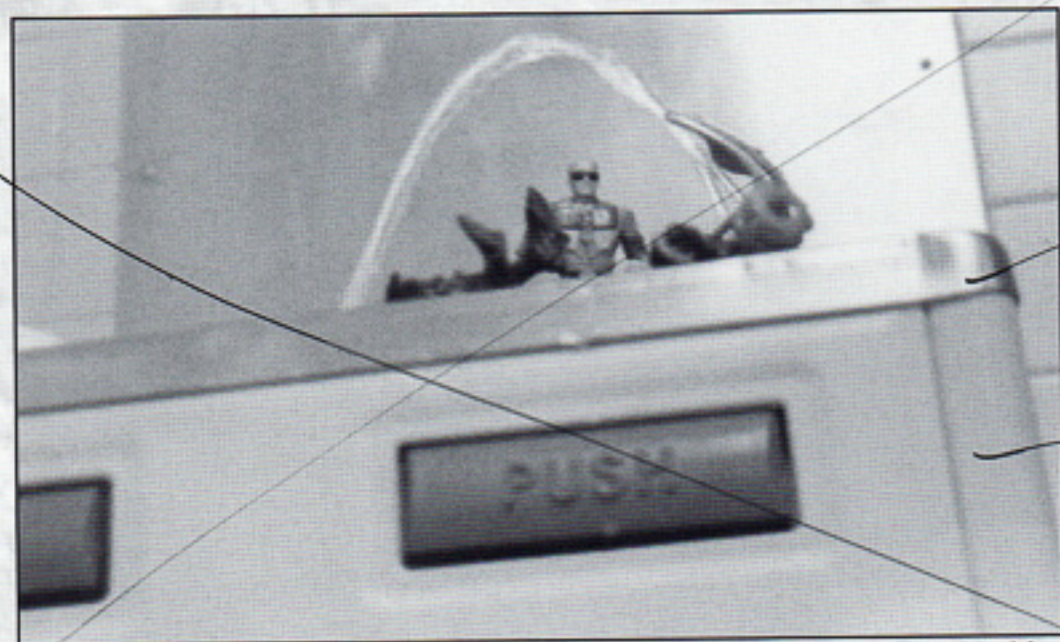
"You're just like all the rest!" she screamed after him so loud that the natives in the hills all turned to look at the little girl in the corner of the playground, playing with the things that nature left for her. The teacher walked over, and the girl tried not to pay attention; she just wanted to be alone to think her own thoughts and imagine her own images.

"Kristen, what's wrong?" The teacher asked.

"Nothing, I'm just moving to Kansas tomorrow," she lied. The teacher took her seriously and called home that night. Kristen never lied to teachers again.

great!

all press ends with an end mark -



focus -
enlarge

Action Man
Bobby Rhodes

Love and Hate

An essay by Tiffany Young

Have you ever been told, "I hate you?" Not just by anyone, but by your own father? I mean, not when you are just joking or playing around, but when he looks at you and says "I hate you" and means it. If you haven't, then that is good, but if you have, I know exactly what you have been through.

I looked my father straight in the eye and simply told him that I no longer wished to live with him. He grew this look on his face, not the everyday look I was used to seeing, but this look that I wouldn't even give my worst enemy. With that evil look I thought he was going to tear my head right off my shoulders. The veins on his neck were sticking out to the point they looked like the pipes on my bathroom sink. I felt as if I could see the hot, boiling blood run through every inch of his body. He was so steamed that I thought that if I touched him he would feel like a campfire that had been going for hours and hours at a time, and I would get third degree burns within a matter of seconds.

He looked at me with his wide red eyes that were about to pop out. Then his lips moved so sharply they looked as if they could have been the needle that pulled the thread on those old ugly afghans that my grandmother used to make. The words came out so roughly it felt like someone had performed open heart surgery on me without putting me to sleep. Then I heard those three words, those three words I never thought I would hear my father say: "I HATE YOU!" They came out so slowly, I felt as if I had been through a world war, as hard as those words just hit me. Tears started to pour from my eyes.

As he continued I heard him say many more things. "I hate you. I will never love you again. You are not my daughter. You are dead to me and I am dead to

you. You will never communicate with anyone in this family ever again. Don't call me. Don't speak of my name. Don't ask me for anything ever again in this lifetime. I will never watch you cheer again. When you get married I won't be there. When you have children

they won't have a grandfather. I will never be a part of your life again. I hope you don't expect an invitation to my funeral when I die because, trust me, I won't want you there."

Hours and hours went by with no words exchanged between the two of us. Next thing I know, my little brother ran up to me and said, "Tiffany, I don't want to see you go." I sighed, not knowing what to do. Those words made me feel as if someone had driven a spear through the center of my heart.

My dad walked up to me. "See, see see what you are doing to this family," he yelled so loudly I thought that my grandmother could hear him eight houses down that long street that seemed as if it was never going to end.

Then I saw it. The water began to come to his eyes and finally the teardrops fell. The tears ran down his cheeks so slowly they looked as if they could have been part of the calm, swift Mississippi River on a hot summer day. He ran to hide from me because he didn't want me to see that regardless of what he said, he really did love me. I followed behind him to the bathroom, which he had locked himself in. Then I knocked softly and asked him to please let me in. He opened the door and I saw the teardrops that continued to fall, only this time not so slowly, but as fast as the water moved throughout Niagara Falls.



A Different Side of Me
Michaela Murphy

I walked into the bathroom and my father grabbed me so tightly I felt as if the circulation had been cut off to every inch of my body. Then he whispered in my ear, "I am truly, truly sorry. Honestly I love you more than anything in this world. You are my first born child and I love you more than any of my other children. I hope you find what you are looking for when you walk out that door tomorrow. I will miss you more than anything, I will try to call you every other weekend, and I love you baby girl."

Even after everything my father told me, I still have to live with these memories every day. There is not a day that goes by that I do not mourn the events that occurred on July 17, 2000. I will never forget the day my father told me he hated me. This is something I will probably have to live with for the rest of my life, something that will probably never go away. Because of every thing my father and I have been through, I feel that our love grew stronger than anyone's in this world.

and more

Divorce

by Tiffany Young

My parents brought me into this world,
Though I often sit and ask myself what for,
I never asked them to take me on this life long tour.
Why did they have a baby if the love was never there,
So now my life is left to be so unfair.
My father is there and my mother is here,
And I am left shedding so many tears,
And mixed emotions ringing in each one of my ears.
I wish I could just split apart,
Therefore causing me to break no one's heart.
I feel like life has come to an end,
So now I am left to play pretend.
I walk around in these daily happy shoes,
Even though my heart is left in one big bruise.

*nie
adapted
sonnet
from*



Anime Girl
Francis Eyeson

Strife in the Fast Lane

An essay by Perrin Bailey

I am in the shell, in the driver's seat. We are at the Canadian National High School Rowing Championship 2001. We are a colossal boat length behind Churchill, the lead, and we have less than 500 meters to sprint.

I pull my eyes quickly from the steering point to the rowers, who roar like the dinosaurs in *The Land Before Time*. According to my coach's unalterable plan, I should call a power 20. We need more. In a gush of courage, desperation, and perhaps by mistake, I call a power 40.

Coxing heavyweight girls is like doing Lamaze with eight women who are in labor simultaneously.

And the girls obey. I am defying the plan; I feel like James Bond. I call another ten, and by the end of the piece, our bow approaches Churchill's stern. We cannot afford to stop now.

It was my first year coxing. It was not our boat's first climactic race.

At the beginning of the year, I was the only novice on the women's second heavyweight boat. The other seats were occupied by eight Amazons who shared a common obsession with victory, and a common willingness to crush any coxswain who might hinder their progress.

I was scared; but worse, I was inexperienced. The cox is supposed to call sprints, count power strokes, and motivate their crew using language not fit for publication in a high school literary magazine. The eight girls, who each grossed 160 percent of my body weight and who blithely carried a boat of 1300 lbs, were the last people I wanted to provoke.

I also had a problem with steering. I could not seem to see visual references ahead of the boat - only gigantic bodies immediately in front of me. At our first race, one victory-crazed father bellowed repeatedly, "She's steering serpentine!" to a grandstand full of spectators. I knew neither what a serpentine was nor where I was going.

However, perhaps out of desire to perform for rowers, and likely out of fear of them, I sought ways to overcome inexperience. I enlisted my coach, an architect, to design a 6-inch booster seat. The

concept had revolutionary effects, I could see. The steering problem evaporated.

I also surveyed the more particular members of our boat (who constituted actually, a majority), to see what they wanted to hear. Every girl responded to a particular phrase: "Don't give up a stroke." "Do it for Canada." "Be a hero." "You're gold." Some phrases echoed those of overly-accepting guidance counselors who coax, "You're good enough, smart enough, and darn it, people like you." I used them all.

Every night after practice, I went home and made menacing faces in my mirror.

And I started to yell.

Our boat began winning.

We are at the 400-meter mark. The rower in front of me shoots back and forth on the slide like a Hoover on a rampage. Her distorted face lands inches in front of mine every time she reaches for a stroke. The rowers spit in every direction.

Coxing heavyweight girls is like doing Lamaze with eight women who are in labor simultaneously. I am used to this. But never has breaking point seemed so eminent.

I call a five-stroke settle to allow two seconds breathing time. But half the boat yells "No!" I get the message. Though their bodies bend, their faces are staunch. I call the sprint.

I beat on the side of the boat. I turn up my microphone and expel expletives and upbeat phrases until my ninety-eight pound body rises from its seat. "Golden legs, golden strokes. MOO-VING! *\$&!"

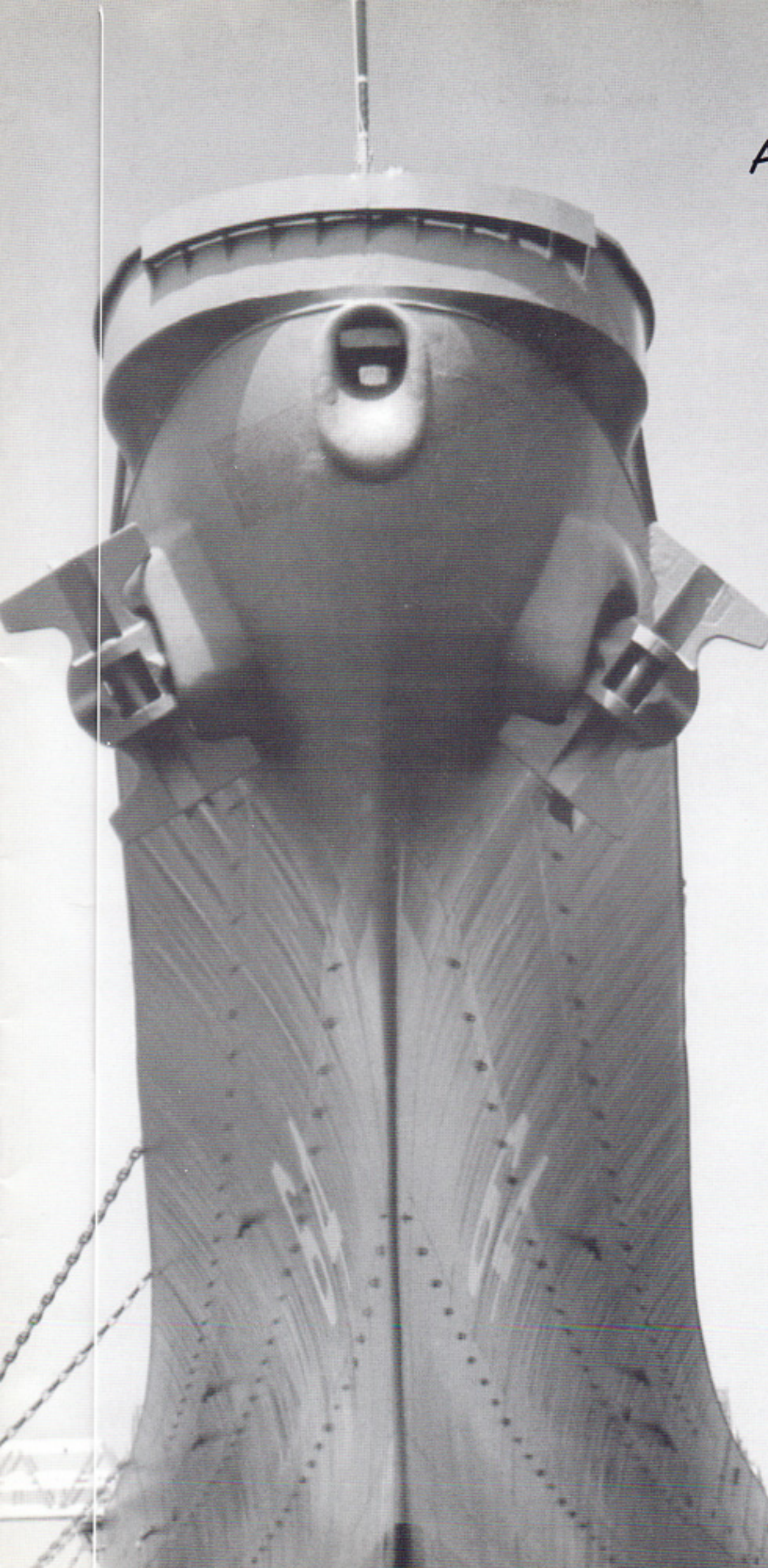
The girls' explosive grunting mimics the roar of a revving Chevy. The shell surges. The girls hurt so much they quit screaming. In a blissful moment of silence, we pull even with Churchill's four-seat. Unable to contain myself, I yell, "We're going to get gold!"

We do. Now the crowd roars, led by the victory-crazed dad.

The velvet lined awards dock is filled with flowers and bright with camera flashes. As soon as I get my medal, the rowers divest me of it - and toss me into the cold Canadian waters, the traditional sign of affection for winning coxswains. We go out with a splash.



Opposite Page Photo
Mirror Ship
Erin Lutz



A Journey by Boat

An essay by Tajdikur Rahman

Once I had an occasion to make a journey by boat. One of my classmates invited me to his house. Our school was closed for two days on account of a religious festival. Two of my friends and I took the pleasure trip by boat to his house.

We hired a pretty boat with two rowers and a helmsman. It was winter. There was no fear of storms. We set off at four o'clock p.m. down the canal that flows by our village. The helmsman sat at the stern and steered the boat and the two rowers began to row on. After sometime when the wind was favorable they set sail. The boat began to move swiftly down the canal.

The weather was fine and the wind was blowing gently. We enjoyed the scenery all round. Many boats were sailing up and down the canal. Some boats were carrying jute and some were carrying fruits and vegetables. Our boat then passed by the green paddy fields. The standing crops bore the symbol of the prosperous Bangladesh. The peasants were singing folk songs merrily. Fishermen were fishing in the canal nearby. Some women were cleaning utensils. Some were carrying water in pitchers.

At last our boat entered the river. The river was full to the brim. Our joy knew no bounds. We found the vast expanse of water before us. The setting sun looked like a ball of fire and it seemed to be sinking into the water of the river. It was indeed a glorious view. Our boat rushed on very swiftly. At last we reached the land.

That was so pleasant and refreshing that I still remember it. It was a great experience for me.

Literature photo

Going Home

Fiction by Austin Blakeslee

A light mist still clung to the battlefield, untouched by the rays of the rising sun. The battle was over, and had been for sometime, but here and there among the carnage, there was movement. Wounded men cried out, asking for death, gasping out their last futile prayers before death clouded their eyes. Saracens and Franks alike lay in the blood-soaked

They were Frankish soldiers, finishing off the wounded. They were coming his way.

grass, and side-by-side prayed for forgiveness. Occasionally, one would struggle to rise, but never succeeded. Countless corpses were strewn across the field, and those on the battlefield who still drew breath would all soon add to that number. Death hung everywhere.

Amr bin Jadhima stirred and tried to raise himself off the ground. He peered around, struggling to see through the mist. He shifted his weight and then cried out in agony as the gaping wound in his side blazed with pain. His pale robes were stained deep red and his chain mail armor was stiff with dried blood.

Amr swallowed. He was so thirsty that his mouth felt as if it had been filled with sand. "Ma'a!" he yelled. "Water!" He hoped vainly that someone would hear him. No one did.

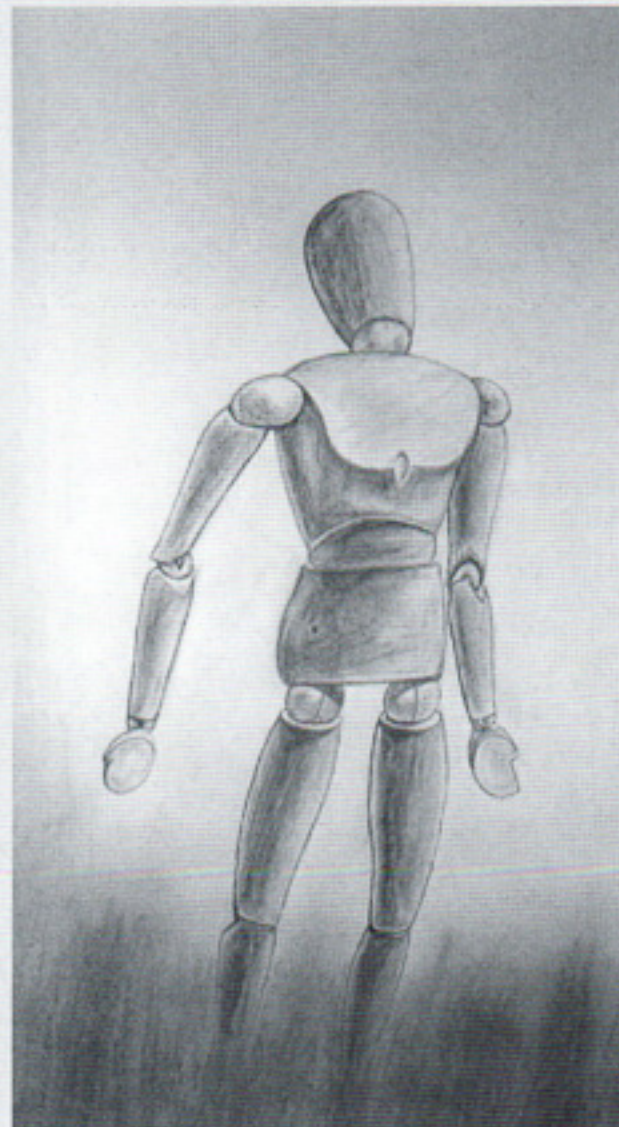
Amr and his fellow soldiers had ridden forth under the banners of the great general Musa bin Nusayr, and the Fifth Umayyad Caliph, Abd Al-Malik bin Marwan. They had clashed against the Franks, and had met with defeat. During the retreat from the battle, Amr had been wounded in the side by a spear, and had fallen from his horse. Now he lay where he had fallen, gasping at the pain, and praying for deliverance from worldly suffering.

The sun crept higher in the sky. Some of the mist that shrouded the battlefield like a thin and eldritch cloak of death began to melt away. Amr could discern several figures slowly walking across the field

in his direction. Whenever they encountered a wounded person, the approaching men would do one of two things: they would either kneel beside the fallen soldier and bow their heads in prayer for a short while, or would thrust their swords into the wounded man, swiftly killing him. They were Frankish soldiers, finishing off the wounded. They were coming his way. Amr closed his eyes and began to pray, quickly and quietly.

"Om!" he cried out, as tears began to pour from his eyes, leaking through his eyelids and running down the side of his face. "Mother!"

A brilliant light shone through Amr's closed eyelids. He opened them slowly. The sun had risen farther, and most of the mist had dissipated. A man stood by Amr, tall and clothed in white. He seemed to glow with an otherworldly and ethereal light, or rather,



The Essence of Cool
Joe Whitmire

the sun of some other world seemed to shine on him, and him alone. Amr quickly glanced at the Frankish soldiers. They were walking slowly in the opposite direction now, oblivious to Amr and his new visitor.

The man dressed in light had been watching the Frankish soldiers departing, but now turned to look at Amr. As he turned, Amr saw on his back . . . were those . . . wings? An angel. The man with wings was an angel. He stared at Amr.

Amr squeezed his eyes shut and murmured a

Amr squeezed his eyes shut and murmured a quick prayer. When he opened his eyes again, he saw that the angel had knelt beside him.

quick prayer. Such visitations were not for a lowly sinner such as himself, but were for great men, such as Muhammad and Ibrahim. When he opened his eyes again, he saw that the angel had knelt beside him, and continued to stare straight into his eyes.

"Jibril," whispered Amr through parched lips. This had to be Jibril, God's great messenger, the same archangel who had come down and cleansed Muhammad's heart and then had ordered him to recite

the Koran. Jibril, whose wings more than filled the distance between east and west, and who had taught Adam how to fend for himself when he was banished from Paradise. Amr stretched a trembling hand towards the angel.

"I am not Jibril," the angel said in a voice that was heavy and deep with command and power. "I am Izra'il, the Angel of Death."

Amr shuddered. Izra'il. The angel who never laughed, the dread emptier of homes and cities, who populated graves and filled the crematoriums, the maker of widows and orphans.

Izra'il reached out and placed a hand on Amr's forehead. His touch was cool and gentle, delicate as a feather. His hand moved down and grasped Amr's own hand. His grip was strong and gentle at the same time, and life seemed to flow from his hand into the very heart of Amr's being. Izra'il rose to his feet, pulling Amr up with him.

"Be at peace, Son of Allah," said Izra'il softly. He led Amr forward, still holding his hand. Their first few steps were on the bloodstained ground of the battlefield, but suddenly, they were walking among clouds and beams of light. A road spread before them, leading to a massive city, with walls of purest gold.

"Come now," said Izra'il. "Come home." A figure stood in the gateway before them. It was Amr's mother, with arms outstretched and tears running down her cheeks.

excellent writing



Untitled
Robert Egan

dramatic illustration

the use of a screen to spread the light

Daejah Renee

An essay by Latoya Moody

When I disagree with my younger sister, Lauren, and I feel strongly about my decision, I stick to it. Rarely do I approve of anything she does. We constantly fight and argue, but I never bite my tongue or change my ways. I feel no one is important enough to do that for. Now that my newborn niece is here, I wish I hadn't.

Lauren and I are about two years apart. Most people who are so close in age bond well. Lauren and I aren't part of that category. We're always getting into fist fights, arguing or bad-mouthing each other. My mom wouldn't dare leave us in the same place alone. It's been like that since I can remember. But all that would soon change.

A couple of weeks before Christmas in 2001, our apartment caught fire. We immediately had to move. Soot covered our ceiling like black cobwebs with camouflage spiders. The apartment seemed so dark and gloomy; like a 100-year-old out of service, vacant haunted house. My mom began to worry about the financial costs of repairing our belongings.

At the same time we found out we would have to figure out the costs of caring for a baby. Lauren had just turned 15, and was a few weeks pregnant. I couldn't believe what Lauren had done. After all, how could a child raise a child? I called Lauren out of her name every chance I got. I thought she was the most immature person on Earth. Times were already hard for our family, and she was making them worse. I always believed her to be a selfish and irresponsible person, and that proved it. Lauren never thought of anyone else's burden and always told us, "I don't care," or "Leave me alone!" She was mean and nasty towards everyone.

I gave Lauren the worst time during her pregnancy. I wanted nothing to do with her or her baby. I called her every name I could think of, even when she was trying to be nice. By that time, I didn't care. The way I saw it was that in a few months, she would be giving me a personal alarm clock to wake me up around 3:00 a.m. for my senior year. My mom often told me to help Lauren out, but I refused. My little brother, David, and I had already put a hit out on Lauren for the minute after she had the baby. We would double team her constantly, saying whatever came to mind. A few times we told her she was going to have a little boy and have a C-section, only because her doctors told her she was having a girl, and just

because we were being evil. Lauren would occasionally cuss us out. But David and I didn't care; it was our entertainment for the year.

Just over a week ago on a Sunday morning around 7:00 p.m. my family was sitting around the table talking and having dinner. Lauren said, "Oh my God, Mommy! My water just broke and it's breaking...and breaking...and breaking!" She eventually went to the hospital, but was in labor until 4:00 Monday morning. The doctors induced Lauren's labor, and she a C-section at 4:15. So David and I did get half our wish.

Monday afternoon I got out of school early. I didn't really have anything to do, so I decided to go visit Lauren and her newborn, Daejah. To my surprise and delight, Daejah looked just like me. She had high cheek bones, almond shaped eyes, funny skin coloring like old peanut butter, and of course...big lips! I noticed I gravitated towards her a lot more because she resembles me. Now I don't have to have kids. I guess annoying Lauren was hard work that paid off.



Maria Jose
Bianca Martinez

*seen about break in
flow of copy*

Lauren and I don't argue as much now. I try to help her when I can, although I never make it obvious. That's just not me. But I also figure it's not my job to give Lauren hell; that's what Daejah's for.

A Stupid-Funny Family Story

by Kristin Grady

It was one sunny German summer morning,
Over a plate of plump sausages and poached eggs,
That my five-year-old sister happened to hear
A conversation in another language.
Some Russian business men were rapidly talking.
It was good Morgan was young,
Or mom would have yelled for gawking.
But she was soon glad she held her own tongue.
The little girl said under her breath,
A word that sounded distinctly like a swear.
A look came into mom's eyes like death,
And I suddenly wished I wasn't there.
Mom shouted, "What did you say?!"
I almost couldn't watch,
But my eyes stayed transfixed,
As we all anticipated Morgan's hide to be flayed.
With a quizzical look on her baby face
And a turn of her hair,
Out of her mouth came a phrase
which we'll all repeat until we're all dead:
"Dusty-o-bob-o, wha' didya think I said?" ✓



A Journey Through Life: Parent
Jessica Miller

Patent Leather Mary Janes

by Kate Sistek

I sit on my grandfather's lap
waiting to go out
in my burgandy velvet dress
and patent leather Mary Janes
I was five then
I eventually grew out of the dress
Traded the shoes for sneakers
and my grandfather is long gone
It is six months away from
Graduation day
That day the sneakers will go
and I'll put on a pair
of patent leather Mary Janes instead

grant ✓

The Castle

An essay by Travis Snyder

I used to go to a place I considered my castle. It had big rooms and ceilings so high they were fit for a mansion. This place was warm and always filled with people who made me feel comfortable. It served as a bridge between reality and the fantasies of a six year old. It was also my kingdom.

Everyday I traveled to this house, owned by my aunt. My aunt was my baby-sitter, and she took care of me when I got home from school. It was a short walk from her house to Mount Vernon Elementary School, maybe a distance of twenty feet; it was better than riding the bus. At school, I could always see my castle through the classroom windows, and I always looked forward to the end of the day.

The house was made of brick and consisted of three floors. The bottom floor was the basement, which was always

dark and contained the laundry room and a door to the backyard. Then there was the main floor, which was comprised of the living room, porch, dining room, bathrooms, kitchen, and bedrooms.

This was the floor that most people stayed on because the television and fireplace were both in the living room. Near the bathrooms were steps that led up to the top floor, which was the attic. It held an extra bedroom and two storage rooms, all of which were covered in cobwebs. Every Saturday there was a pool party, and every Sunday people camped out in the living room to watch the football games. My aunt's house always seemed to attract people to it.

During the warmer months of the year, I

.....
**I could always see my castle
through the classroom windows
and I always looked forward to
the end of the day.**
.....

refused to stay inside. I would go outside with my cousins or play with the dogs in the backyard. My aunt always had a lot of pets, so if nobody was around you could always play with them to pass time. I also played with the other kids my aunt baby-sat, spending numerous hours in the swimming pool until I was too tired to move. But when the climate became colder, the house was transformed into a castle. We played endless games of hide and seek, which spanned the length and all three

floors of the house. But on very cold nights we would simply rent movies and roast marshmallows in the fireplace. At times like those, there was no better place to be.

Since then the house has changed a lot. It is no longer a castle, but more of a moderate



Outside of an Antique Store
Stephanie Thornton

home for a modern-day family. I guess the castle has lost its title because I no longer see it with the eyes of the six-year-old I once was. And though it will never be the same again, that house is still important to me. I try to go there as often as I can, whether in physical form or in the delightful world of memories.

excellent

Of a Best Friend

Fiction by Kat Milyko

A noise caught the teenager's attention, and she saw light skin and black hair identical to her own from the corner of her eye. Lee looked up at her mother, who stood by her room's doorway. "What do you want, mom?" she asked darkly, still angry at her mother for an earlier argument.

"Your father's on the phone." The woman mumbled. "He wants to speak with you."

Lee sighed and stood from her bed, stretching slightly as she did so. Her father was out on another trip. She hated that he was always away, but it gave her some time to herself. Her mother left her alone most of the time, it was her father who didn't know when to quit. She walked out into the hallway and picked up the phone. "Hello, Dad."

"Hello sweetheart. How have you been?" A kind man's voice asked from the other end.

"Fine." Lee sighed and twirled the phone cord around her fingers. "How's your trip? Have you got anything to show from it yet?"

"Other than some air sickness, no." Lee's father chuckled. "Remind me to take a boat next time."

Lee grinned. "Wrong side of the world, Dad."

"I guess you're right." The man sighed. "Lee, your mother says you're failing a few classes. Is everything okay?"

Lee rolled her eyes. Her mother would have told her father that! The woman never knew when to butt out! "Yeah, I'm fine. Everything's fine."

"You don't sound so sure of yourself there, kiddo."

"Seriously! Everything's great!" Lee tried again. Her father wasn't one to give up. Never was.

"Alright then. I'll be home in a couple weeks." Her father sighed.

"Okay, Dad. I love you," Lee replied softly. "I love you too. If you do want to talk, I'm always free." He hung up.

Lee walked back to her room and glanced at a picture of her and a girl with long brown hair with gray eyes on her desk. They had their arms over each other's shoulders. The other girl was Pam, Lee's best



Untitled
Colleen Cassidy

friend since kindergarten. They'd shared so much. Like sisters, the two were nearly inseparable. Then came high school, boys, parties. Lee felt tears in her eyes as she pushed the picture facedown onto the desk.

Pam had gone out to a party with her boyfriend, Eric, a week ago. Eric was a great guy, always in control of everything. He'd been cute, Lee could agree with that. She'd been excited for her friend when Eric had first asked Pam out. Then, the party. Lee had been home, sick with the flu, or she, too, would have gone.

On the way back from the party, Pam and Eric had been killed in an accident. A drunk driver. The man had been caught and was placed in jail. But nothing could make up for the loss of Pam and Eric. Two innocent teenagers that had just happened to be at the wrong place at the wrong time.

Lee sighed and lifted the picture back up. It was strange how, one minute, you can be happy about everything in your life, then, next thing you know, you're not even there. You're dead. Lee bit her lip and pressed a stuffed bunny to her chest. It had been Pam's. She'd given it to Lee a year ago, after the two had had a big fight. They'd been so mad at each other, and hurt too. They'd made up by trading their favorite stuffed animals at the time. The kitten Lee had given Pam had gone in her coffin with her, the last good-bye of a good friend. Of a best friend.

Circle and signature

Annunciation

An essay by Jake Dingman

I never received my annunciation, or maybe I just didn't notice. I never saw two fingers rise up in front of me, no gilded words between our mouths. But I could have posed for a thousand pictures unknowingly, a contradiction gone unnoticed in a place where I noticed everything else. Scenes are never painted until after they happen, perhaps the pastel landscapes I swept across will someday harden into canvas and oil paint. After all, there were witnesses behind every tree I didn't know; I was too busy watching. What will they remember? I didn't know I existed until after it happened.

What I mean is that I didn't know what it would be before it was. I went there because of a thousand thoughts and ideas, but there was no particular reason for everything that happened to me. Was it a coincidence, or had it been written in some stone before I was born? But it's hard to glorify such an experience; the true glory lay underneath many layers of grain. But this grain was what attracted me; I had no pearl prayer book, and I didn't change by sitting the days away under marble arches. No, my angels left no dust of proof; their faces did not boast with dimensions, in fact I think they were invisible, but I felt them in the falling leaves and lingering cigarette smoke.

But let me move into a different era, for my story is not permanently attached to the plaster like the frescoes. I'm also spelled out in mosaics bathed in low-pressure orange sodium light. I stand in a million town squares, pieces of my face chipping off and falling to the ground, becoming everyday. But that's where it means something; a small breath of some gas is released in that moment when a piece of me falls away. This is what I'm supposed to be, a part of everything, just like the woman who's waiting for her underwear to dry on the line. My golden halo is one of enlightenment only, something I want to share with others.

That's right, I'm moving freely now, feeling refreshed as I perch invisible atop a wall at the point closest to the heaven or the gods; I'm convinced that while saints held the view, the people who built it were of the race who came from chaos. Now chaotic,

energetic air rushes around me, past me and through me, this power makes me invisible and self-awareness disappears. I'm taking so much, but what have I given? I hope as much as one Cyprus tree, which after all had no say in its future, given a fate, just like me, and silently turning green among the others. I'm going unnoticed and loving it; the raw feeling is what fills me now, understanding can wait until later.

So now what, I've put my hands over my chest and swooned, gone to the stable and given it what I can, I'm left with a collage of maps, foreign words with more meaning, and feelings I can't describe. Let me try and put it to you by showing you a bus ticket



Religion
Jessica Miller

and a postcard of a painting; tell me what you think. Whatever it is, it's right. This is what I've learned, in this attempt to understand: maybe the raw is really what was most important, it's a catalyst for many things, your conscience is what makes it work. So tell me, when you try and put me down on paper, what will I be to you? Will you paint me always in the same color, always with the same background? There's so much more there, perhaps a story where I become human and hide from my divine family would make more sense, who knows? I never received my annunciation, but I'm building my shrine to it now.

To Is and Liz

by Molly Grove

you're right - stand tall and firm,
and do not give a damn what they say,
they want to see you cry

and moan and beg for him,
but you and I know better than that,
it wouldn't change a thing.

not that I want him back,
no, then I would be the doormat jammed
in feminism's door.

but goddamn you two, too.
I had a pink one at age six
and I loved it dearly.

so where does that leave me?
trying hard to balance on the fence
and not heed the pickets?

I'm sorry for the swear,
you two know it's not so effortless
to play two parts at once.

**This poem was written in response to poetry
written in the 16th century by female poets
Queen Elizabeth and Isabella Whitney*

*I had
to read*

Sailing

by Juliana Glassco

Beautiful day,
Sailing in the sun.
Joking with friends
Ah, what fun.

Haha, yeah,
It will be funny if I fell in.
But that won't happen-
I hate to swim.

Lindsay and Chris
Clearly liked that notion.
Before I knew it,
I was in the ocean.

"I only dog paddle!"
Was my spluttered shout.
Shaking with laughter
The guys pulled me out.

My shoes filled with mud.
And freezing wet hair.
As I scrambled aboard,
I shot them a glare.

They all were amused
By my brief escapade.
As for me, I decided
To lie down and sunbathe.

The front of the boat
Seemed the perfect spot.
When we made a sharp turn,
I found it was not.

The sun dried my clothes
When I stretched myself out.
Then, without warning,
Dad cried, "Come about!"

No time to think
Before the boat tipped.
In the blink of an eye
Into the water I slipped!

Evolving Theories Behind the Universe

An essay by Dexter Bradshaw

Famous people generally want to end their career with a big bang, but why not start out with one? The theory that the universe started with a Big Bang has been the most believable theory on the origin of the universe. George Gamow first developed the theory in 1946. For over a decade scientists and astrophysicists have long been trying to prove how the universe was started and how it will end. The Big Bang theory tries

Astrophysicists may be able to predict the future.

to address both questions.

According to the Big Bang, all matter that exists was at one point (over 10 billion years ago) condensed onto a single point of no size. The amount of time in which matter was this small is not known, but scientists say that something ignited the gigantic explosion. After the Big Bang, matter spread out, and still expands to this date. Recent photos from the Hubble space telescope suggest that the universe will continue to expand.

Although the Big Bang sounds good and addresses most of the questions about the origin of the universe, it still leaves some of the big ones out. The greatest question to be answered is what was there before the Big Bang? The other question is what spurred the creation of the universe? Astrophysicists have offered a theory that might be a little bit more comprehensive. It is called the Cyclic theory, and it is simple enough in nature.

According to this new theory presented by Princeton University's Professor Paul Steinhardt, and Cambridge University's Neil Turok, our universe is split into two separate surfaces called branes. These two surfaces parallel each other and often bounce off each other giving birth to radiation and matter. The two branes' distance from each other will change according to the fluctuations of dark matter. This new theory has spurred a controversial debate between scientists. Although neither the Big Bang nor the Cyclic theory, have been proven, they both have gained sufficient merit.

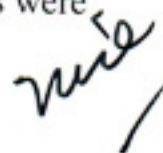
If the accepted laws of physics are correct as we know them, then all of the matter in the universe only accounts for five percent of the matter that really

exists. So where is the other ninety-five percent? For over seventy years scientists have debated the existence of "Dark Matter." Dark Matter is completely unaffected by gravity, but its nature and function are unknown. Dark matter seems to control many aspects of the universe, and might even be the dominant ruler of the stars. At the center of every galaxy there is an abundant supply of dark matter, which rules over its neighborhood with complete dominance. According to laws of modern physics, the way in which galaxies spin and turn, the inertia should push the stars outside of the galaxy, and push the branches of the galaxy to crash together. In some way dark matter keeps the stars, planets, and other objects inside the galaxy, and in their place.

Scientists and astrophysicists alike have put great faith and hope into the laws of physics. The general consensus among scientists supports the laws, without exception. Given that the current laws are correct, astrophysicists are able to predict the future.

Currently dark matter encompasses about ninety-five percent of the universe, and continues to rise. Scientists predict that in about a hundred billion years, dark matter will encompass over ninety-nine percent. In the next couple billion years our galaxy, the Milky Way, will collide with a neighboring galaxy and then with two other galaxies. In about fifty billion years most of the universe will have collided into each other, and swallowed by black holes. Ninety billion years from now minor black holes, and small amounts

of radiation will be the floating testament to the universe that once existed. Humans will have long been extinct by this time, so no one will be able to assure that scientists were correct.



Maelstrom
Richard Lindsey



A Moment in Time

An essay by Krishanna Coleman

November 19, 1997. I stood at the back of the church for what seemed like an eternity, unwilling to step forward and witness my biggest nightmare brought to reality. I wore all black. No fruit flavored lip gloss, chunky shoes or hoop earrings that day. On the outside I appeared plain, expressionless and motionless. Inside, paranoia began to rise. Every sound and movement around me seemed magnified ten fold. I was sinking, falling, deeper and deeper into a pit of despair. The lump in my throat began to tighten and my eyes

My words were
overshadowed by the
loud sound of the coffin
lid slamming shut for the
last time.

began to swell with tears. "Mommy, wake me up from this nightmare!" I wanted to scream, but no sound came out. My words were overshadowed by the loud sound of the coffin lid slamming shut for the last time. I fell to my knees as I was faced with the truth: Grandma was gone.

Engrossed in the processional, I was despondent and dolorous. The images around me faded, as memories began to fill my mind.

I stood at the back of the church on Sunday morning listening to the preacher give his long (and seemingly getting longer by the minute) sermon. I was trying to blend into the wall and not be noticed. "Hallelujahs" and "Amens" erupted around me from every direction. It was 12:55. Five minutes until service was over for the day. "Girl, come over here and sit down!" my Grandma hoarsely whispered. I immediately rushed to my seat. When she told you to do something, you did it, not only immediately, but with a smile on your face. She did not play. We all stood for the final prayer and benediction and awaited that final blessed word "Amen." It was time to go. Go home and cook. Cook dinner for the entire family. After all, it was Sunday and Grandma made each Sunday extremely

special in her own way.

"Time for y'all to sit down around this table because dinner's ready." The house smelled like collard greens, mashed potatoes, biscuits, chicken, beef and everything else that smells good. Everyone from uncles to aunts, cousins to friends, and neighbors to children gathered around that big table that day. "Let us all join hands and give thanks to God." The laughter ceased as we all bowed our heads and joined hands. Grandma said our Sunday prayer. "Dear Lord, thank you for the food we are about to receive. Thank you for blessing us with clothing on our backs, shelter over our heads and food on the table. Also, bless the less fortunate and those in need, (she took a grand pause here) and Lord, let us pray for and not forget those loved ones who have gone before us home to you. We remember them and how they touched our lives. We shall cherish these memories forever in Jesus' name we pray, Amen." "Amen," we all yelled. "Let's eat!" Laughter once again filled our home as another Sunday meal began.



Lotus Flowers
Mercedes Kiss

I was filled with mixed emotions. I smiled slightly and at the same moment a single tear fell down my cheek. I dropped my head as I continued to dive into the happier memories of my childhood.

Cont.

Very, very difficult to read

I screamed as the sterilized needle went into my foot. "Ouch!" I yelled as I started to cry. "Be quiet girl, you know it don't hurt that much. I'm doing this for your own good. You want your foot to get infected?" I sat in a chair as she got the nail out of my foot. I was being a kid, you know, running around the house barefoot from one room to another, playing house with my dolls. A typical day for me. But today, it wasn't typical. Unknown to me, a nail had unscrewed itself from the wall and plopped itself down in the middle of the floor. As I ran through the house, the nail punctured my foot, ending my fun-filled day. Grandma was an angel. Knowing I was terrified of hospitals she insisted on getting the nail out and patching me up herself. After a few minutes, the bleeding had stopped, the pain had subsided, and I had a pretty butterfly bandage on my heel. For a moment in time, my grandma had turned into an angel, making everything all better. I spent the rest of the day propped up in bed, watching cartoons and eating cookies and ice cream my grandma had gotten for me.

The memories hit me like a sledge hammer.



Untitled
Caroline Gullickson

They wouldn't stop coming. With each increasing moment, with every word the pastor spoke, with every tear shed in the room, the memories got stronger and stronger. The coffin lay in front of me, seemingly cold and lifeless. A tear fell down my cheek. All around me

people were yelling, fainting and shaking their heads in disbelief. She was gone. She had been sick for so long and had never shown it...until the end. She was so strong. An inspiration. It was hard to believe the fact that she was gone.

My hoop earrings jingled and my chunky black shoes squeaked on the floor as I ran down the hall to her door. *The door.* Beyond this door lay my grandmother, so vivacious, so strong, so loved, fighting for life, as she held on to the few strands she had. I was twelve. Two weeks shy of my thirteenth birthday. She had promised me she would be there to make my favorite cake and foods. She promised me...God knows she did. She had never let me down. I just knew she would pull through. She always did.

I stood at the door for a moment, preparing myself for what lay beyond that door. I took a step inside. The room was filled with family members and loved ones. I worked my way through the crowd of people surrounding her bed. I stood next to her. The room was dimly lit. The only light in the room illuminated her face. Her features seemed clear. Pained and tired. I knew that time was drawing closer. Closer to the time that she would leave me. "Hi Grandma" I said. I was terrified. She just stared at me. She didn't know who I was. "Hi," she said. I wanted to cry. I wanted to grab her and hold her, take the pain (or at least some of it) from her body. She looked at me and said, "I love you Krissy." I fought back tears as I replied, "I love you too, Grandma." Those were the last words I ever spoke to her.

Everyone was walking out of the church. I looked back at my grandmother's coffin for the last time. We all headed to my house to eat the dinner that my mother had prepared. We all gathered around the table and joined hands. "Mom," I said, "I would like to say the prayer." "Go ahead Krissy." My mom was a wreck. "Dear Lord, thank you for the food we are about to receive. Thank you for blessing us with clothing on our backs, shelter over our heads and food on the table. Also, bless the less fortunate and those in need." I took a long pause here. "And Lord, let us pray for and not forget those who have gone before us home to you. We remember them and how they touched our lives. We shall cherish these memories forever. In Jesus' name we pray. Amen." Everyone said "Amen." There was no laughter this time. That night, the prayer at dinner never rang truer. I will always remember my grandmother and how she touched my life, and I will cherish her memory forever.

PRESENT

2002-2003 HIGHLIGHTS

by Clotiel Dean

- Alexandria City Public Schools more than doubled the number of accredited schools in its system by improved performance on the Standards of Learning (SOL) tests.
- 16-year-old Alexandrian and T.C. Titan Terrence Jennings won gold medals at the German Open and the Junior U.S. Open for his skills at the Chinese martial art Tae Kwon Do. Jennings is preparing for the Olympics.
- Former president of the United States Jimmy Carter won the Nobel Peace Prize for his efforts in finding peaceful solutions to international conflicts.
- LeBron James of Akron, Ohio earned the nickname "the next Michael Jordan" after becoming the first high school player to ever be guaranteed first pick in the NBA drafts. He also had his jersey retired into the Basketball Hall of Fame.
- Controversial rap artist Marshall Mathers aka Eminem received an Oscar for best original song "Lose Yourself," from the *8 Mile* soundtrack.

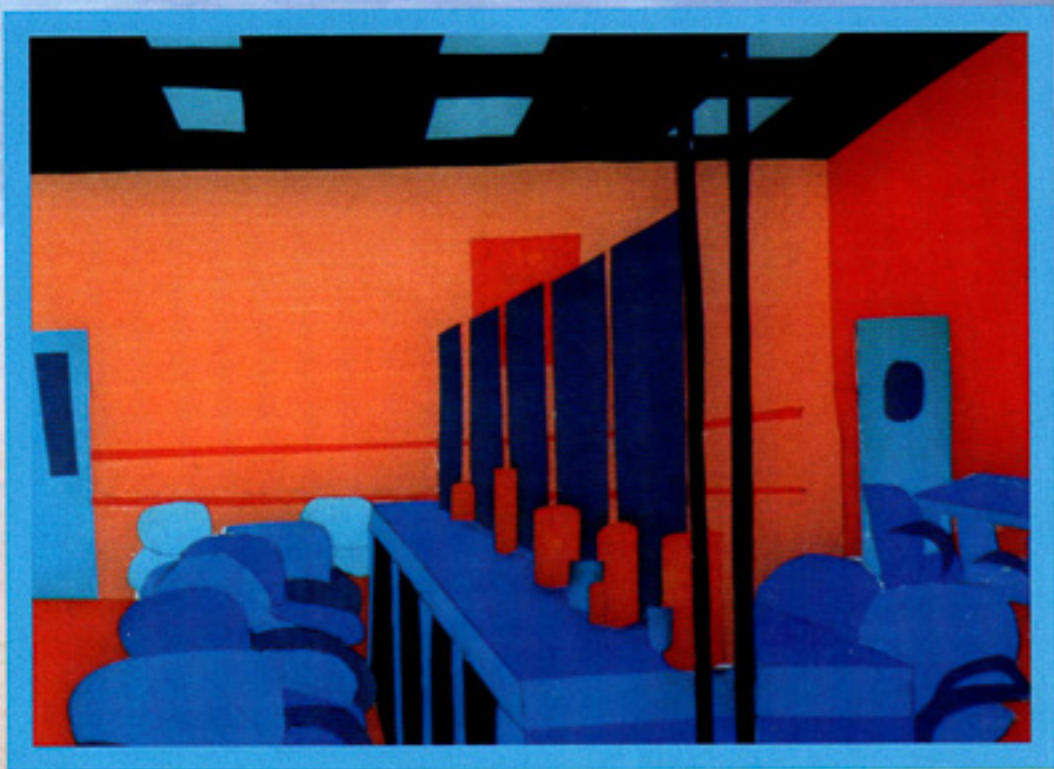


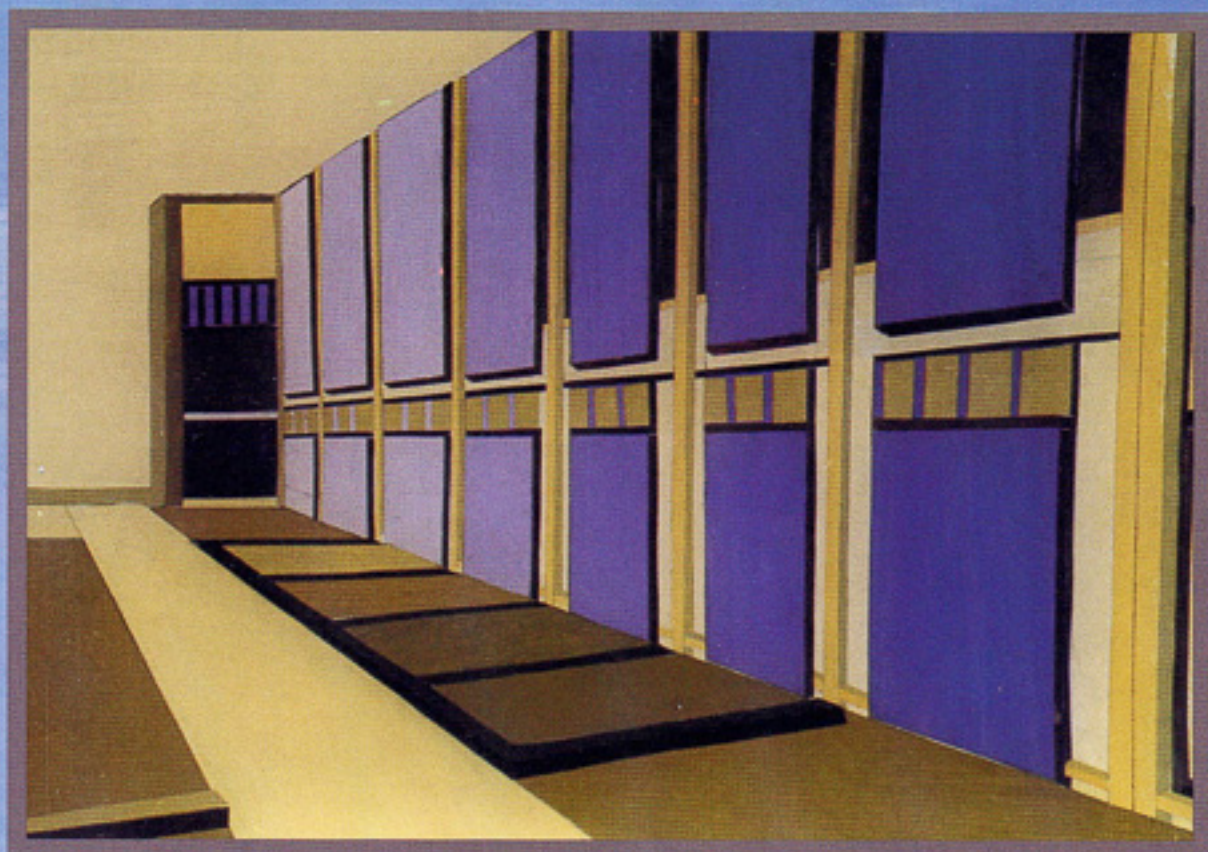
Untitled
Stephanie Thornton

- In the fall of 2002, two snipers went on a shooting spree, killing ten people in the DC area. Until snipers were caught in late October, area residents were fearful of everyday errands. In Alexandria, students were on lockdown with field trips and sports events cancelled or postponed.
- Large amounts of snow fell December through February, causing several school cancellations. Snow make-up days shortened spring break and Memorial Day and got rid of student holidays and teacher work days.
- NASA's space shuttle Columbia burned up on its way down into Earth's atmosphere killing all seven members of its crew.
- The Homeland Security Advisory System put the nation on higher alert status as the likelihood of a war with Iraq loomed. Coalition forces began fighting in March.

Informative

ENDEAVORS





*Background
in heavy
compares with
the excellent
art*

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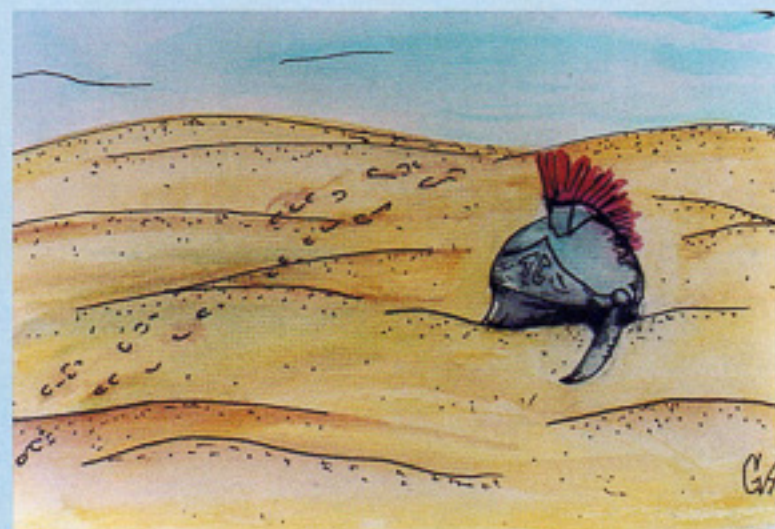
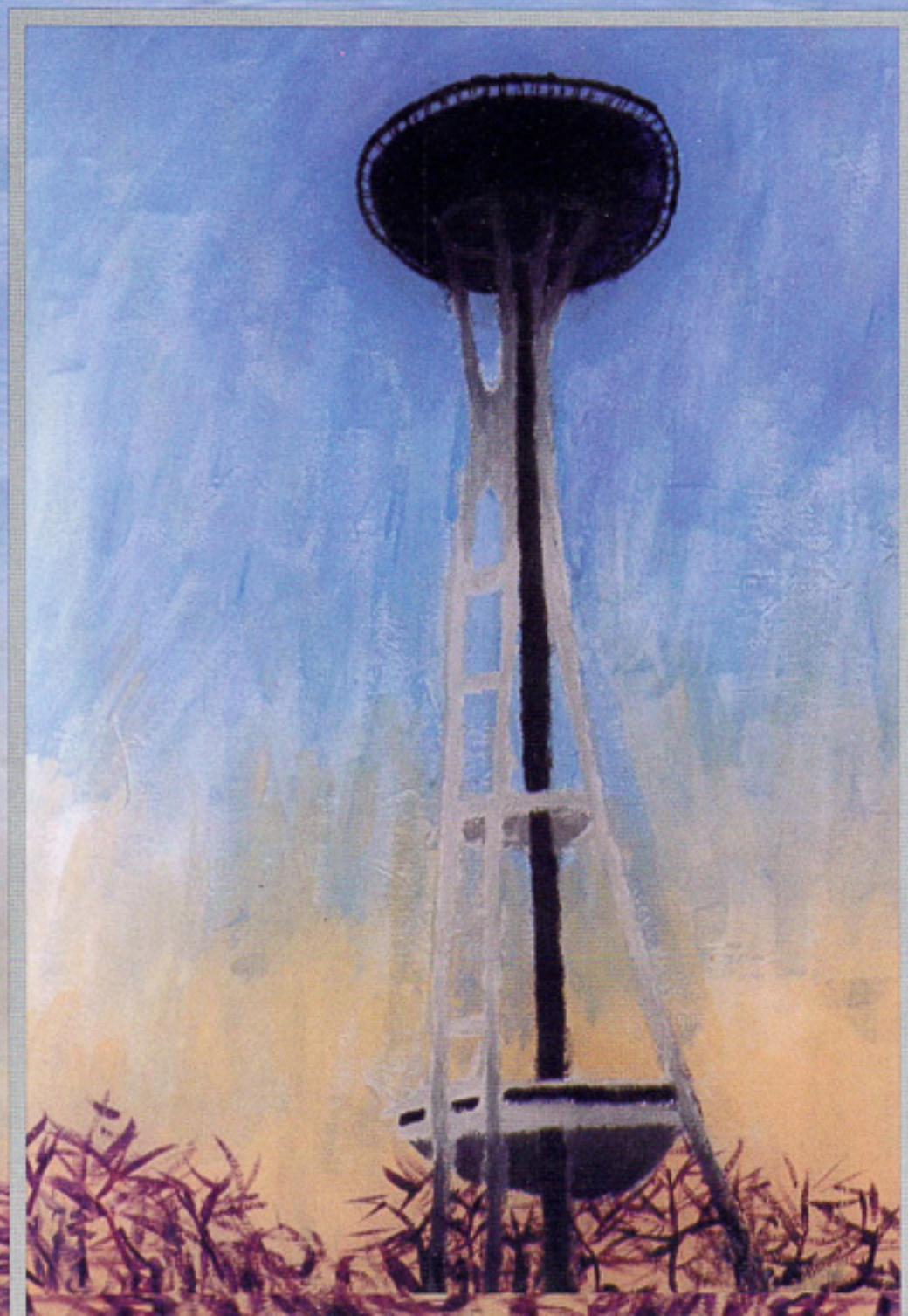
Blue Dah Bah Dee
G. Graham Van Hook

Bottom Left:

Cosmetology with Blue Lights and Orange Floors
Kristen Hanner

Bottom Right:

Bird
Sonja Blain



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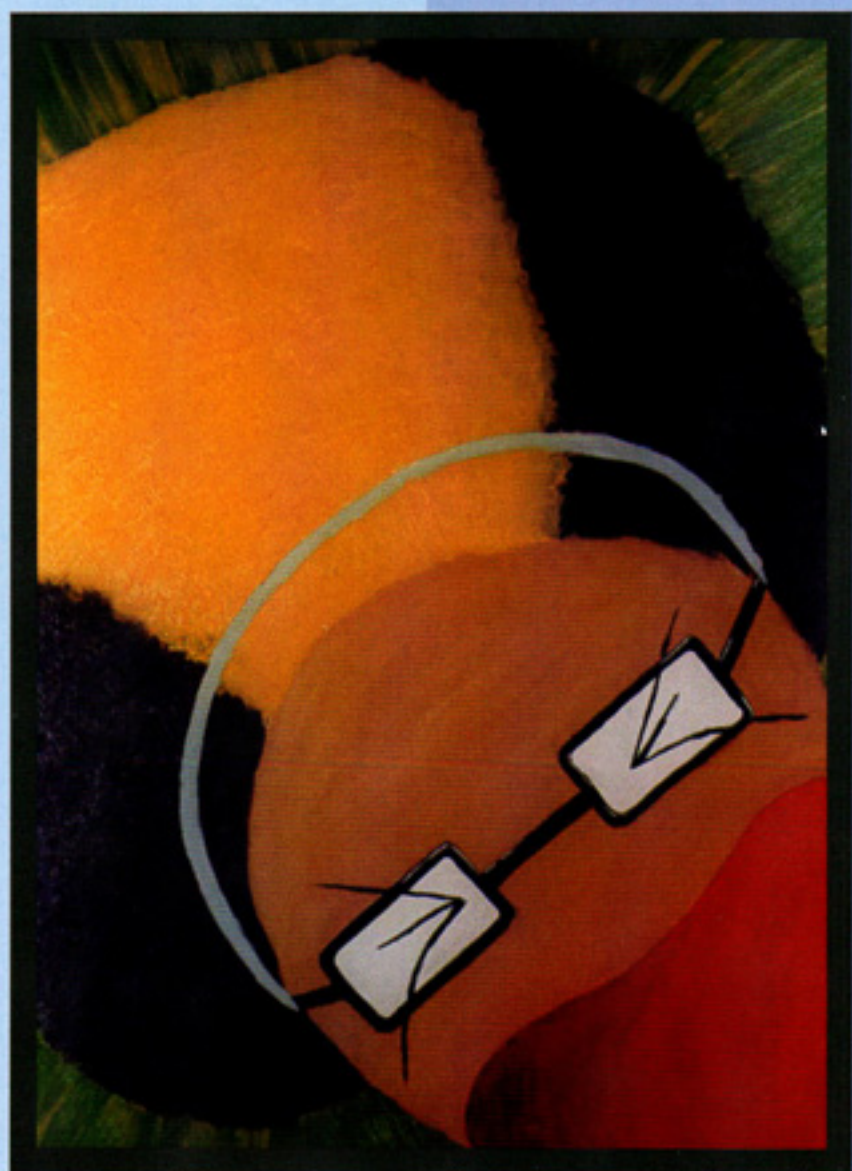
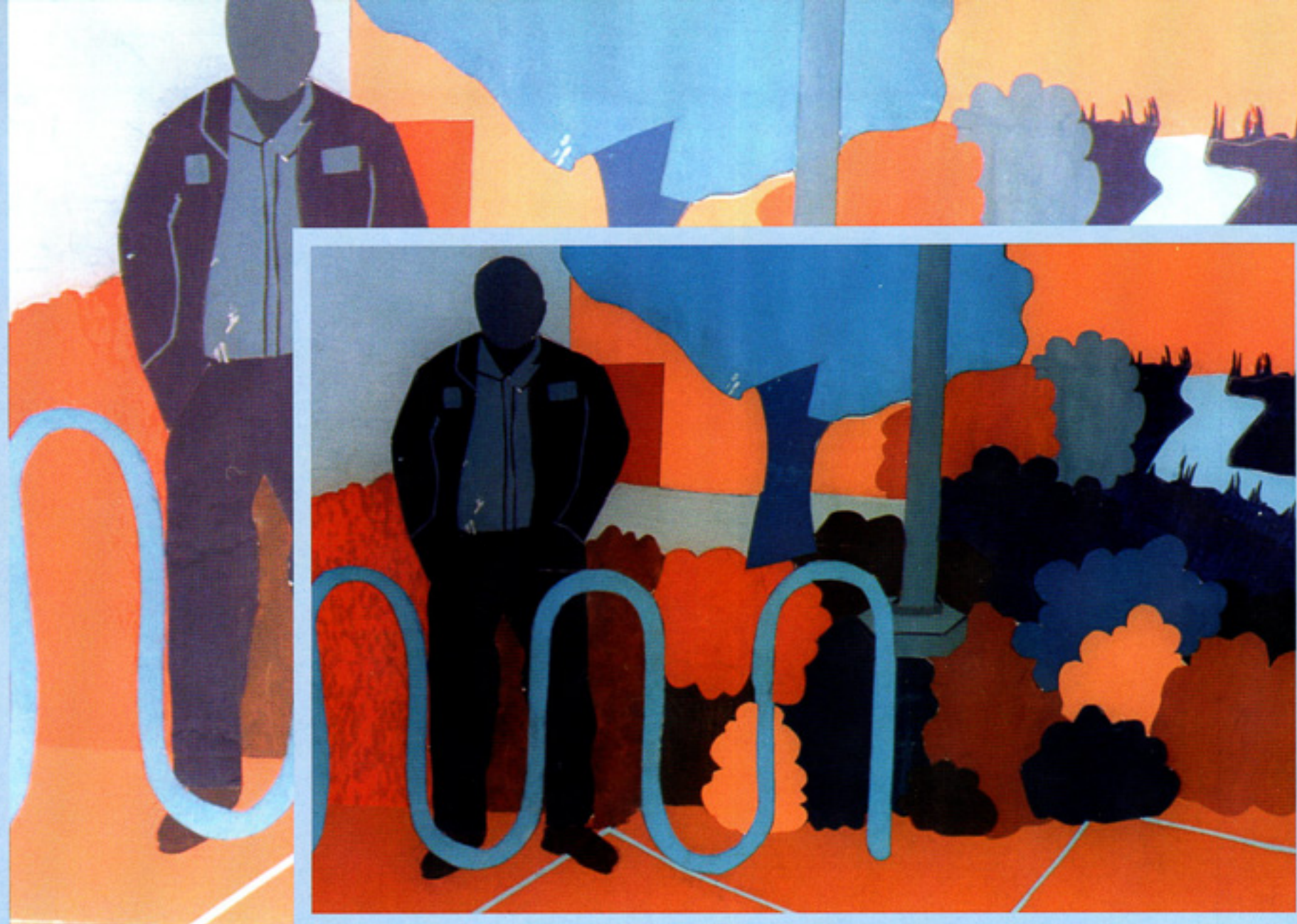
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Titan Pride
G. Graham Van Hook





Superb

Opposite Page:

Top:

A Breath of Fresh Air
Lindsey Crook

Bottom Right:

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Bottom Left:

Uhh, I don't Know
Stephanie Thornton



This page:

Top:

Dear Claudio
Stephanie Thornton

Bottom:

Show Me the Hole
Stephanie Thornton

BAREFOOT

By Jake Dingman

It's that moment,
soft cotton gives way to harsh cement,
the day now leaves green streaks
instead of lint.

Love that moment,
love it when your feet touch the ground,
for the first time
warm pavement
your feet move on their own.

Is it that feeling of gravel between those toes,
or just a nothing between your sole and the ground?

Let restriction pass away,
just curl your toes,
feel your grip and swing,
swing around your branch,
away.

Pat the surface,
feel the rough,
just let it all go
and replace your taught
with loose,
just give up all your acceptances,
and let the blood flow to your skin,
feel the blush.

What does exposure bring for you
do you step back from dewy grass,
or bend down towards it,
what does it feel like,
you're taller by an inch of dirt.

Just romp and roll,
cover yourself with rawness,
show it all,
you can tell your deepest secrets,
and face your greatest fear.

Soon I know you'll rise,
I know your smile will go back to a smirk,

I'll watch it all run off you,
and watch you clean it up,
I know you'll do it,
you'll put your shoes back on.

*Smile
Rhythm*

THE RIVER

By Kristin Grady

Some people say life is a road
Nah, it's more like a river
There are bends, rapids and unexpected falls.
Sometimes you're on a raft with many people to help you
Other times, you're on your own, kid.
But just when you think you can't struggle anymore,
All you need to do is LET GO!
And let the gentle current take you safely to the next bend.

Have



Footprints
Brian Woodward

FEATURE

THE CONSPIRACY REVEALED

by Nicky Corbett and Shirley Daatu

Marcus Glover, a senior at T.C. Williams High School was playing JV Baseball his sophomore year. Every time his coach got mad, he would say to the team, "This is so bush league!" Marcus looked up the phrase in a slang dictionary one night and found out that it meant minor or second-rate. Thus was born the name of his future band, the Bush League Conspiracy.

Bush League Conspiracy is made up four seniors, Jacob Patterson-Stein (drums), Marcus Glover

that we're not bad!" They also assured us that their name in no way refers to President Bush.

The band initially started out with Sean, Anthony, and Andrew Roberts. They then asked Jacob to be their drummer. Despite a fall-out with bassist Andrew, the band was able to pick up momentum with their new bassist, Marcus. Marcus said his interest in music developed at a young age from playing around on a keyboard, "punching out the dumbest songs." Things have not always been easy, though. The boys mentioned "Jacob's McFlurry addiction," as one of many obstacles along the way. All joking aside, the boys have indeed become accustomed to the harsh realities of the music industry. To overcome this, they have utilized such techniques as promoting and hyping other local high school bands such as JELLO, a band made up of kids from St. Stephens and St. Agnes High School.

The boys' motto, "Work hard or go home," describes their discipline as they work to balance academics, extracurricular activities, and practice. Their parents have also been very supportive, putting up with the loud noise into the late hours.

The bandmates hope to play at the 9:30 Club in Washington, D.C. one day. However, they are unsure whether they will fulfill their goal as they must go their separate ways when August comes. The members are all graduating and will be attending colleges miles apart. Until then they hope to acquire a fan base and write songs that people can relate to. The boys offered this advice to future T.C. bands: "Just have fun, play shows, and be open to new things."

To sample BLC's songs, visit their website at www.mp3.com/bushleagueconspiracy.

IT'S LIKE WHAT YOU HEAR ON THE RADIO... BUT BETTER.

(bass), Sean Lynam (guitar), and Anthony Lankford (vocals). The boys already have a CD out and a music video on the way. They've played such venues as Jaxx Nightclub, the Alexandria Old Town Waterfront, the Boathouse, and Sean's backyard. Jacob said he knew they were coming along as a band when their songs were catchy enough to get stuck in his head.

The boys describe their sound as festive and upbeat. They are classified under the alternative rock genre. Jacob boasted, "It's like what you hear on the radio, but better." Their influences include Weezer, 3-11, Phish, Rage Against the Machine, Deep Space Nine, Chuck Brown, and the local band, Jack's House. They enjoy performing Nirvana and Phish covers as well as writing their own songs. The boys joked about their name, "A conspiracy is bad, but the conspiracy is



Photo courtesy of Genny Loutinsky

out of focus



THE TRIUMVIRATE

Fiction by Will Mannen

At four in the afternoon, the sky was still relatively bright, it being early in the summer and the days considerably long. An elderly fellow with wrinkled skin and graying hair stared from his office window to the heat outside. First a glimpse at the sun, and then a longer stare at the trees and shrubs of Northern Virginia. The walls of this room, the very nucleus of a career so crucial yet so secretive, were starkly bare. As Chief of Counterintelligence, James Angleton presently engaged himself with a matter involving Israel and East Germany.

"I NEED THE MEMO ON THE RECENT CONVENTION IN BUDAPEST!"

"I am sending over photographs and a short text you'll be able to understand. This info is so sensitive I seriously cannot repeat it over the phone." The director-general of Mossad, known only to Angleton as Contact, had uttered those words a day ago. Angleton remembered him from the Suez crisis back in 1956, meeting him out in the desert. Did the name of some artificial country matter? Heaven's no, for this was Bedouin territory, not that of some irrelevant emir. Contact, concentrating his brows and scowling, had blatantly cursed Angleton. "How could your country abandon Israel? Now we must humiliatingly withdraw from Sinai."

Angleton smiled at this memory as he watched the sun reflect through the pines, and then his eyes clicked back to the photographs before him. There were a pair of them, both black and white and both focused on the same letter-box at a street corner in Istanbul. The first photograph showed Benjamin Elizeer, from Mossad, placing a message behind an oak tree, later retrieved by, according to Contact in his coded nomenclature, Colonel Kurt Hesselhorf of Stasi. Angleton had known of very few Israeli double-agents and immediately called to his secretary for all files relating to Elizeer.

Mossad was a very difficult organization to understand. Covert in all respect, its overseas residencies were always tucked away behind the walls of the consulates and embassies, forever hidden amidst those terrible bureaucracies. So Elizeer could be labeled as part of the "unit," whatever that meant. At least there were other identities listed in this same unit, one of which was simply the code-name POMPEY. Angleton's jaw dropped. He assumed POMPEY and Elizeer were colleagues, and if they were part of the same unit, then they most likely shared secrets at will. Naturally, Angleton could only hypothesize what went on inside Mossad, but he thought it a realistic idea.

POMPEY occupied one end of the Triumvirate. There was also CAESAR, an agent for one of the satellite states, and CRASSUS, a CIA case officer stationed in Athens. CAESAR was directly exposed to the Czech arms shipments for Nasser's Egypt, so he sent detailed statistics and data about the nature of his weaponry to POMPEY, who then directed it to CRASSUS, who then sent it back to Langley where it was assessed by the analysts. A thought flickered in Angleton's mind for a moment, lay dormant an instant later, and then came roaring back, more forcefully than ever.

"I need the memo on the recent convention in Budapest!" he cried to his secretary in a brusque tone. He had no time for patience, especially when determined to ferret out a spy. Chekov, the code-name of a KGB colonel, had years earlier assembled a wide-range of East German, Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Czech agents into a cohesive establishment that oversaw the arms shipments to Egypt. The memorandum recorded a meeting held by Chekov with these Eastern European subjects. The CIA's Budapest station obtained information of the exact date and time of this meeting, at what was once an Orthodox Church, and cluttered the rustic building with bugs. The memorandum read, "All the lieutenants of this network, be they from the Darjavna Sugurmost or Stasi or some other secret service part of Chekov's setup, did not attend."

Angleton leaned back in his chair with a growing sense of fury. Chekov had purged all the

lieutenants because Elizeer had discovered the rank of CAESAR through POMPEY. He next questioned a former coordinator of the Near East Division, Frank Watkins, in a dark, electronically-impregnable chamber down the hall from his office. Watkins, with his ruddy cheeks and squinting eyes, did not seem like the sort who might spy on others, and certainly not someone who seemed adequately deft or smooth.

Angleton first demanded, "Tell me all you know about the Triumvirate."

Watkins made a confused expression. "I've never heard of that in my life." When Angleton pried him further, Watkins exclaimed, "I tell you, I've never come into interaction with anything called the Triumvirate!"

Perhaps he did know of the Triumvirate as a concept, only he gave it a different name. "When you were coordinator of Near East, describe to me your most productive network."

"The PANTHER channel, most likely. It

gave us information on the Czech deals to Nasser."

Angleton's face brightened. "Was there an Israeli and Eastern European connection?"

Watkins shook his head. "It was all Egyptian. Our deepest sources were an air force general and an army major. We were given all the stats on the weaponry Egypt took in, but it was from the indigenous angle, and not from the Czechs or Soviets. I thought it more efficient to get out secrets straight from Egypt. So we just bought out some military officers. Nothing special."

Angleton was visibly in a state of extreme anxiousness when he dismissed Watkins and summoned Mr. Paul Kirby to the chamber. Kirby, the current coordinator of Near East, was a lawyer, bringing with him the analytical and pragmatic skills most appreciated by Langley. His light, brown mustache gave him the look of British cavalryman in the service of Queen Victoria, and it was very easy to imagine him in a scarlet coat and white helmet,

pretentiously surveying in the wild terrain of a distance land through field glasses, his sash and brass buttons glinting under the harsh sun.

"Paul, have you ever heard of the Triumvirate?"

"Why do you ask?" Kirby's eyes immediately narrowed.

Angleton's voice was a whisper, though as intense as a scream. "Listen, I need you to tell me all about the Triumvirate from the beginning. While we may be in different sectors, I am at a higher office than you, and my urgency supercedes what you deem confidential. Understood?"

Kirby nodded reluctantly, aware of the wrath stored up in Angleton that could explode any minute. So he carried on coolly, Angleton staring at him unblinkingly with the greatest of attention.

"My division is currently in close coordination with Mossad. Mossad knew of our PANTHER network and wanted to tap its resources. I was skeptical, for Israel can be very autonomous in its actions, as we all know. Since Nasser is a great enemy of ours, I decided to align with Mossad regardless of the consequences.

Cont



Bahrain
G. Graham Van Hook

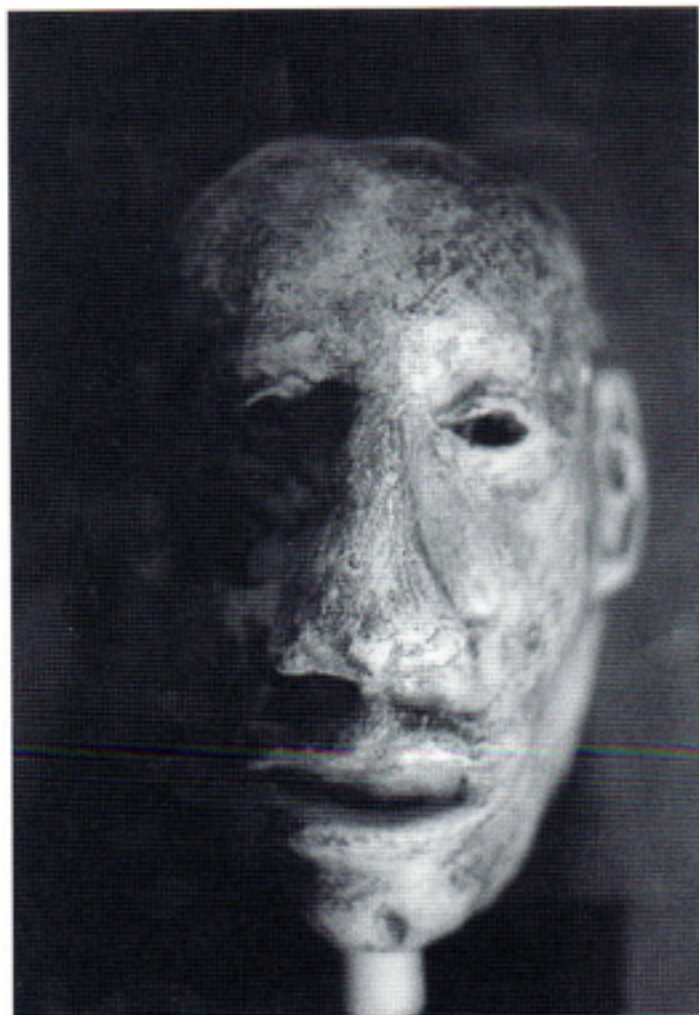
Handwritten: Dramatic artistic illustrations

To protect PANTHER, I created the Truimvirate, an entirely theoretical arrangement. An East European lieutenant apparently gives way info on the Czech deals to a nonexistent Israeli agent, who then gives it over to one of our operatives. Then we use another Israeli..."

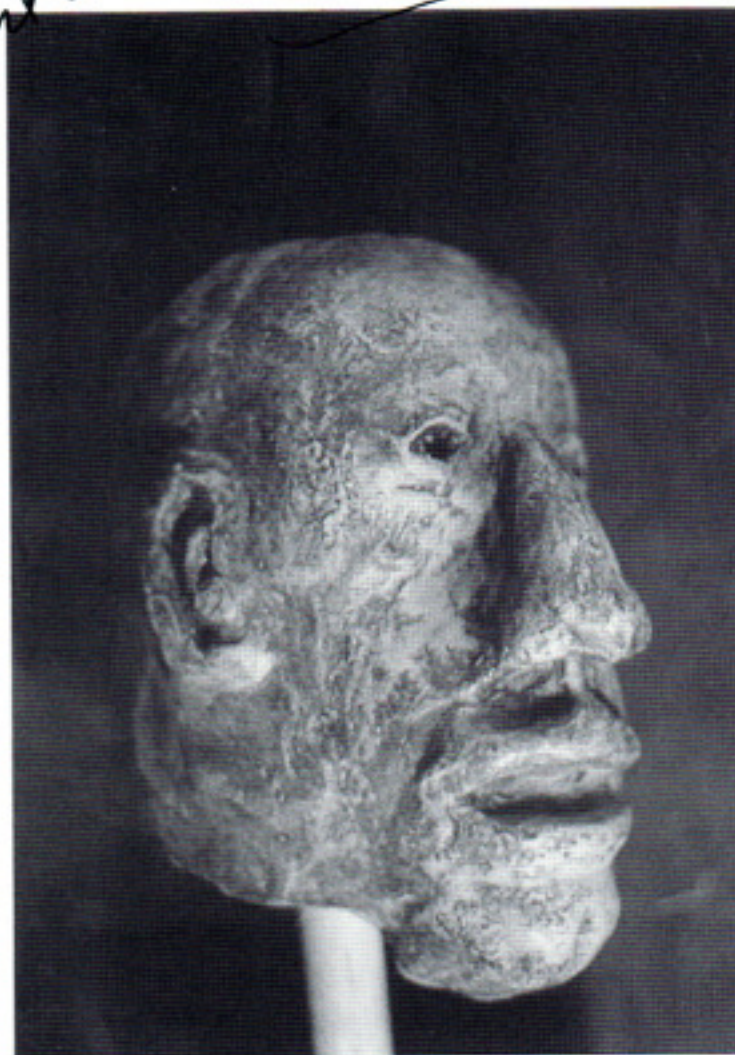
"Elizeer!"

Kirby rolled his eyes nonchalantly at the interruption. "Anyhow, Elizeer is a triple agent. Here's the catch. A rogue element of Mossad decided to have Elizeer give away real, though relatively frivolous, secrets to a Stasi agent, Hesselhorf, who inevitably passes then to Chekov. These fellows knew Contact would never approve of such a plan, which is why he thinks Elizeer's a double. So the stage is set to feed Hesselhorf the false information on the Truimvirate, and Chekov took it literally, because he purged all lieutenants in every single security apparatus that was involved with the Czech-Egyptian deals. Now there's bureaucratic chaos on the entire arms dealing operation. More importantly, PANTHER is safe."

"PANTHER must be some vital channel, if all of this was set up solely to divert Chekov's attention?"



The Face
Larry Bragg



The Face
Larry Bragg

Kirby grinned like a schoolboy. "The reason I created the Truimvirate is that PANTHER was transformed into something totally different a few years ago. No longer would it provide us with the incoming shipments of weaponry into Egypt, but on the layout and status of Egypt's military overall, such as their capabilities, their contingency plans, et cetera. For instance, all of Egypt's Mig fighters still don't have heat-seeking missiles."

Angleton smiled slightly, wary of what the Israelis might do with the intelligence. When he posed this problems, Kirby shrugged. "Politics and espionage are inevitably interlinked."

Three days later, on the 5th of June, 1967, Israel launched a unilateral air strike against Egypt, initiating the Six Day War. After Jordan and Syria entered the struggle, Israel annihilated the air forces of its three Arab adversaries in a single day. Israeli troops then advanced deep into enemy territory and occupied the West Bank, Gaza, the Golan Heights, and the Sinai. Angleton could only imagine Contact in his khaki outfit and his eyes gleaming with victory, commandeering on one end and oblivious on the other.

Handwritten signature: Angleton

HANGING OUT

by Juliana Glassco

It's a warm, sunny Saturday,
But we're chillin' inside.
It's too early to go out -
Our brains are too fried.

I lean back on the couch
And sip a cool drink.
For the rest of the day
We'll talk, laugh, and just think.

We sink into silence,
Then erupt into giggles.
Through it all, we eat,
Soda, chips, chocolate, pickles!

We think faster than we can talk,
The speed slurs our speech.
We peer into infinity
For truths beyond our reach.

We talk about everything
And we talk about nothing.
We don't reach many conclusions,
But that's not what matters -
It's the time we spend thinking.

There is nothing so wonderful
As hanging out with my friends.
Spending time together,
A bond that never ends.



Boatman: Ollie Like Whoa
Ryan Hardy

FOOTSTEPS

by Rodney Martin

Whence the beginning of my time, new footsteps I'll take,
undoubtedly, shamelessly will be mistakes.
Hardships may arise, overwhelming times shall fall,
I will overcome, press through it all.
With two strikes against me, male gender plus a black face,
how does one prosper in a prejudiced place.
Work will be strenuous to find,
anybody, God, please give me a sign?
Will I ever know, which path to take,
what road to go for goodness' sake.
This path is stretched forth, that road is not straight,
fluttering my footsteps just as an earthquake
would rattle me up, surely would throw me down,
suffocating thoughts, almost to drown.
I frown upon the thought of not making life's cut,
not making the grade, a blow to the gut.
Whence the beginning of time, new footsteps since old,
memories I'll cherish them just as gold.
Those steps I once took, gratefully I'll keep,
my footsteps since then are graceful like leaps.

excellent

COMMERCIALS

by Kristin Grady

RESTLESS

by Kristin Grady

Craving warmer weather.
Mom fell asleep.
"City of Angels" is on.
Outside it's fourteen degrees.
The play is over.
February is near.
Wondering if there's someone
Who's as lonely as we're.
Want to get out of this city.
Been here too long.
So restless.
Same old teenage song.
Want to see green.
Want to feel warmth.
But not here.
Anywhere but here.
Preferably in the mountains.
With solitude, quiet and a sleeping bag.
Transcendental beauty.
God's cathedral.
Waiting for the heating system to be installed.
Waiting for Easter decorations to be put up.
Waiting...
Waiting...
Waiting...for what?
Change.
Rebirth.
Renewal.
A new life.
So restless

I hate commercials.
Call this number.
Get a free bible.
Clean your floor with this mop.
No, not that one, this one.
Which one?
Nevermind, we make them both.
See this movie.
Watch this show.
You love these people,
Who you don't know.
Eat this...(I think it's) food
It's worse than chicken feed.
You will buy our useless junk
That you don't need.
Buy our lies
Wrapped around poorly-made crap.
Mind-numbing jingles.
Celebrity teeth.
Glitz and glamour.
And nothing underneath.

*nic
and plan*

HEY, MERCEDES

by Stephanie Thornton

He stands over me, with his thrift store jeans.
He's trying to grow out his hair but it's taking too long.
We're looking at each other through our black frames.
We're searching for something to cover our wounds, but
we're not leaving here.
As we ail inside, we're alone again.
Our desperate eyes, make us desperate souls.
Us two EMO lovers, cry a river and float in the mist with our
weary eyes.
Our foot prints are the razor blades that hurt their eyes.
His open jaw amazes me and I close my eyes to see him
standing there.

FEATURE

GENTLEMEN, START YOUR ENGINES

by Rachel Thongtavee

If the average person spends approximately four years of their lifetime in their car, why not make a personal statement and embark on making it the epitome of all cars? With a cool seven grand, this just might be possible. But don't let that slight sum of money stop you; as one of T.C.'s biggest car enthusiasts confesses, "it can go way beyond that." Why would any sane person put so much time and money into a hunk of metal? To answer this question, let's delve into the minds of T.C. William's most devoted car-lovers.

It all started for Ryan Battle when, as a mere seven-year-old, he was captivated by the British Train Car Championships with wide-eyed boy wonder. Years progressed and that same boy gently grew into an active young man. Now at seventeen, Ryan lives, eats, and breathes cars. Consumed by the world of automobiles, he immerses himself in all that he can. From reading books to going to car shows, he lives for cars. Not just any cars though, mind you: *fast* cars. The faster the better. With his 2002 Acura RSX Type-S, six-speed manual transmission, Ryan is on his way to play with the big boys. A rundown of Ryan's actual car would be nearly impossible, since exposing what's under the hood is taboo in the car industry.

Teerawood Tongrugs owns a Volkswagen GTI Driver's Edition 1997, outfitted with Freedom Design Front Spoiler and Wings West Rear Diffuser. Estimated at about \$17,000 as of now, this car is no tinker-toy. "I got into cars when I was young... like in 6th grade... I always liked cars," states Teerawood. "My dream car would have to be the S15 Nissan Silvia," which is made only in Japan, "or the Nissan Skyline," says Teerawood enthusiastically. Style, performance, and speed seem to be the "three essentials" to any car that they all agree to. Nelson Fredes is boastful and states "this [his current car] is my dream car." Cajoled to come up with a fantasy car, he finally offered the Porsche 911 Turbo.

Nelson confidently sports a 2000 Honda Prelude outfitted with a VTEC motor, which he bought in 2001. Although this discontinued car is a veteran, it still maintains its racy reputation. The humming of his car emits is music to any knowledgeable ear. Sleek, stylish, and fast, Nelson's car is one of the best here at T.C. Although he started

getting into cars at a later age, Nelson is obviously just as, if not more than, knowledgeable than veteran car enthusiasts.

While Ryan, Teerawood, and Nelson are all capable of fitting four occupants comfortably, many of the sports cars are designed to hold only the driver. This makes plenty of sense to the driver craving the highest reading on the speedometer; extra passengers add weight to the car, thus the overall speed of the car is diminished. With no back-seat, these cars are obviously not made for the average family. Nor is this the ideal ride for the daily drive. But as for many young adults and thrill-seeking elders, these cars are strictly designed to satisfy the need for speed.

"The driver is a huge part in the performance and speed of a car," says Nelson. Many would agree that no matter how fast the car, peak performance is only reached with the right driver. Nelson's advice on getting into cars is simple: "have imagination... have your own style, be original."

Interested? Take a trip to one of the many car shows and conventions. Hot Import Nights, Imports versus Domestics, Battle of Imports, and Import Expressions are just a few of many to visit. A social and learning experience, this would be the best place to start. However the best advice anyone could give, whether car savvy or not, is: safety first!

**Disclaimer: The title and content of this feature are not intended to deny the interests of female car enthusiasts.*



Rosa Zlotkovsky

FOOTLOOSE-MAKING IT HAPPEN

by Clotiel Dean

Every year, T.C. Williams puts on a musical that receives rave reviews. What audience members might not realize is that months of effort go into each production. Musicals such as *Grease*, *Lil' Abner*, and *The Wiz* are picked apart and then masterfully recreated by a team of teachers and students. The 2003 production was the 80's hit *Footloose*, in which I had the privilege of being a dancer and a singer. In a little over three months, the cast and crew put together a spectacular show.

Never having been part of a musical cast, I knew little about how many people it took in order for the play to become a success. I thought that it was just one person: the executive director Karen Master. Then, I asked myself "What good is a musical without musicians, singers, dancers or actors?" No good, obviously. So, I decided to take a look into all of the different aspects of the musical and see how they all contribute to making it happen.

The actors that student director, Rebecca Lloyd, chose to portray characters had to be multi-talented. In choosing her dancers, their ability to learn moves quickly, do high kicks, and keep the rhythm, greatly influenced her

choices, but in choosing cast members, she had to go in cold. With only ideas of characters in her head, she chose the students that she thought could most accurately portray the moods, motivations, and moves of the various characters. Lloyd worked in conjunction with Kate Weber, who was the other student director as well as the producer of the play.

The student with the lead male role was Terrance Polite, a junior who played the character "Ren". Ren was a native of Chicago who moved to a small town called Bomont where dancing (and almost

every other secular activity) was prohibited. Ren eventually became the rebel and brought the dancers and singers out of every one in the town.

Polite put in an average of ten hours a week (sometimes more) to practice lines, rehearse songs, block scenes, and learn dance steps. Polite shone most as an energetic and creative dancer. He expressed how much pleasure he got from dancing saying, "Dancing is my ultimate passion. It's what I love to do."

The lead actress was senior, Alison Lehner. She portrayed Ariel, the preacher's daughter who fell for Ren. Lehner, like Polite, put in hours of practice, and scheduled voice lessons once a week to stay up on her vocals.

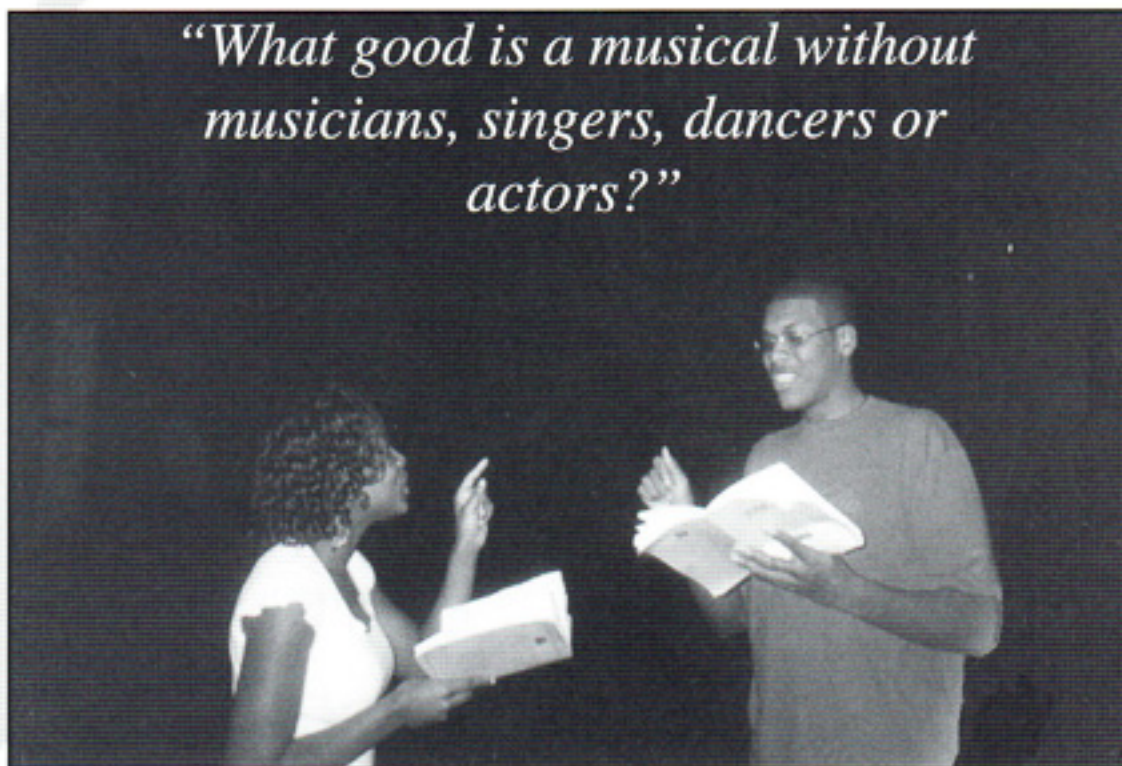
Senior dancer Shannon Parker described learning routines for the musical. "Learning hard moves can be a bit frustrating, but I usually catch on quickly. When I'm on stage performing, I can just feel the music

and put my own style to things; it's all worth it" said Parker. She danced for five to six hours every week and even more as show time approached, not to mention her own dance classes at DC Showbiz and the Dance Institute of Washington.

Teacher, Yesenia Bruckschen acted as choreographer. She put in so much time preparing

dances for the musical that she couldn't really estimate how many hours she dedicated per week. "I could be driving in my car or just sitting at home and things would pop up in my head and as soon as I could, I would do them physically," she said.

With years of experience in various forms of dancing, Bruckschen could often work under deadlines. Whenever she choreographed, she kept the sizes, shapes, heights, and abilities of the dancers in mind. She put in extra work making sure the moves were synchronized and were executed with realistic 80's attitudes.



"What good is a musical without musicians, singers, dancers or actors?"

The singers, under the direction of teacher, Karen Randall, practiced in large or small groups depending on necessity. The musical featured solos,



duets, trios, and choirs. Some scenes required a number of songs to be sang simultaneously. Randall stressed the importance of practicing at home and encouraged her students to constantly review their music.

Junior Stephanie Tucker was a choir member who said that learning specific notes and rehearsing the same parts over and over could get boring, but looking forward to the performance day was an incentive.

The music the cast sings to will be played by a live band under the conduction of band teacher Paul Jolstead who has conducted for three other musicals. Jolstead often worked with students on a one-on-one basis and brought them together as show time approached. This was to allow them to actively participate in other extracurricular activities.

Jolstead realized the importance of communication between him, the dancers and actors because "the music provided by the pit is the framework of the play. We were, in a sense, at their service." A steady pit ensured that the stage performers were confident in what they were doing. They often relied on cues from the music.

Teacher Adrian Tanguay helped build the set that the students performed on. Based on a design idea from the directors and the art department, Tanguay helped make the design become three dimensional. On a number of Saturdays and Sundays in

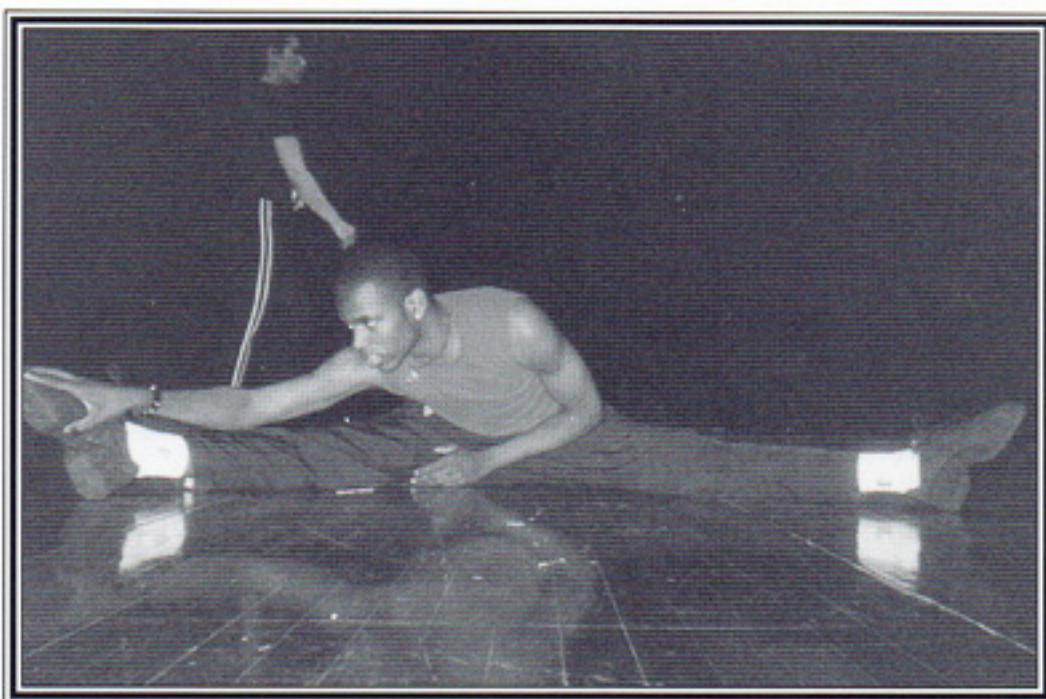
March and April, Tanguay came out and stayed for up to six hours building and painting the sets and props.

Student director Lloyd served also as the light designer. A team of students made sure that the stage was lit where it needed be and the right people were spotlighted. Make-up and costumes were also inspired by Lloyd and most of it was handled by students. They looked in old year-books and watched old movies and to recreate the 80's style.

As a whole, the cast and crew also had to

do things like sell patron ads, run a booth at Titan Expo, and have fund raisers to support the show. They had all-day rehearsals and had to stay after school until 11:00 p.m. during the final weeks of rehearsing, called "tech week."

All in all, being a part of such a group of motivated students of all interests was a great experience. We all worked toward a common goal and no one person could take credit for the show's success,



Photos courtesy of Clotiel Dean

even though not everyone involved had name recognition. Everyone's contributions were necessary for making it happen.

we're quality photos



FEATURE

HIP HOP 'TILL YOU DROP

By Kim Hernandez

Beyond the stereotypes of booty-shaking, gangster rap, baggy pants or booty shorts wearing and drug infestation, there is a world of hip hop most have never even touched, heard or seen. These hip hop culture phenomena are known as deejaying, break dancing, freestyling/ emceeing, and urban art/ graffiti.

ONLY WHEN IT IS UNDERSTOOD COMPLETELY DOES HIP HOP'S PEACEFUL MESSAGE SHINE THROUGH.

These are the four elements that give foundation to the true meaning and spirit of this culture.

Hip-hop broke into the media in mid 1980's with movies such as "Breakin' 1 & 2" and "Beat Street". As this culture seemed to bloom beyond just a phase-like status the unexpected occurred; hip hop shied away and slowly became replaced with the punk rock scene. Although it never fully disappeared the appreciation of hip hop amongst the general public had diminished until its rebirth in the early 1990's.

However those who were true to hip hop had kept it alive and kept it *underground*. But now, the mainstream is getting another hit of this addictive culture. With such artists as Common, Erykah Badu, Jurassic 5, and A Tribe Called Quest along its side, hip hop is determined to make a tougher and more intense comeback.

Hip hop was never about just "talking the talk" or "walking the walk." It became vital for hip-hop lovers to live and appreciate this culture in its entirety. Only when it is understood completely does hip hop's peaceful message shine through.

Followers of hip hop look to it to find a haven from the chaos which surround them. And those who are willing to accept this culture know that

hip hop isn't filled with malice. It is just another culture in our society which has been stigmatized. For most troubled urban youth, especially in hip hop's birth place of New York City, hip hop shed light on their lives and saved them from the gangs and violence they faced. However, it has now given way to the troubled youth of the suburban life world wide.

Hip hop's effects on our society have been eminent. We have allowed this spontaneous culture affect our clothing (i.e. Ecko and Phat Farm), style of music, our language and our lives. Love it or not hip hop has been causing trembles in our world. And those who are willing to accept this culture know that hip hop is far from being of malicious nature. It is just another life-style in our society that has been affiliated with thugs and gangsters. Nevertheless the persistence of the hip hop community is slowly but surely proving wrong the immediate association of hip hop and thug life.



Photo courtesy of Kim Hernandez

To witness more of hip hop at its rawest form, there are b-boy/b-girl events also known as "jams" such as Freestyle Session, Who Can Roast The Most, and Out For Fame just to name a few. Breakdancers compete or "battle" each other, to win a title or even a prize ranging from a trophy up to a maximum of \$10,000 cash prize. There are other categories which many hip hop lovers can participate in. For example a

freestyle battle for the emcees, a scratch battle for the deejays and a black book battle for the graffiti artists in which the winner is determined by who represents the element the best.

These events, contrary to popular belief, are family-friendly. People from all over the world gather to events to show off their skills. Competitors can be 7 years old children to 40 year old adults. Hip hop has no boundaries. Especially within the last decade the rise of hip hop has increased immensely. B-boys and b-girls, deejays, emcees and graffiti's have emerged everywhere from Jolly Rancher commercials to winners of the Young Dancers category of CBS' Star Search 2. Hip hop has had it's ups and downs but after all it has gone through, hip hop has ceased to fade from our society. As long as there is a desire for creativity in our society, then there will always be the few who are willing to express themselves in this ostentatious culture and art form known as hip hop.

To best exemplify hip hop's creative culture I have embraced embarrassment and have chosen to compose a "rhyme", also known as a rap, about the culture which I feel is understated and at the same time outspoken.

ODE TO HIP HOP

by Kim Hernandez

True hip hop, it's here forever
and b-boys, b-girls, keep on makin' it better
it ain't about the bills,
it ain't about the platinum grills
it's about the real heads
shedding blood and tears, for their next meals.
About the DJ in his bedroom,
scratching the tracks till all hours.
About the b-boy in his garage
practicing his ill power.
About the graff writer risking his life,
tagging that tower.
About the rapper whose skills
make sucker MC's cower.
The streets, the people, the hard work,
now that's hip hop.
Cause it was never 'bout waiting
for the next sellout track to drop.
Hip hop will never die, and you know why?
Cause as hope gleams in a small child's eye.
Hip hop won't ever leave or die.

Grant



Photo courtesy of Kim Hernandez

*Photos
weak*

SCOTT'S FIGHT FOR VICTORY

An essay by Megan Coyle

It's easy to take the little things in life for granted. For such a long time I've been selfishly absorbed with my so called problems. I've been blind to the fact that others around me may be suffering as well and have it ten times worse than I do. Actually, I was aware that others were suffering, but it took a life to cross paths with mine in order for me to open my eyes and realize how good I've got it. All it took was Scott.

Scott is my thirteen year old cousin. A little over a year ago he was diagnosed with cancer. The news shocked the whole family. I knew little about cancer and the pain it puts its victims through. I have several friends who have lost loved ones to this monster of a disease and now that I know all the pain that cancer gives to a person and their family, I am more sympathetic to their loss.

Scott had always been an energetic child, constantly talking and obsessed over his favorite sport, skating. When Scott found that he had bone cancer in his leg, it meant that he would never be able to skate the way he could before. He took this news relatively well for being so young and for being forced to give up one of his passions in life. The cancer was not all he found out about. Later, the cancerous bone in his leg had to be removed and replaced with a fake one. This meant that he'd never be able to skate again. I suppose he figured that he could still play Tony Hawk on his Playstation 2 and admire his favorite skaters.

I had casually tossed the fact aside that he would be going through chemotherapy. I had no clue what it would do to poor Scott. Scott's cancer continued to attack him. It seemed to be slowly strangling him with its merciless hands. The chemotherapy was leaving the poor boy drained. First he lost his hair, which was the most noticeable change about him. He no longer had a full head of light brown hair; it was all gone. Next, I realized that he was losing weight, little by little. His skin had turned pale. No longer the skin of a tan boy who spent all of his time outdoors, it had transformed into the skin of a boy who had been in and out of the hospital for a year whenever he had a cold or much worse. The chemo was supposed to conquer the beast of cancer, yet it was destroying his immune system in the process. Bags were constantly under his eyes and his body seemed to be getting smaller. It was almost as though he was shrinking in size. He seemed to be drained of all energy and health, but he still had

hope. Seeing him was a painful sight.

Not only was Scott suffering, but his parents were as well. They had stayed up constantly, swapping positions of being next to their son in his time of need. It got to the point where they'd have to take sleeping pills to help them get to sleep. Otherwise they'd stay up worrying. Scott's mom and dad both showed a lot of bravery as they dealt with what many would consider any parent's worst nightmare.

After many grueling months of chemo, Scott had finally completed his last session and the doctors had said that the cancer was gone. The whole family rejoiced. We felt our prayers had been answered. But they weren't, at least not quite yet. About a month later Scott was complaining about his leg hurting; the cancer had returned.

Quickly, the news spread among my family members. We heard that pretty soon Scott would be getting his leg amputated. And you know what? He was glad that he would too! He was in so much pain that he just wished they'd take his whole leg off. Now all my family can do is hope that all will go well.



Untitled
by Brandon Viani

Scott's struggle has taught me so much. I've realize that I can actually look down and see two feet. I have two legs that I can call my own. I can walk, run, skip, hop and jump. He has made me realized how petty all my quarrels and arguments are. They are as stupid as complaining of a pin prick compared to Scott's horrendous struggle. Scott has made me realize how fortunate I am. I'm astonished by the bravery that he displayed though his struggle with cancer, especially since he is so young. I'm beginning to realize that I should enjoy everything while I can. It might be taken away as suddenly as it was for Scott.

Superb

Future

Window of the Future

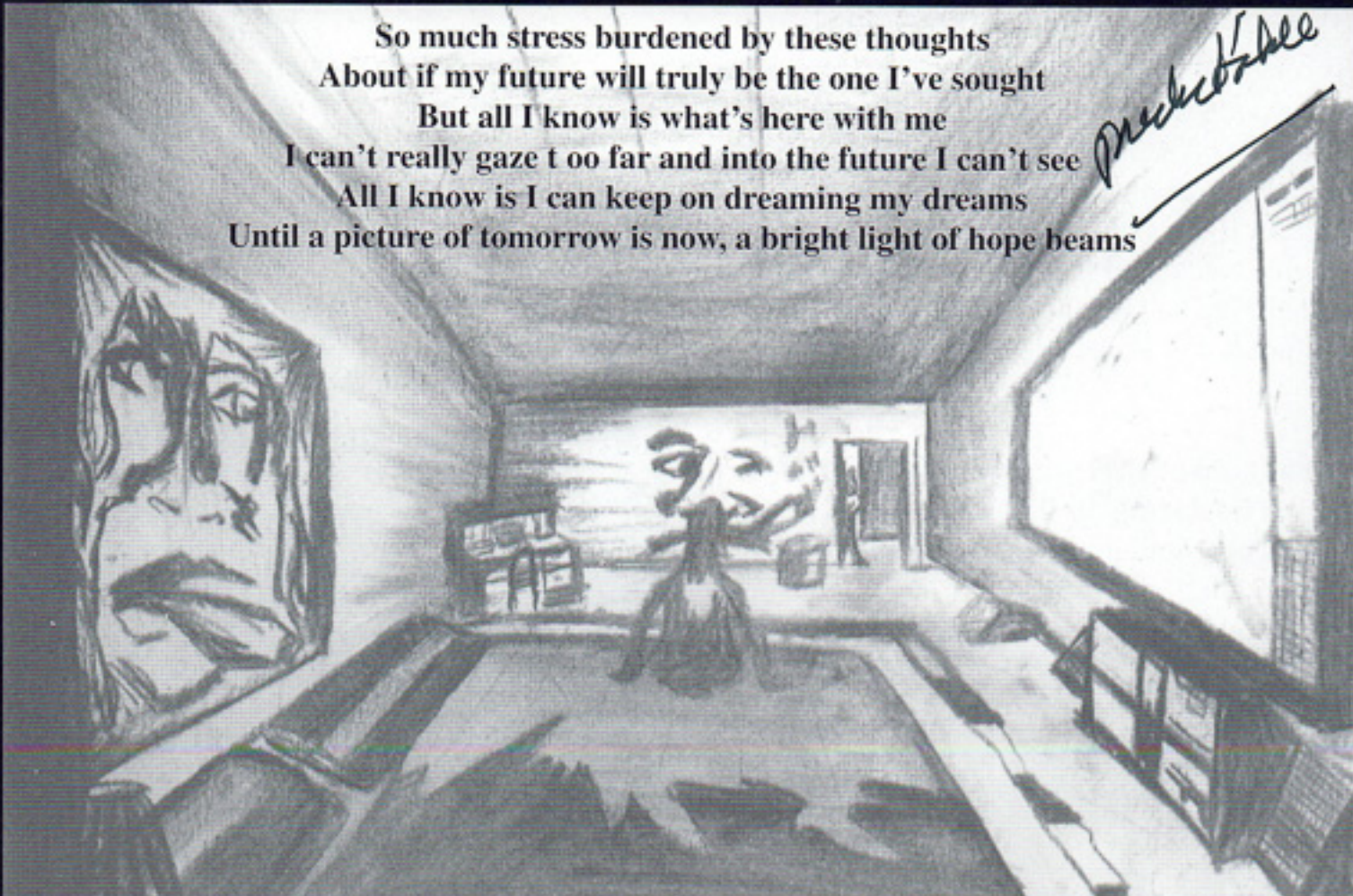
Megan Coyle

I open a window when the air gets stale
For my hopes and dreams to fly out and in the wind they sail
I can almost see how the future may be
As I build up a dream of what I expect for me
As my eyes gaze out away from the past
I wonder and think about how the future will last

Looking back on my past accomplishments, I wonder
If they'll make me just tip-toe on by or if I'll leave like a clap of thunder
What will I do? Who will I meet?
How many obstacles will I encounter and beat?
In so many ways I think of how my life may be
I squint through the window pane and try to see

I think of what has been done today
Or what I lazily put aside for the next day
Will the future be more than just counting hours?
Will a sweetness overpower all that's sour?
My head pressed against the window pane
All thoughts around me pour and rain

So much stress burdened by these thoughts
About if my future will truly be the one I've sought
But all I know is what's here with me
I can't really gaze too far and into the future I can't see
All I know is I can keep on dreaming my dreams
Until a picture of tomorrow is now, a bright light of hope beams



Waiting
Fuzum Bahta

Aspirations



Feature

Preparing for the Future Now: JROTC

by Libby Paniagua

The green Army Junior Reserve Officer Training Corps (AJROTC) uniform is something that many of us have seen and worn. Students dutifully wear their uniforms on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. The uniform is not just a fashion statement; it is a sign to the rest of the world that those cadets have discipline.

ROTC is a program that teaches Army values helping students with different areas of studies such as first aid, earth science and geography. It helps cadets gain self esteem, leadership and communication skills and build physical fitness. The object of ROTC is to make better citizens out of today's youth because they are the future leaders of business, government and the world.

One of the many aspects of ROTC is the drill team. T.C.'s drill team, Armageddon, is one of the best in the country. It has won many awards for participating in color guard, armed and unarmed regulation platoon, and exhibition. A drill competition consists of Color guard which is the presenting of the flags; armed and unarmed regulation platoon which are judged based on how well a team can follow commands and move as a unit; and exhibition an event that demonstrates a team's creativity. The team is picked by the senior officers, and only the best are chosen. Drill team teaches unity and gives the cadets a sense of belonging.

Any article on ROTC would not be complete without a look at someone behind the green uniform. Cadet Sergeant Brian Cabotaje, a senior, has decided to enter the army. I sat down with him to find out his plans for the future and how ROTC has helped him achieve his goals. Let's take a journey behind the uniform.

Libby: What kind of effect do you think a JROTC has on high school students? Do you think it changes your perception of yourself or other's perception of you?

Brian: More people should take JROTC because it improves self-esteem by giving you a sense of belonging. I think that adults really trust you more and you receive more respect from others. It's been proven that kids in ROTC do better in school than those who are not.

Libby: What do you like about ROTC?

Brian: I really like the people and most of all the drill team.

Libby: Do you believe that JROTC has helped prepare you for your future in the Army?

Brian: Yes, I do because it has taught me basic military knowledge, drill and ceremony, which are things every soldier knows. Also when I graduate from T.C., I will be promoted in the real Army.

Libby: Why did you decide to join the Army?

Brian: I always liked the Army. My Uncle, who is in the Navy, encouraged me to join. I went to see many recruiters from other branches of the military, but I just really liked the Army best.

Libby: How far do you want to go within the Army?

Brian: Well, I am going to participate in the Green and Gold Program, which sends you to college and after you graduate you become an officer.

Libby: What do you expect to get out of that experience? Are you prepared to go to war?

Brian: I expect to become more disciplined, and the life long benefits that the Army provides are a bonus. I don't know really. I'm willing to go to war, but as to whether I'm really prepared? Not yet.

The AJROTC program has been in place at T.C. Williams High School since 1991. Over 100 students were enrolled in 2002-2003.



Photo courtesy of Cerberus



Ewwwy
Stephanie Thornton

Death Game

by Kat Milyko

Alone in a corner,
Crying out her heart,
She adds another line,
To her pale little arm.

She doesn't care anymore,
What others might say,
But she's afraid to let them,
See her this way.

She doesn't see past,
The reddening haze,
A haze of physical pain,
To do battle with the emotional's plays.

Line of silver,
Becomes a line of red.

Line of red,
Overflows too much.

Tears mingle with blood,
Cries mingle with laughter,
And they all come much faster.

Remember 'till this day,
That one little face.

Laughing in public,
Crying in shame,
Where no one can see her,
Playing the death game.

Flatline

by Becky Keller

Breathing air through yellowed tubes
Inside is chaos
Outside is tranquility
Fighting for life
Wild eyes searching for something
Something they will never find
Life is fleeting
Dying slowly
Not slowly enough
Hand falls limp, eyes roll back
They will never see again
The heart flatlines
Inside is peace
Outside is chaos

Warning

by Casey Cleverly

Out in New York City, the wild crowds will roar
Under the desert moon, the oil cowboys snore
The wild cries of victory are heard from shore to shore
But can they hear the other cries? The weeping from its core?

For on this Earth we walk upon, this nuclear remains,
What will the ancestors say to our new found domain?

Where will all the people go, when there are no cities at all?
Where will all the cowboys sleep when there is eternal nightfall?

The wind will howl her hallowed prayer,
But will the people listen, and end this dreadful dare?

Soon the cindered trees will whisper to us all by name
And the eternal cloud of hope will be our lasting shame
The Earth sees our destruction, but also hears the pleas
The creek goes on traveling over the dead trees

Home is where the heart is, home is where the waters meet
But will home be there crying for us when there is no place to plant
our feet?
And who will take us in when the Great Mother falls?
Where will all her children stand when there is no land there at all?

The Boy Behind the Curls

by Yasi Ghanbari

Labyrinth chose Joe Fierstos as the featured writer of our spring 2003 magazine. The following is a sampling of his works. But first, who is Joe Fierstos?

Why is ointment your favorite word?" Joe's answer is only a smile. I feel embarrassed and profess to myself to never say the word ointment ever again. I continue the interview. The only conclusion I reach is that Joe Fierstos, a junior at T.C. Williams High School, is a unique.

His favorite writers are Kurt Vonnegut and Mike Gordon, the bassist for Phish who published a series of short stories entitled *Mike's Corner*. While Vonnegut and Gordon serve as inspiration to Joe, so does a certain math teacher's class; boredom can make one create many a splendid thing. Joe's short stories are shrewd, and enjoyable but reasonably simple, which makes one wonder: is there any underlying meaning in Joe's work? Joe says, "The underlying meaning in my stories is that underlying meanings suck." When Joe begins writing, it is a mystery, even to him, how the story is going to end. His stories thus, are sporadic and fun. Joe also provides T.C.'s students with amusing horoscopes in *Theogony*, T.C. Williams' newspaper.

He enjoys the music of Phish, The Grateful Dead, Paul Simon, Tom Waits, Frank Zappa, and while none of these fall into this category, his favorite genre of music is polyethnic Cajun slam grass. Not only is Joe a music appreciator, but he also participates in

T.C.'s marching band and jazz band playing the tuba. On Mondays, Joe has his bass guitar lesson.

Joe is quite an actor as well. During his sophomore year, Joe was a flying monkey in *The Wiz* and the Devil in Ed Monk's one act play *Cut*. This year, as a junior, Joe starred in Christopher Durang's *For Whom the Southern Bell Tolls*, which is a spoof of Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*. This spring, Joe played Lyle in T.C.'s production of *Footloose*.

With Joe's long hair, his interests, and his desire to attend Warren Wilson College, one might label Joe as a hippie; one

would also be mistaken. Joe is not going through a liberal phase; he's just Joe. Joe describes himself as dashing, brilliant, and tintinnabulous; *Labyrinth* thinks he is very feature-worthy.

Joe was born on September 22, 1986. He had his first interview on March 12, 2003. He will graduate from Warren Wilson College in 2008 and proceed to "write some stuff." In 2009, at the age of twenty-three Joe will "invent something," and consequently become a billionaire. What that something is, none of us can comprehend, but watch out. For now, enjoy a small sampling of Joe's writings.



Photo courtesy of Joe Fierstos

I want to know more about Joe

The Iron Bell

by Joe Fierstos

The moon glints in the water
And I'm standing on the sand
With a pistol in my pocket
And confetti in my hand.

And I hear the cold winds blowin'
But can only feel the heat
And I can't see the horizon
And I look down at my feet.

And the ground drops from beneath me
And I'm falling into hell.
All the while I can only hear
The silent iron bell.

Can you hear the iron bell?
Can you hear the iron bell?
Can you hear it growing louder
As I'm falling into hell?

Can you see my shadow laughing
As I sleep upon the sand
With confetti in my pocket
And a pistol in my hand?

excellent

DOLLOP

Fiction by Joe Fierstos

My robust friend was smearing a dollop of horseradish about his hands. No, he wasn't crazy, he just had a rare skin disease that required smearing dollops of horseradish about his hands. "Plus!" he says. "Plus it clears the sinuses and makes for a tasty snack!" Although these were substantial points, I felt no jealousy towards him; no yearning to smear dollops of horseradish about my hands.

His name was Simon: no, not the guy who smears dollops of horseradish about his hands, but a completely different person. Simon worked as a farmer in a suburb of San Francisco. He would've moved out to the country long ago, if not for a neighbor who absolutely adored him, and threatened to kill herself if he ever left. He figured, though, that the woman would die soon anyway, for she was ninety-six years old. He waited in joyful anticipation for her death, hoping that it would happen soon.

She knocked on the door. No, not the old woman who adored Simon, but a small girl named Linda. Linda was a spunky little girl who enjoyed causing trouble and blaming it on her mentally retarded older brother, Ted. Ted was scolded, but never seemed to notice. Linda knocked at the door again. I answered.

"Would you like to buy some Girl Scout cookies?" she asked.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, little girl." I responded. "I'll buy all of those cookies if you promise never to grow up and become a dirty, dirty tramp."

Sorry, I forgot to tell you that I had recently been divorced. I apologize.

Despite the fact that little Linda was an evil genius, she was still eight years old, and believed me to be talking about the classic Disney tale "Lady and the Tramp."

"Sir, it would be impossible for me to become a tramp, or even for my offspring to become tramps, for in order for that to happen, intraspecies breeding would have to be possible, but since that's not the case, I can quite easily grant your request."

"What in God's name are you talking about, little girl?"

She proceeded to kick me very hard in the left shin for no particular reason. Forgetting the fact that she was but a child, I picked her up and threw her out the door. She landed five-hundred miles away, in a suburb of San Francisco, crashing through the window of a ninety-six year old woman. This, understandably,

scared the crap out of the old woman, who then proceeded to have a heart-attack.

Simon heard the commotion next door, and ran over in a maniacal stupor. Seeing him coming, and seeing the multiple labeled pictures of him on the wall, Linda acted quickly to devise an evil plan. She dragged the old lady into the kitchen.

Simon burst through the door. "Simon!" exclaimed Linda. "Simon, look at me! I'm young again!"

Believing the girl to be the ninety-six-year-old woman, Simon proceeded to let out a guttural moan, and, using a sharp stick that just happened to be lying nearby, stabbed himself in the eyeballs repeatedly. Linda laughed a cruel, evil, heartless laugh.

When I told that story to my robust friend, he said, "Dude. Whoa, dude." Then he smeared a dollop of horseradish about his hand.

interview



Street
G. Graham Van Hook

The Tutor

by Joe Fierstos

Spare me the misery,
No more of the pain,
I need to not take notes
On the wind and the rain.

I have no idea
What Bill Shakespeare meant
In his plays and his sonnets
And yet, I'm content.

I don't need to know about
Vasco Balboa,
Please spare me the details
Of my spermatozoa.

So how 'bout we make
An agreement worth reaching?
I'll just close my eyes
And you keep on teaching.

Future Aspirations



Monkeys and Trees and Fish and Beavers

Fiction by Joe Fierstos

Satan was bored. "What am I to do?" he said to himself, "Sure all this maiming and torturing is fun, but you kind of run out of ideas after the first couple billion years." He called in his associates. They walked into his lair in single file. "Yes, Satan?" they all orated simultaneously.

"Roll call! Adolf and Brutus, Bundy and Nixon! Dahmer and Krueger, Stalin and Blitzen! They raised their hands accordingly, except for Blitzen, who was a reindeer and reindeer don't have hands.

"Gentlemen! I have grown weary of torturing sinners! All I want now is to do something fun...something exciting. Trust me, my colleagues, watching you grow into the evil masterminds you are today has been nothing short of pure elation for me. But still, I cannot and shan't ignore the voice that tells me to go and make something of myself! With that, my friends, I retire as Supreme Being of Evil, Darkness, and Destruction."

"But sir," uttered Adolf, "Where will you go? What will you do? Who will rule in your stead?"

"These are all questions that I have been considering for the past several millennia. I have decided to return to Earth and disguise myself as a human. In this way, I will truly be able to comprehend the suffering man endures in life. As to whom shall be the hire of my throne..."

He paced back and forth in front of his faithful minions. He paused in front of Brutus, but then kept walking. He paused in front of Stalin, but then continued walking once again. After about three hours of pacing and pausing, he finally stopped in front of Blitzen. "Blitzen," said Satan, "Will you reign as the king of Evil, Darkness, and Destruction in my absence?"

"Moooo," replied the blushing reindeer.

It was mid-2001, when summer was nearing its end and autumn was just beginning to share its colors. A squirrel was hopping along merrily on the sidewalk. The sun was beaming brightly through the tall, statue-sque trees.

All of a sudden, he was there. A dashing young man with long, chocolate hair. Two eyes that carried a horrible glare. He was watching students walk into a school. He decided to join them.

He soon found out that the students were part of a marching band program. Having had centuries of practice on the tuba (for the tuba is hell's equivalent to heaven's harp), he fit right in.

"Bwahahahahaha!" he thought to himself, "Not a soul will recognize me in this ridiculous getup! Not a soul will suspect a thing..."

And they didn't. Over the course of the next two years, nobody even remotely considered that their pal Joe could be the Ultimate Master of Doom, Old Scratch, Arnold Friend, Beelzebub, Lucifer! Even after portraying himself in a play, the people remained blissfully ignorant! This ignorance, though amusing to Satan at first, later angered him to no end.

He scribbled furiously in his journal:

"Centuries elapse in hell like seconds on Earth. These people... with their constant idiocy and inability to comprehend what pain is... they drive me mad! Soon I must go back to Hades from whence I came. But first I must spread my word across the land! By doing this, I shall someday meet again with this scum that inhabits this disgusting orb!"

Over the course of the next two years, nobody even remotely considered that their pal Joe could be the Ultimate Master of Doom!

But how could he do such a thing? How could he recruit legions of followers in a world preoccupied with God? How? He certainly couldn't tell the masses his true identity! The humans would merely ostracize him! The only way would be to subliminally sway them to his side.

And so his writing career began. He submitted prose and poetry to the school's literary magazine, *Labyrinth*. To make sure all of his works were printed, Satan got Richard Nixon to possess the body of Dexter, one member of the magazine's staff. He, with his experience in deception, convinced the rest of the staff to actually feature his master's writings!

"Soon," Satan chuckled, looking around his classroom, "all of your souls will belong to me! Soon you will all be mine to torment! So enjoy your miserable existence here while it lasts, for no matter what happens, you are all doomed to an eternity of pain and suffering!"

"What the hell are you talking about, Joe?"

"Shut up, Ishmael."



Giving a Hand to Others, Inc.

An essay by Desmond Tutu



Eclipse
Jofery Rivas

When I was young, I wanted to become a basketball player because that was the glamorous life. I loved playing the sport and watching it on TV. I would have given anything to be in the NBA when I was older. Then one day while watching TV, I heard someone say, "I wish I had a job I liked." I thought to myself, "Is this person crazy? He is making all this money and doesn't enjoy his job. Something must be going on with him!" After a while it started to make sense to me and made an impact on me. I thought about a life in the NBA, and asked myself, would I be helping anyone else beside myself? So I decided to change my outlook on my future career and how I could enjoy it.

I then decided that I would become a businessman when I grew up. Not of just any business, but a construction business, and not any normal construction company, but one that would benefit people who didn't have as much as I did. The business was to be called, Giving A Hand to Others, Inc. My plan was simple: I would build homes for unfortunate families. I also planned to own my own stock brokerage firm. I would use half of the money I earned in the firm and invest it into a building company. Not just any family could come and apply for a home. The applicants that were considered would be families that were going through situations. Some of the situations would include families with a single parent who was struggling to make ends meet and doing his or her best by working two or more jobs, but was still not able to make enough money. Or a family in which the main provider lost his or her job unexpectedly, and now had to choose to either put food on the table or a roof over their heads. There would also be other situations that would be considered too.

There would be some rules applied to families that were given homes. One, if the parent(s) had lost their job, they had two months, with our help to find a job and contribute to the payment of the house, which would be \$100 a month. They also had to clean the house regularly to show their appreciation for the gift they were given and they also had to volunteer in the community so that they could see how good it felt to give back to others, just like I had.

To make this dream a reality, I plan to attend college where I will major in Business and Accounting. I also plan to volunteer in my community and join clubs that help disadvantaged children and needy families. I hope to find other young people who share the same passion and have the same ideas as I do, so that they can also touch others. I won't be satisfied with my life and myself until I have helped make a difference in someone's life.



Athletic Scholarships

by Genevieve Loutinsky

Tony Hunt and Lauren Kuhmerker have been awarded the 2003 athletic scholarships. They both have full scholarships to college. The amount of money given is determined by how the individual contributes to the team. Tony and Lauren were chosen based on their performance in their respective sports, GPAs and SAT scores.

Tony Hunt received his scholarship for football. He says that winning this scholarship is something he "always wanted." Tony started playing football when he was seven. When asked if his

in communications and wants to work in television broadcasting.

Lauren Kuhmerker's athletic scholarship is for soccer. Receiving a scholarship for playing a sport she loves has been something she's always wanted to achieve. Lauren began her soccer career at age seven and still loves the sport. She says that the longer she played, "the more I got into it, it was my main goal. I got more determined and practiced more often." During the off-season, Lauren practices twice a week. However, once the soccer season begins, she

definitely I need



Photo courtesy of Blanton Studios

feelings for the game have changed since he first began playing he said he's "still as passionate" and enjoys it even more now. Football takes up the majority of his time. "During the season, we practice two hours a day, and in the off-season, I have to work out for two to two and a half hours a day," Although football takes up most of Tony's time, his parents don't mind. They believe that it is "a good thing to do. Sports are safe and are better than being on the streets all of the time." Of course, the fact that football is paying for his entire college education is a bonus. Tony will be attending Penn State next fall. Although he would play professional football if offered the opportunity, Tony Hunt will be majoring

practices and participates in games everyday. Lauren's parents like the fact that she plays soccer, "because it gives me discipline to do work since I only have a limited amount of time to do work, and I won't have time to goof off like a lot of college kids do." Playing soccer professionally interests her, but she doubts that she ever would. However, Lauren said that she would be interested in playing in an adult league. Lauren Kuhmerker will be attending St. Joseph's University in Philadelphia in the fall. Lauren wants to be an elementary school teacher and will be majoring in education.

informative



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