

# Labyrinth

Literary/ Art Magazine

# Labyrinth

Literary/ Art Magazine



T. C. Williams

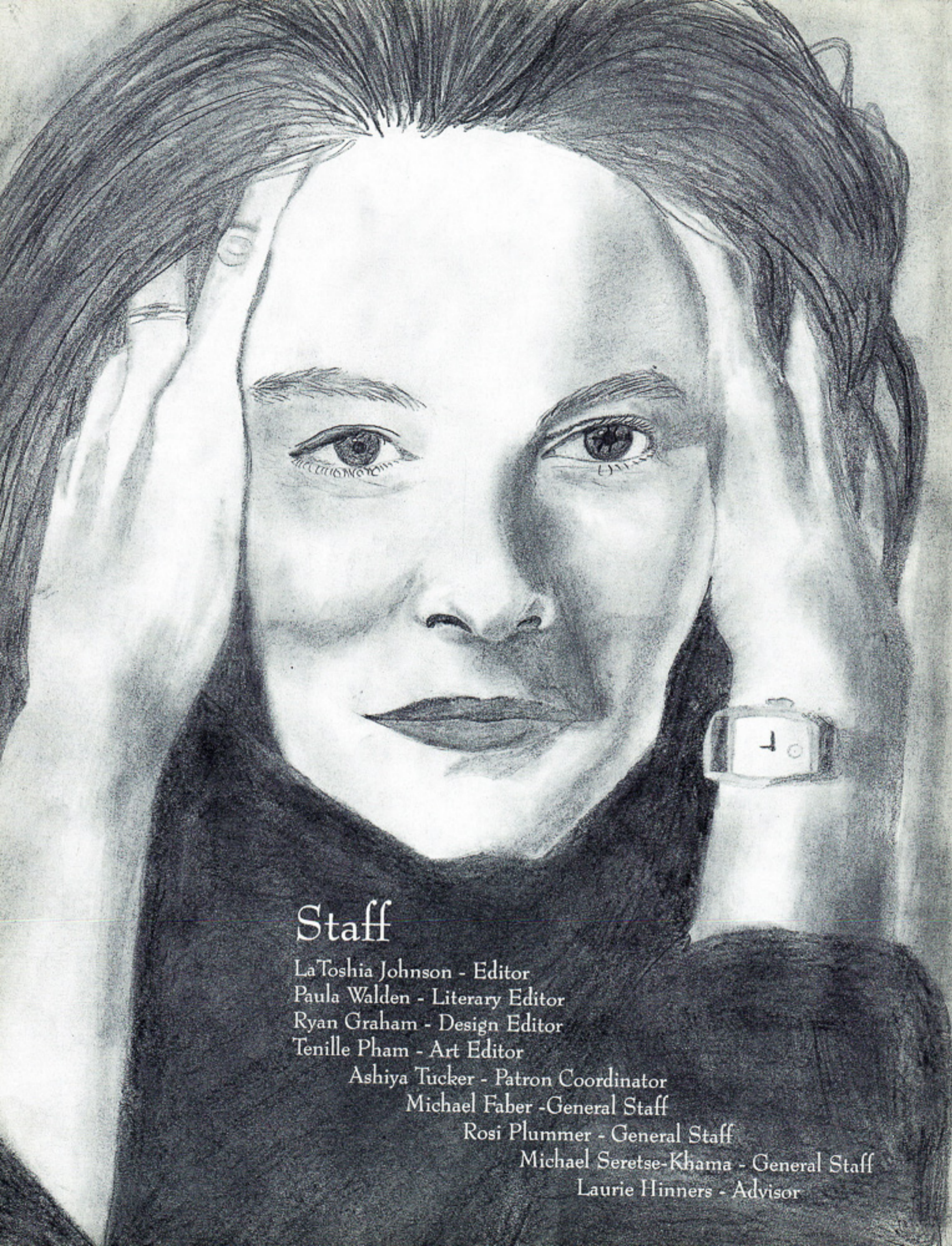
High School

3330 King Street

Alexandria, VA

22302

Spring 1997



## Staff

LaToshia Johnson - Editor

Paula Walden - Literary Editor

Ryan Graham - Design Editor

Tenille Pham - Art Editor

Ashiya Tucker - Patron Coordinator

Michael Faber - General Staff

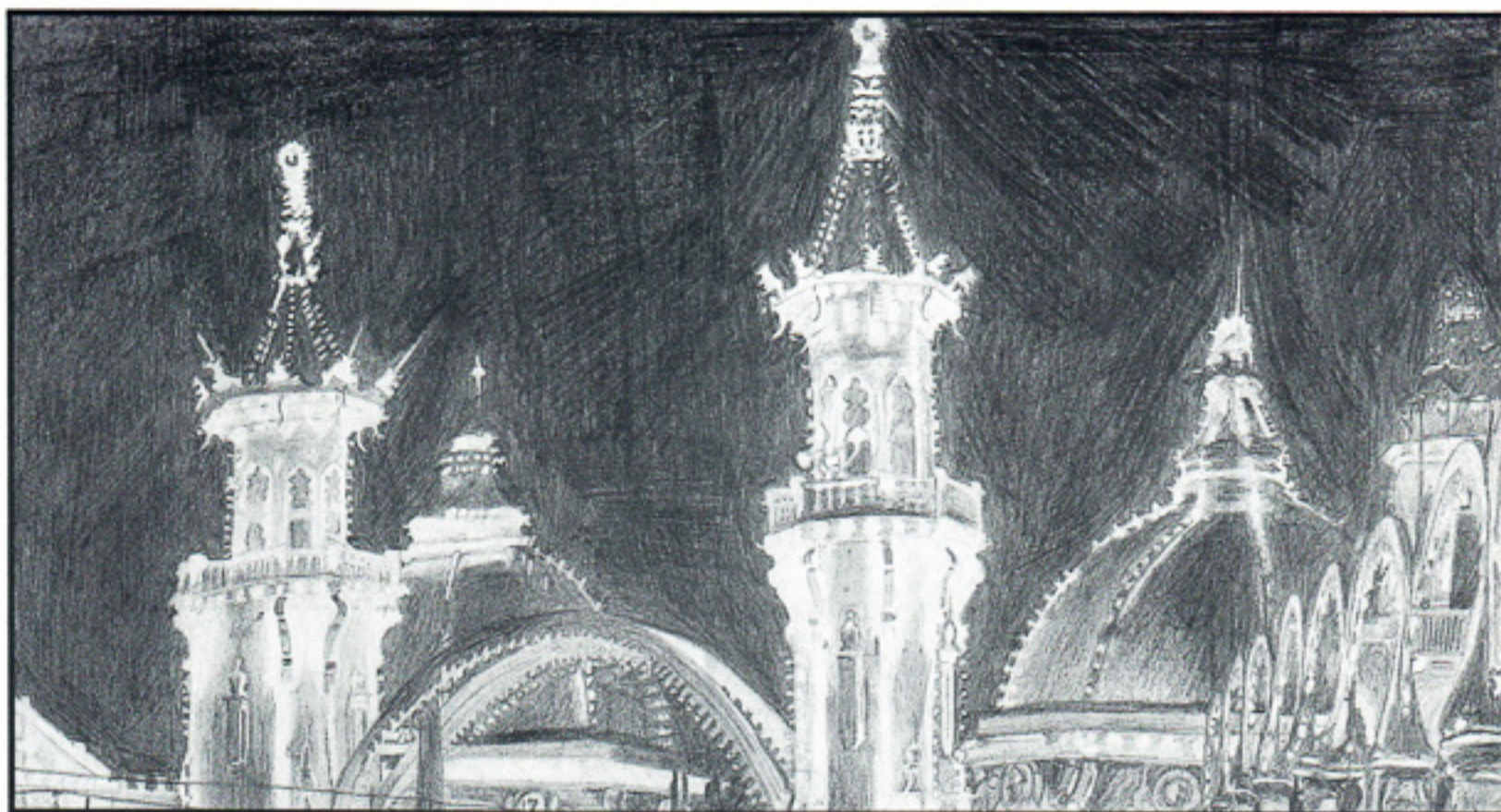
Rosi Plummer - General Staff

Michael Seretse-Khama - General Staff

Laurie Hinners - Advisor

# Table of Contents

- Cover - Pencil - Senna Cizek  
 Title Page - Pencil - Sienna Cizek
- 2....Allison Fraser - pencil drawing  
 4....Lucia Gajda - pencil drawing  
 4....Kathleen Hunt - descriptive essay  
     "Sienna's Afternoon Surprise"  
 5....Nicole Harris - Short Story  
     "Come, Taste the Blood of Love's  
     Wound"  
 6....Chin Park - pencil drawing  
 7....Chin Park - pencil drawing  
 8....Andrew Brodhead - poem  
     "Utopian Waters"  
 8....Andrew Brodhead - photograph  
 9...Quasia Jones - poem  
     "The Boater"  
 10....Elly Martin - pencil/collage  
 11....Adam Simons - speech  
     "Avenues of Life"  
 11....Paul Bea - photograph  
 12....Paul Bea - photograph  
 13....Andrew Brodhead - photograph  
 15....Personals Ads - poetry
- Authors  
     Adwoa Osei-Kwartemoah  
     Amy Richardson  
     Claudia Vigon  
     Karen Vuong  
     Mike Cooper  
     Carly Jones  
     Latiffa Kerbal  
     Christian Cartner  
     Sara Grillo  
     Sonya Afshan  
     Valenia Elder  
     Karise Baluyot
- 16....Senna Cizek - oil painting  
 17....Kathleen Hunt - water color painting  
 17....Ryan Graham - pencil drawing  
 17....Chin Park - pen & ink  
 18....Lucia Gajda - pencil drawing  
 18....Alexandria Holiday - pencil drawing  
 18....Chin Park - pencil drawing  
 19....Ursula Miller - pencil drawing  
 19....Stephen Cope - print  
 19....Adjoa Adusei-Pukua - pencil drawing  
 20....Barry Sacher - photograph  
 20....Rebecca Snyder - personal essay  
     "Crew Canadian Nationals"  
 21....Barry Sacher - photograph  
 22....Rob Adams - film review  
     "Like Water for Chocolate"  
 23....Tiya Kirby - poem & translation  
     "Para Mi, Amor"  
 24....Kate Riddle - short story  
     "The Trip"  
 24....Kieva Lewis - pencil drawing  
 25....Heather Eason - pencil drawing  
 26....Ariella Blejer - poem  
     "The Piper Pipes"  
 27....Aaron Beck - short story  
     "A Trial of Speed and Determination"  
 29....Chris McElfresh - print  
 30....Galileo Mark Namata - poem  
     "I Wish I Could Do Something"  
 30....Adjoa Adusei-Pokua - pencil drawing  
 30....Emma Natacha Douce -  
     poem & translation  
     "L'Afrique"  
 31....Alexandra Holiday - pencil drawing  
 32....Patrons Page



Lucia Gajda

*LABYRINTH*

*DESCRIPTIVE ESSAY*

# Siena's Afternoon Surprise

by Kathleen Hunt

The sky was as clear as a newly washed window. No clouds prevented the sight of that glorious, bright, yellow-orange ball of heat. In the piazza of Siena, Italy the buildings surrounded the square like the perimeter of a baseball field which slopes downward toward home plate. In the middle, what would be the pitcher's mound was a gurgling fountain. The "turf" was sun warmed red clay rectangles, upon which the building had cast enormous shadows in the early morning. By noon the shadows were nearly gone. The clock on the Palazzo Pubblico gonged twelve, reminding the tourists of the time in an otherwise timeless and relaxing summer Sunday.

People flocked to the marketplace, spread out on the red pavement, and enjoyed the sun's warmth and the slight breeze on their backs. They had come like ants converging on a cupcake. In the background, the chatter was in many languages, and over the entire scene the aroma of tomato and oregano wafted from the Caffè Caruso or El Barroccio. Awnings were extended, providing shade for outdoor tables. At first, it started to drip . . . then suddenly rain was pouring. Sunbathers like cats afraid to get wet, fled to shelter under the nearest awning; then, as if nothing had happened, the sun poked out of the sky, dried the pavement, and again beckoned.

**W**hen first I laid my eyes upon him, my heart leapt from my bosom in terror. Yet, in that same instant, I knew that I loved him.

Immaculately dressed he stood before me, staring so intently I thought his eyes would burn through my flesh. His eyes were tar pits, black holes. Sickly, pale skin stretched over the sunken hollows of his cheeks. His crimson lips looked puffy and bruised; oddly, but sweetly, inviting. Leaning smugly against a tree, he made no move to hide his interest in me. The splintered park bench on which I sat, seemed to harden beneath my shivering body.

I breathed in deeply; exhaled and watched my breath escape my lips in a wispy cloud. Although I was paralyzed by fear, I knew I wouldn't be harmed. I shoved my numb hands deep within the confines of my pockets and wiggled my fingers to reestablish feeling. His probing eyes were colder than the frosty night air. With feline agility walked over to me.

"May I offer you my coat? You are shivering quite visibly," his voice melted any resistance.

"I . . . Yes. Thank you," I managed to stammer. He draped the long camel hair coat over my shoulders and sat down next to me.

Our thighs touched and a new coldness tightly gripped my body. This time when I shivered, the culprit was not the wind.

"You are not afraid," he asked, "to keep such late hours alone at night?"

"No . . . I mean, I don't usually go out this

late, but the sky was so clear . . . I thought it would be nice to watch the stars. I used to spend hours watching them as a girl. They're so comforting . . ." I mentally berated myself for speaking so openly to this stranger; but, he only stared at me with amusement, a smile threatening to form on his lips.

"Nighttime is a different world," he began huskily. "I'm rather biased towards the dark." I caught the hint of an accent. He smiled eerily and reached for my hand, instantly igniting a fire within me.

"Forgive me, my name is Vittorio Grimaldi. May I ask your name?"

"Uh... Yes. Its Eve." Inexplicably, a rational thought pierced my racing mind. "I don't want to seem rude, but it really is late and I should be getting in."

"Of course, of course. Perhaps we will meet again one day, sweet Eve." Vittorio stood and helped me up. I held his coat out to him, but he refused to take it. "It will keep you warm on your way home. It is yours to keep."

"No, I couldn't." This expensive coat

## Come, Taste the Blood of Love's Wound

by  
Nicole Harris



probably cost more than I made in a year!  
“Thanks for the generous offer, but really I couldn’t”

Never will the memory of what happened next escape my mind. The man standing before me began to dissolve slowly into the air until only a faint outline of his body remained. The ghostly image was whisked away by the wind. A new wave of fear passed over me. I flung the coat on the bench and ran home, never once looking back.

Tossing and turning in bed that night I dreamed of the elusive Vittorio. But the dream kiss he planted on my lips, did not feel like fantasy and in the morning when I woke, I found the luscious camel hair coat enveloping my body.

---

## His crimson lips, puffy and bruised, oddly, but sweetly inviting.

---

After many sleepless nights on perspiration soaked sheets, I was overwhelmed by the urge to return to the park, in hopes that Vittorio would be there. I’d tried again and again to convince myself that he didn’t exist. Maybe, I had fallen asleep in the park that night and imagined him. But how would that explain the coat?

I succumbed to my desire to return and I could feel his presence before I saw him.  
“Sweet, sweet Eve, so you’ve returned.” He

breathed these words into my ear. I turned to meet his gaze, and my heart, which should have quaked with terror, was instantly filled with compassion.

“Who are you?” I inquired softly, “What are you?”

“Ah, cara mia, you don’t want to know. I’ve thought of you and nothing else for fourteen days. I have hardly eaten, look at me.” Vittorio held his arms out from his sides to show that his body did not belie his words. “Now, my heart appears to be beating a rapid tattoo, although I know it ceased to function centuries ago. So what are you, my darling Eve? A witch, whose powers eclipse my own, and knows the spell to make me, a being incapable of emotion, now fall in love?”

“You, Vittorio . . . You love me? None of this makes sense to me. I mean, I feel as though I love you too. As though I should love you, but I don’t know how or why.” I was puzzled, but I did know that I wanted to be with this man forever.

“Come,” Vittorio tenderly wrapped me in his arms, “Let me show you what I am.” I could feel my body melting, the very composition of my atoms changing. We both were dissolving just as he had before. Traversing time and space, I found myself back in my bedroom.

“Sit,” he ordered. “First, I want to assure you that I would never harm you. Feelings of love for you have sprung from somewhere long forgotten. I do feel your fear. I know you think that I am evil. Like many others, hundreds of years ago in Venice I became a disciple of

Dracul. Today I live his legacy, I am a vampire. The myth is real, we do exist." My eyes widened with panic.

"Please love, do not look at me that way. I didn't ask to be a child of the night, who bleeds people to sate my hunger; but now it is all that I know. When I first saw you, I wished more than anything that I was again human; but I am the walking dead. A monster!!!" Vittorio covered his face with his hands, a gesture that touched my heart. Impetuously, I reached and pulled him into an embrace.

"Kiss me Vittorio," I begged. "Make me like you, I want to be your immortal mistress forever. Drink of my life source!"

"No!" Vittorio wrenched violently away.

"You don't know what you're saying! This evil is not a gift. It is a curse." But before he could say anymore, I roughly pressed my lips to his until he could no longer resist the urge to kiss me back. His growing passion triggered the vampire transformation. I could feel his fangs against my neck as he gently kissed me there. When the sharp tips pierced my skin, I felt no pain and my love flowed for him as he sucked gently at my nape.

Suddenly, he tore himself from me in a fit of despair and hung suspended, floating just beyond my reach. "Nooooo!" He wailed in ear-splitting grief and wiped my blood from his lips with the back of his hand.

"Vittorio, please! Can't you see this is what I want?" I stepped toward him, reaching. "We should be together, forever. This is how it

should be."

"I love you too much to give you this kind of emptiness. His voice was a horrible whisper. "And now that I've tasted your blood, I'll never be able to resist feeding from you again. I couldn't bear to hurt you, ever." Although his eyes were still filled with desire, his next words were sharp. "If you love me like you say you do, come and sit with me in the window seat."

Tears began to flow down my flushed cheeks as I realized what he felt he had to do. I sat behind him on the seat looking out the window. Wrapping my arms tightly around him, wishing that it was just a dream, hoping that fate hadn't played such a devious trick on me, I rocked my love back and forth. I studied his face trying to brand the curve of his brow, the fullness of his lips, the blackness of his hair, and the beauty of his face in my mind. When the first rays of dawn hit the windowpane. Vittorio tensed with pain in my arms. He turned and faced me with so much love in his eyes, that it summoned forth tears in my own.

"I-love-you, amante," he said aching, his voice husky.

"I love you, too, Vittorio Grimaldi." I never meant any words more surely than those words of love.

The sunlight poured through the window and Vittorio's body began to violently contort. I never let go, even when all that was left was the shriveled husk of a man that I had so briefly, but deeply, loved. I sat there rocking until dawn the next morning, I knew I would see him again.



Chin Park



# Utopian

There is a place tucked deep in the woods where life is lively and time stands still.

The sounds of giggles and screams flood the air as children plunge into the waters of ecstasy.

The waters are magical, rejuvenating old as well as young and launching minds

back to when they used to swing from the old tire and plummet into utopia.

*Andrew Brodhead*

# Waters



photo by Ariella Blejer

# The Boater

"I am a doctor, a graduate from college,  
I've gained great wealth with my  
great knowledge.  
All women swoon when I arrive,  
I know no pain, only great pride.  
I've freed men from their call to death.  
I've helped the blind, repaired the deaf.  
I've many awards!" He carried on,  
"I tell you true, my mind is strong.  
Luck brought me on this leaky boat  
Though about that I cannot gloat.  
How could you live with so much strife?  
A boater, poor till your end of life?  
I've lived quite well . . . I cannot see-  
How you could live so fruitlessly"

*The old man did not reply, he kept  
a`rowing and the boat bobbed by.*

"The banquets . . . Ahh, had so much glee.  
The banquets . . . Ahh, made just for me!  
And filling out my doctor's oath-  
To bring more cures into the science.  
Developing each new appliance,  
Do raise your glass. I am a dealer  
In wonderous cures, a real healer.

He stopped and looked upon the man,  
Whose skin was bronzed a darker tan.

"But you," he said with pure disdain,  
"You'll never know, your life is plain.  
Till end of death, just plain you'll be  
Your life's been spent so fruitlessly."

*The old man did not reply, he kept  
a`rowing and the boat bobbed by.*

The doctor raved without an end.  
He harped about greatest friends.  
He ranted on, and then he stopped,  
Seeing that the paddle dropped.  
"What's wrong?" He asked, starting to frown,  
"Why did you put that paddle down?"

"I got a question if ya may,  
How fast can you swim anyway?"

"Swim?" he scoffed, "Old man, don't joke!  
No need to swim, there is a boat!"

The Boater said with such regret,  
"Look down, suh' `cuz yo feet a' wet.  
I may be old, ma' life be grim-  
But know what suh'? I sho' can swim."

The old man dived, and swam ashore.  
The boat had sunk.  
Doctor no more.

*Quasia Jones*

**Editors note:** When Quasia was asked where she got her ideas for "The Boater," she replied, "Poetry is about conveying ideas. 'The Boater' came to me around 2 A. M. one morning after hearing an inspiring speech by a Muslim speaker Sheikh Ahmad. After attending one of his seminars I was captured by his ideas. My imagination had been inspired! I hope the image of bubbles rising from the drowning doctor as the old boater briskly swims to shore will stay in your mind. An education is important, but you better learn to swim!"



# Avenues of Life

Adam Simons

**W**hy does a hot day in Philadelphia in July of 1787 mean so very much to anyone who lives in, studies, or admires the United States of America? The reason is very simple. The constitution of the United States was signed during this period in history. One definition of constitution is: "The principles according to which a nation is governed." A voice in the back of the room is sure to ask, "So what? What does this mean?" On paper this amounts to about as much as a politician's promise; in other words not very much. However, when we examine the constitution and take the time to study it, we realize something absolutely amazing. Every single action, thought, and expression is modeled or in some way shaped by the constitution that our founders' initially wrote and we have consistently amended throughout the ages.

My United States History textbook is one thousand, two hundred and sixty two pages. It is detailed, informative, and surprisingly it's rather fun to read. In the back of the book appear some twelve pages of material which appears in the same print as all of the other pages in the book, however this material is very special. The Constitution is written in black and white on these pages. It is because of this document that all the other one thousand, two hundred, and

fifty pages may be written. Without such inherently basic principles as freedom of speech, press, and assembly, this book would not stand a chance of making it off the printing press and into my backpack. As I've studied U. S. history



Photo by Paul Bea

in school, I've come to appreciate how valuable a few pages can be in the whole scheme of things. The pages in the back of the book should be highlighted in florescent pink or yellow, as if to let the whole world know that the words contained therein shape the thinking of the most powerful nation on earth.



Photo by Paul Bea

There was a time in this nation when most citizens could stand up and proudly recite at least the preamble of the constitution; perhaps they learned it in school, in a club, or even at home. After all, the Preamble is not that hard to memorize.

Sadly, now, most people do not memorize anymore. Apathy and the very decline in the interest of traditional democracy have plagued this country for a number of years. Voting, civic leadership and other forms of participation have fallen to an all time low. It is time that this issue is addressed.

**W**hen voters went to the polls last November to elect the forty-third President of the United States, less than fifty percent of those who could be vote, actually did vote! It was as if the Marine Corp Band had shown up at the Kennedy Center without their trumpets and drums. The sound the people of this nation echoed last year in the voting booths across America was not the loud roar of a powerful lion, but instead the meek shriek of a timid house cat.

It is important as this country heads toward the third millennium to cast aside present doubts of this nation and to read and learn the words of such men as James Madison and George Mason who so eloquently wrote the Constitution. People must not only know the Constitution but understand the immense power it contains. Power for us as individuals and power of the United States as a whole. It is only then that we can remember what was great about this nation and try to achieve that very same level of greatness once again.

Participation at anywhere will make this country rise to a new level. Participation can be as basic as signing a petition to add a new street in your neighborhood or it can be as great as running for political office. It is time that people join in. Belong to a club, be a part of something. Now is not the time to put up a mighty wall between you and society. Now, instead, is the time to join hands with others and be a leader.

There has never, in the history of this country, been a war like the one which we fight today. Every day that you step outside into the world, you must take the ammunition that this document provides you and win mighty battles on you own.

That is what it means to be a citizen of the U. S. Everyday a new challenge, a new obstacle to overcome. Know the strength of your own power and you will win.

For example, when the civil rights issue hit hard in the nineteen sixties, many people felt strongly about the issues. For the most part, the Constitution was the weapon of choice for both sides. The First Amendment and Nineteenth Amendment of the Constitution both speak to the issue of personal freedoms. These amendments gave people the impetus for their actions and giving speeches, using the press, and petitioning were all vital tools in the struggle for equality. Pen and paper, and voice in number proved far more effective than bullets and bayonets.

In August of nineteen sixty-three, on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial the thoughts and visions of a generation were defined. On this hazy, humid summer's afternoon Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. spoke of his "dream." Maybe, just maybe when Dr. King spoke with the kind of passion that make men into legends, he had in mind the "more perfect union" decreed by men two hundred years his senior. Both King and the framers of the constitution saw a better world and both knew how to get there on a high road approach.

The road makes a very intriguing metaphor. We all got here today on a highway. Most people probably took King Street. Many of you likely think of a big asphalt roller as the mechanism that paves a street. I have a slightly different view. The document about which I speak today paves roads for all of us. Roads of thoughts, ideas, and visions. When I finish the arduous task of high school and move on to

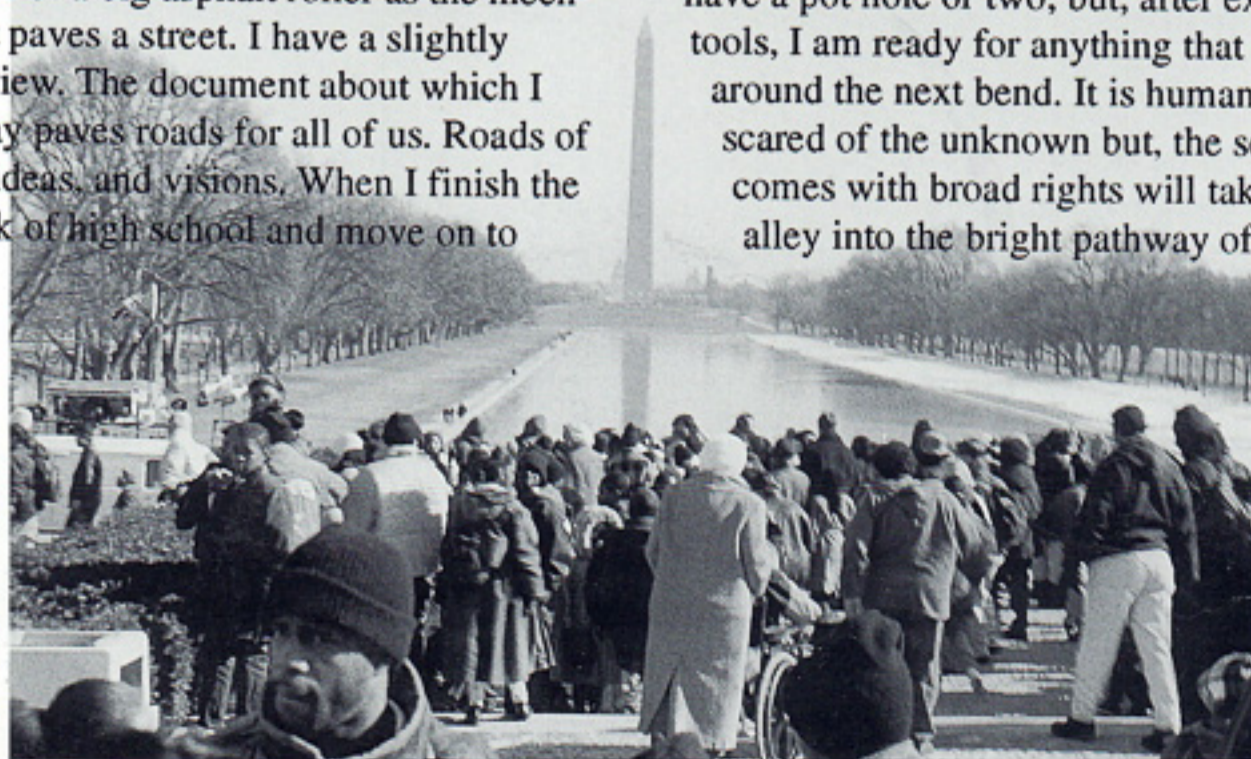
college, I will pave myself a new avenue of life. I have always been interested in politics, and shortly after leaving for college, I will gain the right to vote.

Up until now the most exciting part I've played, directly, in the political movement was when my best friend ran for S.C.A. vice-president in seventh grade. I was not only his campaign manager and point man, but also his trusted policy adviser. Just between you and me, he won the election because of my "no mystery meat in the cafeteria" pledge. At that time, I never really stopped to think why my friend was able to be elected vice-president. Either it was too naive to think of it or maybe I just didn't care.

Now, years later, as I will soon assume the right to vote in real elections it is important to look at my rights as a citizen. In 1971, Article Twenty-Six of the United States Constitution was adopted. It made eighteen the age majority. People, at this age, could now be heard in a democratic system. However, many articles before that one, such as Article Fifteen and Article Nineteen gave such groups as blacks and women also the right to be counted. These Amendments to our constitution paved the way for a fair and equal system of government.

This system leads my road and every road like it in the same, right direction. Sure, from time to time people will challenge my personal freedoms, in other words, the path ahead may have a pot hole or two; but, after examining my tools, I am ready for anything that may be just around the next bend. It is human nature to be scared of the unknown but, the security that comes with broad rights will take any dark alley into the bright pathway of knowledge.

Photo by Andrew Brodhead



# Personal Ads

## Personals Ad

by  
Allen Ginsberg

Poet professor in autumn years  
 seeks helpmake companion protector friend  
 young lover with empty compassionate soul  
 exuberant spirit, straightforward handsome  
 athletic physique and boundless mind,  
 courageous warrior,  
 help inspire mankind  
 conquer world anger and guilt,  
 empowered by Whitman Blake Rimbaud  
 Ma Rainey and Vivaldi,  
 familiar respecting Art's primordial  
 majesty,  
 playful harmless slave or mater,  
 mortally tender passing swift time,  
 photographer, musician, painter, poet,  
 yuppie or scholar-  
 Find me here in New York  
 alone with the Alone  
 going to lady psychiatrist who says  
 Make time in your life  
 for someone you can call darling,  
 honey, who holds you dear  
 can get excited and lay his head  
 on your heart in peace.

**Editor's note:** Allen Ginsberg, who died this year, was a friend of Jack Kerouac who wrote *On the Road* and William Burroughs who wrote *The Naked Lunch*. Ginsberg was a part of the Beat movement, a social and literary movement that began in the 1950's that later inspired the "hippy" culture of the 1960's. What follows is the poem and assignment that T. C. Williams 10th grade English teacher Mr. Taki Sidley, a former 1970's "something" T. C. graduate and *Labyrinth* staff member, used to inspire his students.

Mr. Sidley gave the students the following assignment. "Write a poem in the form of a personal ad (it doesn't have to be an ad that you, yourself, would actually place). The only requirement is that in the ad you try to use one word from each of the following rows of words (ten words altogether, if possible). This requirement will force you to be more imaginative, perhaps a little crazy."

*Labyrinth* challenges our readers to write your own personal ad using this format!

1. hair	handwriting	mirror	hunger
2. past	arrival	future	distance
3. after	among	during	wit
4. remnant	silence	refuge	pain
5. an angel	the dead one	a world	soldiers
6. endless	intimate	infinite	unknown
7. paper	coal	ice	wind
8. travel	destroy	suffer	regret
9. everywhere	no longer	distance	endless
10. watch	feel	develop	chase

I hunger for a man with hair  
long enough to play with.  
I await his arrival in the near  
future.  
Hurry!  
During this time I wait, even  
though you're unknown to  
me,  
I make our plans.

Like ice rubbed down your  
back, I'll cool  
you down from any pain you  
suffer.

Wait no longer, for in my  
mirror of visions and heart,  
I see us together as we  
develop an  
Endless love story  
That's so romantic it can be  
written down on paper in the  
most intimate of handwriting.

You  
must know how to write in  
Desdemona!

Adwoa  
Osei-Kwartemoah

Female travel agent seeks:  
young male,  
skin as dark as coal,  
a pure soul.

I want a man with a future,  
not one headed for a paper  
route,  
not a little boy scout.

I want a man like the wind,  
he blows off anything in his  
game.  
He feels no pain.  
An angel of silence,  
one that sits, not, on a high  
throne.

A man unknown.  
A man I won't regret  
I ever met.

Amy Richardson

When I look in the mirror, I  
see a sad face,  
I need someone who will

forget  
my past and think about my  
future.  
Remove this pain in silence,  
get to know me within.  
To flee a world full of men,  
almost all unknown to me.  
let me travel, far away to  
choose  
the one I love.

Claudia Vigon

I have black and red streaks  
in my hair.  
I want to try to forget my  
past.  
I want someone who will stay  
after and put the remnants  
together  
of my missing love and  
emotions.

An angel who will set me free,  
so my life won't be so endless.  
The wind is blowing  
the evil out of me  
everywhere I go, I like myself,  
I'm feeling stronger again.

Karen Vuong

A girl with dark hair,  
a girl who doesn't live in the  
past,  
a girl for whom silence does  
not last,  
a girl who stands out among  
the crowd.  
An angel without regret,  
A girl who will travel  
anywhere.  
We can have endless  
happiness.  
Use the paper to find me.  
I'll be waiting.

Mike Cooper

He has to be intimate,  
Not distant when it comes to  
pain,  
He knows what he wants,

never holds back feelings,  
His heart is a mirror  
reflection of an unknown  
angel.  
Not a dead man, but a soldier  
in this world.

Carly Jones

An angel, seeking silence in  
infinite wind,  
the remnants of the dead one  
in the mirror.

Must be everywhere, awaiting  
my arrival.

Must seek refuge in a nice  
age.

Must not mind suffering.  
Must not mind regret, for  
anything.

Must feel no longer for the  
future, but for the during.

Must not fear the unknown  
Must not long for a world  
destroyed.

Must not fear to run any  
distance.

Must not dwell among the  
endless.

Must not develop a past.  
Must appreciate the hunger in  
pain

Not intimate.

Latiffa Kerbal

Monty Python fan with  
fractured logic in search of  
young woman, blonde  
hair for future relationship.

No regrets.

An angel  
With infinite intimate  
silence.

No longer feels pain.  
Travel the world.

Everywhere.

Christian Cartner

Afraid of the mirror,  
I seek someone thinking  
about the future,  
but not forgetting the past.

Who hungers for new  
knowledge

and ways of thinking.  
Who will comfort me in my  
refuge,  
But can be stubborn like an  
angry soldier.

To be intimate without regret,  
to be as uncommitted as the  
wind,  
but never feeling the distance.

Sara Grillo

Future soldier seeking  
someone to travel with  
everywhere.

Someone to stand by during  
unknown pain.

And someone to make me hot  
with fire  
and cool me down with ice!

Sonya Afshan

I am the type of person  
that isn't going to put up with  
you if you only have a place in  
your heart that needs to be  
filled.

I'm in search of someone  
that doesn't look at himself  
in the mirror all day and  
that really has plans for his  
future.

If in pain, he could talk to me  
like I'm his mother instead of  
trying to be a soldier.

Endless love will burn like  
coal.

If you feel that I'm  
in your reach, and it won't let  
go, give me a call so we can  
know.

Valenia Elder

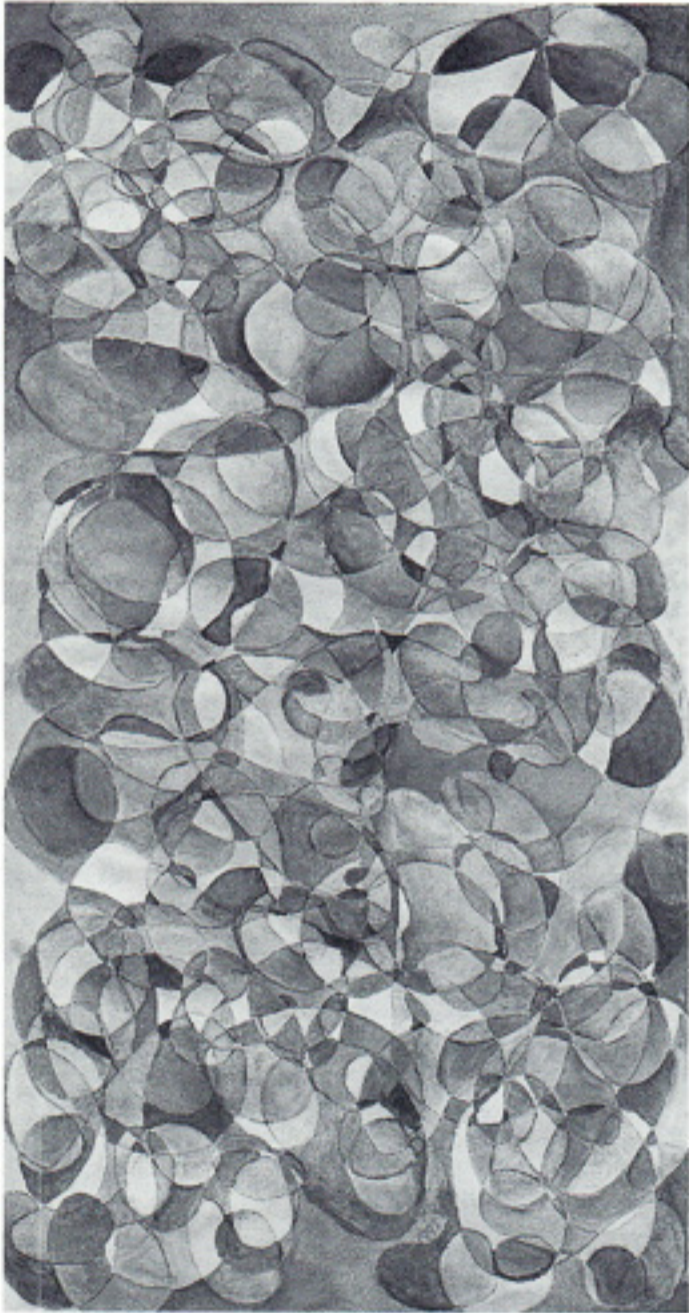
Streaks of gold are in my hair.  
In the future it will turn blue.  
After I find a lover  
The pain inside me will die.

We will travel together,  
You will feel my endless love.

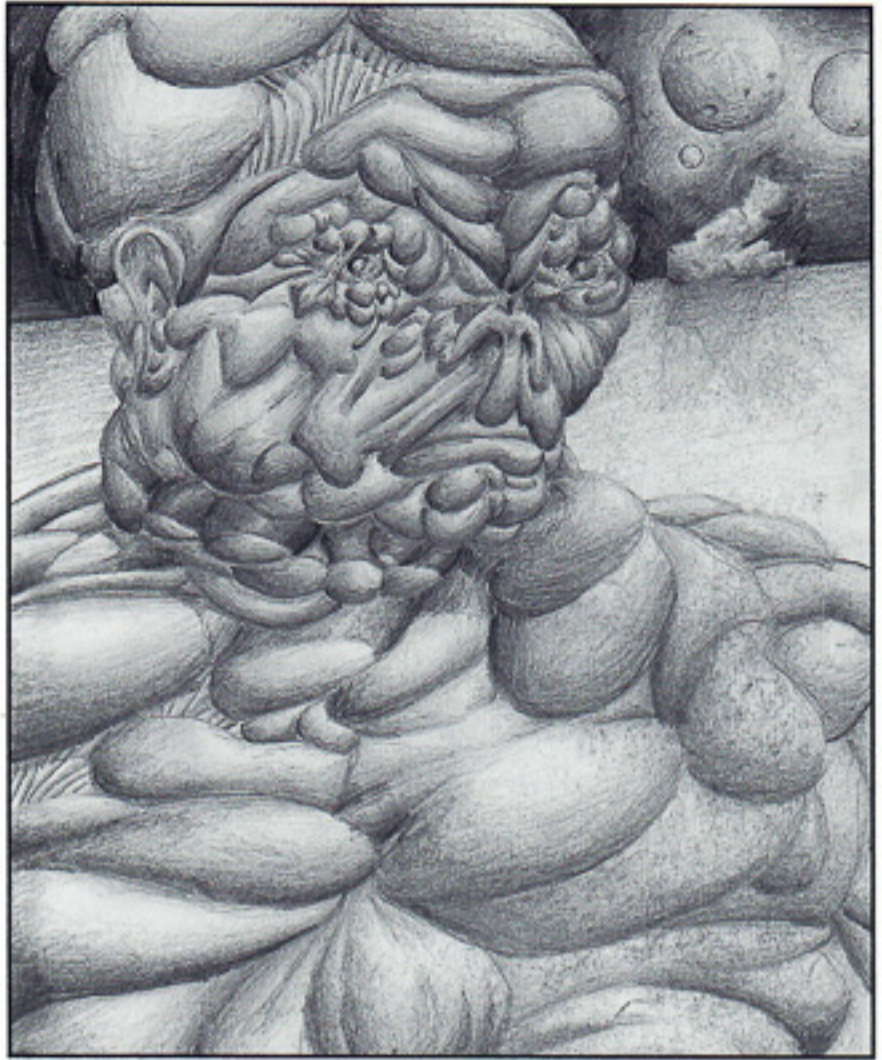
Kharise Baluyot







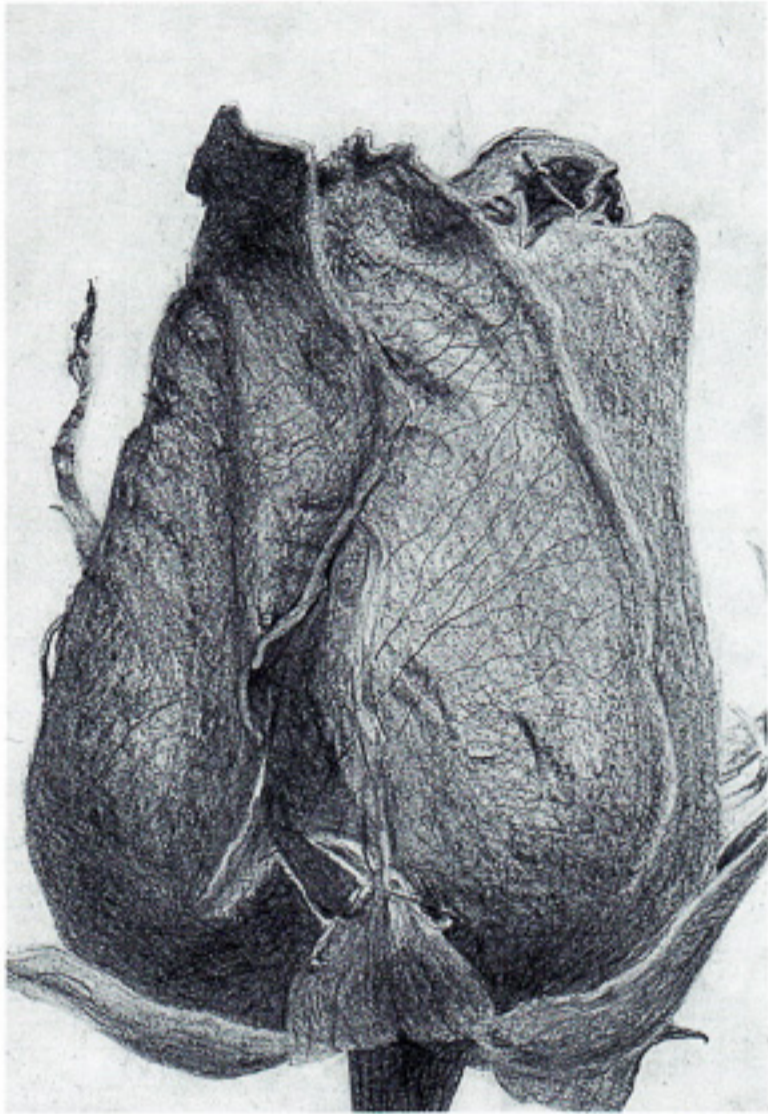
Kathleen Hunt



Ryan Graham



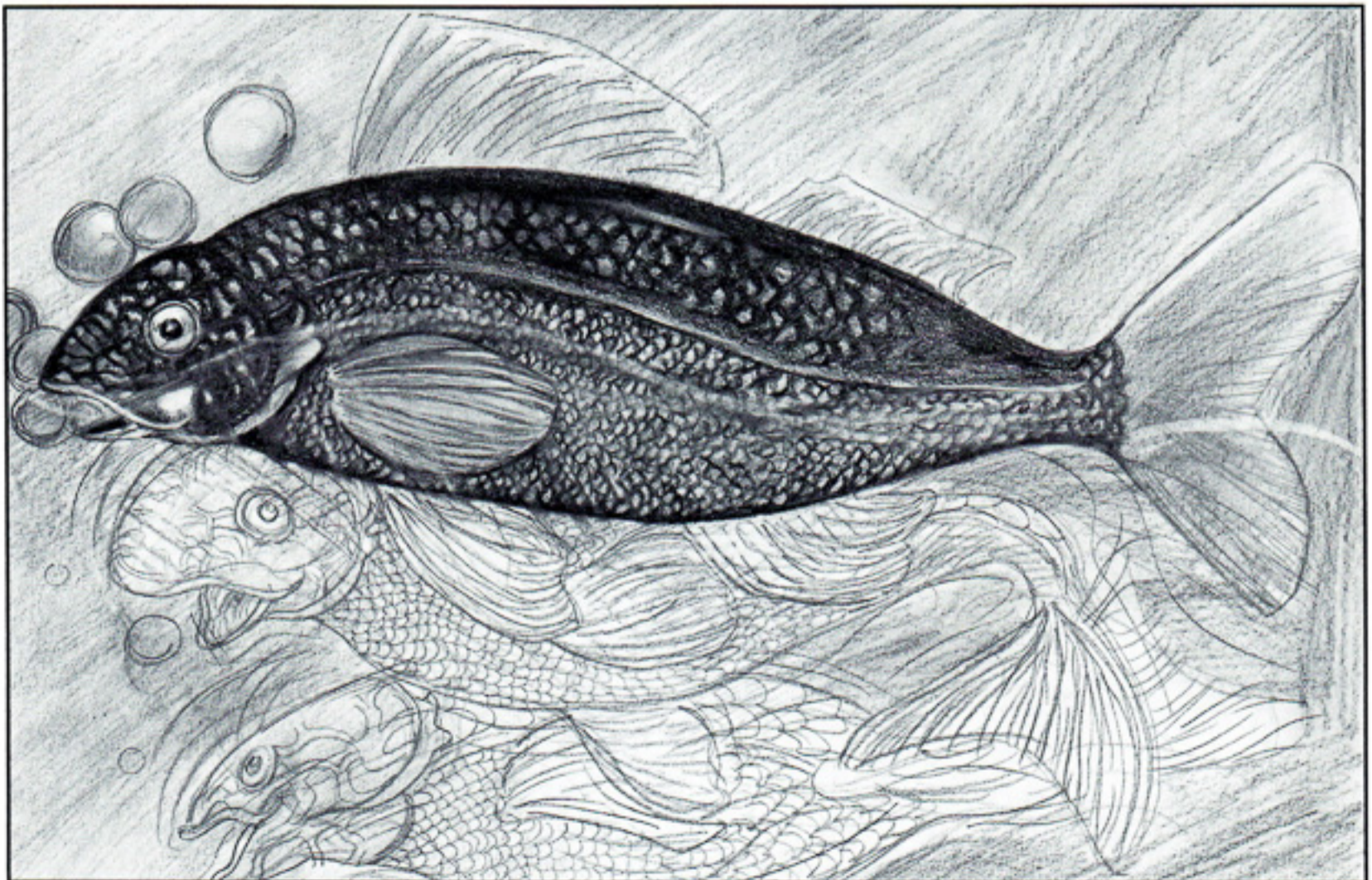
Chin Park



Lucia Gajda



Alexandra Holliday



Chin Park



Ursulla Miller



Adjoa Adusei-Pukua



Stephen Cope

# Crew Canadian Nationals



by Rebecca Snyder

## LABYRINTH

## PERSONAL ESSAY

I sat, staring into the blank screen thinking, “How can I capture it, how can I put on paper something so magnificent?” The something was Canadian Nationals and it happened over six months ago. It was a crew race and an amazing one at that. The more amazing part was that we had won it; my boat had won it. The victory came after four month of grueling workouts and endless sacrifices. It was a long, hard season that ended in victory. It was the type of victory that had only occurred a handful of times in T. C. Williams 49 year history and to think I was apart of it. That was the problem; “How do I put onto paper a moment so indescribable, how do I share the immense glory that soared through our bodies?”

I started typing and ended three hours later. I decided to take myself away from the story and act more as an observer. I am proud of the end product and feel that it effectively captures the intensity of the moment, a moment of true triumph. I call it GOLD.

They stood strong and tall; their hair gathered tightly in thick elastics. The warmth of the sun rested calmly on their shoulders. Their heart beats were rapid; the sound penetrated the uncomfortable silence. They stepped slowly down into the smooth white shell, positioning themselves onto the sleek black seats. Tears streamed down their faces streaking their smooth skin.

He stood beside them, his white hair blowing in the wind. His aged face contained many wrinkles; some of which encased his gentle blue eyes. He knelt down onto the weathered dock; his eyes staring intently into theirs. The words “go get ’em” rolled off his pink chapped lips. They nodded and strongly pushed off the dock. They slid their hands back and forth along the oar handles feeling the smooth

---

The words  
“go get ’em”  
rolled off his pink  
chapped lips.

---

wood underneath their hardened blisters. The eight blades rested flatly on the calm water, waiting for the coxswain to deliver the signal. The words, “Row on two, one, two” penetrated their

ears. Their bodies reacted with strong consistent strokes. They slid back and forth along the slides, the oars slicing through the thick water. They rowed slowly up to the blocks; eyes fixed sternly ahead, ignoring the surrounding shells. The shell came to rest by the coxswain's command, "Let it run!" The oars lay still; the blue water streaking the smooth white paint of the blades.

The deep husky voice of the official cut through the silence and the coxswain again reacted with "Row on two, one, two." The strong



consistent strokes resumed. The boat slid swiftly between the steel blocks. A young boy clutched the stern of the boat, through the deep voice; "Sit ready. Girls, you can do this."

They sat prepared, blades buried beneath the water, heartbeats intensified; new tears crossed over the dried streaks of old ones. The official's commands "Sit ready, row," pierced their ears. The coxswain shouted, "Half, half, three quarters, full, one, two, three..." They reacted with strong steady strokes. The eight oars sliced through the water thrusting the thin white shell forward. Their motion was uniformed and resembled that of a graceful machine. The coxswain shouted, "Settle!" Together, the slides slowed. The strokes became elongated and additional power substituted the speed. The boat continued to soar, slicing through the calm water.

The race had simplified; the other four

boats loomed far behind. The remaining two shells were even. The coxswain screamed, "Crazy eight, let's go!!!" The rate soared. The slides flew back and forth with a speed twice as great. The oars ripped through the water, pushing the sleek boat past the opponent. After eight strokes of intense speed and power the previous rate resumed. The damage was evident. A space of blue water now stood between them and the other boat. The oars continued to thrust the shell farther and farther ahead. The rate soared in response to the coxswain's final command,

"Sprint!" The oars flew back and forth and finally thrust the boat across the finish line. The intense motion abruptly stopped. Screams of joy and amazement pierced the air and tears streamed down the nine faces. The disappointment of the other competitors remained unnoticed.

The steady motion of the oars resumed and the boat glided alongside the dock. A small boy ran alongside the smooth wooden dock and ceased its movement. The

nine girls stepped onto the soft green carpet. They stood facing hundreds of admiring faces, tears of joy trickling down their young faces. A person dressed in a crisp, blue suit, placed smooth gold medals around their necks. A large bronze trophy rested in the hands of the eldest and the coxswain held the two plaques. They stood together, proud and accomplished, smiles occupied their faces while the flashes of cameras reflected in their eyes. He stood behind them his white hair fluttering back and forth in the wind, puddles of tears gathered in his soft wrinkles. He caught their eyes and smiles flashed across their faces. They abandoned the carpet and ran to him. Their young eyes stared into his and the whispers of "We did it, Dee, we did it," echoed in his ears. The reflection of the sun on the sleek gold medals danced on his worn blue shirt. He responded, his voice quivering, "I know, I know."

Photos by Barry Sacher

The film *Like Water for Chocolate* based on the book which bears the same name, is historical fiction set during the Mexican revolutionary era. The film centers around Tita, the cook-heroine of the film, who is unable to be with the one she loves due to the fact that she is condemned to watch after her mother for the rest of her life. While certain parts of the film were indeed faithfully reproduced and fun to watch, on the whole it paled in comparison to the book; and both presented a slightly over-romanticized view of the lives of the characters and the situation at hand.

Seeing the characters in the film brought to life what was perhaps the best part of the entire viewing experience. Many of the main characters were fully-formed and believable with very few stereotypical elements. Even Mama Elena, the epitome of evil in the tale, was given a softer side when her love affair from years past came to light after her death. The characters had very real drives, real desires, and real faults.

Tita was an exceptional example of a finely crafted, realistic character. Her reactions showing her love for Pedro, her fear and hatred of Mama Elena, her madness as she coped with the death of her nephew, developed naturally to create her complex persona.

On the other hand, there were instances in which the character of certain individuals could have been more clearly developed. Gertrudis for example, apparently runs off for little or no apparent reason, other than, the effects of Tita's cooking. The rebellious attitude within Gertrudis that would lead her to such an action is not really mentioned before her departure. Indeed, it is not really elucidated until after Gertrudis sends Tita a letter explaining her thoughts. Mama Elena, also, was not really given a motive for her detrimental actions, short of the fact that she was a

madness is almost too quickly overcome and the story line glosses over details that would explain how she broke free from this mental illness; nevertheless, the plot was fairly coherent and its shortcomings were less than obvious during the first watching.

Development of a meaningful theme was perhaps the weakest aspect of the entire film. Was the story espousing the idea that true love is born instantly and that love is really a simple thing that is only made complex by other events? In point of fact, it seems what Tita and Pedro

## *Like Water for Chocolate*

*Rob Adams*

“mean person.”

The plot was uneven. On the one hand, the film clearly presented the conflicts between the characters: Mama Elena and Tita, Pedro and Tita, and Pedro and John. The subplots were also well integrated into the climax. On the other hand, there were aspects of the story that were solved almost “too neatly,” such as the use of “food magic” to solve and create conflict. Tita's

shared came closer to simple lust than love, and neither one really understood this to be true. On the whole, the film seemed to be filled with people who failed to realize many things about life, and consequentially, allowed themselves to be driven by their motions. Perhaps the one person who emerged unscathed from the tangle of characters was Dr. Brown, who's willingness to understand and take a back

seat to Tita's wishes, speaks more eloquently of what love really is than anything Pedro may have done. The viewer is left with unanswered questions about the nature of love.

The setting of the story was well-chosen. All throughout the film is revolution, both in the surrounding country of Mexico and in the hearts and minds of the characters in the film. Gertrudis plays both parts, rebelling against her mother's authority by running off to a brothel to satisfy her sexual desires and returning as a general of the rebel army. Tita also plays the part of the

rebel, giving in to her love for Pedro and defying both custom and her relatives who forbid her to see him. The political situation of the country speaks volumes about the situation of the characters in the film. It is a time of change, and neither Mexico nor the De La Garza family will ever be the same.

Essentially, the film "Like Water for Chocolate" was entertaining and engrossing, but lacking in a well-developed plot and a potent message; nevertheless, it had no glaring weak spots, and was not a bad film. Watching it after reading the book,

however, was a bit of a disappointment. While this movie was more faithful to this book than many other films that are based on novels, it lacked the rich language and seamless integration of the recipes into the story that made the book so delightful. Both shared a general weakness of the thesis, but the book managed to develop the plot and characters so completely that both were much more vibrant than their film counterparts. On the whole, reading the novel turned out to be a more enjoyable experience than watching the movie.

#### LABYRINTH

#### INTERNATIONAL POETRY CONTEST WINNER

*Para mí, amor,*

*Solamente una vez en la vida  
se encuentra un amor como el mío  
y está tocando a tu puerta.  
¿Me vas a abrir la puerta o  
me vas a dejar afuera?*

*Yo te doy estas rosas para  
demostrarte mi amor.*

*Mi amor todavía es fuerte,  
porque tu eres mi fuerza,  
es tu decisión... haras mi amor  
más fuerte o lo dejaras desaparecer.*

*La decision es tuya.  
Regresame la rosa de amor  
o la rosa de amistad...  
O nada.*

*To my love,*

*Only once in a lifetime does  
a love like mine come along,  
and it's knocking at your door.  
Will you shut me out?*

*I give you these roses  
to show you my love.*

*My love for you is still strong.  
It's up to you because you are  
my strength.*

*Will you make  
my love stronger or will  
you make it fade?*

*It's your decision.*

*Return me  
the rose of love or  
the rose of friendship.*

*OR if so,...nothing.*

*Para  
Mi  
Amor..*  
*and  
translation*

*Tiya Kirby*



I sat at the plastic table in the dining car and started to pick at my bagel. It was a yellow table, puke yellow with tiny scratches and pen marks from passengers who had reached their destinations long ago. Vacant windows lined the car, useless because of the vacuuming darkness that slept beyond. Pick. Pick. I should have let the cook warm it up when he offered, because this bagel was absolutely tasteless except for the freezer burn bitterness that lay heavily on my tongue.

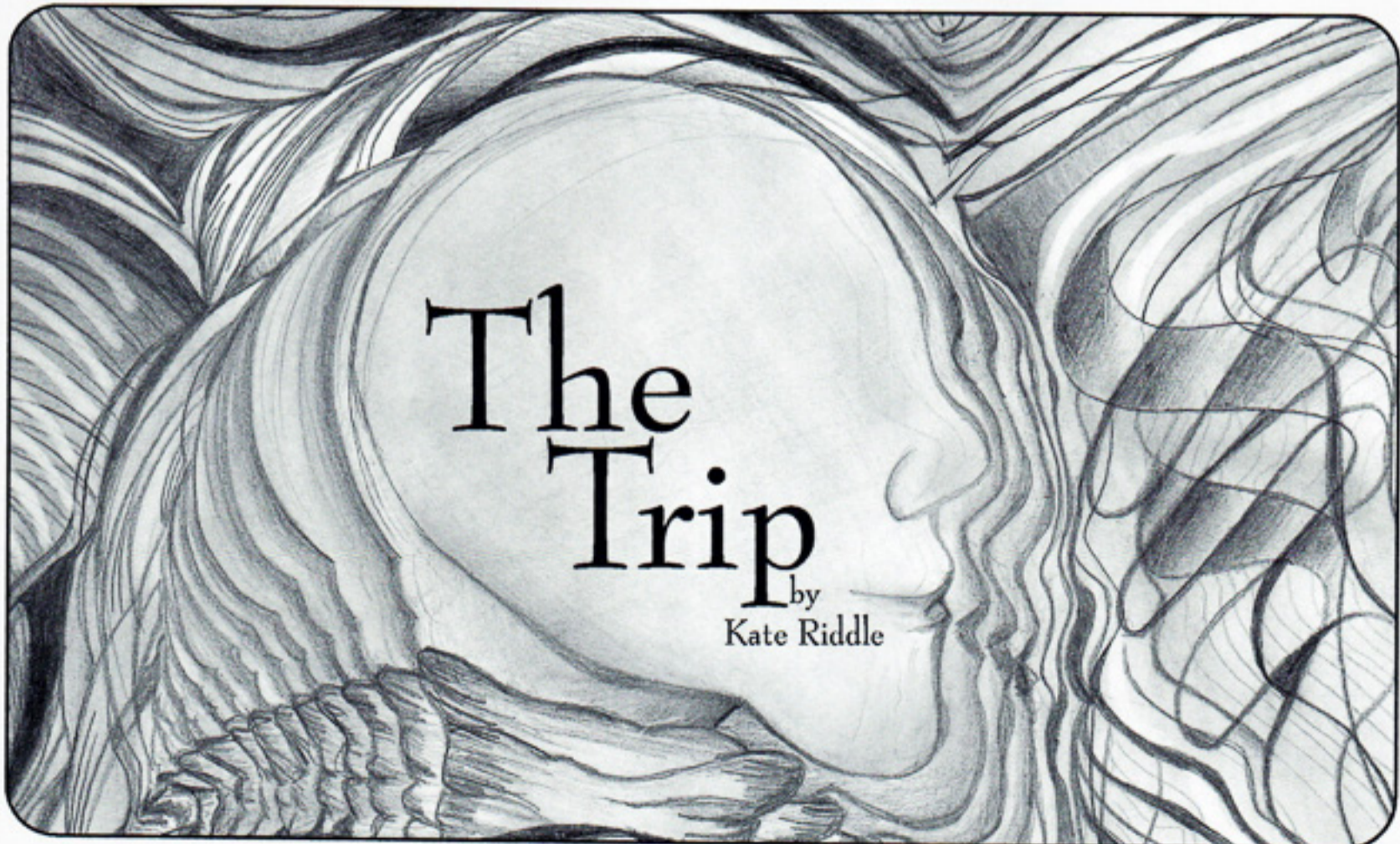
Just as the rich darkness made ready to dance with me in its steely kingdom, a man skulked toward my table with a cocky air. His black Pixies T-shirt was ripped under the arm and the neck was stretched so that tiny wisps of chest hair fluffed from under the tattered fabric. I felt that undeniable plunge in the pit of my stomach that only happens when I am telling myself to "watch out." I

let him sit down, but only because I knew of no other course to take. How could I refuse this man a seat? I was trapped. The train walls could have been prison bars and I would have felt no differently.

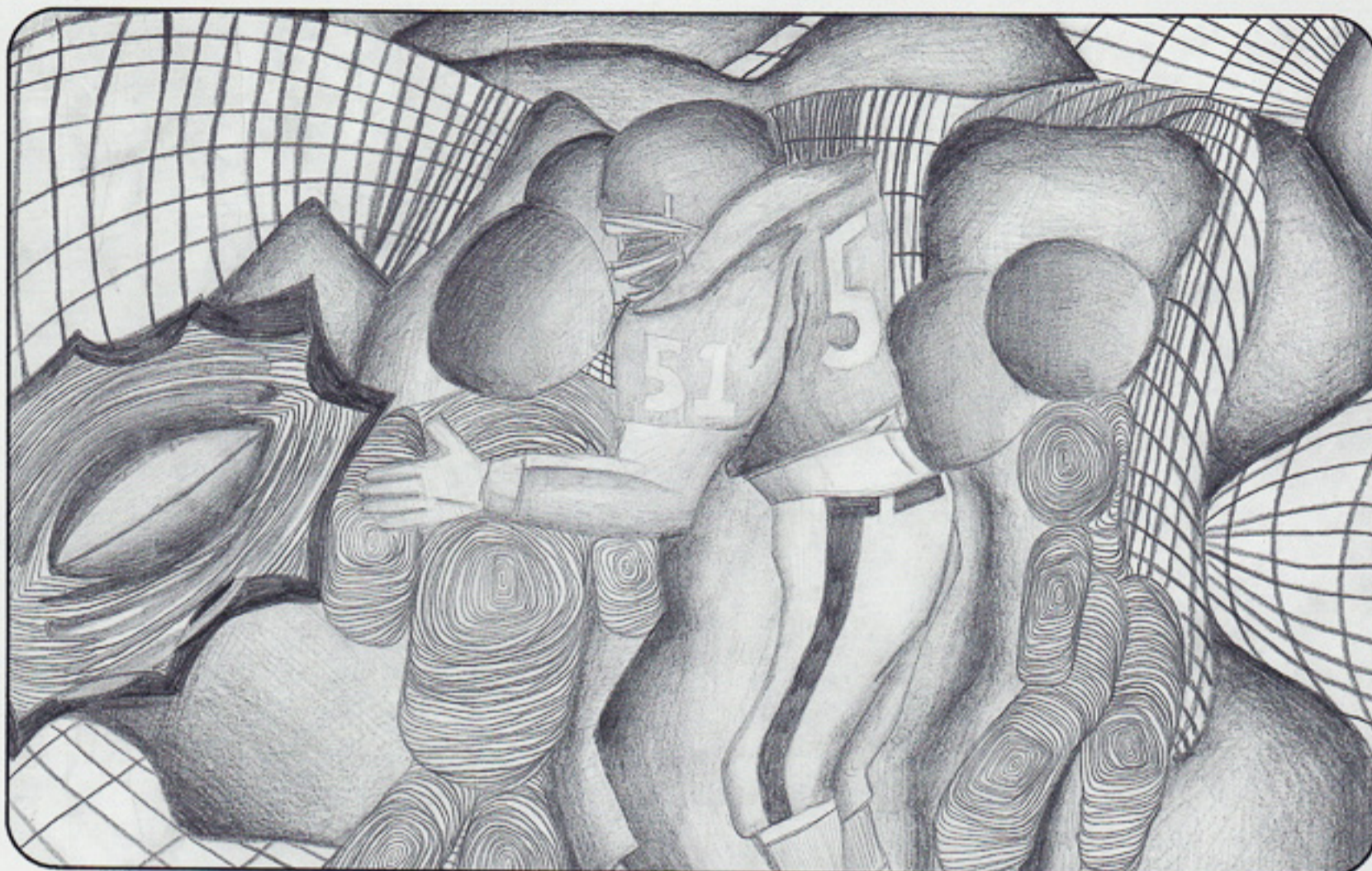
His eyes were blue, a cool, cloudy blue that penetrated the halo of crusted bloody and bulbous bruising surrounding the right eye. His dirty blond hair was a little too dirty today, housing more dried blood that had scabbed on the deep cut above his fleshy ear. As he sat down, the man took off his solid blue baseball cap and laid it on the table, an act which appeared entirely too gentlemanly for him to perform. A bit of the dried blood dropped daintily on the table. Soup had probably spilled there, and Coke, and bagel crumbs, but most likely no blood.

The man set down his cup of pea soup and some napkins, shifting his weight to the left, pulled a Paper-Mate pen from his right pocket and laid that beside his hat.

"This soup isn't very good."



Kieva Lewis



Heather Eason

“Yeah, well, um . . . it’s just that dried stuff, so . . .”

Pick. Pick. Pick. Pick.

“I’m not a weirdo.”

“What?”

“I was at the Extreme Games. You know the Extreme Games?”

“Um . . . not really.”

“Like skateboarding . . . in New York . . . these guys jumped me after the game.”

“Oh, wow.” Okay, this was weird. I had no idea who this guy was, if he was telling me the truth, or why he kept staring at me so intently. Even the silence between us was a conversation. I felt as if his soul was raping mine. I could keep nothing from this man. He began to write on a napkin, finished writing, and pushed the paper in my direction.

“You are so amazing...” I was reading this note. “...and you carry yourself so maturely. I’m making this movie and I want you to star.”

All I could think about was how I was going to escape this man, and how I was going

to rip my eyes from those magnetic pools that refused to release me.

“I couldn’t get in NYU, so I’m making this movie in Australia to help me get in. Do you get it? Get off with me in Newark and we’ll chill.”

“Um . . . actually my parents are picking me up at Union Station.”

“So call them and I’ll drive you home later.”

I have to get away!

No, you’re coming with me!

Please, I . . .

“Excuse me. I have to go to the bathroom.”

I slid out of the booth and teetered to the end of the car. The train jolted and I quickly pushed against the bathroom door, my sweaty hands leaving spots of moisture on the smooth surface. Only then were his eyes locked away from my soul. I put down the seat to the toilet, carefully dodging the pee-stained plastic, so that I could sit. I sat there, peering over the wet counter in the mirror. Only in this cramped train bathroom could I breath freely, safely. I waited, and waited.

# The Piper Pipes

The Piper pipes and I must follow,  
Over the hills and through the hollow.  
To the bloodstained grounds of Normandy  
Follow...like lemmings to the sea.

The Controller of Minds calls me along;  
I'm pulled into the whirlwind by his deadly  
song.  
He tugs at my soul so I dance behind,  
He's skillfully manipulated my helpless mind.

And although I resist, and strain to say,  
I must still go; I cannot help but join the fray.  
I will walk behind, silently, as though a ghost  
Though I might die, we will win; they can not  
beat this valiant host!

They have no hope, we must prevail,  
The dead, fighting along with the living, they  
will fail!  
And though they rally, shouting, "Hold!"  
We will triumph; our regiment bold.

The Piper pipes with his ghostly band,  
And I am called to Shadow Land.  
Lost, in one forgotten grave,  
But I will not falter, I must be brave.

And so I live, beneath the land,  
While, from "Somewhere in France," on  
marches the ghostly band.  
I have still not deserted the Phantom Train.

And through this subtle trick of fate,  
I can see past Heaven's gate.  
So, I know we'll win; we can, we must?  
We're overcoming repression; our cause is just  
Through suffering, distress, affliction and  
misery,

We come, drinking the sweet cup of victory.  
Saving and killing, how to differentiate? It's  
hard to tell,  
We dangle in Limbo, stranded, between  
Heaven and Hell.

But in the end, it's deliverance, and not death  
we bear.  
Leaving behind us a wake of despair.  
And from our own actions an new age springs;  
A mighty country falls, and freedom, with it  
brings.  
The world cries out with another era's piercing  
pang;  
And dwindles off, the Piper's unearthly gang.

We shall not be forgotten, though, of that be  
assured.  
We will be remembered by the age we have  
procured.  
I died for this, so I don't regret  
My journey, or the era I helped beget.  
But I'll never again, see my beloved hollow,  
For the Piper piped, and so I followed.

*by Ariella Blejer*

**Editors note:** *After interviewing Ariella Blejer about where she got her ideas for "The Piper Pipes," she said, "While reading Rilla of Ingleside by L. M. Montgomery, for the fourth or fifth time, I realized that although the characters speak frequently about a much loved poem, 'The Piper Pipes,' the author never prints it. In the book, one character Walter, goes reluctantly off to fight in World War I. The night before he was killed, he wrote a letter to his sister saying he had a premonition that he would be killed in the morning. He included his poem which went on to become famous and was praised as the voice of those killed in the war. The first verse popped into my head during an English class and I couldn't stop writing, not even when my teacher threatened me with dire consequences for my inattention. I am a fan of Montgomery and I hope my poem, 'The Piper Pipes' is an accurate reflection of what she had in mind as having her character, Walter, write."*

# A Trial of Speed and Determination

by Aaron Beck

**M**ark Williams stood at the starting line of the cross-country course, shaking his legs to loosen them before the race. It was the big race and only the first fifteen finishers would go to the regional championships. From there the best runners in the nation would compete in a national race.

Last year, Mark had been good enough to get to the state meet, but did not place well enough to go to the nationals. This year he was much better than last year. This race was the first step in getting to nationals.

He glanced at the competition around him. To his left was the Jonesville team. Their team was fast, and from past races Mark knew that they ran to win intentionally pushing and shoving to get into better positions in the race.

Mark's coach walked up to him. "Mark, this is your race. No one out here is fast enough to beat you, and you know it. Run it smart, and don't get hurt," the coach said intensely, "You're going all the way to nationals this year."

Mark nodded, "I'll do my best, Coach."

The starter in a red and black jacket walked over to the mass of runners. "There will be two commands, runners set and the gun. If the gun is fired

---

"Just run ... to win ...  
you're going all the  
way to the nationals  
this year."

---

twice, something went wrong, so stop and go back to the starting line. No pushing or shoving is allowed. Remember, top fifteen finishers qualify for the regional meet. Good luck."

The gun cracked loudly, and a mass of boys sprinted from the line. Three hundred contestants raced toward the far woods,

Mark was in the lead, a small group of other fast runners were clustered around him.

The first mile of the race was uneventful, but as the

runners headed into the second mile, things began to get ugly for Mark.

One of the Jonesville runners slashed at Mark's calf with his sharp metal spikes. Gashed, Mark

stumbled, recovered and kept running as the bright red blood oozed down his leg. Another contestant from Jonesville hooked his foot around Mark's ankle and jerked, causing Mark to almost trip and fall. He sprinted forward, trying to regain the lost pre-

cious seconds.

The small group of front runners kept racing through the woods. They crossed a small stream and neared the top of a steep hill.

Another Jonesville runner ran up beside Mark, pacing with him until they reached the top. Wary, Mark tried to keep some distance between himself and the other athlete; as the antagonist panted beside him, a third Jonesville competitor came up behind Mark shoving him hard.

Mark lost his balance and tumbled down a rocky slope

off of the trail. When he hit the bottom he landed hard on his left leg and it crumpled under him at a strange angle. Wincing, his face was white with pain and blood trickled down his cheek from a cut on his scalp. He tried to move the leg out from under himself, but repositioning caused the pain to cascade over him like cold water. He saw white spots in front of his face which turned a brilliant red. Pain shot through his leg and Mark fainted.

Five months later, Mark's leg was still in a cast. The doctors had said that the leg was broken in four places; they said that he would be lucky to walk again, and he certainly would never be the same as an athlete.

The doctors' words had come as a shock, but the shock passed and he was resigned that he would never really run again.

When outdoor track began, Mark attended all the meets and practices. He enjoyed helping coach the distance team, and did help the regular coach as much as he could. The only problem was that he wasn't satisfied with just helping to coach the team; he wanted to do something more.

One day, as the season was drawing to a close, Mark was checking some of the times on the practice sheets. He no-

ticed Chris Davidson's times.. Mark had not paid much attention to him during the year because he had not shown much skill or potential, but now, after running for a complete school year, Chris had become much faster.

Mark watched Chris closely during the next week, and saw that Chris had real potential. After school, Mark

---

## As Mark lost his balance and tumbled down the rocky slope, his body was ripped by sharp chunks of flint.

---

approached Chris in the locker room before practice.

"Hey, Chris, what's up?" he asked nonchalantly.

Chris looked up, startled, "Not much, how 'bout you?"

"We'll I've been watching you this last week," Mark answered.

Chris glanced quickly at Mark, and scooted away from him slightly.

Mark laughed, "No, I can assure you that I did not mean it that way. I just think that you've got the potential to be as good as I was, if not better."

Chris said respectfully,

"Maybe. I kinda doubt it, though."

"No, I'm serious. Consider doing some extra training this summer. If you think that you would like to be a lot better in cross-country season, then see me after this season. I know that if you trained hard over the summer, you could go all the way to nationals."

"All right, I'll think about it and let you know.

The idea of going to a big meet doesn't sound too bad to me." Chris grinned.

The end of the season came quickly. Chris agreed to train with Mark during the summer.

Mark made Chris train hard, running distance runs and working on speed. The distance runs ranged from five to twenty

miles. During most of the long runs, Mark would bike along beside Chris, trying to rebuild his own leg muscles.

The improvement that Chris showed was tremendous. His speed and stamina had improved continuously. Mark knew that this year Chris would shine in the spotlight of athletic achievement. Many other runners who had never heard of Chris Davidson, would see the cloud of dust that he left behind as beat them in the race.

During that summer they formed a strong friendship,

and when the next school year began, Chris and Mark still trained together .

Most of the cross-country season passed in a blur of almost continuous first place wins for Chris. But before either Mark or Chris realized it, the big race was in two weeks.

Chris easily won both the district and the regional meets, coming in first by several seconds in each. The upper-state did not go so well, but he still placed third, well enough to qualify for the state meet.

On the morning that the state meet was to be run, Mark sat near the starting line; he was watching Chris warm up and stretch.

"This is it, Chris. This is your big chance to show them what you've got. Don't screw it up, like I did. Get way out fast, don't hang back with any of the Jonesville runners, and just pure and simple, kick some butt. You've worked hard for this, don't let them take it from you."

"Runners set," and then the gun fired.

Spectators watched anxiously and after an agonizing ten minutes the lead runner broke from the forest. An orange shirt told Mark this was a Jonesville runner; close behind him was another runner from the

same school.

Mark was stunned. Where was Chris?

Just then Chris burst from the woods and poured on the steam. As he caught up to the two Jonesville runners and passed them, one of the runners deliberately slashed at Chris' leg with his spikes. Mark could see Chris falter and almost fall.

Near enough to see the assault, the crowd gasped and booed the Jonesville runner; but Chris seemed unfazed and pounded to the finishing line to claim first place.

Chris stopped, bent over and put his hands on his knees, trying to catch his breath.

"Yeah, what'd I tell you? That's what I thought! You really did it, man! You killed the competition! Good job!" Mark shouted as he slapped Chris on the back, "You're a beast!"

Chris straightened, smiled painfully, and tried to ignore the blood running down his cut leg, "Yeah, but I couldn't have done it without you. You gave me the inspiration. Thanks, man. You know, those Jonesville runners are scum."

Chris, nodding, extended his hand toward Mark, who grabbed it. They shook hands, coach and runner, peer and companion, a symbol of friendship, respect, and triumph.



Chris McElfresh



When I see your  
face in the streets,  
I see you  
begging  
for money.  
People  
ignore you  
and your greets,  
And think that  
you  
look  
funny.

*I wish  
I could  
do something.*

I

Wish

I

Could

Do...

When I see you starving,  
As you look for  
food in the trash  
You watch  
through windows  
waiters serving,  
Food that disappears  
in a flash.

*I wish I could do something.*

When I see you in a  
dark alley,  
Trying hard  
to keep from being cold.  
To stay alive,  
all your strength you rally,  
Your newspaper  
blanket you work to hold.

*I wish I could do something.*

When I see you sick and dying,  
Asking for my help.  
Instead of helping,  
I am lying  
When I tell you and myself as  
loud as a dog's yelp,

*"I wish I could do something."*

*Galileo Mark Namata*

## L'Afrique

J'adore l'Afrique, comme un poussin  
au fond d'une case.  
Afrique, ke te regarde  
Tu ressembles a quelque chose  
qu'on ne peut imaginer.  
Oh! Afrique. Tu es adorable, aimable,  
Avec toute cette population  
que tu rassembles,  
Ce beau pays it ces beaux  
animaux, le soleil, la mer.  
Je rassemble mon monde le  
sour au clair de la llune,  
Le matin au premier  
chant du coq.  
Et a la tombee  
du crepuscule.

Je t'adore, mon Afrique.

## Africa

I adore my Africa,  
Like a chick loves its cozy home.  
Africa - when I look at you I see  
Unimaginable beauty.

Oh, my Africa,  
You are precious to me.  
With your people,  
countryside, animals,  
Sun and sea.

In the evening, by the light of the moon,  
I dream of my former world,  
From the first signs of dawn  
To the fall of dusk.

I love you, my Africa.

*Emma Natacha Douce*





# Patrons

Ann D. Anderson  
 Bradford & Melinda  
 Ashton  
 Ellen & Ned Bachman  
 Gale Baker  
 Nancy Bea  
 Herbert & Paula Berg  
 Jimmi S. Barnwell  
 Henry S. Brooks &  
 Carolyn Miller  
 Gary Burtless & Elise  
 Bruml  
 Diane Crawford-Batt  
 Rebecca Buckbee  
 Elaine Crowley  
 Mollie Danforth  
 V. Rodger Digilio  
 Jim & Nancy Dunning  
 Jack Esformes  
 Ned & Sheilah Egan  
 Sondra Friedlander  
 Pat Fox  
 Ron Glass  
 Mr. & Mrs. Thomas E.  
 Graffte

Ryan & Aurelie Graham  
 Helen M. Gryboski  
 Ellen Harmon  
 Spot Hinners  
 Ms. E. Hoffman  
 Sheila G. Jacobs  
 Z. M. Johnson  
 Spikey Johnson  
 Vance Jones  
 Stephen & Joanne  
 Kenealy  
 Key Club  
 Mr. & Mrs. Thomas P.  
 Koslawaski  
 Guadalupe G. Silva  
 Krause  
 Craig Lancto  
 Eleanor & Larry  
 Lindeman  
 Dr. Robert & Mrs. Anne  
 Lipnick  
 Ron Marland  
 Diane McClaughterty  
 Marla McConnell  
 Ms. Janice L. Moody

Rebecca W. Moore  
 Pat Moran  
 Daniel & Juli Mulhollan  
 Dr. & Mrs. Walter Payne  
 B. Michael Penn  
 Joseph A. Pisiciotta  
 Bob & Joan Polson  
 John & Bonita Porter  
 Robert & Lissa Reeves  
 Andrea P. Reid  
 Diane & Bill Reukauf  
 Greg Robertson  
 Dr. David Roscher  
 Clyde Ross, Sr.  
 Helene & Larry Safford  
 Elizabeth & Joel Shapiro  
 Dayna L. Smith  
 John Steinbeck  
 Tom & Pat Sugrue  
 Nancy & David Swennes  
 Susan Tatum  
 L. T. Trice  
 Jacki Vawter  
 Mariam Wessels  
 Richard Wright

