Man of Music

Josh Novo '96

Ever since I've known Rob Collins he hasn't stopped amazing me with his brilliance. He's a songwriter, musician, athlete, and student and he tries to excel at everyone of those activities even if it means sacrificing some of his free time.

Rob is a sophomore in the H.V.A.C. shop here at Diman. He is an A and B student and has always been one since started school. He also holds down a job at Seaside Basement Waterproofing with his father.

Rob can play many different instruments like the guitar, piano, and the drums which he prefers over the others. He takes lessons on the drums once a week to better his skills. He is just about finished with his lessons. He can also sing. He has a beautiful voice which reminds me of Robert Plant's of Led Zepplin.

When I approach him about whether he plays in a band he said, "I am not in a band yet but I play with alot of different people." Though he has gotten some job opportunities from bands, he feels he should focus on school work at this time in his life.

Rob is into many different varieties of music and bands. Other than rock, he likes playing Latin, Jazz, and Oldies music. He adores the Beatles and Led Zepplin and his personal favorite album is the Beatles White Album.

Rob plans to attend Northeastern or Massasoit to further study his trade. He is also planning on taking summer courses at the Musicians Institute. "I feel I can make more money in my trade and it will be hard to make good money in music," Rob states. He mostly plays music because he enjoys it.

I feel Rob will become what he wants to be. He is a wonderful musician, student, and a friend and I wish him all the luck in the world.



Front L to R: Kylie N., Holly S., Amanda S., Jessica F., Jessica V., 2nd Row L to R: Sherrie M., Steph, Kim S., Natasha, 3rd Row L to R: Coach Kuthan, Nicole R., Missy, Danielle

Freshman Baseball Sweats Out Another Season

Ken Rego '98

A friend of mine was involved with Freshman Baseball this year, and I must say he had nothing bad to say about this group of ball players. Led by Coach Avilla of Machine Shop, the team would practice for two and a half hours after school, drilling baseball fundamentals and building stamina by running track. On Saturdays, the team would come to the school for 7:30 in the morning and play a split team game against one another.

When game time rolled around, they would go out to the field as a team, determined to play the best that they could. If the team lost, they would go back to the locker room and many would dwell on what went wrong at the game. Even my friend, who simply scored the games, would take it hard when the team lost. But the next day they would get right back out there and practice hard, putting the lost game behind them and focusing on the next.

The freshman Baseball team finished the season with two wins twelve losses. But, despite their record, they took pride in what they did and really lived up to the definition of a "team." Hopefully next year we'll get another team like this one.

Diman Softball

J. F. '98

The Diman Girls Softball Team ended their season with four wins, nine losses and one tie.

Overall they did very well for a first year team.

We would like to send our thanks to Mr. Kuthan, the staff and to the students for all of their support.

Also good luck to our senior co-captains Kylie Nitchie and Jessica Lincoln.

Thanks again! See you next year!

The Tradesmen

Staff
Nancy Charette
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Christina Ferreira
Erica Followwill
Louis Rebelo

Faculty Advisor
Mrs. Susan Sayre

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Jeremy Pacheco
Kathy Pereira
Danielle Proulx
Ken Rego
Melinda Reis
Marc Rezendes
Matt Teceira
Jennifer White

THE TRADESMAN

DIMAN REGIONAL VOCATIONAL TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

-- A NEWSPAPER by and for DIMAN STUDENTS --

Volume 3 No. 4 June 1996

Farewell to Mr. Duval

Nancy Charrette '96

As the school year draws to a close, so does Mr. Duval's career at Diman. After 24 and a half years, he announces his retirement.

Dennis Duval was born in Fairhaven, Massachusetts, above a drugstore. He grew up in the New Bedford area.

In 1957 he graduated from Fairhaven High School. He continued his education at Georgetown School of Foreign Service. There he received a B.A. in International Affairs, and then a Masters in Guidance at Bridgewater State College.

Before he came to Diman, Mr. Duval did many things. From October 1961 to June 1968 he worked at Fairhaven High School as a social studies teacher, except for the period from 1962 - 1964 when he went into the U.S. Army.

In September 1968 until 1971 he was a counselor at Blackstone Valley Regional Vocational Technical High School in uptown, Massachusetts. His last position before coming to Diman was at Fairhaven High School as a counselor from September 1971 until January 1972.

Mr. Duval has been at Diman since January 1972. When he first came here, Mr. Henry was the only one in the guidance department. Mr. Mullaly was a counselor for 2 years and was replaced by Mr. Hurley.

Over the years, there have been few changes in the guidance department other than the addition of the staff. The biggest change was the addition of the girls to this school. Guidance since then has faced more problems concerning social relationships.

Mr. Duval enjoys working with the vocational students versus academic high school students. He believes that students in a trade generally have more of a goal in mind of what they want to do than academic high school students.

I asked him why he chose to retire. Mr. Duval responded by saying that he has been doing this since 1961 and it's "time for a change." His plans after retirement are to do some landscaping and "collecting political memorabilia, particularly of Dwight D. Eisenhowser."

During much of his life, Mr. Duval has done and been involved with many things. As head of Guidance, he's reviewed our 12,000 Diman applications, averaging 500 or so a year. He has had

(Cont. on pg. 3)



Mr. Dennis Duval



Ms. Devinny

Who's that Girl?

by Jennifer White '96

For weeks we have been calling her the "hall monitor."

Her name is Ms. DeVinny. What she does is to make sure no-one smokes and skips class and use the bathroom as so called "hideout."

She was selected for the job by Mr. Ramos. Selected, not hired. This is a community service job. She volunteers 20 hours a week because she "likes to work with teens."

Does she do her job? One student said she can walk in the bathroom and she does not see a smoke cloud.

Ms. DeVinny believes that Diman needs a hall monitor because of the issues of smoking in the girls bathroom, and teens from outside of the school coming into Diman. Mr. Bentley said that Ms. DeVinny is "EXTREMELY helpful," and that he hopes to have her back next year.

There are about 400 girls in Diman and there are 785 guys. So why don't we have a male hall monitor? That is Mr. Bentley's job.

Commentary . . .

JURASSIC PAPER
OR
TIME WAITS FOR NO ONE

By Editorial Staff

Maybe you haven't heard, but the school newspaper might be getting a new name - The Papersaurus. You see, The Tradesman, as we have come to know it (a paper written by Diman students), is in danger of becoming extinct. Of all the reasons contributing to our threatened demise, TIME seems to be the biggest force working against the continuation of the species.

We've never really had enough of it - TIME, that is.

Publishing a school newspaper is a formidable task that requires several steps, considerable skill, and lots of TIME. Staffers must do many things: decide on articles, research articles (a multi-faceted procedure which can include library work, interviewing on and off campus, attending events, etc.), write articles, rewrite articles, take photographs, choose photographs, do layup, and distribute the paper.

The fact is that the newspaper staff is only allowed to meet once every two weeks during school hours. In that small amount of TIME, we are supposed to publish no less than 4 papers a year. This may seem an easily obtainable goal. But, it is nearly impossible to publish 4 papers a year in an amount of TIME that adds up to no more than 2 meeting a month, 6 meetings a term, 24 meetings a school year - and those figures are somewhat inflated when you consider vacation TIME, planned or unplanned assemblies, absenteeism, co-op, and all the various distractions and disruptions that come up in the normal course of a school day or week.

Some may say we can always meet on our own TIME, like after school. Okay. Maybe some of you are in Earth Service Corps, or VICA, or another organization and you sometimes have after school meetings. You know what a great success those usually are. One or more people can't make it because they have detention, others can't get a ride home, others have to go home and give their pet kangaroos a sponge bath. You know, everyday after-school responsibilities get in the way. "We just don't have the TIME," is the complaint.

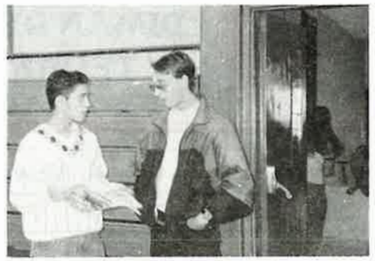
Meanwhile, The Tradesman is beginning to fossilize.

There is a solution to this problem. We could slow down or even halt this process of de-evolution by taking one little step forward. To be direct, if we were allowed to meet once a week, just that alone would double our meeting TIME. The mind boggles at what might be accomplished in twice the amount of TIME we have now.

If Diman wants a well-written, viable, to-be-proud-of newspaper, one that is evolving rather than declining into prehistoric oblivion, then we, as a whole community need to concentrate our efforts.

Three things could happen. The administration could not only allow, but insist that the staff meet no less than once a week. Teachers could support and encourage the efforts of the students who care. More students could find the TIME to put in the individual effort and teamwork required, knowing their reward will be not only satisfaction in a job well-done (if we may be trite but true), but also the preservation of an endangered species - our school paper.

Let's give our paper the TIME it deserves before TIME runs out.



Are you thinking about quitting school?

Miguel Andrade '96

I was a freshman here at Diman when I almost quit school. I guess I was like alot of other kids; I didn't like school, especially studying and doing homework. I wanted my own car, nice clothes and expensive jewelry, so I figured I'd quit, get a job and have the nice car and all the other things I wanted.

I figured school was just a waste of time. Thankfully, with some help from my teachers and my parents, I stuck it out. My parents would sit down with me and talk about my future. How would my future be? What would I do for a living?

I started thinking about it, but my grades were so low because I had given up in doing homework or studying for a tests. I approached my teachers and explained the situation, and they understood. They gave me the work I had missed and some extra credit to bring my grades up. Now I'm proud to say I'm graduating from The Diman Machine Shop in June with pretty good grades.

I already have a full time job waiting for me the day after graduation making decent money. I would never have gotten this job without a high school diploma and 4 years experience in machine shop.

I'm glad I stuck it out. Now I know I did the right thing. In a couple of years I hope I can also say I have a college degree in mechanical engineering.

Squirrels (Cont. from pg. 10)

The surviving members of the band have since brought in new talent to help them carry on. The new band For Squirrels is currently on the road and going on with their lives. As the band quotes in the song "Mighty K.C."
"And by the grace of God go I
into the grave unknown
Things are gonna change
In our favor. . . . . ."

In Support of the Arts

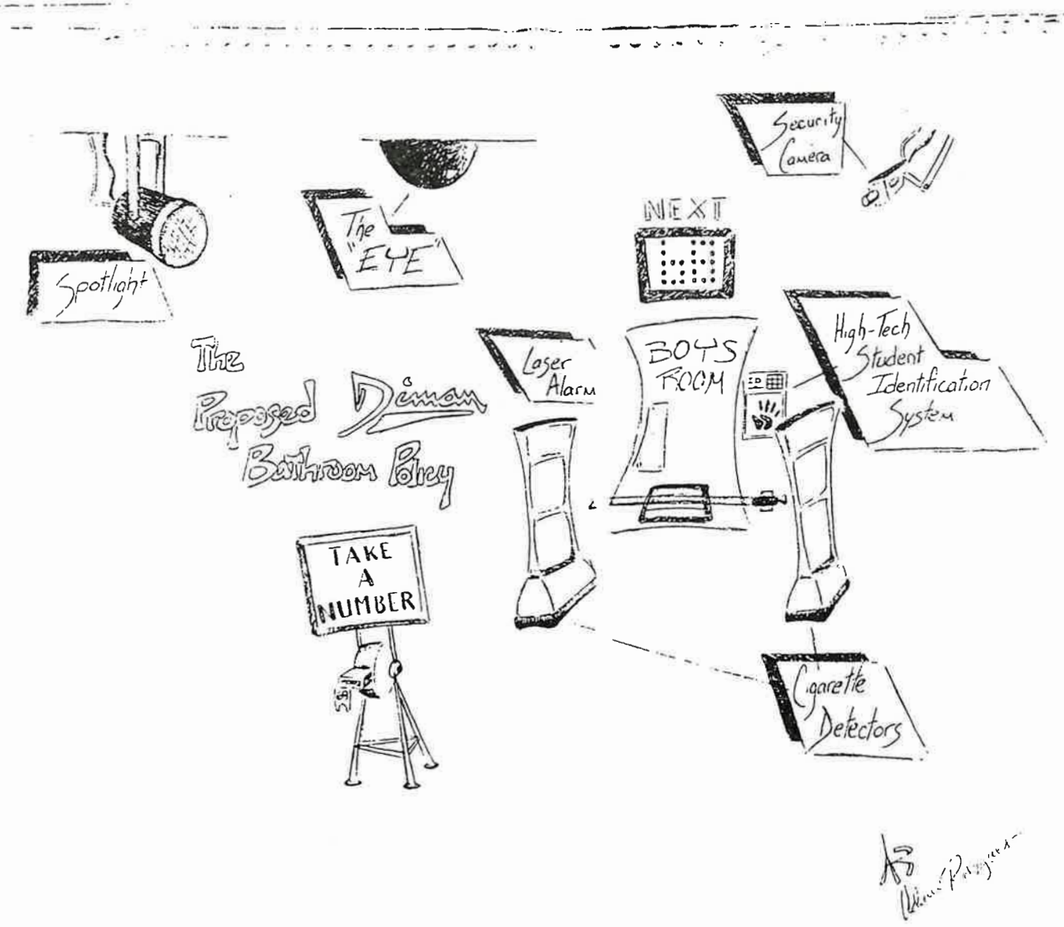
Marc Rezendes '96

Recently, I had the pleasure of going to see The Music Man presented by the Durfee theater company. It was really good. The students did a great job with the set, the acting and the music. After watching and observing several other Diman students also enjoying the play, I thought more class trips should be planned to experience theater, both professional and student performances, like at Durfee.

I think students are afraid to try new things. Going into a play house and not knowing where to go or how to get there can be intimidating. Schools could help such students get over this fear of the unknown.

Students should realize that there is more than rap music and Ian Dawne movies. Students should be more cultured and learn to appreciate plays, musicals, symphony, and jazz. If more kids went maybe more kids would realize that they enjoy it.

If we don't start exposing our young people to the arts, I hate to see what the next generation will be like!



SMOKELESS TOBACCO

Erica Followwill '98

This past April 23rd, 9th and 10th, grade students listened to a speaker on smokeless tobacco consultant for the Massachusetts Interscholastic Athletic Association, talked to us about what smokeless tobacco is and does. He also told us the process of how it is made and its history.

Mr. Bigelow informed us about the increasing usage of smokeless tobacco among adolescents. One of the reasons for this, he says, is the fact that smokeless tobacco is easier to conceal. Another reason is that a lot of athletes use it and this seems to have an influence on younger children who look up to these athletes as role models.

We were also told that there are many different types of smokeless tobacco. Snuff, one example, is used by people sticking it in their nose for a quick buzz. One type of smokeless tobacco, Copenhagen (which is put on the inside of your cheek), is sold because it contains much more nicotine (1 tin equals 4 packs of cigarettes).

Mr. Bigelow also told us of the medical risks of smokeless tobacco. He said that oral (mouth) cancer was common, and that 100% of users get some sort of gum recession. The reason for this is that the materials in the tabacco eat away at your gum.

Some of the chemicals present in the tobacco are Pulonium (nuclear waste), Actablehyde (an irritant), Hydrazine (a toxic chemical), Formaldehyde (embalming fluid), Cadium (used in car batteries), Uranium 235 (used in nuclear weapons), Nicotine (an addictive drug), Benzopyrene (a cancer causing agent), N- nitrosamines, Magnesium, and Aresenic.

After listening to Mr. bigelow and viewing the many disgusting pictures he showed during his lecture, I know I'll never try smokeless tobacco, and I hope he had the same effect on the rest of the students he talked to.



Mr. Bigelow-Smokeles Tobacco consultant for the Mass. Interscholastic Athletic Association

Twister Takes Audience for a Ride

Matt Texeria '98

I give the new movie Twister two thumbs up. This movie had action-packed excitement. The whole movie kept me on the edge of my seat. It was not just exciting, but scary, too. Many people that I saw in the cinema came out of the movie all nerved up and others were as white as ghosts. I should know, I was one of them.

I heard some people coming out of the movie saying that they never want to be in a tornado. Other people were saying that Twister was one of the scariest and most exciting movies they had ever seen.

When I was in the movie everything seemed so realistic, but when the movie was over and I thought about it everything seemed to be so unbelievable that no one could ever believe something like that could happen. The reason it seemed so real was because when you're in the theater watching the movie it's like the movie grabs you and won't let go.

Overall, I enjoyed seeing Twister very much and I hope you will see it as I will, once again.

For Squirrels

Joshua Nova

There's an unfortunate story that goes along with For Squirrels' great album which might end up going unnoticed in the end. Example is the name of the new album. Example is both a rocker and, sadly, a swan song for the original Florida band that finally made the jump to a major record label.

The strength of this incredible album can also be perceived as its major weakness. From the moment you hear the first few seconds to the strains of the last chord the band reminds you of R.E.M. during their college years. The opening track called "8:02 PM" is a rocker that can stand up to any song currently on the radio. The current single "Mighty K.C." is receiving some radio play. "Mighty K.C." is a song written as a tribute to Kurt Cobain. "We think highly of Kurt Cobain, Nirvana, and the music they made," stated Rolling Stone magazine, August 1995. The rest of the album follows similar formulas of R.E.M. tunes to the point where you have a hard time finding the difference between the two.

Some critics say that this is the best tribute band of R.E.M. they've ever heard, but if you listen closer there was talent that would have brought For Squirrels out of the pack if circumstances had not decided otherwise. This album has a lot of charm and it doesn't have a bad tune on it.

The unfortunate story is an incident that happened on Sept. 8, 1995 just prior to the release of the new album. While returning home to Central Florida from a gig, the van carrying the four members Jack Vigliatura (vocals), Bill White (bass), Travis Tooke (guitars), Jack Greigo (drummer), and their long time friend and road manger Tim Bender, was involved in a serious accident. Jack Vigliatura, Bill, and Tim were killed at the scene. Drummer Jack Greigo underwent surgery for a broken neck, and Travis Tooke for his broken elbow. Both are expected to make full recoveries.

(Cont. on pg.11)

Commentary . . .

Duval (Cont. from pg.1)

a lot of input into the four year old shop Exploratory Program. He assigns the upcoming freshman eight shops for the first half of the year then assigns the freshman their permanent shops during Christmas vacation and has all freshman placed in a shop by the time they come back the next year.

Apart from his professional duties, he is on Board of Trustees of the library in Fairhaven and is on the Fairhaven Alumni Association. He is also a member of the Massachusetts director of Guidance Association and and was the President in the 1980's. Additionally he is a member of the American Political Items Collectors Association.

Mr. Duval says what he will miss most at Diman are, "the students and people I work with."

Diman: Moving at a Snail's Pace?

by Rob Collins '98

Is change needed at Diman? Are we moving at a snail's pace in the race for quality education? Or are we keeping up with educational reform?

Mr. Letendre mentioned to me that at Diman, "Things stay the same way for a long time." Yet, there is evidence of change going on here in our school.

For the first time in 24 years, Diman's curriculum has been changed to give students more choices in their education. Students are now able to choose classes that they want to take from a variety of "selectives", in addition to their required shop and academic courses.

In the past Diman students who were weak in math were automatically put into lower ability groups, even though they might be strong in other areas such as English or History. On the other hand, students that were strong in math were put into the higher ability groups, yet these students could be weak in other subjects.

Now, our new system will try to simplify the situation by eliminating these "levels" all together. The advantage of this is that students won't have to feel like they are in "dumb groups" as Mr. Letendre related it to me. Students of multiple abilities will be thrown into one class together. This is called heterogeneous, rather than homogeneous grouping.

Some may feel that this could hurt the students by not allowing them to learn at a pace or style that they prefer. Some students may feel that the teachers are going too slow, spending too much time in certain areas. Others may feel that everything is going too fast, and they're being left in the dust. This could be a possibility. Mr. Letendre assured me this would not be a problem. He feels that the students who are learning faster will motivate the students that are lagging behind encouraging them to catch up.

Along with these required of students, Mr. Letendre feels that teachers might have to make changes also, since they may be unaccustomed to teaching new subjects in heterogeneous groups. He pointed out that workshops were available to educate teachers in more effective ways of teaching. Teachers will also have to be able to spend more time with students that may learn at a slower pace while not neglecting the needs of the other students. This may prove to be a huge task that teachers will have to accomplish.

Whether these changes will meet the standards imposed by the Massachusetts Department of Education cannot be totally known. There are no guarantees that these changes will be for the better.

The administrators hope that Diman will be strengthened and move ahead in the race for quality education with other vocational schools.

Should parents be held responsible for their children's action?

Sonia Nunes '96

Parents don't know where their kids are every minute of the day. A parent could drop off their son or daughter at school and next thing they know they get a phone call to bail their child out of jail.

True, parents are responsible for you until you're 18. But if you rob a store at 16 is that your parents fault?

When a child commits a crime he or she knows that what they're doing is wrong. They think they won't get caught.

Parents should be setting a good example for their kids, but they won't always follow that example. They might turn out to be the total opposite and no one can change that.

On the other hand, if the child was brought up in an environment where his or her parents let them out in the streets to do whatever they wanted to do, never taught them good values, and basically just didn't care about that child, then both the child and the parent should be punished.

Friends through the Mail

Jessica Lincoln '96

Who said letter writing has become extinct? This certainly isn't the case for Taunton resident, Tracy Waclawik. Does she write? Yes, she does. She writes hundreds of letters a year.

Tracy began writing letters at the age of eight as a way to keep in touch with an Attleboro girl she met on a family camping trip.

At fifteen Tracy began answering ads in teen magazines from others her age that were seeking pen pals. Tracy is now twenty-three, and she has 1000 pen pals. She told me that it is a "good way to get to know other people. Especially people from foreign countries. You get to know how they live."

Letter writing is Ms. Waclawik's hobby, but it does get expensive. She spends fifty dollars a week just on stamps alone. She receives twenty to forty letters a day and sends out to one hundred to two hundred letters a week. She doesn't own a word processor. All the letters are hand written. She also told me that, "Sometimes I stay up all night writing to catch up."

She has met a few pen pals that live in the New England area and one from Virginia who is her closest pen pal, Linda McGuire. Even though she hasn't met anyone from a foreign country, she has communicated on the phone and in her letters.

Commentary . . .

The House: A Great Experience or Not

Erica Followwill '98









Having gone to the house and talking to the people there (and also having the experience of working on the site myself a couple of times), I have come to a conclusion: Working at the house isn't everything it's cut out to be for some people. There is lack of enthusiasm as well as whole-hearted support.

The house, which is set in a rural area in Westport, is 34 hundred square feet and energy crafted. It has 4 bathrooms, 3 bedrooms, and a library. It also has a fireplace.

I asked some students what it's like to them to be working on such a building project. I got a lot of responses, many like the one I received from Mike Pavao who said it's just "alright".

I also heard that it's a good experience working at the house. "It's better than being in shop because you get hands on work done," is what Kyle Dias said.

Many kids basically complain about how tough it is with harsh weather, but still agree it's a good experience for them. There are some students who enjoy the pleasure and satisfaction of doing such work, like Ryan Reo who says it's "awesome."

I also spoke with a couple of teachers and they agree that it's a good learning experience. Mr. Martel says it's an "educational experience," but he also said that in his opinion, it should be on a "smaller scale so even more learning can be accomplished."

Mr. Rodgers says he enjoys it, it's "live work", and that "the construction time goes by quick." All those individual opinions not withstanding, teachers and students alike, who were involved with the planning, making and constructing of the house deserve much credit.

Sky Diving

Lisa Melo '97

Sky diving is something I always dreamed about doing. I don't know why, but I just want to throw on a pack and take the deepest, most outstanding dive of my life. Sure it looks scary and I have my doubts. What if my shoot doesn't open! Should I do this? Could I die? Would I live to tell my children that mommy took a leap into thin air. I can't sit around crying my shoulda, coulda, woulda's and ignore the feeling of just falling hundreds of feet to the earth. What a rush you must feel, your heart like a lump in your throat, looking at what seems to be ants walking around on dirt. Or maybe it's water staring you right in the face, your whole body relaxed, just falling and being so scared, but you know you can't turn back. WOW! If I would just be given the opportunity I would snag it in a second.

Editorial

Get Involved

by Jay Andreozzi '96

"What are you looking at?"

"Do you have a problem?"

"Throw down your books and let's settle this with fists!"

Are you or someone you know involved in a conflict with someone else? Have you had trouble resolving conflict on your own? Could you use help? Peer Mediation is set up here at Diman to deal with these problems. It gets things out in the open and helps arguing students come to an agreement.

The program was started three years ago by Kathy St. Martin of the Health Careers department. The goals of Peer mediation are to resolve conflicts peacefully without the threat of violence and to help students get along.

With strict confidentiality the two opposing parties are taken to a conference room and are seated at a table directly across from each other. Notepads and pens are issued to both parties for notes. Two trained mediators lay down the rules and the mediation begins.

Each party gives his or her interpretation of the issue at hand. The mediators don't tell the arguing students what to do but rather ask questions such as, "What can you do to resolve this?" or "What do you want from each other?" The mediator try to keep the peace and help the students come to an agreement which is usually 85-90% effective.

I have been involved in conflicts here at Diman myself, and through mediations I'm proud to say both situations were successfully resolved. One session involved over eight arguing students from Diman and Durfee, and we all came up with a peaceful solution.

Twenty new students, freshman and sophomores, were trained this year to be peer mediators. I was invited to sit in on one of these sessions and was allowed to watch a live demonstration on how it works. The role-playing was great and the students seem to be enjoying themselves, too.

Mrs. Baron-Cyr is the Coordinator of the program for students who either want to be peer mediators or need to set up a mediation. The Guidance Department can also give more information about peer mediation to those students who are interested.

Maintenance Mechanics at Work

Ed Bichel

Well, the roof on the field house is finally done by the seniors, juniors, and a few sophomores who made up the outside crew of the Building Maintenance Shop. Although it may seem like a long time to finish a roof on a building, (September to April) there were a few interruptions along the way.

The outside crew started stripping the roof in the beginning of the school year. After it was half done, they were called out to the house to help the carpenters finish their roof so that they could work through the winter. By the time they got the roof on the house and got back to the school, it was snowing, and snowing, and snowing. The outside crew became the inside crew doing jobs around the school.

Walls in the new D wing corridor had to be painted a new ceiling in the hall outside the gym had to be installed and then painted. Then this inside crew went back out to put up the seasonal decorations for the City of Fall River at the Government Center. Then it was back inside. Counters in Graphic Arts had to be built, along with many other small jobs that popped up here and there in the school.

Along about January the outside crew went back outside again. The carpenters at the house needed help again with the sheetrock to keep them on schedule. NO PROBLEM!! Just like the Calvary, here they go again. Finally, after helping anyone that needed help, they are back on the job doing their own work.

The plan is to make more usable space in the field house. The inside cement block walls are to be taken down and hauled away, and the pipes in the walls removed to make more room inside. Some of the boards on the trim and the roof were rotted and needed to be replaced and painted. Three of the small doors had to be removed, boarded up and then bricked to match the rest of the building.

So far the walls are down and hauled away. The pipes are out, capped and hauled away. The roof has been stripped and replaced. Rotted boards have been replaced and are now being painted. Two of the three doors have been boarded up. One more door must still be boarded and all three must be bricked to match the surrounding walls.

The end of the year is quickly approaching, and the race is on to finish this job before June. Of course, if they are done early I'm sure someone will find another job. The building maintenance students in, do the job, and just as quietly leave again.

All that is left behind is a job well done.



Another Tony Camponelli Mystery

The X File

Louie Rebelo *Part IV*

The Final Chapter

Last time our hero, Tony Camponelli, had just been given a book. A book which just may have the formula to get himself back home to the year 1996.

Quickly, he grabbed the book, blew the dust off of it, and started flipping through it. He found nothing, until the very last page. It read, Time Travel across the top in bold script-style letters. He then proceeded to read every word on that page until he found what he was looking for. They were the only words on that he did not understand, flourange juice. He asked "Do you know what flourance juices is?"

"I think it's a chemical, an acid or something. My grandapa used that in a lot of the stuff he used to make. Matter of fact, there might be some left back here on this shelf," he said as he got up and walked over to a shelf.

"Come on, where is it?" I shouted as I started looking at myself. "Here it is! Here it is! What! Empty! Damn it! Where can I get some more of this stuff?"

"Well," he paused. "There's a place at the plaza in town. They might just have it. I'll be closin' in 'bout fifteen minutes or so I'll go with you, if you want," he answered.

"Yeah," I responed to his offer, "that would be great, but Ihave to stop off at the Sheriff's station, before we get there, to pick up my reward money."

He replied "That shouldn't be a problem seein' that the place is right across the street from the Sheriff's station.So for now, just go sit at the bar and I'll get you a new drink I've come up with. I call it Coaka's Cola. I think you'll like it. It's got a caramel-like flavor and it's full of bubbles that tickle your nose when you drink it. He led me back out to the bar. I took the seat all the way at the end and sat with my back to the wall. He came over, handed me a hat and a vest, whispered, "So you'll fit in a little better," with a grin. After a two minute hiatus to the back he returned with a clear glass bottle of what looked like Coke. He grabbed a glass from underneath the black marble counter, filled it and gave it to me. I took a sip and immediately recognized it's flavor as Coca Cola.

I started calmly, "This is good stuff. Keep it hush hush, because someone might want to steal this flavor from you someday, but for now perfect the flavor before going public with it. Trust me with this one, you'll want to get any edge you can against the competitors."

" What competitors?" he asked confused.

"Don't worry about that, now. That shouldn't happen any time soon, anyway."

In the meantime, he was busy wiping down this counter top and all the tables. He then cleaned the windows and washed a few glasses that had accumulated on the bar in the duration of the afternoon. He led me out the door and locked it behind me. We were off to town by foot. It seemed as if we had been walking for days when we arrived in town. I spotted out the Sheriff's station and walked towards it. When we arrived, he stayed outside while I went in to collect.

I walked into a room that was occupied by only one person. She sat behind a rather frail structured desk. I walked to her, explained who I was, and she handed me the money with a smile.

I was inspecting the strange looking bills as I left the building. Now, we were off to the place across the street. This place had no sign outside and the windows were all dusty. We walked in and he complimented the clerk at the counter and asked for the flourance juices. The clerk left for a minute and returned with a small flask of pink liquid. He handed it over to me and said that he would give it to me at no charge, since no one had come in for that in years and that he wouldn't have a need for it. I thanked him and we left the store. Since I now had money and my legs felt as if they were going to fall off, we decided to wave down a taxi. It was a beautifully varnished chariot pulled large white horse.We were on are way back to the village leaving a trail of dust behind us.

We arrived back at the village and the taxi pulled up in front of the saloon. We ran to the back room and I ran into the glass cylinder and poured the stuff on to the floor.A haze started to come up fom it as I waved goodbye to my friend.

"Mike Butts in the morning, on 92 Pro FM!" my alarm clock blared. I looked over to it, confused, and pushed the snooze button. It couldn't have been a dream. Could it? I got up and I noticed that I was in my pajamas. I asked myself, "When did I go to bed?" I never did. Last I remember was the haze and waving goodbye to my friend, whose name I never knew. I looked outside and my car was parked in my driveway as it was every morning before. I looked over to the chair beside my bed and there was the hat and vest that my friend had given me.Quickly, I went to check my pants to see if the money was there. Unbelievable! There it was. $500.

My alarm clock went off again. "An amazing thing happened yesterday. Pepsi- Cola closed its doors sending home thousands of employees. They just couldn't compete any longer with Coca Cola Beverage Company."

THE END

Jodie's Worst Nightmare

Jodie Leger '96

It happened on a cold Saturday night December 3, 1994. Jodie's boyfriend came to pick her up, and that's when the nightmare began.

Looking back, Jodie realized she should have used her head. It all began when her mother picked her up from work, and she asked her what she was going to be doing. She did not want to answer because she knew what she was doing was bad. Finally, they arrived home about 9:00 p.m., and Jodie made a couple of phone calls. She called Steve, the guy she was dating, and he asked her what she was doing, and Jodie said she didn't know. Steve asked Jodie if she wanted him to pick her up to do something. Jodie said yes he could pick her up after she took a shower. When Jodie was done getting ready, she called Steve to pick her up, but she realized he didn't have a drivers' license. Steve told her not to worry because he would drive slow. Jodie didn't feel like waking her mother up for a ride so she told Steve it was okay. The nightmare began.

Steve came to pick Jodie up in his new Iroc with two of his friends who were sitting in the back seat; Jodie got into the passenger seat. They stopped at the store before they headed out. While Steve was pulling out of the store parking lot, he started to drive very fast, and he went around the corner doing about 60 miles per hour. Jodie was really starting to get scared. The next thing Jodie knew, the car was spinning out of control, and there was a telephone pole in front of her face. The car slammed right into the pole on the passenger side, and Jodie went flying through the windshield. Jodie was unconscious for about two hours. She woke up in the hospital emergency room with all her family beside her. They were all screaming.

After the doctor examined her, Jodie was told that she had a broken nose, all her facial bones were broken, she had no skin on her face, her eyes were swollen shut, she had two black eyes, and her arms and legs were totally scratched and bruised. Jodie's back would never be right again. Jodie had to have a lot of plastic surgery on her face, nose and eyes to correct all her problems. No one can even tell because her mother got the best plastic surgeon in the area, and she is very grateful toward her mother for that.

Come to find out, the boys who were in the car with Jodie were fine, and they left the scene of the accident. They left Jodie lying in the street by herself for the police to find her. The boy who was driving lost his license for good.

Things like this can happen very often. Jodie's father died on the street in a car accident, and one of her friends named Colleen also got into a car accident on the same street. Colleen now has brain damage.

The moral of this story is that you never know what could happen. Jodie is very grateful that she is alive, and she thanks God everyday that she is alive and well.

The Pain of Turning Seven

Chris Jorge

My mother said that since I was born, I was always a very active type of person. As a matter of fact, she told me that I did not keep still for one moment, even in her womb. When I was brought into this world I even had bruises on my forehead.

Knowing how I am, my parents became very concerned when I came home from school and went straight to bed instead of running out to play. The following morning of November 26,1984, on my seventh birthday, screaming out in tremendous pain, I awoke who is well known for her ability to sleep in a coma like state while five or six firemen are in the house during a false alarm! But that's another story.

As my mother called the doctor's office, I began vomiting. Just as my mother had suspected the doctor said that I could be having an appendicitis attack. The doctor instructed her to take me to the outpatient for an examination. Due to the fact that my dad worked third shift at the time, my grandfather took us to the emergency room. I had no idea what was going on. All I knew was that I had never felt so much pain or had been so sick in all my life.

Sure enough, after a series of blood tests, it was confirmed that I did indeed have appendicitis and that I needed surgery immediately. A surgeon was called in and came to reassure me that I was going to be all right. My mother needed to hear those words even more than me. She was an emotional wreck. Two hours later, I was wheeled into a private room, with both my parents to greet me.

The worst part of this ordeal was the way I felt when I awoke. I had still felt the effects of the anesthesia but it was good to see my mother and father. When I look back I guess I was pretty brave for a little kid; especially when they wheeled me into the operating room and looking up at those bright lights on the ceiling. I did not even cry in the hospital. Even to this day I try to keep my feeling under control.

This was not the way I planned to spend my birthday. When I returned home from the hospital; I had my belated birthday party. I received more gifts and attention than if I had not been sick at all. What had started out to be a "painful" seventh birthday finished with a happy ending!

The Move in Day

Kerrie McAndrew '96

I gaze out at the matchbox cars, ants and homemade quilts. The sun is glaring off the bright white metal high above the clouds.

For me, this is what it was like flying over the American heartland to my destination, Kansas City, Missouri, for the National Leadership and Skills Conference (VICA) on a Monday in late June, "the move in day."

I was soon to touch down at the airport; it seemed like only twenty minutes (in reality, it was a few hours). I was overcoming nerves and fright when we took off. When we got off the plane, my first task was to find ALL of my

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Move (Cont. from pg 5)

luggage. Fishing through the mob of people to get a good view of the conveyor belt, jumping at every familiar piece, I finally gathered up my luggage.

We then boarded a bus to the Hyatt Regency Hotel in the heart of Kansas City. The bus ride seemed to drag by miles of farm land stretching out endlessly. But then the sight of the big city struck me without warning. I asked friends anxiously who had been there before if they recognized the hotel. They were also searching frantically for the giant of all hotels. "There it is!," one of my friends shouted. Without asking, I knew that the 40 story building with the revolving restaurant on top was the Hyatt Regency.

Finally arriving at the front entrance, we were dwarfed by the hotel that seemed to be engulfed by the clouds. Gathering our luggage, we walked in.

The lobby was glistening with a modern day chandelier suspended over a water fountain. Rainbow lights submerged in the fountain waters kept changing colors that reflected off the great hanging light.

After I exposed the lobby, I went to the desk to check into my room. There was one catch; my room wasn't ready. So, I checked my baggage into the claim area and went off to help with preparation of the upcoming week.

The next five days were filled with entertainment, amusement parks, baseball games, comedy shows, movies, delegate sessions, competition and relaxation.

Starting with "move in day," this was an experience to remember.

Everything's Fine

Wanting to regurgitate at the site of you instead I hold it in until I'm blue in the face

Holding back everything I have ever felt I shudder to think of the thought of ever letting you know

Stumbling on my words hoping you wouldn't notice and later I would resent

Screwed up and tied down holding my pains inside a cold dark box until they are released

Mind cramps at the thought of you and sets fire to the wind.

Dead Ends

Erica Followwill '98

I walk down a pathway of dreams,
only to come to an obstructionof reality.
I run into a field of happiness,
just to find the crushed flowers of my heart beneath my feet.
I ski down a mountain of hope,
just to fall off a cliff of desperation.
I skate around a rink of love, just to trip over the feet of my misguided heart.
I fly across a continent of joy just to crash into the land of madness.
I swim through the ocean of beauty,
only to be bitten by the shark of ugliness
I drive down the street of life,
just to come to a dead end.

Seasons

Fall
Trees in brilliant shades
red, orange and yellow
They will soon fall,
as the wind begins to bellow

Winter
red noses
frozen fingers and toes
icy winds, snow, sleet
and hail
These are the joys of winter.

Spring
As the ground begins to thaw
we wonder what happened
to the snow we saw.
Birds sing, flowers grow
Here comes the spring
we used to know!

Summer
Hot, and humid
sticky and wet
This is a summer I will not forget
paralyzed by heat
Yearning for the beach.
Sitting, waiting for a breeze to come.

Winter Cat

Mike Nadeau '99

Outside in the air playing in the sky, you can see but cannot hear the cat creep upon you.

With open mouth and hand you wilcome the cold, wet crystals.

The cat falls down to the ground and leaves its footprints on the earth.

Soon its foorprints cover everything.

Goodbye

Kathy Pereira '97

When you were with me everything felt right.

Because you were the one who held me all night.

I miss it when you told me you loved me.

But I have to forget it because now its just a memory.

You left me and now I'm all alone.

I no longer have you to call my own.

When you smiled it brightened my day.

Now you're gone and all I do is cry.

I want you back but you just say Goodbye.

Goodbye to our love, Goodbye to the night.

Goodbye to the hugs and kisses that were just right.

Goodbye isn't an easy word to say.

The thought of being without you brings a rainy day.

Since you left all I do is cry.

But I have to learn to understand Goodbye.

What we had will never be replaced.

A problem I had, we both faced.

Our dreams of the future have gone down the drain.

I wish there was a pill to ease the pain.

Everything has changed, I have to start again.

You left and you don't even want to be my friend.

If something was impossible, it was something we'd try.

But that ended all because you said Goodbye.

Danielle Proulx '97

My heart sings a song.
Not one of joy, but one of sorrow.
There's a piercing feeling
That I can't seem to reach.
It's there all the time now.
I know the cause.
My life has been taken away,
By a familiar friend,
Whose name I don't care to say.
One day they feel the same.
I'll take their life away,
And get mine back.

The Windosaurus

Nigel Guimond '99

I listen, listen to the great windosaurus roar and feel my house tremble.
It bites the branches off the trees and spits them out with a crash.
But still I sit and listen as he roars around my house.
Although the roar has faded it does not mean he is gone.
He is just watching, waiting for the right moment to strike.

Third Degree Burns

Christine Ferreira '97

Thinking of your contaminated hands and your contagious disease, my coma won't clot, and with the core temperature of your defecation, my mind cramps because of your old feces. But don't blame your oral scabs. You're still in shock. Just in case my extrication from you didn't digest, your gang green has dilated to extremes of an eyesore.

Your T-Shirt

Christine Ferreira '97

Maybe because we both liked the band
Maybe because we both had the same taste
Maybe I just liked the color
Or maybe it was just your face.

Maybe I liked the way you wore it
Maybe I was getting hooked
Maybe I wanted to take it off
Maybe I thought and then you looked.

"So you want to Die"

Melinda Reis '97

Bored with the old,
want something new?
I'll be your friend
let me walk with you.
I'll take you places you've never been,
And once you'll start you'll want me again.
So go steal for me and be my slave and the morals you know will learn to bend. To hurt and to kill in my only game. So try me just once pal.
Love,
Cocaine

Summer begins

Jeremy Pacheco '99

The summer splashes in like a leaping fish.

The fish starts to swim.

The summer begins.

The fish never sleeps.

The days never end.

Winter Daze

Danielle Proulx

Walking down a cold winter street,
On a day quite like the street.
I like to think back to a time when I was really young,
And I wonder, how is it that I've changed so much since then?
But yet as time goes on I go back to that frame again.
It's strange, I feel like there's nothing,
Perhaps there isn't,
But then again what do I know.

Escape from Reality

Rheana Bednarik '98

Isn't there a place I can go?
Far away from here.
Where I can find peace and love?
And nothing troubles me.
Where everyone loves me for who I am,
And welcomes me with open arms.
Is there such a place on earth?
Will you show me the way?
This is the place I long to be
Far away from reality!

