



The History Will Give Us Right

WEIRD THOUGHTS By Tom Porathe

After four months of constant existence in this world of yours, I have found it my duty to settle down in front of this world and tell my sincere feelings--as a true citizen of a true democracy--Sweden.

Surviving the mighty holiday, Thanksgiving, which I spent according to the tradition, eating turkey (a holiday unknown to every fateful Swede), I now feel prepared to begin.

It was not without great grief that I was forced to glare into the eye of cruel reality. . . It was on the 7th of November, that I realized that there is something wrong with the SYSTEM.

When such an honorable and honest man as Senator George McGovern was cheated on the candy, is not only a shame and a disgrace to the country, and in fact to the very principles it stands for, it also shows that the Silent Majority stayed home on election day (partly due to Pentagon directed cold) and turned around and continued sleeping on the other side. That our honorable citizen, Dick Clark, won, and Ted Ellsworth lost (to the badly concealed consternation of Gary Hoag), is of course always a comfort. It doesn't compensate for the disappointment, I am sure, we all feel for another four years with Richard Nixon. Years characterized by inclining inflation of the lunch prices, increased unemployment among teachers, and the never-ending Vietnam War for us to grow up and die in. (If you don't want to desert to Sweden, of course.)

Otherwise, I want to state that I am having a great time. The American school is very relaxing compared to the Swedish school system. I enjoy greatly my subjects, as I have had the opportunity to choose classes that I like. In Sweden you just choose a main line, and then you get a lot of subjects which you perhaps don't enjoy. Myself, for example, am going on the "nature-scientific" line, which is the most college preparing line. I will, during my three years in high school, have had the following subjects: Swedish, English, German, French, maths, physics, chemistry, biology, history, philosophy, arts, art and

music history, social science and P.E. (In junior high students have home economics, geography, and "baby knowledge", to name a few.) I do enjoy your way of being able to freely choose subjects, and so plan your education more individually. Although, I suspect that in many cases it may result in a less sufficient education. However, there are certain differences between our school systems which I have difficulty adjusting to. Your system seems to treat its students as "objects of education" to be kept closely watched, instead of treating them as responsible individuals. It seems like the school in no way trusts the students. If he is late for class, he must have a pass; if he is going somewhere, he must have a pass; he is not allowed to leave the school if he has a free period. Perhaps this is the point: Students are not trusted, and therefore, does not develop responsibility.

My own system in Sweden, I feel, gives you more responsibility. It is your education. If you don't want to have it, then the school is voluntary. We have ten to fifteen minute intermissions during the school day and 60 minutes for lunch--entirely open. Since a few years back, students have been allowed to sign their own absent slips.

I have not been here long enough to judge the American school system as a part of the American community, and the above thoughts are just personal reflections after three months inside your own system. Perhaps a more liberal system would not work; who knows. Perhaps there-in lies a "part" of the key to higher motivation for staying in school.

Until then, with the words of Mr. McHabe in "Up The Down Staircase: "You just keep track of them!"



A SPECIAL BELATED HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO OUR NEWSPAPER SPONSOR, MR. BATES, FROM THE VOX GANG AND ANY ONE ELSE INTERESTED IN MAKING YOU HAPPIER AT YOUR "OLD" AGE.

Three Teachers Interviewed



RINAS: taught 22 years

We seldom stop to realize how long some of our teachers have been in our school system. That is why I interviewed Mr. Bruno Rinas (well known to us here at school as a physics, chemistry, and science teacher.)

He grew up in North Dakota, graduated from High School and then began his career in science. He became interested in science only for one reason: he was curious to find out how things functioned. Through his seven years of college, he attended Iowa State, University of Colorado, New Mexico Highlander University, Coe College and University of Northern Iowa. During this time he majored in agriculture, basic science, and education. He now has a degree in Basic and Natural Science and has been teaching in the high schools for 22 years in the Marion District.

Mr. Rinas is married and has four children and five grandchildren. He enjoys most sports.

When asked about future teaching, he replied: "I would like to teach for another twenty-two years, but I'm sure I won't."



GHIRE: new this year

By Terry Maginnis

Mr. Ghere, a new teacher this year, is starting his teaching career at Marion High School. He was born and raised in Independence, Iowa and attended school at Independence. Mr. Ghere went to college at Morningside, in Sioux City.

Presently Mr. Ghere is married and lives in Marion. His main interest is sports of all kinds.

I asked him what his opinion of Marion High School was and he said, "We have a lot of capable students with good ideas."

We are looking forward to many good years with Mr. Ghere.!



3 English classes

By Terri Larsen

Who's the English teacher that has three English classes in the morning, then disappears? It's Mrs. Thompson! She teaches two, English I classes in rooms 20 and 18. She also has an English III class for this semester. She has two children and has been a teacher for eight years.

She went to college at the University of Northern Colorado, Northwest Missouri State, and University of Iowa. She is presently going to college and almost has her Masters Degree. I asked her if she had always wanted to be an English teacher and without even having to stop and think, she replied, "Yes, because it was my favorite subject in school and it's interesting." She has taught here at Marion High School previously for two years and says she likes it "very much".



HOLIDAY?

Last year the City of Marion put out their Christmas decorations the Friday after Thanksgiving. This year the decorations magically appeared a week before Thanksgiving. Last year I received my first Christmas card on December 4, but this year, two days before Thanksgiving, I have already received a printed card showing a peaceful moonlit scene on the outside and bearing the epigram, "From your friendly Light and Power Company" on the inside. All of this points to a current trend toward beginning Christmas earlier and earlier each year. Christmas used to be a holiday; now it is a holi-month, beginning on Thanksgiving day. It is becoming a cancer that, finished demolishing one month, insists upon creeping its insidious way through the rest of the calendar. Not that I have anything against the Christmas spirit, mind; as a matter of fact, I think that it is an admirable feeling, and one that the world needs more of. However, man, being basically impossible to live with, is only capable of so much peace on earth and even less good will toward men. By the time Christmas rolls around, everyone is so tired of being nice and worrying about what to buy for Great-aunt Edna, they don't care if Christmas Day ever comes. Oblivious, the stores and advertising companies continue to move up the date in their unceasing quest for the elusive dollar.

If this trend of "earlifying" Christmas continues, ridiculous circumstances are sure to result. Even now Santa Claus has to arrive in a helicopter because enough snow to support his sleigh has not yet fallen by the time he arrives. Imagine what will happen when Christmas starts not with Thanksgiving, but with Labor Day. Santa will have to come to his little air-conditioned house in an open convertible. There will probably be a rash of heat-stroke patients among the snow-suited Santas. However, the companies that make artificial snow in a can will make a fortune.

Maybe Madison Avenue will decide that we need two Christmases, with six months preparation for each. Year-round Christmas! What a break for the chain stores and toy manufacturers! For the rest of the people, it's not so great. What's so special about Christmas if it happens all year? Just as no one gets excited about Tuesday because one comes every week, so Christmas will lose the splendor, the love and joy that makes it Christmas. Let us pray that Christmas does not become more corrupt than it already is.

By Jan Gallagher

American Slang

Every once in awhile it's nice to get away from the old vocabulary lists in English class, and find out about a different kind of vocabulary. The kind that Carl Sandburg described as "... language that takes off its coat, spits on its hands, and goes to work." Thus, following are some examples of. . . THE AMERICAN SLANG:

Amateur night--when athletes perform ineffectively

Bail out--to rid oneself of one's girl friend or boy friend

Barbeque--an attractive girl

Beard--an intellectual person

Bird dog--a chaperone at a school dance

Creampuff--a weakling or a sissy

Drink your beer--shut up

Fin--the human head

Finger-popper--a person who is always snapping his fingers

Flufflog--a little black book

Fizyskin--one dollar bill

Gams--legs

Glime--eyeglasses

Grandfather--senior student

Grandma--low gear

Jim Jams--jangled nerves

Keek--pepping Tom

Labonza--the posterior

Load of hay--long hair

Meatball--a creep or drip

Nice Nellie--a prude of either sex

Out in left field--wrong

Pantywaist--a cowardly boy

Pitch woo--to neck

Pretzel bender--a peculiar person

Rhubarb--a noisy argument

Satchel--big mouth

Tawny--excellent

Wowser--a kill joy

Wrinkle--fashion

Yo-yo--a compromising person

Zazzle--sex appeal

Girls Record Stands At 2-5

By Mike Jacobs

So far this season, I don't think the Varsity team is doing as well as it can. Their record is 2-5 now, but by the end of the season, I think they are capable of having 14-6 overall record.

In the opening game, the Varsity girls were beaten by Anamosa--60-37. Kim Skilling led Marion with 19 points and Darlene Collins collected 12.

Next Marion clobbered West Dubuque 49-24. Kim Skilling led the way with 21 points and Darlene Collins added 18. Defensively Diane Morrow had four steals and five rebounds, Cheryl Walker had five steals and three rebounds, and Dee Hunt had three steals and six rebounds.

At home against Manchester, the girls were nipped by five points, 53-48. Kim Skilling had 22 points, while Darlene Collins gunned in 17. On defense, Karen Folkers had seven rebounds and five steals, and Cheryl Walker had five and two.

The varsity squad won their second game of the year, beating Maquoketa 47-30. Kim Skilling popped in 23 points worth, with Darlene Collins contributing 18 points more. Cheryl Walker, Diane Morrow, and Dee Hunt played exceptionally well on the defensive end.

The Tipton game found our varsity girls at the short end, 78-67. However, Skilling had 31 points and Collins had 24 (some good shooting here!).

Against a team much taller, Marion came out again on the "short" end. Vinton won 73-45. Beth Mork led all Marion scorers with 12 points, and Jean Peters had 10. Debbie Wood also added six points. Hunt and Walker played well on defense, but not quite good enough to stop the towering Vintonians.

In the first game of a three-game contest, the Indianettes lost to Independence 54 to 41. Kim Skilling canned 25 points, while Darlene Collins popped in 12. Defensively, Cheryl Walker, Diane Morrow, and Dee Hunt had 11 steals and 15 rebounds, collectively.

All the girls have to do is put it all together and be consistent. If they can do this, they should go 12-1 in the remaining games this season.

NOTE OF INTEREST!

If you take a gander at the south trophy case, you will see a small silver cup. IT'S A GIRLS BASKETBALL TROPHY WON IN 1918.



STAT MANN: Doug Out, Sports Great Interviewed

Hello there sports fans, this is Stat Mann. Today I am going to interview former baseball catching great, Doug Out, who has recently published a book called "On the Bench." It is based on his life in baseball. Doug spent 14 years in the Major Leagues, and set a record for the most past balls by a catcher in a career. Here is how the interview went!

Doug, I understand that you once played in the 1964 World Series. That must have been exciting.

"Yes, I was one of the main factors in the St. Louis Cardinals winning the pennant and World Series. I had the flu the last 2 weeks of the season and didn't play."

Besides the World Series, what other big thrills have you had?

"Well, once I was intentionally walked by the Great Sandy Koufax and another time I singled in the winning run of our first intrasquad game of spring training. Another time I beat out Crummy Zimmerman for the starting catcher's position in the father-son ballgame."



Opens Season With 3 Wins

By Stephen Stolze

The Marion Varsity basketball team opened their season with three impressive victories in their first three outings, and jumped into the early lead in the Wamac conference race.

Marion opened the season with a 51-42 win over Linn-Mar, winning it in the first half, building up a 27-7 halftime lead. Most coaches would have to admire Marion for holding their opponents to seven in a half, but the Lions outscored Marion 35-24 in the second half to keep it close. Gregg Anderson led the Indians in scoring, coming off the bench with 15 points.

In the Indians next game, they won a big one over conference co-favorite, Monticello 67-55, a rough game in the Marion gym. Marion's dutch free throw shooting in the first half, making 15 of 17, kept them in the game as Monti had 7 more field goals at the half. In the second half, however, Marion tightened their defense and worked the offense; holding the lead throughout the second half. Leading the Indians once again in scoring, with 25 points plus pulling down 12 rebounds,



was Gregg Anderson. Barry Hopkins had 14 rebounds and Brad Kiburz had 11.

First year Varsity coach, Larry Perkins, also praised the play of Mark Hess (second high with 11 points), and Don Wishniewsky. Others scoring for the Indians were Barry Hopkins with 9, Brad Kiburz, and Jon Morris with 8, and Don Wishniewsky with 6.

In their third contest of the year, the Indians won a big road game at Vinton, 76-60. The Indians big second quarter gave them the lead which they held for the rest of the game.

Gregg Anderson had a big night for Marion leading all scorers with 31 points, hitting 14-24 shots from the field. Barry Hopkins was next with 14 points, and Mark Hess had 13.

Two main factors in the Indians success is their strong bench which includes seven possible starters, and their steady rebounding. Marion has out-rebounded every opponent this year.

If they give a team-effort every game, they are going to be hard to beat this year.

'THE MORNING SQUADS' SATURDAY A.M.

By Stephen Stolze

The Marion JV Volunteers, otherwise known as "The Morning Squads", because they play most of their games on Saturday morning, got off to a good start despite being upset by Vinton 54-53 in the last two seconds of the game. The highly touted Indians expected to be one of the top JV teams in the area; appeared to have the game won with seven seconds left after Terry Jensen sank two free throws to put Marion ahead by 1. But a perfectly thrown 3/4 court pass found an opening in the tight Marion zone, as the open player scored the winning goal. High scorer for the Indians was Jeff Knott with 21 points.

The Indians bounced back in their next game against Anamosa in a convincing 69-42 rout in which Marion had a field day, as ten of the eleven Indians scored. Marion shot off to a quick 11-0 start, and blitzed to a 29-11 halftime lead. Turning on the fast break, they racked up 40 more points in the second half, as they kept the fresh troops coming in against the tired Anamosa team. Heading the scoring for Marion was Terry Jensen as he scored 20 points.



Girls JV Cagers Have 5-4 Record

By Mike Jacobs

The girls Jayvee basketball team has a 5-4 record so far this season.

In the opening game at Anamosa, we trailed 21-14 at half, but then put on an exciting, but vain comeback and lost 37-35. For the game Karen Williamson led Marion scorers with 12 points. Wendy Marshall and Terri McKern followed with 6 and 5 respectively.

Next, against West Dubuque, the girls won the game 37-28. Leading scorer for the game was Mary Ann Victor with 13, followed by Karen Williamson with 8 and Debbie Wood with 8. Defensively, Diane Hackert played a superb game, swiping 5 passes and collecting 8 rebounds.

Against Prairie, the Jayvee could do no wrong. They walloped the "Prairie Six," 81-12. In the game, Karen Williamson led all scorers with 26; followed by Lynn Benkusky with 20, and Shelly Jacobs and Terri McKern with 12 each.

In the next game, against Manchester, Coach Hammill's players were behind the whole game, until they rallied to tie the score at 38 apiece. But then they fell apart for good and lost 48-38. In the scoring column Karen Williamson led with 19, followed by Shelly Jacobs with 12, and Terri McKern with 4.

In the game against Tipton, the Marion girls were victorious by the score of 45-38. Karen Williamson and Shelly Jacobs again led Marion with 28 and 12 points respectively. Great defensive performance was turned in by Diane Hackert, with five steals and nine rebounds. Tierney Oakley also played good ball with six steals and four rebounds.

In the Vinton game, Marion couldn't handle a superior height advantage, losing 48 to 32. Leading scorers were Karen Williamson and Terri McKern. Diane Hackert again turned in a good defensive game with two steals and eight rebounds.

At Anamosa, in a freshman game, the Marion "A" squad won 58 to 54. The "B" team unfortunately suffered a 25-22 setback. That same night the girls JV lost 57-52 in overtime to a good Maquoketa team. Leading scorers for the Indians were April Sorenson (25 points) and Wendy Marshall (15 points). Diane Hackert had an impressive defensive game with 14 rebounds.

Against Independence, Marion accumulated a 19 to 3 lead at one time, but relinquished their lead to 24 to 22 a few minutes later. The girls pulled the game out, however, with a nine point scoring spurt in the waning moments of the game. In the game, Wendy Marshall led Marion scorers with 11 points, followed by Shelly Jacobs and Karen Williamson with 8. Pat Offerman, the shortest girl on the court, hauled in seven rebounds and two steals. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, GIRLS!

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'Up the Down Staircase' Presented

On the night of November 17, the curtains of the MHS auditorium opened upon a familiar scene: a classroom. In this unique setting, two fine performances of "Up the Down Staircase", a play by Bel Kaufman, were given by a talented cast of performers.

The play is a true story of a young teacher in her first job in a crowded New York City school. Matters are a lot different than what she envisioned: most of the students are disrespectful and would rather be somewhere else, the teachers all have their own hangups, and the school is usually in mass confusion. But the longer she teaches, the more she is drawn into both the teachers' and pupils' lives, trying to find what makes them tick. This part was played beautifully by Julie Taylor.

Other exceptional performances were given by, well, everyone, but especially Julie Clark, Jim Cerney, Randy Wade, and Gary Hoag as members of the faculty, and Tom Porathe and Denise Bennett and Jon Ward as students.

If you managed to tear your eyes off the actors and actresses, you might have noticed some of the other very important details. The unsung heroes of the stage, prop, lighting, and makeup crews really deserved a round of applause all their own.

An extra big thank you should go to Mrs. Hulin and Mrs. Stack. They seem to have a habit of producing hits, and "Up the Down Staircase" was no exception.

Broadway, look out!
By Jennie Balcom.



'Twas the night before Christmas...

'Twas the night before Christmas
And our house was quite pat;
Not a sound could be heard,
'Cept maybe one rat;

The stretch socks were all placed
By the chimney with greed,
In hopes they'd be filled
With goodies indeed.

The kids were camped out
In their beds for the night,
While dreaming of presents
And things out of sight;

And my wife soundly slept,
With snores once or twice,
As I lay there awake thinking,
"Sleep would be quite nice!"

When out in the yard
There came such a blare,
That I fell out of bed
Trying to see who was there.

Quickly to the window
I flew like a flash,
Tripped on a chair
And fell with a crash.

As I soothingly rubbed
My swollen big toe,
I happened to spy
A strange object below.

What to my wondering
Eyes should I see,
But a short, little man
Behind our Elm tree.

The little old dude
Was so lively and zippie,
He had to be Santa
Or maybe a hippie.

More rapid than reindeer
He set up a ladder,
And climb to the roof
Without even a clatter.

And then, in a moment,
He was ready to climb
Down our dirty old chimney,
Just smeared with black grime.

As I moved from the window,
And was turning around,
He slid down the chimney
With a bound and no sound.

And there at the base
He stopped to take pause,
I thought to myself,
This can't be Santa Claus!

He was dressed in red clothing
White beard and the lot
Yet something about him
Said, "A Santa he's not."

A large burlap bag
He had flung on his back,
And he looked like a beggar
Just opening his pack.

The stump of a cigar
Dangled down from his face,
And the smelly old smoke
Drifted all over the place.

He had a thin face
But his belly was big,
And it bounced when he moved
Like an old butcher pig.

His appearance was more
Than my emotions could hold,
And I started to giggle...
My presence was told.

To my sudden exposure
He showed little care,
'Cause he pulled out a gun
And said, "Sit down in that chair!"

Now from my new site,
I resigned and sat back
And watched that fake Santa
Fill up his own sack.

He spoke not a word
But went on a spree;
Swiping all of the presents
From under our tree.

After cleaning out all
Of the treasures it bore,
He said, "Ho, Ho, Ho!"
And walked out the front door.

But I heard him exclaim
'ere he moved in his flight,
"Don't make a move
'til I'm clear outa sight."

So I watched him escape
From the spot where I sat,
And yelled after him,
"Merry Christmas... you Rat!"

Written by Jim Bates

For What Is...

By Sindie Bruring

For what is love
If you cannot share?
And what is love
If no one is there?

For what is hate
If you have no might?
And what is hate
If you cannot fight?

For what is caring
If you think only of "you?"
And what is caring
If you find someone new?

For what is cruelty
If you have any pity?
And what is cruelty
If your heart isn't gritty?

For what is life
If you do not live?
And what is life
If you cannot give?

For what is joy
If you are afraid?
And what is joy
If the laughter slays?

For what is giving
If you always take?
And what is giving
If it's just for your sake?

For what is feeling
If you don't give a damn?
And what is feeling
If your words only slam?

For what is truth
If you don't tell it all?
And what is truth
If lies come out at all?

For what are you
If all of this you don't know?
And what are you
If you don't let them show?

Softly Walks

The Hunter

The eastern sky began to change from the pink of dawn to the golden glow of day as I move cautiously over the crest of the hill. I had spotted a red fox sleeping in a plowed field and was attempting an up wind stalk. My mind was not filled with the beauty of the morning but with the primitive emotion of the hunter closing with his prey. The 220 Swift seemed to weigh twenty pounds as I approached the target.

My stealthy movements were necessary because a fox rests lightly as though he knew that the hand of every man is against him. Constant vigilance is the price a predator must pay to survive in a heavily settled area.

Suddenly, I realized that the brown object protruding from behind a large clod was the leg of the fox. I paused, for the least sound would send the fox flashing across the field toward the safety of a nearby swamp. How would I react when the fox left his nest? Would I use my skill with the rifle to kill the animal, or would my nerves fail me in this test of skill? The leg of the fox moved as he lifted his head to survey the field.

I carefully rechecked the rifle and scope and gave a low whistle. The fox left his bed in a blur of movement. His white-tipped tail floated behind him as he glided over the rough ground. The impression of speed and grace held me spellbound for a few seconds.

At that moment the picture of a fox cutting like a whirlwind through a flock of young ducks came into my mind. The raider carried away one duck and left several crippled ones behind. This creature of grace and beauty suddenly became a crafty killer of other wild life.

The rifle seemed to move with a will of its own. Through the twenty power scope the fox appeared to be made of burnished bronze. The sharp report of the rifle was followed by the audible explosion of the bullet disintegrating in the chest of the animal.

My sense of elation had begun to fade by the time I reached the blood-stained ground where the fox lay. The graceful creature was now a lifeless trophy proving the superiority of man over nature. A chill passed over me. For a moment I thought of the fate of every living thing. For are we not all quietly stalked by a hunter who will strike at an unknown time and place?

Author Unknown

MERRYCHRISTMAS TO ALL

FROM THE VOX STAFF

Instincts

By Joyce Suchsland

He must be going crazy. He never felt this way before a fight. It was kind of a jumpy feeling, telling him not to go to the schoolyard. "Aw, instincts are only in animals, not men," Pete was seventeen, a man. He had been in countless knife fights. He had the scars to prove it. So why? Why this queer feeling jumping in his gut?

At the school yard, his men were there. They all nodded a greeting. His opponent's men were there too, but that was to be expected.

"Hey, Pete! Everyone is present and accounted for," said someone from Pete's gang.

"Yeah, Peter. We're all here to see ya get carved," snickered Mike, Pete's arch enemy, and tonight, Pete's match.

"Sorry boy, but you got things turned around," Pete snarled back, man, that crazy feeling!

The boys lined up by their man, forming a large circle. The boys were to fight in that circle.

"You 'bout ready?" asked Pete, trying to hold this new feeling at bay.

"Yeah, I'm ready."

Pete produced a long hunting knife. He never much cared for switchblades. Never knew when the dam spring would fail. So, he used a hunting knife for his purposes.

Mike, on the other hand, carried a switchblade. They were both very fond of the weapons they carried, and took good care of them.

Now the fight was starting. Pete and Mike circled each other cautiously, waiting for each other to either chicken out, or to make a wrong move, so they could take a swipe at the arm.

By now they both knew that nobody was going to chicken out; that meant they started fighting in earnest.

Pete made a quick, easy movement at Mike's left arm. Mike dodged it by fending to the right.

Mike flipped his blade to his other hand, and tried to stab Pete as he made a dash for his leg. Again, that horrid feeling came over him, causing him to freeze. It passed as quickly as it came.

Then it happened. . . Pete and Mike faced each other. Both were in a wrestlers stance. Pete stared at Mike's sweaty face. He dove at him, unthinkingly.

While Pete and Mike had been staring at each other, Mike had switched hands again. Pete had not seen this.

He timed it perfectly. At just the right moment, Mike plunged his eight-inch knife blade into Pete's chest.

With an anguished cry, he fell to the blacktop. He squirmed, trying to rid his body of this terrible pain.

But it did not take him long to die. Just a few moments.

Pete's gang looked on. When he stopped moving, the troop followed Mike and his gang. They knew who was boss now.

The End?

THE SHOOTING STAR
By Jennie Balcom

I saw a shooting star last night,
As it slid down the sky.
And wished and wished with all my might,
That I, like it, could fly.

Yet, I am but a mortal,
And mortals only dream;
While shooting stars, with beauty bright,
Glide, with tails a'steam.

Tragedy!

As I opened my eyes, I could see the monstrosities woven together as if they were a pattern. The steam from them both formed dense fog around me, as if to hide me. I could hear voices, blurred voices; cries and screams as people awoke and found that it was not a dream. I could hear footsteps and see lights in the distance, but just how far off I could not tell.

The smell of death was in the air. I could see it and feel it as my soul yearned to join them. I screamed at the people lying around me, but there were no answers. I screamed over and over, but no one moved. Laying there I could hear the hissing and cursing of the trains. The noise grew louder now; just as if they were fighting.

The pain in my legs grew more intense; my mouth was dry-only to be moistened a little by a slight trickle of blood. I tried to remember how it all happened, but my mind was near blank. All I could remember was the screaming and the great force which had thrown us about--like toys in a child's hand.

The black smoke was now trying to swallow me; death was at one end and the smoke at the other. Even the slow rising morning sun seemed to point out this overwhelming feeling of death. . .

I must have fallen asleep, how I'll never know. I took one look around me, those dead bodies--burned and crushed. Children, women, their death all caused by a train, man's invention. Caused by my mistake, too.

I closed my eyes and didn't open them until I was found awhile later. What do you do when something like this happens? Try and forget, yes! But how? . . .

Written by S.B.