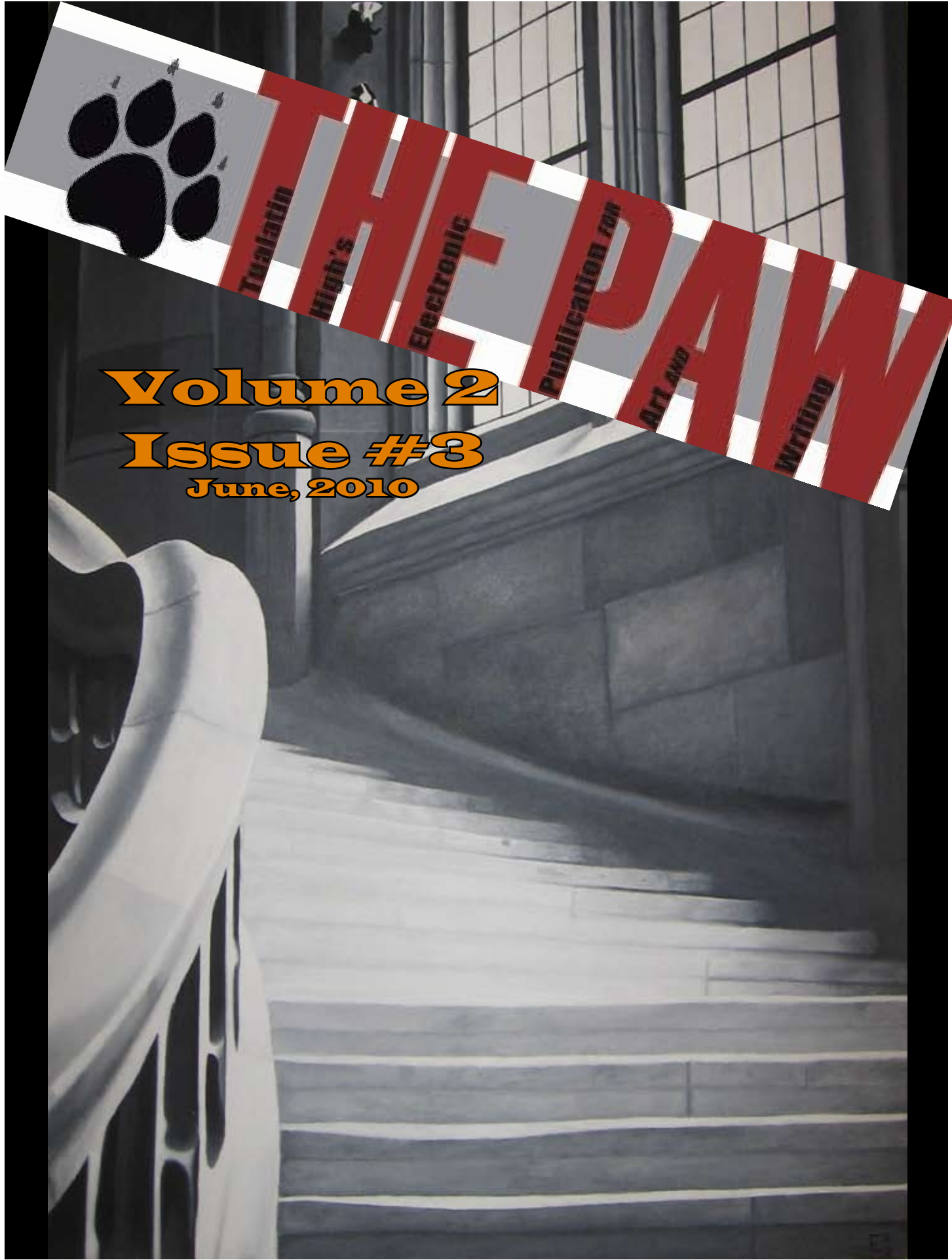




THE PAW

Volume 2
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June, 2010



LETTER FROM THE STAFF

Hello Readers,

Here it is: the final issue of the year, and the last issue of THE PAW for four of our staff members, including myself. Soon, David, Kate, Marianna and I will be walking across that stage and leaving Tualatin High and THE PAW far behind. It feels odd to sit down and write this letter as I have since the first issue of THE PAW, but knowing that this will be the last.

I remember the first letter I wrote for this magazine; I was shocked that there was even a magazine for which I needed to write a letter. My brief but disappointing experience with Tualatin High's original literary magazine, The Wolf Gang Press, jaded me to the point that I told myself not to be surprised if we did not receive enough submissions to make the magazine happen. But it not only happened, it took off running. And now here I am at the end of my senior year, ready to pass on the torch. I want to thank all those people who make up the lifeblood of this magazine: our advisor, Mrs. Payne, THE PAW's fantastic staff, and all the creative students who submit their work to us. I know that I've been thanking you all in every issue for the past two years, so I want you all to know that I meant it every time. I've loved seeing every issue come out, and I hope everyone will continue to contribute to the success of the magazine so that when David, Kate, Marianna and I are all in college, we can return to our old school's website and continue to see all of Tualatin's great student work in each new issue. I am confident that we are leaving THE PAW in good hands.

Well, I think I've built up enough nostalgia for now. Thanks for all your hard work everyone, and have a great summer!

Sincerely,
Emma DeFontes, co-founder

THE STAFF

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Thalia's Words

Hayley Leeper

Maya Angelou knew
 Why the caged bird sings
 And everyone knows
 That the Annabel Lee of Poe
 Was his long-dead Virginia
 Faulkner had Emily and two old
 cities
 And Dickenson was nobody
 And William C. Williams depended
 on a wheelbarrow
 But where's little Tally's writing
 Even supposed to begin?
 With a song?

With a dance?
 With friends refusal to wear pants?
 In the head?
 In the heart?
 With a dose of Van Gogh's art?
 Or maybe
 Tally is a product
 Of caged birds, penny dreadfuls,
 and Annabel
 Of both Emilys: One with a rose,
 and the hermit in black clothes
 Of a wheelbarrow and of two cities
 But also of nobody at all

StateNerves

Ray Richards

You did it,
 you made it to the big stage,
 the state tournament is next on your
 busy student schedule.
 On the way there, whether it be bus
 or car,
 you sit in silence,
 with only your iPod to listen to.
 When you see your turn off to the
 event,
 your hear starts to race, even when
 there is no reason,
 faster and faster still, until it gets
 unbearable.
 Straight to the bathroom you head,
 and, well you know,
 you come out feeling a little better.
 Get your gear ready,
 make sure everything is in place...
 Now is not the time for a screw up
 that could easily be avoided.
 Head out, start getting loose,
 neither is it the time for and avoid-
 able injury.

You keep looking over the compe-
 tition as they do the same.
 Each of them doesn't seem nervous
 like you.
 But they are.
 On to the field, the court or the first
 tee you head,
 you wish you could head back now,
 but of course you can't.
 This is your time, for you, your
 coach, and your fellow students.
 This is for Tualatin High School.
 And Tualatin does not back down.
 Your mind starts swirling, round
 and round and then...
 Here comes the first pitch,
 the first serve, the first swing,
 and it's all over.
 There is no more thinking, just do-
 ing what you love to do.
 Now that wasn't anything to get
 nervous over.
 The Beauty of State Nerves,
 It's only because you care.

More

Lainie Davis

I need a break
I need more than a Kit-Kat
I need to breathe
I need more than this smog-filled
air
I need to sleep
I need more than unconsciousness
I need to talk
I need more than “hey what’s up”
I need to laugh
I need more than the miniscule
spirit of a giggle
I need to say goodbye
Impossible
I need this too much

Dear Mom

Lauren Livengood

You are my rock, you’re always
there,
You always show me that you care.
I may stumble, I may fall,
But you still always know it all.
In hard times you bring forth light,
Leading the way despite your
plight.
I cannot say we do not fight,
But you always make it right.
I act like I know, I say I’m fine,
Except you can see when I cross
the line.
My heart may break a time or two,
But mommy, you’re there to mend
it.
You always do.
I love you from the ground to the
stars,
No matter where we’re at,

No matter how far.
If I say I’m really mad,
And hurt your feelings really bad,
I’ll mend it quick and realize,
I should’ve never brought tears to
your eyes.
Like I said, you’re always there,
No matter how far I push you reel
me in,
And tell me not to go there again.
Mommy I love you with all my
heart,
And surely did from the start.
We always have so much fun to-
gether,
And laugh non-stop,
I don’t want that to change
For my heart will drop.
P.S. you know it’s true,
Mommy I love you!



Lainie Davis

Anna Black

**SAVE
MONEY
SAVE
THE
EARTH**



PLANT ORGANICS

EVERY DAY, MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF FUEL ARE SPENT ON DELIVERING PRODUCE. BY GROWING YOUR OWN VEGETABLES, YOU NOT ONLY SAVE ON YOUR GROCERY BILL, BUT PREVENT EXCESS CARBON DIOXIDE FROM CONTAMINATING OUR ATMOSPHERE!

I sit and watch the hands on
the clock slowly pass me by
I listen to the silence, and then
I wonder why...
My phone isn't buzzing. That
certainly is not right.
I'm pretty sure I didn't shut it
off for the night
I check my pockets, and then
panic ensues
Maybe I left it on the couch
while I was watching the
news?
No, it's not there. Oh where
could it be!?
That poor little phone... It's
probably missing me.
I know where it is! At least I
think...
Nope. It's definitely not by the
kitchen sink.
Ah hah! The car! It's got to be
there!
No, I can't find it...
It's going to think I don't care.
Crushed and broken, I fall to
my bed
Then suddenly, I feel a vibra-
tion under my head
My eyes light up and I smile
with glee
My phone! I found it! Oh silly
me...
It was right here, under my
pillow this whole time!
Phew! I can breathe now, and
everything will be fine.

Cell Phones

Maile Honda

Layer upon layer of cheesy,
melly delight,
I order you for Fourthmeal
after laying awake at night.
Lying there, dreaming, biting
back a yell,
I hop out of bed, get in my
car, and drive to Taco Bell.
I clench my jaw and grip the
wheel, my whole body tense,
Frantically I check my pock-
ets to be sure I have 99 cents.
When lo and behold, a com-
mercial begins and down my
spine fly the shocks,
I hear none other than Charles
Barkley... the \$5 box!
But rest assured; no other
gimmick, no deal can contend
With you, 5 layer burrito, my
cheesy, beefy friend.
At last I am there... "May I
take your order?" she asks.
A split second later she looks
up, smiles. Laughs.
I say "I'll have the usual,
Juanita, your specialty,"
Drop the crumpled bill from
my hand, "ORDER 163!"
I take my seat, victorious after
another midnight run,
Slave forever to Fourthmeal, I
think outside the bun.

Fourthmeal

Conor Hinds

Dementia

Alexa English

Fading in and out
Of the life in front of you
And the life in your head
Will you recognize your
daughter today?
Will you forget her name to-
morrow?
What about your memories,
Your ability to function?
Will everything sail out the
window
When you forget who you
are?

*M
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Lazy lofty lullabies
Upset the child, make it
cry
Close the door and
drown the whines
Leave the child alone to
die
- JJ Sayers

What I Think When I See A Little Bird

-Hayley Leeper-

Little bird, how I envy thee
Thy graceful wings
Fly thee to a place
Devoid of ugliness
Free of spite
Empty of human vices
Of hate, of greed, or of preju-
dice
Make your own exodus
To thine own promised land
Little bird, please leave this
ugly place!
Do not gorge thyself on waste
When you could feast on the
bright fruit
Of far-off lands
I can't imagine
Do not build thine nest of
fried food
Build it with twigs of tropical
trees,
Like little birds are to do
Little bird, I beg,
Get thee to a new place!
Or else thine spirit shan't sur-
vive
Among this grim race of mine
Use thine wings I envy so
greatly
Fly high, fly far, fly gracefully
But, promise me, little bird,
To never follow the trends of
humanity

THIS IS ME

Anonymous

I am like a bucket of sand,
Every tiny grain comes from a
different beach.
I am like a bag of a thousand
skittles,
Each new color and each new
flavor,
From lime to grape to peach.
I am like a patterned quilt,
One square dotted, the others
striped.
I am like a book of a hundred
letters,
Every font imaginable, written or
typed.
I am like a cascade of scales,
Every note rings true, every note
unique.
I am like the pebbled path,
Stones of different shapes and
sizes,
But together they're never weak.
I am like the basket of fruit,
Every piece so different, every bite
so new.
I am like the beaded bracelet,
The colors fade together, from red
to green to blue.
I am like a box of chocolates,
What looks so sweet might really
be dark.
I am like the mysterious weather,
Secret sides that forever change,
Sun on the forest or rain on the
park.
Every beaded strand, every grain of
sand,
This is who I am, this is who I'll
be.
Never changing, forever
rearranging,
In every breath of life, this is me.

Chase Thompson



Compact fluorescent light bulbs can save you \$30 over its life time and pay for itself in about 6 months. It also uses 75% less energy



Go Green and Save Some Greens



SUPERHEROISM

I AM A SUPERHERO.

I FLY OUT OF DANGER TO
SAVE MYSELF
AND LEAVE OTHERS TO FIGHT
ALONE.
I USE MY SUPER-STRENGTH TO
HEFT MY BURDENS ONTO MY
BACK,

NOT LETTING ANYONE KNOW
WHAT THEY ARE.
I CRITICIZE MYSELF IN
THE MIRROR WITH MY LASER
VISION.
I READ PEOPLE'S MINDS

AND WORRY ABOUT WHAT
THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT ME.
I TURN INVISIBLE WHEN I
GET HURT.
I SHOOT FIRE AT MY FRIENDS
FOR UNINTENTIONALLY

INSULTING ME,

LEAVING THEM BURNED AND
FUMING.
I CHANGE THE WEATHER,
MAKE IT SUNNY SO I WON'T
BE ALL WET IN FRONT OF
EVERYONE.

I SEE THE FUTURE
AND OBSESS ABOUT WHAT WILL
HAPPEN.
I USE MY FORCE FIELD TO
PROTECT MYSELF FROM WHAT I
DON'T WANT TO HEAR.

I TURN TO ICE WITHOUT
WARNING,
AND SNAP AT THOSE CLOSEST
TO ME.
I SHOOT SPIDER WEBS TO
SPIN A COCOON FOR MYSELF,

A PLACE TO RETREAT TO
WHEN THINGS GET TOO HARD.

I TRANSFORM INTO A BIG
HULKING, SULKING MONSTER
WHEN I GET MAD.
I USE MY FLEXIBILITY TO
STRETCH AROUND THINGS AND
CONFORM TO THEM,
LIKE A PUZZLE PIECE THAT'S
TRYING TO FIT IN BUT CAN'T
QUITE DO IT.

I AM A SUPERHERO.
BECAUSE A SUPERHERO IS
SOMEONE WHO IS
CONFIDENT
STRONG
BRAVE
SELFLESS
CARING.
AND THAT'S WHAT I AM
ISN'T IT?

Gillian Downey

There's a callous on my finger,
It's right there on my hand.
Some people think it's ugly,
But I think that it's grand.

It's on my right-hand ring finger,
Webbed with scales of dead skin.
They call it gross and creepy,
And I can only grin.

My callous comes from writing.
(I have a grip of steel)
I hold my pencils super-tight,
I guess I just like the feel.

That lump is like a battle scar,

It's my proof that I can fight.
Whether I'm cramming for a math
test,
Or writing an essay all night.

My callous is rough and squishy,
Rather like a marshmallow
It's darker than the rest of my hand,
And when I poke it, it turns yellow.

I'm proud of my callous,
And how can I not be?
Some call it an awkward blemish,
But that's not what I see.

I see a well-worn bump, &

With plenty of tales to tell.
That bump has been through many
things,
That bump has been through hell.

This callous has stuck with me,
This callous has written so much.
From pages and pages of textbook
notes,
To poems and stories and such.

Oh! callous, how do I love thee?
Let me count the ways,
Translation?
Dear Callous, I love you,
Because you're with me every day.

The Callous on my Finger

The Open Green

Gillian Downey

Yellow bird, sweet yellow bird.
 What pretty songs have you heard?
 What stunning sights have you seen?
 And have you seen the Open Green?
 The Open Green of meadows untouched,
 The rolling hills of daisies and such,
 The clear sky, so deep and bold,
 The brilliant sun, tinged with gold.
 Have you seen any of these?
 Or even felt the gentle breeze?
 You haven't? Oh, that's too bad.
 Nor me, but I'd hoped you had
 Seen the precious Open Green,
 The place for all things serene.
 Yellow Bird, sweet yellow bird,
 I've yet to know the songs you've heard.
 I've yet to see the things you've seen.
 But please—will you fly to the Open Green?
 I yearn to learn of the sky and the sun,
 So please, sweet yellow bird, I need someone.
 Please go away to the Open Green,
 And come back to tell me of the treasures unseen.

Collaboration of Emotion

Ivory Reeve-Yackley

*Love is a thunderstorm
 It's destructful, abusive
 and yet entirely enticing
 When you're in such a
 roaring chaos,
 Each lightning bolt is a
 new pulse to your heart
 The adrenaline before
 each strike becomes an ad-
 diction*

*It electrifies your mind
 A drug that's hard to find
 But utterly magical with
 the right dealer*

Jealousy is like World War II

It's a holocaust to the heart

*You try to talk yourself
 through it,
 Tell yourself it's okay
 But really, your heart's in
 an oven
 It's burning away*

*Heartbreak is the atomic
 bomb of emotions
 When first dropped, hyste-
 ria strikes*

*Watch as every little
 things comes crashing
 down, crumbling to pieces
 A mushroom cloud of
 twisted emotions towards
 the sadistic character
 How could one put an-
 other being through such
 disorder?*

*Your heart becomes and
 abyss of brutality
 You can only pray that
 one day
 The spark will ignite again*

Skin

JJ Sayers

Oh tiles in the ceiling
 Why are you so porous?
 Has some unyielding bombard-
 ment of pencils
 Befallen you?
 Perhaps you are attempting
 To achieve greater honesty
 Have the sky's woes
 Been pressed upon you for too
 long?
 One can only imagine those end-
 less tears
 Eroding your stability
 So unhealthily continuous

Oh tiles in the ceiling
 Why are you so porous?

Can it be that life has abandoned
 you
 Erosion eating at your many
 carcasses?
 Does some fungi work at your
 faces
 Digging crevice after crevice?
 I fear that it will become greedy
 Rapturously divulge its lust
 And the many tiles shall cascade
 upon my head
 Beating and bashing away
 Pelting me into stooped submis-
 sion
 And I lie still
 The rain falls
 Sky weeps
 I am made porous
 Eroded

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One Bulb To Rule Them All,
One Bulb To Save Them
One Bulb To Conserve Power,
And In The Darkness Save Money!



THE
LORD OF THE BULBS
FLOURESCENT LIGHTBULBS

A Love Poem

The Oxymoron We Made

We are like to lovely words
 So ambiguously lovely in look and
 feel and meaning
 We slide off the tongue so slick
 so...
 Right
 But no matter how smooth how
 beautiful and perfectly wonderful
 we words may be
 We are never heard nor seen to-
 gether
 Such a tragedy that we are not
 For imagine, if you would a docile
 tornado or a solid moonbeam
 A sophisticated baboon

But despite the glorious absurdity
 of such things
 We are denied each other by cir-
 cumstance
 Oh, we tried
 Once
 And we came to understand each
 others meanings with greater cer-
 tainty
 And the gap between us lessened
 But still
 There will never be any such thing
 as a Real Deity
 Regardless of how many times
 We might try to convince ourselves
 otherwise

Or perhaps there might be
 Had we but been raised aside from
 all these... realities

But here we are
 Here we are

Oh Algebra 2
 Why are you so cold
 So adamant
 In your exactness?
 Seems to me
 There is no cause nor reason for
 your apathy
 You are as a broken wall clock
 Presiding over those who suffer at
 your hands
 Uncaring
 A timeless replication of false hope
 Offering solace in careers
 Whilst unflinchingly tearing out
 our throats
 No hesitation;
 Precision
 Illogically bombarding innocents
 with logic
 Poor child
 Suffering
 Turned demented
 I would ask if your fury knows no
 bounds
 But emotion
 Does not compute

And just when we have nearly bled
 dry
 Comprehension of the outside
 Dissipating
 Your hands bound forward!
 A sudden righteous ringing
 Wakes us from our reverie
 Recklessly, we surge
 Cages knocked askew
 Trampling each other in great haste
 The confines of our sadistic reality
 Falls Behind

FREEDOM!
 Joy emanates on from every face
 We come into the sunlight
 Thankful
 Laughter abundant

...F@#k....Monday morning

Water Mammoth

The shored addict
 Wants nothing more than to return
 To the unsteady heave of his
 Vast narcotic expanse
 He yearns for the depths of suffo-
 cation
 To which his lungs are so well
 adapted

When intoxicated
 He holds his breath
 Suspended for lengths of time un-
 fathomed by the average mammals
 who walk by him now
 Concerned at his predicament

Oh, how he yearns to be smothered
 In his beloved medium
 His familiar sustenance
 Which holds him aloft
 Adrift

His is a bass-ackwards existence

the sweet air deceives him
 As the normal mammilian environ-
 ment
 Instigates the systematic crushing
 of his hidden flesh
 He is deconstructed
 Slowly
 Painfully
 From the inside out

Oh, how he years for his precious
 substance
 For though he cannot take healthy
 breaths whilst submerged
 Within it
 He thrives

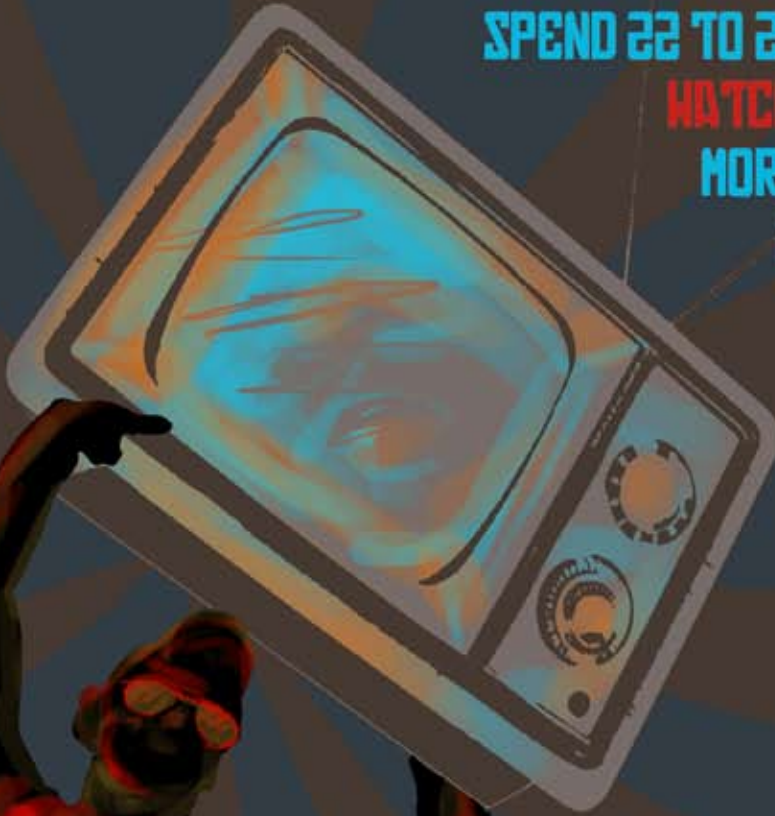
He does not wish to be dry

EACH TON (2000 POUNDS) OF RECYCLED PAPER CAN SAVE 17 TREES, 380 GALLONS OF OIL, THREE CUBIC YARDS OF LANDFILL SPACE, 4000 KILOWATTS OF ENERGY, AND 7000 GALLONS OF WATER.



 **RECYCLE**

AMERICAN CHILDREN AND ADOLESCENTS
SPEND 22 TO 28 HOURS PER WEEK
WATCHING TELEVISION
MORE THAN ANY OTHER
ACTIVITY EXCEPT
SLEEPING



SAVE ENERGY
SAVE MONEY
THROW AWAY
YOUR TV

*Hannah
Mueller
2010*

The Department of Un-truths was located on Sub-level 44B of the Ministry of Truths. It was staffed by a single Inner Party member, a sullen gaunt-faced man by the name of Simmons. Every day, he sat beneath a single fluorescent light band and spent his time largely

Beneath the Ministry of Truth

staring at the plain gray wall print. No one ever came to down to this level.

Simmons remembered the day he was assigned to the drab basement. He remembered...that was his curse. The reason he spent every day far beneath the ground, and took a special lift to a flat without windows squarely in the middle of the Inner Party quarter. The reason he was never permitted to speak with anyone who did not have express government clearance. The only person Simmons ever saw regularly was the monthly volunteer from the Junior Anti-Sex league who was brought to his flat under the cover of darkness. He knew better than anyone what a fantastic exercise in double-think those little visits were.

This was sanctioned because Simmons was the only person in Oceania permitted to experience a sex drive. He was the only person permitted to know a lot of things. Simmons thought of the Junior Anti-Sex league's relationship with him as payment for the

occupation imposed on him by Big Brother.

The soft glow of the great incinerator furnaces on the lowest level flickered slightly through clear pneumatic chutes that circumscribed his office. All of the memory holes in the building converged just above the ceiling of Sub-level 44B in one point of

David Shumway

intersection. Where they met, no less than four mounted high-speed telescreens scanned the doomed information and generated print-outs, which Simmons would then review. The content of his job was to sort and file the discarded facts into chronological folders sorted by history and importance.

Essentially, and without muddling the details, Simmons was the caretaker of the entirety of the Oceania's unequivocal knowledge. His tutors were the old historians of Britain and the United States, before they were murdered by the Thought Police. He had been trained from birth to remember all of what he was taught, to acknowledge it as absolute fact, but to largely dismiss the knowledge as entirely worthless. However, a side effect of Simmons's awareness was his understanding of what it meant to be human. Hence, the Junior Anti-Sex League girls.

It had always troubled Simmons that the Department of Untruths existed. It didn't seem to be in keeping with the philosophy of the Party at all. If the past was subject to what the Party believed was best for Oceania as a whole,

why keep a secret archive at all? Simmons thought of the whole thing as a terrible inefficiency. He was perfect for the job.

Comrade Simmons sat alone on Sub-level 44B filing scraps of paper, always awaiting the day the transport lift directly opposite his desk would open and give him something to do with the hoarded knowledge he kept bottled within the Department at his own mind.

One day indeed, the lift, which was kept well-oiled and maintained despite the fact that no-one ever used it, came down to Sub-level 44B and brought with it three somber agents of the Thought Police, who were accompanied by a particularly high-profile Inner Party Member named Tibarn.

As the cadre approached, Simmons quickly pulled up Tibarn's history file on his modified archiving telescreen. The man was important to say the least; a direct apprentice of the key Party military mind of the Civil War, which Simmons knew all about. Tibarn currently held control of the Ministry of Peace in Airstrip

"Greetings Comrade" Simmons said happily, excited to have a visitor for the first time in recent memory.

"Let us dispense with the pleasantries, Comrade" replied Tibarn. "There is only one reason why I would come to Sub-level 44B, and it does not involve socializing."

The Thought Police fanned out, each one of them standing alert. This made Simmons somewhat uncomfortable. They didn't

say a word, but it was easy to tell how they might have communicated their impressions in Newspeak if given the chance: oldthinker, crime-think, un-goodthinkful. The Thought Police seemed loath to consider that Simmons was forced against his will to safeguard these old ideas.

Simmons knew the Thought Police members protecting Tibarn were Enforcers, not Strategists. These latter agents of the Thought Police were occasionally brought to him for a history lesson. This was done in order to make them sufficiently aware of the full spectrum of human expression to relentlessly pursue and crush it with squads of lethal Enforcers.

But he needn't have worried. Tibarn gave no indication of unleashing the Enforcers on Simmons, and the three agents wouldn't have moved without his orders anyway. Comrade Tibarn clearly wanted something in the Department of Untruth's vaults very badly.

Simmons cleared his throat. "What can I do for you?"

"Big Brother is formulating a new three year plan. This particular plan falls under the jurisdiction of the minipax. Now why would that be, comrade?"

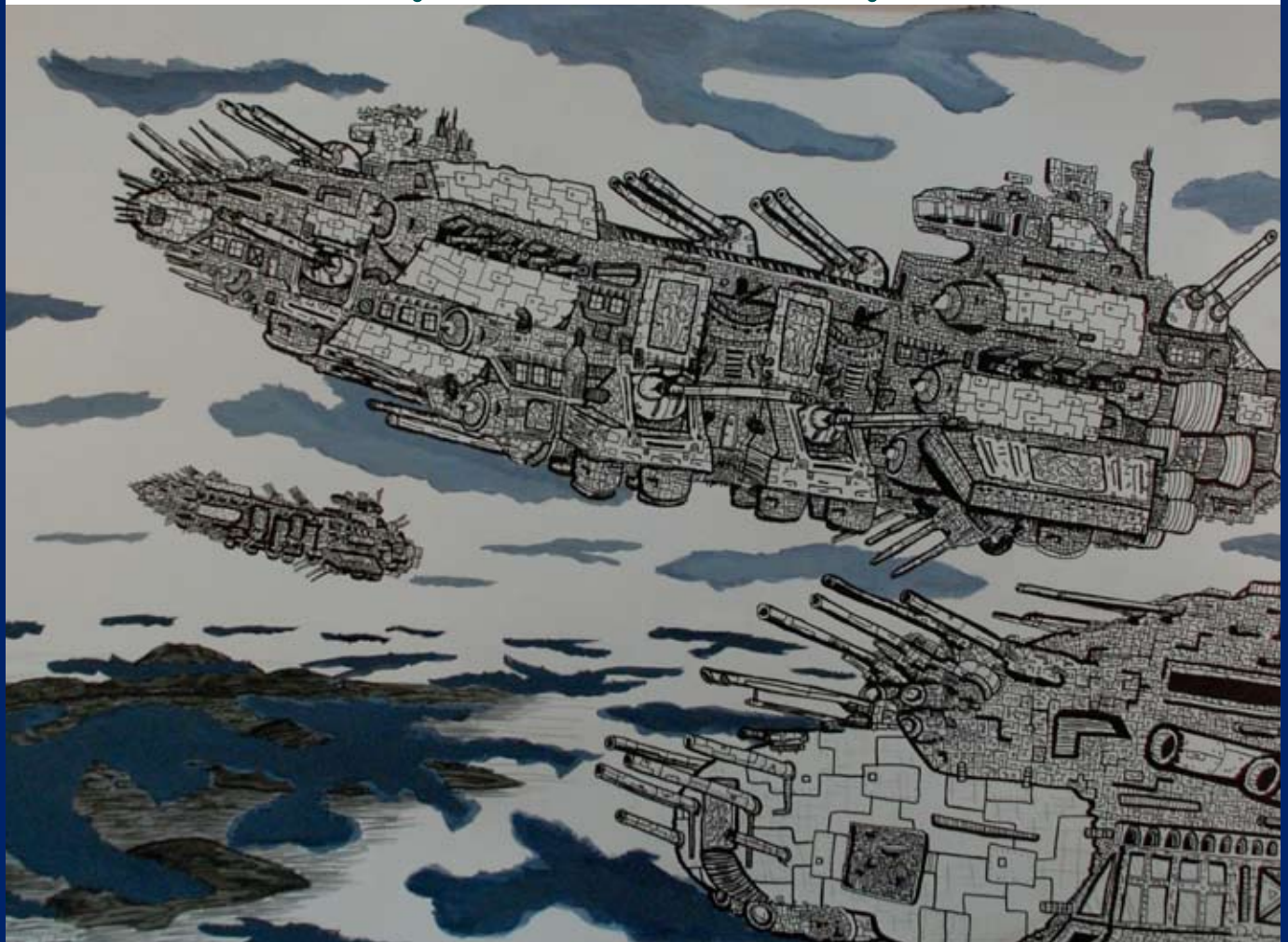
Tibarn smiled maliciously as Simmons's face went pale. "Because...because it means the new three year plan involves nuclear weapons."

"Correct, Comrade" Tibarn hissed arrogantly. "As you may

know, we are currently at war with Eurasia. It is greatly to our advantage to utilize every weapon possible to defeat our enemy. Don't you agree?"

Simmons almost laughed. "You can't be serious, Comrade. Each of the three super-states is completely unconquerable. These 'wars' are really just a kind of dance in which we change partners every few beats. Eurasia? Why, we were just at war with Eastasia not too long ago--"

He was cut short by the quick motion of one of the Enforcers, who slammed a truncheon onto the surface of his desk. The gruff man yelled at Simmons in a raspy voice: "We have never been



at war with East Asia! Oceania has always been against Eurasia!”

Tibarn casually motioned to the other Enforcer, who quickly persuaded his partner to return to a ready position against the far wall. Both men saluted and stood harmlessly still.

“Forgive them, Comrade,” he apologized. “I am well aware that we have had a troublesome past with both of the other powers. But Big Brother feels that we can bring this war within a measure of its end by adopting a new military plan involving atomic weapons. The plan is, by a combination of fighting, bargaining and well timed strokes of treachery, to acquire a ring of bases completely encircling one or other of the rival states and then to sign a pact of friendship with that rival and remain on peaceful terms for many years so as to lull suspicion asleep. During this time rockets loaded with atomic bombs can be assembled at all strategic spots; finally they will all be fired simultaneously, with effects so devastating as to make retaliation impossible. For that...” Tibarn paused.

“You need me.” Simmons finished. “You need me, because I have a complete record and understanding of the Atomic Wars of the late fifties. You are planning to use those horrible weapons again and you want to know what you’re dealing with. What you’re risking. Comrade... you have no idea.”

For the first time, Tibarn

was strangely taken aback.

“What’s all this, then?”

“I’m going to tell you a story, Comrade. It begins at the end of what the old historians once called the Second World War. At that time, the great capitalist power was the United States of America, and it was roughly based in the region where the New Executive Palace is located.”

“Airstrip 0?” Tibarn clarified.

“Yes, Airstrip 0. The center of Party executive power and the place where Big Brother resides.”

“Do continue.”

Tibarn sat down in a chair provided for visitors to Sub-level 44B. There was only one, for it was assumed that the amount of traffic to the floor was likely to be light. He reclined, listening intently to Simmons’s account, and for much of the rest of it, remained silent and contemplative. The Guards, for their part, said nothing the entire time. Simmons continued uninterrupted for the duration of the history, and a complex narrative flowed out freely from his memory.

“The other great power in the world was the USSR, Soviet Russia. After the war, these two powers were up in arms over the fate of Western Europe. Britain, as Airstrip One was once called, was economically devastated, and so had very little voice in those matters. Another point of interest was the Old Colonies of the British Empire. Both the US and the USSR had raging imperialistic desires, as the victors of great conflicts are like to have, and were at the brink of another war when a British foreign minister and the French Major General stepped in and offered a solution. Essentially,

Europe and the British colonies were to be fairly divided in half between the former allies. Britain would oversee the distribution of its colonies, and France would help split up war-ravaged Europe, both for the meager price of reconstruction and market investment in their battered nations. This was seen as an acceptable agreement by all parties.

The deal was especially readily agreed to by Russia, and this was perhaps because the US was the only nation who possessed nuclear weapons at that time. However, before the treaty distribution was completed, the USSR also acquired the atomic bomb. And then the scales were equal.

The first trouble started on a tiny island in the South Pacific. The United States sent a convoy of battle cruisers to secure a strategically valuable spot on the island, despite the fact that it was dedeed to the USSR. This small military action, with one hand taking just a little more then it was given, caused Russia to break the treaty in a much more dramatic way, and invade the western half of Germany, and push towards the borders of France. In response, the United States smashed Berlin and Stalingrad with a wave of atomic bombings.

The next morning, the residents of New York City woke to a hailstorm of missiles launched from a fleet of Soviet submarines off the coast of the Chesapeake.

These were the first shots of the Atomic Wars of the nineteen-fifties. It was a global war of bombing planes and rocket missiles in which hundreds of cities in US and USSR holdings were annihilated by nuclear weapons. Britain was so badly reduced that it filed to unify with America for security purposes. Indeed, almost nothing survives from Britain...nearly all of the records that form the basis of this story were pulled from archives in Airstrip 0."

Tibarn sat in stony silence, contemplating what he had been told.

"Eventually, the citizens of both governments were so tired of atomic warfare that they quickly turned to extremist philosophies and revolutionaries. To fill this void, the Party appeared, and hoisted its banner of Ingsoc into the hands of the wretched masses. The masses rose up, and, aided by both the weakness of their war-weary politicians and their own furious zeal, overthrew the governments of their respective countries and elected the Party into power. The rest, Comrade, is history. The Party established a strict New Order in the world of totalitarianism..."

Simmons stared straight into Tibarn's eyes, endeavoring to emphasize the importance of his point, and concluded,

"That is why you can't use nuclear weapons. Your scheme is a mere daydream, impossible of realization."

Tibarn seemed to stir. "I... believe I understand. You say

the reason the great capitalist powers fell was because their populations were whipped into such frenzy by the horror of the atomic bomb that it destabilized their governments, leaving them vulnerable to revolution."

He thought about this for several moments.

"Using the bombs... is ensuring the death of the Party itself."

Simmons nodded. "Yes. That is the essence of it."

Tibarn straightened up and snapped at the two Thought Police members, bringing them instantly to attention.

"You've been most helpful, Comrade. I'm sure that Big Brother will be thankful for your assistance. So helpful, in fact..." he winked, "...that I'm quite positive the Ministry of Plenty would be eager to arrange for one of our fine young ladies from the Junior Anti-Sex League to thank you in a manner more appropriate."

He shuffled into the lift, and before the doors closed added,

"Long live Big Brother!"

"Prosperity to the Party!" Simmons answered.

When Tibarn was gone, Simmons sat quietly at his desk for awhile before the telescreens began to generate printouts again.

Turning to the slips of paper, Simmons thought solemnly to himself about how important it was, after all, to remember the past.

Golde, I'm Asking You a Question! Hayley Leeper

How do three little words
So often get stuck in your
throat?

As much as I'd prefer a shout,
I can't even get a croak?

No whistles, or screams,
Not even a whisper?

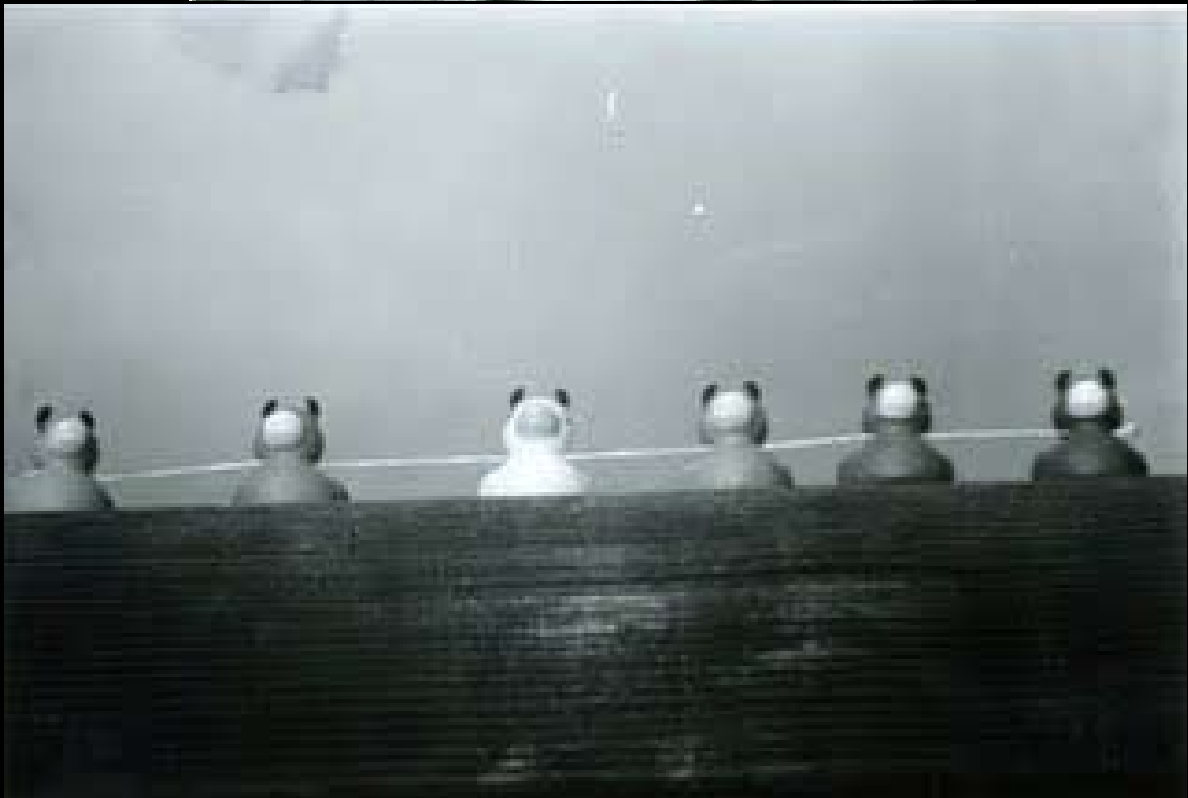
Don't you think it sometimes,
Right after, "God, I miss her"
?

Are you afraid, or do you not
see it?

On the other hand, I guess I'll
wait,

'Cause then I know you'll
mean it.

JJ
Sayers





Emma DeFontes



Calloused

If the skies saw fit to strike you
 blind
 You would not be able to deter-
 mine friend from foe
 For gentleness is alien to your
 hands
 Which are mute and dumb and
 thick as cattle
 And your heart has been made
 deaf to the distinction between
 The clang of harshness and the
 chime of praise
 Diluting them to a distant
 Grinding

A great shrill cry
 Your raw tissue will burn
 Your very sinews will be torn
 asunder
 Your tenderness will be re-
 stored
 And you will see me

And then
 You will pity the lame

I should just as soon have the
 word "frugality" Tattooed across
 my ass
 As expect you to recognize the
 crevices of these lips
 Or the crinkles of these eyes
 Because the feelings of your
 extremities
 Have become calloused to the
 varying locutions of this trans-
 lucent mask
 Yeah, the blue dudes had it right
 Just because your eyes perceive
 this
 Does not mean you see it

Metallic roar

But fear not
 Fear not

These will unstuck the seams of
 your prism
 These will liberate your hands
 from their diseased skin
 These will take hold your wrists
 These will lay your naked
 nerves upon this flesh
 And your heart will be loosed
 It will be loosed
 It will let loose

JJ Sayers



pollution generated by fossil fuels

Wind power can reduce pollution
As long as the SUN shines

As long as the SUN shines
on the Earth, WIND power exists

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Turnoff
Unplug
Heavyoff

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You have the world
in your hands



Conserve Energy

Ticonderoga

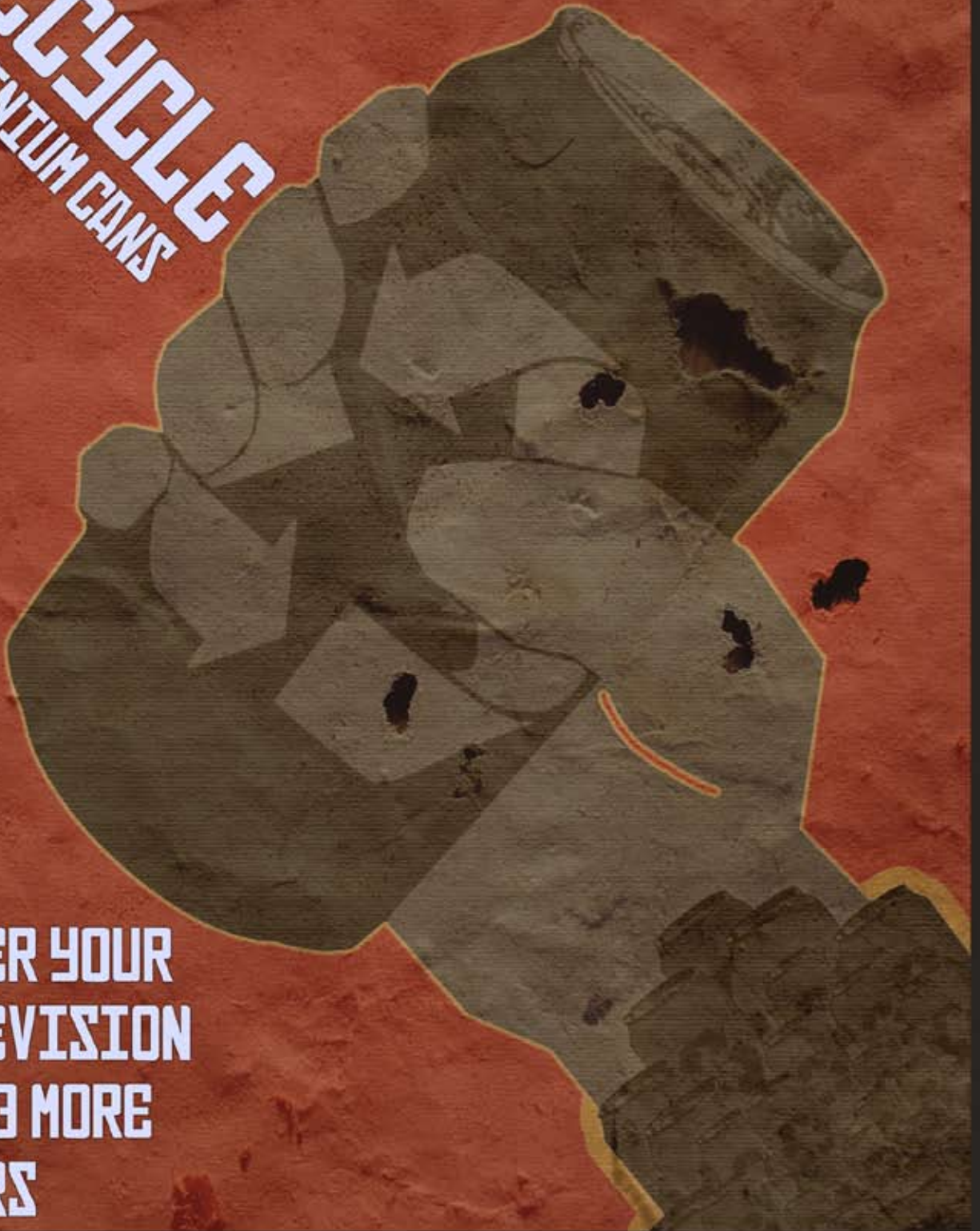
I'm sitting at my desk with my Ticonderoga
 And a beautiful girl peering over my shoulder
 "Mr. Dragg, you rat, tell me your story"
 "If you insist," I reply, "but you might find it boring"
 Mr. Charles was a man even God feared to smite
 They say he couldn't lose, not a match, nor a fight
 He had a stern, gorgeous face which even birth couldn't smile
 He was so quick on his feet, he could out-run the mile
 So strong, it was impossible to even think the word pain
 So influential he decided when to postpone the rain
 So smart he made the hardest math look like multiplication
 So great he might just be the tenth reincarnation
 Mr. Charles was born in a sanctuary
 And he died in an asylum...eventually
 He was perfectly built, and perfectly wise
 And all of this led to his perfect demise
 When he looked in a mirror he saw grandeur and reason
 But he shared Mephistopheles' greatest gifts, theft and treason
 He had a servant named Mohammed, his only true companion

But soon, the master's only flaw would find his servant abandoned
 Mohammed loved the girl Maggi, whose smirk made men wild
 But she was quite literally the Devil's child
 Mr. Charles was a suitor who kept women on their toes
 But when he caught Maggi's eye, that was the woman he chose
 Mohammed was devoted, and showed nothing but loyalty
 Charles betrayed his best friend, and still thought himself royalty
 Until one day Maggi asked spouse to meet kin
 Charles obliged not knowing he'd be judged for his sin
 These lovers of deceit marched through the layers of Hell
 He saw demonic sights and crossed the most foul smell
 Finally he met his new father of fire
 The demon that punished all greed and desire
 Suddenly Charles started to change into a hideous creature
 And couldn't help but confess his life's only evil
 He had betrayed his one friend and now must atone
 He lived the rest of his life ugly and alone
 Back on the Earth no man would draw near
 And when he tried to woo women, they'd cower in fear
 Mohammed found love and lived his life well
 While the man once perfect lived in a lunatic's cell
 I told you my story was boring and dry
 I made nobody cringe, and nobody cry
 But there was a moral here in this story of "lovers"
 No one human being is better than others

Reid Newlin

John Cavassa

RECYCLE
ALUMINIUM CANS



**POWER YOUR
TELEVISION
FOR 3 MORE
HOURS**

Repented

Maybe someday I'll get out
 But, in the meantime,
 I stare past the bars
 And to the outside
 Punished for sixty years
 For an action that took less than
 Sixty seconds

Nothing More

Knives can change lives
 And skulls can chain hopes
 To your mind
 Otherwise, they fly
 And then, you're left in misery
 With nothing to see
 And no way out,
 No way to just be
 And no way to just breathe
 And you can't run or hide
 So you lie there, sick inside
 Wishing that you would just die
 In your sleep, 'cause that's less
 messy
 Than cutting or hanging
 Or just waking every morning
 To find that you have faded
 Away, and there's no one you
 trust anymore
 No hopes to hope anymore
 No dreams to dream
 No love to love
 It's all anger and hate,
 And so, no one can relate
 It's all empty
 But, let's move it along,
 There's nothing more to see

Trees and Leaves

When the wind blows through the
 trees
 They almost look like they can
 breathe
 So then, I wonder, as their leaves
 rustle,
 Can they also sing?

Ash-Covered Ivory

The ones at the bottom
 Toil in the Earth
 Waiting for the day
 They can feel some worth
 The ones at the top
 With giant waistbands
 And money falling from their
 pockets
 Only look down from the top
 To make sure the toil never stops
 They laugh at the dreams of the
 toilers
 For they never will escape
 And laughter explodes down from
 their tower
 Like hot steam from a malfunc-
 tioning boiler
 Back down in the dust
 The toilers look up
 And feel sorry for those at the top
 Whose wallets are full
 But whose hearts are so small
 For the toilers know
 That as bad as the dust is
 The ones at the top feel more sor-
 row

Teveye and Golde

Some words flow like water
 Some words, in your throat, get
 stuck
 Some simply get spewed out
 Like stale nachos from the stomach
 of a drunk
 Some words heal ancient scars
 Others provide false hope
 But most of the time, it's a lack of
 words
 That can ache on a massive scope

Hayley Leeper

Self-explanatory

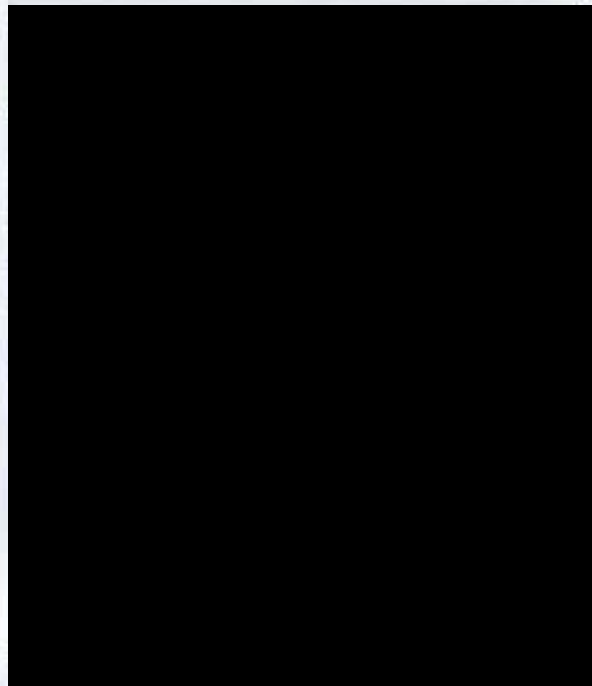
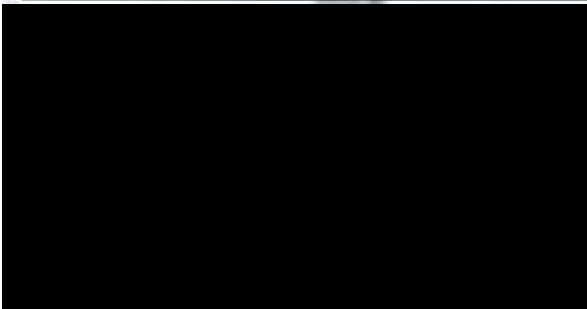
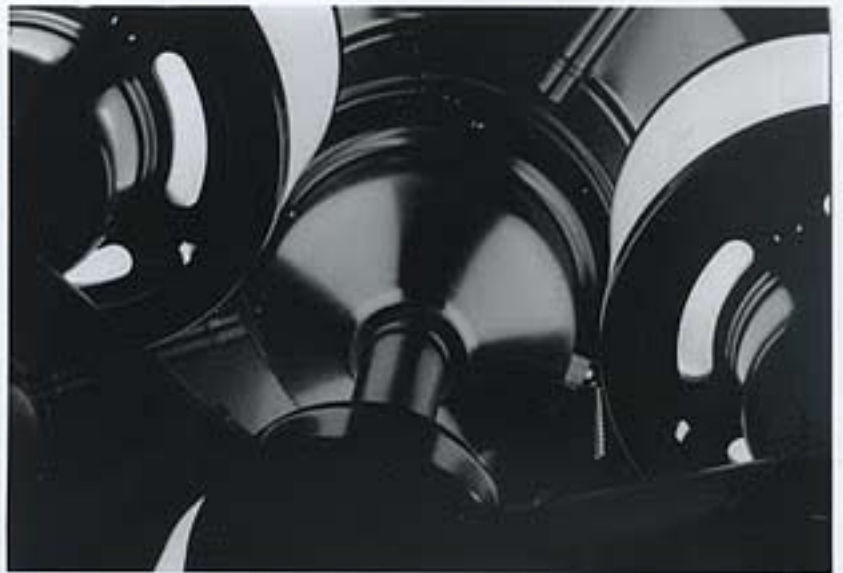
Couplets
 Often feel like unfinished
 sentiments.

Life is Hard, But Beautiful, Too

It is poetic in its sadness, intense with primeval anger, and totally euphoric in its happiness. It is not life itself, I think, but the collage of emotions you see through your perfectly unique looking glass that make it beautiful, as well as the people whose paths happen to cross with yours, who lend a hand.



Madison Richardson



The Memory Faded

Tegan Valo

Running, hurry,
faster, scurry,
bury all you left untouched;
It's best not to be left with much.

Urgent, sooner,
baby boomer,
Rip away from what you were.
Today it's for the best, you're sure.

Calm down,
small town
man of little understanding.
You'll see what comes is too de-
manding.

Nothing, nada, zip is left.
Though hard to hold,
they held your breath.
And now they're gone,
Alone and sold,
No longer there to make your mold.

Go back,
New stack,
Wait out for the rest of your days.
Later join the newest craze.

No more,
No more,
The future comes with no regrets.
But greater trouble it does beget.

Melissa Aust



Madison Richardson

OUT

Anonymous

I was born like this, I suppose
An unusual mixture of reasons unnamed and increasingly irrelevant
I was born this way, so that's the way I've grown
(That which does not kill you makes you stronger, apparently)
'Me' was easy because doubt was foreign and alternatives didn't exist
But on some questionably destined day, with previously undetected water swirling well above my
center of gravity, I saw the world bob to the surface
Causing me to realize, I guess, that when floating side by side with The Population, I wasn't what I
had called myself
Uneasy comparison between what was felt and what was seen lead to
Thick brushes and heavy glue, dripping with screaming adhesive
Helped to smooth my rougher edges with worded papers, helped mesh me with the current
Gluing secrets tight against helpless skin, chafing until the burn grew inconveniently unavoidable
I guess now I'd rather be wet and perhaps a bit more battered
Than be so so dry



Emma DeFontes

A Dream

Anonymous

A dream is not a goal or a life plan
It's what you can barely achieve
But believe in anyway

A dream is what you stay awake at night hoping for
Knowing that if it came true it would cure all your pain
And forever stop the rain

A Dream is the light that pushes out the dark
The secrets that you keep close to your heart
To make sure they don't slip away

A dream is what so many give up on
Or never even have
Afraid they don't possess the courage it takes

A dream is what keeps me going



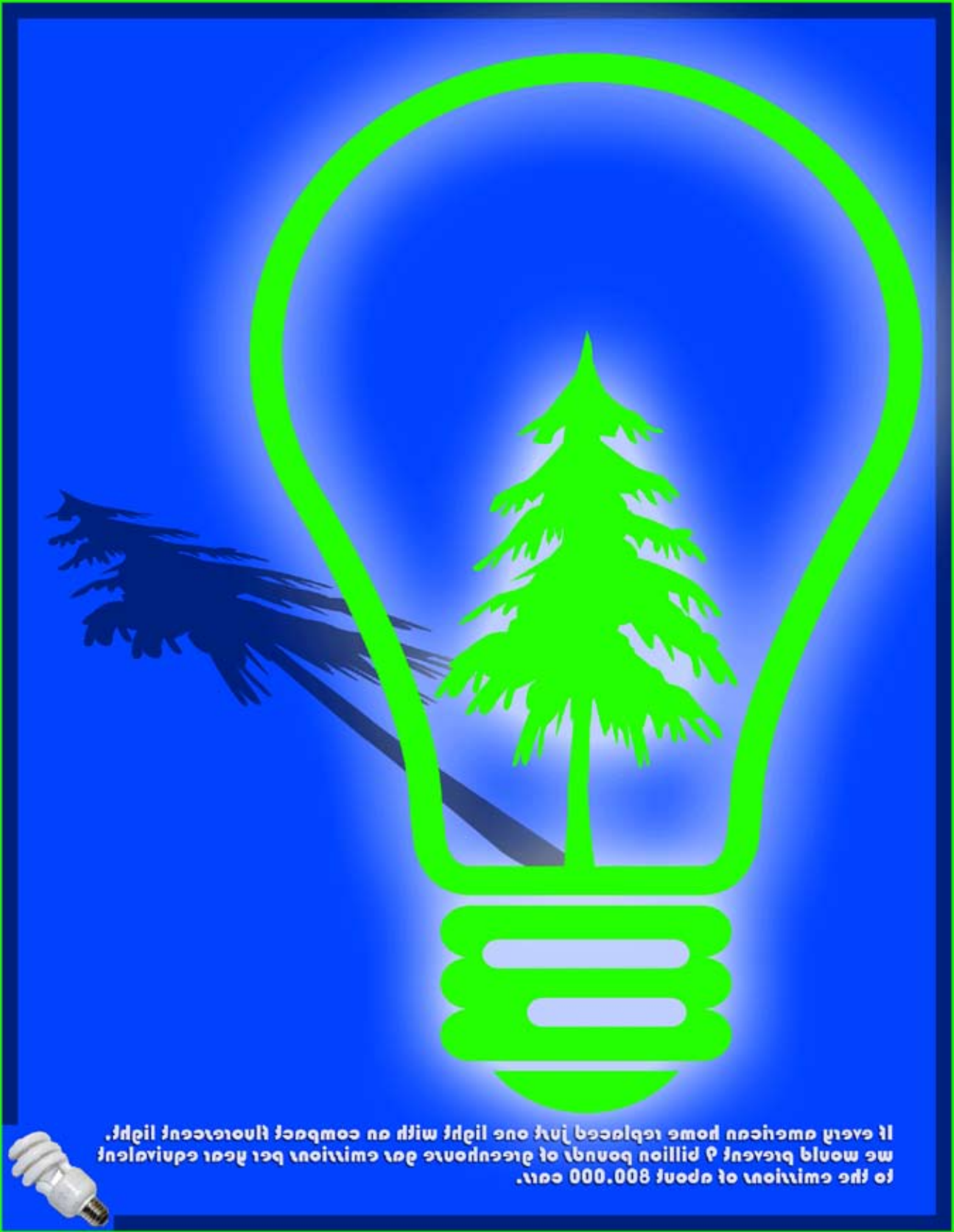
Melissa Aust





Melissa Aust





If every American home replaced just one light with an compact fluorescent light, we would prevent 2 billion pounds of greenhouse gas emissions per year equivalent to the emissions of about 800,000 cars.

R
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**EVEN ONE MAKES
A DIFFERENCE**



Emma DeFontes



JJ Sayers

