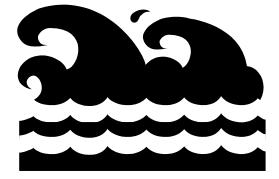
Potpourri



MOONLIGHT - OUR SPIRIT - OUR FELINE FRIEND

Moonlight was born in the Animal Charities Shelter. Mark, the owner of our group home, picked him out of the litter and paid a donation of twenty dollars for him.

He was all black, even his nose, and had green eyes, yes green eyes. The only other mark on him was a sprig of white fur between his two front legs, right in the middle.

After his first month at the shelter Mark gave him to us. He put him in a Christmas shopping bag. When he got home, that shopping bag was passed around for all of us to see inside. Mark picked him up out of the bag and said, "Merry Christmas!"

He had all his shots, and he was spayed so we didn't have the turmoil of his going outside to look for a female.

He had this knack of going outside to do his business. Then he would come back to the side porch to nest in one of the chairs and keep us company. He let us know that he was thirsty and wanted his cold water. So I would go and take the bottle out of the refrigerator and put some into his bowl, and he really liked it.

He had the habit of jumping up onto the table to read the newspaper with you. It was also time to give him affection by petting him on his head, straight back to his tail. He would meow until he was satisfied. At night he would make his rounds by going by your door and meowing to check you in for the night. I would leave my door open, and he would jump up on my bed, curl up on my feet, and begin to purr very loudly. It was better than a sleeping pill. Pretty soon he would be asleep for the whole night, and so could you. Then one night he saw a cat across Glenwood Avenue. Busy as it was, he made a crossing that ended his little life when a woman turned too sharply around the curb. We put him in his box and let him die there. We buried him outside under the tree. Moonlight was a spirit and a friend. We loved him.

Sandra Lee Sullivan

TELEPHONE, TELEPHONE

Telephone, telephone Why do you ring? You stop me from doing All kinds of things.

While bathing and soaking In the warm tub, I hear you ring. Talking, I love.

As I slip and slide Down the long hall, Knowing there is a chance I could take a big fall.

> Could it be Mary? Could it be Jane? I don't know Who gives a dang?

So please don't stop. I'm almost there. So don't hang up. I do really care.

Debbie Shepherd

FOREVER

Why do people think forever is long and far away! Forever could be now, tomorrow, or maybe yesterday. Forever is an expression for everlasting and thinking. Forever will never come. Forever could be as long as the birth of a child. Or like snowflakes falling to the ground. Maybe I'm wrong, maybe I'm right. Let the truth be told. Forever could be in one night.

Constance Brown

THE DAY I WROTE SOMETHING BAD ON THE BOTTOM OF MY SHOES

When I was in fifth grade, I did a lot of doodling in class. One day I decided to write the F-you words on the bottom of my shoes. This is what happened.

My fifth grade teacher was boring and mean. I did not like him very much. One day in his class I sat at my desk and decided to write F-you on the bottom of both my shoes. I did it very artistically, making the letters bold and dark, because it might come off when I walk. I figured it was a safe place to write something so bad and never worry about getting caught.

About a week or so later, my mom told me we were going to the mall to buy new shoes. My mom, stepdad and I went to the mall. I was ready to get rid of my old sneakers, so I looked around the shoe store and found what I wanted. The shoe store man asked me, "What size do you wear?" I replied, "I don't know." He said, "Well, lift up your foot and let's take a look." That's when it hit me. I couldn't show him the bottom of my shoes. The man tried to pick my foot up to see my size, but I held my feet down tightly to the floor pushing as hard as I could. The shoe man thought I was being shy about my shoe size. The man reassured me there was nothing to worry about.

Little did he know that I had everything to be worried about. My mom told me to quit goofing around and show the man the bottom of my shoe so he could get my shoe size. The pressure was too much, and I knew there was no getting out of this one. So I slowly picked my foot up and showed the man. His eyes got real big and he said, "Oops!" putting my foot down really fast. I don't think he had time to see what size I needed. It didn't matter at this point anyway for my mom and stepdad knew that I had something else on the bottom of my shoe. They looked at the bottom of my shoe and quickly we left the shoe store, without new shoes. They yelled from that point on until we got home. I was crying and pretty upset by this time.

My older sisters asked my mom what was wrong with me, but my mom just told them, "Never mind." Thinking my sisters would understand, I told them what had happened. They laughed so hard and couldn't believe what I did. They were wishing this was the one time they wouldn't have missed going to the mall.

To this day my sisters still tease me about my shoe ordeal, and to this day my mom still doesn't think it's funny. Mom will sure be proud of me now, writing essays on "the day I wrote a bad word on the bottom of my shoes!"

Kathy Gray

EYE OF THE STORM

You think everything is calm, quiet, and ok where you are, but really you're in the eye of the storm. You don't see everything that is right beside you, you are so blind. You want everything to be peaceful and you think it is, but really you're just in the eye of the storm. You're all alone in this world, no one cares and no one understands just how you feel. You wish on a falling star to find someone who will listen and understand your hurt and pain. You have to be strong and not feel sorry for yourself because if you don't care no one else will. As the winds blow past your face you want it to stop but there's nothing you can do because this is the tornado called LIFE!

Amy Sheffield

A DAY REMEMBERED

September eleven, two thousand one. Another day had just begun.

Nothing unusual as you might say. It was just another working day.

Our flag was waving way up high; Then came the planes out of the sky.

Terror came from up above To take away so many loved.

It clearly was an act of terror. It wasn't just a pilot's error.

As billowing flames and smoke abound The giant Twins came tumbling down.

People on planes, their lives they gave Let's not forget that they were brave.

To know the end was very near, Their lives must have been filled with fear.

Firemen came, oh how brave! They risked their lives for one they might save.

So many lost their lives that day. The pain and sorrow are here to stay.

People came from far and near To search for those they held so dear. They lit candles as they came to wait For word of loved ones, to learn their fate.

They caught us off guard and by surprise. The giant awoke and opened its eyes.

They thought they had weakened us, but they were wrong. They just succeeded in making us strong.

Our nation was angered by this unspeakable deed. Now beware, enemy! You had better take heed!

We gathered together, united we stand. We banded together to protect our land.

Defensive and angry our men went to war To rid us of those that we strongly abhor.

We took freedom for granted before that day. Now their acts threaten to take it away.

But once again our flag shall wave For the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.

Carol Rudder