

Thoughts of Pleasure



FREEDOM

Freedom is:

A gift that is promised to all who are born in this country

The American flag blowing proudly in the breeze

The privilege to choose what you wear, what you say, and where you worship without fear

The ability to relax and breathe at ease because you know your rights are protected

The right to come and go as you please

Associating with whomever you want

Waking up in the morning and experiencing a sense of peace and contentment

Equal education for all

Guaranteed no matter what your class, age, color, religion, or gender might be

The culmination of what we believe, who we are, and what we live for

A belief that should never be taken for granted because people are dying for it every day

Scarlet Oaks ABLE

<i>Tammy Hardy</i>	<i>Aurelia Johnson</i>	<i>Agness Saduka</i>
<i>Don McVey</i>	<i>Katia Ulysse</i>	<i>Brenda Wiseman</i>

THE LOVE OF THE BAND

As a young person I have fond memories of a band that I was in. It was called Squire's Warren Junior Military Band. Music, music! Play, play! March, march! Twirl, twirl! I started playing French horn when I was eleven years old. When I first began to play, I just played in my grade school band. When I entered into 6th grade I decided to join Squire's Warren Junior Military Band. At first, I just played my French horn; however, one year later I decided to join Flag Line.

Joining this band allowed me to travel to many parts of the United States. Also, I was able to travel to Europe during the summer after my senior year in high school. Traveling enabled me to see the world. We were introduced to other cultures and competed against them. Our competitions included inspection, parade, field show, and concert band.

When I first started out I was last chair; however, through the years I improved and became first chair. This gave me more responsibilities. I had many solos and needed to make sure the people below me could play their music. As a senior member, we represented the "cream of the crop." We oversaw other members of the band. I continued to play the French horn through my first year of college at Baldwin Wallace and then at YSU for another two years.

I can still hear the band...
Music, music!
Play, play!
March, march!
Twirl, twirl!

Heather Oblinger

 SKIPPER SAILING

	A	
	whale	
	is	
A	feeding	
sail	in the	
upon	distance,	
the open	on his	
seas on a	journey	
cloudless day.	home. Gulls	
The wind is	above are	
catching in her	looking	
sails to carry her	for fish. He's	
away. Gliding thru	left alone. The	
the waters, heading	smell of salty water	
out to sea, there's	dominates the	
no other place that	air. The stress of	
this skipper would	daily living is gone	
rather be.	while he's out there.	

Lurching over ocean waves with water splashing at her sides, with a rocking motion from the evening tides. A peacefulness engulfs him while he spends this time at sea. Yes, there is no other place that this skipper would rather be.

Carol Rudder

ICE CREAM

I
Like
Ice cream
Hot or cold,
It seems very easy to mold
You
Can eat it
In a bowl or dish.
It happens to be my only wish.
Neapolitan
Or Rocky Road,
I only eat ice cream
When it's cold.
If
It melts,
I don't care,
I always have plenty
More to share!

Theresea Roth

OUR KITTY

Our kitty was missing.
We'd looked high and low.
We had no idea where she might go.
Inside the drier, the closets, the washer;
I thought she'd run off and a semi had squashed her.
We set out some food.
We called out in vain.
Still, no cat came running.
Our hearts drowned in pain.
So, at bedtime I tucked my dejected son in,
And told him the next day we'd search again.
Then a mew and some scratching
From right there in the room
Sent a huge ray of light
To guide us through our gloom.
As I opened a drawer under the bed,
First came a whisker then there was her head!
She was finally safe after twenty six hours –
Must've been hot as a tomb.
I know she won't ever get stuck there again
'Cause she won't go near my son's room.

Kandice DeMare

