

ECHOES

NO. 16

YO-HI

DEC. 15, 1967

OUR CHILDREN...

This week we have a letter from one of our Vietnamese foster-children, Hoa. Here it is:

Dear Parents,

I am very happy today to write this letter to you. May I wish you good health and much happiness.

It is hot and unpleasant here now. My siblings and I go to school regularly. My mother has just given birth to a new baby boy. My new brother is in good health and my mother is doing fine. Thanks to your help the poverty of my family is somehow reduced and we are happy now. I pledge that I will study hard to please you.

On September 3, 1967, the people of South Vietnam went to the polls to vote for the President, Vice-President, and Senators. This year, we had a joyful Mid-Autumn Festival. On Mid-Autumn night my siblings and I bought colored lanterns to take part in the lanterns parade. We enjoyed our holiday very much.

Last month, I received from you an amount of 950VN piasters, a cake of soap, a bottle of tonic, and a wire screen cover for food. Thank you very much, Parents.

May I wish you and your families the best of luck in everything.

→ WHY THE

Your foster child,
Hoa

Unexpected Holidays??

Last Monday, you were probably wondering

THE SNOWBALL WAS GREAT!

Last Saturday night the Yo-Hi Snowball was a great success. Half-way through the dance, the Queen and her court were crowned. Patti Mosman was crowned queen with Terri Moore and Sue Nathan as her princesses. Pictures were taken and the court's dance was played.

At about 10:30 people began to leave

to go out to eat. Many people went to Scandia where the food was really excellent and the atmosphere was quiet and peaceful.

Some Yo-Hians who ate at Pitt-Inn said the food was very good, with great service.

Snowball 1967 was a great success.

Let's hope that next year's will be as great as this year's "Christmas Night."

SKIING ANYONE? ✓✓

This year the Yokosuka Teen Club will make a trip to the ski resort of Bandai. It will be from December 27 until December 30.

The price of this trip is \$20.00 and at least ¥3,600. The yen is to cover the cost of meals, snacks, and ski equipment rental. The equipment rental is about ¥600 a day. The equipment includes boots, poles and skis, but if the boot size is larger than a 9 it will be necessary to bring your own. These boots may be checked out at the "Rod and Gun" in Yokosuka.

This trip is sponsored annually by the Yokosuka Teen Club and everyone who is a member of the Club should sign up with the desk.

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JAM... BABY... JAM??

This article is for those who haven't heard, or, know little, about JAM, the Junior Antagonistic Magazine. It is a publication of the Junior class, sponsored by Mr. Tucker. JAM will contain cartoons, jokes, and satires, all of a political nature.

The purpose of JAM is to give its readers an informed look at the world through the eyes of teenagers.

This is the first attempt to publish a satirical magazine of this type at our school. The staff has been hard at work during homeroom periods and after school for several weeks now. We look forward to reading this magazine and hope that if favorably accepted, the publication will remain at Yo-Hi as another of her traditions.

The staff of JAM is as follows:

- Chief Editor-----Marsha Foster
- Asst. to Ed.-----Leanne Bernier
- Historical Editor----Joy Fukumoto
- National Scene-----Steve Mosman
- International Scene---Jeff Vogel, Carol Moore
- Local Scene-----Dale Bennett, Grace Foster
- Proof Reading Manager--Sue Nathan
- Art-----Crawford Russell
- Humor-----Gayle Riley

For an interesting and humorous look at the world, get your copy of JAM for only 15¢ today, December 15th.

SENIOR TO YOH! Gifts CLASS OF '68

It has been a tradition at Yo-Hi for many years now for the graduating class to leave a gift to the school. Among the gifts in the past have been a popcorn machine, a stencil machine, a P.A. system, graduation caps and gowns, and a tree.

Many classes also donated money for charities or school projects.

Last year the seniors bought blowers for the front door of the school. These have arrived at Yo-Hi, and will soon be put over

BE GRATEFUL...

Since it's almost Christmas time, your thoughts are probably wandering toward that pile of gifts soon to adorn the foot of the Christmas tree, or what so and so will give you, so you can give him an equally worthy gift.

But have you ever thought about those gifts which you can't reciprocate? Whoever said "the best things in life can't be bought" was so right--they are given.

One of the greatest Christmas gifts you will receive this year won't be under that tree, and may not even be noticed. It is 450,000 lives--risked, laid at your feet in order that your gifts of freedom, comfort, and prosperity will not be taken away.

No, our boys will not have a white Christmas. They will have a hot, humid, dirty, bullet-riddled one. They have given up their homes and every comfort in them, their time, and, many of them, their lives.

This is their gift--a gift we can never repay. All we can do is accept. And be eternally grateful.

WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO OVER THE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS?

Nate Jackson--Spend my time with all the girls in Yokohama.

Rod Taylor--I've received my Christmas present (the nicest and most beautiful gift I've ever received) and will take her out on New Year's.

Mike Bazzel--Wait for Santa Claus and then play all New Year's night.

Kit Freed--I'll never tell.

Marty Witherby--Go skiing and make a couple of resolutions which have never held in the past.



This portion of Pages 1 & 2 is missing.

Do you believe in U.F.O.'s? This is a question that is asked throughout the world. Since the year 1947, many scientists have tried to figure out reasons for the so-called flying saucers. Many scientists have classified them as meteorites, fire balls, and even heat waves. Still, we have many sightings which are unclassified.

These are the opinions of a few students concerning their belief about U.F.O.'s.

Sharon Batterton—"I believe that they exist, but, as of yet, I don't see any tangible facts that 'beings' have visited the earth."

Marty Witherby—"Seeing is believing."

Nate Jackson—"I just don't believe in them."

Mike Rokey—"I think one day we will all see them, including me."

Mr. Grosser—"I'm positive they are space ships."

As you can see, some people believe in them and some don't. What is your opinion concerning U.F.O.'s?

JAPANESE CULTURE



The Japanese celebrate the New Year holiday in a different way than we do in the States. This is one of the biggest holidays in Japan. During a period of about four days very little work is done. All of the work is done in advance. The tatami are turned over and the "shoji," the paper doors, are repaired. All debts must be paid by the New Year. In preparation for meals, rice is pounded with a mallet into rice cakes called "mochi." These are heated until they become soft and are eaten with "aboyu" or soy sauce.

Another custom of the Japanese at New Year's is to hang pieces of white paper over the entrance of the house. This is to send away the evil spirits. New Year's is the longest period of rest during the year.

PHRASE OF THE WEEK:

To attract the attention of a salesgirl, waitress, etc.: "sumimasen."



run through: The first day I was put on display. About twenty people pushed me around. I did look awfully pretty that day because I had just had my eraser polished. After a while a cute little girl came up and I said to myself, "If only I could just (uh) wiggle (pant) my way to the top (whew)." Neh Neh. She licked me. She looked so innocent that I didn't even feel scared. The next day, I went to school in her pencil box with Eric Eraser and Carol Crayon. It was dark in there and sooo peaceful. All of a sudden it happened. I was lying quietly in a corner and the top flew open. The light almost blinded me. She reached in and pulled me out, all the kids looked at me jealously. The girl got up and started walking to the front of the class. I knew what was going to happen next. I was going to get stuck into that old wood grinder. Bzz. Bzz. It was all over in a minute and it hardly hurt at all. That's all I can say for now. I'm beginning to feel all worn out. Thanks for listening to my story."

Thank you, Penny. Next week we will hear from Eric Eraser, one of Penny's friends.

This week's mystery person stands 5'8" and has dark brown hair and eyes. Among his likes are a Texas girl, cars, juniors, pinning Randy in gym, and cooking. Since he is a chef, his favorite foods are fried chicken, his own special hamburgers, and ramen.

You might see him at the Pitt Inn, cafeteria, or the Teen Club.

Now do you know who it is? If you don't know by now, the answer is at the bottom of this page.

COUPLE OF THE WEEK—Ty and Christy
SONG OF THE WEEK—"Expressway to Your Heart"

BOY OF THE WEEK—Ken Miyasaki

GIRL OF THE WEEK—Shelley Meorer

EVENT OF THE WEEK—Dance at Atsugi

COLORS OF THE WEEK—Green and Silver

PLACE OF THE WEEK—Tachi

TEACHER OF THE WEEK—Mr. Romeu

FACT OF THE WEEK—

ONLY FOUR MORE DAYS OF SCHOOL LEFT THIS YEAR.

Wilda Knows

Hilda's Helpful Hints:

When your winter gloves become old and unusable, cut off the tips for cute earmuffs for a pet mouse or rat. They make darling Christmas gifts, too.

Can't afford skis? Well, you can have them free! How? Quite simple. Luckily, Japan abounds with trees. Choose a tree which responds to a good, hard kick. Then proceed to cut, whittle, and varnish—and there you are!

Now tell me, what would you do without my helpful hints?

Penelope

Did you know that a pencil has feelings? Just think how that poor thing must feel by the end of the day. I feel I can honestly say that they don't feel great. Just to prove my point(ugh), here's a real live inside report from Penelope Pencil.

Penelope is the most honored and respected pencil in the whole world, because she's still alive after fifty-six sharpenings.

"Oh it's just awful, kids. You can't possibly imagine the grind (ha! ha!)

I go through, so let me give you a quick run through: The first day I was put on display. About twenty people pushed me around. I did look awfully pretty that day because I had just had my eraser polished. After a while a cute little girl came up and I said to myself, "If only I could just (uh) wiggle (pant) my way to the top (whew)." Neh Neh. She licked me. She looked so innocent that I didn't even feel scared. The next day, I went to school in her pencil box with Eric Eraser and Carol Crayon. It was dark in there and sooo peaceful. All of a sudden it happened. I was lying quietly in a corner and the top flew open. The light almost blinded me. She reached in and pulled me out, all the kids looked at me jealously. The girl got up and started walking to the front of the class. I knew what was going to happen next. I was going to get stuck into that old wood grinder. Bzz. Bzz. It was all over in a minute and it hardly hurt at all. That's all I can say for now. I'm beginning to feel all worn out. Thanks for listening to my story."

Answer to M.P.: Jerry Winters

Girls,

WRESTLING TO

Last Friday, at 3:00, the last wrestling match was held in 6th period P.E. Now that this atrocious sport has finally ended, the majority of the boys rub their mutilated elbows and knees, sighing with relief.

You girls are fortunate to the 23rd degree, not having had to go through the course which offered nothing but blood, toil, sweat, and tears. All this took place, of course, in the tatami room, or, to be more accurate, the sandpaper room.

I would now like to lead you pretty damsels of Yo-Hi through a rough example of how it feels to wrestle in P.E.

First, your name is called, along with another guy who, of course, weighs, as the coach puts it, "just a few pounds more than you." Then you shake his hand and step out into the battlefield, being careful to dodge his kick aimed at your shin.

After this, it's easy. All you have to do is bend low, attack his knees, ignore his chin digging into your back, and hold on for dear life as he first yawns, then flips you on your back and tries the new 3.145 gyro-stabilizing half-nelson choke-hold he just learned. The ref, your mortal enemy, gets down on his stomach and breathes garlic fumes into your face muttering, "Suffa, boy, suffa!"

You know it's just a matter of time before he will slap his hand on the mat signifying that you are pinned. But it seems to take forever to get pinned, especially when your opponent's fist is digging into a few of your vertebrae.

What's it feel like getting pinned you ask? Ahh, sweet children, who knows what thoughts run through a lad's mind when he knows that he is tasting bitter defeat? "Will my family live this disgrace down? Will my insurance company use the double indemnity clause or call this "death by natural causes" because I'm a natural born coward."

Then a miracle happens, and you somehow manage to squirm out of his hold and scramble away to safety. Of course everyone now raises shouts of "Reverse, reverse." But old proverb say, "He who runs away lives to fight another day."

Tweeeet! There goes the whistle saying that you are now allowed to breathe free air, and it's all over.

Yes, I just know that you girls would simply love wrestling if you ever tried it.

SUPER DEVIL

where will it stop?

(As you remember we left our hero in the Guidance office, signing his name to a late pass; at least, that is what Super Devil thought.)

Have you noticed the recent trend in fashions? They are getting stranger every day. (Even the textile manufacturers aren't too happy about it; less and less material is being used in today's fashions.)

"Hey," I exclaim, "This isn't a late pass. It's a..."

The Dec. 1st edition of Time magazine has some illustrations of the newest fashions of today. They are pretty sick. Plastic mini-skirts with transparent panels, bathing suits with no back and made up mostly with holes in the suit in weird places, and a mini-skirt smothered in feathers. These are only a few of the things shown.

"He, he, he," Mr. Gory evilly laughed. "I know it isn't. You have just signed a document which transfers you to another high school.

Will we ever go back to the ankle-length dress, such as the "granny dress" that was in style a few years ago. Or will the length grow shorter and shorter until finally they will have to measure down from the navel?

"Ahh" I moaned. What worse fate could he have dealt me? "Please, please, Mr. Gory, don't make me leave Yo-Hi. What would this school be like without me. How will the students ever survive?"

BUTTER FIN

"I will give you one choice. You must promise never to change into Super Devil again."

My name is Sam (Butter Fingers) Smith. My profession was that of a burglar, and I was very good, I must admit, until one day everything went wrong; and it is all because of modern machines.

"Okay." (Notice the great struggle evident in Super Devil's mind.) But suddenly he realizes that he owes allegiance to Yo-Hi, and that the students couldn't get along without his brilliant personality.

The day started out alright. I had just gotten into the Fifth National Bank, thanks to an unlocked window and a faulty electric eye alarm. I crept over to the bank vault so that I would not trip some other alarm that would

And so endeth Super Devil.

---The End

END

turn on the cameras and start taking pictures of me.

Having reached the vault door, I fully expected to have to blow the door open with a little nitro. But to my surprise the time device that opens the door in the morning when the bank opens had failed and the door flew open in my face.

I was planning to use an electric magnet to break open the safety deposit boxes so I could save time and effort. This is where all my trouble began. As I turned to find a plug to plug in the magnet, the door closed and I was trapped inside the vault until the next day when the President came to open up.

That is how I ended up here, in the State Pen, with its electrically controlled doors, T.V. dinners, and spying cameras instead of guards. What ever happened to the old combination locks and the sixty year old night watchmen. If it weren't for the new machines that are used I would have made off with three million dollars in cash.



BATTLE BALL - A

Last Friday the P.E. classes of first, second, third, and fourth periods had really a thrilling and exciting day with the volley ball. The name of the game: battleball.

I guess everybody has some picture in his mind how this game is played, but I would like to simply sum it up.

First of all the court is divided into two territories, one team on one court and the enemy on the other. There are approximately five balls (volley balls) used in this game. The object is to hit the opponent with the ball as hard as you possibly can.

You can hit him wherever you want. If you want to hit him in the face or in the belly it's alright. The person who gets hit must be out of his territory until someone on his team rescues him. This game is continued until the team loses all of its men, figuratively speaking of course.

?????????

This week's MYSTERY ATHLETE is a basketball player and is well known around the halls of Yo-Hi. He is also a football player. He was our fullback on this year's team.

The M.A. was born in Tampa, Florida but calls his home Texas. He has been in Japan one year and two months and has this to say about Yo-Hi: "It is pretty cool and is really a good school because everyone in the school cooperates with each other."

Some of his likes are looking at pretty girls on the street, cars, football, and basketball. Some of his dislikes are eating liver and carrots.

His favorite saying is "Chump!" and from that I think you should already know who our M.A. for this week is. If you don't know yet, look at the bottom of this page and you'll find out.

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?!? ^{WE NEED} TEAMWORK!

Could this be true? Could this actually be happening to our favorite basketball team? Rumors say that our team is not working together. They are individually performing and hindering any teamwork.

Now we certainly hope that this is only a rumor and that the team is not just out for individual glory.

Circumstances are such that most of the boys are prevented from going to practice because of medical reasons. These are certainly valid reasons. But what about the boys at practice who can't seem to get organized? Don't they realize that we, the student body, are depending on receiving the first place trophy, that we want a team that works together, a team that will surpass the football team's outstanding teamwork, a team that will settle down after they are through with the fundamentals and really work for victory.

With a little encouragement from the student body (and we will certainly give it) the team should be able to overcome their immediate problems. They are a potential first place team and everybody knows it.

We believe in you, boys. Those rumors must be false.

"Echoes" Sports Staff

YOHI DEVIDS

(ANSWER TO M.A.: NATE JACKSON)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR...

To the Editors of "THE ECHOES" and the Trident:

In the past few months, the publications you put out have consistently carried articles, questionnaires, etc. dealing with the Viet Nam war. Just as consistently, I have been amazed by the general calibre of the remarks and the stark degree of naivete shown when dealing with this important crisis. The fact that every article staunchly supports U.S. policy is troubling. The way in which this policy is upheld is of great interest.

Judging from your articles, everyone who protests the war is either "stupid" or "irrational." They are all "degenerate hippies" who have nothing better to do than entertain themselves by protesting a war they know nothing about.

Anyone who takes the time to read a newspaper (in addition to the Stars and Stripes), or a news magazine, or any of the numerous books on this topic will immediately realize that those who protest the war are not all in the mold that you have cast them. I need only to list such names as William Fulbright, Senator from Arkansas; Dr. Martin Luther King, Nobel Peace Prize winner; Dr. Benjamin Spock; Eugene McCarthy, Senator from Minnesota, who is running for the presidency of the United States on an anti-war platform; and, even, Senator Robert Kennedy, brother of President Kennedy, who has suggested that the bombing of North Viet Nam cease. Being personally familiar with many of the protesters in the United States, I can verify that the majority of these individuals are college students, doctors, lawyers, Indian chiefs, and others of professional status...and, of course, the hippies, most of whom have committed the sin of rejecting injustice and inhumanity in the name of justice and love.

The logical question to be asked then is why do these people protest? (I presume that this would be the logical question if one is thinking at all.) Is it because they wish disgrace and defeat for the United States? Is it because they actually hate the country in which they have lived all their lives?

They are Americans as you and I are. They know the history of the country which has established something unique in human relations. They understand the importance of a country determining its own destiny. Surely it is naive to believe that all of these people are "irrational."

Then why are we in Viet Nam?

Your answer, of course, is to secure freedom--the type of freedom we have--for the Vietnamese, and to "prevent the success of aggression."

These are lofty and purposeful phrases and deserve firm convictions. But freedom means the right to dissent--the means to proceed with the best possible choice after an examination of all options and opinions. Yet the students of this high school have swung out at these dissenters with phrases of "stupid" and "irrational," and perhaps most decisively with "they should be lined up against a wall and shot." Is this the freedom Kinrick High School proposes for the Vietnamese?

The protesters have exercised one of the most important prerogatives of the American form of government. If their methods seem misdirected or variant from your point of view, feel their frustration in dealing with people who wish not to discuss and learn why but simply to line them up against a wall and shoot them.

SENIOR SPOTLIGHTS

Mr. John Klein

Sue Swigart is our first senior spotlihter this week. Sue is from Pennsylvania and has been in Japan for four and a half years. Her main interest is "life in general." Her opinion of Yo-Hi: "Well--what can I say? Most people say 'It hurts,' or 'It's great,' but I think of it with mixed feelings. Scholastically it's great and socially--although it's limited--it's friendly." To the future seniors Sue says: "A school is what you make it. Your attitude toward the school will make school life worth living, or deadly. If everyone co-operates, you can have a really 'bltchen' school." When asked what she thinks of the "Echoes," she replied: "I think it runs in rather narrow circles. It would be nice if one saw some variety in the names in the paper. Keep the articles amusing and I'll be happy."

Next we have Clyde Evely from Virginia. He has been here for a little over a year. Some of his interests are relaxing, reading, hunting, and fishing. Clyde says, "Considering the change of people at Yo-Hi every year, it's okay. Improvements could be made but that's our responsibility. To the future seniors: "Help this year's seniors get senior privileges and someday you will have them." Clyde says about the "Echoes," "It helps me to relax in home room every Friday."

YOHI WILL BE NO. 1!

Yo-Hi is Great!!



1986
Complaint Column

I think Yo-Hi is the greatest school around. Although many of you may disagree with me, I can't imagine why.

Another school I have been to was a large, modern school--just 3 years old. It had an elevator (for teachers, of course) and was completely air-conditioned. I doubt if you could have found a more modern school anywhere. Its enrollment was about 2000.

But, if I was told to go back there, I would probably die. Yo-Hi is my school and I'm proud of it. It may not be much to look at ("Remember the Alamo") and has a lot of handicaps, but please consider that we are overseas and you can't expect everything to be the same as at Stateside schools.

Also, consider the atmosphere. Everyone is so friendly--quite unlike the cold cliques in Stateside schools. I don't think there is the emphasis at Yo-Hi to be in the "in" crowd. Actually, you can't really say there is a specific "in" crowd.

So, Yo-Hians, think again before you chop Yo-Hi. Remember, you make the school what it is.

A. Student

Dear Ed,

I would like for the writer of "Super Devil" to improve his technique and style. It's not too bad for a space-filler, but the "Echoes" has (or should have) a lot more polish.

--Thanks a hunk,
K.J.S.

Have you ever stopped to think how commercialized the holidays have become--especially Christmas? The whole theme of Christmas seems to be centered around the idea "It is better to buy now and pay later than to receive." The whole meaning of Christmas seems to be lost among all of the toys, wrapping paper, and Santa Clauses. We seem to forget about the first Christmas which is what all these colorfully decorated facsimiles are based on.

I am not trying to give a sermon because I know that you will not listen to a sermon. I am just trying to remind everybody that Santa Claus and presents are not the reason for Christmas.

A. Student



other guy that's confused.

Teenagers today are being analyzed too much. Every parent, every adult seems to consider himself a psychiatrist. Adults aren't the only ones at fault. The teens themselves like to pull themselves apart, and claim that they aren't sure of themselves. That is a new situation for young people.

Is there any reason why people can't just grow up?
Normal Teen

TACKED-TO-OUR-COPY-BOARDS DEPT.:

Dear World--

People have decayed! I believe, as do several of my friends, that the plastic (synthetic) people of today are not alive. They exist, but they do not live. This world, this universe, everything is bad. I hate things that people think will bring them happiness. Happiness, true happiness, is a farce. Is it so important to read a book because it brings "goodness"? Goodness, schmoodness! There is nothing good; nothing is worth my time, my energy. You are all sheep, conformists. I HATE EVERYTHING!

--K.S.

"Echoes" opinion poll:
DO YOU BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS?



Sue Swigart: "Of course I do. I know my parents would never give me the things I've gotten. (Nothing!)"

Steve Bulgarelli: "I've never seen any fat, jolly man coming down my chimney on Christmas and frankly I believe someone is trying to pull the wool over my eyes."

Anne Nelson: "Of course I believe in Santa Claus; if you don't 'you are a bad boy' (or girl)!"

Sande Hawkins: "I always have! But does he come to Japan too?"

Jo Ann Gyax: "Of course--he's a great guy."

Debbie Branin: "Yes, I believe in Santa Claus, 'cause if I doesn't I isn't gonna gât nofin' for Christmas 'cept a bundle o' switches."

Sue Pease: "I only believe in Batman and Boy Wonder."



Robin Vasquez: "How about Robin, Sue?"



LITERARY PAGE AN INTERESTING STORY

Book Review: Lord of the Flies
by William Golding

William Golding's Lord of the Flies has been hailed as a classic since it was written in 1954. The author exposes the capacity for evil in all men and he shows that the nature of society depends on the ethical nature of the individual.

The story is about a group of English boys who are marooned on a tropical island. They try to establish a civilization of their own, but it crumbles, and the boys revert to savagery. Their rescue in the end is both dramatic and sudden.

There are three main characters. There is Ralph, who is the elected leader of the group. He establishes the island society. Then there is Jack, who is the type of boy who grows up to be a dictator. He tears the island society apart. Finally, there is Piggy. Piggy, an intelligent, bespectacled lad, is the only boy who sees what will happen if their society falls apart.

The story, in general, is exciting and thought provoking. I think that it is a book that should be read by everyone because of the message it contains.



Butch Jones



older teens planned more extravagant and sophisticated parties than last year. The adults were divided into groups. There was the group that would have parties every night. Then there were the ones that would go out three or four times during the holidays. Finally there were the stay-at-home types. This group was the one that made Christmas a family affair.

I was from one of those families in the last group.

I remembered all of the nights when we used to do the rush-shopping and fight over a room to do the wrapping. I remembered the baking of cookies, the decorating of the tree, and the making of candy. It was grand.

Now I was alone. Grades had always been important in our family and college was very important. I had dated quite a bit during high school and had my share of dates now. I had a number of engagements for the coming two weeks of vacation, but it was the family I missed. The time of the year when a family came into existence many centuries ago was the time for families of today to get together, a time for reuniting and visiting old friends.

This Christmas would be fun, but not fulfilling. A girls' dormitory wouldn't provide the "homeyness" of a house filled with parents and brothers. I would remember this Christmas always, the one that taught me how wonderful my family really was.



Katherine Andrefsky

The bomb had come--and here they were. They were the last remnants of the human race; at least, that is what they had thought. They didn't really care; they just wanted to be left alone.

There were five of them. Five different nationalities, five different people, five different languages.

They had a little trouble understanding each other at first, but in a few weeks they were able to converse freely. The situation appeared very good, considering the circumstances. No one complained, and they all got along perfectly. On the surface they seemed satisfied.

Then one day one of them found a pistol. It contained five bullets, one per person. The Bomb had finally reached them.

A Yo-hian

END OF LITERARY PAGE