West Oso Senior High School
OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPAL
5202 Bear Lane – 853-5921
Corpus Christi, Texas 78405

May 27, 1975

Dear Dr. Hector,

Thank you for the latest book on bilingual education. Our Writers' Gallery would like to present you with the product of our literary efforts. You were an inspiration to all the students who worked with you.

We hope you enjoy it. Thank you for all your help.

Cariñosamente,
Lupita

By Jedn Pasco 9 May 1975

THE RIP OFF II

WEST OSO LITERARY MAGAZINE

- Gonzo

July 16,
1976

"THE RIP-OFF II"

An anthology of poetry, short stories, essays, research, and drawings, by West Oso High School students of 1975. A publication of the Writers' Gallery, whose membership this year consisted of the Sophomore Advanced English Class.

Volume II
Spring 1975

Anita González,
Executive Editor

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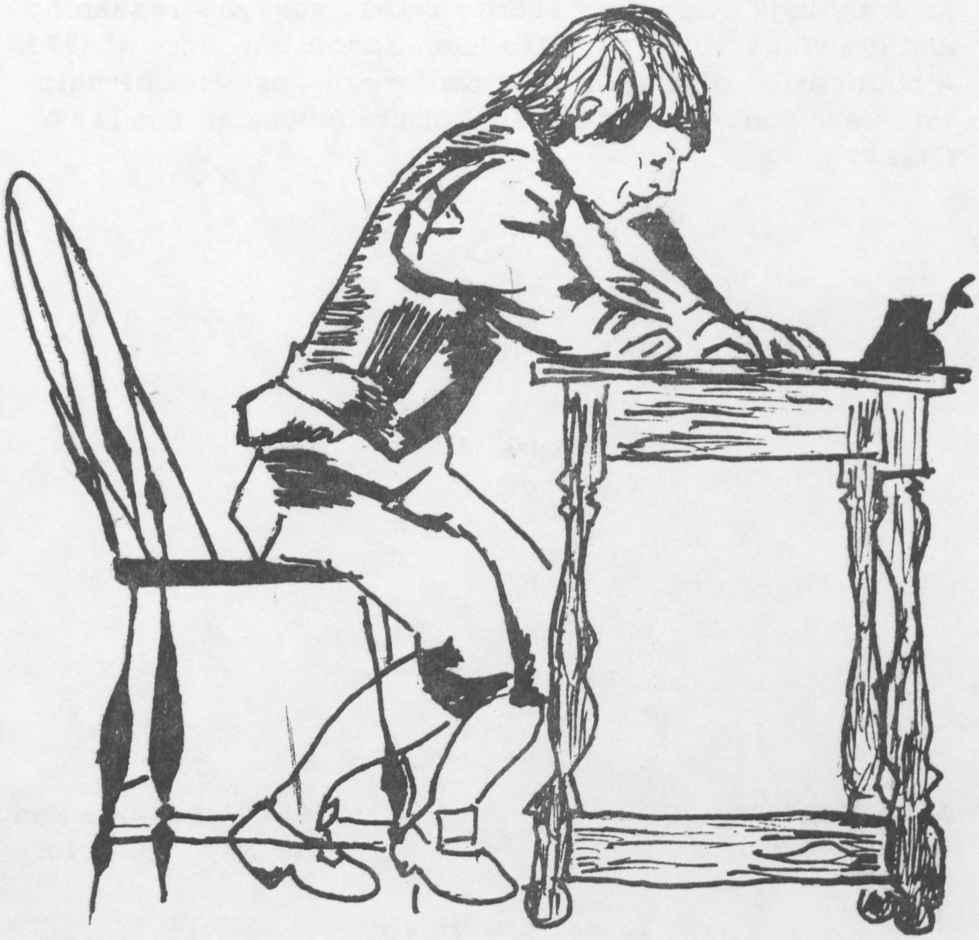

By Juan Pablo Ruiz

FORWARD

One of man's basic needs is to record what he feels and senses about the world around him. For this reason, the authors of the RIP - OFF II present you with this magazine.

Like the writings and drawings of the cave walls of early man, these students have written expressions of their feelings and opinions in the form of words, phrases, and sentences. Whether these sentences be in the form of a poem, short story, essay, or research, it is their philosophy, opinion, or advice that they are trying to make you see. Writing is not only expression, but communication.

The authors of the RIP - OFF II come from different backgrounds, cultures, and have different personalities. Read and try to see into their words, their ultimate meaning. Whether the writing be about politics, culture, or one of today's popular issues, their story or poem will be recorded in this book for ages to come. Read and see a different world, for who knows, their writing may amaze further generations, like the drawings and writings on the cave walls of ancient man amaze us.

by Armando Flores

A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T S

The Writer's Gallery of West Oso High School would like to thank all students who participated in the creation of this year's magazine. Special thanks go to Mr. Frank Quiñones, Mr. Ronald Murawski, and Mrs. Judith Weir, without whose cooperation, this publication would not have been possible. We would also like to acknowledge the extensive work done by our printer, Mr. Joe Martínez, whose efforts greatly embellished our publication.

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POETRY

SILENCE FOREVER

Ever since I was a child,

In the silence of my town,

By the lake where waves are mild--

I could often be found,

Lying there before the lake

In the silence of the sky--

Only leaves and grassblades shook

As I heard the wind sigh.

Now, so quiet is that day

In the silence of my mind.

Always quiet it shall stay--

Sounds I'll never find.

Richard Valdez

THE EARTH

Oh, the earth is dying, and man is such a fool!

He says he is helping, but he is not.

The lovely birds will soon be gone.

And man will be blamed, for these creatures flown.

M.S. Vela

The Future

Stop a while and think of your future.

Will there be a third world war?

Will inflation get worse?

Will there be another Nixon?

Will you have a job?

Will you have a happy family?

Will your children have a home?

Will you have something to eat?

No one knows but God.

Moises Ramirez

Nineteen Ninety-Five

What will the world be like in 1995?
I wonder what I'll be doing,
If I'm still alive.
Although 1995 is twenty years away,
I see the disaster of it all in my
Dreams night and day.
1995, 1995, what will you bring?
Will it be clear blue skies,
Will it be nice things?
Will it be polluted air
So painful to the eyes,
That with its presence,
Each living creature cries?

Joel Anderson

Being Free

How wonderful it is to be free!
To be free in mind
To be free spiritually
To be so free that no prison can lock
in knowledge
To be so free, that no computer can
reprogram the mind!
Being free is more than just existing.
Freedom is not physical.

Carolina Ballí

Mankind

What we say, we may regret.
What we hear, we may forget.
When we are afraid, we hide.
When we are brave, we show our pride.
What we think, may never be clear.
What we don't understand, we fear.
What we fear is superstition.
What we don't like, we destroy.

Armando Flores

THANK GOD

For every man who cries for war,
there are ten crying for peace.

Thank God.

For every man that says"Let's hate,"
there are ten saying, "Let's love."

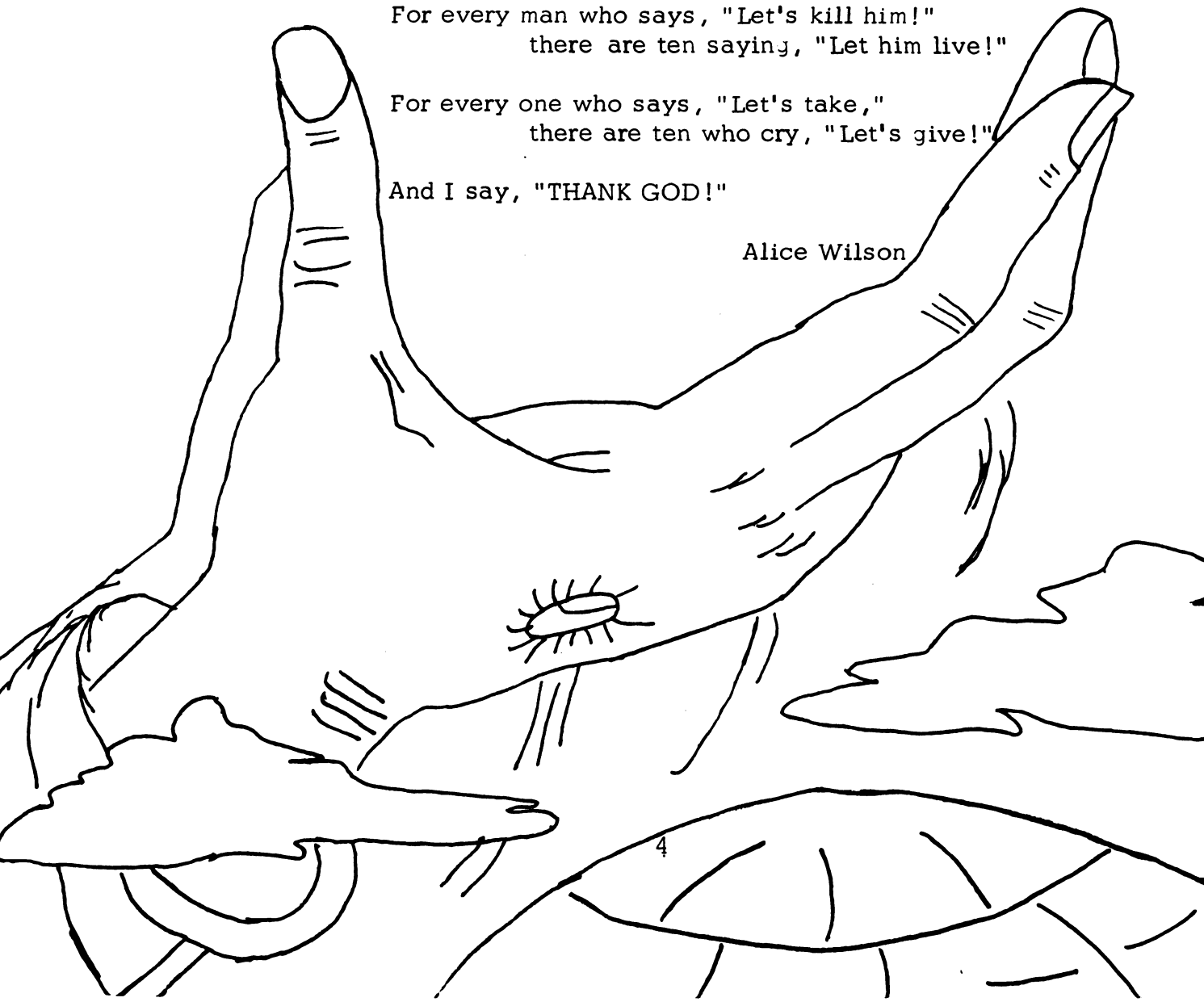
Thank God.

For every man who says, "Let's kill him!"
there are ten saying, "Let him live!"

For every one who says, "Let's take,"
there are ten who cry, "Let's give!"

And I say, "THANK GOD!"

Alice Wilson



MEMORIES

What are memories ?

Memories are things that happen each and every day.

They are things we do, live, or say.

Small bits and pieces of laughter mixed with tears.

Letters and poems written through the years.

Those happy days of childhood, and the choice between

bad and good.

Learning to love and accepting love --

Experiencing the pains of being heart-broken.

The friendships that will always be remembered--

mistakes that we regret.

The ending of a love affair--the moments that we'll never forget.

Yes, memories are the happenings, each a different kind.

Each is in a separate chapter, printed deep within your mind.

So, you see, we can't erase the sadness, nor edit out the tears.

We can't correct the wrongs we've done--

And we definitely can't relive the years.

Clarence Raye Henderson

WHO ARE WE?

Who are we?

We are feathers in the sky.

Our bodies may dwindle in an instant

like soft clouds in the sky.

Who are we?

To scream at our brother

because of a foolish fit of anger?

To lose a friendship thoughtlessly?

Who are we?

To deny a brother a chance to smile,

laugh, cry, apologize, and build a love?

Who are we?

Feathers in the sky--

Our souls will fly to heaven like feathers in the sky.

Gilda Gonzales

Spring

Spring is a season of sunshine.

Spring is a season of blue.

Spring is a season of beauty.

Spring is a season for you.

Ricky Durham

To Tell The Truth

To tell the truth, I'm through with guys,

'cause all they do is tell you lies.

They wreck your heart and make you cry,

or make you want to surely die.

They often treat you just like sin,

but WOW! look at the guy who just walked in!

Nora Menchaca

VISIONS

I see visions.

Visions going through my mind

Joyfully and gracefully

Prancing in my mind

I see visions.

Visions of Black people killing their

Fellow Black sisters and brothers.

You see, they're not trying to love, help,

Or understand one another.

I see visions,

Ugly visions just going through my mind.

And I know that pretty soon,

There will be no more Black mankind.

Michael Floyd

Black and Brown

by Rosa E. Vergara

He's Black, I'm Brown.

Does it really matter?

It matters in a way or two,

because Black and Brown do produce

a beautiful color when two people

love one another.

My Imagination

by Anna Barrera

Is all the world as lonely as me?

Or is it just my imagination?

My tear-stained eyes no

longer see the world's

fascination.

KING HEROIN

by Hector Peña

Beware, my friend, my name is King Heroin--
Known to all, as the destroyer of men.
Where I was first born, no one knows.
But I came from the land where the poppy grows.
I've been sought and hunted by pushers, cops, dudes, and chicks;
But mostly by junkies who need a quick fix.
I'm the king of Crime, that land of corruption.
And I'll capture your soul and cause your destruction.
I'm not just a king, I'm a god to behold--
More treasured than diamonds, more precious than gold.
So you wish to hear more of the things I can do,
Of the men I've destroyed, and the women I slew?
I'll make a man shabby, who once dressed nice--
And all who use me will go down in vice.
I'll control your mind, and then, your whole brain.
With a full course of torment; first pleasure, then pain.
At night, you'll toss and turn, unable to sleep.
You'll rise in the morning, so humbled and weak,
And nights you'll lie awake, planning your fate.
If you're not careful, it might be too late!

KING HEROIN

BLACK AND WHITE

What is Black?
What is White?
Are you black?
Are you white?
A man is black
A man is white
Is man supposed to fight?
A Black man works all day.
Does White?
Some White men may.
A Black man is full of soul.
Is White?
Only when he is getting told.
A Black used to be a slave.
Was White?
Only when he lost a fight.
A White man drives a cadillac.
Does Black?
Only if he lives in a shack.
A White man eats caviar.
Has Black ever?
Not unless he is a movie star.
A White man lives in a mansion.
Does Black?
Only if he has a pension.

Now, there is Black and
There is White.
One is light, and one is dark.
But to me, they are both MEN.

Am I right?

Rickey Simon

Harris

A Bit of Vanity

Yes, I admit it.

I am vain.

I think of myself as

the prettiest of all

God's creations.

As far as I am concerned,

nothing is prettier than me.

I have crowned myself

the supreme beauty of

the entire universe!

Why not?

I am, aren't I?

Cynthia White

Winter

The cold winds have come
Snow has fallen on the earth,
All life is asleep.

Spring

Flowers have bloomed,
Birds are singing in the air,
Life has come again.

Summer

The heat is here now,
Though everyone is playing,
The world is happy.

Fall

The leaves are falling
Making the earth look pretty
Aren't we lucky?

Anita González

LOVE

Love a person for what he is,

not for what he has.

Beauty counts; but that's not all.

Personality counts most of all.

Jovita Pantoja

YESTERDAY

Yesterday I was happy

Yesterday I was sad

Yesterday I was glad

Yesterday I was fighting

Yesterday I was playing

Yesterday I was laughing

Yesterday I was crying

Now, I'm waiting for

Today.

Moises Ramirez

ALONE

I walk alone amidst the dunes on the beach.

The birds are flying above, out of reach.

The waves come down in the tormenting cries.

The sorrow in my heart is showing in my eyes.

Everything is perfect and great--

A beautiful day for a girl and her mate.

But I walk ..... alone.

He said he'd meet me here today.

Well, he didn't.....What can I say?

There are clouds above me forming suddenly.

The rain is falling on me softly.

It's coming down harder, but I don't feel it in the least.

It's a day not fit for man nor beast.

But I stay here.....and walk alone.

The clouds are leaving as suddenly as they came.

I just know this place won't be the same.

I've fallen down and I'm crying on the sand.

Then suddenly I feel somebody's hand.

Diana Pedraza

BUT YOU DIDN'T

Remember the time I spilled coke on your rug?
I thought you would kill me, but you didn't.

Remember the time I smashed the fender of your car?
I thought you would kill me, but you didn't.

Remember the time I insisted we go to the beach?
You said it would surely rain. Well, it did, and
I thought you would scream, "I told you so!"
But you didn't.

I wanted to make it all up to you the minute you
came home from Vietnam.....

.....but you didn't.....

Mary Córdova

Your Name

I don't know how it all became,
but I never felt the same ever since I heard your name.
People said you were wild and couldn't be tamed,
but I never gave up because I respected your name.
I treated you as my property, my very own claim.
I melted in your arms when I whispered your name.
You were a high-class, high-society dame,
but I tried to win your love because of your name.
People said you changed me, but you weren't to blame.
I did it all because of your name.
I shot my arrow of love without an aim.
I hit bulls-eye because of your name.
Some say you are trash, but I'm not ashamed.
I still love you because of your name.
Everyone hates you just the same,
but I will never feel that way because of your name.
You are something special, just a little bit extra,
I love you so much because you are just my PETRA.

John Jones

The Basket of Apples

A basket of apples stood in a shed.
"What beautiful apples!" Elizabeth said.
Some of them yellow, some of them red.
"Which would you rather?" her father said.
"The red ones are juicy," Elizabeth said,
"But maybe the yellow are sweeter instead."

Rose Mary Jasso

AMABA

Amaba yo tu imagen adorada
Amaba yo tus labios siempre rojos
Amaba yo tu hermosa frente pálida
Amaba la mirada de tus ojos

Amaba la frescura de tu boca
Amaba lo ardiente de tu piel
Amaba tu cuerpo con pasion loca
Amaba tus besos con sabor de miel

Amaba lo tibio de tus manos
Amaba tu larga cabellera
Amaba sin contar los años
Amaba tu más tibia quimera

Más tu de mi lado te fuiste
Y con gozo espero yo mi muerte
Pues se que la eternidad existe
Y allá quiero amarte nuevamente

Rosenda Lugo

JUST BECAUSE I'M BLACK

Just because I'm Black, Whitey thinks I can't do anything
and that sports is supposed to be my bag.
I can do more than be another O.J. Simpson or
Wilt Chamberlain. Yes, I can even be more than
Hank Aaron. I can be anything and anyone I want
as long as I know I'm somebody, and most of all,
a human being.

Don't just see me as one of your token Blacks,
but see me as another Martin Luther King Jr.,
a Ralph Bunche, Fredrick Douglass, Julian Bond,
A MAN!

Yes, I can do anything, even become President.
I can do anything I want, be whatever I want,
feel it, and do it better than anyone else.
Don't just say to me, "You have talent at playing
a musical instrument and at dancing because you're
Black and you have soul."
Say it because I DO have talent and I DO have
soul, REGARDLESS OF RACE, CREED, OR COLOR.

Charlie Williams

INTELLIGENCE

Intelligence is doing the right thing at the right time,

And not trading a silver dollar for a silver dime.

Intelligence is in the mind of everyone.

Some may have alot, and then some may not.

Daniel Salinas

SHORT STORIES

A Lesson in Love

by Mary Córdova

It was a cool afternoon and the beach party was slowly breaking up. It was a sad day for me. I remember it so clearly, that it still hurts to think about it.

I met you at a school party. You were one of Lisa's friends. She had asked you to dance with her because she didn't have a date. You were of medium height, around sixteen years old, cute, and had a great personality. My date and I joined you and Lisa. You were so kind to me, that we seemed to be hitting it off great. My best friend, Lisa, asked to be excused. The next thing I knew, she was with my date, a guy she simply adored. You started to be very friendly with me, and I liked you very much.

After the dance, I couldn't stop thinking about you. You seemed too good to be true. I really hoped that you liked me, too. The next morning, on Saturday, I got a phone call from you. You said, "Hi, Kim. I hope you don't mind my calling you. I got your phone number from Lisa."I remember the conversation.

"No, I don't mind, Greg. I'm glad you called. I wanted to thank you for keeping me company last night, while Lisa was with my date."

"Aww, that's okay. In fact, that's one of the reasons I called; to thank <u>you</u> for such a lovely evening and to ask you if you'd like to go to Diana's Sweet Sixteen Dance with me this Friday. Would you like to go with me?"

"Sure!" I said. "It will be lots of fun. I was going to go anyway, but I'd rather go with a date, and you're very nice. I'd be glad to go with you."

"Great. I'll pick you up at 7:30. Okay?"

"Okay." With that, we hung up. Your voice lingered in my ears. I didn't really want to hang up, but there wasn't much left to say. Looking back, I wish I'd never met you, but now I know it was all for the best, and it would have happened sooner or later.

We went to Diana's party. It was so beautiful. Diana looked lovely in her sparkling white dress. Her escort, Mundo, smiled at her all evening. It was obvious that they were really in love. We sat at

the table with another couple. We knew each other, but we didn't talk. We were too busy paying attention to all the beautiful things that were happening. You looked at me and kissed me gently on the cheek. It felt so-o-o nice.

I continued to think about us. I knew something would happen between us. We went out steadily for about eight months. Whenever someone said "Kim," the next thing they would think of was "Greg." We were an item, just like Diana and Mundo. They had been going together for over a year. They were very much in love and everyone knew it. We loved each other very much and we would never think of hurting each other in any way. However, after ten months, we began to have problems. We couldn't get along any more. Something happened between us, but I didn't know exactly what. I knew you wanted out of our relationship, but I was too selfish. I loved you so much, that I didn't want to let you go. I couldn't bear the thought of losing you forever. I wanted us to be together for a long time.

One day, a friend of mine was going to have a weekend beach party. We all invited our boyfriends and they accepted. We had lots of fun at the party. We had a barbeque, a volleyball game, and we swam. The last day was a day that I'll always remember. It was such a pretty day. It was sprinkling a bit and the raindrops looked beautiful falling into the ocean.

I sat on a big rock and let the rain fall where it may. I felt someone come close to me. It was you. You sat beside me and I felt trouble in the air. I looked at you, and I knew then exactly what was wrong. I got scared. I knew you were going to say something I didn't want to hear. I would have done anything to make you happy.

You cleared your throat and said, "Kim, I've....I've got to talk to you about something. It's important." I turned to look at you and your face was very serious, so I turned away.

"What is it?" I asked timidly.

"Kim, this isn't easy for me to say, but it's just...well... I just think it would be better for both of us if we...if we broke up. Now don't get me wrong. I like you very much and you were very good to me, but we just can't make it anymore. You understand, don't you?"

I was looking out towards the beach now. I wasn't very sure of my voice, so I nodded. There was silence for a while, and in the meantime, I was trying to get the courage to speak again. I said, in a shaky voice, "You know, Greg, there isn't any way out anymore. It's not like before. I have to let you go because something is bound to happen when there is a one-way love. You see, I've been so in love

with you, that I have been blind about your feelings. I know deep inside, that it would have to end some time. I guess now's the time. I just want you to know that I love you. Maybe in the years to come, I'll get over you, for our own good."

"Those are beautiful words, Kim. In a way, I don't want to do it; but we know it has to be done. I hope we can still be friends. I'll never forget how good you were to me. Always remember that I love you, too. I just need my freedom; but I do love you.

As you spoke, you lifted my face. Then you gave me a long, sweet, gentle kiss; a kiss I'll always remember. The words you spoke stayed in my mind after you left. I stared at the waves crashing into the rocks below me. The rain was beginning to have a steady beat, and the tiny raindrops looked like tears coming from the sky. The rain hurt my skin; but, then everything hurt at that moment. I just couldn't hold it in any longer. I let my sorrow loose. I cried softly at first, then harder and harder.

This story was found in Kim's bedroom beside Greg's love letters. The day of her funeral was a gray day in Greg's life.

Bobby Cruz

Juan Pablo Rivera

Got To Keep On

by Gilda Gonzales

The sun shone through the curtains and pranced on Jimmy Espinosa's nose. He was dreaming of earlier years, when there had been happiness in his life. He remembered the plans his family made to spend the weekend at the beach. Jimmy and his younger sister, Mary Esther, were ready to swim and play in the Pacific Ocean, which was close to their town of Pueblo Rojo, California. Jimmy, especially, was looking forward to the time when he and his dad would go fishing. His mother was packed and ready to go. Jimmy's father put the fishing poles in the truck. As they were about to lock the house, Mr. Espinosa realized he had forgotten to buy a fishing line for one of the poles. He jumped into the car, promising to return within ten or fifteen minutes. The family waited fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes, and finally an hour passed. A police car then pulled up into the driveway. Jimmy didn't hear what the officer told his mother. Suddenly, the room clouded into darkness. There were tears in his mother's eyes. Jimmy was confused. There had been an accident.

The tranquil look on Jimmy's face was gone. He opened his eyes, and a cold expression settled on his face. He squinted his black eyes. Jimmy's curly hair seemed to stand on end. His wide lips were tight.

He rose from his bed and headed towards the bedroom. The smell of frying eggs came from the kitchen. He heard his mother whistling a fast tune. After he finished washing up, he headed towards the kitchen.

"Good morning, Jimmy. I hope you're fine this bright and cheerful morning. Why, as I was watering my plant..."

"Yea, Ma, yea, I hear that jive every morning. It's always a 'bright and cheerful' morning even if it's raining cats and dogs. As for that stupid plant, why don't you just haul it to the junkyard?"

"I can't do that, Jimmy," she said with her back toward him. "You know I brought that plant all the way from Texas, when your father and I settled here. Now, I'll forget your nasty remark, if

you'll keep your awful anger in bed and try to be happy."

"Hhmp!" snorted Jimmy.

As if it were her cue, Jimmy's sister, Mary Esther, flashed into the room. Her brown eyes sparkled, while her brushed black hair glistened in the sunshine. Mary Esther's skin was clean and extremely soft to the touch. She was the image of her mother, with only one exception. Mrs. Espinosa's skin was lighter than both her children's.

"Good morning, Mom. Good morning, Jimmy. It sure is nice outside," she said lightly.

"Not again!" said Jimmy.

Ignoring her brother's remark, she continued to chatter with her mother. They spoke of the upcoming school dance, and the beautiful pair of shoes they saw at Berkley's Shoe Bazaar. Mary Esther even admired the plant from Texas.

"It looks tall and healthy, Mama," she reported as she examined the leaves and stems.

Feeling left out in the cold, Jimmy sprang from the table in a fit of rage, and cried out, "Hey, man, stop it!" His sister and mother were stunned. Mary Esther broke the silence.

"Stop <u>what</u> Jimmy?"

Jimmy calmed down for a minute, then spoke in a sullen tone.

"You two seem to have forgotten Dad and the things he did for this family. You just keep on with your chit-chat. You, Mary Esther--How can you think of dances and the latest fashions? That stupid plant, Mama--How can you....?"

Suddenly, Jimmy reached for the vase in which the plant grew, and flung it down to the floor. Seeing the plant, the water, and broken glass on the floor, he started to cry. Through his tears, he managed to say, "I loved him! You've forgotten him, but I haven't!"

As he kept crying, he vaguely heard his mother's voice saying, "Got to keep on...can't keep on mourning...rough...world."

The words were all in vain. He flung out and darted away. Jimmy walked for quite a while. As the afternoon approached, he found himself on a street near a huge park. He sat down by a tree and closed his eyes.

"Hi! My name is Marcey. What's yours?"

Jimmy looked around to find a girl at his side. She was young; about thirteen. Her eyes were blue, which was very rare to see in Pueblo Rojo. Marcey's skin shone white in the sun. She certainly wasn't from Pueblo Rojo.

"What's yours?" she repeated.

"Huh?"

"What's your name?" she giggled.

"Oh, uh, Jimmy--Jimmy Espinosa," he said.

"Well, mine's Marcey Sanders."

"Marcey Sanders? You're not from around here, are you?"

"Oh, no. I live in Silver Heights," she answered.

"Silver Heights? What are you doing here?"

"I'm taking a trip."

"Alone?"

"Yes," she answered curtly.

"Wouldn't your folks be worried?"

"I don't have a father. He croaked a few months ago. I really don't think my mother would care at all. She's drunk half the time, anyway."

"I'm sorry about your mother," said Jimmy. His mind wandered off to his own mother. Marcey interrupted his thoughts.

"You don't have to feel sorry for her. She's up to her neck in self-pity."

"Self-pity? What do you mean? I mean, if it's none of my business, you don't have to tell me, but..."

"I don't mind telling you. She became an alcoholic after my old man died. I loved him too. However, I've got to keep on with life. She might as well have died along with Daddy. Nothing else exists in her life anymore. Why, I could stay out all night, walk in the front door the next day, say 'Good morning,' and she wouldn't ask me where I'd been."

"Ya mean she's completely withdrawn from life?"

"Right on!"

"Now I understand," said Jimmy thoughtfully. "Nice meeting you Marcey. Sorry, but I've got to split."

Jimmy jumped up from his spot and rushed home. Before he reached home, a pink vase in Sanchez's Department Store caught his eye.

"The plant!" he thought.

Moments later, Jimmy timidly walked into the kitchen. A package was under his arm.

"Mama!" he called, "I've got something for you!"

DO IT
IN
PEACE
Cecilia Sánchez

Short Run

by Palmira Cantú

Dave and June both spent the night at the park. As June awoke, she could see that it was early in the morning. While she peered at the sky, she said,

"If my parents only knew what I was doing. I'm going to be revengeful, no matter how much it hurts me!"

June had now been a runaway for ten hours. She had decided to leave home when she realized she couldn't have the priviledges her friends had. It had made her feel like an oddball. The curiosity of knowing what life was all about, and the freedom to do as she pleased, caused great anxiety for her. She could now do her own thing and become what she wanted.

Tuesday night, at nine o'clock, she left. She had encountered Dave and his friends at the park earlier. They were all hippies and June had always dreamed of becoming one.

"Say, baby, what do you say we go make it in the van?"

"No, Dave, please leave me alone."

"Look, mama! You want to stick with us, don't you?"

"Yes, but..."

"Well, if I tell the gang you're all stuck up, you're going back to where you came from. You're either with the crowd, or you're not. You dig?"

"Yes, I understand. Just give me time. I'll do as you say."

June could see the van a few feet away. It seemed to be getting closer and she could feel her heart pounding faster every minute. She was so scared, that at that same time she felt like running back home. If this was part of doing her own thing, she was going all the way.

A month went by. June was enjoying every bit of it. Thursday morning, June and Dave went to town. Dave happened to read,"Reward for any information on June Ruston, a runaway." It was obvious that her parents were out searching for her.

"June! Hurry! Look!" As he held the newspaper up to June, her eyes became watery, and she wanted so much to see her parents at that moment. She said nothing at the time. Only

memories of the past were now in her mind. She wanted to refrain from crying, but she burst into tears and said,

"Oh, Dave! I've got to see them! I love them both and I don't want them to worry about me! Take me to a phone booth so I can talk to my mom now. Please, let me just for a little while!"

"Alright, you'd better make it snappy though."

They both went to a phone booth that was a few blocks away. She dialed the number. The phone rang twice before anyone answered.

"Hello."

"Hello,Mom? This is June. I called to..."

"Oh, June! Is it really you, baby?"

"Yes, Mom, it is."

"How!....Where have you been all this time? Your father and I have gone mad looking for you! What do...."

"Mom, I just called---I'm alright. Don't worry about me! Everything's fine!"

"June, honey, please come back home. Your father and I will change, you'll see. You'll do what you always wanted, and live how you want. Baby, please come back home."

"Mom, I can't come back. I have to go now."

After the phone call, June realized she was hurting her parents more than she had intended to. She experienced the life of a hippie and found out it wasn't all that flattering. She was now considering returning home, but certain things were interfering.

The June Ruston that left home a month before, was not the same. One thing led to another. She had changed from a stubborn, nice girl to a girl who smoked pot and got over-involved with boys.

"Things can never be the same again," thought June.

After a week of considering things, she decided to go back home.

"I love you Dave. Come visit me soon."

"Yeah, till next time," said Dave.

June hitch-hiked her way back home. The next day, Dave went into town, and as he passed the newspaper stand, he glanced at the headlines which read,

"GIRL KILLED WHILE HITCH-HIKING."

No Reason To Live

by Nelda Alaniz

In everyone's life, there's always a time when an individual begins to grow up and change. This period of adjustment brings several emotional conflicts and the question of knowing right from wrong. This experience happened to Venissa Grover.

Venissa Grover was a regular sixteen year-old teenager attending high school. She was a good student; as far as grades were concerned. Venissa had a very outgoing personality. Many girls admired her for her clothes and phycial features, though there were many guys who admired her, too. On the outside, Venissa was pretty cheerful, but deep inside she kept her home problems to herself.

At home, Venissa was always attacked by her parents. Her parents were constantly arguing with each other. Venissa tried to ignore the issue, but it only grew worse. Venissa's father began to both her and her mother. Things in the house were always being broken. The neighbors began questioning the shouting and the shattering of glass.

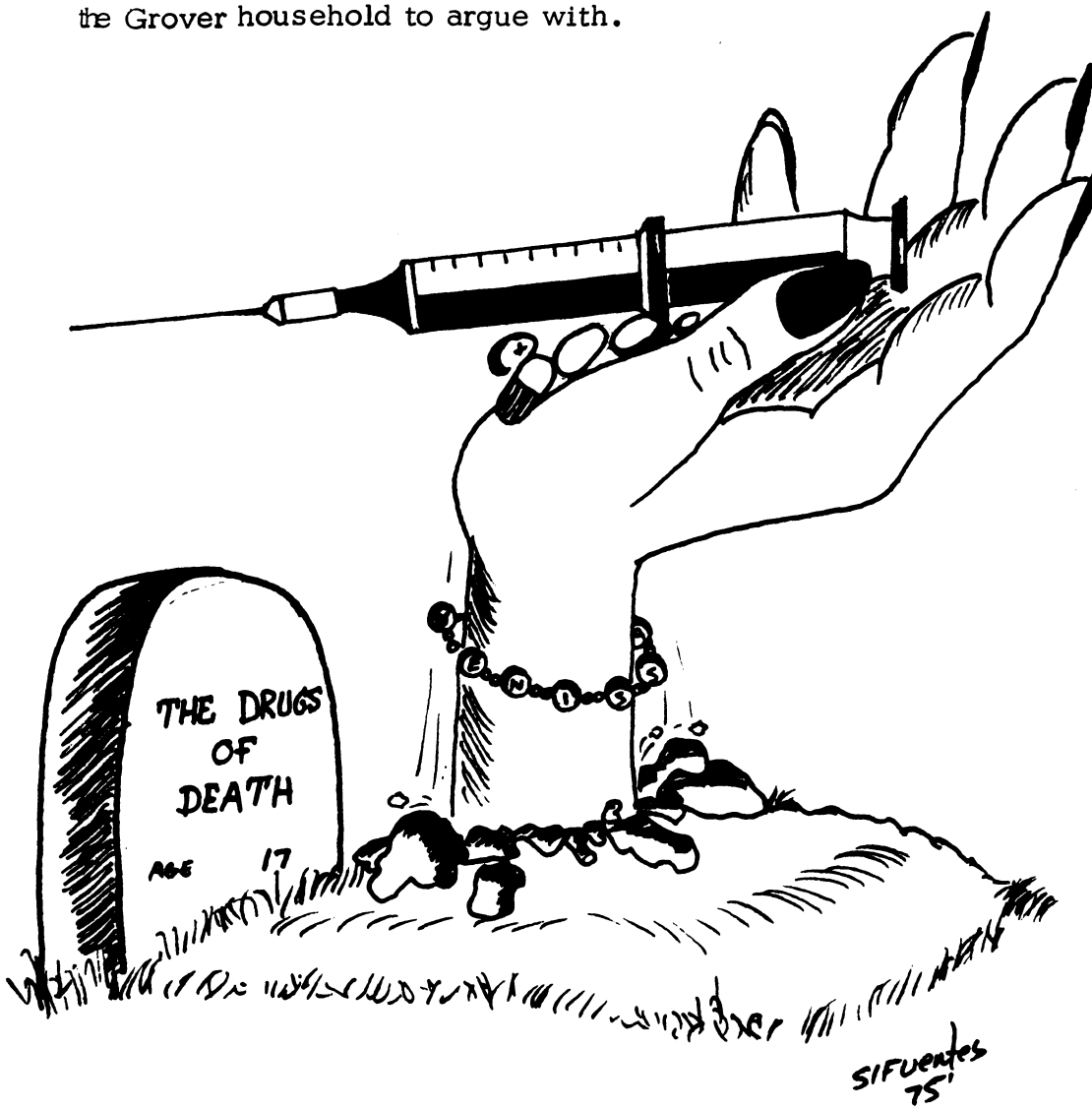
Venissa was soon confronted with her parents' behavior towards her. She was being blamed for everything under the sun. Venissa usually felt a cold chill run down her spine each time she entered her house. Her only security was her own room. The house was no longer her home.

Months passed and Venissa's days began and ended in the usual manner. The school work and the arguments at home continued. Venissa tried staying away from home as much as possible. She spent most of her time at the school's library, trying to study. However, her father became aware of Venissa's absence and accused her of being involved with smoking pot, drinking alcohol, and going on dates behind his back. Venissa tried defending herself, but was accused of talking back and lacking respect for her parents.

After being accused of these things, Venissa began to lose interest in her school work and club activities. She lost several of her friends who had once admired her for her qualities and abilities.

It was in the next few days that Venissa really began to change. She found a new group of friends who completely changed her life. She began taking the drugs which her father once suspected she took. She attended parties which led to her addiction and a drastic change in her life style. During this time, her parents noticed a change in Venissa's behavior. However, they were too preoccupied to try to find out what was happening to her. Their arguments and nagging did not stop and this persuaded Venissa to find more "kicks."

One night, the Grovers were interrupted during one of their usual arguments. Venissa Grover was dead at the age of seventeen, from an overdose of heroin. It was at Venissa's funeral that her parents realized they had driven their own daughter to her death. To them, she was one less person in this over-populated world, one less kid to overcrowd the classroom, and one less family member in the Grover household to argue with.



THE BURGERS

by Mary Obregón

Once upon a time, Whataburger and Justaburger were having a very interesting discussion; a mother to daughter talk. Monsieur and Madame French Fries overheard them. It all started when Justaburger was taking an interest in Big Mac. Mama, Mrs. Whataburger, wanted Justaburger for Whataburger Jr. Right after Justaburger was born, right off the grill, Mrs. Whataburger knew Justaburger was just right for Whataburger Jr. Since Mrs. Whataburger had been left to take care of Justaburger, she always got her into the right crowds. Monsieur and Madame French Fries always thought that Whataburger was over-protective. What Mrs. Whataburger didn't know was that Justaburger was hanging around with Big Mac McDonald. Mrs. Whataburger was very prejudiced against the Scotch. She did not want her daughter to associate with a foreigner.

Justaburger went to have a talk with Big Mac. She had a hard time finding him, since he's so popular with the gang. Justaburger told Big Mac about her mother, and he said that he didn't need any more trouble. He said that maybe later on, Madame and Monsieur French Fries could talk with Mrs. Whataburger to make her understand that people are people, no matter what race or religion they are. Justaburger felt badly, but she understood they could never live in peace without her mother's consent.

Why, society would think they were just a couple of common burgers who didn't relish their backgrounds, and that would be WHATAMESS!

Eddie Salitro
MANSION

The Mansion

by Silvia Cruz

My husband and I had just moved into our new home. Though it wasn't a palace or castle, it was something I had always wanted, an old mansion. It was fairly large and had a huge front lawn. It had plenty of old trees around it, making it look eerie and yet comfortable. As I walked through the door, I felt a sudden coldness go through me. It was so cold that I trembled. I thought it was nothing and didn't know the worst was yet to come.

While I was sitting in my living room one day, reading a book, I heard some low moans--as if someone were in pain. I heard more sounds as I put my book down. This time, it sounded as if someone was dragging a heavy object across the floor. My husband had been fixing things around the mansion, so, thinking it was him, I thought nothing of it. When he came through the front door, I asked him where he had been. He said he had been fixing the yard and looking around the house. I was puzzled. Where had those sounds come from?

Later that evening, my husband went into town to ask about the electricity in our house. Since we had just moved in, we had no lights. It was getting dark, so I went into the kitchen to get some candles. As I stood there near the candles, I felt a chill. It was probably a draft, I thought. Then, for some reason or another, I felt someone staring at me. I turned towards the doorway and saw the figure of a man in a very odd position. He just looked at me and vanished, right before my eyes. I just stood there thinking it was my imagination. I lit some candles and waited for my husband to come home.

He arrived some time later that night. He was very tired and went directly to his room to rest. I had many things to unpack, so I went to the ballroom, which was on the other side of the mansion. I noticed how large the room was, and decided this was a place to have a party. To my surprise, I heard three hard knocks at the door, and someone walking towards me. My back was turned, and I didn't know who it could be. I thought it was my husband, so I turned around, only to find no one. Suddenly, I heard laughter and a playing piano. Someone or something, was having a party, right where I stood.

I just stood there, frozen in my footsteps, unable to move or utter a sound while the laughter and music filled the empty silence which was once around me. I heard whispers, then everything stopped. I ran to my husband's room and told him what had happened. He told me it was my imagination, so I agreed and went to sleep. I awoke very relaxed the next morning. I went into the kitchen and found a note from my husband saying that he had left and would be home late.

I walked into the parlor and felt something cold brush against me. It was something that left a sudden coldness within my bones. It made my flesh crawl. I sat down to read the paper. After a while, I looked up to see a body, with no head, coming at me. I screamed, knocked down the table and ran into a room I'd never been in before. It was filled with people laughing again--invisible people. I saw the same man looking at me, then he came at me with an ax. I felt faint, darkness fell upon me suddenly. Then I was in a place where I had never been before. It was a graveyard and was filled with people dressed in black. I could hear the piano louder. I heard the screams of a woman. I turned to see where it was all coming from. As I turned, I saw a woman's face. Her head had been chopped off. Horror struck me as it rolled to my feet. I broke out in a hysterical laughter. I thought I was going crazy. I kept trying to get away from those ghastly figures that were chasing me. I felt as if I were going up into space.

When I awoke, it was dark outside. My husband was at my side. I started crying and asked him why all those horrible things had happened. He said he would explain it all when we left.

On the way out of the mansion, he explained that George II, a very famous piano player during the 1800's, had lived in our mansion. His wife, Andrade, had committed adultery. When George II discovered the truth, he beheaded her and tortured her lover until he died. He then buried them both beneath the mansion.

The ghosts of Andrade and her lover had driven George II insane. He became so crazy, that he threw himselt out of a window and broke his neck. Later on, the mystery of his death had been solved by a policeman who heard and saw the murder reenacted by the spirits of the deceased lovers. Since then, the mansion was a graveyard for spirits.

As my husband concluded his story, I looked back toward the mansion. It was beautiful, yet I never wanted to see it again.

Un Viejo Amor La Perdonó

por Maricela Dávila

— !Pobre, Pobre! comentaba la gente del pueblo pequeño. Sí, el chisme habia llegado a cada puerta y se comentaba en cada labio.

— !Pobre, que hará ella de aquí en adelante, sola, desamparada, y sin ningun centavo. Dicen que su padre la corrió de su casa nada más porque dijo que ella ya estaba cansada de él y de este pueblo tan aburrido. Pero ella qué sabe; habla sin pensar. Es apenas una niña de quince años. Y también se dice que se va para la ciudad para educarse y aprovechar de la vida!

— Yo no correspondo a este pueblo tan aburrido donde la gente es tan ignorante e hipócrita. ¡Yo quiero conocer que és la felicidad en la gran ciudad! — pensaba la provinciana.

Artemisa se fué a la ciudad, donde encontro trabajo en un café. Con el tiempo, se hizo de amistades que la ayudaron, segun ella, subir en la sociedad. Quien sabe cuantos falsos amores pretendia tener la muchacha. A todos engañaba y a todos les mentía. Sí, a todos pudo engañar, y era su gusto ver a los hombres caer a sus pies, rogandole de rodillas. ¿Porqué le rogaban? Era por su dinero, porque ella ya no era la ignorante provinciana que trabajaba en un café. Ahora era la dama de la ciudad, cubierta de joyas.

Artemisa pensaba haber triunfado, porque a todos habia engañado. La quien se engañaba era ella, porque habia una persona a quien no podia engañar. La muchacha estaba dispuesta a arrodillarse frente a él para pedirle perdón por el gran tropiezo que habia sufrido en dejar solo a su padre. Ella estaba dispuesta a rogarle, pero su orgullo se lo impidió.

Cada día, la provinciana soñaba que algún día ella se iba a encontrar con ese señor una vez más. Él estaba dispuesto a olvidar todo, si ella se mostraba arrepentida. Esperar y esperar, soñar y soñar, es todo lo que hacía Artemisa. Por fin, se cansó de esperar, y decidió olvidarlo. Ella volvió a su pueblo para hacer pagar a la gente que la habia herido. Siempre la vieron como una cualquiera.

— ¿Que no has oido? Dicen que la provinciana ha vuelto.

Es la que abandonó a su padre por sus caprichos. También dicen que anda por allí donde quiera, y que anda muy bien vestida.

Artemisa fué a su casa y encontró a su padre enfermo. Quería ver su casa por última vez.

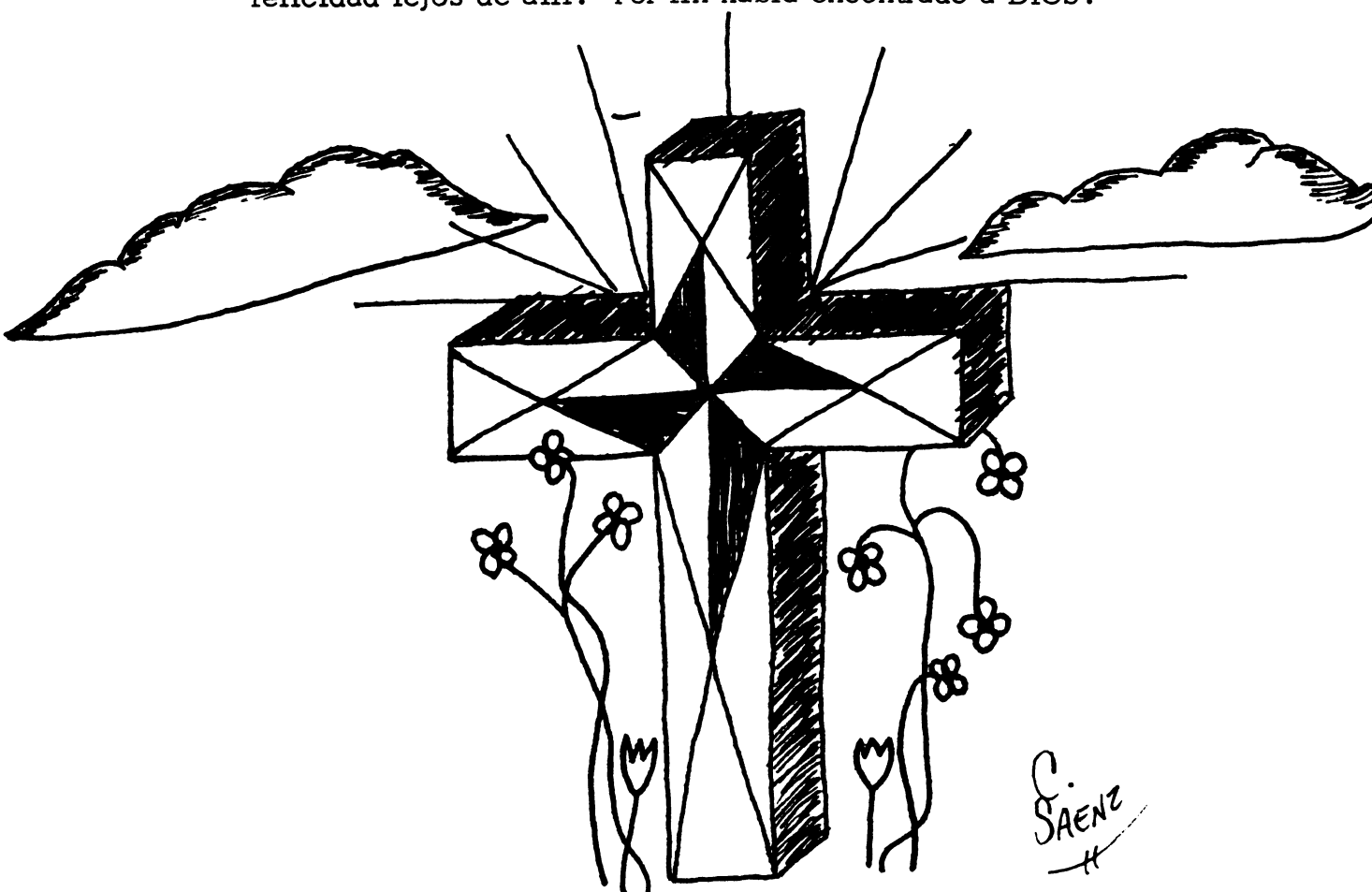
— Hija, hace un momento estaba pensando en verte por última vez. Quiero pedirte perdón para morir en paz.

El padre lloraba. Era increible para la provinciana. Ella no se imaginaba que le pidiera perdón. El gran hombre tan frío y cruel que no pareció tener cariño por ella en un tiempo pasado, ahora lo demostraba. A la provinciana le dió risa al oirlo decir eso. Las ultimas palabras de su padre, en sus brazos, fueron,

— No te burles de mí, por favor.

Pero ella no reía por burlarse, sino de felicidad. Su padre sí la queria, y ella sintió remordimiento. Lloró al ver a su padre muerto en sus brazos. Frente al cuerpo se arrodilló a suplicarle perdón.

Artemisa se arrodilló una vez más, frente al señor que buscaba. Él jamas la habia olvidado. Él siempre le habia ofrecido amor, paz, seguridad, comprension, y guianza. Había sido tonta en buscar la felicidad lejos de allí. Por fin habia encontrado a DIOS.



LOS DOS AMORES DE CELESTE

por Rosenda Lugo

Celeste era una joven de dieziocho años de edad que a pesar de ser una de las chicas más pobres del bello puerto, también era una de las mas hermosas. Su esbelto y bien torneado cuerpo era la envidia de muchas mujeres y el deseo grato de muchos hombres. Su negra cabellera caía por sobre sus hombros hasta llegarle a su fragil cinturita. Sus ojos azules y su tez bronceada era lo que más resaltaba en la bella joven. Su pequeña boca tenia unos labios sensuales que invitaban al beso, y dejaban ver una hilera de blancos dientes. Su cara limpia y lozana parecia delatar en la joven muchacha menos edad de la que en realidad tenia, sin embargo en esos instantes, toda su belleza se transfiguraba en una mueca de dolor. Sus bellos ojos se encontraban añigados en llanto y su mirada antes clara y apacible, demostraba en sus azules púpilas el odio y el rencor nunca antes experimentado.

Mientras esta jovencita se deshacia en llanto en el otro lado del puerto, en una de las calles más elegantes, se escuchaba una alegre y tropical música amenizada por una de las mejores orquestas de la región. El interior de una enorme residencia dejaba ver la pompa y lujo de quienes desparraman el dinero sin tener en qué. La alegria era manifestada en todos los rostros de los presentes. La fiesta se daba en honor de la recien unida pareja. Luis y Rosalinda, dos jovenes de la alta sociedad y de las familias mas aristócratas, se habian unido en matrimonio despues de solo dos meses de conocerse, y sin estar enamorados. Nadie sabía porque.

Mientras la alegria continuaba aquí, Celeste caminaba por la hermosa playa, con sus pies desnudos. Pisaba la suave arena, pero su mirada distante indicaba que su mente volaba hacia otros lugares. Su mente llevaba una palabra fija; la de dormir y no sentir, para descansar y no despertar nunca más al sufrimiento. Solamente quería la muerte. Por un instante contempló el azul del mar y sus olas que parecian decirle que entre ellas encontraria la paz. Sin embargo, su mente retornó al pasado.

Dos años atras, bajo un sol brillante y cielo azul, jugueteaba una joven con las olas y a su vez las olas con su fragil cuerpecito de mujer. A esa hora del día, el sol calentaba muy fuerte y casi nadie bajaba al mar, nadie exepto ella, que en su juventud todo le parecía hermoso. De pronto dejó de sonreir, y bruscamente volvió el rostro hacia la orilla. Su sospecha estaba confirmada. Alguien la observaba. Era un joven atractivo de una mirada penetrante y profunda. El joven muchacho era dueño de un cuerpo atletico y gran estatura; cosa que llamaba mucho la atención. Celeste, con esa confianza que la caracterizaba, salió del agua y con gran modestía se le acerco.

—Hola,—le dijo ella como si hubieran sido dos grandes amigos, a pesar de nunca antes haberse visto.

— Hola.

—¿Eres visitante, verdad?—le pregunto mientras se acomodaba en la arena húmeda.

— Pues no debería serlo, pero así es. Aunque soy nacido aquí, y aquí radican mis padres, la gran parte de mi adolecencia y juventud la he pasado al lado de mi abuela materna que reside en los Estados Unidos. —Su acento denotaba una culta educación.

—¡Que chistoso! Yo también vivo con mi abuelita, pues mi madre murió al nacer yo, y ella ya era viuda. Así es que soy huerfana, y lo unico que tengo es a mi abuelita.

Hubo un momento en que los jovenes se miraron a los ojos y Celeste se turbo. Sus blancas mejillas se ruborizaron; cosa que le cayó en gracia al joven quien sin aguantarse, solto una carcajada, diciendo,

— Muy pocas mujeres se ruborizan al contacto de una mirada.— Y sin darle tiempo a nada, la tomó por los hombros y selló sus labios con un beso. Celeste, quien nunca antes habia experimentado eso, de un brinco se puso en pie, pálida y temblorosa. En su mirada reflejaba un miedo a todo.

— ¡Vamos! ¡No es para tanto creatura!— exclamó el joven— es que eres terriblemente hermosa y me gustaste desde luego. No es pecado. A poco vas a decirme que tu novio nunca te ha besado.

— No tengo novio.

— O, sí, esto está más a mi favor. No cuento con ningun rival. Por lo tanto, solo yo seré, verdad?

Queriendo besarla una vez mas, la tomó por la cintura. Celeste se safó de los fuertes brazos y con lagrimas en los ojos se aparto bruscamente de él, quien al ver que la chica lloraba, se sintió avergonzado de su acción. Pensando reparar su falta, le dijo con una voz tierna,

—Perdoname, chiquilla, perdoname. No fue mi intención ofenderte. — Queriendo tranquilizarla, trató de tomarle una mano. Pero ya la joven iniciaba una desaforada carrera. — ¡Espera un momento! Te espero manana aquí mismo.

Sin embargo, la joven no paró hasta llegar a su humilde hogar, donde la esperaba una ancianita bondadosa, que era lo unico que tenía de familia. Entró a su casita. En lo interior se encontraban una vieja cama construida por tablas, una desvencijada mesa, y dos sillas. Ella, por ser mas joven, dormia en el suelo.

—¡Ya me tenias con pendiente muchacha! — exclamo la dulce voz de la ancianita—Pero gracias a Dios que ya estas aquí, pues me siento un poco mal y no deseo morir sola en este "jacal."

—¿Pero abuelita, como se te ocurre decirme eso? Tu todavia vas a vivir muchos años y nunca morirás sola.—La dulce viejecita no quería mortificar a la joven. Sin embargo, ella iba de peor en peor.

La noche cayó como un manto negro sobre el gran puerto, envolviendo con su oscuridad gran parte del mundo y con la quietud digna de una noche apacible. Celeste se disponía a dormir. Sin lograr llevar a cabo esa idea, la imajen del joven desconocido estaba presente y el recuerdo de su beso aún quemaba sus dulces labios. Sin saber porque, suspiró profundamente. No lejos de allí, en una elegante residencia, un suspiro igualmente dirijido a ella salia de lo mas profundo de el joven y aristocratico Luis Ragazzo. Él, igual que la joven, estaba inquieto y avergonzado por su grosera acción de esa tarde. Al fin, después de mucho pensar, pudieron conciliar el sueño invocando cada quien la imajen de ellos. Celeste de Luis y Luis de Celeste.

Al día siguiente, como de costumbre, Celeste limpió la pobre casita, e hizo todo cuanto debia hacer. Al acercarse la tarde, un nerviosismo se apoderó de ella y se fingió con un leve dolor de cabeza cuando su abuelita le preguntó que si no iba a ir a dar su acostumbrado paseo por la playa. En la misma forma sucedió al día anterior, pues aunque deseaba con toda su alma volver a verlo, su orgullo pisoteado le impedía presentarsele y fue después de tres días cuando al fin decidió volver al mar. Al principio iba un poco nerviosa, pero al no encontrar a nadie en la playa, fue sintiendose más segura y poco después olvidaba su preocupación para entregarse a la maravilla del mar, pero aún no se había olvidado por completo cuando oyó una voz que le decía,

—¿Me invitas a nadar? — Y aunque ella ya esperaba tal visita, la tomó por sorpresa, a lo cual respondió agresivamente,

— Aún no compro el mar.

— Vaya, vaya, por lo visto, aún continúas enojada de ese modo.

Es preferible retirarme.— Y sin agregar más, dio vuelta y se dirijio hacia el pueblo. No habia caminado mucho, cuando oyó una voz a sus espaldas.

—¡Espera!¡No quiero que te vayas!— Era Celeste, quien en un instante de desesperación, le gritaba.

—¿Porqué no habias venido?

— Porque...pues...no sé.

— Yo sé. Porque te molestó que te hubiera besado verdad? Pero perdoname. Yo soy el primero en avergonzarme de mi actitud y te pido me perdones, chiquilla, y aceptes ser mi amiga. No, mi amiga no.

—¿No?¿Porqué?

— Porque en estos tres días que tengo sin verte, he comprendido que te quiero, que te amo, y que no podré vivir sin ti.

—¿Qué?

— Sí,así como lo oyes, te quiero y deseo que aceptes ser mi novia. Te pido me perdones lo del otro día.

— No hay nada que perdonar. Pero...no se que decirte.

— Solo dime que me quieres, que también me extrañaste y yo te haré la mujer más feliz del mundo. — Sin darle tiempo a contestar, se prendió de su boca como un desesperado, como un moribundo de la vida. En esta ocasión, no hubo rechazo. Por el contrario. Celeste, con su inexperiencia, contestaba el beso y entre suspiros murmuraba,

— Te quiero. Gracias, mi amor. No te arrepentiras de quererme.

—¿Bueno, pero a todo esto, como te llamas?

—¿Celeste, y tú?

— Yo.Luis — Y soltaron a carcajadas.

Así duraron cerca de un mes;unos días inolvidables para Celeste. No le importaba que él fuera rico y ella pobre. Tenían que verse a escondidas. Él no podia pasearla en su auto por las calles principales porque era demasiado pobre e ignorante. Pero a ella, eso le tenia sin cuidado. Fue después de muchos días cuando ella notó que su amado estaba embroyado con una tristeza desoladora, y sin esperar mas, le preguntó,

—¿A qué se debe que tu rostro no sonria?

— Es que tengo una triste noticia.

—¿Sí?¿Cual es? Dímela.

— Siento hasta lo mas profundo tener que dejarte, pero así será.

—¿Qué? ¿Porqué?

— Lo mas natural. Mis vacaciones han terminado y regreso al lado de mi abuela -- pues tengo que seguir estudiando, pero solo será por dos años. Si deveras nos queremos, de lo cual no tengo la mas pequeña duda, ésta será una prueba que servirá para acrecentar y hacer mas firme nuestro amor.

— Sí, mi amor. Será como tú digas. Te quiero mucho y te esperaré. ¿Pero cuando te vas?

— Hoy, a las diez de la noche. Aunque apenas son las cinco, ya no te lo podre decir mas tarde. Por eso te lo digo ahorita. Sólo te pido que me esperes. Cuando regrese, tú seras mi esposa, y nadie podra decirme nada.

— O , Luis, me haces muy feliz con esas palabras.— Y sin mas ni mas, lo besó con todo su amor, y entre lagrimas le confesó su amor.

— Lo unico que puedo ofrecerte, Luis, es mi amor. Sin quererte, jamas me hubiera entregado a ti.

— Gracias mi amor. Te juro que no te defraudaré. Recuerda que dentro de dos años, en este mismo lugar, nos volveremos a encontrar.

Él se habia ido, y después de dos meses, ella empezo a notar cambios en su persona. Esperaba un hijo. Fue un gran disgusto para su abuelita, y murió de angustia. Aunque causó un dolor profundo a la joven, su amor por Luis pronto restauró su herida. Sufrió mucho cuando el pueblo descubrió su estado. Aún así, nunca dijo quien era su amor.

Una mañana, Celeste tomó a su pequeñito entre sus brazos, y encaminandose hacia otra casita cercana, presuradamente dijo su vecina,

— Perdona que te entretenga, pero tengo algo que hacer.

—Cómo no, desde luego.— Y poco después salió apurada hacia la playa. Allí estaba Luis; su adorado Luis. Sin saber nada más, corrió como loca y lo besó desesperada. No notó en su entusiasmo que él no respondia a la caricia, y después de un minuto se apartó.

—¿Qué sucede, amor mío? ¿Porqué no estas tan feliz como yó? No sabes cuanto te he extrañado. Pero ésta vez ya no habrá otra separación. ¿Luis, que tienes? ¿Porqué lloras mi amor? ¿Comprendo, es de felicidad verdad? Pero no llores. Ya nada ni nadie nos separara.

— Celeste, querida, creeme que yo soy el primero en sentirlo.— exclamó con la voz entrecorlada— Pero si he sabido que aún me querias, no hubiera venido, pues al ver tu entusiasmo, me has desarmado del valor.

— Mi vida, ¿porqué dices eso? Yo te quiero, y te seguiré queriendo.

— Es que sólo he venido a que olvides mi promesa de matrimonio. Dentro de tres horas, me casaré con una joven que conocí en Estados Unidos. Me enamore de ella perdidamente. Como es rica, debo de cumplir con ella.

Luis le parecia despreciable en ese instante. Ella también le habia entregado todo lo que tenia, pero era pobre.

— !Vete, Luis! ¡Vete! —exclamó con los ojos en llanto.

— Espera, querida. Yo te quiero, y aunque no podre casarme contigo, te voy a seguir viendo y nuestro antiguo romance continuará.

—¡Me crees una cualquiera, verdad! Aparte de que nó sabes apreciar mi cariño, ¿me propones que sea tu amante, lo mas indecente que puede haber?! ¡Vete! Trata de ser feliz con quien nunca, segun tú, podras querer.

— Pequeña, escu...

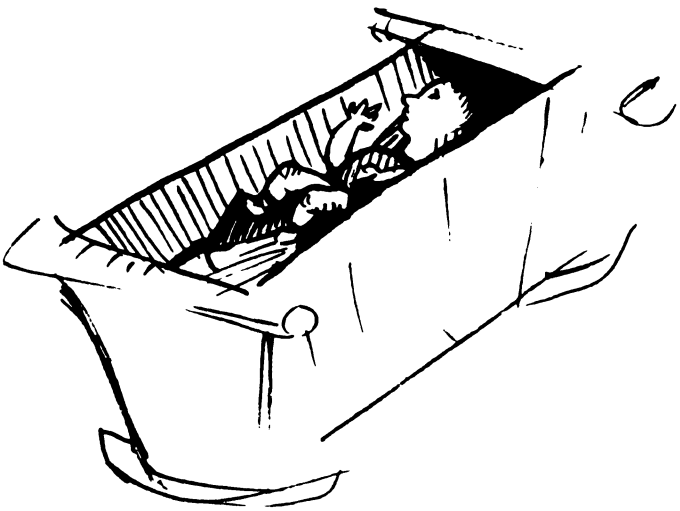
—¡Vete! ¡Dejame en paz!

Luis, bajando la cabeza, se retiró, dejando en esa playa solitaria a la afligida joven. Mientras la música seguia tocando con gran alegria, Celeste conocia el sufrimiento de un amor. Sin pensar en nada mas, con paso firme y segura de lo que hacía, se encaminó hacia las aguas cristalinas del mar traiconero. El sol brillaba con esplendor y todo el paisaje contemplaba su pena. Las gaviotas revoloteaban sobre su cabeza. La brisa suave del mar golpeaba su rostro acariciandole y las olas aumentaron su poder, diciendole a cada instante, — Ven, Ven. Cuando ya el agua llegaba a su cintura, oyo una voz a sus espaldas.

— Celeste! — Voltió automaticamente, y se encontró con su vecina y su hijito en brazos de ella. Si Luis había aparecido como un vil canalla ante sus ojos, ella veia a su niño como un angel. Salió corriendo del agua, y cubrió de vesos a su pequeñito. Exclamó,

—¡Perdoname, hijito, perdoname! Tú eres ahora lo que mas quiero. Ahora comprendo que el amor no es nada mas que lo superficial de nuestros sentimientos. Debemos conservar todo aquello cuanto nos recuerda del ser querido. Si tu padre fue mi primer amor, tú eres mi segundo.

Sin anadir mas, tomó el camino a su casa en compania de su vecina, quien no acababa de comprender nada. Celeste, con una sonrisa en sus labios, pensaba en su porvenir, sin advertir que en lo lejos, un barco se acercaba a la costa. En él venia su verdadero futuro y el amor que curaria su herida.



Chris Coronado

Love Is All You Need

by Norma Contreras

Vincent had all the friends anyone could ever need. The fifteen-year-old high school student had an intimate friend at school named Johnny. Johnny did not enjoy school at all. Since they were such good friends, they would miss many classes together in order to go to gamerooms or to the skating rink. Whenever they did attend class, they were usually intoxicated or under the influence of pot.

Once, at a wild party, Vincent took acid for the first time and felt very ill. The trip was so much for him, that he headed home. Hour after hour, as he lay in bed, he looked around him. The walls apparently seemed to be caving in on him. They seemed to be breathing as he did. He hallucinated about illuminated arrows pointing all over the room. He stared at the ceiling, which seemed to have extremely large bubbles with tentacles reaching out to puncture him. Death seemed to be holding out its hand to him. After the eight-hour incident, Vincent watched carefully the amount of drugs he took. The entire year was spent partying every day and having as much fun as possible.

At the end of the semester, Johnny and Vincent both discovered they had flunked their sophomore year. Vincent realized that he had wasted his life and decided that he would take it easy the following year. In the meantime, he kept going out with a ten-speed which he owned. It took him any place he pleased. On Father's Day, he was busted for being under the influence of pot and lost the bicycle. It was hard for him to face the fact that he now had a bad record.

During the first week in July, Vincent's girlfriend, Mary Dolores, went out with his best friend, Sonny. Blind with anger, Vincent drove through a red light. He was issued a ticket. This was too much for his mother, who worried a great deal about financial matters. His father was the only working member of the family. She was always ill. Besides having heart trouble, she had very serious emotional problems. Because she was so over-protective with her family, she suffered from tension. When Vincent came home with a one-hundred and fifty dollar ticket, she almost had a nervous breakdown. She was inclined to be loud, rude, and very ill-tempered, because her husband did not give her the amount of affection a person needs.

The family sat at the table to argue about it as they always argued about every other issue. Vincent's father told him that he was not to go out as often as before. His mother yelled and screamed, then became sullen. Becky, his sister, sat filing her nails. She did not want to have anything to do with her brother. She was very selfish and impudent. She did not care if Vincent was in any trouble or had a serious problem.

Vincent sat there motionless, his countenance full of hostility. He gazed perplexingly into his mother's eyes, with animostiy growing more intense. He felt as if no one would ever contemplate his gloom. As he sat there in a rage, he formed the opinion that he had a miserable home life.

His older brother, Paul, always put the blame of his wrongdoings on Vincent. Vincent had to suffer the consequences for Paul's mischief. Becky always irritated Vincent by calling everybody "stupid."She was very self - centered. Vincent did not approve of her infantile actions, but according to his mother's philosophy of bringing up children, a girl was to be treated gently. Most of the arguments Becky had with Vincent were loud and childish. Becky tended to be loud in order for her mother to hear them and punish Vincent for bad behavior.

This was when the sudden change began at home. Vincent stopped going skating for almost a year. He knew his parents would take advantage of him because of his police record. He knew that if he would ask to use the car, they would bring up the one-hundred and fifty sollar fine for being a reckless driver.

His parents used to give him money to smoke marijuana, if he asked for it. They knew that if they refused to give it to him, he might turn to pilfering. Now, Vincent was aware of the fact that when he would decide to go somewhere, there would neither be consideration nor understanding. The only response he would receive would be long lectures.

Deep inside, Vincent was a very optimistic person, not to mention sensitive and understanding. Rather fed up with the fact of being pushed around, he looked for someone to trust. It was of no use to look for this at home, because his father was always tired and sleepy from working and arguing. His mother never listened to him. She always replied, "I have enough problems of my own to hear of your terrible day!" His sister-in-law, who was staying at their home until Paul arrived from the air force, was understanding, but at times chided Vincent. Becky was obviously no help. She argued day in and day out, only causing Vincent to feel more bitterness. He felt as if his life was jammed somewhere to keep him from growing up. His peers were of no help either.

Vincent was not very intelligent, because he had spent most of his life following others. He never thought of consulting a teacher, or an older person, because he felt that all adults were alike. There was one friend Vincent had who seemed never to have any problems. Vincent began to envy him, because he had anything a person could need. He had a girl beside him, a car of his own, a way with people, and a bright

appearance. The girl beside him seemed to be very different from all the girls Vincent had met. He began to think of all the girls he had dated, and realized that he had not loved any of them. Every time he saw his friend and the girl, he began to like the girl; but Vincent would never dream of trying to take his best friend's girl away. For one thing, Vincent did not think he would be able to attract that girl's attention, since he had not succeeded with another girl.

He finally got to converse with her once, when he saw her alone. She seemed friendly and great to get along with. When he asked her where her boyfriend was, she said he had moved to California with his grandmother. Vincent did not know how to show her he was sad for her, because in fact, he was too thrilled to think of a way to tell the girl he cared about her boyfriend. He did not want to let her know that he liked her, so he decided not to say anything flattering. He really did not know what to do. He began to think a great deal about it, which made him ignore his family problems. He knew it was impossible for him to make it with a girl, without a job or even a car. He felt very depressed, even though he admired that girl named Lola.

His parents began to yell even more, now that Vincent did not react to their anger. He was always in a daze. He did not realize that he had a great cure for anger, hatred, and rejection. He did not realize that all he had needed was something to occupy his mind; to suppress all his emotional disturbances. He now kept his emotional feelings about family problems to himself at school.

His problems, however, seemed to haunt him during the night. He had difficulty sleeping, and could not eat without puking. During school, he eventually found it difficult to do his work. He was a chain smoker between classes and after school. His teachers worried about him. They knew him as a loud and hyperactive student who always blurted smart remarks for attention. When they questioned him about his problems, he began to hate them. After two weeks of such tension, Vincent developed chronic insomnia.

One night, Becky arrived at home late from a school dance. Her mother began a boisterous argument. Vincent was listening from the next room. He just gazed at the wall and unconsciously picked up a cigarette. He saw slow motion illusions of his mother pointing her finger at him, slapping his face harshly, beating him for little home accidents, and screaming with all her might. He began to sweat, breathe deeply, and tossed from side to side. He was so preoccupied, that he did not notice his cigarette had fallen on his mattress. Instantly, his sheets caught on fire. He sprang out of his room in horror, but it was too late for his mother and sister to save him.

ESSAYS

The Importance of a Formal Education

by Palmira Cantú

Education plays a role in everyone's life. As we become educated, we learn to read, which is one of so many important factors involved in education. There are various reasons why we should learn how to read, for example. A young boy whose interest was in airplanes and cars, could only build simple models. If he ever wanted to build a highly complex model, he would encounter the problem of having to read more difficult instructions. Wouldn't learning to read become more important then?

Many students have an indifferent attitude towards learning. They go to school because they are forced, or they go only for kicks. Learning means nothing to them. As soon as they drop out of school, they take a job just long enough to qualify for welfare benefits. Why? Mainly because they go into the world unprepared. They cannot cope with reality, while their buddies that did care about their education have accomplished a lot more. A principal was quoted in Atlantic as having said, "Lots of times, we say education doesn't count for much, but when you look at the unfinished product, and then you look at the finished product, you see a lot of difference." In this case, many will regret not having finished their education. Education makes you what you are.

The future is unpredictable and there's no way of telling what will happen from one instant to the next. An educated person has an idea, at least, about how to meet problems and deal with the consequences involved. An uneducated person might not know what is going on around him. He is not prepared, therefore, he cannot be accepted into the mainstream of society. He is not expected or capable of doing as well as the educated in life. Donald Arnsline, an educator, said, "But an important reason for sending a child to school is to enable him to deal with more capability towards situations that may occur later on, whatever they might be." A person should have a point of view concerning the things around him.

Every person in this world needs to work in order to survive. In order to work, we must have an education. One must agree with Don H. Parker, also an educator, that, " The major purpose of schooling must be for students to learn new ways of living together, both as individuals and as members of society. We need schooling for living."

Don Quixote

Symbolism in Don Quixote de La Mancha

by Gilda Gonzales*

Don Quixote de la Mancha , by Miguel de Cervantes, has received world-wide acclaim for its deep symbolic meaning. The philosophy found in this novel may be applied to modern-day society. All the symbols included in the text, may be narrowed down into several categories. Three of these categories are: symbolic characters, symbolic objects, and symbolic illusions.

The characters in Don Quixote portray realistic people. Cervantes molded the characters into people that one could actually encounter. Each character has human qualities, such as Sancho Panza's ambition, Samson Carrasco's intelligence, and Don Quixote's idealism.

"Chivalry symbolizes moral idealism, and Don Quixote is its embodiment," said the critic Lester G. Crocker as he described the forlorn knight. After reading tales of chivalry, common Alonzo Quixano becomes the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure. Everyone has a dream of a better life. Little children, after reading Captain Marvel, or watching an exciting western film, imitate the exploits of their heroes. This is a stage of idealism everyone goes through. Idealism never ceases. College students dream of graduating and going into the business world. Middle aged men and women dream of escaping the business world, to retire and live in a cottage located in a forest or beside the sea. The retired elderly dream of the life they led in their younger years. Don Quixote touched his dream, while most people in the book, and our own society, just think of theirs. Even in our own century, many people live their lives miserably while they continue to make plans they refuse to work for. Unfortunately, Don Quixote's illusions didn't correspond with the century he lived in. Knights in shining armor were men of the past and read about in history books. They didn't exist in the time and place of Don Quixote. He is insane only in relation to matters of chivalry. His eyes see injustice, cruelty, and the ignorance of his squire Sancho Panza.

Sancho is a common man. He follows Don Quixote in hopes of acquiring a promised island. He respects and at the end admires

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Don Quixote. As every working man would do, Sancho fulfills all duties asked of him. However, he refuses to do anything, if he will be physically hurt. In today's society, men will complete any assignment given to them. Yet, they will rarely sacrifice their own lives for their employers. Just as is the case with Sancho, there is a barrier that will prevent such a situation. That is, care for the self comes first. Because of his own ignorance, Sancho believes that he knows almost everything. He even dares to question scholarly men, such as Samson Carrasco.

Samson Carrasco is a very intelligent character in Don Quixote. Carrasco attended a university in Salamanca, so accordingly, he is a very knowledgeable being. He informs Don Quixote that a history of the knight's adventures had been written, forming a best-seller. Carrasco is a sensible fellow. He is aware of the world and its people. Lester G. Crocker said,"The priest, barber, and Samson Carrasco are afraid to understand lest the security of their comfortable intellectual world be shaken." Carrasco symbolizes people who have learned to live by a certain code of ethics. Life is simple and everything is in order. An extraordinary being like Don Quixote would disrupt Carrasco's life. The people Carrasco represents believe that a man like Don Quixote cannot exist or is impossible.

Symbolic objects are items that hold a special meaning. In an immediate case, these objects are useless or forgotten. However, they hold a strong meaning in the abstract case. The objects are there because they serve a purpose. However, what may seem silly to one person, may be meaningful to another.

Don Quixote saw giants in a field. Actually, they were simple windmills. Windmills benefit mankind by helping to grind grain into flour. As Don Quixote charged the giants, they knocked him down. Thus, the giants, he thought, had attacked him. It seems that Cervantes knew about the future of machines. Modern factories, are in effect, giants. They produce useful articles for man, while at the same time, they pollute our air and water. In this case, Cervantes demonstrated that machines would soon destroy man.

One of the vices that could also destroy man is wine and liquor. When the insane man split the wineskins, he explained that it was an enemy. The members of his company argued that they were ordinary wineskins. With many oppcsitions, Don Quixote stood up to the issue. Men and women support wine and

liquor, knowing it can be a hazard to their health. Don Quixote's action can be compared to the realistic exploits of Carry Nation. Mrs. Nation was a leader in the temperence movement in the United States.

Yet, Don Quixote's attire does not point to the destruction of man. Man reasons that his job will be performed accurately if he has the correct tools. A big, luxurious home cannot be built if a carpenter does not have a sharp saw. In our society, uniforms are essential. A mailman, used to a uniforms, would find it difficult to deliver mail if he wore regular clothes. It may not be impossible, but his uniform identifies him. He is recognized by others as a mailman.

Without his armor, Don Quixote would not be noticed as a knight. Just like the mailman, his armor gives him a place in society. The armor symbolizes a label. Don Quixote is labeled as a knight. When he rode into a village, people would point him out as a knight. The armor gave him his identity.

Man also needs to acquire the correct tools for his occupation. Don Quixote acquired a barber's basin. He gave it the name of Mambrino's helmet. Supposedly, Mambrino's helmet had magical powers. With such a stupendous gift, Don Quixote thought he could conquer any adventure or evil enchanter. Many times in life, we expect to accomplish our work without the necessary tools. People who depend on these items to come their way hardly ever accomplish anything. They are unaware of their own capabilities. The helmet is a symbol of a chance or opportunity that can better a man's life.

Illusions or dreams are always symbolic. By planning the future, people want to either benefit in life or share it with someone. Man makes plans in order to bring fame to himself, or to gain financial security. In Don Quixote's case, he wanted glamor and fame. Knight-errantry is a goal he wishes others could achieve. Alonzo Quixano was a common fellow. He wanted to experience the publicity of being a knight. A confirmed bachelor, he never turned a lady's head. Little boys never idolized him. Men never praised his courage and bravery. All knights received the fame he imagined. In our own day, lonely people also dream of careers which offer an unrealistic fame.

Sancho's desire for a governorship is an example of a desire for future financial security. One may naturally see it as a case of greed. Looking at Sancho as a greedy person, one can easily find a motive. Sancho Panza had always lived amidst poverty. Naturally, he wanted better things for his family.

He expressed this desire when he intended for Sanchica to learn the social graces. The symbolism in Sancho's illusion is not unusual. It represents the common man's desire to acquire financial security. People sometimes change their lifestyle abruptly. It is not impossible to live in luxury, after suffering in poverty; but it is hard to adjust to. Some find it a better life if they work and provide for a family, rather than to relax and be waited upon hand and foot. Sancho was uncertain as to the lifestyle he wanted. When Don Quixote explained how it could be possible for a common man like Sancho to become governor, the challenge tempted the squire.

Symbolic illusions such as the one mentioned above, along with symbolic objects and characters, make Don Quixote a classic. Cervantes tied these and other symbols into a book of lasting quality. This novel, despite its age, can always be meaningful in modern-day life. Cervantes and his novel, though written in the seventeenth century, will hold a permanent stand in literature for many years to come.

The Growth Process in The Red Badge of Courage

by Anita González

The Red Badge of Courage, by Stephen Crane, is an excellent example of a story of a growing youth. Henry Fleming's immature feelings and actions are contradictory to the feelings and actions of other youths going to war. This difference adds to the uncertainty of his feelings about life. His growth process enables him to accept the changes occurring in his life.

Henry's life on the farm was sheltered. His innocence of life kept him from seeing the world as it is. Henry's mother was always very protective towards him, because she was afraid to lose him at war. She told him about the bad life in the army in hope of holding him back. Henry's determination to join the army can be compared to a child's determination to do what is forbidden. His thoughts are like those of a child trying to hurt the ones he loves, in order to prove his independence. His life was also one of conceit. Henry went about showing off his uniform to his friends. He believed it would bring him respect as a man of war instead of as a young man.

Henry's attitude towards war is one of fear. He feels that he knows all about war; what it is and what will happen while participating in it. He cannot understand how his friends can be so anxious to fight in a battle that will brobably kill them. His fears are constantly on his mind and he wonders if his friends might be afraid also.

When Henry gets his first look at war, he fights with a false bravery. As he looks at the dead soldiers around him, he feels uncertain about the fighting he's taking part in. When the enemies charge at them, Henry runs as a scared or hunted animal would run. This situation reminds Henry that war makes man like an animal; whether the hunter or the prey. After he has fled, he feels that God chose him to run and be saved.

As Henry sees his friend, Jim Conklin, dying, he fears his own death. The determination Jim has to remain alive, makes Henry wonder if he too, will have that determination when his time comes. Henry also dreads facing death as a result of his own actions. Shooting from a distance does not make death a fact of reality, as

it would if Henry were to kill someone face to face.

Henry's difficult adjustment to manhood is partially solved when he sees Jim Conklin die. He feels he must have revenge for Jim's death on the battlefield. He is anxious to fight in the next battle, whereas before, he had been fearful of it. He leads his his regiment into a charging battle. While running, he hears his mother's voice telling him that he should kill in self-defense. Henry feels that death is close at hand.

His feelings towards death completely change when he comes face to face with the enemy. The other youth is killed before Henry, causing him mental anguish. This encounter with death shows him that everyone must die sooner or later. His mind is finally able to accept this fact of life.

Henry's growth from youth into adulthood is beautifully described in The Red Badge of Courage. The emotions written about in this book, make it easier for any youth who reads it, to approach a difficult stage in life.

Every Man to His Ideals

by Gloria Martínez*

Through the ages, man has perfected the art of battle so much, that with a little carelessness, he could destroy himself. It seems that man has forever been defending his ideals. Each man forms his own ideals of life, and therefore, they differ from any other person's. For this reason, man has always found someone to meet him in battle.

There are two different types of wars a man can fight. These are mental or physical. A physical war concentrates on the use of weapons which bring pain to the body, but a mental war is largely the imposition of one person's ideals, or beliefs, on other people. A physical war is usually the result of a mental war. If a "dictator" fails to overpower his antagonists mentally, he will try to overcome them through physical pain. The outcome of both types of wars is the same. A person is trying to force his beliefs on others who will not accept them because they themselves have already established their beliefs.

Each person will always form his own ideals. This will show what each person believes in. Forming ideals largely concerns what each person believes to be right or wrong. Taking this into consideration, he will stand by his ideals in order to allow them to survive. Someday, he may hope to see his ideals flourish before him. Then, maybe he will be able to create his "ideal way of life." Still, man must struggle with other men and their ideals, for they too, have faith in their own ideals. Each man has his own idea of the "ideal way of life," and for this reason many men struggle among themselves to be the victors.

While at peace with other nations, man is at war within his own. Daily, he fights politicians and other men of strong influence who try to force their ideals on him. Politicians and businessmen, each struggle to accomplish their ideals with all mankind caught in the middle of a huge mousetrap. The common man has his own ideals, but they are rarely heard. Others will wave their ideas before him, like tempting cheese.

A good example of a person fighting for his ideals, is Don Quixote, from Miguel de Cervantes' book by the same name. When he ventured out into the world, trying to fulfill his ideals, the barber and the priest

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of the town tried to dissuade him. They labeled him a madman, and could not understand his ideals, which they believed were foolish. So, they destroyed all his books that might have been the source of his "insanity" and tried to force their views upon him. They could not bear the sight of a man suffering for ideals that were so drastically different from theirs.

In life, every man will have different ideals. Even if they are as strange to other people as Don Quixote's were to the barber and the priest, they are still valid. The best thing one can do is to accept the fact that all people have the right to their own beliefs.

Old and New Attitudes Towards a Woman's Rights

by Sylvia Ceballos*

For years, a woman could not express her opinion on certain topics of discussion. For example, if a man was talking about a certain car he had seen, a woman was not considered to be capable of knowing about such a thing as that. A woman was usually thought of as being inferior to man, which usually stopped a woman from making important decisions on certain matters. However, the women's liberation movement has helped in changing such attitudes towards a woman.

For centuries, a woman was thought of as "the weaker sex." A woman was considered capable of doing only certain things in her life. A woman was always expected to keep house, have children, and make certain that the man in her life was happy. She was never allowed to express her opinion in a man's discussion. It was wrong to do so.

Today, with the help of the women's liberation movement, a woman is able to do many things. She can express her opinion on any topic she wishes to discuss. She has as many rights as any man. A woman can study almost any field, or do any type of work she is capable of doing. If a woman is capable of being a great mechanic, surgeon, or a president of a big organization, she should be able to do so without discrimination of her sex, creed, or race.

Women's liberation has helped a woman be better than she used to be at many things. It has helped her to acquire her own independence and freedom to do whatever she is capable of doing. Women's liberation has also changed the pattern that everyone thought a woman was supposed to follow.

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Discrimination Against Chicanos

by Cesar Flores

"They are inferior, and that's all," was a statement made by a Nueces county official in 1929. Chicanos have been discriminated against many times. Complaints have been made to government sources, but as it turns out, the government sources are the ones who encourage this discrimination at times.

Jobs are the main source of survival, and this is one of the areas in which Chicanos suffer. Many companies are discriminatory. When Humble Oil Company hired Chicanos, they would not progress higher than their original positions, until the Civil Rights Movement brought change. The United Farm Workers, a league formed to unite farm workers for better wages, has been called a movement to deplore the "American Way of Life" and undermine this country. The truth is that most U.F.W. members earn less than $3,000 per year. César Chavez, the organizer of the U.F.W., has been called a communist, only because he is trying to better the lives of the poor. Recently, César met with Pope Paul, who blessed him for his efforts in trying to do away with discrimination.

One of the areas most affected by discrimination is that of education. As our country's society tries to "Americanize" Chicanos and other minority group members, they resist the practice. Consequently, they suffer educationally. One of the largest institutions in Texas and in the Southwest has long been the "Chicano school." Schools of this type were purposely built in Chicano populated areas, so that all Chicanos could be corraled into one school, and everybody could go to school peacefully and tranquilly. This practice was begun in 1920 and the building process was continued until 1949.

Being discriminated against in education and in jobs, the median grade of education for the Chicano in Texas is 4.8 years. We can see the effects of discrimination in the barrios, where rats infest the houses, and the cockroaches run wild. Being denied an education and a job, a Chicano will be rendered ignorant towards life and society in this country. He cannot help but say to his children, "No vayas a la escuela. Yo para cuando tenia tu edad, ya andaba trabajando todo el día en el asadón."

There must be a halt to discrimination. We must resolve ourselves to stay in school and get a decent education so that we may help one another! Here in America, we are supposed to live in "the land of freedom, justice, and equality." If we don't resolve to make these benefits work for our people, nobody else is going to do it for us!

RESEARCH

The Life of Alexander Solzhenitsyn

by Palmira Cantú

Alexander Solzhenitsyn is a man of great writing talent. For this, he received a Nobel Prize in 1970. He had the courage to write what he knew and felt about his mother country. He is one of the most famous writers of Russia who still lives.

Alexander Solzhenitsyn had the desire to become a writer at the age of nine. This urge was extraordinary, because at this age, he could not understand what a writer was or what he did. His self-discipline was a standard which was taught by his father. This standard later led to his striving to become a great writer.

At the age of twelve, Solhenitsyn started to read the Iznestiya Magazine. This magazine told of various events occurring in Russia. At that time, some engineers accused of sabotage were on trial. Some of them were Solzhenitsyn's friends. He could not understand why they were destroying things when their job was to build. He began to read about the Communist Party. What he read somehow seemed like a pack of lies. It was clear to Solzhenitsyn that Stalin, a Russian dictator, was the cause of all the hardships that had been taking place. For some reason, Stalin was the only one who stood to gain anything by it. Yet, he could not understand why so many people ignored the simple truth about Stalin.

In 1936, after Solzhenitsyn graduated from high school, he was accepted for the five-year course at Rostov University. Before entering, he applied for admission to Zevodsky's studio. It was revoked because he was stage struck for a while. He passed his admission tests; but since his vocal cords were unequal, he was not accepted. He enrolled at Rostov University in the mathematics department. Later on, he enrolled in I.F.L.I., Moscow's Celebrated Institute of Philosophy, Literature, and Linguistics.

At Rostov University, Solzhenitsyn studied chemistry, mathematics, politics, and German. In 1941, he took a degree in mathematics and physics. Solzhenitsyn was involved in a survey of philosophy. During his last two years at the university, he was taking a course in literature in Moscow. He was an outstanding student in philosophy and literature.

Solzhenitsyn met Natalya Reshetovskaya at Rostov University, where they were both studying chemistry. Their relationship became serious when Natalya saw Solzhenitsyn steadily. Their marriage took place in the spring of 1940, when Natalya turned twenty years old.

Alexander was convinced to leave his native city in order to enjoy his new life with Natalya. However, while on their honeymoon, they had to return after his mother became very ill with tuberculosis. This was the final year Solzhenitsyn spent with his mother.

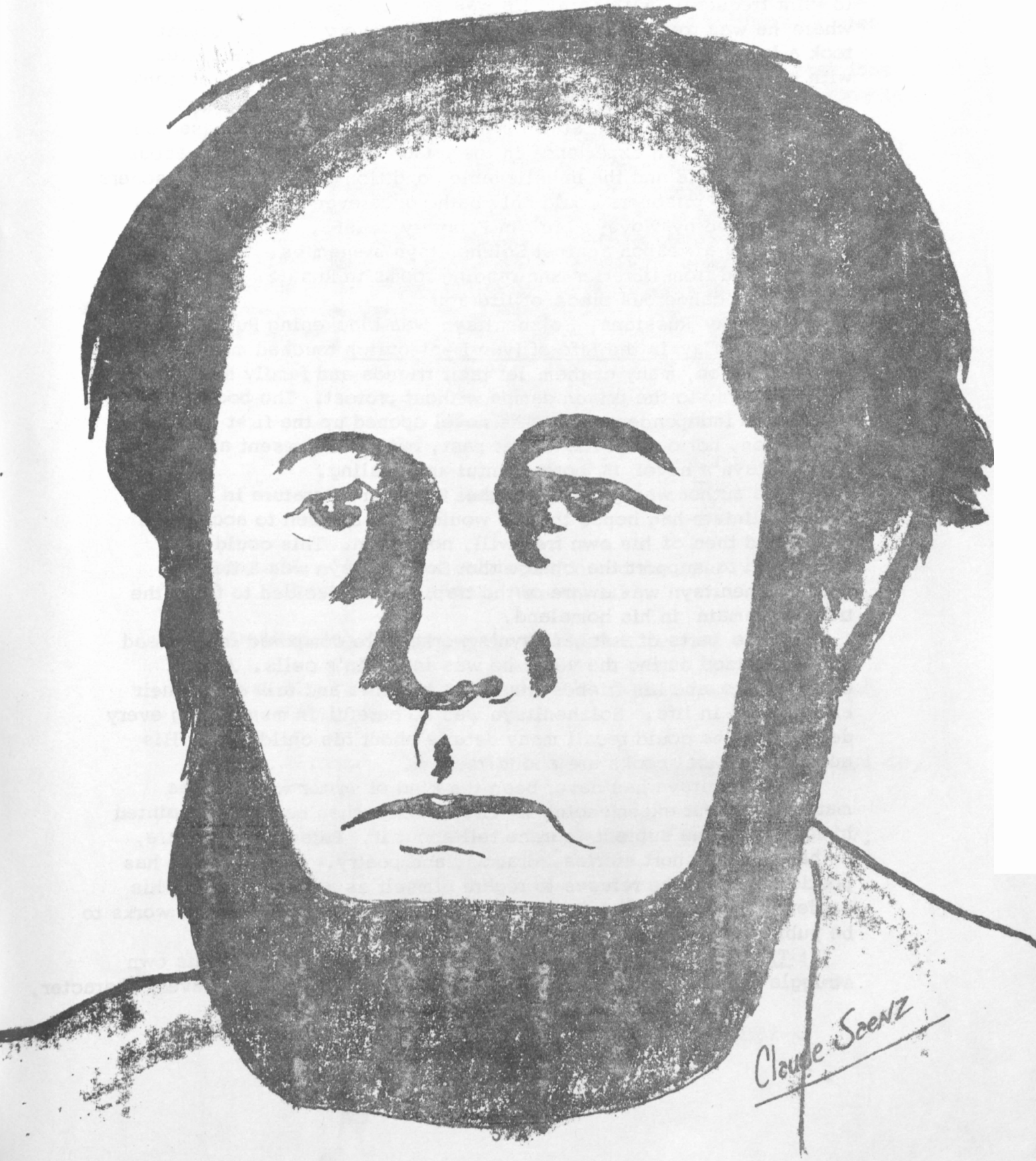
He had not been married long when World War II broke out. He joined the army in 1941. Near the end of the war, Solzhenitsyn and a friend by the name of X, were discussing how badly Stalin had conducted the war. They wrote long letters to each other which contained personal information about Stalin. Solzhenitsyn also wrote about how badly Stalin wrote the Russian language and how he was responsible for the misfortunes in the first war. They reflected their observations as freely as possible. Solzhenitsyn and X did not write all of this in the clear. They developed a private language that was known to them alone. Events and people were identified by a code name. When reference was made to Stalin, he was called "busybody." They continued such comments through letters, not realizing that the personal military correspondece agents studied and recorded their letters before passing them on for delivery. The Smersh Organization had been given orders to arrest X and Solzhenitsyn on February 8, 1945.

Their case was heard on July 7 by a three-man court. Two formal charges were made against Solzhenitsyn; that he conducted Anti-Soviet activities from 1940 to the day of his arrest, and that he had undertaken steps to set up an Anti-Soviet organization.

Solzhenitsyn was sentenced to eight years in prison. As a prisoner, he worked on construction projects in Moscow. Then he was sent to Maurind, an institute near Moscow, which was only for imprisoned scientists. Later on, he was stationed at Siberian camps, where great pressure was put on the prisoners.

Natalya divorced Solzhenitsyn while he was in prison. All this was done at his request. She was only allowed rare letters and visits to Solzhenitsyn. Natalya remarried and bore two children. After his release, Natalya divorced her second husband and rejoined Solzhenitsyn.

In February of 1952, a few months before the date of his release, he was stricken with cancer. His tumor sprouted in his intestines and swelled so fast, that he had to be prepared for an operation. When Solzhenitsyn had just begun to walk after his operation, he was scheduled to another camp. He was discharged from sick bay and returned to general duties.


Claude Saenz

A few months later, during the autumn of 1954, Solzhenitsyn was dying as he arrived at an oncological hospital. Cancer had reappeared in June. The swelling of the tumor caused Solzhenitsyn to faint frequently with pain. He was sent to Tashkent Hospital, where he was treated and operated. His recovery from the operation took a long time. He now says that the tumor no longer interferes with his life. Twenty years later, Solzhenitsyn's health is the same.

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch, is a novel which Solzhenitsyn wrote about Stalin's work slave camps. It is based on Solzhenitsyn's own experience in the prison camps. He wrote about the dreadful cold and the unbelievable conditions some of the prisoners were in. The prisoners could only bathe once every two weeks. It was published by Novey, Mir, in February of 1963. The publication was used as a weapon against Solzhenitsyn's enemies. This novel was removed from libraries and reading rooms in Russia. It was declared a "dangerous piece of literature."

To many Russians, Solzhenitsyn was blackening Russia's name. One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch touched many Russians. For that reason, many of them let their friends and family members be taken away to the prison camps without protest. The book quickly took on an independent life. The novel opened up the first frank discussion, not only of the Soviet past, but of its present and future. Solzhenitsyn's novel is both painful and healing.

The author was given the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1970. Some Stalinists had hoped that he would go to Sweden to accept the prize, and then of his own free will, not return. This could have been used to support the charge that Solzhenitsyn was a traitor. But, Solzhenitsyn was aware of the trap; so, he decided to forgo the trip and remain in his homeland.

Large parts of Solzhenitsyn's works were composed in his head and memorized during the years he was in Stalin's cells. Almost every day he and his friends would get together and talk about their experiences in life. Solzhenitsyn was so careful in memorizing every detail, that he could recall many details about his childhood. His autobiographical books are about freedom.

Solzhenitsyn has never been the kind of writer who creates material without experiencing it first. Only when he has acquainted himself with the subject, can he tell about it. Throughout his life, he has written short stories, dramas, and poetry. Solzhenitsyn has poetic skill, but he refuses to regard himself as a poet. During his hardest moments of life, he wrote as a poet. He will allow his works to be published only if he thinks they are perfect.

The Cancer Ward is a novel by Solzhenitsyn based on his own struggle with stomach cancer. Cancer dominates the life of every character,

patient, doctor, and nurse. Every character is involved with the threat of death. Cancer strikes down the rotten bullies of Soviet society, but it also strikes the innocent.

The First Circle is Solzhenitsyn's masterpiece. It describes four days in the life os a special prison camp outside of Moscow in 1949. The prisoners in the camp were not criminals, but rather intelligent people. They were building intelligence weapons which would increase the prison population. They were forced to use their education and skills to develop methods of spying on other people who were in prison. The First Circle and The Cancer Ward both were released in 1969, and were refused publication in the U.S.S.R.

Alexander Solzhenitsyn is a fantastic Russian writer who will never be forgotten. He helps us to understand and appreciate the freedom we have in the United States. He is too great a writer to be ignored.

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Emotional Development

by Daniel Luis

The extent to which an individual's urges and interests are satisfied, is basic to the kind of emotional experiences that are likely to result. A person whose pattern of life runs smoothly, whose reasonable urges and desires meet with fulfillment, and whose interests are achieved successfully, tends to be more emotionally stable and enjoy life. If, however, his urges, desires, or interests are frustrated, either because of lack of ability to satisfy them or because of unfavorable environmental conditions, his emotioanl experiences may follow patterns of maladjustment.

Human beings like to believe that their behavior is based, not upon emotional vagaries, but upon the operation of intellectual factors that induce self-controlled activity superior in its functioning to emotionally stimulated responses. It is true that many human responses are directed by objective reasoning and judgement; but there are times in the lives of most of us, when emotional urges and drives almost completely influence thought and behavior. Too often, our behavior is so closely linked with momentary interests and desires, that little, if any, attention is given to more basic and far-reaching objectives. The emotions should influence behavior, but should not become its sole determinants.

Emotional reactions deserve serious attention in any consideration of the problems of human development, especially as these apply to children and adolescents. If, as is commonly believed, emotions are basic to the motivation of behavior, their nature and origin should be understood.

The term "emotions" should not be used interchangeably with such terms as feelings, motives, drives, urges, and desires. Emotion implies a state of being stirred up or aroused in one way or another. Feeling is merely a simple degree of an emotional experience. In his book Educational Psychology, Dr. Lester Crow defines emotion as:

> "an affective experience that accompanies generalized inner adjustment and mental and physiological stirred-up states in an individual, and that shows itself in his overt behavior."[1]

Thus defined, an emotion is dynamic and an internal adjustment that operates for the satisfaction, protection, and welfare of the individual.

The conscious or unconscious perception of a stimulus is needed to start an emotioanl experience. The emotion, however, is not experienced until feelings and impulses have been aroused and physical and physiological responses have been made through the functioning of the autonomic nervous system. To be emotion-arising, stimuli must be associated with interests or desires. For example, if a person has developed an interest in an individual, an object, or a situation, there is a potential for emotional reaction that will be experienced whenever the person is stimulated by that in which he is interested.

The intensity and duration of emotional responses are determined by the physical and mental condition of the individual and the persistence or strenth of the stimulus. The emotion is likely to continue as long as the stimulus is present and attended to actively. Remove the stimulus, and the emotion is reduced to nothing.

Many teachers have learned to present new stimuli or to direct the attention of their pupils toward interesting activity, when a tense classroom situation develops. Mothers long since, have learned to give an infant a rattle to relieve crying or fear by the simple means of changing the stimulus. Given the new stimulus or toy, the child no longer attends to the cause of his distress and the undesirable emotional behavior subsides.

It is believed that the feeling tones of emotion arise during early infancy. However, it is not known what the emotional responses of a newborn child really are, since they present a diffused, rather than a specific pattern of responses. Although there is wide disagreement concerning the extent of a child's ability to experience feeling of pain, anxiety, and the like at birth, it is sufficient to note that newborn infants oft behave as though they were emotionally aroused. There are times when an infant cries and bodily movements seem to exhibit an emotional experience. However, we are always at a loss to know whether or not these apparent manifestations are accompanied by an intensity of feeling.[2]

The results of studies of emotional behavior furing infancy seem to show that some emotional patterns emerge during infancy. According to K.M.B. Bridges, author of Emotional Development in Early Infancy, a young child's emotions develop with experience but are superficial and variable. Anger and fear expressed as

differentiated emotions in later life, probably show themselves as general distress during infancy.[3]

By the time a child is six months old, it may become possible to identify his facial and other overt activities that represent a state of anger as distinguished from a state of fear.[4] Changes in the expressions of the emotions continue progressively throughout childhood years. The infant expresses what may appear to be anger or rage by lashing out at the world in general, since he is unable to direct his emotion at the offending object. Later, he is able to concentrate his expression of emotion upon that which aroused it. The changes in ability that cause him to exercise greater motor control as he is aroused, parallel the development of his mental ability.

The child refines his ability to express anger and other emotions as he moves from infancy, through childhood, and into adolescence. The transition of general expressions of one's emotions to a more individual and refined level, gives indication of the gradual effect of training and of control over emotional behavior. The child who squeals and dances with delight, later may become the adolescent who expresses his feelings and emotions in more subdued fashion, since the older child is often expected to be less demonstrative in his expression of emotional appreciation.

Parents and teachers should realize that this change in overt expression does not mean that emotions no longer play an important part in a young person's life. He still needs adequate stimuli for emotional experiences. As the child grows in physical strength and understanding, he responds differently to what earlier were considered by him to be threats or blocks. He should come finally to achieve the ability to adjust his behavior in terms of what is happening around him.

Increasing age, then, leads to changes in emotional expression and ways in which various emotional reactions are aroused. The accumulation of knowledge and the utilization of the apperceptive mass or the total background of experience affect these changes. A single experience that occurs in a sequence of events may alter the total reaction thereafter. More specifically, a situation that causes pleasure at one stage of emotional development may lose that stimulus value, just as events that cause fear or anger may have no emotionalizing effect at later times.

As an individual develops through childhood and adolescence into adulthood, his emotions become more easily classifiable as fear, anger, disgust, hate, grief, affection, joy, and jealousy. His real emotional experiences can be more easily appraised as he grows in ability to convey his inner feelings to others. An individual's total reaction is affected by his appreciation of values, desires, and ideals. It is also affected by his interest in and reactions to persons, institutions, responsibilities, points of view, and ideals of others.

Notes

[1]Educational Psychology, Crow & Crow (1963), pp. 82-3.

[2]The Behavior of the Newborn Infant, Pratt, Nelson, & Sun (1930)

[3]Emotional Development in Early Infancy, Child Development, 3:324 - 341 (1932).

[4]The Expressions of the Emotions in Infancy, D.A. Prescott (1957).

By Juan Pablo Luia

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