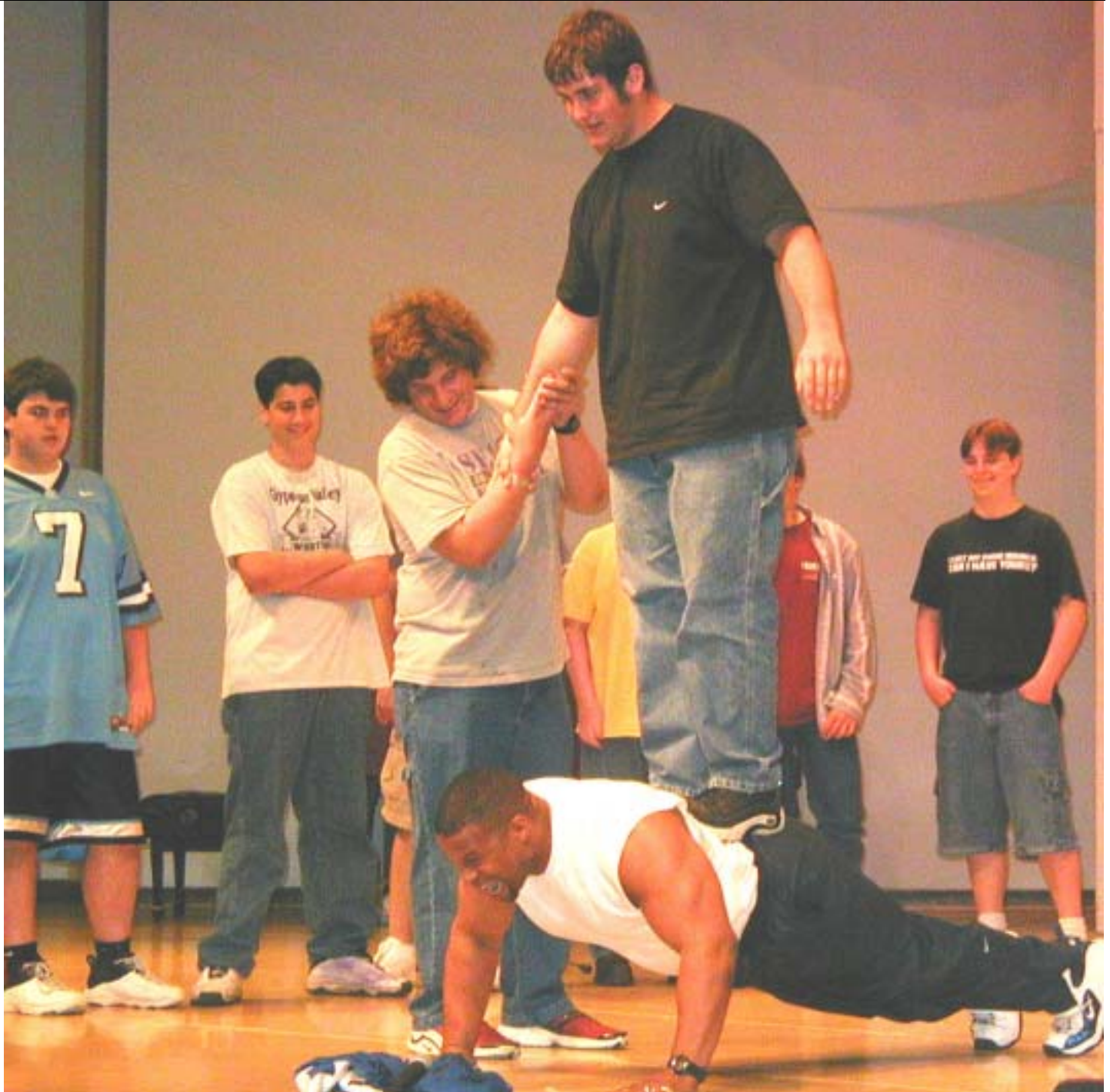




The Junior High Informer

May 23, 2003, Southeast of Saline, 5056 E. K-4 Highway, Gypsum KS 67448, No. 2



Motivational speaker Keith Davis does a pushup with 250-pound Kyle Moyer on his back. "I knew he could lift me because he can bench press 515 pounds," Moyer said, "and he's a pretty big guy." Davis spoke to students on Wednesday, May 7 about being a dream maker, not a dream breaker. (Photo by Linsey Bolte)

The Junior High Informer

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This issue of the JUNIOR HIGH INFORMER has been produced by the second semester Creative Writing classes.

Students in the two Creative Writing classes have written all the stories in this newspaper. No attempt has been made to balance news coverage; students have chosen their own topics.

Writers' editorial opinions expressed through this publication do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the entire class, the advisor, or the administration.

Students guess "Weird" word meanings

By Keshia Thomas

There are many kinds of weird words in our vocabulary. Last year, students tried to guess the meaning of the word "flotilla," which means a group of ships that travel together.

The word for today is "basilisk." Here's what some of our classmates guessed the word means.

Heather Davis: I think it's some sort of bed for a baby.

Brian Dow: I think it's a sausage.

Lindsey Settle: It is a large snake in Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets.

Kyle S.: It's a large snake.

Cody Melander: A snake, a large snake.

Linsey Bolte: A large snake.

Katelyn Cyphers: Umm... a snake.

Ross Terry: The snake in Harry Potter.

Andy Weber: The snake from Harry Potter that can kill you if you look at it.

Nic Chapel: A lizard.

Ryan Unruh: The snake from Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets.

Ethan Komp: It sounds like a name for a foreigner.

Kelsey Brown: It's a type of fish – you know, bass, basilisk. Or maybe some type of Japanese food.

Matt Hettenbach: It's a dinosaur.

Klint Spiller: I'm thinking a lizard.

Matt was getting close Nic and Klint were even closer. The word basilisk means a mythical lizard that was supposedly hatched by a serpent from a rooster's egg and whose breath or gaze was deadly.



Basilisk or Amphisian Cockatrice,
tail nowed,

Where is your dream vacation?

By Andrea Everhart



New Zealand, I really want to go there someday because it looks like a beautiful place.
Meaghan Ryan
8th grader



Afghanistan, I hope we can go so I can go Osama hunting.
Ryan Lockhart
7th grader



Australia, because it is very nice there. (However), I don't think I will take (that vacation) until I'm a senior or on spring break in college.
Zach Bradrick
8th grader



Louisiana. My cousin lives there; we might go there this summer.
Elissa Stein
7th grader

Challenges don't stop eighth graders from movin' on

By Brian Dow

On May 23, the eighth graders at Southeast of Saline graduated from junior high, paving the way for their journey through high school.

The graduation ceremony started at 7:30 p.m. in the lower gym, and a dance in the elementary cafeteria followed the graduation ceremony. The dance had a theme of Mardi Gras. Decorations for the dance included Mardi Gras-style beads and colorful Mardi Gras-style masks. The graduates also had a huge Mardi Gras mask for a picture area. Streamers and balloons were flying everywhere.

A big curtain that had stars of Mardi Gras on it graced the entrance. Inside, there were festive colored balloons that had been formed into big pillars.

Students met several challenges in getting ready for promotion. The first was knowing what to wear.

Eighth grade sponsor Mr. Gary McClure recommended "something out of the closet, not an \$800 prom gown."

"Something a little bit nicer than street clothes," suggested eighth grader

Eric Dinkel.

Mr. Kevin Noonan summed up what he thinks the kids should wear to graduation in two words, "Church clothes."

Opinions seem to differ between students and teachers. Some students agree with teachers about what they should wear to the dance and graduation. Students desired more formal attire than teachers recommended, and in the end, several boys rented tuxes, and many girls bought prom-type dresses.

Another challenge was the issue of outside dates. Dance sponsors had recommended that Southeast of Saline students only be allowed to attend the graduation dance, but the Student Council disagreed, and Stuco wrote a letter recommending that outside dates be allowed.

Outside dates were finally allowed but Principal Monte Couchman decided that outside dates had to be of junior high age. Outside dates had to be registered and anyone who brought an outside date was responsible for his/her date's behavior.

The challenges passed and eighth graders were promoted. Several students commented on how they feel about going into high school.

"It'll be pretty fun!" said Daniel Dunmire.

"It'll be a new experience," said Linsey Settle.

"I am a little scared, since my brother will be a senior next year. He might do something mean to me," said Ross Terry.

SES eight graders make high school cheer squad

By Lindsey Settle

Three eighth graders made high school cheerleading for the next year. These three students Kristy Mendenhall, Sarah McNelly, and Lindsey Settle. They will be cheerleading for fall/winter seasons, and spring/summer seasons. For tryouts they had to learn and perform in front of a row of judges an individual cheer, a group cheer, and a group dance.

Tyson

By Linsey Bolte

"Guess how many points I scored last night," Tyson said as he walked into seminar.

"We really don't care," I replied.

"But I was the star of the game; everyone wants to know how I did."

"Tyson, shut up! Nobody cares. You scored six points last night, big deal. Ethan scored twice as many as you did," I said back, trying to get him to be quiet.

"So, I had more steals and rebounds than he did,"

Tyson bragged. "I am so much better than he is; just compare the stats."

"You played three minutes the entire game; you weren't as great as you think you were," I said back, getting a little annoyed.

He rambled on, but my mind flashed back to when he had

just walked out of the locker room after a game.

"Did you see me out there? I was the best player out of both teams," Tyson bragged like he always does.

"Umm... I'm sorry. Did you not see the twenty points Nick scored?" I said back, trying to prove him wrong.

"So, he just got lucky! It wasn't my fault I never got the ball."

"More like didn't give up the ball; you hardly even passed it. You just tried to make threes you knew you were gonna air ball," I replied.

"Someone has to take those shots," he tried to convince me.

"If you take 'em, then make 'em!" I argued back.

"Whatever! I was still awesome last night!"

I heard him ramble on.

"It doesn't matter how many minutes I played. I was still the best player last night no matter what you say," Tyson argued.

I sat there, annoyed by Tyson's consistent bragging. All he could talk about for ninety minutes was him.

When the bell rang to get out of seminar, I sighed with relief. This meant I didn't have to listen to Tyson brag anymore -- well, at least until next time.



The Championship

By Cody Melander



The sweat dripped from my face, melting the snow below. It was a cold, snowy December night. I looked up to the purple and silver scoreboard. It was fourth and goal on the one, and we were down by four with eight seconds left.

I slowly put my hot and sweaty hands on the ice-cold ball. The play was a quarterback sneak on one.

"Green 13, Green 13!" yelled Nick. "Set, HIT!"

I snapped the frigid ball and busted forward, bulldozing the nose guard ahead into the snow, clearing the way for Nick.

"TOUCHDOWN!" I heard the crowd scream.

I looked over at the freezing crowd, and I knew they were just as warm inside as I.

Hand in Hand

By Katelyn Cyphers

We walk hand in hand on the sandy, soft, milk white beach. The sun paints the sky shades of pinks and purples as it sets. Your soft fingers caress the back of my hand, as I do the same to yours. Our sweet love sings out to everyone. We walk to the far stretches of the beach where we met for the first time and we kissed. The soft touch of your lips against mine sends a chill through my spine that means I hope that our love will truly last for eternity. We head back to the main beach where we had started, hand in hand, knowing that this is true love.



Cold, hungry

By Cassie McDowell

He lies on the curb

Cold, hungry

He begs for food

No one helps

He's dying in the street

No one cares

He lies on the street

Cold, hungry

Sad, alone, Dead.

Drip

By Ryan Unruh

Drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, drip...

The large tin, upside down, kettle was slowly moistened by the old broken faucet. Occasionally it would get louder. I was slowly growing insane from the continuous dripping. I would have turned it off, but I was way too tired and the kitchen was too far away. But slowly I worked up enough energy and strength to slowly trudge to the kitchen. Twisting the spigot all the way to off and throwing the kettle all the way across the house, I thought that better be the last sound I hear all night. Trudging my way back to my bed, I got in and fell heavily back to sleep.

As I did, the sink started the drip, drip dripping that refused to cease again. But this time the water droplets were hitting the sink bottom making it twice as loud. The drips sounded like nuclear bombs detonating in my head. Getting up and slowly trudging to the sink once more, I looked at the sink through my bloodshot eyes. I opened the side cabinet and grabbing the hammer, beat the sink into all sorts of sizes and shapes, yelling at the faucet with all the strength in my tired body.

"DRIP THAT!!!"

I slowly trudged back to my bed and drifted off into a slow, carefree, and wonderful sleep without another sound the rest of the night.



Sound

By Kyle Schmid

Click, click, click, the person behind me makes the noise with his clicky eraser. The brutal sound of that distracts me as I try to take my test.

Click, click, click.

I can't think with that annoying noise. Frustrated, I turn around and tell him to stop.

He just glares.

I turn around and start to read the next question and I hear click, click, click. I'm so frustrated that I'm about to scream and maybe even cry.

"Please stop," I say.

Again, he just glares at me, but this time he gives me an even meaner look.

I turn around, and before I start to read the next question, I hear click, click, click.

"Stop!" I yell.

Everybody starts to stare at me.

"Do you have a problem?" the teacher asks.

Pointing at the guy behind me, I say, "he keeps clicking his clicky eraser and I can't concentrate. Sorry, but I just couldn't hold it in anymore."

"Please stop," the teacher says to him.

Relieved, I say "thank you." Looking at him, I smile and say "Sucker" under my breath.

I start to take my test in peace and quiet and then I hear, hum, hum, hum, hum.



Repetition Poem

By Keshia Thomas

You're the one who gave me life.

You're the one who cares for me.

You're the one who heals a broken heart.

You're the one who saved my life.

You're the one who is my savior.

You're the one.



Sweets

By Jordan Pengra

Candy

Delicious, Sweet

Slurping, Crunching, Chewing

Candy is dandy

Sweets

Paintball War

By Nick Hardesty



Firing aimlessly, I sprint up to the next bunker. As I dive into the hole, I can feel the wind from the paintballs go screaming past my ear, barely missing my head. I peek up, only to find myself darting back into the hole, escaping another round of paintballs.

"I'm hit! I'm hit!" I hear one of my teammates screaming. I feel the cool sweat leaking down my face, because I know I'm the only one left on my team.

Finally, I summon enough courage to get out of my hiding spot. I roll across the ground, firing the whole time at the bushes in front of me. All of the sudden, no one was firing at me anymore.

"Ouch," I heard from the bushes as I got up and sprinted towards a couple trees.

I felt a sharp pain in my arm with something warm running down it, not realizing I had been punctured by a stick. Pulling the sharp stick out of my arm, I proceeded looking for anybody to pop up.

From behind a tree, somebody started running. Following my instinct, I went chasing after him, not thinking about what was going on. All of the sudden, five people popped up from out of the bushes. It was a trap!

Trying hopelessly to get away, I dashed back in the other direction.

"Pow, pow, pow," I heard from the firing guns.

"Ahhhh," I screamed as I felt the paintball burst on my back. "I'll get 'em next time," I thought as I walked back to the base with frustration.

Winter Dream

By Ross Terry

As I walk out to my yard, slowly sipping my fresh coffee, I notice the tranquility of the new day as birds chirp in the nearby elm tree. The ground is glistening with a fresh layer of snow, untouched.

The ordinarily busy lake is now serene as it is covered with radiant sheet of ice. I see newborn deer stumbling in the snow-covered fields, learning how to run. Families of cottontails now scamper through the newly-laid powder.

The crocus flowers are finally blooming in this perfect morning. While I look upon this winter dream, I realize it is soon going to vanish as the snow and ice melts and the babies grow and leave their families. This is one of the moments for all to cherish and hope will never end, and with my coffee in hand, I do just that.

Death

By Lindsey Settle

Looking back once more, I watch the beautiful cottonwoods swaying in the soft whispering breeze as quiet whispers flow through the tree tops high above. I see the river water glisten in the bright, glowing sunlight. The waters sparkle like wine in a glass. My eyes fall to the grey stepping stones, that when the sunlight hit them just right, seemed to come alive, blanketed in dancing patterns. They dance for me, and only me, one last time.

I look away, thoughts drifting back to the dark sickness that sucks my health in its depths of blackness. I look back once more, and again, I feel the wholeness I had felt as a child before this illness started consuming my weak, dying body, and I felt suddenly complete.

"Heaven, I wonder if Heaven is like this. Goodbye, goodbye my childhood, my adulthood, and goodbye my peacefulness. I know that I shall go to a place like this. Goodbye," I whisper as I slowly lie back on the sandy river bank, falling fast asleep, never to wake again.

War

By Klint Spiller

On wings of war we fly,
To stop the terror and anguish that they have
brought.
Buildings erupt into a cloud of dust and flames under
our might.
Hundreds of soldiers die within a single moment,
As we swiftly fly.
Under the name of liberation,
We bring death and chaos to the very people we are
liberating.
Women screaming,
Children crying,
Are we any better than they?

War on Terrorism

By Eric Dinkel

Men Going to Iraq to fight for freedom
Iraqis surrendering without a fight
Saddam "Insane" missing
Have we won the war yet?



Grandpa

By Andrea Everhart

"Hi Verlin," my parents said as they walked into my grandpa's room at the old smelly nursing home.

"Hey grandpa," I yelled as I walked in. "How ya doin'?" I already knew what his answer was going to be. He would say the same thing every time.

"Well," there was a pause, "okay, I guess," he said in his deep lonely voice. I could tell that he wasn't telling the truth. He was lonely and maybe a little depressed, trying to hide it all.

"So what did you have for lunch?" I asked to make some conversation. I figured that he would now say what he had had for lunch since it was only about three in the afternoon. But he didn't.

"Well, I don't really remember." He would say that every time that I asked him. He didn't talk unless someone asked him something and when he would answer, it was a short answer. Soon it was time to leave. My parents said goodbye and left the room.

"We gotta go, Grandpa. I'll be back in a couple days."

"I'll miss you. Can you take me home with you?" he asked.

I walked over to him. "Sorry grandpa, but I can't."

"But Agnes needs me. She had surgery, you know."

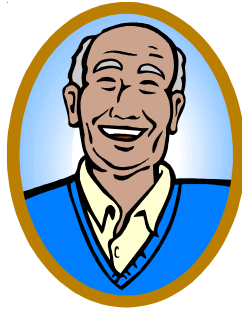
"I know. We'll take care of her."

His unshaved chin rubbed against my skin as I leaned over and gave him a hug and a kiss.

"See ya in a couple days," I repeated as I smiled and turned to walk out the door.

"Tomorrow?"

"Okay, tomorrow," I said. Grandpa smiled.



Para Rescue

By Brian Dow

From My mother's belly I fell to the world
Falling on my belly onto pillows of water
Five miles to the drop zone, safety nowhere
to be seen
Flying towards hostile militia, to the enemy
When I land my job is half-way over

The person I trust most

By Kelsey Brown

"I wonder what Dad's doing today," I said to Jami.

She sat on the bed in her pajamas, riveted to the movie "Pearl Harbor," but she didn't seem to mind the interruption.

"He's probably thinkin' about us," she said, shutting off the movie.

"I'll bet he is, too. I'm sure thinking about him."

"I always do," she said. A lonely tear spilled down her cheek and she wiped it off. "I talked to him today, and he told me again he won't have to go to war when it starts with Iraq. But I still worry about him though."

As tears ran down my cheek, Jami wiped them off and said, "Before you know it, Dad will be home and everything will be back to normal."

"I wish he didn't have to go at all. We already missed his birthday and Valentine's Day. What more pain do we have to go through just for Dad's job?"

"I know, I feel the same way about it, but at least he doesn't have to be there for a full year. Some families don't know how long their dads are going over there. Just be thankful it's only nine months."

My eyes now fill with tears. Jami embraces me and hugs me, but I know that I can cry and she won't say anything. My feelings are always safe with her. She keeps them in her head not mentioning them to anybody but me.

I can tell her more about my feelings than my friends because she has gone through the same kind of situations that I have. That's why to me, she is the perfect example of a best friend and a trustworthy person.

Life like a Weaver

By Chealsea Weaver

My life moves like a weaver. It goes back and forth from happy to sad to happy and no one seems to care

Unless it involves them or the thread gets all caught up in the machine and affects the cloth.

And I never know if I've followed life's instructions until I try it on.

My life is like a weaver, so strong and with so much potential until I misinterpret the instructions and then I have a big mess.



The Race

By Colby Douglas

Vroom- Vroom- Vroom. Three- two- one go! The four-wheeler racers were off, throwing clouds of dust everywhere. As grinding gears shifted and the motors roared, the crowd's yelling made a blare over the loudest bird's singing and the howling wind's blowing. The racers jumped the first jump and then the second, but one racer didn't make it, as his bike thumped awkwardly on its bumper. With the crowd dead silent, we heard an ambulance rush in, with squeaking wheels sending chills up everybody's back. The crowd anxiously held their breath as they watched the paramedics load the racer into the ambulance with a frown. The crowd gave a sigh of relief as the racer gave a two thumbs up as they drove away.



Football

By Andrew Weber

Soaked by blood and sweat
I put all my weight on
my finger tips
There's the whistle.
I blast through the line
Knocking out the quarterback



Wishes

By Dalton Johnson

Chirp! Chirp! Chatter, Chatter! Birds outside were perching on the window sill awakening to the morning, fluttering back and forth against the house. Their quarrelling behavior was, as always, unavoidable. I groaned, wishing the sun would go back down. I had hoped for a few more hours of sleep. The day was just about to begin; who could sleep anyway?

Buzzzzz..... The radio on the nearby alarm clock sounded and Danger Dave began talking of the latest news reports. The sunlight and particles of dust pierced its warm rays between the blinds and shone directly in my face.

Knock, knock, knock!

"Who is it?" I yelled.

"It's Kyle."

"You're going to be late to work. Get up! Right now!"

"Woof!....woof!"

"George. Get back in your bed. Get quiet! It's 7:30."

"Woof!"

"George, don't crunch your food. Get away from my bed. You're making a mess."

"Geeesh, I wished this shower head would work better. Geeesh. I gathered my clothes, and only half dressed, hurried for the car.

"Kyle, the battery is dead; can you give me a boost?" I yelled while he was walking towards his car.

"Sure," Kyle said.

Boom! The car backfired and sounded off like a shotgun blast.

"Thanks, Kyle," I yelled as I headed off down the road to the office wishing for money in my pockets, time on my hands, and a few more hours of sleep.

Locker Room

By Marcus Pierson

As I approached the boys' lockerroom an atrocious odor began to loom. My eyes watered and my nose curled. Such a horrid smell had caused me to come to pause. It made my stomach want to hurl. With my hand over my face, I entered the locker room and then immediately fell flat on my back. Now, I really looked like I was sorry. Was that putrid odor from the toilet bowl? I went there to flush, and the water went to a rush. The odor remained. I walked to my locker to the stiff clothes and towels, whose odors made my eyes water. I finally dove into my gym bag, for it had been a month since the clothes had been cleaned out.

The Cabin

By Ethan Komp

I walked out the cabin door and into the cold night. Breathing in unpleasant smoke-filled air, I made my way across the porch to the campfire. The strong odor got worse as I got closer to the fire pit. I tried not to breathe while the wind was blowing the thick smoke into my face, and I started coughing from the bitter stinging sensation it left in the back of my throat. I jogged right next to the pit where I was out of the smoke's reach. The smoke's stench was slowly going away, while I still had the gagging aftertaste in my mouth. I could now start to smell some hot dogs cooking over the fire, the juices falling into the fire non-stop, making an irresistible sizzling sound. The delicious smell of the hot dogs was making my mouth water. As I reached down to get a sample, the wind changed directions and I was again choked by the unbearable stench. I stood up and went back into the cabin, without a hot dog, with the smell of smoke covering me like a blanket.

Wrestling

By Matt Hettenbach

A hot rush of air hits me as I open the door to the wrestling room. The high school has to have the heater on so they will lose weight.

Once practice has started, the hot perspiration is streaming down your face and burning when it hits your eyes. Then Mr. G. shows us a new move. So your partner gets to try the bone crushing move on me and pain shoots all over my body. But then I get to do the same bone crushing move on my partner so he feels the pain.

As it is time to wrestle live with a partner, he shoots and gets my legs as he tries to cut the circulation off in my legs. Then he throws me on the hard mat, and I land on my head as my neck pops. I roll and get up before he can get a hold of me. Then the whistle blows, and we do this several more times before it is time for conditioning.

All of us start chanting S-E-S. This stands for sprawl, escape (also known as a sit out) , and stand up. After we have shouted S-E-S about ten times, Mr. G. says go, and that means practice is over and we get to go home.

The Island

By James Viar

The orange sun was setting on the shimmering water when we found an island to dock the boat on and spend the night. We were out fishing in our motorboat. We got off the boat and went to go gather firewood for a fire when I found an old runway light. I looked up and there was a runway and an old World War II airplane hangar. I ran back to get my friends Larry and Nick.

The moon was glooming through the trees behind the hangar. We made our way to the hangar. There was a dilapidated World War II runway control center that had wooden shingles that were falling off. We were suspicious of the broken down building so we went inside.

Inside the arching doorway there were brand new instruments that were used to guide an airplane down on the runway. At that time we were very curious. So we went to the hangar. The building seemed to reach for the sky. Its arching roof were enormous.

When we went inside to our surprise there was three white weather surveying airplanes that were in the process of being repainted, so that they could sell them overseas. We searched the eerie place some more and found a long hallway that led to an office that had a person in it that was working on the computer facing away from us.

He had a stubby beard that looked like he hadn't shaved in a while. We crept quietly upon him, approaching very silently. Then someone touched my shoulder, I looked around, there were three men in blue coats.

We jumped up and ran back down the hallway and into the open hangar then we fled furiously outside where our boat was sitting. I jumped in and started the motor and we drove off to a nearby island where we called for help from the coast guard.

When they arrived in a white chopper with a red stripe on the side, they took us safely home and they captured the bad guys and they were put into jail and their business was stopped.



The Ghost Town

By John Christie

I relaxed in the mid day sun as I strolled along the main street of an 1850s ghost town. I began to visualize the hustle and bustle along the streets of the town's past.



As I walked through the broken doors dangling from their hinges, I saw

glasses and bottles lying broken on the floor. I began to imagine the bartender passing out drinks to the regulars. The piano was playing an upbeat tune as the drunken cowboys mocked the singer with there atrocious versions of the song. Then I saw the sheriff strut through the doors of the now beautiful saloon.

The sheriff wasn't welcomed among the populous of the saloon. A few got up and left as he walked in the door, others gave scowls of unhappiness. The sheriff went up to get a drink and the man next to him, who was drunk senseless, smashed a bottle over his head knocking the sheriff to the floor.

The room soon was filled with brawls. Tables were stood on end and cards scattered on the floor. People were falling to the ground left and right. Someone was thrown out the window and landed on the street, alerting everybody to the presence of the fight. The sheriff came back to consciousness and attempted to get control of the situation. When the fight slowly broke up, I walked back out of the broken doors hanging on their hinges to see the horses tied in front of the saloon.

As I walked along the street, I saw the General Store. The sign, lying on the ground hardly legible, prompted me to imagine its looks when it was just carved. I walked through the splintered doors and I saw a couple rows of shelves caked in dust while others lay in pieces on the floor. I then began to imagine the stocked shelves and several housewives in the store purchasing flour and other essentials while carrying on a conversation. The clerk sat behind the counter counting the money from the day's sales.

Leaving the General Store, I saw a couple of cowboys walking away from one another. Immediately, I realized that it was a gunfight. I stood on the platform and watched them turn towards each other, staring one another dead in the eye. Bang! Bang! One was lying on the ground in pain and the other lay motionless in a pool of blood.

I walked down the street from one end to the other imagining every place I had gone. I then walked out of town, wondering if those stories were really things that had happened in that town.

Fighting

By Kristy Mendenhall

The screaming flies back and forth,

"Mommy, don't leave Daddy."

I think to myself.

"Daddy, don't leave us!" I say to the lamp-lit room.

As I start to cry myself to sleep,

I notice the screams die down.

"Mommy, Daddy, I'm glad you quit fighting!"

I say to the darkness of my room.

The Crying Angel

By Kim Rousseau

I know a crying angel,

that always has a tear rolling down her cheek,

she always pretends to be happy

and she is always sweet,

but how can anyone cry this much,

Is she really that weak?

She is always called an angel,

but she is always feeling defeat.

Her heart is like a puzzle,

that will never be complete.

Why does she choose to cry?

I guess I can just wonder, "Why?"

what is it that has happened to her,

that always makes her cry,

and what pain has she endured,

that makes her feel so insecure?

Nobody sees her tears, but me,

nobody can feel her pain but me...

and every time I look in the mirror,

this crying angel is all I see.



Adoption

By Heather Davis

As the mom was five months pregnant

She had no other choice

After the daddy left

So now four months later

The baby is with some strangers.

Baby, your real mom is so sorry

But just remember that she loves you

But the money and the attention just couldn't go 'round

Three kids already.

The mom is so sorry

But she gave you what you deserve

Your new mommy and daddy

Are going to take care of you good.

Little baby, you are loved.

You are appreciated.....

The Locker Room

By Klint Spiller

The sound of bustling students faded into the background as I strolled down the corridor. My pace slowed as I reached the door to the junior high boys' locker room.

My hand clenched the cold steel of the door handle as I propelled the door open. A gust of air brushed past my face almost immediately. An intoxicating stench filled the air that now surrounded me. My nostrils flared as my olfactory senses seemed to be overpowered by the repulsive scent of the locker room. Attempting to keep myself from collapsing in shock, I trudged past the entrance only to discover that the vile odor intensified as I got farther into the locker room.

My eyes gazed upon the rusted lockers along each side of the room, the origin of the intoxicating stench. The sweat-drenched clothes contained in each locker had been sitting there over the weekend, building up the overpowering stench that now encompassed the entire area. Noticing the bacteria that grew prosperously on some of the people's clothing inside their locker, I concluded that they had not taken their clothes home in a long while.

When I reached the core of the locker room, I inhaled another smell that I have become so accustomed to over all the time that I have spent in the locker room. My head slowly directed itself towards the origin of the smell, assuring my theory of what the smell was . . . dry urine. My gaze was now directed towards the bathroom in the locker room. A layer of mucky sludge, which was created from many different bodily substances, covered the locker room floor. Shuddering in disgust, I turned my attention back to my locker and continued walking toward it.

Eager to escape the locker room's horrid stench, I gathered my belongings that I kept in my locker and hastily hustled out of the room, leaving the intoxicating odor to preside over the locker room.



Deer Hunting



By Kyle Moyer

It was morning. The first day of deer season, I was headed for my tree stand and the sun was on the rise. The birds were chirping in the tree tops, and the wind was whizzing through the hill sides. I heard a shot off in the distance. The birds rose out of the trees and it sounded like an airplane going over head. There was a second shot then another. They were coming my way.

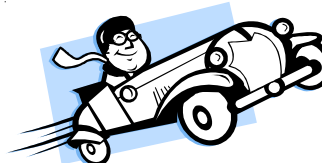
I jumped out of the tree stand and moved to my right. Sure enough the deer came running out of the under brush at a dead run. The deer was panting and the leaves and twigs were snapping and cracking under the weight of the deer. I whistled and he stopped in his tracks. The fur on his back was drenched wet with blood from being hit in the back.

I shouldered the gun and slowly pulled the hammer back click . . . the deer was waiting for me to shoot . . . like he knew he was doomed. The safety was clicked off, snap . . . The shot was fired, boom . . . I heard the bullet hit the deer, pop. He locked up and hit the ground with a thud. When he had taken his last breath, the season was over for me.

The Finish Line

By Nic Chapel

The racers rev up their engines ready to race. The gate goes down and they dart to the first jump, worried this could determine the race.



The very last lap is here. The finish line jump is in sight.

They hit the face of the jump and feel victory.



Chelsey Kincaid, Kelsey Colby, Christina Platter, and Miranda Everhart made up the eighth grade girls 4X100 relay team at the Southeast of Saline's home meet where they placed first.



Bryson Flax and Danny Clifford sprint to the finish line in the 100 meter dash. Over all Flax placed second and Clifford placed third.

Lifters share life stories in the weight room

By Kyle Moyer

Heavy weights, loud music, and the stench of sweat wake many of the Southeast of Saline Junior High boys when they walk into the Southeast of Saline weight room in the morning.

Many people ask the question "why?" Why would you want to give up an hour of sleep to come and lift weights? Well, the answer is pretty simple: They want to get stronger, bigger, and faster.

Two of the smallest guys in the eighth grade have had their wishes come true. Ethan Komp and Colby Douglas

have been to almost every day of weightlifting.

Colby Douglas is a 5'4", 120 pound eighth grader who has worked hard at becoming better in sports and stronger so he can compete in high school level sports.

The same is true for Komp, who is a 5'4", 115 pound eighth grader who is trying to become stronger and faster by being in the weight room every chance he can.

"I think that if they work hard enough, their dreams will be fulfilled and they will be able to play with the big dogs," said ex-lifter John Christie.

Salina baseball rivals open season

By Nick Hardesty

We'll see who wins this weekend! The Salina Stingrays and the Salina Indians have kicked off their baseball season. The rivals have already played two tournaments.

The Stingrays went to Hutchinson for their first tournament, where they faced fierce competition.

"We didn't do that bad for our first tournament since the other teams had practiced a lot more than we had. But now that we have had more practice, I think we're ready to face anybody," says Stingrays player Jordan Pengra.

The Stingrays ended the tournament with a disappointing 2-3 record.

The Indians opened their season in Park City where they faced a little easier competition.

"Since that tournament, we have our heads up high and are ready to face the Stingrays," says Indians player Kyle Schmid.

The Indians ended their tournament with a 4-1 record, good enough to win the tournament.

Last weekend the Stingrays and the Indians played in the same tournament. The Stingrays ended with a 1-1 record and the Indians ended with a 0-2 record, but unfortunately they didn't get to play each other. So we will have to wait until next time to see which team is really the best.

Follow Up

by John Christie and Clint Spiller

This story was written before the two teams actually met in game play. The Stingrays, including Southeast students Nick Hardesty, Tim Nicholson, Jordan Pengra, and Joel Pengra won the game 12-1 over the Indians, who have Southeast of Saline students Kyle Schmid and Ross Terry within their ranks.

Human spring launches into Southeast record books

By John Christie

Anthony Kirkbride, or “Tony” as most would know him, passed Steve Fritz’s seventh grade high jump record with a jump of 5’, surpassing Fritz’s mark of 4’10”.

Last year Ross Terry was the top high jumper for the seventh grade boys. His best mark last year was 4’8”. Terry barely missed tying Fritz’s record.

Tony will have a long way to go next year to surpass the eighth grade record of 5’8” held by John Mortimer.

“That’s a long way to go in a year,” said Mr. Dwight Lilly, the junior high track coach.

“I’m amazed that I could keep up with him consid-

ering he is an Olympian and all,” was Kirkbride’s comment to his surpassing Fritz’s record.

Kirkbride also competed in the 400-meter run, the medley relay, the 4 x 200 relay, and long jump. Over the course of the season, he brought in 12 total 1-3 place finishes.

“I was happy about my placings and performance, but track wasn’t as enjoyable as I would have expected,” he said.

Even though Kirkbride is performing phenomenally well, his favorite part of track was still getting out of school early and the social interaction at track meets.



Charlie Staab, Chelsie Green, Amanda Harding, Taylor Sly, and Elissa Stein rest between events.



Seventh grader on the 4x100 relay team smile for the camera after a placing finish.



Miranda Everhart shown completing the last leg of the 4x100 meter relay.



Tony Kirkbride runs to the finish line of the 400-meter run.

Track Statistics for 2003

By John Christie

The spreadsheet that follows explains the track statistics from the 2003 season. The best mark and the best finish may not reflect the same meet. You must have placed

sixth or above in an event to have been placed in the spreadsheet. The statistics do not reflect the Southeast of Saline Triangular and do not include preliminary finishes.

8th Boys

Name	Event	Mark	Place
Aaron Plymell	Discus	96' 5"	5th
	High Jump	4' 6"	6th
	400 M	1.05.11	5th
Alex Earles	800 M	2.26.96	2nd
Andy Weber	Shotput	37' 2"	3rd
Bryson Flax	100 M	12.47 sec	1st
	400 M	57.75 sec	1st
Cody Melander	Discus	100' 5"	5th
Colby Douglas	100 M	12.94 sec	5th
Dalton Johnson	75 M Hurdles	11.67 sec	2nd
	Long Jump	16' 6"	5th
	Triple Jump	33' 7 1/2"	3rd
	High Jump	5' 6"	3rd
Danny Clifford	100 M	13.11 sec	3rd
Ethan Komp	75 M Hurdles	12.62 sec	5th
Gary Hemmy	3200	16.46.0	4th
Kent Windholz	400 M	58.83 sec	4th
	Triple Jump	34' 5 3/4"	2nd
	200 M	26.62 sec	3rd
Klint Spiller	3200 M	13.14.0	2nd
	Shotput	34' 8"	6th
Kyle Moyer	Discus	92' 10"	6th
	Shotput	38' 7"	2nd
Kyle Schmid	200 M	26.50 sec	1st
Nick Hardesty	200 M	25.93 sec	2nd
	Long Jump	17' 7"	1st
Ross Terry	75 M Hurdles	13.18 sec	4th
	High Jump	5'	2nd
	Triple Jump	30' 9 1/2"	5th
Zachary Bradrick	High Jump	4' 8"	4th
	1600 M	6.40.0	4th

8th Girls

Name	Event	Mark	Place
Chelsea Weaver	Shotput	27' 7"	4th
	Discus	81' 1"	2nd
Christina Platter	75 M Hurdles	14.32 sec	5th
Kayla Hemphill	3200 M	15.00.0	2nd
	800 M	3.20.28	6th
Kelsey Brown	100 M	15.29 sec	5th
Kelsey Colby	200 M	29.66 sec	1st
Linsey Bolte	800 M	3.13.57	5th
Meaghan Ryan	High Jump	4'	3rd
Miranda Everhart	100 M	14.59 sec	2nd

7th Boys

Name	Event	Mark	Place
Brittan O' Banan	100 M	13.29 sec	3rd
	200 M	29.46 sec	3rd
Cole Lilly	75 M Hurdles	13.83 sec	2nd
Courey Srna	75 M Hurdles	13.74 sec	3rd
John Henry	200 M	28.62 sec	2nd
Kody Lynn	Triple Jump	22' 11 1/2"	3rd
	1600 M	6.43.9	5th
	800 M	3.05.42	5th
Kurtis Moyer	Discus	77' 1"	6th
Mitchell Mugler	Discus	84' 8"	3rd
	Triple Jump	24' 11 1/2"	2nd
Ozzy Smith	High Jump	3' 10"	5th
Ryan Lockhart	Triple Jump	25' 2 1/4"	1st
Tony Kirkbride	High Jump	5'	1st
	400 M	1.01.32	3rd
	Long Jump	13' 7"	6th
Tristin Scheel	800 M	2.41.0	2nd
	Long Jump	14' 4"	3rd

7th Girls

Name	Event	Mark	Place
Amanda Harding	Shot Put	27' 4 3/4"	2nd
Charley Staab	Discus	51' 2"	6th
Chelsie Green	75 M Hurdles	15.09 sec	3rd
	Long Jump	11' 10"	3rd
Elissa Stein	Long Jump	13' 5"	1st
	100 M	14.36 sec	4th
Sadie Myers	800 M	2.44.63	2nd
	Triple Jump	25'	2nd
Shannon Wilson	High Jump	4' 4"	2nd
	Long Jump	12' 4"	5th
	1600 M	7.04.0	3rd
	400 M	1.12.52	4th
Shayla Seim	1600 M	6.11.84	1st
	800 M	2.46.41	2nd
Sylvia Prater	Triple Jump	26' 5"	1st
	Shot Put	28' 2 1/2"	1st
	Discus	50' 9"	6th
Taylor Short	75 M Hurdles	16.18 sec	6th
Taylor Sly	400 M	1.06.05	1st
	200 M	28.91 sec	1st
	100 m	14.36 sec	4th



High jumper Meaghan Ryan attempts to clear the four-foot mark at the Southeast of Saline meet. She barely missed as her trail leg caught the bar.



Kayla Hemphill runs the 3200 meters at a meet at Southeast of Saline on April 24, 2003. She placed second with a time of 15 minutes.



Nick Hardesty long jumps at Southeast of Saline. He won with the mark 17' 6 1/4".



Miranda Everhart runs the 100-meter dash. She placed third.



Kent Windholz triple jumps at the Southeast of Saline meet.

Record number of scholars share playing time

By Klint Spiller

"Wow, there's a lot of people playing scholar's bowl this year . . ." Danny Clifford, eighth grader, said as he walked into Mr. Gary McClure's room for the first scholar's bowl practice of the year.

This was a common thought among the students who participated in scholars' bowl. Thirty-five students, both of seventh and eighth grade, attended the first scholar's bowl practice, and thirty remained by the end of the year.

Twenty participated last year. These 10 new aspiring scholars not only came with the newly inducted seventh graders, but five more came from the eighth grade class to add to the veteran scholar's bowl players who played as seventh graders the year before.

This flare of new membership in scholar's bowl has been uncommon through McClure's time of running Southeast of Saline's Junior High Scholar's Bowl team. He has never had this many join and stay on the team through the entire year, so he had to run scholar's bowl a bit differently than previous years.

McClure had to delegate the positions on the team so that everyone eventually got to play. A test determined who played at the first several meets.

Some players were only able to go

to one or two of the scholar's bowl meets because of the many new members.

"It made it extremely difficult to put a skilled team together while trying to make it fair for everyone else to go to meets," McClure said.

Veteran scholar's bowl player John Christie commented, "I would say we were much more successful last year than this year because of the difficulties in putting together really good teams. We rarely got to stack a team up with our best players."

Nevertheless, the teams fared well.

The seventh grade team, led in scoring by Ozzy Smith and Brent Sweany, earned two seconds and one third. The seconds, they received at Marquette and Southeast. The third was won at Lincoln.

The eighth grade team, led in scoring by John Christie and Cody Melander, was awarded two seconds, at Sacred Heart and Southeast of Saline, and one third, which they earned at Delphos.

"Considering the number of players we were shuffling, the players had an excellent season," McClure said.



The varsity scholars' bowl team prepares for a match at the Southeast of Saline meet. (All scholars' bowl photos courtesy of Debbie Christie)



The varsity scholars' bowl team takes second at the Southeast of Saline meet.



The junior varsity scholars' bowl team takes second at our home meet.