

Horseshoe



Review



The Horseshoe Review

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Table Of Contents

◇ Living With Epilepsy: My True Story Emily Elkind—Non-Fiction	7-13
◇ The Great Zoo Escape Andy Charles—Fiction	14-16
◇ The Break In Roman Hanna—Fiction	17-18
◇ Karma and Effect Chris Schultz—Fiction	19-22
◇ Mathew Garrison’s Life Lesson Tom Douglas—Fiction	23-24
◇ The Detention Notebook David Sigman—Fiction	25-27
◇ The Best Years Of My Life? Chris Thorne—Fiction	28-34
◇ Lights Out Chris Schultz—Poetry	35



Living With Epilepsy: My True Story

Emily Elkind

Overcoming epilepsy is the most difficult challenge of my life so far. Diagnosed in September 2006, the first signs were sleepiness through movies and church. Loud sounds, such as a loud movie or a van full of rowdy kids, triggered my brain to overstimulate and fall asleep. My mom was concerned about why I was falling asleep, so I went to a neurologist, where my medical history was reviewed and previous CT scans and MRIs were analyzed. The sleepy episodes were typical of the post-ictal (post-seizure) period. An EEG was done and doctor diagnosed me with complex partial seizures. He started me on an anti-epileptic drug which helped to control the spacing out episodes which led to sleep in most situations.

After several months on the medication, the seizures were not entirely controlled. During class, despite the fact that I tried my hardest to stay awake, I still fell asleep either because of lack of sleep the night before or because I hadn't eaten much breakfast. I used these excuses to hide the possibility that I was still having complex partial seizures. Part of the problem lay in distinguishing the cause of my sleepiness from not enough sleep, not enough breakfast, or an actual seizure. Because of my difficulty in staying awake during class, I missed parts of the lecture and had trouble catching up from the lecture.

My biggest fear, following my diagnosis, was having a seizure in a public place, because I didn't know how I would be perceived by others, or how they would react to the situation. As time passed, I became greatly aware of the misconceptions concerning epilepsy. The most common is that epilepsy is contagious. Epilepsy is not contagious like a cold or the flu. Epilepsy is a very common neurological seizure disorder. To place objects in the mouth of a person undergoing a seizure in order to prevent choking also is a common misconception. Such an action can cause broken teeth or choking. Instead, one should reassure the person that everything will be okay, and they are safe, and let them know of the seizure after the seizure is over. It is also important to keep in mind that fatigue and headaches after a seizure are normal. The most important part in seizure first-aid is timing the seizure. Any seizure should be recorded, with start time and characteristics. 911 should be called if the person does not regain consciousness, stops breathing, the seizure lasts for more than 5 minutes without showing signs of stopping, or the person has obvious head trauma.

A few months later, during my regular exercise at the YMCA, I had my first tonic-clonic or "grand-mal" seizure, or a rhythmic shaking of the entire body which can affect consciousness and memory. Other symptoms of a tonic-clonic seizure include a brief loss of short term memory after the seizure as well as odd sounds during the seizure. One who has epilepsy becomes all too aware of these seizures and hope for correct responses. My parents were immediately called, and after I recovered, I



was told I had a seizure. At first I was extremely upset and embarrassed, and after the fatigue set in, a severe headache followed. After a few more of these episodes, each about two months apart, my doctor banned me from all forms of exercise. In June 2007, I experienced my worst seizure during a walk with my mother one evening. After urging her to walk with me, she refused because she was tired. I insisted and she suggested she would watch me while driving the car beside me. As we got under way, I ran as my mom was driving. My mom tried to convince me to slow down because it was hard for her to maintain the car at such a low speed. I stopped at one point to catch my breath and an enormous wave of fear and dread passed over me. I tried to catch my breath, pausing in front of her window, my eyes full of panic and dread. She turned my head away, held on to my wrists, I blacked out. When I returned to consciousness I found myself in the car, unsure how I got there. I returned home and was helped up the stairs for bed.

It was not until many months later that I began to realize that this seizure was so important to reflect on because I experienced my first aura, or warning, before an episode. I specifically remember the fear and dread which started as my aura, but it wasn't until later, in a journal entry reflecting on that night and all the anger I had about the situation that I realized what actually happened. I write in a journal to sort out my feelings about dealing with seizures. Writing it out also helps me to recall characteristics about the seizure I didn't immediately remember. Six months passed without any seizures until New Year's Eve. During dinner, the butterflies, anxiety,

fear, and dread returned, so I excused myself from dinner and asked my parents accompanied me to the living room where I could recover safely without the possible physical harm that can occur during a seizure in a limited area. Another large seizure came, and this time I was more aware because I didn't black out, and the effects of this episode were not so strong. I turned in early that night with a severe headache.

Medical auras differ from the "new-age" auras which most people think of when they hear the word. An aura, in terms of epilepsy, is described as a warning that the brain sends out to the body to prepare the person for an oncoming seizure. The aura I feel before a tonic-clonic seizure is a feeling of fear and dread, followed by anxiety, which causes butterflies in my stomach. After researching auras, I realized that the butterflies I sometimes feel in my stomach are electrical impulses traveling through the stomach, which most often precede a seizure. At times with the fear, dread, and anxiety I feel before a seizure, I have an "out of body" experience. My vision is also affected in some instances, causing only a certain portion of my visual field to be clear, but my peripheral vision is blurry.

After the two tonic-clonic seizures, my doctor suggested I try a new form of an old drug as part of a drug study. I decided it would be better to try it because the current medicine at that time had stopped working. I had some different guidelines to follow now, but it would be fine. I was tired of fighting seizures, and I wanted to get my life back so I could get my learner's permit.



In June of 2008, I passed the six-month mark of not experiencing any seizures. It was a momentous day for me. My parents gave me a book all about how the muscles of the body work together during exercise, as a celebratory gift. This gift symbolized that I had received some freedom to exercise, and could finally get back to exercising. Six months in the epilepsy community meant that anyone in Georgia suffering with epilepsy and who was seizure-free could apply for a learner's permit or have their driving privileges renewed. I began studying for my permit when I had time. A little more than a month later, I had a breakthrough seizure on the new medicine that is part of the drug study.

While doing chores in my room, I experienced the familiar dread and fear preceding a seizure. I could barely believe the oncoming symptoms, but I continued what I was doing, hoping that if I ignored these symptoms, the fear, dread, anxiety, and butterflies would go away. Later, I awoke on my bedroom floor, heard a muffle of voices, and I was then carried to the ambulance. Apparently I fell during the seizure, hitting my head on a sharp post, opening a deep gash on my eyebrow, and suffering a concussion. My resulting migraine-like headache kept me on edge for awhile.

Two months later, I had another seizure, perhaps related to having not enough sleep. I had been feeling weird because it seemed like the more I slept, the more tired I became, and by the end of the day, I was barely awake or coherent. I was on a college trip with my mom and was feeling overloaded with information about the two colleges I had seen that day. To add to the strangeness of my feelings, I had a

sense of déjà vu, even though I was in an unfamiliar area of Tennessee. After arriving at our motel, my mom convinced me to go out to a local restaurant. Upon finishing dinner, I had a seizure while sitting in the booth. I didn't know how many people were watching. However, my mom convinced me that no one was watching, and my embarrassment subsided. After helping me to bed, I watched my mom put her head in her hands and cry. I conjectured that she blamed herself for making me go out to dinner when she saw that I was tired, and could barely talk coherently and stay awake. I convinced her I could that regardless where I went to college, I would face my epilepsy and be an advocate for those who were in much worse situation with their epilepsy than I was.

Less than a month ago, because I forgot to take my medication, I had a seizure here at school. I left my first period class when I felt the aura. I sat on the bed, waiting for the convulsions to happen. While waiting, I had my first out-of body experience before a seizure. The convulsions came with full force, and I was shocked that it was me that was rolling around on the bed, and hitting my head against the bed frame. I woke up on the floor upset and afraid. I took some pain relief for my headache and phoned my mom. I returned home to sleep, and after three hours, felt much better. As hard as I tried to justify going back to school; it was final review week, I needed to review the answers to my second period study guide, and I wanted to be part of third period.) After two more seizures at home, I was content to stay at home that day.



To this day, my family and I have not been able to determine when I am having complex partial seizures. I still have complex partial seizures sometimes.

Nevertheless, throughout this whole process, I have retained my desire and hope to go to college and pursue a Bachelor's degree in Science, with a major in neuroscience. In the fall, I will probably go to the University of Evansville in Evansville, Indiana. There, I will pursue my dream of a neuroscience major and advocating on behalf of others with epilepsy, and hopefully be a contributor to magazines such as *Neurology Now* for those facing a life of complicated neurological disorders. I also hope to take a more active role in epilepsy research, working on Capitol Hill to lobby for tougher legislation and regulations for those with epilepsy facing workplace discrimination. Overall, having this condition has taught me to continue to go after my dreams, even when I'm tired or feel like giving up. I hope that my experience will empower others to advocate for themselves or on the behalf of others in a similar situation and to pursue the care that they need in order to get better. This is my greatest hope.

The Great Zoo Escape

Andy Charles

One day I escaped from the zoo. I found a magic seed and used it to escape and travel to Africa. This is my story.

I was sitting in my little undersize, fake rock shelter that I had learned to call home. It was a humid day, and I was feeling pretty tired. I decided to take a nap. During the nap, I had a dream that I was out in the wild, eating plants, walking for miles, living in huge shelters. When I woke up, I declared to myself that I would escape. I told my other animal friends that I was going to escape, and that they could join me if they wanted. They all wanted to, so we made a plan. We decided that we would kick all the humans that came near us in the shins so that they would have to go to the doctor and leave us unattended. Then, the person would have to be replaced. So, we would kick the replacement, then the next replacement, then the next, until they run out of people. Then, the humans will abandon our zoo, leaving the cages open, and thus freeing us.

The next day we began to follow the plan, but the people that replaced the 2nd replacement came from a human civilization known as the zoo whisperers. The other animals and I were very excited, because we thought that they would set us free. We had all seen the show called *The Dog Whisperer*, and we knew that the Dog Whisperer solved the problems of the dogs. We assumed that they had come to

solve our problem, which was that we were prisoners. However, this is not what they did. Instead, they made it worse. They put needles into us that made us fall asleep so they could study us. They gave us new, horrible tasting food.

One day, I got paired with a particularly unskilled individual who always found a way to mess up and hit me in the face with the washing tools or something stupid like that, and I was livid. I was outside of the cage, and he was washing me. I decided to break loose. There was someone blocking the exit, and I started running at him like a bat out of hell. Before I got to him, however, I got pulled back, and try as I might, I couldn't pull hard enough. I started to feel exhausted, and just gave up and let them return me to my cage.

Another day, after many unsuccessful attempts at escape, we animals found our lucky break. On a hot afternoon, as I was meandering around the simulated African Desert, I stumbled across a magical seed. I glanced at it and continued on, then looked back and realized that this was the almighty magic seed of freeing, from the stories dad used to tell me before he passed on. I immediately grabbed it and returned to my cage to plant it. When I had finished planting it, I called out to the other animals "Hey, guys! I found the almighty magic seed of freeing! We will escape in 3 days!" Every animal in the park was very excited, especially me. I had dreamed of travelling to Africa for quite some time now.

The 3 days that I waited seemed to go by very slowly. I had spent most of my time packing and talking to the other animals about their plans when they escape.

Brownie the brown bear told me that he planned to travel to Canada and start a family. Hawkeye the parrot said he wanted to travel to the Amazon. I told them that I was going to Africa, and to visit me in Botswana. I checked on the magic seed every day, and it looked like it was fine. I knew that I would be happy when I escaped, but I also knew that I would miss all my friends, so when the last day came around, there was a small amount of sadness even though I had been waiting for the day for so long.

Every animal in the park was lined up at the edge of their cage, facing the exit. We knew that it would happen very soon. Then, it started. I heard a deep rumble start behind me, where I had planted the seed. Everyone in the park was silent. A very loud creaking sound started. Then, abruptly and violently, every cage in the park was jerked up into the air and we all started running towards the exit. I was halfway there when I saw Peter the Cheetah dart through. I smiled triumphantly, knowing that at least one of us had gotten out. Peter was followed by Joe, who was the great mountain lion. Next, Brownie and I passed through, and we headed opposite ways. I called out the final goodbye, And then began the long journey to Africa, where I would happily spend the rest of my life.

The Break In

Roman Hanna

It was a dark and spooky night. The moon was less than a crescent, the wind was barely blowing, and the sky was filled with clouds. Ike couldn't sleep; he was scared from the sounds of this creepy night. The crickets went to bed, the trees gave an eerie shriek when rubbing against Ike's window, the bathroom faucet dripped.

The sound of a car pulling into his driveway made him shiver. Then a sudden crash! The sound of crashing glass made him leap up and grab his gun. He quickly walked to the bedroom door, adrenaline pumping, heart pounding. He slowly opened the door; then an ax went right into his head. He was lying on the floor; brain matter and blood leaked on the floor. He was dead. There was no mistaking it. He was dead, plumb dead.

Realizing what he had done, Marik ran for his life. He ran past his car down the neighborhood and onto the road, then got hit by a car. The next day Marik woke up in the hospital with a nurse leaning over him.

"Are you ok?" the nurse asked.

"No, what happened?" Marik asked.

"You got hit by a car."

"I did?"

"Yes, you broke both legs and both arms, so you will need to be in bed a while."

“For how long?”

“About six weeks.”

“Argh” Marik said in a low harsh tone.

Later a police man came in and talked to Marik.

“Were you anywhere near Ike Polanskansy’s house last night?” asked the policeman.

“No.” lied Marik “why do you ask?”

“He was murdered last night, murdered by an axe to the head. Your fingerprints match the ones on the ax.”

“I told you I wasn’t there. There is no evidence I used it to murder him or her, I might just have touched the ax.”

“We found your fingerprints on the handrail.”

“Maybe I hung out with him one day... wait how the heck did you get my fingerprint?”

“We took it while you were out cold because you were running from that neighborhood as fast as you could, so we were suspicious.”

“You are supposed to get a warrant or my permission.”

“We have a warrant. Once you are out of this hospital you are going to be in jail. That’s karma for you. Good day to you sir.”



Karma and Effect

Chris Schultz

In a trailer park in New Jersey, there were two of the only *Limp Bizkit* fans in the world above the age of thirteen years old, one of them was Joe McFatten, an angry, extremely obese, thirty six year-old man who was paid twenty-five cents per hour to clean bathrooms in a local football stadium. Joe threatened kids who egged his trailer with his plastic whiffle ball bat in his spare time. McFatten's neighbor, Billy Shepherd, was thirty eight and had been living with his mother ever since he was born, had no job, and did nothing but play Xbox live all day. His entire epidermis was a huge farmer's tan so bright that it could burn Stevie Wonder's eyes to a third degree. Both McFatten and Shepherd idolized the critically acclaimed, platinum selling, slightly retarded, and obnoxiously annoying band, *Limp Bizkit*.

One night, while McFatten was cussing out middle school kids on a *Halo* video on *YouTube* and Shepherd was busy in an online pornographic chat room, they both received emails from a *Limp Bizkit* fan club that the band was coming to town, and tickets sold for \$20.00 each. McFatten really wanted to go but couldn't afford it; he needed to think of a plan fast. He knew that Shepherd was finally graduating from kindergarten, and his mom was going to give him some money to celebrate. He also knew that he was going to spend the money on the concert and didn't know what to do. Meanwhile, after Shepherd read the email, his proud mother called him from the living room to congratu-

late his big step to the first grade. “Billy, I know you have struggled over the years in school” said his Mother, “But you kept trying and giving it your all and now you are finally in the first grade, I am so proud of you!! I have something your father gave me before he left six months ago that I think you deserve it for your hard work”.

She dug through her basket that was overflowing with cigarette butts “Close your eyes and open your hand”. Billy opened his eyes and was ecstatic to hold his first twenty dollar bill. The next morning, McFatten and Shepherd went out to get their mail. “So Billy, heard you are finally moving on to first grade, get any awards?” asked McFatten. “Yes I did, I gotted twenty dollars, I am going to have Ma take me to the *Limp Bizkit* concert tonight.” Everything went as McFatten thought, but he still needed to think fast on what to do to get into that concert. Then, suddenly, a light shined on him when Shepherd said “Goh lee, hope I don’t turn my speakers up too loud, if Ma finds out I listen to music like *Limp Bizkit*’s she will take my twenty dollars away and get the cricket bat again.” McFatten was speechless; he came up with an idea. “Welp, have a good one, Joe” said Shepherd as he was walking back into his trailer with no mail. McFatten quickly rushed into his trailer, and got his *Limp Bizkit* CD; there was no time to waste. He was in a rush because the concert was the next night. He brought the CD to the Shepherds’ home. Mrs. Shepherd opened the door and, in anger, said “Look Joe, it was only a one night stand now please leave me alone”. McFatten replied “No Mrs. Shepherd, I was planning on trying that again on Saturday, you know what kind of music your son has been blasting up while you aren’t home?” Mrs. Shepherd looked puzzled, “No” she re-

plied. It was McFatten's time to shine, he confidently said, "Well, let me show you". He put the CD into the *Toshiba* stereo that was stolen from a local *Goodwill* Market. Half-way through the first song had enough F-bombs for Mrs. Shepherd to hear. She turned off the stereo reached for the cricket bat, "Billy! Get your ass in here! What is this you are listening to!?! Just like your Father!" slowly, Billy walks out of his room with the twenty dollar bill; she snatched it out of his hands and started yelling and swearing. McFatten quickly grabbed the twenty dollar bill and ran out of there before things got too intense. Shortly after leaving the Shepherd's residence, McFatten purchased a ticket online and headed to work at the football stadium.

The next night, McFatten got ready for the concert by rubbing deodorant all over his body; he couldn't afford the water bill if he were to shower. He headed out the door. When he was halfway to his station wagon, he heard the destruction of furniture at the Shepherd's house; he also heard Billy yelling "Ya don't know me ma! Show me what ya got....No! Not the cricket bat again!". McFatten shook his head as Billy screamed in pain; then he entered his station wagon and was on his way to the concert. He entered the stadium, went to his seat, and noticed that he and the group of kids that egged his house were the only people there. He didn't pay much attention to it; he waited to watch his favorite band of all time perform. He waited three hours, with nobody else showing up. Another hour passed and finally the band's manager walked up on the stage. He had the look on his face like he hated his job, then announced "I regret to inform you all that the show tonight is cancelled due to the actions of the *Limp Bizkit's* front man, Fred

Durst. He is in the hospital now because he felt it was necessary to practice with his band in a local, gang infested ghetto. When told to leave, he assaulted one of the African American gang members with an air soft gun and has been in critical condition ever since, sorry folks, have a good night”. McFatten was devastated; he thought of what happened. He didn’t show up for work that day, he threw his friend, Billy, under the bus, and he blew his chances with Mrs. Shepherd. He observed everything that happened, as he was about to leave, an egg hit him in the face. He looked over at the kids laughing; his night and possibly his life, was ruined.



Matthew Garrison's Life Lesson

Tom Douglas

A typical day for Matthew Garrison starts with slamming the alarm clock at 5:15 a.m. Matthew showers, rises, gets ready for work, and then leaves. Some days life seems short, but for the most part life is long. Anxiety comes over Matthew as he constantly has fears about his money and all his debts. Money always seems never enough because of those debts. Gambling destroyed Matthew's life. Gambling became an addiction, addiction just as powerful as drugs. Shari, his ex-wife, helps Matthew with finances, hoping one day the help will make Matthew learn to help himself. Lately Shari has given up because of Matthew's unwillingness to be responsible. Matthew, not the smartest person, goes to work every day miserable; he wishes he could be happy, but it just seems impossible. Shari is a financial attorney, so she knows how to be thrifty. Shari helps Matthew set up a budget to where he can earn money and save enough for him. This concept of thriftiness seemed to be very complicated, so Matthew was flooded with debt. With tax day coming around the corner Matthew scrambles in desperation. He knows he cannot pay his debts this year, so he turns to Shari for some assistance. Shari knows tax day is always very woeful for her because Matthew inevitably asks for money every year. Arriving at Shari's house to seek guidance, fear like an ominous cloud before a storm comes over Matthew. Slowly Matthew's body becomes hot as tiny droplets of sweat run down his armpits

to his sides. This feeling from pathetic guilt felt of being a loser frustrates Matthew. With one gulp, he tries to swallow more than he can hold. Reaching for the doorbell, Matthew's hands shake violently. "What's wrong Matthew?" Shari asks. Words cannot form. Finally Matthew says, "Shari I need some help." Shari laughs as the humiliation sweeps over Matthew. How can she even dare help someone that will not even help himself? His irresponsibility led to their tragic divorce. Shari offers to help Matthew in return for helping himself. Shari had never been more sincere with anything until now. She wants to see Matthew succeed. She believes in Matthew. This chance of help might be the last time; still no matter what Matthew did Shari will always be there.

Matthew learns this lesson the hard way after bankruptcy several times. Matthew becomes more humble and starts to admit his mistakes instead of keeping them within. As a result, life truly becomes less of a hassle. With the history of gambling and the destroyed life that Matthew once lived, happiness comes to him in a way that does not come to most. His marriage, his debts, and his life seem well again. Friendships destroyed were turning well again. Life again seems well, but little does Shari know what Matthew wants or has in mind for them.



The Detention Notebook

David Sigman

Bob is a small, obese, mean thirteen year who has a habit for getting in trouble. For Bob, the Hay Toy High detention hall is a second home. One day, Bob was sitting in detention hall for pulling a prank on a fellow student. He was bored, so he opened the desk. Inside, he found a notebook found a notebook. “What is this?” Bob said to himself. Bob picked the notebook up and started reading it.

“This is the story of my five hour detention. I was sentenced for disrespecting a teacher. At first, I thought this was just going to be a regular detention, where I secretly played on the computer; however, the regular teacher who supervised detention won the lottery and resigned so the school hired a new teacher to supervise detention. He used to work for the CIA, but became a teacher for reasons unknown. To make a long story short, he can see everything, so I can’t use my computer. So, instead, I am writing about my experience in detention without the use of my computer. And here it is...”

HOUR 1 – Video Karma:

“Ok, detention just started, everything is ok so far. I once heard that being bored can make you crazy, but that won’t happen to me. I think I can actually go 9 hours without my computer. It is my computer’s fault I am here. The only reason I



HOUR 4 – BOVINE SPIRITUALISM

“It has been 4 hours now. I have now converted to Cowism. I just have written Cowism’s holy book, The Holy Utter. Cowism teaches that milk is holy. Do you know cows came from space? Do you know that cows are cool? I love milk. Milk is great. Do you like milk? MILK AND COWS!

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HOUR 5 – NIRVANA

“Just 30 minutes left, I was looking through my notebook and I was wrong, boredom does make you crazy!!! If anyone finds this, keep this book as a warning to never get in trouble.”

The writing stops.

“You can leave now” said the teacher

Wow, that note book was messed up, maybe I should listen to the book and not get in trouble, or I steal that kid’s money.” said Bob as he walked away.

The Best Years Of My Life?

Chris Thorne

My daily school routine is dull, sometimes I feel like my life is flying by without a chance for me to enjoy it. Every time I think about it my childhood- teen years seems to disappear. Every morning I wake up at five o'clock to leave my house at six o'clock, and be at the first bus stop by seven fifteen. After everyone else has arrived at the bus stop, the bus driver decides to prepare the bus for departure. Being unable to stay awake I close my eyes to rest them before the second bus stop. After the bus has arrived at the second bus stop, and then the volume of the bus rises to a high ear-piercing yell. Now as I am unable to continue resting due to the yelling on the bus, I take out my mp3 music and try to drown out all of the noise by blasting my music into my ears unsuccessfully.

Every day I try this process over, and over again, yet still the same result occurs in the same way, failure, but I still try this procedure in hoping the results are different now, then the day before. After the bus has arrived at its final destination, the school, the first to go are the elementary and other non-high school kids, who get off the bus. Then after they are released off of the bus, and now the next stop is the high school, my stop. Now that I have finally arrived at the school, and still listening to my music, I walked the long walk from the bus doors to the school front doors. As I walk through the front doors I see everybody's face, and even on their faces,

they look tired as well. I begin to think why do older people talk about being, in their teens is great when I don't see any greatness in it? Maybe it is my view of it, but being in your teens is where you are taking the lessons from home and applying them to your personality. In a way it could be that you are shaping yourself into the adult.

As I think about these things while standing around talking dully with my friends, but then the voices of my teachers come into the hallway yelling “ it's time for homeroom, go to homeroom, go to homeroom, time for homeroom.” Hearing this makes me feel as if I were in a prison and the guards are trying to move the inmates back to their jail cells. So as I fall in with the rest of the herd of students to their homerooms, I walk down the hallway and see a couple of my fellow sports jockey who I say “what up” or “what's going on man”. After this I continue my walk again down the hall and once again I am stopped because I say “Hi” to a couple of my female friends. Then once again I continue to walk a couple more steps to my homeroom. My homeroom is a complex feelings about it, maybe it is because I have to come back to the same room three times out of the day is the cause of these feelings.

As I walk into the room I see can that there are a few other students already there, so I walk in and say “Hi” to my advisor, which is probably one of the nicest, most helpful, sweetest lady in the school, responds with a “Hi how are you this morning?” “Fine”. Then I sit down; after a few minutes a couple of students walk down the hallway talking, then after them there are a couple more students that enter in

the classroom, one of them in a sluggish way, the other more in a hurry up-sit down type of way. I begin to talk to one of them, the one who walked in quickly into the classroom, and as we talk about random things during our conversation, occasionally a smile at a joke sort of. Then within a split second my advisor says loudly “it time for class you may go to your....” whatever first period class we would have for the day with a numeral from one to six. After that is said the entire classroom, which were scattered with students in every corner of the room, so I say “Bye see you later”, and now I walk to my first class. Preparing to be bored out of my mind with my fellow students that weren’t to excited about it either.

After everyone has entered the class, and has been settled in ready for “learning” class begins, now that I have already zoned out and haven’t been paying much attention to anything the teacher was saying for the first half hour. I have already been on my school issued computer and been to six non-school authorized sports websites, by this time I’ve come back to the classroom, from being zoned out, and I realized it is close to the time to leave and go to the next class. Now I have moved on to the next class, and I have this funny feeling of relief; that I have finished one part of the day, and now it has already begun to finish in a funny way. Again I repeat this process, and I have once again zoned out; however this time the teacher has noticed that my mind has escaped the classroom, and my attention is more focused to my computer. Not paying much attention to what is going on around me, the teacher comes around behind me, and now is standing over me watching my

computer to see what I am doing. By this time I have a funny feeling the something is wrong; first, I don't hear anything instructions, lectures about the steps to do with the homework.

Feeling this my eyes quickly removed themselves from the computer screen to scan the classroom rapidly, but there is something still wrong I notice that everyone in the classroom looking in my direction. After a couple of seconds I realize what they are looking at, then I begin to close my computer slowly, and without looking back I take out some paper out of my book bag and begin to write down what was left on the front board of the notes that were there. Out of the corner of my eye I can see something start to move from behind me and realizing it was the teacher I already know that I have to stay after class to have "a talk", but that is just a code word for "let's have a talk with your parents about you not paying in attention in my class, and on your computer, so you can get a ear full from your parent all night". As soon as I hear the bell ring I begin to quickly throw my stuff into my bag and tried to disappear in the crowd of students all trying to run through the door at the same time, in hopes of, by the slightest chance of, the teacher forgetting about the computer thing. I knew that it wouldn't work by the time my right foot took its first step out of the classroom.

My name was called, so I turned around slowly because I knew what was to come after that. So my head felt so heavy, with frustration in my failed hopes, falls towards the ground as I begin my slowly walk back into the room. Five minutes later I

leave the room, head down, and body heavy for what was to come later on in the long car ride home with dad, then the talk I have to have with mom. Now I arrived back in the homeroom to see the everybody is already standing at the doorway waiting to leave and go hang out their friends, or go eat lunch. So then I hear the bell and take a sharp step the nearest wall in avoiding the bomb run of student in the room, so I head to my locker to get my lunch, and head to the lunchroom to eat with my fellow jockey teammates. After lunch I go into the main lobby of the school; Which, I sit down on the couches that are there, and from there I can see the doors that, which I dreaded coming through this morning, but I praise when I leave through them at the end of the day. Soon I hear the yells of a teacher announcing "It's time for class, Class time!!!" Dreading this again I begin to start walking to class, and out of the corner of my eye I can see this very attractive and beautiful girl talking, laughing with all her friends.

Sometimes I don't even think she notices me when I am around her, but every time I see her I try to some up enough courage to say hi, and by the time I finally get it I say "Hi" but I say it so low that it comes out so quite that she doesn't even hear it and continues laughing with her friends down the hall to her class. The one chance I had and I barely could speak loud enough for her to even hear it, but I continue the walk to my last and final class of the day, and I take my seat in class and instead of taking my computer out, I took out my pencil and paper. For fear of the teacher catching me again with my computer out, and once again my parents are going to be



called again, which would just add more fuel to the fire. After the class was over I ran out of the classroom with all my stuff again thrown in my book bag, but I start my fast pace walk to my locker and run into the girl again, and not being unable to find the words “ I’m sorry for running into you” I immediately drop to the ground and pick up all of her thing off of the ground and mumbling to myself “ oh great first I can’t even say a simple word like ‘Hi’ and now I run into her and I can’t even say I’m sorry, I am a idiot”.

Not paying attention to her I don’t realize that she is sitting there picking up all of her things, and hearing every single last word that I mumbled. She says “Sorry I should had been paying attention to where I was going, and I don’t think you’re an idiot but a nice guy” but feeling it was all my fault I tell her that “ No, please it was all my fault I’m so clumsy”. It felt as if the world was just lifted off of my shoulders when she finally said something to me. After that conversation and getting my things for basketball practice out of my locker, I started up the hill with a smile from ear to ear, but it quickly fade after I arrived at basketball practice, and the coach continually yelling at us for every little mistake that the team makes. So after practice I brace myself for the long car ride with dad yelling at me for getting in trouble in class, Then at home to have long talk with mom. As I get into the car prepared to received a wave of yelling and screaming, I realize the car was silent and calm. Not trying to bring about any remembrance about my actions earlier in school, I say “ Hi” to him and hoping that he has forgotten about the phone call. The car ride was surprisingly

quiet and peaceful. Without any yelling, screaming, or scolding the whole way home.

Upon arriving at home I realize that my mother isn't home yet, so with a sigh of relief from worrying about the long talk. I try extremely hard to run up the stairs and take off my clothes, shower, and eat my dinner in attempt to finish all of this plus my chores before my mother gets home. By the time I finish these things I dart my eyes to the clock to make sure I know that my mother isn't but a few minutes of the house. After I check the clock I run up the stairs to my room to quickly change and go to sleep in high hopes of her coming in the house to find me asleep peacefully already. Unfortunately, I know better than what I was hoping for, because I knew my mother would come in and wake me up and we would start the dreaded talking process which I hated with a passion. The thing that really is stuck always in my head every time I wake up in the morning, is I repeat this process every morning for the entire school, and nothing ever changes.



Lights Out

Chris Schultz

Constant thought of a substance

Quantity is a forever growing spur

Satisfaction is never guaranteed

Until the world is but an unclear blur

Listen to your eyes; they're right you need to break
the spell

Constant struggle within, seems impossible to expel

You'll black out...

Lights out

You'll pass out...

Lights out

All that used to give to you

It's all come to take away

No such thing as pleasure

Overuse puts you in place

Hallucinogenic screw loose, a mental genocide

I will bid you farewell for ahead of time

You'll black out...

Lights out

You'll pass out...

Lights out

Chemicals are your new logic

You are home on every trip

Your new body

Damaged, consumed, and torn

It's a world of instability in which you are reborn

You'll black out...

Lights out

You'll pass out...

Lights out

You're blacking out

Lights out

You'll pass away

Lights out

Redemption died here