

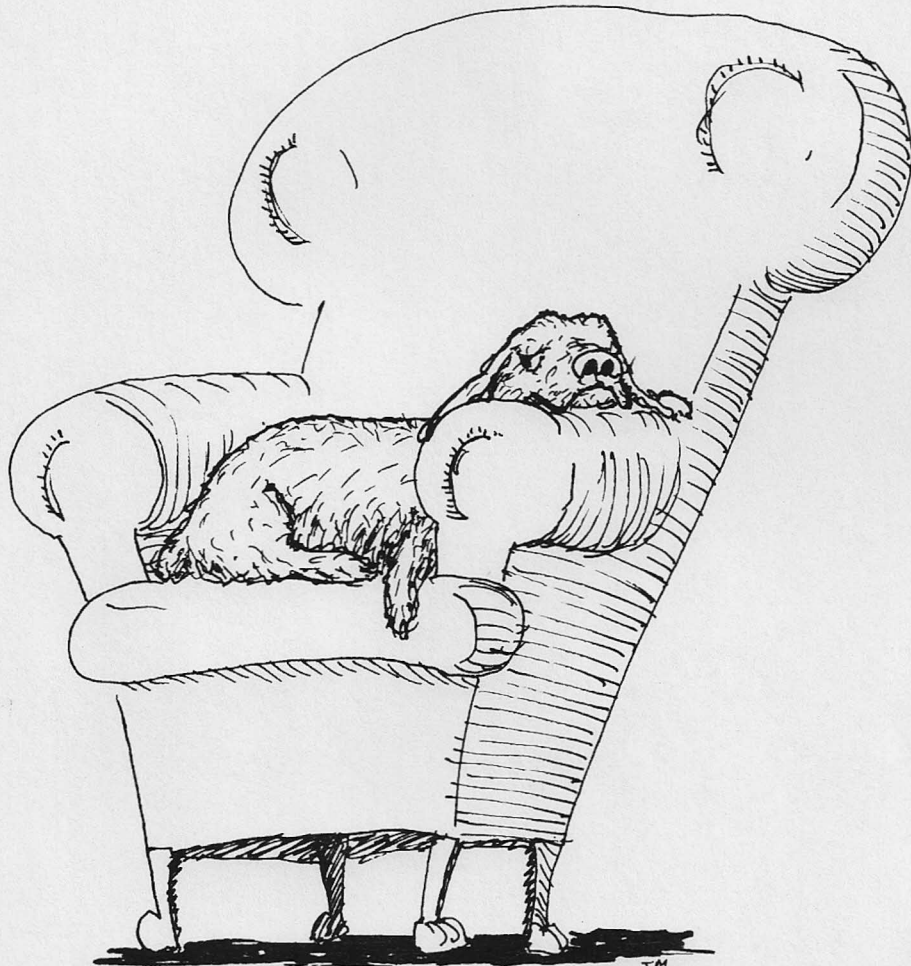
TABLE OF CONTENTS

THAT OLD HOUND.....1	ACADIA.....14
MANIPULATION.....2	ON THE WAY HOME.....15
THE STORM.....3	ALL A DREAM.....16
HAPPY HOLIDAYS.....4	A NIGHT IN D.C.....17
THOUGHTS ON GOVERNMENT.....5	DID THEY CALL ME TO THE OFFICE?.18
A VERY NICE STORY.....6	THE CRASH.....19
DEATH.....7	THERE'S A MONSTER UNDER MY BED..20
WAVES.....8	FRIDAY THE 13TH.....21
MY SISTER'S ROOM.....9	PAPA ROGER.....22
BEYOND SOLUTIONS.....10	ZUCCHINI MANIA.....23
LIFE.....11	RAINY DAY.....24
SOME.....12	A BIPLANE RIDE.....25
THE COLD.....13	CANADA.....26

Suzy Maidens
January 20, 1990
W. Workshop

THAT OLD HOUND

The air was brisk as the aging hound moped towards his home. He slid, carefully, through the small door, which his thoughtful owners had put in for him. It seemed as though no one was home so he climbed into the large armchair and began a long nap. He slept longer than anyone can remember. Yet he made the most beautiful memories anyone who knew him could have.



Suzy Maidens
January 20, 1990
W. Workshop

MY SISTER'S ROOM

HERE'S A STORY OF MY SISTER'S ROOM,
AND JUST HOW IT BECAME HER TOMB.
THERE WAS A TIME WHEN HER ROOM WAS NEAT,
AND WHEN YOU WALKED IN YOU COULD STILL FIND YOUR FEET.
AS TIME WENT BY SHE BUILT UP SO MUCH CLUTTER,
THAT WHEN YOU WALKED BY YOU COULDN'T HELP BUT SHUDDER.
MY PARENTS REPEATEDLY ASKED HER TO CLEAN,
SO SHE SHOVED IT BENEATH HER BED, THINKING SHE WAS KEEN.
ONE DAY SHE WALKED IN LOOKING FOR SOMETHING SHE'D TOSSED.
SINCE THEN WE'VE CONCLUDED THAT SHE GOT LOST.
FOR WEEKS MY SISTER WAS LOST IN HER ROOM.
SO MY FOLKS SEALED IT OFF AND CALLED IT HER TOMB.

Suzy Maidens
January 20, 1990
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BEYOND SOLUTIONS

Look out the window,
Open the door.
Turn around and see your shadow,
Moving idly on the floor.
Life is simple, full of curiosity.
There is no solution, can't you see.
My whole life I've searched for more.
Then I looked out the window,
And opened the door.

LIFE

Life is empty, like a shell.

I scream, and it echoes like a bell.

A constant reminder of life's pain.

Don't try to stop it, pretend not to feel the strain.

Walking down an endless path.

Can't solve your problems by doing math.

Life is shells, bells, pains and paths.

A slight correction to my former deduction.

Life is a constantly changing introduction.

Suzy Maidens
January 20, 1990
W. Workshop

SOME

Something is a cloudy day,

Someone just won't go away.

Something is a big black cat,

Someone has a baseball bat.

Something is a brand new sleigh.

I don't feel like writing something today!

Suzy Maidens
January 20, 1990
W. Workshop

THE COLD

I am alone. Standing in a field of white. The cold,
arctic air whips around me. My fingers and toes are numb with
pain. As I wait for the sun to shine once more.

A whisper in the shadows forces all the fears away.

The creatures of the night turn into the hope of day.

All the world's a stage; we're puppets of someone's play.

And when my sun goes down in the cold earth I will lay.



JM

Suzy Maidens
January 20, 1990
W. Workshop

ACADIA

By the shores of Fundy is where it lies,

My fair Acadie with the pale blue sky.

Fields of yellow scorched by the sun,

Through the hay small brooks do run.

Don't be afraid of the dark clouds ahead,

They stand by the shore or so it is said.

All forces of nature rule this land,

Without them it would not appear so grand.

ON THE WAY HOME...

The night was coming quickly, and the man picked up his pace. The narrow pathway seemed endless and its twisting course was difficult to follow. He hadn't been through these woods since he was a boy; he regretted coming this way, but it was the fastest trail back to his small village from the creek where he had been fishing. That day he had lost track of time. His family was expecting him and twilight was approaching.

His legs began to throb with pain as he ran along the dusty trail.

He should be coming to the village. Could he have taken a wrong turn? No. It was his mind playing tricks on him, and he kept running.

Suddenly he tripped over a log and fell to the ground. The layers of damp leaves had padded his fall, and cooled his head. He looked around sharply. This place was not familiar to him.

Again he assumed his mind was playing tricks on him, and he jumped to his feet. Then, realizing the sun had gone, he shot away like a dart through the dense woods.

He ran for another 15 minutes, then he realized he missed the path home. It would be pointless to try to find his way home now. He found a small cluster of trees and decided to make camp there. He gathered some branches and things for his fire.

That night he chanted prayers repeatedly in his head. Horrible things were known to happen in the woods at night. As the fire slowly turned to ashes he slept. He awoke to the chilly morning air. The sun had just risen, and he must be on his way home. He held his stomach, while thinking of the smells that filled his home in the morning. His wife was a respected cook in his village. He turned his head and became aware of the smoke wafting in the breeze. It was his village! He quickly found the path; he hadn't made a wrong turn after all. Then as he walked through a dense cluster of trees he saw the small cottage. He walked around to the door where he was greeted by an old man.

His shirt was coarse-looking, with small tears around the seams. It was several sizes too large, as it hung pathetically from his body. His pants were in the same condition, a pair of worn suspenders were the only thing holding them up.

"I was expecting you," the old man proclaimed in a cynical tone.

"How did you know?"

"Do you think that I am so old that I would not notice a fire so close to my house?" the old man stepped inside and turned away. "Ha-ha! Ridiculous boy!" he motioned for the dazed man to come into the cottage.

"I was on my way back to the village on the western slope of this mountain." He paused briefly to sit down. "How far do you think it is from here?"

"Well if you were to leave now.....you would get there by midday."

"Good, that is what I had hoped."

"First have something to eat." The old man handed him a wooden bowl and spooned some mush from a small kettle on the stove.

He quickly devoured the meal and had two more servings. When he was finished he prepared to be on his way. The old man filled a small satchel with bread and dried meats, which he handed the young man as he left. The young man shouted "Good-bye" as he left the clearing. Again he was alone in the forest. He picked up a trail and began to hum a tune, which seemed to make time go by more quickly.

In no time he had built up an appetite. So he sat down on a large, flat rock, thinking it would be a good place to eat. He opened the satchel, pulled out a piece of meat, and began gnawing on the tough jerkey. When he looked down to pull a piece of bread out of the satchel, he noticed a snake crawling out from under the rock.

Instinctively the man became motionless as he waited for the snake to leave. Soon he became impatient. The reptile had not moved from his position. Just as he was getting ready to run, the snake slithered back to his home. The man gave a great sigh and was on his way back to the village.

With a bounce in his step he reached the village when the old man predicted. His children and wife were ecstatic about his return, and as they walked into their home the youngest child asked, "Why were you so late in returning home, Father?"

The man then replied smiling, "Well, on the way home..."

Suzy Maidens
January 20, 1990
W. Workshop

ALL A DREAM

The small town was silent now. All day long the tv stations were broadcasting reports on the destruction of earth. Families gathered in their homes around the world. Questions filled everyone's minds as the television reporters tried to provide explanations. Life had a different meaning now that people knew they had little time.

They didn't spend all their money on a vacation. They didn't call their bosses to tell them off. Instead, now, they sat in silence, it really didn't matter who you were with. Life seemed so unimportant in this vast universe. They hardly had time in this world to answer the questions. And now news reporters rushed to answer them in the 8 hours of existence they had left.

And in the end, when the catastrophe occurred, the people were at ease. Most had gone to sleep as broadcasters said it would be the best way to go. Except for small groups of people, watching and waiting.

THE END

A sudden disturbance awakened me as I drifted through a cascade of gases. I saw a huge explosion in the distance.... It was over and I was a separate being now... *no!* I was yet another part to an even greater being. I was at ease, just as I had left earth. *And then I slept.*

Suzy Maidens
January 20, 1990
W. Workshop

A NIGHT IN D.C.

The evening had gone as planned. Once the thieves had opened the vault they took off, probably miles away, counting the change from the register. The old man shouldn't have resisted. Now he can't stop them since he's dead.

There he was lying on the cold white tiles. Blood on the crease of his mouth, his wrinkles seemed to roll off his face in a drooping manner. The position of his hand made it look as though he was reaching for the phone when he collapsed. His shirt was stained with blood from the wound in his shoulder which caused his death.

He had worked in the small corner store since he was a boy. His father let him take over after college. At home his family waited for his arrival. What will they do when he never returns? But it doesn't matter any more. After it appears on the 10 o'clock news he will be forgotten.

Everything he worked for would be taken away. The house he bought with his life savings would soon be auctioned off. All this was caused by two common criminals who hadn't worked for anything decent in their lives.

MANIPULATION

It takes a skillful mind to manipulate. Although I didn't know how to spell it until a few minutes ago, I've been doing it my entire life. Manipulation means, of course, to control or play upon in an insidious manner, usually to one's own advantage.

An example of manipulation is when I tell my mother that I did the dishes the night before so that I don't get stuck with the job. Another example could be when I'm doing a school project with a friend and somehow they end up doing all the work.

Manipulation comes quite naturally to a lot of people; sometimes you don't even realize what you're doing. Let's say you're writing a report for school, and it would take you hours to type the final copy. By telling your mother or father that it is due the next day and that you'll never finish it (which is partially true), they decide, out of pity, to type it for you.

In school, manipulating your teachers is an enormous feat. There are few who can accomplish this. Some examples could be forging a letter, or maybe getting a project in late and somehow getting full credit for it. I have one teacher who tells us to manipulate his words. I have yet to figure that one out.

Suzy Maidens
January 20, 1990
W. Workshop

DID THEY CALL ME TO THE OFFICE?

It was an ordinary school day. I sat down in World Studies and began to write down our assignment. I heard my name called over the P.A. system. What was that? I asked the person sitting next to me if it was true. When they replied yes I wearily stood up. With a nod from my teacher I left the classroom.

The halls of the frigid school were silent. As I passed classrooms I could momentarily hear teachers speaking, and I was reminded of work I was missing. Then I began to wonder. For what reason would they have called me to the office? What if my mother had come to take me on a business trip with her to Florida! In that case I'd better get my bookbag so we can get home to pack right away. No, that couldn't be it. Maybe on the way to school my sister's bus skidded on the slushy road and got into an accident with eight cars and went off the side of the bridge. Shaun is probably in a coma, and my father came to take me to the hospital. Probably not. Shaun's bus doesn't go over a bridge. Now I'm positive I know what it is. It's that book report I handed in late! They're going to take me out of the G.T. class. Actually that might not be too bad, but I doubt they'd let me out for that.

Walking to the office is exhausting. I'd better stop at a water fountain. I'm approaching the office and I walk in. The secretaries are chatting, so I scan the room for my mom or dad. My English teacher isn't here either. Any bewildered relatives in sight? No, I don't see any. The secretary is looking at me. Oh, no, what should I do?

"Can I help you?" the secretary asks, staring at me.

"I'm Suzanne Maidens," I said dumbfounded. "You called me to the office." She looked down and pulled something off a table. Maybe an article of clothing I have to identify to prove it was Shaun's body they found.

"You left this in English yesterday," the secretary said as she handed me my vocabulary book.

I went to my locker, book in hand. After a moment I placed the book in my locker and went back to class. It was going to be just another ordinary day.

THE CRASH

As one o'clock rolled around, the hazy afternoon sun became unbearable. Mrs. Emerson walked into the kitchen, expecting to find her family in what was the coolest room in the house. But she had to persuade herself not to get upset. The children didn't like it when she got upset. She stood in front of the fan. The cool air that it gave off was almost priceless to her family when summer became harsh. A sort of stench filled the air all summer long.

Mrs. Emerson decided to walk down to the small river that she had always found soothing. As she strolled down a worn path, thoughts rambled around in her mind. Their flight had been on time that brisk day in March. Mrs. Emerson remembered looking out the window of the plane and seeing the wing burst into flames. Her children were screaming, but she couldn't ease their pain. She feared she could never hold them again.

Mrs. Emerson could hear the sound of the water now. The thoughts that had occupied her mind moments ago left as she stepped onto a large rock on the river bank. Water splashed onto her ankles while she skipped pebbles on the river. Suddenly she lost her footing on the wet rock and slid into the icy water. As she plunged beneath the surface, she gasped for a last breath of air.

THERE IS A MONSTER UNDER MY BED

Little Johnny What's-his-name was just getting ready for bed. He turned on his night light and jumped into his bed. He cried, "Mo-o-o-m-m-y-y!" His mother came running into his room.

She then asked, "What's the matter?"

"There is a monster under my bed," Johnny whined.

"Don't be silly. There are no such things as monsters. Go back to bed. You have school tomorrow."

So Johnny's mother left, and it was five minutes before he cried, "Da-a-d-d-y-y!" His father came running into the room.

"What's going on up here?" his father inquired.

"Oh, Dad, there is a monster under my bed," Johnny moaned.

His father gave him a plastic baseball bat for protection and told him to go to bed.

So Johnny went back to sleep. And the monster ate him. It really did.

Suzy Maidens
January 21, 1990
W. Workshop

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1989

It was about 9:15 AM and I was writing down our assignment for class. The teacher began talking, and everything seemed normal. What we didn't know was that something disastrous was to happen that day.

Not too far away at Sugarloaf Mountain, people were noticing small movements beneath the ground. Moments later, the ground trembled fiercely and the top of Sugarloaf blew open! Debris flew everywhere as toxic gases spurted out of the small volcano. With the wind blowing in our direction, the gases blew over our school. Everyone collapsed where they were as volcanic ash covered the area.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 3489

It was an average day for the archeologists. They scanned the sight of the dig with laser beams for information. Once they found a large building, they wanted to excavate they marked the sight. Large machines began taking away volcanic ash as they slowly uncovered the sign that read "Ridgeview Intermediate School." They decoded the writing and soon know they had found the oldest building ever found on a dig. They dated it to be about 1,500 years old.

Once inside they found strange devices that punched 3 holes in any object placed in it, probably a blood-letting device. In every room there was a machine with a crank on the wall, most likely a torture device for your fingers. In each room they found one adult person, a keeper for the group of smaller persons in the room. Books were found with names and grades for all children. These were thought to be records of good or bad behavior. The archeologists soon had a hypothesis explaining this was a prison or correctional institution for children.

BACK IN 1989

People could have the strangest ideas about us. Just like we have about past cultures. Friday the 13th is just the day for something like this to happen. Just imagine what they'd think if a disaster occurred on Halloween night.

Suzy Maidens
January 25, 1990
W. Workshop

PAPA ROGER

My favorite relative is my mother's dad, He is an interesting guy. Every morning he gets up at 5 o'clock, to go bike riding, since it is a cool time of day. He then rides around getting aluminum cans and going by store dumpsters.

Last Christmas when we went out there he brought home 7 large boxes filled with bags of potato chips. Their expiration date was the next day so the store gave them to him. Another time he found a cordless phone which was missing an antenna, so we took it to the store and replaced it with a new one.

About a year ago he had a heart attack, and my mother was a basket case for days. As soon as he got home from the hospital he began riding ten miles every morning again. I really don't know what Grandma Jack would do without him.

Once he was fixing the roof of their home, and my grandmother wouldn't even look. A neighbor called up and said there was a crazy old man climbing around on the roof.

My grandfather is a great story teller. I can't begin to tell you about all the stories he can tell, a different one each time. He was in the navy, and sailed around some South Pacific islands. He was also a U.S. Customs agent on

the Mexican border. He said he once helped take the top off a truck that was filled with marijuana. His navy stories are the stuff that movies are made out of.

I don't think I'll ever know anyone else quite like Papa Roger.

ZUCCHINI MANIA

Recently my mother has been going crazy over health food. We have accumulated loaves of 7 sprout bread and rarely get a chance to eat a greasy hamburger when she's around.

Last summer our neighbors, who have a large garden, decided to ruin our vacation. It seemed they had too many squashes and such for their family. So about every other day they'd come over offering a green garbage bag filled with mutant vegetables, which my mother gladly accepted.

At first it wasn't so bad. I used to like zucchini. But after having to eat it for breakfast, lunch and dinner, it became an awful reminder of our plight.

My mother had gone too far. So I devised this list of ways we could use this green terror if we get into that situation again.

26 Ways To Use Zucchini

1. Use especially big ones for jack-o-lanterns.
2. Circular slices on eyes to remove wrinkles.
3. Blended, it could be used as putty to seal cracks.
4. Freeze-dry and use as yule log.
5. Take mutant-size, wire, and use as table lamps.
6. Small ones could be used as Christmas ornaments.
7. Self defense mechanism.
8. Long ones for baseball bats.
9. Small one carved for edible spoon.
10. Shredded and cooked zucchini for hamburgers.
11. Put in small bag and brew for zucchini tea.
12. Use an end as nose sunblock.
13. Raw end rubbed on body as bug-repellent.
14. Draw a face on one; the older the fuzzier and cuddlier toy for kids.

15. Stick zucchini cigaret tes in loved ones smokes; they'll get the sudden urge to quit.
16. Zucchini for a bunny costume ear.
17. The other ear.
18. Substitute zucchini for football.
19. Mashed zucchini pulp frozen in balls for summer snowballs.
20. Painted yellow, a substitute for banana in the fruit bowl.
21. For a missing bottle cap, shove a piece in for a cork.
22. Dug out canoe for little sister's Barbie.
23. Use slices for checker pieces.
24. Large dried out slices for coasters.
25. Larger dried out slices for frisbees.
26. Paste on shoes for worn out spots.

Well, maybe only 26 ways, but it beats zucchini loaf sandwiches for lunch.

I suppose my lifetime achievement would be to become the master manipulator, the president of the world, because after all, we select some of the smartest people for government office, at least that is what we think.

Suzy Maidens
January 20, 1990
W. Workshop

RAINY DAY

The rain was pouring outside, and there was nothing to do. I had an idea, so I slipped on some old shoes and put on a sweater. Then I grabbed an umbrella and went outside. I love the rain. I like to take off my shoes and walk on the warm street.

I went to my driveway and down to the carport. Our catamaran is stored there when it isn't in use. The water was up to my ankles, so I carefully stepped on pieces of wood until I was on the catamaran. Then I slid under the canvas on the trailer holding the catamaran.

I lay on my back and looked through a seam in the canvas at the sky. I watched the clouds go by all afternoon.

Finally I walked out of the carport, because the rain had stopped. I walked out into the street and watched the steam float off the pavement. I did something that afternoon that was more interesting than anything I had done that summer.

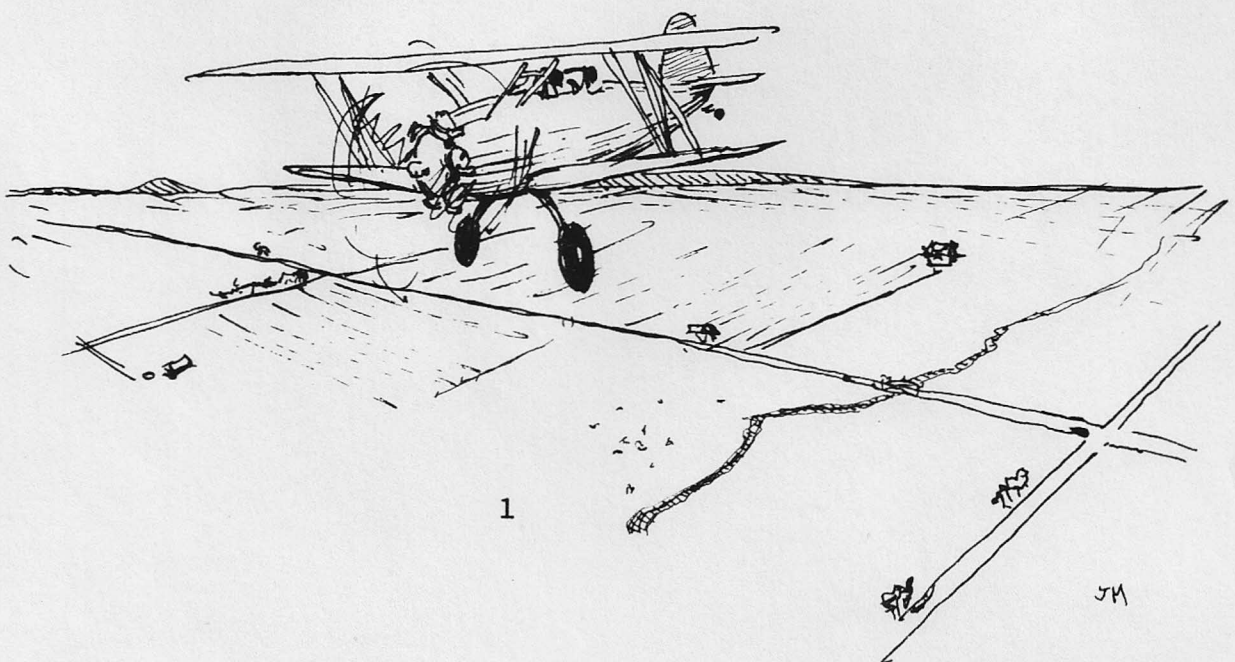
Suzy Maidens
January 20, 1990
W. Workshop

A BIPLANE RIDE

Riding in an open cockpit biplane was truly unique. When I climbed in and sat down, I felt so small compared to the plane.

As the engine started and the propeller began to turn, the wind blew over the plane. When it taxied down the runway, the plane was shaken by the uneven ground below. As we began to pick up speed I noticed that we were off the ground and gaining altitude. Then the plane shifted to the right and I looked over my shoulder to see the miniature countryside below.

After a series of turns, diving and climbing, the plane began to descend. When it touched down I lost the feeling of flying freely. When I finally climbed out of the plane I couldn't wipe the smile off my face. I don't think I'll ever forget the joy of riding in a biplane.



Suzy Maidens
January 20, 1990
W. Workshop

CANADA

Over summer vacation my mother, sister and I went on a trip to Canada. We planned to drive up and back and camp along the way.

We left early one morning. I can remember having ham and hard-boiled eggs for breakfast. The first day we got all the way to New Hampshire. Along the way there we took the ferry to the Statue of Liberty and had lobster for dinner in Boston. I could hardly believe all the things we saw as we drove the first day.

On the second day we drove through Maine and camped at Acadia National Park on an island. Then we took a six-hour ferry ride across the Bay of Fundy to Nova Scotia. There we got our money exchanged into Canadian dollars.

We drove up along the coast until we found a place to stay at Belle Baie Park. We set up our tent right next to the water. I was worried it would splash up and reach our tent. About a half hour later the water was about a half mile out, and we walked out on the rocky beach. There were millions of periwinkles and tiny sea creatures on the rocks.

We then drove up to Northumberland Strait where the temperature had dropped enough that we had to wear winter clothes. After we spent the night there, we left for Fundy National Park. We had heard great things about it.

Fundy Park was great. The deer would stand in the open meadows where you could take pictures. We spent two nights there, which wasn't nearly enough, before we moved on.

We headed back the way we came. When we entered the U.S. it seemed strange because the signs were no longer in English and French. On the trip back we stopped at L.L. Bean to get a birthday present for my brother. The place was huge.

We didn't make many stops on the way home because we didn't have much time to spare. We arrived at home late that night. I didn't bother unpacking my bags. I just went to sleep. That was the end of an exciting vacation.

THE STORM

The storm is waiting always just beneath the horizon. As the wind picks up, it sweeps the rustling leaves into the air. Slowly, yet surely, dark gray clouds hover across the sky. Everyone runs for shelter as they begin to feel the gentle fall of raindrops. Suddenly, the rain comes harder, beating down and soaking all who disregarded the first signs of the storm. The wind blows and lightning cracks, lighting the dark clouds above. As time passes the rain slows. And when the clouds part the sun shines through and a rainbow appears in the gray sky. The storm is at rest again, waiting just beneath the horizon.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

The holiday season brings many different emotions out of everyone. Sometimes I just can't stand it. The hype, the hassles, teachers assigning holiday topics. But there's always a warm kind of muffled feeling that brings everyone closer. A room full of people that might not know each other could break out into a chorus of "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" for no particular reason. Of course there is a reason for this typical "holiday/jolly" attitude. It's that holiday cheer that seems lost the rest of the year. There's one other thing that the holidays bring, and that perspective we can never forget. Many people have no place to go, no home to retreat to in the winter when it snows. People should see it's not just putting up the Christmas tree. It's friends and family. And even though it's cold outside, the holiday season is the warmest time of year.

Suzy Maidens
January 20, 1990
W. Workshop

THOUGHTS ON GOVERNMENT

Recently I have been inspired to question the meaning of Communism. First of all there cannot be a perfect system of government. In fact I believe the only way we can have an enjoyable life is to abolish government. After all, we are human beings, not androids seeking good economics and foreign trade. Why do we need leaders? To represent our views to other leaders?

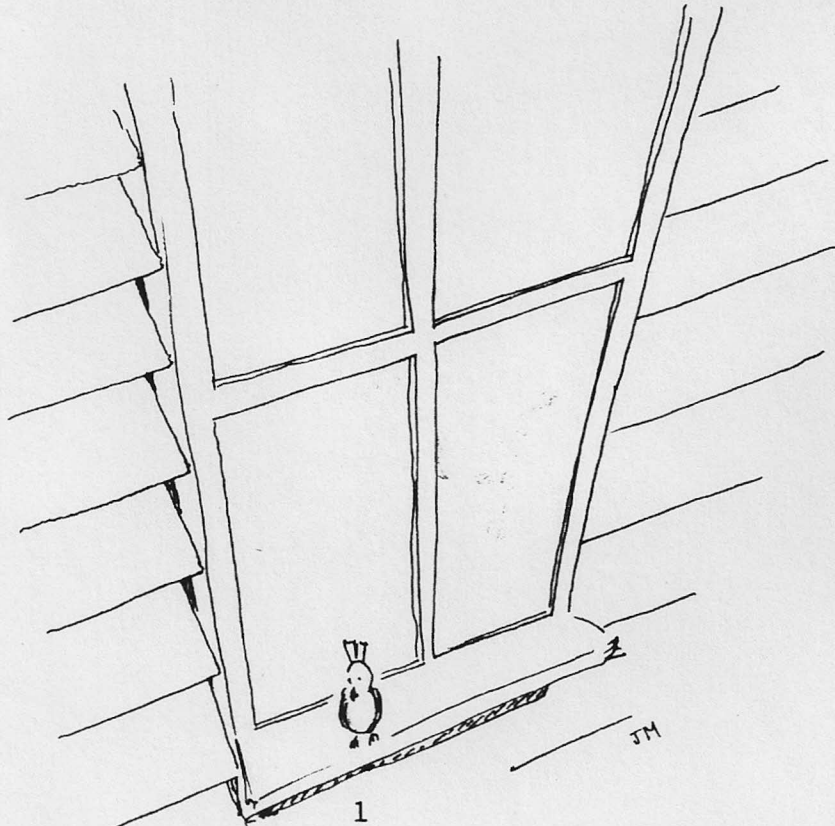
Communism, I'm sure, started with only good intentions for people. But leaders of today are corrupt. They take money that should go to the people and use it for themselves. I'm fed up with watching the news and seeing all the faults of government surface. I suppose a world where everyone is content with living freely, a wonderful world that would be, can never exist. It's too late now and we shouldn't dwell on things we can never change.

Suzy Maidens
January 20, 1990
W. Workshop

A VERY NICE STORY

The little bird perched on the windowsill, singing its song. Inside the young girl yawned and stretched as she stepped out of bed. Just outside dew rested upon the spiderwebs which were strewn across the neat row of bushes, creating the illusion of an early frost. The fat old cat crept across the room, eyeing the tiny songbird on the windowsill. It was the beginning of a perfect day.

A very nice story is a daydreamer's tale, an excuse to disconnect oneself from reality. Since the dawn of time man has sought out this Utopia. Never did it occur to him that it existed in his own imagination.



DEATH

When I was in fifth grade my great-grandmother died. I can't explain how I felt how I felt correctly, now. I loved her but I couldn't feel bad. Because she had lived a full life and it was time for her to go. I remember when my granny died. She wasn't actually my grandmother. She was a close friend with our family. When I heard on the phone that she was dead I can remember crying. I suppose death affects all of us in different ways. Being young, I probably didn't understand why she had to go. Now I've realized that being alive is a long and turbulent learning experience, which simply ends with death. I guess I really miss my great-grandmother, but I guess I'll never really now.

WAVES

Waves lifted the young girl up and gently set her down. The afternoon sun burned her round face. The steady rhythm of the waves set her mind wandering. Seaweed gathered around her feet as she waded among tiny fish.

Suddenly she was lifted higher than before. Frightened, she struggled to the other side of the wave. Almost over the top she leaned over, only to be slapped in the face with the cold, salty water. In a split second she was beneath the water. Swirling blue and green confused her as she struggled to the top.

Gasping for air, she emerged from the foaming water. Then, unable to understand the murky Atlantic, she returned to the beach.