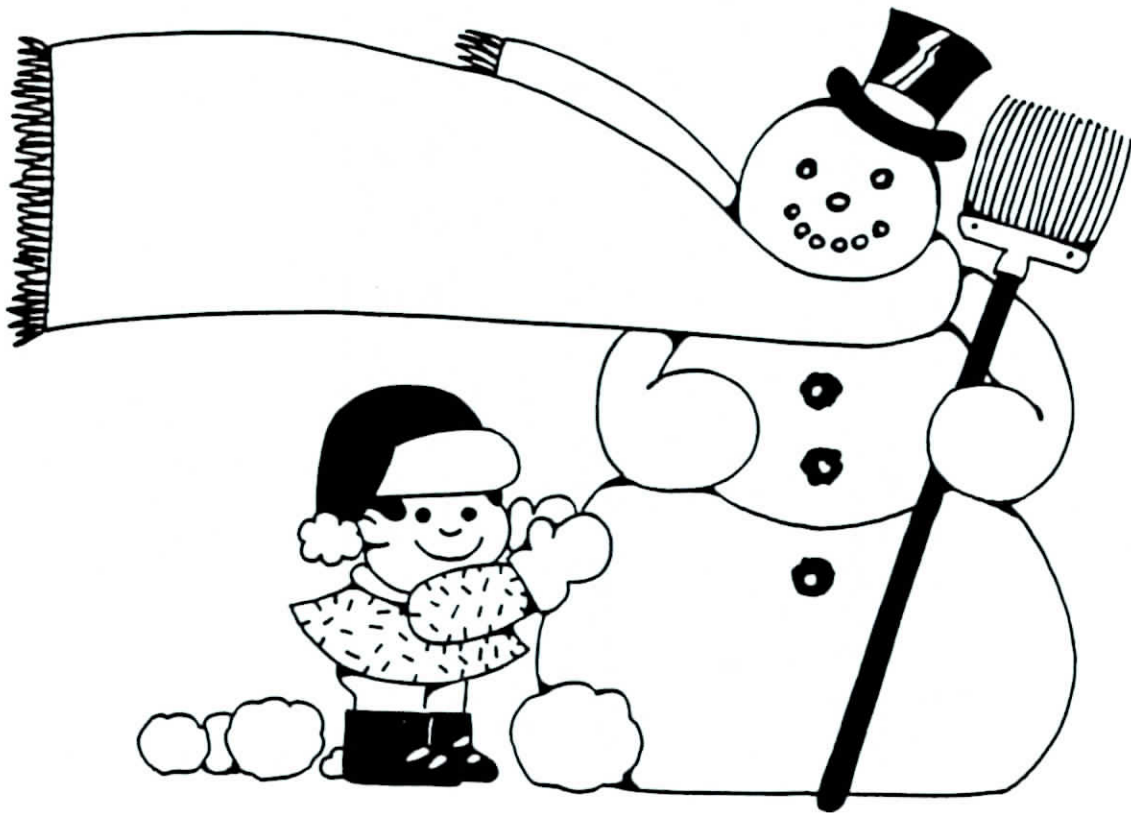


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Chopstick Chick
page 2

Food for Thought
page 4

Anarchy
page 5

Kookie Stuff
page 6

You Fruit
page 7

Pain
page 8

Movie Review

Ace Ventura 2: When Nature Calls

by Rachel Hook

When I started seeing previews on TV for Ace Ventura 2: When Nature Calls, I was so excited because I loved the first movie and I had been hoping they would make a sequel. I watched Ace Ventura about 15 times and you can only watch a movie so many times before it gets old. So I was a little bit disappointed when I saw Ace Ventura 2 because it was like the first movie all over again. It was still funny but a lot of the jokes were the same. I wouldn't recommend this movie to anyone that thinks they are really mature. In this movie Ace goes to Africa to try and find a stolen white bat. He hangs out with the natives who like him because they think he acts like a silly little girl. He chases one suspect after another trying to find the white bat, of which he is very afraid of by the way. Ace loves all animals except for bats. I think the funniest part of the movie is when Ace finds himself trapped inside a fake rhino. It's very hot in there so he takes off all his clothes and then finds the only way out is through the rhino's butt. So he is pushing his way out and some tourists stop by thinking the rhino is giving birth. It's pretty gross. In the beginning there is also a funny parody of the movie Cliffhanger. Eventually Ace overcomes his fear of the bat and returns it to the natives.

Downtown Saturday Night

by Michael Weber

The fund-raiser at Downtown Saturday Night on November 4th was very profitable for the "Youth Storefront Project". There were 6 bands that preformed that night, which helped raise money for "Youth Storefront".

We set up in front of Dizzy G's at about 5:00, but for some reason we had to keep moving. By about 7:00 the first band, SPIRAL FIX, played. They were pretty good altogether, but it sounded like the guitarist had the same sound for all the songs. If you like NIRVANA you'll like SPIRAL FIX. Next in line was some guy named Art, who I think scared everyone away playing his 80's pop music. Third in line was a band named DAWN. They played classic sounding rock, and started bringing back the crowd. NEGLECT was very hard and loud; I would say they were good if you like "Death Metal". Fifth was a Christian band named S.O.G. (Sons Of God), which was so Death sounding, that if I hadn't known any better I would have thought they were Satanic. The last band that played was a band that I kind of play for, P.M. BLUES. I think we did all right, playing classic blues rock. I loved it.

Altogether it was a good night downtown, I had fun.

-Sixteen-

by Heather Gintz

Sixteen. Sometime shortly after we are born, the magic number is imbedded in our brains. For approximately 5,840 days we wait in great anticipation for the big one-16.

On this momentous day you are now allowed to drive on the streets of Tucson without a licensed driver, 18 or older sitting in the seat next to you giving you the benefit of all his or her bad habits, stomping on the nonexistent brakes, tightening his seatbelt or wiping his sweaty brow.

At sixteen you can also get a job, something you could do legally yesterday. Oh, what that \$4.25 will buy! You figure \$4.25 times 30 hours-My gosh! I will be financially independent.

Then your payday arrives and after taxes you are reduced to middle class. After a long talk with your financial advisors, you will find out your car's insurance needed to get to this high paying position will cost you one pay check per month. Now you find yourself down to poverty level.

Remember it took approximately 5,840 days to land this job, my pathway to fame and fortune? Let's see, in 730 days I will be 18. I can hardly wait!

Advice Columns

HELP ME DOC
BY DIANA LAY/HAGEN

CHOPSTICK CHICK: YOU ASK, I REPLY

HELLO PROJECT M.O.R.E.:

I AM TAKING OVER FOR DR. JOYCE BROTHERS! SAY HELLO TO D.R. LAY! IF YOU'VE GOT A QUESTION, I'VE GOT AN ANSWER! IF YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM, I'VE GOT A SOLUTION! OKAY, I'M READY FOR YOU. YOU MAY BECOME A CELEBRITY! TALK TO ME BABY...!

YES, HELLO, I'M HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT LETTING MY BEST FRIEND MOVE IN WITH ME AND MY MAN. SHE'S HAVING A LOT OF PROBLEMS, AND NEEDS A FRIEND. MY BOYFRIEND SAID IT WOULD BE OKAY IF SHE MOVED IN AS LONG AS SHE STAYED IN OUR ROOM, AND I SLEPT ON THE COUCH. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

CONFUSED
PJ M.O.R.E.

CONFUSED, ARE YOU CRAZY! WHAT KIND MAN IS THIS? SOUNDS MORE LIKE A BONE HEAD. LET YOUR FRIEND MOVE IN AND LET HIM MOVE... OUT! TAKE RICKI'S ADVICE AND KICK HIM TO THE CURB!

DOC

HEY, DOC! I WANT TO STRAIGHTEN MY LIFE OUT. I AM TIRED OF THE DRUG AND DRINKING LIFE. I DON'T SEE MYSELF ANYWHERE IN FIVE YEARS. BUT, MY FRIENDS DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY I WANT OUT, CAUSE IT'S SO MUCH FUN. BUT I WANT TO REMEMBER THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE. HELP ME!

WEED
PJ M.O.R.E.

WEED, I AM PROUD OF YOU AND I HOPE I CAN HELP. HOW ABOUT SIGNING UP WITH JOE FOR LIFESTYLES OF CLEAN & SOBER. I'M SURE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO RELATE WITH OTHERS YOUR AGE, WHO HAVE BEEN WHERE YOU ARE. GIVE IT A CHANCE. GOOD LUCK WEED!

DOC

Dear Chopstick Chick,
What's with all the advice columns? What makes people write questions to someone they don't even know and ask for their opinion? And worse yet, what makes a person answer questions from persons that are obviously too disturbed to realize the answers themselves? What is America coming to?

Klarissa

Dear Klarissa,

What's with all the annoying people in the world? Why can't they be open minded instead of being so narrow? If there is something that an individual isn't into then why can't she go find something that she is into? Why does that person have to speak her mind just to make it hell for the rest of us? Go figure. I guess this world is full of all kinds of problems!

Dear Chopstick Chick,

I'm afraid my boyfriend is cheating on me. I have been hearing the rumor for a while now and I beginning to think it's true. I've not actually seen him or collected evidence yet but three of his ex's have come up to me and have told me that he is indeed cheating. They can't tell me with whom and they won't tell me when, but they're positive he is. Should I ask him about it or just break it off?

Confused

Dear Confused,

By all means communicate with you're boyfriend. If the situation were reversed, would you prefer to be asked or dumped if you were suspected of cheating? That is a major key word there, my dear - "suspected". When you're suspected of murder you're given a fair trial. The judge doesn't say, "I heard you killed some one; Bailiff hang him."

Consider the sources too. They're his ex - girlfriends. They know what a great guy you have. Another side point is the fact that they won't even tell you when or with whom he had allegedly cheated. Do the mature thing and talk to your boyfriend in a calm manner. Even if he is cheating, you'll gain respect from all the parties by relying on yourself to get the truth and not blending in to the "he said - she said" crowd.

JEDI G.

YEAR JADDA GHJI!
HAW HAHMFAL IS IT ,IMN FAC, TO SOBSIST ENTIHRLH
OHM FLTRD AMBHG WREECHONSHATOODE' BODHI-LEE
WAST PRODOOKS.! IT IS THAEH HALTIEST HAJVE EVAR HELT
IN DHE EMTIER LIEFE.
-JOVE, Delf-SOSTENGING, MEALS, UH HUH YAY.!:
DEEAR ZOLG-SUSTAINING BADASS MEALS DUDE,,,
HAY. LIK A ALWAS SA. AMBIT FEELS S GOT, YO DOIT TOIT,
DUDED. YOU KNOE IF YAR NART HARMING ANTIBODY,
WHA SHOD BIIGBROTTHRE BE BREEDING DOWN YUOR
NACK.?Th GUNVER MAN TAKS WAWAY OUR PERSONNL
RIGHT S EVERE DA F THU WEED (IMEENWEEK! HE!
HEHEHUHUUHUU! HI)(DUDE!) I MEAN,
CANBANBIS(WHO IS ALO THU AJIPSIAN GOD OF THE
UNDER WORLD) HAS MANA OTHR USES LIKE MEDICINAL
IMENE, WHO IS T SAY THAT.IMEAN GEORC WOSHITON
TOKKDE -UP DUDEDDED DUD.DODE. DIODE.
DUDE.DUUU-HU-HU-HUUUDE.

DOUD, WHA Z LEROAI ALMAIS ON ME BABOUD ME WALLEK
CHAEN DUED IT NOTS FAIHR. THE SCCUL NOW POCHER
MOERE I S LIEK U CHADISHINEL. SCOohl NOW. DUDE IT
LIKE SUCS

LOVE, GOLFY FROG BAYOUHAZERD

DER BUY EL-HAZIB=

ABAV ALL ,RMAMBER THE FITH PILLOR F THE FIVE DEADLEY
PERSENT VENOM::S: NEVER STOPPING KILLING ZE
WHITIDEVAL S. CEEP THAHTS ON YOR LESSONS. I SURE LE
RAOR WOULD ENJO NOFING BEDARR DEND TCHO SNATCHT
BOO PON DE KNOT MIT DE BLODCLOT 49311 ANMAK
YOU "FACE THE DRAGON". (DID YO U KNW TTHAT
LEAROC IS THE EDIPSIN ONDARWORL'D GHOD OF
CBANABINASSABISS, THE USED FOER MANA USE , LIKE FOOD
MADISINEL FOOD ROEP.)
LAGELESE YAOR MOIND. DHD.
DEYR JEED JAY.
WHAT DO YOU THINK WOULD HAPPEN TO THE SOCIETY IF
MARIJUANA WAS LEGAL?
_SIGNED WEEDLES IN SEATTLE

DR WDLASS N THA SEATOWN/
WHY, MY DUDE , EF WHED WERES LAGEL, SOCETITY WOLD
HAVE A VERTICAL CORNOPINOCCHIO PLUS PLEATHERHETERO
OF ROPE, PAPPER, AND MEDISINEL. LIBERTARIAN IN 96.
DUDE. DUUUUUUDE. PANTARA KIKCS AS.

DAEAR HEDI HEE
WHERE DO YOU GET OFF CALLING YOURSELF A JEDI?
SIGNED, JEALOUS WHITE DEVIL

(ANSWERED BY MY ESTEEMED COLLEAGUE, RIGHTEOUS
GOD DAWUD EL-HAJJ ACHMED 2X)
DEAR TREACHEROUS SNAKE WITH WEAKNESS IN YOUR
HEART,
I ONLY PRAY THAT WHEN YOU GAZE UPON YOUR
HELLBOUND VISAGE EACH MORNING YOU KNOW IN YOUR
PALE SINNER'S HEART THAT YOU ARE AN ABERRATION, A
DEVIATION OF THE MIGHTY BLACK TRIBES OF ISRAEL,
CREATED BY THE EVIL SCIENTIST YACUB 6000 YEARS AGO,
GRAFTED FROM ORIGINAL PURE AFRICAN GENES. BUT I AM
NOT WORRIED. I AM NOT THREATENED. FOR I KNOW IN
MY RIGHTEOUS HEART THAT YOUR RULE OVER THIS PLANET
ENDED 75 YEARS AGO, ALL PRAISE DUE TO MIGHTY

ALLAH. YOUR RACE IS BY NATURE WEAK AND WICKED,
YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN YOUR LESSONS, LOST BROTHER. I
WILL NOT SEE YOU IN HELL. BUILD OR DESTROY.
YYER YYYDI YYYYY

FRANZ IS THE FATHER OF MY BABY. LGOLIZE WHEDE.
SIGNED, THE SAME GUY WHO SAID WHAT WOULD WOULD
HAPPEN IF WEIHD WAS LEGEL.

DR MEDICINE PAPER ROPE AND OTHER USSZE.
YOU KNO WHAT DR BUD GREEN SAY,S GOD SAID THAT 'I
GAVE MANKIND ALL THE SIED-BARING PLANT AND URBS TO
USETH, AD SMOKETH'SO I SA LEGALUSETH YOUR RAGETH
AGAINST ETHE GOVER-MA-SHEEN. ETH.

DEAR J.G.
CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE SEEMING LACK OF INVOLVEMENT
AND ENTHUSIASM BY PROJECT M.O.R.E. STUDENTS
DURING THE FORUMS?
NED: SUPER BLUE-GREEN ALGAE HUFFER

A: METHINKS YA HAVEN NOT BUN TAKING YOR
MEDICINAL, DUDER IT'S LAK I TOLD MY WIFE LUNDA : "IF
YA DON NOT QUIT IT WITH THA 'YAK-YAK,YAK', YER
GONNA BE SPEND YER NIGHTS ON TH COUCH" POOR
BENIGHTED SOUL, BARELY SPEAKS ENGLISH. BUT I DURESS:
MY POINT IS THAT NO MATTER HOW LOUD SHE NAGS ME IN
FRONT OF THE GUYS DURING THE GAME, NO MATTER HOW
MUCH SHE NAGS ME ABOUT COMING HOME FROM WORK
WITH A LITTLE JIM BEAM ON ME BREATH, NO MATTER HOW
MUCH SHE CRIES AT THOSE GOD-AWFUL MOVIES SHE DRAGS
ME TO, I STILL LOVE THE GIRL. HONESTLY FOLKS, ISNT
ABOUT TIME SOME-ONE STUCK UP FOR THE LADIES? I MEAN
COME ON!

DHAR JHADDA-EL-SHABAZZ
Q:AN EVERYDAY PROBLEM THAT SEEMS TO COME UP EVERY
DAY IS THAT OF DRESSING. I TRY TO GET OUT OF THE
HOUSE NUDE BUT I AM CONSTANTLY GETTING ARRESTED
BECAUSE THEY SAY I'M DISRUPTING THE PEACE. PLEASE
HELP ME COME UP WITH A PROPOSAL FOR GETTING A LAW
PASSED WHERE THE WOMEN, MEN, AND FROGS OF AMERICA
CAN WALK THE STREETS FREE OF CLOTHING AND NATURAL,
THE WAY IT WAS MEANT TO BE

Z.N.

DIE ZOETROPE NATIONALIST,
FROGS!? NOW THATS WACKY! IMAGINE FROGS THAT
WORE CLOTHES! NOW IVE SEEN EVERYTHING. I GUESS.I
THINK YOUR PROBLEMATIC NON-LINEAR BERATION IS NO
LONGER CONFIGURED TO YOUR SECULAR SENSE OF
PUGILISTIC HEAVY-ORDINANCE SENSOR CAPABILITY.
IN ORDER TO PURGE THE SULFURIC OUTPUT RETAINER, YOU
MUST RETURN TO THE DENDRITE(OR SHOULD I SAY
SHMENDRICK) MULTICAPACITOR OF YOUR FATHER'S
CHROMOSPHERIC DEUTCHLANDER METAL HALIDE
BOMBARDMENT RATHER THAN WASTE ALL YOUR
ASSUMPTIVE, OR "GUMP"-TION, AS I CALL IT, ON THE
OVERLY PANCREATIC NOT DEMOCRATIC, ASIATIC
FUNCTIONALITY OF YOUR OWN SUFFERATION NAMING ALL
YOUR KIDS TANeka OR LATANYOUSANDRA. I HOPE YOU
FEEL BETTER. "LIFE IS LIKE A BOX OF CHOCOLATE THAI"
DUHUHUHUDE

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

By Sacha Grijalva

The Blue Willow

Restaurants with gifts shops in them are so cool! I find myself spending more time looking at the cards and the other little knickknacks in the gift shop than I do eating my meal. So it should be no surprise for you to learn that the Blue Willow Got an A+ in my grade book. I have had the opportunity of having both breakfast and lunch there and I must say that if you had to choose one meal, I'd much rather have brunch because both are so good you really can't choose.

The setting is really nice. You can either opt to eat inside or in a ramada - like area that has a cute fountain on one side. The place isn't cheap but it is reasonable. They make good sandwiches and also have decent Mexican dishes considering it is a pretty "artsy" place. So where is it? The best way to go get there from school is to take Campbell all the way down to Grant. It's on Campbell facing the street, so if you are driving north, you can't miss it! Unless, of course, you're looking the other way. Oh, and when you go, just walk in and find yourself a table; they don't seat you.

Frank's

This little breakfast house has fabulous coffee. It's amazing that \$.89 can buy you a bottomless mug. The food is extremely greasy. However I'm told that good, down home cook'in is supposed to be that way. I liked the coffee. And if I were into that kind of food I'd probably be a regular. To put it simply, Frank's is a great place for people who like grits and hash browns. It's kind of like having breakfast at Po-Folks. If you're like me, it's not your cup of tea, so to speak. Not that there is anything wrong with those places. It's just a difference in preference. I will say this, Frank's coffee blows the coffee at Po-Folks out of the water. And they're open until 3 a.m., so you can get that great coffee as early or as late as you want. Frank's is located on Pima and Alvernon. Tell them Jake sent you.

Legends Cafe

First of all let me tell you where it is so you know not to go there! This cafe, if you can call it that, is located on 6th street, close to Tyndall, across from the U of A. It is horrible. Just giving you my opinion, but I got sick eating there. Granted, it was when they first opened and maybe they needed time to get it together, but if that was the case, they should have had a "Proceed at your own risk" sign outside the door.

I got a turkey sandwich and an iced mocha. The chocolate milk was so strong I couldn't even taste the espresso. (And I got a double!) The sandwich might not have been so bad if it wasn't for all the radishes and cabbage that they loaded on it. The only thing that I can say on a positive note about this place were the prices. They were reasonable for a Project "M.O.R.E.- on". However, grading on the basis of taste, they should have paid me. Take it from your Food for Thought expert, if it's a toss-up between Legends Cafe and Taco Bell, waste the extra gas and go to Taco Bell.

THOUGHTS AND OPINIONS

When I read the article in the last newspaper about project more I started thinking about how much this school has changed. This is only my second year here but I have noticed a big difference even from last year. I have heard stories about how fun project more used to be and how it was like a big family, when I got here it was already changing. It has taken a turn for the worst and it is not because this school has bad teachers or is educationally incompetent. It is the kids that go here. I think some of the teachers have given up because the people going here now have no desire to learn or work. They think this school is really easy and you just come here to smoke pot all day. Well that's not what it's about! This school is for people who don't like the ridiculous rules and disrespect you get at a regular high school. The teachers actually care about your life and want to help you. This school has more opportunities to learn and get experience in a job or career you want than any other school, they just want to teach you what they want you to do, with no regard to individual needs. You get respect here. I agree that some of the classes are easier here but I think that is for the kids who live on their own, have minimum wage jobs and are trying to survive in a country that screws them over if they don't have a high school diploma. They don't have the time to go to school full time but if they drop out they have no chance of getting a better job. Usually these people are just as qualified to do a job as someone who had the time to go to school, so why should they be condemned to a shitty life. I think the teachers here know this and want to help those people graduate so they can get better jobs. I think this school was made for mature people who have responsibility for themselves and know they need to graduate to get anywhere in life. But all of you who came here to smoke pot, drop out, you just get in the way of those of us who want to learn. But the education is here if you want to put some effort into it.

By Rachel Hook

ANARCHY

I used to think that "anarchy" would be a better way to freedom. One day I sat down and thought about it and realized that if there wasn't any government, the entire American Nation would be taken over by another government within a matter of time. The government that would probably control us would be the Russian government. This country would probably be ran by communists; I think I speak for everyone, when I say "it would suck".

The freedom would only last for a little while before we would be enslaved. There would be murders, rapes, and a lot of Nazis and Punks running around terrorizing everyone (as if there not now). I wouldn't feel comfortable walking down the street with the fear of getting "mobbed" or "jumped". I think the American government is probably the best government in the world, even though the system sucks, I'd rather live under this government than any other.

By Michael Weber

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS! I JUST GOT A TICKET FOR WALKING ACROSS THE STREET. I WAS WALKING ACROSS ALAMEDA AND IT SAID DON'T WALK ON THE SIGN. BUT I WASN'T PAYING ATTENTION AND THERE WERE NO CARS COMING. ME AND JEFF REALIZED OUR MISTAKE WHEN WE SAW TWO COPS WATCHING US. ONE COP CAME UP AND SAID HE HAD BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN GIVE US A TICKET, SUCH AS "DRINK HIS COFFEE". I WAS GOING TO SAY SOMETHING ABOUT DONUTS TO GO WITH THAT COFFEE BUT I FIGURED IT WOULD ONLY MAKE THINGS WORSE. SO WHILE HE WAS WRITING US UP ANOTHER PROJECT MORE STUDENT WAS DOING THE SAME THING WE HAD JUST DONE, AND WHEN HE GOT TO OUR SIDE OF THE STREET THE COP WROTE HIM UP TOO. ALL THREE OF US HAVE COURT DATES AND WILL HAVE TO PAY FINES. I CAN TELL THAT COP REALLY NEEDED TO MEET HIS QUOTA. THIS IS A WARNING TO ALL KIDS HERE, WATCH OUT FOR COPS WHEN YOU CROSS THE STREET ON A DON'T WALK SIGN (AND I KNOW YOU ALL DO IT). ALTHOUGH THEY WILL TRY AND TELL YOU DIFFERENTLY, COPS REALLY DON'T HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO.

By Rachel Hook

MORE THOUGHTS AND OPINIONS

K-9

e•LIX

Strange. I met yet another George on my bus home. Ranting and raving about this damn K-9. He claims he scared the living daylights out of this dog. Supposedly he called this dog a pussy. Well, he said he felt embarrassed that he scared the dog. It was a big dog and he was courtly trying to be nice to it. Confusing the story even further he said he should have clocked the dog, beat him and shown him what a man really was.

Well, falling left out, I retired to the back of the bus and inquired about this dog. George introduced his friend as Cruz Leroy and told me how their day began. One year ago they got toasted (as George would put it), and they have been drunk ever since. He went on to tell me that ol' Leroy became refreshed today, due to being on a dry drunk he took it fairly well. Coming down to this evening they were both feeling toasty and needing a cigarette. Scoping the bus station they found a man that sold them four for a dollar (one later became mine). Now according to George, he called the man's doberman a pussy. Guessing the dog didn't appreciate this much, George decided he should whoop his hine. He wanted to let loose on the K-9, but he showed some nasty pearly whites and that some apologies boomeranging. Leroy confessed he could have taken the dog, but was too intensely drunk. George feels they are smarter than the average peacock for stepping down or the dog would have been cream. George wants this to be made into a biography and named *The Life of Blon Crumb the Dog*. He requested a 2% profit, I gave him \$2.

James, a friendly passenger- an eye is as good as a wink to a dead horse.
Relevancy- none.

By Wendi Propst

JUSTICE

BY DIANA LAY/HAGEN

AS I SAT IN CLASS, I WAS SO DISAPPOINTED IN MYSELF, FOR I HAD FORGOTTEN THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE. THAT USED TO MEAN SO MUCH TO OUR COUNTRY. WHERE HAS OUR RESPECT GONE. I NEVER REALIZED HOW MUCH MEANING IT REALLY HAS UNTIL I WROTE IT DOWN. I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND TO THE REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STANDS ONE NATION UNDER GOD INDIVISIBLE WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

AND THIS COUNTRY WONDERS WHERE IT'S JUSTICE HAS GONE. THE NEXT GENERATION MAY NEVER KNOW HOW PROUD THIS COUNTRY ONCE WAS!

KOOKIE STUFF

Pantyhose Queen,

Okay, so now the goat is chewing on my foot. I told you to lock him up, but no, you never listen to me.

I'm writing because I will never see you again. Today after school, I'm planning to get kidnapped. I'm going to stand on a corner wearing a sign that says 'Take me' until someone does. You know we all just want to get lost. Just a little piece of us all just wants to get lost. For me, my spleen wants to get lost. That's my piece.

Anyways, last night, after my dinner of dandelions and stewed dog livers -Wednesday night regular- I called up my grandpa, I said "Grandpa Heather, can I borrow your red pumps?"

He said, "Sure sweetie, as long as I can borrow your blue eyeshadow, I ran out yesterday."

So later that night, I was attacked by a mob of angry eyeballs with legs. It hurt. But now I have to reattach my elbows.

Now, anyhow to be rid of me, my sweet fruitcake, always remember pickles with ice cream and never, under any circumstance, jay walk downtown.

Puzzled Freak,

Silicon Aviator

By Wendi Propst

PROJECT M.O.R.E.'s POETS

I LOVE MY GIRL

*Sometimes I feel unwanted.
sometimes I feel alone;
I wish I could believe her,
when she says she's mine
alone.*

*Whenever she is around me
My emotions begin to jingle;
I love being around her,
she makes my spine tingle.*

*Every time I see her,
I go into another world;
No one will ever understand
how much I love my girl.*

by Michael Weber

Dedicated to Desirette Geyer

YOU FRUIT

*You fruit, you fruit,
you fruitcake cornflake;
Apples, oranges,
raisins and dates.*

*You vegetable freak,
get out of the street;
You remind me of a field
of Brussle Sprouts.*

by: Michael Weber

-- WHY --

by: Rosalinda Romero

*Why do we have to live like
we do?*

*Why can't we live how we
should and how we would
like to?*

*It's either too many
problems, or things just go
wrong.*

*Something always has to
come up at any time.*

*We just can't live our lives
the way we want.*

Why?

*There is too much going on
in this world and we can't
ignore the things that
happen. We have to live with
all this*

*that is going on and these
things that are going on just
keep us sometimes from
doing what we want to do.*

*We can't always do what we
would want to do and
sometimes it's just because
it's not meant for it to be
that way.*

*We all have to understand
the way life goes and how we
can make it go better,
for us and for life itself.*

*Sometimes maybe before we
do anything, take a minute
or less and think about it. It
gives us a chance to think if
it's right or wrong before we
just go right ahead and do
whatever it is at that
moment.*

LIES

*Lies, what are lies for?
Maybe to hide something,
or just to look or feel
better.*

*People sometimes lie to
cover up what is real.
Do we really need to lie?
I think there is no need for
lies.*

*Sometimes things just get
worse or complicated by
lying.*

*Many people lie to get
attention, or simply just to
get noticed.*

*Things work out much
better if there weren't
too many lies around.
Lies are due to either hate
or to jealousy. We all need
to*

*just accept everything as it
is or as it comes.*

*Count each time you lie
and add all the lies you've
said to find
out just how many times
you've lied.
Maybe you'll be surprised!*

by: Rosalinda Romero

e*LIX

Strange nights we wander the streets of downtown, feeling quite paranoid, receiving questioning looks from imitation ham, better known as spams. My dear friend raves like a banshee while sporting her quite punk attire. She leads us by foot to Denny's. Street lights spitting out images of stars in the sky. Trains, planes, and automobiles humming like techno. We met a george named Ed; when I inquire about a cigarette he simply replies "Umfurghalsinumf." Plainly, I am puzzled, only more so when I looked over to find my friend displaying ye ol' hubcap hat upon her head, decked in chrome. Strange days, strange nights. As a wise ol' george would say "Umfurghalsinumf."

-Mask-

by Heather Gintz

I wear a mask to hide what I'm feeling inside
In case someone yells at me.
I'm afraid if I don't have it you will laugh at me
What will you say?
if I take it off.
Please don't laugh or look at me weird
but you wanted to see
The real me, here I am
what do you think?
Express by smiling
with support and respect
Please respect my new face.
I will save the mask
and put it in my bag
In case it needs to come on
when others don't understand.
Please don't think different of me
just because I carry a mask
I want our relationship to grow
let's create a mask of happiness
For us to enjoy.

-Pain-

by Heather Gintz

I wish people would stop judging me just because I am quiet.
Am I the only one they judge?
Do they stare because I go off and write in my notebook,
Or because I am afraid to open up my feelings to strangers?
Can you ever trust people?
Should it bother you if they stare?
But why do they stare, are they curious?
Will they stare to make me feel tiny?
Do you know, can you help me understand?
I need someone to trust.
How can I trust again?
Someone help me understand.
I don't want to be judged anymore!

e*LIX 2

I had a dream last night. It was the ongoing dream of my life. I stepped out upon the balcony. The full unhindered moon shone through the paling, yellow leaves of the giant cottonwood in front of me. Chilling November winds swept my recently washed hair across my pale porcelain face. I detected the faint scent of you in the air around me. Deathly chills rippled down my spine.
In an instant, I descended down the spiral staircase, dark satin flowing behind my frail, fringed body. Arriving, knowing my love awaited me, I strolled toward the beauty calling me. I lifted my head upon entering to see, at last, my secret garden. With eyes of the deepest sea, I searched for your being. You stood tall and slender across the lake. A faint glow surrounded your angelic soul. Voices of angels filled my mind. We met near swans nest with not a thought except each other and we lovingly embraced. Tearing beautiful outer garments from our bodies, we exposed our eternal, sacred beauty. Like children in the rain, we stumbled into the warm crystal waters. We were amongst ourselves in fear; pain was internal. Oblivious nightmares filled our drowning souls. In my arms I held the past. Soft spoken winds brought the stars to our feet.

Thoughts About the Future

by Rosalinda Romero

Have you ever thought about how life is going to be in your future?
And how you are going to live and do things?
Life is a trip, don't you think? Maybe life is not meant to be figured out and make you wonder.
You may have good times and bad. You'll just never know when you are going to have either one, so just be prepared and expect the unexpected.
It's hard to think about one's life.
Making decisions is a big step in life, especially making the right ones.
Enjoying life as we live it day by day, the right way, will contribute to a better future for you.