

CRASH PAD

Been inside with the guys, we been drinkin' bottles of wine,
All this yelling and shoutin', I'm nearly out of my mind,
I'm so tired of this, if I could, I'd get up and leave,
But when you've layed out on the floor, there's not much you can do.

There's too many people here, I wish I was all alone,
I'm always gettin' tired, this is what they call home,
There's a man on the couch, I've never seen him before,
Bragging up a storm, says he was a brave ole' sailorman.

Downstairs the music is blasting thru a million watts,
And the kids, they're on the floor doin' time with their pens,
Outside the rain is driving down so hard,
Looks like I'm an early candidate for hell.

The clock on the wall says it's time to go to bed,
But this late nite living is driving me dead,
Thru the smoke and the haze, they're lightin' up the newest craze,
Looks like they're gonna be here for awhile.

On the ark I hear there was only two of a kind,
But at home there's too many of the same, it's blowin' my mind,
'Cause alls' I get is voices from all around,
And in the morning my head is gonna throb like a volcanic rock.

Richard Campbell

We kill our brothers
And don't give a damn.
Who?

We rape our forests

Like they'll always be there
Do?

We litter earth and space
Just like it will clean itself.
We?

We live for today
Without thinking bout tomorrow.

Think?
We are heading for the end
Not even trying to slow down.

We?
We let all this happen
Saying, no I don't do that.

Are?
Who do we think we are?
Who the hell do we think we are?!

TAKO II

Post Office Games

You know what it's like in January around here. Greenland would be warmer! Well, that's how it was last Friday when this little adventure I'm going to tell you about happened. It was bitter cold, even in this part of the country, and our class had just gotten out of school for the afternoon. I say "our class" because I'm in the "A" room the one for especially bright students, and we get let out an hour earlier on Fridays than the other kids in our high school, because we're smarter.

So, here I was, out in the bitter cold of winter at 2:30 on a regular Friday afternoon. I usually went home on the Town bus on Fridays and so I headed for the bus stop to catch it.

I was all wrapped up in scarves and mittens and all, but I was still freeezing cold. Someone told me once I must have thin blood and that's why I can't take winter, but I don't know if that's true or not.

Anyway, I got to the stop around 2:40, because I remember looking at my watch when I got there. I waited about five minutes and then decided I better do something to keep warm. I knew the bus wouldn't come for another 30 minutes and I wasn't going to just stand out there in that weather for a whole half hour.

So I started walking around in a circle on the side walk, trying to warm up. But that didn't work, and anyone passing by would have thought I looked weird

(walking around in a circle, I mean) so I had to do something else.

I decided to go to the Post Office around the corner from the bus stop and wait there a while, where at least it would be warm. Once I got in the building, I felt uneasy. Here were all these people, busy about their business and me just standing in the middle of the floor looking at them. Well, I fixed that in a hurry. I began looking at a display nearby of a new set of royal portrait stamps, as if I was some gourmet stamp collector or something. It kind of made me feel like part of the "in-crowd", I guess.

But I still felt conspicuous and wondered if anyone would come over and ask me my business or tell me to leave. Finally, after looking so long at the stamps, the Queen began to look cross-eyed, so I decided to move on.

There was a vestibule leading to a side exit and a parking lot outside, so I went there, where the mail clerks couldn't see me. I looked at my watch again, but it was still only 2:45. "Oh well," I thought, "at least it's warm."

Every once in a while someone walked through, and once a man in a green coat even said hello to me. That kind of surprised me but then I decided I must look like someone he knows and he mis-took me for that other person. So I said hello back to him.

Then, a minute later, the green coated man came back. "Hi

there, want a drive?" he said. I told him I was waiting for the bus and he needn't bother to give me a drive.

Then he said it was no bother, and he'd like to take me home. "He thinks I'm some friend of his" I thought, and since I couldn't think of any quick excuse to get out of it, I agreed to go with him. Besides, I didn't want to hurt his feelings, since I was supposed to be a friend of his, and all.

I was glad I didn't have to wait for the bus longer, or stand out in the cold, but things became a bit more complicated when we got in the car. "Do you remember where I live?" I began.

"No, where?"
"Cherry Avenue" I said.
Soon we were driving and I knew it would be at least a 15 minute drive home, even in a car, and I began to wonder what to say, since I thought friends would naturally talk to each other when they were together. Then he spoke, "What have you been doing lately?"

"Oh, I'm still in school, you know."

"Oh," he said, as we reached a turn off.

Again there was a silence, and by this time I was beginning to get a little nervous. "What if he realizes I'm not someone he knows? He might get upset or yell at me or something."

Finally I decided I had better get out of the car as soon as possible. We were almost home now and I

could easily walk the rest of the way. "You can let me out anywhere around here," I said.

"Oh, must you go? I was hoping you'd come with me. I have some work I have to do and I'd like company."

"No, I don't think I better."
"It will only be for a little while."
"No, I can't. I have chores to do at home."

"Can't you do them later?"
"Oh, no. I have to do my school work later."

"But that can wait, can't it?"
"Oh, no. I have to keep up on my studies or people will think I'm stupid."

Finally we were at Cherry Avenue, and I told him to stop, which he did with some hesitation. I thanked him for the ride and got out. There was an almost pained expression on his face as I turned away and I almost hesitated, but he shoved the door shut and began walking up the street. After a few steps I turned around to make sure he wasn't following me, but the car was gone from sight.

I smiled to myself and thought how I had fooled that man into thinking he knew me. "I must be a pretty good actor," I thought, "and I didn't have to stand in the cold or wait for the bus, either." It was a wierd experience, and it's hard to believe anyone could be so stupid as that green coated man was. I remember as I entered the house, I laughed, feeling superior, and thinking, "Boy, did I ever put one over on him."

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