

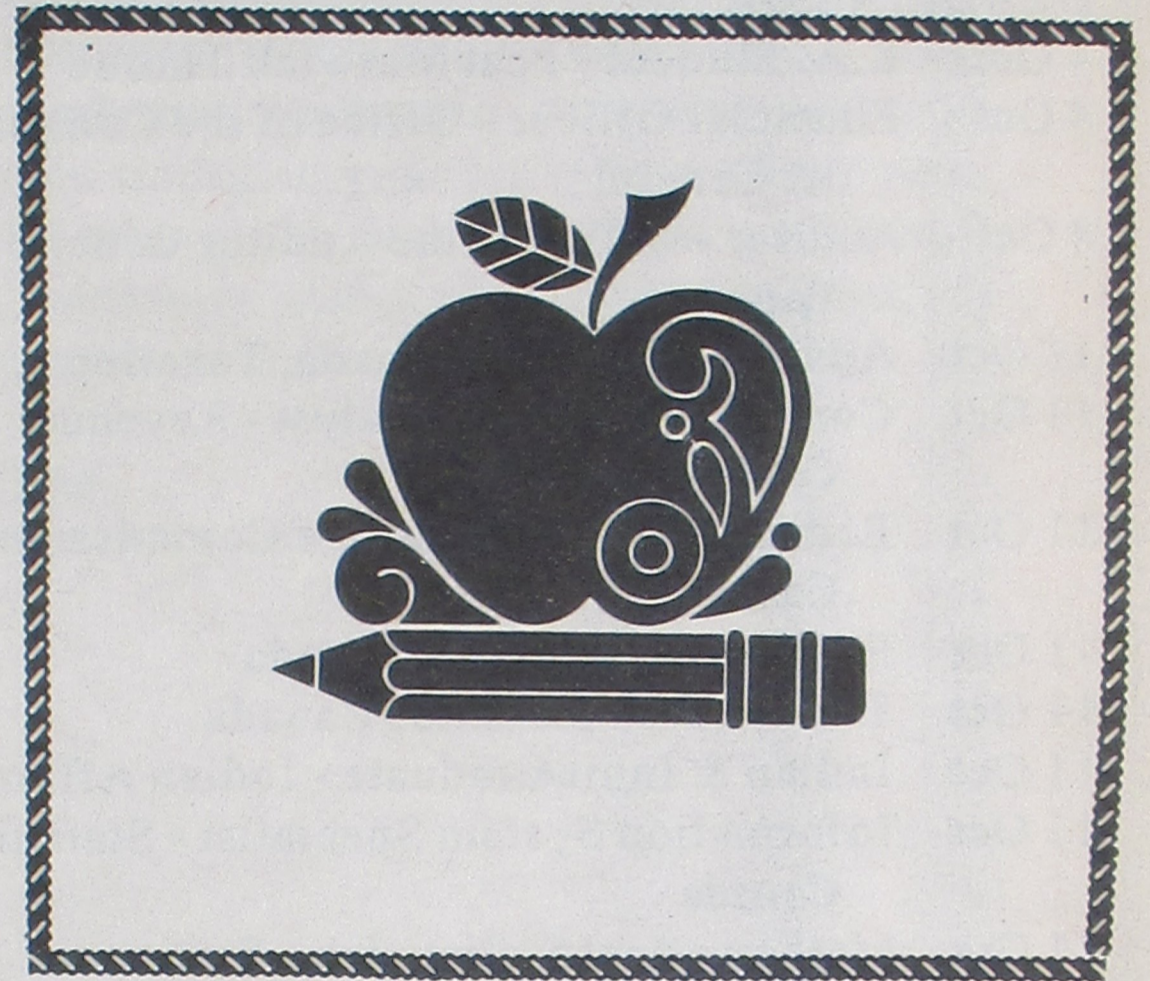
Imaginations

IMAGINATIONS INTRODUCTION

"IMAGINATIONS" is the weekly student writing section of the paper. There's always room for more stories so don't hesitate to send yours in. Stories should be 1000 words maximum in length. For legal reasons, I need your name. If you don't want your name printed simply say so, all submissions are confidential. Submissions may be dropped off at our office (Room B06, basement of Main Building). I apologize for any misinterpretations since these stories are not meant intentionally to offend anyone.

I look forward to reading your stories.

Kirby Ferguson,
Literary Editor



A SPRING POEM

By Bruce Creamer

The snow is all gone,
I had said to my bud.
You'd think I'd be happy,
But now we wallow in mud.

I've brought out my bike,
For a very good reason.
Most people cycle,
In the spring-summer season.

Last night I was out,
I thought I was being bold.
But most of all,
I was very @#\$*&% cold.

I started in first gear,
And went right up to six.
I dazzled people watching me,
By doing my tricks.

My tires hummed along nicely,
On the smoothly paved road.
But I went for a skid,
When I zeroed in on a toad.

So I kept driving on,
Going so far.
As to stop for a rock,
To pelt at a car.

I drew back my arm,
And the rock flew.
Then came the lights,
A flashing red and blue.

The fuzz turned around,
Ready for a chase.
But I was too quick for them,
At my furious pace,

Nothing would stop me,
Not even their siren.
Well except for the store sign,
It said "WE'RE HIRING."

So I stopped to inquire,
Just for a minute or two.
Then I was off,
Into the yonder blue.

I would have made it,
If it hadn't been for my tires.
I was going so fast,
They caught on fire.

So the pigs caught up,
Boy, what a bummer.
But it sure will be,
One hell of a summer.