

Imaginations

Its Joust Making Me [sic]

by DANIELLE CHRISTENSEN

It brakes me up
the way your over they're
All the time

Don't you sea
What your doing to me
When I sea you peaking threw the window

Its hour life
Weather or knot
You understand
What your doing four me

What is my roll in all of this?
If I wood of known
The boarders to the land of you're hatred
Dont you here?

Get awl of this out of hear.
Its more then I can take.
I'm going too have a garage sail.
So their!

(A response to a morning spent reading some news publications
which shall remain nameless.)

Damn right I'm scared ...

by DANIEL LaRONDE

As I was driving up the main street, I couldn't help but notice an attractive young woman walking on the sidewalk, possibly going home from a night on the town. The air was kind of chilly and she wore a small shirt, but I thought she would have been okay until she got home.

As I drove past, a group of guys in a sports car slowed down beside her, obviously harassing her, and proceeded to block the path of her intention. She ignored them and jogged across the quiet street. As I saw this, I turned into a parking lot to keep an eye on things.

The car followed her to the other side of the street and purposefully blocked the sidewalk again. I could see the fear in her eyes, a girl being harassed as she tried to avoid the car and its passengers.

I think the car noticed me in the parking lot, because it drove away after harassing the girl for about fifteen minutes. I made my way onto the street and pulled over near her.

"Would you like a ride home, I noticed that car is following you" I asked.

"No thanks," she had a light smile on her face as she kept walking.

She looked scared. The smile seemed to me that she wanted to trust me but couldn't, and I don't blame her one bit. I was nervous in asking her in that I didn't want her to think I was after her also.

I should have offered her money for a cab, or at least kept my eye on her to make sure she gets home, because I knew that some girls either don't get home or get home harmed, but the only memory I had in my head was her face, and the fear she expressed with it.

After I drove off, I saw the sports car driving the other direction perhaps to make another attempt at harassing her, or find another pretty female student to scare. I know you are out there

continued on next page