

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 (THE SEQUEL)

By Bruce Creamer

Late one day,
I was released from jail.
And to my surprise,
I was out on bail.

I walked towards the door,
Right at the bright sunlight.
And as soon as I was out,
I bolted for my bike.

I hopped on the seat,
And put-'er into gear.
Took off with a squeal,
For all to hear.

I pruned around a turn,
Where it was a little shady.
I went up over the curb,
And right into an old lady.

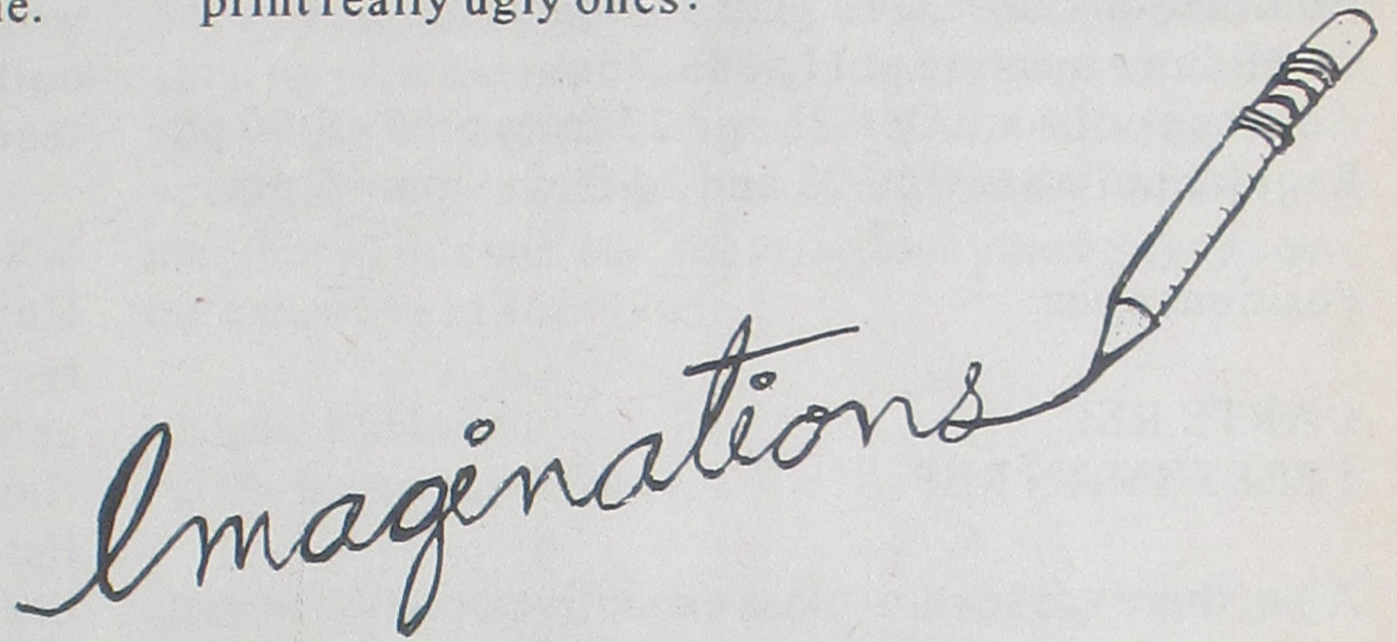
I bowled her over,
And she said "Hey fella!."
Then she came right over,
And clobbered me with an umbrella.

I told her I was sorry,
To try to save face.
And then I said calmly,
"That hip can be replaced."

And then she started to curse,
She sounded so absurd.
But I sure would like to know,
Where she learned all those words.

Welcome to another week of "Imaginations". I've been receiving lots of material, but I want more, lots more, since next issue will be our literary supplement. So send your material in (see the submission policy on page 2), and go on to fame and fortune.

ATTENTION ARTISTS! I plan on printing a different heading for "Imaginations" each week. I'd like your drawings of the title, "Imaginations". Be as creative as you wish, and drop them off down at our office. And if no one sends any in I'll be forced to print really ugly ones.



Imaginations

So off I went,
Cruising down the strip.
Then I drove right off the wharf,
And I went for a dip.

But this didn't stop me,
No, nothing could.
I drove right up the slip,
Like anyone would.

Of course I was wet,
And I had nothing to wear.
But I stipped off anyway,
And drove around bare.

Driving up the road,
I felt like a fool.
But going around bare,
Was very, very cool.

At least I thought it was,
Until I drove a mile or two.
Then I seen once again,
Those lights red and blue.

So my freedom was over,
Thanks to that cop named Dale.
He through in the car,
And took me back to jail.