

CORNER



containers.

When they had finished, Alkorg signalled to them again. They gathered inside the purple beam. Alkorg looked at Helen.

"We will return", he said before he ascended into the ship.

For the remainder of the afternoon, the people of Burkeville were captivated by the partying aliens. They remained inside their ship the entire time, occasionally zooming frightfully close to the tops of the houses as they flew patterns over the town.

These activities were accompanied by wild bouts of laughter. The aliens had somehow devised an AM receiver and loud rock music could be heard as the ship passed over the tops of the houses.

That night they landed again at the sight of the bake sale. Helen hurried to meet them. Alkorg was the only one to leave the ship this time. His uniform had been replaced by a T-shirt. Beads hung from around his neck. A single leg from a pair of denim jeans covered his tail. Helen could hear loud rock music coming from the opening, accompanied by much shouting and laughter and clinking of glasses.

Alkorg stuck out his two fingers as if to slap Helen's palm. "Good evening Helen," he said, "I cannot tell you how much we have enjoyed your food. I found it very compulsive. I developed a sudden craving to continue it's consumption after eating only two of your brownies."

Alkorg paused as he rubbed his single eye with the back of one of his fingers.

"We have detected a very strange substance in your pastries. I am sure that it will change my people. I would like to stay here and consume this substance with you, but we must move on."

Alkorg seemed to be having a much harder time talking now as he nibbled on a cookie.

"You mean you have to leave?" asked Helen.

"Yeah, man. But we're gonna take some with us for further consumption and enjoyment. So until next time..."

With that, Alkorg once again entered the purple beam and was gone. The ship rose quickly and shot off to the horizon. It made one last pass over her. As it did, Helen waved. Alkorg appeared at a window, and flashed her a peace sign before the ship shot straight up and disappeared..

SWINGING SINGLES

Here are we - three lovely girls
Sitting in a room
Contemplating men
In an atmosphere of gloom

No luck on the social scene
We've failed at the Dating Game
Promised calls that were never made
From dates who never came

Mom says "your standards are too high"
Dad says that they're too low
Small comfort from your family
So where's a gal to go?

We've had our tries at Jim's and Winds
No further did we get
In our search for Mr. Right
Just further into debt

"So what," we say "it's not so bad"
Ourselves we try to fool
To have no date for Saturday night
After all, is not so cool

The moral of this sad, sad tale
of disappointing men
Is not to ask "what's wrong with us?"
Instead, "What's wrong with THEM??"

Kacie

POEMS BY COOCH

The Man With the Glasses, Who is Standing In The Rain on the Corner Reading The Latest Edition Of The World Times

Is getting wet.

Apple-Haters Chew On This

The apple is the fruit of sin
Just look at the trouble Adam got in
But had he eaten a pineapple float
You wouldn't have had that bump in your throat

The South American Salesman

I needed some furniture
And I need it fast
I wanted it cheap
And it had to last
I'd heard of a man
A South American
Who was called the South American Salesman

Upon arrival, he greeted
Me warmly, for what else
Could he do;
For he lived in the deepest part
Of the deepest part
Of a typical tropical zoo

He offered me a chair
That was lined with monkey-hair
And had half-a-ribcage
As a backing
Then he showed me a couch
Made of jaguar in a crouch
But I decided on
The monkey-hair chair

Then he showed me the best
In rhinoceros chest
That he said he had ever seen
Then he showed me some rugs
Made of thousands of slugs
And at that, I woke up from my dream

Every Dog's Duty

The Fire hydrant is dog's best friend
Being one place he will always defend
But neither rain nor sleet, nor falling snow
Will stop a dog when he has to go

A dog's life is not one of ease
Always in search of places to please
So open the door, for you plainly see
My dog has an urgent need to ...

Grasshopper in The Grass

Sitting there serenely
Seemingly somewhat the same
As the surrounding surroundings
That seem somewhat the same
As himself, sighed