

Awethor! Awethor!

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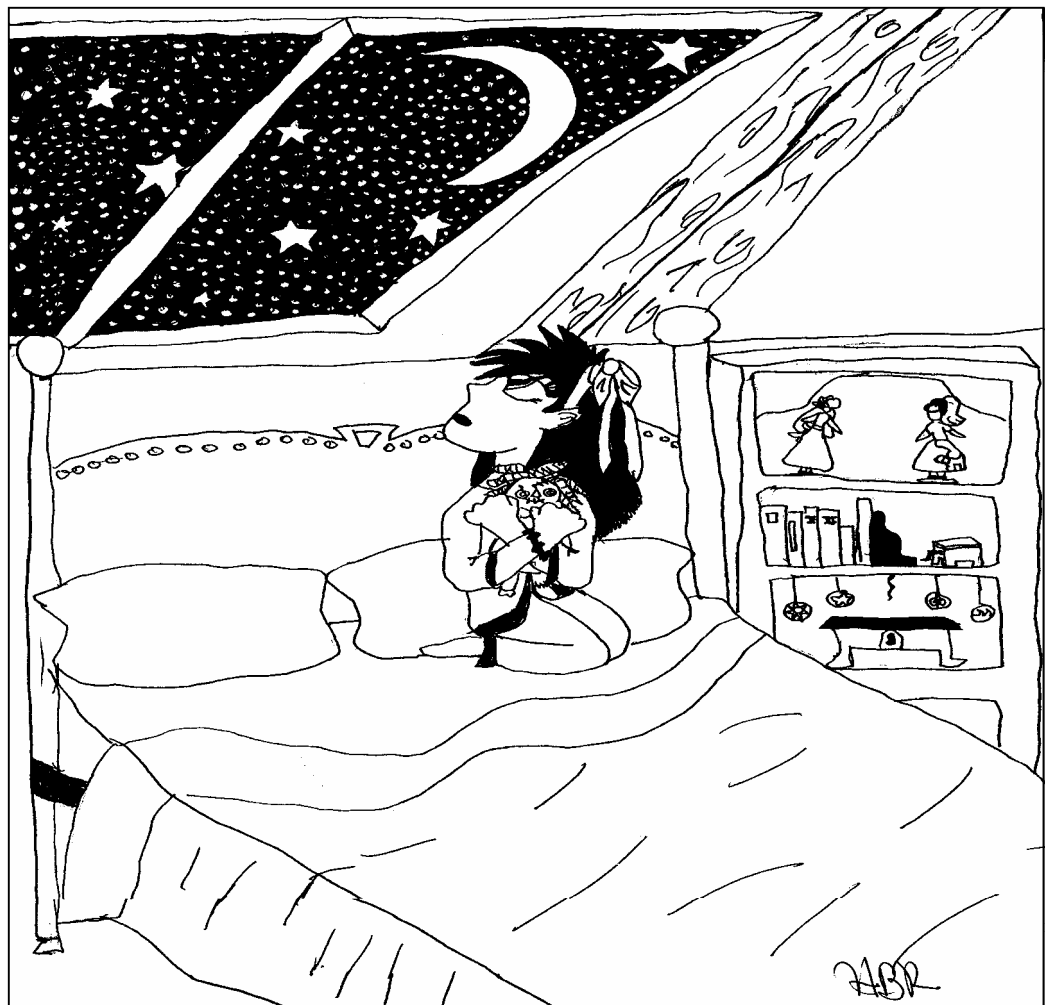
Martian Declaration Submitted by Chet Chung



Homosapien inhabitants of Earth, we are the Huctoses (hūKTōsis). We are the current residents of what you have named "Venus." You are the inferior ones, humanoids, for we have located all 561.9812 planets compared to your puny nine. (Notice how it is lower case, for it is related to your *inferiority* (if there is such a word in your less sophisticated and less complex language). You, Earthlings, are neither smart nor educated enough to know there is a small boy on what you have named the "Sun," who controls the revolution of your planets with a universal remote control. The only reason you have not is because you have not yet discovered the substance "Fructosium Fiber Oxohydrate," which is used in our world to scrutinize the sun closely without burning our pupils. In comparison, you use nothing to examine the "Sun's" rays. Now that I am done displaying your inferior position in relationship to us, I shall now travel to what you have named "Mars" to tell the beings on the red planet their inferior place compared to ours.

Starry Night

Submitted by Helen Keller



THANK YOU TO:

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Wave Walker

Submitted by Anna Patel

Greek legend speaks of gods, mighty in power and in wrath. The legends also speak of the Titans, the fathers of the gods, who were overthrown.

There is one Titan legend does not speak of: Prospero, the Titan who ruled over all fire.

Prospero was an evil Titan, whom many thought was wicked all the way through. But Prospero loved a mortal, Ileana, who was as beautiful as the dawn, and as opposite of Prospero as opposites can be.

Ileana was loved by the goddesses and was beautiful and gentle. She was especially loved by Amphrite, the wife of Poseidon. Things always went well for Ileana. Springs happened to appear where there hadn't been before when she passed by. Fish jumped out of the river near her feet. When she learned she had the love of a Titan, she resolved to set eyes upon him.

One night, she pretended to fall asleep near the hearth, and waited for the Titan to appear. As Ileana watched, a man seemed to step out of the flames, his hair and beard a flaming red, his clothes painted with dancing, orange flames. He came closer to Ileana, and finally, she could stand it no more. She sat up, and stared at Prospero, the Titan who loved her. As Ileana stared into Prospero's eyes, she fell madly in love with him.



Illustration by Sengyeon Lee

They married the next day, and over time they had a child. He was a boy, and they named him Hector.

Later on in life, Prospero knew the marriage couldn't last. He was a Titan, practically a god, and immortal. Ileana had started to age and would not live as long as he would.

Prospero sought the wise council of the seer Aegiesis. He came upon the old seer at the temple on top of Mount Anici. The seer sat on the sacred hearth of Zeus and seemed to be waiting for him.

Aegiesis whispered. "I know why you are here, Prospero, Titan of fire. You seek the future of what will happen to Ileana and you - your future together."

Prospero saw that talking was pointless, as the seer knew all of the answers. He felt angry at the seer's way of speaking. No respect for him was felt. Aegiesis must have had no idea of the power held in his body - the power to throw fire, to consume others into flame, and to take people for his slaves. Still, Prospero waited.

As he watched the seer, Prospero could see black flames, the flames of prophecy, reach around Aegiesis's fingers, and spread to his head. His eyes turned black, and he talked in a world-weary voice, a voice that carried all the sorrows of the world.

"Ileana has given you another child, a daughter, but listen well, Prospero. One of your children will destroy you, even though you are an immortal, just as your brother was destroyed by Zeus."

"Never!" Prospero screamed. He had fought to create this realm! He could not die, but, if he were to live, the children would have to die. But which one? It could be either of the two who would destroy him, so he would have to kill them both. But Ileana could bear him another child, and that one could overthrow him too. He would have to kill Ileana as well. A pang of hurt erupted in his heart, but he pushed it down, trying to remember the empire.

Prospero finally came out of his thoughts, ready to kill Aegiesis immediately, but the seer had left. "Wise of the seer," Prospero thought, and shot fire out of his fingers onto the ground. Then, as the fire erupted, he leapt into the flames, and rushed himself toward Ileana's bed.

Ileana gazed at her newborn child from her bed made by the river Insis. A fire crackled nearby. She felt reassured by the fire's nearness, which meant her husband could return to her at any moment through the flames. Hector was playing nearby in the water.

Wave Walker (continued)

Submitted by Anna Patel

Hector looked more like Ileana's child than Prospero's. His hair was feathery blonde, and his build willowy. Hector was now two years old. If he had inherited his father's immortal blood, Hector would have been able to speak fully and would have been mature, but Hector was mortal, and only capable of saying a few words.

The baby girl had her father's red hair, but with streaks of Ileana's brown. She was awake and alert, her eyes shining blue. Their color had been Amphrite's gift to the baby. Prospero would not be happy if he heard that Amphrite had come to call, but Ileana did not care. Amphrite was her protector goddess; she had the right to bless the baby. The eyes would be noticed, but Ileana hoped that Prospero didn't notice the other gift given to the little girl. Looking at her new baby, Ileana came up with a name for her. *Sirena*, the siren of the sea.

Just as the name entered Ileana's mind, the fire next to her started to crackle and pop. Ileana sat up, smiling. Prospero was coming back. He had stormed away before Ileana had borne Sirena, and she had been worried.

Prospero emerged from the flames and stood before Ileana's bed. Her smile quickly fell. Prospero was scowling, and his eyes were burning, fire lining each pupil.

"Where is Hector?" Prospero whispered, his voice harsh and uneasy. Ileana, now scared, pointed to where Hector was playing by the river. Hector turned around, and saw his father standing before his mother.

"Daddy!" he shrieked, and started to run toward Prospero. Prospero muttered to himself, and flames leaped from the fire onto Hector, burning him to a crisp.

All of this Ileana watched, too scared to scream, her mind seemingly trapped. Prospero turned around, and unleashed the same fire onto Ileana.

A cry sounded from behind him. He turned around, and saw Sirena laying on the ground. Prospero muttered in the same way, and just as the fire was about to touch Sirena, water jumped from the bank to form hands, gripping her, pulling her into the river and toward the open sea.

To Be Continued...

Patrick and Snuggle

Submitted by Patrick Jeffers



Scary Story

Submitted by Lindsay Kasten

It was just after midnight when Stella was awoken by the howling of the wind. The branches of several trees were beating against the windowpanes in a sporadic manner. The light from the street lamp across the way cast long scary shadows on the wall. The whistling of the wind made Stella pull the blankets up over her head as she sunk down into the bed. "I hate rainy, windy nights," she thought to herself. It was still several hours until her mother would come in and get her ready for school. If only she could go back to sleep, everything would be all right.

The wind continued to howl and the branches snapped back and forth against the window in a rhythm that was putting her back to sleep. Just as Stella closed her eyes and was about to nod off, there came a loud crash outside her bedroom door. Her eyes whipped open, and she grabbed the covers tight with her fists. The door then flung open and something jumped across the room and landed smack on top of her stomach.

"AYAYAYAYAYAYAYAY!" screamed Stella as she pulled the covers over her head. She waited a few minutes and then peered over the top of the quilt. She could only see a big black shadow that did not resemble anything that she had ever seen before. The light from the street lamp glowed in the background making the object much harder to identify. A few moments later, it jumped again toward her, thinking she was playing a game.

"AYAYAYAYAYAYAYAY!" screamed Stella again. Instead of leaving, the object began licking the corner of her ear that was sticking out from underneath the quilt. Stella quickly moved back dropping the quilt from her face and realized that it was just her old, fat cat Noodles. She picked him up and hugged him tightly, hoping that he could help her forget about this night and go back to sleep.

As Stella closed her eyes and wished for sleep, she knew that something was wrong. When the loud noise had happened outside her room, her parents had not come to investigate. "That's odd," thought Stella. "Surely they would have heard that racket. I wonder what's going on?"

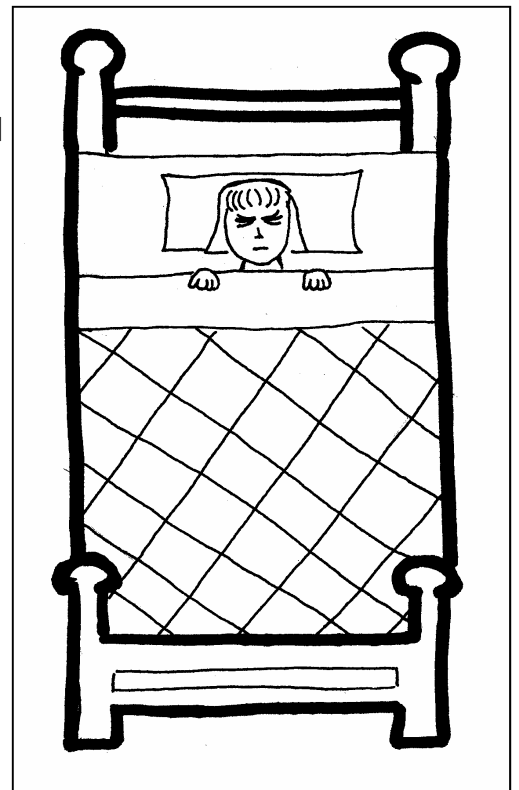
Stella decided to get out of bed and go down the hall. Slowly she crept, holding onto the wall, toward her parents' bedroom. She didn't hear any snoring coming from her dad, and she began to get worried. (He snored loudly, practically every night. Why should tonight be any different?)

As she entered the room, she looked around and didn't see the familiar bodies in the bed. As a matter of fact, the bed was totally empty! Just as she was about to scream, a hand clamped over her mouth and she was dragged out of the room and back into hers. She was thrown on the bed face down.

"Oh no!" thought Stella to herself. "I am in big trouble here." When she turned around, she saw that it was her big brother Billy standing, laughing. She ran at him with her fists swinging. He dodged her and rolled onto the floor.

"What's the matter? Can't you take a little joke?" asked Billy. He then told her that her parents were still out at a party and would be home shortly. "You better get to bed or you'll be in big trouble when Mom and Dad get home."





Stella socked him and jumped into bed and pulled the covers over her head.



Illustrated by Sengyeon Lee

Christmas and Holiday Shop Finds

Submitted by Greg Hutson

Astro Jaxx \$8.44 	Muffin from Cafe Noel: \$5.95 	A Diamond Bracelet: \$1,975.50 	A Christmas shirt:  \$25.00	Free samples from Cherry Republic: priceless
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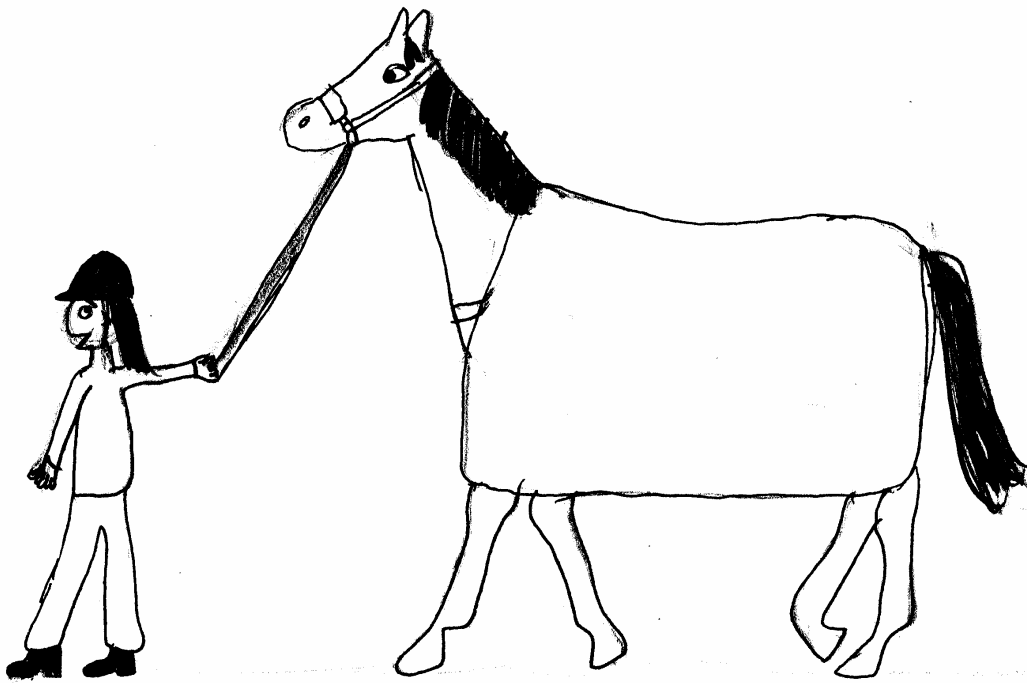
Superman

Submitted by Graham Garland



Cooling Down

Submitted by Laura Hardwick



The Surf

Submitted by Michael Luckey



The surf crashes forever on the soft, silky sand. The meeting of the two elements is a battle raging that never ceases. The ocean creates a salty taste in the air with the lingering scent of suntan oil from people hoping to shield away the sun. I pick up a pebble and cast it out to sea, knowing that some day that very pebble will wash up on the beach again for another to throw. The ocean will still be there, forever working to dominate land. Each part of the beach serves a purpose for the waves.

Wolf Howling

Submitted by Amy Bauzenberger

