

2000

news flash!!!

Giant
Nile
Terrorizes
School!

& more stuff

WONK COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
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news flash!!!

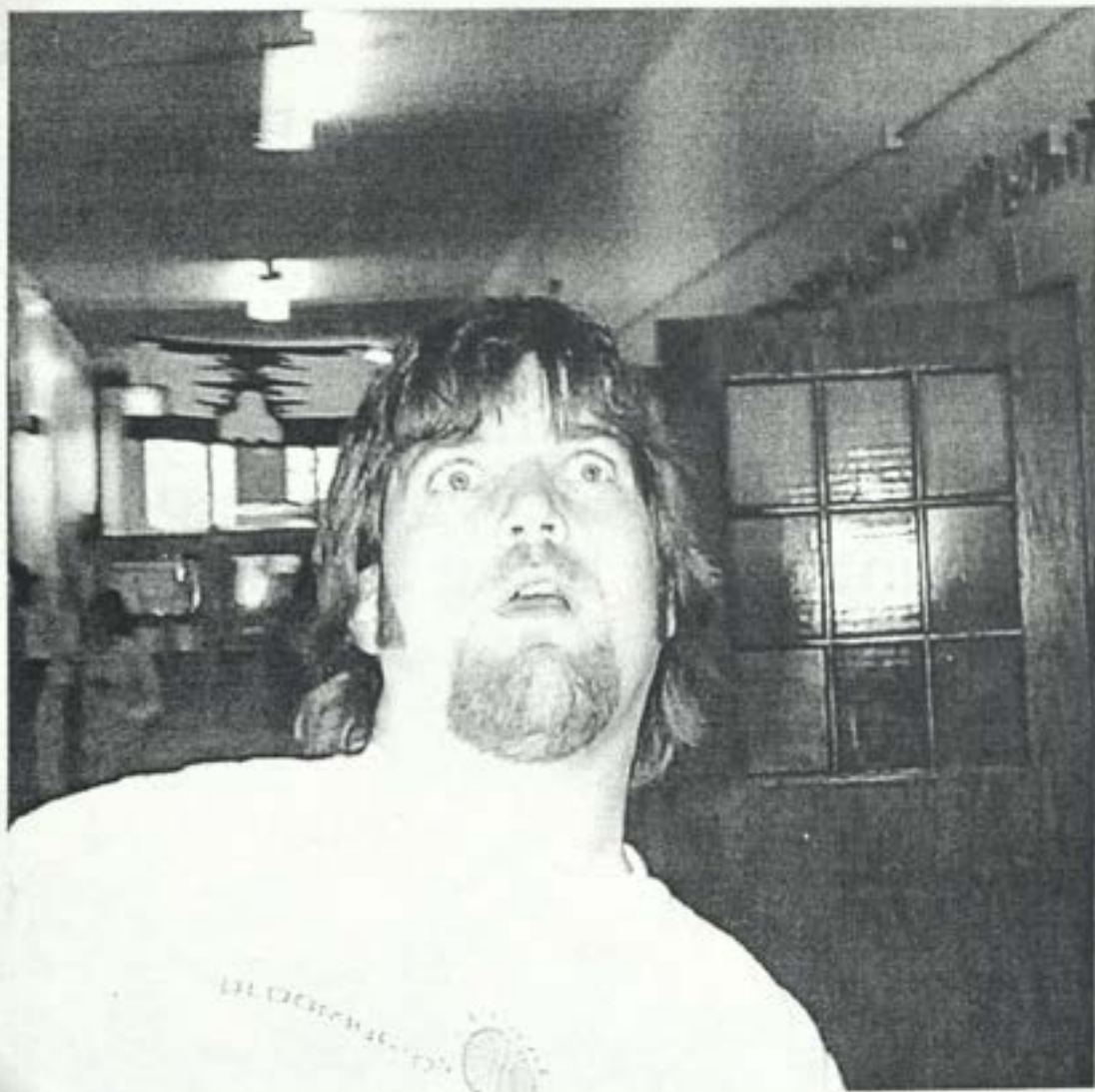
Giant

Nile

Terrorizes

school!

It all began with a horrifying discovery--6 inch students were infesting Harmony School. Teacher Scott Evans spotted the tiny creatures in the hallway outside his classroom; the poor students were being attacked by a neighborhood cat.





High School student and Microwave Oven Inspector, Andrew Redman, hypothesized the shrinkage was due to microwave leakage. "Dude, the refractometer went caput."



Upon further investigation Andrew discovered the entire building was infested with the tiny student vermin. They were everywhere--in the hallway, the parking lot, the art closet, and even Libby's desk!





ELMER'S



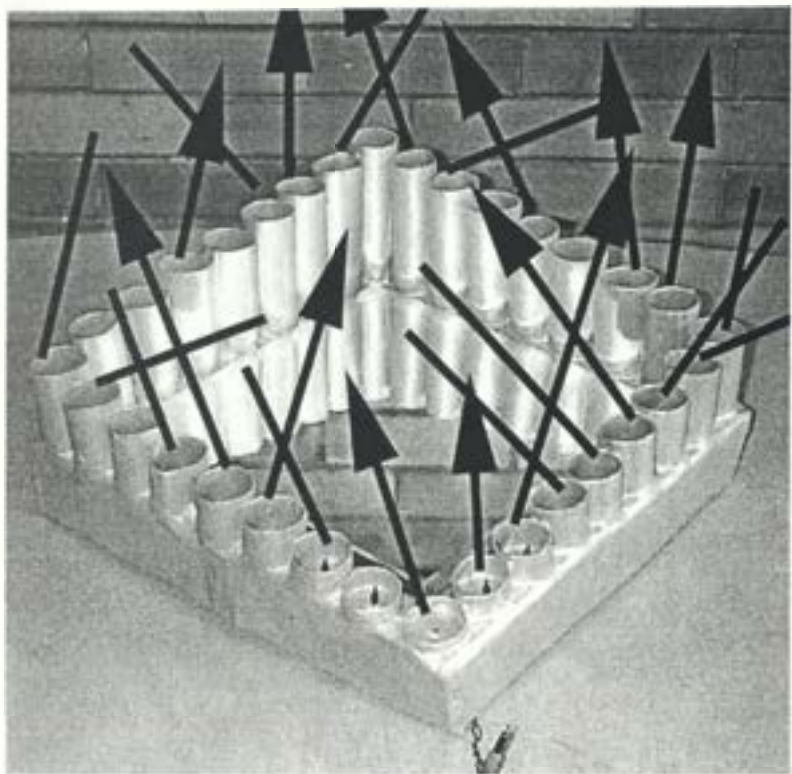
Andrew knew just what to do --call Professor Nile J. Arena with his "Gamma Ray Transfibulator." Recently fired from Terminix for cloning a 300 pound cockroach, Nile was free to turn his attention to the needs of humanity.



Nile and his team of quasi-monkey assistants went to work capturing the shrunken students. Within days, seven specimens had been captured and placed in Bianca's bubble backpack.



With the utmost care, Nile began the transfibulation process to restore the tiny creatures to their normal size. The operation was long and arduous, causing the school's computer system to lock onto hamster dance.com. But the end results were successful--the students were returned to their former selves.

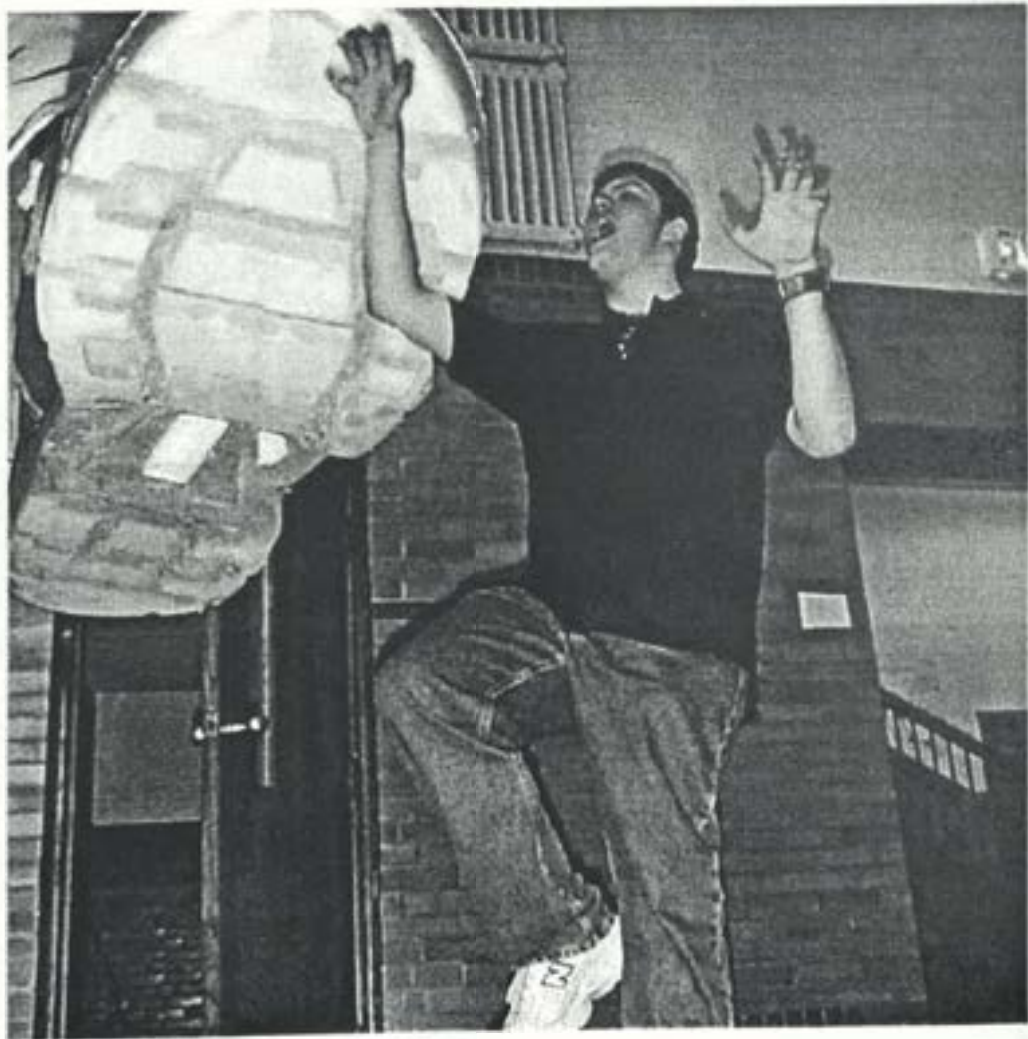


Unfortunately, Justin, one of Nile's quasi-monkey assistants accidentally bumped the machine while it was transmitting data. Nile was caught in the transfibulation ray. He began to grow immediately.



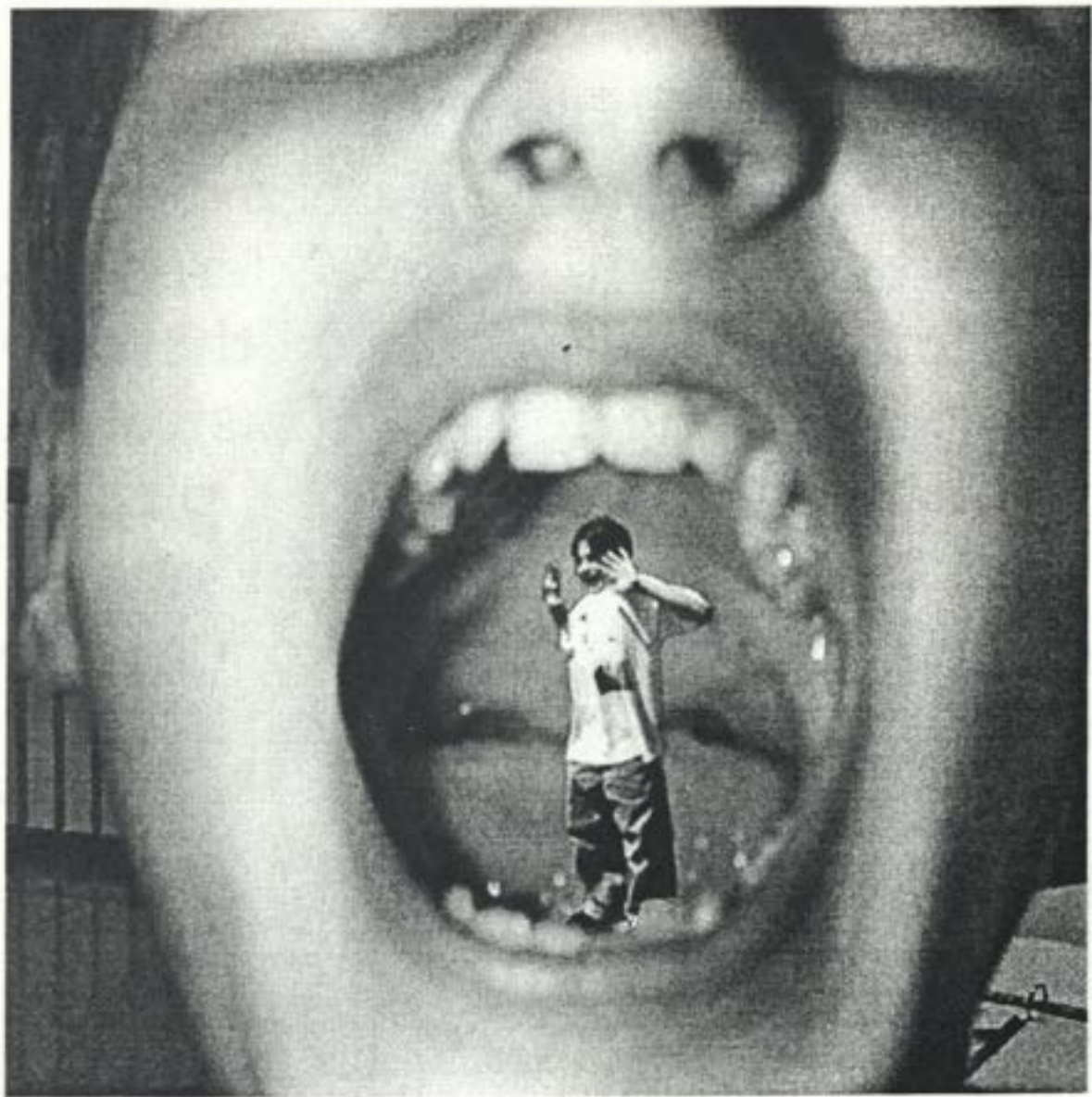
Within minutes Nile was transformed into an 80 foot monster. He towered over the building.





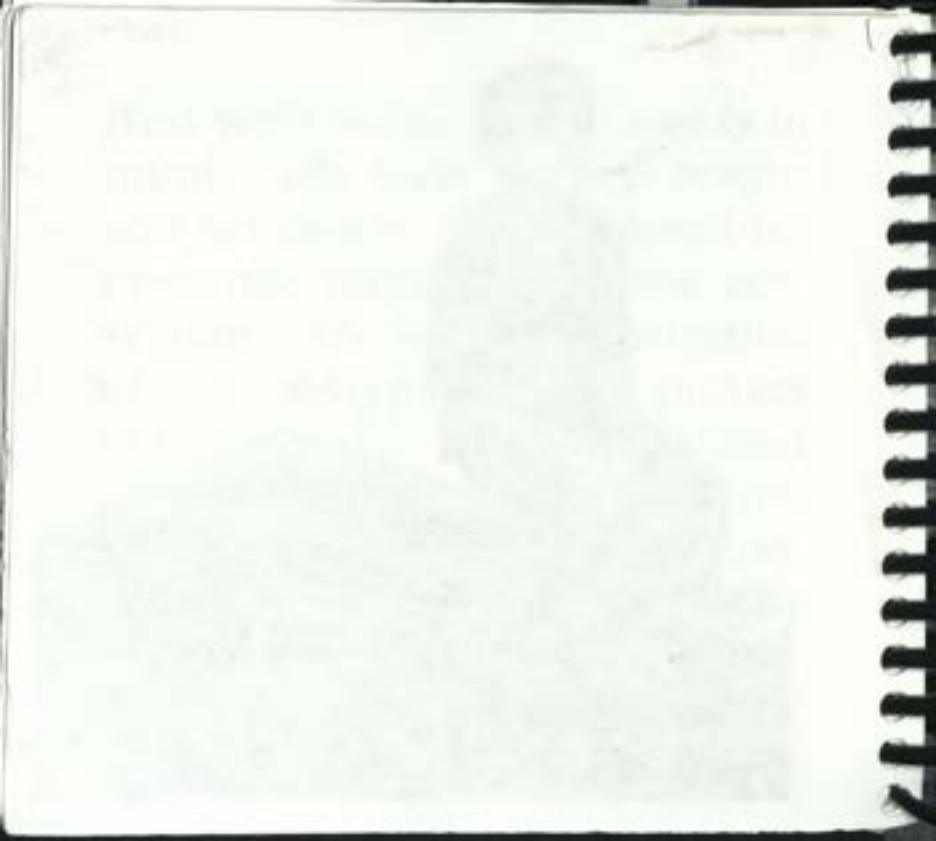
Justin tried to reason with him, but nothing could penetrate Nile's dense Australopithecine brain. He was de-evolving. Justin was helpless against such a menacing creature.

Nile was like a crazed animal, hungry for food. He mistook Justin for a corn dog and devoured him in one bite. But Nile wasn't finished—he needed energy, he wanted coffee. He thought "Starbucks!" Suddenly Robin's words echoed out of the deep recesses of Nile's brain: "Think globally, eat locally."



And with Robin's wise words in mind, Nile took a deep breath and sat down. He pondered his immense impact upon the ecosystem. He felt the frustration of the underpaid coffee pickers of Guatemala. He felt confused about China's introduction into the World Trade Organization. A tear came to his eye--he started to cry.

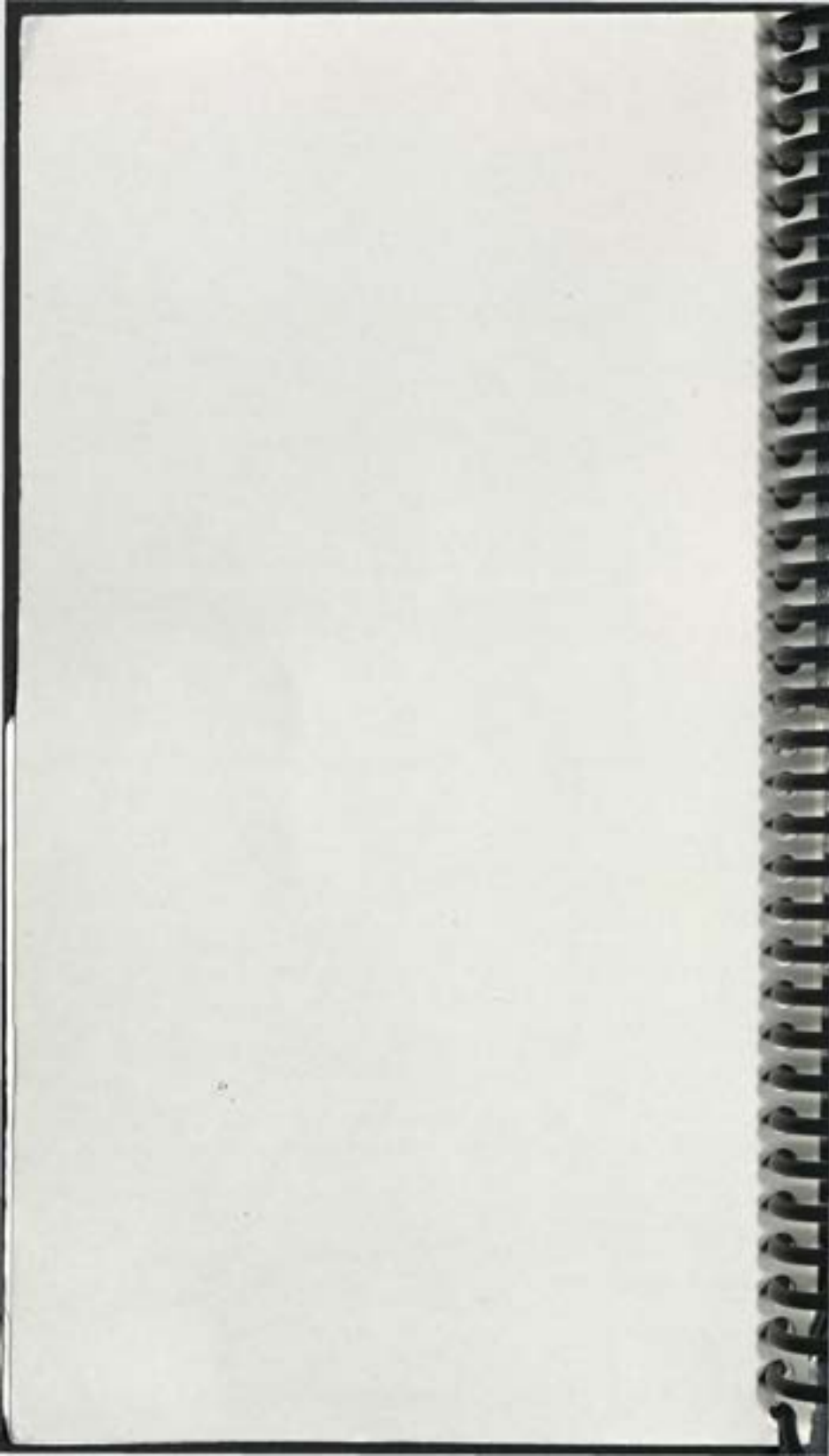




2000

mag

University School
Bloomington, in
spring 2000







U



yearbook/mag

published by the staff & students
harmony school
bloomington, in
spring 2000

U

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Why Stuff?

Because a lot happens over the course of a day, a week, a year. Because a lot happens in the lives of 200 people. Because much of it seems unrelated, we decided to group it under the umbrella of "stuff." Such an imprecise term captured the open attitude we wanted in documenting a school year. We hoped to create something that 25 years from now would jog the memory. It was a lofty goal which we ended up carrying through only one semester. We felt dissatisfied and shifted directions. Hence, Stuff 2, which had the innovation of "other people" participating. Some of these 32 were parents, ex-students, ex teachers, volunteers; they ranged in ages from 15 to 85. All were asked to respond to the statement "Everything's going to be all right." Their responses and can be found in the second half of the book. As always participants, Harmony students and adults, don't speak for the school or U Magazine, but speak only for themselves.

This book is a labor of love. The editors, graphic designers, writers, photographers, advertising sales, writers, proofers, computer wizes and assorted U staff (including Nile and his quasi monkey assistants) tried to have fun while creating the best publication possible. We hope you enjoy it.

U is an evolving production, with goodbyes and hellos. We've been blessed with an extraordinarily talented & dedicated group of students--they'll be missed.

--Marty



Susan Sarandon

To
HARMONY
SCHOOL — STUDY!!



Sonny Rollins



Sonny Rollins

To: The Class of 2000
Harmony School

You're a Good Thing

Martha Stewart

Martha Stewart



To the students of Harmony

Gloria Steinem
2000

Gloria Steinem





Madeline Albright



Dawn Wells

Donald Trump



Shelley Winters



Susan Lucci



Frank Oz



judy blume

April 6, 2000

Dear Friends at Harmony School,

Here's how I spent today, Thursday, April 6, 2000 in Key West, Florida.

7:20 - wake up
7:30-8:15 - shower/shampoo, trim toenails, make bed, start laundry
8:30-9:30 - breakfast with George, read local paper, water garden
9:30-1:15 - work at desk - writing (or trying to) new book about Fudge, consulting on screenplay for another project, hoping phone will ring so I won't have to write, hoping it won't ring because I'm trying to focus.
1:15 - quick lunch with George, then back to desk for another hour of torture
2:30 - gather socks and running shoes, search the house for sunglasses and keys, find them, jump on bicycle and race to personal training session.
3-4 - work out with Bill Yankee, personal trainer. Laugh a lot with Phyllis, a friend who is also working out
4:10 - bike to Fausto's, local grocery store
4:25-5:03 - shop, and stop to chat with other shoppers
5:05-5:12 - bike home with overloaded basket.
5:15 - put away groceries, drink juice and munch lemon chips
5:30 - jump in pool
5:52 - dry off and start to read New York Times -
5:58 - unexpected nap
6:14 - 7:15 talk with George, read some more, look over mail. Answer phone calls
7:30 - cook up pasta supper with George.
8:00 - eat supper with George
8:54 - walk to waterfront with George. Laugh a lot. Get an ice cream. Admire the night sky
9:47 - walk home - rejoice that we had no special evening plans
10:00 - get ready for bed. Spray with citronella to keep the mosquitos away
10:17 - get into bed to read. Watch news on TV
11:00 - lights out.

And that's a calm day in Key West.

Hope you have many calm days with plenty of time for thinking, daydreaming, and sharing an ice cream with a friend who makes you laugh.

Love,
Judy Blume

Celebrity segway to Stuff 1 section:

We asked author Judy Blume
to document her day much
in the same way
we were documenting
events around Harmony

Here is her response



A documentation of one semester
from September 1, 1999
to January 21, 2000



9 / 1 / 99



Jack and Cameron are the first two students to arrive at school



Assorted morning meetings at all levels of the program (5&6 shown)



Student teachers, Chris Mathews (left) and Lauren Beznos (right) sign on for the semester



"multi-age" groups formed
definition: prescribed social structures based upon hierarchical arrangement of ages for expressed purpose of team building and social interaction

9/2/99:

The Terror of Being a "New Kid"

Here are some of the things that "new" kids worry about. Some people fear not being "cool" enough. Maybe they're nervous about people making fun of them. And they might think the work is too hard--when everyone's on calculus and they're still on fractions. Or they might not know what to do and they'll seem like a tag-along. And, the fact is, they might not even like the school.

--U Staff



MS and 5&6 grade go to Bryan Park pool for the afternoon.

9/3/99:

Reflections on the First Week of School

On the first day of school, we all met in the gym and listened to Roc talk about his vacation in Hawaii. He told us about the school system and our new multi-age groups. After that we broke up into our all ages groups and learned about each other. We played games to get to know everyone. Then we talked to Roc some more.

He told us about the ethos and our pledge to Harmony School. In our groups, we drafted our own versions of the ethos and signed them.

The hard part was yet to come--our new schedules. Getting used to our new classes and rooms was hard. Then we got a break and took a trip to Bryan Park. We ate lunch and did more all age group activities. At the end of the week, we were not only familiar with the school, but with the other students as well.

-U Staff



Harmony School Olympics Picnic

We had hot dogs and not dogs, baked beans, pickles, chips, cookies, drinks, and 98 degree temperatures. Events included running around spasmodically, chasing balloons, spinning on yardsticks, crawling under chairs and generally having a whale of a time. The much anticipated capture the flag game was postponed until November second, when once again the advisory groups will meet at Bryan Park.



9/6/99:

Combined weight of the 1&2 graders--1,091 lbs

9/7/99:

5&6 Trip to Louisville

It all started as a very long trip. Well, at least it seemed like a very long trip. When we got to the church [where we were to stay], I thought it was an airport. I was amazed by how big it was. There were three or four escalators. And it was basically the first time I had gotten lost in a building trying to find the room. After we set up our mats and sleeping bags we went out to play a game of kickball in the dark. I thought it was neat because you couldn't see anything. Then we came back and brushed our teeth, got in our pajamas and went to bed. At first I got a little homesick and cried for a while but then I stopped and went right to sleep. The next morning we went out to the same field that we had played kickball at. We had Cheerios and juice or milk.

After that we drove to the Louisville Slugger Museum. Our tour guide showed us how the factory made bats. My favorite part was when they used a machine to make the form of the bat. While the machine would run across the piece of wood, juice would come out. Before that, we went to a place that had all different kinds of things and we split up into groups of two, three or four and went all over the place. My favorite part was when you would stand on a platform and pull on a

string that was over your head. The string was attached to a circle and the circle made a bubble. When you pulled the string down, you would be in a big bubble. After that we tried to find a Pizza Hut. When we found it we went in and ate, played songs and tried to do this game where we had a Joystick and moved a hook and tried to get a stuffed animal. Which you never win at, but I did once.

--Andrew Black



9/8/99:

McCormick's Creek

This year's trip was a bit different for the "old timers"--the elementary school didn't go. But still the McCormick's Creek traditions of capture the flag, French toast, the rec center, Wolf Cave, really crappy first day food and gourmet second day food continued. Highlights of the trip included Rachel Savich's graduation from the Harmony High School, fooseball at the rec center, swimming at night, the video game Die Hard, and, of course, horseback riding. High school students went on a night hike and were chased by the dreaded thing in the woods.

We were told it may have been the last year for the outpost--the middle school camp. Despite the obvious disappointment, an exhausted Adam gives a thumbs up, on this, his eighth and final visit.

--U staff



9/9/99:

Boiler

In 1926 a boiler was built in the basement of Elm Heights Elementary School. It started out burning coal, then fuel oil and finally natural gas. Its weight was approximately 10,000 pounds. This September, the seventy-three-year-old Frank Prox boiler was removed at a cost of \$15,000 dollars. In its place, a cast iron Weil McClaire boiler will be installed for \$60,000 dollars. The new boiler is 32% more energy efficient and weighs over 3,000 pounds less than the old boiler. In it, there are 23 cast iron heat exchangers. Once installed, the new boiler should last us 30-40 years.



Work will begin October 11th and the boiler will be up and running November 15th. When I went into the boiler room, I heard some rock n roll playing on the radio, and three men lying down on a large block of cement. It was a bit shocking. Hopefully this will be a warm winter.

--U Staff

3&4 go to Turkey Run

MS and HS get back from McCormick's Creek

5&6 get back from Louisville

9/10/99:

3&4 get back from Turkey Run

MS and HS have Friday off

9/13/99:

MS environmental pamphlet projects begin

9/14/99:

Animals

I have a dog, and he lives in the fog, on a log, I have a dog and he likes my pet frog, but he can't see them through the fog, I have a fox, it looks like a box, and he likes my pet ox, I have a cat, and he sleeps on the mat, and that's how he got to be fat, I have a bull, and he likes my pet troll, and his life is very dull, I have some bees, and they like my pet fleas, and that will be the end of these.

--Cassidy Henderson

9/15/99:

bolt



9/16/99:

MS makes a map of the library

High School Trip to the Landfill

As part of September's environmental theme, high school students spent Thursday afternoon touring the landfill. Tour guide Alysia Gard explained that, unlike a dump, a landfill is designed to keep contaminants out of ground water. She also described the new trashing bailing system, which will extend the life of the landfill sixty years.



5&6 went to the Glenn Black Lab and saw a Flint Knapping demonstration by Noel Justice, who showed the class how to make arrow heads.



9/17/99:

school Photo Day



5&6 goes back to a Glenn Black Lab Prehistory of Indiana Museum Exhibits

1&2 grade have their first spelling test

9/18/99:

Optional 5&6 grade trip to Glenn Black Lab--pottery, canoe building, model archaeological dig

9/19/99:

Carolyn's sixteenth birthday



9/20/99:

16,438,356 peoples' birthdays

9/21/99:

Kemps

This simple card game is sweeping the middle school. It all began at McCormick's Creek and it could have ended there, but it didn't. On their return from McCormick's Creek, middle schoolers kept on playing. At first it was just after school, then at lunch and then before school. When there are only three people who want to play (4 people are needed to play Kemps) the game of choice is "tongues," a game a lot like Kemps but not nearly as popular. A more often encountered problem is not having enough cards.

-U staff

9/22/99:

Rabbi Sue Shifron (Ari and Talia's mom) visits Helena's class

ECP makes play dough

9/23/99:

Jen Weiss, from Heartwood, visits Helena's class

HS goes to the landfill again

Fall Equinox Celebration in the Middle School

On September 23rd, some middle school girls put on sheets as Greek togas. Soon the fad caught on, and by the end of the school day there were 11 people in Greek apparel. The toga-wearers shared a festive lunch of homemade bread, peppers, plums, apples, butter and jam. 'Why were they draped in sheets?' you may ask. For those of you who aren't aware of this, the 23rd of September is the Fall Equinox, the first day of fall. That morning I called Fiona and told her to come to school wearing a toga. Surprisingly enough, she refused, saying she would do it only if Safia, Carrie, and I did too. So, I called Safia and Carrie and they said they would if the rest of us did too. I called Fiona back and told her to bring lots of sheets. I speedily baked a loaf of bread and threw some sandwich ingredients and fruits and veggies in a basket and got some sheets as well. It was a hit and many suggested we should do this again.

--Cora Polsgrove



1&2 visit Roger's Quarry

9/24/99:

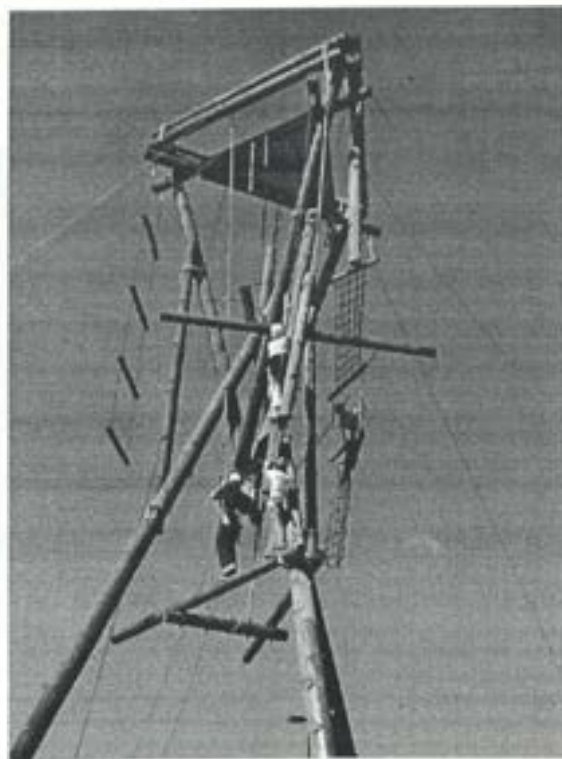
5&6 goes to Mounds State Park to hike and have a picnic at Hopewell-Adena Burial Mounds

Convocation featuring musicians from the Lotus Festival

The Tower

On Friday, September 24th, the middle school went to the Alpine Tower at Meadows Behavioral Care Center. They worked on team building activities for the first hour. Then they started climbing. The Tower has three poles, all different levels of difficulty. Some did all three, while some just did one. The Tower featured the "teeter-totter," the "corporate ladder," the "missing link" and the "swinging pole." Those that got to the top had a view of the city before they were belayed down. The weather was perfect and they had a great day.

--U Staff



What Shapes Us More--

Things We Can Control Or Things We Can't Control?

A. I think that things we can't control shape us more than things we can control. For example, if you went to school one day, and were given a pop-quiz you would have to respond to that. Or if you left the country that you loved for so many years like I did [you would have to respond to that, too]. Moving taught me to be more open to new schools and making new friends. So, overall I think that things we can't control that shape us more than things we can.

--Tim Bruner

B. Well, that is a very good question. I suppose it depends on who you ask. Some people would reply that we are shaped more by the little things we can control, such as our thoughts and our actions. But still others would reply that we are shaped more by the things we cannot control, such as gender, hair color, eye color, weight, race, skin color, how we turn out. But if you went up to a teenager, some would just look at you and say "What the hell does that mean?" Others still would just look at you and walk away. The ruder ones would say "!@!\$# off you @#@\$", and then walk away. I do not really like that group. I doubt very many of us do. But a lot would probably give you an answer, complete with an explanation of why. I would be part of the latter. I think that it is a little of both. Because I was born an American, I have grown up with rights that played an important role in my life. But what I did with those rights, things that I could control, also helped me become who I am today. I am grateful, and I am also grateful for how I came to be like that. We all seem to consider that either somebody else shapes us or nobody does, which I think is strange.

--Ruth Ridge-Colby

9/27/99:

5&6 make projects of Indiana Indians

9/28/99:

1&2 Trip to Black Beauty Coal Mine

The first and second grade recently visited the Black Beauty Coal Mine in Farmsburg. They learned how the coal mine operates and saw really big trucks and towering piles of coal. Best of all, they got their hands really dirty!

--U Staff



9/29/99:

The Acappella Singers

On September 29th, two female acappella singers visited the 5th & 6th grade.

Acappella is a type of singing with no instruments to go along with it. These 2 women combined singing with hand movements, clapping and dancing.

When they first came in all I could think about was how boring it was going to be. From other acappella I had heard, I didn't want to hear any ever again. But when they started with a dance song, I had a different approach. I can't imagine what the office, which was right below us in the building, was thinking about this. They probably thought that we had let a herd of wild elephants go in our room. With all the stomping, who could blame them.

I really liked the games they played. I can't wait until they come back.

--Josh David

9/30/99:

Distance connection with Amy Baum's class in Hawaii-sharing the prehistory of our states in 5&6

contact Amy at: abaum@uhhach.uhh.hawaii.edu

ECP make peanut butter balls

The Solitary Beaver

I am a solitary beaver. I was bonded many seasons ago, but since then my bondmate was killed by a falling log. Since then I have lived alone, hence my nickname: the solitary beaver. Many thought I would get rebonded--were sure of it, in fact, but I did not.

I built my dam on the third tributary of the Big Stream that branches off of the Great Lake. It is a peaceful spot--I was the only beaver that dared to build a dam on the third tributary--the current was very swift before I dammed it. I take pride in my dam. It is well built and roomy, cool in the summer and warm in the winter. My life was gliding pretty smoothly

along--until...

It was a cold winter morning, the kind of morning that us beavers like to spend safe and warm inside of our dams, chewing on a twig and thinking about spring. Actually, that was exactly what I was doing when I heard a sound from outside. It was not the sound of snow sliding off a branch onto the ground, nor was in the sound of a woodland animal scampering along in the snow on its way to its winter burrow. It was the sound of an animal in pain, a small animal, caught in something, for it was a cry of helplessness and rage, caused by being in a terrible situation and not being able to do anything about it. I perked up my ears and listened: yes, there it was again. There was no doubt in my mind now: a creature was suffering and in this weather it probably wouldn't suffer for long--winter winds can be cruel to animals that stay outside too long. I am a sentimental soul, but it is asking a lot of one to leave one's safe, warm dam in the middle of winter, dive into freezing cold water, then find a patch of partially melted ice to paw through in order to get to the surface and see what is happening. But as I said, I am a sentimental soul...

--The Solitary Beaver



10 / 1 / 99:



Elementary and middle school go to Collins Center at IU to work in a multi-age art project (installation piece) for a Latina artist's project. It was the decoration for a poetry-music performance.

Cheese
(a story)

Once, a long, long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away there was a small boy named Nile with two fears. One . . . "carnies." Nomads, you know. Small hands. Smell like carnage. And two . . . cheese!

Nile was a short and skinny person. He was a great artist and an excellent comedian. Always a good friend, he stood up for his friends, too.

Well, one day this fine boy was walking home from school after a horrible day. Everything went wrong.

He wanted to be wiped off the earth.

As he slumped home, he was confronted by a small, strange old man. The man had little half circle glasses about to slide off his little wrinkled nose, and a cane just his size. Nile hesitated, but then slowly inched forward. The old man stayed where he was and didn't move an inch. Then, in a scratchy voice, he said, "The cheese is out there!"

Nile stared for a moment, then ran as fast as his little legs could carry him. For two reasons--first, Nile sometimes hallucinates and the old man started looking like a "carny." Second, he mentioned cheese, the dreaded cheese, which also scared him; so he ran.

He ran straight home where he saw his dog, "Cranky," panting and scratching himself wildly. Nile grabbed the key from under the dirty doormat and opened the door. He went to his room and dropped his stuff on the floor. He left his room quickly to get something to eat. He went to the freezer and got a bowl of ice cream. Then he went to watch tv.

--Justin Thompson



10/4/99:

5&6 begins geology theme

Heather finishes book on autism for Independent History Reading

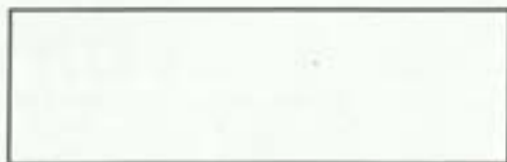
Ian McFadden interns at True Skateboards for Community in the Classroom

250 Words on Absolutely Nothing

Nothing is the absence of time. Nothing is when I'm relaxed, and let everything slip from my mind. Nothing is the need for something when you have

everything. Nothing is when I wake and don't know where I am. Nothing is why I cry. Nothing is forever in my thoughts. Nothing is what is on boys mind when sex and magic go for a coffee break. Nothing is the need for speed when you're standing still. Nothing is when I hold my breath and pretend I'm somewhere else. Nothing is something even when something leaves nothing far behind. Nothing is everything small and everything large, and nothing in between. Nothing is the ratio of time-time. Nothing is the way my eyes roll when I'm embarrassed. Nothing is what I'm thinking about right now.

--Kellyn Bartlett



10/5/99:

What Happens When I'm Not at Home

No one's at home. Just the fish swimming in their tank. My room is clean. My bed is made. Everything is straight. The ice maker is making ice.

On Thursday there's an exception, a woman named Sue, not my mom, Sue Newcomer, comes in to clean. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, my mom's there till ten o'clock.

The few sounds are the ice maker, the fish tank filter, and air conditioning. The sun makes shadows. Plants are growing. Talia's dolls are in her room.

--Ari Shifron



10/6/99:

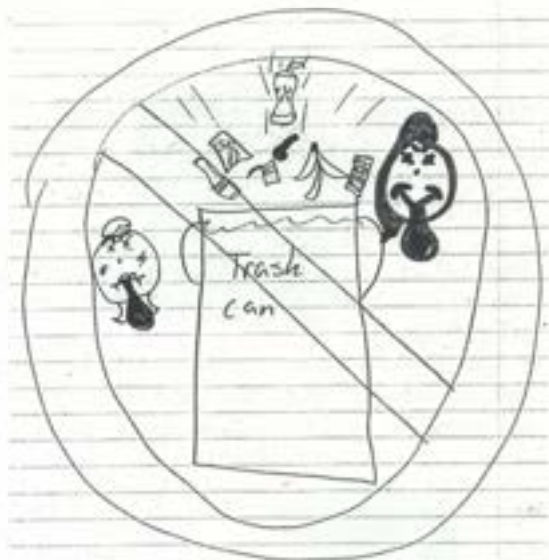
Adam's group builds a fire in the Dean Wilderness

MS discusses Political Parties during Current Events

Trash-Free Lunch

On October 6, 1999, the elementary school had a trash-free lunch. Our class, the third and fourth grade, sat in a big circle and took turns talking about what was in our lunch and what was trash. Our class barely had any trash but we still had a little. What a trash-free lunch means is where you have no trash at all. So if you brought carrots from home in a container you have no trash but if you brought the carrots in a plastic bag that is not recyclable, then you have trash. Our goal is to have no trash at all.

--Sahar Pastel-Daneshgar



10/7/99:

1&2 goes to IU Art Museum

5&6 sees demonstration of the Academic Quiz Bowl Team by Templeton 5&6 graders

Fire Truck

The fire department sent a firetruck to Harmony's parking lot this morning (a late model Pumper with a safer air conditioned closed cab, according to Ari Rosen, resident expert.) A Pumper carries a hose, water tanks and a pump that can shoot 1,000 gallons a minute. Harmony students climbed on the fire truck and met a few of the local fire fighters.



Flora finds out that she can be curator of a photography show at the IU Art Museum for an independent photography class

Lunch with Sean

Sean Kim came to Harmony School from Korea. Unfortunately, he spoke little English so the kids and teachers have come up with an idea. The idea is to make a simple lunch for Sean to eat with students, and to set up games for people to play. The hope is that interacting with students will improve Sean's English and help him get to know the high schoolers. He

communicates using his dictionary and plays vocabulary enhancing games like Upwards with the other kids. So far, the enthusiasm has been unanimous- everyone enjoys borscht (David's specialty soup) and good conversations.

--U Staff



10/8/99:

High School Kills the Vote

Harmony High School changed a long standing policy of voting in new students Friday. Prior to today's family meeting, new students had to receive 3/4 positive votes from the student population in order to become a member of the community. The concern was that the vote was an elitist, exclusive, sick process that lead to students judging each other. The former policy began to break down early this year, when several students voiced their opposition. The policy change will go into effect next year.

--U Staff

5&6 visit Sun Dance Grounds at Hoosier National Forest

Claire finishes reading a book about Eastern Religions for Independent History Seminar class

Tansy finishes James Brown's autobiography for Independent History Seminar class

10/11/99:

Camille is researching foster care for Community in the Classroom. She interviewed Carol Gore from the Villages today

Myra volunteers at Heartwood for Community in the Classroom

3&4 begins water experiments

Our Visions of the Future

In the future there will be flying saucers and cups of tea. In the future we'll have interactive cartoons. And then, the sheep will finally talk. A lot of people danced there. But cyanide had a funny way of seeping into things, and made all the people taste funny. Hospitals serve mashed peas on toast to terminal cases.

The future will be made safe from monsters, from the Id by the realization that we all dream in unconscious green creatures bitten by our day-to-day experiences. And there will be sponges. There was a man who ate biscuits and only biscuits, until he died of a heart attack. Then suddenly, all the gravity on earth went out and everything started floating away. He fell, then, into the bathtub, where he was quickly electrocuted by an electric razor. Genetically altering your body to grow fins from your forehead and gluing plucked radioactive chickens to your body will be fad. OUTRAGEOUS.....

Replacing your teeth with stainless steel scissors. Wearing rose-colored glasses on your toes. Target shooting at the remaining wisps of the ozone layer and killing your neighbors for sport. People will start sewing giant frog legs and giant butterfly wings on so that they will be superhuman. People will genetically alter their bodies, replacing their mouths with beaks.

People will finally learn of the scourge of mankind posed by brussel sprouts, resulting in anti-brussel sprout lobbies in congress. There will be a holographic hunting ground where you could actually hunt Pokemon, the sugar graham bear, the honey comb monster, Barney and Baby Bop, and monsters from the Id.

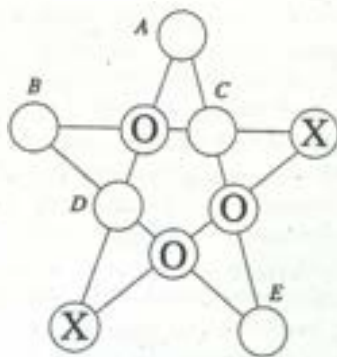
--Ross Peterson-Veatch, Patrick

Alexander, Flora Cole, Zack Land, Avery Liell-Kok and Eric Lyakhovetsky



10/12/99:

PSATs



Seminar on autism after school for parents and staff

1&2 had the director of homeless shelter talk to class

Freshmen help with rummage sale

10/13/99:

The Dangers of Bass Singing...Dude

Never, ever bass sing

Dude, that's just not the thing,

You could hurt yourself real bad

And dude, that's just not the fad

Bass is just not for your voice,

Dude, you've gotta make a choice

will it be alto 1 or alto 2 ?

Or, dude, maybe soprano for you!

I don't know what it is you'll choose

But dude, with you singing bass you're sure to lose!

Man, with you trying to sing bass

Dude, you're sure to break a vase

Your voice just isn't low

Dude, you should totally try soprano.

Or maybe in this case

Dude, you take on the dangers of bass

Like scaring little kids

Dude, or making people flip their lids

If you do that, no one will like you

Dude, bass singing is not for you.

--Siri Larsen

5&6 trip to the IU Geology Department--Michael
Hamburger taught and demonstrated about
earthquakes. We saw a seismograph in action and saw
great fossils.

Student Solidarity's first meeting

Bus passes issued for middle and high

MS discuss the bike tunnel

Adam's group builds shelters at Griffy Lake

Geometry class recovers from PSATs by discovering the
math of kickball

Teach-in on consensus in all staff meeting

10/14/99:



10/15/99:

Money is the Root of All Evil

There is so much to say about money that I couldn't cover the subject in 250 word assignments. Many people believe that money is the cause for greed, war, crime and destruction. Many of those people are not rich. With money comes power and so when someone gets rich they get more powerful. In my opinion most illegal things happen because someone wants money. Money can help make more money. Therefore the richer will get richer and they will have more power. If the rich get richer then the poor and middle class will get poorer. So companies will have to lower prices so people can afford to buy their products. If that happens then the rich have to spend less and they will have more money to make themselves richer.

The reason gambling is so popular is because of commercials. If there were no commercials then people wouldn't crave money as much, and so they would keep what they have and try not to abuse it. If people didn't want money so much maybe people would trust each other more, because there wouldn't be security

cameras everywhere. The point is like I wrote earlier,
"The Root of all Evil."

—Adam Shiffriss



5&6 trip to visit Brookville Reservoir

MS goes to Griffy to pick up trash

Tim's sister and brother-in-law visit the ECP and bring
native musical instruments

ECP throws goodbye party for student teachers
Heather and Elizabeth

10/16/99:

Rummage sale brings in \$1600 for the school

Safia's birthday

10/18/99:

Crate playhouse appears on playground

10/19/99:

Ross's Spanish classes watch weird movie called
"Hombre Mirando al Sudeste"

5&6 identify fossils found at Brookville

Emily interns at Bikesmiths for Community in the
Classroom--she fixes Helena's brakes and does an
awesome job

10/20/99:

Red Cross Representative Visits Student Solidarity

Red Cross representative, Ed Vande Sande came to talk to the Student Solidarity committee today. He talked about using Harmony School as a neighborhood shelter in an emergency situation. He gave the committee some information and a form to fill out about school facilities and capacity.

Student Solidarity has been discussing the idea of using the school as a shelter for several weeks. The general voice of the committee supports the idea, believing it to be a great way to get involved with the Elm Heights neighborhood. They will discuss it in meetings to come and try to be prepared in case of an emergency.

--U Staff



5&6 distance connection with Carrie Gosh in East Chicago--read poems for two voices

An ECP rock-n-roll band starts up in the block area

10/21/99:

What is Happiness?

A. I feel happy when I give things to people who need them more than me.

Last weekend we went through my closet and found a lot of clothes that didn't fit me, so we gave them to my sister and some of them didn't fit her, so we gave them

to the homeless lady who had 2 little girls and the clothes fit them, and you should have seen that women's face. She was so happy! She had the biggest smile on her face. I love giving, and getting stuff back is ok too, but I'd rather give than receive. I am so glad I did that, because they have not changed their clothes in 5 months and weren't wasted either. So that is what happiness means to me. Well in my sister's case, she never gives but loves to receive.

—Alysha Reynolds

B. Music is one thing that makes me happy. Friends are another thing that makes me happy. Science is another thing that makes me happy.

Music makes me happy because I can be alone and in peace and it helps me go to sleep. Friends are good to have around so I can talk to someone.

Science is a good thing to study in school. I like it because I can use the equipment.

—Marshall Vires

C. You can't physically feel happiness, but if you could, I bet it would feel like fluffy cake. People that have a reason to be happy are Batman, movie stars, superman, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and big strong guys, they get all the girls. Happy faces are always happy.

—Asher Marks



5&6 distance connection with Amy's class in Hawaii

ECP takes a field trip to Linda's house, sets up bonfires, goes on a hayride, has a picnic lunch and walks around the pond



10/22/99:

Lauren's Going Away Party

Shhhh...it's a surprise--Lauren's going away party. We were going to get the Chippendale dancers, but those middle schoolers didn't make enough money in time. Instead they had a pizza party complete will cakes, drinks, balloons and streamers. It was only after the cakes had been consumed that the cooking crew (Carrie, Siri, Cora, Fiona & Safia) admitted to slightly salting one cake and dropping another onto the floor. " We just scrapped it off [the floor] and stuck it back in the pan," Cora said. "The hard part was icing the crumbs."

--U Staff



Elementary trip to Spring Mill

Helena's US History class makes their own versions of children's books about big events in early US History (i.e., the first Thanksgiving, Columbus, the Salem Witch Trials, etc.)

10/23/99:

Helen's African Studies class begins watching "Cry Freedom," the story of Steve Biko and his friendship with Donald Woods in South Africa

10/25/99:

No school--staff retreat

10/26/99:

Fiona Prepares for Y2K

Fiona Martin and her family spent all of last weekend canning green tomatoes from their garden, in preparation for the imminent Y2K disaster. The Martin family plans to be the lone survivors of the coming Y2K crisis, living off pickled tomato relish until the grocery stores begin operating again.

--U Staff



Helena's African Studies class is visited by Professor Hanson of IU, an expert on the history of Islam in Africa. He rocked!

Andrew finishes book on the history of hip hop for Independent History Reading

Beth gets a senior project placement in Ireland (although after the stunt she pulled at last week's family meeting, the high school remains dubious...)

10/27/99:

Musical: The Musical

In the spring of 1999 Kevin Holladay put on a musical here at Harmony, to celebrate his last year. I personally did not see it, but I heard it was a BIG hit. This year he's putting it on again and I'm in it! He's doing it for a exploration class, so that we will have more time to work on it, and I must say it's one of the best exploration/creation classes I've ever been in my seven years at Harmony School, because when we go to class we just sit back, talk about what were going to do, practice our lines and songs and then we get up and do it all on stage. It's the last week [of rehearsals] and we're staying after school every day, even last Monday, when we didn't have any school at all. It's been hectic and some people are under a lot of stress, but our stars Nick Ardizzone and Carrie Platz are doing just fine. I have a good feeling it's gonna be great, and I hope you come to see it.

--Sebastian Rudolph



Big U.S History exam in Helena's class

10/28/99:

Costume Parade awards are finished

10/29/99:

Costume Parade

This year we had 150 people in the parade. The ages ranged from kindergarteners to seniors. There were about thirty awards. Some of the awards included the shiniest, hairiest, creepiest, the hobo award and the J.D. Award, which was given to the best costume overall (J.D. was a former Harmony student who always had awesome costumes. This year the award went to the Tootsie Roll duo--Leila, who dressed up as a Tootsie Roll, and Alice, who sang the commercial jingle). Some of the more noticeable costumes were Jesse and James (Team Rocket from Pokemon), Count-Tap-A-Lot (Asher) and Derek as a Girl, who won the sexiest award. Sawyer won the most sophisticated award for dressing up like a Gameboy, and, as predicted by the crowd of observers, Rami won the Ricky Martin award.

--U Staff



Derek Browning as "Girl"



Nick Ardizzone and Alex Chrisman as "Jessie and James from Team Rocket"



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Cameron Mattoon as "Overweight Tooth Fairy on Slim Fast"

Trick or Treat for UNICEF

On October 29, the elementary and middle school went over to the campus and asked for money for UNICEF, which stands for United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund. The fund goes to children in other continents such as Africa and Asia, and pays for water pumps, medicine and immunization shots. By the end of the day, students had a total of \$942.75--enough to provide 3,771 children with polio vaccinations.

--U Staff



MS has Halloween party (including "goody bags" from Hannah, purchased at Big Lots); elementary has Halloween party; HS has family meeting and GSMs

First night of "Musical: The Musical"--Steve wears women's leopard print stretchy shirt, borrowed from Molly

10/30/99:

Work day

Allison's birthday

The Musical continues

10/31/99:

11 / 1 / 99:



Student/teacher conferences begin in the high school

Helena's African Studies class continues to watch "Cry Freedom"

Musical: "The Musical" Opens

This weekend "Musical: The Musical" took the show on the road. We "U" Staffers would have to say these performances were the best. Every body gave it their all. Claudio and Kevin revised the script, and the actors and actresses spent weeks learning new lines, adjusting to changes in the story, and working with new people. Their efforts paid off--opening night was sold out. People were even sitting on the floor and stairs.

The songs were great, as were the dances. Becky Lloyd replaced Mary White as Mary. Emily Anderson took on the role of Beverly, Bambi's mom, replacing Hannah Dumes. Both of the other Marys (Eva Freese-Posthuma and Fiona Martin) were great--they even had a little

more humor this time. Bambi and Melvin (Carrie Platz and Nick Ardizzone) stole the show. The other actors and actresses were sensational as well.

--U Staff



Eva Freese-Posthuma and Fiona Martin as Mary 1 and Mary 2

11/2/99:

What Are the Clouds Gathering on the Horizon

A. What's gathering in my life among the clouds: The future, the past, the future and now. The millennium is approaching in star lit moments, locking herself in a silver cloud, waiting for her time to come out. Y2K is getting closer and closer, storming in, in a white mystical breeze, sending in a cold front to frost the green horizon. Friendship is set by the ocean's sirens, drawing them closer together, as the tops of the trees reflect off the green siren's blue sea in attempt to clash upon the rocks. Family, family is set by the means of argument and togetherness. You can have thunder-and-lighting-jolting-through-the-clouds type of days, or you can have a sunbeam-creeping-through-the-blue-and-white-clouds-sinking-into-the-meadow's-horizon type of days. Life as a total, all of laughing and fears,

smiles and tears, you can always find the way to see the clouds gathering on the horizon and wonder why life has the dazed sensation in unsolved questions and answers, and why life has murky views and clear views, while you are looking over the horizon.

--Eva Freese-Posthuma



B. I swear it's a conspiracy! You are really an undercover agent working for a foreign government trying to find out if we realize that the clouds on the horizon are swarms of enemy planes carrying atomic bombs that any moment will descend upon us and blow us to pieces! You don't fool me! I figured out your little plan! There is nothing you can do about it--I've already told the U.S. government! It's too late! You are foiled!

Dear Almighty One,

I found an American child writing this. I do not believe she has told the U.S. government, and even if she has, they wouldn't believe her. Stupid Americans! Just to be safe, I disposed of her. Are we still planning to attack the U.S. on January 1st? That was a genius idea, Your Excellence. The fools will think it was a computer related disaster. Stupid Americans!

Your Loyal Servant,
Rega Arizzoni

Okay, I'll be serious now. Wait, who am I kidding? Of course I won't! Why would I ever want to do something stupid like *that*? I have so many theories about those clouds and so few of them are serious! Well, here I go!

1. (Paranoid) They are a group of huge glaciers that are slowly floating towards the United States. When they arrive, they will a) slide onto the continent and crush everything in their path, killing and destroying everything and everyone; b) hit Florida and cause the entire peninsula to break off and be pushed into the Gulf of Mexico. Millions of old people will then be stranded in the middle of the Gulf and slowly starve until they surrender and become part of Mexico; c) crash into the east coast in the middle of the night so that millions of Asian warriors can sneak off and spread out across the States, killing everyone, and the U.S. government won't be able to drop any bombs because they would kill more U.S. civilians than enemy troops (idea thought of by the Trojans thousands of years ago).

2. (Corny) They are our wishes, hopes and dreams. (Interesting how there are so many, but then hardly any ever mature into wihoem—I bet you've never seen a single drop of wihoem fall from the sky. You haven't, have you? People never try hard enough—if they try at all—to make their dreams come true.)

3. (Serious) Clouds are big clusters of water droplets. Clouds are formed when water vapor floats upwards where the coolness in the air forces the vapor to collect around small particles of dust, pollen, and other such things. When they become heavy enough, they clump together and fall to the ground in the form of snow, hail, or rain.

4. (Stupid) Clouds? What are clouds? Isn't horizon a dairy company? Teacher, I need help! (Geez, kid, I'd say you do!)

5. (Philosophical) They are an omen of troubled times ahead—we must tread carefully.

6. (Religious) They are a sign that troubled times are ahead and we must beg God for forgiveness, for many have sinned (not me, of course). The devil makes work for idle hands—so start gambling!

7. (Nature Enthusiast) I have no idea—but aren't clouds wonderful?

8. (Realistic) Clouds have been gathering on the horizon since the earth began, why worry about them now? Why don't we spend our energy stopping people from destroying the earth instead of wasting it worrying about the clouds.

—Cora Polsgrove

Cloud of Responsibility

There lives a brood of children. Their names are Adventure, Curiosity, Playfulness, Carefree, Rascal, Freedom and Inventive. Adventure got her name because she always wanders off from the bunch. Curiosity got his name because he eats bugs to see how they taste. Playfulness got her name due to her urge to play. Carefree got his name because he never gets mad at you and if he does, he doesn't stay mad for long. Rascal got his name because he gets into mischief and teases others. How do I describe Freedom? She has long hair that hangs loose and she is very independent. Inventive got her name because she loves to come up with new ideas and she likes to invent.

Every day the children wake up and smell the roses. They are ready for the day and very hungry. They climb down the branches of a ginkgo tree where they sleep in their nest. The air is nippy and it smells like fruits and nuts and flowers. Breakfast is ready to be gathered. They gather grapes from vines, nuts from walnut trees, apples from apple trees, bananas from banana trees, sunflower seeds, violets and sour grass.

During the day, the brood swings in the sycamore trees and flies off the branches into the pond. While they are in the water they bathe. The children run carefree during the day, jumping up and down the hills. Rolling down the hills is one of the most fun activities for the children.

When it is time to go to sleep, they all climb up the branches of the ginkgo tree into their nest and fall fast asleep.

Just after the children awaken, Curiosity has a premonition that something bad will happen. The children climb down from their nest slowly because they are afraid. On the horizon, dark clouds are forming. Playfulness is trembling in fear. The children know that when the dark clouds come their childhood ends and responsibility begins. They form a circle and hug. They fall asleep and when they wake up they are in a school at 909 East Second Street. Their names have changed. Adventure's name changed to Tim. Rascal is now Ross. Curiosity is now Linda. Playfulness has changed to Scott. Carefree is called Kathy. Freedom is now named Ursina. Inventive has become Marty.

--Camille Wright

11/3/99:

Capture the Flag at Bryan Park

It is a brisk sunny day. The children rush into the park like a tornado of desperate men at large. The confusion begins--men, women and children scream chaotically, much like I would imagine the decks of the Titanic to be before slipping into the depths of oblivion. Scott Evans runs in circles, yelling a tribal call of the wild, while Sona Pastel-Daneshgar chases him. Scott then reverts to animal instincts, and pounces from behind a tree, capturing his prey and devouring the dignity of the opposing team. Jordan Shifriss's glasses slip off his nose, only to be caught by his ever-present safety string. He looks up and smiles triumphantly--that moment has justified 40 years of wearing the accessory without use.

--Garrett Nelson



Acappella singing practice in the 5&6

11/4/99:

Marissa's author's chair

11/5/99:

Allowances

Between schoolwork and home life, kids learn how to take responsibility for themselves. At a certain age, they are ultimately responsible for their homework, class performance and various chores. As a reward for shouldering responsibility, students often receive a weekly or monthly allowance. Monetary payment gives them another responsibility--spend wisely--with the added perk of offering them freedom--they can buy their own toys or clothes. We asked Harmony students what they did for money this week, and how much they received for their work.

Jill Ferguson--\$15 a week--dishes, vacuum

Katrina Perry-York--\$20 a month--trash, cat box, clean room

Ian Mott--\$10 a week--nothing, sometimes babysit

Levi Jamison--\$15 a week--clean room, trash

Alysha Reynolds--\$10 a week--nothing

Ruth Ridge-Colby--\$5 a week--babysit

Sharpe Panyong--\$50 a week

Sebastian Rudolph--\$8 a week--cat box, dishes, clean room

Cora Polsgrove--\$5 a week--trash, walk dog, recycling, make dinner

Alex Watt--\$15 a week--laundry, dishes

Nile Arena--\$8 a week--set table, laundry

Justin Thompson--\$21 a week--mow lawn, laundry, set table

Kristen Miller--\$5 a month--nothing

David Goodman--\$5 a week--nothing

Lara Hamburger--\$20 a month--clean, dishes, set table, help with dog

Shahana Ansari--\$10 a week--feed cats, clean

Derek Browning--\$5 a week--nothing.

Nick Tolbert--\$20 a month--nothing.

Emily Anderson--\$3-25 a month--nothing: "I'm a good little girl"

Kellyn Bartlett--\$13 a month--nothing

Corinna Manion--\$20 a week--nothing

Ian McFadden--\$20 a month--nothing

Sona Pastel-Daneshgar--\$2.50 a week--dishes, cats

Carolyn Nash--"what I ask for--about \$30 a month"

Steve Jones--\$150 a week --works for parents at
Strangers Hill Farm and Greenhouse
Rudi Romaine--\$20 a week--clean, garden, dishes
--U Staff



The heat is on!



5&6 grade trip to the National Weather Service
Forecasting Station

Clubs for elementary and middle school

11/7/99:

Break Away

11/8/99:

Shoundra Chinn of the Social Conservation Service comes to Harmony to drill core samples from our field. The kids identify the type of soil in each sample. "Just add water and squeeze!"

Helena's U.S. History class watches film/musical "1776"--it was a surprising "hit" with the class, especially Ben Franklin's character.

11/9/99:

Mini-lunch club begins

Anatomical Twister in Amy's Anatomy class

Distance Connection in 5&6: "Measuring Up to Ice Age Animals"

5&6 learns about about Ice Age Animals in Monroe County; Jerry, Kristen and Cameron present their research finding.

MS independent projects begin--Asher researches the history of drag racing; Serena researches salt; Safia researches early television; Sebastian researches Wicca; and Ruth researches lighthouses.

11/10/99:

MS discusses Microsoft case

Acappella singing practice in 5&6

11/11/99:

Imaginary World

One silent summer night, when I was lying in my bed, sort of dozing off, I heard a *tap, tap* on my window. I was so used to the silence that it startled me. My eyes fixed on the window. As I walked towards it, I thought I saw a faint glow. When I got there, I didn't see anything, so I went back to bed. When I woke up in the morning and looked around, everything looked strange. I went outside. The air smelled different. I thought that this strange place, this strange world must not be the world I had come from. Just then I heard a rustle in the underbrush. I was startled. I felt something soft and furry rub against my leg. I turned around, but I didn't see anything, so I started to explore a little grove of trees, and started to look around. It was pitch black. After a while, my eyes got adjusted to the dark and I started to see some very weird and peculiar things that must not exist on Planet Earth. Then I thought that I was just imagining all the things I was seeing and I was actually imagining the whole world. It was a smaller world than Planet Earth. It must have been, because at that time my mind was not big enough to imagine a planet as big as Planet Earth. All of the ground was made of volcanoes. There were five suns and two moons and the sky was made of molten rock. The volcanoes didn't spew out lava, instead it was just flowers and jewels of all sorts, like diamonds and rubies. Just then an alligator snuck up behind me and he said that he wanted to eat me and I said later gater and kicked his nose without turning around. Just then I saw a dog covered with roses and I also smelled the roses and then I remembered smelling roses when the furry thing had rubbed against my leg a while ago. I looked down and it was gone. Suddenly I heard these words: "finger, finger, watch me grow, nine times, eight times, eight times, nine times, watch me climb while I rhyme as I sing along in this great big long song." Then I glanced over at a nearby tree and I saw a little man and his thumb was growing around the trunk of the tree. It was so big, it was almost at the top of the tree. It was unbelievable. He was wearing a green cloak and blood red boots and a blue and red and green hat and purple

pants and a yellow shirt. He looked really, really weird. Just then I saw a hole and it looked like it had no bottom and he pushed me into it and I fell down down down into the darkness. I closed my eyes and when I opened them I was in my bed. It was 3:30 am and I said to myself, boy, I'm glad that's over.

--Natasha Voke

11/12/99:

Distance connection planned with Amy's class in Hawaii--sharing about ecology--however, a connection could not be established. 5&6 students did artwork instead.

Issue of Substance in MS family meeting: What Makes a Good Student?

1&2 makes masks for Holiday Follies Act

11/15/99:

What Will Really and Truly Happen on New's Eve?

A. I think when Y2K comes it's going to be fun. We won't have water, for one, and for two, none of the stores are going to be opened, and the mall will be closed and, well, it's going to be cold and we don't have a fire place, or a wood burning stove. Oh well, I guess we'll just have to freeze to death and starve and not take a shower: but, oh well, we can just smell bad for a couple of days or weeks or months. I guess I am exaggerating a little bit but that's okay, right? Okay, lets get to the point--no one is going to die, and this will only last about a week at the most, and the worst thing that will happen is that we won't have a phone so I can't call my friends. Now that is the worst thing in the world: I bet my mom is finally going to be happy because the phone won't be ringing for a couple of days! Oh joy, this should be lots of fun.

--Alysha Reynolds

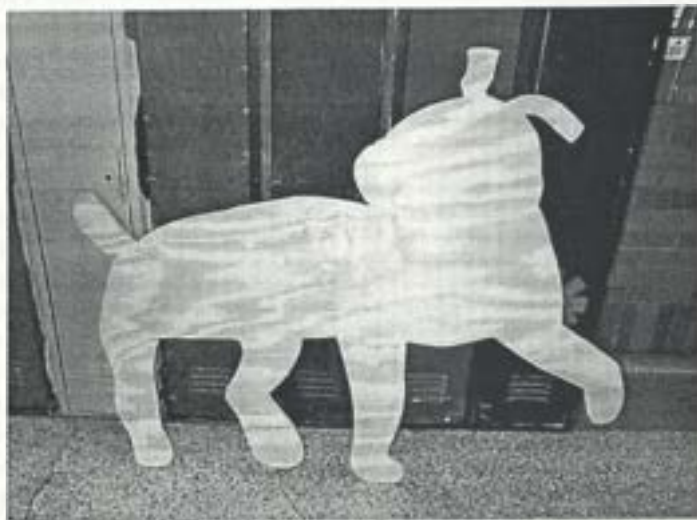
B. It will be 11:59--everyone is waiting for the big moment. Some people will be nervous, others will be

excited. What will happen when your clock strikes midnight? Will the world come to an end? Or will Y2K really happen? Everybody will have quivers down their back, and butterflies in their stomachs. Some people will surround their television sets, waiting for the ball to fall. Some people will be lucky enough to see it live in New York. As always, there will be a huge screen counting down each second. "5...4...3...2..." the whole world is counting down as the clock ticks. Tick tock, tick tock, DWG! Happy New Year! Everybody shouts, jumping and screaming, while the confetti and balloons pour down like rain. All the commotion will stop suddenly, as a cold breeze fills the air. All of us will patiently wait for a drastic moment to happen. Maybe all the power will slowly turn off in each building and each home. Maybe a big asteroid will hit the earth and all the people will die. Everybody is still, like pausing a movie. Nothing. Nada. Zip. Not even something little happens. No Y2K. It is the year 2000. The millennium, and everything is still the same. Oh well. There is always the next millennium to obsess about. You better get ready for Y3K.

--Safia Ansari



Tin-Tin class cuts out four foot Snowy



1&2 goes to the IU Geology Department for National Disaster class

Amy's Botany class goes to Hilltop to plant a garden

Distance Connection in 5&6 with Carrie Gosch--fish bowl literature circle discussion from the book Flying Solo.

11/16/99:

Student Lunch Club Begins

The idea for a student lunch club is not a new one. The idea had come up several times before, but nothing had ever come of it. Emily Anderson basically got it started and in November, the lunch club began. The menu is extensive, with foods ranging from traditional breakfast meals to Thai cashew seitan. The lunch club happens everyday, unless students forget to cook.

-Ari Rosen

11/17/99:

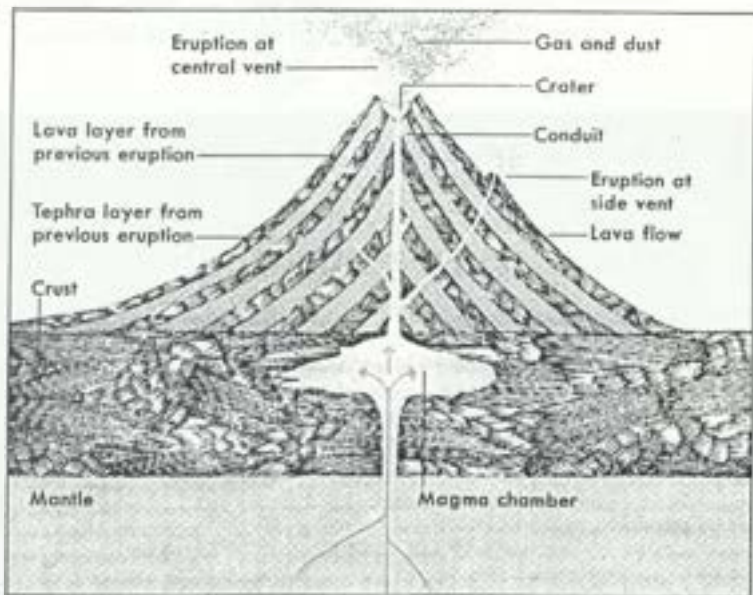
Acappella singing practice in the 5&6 grade

11/18/99:

Safety for Volcanic Explosions

If you see a river of hot magma (volcanic stuff) coming towards you, start running, and run kind of fast. If you feel your back hair singe, then the lava is too close. Duck and cover and your back hair won't burn off. If it catches you and you don't duck and cover it will touch you and you will combust. If you do combust, you should jump into a lake and if there isn't a lake then spit on yourself until you put out the fire. If you are on a mountain, you should stop, drop and roll, roll, roll and roll. Do this until you get to the bottom of the mountain, then get up and run (you will probably run back up the mountain because you will be dizzy and disoriented). So when you get back up the mountain you will be knee deep in lava, then waist deep. Then the lava will be over your head and you will be dead.

--Paul Craig



Lunch with Sean

11/19/99:

Greenhouse feast of lettuce and baby carrots in Amy's Botany class

Roller Skating

On the Friday before Thanksgiving, the elementary and middle school went to Western Skateland. We had hours of laughing, hanging out with friends and, of course, skating.

When I was six months old, my parents worked as janitors at Western Skateland. I remember being told that my dad used to put on a pair of skates, put me in a backpack and skate around when no one else was there.

--Eva Freese-Posthuma



Rosie, Bianca, Lacy and Lisa go to Carrie Gosch in East Chicago with Barb Backler

11/22/99:

5&6 parent/teacher/student conferences begin

MS parent/teacher/student conferences begin

Thanksgiving break begins for the elementary and middle school

11/23/99:

Helena's U.S. History class does a mini-unit on the Constitution

11/24/99:

Thanksgiving break begins for high school

11/25/99:

Thanksgiving

Judging from what people did over Thanksgiving, I would think that the things people are most thankful for are TV, movies, and Nintendo. A close second to that would be food, and third would be family.

Ten out of the fourteen people interviewed included cooking or eating in their Thanksgiving plans. Six people claimed that TV, movies, Nintendo or RUD were major parts of their Thanksgiving festivities, and seven included visiting relatives.

Some people were even more adventurous. Ruth went to a wedding in Ohio, Ole went all the way to Michigan and got sick, Ian Mott went to Tennessee, Derek went to Martinsville, and Marty went to Louisville and rode up and down a glass elevator.

--U Staff



Tony the Turkey

This is a story about me. My name is Tony. I am the turkey. The crowd of turkeys I live with, Wishbone, Drumstick, Feathers, Gullet and Giblet, think I am arrogant. I also live with cows, pigs, horses and sheep. The other animals are really boring except the sheep. They are really grumpy.

The farmer's wife feeds us. I must be cooler than all the other animals because she feeds me the most. I heard her tell all the other animals that I was a good looking turkey, especially my plump drumsticks. Also, she invited me to Thanksgiving dinner.

When the farmer's wife took me inside, instead of taking me to the dinner table, she took me to the kitchen. The cook was very interested in me and I really liked the attention. Then the cook took me by the wings and brusquely set me on the counter. Boy, that really hurt! As the cook was undressing me, I was grabbing for my feathers. Then I wondered if the cook was going to give me special clothes for the feast. Oh, now he is slapping grease all over my body. Maybe this is an easier way to get dressed. Gross, I do not want to tell you about the cook's idea of "dressing." Boom, I am in the roasting pan. Oh my god, he is gonna cook me!

—Camille Wright



64

11/27/99:

Adam's Bar Mitzvah

11/29/99:

Fiona's Y2K Green Tomato Pickle

Pickling used to be one of the only ways to preserve food. You could pickle lots of things--green tomatoes, different kinds of cucumbers, corn, carrots, onions, zucchini, etc. When refrigerators and freezers became popular people could just preserve their food by putting it in their freezer. Some people still pickle, but not very many.

Last spring I planted three tomato plants and grew one mini tomato plant from seed. This fall my Dad and I spent the weekend pickling some green tomatoes from those plants and they taste wonderful.

Pickling is a big job. First you need a peck of (in this case) green tomatoes (we split the recipe in half). Peel them, cut all of them into thin, even slices (we used a Cuisinart), and next add 12 large onions cut into thin, even slices (we laughed, we cried). Then sprinkle with 1 cup pickling salt (we could not find any so we used regular salt), let stand in refrigerator for 12 hours (in the days before refrigerators it was cold enough at this time of year to work). In 12 hours the salt will make a liquid that will fill the pot that you are making this in. Rinse in clear water and drain.

In a separate BIG pot, add 3 quarts of cider vinegar (yum vinegar) and heat to the boiling point. Add to vinegar 12 thinly sliced green peppers (not hot ones), 6 diced sweet red peppers, with seeds and membranes removed (membranes, what a weird word). Then add 12 minced cloves of garlic, 4 lbs. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons dry mustard, 1 tablespoon salt. Next add the tomatoes and the onions (this is why you need a big pot). Next put 2 tablespoons powdered ginger, 1 tablespoon celery seed in a cloth bag (we didn't bother with the bag).

Simmer until the tomatoes are transparent, about 1 hour. Stir frequently (snack frequently).

In this hour, work on getting the jars ready. They need to be very clean so the germs won't harm the tomato pickle. Put them in the dishwasher, then boil the jars and tops (don't burn yourself). Then ladle your yummy creation into the jars. Make sure to leave a little bit of room at the top. It should stay good for about two

years.

This was the first time me or my dad had ever pickled. I am proud that I was able to create this.

--Fiona Martin

What's Happening at 4:04

Gym--two games of basketball, miscellaneous chaos with after school kids

North stairs--Max & Mom exiting after parent conference

Windfall Studio--Preschool class taught by Windfall, kids warming up

ECP area in hall--two people eating

Office--Libby and Jan working, Jordan in supply area

Copy Machine--Zeri collating papers

Pew area--Unknown woman reading newspaper

3&4 area hall--kid painting locker

Jo & Jordan's room--12 kids and 2 adults "doing nothing of interest"

Marty's room--Avery playing RUD

Kathy & Scott--parent conference in large room

Middle School--parent conference in Katy's Room

Ursina's room--Eric organizing Magic cards

Basement--Barb and Heidi doing work

High School area--Carolyn, Brian, Rachel talking, doing homework

Roc's office--Roc & Daniel in meeting

Outside--4 kids on front steps waiting to be picked up

--U Staff

First cycle of 5&6 Kid's Query begins--the kids learn how to draw webs and construct outlines on topics of their choice.

11/30/99:

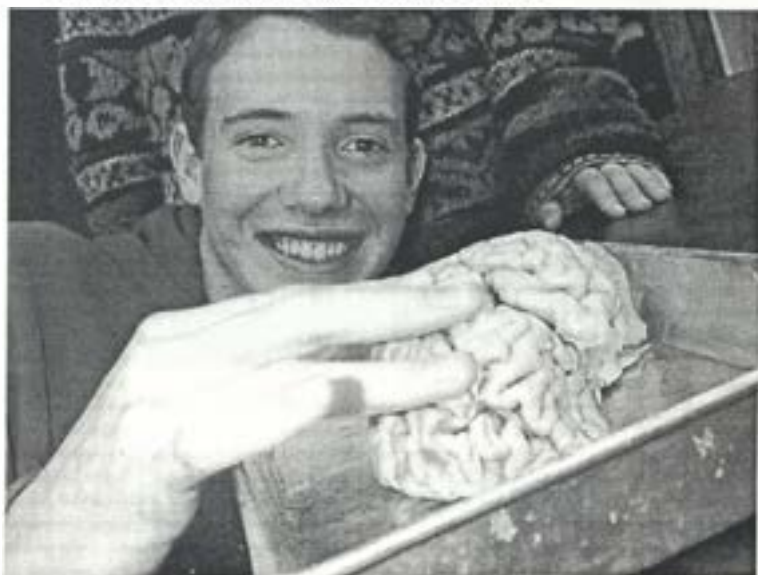
"What If" Theater Production

The message wasn't simple--AIDS is a complicated and difficult topic to discuss, and being human is sometimes messy. In various improvised skits, the "What If" actors role played situations that students may eventually face. Through interaction with the audience, students were able to direct the action and pursue elements of the characters that they found

interesting. The goal was to have students empathize with dilemmas that they may encounter. "U" staffers described the array of performances as "emotionally moving stories placed in the hands of capable young actors--highly recommended."

-U Staff

Human brain visits Amy's Anatomy class



5&6 spends the morning at the library gathering resources

12/1/99:



Carolyn gets her driver's license and joins the ranks of Flora, Tansy, Steve, Lana, Corinna, Leila, and Heather.

12/2/99:

Wednesday Night Basketball

Passing, shooting is part of her game
Defending, blocking is her meanest fame
Into the offense, inside and out
She drives to the basket without a doubt.

Good hustle, her hands steal the ball
A move for the basket is her call
Down the middle into the lane
She scores and the crowd goes insane.

The girl gets excited and joins the fun
Our defense is perfect, their offense is done
Both teams struggle, strong and sweaty
Victory is ours, pounding and ready.

--Camille Wright



Visitors' Day

3&4 learn about Hanukkah and its traditions



Kathy and Sitav go to Chicago for the weekend

Helena's U.S. History class discusses current events such as the WTO protests in Seattle, I-69, and the new golf course debate

12/3/99:

Friends Forever!

dedicated to Katie

The other day I visited my best friend. I left for her house right after school and spent time with her until late that night. I hadn't seen her since the beginning of the school year and we were both anxious and dying to see each other. As soon as I pulled up to her house and got out of the car, she ran up and hugged me. We both screamed, happy to see each other. After that, neither of us could stop talking about what was going on with us and asking how everybody was and complaining about how ridiculously long it had been since we last saw each other.

Katie and I had known each other since before we

were even a year old. We had been together almost every day for almost 13 years. We never got sick of each other. We loved each other. We were sisters.

The tears started when I told Katie I wouldn't be going to Tri-North with her. She cried and tried and begged everyday for me not to go to Harmony and leave her. I told her we'd still be sisters and best friends, but the sadness was too much.

The saddest day of the year eventually came--sixth grade graduation. It was the last real day that all of us were going to be together. We fought the tears and held them back until the very end of graduation. It was when they were showing all the slides of us and playing the really sad song. When the last slide came we all just burst into tears. Katie and eventually everybody ran over to me and hugged me goodbye with tears because they knew a lot of them might never see me again. For Katie and me, it was the hardest day of our lives.

Katie and I still keep in touch. We call each other, e-mail each other, and go tubing together until it gets too cold. (That was something we always did together--tubing.) When I went to Katie's the other day, we somehow got to talking about school. She told me she had to do a creative writing paper about her favorite person, or favorite place, or favorite thing. She told me she was writing it on her favorite person, me. So I decided to do my creative writing on my favorite person, too, Katie.

Katie and I are totally different, yet EXACTLY the same. She was always more hyper, pretty and playful, while I was more rough and tough, and sportsy and outgoing. But still we had identical personalities. We would both say the same thing or laugh or do something at the same time. Or we'd both be thinking the same thing and then just nod and know what was going on. I guess it was because we spent so much time together. Best friends are inseparable. Best friends are forever!

-Siri Larsen

Chris' last day--party for the 1&2!

First night of Hanukkah

Robert brings his pet tarantula to school



High school selects courses for the next semester

12/4/99:

Lara Hamburger beats her previous best time in 200 free style at the Seymour swim meet

12/6/99:

Gift Exchange Inspires Middle School Creativity

Every year the students in each grade have a gift exchange. It is the time when people get into the holiday spirit of giving. Everybody picks a name out of a hat, thus becoming that person's Secret Friend. In the weeks between drawing a name and the final gift exchange, people receive small presents from their Secret Friends. These include candy, notes, hints, flowers, and anonymous warm fuzzies (Tansy's Secret Friend wrote "Tansy is beautiful and talented" on the announcement board; it was announced in every high school homeroom).

The finale is a gift exchange of gifts under five dollars. The price limitation encourages homemade

gifts, which are usually far more creative than store bought presents. Cora's gift to Siri was one of this year's more creative presents. She gave Siri an "ugly stick." In the fifth and sixth grade, Bianca says the best gift would have to be the necklace she received from Cameron. She said it was "really pretty." In the third and fourth grade, Marissa said the most creative gift was the pinkish-purple notebook Nikkia gave her. Claudio explained that nobody got anything creative in the first and second grade because most of the students' parents buy the gifts. But apparently age is not to be equated with the height of creativity; Wes said the most memorable and most creative gift out of the entire high school was the two two-liter Cokes he received from Patrick. Can't get anymore creative than that. In the end, it seems that Cora had the most original idea. "It's ugly," says Siri. It is basically a stick that says "the ugly stick." You can hit people with it and say, "You have been hit by an ugly stick!" Pure creativity.

--Safia Ansari



Middle schoolers are given yo-yos to demonstrate physics properties



12/7/99:

Scott wrestles the dentist. The dentist wins . . . Scott's wallet.

1&2 draws names of Secret Friends

Helena's African Studies class goes on a field trip to the IU Art Museum

12/8/99:

Follies Preparation

So far the Follies are going very well. The Follies committee (Claudio, Libby, Julia, Jana and Sebastian) has already talked to all the performers and seen rehearsals of the skits. They predict a very good--but somewhat long--Holiday Follies this year. A favorite skit among the committee is a dance performed by Andrew, Wes and Tim.

One thing that makes a good Holiday Follies is a simple formula! Don't tell anyone, but the formula is: four dances, three songs, one drama act (which is often missing), a minimum of seven comedies, six magic tricks, one ventriloquist act, two cute little kid acts, two just plain weird acts, two large group acts, and, of course, forty seven cheesy MC jokes.

--U Staff



Serena turns in report on salt

Ian and Rami begin futuristic newspaper

3&4 reads The Fir Tree by Hans Christian Anderson

12/9/99:

Chris visits the 1&2 and brings presents

Kathy has great seats for the Indigo Girls concert

12/10/99:

What Things are Disappearing from Our Culture?

A. I think that lately a lot of things have been disappearing from our world. One thing that I think has been rapidly disappearing is safety. When I say "safety" I mean that you can't go outside at night (in the city) without feeling at least a little bit nervous.

--Tim Bruner

B. One thing that has disappeared is our trust in others. One big speech I was always told was don't talk to strangers. But what if a harmless person is just saying hello? I think that trust is something that is lacking in our culture. That is bad.

--Safia Ansari

C. What is disappearing in our culture? Pogs. They were really popular for a while and then they just died out. I had tons of pogs. I got them all the time. I had, like, 5 slammers (well, I think they are called slammers). My favorite one had Betty Boop on it. I hate changing the subject 'cause I like pogs so much, but do you remember Alf? Well, guess what--he came back . . . in pog form!!! I could never figure out what Alf was supposed to be but I guess that does not matter. I was just thinking about something. Did you know that Johnny Appleseed was from Indiana? I guess that has nothing to do with pogs, does it? Well, I still have my pogs somewhere and they are gonna come back. Paula Abdul is gonna come back too, and instead of the

Backstreet Boys being number 1 on TRL, Paula Abdul is gonna be there! And ya know what? Carson Daily is gonna be standing there singing "straight up now tell me do you really wanna love me forever?"

--Max Hamilton



Visitors arrive from Vermont

Kid's Query is finally over for 5&6

Guy to Guy



Spanish videos are due

Russell and Sasha announce plans to bike cross-country next summer as a benefit for Rhino's

3&4 invite students' stuffed animals to visit for a day

12/11/99:

Parents paint the 1&2 classrooms and repaint the Dragon



12/13/99:

No spelling tests or homework in the 1&2

Review for 5&6 semester final exam

12/14/99:

1&2 writes thank you cards to Harmony contributors

5&6 semester final exam

3&4 discusses Christmas and its traditions

African Studies students share final projects, including an African feast with banana fritters, peanut stew, fruit salad, Ethiopian bread, and more

12/15/99:

Favorite Spots

One of my favorite spots would be the swings. I love to swing. I could do it all day if I had the choice. It is enjoyable to me, especially with friends swinging next to me so that I can chat while swinging. It is not any particular swing set that I like, it is more swings as a whole.

What I do like in particular, though, is the basketball court. I don't know why, I am not a basketball fan. It might be because I feel sorry for it. It is all alone in the world! But I really don't know why I love it so much. It is one of those things without an explanation. It is a mystery. But those are objects of my affection--my favorite spot would be the picnic table under the tall tree. It is a very calm and relaxing place to read a book or to just sit.

--Safia Ansari



Tippy the Wonder Dog skit takes on Bullwinkle overtones



12/16/99:

5&6 is advised to wear rubber gloves and nose plugs--
it's time for locker clean-out!



U.S. History final exam--students are allowed to bring
a 3x5 card sized sanctioned "cheat sheet" that they
create themselves.

Follies Dress Rehearsal

12/17/99:

Jolly Fat Santa

Hi, my name is Sahar and this is my friend, Arnita. On Christmas Eve, we were staying up all night and soon we heard the clock strike twelve. We heard jingle bells and we knew it was Santa. Then it sounded like Santa was stuck in the chimney. We looked up the chimney and saw his butt. Then we heard the reindeer say, "Maybe you should drink slim fast!" We yelled up the chimney, "Call Jenny Craig! It will get rid of that fat you have." Then we heard Santa yell back, "Okay, thanks kids. Here are your presents."

Later at the North Pole . . .

Santa's wife said, "Honey, you need to go on a diet!"
Then an elf came in and said, "You should make toys,

you'll lose weight." Rudolph came in and sang, "Santa, Santa, Santa, you need to lose weight. Santa, Santa, you need to go on a diet. Santa, Santa, you'll scare all the kids if you don't lose that weight." "Okay, that's it, I'm calling Jenny Craig right now!" shouted Santa. The next day, we saw Santa buying diet pills and we ran up to him and asked, "Have you called Jenny Craig yet?" "Yes, I'm buying diet pills now," said Santa. Later we saw Santa again at Jenny Craig, lifting a weight bar up and down, up and down. Soon Santa was at the YMCA running on the track with a reindeer next to him, timing. Later he went home and weighed himself and he had lost 15 lbs. Soon it was near fall and Santa was getting thinner and thinner.

The next Christmas, Santa was skinny. He gave us presents and took the cookies and put them in a sack and did the same to other kids in the world. He went home and ate all the cookies and then his wife came in and said, "Rudolph, better call Jenny Craig again! Santa got too fat and didn't save any cookies for me!"

--Sahar Pastel-Daneshgar and Arnita Launer



Last day of school before winter break

Secret Friend gift exchange

Chris Burke visits school and provides MC ideas

MS Christmas tree displays yo-yos

The Sword Dancers perform on WTIU television

Roller skating for elementary, middle and high school

Holliday Follies



UN / C / T



School begins for elementary and middle

Conferences begin for high school

Stass, Joel and Mike join the high school





5&6 North American Geography theme begins

Michele visits the 5&6 to offer Conflict Resolution Training

1/4/00

Helena goes home sick with the Utah Flu

1/5/00



1/6/00

Bear, the dog, visits 5&6

5&6 watches The Mighty, a movie based on the book Freak the Mighty

1/7/00

Box of Crayons

Black--the mysterious color. An independent color. Scared of nothing. Doesn't mind that all others keep away from this dark, evil color. Not the most social color. Not the brightest crayon in the box.

Pink--the "girly" color. Pink wants to be the most popular color and tries her hardest in succeeding. Tries to be in with the clique and flirts with blue, 'cause he's like sooo dreamy. Though pink has not met her challenge, she keeps her hopes high and will not give up.

Blue--the jock. The cool athletic one. The tough, masculine color spends his precious time playing football or running track. He could care less about anything that doesn't have to do with sports. If you hang with him, you are automatically in the "A" group.

Yellow and Orange--the popular clique. With their bright attitudes about everything and their big smiley faces, it's no wonder they are #1. They are treated

better than all other colors. They are pampered by such colors as pink, are waited on hand and foot. Life could not get any better.

White--the confused color. Doesn't know what group she is labeled, doesn't even know if she is a color. Confused in her thoughts, she is all alone in the world of color. The only friend she has is black. That is all that seems to exist in her life. Black and White.

Green--the earthy color. He's the one that is the nature boy. He is the quiet, sensitive type. He is smart and is currently working on being forest green.

Brown and Gray--the dull colors. Boring with no life. Just looking at them is boring. Talking to them is a snore. They are reject losers. Nobody likes them.

-Safia Ansari



Clubs

Sasha and Russell decide to ride North to South on the Continental Divide and ask, "What's grizzly spray for?"



1/10/00

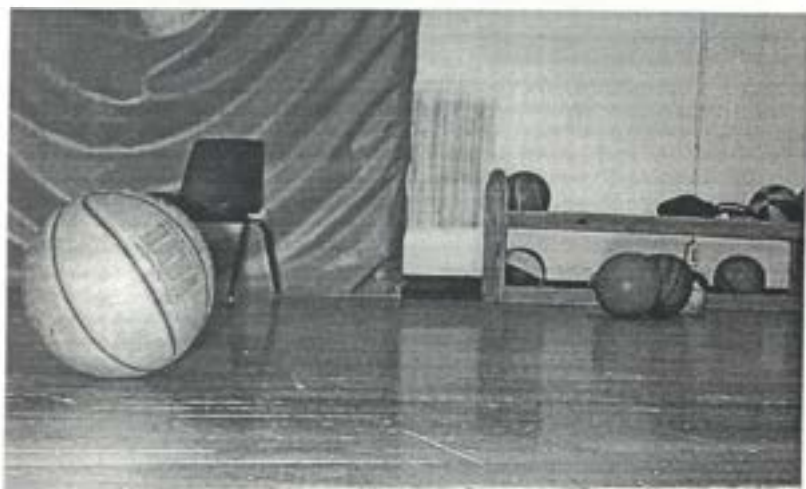
Classes begin for high school

Helena recuperates from the Utah Flu and returns to school

Kid's Query in 5&6

Conflict Resolution Training continues in 5&6

Helena's Physical Fitness class plays no-dribble basketball



1/11/00

Amy's Botany class plants sprouts

Helena's Civic Action class discusses problems in our community and reads the Herald Times to find current issues

Carolyn and Steve serve as pages for the House of Representatives



1/12/00

High school discusses the process of forming a constitution

Rachel announces in Amy's Foods class, "We're not cooking pork."

Helena's U.S. History class discusses the question, "If you could put something in a box that would not be discovered for centuries, what would it be and why?"

Trash Free Lunch in the elementary

1/13/00

Roc presents an oral history of Harmony School to the high school, recalling a time when Harmony was "kicked out of some of the best churches" and teachers had to pay twenty-five dollars a month in order to teach at the school.

Lisa announces that her relative invented the Twinkie!

Potato Day in Amy's Foods class

Helena's U.S. History class discusses American values and how religion effects our lives

Helena's Physical Fitness class works on stretching and shooting

8th graders get eye exams



1/14/00

Amy proposes an optional end-of-the-year bike trip to Lake of the Ozarks

5&6 distance connection with Peace Learning Center about Martin Luther King Jr.

Elementary and middle school go ice skating

Stass refuses to eat sprouts in Amy's Botany class

Katy's math class has a quiz on stocks

1/15/00

Medic Workshop Held at Harmony

On January 14th and 15th a class was held at Harmony School. Not just any class--this was a class on protest and riot first aid.

It all started in mid-October when I was attending a meeting of the Mumia Emergency Response Coalition and I proposed the idea of this class. The reaction was positive and enthusiastic and thus it began. People from Muncie, Fort Wayne and Indianapolis traveled to Harmony to attend the class. The teacher, Doc Rosen, has had more than 35 years experience as a medical aid in protests and riots. He treated his first tear gas victim in Selma, Alabama during the Selma, Montgomery march in 1965. Ever since, he has been performing and teaching riot medicine. This year he was the chief medic in the Seattle WTO protests. Another team leader was Pavlos Stavropoulos, a veteran of the 1992 Martin Luther King Day riots in Denver, CO.

The class taught participants skills ranging from treating head wounds to treating the effects of tear gas. People learned the information through lectures, examples, constant drilling and role playing.

-Ari Rosen

1/17/00

Social Action Day

In 1983, musician Stevie Wonder successfully led a campaign to declare Martin Luther King's birthday a national holiday. The first celebration of the holiday took place on January 15, 1986. That is when Harmony first started the Social Action Day tradition. Past years have involved various members of the community who volunteered to teach workshops. This year, students watched movies that dealt with equal rights, discussed the history of Martin Luther King Jr. and events in black history. King helped establish equal rights in America and brought to light the injustice of segregation. Although prejudice still exists, King initiated radical changes in the ideology of American

society. Social Action Day helps students realize what King did for our culture.

--U Staff

Multi-age groups meet to illustrate stories about passive resistance. At the end of the day, the art work is assembled in an art walk, which stretches across the gym. Classes take turns following the art walk and reading the stories.

The middle and high school watch **Gandhi**



By Owen

4-7) Many times the leaders were put in jail.



By Unknown

10-2) By 1868 the Civil War had been fought, slaves freed, and blacks were given the vote, blackness that is.



By Talia

11-2) When she was born in 1879 women, especially poor women, did not have access to birth control. This meant people, especially poor people had very large families.



By Corinna

4-3) In the 20th century Mohandus Gandhi developed pacifist techniques to bring about social change. He helped India break free from England



By Jessie

1-11) Some Americans thought it was a bad idea--they liked the way it had been, a separation of the races.

5&6 Kid's Query

Carolyn gets royal blue rubber bands on her teeth (as opposed to silver) to celebrate the imminent first year anniversary of her braces

1/18/00

Doc Rosen teaches David's math class and the middle school about WTO, Martin Luther King Jr. and Doc personal experiences as a medical aid.

Katelin, Carolyn, Ari, Steve, Helena and Ross meet during body works to discuss the formulation of a high school constitution

1/19/00

Francisco's first day in the high school

Helena's U.S. History class begins reading speeches by John Brown, Frederick Douglass and Sojourner Truth to discuss abolitionism, qualities of good speakers and speeches

1/20/00

Amy's Foods class prepares pasta and cream sauce and pumpkin-cherry bread

Elementary and middle school go ice skating

Amy's Anatomy class visits the bone lab

1/21/00

Snow!

5&6 goes sledding at Bryan Park

Middle school debate topics include the Pokemon addictions, censorship, and the legalities of cigarettes.

High School Kills Homeroom

High school teachers announced today in family meeting that students would no longer meet in their homerooms each morning. Homerooms, which began in the fall semester, consisted of five groups who met each morning with their designated teacher advisor. In the ten minutes allotted for the morning meeting, the advisors took attendance, read morning announcements, and helped students update their transcripts. However, teachers found that punctuality suffered noticeably since the beginning of homeroom. Starting Monday, students will go directly to their first period class at nine o'clock. The announcements that had been read in homeroom will be announced at some point during first period.

--U Staff

U disclaimer

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Hello, my name is Paul
and this is my yearbook page.

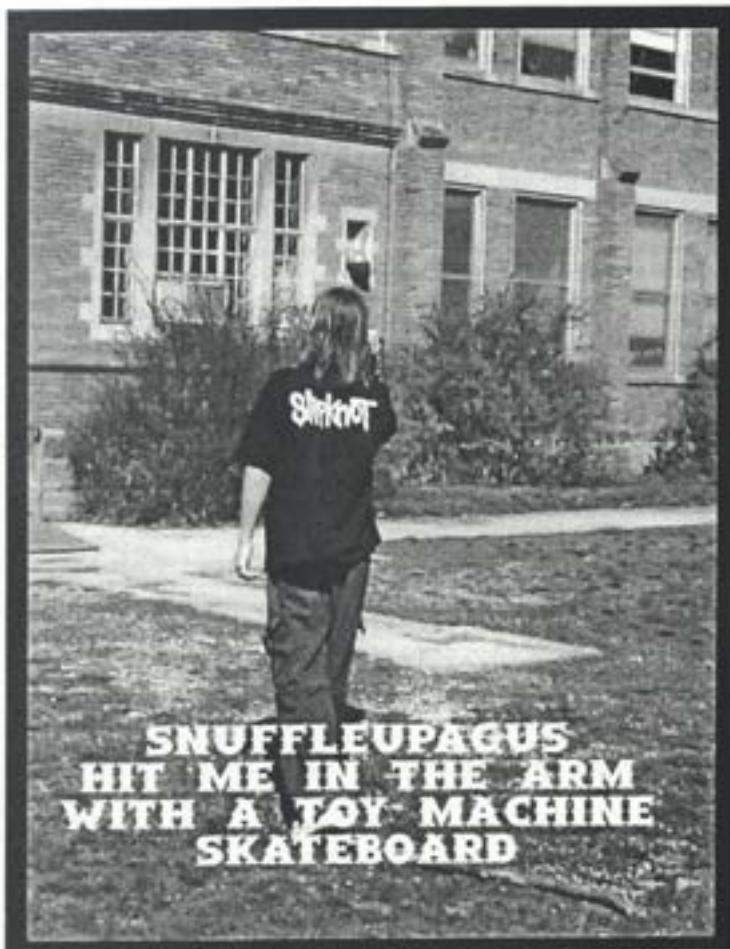


Paul Craig



IS THE WORLD
READY FOR
TWO
JACKS?
SOME
ARE...
OTHERS
WILL
FOLLOW

JACK HANEK

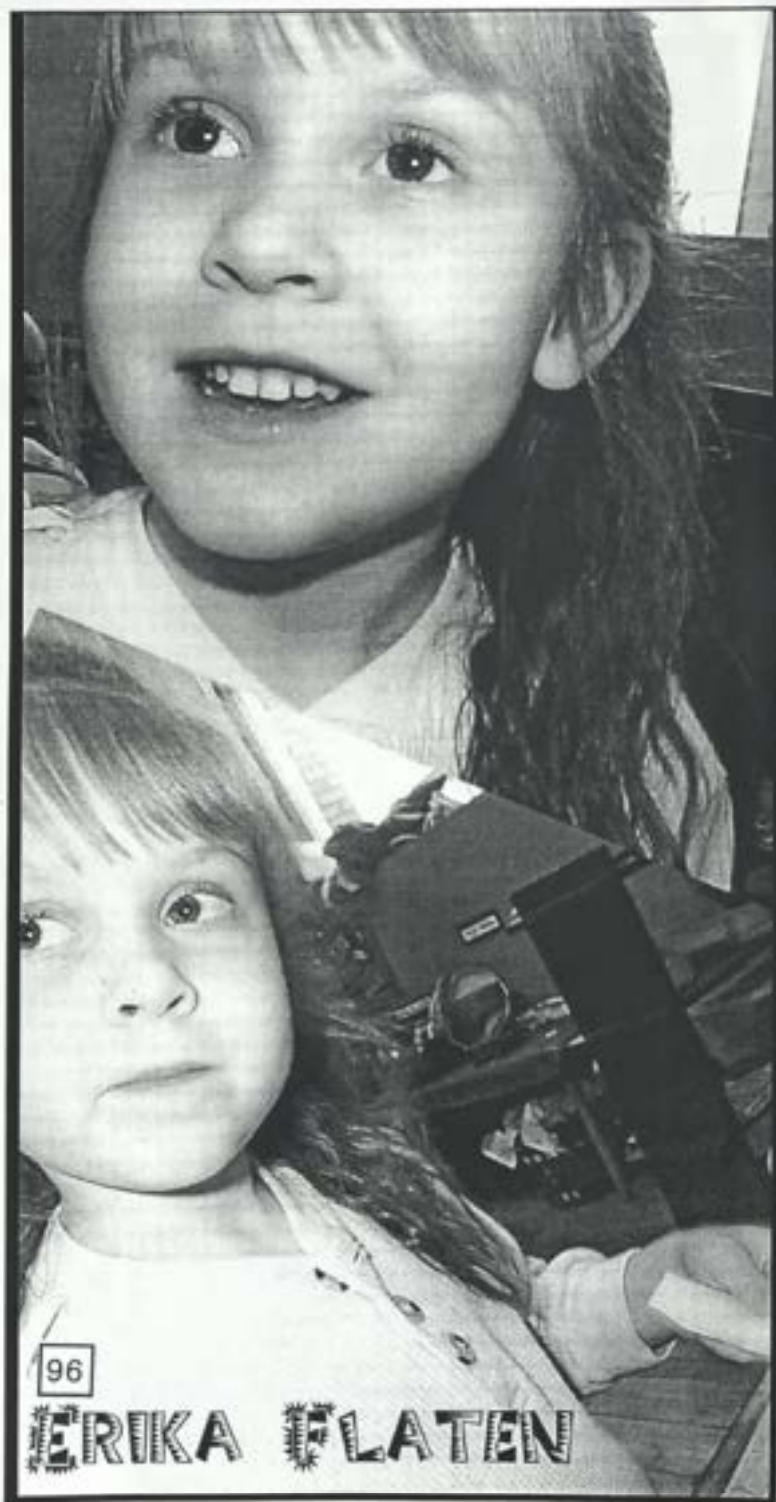


**SNUFFLEUPAGUS
HIT ME IN THE ARM
WITH A TOY-MACHINE
SKATEBOARD**

**N
i
c
k**



**T
o
l
b
e
r
t**



96

ERIKA FLATEN

Tosh Lewis-Young



I like Olympic Park and Star Wars. I went to California this year. I went to the Exploratorium and the Museum of Natural History.





I'm in 7th grade.
I like playing
& watching basketball
My favorite team
is the Indiana Pacers.

Jack Dill



J-A-C-K D-i-L-L



Sierra Donaldson

100

I tore a
worm apart!

Imagine

still stirring
in the clouds

Eva Freese-Posthuma

Smile. It's the second best
thing to do with your lips



When I went to
the Atlantic
Ocean I really
liked it
because, I
got to
splash in
the water.
Can I go
now?

Matthew
Boike



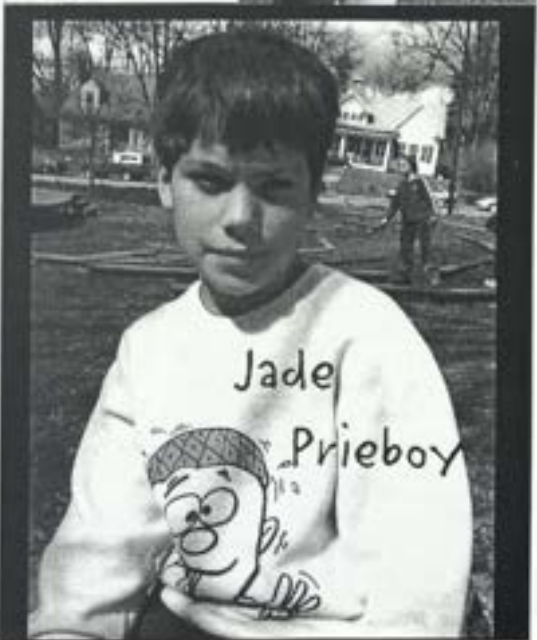
EMMA ROUTEN

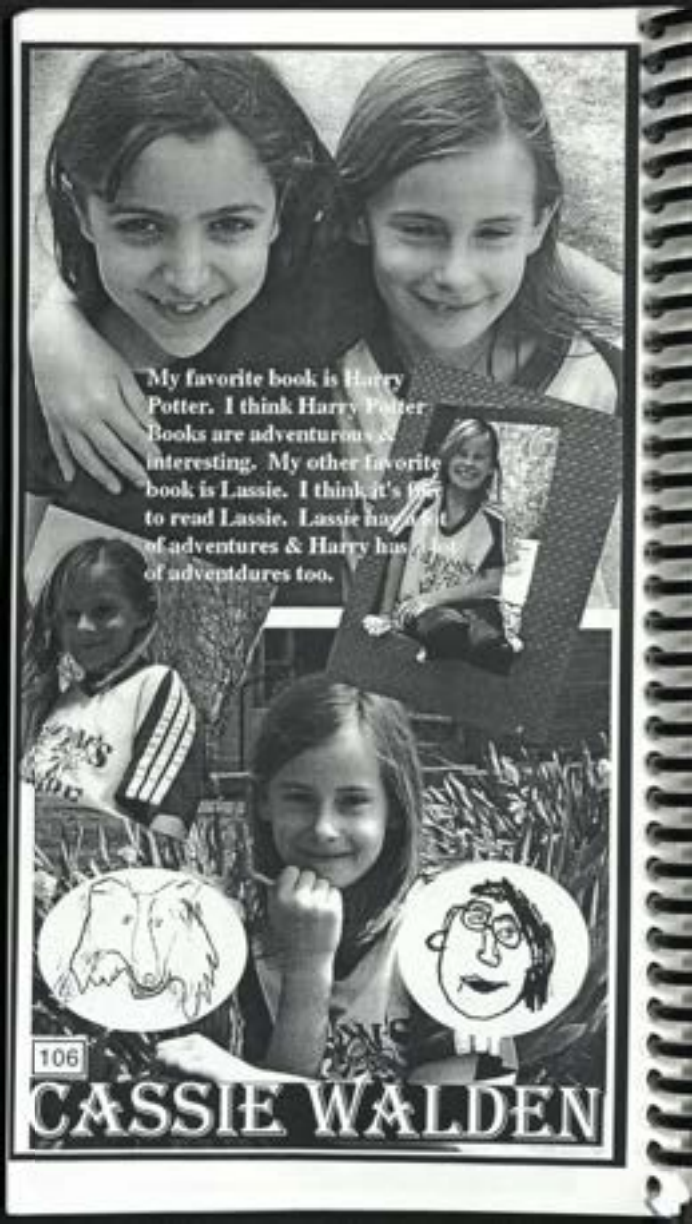
I
LOVE
YOU
SO
MY
MOM





104





My favorite book is Harry Potter. I think Harry Potter Books are adventurous & interesting. My other favorite book is Lassie. I think it's fun to read Lassie. Lassie has a lot of adventures & Harry has a lot of adventures too.

106

CASSIE WALDEN



Steve Jones

The secret
of politics is
vote early, vote often.

-Al Capone

I will make him an offer he can't refuse.

(The Godfather)

Thou
shalt not cover
thy neighbor's ass.
(The Bible)

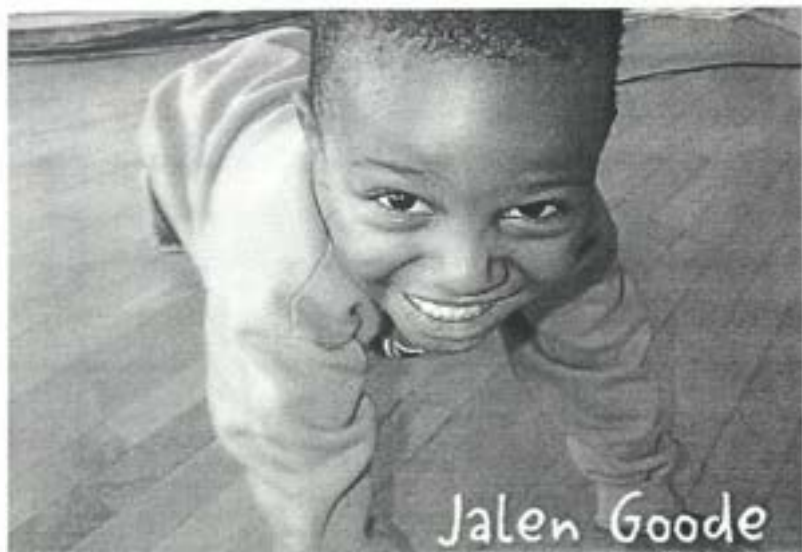
God does not throw dice.

--Albert Einstein



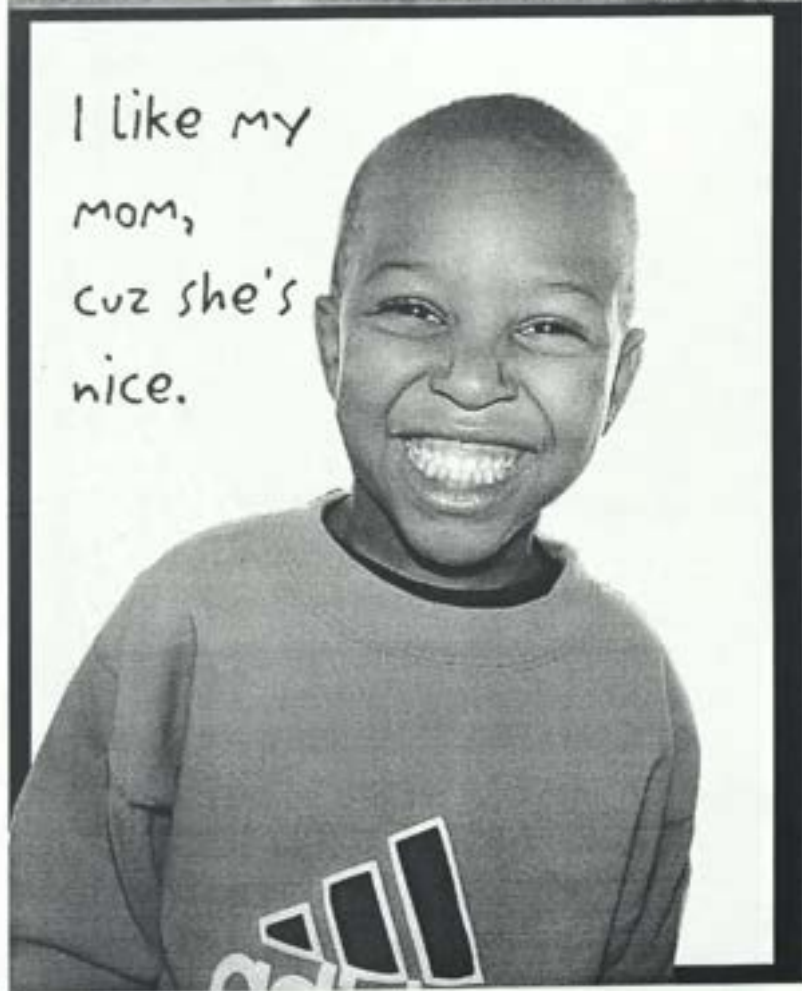


Raven Fristoe



Jalen Goode

I like my
mom,
cuz she's
nice.



*I really like
lions and T-rexes!*

*Hazel
James*



Marshall Vires

"Udon"




Eric Dagley



I have a kitten and her name is Kisha. She fell out a window this morning but she was ok.

JESSI MUSUNGU



I'm in first grade, I'm 7 years old.



My favorite hobby is drawing. My favorite color is blue.



My favorite animal is a cat.
My favorite color is red and I'm in first grade.
I am six years old.
My family is weird.

R
A
C
H
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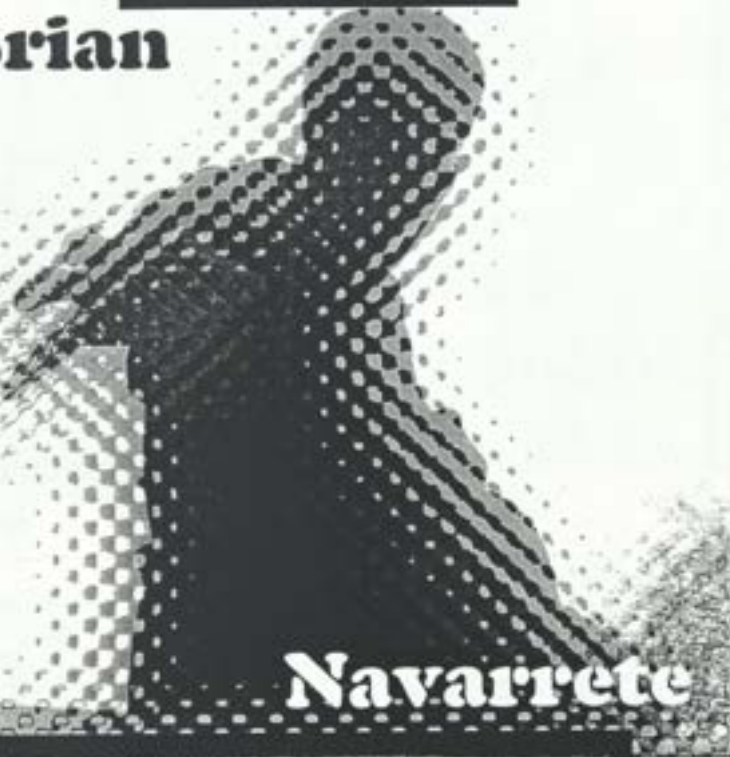
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Brian





DYLAN ROUTEN



My favorite animal is the rhino.
Because I like the way they look and
how they ram their heads.




I like reading books.



Jerry
Jerry
Dill
Dill





Justin Saucier

I like sports and,
my favorite sport is soccer.
My favorite colors are blue and red.

Page 121

Access denied to all
Gizzard articles
because the application
that created them could
not be found



Hi, my name is Samantha, and this is me with my Dad, Brad Wilhelm. He runs Rhino's. He used to do a lot of stuff like wrestle and play guitar in a loud band. Now, he does different stuff like change my diapers and rock me to sleep. Sometimes he takes my dirty diapers and puts them in my big brother Justin's room just to see if he will notice. Justin doesn't think this is as funny as my Dad does. My Dad still does a lot of stuff at Rhino's. I'm there a lot too. Come by and say hi!



**Anton
Lybakov**

*I like my mom and dad.
I have two birds.
The new bird is little
and is three years old.
It's a parakeet.
My friends are
Brendan and Jacob.*



Dylan Galyan-Wilkerson



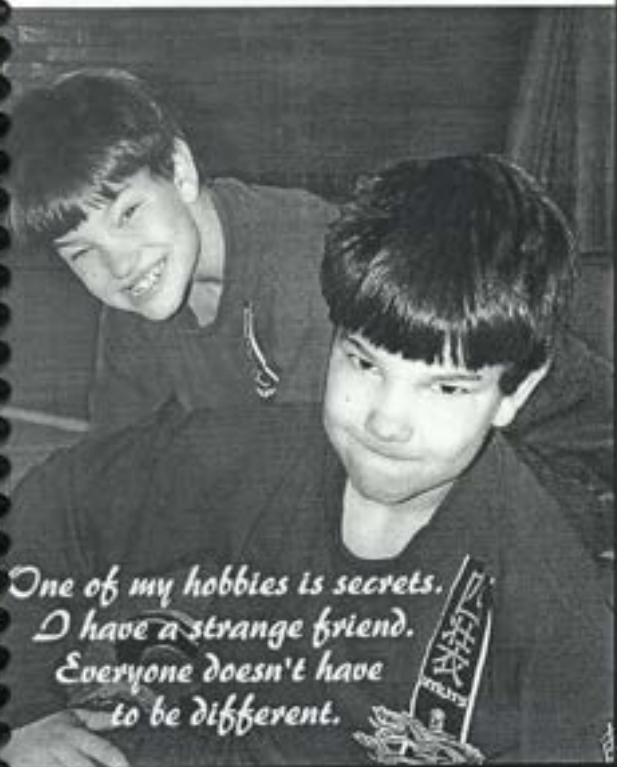


Blaine

**WHAT AM I?
WHO AM I?
I DON'T KNOW!!!**

Rothrock

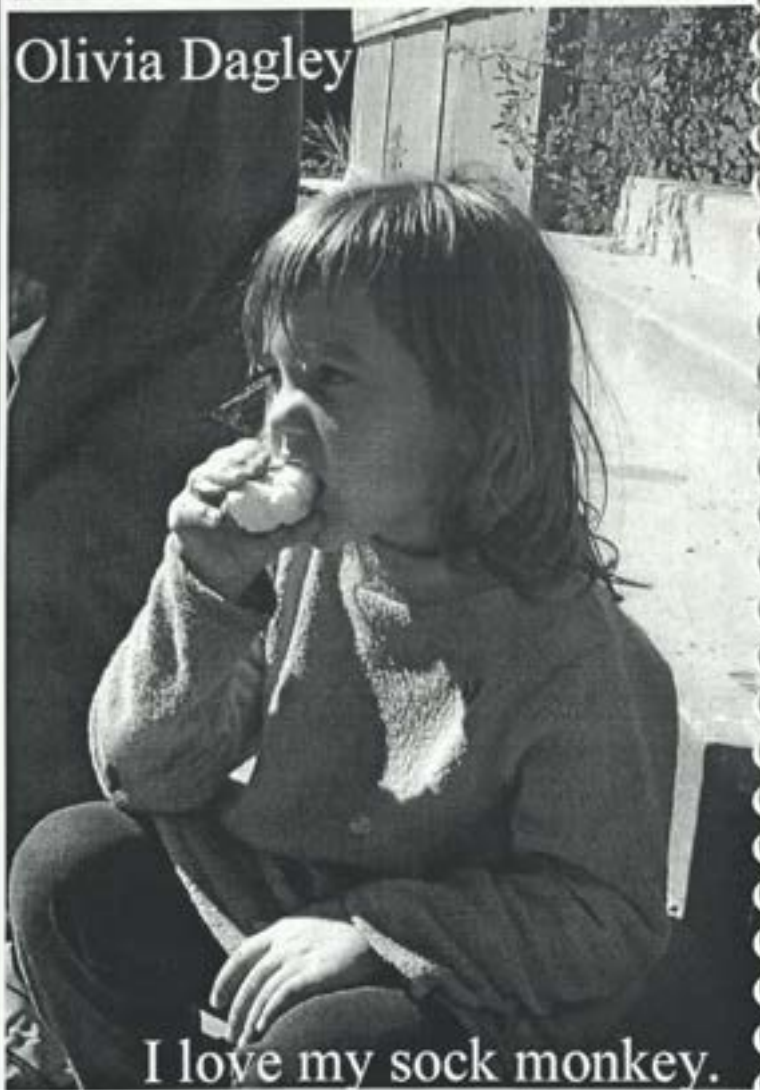
ALEX VOYLES



*One of my hobbies is secrets.
I have a strange friend.
Everyone doesn't have
to be different.*



Olivia Dagley



I love my sock monkey.

I like to dance.



My daddys birthday
was this year, and
we already passed
it, and we got to
eat, eat, eat, the
cake that we made.



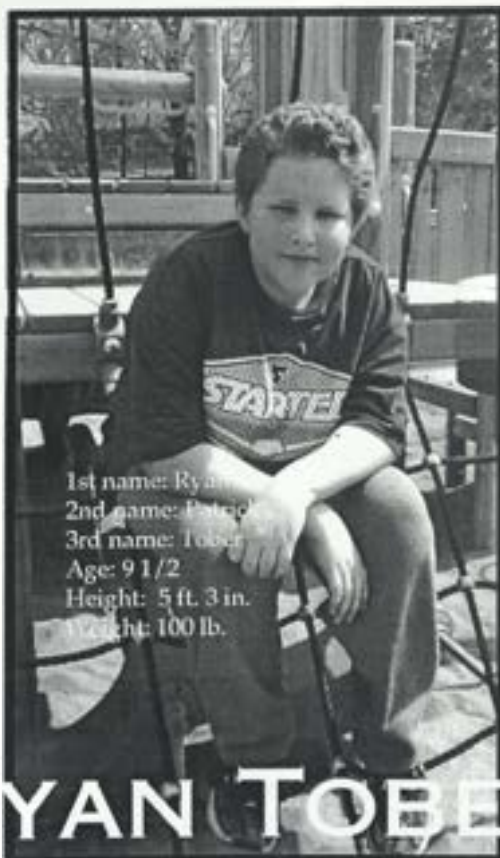
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I'm really happy
that Halloween
is almost here.
And I made
pumpkin cookies.



1st name: Ryan

2nd name: Patrick

3rd name: Tober

Age: 9 1/2

Height: 5 ft. 3 in.

Weight: 100 lb.

RYAN TOBER



Kalina Gilbert

*I love
Ariel, the
- little
mermaid.*


*When I go out
to dinner at Pizza
Hut with my friends
mom always lets me
go out and play
with my friends and
have a leaf fight*



*Katya
Stassen*



IRYAN IDAGILEY



Hello my name is Ryan. I am in fourth grade.

I wish to become a carpenter, a rocket scientist and a video game designer, but most of all I want to be a scientist. I am good at cooking, reading, writing, math, and problem solving. I live in the woods. I have two dogs Nippy and Haden. I have a cat called Trixy and I like to get a good workout.

GIZZARD

Big News--Scott No Longer Too Sexy for His Shirt

--see page 121

Mama's Family Video Library Discovered to be Cornerstone of Spanish Curriculum.

Harmony School's exclusive Spanish Department was the first in the country to adopt Mama's Family Video Library as an essential learning tool. Not only has the newly implemented program improved the skills of the Spanish students, but it has also increased student awareness of pressing social issues that are allegorically presented in the television program. Carrie Platz, a second year Spanish student at Harmony School, talks with us about her success story.

GIZZ: Carrie, tell me, what is it that you enjoy about watching Mama's Family in a class room environment?

Carrie: Well, I've seen most all of the ones there are to see, and well, I really like the one when

Leona, you know, the next door neighbor, brings over the candles during the power outage at Thanksgiving. Es muy hillariso, porque, no se.

GIZZ: Really! So how do you think this is improving your Spanish skills? Is it a miracle? Is it some sort of strange linguistic programming? What is it Carrie, what is it?

Carrie: I don't know, I guess you'd have to call it somewhat of a miracle, some sort of divine spiritual awakening that is allowing me to look at Mama and her family and interpret that as "Familia de Madre." It's really amazing, I don't think I could be who I am today without the constant assistance of The Mama's Family Video Library.

English Teacher Faints From Bad Grammar in Girl's Bathroom Wall Graffiti

Kathy Boone, English teacher in the 5th and 6th grade, was shocked and dismayed when she discovered the words "WES ARE HOT" on the wall in the girl's bathroom. Her shocked response, "Wes Are Hot ?! Don't those kids know the correct verb tense? What have I been doing all these years?" Upset, she moved to the next stall. As she looked up, she let out a...

continued on page 121

Gullible Makes Millions

For a while now, the big joke in the Middle School has been, "Hey look, gullible is written on the ceiling!" These words have succeeded in making people feel stupid for staring up at the ceiling and getting laughed at, and it gets funnier every time.

One day Eva, Cora, Carrie, Safia, and Siri were sitting in the lounge and Cora turns to Carrie and says "Hey Carrie, gullible is written up on the ceiling." Without thinking, Carrie looks up at the ceiling and got laughed at by all of her friends. Suddenly, all of our brains click and we think of a brilliant idea to confuse the minds of all others. We got out a piece of paper and wrote "gullible" on it. We slapped some tape on the back and stuck it up on the ceiling. The next day we told people it was on the ceiling and as they looked up, we would crack up. We started making bets for as much as \$10,000! More and more people came and made the bets for more and more each time. Nobody believed us. By the end of the day we made up to \$4,000,000. By the way, did you know gullible is written twice on the dictionary? Wanna make a bet?

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Carrie Biddle Sickened by Second Hand Smoke

Carrie Biddle grew sick Thursday, during a debate on smoking at Harmony School in the middle school. A student who wishes to remain anonymous was demonstrating how smoke would collect in a one liter bottle to show the effects on Carrie's lung. Some of the smoke escaped out of the bottle. When the toxic cloud reached Carrie she fell over in a dead faint. A lawsuit is underway against Cora, who remains anonymous and in no way should be held responsible.

Sebastian Eats Pie

see page 121

Alex Watt Trades Entire Magic Card Collection for Tinky Winky POG

In a move that surprised even his closest friends, Alex Watt traded his entire Pokemon and Magic collection for a circular disc bearing the likeness of TeleTubby infamous Tinky Winky. "He's way cool," an exuberant Alex said. "You don't see one of these every day. I can get Pokemon and Magic cards anywhere."

continued on page 121

CHA CHA

ON KIRKWOOD



Lucky Day--Adam Finds Pencil in Paul's Backpack

Adam's horoscope predicted a good day, but he never imagined the discovery he would make. Just before class began, Adam was scurrying through the hall, searching for a pencil, when he saw Paul's backpack on the couch. Sure enough, when he dug through stray papers and homework assignments, Adam found a number two pencil at the bottom. "I've been at Harmony for eight years, and I never knew how easy it was to get what you want. I'll never have to buy school supplies again!"

Cards Reappear, but Magic Players Are Missing

The mysteries of Magic© Wizards of the Coast, Inc. continue as the missing cards have reappeared only to be followed by the sudden disappearance of the Magic players themselves. The six students were taken by a clean up person from Katy's room to the lost and found on Wednesday afternoon. By Thursday morning, they were gone. Ian Mott argued that "since it's all energy anyway, why does it matter?"

continued on page 121

Kathy Tells Students Where to Go

see page 121

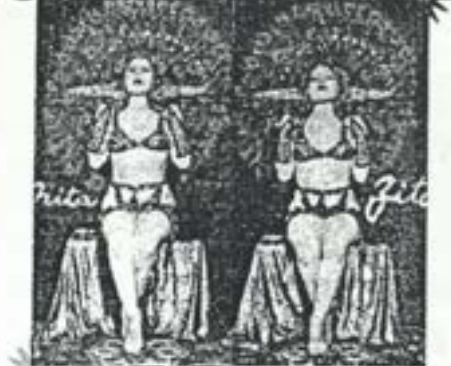
Middle Schoolers Apologize For Accidental Airmailing of Entire Fifth Grade Class To Honduras

"We thought it was funny!" said Ian McFadden. "Yeah, it was meant to be a joke," said Ian's sidekick, Levi Jamison. "We thought it was real educational," said Ian's other sidekick, Tim Bruner. "Hey, it's partly their fault" added Jill, "they got into that big box marked 'Emergency Medical Supplies'. How were we to know TWA would ship it all the way to the earthquake victims of Honduras?"

continued on page 121

For those addicted to intrigue:

Cactus Flower



has an array of
vintage attire, jewelry,
lamps, hats and sunglasses



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Avery's Locker Implodes

Two people died as a result of locker overload on May 3. "It was awful, just awful. It happened so fast and it was awful. I can't believe how awful it was. There was an explosion and everyone was screaming," said a hysterical Camille Wright. What happened was SLC, Spontaneous Locker Combustion. Witnesses said there were warning signs prior to the explosion. The locker door was seriously bulging outward and glowing red. "I swear I was about to clean it out!" said an embarrassed Avery. A lunch bag with Avery's name dated November 7, 1996 was found two blocks away.

Students Caught Roasting Marshmallows On The Radiator

Barb Bonchek's hope of having a warmer school really started to "heat up" when the radiator booted up to seven hundred degrees. During lunch, Claudio and Michele's class took their break making smores and roasting marshmallows on the radiator. While the out of control thermostat improved the elementary's snack time, the school suffered the consequences. Extreme heat, which radiated off the building, melted the stone rhino. The exact cause for the temperature change is not known, but Barb suspects middle school teachers are responsible. "They keep pushing the damn button!" she said angrily.

H.S. Constitution Declares Middle Schoolers Suck

In a show of democracy in its truest form, high schoolers voted 34-21 that middle schoolers "suck." "We weren't anywhere as sucky as those kids are now," said Wes Biddle. "I mean, I did suck, but they suck a lot worse." "Sure, we sucked," said Katrina Perry, "but these new middle schoolers, they got suckiness down to a science." As a direct result of the vote, middle schoolers must now repeat eighth grade three years in a row prior to entering high school.

Guy To Guy Marred By Refusal To Ask Directions

"It was really bogus, we drove around for half the night just trying to get back from Noble Romans," said a disappointed Steve Jones. This year's annual Guy-to-Guy celebration fell short of expectations, when no one showed up. Instead, the guys spent the evening circling IU campus. "It wasn't about being stubborn," said driver Ole Brereton, when asked why he wouldn't ask for directions. "I could have figured it out eventually. I knew we were getting close when we passed the Optometry building for the forty second time."

Entire 6th Grade Class Rebels Against "Trash Free Lunch" by Declaring April Lunchables Month

see page 121

Bantu Tribesman New High School Social Studies Teacher

"This will do wonders for the school's cultural diversity," reported Steve Bonchek, Harmony director. "We've searched high and low for this new person, and M'wano Ndoto more than fits the bill—he wants to relocate in Bloomington, finds the classroom remarkably luxurious, and quite frankly, was a ideal match for our salary structure that pays first years teachers in corn...

continued 122

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Carrie's Rejected Day Ideas

Every middle schooler has learned to dread the famous announcement line at closing "Tomorrow is _____ day, so I want everyone to participate, and if you do you'll get a prize!" So far we've had at least seven different days in the past month. However, things could have been much worse. In a private interview with Carrie, she told us a few ideas she had had that she was forced to reject (see if you can figure out why).

- *Profane Shirt Day

- *Everybody look like Ian's Hair day

- *Hey, I got what I'm wearing from the bottom of the dirty clothes bin day

- *Play Hooky Day

- *Alcoholic Lunch Day

- *Revolt Against Teachers Day

- *Girls Wear Corsets, Guys Wear Cod-pieces

Day

- *I'm A Porn Star From Los Vegas Day----
(suggested by Rami)

- *Students and Teachers Switch Places Day

- *Pyromaniac Day

- & *I Want To Be A Nudist Today Day

Science Lab Funds Diverted To Buy Pokemon Cards

see page 121

U Investigation-- Magic 8 Ball Used to Decide Middle School Recommendation

see page 121

Dude = New Pronoun

Dude, this is what's up in Harmony. Okay dudes, in a teachers meeting held in the teachers lounge, we, the teachers decided on something that will change the way we communicate at Harmony School. Us dudes thought it would be "hip" and "cool" to say dude in every sentence. And to refer to everybody as dude. This idea was thought of when Ross was told he was uncool. Heartbroken, Ross decided to change his name to "El Dударino". The dude seemed to receive more respect with his new personality, so he stuck with it. All the rest of us dudes are trying this certain strategy. It seems to be working. We are even thinking of changing Harmony School to The "dude" School, wouldn't that be rad!



Harmony Salutes Earth Day

On Earth Day, Harmony School is saluting the environment by consuming fossil fuel on an Earth Day trip to Yellow Wood State Forest. While there, students will run through the woods like banshees, eat lunchables and poke one another with sharp sticks. Other activities planned by Student Solidarity include a spotted owl hunt and the traditional burning of the Morris Dancers' May Pole.



New typist needed for U magazine

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Studies Show that Sand Improves ECPers Digestive Systems

Well, it's Friday again and the steam coming from Barb Bonchek's ears is filling the halls. Once again we have to order another truck load of sand for the playground, and boy is Barb upset. "The sand consumption from the ECP is so large that we have to refill the sand box every week," Barb says. "This is insane". Who would have thought that four year olds could eat so much. We've contacted

Doctor Jeff Gorski from the IU Health Department about the situation. His words were, "After inspecting the kids, I've found that they take such bad care of their teeth that the sand helps break down the large quantities of food they swallow, making it easier to digest." The IU Health Department is donating a cure for the problem. "We would donate toothbrushes, but the sand is so much less expensive and seems to be working miraculously," says Gorski. The school now has a life-supply of snack sand for the ECPers near and far, young and old, from here all the way to New Zealand schools.

-Gizzard Staff

Most Likely to...

These voting results are the product of a survey taken by the Harmony High School students and teachers. There were originally 34 categories from which the voters could designate the student most likely to earn that title. Four of the categories were removed due to their potentially offensive nature; all winners were notified before the information was published. This was written with good humor, which many of the winners had to have in order to receive such bizarre titles--don't worry, nobody cared! Throughout the tallying, we noted some exceptionally funny votes which either did not receive enough votes to win or involved students not currently attending the school, and therefore could not qualify. These will be our honorable mentions, which appear at the end of the winners list. Now, on with the winners!

Most likely to...

Succeed: Carolyn Nash
Save the World: Myra Swoape
Get Married: Nick Ardizzone and Alexandria
Chrisman
Become a Movie Star: Carrie Platz
Become President of the United States: Steve Jones
Fight Crime After Chemical Spill Mutates DNA:
Nick Ardizzone
Be Foiled by a Mutant Crime-Fighter: Wes Biddle
Become a Millionaire: Steve Jones
Become a Harmony School Teacher: Patrick
Alexander
Become a Scary Old Woman Who Lives in a Shed
in the Woods: Alice Platz
Become the Voice of a Cartoon Character: Nick
Ardizzone
Become a Soap Opera Character: Carrie Platz
Become a Star Athlete: Sharpe Panyong
Join the Military: Ari Rosen
Embrace the Antichrist: Josh Bilodeau
Visit the High School Every Day for the Rest of
Their Life: Patrick Alexander
Become an old Woman: Beth Freyman
Patent an Invention That Will Change the World:
Sasha Land
Become a Pokemon Master: Alexandria Chrisman
Appear on the Jerry Springer Show: Katrina Perry
Fall Down the Stairs: Carrie Platz
Seriously Injure Self in Unfortunate Home Repair
Accident: Wes Biddle
Have Obnoxious Offspring: Wes Biddle
Become a Rock Star: Chip Reardin
Be Abducted By Aliens: Eric Lyakhovetsky
Get a Tattoo: Rob Council
Give Self Gangrene from an Unprofessional
Piercing: Josh Bilodeau
Become a Comedian: Nick Ardizzone

Honorable Mentions

Get Married: Wes Biddle and Allison Westhues
Join the Military: Rob Council (because he did, just
weeks after the survey was taken!)

Embrace the Antichrist: Leah Beebe (in a loving
way)

Visit the High School Every Day of the Rest of Their
Life: Ryan Stringer, Harmony graduate

Become a Holy Man: Josh Bilodeau

Appear on Jerry Springer: Wes Biddle

Be Abducted by Aliens: Ross Peterson-Veatch

Nick Ardizzone, Alexandria Chrisman, Rob
Council, Tom Hastings, Steve Jones & Alice Platz



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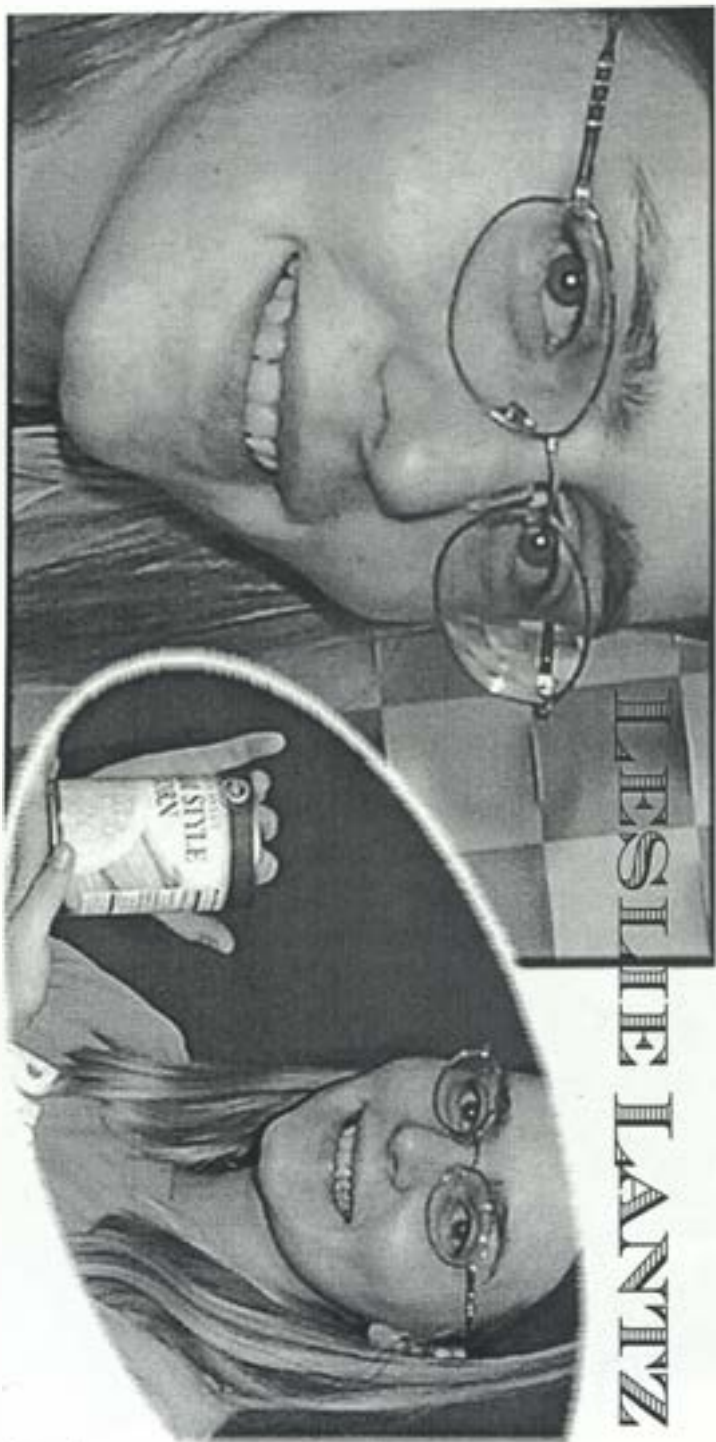
Amy Gras

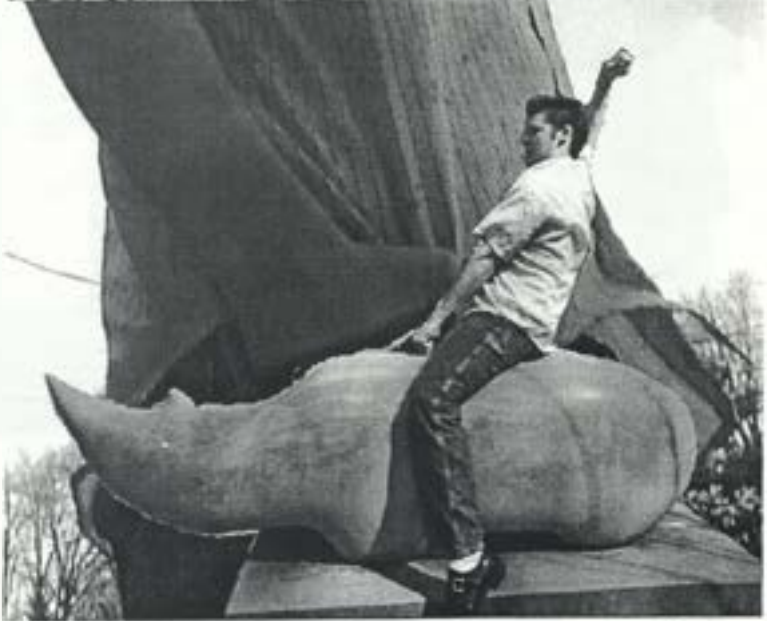


Home Grown
1999 - 2000

ROSS
PETERSON-
VEATCH







Nathan, Wizard Adept

20



Summon Legend



Nate, Wizard Adept counts as a Wizard.

2♦♦♦, Ⓞ: Counter target spell. Play this ability as an interrupt.

"Was that it?"

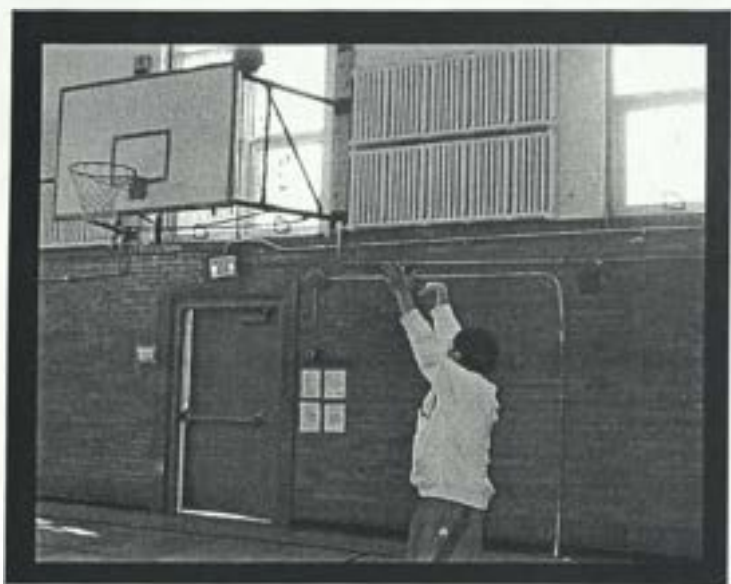
Nathan, wizard adept

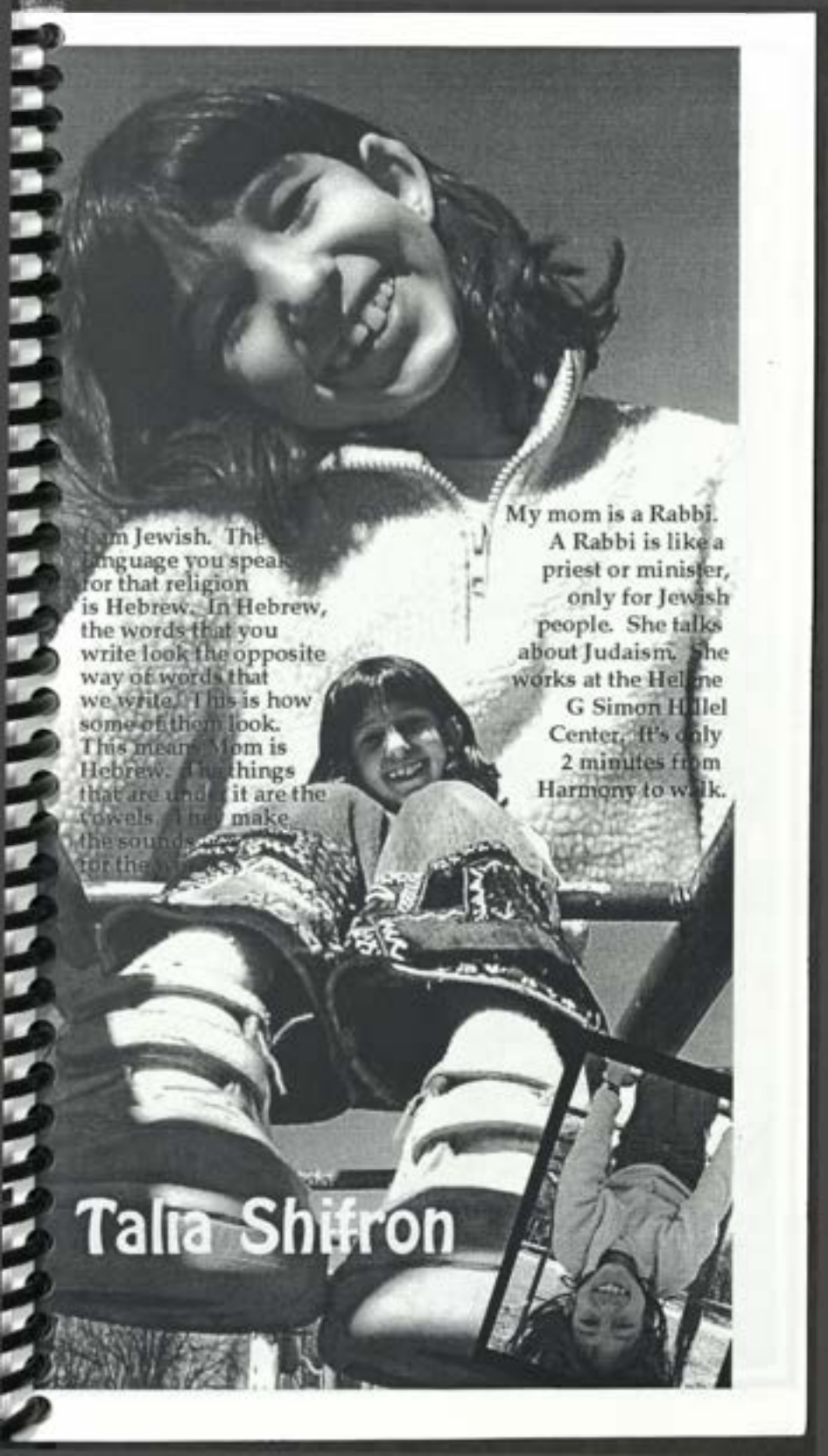
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Nathan Higgins

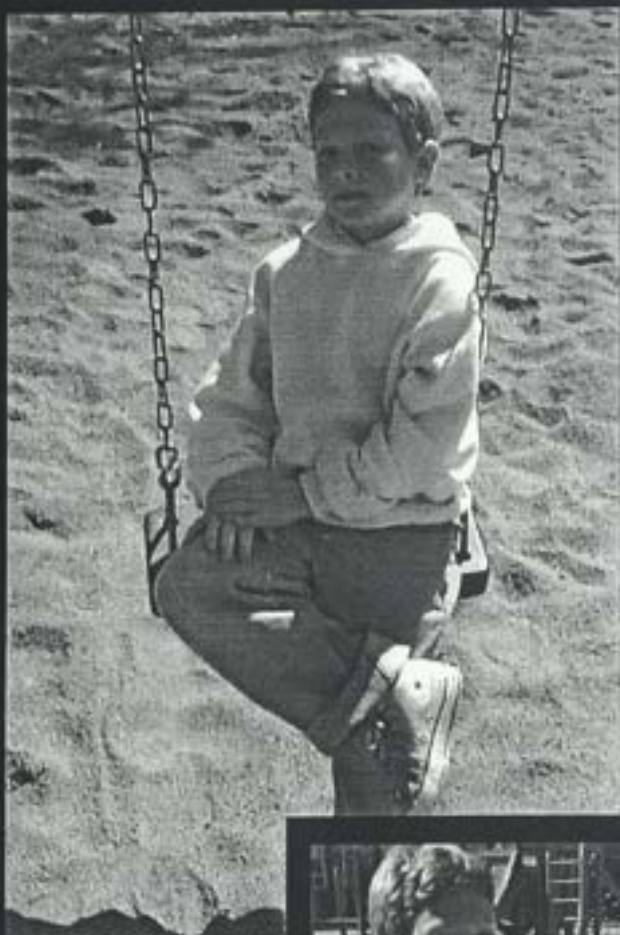




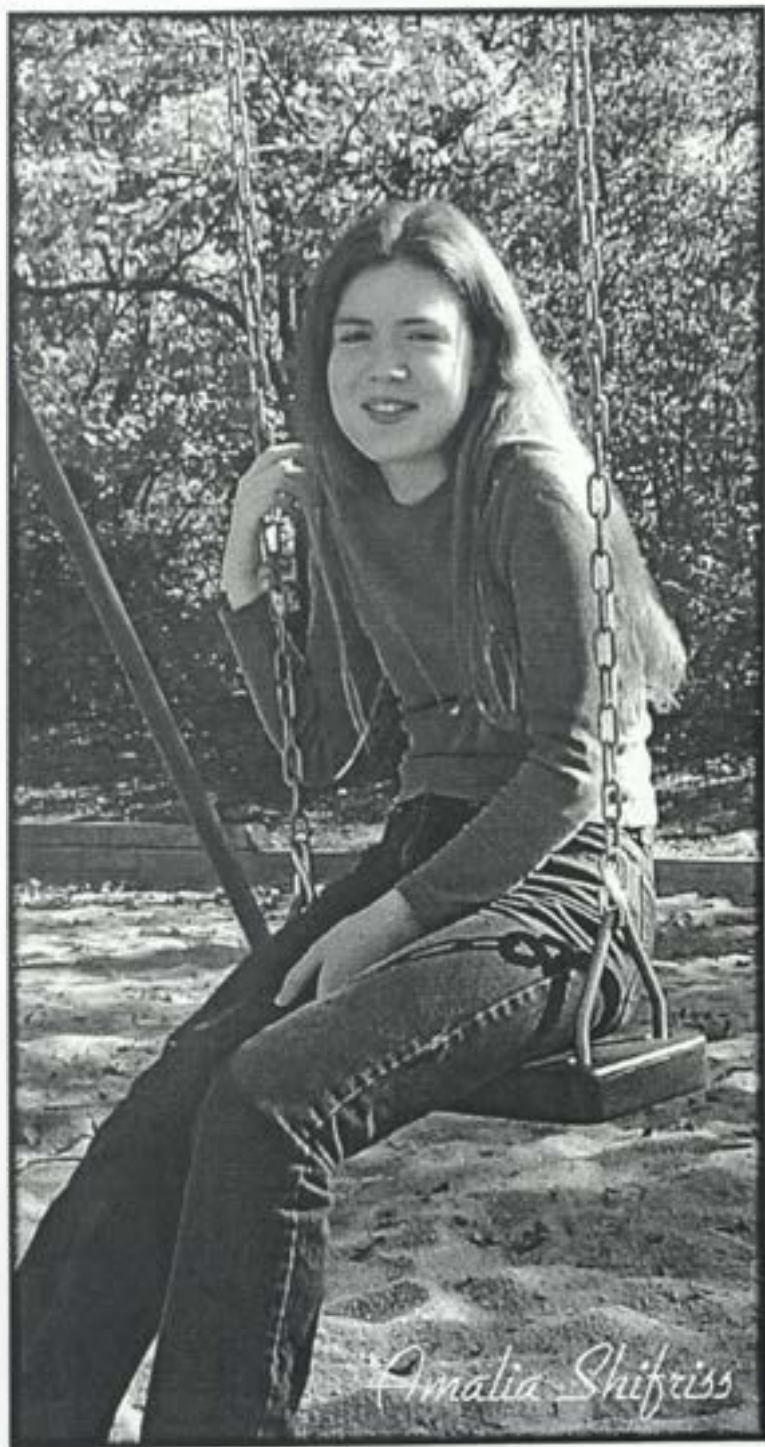
I am Jewish. The language you speak for that religion is Hebrew. In Hebrew, the words that you write look the opposite way of words that we write. This is how some of them look. This means Mom is Hebrew. The things that are under it are the cowels. They make the sounds for the

My mom is a Rabbi. A Rabbi is like a priest or minister, only for Jewish people. She talks about Judaism. She works at the Helene G Simon Hillel Center. It's only 2 minutes from Harmony to walk.

Talia Shifron



Jurion
Jatfe



Amalia Shifriss



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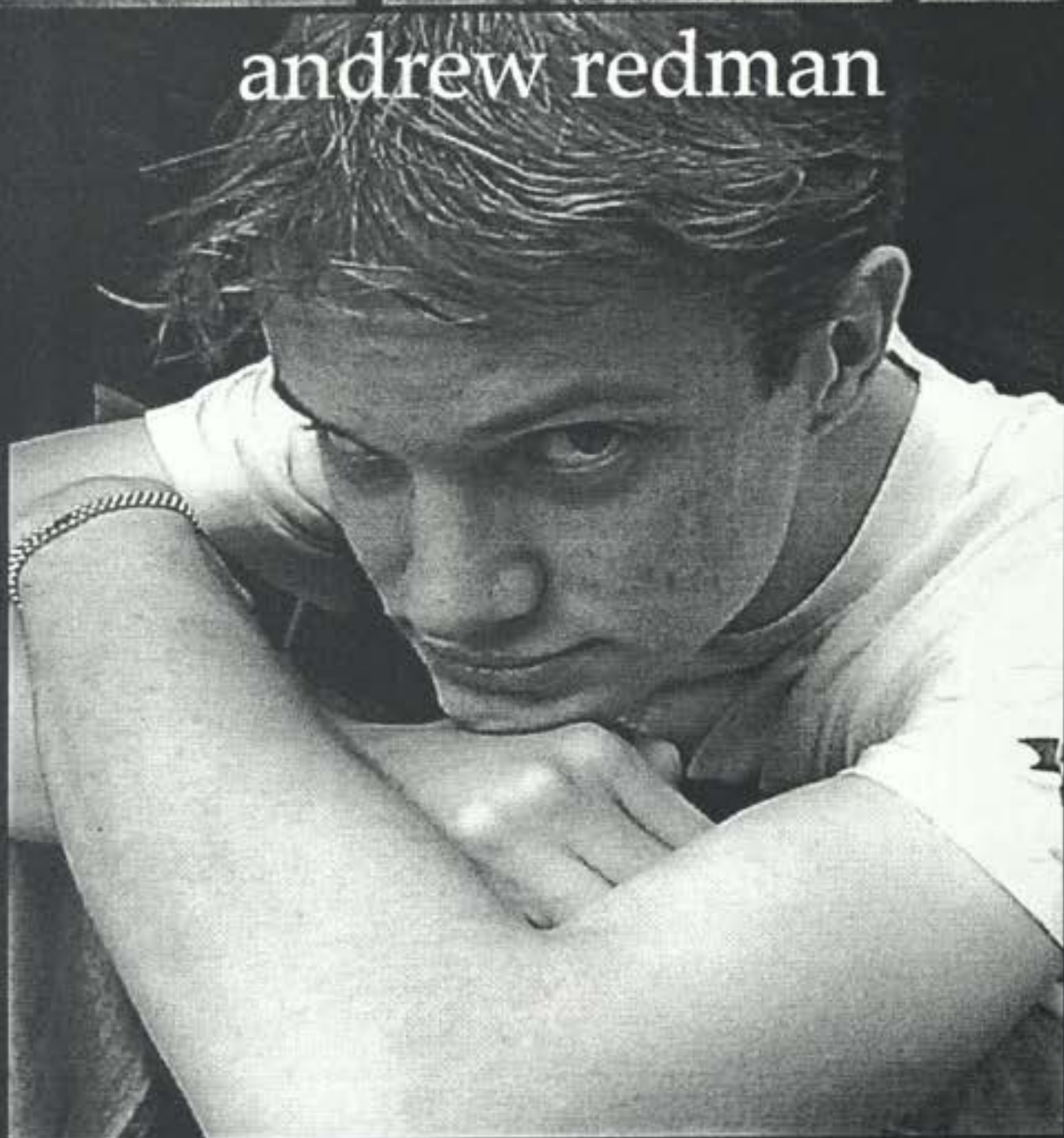


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andrew redman

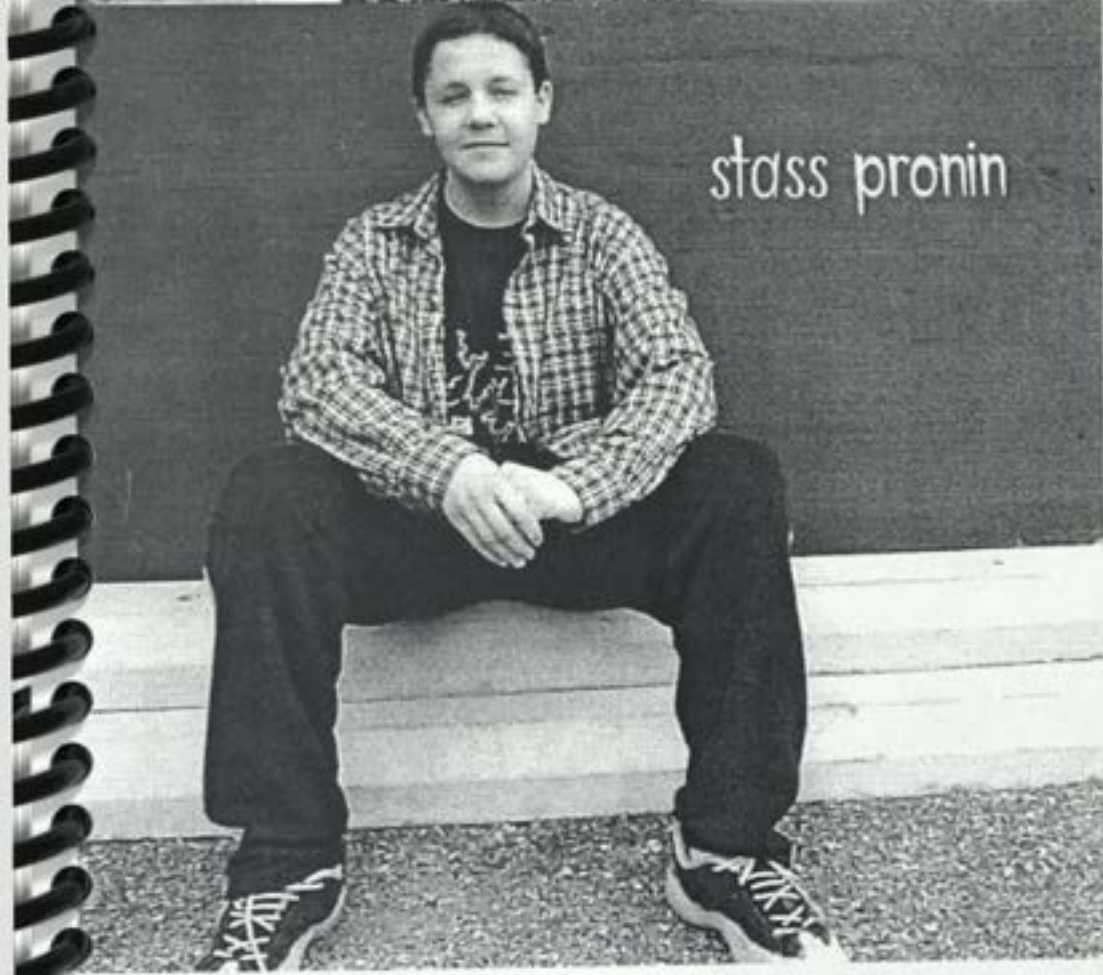


If a girl says she's 20
and looks 16, she's 12.

If a girl says she's 26,
and looks 26,
she's damn near 40
--Chris Rock

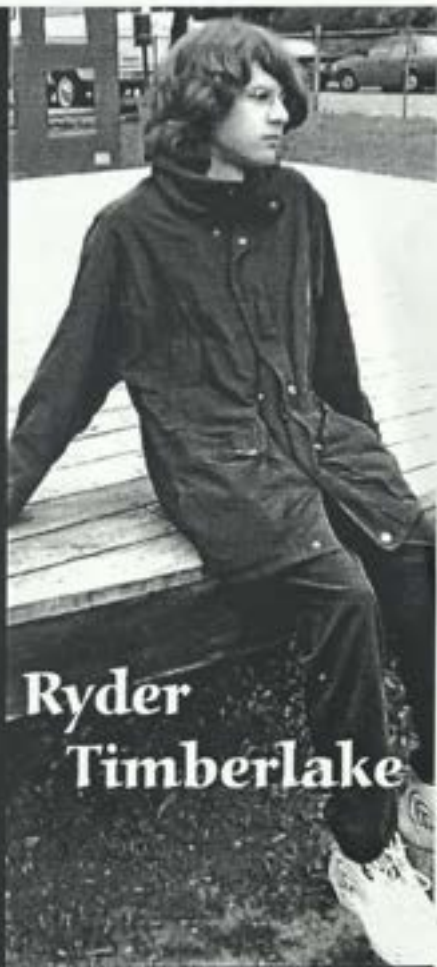
Rami Lazarus







*I used to think
I was so deep but
now I know,
deep down
inside,
I'm
shallow.*



in the middle of things

168

marty belcher



Stuff 1--September,
October, November,
December, January
Stuff 2--Roger Pfingston,
Keith Romaine, Sallyann
J. Murphey, Greg
Murphey, Camellia
Cosgray, Nathan Cosgray,
Julie Zimmer, Naomi
Zimmer, Greta Zimmer,
Martha Burns, Katy Pastel,
Shana Ritter, Dan Backler,
Mark Beebe, Bruce David,
Jerry Ruff, Joe Lee, Megan
Eder, Charlotte Hess, Julie
James, Steve Cook, Susan
Kruithof, Terry Kok, Pat Dagley,
Kevin Holladay, Amy Baum,
Marti Crouch, Will Watt, Staci
Jennings, Janiece Jaffe, Hannah
Dumes, Michael Redman, Nile
Terrorizes School, Gizzzzzzzzzzard,
Steve's Brain, Boca Loca, Spam,
Page 121, Starbucks, the Beatles,
Zen's Sisters, the Rhino, After School
People, Jewish Olives, Mexicom, Magic
Cards, Carrie's Rejected Days, ECPers
Digestive Systems, Bantu Tribesman,
Hannah's Cat, Sebastian Eats Pie, Tinky
Winky Pog, Middle Schoolers Airmail Fifth
Graders to Honduras, Baby Sitter's Little
Sister, Jessi's Kitten, Power Puff Girls,
Mouserella, Bolt, Baby Bear, Scott No Longer
Too Sexy for His Shirt, Gullible Makes Millions,
Sock Monkey, Adam Finds Pencil in Backpack, Guy
to Guy Marred by Refusal to Ask Directions, Ross,
Kathy Tells Students Where To Go, The Museum of
Natural History, Dude, Most Likely to...Become President,
Become a Soap Opera Star, Join the Military, Blasphemy, Got
Milk, Computer Crash, Quasi-Money Assitants, Transfibulator, Nick
"Englishman" Ardlizzzone, Ladyman's Cafe, Judy Blume, Cha-Cha, A Purely
Mediocre Venture, Diamond Tiara, WFHB, Che Guevara, Heather's Seniority,
Meaningless Drivel, Piff, Alien Corn, Downloading Pictures, Garrett's Armpit,
Linus, Roadworthy, Strangers Hill Farm, Seventeen Ways to Eat a Mango,
Everything's Going To Be All Right, Brian, Donald Trump, Cracker Jacks, Frank Oz,
Photoshop 5, Bind, Susan Lucci, Hanger, Multi-Age Groups, McCommick's Creek,
Paper, Fossils, Tech Decks, Black Beauty Cole Mine, Holiday Follies, A Three Step
Program, the Absolute, Indesputable Truth, Hazel, Microwave, Tap Shoes, Dinosaur
Park, Peaking Pear, Trash Free Lunch, Student Solidarity, Y2K Green Tomato Pickle,
Sonny Rollins, Team Rocket, Glue Sticks, Madeline Albright, ClarisWorks, Kelley
Computer Training, Grant St, Tendonitis, China Joins WTO, Susan Sarandon, Game
Preserve, Cactus Flower, Miles Davis, Lexan, Public Radio, Retakes, Runcible Spoon,
BIM, Shelley Winters, Pygmanion's, Martha Stewart, 6241 photos, Matte Board, Hi-Tek
Hair, Coffe, BloomingFood, Play Station, Pizza Express, Rami, La Rosa, Musical: The
Musical, Capture the Flag at Bryan Park, Student Lunch Club, Color Gameboys, What's
Happening at 404, The Ugly Stick, Visitors from Vermont, Bear the Dog, Sprouts, Eye
Exams, Social Action Day, Snow, Stass, Joel, Michael, Gift Exchange, Yo-Yo Christmas
Tree, Climbing Wall, Pokemon, Family Meetings, Second Hand Smoke, Lunchables
Month, Cameron as Tooth Fairy, Profane Shirt Day, Dirty Clothes Bin Day, Stretch
Armstrong, Buyers Only, Philosopher's Stone, Rechargeable Batteries, Checklists, New
Cutting Board, Picking Up Ads, G3 Chips, Kodak DC210, Uhu Stic, E-Mail, I'll Be
Ready Tomorrow, New York, Cappuccino's, Gloria Steinem, Scratch, Bloomington
Vineyard, Siam House, Unknown Students, Joe's Copy, Some Find Solace in Nature,
Gray is the Color of Truth, Haines Turner, My Eyes are Weak, Don't Give Up the Fight,
Find Something You Love and Do It, True Story, Claudio, Love Is, Falsehoods,
Innocent Mistakes, Meaningful Arguments, States of Denial, Happiness, Tension
and Release, Opacity, Leading, Beauty, Wisdom, Brilliance, Hellos and Goodbyes

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O' Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The Ship has weather'd every rack, the prize
we sought is won. The port is near, the bells
I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady kneel,
the vessel grim and daring:

But O' heart! heart! heart!
O' the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies;
Fallen, cold and dead.

O' Captain! my Captain!rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up-for you the flag is flung- for you
the bugle thrills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths-for you
the shores a-crowding.

Here Captain! dear Father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

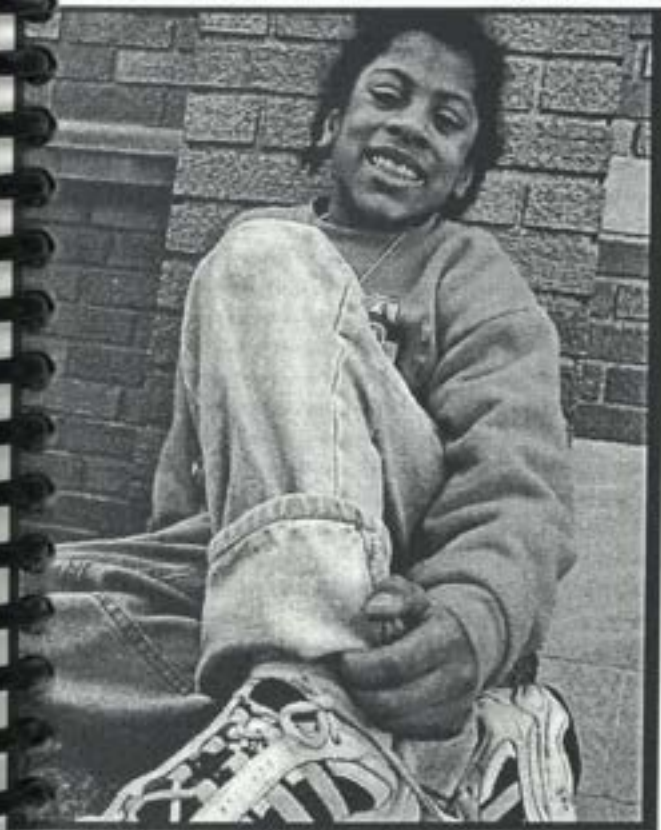
My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale
and still; My Father does not feel my arm, he
has no pulse or will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, it's
voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship come
in with object won:

Exult , O' shores, and ring, O' bells!
But i, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captian lies.
Fallen cold and dead.

-Walt Whitman

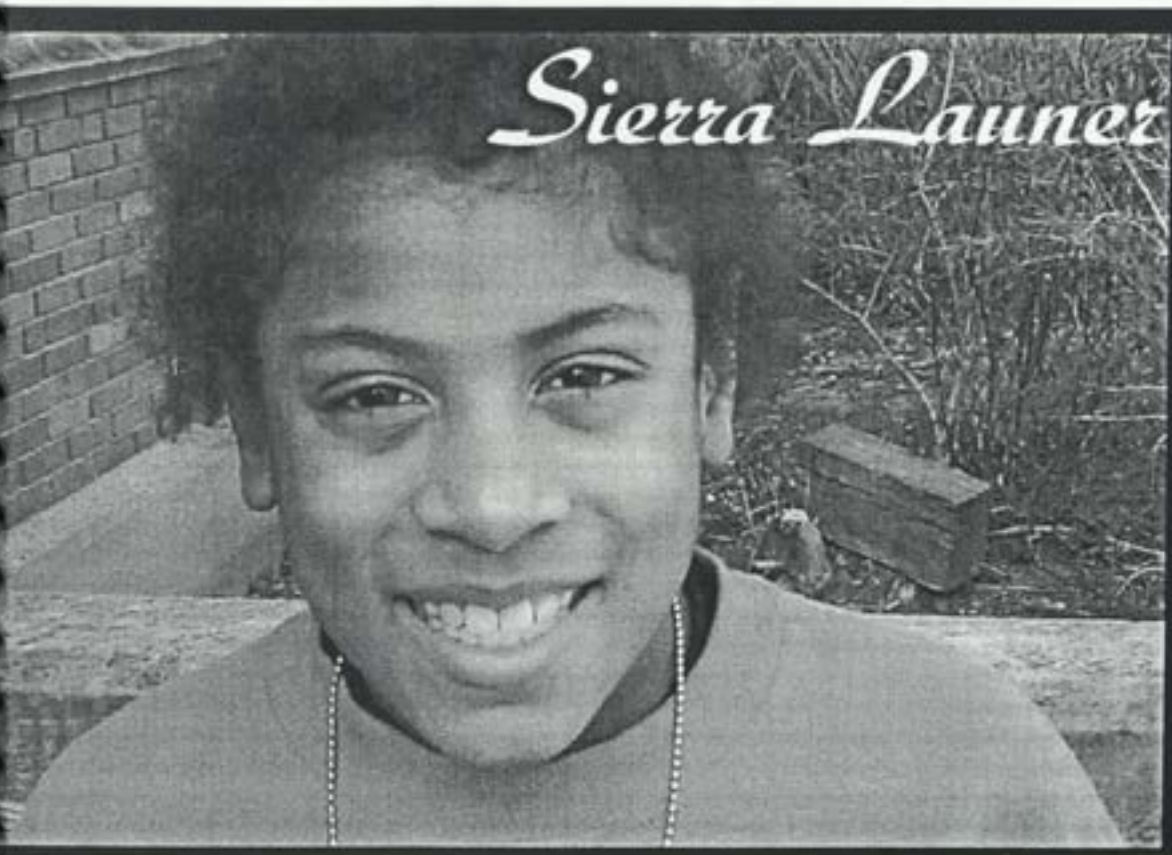


**Hannah
Goodman**



I have AIDS. It doesn't feel good when I get sick. I get high fevers and it's hard for my body to fight germs and sickness. I feel like a normal kid most of the time. I can act mean or I can share with friends. I like to go to China Buffet with my family. I like playing games, too. I protect people from getting AIDS from me by making sure they don't touch my blood.

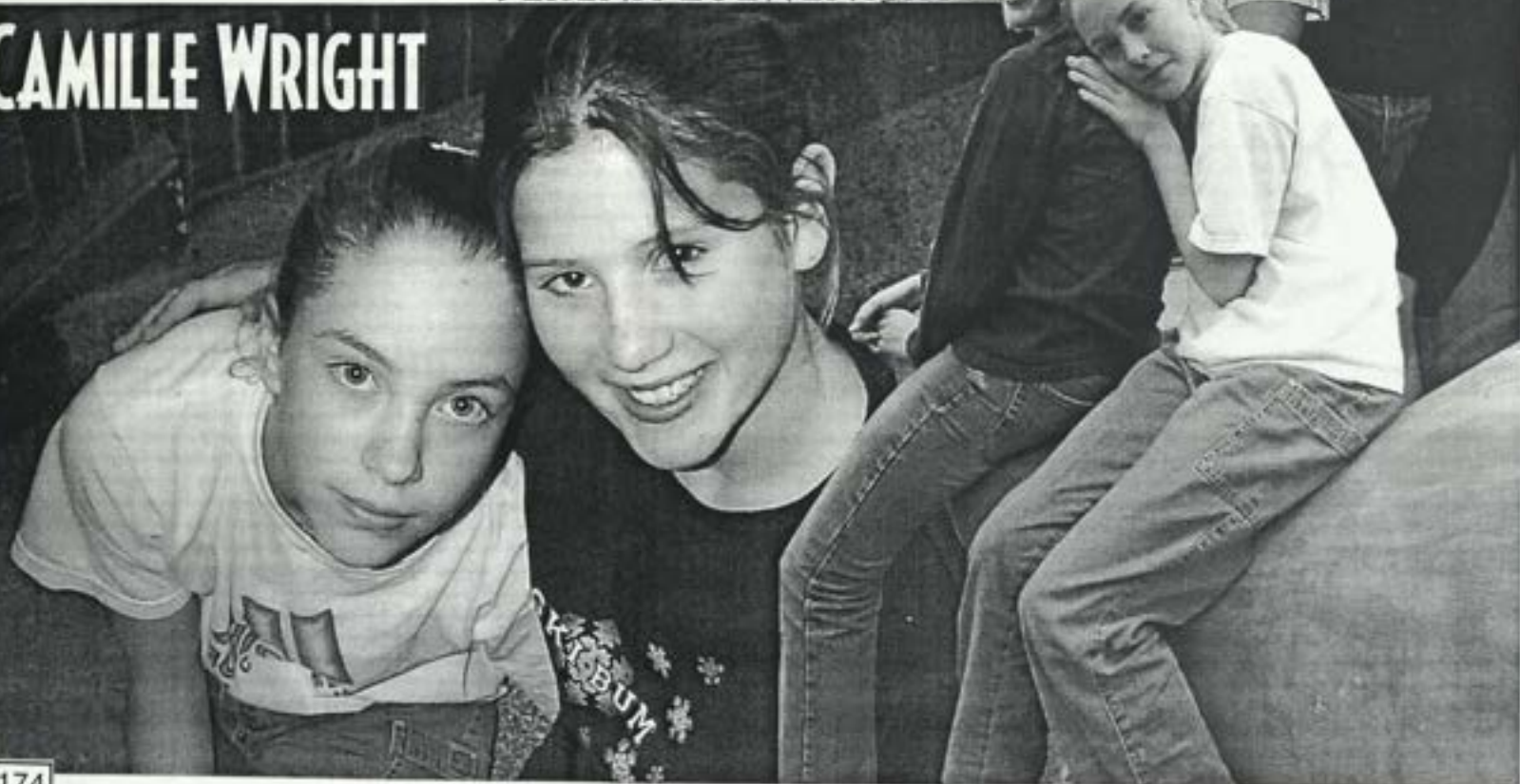
Sierra Launer

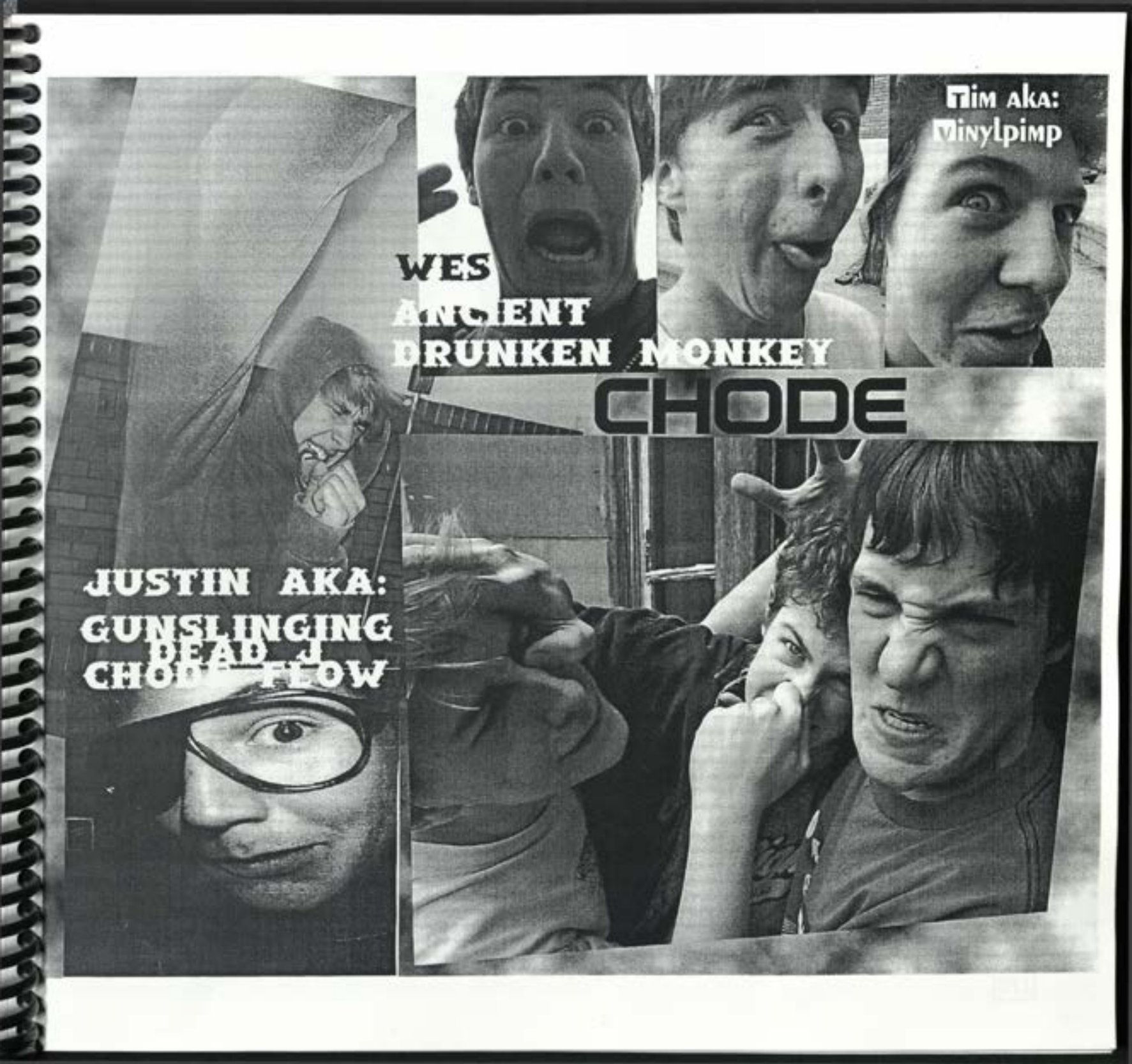




SERENA LOEWENTHAL

CAMILLE WRIGHT





**Tim AKA:
Minylpimp**

**WES
ANCIENT
DRUNKEN MONKEY**

CHODE

**JUSTIN AKA:
GUNSLINGING
DEAD J
CHODE FLOW**

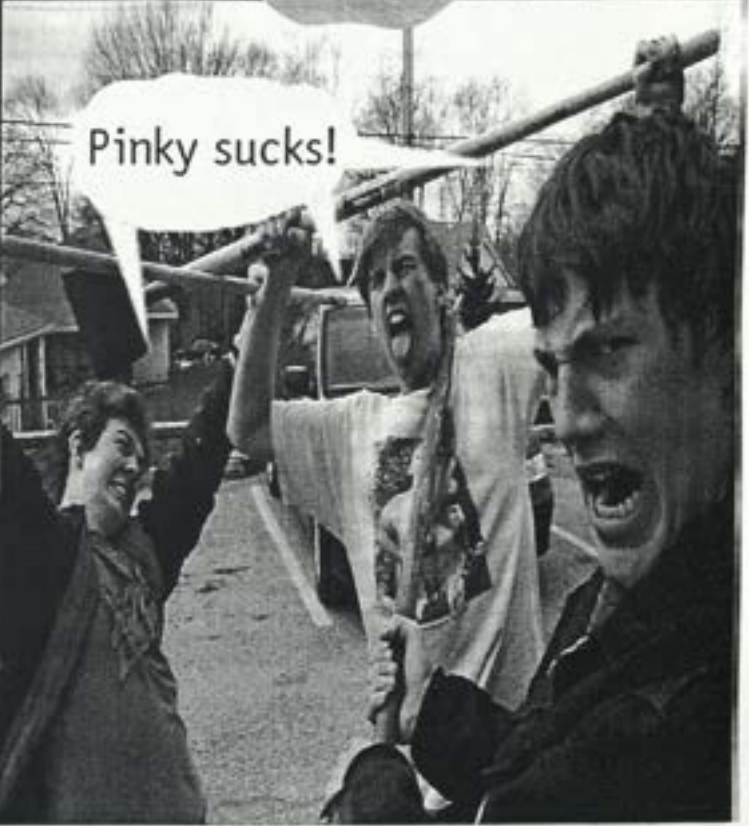
Austin 3:16 Says I just whooped Pinky's ASS



THE ROCK SAYS PINKY SUCKS

MICK FOLEY IS GOD





Love will save
the day.



HE HE



HA HA

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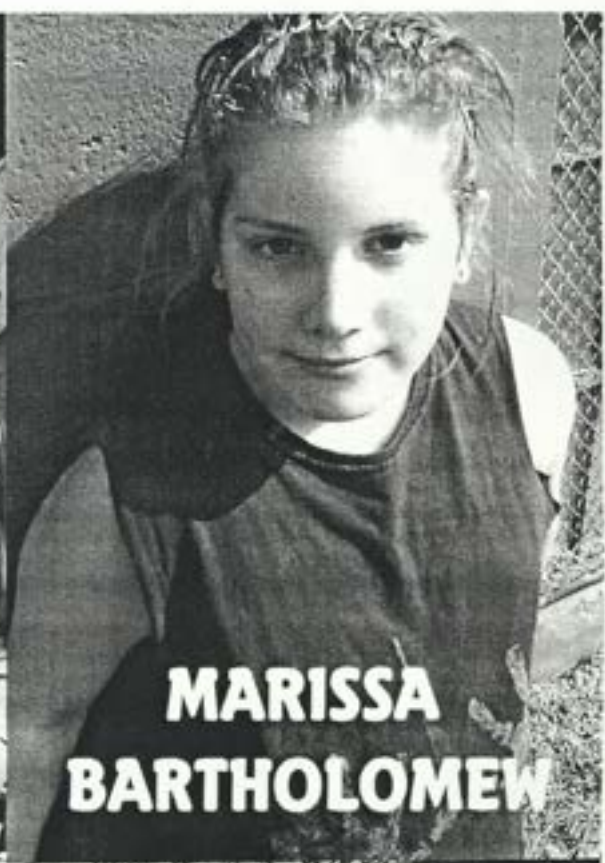


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IZZY

JARVIS

**MARISSA
BARTHOLOMEW**

AGE 9 1/2
I HAVE 4 CATS, 2 DOGS,
12 FISH, AND 1 SNAIL.
HOBBIES: PLAYING
GAMEBOY, COLLECTING
BASEBALL,
BASKETBALL, AND FOOTBALL
CARDS AND HAVING FUN.
I HAVE NO BROTHERS
OR SISTERS.

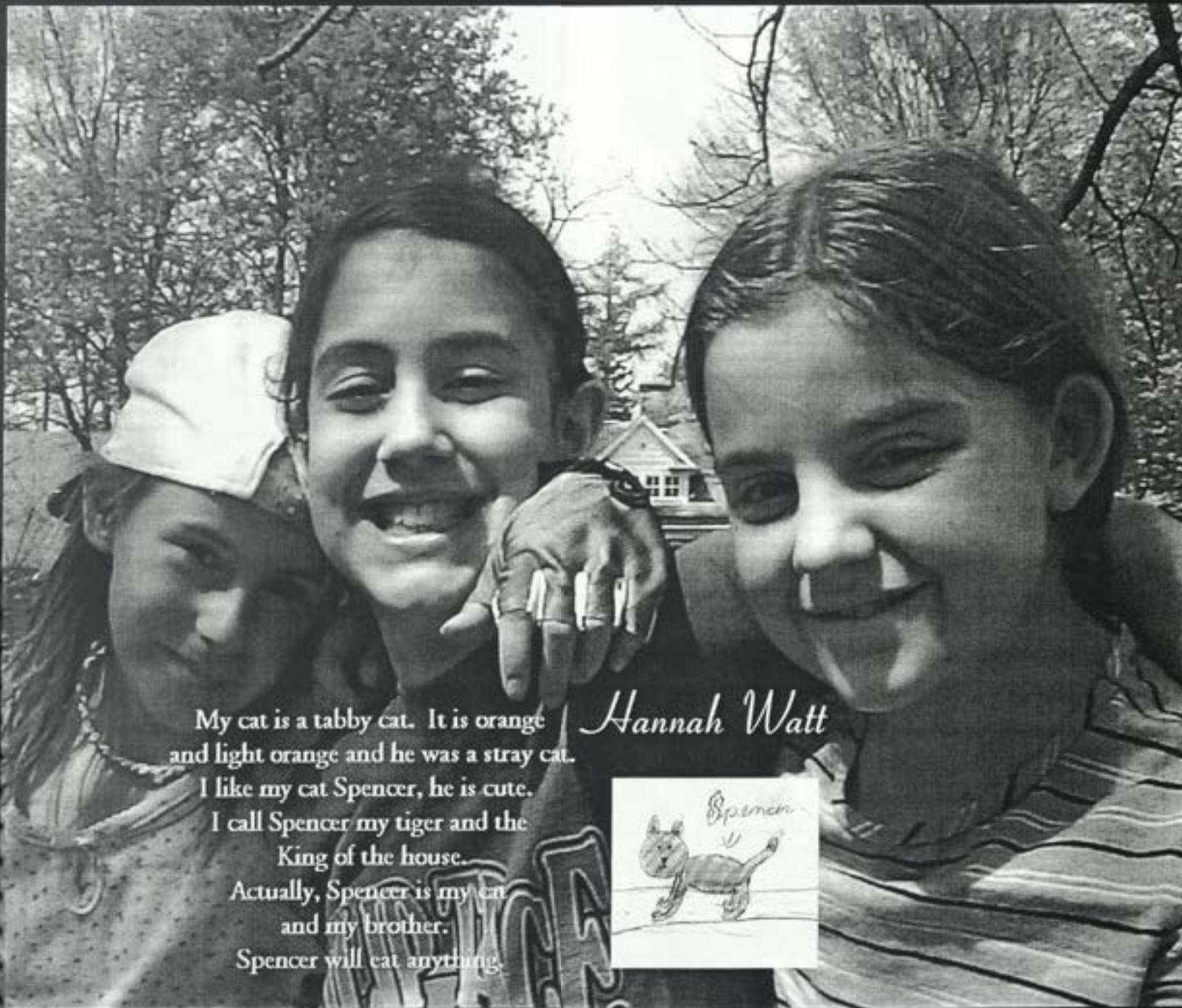




Sahar
Pastel Daneshgar

Me and
my friends,
Izzy and
Sarah,
pretend we're
the Power Puff Girls.

by Sahar Pastel Daneshgar



My cat is a tabby cat. It is orange
and light orange and he was a stray cat.

I like my cat Spencer, he is cute.

I call Spencer my tiger and the
King of the house.

Actually, Spencer is my cat
and my brother.

Spencer will eat anything.

Hannah Watt





Sarah Kolodziej



My favorite bands and singers are

Macy Grey
Ani DiFranco
Jimi Hendrix
The Beatles
and
Slash Mouth



Linda Lewis



Becky Lloyd

*"On spite of ourselves, we'll
end up sittin' on a rainbow,
against all odds, honey
we're the big door prize, we're
gonna spite the noses right
off of our faces, there won't be
nuthin, but big ole hearts
dancin' in our eyes."*

- John Prine

*Claire
Morton*



Cora Polsgrove





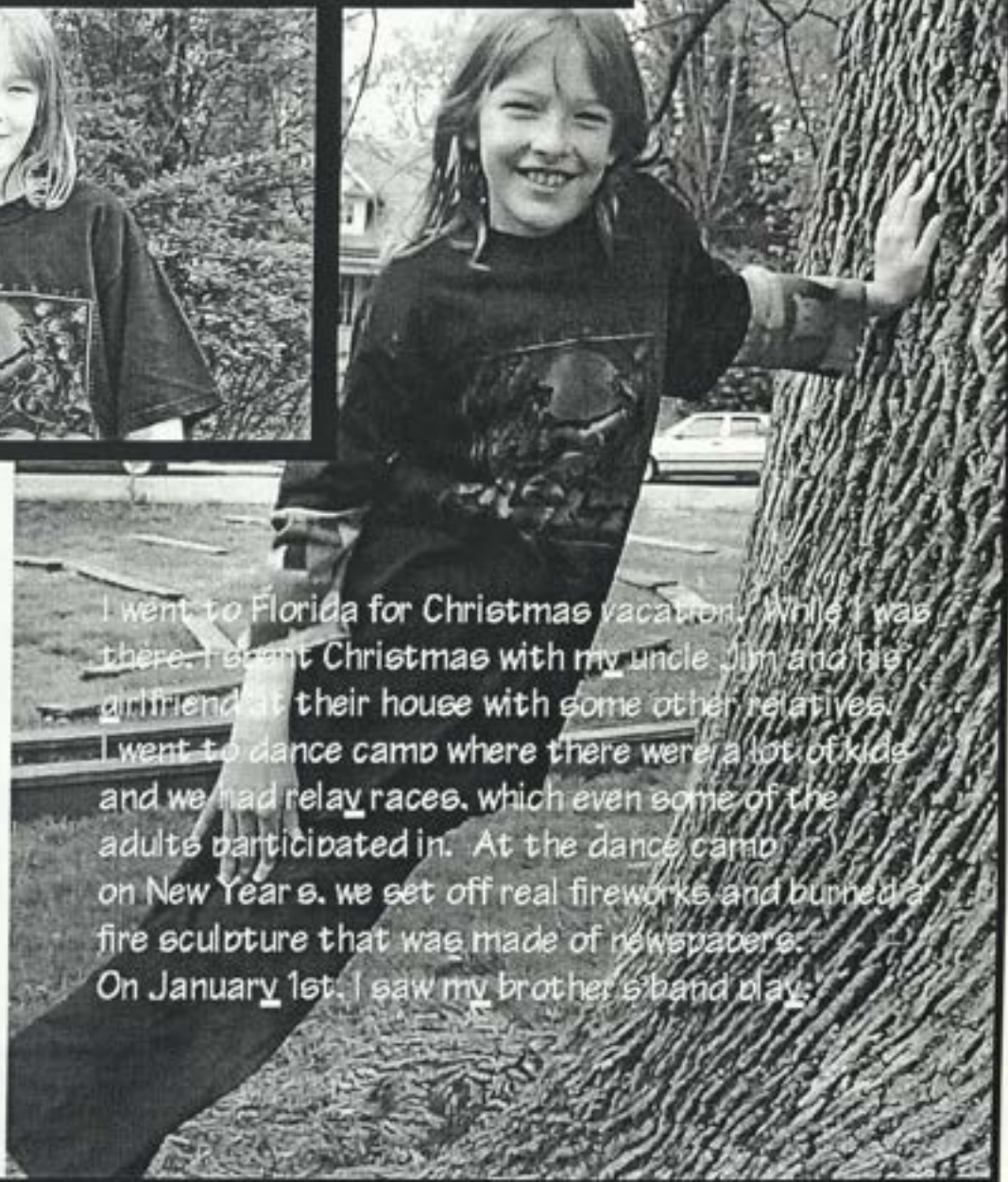
I have two kittens and two dogs. I like one of my dogs the most because I've been feeding her since I was two. Now, for a joke: my name is Duane. Duane the lake I'm Drowning. My coolest CD is Will Smith

SIRI LARSEN

DIVINA THRASHER

ROY REES
SCHOOL OF
SOCCER EXCELLENCE

CASSIDY HEINDIERSON



I went to Florida for Christmas vacation. While I was there, I spent Christmas with my uncle Jim and his girlfriend at their house with some other relatives. I went to dance camp where there were a lot of kids and we had relay races, which even some of the adults participated in. At the dance camp on New Year's, we set off real fireworks and burned a fire sculpture that was made of newspapers. On January 1st, I saw my brother's band play.



Julia Reardin



WHERE AM I? AND WHY IS
THIS CAT STARING AT ME.



Sebastian Rudolph



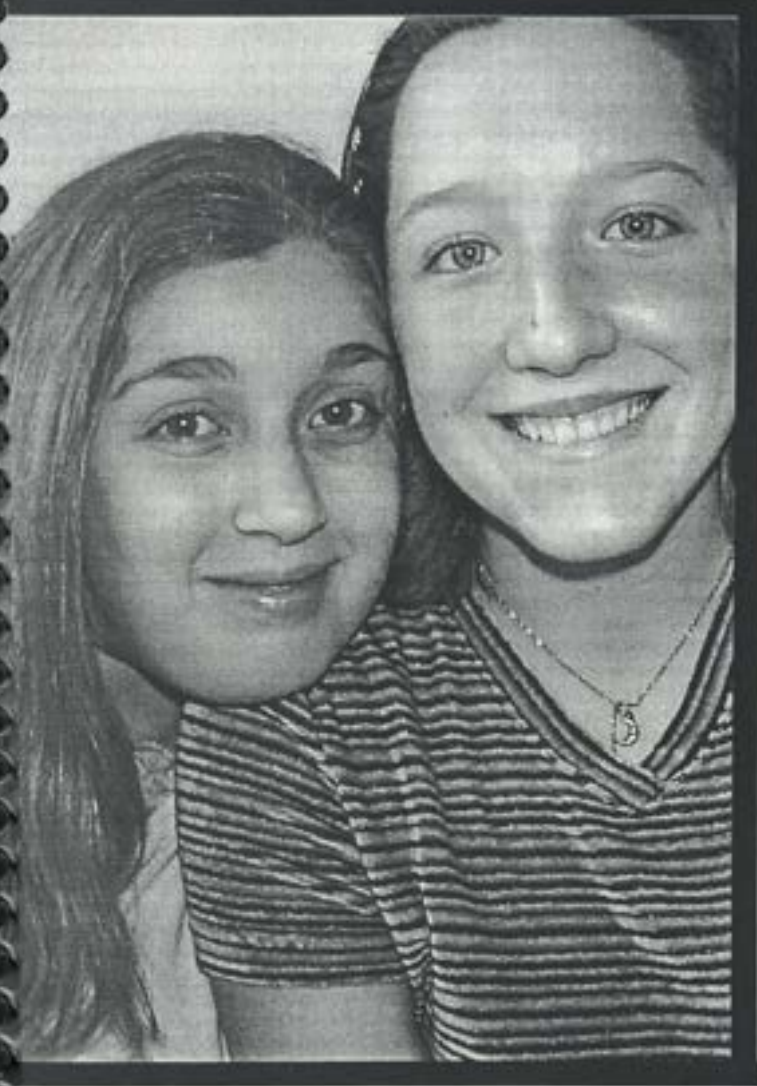
ARNETTA LAUNER



Nikkia's favorite times: play games, take walks write letters, pass notes go shopping, go to movies. Things I do with friends: walk the dog, go to Jo-Jo's house, stay up late watching scary movies, listen to music, go out to eat, go to stores. I also like to play with the dog. Her name is Disa. We take naps on the couch and go for walks. When she's good I'll give her a treat. My friends think it's fun to watch her when I give her the treat because she sits on her bottom with her legs in front of her and back straight up and down. My dog stinks my sister. And I love her.

NIKKIA LEWIS-MATTHIAS






Fiona Martin

*Another great season -
Thanks to the Boys and Girls Club*



juv go lightely - May, 2000



**PHILOSOPHER'S
STONE**

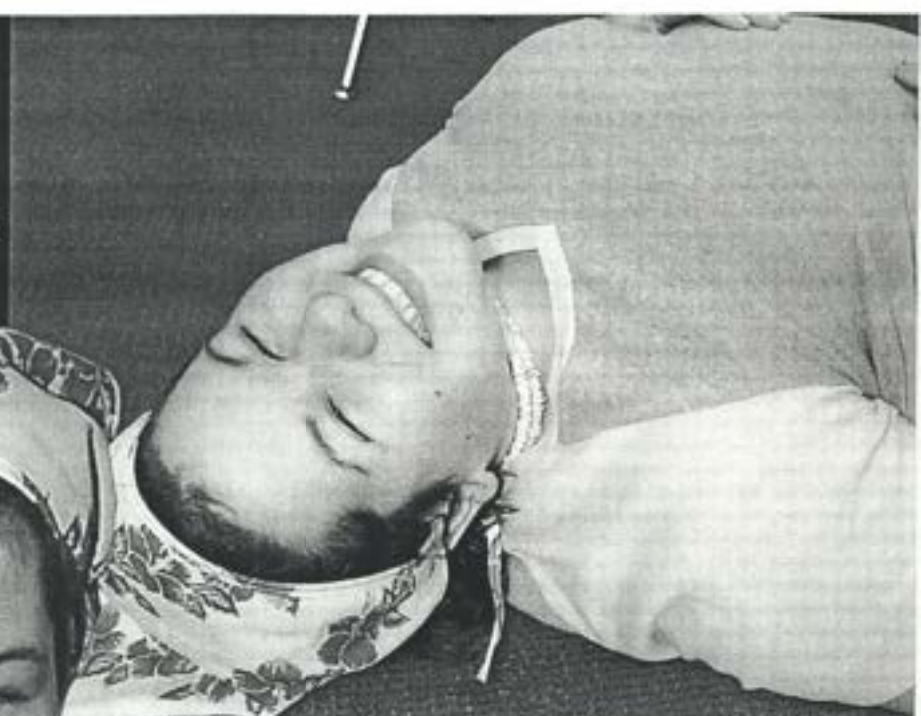
GRAPHIC DESIGN

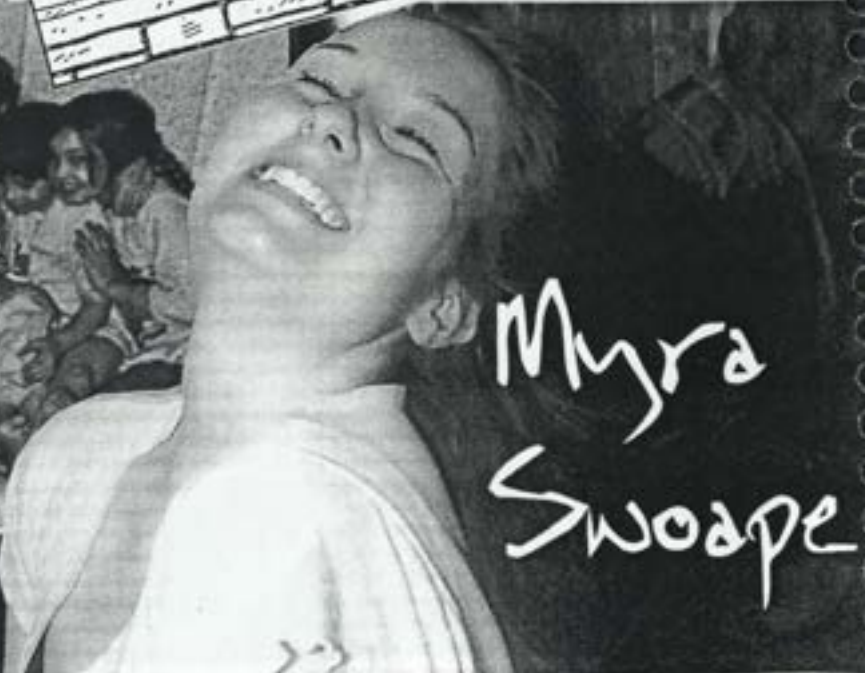
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Anna
McFadden





Myra
Swoape



Stuff₂

A simple statement, "Everything's going to be all right." was our starting point. Ok, maybe that's not such a simple statement after all--it seems to imply the need for reassurance, parent & child, religion, politics, commerce, art... We couldn't decide if the statement was right or wrong. It felt uncomfortable, there was an imbalance of power between the speaker and the one spoken to.

With some reservations, it became our starting point. Now we needed an audience to which we could pose the statement. It was suggested that we move away from our traditional yearbook subjects. And we did. These 32 people are part of the Harmony community but wouldn't normally be included in our book. They are ex-students, teachers, tutors, parents, friends, benefactors, board members, volunteers, etc. They ranged in age from 15 to 85. They were given free reign to respond to the statement in the artistic medium of their choice. Collectively, their submissions reflects a rather cautious optimism. But more interestingly, the way the question was approached reflected the distinct political/cultural orientation of the different generations. Clearly, people who grew up in the 60's saw it in political terms while younger & older people took a more aesthetic approach. Huh?

--U Staff



“Everything’s going to be all right!”

I’M PROBABLY taking this way too seriously but I find the statement “Everything’s going to be all right” somewhat troubling. I mean, beyond soothing some relatively minor upsets like a scraped knee, it’s hard to see how this assertion holds any truth at all. Everything? All right? That’s pretty broad! What does “everything” mean anyway? What does “all right” mean? If you think about it for a while it becomes like when you stare at a word so long that your mind dissociates from the meaning and the letters become just rather odd-looking shapes on a piece of paper. It’s a very black-and-white statement, but very fuzzy at the same time.

“Gray is the color of truth.”

—MCGEORGE BUNDY, former National Security Adviser



THE CONCEPT “everything’s going to be all right” implies that there is a state that exists now that we might call “not all right” that needs to change. This idea that things would be better if only such-and-such would happen is very pervasive and very human but I think is basically untrue. We spend so much time either hashing over past events and wishing things had happened differently, or looking ahead to the next “cup of tea” as John Lennon put it—the next paycheck, the next day off, television tonight, etc.—that we don’t pay enough attention to what’s happening right now which is the only time everything could be all right and in fact is the only time.

“Johnson asserted that the present was never a happy state to any human being; but that...there was some happiness produced by hope. Being pressed upon this subject, and asked if he really was of opinion, that though, in general, happiness was very rare in human life, a man was not sometimes happy in the moment that was present, he answered, ‘Never, but when he is drunk.’”

—JAMES BOSWELL, *The Life of Samuel Johnson*

OF COURSE the issue may not be that everything’s going to be all right as much as that everything is all right now and it’s our expectations or the way we see things that’s somehow skewed or out-of-sync. What’s called for may not be so much a changing of physical reality as much as changing the way we look at ourselves and the world. Many of the things perceived to be “not all right” like anger and negativity are very human aspects, and to think that we should get rid of them for things to be “all right” is like thinking that we shouldn’t have hairy armpits or mucus up our noses because these things are repulsive. Not that I’m in favor of seeing negativity get too far out of hand or lead to harm, but it seems that many of these aspects of ourselves that we’d like to sweep under the rug are basic human traits, and to think that they need to go away before things can be all right seems somewhat unrealistic.



“If we can make friends with ourselves, if we are willing to be what we are, without hating parts of ourselves and trying to hide them, then we can begin to open to others. And if we can begin to open without always having to protect ourselves, then perhaps we can begin to really help others.”

—CHÖGYAM TRUNGPA, *The Myth of Freedom*

Who’s to say that a pile of trash isn’t all right? To a fly it must be really beautiful. To a fly that pile of trash is “all right.” It’s just perspective. You know what I mean?

—COMMENTS BY STEVE COOK

Here I am on my 47th birthday,

July 1999, excavating on

Kargitaagviiq Mound in the native

village of Wales, Alaska.

This is the northwesternmost point

of the continent,

also the narrowest part

of the Bering Strait.

The former village here was probably

the most populated settlement

in Alaska prior to Russian or

American times.

My co-excavator is Yvon Csonka

from Switzerland.

The photo was taken by

Herbert Anungazuk,

an anthropologist and

whaling captain from Wales.

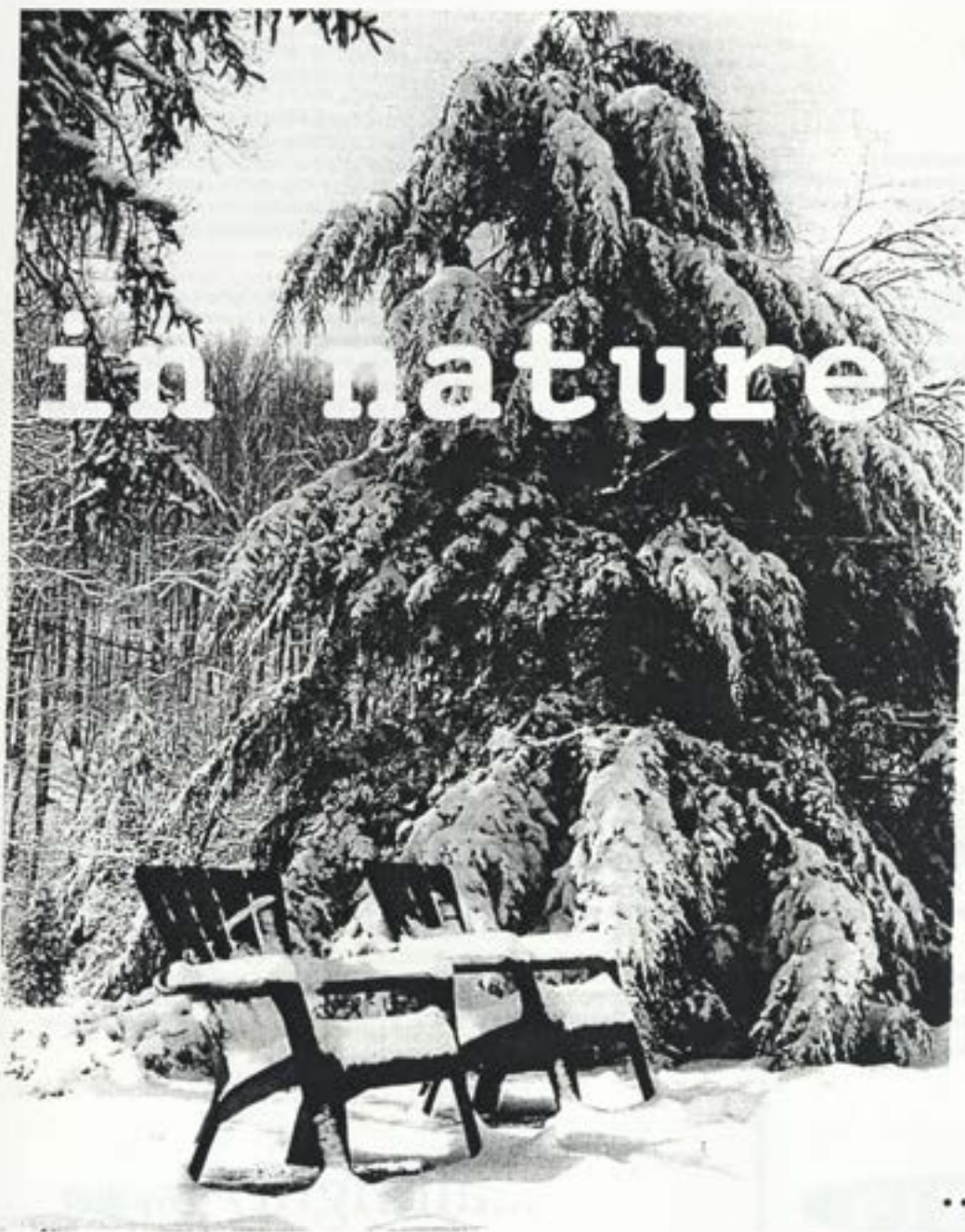


... be patient toward all that is
unsolved in your heart and
try to love the questions themselves...
Do not now seek answers which
cannot be given you because
you would not be able to live them.
And the point is to live everything.
Live the questions now... you will then
gradually, without noticing it,
live along some distant day
into the answer.

-Rainer Maria Rilke



some find solace



in nature

...all right/ Staci Jennings



FROM HERE TO HAINES AND BACK

Prologue

In these days of rampant Yes-Virginia-There-Is-A-Santa-Claus-But-It's-A-Wimpy-Little-Town-In-Southern-Indiana cynicism, seventy-five percent of the people who read this letter from Haines Turner will label it a shameless, somewhat sacrilegious scam. The other twenty-five percent will ask, "What's a Haines Turner?"

For the latter group, Haines Turner is a former member of the Harmony School Advisory Board who died and went to heaven back in 1996. Haines is a quietly heroic Quaker (I say it because he is still quietly takin' care of business extra-terrestrially.), who spent the vast majority of his four score and almost seven earthly years doing unto others as we would have others do unto us. He received a doctorate from Columbia University in 1941 and eventually taught economics and labor relations at IU for twenty years. Among other things, he spearheaded the founding of the Community Kitchen and Citizens For Jail Improvement and Juvenile Justice. Due in large part to his enormous enthusiasm and significant financial support, something called Harmony School was lovingly created about one score and seven years ago.

"A Letter From Heaven"

Dear Jerry,

It was a surprise and a pleasure to hear from you. Since I, shall we say, "resigned from the Harmony School Board of Directors in order to accept a higher position", there have been nostalgic moments of weakness when I've actually considered applying for reincarnation, just to savor the joie de Harmonie once again. However, visions of Shirley MacLaine haunting my halo quickly dissipated that earthly folly. "Haines MacLaine" — a real "Stomach Turner".

You can't imagine how much it pleased me to see so many familiar names on the list of people who'll be dissecting those five simple words that so elegantly describe the agonies and ecstasies of this thing we call life. I suspect you can imagine that I was able to quickly peruse the list and know who had written to me. Only Jerry Ruff could take a request to SIMPLY respond to the phrase, "Everything's going to be alright", and turn it into an extra-terrestrial metaphysical scavenger hunt.

Let me begin by stating very clearly that rules celestial and rules terrestrial differ considerably more than what you apparently think. Consequently, I can do little more than agree or disagree with your hypotheses, make a tactful suggestion regarding some of

your latter theories, and merely "tch-tch" some of your extremely presumptuous inquiries about this place. For instance, you ask if cell phones, mega-decibel rap, multiple body piercings, Trumpism, NRA fanatics, HMO's, professional wrestling, telemarketing, daytime soap operas, TV sin-coms, and "other hellish works of the cotton-pickin' devil" (your words, not mine) are permitted up here. All I can say is: (1) Call it inclusivity, diversitas maximus, or whatever, but compassionate tolerance is one of the things that makes this place so heavenly for so many of God's extremely dissimilar creatures. (2) Conspicuous by their absence up here are people who devoted their earthly lives to getting all bent out of shape over what they sanctimoniously perceived to be hellish works of thou knowest whom.

I certainly agree that, "Everything's going to be alright" (or, as you acronym-loving physicians say, "EGTOBA"), is as much of a constantly evolving process as a sort of semi-factual declaration. A hundred years ago, for the majority of working Americans, it did indeed often mean little more than a healthy team of mules, surviving multiple childbirths, and perhaps a new Singer sewing machine. And yes, in modern America EGTOBA averages out to about 2 1/2 TVs, 0.85 VCRs, 1.45 cars, and too many boom boxes for acoustic tranquility. I would only add, for heaven's sake, that reckless overconsumption is certainly a mixed blessing for a society and a maxi-bummer for Mother Earth.

I enjoyed your medically oriented description of the great healing potential of EGTOBA, Dr. Somewhat-Less-Than Schweitzer. I think you're correct in theorizing that EGTOBA could be the generic equivalent of that wondrous Balm In Gilead that does so very much more than merely heal the sin sick soul. As you have postulated, EGTOBA probably works by releasing a naturally occurring substance called hope. Along with a more volatile substance we call love, hope has done more to sustain and ennoble humankind than any other form of matter. As you so astutely (your word, not mine and not Schweitzer's) pointed out, serum levels of hope can fall dramatically in the presence of toxins such as fear, pain, depression, grief, helplessness, loneliness, and even cynicism. You say that in most cases of hypohopemia, even a small dose of EGTOBA can elevate serum levels of hope quite dramatically. I wasn't aware of the vital role tincture of EGTOBA played in Jonas Salik's struggle to develop an effective polio vaccine. What an unforgettable thrill it must have been for you in your medical school days to witness such a dramatic change in the odds that everything, by heavens, was truly alright on those wards that were once so saturated with iron lungs and hopelessness.

You mentioned the critical role of EGTOBA both at the personal level and at the global level, but heaven only knows when my cell phone may ring (relax, Dr. Jekyll, I'm only kiddin'!), so I'd like to add a couple of quick thoughts at each end of that spectrum before I close. First, if I had to put EGTOBA to words and music, ironically enough, I would select "Bluebirds Over The White Cliffs Of Dover" and Tchaikovsky's magnificent "1812". I say ironically, because as you know, I'm non-violent, peace-loving, and Quakerish to the core. I think thee and me talked about the 1812 phenomenon back in days of yore. Yes, it's about the roar of cannon, but it's more about

...all right/ Jerry Ruff

the joyful peal of church bells muffling that awful roar, and mostly about the triumph of hope and an unwavering faith that somehow and sometime, by heavens, everything was going to be alright for the long-suffering masses.

If ever a massive infusion of EGT0BA to save the civilized world was desperately needed, it was during those dark days following the evacuation of the British army at Dunkirk. The lyrics are so full of we-shall-prevail-against-all-odds hope and optimism that I wonder if they were ghost-written by Winston Churchill. I'm referring, of course, to "There'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover, tomorrow, just you wait and see. There'll be love and laughter, and peace ever after, tomorrow when the world is free". Universal peace ever after may be unattainable down there in your festering global village, but as long as the search for peace guides the planet, well, I think everything's going to be alright.

Forgive me for rambling. When all one has to do is roll around heaven all day, brevity is not one's top priority. As I recall, one of the catch-phrases you use to hype the Oliver Winery 10K is, "As close to heaven as some of us will ever get". Well, let me tell thee, pal, and this is no hype. Until four years ago, Harmony School was as close to heaven that this old mover and Quaker ever got. Just think of all the hundreds of kids who started at that place with near-zero levels of hope and graduated absolutely convinced that everything was eventually going to be alright for them, their loved ones, and their troubled planet. I've never been one to steal from the opposition, but there really ought to be a sign over the school entrance with the following advice: "Abandon Hopelessness, All Ye Who Enter These Gates". Divine blessings upon Steve Bonchek, Daniel Baron, Libby Cosgray, and all the rest of that magnificent Harmony crew. Because of miracle workers of their stature, my heavenly hunch is that everything's going to be alright.

Epilogue

At the next meeting of the International Governing Council of Hereafterish Phenomena, there could be an official ruling as to the authenticity of the letter from Haines Turner. But does it truly matter whether it was genuinely celestial or simply a not-too-clever counterfeit? It's a big wide wonderful hereafter with plenty of room for disagreement. We can all agree that, Yes, Virginia, there is a spirit of Haines Turnerism out there. We can all hope that magnificent spirit is highly contagious; for if it is, we can look you squarely in the eye and say, "Yes, Virginia. Everything's going to be alright".

GOOD

LUCK

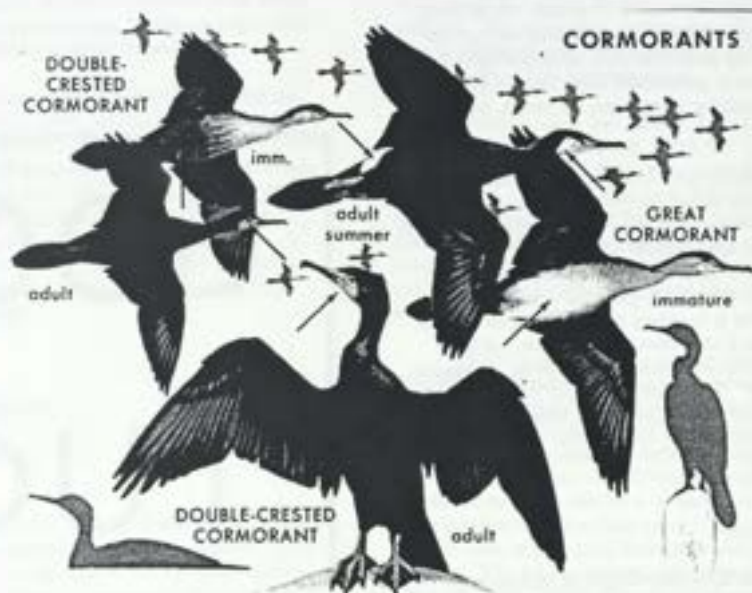


HARMONY

GRADUATES

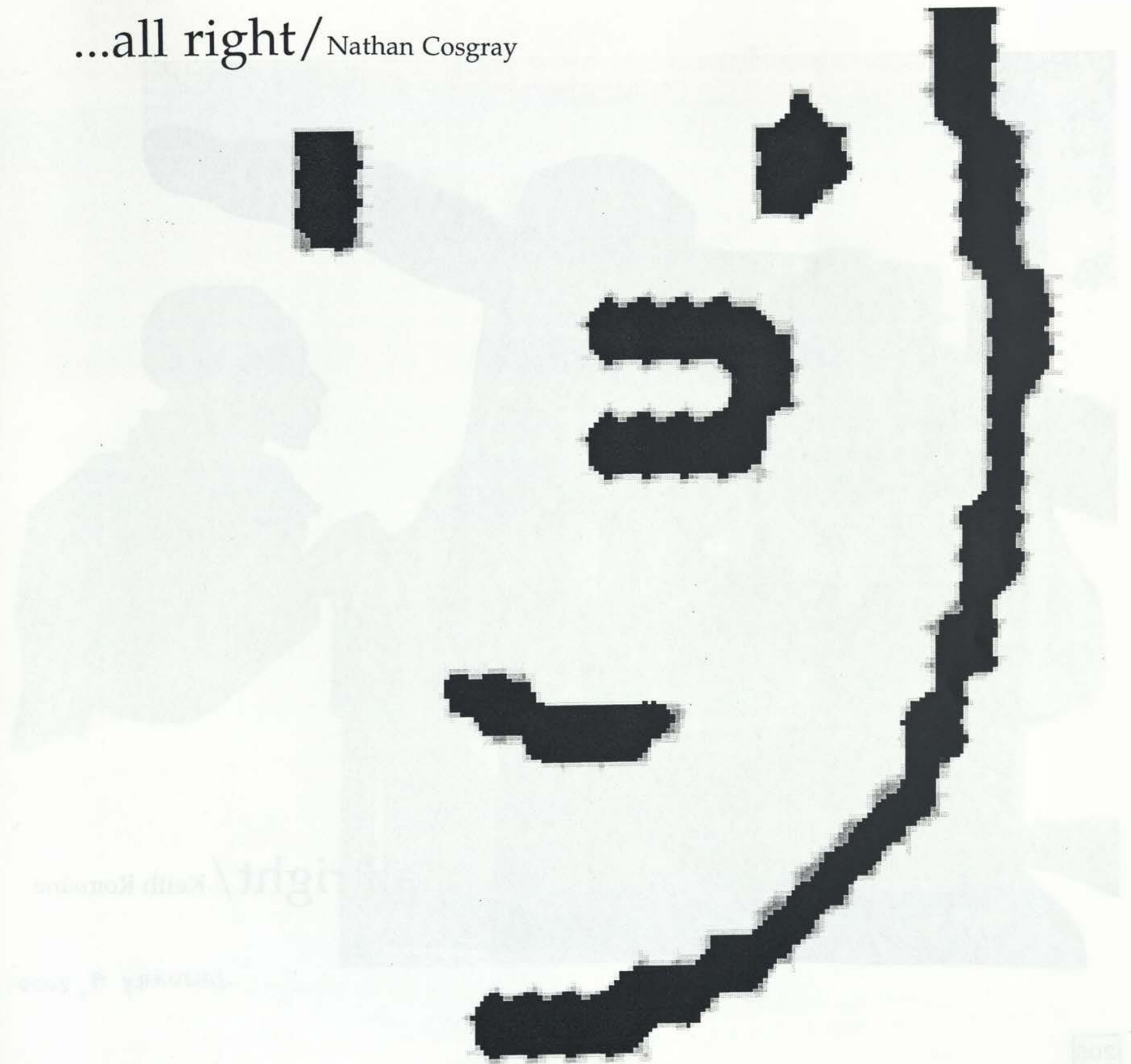
PIZZA EXPRESS

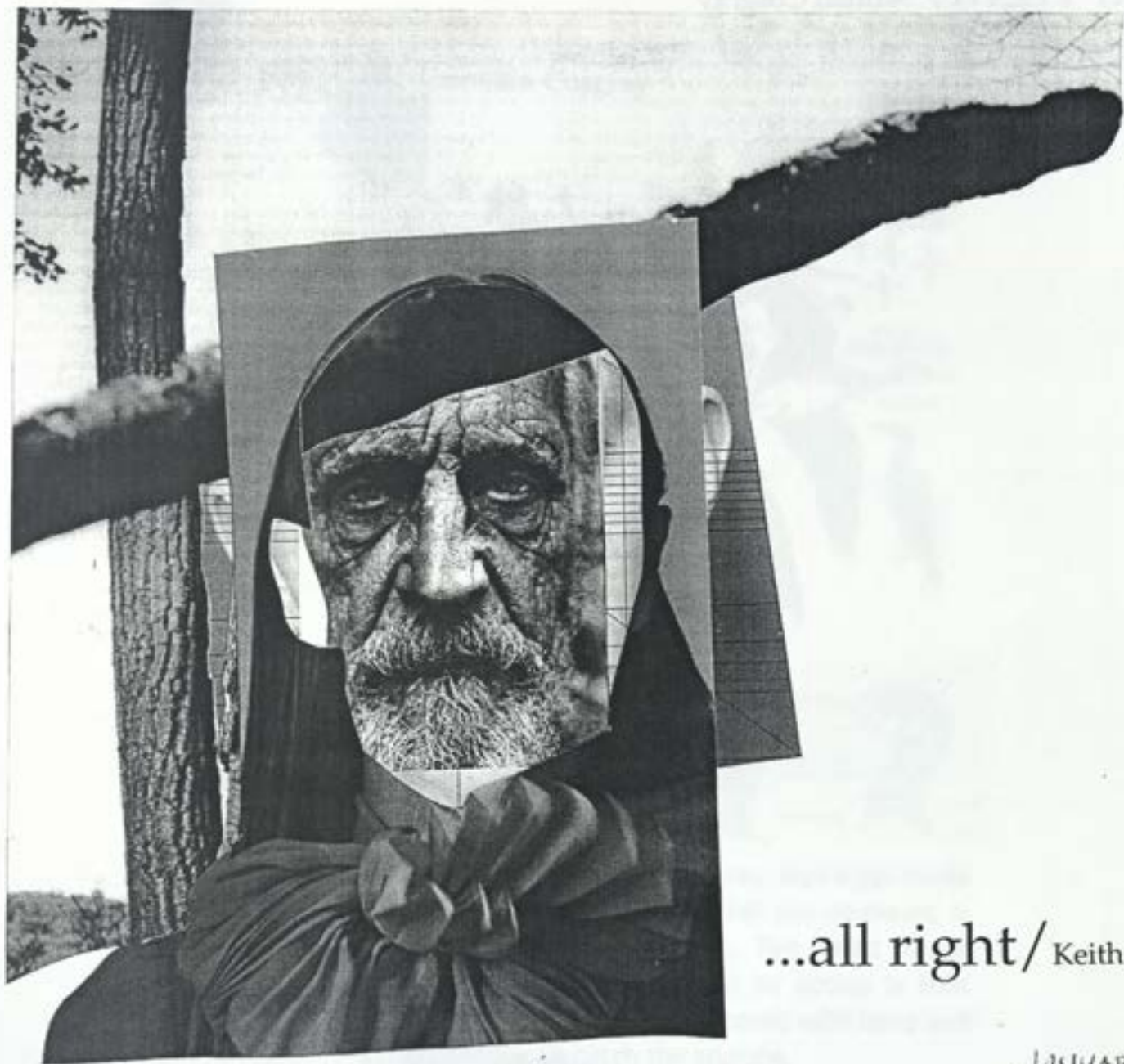
...all right/ Camellia Cosgray



The Common Cormorant, or Shag, lays eggs inside a paper bag. The reason, you will see no doubt, is to keep the lightning out. But what these unobservant birds have failed to notice is that herds of wandering bears will come with buns and steal the bags to catch the crumbs.

...all right / Nathan Cosgray





...all right/ Keith Romaine

JANUARY 9, 2000

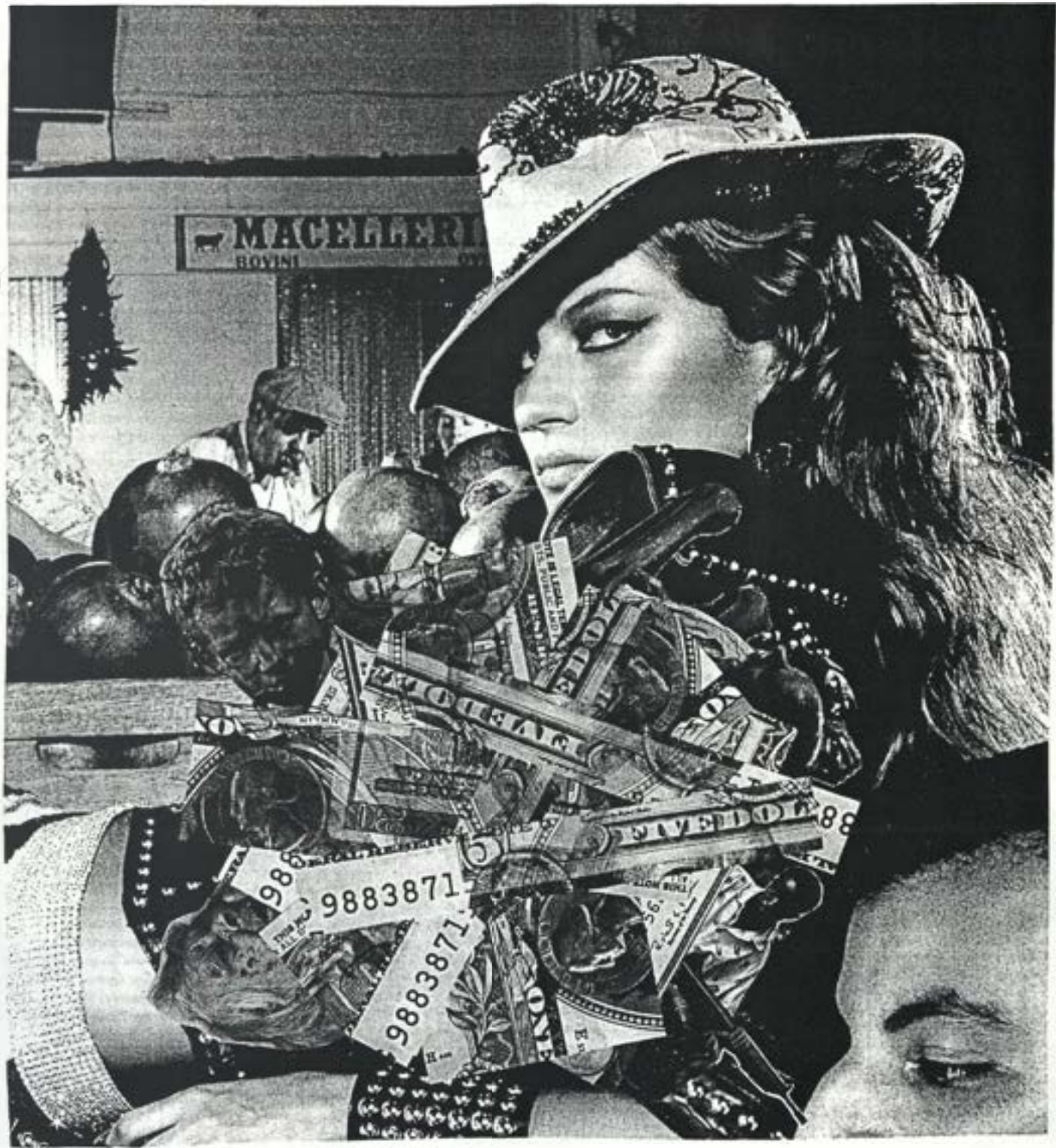




...all right/ Terry Kok

The statement, "Everything is going to be alright.", appears to be, on the surface, a positive encouragement yet, underneath, it hides the fact that something is wrong. On occasion it might be a positive thing, a means of encouragement, to say, "Everything is going to be alright.", especially when the person it is being said to is on the verge of giving up and/or refusing to face and solve these problems. Yet, more often, statements such as this are often used to divert attention away from real obstacles, such as environmental degradation, global warming, and the actual consequences there-of. Glossing reality over with "feel good" statements allows dilemmas to grow larger. If we want everything to be all right, then we need to face reality directly and seek and implement actual solutions. For example: If human caused pollution is degrading the environment, we should learn to either live without the offending chemicals, toxins, and practices or we should learn to recycle everything in "closed loops", separate from the outer environment. Whichever the case, it is important to first realize that there is a problem and then fix it. It might be better to say, "Everything is going to be all right when we make it so." Honesty is important. We do no one justice by helping them to hide from the truth. Reality has a way of coming back and biting those who ignore it.

...all right/ Greta Zimmer



Susan Kruthof

Everything I

For too long ago, I got roped into watching some indie film, the name of which escapes me now. It caught my attention when one of the films' characters said, "There, there, everything's going to be alright". Let's face it, it's something we say alot and I've been more mindful of the phrase of late. But in this particular instance, the female character was saying it to a 17 year old who had just found out that she was pregnant, told her boyfriend who then dumped her, went home to find out her father had died, that her mother blamed her and then kicked her out. Under those circumstances, that phrase seemed a bit absurd. The young woman did reply that it would NOT be okay and asked why people always say that.

Gaining

I think most people have had days where they felt they could not make it through, days where things seemed like they'd never right themselves. I've personally had an "everything will come out in the wash" philosophy in life because there are so many variables that we just can't control, and it seems pointless to suffer over those things. But I've had some really awful days. As a parent I could go crazy thinking about all the bad things that could, will, won't, and or might happen to my children. It is almost a mantra, *everything is going to be alright, everything is going to be alright, everything is going to be alright*. It's as if saying it, makes it so.

To Be

Living takes more than a mantra, however, and it is important to DO as well. What I mean is to take action in your own life, to mold and sculpt it into what you want it to be. Easier said than done, but I believe it's the things you can't control that may scar, or nick who you are, but it's what you DO, that shapes you. That and what you don't do. Deciding to not make a choice, when one is required is still a choice. It's what we don't do sometimes, that can break us. The trick is figuring out the things you can't effect from those you can, and I'm quite sure I'll be over 80 before I get that down pat.

alright

I believe the younger you are, the less believable this phrase can seem. I know that it is only time that has changed the way I feel about bad things happening, and I also believe that more stressful, heavy duty life things happen to you when you're older, but you've learned how to handle them. I use to hate the way I thought people my age now were. They seemed so indifferent. There are times that I miss feeling things with the same intensity that I had as a teen, but mostly I'm glad that I am able to deal with life's hardships with more clarity and with a better understanding of what is important. I know that I will feel different about so many things than I do today even, I just have to believe that everything will be alright, and do the best I can to keep shaping my life and who I am. I believe that I am very young still at 32 and that I had better be different at 42 than I am now. I enjoy that there is so much left for me to learn and feel. Life is unpredictable, but I'm in it for the long haul.



At 23 I was a single mom living in section 8 housing. When I was 6 months pregnant with Josh I moved in to my new apartment only to find it roach infested. Josh's dad bombed, while I stayed with family. I came back 3 days later and swept up piles of cockroaches. It was one of the more difficult times in my life, but I held on and believed that it would be okay.



Griffin weighed in at gills, 4 oz. He came into the world pretty rough, as is evident by the way I look here, but he's been nothing but a joy since. When I look into Griffin's eyes, I know why I believe in this phrase.



Proof that time can even heal bad hair.

...all right / Megan Eder



...all right/ Charlotte Hess



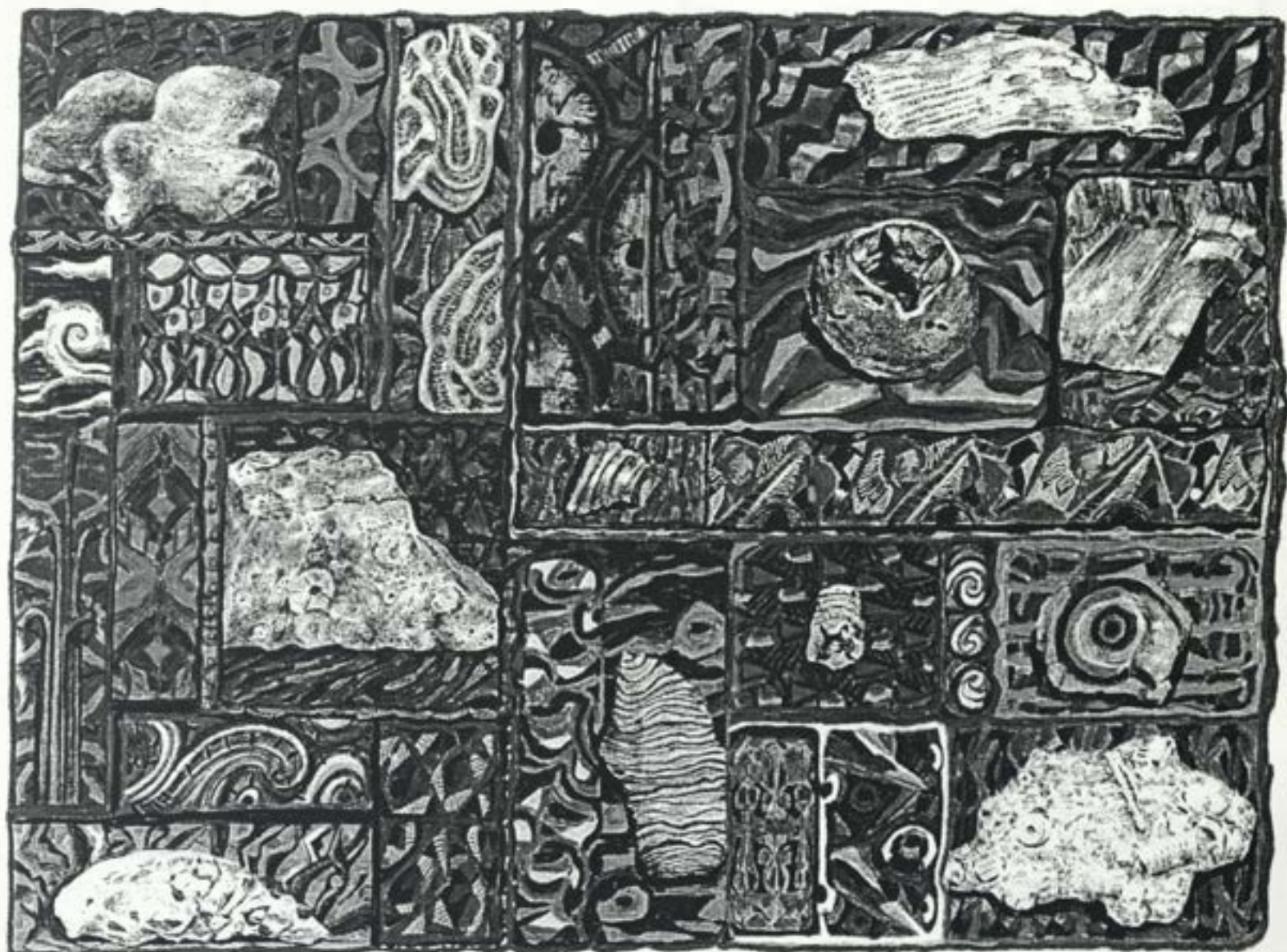
South African tok-tokie

C.Hess 2.7.2000

*I turn off the computer,
unplug the phone,
open the window,
close the door,
put on a Beetboven
String Quartet,
and regard the rocks, insects,
fossils, shells, leaves, seeds,
and fruit that have wandered
into my studio.*

*I breathe deeply
Breathe in the patterns of a beetle
Put a shell against my cheek
Smell the limestone and clay
Stand back and look closely.
Then close my eyes
and take a closer look*

*-Crawling on the ground
under trees also works*



Petroscript #2

Chess 2000

...all right / Pat Dagley

Dear Marty and Carolyn,

I deeply appreciate the honor you bestowed upon me by asking for my contribution to the magazine. I know this reply is very late, but I feel I have a responsibility to explain why my response to the statement, "everything is going to be alright" is a 'no show'.

Idealism and optimism are the very fabric of hope. I was chiefly made up of that fabric for the better part of my life. My date of birth afforded me, as it did many others, a bitter-sweet experience as child, a teenager, and later as a young adult. I had what I regard now as the priceless privilege of witnessing via the media, the civil rights struggles of the fifties, and later as a teen, first hand experience in my own back yard, the Calumet Region and Chicago's Southside. I was filled with joy when it appeared as though segregation and inequality would be trampled down forever under the tired and determined feet of the endless stream of marchers who would not give up the fight. Lawmakers were listening to the will of the people and making the changes that were centuries overdue. Next was the war in Viet Nam. Although the draft forced me to enlist, I was able to make it to Chicago for the '68 Democratic Convention. I later went back to city hall to stand in the Civic Plaza, side by side with some of the greatest patriots this country has ever seen, to face the frightening spectacle that was the Chicago Police Department, in protest to the "Chicago Seven" trial. In situations such as that, blind optimism and the idea that "everything is going to be alright" is all one has to hold on to.

The images that came back from that terrible war, of teenagers being dragged in pieces from the acrid swamps and burned out rice paddies of Southeast Asia, to either be tagged or sewn back together like torn rag dolls and returned to a life that would never be the same, were the fuel for an uprising against the status quo that actually resulted, albeit much too late, in a change. But it wasn't just the change in the political policy concerning the war, we believed that a much larger change had taken place in the spirit of this country. Something lasting. The same was true of the feeling about the progress in the Civil Rights Movement. The uplifting hope that, at that rate at least, we would all be standing together on a peaceful and just planet, was reason enough to think that everything was going to be alright.

Did it happen? Did it work? All the signs say no. The KKK has more members per capita now than it did in it's heyday. The American Nazi Party, although slowed in some areas of the country, are still successfully capturing the imaginations of youth all over this country and have become so secretive and elusive our own FBI is not even sure of it's strength. Even as normal, upstanding citizens we speak of fighting a "popular war" and are spared the graphic images of the massacre of thousands of so called "enemy soldiers." Indeed many of our young people can think of no higher deed than to "take out" some faceless and nameless enemy. We are so afraid of any legislation on gun control that we are willing to sacrifice our children's lives for the right to stockpile as many weapons as necessary. Necessary for what I am not sure. Would anyone really like to live in a world where we have to protect our water and our canned goods by killing anyone in need?

Bigotry is so well assimilated into our culture that it exists right under our noses in all forms everyday. Ostracizing someone based on their ignorance of the latest fad or their clumsy social behavior, their uncool clothes, or not knowing what the latest thing going on in music is, amounts to the same bigotry that says "your skin is different than mine, so I must be better than you". Police can gun someone down in cold blood, not because they've done something wrong, but because they are the color of someone who could do something wrong. That is the rationale they used back before the Movement.

Ask the Blue Collar guy about sending aid to those who desperately need it (and I have) and it will convince you that compassion is nearly dead. They act as if it were our choice, indeed divine providence, that put us in this land of tremendous resources and opportunity. These Americans have no desire to share any of what we have with anyone else. Welfare is for parasites. Never mind that a two year old girl goes to sleep on a floor crying from the pain of hunger. "Let the mother go to work, it ain't my kid" These are the words of one upstanding citizen.

Is "everything going to be alright?" We have to think so, or resign ourselves to hell on Earth. In order to change these things a generation will have to rise up that isn't afraid to be unpopular, isn't vulnerable to the harassment and hazing that has become an acceptable form of bigotry in our schools, and is secure in who they are as compassionate, empathetic, evolved human beings. Young people who understand that

the good of the individual always comes before the good of the collective. That when we sacrifice even one member of the group it compromises the integrity of the whole. As long as there is one person in need in the world, we are all in need. There is enough for everyone. It will take a long time, but with compassion it is absolutely possible to live in a world where we don't need conflict resolution, because we can evolve past conflict.

What happened to the idealism of the sixties? It died when we began to think that just because we were o.k. that everyone else was o.k., or simply didn't matter. That everthing is pretty much alright, and that we couldn't possibly evolve any further. That conflict will just always be with us. The minute you stop growing, you go backwards, and the way it looks, everything is pretty much back where it was after WWII.

To change it all will take humility. It will take vision and understanding and that thing called faith that is the force that gets us out of bed everyday to try again.

Can we? Yes. Will we?

Thank you again for the honor.

Sincerely,

Patrick Dagley

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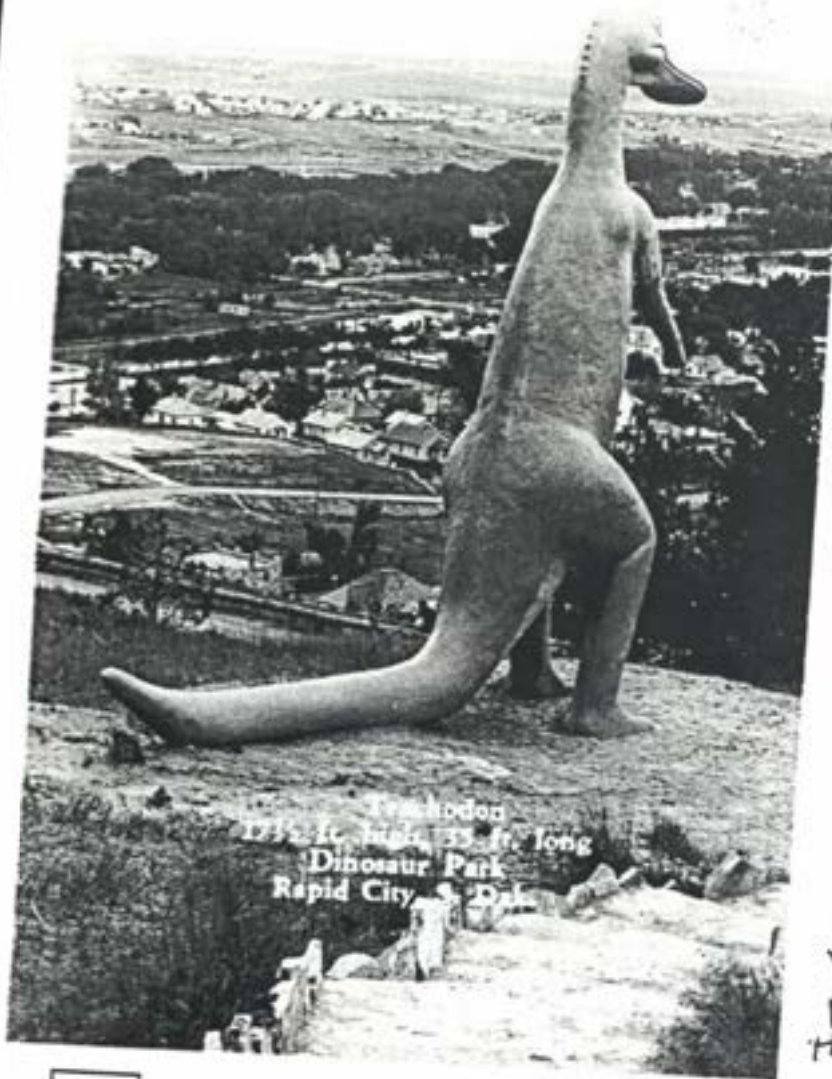
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...all right / Marti Crouch



Trachodon
17 1/2 ft. high, 55 ft. long
Dinosaur Park
Rapid City, Dak.

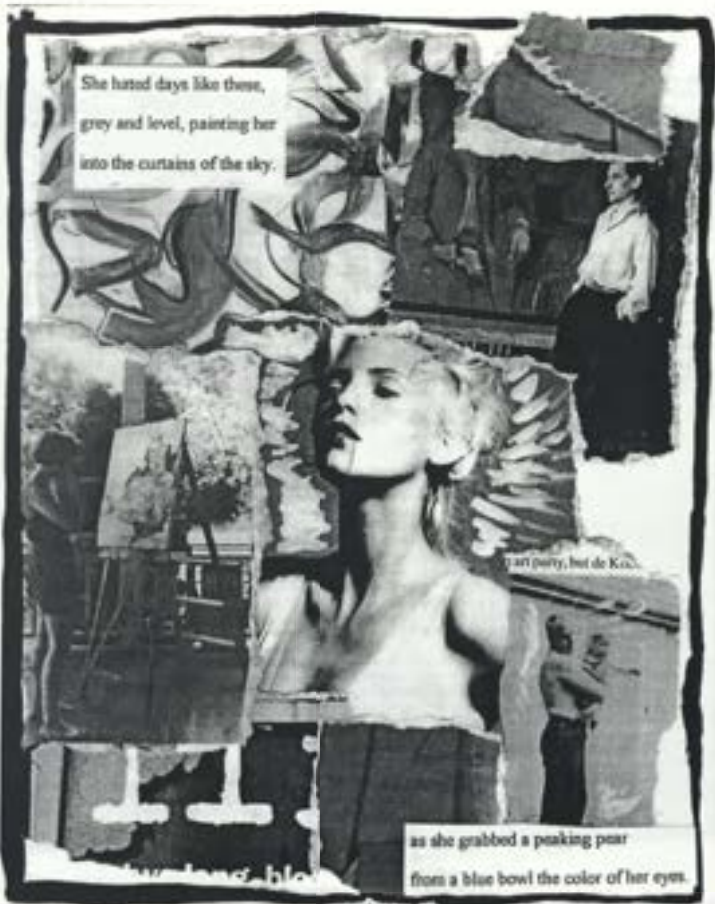
TO: Harmony School
902 E. 2nd St
Bloomington, IN
47402



I April, 3,000,000

I'm having a great time here, visiting the future! Wish you were here... Maybe you'd like to know what's going to happen? So much has changed. For one thing, most of the metal has rusted back into the ground. So there are no machines no highways. As far as I can tell, they don't use written language, either. My tour guide says we're in Indiana, but I have to take her word for it - the ocean is only a hundred miles to the east, and I haven't seen a single corn or soybean plant. Or hog. People eat what they can pick from trees, or they trap these 4-foot long possum-like animals. (I guess they did ok when cars went extinct - ha, ha!) You wouldn't believe all the pretty butterflies. Oops! out of space. Just thought you'd like to know - everything's going to be alright! - Marti

...all right / Hannah Dumres

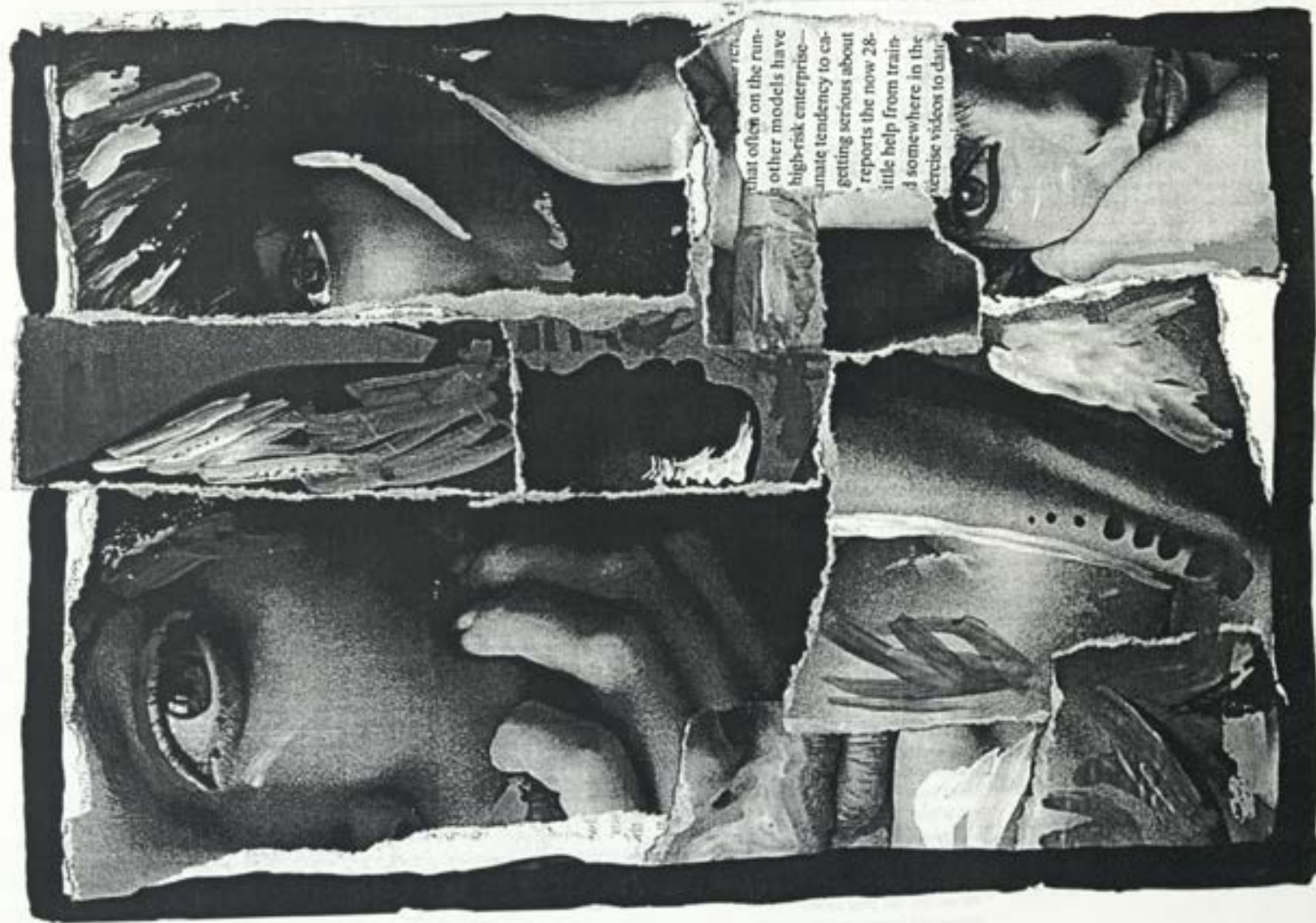




She bit into her pear

Old and Crayola green,
holding childhood in its palm

Her porch was still and shadowed
between two overflowing trees.



...that often on the run-
...other models have
...high-risk enterprise—
...anate tendency to ca-
...getting serious about
...reports the now 28-
...ittle help from train-
...d somewhere in the
...exercise videos to date.

EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALRIGHT...

Of course, I hear Bob Marley's enduring voice and think of all the places where I've heard, and more often than not, danced to that song... on a beach in the south of Puerto Rico, New Years with old friends in the Adirondacks, my own back porch here in Indiana, and the curves and straight-aways as I've driven between so many different heres and theres.

But I don't think its something I've often said, though I do believe it. Actually, I believe everything is alright, it has the propensity to be alright and is moving that way even as I write this. We only have to really take notice.

Now, I don't mean it's all alright as in "don't change a thing" or "it's as good as it gets" but that it is alright in that we have everything we need to make it so, to move in that alright direction, to vision and live in that perspective so we are turned toward what is all right. So that alright is something we are constantly creating.

I also thought of this poem I wrote for New Year, a time when we often turn our thoughts to making everything be alright....

ROSH HASHANAH

Apples and honey
dipped once, twice,
three times, we can make it a rhyme
make a dance with our hands
a movement of mouths and lips
to embrace sweetness.

Honey spilled on hair
and fingertips, honey
lingering thick on our tongues
sweet and substantial
drained from work

Honey, salt and bread
for a new home, honey
and apples for a new year,
dip once and twice and three times
submerge in the sticky sweetness,
lick it to the core.

At dusk we walk to the stream's
small shore, find a smooth stone
rub it round in our palms
and toss it to the current,
empty our pockets
into water and air
we set the old year loose
honey still tasting in our mouths.

...all right/ Shana Ritter



...all right/ Julie James

...all right/ Janiece Jaffe

... because everything IS alright!

Our thoughts create our future.

Eternal Hope springs from the seeds of our hearts
and minds:

Love IS!

-janiece-jaffe

...all right/ Sallyann J. Murphey



EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT
by Sallyann J. Murphey

My eyes are weak, my teeth are cracked,
My hair is streaked with grey.
My life is slipping through my hands,
Moving faster every day.

I haven't made that million, yet,
Or cured the common cold.
I'd like to start again – again,
But I'm getting kinda old.

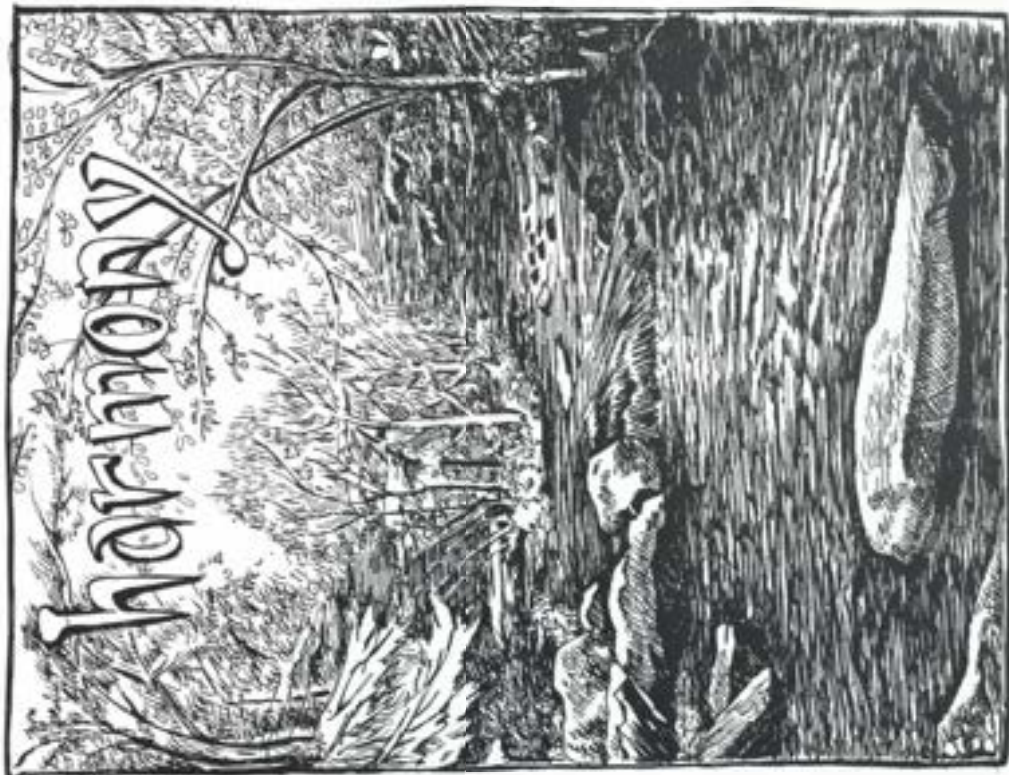
I wonder what the pay-off is
For surviving all these years,
I still make the same old mistakes,
Still face the same old fears.

So what gets me on my feet each day
To have another try:
To fight to learn, to work to earn,
To love, laugh, scream, and cry?

Well, I'll tell you:

I find my hope in the sleeping face
Of my daughter every night,
She's truth, joy, promise – all in one.
And she makes everything all right.

...all right/ Mark Beebe



...all right/ Martha Burns



Find something you love to do
and do it. Also read "The Art of
Happiness" by the Dalai Lama.

...all right/ *Kevin Holladay*



...all right/Will Watt

Everything's going to be alright

What I see

may not be what you see,

but the picture is viewed,

the song is heard

and being remains.

In the end the only effect that may make a difference is love;

constant, open and graceful,

it seems to be of everything

and lasts, beyond violence and human undoing,

though I may not always know, feel, see, hear or smell it.

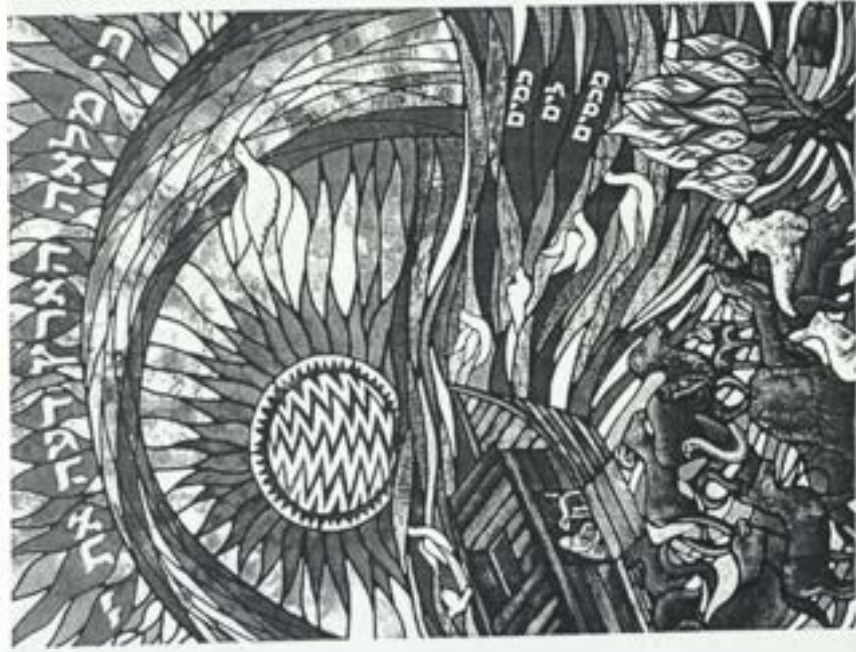
...all right/ Bruce David



Following the Dream

This picture reflects the biblical vision of an ultimate time of peace. Fulfillment of this goal is depicted by the prophecy of the "little child" leading the lion and lamb.

The symbolism in the design envisions a time when the strong (lion) and the meek (lamb), as well as people and all life forms will live together, sharing their gifts in peace. This is the hope of everyone that recognizes our universal connection, and dreams of a better world for all.



New Beginnings

This composition represents the opportunities people are given each day to start their lives anew. The rainbow represents the universal aspects of love for all life. The "shalom" woven into the bodies of the animals (starting with the letter "s" in the elephant's trunk), recognizes the "peace" that comes when we feel good about who we are and the things we do.



...all right/ Dan Backler

A Three Step Program By Dan Backler

I remember a day not very long ago that I was staring out of my window. It was a sunny, warm March day. The sun was shining, birds were singing, moths and butterflies played together in the tall grass. It was the picture of "alright." A young boy, on his way to school was cutting through our yard when a butterfly flew down and alit on his head. To this the boy, no more than seven or eight years old, responded, "Damn, bitch!" Oh yeah, everything's going to be alright. In a way, though, this boy gave me a few ideas on some simple steps to keep in mind to help everything become *alright*. I see this kid as a model of how *not* to act.

Step one:

Watch your language.

Some famous guy once said that people use profanity to describe thoughts that are too complex for them to describe using a limited vocabulary. A sure way to offend people and make people think your momma didn't raise you right is to use such language.

Step two:

Be understanding.

The boy in my story got mad at a butterfly for doing what butterflies do: land on people's heads. If you understand where people (and insects) are coming from and appreciate their points of view and their behavior you will learn something about yourself and about others.

Step three:

Don't be lazy.

The kid in my story was cutting through my yard, which is fine with me, but for purposes of trying to make a point I use this to describe an aspect of my model of how *not* to act. I think a major step in things being alright is for people to become less lazy. Cutting through yards is like cutting corners in life. Not being lazy means picking things up that you knock over, going for a walk, not watching so much TV, reading a book, doing your homework, being patient, offering compliments, and being nice.

I'm not saying this is easy or even that I do it. It's just a way of living I wish more people would try.

...all right/ Joe Lee

Everything's going
to be alright...



yes?

everything's

Why

going to be

not

all right

What did I do wrong

everything's

going to be

all right

...all right/ Katy Ford

Nothing's

ever

going to be

all right

...all right / Roger Pfingston



all right / *[faint, illegible text]*





...all right/ Michael Redman

Yeah, sure it is.
You betcha.

The absolute indisputable truth is
everything is not going to be alright.
Some things are going to be horrendous
Your heart will be broken, your plans will fail,
people will disappoint you.
At times it will be difficult to even go on.

But it's not as bad as it sounds.
More often than not,
other things are going to be wonderful.
You'll fall in love, you'll have grand successes,
your children will amaze you.

Very seldom will everything be alright,
but that's the human condition.
Whether you see the awe & wonder in the world
depends not upon the world, but upon you.

It's not the ride. It's the rider.

- Michael Redman -



...all right / *Carey Murphy*

Stuff 2 -- Contributors

Dan Backler (former student) is a licensed teacher & musician living in Bloomington. He plans on moving to Chicago to teach high school math.

Amy Baum (former teacher)—I am currently loving and sassing kids West of the Mississippi—more specifically, teaching in an Hawaiian school.

Mark Beebe (current parent) is a professional artist who works at the IU Museum of Art.

Martha Burns (former tap dance teacher) lived in New York, danced on Broadway, ran her own dance studio for forty years, and is 85 years old.

Steve Cook (current parent) is a graphic artist who currently works as Manager of Collateral Materials in the graphic design department at InterArt in Bloomington.

Camellia Cosgray (former yearbook editor) studied graphic design in California and will receive a degree in Fine Arts from Indiana University.

Nathan Cosgray (former yearbook editor) lives in Indianapolis, where he spends a lot of time reading computer manuals. Nathan designs web sites for a living.

Marti Crouch (volunteer) is an ex-professor of biology, who spends too much time speaking and writing about the future of agriculture, and not enough time actually working in her garden here in Bloomington.

Pat Dagley (current parent) is working on an advanced degree in folklore.

Bruce David (current parent) is very busy pursuing the spiritual, educational and business aspects of art, which include working on a new five foot glass mosaic and redoing his web site.

Hannah Dumes (former yearbook photography editor) is a student at Bloomington North and is accomplished in a wide variety of arts, from theater to music.

Megan Eder (former student) currently attends Bloomington North, where she is active in theater.

Charlotte Hess (current teacher) is a professional artist, library director, and researcher at the Workshop in Political Theory and Policy Analysis at IU.

Kevin Holladay (former teacher) has worked as a storyteller, theater instructor, circus clown, musician, magician, educational consultant, and a professional wrestler known as "61 pounds of pure terror," named Antman.

Janiece Jaffe (current parent) is a jazz vocalist who performs internationally.

Julie James (current parent) lives in Bloomington with her husband, Ron, and her two children, Nile and Hazel. She is a music manager who spends her free time working on creative projects.

Staci Jennings (volunteer and former parent) is the head of the photography department at Bloomington South.

Terry R. Kok (current parent) is a co-founding Elder of the Elf Lore Family, Inc, the Lothlorien Nature Sanctuary and is currently engaged in designing a sustainable (100% recycling) bioregenerative life support system.

Susan Kruthof (current parent) is currently working as the design director for the Bloomington Independent.

Joe Lee (volunteer and teachers) is a professional graphic artist with numerous books to his credit.

Greg Murphey (current parent) is a professional photographer who works nationally.

Sallyann J. Murphey (current parent) is a professional writer whose novels include Bean Blossom Dream & The Metcalfe Family Album.

Katy Pastel (current parent) is a graphic design artist who works for the Herald Times.

Roger Pfingston (featured artist in Harmony publications) is a professional photographer, poet, and retired English teacher.

Michael Redman (current parent) is a writer/musician who is embarking on a graphic design career.

Shana Ritter (former staff) is writing, teaching, talking (on and off the air) and helping to facilitate constructive change—hopefully in her own life as well as in organizations and communities.

Keith Romaine (current parent) is the director of the Waldron Arts Center and professional artist.

Jerry Ruff (board member) is a retired Bloomington physician and health advocate.

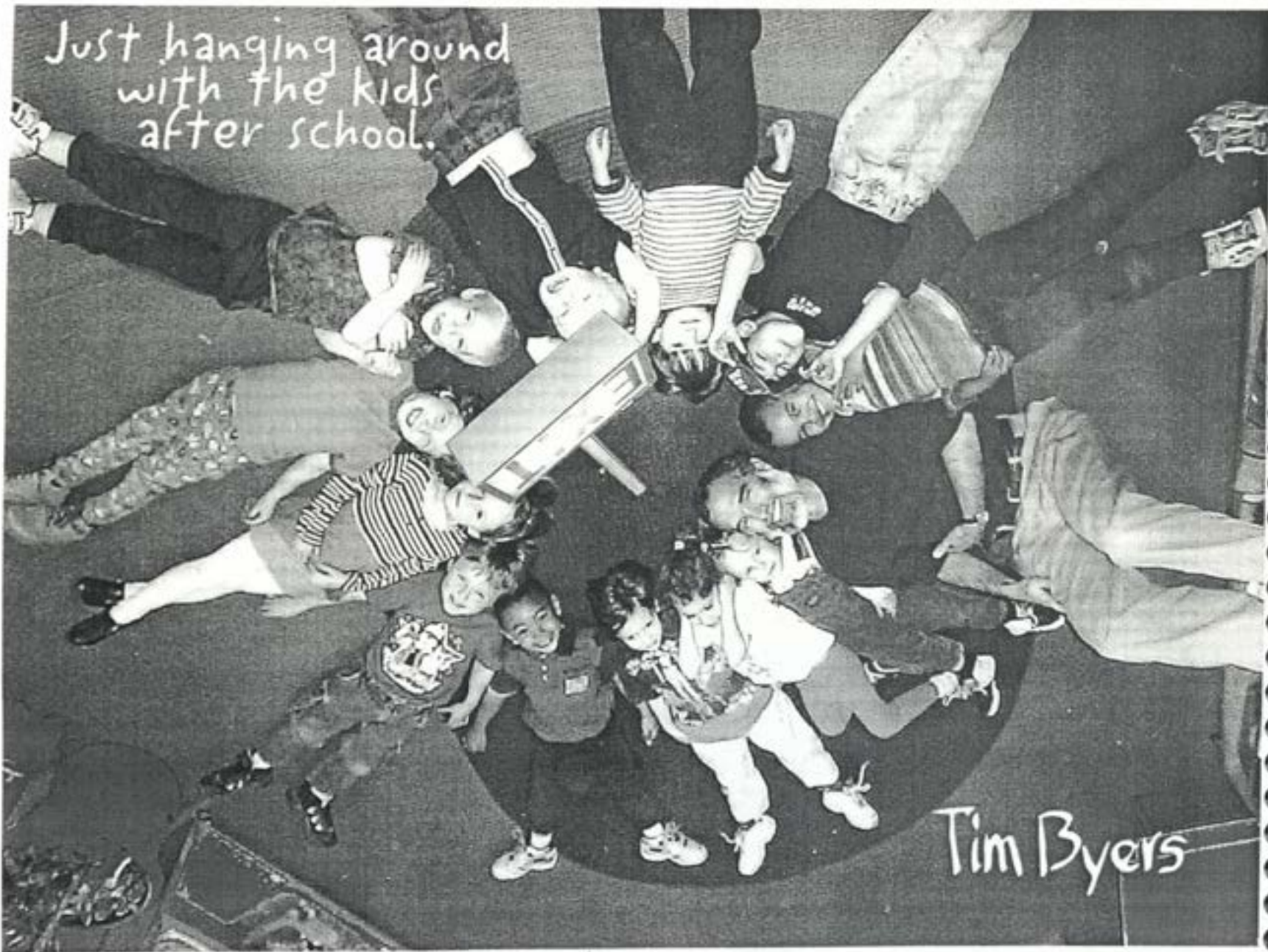
Will Watt (current parent) is a father, husband, brother, friend, musician, artist and seeker, who works as a counselor/therapist in the Bloomington area.

Greta Zimmer (former yearbook editor)—My name is Greta and, like a lot of people, I am still waiting for something to happen to me and for someone else to make the world better. Meanwhile, I plan to relocate to Chicago.

Julie Zimmer (former teacher and parent) is an anthropologist who did her field work in Alaska.

Naomi Zimmer (former yearbook editor)—The self-satisfied feeling of having "just graduated" college is finally beginning to wear off, and I'm looking for another excuse to put off deciding what I want to be when I grow up. Chicago looms.

Just hanging around
with the kids
after school.



Tim Byers

POWER



KNUSKOW



The harmony of the Universe depends upon an eternal balance. Out of the struggle to maintain this balance comes the birth of Legends.
-Legend



CALL THAT A KISS? AM I NOT SWEET?
-DONNA LEGEND

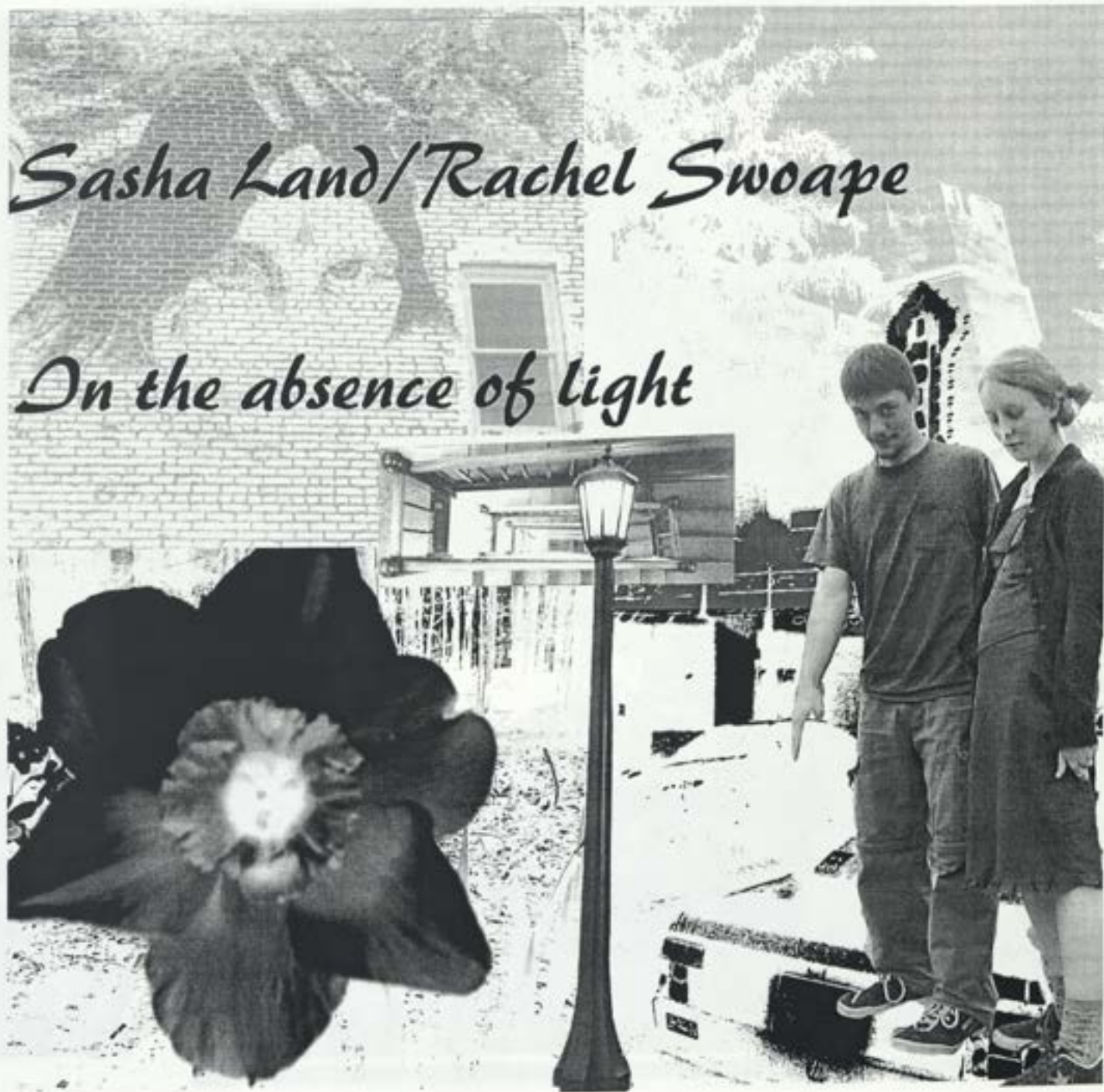


The trouble with censors is they worry if a woman has cleavage. They ought to worry if she hasn't any!
-Marilyn Monroe

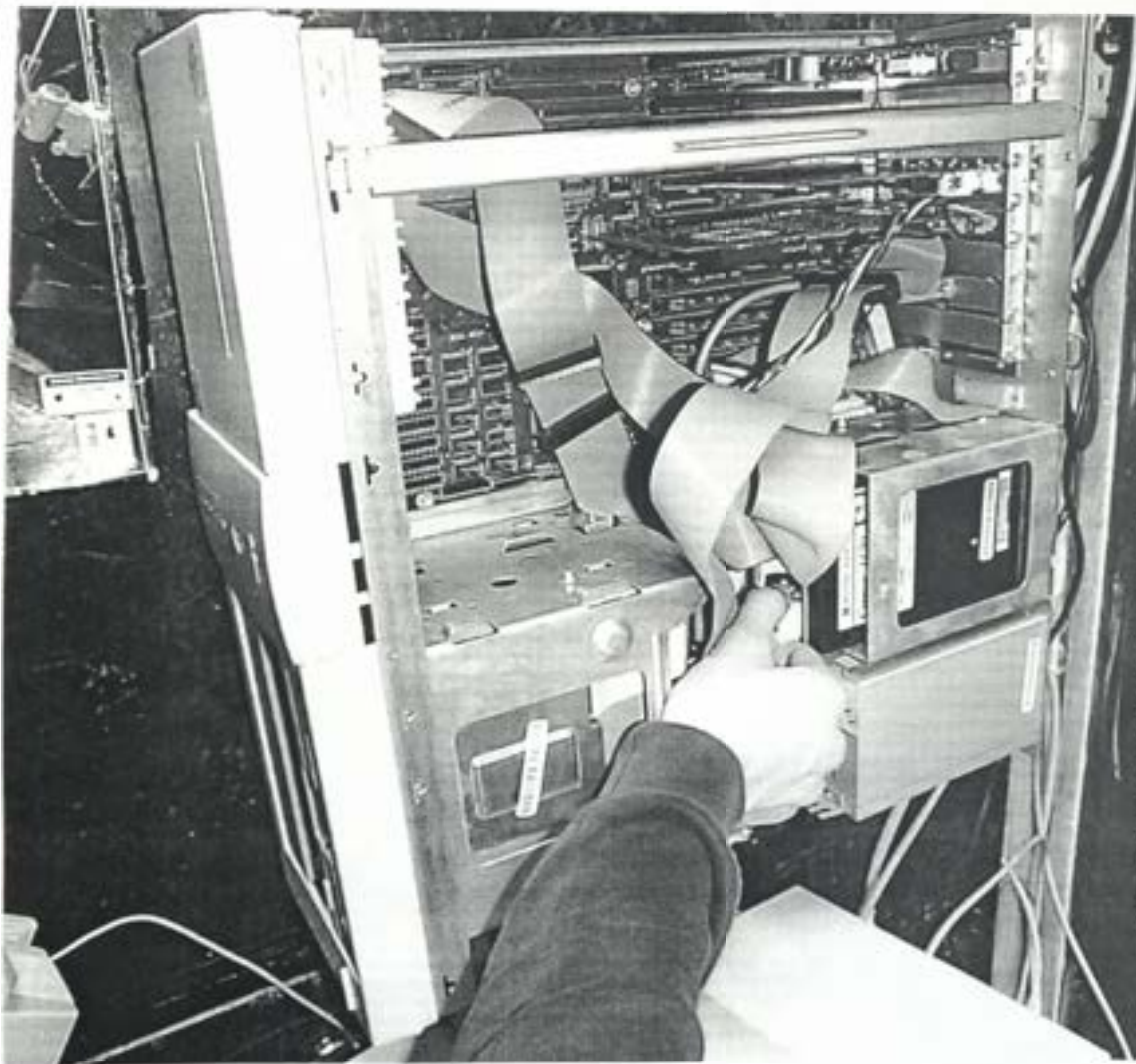


Sasha Land/Rachel Swoape

In the absence of light



Sean Land

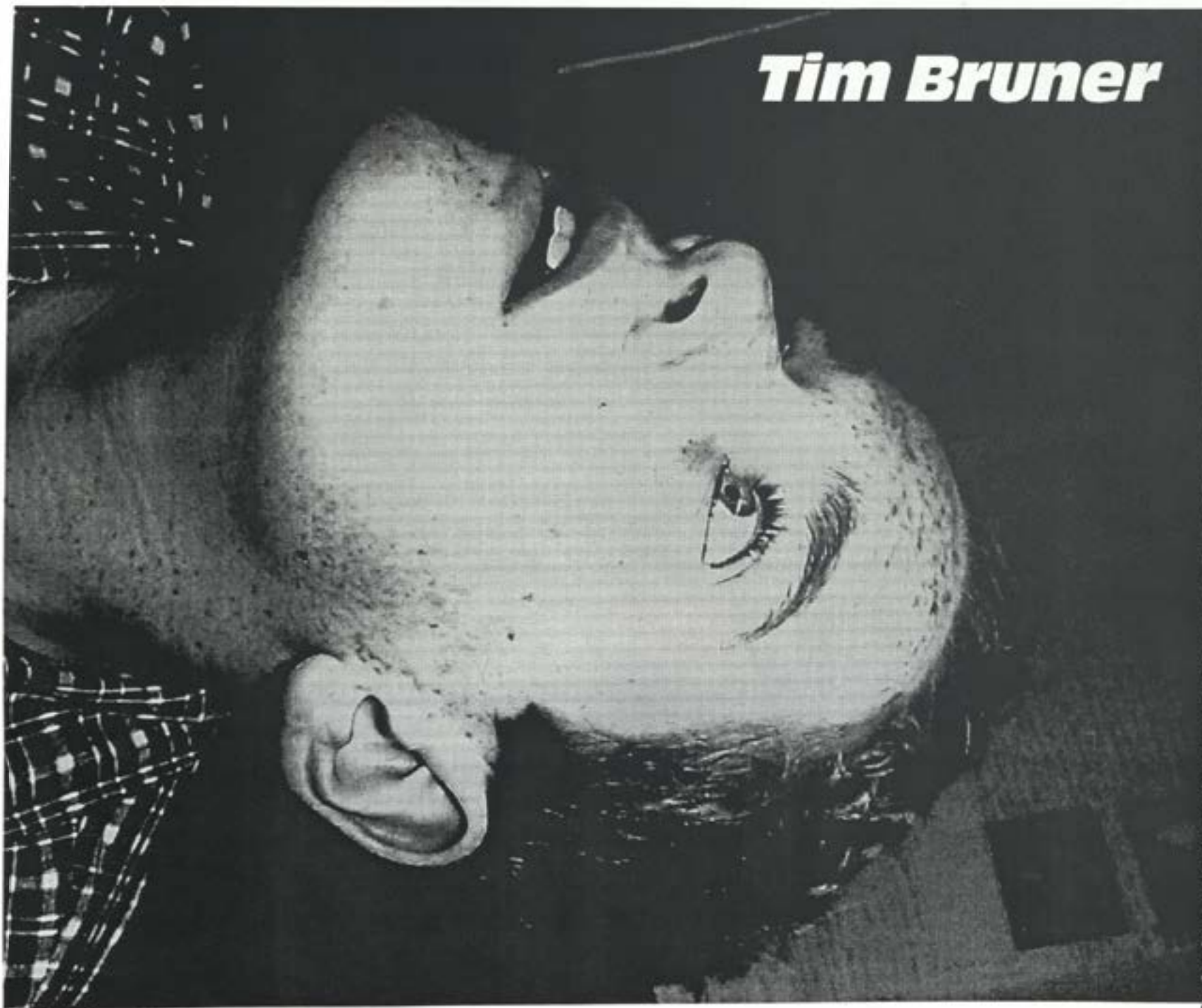




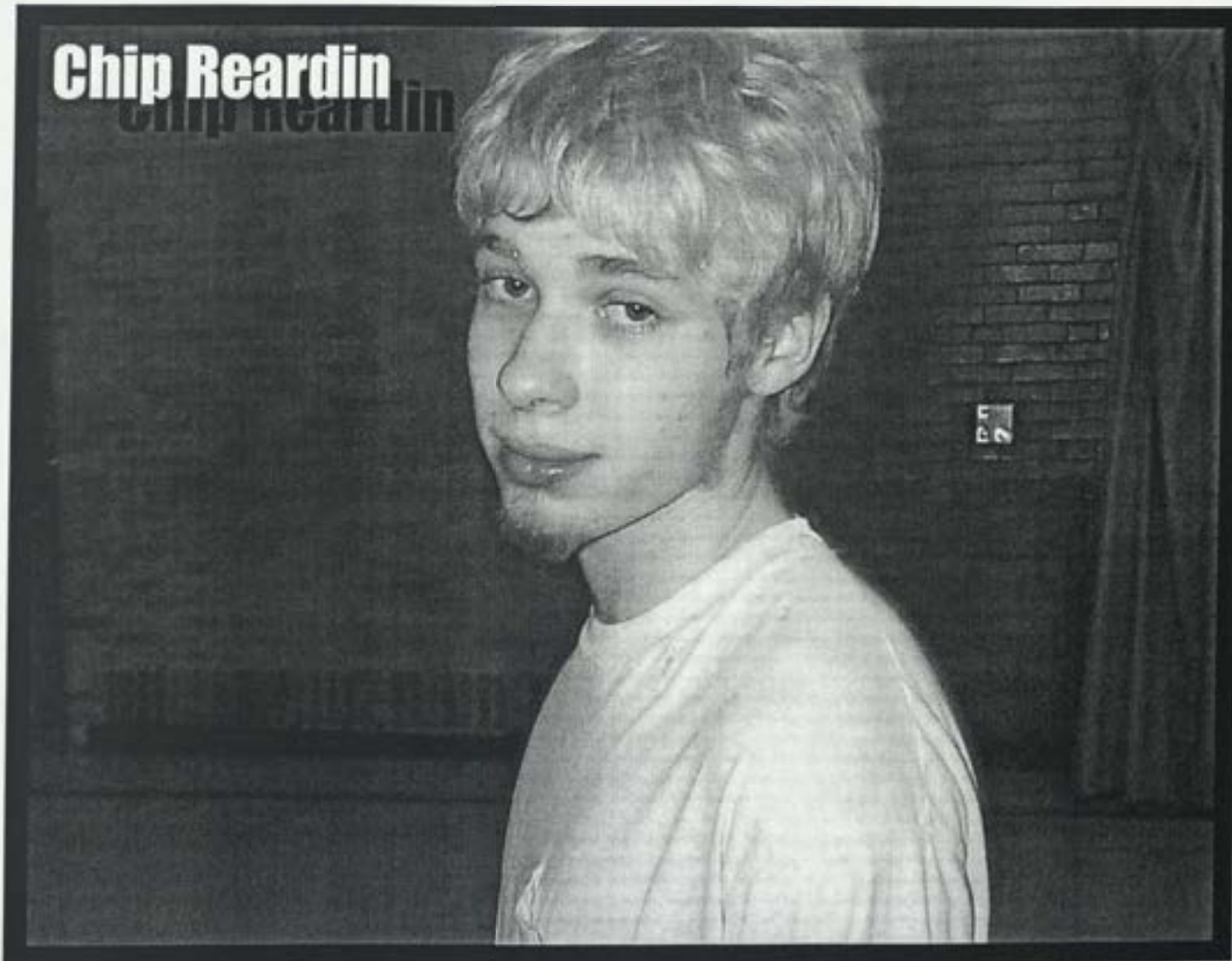
Siri
Larsen



Tim Bruner



Chip Reardin



Education is for the birds.

Species Name: *Homo Sapiens*

Common Name: *Teacher*

Description: Glad mainly in blue jeans for comfort, oftentimes seen with an overwhelmed look on the face (put there by her rambunctious students). Hair is brown but turns gray with age. On rare occasions seen in a dress.

Height: very short

Weight: varies from year to year

Range: Seen in classroom setting during fall, winter, spring. During summer travels happily throughout U.S. and Canada. Oftentimes spotted canoeing the waters of Bloomington.

Feeding Habits: Attracted to chocolate and other sweet treats.

Similar Species: Amy Bann

Go Banks

Education is for the birds.

Species Name: *Homo Sapiens*

Common Name: Teacher

Description: Scruffy, brown hair with sideburns. May be seen wearing the same pair of green pants every day. Tee shirts and flannels common in some varieties. When hair is longer, may be seen with various ball caps. In winter plumage (basketball season) hair is shorter, gives the appearance of "mad man".

Height: 6'1"

Weight: 185 lbs.

Wing Span: 6'1"

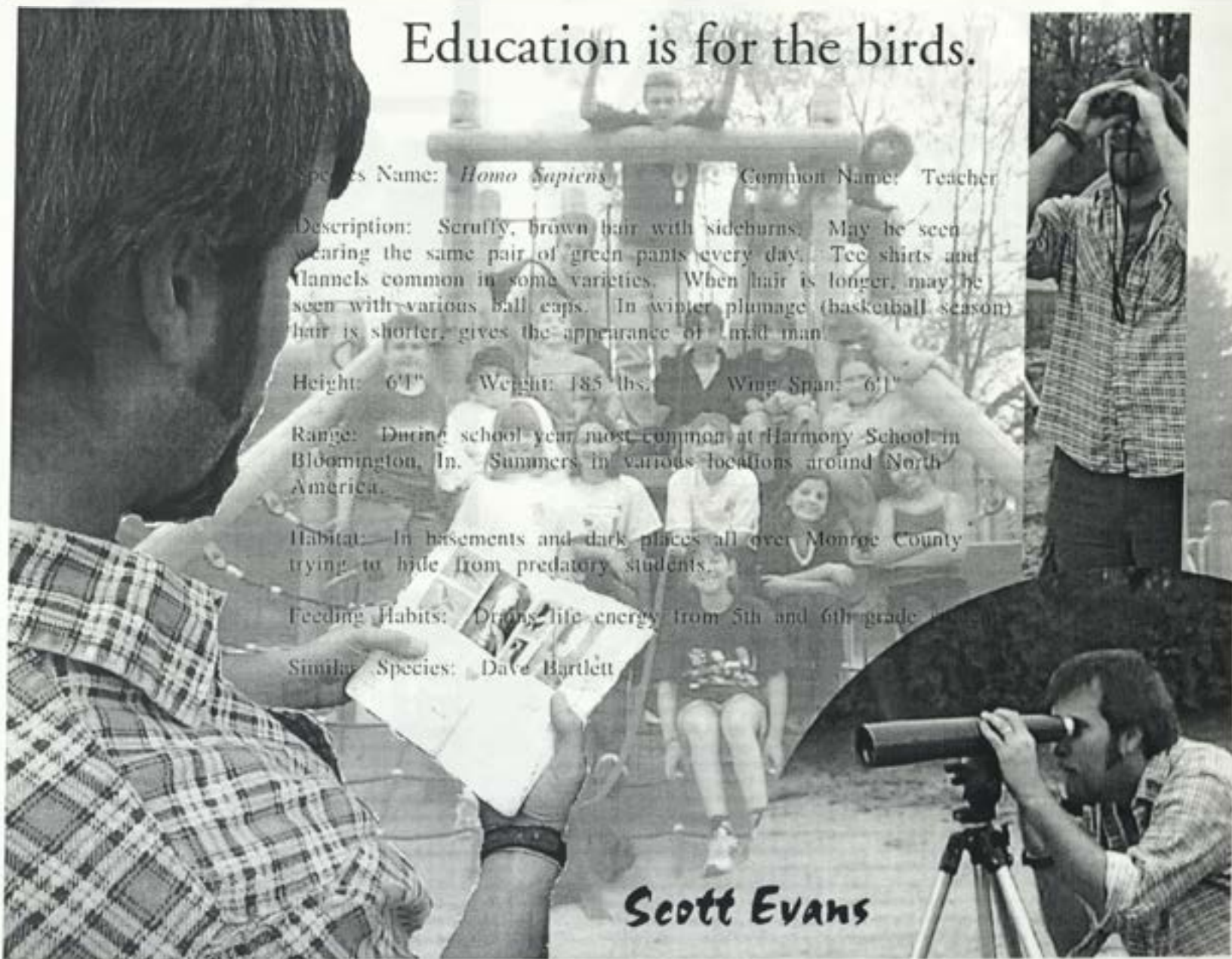
Range: During school year, most common at Harmony School in Bloomington, In. Summers in various locations around North America.

Habitat: In basements and dark places all over Monroe County trying to hide from predatory students.

Feeding Habits: Drains life energy from 5th and 6th grade students.

Similar Species: Dave Bartlett

Scott Evans





*Kelley
Computer
Training*



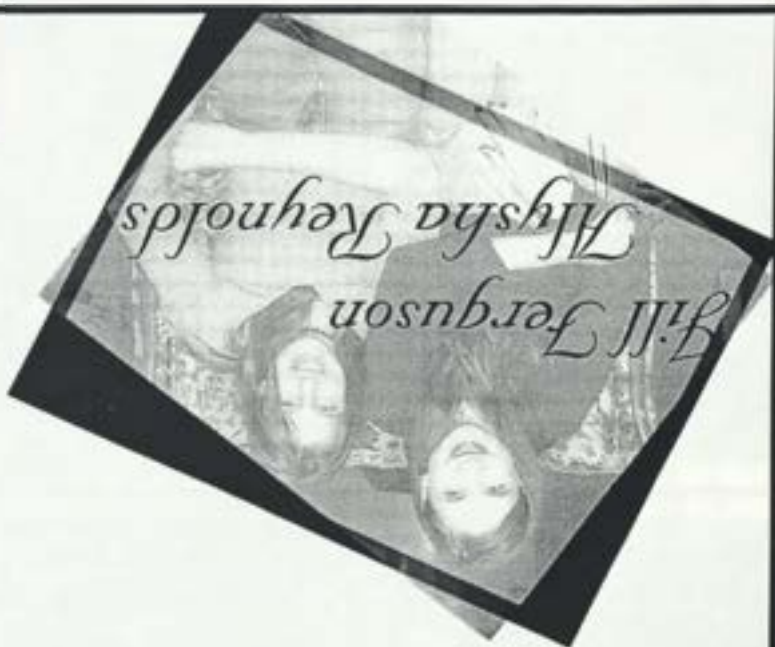
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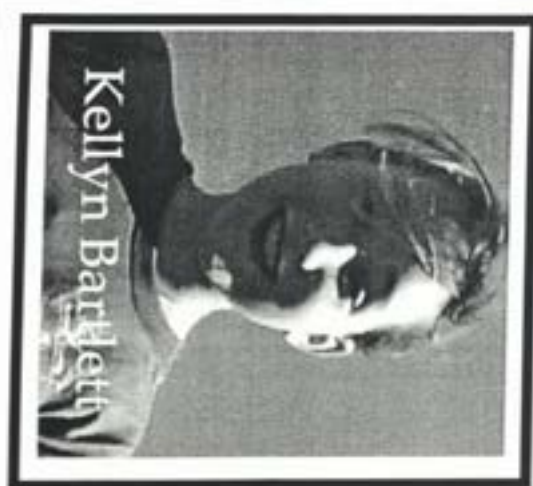




Carrie Biddle



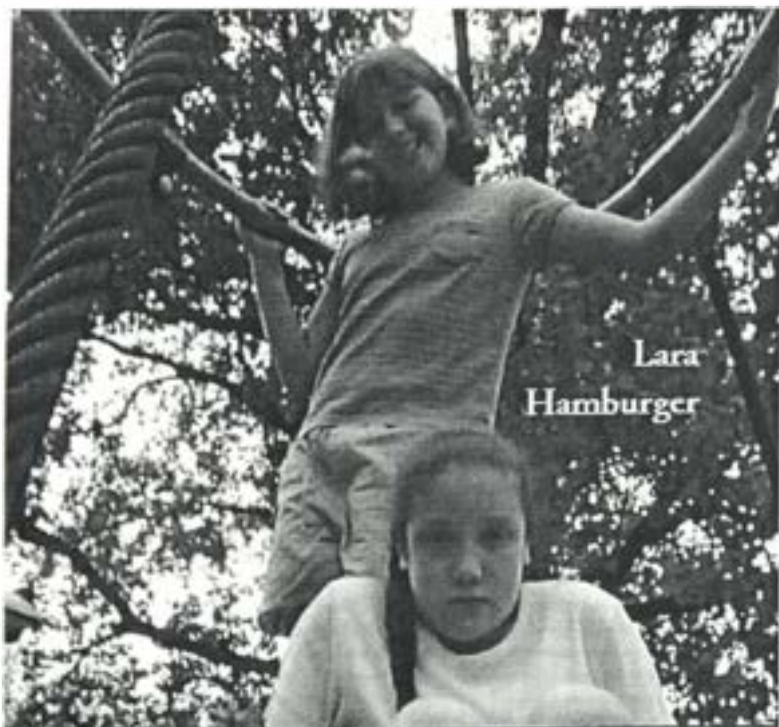
Safia Ansari



Kellyn Bartlett







Lara
Hamburger



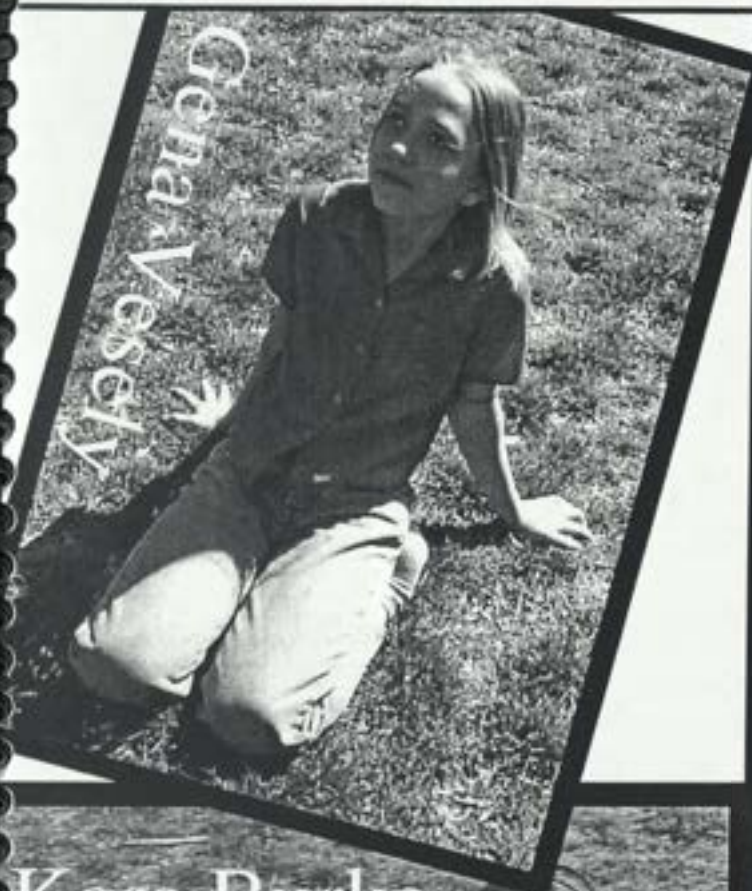
Charley Murphy



How do you make a computer?
take the com out
of www.com and add puter.
Some people were playing baseball
and one of them said, "hey, who
stole third base?
I don't know who stole third base
but I sure stole home plate so I
could eat my lunch."
What's a mouse's favorite
kind of cheese?...mouserela.
My favorite sport is rollerblading
and my favorite game is basketball.

NATASHA VOKE





Gena Vesely



Kara Burke





Blanca Davila

Rosie Hudson



got milk?

Shahana Ansari

Lacy Walden



Kristen Miller

Lisa Smith





I'm here to celebrate
the one below
but I ever heard faith
good and above
was the slap
of my loss
by a pastor, hissed
about you
and you

katelin hope vesely

Baby's on fire

Baby's on fire

Better throw her in the water

Look at her laughing

Like a heifer to the slaughter

Baby's on fire

And all the laughing boys are bitching

Waiting for photos

Oh the plot is so bewitching

Rescuers row, row

Do your best to change the subject

Blow the wind blow, blow

Lead some assistance to the object

Photographers snip-snap

Take your time she's only burning

This kind of experience

Is necessary for her learning

If you'd be my slots on

I could be half the man I used to

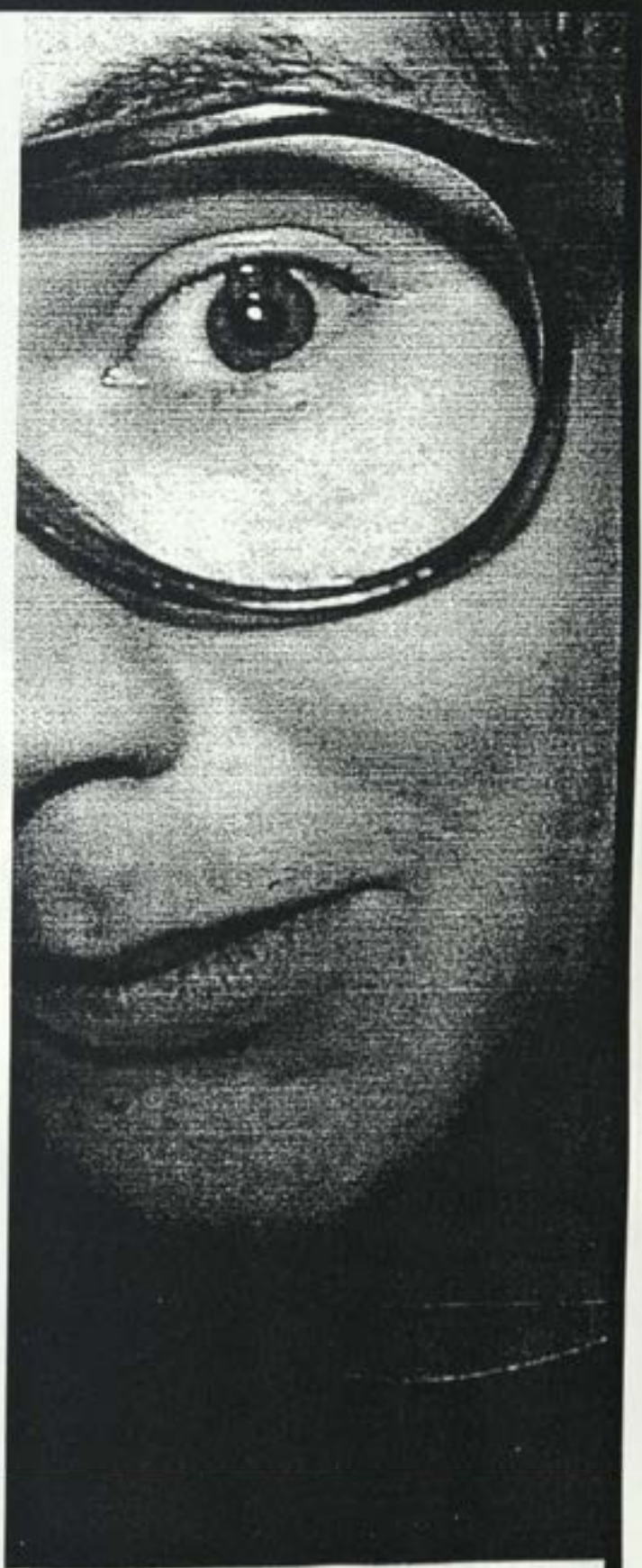
They said you were hot stuff

And that's what baby's been reduced to

--Brian Eno



Wes Biddle





Sasha Wiesenbahn,

I like Star Wars movies.

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Mollie Williams

I am 8. I have brown skin.
My favorite color is purple.
My best friend is Annie. I have
a crush on ? but I love Annie.
You know that! My mom is funny!
Kiss me baby!

Annie Dill



I have blue eyes.
My favorite color is pink.
My best friend is Mollie.
I am not allergic
to anything.
And I like pizza.



Abigail Shifress

I like volleyball, I like to have
a brother and a sister, Adam and Molly.
I'm on a volleyball team.
Me and my sister share a bedroom
It is sad without her. I'm 8 years
old and in second grade. My
favorite colors are green and blue.
My favorite books are Junie
B. Jones, and Baby Sitters Little
Sister the Jewel King and Grand
Kelsey have been friends since she
was three and I was four.

*Dance like no one is watching
Love like it's never going to hurt*



Allie Westhues



I MIGHT BE A LITTLE YOUNG
BUT HONEY I AIN'T NAIVE
-GUNS N' ROSES

L. GRACE VOYLES



I ALWAYS THOUGHT
I'D LIKE MY OWN
TOMBSTONE TO BE
BLANK. NO EPITAPH
AND NO NAME. WELL
ACTUALLY, I'D
LIKE IT TO SAY,
"FIGMENT."
-ANDY WARHOL
"IN HIS OWN WORDS"



CARRIE PLATZ



DON'T WORRY
FOR THE LAST
JUDGMENT.
IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY.
-ROBERT CAROL



"Bad but true, most people spend their precious lives always between hoping for a 'good' mango . . . and fearing getting a 'bad' one, all the while missing the joy that comes from simply being grateful for any mango at all. Hope, fear, good, bad. Hug one if you can calm the oceans of your hopes and fears and the things you think you know so well about the flavor of this great unknown mango . . . then you can really taste it.

"Oh, it is sour," you say.

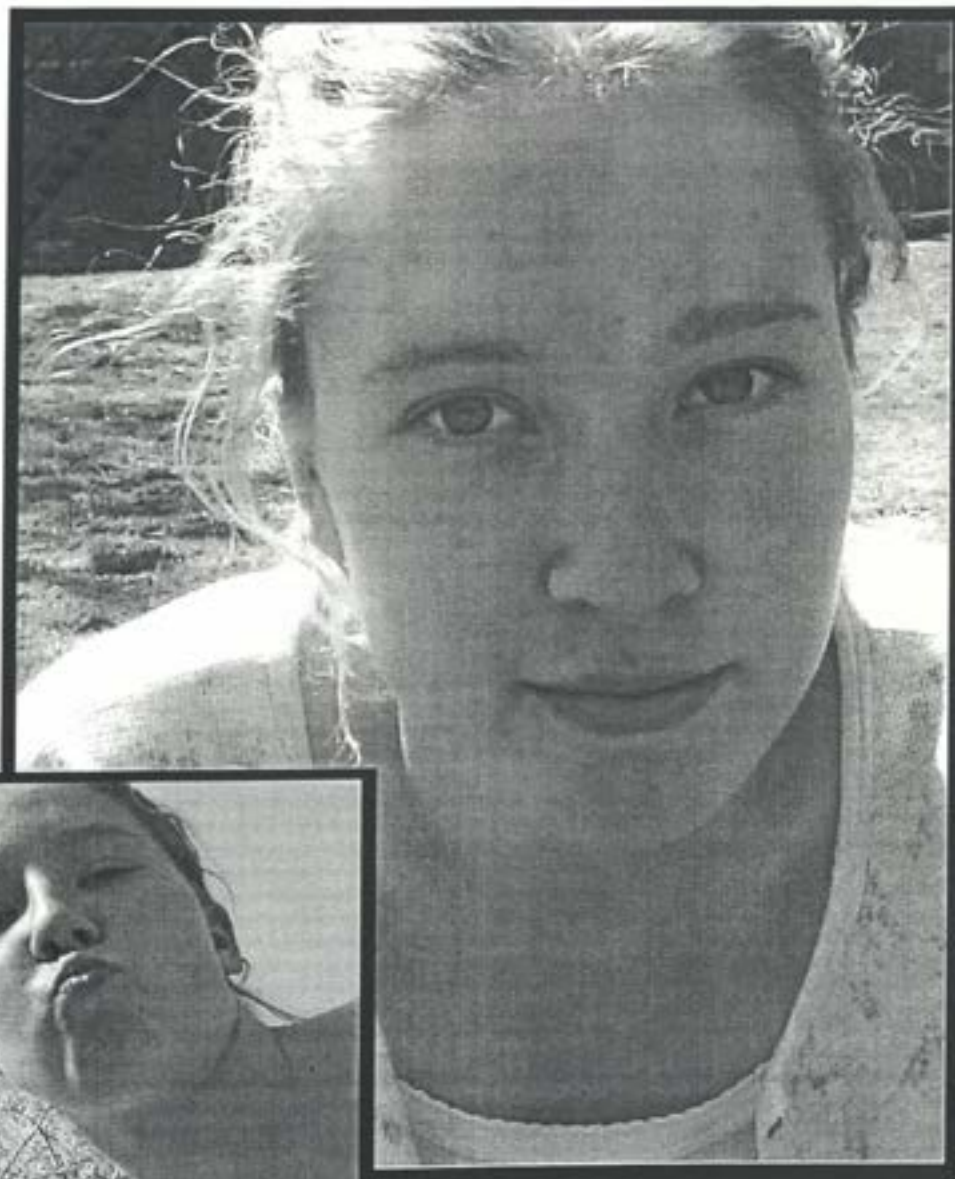
Not 'bad mango' or 'good mango' just simply sour mango.

Accept calmly and with gratitude what is there. Then gently, gently maybe it will occur to you to add some vinegar, some ginger, some honey, some spices, some heat, and of course you make a wonderful chutney.

SEVENTEEN DAYS TO EAT A MANGO
by Joshua Madison

WEAH DEEBE





Rudi Romaine





ROBERT BERNDT
I'M SECRET AGENT
004 ROBERT BERNT

I'M JAMES BOND 007
THIS IS MY FRIEND ROBERT

SAWYER ELKINS



LIBBY COSGRAY *stereo*

HELP!



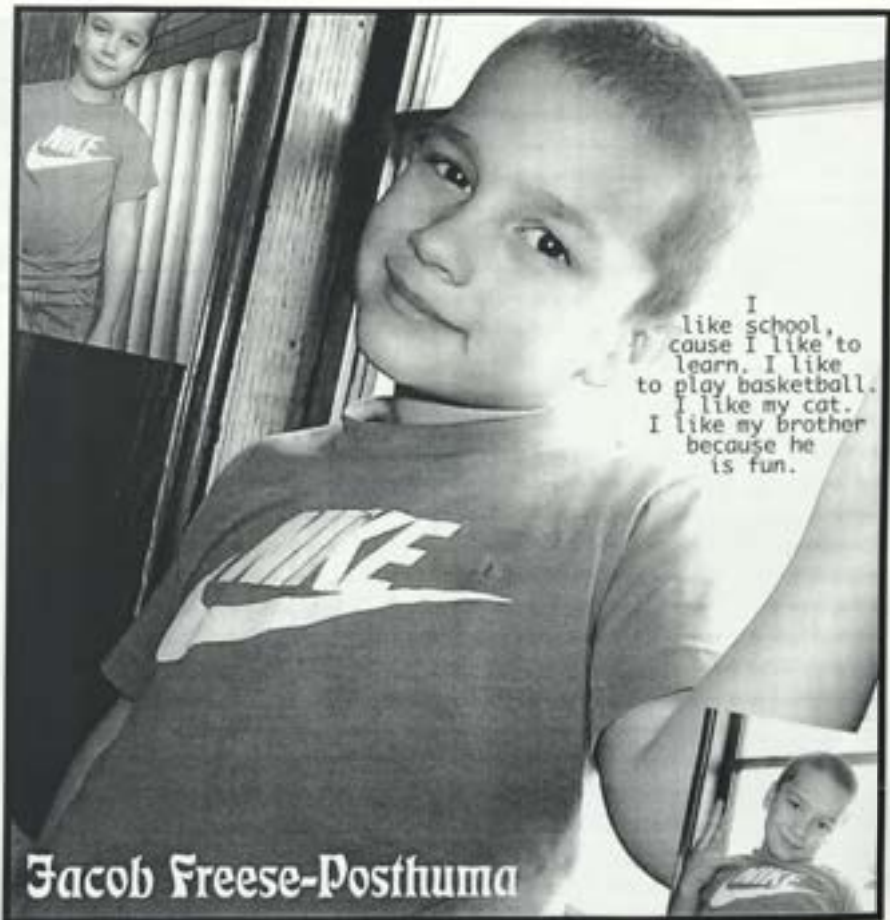
Help me if you can, I'm feeling down
And I do appreciate you being round
Help me get my feet back on the ground
Won't you please, please help me?



Jordan
Shiffriss

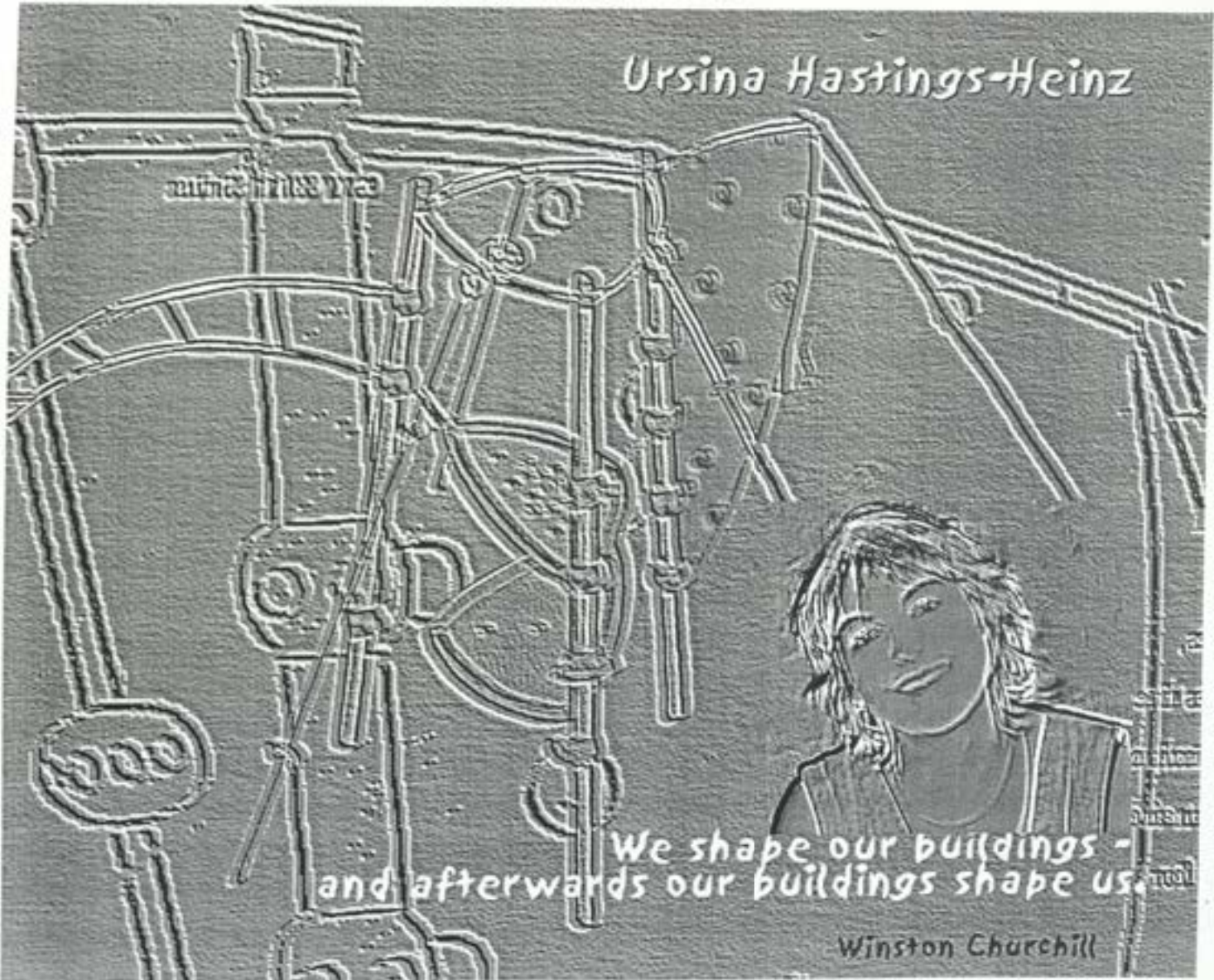
*Shoshana Zelman Shiffriss
a pioneer of the Women's Rights movement
a mother who trusted her son to be capable of a lot
a caring wife of 62 years
a sensitive observer and writer
a lover of the outdoors, birds in particular
a person who tried to sense beyond the obvious into the mystery of life
"my mom," born May 1913 in Warsaw, Poland,
died on March 3, 2000 in Highland Park, N.J.
March is women's history month
Shoshana means rose...
she will be remembered*





I
like school,
cause I like to
learn. I like
to play basketball.
I like my cat.
I like my brother
because he
is fun.

Jacob Freese-Posthuma



Ursula Hastings-Heinz

We shape our buildings -
and afterwards our buildings shape us.

Winston Churchill



SITAV ELTURAN



Here is my dog. His name is Bear. He likes to chase cats. He likes cat food. I'm 9 years old and in 3rd grade. My favorite sports are basketball, softball, horseback riding, soccer and swimming.

I'm part American and part Kurdish





Heidi Wosetas

A civilization that
regards nuclear
energy as important
and cooking as trivial, is
surely headed for
destruction.

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Nick "Englishman" Ardizzone

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PHIL MCCrackUP, WASHINGTON STAR

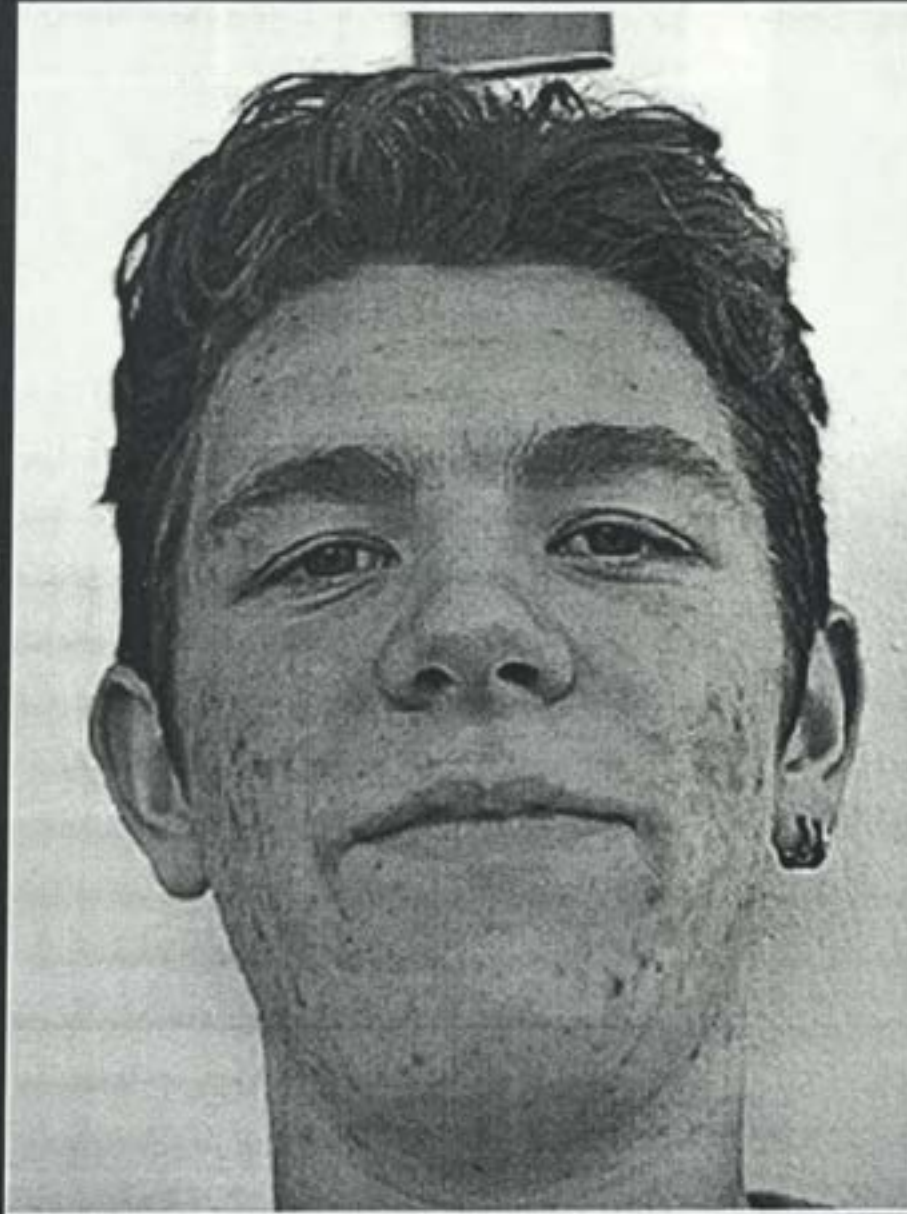
"A LAUGH-OUT-LOUD GOOD TIME."
RUSTY COOTER, INDIANA TRIBUNE

"FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY...IT
LEFT ME IN TEARS."
UNCLE HAIRY, USA STARSTRUCK

"OUTRAGEOUSLY INAPPROPRIATE."
OLD GRUNTER, THE BALTIMORE RASCAL

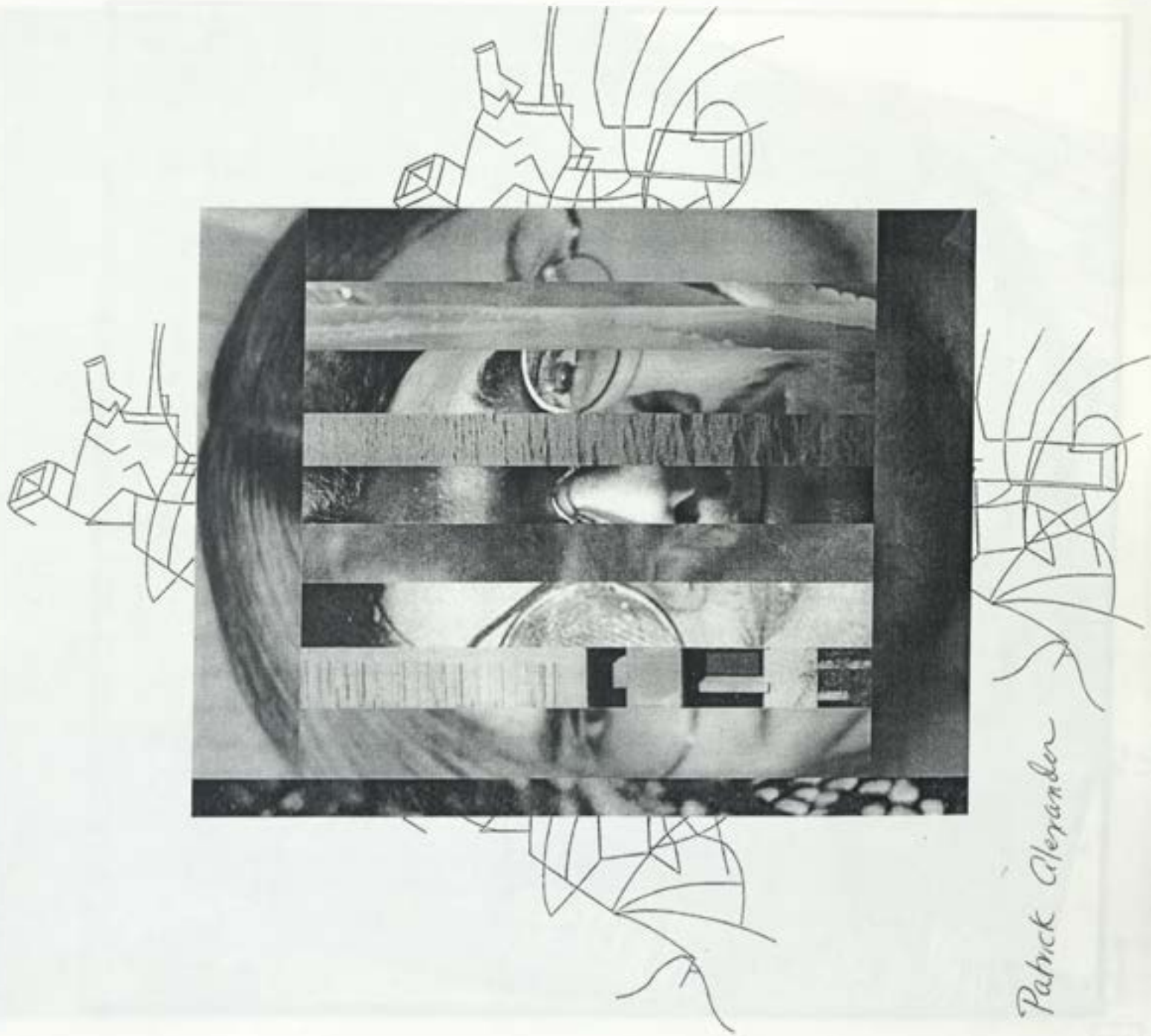
"A PURELY MEDIOCRE VENTURE...I WEPT
OUT OF SHEER BOREDOM."
GERTRUDE TUBER, NEWSTIME TODAY



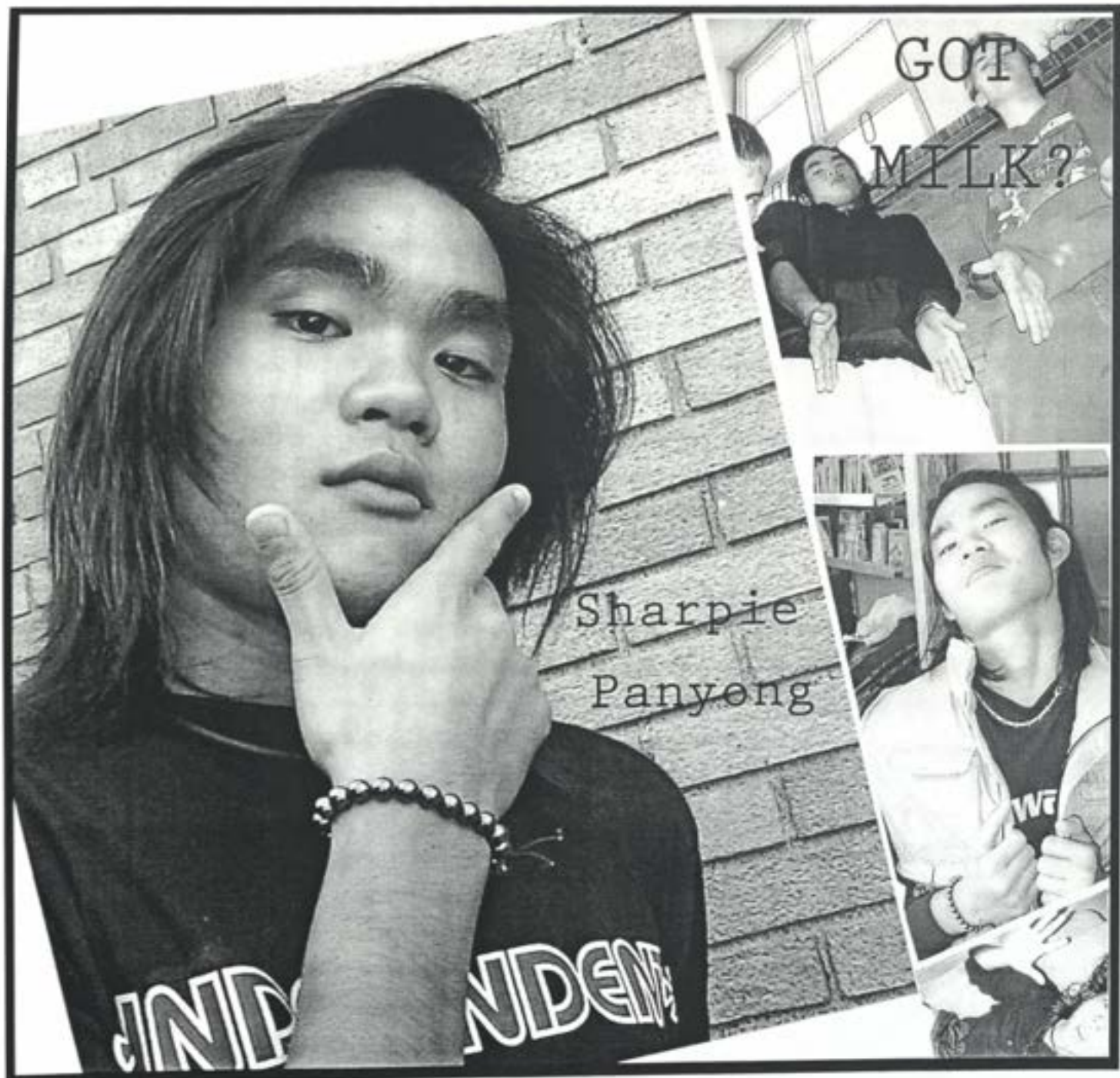


Robbin

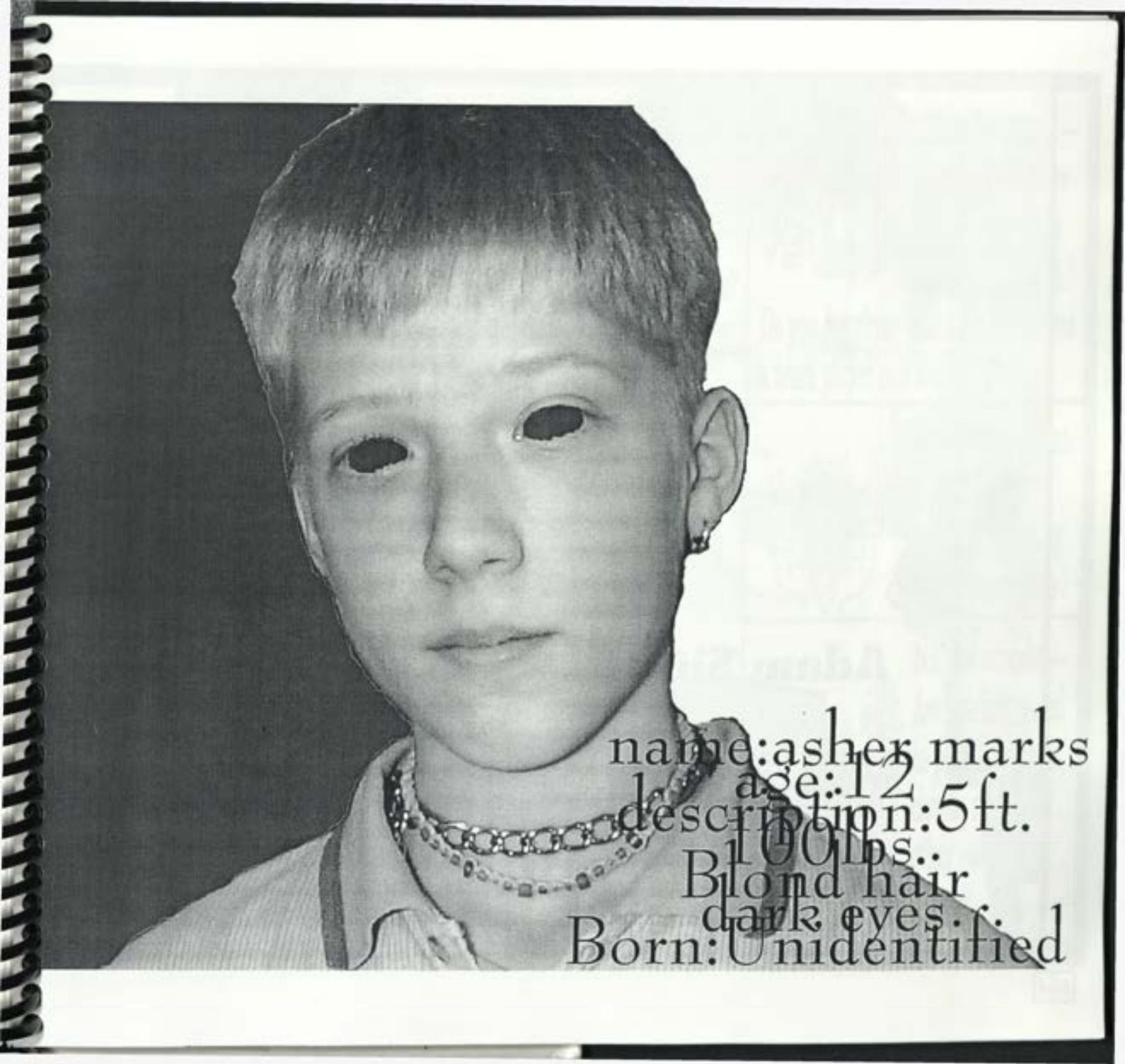




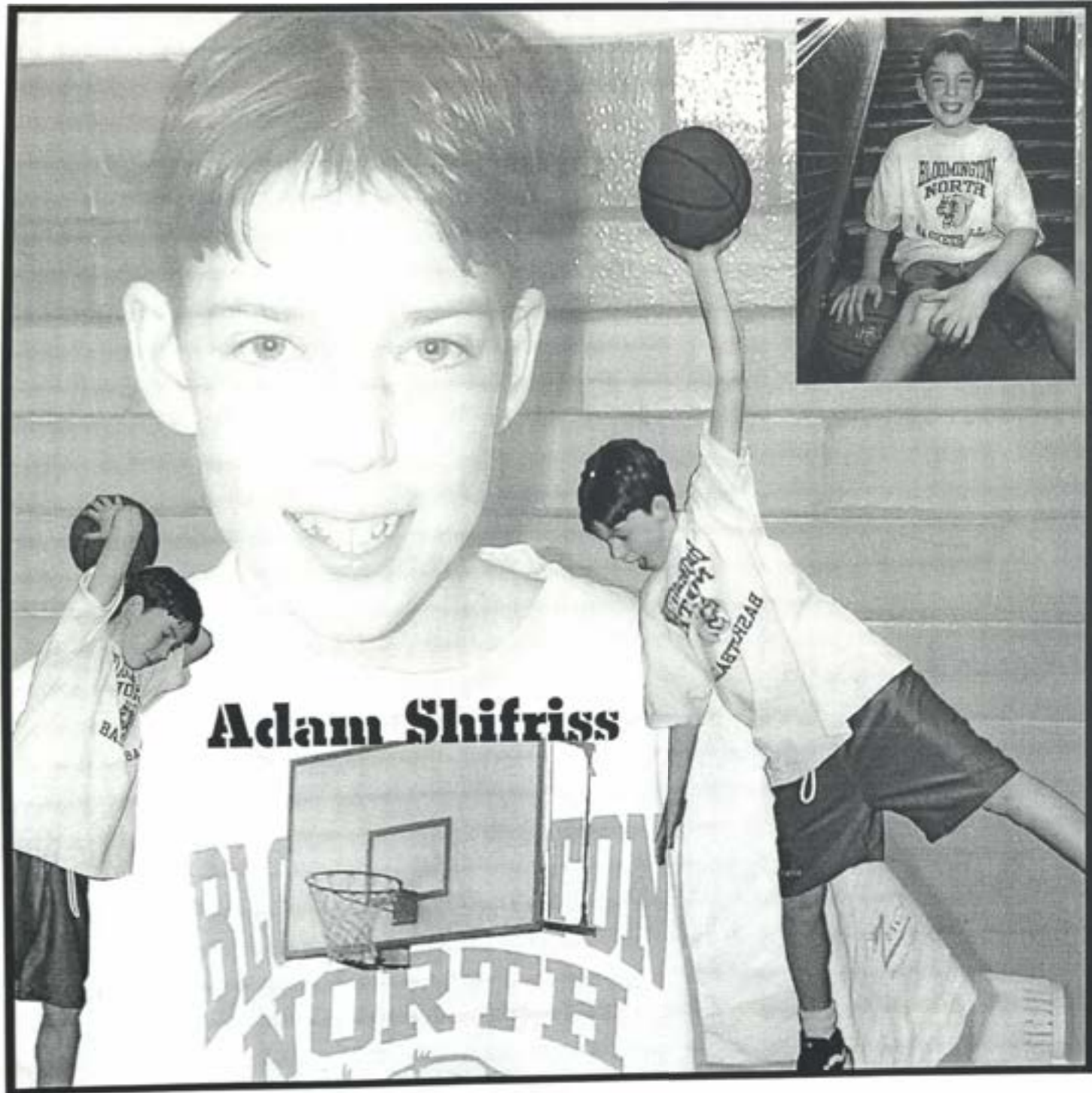
Patrick Alexander



Sharpie
Panyong



name: asher marks
age: 12
description: 5ft.
100lbs.
Blond hair
dark eyes.
Born: Unidentified



Adam Shifriss

Test to the best of multiple intelligences! That's if we have many different intelligences, but we differ from one another in which intelligences we have and which ones we need to find, use again, like making life more interesting.



Space strong –
Do you like to build,
draw and design?
Can you read maps?



People strong –
Are you sensitive
to other people's
needs and needs?

Do you get along with others? Are you a team player or a leader?

You might be...



Word strong – Do
you like to read and
write and talk? Do you
find word games fun?



Body strong –
Are you good at
sports or dance?
Are you well-
coordinated?

Mark Haskler



Self strong – Can
you act on your
own? Do you enjoy
your own company?



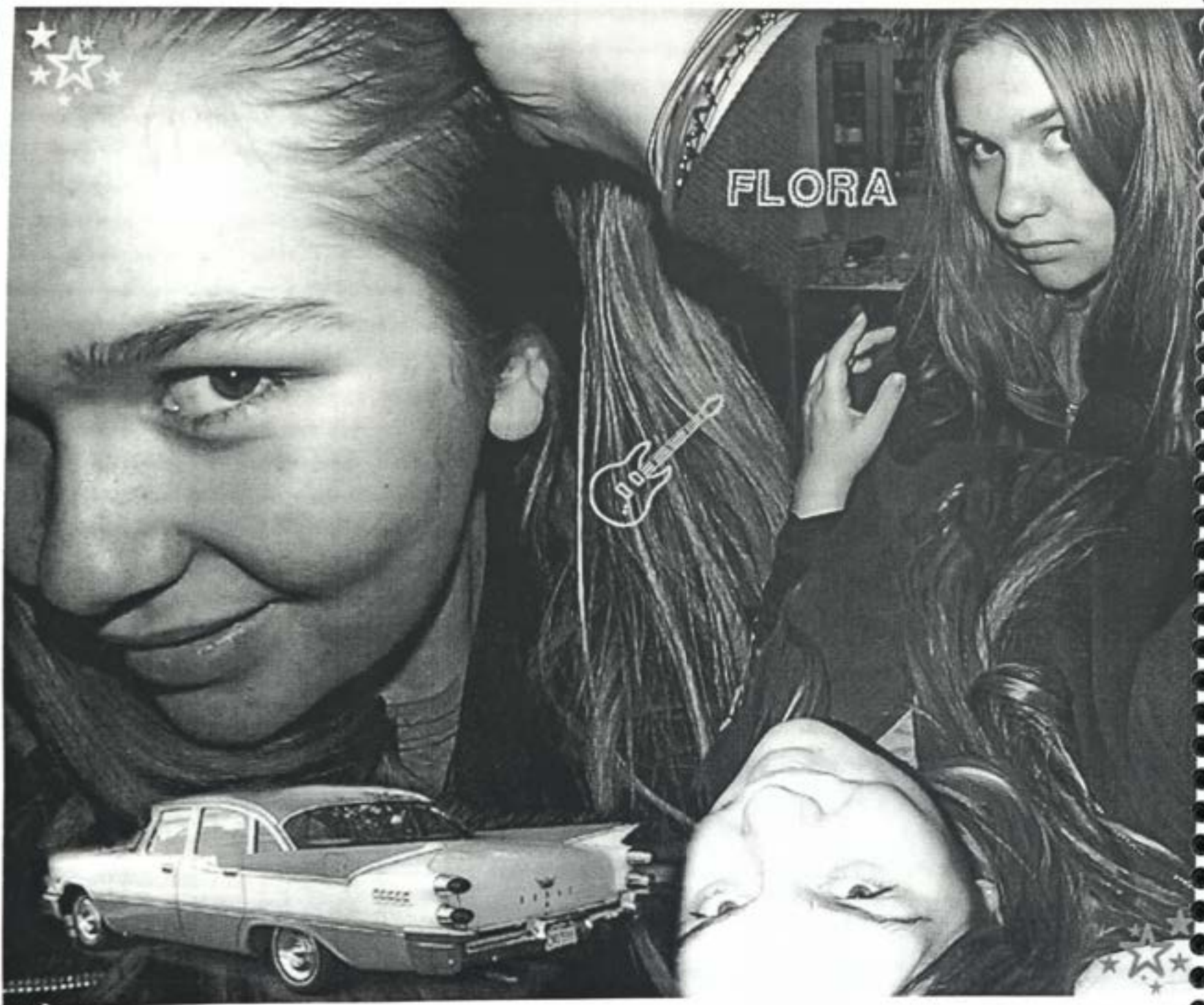
**Math or reasoning
strong** – Do you like
to figure out answers to
problems and puzzles?
Are you good with numbers?



Music strong –
Do you understand
and appreciate
music, or can you
make music?



Nature strong –
Are you interested
in plants, animals,
clouds, rocks and
other natural
things?



On the road again.



Daniel Baron

**Tiffany
Gumby**



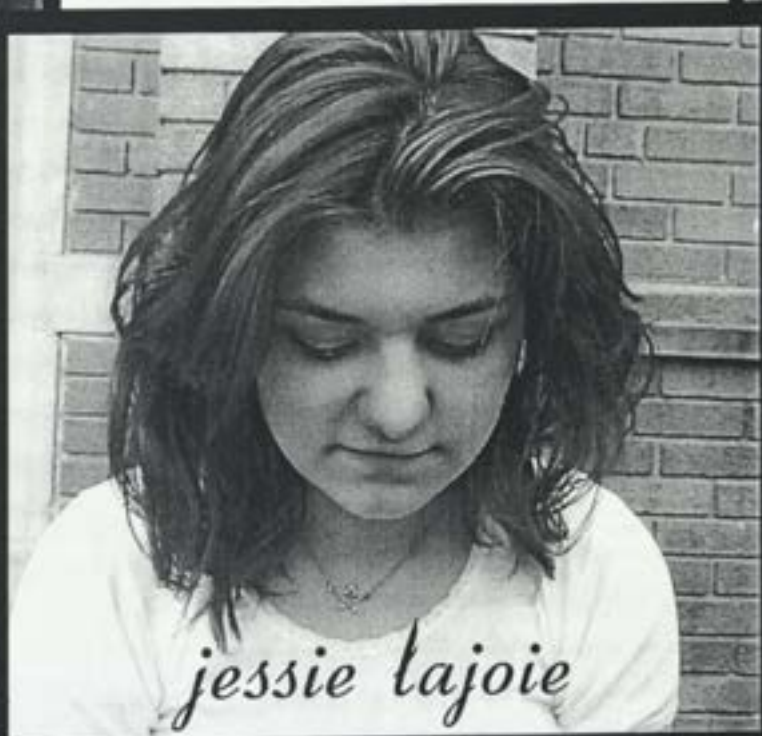
Patrick Snider



I love basketball. I play basketball it's very fun. I like legos too. I've played soccer and basketball. I am going to play basketball this summer. I hope it will be fun. Digimon is cool, so are magic cards. My favorite color is pink. I'm a boy. I have a brother and a sister. I am the oldest. I'm in second grade. I have a very very old rego. I'm changing my name to Earth. I'm eight years old.

Maliachi Broadwater





Bondage

32 Yea, "come unto Christ, and be "perfected in him," and "deny yourselves of all ungodliness; and if ye shall deny yourselves of all ungodliness, and "love God with all your might, mind and strength, then is his grace sufficient for you, that by his grace ye may be "perfect in Christ; and if by the grace of God ye are perfect in Christ, ye can in nowise deny the power of God.

33 And again, if ye by the grace of God are perfect in Christ, and deny not his power, then are ye "sanctified in Christ by the grace of God, through the shedding of the "blood of Christ, which is in the covenant of the Father unto the remission of your "sins, that ye become "holy, without spot.

Behold I say unto you, that he that supposeth that little children need baptism is in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity for he hath neither "faith, hope nor charity; wherefore, should he be cut off while in the thought, he must go down to hell.

Insomniac

BIAS-PHE-MY-N.

(blasphemy) 1. Evil or profane speaking of God or sacred things; Claiming the Attributes of

GOD.

8 And the husbands and fathers of those women and children they have slain; and they feed the women upon the "flesh of their husbands; and the children upon the flesh of their fathers; and no water, save a little, do they give unto them.



666

HEALTER



JOSH & BIL @ DEAU

WHEN ALL OF YOUR WISHES ARE GRANTED, MANY OF YOUR DREAMS WILL BE DESTROYED.

-Marilyn Manson



FUCK MILK! GOT POT?

" IN THESE MODERN TIMES PEOPLE ACT LIKE RATS AND
TALK LIKE MICE...SHE IS A THROW BACK TO THE
ANCIENT DAYS WHEN WOMEN WERE BUILT LIKE CARS.
SHE IS THE SHE-WOLF, THE HUNTER, NOT PART OF THE
COWARDLY LIVESTOCK!...SHE IS THE POWERFUL ONE...AND
FROM SUCH ENERGY COMES A CREATION, ALL THINGS
NEW ALL THINGS THAT SHINE...SHE WILL GIVE AN
AROUSING KISS TO A WORLD SO OLD AND BATTERED
THAT IT HAS FORGOTTEN WHAT IT IS LIKE TO BE ERECT
AND GLOWING WITH LIFE ON A DEWY SUMMER MORNING...
SEE HOW SHE FLIRTS WITH THE DEVIL AND MAKES HIM
SEEM A FOOL... AND SEE HOW SHE
TAUNTS DEATH LIKE THE MONKEY TAUNTS THE WOLF.
YES... SEE HOW SHE PLAYS WITH DEATH
WHILE THE REST OF THE WORLD COWERS, SORE, AFRAID...
SHE IS THE BOTTLE FED DAUGHTER
OF THE THROW AWAY AGE."

- NEWLETT & MARTIN

EMILY EBEL-ORR



EMILY EBEL-ORR



katie liell-kok



heaven doesnt want me and hell is afraid Ill take over



I ALWAYS SAY A KISS ON THE
 REAR MIGHT FEEL VERY GOOD
 BUT A LONG-TERM STARE IS
 FOREVER



RU
 RU
 RUBY
 RU
 RU

*One's too
 many and
 a hundred's
 not enough.*

We had two bags of grass, seventy
 -dvo pellets of muscadine, live
 sheets of high-powered blotter
 acid, a salt shaker half full of
 cocaine and a whole galaxy of
 multicolored uppers, downers,
 screwdrivers, laughers... also a
 quart of Tequila, a quart of rum,
 a case of budweiser, a pint of raw
 ether, and two dozen angels...
 but the only thing that worried
 me was the ether. There is
 nothing in the world more
 helpless and irresponsible
 than a man in the depths
 of an ether sleep...

—Hunter S. Thompson



Truth is the bottom of a bottle.



Zach Bement

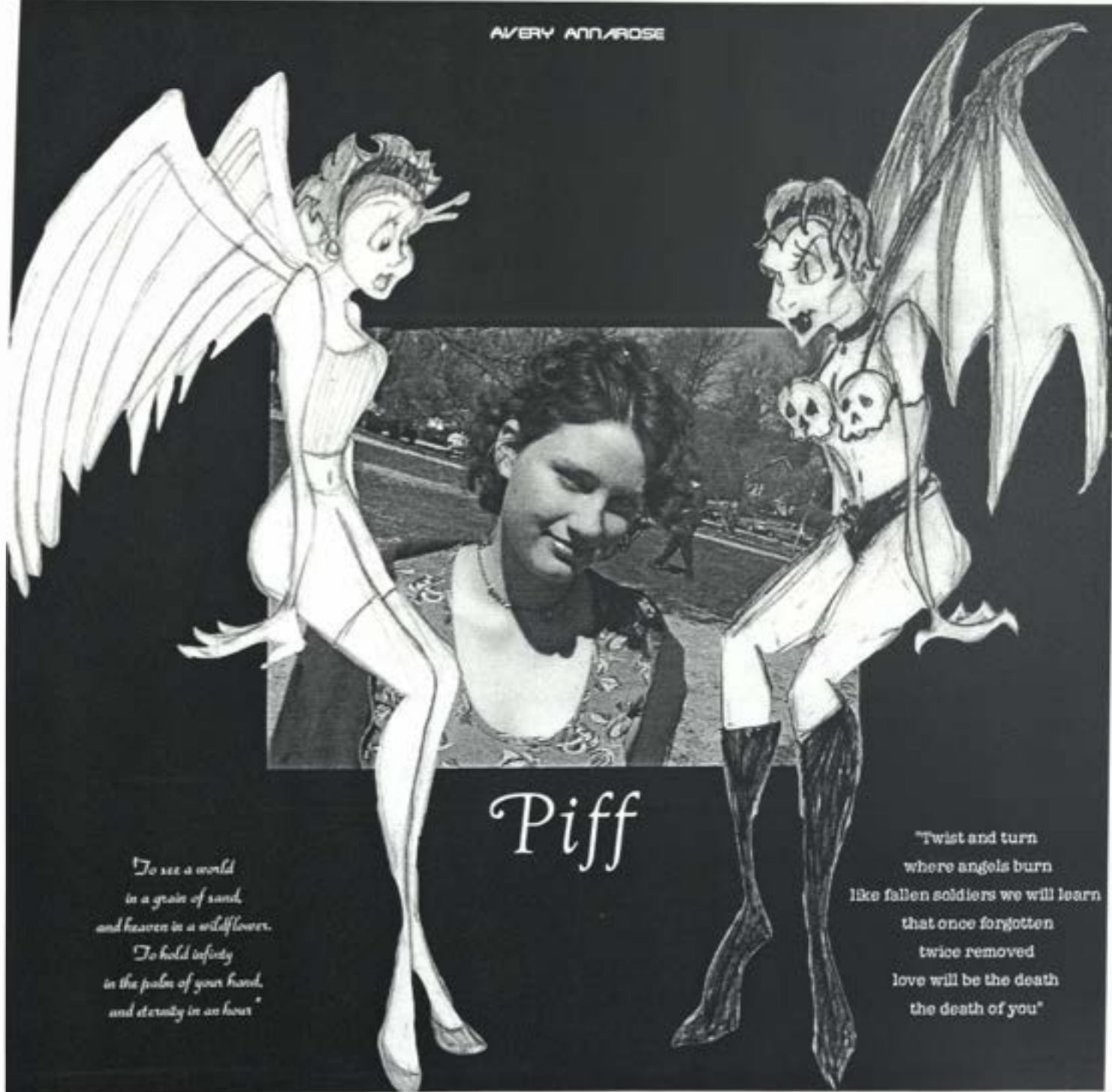


I'm going to tell you a joke.
There were these two guys
in a hot air balloon. One of
them loved his town and
the other guy hated his town.
When the two guys were
in the hot air balloon,
they were over the town
where the guy loved his town.
So he dropped a bag of gold
on the town. A little while
later, he saw a little boy
crying so the two guys
went down and they asked
the boy "why are you crying?"
"I just dropped a bag of gold
down on your town" they said.
"Well, the bag of gold hit
my dad and he went to the
hospital." So the guys went
back up in their air balloon.
Then they went over the
town where the other
guy hated his town. So he
threw a whole bunch of
grenades down on it. A few
minutes later, he saw a
little boy laughing. So
the guys landed and asked
the boy why he was laughing?
"Well my family was eating
dinner and my dad farted
and the house blew up."



Asher Thompson

AVERY ANN ROSE



Piff

*To see a world
in a grain of sand,
and heaven in a wildflower.
To hold infinity
in the palm of your hand,
and eternity in an hour.*

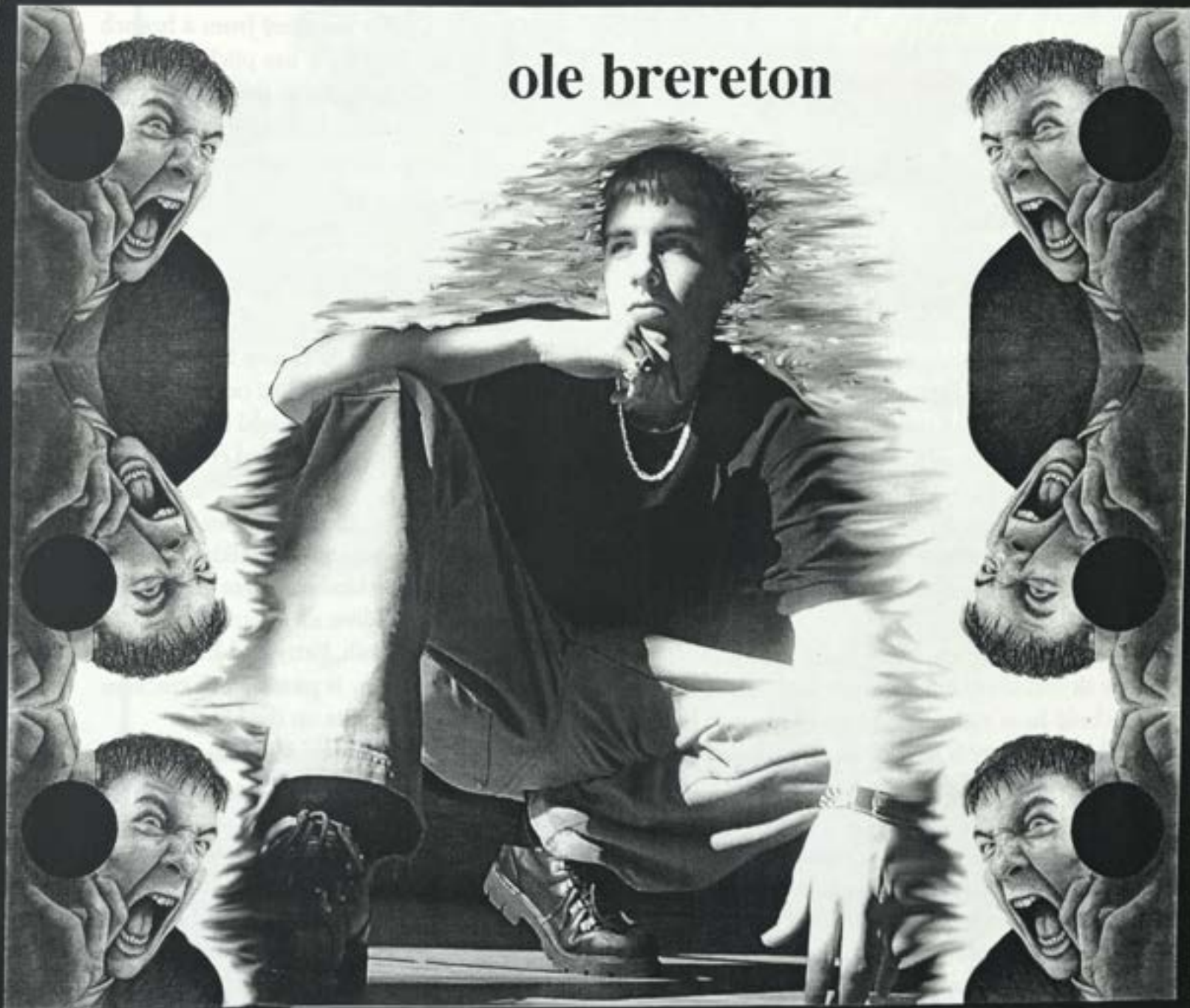
*"Twist and turn
where angels burn
like fallen soldiers we will learn
that once forgotten
twice removed
love will be the death
the death of you"*



Garrett Nelson



ole brereton





Mrs. Kinsey's House of Children

We are in Mrs. Kinsey's house
and it is full of farm children
dropped off each day. Martha and Noah,
Caleb and Abigail, too young
to drive cows or tractors, or cut hay.

Sometimes there are eight, today, eighteen.
The shy ones are in the corner looking tremulous,
the bold have claimed the best of the toys,
and Mrs. Kinsey is tending to all of them,
the bruised and fallen, the loutish and ever willful.

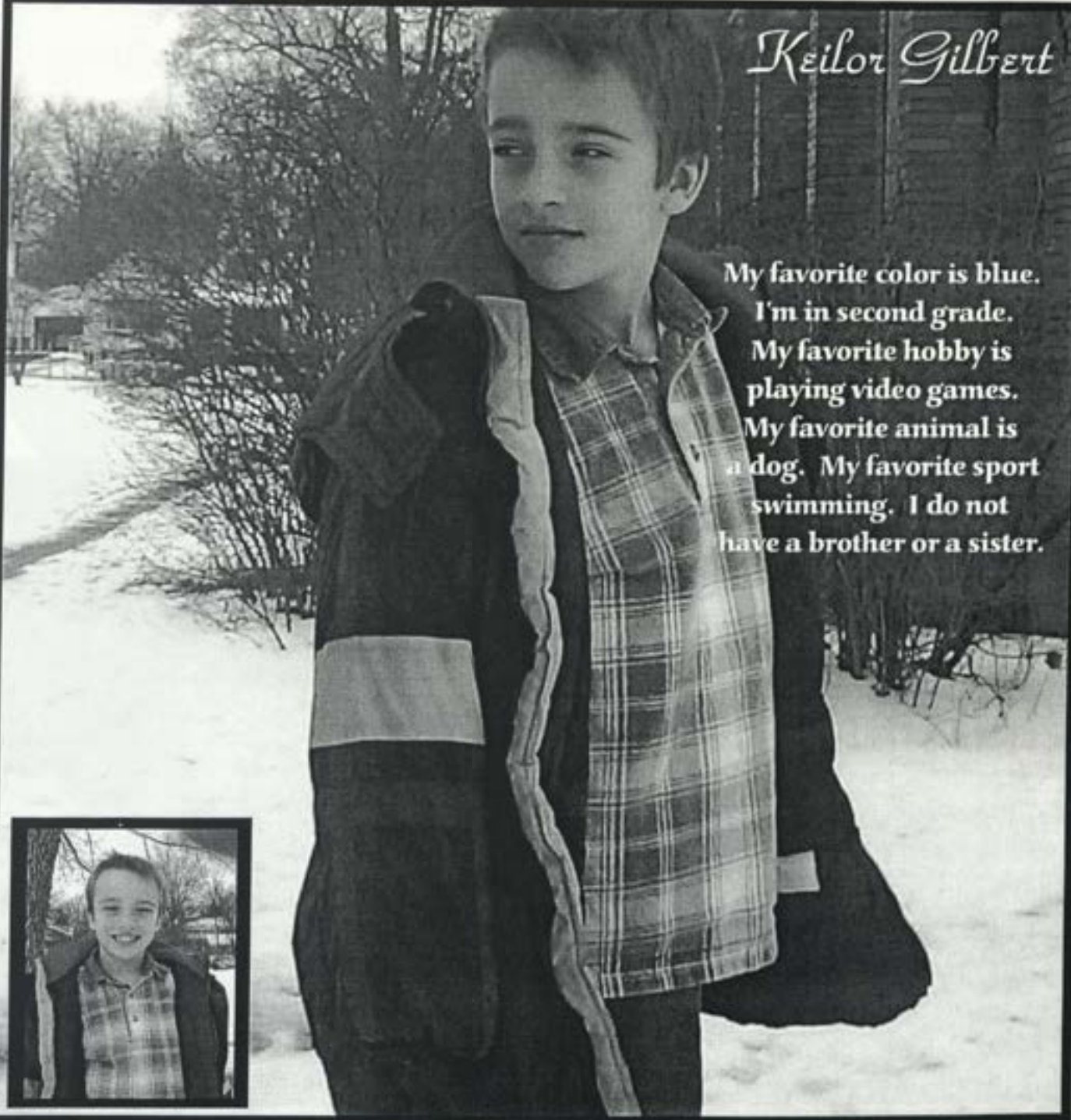
"Oh, they're good children," she says,
as she coaxes Eunice off her sister's chest,
or gently unlocks the arm around Erwin's head.
"Some need more than others," she says,
"and don't they have the harder time of it?"

Outside, Cyril is dangling from a branch
by one thin leg, Willy has pitched a stone,
and Helen is snaffed in the raspberry bushes,
and Mrs. Kinsey is trotting in and out
among the pandemonium of children,
retrieving strays and steering danger
away from heart and bone.

If, once, we could hear her shout
or ever see her raise an ugly hand,
we could say, yes, we know her limits now,
and aren't they much like ours?
Justice be served, we would say,
and the smallest crime find retribution.

But this is Mrs. Kinsey's house
where we are sitting and talking softly
and being our kindest selves all afternoon.
There are children all about us,
Adam and Sarah, Betty and Everett,
and Mrs. Kinsey is passing out crackers
and juice and pats on the head
to saints and villains alike.

"Maybe you'd like some too," she says,
turning our way, coming toward us,
and we are saying, "Thank you, thank you,"
along with Lara and Eben, Joshua and Rachel,
quietly, and all of us, for a moment, deserving,
in spite of what we may be, or might become.



Keilor Gilbert

My favorite color is blue.
I'm in second grade.
My favorite hobby is
playing video games.
My favorite animal is
a dog. My favorite sport
is swimming. I do not
have a brother or a sister.



*"Papa was a rodeo,
Mama was a rock'n'roll band,
I could play guitar
and rope a steer before I learned to stand.
Home was anywhere with diesel gas, love was a trucker's hand,
Never stuck around long enough for a one night stand."*

The Magnetic Fields



*coripna
lee
manion*





Lana Beck-Cruce





Magic is cool.
"Hey Josh, what's
your best card?"
"My best card is
Pariah, what's
yours, Kyle?"
"A foil Darting Merfolk."
"Hey Josh, what's
your best fighting card?"
"Sea Monster."
"So is mine."

Josh McShane-Land



Kyle Lovell



*I sleep with Pikachu.
Pikachu talks.*



Adam Berndt



Griffin Kruithof

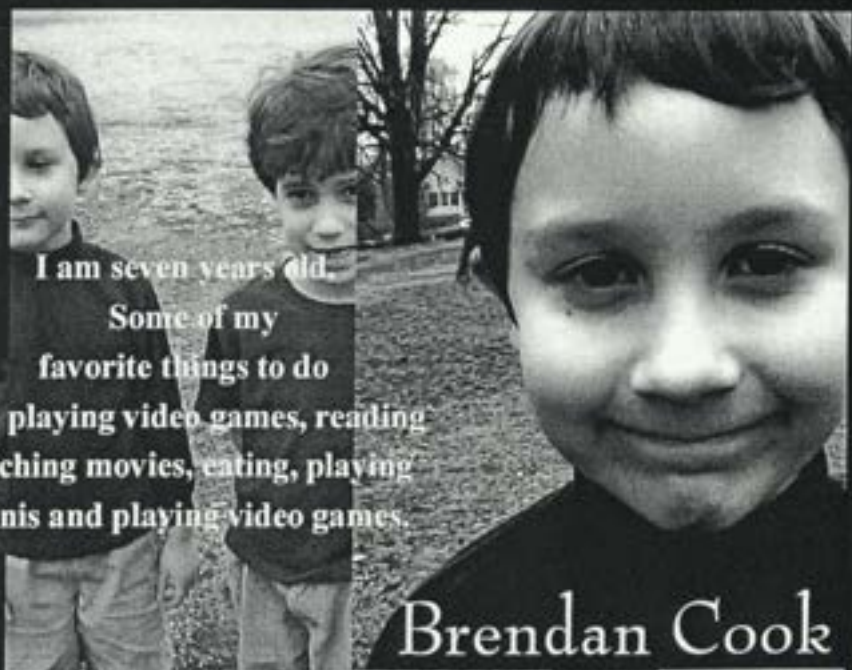


I want to go swimming and go fishing and I like to play soccer and I like to play basketball.





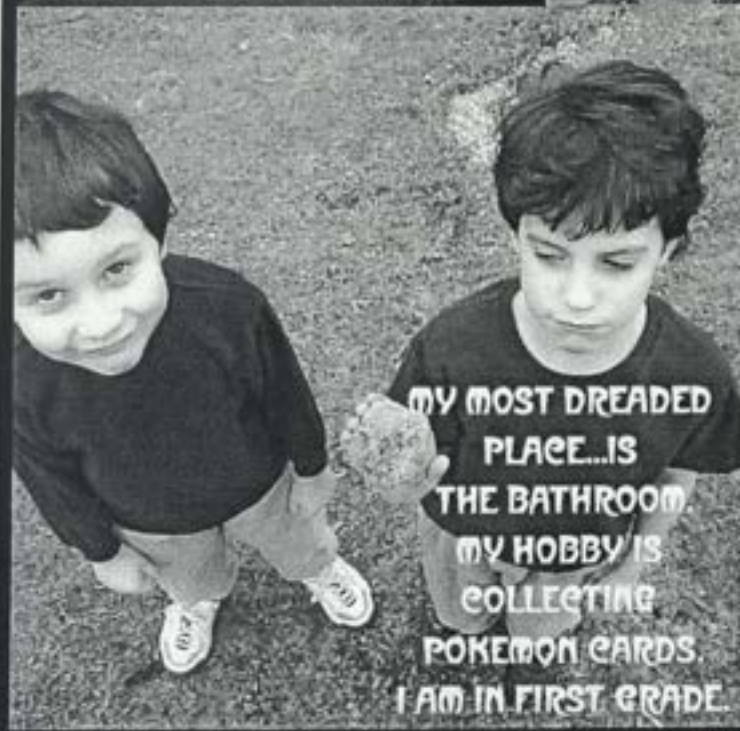
Dominic Bauccho



Brendan Cook

A black and white photograph of two young boys walking on a path outdoors. The boy on the right is looking towards the camera.

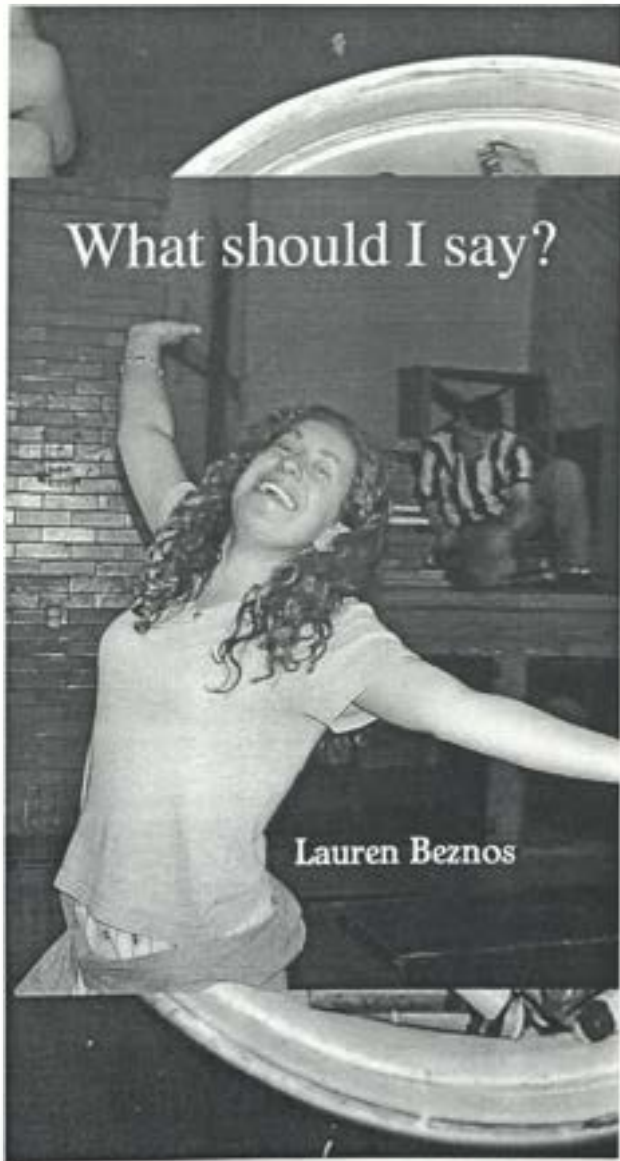
I am seven years old.
Some of my
favorite things to do
are: playing video games, reading
watching movies, eating, playing
tennis and playing video games.



Tadpole



What should I say?

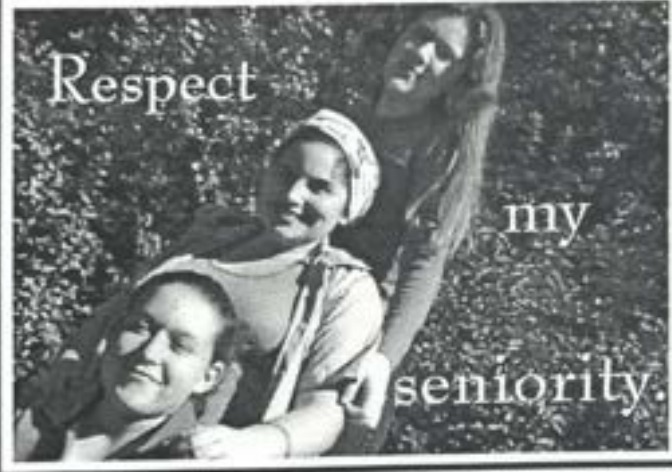


Lauren Beznos

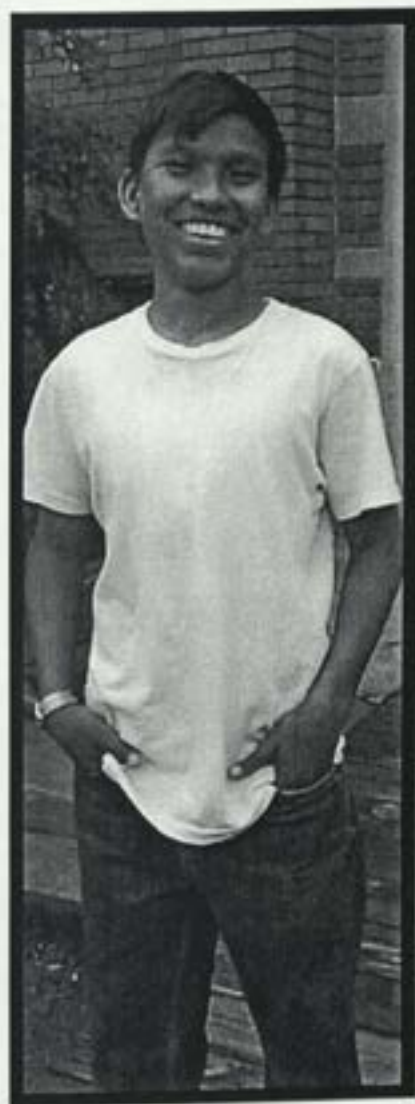
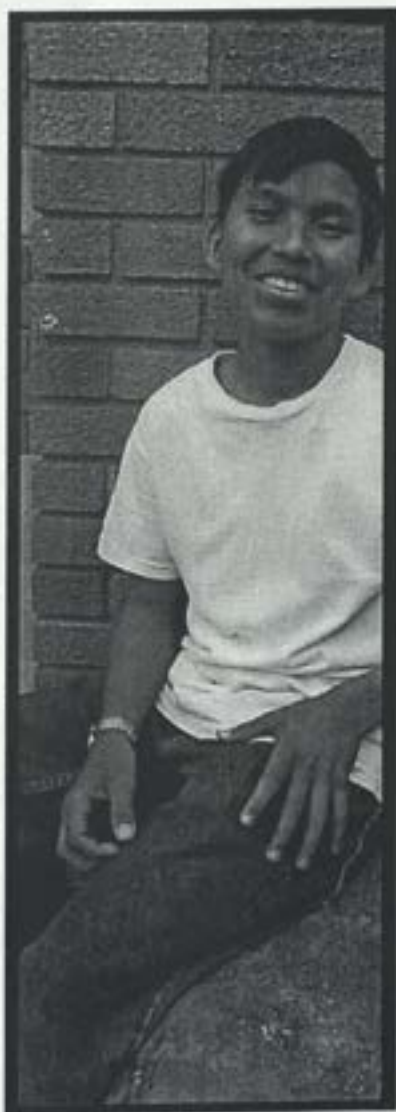
got mustard?
yeah, what's it to you?

the mustard

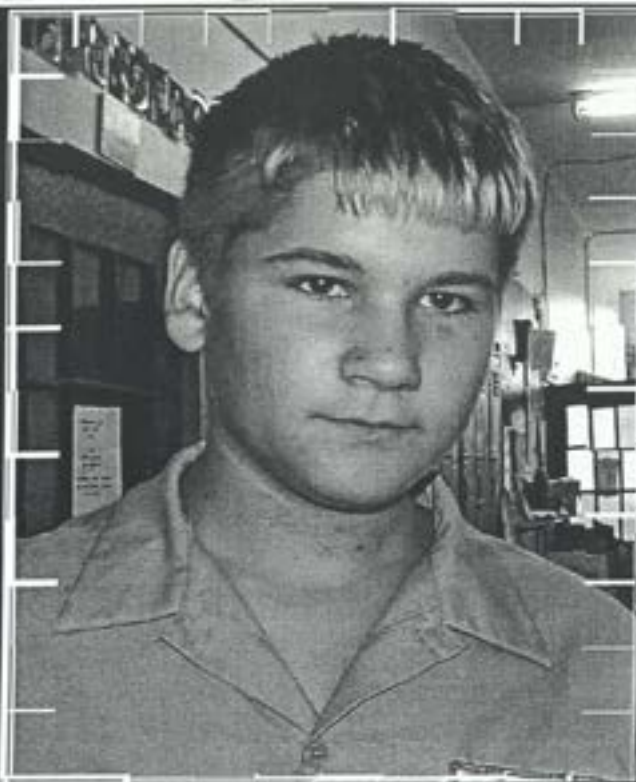
the answer



Francisco Gomez



DEREK BROWNING





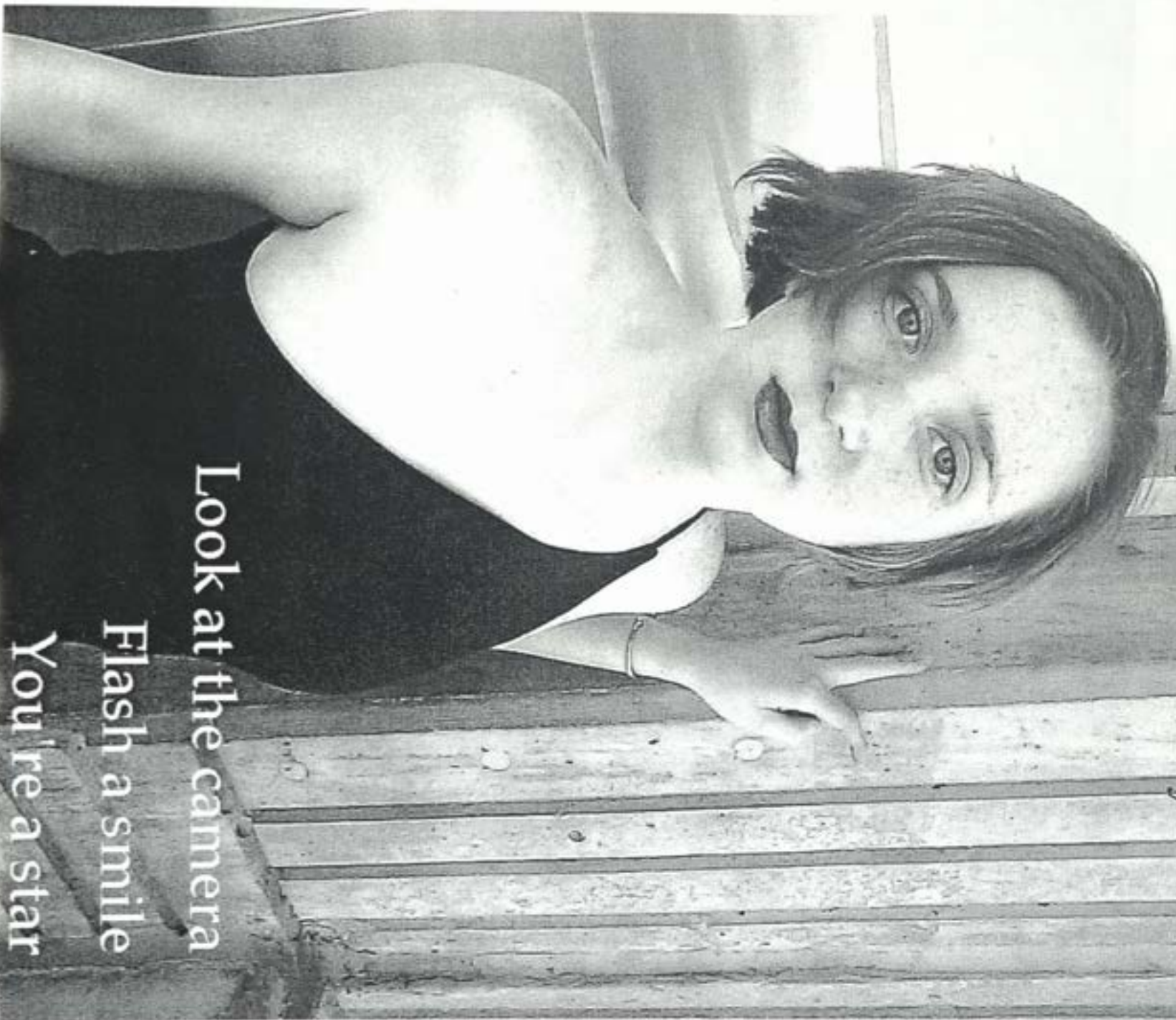
Be loath to drink
India ink

Sona Pastel-Daneshgar

Go anywhere. Go.
-Jacki Lyden



you know my name



Look at the camera

Flash a smile

You're a star

Boca

Loca



BEADS



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Bloomington, Indiana 47404
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Ari Rosen



In capitalist society man is controlled by a pitiless law usually beyond his comprehension. The alienated human specimen is tied to society as a whole by an invisible umbilical cord; the law of value. This law acts upon all aspects of his life, shaping his course and destiny.

The laws of capitalism, which are blind and are invisible to ordinary people, act upon the individual without his being aware of it. He sees only the vastness of a seemingly infinite horizon before him. That is how it is painted by capitalist propagandists who purport to draw a lesson from the example of Rockefeller—whether or not it is true—about the possibilities of success. The amount of poverty and suffering required for a Rockefeller to emerge, and the amount of depravity entailed in the accumulation of a fortune of such magnitude, are left out of the picture

Ernesto Che Guevara Lynch de la Serna





Briana Fairchild

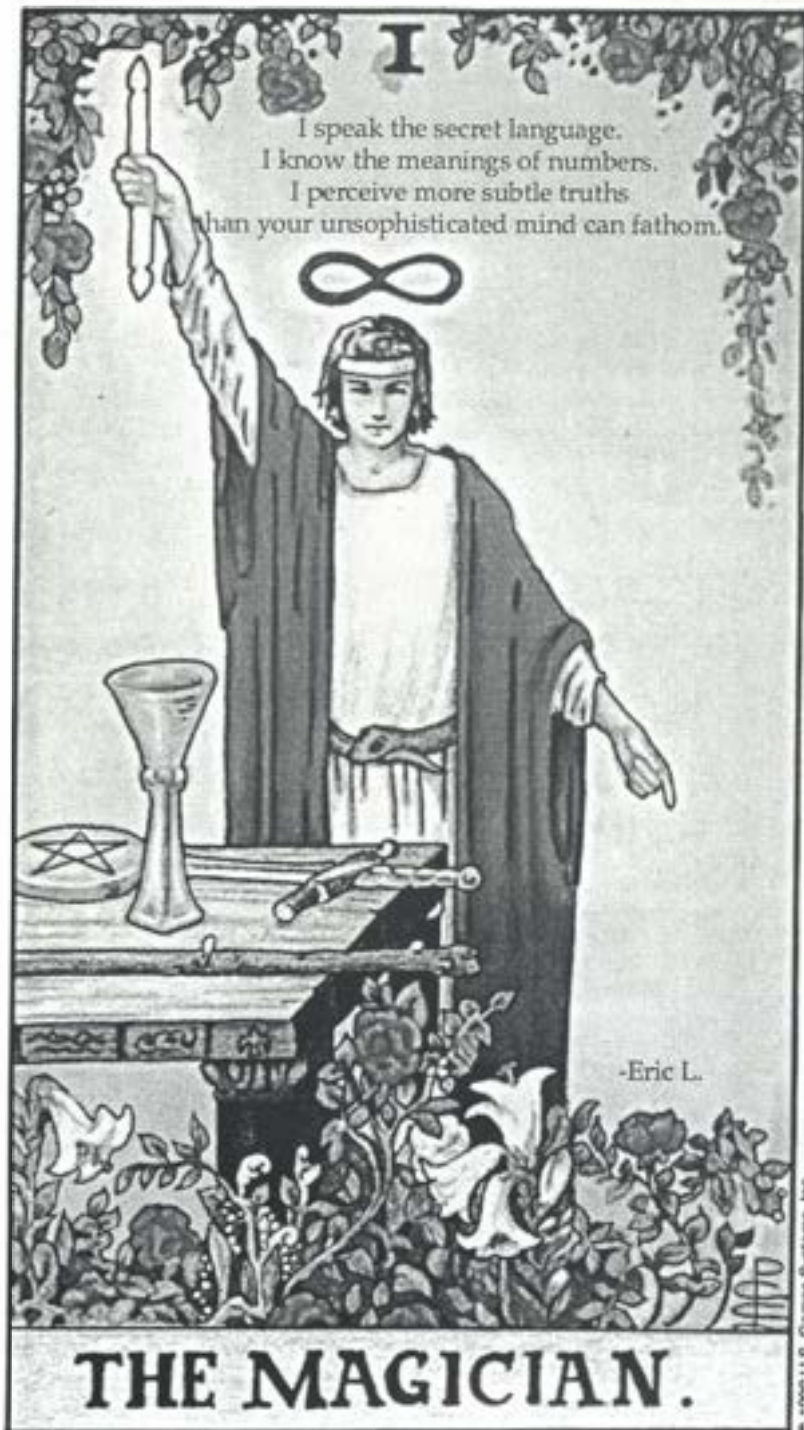
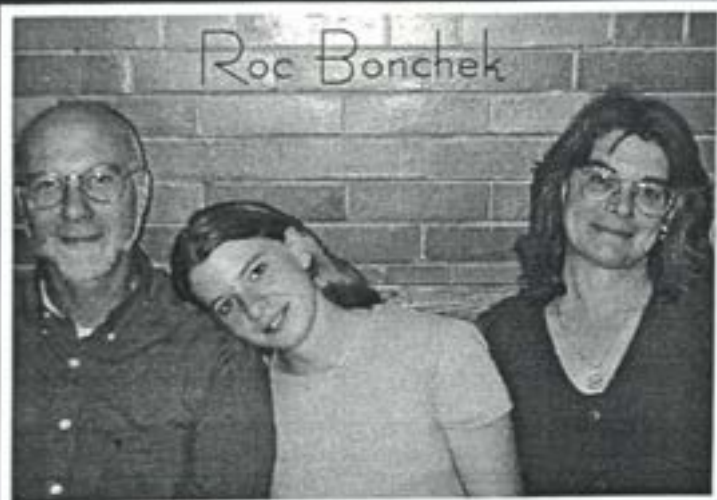


*She was a beautiful woman
dragging a crippled foot and I
was that foot. I was bricks sewn
into the hem of her clothes,
I was a steel dress.*

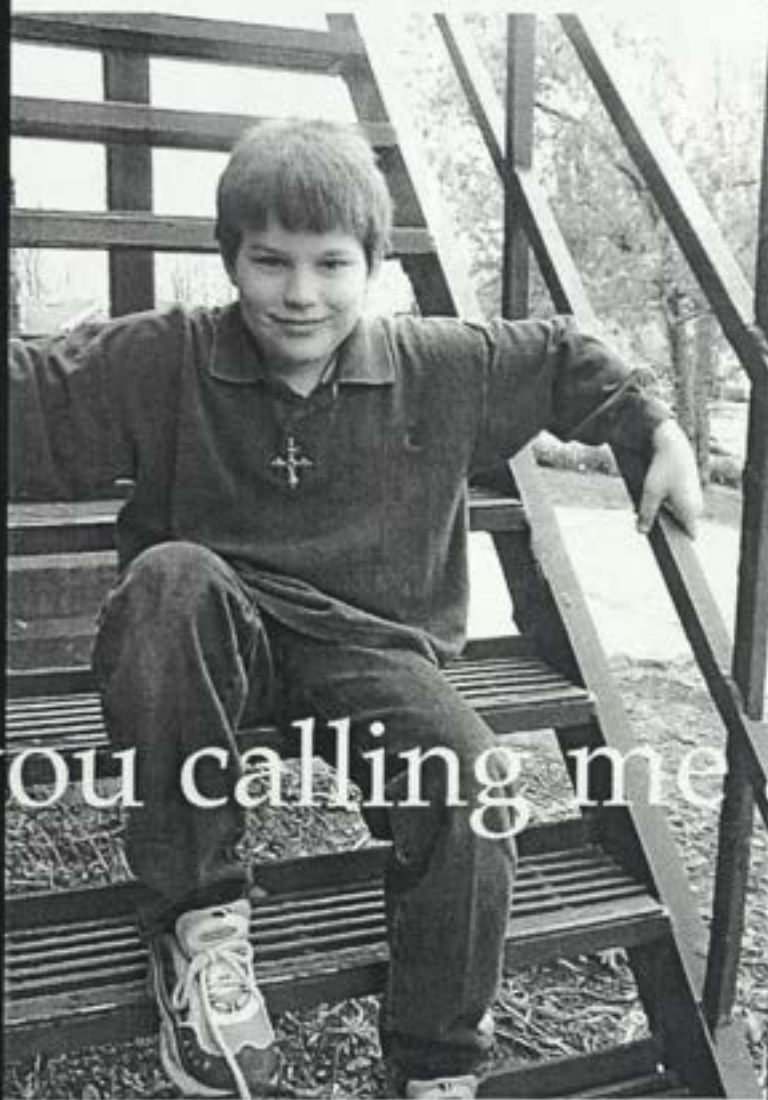




25 years and
it's still alright.



Nolan

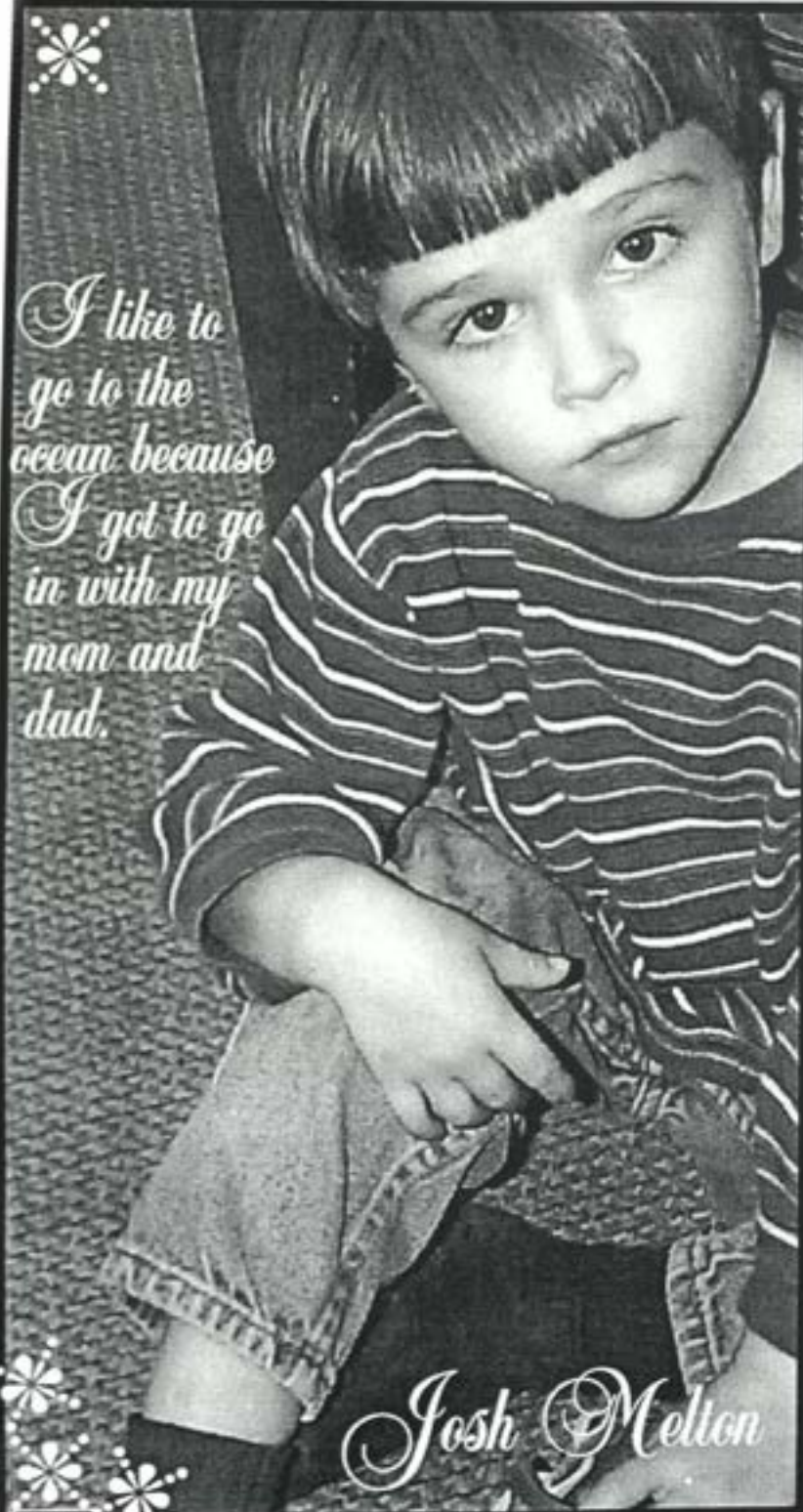


Moss



Are you calling me a pig?





*I like to
go to the
ocean because
I got to go
in with my
mom and
dad.*

Josh Melton



*Tasha
Hastings-Heinz*

*I
can
pick
mushrooms!!!!*

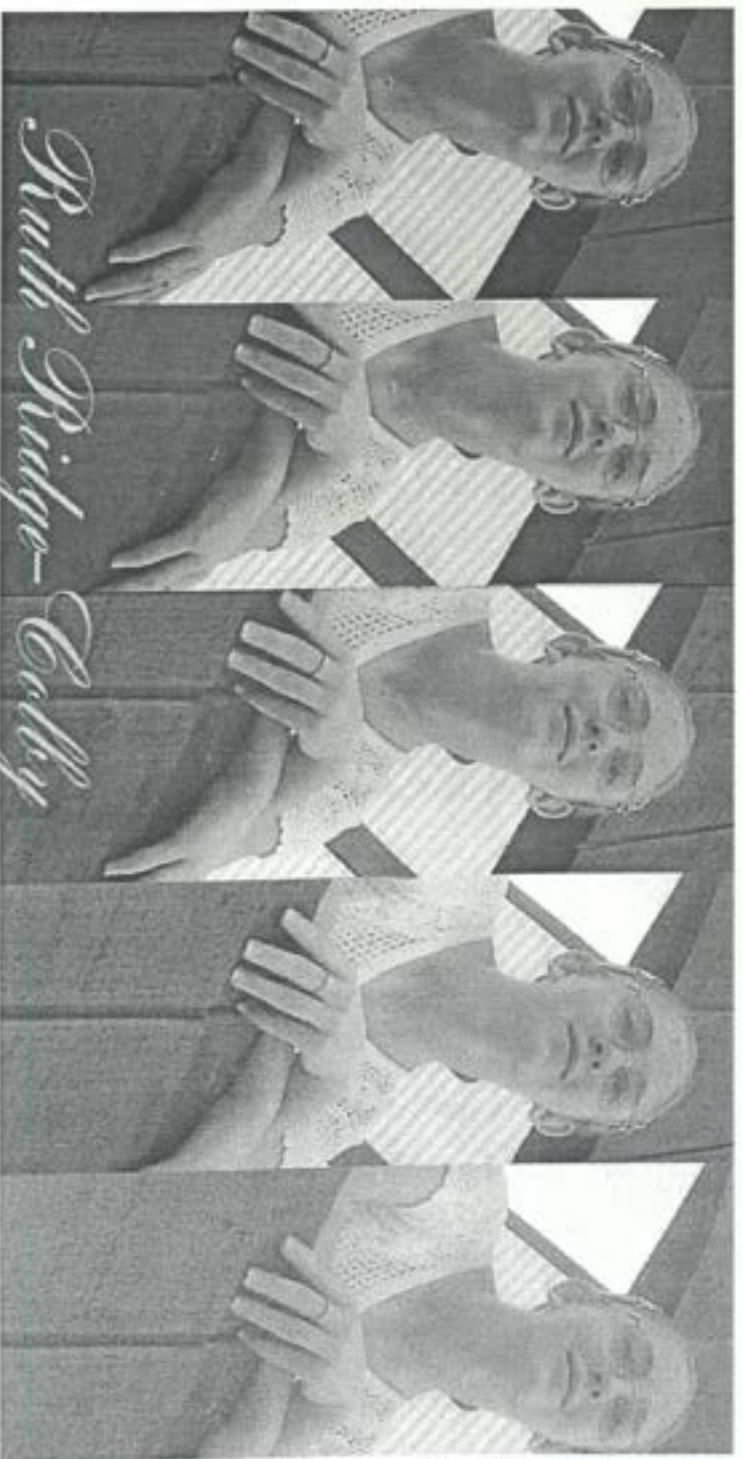
JOSH DAVID



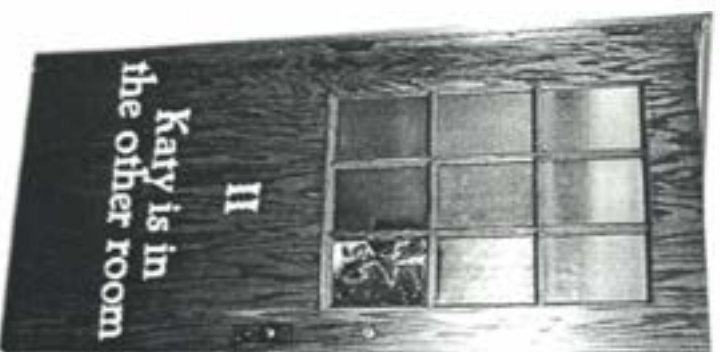
CAMERON MATTOON

THAT'S
ONE
BIG
BAG!!

ALEX WATT



In this trial,
the king explained
that, again, the
signs were either
both true or both
false.
Here are the signs:



Does the first room
contain Katy
or a tiger?
What about
the other room?

Katy Pruthi

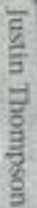


**ANDREW
SAUCIER**

**DAVID
GOODMAN**

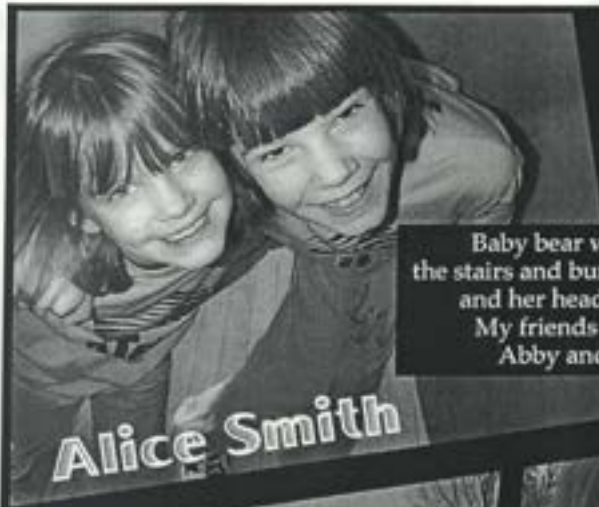
**OWEN-
FRESH-
POSTHUMA**

BEHOLD THE POWER OF ONIONS



Justin Thompson





Alice Smith



Kelsey Miller

Baby bear walked up the stairs and bumped her head, and her head was dead. My friends are Alice, Abby and Jessi.

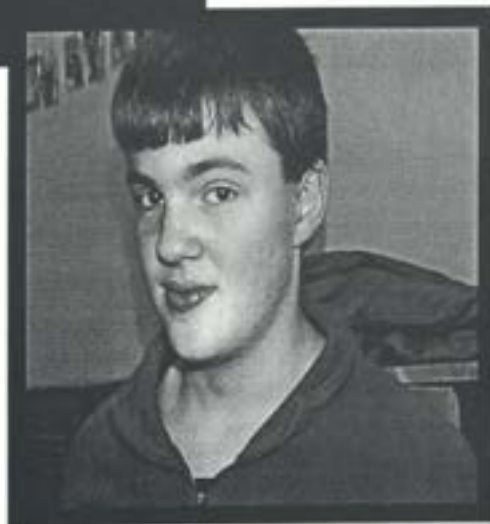


Hi, my name is Alice. There are five kids in my family. Their names are Julie, Laura, Michelle, Lisa and of course me. My favorite sport is volleyball. I play on a team with Kelsey and Abby. My two favorite authors are Roald Dahl and Barbara Park. Barbara Park writes Junnie B. Jones books. That's all. Bye

Rob Council



Joel Dygard



Why even bother?

There isn't a point anyway

Andrew Black





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BIM

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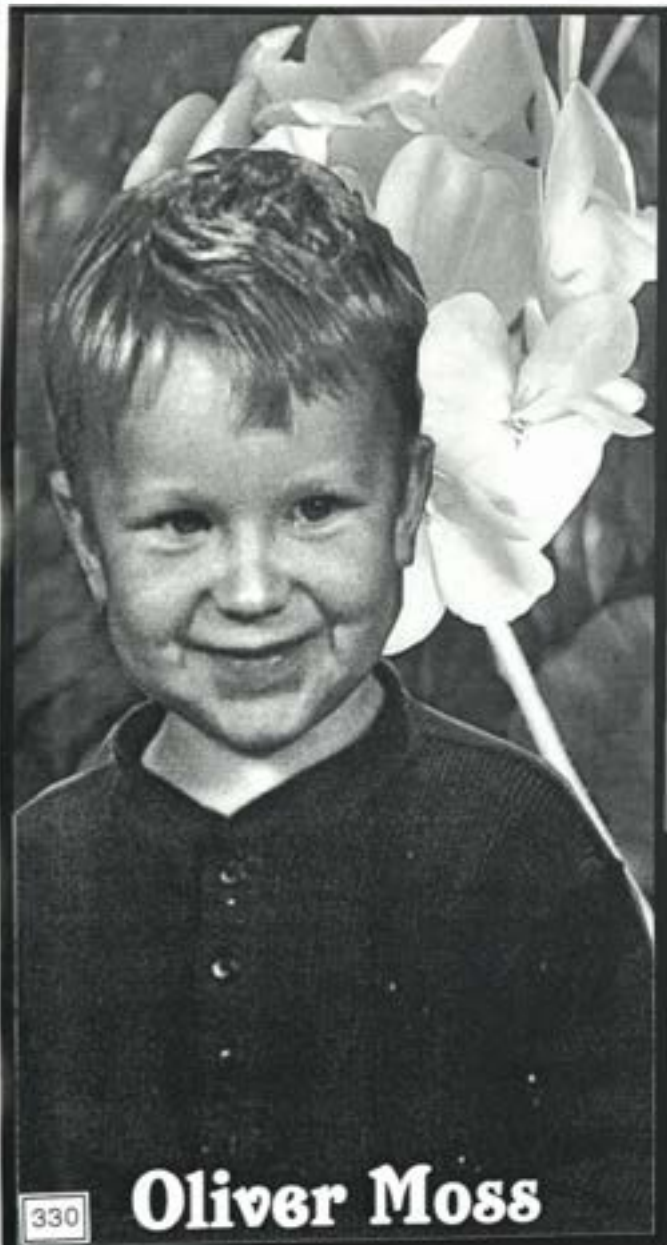
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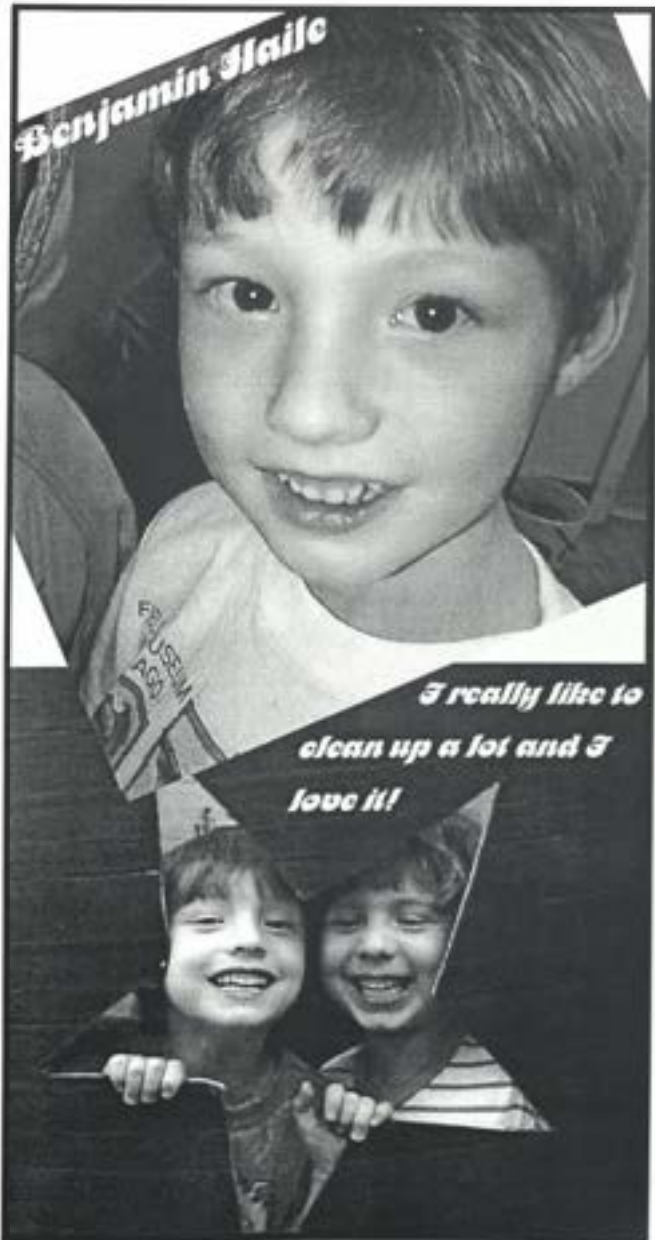
*Iron & Steel
*Aluminum
*Copper

Roll-off
container
trash
service
for
industrial
and
commercial
accounts.



330

Oliver Moss



Benjamin Hailo

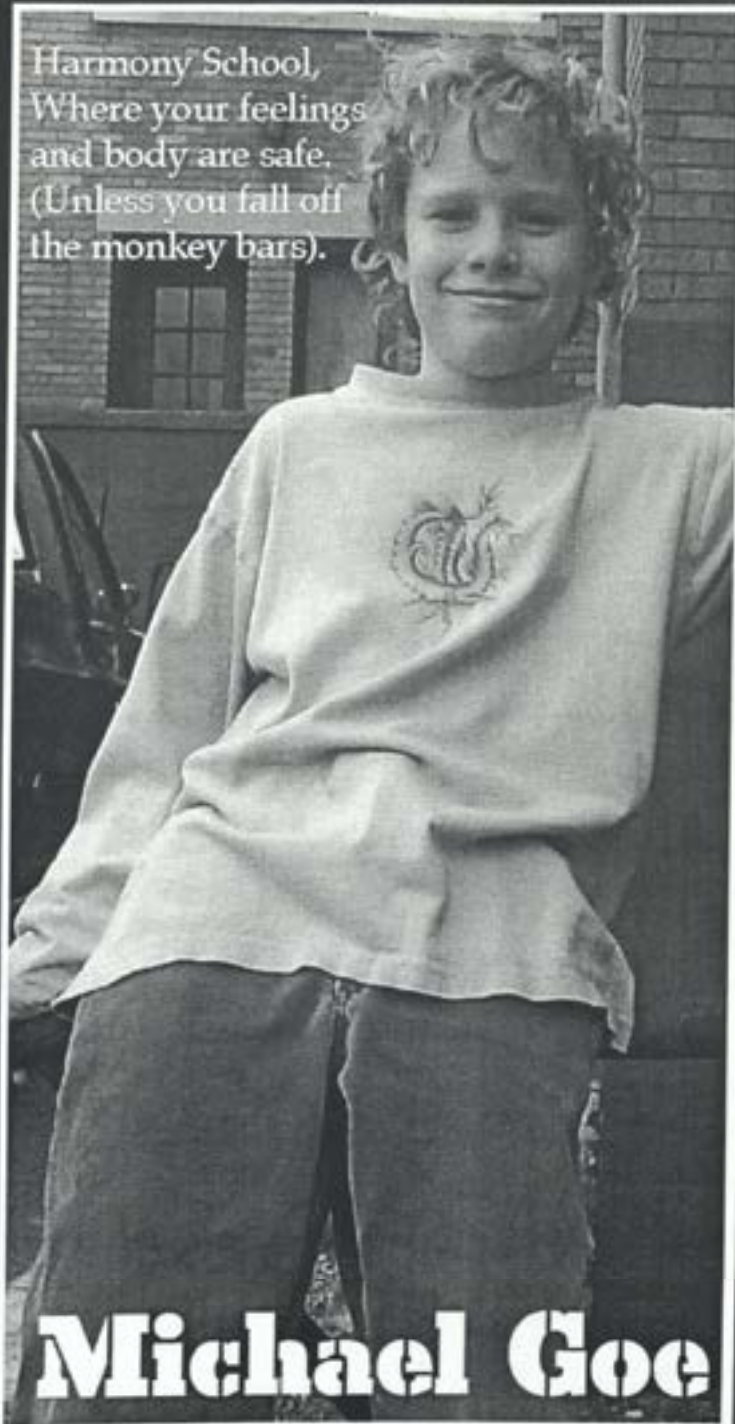
*I really like to
clean up a lot and I
love it!*



Kianna Carlisle



Harmony School,
Where your feelings
and body are safe.
(Unless you fall off
the monkey bars).



Michael Goe



*Señor
cantante
ha sido usted
amable*

*Me ha tocado todo lo
que he pedido*

*Pero si usted no quiere que
me vaya*

*Por
favor
tócame*

ahora "La Papaya."

"La Pediguëña"

Claudio Buchwald



*Damn balls. Stupid clone!
Damn balls. Durp.*

maxx hamilton

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the center
of the Saturday
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Organic Greenhouses

SHE STOOD IN TEARS AMID THE ALIEN CORN
- JOHN KEATS



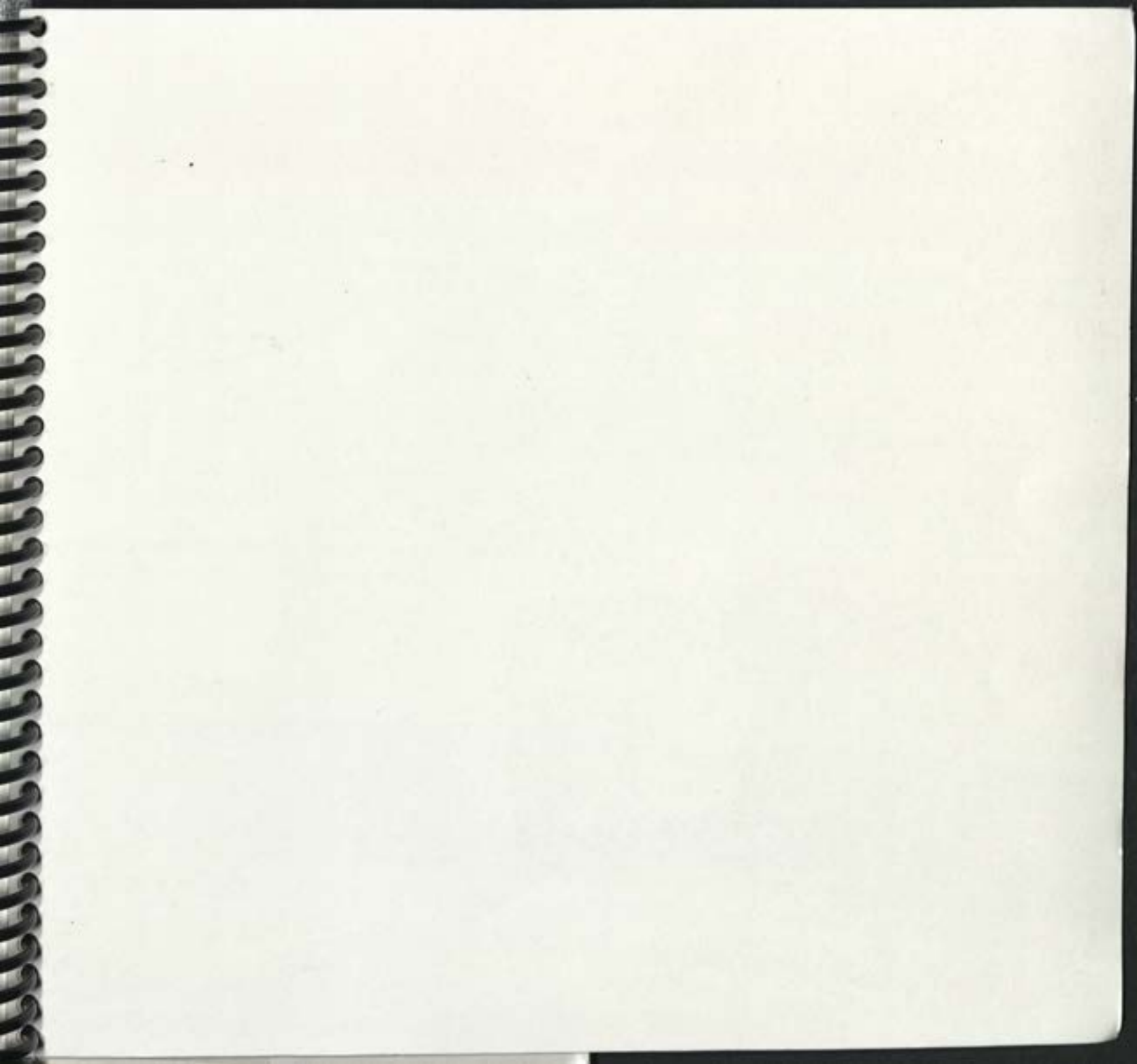
**NO MATTER
HOW THIN YOU
SLICE IT, IT'S
STILL BOLONEY**
-ALFRED SMITH

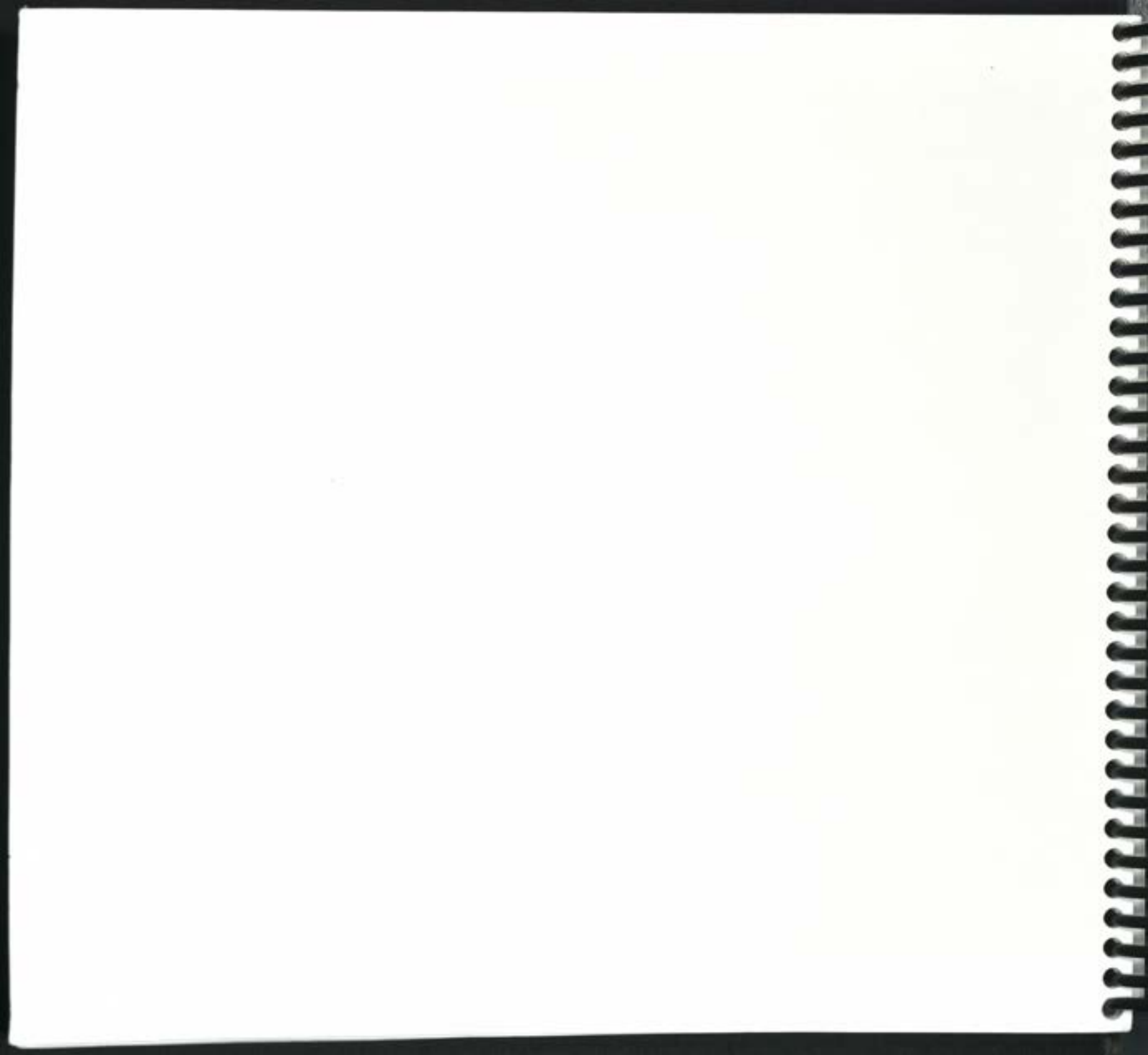
PLAINSIX TROUPE

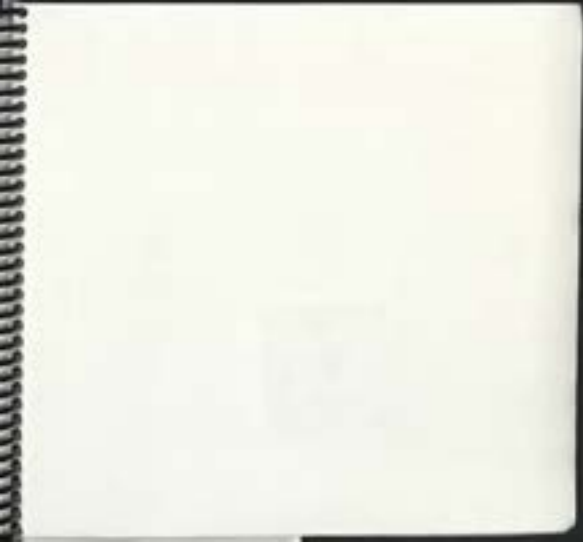


carolyn nash

the end







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