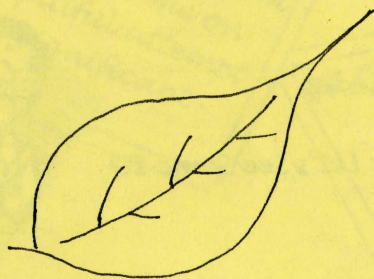


Leafing

t.h.r.o.u.g.h...



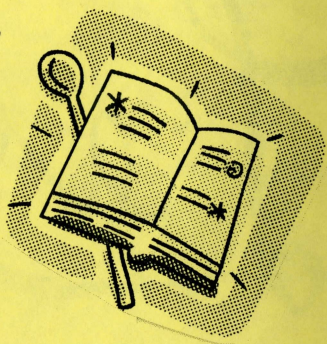
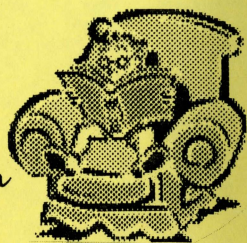
M.A.Y
2003

#BXNCLP**** CAR-RT LOT C-013
Autumn L. Hawes M.a'y
1231 E. Colton Ave.
Redlands, CA 92374 Issue
2003

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M*a*y I*s*s*u*e

IN THIS MONTH'S ISSUE...

FEATURED WRITER

This month's featured writer is Autumn L. Hawes. Name sound familiar? It should. Though still a new to the field, her work has been featured several times in "The Post" and her short fiction pieces have been accepted in three of the volumes compiled by "The Washington Daily." In this issue the promising writer brings us the beginning of a series of stories linked by a note. In this issue, we see how the note gets started and then jump to two of the stories in the series. How does it all work out? You won't know until our series is finished so keep reading!

EDITOR EPISODES

Another journal entry from yours truly. Follow me on yet another pitiful attempt at finding a significant other.



HEALTH: Body and Mind

New tips to help you stay sane and in shape. (You'll need the exercise after you try our great recipes!)

TRIBUTE TO MOMS

May: Mother's day!
A tribute to all the amazing women who have the toughest job of all: raising children.

OLD FAVORITES

Then, of course, there are your old favorites.

Turn the page and enjoy!



What Three Minds Can Come Up With

Brushing her sandy brown hair out of her eyes, she peered out the window. Across the lawn, coming toward her, was a dark figure. She could not see who it was. Standing there, with her arms folded across her chest, she studied the figure. Male, tall, shaggy dark hair. No facial features were visible to her at all.

"What are you doing?"

She jumped and turned to the figure, shocked that he spoke.

"I thought I was imagining you, just like all the other people I see," murmured young Kate.

"Oh, I'm real," he said menacingly, "More real than you should want me to be."

"So, I'm not seeing things? I don't hear voices like my mom tells me?"

"Of course not." The man grinned foolishly. "Why would you think that I could be imagined?"

"You're right," said the girl. "I mean, at first I wondered why you were wearing a clown suit in the middle of the night, but you must be on the way to a party."

"Hmmm," murmured the man. "Am I dressed as a clown? I thought that the wig and suspenders were natural."

"Well, yes I suppose so, but do you always carry balloons in your pockets and call that natural?"

There was no answer. The girl turned for a moment, startled by a sound behind her. When her eyes returned to the man, she found a man no more. Instead, there lay in a pile a wig, balloons, and suspenders. Sitting on top was a lazy looking grey cat with shiny yellow eyes. Backing up against the wall she wondered if she had encountered some sort of mystic person.



* ~~~~~ *

"What a strange day this has been indeed!" Kate muttered to herself, completely unaware of the sinister figure eyeing her from the behind the curtains of the upstairs window.



"Yes girlie, these days are strange, and will get stranger still if you're not careful," the faceless figure murmured softly to itself before laughing *in a sinister voice indeed. In fact it laughed so loudly and so long that Kate looked around and, with raised eyebrows, examined the darkened window above her.*

The man stopped laughing and, fearful of being discovered, started meowing frantically. He did not consider or take time to realize that Kate loved cats.

"Oh no!" she cried, "That poor cat sounds like it's in trouble!"

So saying, she began to climb the tree near the window, keeping an eye out for the poor distressed cat.



The man stopped meowing, and made a dash for the hallway, but it was too late. Kate had reached the top of the tree and caught a glimpse of his retreating form and called after him.

"Hey! Don't I know you?"

"No!" he shouted behind him, forgetting himself. He raced away and turned the corner towards the stairs. He was breathing heavily.

"Wait!" Kate cried. She couldn't understand anything that was going on but she was sure that the creature/man whatever it was that voice belonged to had to know. As she rounded that last corner, hot in pursuit, she slipped and fell-her head hit the floor and blackness set in.

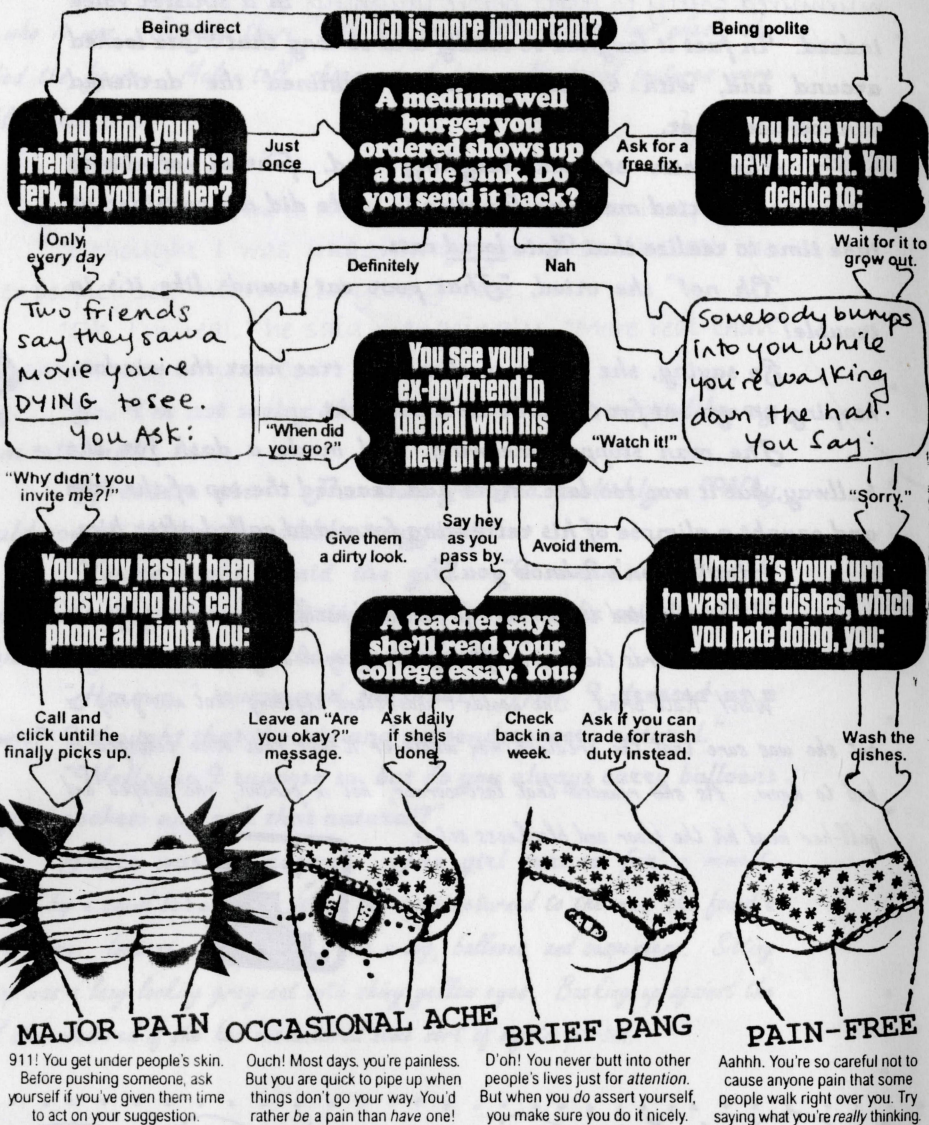


QUIZ

are you a pain in the butt?

Find out if you're high maintenance or just getting a *bum* rap. By Laura Gilbert

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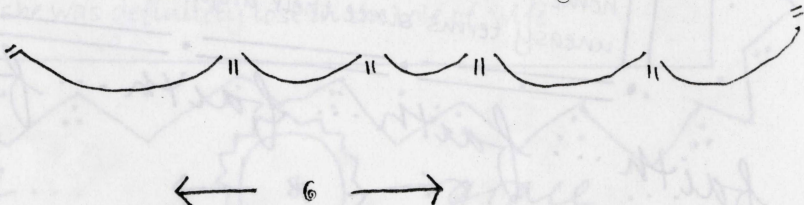
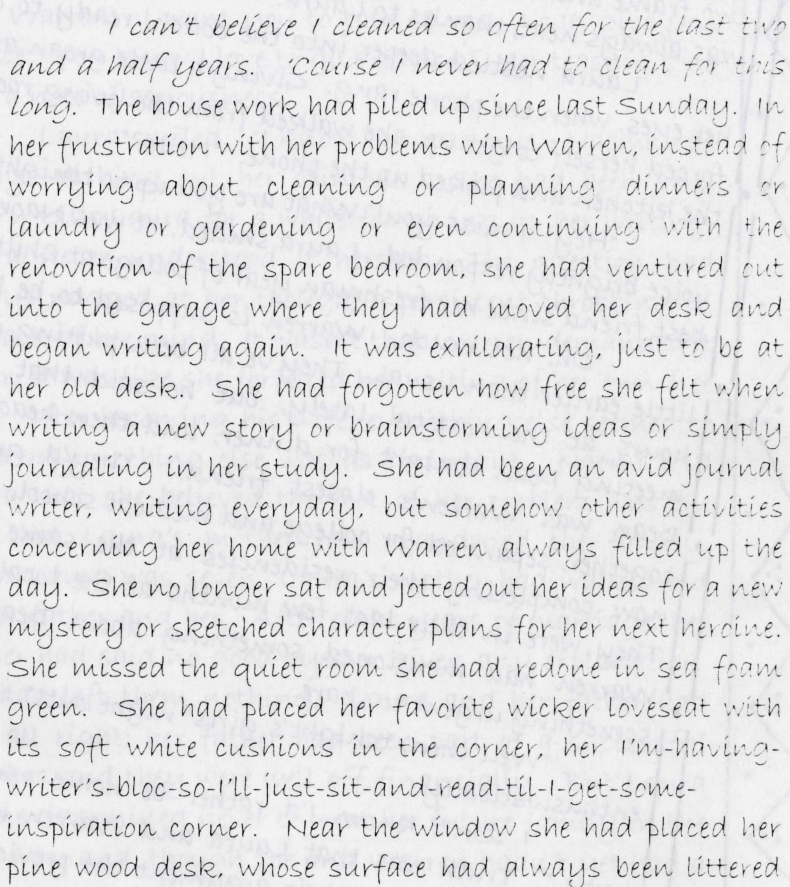


CG! BEAUTY BUZZ "Glitter never goes out. To me, all roads lead to glitter." — Drew Barrymore, actor

Laura

Laura heaved a sigh of relief as she fell into a comfortable seat on the soft blue couch. She slouched down and lifted her aching feet to rest on the edge of the coffee table. She lifted her long, light brown hair away

Laura heaved a sigh of relief as she fell into a comfortable seat on the soft blue couch. She slouched down and lifted her aching feet to rest on the edge of the coffee table. She lifted her long, light brown hair away from her neck in an attempt to cool down a bit. She'd been cleaning since ten that morning and it was now close to two.



faith... faith... faith... faith...

with stacks of paper and post-it notes that had covered the container of pens, the phone and, sometimes, the keyboard of her computer. It had been her private place. The study had since been transformed into Warren's study, the sea foam green walls barely noticeable behind the dark wood bookshelves filled with his medical reference books. There now sat a large leather chair that suited Warren's six-foot-two frame and a massive desk near the window. The room was always neat, thanks to Laura.

Laura nestled deeper into the couch, ready to close her eyes, when the phone rang. Giving a little groan as she forced herself to get up, she walked from the living room to the kitchen and picked up the phone. "Hello?"

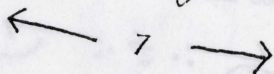
"Hey! I miss you! What are you up to tonight?" the voice brightly responded. Laura smiled. It was Naomi, her best friend since her freshman year of college at Chilton.

"Oh, not much. Warren is supposed to be home a little earlier than usual. They've all been putting in long hours at the hospital lately, but he said that he was meeting Dean tonight for dinner, and then head home." Dean was Warren's closest friend. They'd grown up together, separated for college and medical school, and were now completing their residencies at the same hospital. They were in their last few months at the local hospital. Warren had mentioned something about Dean having something urgent to share.

"Well then, tonight's girls' night out!" Naomi said enthusiastically.

"I don't know...I'd rather be home when he gets home." Truth was that Laura and Warren had been on uneasy terms since their argument the previous Sunday

faith... faith... faith... faith...



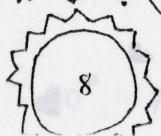
grace... grace... grace... grace

and this was the first chance to talk to him. He'd been working so much and coming home dead tired, only to fall into bed and sleep until he had to get up and go back to the hospital.

"Please? I haven't seen you in so long. We've barely even talked in the last month! I was so surprised when you called me on Monday. I'm worried about you and Warren. I want you to talk to me. I can give you advice. You know I love to give advice." Her teasing tone held a note of seriousness.

Laura smiled. "I know." It was true. Naomi was always dishing out her opinions. She had been very angry with Laura for a while for giving up her writing. Laura never understood it herself. The question had always nagged at her though, a persistent throbbing in the back of her mind. It wasn't that Warren demanded it of her; it was like she forfeited her writing of her own free will. After becoming his wife, everything else seemed to fall away; nothing else was as important. Naomi told Laura that she believed the root of her problem was the fact that Laura's mother had abandoned the family. When Laura was seven, Laura's mother had walked out on her father and her. After eight years of marriage, her mother had said no good-byes or given any explanation. She had left them nothing. Laura and her father had been all right; her father had been part of a successful business and they were well off financially. But Laura became determined never to treat her future family in the same way and, though she and Warren hadn't yet had a baby, she was definitely lost in the role of 'wife.'

grace...



grace...

Laura let Naomi analyze all she wanted. Whatever the reason, after Laura and Warren were married, it was like being Warren's wife became her whole purpose. It consumed her. She stopped writing because she was always too busy cleaning the house for guests or planning for a party or calling to RSVP for someone else's party or doing the laundry or buying more perfect things to fill their perfect house or making sure she had lunch for him during his quick break or dinner in the oven by the time he arrived home. Funny thing was that he didn't always make it home for those meals. A doctor's hours at a hospital are never set in stone. But she was always waiting.

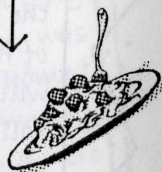
"Hello? HELLO? Are you still there?" Naomi's voice interrupted Laura's thoughts.

"I'm sorry, yes, I'm here. What were you saying?"

"Dinner, tonight. Just us. We won't be home that late. We'll get home before Warren gets home," Naomi promised, "He's got his own dinner date anyway. Come on, please? We'll go to that new Thai restaurant everyone says is so good. I think it's called 'Pailin Restaurant'. I want to try this new pasta-like dish they have. It's this spicy yet sweet mixture of shrimp and tofu fried with garlic and onion in a great sauce. My mother raved about it when I visited her last weekend. I know you love to try new dishes and you love hanging out with me. It's a great combination."

Laura had to smile. Naomi was trying so hard. Still, Laura, keeping her voice kind yet firm, replied, "I'm sorry...it's just not a good night for me."

honesty... honesty...



honesty... honesty

Kindness...

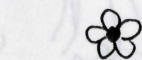
Naomi sighed. She was quite determined to continue trying to convince Laura to go but instead she answered, "Okay. I understand. I'll be calling you soon though and I won't accept any excuses!"

"Thanks Naomi. Some other night would be much better and we'll catch up then, okay?"

"Okay. I'm holding you to that. Call me if you need anything, okay? Or just to talk. You know I'm here."



"I know." Laura hung up after saying goodbye and walked back to the couch and plopped down onto the deep cushions. Her eyes surveyed the now tidy room with all its matching furniture and simple elegance. They came to rest on the picture resting on the mantle above the fireplace. It was her and Warren, walking hand in hand through the doors of the grand ballroom they had rented out for their elegant wedding reception. Her blue eyes, never leaving his deep brown ones, had never shined with so much happiness as they did that day. She gave him all of herself. They had married only six months after meeting for the first time. He had that irresistible charm that drew everyone, especially the women, to him with his fine blond hair, warm smile and intense brown eyes. She had just graduated a few months before, a creative writing major at Chilton, trying to get her work read by publishers. He was in his last year of med school and just...perfect. They had literally bumped into each other on the corner of 3rd and Breeze Lane, spilling coffee all over each other. Laura had surprised Warren by laughing heartily and he asked her out for coffee later that afternoon. She agreed and they not only met for



Kindness...

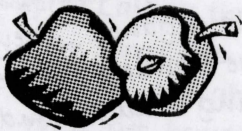
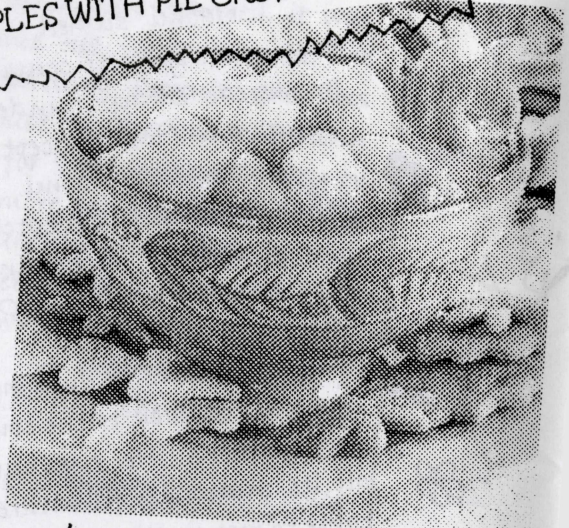
Kindness...

Reader Recipe

HOT CARAMELED APPLES WITH PIE CRUST DIPPERS

Estimated Times

Preparation Time: 10 mins.
Cooking Time: 15 mins.



* Ingredients

- *3 package (12 oz) Stouffer's Harvest Apples, prepared according to package directions, kept hot
- *1 refrigerated pastry for double crust 9-inch pie, rolled to 1/8-inch thickness
- *1/2 cup of cinnamon-sugar
- *2/3 cup of caramel ice-cream topping
- *1/3 cup of sour cream

* Directions

FOR PIE CRUST DIPPERS:

- *preheat oven to 450° Fahrenheit
- *cut pastry using cookie cutters into festive shapes; sprinkle with cinnamon sugar. Place on baking sheet.

- *bake for 5 to 7 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool on wire rack.

FOR CARAMELLED APPLES:

- *combine escalloped apples, caramel topping and sour cream in a medium bowl. Serve warm with pie crust dippers.



yum!

serves: 10 * 11 *

cherish... cherish... cherish...

coffee, they met for dinner as well. It was dinner again the next night, and the night after that, and the night after that, and, well, as they say, the rest is history. They married as soon as he graduated medical school and, a few months later, he began his residency. Laura, without realizing, began to disappear. She was more "Warren's wife" than Laura. Her passions, her writing: she lost these as she strove to be the best wife for Warren.

Laura shifted on the couch. She drew her knees up to her chest as she began to replay their argument in her mind as she had a hundred times already.

"I just hate how you're never home. It's like I'm living alone!" Laura started.

"You knew when you married me that I'd be a doctor and that I wouldn't be able to be home all the time. You knew what it meant to be a doctor's wife."

"But I feel like you don't even pay attention or take notice of anything anymore. I mean, I gave up everything for you, my writing, my dreams, my—"

"Did I ever ask you to give up anything? No! You decided that. I never once told you to quit writing. I knew how much it meant to you. But it's like you changed. You became a completely different person. Who asked you to be my echo? Or my housekeeper? That's not what I wanted when I asked you to marry me!" With that, his face changed as he took in what he said, and then muttered something about needing to rest before he needed to be back at the hospital, and left her to go to sleep.

Laura was confused and hurt. *This is not where I was going with this. But then, I don't even know where I*



friendship...

deep blue silk shirt with a low scoop neckline, a long, slimming black skirt that lengthened her short figure. As her only jewelry she wore her white gold, diamond studded wedding band and a matching thin, white gold chain with a small diamond pendant about her neck. It sparkled as she turned to Laura expectantly.

"I thought we decided we wouldn't--" Laura started.

"No, you decided we wouldn't get together tonight. I decided that tonight-you don't have a choice." Smiling widely, Naomi motioned towards the stairs up to Laura and Warren's bedroom. Laura groaned but nonetheless moved toward the stairs. Naomi stopped her.

"You aren't mad, are you? I'm really worried. I just thought that you could really use a girl's night out and I thought you'd be happy to see me..." Naomi softly trailed off as Laura reached out to touch her arm.

"I'm glad you came." The women smiled at each other and, arm in arm, continued up the stairs.

"In that case, I think you should wear that adorable grey skirt of yours and the velvet top I saw you in at the last party..." Naomi helped Laura get ready, and, twenty minutes later, they were in Naomi's car heading towards the restaurant.

Naomi kept up steady chatter during the ride, filling Laura in about her two girls, Ariel, 3, and Leah, 1. Laura sat back and watched Naomi's face light up as she talked of her girls' antics and her husband Charlie and how he had surprised her the weekend before with the diamond pendant she now wore. He had said that there wasn't any occasion for it except that she always made him feel so special and he wanted her to have something to

friendship...

trust...

make her feel half as special as he did. Naomi kept up her chatter and before Laura realized it, they were at the restaurant.



Stepping out of the car, they crossed the street and walked up the steps into the trendy restaurant. Above the doorway, 'Pailin Restaurant' was written in fancy lettering. "I made reservations so we wouldn't have to wait. Come on, I want us to have a good long talk," said Naomi to Laura as they walked up the steps into the restaurant.

Inside, the lighting was dim and candles were lit on each table. The tables themselves were small, mostly seating only two with the exception of a few larger tables towards the back. The sleek black chairs were tucked underneath deep purple tablecloths. Exotic plants, mostly with delicate purple and white flowers, filled the room. Partitions were set up to divide the dining area into sections and allow some private corners. Laura and Naomi walked up to the two hosts standing behind an intricately carved deep brown podium.

"Reservation for two under Silverm-Ow!" Naomi stopped mid-sentence in response to Laura's sudden grip on her arm. "Why are you gra-" Naomi stopped again as her eyes followed Laura's to find Warren's familiar warm smile and fine blond hair seated at a table near the back. The smile was directed at the blonde seated across from him.

Laura froze. She couldn't move, couldn't think. Her feet were glued to the floor and she had one hand at her side, clutching her purse, the other on Naomi's arm, squeezing so tight her knuckles were white. She could

trust... trust

hope . . . hope . . . hope . . .

only stare at Warren and that...that woman. The woman tossed her blonde hair over her shoulder and crossed her long legs. Apparently, Warren had just told a rather funny story, for the woman's soft, melodic laughter floated to where Laura and Naomi stood.

"Why that no good, lousy, two-timing jerk-," Naomi muttered as she steeled herself and immediately started to make her way towards Warren and the woman. Laura stopped her.

"Laura, honey-" Naomi started, struggling slightly.

"We need to leave." Laura spoke quietly but determinedly. Sensing no response from her friend, she turned and looked Naomi in the eye. "Now."

Naomi hesitated and looked again at Warren and the woman. There was fire in her hazel eyes but they softened as she looked back at Laura, taking her in. Naomi finally nodded and took Laura's arm and led her out of the restaurant. They made their way back to the car but Naomi didn't turn the engine on. Before she could say anything, Laura, still pale, spoke. "Please. Just drive me back."

"She's not pretty at all, you know. She's got fake beauty. Over-teased her hair and used cheap blonde dye that doesn't hide her dark roots. I don't know what's going on or what he's thinking." Naomi rushed these words out, riled up about what had just taken place. Before continuing, Naomi turned to her friend and, upon seeing the pale and weary looking Laura, fought the urge to give Laura more opinions. She drove Laura home in silence.



... hope

... hope

truth... truth...

glancing over every now and then but unable to get a good look at Laura, who was facing the passing scenery.

Upon arriving at Laura's house, Naomi walked Laura up to the front door and tried to think of some comforting words she could offer. Naomi placed her hand on Laura's arm before she could unlock the door. "Look.

I've had this whole ride home to think about it. Yes, something is up. And if he's cheating on you he's got me to answer to. But there's a chance, however tiny, that there's an explanation for it. I know he loves you. He must. I can't believe that two people as in love as you were could ever fall out of love." She paused, unsure whether to go on, for Laura had not looked away from the keyhole the entire time Naomi had been talking. "Something has been bothering the both of you lately; I could tell by the way you talked about him when you called me Monday.

Just...don't give up without giving him a chance, okay?" Again, Naomi hesitated, not sure how to go on. "Would you like me to come in and keep you company?"

Laura didn't respond for a moment. Then, shaking her head 'no', she gave Naomi's hand a quick squeeze and replied, "Girl's night out some other time, okay?"

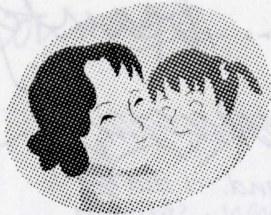
Naomi nodded slightly. Giving Laura a little smile, she answered back, "Of course. Never forget I'm here. I'll call you tomorrow." With that, she hugged Laura tightly and set off down the brick walkway back to her car.

Laura walked in the front door, shut it, and then let herself slide down to the floor. In a heap by the door, she wept.

truth...



cor 12 cor 19



For Mother's Day



Moms Aren't

*Moms aren't supposed to worry
As you embark upon your life
Moms aren't supposed to wonder
How you will handle all the strife*



*Moms aren't supposed to shed some tears
As you're walking out the door
Moms aren't supposed to think somehow
They could have loved you more*

*Moms aren't supposed to feel a loss
With your empty room nearby
Moms aren't supposed to notice
How fast the years can fly*



*But you've a mom who's always done
What she's not supposed to do
So be it here, there or anywhere
She'll always be with you*



beauty... beauty... beauty...

How could he do this? I don't understand. I did everything for him. Everything. The throbbing in her head persisted as she replayed the scene of Warren smiling and laughing with the beautiful blonde woman. Does he not love me anymore? I can't believe he lied to me! He was supposed to be with Dean... Her thoughts swirled together as she fought the anger she felt in her shaking hands and the pain she suffered in her chest.

Later, when she could weep no longer, she managed to pick herself up and make her way towards the stairs. Once she reached the banister however, she glanced over into Warren's study. Instead of continuing up the stairs, she turned and walked into the study, letting her eyes survey the room. She walked near the bookshelves, her fingers passing over the heavy volumes on the shelves. She then began to pull the books off the shelves to form careless heaps on the ground. Before she had emptied all the shelves she moved past the desk to the window and yanked the dark curtains down and shoved them aside. She cleared the desk in one steady sweep of her arm, sending the metal container of pens, Warren's calendar and address book and loose papers to the floor. All that remained on the desk were a few photos of her and Warren. She continued about the room in a frenzy, not quite sure what she wanted to do and yet confident in her actions.

When Warren came home an hour and a half later, he found Laura seated on her wicker loveseat, nestled in stacks of paper, bookshelves around the room empty, books scattered in large piles on the floor, his desk empty, the chair missing. Laura was writing in her journal.



beauty... beauty...



Courage... courage... courage...

"Laura? What are you doing?" Warren asked. Laura didn't glance up from her journal. She was struggling to control her face. A lump was forming in her throat and her blue eyes threatened to overflow with tears.

"How was your dinner with Dean?" she responded instead, still not glancing up from the journal in her lap.

"Just fine. It was good to meet with him. Haven't talked with him in—"

"Liar." Laura spoke the word quietly, but clearly. Warren stopped.

"Excuse me?"

"I said, liar. I saw you. I saw you with her. That blonde woman. Don't you dare stand there and lie to me, Warren McKane!"

Warren's face became confused as he tried to make sense of what Laura was saying. Suddenly it registered. But before he could speak, Laura interrupted.

"I have been the best wife any man could ask for. I did everything for you, tried to do or be anything you wanted. DON'T!" Warren had taken a step forward but he withdrew back a step, surprised at the intensity of Laura's exclamation. She continued, "You never had to worry about anything. Every night when you're done at the hospital, you have a home to come back to. Not a house, a home. That's because of me." Laura stopped. The words were spilling out so fast she needed a breath. "Why, Warren? How? How could you be unfaithful to me?" Laura's features softened as she felt the lump rising in her throat. She didn't protest as Warren moved

Courage...



Courage...

Serenity... Serenity...

...towards her and knelt before her. Taking her face in his hands, he lifted her face.

"Look at me," he gently demanded. She allowed him to lift her face but she continued to avert her eyes and did not move toward him.

"I'm not having an affair." The words hung in the air for a moment. "You were at the Thai restaurant tonight?" Laura nodded slightly. "I was with Dean. The woman you saw—that's his fiancé."

Laura was stunned. His fiancé... She was suddenly very confused. Warren nodded, seeing the change in expression that flitted across Laura's face. "That's why Dean was so anxious to see me. He's getting married and he wanted me to meet the woman who was making him so happy. Her name is Chloe." Warren paused to think for a moment. "You must have seen us when Dean left to take a phone call. I spent the time that he was away telling her about how you and I met. Our coffee accident, remember?"

Laura was dumbfounded. All the intensity of the emotions she'd been feeling for most of the evening seem to drain away. She looked down and began to cry. "With you being... gone so much... and our fight last Sunday... it just fit that the reason... was because you were having an affair." She managed to speak while controlling her sobs. Warren quickly moved up into the seat beside Laura, pushing the papers to the ground, and pulled her into a tight embrace. "Laura, I love you." He lifted her chin and looked at her. "I love you," he repeated. "It's just that I hardly recognize you sometimes. What I said last Sunday, I meant. I don't need you to do things for me all

Serenity...

Serenity...

...Serenity

Tenderness...

the time. I need you. Not a housekeeper or even a secretary and certainly not an echo. I asked you to be my wife over two years ago because you made me happy. You and your quirky ways and your amazing talent. I was mostly happy because I knew that you loved me. Don't you see?"

Laura took a deep breath, her mind reeling as she listened to everything Warren was saying. She just felt immense relief. He still loved her. There was an indescribable feeling of joy and strength flowing through her body. She looked at him, a smile forming around the corner of her lips.

"This is my study," she said. Surprised at first, then smiling as well, Warren laughed.

"That it is."

Laura sat back in the chair at her desk, relaxing for a moment as she gazed out the window. She was working on a series of short mysteries to be compiled into an anthology. Seven months had passed since the night of the Thai restaurant. In that time she had returned to her writing again, diligently. The past months had been very fruitful for her career. Not just her career but for her and Warren as well. Laura was three months pregnant. Warren had been so excited to find out. They had already been over several names. Naomi, once she found out, had immediately suggested Naomi Lynn. Laura smiled, recalling the enthusiasm with which Naomi had recommended the name. Warren had been standing

Tenderness... Tenderness...

...Tenderness

Tenderness

dream... dream...

behind Naomi, persistently mouthing 'NO' the entire time.

Laura placed her hands on her tummy and tried to imagine what her future daughter or son would be like. It's going to be so hard to teach them everything I want them to know she thought. A thought struck her and she immediately pulled out a small, lavender colored pad of paper out of her desk drawer looked over what she had already written. The week before, she had begun a list of what she wanted her future child to know. Whenever an idea came to her, she would take out her pad and write it down. So far the list only had four items: Always try harder. Know you have worth. Dream your own dreams, and dream big. Run in the rain once in awhile. She added one more. Learn to trust completely.

Satisfied, she put her pad of paper back into the drawer and began to dream about the life growing within her.



dream... dream... dream...



* Munchie of the Month

ROCKYROAD FUDGE

Estimated Times

Preparation time: 10 mins.
Cooking time: 2 mins.
Refrigerating time: 30 mins.



Ingredients

- *2 cups (12 oz pkg) Nestle Toll House Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels
- *1 Can (14 oz) Nestle Carnation Sweetened Condensed Milk
- *1 teaspoon Vanilla extract
- *3 cups miniature marshmallows
- *1 1/2 cups coarsely chopped walnuts



Directions

- *line 13x9-inch baking pan with foil; grease lightly
- *microwave morsels and sweetened condensed milk in large, microwave-safe bowl on HIGH (100%) power for 1 minute; stir. Microwave at additional 10- to 20-second intervals, stirring until smooth. Stir in vanilla extract. Fold in marshmallows and nuts.
- *press mixture into prepared baking pan. Refrigerate until ready to serve. Lift from pan, remove foil. Cut into pieces.

yield: 48 pieces

So cccccc...fudge!
good!

Nicholas

7:18 PM.

Nicholas Levin was almost finished with his rounds in the art building at Fremont High School. He swept along the tiled floor past the student wall where small collages, photographs, mosaics, various sketches, and paintings hung. The bulletin board a few feet down had neon colored flyers with information about upcoming contests for photography and drawings. Across the hall stood the display case filled with work by the students who had received awards. Nestled among the paintings and photographs and sketches were delicate pieces of pottery. Anxious to go home, Nicholas worked rapidly. His rough hands continued to tie up trash bags and grasp the wooden handle of the mop as he neared the end of the hall.

Leaning against the wall for a moment to rest, he wiped his forehead against the sleeve of his faded blue uniform. His thoughts turned to his children. *Little Sydney is already twelve*, he thought, shaking his head. She continued to grow more like Anne with each passing day: her hair lightening, the blue of her eyes deepening into the color of the ocean, her features and movements already hinting at the grace she would possess as a young woman. Daniel would be sixteen soon. Though he was tall like his father and had the same light grey-blue eyes, Daniel looked nothing like him. His features were hardened, eyes angry. Though he was

patience... patience... patience... patience...

patience...



wisdom... wisdom...

wisdom

wisdom

...



wisdom...

→ → → →
still quite young, his manner gave the impression that he was much older. Life can do that to you.

This job seemed to be going well for Nicholas. It was steady. He hated the hours because he could not be there when his children returned home, but it was all he could find. The move had been hard. He remembered the struggle he had with Daniel, who did not care to be uprooted from the only home he'd ever known, where the memories of his mother lingered in the air everywhere he went. But Daniel's reason to stay was a big part of Nicholas' reason to move. The three of them needed a fresh start in order to make it. The memories of Anne had plagued Nicholas in a way he never knew was possible. He once held a very respectable job at the bank in Inglewood, making his way steadily up the ladder, a man with a lovely wife and lovely children. But after the Anne's car accident, he stopped coming to work regularly. He stopped showering or bothering to get dressed. He neglected his children and began drinking for the first time in his life. Sydney and Daniel would often come home to find him passed out in the bedroom, lying in a pile of old photographs of their mother, empty bottles scattered across the floor. For a while, the children tried to help their father. They cleaned up after him, tried to hide the alcohol from him, called him in sick when he didn't get up to go to work. But their efforts weren't enough. When he wasn't drinking, he wasn't alive to the world. Nicholas remained lost

← ← ← ←

understanding...

understanding...

in his own world, a world in which Anne had never left.



A bit of reality hit when he realized he had no more money to buy his liquor; he had lost his job at the bank months before. So he went out and found a new one. He became the cashier at Pete's, the local hardware store. He worked long enough to earn a few paychecks. During that time he sobered up and began to take notice of his children again.

10:36 PM.

Nicholas checked in on Sydney, who had already been asleep for a few hours. Her breathing was quiet and steady, her body rising and falling underneath the pink covers. He looked in Daniel's bedroom and found it empty.

"What is that boy up to at this time of night?" Nicholas asked aloud to no one in particular. He made his way over to the couch and sat down, folding his arms across his chest and planting his feet on the faded brown carpet. He was prepared to wait.

Nicholas waited for two hours.

Just after twelve thirty, Daniel finally walked into the house and saw his father sitting on the couch, staring at the TV. It was off.

"Where the hell have you been?" Nicholas had demanded quietly.

Surprised to see his dad waiting up, Daniel didn't respond for a moment. Then his expression hardened. "I was just down the street at

sacrifice... sacrifice...

Colin's," he answered, the anger creeping into his voice. "I left you a note."

"Oh? And where might this note be?"

Nicholas asked harshly.

Daniel walked over to the refrigerator and ripped the note off the door. Throwing it in his dad's lap, he headed into his room without another word and slammed the door.

Nicholas didn't go after him.

Nicholas started drinking again. When he was having especially difficult days, Sydney and Daniel would go next door to the Lyndes, who had been close to the family when Anne was alive.

Nicholas fell back into his old routine. He soon lost his job at the hardware store. One particularly bad night, when he had finished off most of the alcohol in the house, he looked around the house and realized that he was alone. Staggering over towards the Lynde house next door, he stopped on their lawn. Inside, Sydney and Daniel were eating dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Lynde. It was so familiar. Nicholas saw himself and Anne sitting with the kids in place of Mr. and Mrs. Lynde. He was so overcome with grief he began to cry and, instead of interrupting the scene, made his way back to his own empty home, ashamed of himself and what he had become.

That night, when Sydney and Daniel came home, Nicholas had already fallen asleep. But, when the kids awoke the next morning, they were surprised to find their father already up and dressed, drinking a



sacrifice...

sacrifice... sacrifice...





Quotable Quotes



If there is righteousness in the heart there will be beauty in the character, If there is beauty in the character there will be harmony in the home, If there is harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation, If there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world.

-Shri Sathya Sai Baba

"The ultimate test of a relationship is to disagree but hold hands."

"The only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved... the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars." -Jack Kerouac

CS Lewis: If I find in myself a desire which no experience in this life can satisfy, the most probable explanation is that I was made for another world.

The Fabulous Sinkhole, by Jesus Salvador Trevino:
For those who believe, there will always be miracles. And those unfortunate souls so tainted by the cynicism of the world that they cannot believe are only the lesser for it.

"Just because someone doesn't love you the way you want them to doesn't mean that they don't love you with all they have."

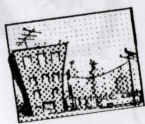
"Absence is to Love what wind is to fire; it extinguishes the small, it enkindles the GREAT."

Comte De Bussy-Rabutin

laughter...

cup of coffee and looking through the ads, in search of a job. Though no one said anything and Sydney and Daniel didn't know what had happened to cause the change in their father, everyone could feel the change.

Things got better after that. The only problem was that it was difficult for Nicholas to find another job. Inglewood was not very big; everyone had witnessed his downfall. The businesses were small and the owners were hesitant to give Nicholas yet another chance. There really were no options available except to start over. And so Nicholas made the decision to move. He found a job as a janitor. It was one of the few jobs he could find in Fremont. Jobs were so much more competitive in the city. With his damaged reputation from his last job, janitorial work at the high school was what he had to settle for. He figured it was something to keep him working until he could find a position at a bank. The move was a setback. Not just for Nicholas but for the kids as well. They had to leave their modest home with its wide front porch where Anne would read, the basketball hoop in the driveway where Sydney and Daniel would spend many of their hours after school, the huge oak tree in the front yard where Nicholas had hung a swing for Sydney, and the rose garden that Anne had always carefully tended to. Nicholas and his children were now cramped in a two bedroom apartment, the only place that was available and affordable at the time. In the three months following the move, Nicholas had renewed his close relationship with Sydney. She was



still young enough to forgive easily. But Daniel was still distant and seemed to grow more so every day. They had not been able to really communicate with each other for a long time; this was heightened by the fact that Daniel had not wanted to move. Nicholas wanted to reach out to him somehow. He had been trying for weeks now to tell his son that he loved him and appreciated him. But the moment had never been right. Or at least that's how it seemed to Nicholas. He never knew what Daniel was up to anymore.

Sighing, Nicholas glanced at his watch. 7:41 PM. Startled at how much time had passed, he moved away from the wall to finish the rest of his work. As he leaned forward, he felt something fall behind him. Turning around, he noticed a note and a thumb tack on the floor. He knelt to pick the lavender piece of paper up. He wouldn't have given it another thought except that the words caught him. His eyes moved down the paper, reading. *Always try harder. Know you have worth. Dream your own dreams, and dream big. Run in the rain once in awhile. Learn to trust completely.* He pondered these thoughts for a moment, his mind returning to the first statement of the note. *Always try harder.* Instead of tacking the note back up, he tucked it in the back pocket of his uniform. He continued the swoosh, swoosh motion of his mopping, put everything back in the storage room, locked up and went home, all the while his mind continuing to return to the note and his son.



peace...

peace... peace... peace...

peace

Comfort... Comfort... Comfort...

comfort... comfort...

Daniel Levin rounded the corner rapidly and walked into the apartment, letting the screen door slam behind him. He looked into Sydney's room and wondered where she was until he realized that she had gone to the neighbor's house down the street to spend the night. She had made new friends easily. He, however, couldn't seem to find his niche in what felt like swirling masses of people at the high school. His grades were falling. His dad would constantly ask him how school was going but he would only answer "fine." It was so hard to talk to his father. It was like something had been closed up between them and they couldn't get past it. He knew that the kids he had been spending time with weren't the best influence but their eyes were the only ones that were inviting to him. They were known as the smokers who hung outside of Taco Bell, challenging anyone to go in. The managers were constantly yelling at them to get away from the property and take their smoke cloud elsewhere. Daniel had begun to linger about outside with the group. They didn't seem so bad to him, they just smoked a lot.

"Meet us at the old Riley house tonight," Colin had told him. "Everyone will be there. Jeff's brother is going to hook us up with beer."

Daniel had smiled and agreed in return. Only problem was, he didn't drink and he didn't smoke. Walking to his room, he sat down on his bed and glanced over at the picture of his mother on his nightstand.



purity . . .

"What am I supposed to do, Mom? Give me a sign. Anything. Please."

He pulled the pack of cigarettes out of his pocket and just stared at them. Colin had handed them to him earlier that day saying, "Take these. I'll just take more from my old man." Daniel figured that he should practice so he wouldn't look like a fool in front of everyone. He turned up the music in his room and fingered the cigarette box. He was lost in thought when he heard the key turn in the lock. He swiftly pushed the box out of sight.

Nicholas pushed open the front door and threw his keys onto the top of the stand by the entrance. He hoped Daniel was home. There was a sense of urgency to tell Daniel what he'd been thinking. The door to his room was ajar. Nicholas took the few steps needed to get there and knocked softly.

"Yeah?" Daniel answered.

"Can I come in?" Nicholas asked quietly.

"Okay."

Nicholas walked in and stood there awkwardly.

"Have a good day at school?" he asked.

"It was fine."

"So...you been doing all right?"

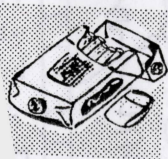
"Sure." Daniel wondered where this talk was going. He needed time to think. "Was there something you needed, Dad?"

"Oh...no. Just checking in on you. Did Sydney call?"

"Yeah, there's a message blinking on the machine."

...Hund ...Hund

con't on 35...



pruity... pruity...



health

medicine ball lift

works: upper and lower abs, and obliques
START Lie in a sit-up position (tilting your pelvis upward so the small of your back is on the mat), lifting the ball from your chest as you crunch up.



END Once your shoulder blades are off the floor and your arms are straight, lower the ball back to your chest as you recline toward the mat.



LIFT

hip-lift crunch

works: upper and lower abs
START Lie flat on your back, hands behind your head and legs pointed toward the ceiling (with your knees slightly bent).

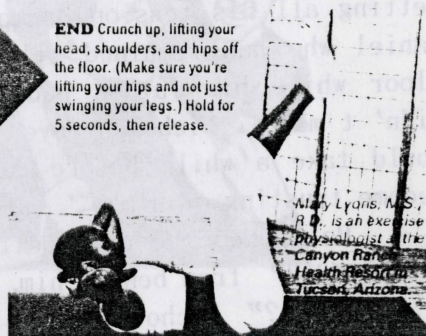


Bloat Busters

Does your stomach feel puffy even after exercise? It could be from gas or bloating, which are caused by eating high-fiber foods, swallowing air (by chewing gum or eating too fast), or retaining fluid. Follow this chart for 2 weeks and get flatter!

SKIP IT	PICK IT
carbonated drinks	water, sports drinks, veggie juice
gum	mouthwash or a mint
french fries, mashed potatoes, chips	steamed rice
dried fruit	any fresh fruit, like berries or melon
refried beans	grilled chicken or tofu
salt	basil or other unsalted spices

END Crunch up, lifting your head, shoulders, and hips off the floor. (Make sure you're lifting your hips and not just swinging your legs.) Hold for 5 seconds, then release.



Mary Lyons, M.S., R.D., is an exercise physiologist at the Canyon Ranch Health Resort in Tucson, Arizona.

CELEB ABS MATCH



(A) Shakira



(B) Eve



(C) Anna Nicole Smith



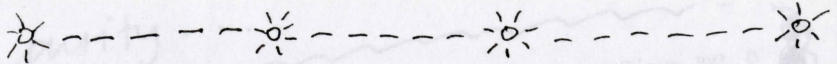
(D) Ashanti



(E) Gwen Stefani



con't on 47... on 34 ~



"Okay. Well...do your homework." Nicholas turned to go, put his hand on the doorknob, and hesitated. *Try harder*, he thought to himself. He turned back to his son and moved closer. He slowly sat on the edge of the bed. "Daniel, I've been meaning to tell you something." He took a deep breath, ready to launch into what he needed to say. He'd been thinking over what to tell Daniel the whole drive home. "I know I haven't been there for you ever since your mom died and I know that this move wasn't what you wanted and it hasn't been easy for you. I'm sorry if maybe sometimes you've felt like you've lost both parents because I've neglected you." Clearing his throat, he continued, "I'm sorry I haven't been there for you to talk to. I owe both you and Sydney these apologies. I just want you to know that I love you, and appreciate you, and I have faith in you."

With that Nicholas breathed a deep sigh, letting all his tension escape. He looked over at Daniel who had remained silent, eyes fixed on the floor while his father had talked. Daniel still didn't move. Nicholas moved to get up; he knew it would take a while before Daniel would once again become trusting of him.

He opened the door halfway before he heard a quiet "Dad" from behind him.

"Yes?" Nicholas asked hopefully.

"Thanks," was Daniel's gruff reply.

Nicholas paused before answering, a sense of relief spreading through him. "You're welcome."

honor... honor... honor... honor... honor... honor...

honor...

forgiveness... forgiveness

After his father walked out, Daniel looked at the picture of his mom. "Thank you," he said softly. He put the cigarettes away.

Nicholas walked out feeling happier than he had in a long time. He was certain things would be better. He pulled out the note from his pocket and looked at it once more. He decided that the next day he would put it back for someone else to read. He set it out on the kitchen table, anxious for a new day to start.



forgiveness...

forgiveness

10 Ways To Reduce Stress

- ① Get up 15 minutes earlier each morning. That gives you a little more time to eat something, run back to get something you forgot, or enjoy a cup of coffee before heading out the door. If you drive to work, this headstart may decrease some of the traffic you face, and make the commute less stressful.
- ② Prepare for mishaps. Make an extra copy of your house key and bury it in your neighbors' yard; make a second copy of your car key and tape it under your coworker's desk. If you do have to use them, pat yourself on the back for being smart.
- ③ Don't do something if you will have to lie about it afterwards. The nagging guilt we feel often wears us down or makes us anxious about getting caught...
- ④ Do something healthy for yourself. That could mean taking the stairs once a day instead of the elevator, picking one day a week to have a salad for lunch, eating fresh fruit instead of a candy bar. The overall effect may not be much, but small steps lead to big ones, and doing something simple for your body is the best way to start.

⑤ Write it down. There is an old Chinese proverb that goes, "The palest ink is better than the most retentive memory." Write down goals, errands, chores, due dates for projects and library books... Instead of just a "To Do" list, keep a "Have Done" list too. At the end of the day, review how productive you were.

⑥ Do something special on a whim. Buy flowers for your partner unexpectedly. Sneak a small greeting card that says "I love you" into your child's lunch box. Bring donuts, bagels, or muffins to the office for others one morning. Someone else's smile and "Thanks" can sometimes make a bad day better.

⑦ Be willing to forgive others. Allowing others the right to make a mistake goes a long way toward forgiving yourself for mistakes. Assume that others are doing the best they can. This goes a long way toward doing the best you can as well.

⑧ Delegate new jobs. Say no to avoid a deluge of responsibilities. Simplify. Put your best effort into a task, and ask yourself, "Is it really that important?" before you decide to do it over. Learn to ignore others' criticism sometimes.



⑨ Don't eat lunch at your desk. Get away to somewhere quiet or different if only for a 15 or 20 minute break.

⑩ Get up and stretch periodically. If you used to smoke, but have stopped, get up and take a break anyway when you feel the need to smoke.

goodness... goodness...

Sydney

"I'll be really quick, I promise!" Sydney yelled behind her as she slammed shut the door of Mrs. Cameron's car. Phoebe Cameron, Sydney's best friend, and Phoebe's mother sat waiting in the car watching Sydney's dark blonde hair flap behind her as she rushed to the front door of her apartment. It had been so much fun to have been able to spend the night, a *school night*, at Phoebe's. It hadn't even been that hard to convince her father Nicholas. As long as she was able to get to school and get her homework done on time, she was allowed to go. But now Sydney was running late. She shoved her key in the lock and flew into the apartment, allowing the screen door to slam shut as she and Daniel always did, and took the few steps needed to get to her room. Listening for her brother and father, she realized that her dad must have already left to drop Daniel off at school. She blocked from her mind, as she always did, the appearance of the apartment: the one couch in the corner where her dad slept at night, the ugly lamp that only shed a few drab strays of yellowy-green light, the faded brown carpet that was in constant need of vacuuming. It was kept tidy but it just always looked so...so not what her mom would have lived in.

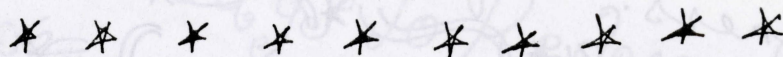
Walking quickly towards her room, she stepped in and glanced around to see where she had left her book report. She had finished it earlier in the week so as not to have any homework while she was at

goodness... goodness...



goodness

Simplicity...



Phoebe's. She found her report lying neatly on her tiny desk in the cramped room. She grabbed the papers and rushed to the kitchen. Setting her report on the table, she opened the avocado green fridge to grab some juice. Pausing to think whether or not she needed anything else, she felt her back pocket to make sure the picture of her mother was there. Her small fingers moved across the tattered edges of the photograph. Still there. Grabbing her report, she ran out, hurriedly locking the door behind her, and rushed down the pathway to where the Camerons were waiting.

He is just soooo cute. I hope he comes to pick up attendance soon. Maybe he'll have to deliver something to Mr. Hull and then he'll have to walk all the way across the room!

Phoebe's eyes twinkled across the aisle at Sydney, who smiled in reply after reading Phoebe's note. They sat across from each other in Mr. Hull's classroom. Balding and pudgy with piercing eyes, Mr. Hull was the least liked teacher in the seventh grade. He hardly spent any time talking to the students. He just gave assignment upon assignment and all these book reports and, worst of all, silent reading for the first *half hour* of class. It was practically unbearable. Today felt especially long. It was Friday and everyone was anxious for that last bell to ring at 2:15 PM. The clock read 11:21 AM. Only six minutes had passed since class began. The ticking of the clock was the only sound that filled



simplicity...

Simplicity... simplicity...

...Simplicity

the crowded room. Thirty-seven kids in all. Sydney's old school was never this crowded.

Sydney's mind focused back on the note. She scribbled across the paper rapidly and refolded the note then looked to see where Mr. Hull was. He seemed to have found something interesting on the sports page. The coast was clear, so Sydney quickly passed the note back to Phoebe.

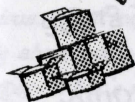
That would make this the best day of the month. Maybe the entire year! What would make it even more perfect is if he asked me to the Winter Dance.

Sydney watched Phoebe nod in agreement and lean forward to write back. She didn't know what she would do if she didn't have Phoebe. It had been hard to adjust to everything. The move into an apartment not even a fourth the size of her old house, a new school with so many kids in attendance, the loss of mother, the neglect of her father. After the accident, it had been mainly her brother Daniel looking after her.

Her dad fell apart after her mother died; there had been no way to reach him. When he finally woke up to everything and everyone around him, he changed everything. Sydney had been just as upset as Daniel about leaving behind all they'd ever known for the tight quarters they now occupied and schools filled with strangers. Since Daniel was in high school, Sydney didn't even have her brother at school. But that first day, after wandering about to find her English class and slumping into a seat, a



loyalty...



loyalty...

... Loyalty

... Loyalty

inspiration... inspiration



spunky redheaded girl with light green eyes had plopped herself right down next to her.

"I'm Phoebe Cameron. You look new. What's your name? I like your eyes very much, by the way. They remind me of the ocean." Sydney felt a pang at that remark; everyone had always said this to her mother. "Do you like English? I don't care for it that much and it's my worst subject. I'm a Math kind of girl...Ooo—did you see who just walked in the door? Cassandra Smith. She's the most popular girl in the seventh grade, just so you know. She's been the most popular girl in our grade since kindergarten."

Sydney had been listening to this with quiet astonishment and amusement. Somehow this vibrant person set her at ease. Phoebe stopped and looked at her with twinkling eyes.

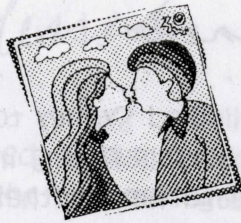
"I'm sorry. Do you think I talk a lot?" she asked Sydney, slightly embarrassed.

"No," Sydney replied, smiling.

Phoebe grinned at her. "So where are you from?"

Phoebe and Sydney had grown closer in the last few months. Phoebe had a wide group of friends, most of whom welcomed Sydney. Luis, Phoebe's neighbor since forever, hung out with them often. Sydney discovered that it was easy to talk to him. He always seemed to make her laugh. She found him trustworthy and cute in a slightly nerdy sort of way. Finding such a kindred spirit in

inspiration... inspiration



Editor Episodes

wednesday

Well, James hasn't called me back in over a week, and I'm pissed. We hung out every night for a while, and last time I was over, watching movies and cuddling. Like usual, things seemed fine. He said he was dating someone (we're both seeing other people), but I didn't think they were serious. Last night I broke my rule about not e-mailing him and wrote, "What's up? Why no call?" He e-mailed me back that the girl he's dating always wants to hang out, and he doesn't want to tell her no because she's young and 'fragile.' In other words, she's his girlfriend, and he was too chicken to tell me. I'm disappointed—not that he's a player, which isn't really surprising, but that he made such a big deal of telling me that he wasn't. Yeah, he was trying to win me over, but it just proved that a player is exactly what he is.

tuesday

I saw James for the last time yesterday just to see if he'd say anything, and now I definitely feel like he wasted my time because he had a girl all along. I don't care how 'fragile' her

feelings are—I have feelings too. I think he realized that I was over him when he tried to kiss me and I just ignored him. He still tried to call me... at 2 am! Now I'm a booty call?! Um, no. Too bad. I actually liked him... for a few seconds.

thursday

Alex, the guy I dated last summer, called tonight and said he'd call me back after work. Given that he's been calling me and then disappearing all summer, I was like, "Whatever." But he called, and we finally hung out. I was annoyed about the times he's blown me off, but he's so charming that I always have tons of fun and forget about being mad. Besides, I know it's not personal—just disorganized Rob. Even when we were dating, he'd always flake on plans. All the chemistry was still there. I told Rob that I still liked him, and he replied by kissing me. Aw! Goosebumps!

wednesday

Alex and I hung out again last night. I swear, I wish we could be together. But we're both

getting used to being single, and I don't want a long-distance thing. Hopefully, next semester will bring me some better guys. (How could it not?) I've decided to not

if they're out of my life, it's for a reason, and I get in trouble when I forget that. I'm too nice when they show up again, and it makes them

think it's okay to just come and go. Even though I pretend to be cool, inside it hurts me, so now I'm ready for someone nice—and not

just pretend player kind of nice but truly nice. I deserve him... and I can't wait!

happiness ... happiness ...

Phoebe and a confidante in Luis allowed Sydney to relax about school, and she found herself fitting in more and more. Her attitude toward her brother and father changed. She wasn't so snappy and angry all the time. She even invited Phoebe and Luis over to the apartment a few times. She was shy and embarrassed at first because of how small the place was, but they acted like they didn't even notice the faded carpet or the emptiness of the rooms. Sydney had been so happy to finally have people her own age to confide in that she eventually came to tell Phoebe and, later on, Luis, about her mother and all that she had been through in the last year. Both had been so understanding about it. The three grew closer and became virtually inseparable, all in the course of about three months.

A light tap startled Sydney and her mind returned to the present situation. Phoebe was trying to pass the note back to her. Sydney smiled and slumped down a little in her seat to read Phoebe's message underneath the desk. Before she finished opening it, however, the door opened. Sydney held her breath and watched to see if it would be him. It was.

Jake Taylor breezed through the doorway and suddenly, for Sydney, everything was in slow motion. She'd been admiring this boy since the beginning of the school year. She watched as he brushed back his dark hair with his hand and his fourteen year old form coolly walked across the front of the room to Mr. Hull's desk and handed him a pass. As he

blessed... blessed...



turned, he glanced to where Sydney was sitting and caught her looking at him. He flashed a grin and winked at her. Then the door opened again and he was gone.

Sydney's heart fluttered in her chest as she realized what had just happened. She turned to Phoebe and, as if on cue, both squealed the excited squeals of twelve-year-old girls. Mr. Hull's head shot up from his paper, as well as the head of every student in the classroom. Surprisingly enough, all Mr. Hull did was give them a stern look and return to the sports page. The girls looked sheepishly around and turned back to their reading but they could hardly contain their giggles for the rest of the period.

Five minutes before the period ended, Mr. Hull told everyone to turn in their book reports. Sydney pulled hers out of her backpack and Phoebe took it, along with hers, up to the front. As Sydney was about to zip her bag closed, her eyes noticed a folded lavender piece of paper in her bag. Pulling it out, she read the contents. *Always try harder. Know you have worth. Dream your own dreams, and dream big. Run in the rain once in awhile. Learn to trust completely.*

How did this get here? she wondered. She held the note in her hand as she retraced everywhere she had been that day. Then it came to her. *It must have been on the kitchen table.* She had grabbed it along with her book report in her haste that morning. *Oh well,* she thought. She



justice...

shoved it back in her backpack. The lunch bell rang and the students were let free.

"Sydney! Phoebe! Wait up!" came a shout from behind them. The girls turned to see Luis walking rapidly towards them from his math class. "How was English?" he asked, falling into step with them.

"Boring as ever," Phoebe replied. Switching her tone, the twinkle beginning to appear in her eye, "But, Sydney here got a special surprise." Sydney began to blush. Luis looked confused.

"What happened?" he asked. Phoebe proceeded to give him a detailed account of Jake Taylor and the wink and grin he gave Sydney.

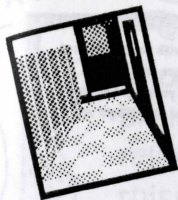
"Somehow, we've just got to get that boy to meet Sydney and ask her to the Winter Dance!" she exclaimed.

Luis' face fell. His dark brown eyes flashed and his features became clouded and he looked away. "That'll never happen. He's in eighth grade. He's not going to give a second glance to a seventh grade girl." Sydney looked closely at Luis. *Why does he seem so upset? He knows I'm staring at him, why doesn't he look at me?* Phoebe ignored Luis and continued talking, her arm linked with Sydney's. As they walked to lunch, Phoebe made up all sorts of schemes to get Jake Taylor to meet Sydney.

The bell rang at exactly 2:15 PM, on time as always. Sydney walked slowly out of her class towards her locker. The bright orange lockers lined

justice...

freedom... freedom... freedom...



every hallway, filling every space available in order to have enough to accommodate all the seventh, eighth, and ninth grade students. As Sydney walked past them, she reflected on all that had happened after English. Phoebe was the only one who talked through the entire lunch period. Luis had become moody and withdrawn for some reason. He didn't speak more than ten words the entire time and he wouldn't look Sydney in the eye. She didn't know anyone in her last two classes of the day and so, having no one to talk to, she was left to her thoughts. She had been trying to figure out what had bothered him. The only conclusion she came to was that it had something to do with her and Phoebe talking about Jake Taylor. But why would that bother Luis? Shaking her head, she rounded the corner and sucked in her breath as she looked up to see Jake Taylor and some of his buddies near her locker. She backed up around the corner and leaned against a locker to compose herself. Scott Anderson, Jake's best friend, had a locker near hers, but she had never been lucky enough to be there when Jake was there. She leaned nearer as she rested against the lockers to hear what the boys were saying.

"You know I could take any girl I wanted to the dance. Maybe even a high school girl. I mean, c'mon. I've been with the most popular girl from each grade here. I'm free from Cassandra and I've got my choice," Jake told his buddies. Sydney frowned. She remembered how excited she and

... morning

cont on 48... 46

* health...

abfabulous

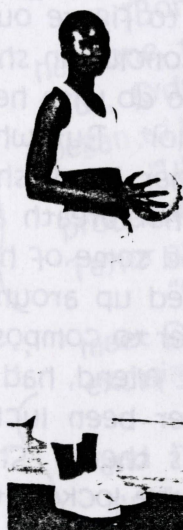
Get a stronger, flatter tummy in two weeks with these four simple moves!

By Mary Lyons, M.S., R.D.

Gear: A mat, a 6- to 8-lb. medicine ball (try Spri Xerball Medicine Ball, \$50, 800-222-7774) or a 5- to 8-lb. dumbbell

Begin! Do 10-15 reps of each move 4-5 times a week. (Make sure to exhale while crunching and inhale while lowering.) If that seems too easy for you, try increasing your reps to 15-20, or use a heavier ball or dumbbell.

Bonus: For abs that really rock, do 30 minutes of cardio (blading, running, swimming) before this routine.

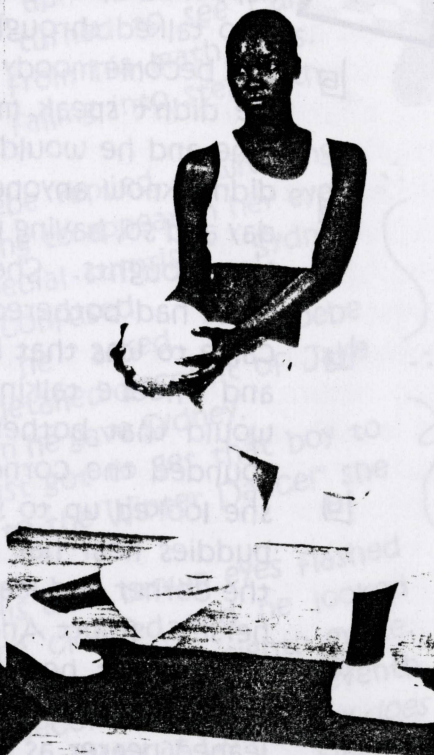


LUNGE

medicine ball twist
works: rectus abdominis (upper and lower abs) and obliques

START Stand straight with legs slightly apart and feet parallel, holding your medicine ball or weight at stomach level.

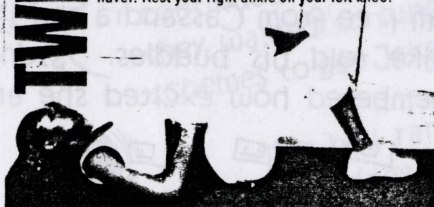
END Step forward into a lunge position with your right foot. (Your right knee should be directly over your ankle.) Twisting your upper body, lower the ball to your right hipbone. Return to standing position and repeat on the left. (Right and left sides together count as one rep.)



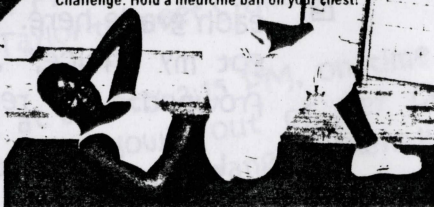
TWIST

rotating crunch
works: upper and lower abs, and obliques

START Lie in a sit-up position. Place your left hand behind your head and your right hand on your navel. Rest your right ankle on your left knee.



END Exhale and crunch up, rotating your left shoulder toward your right knee. (Don't just fold your elbow over. Lift your shoulder toward your knee.) Hold for one count and release. Do 10-15 reps, then repeat on the right. Challenge: Hold a medicine ball on your chest.



harmony... harmony...

Phoebe were to learn that Cassandra and Jake had broken up after going out for two months, a long relationship in junior high. But to hear him talk like this...she leaned in closer.

"You think you could get any girl, do ya?" Scott asked. "Well this I wanna see. The next girl who comes this way, take her to the dance."

"Done," Jake answered.

Sydney was taken back. She was the next girl to come their way! Here was the chance she'd been hoping for. *Do I really want him to ask me like this?* Before she realized what she was doing, her feet were moving her in their direction. The boys quieted down and leaned against some of the lockers to watch Jake prove himself.

Sydney walked shyly past them, her eyes directed at the floor. She walked up to her locker and began to dial the combination. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed Jake come towards her and lean in close.

"Hello. I've seen you before, haven't I?" he asked her. Sydney blushed. *If he asks me, at least we could have chance to have a good time at the dance and he'll realize that he really likes me...* Her light eyes looked up to meet blue eyes that were almost as deep as her own.

"Yes, I think so," she answered, returning her look to the ground, then up to her locker. She continued to fiddle with the combination on her locker, trying to balance the books in her arm.

harmony...

praise ...

"You're looking so pretty today." Sydney could feel the blush deepening. "I was kinda wondering if you'd let me take you to the Winter dance?" Jake was full of charm as he leaned against the locker close to Sydney.



He seems so sincere... Scott coughed behind Jake to hide his laughter. Sydney glanced over the group of boys surrounding Scott and took in all of their smirks and amusement. Frowning, she backed away a little from Jake. *He's just like them.* All the images she'd had stored in her mind of Jake since the beginning of the school year flashed through her mind. Jake walking down the hallway, Jake in the lunch lines, Jake bringing a pass to Mr. Hull, Jake with Cassandra. As Sydney recalled these images, they began to take on a new twist as she looked in his eyes and saw the malice laced through all that charm.

Jake continued to gaze into her eyes, trying to read her thoughts. His expression was warm and smiling but his eyes were hard. *I've totally got her,* he thought.

Sydney, hesitant to make a decision, looked around for any kind of answer. On the wall across from the lockers she spotted a bright blue poster announcing the dance. *Winter Fantasy* it read in bold letters. Underneath the title was a picture of a boy and girl dancing and smiling. Stars surrounded the couple and, beneath them, more information concerning the dance. Luis' face popped into her mind. As she continued to look at

praise... praise...

praise...

merry...

merry...

the poster, she saw herself and Luis as the couple on the poster. And she realized that maybe Luis had wanted to take her to the dance. The note in her backpack popped into her mind. *Know you have worth.* She looked again at Jake, seeing through him for the first time. *I don't deserve this* she thought. *He doesn't deserve me.*

Sydney smiled at Jake, sure of what to say. He grinned back, confident.

"Actually, I have someone else to go with." Smiling sweetly at him, she turned and coolly walked away and rounded the corner towards the exit. Once around the corner, she heard the boys erupt into laughter and Jake's angry voice shouting, "Shut up! Forget her. She wasn't good enough anyway." Sydney shook her head, smiling to herself, no longer caring about what he thought. She held her head up high as she reached the doors to the parking lot. Pausing, she then turned back, knelt down and opened her backpack. She pulled the note out and read it once more. Looking around at the lockers, she slipped it through the vent of locker 213, the date of her mother's accident.



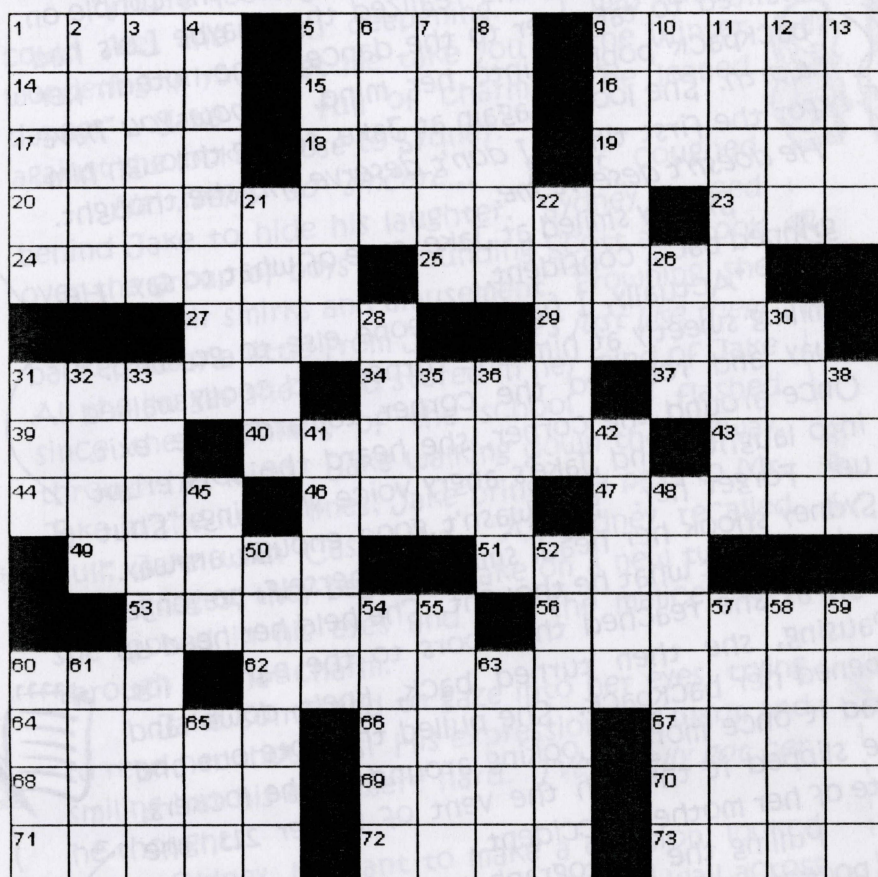
Pulling the photograph of her mother out of her pocket, she softly ran her fingers over it. *Aren't you proud of me?* Satisfied that she had an answer in those ocean-like eyes, she placed the photograph back in her pocket and rushed out to meet Phoebe and Luis.



merry...

★ LET'S SEE SOME ID ★

by Shirley Soloway, edited by Stanley Newman



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ACROSS

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Batman's wrap | 19. Bandleader Shaw | 40. Seedy location |
| 5. Numerical prefix | 20. Delaware's region | 43. "... and all for " |
| 9. Roman robes | 23. Syrup source | 44. Flower locations |
| 14. Attorney Dershowitz | 24. Captures with a noose | 46. Words of comprehension |
| 15. Travel aimlessly | 25. Musical liability | 47. ___ to (cite) |
| 16. Della of "Touched by an Angel" | 27. Antlered beast | 49. Like a bucket of song |
| 17. Lana of Smallville | 29. Forest path | 51. Daze |
| 18. Lamb's pen name | 31. Show of appreciation | 53. Type of steak |
| | 34. Sow's mate | 56. Whole |
| | 37. Abel's father | 60. Zodiac sign |
| | 39. MacGraw of "Love Story" | 62. Topics for Goren |
| | | 64. Mistreatment |

66. Prepare for publication
67. Wading bird
68. Attacked
69. Fishing cord
70. Debussy's "Clair de _"

71. Commentator
Rooney et al.
72. Pet name
73. Meeting: Abbr.

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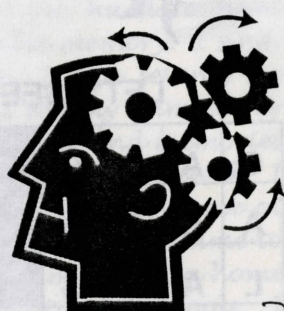


DOWN

1. Quiets down
2. Actor Delon
3. Black and white mammal
4. Fencer's cry
5. Threat ender
6. Root-beer alternative
7. Besmirch
8. Famed violin maker
9. Missing-person finder
10. "___ the land of the free ..."
11. Eliminates

12. Where China is
13. Ooze gradually
21. Most high-school students
22. Preface, for short
26. Battery size
28. Batters' stats
30. Bowling-alley unit
31. Actor Hunter
32. Margarine
33. Tease
35. Poetic tribute
36. Mars, to the Greeks
38. French sea
41. Baseball great
42. Twisted, as laundry
45. Slalom need
48. Involves

?



?

50. ___ Field (Dodgers' Brooklyn home)
52. Move unsteadily
54. Roadside warning
55. Jockey Arcaro
57. Infuse
58. Straps for 55 Down
59. Curvy letters
60. Zhivago's love
61. Abba of Israel
63. Actress Lollobrigida
65. "You don't ___!"

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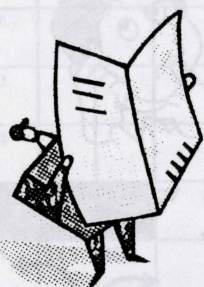
NEXT MONTH

*writer series continues!

*health: better ways to eat

*summer fun

*quiz: how do you kiss?



LET'S SEE SOME ID

Answers:

C	A	P	E		O	C	T	A		T	O	G	A	S
A	L	A	N		R	O	A	M		R	E	E	S	E
L	A	N	G		E	L	I	A		A	R	T	I	E
M	I	D	A	T	L	A	N	T	I	C		S	A	P
S	N	A	R	E	S		T	I	N	E	A	R		
			D	E	E	R			T	R	A	I	L	
T	O	K	E	N		B	O	A	R		A	D	A	M
A	L	I		S	K	I	D	R	O	W		O	N	E
B	E	D	S		I	S	E	E		R	E	F	E	R
	O	A	K	E	N		S	T	U	N				
		R	I	B	E	Y	E		E	N	T	I	R	E
L	E	O		B	R	I	D	G	E	G	A	M	E	S
A	B	U	S	E		E	D	I	T		I	B	I	S
R	A	N	A	T		L	I	N	E		L	U	N	E
A	N	D	Y	S		D	E	A	R		S	E	S	S

Autumn
Hawes



About the Author

.....



I am an eighteen year-old girl. I am one of God's children. I am a San Diegan. I am Caucasian and Vietnamese. I have my father's handwriting and my mother's feet. I'm proud of my name. I can get lost in music, especially the lilting melodies of

Chopin and Liszt. I love reading, anything and everything. I tend to worry too much. I tend to try too hard to have everyone approve of me. I have a remarkable memory. I sing. I've played the piano for thirteen years. I type seventy-six words per minutes, but sometimes faster. I eat my hamburger and fries separate, never together. Photographs and memories are extremely important to me. My mom is my best friend. I believe in love at first sight. I delight in long rides home at night. I love waking up only to find that I have more time to sleep. I like dogs but prefer cats. I want a family and a home with a porch swing. I am one of those sentimental fools. I want to travel and meet people. Everyone has a story to tell. I want to hear people's stories. I know what John Keats is talking about when he says, "I applaud the youthful dramatist, the would-be adventurer, who breaks the pattern, who with mounting excitement writes the farewell note and slips out the window at dead of night. I believe I know how he feels. More important, I know that he is not running away from something so much as he is running toward something: toward life; toward himself; toward an end that cannot be known." I want to be that youthful dramatist. I feel the desire to run, to seek, to choose, to know that my chances of finding what I seek aren't good but that half the excitement is in searching. Sometimes you have to leave in search of something in order to know that it was there all along. I like knowing that I have a home to come back to, complete with open arms and loving faces. I am strong. Intelligent. Beautiful in spite of my imperfections.

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