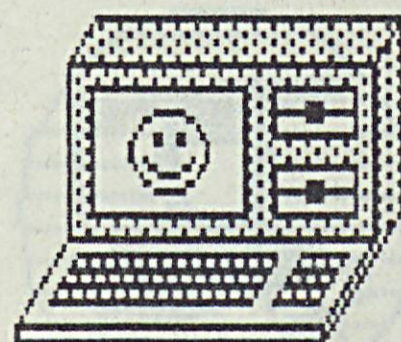
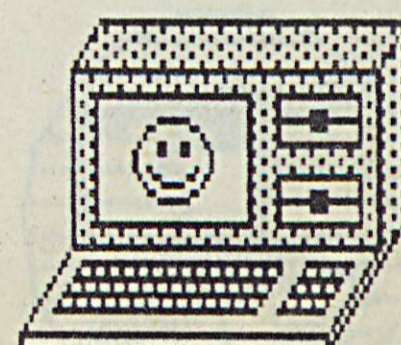
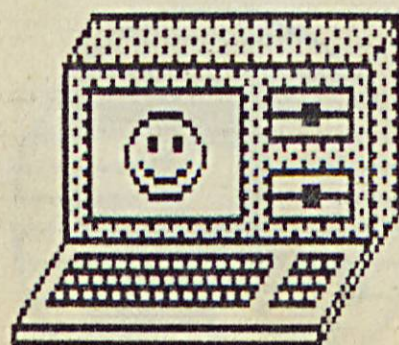
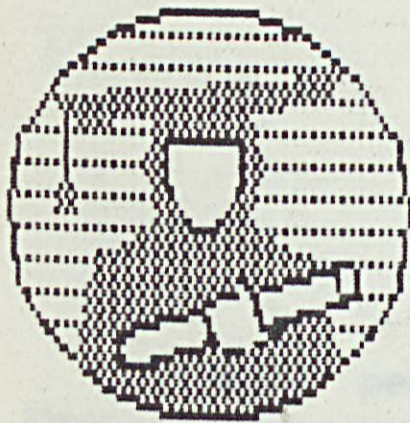


WRITINGS
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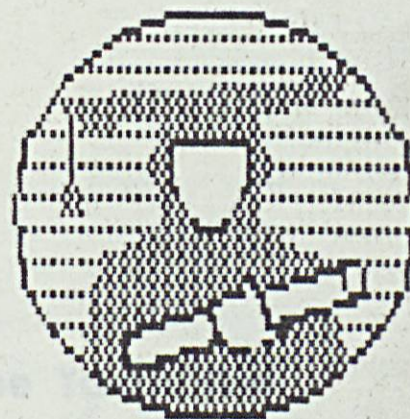
GRADES
9-12





YFU COMES TO DURACONE

by Carlos Dorado



As you all know, I am an exchange student with the YFU program.

When I came to North Carolina there were fifty-six of these students. In early May, my family and I are going to invite the students from Eastern North Carolina to come to Duracone. We are planning for those who can come to stay in our home, May 31st in the evening. After everyone arrives we will have a party together and then we are planning to have a dance party in the gymnasium.

We are really looking forward to that. My mother received a letter from the Duracone and we are going to use that for our dance. She is going to try to help us put together the stories and songs. I hope you have read this journal is welcome to be done.

SENIORS

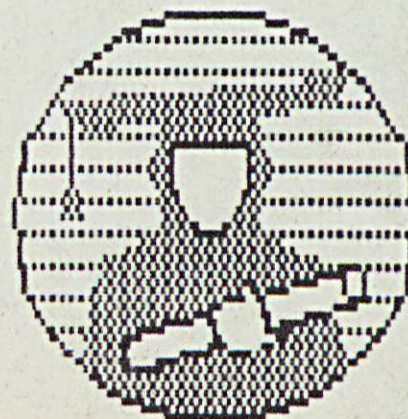
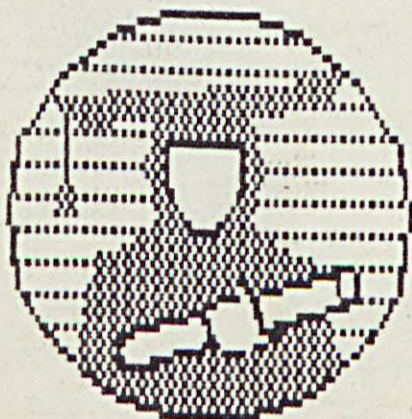
After the dance, we will have a picnic in the park. We will have a little bit of a picnic and a little bit of a picnic.

On Saturday morning we will have a picnic in the park. After we have a picnic we will have a picnic in the park. We will have a picnic in the park and we will have a picnic in the park. We will have a picnic in the park and we will have a picnic in the park.

After seeing we are going to build a bonfire and cook hamburgers. We will have a picnic in the park and we will have a picnic in the park. We will have a picnic in the park and we will have a picnic in the park. We will have a picnic in the park and we will have a picnic in the park.

The next morning, Sunday, we will have breakfast together and then we will have a picnic in the park. We will have a picnic in the park and we will have a picnic in the park. We will have a picnic in the park and we will have a picnic in the park.

I am looking forward to this weekend because most of the students have never been to the beach since they have been in the United States. Duracone is the perfect place for that purpose. I will also have a picnic in the park.



YFU COMES TO OCRACOCKE

by Carlos Dorado

As many people know, I am an exchange student with the Youth for Understanding program.

In North Carolina there are fifty-six of these students. In early May my family and I are going to invite the students from Eastern North Carolina to come to Ocracoke. We are planning for those who can come to arrive Friday, May 5th in the evening. After everyone arrives we will have dinner together and then we are planning to have a dance party in the school gymnasium.

I am really looking forward to that. My mother received a stereo system for Christmas and we are going to use that for our dance. Stephen Wilson is going to try to help us put together the stereo and sound system. Whoever may read this journal is welcome to the dance.

After the dance, we are going to go back to my house where we will spend the rest of the night talking and maybe even sleep a little.

Saturday morning will be the day of the "Crab Festival." After we wake up we will have breakfast and then head to the festival. After spending about two hours there, we will go to the beach and stay there the rest of the afternoon swimming, taking in the sun, maybe playing some volleyball and relaxing.

That evening we are going to build a bon-fire and cook hamburgers, hot dogs and roast marshmallows. After that we hope to get permission to go to Springers Point and have some story telling. David Senseney has agreed to accompany us and tell us the stories. After this we will go back to my house and spend our last evening listening to music, talking and maybe watching some videos.

The next morning, Sunday, we will have breakfast together and then everyone will pack their things up and get ready to board the ferry.

I look forward to this weekend because most of the students have never seen or been on the beach since they have been in the United States, and Ocracoke is the perfect place for that purpose. I would also like to show them my home.

MY REAL FAMILY IN COLOMBIA

by Carlos Dorado

My real family in Colombia is normal and common. There are five persons including me. First there is my father, whose name is Libardo Dorado, and my mother's name is Liliana Solano de Dorado.

I have two younger brothers, Juan Manuel, who is seventeen years old, and Jaime Andres Dorado, who is eleven years old.

But now there is another person in the family. He is an exchange student from Michigan, United States. His name is Steve Beich, eighteen years old, and he is in Colombia for one year only. He is a very good friend of my brother Juan. They study together at the same school and the same classroom.

My father is a civil engineer and he works for the government. He is the president of the water company. On weekends he works on his own in a private business. He has a construction company and he rents big machines, trucks and all the equipment that you need to build things. Also he buys land and houses and rebuilds the houses or makes something new on the land. After a certain time, he sells them for more money. What do you think? Good, huh!

My mother is a housewife and sometimes a secretary. She took a course in computer programing and she helps my father in his office typing, working on the computer putting everything in order, etc.

Juan Manuel studies in a private French school in his last year of high school. I think that the next year he will be an exchange student here in the United States if he is not accepted to join the army. In Colombia the military service is obligatory. He got the third score in his school on the national test. It was 360 of 400 questions and with that score he got in the best university in Colombia. Its name is The Andes University.

Jaime Andres is in seventh grade. He is a good swimmer and tennis player and he is on the tennis State team and on the school swim team. One month ago he won five gold medals in the interscholastic swimming competitions.

I have a new brother. He was born the last Sunday in the afternoon. He has two possible names: Alejandro or Jose Fernando Dorado.

MY EXPERIENCE

by Melinda Jackson

Yesterday was a real experience for me. A couple weeks ago I got a ticket for careless and reckless driving, and I had to go to court September 14th at 9:30. At first my dad said that he wasn't going to go with me, but he ended up going.

So daddy, mama, and I caught the 6:30 Swan Quarter ferry. I don't think that I have ever dreaded anything more than I did going to court. I guess my main problem was that I didn't have any idea what I was supposed to do when I got there, plus I knew I was going to have to stand up in front of a bunch of people and talk, which I hate to do.

We got off the ferry at 9:15 and drove straight to the courthouse. I had to go up to the district attorney and tell him I was guilty, because he asked for everyone who pleaded guilty to go tell him.

Then I went and talked to my attorney. He told me that he didn't know if he could do anything, but he'd try to get it reduced to exceeding safe speed. Five minutes after I got back in the room the district attorney called my name. I went up to the table very nervous and stood there while my attorney and the deputy talked. Since my attorney was there with me he told what happened and I didn't have to say anything.

The judge reduced it to exceeding safe speed. I was very excited when the judge said that all I had to do was pay the cost of court, which was \$40. I got off very easy compared to what I thought I was going to get. I hope that I never have to go back to that court under those circumstances again.

CRAB FESTIVAL 1989

by Linda Ritchie

Last weekend was the sixth annual Crab Festival. It was a busy weekend for all the businesses on the island. Although it seemed like there weren't as many people here as last year, it was still successful. The weather turned out beautiful, although they predicted rain most of the day. Skip Waters, the weatherman for the Channel 12 news, came to Ocracoke to help out with the Crab Festival.

As most people know, it was impossible to drive around that day because of all the people walking around. In my opinion, the Crab Festival isn't that fun for the younger people. There is nothing there for them to do. There were some contests and games that the younger people enter and that's it.

The Family Living Class of Ocracoke School entered and won first place in the crab cooking contest. By the end of the day you would think that everyone would be worn out from walking around. Well, that night they had a dance at the 3/4 Time Dance Hall, where I've heard that it was so crowded that some people left because of it.

That night and the next morning just about all of the businesses were really busy. From what I hear, there isn't going to be anymore Crab Festivals because the purpose is to help out the businesses and now the businesses are having booths during the Crab Festival. Oh well, it was fun while it lasted.

KINDERGARTEN & 1ST GRADE CLASSROOM

by Robert Waller

This is what the kindergarten and first grade room looks like to me. As you come in the door off the porch there is a file cabinet. On the side of the cabinet there is a calendar. Then on the wall to the left there is a chalkboard with a piece of card board that has the numbers one through a hundred on it.

On the left side of the room there is a bunch of pictures with a different letter of the alphabet on it, plus there are some pictures representing a triangle, a diamond, an oval, a square, and a rectangle.

On the next wall there is a picture of a clown that is holding a bunch of balloons that has all the kids names on them. Next there are book cases, a dinosaur chart, and a big cabinet. Beside the cabinet there is a book case that starts to close in like a little room for centers.

Centers are where different activities take place. There is a quiet reading center, an art center, and a game center. In the next area of the classroom there is a clean house center, and finally a sand box, which is the sand center.

Last in this classroom are their desks which are split up for the two different grades and are in the middle of the whole class room.

WORKING AT THE FISHHOUSE

by Robert Waller

Starting last year days after school, I would go down to the fish house and work if they needed me. This lasted all year until the summer. During the summer I worked full time from eight in the morning until five or whenever we got through in the evening.

Working at the fish house is not really that bad; actually it is pretty fun. It is fun because everyone picks on everyone without getting mad, except for sometimes Murray gets mad because we will get picking too much and will not do our work.

One of the hardest parts of working at the fish house is when boats start coming in one right after the other. Like one boat will come in loaded and then before we can get it packed another boat comes in loaded. The worst part of working at the fish house is when you have five or six pallets (pallets have twenty-five 50 pound boxes on it) that have been in the cooler for two or three days and we have to take them out and reice every one of them. This is what it is like working at the fish house.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

by Reggie O'Neal

Over the Christmas holidays I had a wonderful time. Granny and I left that Thursday that school was still going on. Good thing we did, because it snowed here Friday. We left from here about three o'clock and arrived there around seven o'clock.

When we got there Regina and her school still had a week till they got out of school.

During that week I kept going to the malls and other stores to see if I could find the right present. I took Granny's new car which she had gotten at Courtesy Ford. Mom and Granny went and got it that first Friday we were up there. They left around nine o'clock and got back around three o'clock. While they were gone that day I wrapped my Christmas presents while watching MTV.

During the weekend, Deanna spent the night with Regina. During those nights we played cards. We played Spades mostly. On Christmas morning Regina woke me up at approximately six-thirty. We woke mom up, but she was mad because we did. I don't know why, though, because she was the one that wanted to get up at five.

Well, that night I gathered most of our things and packed it in the car. I finished packing the car the next morning. When I finished packing the car we said goodbye and Granny and I headed our way back home. That was it for that trip. When we got back home I enjoyed the rest of my vacation until school started back up.

LIFE, THE UNIVERSE, EVERYTHING

by Stephen Wilson

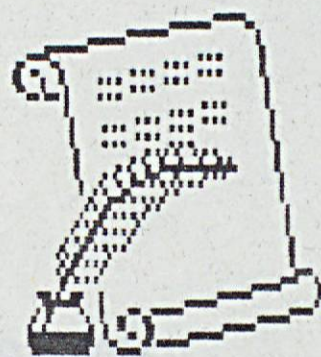
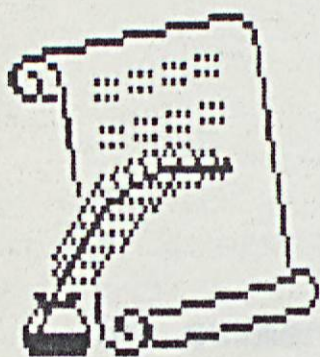
Life is an interesting concept, and at some small point in it everyone wonders why we had to get stuck on a little blue-green planet instead of something really interesting like an out of orbit meteor. In the serious search for the answer to life and how microwaved foods came into being, we must turn to the scientific community.

Years ago someone took a vacuum tube and sent electrons flinging through it to try to determine the smallest inert unit of matter. It sort of worked because the atom was proved as a bond between the three elements. These are electrons, protons and neutrons. Then there was a problem. Some scientist had an inspirational idea to create the ultimate experiment. The Superconducting Supercollider was its name and smashing protons and neutrons in any way you can imagine was what it does best.

Think of The Superconducting Supercollider as a circle that's almost seven miles in circumference. It's usually buried so if you go to see it don't be surprised if a corn field is in your way. The actual beam conductors are steel pipes surrounded by a hoard of superconducting magnets cooled till they are just degrees above absolute zero. At one tangent of the circle is the control station and detector units. It all starts when two beams of electrons or protons opposite to each other are sent racing around the Supercollider at 20 TeV (close to the speed of light), and positioned by the superconducting magnets. When they collide at 40 TeV all sorts of particles are blown off. The detectors pick these up and record them as data. The ultimate problem is the experiment suggests that there are even smaller units of matter of which the atom is composed. These are called QUARK and are most commonly found in the proton.

The quark can be divided into three families of two. The first is known as the matter and the second as the antimatter. For example, in the electron exists two quarks, Mao and Tao. It isn't known if there are more families yet, but the biggest question is about the antimatter and why there isn't more of it. Speculation says that antimatter is what makes what's known as a black hole, but since no one has been that close to a black hole, nor probably ever will, it will remain speculation for quite some time.

This is just a little more insight for you from your scientific community to help you feel more comfortable in the universe.

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JUNIORS

JUNIORS



MUSIC AND MEMORIES

by Joanie O'Neal

The summer of 1988 had some great memories for me, many of which are tied to music. Like many people my age, the music we listen to affects our lives in several ways. "Guns-n-Roses," which has become one of my favorite bands of all time, brings memories of riding around with Shawn, Cheri, and Wade. It also reminds me of the first time I ever heard of the band. I was riding around in Tim's van after work.

Well, Shawn has gone off to college now-- and he seems to be doing just fine. Tim has since moved to Florida-- and he seems to be living happily ever after. And, Wade and Cheri can never see "eye to eye." So, it'll be a long time before any of that ever has a slim chance of happening again.

Def Leppard holds more memories than any of the others. I was a early rock fan at the beginning of that summer (Lynard Skynyrd, the Allman Brothers, Jimi Hendrix, the Eagles, BTO, and many others of their era). Jason, this guy I went out with during the beginning of that summer, got me listening to Def Leppard nights as we rode around with Albert and Vanessa. My old friends Kim, Karen, and Shannon from Virginia Beach were total freaks over them. Then, Cheri, Albert, and I got together and twenty-five percent of the time it's all we listened to.

Van Halen reminds me of Kim when she and I used to go to Howard's Pub and play pool every day that she was on the island that I wasn't working. I think I must have killed about a paycheck a day in Howard's Pub between the pool table and subs. We'd listen to "Black-n-Blue." It also reminds me of one of Cheri's former boyfriends who was the ultimate Van Halen freak. It brings back memories of my cousin Cheri, who loves the tape.

Poison is a kickin' tape. It makes me think of nights Cheri, David Scott, Jamie, and I spent listening to "Your Momma Don't Dance." Jamie would try to get Cheri and I to call it in on Z103, but they'd barely ever play it! It brings back great memories of Tim who loved the song "Nothin' But a Good Time," and we lived by it this summer. Then, Reggie, David Allewalt, Cheri, and I listened to "Fallen Angel." This song became well liked by Albert, David Scott, Jamie, Micheal, and Reggie because they found it to be the only thing that could shut me up while driving around.

Well, that summer's long gone-- and it's on to 1989!

WOOD CARVING

by David Scott Esham

Bird carving has been a tradition around here for many years. There are many well known bird carvers from this island. One of the most well known carvers is Charlie McWilliams. He is dead now but there are still many of his carvings around. A lot of the carvings from this island have been noticed at a lot of bird shows. David O'Neal still trades in a lot of decoys and now carves his own. He goes to a lot of the shows and makes good money from decoys.

A few years ago as many as twenty bird carvers were carving. Now there are just a few. The people that still carve are not doing it as much as they used to for a few reasons. It is hard to get the right lumber, they are getting old, and there isn't that much money in it.

Wallace Spencer has been carving cedar ducks for about twelve years. He started carving them as a hobby and now he carves between seventy-five and one hundred ducks per year. He also carves a few birds and flying geese. When he carves them he starts from a cedar block and chops it away until it is in the shape of a duck. Then he carves with a knife and the last step is sanding. Sanding takes the longest because you have to do it so many times. He then takes them around to the giftshops and to other places and sells them for a price between ten and twenty dollars. People are always looking for him to buy one of his ducks.

Willie Hunnings has been carving birds, ships, and a few other things for about twenty years. He got started by buying somebody elses and copying them. He carves a lot of flying geese that are suspended on a wire. He torches the wood to bring out the grains and then varnishes the body. He paints the heads on all of the geese and then takes them around to sell. His favorite thing to carve is a model ship. Although he has never been around ships, he uses his imagination to do most of it. He has carved seven ships since the fall and six of them are sold. He says that he has over two hundred and seventy-five ships spread throughout the country. He says that when he figures up his hours and what he gets for the ships he makes about a dollar and seventy cents per hour. He still carves a lot but says that the materials are getting hard to get.

Duck carving has been an important tradition here, especially when they were used for decoying birds. It is dying off some now, but I hope that it does not die off. The decoy carvings aren't used much anymore as decoys. Most are now used more for shows.

DEER HUNTING

by Albert O'Neal

It all started on Thursday evening after school. Brad and I left to go to Edenton deer hunting. We got there about ten o'clock that night. We got a motel room and we got up at five thirty Friday morning and unloaded the fish truck and then we left with Ricky Nixon.

We went to the hunting club and ate our breakfast and we went hunting. We left the club and went to get Ricky's dogs and to meet the other members. We put the dogs out and for about the first hour the dogs didn't jump anything. Then they started and they jumped a doe and I had a pretty shot but I missed. We rounded our dogs back up and put them out again and they jumped a twelve point buck which Brad had a good shot at but he missed. The dogs were still on the bucks tail. We chased him for about twenty miles and then a twenty one year old boy shot and killed him. We rounded our dogs back up and then we went and sat in a deer stand for about an hour. We didn't see a thing so we put the dogs back out and Ricky had some shots with his rifle. We left there about five o'clock and we got home about ten o'clock.

Ricky called us and he is going to send us five deer the next time the fish truck goes up there.

RUDENESS

by Cheri O'Neal

Since I've moved here I've noticed a few things about people's politeness. For one, most do not have the slightest idea what that word means. For two, they are just plain rude. It annoys me to no end when someone is deliberately rude to someone else. In my opinion, that must mean one of two things: (1) they have no respect for that person, or (2) they have no respect for themselves. One is just about as bad as the other.

I'm not the type of person who can go out of my way to be impolite to another. I guess that's why I find it so hard to imagine how someone can be so cruel to another human being.

I am beginning to learn that many people don't quite have the same view as I do on that topic. It seems like when people finally start to act decent towards one another, something or someone always has to mess it up. It never fails, certain people in this school really hate it when there's nothing to talk about, or nothing to start would be phrasing it better. They're just not happy unless they're making other people miserable, which is why I feel that rudeness is the main personality conflict in this particular school.

For example, a few students are quarreling and to make matters worse, a few other students get involved in it. They do this just to make sure that things stay unbearable.

DUCK & DEER HUNTING & TRAPPING

by Wade Austin

I'm looking forward to hunting season this year. There is a short season beginning Friday of Thanksgiving weekend. I am going over to Engelhard to go duck hunting and deer hunting and eat Thanksgiving dinner. I am going with my Uncle Ricky Gibbs and Forrest. The place I am going is Pamlico Manor Hunting Club near Mattamuskeet Lake. Last year we killed twenty-two wooducks, pintail, green-winged teal, black ducks, swan, and geese. One day during January some friends of my Uncle's killed about 120 ducks one day when it was snowing and icing.

I plan to go deer hunting with Ricky, Paul, Timmy, Orville, and Granddaddy on my Uncle Jack's land by Mattamuskeet Lake. Two years ago I killed my first deer while we were riding down a field dove and quail hunting. There was a deer standing by a canal and he took off running down a canal. We were going about forty miles an hour along the roadside of the canal. The deer was on the field side. When he got to the end of the road to go in the woods, I shot him and killed him. I didn't kill him stone dead. He fell down and was kicking. Then I shot him with a 30-30 to put him out of his misery. He was a nub-horned buck, an old deer.

We took the deer home, skinned him, cut him up, bagged him, and put him in the freezer. We ate him about two or three days later.

The next morning Granddaddy, Ricky, and I got up at 4:30 and got the rifle. We went back on Mattamuskeet Farm land to check raccoon traps. They had about three or four dozens traps. We got about six or seven raccoons that day. When we got there the raccoons were still alive. They had torn up their path where they cross. They were mad and ready to get out, I guess. You have to shoot them in the head because they will scratch you and bite your hand.

I went with them one day when they caught a red fox and some minks. Depending on how good the fur is, the price ranges from twenty to thirty dollars for each one. The guy comes once every two weeks from Johnson Fur Company, which is in Little Washington.

VOYAGES OF A SEAMAN

by Pete Lisicki

My ship the Strennon will be sailing to the New World on Monday, January 16, 1587. It is Sunday and my crew is ready to venture out into the Atlantic Ocean to find new riches to bring back to England. I haven't slept in over two days and I don't think I will sleep until my crew and I are on the Strennon sailing with the wind on our backs and the ale in our stomachs.

I only fear leaving my wife Phelesia, for she has just given birth to Adam, my first and only son. She thinks it is very unwise to venture out in search of riches for the king. I don't need to go, but the sea is in my blood and the wind calls my name.

I have been a naval captain for King James II for over thirteen years and he tells me I will soon be an admiral of my own fleet. That has always been a true seaman's dream.

It will soon be daylight. Telling Phelesia goodbye will be painful, but she knows in her heart that I will return. I told her quickly that I would be back mayhap in six or seven months.

The morning air was cold, but all my crew members seemed to have good spirits, so the cold didn't bother me. I looked over my list and made sure that everything was accounted for. I told Matthew (Matthew was a young buck who was the first mate and who really knew his way around ships and had a good head on his shoulders) to order the men on the ship and make sure the men and rations were accounted for.

I hugged Phelesia and told her that I would return and then I would no longer make these "foolish voyages." I reassured the king that I would return in no longer than six or seven months and hugged him. I loved him like a father.

I boarded the ship and turned and waved off to the crowd, shedding a tear for Phelesia and my son Adam.

There was a strong wind that day and if calculations that I made were right we should reach a nice Atlantic stream in a couple of days. The men were happy and seemed to have a good feeling about this voyage.

I told Matthew to maintain order and to be in charge while I went down below and got twenty winks. I awoke two days later and wrote down in my journal what ground we have accomplished. It was Thursday the seventeenth and my crew members all seemed to be in good spirits, but of course there was still a generous supply of ale left.

I retired the journal to my quarters and went up on deck. The men seemed surprised that I will still be alive. One ship hand blurted out "We thought you were dead mate." We sailed on with ease for at least one to two hundred miles. We encountered one tiny storm, but it did not effect the ship in any way.

We sailed on for many weeks. I put another entry in my journal. I wrote that the men were getting a little restless because there was a shortage of ale and no wenches to warm the long nights at sea.

Days had passed and the sun was as hot as ever. We had red faces and we were all getting a little weary of the ocean. Matthew had assured me that in a few more days we should be hitting some sort of land form.

The days went on and the men at this point were almost either ready to commit mutiny or just give up hope for everything. (I told no one of these feelings and kept them to myself).

I slept that night and dreamt of Phelesia. I couldn't stop thinking how I would tell the King I could not find a new colony or that I didn't pander any riches.

I awoke the next morning and opened the hatch door. All the men on board my ship were all looking at me. One man spoke up and told me that he did not want to die on some bloody ship on the way to hell. I disregarded the men's despair and walked over to side of the boat. She swayed gently in the breeze and the warm sun heated any chills the breeze could conjure up. I thought for a minute about the men's despair, and maybe I was just a crazy old sea dog. I almost cried then and there, but instead I turned around and screamed to the men, "All right you wanna turn back, then by god we will turn back."

"Captain, Captain," I heard from the other side of the ship. He told me that he had spotted land or what he thought was land. He pointed to the west where he supposedly had seen the land. The crewmen rustled around to where I was standing. At first they didn't see the land form, but they must have stared where I was pointing at and doubted everything I saw until I heard from an old limey, "Why mate yew right, there is land. He is not joshing us boys."

The next morning when I awoke I ran out on deck. A strange feeling came over me when I saw the land so close. I had a feeling that this is what I was meant to do and I had finally accomplished one of my lifetime dreams.

I told the men to bring any provisions that we had left and weapons that we would need in case of any unfriendly natives.

We set the anchor down and dropped a few dingies over the side of her. The men piled in them, for they were as anxious to get to the white sandy beach and explore the inner layers of the island as I was. We paddled through the calm blue water up to the white sand. We drug the dingies up on the sand and just stared at the surroundings. To the right there was the ocean and to the left there was big sand dunes with a brown type of grass growing on top of them. I motioned to the men that we would walk along the beach to see if this was not an island that we had encountered.

We walked for what seemed like an eternity to the men. Some of the men were griping about how they were hungry and how tired they were. I told the men that we would make camp for the night and go exploring about the island. We made a little camp up in the sand hills and west of us was nothing but green as far as we could see.

Tomorrow we will venture inside the green forest of the island and see if we can trade with any colonist or with any indians or just see what treasures are hidden in these strange green forests.

I awoke early the next day and I awoke the rest of the men. They were a little disoriented, but I can't say that I wasn't myself. We separated into two groups and we agreed on meeting back at our makeshift camp before dark.

We trudged through the sand hills and up to where the green forest began. I could smell the sweet smell of pure pine trees in the air. The sun was a magnificent heat that day and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. I turned around to take one last look at the blue water and the vessel.

The men were all ready to explore the forest and they made it quite clear to me in telling me I was indeed drifting off. I shook my head and came out of my haze and we then walked into the forest.

It must have been late in the afternoon for the sun seemed to be sinking into the the land far away to the west. I had many thoughts as we walked through the cool mysterious forest.

We walked out of the forest and onto the sand hills. By this time it was dark and there was a chill in the air. I spotted a fire of in the distance near the ocean and sure enough it was Matthew and his men. We trudged tiredly up to our camp, and I was thinking Matthew had no luck today in finding new riches. As I approached the fire I saw Matthew sitting with a devilish grin on his face and asked them what for was this grin. He explained that his men and him had found indians to the north of the island. I had so many questions for Matthew I didn't know which one to ask the young buck first.

I called all the men in my group to attention and told them to listen to what Matthew had to say. Matthew told us that he and his men had found indians to the north of the camp and they seemed to be very friendly. He told us that in fact, the indians wanted to trade with us and see where we come from. Matthew told us that he told the indians that we had come over on a sailing vessel from England and that we were looking for a new colony and seek to trade with. I asked him in an impatient manner in his haste with his babbling on about trading with the indians if we would in fact meet the indians somewhere to discuss matters. Matthew replied that they did want to meet us. Matthew told us tomorrow they would meet with us and discuss matters just a little north of camp. We sat around and talked that night about what the indians had told Matthew and his group. I slept that night and dreamt of many of my occurrences in England.

I awoke earlier than usual the next morning to a sunny sky and the cool morning air. Everybody was still sleeping but some old shiphand, Joey I think his name was. I walked over to him and I asked the boy to look up at me. Since he was in a crouched manner, I thought there was something wrong with him. When he finally got up enough courage to look at me, I saw eyes that were in fact filled with sadness and fear.

He told me of the many tales that he had heard of foolish seagoers that went on voyages and never returned. The boy went on and on about how he hadn't done anything that he wanted to do in life and almost got me to feel like I was a foolish dog, but I told him that there were only men in my presence not lads. I told him to get up and make the best of our situation here until we can better our matters. By this time most of the men were awakening and I walked quickly to them. I told them in a stern manner to get their gear on and get their feet walking.

We walked through the soft sand down the quiet, calm beach. We walked and walked and I started hearing moans from the men in that the indians did not want to barter with us and that Matthew and his group had made up the whole stupid story. But why? Finally we saw several darkened faces moving stealthily down the beach toward us. We walked and they walked. We finally met face to face.

The indians wore many feathers about their heads and they asked us in a very rough English tounge what we were doing on their island. I told them we were just looking to barter in some furs or some other objects that were not abundant on English soils. I asked where we were located at and if we were in fact in the new world. He told me yes and he explained to me that we were on an island on the outer coastal part of the Carolinas which was named Wokokon. He told me that he was just one of the many strips of islands along the outer coast. The indians chief told me that he arranged that for me. I was feeling confident in our confrontation with the indians and the chief seemed to trust me and my men.

When we had finally finished our tedious journey through the forest of Ocracoke we arrived at a wonderful village. The village consisted of many straw buildings and it was constructed almost like an English village. The village had a town square and had different types of buildings for different types of things. I had no idea that the indians were so advanced in their ways.

That night we all walked in laughter back to camp. There was already a few indians there at camp which were talking to some of the boat hands. I quickly exused myself from the chief and quickly wrote a journal entry.

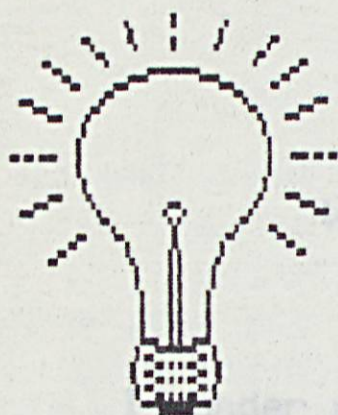
I wrote that I would hopefully be gone from the island tonight, even if I had met friendly indians and they had told me much about the island on which they lived. I miss many people at home.

I awoke late that afternoon the next day and awoke the indians and my men. While the indians and my men loaded the ship me and the chief talked. He told me to come back to his island, I would be welcome and treated graciously. The chief looked me straight in the eyes and gave me a hug. His eyes were full of water. He told me that he wasn't that much of a man in which to not shed a tear if a tear should in fact be shed. I told him I would miss him and that one day when I was an Admiral I would return to the island in which I met my first indian friend. He placed a map in my hand and told me that it took his finest artist two weeks to construct it, but it was a map of his village and of his island. He ordered the young warrior to board the boat and I reassured the chief that if the young indian did not feel accustomed to English beliefs he would be returned home safely. I gave the king some ale and a mirror. I ordered all hands on deck and we sailed to the east.

We returned home in two months and I as we pulled into the port I learned that my son had been killed in a French raid. I was devistated. I rushed off of the boat to my wife Phelesia and hugged her ever so tightly. I did not see my son Adam. Was he infact dead? "Where is Adam?" I asked her squeamishly. She told me that he was in the kings courtyard playing about with the prince. She told me that he was now four years of age. I had no realization that I had been gone for such a tremendous amount of time. The men rushed off the boat and and greeted thier loved ones. While I heard from a voice in the crowd, "Why mate it is April Fool's day, don't you know"? I still thought that was a sick joke to play on anyone.

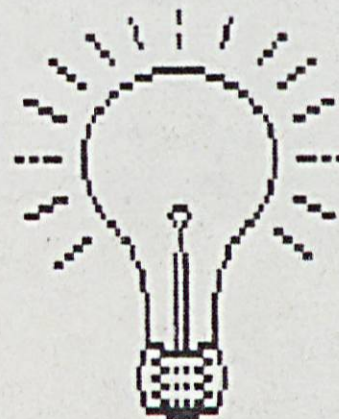
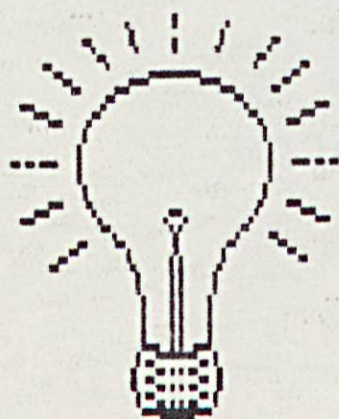
I rushed into the king's quarters and moved the guards to one side. The king did not know who it was. He arose from his throne and ordered the guard to be gone from his presence and took a good long look at me. He took me in his arms and nearly took the life from me. I told him that I brought back proof of where I had been. He asked me to see him later for I had matters to attend to in the naval service, for I was infact an Admiral.

THE END

[illegible]

SOPHOMORES

SOYHOOD



WHAT WORLD WAR III WOULD BE LIKE

by Carmen O'Neal

I wonder what World War III would be like. Would we be fighting against the Soviet Union, or would they help us fight against the enemy? Would we be in the war at all? In my mind there is no doubt about it. If there is a World War we will be in it and one of the two main powers.

Here's how the war will be in my mind. Hopefully this will never happen, but don't ignore the fact that it could. War is not something that is funny, but all so serious. Here's the story, and may it never be.

The United States is asked by a small country controlled by the Soviet Union if we would help them reform into a democracy. The president and congress agree to send troops over to help overthrow the communist government. It is the summer of 2015, and we descend on our enemy. We have no trouble at first, but soon the Soviets hear the news and send troops to stop our forces. They double and triple their efforts. The U.S. start to enlarge their efforts and start to push the enemy back. It is no use. Every time we are making some progress they send more troops.

The war is now getting out of control, and many thousands of soldiers lay dead on the ground of this small country. Other countries are now getting in the war and taking different sides. Great Britain, France, Japan, Israel, and West Germany are on the side of the U.S. The Middle East, East Germany, China, and many other small communist countries are on the side of the U.S.S.R.

An all out nuclear war is now in the making. The Soviets shoot theirs first. We use STAR WARS to knock them out of the sky. We shoot some at them, and they have a similar weapon and shoot ours down too.

All the countries fired theirs, and the entire surface of the Earth is totally destroyed. The tides rise tremendously because of the melting of the polar ice caps. The heat of the nuclear explosions melt them completely.

There is no sign of life on Earth, but in the sky is a shuttle. In the shuttle are about two hundred people from the allied force of the U.S. They are not able to come back to their home for at least two hundred years. They are all sad, but they know they can survive, and come back to replenish the Earth.

BUDDY

by Anna Wilson

At home we have four chickens that are about two years old. One of them is a rooster named Buddy. He is about a foot tall and is very fat for a chicken. Buddy's comb is a red-orange color, and has brown feathers with some other colors in his tail. He is blind in one eye, and this makes him walk to one side almost all the time. Buddy also has a broken toe so this also makes it difficult to walk. Buddy doesn't like to eat when all the other hens are eating, but will eat when he wants to, even if he has to chase the other chickens off.

When we let them out of their cage he likes to go up on the porch and crow until we make him go into the cage because he is so annoying. Buddy crows like any normal chicken, and it can wake you up in the morning if he crows loud enough. In wintertime Buddy usually gets a lot of extra feathers so he will stay warm, but in the summer time he loses a lot of feathers. This makes it easy for him to adapt to the weather. One thing that separates Buddy from other roosters is that he is nice to some people. These are the people he knows, or that feed him. He is like a lot of other chickens in that if somebody is not nice to him then he is not nice to them either.

THE ART OF PAPERCLIP COMBINING

by Anna Wilson

The art of paperclip combining is very irritating to the person who has to undo the paperclips. All you have to do is to string all the paperclips together whichever way you want. Then you give them back to whoever you got them from.

The art of paperclip combining is easy to learn, but only smart people can string them together. The smart person will not take them apart, though. A not so bright person has to do that because the very smart person would get bored trying to take the paperclips apart.

To string paperclips together, first you have to get a box of paperclips. Then you pour them out of the box onto a table or something. Next, you string them together by making a chain out of them. Last of all you place them back into the box and put the box where you found it.

The smart person can string all the paperclips together when the not so bright person is not around. This is a good waste of time when you get bored at school. The only problem is when the not so bright person finds out who strung all their paperclips together. That is when the difficulties arrive.

Usually the not so bright person will assign you a stupid assignment like this one. This assignment is supposedly on the art of paperclip combining. What is there to paperclip combining? Do you know, or do I have to write this so you will know how to string paperclips together?

THE PRESIDENT CAME TO SEE ME

by Mary Fulcher

One day the President came to see me but I was not home. My mom told him that I was at school until about 2:37 and if it was important that she could get me and I could come home. The President asked her if she could tell him where the school was so that he could ask me something. My mother told him where it was .

Just as soon as he left my mother called out to the school so she could tell me that he was on his way out here. I asked her what it was about and she told me that she did not know because he did not tell her.

When I got off the phone with her I went back to class. I was not in there too long when I saw him coming down the road. I waited for him to come in the school to get me before I went out there.

When Mr. Culter came in the room to get me I was very scared and nervous. I went out to talk to him and he asked me if I wanted to take a trip with him across the country so I could do something for him. I told him that I would think about it if he would tell me what he wanted me to do. He told me that he wanted me to play that I was his daughter. I asked him why he wanted me to do that. He said that he told his mother and father that he had a daughter but he really doesn't. I said that I was too old to play his daughter and he asked me how old I was and I told him that I was 16 years old. At first he did not believe it.

I asked him how come he came and asked me and he said that he had a big bowl of names and he was drawing to pick one and mine happened to get picked. I asked him how old of a girl did he want and he said about a two year old. I asked him if he was looking for one that young why was my name in that pile. He said that there must be a mixup. He said that he does not have enough time to go anywhere else.

I got to thinking and told him that there was a very pretty girl that might do it if her parents would let her. I told him that her name was Jessie. He told me thanks for my help and left. Jessie did go and she could visit the President anytime she wanted to.

THE LITTLE INDIAN & THE MAGIC DRUM

by Carmen O'Neal

Long ago in a beautiful forest lived a tribe of indians. These indians called themselves the Mammoths. These indians were in fact special. They all practiced magic, and they talked to the Gods in many different ways. It was believed that if a chief died he became one of the Gods.

It was a dark and stormy night. A mother was giving birth to a soon to be new born son.

The boy was small and he stayed that way. He was always being picked on by the indian children about his size.

The little indian boy was walking through the forest and found a small wooden drum. He picked it up and started beating on it. Soon a great tremble and a loud crash was heard throughout the forest. Out of the drum came a titanic size of a giant. He told the small indian boy that he would give him one wish and no more.

The little indian boy thought and thought. He ask the God to give him the gift of height. "I want to be twenty times larger then I am now," the boy said.

The god said, "It is done."

Immediately the small indian boy began to grow and grow and grow. He finally stopped growing, and he was taller than all the trees in his village. He began to walk home, and everyone ran away in terror. They were all afraid of him, and they moved their village far away. The indian boy was lonesome, and so he went back to where the little drum was found. He beat on the little drum, and the God whirled out of the drum. The God told the indian boy that he had already given him a wish. The indian boy pleaded to the God, but all to no avail.

The indian boy soon found out that size was not what mattered, but only the size of your heart.

RACING

by Sarah Fiore

It was a bright warm July day. We had gone sailing on our boat that day and it was great.

"We're not going fast at all," Kristen and Alex said.

"It's faster than you think," replied Paul.

"No, it's too slow," said Alex.

"Let's race it!" Kristen said.

"What? race it? You'll never keep up," Paul laughed.

"Fifty dollars says we can," they both replied. Paul smiled.

"Fifty dollars to five minutes."

"Let's go," they cried.

Everyone on the boat wanted to see the race, so they all piled to the side. One, two, and they were both in the water. Alex swam as hard as she could, but couldn't keep up. Seeing this happen, I ran to the dingy we had towing behind the boat. By now Alex was at the end of the boat and was slipping steadily. She drifted near the dingy and I yelled to her to grab my hand. She did and I helped her in. My sister Kristen was still swimming, but it was obvious she was tired. She was now drifting, slowing a lot. I again yelled to her and stretched my hand out to her. I saw it was too far over, so I held onto the hand rail and jumped in. I yelled to her and she grabbed my foot.

I was only seven years old and holding on to a pleasantly plump sister against a boat's backwater just wasn't going to happen. My hand slipped off the hand rail. As I screamed my head off thinking sharks galore and other sea monsters were going to bite my legs off, my mom had jumped in the water after us. She calmed me down, as a friend of hers got into his boat and came to "rescue" us.

Although it was a close race, I guess a ten year old can't keep up with a trimaran. At least not my sister.

PENS, PENS, PENS

by Anna Wilson

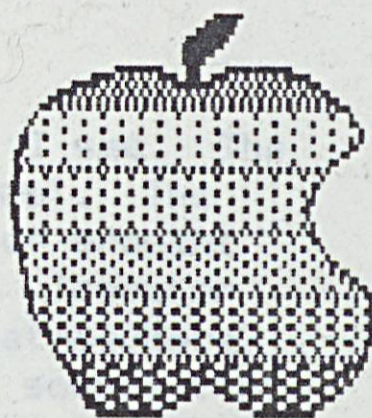
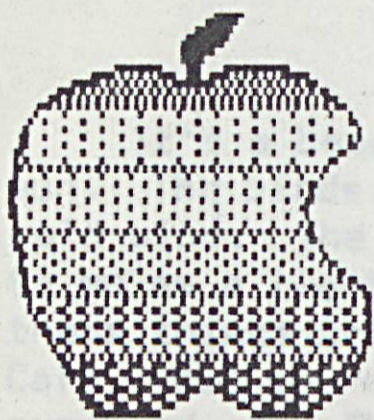
What is the first thing that comes to mind when you think about pens? You probably can't think of anything, so I will give you a clue. You think about all the pen freaks such as Stephen and Alton. See, it really wasn't that hard to think of something to do with pen freaks.

Stephen is probably the worst pen freak of the two. The only problem with that statement is that he has not been a pen freak as long as Alton has. Stephen carries his pens in a green leather pen case he bought in France. It is his pride and joy. Each one of his pens has a different color and design. The pens are almost all fountain pens, they have different colors of ink that are not normally used, and they almost all have fine points. As a matter of fact, almost all of Stephen's pens were bought in France except a few he has bought since he returned home. The only kind of pen he uses is a fountain pen except when he has made a mistake on his paper. Then he uses his bleach pen to erase the mistake. Since he can't write on the bleach pen with a fountain pen, he has to use a ball point pen to correct it. In case you are wondering, the ball point pen was also purchased in France.

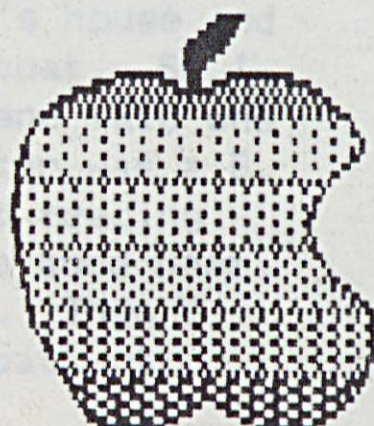
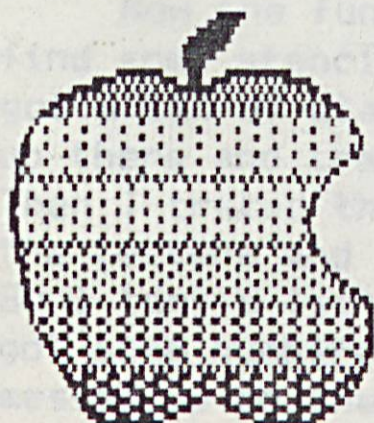
Stephen has said that the French are really picky about their pens and almost always have to have a good pen to write with. Stephen probably only uses one or two of his pens a day, so why does he always carry all of his pens around with him? It just doesn't make any sense. At least it makes more sense than when Alton carries around his four stupid pens.

Alton is another good example of a pen freak. I take that back, he is a perfect and excellent example of a pen freak. I just had to improve that statement a little bit. There are only two real differences between Stephen and Alton. While Stephen carries his pens in a pen case, Alton carries his in his shirt pocket. This is not very bright. When you think about it, just throwing your pen in a bookbag would be a whole lot easier. The other difference is that Stephen uses fountain pens and Alton uses regular pens. Which do you think are better? The thing they both have in common is that they both have to write with several different colors of ink at once. You wouldn't think that is possible, would you? For the most part, Alton just has four pens he carries around all the time. They consist of a bloodthirsty red pen, a geeky green pen, a blank black pen, and an ugly blue pen. He never lets these pens out of his sight.

Have you ever thought about how stupid it is to be picky about pens? Well, have you? You really should be aware that there are pen freaks all around you. How Stupid. There aren't too many other people in this school that are pen freaks. I can't think of any others. Maybe we should banish all the pen freaks from Ocracoke so I won't have to write any more assignments like this one. Come to think of it, if we banished Stephen and Alton from Ocracoke, Laura and Martha would get very upset. While we are still on the subject of pen freaks, I think Alton and Stephen should only be allowed to use pencils for a week. Then we can see which one goes totally nuts first. That would be so much fun.



FRESHMEN



DOWN AT THE WATER

by Amy Gray

It's a beautiful sight. Close your eyes. Picture what I see. The sun. The birds. The water. Touch your arm. Feel what I feel. The cold wind. The sand slowly falling on my feet. The saltwater brought to me as a light mist. The sun as it warms the cool breeze. Together these things bring an atmosphere like no other. A romantic atmosphere? Calm. .but churning? Quiet maybe? No. .I listen to the few sounds that surround me. The birds. Children playing quietly. The water rippling upon the shore. The sea oats and grass as it beats upon the sand.

As I look into the horizon I see the sun about to fall into the deep lapis blue sound. Just as I turn my head I look back and notice the color the sun brings to the soft everlasting clouds. Then as I look the other way, I see a fierce, untamed ocean, an unknown area to man where life and death are known the same, but yet there is a difference.

The feelings I get when I am down here are more than just feelings. More like a passion? The passion to think quietly and ponder over my life. To think about whatever my heart desires. This place is like a constant reminder of what once was, what is, what could have been, and what soon will be. This is the place where I remember my old friends and think of the new. A place to write poetry and stories and softly recite them to myself. To go there and feel alone. Yet...not alone, as if someone is there to listen to my intermost feelings, and solve my most untimely troubles, and never tell a soul. Never able to jump back and criticize my wrong doings and mistakes. A place to go for time. Just time. The time we all need alone.

It is an inspiration, an eternal and forever thing. The sounds, feelings, and beauty all make up these atmospheres of the water.

BUBBIE'S TOY

by Bubbie Boos

Ivey and I painted my boat Saturday. We got up Saturday morning and headed to my boat. When we got there the first thing we did was bumed money off granddaddy and went to the hardware store and bought three paintbrushes and went back to my granny's. We got two scrapers and scraped the boat and washed it.

Then we left and went to my house to eat. When we finished we left and went down to my uncle's dock to talk to my uncle. We left the dock and went to paint my boat. We got to my boat and we mixed up the paint, which took us a long time. It was about two o'clock when we started to paint. We had lots of fun. It took us two hours to paint it.

Now the fun part began. We had to go over to my granny's house and find some stencils and paint the letters on the back of the boat. So I got a can of black paint and a pencil. I took the stencils and laid one up there and traced the inside of the letter. The first letter was a B. Then I traced the first letter and it was a U. So I finished tracing the letters and it spelled BUBBIES'S TOY. I thought it was a good name. So I took a little brush and painted the letters and had fun. Then I got some numbers and traced the numbers on the side of the boat. I messed up on the second side.

MY DREAM

by Duke Gray

One morning I got out of bed and ate breakfast and took a bath. After I did that I went and looked at the waves. They were about 10-12 feet and glassy. I thought I was having a dream but I was not dreaming.

I went back to the motel and got my board and got my rash guard. When I paddled out, there were two guys out. When I paddled out I saw this guy take off on a 12 foot wave. The first thing he did wrong was he didn't have his balance. I knew he was going to eat it.

When the ride was over I saw him on the beach with his board broken in half. After I took off on my wave, I went and told him if he couldn't hang with the big boy's stay on the beach.

When I was leaving I saw this girl and she had blond hair and blue eyes. I thought she was going to turn me down. I asked her what her name was and she said Maryann. I asked her did she want to go out that night and she said yes. So I picked her up around 7:00. I took her to this nice place. We had shrimp and scallops. After we got done eating we went to my place. I asked her did she want to go to the bedroom. She said yes, but I don't know what happened after that because I feel asleep.

PROM 1989!!

by Vanessa Bryan

Prom day is almost here! I am so excited! I just cannot wait until I get dressed up in my red and white dress.

Everybody will be dressed up and probably look nice for a change.

I hope that my prom is as exciting as all four of my sister's. She enjoyed all of the ones that she went to, so I'm looking really looking forward to Friday night.

The dinner should be fun, but the dance should hopefully be even better!

I hope that everyone has a really good time. At least everyone will be able to be together.

This isn't only a time for students to be together, but teachers too! Like they say, "The more the merrier."

I hope everyone is careful and has a really, really great time at the prom!

FEARS

by Brett Evans

A lot of people have different fears. Mine is kind of unusual, but it is still somewhat common. My biggest fear is sharks. It's kind of funny that I live on an island and I'm afraid of sharks. I guess that all people are afraid of sharks in some way, even people who study them, but my fear is much worse. I can watch 10,000 horror films and won't get one nightmare, but if I watch any Jaws 1, 2, 3, or 4 movies, I would be scared out of my wits.

I love the ocean more than anyone, but everytime I go out in a boat or to the beach, I get that terrible fear of a shark. In a way I have a fascination of sharks. I also know the odds of being attacked by a shark is very slim, but there is always that chance, then CHOP!

I have a dream to grow up and become a marine biologist. Who knows, maybe I'll study sharks. Everytime I'm out boogie boarding I'm looking for that dorsal fin slicing through the water.

HUNTING

by Brett Evans

It was a hideous morning around 5:30 AM during the dead of winter. The wind was blowing extremely hard. My dad gave me a stern nudge to wake up so we could go hunting. We were suited up and out the door by 6:00. We walked to the jeep and loaded our guns and our bag into the back.

"Which blind are we going to now?" I asked.

"The one on land," he answered.

We parked our jeep about 400 hundred yards away. We took out our guns and bags and headed for the blind. After we got in the blind and settled, we noticed that there was a good black flock of Canadians drifting into our decoys.

"Let's wait a while and let them get settled," he said calmly.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes sir," I said so anxiously.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

"We got two!" I screamed.

Dad hopped out and got the geese. One was real big, and the other was a good size too. We argued a bit to see who got the big one.

OUR TRIP

by Todd Mugford

Our business class went to the mountains to cut down Fraiser Fir Christmas trees. We left on the 12:30 Swan Quarter ferry. It was a long ride of 3 hours. It was over finally and time to get off. We drove until two o'clock and arrived at the Farthing's house. The next day we were supposed to go skiing and I couldn't wait.

Finally it was morning.

Carmen said, "Let's get up early and get ready."

Brett said, "Yes, let's get up."

I said, "No let's sleep."

The girls came in and woke us up anyway so it didn't matter. We went to the field where the trees are and cut them down to order. We were done. We went back to the house and dressed for a movie. The next day we were on our way home.

We sold all the trees around Ocracoke.

TI-IN

by Todd Mugford

The new program at the school is TI-IN. It's a real neat program. You see the teacher through the television screen. We can talk to her through the phone system. She can teach us just like a normal teacher can. After we talk through the phone it comes on again through the screen. It takes a few minutes before you can talk. Sometimes you can't get through, but most of the time you can. If you have a problem you can just call TI-IN's 1-800 number and they will tell you what to do. Hopefully it will be a simple problem. If we need help after school all we do is call her.

A DAY I'LL NEVER FORGET

by Vanessa Bryan

January 22nd is a day that I will never forget as long as I live. On this day an addition to my family was born. It happened in a very strange, but fast way. I am glad that I was there to see what happened.

Early that morning my sister made some french toast for breakfast. We sat down at the kitchen table and started to eat when all of a sudden she started coughing and had to run to the bathroom. She stayed in there for at least fifteen minutes or maybe even longer. I got really worried. Finally she came back into the kitchen while I was doing the dishes.

She looked at me with an expression on her face that I had never seen before. At first I was in a state of not knowing what to say or what to do. Finally I mumbled, "Are you ok? What is wrong with you? Do you want me to call momma and ask her what is wrong?"

"You don't even know what is wrong with me," Michele said. "I haven't even told you yet."

"I could tell that something was wrong with you by the expression that was written on your face. Come on let's go down into your room so you can rest."

"Ok! My back really hurts and maybe it will feel better if I do lay down for a little while."

We went into her room. I made her bed up so that she would be comfortable when she layed down.

I finished getting dressed and started putting on some of my make-up when she screamed. She had a sharp pain that lasted for about a minute and a half. Not long after that she had a little pain that didn't last very long at all.

I couldn't take much more of it, so I called mom to see what I could do, but in the process of me trying to help Michele, I made Mom worry, but I thought that I did the right thing.

Mom kept calling home to see if everything was alright. Then I asked I asked her if I could call Aunt Sandy to see if she would come out to sit with me and Michele.

When she got there, I explained everything to her so she could tell me what was wrong with Michele. She told me that she was pretty sure that she was having contractions, but she might have been having false labor or something.

I started to get really excited. Mom still kept calling, and finally she decided to call Graham Evans and planned to come home herself.

I am really glad that my mom came home when she did, because after we had taken her to the clinic, we found out she was having contractions and we had to get her off of the island as soon as possible.

The minute that we got home, I ran into her room and got some of her clothes together and put them in an overnight bag so that when daddy got home they would be ready to go.

We were actually too late because Michele got a whole lot worse. I had never been so nervous in all of my life. Our house was like a half way house. Everyone was running around like they had their heads off.

Mom finally had to call Graham to come over and look at Michele because she didn't think that they were going to be able to get her off in time.

About fifteen minutes after he got there, Michele started going into hard labor. Not long after that I had a new little nephew that was born at 3:30 p.m.

I will never forget this experience. It was not as gross as you might think.

GROWING UP

by Sandy Boos

I never thought about being a kid much when I was one. But now I look back on my childhood, it took a lot to be a kid. When I was a kid I thought that all I did was get into trouble. Come to think of it, I was the most troublesome kid in my whole family. I guess that's where I got the name troublesome. But that's another story.

My name is May Beth Richards, and I live on a little island named Ocracoke. It was an OK place to live, I guess, but when you are nine years old it's a place where your imagination can get you into trouble.

I live with my parents and my little sister named Lisa Ann. She is five years old and what some people say is my shadow. My older brother John is now in the Army. He joined last summer, right after he graduated from high school. We are all very proud of him. He is the first person in our family who has gotten a high school education. I'm the next in line.

Let me tell you something about myself and my family. We live in a big two story house and we are one of the first people to have a car. Now I'm nine years old and I'm in the fourth grade. It used to be that I could go most any where I pleased without my little sister, but now I have to take her everywhere. My mother says that it's good for her to be outside walking with her big sister and getting to know some of the kids on the island before she starts school.

I have to take her everywhere. I'm not lying, I mean it. Take the other day for example. I had gotten a dime from my Uncle Sam for reading a whole paragraph out of the newspaper. (You see, I'm having trouble in my reading class, so when I do something like that my family gives me things.) Well, anyway, like I said before, I got this dime and it was burning a hole in my pocket, so I asked my mother if I could go to the general store and get a bottle of pop and some candy and then put the rest up for Christmas. She said yes and as soon as I heard the word I turned to dash out the door, but she caught me before I had a chance to get away.

"May Beth Richards, aren't you forgetting someone?" my mother said in her "you have to take your sister" tone.

I slowly turned around to see my sister in front of my mother with a great big smile on her face. She looked like she had just won a blue ribbon or something.

"Ma, do I have to? Can't I just once go somewhere without her?" I pleaded with her in hopes that my mother this time would let me.

"Now hunny."

"Oh no, now any hopes of me getting out of the house by myself were lost, because whenever my mother starts a sentence with "Now hunny" it meant I had to take her with me.

"It will not hurt you to take your sister with you. She won't cause any trouble. Will you hunny?" My mother looked down at my sister.

"No mommy, I wouldn't," said my sister.

BOTTLING

by Kim Midgett

My mother would take her gig, root digger, and a spoon to the cemetery behind our house and dig for bottles. These bottles may be hundreds of years old, and they come in all different shapes and sizes. I would sometimes go bottling too. I have found thirteen bottles already. My mother has a collection of three hundred or more.

The bottles range in size from about a foot long to about an inch and a half. They also come in different colors: pink, blue, green, white, purple, black, and brown.

There was this one time my mother was digging up over a little hill in our yard and she found a bottle with the shape of a log cabin, but it fell off the shelf and broke.

You can find bottles almost anywhere. Just get an old long nail and a mop or an old shovel handle. Then, tape the nail with that black kind of tape and bring a spoon along with you. You can go just about anywhere on the island to find them, but most likely not on the beach. Then you just jab it into the ground and if you feel something hard and it squeaks, you have a bottle, but it may not be whole. Just dig and see if it's whole or not; you may never know.

If you feel something hard and it doesn't squeak you have a brick or cement. If you hit something hard and it sticks, you've got a root. After you've found your bottles, take them home and clean them out with a clothes hanger. It helps get all the roots out. Dry them afterwards and then put them on a shelf. It would look a lot prettier if it was on a shelf by the window because when the light shines through, it makes the color stand out.