

RITA AND HER PITA

by LOUIE HALLMAN
CAPITAL TIMES STAFF WRITER

THIS IS A STORY
I'll START FROM THE BEGINNIN'
I'll try to GO SLOW SO YOUR HEAD'S NOT SPINNIN'
I ONCE MET THIS GIRL
SHE USED TO SCREAM AND SHOUT
BUT I THOUGHT I'd TAKE A CHANCE AND ASK HER OUT.
I WENT UP TO HER AND I STARTED TO SWEAT
FROM THIS POINT OF THE STORY I WILL NEVER FORGET . . .
I SAID, "HEY HOW YOU DOIN'? MY NAME IS LOUIE."
"SORRY I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS SO MY HAND IS ALL GOOIE."
SHE SMILED A NICE SMILE THAT MADE ME GRIN
HER TEETH WERE AS SHINY AS A BUNCH OF TIN
SHE SAID "OH HOW ARE YOU? MY NAME IS RITA."
"I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW I'M HUNGRY FOR A PITA."
I WAS TAKIN' ABACK
I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO REACT
BUT QUICK AS A CHEETAH I SAID . . .
"OH REALLY . . . A PITA?"
I KNOW THIS GREAT PLACE DOWN BY THE GARDEN
OLIVES ARE THEIR SPECIALTY SO YOU'LL HAVE TO PARDON
BUT I'M PRETTY SURE IF YOU COME WITH ME RITA
YOU CAN BITE INTO A NICE SIZED PITA.
SO, SHE HOPPED INTO MY CAR AND WE WERE ON OUR WAY
I COULD TELL THIS RITA WAS GONNA MAKE MY DAY
WE GOT TO THE GARDEN AND WE FOUND OUR SEAT
ONE LOOK AT THE MENU AND SCREAM DID RITA
FOR ON THERE SHE SAW THERE WAS NO PITA.
I QUICKLY CALLED OUR WAITER TO BRING UP THE SITUATION
HE SAID IT LIKE THIS WITHOUT ANY HESITATION
"I'M SORRY TO SAY THAT YOU DROVE SO FAR FOR RITA . . .
BUT LAST MONTH WE STOPPED SELLING THAT SILLY OL' PITA."
RIGHT AWAY, I SAW RITA GET RED IN THE FACE
ABOUT THIS TIME I FELT LIKE A DISGRACE
I SAID "HOW ABOUT A SALAD WITH CHICKEN FOR YOU RITA?"
SHE SCREAMED "NO!! ALL I WANT IS JUST A PITA!!"
I LOOKED AT THE WAITER AND HE WAS GIVING ME A STARE
I THINK HE WAS IMAGINING ME IN MY UNDERWEAR.
I LOOKED AT RITA AND SAID "WHAT YOU WANNA DO?"
I DON'T THINK THEY HAVE A PITA AT THE ZOO."
FROM THIS MOMENT SHE LOOKED LIKE THE DEVIL
HER LAZY EYE STARTED TO BECOME JUST ABOUT LEVEL
WITH A POSSESSED VOICE SHE SAID "GET ME OUTTA HERE!"
I GRABBED MY COAT AND RAN OUT WITH FEAR
I JUMPED INTO MY CAR
AND PUT THE PEDAL
TO THE METAL.
I DIDN'T LOOK BACK UNTIL I WAS SAFE AT HOME IN MY BED
I'LL SAY THIS ONE THING UNTIL IT'S DRILLED IN YOUR HEAD
SORRY, HOMEBOYS, I DON'T MEAN TO BUST YOUR BUBBLE
BUT RITAS WITH PITAS ARE NOTHIN' BUT TROUBLE!!!



American Exile I

by Donald Long

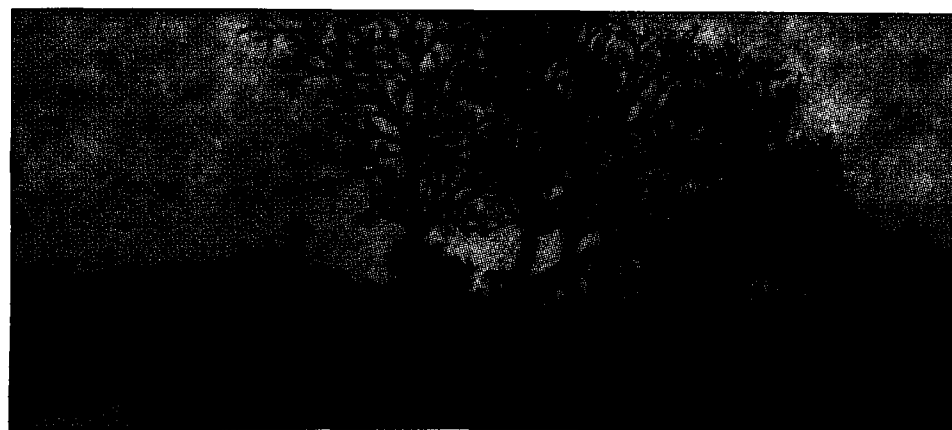
By Michelle Dauberman
Capital Times Staff Writer
Photos by Steven Shearer

Hanging in Olmsted's main hall, from now until the end of March are paintings created by inmates from the State Correctional Institution in Camp Hill.

Once a week these individuals gather to express and explore their creative freedom from behind prison walls. Their work is interesting and has a varied integrity. Definitely well worth a stroll down Olmsted's main hall on the way to your next class or during your lunch break.



Untitled 2
by Berry Good



Untitled I

by Barry Good