

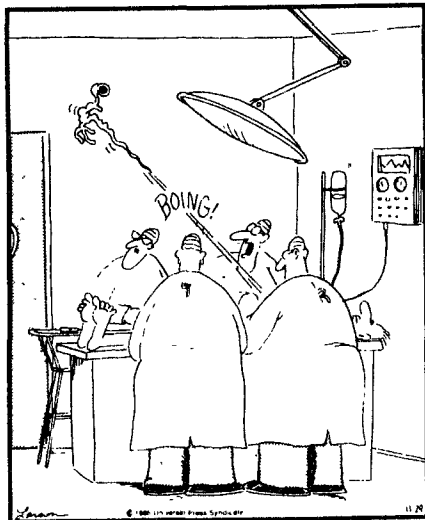
# Creative

## You're a Big Shot on Campus When...

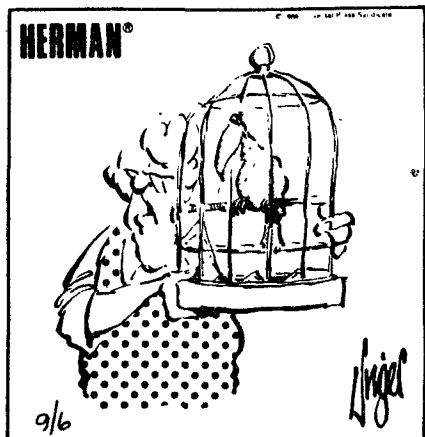
By Michelle Carlin, Chontey Copeland, Annia Diggs - West

You stop at the stop sign near the Commons.  
 You fall down the hill on your way to class.  
 You're a freshman and you enter the wrong building for an exam.  
 You put the wrong student number on your psychology test.  
 You go to a football game in the rain.  
 You drop your tray in the dining hall.  
 Your stool falls from underneath you in biology lab.  
 You buy the wrong scan-tron sheet in the bookstore.  
 You drop your soap powder down the stairs.  
 It's been three months and you still don't know how to do your wash.  
 You arrive to K-1 late.  
 If you still have your name tags on your dorm room.  
 You live off-campus and you can not find a ride to class.  
 The cops bust your party.  
 You go to the wrong house for a party.  
 If you still go shopping at the Laurel Mall.  
 Your a Big-Shot on campus if you go to Penn State.

THE FAR SIDE By GARY LARSON



"Whoa! Watch where that thing lands - we'll probably need it."



"You put the comics page in here. You know he likes the editorials."

## Seasons of Life and Love

By Brian Stone

A deep, deathly darkness swells from my soul  
 Black, breathless evening  
 Hard, harsh undertones of hatred  
 Cold, cruel, empty loneliness  
 Rolling storm clouds of suffering  
 Drop a cold  
 White  
 Blanket of pure snow  
 Upon my subconscious thoughts  
 And Dreams

Once pale blue skies  
 Shining sun, burning softly  
 Warm days put asunder  
 By dark death

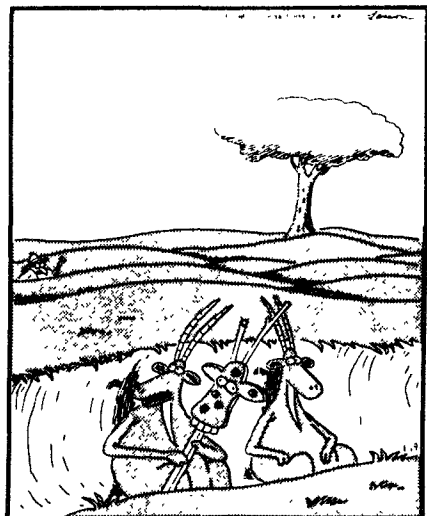
How I long for those days  
 Green  
 Teaming with life  
 Youthful vitality  
 Bold, fresh blossoms blooming  
 Clear, babbling brooks  
 Incorrupt, guiltless innocence  
 Open eyed blindness  
 Simple, untainted happiness  
 Tranquil of thought  
 An age past now

It's all gone  
 All gone  
 A mammoth chasm  
 Once a peaceful valley  
 Full of life  
 White towers stretch to the sun  
 Closed eyes see its



They're gonna use your x-rays for Dr. Frankel's Bi Sci textbook

THE FAR SIDE By GARY LARSON



"He's got one shot left, Murray - and then he's ours!"

Red  
 Rays burning  
 A single perfect rose reaches its zenith

Life wanes slowly  
 As the pale orange harvest moon rises  
 Casting long stark shadows  
 Off all that has once lived

Leaves fallen upon brown grass  
 Golden years long past  
 Bells toll in distant white towers  
 Pealing harshly, calling my name  
 Bereft of reason, am I sane?  
 Hallucinations of a black  
 cloaked figure  
 Blown towards me on warm winds  
 Is it real?  
 There is no love here  
 Feeling so cold, body relaxing  
 Is that the sweet smell of fresh baked bread?

## Wet, Alone and Breathless

By Brian Stone

Wet,  
 Beads of sweat form on my brow  
 Howling, nightmarish images erupt from the bowls of my subconscious  
 Shaking, quaking, wondering where you are in the darkness  
 Am I alone?

Alone,  
 Such a cold feeling, such a cold word  
 Running, crying, screaming for you  
 I stumble in the dark  
 Hurt yet I continue  
 Staggering, falling once more  
 I hobble, crawl through an unfamiliar void  
 In search of you

Breathless,  
 The cool night air burns my overworked lungs  
 A hot breeze burns through me as I run once more  
 Gaining ground  
 I feel your presence near and it spurs me on  
 I sense your proximity through this insane, hellish haze  
 Just as I feel my goal is near  
 A hand grabs mine  
 Through the night  
 I shake awake  
 And find you holding me tight.

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By Michelle Lester

Swaying with the winds of life  
 I find that I am just a young bud  
 Learning to bloom  
 I gaze enviously at the fully blossomed  
 orchids  
 irises  
 roses

Why?  
 The rains have pelted and injured them  
 The winds have tried their strength  
 The animals have used them as their prey  
 The weeds have surrounded and stifled them...

And yet there is an unexplainable  
 indescribable  
 undefinable

Beauty emitted from those brilliant petals  
 For they have learned the meaning of life;  
 What it is truly about...  
 And yet the

orchids  
 irises  
 roses

Triumphantly and with dignity... bloom.

