**SHORT STORY:**

**The Gift Of The Magi**

The story opens with $1.87. That's all Della Dillingham Young has to buy a present for her beloved husband, Jim. And the next day is Christmas. Faced with such a situation, Della promptly bursts into tears on the couch, which gives the narrator the opportunity to tell us a bit more about the situation of Jim and Della. The short of it is they live in a shabby flat and they're poor. But they love each other.

Once Della's recovered herself, she goes to a mirror to let down her hair and examine it. Della's beautiful, brown, knee-length hair is one of the two great treasures of the poor couple. The other is Jim's gold watch. Her hair examined, Della puts it back up, sheds a tear, and bundles up to head out into the cold. She leaves the flat and walks to Madame Sofronie's hair goods shop, where she sells her hair for twenty bucks. Now she has $21.87 cents.

With her new funds, Della is able to find Jim the perfect present: an elegant platinum watch chain for his watch. It's $21, and she buys it. Excited by her gift, Della returns home and tries to make her now-short hair presentable (with a curling iron). She's not convinced Jim will approve, but she did what she had to do to get him a good present. When she finishes with her hair, she gets to work preparing coffee and dinner.

Jim arrives at 7pm to find Della waiting by the door and stares fixedly at her, not able to understand that Della's hair is gone. Della can't understand quite what his reaction means.

After a little while, Jim snaps out of it and gives Della her present, explaining that his reaction will make sense when she opens it. Della opens it and cries out in joy, only to burst into tears immediately afterward. Jim has given her the set of fancy combs she's wanted for ages, only now she has no hair for them. Jim nurses Della out of her sobs. Once she's recovered she gives Jim his present, holding out the watch chain. Jim smiles, falling back on the couch. He sold his watch to buy Della's combs, he explains. He recommends they put away their presents and have dinner. As they do so, the narrator brings the story to a close by pronouncing that Della and Jim are the wisest of everyone who gives gifts. They are the magi.

**LEGEND:**

**Legend of the Dama de Noche**

Many years ago, there was a rich maharlika or nobleman, who spent his early bachelor days wining and dining in the company of nobility. He drank the finest wines, ate the most delicious food and enjoyed the company of the beautiful and bejeweled women of the noble class. After spending this kind of life for many years, he decided to settle down and get married to a woman of his choice. "But whom to marry?" he asked himself, "All the women I know are gorgeous and charming, but I am tired of the glitter of their jewels and the mellowness of their clothes!". Finally, he found himself a simple charming girl whose name was Dama.

They got married and lived happily. She loved and pampered him with the most delectable dishes and kept his home and clothes in order. But soon he got bored and began to long for his friend's company. He looked at his wife and thought, she is not beautiful, doesn't have the air of nobility and wisdom in her. And so, he returned to his world of glitter and pleasure. He started to spend his evenings sitting around with his friends, drinking and talking till the next morning.

Seeing this, Dama felt that she was losing her husband. She wept and prayed, "Oh God! Help me. Give me a magic charm that would make my husband come home again and would never leave my side, forever!". At midnight he came home, opened the door of their bedroom and called for Dama to tell her to prepare his nightclothes. He shouted all around the bedroom and searched the whole house. But could not find his wife. Finally he returned to their bedroom, and when he opened the door, he stopped. A sweet and fragrant scent that he had never smelled before drifted to him. He went straight to the window from where it seemed to be coming. He was amazed to see a strange bush growing outside his window. The bush had thousands of tiny star-like white flowers, from which the heavenly and enchanting scent was coming.

He stood there, completely enthralled by the glorious smell. "Dama..." he whispered softly, wondering, could this be Dama? The noble man sat by the window and waited for his loving simple wife to return. But she did not come back, only the fragrance of the flowers stayed with him, casting a spell over his entire life.

In the moonlight, Dama of the night, or Dama de Noche would be in full bloom, capturing the rich maharlika and making him never want to leave her side, forever.

**LEGEND**

**The Makahiya**

Once there lived a rich couple, Mang Dondong and Aling Iska who had a twelve-year-old daughter named Maria. Being dutiful, obedient and kind, Maria was loved by everyone. But shyness was one of her distinct feature, due to which she avoided interacting with people and used to lock herself in her room. Maria had a beautiful flower garden, which was well known all over the town. She took care of her plants tenderly and patiently, as the plants were her source of happiness and enjoyment.

One day a group of bandits raided the village and killed every man they found for money. When Mang Dondong noticed the arrival of the bandits, fearing his daughter's safety, he decided to hide Maria in the garden. Aling hid herself in the house. She trembled with fear and prayed " Oh my God! Save my daughter ". Then suddenly the door opened and the bandits entered the house. They hit Mang Dondong on the head, due to which he lost consciousness and fell on the ground. Aling tried to escape but was also hit by them on the head. The bandits pillaged the house and took away the money and jewelry. The bandits left the house to plunder some other village.

When Mang and Aling regained consciousness they ran to the garden to look for Maria but she was not there. They searched again and again but Maria could not be found. Then suddenly something picked Mang's feet and he saw a tiny plant closing its leaves. Both Mang and Aling knelt at their knees and took a closer look at the plant. After looking at the plant for a long time, they came to know that the plant was there daughter Maria. Indeed, to save her from the bandits, God transformed her into a plant. Aling wept uncontrollably, and to their surprise, every tear got transformed into a small and rosy flower of the new plant that they found in the garden.

After that, Mang and Aling tended the plant with immense care, as they knew that in reality the plant was their child Maria. The plant was as shy as Maria, so they named it 'Makahiya', which in Tagalog means shyness.

**FABLE:**

**The Tortoise and the Hare**

A hare one day made himself merry over the slow pace of the tortoise, vainly boasting of his own great speed in running.

The tortoise smiled at the hare and replied, "Let us try a race. We shall run from here to the pond and the fox out yonder shall be the judge."

The hare agreed and away they started together. True to his boasting the hare was out of sight in a moment.

The tortoise jogged along with a slow, steady pace, straight towards end of the course. Full of sport, the hare first outran the tortoise, then intentionally fell behind chuckling at the tortoise all the while.

Having come nearly to the goal, the hare began to nibble at the young plants. After a while, the day being warm, he lay down for a nap, saying: "The tortoise is behind me now. If he should go by, I can easily enough catch up."

When the hare awoke, the tortoise was not in sight. Running as fast as he could, the hare found the fox congratulating the tortoise at the finish line.

**FABLE:**

**The Grasshopper and the Ants**

In a field one summer's day a grasshopper was hopping about, chirping and singing to its heart's content. A group of ants walked by, grunting as they struggled to carry plump kernels of corn.

"Where are you going with those heavy things?" asked the grasshopper.

Without stopping, the first ant replied, "To our ant hill. This is the third kernel I've delivered today."

"Why not come and sing with me," teased the grasshopper, "instead of working so hard?"

"We are helping to store food for the winter," said the ant, "and think you should do the same."

"Winter is far away and it is a glorious day to play," sang the grasshopper.

But the ants went on their way and continued their hard work.

The weather soon turned cold. All the food lying in the field was covered with a thick white blanket of snow that even the grasshopper could not dig through. Soon the grasshopper found itself dying of hunger.

He staggered to the ants' hill and saw them handing out corn from the stores they had collected in the summer. He begged them for something to eat.

"What!" cried the ants in surprise, "haven't you stored anything away for the winter? What in the world were you doing all last summer?"

"I didn't have time to store any food," complained the grasshopper; "I was so busy playing music that before I knew it the summer was gone."

The ants shook their heads in disgust, turned their backs on the grasshopper and went on with their work.

**TALE:**

**The Heart of a Monkey**

Fairy tale A LONG time ago a little town of low huts stood in a tiny green valley at the foot of a cliff. The houses were out of reach of the highest tide which might be driven on shore by a west wind.

On the edge of the town was a pretty, looming tree. Half of its boughs hung over the huts and the other half over the deep sea right under the cliff, where big fishes came and splashed in the clear water. The branches of the tree were laden with fruit, and every day at sunrise a big grey monkey might be seen sitting in the topmost branches having his breakfast, and chattering to himself with delight.

After he had eaten all the fruit on the town side of the tree the monkey swung himself along the branches to the part which hung over the water. While he was looking out for a nice shady place where he might perch comfortably, he noticed a shark watching him from below with greedy eyes.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked the monkey politely.

"Oh! if you only would thrown me down some of those delicious things, I should be so grateful," answered the shark. "After you have lived on fish for fifty years you begin to feel you would like a change."

"Well, if you will open your mouth I will throw this beautiful juicy kuyu into it." As the monkey spoke, he pulled one off the branch just over his head and threw it down. The second time he hit and the fruit fell right in.

"Good!" cried the shark. "Another, please."

And the monkey grew tired of picking the kuyu long before the shark was tired of eating them.

"It is getting late, and I must be going home to my children," he said, at length, "but if you are here at the same time tomorrow I will give you another treat."

"Thank you," said the shark, showing all his great teeth as he grinned with delight; "you can't guess how happy you have made me," and he swam away into the shadows.

For weeks the monkey and the shark breakfasted together. They became fast friends, and told each other about their homes and families. By and by the monkey grew a bit discontented with his green house in a grove of palms beyond the town, and longed to see the strange things under the sea. The shark noted this clearly, and described greater and greater marvels till one day he said:

"All your kindness to me ... I have nothing to offer you at this place, but if you would only say yes to come home with me, I should give you anything you desire."

"Ah, good," cried the monkey. "How could I get there? Not by water. Ugh! I don't like to get wet."

"Don't let that trouble you," replied the shark, "on my back not a drop of water may touch you."

They agreed to go after breakfast next morning. The shark swam close up under the tree and the monkey dropped neatly on his back without any splash. After a few minutes the monkey began to enjoy himself a lot, and asked the shark a thousand questions.

The sun had risen and set twice when the shark suddenly said,

"Oh dear, here we are halfway. I think it is time to tell you something."

"What is it?" asked the monkey. "Nothing unpleasant, I hope, for you sound rather grave?"

"Oh, no! Shortly before we left I heard that the sultan of my country is very ill, and that the only thing to cure him is a monkey's heart."

"I am very sorry for him," replied the monkey. "What a pity you did not tell me while I was still on land. Then I would have brought my heart with me."

"Isn't your heart here?" said the shark, with a puzzled look.

"Oh, no, sir! When we monkeys leave home we always hang up our hearts on trees, in this way they won't get troublesome."

The monkey lied in such a calm, indifferent way that the shark began to wish he had not been in such a hurry.

"We had better turn back to the town, and then you can fetch it." he said.

"Well, it is such a long way; but you may be right," said the clever monkey.

"I am sure I am," answered the shark, and in another two days they caught sight of the kuyu tree hanging over the water.

With a sigh of relief the monkey caught hold of the nearest branch and swung himself up.

"Wait for me here," he called out to the shark. He went into the branches so that the shark could not see him, and lay down to have a nap.

"Are you there?" called the shark again and again, and in a sulky voice. Finally it woke up the monkey and he replied,

"I am here, but I wish you had not wakened me up now."

"What about fetching your heart? You CAN'T have forgotten!"

"Oh dear," said the monkey with a chuckle, "Did you really think anyone would say yes to giving up his heart? Far from it." And the monkey disappeared among the gem-green branches, and was gone.

You may meet his kindred still.

**TALE:**

**The Turtle and His Bride**

Fairy tale THERE was once a turtle who lived among people near a large river. There were also other turtles there, and this turtle was kind and pleasant to them all, but felt rather lonely. Therefore he built himself a hut and made it as comfortable as any hut around, and when it was quite finished he went out looking for a wife.

It took him some time to make up his mind, but one sunny day he found a girl who looked prettier and more industrious than the rest, and said:

"Will you marry me?"

The young woman was startled. She dropped the beaded slipper she was making, and stared at the turtle. But she was kind-hearted and polite, and therefore she looked as grave as she could when she answered:

"How will you provide for a family? How can we keep up with the rest?"

"I can keep up with the best of them," replied the turtle, tossing his head and making the girl agree also.

"You'll have to wait, though," she said; "I must make a whole lot of slippers and dresses first, as I shall not have much time afterwards."

This didn't please the turtle. He took out his displeasure:

"I shall go to war and take some captives. Then, when I return I expect you are ready to marry me."

He went back to his hut. The first thing he did was to call all his relations together, and ask them if they would come with him and make war on the people of a neighbouring village. The others agreed at once, and next day they left the camp. The girl was standing at the door of her hut as they passed, and laughed out loud because they moved so slowly.

The leader turtle cried out:

"In four days from now you'll be weeping instead of laughing, because there will be hundreds of miles between you and me."

"In four days you'll hardly be out of sight," said the girl.

The army marched on. One day they found a large tree lying across their path. They looked at it for a long while, and the oldest among them put their heads together to see what was to be done.

"Getting past by the top would take us years," one of them exclaimed.

"We could go round by the bottom," said another.

"That would amount to about the same. No, the only way I can think of, is to burn a large hole in the trunk," said a third. This they did, but the trunk was very thick, and would not burn through.

"It's no use, we must give it up," they agreed at last. "After all, nobody need ever know!" And so the whole company turned homewards again.

They were tired and footsore with their journey and began to sing a good war-song. The villagers heard it, and came flocking to see what was happening. Then the leader turtle hurried and seized his betrothed from among them. No one could stop him as he seized her by the wrist.

"Come with me," he said.

Everybody got angry at this behaviour, but the turtles were too strong. Then the girl said,

"You broke your promise. You said you would be back soon, and it is more than a year since you went! I have married since then."

The turtle got angry at this and drew his knife.

"Look here, if she won't be my wife, she shan't be the wife of anyone else. I'll cut her in two; and a man shall have one half, and I the other."

"But half a woman is no use to me," answered a man who was wed to the girl by then. "If you want her so much you had better take her."

And the turtle carried her off to his own hut.

The woman saw she would gain nothing by being sulky, so she pretended to be happy while she was trying to find a way to get rid of the turtle. At last she remembered that one of her friends had a large iron pot. She ran over to her and brought it back. Then she filled it with water and hung it over the fire to boil.

"What are you doing there?" asked the turtle when he came in through the door, for he was always afraid of things that he didn't understand.

"Just warming some water. Do you know how to float and swim?"

"Yes, of course. But does it matter to you?" said the turtle, very suspiciously.

"Well, after your long journey you might like to wash. And I could rub your shell for you.

"Well, I am rather muddy, and I should certainly be more comfortable if my back was washed."

The woman didn't wait. She caught him up by his shell and popped him straight into the pot. The boiling water killed him in a thrice and he sank to the bottom. The other turtles felt it was their duty as soldiers to follow him. They sprang into the pot and there they died too.

**TALE**

**The Clever Weaver**

ONCE the king of a far country was sitting on his throne, listening to the complaints of his people, and judging between them. That morning there had been fewer cases than usual to deal with, and the king was about to rise and go into his gardens, when a sudden stir was heard outside, and his prime minister came in and asked if he would receive the ambassador of a powerful emperor who lived in the east and was greatly feared by the neighbouring sovereigns. The king was as afraid of the emperor as the rest, and they let in the envoy at once.

A banquet was speedily prepared. The king settled himself again on his throne and wondered what the envoy had to say. The envoy said nothing. He went up to the throne where the king was waiting for him and stooping down, traced a black circle on the floor with a rod. Then he sat down on a nearby seat and took no further notice of anyone there.

The king and his courtiers were mystified and enraged at the envoy's odd conduct, but now that he sat as calm and still as an image, it was plain that they would get no explanation from him. The ministers were hastily summoned, but not one of them could tell why that had happened. This made the king's anger grow, and he told them that unless they could find someone capable of solving the mystery before sunset, he would have them all hanged.

The ministers knew the king's word was to be trusted. Now they quickly mapped out the city into districts, so that they might visit house by house, and ask all who lived there if they could understand what the ambassador had meant by what he did. Most of them only got a puzzled stare.

But one of them entered an empty cottage where a swing was swinging of itself, so he began to think it might be worth while to see who owned it. He opened a door to another room, and there he found a second swing, swinging gently like the first, and from the window he beheld a patch of corn, and a willow which kept on moving without any wind blowing, just to frighten away sparrows. His curiosity grew, and he went down the stairs and found himself in a large light workshop where a weaver sat at his loom. But all the weaver did was to guide his threads, for the machine that he had invented to move the swings and the willow pole, made the loom work.

The minister sighed with relief when he saw the great wheel in the corner and had guessed the use of it: If the weaver could not guess the riddle, he might at least put the minister on the right track. So the minister told the story of the circle, and also told that a nice reward waited the one who could explain it.

"Come with me at once," he said. "The sun is low and there is no time to lose."

The weaver stood thinking for a moment and then walked across to a window. Outside it was a hen-coop with two knuckle-bones lying beside it. These he picked up, and taking the hen from the coop, he tucked it under his arm.

"I'm as ready as can be," he answered, turning to the minister.

In the hall the king still sat on his throne and the envoy on his seat. Giving signs to the minister to remain where he was, the weaver went up to the envoy and placed the knuckle-bones on the floor beside him. For answer, the envoy took a handful of millet seed out of his pocket and scattered it round. At this the weaver set down the hen, who ate it up in a moment. That made the envoy rise and leave without a word.

As soon as the envoy had left the hall, the king beckoned to the weaver.

"You alone seem to have guessed the riddle," said he, "and you will be handsomely rewarded. But tell me, what did it mean?"

"The meaning, king," replied the weaver, "is this:

The circle drawn by the envoy round your throne is the message of the emperor, and signifies, "If I send an army and surround your capital, will you lay down your arms?" The knuckle-bones which I placed before him told him, "You are but children compared to us. Toys like these are the only playthings you are fit for." The millet that he scattered was an emblem of the number of soldiers that his master can bring into the field; but by the hen which ate up the seed he understood that one of our men could destroy a host of theirs."

"I don't think the emperor will declare war," he added.

"You have saved me and my honour," said the king, "and wealth and glory shall be heaped on you. Name your reward, and you shall have it, even up to the half of my kingdom."

"All I ask is the small farm outside the city gates as a marriage portion for my daughter, sir," said the weaver, and it was all he would accept. "But please remember that weavers also are of value, and sometimes as clever as ministers, if not more so."

**ESSAY:**

**Descriptive Essay about Beach:**

On a hot summer day, the only good place to go is to the lake. You would go out to the lake to enjoy the water, the sun, the activities that are happening, or just to be with family and friends.

When you're at the lake, there are some very distinct smells. The hickey smell of campfire smoke always lets you know that there are marshmallows and hotdogs being roasted. You'll never want to touch your hair from putting your fingers on the sticky marshmallow, to me it's just crazy glue. But you can always enjoy the sweet coconut smell of sun tanning lotion that people put on themselves while they lay into the sun to basically "cook."

If you're looking for a quiet relaxation at the lake, I don't think that will work out too well. The lake is always really loud throughout the day. You can hear the loud motors of the boat and the waves of the water as the boat comes crashing through.

You'll definitely be able to hear the laughter and the excitement of the kids as they splash around in the lake.

While you're at the lake you can always get involved in some fun activities, if you aren't able to relax. You can go fishing, if you like touching the slimy scales of the fish and the soft touch of the cold water. Just make sure you don't get the rough, coarse sand in your shorts because you won't like that too much.

Overall the lake is lots of fun to go to if you just want to get away from the busy, smelly city that you live in. If you are there early enough, for instance if you were camping out in the rocky wilderness you will be able to see a beautiful, bright sunrise and if you enjoy staying out on the beach until the evening, I'm sure you can catch a calming and loving sunset. After the sun has gone down for the night, you can lay in the sand and stare up at the amazing, twinkling stars.

**ESSAY:**

1. “This family was a victim of a problem they could have avoided-a problem that, according to Florida park rangers, hundreds of visitors suffer each year.”Several times a month," ranger Rod Torres of O'Leno State Park said, "people get scared and leave the park in the middle of the night." Those people picked the wrong kind of park to visit. Not that there was anything wrong with the park: The hikers camped next to them loved the wild isolation of it. But it just wasn't the kind of place the couple from New Jersey had in mind when they decided to camp out on this trip through Florida."
2. “Gun control has been a controversial issue for years. A vast majority of citizens believe that if gun control is strictly enforced it would quickly reduce the threat of crime. Many innocent people feel they have the right to bear arms for protection, or even for the pleasure of hunting. These people are penalized for protecting their lives, or even for enjoying a common, innocent sport. To enforce gun control throughout the nation means violating a persons Constitutional rights. Although some people feel that the issue of gun control will limit crime, the issue should not exist due to the fact that guns are necessary for self defense against crime, and by enforcing gun control is violating a citizen’s second amendment right to bear arms.”
3. "ROMEO AND JULIET" Character Description Essay

In "Romeo and Juliet", by William Shakespeare, Romeo Montague is portrayed as a very romantic character. In Webster's New World dictionary, romantic' is defined as: "Preoccupied with love or by the idealizing of love." In the play, Romeo's constant obsession with finding/falling in love is an ongoing topic of concern. From the beginning of Act 1, scene 5, to the end of scene 5, Romeo proves, under many different circumstances, that he's a true romantic.

In the beginning of Act 1, Romeo mourns the fact that his love for Rosaline has been in vain, since she doesn't at all feel the same way about him. "She'll not be hit with Cupid's arrow. She hath Diane's wit, and, in strong proof of chastity well armed (Act 1, sc.1, Ln.216-8)." In this scene, Romeo explains to Benvolio, his cousin, how Rosaline refuses to take notice of his love for her, and accept it. He continues to be saddened by this until the fourth scene, which proves his preoccupations with trying to find the love in of which Rosaline denies him.

Although Romeo attends the Capulet's feast in scene 5 only because he knows Rosaline will be there, his deep feelings of intense romance and compassion for her are soon shifted to another woman. Romeo experiences what he considers to be love at first sight' when he notices Juliet from across the room: "Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dearDid not my heart love till now? (Act 1, sc. 5, Ln.54, 59)." At almost an instance, Romeo forgets about his hopes too see Rosaline, and instead sets his sights on getting to know Juliet. Although at first thought his actions would most likely be considered fickle', Romeo's confessions that he may not have loved until seeing her makes it apparent that (at least to him) Romeo's feelings for Juliet are far more heart-felt.

In conclusion, Romeo is depicted as a true romantic in Shakespeare's tragedy of him and Juliet.

**JOURNAL**

**Description**

Administrators can really make it tough on teachers. I’ve had numerous conferences with her about what’s going on in this school, but she doesn’t seem to want to hear it. We had a very rough time when we started this year. Students who can work by themselves do okay, but the others continue to fail. Since my time to work individually with them has been cut in half, they don’t stand much of a chance. The problem is how the students are distributed among the classrooms. We had this meeting and the principal asked me to take notes on what happened and what was decided. I was supposed to watch her to see how she handled a difficult situation. Needless to say, it didn’t go very well.

She listened to what everybody had to say, but she seemed to get defensive when one teacher described her classroom as a “dumping ground” for all the problem students. I don’t think an administrator should say that she wants to listen to people’s concerns and then cut them off when they say things she doesn’t want to hear. It took a long time to get to the real problem. We have so many students moving in and out and being tested for different programs that we just don’t have any stability. The racial and socioeconomic levels vary greatly among our students, and she seems to want to ignore this completely. After about an hour, she said she had another meeting and that we would have to meet again to discuss this further.

**Analysis**

It wasn’t like this last year. Our old principal spent a lot of time trying to place students in classes with a lot of attention to their individual needs, and he listened to what the teachers had to say. Another thing that the teachers brought up was the way the office does not follow through on discipline procedures. Like everybody else, I have had some problem controlling my class on some occasions this year, and I think it has a lot to do with the way the principal “sets the tone” for student behavior. Some of the things I learned from observing this meeting are that administrators need to listen to their faculties. They need to consider all of the issues involved in a problem. And most importantly, they need to try to work out some sort of solution that improves the situation and that everybody can live with.

**Interpretation**

After this first “mentoring” experience, I am not so sure that I want to be an administrator. For example, when I brought up the problem of discipline, she looked at me like I wasn’t supposed to say anything. Then she said I should look at the handbook to be sure that the proper procedures had been followed. It was very frustrating. I don’t have a clue about what is going on with her. The meeting just sort of ended when she got up and said she had to go to the district office for a special education meeting. So far, she hasn’t set a date for another meeting, and things just go along as they did before.

**Journal**

**1. Description**

 Smithville Middle School is a relative new school, located on the edge of a small, rapidly growing community in West Central Illinois. Our population is a mix of white, African-American, some Hispanic and a small number of Asian students. The problem is that our enrollment has grown from about 450 last year to nearly 500 this year. This has put a considerable strain on the building, the faculty, and the administration. When I first spoke to our principal, Mr. Davies, about being my site supervisor for this year, he said, “Well, you’ll have a lot to observe right from the beginning. Our first faculty meeting should be interesting.” Mr. Davies is an energetic man in his late forties. He has been a principal for eleven years, and although he is usually pretty cheerful, he was not looking forward to the opening of school this year. We are going to be short on classrooms, and class size will have to go up.

 The meeting was scheduled for 8:30 on the first morning back after summer vacation. It was held in the library where the faculty gathered for coffee and doughnuts before the meeting started. Mr. Davies usually stands at a podium set up at one end of the room. The teachers sit at tables around the room and tend to laugh and talk a lot until the meeting gets started. They got quiet when Mr. Davies called the meeting to order. He went through the usual announcements and information items we have on the opening day of school, and then we got bad news. He explained the situation in a very matter-of-fact way, outlined some of the steps he saw that the school could take to deal with it, and then invited people to comment. Nobody said much at first, then a few of the older teachers began to complain about how the school board needed to hire more teachers and the superintendent should put a lot more money into the school. Mr. Davies listened, but did not comment. Other teachers started to ask questions about the class schedule and how teachers would have to share space and other questions about books and the curriculum, especially the science rooms. Mr. Davies explained how some questions were answered in the handouts that teachers had received in their mailboxes that morning. He took notes on other things they asked and said he would attempt to answer as many questions as he could at the next meeting. It took a long time to hear everyone, and by the time the meeting was over, nobody was looking very happy.

**Analysis**

 Even though he tried to keep things upbeat by interspersing his explanations with humor and not dwelling on the negative side, Mr. Davies did not really get the school year off to a very good start. There are going to be a lot of changes in the school this year to make room for the increased number of students and all the problems that go with more students. Some teachers seemed pretty angry. Mr. Davies tried to put the best face on it that he could. He didn’t try to sugarcoat anything. He just gave it to us straight out. I think he expected the complaints that he got from people who wanted to place blame. He didn’t let them bother him. He just listened, let the people know that he heard them, and then moved on. He also didn’t just read from the packet of information to the teachers when what they wanted to know was given there. He just told them where to look for answers. It was a difficult kind of meeting to have.

**Interpretation**

 I tried to think about ways in which I would have conducted the meeting if I had been the principal. I’m not sure I could have done any better. I think that I somehow expected more of Mr. Davies. I guess I expected him to cheer everyone up, even though we are facing a difficult year. We tend to expect too much of administrators sometimes. We want them to solve all our problems and just hand us the answers. He let us know that he is trying to deal with the situation, like writing down the questions he couldn’t answer and saying he’d get back to people on them. He cares about people’s concerns, but he also let us know that we all have to work together to solve our problems and that he’s not able to wave a magic wand and make everything okay. I asked him the next morning how he thought the meeting went. He said he thought the teachers took the bad news better than he had expected and that he was glad that people had not gotten really upset. As I was leaving his office, he said, “It’s going to be a long year.”

**2. Description**

 Dr. Miller has been a high school principal for 16 years, with 12 years here at Stanford High School. I am lucky to have her for my site supervisor because she is willing to talk to me about her work and what she thinks of it. I really enjoy our discussions of what roles a principal has to play every day on the job. This week, we got into a discussion about how much influence an administrator really has over what teachers do in their classrooms. She pointed out a number of things that I hadn’t really thought about before.

 One of the things that Dr. Miller said that impressed me was how time consuming it can be to help teachers with disciplinary problems, especially when parents become actively involved. As she put it, “Things can get nasty, and you have to be a kind of politician to keep them under control.” She felt that as a result of many societal influences, such as the decline of the importance of religion and government institutions and the increasingly negative attitudes toward authority, some parents have a very negative reaction toward attempts by teachers and schools to discipline their children. Too often, she said, they are antagonistic and make the situation worse. They say things like, “Why are you picking on my kid?” and “It’s the school’s fault, not his!” And, maybe worse, they just refuse to take an interest in what their children are doing in school. Administrators can play an important part in helping teachers deal with difficult behavior problems, or they can sort of step back and say, “Let the teachers deal with it.”

 Now, Dr. Miller is a staunch supporter of her teachers. She starts with the assumption that her teachers are professionals and have reasons for the actions they take—especially in confrontations with students. However, the attitude of many parents forces her to put teachers through what may seem to them to be “the third degree.” She does this to ensure that she knows what actually did happen and what did not happen. When dealing with aggressive parents, Dr. Miller says she has to know that what teachers do is appropriate and defensible. This is absolutely necessary because of increasing legal considerations. She is afraid, however, that her close questioning of teachers may be seen as a lack of confidence in them. “Communication is the most important part of handling these situations,” she said. “You have to make things very clear to everybody.”

**Analysis**

 I find it ironic that steps taken by administrators to support the efforts and decisions of teachers may be perceived by them as a challenge to their judgment. I also think that most teachers may not understand or appreciate the personal, logistical, and legal complexity of dealing with volatile situations. People are willing to sue over just about anything now days. Principals have to know what the law has to say about the liability of the school and the teachers. And, they have to be very careful in supporting their staff in the most constructive way. Every situation has to be taken seriously. You can’t just assume anything.

 Another aspect of her job that Dr. Miller talked about is how little time she has to visit classes and talk to teachers about instruction. She said that she likes to sit in on classes and on teachers’ discussions about teaching, but other than classroom visits to meet teacher evaluation requirements, she doesn’t have enough time to do that. Dr. Miller stressed that student academic success is of primary importance, and there are a lot of curriculum issues that need to be addressed. But she knows that she cannot be an expert in math, science, English, P.E. and all the other subjects, yet people, especially in the community, expect her to be able to answer any question about what is taught in the school. Dr. Miller believes that the teachers, much more than the principal, are the “front line” people of the school, and have the biggest impact on the school culture and the academic performance of the students. As she put it, “Good teachers can only make the principal look better. You have to hire the best.”

**Interpretation**

 I still see administrators as managers for the most part. They have to see that the school is up and running each day and that everything goes smoothly. On the other hand, they also have to be willing to let others take the initiative, even encourage teachers to be creative and to handle problems on their own. At the same time, however, if a principal does encourage teachers to act as professionals, she must be willing to accept their approaches, methods, and philosophies, even if they are different from hers. I don’t think you can have it both ways. I think that above all, administrators have to be tolerant, not only because people disagree and society’s values change, but because they have to be open to new ideas and new ways of doing things. You can’t just sit in your office and do things “by the book” if you want to be a school leader.

 Dr. Miller told this story from her first job as principal of a small rural high school in Southern Illinois. The building had a very old heating system with a boiler that was cantankerous and living on borrowed time. It seems the principal before her had some mechanical ability and was able to keep the system running. Dr. Miller had to rely on others to coax the thing to work when the weather got cold. As a result, everyone blamed her when it stopped working. The community’s estimate of her job as principal became linked to whether or not the boiler worked. As far as the public was concerned, if she couldn’t do that, how could she be expected to run a school? It didn’t matter how many other things she did well, if the school was cold, she was not doing her job.

**DIARY:**

**1. August 26, 1963**

*Today I found out I was going to an integrated school. I feel my life will be better, but I am also worried of what the kids will think of me. Their parents are very upset and protesting outside the school. I have mixed feelings about it. I know that if I want to fulfill my dream of becoming a black lawyer, I will need a great education and have to work hard. My life will be nothing without education.*

**August 27, 1963**

*I just got home from school. It was terrifying. I am usually proud of who I am, but my classmates made me feel ashamed. No one would speak to me and I felt like an outcast. I should have stayed at my old school. I'm never going to be able to become a lawyer learning like this. How could I have thought this would work out? This was the worst day of my life.*

*2. Dear Diary,*

*What have I done wrong to be treated this inadequately? I’d rather be treated like a dog, kicked and refused, since the truth is less embarrassing than being in these deceitful teases. I would accept Demetrius for his teasing behaviors, for I do disturb him in such a way, but I do not understand why Lysander is making fun of me. What disgusting acts have I done? What laws have I broken? I am humiliated by all my friends, and this sorrow rips my heart apart. Thoughts are crossing all over in my head, having to realize that I am a*

*creature which is not even worth treating fairly. In a deep cloud of melancholy, I try to not think about the abusers for a moment, but thoughts of them just crawls up in my head.*

*Lysander, why do you give me all the vows which belong to Hermia? You give me a pain just to realize how sarcastic you are, and to imagine what you really have in your mind. Every sarcastic word you spew out just reminds me of my ugliness, and that slits my tender heart open. Hermia, my dearest friend, has turned into my odious friend just because of the misunderstandings. Hermia, you should understand the pain that I am suffering, for you are my dearest friend. Do you not remember our early days we shared, and the days which we grew a strong friendship which could not be broken? If you do, then why do you injure me with your words? Now please, please allow me to chide you for your mocking behaviors towards me.*

*Oh, let the magic fix all this chaos, and let there be the usual hatred towards me! Oh, how I miss the rejections I have suffered, but it is only now that I realize their importance. Oh, even hell cannot be bitterer than these ridiculous teases causing my vexations.*

**BIOGRAPHY:**

**Mae Jemison: Star Child**

Have you ever dreamed of flying freely through outer space surrounded by a sea of stars? Mae Jemison fulfilled that dream. On September 12, 1992, aboard the spaceship Endeavour, she became the first African-American woman to blast into outer space. This wasn’t the only time, however, that Jemison had reached for the stars and realized her dreams.

Jemison was born on October 17, 1956, in Decatur, Alabama, but she grew up in Chicago, Illinois. There weren’t many African-American female role models while Jemison was growing up, but she didn’t let that stop her from achieving her goals. She was especially interested in anthropology, archaeology and astronomy. Luckily, her parents encouraged those interests. That encouragement drove her to excel. She graduated from high school at 16! Then she earned degrees in chemical engineering and African-American studies at Stanford University. Soon after, she graduated from Cornell University’s medical school. No obstacle was too great for Jemison to overcome!

Jemison’s accomplishments did not end there. In 1981, she joined NASA’s space program in Houston, Texas. In 1988, however, Jemison realized her biggest dream: She finally became an astronaut! Just four years later, she was named Science Mission Specialist (another NASA first) on the Endeavour flight.

Today she encourages young people, especially women and girls, to study the sciences. Her life example teaches us to follow our dreams, no matter how great!

**Biography**

1. Kwame Senu Neville Dawes was born in Ghana in 1962 but grew up in Jamaica where he attended Jamaica College and the University of the west Indies at Mona. He studied and taught in New Brunswick on a Commonwealth Scholarship to Canada. Since 1992 he has been teaching at the University of South Carolina. He is as an Associate Professor in English on the Columbia campus of that institution. He is also a critic, actor, playwright, storyteller, and a poet-reggae singer. Dawes has published six collections of poetry, Progeny of Air (Peepal Tree 1994--Winner of the Forward Poetry Prize for Best First Collection, UK) Resisting the Anomie (Goose Lane 1995), Prophets (Peepal Tree 1995). Jacko Jacobus, (Peepal Tree 1996), Requiem, (Peepal Tree 1996) a suite of poems inspired by the illustrations of African American artist, Tom Feelings in his landmark book The Middle Passage: White Ships/Black Cargo, and Shook Foil (Peepal Tree 1998) a collection of Reggae-inspired poems.

2. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston on January 17, 1706. He was the tenth son of soap maker, Josiah Franklin. Benjamin's mother was Abiah Folger, the second wife of Josiah. In all, Josiah would father 17 children.

Josiah intended for Benjamin to enter into the clergy. However, Josiah could only afford to send his son to school for one year and clergymen needed years of schooling. But, as young Benjamin loved to read he had him apprenticed to his brother James, who was a printer. After helping James compose pamphlets and set type which was grueling work, 12-year-old Benjamin would sell their products in the streets.

When Benjamin was 15 his brother started *The New England Courant* the first "newspaper" in Boston. Though there were two papers in the city before James's *Courant*, they only reprinted news from abroad. James's paper carried articles, opinion pieces written by James's friends, advertisements, and news of ship schedules.

After 16 letters, Ben confessed that he had been writing the letters all along. While James's friends thought Ben was quite precocious and funny, James scolded his brother and was very jealous of the attention paid to him.

Before long the Franklins found themselves at odds with Boston's powerful Puritan preachers, the Mathers. Smallpox was a deadly disease in those times, and the Mathers supported inoculation; the Franklins' believed inoculation only made people sicker. And while most Bostonians agreed with the Franklins, they did not like the way James made fun of the clergy, during the debate. Ultimately, James was thrown in jail for his views, and Benjamin was left to run the paper for several issues.

Upon release from jail, James was not grateful to Ben for keeping the paper going. Instead he kept harassing his younger brother and administering beatings from time to time. Ben could not take it and decided to run away in 1723.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY**

*1. I was born and brought up in Houston, Texas. Ours is a family of four with my parents, me and my younger brother. The schooling years of my life were toughest. I struggled a lot in my studies. The standardized procedure of education never interested me.

I was an average student throughout my academic life. Extra-curricular activities like sports, drawing, crafts, etc. were my favorite things. I just remember that it was the second semester of 8th grade when I stood first in class. However, it didn't serve any purpose in motivating me to take up studies seriously. I enjoyed understanding the concepts more than just memorizing ready made notes. After completion of my schooling and college in the science stream, I chose to become a writer. It was a weird decision taken by me at that time. Today, however, I don't regret it at all.

My career in writing began a smoothly and I was more than happy to grab the right opportunity for which I was waiting so long. Today, I am happy with my life and enjoy it to the fullest. The positive attitude to face hardships brought out the best in me. Today I am looking forward to face the challenges of life in a positive manner.*

2. I was born in Cleveland, Ohio on Halloween of 1968. I still live in the suburbs of

Cleveland, in Aurora, Ohio. I am currently attending the University of Phoenix in an

effort to obtain my bachelors degree in Business Management. I live with my wife Karen

and 3 children, Danny age 12, Kelly age 19, and David age 22. Kelly has started her

first year of college with Mount Union University and David is finishing up his

associate’s degree in marketing at Cuyahoga Community College. My wife and I have

been happily married for almost 20 years now. My wife has worked for the YMCA for

almost 20 years and is currently their office manager. My wife and my children are the

most important part of my life as well as my successes. It is the influence that I have on

my children as well as my personal goals that have driven me to want to excel in all I do

and try to be a good role model for my children along with others I come into contact

with as well. My life so far is comprised of a wonderful family, great friends, a small

successful classic car restoration business and a sincere dedication to my family,

education and work.

My name is Sample Student and I grew up in the Greater Cleveland Ohio area. At the

age of 15 I began to realize the importance of an education and by the time I was 19 had

enrolled in night school and then transferred to Cuyahoga Community College to begin

studying business. I found out quickly that a minimum wage job was not going to get me

through college creating a need to fund my educational pursuits. In 1990 I joined the

Army as part of the 10th Mountain Division to gain valuable training but also to fund my

education.

**ODE:**

**To His Young Mistress**
Pierre de Ronsard (1524-85)

Fair flower of fifteen springs, that still

Art scarcely blossomed from the bud,
Yet hast such store of evil will,
A heart so full of hardihood,
Seeking to hide in friendly wise
The mischief of your mocking eyes.

If you have pity, child, give o'er,

Give back the heart you stole from me,
Pirate, setting so little store
On this your captive from Love’s sea,
Holding his misery for gain,
And making pleasure of his pain.

Another, not so fair of face,

But far more pitiful than you,
Would take my heart, if of his grace,
My heart would give her of Love’s due;
And she shall have it, since I find
That you are cruel and unkind.

**The Ship of State**
Quintus Horatius Flaccus

On Ship! New billows sweep thee out

Seaward. What wilt thou? Hold the port, be stout
See'st not thy mast
How rent by stiff Southwestern blast?

Thy side, of rowers how forlorn?

Thine hull, with groaning yards, with rigging torn,
Can ill sustain
The fierce, and ever fiercer main;

Thy gods, no more than sails entire,

From whom yet once they need might aid require,
Oh Pontic Pine,
The first of woodland stocks is thine.

Yet race and name are but as dust,

Not painted sterns gave storm-tost seamen trust;
Unless thou dare
To be the sport of storms, beware.

O fold at best a weary weight,

A yearning care and constant strain of late,
O shun the seas
That girt those glittering Cyclades

**Ode to Aphrodite**

Sappho

Deathless Aphrodite, throned in flowers,

Daughter of Zeus, O terrible enchantress,

With this sorrow, with this anguish, break my spirit

Lady, not longer!

Hear anew the voice! O hear and listen!

Come, as in that island dawn thou camest,

Billowing in thy yoked car to Sappho

Forth from thy father's

Golden house in pity! ...

**ELEGY:**

 ***The Epitaph***

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melacholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

**Angie**
noone knows what really happened to her
all they know that she was naked and dead
some people say it was foul play some people say
it was a blood vessel in her head
but then i began to have these wierd dreams about her
some beautiful some horrible
but how do we know whats real and whats a fantasy
when Angie's not here to tell.

**Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard
by
Thomas Gray**

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share,

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:-
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, --

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high.
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

'One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,-
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

**SONNET**

**To Fanny**

**John Keats (1795-1821)**

I cry your mercy–pity–love!–aye, love!

Merciful love that tantalizes not,

One-thoughted, never-wandering, guileless love,

Unmasked, and being seen–without a blot!

O! let me have thee whole,–all–all–be mine!

That shape, that fairness, that sweet minor zest

Of love, your kiss,–those hands, those eyes divine,

That warm, white, lucent, million-pleasured breast,–

Yourself–your soul–in pity give me all.

Withhold no atom’s atom or I die,

Or living on perhaps, your wretched thrall,

Forget, in the mist of idle misery,

Life’s purposes,–the palate of my mind

Losing its gist, and my ambition blind!

**To Cyriack Skinner (Milton’s pupil)**
John Milton (1608-1674)

Cyriack, this three years’ day these eyes, though clear

To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun or moon or star throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven’s hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer

Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?

The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty’s defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world’s vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

**Ode to the West Wind**
Percy Bysshe Shelley (1795-1825)

First Movement

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn’s being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,

Pestilence-striken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,

Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill

(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;

Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

**Red Blushed And All Cut Up**By Paul McCann

Talking to myself there
Someone had overheard.
I was lost for a word.
There was nothing to share.
Embarrassed I was there.
Left awkward and absurd .
A broken wingless bird.
With nowhere to fly there.
Caught red faced there was I.
Didn't want to be seen.
I just wanted to die.
I just wanted to scream.
I'm so terribly shy.
Lost for words it would seem.

**Escape From The Sad Heart**

By Paul McCann

Sad heart please disguise
For I cannot hide
how I feel inside
Tears behind my eyes
My sad hearts capsized
Shipwrecked by the tide.
My thoughts start to slide
Into a sunrise
Its there I escape
Like a bird in flight
There I feel the shape
of ships in the night
On a lost landscape
far away from sight

**Her Wilting Regrets**

By Paul McCann

She was found to wilt .
With words she scours .
Ivory towers .
The thick walls she built .
Well tarnished with guilt .
She hides , she cowers .
In empty bowers .
With her red wine spilt .
She can never sip .
And she has not health .
She's buttoned her lip .
She hears no one else .
In walls ten miles thick,
she grieves for her

**SONG**

[Let There Be Peace on Earth](http://filipinosongsatbp.blogspot.com/2007/11/let-there-be-peace-on-earth-by-jamie.html)
*Jamie Rivera*
Let there be peace on earth,
and let it begin with me.
Let there be peace on Earth,
the peace that was meant to be.

With God as our Father,
brothers all are we,
Let me walk with my brother,
in perfect harmony.

Let peace begin with me,
let this be the moment now.
With every step I take,
let this be my solemn vow,

To take each moment and live each moment
in peace, eternally.
Let there be Peace on Earth,
and let it begin with me.

**EPIGRAM**

* HERO AND LEANDER
Both robb'd of air, we both lie in one ground
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd
* PYRAMUS AND THISBE
Two, by themselves, each other, love and fear
Slain, cruel friends, by parting have join'd here.
* A LICENTIOUS PERSON
Thy sins and hairs may no man equal call ;
For, as thy sins increase, thy hairs do fall.
* ANTIQUARY
If in his study he hath so much care
To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.
* AN OBSCURE WRITER
Philo with twelve years' study hath been grieved
To be understood ; when will he be believed?

**EPIC**

**Biag ni Lam-ang**

Don Juan and his wife Namongan lived in Nalbuan, now part of La Union in the northern part of the Philippines. They had a son named Lam-ang. Before Lam-ang was born, Don Juan went to the mountains in order to punish a group of their Igorot enemies. While he was away, his son Lam-ang was born. It took four people to help Namongan give birth. As soon as the baby boy popped out, he spoke and asked that he be given the name Lam-ang. He also chose his godparents and asked where his father was.

After nine months of waiting for his father to return, Lam-ang decided he would go look for him. Namongan thought Lam-ang was up to the challenge but she was sad to let him go. During his exhausting journey, he decided to rest for awhile. He fell asleep and had a dream about his father's head being stuck on a pole by the Igorot. Lam-ang was furious when he learned what had happened to his father. He rushed to their village and killed them all, except for one whom he let go so that he could tell other people about Lam-ang's greatness.

Upon returning to Nalbuan in triumph, he was bathed by women in the Amburayan river. All the fish died because of the dirt and odor from Lam-ang's body.

There was a young woman named Ines Kannoyan whom Lam-ang wanted to woo. She lived in Calanutian and he brought along his white rooster and gray dog to visit her. On the way, Lam-ang met his enemy Sumarang, another suitor of Ines whom he fought and readily defeated.

Lam-ang found the house of Ines surrounded by many suitors all of whom were trying to catch her attention. He had his rooster crow, which caused a nearby house to fall. This made Ines look out. He had his dog bark and in an instant the fallen house rose up again. The girl's parents witnessed this and called for him. The rooster expressed the love of Lam-ang. The parents agreed to a marriage with their daughter if Lam-ang would give them a dowry valued at double their wealth. Lam-ang had no problem fulfilling this condition and he and Ines were married.

It was a tradition to have a newly married man swim in the river for the rarang fish. Unfortunately, Lam-ang dove straight into the mouth of the water monster Berkakan. Ines had Marcos get his bones, which she covered with a piece of cloth. His rooster crowed and his dog barked and slowly the bones started to move. Back alive, Lam-ang and his wife lived happily ever after with his white rooster and gray dog.

**Indarapatra at Sulayman**

A long, long time ago, Mindanao was covered with water, and the sea cover all the lowlands so that nothing could be seen but the mountains jutting from it. There were many people living in the country and all the highlands were dotted with villages and settlements. For many years the people prospered, living in peace and contentment. Suddenly there appeared in the land four horrible monsters which, in short time has devoured every human being they could find.
Kurita, a terrible creature with many limbs, lived partly on the land and partly on sea, but its favorite haunt was the mountain where the rattan palm grew; and here it brought utter destruction on every living thing. The second monster, Tarabusaw, an ugly creature in the form of a man, lived on Mt. Matutum, and far and wide from that place he devoured the people, laying waste the land. The third, an enormous bird called Pah, was so large that, when on the wing, it covered the sun and brought darkness to the earth. Its egg was as large as a house. Mt. Bita was its haunt; and there the only people who escaped its voracity were those who hid in the mountain caves. The fourth monster was also a dreadful bird, having seven heads and the power to see in all directions at the same time. Mt. Gurayan was its home and like the others, it wrought havoc to its region.
So great was the death and destruction caused by these terrible creatures that at length, the news spread even to the most distant lands - and all nations grieved to hear the sad fate of Mindanao.
Now far across the sea, in the land of the golden sunset, was a city so great that to look at its many people would injure the eyes of men. When tidings of these great disasters reached this distant city, the heart of King Indarapatra was filled with compassion, and he called his brother, Sulayman, and begged hem to save the land of Mindanao from the monsters.
Sulayman listened to the story and as heard it, was moved with pity. "I will go", zeal and enthusiasm adding to his strength, "and the land shall be avenged," said he.
King Indarapatra, proud of his brother's courage, gave him a ring and a sword as he wished him success and safety. Then he placed a young sapling by his window and said to Sulayman "By this tree I shall know your fate from the hour you depart from here, for if you live, it will live; but if you die, it will die also."
So Sulayman departed for Mindanao, and he neither waded nor used a boat, but went through the air and landed on the mountain where the rattan grew. There he stood on the summit and gazed about on all sides. He looked on the land and the villages, but he could see no living thing. And he was very sorrowful and cried out: "Alas, how pitiful and dreadful is this devastation."
No sooner had Sulayman uttered those words than the whole mountain began to move and then shook. Suddenly out of the ground came the horrible creature Kurita. It sprng at the man and sank its claws at his flesh. But, Sulayman knowing at once that this was the scourge of the land, drew his sword and cut Kurita to pieces.
Encourage by his first success, Sulayman went on to Mt. Matutum, where conditions were even worse. As he stood on the heights viewing the great devastation, there was a noise in the forest and a movement in the trees. With a loud yell, Tarabusaw forth leaped. For the moment they looked at each other, neither showing any sign of fear. Then Tarabusaw used all his powers to try to devour Sulayman, who fought back. For a long time, the battle continued, until at last, the monster fell exhausted to the ground and Sulayman killed him with his sword.
The nest place visited by Sulayman was Mt. Bita. Here havoc was present everywhere, and though he passed by many homes, he saw that not a single soul was left. As he walked, sudden darkness fell over the land, startling him. As he looked toward the sky he beheaded a great bird that swooped upon him. Immediately he struck, and the bird fell dead at his feet; but the wing fell on Sulayman and he was crushed.
Now at this very time King Indarapatra was sitting at his window, and looking out he saw the little tree wither and dry up.
"Alas!" he cried, "my brother is dead" and he wept bitterly.
Then although he was very sad, he was filled with a desire for revenge. Putting on his sword and belt, he started for Mindanao, in search for his brother.
He, too, traveled through the air with great speed until he came to the mountain where the rattan grew. There he looked about, awed at the great destruction, and when she saw the bones of Kurita he knew that his brother had been there. He went on till he came to Matutum, and when he saw the bones of Tarabusaw, he knew that this, too, was the work of Sulayman.
Still searching for his brother, he arrived at Mt. Bita, where the dead bird lay on the ground, and when he lifted the severed wing he beheld the bones of Sulayman with his sword biy his side. His grief now so overwhelmed Indarapatra that he wept for some time. Upon looking up, he beheld a small jar of water by his side. This, he knew had been sent from the heaven, and he poured the water over the bones, and Sulayman, came to life again. They greeted each other and talked animatedly for great length of time. Sulayman declared that he had not been dead but asleep, and their hearts were full of joy.
After some time Sulayman returned his distant home, but Indarapatra continued his journey to Mt. Gurayan where killed the dreadful bird with the seven heads. After these monsters had all been killed, peace and safety had been restored to the land: Indarapatra began searching everywhere to see if some of the people who hid in the earth were still alive.
One day, in the course of his search, he caught sight of a beautiful woman at a distance. When he hastened toward her she disappeared through a hole in the ground where she stood. Disappointed and tried, he sat down on a rock to rest when, looking about, he saw near him a pot uncooked rice with a big fire on the ground in front of it. This revived him and he proceeded to cook the rice. As he did so, however, he heard someone laugh near by, and turning he beheld an old woman watching him. As he greeted her, she drew near and talked to him while he ate the rice.
Of all the people in the land, the woman told him, only few were left, and they hid in a cave in the ground from whence they never ventured to come out. As for herself and her old husband, she went on, they had hidden in a hollow tree, and this they had never dared to leave until Sulayman killed the voracious bird Pah.
At Indarapatra's request, the old woman led him to one such cave. There he met the headmen with his family and some people. They all gathered about the stranger, asking many questions, for this was the first time they had heard about the death of the monsters. When they found out what Indarapatra had done for them, the headman gave his daughter to him in marriage, and she proved to be beautiful girl whom Indarapatra had seen at the mouth of the cave.
Then the people all came out of their hiding places and returned to their homes where they lived in peace and happiness. And the sea withdrew from the land and gave the lowlands to the people.

**BALLAD**

**Ballad of the Cool Fountain**

Fountain, coolest fountain,

Cool fountain of love,

Where all the sweet birds come

For comforting-but one,

A widow turtledove,

Sadly sorrowing,

At once the nightingale,

That wicked bird, came by,

And spoke these honied words:

"My lady, if you will,

I shall be your slave."

"You are my enemy:

Begone, you are not true!"

Green boughs no longer rest me,

Nor any budding grove.

Clear springs, where there are such,

Turn muddy at my touch.

I want no spouse to love

Nor any children either.

I forego that pleasure and their comfort too.

No, leave me; you are false

And wicked-vile, untrue!

I'll never be your mistress!

I'll never marry you!

**The Rime of the Ancient Mariner**
Samuel Taylor Coleridge

It is an ancient Mariner,

And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,

And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,

"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! Unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye–

The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years’ child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:

He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,

Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

**The Second Coming**
William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

Turning and turning in the widening gyre

The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;

Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.

The darkness drops again; but now I know

That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

**NOVEL**

**Noli Me Tangere**

Having completed his studies in Europe, young Juan Crisostomo Ibarra comes back to his motherland after a 7-year absence. In his honor, Capitan Tiago (Don Santiago de los Santos) throws a get-together party, which is attended by Fray Damaso, Fray Sibyla, Lieutenant Guevarra, Doña Victorina, and other prominent figures. In an unfortunate incident, Fray Damaso, former curate of San Diego, belittles and slanders the young man. But the ever-gracious and diplomatic Ibarra brushes off the insult and takes no offense, instead politely excusing himself and leaving the party because of an allegedly important task. Ibarra has a sweetheart by the name of Maria Clara, an extraordinarily beautiful lady. She is known as the daughter of Capitan Tiyago, an affluent resident of Binundo. The day after the humbling party, he goes to see Maria Clara. Their long-standing love for each other is clearly manifested in this meeting, and Maria Clara cannot help but reread the letters her sweetheart had written her before he went to Europe. Before Ibarra left for San Diego, Lieutenant Guevarra (a Guardia Civil), reveals to him the incidents preceding the death of his father Don Rafael. Don Rafael was a rich haciendero of the town.

According to the Lieutenant, Don Rafael was unjustly accused of being a heretic, in addition to being a filibuster--an allegation brought forth by Fray Damaso because of Don Rafael's non-participation in confession and Mass rites. Fray Damaso's animosity against Ibarra's father is aggravated by another incident. Once Don Rafael saw a tax collector and a student fighting. Out of compassion, he helped the child. The tax collector was greatly irked and picked a fight with Don Rafael. Unfortunately, the Spanish tax collector fell, hit his head against a rock, and died. The collector's death was blamed on Don Rafael, and he was arrested. Suddenly, all of those who think ill of him surfaced with additional complaints. He was imprisoned, and just when the matter was almost settled, he got sick and died in jail. Still not contented with what he had done, Fray Damaso arranged for Don Rafael's corpse to be dug up and transferred from the Catholic cemetery to the Chinese cemetery, because he thought it inappropriate to allow a heretic such as Don Rafael a Catholic burial ground. Unfortunately, it was raining and because of the bothersome weight of the cadaver, the one in charge of burying the body decided to throw it in the river.

Revenge was not in Ibarra's plans; instead he carries through his father's plan of putting up a school, since he believes that education is a liberating factor.

During the inauguration of the school, Ibarra would have been killed in a sabotage had Elias not saved him. Instead the hired killer was the one who was killed. Because of this unfortunate incident, Maria Clara got sick but was luckily cured by the medicine Ibarra sent her.

After the inauguration, Ibarra hosts a luncheon during which Fray Damaso again insults him. Ibarra ignores the priest's insolence, but when the latter slanders the memory of his dead father, he is no longer able to restrain himself and lunges at Fray Damaso, prepared to stab the latter for his impudence. His beloved Maria Clara stops him just in time.

Because of the aforementioned incident, the Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church excommunicates Ibarra. Fray Damaso takes this opportunity to persuade the already-hesitant parents of Maria Clara to forbid their daughter from marrying Ibarra. The priest wishes Maria Clara to marry a Spanish named Linares who just arrived from Spain.

With the help of the Captain General, Ibarra's excommunication is nullified and the Archbishop decides to accept him as a member of the Roman Catholic Church once again. But, as fate would have it, some incident of which Ibarra had known nothing about is blamed on him, and he is wrongly arrested and imprisoned. But the accusation against him is overruled because during the litigation that followed, nobody could testify that he was indeed involved in the trouble. Unfortunately, his letter to Maria Clara had somehow gets into the hands of the jury and is manipulated such that it then becomes evidence against him.

Meanwhile, in Capitan Tiyago's residence, a party is being held to announce the upcoming wedding of Maria Clara and Linares. Ibarra, with the help of Elias, takes this opportunity and escapes from prison. But before leaving, Ibarra talks to Maria Clara and accuses her of betraying him, thinking that she gave the lettter he wrote her to the jury. Maria Clara explains to Ibarra that she will never conspire against him and that the letter in the jury's possession is not the letter he wrote her, but instead were a couple of letters written by her mother even before she, Maria Clara, was born. The letter states that her mother was raped by Fray Damaso and that she is therefore not the daughter of Capitan Tiyago, but of Fray Damaso.

Afterwards, Ibarra and Elias boards a boat and flees the place. Elias instructs Ibarra to lie down and the former covers the latter with grass to conceal the latter's presence. As luck would have it, they are spotted by their enemies. Elias thinks he could outsmart them and jumps into the water. The men rain shots on the person in the water, all the while not knowing that they are hitting the wrong person.

It reaches Maria Clara's knowledge that Ibarra was killed in a shooting incident, and she is greatly overcome with grief. Robbed of hope and severely disillusioned, she asks Fray Damaso to confine her into a nunnery. Fray Damaso reluctantly agrees because Maria Clara explicitly threatens to take her own life if she is not allowed to become a nun.

But what Maria Clara reads in the papers is untrue, since Ibarra is not dead; he is not the one who has taken the shots of the enemies.

It is Christmas Eve when Elias arrives at the Ibarra forest, gravely wounded and barely alive. It is in this forest that Elias finds Basilio and his lifeless mother, Sisa. Elias dies without having seen the liberation of his country.

**METRICAL ROMANCE**

**Gone With The Wind**

Scarlett O’Hara is shown with two men flirting with her. This is nothing unusual -- Scarlett makes men act like this all the time. There is talk of a Barbecue the next day at neighboring Twelve Oaks, the Wilkes’ plantation down the road from Tara. Gerald O’Hara is coming back from Twelve Oaks, and Scarlett meets him on the road to ask if the rumor Mammy, her slave, had told her is true. That Ashley Wilkes is going to ask his cousin Melanie to marry him. Gerald tells Scarlett the same, and she is heartbroken. As Scarlett is getting ready for the party, she and Mammy fight over Ashley Wilkes.

When they arrive at Twelve Oaks, Scarlett is the center of attention, all of the men, even those who have girlfriends, talk to Scarlett. She is the most popular girl there. All of the other girls resent her except for Melanie. Melanie and Ashley talk of their marriage as they overlook the garden. Scarlett is sitting beneath a tree with all the men surrounding her, at her beck and call. She is enjoying this until she spies Ashley and Melanie together. The girls all have to go take a nap, but once they are all asleep Scarlett sneaks out and listens in on the conversation the men are having about the upcoming war.

Everyone is sure the war will be short and glorious. After all, "southern gentlemen are worth any ten Yankees. Everyone knows that." Everyone, that is, except Rhett Butler -- he thinks the war will be hard fought. After Rhett and all the men get into a confrontation, he leaves. Shortly after, Ashley follows him. Scarlett intercepts Ashley, and she gets him alone in the library to confess her love for him. Ashley says he loves her too, but they are too different and cannot be together. After Ashley leaves, Rhett Butler shows himself, he was in the room the whole time. Scarlett comes out of the room and she hears all of the other girls talking about her, but Melanie sticks up for her.

The war started! All the men are going to enlist. Charles Hamilton asks Scarlett to marry him. She says yes to try to make Ashley jealous. In a double wedding, Ashley and Melanie and Charles and Scarlett get married.

The men go off to war and Charles dies shortly after of pneumonia (1862). Scarlett is widowed. Ellen O’Hara gives Scarlett permission to go to Atlanta and stay with Melanie and her Aunt Pittypat. They are at a charity dance for the Rebel army, when Scarlett runs into Rhett again. He bids $150 to dance with her. All of the people at the dance were scandalized by this since she was just recently widowed. Scarlett and Rhett become close and she spends time with him, because he is the only man around to take her out. Rhett says that Scarlett should be, "kissed and often, by someone who knows how."

At Christmas time (1863), the soldiers get three days leave. Ashley asks Scarlett to look after Melanie. Scarlett and Melanie volunteer at the hospital for the wounded from the war. Belle Whatling donates money to the hospital, but no one but Melanie will take it because she runs a brothel. Scarlett recognizes the handkerchief that the donation comes in, it is Rhett Butler’s. Scarlett, nursing at the hospital, helps to show how gruesome the injuries were and how desperate the conditions were. In the summer of 1864, Sherman starts to attack Atlanta and everyone is fleeing the city. Scarlett sees Big Sam, her slave and he gives her word that her mother is sick. Scarlett is caught up in the refugee traffic and Rhett comes by and saves her. Then he asks Scarlett to run away to Mexico with him. Scarlett says that she wants to go back to Tara, but Dr. Mead convinces her that it wouldn’t be the best thing to do, because Melanie is pregnant and she cannot make the journey.

The siege of Atlanta is on in earnest, the Yankees are coming! Melanie goes into labor. Scarlett goes to find Dr. Mead, but he cannot help her because there are so many dying soldiers that need his help. Scarlett has to deliver the baby herself.

The baby is a boy, and Melanie names it Beau. Scarlett sends Prissy to get Rhett and ask him to bring his horse and carriage. Rhett, Scarlett, Melanie, Prissy, and Beau start on their journey to Tara. They have to cross through the fires set by the retreating Confederates in downtown Atlanta. Brigands try to steal the horse and carriage from Rhett, but he escapes. Rhett acts very heroic, and then he leaves them at the road to Tara, and he goes to join the war.

The journey was long and hard, but Scarlett gets them through it. They get back to Twelve Oaks, but it is demolished. So they head to Tara, and miraculously, it’s still there, dirty and damaged, but standing. Scarlett leaves the carriage, and runs towards the house. Her father greets her at the door, but he is changed. His mind has gone. Their house has been looted, but it's still standing because it was used as a Yankee headquarters. Scarlett finds out that her mother died, she is very upset. Scarlett’s father still thinks that her mother is alive. Scarlett is the only one that the family can depend on. She vows her famous line, "As God as my witness I will never be hungry again."

**TRAGEDY**

**Let me Love You**

There was a guy who was very much in love with this girl. The romantic guy folded 1,000 pieces of paper cranes as a gift to his girl. Although, at that time he was just a small executive in his company and his future doesn't seemed too bright, they were very happy together. However one day, his girl told him she is going to Paris and will never come back. She also told him that she cannot visualize any future for the both of them, so she wanted to go separate ways there and then... The guy was heartbroken but he agreed.

When he regained his confidence, he worked hard day and night, slogging his mind and body just to make a name for himself. Finally with plenty of hardwork and the help of friends, he managed to set up his own company.

"You never fail until you stop trying." he always told himself.

"I must make it in life!"

One rainy day, while the guy was driving, he saw an elderly couple sharing an umbrella in the rain walking to some destination. Even with the umbrella, they were still drenched. It didn't take him long to realize those were his ex-girlfriend's parents. He delibrately drove slowly beside the couple,hoping they spot him in his luxury sedan. He wanted them to know that he wasn't the same anymore. He had his own company, car, condominium, etc. He had made it in life!

Before he realized it, the couple was entering a cemetary. He got out of his car and followed them. There, he saw his ex-girlfriend. A photograph of her smiling sweetly as ever at him from her tombstone. He saw his precious paper cranes placed in a bottle beside her tomb. Her parents saw him. He walked over and asked them how did this happen. They explained that she did not leave for France after all. She was ill stricken with cancer. In her heart, she believed that he will make it in life someday. However. she did not want her illness to be his obstacle. Therefore she chose to leave him.

She had wanted her parents to put his paper cranes beside her because if the day comes when fate brings him to her again, he can take some of them back with him. The guy wept miserably. The worst way to miss someone is to be sitting right beside them but knowing you can't have them and will never see them again.

## CLAUDIA MARINELLI

The wide Manhattan streets, that January morning, swarmed as always with cars and busses, cabs and limos, ambulances and people that, tired of motor vehicles, had chosen bikes, roller-blades, or skateboards to reach their jobs. A wan sun, firmly decided to make its way through the pearl grey clouds, sprinkled a pale yellow light over the wet asphalt, and the hard skyscaper's cement, giving slippery glows to the numberless windows. The City, awaken and fizzy like the air that filled up Clara's lungs, looked washed and ready to live the beautiful but cold day that was starting up.

Clara had just dropped her children off at school, but she didn't feel like going back home. The City seemed to invite her. She decided to challenge the cold weather and reach a little store on First Avenue, for she knew she would find the Italian newspaper there. Afterwards she would probably walk by the bakery shop and breathe the scents of sesamy, poppy seeds, and freshly baked bread, and then... who would know?

A ten minute stroll divided Clara from the little store, but with the freezing January wind blowing up to her face, a ten minute walk seemed much longer to her. She felt relieved when she pushed the shop doorknob and heard the familiar tinkle over the door that announced new customers, as she entered the well heated small store. The shopkeeper welcomed her from behind the counter with a friendly smile and a "Good morning" that revealed his strong accent: he was Indian and had long, gnarled hands and witty eyes.

"Good morning," Clara answered, and started to look for the Italian paper.

Again the tinkle announced a new customer. He was a middle aged man who took a lotto ticket and started to fill it up leaning on the counter at the shopkeeper's right. Clara found the newspaper she wanted, she slipped it off form its spot, and neared the shoopkeeper with the intention of paying. At that moment she heard the familiar tinkle again: with a gust of cold wind, from the open door, entered a... a.... man...

A MAN!?

He was a medium sized, black man who tried hard not to totter from the top of his high heel shoes. The black fishnet tights enhanced his powerful claves, as the hem of a long beige coat, tight at the waist with a black belt, covered the knees. The deep V-neck showed the naked skin under which stuck out the clavicles. It was easy to guess, further down, a manly chest, but the broad coat lapels were pumped up with fake breasts. He was holding, through the bloody red long nailed fingers of one hand, a golden, smoky cigarette holder. A beautiful crocodile purse was hanging down from the other gloved hand. Neither the pink blush and the bright blue eye shadow, that covered the upper eyelids up to the eyebrows, the black mascara, and the cherry red lipstick couldn't soften his masculine features, nor could the golden, whorish earrings that dangled on the two sides of his jaw. But it was the little narrow brimmed, black hat with purple fake tiny fowers on top, and its short black veil covering the forehead that gave to the character his final touch.

Clara couldn't prevent herself from stopping and staring at him. The customer that had entered after her, had stopped filling up his lotto ticket.

"Do you have Camel cigarettes?" Asked the black man in a low, velvety voice.

The shopkeeper tried to pretend to have noticed nothing, he held the cigarettes out to him, but said: "Yes, sir..."

"I AM A SHE!" Burst the black fellow. " I am a she, how dare you call me sir?"

The man with the lotto ticket started to sneer as the shocked shopkeeper mumbled: " But... I... but... – and then, without meanness, in a terrible mistake, he just let out the fatal word again: "Sir..."

As a thunderstorm came the answer: "YOU'RE INSULTING ME, I AM A SHE, I AM A WOMAN!" Screamed the black man. He snatched the cigarettes from the shopkeeper's hand, threw the money on the counter, opened the door making it tinkle again in a cynical sneer, and rushed out of the store still yelling out loud: "I AM A SHE, I AM A SHE!"

The door banged. For a few moments a heavy silence fell upon the store.

Finally the shopkeeper started to mumble: "But... But..." He was confused and looked at the man with the lotto ticket, who was laughing sarcastically now, then he met Clara's eyes, "How can he live like that?" He asked her.

And what could Clara answer?

Her nice, promising Manhattan morning, had started like a nightmare for that miserable fellow who, certainly, had spent an incredible amount of time, and many energies to try to look, to himself and to the world around him, like somebody he wasn't, and would never be.

A tiny little three letter word, in a fraction of a second, in the country and the city where, as everybody says everything is possible, had destroyed all his dreams!

**METRICAL TALE**

**Paul Revere’s Ride**

Listen, my children and you shall hear

Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere

On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five:

Hardly a man is now alive

Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend – “If the British march

By land or sea from the town to-night,

Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch

Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light, -

One if by land, and two if by sea;

And I on the opposite shore will be,

Ready to ride and spread the alarm

Through every Middlesex village and farm,

For the country-folk to be up and to arm.”

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,

Just as the moon rose over the bay,

Where swinging wide at her moorings lay

The Somerset, British man-of-war:

A phantom ship, with each mast and spar.