

THE  
ANDREAN



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Contributors to

THE ANDREAN

Sixth Form

Catherine Wendt  
Charles G. Wingate

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Richard Corney  
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Chapter One of The Conquerors

"Woden, Woden," came a shrill cry from the sacrificial grove on the hill overlooking the small Norwegian town of Bergan. The priests were calling everyone to worship before the fleet sailed the next day. The villagers filed up the dirt path with the sacrifices, carrying bobbing torches in the dusk.

The Elders were already sitting in their low cedar chairs examining the sacrifices to insure acceptability by the gods. The chieftain filled a highly polished mahogany throne from Africa. His name was Ivan the Strong Armed, a tough and willful man who would lead their expedition.

After everyone was seated, Ivan rose and sang a chant while the sacrifices were being drowned in a nearby well. The sacrifices were nine swine, deer, cattle, sheep, fowl, oxen, geese, and five men and four women. This was the custom to appease the gods for luck and prosperity. After the sacrifices were killed, they were tied to branches in the holy grove.

After the sombre chants and rituals, Ivan rose again and declared to the people, "Tomorrow, good people, we shall set sail for Scotland and Wales to conquer the Picts, Celts and Scots. We shall help our few settlers there and bring back gold and rich treasures that you have never before beheld. We shall conquer rich rockless fields to cultivate! Who is with me?" Shouts of praise came, especially from the farmers and the adventurous youth. That night few even thought that many would never see their beloved homeland again.

Thomas Murray

## Character for Hire

The young writer, in desperate need of an idea, threw his pen across the room and came to the decision that he needed a character to write about. The writer figured that if he had a character, finding things for him to do would be easy. He could empty the trash, for example. But first, he could retrieve the pen.

The character would be about five feet ten, handsome, and reasonably intelligent, the writer decided. Now for the relevant and irrelevant background information. College would be the most important decision the writer would make in his character's life. Harvard was too ambitious--it was also more expensive than the writer could afford. The University of Illinois was good and respectable enough.

Occupation ought to be connected with writing, journalism perhaps? Foreign correspondent for The New York Times. Why not go all the way? The writer decided to splurge and to let him go first class. It would give him a chance to write about beautiful, raven-haired heiresses. Owns an Alfa Romeo, registration eight three five nine, a small sailboat for Swiss lakes, and a cat? No, the cat is too stereotyped.

Now, the writer realized, although his character was good, his readers would not be able to identify with him. A few flaws and he would be perfect.

R. Colburn

## The Deserted Barn

The long deserted barn shudders and creaks as the north wind roars through to leave it trembling in its bare hulk of rotting rafters. A broken remnant of a door, still retaining a faded, chipped bit of paint dating to the days when the barn had been beautifully painted and well-kept housing fine livestock, bangs shut with a firmness as if to prove that it hasn't given up yet. A barn swallow, startled from its nest up in the hayloft of the barn, flutters its wings. Below, a large rat emerges from a mildewed heap of straw and grass to sniff the air that although faint, still smells a little bit like the horses and cows that were once here. A long wisp of hair from the tail of a since-departed horse whips about in the windy night, caught on a nail. Over in the corner of a stall lies a boot, worn smooth by months of braving the fierce outdoors and encrusted with a separate layer of mold and mildew. Out of the boot peer several generations of small brown field mice, twitching their long whiskers uncertainly in the cold night air.

Among the disintegrated floorboards, tufts of grass and wild clover peep through. An empty spider web swings to and fro on a dry blade of grass as if in some mythical dance. The moonlight sheds an eerie light on everything, creating strange and ominous shadows.

Outside withered skeletons of ivy cling to the wall of the barn, offering little protection from the wind that whistles through on cold winter nights. Among the leafless vines, empty nests of birds now faraway in southern climates are tucked lonely and lifeless.

An old metal weathervane, perched on top of the roof, spins erratically around, creaking and groaning because of the many layers of rust on it.

An owl, that once might not have come so close to human habitation, sits quietly on the roof awaiting his chance to swoop down on one of the many mice eager to escape from its crowded hole.

A tiny shrill scream comes from the unfortunate mouse who has just met his fate. As the owl flaps away into the night with his prize, the stillness, broken only by the sound of the wind, prevails once again. The barn goes back to its usual quiet routine of decaying, until one day it will have gone back to nature completely, and there will be nothing left of it at all.

Louise Nomer

I am sitting in  
a rainy Saturday  
my hair is wavier than usual  
I don't hear anything but  
    pitter  
        patter  
            and the slightly muffled sound  
of my own existence

Philippa Hunt

The Fox

I saw a fox in the sun.  
His silver coat glittered from the rays,  
His black eyes brightly aware  
of all that was around him.

We looked at each other for a second  
but it was really forever.  
The fox knew more than I  
For I knew nothing of what was around me.

The fox knew of the ground  
and the sun and the wind.  
He knew life fully  
but was ready to die.

They told me my kind was the greatest  
That I could live fully  
But could I talk with the wind?  
or understand the water and the trees?

We looked at each other.  
He mocked me with his eyes.  
Then he was gone within the woods  
and I, I was left alone.

Timothy McGill Thomas

Through the Windowpane

Taken away, locked in a cell but free  
 Inwardly knowing you possess the key  
 Now looking through the windowpane  
 Searching for sunshine in the rain  
 You silently laugh with eyes open wide  
 Quietly climbing peaks within mind  
 Living a dream leaving trails behind  
 Reality seems distorted as time's  
 Illusions of life pass you by  
 Distinguishing the truth from lies  
 Beginning again society's games  
 An isolated picture in a frame.

Richard Corney

Probably blown over by the wind  
 The baby carriage lay on its side  
 All the contents had spilled out  
 Along with a doll  
 With its muddy face and shut eyes.  
 Papers, like tumbleweeds, passed  
     unnoticed,  
 The wheels spinning in the wind,  
 The swings swaying with imaginary riders,  
 And a child crying in the distance.

Ellen O'Shaughnessy

I was sitting alone on the beach, watching the waves as they crashed and boiled over the rocks and then, as each wave pounded upon the shore, I listened for the silky sigh of foamy water retreating to the sea. The ceaseless rhythm of ocean sounds eased my despair into numbness. I almost forgot my own pains and struggles. Instead, I felt the ocean's power and the safety of observing it from the shore, away from its wrath--away from all other life, except myself.

As I watched the ocean, I noticed a piece of driftwood struggling among the breaking waves. Each wave crashed down upon it with ruthless force, washing it close to the shore only for the tide to take it back out again. I waited patiently for the driftwood to be dashed to splinters upon the rocks. Its fate seemed imminent.

But the driftwood seemed to possess an almost life-like determination to survive. It held onto its mere existence--riding each wave as if it were the one that would wash its wooden form safely to shore. With agonizing slowness, it fought its way closer and closer to the shore until, finally, the piece of wood tore itself from the grips of the sea and came to rest on the sand. The frothy water of already-broken waves washed over it, like groping fingers, threatening to carry it back out. But the wood clung to the shore--to safety.

My thoughts turned back to my despair and the struggles I had tried to forget. I thought of death--possibly far in the future, perhaps tomorrow. The thought of it made me feel helpless. It seemed an ending so inevitable that it was absurd. What was the use of life, then? How could one confront the inevitable absurdity of death with dignity? Determination was the answer--determination to survive. to exist. to meet each struggle with the will to overcome. The spirit of existence became to me, at that time, the only truth in which I could believe.

I got up to leave, to go back to my life. As I rose I noticed a small boy approaching the piece of driftwood that still clung to the shore. When he reached the piece of wood he bent down, picked it up, and looked at it for a moment as he turned it over in his hands. Then he threw it back into the sea.

Catherine Wendt

Standing on top of the black, windswept hill, the child looked down on what had been his home for the last nine years, a desolate little town whose only beauty lay in the surrounding hills and woods. As if in a trance, the child turned his attention to the sun setting peacefully in the west. As he looked out towards the sun, the child saw the shadows of the silver oaks, his silver oaks, slowly creeping forward towards him as if trying to reach out and pull him back to his real home. Suddenly, as if from nowhere, a large kestrel appeared overhead and started to circle. With the motions of experience, the boy started to swing his lure, a piece of leather thong with a young, tender rabbit tied to the end.

Quickly, yet with grace, the bird dove at the lure and brought it expertly down to earth, attacking it with vigor. Slowly and quietly, so as not to scare the bird, the boy approached the kestrel, slipping his gloved hand under her feet and clamping the jesses between his thumb and forefinger. Then lifting both bird and lure with him, the boy stood up and walked slowly and proudly towards the black outlines which were his silver oaks, his home.

Alison Pell

Those Timely Blues

I ponder and then sigh, and though  
At first I may seem happy  
Things change, and I never seem to know why.  
I look down and find myself wandering away  
Only to discover that I had travelled many times  
this way.

I say to those around me,  
I am I and you are you and that is the way it will  
always be.  
So then I try to understand the reasons, all of  
them.  
But hings, they just don't seem to work out,  
And myself, well. I am the one who must always  
cry and shout.

Then somehow, someway, I manage to laugh and say,  
Life is just a game that we all have to play.  
Its paths are long and hard,  
But with endurance, strength, and hope,  
I think that perhaps I can cope  
with this trying game.

So learn that almost anything will work,  
If only you will try, try, try.  
Let it be known that I  
am a perfect example.

James K. Hwang



The Only Logical Frog-Beauty-Prince-Princess  
Relationship

Given a frog  
and a sleeping beauty,  
prove that if the frog  
kisses the sleeping beauty,  
they will live happily ever after.  
Together.

Well, if the frog  
would kiss the beauty (sleeping),  
then the frog would become a prince (awake),  
and the beauty (sleeping),  
would become a princess (awake and beautiful),  
and having been awakened by a handsome prince (who  
had been a frog),  
would instantly fall in love with the prince-frog,  
thusly living happily ever after.

However, since the princess is ignorant  
of the fact that her handsome prince  
had been a frog, the frog (or prince)  
is deceiving her and that is certainly  
not the basis for a sound relationship.

On the other hand, if the prince  
were a candid prince,  
and told the princess  
of his past froghood,  
she might take him literally  
and react (naturally) by scoffing at the prince,  
for everyone knows, just by looking,  
that any handsome prince could not possibly  
have been a frog at any time.  
Or, she might think that the prince  
was speaking figuratively  
in which case her natural reaction  
would be to tell the prince

that he was just too kind  
for saying such wonderfully poetic things about her  
(i.e. I was a frog before I met you).  
Thusly, their frog-sleeping beauty-prince-princess  
relationship,  
having been reinforced, continues,  
and they live happily ever after.

John Springer

ant. : INNOCENCE

"there's a creature in my bed," I said.  
I looked up to the sky and asked "Who and how?"  
With an axe in my hand I destroyed it, dead.  
I didn't give a damn anyhow.  
But now the creature is in my head.

Towny Manfull

## Fireside

The glowing embers doe away  
As the droplets begin to fall  
Slowly at first and then more surely.

The watchers slowly fold away  
Driven back by the storm  
The brilliant sparks no longer fly.

And darkness comes around  
Soon every sign of life is gone  
Except the dropping rain  
Descending unceaselessly  
Yet quiet on its way.

Katie Kunz

## Cool and solitary

That's how the night seems  
The crickets and night people  
Taking over the night  
Taking over what is rightfully theirs.  
I am but a guest  
An intruder in their life and land  
Listening and feeling all their peace  
All their harmony.

Alison Pell

## The Ultimate

What is real  
Beyond man's limitations?  
He has no choice  
But to believe.

The past is done,  
Allowing no corrections;  
And the future...  
Unknown.

When life is lived,  
Man will die;  
His body to a grave,  
His soul to a reckoning?

He waits for the Ultimate.  
He says he wants good,  
But strives after wind,  
While ignoring the Rock.

What now?  
Only to believe in,  
Obey and pray to  
The Ultimate.

Brenny Thompson

## Surf

I walked to the beach the other day  
stepping, rolling down the way  
that crosses the sand dune, far away,  
and vanishes into the sea.

The air was hot and heavy, and  
the scent of salt was on the land,  
and burning light glared from the sand  
as it buried its self in the sea.

As I neared the final dune, I heard the roar  
of violent surf crashing on the shore  
as it beat and dragged and tugged and tore  
to pull the land into the sea.

The hill I climbed was built with sands  
which blew about and covered the hands  
of the few plants which greened the lands  
which lay dead beside the sea.

I looked up and then I heard  
a screech: the crying of a bird,  
a seagull, and I called a word,  
but he could not speak to me.

The waves rode steadily to the shore,  
and rolled in ecstasy, with a roar,  
and then slid back, to be born once more  
in the waters of the sea.

As the wave drew back, the sandpipers ran  
across the newly sparkling sand  
then dashed to the safety of dry land  
as the waves chased them back from the sea.

And when the sun had risen high,  
a cloud came wandering across the sky  
and covered the light, and watching, I  
saw it darken the land and the sea.

A melancholy sadness filled the air  
as a gentle breeze rearranged my hair  
and lifted away all worry and care  
and plunged it into the sea.

Then the earth and I fell to the ground  
as the dull, ominous, rumbling sound  
split the sand and rock and land around  
the place where I lay by the sea.

The sea fled, uncovering rock and sand  
leaving the shells upon dry land  
and opening wide the sandy band  
between the dune and the sea.

My head hit a rock, and I didn't see  
the wave came crashing over me  
I didn't hear the raging tide  
when it drowned me in the sea.

Charles G. Wingate

## Watch Fer Me Groundhogs

With a kerchief on her head  
 she rose with her chicken's caw caw caw  
 her calloused feet of negroid stepped the dewy grass  
 to the gate without hinges  
 which kept the chickens from getting out  
 again.  
 moo moo  
 Maybe this time the bucket wouldn't leak warm milk  
     she thought  
 as it squeaked rythmically with each arthritic step  
 on its rusty hinges.  
 Maybe Wilber the ole retarded man who always mumbled  
 about groundhogs  
 wouldn't have to hold his finger on the bucket no more.  
 I reckon ets a dern good life fer dem groundhogs  
     he'd say  
 an she'd say God bless ya Wilber an dem groundhogs too.  
 an I know'd she meant it.  
 So then city folk was goin to take Wilber away  
 cause he aint gettin the right life  
 with that ole nigger woman  
 an there aint no groundhogs in de city neither  
 she carried on  
 crying  
 and praying  
 and even swore she warn't goin to drink no more  
     whiskey  
 just so they'd leave em be.  
 an I know'd she meant it.  
 But they took him just the same and  
 he told her to watch fer groundhogs.

I see her every morn still  
 carryin that ole bucket  
 and cursin that ole leak  
 and she keeps lookin all roun  
 with this real hopeful look.

Philippa Hunt





