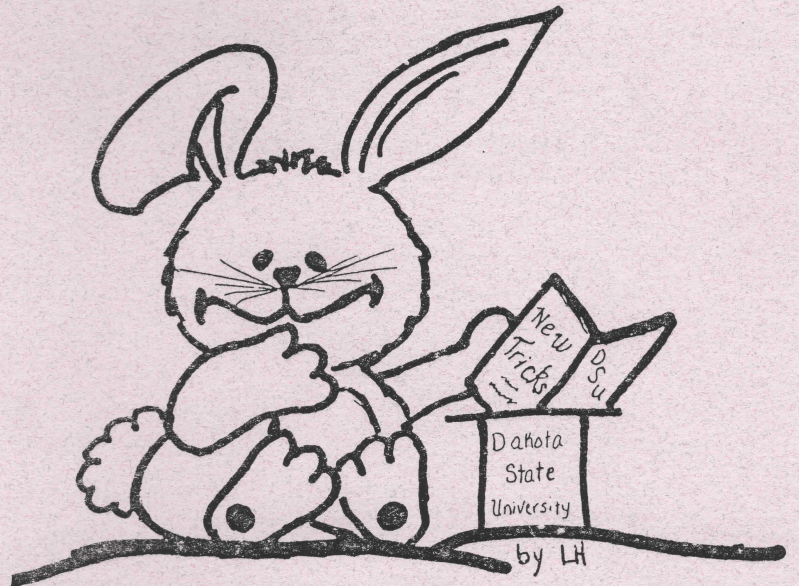


New Tricks



a Literary Magazine
sponsored by Sigma Tau Delta

1999-2000

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As I search for the end
Aimless

no:ra:l tO

tirid 3:it

I see a glimpse
A ray of light

At the end of the maze
But it fades and goes

As I draw near

Almost

I keep searching
Looking hunting

For another flash
A blaze of hope

But I see nothing
Adrift

Adrift

I become the darkness
To no avail

Always I can
But I find nothing

So I go on
Aimless

Aimless

Up ahead in the night
Is a door open wide

With light pouring through
But it closes in my face

The darkness engulfs me
Alone

Alone

tu:do ym ni i:z I

ti:se:yu yd liA

3:it s no li:we:b buA

3:it yho 3:itW

3:itW y:3:it mu I to:3

3:itW liA

3:itW y:3:it w:3:it I

3:it s i:rob y:3:it w:3:it

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3:itW liA

ti:se:yu yd i:z I sA

bu:3:it s to mu:3:it I

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3:it 3:itW 3:itW buA

3:itW 3:it s i:rob I to:3

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y:3:it 3:itW 3:itW 3:it

ti:3:it ym ni i:z I sA

3:itW s i:rob y:3:itW

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3:itW ym ni i:z 3:itW

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The Chair

CJ Larson

I sit in my chair
All by myself
And dwell on a life
With only me
For I am very much
Alone

I know other people
But they don't see
Inside of me
To glimpse the soul
Who is so alone
Always

As I sit by myself
I dream of a friend
Who will sit with me
And talk with me
So I won't be alone
Anymore

The world goes by
As I sit in my chair
Looking out at a sun
That never shines on me
So I wander in the dark
Apart

The well-trod path
Of despair in my mind
Runs in circles
Like the fickle wind

As I search for the end
Aimless

I see a glimpse
A ray of light
At the end of the maze
But it fades and dies
As I draw near
Almost

I keep searching
Looking hunting
For another flash
A blaze of hope
But I see nothing
Adrift

I beseech the darkness
To no avail
Always I run
But I find nothing
So I go on
Anxious

Up ahead in the night
Is a door open wide
With light pouring through
But it closes in my face
The darkness engulfs me
Alone

Sofia

Gerald Lange

Alone
to glide along the beach
meditating
she moves step by deliberate step
diagonally
into the shallow waters
where 434 B.C.
ancestors pushed Persians
back to the sea.
Now to sense the tingling
touch of spring's first dance with waves
alone
deeper, breathtakingly deeper
to finally move
with even strokes
to touch nymphean realm
to play
with water and ponder
serendipitous life
still guessing where
the flow will carry her.
Then back again
to slide step by graceful step
back to the hot sand and chill wind
renewed
sun dried and warm
she sits reading quietly
alone.

The Lost Soul

Malcolm Spaulding III

The lost soul
Mysteriously disappears in the night.
Walking into the dark without the sight.
No clue on where it is, nor where it has been.
Trying to grasp something, that is not within.
Oh misery! Oh misery! It is lost!
It stands there on a cross.
Can't it see it? Can't it see it?

Fallen, Fallen, towards its end.
Spiraling down, down to a blend
Of anger, of confusion is the same.
Is it wonder,

AM I TO BLAME?

Random Rabelaisian Reflections

Gerald Lange

Christmas holidays are supposed to be a relaxing time for the family to renew the bonds of love. Some probably visit a lot. Some might even pray together. But our clan prefers to play against each other. How many of you have a kid who's always itching to trap a sibling or parent into a game he happens to be exceptionally good at?

About 9 o'clock last night I got sucked into a thing called "Trivial Pursuit" about the time I was yawning and yearning for the sack upstairs. I don't know about you, but life for me has always been too serious to dedicate much time to trivia. Couldn't someone come up with "Significant Retreat," a serious game for us children of the depression and big wars?

But no, we have to put up with questions like: "Who coupled with the devil and gave birth to Andrew John?" This is not only trivial, but vulgar, wouldn't you say? So is this one: "What does a stallion have that a gelding used to?" But I liked it better because I'm a farm boy and understand the subtleties of that life.

Probably the most significant question with universal appeal asked: "What was first marketed as Gayetty's Medicated Paper?" No one knew that one, but I'll give you a clue -- today a lot of it is perfumed and comes in rolls, but is not served with coffee. Give up? So did I around one o'clock after pizza and tea.

Have you ever wondered if some of these Rabelaisian, off-color questions might be tossed in just to give us losers a chuckle now and then while the competitors wrack their brains for inane answers to obscure questions?

I wish there were a way I could cash in on some of the strange things students write on their exams. Here's one I think calls for Gayetty's Medicated Paper. About the depression, this student affirmed that "...of course, the claim of hard times was not peculiar to the dust bowl during the 1930's."

Another one I liked that really fits this season says: "Christians have a system of a good afterlife if the before life was good." Incontrovertible logic, don't you think?

Misspellings can be particularly dangerous, especially when writing about a "navel" battle or a "meaning" when flesh gets together. Don't even think about misspelling seamen! Every year, some students invariably has Lincoln "assinated" in spite of my insistence that he was shot in the head. But this year was the first time one student used the reference "Anals of America."

Come to think of it, maybe these were the people who put together Trivial Pursuit!

But whenever I get down about losing to inferior intellect, I always remember what old Uncle John used to say: "Sometimes you got to grab the bull by the tail and look him straight in the eye!"

Words

Rick L. Janssen

Words
Describe

Words
Depict

Words
Convey

Ravenous
Consumption

Upon
One's
State

Conjure
Depth

Inseparable
Rapture
Insuperable
Joy

Somber

Joshua Artko

Things, they are the same
These things, they will never change
Round and round they came
They try to steal the pain from me

Time and time again
I'd always try to be the friend that
Would be there 'til the end
It seems that you've resented me

I guess it's time
For me
To
Scream

What progress have we made?
We always seem to degrade every-
thing we've ever saved
We feel it's all right to enslave the
Wicked and the brave
For it is known that they cannot stay
Holy and or sane
Which is the reason why they came and
Stood out in the rain
A thousand faces with no names all
Pleading for some grain
Eyes filled with sadness and with pain but
It was all in vain, as a
Portrait with no picture frame but
Hey, that's all okay
It's not like we care anyway

Now that you have seen
We're living in another dream that
Will suck our spirits clean
We're dirty but our minds are keen

Senses overload
We pray as though they will explode
Our hearts start to corrode
Appraise our souls to be sold

Why can't I feel?
Why can't I feel?
It's over
It's done.

Midwest Men and Their Machines

Marty Gallanter

(Madison, SD) Forty-four degrees and no snow on ground and it's December 11th in South Dakota. That's enough to make me nostalgic for at least a little of the horror Midwest winter of 1996/97. It's true. I shamefully admit that for three years I have been secretly wishing for a real Northern Plains winter just like the ones we used to know.

I know! The winter of 96/97 was more than enough. Too many folks were put at risk on the roads, too many school days were lost. The snow cover still on the ground in April threatened and delivered a season of melt and mud that, in the least, delayed planting and at its worst flooded out entire communities. But I can't help myself. This small exercise in seasonal heresy is a direct result of the knowledge I gained that season. In the fourth winter of my Northern Plains life, I finally understood the mystic of Midwest men and their machines.

This revelation is meaningless unless you understand me as a transplanted New Yorker. In New York, references to the use of a *machine* usually evokes images of nothing more imposing than the local ATM, probably the most complicated mechanical device with which any New Yorker struggles on any given day. Not that access to and control of money isn't important, even powerful. But city dwellers view the ATM, and other periodic encounters with machinery, as battles against opponents in a war of survival. One must conquer the

bank mechanism to reach to reach one's own cash reserves. City people in general, and New Yorkers in particular, view machinery as devices controlled by strangers designed to make their lives more difficult. The snow plow that buries the bus stop, the garbage truck that grinds away at five in the morning, even the computer network that refuses to awaken on a Monday morning are mountains to be climbed.

When I moved to the rural Northern Plains four winters earlier (*that's how we count time up here, by winters*) I brought my subconscious New York attitudes along with me. I hired a man and his machine to blow the snow from my driveway. I bought the simplest lawn mower I could find and engaged the neighbor boy to run it. Unknowingly, I separated myself from one of the very definitions of Midwest manhood.

Then arrived the winter of 1996/97 by all accounts around the town cafe, the worst in thirty years. The man I had hired to blow my snow decided to abandon this line of work and a crisis was created. I could have hired someone else, but my next door neighbor, a slightly built woman, now single and living alone, found herself the owner of a monstrous snow-blowing machine far too large for her to handle. In her mind, there seemed to be a natural solution to this problem. She would provide the machine and I would provide the labor to clear both our driveways. There was no point in trying to explain the way I felt. I'd lived here long enough to know that she wouldn't understand, so I swallowed hard, buried the New York distrust of mechanical devices and agreed to the deal.

One does not just enter such a new world ill-prepared. Observation told me it was necessary to obtain the cor-

rect clothing. The regulation uniform seemed to center around a pair of exceptionally ugly brown overalls. I did notice that equally ugly coveralls were acceptable but as a novice, I decided it was safer to stay with the mainstream. The pair I purchased was so bad that a New York friend, who teaches at Manhattan's famous Fashion Institute of Technology, commented that the only way the clothes could be any uglier would be if they were red. (*PS - Robyn, they make them in red*) With my fashion confirmation in place, I nervously handicapped the first snow storm and didn't have to wait long. Early one morning I arose to the sound of snow blowers all around and I knew that my status in the community, as well as that of my neighbor, would now depend upon how fast I could clear these driveway ways. No further delay would be permitted.

Assisted by an electric starter, the 8.2 horsepower engine turned over and roared to life rather easily in the -5 degree morning air. While the big yellow machine did seem to have some mind of its own, for the most part it lurched forward only when I depressed the left hand lever and blew snow only when I held down the right. By letting go of both, the machine stood useless and helpless, rumbling in the driveway. I began to feel a sense of control and with it the beginnings of power. As I played with the handle that engaged the corkscrew shaped blade, I started to understand that despite its angry sound and dangerous demeanor, I was more in charge of this thing than it was of me.

Following my instruction, the beast bit into a four-foot-deep drift and within moments the snow flew to approximately where I had wanted the stuff to rest. I was exhilarated, a true frost-covered aphrodisiac.

An accurate description of the adrenaline rush that rose up within me is linguistically impossible, but as my neighbor's two impassable driveways became vehicle-friendly paths, my sense of power and control grew. Even the town snowplow's attempt to reseal the entrances was only transitory as man and machine re-ground the pile of white stuff and moved it to the sidelines of our winter existence. With each pass, the machine came closer and closer to becoming my partner.

I fed my new yellow steel friend some gasoline, reclaimed the sidewalk between our two houses and removed the snow from my own driveway. When I finally shut down the engine, my neighborhood was silent. After two hours in close proximity to a poorly muffled 8+ horsepower engine, the winter, snow-dampened quiet was more than strange. Up and down the street, other brown-clad men were standing, admiring their own work and examining that of the others. I was the last on the block to finish, but their expressions gave me the support I needed.

"Not bad for a city boy," their eyes were saying. We acknowledged each other's triumphs over nature with silent nods. Midwest men do not discuss these things. We let our machines talk for us.

Though, like everyone else, I spend the winter complaining about the weather, I must admit that each subsequent snowfall was an adventure. I woke before dawn, lay in my bed waiting for the sun to rise, tried and often succeeded at being the first snow mover out. Most mornings I was shutting my machine down while the others were still roaring. The victorious battles against waist-deep piles of snow made my heart pound

and my blood pump rapidly, despite the sub-zero weather. At the end of each encounter, I returned to my home consumed by a huge appetite for a country-style breakfast. Fortunately for my waistline, I rarely gave in to the urge. My only regret was that my mechanical ally in the war against nature was forced to rest in a cold garage while I drank coffee, consumed oatmeal and basked in my wife's compliments.

All things end. The winter came to a close. My neighbor moved and took the yellow machine with her. The following winter was very mild but someday soon, I will be forced to buy my own apparatus or return to my old ways and hire someone to come over after each snowstorm (I don't think so).

And last fall, as I watched the farmers preparing for harvest with monster tractors and even bigger combines all controlled by their skilled hands, my usual awe was tinged with envy. They own some really big machines. I guess I could volunteer to help. Maybe they would even let me try out one of those babies. More likely though, I'll just wait for the inevitable return of the Midwest winter and, while waiting, wonder why a man would want to live anywhere else.

Lusenda

Malcolm Spaulding

Sitting alone on a wall.
 Watching you come, into my life
 Put all fears to a stall.
 My Cuban dragon, be still.
 My heart is yours, still we fall.
 All my hopes and dreams, with you I share.
 Talking and walking, like we are one.
 Dancing into the night, with a glare
 Of happiness and love, for you I care.
 Just to stand there, watch you exit the door.
 My heart immediately hits the floor.
 My love! My dreams! Come to a halt.
 For my little writer has gone.
 So I wonder what might have been,
 Just memories and butterflies floating around.
 Back to reality, so I go.
 So farewell my love, so I cry
 Just to say, Good-bye!

These Three Words

Lisa Lee

These three words "I love you," speak exactly how I
 feel.
 With the security to ensure, that this love will always be
 real.
 These three words, "I love you", show exactly where
 my heart lies.
 For you can always hear it in my voice and forever see
 it in my eyes.
 These three words "I love you," show I love you very
 much. It's a
 feeling that has been there, with the specialness of your
 touch.
 These three words "I love you" have found me true
 happiness,
 Brought me an unconditional love of a lifetime, which
 is far
 Above the rest.
 My love, with these three words, I have discovered
 something new.
 It will help me make up for all the lost times, that I was
 away from you.

Love is

Lisa Lee

Love is like magic and it will always be.
For still remains life's sweet mystery.

Love works in ways that are wondrous and strange.
For there's nothing in life that love can't change.

Love can transform the most common place,
Into beauty and splendor and sweetness and grace.

Love is unselfish, understanding and kind, for it sees
With its heart and with its mind.

Love is the answer that everyone seeks, for love is
The language that only my heart speaks.

Love cannot be bought for it's priceless yet free,
For love is like magic, a sweet mystery.

Last Chance

Amanda Bloemendaal

I look down at this empty piece of paper,
Trying to tell you how I feel.

I think you're swell; I think your grand,
But these are not the words

That I am looking for.

I look hard and deep into my heart and soul
And I came up with these three words:

I Love You....

There, I finally said them
I look up and saw your deep blue eyes
Staring into mine.

You tell me that you like me, think I am beautiful

Have feelings for me, but you

Don't feel the same way.

You slowly get up and walk out

Of the room

And that is the last time

I saw my loved one.

We waited patiently for her to grab her spot,

With careful precision, she moved the sand,

Her young to be delivered into an unknown world

At last she was ready

The eggs dropped into the chamber called "home".

One by one, each egg laid side by side.

Never to be nestled by their mother again.

She cared for them regardless, and knew they would

survive.

As she finished, she covered the chamber, turning her

body was done.

Carefully reclaiming the sand to its rightful place.

Untitled

Tracy Prehn

Sounds of happiness
 Floating on cloud nine
 The fireworks I see
 when you are near me
 The way my heart melts
 when I hear your voice
 The way you make me laugh
 when I am sad or mad
 The joy your voice brings
 when I feel lonely
 The security of you being there
 when I feel fear
 Make me feel as if I can fly
 when my spirit is high
 The feelings I feel for you
 so strong, so new.

Such a Time as This

Valerie Wilson

When I first came to that island of St. Croix last summer,
 I dreamed that my wishes would come true
 I waited for months to witness firsthand the majesty of
 God
 For that summer will always be remembered
 That first night we walked, waiting for our miracle to
 appear,
 we listened to the roll of the sea.....
 Truly the ocean knows no boundaries, no limits....
 Only waves washing up along the shore
 And there she came, our first leatherback turtle,
 We watched as she knew instinctively where to land,
 Coming to shore in an unhurried manner,
 The precise spot to deposit her eggs....
 We waited patiently for her to mark her spot,
 With careful precision, she moved the sand,
 Her young to be delivered into an unknown world,
 At last she was ready.....
 The eggs dropped, into the chamber called 'home',
 One by one, each egg laid side by side,
 Never to be nestled by their mother again,
 She cared for them regardless, and knew they would
 return.....
 As she finished, she covered the chamber, trusting her
 duty was done,
 Carefully reclaiming the sand to its rightful place,

And I, with tears in my eyes,
Had seen the grandeur of life begin.....

That night, my eyes witnessed God's handiwork,
His majesty appeared to me on that open beach....
In the form of a mother leatherback,
Bringing new life into the world.....

As I looked to the stars that night,
Gazing into the open expanse of the sky,
I thanked my God for the opportunity
For such a time as this, I was there to tell.....

North

Gerald Lange

Go north
Why north?
Bigger fish
No people
Loons, eagles, beaver
Bears (Beware!)
Relaxed sun rises
And color
Fully sets,
Payback for
Eternal winters
When big fish
Eat and grow
Even though
It's very dark
Very cold
Very far
North!

Perfect Friend

Amanda Bloemendaal

A perfect friend someone that
 You can count on no matter
 What the situation is
 A perfect friend never laughs at
 Your faults, but only
 Helps you overcome them
 A perfect friend is someone who
 Can make you laugh
 And cry
 Someone that you
 Can share your deepest
 Secrets with
 My perfect friend is you

Hope

Joshua Artko

my fragile mind can't take anymore
 I want to sail away
 I need to find something to live for
 maybe some other day
 temptations lure me -- they're very strong
 they're driving me insane
 to find a way out -- even if it's wrong
 i need to stop this pain
 a bottle of pills, sitting all alone
 they laugh and stare at me
 don't think of her or friends or home
 so easy it will be
 we'll take you from this awful place
 we'll wash away your pain
 we'll dry those tears from off your face
 and nothing will remain
 perhaps if I were someone else
 or in some other time
 I'd grab those pills from off the shelf
 and swallow 'til I died
 but now I think of those who care
 my family and my friends
 to make them sad -- I could not bear
 to have them discontent
 and most of all I think of her
 sweet angel in disguise

she hails from heaven - I am sure
I see it in her eyes

I'm so grateful for these souls
I can't leave them in vain
so selfish - I need some control
to make it through this rain

so thankful I am for this love
and its tranquility
but able I will never be
to live my life for me

Stars Shining Bright

Wayne Pauli

To the senior women basketball players

There has been a certain brilliance
Shining on us for years.
It has come from you five seniors
As we contemplate, and shed some tears.

You have been our leaders,
And our guiding light.
Your tenacity and work ethic
Have won us many a fight.

First of all there is Krista
With ball handling skills so pure
Thousands of practice hours
Have honed her skill for sure.

Next in numerical order
Comes Kate the Great.
With a smile and laugh
And defense that is first rate.

The psycho, better known as Kazzi
With her elbows sharp and flying.
She has left many a mark
And her opponents sore and crying.

The quiet one is next
The one with the twinkle in her eye.
Army will try and out run you
For that easy field goal try.

Finally comes Sheila,
The post that all teams have to defend.
She is relentless with her moves
On her low post game we have come to depend.

Yes, they are departing,
Their final game at home.
We are here to thank them,
So we commissioned this little poem.

Five stars shining brightly,
Lighting the Gold and Blue.
We will treasure you as teammates
We give thanks for friends like you.

The Most Interesting House in the World

Kori Zenner

Do you know of anyone whose house is filled with cream cans and pictures of cows? How about a house with puppy prints in the cement of one hallway or an elevator going up to the attic? Interestingly enough, my house has all of these things and more. About 1986 my parents purchased the Belgrade Farmers Co-op Creamery Building from the local veterinarian. Two years later, after extensive remodeling and two renters, our family made this brick structure our new home.

The original structure was built in the 1920s and was used by local farmers as the city creamery. They would take their milk into the town to be made into cheese, cream, butter and other dairy products for their own use or to be sold to local citizens. History books of the city show some differences in the appearance of the building, but there haven't been any dramatic changes. Anyone who farmed during the operating years of the creamery could probably describe exactly where the main door was and what exactly went on inside the building.

Next to occupy the building was local veterinarian, Wayne Hagen. I am not sure of the dates of his ownership but he also did some remodeling of the original building. He worked with everything from cows to small animals. When we purchased the building from him we had to take out the large animal gates that were located in what would later become my dad's workshop and the worktables that were located in our present day

living room. There is still a slope in the floors of some rooms where there used to be floor drains. Hagen said they used hoses to clean animals, and the water could then simply run down the drain. Along with the drain came the puppy prints as mentioned earlier. Some young dog must have gone for a run while Hagen was doing some cement work.

Hagen may have a hard time recognizing where all his offices and work rooms used to be if he came to our house today. Because my dad was a carpenter, our house has seen widespread remodeling. The first thing that needed to be done with the house to make it suitable for living was to take out all the furniture that was used for the vet clinic. These included sinks, desks attached to walls, and worktables. Some of these things were handy when it came time to find a place for a laundry room, but others just could not stay. The first to actually live in the building were some renters. The house was set up like a trailer house with one long hallway with rooms coming off of it. The attic was, and still is, primarily used for storage since both of my parents enjoy auctions and don't mind spending a few dollars on what I could call junk. Over half of the building sat empty for a few years until our family moved in during the summer of 1988.

More started happening when my mom and dad could look at all the possibilities of the building every day. The first project was moving all my dad's tools into the huge area on the north side of the building, which became his new shop. He was very greedy when it came time to his workspace and the family's living space. During his career as a carpenter, my dad did everything from fixing toilets and wiring to building

cabinets and the houses to put them in. A lot of activity took place in this shop.

The next major project was building the sunroom and remodeling our kitchen. A huge gray addition to the south of the original brick part was added between 1992 and '93. It is a giant sunroom with windows facing in all directions but east. It is probably the most used room in our house. A huge three-car garage was built east of the house shortly after the sunroom. It now houses cars, snowmobiles, boats, and whatever supplies are needed for the season at hand.

Following construction of the sunroom came remodeling of the attic area, which became two bedrooms, a bathroom, and a kitchen/dining/living room. This space has been used for our own living space (a great hangout area for teenagers) and for renters. We currently have a renter living up there, along with my brother.

My dad passed away in the beginning of 1995, but the remodeling has continued. Since he did all the previous work alone, costs for work that we wanted to do now have risen. We made our living room larger by knocking out a wall and doing some other small maintenance things. During the spring of 1999 a local carpenter was remodeled the area that used to be my dad's workshop. It is now suitable for an apartment with two bedrooms, a bathroom, and a large sitting area. At this point, and until all the kids are on their own, our family is using the area as part of our house.

At one point last year, before the most recent remodeling project, my mom was talking about selling the house and building a new one. The building was just too big for her to take care of herself. I got very angry

with her because I have so many memories of my dad in the building, and this is the house I want to go home to for all my Christmases to come. She thought it all over and decided to do some work on it in order to make it suitable for apartments so that she could use all her space when her four kids went away to college. Since then she has met a man and gotten married. He is very helpful in caring for our house and feels lucky to have the storage space that the house and garage can provide for him.

I always feel that my house is one of the coolest. At times I admire newly built houses and think it would be great to live in one. But then I remember all the hard work and memories of my interesting house and decide that I wouldn't trade it for the world. I feel very fortunate to have grown up in this unique building. It was always fun to brag to my friends about the elevator or the intercom system that runs throughout our house.

Untitled 2

Tracy Prehn

My mind races when you are around
Wondering how I could have found
Someone so honest, so caring, and true

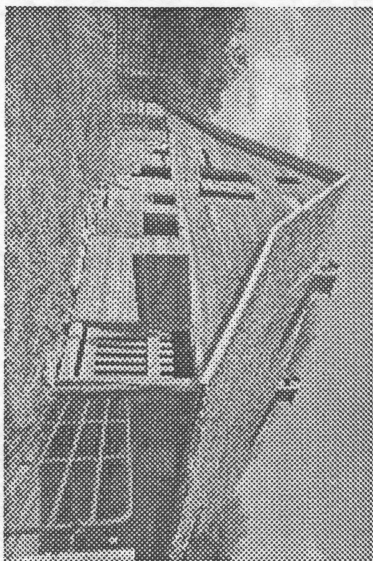
The feelings swirl
With every smile and frown
My love for you has grown so strong

You make everything bright
More full of life
A gloomy day sunny
A sad song happy

You are my friend
My lover
My confidant

Were You Born in a Barn?

Megan Beatty



On a little farm south of Wakonda, South Dakota, stands an old, weather-beaten, worn-down barn. It may not look like the most exciting place to be or a place anyone would want to visit. However, to my family, and me this barn is part of our life and holds a lot of memories. Kids that grew up in the country know how special it is to grow up on a farm and how much they learn and experience from this.

Looking back, I think about the many hours my brother, sister, and I and our dog, Spike, spent playing tag in the barn. My mom has a beauty shop in our basement and so there were always kids at our house with their parents and we would take them out there to play tag. We were out there all the time, laughing and playing, and I think that spending so much time together when we were younger is one reason we are so close now. Sometimes we would throw a bunch of hay out the top window until we had a big pile and then we would take

turns jumping out of the second-story window into the pile of hay. Back then that was really fun for us. We had to learn to create our own fun and games; we didn't get to go to the swimming pool or the gym like all the city kids. I think this made us more creative and imaginative.

I also remember the many times Dad had me help him in the barn when the heifers were calving. He would always have me running to get different things that he needed when he had to pull a calf or when we were tagging them. I really learned a lot about cattle just by watching and helping my Dad. We would also go and find the kittens every year (sometimes more than once a year) and a lot of times we would have to put medicine in their eyes to keep them from getting really sick. Feeding the dog and cats and giving the calves their corn was my job my whole life when I was growing up. Trudging through the snow out to the barn everyday during the winter to get food and water to the animals was my responsibility. That's another thing I'm grateful for. I learned to take on responsibility for things that were really important. I also think that by being able to help my Mom and Dad in this way, I respect them more. They needed me to help them and so I wanted to help them. The town kids I knew wouldn't do anything for their parents unless they received something in return and that really bothered me. Living on a farm, I learned that everyone has to pitch in and help to make things work.

There were also scary times that I remember. We found our dog, Spike in our barn one day. He had been hit by a car and had dragged himself back from the highway. Luckily, he was still alive and we had to keep him penned up in the barn until he could walk again. There

were always those times when kids would get hurt in our barn too. The "town kids" would fall or trip and then go crying back to the house and then Mom would have a talk with us about how we had to "be more careful" when other kids came to play. One time, when a kid from town came out to play with us, I took him up on the roof with me. I thought it was great. Sometimes when I wanted to be by myself, I would go up there and sit and look at all the fields and hills all the way around our farm. If I crawled all the way to the top, I could see the Dakota Dome in Vermillion! So, I thought he (Fred) would want to see that too! Well, he did...until we got to the top. Then he decided he would start bawling and freeze. He wouldn't move. I had to go get his mom from our house and she had to come and coax him down. Boy, did I get in trouble.

Overall, I'm really glad I had the opportunity to grow up on a farm. That experience plays a huge part in who I am today. I really cherish my "alone" time and love to go back to the farm every now and then just get away from everyone and think about things. It is peaceful and exciting at the same time. I hope that someday when I have kids, that I will be able to raise them on a farm so they can experience what I did.

Untitled 3

Tracy Prehn

As I look over the lake
Thoughts roll through my head
What is going to happen
What should I have said?

The hurt was not supposed to happen
Friendship I was supposed to gain
Our lives have become so different
Things just are not the same
I don't want to lose you
I just need to get away

I still need you in my life
That will never change
Everything that has happened
I hope you understand
And know you will always be my friend.

were always those times when kids would fall or trip and
 our barn too. The "teen kids" would fall or trip and
 then go crying off to the house and then Mom would
 have a talk with us about how we had to "be more care-
 ful" when other kids came to play. One time when I
 kid from town came out to play with us, I was out
 on the roof with one I thought was a joke. A lot of kids
 when I wanted to be by myself, I would go to the
 set and look at all the fields and hills in the way around
 our farm. If I crawled all the way to the top, I would see
 the Dakota Dome in the distance. I would see the
 would want to see that. I would see the
 to the top. I then he decided to go over and see how
 these. He wouldn't move. I had to go and see how
 from our house and she had to come and see how
 down. Boy, did I get in trouble.

Over all, I'm really glad I had the chance to grow
 up on a farm. That experience plays a big part in who
 I am today. I really cherish my time on the farm. I
 go back to the farm every now and then. I like to
 from everyone and still see the same things. It's
 exciting at the same time. I hope that someday when I
 have kids, that I will be able to raise them on a farm so
 they can experience what I did.