The Field School
1981
graduating class
Pen & Sword

Sword clashed against sword as the melee between the two knights on the field of combat took place. Sir Kevin Nelson deftly defended his honor against the challenge from the Knight of Ballix with the strokes of his sword. The opposing knight was an equal match to Sir Kevin returning each blow with a well placed parry and occasionally-launching a vicious counter attack. The battle continued to wage on, neither knight willing to fail his sovereign, until by chance the Knight of Ballix stumbled and was at the mercy of Sir Kevin. Terror filled the fallen man’s face as he lay upon the ground calling out prayers in his native tongue. The viewing crowd silenced, and Sir Kevin reached down and brought his opponent to his feet saying, “Fear not, good knight, there is no need to continue further. Go back to your king and tell him that you were defeated on this day by Sir Kevin Nelson of Hallenbanks.”

“Merci monsieur, merci,” replied the knight, and as he left, Sir Kevin Nelson turned to the cheering crowd.

“Kevin, répondre à la question, si vous plait,” said Madame Blacker, Professor of French at Gallens College.

“What?” said Kevin looking up from his notebook.

“Answer the question, Kevin.”

“What question?”

A burst of laughter came from the class in response.

“Apparently Kevin here hasn’t done his devoir yet, Jerry, please give the correct response,” she said, continuing with her class.

After French Kevin went to his Physics class and spent the remainder of the morning learning about special physics with respect to Newtonian constants. At least he managed to stay awake, but this class was even less interesting than French. He left the campus at twelve o’clock and headed directly for a lunch tavern called The College Board. In the rear corner of the tavern he found a table and waited quietly for a waitress to take his usual order.

“Ah good Sir Kevin, we are pleased with thy victory,” said King Henry to a favored knight.

“I acted in the name of thine honor, good majesty, as any knight loyal to his sovereign would be glad to do,” said Sir Kevin kneeling with his sword at his side and his head bent downward in the custom of knights before their kings.

“Arise most loyal subject. Come and sit at our right hand for the evening’s feast.”

“I would be honored, your majesty.”

Sir Kevin sat at his king’s table while the court ate (although Sir Kevin Nelson did not eat since it would be improper for a knight to display such gaucherie before his king), and the king laid his problem before the victorious knight.

“It seems, Sir Kevin, that a beastly dragon has invaded our domain, and it appears to be set upon causing great destruction throughout our kingdom. Will you take the honor of dispatching this beast?”

“My sovereign lord! I should retire to the cloisters before I would refuse thee!”

“What will you have for lunch, stupid?” said the waitress snapping her gum and anxiously tapping a pencil against the pad in her hand.

“How bout a Ruben sandwich and a large Coke?”

“You want pickles with that?”

“Yes, please.”

His sandwich came about twenty minutes later, and as he expected, it was cold. He found the Coke warm, but he gulped down the food all
the same since he needed to be back in class in less than ten minutes. Finished with lunch, he rushed back to his last class that afternoon, English Lit, only to find the class had been cancelled and the teacher was on special leave. He quickly cut through the English building and raced across the parking lot to a beat up, dull blue Volvo. In a few moments he was heading down route 15 until he reached the first stoplight beyond the university.

Sir Kevin tilted back his visor and leaned against his horse to see the fiery lizard emerging from its cave. He carefully positioned his lance in his arms and leaned forward on his horse, every moment calculating how to strike the beast. The dragon returned a roar but remained steadfast until the light turned green and Sir Kevin Nelson spurred his horse to another victory.

Tom Traubitz
everyone else
To San Carlos
Inspired by Hemingway

The evacuation had started at ten o'clock in the morning. The lines of trucks were long, and the people walked next to the trucks, and the day had begun. It was hot, very, and the day was nice. I was walking alone beside the trucks. I did not know what had happened and had only been told to leave. The trucks drove past and there were people in the back, and the trucks kept moving. The night had been fine, I had drunk much, and it was good. I would be back. I would not bring anything with me. Had there been an attack? I should have brought a small case. I did not want to leave, but I was told to do so. There were men and spare trucks, and women, children and trucks. She was not there.

I did not see the mountains, it was not clear, and they were not there. But they were there because I had walked in the mountains when I was young. I did not like being young. I passed an old man with metal spectacles, and he was very old.

He walked slow with small steps, and he was very slow.
"Can you see the mountains?" he said.
"Not very well."
"They are there, son."
I was not his son, and I looked around. He was talking to me.
"You have been there?" I asked.
"Yes."
"I like them very much."
"I like the town. There are people there in the town."
He did not look at me. Only the people in the back of the trucks looked at me.
"You do not look old. You will live," he said.
"You are not old. You will live also," I said.
"I am too old. Yes, I will live."
He was slow; he looked at the mountains. They were not there, but he saw them. I walked ahead. It was not clear, and the trucks drove past. The people looked at me. She was there.
The Fall of Richmond

It was April 2nd and all through the night the city of Richmond burned under the seemingly relentless Union artillery barrage. The old man saw it all, the death of a city.

Frenzied people ran through the streets as the bombs dropped around them and the buildings burned. Richmond, the grand old city, the capital of the Confederacy, was burning and the people, running through the ruins like scores of ants on a burning log, had terror in their eyes. Small brigades of civilians and bedraggled soldiers, dressed mostly in rags, occasionally grouped together and attempted to extinguish the flames that ate away at the city like some hellish blight.

Their attempts were always in vain.

Smoke filled the streets, burning and tearing eyes and choking throats. It rolled in clouds upwards from the blasted and burned out buildings and it blocked out the first rays of dawn that attempted to shine through the burning city.

Screams and shouts filled the air. "Yanks! The Yankees are coming!" Confederate soldiers in tattered grey uniforms hustled the few remaining citizens out of the city. Still more tried to carry the wounded, civilians and soldiers alike, out of the artillery fire. The conflagration that filled the sky made the city, from a distance, appear to be an open pit to hell complete with a River Styx, that was, of course, the James.

A wail rose from a woman down the street from where the old man watched silently. "My baby, my baby!" She kneeled in the rubble of one of the burned out buildings and frantically dug through the pieces of brick and mortar that were strewn through the street and the site where her house had once stood, her face red and wet from crying hysterically. A soldier running down the street stopped and bent down to help her up and get her on a wagon going out of the city. The soldier, who was nothing more than a boy, grabbed her around the waist and tried to drag her over to the wagon, but she resisted passionately, throwing herself against the soldier's arms in an attempt to return to digging through the debris for her child. He finally managed to get the woman on the wagon.

The old man walked to his door and opened it out onto the porch, taking one last look back into his home. The grandfather clock in the corner seemed to count down to Armageddon. The old man then turned and looked vacantly down the street, his eyes misty.

The same young private saw him standing on the porch and started to run down the street yelling for him to leave the town. Before the boy in uniform had made it halfway across the street, a shell exploded right in front of him. His body was blasted into several pieces.

A horse and mule ran down the street, their eyes rolling, ears down and mouths foaming. The old man sat down on his front stoop in the early morning sunlight, oblivious of the fire and explosions which surrounded him, waiting for the advancing Union Army.

Kai Schafft
The Beach

The smooth glittering sand reflecting the powerful sunrays, which blaze against the tanned backs of the crowd, seeps between his toes as he refreshes himself in the cool, delightful summer ocean. The boisterous breeze aids the ocean in cooling the tourists from the scorching heat. The splintering boardwalk is full of bare feet and rented bicycles ridden by people heading onto the beach, into various stores, or into an arcade or amusement center. The odor of certain seafoods, including fresh crabs and lobsters, mingles with the distinct smells of home-made french-fried potatoes smothered with vinegar, making such a heavenly scent that no person can pass without getting a pang of hunger for these beach delicacies. The view over the crystal-clear ocean is of a faint horizon and a perfect blue sky. This is a typical summer day at the ocean.

At night, the silvery moon peers from the darkened sky to bear a romantic ray across the now barren beach. The glistening ocean talks with an audible roar as the waves crash against the defenseless shore. Although the beach is abandoned, the quaint town is alive with merry people dancing, conversing, and feasting joyfully. As the night progresses, the clutter of the town ceases, with the tourists resting from their busy days and nights. And finally, the bleak main street is quiet and dark with just an occasional bark of a dog or cry of a bird.

After the seasons change from summer to fall, the beaches become less crowded and the tourists come only at the end of the week. The cool breeze turns into a sharp chill, while the powerful sun does its best to heat the mainly vacant beach. Most of the odors from the past summer days have vanished and are replaced with the new fragrance of the clear crisp air. This slice of ice form on the frozen shoreline as winter reveals itself. A sheet of snow lies across the frozen sand, and a deadling wind blows throughout. The mighty sun sitting brilliantly amidst the white fluffy clouds is inefficient in beating this desolate place. Only residents and very few guests are present during this time of year.

After the seasons again change, and the temperature rises, tourists return and the warm beaches again become crowded. The summer odors begin to pervade the beach as usual, and life proceeds as it does every summer in its annual cycle.

Laureen McVay

David Wisnowski, Joshua Harris, Jason Alexander, Brandy D'Elia, Luke Robinson

Excerpts from a French Trip Journal

Suddenly they arrived. A woman about thirty-seven years old and a young girl about thirteen came in. They were Michelle Giraud and her daughter, Florence. The mother’s French was very standard, so I knew I would have no trouble understanding her. She is a gym teacher at the Lycee d'Asnouval and very warm and kind. Florence has dark brown hair, dark brown eyes and a fat, round baby face, sure to slim down as she matures. I think she is darling, and in many ways, she reminds me of myself when I was thirteen. Her mother is very affectionate and not overly eager to push Florence out of the nest.

My new mother, intent on making me feel secure in my new surroundings, had bought me a large bag of clementines (tiny sweet oranges) and had put them by my bed.

Pascal, eleven, is Florence’s brother. At the dinner table this little runt tries to act like his father. It’s a riot. He tries to speak in an authoritarian voice, but it doesn’t work very well because he still has a very high voice. It is so funny to watch him explain something. He slaps his little hand down on the table for emphasis and gets a very serious look in his eye, when he is only describing the most common, everyday events. He didn’t warm up to me at first. Who in the world was this strange girl who barged in and took a lot of the attention usually designated to him? She was hard to talk to and insisted that she played soccer! I don’t blame him; I would feel the same way. He played it very cool for the first few days, avoiding me when possible. Finally, this morning, he staggered into the kitchen in his little boy P.J.’s, with his little, pouty mouth and sleepy, brown eyes, walked right over to me and gave me a kiss. Then he walked over and sat down in his mama’s lap and didn’t say another word.

The father is Jacques. Usually I am terrified of the average, upper-middle class French man. They speak so very fast! Jacques, however, is an exception. He is very warm, like his wife, and when he speaks, he makes an unusual effort to explain in French the things I don’t understand. He doesn’t speak a word of English. He is about thirty-eight, balding somewhat, with a thin nose, brown eyes and a relatively small frame.

Our house is in a lovely little village outside Brive called St. Perwe. The entire village is built on a hill. At the top, stands an old church, modest in design. Old buildings surround it, but as one descends, one finds newer houses (built in the last ten years) all around the hill. In the distance one sees rolling green hills with trees and an occasional farm house. Farther in the distance are snow-covered mountains. Our house has a lovely veranda from which one can see this scene.

Courteny Hunt

and dark with just an occasional bark of a dog or cry of a bird.
Sun, with icy fingers, touches cups from long-ago feasts. Remnants of ancient walls crumble into heaps. Unconcernedly, from the piles, Farmers take stones for fences. Not hearing the golden laughter of the kings echoing.

Kathy Laughon
Up a Mountain

Hiking towards the top of a mountain I felt the weight of my backpack grow with every couple of yards towards the top. I kept telling myself the top was around the next bend, sweat dripping down my forehead, off my nose, and down my back and chest. My mouth was becoming parched and dry for want of water. A sudden wind came down the mountain upon me, evoking me, then chilling me to the bone. I decided to stop, quench my thirst, rest my muscles and dry my sweat. A cool drink of Gatorade slid down my throat. I dried the sweat from my forehead, chest and face with my bandana and sat down with my back to a tree. After a five minute rest, I started up my toils again to reach the top.

Bradley Meek

I was depressed for two years. I got drunk every day, all day. I never took baths; people avoided me. You don't even want to know how I was regarded. Relatives tried to help; I refused. I couldn't see anybody helping me. I sunk deeper and deeper into oblivion. What started me drinking? I suppose because I couldn't take the pressure. Girls thought I was a freak; Guys never bothered trying to get acquainted. Or maybe because I wanted to belong—But after I started drinking, still nobody cared I didn't know you could be a friend to yourself. I don't think I've been sober for two years. Maybe I was, but I don't remember. I'd black out periodically. I'd wake up not knowing where or who I was. That can scare the hell out of you. I don't remember how I got here. I don't know why I'm here. Maybe it'll help, maybe not. I just want to find out what happened: Why am I an alcoholic?

What became of my life? I want somebody to sing to me. Songs are very soothing. Here comes the sun. Here comes the sun ... and I say It's alright ... That's very inspiring. Will it ever be alright?

Gamby Ketcham

Jeri Anne Leeth, Eric Celerier, Shannon Little, Karl Rosenberg, Miriam Yarmolinski, Cynthia Duaney

Tony Lee, Mary McVay, David Wilkins
My window, with its glancing view,
Stands subjected to the seasons and the wind,
Groaning and creaking at the sudden gusts
That shiver it through its frame

Though the seasons pass in heat and cold,
The neutral airs shriveled it far more
Than any blast of sharp, cold arctic air
Could ever shred its wooden frame

People pass and never notice
That now only a single blast of breeze
Could shatter the blistered sill,
Baring its pain to the world

'glancing'—cross between glimpse and glance
'shriveled'—cross between shiver and shred with a touch of shatter implied

Jeri Leeth

This is where you stick the oil.
The important thing is spotting out suckers.
Take a new car;
The driver don't know much about it yet.
You tell 'em G.M. uses bad tires, see.
Then if he's got a family,
You tell 'em the tire will blow out soon.
Then you sell 'em all new tires.
Clean up his tires and sell them too.
See all those cars on that interstate?
They gotta come here for gas.
But we don't make nuthin' on gas.
So we gotta nail 'em for all they got.
Wear this here sharp ring.
And when you check the oil,
Go for the belts.
Then when we replace the belts
You show 'em all them there busted parts
and you tell 'em they gotta replace 'em
Then you clean the old'uns up
and charge 'em for new ones.
See, you gotta screw 'em
Or they'll screw you.
Don't ask me why.
It ain't right.
It ain't wrong.
That's just the way it is.

Paul Gilbert

Tony Lee

Christopher Reed,
Andrea Morgan, Jennifer Gilbert,
Robert Foreman, Debbie Gottesman
Gone

His grandmother was incoherent. It was really sad and awful for him to see her that way. She was always a mean, old, virago woman from what his young mind could perceive, but a human being nonetheless, and his blood relation at that.

One time, when he was five or six years old, she came to visit his family in their hometown. He was watching Mr. Rogers and tapping his feet to the mellow beat of the music.

“Oh, I think that’s wonderful!” the old woman remarked. “That’s right, move those feet—how wonderful that you have rhythm!” she shouted jovially. He always thought that was weird, but today, thinking about it, he is moved.

They entered the white, surgical-smelling, nursing home (what a euphemism!), all four of them, solemnly, he, his two sisters and his mother. The nuns told them in baby-talk voices that she was eating dinner. What a lie, he soon discovered. They were cramming food into her frail-lipped mouth, and wiping away the regurgitated meat from her wrinkled, prune-like chin.

She was too weak to chew. He certainly didn’t call that eating dinner. “Christ,” he thought.

She never could quite comprehend that he was her grandson, though he tried to make it abundantly clear, pronouncing the words directly in front of her cloudy eyes. She began a couple of sentences, but lost track of her ideas about midway through; none were finished. This pained him.

Soon, the smiling nuns scurried in again and proceeded (in a very subtle, Catholic manner, of course) to defend the boy’s father and aunt for putting her in the lovely rest home. He never hated his father so much in his life. Then, the head nun informed the melancholy four (pretending the grandmother, next to them, was non-existent) that she didn’t believe his grandmother was very unhappy there. “Of course she’s not unhappy,” he thought, “she’s not happy either, or excited, or glad, or angry, or obnoxious, or depressed, or smiling, or perceiving, or awake. She’s gone. Gone.”

A Moment’s Notice

We had just skied down Andy Mowen’s hill, to where it joins Grand Prix. The instructor had stopped to wait for the rest of the class to catch up. Someone noticed a black bird floating in the breeze. It was jet black with a foot-long body and a two to three-foot wing span. It was floating directly above a tree. The wind kept it stationary. It stayed there for a minute until it dropped its right wing and soared out of sight.

Bradley Meek

The Biker

Scott sat there on the MX, and as he let out the clutch, the engine ceased to roar. He started it up again with an aggressive kick, revved up the engine with short blasts of the throttle that were almost deafening, and then with an extra loud blast, he released the clutch, dumped the throttle and proceeded to shift gears as fast as he could until he was out of sight with only the over-turned dirt and ringing in my ears as witness to his having been there.

Paul Gilbert
Weather and Mind
Winter is cold, unfeeling and bitter. It has a dark, forgotten loneliness about it, but that is only because it reminds me of the emptiness of city streets and cold expressionless people passing me by. Winter's extremes have no bounds. The cold goes deep into one's bones just like the heat of summer did only months before.
A brighter side to winter is the coming of snow. Snow tends to bring a magical happiness into people's lives. With the coming of a snowstorm comes the silence of the people. The whole world seems to die instantaneously.

Marcel Prather

nine

He has nothing
Except gray boredom
No fiery affairs
No melon-blue kisses
No red thoughts
No pink-striped secrets
No silk mittens
And no Gucci sheets
His friends think of no more than
taxes and inflation
Except his vibrant wife who
In a moment of wildness
Becomes a queen
In the black breeze

Rachel Zeitz

Escape from a Monotony of Two Colors
A dark blue
an opaque white
nothing breaks the pattern
Now, I see in a
small distant corner,
polished wood, contrasting
with brass, what a relief

Marcel Prather

The Assembly Line
Fred revealed his jovial manner, and the assembly line workers gaffed as blue collar folks do, shooting the breeze: Mr. Mulvery, short, stocky, simple, Fred, outwardly calm yet hyperactive inwardly, his deep black wells which served for eyes in perpetual motion, his face an unbreakable stone. When the foreman showed up, at the far side of the line, Mulvery ducked away, and Fred quickly put the dice they had been using into his pocket.

Jeremy Sher

The Ferrari, red and black thundering silver red engines grayish thick haze of burning rubber blue sky in yellow July the black oily road slick and wet

Steven Milkovich
A Clear Moment

I look out my window through the patterns made by the dust. I see light raindrops against the multi-colored fall leaves. There are murky pools of water everywhere. The green plants seem to dance when the water gently touches them. They bounce back, and the clear drops bend on the leaves. The quenched dirt below absorbs the water. The rest joins a rippling brook beside the eroding curb. Then the leaves dam the stream, before it enters the sewer.

Maisie Meade

Vincent Pruden, Sarah Hawkins, Cary Hardwick, Nina Gouveia, Lisa Brooks

Transparent rain
belts the sleeping earth like bullets
and the harsh reality of the colors becomes known;
even under the dark sky
I can see the violent colors.

A foggy white light from the lamppost
casts a glimmer over the burnt-orange walk;
glittering with the wetness of the rain;
dark-orange brick, and shining emerald green
of the ivy leaves.

The green is so dark, close to black;
but nothing can match the black of the road;
gleams of light dance over the droplets
on the black road;
there is no need for stars tonight.
The earth sparkles
with the cooling night shower.

Kristen Herbert
The moon's cold sphere,
White, dead,
Like a night light
Shining on the dark earth.
The earth asleep
Beneath hypnotic moon
Dark earth
Dark air.
Moonlight lights me
To my tent,
Wet grass crackling
Underneath my feet.
I'll go to my tent
Away from the awakening white.
Night-breeze cool
Blows against my body.

Ashley Cooper

On one very sunny day
around a certain time in May,
there came a lad with hair of gold
who was happy, honest, bright and bold.
He perched himself on a chair right near,
and as I spoke I began to fear
that I, having gapped teeth and all,
would once again succeed and fall.
So calm I sat, without a doubt
that subtly I would bring things about,
I daintily sat with my nose in the air
playing with my beautiful locks of hair.
And as I coyishly turned to look,
the beastly young man just opened a book.
And then I knew he too was acting shy,
so I turned to watch the passers by.

Bronwyn Hillesary

Death is
a coldness of heart
forever
silenced,
from the
new day's desires;
It is the cinders
that lie cold on the
hearth.

Kristen Herbert

Brown reverberations
from the viola
creep into every niche
in the small yellow room
with its colors softened by the rain
and the white four o'clock sky

Sarah Haskins

The Skier
As I walked across the white powdery snow field,
I felt a sinking and a crunching under my feet.
The cool breeze from my face and blew particles of
white powder which tingled when they hit my
semi-warm skin. I snapped into the bindings of my
skis and pushed off, sliding down a couple of feet.
When I hit the soft powdery, I glided at about ten to
fifteen miles an hour. The power blew up on my
body, accumulating on my jacket and pants. I
found myself air-born after hitting a mound of
powder at 30 mph. The soft powder cushioned my
landing and blew in my face. Farther on, I started
sliding and slipping side to side until finally I
regained control in powder. On the steep I got in a
tuck all the way down to the bottom where I put
my skis together, side by side, and leaned back in
a hard push out position, blowing snow twenty
feet to my side, before coming to a stop.

Steven Milkozich
Cockroach

Inspired by Kafka

Gregor decided that he really had to get up and catch the train. Getting out of bed was the most important thing to do. He knew that his legs would not help him to turn over; they kept waving involuntarily like hysterical children. He was getting tired.

Suddenly the alarm clock fell off the table and the pictures moved on the wall. It was a mild earthquake—a tremor. (Gregor lived along an earthquake fault.) Gregor’s samples fell onto the floor. Gregor himself fell out of bed and landed on his feet.

Now he could straighten things up and get out of the house. He picked up the samples with his sticky hairy legs and he put them in his suitcase. He then put the alarm clock back on the bed table but he couldn’t reach high enough to straighten the pictures. “Luckily,” he thought to himself, “my reading glasses didn’t break. I definitely don’t have enough money for a new pair. In fact, if I don’t hurry to get on a train and do some fast-talking I’m going to lose my job.”

Gregor grabbed his suitcase. Lifting it required the combined strength of four legs. Barely able to reach the doorknob, he placed a sticky foot on each side of it and slowly turned it. Clicked. He slid down the stairs on his hard, smooth stomach using his many legs like oars. He joined his family at the table. They sat hunched uncomfortably in their chairs, towering high above their bacon and eggs. Gregor’s father asked Gregor why he had not left the house earlier. Gregor told him that he hadn’t felt well after having had a nightmare about being a strange soft four limbed creature that only walks on two legs. Gregor’s parents were worried. They thought that he must be sick and sent him back to bed. His mother called Gregor’s boss to inform him that Gregor was very sick. Then she called the doctor while holding the phone in one pincer and squeezing orange juice with another pair.

Sarah Hawkins
He said he was born to be free
He lived his life carelessly
Many people said that he could be more
He never listened, only slammed the door
His black hair had dandruff at the roots
He always wore the same pair of grubby boots
No one ever asked about his health
Many say he had great wealth
Sometimes he'd break down and cry
I could never understand why
Maybe that's why he took his own life
Because no one ever understood his strife
He was my father but now he's gone
I only have brief memories to carry on
I don't miss him anymore
This time I slammed the door

Rachel Zeitz

Demise

The pale petals are wilted like an old man's face.
The special effect of youth is gone. The delicate edges are fringed with a brown crust. They fall in a tranquil breeze like a crystal snowflake that melts on the ground. It turns over and is dead, now black without a soul that used to gleam in the summer sun. The crisp, sleek stem bends with age. The thorns fall too, piercing the ground with a fatal scream. The rose was once the color of a sunset. Now, nothing is left, but a dead and forgotten weed.

Matisie Meade

How the icy crystal stream rushes.
Bubbling, bubbling, glittering, twinkling
Always pushing, digging.
Twisting it's way toward the roaring sea.

Tinkling like the maze of diamond-coated branches in the wind.
Or rancorousely traipsing its way down a mountainside
But forever moving—scurrying, worrying.
Secretive or conspicuous.
Headlong towards the dominating waters.

Elizabeth Ransom

eight
The Gymnast
Waiting for the judge’s signal,
she pulled with her body, stretched
like a rubber band,
arms reaching for the bar,

Now silently waiting like a big cat
or a child in trouble,
she is quiet now,
quiet now,
concentrating on quick moves ahead,
how she will glide,
jump,
bump,
fly,
smiling,
anticipating
like a grand planner.

Just waiting, ready,
ready, hoping,
hoping, hoping,
hoping—jump!

Oriana Zill
One morning my father Abraham told me that God had commanded him to go to a specific mountain and make a burnt offering. He asked if I wanted to go. Of course, I said yes, but I thought it peculiar that he would want me to accompany him. So the next morning we set off with two of my father’s servants and wood for the fire. After an exhausting trip, we spotted the place. So my father told his servants that only he and I were to worship there and that we would return. I was quite excited about burning a creature for God.

When we got to the mountain I realized that though we had a knife and wood, we were missing a creature. I said nothing for I presumed my father knew what he was doing. However, I could not retain my curiosity, so I asked. Abraham looked at me demeaningly and said, “God has provided that.”

He asked me to help him construct an altar, so I did. The work took quite a while, and when we were through, being only a boy, I was fatigued. My strong father, however, gently but firmly bound me to the altar with leather straps. “What are you doing?” I cried. Suddenly I realized he was going to sacrifice me. “Did God tell you to kill me?”

While still working, Abraham fiddled his head. I noticed his eyes were wet. I was terrified, but I knew I had to suffer through it. So my father kissed me and grabbed his knife.

I heard a voice telling Abraham to put down the knife, for, the voice said, he knew Abraham loved God and was willing to kill his son for Him. Never have I been so relieved. My father unbound me quickly. Then he spotted a ram caught in a thicket, and I helped him kill it and burn it as an offering to God.

Lisa Sharlach

seven

The story of God’s testing of Abraham by asking him to sacrifice his son Isaac (Genesis 22) contains a stirring plot but lacks detailed story and character development. What were Abraham and Isaac thinking during their three day journey to Moriah? Abraham understood the mission, but, probably because of its horror, neglected to inform Isaac until the final moments. The following narratives portray the thoughts of Isaac as he and his father travel up the mountain of sacrifice.

It all started early one morning. My father, Abraham, woke me up and told me that the Lord had instructed him to take me to Moriah. We took the donkey and left. I insisted my father tell me what was wrong because during the entire trip he seemed gloomy and sad, and he often shook terribly.

We finally got to Moriah. Abraham told the two servants to wait at the bottom of the mountain while he took me to make a burnt offering. I began to get scared; we had wood but nothing to sacrifice. My mind wondered, and I got the insane thought that I was going to be sacrificed.

We reached the top of the mountain. My father laid the wood and bound me to it. By this time I was in a state of shock.

My father held up a large knife and said a prayer, and so did I; I trusted the Lord. My father’s arm was moving downward when the knife flew out of his hand. We were both stunned. He untied me and we both slaughtered a ram caught in the thicket.

Joshua Tuerk

Alice Fiori, Allan Campbell, Lisa Sharlach, Kenneth Krattenmaker
Early one morning, my father and I were going somewhere to worship. He gave me the wood for the burnt offering. Then we started walking. I was thinking of the offering, and it just came to me that we didn't have an animal for the burnt offering. So I asked my father where the lamb was. He said that God would give it to us.

We finally reached the mountain. I watched my father get ready for the burnt offering and waited for the lamb to come from the heavens. But no lamb came. My father bound me and put me across the altar. Was he trying to see if the lamb would fit on? Was he trying to see if the ropes were strong enough? I was speechless. Then I saw him take out a knife. What was he doing? He brought it down close to me. My heart was beating fast. Suddenly and abruptly he stopped. I stayed still. It looked as if he were listening to something from above. Then he got a ram and sacrificed it instead. I was very confused and didn't say anything.

Andrea Mendes

Lisa Berk, Serra May, Ayn Vallis, Joshua Tuerek

Ian Spencer, Andrea Mendes

Rick Mayo, Andrea Mendes
From a French Trip Journal

Dimanche, 8 Fevrier, 1981

Today was one of those days I want to remember for the rest of my life. The weather was absolutely gorgeous, and after lunch we went on our typically French Sunday outing. The family, which I was finally beginning to fit into, took me to Chateau Pompadour. It was where the Marquis de Pompadour lived, and as with the history of Utrecche, I am also unclear about the exact history of Pompadour. The tour guide didn't know I wasn't French so I kept my mouth shut and nodded a lot.

Anyway, afterwards we crossed the rue and saw some of France's prize horses, especially the ones given to France by other countries. It was interesting, but I am not what one would call "horse crazy".

To complete my view of the French countryside, I was then taken to an artificial lake, which was definitely another one of those postcard scenes. I was taught the word champignon, meaning mushroom, and continually quizzed on what it was. I don't think I will ever forget it.

Christine's father was constantly trying to explain the history of everything to me. He got discouraged when I didn't understand, and sometimes I just answered "Oui" to make him happy. The problem came when he questioned me on what he had just told me. Sometimes I amazed myself and did understand!

Jean-Claude (typically French father name) piloted us back into the car, and sped away at an astonishingly high speed. Something hard to get used to! The sun was beginning to set, and I sat in the back seat next to my French sister and was told to "Regardez le Chateau" (Look at the Castle!), and "une petite rue" (What a small road!). They certainly didn't have to tell me that! The weather was unusually warm for February, it must have been in the sixties. It had been a long day, and I sat in disbelief that I was watching castles and towns from centuries ago with a family I had known for a week, but the tenseness was disappearing, and I had a wonderful day!

Ahh! La Tour Eiffel.

Peter's French family in front of their store in St. Chamant, a small town outside Brioe

Parisephone Zill
1980-1981 Field School Soccer Team

With the beginning of a new school year, in the early days of last September, came the beginning of a new soccer season for the Field School Falcons. This year would prove to be the toughest and most competitive of any thus far, as we now had become part of the Washington Metropolitan Independent Soccer League, Division C.

After only two weeks of rigorous training and practicing, we felt ready to start off the new season with a bang. However, the gun was loaded, as we were shot down in our first two games by St. Anselms (0-5) and Pallotti (2-3). Harker Prep., however, met its fate at the relentless feet of our offensive attackers and lost 3-2. The rest of our season can be followed through this chart:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Record</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Their Score</th>
<th>Our Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1-3</td>
<td>Jewish Day</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1-4</td>
<td>German School</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2-4</td>
<td>Calverton</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2-5</td>
<td>Sandy Springs</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3-5</td>
<td>Mackin</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3-6</td>
<td>The Heights</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3-7</td>
<td>St. Stephens</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Post-Season

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Record</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Score</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3-8</td>
<td>Calverton</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4-8</td>
<td>Maret</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In addition to being one of the top members of the soccer team, Karl Rosenberg organized a soccer skills class as part of the P.E. program, with the help of Miguel Sampson. The class was a great success, and in recognition, the Field School awarded Karl a scholarship to Soccer Camp for the summer of 1981.

First row (l to r): Katherine Zill, manager*; Courtney Hunt; Neil Kelly*; Josh Harris*; Alex Weiner, co-captain; Eric Carter, Dan Nathanson; Jesse Moore, manager; second row: Miguel Sampson, coach; Danny Wiley*; Jason Alexander, co-captain*; David Waskow; John Williams; Karl Rosenberg*; David Berk; Tony Lee; John Fletcher*; Robert Hoffman, coach; third row: Adam Nathanson; Alex Ladd; Peter Sonnenreich; Bradley Meek; Rob Wylie, absent; Jenny Levine, manager*; Laura Cowden; Eric Celarier.

* denotes team members receiving letters.

 Needless to say, it was a trying season, requiring the utmost patience and perseverance. Two of our star forwards, Alex Ladd and co-captain Alex Weiner, were out with injuries for a combined total of seven games. There were also others who suffered minor, yet jeopardizing injuries. But with the pain of defeat there remained a constantly high team spirit and morale.

It is now the privilege of this writer, on behalf of the entire Field School population, to thank each member of the Falcons for his/her contribution to the team. We thank: the forwards and goal-scorers, Alex Weiner, Tony Lee, Eric Carter, Alex Ladd, Courtney Hunt and John "Spanky" Williams; the halfbacks, Josh Harris, John Fletcher, Danny Wiley, Rob Wylie, Peter Sonnenreich, Laura Cowden; the fullbacks Karl Rosenberg, Adam Nathanson, Neil Kelly, Eric Celarier, Bradley Meek, David Berk and David Waskow; the goalies, Dan Nathanson and co-captain Jason Alexander; the managers, Katherine Zill, Jenny Levine and Jesse Moore; and the coaches, Robert Hoffman and Miguel Sampson.

We look forward to a bigger and better year in the 1981 season!

Jason Alexander
My parents brought me
a pair
of skis
made of
light
layerecfiberglass
gleaming
red with shiny steel
edges
They fit and
work like
lightening rods
fast
slick
burning
violent speeds
quick
smooth turning
waxed bottoms
beauty when seen
over snow and ice
When winter comes
I'll be on
my fiberglass
hot rod ski

Steven Milkovich

"All the lonely people"

Running as fast as I could, trying to get away from
an awful experience which now seems unimport-
tant, I was lost on unfamiliar streets in a city in
which I had never been before, where I would stay
only for three days. There was a little town right
near the city, and that town will stay in my mind
forever.

I ran up a hill to a balcony at the top. Looking
over the balcony, I could see what I thought was a
town. People were rushing by each other. The
women's long, dark coloured skirts slid on the
ground, lifting the dirt that formed little clouds
and then settled back on the ground again. And
when I looked at their eyes, I felt empty. I could
see sadness, poverty. These people lived in their
own little world, but they seemed to be dreaming
of a better one.

The town was built in an old colonial style. It
had probably been built during the Spanish col-
onization. At the end of the road I saw a little
church, the grey stones piled one over another
forming an arch over the church's entrance door.
The door was made out of a very thick wood,
which was dark and cracking in some places.
Mold grew along the top. The door seemed very
heavy, and it made a grating, grinding sound
when it was opened. The two windows in the
front were crossed with metal bars. At the top I
could see a small chapel with bells and a heavy
metal cross. It was the highest building in the
town, and the cross was placed in such a way that
it seemed to be facing the whole town.

Near the church there was a small graveyard
with just a few graves, and only five or six of them
had concrete head stones. The others had just
wooden ones, hand carved. Some had two sticks
tied or hauled together forming a cross. Most of
the tombs looked old and dirty, seemingly aban-
donced. People in that town seemed to forget the
dead, if they ever did know them. This was the
world of "Eleanor Rigby."

A priest walked out of the church, he looked
old and tired. He nodded pleasantly when he saw
me and continued his walk. Only a couple of other
people greeted him as he walked by them, and he
never said a word; he just nodded.

Then, looking back at the graveyard, I saw
the dried up yellow grass, the pebbles on the
ground, brown leaves blowing over the tombs,
and the church's shadow which gave a never end-
ing darkness to the graves. And the people on the
streets were still quiet, still rushing, still lonely.

I didn't understand this life at all, I didn't
realize this life existed, but now I believe this way of
living also is life:

"Ah, look at all the lonely people.
Ah, look at all the lonely people,
All the lonely people where do they all come from?
All the lonely people where do they all belong?"

Lennon/ McCartney
Beatles 1966

Karla Smith
Woes of My Last Summer’s Day

The silence of the little cottage was broken by the quiet sizzle of bacon strips frying on the hot plate and the mourning whistle of the kettle in the bright kitchen. The chain rattled lightly around the Schnauzer as he strode in. Lowering his head, he lapped sleepily from the fresh cool water. Panting, he returned slowly to the couch where he slept.

Carefully reading, pausing only momentarily to sip his tea, my father quickly adjusted his glass and continued as he sat agily at the small kitchen table. His right hand gently stroked the rim of the steaming brew and returned quickly to the handle. Once again he sipped his morning tea. From the bed where I sat I saw the trees move behind him as the summer breeze turned the high peaks into shadows, swaying forth like a chorus of mystic warriors dancing in freedom.

Closing the door that divided my room from the other, I silently dressed, splashing my face with sweet water. I slipped into a T-shirt and jeans. In the corner sat the small beebee pellet air rifle and above, the marmalade jar filled with beebees. I slipped it under my arm, then the gun over my shoulder. The cottage back screen door squeaked loudly as my right toe threw it open and I stepped out.

In the front porch of the little cottage the small Schnauzer yawned. Curling his tongue to the roof of his mouth and arching his back, he stretched. His stub legs slipped back. Standing straight, he sniffed the air. His lip curled into a snarl, and his low coarse voice sang barking in a chorus of threes. My mother stepped out on the porch and set the breast free with the words, “Go find him, go find him.”

The small dog raced, his long leaping stride graceful, as his short, hairy legs sprang forward and back. Pushing himself lightly into the air, he landed easily on his front two paws and the cycle repeated itself. I watched as the Schnauzer’s speedy body approached me. His final jump sent him past me and through the gate to the secret garden.

Sharply I let the gate close. The old steel hinges squeaked as I stepped through. The wood gate crashed against its frame and fell into place. The small Schnauzer’s body sharply turned like a cobra as it quickly turns to meet its prey. His small nose sniffed the air. His dark eyes scanned the gate. Nervously his tail wagged. Satisfied, he returned to his business.

Five quick strides put me in the mouth of the secret garden. Its broad grass plane stretched a hundred yards to the large trees separating it from the road.

Walking further, I set the target box half way. The wind blew gently as I retraced my steps. In the distance I heard the cold sound of the lake beating against the shore and the deep sound of a ship’s horn. As the thick fog rolled in, I heard the loud thumping of a speed boat hull fighting the waves as it raced home before the fog.

My hand shivered as I quickly loaded the small round beebee in the gun. Leaning back I slowly pumped the small cylinder with air and lifted the gun to my shoulder. Easily I drew a breath of air. Aiming, I exhaled and tightly pulled the trigger back. Thumping, the wet box echoed.

Slowly I pulled the rifle bolt back, letting the small beebee fall into the barrel. Above, a long procession of ducks weaved its way south and the summer was over. Soon the thick fog would roll in and a thin fall drizzle would come. Quickly I pumped my cylinder with air. Thump. The soggy target rang with my beebee.

Vincent Pruden
The House
Impractical objects
in an expensive house:
Glass cluttered objects
Neiman-Marcus
sit on the scintillating
coffeetable.
Pillows from China
sit on the ancient
uncomfortable couch.
Elegantly, by the door,
the butler waits
to be summoned
Even though the master
and mistress
will not be home
for hours.

Jeremy Sher

Views of Death
May they all fall around me cold, and hardened
by death. They won't take me, they can't take me,
there is so much I have yet to understand. The sun
sets ever so slowly, so brilliantly. I want to die like
a sunset. I would fade away lasting and learning
until my final moment.

When the twilight comes, and the last pale
strips of sun fade, there will twinkle in the heavens
deposits of my soul. These spots on the sky will
carry our race through the night, until life begins
again, at daybreak.

Socrates believed that death was a migration
of the soul. The stars are passages through which
my emotion, my hopes, my soul can travel to be
reincarnated. In the hollows of the tunnel, I lose
my past knowledge. My personality, however,
stays the same.

Some days it rains. This dampens the soul.
The personality will change. It could even alter
one's disposition. If many souls were altered by
the rain, the next generation would be different
from all others, but like the rest of the people of
their time.

Death is also shown in horror stories, as be-
ing cruel and bloody. A thunderstorm is like that.
An unfriendly black mass of clouds floats over the
sun. Life is cut short by evil. Sometimes the clouds
race over and block the sun; this is a quick death.
Sometimes the clouds move slowly blocking out
the rays; this is a painful death.

There is no consolation for these deaths. The
dark clouds make it impossible for the stars to
twinkle. Therefore, your soul is as dead as your
body. Socrates also believed that death could be
just a long sleep.

Kristen Herbert
faculty

Chris Lorrain, Cindy Olcott

Robert Hoffman

Daisy Goldwin

Allie Hardwick, Elizabeth Ely, David Lorr

Grace Spring

Huddy Olcott, Mark Olcott

John Heath, Barbara Whitney, Miguel Sampson
Once upon a Mattress
class trip