

TEENs and TWENTIES

Only if I could TRAVEL through Time

by Farzeen Saleh

SOMETIMES I get the feeling I was back in the old days, when we were kids, when we were young. At that time the days seemed endless with the sun shining brightly, on top of our heads... we just lived for fun. Sometimes it seems as though the rest of my life is just a show! Those were the days...

As the years rolled by and I moved further away from those beautiful childhood days, remembering each moment and each memory framing the joy to last a life time.

I will always remember the days of my childhood when I used to play in the open fields among the wind and the trees, the soft chirping of birds mesmerized me. One had the freedom and innocence to do what he chose and taste by while it was offering its most sweetest varieties.

The last times when we would go to my grandmother's house and play in her garden. Under the shade of the trees we would play all sorts of games, imaginable and taste all the fruits and herbs growing around us. I remember tearing up rose petals and trying to get their fragrance inside a bottle. I recall sucking the thalamus of a hibiscus for its honey before any insect could.

I remember the times when we would steal the car keys and open it and sit down and pretend it was a spaceship and we were on a million-dollar mission to discover life on other planets. We would succeed and we all would be covered with gold!

In those days we never had any difficulties, disappointments, loads of homework or worries about exams. Its just too bad a child grows up quickly leaving his lovely childhood forgotten behind.

That's the way life is, isn't it? We only have our precious memories of childhood to guide us in troubled times. At times I wish we could time travel and I could go back to those days but only enjoy every moment. But nothing can bring back those times. Those were the days.....!

Game News: HEXEN 2

RAVEN Software's mega 3D game Hexen's success has inspired the making of the second part of the game with all new bright and crisp graphics, loaded with weird sounds. Anyone playing Hexen before would love to play this game. However, this game is still under construction. Here's a news release from Raven software:

You thought that Korax was the last of the Serpent Riders...

You were wrong! Coming soon, the latest in the Heretic Cycle, HexenII (Working title).

Choose from one of four character classes to fight your way to the depths of evil and destroy the last of the three Serpent Riders. Each character class has its own set of unique abilities that are gained and improved throughout the game using an experience system.

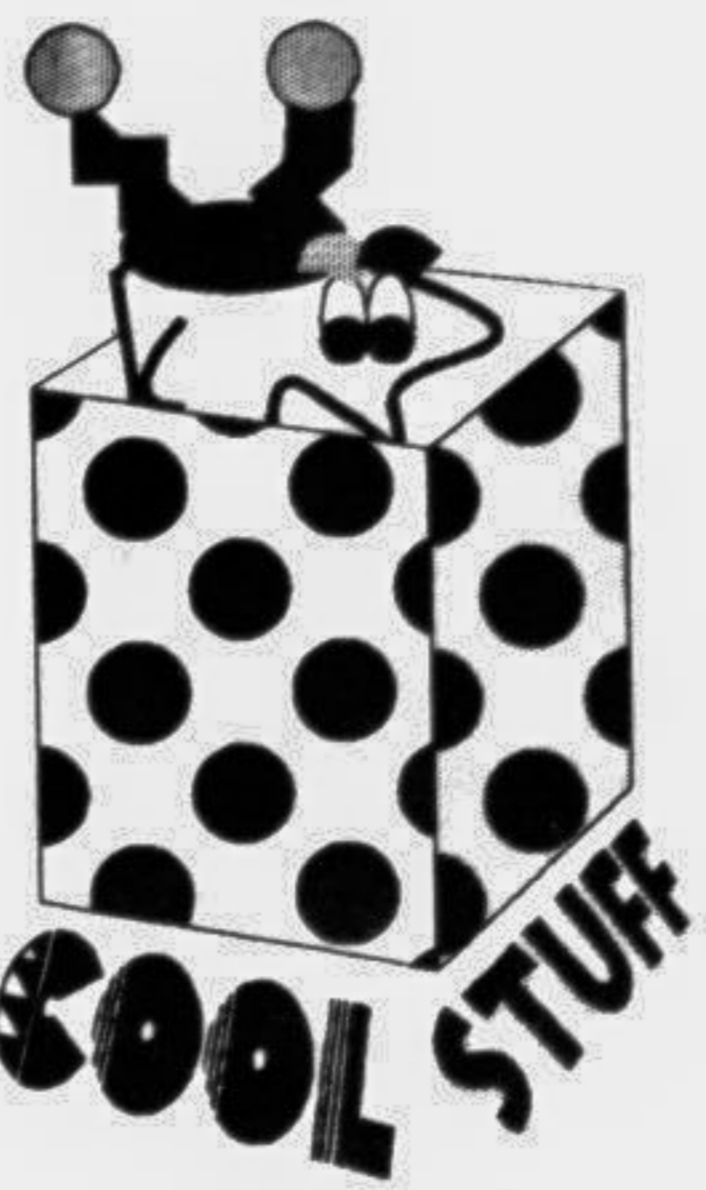
With five weapons per class, four of which can be powered up with the Tome of Power, you'll have free reign of 36 death dealing weapons!

HexenII uses the quake technology to propel the player into a realistic environment of fear and darkness.

Lightning flickers through the clouds, rain drops fall from the heavy skies, and torches flare in the depth of the night. Run, swim, walk, fight and fly your way through 30 levels of real areas and intriguing action... but be careful, there's more to this game than quick reflexes! A sharp mind and cunning intelligence will be needed to overcome the various puzzles, tricks, and traps that can be encountered. Add these challenging puzzles to a large list of all new creatures, and you will have a game to be reckoned with.

Be prepared.... Coming second quarter, 1997.

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THAT was the week Ann Taylor came to teach summer school at Green Town Central. It was the summer of her twenty-fourth birthday, and it was the summer when Bob Spaulding was just fourteen.

Everyone remembered Ann Taylor, for she was that teacher for whom all the children wanted to bring huge oranges or pink flowers, and for whom they rolled up the rustling green and yellow maps of the world without being asked. She was that woman who always seemed to be passing by on days when the shade was green under the tunnels of oaks and elms in the old town, her face shifting with the bright shadows as she walked, until it was all things to all people.

She was the fine peaches of summer in the snow of winter, and she was cool milk for cereal on a hot early-June morning. Whenever you needed an opposite, Ann Taylor was there. And those rare few days in the world when the climate was balanced as fine as a maple leaf between winds that blew just right, those were the days like Ann Taylor, and should have been so named on the calendar.

As for Bob Spaulding, he was the cousin who walked alone through town on any October evening with a pack of leaves after him like a horde of Halloween mice, or you would see him, like a slow white fish in spring in the tart waters of the Fox Hill Creek, baking brown with the shine of a chestnut to his face by autumn. Or you might hear his voice in those treetops where the wind entertained; dropping down hand by hand, there would come Bob Spaulding to sit alone and look at the world, and later you might see him on the lawn with the ants crawling over his books as he read through the long afternoons alone, or played himself a game of chess

A Story of Love

by Ray Bradbury

"Gee, this is swell," he said. "This is the swellest time ever in my life."

"I didn't think I would ever come on a picnic like this," she said.

"With some kid," he said. "I'm comfortable, however," she said.

"That's good news," he said. They said little else during the afternoon.

"This is all wrong," he said, later. "And I can't figure out why it should be. Just walking along and catching old butterflies and crayfish and eating sandwiches. But Mom and Dad'd rib the heck



Ray Bradbury Sketch

BRADBURY, Ray Douglas American novelist, short-story writer, essayist, playwright, screenwriter, and poet. Born in Waukegan, Illinois on August 22, 1920, Bradbury graduated from a Los Angeles High School in 1938.

His formal education ended there, but he furthered it by himself -- at night in the library and by day at his typewriter. He sold newspapers on Los Angeles street corners from 1938 to 1942. Bradbury sold his first short story in 1941, and became a full-time writer in 1943, contributing numerous short stories to periodicals before publishing a collection of them as *Dark Carnival* in 1947.

ple like each other who shouldn't. I can't explain myself, and certainly you can't explain you."

"I guess I'd better get home," he said.

"You're not mad at me, are you?"

"Oh, gosh no, I could never be mad at you."

There's one more thing. I want you to remember, there are compensations in life. There always are, or we wouldn't go on living. You don't feel well, now; neither do I. But something will happen to fix that. Do you believe that?"

"I'd like to."

"Well, it's true."

"If only," he said.

"What?"

"If only you'd wait for me," he blurted.

"Ten years?"

"I'd be twenty-four then."

"But I'd be thirty-four and another person entirely, perhaps. No, I don't think it can be done."

"Wouldn't you like it to be done?" he cried.

"Yes," she said quietly. "It's silly and it wouldn't work, but I would like it very much."

He sat there a long time.

"I'll never forget you," he said.

"It's nice for you to say that, even though it can't be true, because life isn't that way. You'll forget."

"I'll never forget, I'll find a way of never forgetting you," he said.

She got up and went to erase the boards.

"I'll help you," he said.

"No, no," she said, hastily. "You go on now, get home, and no more tending to the boards after school. I'll assign Helen Stevens to do it."

He left the school. Looking



on Grandmother's porch, or picked out a solitary tune upon the black piano in the bay window. You never saw him with any other child.

That first morning, Miss Ann Taylor entered through the side door of the schoolroom and all of the children sat still in their seats as they saw her write her name on the board in a nice round lettering.

"My name is Ann Taylor," she said, quietly. "And I'm your new teacher."

The room seemed suddenly flooded with illumination, as if the roof had moved back; and the trees were full of singing birds. Bob Spaulding sat with a spitball he had just made, hidden in his hand. After a half hour of listening to Miss Taylor, he quietly let the spitball drop to the floor.

That day, after class, he brought in a bucket of water and a rag and began to wash the boards.

"What's this?" She turned to him from her desk, where she had been correcting spelling papers.

"The boards are kind of dirty," said Bob, at work.

"Yes. I know. Are you sure you want to clean them?"

"I suppose I should have asked permission," he said, halting uneasily.

peaceful and good hour before.

"Why you come here?" she asked.

He put down the sponge slowly.

"Yes," he said.

"Bob, I want you to sit down."

"Yes'm."

She looked at him intently for a moment until he looked away. "Bob, I wonder if you know what I'm going to talk to you about. Do you know?"

"Yes."

"Maybe it'd be a good idea if you told me first."

"About us," he said, at last.

"How old are you, Bob?"

"Going on fourteen."

"You're thirteen years old."

He winced. "Yes'm."

"And do you know how old I am?"

"Yes'm. I heard. Twenty-four."

"I'll be twenty-four in ten years, almost," he said.

"But unfortunately you're not twenty-four now."

"No, but sometimes I feel twenty-four."

"Yes, and sometimes you almost act it."

"Do I, really?"

"Now sit still there, don't bound around, we've a lot to discuss. It's very important that we understand exactly what is happening, don't you agree?"

"Yes, I guess so."

out of me if they knew, and the kids would, too. And the other teachers, I suppose, would laugh at you, wouldn't they?"

"I'm afraid so."

"I guess we better not do any more butterfly catching, then."

"I don't exactly understand how I came here at all," she said.

And the day was over.

That was about all there was to the meeting of Ann Taylor and Bob Spaulding, two or three monarch butterflies, a copy of Dickens, a dozen crayfish, four sandwiches and two bottles of Orange Crush.

The next Monday, quite unexpectedly, though he waited a long time, Bob did not see Miss Taylor come out to walk to school, but discovered later that she had left earlier and was already at school. Also, Monday night, she left early, with a headache, and another teacher finished her last class. He walked by her boarding house but did not see her anywhere, and he was afraid to ring the bell and inquire.

On Tuesday night after school they were both in the silent room again, he sponging the board contentedly, as if this time might go on forever, and she seated, working on her papers as if she, too, would be in this room and this particular

