

Our Servicemen

by Nolen Gloersen

THERE are the soldiers, fearlessly moving their fatigued bodies forward.

There are the soldiers fighting for freedom without furlough.

Young men full of self-assurance stride through the sand with scorpions at their feet.

Near by explosions startle the now scattering servicemen.

Vanguards' voices vibrate through the hollow air.

Bloodshed and bullet wounds are the results of the siege.

As we feel remorse, they feel pain.

While here at home, we wonder: Have we caused death?



Semi-abnormal

by Nolen Gloersen

Zoom-zoom I went on my motor scooter. Whoosh! I slipped on a banana. Quickly I picked myself up and checked to see if my scooter was okay. Wait a minute, I feel like this has happened before. Yes, the banana was yellow, the beaver was brown, and Franklin the turtle was on a nearby billboard. I paused, remembering when I was suddenly crushed by a semi.



There it was grinning at me. It's bumper shining with a chrome grill. I stood there unable to move. I felt a piercing pain in the back of my head. I saw white lights above my face and some sort of green being staring down at me. Am I in heaven? Have I been abducted by aliens?

Then I heard my mother's voice, I started to see clearly and saw that I was in a hospital bed. A doctor was checking my pulse and my mother was asking millions of questions. Then I spoke. The doctor shook my mom's hand; everyone in the room seemed happy. Without time to repeat my words, hugs were coming from every direction, so I shouted, "I want some food!"

Ah yes, the delicious taste of cake is even better after coming out of a coma.

