

FIREFLY ANTHOLOGY

THOMAS: ...to be seen in its entirety.

CAMERON: Where are the fireflies?

THOMAS: Nowhere to be seen.

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A Literary Magazine

Editors: CAMERON HOWELL and
THOMAS KENNEDY

"You must think, for thinking is the essence of the human being's existence.
Otherwise, you're just a stick."

- The Cutting Edge

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Very special thanks go out to Robert H. Kennedy, Jr. for the use of his office.
to all the contributors to this magazine.

Tires' static caress and hum
Lull my hands to sleep.
The wheels turn slow drunkenly
upon the pavement behind my lids,
wavering
Just as your eyes wander upon my brow,
struggling to focus
through a translucent film of ambrosia.

Smile flowers,
Wades to mine,
And fades away.

Our wind and hair weave and cling.
Slowly growing ivy,
a tangled tunnel.

Glistening lips shape words,
but I can't hear the voice
for the flies whispering in my ears.

"What?"
"...because of the kiss."

The tires and flies speak softly,
"kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss."

Cameron Howell

Restraining Order

Endless noise
never a moment of divine silence
the hum of city streets running through my head
never seeming to slow down
my mind wanders as the breeze flows
through the dingy cloud of stale air
engulfing the room in which I lie
eyes closing with a desire to sleep
something holding me from my wish
anything for peace of mind
restless and weak I cry
for the world to stop
Slowly I leave this world
and head for fields of serenity.

Thomas Kennedy

Step from the Train

Step from the train
Jump in the game
Joined in by all the small and sane.

Faster than thought
Quick! You'll be caught!
Life isn't mused, but used and shot.

Follow our lead
Yours is to speed
Work; give to those who pose no need.

Tracks criss and cross
Gather no moss
Life's gone, but we'll not feel the loss.

Look at the bright man counting his lot,
Measured success by excess got.
Rush as the trains continue to pass,
We say that life is strife and mass.
Unknown relations streaking on by
Surely you see, as we, the lie,
Lies that the good life's coupled with pain
Lies that there's less than best to gain
Lies that we're more than shoreline main
Lies that the good all could be plain
Lies that glad lives sad lives feign
Lies to ignore the working, gaining, talking, wanting, counting,
building, speeding, shoving, rushing, pulling, pushing, crowding,
rolling, jumping, falling, moving, rocking, going, being, using,
leaving, making now.

"How long to the next exit?"

"Sorry, lad, this is it."

Rhett Davis

FISH
ing-excellent

camp-smells

taste-bad

the beatle spin will always win
i wish i could live on a pond,

inlet, or ocean i would be
on the wave

calls
the boat is home thus the NAVY

it is truly a game that never will be one.
it becomes an obsession-unstoppable
you can't win but

you enjoy the thrill of it
forever

with no side effects just tall tales

all there is is worm, jig, natural ike, lazy ike
spin, spinner, spin me home with a great catch-let me

never forget - release the friend

more buzz, uncle buck

shakespeare help

run the line to the
end

it is nothing to describe but to be felt by the holder

nicholas apostolos orlando wilson papadea

Wandering Fear

The cold winter chill
a frozen stream of air
hits me like a fighter's blow
chilling the entire depth of me.

Alert with the fear of passing
from this world to the next,
I am uneasy.

There is no security for me
for I am unsure, unfaithful,
until my time of dying
the time to return has past.

A golden-winged ship is headed my way,
it might pass me by
like the blink of an evil eye,
I wonder as I lay.

Thomas Kennedy

DANCING WITH DEATH

on a Beautiful spring afternoon
200 feet above the talus below
the holds get Smaller and smaller
the protection gets Thinner and thinner
Sweat begins to pour off your face
and on your hands
you feel yourself Slipping
15 feet above your last piece
you begin to think of the Long
Journey that you're about to make
and what a short distance
you have to complete
you spot the large ledge above
and the Adrenaline starts to flow
but it's too Late -
pop.....you're Gone

JS 8-89

The Horrific Quiet November Tuesday Masking-Tape Massacre of '92

By: Rhett Davis

Note: any reference in this story to any person alive or dead is purely coincidental

It was a quiet November Monday in the barracks. Brett always did get a tough time of it at election time, being one of the few Liberal Democrats in the midst of thundering conservatives and, of course, those loud-mouthed, hard-core moderates. But the republicans continued to rule at Hammond. Brett didn't think he was the only sane one and that they were idiots, though. In fact, he quite respected them. It actually would have been better if he had thought they were idiots, though, because he simply saw himself as extraordinarily intelligent.

Hammond...yes, it was quite a place. After an unfortunate demise of the Berlin Wall came the dissolution of NATO, and a rush of indigent generals joined the ranks of the destitute. To save these poor saps, another united defense force was created with its head base at Hammond, now more important than Strategic Air Command. Gen. Barks was their lofty commander, who was well liked because he'd rather they relax with Ian Jackson than do push-ups.

The soldiers did have a good deal. They did not have to just eat and exercise, they had a plethora of duties, and right now, Brett Travis was drawing something for Lt. Heinz, the Exclusive Aesthetic Executive. "You call that color mixing?" she'd say contemptuously and then go eye some sixth-grader squirting fluorescent ink on some incomprehensible paper pulp and say, "That's so wonderful!" Brett didn't have the heart to tell her he was doing a pencil sketch.

The Aesthetic Conference Room was the only place he felt at home, with the other liberals (even though they were more like sensible conservatives), Cameraroom Howl, whose name no one could figure out, and sometimes Niven Smythe with the Led Zeppelin scarf who was going to VPI. Big Rich was also there, but he was the Hard-core Moderate. There were others, but there's only room for Seniors in this story.

Brett's enemies were far and wide -- the conservatives. His Nemesis was none other than Thermidor the Reactionary, who was head of the judicial board, so he always had the upper hand. He was not the only one. Oh, no, some of the greatest fighting men were in the conservative company. The massive paragon of force behind the line was known simply as Thorny Barricade and could bludgeon any tank with a head on collision. Along with him was the hopelessly belligerent and insanely mean-tempered Nick Apoplexy Paralysis who could knock the sense out of anyone. Then came Kleck-at-arms, the master of every weapon imaginable. At the end of the group was Johannes Sooger, a Latin Scholar who Brett never listened to because he failed to see what conjugating *sum* had to do with political philosophy.

"Why do you go on, Brett?" Cameraroom was saying. "You can't win this election. There are two democratically controlled houses in Congress and you're a liberal. They'll just say it was they who screwed up the country."

"I don't like the Democrats in power any more than they do," said Brett. "But I don't like the Republicans, either. Everyone thinks everything's going to be fine. I say the country could be beset by an unknown terror."

"Like what?" Niven asked.

"I don't know!" Brett retorted, "but the voters in this country need a kick in their complacency. Something horrifically unforeseen could happen. If we... what's that?"

The alarm was going off. The speaker blared. "All units, battlestations! We are being attacked! Battlestations!"

The four stepped outside. The air was raining with adhesive ribbon. The masking tape invasion had begun.

Sgt. Even A. Landingparty, PhD., head of Hammond's defenses, and Corporal Fed, dean of soldiers, were blocked off in the administrative office. The tape was crashing through the windows as Landingparty pulled Fed down.

"We can't lose this place!" Landingparty yelled to Fed over the incredible din of tape being ripped off rolls and shattering glass. "If we fail, then Washington's piglet fodder!"

"I know!" screamed Fed as he realized that they were all but dead. "Well, it's, Even, been a great life. See you on the other side!"

With that, Landingparty wished they had better arms as Fed heroically drove into the line of fire blasting away with his Dickert Rifle. He could almost hear Mr. Huntley in the background saying, "Well, you know, guys, it worked for the mountain men." Landingparty was ready to die with that. He shouted, "Who the hell wants to live forever?" and ran into the fight. The last thing he felt was the tape covering his beard.

When Brett came to he was buried in linoleum prints. He lifted up his head and screamed because one had dried to

his hair. The fight appeared to be over. Cameraroom, Niven, and Big Rich were stirring, and he helped them up. "Let's go see what's left."

They walked into Field Marshal Ragan's room and found his dead body covered in tape. With the last of his strength he had managed to scribble a B- on another of Brett's essays. "Damn!" Brett exclaimed, but no one was sure over which tragedy.

The whole base was trashed. Even the Fortress of Thought was toppled, and the Barroness' body was found clenching the Warning slips which were her only inner defense. There were a few survivors, but not many. Something had to be done, though; Washington was in grave peril. Over the body of Phillament whose flesh was burnt, Brett gathered the soldiers to tell them his plan of action.

"Guys, we may be battered, but we have assembled here the finest fighting team in existence!" He was right. Thorny Barricade, Nick Apoplexy, and Kleck-at-arms had all survived. Niven Smythe could blast the masking tape with Suzie's Instrumental Jam, if this story was anything like *Attack of the Killer Tomatoes*. Big Rich had the added feature of a rocket launcher fixed above his right ear. Kleck-at-arms was already fine-tuning his light saber and test firing his hand-held 20 inch projectile cannon which he lifted from a battleship. Also there were JDP and Anne Suzanne who could argue the hell out of anything, and Reginald the Braze with Ted Mitch who along with Brett and Rich could get thrown out of any library.

"LET'S KILL THEM!" Nick was yelling.

"No, first we have to see the ultimate professor, Master Bierregaard. Only he can tell us how to defeat the masking tape."

"But no one's heard from him in years!" JDP said.

Big Rich broke in. "Some say he's far off at the Weepockee Institute of Technology."

"Then let's go," Brett said, "we haven't got much time."

As the Braze commented on the originality of the last line, they all piled into The Wagon and the Zimmer Conversion and headed for the mountains.

The Weepockee Institute of Technology was high atop a huge hill in North Carolina. Tape was raining hell on them as they made their way up the slope. Cameraroom had cussed out a machine-stick nest and Nick Apoplexy had given a concussion to the head roll. As Brett and the Braze cleared the top of the mountain, they saw Master Bierregaard listening to Zamfir in his house. Brett wrestled with some tape that grabbed his arm and made his way to the doorknob. He threw open the door and beseeched the Master, "Bierregaard, you must tell us how we can defeat the masking tape!"

The Master looked up with an apologetic face.

"Don't look at me; I'm just a mathematics major."

"Oh, great, Brett," they all yelled, "just great! Now what are we going to do?"

"Is there anything you can do?" Brett asked.

"Well," Master Bierregaard paused, "there is something." He reached under his seat and pulled out a huge gun. It was at least six feet long and had a barrel four inches wide. There were small protrusions from the side giving it multiple functions, making it one happening piece of artillery.

"What is it?"

"The Dismembric Murderalizer™," he said, "It gives whoever you fire it at 65 Derivative problems to do over Thanksgiving." He handed it to Brett.

"What does this do?"

"No, don't...!"

BLAM!

The wall and the rest of the mountains were gone.

"Woah!" said Brett, "I didn't know walls could do derivatives."

"Bet you didn't know masking tape could do them, either," said Master Bierregaard.

"Wow!" exclaimed Mitch, "Now we've got a fighting chance!"

They made their way down the hill blasting away at the making tape. Master B. sat back and chuckled. Those kids! he thought.

George Bush was running down the hall of the White House followed by a barrage of reaching ribbons. "Damn!" he yelled and puffed, "I thought this was supposed to be a kinder, gentler nation." He never thought election day would bring him this. His only hope lay in the teflon reserves, the last-ditch defense system installed by Ronald Reagan.

He flew into the room and threw the master switch. A light came on.

"Empty?" he screeched. The masking tape burst through the door. Bush grabbed a spare piece of teflon lying on the floor, but it offered no protection. The tape tore through the shield and engulfed him. Washington was lost.

The Wagon had long since lost all four tires, and now all eleven were piled on the Zimmer Conversion as they entered the Washington disaster zone. Brett had found that the Dismembric Murderalizer™ had many functions including forcing proof of a Theorem and finding the volume of a trapezoidal prism. Big Rich's Pencilneck projectiles were keeping the tape at bay while they drove on.

"Where are we going?" asked Kleck-at-arms.

"To the center, where their leader is," said Brett. "We've got to take him out before the country's gone."

"But we don't know what he likes to eat," said the Braze.

Everyone groaned. "Humor!" said JDP.

"Where?"

"Who is the leader, though?" asked Thorny Barricade.

"Oh my God! Stop!" screamed Anne Suzanne. The Braze hit the brakes. The Van pulled to a stop as all the Physics students calculated the friction between the tires and road. And there they were, in the middle of the street, face to face with the most horrifying, malevolent creature ever, the leader of the masking tape himself, Prefect of the Cacophonous Stick'em.

They jumped out. Brett aimed the Dismembric Murderalizer™ at Prefect of the Cacophonous Stick'em and yelled, "Give up, glue breath. Surrender and maybe we'll let you live."

"What makes you think he can understand you?" asked Cameraroom.

"I can understand you!" roared the Cacophonous Stick'em. "Mortal enemies always speak the same language, no one knows why." He was a huge roll of masking tape about thirty feet in diameter with little strips peeling off all over. He was aided by unknown numbers of smaller rolls which were jumping, ready to do battle, but so were the Hammond elite. "Prepare to die, miserable inadhesive life forms."

With that, Brett let him have it. The Dismembric Murderalizer™ lurched as an incredible conundrum of a derivative flew at the Prefect. The earth shook, buildings crumbled, babies cried, and stocks fell as massive power was unleashed.

When the smoke cleared, the smaller masking tape was gone, but Prefect of the Cacophonous Stick'em remained, laughing. "Ha Ha Ha!" He bellowed, "I, too, was a mathematics major!"

With that he began encircling them all with tape. Kleck-at-arms tried to fight it off, but it was no use. Thorny Barricade and Nick Apoplexy did not have enough strength. Mitch and Rich couldn't get themselves thrown out of this grasp.

As Brett was losing consciousness, he spied the Braze next to him. "What can we do?" he choked.

"There is something," the Braze managed to say, spitting the tape from his mouth, "the most terrifying function of that weapon of yours."

"What?"

"We could limit infinity!"

"My God, that's it!" Brett pulled the Dismembric Murderalizer™ to his face with all his might and yanked open the panel. With shaking hands, he typed in the most horrid of all equations.

$i - \pi = \infty$

GABANG!

Brett again came to and found that Prefect of the Cacophonous Stick'em was nothing more than adhesive confetti, and all was well. The city was gone, though, and so were Delaware and Maryland; Virginia, too. But all eleven of the Hammond fighters were still alive, and the country was saved.

They were made national heroes. Brett then set up a new government for the country whereby those who lost the elections took office so that the best would always be running the country. He went on to run for President and won every time, never serving in the position. He became head of Microsoft Corporation, fulfilling his lifelong dream. Anne Suzanne went off in the woods somewhere and did *Phantom of the Opera* renditions for the rest of her life. The other nine formed the first actually balanced supreme court. And as final glory, Hammond was rebuilt, and continued to win PAC championships for the next hundred years.

dream-experience

hardness, the insanity comes quickly

something so small could do so much

the madness sets in quickly

nothing can be remembered

but much has been destroyed

yet the memories are great

i shall return for real someday

nicholas apostolos papadea

Stream

A winding path to places unknown
flows the stream
moving slowly, cautiously but with a majestic force
not to be tamed.
Its beauty is inevitable, Sure and Sweet
its path uncertain, forever changing.
The water forms shapes and patterns
art to call its own
which many creatures call their home.

Thomas Kennedy

The Hill

Though
Woe
Is felt
We melt
Into groups
Then out loops
Flow into wells
Amidst the shells
Of desires old
And gaily unfold
Lives of cindered prospects
Devoid of known rejects
But also of hope and will.
Life develops on a hill
Built up by molten dreams of old
And corpses of failures untold.

Rhett Davis

The pen slips out of my fingers.
Nobody notices as it hits the floor.
I sigh.
It's no use.
The words just won't come.
I look at what I have written.
It doesn't make any sense
And it's not what I meant to say.
I crumple up the paper and throw it away.
I can't do it.
But I have to.
I sigh again.
Take out a clean sheet of paper.
Pick up my pen.
One more try.
Maybe I can do it this time.
Maybe it will work.
Just maybe...

The pen slips out of my fingers again.

Kerry Stubbs

A hush overcomes me
A quick thought escapes the main;
Eyes locked by the sandman
Struggle to release their pain.

Where is the beast that
With blinding terror has haunted
and the fright which has been?
A clap of thunder in the distance.

Thomas Kennedy

We've gathered beneath the moon -
a gaping hole in the heavenly dome.
Lunar light is madness rays.
We bask in the glow's steady pulse,
the visual tick of time.
Dancing in pagan anticipation,
Spinning into oxygen debt.
The beating drum of our heart collective
quickens.
Rhythmic insanity -
our uniting infection.
At the height of our revelry,
in sweat and fury,
the moon tears away the night.
Our eyes grow wide
to the ringing blaze of sky afire.
We share one living chaos:
A colossal hurricane of lunacy flame,
our asylum.

Cameron Howell

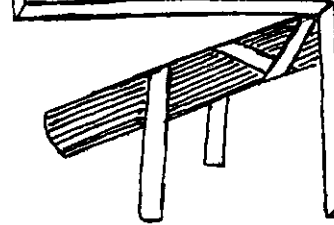
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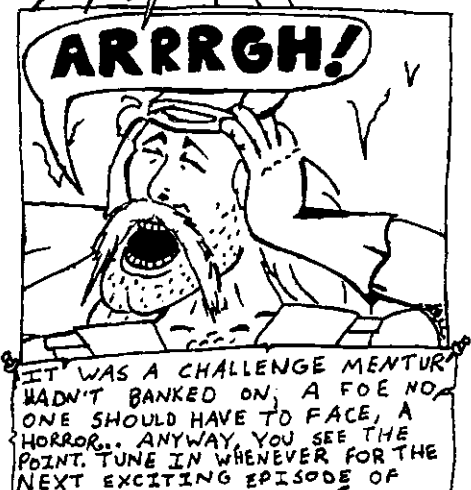
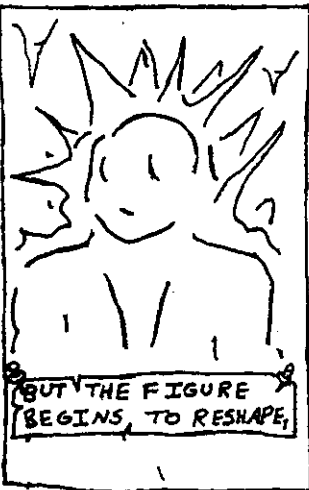
by Rhett Davis

Mentur

WHEN WE LAST LEFT OUR HERO, HE WAS ABOUT TO DO BATTLE WITH FAFNER (A NAME WE STOLE FROM WAGNER'S RING CYCLE, BUT WE WON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT) AND GENERALLY SHOW OFF HIS PHYSICAL Prowess



AS THE SABER STRIKES FAFNER, THERE IS AN EXPLOSION OF INTENSE LIGHT...



IT WAS A CHALLENGE MENTUR HADN'T BANKED ON; A FOE NO ONE SHOULD HAVE TO FACE, A HORROR.. ANYWAY, YOU SEE THE POINT. TUNE IN WHENEVER FOR THE NEXT EXCITING EPISODE OF KJAESH, MENTUR!