

Contents

Contents

Credits

| | |
|--|----|
| | 1 |
| Shadow | |
| April Denholm | 2 |
| Fantasize Yourself Fat Free | |
| Laura Ringling | 3 |
| Of M. J. | |
| Miles Rausch | 7 |
| Dear Mr. Editor | |
| Bob Davidson | 10 |
| The Dawning of a New Day | |
| Staci Hull | 12 |
| Your Song | |
| Rose Kafka | 13 |
| Haiku on a Haiku | |
| Darrel Hutchins | 14 |
| A Girl Standing on a Bridge | |
| Michael Beckwith | 15 |
| Ode to My Spouse | |
| April Denholm | 16 |
| Feast | |
| Rick Janssen | 17 |
| They Have Been Friends for So Many Years | |
| Andrew Mangan | 18 |
| He | |
| Danielle Rosheim | 20 |
| I'm Out | |
| Miles Rausch | 21 |
| Let's Play the Dating Game | |
| Staci Hull | 23 |
| Iron Creek | |
| John S. Nelson | 26 |
| Self Loathing | |
| Philip L. Block | 27 |

Credits

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Extra special thanks to the following donors:

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John Laflin
Kelly Bradbury
John S. Nelson
Lynn Ryan
Jim Swanson
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Shadow

April Denholm

Two gleaming opals wait in the dark shadows
Crouching, waiting, silent a black, deadly pose
Blurring into action a whirlwind unleashed
Spinning into blackness no longer at peace
Reaching, grasping, bouncing her paws in air
Flying height and distance with never a care
Ever more determined her limbs all a flail
Flying, spinning, bounding she catches her tail

Fantasize Yourself Fat Free

Laura Ringling

How many hours a day do you dream about having a perfect body? How much money have you wasted on expensive home fitness equipment that collects dust in the basement? How much have you spent on expensive health food that tastes like cardboard? If your answer to any or all of these questions is "a lot," then there is a new weight loss program for you! Forget about buying a membership to the gym. Throw out all your running shoes and exercise clothing. Feed all that health food that tastes like dirt to the dogs. Now there is an innovative weight loss program that doesn't require exercise or healthy eating! You can even see results in as little as five minutes. This program is versatile. It works for both women and men. It's effortless. It's fun. It will give you the confidence you have been trying to find since you turned thirteen. And the best part of this plan is that you use it wherever and whenever you have time. It is so private that not even your closest friends will be able to tell that you are using it. If this sounds like your ideal regimen, then *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free* may be just the thing you've been looking for.

Have you ever wondered how running on a treadmill or riding a stationary bike can really help you lose weight since you're not actually going anywhere? Well, it really works, and *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free* is based on this very same concept. Envision yourself running seven to ten miles every day for a week. Imagine

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how much weight you could lose. You can almost visualize your perfect new body. *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free* is a new way to work out; it's all in your head. You'll run without actually running. It's so simple, and it really works! *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free* has been developed by performing scientific research (performed by an independently owned, privately funded laboratory). Extensive research shows that nine out of ten people were actually led to believe that *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free* really works. This is an amazing breakthrough in exercise technology.

Fantasize Yourself Fat Free is so much fun too. Going to the gym can be a real drag, especially when everyone around you looks so great. They seem to be in such amazing shape. It can be very discouraging. And it is so hard to find the energy and motivation to exercise after a long day at work or school. With *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free*, working out can be fun! In fact, it hardly feels like you're doing anything at all. There is no other weight loss program on the market that provides as much fun and enjoyment as *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free* does.

Using *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free* can also give you that extra boost of confidence that you've been lacking. When you envision your perfect body and how great you actually seem to look, no one will be able to get you down. You'll know that if you can complete the extensive mental workouts from the *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free* informational video, you can conquer absolutely anything. Survivor: Siberian Challenge here you come!

If you have trouble fitting fitness and healthy eating into your busy schedule, *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free* is undoubtedly the right workout

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for you. Imagine being able to exercise and lose weight while driving in the car, sitting at your desk, or even while eating lunch at McDonalds. All of this is possible with *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free*. All you need to do is complete *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free* mental workout twice a day and you're well on your way to the perfect body that you've always envisioned for yourself.

Even guys will love using the *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free* techniques. With this revolutionary new weight loss program you won't even have to miss your favorite television shows. You can use *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free* while watching the big game at the bar with all of your buddies. Your fleshy friends won't even know you're using this ingenious plan. However, they might notice that you've been slimming down, even though you haven't given up your Budweiser and Ruffles. They might even notice the new confidence you've developed around your favorite waitress Delilah.

At *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free*, we know that everyone has a different view about what the perfect workout entails. We've tried to cater our program to suit the needs of the average indolent person. *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free* may not work for everybody, and results may vary. Users may experience some serious side effects that have been linked to the usage of *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free* such as an increase in motor vehicle accidents, or termination of employment. Some people may also lose their sense of reality. However, the advantages of *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free* greatly outnumber the disadvantages. *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free* is a fun and easy way to work out and lose weight. This program can increase your confi-

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dence while helping you attain the picture perfect body you've been dreaming about.

The Dream Corporation, maker of *Fantasize Yourself Fat Free*, also recommends the following informational videos:

- *Ponder Yourself Pretty*
- *Fantasize Yourself Funny*
- *Think Yourself Smart*
- *Assume Yourself Attractive to the Opposite Sex*
- *Contemplate Yourself Cool*

Of M. J.

Miles Rausch

a Butterfly of Silver
with wings tipped in gold
was at first Silent
but Beautifully Bold.
she fluttered not high
but not low she sank,
and feasted on Imagination,
and Wonder she drank.
the World didn't notice
this Creature of God
but I happened to notice
this Creature quite odd.
how she took in the Colors
and left me so Blue,
but No Color She gave
and I - lost and confused -
turned Bluer and Bluer
until I turned Black,
and that Butterfly was gone
the next time I turned back.
I was Crying and Bloody
my heart Broken bad
ashamed, spiteful, hateful
and all the time Sad.
and Black as the Night
my skin had become
I felt Lonely and Unwanted
and worse: Ugly and Dumb.

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My life was in Shambles
this Butterfly made
so Beautiful and Deceitful
and sharp as a Blade
Its sight Cut right through me
9 Times on each arm
but more Butterflies came,
for they heard the Alarm.
and the first Butterfly
Silver with gold
was missing - now gone -
at least I was told.
I don't care for the Silver
or the gold that was Her
I want to forget Her
but no longer will stir
the Flower of Love
with leaves green with Life.
my Leaves are all Dying -
a pitiful sight.
that Butterfly's fault
She took with her the Rain
that nurtured my Flower
and helped it to gain
what it needed to Live
and to stay Living Long
my view of the Butterfly
I know was all Wrong.
still she bothers me
and is still in my mind,
my Heart yearns for the love

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She Never Gave me in time.
Where is She Now?
Her Silver's been Sold
and I've all but Forgotten
Her Wings tipped in gold.

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Dear Mr. Editor

Bob Davidson

Dear Mr. Editor,

As you may have noticed, the white demon descended upon us in the night like a swooping albino bat chasing its doomed prey. Coating the land in its powdery decadence, snow has once again rained down its unholy terror on all our lives. Repent, vile sinners, for now is the winter of the unending flake.

This is what happens when we let it snow. Cars slide across the glossy ice-covered roads like drunken Olympic medalists gliding gracefully with out direction or control. Happy holiday shoppers flail as they fly from the earth to the sky and their feet flip out from under them. The ground rushes to meet them as they rush to meet it in a grand collision of flesh and permafrost, smiling like dogs in a frosty haze; one can only imagine the pain. As they hit they scream and all is a dream as the consciousness is knocked from their perceived perception. A white wash is only the beginning.

We shouldn't let it snow anymore. It is the white beast that beats down upon us like a devil drum of flakes and frost beating unrepentantly against the natural rhythm of our daily, mundane lives. The melancholy blanket of frozen cotton coats us like white on rice on earth on heart on soul, freezing and bitter, colder than deep of space and the dark of moon.

It calls to me.

Let's work together to put an end to this.

Remember, it is the snow that damns the earth in a shining tundra of lost dreams and broken

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hearts. It is the snow that befalls the people,
flailing and wailing who find themselves bailing
out in a retreat from a gravity replete of ego
and empathy; it takes them down, down, down.
But don't you frown, frown, frown, young raga-
muffin, for there is an answer.

Let's stop the snow.

Thanks,

Larry

Fearless Leader of the Coalition to End Snow

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The Dawning of a New Day

Staci Hull

The fiery edge of the sun peeks over the horizon,
Spreading its warm, golden rays onto your sleeping face.
You breathe in deeply and slowly and smell that special fragrance
Of the sweetness of old memories and lazy days spent resting beneath the sun.
The fresh scent of the world, freshly bathed in gentle rain fills the air,
And the sweet, delicate fragrance of blossoming flowers teases your nose.
Then, a sudden bright explosion of color gleams through the curtains,
As the brilliant red sun rises to shine its light on the newly awakened world.

Your Song

Rose Kafka

They grew up as hated children,
in the middle of their parents' war,
being hit, and hurt, and yelled at since they
were born.

Tell me now how to make the pain go away.

Close your heart,
make it safe.

Help me Danny?

Help me please?

Because the kids aren't all right and they need
your help.

So smile like it's okay,

but still you know, it's never going to be okay.

He's gone away.

He stays with friends and sleeps in the day.

So sing your songs to make the anger fade,
so loud and happy they take me away.

The kids aren't all right and they need your
help.

So sing for me today.

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Haiku on a Haiku

Darrel Hutchins

Five seven five form,
Intricate simplicity,
Writing a haiku.

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A Girl Standing on a Bridge

Michael Beckwith

A girl standing on a bridge
looking down on the ridge
tears flowing down her face
barely leaving one trace
jumping out and falling abound
all at once muttering the sound
I JUST WANNA GO HOME

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Ode to My Spouse

April Denholm

You are my love
You fill my need
You are my dream
You are my creed
You are my breath
You are my bane
You'll be my death
Drive me insane.

Feast

Rick Janssen

presidential
aggressions
rise

seek
search
probe

perpretrating
fear

debate
irrelevant

sanity
erodes

brutal
brutality
boils

government
dines

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They Have Been Friends for So Many Years

Andrew Mangan

They have been friends for so many years
Lately he has been falling asleep with tears in
his eyes

She can't tell that he loves her
Cause he hides it from her all too well
It can't change now, it's been too long
So their friendship continues on
As if nothing has changed

And his insides will rearrange
Because he made the choice
To have a silent voice
He has feelings of more than a friend
He won't tell her how long it's been
Since he saw her in a different light
And that she looks beautiful in the moon lit
night

And no one will ever know, of his sacrifices
No one will ever know, if it's wrong or right
It's all up to him

It's all up to him
She has kept this secret
And she has just one regret
Not telling him how she feels
And not finding out if it's real
She won't say a word to him
Because she knows how long it's been
Her dreams cannot come true

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She knows she can't say, "I love you"
No one will ever know, of her sacrifices
No one will ever know, if it's wrong or right
It's all up to her
It's all up to her
Friends are friends forever, not more or less
She can't risk putting it to the test
He couldn't bear to feel her pull away
He doesn't want to have to pay... with friendship
So both go on pretending it could never be
But both are just too scared to see
If what they really have
Is all they could ever have?
And neither one finds happiness
And both live their lives wondering what they
missed
Dreams are dreamt for the ones we love
We can't control it, only he from above
Handles the issues of the heart
Sometimes it tears us apart
But in the end it is written to be true
When the time comes, to say I love you
It will be right, and you will know
And that's when you let them know
No one will ever know, of your sacrifices
No one will ever know, if it's wrong or right
It's all up to you
It's all up to you

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He

Danielle Rosheim

He doesn't know I'm sorry.
He doesn't see the tears at night.
He doesn't feel what I feel inside,
he doesn't feel that something's not right.
All he knows is what is wrong.
All he shows is nothing at all.
All he does is sit in silence,
sit and silence and watch me fall.

I'm Out

Miles Rausch

The decibels of a thunder clash
Destroy the sky into broken glass.
The shards are softened by the fall,
And now - as rain - rains on us all.

The rain inside dealt a bitter taste,
Entreating its victim to leave in haste.
And so "I'm Out!" I scream with glee,
And no one's there to hear but me.

The darkness of the days gone by,
That were taken from me while I died,
Blots out the moon with clouds of tin
That drip with depravity and sin.

The sky of midnight, at half past two,
Greets this prisoner with a "How do you do?"
of storm and conflicts of weather denounced -
My soul breathes joy like a new birth
announced.

My wrists are chaffed and sore and red
And stained dark crimson from where they
bled.

My eyes are thankful the sun is gone -
For, since they last met, it's been so long.

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Much work to be done outside of those walls.
Paying on the way up and, too, on the fall.
My life now ambrosia, the sweets of the gods.
Revenge arrests my soul in its ironclad rods.

My thoughts turn to shadows - before and
below,
And a curse my lips utter - since before I can
go
I must make them all pay - to see what I saw.
And leave them for the gothic Corbies of twa.

An oath I now swear to the jealous white
moon:
That amends I will have, and I'll have it soon.
I begin now my scheming and planning about.
"Mine enemies shall pay," - for now I am Out.

Let's Play the Dating Game

Staci Hull

The first rule in the dating game is to remember that this is only a game; it is not real life. In the dating game, you must always be on your best behavior and never ever show any aspect of your personality or life to your opponent if it will reflect negatively on you. This is another cardinal rule, and it must never be broken. A good rule of thumb to remember is that if you are uncertain whether the information will be viewed in a positive or a negative light, do not say it. It is much safer to refrain from confiding in your adversary than to be honest if the outcome is not completely certain. If and when it is necessary, lying is acceptable. Maintaining emotional distance is crucial in the dating game. All too often, players are knocked out of the game or disqualified because they become too attached to the opposing player and actually revealed their true character. This mistake must be avoided at all costs, and it is crucial for the enjoyment of the game that all of the players maintain their respective emotional distance.

There can be many rounds to the dating game or just a few. The best games utilize various rounds that leave both players wondering about what will happen next. The number of players varies from game to game, depending on the wishes of the players. For instance, one game may have only two players but another may have six or seven. There may also be surprise or secret players in that one player may inter-

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act with two or three players during one game with those players not realizing they are in a multiple player game.

Women: Your role in the dating game is significant because you must balance on the line between available and desperate. You must appear to be available without being desperate for company; in short, you have to seem as if you just haven't met the right guy yet. Another necessary part of the dating game for women is physical appearance. A minimum of four hours per day is needed to achieve the required level of physical perfection for this game. It is recommended that you schedule two hours for your hair, one hour for your makeup, half an hour for your fingernails and toenails, one hour for your perfume and various other essential scents, and at least one hour for touching up your hair, makeup, fingernails and toenails, and perfume. However, this schedule is merely an example of the minimum amount of time that can be spent on these all-important toiletries, and the most successful players in the dating game spend a far greater amount of time than what is explained above.

Men: You play an integral role in the dating game as well because you must take the initiative. It is up to you to engage your opponent in the game, and you must also set the stage; that is, you must choose the location, the activity, and the closing to the round. While you are not required to spend the massive amount of time on increasing your physical attractiveness, men need to use this time to decide the pace of the game. It is proper for the male players to present the female players with an offering such as flowers or chocolates at certain key moments in the game (i.e. on birthdays, holi-

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days, and anniversaries). Any neglect or dereliction of these important duties will be penalized at the other player's discretion which usually includes spending an incredible amount of money to compensate for the recent transgression as well as all past ones.

In short, in order to successfully play the dating game, you must be emotionally distant, dishonest, vain, and have money to burn. The important rules to remember when playing the dating game are to maintain an emotional distance from your opponent or opponents, be on your best behavior at all times, do not reveal information if the reception of it is uncertain, and observe the gender specific rules and recommendations. Now that you understand all of the rules, you are ready to join the millions of other players already in the dating game. Just follow these simple rules and guidelines, and your dating game experience should be enjoyable. Good luck!

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Iron Creek

John S. Nelson

I stand on the stream edge,
drop the grasshopper into swirls
that whisk it off, with line,
whirling out, following, until
the strike comes, hard,
the rod-tip dancing. The trees stand
still, the sky waits, blue.
Clouds hang. Below water froth,
this fish fights, rises, splashing,
requesting line. I hear the
water ripple, the trout swish.
I feel the April snow-breeze on
my wet hands. Each moment,
we can say, has this potential,
you and the world, a dancing
line between you. Spring has come
to Iron Creek. I'd like this to last
forever. My refusal brings
the trout prone and watching
to my feet in the water,
now in my hand. Tomorrow, a
campfire and frying pan will make
him breakfast.

Self Loathing

Philip L. Block

Let's run to the edge
the edge of the continent
run till the ocean meets the land, run till we
out run the fear
the self loathing, the self hatred
run till our hearts burst
and out eyes bleed
run till yesterday is today
and tomorrow does not exist.
Keep running
can you out run the doubt
can you out run your self
can you run to the moon
and burn in the sun?
I try to run
but I am stuck

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