



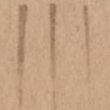
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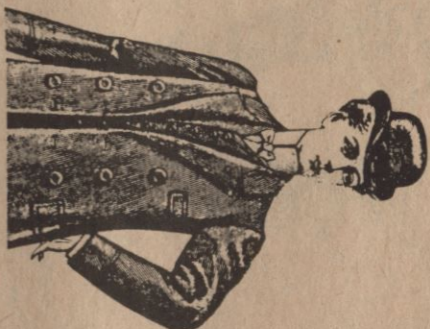
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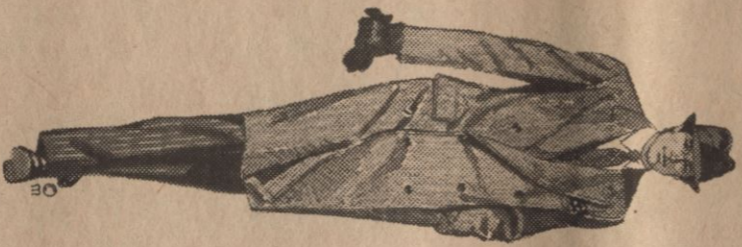
STEPHEN HICKOFF  
(POETRY)



LYNN HOWARD  
(GRAPHICS)



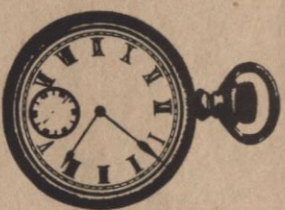
CAROLINE WERMUTH  
(FICTION)



ROBB WARREN  
LAYOUT



WAYNE HARVEY



JANNIE LEE (FICTION)

TWEEZERS  
TO PICK UP  
AND HOLD  
SMALL  
PARTS

*Special thanks to Christina Hoffman.*

ADVISORS

JOSEPH NICHOLSON/JOHN WEIGEL

*Photographs by Lynn Howard and  
Vince DiMichele*



Jill Bringer

Last night I had to put my mind in a box,  
Mentally nailing down all the corners  
So that my thoughts might give in from exhaustion  
And I could sleep.  
It was morning when I dropped off.  
My body was sleeping  
But my thoughts were just  
Lying in wait collecting themselves.

I feel so empty,  
Like I've lost something  
I had for a long time,  
A part of me.  
I've searched all over  
To get it back  
But it's gone.  
Like my old tricycle  
In the darkest corner of the garage,  
I've simply outgrown it.

FINGERS ARE IMPORTANT TO THE MOVEMENT OF MAN



WARREN



FUN ARE FISH

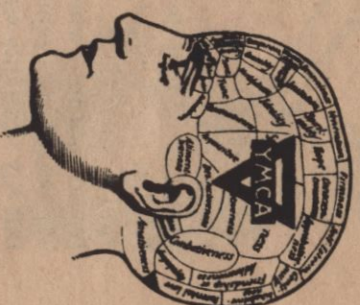


Dewy reminiscence  
Of even dewier mornings  
When mom and I hung out the clothes.  
We tramped to the clothesline through the warming grayness  
As the screech of our shoes on the misted grass  
Woke up the sun.  
My red sneakers got drenched in the grass  
And the white rubber on the toes turned green.  
The sun was just breaking through  
With the promise of a scorcher  
And I would shiver and sweat at the same time.  
The morning grass was full of little  
White-flowered clovers  
And small purplettes that Mom said were  
Jack-in-the-pulpits.

Jill Bringer



SHE WAS GONE AND SO WE MISSED HER



MONOTONES By Nadene Falagan

he goes to the door  
my heart drops.

wafer thin  
it teeters  
until it  
stops  
dead.

The crowd never  
missed a beat.  
Their ears perked  
for the obvious  
whispers.  
The speaking  
voice went  
unheard.



The Book

By John Weigel

A recipe

--Plainly given.

WHAT THE EGG DID  
--Take one egg. Plop. RRRR.  
All one the same growth  
of egg while little Petey  
read Henny Penny, picking  
corn among the weeds-- and  
CALCIUM from some old bones  
leaching

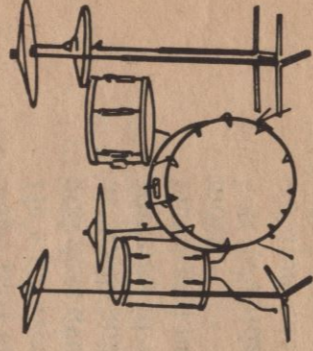
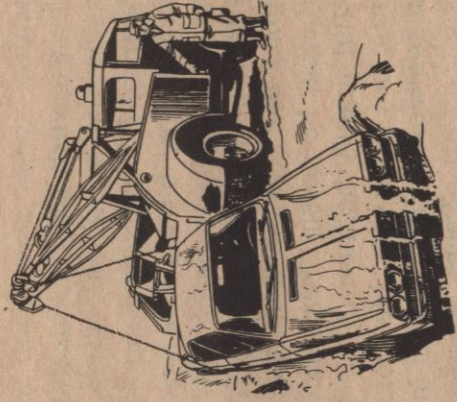
AND THE BOOK SAID --Separate the yolk.

big Pete

Later, cooking

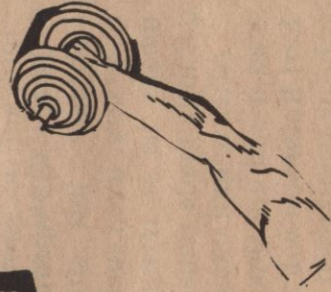
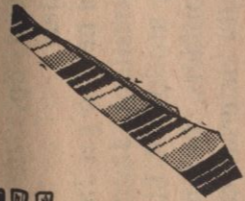
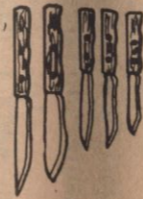
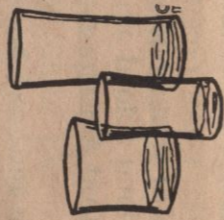
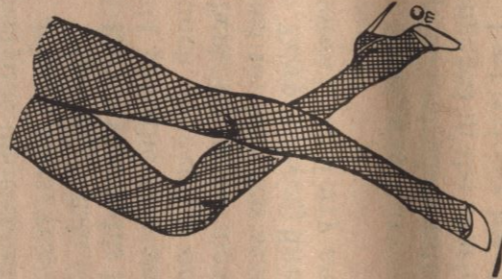
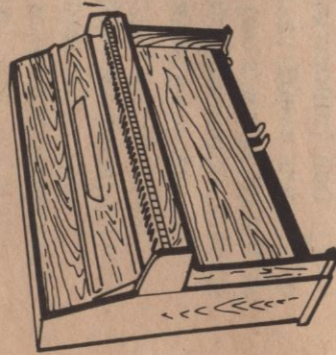






By *Nadene Falagan*

The neighbors are watching  
Jack watch the cops  
while I watch  
the headlights coming down  
South Mountain  
thinking they're UFO's  
watching.



I Want To Be by David C. Loebig

I want to be a writer

What if I can't write?

Then what.

I want to be

What if I can't?

Then.

I want

What if?

I

What?





I drive to work in a shroud of fog, the yellow and red of the leaves barely visible through the dimness. It is good to see the change of colors. The excruciating heat of summer is gone, and I welcome the cooler air. Besides, autumn means I can get back to school and back to the children.

The children. There is a new crop of kids this year. As usual, there are a few that stand out. Terry, the red-haired, freckled-faced boy, is outgoing and boisterous. Rebecca is a cute, blue-eyed blonde who seems shy at first, but opens up as she gets to know you. James is smaller than most boys his age. His big eyes are almost as dark as his jet black hair. He too is quiet and reserved, but unlike Rebecca, he doesn't respond to friendship. Earl stands out mainly because of his kindness. He's an average little boy otherwise. He looks average and does average schoolwork. But I've never met a child as kind and caring as Earl. There are many other students in my class, each with their own special problems and needs. However, it's James that concerns me most.

It is Friday afternoon and time for art. I give the children one crayon each and ask them to draw a picture. "You can draw a picture that's all one color or you can share your crayon with the others and ask them to share with you. If you do that you can draw a beautiful, colorful picture, I tell them.

They draw quietly for a short while. One by one they begin wandering around sharing their crayons.

Finally, Rebecca stands up. Slowly, she approaches Terry. "Can I use your yellow crayon?" she asks. "And you can use my green one."

"Sure," bubbles Terry, "I need the green for grass anyway, thanks."

Rebecca walks back to her seat and draws a big yellow sun in the corner of her paper.

"Can I use your blue crayon to make the sky and you can use this yellow one," Rebecca says to James.

James' big dark eyes look up but he makes no reply. Instead, he lowers his head and continues to draw circles. James' whole paper is covered with blue circles, big ones and small ones. Some of the circles are filled in, others are only dark blue outlines. His entire paper is blue; there is not another color on it.

Rebecca borrows a light blue crayon from someone else.



I drive home in the clear autumn sunshine and think about the children. I have to devise something to bring James out of his shell. I really thought the crayon project might help. It was a good experience for the rest of the class. If only James would realize that he needs other people. If only James would make friends with someone. A friend --- that's it. I'll make a new seating chart with James next to someone who will certainly befriend him --- someone like Earl.

Monday, immediately after first recess, I rearrange the children into the new seating plan.

"Miss Klein, why do we have to change seats?" Terry asks. "I liked where I was sitting."

"May I still sit next to Sara?" asks Rebecca.

"Children, this is the new seating plan and your seats will stay where they are, at least for a while. We may change seats again later. This gives you a chance to make friends with the new people around you. Does everyone understand?" I ask them.

I hear, "yes, yes, yes," with only a few grumbles.

"James," I ask, "do you like your new seat?"

He only nods his head.

I give the kids another sharing project to do after lunch. It involves only the people immediately around them. This gives me the opportunity to see how they adjust to their new seats.

Terry is giving directions to those around him. This is normal for Terry and he is adapting well. I knew he would.

Rebecca is also her normal self. She starts out rather quiet and eases into a friendship. She's now actively engaged in the sharing project.

Earl is doing his absolute best to get James involved. He continually asks him questions. James replies with just a nodding or shaking motion of his head. Occasionally he shrugs his shoulders, but not a word is spoken. Each seems equally determined, and Earl's questions go on.

I check back as the project nears its end and hear James answering "yes" and "no". I look again to make sure it's really him. It is. A minute action like James speaking to another student seems so wonderfully monumental to me. Perhaps my plan will work.

The days pass by and Earl and James appear to become closer friends. They come into class in the morning chatting to one another, sometimes even joking with each other. They play together during recess, I'm told, and occasionally will join the other boys in a game.

James will speak to other children now. Nothing elaborate, just simple "yes" or "no" when it's necessary. Even such a small attempt at communication means he is trying to relate to others. James has definitely made remarkable progress.

After school one day the principal hands me a note. I read it and am shocked. The note is to inform me that Earl Robinson will no longer be in my class. His father is being transferred and in four days they are moving. I hate to lose a boy as sweet and caring as Earl. However, my immediate concern is for James. Damn note!



Earl leaves and James does not continue with the progress he's made. Instead, he not only reverts back to his original shyness, but seems to draw deeper still within himself.

He will answer questions I ask him in class. He will also do his assignments. But James refuses to make contact with other students. He will not allow himself to risk a friendship, afraid he may lose it.

Plan A has failed; if only I had a Plan B. Perhaps time will heal his wounds.

It is my week for playground duty. Although there is a chill in the air, I welcome the opportunity to observe the children at play. Rebecca, Sara and another girl whirl on the merry-go-round. A boy pushes them faster; his open jacket flaps as he runs. A boy and a girl are hanging upside down on the jungle gym. Her yellow dress is covering her face. Several of the older boys are on the swings, pumping them as high as they can. Terry is swinging with them, and James is on another set of swings --- toward the end --- alone. On the blacktop, girls are jumping rope and the boys are playing ball. There's a game of tag going on in the field.

"Jump! Jump! Jump!" the older boys are gathered around the swings now, shouting. "Jump! Jump! Jump!"

Whatever is happening doesn't sound good. I start for the swings. From a distance I see Terry hurl himself from the seat of the swing and roll on the ground, giggling.

The crowd shifts, and the yell changes to "Jimmy is a sissy! Jimmy is a sissy!" I quicken my pace.

I get to the swings in time to see James fall to the ground just as Terry had. But James isn't laughing. He is lying there clutching his left arm and crying.

James is reluctant to let anyone near enough to look at his arm. He is willing to listen to me, and I finally persuade him to go inside. The nurse checks his arm.

"It appears to be broken, Miss Klein," she says. "I'll call his mother." She returns moments later to inform me, "Mrs. Hatfield is at work right now. She said to call an ambulance for James and she will meet him at the hospital."

James absolutely refuses to go to the hospital unless I go with him. This reserved, withdrawn child is suddenly reaching out to me; I can not let him down. I ride to the hospital with James while the principal takes over my class for the rest of the afternoon.

James hasn't said anything during the ambulance ride. He is just lying there trembling.

"Does your arm hurt very badly, James?" I ask him. He nods his head.

His big dark eyes look up at me. "Am I going to die, Miss Klein?" he asks, "Am I going to die?"

"No, James, no." I reach down to hold him. "They are going to fix your arm at the hospital. They might make you stay all night. But you are not going to die, James. Oh no, you won't die." I reassure him.

The doctor sets James' arm. I'm sitting outside his hospital room. I can't help but overhear the conversation James and Mrs. Hatfield are having.

"My arm hurt awful bad, Mom, and I was real, real scared. I thought I might die but Miss Klein said no, I wouldn't die."

"No, James, people don't die of broken arms. There was nothing to be frightened of."

"Yeah, Mom, but Joey died. He got hurt and he died and he wasn't even sick or anything. And we were buddies."

"James, your brother died in an accident. It couldn't be helped; it just happened. But that was not normal; it was a freak accident. Probably nothing like that will ever happen in your life again."

"But they're going to die. Everybody's going to die." "No, James. No, son. They are going to live and you are going to live too."

My mind begins to churn; I can no longer hear what they are saying. Suddenly things are adding up. There are reasons behind ---

"Miss Klein! Miss Klein!" Mrs. Hatfield stirs me out of my thoughts, "will you come in here please?"

"Miss Klein," James says, "thank you for riding in the ambulance with me. The doctor says I can come back to school Monday. Do you think Terry will sign my cast?"







## The Mountain: Or How A Rock Waits Silently

by Wayne Harvey

Velvet hands grasp the day and hold it tightly in it's clutches. A mystic shroud settles over the land, but it will not be there long as all know.

Looking out over the silent land the mountain remains cold and majestic. The murmurs have stopped and the other mountains are quiet now, their voices still as the solar winds in space. While the other mountains lie dormant, it stays alive, it's thoughts turned toward that one good thought, and all the other turbulent workings paled beside it.

The thought was: Tomorrow will be my day.

The first voice of the day was a shrill one. The sun climbed behind one of the brother mountains, it's crimson face going bright yellow like an embarrassed man regaining his composure. A light breeze rustled the trees at the bottom of the mountain. It delighted in that feeling, one of the few that pleased it. It smelled the sweet scents of day and thought: Today is my day.

More whispers floated to the mountain's cold ears. Yes, it thought, go on. Do your worst. Whisper and build up that sense of lunacy and humiliation that you're so fond of. It reveled in a sense different than theirs, far above the small, petty feeling of superiority. This mountain had it's sense of self-consciousness, of good tempered niceness.

But, it remembered, this is my day.

This day the mountain had called out the steel dragon.

The mountain waited patiently for most of the day; it's time was coming. Suddenly it felt a tingle of regret. It wanted to push it aside but it couldn't. Why was that? What did it matter if the steel dragon's way was permanent? That's what it hoped for.

Yes, it thought, what did it matter.  
Today is my day.

The steel dragon arrived.  
That suddenly. No triumphant announcement. No banners. Just suddenly.

The mountain gazed down from it's dizzying heights to the steel dragon's small form. There was no exchange of words, for the steel dragon was a tool, not a rational being. The steel dragon was as cold as it's name.

And the mountain thought aloud, today is my day.

That thought drifted on the wind and brought nothing back. There were soft murmurs of other conversations, but no answer to it's estranged call.

It didn't matter. Today is still my day, it thought.

The steel dragon lowered it's head stiffly, very stiffly. It had suddenly gotten very still, as if the land around had sensed what was about to happen. Electricity filled the air as if a storm was about to descend upon the earth.

The mountain tried in it's last seconds to figure out why it had come to this. What was it about the world that had pushed it's hand.

Of course, there was not time to ponder that question.

The steel dragon spit yellow flames out of it's solid round mouth and the mountain began to melt down to nothing. Rock and living plants sank into the ground, sifting and breaking apart to nothing.

And, the mountain thought with it's thoughts just before it's consciousness grabbed the wind, Today was my day. But who's day will it be tomorrow?

# SAY GOOD BYE











*Anonymous*



## A Love That Could Not Die by Joseph M. Green

The Weaverville Handicapped Children's Home was not the place Derrick had pictured himself working. He did need the job, so he accepted the vacancy for a live-in handyman. Derrick was good at, and enjoyed working with his hands, and never had any problems handling children. Children such as these however, Derrick had never encountered before. This job was to change Derrick's entire life.

Mrs. Casey, the head nurse and proprietor of the home, decided the minute she saw him at the interview that Derrick was exactly the man they were looking for to be their handyman. Mrs. Casey always could spot people with that special extra something that made them good with her children. At fifty-eight, she still had that ability, as she made the right choice in Derrick. During the interview, Derrick was informed that the word "handicapped" stood for retarded. Mrs. Casey then explained to him that the people in Weaverville objected to the use of the word "retarded" and demanded that handicapped be used.

When Derrick walked into the home, he could not help but notice that if he got the job, there would be plenty of work to keep him busy. Yes, Derrick thought to himself that a handyman was exactly what this old home needed. Derrick prided himself on his ability to use his hands so well. He liked working with his hands ever since he made his first little wooden box in wood shop in junior high. He can still remember how proud he was when he finished his first stool, but along with that memory came the feeling of dejection as his parents failed to even take notice of his accomplishment. Derrick knew what it was like to feel left out. Children who felt left out were always drawn to Derrick, and he was always able to cheer them up and make them feel better.

The first day on the job, Derrick looked down at the paper in his hand, then at the number on the door and decided that this was the right room. The room number was 222 and on the door he noticed the name "Bobby" in bold red letters. Along with the room number, the paper let him know he was to fix a rattling window and to put bed-rails on the bed. Derrick knocked, and when he got no reply, entered the room and went straight to work. The room looked like any other little boys room with cars, trucks, motorcycles, and airplanes everywhere. There was one thing he did notice that seemed strange, and that was that none of these toys had ever been played with. He remembered that Bobby was retarded, and had no knowledge of how severely, and that started a tiny pang in his chest. Derrick fixed the window first and when he was just about finished, the nurse brought Bobby back into the room in his wheelchair. There in front of Derrick sat this little boy not only retarded, but severely stricken, in his legs, with arthritis, which made his degree of mobility almost non-existent. Derrick realized that this child was both physically and mentally handicapped. This made Derrick feel a little uneasy.

Mrs. Casey entered the room and noticed that Bobby was staring at Derrick. Bobby had never seen anyone so big before. Mrs. Casey introduced Bobby and Derrick while Derrick made his way across the room to say hello. Bobby tried to speak and Derrick realized that Bobby was severely retarded as he could not understand him at all. When Bobby tried to say Derrick, all that came out was a muffled "Dar," but his eyes and smile let Derrick know that Bobby liked him. Derrick was glad to have Mrs. Casey there for the first encounter with Bobby. Derrick asked Mrs. Casey why Bobby had so many cars and things around. Mrs. Casey told him that Bobby loved wheels. This gave Derrick an idea that he thought would make Bobby happy.

Bobby nodded and said Dar as the nurse wheeled him out of the room to his therapy session. The doctor who placed Bobby in Mrs. Casey's home had estimated that he would only live to be about eleven. Bobby's handicap was actually tripled, because he suffered from a heart disease in which the heart can stop at any time with no warning. This fact was not divulged to Derrick. Bobby was to turn thirteen in three weeks.

Derrick finished putting up the temporary bed-rails and went about the rest of his list of chores. His first day consisted of many things, but the only thing that remained in his mind was that little boy in the wheelchair, Bobby. He noticed Bobby's warm smile and friendly eyes immediately, and that gave him a warm feeling inside that was still with him. Derrick returned to his room, and began drawing up plans for Bobby's surprise. That night, with the warm thoughts, Derrick slept better than he had in years.

Two and one-half weeks later, Bobby had formed a definite bond to his Dar. Derrick too found himself making time to spend more and more time with Bobby. Mrs. Casey saw this as a blessing for both of them. She realized that Bobby was now happier than he had ever been. This day, though, was to be very special because Derrick was going to give Bobby his surprise. He could not wait until Bobby's birthday which was in four days.

Bobby was feeling very good as the nurse was wheeling him to therapy. Derrick had made Mrs. Casey promise him that she would bring Bobby back from therapy. She thought that this seemed strange but figured that Derrick had a good reason so she agreed. As she wheeled Bobby into his room, she was amazed and Bobby was elated. There replacing the temporary bed-rails were fancy red wagon wheel bed-rails that Derrick had handcrafted in his spare time. Mrs. Casey was the first to see Derrick standing in the other side of the room smiling and turned Bobby's wheelchair so that he too could see Derrick. When Bobby saw him, he raised his arms and actually said the entire name, "DAR-R-RIG." This made Derrick's smile fade, and the tear that he had always managed to fight back whenever he saw Bobby happy, flowed freely down his cheek. He ran to the wheelchair, bent down, and gave Bobby a big hug, and while he was holding Bobby, Derrick heard him say "I love you".

Mrs. Casey had never seen Bobby so happy and never heard him say "I love you" to anyone. Mrs. Casey slept well that evening and woke feeling like a teenager again. The halls seemed to be alive this morning, as Mrs. Casey made her way humming to Bobby's room to say good morning. When she arrived, she noticed the door slightly ajar but failed to hear the sobbing due to her own cheerful humming. She was shocked and horrified to see Derrick kneeling at Bobby's chest sobbing hysterically. Mrs. Casey rushed to the bed and realized, as did Derrick earlier, that there was nothing to be done; they were both too late. She aged so fast that she quickly surpassed her actual 58 and felt about 102. Mrs. Casey realized that she had watched, in only two and one-half weeks, the growth of a powerful and totally unselfish love. Derrick and Bobby had both given themselves totally to the other.

Derrick felt Mrs. Casey's hand on his shoulder and turned to look at her. When Derrick saw her face, he realized that she felt a deep pain, not only for Bobby but also for him because he had lost Bobby. He knew that she had special feelings for both of them. He also knew that she felt both her own pain and his, and all of a sudden he could only think of comforting her. He stood and held her and the two of them cried together for a long time. That cry and experience formed a bond that could never be broken, a love that could not die.



# MINK



# LEFTOVERS



Robb Warren





STEPHEN HICKOFF

*THE LIGHT*

The light moved through the window like a current of water at the bottom of the sea. It bored the lovers.

They presumed—in the catacombs of their lust—that flesh was enough to get by on.

The man stroked the hair of the woman. There he found a wasp's nest. The woman kissed the man on the back of the neck. There her lips froze.

The light realized a hopeless case when it saw one, and moved on to another window.

DUST



Dust is a woolly germ.

Its beige fleece shades  
This light filled room  
With creamy fluff—

Tumbleweed on the floor's prairie.

Dust browns

The white, marks time  
Kills light.



*IDEAS*

In the watery field  
Of the imagination  
Ideas hide

Inside damp roots—  
Red roots around  
The sleeping sentences.

*By Nadene Falagan*

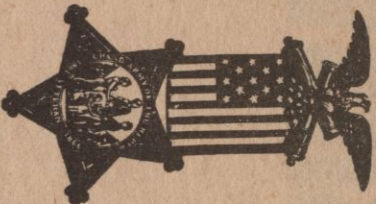
I climbed inside your body  
backwards  
eyes closed

and came out  
full speed ahead  
over heels.





# POEMS

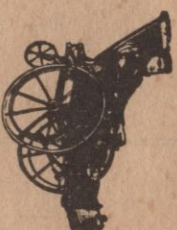


## SEEING HUNGER AND PAIN IN ONE LITTLE FACE By -Anthony M. Session

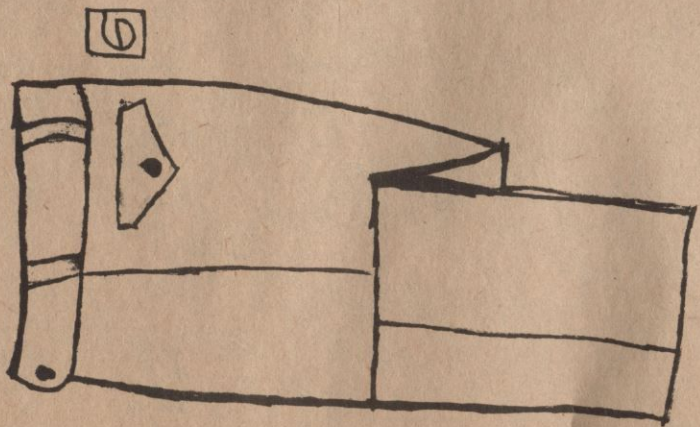
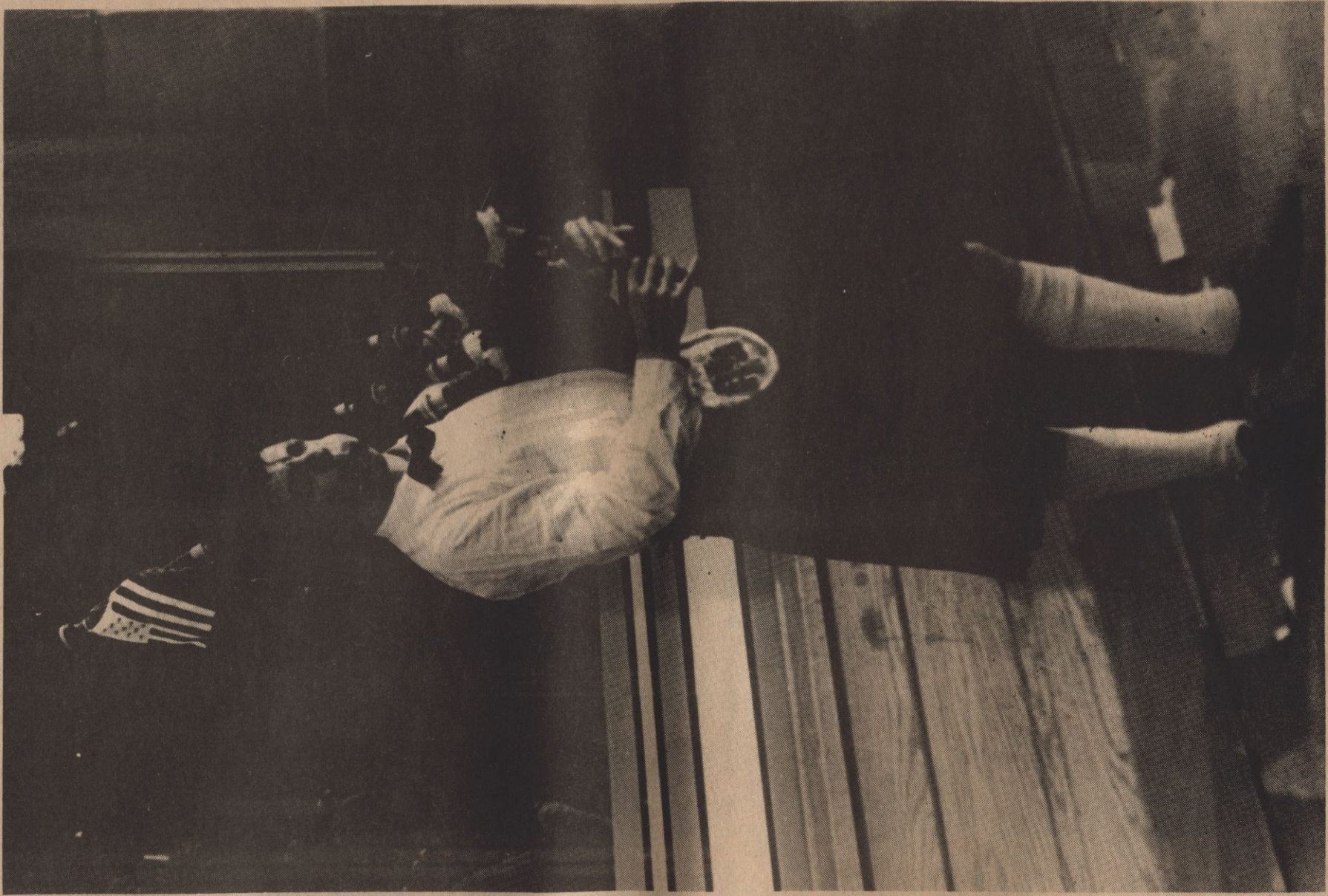
I was coming home from the corner store  
Instead of going the fast way  
I went through a little alley  
And I saw his face.  
He was a little fellow about eight or nine  
We passed, he looked in my hands.  
I felt his pain in this heart of mine.  
As we got further and further away  
I turned and looked at him  
And I had to say  
Yo! Little man, have some of these.  
He turned and ran towards me  
Came up to, stopped, and said yes thank you please.  
I looked at him and he looked at me  
As he went into the bag of chips.  
I gave him the whole bag. I wondered how could it be  
That I saw Hunger and Pain in his little face.  
I stopped after he left. Tears ran down my face.  
And I said out loud, to myself, I'll leave this damn place.

By Shawn Bingman

Wind  
come take me,  
raise me  
to the heavens  
and let me fly  
with the angels  
upon a new morning.  
Let me glide  
amidst the clouds  
and see the wonder of life  
at high altitudes.  
Spread my soul  
to anyone who wants it,  
and give my breath  
for dying men  
and children without life.











DUCKS ARE FUN

