

# Com-Mini-Cations



Fall Issue, 1992



## The new and improved Mini-School Staff

Left to right, top row: Ramona Anderson, Teresa Lenzen, Randy Nelson, Doug Berg. Middle row: Dawn Norton, Lester Hughes-Seamans. Front and center: Joanne Storlie.

(read about this cover design by Judy Richard and Matt McCrady on last page)



# Mini-School Overview

Mini-School is an alternative program located within Minnetonka High School where ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth graders are working together with a group of teachers to change their attitudes and perspectives. The students come to Mini-School with a history of not succeeding very well in traditional school. Many of them are dangerously close to dropping out of school. Some have dropped out and are returning to give school one more try. They are tired of failing, tired of breaking rules, tired of being identified as negative people in the mainstream school culture.

At Mini-School they begin to put their lives together—in school and out of school. They become part of a school family where they can be themselves without fear of recrimination. In Mini-School they set goals, share responsibilities, solve problems, learn academic skills, learn basic living skills, and have fun.


This supportive family atmosphere encourages students to develop responsibility, accountability, and positive self-esteem. Students are encouraged to view themselves as learners in the holistic sense of the term—intellectual, emotional, physical, and spiritual.

Mini-School began in the 1970-71 school year and is still meeting the needs of students who need a different approach. Mini-School now serves not only the

Minnetonka School district but neighboring districts as well, due to its affiliation with the larger Area Learning Center.

If you know of a student in need of Mini-School, please contact us at 470-3574 or 470-3586.



Minnetonka   
Public Schools

# Meandering Through Mini-School

by Doug Berg

The 23rd year of Mini-School is well underway. As is true every year, there are changes—some dramatic, some subtle. Yet the over-riding goal of Mini-School remains the same as it has been since day one—to help kids become the best they can holistically be—intellectually, emotionally, physically, and spiritually.

Mini-School is up for a North Central evaluation this year. While these things are often kind of a chore and a headache, so far this NCA evaluation has given students and parents an opportunity to express their feelings about Mini-School. Most of them, I'm happy to say, have been positive. The evaluation began last spring when a focus group of current Mini-School students was asked to evaluate Mini-School. Their comments were extremely positive, especially in the areas of school solidarity and the meaningfulness of the classes and trip experiences to them.

On October 20th, a Focus Group of Mini-School parents met. While I have not seen the written transcript of this meeting, ESL teacher Nancy Ward (mom of former Mini-Schoolers Tom and Ryan), who moderated the meeting, says she has never heard such an outpouring of positive support for any aspect of the school. Vern Thoreson, business education teacher who chairs our NCA group, seconded Nancy's feelings. We on the staff are extremely pleased with this support, but we're not ready to rest on our laurels. We're meeting regularly to bring our outcomes and objectives more into focus and to more finely tune and coordinate the Mini-School program.

As you will read about elsewhere in this issue of Com-Mini-Cations, there have been some staffing changes in Mini-School. First, Lester, long-time Mini-School teacher, has gone from full-time Mini-School to .3 Mini-School. The rest of her teaching assignment is in the Art Department. Lester's classroom time with Mini-School is in her computer literacy class. In addition, she will lead the production end of Com-Mini-Cations.

Dawn Norton's time with Mini-School has been slightly increased, from .5 to .6. This means that Dawn will be around Mini-School all morning all year. In addition to

teaching her science classes, Dawn is working with Lester in the computer area. Also, with Lester's reduction in Mini-School time, Dawn (along with Ramona, who I'll tell you about shortly) is leading the Mini-School Women's Issues class.

Mike Shelly, who worked last year as Mini-School math teacher/office paraprofessional, is working as a full-time math teacher for the Eden Prairie Alternative Program. He's still technically an employee of Minnetonka Schools, sort of on loan to that program.

Replacing Mike as math teacher is Ramona Anderson. Ramona is full-time Mini-School math/special education. She's worked in the past in Chicago and closer to home with West Metro Alternative School. Ramona is also working with Women's Issues and is eager to get involved in Mini-School's trips program.

Replacing Mike as Office Paraprofessional (it took two people to replace Mike) is Joanne Storlie. Joanne is a returning staffer, as she worked as Mini-School's office person ten years ago until her job was eliminated by budget cuts. Mini-School has never been as organized as when Joanne was here, and she's whipping us into shape again. In addition to her office skills and organizational skills, Joanne has a degree in counseling and tons of canoeing, backpacking, and camping experience. Along with managing the office, she's facilitating Mini-School's weekly Insights Group.

Lynette Schaitberger, Special Education teacher, worked the last couple of years with Mini-School part-time. Replacing Lynette in this capacity this year is Teresa Lenzen. Teresa works primarily with Dawn during hour 4/5.

Randy and I, 23-year veterans of this program, keep plugging along. In his classes, Randy emphasizes current events, goal-setting, geography, history, and basic living skills. In addition, Randy is the major driving force in Mini-School's recreation program, provides a daily weight-training program for some kids ("Beyond Mini"), teaches and supervises the vocational component of Mini-School, and keeps kids' credit records in order. Randy has also recently been voted

into the Minnesota State High School Soccer Coaches Association Hall of Fame. Way to go Randy. I get involved in recreation, teach analytical skills in newspaper reading, stress environmental awareness, teach basic English skills, direct, edit, and advise Com-Mini-Cations, produce most of the written communication for Mini-School, help Randy with the vocational aspect of Mini-School, lead the majority of the trip experiences and help facilitate those I'm not directly involved in.

Things get crazy sometimes, but the combined efforts of the above people put together, I believe, a good, sound comprehensive program for the Mini-School kids.

Speaking of kids, we have a terrific group this year. In twenty-three years I can't remember a stronger, more enthusiastic group of returning seniors and veterans. These kids are excited about all aspects of Mini-School, are extremely loyal to the program, and work hard to make themselves and Mini-School the best that they can be. I'm reluctant to list names for fear of overlooking someone, but veterans who are really helping out this year include: Jesse Walker, Sharon Korzendorfer, Ronilyn and Raeann Rasmussen, Terry Vincent, Kristie Ennis, Chris Bagdons, Jeremy Lego, Josh Rockstad, Josh Kilen, Jenny Case, Jessica Lawson, Stephanie Tucker, Chad Zaback, Nate Miller, Brandon Marcaccini, Justin Weitnauer, Elliot Tan, Jessica Ryan, Stacy Vetvick, Matt Holmbeck, and Matt Richard. Joining these veterans are a group of kids who were pretty new to the program at the end of last year and a steady stream of new kids being referred to Mini-School from TEAM. We especially seem to be getting an influx of new girls lately. (They must have heard about all the good-looking guys in the program.)

There has been so much going on in Mini-School that it's hard to believe school has only been in session 2 months. The Mark Warren trip took place the second week in October. There's been much written about it throughout this issue, so I'll not add much more. Twenty students took part. Suffice it to say that the skills, attitudes, concepts, and understandings Mini-School kids receive from this amazing man are truly life-transforming. We're privileged to be able to have this yearly connection with our friend from Georgia. There have been a number of one-day outings, most of

which are written up elsewhere in this issue: The Crow River Canoe Outing, the Minnehaha Creek-Lake Minnetonka male bonding canoe outing, the Rake-a-Thon, the Inter-City Bicycle Trip, the City Lakes Rollerblade Outing. Also, I should mention that a canoe trip through the Minnetonka summer school program, led by Randy and I, went down the Namekagon and St. Croix Rivers. Fourteen Mini-School kids participated. On the horizon for Mini-School include the annual Grantsburg Thanksgiving Hike (we've never let snow, cold, barges that won't start, or deer hunters stop us), a possible outing to Dudley Riggs' Brave New Workshop, a Women's Issues Downtown/Cultural Appreciation Trip and the first ever all-Mini School field trip to the Science Museum.

Classes in the near future include, along with the usual instruction in basic skills, special emphasis on math, English, and science skills for kids who are taking the ACT test. Also, Randy is teaching a block on philosophy, assisted by Ramona and me. The kids want to do a talent show again before the holidays. It's not a sure thing, as we're having trouble finding staff time to direct it, but we'll pull it off if we can. Also, our Minnesota Weatherguide Calendar fundraiser has begun. The calendars sell for \$11.00 (wall calendar) and \$12.00 (engagement calendar). Mini-School makes \$4.00 on each one. The money goes to upgrade and repair equipment and to defray the costs of trips. If \$3500 is raised, Randy and I will lose our hair (Randy has more to lose than I if you take into account his beard.)

Well, that's about it for this Meander. As some of you may have heard, I was ill most of the summer with a rare blood parasite called babesiosis. I spent most of the summer with a raging fever. The big problem was that this bug is so rare (about 150 cases in the total U. S. population) that the doctors couldn't figure out what I had. By the time they did, and knocked it out of me with antibiotics, it had pretty much reduced me to a weak, skinny, pale, tired wimp. I've been coming back strong, and am ready to lead the Mini-School kids once again down rivers, into canyons, over mountains, and across frozen wastes. Believe me, it feels good to feel good again.

## Alumni News

Tim Lindquist — mid 80's — visited me this summer. He's nearing the end of his hitch in the navy. Tim has been stationed much of the time in New Zealand.

Jodie Holmgren — mid 80's — married to Dan Deikel, also a former Mini-Schooler. I see Jodie working out at the Marsh.

Carl Schmidt — early 80's — Carl is employed by a garage door company. He really stays in shape and credits Mini-School for instilling fitness goals in him.

Chris O'Dell — 1991 — Odie is living in northern California and working for his dad as a bricklayer. He visited Minnetonka this summer for his brother's wedding, and he and I paddled across Lake Minnetonka on the windiest day of the summer. Odie carries on the Mini-School traditions of canoeing, backpacking, and living in harmony with the earth.

Dave Kolstad—1990— Dave has been working at a ski resort at Keystone Colorado. He plans to continue working there this winter. He works at the resort, and he plans to do some ski instruction, some ski patrol work, and some ski racing this winter. In true Mini-School tradition, he loves to spend time in the outdoors, and does a lot of hiking and mountain biking. He may look into attending Colorado Outward Bound School.

Dave Scott--198?--Dave is now an electrical engineer living in the area. I asked him about his brother Tim, who is also doing well as a chef in a fine restaurant in San Francisco.

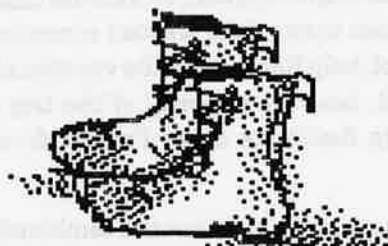
Tony Desantis--1978?--and wife Stacy took Lester's Annabelle the Pig away. Details? Read Pig Report.

Steve Bauman-Steve Bauman's younger brother Adam (a student in Dawn's 9th grade science class) reports that Steve is a wonder and a star at Normandale Community College!

Dave Webster- Dave stopped by the Computer Class one day. He's doing well and commented that he sure wished Mini had had computers when he was here (the skills would sure be useful to him now).

## Grand Canyon Part 2

by Chad Zaback



In the spring of 1992 our fearless leader Doug Berg led a group of eight Mini-School students (Chris Bagdons, Josh Rockstad, Mike Heuerman, Jesse "The Bod" Carlson, Terry Vincent, Chad Zaback, Meatball and Karlene "Token Woman" Knacke ) and one veteran (Jim "J.J." Jensen) into the great southwest U.S. We covered a lot of ground on our journey from the armory in Colorado Springs to the neighboring Garden of the Gods (a boulder garden) on through New Mexico with its great temperature confusion--going from 95° to 100° days in Santa Fe to a cool 30's night in the Rockies.

We finally reached Grand Canyon Village on the southern rim of the Grand Canyon. We arrived at Grand Canyon Village mid-morning and found our campsite. Before unloading anything, we went to check out the surroundings—more tourist traps, a restaurant with everything. A couple of us wandered into a gift shop and Terry found a fake snake. It was very realistic at a glance (I jumped a good two feet!)

That evening after setting up camp and eating, we wandered back into town and called our loved ones one last time before going into the great pit.

We woke up early enough to be the first guests in a nearby restaurant. After a good meal in a nice warm building we headed out into the frigid Arizona morning to pack our gear. We packed, stuffed, sorted and restuffed until everything was in the packs.

When I picked up my pack there was something wrong. I could barely lift it.

"Let the Penance begin!!"

After we realized what we had gotten ourselves into, the journey began.

After the first hour my head was throbbing, and I could barely see straight. For some time I was convinced it was my time to die. We stopped for lunch around noon. I couldn't stand up, or eat, so I just kinda lay there trying to regain enough strength to reach my last peppermint. I placed it in my mouth, sat back and waited for it to kick in. Within 10 minutes or so, I felt the kick, power the boost. It was a total second wind. I picked up my pack and went. I went real hard for over an hour. Then we stopped and waited for the slow pokes to catch up. By the time we got down to the river it was almost dark and we still had to hike 3 more hours until we got to our campsite.

The next morning we woke up and Doug had something cooking — a birthday cake for Josh and me — and Josh's mom sent a card down with Doug. That afternoon we hiked to the next campsite where we would be for 2 days. It took about 4 hours to get there but it was definitely worth the hike. This place was sweet—plenty of beach, although the water was ice cold and very sandy (brown). Behind us was an old copper mine that we all did a little exploring in. The next day we went for a hike up to the little Colorado River. We were almost there, and half of the group wimped out and wanted to go back. So J.J., Jesse, Terry, and I finished up. The Little Colorado was right around the corner. Another 1/2 hour, and they would have all had a chance to see it. I imagine it doesn't sound too thrilling seeing a river, but this was cool. The Colorado is crystal clear until the Little Colorado comes into it. It's flooding and very dirty. It's one of those things you can't explain. You just have to see it for yourself. So we screwed around there for awhile. Jesse got stuck in some quicksand. I pulled him out and almost dropped his camera in the river. Then we headed back to camp and made it back by dark—barely. The next day Doug had us go out and do a solo. We were by ourselves, out of sight and sound of anyone else for 3 hours.

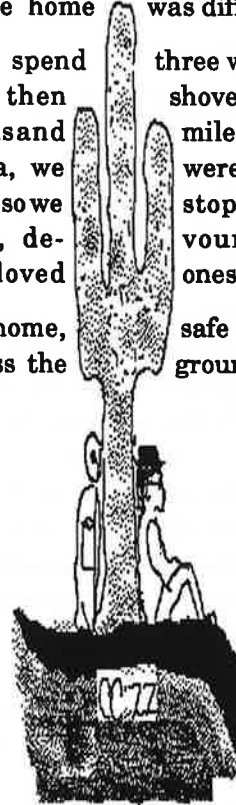
After that we hiked back to the bottom of the trail going out and waited for another dinner. When I was going through my pack, I remembered the can of Mountain Dew I smuggled down. I threw it in the river and let it cool off. This was probably the tastiest, most refreshing can of pop I've every had! (ahhhh!) The next morning we split up into smaller groups. Terry, Jesse

and I made it up in under five hours. J.J. hiked out a day before us and came back down half way to meet us. Finally, after everyone was out of hell, we went back to Grand Canyon Village and showered. You will never appreciate clean running water more than after not having it for a week, being covered with sand and sweat, dirt and grime. It's more than nice—it's heaven.

All in all, I would have to say this trip was awesome, but the drive home was difficult.

It's hard to spend three weeks with the same people and then shove them all in a van for three thousand miles! By the time we reached Iowa, we were all ready to kill each other for food, so we stopped at a friendly McDonald's, decal-oured our loved ones to pick us up soon.

Now we're home, safe and sound, out of da Barge, so kiss the ground!!



## Desert Solitaire

Edward Abbey

*A MAN COULD BE A LOVER AND DEFENDER OF THE WILDERNESS WITHOUT EVER IN HIS LIFETIME LEAVING THE BOUNDARIES OF ASPHALT, POWERLINES, AND RIGHT ANGLE SURFACES. WE NEED WILDERNESS WHETHER OR NOT WE SET FOOT ON IT. WE NEED REFUGE WHETHER OR NOT WE GO THERE. I MAY NEVER IN MY LIFE GO TO ALASKA, FOR EXAMPLE, BUT I AM GRATEFUL THAT IT'S THERE. WE NEED POSSIBILITY OF ESCAPE AS SURELY AS WE NEED HOPE, WITHOUT IT LIFE OF THE CITIES WOULD DRIVE ALL MEN INTO CRIME OR DRUGS OR PSYCHOANALYSIS.*

# Joanne Storlie Four Moons Otter Mini-School Paraprofessional

an interview by Chris Bagdons.

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What do you do for Mini?

One of my most important functions is to laugh at all the funny things the Mini-School kids and staff say and do. I figure this is the most I've laughed and loved my job since I left this job 10 years ago. I'm the office manager for the Mini-School teachers, kids, and their parents. Doug says I'm the glue that holds it all together, which means I try to keep people in communication with each other. I do the standard office-type things like paperwork, attendance, scheduling meetings (what I call the boring stuff), but the best part of the job is being with the teachers and students. In addition to the officework and coordination of both part-time and full-time Mini staff members, I'm probably the main Mini-School contact with parents and the liaison between the Mini-School staff and the big school administration and counselors. I get to go on trips with other staff and kids, like the Mark Warren trip on the St. Croix and Women's Issues canoe trip. I'm a big sister to some kids and a mom to others. I run the Insights group. I think my most important job here is being another staff person who cares a lot about the Mini-School kids.

Why did you leave the program 10 years ago? What have you been doing for the past 10 years?

I got laid off from Mini-School due to the school district budget cuts of 1982. I went to work at the Bridge for Runaway Youth as an intern counselor, was a family therapist for a year, came back to the school district as a secretary at the Administration Building, and spent the last three years as administrative assistant to the president of McGlynn Bakeries' frozen division, which was sold last spring to Grand Met/Pillsbury. I've done my time in corporate America, and I'm glad to be back where I can feel more real, like the Velveteen Rabbit.

If you could change one thing in Mini, what would it be?

More money for more resources for more kids. We would have a fleet of big vans (limos for town travel and jets for foreign travel) to take kids on wilderness trips, lots of money for educational materials like science labs and supplies and camping equipment, bicycles, kayaks, rafts, video cameras, and more scholarship money so more kids could go on adventure trips. And speaking as an advocate for kids, there needs to be a telephone and personal computer for every student in Mini. I would also like to be able to bring my dog, Oliver, to work. He thrives on the energy of the kids, too.

Do you have any major goals in life? If so, what?

To be rafting a river, growing a garden, playing with my friends, family, and other animals, working at a job that is meaningful to me, being very healthy, active, and happy until I drop dead painlessly while watching the most beautiful sunset I have ever seen. I would wish the same for everyone on the planet, even Chris Bagdons.

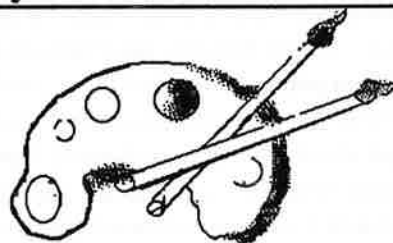
Can you tell us about your great attraction to high-powered firearms and sharp metallic objects?

I use them only in my kitchen now.

## Where's Lester?

by Sharon Korzendorfer

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Many of you have noticed that Lester hasn't been around as much. Well, I'm here to get the real story on why she left.

Sharon- Why are you teaching mainstream?

Lester- Because the opportunity arose, and I've never done it before. I needed a change!

Sharon- What are you teaching?

Lester- Water color, oil painting, and drawing.



Sharon- Do you feel like a mainstream teacher?

Lester- What does a mainstream teacher feel like? It's a real adjustment. I feel in limbo, going back and forth. I'm only in Mini one or two hours everyday, and sometimes I feel left out. I feel good about the computer class Dawn and I are developing, though, and when we get it totally up and running all Mini-Schoolers will be required to take the class for at least two weeks. That will help me keep in touch with the students. I'm also pleased that I've been able to do several outings with the Women's Issues group.

Sharon- Are you happy with your choice?

(And with great hesitation Lester says) Yeah- it's different and kinda fun. I feel like I have a lot more focus now. Teaching Mini-School is like having four or five jobs all at once. My life feels simpler and less stressful now.

Sharon- How do you justify leaving Mini in despair?

Lester- Because I've been here for 15 years, and I needed something new. It's good for people to experience change.

Sharon- Do you plan on returning?

Lester- I don't know. I'm taking it year by year. We'll see what happens.

Well there you have it folks. Lester's reasons for leaving us.

Thanks Lester. We love you.

## Who's Ramona?

by Tom McKinney

Her name is Ramona Anderson. She taught on the southside of Chicago, taught there for two and a half years. From there she came to Minnesota to teach at West Metro. She taught there for three years. From West Metro she came to Minnetonka to teach in Mini-School. I asked her what brought her to Mini and she said she really likes to work in the alternative programs for kids that don't like school that much or can't handle the pressure of mainstream classes.

Ramona as a new Mini-School teacher wants to see that all the students do what they are capable of doing in school and will do what she can to help the students that hate the subject of math.

She has a great relationship with the staff and the students. She would like her relationship with the students to continue to grow.

The differences she sees between Mini-School and West Metro are the students seem to be quicker in comprehending things and have the difference between West Metro and Mini with the field trips that they take place during the school year.

Ramona's first trip with the students was very pleasurable. She enjoyed watching the students and would like to have a more active role in the students field trips.

Some of the changes she wants at Mini are; better computers, more participation in the gym class, and more windows in Mini-School classrooms.

During her spare time Ramona enjoys reading, traveling, relaxing and spending time visting friends and family.

## Welcome Teresa

by Raeann Rasmussen

Lynette is gone, Theresa is here. Theresa Lenzen is her name and she is with Mini-School hour 4/5. During this hour she is in Dawn's science class helping out. Besides Dawn's class, Theresa also helps out with an energy class and L.C. classes. She first began at Minnetonka in January of '92. This is her first year in Mini. Before she came here to Minnetonka she was finishing up her schooling at the U of M.

In late September, Theresa joined Randy, Al, and Josh for a day bike trip. She recalls that it was a beautiful day and she was enjoying herself very much while biking towards Victoria. "It was nice," she said, "to spend some time away from school with Randy, Al, and Josh."

When asked exactly what her job was, Theresa responded, "to give support help to the teachers in Mini-School." Her plans for next year do include Mini-School if the chance comes up again. Theresa feels that working with Mini-School has been a challenge because the classes are so different than mainstream. I hope that you all get a chance to meet up with Theresa. Welcome to Mini-School.

# Weather Guide Calendars For Sale

by Chad Zaback



Oct. 22nd 1992 Mini-Scoolers began selling 1993 Weather Guide Calendars as a fundraiser for the Mini-School program. Proceeds go to things such as trip equipment and field trip opportunities.

The calendars are produced by the Freshwater Foundation and Minnesota Science Museum in cooperation with WCCO Weather Center.

Each month has a groovy picture, lots of interesting facts on things like astronomy, sunset and rise, and everything else you didn't need to know.

This year the price per wall calendar is \$11.00. We are also offering a desk top organizer-calendar for a mere \$12.00. Profits on each calendar is \$4.00. We need to sell 875 of them! If we do sell that many (or enough to make \$3500.00), Doug Berg has agreed to shave his head and bigger than that, Randy Nelson will shave his beard (not even his wife has seen him without it). So tell your friends about the calendars and organizers and order 20 of each. They make great holiday gifts.

# Women's Issues Goes Shopping

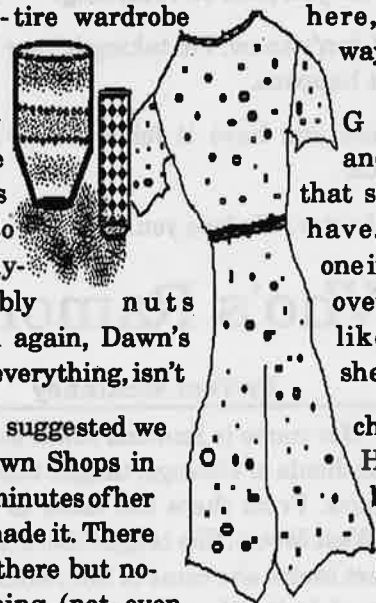
by Jenny Case

It was the Monday before our big parent conference/MEA vacation. Instead of our original plans to visit a women's "correctional" facility, Dawn and Ramona took our women's issues group to experience the luxuries of second-hand shopping. We (Dawn, Katie Steger, Raeann Rasmussen, Sharon Korzendorfer, Ronilyn Rasmussen, Val Raihl, Rochelle McCabe, Ramona, me, Lester and her two lovely daughters Sarah and Rachel) started our day out right with a big breakfast at Perkins (although "big" could only apply to Katie who blew her whole five bucks). Afterwards, Lester and her kids went back to the school, and the rest of us headed off to Goodwill.

We had a great time rummaging through the endless racks of clothes, and I'll have to add what an emotional experience this was for Dawn! All the goodies she purchased amounted to less than \$25 and we're talking an en-tire wardrobe here, folks.

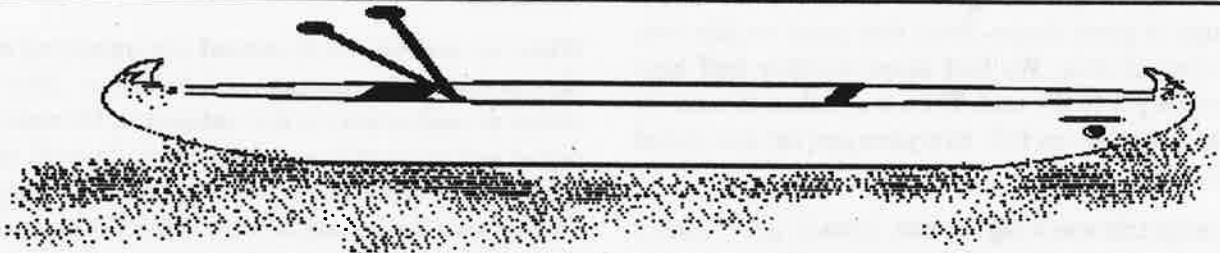
And on our spotted some "absolutely GEOUS" blue pantaloons that she positively had to have. I've never seen any- one in my life go so incredibly nuts over cloth- ing. But then again, Dawn's like that she about almost everything, isn't she?

Next, Sharon suggested we check out one of the Pawn Shops in Hopkins. After twenty minutes of her bad di- rections, we made it. There was lots of nifty stuff there but no- b o d y bought anything (not even Dawn!!!). So Ramona and Dawn drove us back to the school and that was that.



# Women's Issues Takes on the Mighty Crow

By Karen Kenefick



6:50 A.M. the Women's Issues group met at the High School the day of the Crow River Canoe trip. After Lester, Joanne, Jenny Case, Sharon Korzendorfer, Ronilyn Rasmussen, Valerie Raihl and Karen Kenefick (me) were all accounted for we jumped in Joanne's and Lester's cars and headed for Dawn's house. After about half an hour of driving we got there and were greeted by Dawn and Mr. Wilkes. All of us had an early breakfast of waffles, fresh fruit, and capaccino while Jenny serenaded us with classical guitar music.

Then we headed for the mighty Crow. We got to the starting place, and we all divided into our canoes. Sharon, Ronilyn, Dawn and Keisha (Dawn's dog) were the first canoe to get on the river. Then close behind were Valerie, Lester and me. Finally in Joanne's very own canoe was Jenny and Joanne. They had a little bit of difficulty getting started. While boarding, the canoe tipped and Jenny went for a short swim, but they soon caught up.

The day was perfect for canoeing. The sky was clear and sunny. The first hour of the trip was very peaceful. We all enjoyed the day and each other's company. Then we came across a part of the river where we could see several trees down. Valerie, Lester and I were in the lead. We thought we could find a way around the logs. It was only when we were a couple feet away from the log that we saw that there were two logs completely across the river. Instead of turning around, Lester thought it would be easier for all three of us to get out, stand on the log and pull the canoe over. So one at a time we climbed out onto the log. The water was really deep and the current was moving at a good pace. I was scared out of my mind.

Meanwhile, Dawn decided to take the rest of the troops, which consisted of Sharon, Ronilyn, Jenny and Joanne out of the water and around the log. The idea

was great in concept. The only problem was that they had already passed the only flat place to get out. So they had to climb up a 5 foot tall cliff. Even that doesn't sound too bad but the cliff was pure mud. As soon as she stepped out, Ronilyn sank down to her knees in the mud. After struggling, she managed to pull her legs out with her shoes intact. Then, they all got out of their canoes and climbed the hill. After a lot of effort and muddy body parts, they reached the top. Then, they had to trample through the high grasses and bushes in the woods. Finally, when they reached the end of the woods, they forged through the mud on the other side of the logs.

By this time, Lester, Valerie and I had been waiting 5 to 10 minutes even though we had to climb in and out of the canoe twice. The second log was about 6 inches wide and we had nothing to hold on to. Still, we were completely dry and clean. We had no idea what they were doing because we were busy with our own problems. All we heard was someone occasionally yelling at Dawn for running them into trees.

At first glimpse of them we almost tipped our canoe laughing. They were all mud. Sharon's whole legs were just dripping in mud. She left puddles in the canoe. Finally everyone got back in, and we were off down the river again. It seemed like only five minutes went by before we had another tree crossing our path. But this caused no problems. The water was shallow and we got across and back in our canoes with no real difficulty. A whole 15 minutes passed and we were at the third and final log blocking the river.

This was the worst one we had to climb across. The water was really deep and the branches made it really hard to get around. My canoe was still in the lead so we had to lift the canoe really high and get the bow to go underneath a low branch. It took a lot of work but

everyone made it through okay. The obstacle was particularly hard for Sharon because she didn't know how to swim, but she gave it her all and made it through in great shape. From that point on, the river was easy gliding. We had about another half hour before we got to the end. Then we yanked the canoes out up a monstrous hill. Everyone just sat and rested at the top.

The canoe trip was a big success. It really got Women's Issues started in the right direction. Also, we got to know Mini-School's returned staff person, Joanne. She's a great lady. We also met Valerie who is new to the program this year. Valerie is a great canoeist, and she's really fun to be around.

## Male Bonding Canoe Paddle Reminiscenced

by Keith Bartram

On October 23, Pat Cretan, Rich Benavides, Chris Bagdons, Keith Bartram, Josh Hendrickson, Alfred E. Wright, Matt McCrady, Matt Richards, Josh Kilen, Jesse Walker, Jesse Carlson, Dave Zytkoskee, Brian Nelson, and Douglas Berg took leave from MHS at 7 a.m., set for a day of unexpected surprises. Now with most of us in the Barge and a couple more in Youngun's Bronco, we set off for Grays Bay Dam.

When we got there, we unloaded the canoes, life jackets, paddles and any other stuff we brought. After that, Doug brought the Barge to Methodist Hospital in St. Louis Park, our take-out point, and came back in the Bronco. At that time, Doug informed us that the people in charge of the dam (who said it would be open) had closed it down and in return, the Minnehaha had dropped two feet. Now it would certainly be hard to paddle across an area of just wet rocks. so we had two choices ahead of us: go back to school, or find a different route to a different destination. After all the cursing and frustration that could possibly be done, we decided

to go under the bridge at Gray's Bay Marina and head over to Sunset's Restaurant, where ultimately, we would eat.

When we arrived, we discussed our upcoming situation on just plain courtesy and behavior. After that ordeal we walked over to the restaurant. We were then seated and went to business on chow. Overall, everyone ordered normal breakfast combinations except for a few. Here's the details: Meatball and Cretan ordered capaccino and Walker decided for espresso which he swallowed in two gulps. Zytkoskee picked his fate by having Coke with pancakes and maple syrup. After that we passed around a glass of water with tabasco sauce in it. The majority liked it (personally I liked it) while the others' stomachs internally hurled. While eating our meals, we decided on a nickname for Pat Cretan. He will now be known as Ichabod. And another highlight of the meal was when for some odd reason, Al's water rebelled and exited from his nose.

Now with breakfast done with and the money figured out, we manned our canoes again. Doug decided for us to have two canoe races. The first one was a warm-up, or should I say....cool-down. We lined up and Doug started us off. As some of us paddled furiously away, Meatball, Walker, Youngun and McCrady were pushing each other around in the canoes, and one thing led to another and before you knew it, Jesse was flying through the air. Meatball and McCrady were going for a brief swim. Now, how Youngun stayed dry, well that will always be a mystery.

After going to shore and getting dry clothes, which Doug had packed along just in case of such a mishap, we were on our way. When we got back to the dam, we docked our canoes and went ashore. While waiting for Doug to return, we kept ourselves occupied with sports like "Aerial Frogs" and "See How Hard the Crawdad Can Pinch Bagdon's Finger!" We also found a painted turtle. Doug returned and everything was loaded up and we left.

But while writing this report and reminiscing about the trip, something occurred to me—we never did get to have that second race.

## Rake-a-thon

by Jenny Case

Even though only four students showed up, this years Rake-a-thon was still a success. We raked the lawn of 88 year old Alida Goldschmidt at 662 Pleasant Street in Excelsior. She has resided there for the past 60 years and is planning to sell before next fall. This is the second year Mini-School has raked her yard. We met at the Hilltop Restaurant at 7:30 A.M., Sat. Oct. 24th (at least Doug and I did). Shortly after, Jessica Ryan and Stacy Vetvick appeared, soon followed by Joanne, Randy and his daughter Edie. At 9:00 we went to Ms. Goldschmidt's and began to rake. Josh Kilen showed up, as did Ramona and her delightful family (husband George, two sons Travis and Ryan). Joanne's desperate effort to seize more rakers brought us Al Wright's brother Casey and his friend Matt. It was extremely dull to say the least but Ms. Goldschmidt really appreciated it!!! We finished around 10:00 and her lawn looked so attractive!

*Dear Rake-a-Thon Team Captain,*

*On behalf of the fifty-eight senior and disabled homeowners in the Minnetonka area, I thank you for your enthusiastic support of the recent Rake-a-Thon. Your willingness to form a team of volunteers to rake their yards is appreciated by all of us. I'm sure you are aware, the raking was only part of the gift you gave to the homeowner, your gift of time, energy and kindness was equally important. Please thank your entire team of rakers.*

*If you haven't already completed the evaluation form sent with the home assignment, please would you take a few moments to do that and send it to me? It is most helpful to hear your comments and suggestions to better plan next year's Rake-a-Thon.*

*How fortunate we were to have a really pleasant day to do the chore of raking. I very much appreciate your dependability to follow through on the task. We are fortunate to live in a community with people like yourselves who rally cheerfully and willingly to the needs of others. Thank you.*

*Sincerely, Jan Gray*

## Insights

By Tom McKinney

At Insights I experienced many feelings along with all the students that were a part of this class. The class's main focus was on young adults and the problems, stresses they experience as a high school student. These students gather together and discuss their personal feelings. Confidentiality of each person is the atmosphere for sharing the difficult times in their lives.

Joanne is one of the teachers of Insights. I thought Joanne was really good in Insights; she was nonpressuring in forcing students to talk about problems concerning drugs, family life, school, friends, etc.

I highly recommend being in Insights if you are a new student in Mini or feel the need to talk with your peers. It is a good way to get to know others and get support in situations you experience as a young adult.

## Technology

By Raeann Rasmussen

Technology. . . . What does this word mean? Well, that I still don't know, but with a little help from Dawn. I was able to get somewhat of an article together.

This year Mini-School received a lot of new equipment. You may have noticed that in rooms E213 and E216 there are some new additions. A new J.V.C. T.V. and V.C.R. in E216 means no more fuzzy movies on Fridays. We got several new Apple 2E computers and two new Macintosh LC II's. Finally, there has been a phone added to room 213 which is used for telecommunications. Now this big word, telecommunications, does have a meaning. What it is exactly is contacting other computers around the world and speaking to each other. For instance, this year Dawn reached Dublin, Ireland.

With the help of the computers, this year each Mini-

School student is required to go through a two week introductory computer course that Lester and Dawn are developing. This takes place first hour and students are picked randomly for this. What do you learn in this course, you ask? Okay. You learn how to use the Apple computers for word processing, data base, and graphics. You learn how to use the Macs for word processing, graphics/drawing programs, and telecommunications. This class helps develop people's keyboarding skills and finally you'll learn how to appropriately use hardware and software.

Moving right along to future plans with technology. . Dawn would like to expand the activities in telecommunications. She wishes to see students interact with other students with science projects and research. Specifically Dawn hopes to participate in the Illinois River Project. This involves having students do water quality testing and developing river and water appreciation. One more thing, this would allow students to learn English, Social Studies, and Science in an integrated program. If any of you have any questions I'd advise you speak with Dawn. She knows quite a lot about this technology thing. I hope I have increased your knowledge a little.

## Stepping Out With Mini

by Ronilyn Rasmussen

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With the dew trickling down the grass and through the mist of the morning, shadows appear in the dawn. As they come closer, they materialize as Kristie Ennis, Sharon Korzendorfer, Jenny Case, Valerie Raihl, and Mini-school's paraprofessional Joanne Storlie. Ramona Anderson, Mini-School's new math teacher, is often one of the shadows and so is Elliot Tan.

One might wonder why these people go out in the brisk morning. We sometimes wonder ourselves. We go out

on walks to learn a lifestyle of wellness. Part of wellness is to be physically active every day. As we walk we discuss things involved with the environment, relationships, and opinions. On our walks we have explored different places and the trails around the high school.

We hope we can continue walking through the year. It has been a fun change in recreation class instead of just having the choice of playing volleyball or basketball.

## My Vo-Tech Class

by Matt McCrady

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This is my third year in commercial art. In this class we learn a lot about drawing, shading, different points of perspective, and advertising. The first half of the year is mostly drawing shapes, different objects, and shading. The last half is layout designs for ads from real companies. For every ad you need a rough draft, an organizational, and a final copy, sometimes colored. So there you go. If you're in high school and you're interested in an art career, I'd check out vo-tech. It's a cool class.

## Wicks N' Sticks

by Karen Kenefick

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I work in a small store in Ridgedale called Wicks 'n Sticks. The job consists of selling the merchandise, doing displays, cleaning, and stocking the shelves. Working there is really enjoyable. I started the last week of August and I get paid \$5 an hour. My plans are to work there as long as I can. I'm looking forward to the Christmas season so we can sell all kinds of dorky trinkets to old ladies and their middle-aged daughters. It really is a lot of fun.

## Vo-Tech

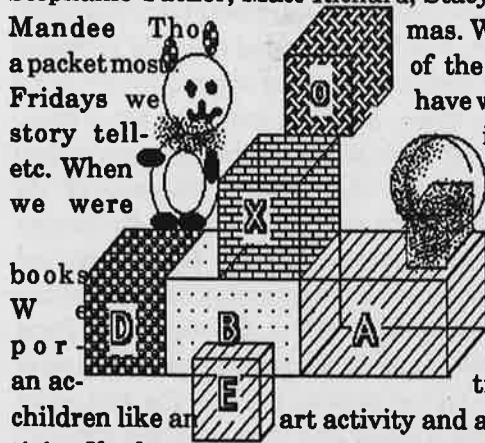
By Ronilyn Rasmussen

This year as a junior I decided I had enough of band and needed a change. I really wanted to take the Child Development class at Hennepin County Vo-Tech school. The class was filled up, but after a lot of calling around by my mom and Randy, I got a chance to be in the class.

The class was a lot different than I expected. I thought it would be a lot harder than it is. I thought I wouldn't know anyone at all. I found out that quite a few Mini-School students are enrolled in this class. Some are: Stephanie Tucker, Matt Richard, Stacy Vetvick, and

Mandee Thomas. We work out of a packet most of the time, but on Fridays we have workshops like story telling, collages, etc. When I first started, we were evaluating children's books and poems. We have the opportunity to plan an art activity and a literature activity. I had an opportunity to go on a fall walk with one child and we collected such things as acorns, twigs, rocks, etc. From this activity we taught them about the environment. Some of the other activities we do are flannel board stories and working with the children. The teacher is really fun to have.

I think that this will be a great opportunity for me. This is the field I want to pursue in the future. My experience at Vo-Tech will give me lots of information about the child care field. Also it will help me with my work at Children's World, the child care facility where I've been employed since last Year.



## My Job

By Matt McCrady

I work at Holographic Label Conversion. I run press heat stamping labels, business cards, stickers, and magnets. I do a lot of work with holograms and heat stamping foil prints and/or designs on them. You must have a good eye to run my press. You have to pay a lot of attention to detail and be able to fix anything out of registration. My press has four heads and each with at least a dozen different ways to adjust it. Three of the heads are usually for foil stamping unless the material needs to be embossed. The fourth head is used primarily for die cutting. My press is the only one like it in the USA. It was made in England and it's worth millions of dollars. That press is called A newfolc press. We have another press that's twenty feet wide it's called A new era press. I usually don't run that one. I really like my job.

## Mark Warren Trip Group One

By Karen Kenefick

Picture this: It's 5:45 on a very cold morning. Ten students carrying huge bags are standing around freezing in the Perkins parking lot and they paid fifty dollars to be there. What is wrong with these people, you might ask? Well, I'll tell you. These people are about to embark on a great journey to Doug's cabin on the St. Croix River to meet Mark Warren. The ten of us: Sharon Korzendorfer, Kristie Ennis, Raeann Rasmussen, Ronilyn Rasmussen, Stacy Vetvick, Katie Steger, Tom McKinney, Brandon Marcaccini, Matt MacCrady, and I had never met Mark. So for the next three days we would learn Mark's view on nature for the first time.

We reached the cabin by mid-morning. Sharon had a small problem getting out of the "Barge." It grabbed the pocket of her jeans and almost ripped it off. The "Barge" was seeking revenge from the Grantsburg trip last year when its door got broken. We all made our way to the front of the cabin, then Doug walked out

with Mark. After hearing so much about him it was strange to see him standing in front of us. For a while there was an uncomfortable feeling in the air. No one really knew what to say or do or how to respond to the things he said. That didn't last for long because his sense of humor and great personality lightened up the scene. We all were introduced, then we went off to the day's activities.

We were busy all day. In the morning, the first thing we did was a little game where we made a small model of some trees and your partner had to figure out what group of trees the model was from. After that, Mark showed us a plant called Lizard's skin that was edible. It tasted very strange. The air was really moist and being in the middle of the woods, the bugs were eating us alive so Mark had us follow him up a huge hill to a grassy place. We headed up to find a plant that repels bugs, called the wild mint. He told us that he wanted us to use trial and error to find it. We were supposed to smell different plants and if it had a strong stench, we should ask him if it's safe, then rub it on our face and see if the bugs went away. While everyone was busy rubbing weird plants on their faces, Kristie and Ronilyn found the right one. We took a break and then Mark began to teach about stalking.

A good portion of the day was spent learning stalking. Stalking is the form of movement that Indians used for hunting. The whole idea behind it is really slow, subtle movement. It requires a lot of patience, strength and balance. We got to try out our new skills on Mark. He got on his hands and knees and pretended he was a deer. If he heard or saw any of us move, he would clap his hands and point at us, then we would have to go back to where we started. The object was to get as close as possible to him. Everyone was doing great until Raeann got too close, so to destroy her concentration, Mark hissed at her. That got rid of Sharon, Raeann and me. We all started laughing, but Katie stood her ground even when he was sniffing her boot.

Everyone was getting hungry so we all went back to the cabin for lunch. We scarfed down peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, cookies, potato chips, apples, and Kool-Aid. Katie, feeling really tired, lounged on the bench by the fire pit but she wasn't there long before it tipped over.

After lunch we headed back to the woods to play a stalking game. One person stood in the middle of a circle with a blindfold and everyone else had to sneak up to him and touch him with their nose. The person blindfolded had ropes that he would try to hit you with when he heard the direction you were coming from. The game was a lot of fun and we spent a long time playing it. I was the only blindfolded person who got everyone out. After we got tired of playing the stalking game, we moved on to the next objective for the day.

We went back down to the cabin. Mark was now going to teach us how to make fire. We went and found a basswood tree that was dead and dried up. He instructed us how to make the kits to make fire. We used basswood as the fireboard and the middle piece that spun around called the drill. We used the inner bark of the tree for tinder. It could be worked into soft thread. The last thing we needed to find was a piece of hardwood to use as the top of our kits. Every kit needs a bow to make it work, but Mark decided it would be better just to share one because making one requires cutting a living branch down. After we gathered all of these materials, we met back at the fire pit and carved and cut our wood into the right shape. The rest of the afternoon and into early evening, we spent working on our fire kits and making bracelets from basswood bark. Ronilyn was carving away so vigorously that she broke the end of her knife off in the wood, but Doug loaned her another one. Most people eventually gave up on their fire kit but Sharon decided she was going to make fire. She worked and worked at her kit and, without the help of anyone else, this determined young lady started the fire for the evening by herself. Matt was quick to almost fall into the fire after it was really going.

The bark of the basswood tree can also be twisted into a thin rope which can be worn as necklace or bracelet. So when people got tired of putting together their fire kits, they worked on making rope.

That night everyone got tired pretty early, especially Stacy, who could always be found sleeping in her tent. We had a big spaghetti dinner that night made by Doug. As Katie and I were walking to the spring to



clean off our plates, we were surprised by a porcupine waddling around by the hose. It ran away and like a rocket Mark went running after it because he had never seen one in the wild. Porcupines just aren't a common thing at his home in Georgia.

After dinner we had a short meeting. We talked about the activities for the next day and we were told about the naming ceremony that would take place. We all had to give Mark a small writing assignment about ourselves that he would use to give us our spiritual Indian name. The idea behind giving us a spiritual name is so we could have a name that would actually mean something to us. It is a very serious ceremony.

The next morning everyone was awakened early. This day was very busy. Besides doing our writing for the naming ceremony, we got the island ready for the sweat lodge which we were supposed to have Wednesday morning to celebrate the naming ceremony. Getting ready for it required several trips across the St. Croix with logs and a trip with rocks and a trip with the material to make the lodge itself. Unfortunately, the sweat lodge was cancelled due to the weather, which really turned bad.

Part of the day was spent making bowls from logs. The first step in making the bowls was to make a pipe that was air tight. We first had to get a six inch branch from a sumac tree. Raeann and I were responsible for finding a branch big enough so that everyone would get enough to use.

The rest of the people went with Mark to collect sap from pine trees which would be mixed with ashes to make a strong glue. Mark and Matt climbed up a huge tree and threw sap stuck to leaves and branches down to the others. Then we all met back at the fire. Mark showed us how to make the bowls and everyone worked on them for several hours. Kristie torched the glue so it took a little longer for some than others.

Around noon Mark started taking trips to the island with firewood (that Doug slaved over for hours cutting it up for us). He took one canoe and the other canoe had Tom at the bow and Matt at the stern. This proved to be a winning combination. They made it to the island safely but on the way back they were swept way down the river and got stuck on a rock. It would have been really scary to be in that canoe, but I can tell you it sure was fun to watch.

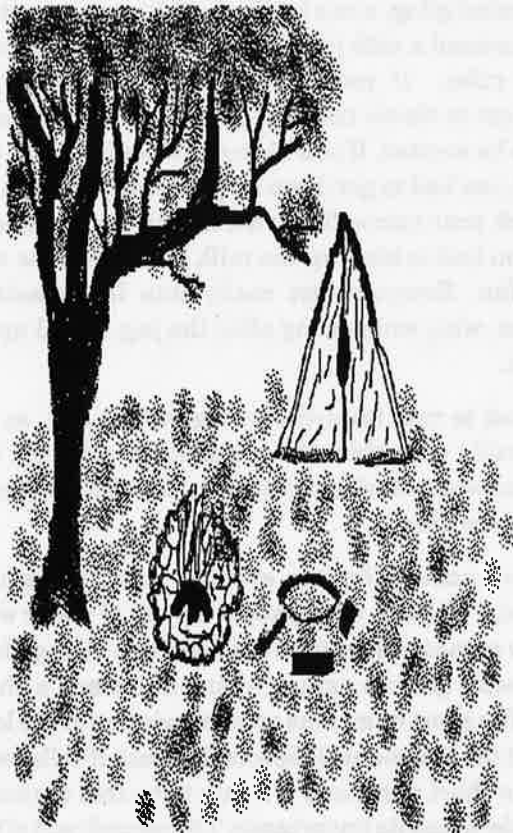
After lunch when everyone started to get a little bored, Mark taught us another one of his great games. The game, called gling, was a lot like hackie-sack except we kicked around a milk jug and we had to follow Mark's special rules. If you apologized for anything, the person got to throw the milk jug at your backside as hard as he wanted. If you kicked it after it was on the ground, you had to get down on your hands and knees and bark your name. If you hit it with your hands or arms you had to blow up the milk jug. The game was really fun. Everyone got really into it—especially Brandon, who, while going after the jug, ended up on his butt.

It started to rain toward evening of that day, so we went inside the cabin. We sat around drinking hot chocolate while Mark taught us Indian sign language, then we ate dinner.

The final activity for the evening was the naming ceremony. We each were passed a piece of paper with our new names on it and we opened them all together. Most people got two names, a long name and a short name. The short name was an abbreviation of the long one, but the long name is special because it tells more than the short name and it's only to be told to people who understand its importance. The second part of the ceremony had to do with bettering ourselves and being more in touch with our influence on others. I think each one of us were touched in our own way by the ceremony—some more than others.

The next morning we packed first thing, then we met in the cabin. It was still raining so the sweat lodge was cancelled, but we got to drink ceremonial tea to celebrate our new names. It was made from sumac berries. We each gathered a cluster of them and put them in a big pot and boiled it to get out the little surprises left by animals. While it was boiling we played a couple more of Mark's games and before we knew it the other group was there to take our place.

Mark Warren is a man who truly appreciates the value of the earth around him. He teaches others to see the earth in a different perspective. He showed the ten of us how to get more in touch with the earth around us and he made us think twice about civilization. The trip was truly an experience that will not be soon forgotten.



*Sharon Korzendorfer*

## Mark Warren Part 2

by Chris Bagdons

Everything is decided by the spear. That was true on the second part of the Mark Warren experience. When we (the second group,) got up to Doug's cabin, our first task was to start a fire that the first group let die for some strange reason. Terry Vincent, (the fire chief), did this with no problem. After the pyrotechnics team got done with their mission, all of us were sent into the woods to find and make our spears.

Making our spears was different for all of us. For Justin it was as easy as uprooting a tree. After finding and carving our spears, Mark had us walk around and play games that would improve our skills of accuracy and speed.

It was raining lightly the whole time, and then the rain decided that it was time to strut its stuff and it started to pour. Almost all the people on the trip went inside, but the strong and tough ones like Joanne stayed outside. While Joanne was outside trying to be a man, Mark was inside teaching us some sign language. For some it was a refresher course, but to others it was a living nightmare.

Evening made its way to our door step and the rain let up, so Doug kicked the students out of the cabin. Now it was our free time and we decided to sing songs about ourselves. The following list was the final product of our attempt at music.

### NAME SONG

Justin Weitnauer 18 and Life

Terry Vincent The Right Stuff

Stephie Tucker I Get Around

Matt Holmbeck Ice Ice Baby

Jessica Ryan Strawberry Fields

Elliot Tan I'm a Lumberjack

Chris Bagdons Take the Skinheads Bowling

Matt Richard On Top of Spaghetti

Nate Miller Everybody Nose

Josh Rockstad Mommas Don't Let Your Babies Grow up to be Cowboys

After killing all the eardrums in the five county area, we got out the infamous Book of Questions. If anyone has heard of Elliot and his sheep, or Nate and his mom, well it's true. Oh, if Nate's mom is reading this we apologize for your son's actions. That night the guys rested uneasy, due to Elliot and his snoring.

Morning came early. The traditional French toast was served, and it all went to a good cause. After scarfing all we could, we traveled to a distant land to try our hand at stalking. Nobody died that morning because Mark wouldn't let us kill each other, bummer.

That evening we had the naming ceremony, by far the coolest experience of my life. To me it was almost religious in a way. It was the way that things were conducted, the chill of the wind and rain, and the

warmth of the fire that bonded us all together. I think the names were very fitting, even though I will never know what the names stand for.

That night sick jokes were the hot subject. In the morning we were to call each other by our Native American names. This went fine. Again we ate French toast, but this time, Dawn Norton made the batch instead of the traditional Berg.

The island was our place for the closing ceremony. The trip to the island took some time. It wasn't far in distance, but some people had to make a lot of trips picking people up paddling a canoe to the island and then dropping them off and starting the process over again. While on the island, talking was forbidden, except in the sweat lodge.

Let me tell you what happened on the island. We had a stack of wood and rocks that Mark had made into a soon to be bonfire. Someone was to light the fire. The heat from the fire would slowly seep into the stones. Nearby was what is called a sweatlodge. The sweatlodge was made of some tarps and some poles. It looked like a little hut. In the middle of the lodge was a hole about a foot deep and a foot wide. When the rocks were all nice and toastie warm, we put them into the little pit in the lodge. We all got in and then Mark started to pour water onto the rocks. Steam rose up, and lots of it. Other stuff happened in the sweat lodge, but it's not for me to tell. It's the kind of stuff that makes a trip like this a very touching moment in a person's life.

Everyone got back to the mainland somewhat safely. Have you ever been in a two man canoe with five people in it? Well, it's not to be tried at home. Everything found its way to where it belonged and then we made like fetuses and headed out. The trip was wonderful, thanks Mark.

## Our Mother Earth

by Sharon Korzendorfer

The trees swayed as the cool fall breeze blew. The clear fall water rushed away all the fall leaves. The squirrels scurried around hiding their acorns.

This is the feeling I got when I was on the Mark Warren trip. I learned so much about the value of nature and how much we need it. One morning we took time to make a scale model of a certain area in the woods. We started by clearing a small area on the ground. Then we used twigs for trees, and small leaves for bushes. That gave us an insight on detail of the trees and textures.

Later that day we found some plants that could be used as bug repellent. We also ate an algae plant called lizard skin. It tasted a lot like parsley.

From these activities Mark taught us how much nature takes care of us. Nature gives us everything we need to survive. It provides food, water, shelter and clothing. In return we need to be stewards or caretakers of the Earth. Every animal has a purpose and place in nature. Humans have no direct place so we have to be careful because we have the power to save or destroy nature.

We can live in harmony with nature, but we have to learn how. We have to know nature and value nature. Mark helped all of us see this.

## Candidates

By Matt McCrady

Many of you 18 years and older are faced with a tough decision, who to vote for. The guy with the big forehead, the guy with the big nose, or the guy with the big ears. Well, the guy with the big nose must smell good. I like things that smell good. The guy with the big forehead must have a big brain. That could be good or bad. And the guy with the ears must be able to hear well.

Now who should you choose? Clinton came from a poor family and his dad died when he was young. He was awesome in school and president of the student council. Bush came from a wealthy family and also excelled at school. He has experience under his belt. Perot is rich and can make good decisions, hopefully. My vote is for Perot. With those ears, he must listen well. We need a president who will listen. Our country could kind of mold Perot into being a good president, though he doesn't stand out as a leader to me. We could still use someone like him in our office.

# The Election

By Bradon Marcaccini

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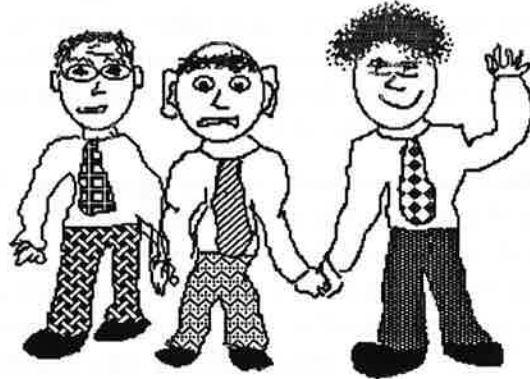
From the beginning of this sordid political year, I have thought that all of the presidential candidates have been jokes on all of us American citizens.

I would like to start with Bill Clinton. The first thing I remember hearing about him is that he was unfaithful to his wife. First, that's not really anybody's business. Second, many people felt that his unfaithfulness wouldn't make any difference in how he will make decisions if he becomes president. Isn't marriage one of the most sacred vows you can make? If he can't handle that responsibility (assuming that these allegations are true), how is he going to handle all the responsibilities of running our country? The second thing I heard about Bill Clinton was probably one of the most comedic things I have ever heard about a presidential candidate - "Yes, I tried marijuana but I didn't inhale." Well, I think he should have.

Well, enough about Bill. Let's talk about George. The one thing about his career that stands out to me is when he refused to go to the Earth Summit in Rio. Now think about this logically, who wouldn't want to go to Rio and just hang out for a couple of weeks? The fact that he didn't go says something about his intelligence. And second, everyone is really worried about jobs and the economy--right. Well every fabricated product has its start from some natural resource, so if we keep destroying everything and not putting anything back, there won't be any jobs for anyone because everyone will be dead.

Now I will talk about the man who I think is the best choice of the three candidates, but maybe not the best man for president, Ross Perot. If anyone can get our country back into the economic big league, Ross can. The guy already has all the money and power he'll ever need, so you know that's not why he's running. He's running for president because he's proud to be an American and he's tired of seeing our country go to scrap. He says what he's thinking and he doesn't mess around bad-mouthing everyone else.

So when you go to vote, just remember- politics are one big joke, and all those guys are doing is telling us exactly what we want to hear, not what they are going to do.



# Abortion

By Justin W. & Chris B.

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Chris Bagdons and I went around and interviewed 20 females on the subject of abortion. We ask just a few brief and semi-personal questions? These were: Are you Pro-Life or Pro-Choice? 19 people are Pro-Choice and only one is Pro-Life.

#2- Was adoption an option? 17 said It was and 3 said no.

#3- Does the male have a voice in the option? 17 said It was and 3 said no.

#3- Does the male have a voice in the decision?

17 said Yes

2 said No

#4- Should the mother's & father's parents be involved?

17 said Yes.

2 said No.

Out of those answers you can your own conclusions. My own is that parents try too hard at sheltering their

young ones. They are blind to the fact that they are hurting more than helping. The old phrase that children should be seen and not heard is truly outdated. Children of today than the parents. I myself am Pro-Choice. I think this country should remain Pro-Choice for any kind of difficulty to be overcome. If you take away our freedom of choice and you might as well throw the constitution in the garbage.

Do not take our freedom away and this country will stay as it has.

What do you think?

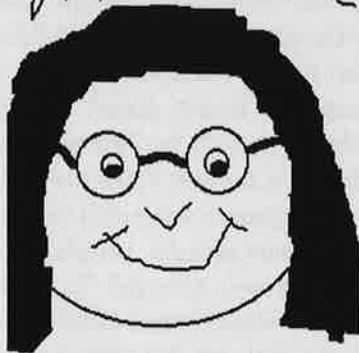
The decision is in our hands.

## Meatball As A Featured Parent

By Matt Richard

In this day and age becoming a parent at 18, 17, 16, even 15 isn't as unheard of as it used to be. I've realized you don't need much in the way of qualifications to become a parent. You need a license to drive

*meatball*



and to fish, but all you need to father a child is a man/boy with a thing.

I don't know about others, but becoming a father is one of the scariest ideas to me. I mean what should I teach my kid? Religion? Is there a

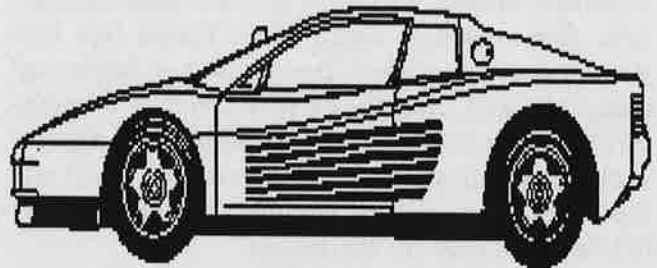
God? What should I tell my child? Trust? Who to? I don't want to tell my kid that everyone is out to get him/her, but I don't want anyone pulling a Jacob Wetterling on them either. Hope, what should hope be for? I've been hoping for world peace for so long, but there's too many jerks in the world. I've almost given up.

The world has moved on since my parents were kids and I'm sure it will move even further by the time I have children. I just hope the world's a better place by the time I bring a child into this world.

## Use Your Head

By Chris Bagdons

Things that everybody should know. You should know where the oil dipstick is in your car's engine. You should know where the power button is on your T.V. Another thing that is common sense is that if you have sex without protection, pregnancy is very likely. Come on people, let's use our heads.



## Parking At MHS

By Chris Bagdons

"50 Dollars, 50 Dollars, That's insane!" said a student in disbelief.

"Well," said the Parking lot attendant, "we all pay the same price."

As a matter of fact, not all of the above is true. The part about "we all pay the same price," that is a lie. It is just the students that pay 50 clams for the "privilege" to park on school campus.

Do the staff and administration pay to park? No!! Not 1 red cent. That's not fair. And I'm not asking for life to be fair, I'm just asking for the people who set the price for parking to pay what we pay.

# Concert Of The Summer?

By David Z.

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The big concert this summer was the Metallica, Faith No More, and Guns n' Roses concert. The date was originally set for August 5th, but was postponed when Axl Rose "blew" out his voice and couldn't sing (could he ever sing?). So my friends and I had to wait another month before seeing the concert, but the date came, and boy were we ready for it! I was the person "suckered" into driving, so we got there with a half-an-hour to spare.

Suddenly the lights went out (but it was still bright because of the sun) and Faith No More came on! After their first couple of songs, Mike Patton (the lead singer) announced that they weren't a "warm-up" group anymore. They are currently in their own concert tour with the group Helmet. After they played a while, they ended with their biggest hit, "Epic," and the Faith fans went nuts! The first of three bands was finished, and then the fun began!

After about 45 minutes, people were getting restless and impatient when it grew dark and everyone went wild! Why? Because the best heavy metal group came out on stage! METALLICA!!! They kicked it off with "Creeping Death", a song from one of their oldest tapes "Ride the Lightning"! Once the people saw the group, they went beserk! The only thing different was that lead singer and rhythm guitarist, James Hetfield was back. (During a performance in Montreal, James was in his regular position for the song "Fade to Black" when the pyrotechnician lit the flame spurts but didn't realize that James was standing directly over one! So when the flame was lit, James was engulfed in flames for a full second! His injuries were minor but he still couldn't play guitar for a couple months! During that time they needed someone to play for James, so they asked the lead axeman from Metal Church to fill in -- he'd already filled in for James once before. The name of the guitarist was John Martial. When James introduced him, we gave him a warm Minneapolis greeting.

Although he didn't have a solo, he played a great concert). Speaking of solo's, Kirk Hammett had a superb solo. He played fast blues type, and it sounded great! But the ultimate solo was done by the bass player, Jason Newsted. A lot of people think of him as a long-term fill-in for the late Cliff Burton. Everyone knows that there is no bass player like Cliff, but Jason definitely fits the part! At the concert he proved himself worthy of playing with Metallica by playing a perfect solo.

The last big highlight was the song "Last Caress" from the tape "Garage Days". They started to play when the lead guitarist from F.N.M. came out and started to sing with the group! (And he didn't sound that bad -- better than Axl!). So after about 2 and a half hours they thanked everyone and left the stage. NOT!! They came back out for an encore. The song was "One", the song that made them known and was their first video! So everyone went crazy when they heard the beginning! After everyone calmed down, they thanked everyone again and left the stage, but not for long! After about two minutes we could hear music but couldn't see anyone. Then suddenly the spotlight went on and the beginning of their biggest hit ever, the song that won them their first grammy and heavy metal history "Enter Sandman" was being played by James. This was his first time playing in a concert since his accident! When he was finished, people were still yelling and screaming, there were heart attacks, people were killing each other, there were riots outside! To think people still talk about Jesus when James Hetfield is alive! Ok, so I exaggerated a little bit, but people were yelling a lot!

After that the fun ended! Why? Because Guns N' Roses came on stage late! They were the best group I've ever heard! NOT!!! They stunk! Plain and simple! The only songs worth "waking" up to were, "Welcome to the Jungle", "Paradise City", and Matt Sorum's drum solo

(even that wasn't good)! But I shouldn't say bad things about them, so here are the good things: 1) The people and the group were quiet so you could catch a few z's. 2) They left the stage ten minutes early 3) It ended! Personally, I thought they didn't even deserve to be on the same stage as Metallica.

Before I make my comparisons of the two headliners, I would like to say that I used to like G N' R.

Here are the comparisons of the concert:

1. The Bass Guitarist: Although Duff of G n' R was semi-impressive, I have to say Jason Newsted of Metallica was a shocker! Why? Well, ever since he joined the group in 1987, he has been under Cliff's shadow and never attempted to play as well as Cliff. I mean let's face it, no one could ever play like Cliff, but Jason definitely showed that he can play a lot better than most bass players. Duff on the other hand should go back to the drums!

2. The Rhythm Guitarist: Well, this one is different since James didn't play. I have to compare John Martial (James' replacement) with the new rhythm guitarist for Guns n' Roses, Gilby Clarke. And there can't be a comparison since John is the lead from Metal Church!

3. The Drummers: In one corner Matt Sorum of G N' R... and in the other, the heavy metal champ, Lars Ulrich of Metallica! I should say Matt wasn't toooo bad—Wait, I'm comparing him to Lars, Matt stunk like a skunk. He's unoriginal! So, Lars didn't do a solo, but he's still better!

4. Lead Guitarist: Now it's time for the big guns! Kirk Hammett, the lead for Metallica.... and Slash, the lead for Guns N' Roses. Not surprisingly, it was equal. Both surprised me, but if I had to choose, I would lean towards Kirk. He didn't overkill every song like Slash.

5. Lead Singer: Now for the last comparison, the leaders of the pack! For Guns N' Roses: Axl Rose and for Metallica: James Hetfield! I would definitely say James was better by a long shot! The main reason is that James can sing as well as he can play guitar. Plus he didn't stop in the middle of the concert until it was time for solos! Axl, on the other hand, changed after every song! Finally, James got the crowd into the concert with "Seek and Destroy", and everyone yelled

at the top of their lungs (I almost lost my voice)!!! When Guns did "Knockin' on Heaven's Door", all you could hear was the three girls in the background of the music! When the Metallica segment was on, no one was in their seats, but when the Guns segment was on, everyone sat down (except for the morons that don't know good music from bad)!

And now for a twist that will be in every concert review of mine: Concert Criticisms and Concert Praises!

C.C. GNR- Get rid of all of the background junk and accessories. They're tooooo much! C.C. GNR- Go back to your old style. That's what made you big! C.C. Metallica- Let Lars do a drum solo! C.P. GNR- Nice hair! C.P. Metallica- Everything!

So here is my final analysis:

Faith No More- You're in the big league. Good luck!

Metallica- Great concert. Let's do lunch!

And last and definitely least- Guns N Roses- Go home! And why don't you get in the ring? Because you'll lose!

*Next Issue: The Megadeath concert!*

## Metallica

By Raeann Rasmussen

I, too, was able to attend the Guns 'N Metallica concert along with Faith No More. My intentions to go were mainly for Guns and FNM. If this concert was only Metallica, I probably wouldn't have bought a ticket. It's not that I don't like Metallica, in fact I like everything I've heard from them which is about 50% of their music. I just have never been into them enough to spend money on a concert ticket for them.

I enjoyed Faith No More very much. Those guys have such great stage presence!! Now I must admit Metallica just blew me away. They put on one killer of a show. I was very impressed! Guns 'N Roses....oh what can I say about them? First, allow me to say that in my opinion G'NR is one of the best bands around today. Yet, I was disappointed with their performance. Don't get me wrong, I still do and always will praise the Gunners. The way I saw it, they had too many guitar,

drum, and piano solos. Although I did enjoy these to a certain extent. Another bummer, they played almost all the same songs as their January date. I feel that if they would have changed their line-up, the show would have been much more enjoyable. I was awe stricken when bassist, Duff McKagen, performed a song called "Attitude."

Well now, to wrap this little review up, the night was worth the money. The night of Tuesday, September 15th goes down in history for me.

## On The 8th Day

By Jenny Case

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Actually I don't know what had been created, but a couple thousand years later He gave us L7. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, there have been sightings of an all-female band that actually can rock. Clad in flannels and jeans, they call themselves L7 and not only are they anti-lipstick and hairspray, but they can actually play their instruments.

They're the first all-girl band, as the L.A. Times put it, "to sing as if their sex were irrelevant." Their latest album "Bricks Are Heavy" (follow-up to 1990's "Smell The Magic") is a great, sometimes brilliant hard rock masterpiece. And in case this does not impress you, just wait until you see them play live! They're absolutely killer. Their most recent appearance in Minneapolis was a drunk show at First Ave (the same night Ozzy was at the Target Center). To my surprise, it was a full house and one of the wildest performances I've ever seen.

A notable characteristic of L7 is Miss Donita Sparks, guitarist/vocalist. Odd is not the word to describe her, rather - moody, unpredictable and man-like. One instance when they were playing, Donita got so angry that she removed her "sanitary garment" and threw it at the audience, as if to answer anyone questioning her "female-ness." Earlier this year at one of their Entry shows here, she jumped into the crowd and when she got back on stage announced that someone had grabbed her and given her a knarley "feminine-type" infection...

This is all a part of a feminist movement if you ask me, with these girls ready to stomp out all their female counterparts (Babes in Toyland, Bikini Kill, No Man's Land, Lita Ford, etc.) in an effort to be taken seriously, no bombshells holding them back. It's all sheer aggression, only from a different perspective than maybe we're all used to. But you had better get used to it because this is just the beginning.

## The Last of the Mohicans

By Bradon Marcuccini

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I saw "Last of the Mohicans" two weeks ago. I saw it with a couple of friends, but I don't think any of us spoke the whole time because the movie was so engrossing.

The plot of the movie isn't very difficult to spot. The story takes place in early America. The French and British were fighting for control of the new land. Many of the American Indians had also joined the fighting one side or the other. There were also bands of Indians who hadn't sided up with anyone.

The first bit of real excitement is at the very beginning of the movie. There are three Indians running through the forest with rifles in their hands. The next thing you know they're standing next to the carcass of a large deer, praying. "Thank you, brother, for dying so that we may live," said the oldest looking one in the group. They were the last three Mohicans.

Now I don't want to spoil the rest of the movie for you but I will tell you this. They save the girl, get all the bad guys, and make it to safety.



## Renaissance

By Wally Bashans

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Back in history there was a time of kings, queens and knights in shining armor. Though those times have passed, that era is still celebrated. You could be a part of the living history by visiting the Renaissance Festival located in Chaska. Your time spent is always enjoyable and well worth the entrance fee.

The festival consists of about three hundred costumed entertainers who roam throughout the festival conversing with the visitors. They carry on their conversations with a very interesting English accent. There are hundreds of booths where they have different booths and carts that have a wide selection of cultural foods. There are almost five hundred people who work either in the concession stands or shops.

They also have shows for large audiences where the townspeople dress up in costumes. They have shows such as jousting, Robinhood in Sherwood Forest, human chess, and many other interesting theatrical entertainments. So, if you're looking for something new and exciting to do in the summer just go and visit the Renaissance.

## World Series

By Aaron Burns

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World Series- Game 6

Dave Winfield's 11th inning RBI double put an end to one of the more intriguing World Series in major league history. Winfield's game-winning hit ruined another 9th inning comeback by Atlanta. The Braves tied the Toronto Blue Jays 2-2 when Otis Nixon hit a two out-two strike single through the left side of the in-field to score Jeff Blouser from second. The Blue Jays had wasted several chances to break the game open, going one-for-twelve with a runner in scoring position.

But, facing Charlie Leibrandt- yes, the same pitcher who gave up the 11th inning home run to Kirby Puckett in same 6 of the 91 World Series-The Blue Jays did it. Their rally started when Devon White was hit by a one-out pitch and Roberto Alomar followed with a single. Leibrandt was left in the game to face Carter and Winfield even though right- hander and all-time save leader Jeff Reardon was ready to pitch. Leibrandt retired Carter on a fly ball to center. Then Winfield delivered and history was made.

## "It Happens"

by Chris Bagdons

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"It happens," I read on a red Ford Escort's bumper on my way to school. I could tell that the sticker was modified. As a matter of fact, I think that the sticker's owner cut the "SH" off of the first word on the sticker, not so that the sticker wasn't so offensive anymore, but rather to show a new view point.

Think about it. It happens. Well, it happens to all of us. But then what? What do we do after it happens? Well I think that John Mellencamp sums it up in a song called "Jack and Dianne." In the song there is a part that says "Oh, Yea, Life goes on" . . .

My point is this; it happens to all of us, and life goes on. What you do to make life go on is what makes all the difference.

## Void

By Katie Steger

---

Standing by the darkness  
 The sun will never shine.  
 Only feeling coldness  
 Absence is all you'll find.  
 Always feeling empty  
 The darkness in your mind.

# Horoscopes

By Matt Richard & Matt McCrady

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**Cancer--June 22-July 22:** What once was, it is going to be every Tuesday and every other Thursday, but I'm sending out memos Friday. So don't worry about it. Buy many calendars and the God of Hostess fruit pies will smile kindly on your first-born's bottom.

**LEO-July 23-August 22:** All of the doorways in your house are covered in shrink wrap. Don't suffocate. Stay away from fast food this week. Some pumpkins have a debate with you about vegetable rights. Your lunch will never be fertilized by a camel.

**VIRGO--August 23-September 22:** Your future to me looks righteous. Don't go near a dog, it might bite yuz. If it is rabid, go build a cabin. Spin around 'til you get a buzz, but be careful, don't get caught by the fuzz.

**LIBRA--September 23-October 23:** A lover once mistaken as a giant order of fries calls you to buy a calendar. Buy four!!! Money comes your way. Too bad it's someone dressed as a dollar bill waiting for the bathroom you're in line for. You are the Lizard King.

**SCORPIO--October 24-November 21:** Z headed Elvis clones from Jing take over the 3M company and start to wrap the universe in cellophane. You are the only one who can save us.

**SAGGITARIUS--November 22-December 21:** If you catch a sniffle early this winter, eat raw horse intestines with a raisin water bagel. An old girlfriend stops by this week. She is now the bearded lady at the carnival. Lucky #'s- 15, 2,16,7

**CAPRICORN--December 22-January 19:** Comet, it makes your teeth turn green. Comet, it tastes like gasoline. Comet, it makes you vomit. So buy some comet and vomit TODAY!!!

**AQUARIUS--January 20-February 8:** Beware, all of the scissors you've misused these past few years will come back to haunt you. Beware of the scissor people.

**PISCES--February 19-March 20:** Calendars are your friends! Calendars are good! Calendars are love! Buy a calendar and you will have many dates!

**ARIES--March 21-April 19:** On Friday your dog will finally set things straight. But beware, you could end up in the dog house. Relatives visit this week unexpectedly. Take a vacation, and stay away from those darn fried green tomatoes.

**TAURUS--April 20-May 20:** Beings from a distant planet will swing by Sunday. They will bring fruit cake and French dressing. Don't touch the fruit cake. Eat sponges instead. You are beyond human.

**GEMINI--May 21-June 21:** You are amazing! You can open a child-proof bottle of aspirin in less than 15 minutes. You can tie your shoes. No one sees you pick your nose driving down the road. Sheep are your friends but no one else knows.

## Want Ads

By Chad Zaback

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**Wanted:** Donations of 10 speeds (road bikes) in working condition to the Mini-School Program. Call 470-3574

**Wanted:** A few musicians for a Rhythm and Blues/Folk/Anything but metal band. We are in dire need of: piano/keyboard player, bass player, guitar player, drummer, brass (trombone, sax, trumpet, etc.), back-up vocals and possibly 2nd lead vocals. If interested please contact Elliot Tan at 935-9979 or Josh Stinson at 541-9563. Please get a hold of us as soon as possible.

**For sale:** Student model Yamaha alto sax. One year old, played very little. \$450. Contact Lester.

## A Small Hand

Chris Bagdons

---

When a small hand rocks a big boat.  
 When you're standing and freezing  
 in the warmth of the sun,  
 When you're sure you know everything, but you  
 know nothing is for sure,  
 You're full of confusion  
 and you question yourself,  
 Who am I to play "God  
 and take the life from myself,  
 and all of mankind?  
 So when a man dies he sets his mark,  
 And he's saying  
 "I'm leaving this corrupt world behind "  
 But maybe, Oh, just maybe  
 no one is listening at all.  
 I hope that these souls are not forgotten,  
 But that they be respected.  
 Society prepares the crime,  
 and the criminal commits it.  
 When you're the criminal,  
 and you commit the crime  
 against yourself  
 You are the judge and the jury.  
 You determine the punishment,  
 for a lot the punishment is death.  
 So when a small hand rocks a big boat,  
 It's known as ashes to ashes  
 and dust to dust.

## Regression

By Katie Steger

---

Sitting by the fire,  
 Staring deep into the woods.  
 All I feel is anger,  
 If I could change myself I would.  
 Everyone was laughing,  
 Everyone but me.  
 Why did I have to do it?  
 Maybe so I could feel free.

## Haiku

Life spirit Earth sun  
 morning wind touches my heart  
 Thank You Great Spirit

by Chris Bagdons

Silver moon rising  
 walking stalking being quiet  
 to see the animal

by Justin Weitnauer

## Beneath The Boards

Keith Bartram

---

Creators of forgotten realms,  
 pixies dancing on slain dragons,  
 broken swords of past confrontations,  
 magical dust that we breathe  
 into our lungs,  
 Changing our thoughts from pure  
 to insecure and cynical  
 Only to increase our senses  
 to a deafening hum,  
 Thinking of malignant plans,  
 only to fall through the pine,  
 onto the cold dirt below the boards  
 Coveted inside a velvet interior,  
 all darkness and not a sound,  
 but plenty air to breathe...  
 I think.

# The Pig Report

by Lester

---

I know you're all dying to find out how my cute little piggy Annabelle is doing. Is she still living at our house? Is she still alive? Did we eat her? Have I lost my mind yet being the proud owner of a 60+ pound pot-bellied pig?

The answer to the first question is no, Annabelle does not live at our house any longer, but yes, she is alive; we didn't eat her. And the last question? No, I haven't lost my mind. In fact, I've been feeling quite mellow since I finally came to my senses (after some heavy duty professional help) and got rid of that heartless, bottomless pit of a stomached animal.

Yes, I was on the verge of losing my mind. I was fortunate to have spent nearly a month away from my family last summer visiting my sis and brother-in-law in New York City and then site-seeing with them in France.

I felt reassured when I called from Avignon, France, to find my family getting along just fine in my absence. My husband informed me that he was putting the finishing touches on Annabelle's new doggy-door and pen in the backyard. I looked forward to returning refreshed after my travels to a contented basement-living pig. No more barricades in the kitchen.

My first night home, I viewed the new pen in the backyard with admiration. It didn't look too bad. When I called to Annabelle, she adorably strolled through the doggy-door and started rooting with delight in her new domain. Then I went inside to a beautifully-cleaned house, especially the kitchen. No sign of a pig anywhere. What a relief! It was then that I was alarmed to hear this hideous banging sound, "bam, bam, bam". "What's that?", I asked my family with dismay. "Oh, that's just Annabelle knocking on the basement door". It seems the piggy got a little lonely down there and wanted to come up for a visit. So, I headed down the stairs, opened the door, and there she was. She immediately bounded through my legs and came upstairs. The first thing I noticed about the basement was that my beautiful solid oak door was becoming very discolored from her muddy snout. Then

I looked with alarm at my laundry area. There was about an inch of drying mud everywhere. We had a lot of rain this summer, you know. I couldn't stand it, but the worst was yet to come.

The next morning, as I was still recovering from my jet lag, I again became very aware of the banging from the basement below. Before the noise began, I found myself tip-toeing softly through the house as to not wake up children or pigs. Didn't work. I finally decided I was going to lose my sanity once and for all if I didn't end this noise. So, I released Annabelle from the bounds of the basement and let her come up and visit for a spell.

It couldn't have been more than five minutes when I discovered she had already peed in her favorite spot, the entry way. I was furious. I went after her with the broom and must have looked and sounded like an Alfred Hitchcock movie character as I began beating her with great anger, attempting to catapult her back down into the basement. This of course woke both my kids, and there I was again, washing out peed-on shoes in the kitchen sink. How disgusting. I knew that my ordeal would have to be over soon.

When my husband Stymie came home that afternoon, I told him where I was at. He told me that, no, we had decided that if we built the pen and put in the doggy-door, we'd keep the beast. I, of course, became irrate at this response and told him fine, he could keep the pig, but I would have to leave.

Stymie cowered away and disappeared. Several minutes later, he calmly reappeared from the basement and announced that Tony and Stacy would take Annabelle off our hands. We could deliver her the very next day. Tony DeSantis is a former Mini-Schooler of renown from the mid-70's. We had seen Tony and Stacy at a get together a week before I left for my trip. At that time, they told us they would take Anna on a trial basis while I was gone. I was ready to give her up then, but when I got home and told my daughters Sarah and Ray, Sarah went into conniptions. Ray didn't seem to care much at all, although she did express concern that she would no longer be popular if

she didn't have a pet pig. But me, feeling pangs of guilt over leaving my family for a month within the next few days, felt this was not the time to give up our little ball of joy. I was looking out for the welfare of the heartbroken Sarah. It was at this time that I had the brainstorm of the basement piggy set-up. We all know how well that worked, right?

But now, this guilt had definitely lifted with the new post-trip developments. So, the very next day, Stymie graciously took Anna over to the DeSantis farm in Chanhassen while Ray and I did a Brownie outing and Sarah and her friend went off to the beach. It took Sarah exactly one half hour of pouting to get over the separation anxiety. I guess she finally realized it was inevitable that Anna had to go.

When Ray and I returned home, I felt a sense of great relief that the demon pig was gone. I spent the rest of the afternoon cleaning up the basement, erasing all signs of pigdom. The next few days were blissful.

I was afraid to call Tony and Stacy to see how it was going. No problem. They called us with excitement every few days with the latest Pig Report. They were elated to own this wonderful beast. They were thanking us up and down. I was so happy for them but even happier for me.

Oh yes, Anna had fit into their menagerie of dogs, cats, birds, snake, bunnies, and fish so well. She and their young doberman, Baby, became immediate best buddies and kennel mates. She didn't care for their other doberman, Honey, however. She'd chase her around the yard. Anna and Baby played tug-of-war with piggy's blankie and ripped it all up. The Baby became very protective of Anna and kept herding her into the farmyard. T.J. (Tony and Stacy's nine year old son) and Annabelle hit it off real well. They'd lay on the floor, cuddle up in a blanket and watch t.v. Anna also became the main greeter at the DeSantis homestead. She'd stick her head out the screen door to greet every new visitor as they came. She'd do the usual funny things pigs do, like getting her head stuck in the kitchen garbage can, trying to get at the carrot and celery peelings. And then there was the time she ate a whole bag of concrete. The family grew tired of listening to Anna scream as she attempted to excrete the residue. The pig, always seeking food.... and the apples,

oooh the apple orchard. Anna was in heaven, and soon the report came that her stomach was dragging on the ground.

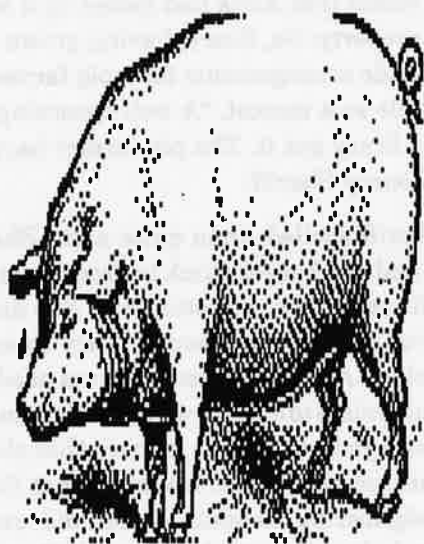
Things appeared to be pretty good for Anna. She had truly found her place and purpose in life. Then I got a report from a mutual friend that perhaps the honeymoon was over. I heard that Stacy was upset with Anna's urinary habits. The problem, she said, wasn't that her litter box just wasn't big enough. She also tired of Anna ripping her blanket up all over the house. I was tempted to call and console but resisted temptation. Then one day Stacy called with the latest Pig Report. The report was that Anna was moving. The DeSantis had been given an ultimatum by their landlord. Either the whole family had to move or the pig. It seems that Anna had rooted up a large portion of the property. So, Stacy, having grown up on a pig farm, made arrangements for a pig farmer to take on Annabelle as a mascot. "A well deserving pig got the pig," as Stacy put it. The pig farmer happened to be Scott County Sheriff.

The Sheriff spoiled Anna quite a bit. She got to live inside and had her own pink bedroom complete with a 4 X 4 litter box and a rooting box. She didn't do very well with the big pigs, though. They thought it great fun to chase Annabelle around. Anna needed someone she could relate to on her own level. So Anna would run away and go next door. It is there that she has found true meaning in her life. Annabelle has fallen in love. The neighboring Belgium horse and exotic animal farm includes a beautiful male pot-belly pig. It is here, the report states, that Annabelle has lost her virginity, fixed as she is.

The absolute latest on Anna is that she is now co-habiting with her boyfriend. The Sheriff just couldn't keep her from her visits, so he gave her to the neighbors. Anna's now an attraction at a petting zoo in Shakopee where she and her lover have their own heated/air conditioned room in the barn. This petting zoo goes on the road and visits schools all over Minnesota. So Anna is now a well-educated pig. What a life this little beastie has had in her one short year. It sounds like she must be destined to grace this earth for awhile longer contributing to the education and enrichment of small children. I can just imagine all those little youngsters returning home after meeting this little creature, begging for one of their own.

I'm glad Anna has finally found her place in this world, but what makes me even happier is that she's found her place outside of my home. What a learning experience it has been. It's been very healing for me to write this article knowing it will be the last. Life is good.

My advice to any parents out there with pets that are causing havoc in their lives but are afraid to get rid of for the sake of the kids: Just do it. Be selfish. We sacrifice enough already for our kids. Think of yourselves. Kids are resilient. They'll get over it in no time (although Stacy did tell me T.J. cried on and off for four days after Anna left!). Waste no time. Act now. Life's too short.



## About this Issue's Cover

The cover design of this issue of Com-Mini-Cations is a modification by Matt McCrady of a caricature done by Mini-School parent Judy Richard (Matt's Richard's mom). Judy and the Mini-School Parent Support Group presented each member of the staff with a framed copy of her work at Recognition Night last spring. You will find Judy's original work on the back cover of this Com-Mini. We thank Judy and Matt for providing us with this great cover artwork.

## Com-Mini-Cations

### Teachers/Editors:

Lester Hughes-Seamans, Doug Berg, Dawn Norton

### Layout and Design:

Lester, Dawn and Friends (especially Ronilyn)

### Cover Illustration:

Judy Richard and Matt McCrady

### Production:

Etta Hines

### Artwork:

Sharon Korzendorfer

Jenny Case

Rich Benavides

Chad Zaback

Dawn Norton

### Contributors:

Doug Berg

Chad Zaback

Chris Bagdons

Sharon Korzendorfer

Tom McKinney

Raeann Rasmussen

Jenny Case

Karen Kenefick

Keith Bartram

Ronilyn Rasmussen

Matt McCrady

Bradon Marcaccini

Matt Richard

David Zytoskee

Wally Bashans

Katie Steger

Justin Weitnauer

Keith Bartram

Lester Hughes-Seamans



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Mini-School Program  
Minnetonka High School  
Minnetonka School District #276  
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# Happy Holidays !!!



Here's Judy Richard's original caricature of the Mini-School Staff '91-92  
Left to right, top row: Mike Shelley, Lynette Schaltberger, Randy Nelson,  
Doug Berg. Middle row: Dawn Norton, Lester Hughes-Seamans.