

# Com-Mini-Cations

SPRING-SUMMER '94

Cardena's Creek

## Cherokee Creek

Rush City

Forestville State Park

Taos D. Spring

Trail

Ogishkemuncie Lake

What's left???

Unkar Rapids

Tanner

Chatfield

Mora

Father Hennepin  
EL MORRO

## LANESBORO

Since we went to all these places this Spring  
What's left???

Wood Springs, Colorado

What's left???

Rio Grande Gorge  
Cannon Falls

Pencil Lake  
Morristown

Myst

What's left???

Malmo

Medicine Hat

Carimona  
Chelley

Moose Lake

Monument Valley

Tofte

Little Saganaga

Lipan Point

Ponds

Jesse James

Elba

Chippewa

Onamia

Ahmakose Lake

Hubbell's Trading Post

Whitewater State Park

Faribault

Garden of the Gods

Hinckley Fire



# 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 Randy Nelson

This becomes the column to thank all those people who have supported us throughout the year; to review the highlights of the year; and recognize some of our students' accomplishments.

Former students have kept in contact with us: Simone Wintheiser will be moving to Seattle to attend school, but promises to stay in touch. Elliot Tan has moved north to a farm located between Duluth and Floodwood, and plans to attend school in Duluth next year. Peter Hopf ('89) is a supervisor at a sheet metal fabricating company and is doing well, personally and financially - - he is starting his own computer graphics company soon. David Scott called Doug the other day and Jeff Kinzer has been a frequent caller.

Present students have also been doing some interesting things. Raeann Rasmussen, Chris Wilmot, and Kristie Ennis received the 3rd quarter student recognition award - - congratulations! Ronilyn Rasmussen received the Heart Award at the regional Vo-Tech meeting, and will receive recognition at the HTC Awards night. Jenny Case in her work instructing future guitar players and flutists, has started to put together her own instruction booklets to teach her students - - she claims her books make more sense than some of the commercial books available.

The Outdoor Experiential Trips component of the program continues to be popular - - 40% of the students will have participated on one of this spring's trips (April to June). This is one of those changes we have seen in the past couple of years - - almost every trip we take now has an alternate or two or three because of the number of students wanting to become involved. This phenomena is well-timed because one of the big changes this year was the purchase of the Mini-School van (after 23 years of using our personal vehicles) which opened up some possibilities heretofore not available.

The work component of Mini-School continues to thrive, with well over half of our students (85) employed. The following students were not only employed all year, but worked for the same employer. Tony Bernatz worked at Softsoap; Jenny Case at Minnetonka Music and K-Mart; Brian Cristofono at Excelsior Union 76; Kristie Ennis at J.C. Penny's (Ridgedale); Erica Gysland at McDonald's (Excelsior) - - along with Keith Bartram, Jeff Dack, Al and Casey Wright, Suzy Warner, and Scott Hedtke; Sharon Korzendorfer is finishing her second year at K-Mart; Steve Lauman is at Rapid Oil Change; Jill Maxson is cleaning houses; Angie Peterson is working with Minneapolis Floral; Brandon Petron at Knollwood Theaters; Raeann Rasmussen at Westwind Theaters and Hourglass Cleaners; Ronilyn Rasmussen at Children's World; Bill Renquist at Cooper's Super Valu; Justin Weitnauer at Larry Olson Plumbing; Chad Zaback with Zaback Excavating; and David Zytkoskee wrapping up another year at the Minnetonka McDonald's. I would be hard pressed to find a year in recent memory where so many students have worked the same job through the entire year - - both the students and their employers must be doing something right.

On the staff front: Romona's baby is due this summer - - the mystery is when.....Pauline will be a full time teacher next year (she was .6 this year) when she picks up the .2 Lester had for the Mini-Art class, and starts a class to work with the 9th graders transitioning into the high school (another .2).....Joanne is resuming her studies on top of all the things she does for the program.....As mentioned earlier, Lester is severing her ties to Mini-School dating back to 1975, as she assumes the responsibilities of Art Department Head and concentrates her efforts in the art area, including the Minnetonka Yearbook - - good luck, Lester!.....Doug keeps rolling along having just completed his umpteenth trip to the Grand Canyon and two weeks later to the BWCA - - he and I are getting ready for our third annual summer school canoe trip on the Namekagon and St. Croix Rivers....

It amazes me this program has been meeting the needs of its students for twenty-four years. It amazes me because back in 1970, Doug Berg, Pete Hegrenes, Leo Razidlo, and I only had our

vision of what Mini-School could become since there were no other programs for a prototype. It amazes me that Mini-School, although joined by other at-risk programs by 1972-73, remained at the end of the 1970's, as others died for lack of staff and administrative support (certainly not for the lack of students). What doesn't amaze me is the success most of our students have had as contributing members of society, many owning their own businesses, holding positions of importance in companies, and being involved in their communities.

The support this program receives from the mainstream staff although not always recognized, but always appreciated, makes working at Minnetonka a pleasure. A week doesn't go by without a staff member asking how a particular student is doing because they remain concerned about that student. The physical education department has been most helpful by providing us with some equipment through the year, and we appreciate their help.

The support this year from the administration has been appreciated, especially the red tape for securing the van. For 24 years, one administrator has stood in our corner supporting this program as the winds of educational whims moved in and out of our district. Dr. Dale Rusch is retiring this year. The support through the years which has come in so many ways will be missed. Dale has run interference for us, negotiated for us, has served as liaison for us, et al. We wish you a long, healthy, and prosperous retirement, Dale.

The community also deserves some recognition and thanks. Bud Boberg continues to work for youth looking for temporary living situations until differences at home can be resolved. Bud also helped the program by having the equipment box (which fits perfectly on top of the van) donated to the program by the Minnetonka Baptist Church.....Jerome Carlson, head of Instant Web, gave a sizeable donation to us earlier this year, which enables us to defray the cost of trips and acquire needed equipment - - thank you! .....I would like to thank the parents of Mini-Schoolers who would show up at parent meetings during the evening once a month to be informed, offer assistance, to be supportive of the program and each other - - you will never

know how important you are to us..... and to all those people in the community who purchased the WCCO Weather Calendar from a Mini-School student during the fall fund raiser - - it is your contributions that help us provide many of the opportunities for our students.

I always fear there are many people that should be thanked and recognized that I forget to include, but know you are appreciated. I am proud of this program, not only for what it has been, but what it has become through the years. Research continues to show the approaches to holistic education used for years in Mini-School, are successful in education in general. When it is used with the population of students described as "at-risk", it is even more effective. When I look at the number 25, and realize the this program is a quarter of a century old, I know that it wasn't accomplished by luck or magic - - it was a high school, district, community effort and has paid huge dividends for students and society. But we cannot forget the Doug Bergs, Pete Hegrenes', Leo Razidlos, Lesters, Norm Garneaus, et. al., who have used that support and effort to make Mini-School the successful program it is today.

A little more alumni news by Doug:

Bruce "Tweety" Vomhof - 1975 - I saw Tweety the other day and was brought up to date on the family. 6 Vomhof kids were in Mini-School in the '70's and early '80's - Diane, Howard, Bruce, Sharon, Bill and Bob. They were all truly remarkable. All are doing well and are working in everything from auto mechanics, house restoration, tree removal, the minnow business, water softening (of course), to grocery business management.

Jim "J.J." Jensen - 1975 - J.J., having long ago adopted the Mini-School values of health and fitness - he's an Outward Bounder and Mini-School tripper of the first order - has taken on a new challenge - long distance running and road racing. The man runs - and runs and runs - about 10 miles or more per day. He's run a half marathon and is shooting for Grandma's Marathon on June 18th. He's also enlisted special ed and Mini para Julie Warren in his mania and she too is loggin' the miles. I can't keep up

with them.

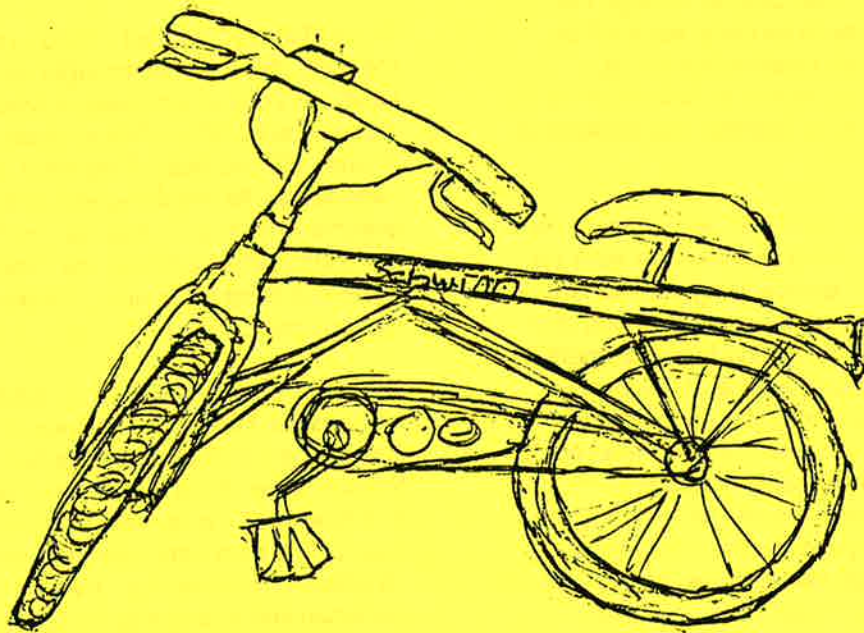
Meredith "Maud" Clawson - 1988 - Maud wrote me a letter the other day, bringing me up to date on her life. She's attending Mpls. Community College and was selected by the phy ed department as "Student of the Year." She will be honored at the Convention Center. She said she was interviewed, in connection with the award, about what schooling was like for her in the past. She told them that school was horrible "until Mini-School." "And I told them that you brought out the best in who I was and you fueled my energy and worth and spirit as a person." Thanks, Maud, and congratulations. Also, Maud will be working for the Mpls. Park Board this summer with kids in outdoor activities.

Mini-School just received a real generous donation from Mary and Duane Bagdons, parents of Mini-Schooler Chris who graduated a year ago and is now in the service stationed in Germany. Thank you, Duane and Mary. Your generosity is terrific. We assure you that your gift will go directly to benefit Mini-School kids.

## Northern Bike Trip

By Tony Bernatz

The northern bike trip bikers were Antonio, Tony, Jill, Bill, Katie, Glowman, Gumby, Sam, and Randy. Our campsite was in the middle of mosquitoville. We rode our bikes toward Indian History Monument, which we found out was closed down. Tony was tempted to play a little at Grand Casino. On the way back on our first see nothing for nothing day, we stopped at a tower from Katie's opinion, to see the amazing, beautiful, and spectacular sunset above Lake Mille Lacs. The second day, the longest ever, we biked around Lake Mille Lacs. We lost Katie, Glowman, Pat, Antonio, and Jill going to breakfast. They rode their bikes to the right restaurant. Later on Antonio broke his bike chain and towards the end of the trip Tony's awesome Trek bike fell into pieces. Not to mention the awesome shortcut that Tony decided to take. To close the exciting trip, we picked up Tony on the drive out of the campsite, and everyone had a great time.



# The Grand Canyon/Southwest Trip

By Lola Ulvog

The Grand Canyon/Southwest trip was an experience like no other. No article could do it justice, however I will do my best to inform you of our wild adventures.

Our journey started at 11:15 on the morning of April 19th in the parking lot of Minnetonka High School. We drove straight through to a rest area in Colorado where we all rested for a few hours, with the exception of Pauline who disappeared. The overhead view of the tangled bodies trying to sleep was rather like a jigsaw puzzle. After breakfast, Bionic Man Doug drove us to Colorado Springs. We got settled in the Armory and even ran into some native Minnesotans there.

Garden of the Gods was our first chance to try out our new hiking boots. Some of us had more boots than others, though. Garden of the Gods looked like a fairy castle from atop the distant rocks. Pikes Peak was in the distance hovering over us, a great, snow covered giant. We discovered early on that the weather in the places we were travelling was unpredictable as a short rainstorm interrupted the sunny afternoon. Pauline nearly left us for motorcycle men several times on the trip, but the first time was at Garden of the Gods. There was quite a lot of difficulty involved in finding a grocery store that evening. This later proved to be the rule rather than the exception and there was near mutiny each time. Doug's eyes proved to be bigger than our stomachs throughout the trip.

We moved on to New Mexico and the Rio Grande Gorge. The hike down was nice and easy. We were able to see cacti in the wild for the first time on the trip. Storms were expected but never came. The Rio Grande was beautiful but ice cold. The river had sculpted plain basalt boulders into megalithic art forms. We spent a day and a half and two nights in the gorge. The hike in was much easier and much shorter than the hike out. The storms we had anticipated came during the hike out. By the time we all reached the top, most of us were doubting our ability to make it in and out of the Grand Canyon.

Our faithful drivers took us next to the Taos Pueblo. We learned the Garden Song along the way. I found the pueblo depressing. It seemed to be no longer a pueblo,

but more a mall and a show put on for tourists. It was as though we were intruders. Our group did not stay long in Taos. We pressed on to Santa Fe.

As soon as we reached Santa Fe, we ate at this great restaurant called Tomasita's, renowned for its chili. We all had authentic Mexican dishes except Sothik, who ordered steak. After lunch we went into the heart of Santa Fe. The Palace of the Governors was gorgeous. There were Native American Craftsmen everywhere in the plaza selling their handiwork- jewelry, blankets, clothing. There were also dancers doing what looked like traditional Spanish or Mexican dances in full costume. I ran into my childhood idol in a camping store there. It was really neat. That night at Hyde Campground, we found out that Tony is extremely paranoid. A bunch of drunken adolescents showed up at the site across from our camp and Tony thought they were the Ku Klux Klan. He got a lot of teasing after that night.

We ate breakfast in Albuquerque in a place called "The Kettle". It was the worst food I'd ever eaten. However, Sothik seemed to like it because he kept shoveling away bacon. He did this every chance he got on the trip. Breakfast conversation consisted on the definition of crabs vs. cooties and which was worse. We delved deep into the subject. Patrick was our resident expert on this matter.

We were now headed towards the oldest graffiti wall in the U.S., El Morro. Travellers and early settlers often stopped at El Morro because it was a dependable water source year round. The people carved their names in the soft sandstone of El Morro. Some of these signatures were incredibly ornate. The oldest signature belonged to Juan de Onate, a Spanish explorer who visited El Morro in 1605. We were having sunny weather with a lot of wind. The moon was nearly full and on our first night we heard coyotes howling. We were planning on hiking up and around El Morro in the morning and driving to Zuni after lunch. Karen, Susie, Adrian, and I woke up to find our tent insulated and surrounded by inches of snow. Karen was convinced that we really had not left Minnesota and that Doug and Pauline had tricked us. No one was very happy that morning. No one thought that it would snow in the desert, so we had few warm clothes. Tony put on his radiation suit and Susie and Adrian wrapped themselves in blankets that had been bought on our journey. I myself doubled up on everything, including flannel boxers, pants, and about five shirts. After breakfast, we journeyed to the visitor center and hiked up El Morro with Josh as our tour guide.

We looked at the "graffiti" along the way up. At the top, we found a partially excavated Anasazi village. Sothik's sharp eyes also spotted some pottery shards with decorations on them. It didn't seem as cold to us anymore and the scenery looked really pretty with the snow.

Our next stop was Zuni, home to the best silversmiths and the St. Anthony mission. Something very special was waiting for us at the mission. A project to paint a mural with all the Zuni kachinas on the walls of the mission, thereby uniting the Catholic and Zuni religions. A father and his two sons have taken on the project. We were fortunate to meet one of the sons, Ken Seotowa, who extended us every courtesy and took time out to talk to our group about the project. After he was done speaking, he invited us to the raindance that was to take place that evening. Our group spent some time shopping and then waited for the dances to begin. We ended up waiting for quite some time, but it was worth it. The costumes were the same as they had been for centuries, and we could even identify some of the kachinas depicted in the dance from what we had learned in the mission. It was a special and unique experience for all of us.

Onward and upward towards Arizona. We drove along listening to the wise words of Simon & Garfunkel, Arlo Guthrie, Pete Seeger, and of course, The Dead. Once over the border, we stopped at a Navajo Museum and Hubbell Trading Post. The visitor center at the trading post offered the chance to learn the art of Navajo weaving. Josh bought a roping rope after he and the other boys failed at catching cows by hand.

We were all looking forward to staying in Chinle. We were able to do laundry, take showers, and cook in a kitchen. Under Karen's instruction, the boys learned how to rope and Pauline was successfully roped.

The group hiked into Canyon de Chelly and viewed the White House ruins. We found some pottery shards in the sand, but we threw them into the river. We were also able to see a traditional Navajo hogan and farm complete with sheep. After spending the night in the church, we thanked the pastor and left for Grand Canyon National Park.

We started the hike down Tanner Trail around 10:00 am. We were all together at first, singing, and our spirits were high. Early on, we met three hikers on their way out after spending twelve days in the canyon. One of them was kind enough to give me her spare knee brace. It was not

long before we had lunch. After lunch, I did not see many of the group(except from a distance) until the end of the hike. Hiking alone was difficult at times; the landscape was beautiful but barren. Sometimes the only thing that moved was the lizards. I think the plant life down there would kill you if it could, but since they can't, they scratch you up really well. When Karen and I reached the end of the trail, we saw Adrian and could have cried. It took eight hours for all of us to make it down.

In the morning after breakfast, Pauline and I were the first group to venture into the Mighty Colorado River. It was so cold that my lungs stopped working. The group left Tanner for the Palisades. It was sunny again, and after the hike in, hiking to Palisades was a stroll in the park. We ended up walking past Palisades because there had been a lot of growth since Doug had last been there, but we found it. Palisades had lovely beaches and lots of little hideaways to sleep in. We stayed for two days and nights. The group had a special night together there and we were also fortunate enough to see a 3 inch scorpion during our stay. It was at the Palisades that Tony discovered he was injured. Karen pointed out the bruises on his back and he was limping pretty badly. Once home, Tony saw a doctor who told him that he had bruised his spinal cord. Sothik and Josh ran a "Lord of the Flies" preschool at Palisades, running around the beach with handmade spears.

On the third morning we left for Cardenas Creek. We backtracked to Tanner and then hiked downriver. I think it was the hottest day we had experienced so far on the trip. Everyone loaded on the sunblock and once at Cardenas, spent the day on the beach or in the mud. That evening after supper Josh was commissioned to make a squirrel and chipmunk-proof place to store the food. Josh started by digging a large pit. He then put the nylon bags which contained our food supply into the hole. Next a tarp was laid down and dirt, rocks, and dead branches piled on top. It worked pretty well only one rodent managed to get past Stinson Security.

The decision regarding which way we were going to hike out of the canyon was left up to how Tony was feeling. The choice was between the New Hance Trail or hiking out Tanner, the way we had hiked in. The New Hance was a much more difficult trail than Tanner. We ended up choosing Tanner and having a layover day at Cardenas. Towards the end of the layover, we were to hike to Tanner, camp there, and hike out in the morning. Doug left first, with Karen and Tony, and Adrian and Pauline left soon after. Susie, Sothik, Josh, Patrick, and I left last.



Because we left so late, we ended up hiking in the dark with one small flashlight between us. It was scary. Adrian and Pauline came across a rattlesnake just before reaching camp. We all tried to go to bed early but found it difficult because Tony kept talking about "chickmunk measles". Some of us were slightly apprehensive about the long day ahead of us. It was hard to believe the trip was nearly over.

We began hiking as soon as we had light. Sothik, Josh, and Tony practically ran out of the Canyon. Karen and I stuck together and made an excellent day of it. Adrian, Susie, and Doug brought up the rear, leaving Pauline and Patrick in the middle. Karen and I ended up hiking the last part of the trail during the heat of the day. It was rough and I don't think I have ever drunk so much water in my life. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Karen because I couldn't have made it without her. It took the group nine hours to hike out. It was strange to see and hear cars and other people again. People stayed pretty clear of us. After all, we were all dirty, tired, hungry, and had a certain odor.

The small pleasures we enjoyed when we reached the campground were innumerable. There were showers, toilets, running water, and all sorts of other technological wonders. That night, after eating a dinner without noodles in it, we all slept well. We had really accomplished something. Now if we could survive the ride home, it would really be something.

In the morning, we jumped in the van and prepared for 33 hour drive home. It wasn't easy for any of us to sleep in the van, except for Tony. He slept more than any of us. We stopped at truck stops for breakfast and ate lunch in the van. There times when we got on each other's nerves, but all things considered we were incredibly decent to each other. I could not have asked for a better family to spend one of the greatest experiences of my life with. The memories and friendships made on this trip will last a lifetime.

The crazy characters on this long strange trip were:

Tony Bernatz: *the vegetarian gimp*

Sothik Prak: *the grumpy, old, coffee drinking chef*

Adrian Dolentz: *Ow!*

Patrick Cooper: *the contrary garbage boy*

Susie Warner: *our wonderful weather girl*

Josh "Stimpy" Stinson: *fatpants*

Karen Kenefick: *Sunshine*

Pauline: *the lobster girl who gives good piggybacks*

Doug: *the friend and father who guides us*

And me, Lola: *the caretaker*

## JUNKIE

The raven ran off with some food  
His name is Telly, but he is rude!  
My feet cry blistering tears,  
My shoulders sweat while the skin sears.  
My oatmeal is crunchy, I wonder why,  
Could it be the sand in everything of mine?  
Hips and back are bruised,  
Legs are feeling over used.  
Stars are plentiful and bright,  
Shining through the dark blanket of night.  
No noise insults my ears,  
Just the frogs, birds, and snake I fear.  
I can walk freely without a care,  
I can drink pure water and breathe sweet air.  
If there is a heaven I must be close,  
If nature were a drug I'd overdose.

- Lola Ulvog

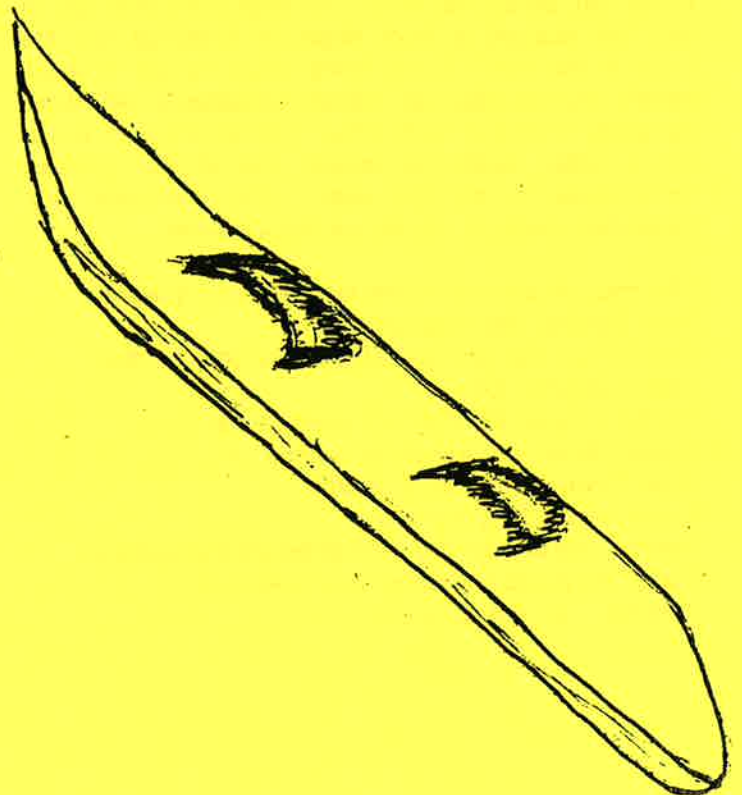


## Solid Freedom

Sucking on a little joe  
bummed out I had no place to go  
So I met up with a few friends  
at a joint called Perkins  
Talking to a guy named Matt  
he invited me to a place I'd never been at  
The place was called Crested Bute  
Picturing mountains so acute  
The other one was called Heather  
They said when she aired she flew like a  
feather, but when she landed, she landed like  
lead, luckily she never broke her head  
We drove for like twenty hours  
When we saw the steeps, we began to cower  
We held our heads high with our face in the sky  
said to ourselves, "Today's a good day to die!"  
Standing at the top looking straight down  
I felt like a god the sun was my crown  
I leaped off a cliff and screamed like I'm crazed  
Knee deep in powder, feel like I'm dazed  
There wasn't a track, freshies galore  
and no one will believe the air I did soar  
First it snowed, I was blind on my board  
But I achieved freedom, again I did soar  
My mind was so free, it raced like the wind  
All around me was no place I've ever been  
Suddenly in front of me  
was The Cliff, Psychedelic Rocks  
Defying gravity, we flew like hawks  
Landing perfect, did in an edge  
Taking all my thought, no time to veg.  
Looking for the perfect mound  
to launch off the top and leave the ground  
I'd break my neck if I bailed  
but over the snow I did sail  
The ride that day was such a score  
Just me, the hill and my snowboard  
The nights were long in Crested Bute  
Ladies were fine, so darn cute  
Shawn, Mike and Paul lived like stars  
Existing in a realm both near, yet far  
Skiing with them I conquered my fears  
Feeling at home, these are my peers  
These days went forever skiing with friends

'Till Saturday came and that was the end  
We piled in the car headed for home  
Why does this end? Why can't I roam?  
Beautiful land, but we didn't tarry  
Then we hit ice, and things got a little hairy  
Straight in the ditch and didn't gripe  
Matt rode the thing like a half pipe  
Then we slowed down, it just seemed like  
we're alone  
but I pushed us out just call me Samson  
The cat died we wanted to cry  
Hicksville, South Dakota, no where to hide  
Stuck there for a night a two  
Why couldn't this happen where there's  
something to do?  
The population just around three  
I felt allright though no place to be  
We got a place just under twenty  
too bad it's cold, I wish it was sunny  
The next day we met a red neck named Charlie  
Not too far from Sturgis, the place with the  
Harleys  
Kill us now! I do implore  
Endless contentment, Permanent bored

-Sam Merz



# BWCA Canoe Trip

by Crash Wilmot

Straight from Ogishkemuncie, Crash Wilmot,  
Reporter Extrordinair.

Hello folks, it's a beautiful day here in the wonderful Boundary Waters. We're bruised and battered, bitten and scratched, pretty exhausted and darn it, we're lovin' it.

Just to rehash the first few days... We started on Sawbill Lake and paddled 6 miles up the lake to a quaint campsite on the north end of Sawbill. The first day was kind of a get the... stuff... together type of day. We soon found out, for example, the guys tent needed a lot of getting together. Beautiful, 80 degrees, hardly a cloud in sight. We woke up early (with the dawn) and ate an exciting meal of Instant Oatmeal and raisins. Packed up our equipment and took off on the exciting adventure it has become to be. On the second day we canoed up the Ada Creek into Ada Lake and Skoop Lake. Next we hit Cherokee Creek and paddled into Cherokee Lake where we ate lunch. Gordon Lake was next, then Unload Lake, and finally Frost Lake, our final destination for the day. We paddled a total of Approx. 12 miles that day, and portaged (carried all our equipment across mudslides and mountain terrain (yes, our canoes too...)) 546 Rods. A rod being 16 1/2 feet, or 5 1/2 yards. 360 rods equals a mile. Also remember we had to walk each portage 3 times to get all of the equipment across. The canoe partners for the rest of the trip were made this day: Jill with Kris (an unstoppable crew), Cory with Jed (erratic, but they got there), Dan with Raeann (Truly remarkable portaging power), and finally last (as always) Katie and I (the loudest and latest crew.) We enjoyed a lay over day on Frost (Doug said so we'd eat some of the extra weight for Saturdays hard portaging, but I think it was because he's getting old...) The campsite on frost lake was really beautiful and there were a couple of nice sand beaches around and we really lived it up there. Some people went to the beach and enjoyed the sun, Dan went fishing with Doug, Joanne and I sat at the camp in relative solitude and enjoyed being in one of the quietest places on earth. On the 4th day we paddled up (or was it down, we couldn't quite tell) the Frost River through Octopus, Chase, Pencil,

Alton, Fente, and Whipped Lake. (I Liked that idea, Frost river... Whipped lake... okay nevermind...). Then we Paddled through Mora Lake into Little Saganaga where we camped. For the 4th day in a row, it was blue skies and 80 degrees. We had paddled 10.5 miles and portaged 580 Rods. I believe on this day Jill's presumptions of the Trip were shattered irreparably, as she found out that we were actually going to paddle through the B.W.C.A, not camping one spot. On the Fifth day (usually considered a day of rest) We paddled Through Little Sag into Rattle and proceeded into Gabimichigami Lake (say that 10 times fast) through Agamok, Muelier and into Ogishkemuncie, where we are now. We ate lunch on a portage that just happened to have a very beautiful waterfall. It was between Agamok and Mueller. A select few of my companions decided to try to shoot some Rapids above the waterfall, they all biffed. I didn't go because I was too skillful for all of them. The weather is getting cooler and it might rain. We paddled 15 miles today, and Portaged 250 Rods. I've stayed at this campsite before (in fact last year at this time), it is beautiful here, the growler isn't too bad... well, comparatively...

That was Crash Wilmot, Head Alligator... I mean Navigator, at Ogishkemuncie Lake, write ya later.

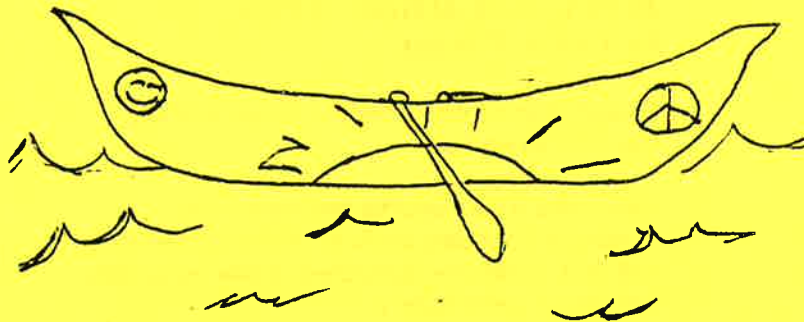
Well, this is Crash Wilmot again, with the second half of the trip... Heh, I was surely surprised after Ogish on how far we could go in a day. The sixth day we Paddled 20 miles and Portaged 325 Rods. It was dreary, wet, and at least I was lovin' it. We Paddled through Lakes like Annie, Jean/Jenny (it all depends on which map you're lookin' at), Eddy, The Kekekabic ponds, Kekekabic (we ate lunch here), Strup, Wisini, Ahmakose, Gerund, and into Fraser, where we camped. Fraser was supposed to be a heck of a Walleye Lake, but I only saw ants and some nasty biting black flies. We tried out a Kris Mann mix of muffins... Mannly Muffins? Apparently he was supposed to put a couple of Cups of liquid milk, well we didn't have the luxury of liquid milk... so he put in a couple of cups of powdered milk... which makes about a gallon of liquid milk. On the 7th day of hell, heh, just kidding, of fun... we paddled an easy 20 miles with a mere 640 Rods. The weather was rotten and everything was

going fine. Thomas, Cacabic, Alice, Mabel, Koma, and Polly were the fine, friendly lakes we met that day. At lunchtime we stopped and looked at some ancient graffiti on the side of a cliff (and I mean ancient). I also got a good laugh because of Katie's little known phobia of spiders... We ran into quite a few Wolf spiders... and they are big (and I mean big), and mean (and I mean mean...) On the 8th day we had a quickie down the Phoebe river to Hazel Lake. Doug and Dan caught us some Walleye, and Katie The Fisher Steger caught the biggest Walleye, it was THIS BIG, well you get the idea. We had a Helluva Fish Fry and if you smell Jed's hands you can smell it still. The Growler was nice, well, until Dan got done with it... Finally on the last day, after a quick bath in the steaming waters, we paddled through Hazel, Knight, Phoebe, what I call the Grace rivulet, Grace, Beth, Alton and back into Sawbill Lake for a grand total of Approx. 120 miles of paddling and a total of 60 portages and 2740 rods, For a Trip Total of 127.6111---miles of Pure chewing satisfaction.

#### Crash Wilmot Reporting.

The Wonderful People on this trip...

Doug The Fearless Leader Berg  
 Joanne The Real Leader Storie  
 Jed The Schwann Norman  
 Katie The Fisher Steger  
 Raeann The Big Eater Rasmussen  
 Jill The Baggy Foot Maxon  
 Kris The Man Mann  
 Cory the Passionate Paxton  
 Dan Burn Terri  
 And Me... Chris Crash the Alligator Wilmot



#### Caffiend

The dripping water brings lucidity,  
 as the soul slowly retracts into the mind.  
 An eye floating above a purple sky.  
 A screeching voice reflects the peace around.  
 Quietly waiting for an answer reached long ago.  
 By a thumbed nose and a forgotten cigarette.  
 Sexually quelled with whip cream,  
 And a Large cherry coke at Perkins,  
 For a dollar and 16 sense.  
 Hats turned backwards in a show  
 of rebellion and a spiritual style.  
 Hoping for a future of fast vehicles,  
 And a mass senseless destruction.  
 A lemon pierced slowly by the male ego.  
 Crying outwardly because there isn't space inside  
 for emotions anymore.  
 Lipstick stains on a windburned facade  
 Illegal in a society strained by social conscience.  
 Then the ink dries itself.  
 And the whole universe and parallel counteruniverses  
 Become blank once again.

-Crash Wilmot



## Who Says Politics Are Boring? The Dudley Riggs Outing

by Pugsley

Santa Clause! The child no older than ten pulls out a gun, and fires a bullet into the mystical character. You say to your self, "My God! What is he talking about?" Well, wonder no longer, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the world of Dudley Riggs. But do not be alarmed, the whole show isn't that violent. But it is hysterical. Once a year in December, Mini-School goes to the Uptown/Minneapolis area to see the Dudley Riggs performance. This year it was "Holiday On Nica, The Second Coming." Certainly a great show. The Dudley Riggs show could be considered political satire, dealing with subjects ranging from metro events to feminism and church. There is also participation skits where the audience gives the crew ideas for a skit. Overall, the show is a well done cabaret of humor. Thanks to Dudley Riggs and the whole crew for a great evening.

## Making Sense of the Sixties

By Chad Zzabeck

Making Sense of the Sixties hosted by Randy Nelson with special guests Mike Lichty, Joyce Reif, and more often than not, Joanne Storlie.

This class offered a brief look at the times and elements that contributed to the making of what was known as the Sixties.

Inspired by a film with the same title as the class, we covered everything from counter culture groups stemming from rebellion and blossoming into a national thistle stuck into the side of democracy to the burnt out hippies interviewed twenty years after.

## Top Ten Wonders: The Final Frontier

By David Zytoskee

10. Does Mr. Martinson's wife choose his bowties?
9. Are we playing with or without the basketball nets?
8. Can Pugs walk more than 10 feet without doing something outlandishly funny?
7. Paper or plastic?
6. What color is Alison Young's hair?
5. If you could be any part of the human anatomy, what would you be? Why? (ode to Meatball)
4. Black or White?
3. What does Jenny Bedford have playing in her walkman?
2. Is Doug skipping class?
1. If Ramona has a girl, will she name it Lola, if it's a boy, will she name it Chad, and if she doesn't know what it is, will she name it Pugsley?



# Southern Bike Trip

(uhhh. Plunger!)

By David Zytkoskee

Randy, Justin, Tony, Pat, Mason, Jenny, Kyle, John, and I left for a nice, easy bike trip in southern Minnesota. Ya right whatever! Mission 1: get to the campsite.

We drove down to Nerstrand State Park and on our way down we realized the eclipse was happening so we all looked up (ouch!) that's when it hit me (whack! Ouch, that smarts!) If I use 2 pair of sunglasses I could see it, so I did it and 5 minutes later I had a headache and my eyes hurt. Boy aren't we bright! So we set up camp and biked into Northfield and looked at St. Olaf and Carleton colleges. When we got back everyone was complaining about how tired they were, as I sat on my log thinking: "boy, are they in for it tomorrow."

Mission 2: Bike to Fountain. We arrived in Chatfield around 8:00 or 9:00 for some grub. After stuffing ourselves, we walked to the van a block away to unload. After unloading, we headed for Fountain which was about 13 miles. For the first hour the biking was easy, mostly downhill and flat, with the wind at our back. Then came THE WINDS. Sure we had two big downhill runs, but the wind was coming from the front and seemed to blow its hardest when I was going downhill. This would almost stop me if I didn't continue pedaling. This was the same with the flat road, but when I was going uphill there seemed to be no wind at all.

After a lot of huffing and puffing we all crawled into Fountain, where we found an ice cream parlor, which we ate at. After an hour of eating, we took off on the trail to Lanceford. About five or ten minutes after takeoff, I passed everyone except Mason and Justin. I could see them for a while until three girls passed byyyyyy...Wow! But... anyway, we arrived in Lanesboro and had a debate on where to eat. Three of us said one cafe, three said another, and Justin wanted to go to the bakery. After a while we were grouping up and it was discovered by John that Mason was missing. So, we left to go back to Fountain. Justin and I sat in the same ice cream parlor for about an hour before everyone showed up. When we got back to town, I fell over, tired as h\*!#. I was lying in the grass and some strange girl came hopping along. She annoyed all of us.

Mission 3: Last big ride...

We headed out to Cannon Falls and biked into Welch where Tony was waiting for Justin and me. When

everyone caught up, we headed for Red Wing, our lunch spot. After eating, we went back and of course, I was the first to get there. When everyone biked up to Welch a couple of us left. After about half an hour John caught up to me and he was tired. We arrived in Cannon Falls about 45 minutes before the rest of the group. While dinner was being prepared, Mason, Kyle, Tony, Justin, and I decided to play 500 in the dark... not a fun thing to do!

The last day we biked for about two hours and headed back to the van and home.

The list of morons... I mean the brave knights in shining armor were:

- Mason Davey
- Justin Secor
- Tony Bernatz
- Jenny Bedford
- Pat Cretan
- Kyle Bryntesen
- David Zytkoskee
- John Dramstad
- and of course, Randy "the bullet" Nelson

## Philosopher's Corner

By Chad Zzabeck and Chris Wilmot, respectively

Everything I know now about not knowing 9...

To a certain degree I know everything about nothing and there is nothing I don't know that I could, should, or would want to know or know I knew. However, as I experience technical, mechanical, and out of body experiences, I realize knowledge means nothing without a first or initial lack of knowledge.

### Centre

My mind residing in the centre of my soul.  
Peacefully resting within my heart.  
So quiet it is, outside of my emotional turmoil.  
A step back from the reality, where everyone else is.  
Able to figure out what's wrong.  
As if I were a different person, watching my life.

## Ode to Randy

by Karen Kenefick

I felt it was necessary that we take some time to think about Mini-School's very own Randy Nelson. It is really hard to describe in one article who this man is because there is so much to be said. He is one of the cornerstones that made the program. He works very hard to get things done around Mini-School. Also, Randy exhibits pure concern about the education and well-being of every student in Mini-School.

Before Randy, there was no Mini-School. He started from scratch with a handful of colleagues with the idea of starting a program for students who didn't quite fit into mainstream. There were other attempts at doing this, but they just didn't last. They used the idea, "Proceed as rapidly as possible to the point of no return," said Walt Bromenschenkel, assistant principal. Even though Mini-School had a lot going against them, Randy stuck with it. He could have thrown in the towel at any time and gone back to mainstream history, but he didn't.

One day in the life of Randy Nelson consists of coming to school, teaching Recreation first hour, Newspaper second, and block classes for the last two hours. After the normal Mini-School day is over, Randy teaches Beyond Mini, the weight lifting class. Randy is also known for checking up on every student's job, keeping track of credits, setting up student conferences, representing Mini-School at the Building Team meetings, and also meeting with principals and parents. On top of all this, he's head coach of soccer at the high school in the fall. You may ask yourself why any sane man would take on this work load. To answer it simply, Randy loves his job.

Randy Nelson is very well educated. He has both a Bachelor's Degree from St. Olaf and a Master's Degree from Utah State. Randy shares his knowledge with every student in Mini-School. He builds more than just a teacher-student relationship. Randy builds a strong friendship with the majority of his students. That allows mutual respect to govern the relationship. This is a very large part of his success. It's the difference between not doing something because the rules say you can't, and not doing something because Randy will be disappointed

in you. It's very effective and keeps the game-playing to a minimum. It's no wonder he was given an "Excellence in Education" award in 1987 from the Minnesota Chamber. With Randy's own style, he gets through to students like me and turns the program into a family.

We have a lot to thank Mr. Randy Nelson for. He started the program that educates us. He works hard for the program and the students to get everything done. He also does everything possible to make the Mini-School environment safe and comfortable for every student. We could not ask for a more dedicated teacher. In the last three years that I have been in Mini-School, Randy has helped me personally countless numbers of times, whether it was with school, work or personal advice, Randy was there, and he always proved himself to be wise and accurate. Thank you, Randy Nelson. All that you have done will never be forgotten by this Mini-Schooler.



# Crime and Justice

by Raeann Rasmussen, Chad Zzaback, and Dan Terry

In the absence of Doug and Pauline, due to their Southwest Expedition, we the few and brave left in Mini-School were faced with only math and social studies. Ramona to the rescue.

Inspired by the lack of attendance in her math block, Ramona offered the first annual Crime and Justice Block. It covered most of the aspects of our society's legal system as we know it. And we the young, brave, and out spoken have re-written this system, the way we feel to be just.

In order to have a society coincide with its own ecology, we as a group agree with the police for protection, and as well to represent a symbol of fear of punishment. To keep the courts fair we feel there should be some type of legal representation. At least someone who knows the rules and regulations, however we shan't call them lawyers, they shall be renamed to please the people. The judgment hammers shall fall. To keep fairness and eliminate bias we have chosen a panel of three judges. These judges would replace the jury and would be required not to socialize. From Civil to Supreme Court, depending on the crime and severity thereof, the number of judges would increase to a maximum of seven or decrease to a minimum of three. As stated in the above, our new judgment system would eliminate the jury.

If we look at the situation of all society, there are those who fail to remain honest. Unfortunately worse than that there are people with severe chemical imbalances. Unusually harsh treatment as children and those unable to receive quality education or even a hero or role mode.

For these there is a certain understanding and possibly competition. However, we cannot turn our backs and let these menaces run wild. We think better education, help financially and our community support would seriously reduce the rate of crime. However, we all know the people population has its criminals, therefore, jails would be mandatory. The jails would provide food, drink, and exercise area, absolutely no t.v., and

some education programs for persons serving terms shorter than 15 years.

## Criminal Discrepancy

Vandalism is a lack of respect for property that is not yours. Punishment should be at least reimbursement of damaged property and or goods, and community service of 30 hours minimum. An act of arson should get jail time, a reimbursement of the damages, no parole, and at least 50 hours of community service.

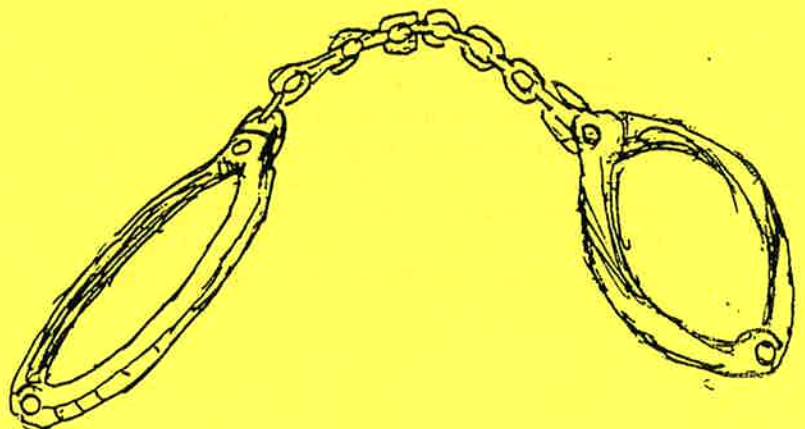
## Chemical Involvement

Persons possessing drugs(illegal, street drugs) should face penalties varying in accordance to the danger of the drug itself. Marijuana, being a mellow drug, should have no penalty if the quantity is under one ounce. Cocaine should be heavily fined since it is so prosperous, and jail time or treatment of some sort.

A D.W.I. results in revocation of license, county jail for at least 3 days for first time offenders with no prior record.

Theft, robbery and burglary should definitely get a stay in jail, reimbursement for unrecovered goods and community service a minimum of 50 hours.

Assault without probable cause gets a 5 day stay in the county jail and 30 hours of community service. Rape and murder are very serious crimes, but what do you do, lock them up and spend money to feed and shelter these people, or let them run loose? We will discuss this matter in further detail and get back to you. Thank You.





## Gasping for Air.

A little ink stain,  
A squiggle signifying nothing.  
Inspired by too much caffeine,  
Playing the mind like solitaire.

Like a spill of ice water,  
On a bright flower filtered  
With a blue light lens.  
As if someone really cared.

Abstract thoughts flowing,  
In the ashtray half empty.  
Or is it really half full?  
While a child soullessly stares.

A Tarot decks forgotten philosophy,  
Of a quiet predicted future  
Solemnly oozing to the past  
At a smelly County Fair.

The bill remains unpaid,  
A skintight forgery of thought.  
Spandex and a throaty roar,  
Lost in the salt shakers lair.

Stumbling to the powder room,  
A cherry stem half-twisted.  
by the sensual tongue,  
Beautiful with long blonde hair.

Half finished thoughts  
Written on an oily napkin  
With a phone number  
From a girl who is scared.

Sweating uncomfortably,  
And smelling even worse,  
waiting for a call  
A loved ones not there.

Concern melting a way,  
Ripping down a page  
Of unwitting responses  
To see how they've fared.

Inflammatory languages  
And Explicit lyrics  
Warn the Parents Council  
While we gasp for air.

## The Key to My Cell

Time is only an illusion in this, my mind.  
I have found the key to the universe.  
Chained right outside the prison  
Bars that have been built  
by me, by the world, by  
all who could have wanted it  
to not be.

I try so faintly to grab the ring  
upon which the altar of many  
millennium of philosophy lies.  
Like a prisoner in the prison  
of life we have made with  
these frail water/flesh things  
we all carry about. We call  
them our "selves" but is that  
really us? What underlying anything  
changes between me and her? Are  
we started actually the same- from  
a clean slate? Or with the slate  
theory, maybe it wasn't quite erased.  
Anyway,

I have found the key.  
But I am not willing to cut my arm off  
to reach it.

**-Chris Wilmot**

**-Crash Wilmot.**

## Night

In the dead of the night people and  
creatures roam free, without limitations  
or restrictions.  
Wandering and roaming  
with reckless abandon  
the bringing of chaos and cries of  
Fill the dreams of the little people  
In the night where dreams are fulfilled  
and murders happen.  
People can hide in the darkness,  
caress it like a blanket  
or they can greet it for the first time  
like a person you might be interested in  
but the night does believe in timed appearances.  
For night flees at dawn and returns at  
sunset.  
Just like old faithful  
when people and creatures can once again  
Roam Free.

-Scooter Scott Hedtke

## Dancing

Dreams and visions of lost tribes  
and civilizations dancing among the clouds  
Whirling  
and twirling  
the rhythm  
frantically increasing pace  
the dancers, the same.  
Faster faster never relating  
Never ceasing  
one then another  
A few here, a few there  
the dancers passing out  
in a rush of frenzy  
the all consuming dance  
Passion extremis  
Faster, slower, faster, slower  
Perfectly chaotic, the dancers  
Match tempo all the dance.  
Eventually only the determined  
remain standing as the  
dance slows, slows, slows  
to almost a stop, but the  
dancers know better and move ever so slowly.  
The remaining people know what they have  
won is better than any material prize.  
They know that they are strong enough to stand  
together, for they passed the test.  
And as they clear the new approach.  
Not heeding the warnings of the elders  
And so the dance begins anew, with renewed vigor.

-Scooter Scott Hedtke

## Taking it Away

Suicide why do it?  
Because we are all going to die and I for one  
want to control that variable, so why not sooner?  
Because people care about you  
is the response to be sure.  
Does that really matter when you're six feet under?  
The only aspect is what is after death?  
Nobody has come back to tell us what it is like.  
Maybe if enough people die someone will come back  
Why shouldn't I make my contribution to science?  
Religion and God  
Heaven and Hell  
or recycling till all is right  
But people love you, people care  
Maybe yes but there are also people  
who control, manipulate, used and abused me  
And only I can judge.  
I weigh the scales as I see fit  
Only I can judge what is good and what is bad.  
What harms me and what benefits me  
People don't understand that I control  
how I feel, how depressed or how happy.  
I am the ruler of my domain  
The only variables that exist are by my own doing  
Oh how sad it is to see little people scurrying  
from place to place without a purpose.  
Only the variables I cannot control  
TIME and CHAOS  
Because Time brings age and  
Chaos is unstoppable  
We are all going to die.

-Scooter Scott Hedtke



## Our Lives Before and After Mini-School

by Angie Peterson

Looking around Mini-School, you'll see a lot of special people, students and teachers. Most of the students have come a long way since their first days in the program. The teachers have helped them get there. I think that most people who aren't involved with Mini-School don't realize what the program does for kids and how it changes their lives. I talked with some students about their experiences, and their lives, both past and present. Here is what they had to say.

Jenny Case is graduating this year. Before she came to Mini, she "was a prep who spent 2 hours doing her hair every morning." She said she would "go to concerts and meet the bands and have them sign my chest." Life is a little different for her now. She came here because she ran away from home for about a month and then was put in treatment. Mainstream wouldn't take her back because she had missed so much school. Jenny has been in the program for 2 and a half years, and life for her now is "Most excellent!" she says. She's currently holding 2 jobs and loves Mini because of the extra supportive teachers, and the short days help her to keep both jobs.

For Chad Akins, a second year senior, life before Mini was unstable and confusing. He had dropped out and then realized he needed to graduate. Getting back into school was a problem, partly because he was homeless. Finally, he got into Mini-School and "Life has changed drastically" Chad said. He says he's happier, he's on his way to graduating, he's back living at home, and he's having a good time enjoying life. Chad says "Mini-School has helped me to view myself as an individual. I love the teachers and students. I just dig the whole atmosphere."

Before coming to Mini-School, Anna Soclolo didn't know where she stood in life. She didn't know whether to stay in school or drop out. Anna was

living in a troubled home, and she never went to school. Everything was going downhill. She dropped out of school and later she was put in an alternative program she didn't like. Again she dropped out. Now, Anna has a plan for her life, and she knows what she wants to do. She likes school and she's comfortable with the people in the program. Anna says that Mini has given her a better perspective on life, and she's gotten to know herself better.

Mason Davey's life was a cycle of failing classes and frustration with teachers at Eden Prairie. He was unorganized, jobless, and wasn't getting along with his parents very well because of the stress from school. Mason came to Mini because he couldn't stand regular school. He couldn't deal with the homework and pressure. Mason was drawn to Mini because of the trip program. Life for him now is more organized and he has 2 jobs. Mason says he loves Mini-School and it has provided him with a place to learn and feel comfortable in a good environment with friends. He says he likes listening to teachers who know what they're talking about.

Kristie Ennis was in St. Louis Park mainstream and she had problems concentrating in school. She was failing and didn't want to be there anyway. Kristie says the school didn't do anything to help her and they just let her slide. She was depressed all the time and had very low self-esteem. Kristie transferred to Minnetonka mainstream for her sophomore year, and it was the same as SLP, except some teachers tried to help. In November Kristie had a mental breakdown and was put in the hospital. She missed lots of school so she was dropped from most of her classes. She then got into Mini where everyone was willing to help. "It was like a family" she recalls, "people really care and try to help. The teacher/student relationship is not the average. They treat you as a person." Things started to change for Kristie on the 3 week long Arkansas canoe trip, during second quarter last year. "Trips give a great sense of accomplishment." She came home and got a good job, she was feeling content and had direction. Kristie feels she can do anything if she puts her mind to it. She has this to say about Mini, "If you're willing to put forth the effort, the program can do great things for you."

New Englander Katie Steger moved here from New Jersey her freshman year. She hated school, she hated life and she was very lonely. Katie was doing

poorly in school and skipped lots of classes. She finally got put where she belongs, Mini-school. She made a lot of good friends and is much happier. Katie says, "Mini has taught me to respect nature. It's beautiful, I love Mini-School."

Sothik Prak was enrolled in Eden Prairie, but he never went. He says it was too hard. He wanted to go back so he could graduate so he came to Mini. Sothik now has a new group of friends and he's staying out of trouble. He says, "I never thought that I'd like school, it's great."

Alan June dropped out of school and was kicked out of his house. He says his life was confusing and empty. His friends encouraged him to get into Mini. So that's exactly what he did. Alan is living with his family again and he doesn't mind coming to school, he actually likes it. He says it gets him motivated to do other things. He's getting along with his parents and he's happy he's in school. Alan's closing statement about Mini, "I just like it."

Sam Merz says life for him was morbid before Mini because he felt like he didn't belong anywhere, and he especially couldn't handle being a mainstreamer anymore. He says he needed a new environment "to dig my roots deep into the soil." Now he's very happy and he feels like he has a place he can come and people know him and appreciate him as a person. Sam feels like his life is planned out because Mini focused him and his outlook on life.

Feeling like he was ready to drop out at the young age of 14 "and face the world," Chad Zaback was looking for a change. He was going to Waconia Sr. High and "barely living at home," he recalls. Chad said, "I was headed down the wrong road, with the wrong people, on the wrong train." He didn't want to go to school at all, until his mom found Mini-School. Chad immediately fell in love with the chaotic but relaxed atmosphere. He happily realized he could get along with people here. Chad's first 2 years weren't very productive until he started going on trips. That made all the difference for him. This year he's finally graduating after about 4 wonderful years in the program. Looking back, Chad says, "If it weren't for Mini-School, I'd be without a home, without a job, and without any notion of a future or a life, lying face down in the back street gutters of life."

Lola Ulvog was considering Wayzata's alternative program, but she had recently been in treatment and didn't want to be there at all, "there was way too much anxiety " she said. Lola was scared because she didn't know how she was going to finish high school. She came into the program at the end of first semester and is really happy with it. Lola says the staff has always been supportive and are there for students when they need to talk. It looks like she's going to graduate on time next year and she is hopefully going to go on more trips. Lola says, "I love Mini-School" and she hopes it will be around for a long time. She wants to play a bigger part by someday being a teacher.

Chris Wilmot graduated 3 months ago but still comes to school because he loves this program so much he can't bear to leave us. Chris was attending Hopkins, and just couldn't fit into the scheme of education. He had gotten involved with the "wrong crowd" and he let them control his life. He became rebellious and moved out of his house. Chris went into the Army but was discharged for failure to show up. 12th grade started out better. He moved back home, but school was still a problem. His counselor suggested Mini-School. Chris was drawn by the outdoor trips. He bonds with Doug and Randy and finds great support here. Chris says he's feeling secure with his life for the first time in 6 years. He fits in and likes knowing that others have had the same struggles. He says he feels very comfortable here. Chris and his parents have a new-found respect for each other and he has a good job and is all around pretty happy and content with life. He's thinking about going back into the army or to Rainy River Community College, that has a big outward bound program, something very important to Chris. He's finally looking forward to and excited about his future, something no one ever thought they'd see. Chris says that Mini has changed his life, it's changed his way of thinking and it's brought him and his family closer together. He has found new relationships with good people, both students and staff. Chris said that if he hadn't gotten into the program he probably would have dropped out, maybe have gotten his GED, and definitely wouldn't be living at home. He said he wishes everyone could have the wonderful experience of being in Mini-School and he hopes to contribute anything he possibly can to the program in the future because "I LOVE MINI TO DEATH!!"

Looking back on life pre-Mini, Josh Stinson says he was distraught, confused and unsure of where life was headed. He was very skeptical of the powers of good," just another poor lost soul, lost in the crowd," he says of himself. Josh had just moved up here from Florida, and was in mainstream here at Minnetonka. He worked all the time and was extremely lonely and sad. Then he met Lester. She said that Mini-School was where he should be and his parents loved the idea. Josh is responsible, he sets a good example for other students, and adds lots to the program. Josh says, "Mini is a blessing in disguise. People don't realize what this program does for the community and families."

My own story goes like this- in the middle of my sophomore year I was hospitalized for depression and I went through treatment. I missed over a month of school and in my condition it was almost impossible to make up all the work. The mainstream teachers were most misunderstanding about the whole thing. No one seemed to understand that I was incapable of dealing with school at the time. I hated school, I hated the social scene associated with Minnetonka, and I just couldn't handle it. I had gotten to know Shari Perlman very well through groups and frequent visits. We decided that Mini-School was the best place for me. And it is. I moved in with my dad and he's very supportive of the program. He loves it. I'm getting along with both of my families wonderfully and I have a great job that I can't get credit for anywhere but here. I love the family atmosphere and the closeness of the teacher and student relationships. Mini-School has helped me in more ways than I can count and I'll never be able to thank Doug, Randy, JoAnne, Pauline and Ramona enough for being so supportive and understanding to my problems and needs. I love you all so much, Thank you!

**Cathy Dean**

submitted by Angela Peterson

This is a poem my best friend wrote for me.

**Cathy Dean**

Once there was a little bird,  
a happy bird was she.

Her name was Cathy Campbell Ann,  
a pretty bird, indeed.

So sublime were Cathy's feathers,  
a lovely shade of grayish blue.

To see her fly was quite a sight,  
so pretty as she flew.

One day as Cathy ate a worm,  
she felt a little dirty.

She thought a bath would do her good,  
so to the bath she hurried.

Drying off and feeling clean,  
she heard a voice behind her.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING CATHY DEAN?"  
the voice behind her said.

She quickly turned in time to find,  
the voice was in her head.

-Julia Jacquez

# Book Review of The Handmaid's Tale

By Lola Ulvog

This book can be compared to George Orwell's 1984 as it is a story of a twisted and controlled future. In this story, women have lost all rights, the Congress and President have been assassinated, and people are ruled by fear. The United States is no longer. It is now the Republic of Gilead. There has been a steep decline in birthrates, so all women with viable ovaries have been placed in the homes of the Commanders. These women are called handmaids. This book is the story of Offred, which is the name she has been given by this new society. She struggles with the new order and the loss of her husband and child. This book is difficult to put down. It is interesting to see how controlled a society can become. It is also frightening. I give this book a thumbs up.

## A Review on Rise the Euphrates, A Novel by Carol Edgarian by Angie Peterson

Carol Edgarian wrote this book brilliantly. She starts the book in Armenia in 1915. The novel tells about a little girl, Garod, living through the Turkish massacre. The Turks killed her father and baby brother, and marched her and her mother through the desert to the Euphrates River. Garod's mother drowns herself in the river, and Garod lets go of her hand. She somehow makes it to France and there she loses her name and is given a new one, Casard. As she grows older and becomes a wife and a mother, she struggles with the sadness and guilt. Casard gives her first granddaughter her mother's name, Seta, hoping it will relieve some of the pain, and she will somehow be forgiven for abandoning her mother.

Seta has her own struggles, she is half Armenian and half Odar (not Armenian). Casard doesn't like this, and Seta feels the resentment. Her parents divorce and she is confused through the whole book.

Rise the Euphrates is incredibly moving. It's very serious, but most men wouldn't like it or understand it. I think that it's best to read it if you are a woman, especially an Armenian woman, then everything will make sense.

# Movie Reviews

By Lola Ulvog

## *The Crow*

This film was very gripping. This may be partly due to the fact that Brandon Lee died making it. It is based on a comic and the plot revolves around revenge. Brandon Lee stars as a man who was pushed out of a 3 story window after watching his fiancée raped and beaten to death. He comes back to avenge their deaths. The title of the film comes from the crow which is Lee's connection between the world of the living and the world of the dead. I liked the movie, even though it is a story that is done often. It has killer visual effects. However, it is not for the weak stomach as there is much violence. If you liked *Ghost*, you'll like this movie.

## The Council of Ten: A Book Review by Jenny Bedford

A man named Andy Peterson attends his grandmother's funeral only to be delivered a letter telling him that his grandmother smuggled cocaine for five years to pay for his college. His grandmother writes "Andy you must get into contact with Henry Man the 12th st. precinct detective, he is the person I tried to warn about the cocaine smuggling, and it cost me my life. Now they want to kill you too."

This begins the saga that could mean 90% of America's population dead. It turns out that the white powder isn't cocaine but is a chemical that eats air when mixed with water.

Rebels are in charge of this operation. They call themselves The Council of Ten. The name dates back to the times of Alexander The Great.

Elan, a spy for a middle-eastern country has been trying to find the Council of Ten for seven years. When she does find them she will kill in order to avenge her husband who got too close to finding out about them.

In the end her husband is the head of the council. She has no other choice but to destroy them and indeed she does.

# Portrait of a Teenage Mother

By Alison Grahn

On April 4, 1994 at 6:12 A.M. my son arrived, weighing in at 7 lbs., 11oz. He was twenty and a quarter inches long. I named him Lucas James Grahn, James after my father. Both my delivery and my pregnancy didn't go too well.

The last two months of my pregnancy I was put on bedrest because I was developing toxemia. Toxemia is a severe condition that sometimes occurs towards the end of pregnancy. The occurrence is higher in teenage mothers. It is characterized by high blood pressure, swelling of the hands, feet, and face, and excessive amounts of protein in the urine. I was showing all of the signs.

Not only did I develop toxemia, I also got gestational diabetes. No one knows how long I had it but it was discovered three weeks before my baby was due. I was put on large doses of insulin because my sugar levels were so high and out of control. Because of my diabetes and toxemia they decided to induce me. They tried three times and on the third my water broke. I was in labor for twenty hours and wouldn't dilate. So, since my water was broken they needed to deliver him. I ended up having a C- section.

Because of my diabetes Luke was born more fragile than the average baby. he was big and looked healthy but he wasn't. They let me see him for a minute, then they needed to take him up to the nursery because his blood sugar was dangerously low. Since I was producing no insulin to counter react my sugar, the baby needed extra insulin to fight off my sugar. When he was born he was still producing alot of insulin, so his glucose levels were dropping. They needed to put an IV. in to get sugar into his system and he needed antibiotic because he was running a fever.

I was so excited to be able to take him home. People told me to take advantage of the time in the hospital because it would be overwhelming when I got home. I didn't listen, I just wanted to get my baby home. Now I wish I would have listened. Boy, if I were to do it all over again, I would rest alot more in the hospital

and let the nurses do all of the work.

The day after I got home I was back to the doctor; my incision was infected. That was quite painful. Just when I started feeling better, everything went wrong again. I was so frustrated. I had to depend on my mom and sister alot. They did most of the night feedings because I was in alot of pain. I don't know what I would have done without them.

To top that off, a few weeks after we were home from the hospital Luke had to go back in. He was hardly eating, throwing up what he did eat, and had been running a fever since birth. That was really scary, but I did get some rest, which was nice.

There have been times since I brought him home that I have second guessed my decision about keeping him. Sometimes I feel it would have been easier to give him up. I never realized how hard and challenging it is to be a mom. I also feel sometimes that he should have two parents, but I realize that he has a lot of love and he doesn't need a dad. Our house is filled with love and support. The hardest thing is probably the loss of freedom. I am young and would like to party but my son needs to come first. That is a hard thing to deal with.

I am planning on starting college winter quarter. I would like to major in elementary education. That would be the ideal job for me, being a single parent. I would have vacations to spend with Luke and I would have the whole summer off to be with him. This already is and will continue to be a difficult journey, but I have the support to make everything work out.



# A Look Back With My Mom

by Missi Swanson

Editor's Note: Missi Swanson's mother, Lori Srodola, was a Mini-School student back in the early years of the program. Mini-School daughter interviews Mini-School mom.

When did you start attending Mini?

*My junior year in 1974.*

Why did you decide to go?

*I wasn't going to school regularly, I skipped a lot, and I needed a fresh start, a new attitude.*

Who were the teachers here at the time?

*Doug, Randy, John, a lady teacher, I can't remember her name, and Lester was a student teacher.*

What was it like? The rules, attendance policy, administration pressure, length of the day, variety of classes, general attitude?

*I think it was probably the same as it is now....except we weren't as weird as you guys!*

Do you still keep in contact with any of your friends from Mini-School?

*Yes, some.. but these friends were friends before Mini-School.*

Approximately how many students were in the program at the time?

*About 35*

Do you feel you were singled out by hall monitors or mainstream staff because you were in Mini?

*No, I was singled out because I was a brat.*

If you had to do it all over again would you change it and stay in mainstream?

*No, the Mini-School staff taught me that I had potential, that I was a real person with weaknesses and strengths. They made me want to succeed-I never found that in mainstream.*

How do you feel about the program?

*I hold the highest respect for this program, it did wonders for me and many others. It's an exceptional program.*

## With Honors, A Movie Review

by Angie Peterson

I saw this movie a few weeks ago and it wasn't very realistic, it was definitely a movie. It was about roommates at Harvard in their senior year getting really stressed out over graduation. One of them, Monty, finds a homeless man and they change each others lives. Monty becomes more light-hearted and relaxed and the homeless man gets cheerful. They become great friends and he moves in with the group, despite one of the guys stereotypical protests. They all eventually change his mind. The movie sends a good, positive message and was pretty funny. Overall, it was good.



# Rush/Primus Reviews

By Jenny Case and Lola Ulvog,  
respectively

In my opinion Neil Peart, Alex Lifeson, and Geddy Lee are gods. Luminaries. Men of wax. In fact, I bet they can all walk on water and turn their blood into wine. They are so cool. If they died they would probably rise from the dead and push the boulder away from the entrance of the cave so they could play their music for us.

Oh yes, in the same sentence as Rush, we once again see Primus, so we scream really loud. Some trendy new atrocity has brought you to your knees, come with us we'll sail the seas of cheeeeeeeez. In '92 (I think) when the two bands hatched their eggs together in Mpls., I was not there. I do not remember why.

Rush and Primus are two unusually different bands, yet a great clash of whatever. Neither of the groups find it imperative to constantly be moaning about women and how they haven't gotten any in a week. That is so cool.

So the big event was April 8th at the Target Center. Primus started at 8:00. We had good seats so Larry LaLonde was ten feet in front of us. When they played "My Name is Mud" I wanted to stagedive really bad but there were too many security guards and no mosh pit (where were we?). That was the only part that sucked. Primus just kept going and going, I think "Herb" the drummer outplayed the Energizer Bunny.

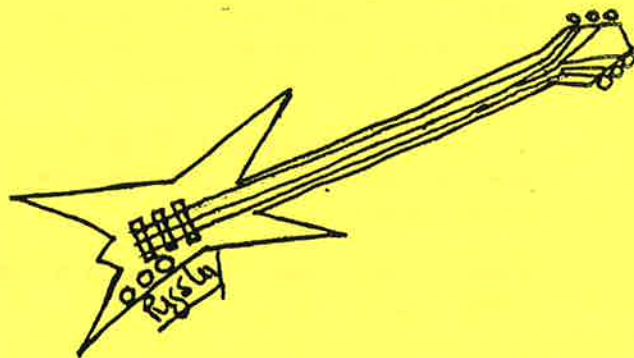
Then Rush came on and they were so good. The lights and the movies were cool. I like the way Geddy Lee Pings across the stage like a duck. Neil did a drum solo but of course that was expected. He just sits there and plays his drums, he hardly even smiled. I have often wondered if he feels like that's his job and he's gotta' do it. I wonder if playing as much as they do turns into a drag after a while. Anyway, I thought Rush kicked "butt", so there.

On April 8th I attended the Rush concert which Primus opened for. I got there about half an hour early. My seat was so far up- I'd call it the nosebleed section. I had never been to a concert at the Target

Center and I could not decide whether I thought it would be good or not.

When Primus played, there were still lots of empty seats that I was more than willing to move in to. But as soon as Primus finished the seats were all filled with expectant Rush fans. I found Primus disappointing personally. I was totally stoked to see them and they only played about five songs. They didn't even play "Jerry was a Racecar Driver". It was also difficult to hear vocals because of the distortion. It was almost like Rush used Primus for their soundcheck. They did however play "Blue Collar Tweakers", which sounded good.

Anyway, about Rush... they were great. Seriously. I am not a huge fan of Rush. It has only been in the last year and a half that I have been listening to them, but when they put on a show, they really put on a show. They had lights that would either send you into a seizure or into a flashback. There was also a giant bunny that popped up and a screen behind the band that flashed words and pictures during some of the songs. Rush was really really great. Their drummer is a god. They played one really long encore. The funniest thing that night was seeing all these people smoking right next to or under "no smoking" signs. I'd have to say it was pretty hazy in the smoke-free Target Center that evening.



## Senior Wills

by Missi Swanson and Gabe Hargrove

The year is finally coming to an end, and that means saying good-bye to the seniors (or at least those who graduate). So we the seniors take along with us the memories of high school and leave the rest of you our worldly wisdom and most prized possessions (to those who deserve them).

Gabe Hargrove leaves- To Pe-Tar, another cigarette hole in his car; to Raeann, another tie dye and dead sticker; to Patty, common sense; to Missi, Cool Water cologne; to Brian, baked or refried beans; to Brandon, another guitar magazine; and to Zzaback, all his extra units.

Missi Swanson- I leave Gabe an unlimited supply of straws; Peter, Nine Inch Nails; to Jesse I leave, "you know who"; to Angie I leave something nice to say to Gabe; Rob, I leave you a brain; Zzaback, a diploma; all the wonderful Mini-School teachers and Joanne, my presence for part of next year (lucky you!)

Chris Wilmot leaves nothing to anyone except Zzaback, "he gets my extra units."

Dave "Zyt" Zytkoskee- My top ten wonders list to Ray and to Casey being captain of the volleyball and hockey teams. And to Zzaback I leave any extra units I might have after 4th quarter.

Sam Merz- I leave Patty an argument, I leave the grunge people some soap and all my extra units to Zzaback.

Jill Maxon leaves her locker for Patty, her notebooks, pens and pencils to Mini-School, and all her extra units to Zzaback.

Chad Akins leaves a brain for Doey, he doesn't leave his extra units for Zzaback because he doesn't have any.

Karen Kenefick leaves her extra units to Chad Akins.

## Mini-School vs. Mainstream

By Patty Heien and Jill Maxson

We asked the simple question, "How would you describe Mini-School as opposed to how you would describe mainstream?". The results were kinda funny.

Mini talks about mainstream

Raeann- Good place to be if you can handle it.

Dan- Teachers don't treat us like individuals as opposed to Mini-School

Jed- Didn't like it.

Dave- A group of stereotypical labelists that believe they are better than everyone.

Scott- Okay for people in it.

Bill- Teachers treat you like a computer.

Chris- Institution of mass learning where pukers can be shepherded by even bigger pukers!

Mainstream talks about Mini

Bryant- A joke, read the newspaper and watch movies.

Jeanna- Good program for people with troubles.

Tammy- Kinda cool, good for kids that are in it.

Jamie- Great for people who can't handle the pressures of mainstream, great that it's here.

John- Mainstreamers stereotype people for being in Mini-School.

Mike- A place to meet individual needs.

Mandy- The kids need more one on one conversation with the teachers.

Joey- I thought they were really just miniature people.

John- Small school.

## One-Sided.

Talking to everyone, but no one talks back.  
Hi-tech communication breakdown.  
Speaking a language no one understands anymore.  
The written word nothing,  
but an ink stain upon the bleached paper of life.  
Rhythmic Hell creeps along the streets,  
in the form of Unassailable logic.  
Ripped apart from corner to corner,  
as the rats mutter drunkenly to themselves.  
Paranoia held in the iron fist of this fascist reality within.  
The glass is really half empty,  
as all hope is slowly squeezed out of the fruits of labor.  
Inspiration is no longer sought out,  
as a source of comfort...  
because the pain of thinking is too much.  
Why talk to anyone, if they'll kill you?  
Big Brother *IS* watching...

Crash Wilmot

## Nature?

Manicured green happiness.  
With maybe a tree or two for fun.  
A mugful of steaming coffee,  
Up to greet the morning sun.  
Busy little worker ants,  
All driving to their little jobs.  
And funny little farmer ants,  
Planting beans and corn cobs.  
The birds all a-tweeting,  
In this Paradisal Glen.  
The robins, sparrows, Goldfinches,  
Crows, doves and wrens.  
All of it is false,  
So *craftily* it is made.  
By human engineering,  
for work done we are paid.

-Crash Wilmot

## Censor This...

*I'm beginning to sense a little hostility...*

To <sup>CE</sup> <sub>or</sub> with hostility... Hostility happened  
a long time ago.  
I clip my words off, I change my vocabular  
Just so I don't offend you?  
Poetry that offends sticks in your mind...

*We don't like being offended...*

I want to offend you,  
I want to <sup>CE</sup> <sub>hope</sub> you off.  
I want you to know I hate you.  
I want you to leave my poetry alone.

*But you are part of our system...*

I am part of no system,  
But only my own.  
If you wish to join me in my system.  
Be prepared to be denied.

*Why do you fight us...*

Because if no one fought,  
We would all become mindless sheep.  
And all would be blank,  
And passion would be lost...

## Razz

### The Night I Didn't Stay

Seen across the sidewalk,  
I've watched the crow fly overhead; and with  
the panther leading the way, he drops his  
tears for me to walk upon;  
Witnessing the sun setting, I rest my soul upon  
the weathered ground,  
Where so many have rested in pairs before;  
Never have I been so alone,  
Alone I face my fears,  
Fears of myself and of the space around me;  
Once upon a minute,  
She would be by my side,  
But now there is the wall of despair between  
us, the wall of one night,  
The night I didn't stay

- Crying Panther

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## **Editor's Note:**

This issue, more than any issue in the history of Com-Mini-Cations, is entirely a student production. Angie Peterson and Lola Ulvog, Mini-School juniors, have taken on the project from start to finish. They have encouraged their peers to meet deadlines, they have done all the typing and layout, and have coordinated the whole effort. They have learned a bunch and are to be commended.



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**CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL  
GRADUATES!! GOOD LUCK AND  
BEST WISHES!! WE WILL MISS  
YOU!!**