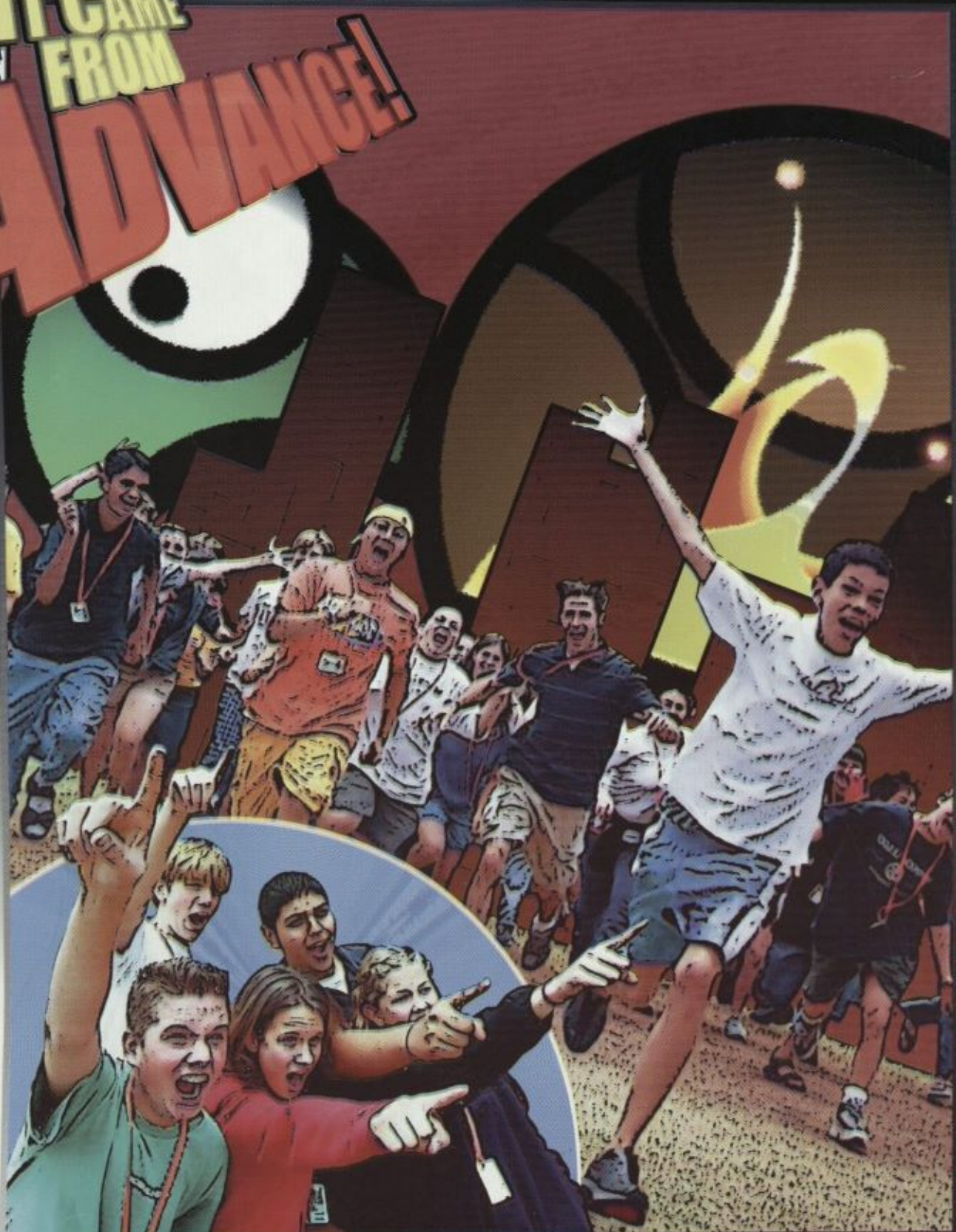


SHA'MA
COMIC
1
U.S. SP

FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

IT CAME FROM ADVANCE!



ADVANCE YEARBOOK 2002



BOON!




A SHA'MA PRESS
PUBLICATION
IN ASSOCIATION
WITH
LOUISIANA
TECHNICAL COLLEGE

PHOTOS &
ARTWORK BY
KATIE BYARS
AND
BRYAN MILLER



AND THEN THEY RAN...

IT CAME FROM AWMANCE



**DR. DAVID
WOOD!**

...DIRECTOR



**BRYAN
MILLER!**

...HEAD R.A.



**DAVE
ANDERSEN!**

...LEAD TEACHER



**HARRIETTE
PALMER!**

...ASSISTANT DIRECTOR



**CHUCK
BRADFORD!**

...RES. LIFE COORDINATOR

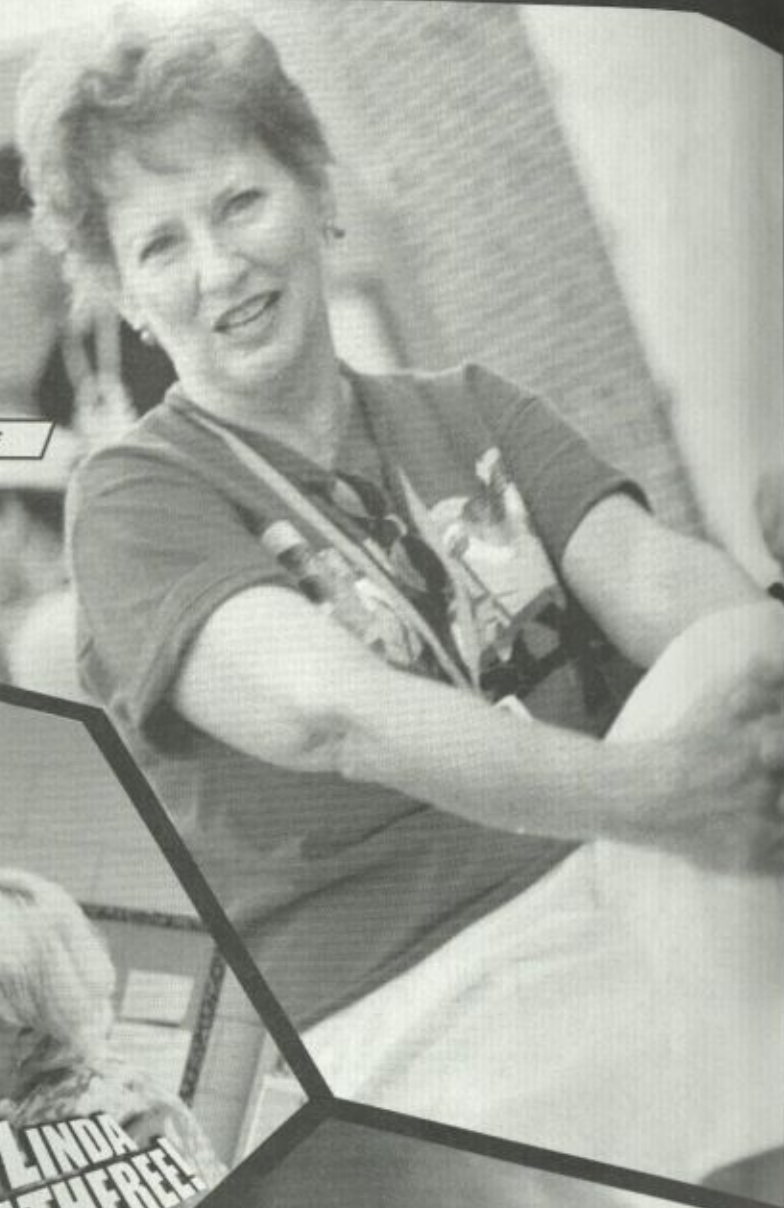


**PAT
GRESHAM!**

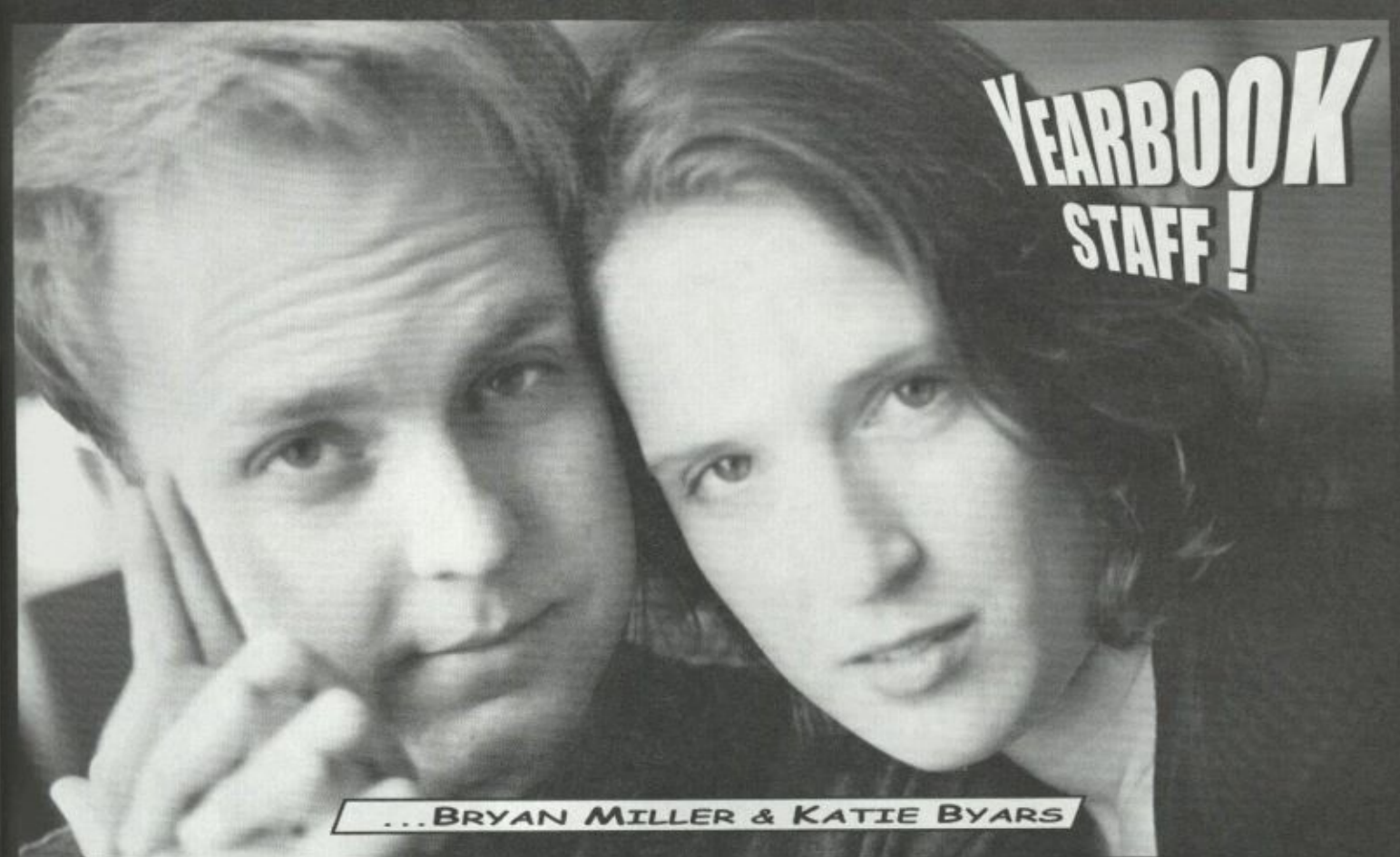
...COUNSELOR

**PEGGY
PLUNCKETT!**

...NURSE



**YEARBOOK
STAFF!**



...BRYAN MILLER & KATIE BYARS

**CRYSTAL
FRANCIS!**



**LINDA
FATHEREE!**

**MISSY
CLOUGH!**

...ADVANCE OFFICE

**DALE
CLINGERMAN!**

...NIGHT SECURITY



NEED TO MAKE A CALL?

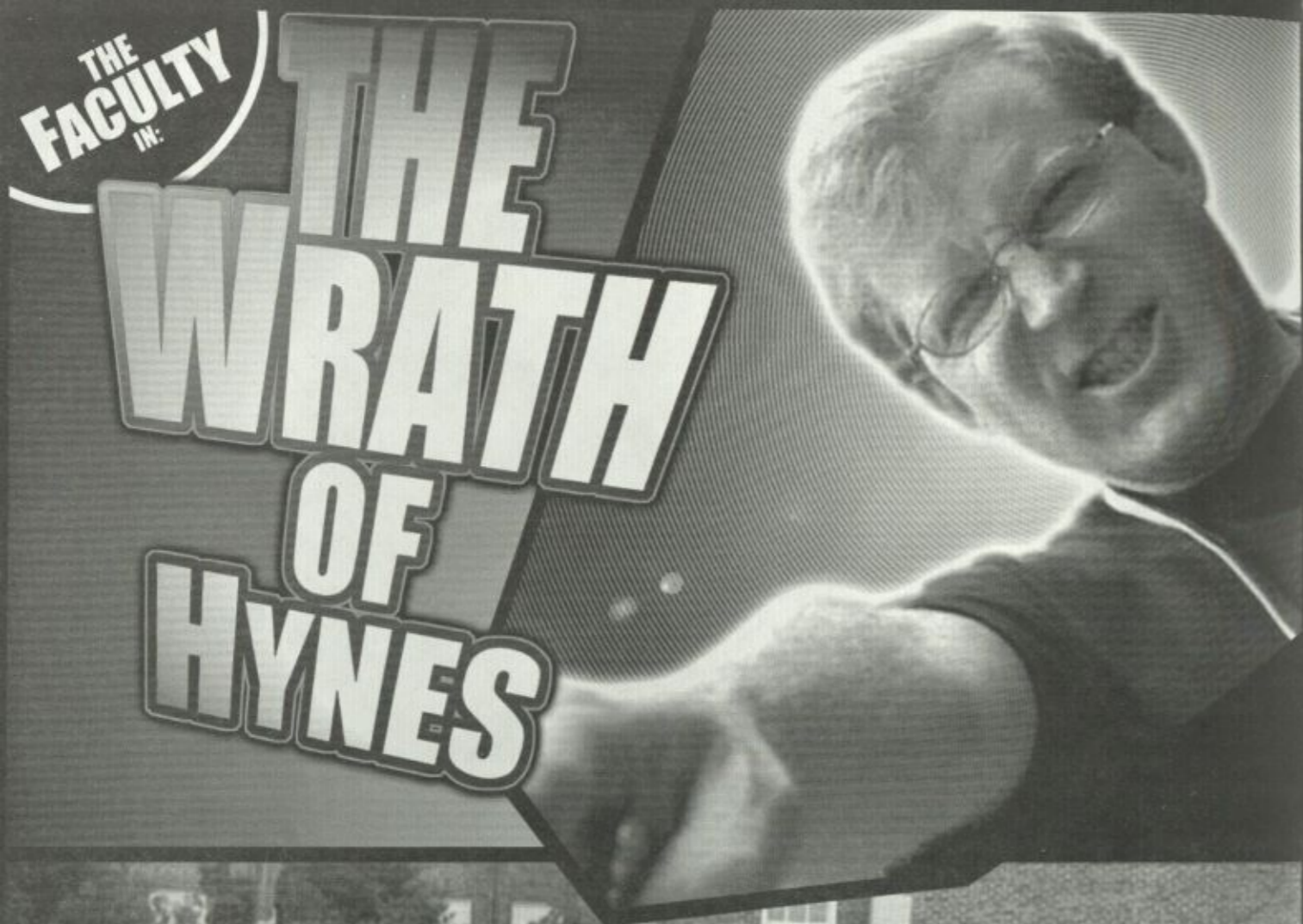


DIAL
1-800-OLD-PHON



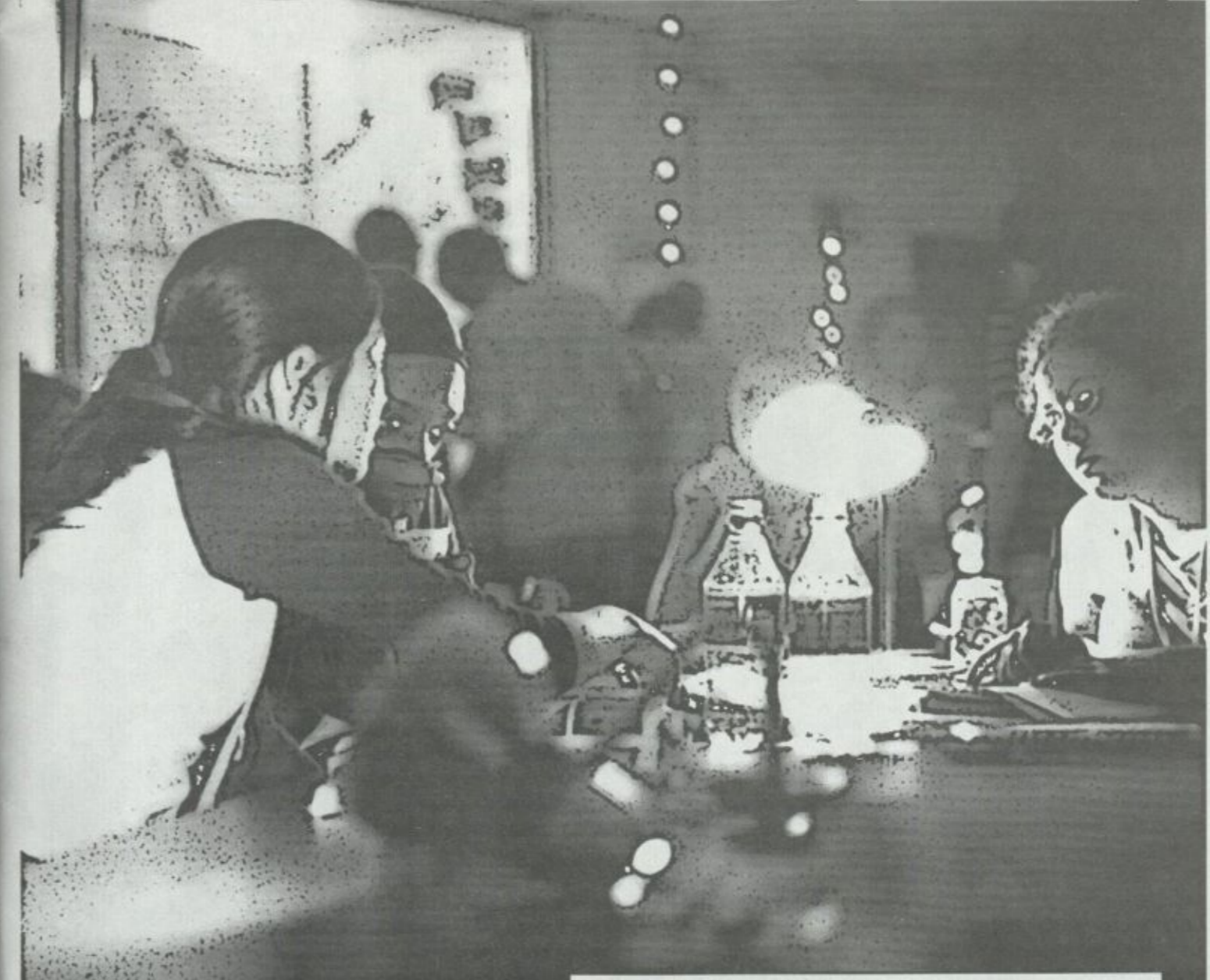
•••••
FOR COLLECT CALLS

TRADEMARK 1992, ADVANCE ENTERPRISES



LEFT TO RIGHT, ZIG-ZAGGY: DR. DAVID LAMBERT, DR. CLAYTON DELERY, MS. MARTITA CECCHINI, MR. JEREMY ZELKOWSKI, DR. NAHLA BEIER, MR. DAVID ANDERSEN, MS. BEGONA PEREZ, MR. DALLAS ROBERTSON, MS. SHELLY HYNES, MR. RALPH MCCRORY, MR. MAZHAR JAMIL, DR. RODNEY ALLEN, MS. SUSAN SEELING and MR. STEVE RUEGGER RAINING DOWN WRATH AND VENGEANCE FROM ABOVE: DR. CHRIS HYNES

ACADEMIA



THE ACADEMIC SECTION BEGINS...

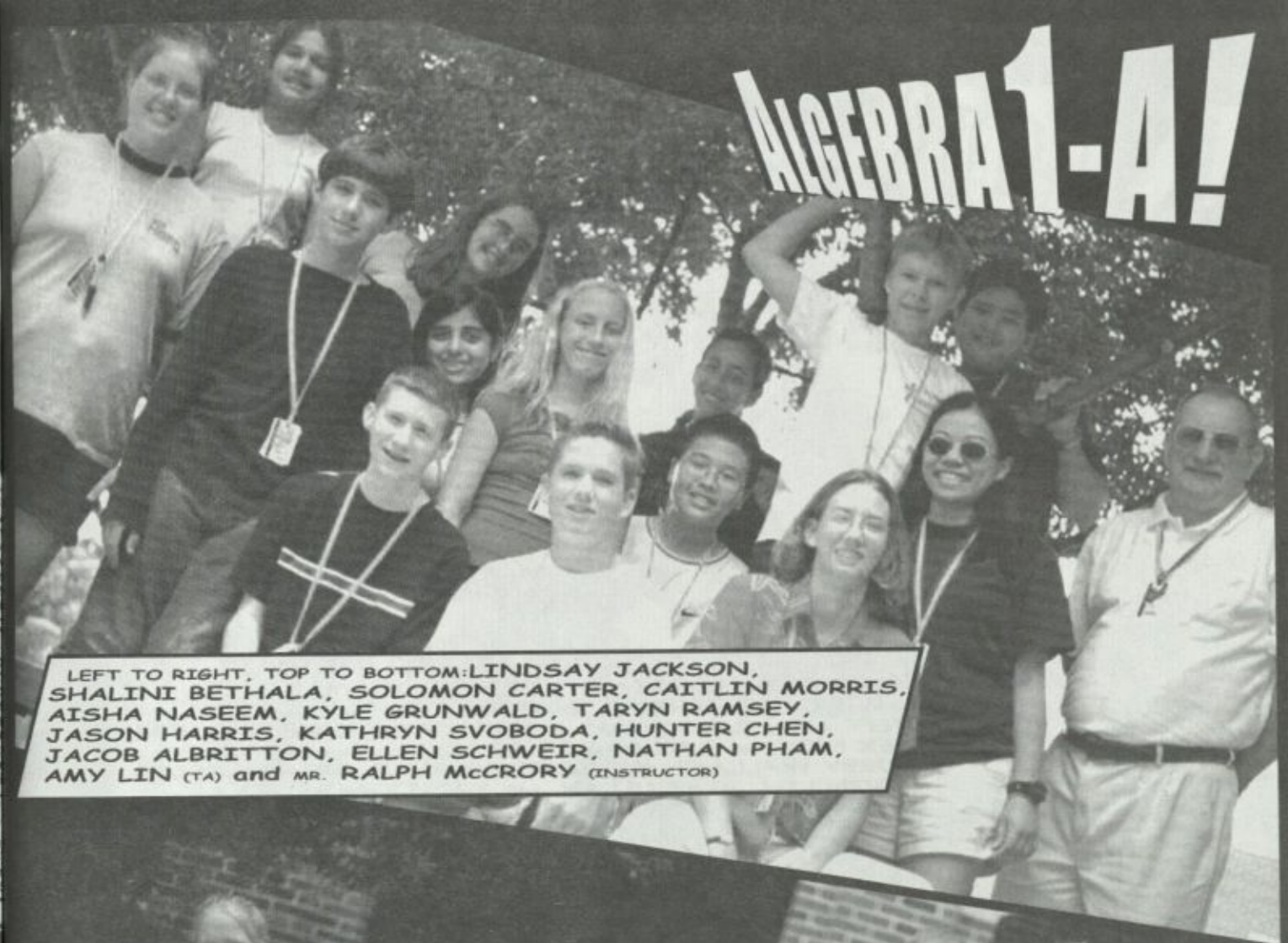
ACADEMIC

TEACHING ASSISTANTS



SISTANS

IN A SERPENTINE LINE, STARTING BOTTOM LEFT:
 MEG SHORT,
 MARIE LOEFFLER,
 PARUL PATEL,
 KRIS BARNETT,
 KRISTI BASS,
 MATTIE HARTMAN,
 ANN GLAVIANO,
 CECLIA CHAN,
 JEFF FOCKLER,
 AMY LIN,
 LAURA FOCKLER,
 SETH DUBOIS,
 BRIAN SEA,
 APRIL ALBRITTON,
 ASHLEY BEGNEZ AND
 BRENNAN ARDEN



ALGEBRA 1-A!

LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP TO BOTTOM: LINDSAY JACKSON,
 SHALINI BETHALA, SOLOMON CARTER, CAITLIN MORRIS,
 AISHA NASEEM, KYLE GRUNWALD, TARYN RAMSEY,
 JASON HARRIS, KATHRYN SVOBODA, HUNTER CHEN,
 JACOB ALBRITTON, ELLEN SCHWEIR, NATHAN PHAM,
 AMY LIN (TA) and MR. RALPH MCCRORY (INSTRUCTOR)



ALGEBRA 1-B!

KNEELING, SQUATTING, ETC.: ALYSSA LARE, RONAK PATEL,
 THERESA EDATTUKAREN, AMBER GORDON, KOURTNEY KENNEDY
 STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT: MARCI McMAHEN,
 MS. MARTITA CECCHINI (INSTRUCTOR), JILL MILLER, LIZ ROBERTS,
 MATT HUDSON, JACOB LANTIER, SIDHARTH PURI,
 NICHOLAS SPELLER, CHRIS STAPLETON, LAM TRUONG
 ALONE IN THE BACK: LAURA FOCKLER (TA)

ALGEBRA!



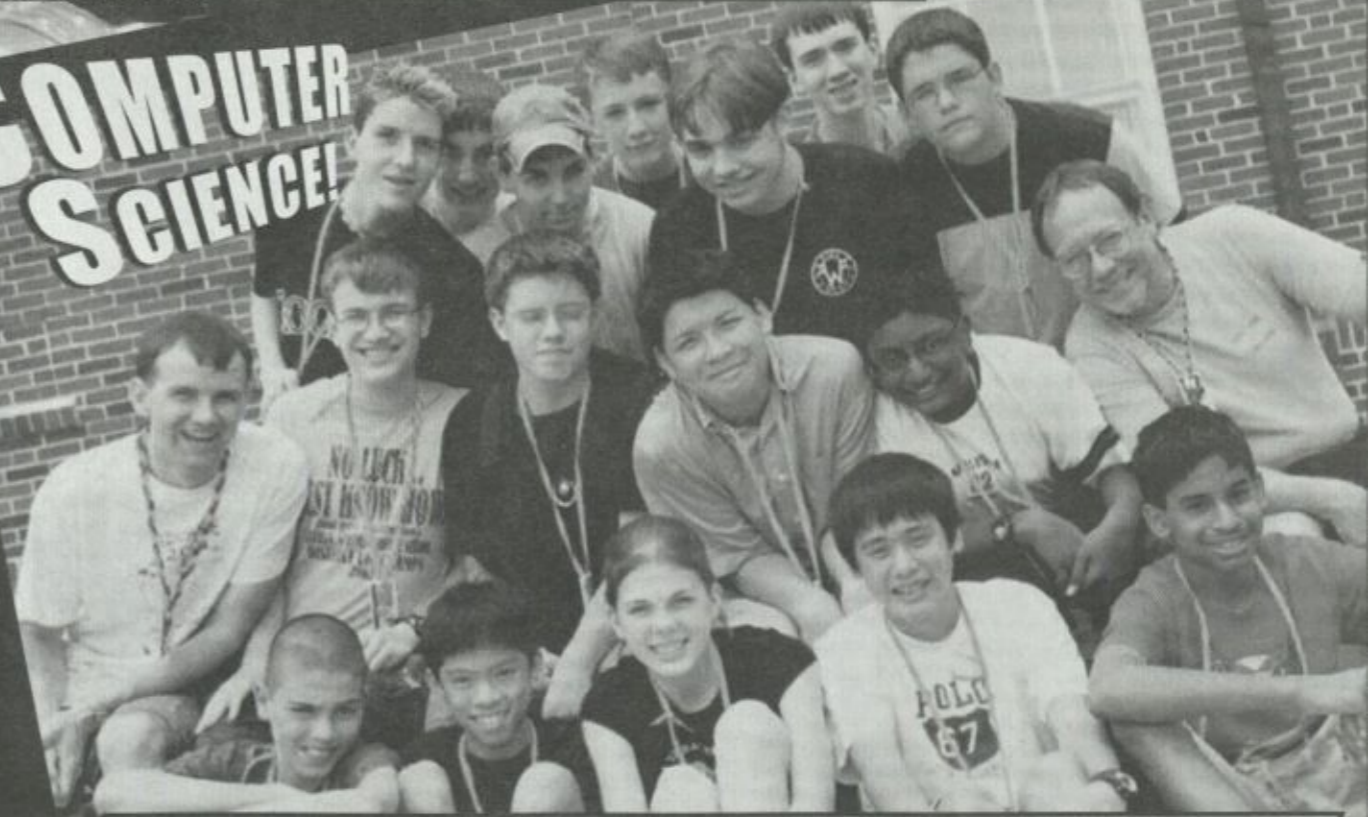
LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP TO BOTTOM: SARAH RAHMAN, SUN MIN LEE, BRIAN MULLEN, HOPE MAYER, AMANDA ANDERSON, SUMEDH DEORAS, CAELYN LeBLANC, JEFF LIU, RAVI SHAH, SARAH CATHERINE SPILLERS, REX NEW, MR. DALLAS ROBERTSON (INSTRUCTOR), BOBBY WALLACE, KANISHK SOLANKI, BRIAN LESSIG, KEVIN LIU, RIAZ ULLAH and KRISTI BASS (TA)

CHEMISTRY!



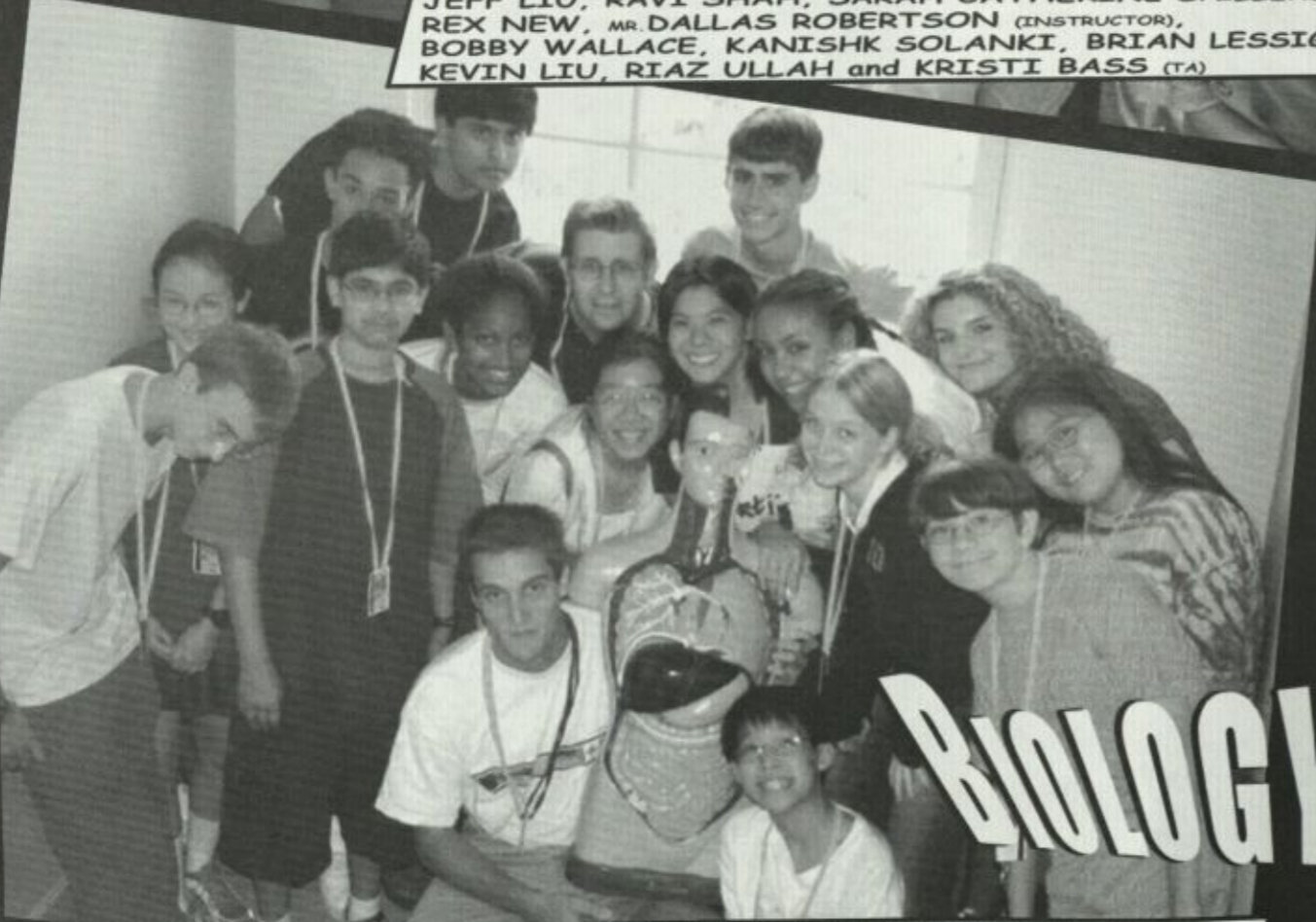
LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP TO BOTTOM: PEEK-A-BOO JANSEN SMITHI, CECLIA CHAN (TA), ASHLEY BAILEY, DANIEL LUSK, DR. CHRIS HYNES (INSTRUCTOR), CAROL SHIH, BRANDES RAMSEY, CHAITANYA NANDIPATI and JESSICA GREENE

COMPUTER SCIENCE!



1st ROW: JAMES VANDERSLICE, STANLEY CHEN, SAM KUJAR, KENNETH LEU and THOMAS ANTONY
 2nd ROW: CAP'N BRIAN SEA (TA), ANDREW WATLEY, BEN STERNER, EDWARD TRAN, VINI RAMASAMY and MR. DAVID ANDERSEN (INSTRUCTOR)
 3rd ROW: BRIEN GALE, AARON COPPERBERG, ALAN MITCHELL and ADAM LOFTON
 4th ROW: MICHAEL SCHAFER, JESSE TANNAHILL and PATRICK SIMMONS

BIOLOGY!



LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP TO BOTTOM: ALICE TZENG, PADEN REITZ, BOBBY CHAUDHRY, ROBERT CATO, GAUTAM SANE, DR. DAVID LAMBERT (INSTRUCTOR), MAANASA DAVULURI, CINDY CHENG, BRENNAN ARDEN (TA), KYLE BOUDREAU, TINA LI, A NAMELESS CADAVER, DOMINIQUE BARTHOLOMEW, FRANKIE AYMOND, CATHERINE CALHOUN, SHERRY LIU, ADAM RUTKA
 BELOW THE NAMELESS CADAVER: BRAVE, BRAVE TIMOTHY CHAO



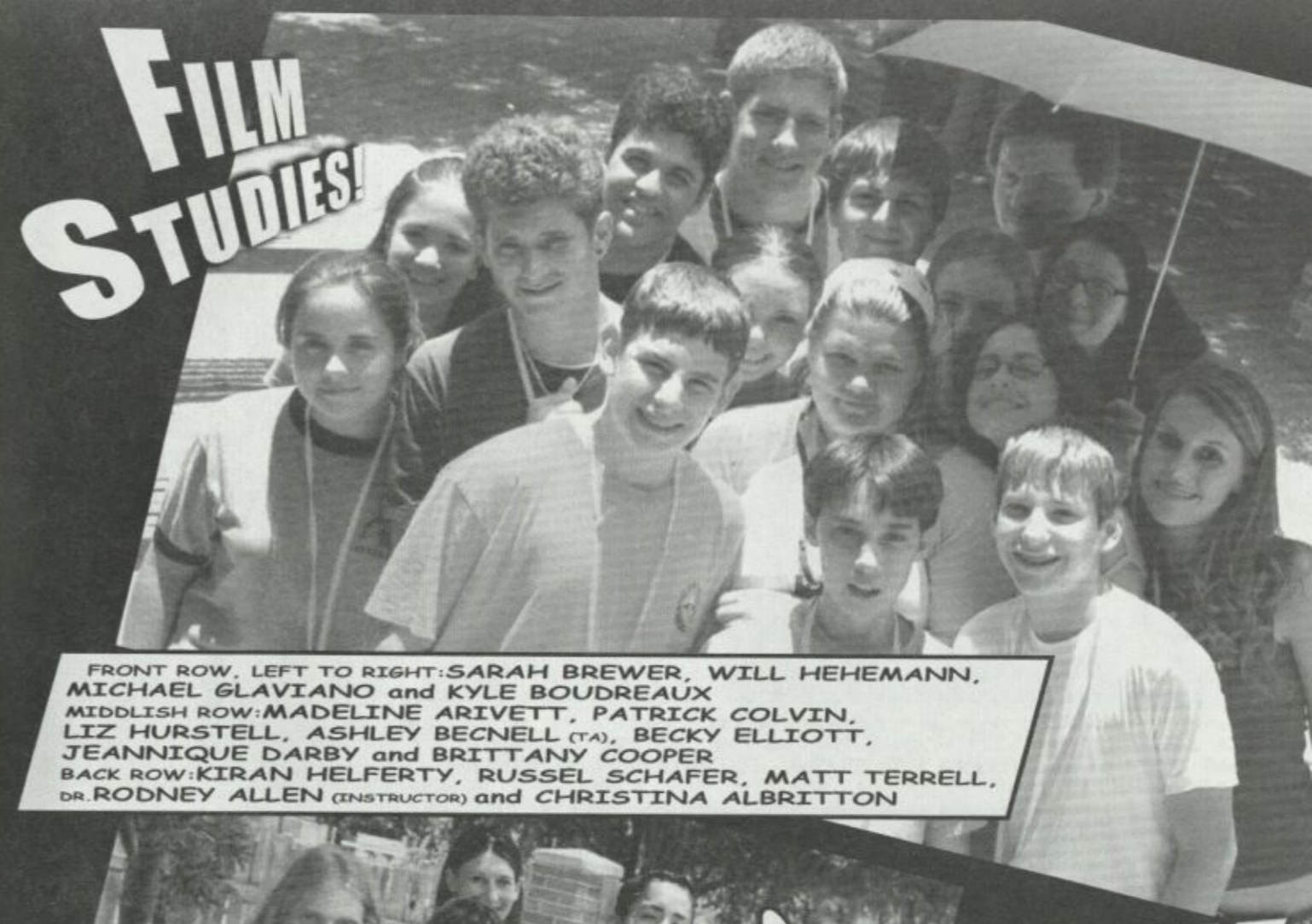
CREATIVE WRITING!

KNEELING: BRITTANY ZETO, TALA BANKSTON and SUK YOUNG KANG
 GRABBING TALA: ALLY NEVAREZ
 MIDDLE ROW, LEFT HALF, LEFT TO RIGHT: SNEKA PRASONKUMAR, AMY HILL, ABHITA REDDY, and TARA DOUCET
 RIGHT HALF, RIGHT TO LEFT: MICHAEL BARDWELL, RYAN MAFFET,
 [IN A COLUMN, BACK TO FRONT] ANN STRASSNER & THERESA BRYAN and FREDDI WICKER] and THE INDOMITABLE ANN GLAVIANO (TA)
 FRUSTRATED AT THE UNNECESSARILY COMPLICATED NATURE OF THIS DESCRIPTION: DR. CLAYTON DELERY (INSTRUCTOR) and CAT COLLINS

CRIMINAL JUSTICE!

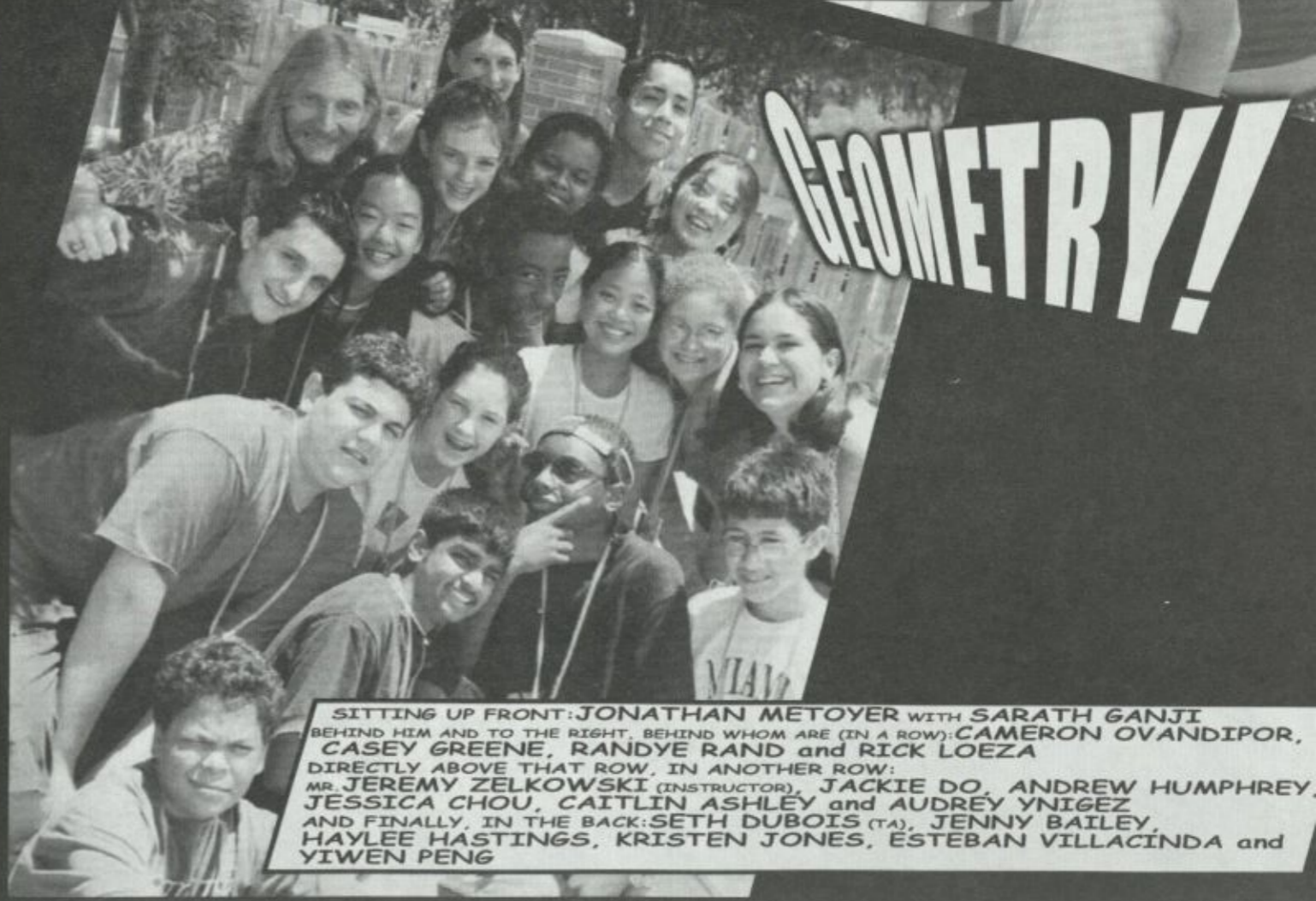


IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER: CONNIE LaLONDE, KRISTINA MEYER, SARAH STANSBURY, EMILY ATWOD, KATIE CHANG, RAEHAN DURLABHJI, MICHAEL BARRON, AARON BROWN, MAUREEN SCOTT, SHANE SHADIX, BERINGIA LIU, LINDSEY WELCH, SINTHANA UMAKANTHAN, STEPHEN POWERS, MEG SHORT (TA), and MR. STEVE RUEGGER (INSTRUCTOR)



FILM STUDIES!

FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: SARAH BREWER, WILL HEHEMANN, MICHAEL GLAVIANO and KYLE BOUDREAUX
 MIDDLE ROW: MADELINE ARIVETT, PATRICK COLVIN, LIZ HURSTELL, ASHLEY BECNELL (TA), BECKY ELLIOTT, JEANNIQUE DARBY and BRITTANY COOPER
 BACK ROW: KIRAN HELFERTY, RUSSEL SCHAFER, MATT TERRELL, DR. RODNEY ALLEN (INSTRUCTOR) and CHRISTINA ALBRITTON



GEOMETRY!

SITTING UP FRONT: JONATHAN METOYER WITH SARATH GANJI
 BEHIND HIM AND TO THE RIGHT, BEHIND WHOM ARE (IN A ROW): CAMERON OVANDIPOR, CASEY GREENE, RANDY RAND and RICK LOEZA
 DIRECTLY ABOVE THAT ROW, IN ANOTHER ROW: MR. JEREMY ZELKOWSKI (INSTRUCTOR), JACKIE DO, ANDREW HUMPHREY, JESSICA CHOU, CAITLIN ASHLEY and AUDREY YNIGEZ
 AND FINALLY, IN THE BACK: SETH DUBOIS (TA), JENNY BAILEY, HAYLEE HASTINGS, KRISTEN JONES, ESTEBAN VILLACINDA and YIWEN PENG

PHYSICS!



CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT: MEAGAN MILLER, ROSIE LEE, MS. SHELLY HYNES (INSTRUCTOR), KATIE FINCH, YOUNG JUN LEE, BRIAN VENTURA, ELIZABETH KOERBER and PARUL PATEL (TA)

PREGALCULUS!



LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP TO BOTTOM: HAYDEN HIBBARD, KRIS BARNETT (TA), SUNNY SHAH, DEVIN DROUANT + SARAH DENDY, T.J. GEORGE, MR. MAZHAR JAMIL (INSTRUCTOR), MIKE LaCOUR and CHRIS VU

PSYCHOLOGY!



FRONT & CENTER: AMANDA BLAKELY / 1st ROW: JESSICA RASH, CINDY LIU, BECCA GRIMILLION, DIVYA JAPA and EMILY BREWER 2nd ROW: AKRISTINA LEURA, KIM PENIX, KOBY WILBANKS, VOLLEYBALL QUEEN GEORGETTE LANG, BRYAN + AKSHAR PATEL 4EVER and NEELAM PHADTRE / THIRD ROW: PAOLO NACCARI, MS. JOANN FORREST (INSTRUCTOR), APRIL ALBRITTON (TA), ANGELA KUO and DR. PHIL KUTCHINSKY (EVIL GENIUS)

SHAKESPEARE!



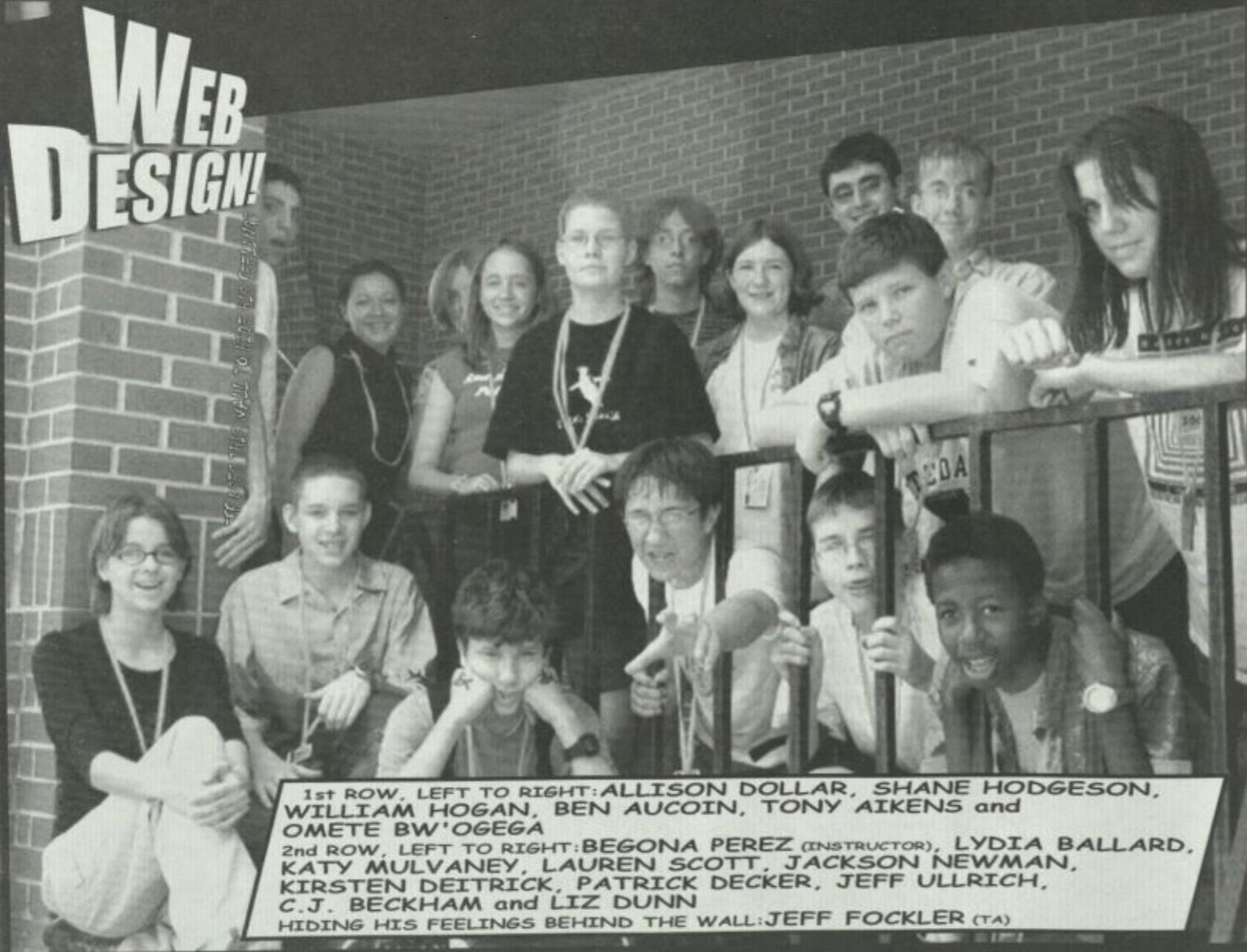
EYES CLOSED TO THE WORLD: THOMAS JOHNSON FIRST ROW: GROOVY BABY MATTIE HARTMAN (TA), MARGARET KOERBER, KATE DURBIN, PAIGE GAUTREAUX, CHRISTINE WENDLING and DR. NAHLA BEIER (INSTRUCTOR) SECOND ROW: AMY MARTY, KATHERINE THOMPSON, SHAWN LIN and PHILLIP YIANNOPOULOS



SPANISH 1!

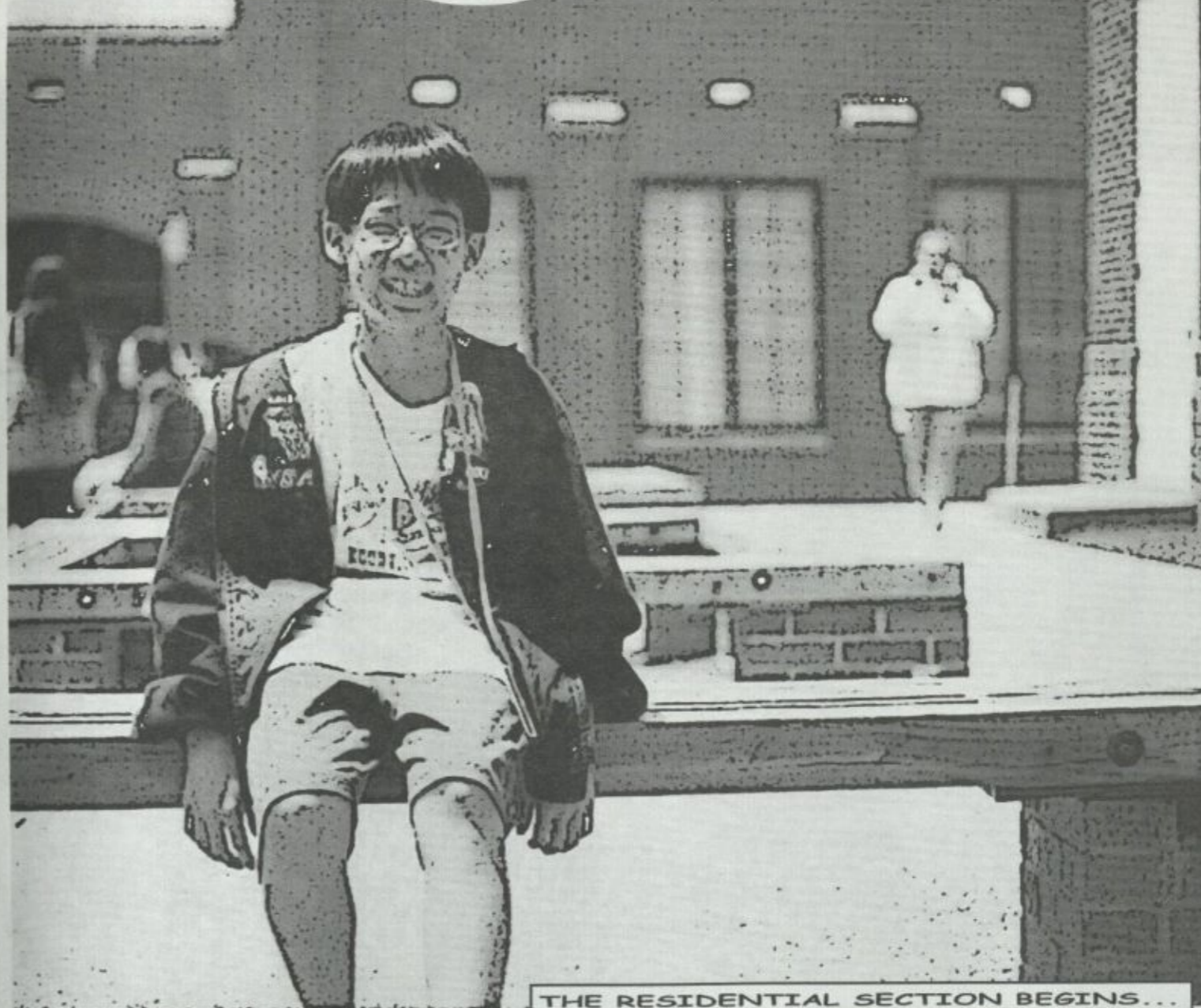
FRONT ROW, IN A ZIG-ZAG: CARMEN HALFORD, VIRGINIA SETTLEMYRE, MEAGAN ADAMS, SUNNY BOURBON, MARIE LOEFFLER (TA), ALEXANDER HARBER and MS. SUSAN SEELING (INSTRUCTOR)
 LOITERING IN THE BACK: BENJAMIN FORTIN, SO WRONG HE'S WRIGHT KENNEDY, BRITNI SCRUGGS and JANE BOCCHINI

WEB DESIGN!



1st ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: ALLISON DOLLAR, SHANE HODGESON, WILLIAM HOGAN, BEN AUCOIN, TONY AIKENS and OMETE BW'OGEGA
 2nd ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: BEGONA PEREZ (INSTRUCTOR), LYDIA BALLARD, KATY MULVANEY, LAUREN SCOTT, JACKSON NEWMAN, KIRSTEN DEITRICK, PATRICK DECKER, JEFF ULLRICH, C.J. BECKHAM and LIZ DUNN
 HIDING HIS FEELINGS BEHIND THE WALL: JEFF FOCKLER (TA)

RESIDENT



THE RESIDENTIAL SECTION BEGINS...

RESIDENTIAL

LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP TO BOTTOM:
 BEN WOOD,
 CHUCK NORWOOD,
 DAVID NOVOSAD,
 NICOLE BOURGEOIS,
 MEREDITH GRESHAM,
 PAUL JANNISE,
 CELIA MANCHAM,
 JOHN ALLEN,
 ROBIN SAMSON,
 AMANDA ARNOLD,
 GARRETT QUILLOTTE,
 SHANNON ARMSTRONG,
 KERRI YU,
 HEIDI NORWOOD,
 JOHN BIRCH AND
 BRYAN MILLER

KATIE BYARS
 TOOK THE PICTURE.
 ARTISTE!

RESIDENTIAL ADVISOR
RESIDENTIAL ADV

NICOLE!



BACK ROW: MARCI McMAHEN and VIRGINIA SETTLEMYRE
 MIDLISH ROW: YIWEN PENG, MAUREEN SCOTT,
 ANN STRASSNER, LIZ ROBERTS and TARYN RAMSEY
 FRONT ROW: AMANDA BLAKELY, FRANKIE AYMOND,
 NICOLE BOURGEOIS (RA), KATIE CHANG and
 KIRSTEN DEITRICK
 SMOTHERED WITH LOVE: ASHLEY BAILEY

BEN!



IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER: JACOB ALBRITTON, MICHAEL BARRON,
 OMETE BW'OGEGA, TIMOTHY CHAO, MICHAEL GLAVIANO,
 ALEXANDER HARBER, JACOB LANTIER, YOUNG LEE,
 RONAK PATEL, SIDHARTH PURI, NICHOLAS SPILLER,
 JESSE TANA HILL and BEN WOOD (RA)



LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP TO BOTTOM: ELLEN SCHWIER, HEIDI NORWOOD (RA), AMY HILL, BRITTANY ZETO, KRISTINA MEYER, TASH BRYAN, KOBY WILABANHS, JESSICA RASH, KOURTNEY KENNEDY, MADELEINE ARIVETT and HAYLEE HASTINGS



THE ARROW POINTS TO: SHANE SHADDIX
LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP TO BOTTOM: BOBBY CHAUDHRY, MATT HUDSON, KENNETH LEU, JASON "HE-MAN" HARRIS, SOLOMON CARTER, JOHN BIRCH (RA), JONATHAN METOYER, STANLEY CHEN & PHILIP YIANNOPOULOS, TONY AIKENS, WILLIAM HOGAN, TONY THOMAS, RAEHAN DURLABHJI and ESTEBAN VILLACINDA



INTO THE DISTANCE: DAVID NOVOSAD (RA), BRIAN VENTURA, SHANE HODGSON, THOMAS JOHNSON, KEVIN LIU, KYLE GRUNWALD, HUNTER CHEN, NATHAN PHAM, JAMES VANDERSLICE, CHRIS STAPLETON, GAUTAM SANE SAYS "PEACE", BEN AUCOIN and LAM TRUONG



FRONT AND CENTER: CHRISTINE WENDLING
THE NEXT ROW UP: ABHITA REDDY, SHALINI BETHALA and AISHA NASEEM
THE ROW ABOVE THAT: LINDSAY JACKSON, THERESA EDATTUKAREN, LIZ DUNN, CAITLIN MORRIS, JILL MILLER and AMY MARTY
UP TOP: RKATHRYN SVOBODA, MEREDITH GRESHAM (RA), and ANGELA KUO



BACK ROW: CELIA MANGHAM (RA), NEELAM PHADTARE, SUNNY BOURBON, LAUREN SCOTT, SARAH BREWER, DIVYA JAPA, SNEKA PRASANKUMAR, CAELYN LeBLANC and PAIGE GAUTREAUX
SITTING: TINA LI, EMILY ATWOOD and JESSICA CHOU
KNEELING: SINTHANA UMAKANTHAN, SHERRY LIU and MARGARET KOERBER



STRETCHED OUT: KIM PENIX
FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: SARAH STANSBURY, EMILY "FLUFFY" BREWER WITH JENNIFER BAILEY BEHIND HER, JACKIE DO and LYDIA BALLARD
CARMEN HALFORD STANDS LEFT OF SUN-MIN LEE, ALYSSA LARE, KERRI YU (RA), DOMINIQUE BARTHOLOMEW, TARA DOUCET and KRISTEN JONES WITH KRISTINA LUERA & LIZ HURSTELL IN THE BACK



HOISTED: SARETH GANJI
LEFT TO RIGHT: CAMERON OVANDIPOUR, STEPHEN POWERS, ANDREW WATLEY, PHILIP KUCHINSKY, BRIEN GALE STANDS JUST BEHIND BEN STERNER, JACKSON NEWMAN, T.J. GEORGE, ADAM LOFTON and JEFF ULLRICH (WHO STANDS BEHIND BOTH VINI RAMASAMY & PAUL JANNISSE (RA))



LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP TO BOTTOM: PADEN REITZ, C.J. BECKHAM, GARRETT GUILLOTTE (RA), RICK LOEZA, ANDREW HUMPHREY, AARON COPPERBERG, ADAM RUTKA, SHAWN LIN, JANSEN SMITH, ROBERT CALO and RANDYE RAND

ROBIN!

ON THE GROUND, FRONT TO BACK:
 MARIE LOEFFLER (TA),
 BERINGIA LIU, KATE DURBIN,
 MAGGIE HO, ALLIE TZENG and
 AMBER GORDON
 EVERYONE ELSE, BACK TO FRONT:
 FREDDI WICKER,
 ROBIN SAMSON (RA),
 SUK YOUNG KANG,
 LINDSEY WELCH,
 KATHERINE THOMPSON,
 CINDY CHENG, CAITLIN ASHLEY,
 AUDREY YNIGEZ and
 MEAGAN ADAMS



CHUCK!

THE BOUNCER:
 CHUCK NORWOOD (RA)
 TOP BOX: PATRICK SIMMONS,
 BRIAN LESSIG, RAVI SHAH,
 MICHAEL BARDWELL,
 AARON BROWN and
 MICHAEL LaCOUR
 MIDDLE BOX: HAYDEN HIBBARD
 REX NEW and SUNNY SHAH
 BOTTOM BOX: KYLE BOUDREAUX,
 RIAZ ULLAH and
 BENJAMIN FORTIN



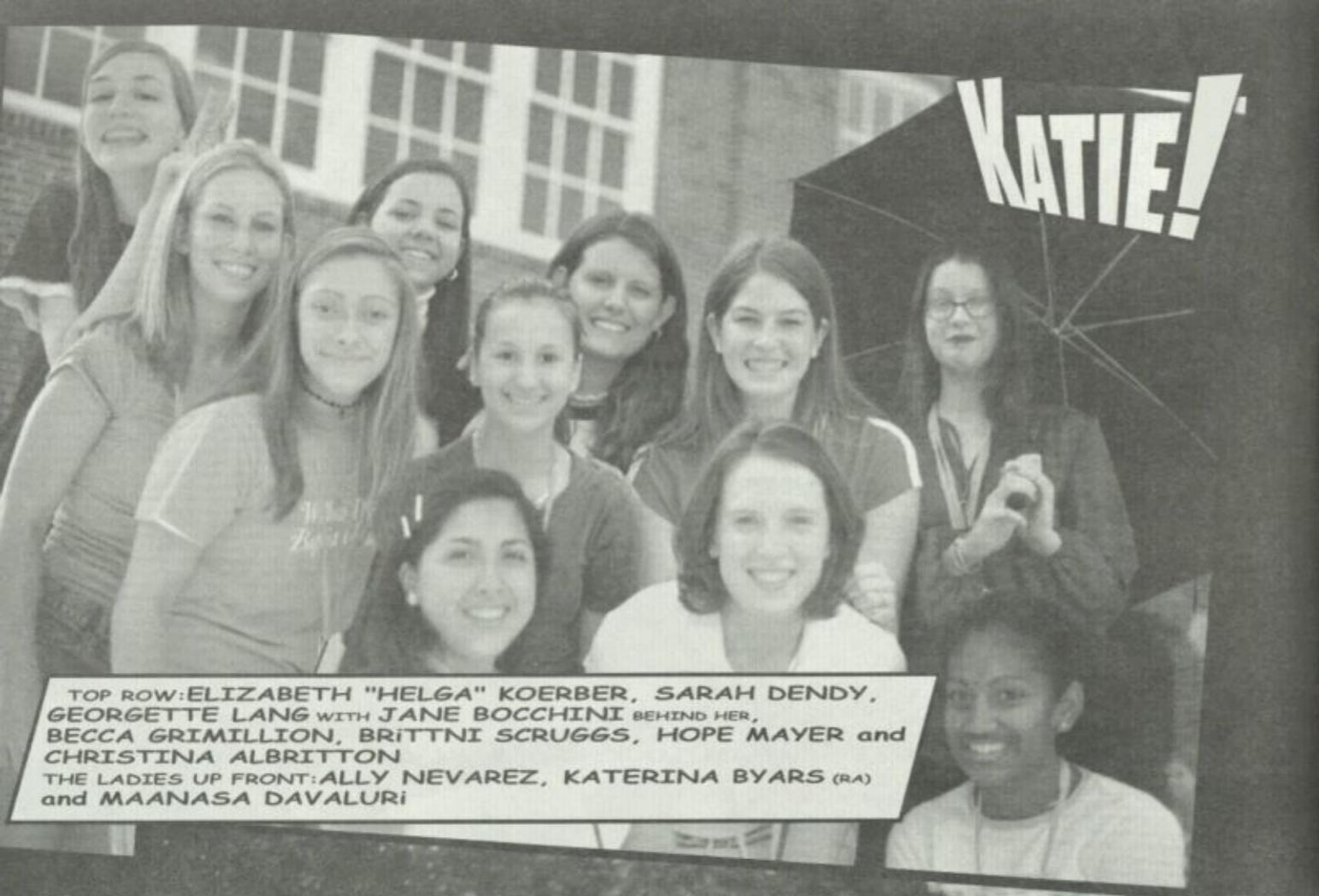
JOHN A.!

LEFT TO RIGHT, STANDING: BOBBY WALLACE, EDWARD TRAN,
 ALAN MITCHELL, BRIAN MULLEN, JEFF LIU,
 AKSHAR PATEL, KYLE BOUDREAU,
 PENSIVE MICHAEL SCHAFFER, DANIEL LUSK, CHRIS VU and
 RYAN MAFFEI
 UP FRONT: JOHN ALLEN (RA) and WILL HEHMANN



AMANDA!

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: ALLISON DOLLAR, JESSICA GREENE,
 ROSIE LEE, CINDY LIU,
 SARAH CATHERINE SPILLERS LOVES HER SOME HOBO, CAROL SHIH,
 KATIE FINCH, CONNIE LaLONDE and KATY MULVANEY
 IN THE MIDDLE: SARA RAHMAN and AMANDA ARNOLD (RA)



KATIE!

TOP ROW: ELIZABETH "HELGA" KOERBER, SARAH DENDY, GEORGETTE LANG with JANE BOCCHINI BEHIND HER, BECCA GRIMILLION, BRITNI SCRUGGS, HOPE MAYER and CHRISTINA ALBRITTON
 THE LADIES UP FRONT: ALLY NEVAREZ, KATERINA BYARS (RA) and MAANASA DAVALURI



SHANNON

TOP ROW: MEAGAN MILLER, BRITTANY COOPER and CATHERINE COLLINS
 IN THE MIDDLE: REBECCA ELLIOT, MARIKIT, JEANNIQUE DARBY and CASEY GREENE
 FRONT ROW: SAMANTHA KUHN, CATHERINE CALHOUN, AMANDA ANDERSEN and SHANNON ARMSTRONG (RA)



BRYAN!

FRONT ROW: MATT TERRELL, BRYAN MILLER (RA), PATRICK COLVIN and KIRAN HELFERTY
 MIDDLE ROW: RUSS SCHAFFER, WRIGHT KENNEDY, SUMEDH DEORAS and BRANDES RAMSEY
 BACK ROW: PATRICK DECKER, CHAITANYA NANDIPATI, DEVIN "DOLEMITE" DROUANT and TENACIOUS "P" NACCARI
 SURPRISED BEYOND REASON: KANISHK SOLANKI

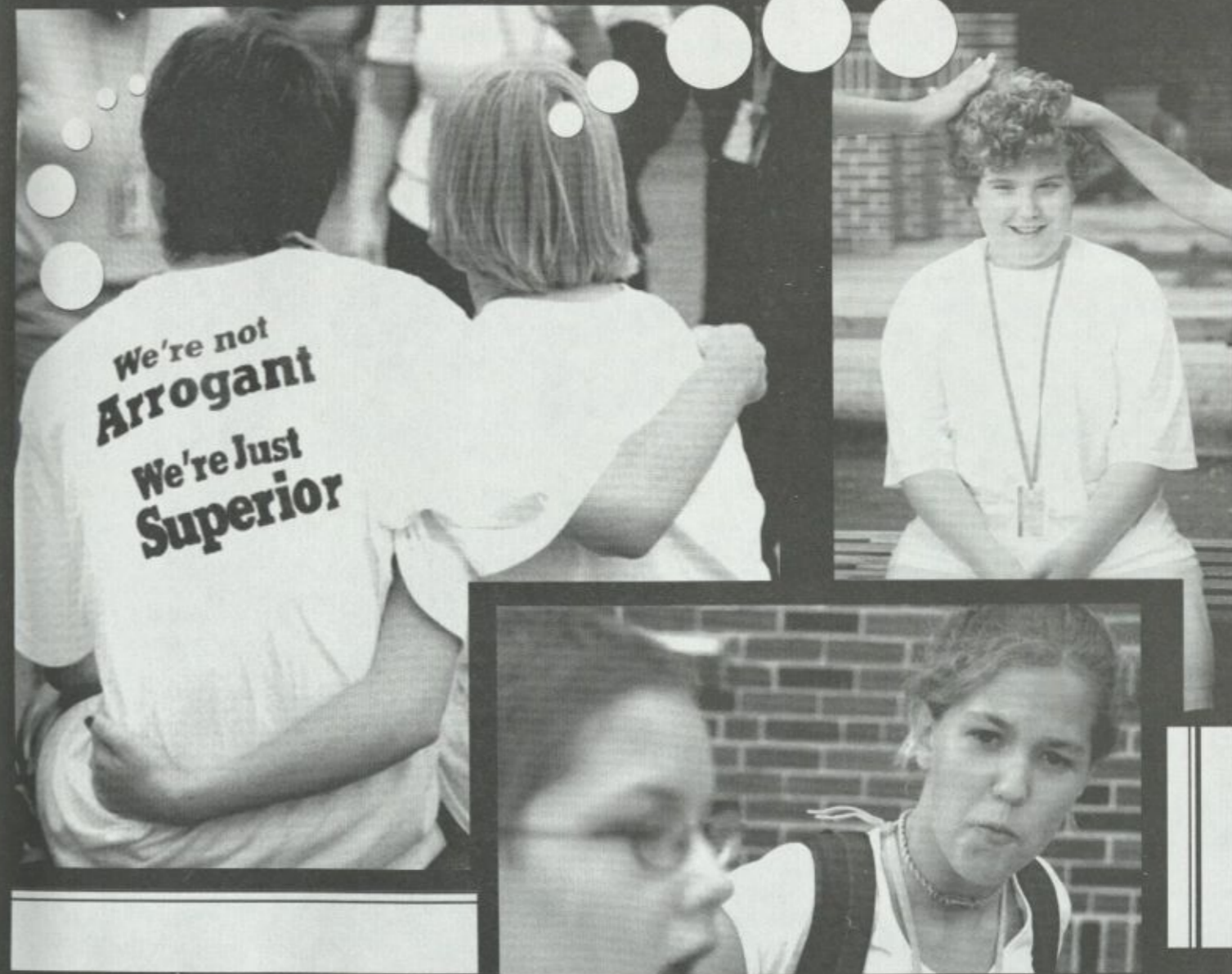
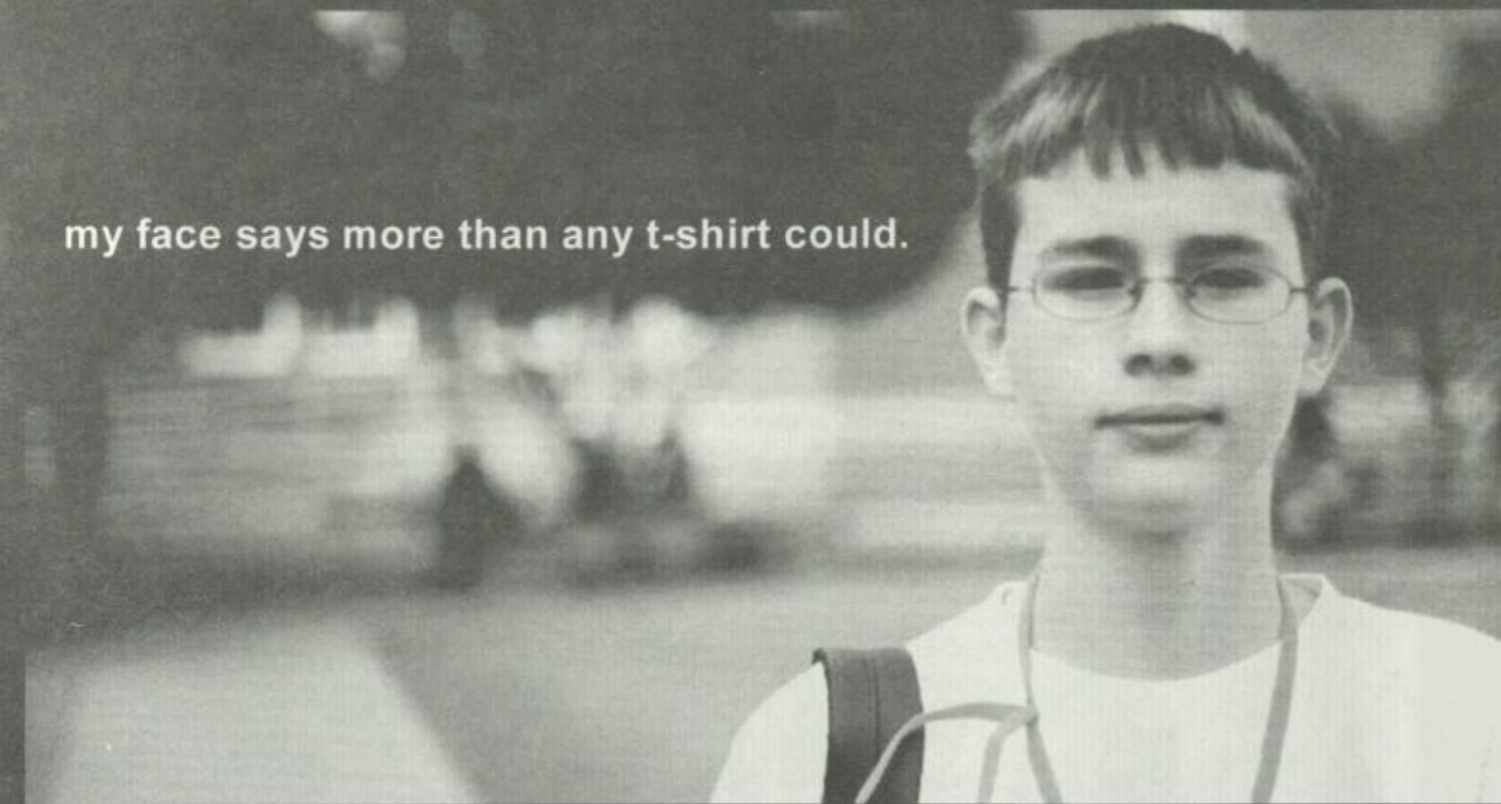
ADVANCE

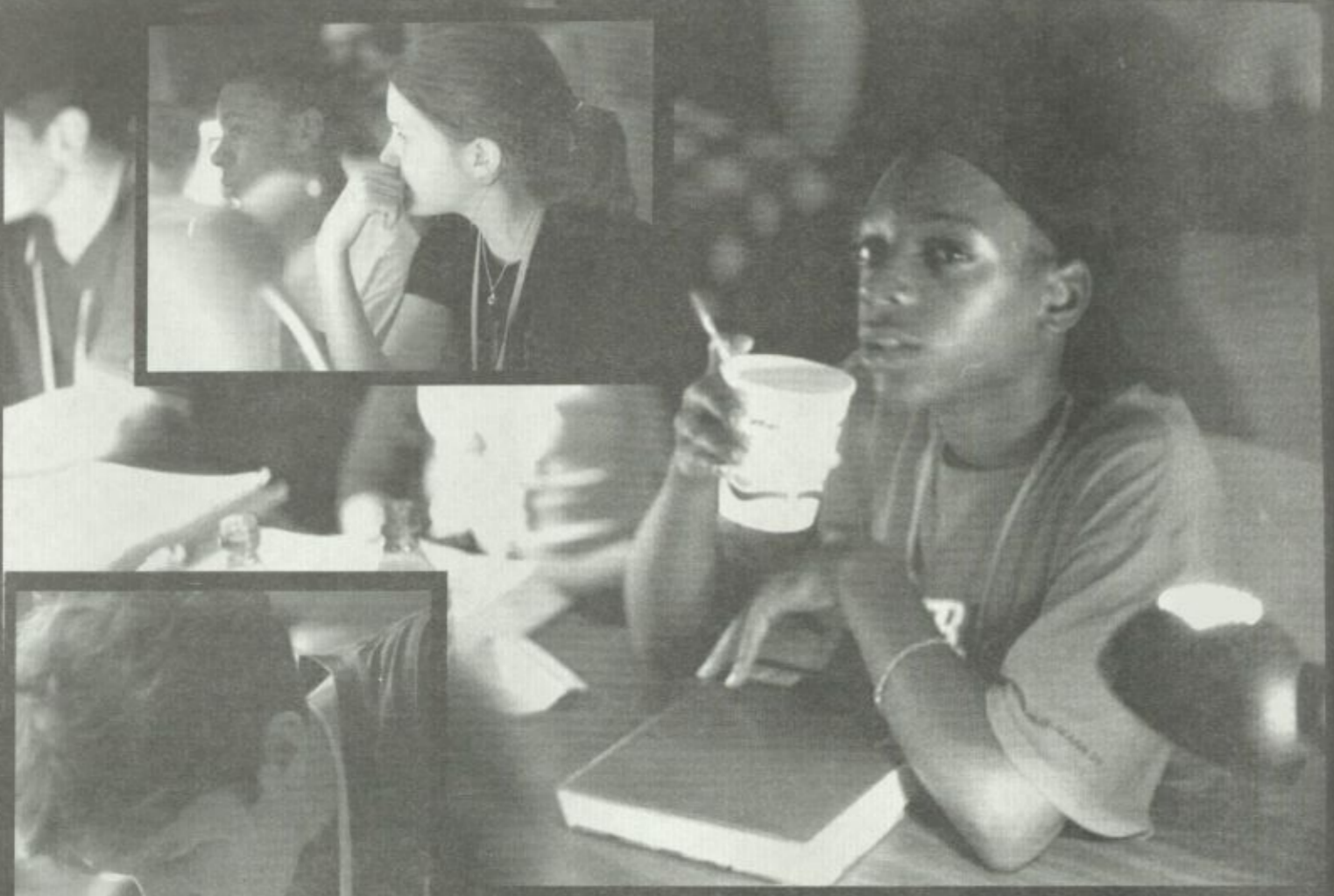


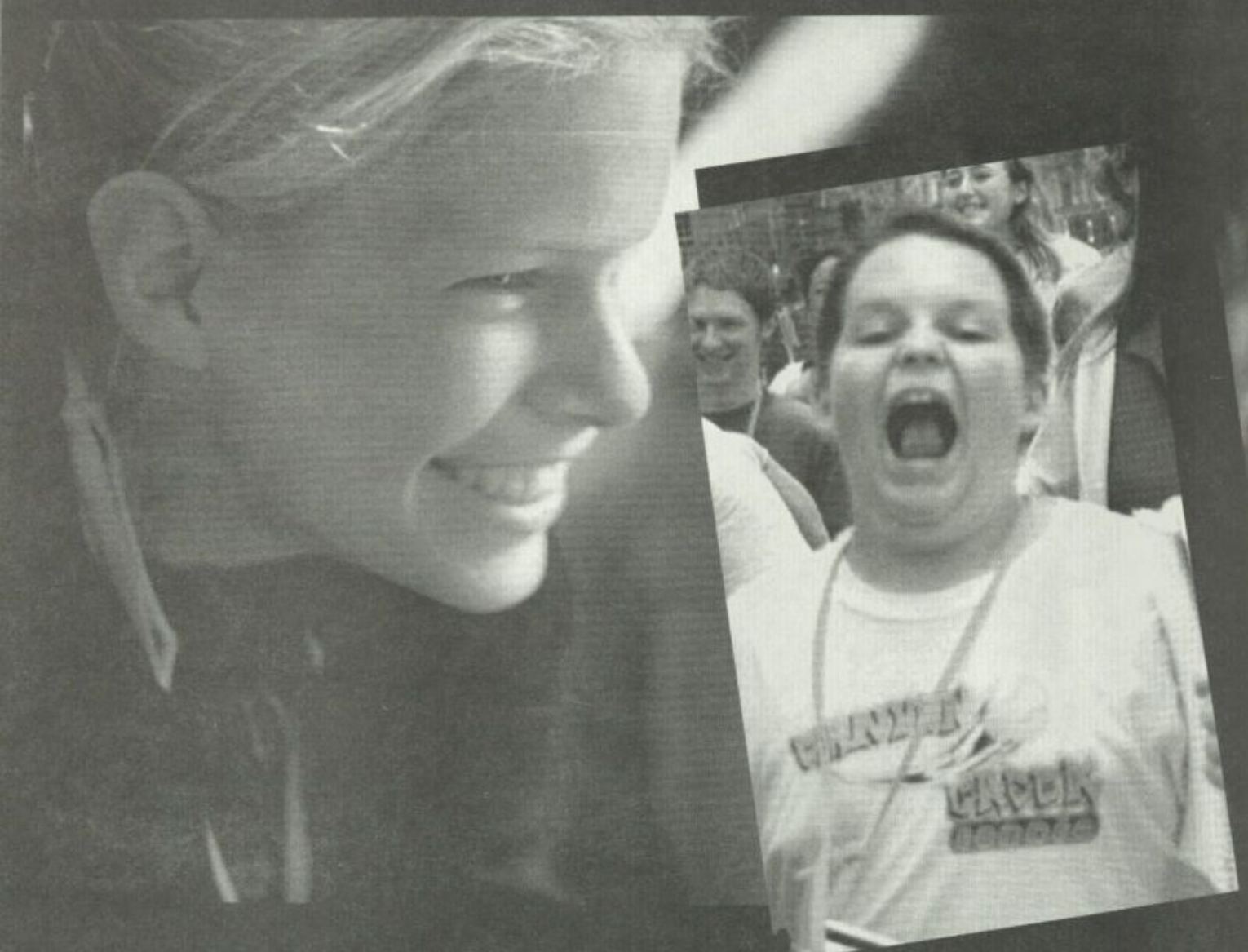
GO HOME HAPPY.
 [and maybe a little crazed]



my face says more than any t-shirt could.







Literature

courtesy of **CREATIVE WRITING**



My feet have buried themselves in the sand,
Warmed by the summer sun.
They have felt the cool tiles on their soles
After a steamy shower
And raised their heels to help me peer over the
Kitchen counter
With my eyes bright,
And wide open.
My feet have been in the presence of majestic mountains
And walked alongside ants on a dirt road.
They have worn a variety of shoes
But have yet to find their glass slipper.
My feet have danced to the music of my soul
And kicked wildly in fits of untamed anger.
My knees have buckled under my weight
But my feet were there to catch my fall.
Thank you,
Feet,
I'm grateful for your guidance,
From my head down to
My toes.



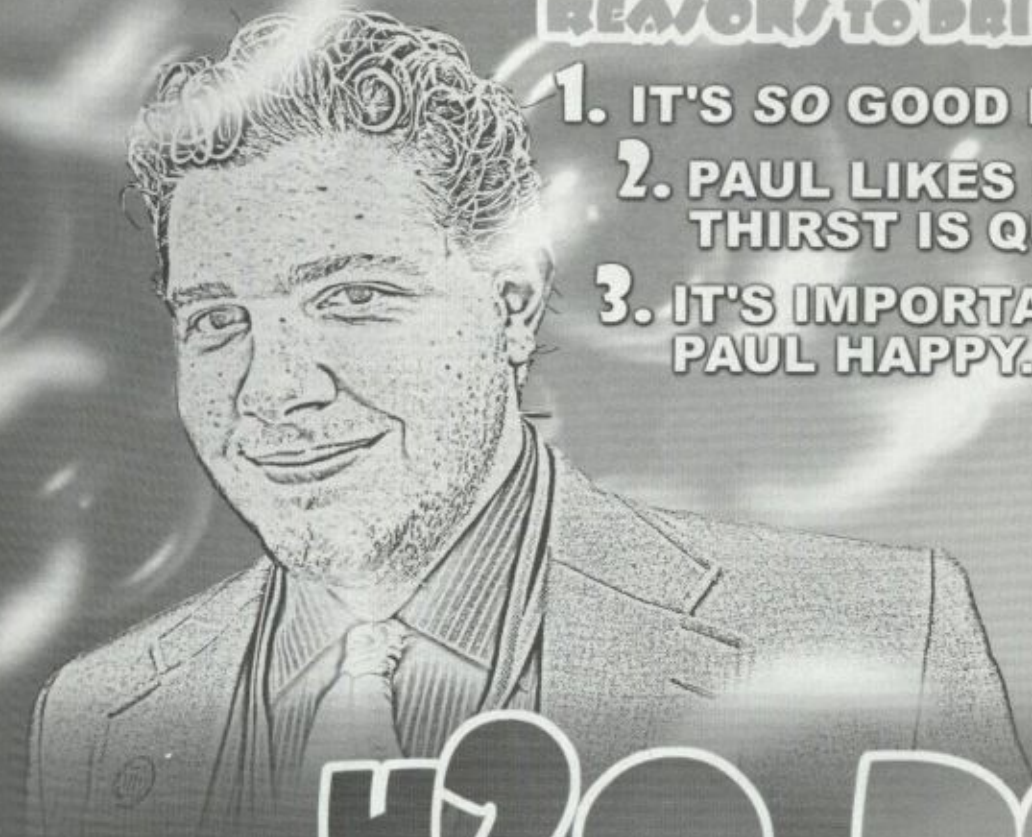


Everyone in strings.
(except for that guy)

ADVANCE

REASONS TO DRINK WATER:

1. IT'S SO GOOD FOR YOU.
2. PAUL LIKES IT WHEN YOUR THIRST IS QUENCHED.
3. IT'S IMPORTANT TO KEEP PAUL HAPPY.



A WORD
FROM YOUR

H₂O **POPO**



THINKERS WANTED



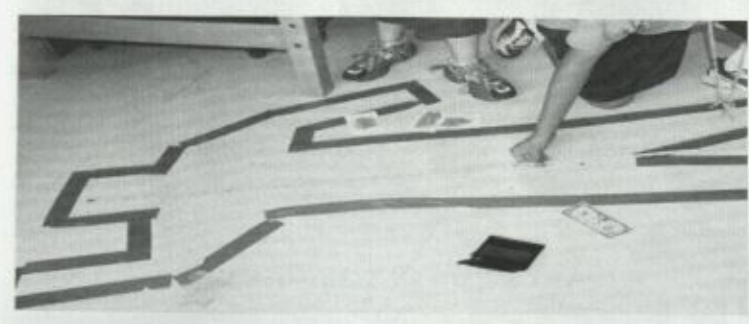
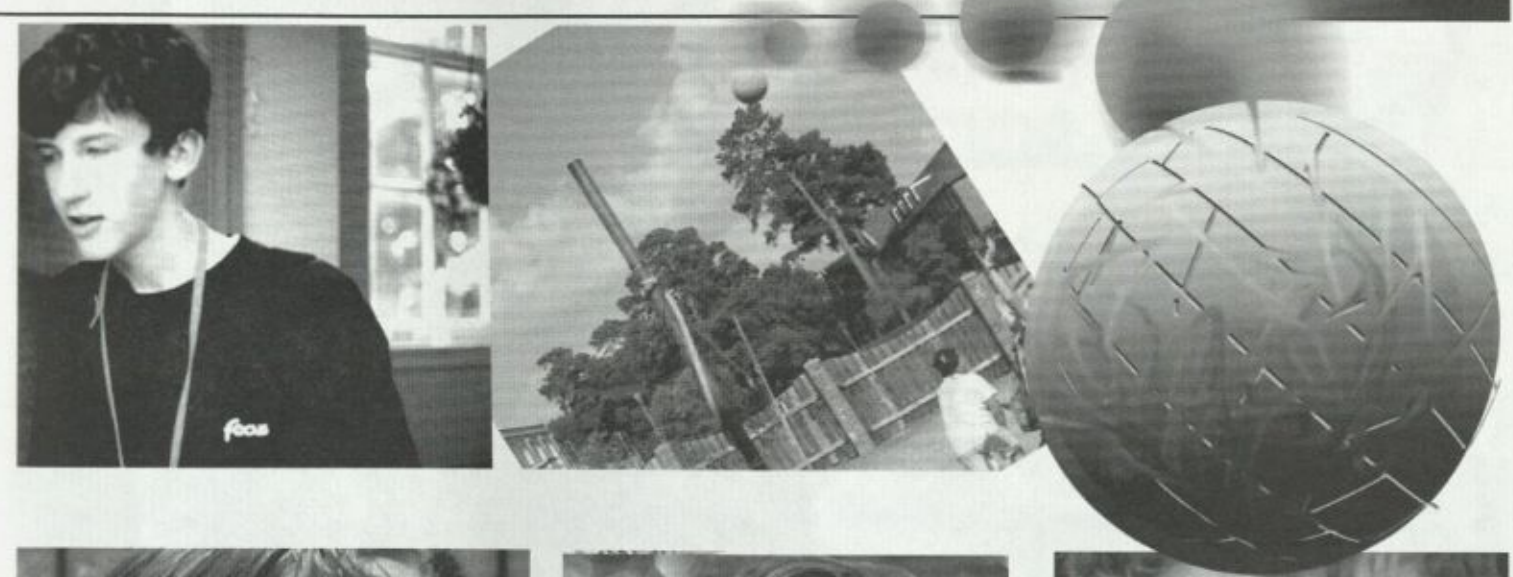
**WE ALL
SCREAM
FOR
YOGURT!**



**STOP
STOP
SLIDE!**

the ADVANCE BALL

...a story without words (well, almost)...



the end.

t-shirt with "flaming turtle" logo:

\$10

orange shoelace and i.d. tag:

\$3

notebook and pen for class:


\$6

getting busted by R.A.s for PDA in the courtyard:
priceless

2002 ADVANCE program for young scholars




2420 | Lost and Found

LOST! one L.A. drivers license
not sure where last seen- if found or
if not found please send five emails a
day and/or virtual bouquet to following
email address : fockjef@iit.edu 

020 DON'T DRINK AND DRIVE
DON'T LITTER LOUISIANA

PERSONAL DIVERS LICENSE
FOCKLER JEFF
111 SOMEWHERE IN
NEW ORLEANS, LA 30001-000



Jeff Fockler

ST-"Sure grip" dentures
white and black

NO ONE PAYS MORE!
All Diamonds, Jewelry
Coins, & Antiques

there are some things money can't buy  for everything else there's ADVANCE

Literature

courtesy of **CREATIVE WRITING**

Rivers of sweat poured down Richard Jamesson's haggard face in a continuous, progressive stream, hitting the floor in violent, quivering puddles and shimmering in the harsh light of the fluorescent bulb dangling above his head. He shuddered as the warm beads splashed his unclothed legs. Richard had known this day had been coming for a long time, but even today, in spite of all the lengthy anticipation that had preceded it, the entire situation seemed hopelessly premature. He shuffled his nervous feet, and tributary tears joined the perspiration as he hung his weary head down in sorrow. It was the day he was due to receive the shot.

"Harris, Michael," the butch female attendant barked. Harris, himself a close companion of Richard's, flailed his limbs and cried out in agony as the security guards posted near the door led him away from the modest chair he had occupied. It had been only two seats away from Richard, who sighed with an uneasy relief. "It's not my turn yet," he repeated, as sickeningly desperate a mantra as could be imagined by any free man.

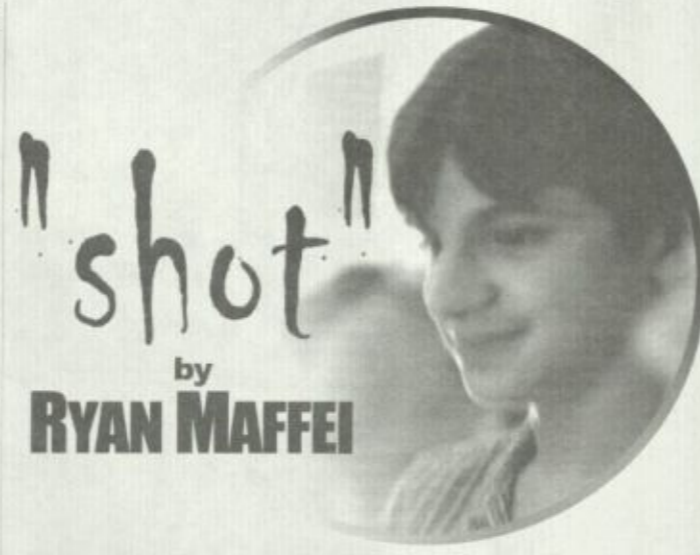
The sight of such a burly man as Harris reduced to a blubbering mass of fear didn't at all ease the tension that was now eating away at Richard's tortured soul, with precious little comfort coming from the fact that his own name hadn't been called. His destination was inevitable. The light above him accompanied the unrelenting suspense with an obnoxious, almost mocking monotone growl, adding an irritated anger to Richard's already persistent anxiety. He fiddled through the magazine on the crude, small table beside him, convinced that the pictures within should be the last images of the outside world he would ever see. Pained by her son's worry, his mother, by his side since that morning, gripped Richard's hand as tightly as she could, starting to weep herself for her poor child's terrible fate.

"Smith, Daniel. Osgood, Barry. Kristofferson, David." Richard watched his friends be led away, their faces more solemn and pitiful each time. He decided he couldn't take it any longer. He blindly grasped for the fallen water bottle on the floor near his foot and downed the cool liquid in six steady gulps. Casually wiping his nearly sopping face, his petrified trance was suddenly, viciously broken by the familiar icy tone of the attendant at the door.

"Jamesson, Richard."

The name stung like a blade to the heart; it was as if the massive, unapologetic mushroom cloud had just completely annihilated Richard's future, laughing at its horrible devastation as it evaporated into the atmosphere. There was no time to ponder the inescapable terror of the situation at hand, for he had wasted all morning doing just that; now the worst possible outcome was but a few moments away. As quickly as it had taken to call out the familiar moniker, the two guards that had accosted Harris grabbed Richard's uncontrollably shaking arms and dragged him like a worn-out toy through the doorway of the waiting facility. He had never felt so worthless, so utterly forsaken, in his entire, hopeless forty-one years of existence. Passing through the frame of the doorway, the attendant stared at him with a vicious, unimaginable anger, a sickeningly ironic counterpoint to the infantile despair that blazed through Richard's own eyes. As a final act of penance, he mouthed to the livid woman as she grew farther away, "I'm sorry," before bursting into sobs.

The monotone grey-green of the hallway he was being led down, windowless and adorned by oddly similar, stern-faced guards, made it impossible for Richard to tell whether he was actually moving, as he was facing the entrance from which he had just come. The shape of the door was so close and vivid, but rapidly diminishing in size and clarity as he moved along; were he only able to break free of the two men's iron grasp, he could sprint so easily through that wonderful passageway home... but alas, there was no way out, a fact harbored in the back of his mind amongst many ambitious but utterly frivolous fantasies. Farther and farther away he was led, until finally, after what seemed like a precious eternity, he was stopped, and the massive, burly figures clutching his arms wheeled him around to face a far less attractive doorway. *There's no possible way you can avoid this now,* Richard's mind told him in an icy, unforgiving tone. It was all too familiar a notion for the desperate man.



Like the ancient rusty gates of a clichéd haunted house, the steel door before him swung open, lethargically, perversely taking its time. Before Richard was a small, drab room, cluttered with a few pieces of complex machinery and an elevated, metallic platform in the center. A redundant mechanical hum lingered in the air. A short, bizarre looking physician, clad in a white coat and shielded emotionally by thick, dark eyeglasses greeted him with a silent stare, and Richard shuddered as the figure raised an exceptionally threatening syringe. The otherwise motionless doctor poised a bony thumb, an a brief spurt of transparent, vomit-green liquid shot out of the tip of the needle, inducing Richard to jump with surprise. The doctor then positioned himself beside a large cot that lay at upon the platform, and immediately Richard was moving again, by the force of the two inescapable guards at his side. They vigorously hoisted him up, and laid him down upon the horrific contraption, the cot hard an uncomfortable in comparison to the bed inside his cell. How he yearned to be back, safe inside the stone walls of his home away from home, and he reveled in his naïve nostalgia as he was rudely, painfully secured to the undesirable cot. The two men finally eased their grasp on Richard's now-throbbing arms, and he was recalled to the present as the new pain became evident. The horrific doctor towered over his immobile body, which now lay prone and helpless.

Finally, the white-clad apparition spoke, thus braking the infectious spell of mechanical humming.

"Hm," the doctor grunted, eyeing the man strapped down onto the cot before him. He continued in a thin, uncannily reedy voice. "What's this one here for?"

"Murder, first degree," one of the guards eagerly intoned. "Stabbed a guy seventeen times in the back. In cold blood. Out of a passion for... killing things."

The doctor acknowledged this information with a nod, then looked down upon Richard's horribly frightened face with a grin.

"How interesting," he muttered, coming very close to a chuckle. "My passion lies in killing things too."

Suddenly, the platform began to howl and quiver, and Richard found himself and the doctor being raised up, higher and higher, until he had to crane his neck to see the two brawny security guards. The small man standing above him flicked a switch somewhere beneath the cot, and a blinding set of white lights made their presence known, forcing Richard to blink uncontrollably. Growing irritated by the spastic movements of his patient's head, the doctor grasped for another strap at the end of the cot, and secured Richard's cranium tightly to it. Now Richard wanted to see what was going on, but he couldn't, for fear of being farther pained by the harsh light above him; he wanted to scream as well, but no sound came out.

"Here's a little bit we stole from Kafka," said the doctor, and Richard gagged as a damp, stinking piece of felt was shoved unapologetically into his mouth. Then a few seconds of silence, no movement or sound around him, only the cold humming of the machinery and the echo of his heavy breathing in his own tortured mind... and then, a needlepoint against the skin of his right forearm.

Deeper and deeper it went, more and more did the pain surge through his immovable body, more and more did regret seize his weighted heart, more and more did he feel like he wasn't supposed to go yet, it just wasn't his time, fading fast, grasping desperately for a hold of reality, quickly, helplessly sliding down, losing all control...

* * *

And then, just as quickly as the needle left his skin, the scene faded back into the warm, sunny doctor's office it had once been; the cold grey of the stone walls became the unthreatening pastel wallpaper it had been all along, the rude fluorescent light hovering above became the sun gently seeping through the curtained windows, the unnerving, erratic leering of the bizarre physician fell back into the warm smile of Dr. Manatelli. The doctor lay the syringe down upon the tray beside him, wiping off the tip with a small cloth and recapping it in one, swift, casual flourish.

"Well," he said, with an expectant grin, "we're all done here. You'll be back to see me in the next two months?"

Richard rose, slowly exiting his daze. "Yep."

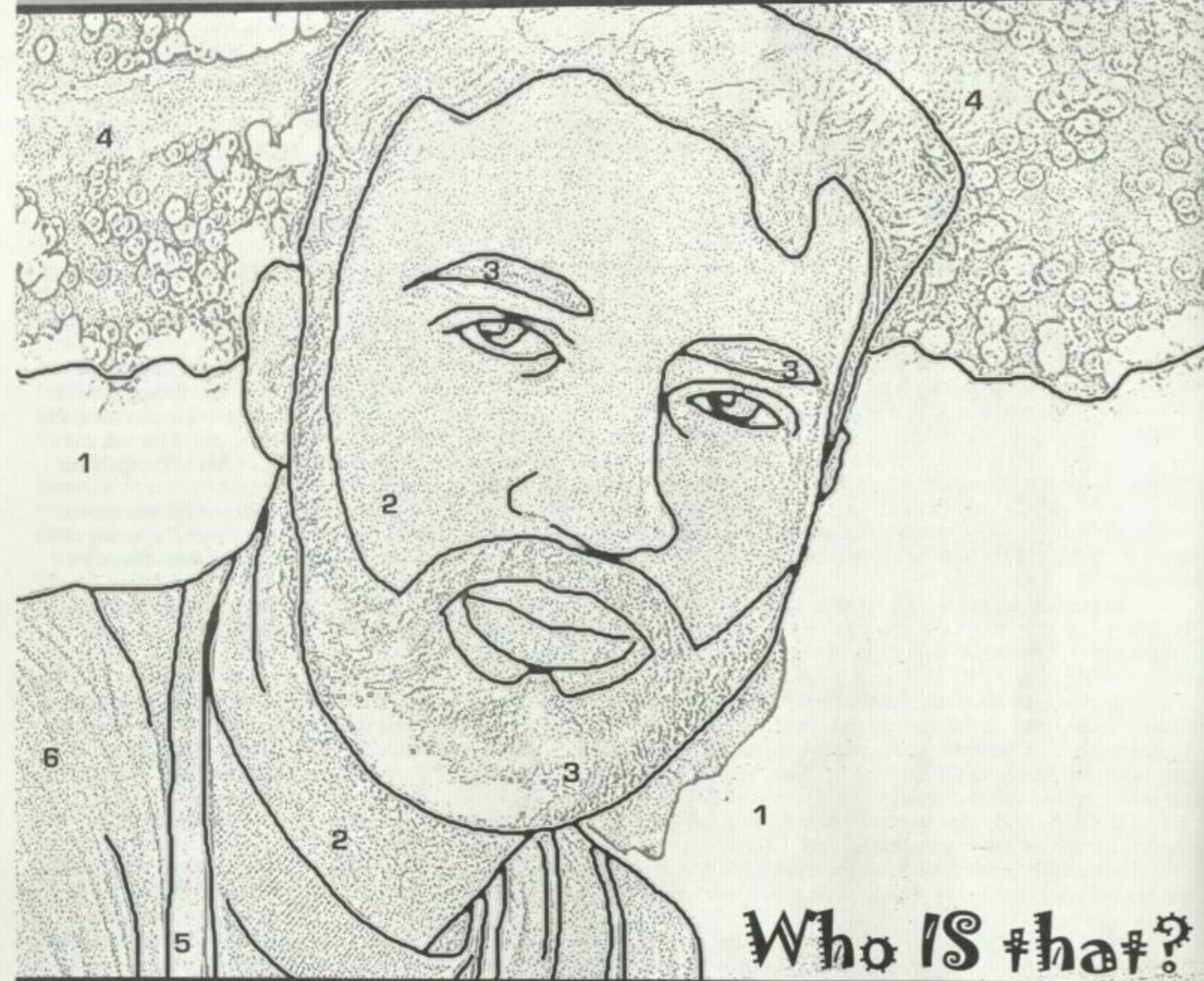
"Now," the doctor added, looking concerned, "you're absolutely sure you don't want me to refer you to anyone as far as the... the phobia goes, aren't you? I know some people who are renowned for treating... problems of that..." He struggled to find the least imposing words. "Caliber."

"Nope," said Richard. "That went well, I think. No problems at all." He got up off the cot and ambled out of the room, all the while thinking, *they won't get their hands on me next time.*



ADVANCE SUPERMAN

ACTIVITY PAGE



COLOR BY NUMBER!

- 1. blue
- 2. beige
- 3. brown
- 4. green
- 5. orange
- 6. white

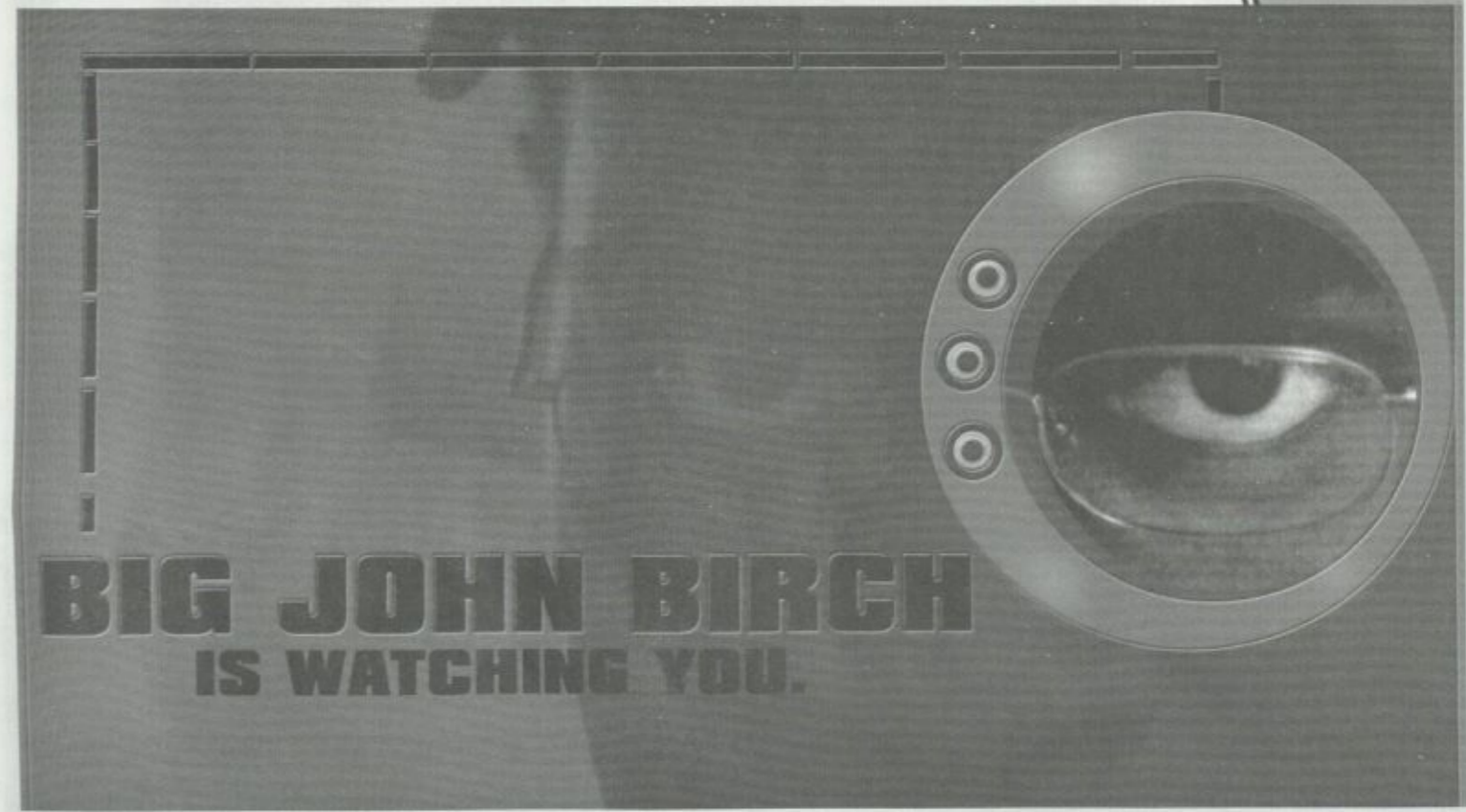
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Dr. Pat Widhalm, Director
- Chuck Stoker
- Cleco Corporation
- Peoples State Bank
- Dr. J. Drew Moore
- Domino's Pizza
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Comments? Suggestions? Blank checks?

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