

KNIGHT LIFE

DECEMBER '87



George Nwiyi

KNIGHTLIFE
TORREJON AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL
APO NEW YORK 09283

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Editorial Policy

Knightlife is a monthly student publication of Torrejon American High School. Views expressed in Knightlife are solely those of the staff and do not necessarily represent the administration. Letters to the editors, letters to Tony and Tina, submissions, and any other correspondence should be put in the red KL box in the main lobby.

ALL KNIGHTS DINER
by Donna Beaty and Bob Nelson

The All Knights Diner has really put "the icing on the cake". With menus like Beef Stroganoff, Italian and Chinese dishes, and Chicken K-bobs, looks like they will top off the icing with a cherry.

"A lot of time and effort were put into our projects. We want everything to run smoothly and to the greatest satisfaction of our customers", stated Bob Nelson, this year's president of the Diner.

The pumpkin pies for Thanksgiving were in great demand by faculty, students, and our community. Food Prep hopes to use the profit made for better, more satisfying projects. Upcoming events are: for Christmas, Christmas Cookies, and after break, "Pizza Project". These projects are still in the process of planning, but hope to get underway soon.

Bob would like to say "thank you" to all the individuals that support the Diner and asks that more of the student body participates. He's looking forward to seeing you at their next meal. Bon Appetit!

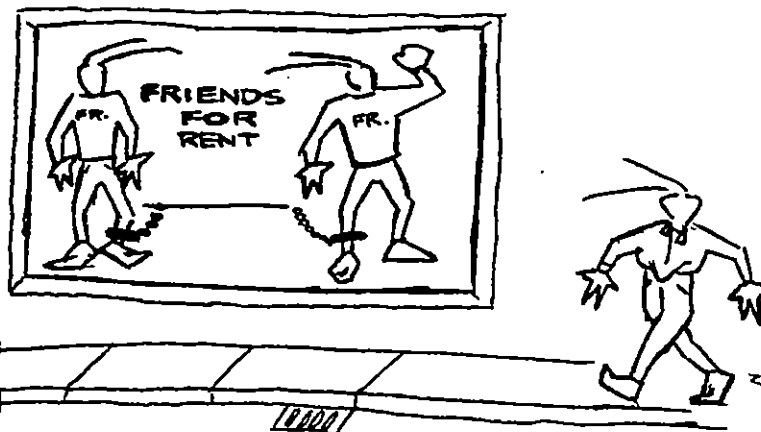
LEADERSHIP CONFERENCE
by Tanya Hansen

During the week of Nov. 30 through Dec. 4, Rejon's class leaders, Mike Smith, Mike Esano, Tim Schneider, Michelle Santiago, Tony Garcia, Robert Garcia, and Mike Lemons, were at Rota participating in activities designed to improve leadership skills.

Throughout Leadership Conference, students operated on the regular school schedule attending meetings from 0900 to 1500 hours.

Participants were divided into random groups that conducted exercises dealing with listening, how to work effectively as a group, different leadership styles, and parliamentary procedures. At these meetings, students obtained valuable experiences in communication with other participants from Zaragoza, Rota, and Lajes (Azores).

Our THS leaders had a memorable time and were sponsored by local families. We hope that this training may serve them in many future experiences.

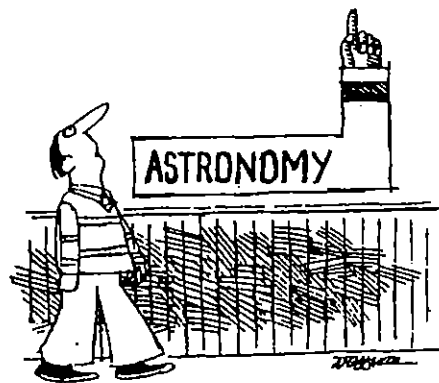


RENT-A-FRIEND
by Tanya Hansen

Would you like that special person to be around you for a whole week? Well, the NJHS will be sponsoring a Rent-A-Friend week sometime in January, so you can get that chance. One of the main ideas of this activity is to get away from glum fund raisers like the typical bake sale.

The events for the week will start with an auction of "friends". Those people who want to rent a person will choose their "friend" and bring them to the auctioning stand. At the stand, you pay and your "friend" will be with you at all available times, like before school, Nutrition Break, lunch, and after school (optional); but NOT during class time. Designated prices will be announced at a later date. "Friends" will be rented on a single day basis that can range from one to five days. Rules will be posted in the NHS/NJHS bulletin board soon.

We hope that many of you will participate, so listen for news in the daily bulletins. Let's take advantage of this privilege and have a fun-filled week.



R.O.T.C. NEWS
by C/SGT. TOM TAYLOR

R.O.T.C had its March-a-thon, a fund raiser to help raise the \$13,000 needed each year, on the 14th of November. It was a great success. About 60 out of 90 cadets were promoted. The cadets marched around the base for two hours and ended with refreshments at the AFJROTC building.

R.O.T.C cadets served as escorts at two functions. The first function was the modeling show on the 20th, which was held at the O'Club. The second function was a special escort requested by General Harpe, which was also held at the O'Club.

On the 12th of December we led the base Christmas Parade. There was a Colorguard, Rifle Team, and the rest of the squadron followed.

The annual Dining Out will be held on the 16th of January at the O'Club. General Harpe is to be the guest Speaker.

IMAGE OF TIME
by Donna Beaty

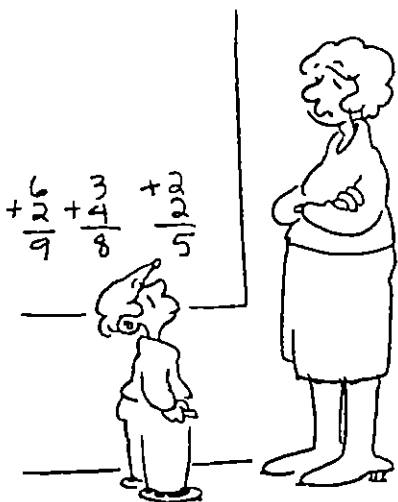
The 7th hour Modeling class is earning their publicity. There were over 220 dinner tickets sold, and over 400 people crowded the Officer's Club ballroom. One could say that our show was a huge success.

The events for the evening consisted of a buffet dinner, entertainment by the "Ace Notes", and, of course, the modeling of gorgeous outfits by the THS models.

The show took a lot of work to put together and I wish I could say that it went over with out any flaws, but I can't. I am pleased to say, though, that most of the flaws went unnoticed.

We thank those of you who supported us. We couldn't have done it without you!

To the modeling class: "We got through it together!" LUV DONNA!



LATE FOR WORK?
by Cathy Roscoe

My hair was in curlers,
My room was a sight!
I looked at the clock
And trembled with fright!

I was late for work!
It was quarter to ten!
I jumped out of bed,
Put a dress on and then,
I quickly had breakfast
And flew to the car!
When I got to the office,
I hadn't gone far,

I opened the door
And ran to my chair,
But then I remembered
The curlers in my hair!

That was not what made me mad,
I realized with dismay
That yesterday was Friday,
And I don't work on Saturday!

TROTAMUNDOS
by Vanessa Duran

What is Trotamundos? Let's just say that Trotamundos, which is popularly called "The Spanish Club", is a Host Nation club brought back by popular demand to THS this year.

Trotamundos organizes trips around Spain open to all students. In November, Trotamundos sponsored a day trip to Chinchon. Trotamundos is also planning some overnight trips, but that comes later in the year. For the time being, however, there will only be day trips.

So, if you want to learn more about Spanish culture, go on some Trotamundos trips and see what they're like.



"Who's going to do your kid's homework?"

Campbell
"Delivering more than what's expected, Billy, is not an advantage in this case."

PHI DELTA KAPPAN

DORMIE DAYS

So 'tis another year for more "Dormie Days". Though this year has not started on the right foot, we're sure to make this one of the best and most memorable years to come.

In September, Dorm Council elections were held with the following officers presently presiding.

Kristen Morgan-President
Todd Albritten-President
Scott McCartt-Vice Pres
Frances Ananayo-Secretary

(I myself would have preferred the title of President, but that's beside the point)

To continue, the following is a list of the representatives for each grade:

Amy Conklin-Seniors
Earl Ward-Juniors
Marie Venton-Sophomores
Jda Yanez-Freshman

During the first three months, the dorm sponsored field trips to Sol, Casa de Campo, Guadalajara, and Lozoya, just to name a few. The dorm has also been involved with the Youth Center and the CYO as well as school activities. We try, at times, to entertain ourselves by having "jam sessions", lip sync. contests, and, of course, hours of movies, in our beloved rec. room. To top off the list our main highlight must have been the mini-series, "The Fire Alarm Went Off!" We experienced late night/early morning dorm life in the cold. During this time the dormies learned to brave the cold being half naked and half asleep, or to fool the counselors in order to stay in bed. Most of us learned the real meaning of sharing when we were out in the cold. (It's not that we don't know how to share, but wouldn't you appreciate half a blanket to cover your body when all you're wearing is your robe and underwear?)

Homecoming was an excellent opportunity for the dormies to prove their school spirit. On Opposite Sex Day the guys revealed their "true beauty" while the gals took great pride in attempt to flaunt their masculinity. On the "Favorite Actor/Actress/Rock Star Day", everyone dressed up as punkers, though the "basket case" from the Breakfast Club made a striking appearance. Who could have possibly been without denim on Denim

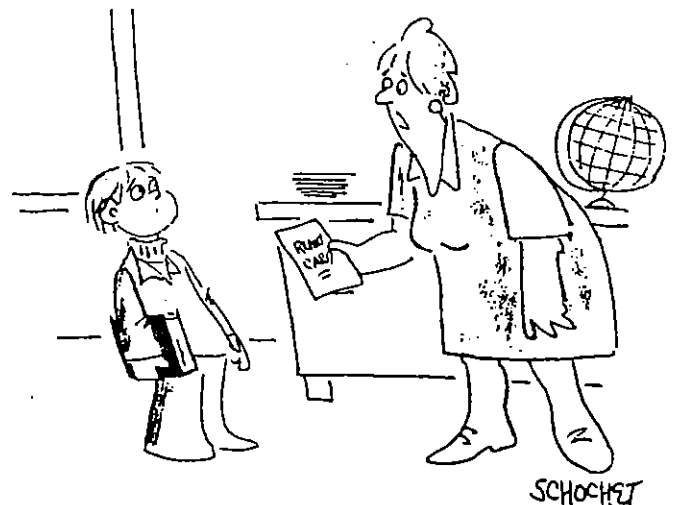
Day? On Dress Up/Bum Day no one actually went overboard since they are usually dressed up or bummed down. Anyway, Red and White Day could not be passed without a dormie going unnoticed. During the Powder Puff game the dormies were well represented by our two Sr. players, Amy Conklin and Robin Fabre, and our cheerleaders Todd Albritten and Scott McCartt. We can't forget the only dormie on the Homecoming Court, the 9th grade Prince Pablo Tola.

As the month of November came around, mixed feelings of excitement and worry churned around the dorm. Thanksgiving was just around the corner and not far behind was the departure for home.

Thanksgiving went quite well for most of us. Some willingly stayed at the dorm and enjoyed the first class service at the Novedades Inn (Chow Hall). Our thanks was so great for being able to go home early (or so we thought) that our departure date was extended until the eighteenth of Dec. (what luck, huh guys?!)

Well, We've lived through three months of "dorm life". Let's see if we can survive a few more weeks. For those of you who leave during X-mas break, "Congratulations!" For the rest of you, "see ya next year!"

(This is your dorm reporter-Madge)



"Why was your report card signed in crayon?"

PHI DELTA KAPPAN

WHAT IF...
by Karen "88" Evans

Are you broke, need cash (dinero), want to become rich, in let's say, three months? Well...what if for \$20,000 you could go for three months without washing, brushing your teeth, or using deodorant? And what if you couldn't explain your reasons to anyone. What would you do?

Well, for \$20,000 I could go three months without washing. I'd wear all kinds of cologne to hide the smell. For \$500,000 I could go all year!
-Craig Heartley-

Precisely, for \$20,000 it would be a grand challenge due to the fact that there is only a small fortune dealing in this offer. I would accept it because I indulge in challenges.
-Andre Richardson-

Yeah! Who cares if I stink...It's worth it. One problem though, I'd probably spend all the money on soap and shampoo!
-George Davis-

I'd definitely do it for \$20,000! I would just tell everyone that our water supply was low. If they stay away from me, fine. I'll be the rich one in the end.
-Keesha Edwards-

I'd do anything for \$20,000! I'd just put food seasonings on me so I'd smell like your leftovers and everyone would think they were just hungry.
-Sean McKenna-

For \$20,000, of course I would do it. I'd just stay away from everybody and stay in my house. If I couldn't do that I would just disguise myself because it is kind of embarrassing.
-Willie Burks-

If I did it, I would keep my physical activity to a minimum. I'd try to stay away from everyone and, hopefully, I could take those three months at a time when there wasn't anything important (Prom, etc) going on!
-Carlos Davis-

I'd tell them to keep the money. I'd rather feel good than be rich for a while.
-Bob Nelson-

NO!

-Mike Kennedy-



Well, for one thing, in order for me to do all that, it would have to be a whole lot more than \$20,000. To go that long without washing, brushing my teeth, or anything else is disgusting. Just think, to go around for three months stinking...Whew!
-Robert Owens-

I think I'll pass the \$20,000.
-Mrs. Foley-

Yes, I wouldn't take a shower or anything else for three months for \$20,000, I wouldn't care what other people said if they didn't want to hang around. I would keep all the money to myself. I would give some money to my friends who stayed with me.

-Donald Christman-

Sure, I'd do it! I'd just stay inside of my house and accept NO VISITORS after the first day!

-Karen Allsup-

I'd do it for \$20,000 each month!
Javi De Jesus

I guess it would be worth it. Yeah! I guess I would!

-Susana Rojas-

And the dumb answer of the month:
"Hey, I'd do it for \$1.00!"

-Cristina Gahan-

Man, she must be on a roll.

What!?! Would I, Karen Evans, do it? Yes! I'd just say it was the "poop, poop" that is outside by the bandroom, that they're smelling.



PRIVATE EYES

by The Spy

IT'S SNOWING!!

Just a few weeks ago we received our first (and possibly last) snowfall of the year. The holiday spirit seemed to hit everyone at once - there's just something about snow, huh? First thing, I think we ought to thank our dear teachers for putting up with us on such an important day (although some of them were just as excited if not more). Nothing better could have happened on such a dull day. Everyone was dragging their feet in and out of class - a school full of zombies, and SUDDENLY...snow... snow...SNOW!!! Everyone woke up from their daydreaming. Students standing up in class trying to get a peek at the white stuff falling from the sky, squeals of delight, Christmas caroling, and people hanging out of windows trying to catch some of...THE STUFF. A total madhouse! But...the best is yet to come...LUNCH. There were people throwing snowballs, or should I say iceballs, by the way they felt, and others running so fast they'd qualify for the Olympic 100-meter dash. Most of us took on our childhood games...yes, our exceptionally MATURE seniors were included. After lunch, a vast majority of us were late for fear of bombardment at the time of our departure from the cafeteria. Then...bubbles popped and disappointed faces appeared everywhere because it had stopped snowing, and our brief moment of enchantment became slush. So, we all went home hoping for snow during the night to interrupt our daily attendance to THS, but nooooo...our wishes would not be fulfilled to such an extent, and so we returned to our everyday life at THS. Maybe..with a little luck...in January...?

TRIP. TRIPPING, TRIPPED

May I ask you, is it just coincidence or is a reasonable amount of our student body developing an instability with their hands and feet? If it is instability, then I hope it is just due to the holiday season and that our dear friends will recuperate by January (maybe they just spiked the milk in the cafeteria). If it's just coincidence, then I'd appreciate it if you overly excited squires, I mean knights, would pick a time other than the one I pick to change classes for your book dropping and stair tripping. Then again you don't know who I am..well..watch out anyway. Atleast I'm being nice about it, upperclassmen will just stampe over

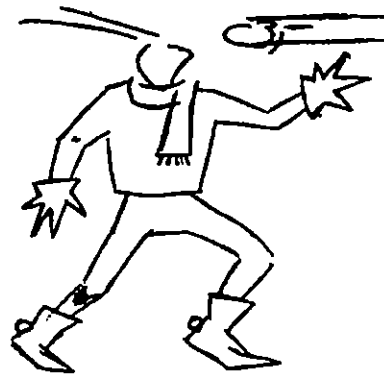
you. Using the stairs may become hazardous to your health, so watch it, and whatever you do, PLEASE flow with the traffic. If everyone is going up the stairs on the RIGHT side, don't you try to come down that way!!

NUT. BREAK

Yes. The moment we wait for everyday at the same time after third hour; a ten minute break for update gossip, chit chats, problem solving, test cramming, locker access, and FOOD. All this we do at Nutrition Break, but is our food nutritious? Doritos, jelly donuts, M&Ms, oreo cookies, and sodas (not to mention others). A complete and balanced diet - HA! Why don't we just change the name to SMCDJ Break to follow the eating patterns?!? (Sodas, M&Ms, Oreos, Doritos, Jelly donuts!) Why fool ourselves into thinking that we're actually eating NUTRITIOUSLY? And then the female race wonders why they're piling on the pounds! They try nice attention-getters like "I'm going on a diet" or "I'm soooo fat" yet a large proportion of them is under 115 pounds - that's NOT fat...well, there are always exceptions. So, c'mon girls, you are what you eat - so, (BURP)-enjoy and quit fussing.

HA, HA, HA

My dearies, some of us need a more easy-flowing humor acceptance. Don't always jump to the defensive when someone tells you to shut up. You're allowed to joke in life, you probably need it. I mean Gorbachev and Reagan do, so why can't we? Try it over the holidays and enjoy yourselves. Merry Christmas!



SONG DEDICATIONS

TO: CATHY A. SHELTON
FROM: DARNELL

"DO WE HAVE A CHANCE FOR LOVE?"

TO: THE BRO'S (ANDRE, CHARLES, CRAIG, ETC.)
FROM: ???/GUESS
"BABY YOU'RE A RICH MAN"

TO: ALL MY FRIENDS
FROM: ANGELA GOODALE
"NEVER SAY GOODBYE"

TO: MY BUDDIES (MELINDA, ALISA, BETH)
FROM: TARA SPAHR
"FRIENDS FOREVER"

TO: JODY AND WILL
FROM: SONIA GEMORA
"MONEY MONY"

TO: JESSE
FROM: SONIA
"I THINK WE'RE ALONE NOW"

TO: MY DAD
FROM: VELASCO ALAMILLO
"TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLGAME"

TO: DORM STAFF (EXCEPT AIDS)
FROM: DORMIES
"SANITARIUM"

TO: DORMIES
FROM: A DORMIE
"WE ARE FAMILY"

TO: AMY KLEM
FROM: ALL HER FRIENDS
"FRIENDS ALL THE WAY"

TO: AMANDA PHILIPS
FROM: STRANDED RUZZIN' WARRIOR
"AMANDA"

TO: JILL SHELTON
FROM: ??????
"SECRET LOVERS"

TO: MY SWEETIE
FROM: DONNA BEATY
"LOST IN LOVE"

TO: JV VOLLEYBALL TEAM
FROM: ONE OF THE PLAYERS
"WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS"

TO: WINA
FROM: SUSI
"LIVING AFTER MIDNIGHT"

TO: MICHELLE SOTO
FROM: VIOLETA
"DIAMONDS AND RUST"

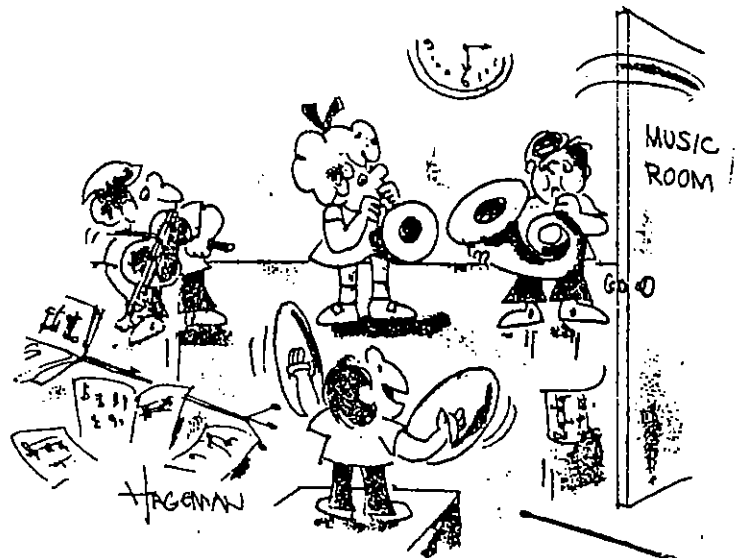
TO: CLINT JONES
FROM: AN X
"FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE"

TO: JOHN
FROM: ANNE
"ALWAYS"

TO: REGGIE GILMER
FROM: TERESA GEORGE
"I STILL SAY (YES)"

TO: ESAU WORD
FROM: ??
"I NEED LOVE"

Reminder: Song dedications are free of charge.
They can be dropped in the KL box or given to
Tanya Hansen.



"Let's take it from where the music teacher quit!"

MURK (part two)
a short story by Hunter Keeter

Devon Randal walked up Main Street. His long, dusty blonde hair blew wildly in the early morning, Atlantic breeze. He lived on the southern end of Kure Beach in a run-down shanty back off the road. The house was a pit. Surrounding it on three sides, marsh trees had settled in supporting a tangle of sand grass and briars. Devon did not have much money to take care of it with, no job. He had taken over the house from his mother shortly after a massive heart attack had taken her to Glory. The place had gone to seed and Devon rarely spent much time there. He had dropped out of Wilmington High School two years previous and spent his time now squandering money on beer and billiard games. A few cars drove past him as he walked along, outside noise drowned out by the music playing in his walkman. Devon shook his head to the music as he strolled along, hands tucked warmly into the pockets of his army surplus jacket. He was quite drunk.

For the past few nights, Devon had awakened in a cold sweat from his dreams. The nightmare was always the same; he found himself on the beach looking out to sea at midnight. Then someone, or something, would rise from the waves. The shape would beckon for Devon to follow, promising riches and power. Its face was a shadow with icy blue eyes that bored into his very soul. Then a voice would come out in the back of Devon's mind telling him to serve the Beast, to serve Cthulhu. That was when Devon would wake, screaming.

He looked up; Bodenhammer's Grocery was just ahead on the left. Beyond that old, yellow building lay the twenty four hour Mini-Mart, more beer. The sky was blue-grey and the air smelled of coming rain. Discarded leaves rattled across the street borne on a cool, autumn breeze. Devon slipped through a hedge and out into the Mini-Mart's parking lot. He passed by the three gas pumps in the lot and stepped up to the market's entrance. The Mini-Mart stood atop a small hill that sloped down to the pier. A single, red traffic light flashed above the main intersection. Shops lined the street on both sides, mostly restaurants and pubs. The "strip" ended with the Kure pier and it's adjoining tackle shop. Waves crashed softly on the shore below. Out to sea, heavy storm clouds threatened the struggling sunlight. Devon smiled as the cool, ocean breeze ruffled through his old jacket. He shut off his

walkman and pushed open the door.

Bells jingled as he entered the store, and the shopkeeper looked up from her latest romance novel. She was middle aged, perhaps fifty or so, and wore horn rimmed spectacles.

"Can I help you, son?" She asked.

Devon studied the two images of her that he saw. "Naw," he replied, "just came to get a little beer. Won't be a moment."

He walked back and opened one of the refrigerator cabinets. The shopkeeper studied him with a semi-interested scowl. Devon brought the six-pack of Miller to the counter and fumbled in his jeans pocket for the fiver he had stuffed there. He sniffled and wiped his nose with a grimy jacket sleeve. The shopkeeper rang the purchase and waited as Devon slapped down the crumpled bill. She handed him the change and slid his bag across the counter.

"Will that be all?" She asked cautiously.

Devon stuffed the change into his pocket as a smile peeled it's way across his chapped lips. "Maybe not." He whispered.

His hand went to the right pocket of his jacket. The cold butt of his father's .45 automatic chilled his fingers. The voice from his dream came drifting out of the darkness within his mind. ". . . power, riches. All you could ever desire. Serve us, serve the Darkness. Serve Cthulhu. . ." Devon shuddered.

"You all right, son?" The shopkeeper asked.

Devon drew the weapon and pulled back the cocking lever. The woman stifled a scream and backed up a step, stumbling into the popcorn machine.

"Oh, sweet Jesus! You don't want to do this, I can't open the safe. Please. . ." She whimpered. Her throat went dry.

Devon raised the stainless steel auto. "I serve the Beast," he shrieked, "I serve Cthulhu!"

His hand shook. A choked laugh forced it's way from his throat as he pulled the trigger. The gun's report resonated like a thunderclap in the small store and sparks lept from the barrel. A hollow-point slammed into the shopkeeper's chest, throwing her back against the rear wall. Devon chuckled insanely as she sighed and slid to the floor, the bleak visage of terror frozen forever

upon her face. A sharp odor of spent gunpowder hung in the air. Devon stood, quivering, his mind an opaque cloud of madness. He felt the power of the darkness within him.

It was as he pondered the potential humor of the blood-spattered counter that Devon heard the siren outside. Kure township did not have a large police force. There was the one police car, three officers, and the chief. They all worked shifts. Devon threw open the shop door and stepped out into the parking lot. The cop had parked his car about ten yards from the doorway and its blue light strobed the storefront. The radio belched out static at intervals. Three other vehicles roared to a stop close by, the off duty portion of the force had arrived. Devon scowled at the scene, his pistol glinting in the pulsing blue light.

"Put down that weapon, boy!" The officer shouted. Shotguns clacked and revolvers were aimed.

Devon stared with shaking rage at the men crouched behind their cars, "Cowards!" He screamed.

"Put down that gun or we will fire on you!" The cop repeated.

Devon smiled, "Eat this, ___!" He fired.

The bullet smacked into the cop's left shoulder slamming him back against one of the cars. The police opened fire. .38 slugs rocked Devon's body. Shotguns roared above the pistols' cacaphonic din. He screamed as the buckshot struck home. Devon's gun fell from nerveless hands and clattered on the pavement.

"Weak, you're all weak!" He cried.

He stumbled forward, screaming through a mouthful of scarlet foam.

"Jesus, he's still up! He's still up!" A cop yelled in horror.

Through the blue smoke, Devon was most assuredly still advancing. Though his head had caught several bullets, he was undaunted. He laughed through shattered teeth.

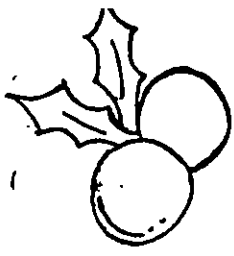
"You cannot kill me, I am perpetual. I am the darkness," Devon whispered, supernatural power gripped his clouded mind.

His voice was perhaps felt, more than heard, by the police. They stared in disbelief as the grinning horror stumbled toward them. Devon

sprang on the nearest man, clubbing with his fists. It took the others close to five minutes to bring him down. They cracked him over the head with shotgun butts and hard-wood nightsticks, swung two handed. Blow after blow rained on Devon's skull until he finally fell, still babbling through crushed lips.

Death's thick darkness descended mercifully upon Devon Randal. The pain he felt was like the far off throbbing of the surf, curiously distant, almost imperceptible. A voice whispered softly to him, "Embrace the Beast," it said, "Embrace the Beast..."





SENIOR SPOTLIGHT
by JAVI DE JESUS

LETTERS TO THE
EDITOR

NAME: Karen Linette Evans the 1st
NICKNAME: Special K or "Grace"
BIRTHDAY: Oct. 8, 1969
ZODIAC SIGN: Libra
BEST MOMENT: When I was born...Ha Ha! No, serious. My 1st date with Mike... Oh golly gee. I have so many best moments.
WORST MOMENT: When Mike Hansen left for Kentucky Fried Chicken Land.
PET PEEVE: When people (even teachers) take on jobs they can't do. We won't mention any names. When my 2nd hour Psychology class talks about everything but Psychology. Lastly, when my freshly painted nails chip.
IDEAL CLEM: Tall, light skinned, light eyes, well-built body, muscular, fine hair, bow-legged, athletic.
AFTER GRAD PLANS: Go to the great "Cornhusker Land", college, major in Psychology (Ha!), go into AF as 2nd Lt., marry, have a kid, live, retire, party some more...die.
FAVORITES:
SONG: Need Love-LL. Cool J.
T.V. SHOW: Sesame Street-sike-The Cosby Show
MOVIE: Beverly Hills Cop
FOOD: Everything that doesn't give me gas!
PASTIME: Talking, eating, talking, being loud, sleeping, causing trouble...just being a little trouble me.

NAME: Andre Richardson
NICKNAMES: Drae, PUDD, Blaze, and Rich Boy.
BIRTHDAY: July 25, 1970
ZODIAC SIGN: Leo
BEST MOMENT: Being born into this world.
WORST MOMENT: When I got thrown and dropped on my head at a dance.
PET PEEVE: People who are not in touch with reality. Otherwise, unbelievable rumors.
IDEAL CLEM: A 5'7" girl with specific corporal features. A perfect "10"
AFTER GRAD PLANS: Enter college, play basketball, major in business, and make money.
FAVORITES:
SONG: Rebel Without a Pause
T.V. SHOW: Family Ties
MOVIE: Beverly Hills Cop II
FOOD: Anything Sanitary
PASTIME: Making music and writing songs.

Surprisingly, when I opened the KL box the other day, I found two letters addressed to me. Unfortunately, I can't print either one because they don't follow through with the proper procedures.

In order to clear any misunderstandings, I'll explain the proper procedure. Letters to the editor must be signed by the sender, but the name will be withheld upon request. If you have any comments or questions that I may help you with, please feel free to write me.

Now, for the first letter.

I was asked a crucial question that has been roaming the school for a while now. Why is Mrs. Christenson coaching the girls' basketball team this year? Is it because it's her last year at THS?

To answer your question as efficiently as possible, I went to talk to Mrs. Christenson. She was being accused of being unjust with her decisions concerning volleyball tryouts and her selection of the teams. To this she answered that she had two qualified assistants (Mr. and Mrs. Suarez) to aid in the decision-making. If there were any objections as to her management, they should have been mentioned at tryouts, not now.

Now, dealing with basketball. Just to clear any doubts, Mrs. Christenson is qualified to coach basketball. She played basketball in college and is currently involved in scrimmages with "the guys" out on the high school courts.

Hopefully, this clears your doubts about her eligibility. I'd also like to mention that tryouts for the girls' basketball team will be held Jan. 4-6, and the team will be chosen by Jan. 7th.

My second letter went on and on, talking about the Lakers. Well, I think that it is acceptable to be such an enthusiastic Laker fan, but I'm not going to take sides on who's better; the Lakers or the Celtics. Yet, I'll wear my L.A. Lakers sweatshirt soon just to honor you! Thanks for writing in.

Cordially yours,

Tanya Hansen

MIKE AND IKE - THE FINAL

SOCCER CLUB'S FIRST GAME
by Javier Downey

We first and foremost would like to appologize to all our loyal readers and occasional readers and everyone else for our absence in the November issue. Sincerely, we hope that all of you had tremendous Thanksgiving days, but due to editorial and managerial differences with our style and content, we will no longer be able to continue our long running column. Unfortunately, yes, this will be our last issue together. From the bottom of our hearts, we appologize to all of you who wrote in with your problems and questions. We offer our best wishes out to the world on this most joyous of seasons. Try not to burden yourselves with thoughts of us all alone, cold, and jobless this Christmas season. As Ike always says, we can move to another school, find new friends, and get new jobs, no problem. "So keep your feet on the ground and keep reaching for the stars".

Best wishes and a white X-mas.
Mike and Ike

Note from the editor:

Unfortunately, Mike and Ike have decided to put an end to their advice column. I must stress that they undertook such drastic measures on their own. The advice column has been a very important part of our newspaper for a long time and I would hate it to end now. I take this opportunity to announce to you the new writers of the Knightlife advice column, Tony and Tina. This young couple will listen to your problems, comments, or criticisms. They will take their work seriously and will give you advice, so don't hesitate to write Tony and Tina. Just drop off your letters in the Knightlife box outside the main office or give them to me personally. (Tanya Hansen)

On Saturday, Dec. 5, Soccer Club had a game against St. Louis University. We encountered the game with great expectations. However, we promptly found out that our starting goalie, Sidney McDaniels, would not be playing due to an injury. At this stage, it was decided that Javi De Jesus, Robert Garcia, and Javier Downey would take turns filling in as goalie.

Midway through the first half, Brad Meier suffered a severe blow in the back and had to be substituted until halftime. At this time the score was tied 2-2. A short time into the second half, St. Louis, a team much more experienced than us, scored three goals. THS changed goalies and came back with three goals of their own. At the end, St. Louis added two more goals to their score with a final of 7-5. However, our team, being all muddy and scratched up, had a good game.

THE SIGN
by TIFFENY OSWALT

I asked God to show me a sign,
To show me what life was about.
When I looked out my window,
God showed me that sign.
He showed me a caged animal.
The caged animal looked sad.
He had somewhere to stay,
Someone to protect him,
Someone to love.
But still, he looked sad.
He was not free.
Then God showed me another sign.
He showed a free animal.
The free animal looked sad.
He had a home to sleep in,
food to eat,
He had the whole world to run to,
But still, he looked sad.
He had no one to love.

Scouter

