

Excerpts

(Editor's note: The following passages are taken from freshman themes. They are included because we feel that they are of sufficient merit to warrant special notice even though the themes from which they were taken were not printed in entirety. Selection is based upon literary excellence and class representation.)

Bunny yawned. Immediately a cloud of vapor rose and disappeared. *Funny, where does it go? Can't go out the window . . . not open. Can't go through the ceiling . . . nor the wall.*

Bunny yawned again . . . no solution. The icy temperature of the room grasped the vapor into its bony hand and sketched it on the window in long, thin jagged needles. The sun attempted to push its rays through the heavy frost on the pane but succeeded in only squeezing a few meager rays to reflect on the end of the golden bronze bed. *Bed post looks cold. Frost on it. Real cold.*

Bunny slid his small foot over the rough surface of the winter sheet and could see the blanket surface rise and swell with ripples. *Pretty Indian blanket.* His foot moved under the yellow, to the red, through the blue and green colors of the tee-pee pattern of the spread. *Real fun.*

Only the movement of Bunny's feet showed that he was awake at all. Below, right, and left of him were great areas of iciness. A foot, extended into these frosty expanses, immediately retreated back to the warmth and snugness within the restricted area of comfortable heat, and it was with great displeasure and reluctance that Bunny finally put his feet to the floor . . .

-----from *Only Three* by Robert Mann.
. . . The city lies in a mass of perfect

silence as if all inhabitants are at their final rest. Like some gigantic monster sprawled over many acres, the city sleeps . . . The soft light of the moon and stars seems to be a blanket muffling all sounds of the giant into a dead and complete silence. . .

from *The Rise and Fall of a City*
by Robert Holcomb.

. . . I aged a hundred years at every football game. Breathless with excitement, we screamed with all the husky strength and capacity of our youthful vocal chords. Each point was a matter of life and death, each score one of anguish or exaltation. The minutes dragged; would we ever live through the suspense? . . .

from *Personal History* by Helen Wells
. . . I was now introduced to fractions, and with this latest achievement, I felt that my education was certainly nearing completion. I endured countless sessions of handwriting classes with a wrinkle-browed gray-haired teacher who seemed to spend all her time cutting invisible ovals in the air with a long, yellow ruler and splashing little blue check-marks all over our papers.

from *My Biography* by Evelyn Petersen
. . . Were I to look back on those high school years more carefully, countless other experiences which I value highly would come to mind. Of course, those three years did not pass without misfortunes and wrong decisions. Pleasures and regrets of the past, however, interest me only in-so-far as they have laid a foundation for the future. I want to make more friends and acquire a broader understanding of the world. Still, I want to retain the peace of mind and sense of accomplishment that I enjoyed during that stage of my life. But

the future overflows with opportunity, and I want, above all, to make the most of it. I'm ready for a new adventure.

from *High School Years* by Donald Morgan

. . . with an enormous full moon, round and orange, suspended in a blue-black sky, and pine-tops, and maples outlined against that same sky inky background. . . .

from *My Nearest and Dearest Years* by Jeanne Winters.

. . . The quiet stillness of fog, when it settles over a water front like a blanket thrown over the land to blot out all of the ugliness and dirt, brings with it a feeling of mystery and quietness. . . .

from *Three Silent Things*

by Clara May Masterson.

. . . The effect of a learning attitude is achieved with horn-rimmed glasses, a well-sharpened, yellow pencil, and bright red lipstick. The glasses add depth and intelligence to drowsy eyelashes, actually at half mast, and set the stage for the questions to follow. . . . If all else fails, you will at least be remembered as the girl who listened but was too timid to voice her own ideas. . . .

from *How to Make an A in Two Easy Steps* by Mary Elizabeth Donnell.