

CELEBRATING POSITIVE CHOICES

Listen

THE FLOOR GENERAL

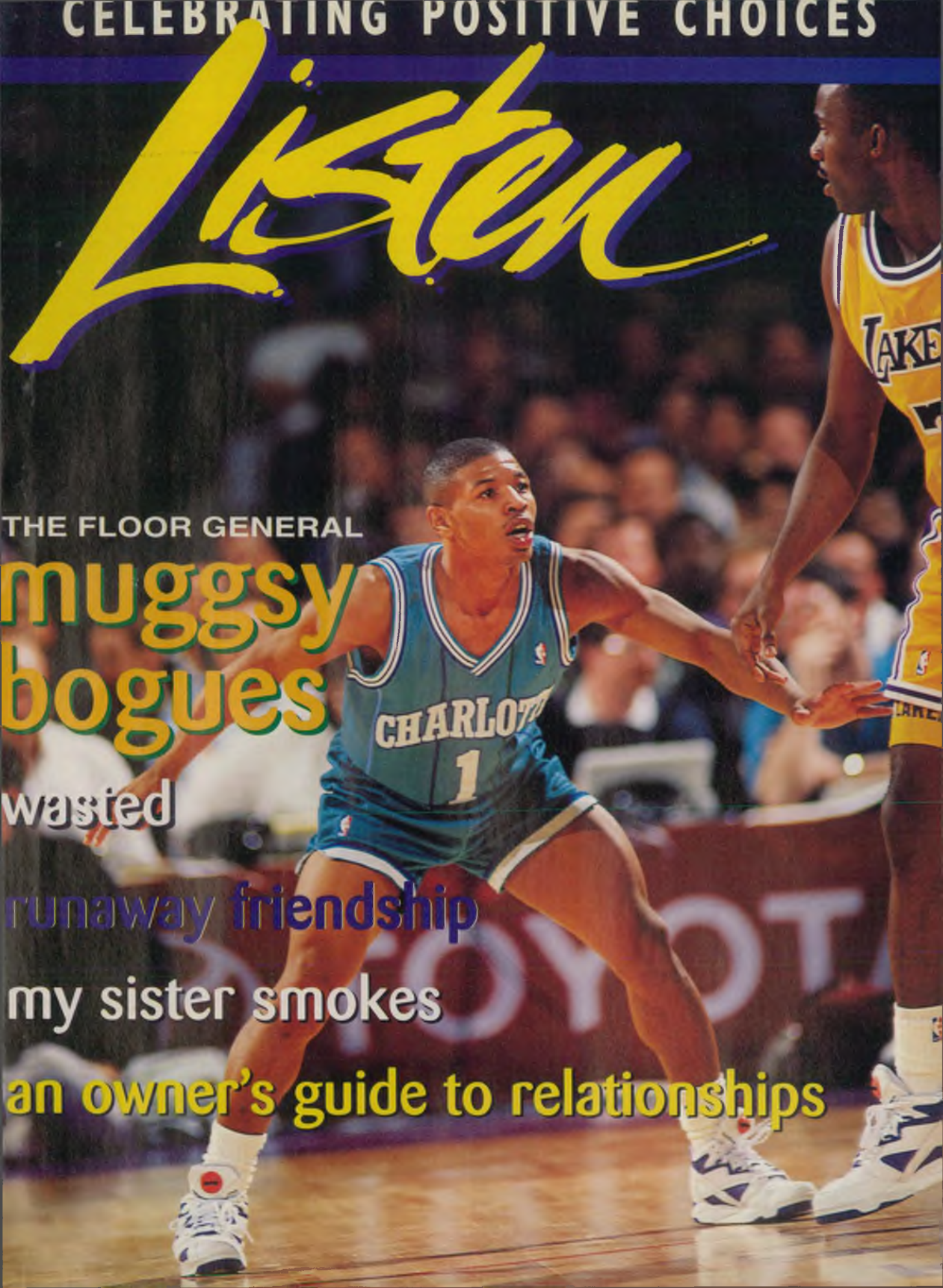
muggsy
bogues

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runaway friendship

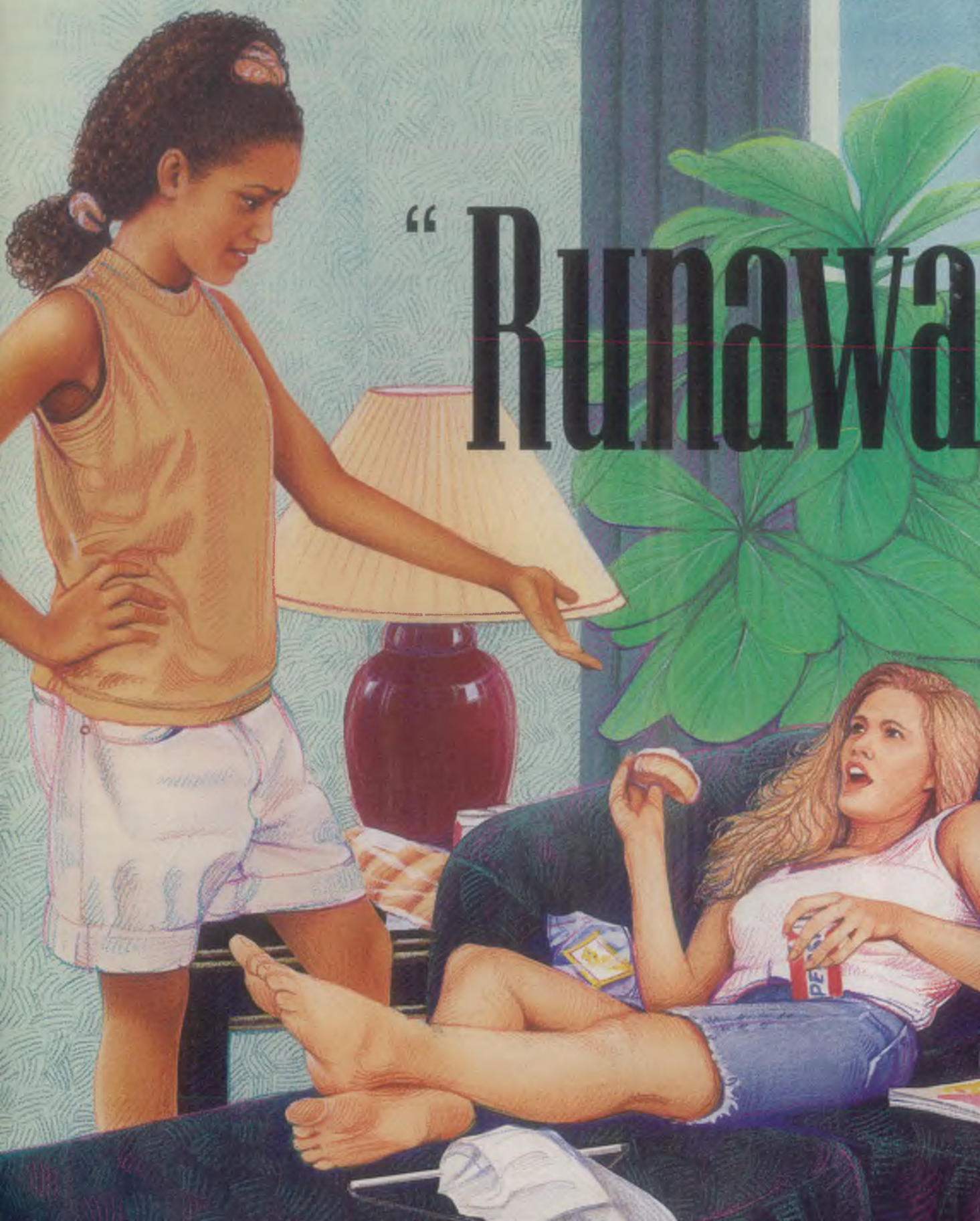
my sister smokes

an owner's guide to relationships



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Runaway



y Friendship"

Even the police couldn't find Carla. She'd just vanished.

My best friend Carla's unexpected presence in my bedroom and the panic in her whisper made my heart thump. "I'm in big trouble."

I clicked on the lamp. "So, what's new?"

"I went to a party and the cops raided it." She thrust her hand inside the pocket of her jeans and pulled out a wrinkled half sheet of pink paper. "I got arrested!" She waved the paper in my face.

"What!" my voice squeaked.

"Shhh!" She jerked her head toward the door in warning. "The cops took me home. My folks went nuts. They're going to send me to some kind of detention home or something."

"Your dad said, 'One more goof . . .'"

"I know. That's why I ran away after they went to bed."

"Carla! Are you insane?"

"Please hide me."

My mind swirled. Carla's parents were 10 times stricter than mine. In fact, they scared me. I'd be dead meat if I hid her.

"They'll never know," Carla read my mind. "They'll believe you when you tell them I'm not here."

I knew Carla was right. I never lie. "They'll know I'm lying."

"So don't lie. Tell them I was here. Tell them I told you I was going to run away. That's all true. Just don't tell them

anything else. I have no one else." Her quiet sobs and hopeless tone dissolved my resistance.

Within minutes we had her installed in the tiny spare bedroom in the basement.

Then, I woke my parents. Mom called Carla's parents, and the tidal wave was in motion.

"Mrs. Acker wants to talk with you," Mom said, handing me the phone.

"Me?" I croaked. I took the phone with trembling hands. "Hello, Mrs. Acker? Yes, Carla came here. She said she was going to run away."

Mrs. Acker was enraged. "I've had it with that girl. When I get my hands on her, her life as a normal teenager is over! Her dad is ready to have her locked up."

An hour later the doorbell rang. It was the police!

They asked me a million questions. My answer to each one was a dull "I don't know."

The following morning my exhausted brain whirled, but my tongue was still.

"You must be very worried about Carla," said my mom, hugging me. "That girl is extremely resourceful. I'm sure she'll be fine. Why don't you stay home today? Maybe she'll call you."

I nodded. When the family had left for church, I tore down to the basement. I found Carla in a cocoon of covers snoring softly. I lifted my foot and gave her a kick.

She sat up, startled.

BY SHARIE SLOANE

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"Where are your folks?"

"Church," I spat out.

She yawned and stretched.

"How can you sleep like nothing's wrong? Your folks are fuming," I said. "Your dad is ready to lock you up."

"Why can't my parents be like

and cream cheese, sipping Pepsi, and watching a talk show sat my friend, Carla.

"What are you doing?" the words exploded from my mouth.

Carla jumped like she'd been stabbed, spilling Pepsi on the beige carpet.

"This can't go on." Tears drenched my words. "You're living here in a free hotel having a blast, and I'm losing my mind!"

"What am I supposed to do? Let them lock me up?" Carla blared back.

"I don't want that to happen to you, Carla," I said, calming myself. "But your parents are terrified. My parents are worried about me. The police have spent days searching for you, and so have lots of your friends."

Carla's features crumbled, and tears started in her eyes. Probably it was starvation and lack of sleep, but I suddenly saw her with different eyes. Hard, cool eyes. Was this performance real, or was Carla a great actor?

How could she sleep like the dead, eat like a hog and watch TV, while I was losing five pounds a day?

"It's over, Carla."

"I'll run away," she threatened petulantly. "I'll probably get murdered on the street. Do you want that?"

But now I knew the truth. "You won't run away. Carla cares too much about Carla. That's why you went to Andy's party without permission. That's why you always break the rules your parents set. That's why you can sit here eating bagels while your mom is tearing her hair out."

Carla sobbed and wailed and finally shrieked, "Some friend you are!"

"I'm a better friend than you, Carla," I said softly, handing her the phone. "Call your mother."

She looked at the phone, up at me, and back to the phone. "You're in this too," she said. "Your parents will ground you for life."

"If they take away all my privileges until I'm 47 it will be 1,000 percent easier than what I'm going through now."

Carla knew she was licked.

I was grounded for the semester, and Carla was no longer my friend. I don't know what happened to her, but she wasn't sent away.

I ignored the hollow feeling inside me whenever I thought of her. I pushed aside the giggling slumber parties, the hours-long phone chats, and the millions of secrets shared.

One day the phone rang. I ignored it. It was never for me anymore.

"For you," said my brother, thrusting the phone in my face.

"Julie, this is Carla's mother. Can we talk?"

"Carla! Is she hurt? In trouble?" I heard the fear in my voice.

"Not exactly. She mopes around. On weekends she spends entire days in bed. We've taken her to a counselor, but she won't snap out of this blue slump she's in. She misses you."

"My parents don't want me hanging out with her."

"I'll explain things to your mother. Please come over and see her."

I was beginning to get past Carla. A girl at school was putting out best friend feelers in my direction. I could start fresh with healthier friends.

I found Carla in her bedroom, buried in blankets.

"What do you want?" she asked sullenly.

"It's 4:15 on a Friday afternoon. What are you doing in bed?"

"I'm tired."

I pulled up a chair beside her bed. "You've done some really dumb things, Carla. But the fact is . . . I miss you."

"You do?" Her voice sounded small and pitiful.

"Yes. I want to be best friends again."

"Really?" She sat up.

"Only we need some rules."

"I hate rules."

"How bad do you want to be my friend?"

"Name the rules."


"No disobeying your parents. No asking me to lie for you."

"Is that it?"

"I'll think of others as we go along."

She grabbed my hand and pulled me to her. "I missed you so much," she sobbed, slobbering my face with tears and kisses.

"And no more of that!" I cried, jumping up and wiping my face with my sleeve.

We both giggled. Just like old times. 



yours? Your parents trust you. They're reasonable."

"I don't do the dumb things you do," I said. "And I don't lie . . . until now." I felt like a rock had been thrust in my gut.

"My parents have never trusted me." Her tiny, sad voice melted me as usual.

Carla remained in the basement. I stopped eating and sleeping. Carla ate well and slept fine.

The police interviewed me twice more and Mrs. Acker called me six times a day.

"Julie, you must eat something," my mom said gently on the third day. "Starving yourself won't help Carla."

I burst into tears. "Stay home today," mom suggested. I shook my head. I needed to be busy. "I'll call the school anyway and let them know you're not feeling well in case you want to come home early."

About 10:30 a.m. I felt light-headed and sick to my stomach. At the school office I assured them I was well enough to walk the few blocks home. They called my mom at work to OK it.

As I opened the back door, voices came to me from the living room. I tiptoed through the kitchen and dining room. There, with her feet resting on the table, eating my dad's bagels

FACTOIDS

10 MYTHS ALCOHOL ADVERTISERS WANT YOU TO BELIEVE . . .

1. Drinking is a risk-free activity.
2. You can't survive without drinking.
3. Problem drinking behaviors are normal.
4. Alcohol is a magic potion that can transform you.
5. Sports and alcohol go together.
6. If these products were truly dangerous, the media would tell us.
7. Alcoholic beverage companies promote moderation in drinking.
8. Drinking is a family social activity.
9. You can't celebrate without alcohol.
10. You can "THINK" when you "DRINK."

PA AWARE 1993
CALENDAR

PREGNANCY

Alcohol use by pregnant women is the leading known cause of mental retardation in newborns. No safe level of alcohol consumption during pregnancy has been established.

NATIONAL COUNCIL ON ALCOHOLISM AND DRUG ABUSE

PARENTAL INFLUENCE

If there's an alcoholic parent in the family, there's a 50 percent chance one of the children will become an

alcoholic. If there are two alcoholic parents, it's an 85 percent chance.

MESSAGE MAGAZINE

DRINKING RISK

More evidence that moderate drinking can increase breast cancer risks comes from Spain. A study of 762 women, published today in the journal *Cancer Causes & Control*, shows those drinking as little as one glass of wine a day had a 50% increase in the disease. U.S. researchers say the risk may be linked to estrogen levels, which rise with alcohol consumption. Bigger risks: a family history of the disease and delayed childbearing.

USA TODAY

ALCOHOL IN THE HALLWAYS

Alcohol remains the most serious problem facing U.S. high schools, out-distancing student apathy and poor discipline by a wide margin, student government leaders say.

Almost half—45%—of 990 leaders surveyed by *USA TODAY* identify alcohol abuse as their school's No. 1 problem. In second place: apathy

at 18%; discipline is third at 10%.

Asked to estimate the percentage of their schoolmates who drink alcohol regularly, student leaders say:

58% drink beer at least once a week (student leaders in 1992 estimated 64%).

47% drink liquor at least once a week (student leaders in 1992 estimated 52%).

USA TODAY

SOBERING FACTS FOR BOATERS

Safe boating campaigns are "missing the boat" because they don't aim their anti-alcohol messages at passengers, doctors say.

"By focusing on boat operators, it implies that it is safe for passengers to drink or for skippers to drink at anchor," says Jonathan Howland, Harvard School of Public Health, whose report appears in the current *Journal of the American Medical Association*.

But 46% of 1991 boating deaths occurred while boats weren't even under way; they were drifting, at anchor or docked. Only 18% involved crashes. One study found

60% of people who died in boating accidents had been drinking.

"Alcohol not only impairs your judgment . . . it can impair your ability to survive" by interfering with the body's built-in temperature regulation, says Gordon Smith, Johns Hopkins Injury Prevention Center, Baltimore.

USA TODAY

REMEMBER . . .

Alcohol is America's #1 drug problem among youth. Nearly a third of high school seniors believe that there is no great risk in having four or five drinks almost every day.

Men who drink two or more drinks a day are nearly twice as likely to die before age 65 than men who drink fewer than 12 drinks a year.

The next time you're out on a date remember this: if a man and a woman of similar weight drink the same amount of alcohol, the woman will become intoxicated more quickly because proportionately 30% more alcohol will enter the woman's bloodstream.

NATIONAL
COUNCIL ON ALCOHOLISM AND DRUG
ABUSE

"too nice!"



Too nice? Are you a pushover pal? Is your backbone made of slime? Are you afraid to speak your mind for fear you won't be liked? Do you wimp out rather than admit your true feelings? Take this quiz to find out if you're a sweetheart or just sickly sweet.

Yes No

1. ☐ ☐ Your friend Jeff borrowed your favorite CD in September. You hesitate to ask him for it, thinking, *Why cause trouble?*
2. ☐ ☐ Your mom is going into hospital for minor surgery and you're worried. You hesitate to mention it to your friend.
3. ☐ ☐ You've a date to a New Year's Eve party at Kim's house. Rumor has it that Kim's parents keep a well-stocked bar, and they won't be home. You don't want to attend the party, but you don't want to look like a dork by not attending.
4. ☐ ☐ When your friend Lee's older brother's crowd is around, Lee ignores you. But when it's only the two of you, he's cool. You don't say anything because you don't want to hurt your friendship.
5. ☐ ☐ You buy a new outfit for the school Christmas party. You later learn that one of your friends bought the same outfit for the same party. You return it to the store without saying anything.
6. ☐ ☐ You feel that you are always the first to say "I'm sorry."



BY KAY D. RIZZO



If you answered yes to:

- 1. You risk destroying the very friendship you are trying to protect. Honesty is the best policy.**
- 2. Your friend may be insulted that you didn't value him/her enough to confide in him/her. Friendship is a two-way street.**
- 3. Watch out! Listen to that inner voice that is warning you not to go. Peer pressure can destroy you!**
- 4. A friend is a friend is a friend, regardless of the circumstances. Two-faced friends can't be trusted.**
- 5. Again, honesty is the best policy. Talk it over with your friend. Laugh about it, then decide together what to do.**
- 6. Here's that honesty thing again! Forgiving others is a great trait. But if you say "I'm sorry" only to reestablish peace between you and others and you don't**

really mean it, resentment will build up inside you. And your friends could interpret your forgiving spirit as weakness.

Don't be a doormat. Blend honesty with kindness and stand up for yourself. That way you will feel better about yourself and about the friendships you wish to protect. ▀



ILLUSTRATIONS BY KIM JUSTINEN



yrone "Muggsy" Bogues is in constant motion on the basketball court. When the Charlotte Hornets have the

ball, he dribbles with his head up, his eyes constantly looking for an open teammate. He may use his quickness to drive around an opponent for a layup or to thread a pass to a teammate in the lane for an easy basket. On defense Bogues constantly harasses the opposing point guard. A quick move from "Muggsy" may result in a steal and a fast break. He is always moving and always looking for an edge.

This seven-year NBA veteran has had to look harder for an advantage than most players. At five feet three inches, Muggsy is the shortest player in the history of the NBA. Most other five-foot-three athletes with dreams of sports fame would be working as jockeys or gymnasts, but Bogues is a very special competitor.

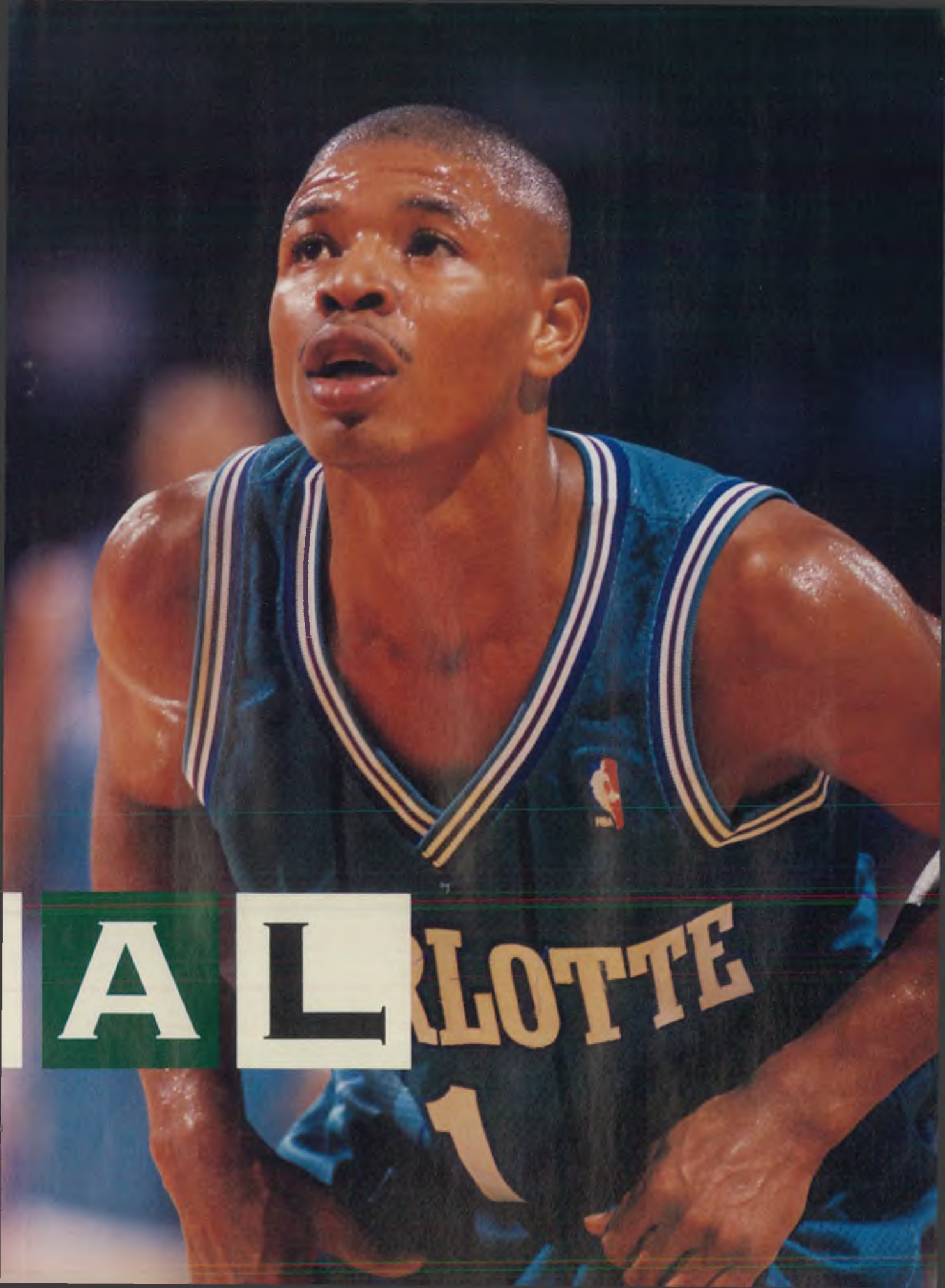
In a league in which guards who stand six-feet tall are considered short, Bogues makes the most of his 63 inches. Last season he led the Hornets with 10.1 assists per game, which ranked him second in the league to Utah's John Stockton. He averaged 10.8 points per game, a career high. Steals are another Bogues specialty, and he had 1.7 thefts per contest in the 1993-1994

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FOCUS ON SPORTS

**Muggsy
Bogues is a
short
basketball
star long on
talent and
determination.**

THE FLOOR GENER

BY JOHN BEDELL



A

L

CHARLOTTE



"He controls the team and sparks our offense, especially our transition game. He makes us run."

season. As good as those statistics are, they tell only part of the story.

While competing with seven-footers and other giants, Bogues averaged 4.1 rebounds per game. In a recent game against the Detroit Pistons, he pulled down 10 rebounds. Amazingly, he ranks near the top of the league's point guards in rebounding.

If the idea of a five-foot-three-inch rebounder does not humble some of the towering stars in the NBA, then consider a pint-sized shot blocker. Muggsy has blocked 29 shots in his career and had a season high of seven in his second year. His most famous block came in the 1993 play-offs. The Hornets were battling the New York Knicks in the second round. Coming from behind, Bogues swatted the ball

from the hands of a surprised Patrick Ewing, the seven-foot star center.

The Charlotte point guard put on a great display of talent the night of his interview with *Listen*. He led the visiting Hornets to a 112-108 victory over Shaquille O'Neal and the Orlando Magic. The hustling playmaker had 18 assists against only one turnover. He scored eight points, grabbed three rebounds, and had three steals in 43 minutes. He managed to hold Orlando point guard Anfernee Hardaway to just five points. Muggsy was even able to slap the ball from the hands of O'Neal just as Shaq was preparing for another dunk. Some Shaq attack for this all-star minnow!

Bogues has definitely won the respect and admiration of his team-

mates and coaches. When asked to describe their floor leader, they refer to skills rather than height.

"Muggsy is a floor general," says his six-foot-ten-inch teammate Alonzo Mourning. "He controls the team and sparks our offense, especially our transition game. He makes us run. He is basically the nucleus of our team."

"I don't think you're going to find another point guard in the league that sees the floor the way he does," says Charlotte shooting guard Hersey Hawkins. "He enjoys getting people in the game, getting guys' shots. That's what he gets off on, and he does it better than anybody."

Muggsy broke into the NBA in 1987 after an outstanding college career at Wake Forest University in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. The Demon Deacons retired Bogue's number 14 jersey in tribute to their small star who became the Atlantic Coast Conference's career leader in assists (781) and steals (275).

His high school career was no less spectacular. As a senior in 1983, he was voted the most valuable player on a high school team that featured four future NBA players. In addition to Muggsy, the Dunbar Poets included current Charlotte teammate David Wingate, and first-round draft picks Reggie Williams of the Denver Nuggets and Reggie Lewis, the late star of the Boston Celtics. Dunbar High School went undefeated and was voted the top prep team in the nation.

Muggsy, who was born in Baltimore, Maryland, began playing basketball at the age of 7. By the time he was 14 he was hooked. "It was something that really kept me going and kept my mind off drugs or gang violence or any type of criminal act," Bogue says.

Parents were another key factor in keeping the youngster headed in the right direction. "My mom and dad were role models for me," he said. "Even though my dad wasn't with me most of my years, the communication we had and the support I had from my

mom really did a lot for me.

"I just wish youngsters would listen more to their parents," Bogue told *Listen*, "because that's where it all starts. If they continue to let their parents be their role models and let them guide them in the right path, I think they'll become much better all-around individuals."


Along with strong family support, Muggsy feels an education is vital today. "Work on your study habits, because a lot of people don't know how to study," says the Charlotte star. "Learn how to study, want something badly, and I think you can become anything in life."

The 29-year-old basketball veteran maintains a strong commitment to young people in spite of the demands of the NBA. He is part of the NBA's Stay-in-School programs and has spoken to high school audiences on the importance of getting a diploma. He has worked with Special Olympics and visited children in Charlotte area hospitals. During the off-season he helps at basketball camps in Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Baltimore, and Washington, D.C. He organizes the Muggsy Bogue Reading and Roundball Game in Baltimore to benefit area reading programs.

And he takes time for his wife, Kimberly, and their three children. Their daughters, Tyeisha and Brittany, are 10 and 6. Tyrone, Jr. is 3.

"He is a great role model," says Charlotte assistant coach Bill Hanzlik. "He can prove to you that if you have a dream and the desire and you just work harder to overcome some handicaps . . . you can do anything you want to do."

If anyone knows about overcoming large obstacles, it is a five-foot-three-inch basketball player. Muggsy believes in himself and urges *Listen* readers to do the same.

"Never let doubters or anyone try to be an expert on your life," Muggsy advises. "No one knows the capabilities or the potential that you have inside you. So don't let anyone distract you from your dreams. Just go for it!" 

"It was something that really kept me going and kept my mind off drugs or gang violence or any type of criminal act."

Honesty's the THING

An owner's guide to relationships

Relationships are like delicate orchids: too little, too much, or the wrong kind of nourishment, and they don't bloom. They'll even wither and die.

One of the main reasons relationships wither and die is that there is of too little honesty.

Caring for a relationship is a learned art. You pick up tips from your parents, other significant adults, siblings, and acquaintances, not to mention characters in movies and television, on how to conduct relationships.

Unfortunately, much that you see and hear isn't based on honesty. Often the humiliations and angry scenes shown in public are posturing. Perhaps good for TV, but a far cry from what good, solid relationships—romantic or platonic—are really about. You see, most of the baseline work of any good relationship is done one to one, behind closed doors.

This is especially true for honesty in a relationship. Private honesty is difficult enough (though necessary and done all the time), but public baring of

the soul is held to a minimum, so others can't overhear and mark you (wrongly) as weak, or pile up credits to zing you later.

That you don't always see public honesty in relationships doesn't mean it isn't there. In fact, honesty is a basic nutrient of all relationships. No rewarding relationship can survive without it.

Before we can talk about becoming more honest in your relationships, it's important to squelch fallacies about honesty in relationships:

Honesty Makes You Weak. Not! *Au contraire*; just the opposite is true. From the outside it might appear that honesty short-circuits a relationship. Instead, honesty strengthens relationships, imparting new depth and respect to them.

For example, telling your friend that you're deathly afraid of spiders or that you fear she likes another friend better actually strengthens your relationship. It goes something like this: "Wow! If he's willing to confide *that* to me, he must really respect

me/like me/care for me/trust me."

Honesty begets honesty. "I'm afraid of heights," the other person might say. In good relationships, each side unintentionally hands a weapon to the other. (Of course, it's not thought of as a weapon.) Each person trusts that the other will never use that weapon, but will instead *protect* the other person. Thus honesty builds a special bond.

Of course, there is danger in being honest, just as there is danger in crossing the street: being honest with a friend *does* open you up.

But a friendship without honesty is not friendship, rather a shallow acquaintanceship. The joy of friendship emanates from the depth of the bond created by honesty, of *knowing* that someone cares enough to trust you with information painful to them.

And if your friend regularly uses your weapon against you, well, they're *not* your friend.

Honesty Is Selective. Not! Not with friends; and though it

BY BILL VOSSLER

sounds contradictory, *don't blurt out everything*. (For instance, all the details of your trips to the bathroom—honesty stops at the point of uselessness.)

Plus, the greater world has become harsh and hard enough that you need to be more selective about being outrightly honest. In a strange area it's not wise to say to a mean-looking person, "You look like a member of the Crips," even if that's what you think. It's better to be silent.

Instead, be honest with your friends in everything important to them—you know which those are—and whatever might affect your relationship with them.

Many people today have contracted the "omission affliction," leaving out information needed to make a valid and thoughtful decision.

Giving all the facts isn't easy. But if you don't, you run the risk of your friend making wrong assumptions and decisions (why shouldn't they assume that you're telling all the truth?). It's a short step from there to your friend discovering your half-truths, and being branded a liar, untrustworthy, poor company.

Plus, you won't have to use emotional energy to keep up any lies.

Honesty Is Brutal. Not! An old Chinese proverb helps prove this false: "Don't use an ax to remove a fly from your friend's forehead."

You can be honest with anybody about absolutely anything, *depending on how you present it*. When you know something is going to be painful, present it gently. Instead of saying "You look awful in that outfit" say, "I don't think you look good in that outfit," or "I like you a lot better in your gray outfit," or "It's not for you."

Brutal honesty is for people who enjoy hurting others.

That said, sometimes there's no other way: "I don't like your cheating on the biology test."

At first, honesty with friends might seem painful; but tempered with gentleness, feeling, and tact, it generates trust and confidence on which solid relationships are built.

Good Friends Don't Fight. Not! Not true; precisely *because* you are good friends you must fight. This doesn't mean that you get upset over every little thing—that probably means that it's a friendship on the way out.

But if you're honest with each other, you're going to have differences, and sometimes you're going to fight. Honesty means saying things the other person won't like, even if it's something so simple as "You have bad breath."

You can be honest with anybody about absolutely anything, depending on how you present it.

The point, say Clifford Notarius, Ph.D., and Howard Markman, Ph.D., in *We Can Work It Out*, is that you must learn how to "fight" fairly. No accusing. No bringing up past problems. Rather an honest discussion about how you feel about what's going on.

True Friendships Don't Require Work. Not! Another fallacy. Sometimes even the best relationships are hard; sometimes you'll want to quit, and sometimes that's what needs to be done.

But mostly you'll discover that today's work on a relationship means fun tomorrow and thereafter.

Here are a few tips for bringing honesty into your relationship.

Don't wait. Take care now of whatever troubles you. When you wait, troubles simmer and blow out of proportion.

"Mountains from molehills" wasn't coined for nothing.

Plan What You're Going to Say. The more difficult the situation, the more you need to plan your words because words can and do hurt. So have your say, but kindly and gently.

Don't Accuse. Statements like "You always" and "You do this" make others defensive. Instead, use I-feel statements such as "I feel like you're late so often because you don't respect me," or "I feel like you don't respect me."

Ask for Input From Your Friend. Perhaps their concept is radically different from yours and helps you see something in a fun, new way.

Avoid "Always" and "Never." These are bomb setoffs. Instead, try substituting "At times," "When," and "Sometimes."

Come to a Conclusion. Talk about how you're going to solve the problem; then take the necessary steps.


Be Honest With Yourself, Too. Ask yourself whether you might be part of the problem. Remember, it takes two to tangle.

Forgive and Forget. Don't keep score. Move on; your shared honesty will forge a stronger bond.

Don't Expect Instant Results. Things might be strained for a few minutes, or a few days, but things will return to normal.

Honesty truly does water relationships. If you think of this as a growing process, it makes sense to bring nutrients to a relationship so it can grow and then bloom. And like the prettiest flower or greenest tree, there'll be a sense of joy and beauty, and more rewards than you can imagine.

But there's only one way for you to find out, and that's to try it. You'll be glad you did.

Honest. 

AND SO FORTH

Lightning Strikes Romance

Call it a freak accident. Call it a really hot date. Call it bad luck. But definitely call this incident funny.

A Canadian couple who chose to wait out a thunderstorm in their tent decided to have a few hugs (maybe she was scared of lightning!). Bad

move: because mid-embrace a bolt of lightning "whipped through the tent, hit a gold medallion around his neck, then went out his ears, eyes, and nose," according to *Backpacker* magazine. Both suffered minor first-degree burns. No word on the state of their romance.

PCR Synchronilla Spells Pop Bottles

That's right, latest trendy sportswear introduced by king Patagonia features a fleecy fabric called PCR Synchronilla—which is 80 percent recycled plastic soda bottles. Sounds new, but if you think about it, it's just another variation on polyester plastic clothes. The real question is When will they start making soda pop bottles out of old clothes! But keep an eye out for PCR Synchronilla—it may be hard to spot, because clothing manufacturers are sure to mix up all the original pop labels and tag it as something more clotheslike. Translation—don't expect to be able to buy a 7-Up soda pop T-shirt.

Sentenced to a C

Everyone wants to get an A at school, right? Some more than others, obviously. Andy Hanson, of San Francisco, came home with a disappointing C in math, and his parents were so incensed that they sued the teacher. Bad move on two counts. First, they should have asked Andy himself whether the C reflected his real efforts in the course. Second, they should have known that teachers cannot afford to change grades just because of legal pressure.

And the Hansons did bring a lot of pressure to bear. It took a year in court. It cost Andy's

parents \$4,000. It cost the local district another \$8,500. And when it was all over, the judge said Andy gets a C.

Andy's father is appealing.

He said, "We went in and tried to make a deal: they wanted a C, we wanted an A, so why not compromise on a B?" We have a feeling that Andy's dad had a little trouble accepting grades when he was getting C's.

A word of advice, Andy: Next time study hard, do your homework, and don't even show Dad your card until there is an A on it. Good luck!

Santa Who?

Sometimes it's a little hard to figure out just what is going on at Christmas. What are we celebrating apart from the right to buy presents, give presents, get presents, return presents! It's pretty easy to forget that Christmas was originally set up to remember Jesus Christ, worshiped by Christians as God come to earth to save humanity from their sins by His life and final sacrifice on a Roman cross. That's the theory. But it's hard to keep that clear when we have other symbols like Santa Claus and lots of other traditional symbols mixed in with the Christian ones.

This all explains a big mistake recently in Japan. A department store wanted to feature Western Christmas things in a window display. It became a bigger attraction than they counted on when some visiting Westerners took a second look. There in the window was a life-sized Santa Claus crucified on a cross. Of course, it could have been worse. The way our holidays flow together, it could just as easily have been the Easter bunny in the window.



“COLLECTING THE WORLD”

It's Called *Deltiology*, and Maybe It's for You . . .



Inside the big town hall in Stuttgart, Germany, several hundred postcard collectors meet and trade cards.

On the steps outside the hall, Gerhard Stumpp smiles broadly while describing the newest addition to his collection:

"It's a really old card, from 1887 . . .

On the back someone has written, 'Greetings from Fritz.' The postmark and address show

that it was sent from Stuttgart in southern Germany to someone in Hamburg, in northern Germany. This card cost me about \$350 . . ."

Gerhard gladly explains why he's such a postcard fanatic:

"Postcards are little slices of life from times past and from other places. When I look at the picture on this card, I get a tiny glimpse of what Stuttgart was like on that morning in 1887 when Fritz dropped the card into the mail. I wonder what kind of person Fritz was and whatever happened to him. Since 1887, here in Germany, we've seen two big wars, so

BY JIM CONRAD



where was this card during all the bombing and burning? This card has a life of its own, and having it means a lot to me."

Realizing that his explanation, though convincing and interesting, hardly explains why anyone would pay \$350 for an old, used postcard, Gerhard laughs and shrugs his shoulders. "Old cards like this make good financial investments. I *think* that in a few years I'll be able to sell this card for much more than it cost me today. I'll get a greater return on my \$350 investment than if I'd put my money in the bank."

Most Americans know that stamp and baseball card collecting are important hobbies, but few of us have given much thought to seriously studying and collecting postcards—the hobby technically referred to as *deltiology*. In general, postcard collecting in America is at a much less advanced stage of development than in Europe.

"While maybe 90 percent of the world's stamp and coin collectors are in the U.S., and only 10 percent are abroad, with postcards it's the other way around," says Joe Jones,





publisher of America's *Postcard Collector* magazine. "Only about 10 percent of the world's postcard collectors are in the U.S. Abroad it's biggest in France, because that's where it started. Nevertheless, here in the U.S. the hobby is about to take off. Any American who starts collecting now will be getting in on the ground floor!"

Deltiology already has a healthy start in North America. Various hobby magazines run classified advertisements placed by collectors looking for particular kinds of cards. In one, JS, of Calistoga, California, wants pre-1940 postcards showing scenes of downtown Calistoga. DR, in Gaithersburg, Maryland, specializes in black-and-white, real-photo postcards bearing scenes of the Great Smoky Mountains. And in the same hobby magazine there's a full-page ad for a postcard company in Georgia, and an announcement for a postcard-identification contest sponsored by another company in Connecticut!

Beginning a postcard collection couldn't be easier or less expensive. You might start by

simply rummaging through a few drawers, poking about the attic, and telling relatives and friends that you'd like to have any old postcards they don't want. Of course, it's highly unlikely that your first efforts will turn up anything worth \$12,500—a price paid recently at a postcard convention in the U.S.—though it's possible . . .

Even the most boring-looking card is worth saving. One reason for this is that when you begin networking with other collectors, there's a good chance that someone will think your boring-looking card is great; and then maybe you'll be able to trade it for one of their really great-looking cards.

And even uninteresting-looking cards can eventually become interesting. For example, you'd think that a simple postcard sent from a Holiday Inn with a picture of the Inn's big sign on it wouldn't be worth having at all. However, this card can suddenly become a collector's item when you realize that

the particular kind of sign featured on the card is no longer used by Holiday Inn. Now you have a unique picture of a cultural icon from a bygone era!

But what really makes one postcard valuable, and another just something to get rid of during a trade? A card's financial value can be estimated by looking at three main features.

First, is the card in good shape? Second, has the card been produced by a technique that is particularly effective or of historical interest? Finally, does the card's picture portray a subject that people like to collect? Martin Bernard, who makes his entire living conducting postcard auctions in Germany, offers advice on what "being in good shape" means for a postcard:

"Of course a good card shouldn't be dirty or dog-eared. It can have writing in the space provided for writing, but the

card's picture shouldn't have marks on it. If it's a used card, the stamp should still be affixed, and it's preferable if the postmark is neat and legible."

Postcard-collecting beginners always are astonished at how many *techniques* in the past have been used to produce postcards. The \$350 postcard bought by our German friend, Gerhard, was a lithographed card—one on which the illustration had been imprinted using *lithography*, a time-consuming and difficult printing process in use before modern printing and photography were invented.

Some collectors specialize in *silk* postcards, which are novelty cards on which a layer of silk covers part of the picture—a red piece of silk for Santa Claus's suit, for instance. Rough-grained *linen* cards were produced from the 1920s through the 1950s, and preceded our present colorful, glossy-surfaced cards, referred to as *chrome* cards.

"One important kind of card being collected by specialists is the 'real-photo card,'" adds Joe Jones, of *Postcard Collector* magazine. "Back in the early days of home photography, when you had your black-and-white film developed, you could check whether you wanted regular prints made, or whether you preferred to have your pictures made into postcards. Lots of people checked the latter, so now some collectors specialize in these one-of-a-kind, real-photo postcards."

Finally, most collectors are attracted to particular cards simply because the pictures on them portray subjects that the collector finds interesting or attractive. Joe Jones describes a few of the favorite subjects of some postcard collectors he knows:

"One collector is a fireman, so he collects every card he can find with a fireman on it. Another is a banker, who collects

postcards showing old banks. One collector's name is Hazel, and because she'd heard of witch hazel, she started specializing in postcards dealing in anyway with witches! And it's hard to believe, but one big collection category nowadays is that of pigs! People want any postcard with a picture of a pig on it. Mushrooms are big with collectors too."

Gerhard Stumpp, our German friend in Stuttgart, specializes in several categories. "I collect 'snow cards' and 'moonshine cards'—cards with the moon on them or snowy scenes," he says. "Today I got one with the moon shining over a snowy field at night, so that card is really special to me! Also, I collect 'restaurant cards,' especially old ones. Sometimes when I get an old restaurant card, I go to the location shown on the card to see if the restaurant is still there, and to learn how the location has changed during the years."

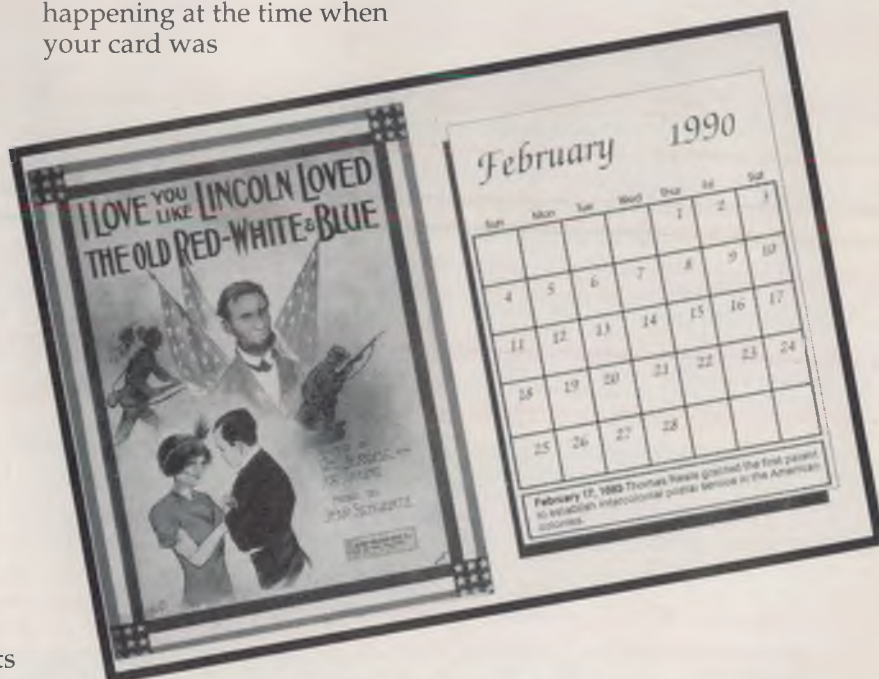
"I especially like cards with people in the picture; there's *life* in such cards. . . . And you can learn a lot of history when you're studying where your cards come from, and what was happening at the time when your card was

sent."

Anyone in North America can easily get more information about postcard collecting, and begin networking with other deltiologists. In your local library look in the card catalog under "postcards" or "hobbies," and maybe you'll find a book. If the library has stamp collecting or general hobby magazines, browse through their advertisements for postcard collectors.

Maybe the most direct route to becoming seriously involved in postcard collecting is to get a copy of *Postcard Collector* magazine. For a \$2 handling fee they'll send you a recent copy of their magazine, which is superfull of ads and articles, all relating to postcards. Their address is P.O. Box 337, Iola, Wisconsin 54945.

Deltiology . . . it's a word that maybe you've never heard before today. However, if you're the kind who enjoys a relatively inexpensive, colorful, educational hobby, maybe before long you'll become a real deltiologist yourself! ▀





"My Name Is Greenleaf"

It was time to stop the lies. Time to stop running.

"Sarah!" The front door slammed.

"Sarah Jane!"

Sarah came out of the kitchen. "Yes, Mama?"

"Get packing. We're leaving."

Sarah felt sick. "Oh, no."

"Yep, saw the paper at work. TV's having a special on crimes against children. Guess we know who'll be on."

Sarah slowly packed her suitcase. Her mother moved through the tiny apartment like a tornado. "Rent's paid till the end of the month. I lose four days' pay. Can't be helped. Bag the groceries. We might be on the road awhile. Ready?"

Within 30 minutes they were out of town and almost across the county line. Sarah fell asleep to the familiar sound of rubber on asphalt.

Hours later she heard, "Sarah, wake up."

Her neck was stiff. It was pitch black out. "Where are we?"

Mama switched on the interior light and pointed to the map. "About here. I can't stay awake any longer. Keep an eye out."

Mama climbed into the back seat. She fell asleep almost at once. Sarah propped her feet against the driver's door and stared into the darkness.

Mrs. Taylor would sell the car right away, of course. No, Mama wasn't Mrs.

Taylor. She was Mrs. Baylor this time. Or was it Bayton? Sarah couldn't keep track anymore.

About 7:00 Mama woke up. She opened a well-thumbed atlas. "Laurel: population 2,000. Forget that. Newcomers stick out. Warren: 20,000. No, it's got a college. Probably got police science majors. We'll trade the car in Warren, then try Ashford."

"Mama, do we have to lie this time?"

"What are you talking about?"

Sarah persisted. "Can't we use our real names? It's been a long time."

"Some things people don't forget."

They ate sandwiches and drank warm milk as they waited for the used car lot in Warren to open.

They sold the car for less than it was worth, but not too much less. Mama didn't want the man remembering them. They took the money to the other end of town and bought another clunker.

Of course Mama gave a phony name and address. Sarah wrote it on her palm so they wouldn't forget. They'd be long gone before anyone checked. Mama's new driver's license, though, would have to match the registration.

The Warren Public Library had typewriters you could borrow. Mama took out her birth certificate, photocopied it, altered it, and photocopied it again. Back in the car,

BY KATHLEEN T. CHOI

she used a stationery embosser. It made a mark just like a notary's seal. The police never noticed. She'd get a new license with it just fine.

They headed for Ashford. "Mama, why don't we ever go up North or out West?"

"My daddy said a smart hound hunts the woods it knows. I can tell which places will pay me in cash, which landladies want references. Don't know if I could read a Northern town as well."

Sarah guessed Mama was a smart hound. Within a few days they'd rented a room, and Mama had a job. "Cleaning woman. She was so glad to get me, she didn't ask any questions," she told Sarah. "She's got a typewriter in the den. Tell me what to put on your records."

It was either Beaufort or Beaumont where Mama worked as a clerk in the school office. She'd lifted a dozen blank transcript and medical forms.

Sarah said, "English, Algebra II, world history, chemistry, PE, and typing. I had B's in everything but typing. That was a C."

"And Mama," she continued, "could you put my real name? Lots of kids have different last names from their parents. It's not likely anyone will make the connection. Please."

"Don't talk foolish."

Sarah looked at her mother's worn face and didn't have the heart to argue. Mama had been beautiful—once!

But Daddy loved his beer. On his day off, he'd jump in the pickup, head out to the lake, and catch a mess of catfish for supper. There were six in the cooler with the beer the afternoon he plowed into the school bus.

All their money went to lawyers and the victims' families. "These people lost more than we did," Mama said as she signed over the house.

They could have gotten money from the tabloids: "My Life With the Meadville Monster." They refused, of course. The neighbors, though, had lots to tell the reporters.

That made Mama cry. So did the trial. As they became more and more isolated, Momma got cried out. Pretty soon she couldn't stand it anymore. They left and had

been on the road ever since.

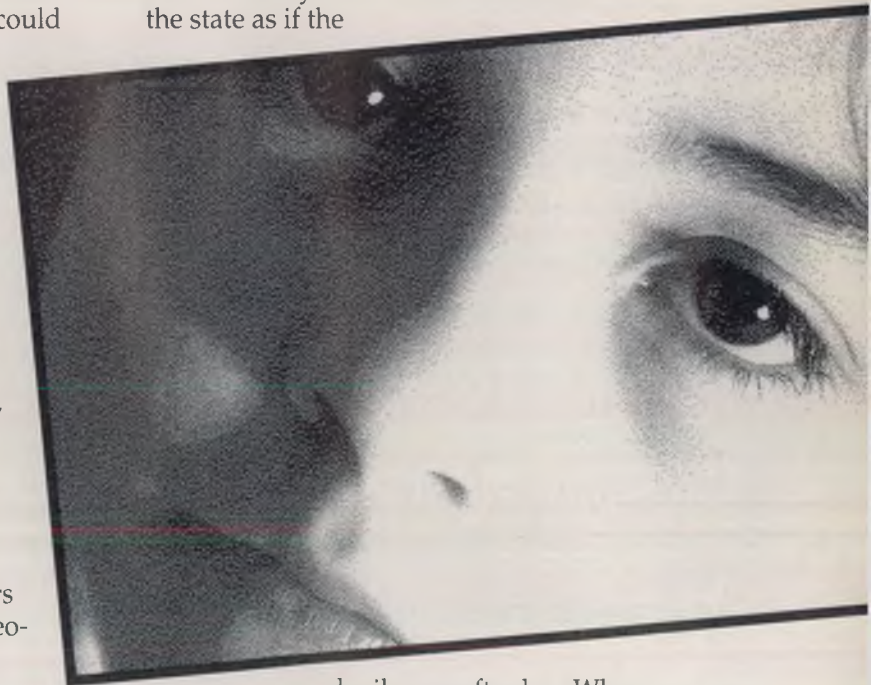
Ashford was nice and the kids were friendly. There was just one problem. The school had channel 1. Every day they watched the news and discussed current events. One day the newscaster announced that Nathan Greenleaf was eligible for parole. They showed film clips of the trial. There were Sarah and Mama, sitting right behind Daddy.

Someone said, "She looks just like the new girl."

Sarah was three years older and 10 pounds lighter. She laughed, but her heart sank. The face on the TV screen was hers. Not everyone would pass it off as a coincidence. Particularly when the announcer so helpfully said that the whereabouts of Mr. Greenleaf's family were unknown.

She'd never wanted to go home less. The evening news would probably carry the story too. Mama would have them in the car before the announcer got to the sports.

Like a robot, Sarah packed their bags. She didn't say a word as Mama raced across the state as if the



devil were after her. When she debated out loud what town to choose next, Sarah kept quiet.

Her silence lasted until they got to the door of her newest school. As they entered the office, Sarah pushed ahead of her mother. It was time to stop the lies.

"Excuse me," she said to the secretary. "I'm here to register. My name is Greenleaf. Sarah Jane Greenleaf." ▀

LISTENING

Hello again.

We've got big problems with our Listening page. Too much going on, too many submissions, and not enough space. But I want to make it worse. Please keep sending in your submissions. We love to print the very best stories, poems, and just little notes from you, the *Listen* readers. Till next time,

Lincoln Steed.

LIFE

THIS TIME WON'T LAST FOR
EVER,
I PROMISE YOU.
THOUGH IT SEEMS TO NEVER
END, YOU'LL MAKE IT
THROUGH.

LIFE IS WHAT IT IS,
AND WHAT IT'S NOT, IT'S NOT.
IT'S WHAT YOU MAKE OF IT.
THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS
THOUGHT.

BUT ON YOU ENTIRELY
YOUR LIFE DOES NOT DEPEND.
OTHER PEOPLE CHANGE IT
TOO,
AND MAKE IT TWIST AND
BEND.

SO WHEN YOU THINK, *THERE'S
NOTHING
LEFT IN LIFE TO LIVE FOR,*
JUST REMEMBER, IT'S NOT
OVER—
THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING
MORE.

JULIE HOWARD

BURLINGTON, CONNECTICUT

HEADLIGHTS

From the edge
Of the cold, ignored pavement
I sit . . .
Waiting for him to arrive.
Time laughing,
Running away,
Somehow magnifying my heartbeat
To a thousand steel drums.
The wind's ghostly arms
Wrapping around mine
Before grasping my throat
In a desperate plea for acknowledgment.
Rubbing the sole of my shoe
Into an abandoned anthill,
I curse at the vanishing
Cloud and moon act,
Stumbling on the irony of it—
All the while knowing,
I've been forgotten.

Sarah Hoskinson

Burrton, Kansas

Sarah just recently discovered LISTEN magazine. Says she "enjoyed it greatly—especially the poetry section." Well, she's part of it now. Welcome, Sarah.



Listen up, teens. Say Hi to Jennifer Acklam, Miss Texas Coed, and just recently crowned America's Homecoming Queen. Jenny is a busy gal, traveling all over the USA as a teen ambassador. But Jenny wants to hear from you. Send your letters to us at LISTEN magazine, P.O. Box 859, Hagerstown, MD 21741, and we'll pass them on to her for the column.

I think it's good that you're a teen ambassador. What I would like to ask you is . . . my sister used to be an alcoholic. I kept praying for her, and now she is not an alcoholic. The problem now is that my sister smokes. My brother-in-law is trying to tell

her to stop smoking. My nephew is having a hard time with this problem. What should I say to him?

Angela

You're a very loving sister. It appears that your sister is developing some seriously destructive habits. You didn't

mention how old your nephew is, but possibly you could talk to him and let him know he can always come to you to talk about his feelings. Knowing that someone else cares and shares his concern, your nephew will feel like his burden is lighter. I'm so glad to hear your sister recovered from her alcoholism. Hopefully, through prayer and love and support, she will end her unhealthy smoking habit as well. You are definitely on the right track! Keep up the good work!

My friends laugh at me because I stutter. I take speech lessons at school, and I bring a friend to help me. No one was supposed to know I am going to my speech lesson, but my friend tells everyone in class. She says, "Sonya, do we have to go to speech now?" It embarrasses me so much, but I don't want to say anything because I'm scared she'll hate me. What should I do?

I'm so sorry your friend thinks it's cute to embarrass you like she does. My guess would be that she's doing this just to get attention from the others in class. I want you to know that some of the most famous and successful people in the world have had a stuttering problem. Mel Tillis, a famous country singer, stutters only when he talks, never when he sings. Many, many people outgrow stuttering; for others, speech lessons, like you are having,

help tremendously. In the meantime, maybe you could discuss your friend's behavior with your speech teacher. I'm sure she would be very cooperative in helping to correct this embarrassing situation. Good luck.

My boyfriend and I were having lots of fights. He finally broke up with me. I wasn't sad, but then he asked a girl named Brianna to go with him. She said no at first, but then said yes. She used to be a good friend of mine. I don't know why she would break up with her boyfriend to go with mine. At Christmas, while my boyfriend and I were still going out, he gave me a necklace, which Brianna liked a lot. I think she might like him because he gives nice stuff. Josh, my boyfriend, asks his friends to say mean things about me. It makes me very mad. Now a friend of mine and Brianna's has asked both Brianna and me to her birthday party. Brianna is going. Do you think I should go?

Kristen

Yes, I definitely think you should go to your friend's birthday party. Don't let what Brianna does determine your actions. You go and have a good time. As to Josh, I would say that if your breakup didn't make you sad, then you are better off without him. If Brianna is really just using him for his nice gifts, then he'll just have to figure that out for himself. It sounds to me like you deserve a really good guy—and I'm sure a really great one is out there waiting somewhere.

“Wasted!”

The hidden costs of substance abuse

It is his birthday, but George is in no mood to celebrate. Besides the trauma of reaching 30, he has been thinking about his life, all the good times that he spent “having good times,” about the time, the money, the energy wasted on the stupidest things, especially drugs and alcohol. Sure, he’s been lucky. Not like so many of his friends—the ones who died, got busted, or ruined their lives with drugs. George never hit bottom that way. Lucky George!

Indeed, despite all his heavy drinking, he had never been one of the 4 million alcoholic adolescents in America. Nor was he ever one of the 1 million people arrested each year on charges stemming from alcohol use. And he was never involved in any of the more than half a million injured each year in alcohol-related traffic accidents.

He never did intravenous drugs, so he wasn’t one of the more than 11,000 Americans who contracted HIV through

dirty needles last year.

And he never became one of the more than 500,000 heroin addicts in the United States. Nor was he one of the tens of thousands of cocaine users who find themselves in hospital emergency rooms each year because of an overdose or because of impure drugs.

George beat all that. Today he has a decent job and a girlfriend he intends to marry. Yet, the birthday blues were there with a vengeance. And looking back, he feels sorrow at what he has lost because of drug and alcohol use. Things he’s missed out on; things he will never regain—never have or experience again.

First, there were the friends who died. Jill, the ugly little girl with pigtails, freckles, and buck teeth who one day turned into a beautiful young woman with long silky hair, smooth skin, and straight teeth. George turned her on to her first joint when they were both in high school. Three years later she was dead.

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL CIGLIANO

BY ARIEL NESMITH

continued on page 28



the PRIME TIMES

REAL PEOPLE SPEAKING OUT AGAINST DRUGS

A LISTEN SPECIAL

DECEMBER 1994

“THE FRENCH DRUG CONNECTION”

French Teens Tell It Like It Is

They're the epitome of chic; top of the trends, synonymous with savvy. Lavish in culture, the French proudly showcase the Eiffel Tower, Champs-Élysées, and Louvre. They've got killer alps, chocolate to die for, and now they even have their own Disneyland! For a country about the size of Texas, the French are world leaders when it comes to the finest art, literature, fashion, dining, and quality of life.

With so much to offer, *why* would they mess it all up with drugs? Unfortunately, along with their reign as world culture leaders, the French also wear the crown of Kings of the Vineyard. They're equally proud that the world looks to them to set the standard for wine and drinking. Virtually every French festivity, cultural celebration, holiday, and countrywide event is coupled with plenty of their world-famous “fruit of the vine.”

“It's difficult to imagine a party without alcohol, smoking, etc.,” comments Frederick, a teen in southern France. “We're in France, and to go to a party certainly means drinking.”

But it doesn't stop there. Each year in the Paris area alone, the French



use more than 1,300 kilograms of cocaine, 200,046 kilograms of hash, and 20 kilograms of crack. And that's only what's reported. While alcohol remains their preferred drug, as in the United States, French drug busters describe crack as “the new drug in France. People become dependent on it very quickly, and it's very expensive.” Last year in Paris alone there were 499 overdoses from crack.

Another drug popular throughout France is heroin—currently the country has more than 300,000 addicts. With one dose costing 800 francs (US\$160), heroin is also very expensive. It's usually smuggled in from Pakistan and Afghanistan.

“France closes its eyes to the drug problem because of interaction with other countries,” explains a French source. France is the third highest

drug-use country in Europe; behind Italy and Spain. And while the government plans on incorporating a prevention program to teach youth to "just say NO," they add that young people don't like to hear what they should and shouldn't do.

Yet the French way of life isn't all gloomy. Many French youth are turned off by drugs, determined to always make "positive choices," as *Listen* calls them. Stefan Bernadou tells his story: "I have a few friends who use drugs and offered me some. It didn't interest me. I think it's stupid! Usually they start using to become like others, to have fun, or because of family problems. I think that those who do that don't have any self-respect or respect for others. For example, TV, alcohol, sex, tobacco—none of these is forbidden. They're all legalized drugs!"

Stefan continues his story by explaining how he had to learn that being alone is better than caving in to peer pressure to do something you don't want to do. "At the beginning of my choice, I didn't have any friends, but I stayed by myself, and later others accepted me and liked me for me."

Stefan concludes by exhibiting personal strength he's gained by standing up alone by adding, "Smoking, drinking, doing drugs—it's cowardly. It's about running away or refusing to confront reality. For me, it's a personal conviction. I just have no desire to become like those who seem like nothing. I don't understand why youth are so afraid to be by themselves if they don't do what their 'friends' do."

Other youth were not as perceptive as Stefan. Jeremy gave in to peer pressure. "I tried drugs two years ago," he says. "It was at a party given by one of my friends from school. At first I was afraid because I'd promised my parents I'd never touch drugs. I submitted to the pressure of my friends who thought I was a coward. I was afraid to be alone, so I went along."

"Every day I'd like to be free from drugs. But now I can't stop. I recognize my weakness and my mistake, and I really hope to come out of it one day."

"I started smoking in Paris when I was 10," recounts Frederick. "It was



definitely to be like my friends. My parents didn't know that I smoked, because I'd come home and hide the smell with gum and stuff. I did all that until I was 14. I did it to defy what was forbidden—to rebel. It wasn't to become hooked or anything."

While Frederick recognizes his mistakes, he currently tries to draw the line and set boundaries in his life when it comes to illegal drugs. "Afterward I also started to drink alcohol to be like my friends. When I was 14, I was invited to do drugs, but I resisted. That doesn't interest me at all. I've made a lot of mistakes in my life, but not that. Watching my friends see 'pink elephants' does not attract me at all."

Some French youth have successfully escaped drug use and completely reformed their lives. Didier told us how he dramatically changed his life from one of drug addiction and dealing to a new life of freedom, hope, and progress. "I've always lived on the street. I met this person, and I started to smoke hash. Then I started

doing all kinds of drugs from morphine to cocaine. I started at first just for fun, but it changed into a very sad life. For example, my brother also did drugs with me. I sold drugs for a lot of reasons. I often bought drugs in bulk. I had no desire to live a life with honest people at that time.

"Today, if I could begin my life again and have it be different, I would. I would continue my studies and make other choices. I feel free now, not having done drugs [since that period]. I hate to see young people *want* to do drugs. It's self-destructing. What saved me was getting to know God."

The war against drugs continues in France. And while many youth struggle with pressures, temptations, and consequences, many teens are winning and staying clear of trouble. Perhaps more youth in both France and the United States will adopt the perspective of Karine, an exemplary French teen who exudes power, confidence, and a truly positive outlook on life. "I'm a student, and often at friends' parties it amazes me how many young people use drugs! I think that to want to be like others, one ends up being nothing and is ultimately left alone."

"I have never done drugs, never drank, never smoked. However, nearly all students do it. So if someone can say no [to drugs], they can have peace within themselves and the difficult interaction with others won't last forever. I'm living proof!" And that, the biggest high of all, is *très magnifique!*

By Marie-Noelle Herbaut
and Shellie M. Frey



continued from page 24

Heroin overdose the police said.

And his neighbor Billy.

Though George didn't start Billy on drugs, he and Billy used to sit in George's car and drink and drink and drink. One day after they were drinking, Billy left in his own car, ran head-on into a truck, and ended up in a morgue.

And there were others; Lou, Sylvia, Dawn, and Frankie. George knew them all, got high with them all, partied with them all, had such a "good time" with them all. Not one ever made 25. What a waste!

And then there was the money. Who knows how many thousands and thousands of dollars he threw away over the years on drinking and drugs! George always felt compassion for starving children, and now he couldn't help thinking about how that money could have been used to buy food for children instead of drugs and alcohol for himself and his friends. He could have used that money to buy a new car, help put a down payment on a house, or send his younger brother to college. Instead it was all gone, every dime, every dollar, and what did he have to show for it? Nothing. Last month his father, who'd recently lost his job because of illness, had to sell some family heirlooms just to help pay basic bills. Man, the money wasted . . .

And time, the thousands of hours accumulated over a decade and a half of substance abuse. George had always wanted to learn karate, learn it well. Yet it took discipline; it took hard work; it took time, time that he'd wasted on drugs and alcohol. The hours he could have spent working out and learning karate he was smoking pot, drinking booze, snorting cocaine. If he only knew as much about karate as he did about alcohol.

Of course, all this doesn't even count the endless hours he was sick, hung over, or just too strung out to do much of anything. George always thought how much fun it would be learning how to

fly, but he never seemed to get around to it. And now, with more responsibilities, he can't. The closest thing to flying was when he got high as a teenager and in his early 20s. He wishes he hadn't.

But there are other things that George has lost. He always enjoyed a close relationship with his parents as a kid. He and his dad were especially close.

Growing up, he thought that his dad was the greatest person in the world. He always said that he wanted to be "just like my daddy."

Of course, "daddy" wasn't too keen on drugs, and once George started getting high, he backed away. He had to. Sure, part of it was just growing up and being more independent, but it was more than that. When George got high, he avoided his parents. He stayed away from home more. And the first time he lied to his folks it hurt. He had never lied to his dad, especially. Yet with drugs he lied again and again. He had to in order to cover up his drug use. And each time it got easier and easier and easier, and before long it was just as easy to lie as to tell the truth.

And then there was the time his parents found the bag of pot in his closet. The ugly words, the fighting, the threats, the tears, the bitterness. . . . He lost something then that he knew was gone forever.

There was something else that George had noticed. Up until he'd started using drugs he'd had a respect for the law. Yes, he could remember a few traffic violations

or hunting out of season—stupid but not really criminal acts. But he started on drugs, and suddenly day after day he was committing felonies. He was never a big dealer, but among friends he would sell drugs, a major crime. Suddenly he had no more respect for the law, for authority. The police, teachers, all became, in a



real sense, enemies. He could never trust them, always had to be careful, always had to watch over his shoulder and look in the rearview mirror. It was more subtle than losing a friend to a heroin overdose, but George knew he'd lost something there as well.

Of course, in comparison to so many others who have been so hurt by drugs, George did all right. By his late 20s he stopped completely, unlike many of his friends who are still, even if not using illegal drugs, drinking heavily. George is in some ways part of the argument that not all illegal drug use leads to heroin addiction or that not all first drinks will lead to alcoholism and skid row.

No, George wasn't one of the grim statistics, not one of those who lost their lives, or their careers, or their families to drug use. Besides the money, most of what he lost can't be measured, placed on a graph, or put in a chart. But the loss is real and forever. And George knows it. ▀



say, cliff!



say, freddie!

I'm 17 years old and I play football. I'm only in the tenth grade. My life's goal is to go into the Army, and I want to go to college and play ball. What should I do? Should I get a GED, or should I wait and graduate at 19? Army-bound

Try to leave all of your options open. The Army will not accept the GED as a substitute for a high school diploma. Consider getting into an adult continuation school that will allow you to accelerate your collection of units. This could allow you to graduate with a diploma near or on your eighteenth birthday. This would allow you to go into the military or go to college at 18.

Last week I stole my mom's portable video game. She found out and now she won't talk to me. She is very angry. My father is also very angry. I think that he hates me. How can I make them forgive me? Sorry

Ask your mother and father to sit with you for five minutes. Tell them that you are genuinely sorry, and come up with your *own* punishment. Make the punishment very tough. Throw yourself on their mercy. Once you've done this, think about your feelings toward your mother and your father when you were actually doing the stealing. You may begin to uncover some things that go beyond the behavior.

I sexually molested my younger sister three years ago while my younger brother watched. We were 14 and 12 at the time. My brother told. We were placed in separate group homes at that time. My sister is still at home. Now after two years I feel that I'm ready to go home. I really do. I know that what I did was wrong. The three of us were adopted, and I would just like to get our family back together. Abandoned

Ask your therapist for a therapy session with your entire family. Ask yourself about your reasons for hurting your sister some years ago. Look at your anger. Think about the feelings of your sister. Apologize to her again.

Cliff and Freddie Harris deal with real-world answers to teen problems. Cliff beat heroin, cocaine, and marijuana addiction years ago and determined to help others. He and Freddie gave up a successful business to found the Drug Alternative Program, specifically for teens. Their *Drugs Close to Home* TV program and this column enable them to share and help teens everywhere.

say, freddie!

say, cliff!



editorial

JUST BETWEEN US

Why LISTEN?

It's a question worth asking. I ask it myself every month as I put *Listen* magazine together.

I wonder whether there's room for *Listen* sometimes when I take time to scan all the newspapers and magazines on the newsrack. So many titles. So many topics covered. So many interests investigated. And when I travel, as I regularly do, and devour pretty much every magazine on the airline reading racks, I again wonder, "Does anyone have time to read all these magazines?"

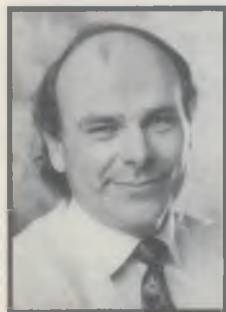
I look at *Listen* magazine and I think, *Yes, it is unique. It does fill a need no other publication does.* It's actually sort of spooky, but I still have yet to find a magazine directly competing with *Listen* magazine—46 years after our first issue! We're it! Without us, without *Listen* magazine, teens wouldn't get clear advice and information on making really positive life choices. Now and then a well-intentioned supporter will refer to *Listen* as a drug education magazine. Yes, it's that, too. But it's much, much more.

It's a matter of fact that very few teens take drugs just to take drugs. Usually it is the culmination of many other factors, such as family violence, a sense of isolation, lack of friends, failure at school, in fact all of the very real challenges and questions facing teens today. That's why *Listen* magazine focuses on the upbeat, practical side of life for teens. We know that if we can help you make and keep friends, do well in school, think seriously about your future and your values in life, then drug problems will pretty much take care of themselves.

The bottom line on *Listen* for me is what I hear from you. I get letters from teens saying that *Listen* is their favorite magazine. Librarians and teachers have repeated how at their school *Listen* magazine is the most well-read magazine. And I get letters from parents like the mother in Guam who said that *Listen* made such a difference in the life of her teens that she wanted to order it for other teens in her circle of relatives. And I've told you before how on at least two occasions I've seen teens literally fighting for possession of *Listen* magazine. These are all signs and testimonials that you want and need and appreciate *Listen* magazine.

So I'll make a bargain. I'll keep putting it together. I'll work with personalities and authors to make sure that *Listen* remains the most exciting, most interesting magazine around. And you—read it, of course. But more than that, tell other teens about it. Tell adults about it. Ask adults—teachers, parents, even business persons in your local area—to help guarantee that as many teens as possible have opportunity to read *Listen*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOEL D. SPRINGER



LINCOLN STEED

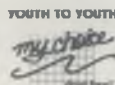
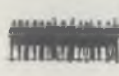
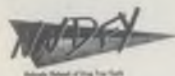
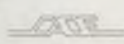
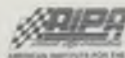
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Listen is the official youth publication of the ICPA [International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism and Drug Dependency]. The ICPA is an NGO of both the United Nations and the World Health Organization.

"GROWING UP" puzzle

BY RUTH ADKINS

Growing up is fun and frustrating. There's so much happening to you and around you. How many of these things will you experience while growing up? Find each one in the puzzle and circle it with a pencil.

P	B	H	O	R	M	O	N	E	S	S	T
U	A	R	N	J	T	E	E	N	D	R	C
P	S	C	H	O	O	L	D	A	L	I	D
P	H	T	N	A	L	B	F	Z	S	E	F
Y	F	R	I	E	N	D	S	U	L	R	A
L	W	S	C	A	R	L	M	F	E	N	S
O	K	P	L	R	L	X	M	E	U	T	H
V	D	O	C	A	P	H	O	N	E	N	I
E	O	R	M	C	B	D	V	R	S	L	O
C	M	T	D	R	I	V	I	N	G	H	N
Z	R	S	J	D	A	T	E	S	W	T	Y
P	E	E	R	P	R	E	S	S	U	R	E

1. ACNE
2. CAR
3. (being) COOL
4. DATES
5. DRIVING

6. FADS
7. FASHION
8. FRIENDS
9. FUN
10. HORMONES

11. JOB
12. MALL
13. MUSIC
14. PEER PRESSURE
15. PHONE

16. PUPPY LOVE
17. SCHOOL
18. SHY
19. SPORTS
20. TEEN

answers

YES I want to get with the action. Sign me up. Here's \$24.95 for a one-year subscription to LISTEN.

☐ Payment enclosed; check or money order

LISTEN MAGAZINE

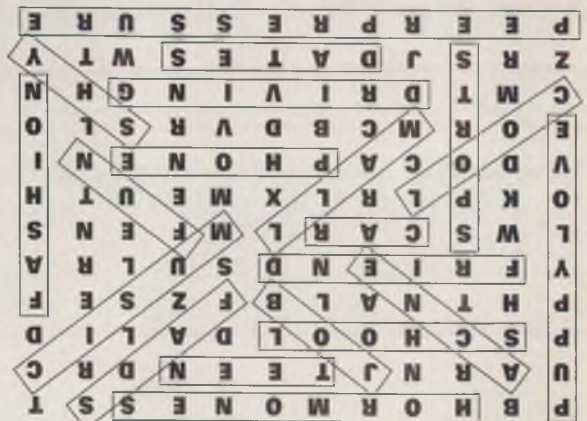
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