

CELEBRATING POSITIVE CHOICES

Listen

THE MAN WITH A GAME PLAN

DARRELL GREEN

A Dangerous Dare
Bad Blood

LANS Tjallingii



“RERUN”

Gabe's hamstrings were rigid with tension as he stood against the wall outside Mr. Prescott's office. He flexed his legs and rubbed them through his wide-legged shorts.

"Hey, baggy-butt," someone snickered. Gabe looked up quickly to see two cowboy kids bowleg their way down the hall.

"Please step inside, Mr. O'Connor."

Here is it. Another humiliation in a long line of humiliations. What would it be this time—a strip search before he was allowed to mix with *normal* kids? He fought back his cynical thoughts and tried to make himself feel calm inside. Still, his fidgety fingers gave him away, and he found it hard to look into the eyes of the junior high principal who had once expelled him.

"Well, Mr. O'Connor, let's get right down to business," the principal added tersely. "And take off your hat," he ordered for effect.

Gabe slipped the baseball cap off

as Mr. Prescott dropped into his creaky office chair and glared at the open file on his desk. Light streaming in from the window flashed white across the principal's thick glasses so that for a few seconds it looked like he had no eyes.

"I've checked your schedule and made a few adjustments. You won't be enrolling in any shop classes, of course. We can't have you in any proximity to gasoline or other inhalants." Mr. Prescott paused here, apparently for effect.

Gabe kept his eyes fixed on the shag carpet. "Then don't forget art, home ec, and typing while you're at it," he blurted out. So much for a fresh start.

"I can see your attitude hasn't changed much," Mr. Prescott said slowly through clenched jaws. "I'll just lay the law down right now, son. You won't be bringing drugs or your ways into this school. No baggy clothes, no

BY LINDA THERESA RACZEK

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ILLUSTRATION BY LARS JUSTINEN/COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY FOCUS ON SPORTS

hats." He started jabbing a finger in the air, red-faced now. "You had a chance here before, and I won't cut you any slack this time. If you mess up at all, you'll be out of here like *this!*"

Prescott snapped his fingers and tossed the class schedule at him. Gabe grabbed for

before the dust had even settled, Mom announced she was remarrying. Gabe hated her for that.

It was weird looking at the old lockers and posters—like a rerun of a bad movie. Gabe found his locker and felt anger rising in him at the sight of a

school long enough even to make any friends. The few guys he did hang out with, and learned to "huff" inhalants with, had probably moved on to tenth grade at the high school or dropped out for lack of brain cells.

He'd spent the past year in treatment centers and group homes trying to undo the damage—kicking the inhalants, trying again and again to make it sober. And sure, he was still only in the ninth grade, but he'd learned a lot in recovery. In May his dad *had* let him down big-time when he'd decided not to have him come live with him. But he had to try to make something of the same bad situation that had defeated him before.

Gabe slouched against the brick building during the lunch hour. Coming into a new school midsemester was the worst. And he knew he had this incredible knack for finding the "lowest common denominator." In other words,

he was always drawn to people who shared his worst traits. Great basis for friendship.

Gabe squinted across the white sunbaked yard and spotted a small clutch of guys near the fence. *Probably smoking*, he thought. He'd given that up, too, along with the rest of it. No reason to tempt himself, even if they'd be easy enough to fit in with. He made long, easy strides over to the basketball court.

In treatment he'd worked a

it but missed, and the paper slid to the floor.

"Am I understood?"

Gabe picked up the schedule and murmured, "Yes, sir."

Moments later he stood alone in the dimly lit hall.

About a year ago he'd moved to this "cow town" with his mother and new stepfather. It was supposed to be the start of a "new life." Well, it was that, all right. His mom and real dad's divorce had been quick and dirty. And

hole where the combination lock had been. Prescott hadn't been blowing steam—he really wasn't cutting Gabe any slack. He had a locker that could be searched easily at any time.

The truth was, he couldn't blame anyone for not trusting him. His stepfather was going to pick him up after school every day until he proved himself. When they'd moved here, it hadn't taken Gabe very long to find out what "wholesome country kids" did to get high. He hadn't been at the



lot on finding things he enjoyed and could be successful at. Hoops was something he liked but wasn't that good at. Auto mechanics—fixing things—that was something he was really good at, but Prescott had nixed it. Gabe picked up a ball, a little on the soft side, and lobbed it at the backboard. It felt good to let off a little tension, anyway.

"Hey, kid, *we're* on the blacktop next." Gabe whirled around and was embarrassed to see a bunch of guys waiting for him to move.

He jammed his hands in his pockets. "Uh, any chance I could play?"

"Sorry," the same kid said, gesturing around at his friends. "We've got enough. Maybe some other time."

Gabe looked away. "Yeah, sure. I bet."

He saw a slender girl leaning against the backstop pole, her shoulder-length black hair whipping in the breeze.

"Rednecks!" she yelled. Gabe had no idea whom she meant. He pointed to himself with a question mark expression on his face. She shook her head. "Nah, *them*," she said. "I can play, but do you think they'd lower themselves to play with a *girl*? She yelled the last word so they could hear, but the game was on. Yelling, shoving, high-tops scuffing up and down the court drowned out her voice.

Gabe stood by the girl and watched them. "In Denver the guys and girls play friendly games together. It's not any big deal."

Her face brightened a little. "Really? Did you go to school there or something?"

Gabe hesitated. "Um, well, it was kind of a private

school," he said. *More like kind of a reform school*, he thought.

"Oh. Well, see ya." She turned and walked off. Gabe kicked himself mentally for not asking her about herself. Not even her name!

He was relieved when the bell rang. He found an empty seat in social studies and watched the others ramble in. Sitting in class had turned out

... HE HAD TO TRY TO MAKE SOMETHING OF THE SAME BAD SITUATION THAT HAD DEFEATED HIM BEFORE.



to be the easiest part of the day. He was new in class, so none of the teachers expected him to know anything, and they didn't embarrass him with big introductions.

"Hey, it's baggy-butt again, Wayne. Can you believe it?"

Gabe couldn't believe it—the same cowboy dudes who had made fun of him in front of Prescott's office. Everybody in the class gawked, probably hoping for a fight or distraction of some kind before the teacher arrived.

The taller kid, called Wayne, leaned cockily over him, grinning. "How come you wear fat-boy pants, bud? I hear you're hiding something." Laughter trickled through the class. Kids craned their necks to watch.

Gabe leaned lazily back in his desk, pretending to be bored. Inside he stiffened. "Yeah, well, I heard you have pimples on your butt," he said. His ears were ringing. He felt like he was in a wind tunnel with the exaggerated sounds of kids laughing roaring past. *I hate them all*, he thought bitterly.

"Hey, good one!" someone yelled. Gabe saw Wayne back away sheepishly, his face red. Suddenly the tension began to drain from Gabe's body. His classmates weren't laughing *at* him. They were smiling at him and laughing *with* him. Gabe grinned back, incredibly relieved.

He wondered what else he'd missed that day because of his negative attitude. Those guys on the court had said "Maybe some other time," hadn't they? And the girl.

There she was.

"Hey, you were really cool with Wayne. Even *he* laughed—did you see that?"

He hadn't, so he just shrugged. He knew it would take a while for people to trust him. Hey, it was hard to trust *himself*. He was even kind of glad his parents were being strict at first. Gabe just hoped that when his stepdad picked him up today he'd let him invite . . .

The girl was smiling at him. She seemed nice. Gabe took a deep breath.

"So . . . what's your name?" ▀



“One **Bite** at a Time!”

How do you eat an elephant and avoid getting stomped on?

It's Wednesday afternoon. Due tomorrow are three pages of math, a book report (you haven't even read the book), and an article for the *Jefferson Gazette* entitled “Football: Is the Danger Worth the Price?” Tonight is that Civil War television show you've been waiting for; it's your turn to help with dinner; you want to call Sally about the science project you two have planned; and you can't go out with friends this weekend until your severely exploded room is cleaned up, and it's already 4:00 p.m. Does life get any worse?

Yes and no! Remember, there are always choices. Maybe you can go to your room and burrow under the pile of clothes until next spring—or you can start making excuses. “I didn't know the report was due . . .” “Our electricity went out and I couldn't . . .” “A mutant strain

of protoplasm scaled off from a renegade asteroid, propelled through space, and whacked into our house, covering all my homework with an impenetrable incandescent icky slime.” (Now, *that's* an excuse!)

Actually, you can go all through life making excuses. But what a waste of energy, creativity, and time! Not to mention sounding a lot like lying.

Believe it or not, there is a way to slice through the overwhelming obstacles and wheedle them down. It's the same way you would eat an elephant—one bite at a time.

The artist Michelangelo painted the famous Sistine Chapel in Rome one brushstroke at a time. Wouldn't be there today if he'd come to work one day and said, “Hey, this is too much; I'm going out for pizza.”

Climber Sir Edmund

Hillary reached the top of Mount Everest by putting one step in front of the other. Did he say “Clear to the top? You want me to climb clear up there?” No, he took it as a challenge—one step at a time.

How about famous nurse Florence Nightingale or the caring lady of India, Mother Teresa? Did they go to a hospital, see all those sick people, and say “Later, Jack”? They also had choices.

There are times when you have so many things to do and so little time to do them that you feel like you've been sat on by a large elephant who has decided to live its remaining 100 years glued to your squashed body. You know there's so much elephant and so little you that you'll never be able to crawl out from the rough and ragged folds of elephant skin.

Right now let's use the magic of imagination, set the

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DARRELL GREEN

THE MAN WITH A GAME PLAN

Any Washington Redskins football junkie knows a whole lot about Darrell Green. Someone is sure to remember his 60-yard punt return the very first time he touched a football in an NFL game. Someone else might add that he's the guy who ran down Dallas Cowboy running back Tony Dorsett from behind, preventing him from scoring a vital breakaway touchdown. Someone else would likely say that Darrell, a world-class sprinter, won the NFL fastest-man competition three years in a row and retired unbeaten. But we'd still be seeing only Darrell Green the football player. There is also Darrell Green the community activist, family man, and committed Christian.

In football, big is better. And if you're not big, it can hurt a career—unless you're Darrell Green. In a recent interview, Darrell, perennial Pro Bowl defensive back for the Redskins, stated, "I could never get around the insecurities of being

little. The fact that I'm little is a reality."

Darrell Green, five feet eight inches and only 150 pounds in junior high school, was determined to beat the odds. He was all-state in track and all-city in football at Jones High School in Houston, Texas, where he was born and raised. His coaches knew he had potential, but not enough to put him on the starting lineup of his school team. Green had determination and speed, but even that was not enough to fulfill his goal.

Darrell kept at it at Texas A&I, where he competed in various types of sports, including track and field. He competed with senior Carl Lewis in the 100-meter run, establishing a time of 10.08 seconds. But after only one year Green decided that college was not for him, so he returned home. His decision was not well received. "We don't just give up," his mom stated. She told him that if that was what he wanted to do, then he needed to get a job.

That job turned out to be

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A DANGEROUS DARE

Inhalants are far from a harmless way to get high.

The label on the bottle seems clear enough: "Intentional misuse by deliberately concentrating and inhaling the contents can be harmful or fatal."

But to some people, that's a dare. If they say it's bad for you, they must be hiding something. Fatal, huh? Then it must be great.

Sure, it's great. If you're into liver, kidney, and brain damage. Or irreversible blindness. Or nerve damage.

Or maybe death!

A Cheap High?

Inhalants, druglike substances, are cheap. And they're legal; you're not likely to get arrested for possessing a can of paint thinner. The problem is, they're deadly. And unfortunately, many teens aren't getting the message:

- Inhalant use is more widespread among teens than tobacco, alcohol, and marijuana. Inhalants are especially popular with people aged 12 to 14. Older teens usually avoid them. In fact, only 2.3 percent of seniors currently use inhalants.

- Seventeen percent of high school students have used inhalants at least once. One in 20 sixth graders huffed in 1992. And 4.7 percent of eighth graders currently use

inhalants.

- 1,144 people died from using inhalants in 1989.

Is It "Doing Drugs"?

In your house right now are probably dozens of products that qualify as inhalants: everything from aerosol sprays to shoe polish to paint remover to typewriter correction fluid. They're called inhalants because they're sniffed (through the nose) or huffed (through the mouth).

Some teens don't think huffing counts as "doing drugs." After all, it's not the same as smoking marijuana or crack, right?

Wrong. The fact is, inhalants as a group are among the most toxic drugs around. Although some are more dangerous than others, none of them is safe.

Inhalants can be divided into the following categories:

Volatile organic solvents include petroleum products, aerosol sprays, and even alcohol. There are so many volatile organic solvents that it's impossible to describe them all, but they have a few things in common.

If a substance is volatile, that means that it can easily turn into a vapor at normal room temperature.

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT ANGLE

BY MICHAEL WARREN

As a gas it's absorbed into the lungs, reaching the brain quickly, where it distorts normal function. Some substances are more volatile than others. Alcohol, for instance, is somewhat volatile, but not enough to be used as an inhalant.

A *solvent* mixes easily with other less-soluble compounds. A solvent, therefore, easily enters

Amyl and butyl nitrite are often used in connection with dangerous sexual practices. Amyl nitrite (known as poppers or snappers) is a prescription drug for heart patients. Butyl nitrite (known as rush, bolt, bullet, locker room, and climax) is used in air fresheners. Very often the benefit of these substances exists only in the mind of the user, while the dangers are

prolonged or intensive use leads to blackouts, hallucinations, coma, and sometimes death.

Long-term use of inhalants does awful things to your body. It can permanently damage your nervous system and cause irreversible blindness and brain damage. It can contribute to heart and bone marrow damage, hepatitis, jaundice, dementia, and loss of hearing and memory.

Inhalants may also affect unborn fetuses, causing malformation, functional impairment, and decreased body weight.

A Deadly Game

Inhalants do kill. They can kill you the first time or any time afterward.

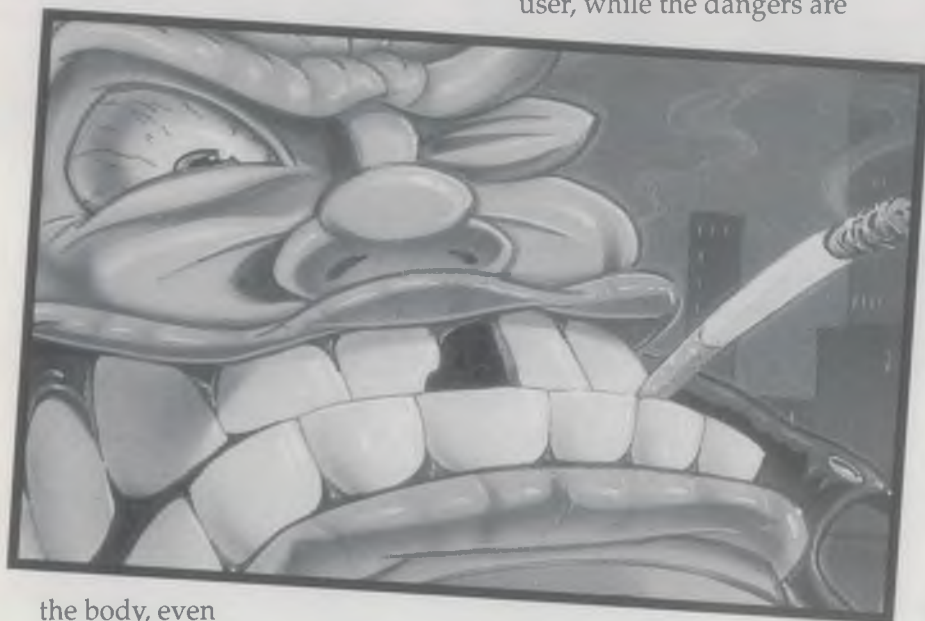
The most common cause of death by inhalants is cardiac arrhythmia, or an irregular heartbeat. These drugs can cause your kidneys to release large amounts of potassium, which can stop your heart from beating.

"Sudden sniffing death" can occur when use of inhalants is followed by exercise or stress. Some kids actually die when someone catches them huffing. The stress of being caught combined with the effects of the drug stops their heart.

Inhalants also cause injury and death because many of them are highly flammable. Just one spark is all it takes to torch your face and lungs.

Another problem is that while you're huffing or sniffing, you may be suffocating without realizing it. The fumes depress your central nervous system, making your lungs weaker. They also displace oxygen in your lungs. This effect is called hypoxia, or oxygen deprivation.

Obviously, inhalants are far from a harmless way to get high. They're more like a game of Russian roulette. And the only way to beat the odds is not to play. ▀



the body, even through the skin. Once it's inside, it quickly gets into the brain and other important organs.

Volatile organic solvents come in so many forms that it's impossible to know what other chemicals you're inhaling along with them. It's like a potluck of toxic waste: they may contain acetones, benzene, toluene, dichloro- and trichlorofluoromethanes, or ketones. Because they contain so many potentially dangerous chemicals, the risk of inhaling volatile organic solvents is never clear.

Anesthetics such as ether, chloroform, and nitrous oxide all have legitimate medical uses. When they're misused, they can be lethal. Nitrous oxide (also known as laughing gas or whippets) is sometimes used as a propellant for whipped cream.

clear and so often lethal.

How They Work

Inhalants provide a quick high, since the fumes go from the lungs immediately into the bloodstream. Once in the bloodstream, the chemicals move to fatty tissue, such as the liver, kidneys, and of course, the brain.

The high is caused by a chemical reaction with the body's central nervous system. The high is quick, strong, and usually brief (though it sometimes lasts a few hours). The effects can be similar to alcohol—a mild euphoria combined with disorientation and a general lack of coordination.

But there is an extremely vicious downside to the false high. Users often experience nausea, sneezing, coughing, nosebleed, and loss of appetite. And

Today

Today I will change.

I will not judge or offend, blame or criticize.

I will find my talents and use them to benefit not myself,
but others.

I will do something creative with my mind, and give all I can of
my heart.

I will read, I will write, I will learn something new.

I will look around and be thankful I am alive,
because there is more to life than my wants.

Today I will plant a seed and water it daily.

I will take a walk in the park and greet those I pass.

I will set a good example for children, and make adults wish they
were young again.

I will put a smile on my face, and keep my problems to myself so
as to not spoil anyone else's day.

I will turn my self-pity into strength.

I will not be passive,
because today I am taking control.

Today I will start a hobby.

I will consume every second of the day as if it were all I had.

I will tackle my problems as they come to me, one at a time.

I will not make promises, because I know they can so easily be broken.

I will instead make commitments, and try my best to carry them through.

I am ready to live to my fullest potential,
because today I am growing.

Today I will not wish to be someone else.

I will look in the mirror and remember it is up to me to change who I see.

I will be a member of the team, not a member of the audience.

I will be humble with my victories and graceful with my losses.

I will take responsibility for my actions.

I will be proud when I succeed, and try harder when I fail
because today I am believing,
today I am achieving,
today I am beginning to change.

Alisa Wilson, age 17

Mount Prospect, Illinois

Good! Good! Grreat stuff, Alisa. Pretty serious "poeming" and out-of-this-world concepts. Ed.

LISTENING

Your eyes

I want them.

I have never seen a more

sophisticated, transparent

blue

can I put them in my pocket?

if they break, I will bleed

your eyes are glass

your eyes are crystal clean

circular swimming pools.

I love your eyes.

I want them.

Jennifer Donat, age 17

Highland Lakes,

New Jersey

Mine are blue-green, Jennifer.

But I'm spoken for! Last year

Jennifer was editor in chief of

Back Porch Review, the

award-winning magazine of

Vernon Township High

School.

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Sporting Chance

Tobacco companies recognize the powerful influence sports have on shaping youthful behavior, so they use sports to recruit young tobacco users to replace those who have quit or died from tobacco use.

Government figures show that 45 percent of the nation's premiere professional athletes and role models use smokeless tobacco.

Youth Reporter

Higher Cost

Health-care costs for children of alcoholics are 32 percent greater than for children of nonalcoholics.

ICPA

Losing Sleep

Smokers may often sacrifice a good night's sleep for their habit, a recent study suggests. Compared to the non-smokers in the study, the smokers:

- Were twice as likely to report nightmares and nine times more apt to snore.
- Were more restless overnight and more likely to wake up tired.
- Used about twice as much alcohol and caffeine.

Stress, alcohol, and caffeine all could interfere with sleep, but smoking may contribute independently to poor sleep.

USA Today

Readers' Choice

In a typical week 34 percent of the American population reads the Bible outside of a religious service.

N & IRR

Alcohol . . .

- Is a depressant
- Lowers inhibitions
- Impairs judgment
- Hinders coordination
- Slows reaction time
- Dulls senses
- Blocks memory formation
- Damages and kills cells

Connecting Link

Teen Chewers

Americans, particularly younger men, are using more chewing tobacco every year, partly due to the association with baseball players and sporting events. Recent estimates put the number of chewing tobacco users under the age of 21 at 3 million.

Youth Reporter

Brain at Risk

The brain is the only body organ not equipped with pain fibers or the ability to produce new brain cells should they die.

Connecting Link

Screen Scenes

In a poll taken of 1,011 adults in July 1993, 80 percent said that there was too much violence on TV and that warning labels on violent shows would not be enough. Of those polled, 75 percent say there is a relationship between crime on the streets and crime on the screen.

USA Today

Alcoholic Parent

Over seven million children under the age of 18 have at least one alcoholic parent.

ICPA

TV Versus Reality

Among 94 shows surveyed, TV was far from reflecting real life in the U.S.A.

- 1 percent of TV characters are handicapped compared to 17 percent in real life.
- 10 percent of TV personalities are overweight

Aids Factoids Factoids Factoids

compared to 68 percent of the general population.

• 38 percent of TV women were blondes or redheads compared to 27 percent for their real-life counterparts.

• 5 percent of TV characters practiced religion in some way compared to 42 percent of U.S. residents who say they attended church in the past seven days.

USA Today

Book Bucks

How much would you spend for a good book? Here's what the average readers are willing to pay:

- 41 percent less than \$5
- 41 percent \$5 to \$14.99
- 18 percent \$15 and up

USA Today

Auto Deaths

Almost half of traffic crash deaths and crash injuries continue to be alcohol-related. Drinking and driving is the leading cause of death among teenagers.

ICPA

AIDS Inflation

The number of people infected with the AIDS virus

will more than triple to 40 million by the end of the century according to a recent U.N. population and migration report. They also estimate as many as 1 million people will die annually of AIDS by the century's end.

USA Today

Alcohol & Family
Four in 10 Americans have been affected by drinking in the family. One in every three families is affected by alcohol. An estimated 76 million are affected by alcohol abuse, having been married to an alcoholic or problem drinker or having grown up with one.

ICPA

Angels

In 1992, 76 percent of teens reported they believed in angels, up from 69 percent in 1984.

USA Today

Chewing Popularity
Tobacco companies sold 124.7 million pounds of smokeless tobacco in 1991, up from 121.9 million the previous year. Moist snuff is the most

popular and, scientists believe, the most carcinogenic. The highest use is among men ages 18-24.

Associated Press Online

Lost Inhibitions

"If we don't recognize the influence of alcohol, then we are wasting a lot of time and a lot of money in trying to prevent teenage pregnancy. When teenagers drink, they do things they wouldn't when they are sober; one of the things is to irresponsibly conceive a child."

C. Everett Koop, M.D.

Former Surgeon General

Get Your Veggies

With the recent focus on vegetables and their role in cancer prevention and other good benefits, more than 56 percent of American shoppers report buying more vegetables.

USA Today

Fatal Legacy

On average, 26 percent of mothers infected with the HIV virus will pass it on to their babies.

Journal of the American Medical Association

KODAK SAFETY





A Fast-Water Adventure

Ah, think of it: floating along a bubbling river or cascading through scenic areas of untouched America on a perfect white-water run! *This* is high adventure at its best! Once you've discovered river rafting you wonder what took you so long to experience this adventure. "I'll never forget the rafting trip that I took as a teenager," remembers Sherri Thompson, of Orange County, California. "Of course, at first we were afraid going through some of the rapids, but that's what made the trip exciting! I liked the trip so much that I decided to become a guide myself a few years later," she added.

Many rivers across the continent offer river rafting. Some of the best known are the Colorado River in Arizona, the American River in northern California, the Salmon River in Idaho, the Chattooga River in Georgia, the Ocoee River in Tennessee, and the Nantahala River in North Carolina. Each river has its own personality, and just like snow ski runs, challenging "river runs" are named accordingly. Go down the American River,

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY OF SHELLIE M. FREY

BY SHELLIE M. FREY

and you'll experience "Meatgrinder," "Race Horse Bend," "Triple Treat," and the biggest of them all, "Troublemaker." These rapids are anything but smooth sailing. They are all "class 3" rapids, which ranks them at medium difficulty. Some raft-

ing outfits also provide strategically placed photographers who will catch those action-packed moments as you battle your way through. So apart from the panic of the moment you can freak out all over again watching yourself on video and in a series of stills in rapid, sequential framing.

Most rafters camp out under the stars, but you can still be pampered and enjoy super hospitality. Professional guides will direct you safely down the river, and then these same clean-cut, energetic college students will cook all your meals for you. Talk about roughing it easy! They also provide post-



rafting sports activities, campfires, and *great* stories.

River rafting is physical adventure. It can also be an exciting historical adventure. For instance, James Marshall's gold discovery on the American River catalyzed California's famous gold rush. This memorable journey will also take you on a tour of Sutter's Mill and museum, where you can relive the gold rush era. (In fact, I think I discovered some new gold myself while I was there!)

River rafting is especially suitable for youth groups and families. Groups like the Police Explorers, Boy Scouts of America, church groups, private schools, and various boys' and girls' clubs frequent the river rapids. (If you are under 18, be sure to have a signed parental permission or a chaperon over 21 who is able to go on the trip.)

Some river outings are actually family reunions. Father-son and mother-daughter groups have also become increasingly popular in recent years. Rick Los, owner of Sierra Western, which organizes the American River excursions, explains why white-water rafting is so ideal a way for friends


and families to spend quality time together. "On a river trip it's unique because you're on a boat with your friends and family in the middle of the wilderness and there's nothing to take away from your interacting with each other."

Rick continues, "One of the neatest experiences took place about four years ago. A young girl named Sage Bolman had been burned very badly. [The propane in her family's camper blew up. And Sage's sleeping bag actually melted before her father was able to rescue her.] She lost her ears and hands. I read an article about her in *People* magazine, and I was just so touched that I got in contact with them and did a few things to help them out.

"I invited them on a river rafting trip with my family. That was really good for both families—especially mine because I was trying to get them to understand how to care for other people and how to help people who aren't as lucky as we are. It was great because they got to be with this little girl who had no hands and yet never complained or said 'Why me?' or anything. She was just out there rafting and doing everything

that everybody else was doing and having a great time.

"It's amazing how bringing people like Sage on a river trip really opens up other people and brings out their caring side. It really brought our families together. We've kept in touch and done things together ever since."

Friends and families can be brought together in more ways than just riding the river rapids. Perhaps the Loses and the Bolmans had a special connection, but once you and your friends experience the high adventure of white-water rafting, you'll wonder what kept you on land for so long! 



Plan ahead

White-water rafting season runs generally from May through September. Reservations should be made at least 30 days prior to the trip date. Deposits typically must be received 10 days following the date the reservation is made in order to hold the reservation.

What to expect

- Self-bailing, unsinkable boats and paddles
- Specially designed white-water life jackets
- Professionally trained guides
- All meals prepared and served by guides; cooking and eating utensils

- Showers and restrooms
- A fun-filled, action-packed two days and two nights of splashing adventure, laughter, and exploration!

Don't forget

Be sure and smile for the photographers as you go through the rapids. Have fun and hold on!

For more information contact:

(Be sure and check with your parents before calling.)
Sierra Western Adventures Trips
(American River)
(800) 367-8747
P.O. Box 2967
Mission Viejo, CA 92690

Chattooga River, Georgia; Ocoee River, Tennessee; and Nantahala River, North Carolina

Wild Water Rafting
(800) 451-9972
P.O. Box 100
Long Creek, SC 29658

Colorado River Whitewater Rafting
Wilderness Adventure Trips
(800) 528-6154
P.O. Box 717, Page, AZ 86040

Salmon River, Idaho
Idaho Department of Commerce
(800) 635-7820
700 West State Street
Boise, ID 83720

BAD BLOOD

A former gang member remembers the 'hood.

Monday night, about 11:00. Arturo* was leaving for the Army in two weeks. He'd been with the Crips for seven years.

Tonight was goodbye. Some friends from an associated gang were holding a keg party in his honor at a Pizza Hut parking lot.

About 11:30 a car with its lights off slowly prowled the alley behind the lot. It looked suspicious.

A few minutes later it began. At first it sounded like somebody had dropped firecrackers into the garbage bin.

At first everybody thought the shots were coming from the alley. Bullets pocked the concrete walls of the Pizza Hut storage shed. A few guys pulled out guns but didn't know where to shoot, so they fired into the air.

Three members of a rival gang had taken up a position at an angle across the busy four-lane street in a motel parking lot. Two of them were firing through traffic as one stood by. They fired several shots, moved, then fired again.

Arturo scrambled away from the confusion, toward the street and toward the gunfire. Around him he heard the panic of his friends, traffic noise, the spitting of a Tec-22 machine pistol, and the deep *boom, boom* of a 30-06 hunting rifle.

Midstride his left arm went numb and his hand clenched involuntarily into a fist. He ran forward in a daze. He got about 10 feet when the pain hit his stomach, a terrible burning. He pitched forward.

A single slug from the 30-06, moving faster than the speed of sound, had ripped through his arm, then continued into his chest, puncturing a lung, grazing his aorta, piercing a kidney, his colon, and his pancreas before it mushroomed in his liver.

He screamed that he was shot, but his friends thought he was joking. Until he began vomiting blood onto the blacktop.

Somebody yelled, "Dial 911—get an ambulance over here!" Those who had outstanding warrants (some were on New Mexico's Most Wanted list) fled before the police showed up, but six friends stayed a little longer.

Arturo lay on the ground, unable to move. He asked his friends to get him to a phone. He said he wanted to call his parents and tell them he loved them before he died. They told him, "Shut up. Don't talk like that."

He heard voices in the ambulance on the way to the hospital: "What's your name? Do you know what happened to you? Who's the president of the United States?"

He was still conscious when they wheeled him into the emergency room. He was listening to the sound of his heart on the EKG—*beep, beep, beep*. Real slow.

Then he felt his breathing stop. He heard a doctor say, "I think we're going to lose him." Then the beeping turned into a constant tone. "Too late; we've lost him." Then everything went black.

Goodbye to the 'Hood

One minute and 38 seconds later Arturo's heart resumed beating. A month later he was out of the hospital. He was recovering physically and emotionally, but he'd never be the same again.

I met him on a cold morning at his home in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Sharply dressed—mostly in green instead of his once-favorite blue—he still had the confidence of a *vet-rano*, one of the older gang members.

We talked about his life in the 'hood, and why he was getting out. He'd finally seen enough



of the violence. He'd seen too many friends die.

Getting out, he discovered, isn't easy. The night before we met, his old friends were back. "I told them I'm not going to be hanging out with them," he said, "but they still come to my house."

And the gang that shot him wants to do more than stop by for a visit. "They called at my house and told me, 'We know you're by yourself. We're going to kill you and then we're going to kill your family.'"

(The shooting that Monday night wasn't totally random. Arturo and some others had argued with the gang members who eventually shot him.)

Now he has to look over his shoulder when he goes out. "I might have changed, but the world

hasn't," he said.

"I've learned a lot," he said. "In a way I regret all the stupid things we did." Stupid things like shooting people, breaking into homes and cars. Even burglarizing police cars. Stupid things that put Arturo in jail more than once and put good friends in the grave.

Over breakfast he described one of his friends who had an obsession to kill somebody before he was 18. Once this friend started shooting in a movie theater. Arturo remembers going home to watch the news that night "to make sure we didn't kill a little kid. That's always been one of my fears, hurting a little kid."

His friend finally moved away. "He got scared because they did a drive-by of his house. They shot up



everything in sight." He wasn't afraid to kill, but "he was afraid to die."

Arturo once had the same outlook. "Before it was like I had a don't-care attitude. I didn't care if they lived or died." He doesn't think he's killed anyone, but he remembers shooting one guy in the leg during a rumble. "I kind of felt sorry for him afterward," he said.

"We're Your Family"

Arturo grew up with gangs, but he didn't actually join a set of Rolling '30s Crips until the seventh grade. Since he was older, he didn't have to be "ranked in"—a brutal initiation, with the option of shooting someone or running a gauntlet.

"It was just to belong to something, because me and my parents didn't get along together. We were constantly at each other's throats," he said. "So I thought, *I'll just hang out with these guys. These guys don't give me no problem; they don't tell me what to do.*"

"My mom was always furious with me, telling me, 'Gangs are no good. Why do you always hang out with these hoodlums?' But before I didn't care what she said. She was pretty naive to it at first. She really didn't know what was happening."

He remembered her reaction the first time he got arrested. "I called her from jail. She said, 'Good, that's probably where you belong. What were you stealing?'"

Gradually the Crips became his whole world. "They'd say, 'We're your family. We're your neighbor. We're your mom, your dad—we're everybody. 'Cause we're always here. If you need comfort, we're here. If something happens, we're here for you.' That's why a lot of kids stick with them."

"A lot of them, they're willing to die for each other. That's what's so scary."

"Before I got shot, my mom used to ask me, 'Aren't you afraid to die?' I'd tell her, 'No, you only die once.' Now my life is precious to me."

Since he's been shot, Arturo's been looking for a job, and he's started coming to church after a long absence. "Now when I go to church I understand what the sermons are about," he said. "It's weird the way it took something like this to make me realize a couple things."

He's been thinking a lot about God lately. "He must have had a purpose for me," he said. When he was in the hospital, a doctor told him, "These aren't the hands that saved you. It's the hands of God that saved you."

War Wounds

That afternoon, after a tour of his neighborhood and a lesson on graffiti, we drove to the cemetery in which four of his friends are buried. On the way he described how the gang would hold car washes and

the girls would have bake sales to pay for the funerals.

"If we used drug money or money from stuff we stole, it was like blood money." He said they wanted to do something "out of our hearts."

We got out at the far end of the cemetery and walked over to where his girlfriend was buried. Her family couldn't afford a good marker, so her grave was marked with a brick.

"It was horrible the way she died," he said. She refused to go out with a guy, so he ran over her with his van. "I literally seen when he ran over her head. I mean, I just seen when the tire went over it, and it just split."

"I didn't know what to do. I panicked, I cried, I yelled. I let off about six shots at the back of the van because I was so frustrated. I wanted him hurt. I



wanted him to hurt the way she hurt."

The girl was 17, and she left behind a 3-month-old baby.

"Revenge was big-time. I mean, we were crazy. We went to the point of killing animals. We put his puppies in a bag and nailed them to his door, and we wrote, 'You're next.'"

It's over for Arturo now, but not for his gang. They still want the driver dead.

"I told them not to; I don't want it. If that guy's going to have to go through the same hurt that I went through, I'd rather leave it alone."

He said he realizes the endless cycle of violence and retaliation is futile. Another friend who was shot told him, "These are just war wounds for me. That's what I get for being in the 'hood.'"

But Arturo sees it differently now. "I don't want to be a part of the 'hood; I don't want to be a part of you guys. I want to be alive." ▀

**All names have been changed.*



say, cliff!



say, Freddie!

I am a therapist in a small town. I am alarmed by the fact that I am seeing more and more children in therapy whose parents were drug abusers during their pregnancy. The children suffer from a number of disorders. Do you have any non-technical advice that will help me in my overall approach?

We have found that many therapists approach this situation from a "deficit" point of view. This assumes that the child has experienced some physical damage that destroys the capacity for self-organizing. A "risk model," on the other hand, recognizes that while fetal exposure to drugs compromises or jeopardizes developmental processes, a positive family situation and other environmental forces can make a real improvement. We need to learn how to better help drug-exposed infants with impaired capacities to develop and expand to the outer limits of that capacity.

I am a mother of an impaired child. I used heroin for many years, including the period when I was carrying my baby. I have much guilt associated with my stupidity. I would like to know what to expect as my child develops. Can you help?

How encouraging that you have finally put some distance between your last heroin use and today. It is unfortunate that you were unable to refrain from using during your pregnancy. This, however, is not enough reason for you to go on blaming yourself. There is nothing that you can do about the past. However, the future is within

your control. It is possible that your child will score within the low average range on structured developmental tests. The child may also show significant deficits in free-play situations that require self-organization, self-initiation, and follow-through. Attention deficit disorder is a diagnosis that is used to describe the behavioral symptoms of many children with this history. My recommendation to you is that you give the child unconditional love. Be there for your child, regardless of his problems. You can make the difference.

Sometimes I feel like ending it all. Nothing seems to be going right for me. My girlfriend just quit me, my father is never around, and my mother hates me. I'm 15, and I don't know what to do.

Ask yourself three questions: (1) Have you thought about *how* you would kill yourself if you decided to do it? (2) Have you decided *when* you would most likely do it? (3) Have you thought about *where* you would kill yourself? If you can answer *yes* to all three of these questions, I would urge you to call your counselor right away. If you don't have a counselor, call your school counselor. If this is impossible for some reason, call your parents' doctor. He can refer you to the appropriate person. By all means, share this with your parents. I know it doesn't seem that they care, but you may be surprised to find that they really do care. By the way, if you can answer *yes* to even two of these questions, I still urge you to talk to a counselor as soon as possible. There are people who care about you. You are very important.

say, Freddie!



say, cliff!



the PRIME TIMES

REAL PEOPLE SPEAKING OUT AGAINST DRUGS

A LISTEN SPECIAL

JUNE 1995

Teens on a Roll

The 600 delegates from almost 60 countries were a little startled when the door to the hall opened and two teenagers rode their bicycles right up to

duced Latvian teenagers Aija Aizsilniece and Olegs Stolarous to the congress. "They cycled nearly 900 miles to be here at the opening of this congress,"

he said, and the attendees applauded wildly. They applauded because of the energy shown in making the long trek and because these teens and three other riders from their sports club in Riga, Latvia, are dedicated to "life without alcohol and drugs."

Later I talked with the full five-person crew who had cycled the eight days to

Hamburg from Latvia. Aija and Olegs made it quite plain that it was a team effort. With them were Konstantins Skaredovs, Gintars Skalbergs, and team leader Gunars Prieditis. Their sports club was formed in 1991

in the wave of freedoms that led to independence for Latvia. For many decades Latvia was under the control of the Soviet Union, and movement had been restricted.

In 1993, members of the group attended an anti-drug convention in Sweden, traveling a total of about 850 miles in that small country! Incidentally, the ferry that they took across to Sweden, the *Estonia*, was the same one that sank recently with great loss of life.

They told me that the eight-day trip to Germany had been very exhausting, not just because of bad weather, but because of the difficulty of crossing national borders in only recently democratized areas. Their trip led them southward along the Baltic Sea to the Polish-German border. Unfortunately, that area was closed to cars, and they were not allowed to cross at first and lost almost a day.

Members of the team wore a cloth sign on their chest that made it clear that they were members of the Latvian youth



Olegs and Aija moments after riding into the ICPA World Congress. They are all smiles at getting a look at the brand-new Latvian language *Listen*.

the platform. Not what you'd expect for the opening ceremonies of the Ninth World Congress of the ICPA in Hamburg, Germany.

Moments later ICPA director Thomas Neslund intro-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GUNDA NESLUND

sports club Velo Grupa, dedicated to "life without alcohol and drugs." Naturally they were excited to look over copies of *Listen* magazine in Latvian. "This is just what we need," they told me as they held up copies for our photo shoot.

Aija is studying medicine. She is looking forward to helping others live healthy lives. She says there is nothing better than feeling healthy. She's noticed that many young people have nothing to do, but in her experience, keeping busy and sharing with other people is very rewarding.

Olegs, the young man who rode down through the auditorium with Aija, has good reasons to make a statement against drugs. His own father was an alcoholic, and he doesn't want others to make that mistake. He too has found that helping others and educating

others about the dangers of alcohol and other drugs is very rewarding.

It was a pleasure to meet with these energetic cyclists from Latvia. They enjoy *Listen* magazine and say hello to teenagers all around the world, and particularly *Listen* readers here in North America.

By the way, if you're wondering what ICPA means, it stands for the International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism and Drug

Dependency. The ICPA is a member of the United Nations



ICPA director Thomas Neslund (center) and the five members of Velo Grupa from Latvia.

and sponsor for *Listen* magazine.

*Lincoln Steed,
associate director, ICPA*

Father's Day

Dads need remembering too.

One summer day in 1901 Mrs. John Bruce Dodd sat in her home in Spokane, Washington, thinking about her widowed father.

Mrs. Dodd's father, William Smart, a Civil War veteran, had raised six children alone after their mother had died. He had done a good job. He had taught them all to be kind and honest, and to love and honor God and country.

Dad's birthday is near, Mrs. Dodd thought. *Wouldn't it be grand to set aside a day to honor him and all other fathers?* Mothers were honored on Mother's Day in May. Why weren't fathers honored too?

She spoke to her neighbors about her idea. She discussed it with town officials. People liked the idea, and momentum began to build about setting aside a "father's day."

So in 1910 Spokane set aside a day to honor fathers and to call attention to the importance of a happy fam-

ily life. Mrs. Dodd chose the rose as the official flower of the day.

The idea of Father's Day spread across the United States. William Jennings Bryan, secretary of state, publicly supported it. In 1916 Woodrow Wilson had a Father's Day button made. And in 1924 Calvin Coolidge suggested that nationwide observance of Father's Day would be a good thing.

So in 1936 a national Father's Day committee was formed. But it was not until 1972 that Congress set aside the third Sunday in June for the yearly celebration of Father's Day.

Have you planned to honor your father on June 18? If you wish to give him a gift, remember that something you make yourself will probably please him most—even a nice card. Or you could help him with chores and let him have extra rest. And don't forget to give him a hug and say, "I love you!"

BY O. J. ROBERTSON

Dream Yo

Five steps to making things happen

Me? I'm your special godmother. You know, like the one who helped Cinderella. I'm here to help you get what you want most. Friends? Popularity? Just let me wave my wand . . . there! You've got it. Now what do you want? Good grades? Zap! You've got it. Now what? A good job? A fast car? A college education? Zap! You've got it. Now what?

Come on, now. There's got to be something else you want. Can't think of anything? That's what usually happens. Few people think beyond what you've asked for. Oh, these things are OK, but actually they are really limited. I've seen lots of people reach these things and find themselves unhappy. They found that small goals are just not enough.

I just wish I could find someone who would dare to dream really big dreams and give me a chance to do my thing. I wish someone would want to make a difference in the lives of others: find the cure for AIDS, discover a source of energy that doesn't pollute the air, find a way to stop violence. Or if that's too big, simply wish that others would be happy, healthy, cared for, and loved. Now, that would give me some exercise!

Confidentially, if you only knew it, you don't really need a



special godmother. There's not one thing we've talked about that you can't get for yourself, if you really wanted to. I mean it! How? Well, let me tell you the

secret. Very few people really reach their true potential. But just five steps, carefully followed, will move you toward your personal big dream.

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE MALM

BY FELICITY TRAUME

Mr Dream

Step One—Dream Your Dream! Don't get trapped in "how." Go ahead and dream. Find out what you would like to do most of all in life. Ignore all the reasons you can't do it, and decide what you would like to do if you had no limitations. Of course, you can't fly by flapping your arms in the air, but you *can* learn to be a pilot and fly a Boeing 747. Dream your dream and then turn your dream into a personal goal. Simply set yourself to reach that goal no matter what.

Step Two—Decide to Pay the Price: Every dream, every goal, every achievement, costs something. Pay the price, and you can reach your goal. The movie *Pumping Iron* is about contestants preparing for the world-class Mr. Olympia competition. In the movie Arnold Schwarzenegger, undefeated winner of that contest, says something like this: "In developing championship muscles, you reach a pain barrier. Only when you move through the pain barrier can you make the muscle grow. It's the three to five muscle flexes beyond the pain that force the muscle to increase in size. Many people would like to become world-class muscle builders but are unwilling to pay the price of moving through the pain barrier to achievement. Champions learn to ignore the pain to reach their goals." The same thing is true with reaching

any dream goal. There are cost barriers for every achievement. Decide you are willing to pay that price, and you can reach the goal.

Step Three—Take One Step at a Time: Even the longest journey is made one step at a time. Break your big goal down into practical steps of smaller actions and goals. Line up the steps and take them one at a time. Keep your big goal in mind, but move toward the next short-term goal on your list. Reach them one by one, and the big dream comes true.

Step Four—Don't Give Up: Think of this old story about the "gold rush" days. After working for five years in his gold mine and finding no gold, a man became discouraged and sold his mine for \$200. The person who bought it started digging, and only three feet down the tunnel he uncovered one of the richest veins of gold in the West. He became a millionaire by digging just three feet farther than the person who quit. Maybe it's just a story from another time, but the lesson is true. Once you set your goal, keep at it. Move a little bit each day, and you'll make it. If the dream is worth reaching, it's worth keeping at until it comes true.

Step Five—Believe in Yourself: This can be the toughest step of all. All around you are people who will give you a thousand reasons why you can't

reach your goal. They will even say you are not worthy to reach it, not strong enough to reach it, not smart enough to reach it. People who really achieve their dreams ignore discouraging put-downs and choose to believe in themselves. They believe that if they are able to dream the dream, they are able to achieve the dream. Choose to believe in yourself and keep choosing that belief each day. Your big dream can come true!

Maybe it's just as well so few people know these steps, and fewer yet follow them. If you and others really set yourselves to dream and act this way, it would put us special god-mothers out of business. ▀



ILLUSTRATION BY DUSTIN HANSEN

Illustrations by art students at Utah College of Art. Class assignment by instructor Perry Stewart.

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truck driver for a furniture company. He worked long hours and made minimum wage. Darrell Green began to refocus on his original game plan.

Darrell reentered Texas A&I, and with new determina-

tion he succeeded in becoming

way! After an impressive three years of college, Green was selected by the Washington Redskins in the first round of the 1983 NFL draft.

Because of a contract dispute with Jeris White, the

Redskins needed an extra defensive back for an upcoming game against the Dallas Cowboys, and Darrell Green was selected. That last-minute choice was sealed when Green pulled down Tony Dorsett, preventing him from getting a breakaway touchdown. Green completed his first year as the team's fourth-best tackle—with 109 tackles, plus a team high of 79 solo stops.

Darrell's success continued right

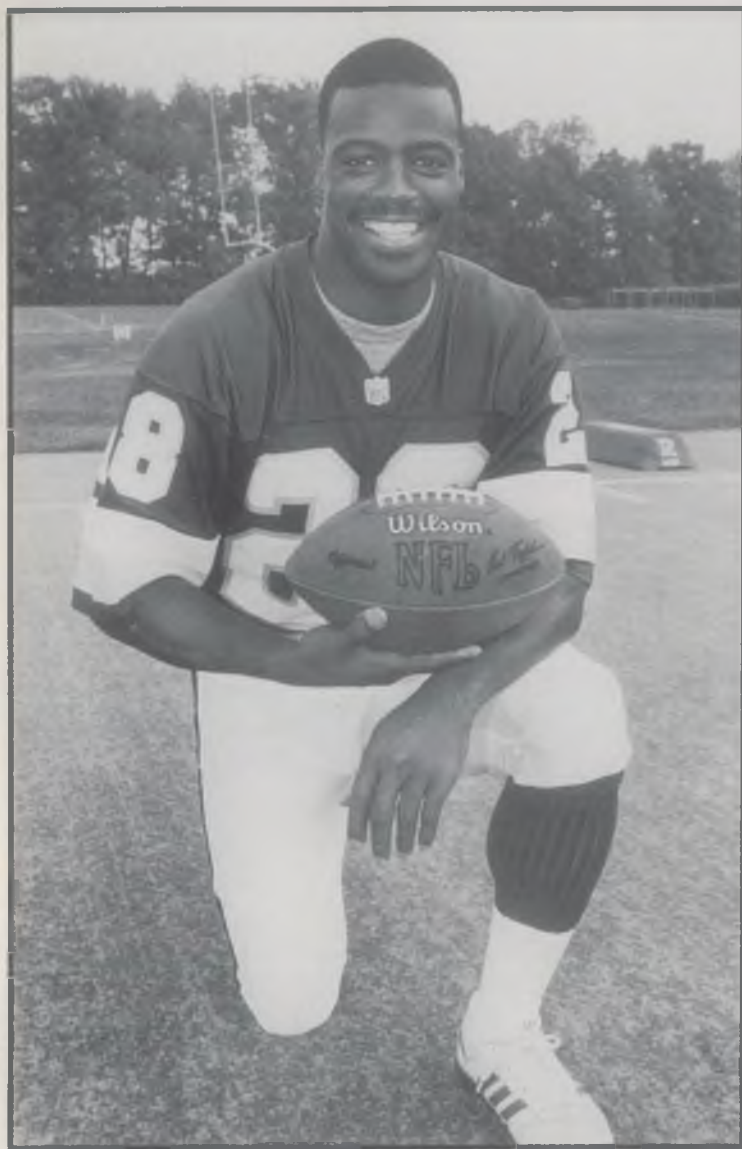
through to the 1992 season. His strength had been his legs, and they kept propelling him to stardom. But with only four minutes and 15 seconds left in a game against the Atlanta Falcons, Darrell fractured the radius in his right forearm. It took a big chunk out of what was already a great season, and kept him off the Pro Bowl ros-

ter for the first time since 1989.

"Darrell is still at the top of his game; there's no doubt about that," said coach Richie Petitbon. "He still has great speed, and he's made a fine comeback after his injury. I don't see any reason he shouldn't come back at his best."

And Petitbon was right. Despite missing eight games, Darrell remained the team's top pass defender and tied for fourth on the team with 26 tackles. His only pass interception came in week 16, with an end zone pick against the Los Angeles Raiders. His top performance came in a game against the Cowboys, in which he had nine tackles and a key forced fumble on Michael Irvin in the fourth quarter. He did miss the team's playoff win with a bruised heel, but bounced back to see action the following week against San Francisco. Even with his injury Darrell showed everyone that he's a top pro who's only getting better. We'll be hearing more and more from him, that's for sure.

Darrell Green is also very active in various local youth groups in the Washington, D.C., area. He remembers his early start and those who were willing to encourage him. He is the founder of the Darrell Green Youth Life Foundation, which provides financial and moral support for young people and their families. He sponsors an annual golf tournament to benefit Hope Springs Farm, which provides care for orphans and foster and underprivileged children. He serves as local vice president for the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, devotes charity time to the Big Brothers of America and homeless causes, and has worked in several anti-drug



PHOTOGRAPH BY FOCUS ON SPORTS

tion he succeeded in becoming one of the first freshmen to play for the football team. He was named to the football coaches' All-American Division II team. He made 56 tackles and had four interceptions that one year. He also won the Lone Star Conference Defensive Player of the Year Award. He was finally on his

campaigns.

Darrell Green is a family man, with a wife and three children. And he has never used alcohol or drugs of any kind. He's a natural for a *Listen* personality profile. And *Listen* is a magazine Darrell can identify with. We asked him to rap a bit with our readers; you know, the up-close and personal word from "the man." This is the message he wants you to think on.

"Youth need to approach goals with a winning attitude so that whatever comes their way, they will be willing to go around, under, or over it to reach that goal." Darrell has proved this in his own life.

"Obey those persons in authority, starting with parents, schoolteachers, and others who are trying to help you reach goals. Place yourselves under them and follow their lead.

"Set goals realistically. If you are already 16 years old and five feet one, you are probably not going to be six feet tall. And if your quartering time is 4:7 and you are 17, you are not going to be the pros' fastest. But don't be denied as you try to achieve your goals." Right on, Darrell!

"Understand that some things that you can't control in life will happen, but you can still make it. There is always a way to make it legally and in an upright way.

"Don't knock yourself out by using drugs, or doing things illegally, or carrying guns, which will only get you in trouble.

"The Bible says that the race is not given to the swift or to the strong, but to the one who lasts to the end. I can say that I stayed with the game plan. Yes, I drove a furniture truck and was laughed at on

the junior team, and yes, I was playing sixth-grade ball in the seventh grade, but of all the all-stars on that senior team in high school, there is not one of them in the NFL. I was probably the one least likely to succeed, but I was also the only one who had a goal, mapped it out, really stayed with it, and did not take anything for granted. I wasn't a star, but I was a hard worker."

And a last word from Darrell Green, family man and people person: "I have seen many successes and some defeats, but no matter how bad the game gets, my wife and three kids, the cat and dog, can attest to the fact that I never allow it to affect my game plan for my family.

"And, *Listen* reader, be a winner—devise a game plan and stay with it."



continued from page 6

elephant aside ("Uuuuuuuuuuuuuggggggh hhhhhhh . . ." *Whoomp!*), and just look at the problem and define the goals. What really needs to be accomplished? Homework? Peace at home? Entertainment? Can you do it and keep your eyebrows and ears from doing unscheduled dances on your head?

One by one, mark them off. The math you have to do—especially the way your grades are shaping up this year.

The book report—ask Mr. Espinoza if you can hand it in next week. The A's and B's there will give you a little breathing space.

The article for the *Gazette*. You've got it in your head, and your notes are good.

Tonight you can outline it and write a rough draft. It'll take maybe an hour at most.

The Civil War show you can tape and watch later. That way you can replay the battle scenes whenever you want war.

As for dinner, maybe your brother, Robbie, will trade his night for yours.

Your room? Now that *is* a problem. It looks and smells like there may be dead animals, moldy food, and fungus-encrusted gym clothes just waiting to be freed. That alone could make you want to forget the whole thing and escape to an island of endless baseball games and hamburgers. But it can be done.

Tonight, clean up just one thing, like the floor of your

closet or the heaving, pulsating beings under your bed. Tomorrow night, clear one more thing. You might even get to uprooting the stuff off the top of your bed so you don't have to squirrel yourself into a ball anymore.

As for talking to Sally. You don't have to talk your usual two hours. Instead, set the timer for 15 minutes. That will give you enough time to discuss everyone in science class, the new gym teacher, the latest baseball scores, and oh, yes, the science project.

I guess that monstrous elephant isn't going to smother you after all. But you'd better get started—it's already 4:13 p.m. Get out your fork and take that first bite of elephant now!

JUST BETWEEN US

A Matter of Choice

I'd like to nominate a video for the *Listen* Academy Award. And forget the hype that usually surrounds the real awards ceremony. The video I'm nominating is really "hot" property. It's not that we are low on choices. Hardly a week goes by that someone doesn't send a video or a video idea to us for review or promotion. I've got a storage chest packed full of yesterday's news in that area.

So when Echo Communications of Des Moines, Iowa, sent me a video for review a few weeks ago, I took it rather quietly. More space on the shelf, I thought. And it might have ended up there too. But we'd just installed a new VCR and TV in the editorial office, and I wanted to check them out. So I reached for *Alone in the Dark*, the 27-minute video from Echo Communications.

This video has it all. Conflict—central character Tasha has some real rows with her parents over study habits. Romance—boyfriend sneaks in window after she is grounded and they go out on the town together. Wild times—a keg party with her best friend and lots of buddies. Tragedy—an almost real sequence of fiery traffic accident and funerals. As a topper, there is even a little for science fiction fans, with the events being monitored by "control" (hint—control is part of a dream sequence).

But, hey, I'd better not tell you the whole story. But I do want to tell you the very real way that this video presents teen responsibility and teen choice.

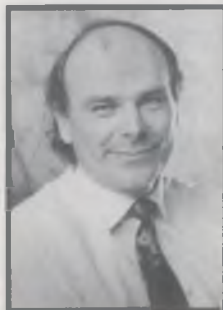
In the video Tasha is plucked out of the about-to-happen accident scene and shown in replay the events leading up to it. A whole series of bad decisions led to the fatal accident. And at each decision, whether it was opting to sleep in class or drink alcohol, Tasha insists that "I had no choice." Well, as the video points out very clearly, Tasha *did* have a choice.

It was way back when the sequence of events began.

I remember reading somewhere that we need to reason more than we do from cause to effect. If I do such and such now, what will happen later on? Teens are no different from most adults. Teens and adults tend to make snap decisions now and forget about the consequences. But none of us can afford to do that.

Bravo to Echo Communications for a great video. And bravo to Preferred Risk Insurance, also of Des Moines, Iowa, for underwriting this project. It's great to see business getting behind teen issues in a practical way.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOEL D. SPRINGER

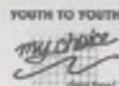
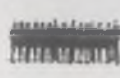
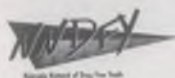
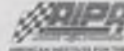
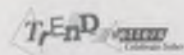


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