

Listen



Rebecca St. James P. 16
SONGBIRD FROM AUSTRALIA FLIES HIGH

■ CUTE CAMELS AND
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No rules, and no time limit—just straight out into the gulf

David was dimly aware of music—it was his clock radio. His mind struggled groggily to make sense out of why it was playing. It was Sunday, and Sunday mornings were clearly for sleeping. He flipped the radio off and rolled over.

Florida. The word sneaked into his head. That was it! He was up in seconds.

In the shower he hummed. Not only was this supposed to be the first good weekend at the beach; it was also the first time he and Mike, his best friend, were going to Panama City alone. It had taken some time to convince the two sets of parents, but it had been done. The guys were sure it was their superior negotiating skills, but it may have had something to do with the fact that Greg had invited Mike and David for the weekend, and since Greg's family had bought a beach house in Panama City, there were likely to be responsible adults hanging around at all times.

David dressed quickly, eager to be on his way. He ran a comb through his unruly blond hair and grinned at himself in the mirror. He checked again to see if he was really ready to go, and then glanced at his watch: 5:15. Mike wasn't due for another 15 minutes, but David was already fidgeting. "Come on, Mike," he whispered to himself. "The last thing I need now is for Mom to get up and change her mind."

He peeked out the window. There was Mike almost at the door. He eased the door open noiselessly. "Let's go," he whispered, not even letting Mike in.

"David," said a female voice behind him. He turned to see his mother standing in her terry cloth robe, frowning, arms folded. He groaned inwardly. *Here it comes.* But all she said, as the frown gave way to a slight smile, was "Have a good time, dear, but please do be careful."

David sighed in relief. They climbed into the Mustang Mike had gotten for his sixteenth birthday and were on their way. Everything seemed perfect. Cool wheels. Hot tunes. It was less than three hours from Albany, Georgia, where they lived, to Panama City, but they took turns at the wheel, playing with the speed and power

of the car. When David wasn't driving he was savoring the much better sensation of riding in the front seat instead of the usual back seat with his 8-year-old sister, who would bounce on the seat and have to go to the bathroom every seven and a half minutes.

They were free. They could handle anything. Nothing could touch them. David rolled down the window and yelled into the wind. Two men who were fishing off the bridge they were crossing jumped and looked up in surprise. David laughed.

When they stopped at the Waffle House just outside of Panama City, it was 8:45. A bubbly, redheaded attendant smiled flirtatiously and told them that if they ordered omelets, she wouldn't charge them.

"What about waffles, Tiffany?" Mike asked, reading the name off her badge.

"Well, OK," she conceded. "I guess I won't charge you for those, either. You guys just passing through, or will you be here for a while?"

"Just a couple days," David said. "We're here visiting a friend who moved down here in October."

"Do I know him?" she asked. "Probably not. His name's

WHO'S RUNNING YOUR LIFE?

Greg Evans."

That's how Mike and David met Tiffany, found out that she'd been invited to Greg's party that night, and got away with paying \$4 for a \$10 breakfast. Life was good!

Their conversation, which had been about football, girls, and cars on the way down, turned back to their good fortune.

"Can you believe this?" asked David, whose parents were a little stricter than Mike's.

Mike laughed and said, "No, and I bet our parents can't either. I can just see my mom waking my dad up and asking him why he let me go. He'll tell her to go back to sleep, and then she'll yell at him and say he just doesn't care."

David grinned. The game was on.

"Yeah," he said. "Right now my mom is probably twisting her hair around her fingers, and I'll bet she's cooking breakfast and has dropped at least one egg on the floor."

"My dad," continued Mike, "probably got tired of Mom bugging him and told her he was taking Lance fishing. So now Mom will be a little calmer, at least until she realizes it's the weekend and there aren't any soaps on. Then she'll go crazy unless she finds something to do, which means she'll probably end up going to lunch with Grandma."

It was David's turn. "Nope. It's like this. Kim will get up and remember where I went. I can just see her now, following Mom around the kitchen, screaming that it isn't fair because she didn't get to go. After an hour or so of this my mom will call your mom and complain that husbands are always letting kids do things like this without giving wives a chance to argue. Then your mom will

invite my mom over, and they'll probably play Scrabble all afternoon and forget about us."

They walked out of the Waffle House laughing and headed over to Greg's.

Greg was all smiles and excitement when they arrived a few minutes later. His parents were going to Tallahassee, and he had a big party planned for that evening. A friend was going to stash a couple kegs on the beach, and he expected about 50 people—more if the word got out. In the meantime he wanted to show the guys around.

They played the games and rode the rides at the Miracle Strip until midafternoon, when the crowds thickened with sunbathers washing in from the beach almost like waves.

THAT'S HOW MIKE AND DAVID MET TIFFANY AND FOUND OUT SHE'D BEEN INVITED TO GREG'S PARTY THAT NIGHT.



"Come on, you guys," Greg said. "I have to get a few things in order for the party, but you can hang out on the beach for a while."

On the beach David stared at the sand. "You know what I'm thinking? Sand is like people," he said to Mike.

"And just what do you mean by that, Mr. Philosopher?"

"It's true," David said defensively. "The more sand you have, the less distinct each grain is, and the bigger the group of people you have, the less distinct each individual seems to be. Unless you build a sand castle. Then the whole is something more distinct than the grains . . ."

Mike kicked a hill of powdery white sand disgustedly. "This is a vacation, David. What are you thinking about things like that for?"

"Sorry. It was just something I'd never thought of before." They were walking close to the water, and David gave Mike a playful shove. Totally unsuspecting, Mike lost his balance and sat in the shallow water. He grinned. In a matter of seconds both were completely soaked and laughing.

They got back to the house just in time to shower and get ready for the party. People began arriving, and it didn't take long before things were well under way. It was all David had expected and more—a party like any other party, only more so.

When the party had progressed to where most of the guests were feeling pretty good, and some were beginning to feel pretty bad, someone decided it was time to play volleyball. After a half hour of disastrous play without lights, the party began to die. That's when Terry, a stocky, strong-looking, dark-haired guy from Greg's English class, suggested the

swim contest.

"No rules," he said, "and no time limit—just straight out into the gulf." He grinned at a lopsided grin. "Who's ready?"

Four guys already in cutoffs jumped up and pulled off their shirts. "What's wrong with the rest of you?" Terry jeered in disgust. "Ya chicken?" Three more guys got up.

"Please don't, Keith," said a pretty brunet named Becky. Her boyfriend was one of the six. "It's too dangerous. All of you know it isn't safe to swim way out there at night. You don't even have a marker to swim for." Keith stepped back.

"She's right," said another of the girls. "I think—"

Terry cut her off. "Dangerous!" he sneered drunkenly. "Let me tell you about danger. Danger is a word invented by girls, so they'd be sure they always have something to worry about. So, Keith, I guess we know who's running your life these days." The guys all laughed.

"Come on," Becky pulled at Keith's arm. "Can we just go, please?"

One of the guys called after them, "Don't forget to polish that nose ring she's yanking you around with."

Terry, who had waded in up to his waist, began to swim, and the rest, including Mike, followed. David thought the whole idea was pretty stupid too, but his individuality was a little blended at the moment, and he wasn't brave enough to say so. He was glad to have the natural excuse of feeling rotten. Besides, he was having a good time getting to know Tiffany.

They walked down the beach and sat cross-legged on the sand, staring straight out into the water. They talked about school and whether they'd go to college and what bugged them most about their parents. Then they got quiet.

David leaned back on his elbows and looked at the stars. While he tried to decide whether it was too soon to kiss Tiffany, he listened to the waves rolling in steady rhythm, almost like a lullaby. But there was something else. Without changing, the sound was also like a troop of soldiers marching, persistent and threatening. *Threatening?* asked a voice in David's head. *Not to me*, came the ready reply.

Why not? the voice persisted.

Because, came the answer, *I'm not in their line of fire*. Satisfied, at least for the moment, the voice went silent, and David's thoughts resumed their pattern.

The tide licked at his toes. He could taste the air. He closed his eyes and dreamed of being with Tiffany on an exotic beach, drinking exotic drinks and—



A scream pierced the dream. David felt it like a needle in his chest. He jumped up and began to run toward the sound—toward the party. Tiffany was right behind him. A figure ran toward them. It was Gina, a girl he had briefly met earlier. She was crying. "Hurry!" she screamed at him. "Greg said you know CPR."

"What happened?" he asked as he felt the weight of the night close in on him.

"No time," Gina gasped through tears. She grabbed him by the hand and pulled him to where the guys had started their swim. David saw three guys pulling a form away from the water. His stomach muscles contracted severely, and he broke into an icy

sweat despite the warmth of the night. A question was beginning to take form, and it started to gnaw in his mind.

A couple of the girls were hysterical. One was sobbing uncontrollably, and another was rambling almost incoherently, "Did someone call . . . ? I was sitting right here when . . . Somebody should call an ambulance . . . His mother will . . . Why did they have to . . . ? No one called 9-1-1 . . ." David pushed his way through and knelt by the victim. It was Terry. He put his ear to the chest of the unconscious form and then let out a half sigh of relief. At least his heart was still beating.

Someone yelled that an ambulance was on its way. David did what he could until the ambulance arrived. Greg went with

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE REST OF YOU?"
TERRY JEERED IN DISGUST. "YA CHICKEN?"

Terry to the hospital. Tiffany was talking quietly with Gina.

The rest of the guests huddled miserably on the beach, not wanting to leave until there was some news. What conversation there was came in the form of terse single sentences. "Should have listened to Becky." "Please, God, let him be OK." "Greg must feel awful."

David stood. He knew Terry was being taken care of, but something was still gnawing inside his head. There was still that question working its way out, and there was still that sliver of ice between his shoulder blades that wouldn't melt. His heart beat faster until he was fully aware of the one thing
(continued on page 29)

MICHAEL
WARREN

AND SO FORTH

THOSE SILLY COWS

You've probably seen cattle guards, which are rows of pipes set in the ground to keep cows from crossing. But did you know that when the pipes are *painted* on the ground, they work almost as well? It turns out that cows have terrible depth perception. Any sharp edge between a light and dark area confuses them. Says one cow expert: "When a hose is lying on the ground, they'll look at it

and wonder if it's a hole in the ground they could fall into."

COMMON CENTS

More than 338 billion pennies have been made since 1909, the year of the first Lincoln's head penny. That's enough to make a stack that would reach past the moon! Question is, where *are* all those old pennies? They can't all be in your dresser drawer!



TIME OUT

If you get sleepy in the afternoon, it's best to nap for 20 to 25 minutes. If you nap 40 to 50 minutes (*about a full class period!*), you'll wake up feeling more tired than when you first lay down. That's because by that time you have entered the deepest stage of sleep, which is less pleasant to wake up from. If you want to nap longer, plan for a nap of an hour and a half—by that time you will be back into a cycle of lighter sleep.

OLD-FASHIONED PIGEON AND CAMEL REMEDIES

In 400 B.C. Hippocrates tried to grow hair on his bald head by smearing pigeon droppings on his scalp. In the 1800s people tried chicken droppings instead. And camel-dung remedies existed well into this century. (*See the article "Ugly Is" for more on camels. Ed.*)



AND YOU THOUGHT THEY WERE JUST UGLY...

Up to 15 million Americans are allergic to cockroaches. The allergies include skin irritations, hay fever, and asthma. And almost all children with asthma are sensitive to roaches. For every roach you see in a house, between 200 and 1,000 are usually hiding out. In one year one pair of roaches can multiply into 100,000. Eeeww!

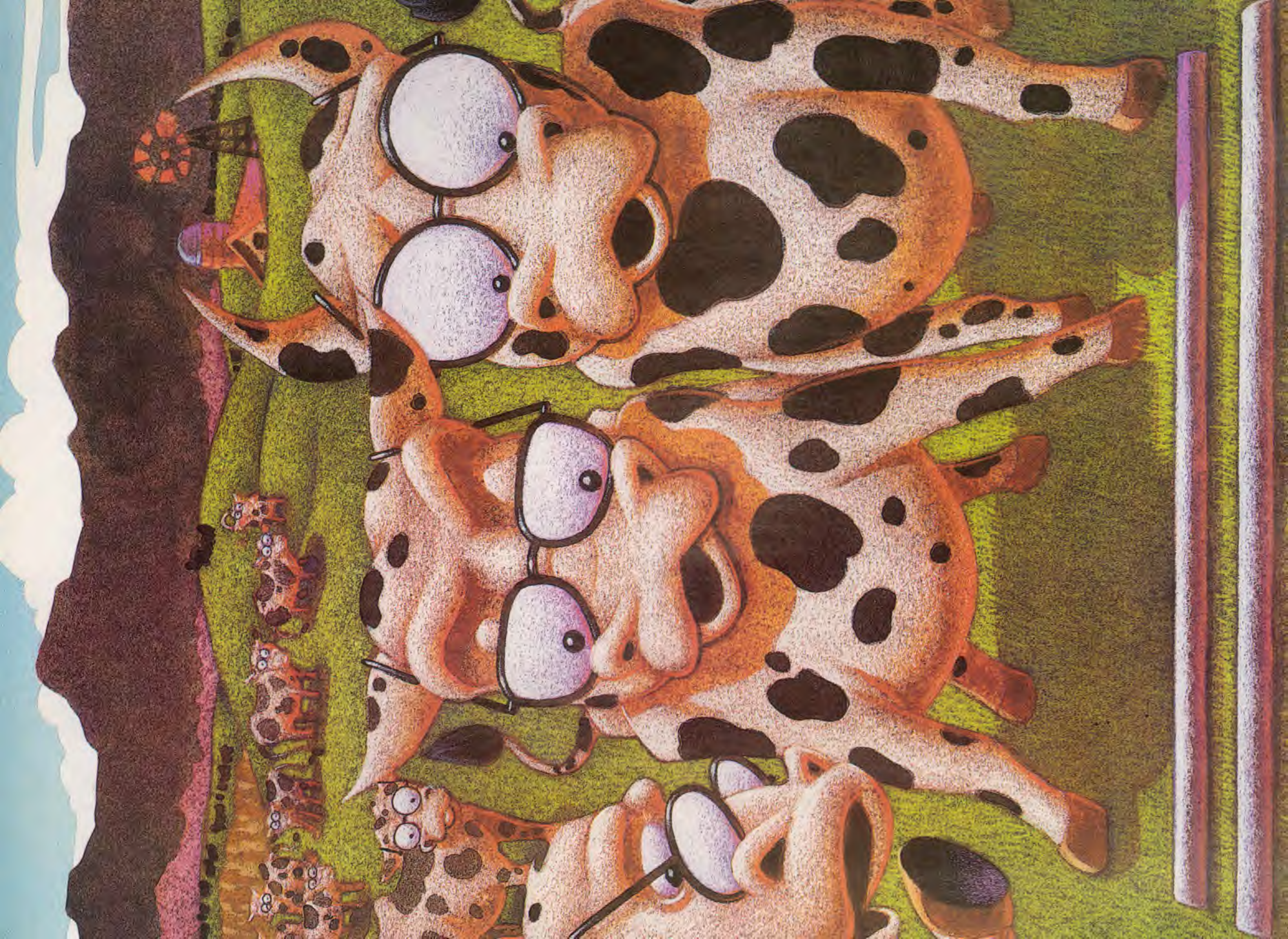
THE UN-OLYMPIC GAMES

During the Olympic Summer Games in Atlanta last year a small town in Georgia decided to host some competitions of their own—the Redneck Games. More than 3,000 people showed up in Dublin, Georgia, to watch athletes compete in such games as the mud-pit belly flop, hubcap hurling, and watermelon-seed spitting. Said one event organizer: "This is a lighthearted, fun-poking type of thing. We're trying to dispel some of the negative connotations about rednecks." Oh, yeah! Sounds like more of the same—on an Olympic scale!

18-FOOT SNAKE SPOTTED

Biologists in Australia have discovered an unusual 18-foot "snake" that travels across the sandy desert only at night. But on closer inspection it turns out that the snake is actually 100 caterpillars marching head to tail. The caterpillars live in acacia trees and feed on their leaves. When they run out of food, they march across the desert at night in search of a new tree. They keep spinning silk the whole time, creating a trail across the sand that helps keep them in line.

ILLUSTRATION (RIGHT) MIKE CRESSY; SPOT ART: RICK THOMSON





The many young people who are against drug use form a silent majority with a powerful message to share.

YOU HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BE . . .

DRUG-FREE AND PROUD

Tonya felt a wave of guilt, shame, and anger after climbing out of her friend Charles's car in front of her house. "I was totally humiliated," she says, reflecting back on that evening. "All I'd wanted was to have a good time with the group I normally hang out with. Then out of the clear blue sky someone pulled out a pot pipe, lighted it, and passed it around."

Surprised and caught off guard, Tonya declined to participate in what she had always considered "dangerous and insane"

behavior. "I couldn't believe that some of those I had always trusted to be drug-free were doing this," she went on. "The most horrible part was when they started pressuring me to join them. I felt betrayed that they would not respect my right to be left out of this crazy business."

Asking to be taken home, Tonya encountered what she described as verbal abuse. "Some of them started making fun of me and even called me a couple of unmentionable names. It still hurts to think of it." Then Charles, a close ally and also drug-

free, agreed to drive her home.

Tonya did what any young person not willing to be a part of the drug scene would do in a situation like this—she refused to give in and then made the effort to leave. She was correct in saying her right to a view or opinion had been violated.

The right to be drug-free is afforded to all of us. Sometimes it's not easy to back out of unsafe situations, as Tonya did. But weighing the consequences and logically taking the responsible action made it possible to do so.

You'll find the following guidelines helpful in making sure that your rights are respected and not trampled on.

★ **Take a stand.** Don't be afraid to speak up and let others know how you feel about the use of

drugs. The many young people who are against drug use form a silent majority with a powerful message to share. Understand that you are not alone in your choice to be drug-free. Others may notice your stand and decide to be like you. Positive role models are needed in the fight against drugs.

★ **Choose drug-free friends.**

They're out there. They just don't stick out like the people who are always getting stoned. Find and befriend them. Strength can be found in numbers. It's a common fact that those who hang with positive people become and stay positive themselves. Those who choose to be with negative people become negative themselves. Being with drug-free people will help keep you well protected from the threat of drugs.

★ **Honor your morals and values.**

You have them. We all do. They're the things that you hold dear to your heart. Positive morals and values will propel you into the kind of future that you so often dream about. Cherishing the beliefs you have and not putting them aside for any reason builds self-esteem and will keep you feeling worthy of yourself.

Like Tonya, you'll find that your commitment to stay as far away from drugs as you can is not always enough. There are those times when you may find yourself in an unpredictable situation. Your right to stay clean and sober is meaningful. Follow these simple solutions if you find yourself in a tight spot.

★ **Be assertive.** Don't bow down to pressure because you feel you have to. People don't have to do anything they're uncomfortable about or don't agree with. Speak up! Saying no is just what it means—*no*! If others can't accept this, then do the next best thing, which is to . . .

★ **Leave at once.** You wouldn't stay in a burning building, would you? It's the same with being in a

circle of drug users. It's a volatile situation, one that is illegal and unsafe. Protect your best interest—you. Walk away before the heat gets too intense.

★ **Take pride in your decision.**

What you've decided to do is probably the most important choice you'll ever have to make, a choice that more than likely has saved your life. Look back on what it was you did to protect your rights. Smile and feel good about yourself.



UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE NOT ALONE IN YOUR CHOICE TO BE DRUG-FREE.

You have the right to be drug-free. It doesn't matter what others may say, it's your decision and your life. The right to remain free from the dangers of drug use is one of the greatest rights you have.

Besides this one important right, there are several more that you should be aware of. The Drug-free Bill of Rights included below is here for your direction and protection.

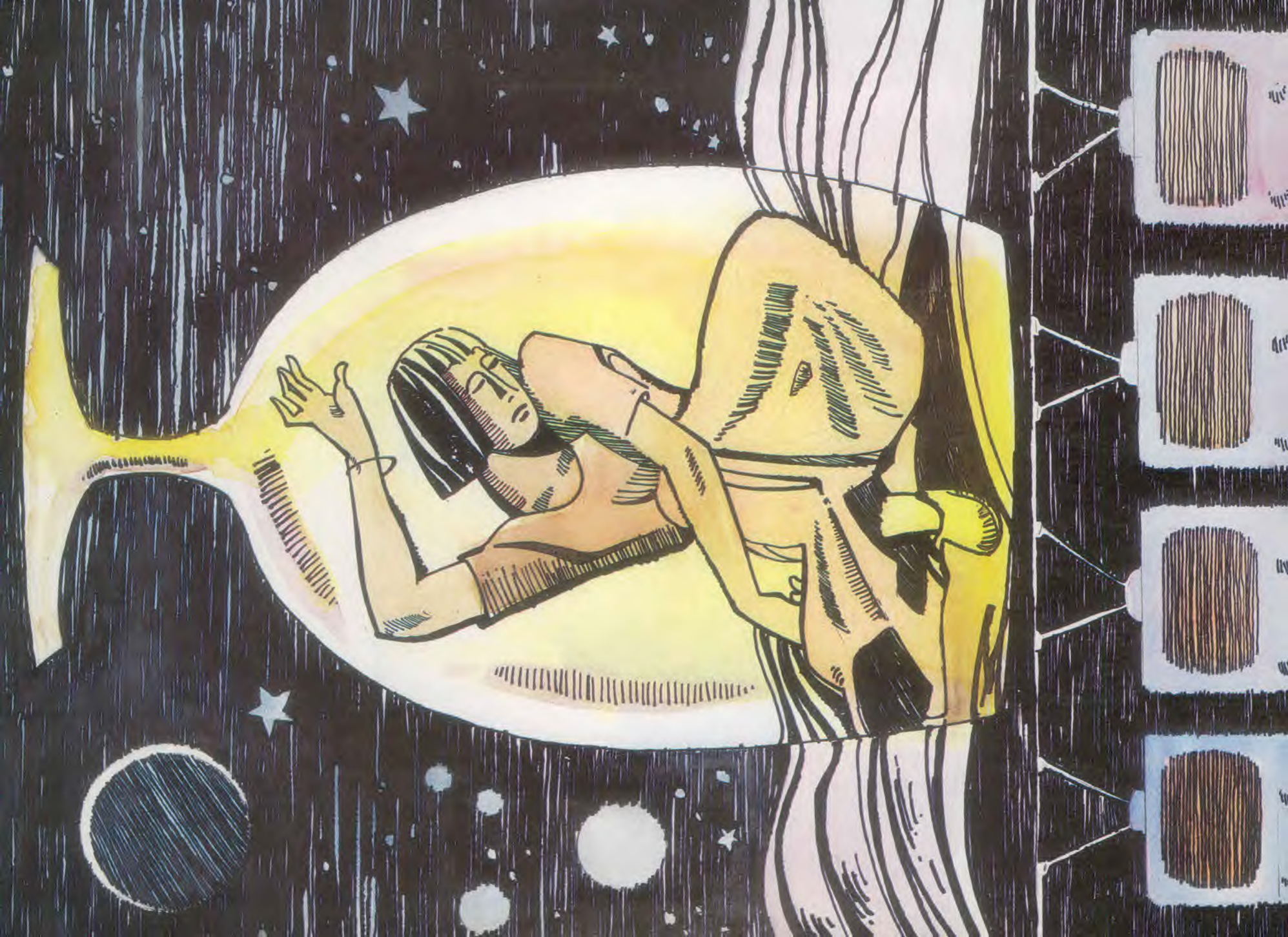
DRUG-FREE BILL OF RIGHTS

I have the right . . .

- ❑ I. To be treated with respect regardless of my views and opinions. I have elected to lead a drug-free life.
- ❑ II. To speak openly and honestly about what I believe. There is a difference between right and wrong, and no other person has the power to change



- my beliefs.
- ❑ III. To enjoy myself at all times and to live harmoniously day by day, without the need for drugs.
- ❑ IV. To refuse alcohol, tobacco, and all other mind- and mood-altering drugs at any time. There is no other person with the might to change my mind.
- ❑ V. To be judged by my character and not by outside influences, such as my friends, my school, or the area of town where I live.
- ❑ VI. To not give in to the social use of drugs as a favor owed to someone. What favors I choose to repay are of my own choice.
- ❑ VII. To terminate and not participate in conversation that may glamorize drug use or other illicit activities.
- ❑ VIII. To make friends with those whom I feel comfortable and safe around. I also have the right to end any friendships that I feel are dangerous or unsafe.
- ❑ IX. To a healthy body and mind. It is my choice as to what I consider unhealthy or not.
- ❑ X. To spread the word about my thoughts and beliefs on drugs and to help my community in its efforts to rid itself of them. ■



Watching television is hard work. Silly statement? Couch potato logic?

Well, actually it takes a lot of practice to learn how to do it right.

Now, I'm not talking about vegging out in front of the television like a 100-pound couch potato with pierced ears and high-tops. I'm talking about watching television the smart way—with your eyes and ears open to what your favorite programs are *really* trying to tell you.

For starters, everybody knows that there is more than one way to send a message. Let's say you're angry over something your best friend did. One way to deal with the problem is to come right out and tell them: "I waited an hour at the restaurant; where were you?"

That would be the direct approach.

Another method would be to keep your mouth shut but spend the whole next day slamming lockers, kicking garbage cans, and ripping paper from your notebook loudly enough to awaken the dead. You never actually say you're upset, but if your friend doesn't pick up that *something* is wrong, then they just aren't paying attention.

That would be the indirect, or "subliminal," approach.

You expect your friend to understand what's going on based not on what you *say*, but on what you *do*. Because in the end actions always speak louder than words.

After all, hasn't everyone had the experience of being with a person who *says* all is well, but watching their behavior, we know different? In such a case we believe our eyes over our ears. We believe that what is not being said is, in fact, more honest than what is being said.

It's the same with TV. What's right there on the screen isn't as important as

the subtle or hidden messages.

Take, for example, daytime soap operas.

They *say* their stories teach about the dangers of alcohol and drug abuse. Look at plots from just this past year. *All My Children's* Erica conquered her pill addiction, *Days of Our Lives'* Billie quit drugs, *The City's* Nick drank himself into liver damage, *The Guiding Light's* Annie got hooked on headache medicine, and *General Hospital's* A.J. injured his kid brother while driving drunk. Plus most shows have at least one recovering alcoholic character going around lecturing about the dangers of drinking. There's Hayley on *All My Children*, Felicia and Gabe on *Another World*, Susan and Andy on *As the World Turns*, Macy on *The Bold and the Beautiful*, Nick and Lorraine on *The City*, Mickey on *Days of Our Lives*, A.J. on *General Hospital*, Annie on *The Guiding Light*, and Kay on *The Young and the Restless*.

But while all that lip service—all that *saying*—is going on, here's what other characters on those shows are actually *doing*:

Everyone hangs out at the local nightclub—College freshman Jessica spent her summer at the Bikini Bar on *The Bold and the Beautiful*. *One Life to Live's* Kelly danced on a table at Rodi's. Robin, 18, and Lucky, 14, practically live at *General Hospital's* Outback Bar and Luke's Place. And even if his grandparents do own the spot, what's *Days of Our Lives'* Shawn-Douglas doing spending so much time around the Brady Pub? Bad messages all. Hang around such spots, and nothing but trouble follows. And not everyone hangs out like that—not by a long shot.

Everyone drinks to feel better—A few years ago a *General Hospital* doctor fixed his wife a drink to calm her down. Whenever anything goes awry in the life

SOAP LIES

DON'T LET
THE "IDIOT
BOX" PUT
ONE OVER
ON YOU.

ALINA SIVORINOVSKY

of a soap hero, the first place he or she turns to is the bottle. *The City's* Alex went on a bender after learning about Jocelyn's past. *All My Children's* Hayley toppled off the wagon when her fiancé cheated on her, and *The Guiding Light's* Blake only suspected her husband was cheating on her, but figured it was a good enough reason to get drunk just the same. Actually, drinking makes you feel worse and increases your problems. Most well-balanced people handle problems, big and small, just fine without alcohol.

Everyone drinks to relax—What is the first thing any soap hero does upon coming home? Do they take off their shoes? Hang up their overcoat? Check the answering machine for messages?

Nope.

The first thing any soap hero does upon coming home is head for the bar. Practically every character has one. It's their most important piece of furniture!

And when *One Life to Live's* Rachel was having trouble in law school, she automatically turned to drugs to help her get through the long nights of studying. Wash your mouth out good if you're ever tempted to repeat this recipe for handling tension. Alcohol and other drugs are prime initiators of anxiety, tension, and violence—not exactly relaxation therapy.

Everyone drinks for courage—Soap operas thrive on conflict: big, juicy confrontations in which the villains get their comeuppance, the wife confronts the other woman, and the mother meets her long-lost son. So how do our soap heroes prepare for those life-shaking moments?

That's right! By gulping down a drink! Bad response all the way!

NOT EVERYONE AT A PARTY DRINKS . . . AND NOT EVERY PARTY EVEN HAS ALCOHOL.

In order to get over their shyness *One Life to Live's* Jessica downed a few at her prom, while *The Bold and the Beautiful's* Jessica chugged Jell-O shots to make herself feel more like "one of the crowd."

Everyone drinks at a party—On daytime no celebration is complete without champagne. On *As the World Turns* John commemorated regaining his medical license by popping a cork, and soap newlyweds often begin their day with a bottle of bubbly. *General Hospital's* Councilman Justus even held his reelection party in a bar. Well, again this is wrong stuff. Not everyone at a party drinks, and more important, not every party has alcohol at all.

No matter what they say, these are the things that soap operas have shown five days a week, 52 weeks a year, for more than 50 years.

The scary thing is, many of the more than 40 million viewers who watch soaps don't even realize it.

The hardest—and most important—part of watching TV is to figure out what a given program is trying to teach us. Sometimes the "lesson" is obvious. But most of the time it isn't. And as research has proved again and again, it's the lessons we don't know we're getting that stick in our minds the longest.

It would be rather easy after watching an afternoon of soaps to

find yourself thinking, *Alcohol doesn't seem so bad. Look at all those attractive people drinking. It doesn't damage them. In fact, it makes everything better. Maybe if I drink, I could be as attractive and happy as the folks on those shows.*

Worst of all, you wouldn't even know where those thoughts of yours came from. You'd think they just drifted into your head for no reason at all, when in fact it was the subliminal actions of your favorite soap heroes that put them there.

This doesn't mean, however, that you have to stop watching the soaps. The trick is not to watch these shows passively, allowing everything to wash over you without a second thought, but to watch intelligently, to look beneath the surface and ask yourself, "What is this program *really* telling me about major issues like drugs and alcohol? What does it want me to think? How is it making me think about these things?" and crucially, "Do I agree with what this series is showing?"

Once you learn the shrewd way to watch television, no show will ever be able to trick you. You'll be free to make up your own mind about what's right for you.

And making up your own mind, instead of letting anyone—or any show—make it for you, is the only foolproof path to becoming a genuine "soap hero." ▀



YO! JENNY

Listen up, teens. Say Hi to Jennifer Acklam, a Miss Texas Coed and America's Homecoming Queen. 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'm in sixth grade and my friend's mother and my mother take turns car-pooling some of my friends to and from school. The problem is that lately my friend's mom hasn't been able to drive, so instead she has had her 17-year-old son (my friend's brother) drive us home from school. He usually picks us up in his car with one of his high school friends. I'm not totally sure, but I think I smell marijuana in the car when they come and pick us

up. I don't want to get my friend in trouble; what should I do? Scared

This could be a serious and dangerous problem. There is a good chance you are absolutely right. Keeping this secret to yourself would be very wrong and could lead to very bad consequences for both you and your friend. You need to confide your thoughts and fears to an adult whom you trust.

I would start by talking to your mother about it.

Hopefully she will talk to your friend's mother immediately. If you need to do something more, I would confide in the principal at your school. He will see that if drugs of any kind are involved, these boys are not allowed to drive you home, thereby putting your life in danger. This situation needs to be stopped *immediately*. Don't be hesitant at all about seeing that the proper adults are alerted! Your life is much too precious to risk with someone who is under the influence of drugs.

My ex-boyfriend hit me all the time. Now I'm with this new guy, and he treats me much better. I love and trust him as much as I can. The problem is that if he moves too fast to touch my arm or face, I always block my face because I think he will hit me, as my old boyfriend had. Then he says, "I love how you trust me." I told him about how my old boyfriend treated me, but I don't think he understands. I'm depressed about this. What should I do? Janet

It sounds to me that you were in a very abusive relationship with your old boyfriend. Unfortunately once a person experiences hitting and violence in a relationship, it leaves emotional wounds and scars for a long time. I know it must be frustrating for you if you have tried to explain your feelings and reactions to your new boyfriend, but don't blame yourself. It would probably be a good idea if you talked to the school counselor about your ex-boyfriend. Not only do you need some reassurance that not every guy will treat you as he did—but also, your old boyfriend needs some serious help! In the meantime, if your new boyfriend really can't understand, maybe you should take a little break from any relationship at this time until the counselor can help you sort through some of your feelings and fears.

I don't know what to do. My ex-boyfriend wanted to go all the way with me. I almost did, except I was too scared. He dumped me because he said I was "too slow." Now he calls me bad names. I'm afraid that if he ruins my reputation, no guys will like me. How can I stop him? Sandy

I would say your ex-boyfriend is a real loser! Any guy who tries to pressure a girl to have sex is bad news. I'm so glad you didn't give in to him. That is a choice you can be really proud of. Also, it's a good thing that you are not with him anymore. There are lots of better guys out there for you to choose from. Now, as to him calling you bad names—there's probably really nothing very effective that you can do. However, I can assure you that time will speak the truth. Let him talk, and people will soon realize his true colors. He will probably end up being the most distrusted, lonely guy in your school.

Over the summer I became best buddies with a friend. Since school has started, she has been avoiding me in the halls. When I call her, she always says, "I have to do my homework now." I know it's not true. I try talking to her about it, but she will never say anything to me. I'm so lonely and depressed. I think I just lost my so-called best friend. I need help on what to do. I've done all I can do. Jo

If you have tried talking to her and that hasn't worked, there is probably nothing else for you to try. Friendship is a gift between two people. If one person doesn't want to accept the gift, that is her loss. I'm sure there are lots of people who would love to be your friend. You sound like a neat person and one who would make a great friend. Offer your gift of friendship to those who are grateful for it.

CHOICES SURVIVING THE SUMMER SUN

**WITH A LITTLE CARE AND SUN SENSE,
YOU CAN BE IN THE SWIM OF SUMMER AND
STILL NOT SCHEDULE YOURSELF A MAJOR CASE OF SKIN CANCER.**

BY KAY D. RIZZO

Summer break! Time for a great tan—time to head for the beach, bike hike to Monrovia, and party around the pool. Right? Wrong! Those in the know number one. If your summer agenda includes lying out to get a great tan, you are asking for serious trouble. You've heard of the hole in the ozone layer, but come on, it doesn't have anything to do with you, right? Wrong again. While you can't see it and you can't taste it, the ozone hole does affect you—directly.

How you care for your skin today will seriously affect your skin's future health.

So, you ask, what am I supposed to do? Hibernate indoors? Never go to the beach with my friends? Forget partying around Susie's pool? Dress as a sheik from Arabia?

With a little care and sun sense, you can be in the swim of summer and still not schedule yourself for a major case of skin cancer. Take the following true-and-false quiz to see how savvy your sun sense may be.

• TAKE THE SUMMER SUN QUIZ •

1. ☐ T ☐ F When in the sun for long periods of time, use a high number sunscreen.
2. ☐ T ☐ F A beach umbrella cannot completely protect you

- from the sun's damaging rays.
3. ☐ T ☐ F Don't use antiperspirants when you are going to be out in the sun. They clog the pores.

4. ☐ T ☐ F Remember to protect your hair part with a sun block.
5. ☐ T ☐ F To cut down on your perspiration, drink less water.

6. ☐ T ☐ F Always rinse your hair after swimming.
7. ☐ T ☐ F Should you burn in the sun, soak in a lukewarm bath.
8. ☐ T ☐ F Always brush out the tangles in wet hair.
9. ☐ T ☐ F Dark-skinned people do not need to worry about getting sunburned.
10. ☐ T ☐ F Any sign of fever, blistering, or chills—see a doctor.
11. ☐ T ☐ F If you get a bad burn today, the skin damage can lead to skin cancer in the future.
12. ☐ T ☐ F Your lips need sun protection too.

ANSWERS

1. T 2. T 3. F 4. T 5. F 6. T 7. T
8. F 9. F 10. T 11. T 12. T.

TRUE:

- 1—The fairer your skin, the higher the number must be. For a fair-skinned redhead, number 25 might be too low.
- 2—While an umbrella offers some protection, 50 percent of the damaging rays will still be reflected onto your skin.
- 4 and 12—Your hair part and your lips are just as vulnerable to the sun. Regular sunscreen will protect your part. For your lips there are sunscreen lip balms available.
- 6—Rinsing your hair after swimming removes the saltwater or chlorinated water and lessens the damage it will do to your hair follicles.
- 7—Soaking in a lukewarm bath can relieve the pain of sunburn. Avoid adding any bubble bath or bath oils to the water.
- 10—Skin cancer is not something you want to play with. It can be life-threatening.
- 11—The burn damage to the skin goes deep below the surface and can set you up for real problems the next time you sunburn.

FALSE:

- 3—Antiperspirants are recom-



S KIN CANCER IS NOT SOMETHING YOU WANT TO PLAY WITH. IT CAN BE LIFE-THREATENING.

mended when spending time in the sun, but not deodorants. Note the difference.

- 5—On the contrary, increase your water intake. Drinking lots of water will help prevent dehydration and will wash away unwanted toxins.
- 8—Using a brush on wet tangled hair damages the hair follicles, causing split ends. Use a wide-toothed comb to untangle your locks.

- 9—Not true. While it may take longer for the sun damage to show, skin is skin, and skin cancer is color-blind.

So go ahead, have fun in the sun. Enjoy your favorite water sports, but be wise. A little care and a good sunscreen can make a big difference to your health and comfort. Remember, the damage you inflict on your skin today will affect the health of your skin for many years to come. ▀

REBECCA





NASHVILLE BY WAY OF AUSTRALIA

This songbird from "Down Under" is flying high.

ARTICLE BY AUDREY T. HINGLEY

Rebecca St. James, 19, may seem an unlikely teenage star, but in the world of contemporary Christian music she is a singing sensation.

Her debut self-titled 1994 album sold 100,000 copies and led to a Dove Award nomination (similar to the Grammy) for New

Artist of the Year (at 16 she was the youngest person to ever receive the nomination). And her latest album, *God*, is wowing music critics; one said, "Everything is good about it—the beat, the lyrics, her voice. You can listen to it a dozen times and never tire of it." Rebecca's even written a 110-page book that reads like a diary. Aimed at teens, *40 Days With God* (Standard Publishing, 1996) includes a CD-ROM complete with full-length videos and interviews with Rebecca. (continued on page 28)



ST. JAMES



UGLY IS AS UGLY DOES

**CUTE CAMELS NEED MORE THAN A SMOKE-
SCREEN TO HIDE THEIR INTENTIONS.**

Ever since Billy could remember he always thought that Joe Camel was neat. He even liked that cute face, the elongated nose, that hip smirk. Billy envied the cool camel that drove a sports car, played a sax, or played pool with fellow camels. Then as Billy got older he decided he had to be cool too. And that, of course, meant smoking. Cute camels smoked—he knew that.

Then one day when Billy was 14, after he had been smoking a few months, he went to visit his uncle Stan. Uncle Stan, a smoker for 25 years, had just had his larynx removed because of cancer.

B Y W A L T E R F A N S H A W E

events. (Looks like the end of the Virginia Slims tournaments!)

❑ 4. The tobacco industry will have to fund a media campaign to educate children about the health risks from smoking.

Of course, this isn't going to stop all young people from smoking—not when a study by the *Journal of the American Medical Association* shows that 30 percent of 3-year-olds and 91 percent of 6-year-olds identified Joe Camel as a symbol of smoking. Another study shows that the three most heavily advertised brands are smoked by 86 percent of young smokers. Clearly, the tobacco giants' campaign to reach young people has worked.

"It is clear," says an article in the *Washington Post*, "that the agencies involved in these campaigns are effectively delivering their messages to young people."

Nevertheless, the new regulations attempt to help protect the young and the vulnerable from corporate executives who are willing to exploit young people and get them hooked on tobacco

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Study after study shows the tobacco giants need young smokers, because the older ones are dying off like flies.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

products before the kids are old enough to understand the long-term consequences of their decision. A survey by the Centers for Disease Control shows that 82 percent of adult smokers were under 18 when they smoked their first cigarette, and more than half of them became regular smokers by that age. Significantly, a 1992 Gallup poll showed that 70 percent of smokers between the ages of 12 and 17 already regret their decision to smoke, and 66 percent want to quit. Unfortunately, as they learn the hard way, once you get started, quitting isn't easy.

That, of course, isn't what the fat cats in the posh offices of the tobacco giants want young people to hear. No wonder they have been fighting this attempt to restrict their advertising. They claim that advertising doesn't really impact a young person's decision to smoke. (If not, then why have the tobacco companies spent so much money on advertising?) They also squawk about the restrictions being a free-speech infringement. They will go to any length in their attempts to stop these regulations from being enforced. Some advertising agencies have complained about the loss of jobs these restrictions might impose, the same arguments made years ago when the government finally moved to ban tobacco ads on television.

Of course, well aware that public opinion is against them, the tobacco giants claim to have always been interested in telling kids that they shouldn't smoke.

"We have long shared the president's goals that kids shouldn't smoke," says spokesperson Brennan Dawson from the Washington, D.C.-based Tobacco Institute, a powerful tobacco lobby. "The industry has taken steps dating back far before the president was Clinton, to make sure that we addressed public

concerns and did our part as a responsible industry."

Somehow those words coming from folks who gave America Joe Camel just don't ring true.

President Clinton has been at the forefront of this move to restrict tobacco advertisements. Before a group of young people at an antismoking rally in New Jersey, the president said, "Three

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Three thousand kids start smoking every day; 1,000 will die sooner because of it. Do you want to take a one-in-three chance that you're going to shorten your life?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

thousand kids start smoking every day; 1,000 will die sooner because of it. Do you want to take a one-in-three chance that you're going to shorten your life?"

Unfortunately, with the barrage of advertisements presenting smoking as cool, millions of young people seem willing to take that chance. Thanks to the millions spent by the tobacco companies on advertising, children still see Joe Camel and the Marlboro man, not Uncle Stan smoking a cigarette through the hole in his throat.

Fortunately for Billy, the message he got from his uncle spoke louder than Joe Camel's lies. ▀



LISTENING

FEEDBACK FROM READERS



BEST FRIENDS

A best friend is a person who'll always be there;
 This person loves you and shows that they care.
 In your time of need, when things begin to fall,
 That's when your best friend always seems to call.
 A loving person who listens with an open heart;
 A friendship so strong, you know it will never fall apart.
 Even when arguments are about to start,
 You both show intelligence and act very smart.
 I know for a fact that friendship has no cost.
 If not for my best friend, my life would be lost.
 I love my dear friend; he's more precious than gold,
 For he's always stuck by me and acted quite bold.
 Even though we're apart, the distance is there,
 But nothing has changed; I will always care.
 Because, friend, we have been through it all,
 And if we stick together, we shall never, ever fall.

Travis Sapp
 Coos Bay, Oregon

ILLUSTRATION: DARREL TANK

I AM . . .

I am dancing in the sky,
 playing with your hair.
 I am going back and forth,
 running through the air.
 My jog is very simple,
 at least it is to me.
 The hardest part I think of
 is getting out of trees.
 I make it cold in winter—
 some people I might freeze.
 But when the summer comes around,
 I make a gentle breeze.
 I am coming soon to get you;
 I am coming round the bend.
 I'll be there very shortly,
 for I am the wind.

Trey Jenkins
 Stockbridge, Georgia

Changes

There was a bishop in a far country
 who as a young man had a goal to change
 the world. As he grew older he decided
 that "since I can't change the whole world,
 I'll only try to change my country." Time
 went on, and when he was old, he tried to
 change his family, since he had failed to
 change his country, but he found he could
 not change them, either. While on his
 deathbed, he finally concluded that the
 only thing he could change was himself.

I learned this lesson through trial and
 error. When you show someone what to
 do, it is much easier for them to under-
 stand, and they are more willing to try if
 they've already seen it done.

The moral of this story is that people
 can't change others by telling them to
 change. People can only change them-
 selves and hope that others follow them.

Franklin Vargas, 17
 Miramar, Florida

ASK GARY

My cousin claims that marijuana is a safe, harmless, and natural herb. Is he telling me the truth?

Kami

He may be telling you what he believes to be the truth. Let him know that marijuana is no less harmful than any other type of drug, including alcohol and nicotine. It can reduce short-term memory, take away the ability to perform tasks requiring coordination and concentration, decrease social inhibitions, enhance the risk of cancer, and make the heart work harder by increasing its rate. Marijuana is also a stepping-stone toward the use of other drugs, increasing the risk of harming one's physical, emotional, and spiritual health. I hope your cousin accepts these facts and changes his view.

Several friends have told me that they inhale gasoline and paint fumes to get high. Could it be dangerous to try it just once or twice? *Geoffrey*


Your friends are playing a dangerous game in which there are rarely any winners. Inhalants of any type can cause irregular heartbeats; liver, lung, and kidney damage; nervous system impairment; violent behavior; and suffocation. I've seen young people suffer irreversible brain damage from ingesting the fumes you mentioned. As for trying it once or twice, the chance of losing one's life from a cardiac arrest is great. Tell your friends you care about them and don't want to see them damage their health or, worse yet, become a fatality.

A girl at my school is pregnant, and rumor has it that she gets

drunk on the weekends. Could she be harming her baby? *Teri*

She is harming not only her baby but herself, too. Infants exposed to tobacco, alcohol, and other drugs are at great risk of suffering from a broad range of medical problems. Babies born to mothers who consume alcohol during pregnancy may be born with fetal alcohol syndrome. This means mental retardation, heart defects, physical deformities, and problems associated with the central nervous system. You might want to inform this girl about the rumors you hear and clue her in to the damage she might be doing to her baby, as well as the risk she faces of becoming dependent on alcohol.

With all the many different drugs so readily available and the constant pressure teens face to try them, is it realistic to think a person can grow up in this day and age entirely drug-free? *Tom*

Not only is it realistic, but it's being done by tens of thousands of teens across the country. Many young men and women have chosen a life of abstinence from mood- and mind-altering substances. They may not stick out like those who involve themselves in drugs, but they are there. I respect and commend this population of teens for taking the responsibility of not letting drugs interfere with their hopes, dreams, goals, and aspirations. Persons who use illicit drugs are literally building a wall around them that keeps out all the beautiful and wonderful opportunities that are available to everyone. We all deserve the best that life has to offer. Drugs don't allow good things to happen to those who choose to use them. 



Go ahead, ask Gary his advice on some of those big, serious, touchy questions. This guy enjoys the rough-and-tumble of helping teens with some serious problems. Gary Somdahl is a dad who puts his skills as a licensed youth chemical dependency counselor to the real-world test all the time. His latest book is *Drugs and Kids*.

Send your questions to:

ASK GARY,
Listen magazine,

55 West Oak Ridge Drive,
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740.



B Y B I L L V O S S L E R



FLOATIN' FREE

DISCOVER THE JOYS OF TUBING

The water current might have slid me silently past the cottonwood downed across a third of the stream had I not spotted the flash of red, yellow, and green in an above-water part of the tree.

So I altered my direction, bobbed close, reached into the dead branches, and snatched out a turtle twice as big as my hand. It was a painted turtle. Luckily, they're a pretty gentle variety.

Still, it struggled against me, its green-with-yellow-striped legs wiggling in the air, tail swaying. I examined the colorful bony plates on the bottom (called scutes, I found out), tried to peg its age by counting the thicker scutes on its back (13), and then studied its wise, antique face. Then filled with the thrill of this

closeness to the great world of "nature," I finally set the turtle back into its sunning spot. It stared at me quizzically as I pushed off back down the stream; already it was again basking in the warmth of the sunlight.

Contact with a wild creature like that is surely reason enough to go inner tubing. But there are many other reasons to clamber aboard a filled inner tube and float down a stream of your liking.

Nature. Our urban lives often separate us from nature. Well, here's a chance to really connect with it. You're in the wild expanses, with animal life at your beck and call. There are goldfinches washing themselves in the shallows, turkey vultures circling high overhead, and blue herons standing stiff-legged (*they*

IN OUR WIRED, NETWORKED, **MTV** LIVES, SOLITUDE HAS BECOME RARER THAN PLATINUM AND ACTUALLY WORTH MORE.

don't see me! they seem to think) as you slide by. The croak of frogs, the high-pitched skree of hawks, yellow-and-orange butter-and-eggs flowers, purple loosestrife, Canadian thistle—you don't even need to know any of the names to be moved by their beauty.

Solitude and Silence. In our wired, networked, MTV lives, solitude has become rarer than platinum and actually worth more. On the river, even among a cluster of friends splashing diamonds of water into the bright air and gabbling about in their





TUBING IS A TURTLE'S-EYE VIEW, DOMINATED BY WAVES AND BUBBLES. IT'S ALSO A GOOD IDEA TO WEAR A LIFE JACKET.

tubes within 10 feet of you, you can choose to turn your gaze inward. There you are alone.

No blaring noises will jolt you out of the soft warm arms of contemplation. The hurly-burly of modern life drifts away. The low sounds of nature soothe you and give you rest. This is your chance to think uninterrupted about the thorny questions in life, about the future, or to bask in thoughts of that special guy or girl.

Sounds. "If you go with a group that wants to be quiet," says Steve Lacroix, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, "you get to hear the birds and the other sounds of nature. And where I go, you get to see cows cross the river, too."

You'll be amazed at the background sounds you'll get reacquainted with—the hum and drone of insects, the gurgle of water, the cry of a blue jay.

Camaraderie. Tubing is a great way to have fun with friends, spend time with them, and become closer to people. You can hook your tubes together and flow down the river in a chain of

laughter.

Or you can spend time with your family as a group of tubers. No telephone calls, no blaring TV, no interruptions except for noteworthy beauty—just you and the people you enjoy being with most in a cozy atmosphere.

The world of slow motion. Today's pace of life whizzes everything past too quickly. Here's a chance to slow down. On the river you cannot race down the stairs, glance at a clock, or honk a horn. You are forced to accept life in a new mode: slow, up close, and steady. With slowness as a backdrop you can moderate the rush of your own thoughts, peruse them, find out what mettle they are made of, examine all the corners, check every permutation, and then, like a diamond cutter, knock off the rough edges and smooth them into beautiful, reflecting facets.

Now you can see the webby black veins in the flycatcher's crystal wings, the hook at the tip of the turtle's snout, the black hood in front of a goldfinch's eye.

Every yellow-and-orange petal of a flower, the curls and coils and dips of the very water. It's like you have been installed into a great slow-changing, horizon-wide painting.

A low-down view of the world. Tubing is a turtle's-eye view, dominated by bubbles and waves. You're surrounded by a shiny mirror of water, sometimes blue, sometimes green, sometimes almost black. Invisible flurries of wind smooth the surface or indent it. The current stalls under a slanting tree,



PHOTOS: BILL VOSSLER

or jerks along, or roars over hidden rocks. From this angle, the gnarled, dripping roots of an elm look strange and different; the bank of the river differs too, as do the rapids. Even the underside of the water takes on another reality.

I discovered this one day when I flopped onto my tube in shallow water. For a second that seemed a millennium I balanced on my head, viewing my topsy-turvy world through spattered glasses, my hair waving feebly in the muddy water, until I toppled over backwards.

From then on, I decided, I would explore this new low-down view.

Fresh, unusual sights. Like the closeup of the turtle.

Or the great gift of the fawns. As we rounded a bend, two of them dipped their black snouts into the water. They snorted and started, staring at us with their golden, liquid eyes, standing on wobbly new legs. Then they were away, traversing the bank downriver, brown and dappled, white-tailed, and black-hoofed.


Then they disappeared into the sun-speckled shadows, so perfect was their camouflage, only to reemerge 10 feet farther downstream, white tails flapping. As I watched, they half-stumbled, their dainty black hooves slipping on strewn rocks.

But always they headed downstream, in fits and starts, as though to guide us, sometimes running ahead, sometimes waiting for us to catch up. They'd tilt their heads and stare at us. Of course, I didn't have a camera along!

Then at one bend they plunged into the green-black underbrush and didn't come back. We bobbed around the bend, only to discover that they had led us home, for on the other side of the bend was the end of our river road.

These are only a few of the

things you'll take away from an afternoon of tubing. After a few hours of tubing, the day seems more intense, the sun yellower, the sky bluer, the clouds whiter. I splash into the shallows, onto shore, toting my tube back to its

owners. I stretch and yawn luxuriously, and all the way home, into sleep, and the next day, the warm arm of my experiences of tubing lies comfortably around the back of my shoulders, just as it can for you. 

CUTE CAMELS, TOUGH COWBOYS, GLAMOROUS MODELS

Smoking can look pretty appealing to a teenager. In fact, every day 3,000 kids are lured in by cigarettes. The cigarette companies don't tell you that 1,000 of those kids will die sooner because of it. In fact, each year 400,000 Americans die of smoking-related illnesses. Kids need to know. That's where *Listen* magazine comes in. *Listen* magazine presents positive alternatives, celebrity role models, and encourages kids to make the right choices.



To Subscribe: 1-800-548-8700

REBECCA ST. JAMES

(continued from page 17)

So what's unlikely about all this success? For starters, Rebecca is the daughter every parent dreams of. Her best friends, she says, are her parents and six younger siblings. She stays away from drugs, alcohol, tobacco, and raunchy movies. She's a spokesperson for Compassion International, a nonprofit relief organization that helps disadvantaged children around the world, and a proponent of the True Love Waits campaign, a national movement encouraging teens to wait until marriage for sex. She regularly attended concerts with her family in Australia, but "I didn't look up at the people on stage and think, *Oh, I wish I could be up there.*"

Rebecca grew up in Australia. Her father, a concert promoter, moved his family to Nashville in 1991 for a promised job. When the job fell through, the whole family worked at odd jobs to survive.

"It was a very humbling experience for my parents, because my dad's had 20 years' experience in music, but he had to start all over again in a new country," Rebecca explains. "We all had to pitch in, cleaning houses, mowing lawns, baby-sitting . . . All of us did odd jobs. We all pulled together to survive. When you are out cleaning houses, it affects you. It

REBECCA SAYS . . .

"Why put stuff in your body that you know will hurt you, mess you up, and maybe kill you?"



She's a spokesperson for Compassion International, a nonprofit relief organization that helps disadvantaged children around the world, and a proponent of the True Love Waits campaign, a national movement encouraging teens to wait until marriage for sex.

made us even closer."

Though she sang in church, it wasn't until she was 13 that Rebecca started to take singing seriously. She recorded a demonstration tape, which led to her being tapped by top-selling artist Carman as his opening act for a 10-city Australian tour. Her big chance in music came after her father had found work as an artist's manager in Nashville. He asked another popular singer, Eddie DeGarmo, to come hear Rebecca sing at a Nashville church. DeGarmo apparently liked what he saw; his Forefront Records company became Rebecca's record label.

Currently in the middle of a 1997 50-city bus tour, Rebecca, who lives at home, has brought the whole family along—Mom, Helen, Dad, David, and siblings Daniel (17), Ben (15), Joel (12), Luke (10), Josh (7), and Elizabeth (5).

"My father is my manager—he manages other artists, too—and my brother Daniel runs the

lighting for my concerts. He is amazing at it, very creative," Rebecca says proudly.

Rebecca grew up near Sydney, a city of more than 3 million people. She attended a private school during most of her growing-up years and then was home-schooled. "I had a very happy childhood. I always felt loved and secure," she recalls.

Rebecca says the influence of family and faith undergirds her strong feelings on issues like virginity until marriage, morality, and not using drugs.

"The True Love Waits campaign is a big deal for me, and I talk about it at every concert," she says. "I am a virgin and will stay that way till I'm married. I'm really committed to this, and I encourage other kids to wait. I also tell kids that if they have already made a mistake, they can be 'recycled virgins'—they can stop [having sex outside of marriage]."

Rebecca says her parents, married for 21 years, were virgins when they married, "and they are more in love now than when they first married."

She adds, "If we want to have healthy marriages and a happy life, I think we have to live in a way that is proven to work."

Rebecca enjoys going out in groups of friends that include guys. "I haven't met anyone yet that I want to pursue one-on-one. I like being in groups because you can be yourself; you don't have to put on an act. I'm a real believer in friendships."

Her feelings about drugs, alcohol, and tobacco are just as strong. "Why put stuff in your body that you know will hurt you, mess you up, and maybe even kill you? It takes more of a gutsy man or woman not to give in to pressure to do drugs. We have to think of the choices we make now affecting us in the future."

Her new album features 10

songs, eight of which Rebecca wrote or cowrote. Lyrically, the songs are about issues like violence and selfishness; the sound is reminiscent of 1960s folk/rock music coupled with a 1990s alternative/rock music edge. Unusual sound effects abound, including the use of an Australian aboriginal instrument called a *didjeridoo*.

"A *didjeridoo* is a long pole you blow through. Your mouth actually never leaves the pole," she explains. "We actually found a guy in Nashville who plays it! I wanted a different sound, a creative instrument, and it sounded very international."

Rebecca doesn't listen to mainstream pop music and says she has no desire to be a "crossover" star. She doesn't listen to female singers, because "I don't want to be influenced greatly by others; I want my music to be fresh and different." But she admits to enjoying groups like DC Talk and Jars of Clay.

When at home in Nashville, Rebecca likes spending time with her best friend, Carlene, hanging out with friends, taking walks, and reading. She likes historical fiction and enjoys finding Nancy Drew and Trixie Belden mysteries at old bookstores. "I'm a real romantic," she says with a giggle. "But I don't go to see movies if I don't know what will be in them. There's so much junk out there, and we don't have to subject ourselves to things that can influence us."


Rebecca is also candid when she gives an opinion on her peers: "My generation in Western society is an extremely selfish one. We have everything at our fingertips and a me, me, me attitude. A lot of people in Western society are unhappy, yet they have everything. That's why I encourage people to go on community service trips, because you see another world. When we lose ourselves, we find true life . . . people like Mother

Teresa have found that out."

At 19 Rebecca St. James is a grounded young woman who is already a singer, songwriter, recording artist, and author. What does she see in her future?

"I don't know, but I'm excited about it!" she says. "I see myself singing for a few more years, and one day I'd like to get married and

have a family. I want a big family, and I want to be there for my kids, as my mom has been for me."

To receive Rebecca's newsletter, write: Rebecca St. James, P.O. Box 1741, Brentwood, TN 37024. Or contact her via E-mail at <http://rsjames.com> 

MIKE! WHERE IS MIKE?" HIS EYES LEAPED FRANTICALLY TO THE WATER AND BACK TO THE GROUP.

(continued from page 5)

that was missing. It came out as a whisper at first: "Where is Mike?" The one girl close enough to hear shrugged her shoulders.

Seized by fear, he screamed, "Mike! Where is Mike?" His eyes leaped frantically to the water and back to the group. People looked up. But without giving anyone a chance to answer, David ran into the house . . . to call the police? He didn't know. He was past the point of being sensible. What if Mike was still out there! These people didn't know him. They wouldn't have missed him, and he hadn't seen Mike once in all the confusion.

In the house on the couch, waiting by the phone, was Mike. He was leaning forward with his head in his hands and didn't look up when David burst into the room.

David didn't say anything. He just sank into a chair, let out the other half of his sigh of relief, and let his breathing catch up with him. He brushed away the fear that had pooled in his eyes.


When Greg called to say Terry was going to make it, there was no cheering. It had been too close. People quietly gathered their things and disappeared. "Thanks for what you did," Tiffany said to David. She kissed him lightly on the cheek. "Maybe I'll see you later?"

"Yeah," David said. He wanted to say more, to tell her that he would like very much to see her later, but it seemed inappropriate. He wanted to walk her to her car and give her that kiss, but he couldn't, not now. He didn't even have her phone number; he just knew where she worked.

The next morning David and Mike helped Greg clean up the mess and left for home earlier than they had intended.

"I was thinking about that sand thing you were talking about," Mike said, breaking the silence about 20 minutes into the drive. "I knew what I was doing last night was crazy, but I kind of lost myself in the group." He shuddered. "That could have been me instead of Terry. I'm not even that great a swimmer."

"I got swept along in the wave too," David admitted. "Even though I didn't swim, I didn't say anything. Becky and that other girl were the only distinct grains, the only brave ones. They were right to worry."

Mike attempted a half smile. "I promise I won't tell your mom you said that!" 

EDITORIAL

JUST BETWEEN US BECAUSE I SAY SO, THAT'S WHY

Parents. Remember them? They're the ones who mostly seem to have dedicated their lives to stopping teens from having fun. The ones who grounded you when you step out of line. Who bore you with lectures on what you should do and how you should do it.

Right now most of you are teens with a need to assert your individuality and shuck off what others tell you to do. If your parents have done their job really well, a lot of what you "discover" will be a synthesis of your experience and their input.

I've just read a very interesting essay feature in a *Time* magazine on kids and pot. The whole country knows the statistics, and a lot of teens know the reality. Marijuana use is waaaaaaaay up among teenagers. That's bad news all on its own. But the even badder news is that too many of the kids know that their own parents messed around with marijuana back in the old days.

While it is true that a few of the baby boomer parents have nostalgic memories of their days of hippiedom and the pop culture, a good majority regret that they ever got mixed up with it. They know and remember just how clear was the connection between marijuana use, LSD, and some even more wicked drugs. They know it was a bad scene.

So why won't their kids sit up and take notice when they warn them? That's the problem.

The most telling section of that *Time* focus was where some well-known people gave their opinions on the situation. Joseph A. Califano, Jr., president of the National Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse at Columbia University, says he told his kids that "alcohol and drugs were the two things that could ruin lives." Their response—"they pointed out that I smoked cigarettes and drank Scotch." Joe told them that if he'd known the dangers when he was young, he wouldn't have started smoking. A sad but honest answer.

Tom Hayden, a California state senator and one of the original rebels of the Vietnam era, admits that his main problem in that era was alcohol. "My kids saw that," he says, "and they developed an acute sensitivity to hypocrisy."

Well—there you have it. Your parents have goofed up big-time in the past, just like all humans. Some of them have even developed a rather deep-seated hypocritical distinction between legal and illegal drugs.

The best response? The advice is good—take it. The continuing ambivalence is bad. Tell Mom and Dad to stop drinking and smoking, and you'll continue to stay off all the bad stuff too. Maybe that approach will work better than anything else. ▀



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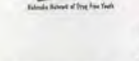
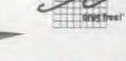
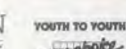


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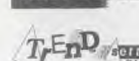
ATHLETES
AGAINST
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MADISON
DRUGS OFFER NO TUMORS



RESPECTEEN



PUZZLE

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Some of the following statements are true; some are nonsense (have no meaning). Write an S by those that make sense and an N by those that are nonsense.

- _____ 1. The temperature at which water boils is determined by its height above sea level.
- _____ 2. Polar bears deposit their money in snow banks.
- _____ 3. Yellow is north of purple.
- _____ 4. Red has a longer wavelength than blue.
- _____ 5. Camels are more polite than zebras.
- _____ 6. Windmills are fans for cows.
- _____ 7. An object's color depends on the light that shines on it.
- _____ 8. When you look at a star, you see it not as it is, but only as it was.
- _____ 9. The moon has no light of its own.
- _____ 10. When a meteor lands on the earth, it's no longer a meteor but a meteorite.
- _____ 11. Air can be shrunk.
- _____ 12. Thoughtful chickens lay omelettes.
- _____ 13. Eight is a sweeter-smelling number than 12.
- _____ 14. From the center of the earth, there's no direction to go but up.
- _____ 15. Fire goes uphill faster than downhill.



Answers: 1. S 2. N 3. N 4. S 5. N 6. N 7. S 8. S 9. S 10. S 11. S (by cooling it) 12. N 13. N 14. S 15. S.

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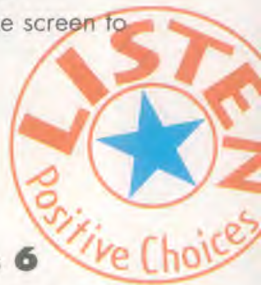
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