



Listen

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EXPRESS, P. 26**
**ALCOHOL: WHEN
PARENTS SAY NO,
P. 7**

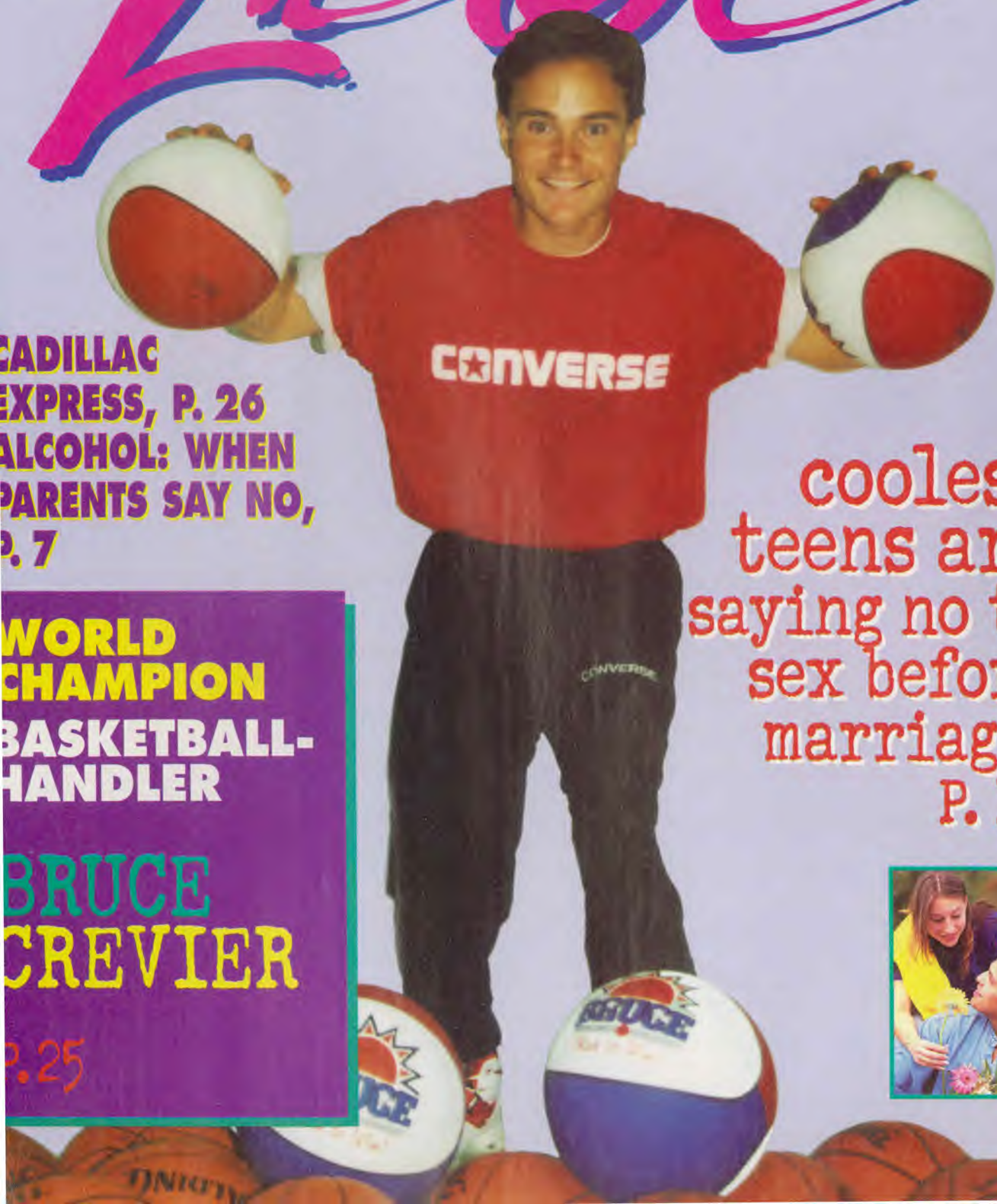
**WORLD
CHAMPION
BASKETBALL-
HANDLER**

**BRUCE
CREVIER**

P. 25

CONVERSE

**coolest
teens are
saying no to
sex before
marriage.
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“Know what?” I said, “I don’t even care!”

I fingered my clarinet keys and blew in the usual way during my high school concert solo. My foggy brain must have acted up, because my instrument squeaked. The sour note made Mr.

Netson, the director, glare at me.

After the concert he walked up to me in the band room and snapped, “You were acting kind of giddy before the concert, Darla.” He pinched his thin lips together and muttered, “You high?”

The pot I got from the guy I heard everyone got their stuff from still had my head fuzzy. I shrugged and said, “Know what? I don’t even care!”

Mr. Netson gritted his teeth and leaned closer, “Darla Gray! You have three days to decide if you want to get serious about being in band. You’ll have to quit drugs to stay in! Maybe Mrs. Richards, the youth problems

adviser, can help. Talk to her, OK?”

My head felt clear the next morning. I groaned as I got out of bed. Despite the pot’s influence I recalled Mr. Netson’s harsh tone. *Mrs. Richards’ll never help me. I thought. What’ll she know about frustration like mine? If only my parents would tell me why when they give orders! If they had told me why I couldn’t go to the pizza place*

with everyone before the concert, maybe I’d have told that guy to take his pot and go! I wish they’d come out with it. They’ve given clues that they think I might do what my sister Lisa did—get pregnant at 16. Well, I want no part of dirty diapers and getting up with a wailing kid in the middle of the night! I only want to do fun things with the crowd. Maybe I took that pot just because I was frustrated!

Tell Them WHY

On Monday I walked into Mrs. Richards' office to tell her what Mr. Netson had said. I felt like an iron rod when I stood by her desk. I knew she would never, never, never understand what torture it is to be told what to do but given no reason at all!

I told her why I was there; then I spilled the whole story about my parents, me, and their strict rules. "No explanation for anything. Some kids get away with everything! And their parents don't care—or if they do, they don't say anything. Some are sorta busy, I guess, and kinda tired. Some of those kids get into big trouble, and I'm glad I'm not them. Who wants a juvenile hall stay, anyway? But my parents are like hunting dogs sniffing at my trail! Oh, Mrs. Richards, what am I gonna do? I don't wanna get kicked out of band."

Mrs. Richards' pretty face with the friendly brown eyes said, "I've heard your kind of story before, Darla."

"You . . . have?" Shock snapped through me, really.

"I lived through your life story, Darla. My parents were strict. They told me the rules and said no explanation was necessary. I was frustrated. I got upset. I even thought they were mean! Then I learned they meant well. I realized they had done their best and didn't know that an explanation would have helped us understand each other better."

My hope was like a rocket hitting the clouds! "You know what it's like? But . . . but how did you find out they meant well?" I had to hear this!

The teacher's shining dark eyes lost their twinkle as she spoke. "One night when I went to my job at the supermarket checkout I was furious with my folks. All my friends were free to go out on a

Every weekend for months she partied, drinking booze and smoking pot. Me? I was still wishing I had the freedom to join Sandi."

weekend and have fun. My only friend who had rules like mine to obey was Sandi. She had gotten very tired of the hard-fisted orders. She'd told me earlier that week that she was going out with the crowd . . . no matter what anyone said!"

"Did . . . did she go?"

"Every weekend for months she partied, drinking booze and smoking pot. Me? I was still checking out groceries, wishing I had the freedom to join Sandi. But I didn't dare risk losing my job. I needed it to earn college money."

"Wow! You do know how I feel!"

Mrs. Richards sighed. "There was an accident one night. Sandi and the others didn't hear the train coming. They probably didn't know what hit them. The car was crushed, and they were killed. The railroad tracks were strewn with beer cans."

"Oh, no! How awful!"

Mrs. Richards nodded. "I made up my mind I would do my best. I would do my schoolwork and my store job. I would be glad I could go on family picnics and other outings that they

approved. I realized my parents had only been concerned about my becoming a responsible person. I found out that responsibility can lead to contentment. I learned that achieving a goal is mighty rewarding. I had great times going to museums, historical spots, shopping trips, hikes, and bicycle trips. I found out that life has many good things. Never again did I envy those who partied on weekends. Our high school lost five teenagers that Saturday night 12 years ago."

I was so glad that I'd talked to her. I told her I wanted to stay in the band and would tell that to Mr. Netson.

Mrs. Richards made an appointment for my parents and me to have a conference with her. Mom and Dad both told her that they never wanted to see me have a baby in high school and lose out on my chance to study music in college. They listened when I told of my frustrations. "I wanted you to tell me why when you said no. I hope you will tell me from now on. Then we'll all feel better."

Things are settled with my family and in my studies nowadays. My parents tell me why when they have to say no to some of my requests. I enjoy being on the tennis team for exercise, competition, and companionship. My friends and I go out together for pizza and to school events. Our parents are willing to drive us or to provide other transportation. I've gotten over my anger. Mrs. Richards' sharing her experience and talking with my parents calmly helped us a lot. The real facts seemed to put a lot of light on the problem. It's great!

Who knows what I'll have to tell my own children someday? But you can be sure that I'll tell them why when I have to say no! ■



FACTOIDS

BEWARE THE HIGH NOTES

Research may support folklore that says musicians who have to blow hard into their instruments have higher rates of blood pressure-related problems such as strokes, eyeball bleeding, and detached retinas. The research, conducted by Dr. Joel Dimsdale and Richard Nelesen at the University of California at San Diego, was prompted by the experience of a French horn player. Despite taking medication for high blood pressure, the musician suffered dizziness whenever he played a note higher than G.

USA Today

SUPPLEMENTS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR FOOD

A committee of physicians and nutritionists argues against routinely using supplements instead of food to get vitamins, minerals, and fiber. They stress that food provides components not found in supplements. The basic message remains the same: eat a variety of fruits, vegetables, and grains; go easy on foods high in cholesterol, fats, salt, and sweets; and watch your weight.

Harrisburg Press

VEGETARIAN DIET HEALTHFUL

A government advisory panel made up of physicians and nutritionists has acknowledged a

growing interest in a vegetarian diet. They noted that a diet free of meat, eggs, and milk can be a healthful one.

DON'T LOOK FOR THE MAGIC PILL

The obesity problem will never be completely solved by a drug. That is the message of obesity researchers despite recent genetic breakthroughs that relate a flaw in a gene to a predisposition in some people to potbellies and adult-onset diabetes. A prudent lifestyle, such as one follows when on medication for such conditions as high blood pressure and cholesterol, is also indicated for the obese, pill or no pill, they say.

USA Today

VITAMIN A MAY HELP HIV INFANTS

Vitamin A might be an inexpensive way to ease some of the illnesses suffered by infants with the AIDS virus, new research suggests. HIV babies treated with vitamin A experienced fewer illnesses, particularly diarrhea, a major child killer.

STUDENTS HAVE RIGHT TO RELIGIOUS EXPRESSION

A new directive from the U.S. Department of Education outlines acceptable religious expression in public schools. Students may pray, read their Bibles or other Scriptures, discuss their views with other students, and participate in

before- or after-school events with religious content. None of these activities may be sponsored by the school.

USA Today

RUSSIAN DRINKING MOTHERS

Health officials in Russia are faced with grim statistics. Among live births, about 10 percent involve children with deformities or birth defects, and this percentage is increasing by about two percentage points per year. Alcohol is clearly a major cause of these birth defects. Not only do more Soviet women drink, but more are drinking to excess.

IOGT

ALCOHOL ABUSE LEADS TO LOW LIFE EXPECTANCY IN RUSSIA

Life expectancy in Russia is the lowest in the world, falling below even India, Bolivia, and Egypt. While males in the United States can expect to live 72 years, Russian males have a life expectancy of just 57 years. Abuse of alcohol is considered a major contributor to this alarming statistic.

IOGT

ALCOHOL AND VIOLENCE IN CRIME

Various studies have documented that alcohol is involved in more than 50 percent of all domestic violence.

IOGT ■



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 have a really good friend who is an excellent student. She gets all A's on every report card. She is a good girl. She doesn't smoke, drink, or smoke marijuana. I am worried about one thing, though. Last week she told me that when she has to study for a test, she takes an over-the-counter stimulant to help her stay awake. Is this OK?

Students resort to many different ways of staying awake to stay up late studying. Many

drink coffee to get a caffeine lift. The over-the-counter stimulants contain an unusually large dose of caffeine, which puts the nervous system in overdrive. Caffeine in any dose can make the body jittery and edgy. The heart races, and the whole central nervous system is running in high gear. This can be very harmful. A much better alternative to staying up all night before a test is to pace yourself and your studying ahead of time. Study a little bit each night before the test. Make sure you get a good

night's sleep the night before the test, because you will benefit greatly from having a clear and rested mind going into the exam. At all costs, stay away from stimulants that put your whole body into a racing, agitated state.

My boyfriend is a very considerate person except when he's behind the wheel of a car. He shows off—racing with his friends. He runs red lights and stop signs and then laughs about it. Also, he speeds like there's no tomorrow. I'm scared when I'm with him while he's driving.

I don't blame you for being scared. Reckless driving is not fun and games. He is risking your life every time he drives. You need to vow to yourself that from this moment on, you will not ride in a car with him while he's driving *until he promises that he'll never again drive like a wild man!* Furthermore, if he *ever* does drive like this again with you in the car, you *must* end your relationship with him. Any guy who values the life of his girlfriend so little as to take risks with it is not worth pursuing. Mr. Maniac needs to realize that if he takes too many chances, chances are he won't have many left in life.

My friend Brad and I are neighbors, and we get together every afternoon at my house to play video games or listen to CDs. We have a good time, but lately Brad has been teasing my pets. He thinks it's funny when he scares them by yelling in their ears. He pulls their tails, grabs their noses, and even bit my cat once. I've told him to quit, but he won't stop. What should I do?

Being mean to animals is the sign of a real bully. Brad is obviously acting out his hostility toward someone else by teasing and being cruel to your pets. Since you have already told Brad to stop and he hasn't,

it's time to take a more severe step toward stopping this behavior. Possibly your parents could talk to Brad and insist that he stop hurting your pets. Second, you could stop inviting Brad to your house after school and invite someone else over for a few weeks. If Brad asks you why you aren't inviting him over anymore, explain that you don't want anyone in your home who is going to be cruel to animals.

I'm 12 years old, and my mom is a single parent. I have a brother who is 5 and a sister who is 7. My mom has to work long hours, and she is hardly ever home. I have to baby-sit all the time, it seems. I don't mind baby-sitting a little bit, but I can't join any after-school clubs, play sports, or go anywhere after school except straight home to watch my brother and sister. Do you think I'm being selfish to feel this way?

No, you aren't being selfish. You are entitled to some free time to participate in extracurricular activities after school and also to just be with friends. I'm sure that if you talk to your mom openly about your feelings, she will understand and try to work out something so that you can be a little freer after school. Your mom is probably so busy with work that she hasn't noticed that at your age now your peers are getting involved with a variety of school activities that require time after school. Your mom could check into some after-school programs for your brother and sister. Sometimes churches and schools provide an after-school service for working moms—and usually this has a very minimal cost. Also, depending on your area, YWCAs, Girl Scouts, Boys' and Girls' Clubs, and even the City Parks and Recreation Department all provide after-school programs and services for working moms at either no cost or very reasonable rates. An open line of communication works wonders toward changing a situation. ▀



WHY YOUR PARENTS SAY NO

Sticklers? Arbitrary? Spoilsports? Well, whatever . . . To demand, ask, or even beg you to pass up the fun everybody else is having by saying no even to beer? Hey!

Sure, sure, sure, you agree; not even listening—right?

But just suppose it's tomorrow and suppose those few beers or spiked drinks that got everybody going really good meant a funeral? Maybe your own funeral. Or the death of your best friend, sister, or brother? Sort of like with tens of thousands of kids your age who had "fun" with drinks . . . They never lived to graduate from high school or college. Never got a chance to be tops at that promising career or to have a family—because of that dumb car smashup.

Or how about all those kids who had drunken sex, and it messed up their lives a lot of different ways and for good? Forever, that is. Would it be worth it? Ask some of the kids it happened to.

Or go ahead and ask the other tens of thousands spending their lives behind bars for some weird crime or other—it happens again and again, every day—just read the newspapers.

Would it be worth it? Alcohol is behind

a big majority of jail sentences—and many of the criminals are young. Ask one of those kids what they'd give to be out again, to have a clean record, a new chance! If only they'd done it differently.

Maybe all this partly explains just why your mom and dad, who love you, say no to drinking: even one (which starts a bunch). They have no reason to want to spoil your fun—they just want you to live to have it. They want you to have a chance to live life, to find out what you can do. They want you to stay alive and smart and free, with a chance at happiness. Believe it!

All the books on earth, no doubt, couldn't hold the terrible tales of what liquor's done to men and women down through the centuries. Don't believe all the fake promises of a good time, lots of laughs. The real cost of drinking is impossible to comprehend—enough to know it robs millions of life and its real joys.

Most smart people (like your parents) have seen many good people (adults and clean, healthy, beautiful kids with all kinds of good chances ahead of them), degraded by drink; dragged down; lost to real life.

That's why they say no to you drinking. ▀

BY DUANE VALENTY



FEEDBACK FROM READERS LISTENING

Articles of Life

Count the possibilities within
Our abstract little concrete minds.
Awaken!
Your solutions are in
open doors.
Think quality life;
Value minds before looks.
Make your opportunity endless!

Brett Cohen, 14
Short Hills, New Jersey

Brett tells us his class was allowed to cut out 100 words from an assignment, not knowing what they were going to do with those words the next day. The assignment the teacher gave was to construct a poem expressing themselves. Brett's leftover words formed the "Articles of Life" poem. Well done, Brett.—Editor.

RAIN

Drip-drop, spitter-spat!
Slow rain; searching, wondering . . .
"What shall I nourish?"

Tim Staines, 17
Severna Park, Maryland

I See Through Your Eyes

I see the lonely faces, look into their
eyes and see fear
of losing a loved one, losing their
homes,
and I see the fear of death.
All I hear is the firing of guns and
missiles
and the screaming of men and the
crying of children.
I hear the silent screams on pale faces.
I try telling them it's going to be all
right,
and that it's going to be over soon.
I try to keep a smile and feel their pain,
but the smile is fading.
I can't tell them not to fear when fear is
all I have.
I wake up the next morning, and I find
it's all been a dream.
I sigh in relief, and then I feel ashamed.
Sean Brown, 14
New City, New York

Freedom

One man stands in a vast jungle,
Like the idea of freedom in a
dictatorship.
He carries no memories,
only hope for a brighter future.
He fights for his life and the life
of every American that ever lived.
As dawn grows near,
triumph awaits.
Suddenly the stars and stripes sway in
the wind
and the battle comes to an end.
Melissa Miller, 14
Camillus, New York

The Mask

She is hiding
behind a mask
that is not her own.
She is trying to fit in,
and she is,
but still she is hiding.
Afraid of her own face,
her own personality.
She is as real as a character
from a storybook.
She is what her "friends"
want her to be—
like a piece of clay in a mold.
That is all she is,
and unless she takes her mask off
that is all that she'll ever be.
Jessica Kinnan, 13
Columbus, Ohio

The Wheat Field

As I walk through nature,
I look on the ground.
I see a grain of wheat
and think of what I've found.
Masses of wheat swaying in the wind;
Muddy waves of water all around.
When I look at the masses of wheat,
I remember it grew from the ground.
Charles R. Ellis, 15
Atlanta, Georgia

SLOW DOWN

There is nothing as bad,
As the feeling of being had
When a cop pulls you over
and doesn't tell you to go slower.
Instead, he pulls out his book,
and you know you're not off the hook.
Just look into the sky
and kiss your license goodbye.
Tim Plath, 16
Hutchinson, Minnesota

Is Life?

Is life all it's made out to be?
Or is there more?
Are the hardships and heartaches all that there is in
life?
Or does all that go in time?
Is there life after a love has crashed and burned?
Or will it go on with no feelings for anyone else?
Is life a great big game that can never be won?
Or was I born a loser?
Is life made up of only questions with no answers?
Or am I looking in all the wrong places?
April Emerson, 14
Altoona, Kansas

Friends

Friends are people who stand by your side.
Friends are those you cannot buy.
Friends always stick up for you.
Friends are those you never lose.
Friends are those who stand their ground.
Friends should always be around.
Friends. There is nothing to lack.
Friends you love, and they love back.
Stephanie Fazio, 12
Syracuse, New York



"You drink?" I remember a girl asking me.
"What's there to drink?"
I asked...
"Anything you want, darlin'," she smiled.

I thought
I'd never get
over Giovanni's
death...



PRESUMPTION OF FRIENDSHIP

A R T I C L E B Y B . A . L E E

W

e were just a group of guys, just trying to survive this world and everything that it might throw our way.

Only a few short months ago I buried my best friend, Giovanni. He was only 17. I still remember seeing him, faded like a week-old tulip, lying there in his baby-blue steel coffin with his hands clasped at his heart. He lay lifeless in a room full of pink and white carna-

tions and snow-white baby's breath.

He was being gawked at and walked by like some kind of freak show or something. It disgusted me. He was dead, for crying out loud! Get away from him! It was a twisted nightmare, and I only vaguely remember it.

He was the only thing dead in the room, but his death filled everyone there somehow. The death seemed to pour right out of the coffin onto the floor, rise up,

and seep into my pores. A thick, bitter dose of reality.

I suppose that we all acknowledge our own past twists of fate in time. Accepting it lies in what our memories slowly allow us after we've healed.

Perhaps in time I'll acknowledge losing him. Perhaps time isn't enough. That's how I felt about it then.

I guess I should begin with the events that started my healing process after Giovanni's death.

The night after Giovanni was buried, I thought that I'd be OK. I'd been fine during the days between his death and his funeral. It was as if I'd wake up every day, I'd eat and talk and walk around . . . but I wasn't really there.

When I saw his gleaming casket being lowered into the deep black of the earth, I imagined his body going down with it. I walked home in the rain that night. It was thundering, like the night he died. The rain hit my red, crying eyes. I remember it all very vividly.

I saw my friend Marauti two days later.

"How ya been, Brody?"

Marauti asked.

"All right," I shrugged off.

What was I supposed to say?

"That's good," Marauti nodded after a few moments.

"You?" I paused and waited for him to answer.

"Yeah. It's kinda weird, you know?" he started.

"The three of us; we've never been apart for very long!"

"I know it," I agreed.

"The summer, maybe . . . but that's all," Marauti continued.

"And the two of us left here would wait for the other to come home, right?" He stopped, as though something had just dawned on him.

He was tense. His eyes were wide, and his back was fixed like a wooden board. He'd clasped his sweaty palms together in hopes of stopping them from shaking.

"Gonna be a long summer . . ." he sighed under his breath.

What would become of us? I asked the question to myself over and over, as I lay in bed that night. I tried hard to picture what the future would bring. That was something that I had always been good at doing. But this frightened me, because I couldn't even imagine what fate or destiny might lie before me.

Early Sunday morning I answered a knock at my front

door. Standing outside was Graham Parsons. He was tall and blond and had a football build. He'd done a lot of mean things to me when we were growing up. He'd become the "big bully" type.

Those kinda guys you'd think would end up with what they deserve—loose, stringy hair, horrible grades, no athletic ability, and a bad case of acne. In Graham's case it was all backwards: he'd turned into the star of our high school baseball team, with straight A's and a pretty cheerleader girlfriend.

If that wasn't a kick in the pants!

"Hey, Brodeson," he smiled.

"Graham?" I stood in the doorway, dumbfounded.

"Mind if I come in?" he asked.

"Uh, no—come on in!" I humored him, suspiciously.

He came into the living room, and I closed the door behind him.

"Have a seat?" I offered.

You better slow down, Brody," someone called, though the warning seemed distant.

"Nah. No thanks," he declined. "I'm just here for a minute." He looked around.

Graham picked up a picture of my old Little League team from the mantel. It was about 10 years old, and he smiled at it. He was in it, come to think of it; with me, Giovanni, and Marauti. He grinned a little bit.

"I've got this snap at home," he said, showing me the picture.

"There's Marauti," he pointed. "You . . . there I am.

"There's Gio," he pointed us all out in the picture.

"You guys were real close even back then, huh?" he asked.

"Yeah," I whispered.

Graham shoved a fist into his pocket and tilted his head.

"Look, Brody, I didn't come here to dredge up a lot of the past, OK? I was a jerk back then. I know it now. I knew it then. I picked on you guys for nothing. I'm not like that anymore. I can't change it, what happened. But I'm sorry. I really am. It made me think about things." Graham set the picture back on the mantel.

"Everyone makes mistakes, Graham. All the time," I said to him without resentment.

That morning Graham invited me to a house party in East Gate South City. It was still in town, just as far southeast as you could get within the city limits. Out of respect for our newly signed treaty, I accepted his invitation. He'd come by to get me at 9:00.

It was a half-hour drive to East Gate South City. A long, uncomfortable 30 minutes riding with Graham, his girlfriend, Jennifer-Anne, and Mariano Povich and his girl, Tula Johannesen. We pulled into a dark field that other partygoers had begun to park in as well. Graham shut off the engine of his car, and we sat there for a little while in the dim, dark of the twilight, while distant chirps of locusts filled the silence in the car. I could see the house some yards away and the porch light flickering outside as people passed in and out in front of it.

"Don't have too much fun, Bro!" Graham laughed, jingling the car keys about.

The five of us got out of the car and approached the house. As I came closer, the music began to engulf me.

"You drink?" I remember a girl asking me.

"What's there to drink?" I asked.

"Anything you want, darlin'!" she smiled.

Pretty soon I couldn't remember what I'd had or how much of it. When she said that there was anything I wanted, she wasn't kidding around.

The loud, roaring music encouraged me. It was an energy source. As long as the music blared through my head, there was nothing else. Nothing to hold me back, nothing to hold me down. I began spinning aimlessly, like a top!

"You'd better slow down, Brody," someone called. His warning seemed to be coming from a long distance away. "You're gonna kill yourself!"

The ride home was a roller coaster. We weaved in and out of traffic. The yellow lines in the road blurred in and out like fuzzy little animated sticks of chewing gum jumping around on the road.

Graham was falling asleep. I saw him nodding in and out from my back-seat view of the rearview mirror.

That's when I began to sober up. Fear is a powerful thing, and it did quite a bit for me in an instant.

"Graham! Watch out!" I alerted him as he began driving off the shoulder of the road. He became alert again and pulled back into the center of the lane. Jennifer-Anne lay asleep on the seat next to Graham, unaware of the danger.

I sat in the back seat with my legs straightened like poles to reduce any sudden impact and soothe my churning mind. I was hot. Graham was driving way too fast on this little two-lane country road. I wiped the sweat from my forehead and above my lip with one swift stroke and gripped the seat again.

I sat wide-eyed, watching the road closely, wondering whether or not Mariano and Tula got back into the city safely. Graham took a sharp turn on an easy curve and started crossing into oncoming traffic.

"Graham! You're going too fast," I shouted.

That's when I began to sober up. Fear is a powerful thing.

Graham stomped on the floor in search of the brakes, and the car accelerated into oncoming traffic. There was a flash of bright lights throughout the cabin of the car. And suddenly the music ended. There was a screeching of rubber tires on the jagged, uneven road. The scraping of metals colliding and grinding.

We fell forward, and I was thrown against the ceiling of the car. Heavy objects slammed into me. I heard glass crush and grind.

When I came to, there was nothing but blackness. I could open only one eye. My other eye was matted shut with a thick paste of mud and glass and blood. My mouth was filled to the teeth with blood and dusty earth. I spit, not knowing which direction was up.

I could hardly move. I was entangled in a web of car seat stuffing and wire and weighty metals. I could smell smoke and gasoline and burned rubber.

"Jen? . . ." I heard mumbling.

"Jen? . . ." Graham strained.

I slowly pulled myself from under part of the front car seat. Great waves of pain rolled over me, but the adrenaline of fear moves mountains.

"Graham? Wh-where are you?" I stuttered.

"Jennifer-Anne?" he whispered heavily.

I felt around for her, but I couldn't find her. It was pitch-black; I was confused. I didn't even know what had happened to us. It was so cold. The wind just ripped through me. I sat there for a minute trying to collect myself.

Pain in my neck and back and stomach began to move. Suddenly I felt us moving . . . sliding. Then the

car turned over. It rolled us upside down, flipping us about once again. I hit my head on a window, then gripped the loose seat as the car settled at the bottom of the incline.

"Graham!" I shouted.

No answer.

"Jennifer?" I almost cried out of fear of being alone.

In the distance I could hear the sound of ambulances and fire trucks. I pulled myself out of the wreckage through a broken back window and climbed out onto the slanted ditch. I could hardly see the road, and I could feel myself going in and out of consciousness. Ahead of me, some yards away, I saw the outline of the car that we had hit.

"What have we done?" I sobbed.

I walked away from the wreck with four broken ribs, bruises to the spinal cord, and a crushed ankle. The rest of me was cut and bruised, but not critically.

Graham had a lot of brain swelling, a separated disc, and a few broken fingers. His car was totaled. The car he hit was crushed, and the passengers suffered minor injuries.

Jenny-Anne wasn't so lucky. She was thrown from the wreck upon impact. She smashed a hole right through the windshield with her bare flesh and bone. It killed her instantly.

It could just have easily been me or Graham.

It's almost barbaric to think that the healing from one tragic death would commence with another. Actually I'm not really sure what sparked the beginning of my healing. Whether it was the wreck or not, I'll never know. But again, experiencing what Giovanni must have felt like close to death may have been it.

Please don't drink. Especially don't drink and drive. There's always that someone else out there who will, and you need to be 100 percent alert to avoid the mistakes of others.

Rest in peace, my good friend Giovanni. ■

RUNAWAY HOME

HELPING TROUBLED TEENS FIND THEIR WAY . . .



John had been on the road two days when he called the National Runaway Switchboard. He had not traveled far from home, so the hotline operator suggested that he call a runaway shelter just a few miles away. The woman who answered the phone at the shelter invited him to come in and talk with her about what they could offer him. In the meantime, the hot-line volunteer had checked to make certain they were expecting John.

The runaway shelter in John's area was part of the National Network of Runaway and Youth Services. Most shelters have rules similar to those discussed with John when he arrived at The Bridge, the name of the shelter he had been referred to.

Calling home was one of the first rules that John discovered. He felt a strong emotional pull toward his mother, more than he'd thought was there when he ran away. Calling her from the shelter was difficult, but in some ways he really wanted to talk with her again. He doubted if his mother would change, and he really did not want to go back to her. However, he had no choice about calling her for permission to stay at the

shelter for a few days. But what if she refused? What if she insisted that John come home immediately? He was afraid that she knew he had stolen the skateboard, afraid she would never stop nagging him for his behavior. He could just hear her saying, "What will people think of me for raising a son who is a thief?" Fortunately, before John made the call he was able to talk about his feelings with Nancy, the counselor at the shelter. She really seemed to understand, and this helped a

great deal.

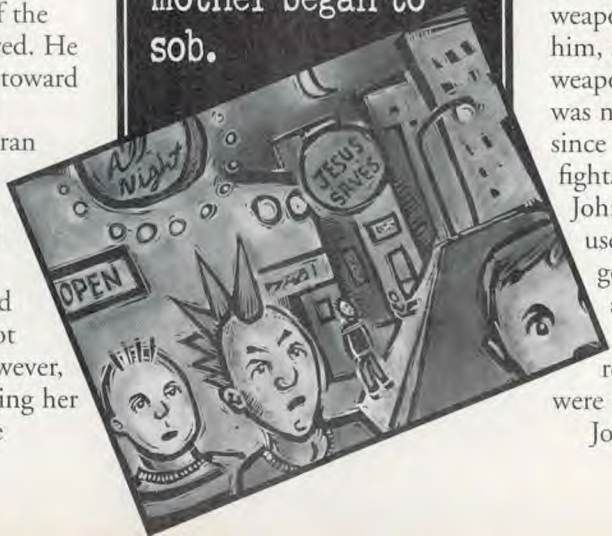
John dialed his home number and waited while the phone rang. When she heard John's voice, his mother began to sob. John explained that he was staying at a safe place and that he needed her permission to spend a few days there. That would give him time to think things out, and perhaps they would both benefit from the time apart.

John's mother stopped sobbing and grew angry. Why would he prefer to stay anyplace other than home? Now that she knew he was safe, she sounded just like her old self. John's feelings were mixed, but he finally persuaded his mother to give permission for his stay at the shelter.

Other rules at the shelter were easier for John to follow. The "no weapons" rule did not concern him, since he never carried a weapon. The "no violence" rule was no problem for John either, since he was seldom involved in fights. If other boys taunted him, John would leave. He did not use illegal drugs and he was a good worker, so the rules about not using drugs and about carrying out job responsibilities in the shelter were quite acceptable to John.

John's main concern was where

When she heard John's voice, his mother began to sob.



he would go next. He could stay at the shelter for only a few days; then he either had to go home or go to a place for homeless boys. Neither place appealed to John, but he really did not want to run away again.

The second day at the shelter was a time for counseling. Nancy, the staff member, and Peter, a boy John's age, both talked with him about his difficulties in building a separate identity. Although they did not approve of his stealing the skateboard, both Nancy and Peter understood why John had to get away from the controlling atmosphere at home. They suggested that John talk things over with his

One girl said she ran away after finding it difficult at school because the boys and girls around her had parents who cared for them. She said that most of the other people in school did not know what it was like to starve, or to be strung out on drugs so you wouldn't feel the hunger pangs. They did not have to look for work because they had parents who cared enough to provide food. How could any of them understand how hard it was to study and pay attention in class when there were so many problems at home?

Someone in the group asked this girl if her life was better since

But John had a home, and he was ready to try to adjust to a better home situation in which his mother was willing to accept help from other single parents. He knew that he could call Nancy and talk to her when things grew difficult. He had found a better solution than running away.

What can you do to help a friend who wants to run away?

A friend who wants to run away is in crisis and needs support from you. Your friend needs to know you care. Make certain that your remarks show acceptance of your friend and his or her right to get angry. But help your friend to understand that the present situation may improve somewhat after a few days.

You can help your friend reflect on a "way out" and gain insight into alternatives to running away. Suggest looking in the yellow pages of the telephone book under Social Service Organizations. Many communities list mental health associations, youth programs, youth and family crisis centers, child-aid societies, and alcohol rehabilitation programs. Alateen, an organization for the children of alcoholics, may be listed in the white pages.

Your friend might find help by calling one or more of the social service agencies before taking the dramatic step of running away and becoming exposed to the dangers on the road.

If running away seems the only way your friend can call attention to the anguish at home or escape from an unendurable situation, be responsive. Suggest that they contact a runaway program in your state. Or call one of the national hotline numbers.

Many runaway programs offer shelter for a maximum of two weeks, giving both the parents and the youth a time to adjust while the young person is safe from the dangers on the street. Programs may include counseling services

You can help your friend gain insight into alternatives to running away. Help can be found by checking with social service organizations, some of which are listed at the end of this article. Suggest they call a runaway program or national hot line number.

mother and see if she would be willing to join a local group of single parents who met regularly to discuss the problems they had in common.

John liked the idea of going home, provided his mother did not give him such a hard time. The call he would make next was the one to find out if he could get his job back. The man who owned the store was a good person; he might be persuaded to let John work for him again. He could work off the cost of the skateboard, if the store owner did not prosecute him for shoplifting.

While John stayed at the shelter, he heard about some of the problems of the others who were living there temporarily. Everyone met regularly in the living room to discuss his or her feelings.

she'd run away.

She answered quickly and almost fiercely, "Worse things can happen out there." Nancy, the counselor, reassured this girl that she would be placed in a foster home. This started a discussion of the good things and the bad things that can happen in foster homes.

Some of the members of the runaway group were hoping to find single people who would be willing to take them. Dan, for example, had been in a series of foster homes since he was 2 years old. He really did not want a family as much as he wanted a friend. He'd discovered that there were caring individuals who were willing to involve themselves in training programs and to share their homes and time with young people with problems.



for both young people and adults.

Runaway programs and other youth service groups are not a magical cure to family problems, legal problems, or school difficulties, but they do offer a safe avenue for the individual to take.

Remember, if your friend wants to run away, your help can be very important. Call toll-free from any phone in the United

NATIONAL RUNAWAY SWITCHBOARD

States for confidential help:

- **Nationwide 1-800-621-4000**
- **In Illinois, call 1-800-972-6004**
- **Runaway Hot Line**
- **Nationwide 1-800-231-6946**

Alateen
Al-Anon Family Group
Headquarters, Inc.
P.O. Box 862
Midtown Station
New York, NY 10018
Phone: 212-302-7240,
1-800-356-9996

Alateen is a self-help program for teenage children of alcoholics. The teenage members of the family can seek help whether or not the alcoholic adult family member seeks help, or even recognizes the existence of a drinking problem. The program emphasis is on the teenager's personal development.

The Florence Crittenden
Division of the Child Welfare
League of America
440 1st Street, NW., Suite 310
Washington, D.C. 20001
Phone: 1-202-638-2952

This organization provides services to school-age, unmarried mothers in a large number of states. Services may be residential or nonresidential. The first agency was established in 1883, and a "chain of homes" joined together in 1950 to form the association. Basic care programs include counseling, health education, and medical care. Check your local telephone directory for an agency in your area.

- **In Alaska/Hawaii, call 1-800-231-6762**
- **In Texas, call 1-800-392-3352**

Someone who is thinking of running away may find the help needed by contacting one of the organizations listed below. Consult your local phone book, and if there is no listing there, write to the headquarters to find out where you can get help. ▣

Parents Anonymous, Inc.
520 South Lafayette Park Place,
Suite 316
Los Angeles, CA 90057
Phone: 1-213-388-6685

Many local groups of this organization meet to discuss their problems with child abuse. On many occasions children have led parents to these group meetings, where they learn to deal with anger in ways that are acceptable, and where they receive emotional support from others who have similar problems.

The hot line number for parents to call is 1-800-421-0353.
In California parents should call 1-800-352-0386.

HELP



HOLDING OUT FOR MARRIAGE?

BY KAY D. RIZZO

Are you waiting to have sex until you're married? Of course, some people act as if that's an attitude for wimps and losers—right? Wrong! Today the coolest of guys and girls are saying no to sex before marriage. And they don't have trouble getting dates, either. What do these kids know that makes them so sure that's the way to go? To find out if you are in the know about sex, circle all the statements that are true.

☐ 1. The only safe sex before marriage is no sex.

TRUE—Condoms often fail, even when used correctly. The statistics about STDs are enough to convince the horniest of teenagers to wait. STDs are never cool. Most STDs go untreated, and some can kill you. Believe it or not, with STDs you can't tell by one's personal hygiene who's got it and who hasn't.

☐ 2. Twenty percent of guys stay virgins throughout their teens.

TRUE—Choosing to keep your virginity is just as personal a choice as choosing to lose it. And once it's gone, it's gone forever. As one 18-year-old male put it: "Sex without marriage is too much of an emotional risk. You break up and you're going to hurt."

☐ 3. Girls should wait until marriage to have sex.

TRUE—An unplanned pregnancy is not cool, especially for

the girl. It will change her life forever. But a guy should wait as well. He has a lot to lose should he become a father before he's ready.

☐ 4. For a guy the most difficult thing about choosing abstinence is taking the heat from other guys.

TRUE—Virgin guys agree. The most difficult thing about choosing abstinence isn't resisting "the heat of the moment"; it's taking the heat from the other guys in the locker room. But the real supermen are the ones who don't have to prove their "manhood" in front of their peers. They are confident in who they are. The real wimps are the ones who can't stand up to a little peer pressure.

☐ 5. Girls prefer to date guys with experience.

TRUE and FALSE—Yeah, there are some girls who prefer a guy with experience—especially



When people, male or female, old or young, respect themselves, they won't want to risk their entire future for a few moments of pleasure.



if they've "played around." But girls who have made the choice to wait for marriage prefer dating guys who have made the same commitment. As one 19-year-old prom queen put it: "I don't think there should be a double standard for guys. Besides, dating a committed virgin means you don't have to wrestle him off at the end of the evening."

❑ 6. A good reason to hold out: "I don't want to die before my time."

TRUE—When people, male or female, young or old, respect themselves, they won't want to risk their entire future for a few minutes of pleasure.

❑ 7. The only teens who can hold out until marriage are those who have a much lower hormone level.

FALSE—Teens who choose to remain virgins have the same ballistic hormones raging in their bodies that other teens do. They

just choose to control them instead of being controlled by them. Some teens say that their faith in God gives them the strength to resist.

❑ 8. Decide before a date what you will do and how far you will go.

TRUE—Good advice. By thinking out your limits ahead of time, you won't be as likely to "accidentally go too far" and live to regret it.

❑ 9. Discussing your beliefs with a date before

Condoms often fail, even when used correctly. The statistics about STDs are enough to convince teens to wait.

things get hot is cool.

TRUE—If your decision to wait for sex until marriage is an important part of who you are, your friend will listen and respect your choices. If the date doesn't respect you, why would you want to share something so special with him/her? And if you don't know the guy or girl well enough to talk about such personal matters, then you shouldn't be thinking about sharing your most intimate self with him/her anyway.

❑ 10. Waiting until marriage to learn the how-to's of sex puts too much pressure on the newlyweds.

FALSE—Learning together is fun. Past experiences can haunt the budding relationship, causing problems to grow where none had been before.

Take it from the voices of experience: true love is worth the wait! ■

WINGS A Flash of STUNT



STUNT PILOT ERIC LAWRENCE

Article by Celeste perrino Walker

In the blue sky above me a brightly colored plane climbs steeply, making my stomach knot up even though I'm on solid ground. It hangs for a breathtaking second before going over backwards, and I'm afraid it will plummet to the earth instead of completing the loop. But over it goes, whistling straight down—right at me.

In the cockpit Eric Lawrence pulls the plane up and, for fun, rolls it before flying off toward the airport. Eric has known he wanted to fly planes since he was 8 years old and part of the captivated audience at an air show.

"I always loved watching the jet fighters (like the ones on *Top Gun*)," he says. "They were so loud and fast. I thought it must be so much fun. I guess that's what did it for me." Once Eric knew what he wanted, he never looked back.

"I started flying right after I turned 16," he continued. "That was about a year before I got my



I'll never forget the time one of my flight instructors held up a model plane . . . then he threw it across the room into a wall and said, 'This is your plane on drugs.' Everything happens so fast in the air," says Eric, "...you really have to be sharp."

driver's license. It was really embarrassing. When I was done flying, the guys at the airport would jokingly ask me if I needed a ride home.

"I knew exactly what I wanted, but they made me buy an introductory package of flight instruction to make sure that I liked it," Eric laughs. Of course, it didn't take him long to decide that flying was everything he had hoped it would be. "The first time we went up was a blast. I knew I loved it as soon as I got there." Was he scared? "No, I was too excited to be scared."

Eric flew constantly that summer, and finally soloed (flying without an instructor). "They make you do 'touch and go's' [landing and then taking off again] forever and ever. Then my instructor went to the tower, and I did my first three touch and go's alone." After his first solo he went through a customary ritual. "When you come in, you get to take off the shirt you're wearing and write your name and that day's date on it. Your instructor draws a little cartoon and signs it, then hangs it on the wall."

Flying mostly in the summer, Eric worked hard to earn his private pilot's license, which is the first license you get in aviation. "You learn how to navigate, but it's all under VFR [visual flight rules (such as good-weather flying)]. You need three miles of visibility and certain cloud clearances," he explains carefully. "After that you can get rated for certain things. The next big rating is instruments. This is really important, because it means you can fly in bad weather. It's also a lot more safe. If the weather turns bad and you can't see the ground, you can still land."

"In our lessons we simulate flying by the instruments. We put on hoods that let us see only the instrument panel and not out the window. So you really have to rely



The kids that I hang around with don't drink or do drugs... and we don't go to keg parties," Eric says.

on your instruments."

The next summer Eric decided that regular flying was too tame. "I always knew I wanted to do aerobatics [stunt flying]," he declares. "But it's so hard to find someone who reaches this specialty."

Eventually he located an aerobatics school about an hour and a half from his house. Aerobatics instruction turned out to be pretty expensive. It cost him \$100 an hour for the 10-hour course.

"Once I found a school, I had to get some money to pay for the lessons," Eric says. "First I returned all my birthday presents. Then I sold my car radio; it was a real nice one, too. But I needed the money. The radio I have now is horrible. My friends always razz me about it, because the only station it picks up plays golden oldies and just comes in on good days. I also got a job delivering

pizza. I had to work about 25 hours to pay for one hour of lessons."

Eric was so determined to take lessons that he once delivered a pizza during a hurricane. "I thought the tips would be great," he remembers, "but they weren't. No one seemed to realize I was risking my life to deliver their pizza!"

Terrified of heights myself, I had to ask Eric what goes through his head when he's in the air. "Usually I just enjoy the view," he reported. "It's so incredible. Or I work on navigation and watch for other planes." And when he's plunging toward the ground coming out of a stunt? He grins. "Then I concentrate on the maneuver. I'm always checking the instruments, making sure I'm not redlining the engine or something."

Eric is so focused on his goals that there is no place in his life for drugs and alcohol. "It's horrible the way some kids get so involved with them. It ruins their lives, and it's so totally stupid to do. I mean, everything's so competitive these days that you need every advantage you can get. To get involved in drugs is a severe disadvantage," he states firmly, then adds, "and besides, I've never seen the attraction. People drink, then they get sick and pass out. What fun is that?"

"I know if I'd start drinking I'd get addicted, because I've seen how easily other people do. But it's just so easy not to drink that I stay away from it. And if you're flying drunk, you're endangering everybody's life—in the air and on the ground. It's very dangerous. Especially around here [Boston area], because it's so congested that you're always worried about violating someone's airspace."

"I'll never forget the time one of my flight instructors held up a model plane and said, 'This is your plane.' Then he threw it

across the room into a wall and said, "This is your plane on drugs." Everything happens so fast in the air," Eric explains, "that you really have to be sharp, because the minute you're not paying attention something could happen."

Never one to follow the crowd blindly, Eric doesn't worry about peer pressure. "I don't ever go along with the fads," he insists. "For instance, when everyone was wearing those jam shorts—I always thought they were the ugliest things I had ever seen, and I never wore them."

"The kids that I hang around with don't drink or do drugs either, and we don't go to keg parties," he adds. So what do they do for fun? "We usually go bowling or play pool at a friend's house. And sometimes we go to Quincy Market and spend all our money on food."

Eric Lawrence has definite plans for his life. "I want to fly fighter planes for the military first." His eyes light up suddenly. "Something fast like the planes in the air show. They're just like a big Nintendo game—all computerized. It's a pretty prestigious job. Then I guess I'd like to fly commercial airplanes," he says. "But above all, I just want to fly."

And what could be better than getting paid to fly? According to Eric, not much. "They give you a plane and pay for your gas, and they pay you to fly. It's like heaven!" ■

[Editor's note: Eric is now attending Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University in Daytona Beach, Florida, doing some flying and finishing up his degree in aviation. His plans include either military aviation or flying commuter planes. It will take about 10,000 flight hours before he's ready to fly the commercial airliners. "My goal is to fly the big planes someday," Eric asserts. "As long as I get to do that in my lifetime, I'll be happy."]

LISTEN/JULY:1998

LISTEN MAGAZINE

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America's "must-read" teen mag celebrates its 50th year!

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HELPING TEENS MAKE THE RIGHT CHOICES

GRADES 7-12

"This is a hard time for me because of the divorce, but also because of adolescence."

STRESS CHANGING

A teen experiences her parents' divorce.

Article by Emily Young

• **C**hanges happen every day—big changes and little changes. Some of them make or break your day—some affect your whole life. Changes often start out as bad and hated events, because they are hard to adjust to. Most people live normal and routine lives, and a little change will put their lives off track. Big changes, such as moving to a different house, or little changes, such as using different study techniques, are hard to adjust to, but will eventually help you in the future.

• The biggest change in my life came when my parents divorced. My life split in half between my mother and my father. Suddenly I had two separate lives. Yet I felt as if I didn't belong anywhere. It seemed as though I would "visit" my mom and then "visit" my dad. I didn't really *live* anywhere. My sister was too young to really understand what had happened. She knew that our lives were different, but she didn't know that our lives would be like this forever. Each of my parents told us that this change was for the best, and everything would work out all right. I didn't believe them for a second.

• In the beginning I felt embarrassed that my parents did not live together and that I had to go from one house to the other. I thought that I was abnormal and that everyone would think my family was crazy. For two months I told no one, not even my closest friends. Finally one of my friends found out—and she made me realize that it had nothing to do with me. It was my parents' problem. At first only a few people in my class had divorced parents, but as I grew older, more and more of my friends' parents split up. It became a "normal" thing,

and I came to realize that all around the world people get divorced—even though it's not a "good" thing.

As I adjusted to the living arrangement, things did get better. There was less fighting and yelling, and we had "special time" with each of our parents. We celebrate the holidays twice and get double the amount of presents now. Also, since my dad is allergic to animals, we could never have a pet, but when Mom moved away, she got two kittens, Cleo and Brandy. Before the divorce my parents would take my sister and me on vacation, but now Mom takes us on vacation and then Dad takes us on a separate vacation. We get double the amount of trips, which is a lot of fun. It brings my sister and me closer to each of our parents. There are many good things that came out of the divorce, but there are many bad things as well.

The worst part of the divorce is all the moving around we have to do. I have to pack and unpack my bags at least twice a week, and I always seem to forget a necessity at the house I'm not at. I have to think ahead a lot. I need to know exactly what I'm going to do for the days I'm at Mom's house, so that I remember to pack everything. I'm always missing one of my parents.

My mom is Christian and my dad is Jewish, so that makes my life even more complicated. At each house I'm a different religion. During the holidays I go from lighting the menorah to decorating the Christmas tree. Also, now my parents date. My dad is very serious about one woman, and it looks as if they might end up getting married. I've found that it is very hard to see your parents with other people. I wonder what will happen if each of my parents

remarries? I will have a stepbrother and stepsister. I will have a new mom and a new dad. If this does happen, then I will have to adjust to a whole new living style again. It is hard right now, but if my parents both end up getting married again, then my life will get even more complicated. I will always have the fantasy that my parents will suddenly fall in love again and remarry and live happily ever after, even though I know it will never happen. I always wonder what might have been if they never split up. Would my life be any better?

The divorce has been very hard on my sister and me, but we know that it has also been very hard on our parents. After 10 years of never leaving us for more than a day, now they have to be away from both their children for up to a week. Also, they have to be very independent. They don't have a husband or wife to share the daily chores—someone to depend on to get things done in their lives. Each member of my family had to go through a lot to finally adjust to this lifestyle.

My lifestyle is even hard on my friends. They have to learn my schedule, and sometimes that's too complicated for them to handle. Once I had to go to a 7:00 a.m. class with my friend. She was going to call me at 6:30 just to make sure I was up. By accident she called the wrong house and woke up my mom. My friend was so embarrassed that she stopped calling my house for a while. Eventually she got over it, and everything is OK, but something like that is bound to happen again.

This is a hard time for me because of the divorce, but also because of adolescence. Fortunately, I get along well



"I'm always missing one of my parents . . . I really want to emphasize the importance of friendship; during hard times talk to a friend."

with my sister and my parents. I love to talk, and I always blab to each of my parents about how my day goes. Sometimes I start talking about my other parent, and then I feel guilty. I know that they are still friends, but talking about them makes me feel uncomfortable. I feel as though they don't care about each other, and if I start talking about them, they won't want to listen. I have to be careful what I say, because I don't like making my parents upset.

Through my hard times I was too upset to talk to my parents. My sister thought I was stupid because I had such difficulty with the divorce. I was always getting depressed, and my friends were

having to cheer me up. They were very helpful. Without them my life would be much harder than it is. I really want to emphasize the importance of friendship. If you're ever going through a hard time, talk to a friend. Find someone you know you can trust and who will listen to you always. Hopefully you will get help from this friend, and you will manage through your troubles.

A few years ago I didn't think my life was ever going to improve. I thought everything was negative, and I hated change. I had convinced myself that change was bad, and that changes would never bring good to my life. But now I know that even a bad change can be turned to good. ▀

REAL PEOPLE
SPEAKING OUT
AGAINST
DRUGS

BY S. BAGGERT

A Winning Attitude

JASON GIBSON BOWLIN' EM' OVER!



Jason Gibson is a Mattawan, Michigan, teen who seems to excel in everything. Bowling is no exception.



west region of Michigan—all by age 6.

The next year he started to play 200-plus games. In 1989-1990 Jason earned a spot on the all-state team. In 1990 he was elected captain for the all-state team and was also the highest average bowler of 8-year-olds or under in the state of Michigan. At one point he had the highest

AS A 3-YEAR-OLD, JASON WAS PICKING UP A SIX-POUND BOWLING BALL AND SENDING IT DOWN THE ALLEY TO TOPPLE THE PINS.

average in the country.

Today Jason competes in six to eight competitions a year, including state, city, and family tournaments. Sometimes he travels as far as Lansing, Michigan, to compete. He continues to practice two or three times a week with his dad.

At the age of 13 Jason is a several-times-over trophy winner, belongs to a league that has placed first for the past six years, and has already received the outstanding achievement award from the Kalamazoo Gazette.

Where does his success come from? Is it pure raw talent? Yes, he's talented, but as you may have guessed, Jason also has a

(Continued on page 29)

When Jason was 9 months old his parents started letting him roll the bowling ball across the floor of their family-owned bowling pro shop. At the ripe old age of 3 Jason began spending hours at a time playing the game at the bowling alley. He had a season with an average score of 53. This little 3-year-old was picking up a six-pound bowling ball, walking four steps, and rolling it down an alley to knock down the pins. At this time he was bowling 10 to 15 games at a time.

Jason's first trophy was for highest average bowler in his league; he won it again the next year. In addition he has won highest average bowler for 8-year-olds or under in the south-



The Guinness World Champion Basketball Handler **BRUCE CREVIER** **SPIN!**

Bruce Crevier holds the Guinness world record for basketball spinning. Amazingly, he spins up to 18 basketballs on his body at one time. As a motivational speaker he teases both basketballs and the crowd while teaching the audience how to win.

WIN is Crevier's motto.

"WIN: work, integrity, and never give up," he tells the packed-house crowds who roar approval wherever he travels, integrating them into his action-filled programs.

Crevier repeatedly encourages his listeners to win in the game of life.

Sports have been a large part of Crevier's life. "I was encouraged by good role models as the eleventh of 12 children," he shares. His older brothers and sisters taught him his sporting skills. "They were absolute inspirations as sports players. I learned so much from them," he says.

"I also learned that with every sport you have a boundary line. Points are scored and accomplish something. If you don't have any goals, you'll be disqualified," Crevier says.

"In my work I've visited more than 200 prisons where people are jailed for stepping out of bounds," he points out.

Using his basketball skills, with the unique attention-getter of spinning the balls, Crevier creates a platform of respect and credibility as he shares his own decision-making process as a teenager. Decisions he's never regretted.

"I asked myself, 'Will I ever

take drugs or alcohol?' My answer was no. And I decided I'd be the best athlete I could be," he says.

To those who have tried drugs already, Crevier says, "It's not too late to stop."

He emphasizes that the N in his WIN motto is the never-give-up aspect, and it is as important as the W and I, the work and integrity aspects.

SPORTS HAVE BEEN A LARGE PART OF CREVIER'S LIFE, BUT HE ENCOURAGES HIS LISTENERS TO WIN WHERE IT REALLY COUNTS—IN THE GAME OF LIFE.

Crevier's older brothers and sisters got him started with basketball spinning. His college-age brothers were taught by a fellow student they still call "Crazy George." Then his older sister Tanya developed proficiency with basketball tricks. Bruce caught her enthusiasm, and together they started a team show for youth groups and camps.

"After a while I got so busy doing the shows that I didn't have time for a regular 8:00 to 5:00 job," Crevier explains. "So I made a decision to make a living at this. It was a part of being the best athlete I could be.

"It was in the town of Hiawatha, Kansas, at the suggestion of Dan Horton, staff member of Youth for Christ, that my try for the *Guinness Book of Records*

started.

"In 1989 the basketball-spinning record was 12 balls at a time. I was encouraged during a fund-raiser for the Fellowship of Christian Athletes (FCA) at the University of Nebraska Cornhuskers benefit game.

"I might as well get in good," I told Gordon Thiessen, state director for FCA.

(Continued on page 29)

• *Crevier is becoming somewhat of a legend on the lecture circuit; he can spin 18 basketballs on his body at one time, a world record.*





Benjamin, 17, was sitting in his room watching television and eating peanuts when Mike, his best friend and cohort in mischief, called on the phone. He was hyper, excited, and loud, like he had just won a million bucks and gotten a date with the most popular girl at school.

"Benny, Benny, my man," he yelled so loudly the phone almost wiggled in Benny's hands. "You gotta come over, and I mean, like right now, dude."

"What's up?" asked Benjamin, looking at his watch, noting that it was already 10:30 at night, and not feeling like going out.

"Trust me, trust me," Mike said. "Have I ever led you astray? You don't want to miss this."

"Miss what?"

"Benny, Benny. You'd better get over here before the cat gets away."

"Cat?"

"Yeah, cat."

The cat, Benny soon found out, was actually methcathinone. When Benny went over to Mike's house and Mike locked the bedroom door behind them, Mike placed a line of white powder on a sheet of glass and said that if Benny wanted an experience he'd never forget, then just suck the white stuff up his

nostrils. Benny, not necessarily the strongest-willed of teenagers and always eager to please Mike, snorted the powder up his nose without wasting a second. At first he felt as if he was going to sneeze, and Mike, who could see it coming, said, "Don't, don't, don't!"

CADILLAC EXPRESS

Benny didn't. Too bad, because if he had, he would have blown out and escaped one of the newest and most dangerously addictive drugs to hit the United States in years.

Cat, also known as wonder star, Cadillac express, ephedrone, goob, Jeff, Mulka, wild cat, and the C, is a clandestinely manufactured cousin to the drug known as speed, or methamphetamine, long a big drug problem in the United States. Cat's cheap, easy for criminals to make, highly addictive, and exceedingly dangerous. It's basically a "witches' brew" of battery acid, Drano, and asthma medication—not exactly the smartest stuff to stick up your nose, swallow, inhale, or inject into your bloodstream. Yet, that's exactly how some people hitch rides on the Cadillac express.

B U E L W I N G R U B E R

"The drug," warns the Indiana Prevention Resource Center, "is relatively easy to manufacture, from commonly available materials, and can produce quick profits. Five hundred dollars' worth of raw material and containers and equipment commonly found in home kitchens can produce a drug valued at \$20,000 to \$50,000 on the street market."

The history of cat almost reads like a bad novel. Though the drug, in its synthesized form, has been around since the early 1900s, it is related to the naturally occurring stimulant drug cathinone, *Cathula edulis*. It is found in the "khat" plant in parts of Africa and the southern Arabian Peninsula, where it's been a drug problem for centuries. Khat recently made news as a common drug of abuse in Somalia and surrounding countries. Synthesized cat was used as an antidepressant in the Soviet Union during the 1930s and 1940s and remains to this day one of the biggest drug problems in Russia next to alcohol. (One report said that the use of cat in Russia increased tenfold in a four-year period.)

In the mid-1950s the American pharmaceutical manufacturer Parke Davis and Company did research on the drug and concluded that there were "unacceptable safety risks and substantial side effects," and so discontinued research. That might have ended it, then and there, except that in 1989 a University of Michigan student—interning at Parke Davis—stole samples of the drug and documentation on how to make it. In 1990 friends of the student, using what he stole, began manufacturing methcathinone and selling it for large profits in clandestine laboratories in Michigan. Before long labs were springing up all over the place, particularly in the Midwest, and cat became another headache for the Drug Enforcement

THE DRUG IS EXCEEDINGLY ADDICTIVE, AND STUDIES SHOW THAT CAT ADDICTION IS AS DIFFICULT TO TREAT AS ADDICTION TO CRACK COCAINE.

Administration. In 1992, under the federal Controlled Substances Act, the drug was declared illegal. Depending on the circumstance, such as age of the one arrested, how much cat they had on them, and whether or not there was an intent to sell, a conviction could bring up to 20 years in prison and a million-dollar fine.

No wonder. Despite the sometimes pleasant effects reported after the initial cat use—a sense of euphoria, optimism, a sense of invincibility, increased alertness, and energy (after all, people aren't going to use it, or any illegal drug, if at some stage it didn't make them feel good)—as with most drugs the problems come later, and with cat they can come with a vengeance.

First, the drug is exceedingly addictive, and it has been reported that addiction can result after just one "binge" (in which users take it for several days straight). Studies indicate that cat addiction is as difficult to treat as addiction to crack cocaine.

Second, chronic use leads to paranoia, delusions, hallucinations (the common one being bugs crawling on the skin), severe, or suicidal depression, tremors, stomach pain, destruction of nasal tissues (from snorting), elevated blood pressure, and seizures.

Third, according to the Drug

and Poison Information Center in Cincinnati, Ohio, "additional toxicities can occur from the individual chemicals used to manufacture the drug, residues from incomplete reactions and the subsequent contaminants." According to the report, "heavy metal poisoning" is relatively common from cat use.

People who use the drug in many ways give the best explanation of what it does. One person on the Internet told of his experience with cat: "Then I snorted some. I think it was at this point that I became 'instantly addicted.' Users everywhere—everyone I gave it to—seemed to agree. Unlike cocaine, snorting methcathinone is by far the strongest route to your body's system. . . . I still managed to screw up my life, however, and got kicked out of my house and started living in my car, synthesizing cat wherever I could find a microwave and a hair dryer to dry it. Eventually I became quite paranoid and was checked into an institution by my unsuspecting parents."

Said another user: "Withdrawal is characterized by sadness and feelings of despair, along with a lack of energy."

Another described his experience in a detox tank: "I hadn't known I was hooked. I felt like I had a temperature of 1 million degrees. I could hardly breathe; my whole body ached."

Sounds like great fun! If you've lost touch with reality, that is.

Obviously cat—whatever the initial effect—hardly seems worth it. Though the drug isn't big in the United States, at least so far, its use appears to be spreading, mostly because it's relatively easy to make. And many users get it from their "best" friends. As with Benny, who loved it, at least at first. Later, though, he found that addiction and withdrawal made the Cadillac express one ride he wished he hadn't taken. ■

JASON GIBSON

A Winning Attitude

(Continued from p. 24)

very supportive family and a positive environment in which to grow. In Jason's words, "It's easy to have a winning attitude because of my family." He has three brothers and two loving parents. "Jason has a winning attitude because he always feels there is something more for him to learn," says his dad.

Although Jason's record score is 277 and his average score is now 195, he still remains modest. "I feel like I'm bragging," he said during

this interview.

Jason has strong views about drugs. "I don't care for them," he says. "I would never do them, and I don't think anyone else should." Jason feels that if more kids found something positive that they liked to do, such as bowling, they would spend more

Jason has a winning attitude because he always feels there is always something more for him to learn," says his dad.

SPIN: (Continued from p. 25) *Bruce Crevier Story*

He organized the videotaping of it and I got in the record with 15. By 1992 I upped it to 16 on a television show called *Record Breakers*, filmed by the British Broadcasting Company in Las Vegas," he details.

That was a launching pad for other television appearances in 1993: the *700 Club* and a week of programming with Bryant Gumbel and Katie Couric on the *Today Show* featuring record-breaking feats, when Crevier again upped his previous record to 17 spinning basketballs.

The same year he appeared on the *Vickie Lawrence Show*.

In 1994 Crevier appeared on the *Live With Regis and Kathie Lee* show, where they challenged him to break his own record. He did, now holding the record at 18.

"I've also been on *100 Huntley Street*, the Canadian version of the *700 Club*," he says.

"With this kind of exposure, it's inevitable that you'll be either a good or bad role model. I want to be a positive role model, especially

for kids," he insists.

"We live in an instant society: McDonald's, talk shows, sitcoms. We're a very impatient people. I want to take time with the worthwhile things," Crevier says.

"Why do people play and enjoy sports so much? Because in every sport you have those boundary lines and goals. People enjoy watching other people succeed—and they like succeeding themselves!

"You also need to have those goals and boundary lines in the race of life. It will make your life more fun, and you will get a lot more accomplished.

"You need to be a total person, and you can't be that if drugs are a part of your life. You need to stay

You need... goals and boundary lines in the race of life."

time doing it and less time doing drugs.

Jason doesn't let bowling interfere with school, as school is very important to him. "I love school, and I have good teachers," Jason says with admiration. This A and B student tackles school the same way he does bowling—with a winner's attitude.

Along with bowling and school Jason still finds time to help others. He is currently involved with Students Working All Together, or SWAT. This program is designed to let students like Jason tutor younger students who need help in certain subjects. ▀

away from anything that will trip you up in this race. You need to run to win," he urges.

"Some of the people reading *Listen* may think, *What can I do? I'm already involved in drugs and/or an immoral lifestyle.*

"Remember, it's never too late to be an overcomer! A champion is made one decision at a time. Make positive little decisions, and the big ones will take care of themselves," Crevier stresses.

Crevier's programs continue on not only in the United States but also in Australia, Europe, Russia, South America, and Asia. The horizon is filled with even more possibilities as Crevier shares in WIN motto with students and teachers worldwide.

Crevier is encouraged by the mail he receives from students telling him about their own positive decisions. "They're already champions by their decisions. With these decisions there will always be new possibilities, new challenges," he assures.

Despite Crevier's appreciation of sports, he says clearly, "Sports is not an end in itself; it's simply a means to an end. You shouldn't let it be all-consuming." ▀

JUST BETWEEN US

SAME OLD PROBLEM

Most editors seem to have crossed the blood-ink barrier and merged their inner selves in a very palpable way with their publication. It's a process that is rather hard to explain, but I can tell you that every critical letter leaves this editor with very real scars—and those (thankfully) common letters of commendation boost me big-time for more than a day or two.

Somehow, in this process of defining and defending *Listen* magazine, I seem to be constantly correcting people about the aims of the magazine. "It's not *just* a drug education magazine," I tell anybody who will listen. You see, "Celebrating Positive Choices" embraces all sorts of life goals, life skills, and positive behaviors that very naturally work against the temptation to use drugs and indulge in a wide range of similar harmful behaviors.

In fact, I have come to a rather revolutionary conclusion regarding this side of *Listen* magazine. It is a conclusion that I've begun to share with drug educators whenever I can. It can be summed up like this: "If tomorrow we were somehow able to eliminate every drug substance that is currently being used and abused in this country, we would still have the very same problem—it would just manifest itself in a different way."

It's a point that is lost on most of us most of the time. It certainly is forgotten whenever we discuss cutting off the drug flow at the source, or interdicting drug shipments, or shutting down the drug-dealing operations. These things we must do—it is true. But they are not the root problem—they have become mechanisms to satisfy the false craving of addicts and experimenters alike.

The reality, as *Listen* readers have discovered for 50 years now, is that those who are at peace with themselves, with their community, and with the order of the universe as they find it will not use and do not want to use destructive substances. But as long as this imbalance and false craving for meaning exists, it will manifest itself through drug use, promiscuity, violence, depression, or a myriad of other socially dangerous and personally devastating ways.

So next time you pick up *Listen* magazine, think positive alternatives. Think fulfilling lifestyles. Don't even *think* drugs. ▀



L I N C O L N S T E E D

Editor **Lincoln E. Steed**
Assistant Editor **Anita L. Jacobs**

Designer **Ed Guthero**
Sales Director **Ginger Church**

Editorial Consultants: Winton Beaven, Ph.D.; Hans Diehl, Dr.H.Sc., M.P.H.; Winston Ferris; Patricia Mutch, Ph.D.; Thomas R. Neslund; Stoy Proctor, M.P.H.; Francis A. Soper, Litt.D.; Jennifer Acklam; DeWitt Williams, Ph.D.; Lars Justinen; Ed Guthero.



MEMBER OF THE
PARTNERSHIP
FOR A DRUG-FREE
AMERICA



BY JULIANA LEWIS

PUZZLE

SHARING A BORDER

Almost everyone knows that the United States borders with Mexico and Canada, right? (Well, at least they do now!) But maybe we are not so clear on what states border other states within the U.S. Let's take a cross-country trip and find out what's out there.

Ten states are named in column 1.

Neighboring states are listed in column 2.

Can you match each state with the one that shares its border?

- | | |
|----------------|------------------------|
| 1. Washington | _____ A. Alabama |
| 2. Arizona | _____ B. New Hampshire |
| 3. Montana | _____ C. Oregon |
| 4. Texas | _____ D. New Jersey |
| 5. Minnesota | _____ E. Utah |
| 6. Mississippi | _____ F. Maryland |
| 7. Kentucky | _____ G. Wyoming |
| 8. Virginia | _____ H. Indiana |
| 9. New York | _____ I. Iowa |
| 10. Maine | _____ J. Oklahoma |

Answers: 1. C. 2. E. 3. G. 4. J. 5. I. 6. A. 7. H. 8. F. 9. D. 10. B.



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