

CELEBRATING POSITIVE CHOICES



1st

**TRUE LIES, P. 8
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**See pages 30 and 31 for
hot info on VIDEO POSTER/ESSAY CONTEST
IN YOUR SDA SCHOOL!!!**

P.16

WORLD MOTOCROSS CHAMP

KEVIN ALBERTY



THE SMOKE HIT ME IN
THE FACE... SUDDENLY
I REALIZED HE WAS
SMOKING MARIJUANA.

MAKING THE Scene

"I'll deal with that tomorrow,"
I yelled at my brother as I slammed the door.

Hey, Matt I need a fave," I said, flopping down onto the oversized couch next to my 17-year-old brother. "What is it this time?" Matt asked as he looked up from his trigonometry text. "I suppose you want to borrow my car? Not on your life, Jamie. You've had your license for all of a week. I wouldn't trust you with my old bicycle, let alone my set of wheels."

"Don't worry, big shot, I don't need your crummy car." I ran a hand through my blond shaggy hair. "I'm headed over to Steph Sullivan's place. I figure with Mom and Dad in Chicago until 4:00 tomorrow, there won't be a problem with me taking Mom's car."

"There's no way I'm covering for you." Matt kicked his Adidas cross-trainer across the beige carpet. "What would possess you to go to Sullivan's? It's bad news, Jamie."

I had finally been invited to a party there. What would Matt know about it, anyway? He was always too busy studying to take note of the social scene. My brown eyes bore into him as I spoke, "Matt, if I'd wanted your fatherly advice, I

would have asked for it. So there might be a little beer there—big deal. Now, are you gonna keep quiet about Mom's car or what?"

He glared at me. "Jamie, I guarantee that if you go to Steph's place you'll be sorry. Borrowing Mom's car is the least of it."

I had heard enough; Matt wasn't my keeper. "I'll make my own decisions. As far as Mom's car goes, I'll deal with that tomorrow. Later." I slammed the front door.

I parked the car in front of Steph's house. Already I could hear the music of Pearl Jam blaring from inside. I gave myself one last glance in the rearview mirror. I recognized only a couple of the cars parked in the driveway. Apparently Steph knew a lot of kids that I didn't. That was cool! I was always in for meeting new people.

I rang the doorbell, wondering if anyone would actually hear it. Then a guy I didn't know opened the door. His blond hair hung down past the collar of his mustard-colored shirt. He had a cigarette in one hand and a can of beer in the other.

"Hey, babe. Glad you could be

here," he slurred. "We're just starting to have a good time."

He opened the door so I could walk past him. The haze of cigarette smoke was thick. I tried to find Steph, but none of the faces looked familiar. I made my way over to the window, still searching the room for someone I recognized. Everyone had either a can of beer or a bottle of liquor. The darkened room reeked of alcohol. There was a sickly smell in the air. No one seemed to be bothered by the loud music.

Another guy I didn't know came up to me, puffing on a cigarette and carrying a can of beer in each hand. "Hey, lonesome, it looks like you could handle some conversation. Ya wanna beer?"

I took the can from him, not wanting to be the only person in the room without one. "Uh, yeah, thanks," I managed to get out. "Do you happen to know where Steph is?"

"Sullivan? She's busy upstairs." The silver chains around his neck shook as he swung his head toward the oak staircase. He took another puff of his cigarette. The smoke hit me in the face. It smelled pungent, like the stench that hung in the air.

ARTICLE BY J. PLOWMAN

"Ya wanna drag?" He held the cigarette out toward me.

Suddenly I realized that he was smoking marijuana. My heart began to race. I wiped my sweaty palms onto my faded jeans. "Uh, maybe later."

"Don't want to bother with the little stuff, huh? I could work it out for you to do some tricks on the mirror." He pointed across the room.

Two girls were huddled over a mirror that was on top of the television. A pile of white powder was on the middle of the mirror. One girl started scooting the

"What's up, kiddo? Is Randy giving you a hard time?" Steph brushed her curly red hair away from her face. "Don't fret it. He likes to tease. Do you need another drink?"

"Uh, no. Actually I was just leaving." I reached for the door handle.

"Oh, I get it. A little scared, are we? First time?" Steph tried to make her way to me, but was tripped up by a bottle that lay on the floor.

"Are you gonna chicken out after I invited you here?" she asked from the floor.

"I've really got to go." My palms were starting to sweat again.

wait to go upstairs and shower.

"Bad party?" he asked.

"Save your lectures, Matt. I don't need it," I spat at him, holding back the tears.

"Sis, wait a minute. What happened? You want to talk?" he asked.

The tears started to roll from my eyes. "Matt, you were right. I saw things tonight I've never seen before. People were acting so stupid, so gone. It made me sick to my stomach."

By this time Matt had his arm around me. "Hey, Jamie, I'm not going to rub it in. I'm here if you need an ear to listen."

"Thanks." I wiped a tear from my cheek. "But that isn't the worst of it. Steph was ticked that I left the party. She threatened to tell everyone that I made out with every guy at the party. What will everyone think? Plus, now I've got to face Mom and tell her I took her car. It wasn't even worth it. I'll be grounded and won't ever get to use it."

"Jamie, you know Steph's story is nothing but a lie. Your true friends aren't going to believe it either. Besides, Steph was probably so stoned she won't even remember talking to you come Monday." Matt tried to comfort me.

"But how do you know that's the way it'll work, Matt?" I asked.

"Jamie," Matt asked, "how do you think I knew what would be at that party?"

I thought for a second. "You mean, you actually went—?"

"Yeah, I've been down this same road," he interrupted. "I know exactly how you feel."

"I didn't figure you'd ever . . ." my voice trailed.

"I know. You thought all I ever did was study," he finished. "Jamie?"

"Yeah?" I asked, walking toward the staircase.

"As far as the car goes," he said with a wink, "I don't know a thing."

I winked back at him as I proceeded up the stairs. ■



"Oh, I get it, a little scared, are we? First time?"

powder into a line.

Knots began forming in the pit of my stomach. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I suddenly felt nauseated. Trying to set the untouched beer down, I felt for the windowsill.

"Hey, girl, you're looking a little green." The guy with the marijuana broke into my thoughts. "Maybe you did a little before you got here? You get hold of some bad stuff?"

I managed to put the beer down. "What? Uh, no. Uh, I've got to run." I started to make my way toward the front door. I felt his hand go around my elbow. The knots in my stomach got even tighter.

"Why you running out so soon, hon? I'm just getting to know you. What's your name?" he asked as I jerked my arm from his grip.

"Hey, Randy, leave her alone. She's a pal of mine." I turned around to see Steph standing at the bottom of the stairs. Her eyes were glossed over, and she was hanging on to the banister in order to keep her balance.

"Maybe you don't get it. You leave here, and I tell everyone how you made out with every guy here," Steph continued. "Does that change your mind, angel?"

I couldn't believe what she was threatening. "Steph, you know that isn't the truth," I stammered, holding back the tears.

"Do I know that?" she said as she got up off the floor. "Remember, I've been upstairs. It's hard to tell what you did while I was away."

I knew that if I stayed at that house one minute longer I'd throw up. "You disgust me. I can't even begin to stomach what I've seen here tonight. I'm leaving." I swung the door open and raced outside.

I stopped twice on the way home so I could throw up. My cardigan smelled so bad of marijuana that I tore it off and threw it out the window. I didn't want to be reminded of anything associated with that party.

Matt looked up from his trig book when I opened the door of our house. I felt so dirty I couldn't



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.

My problem is that this really cute guy in my class always writes me love letters. I like him, too. But he won't ask me out, because he says he's afraid that I will say no. I don't want to ask him out first. How can I get him to get the nerve to ask me out?

He sounds really shy (but don't worry, because that can be a good thing in the long run!). Just keep talking to him and getting to know him and letting him get to know you better and better! He will come around in time if he is really interested—and it definitely sounds like he is! As for his shyness, count that as a *plus*—because you can bet that

he's not the kind to go around flirting with every girl he meets. For now, just be patient.

I am 12 years old, and I like this girl who is 13 years old. We hang out together all the time and have such a good time laughing. Sometimes I even eat dinner at her house. People say we would make a great couple. The problem is that she already has a boyfriend. He is 14. I know that if he ever found out that I liked his girlfriend, he would kill me. I just wish she would break up with him. Then I would start to date her. In the meantime, what can I do?

Ouch! It's that *love triangle* thing again! Unfortunately, from the way you describe the situation, it sounds like the "girl of your dreams" is already in a boyfriend/girlfriend relationship. As much as you may not want to hear this, my advice is Don't meddle into their affairs. As much as you may like this girl, it would be inconsiderate, disrespectful, and just plain rotten of you to try to take her away from her present boyfriend. The decision to end the relationship needs to be made by the two parties involved—*without the interference of anyone else!* If you and this girl are meant to be together, it will happen on its own. For now you need to concentrate on something other than this already-spoken-for girl.

Two of my friends have birthdays the same day. One of their boyfriends wants to have a big birthday party for them out in the country at this abandoned barn. It's way out of the way, so I'm sure no one (police, etc.) will ever find us. The problem is that they want to have marijuana and beer out there. I'm all in favor of having a birthday party—but I'm against the beer and marijuana. They keep trying to convince me that it's going to be OK. What can I do to get them not to bring beer or pot?

Hold on—back up! Webster's dictionary defines a friend as "one attached to another by affection and esteem." Friends are supposed to bring out and encourage the best in each other—not the worst. So if these so-called friends are leading you toward harmful, immoral, and illegal activities, then they're not really *true* friends. You absolutely *must* stand your ground and not cave in to their wishes. If they insist on going ahead with the beer and marijuana at the party after you explain your strong objections, then definitely *do not*, under any circumstances, go to or near the birthday party. Getting caught or not is no criteria for whether a deed is wrong. Remember, *you must stand for something or you will fall for anything!*

I am 16 and the oldest kid in my family. There are four of us kids. I have to baby-sit a lot because both of my parents work. I love my two brothers and my sister. My family doesn't have much money, but

we're really close. The problem is that my youngest brother (he's 7 years old) is retarded. Kids at my school and in the neighborhood make fun of him all the time. It makes me sick, because I love him. What can I do?

I am convinced that a very low self-esteem is what makes people pick on other people. How a person treats others is an indication of how that person feels about himself or herself. You may not be able to do a single thing to stop these bullies from taunting and teasing your brother right now—but your love and support for your brother will help tremendously to ease his pain when this happens. I believe with all my heart that whatever pain a person brings into the heart or life of another will come back on them twice as bad; likewise, whatever joy and happiness a person brings to another person's life will someday produce double the blessings in that person's own life.

I live in Grenada in the Caribbean Islands, and I am almost 17 years old. I was supposed to go to secondary school with the rest of the kids my age. My problem is that over here we have to take a test to see if we can enter secondary school. I didn't pass the test, so now I have to go to a school with all younger kids. I feel sick because of this. What can I do?

It may seem like the end of the world right now, but there can be some good things about it as well. Your attitude about your future will make a huge difference in how happy and content you feel. If studying and schoolwork are problem areas for you, you will have much more learning success in a school with slightly younger kids. Second, being around younger kids presents an excellent opportunity to be a good role model for them. They will be watching you and trying to copy many of the things they see you do. Take advantage of this position to teach them positive, healthy choices. Third, even though you are at a different school from the friends your age, you can still socialize with them after school and on weekends. And your other friendships do not have to end just because you are at a different school now. Focus on the positives and look at the bright side of this situation. A good attitude will produce a good experience! **Z**

SO AND SO FORTH

COMPILED BY
MICHAEL
WARREN

A LOOK AT A BILLIONAIRE'S TIME

If billionaire Bill Gates noticed a \$500 bill on the ground, he might not think it worth his time to pick it up. Here's why: Bill Gates, who founded Microsoft 22 years ago, has a personal net worth of more than \$40 billion, according to *Harper's* magazine. If he's been working 14 hours a day, that means he has made about \$50,000 an hour on average. That means his time is worth \$150 a second. If it takes him four seconds to bend over and pick up that \$500 bill, he's actually wasting time!

THE OTHER MANHATTAN PROJECT

Here's one of the greatest practical jokes of all time. Back in 1824 a man convinced the people of Manhattan that the island was about to sink because of the weight of all the buildings. His solution made sense to a lot of folks: cut the island in half, drag the lower end out into the harbor, flip it around, and put the island back together. The workers spent months preparing for the job, but when the day came to start, the project's creator was nowhere to be found!

NUCLEAR-FREE

—Almost when visiting the town of Chico, California, remember to leave your nuclear weapons at home. It's against the law to set off a nuclear bomb within the city limits. If you do, it carries a maximum fine of \$500.



IT'S ELEMENTARY, SHERLOCK!

Back in 1917 two English girls said they had discovered real-life "fairies" in a nearby forest. And they had pictures to prove it. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (the author of the Sherlock Holmes stories) was completely convinced, and he spread the news throughout the country. But more than 60 years later the two girls—now elderly

women—admitted it was a joke. The "fairies" they had photographed were paper cutouts! Put that in the X-files, Miss Moneypenny.

RX PLANT LIFE

No, plants can't talk, but they do communicate with each other. When a disease begins to spread in certain plant colonies, the sick plants will begin to produce a chemical called salicylic acid—better known as aspirin. Some of the chemical evaporates into the air, where the surrounding plants get a whiff of danger and also begin producing aspirin to ward off the disease!

THE ULTIMATE HOT ROD

Andy Green likes to drive fast—*really fast*. His seven-ton car, called the Thrust SSC, has a thousand times more horsepower than a Ford Escort. It burns five gallons of fuel every second, and it has traveled at a brisk 763 miles per hour. Last October Andy's car (which is basically a rocket on wheels) broke the sound barrier in Nevada's Black Rock Desert.

KILLER COFFEE

Sure, most people know that coffee isn't exactly good for them. But in ancient Turkey drinking a hot cup of Joe was punishable by death!

LETTUCE FRESH OR DRIED?

In a doomed search for a "safer" cigarette, one manufacturer is producing a cigarette made of dried lettuce leaves. Seems that unlike tobacco, lettuce leaves don't contain nicotine. Of course, neither did the hotel fire that asphyxiated all those guests. Thanks, but we'll stick to fresh salad greens. ▀





TRUE LIES

T rue lies? An oxymoron? (No, an oxymoron is not a slow-witted ox.) Oxymoron means a contradiction of terms. For instance, if something is a lie, how can it be true? And if it's true, how can it be a lie? An oxymoron.

Maybe you have friends who demonstrate this particular oxymoron. Your friends expect you to be truthful with them, but you can never be certain when they're telling you the truth. Not fun, huh?

What is a lie? An untruth? A partial truth? The avoidance of truth? What lies are OK to tell? When should you be truthful? Lying is a developed habit, like smoking cigarettes or brushing your teeth. It isn't something people do naturally; it takes practice. They tell a lie, then another, then another. And before they know it, the habit of lying grows so strong that they confuse

the truth with the lies they've told. Everyone around them knows they lie, that their stories can't be trusted, but such people eventually are not even aware that they are lying.

Take the following quiz to determine where lying must stop and truth begin. The scenarios described are real. While they might not have happened to you, they could and do happen regularly. How will you react? A little forethought can save you a lot of grief in the future. To get a different perspective on the

situation, discuss your answers with a friend or with a parent. If you want to get technical, make a chart and list your findings.

(Example:)

Scenario 1: (brief description)

Solution A:

1. Immediate effects:
2. Long-term effects:

Solution B:

1. Immediate effects:
2. Long-term effects:

SCENARIO 1:

Your friend Jason broke into the school guidance counselor's computer files and changed his biology grade from a D to a B. He did the same with your grades and the grades of two other friends. What do you do? Keep quiet? Report him to the principal? List every possible option you might have and determine what immediate effect each solution could have on you and on Jason, and what long-term effect your decision could have on

The habit of lying grows so strong that they confuse the truth with the lies they've told.



the people involved.

My turn: Well-known politicians have destroyed their reputations and careers by falsifying school documents to make themselves look better, smarter, or wealthier than they really are. Think about it: Would you want to be aboard a plane with a pilot who "fudged" their way through flight training? Would you want a cardiovascular surgeon who cheated their way through medical school doing open-heart surgery on you or someone you love? Would you want a dentist to do a root canal on your mouth if they somehow altered their test scores the day his instructors taught the proper techniques for mouth surgery?

SCENARIO 2:

Late Saturday night your friend Ben comes to your house and asks you to store a top-of-the-line PC system for him. From the way he's acting, you surmise that it might be "hot." The next morning the local television news reports a major robbery at the computer store where you and your friends hang out after school. The

announcer lists the serial numbers of the stolen merchandise. You know, even before you check, that the serial number on Ben's computer is on that list.

**A true friend
would not put you
in a position that
would compromise
you and your
integrity.**

MY TURN: You might think, "Hey, nobody got hurt. The store has theft insurance, right?" Yes, but where does the merchant get the money to pay the insurance premiums? From you and me, that's who. We help pay those premiums. We pay for Ben's computer every time we shop in the store where the theft occurred. Also, the police would consider you an accomplice after the fact. You could be arrested for dealing in stolen goods, for a start. These are just two powerful reasons not to protect a "friend" who commits

such a crime. (I put the word "friend" in quotation marks because I don't believe a true friend, one who really cares for you, would put you in a position that could compromise you and your integrity.)

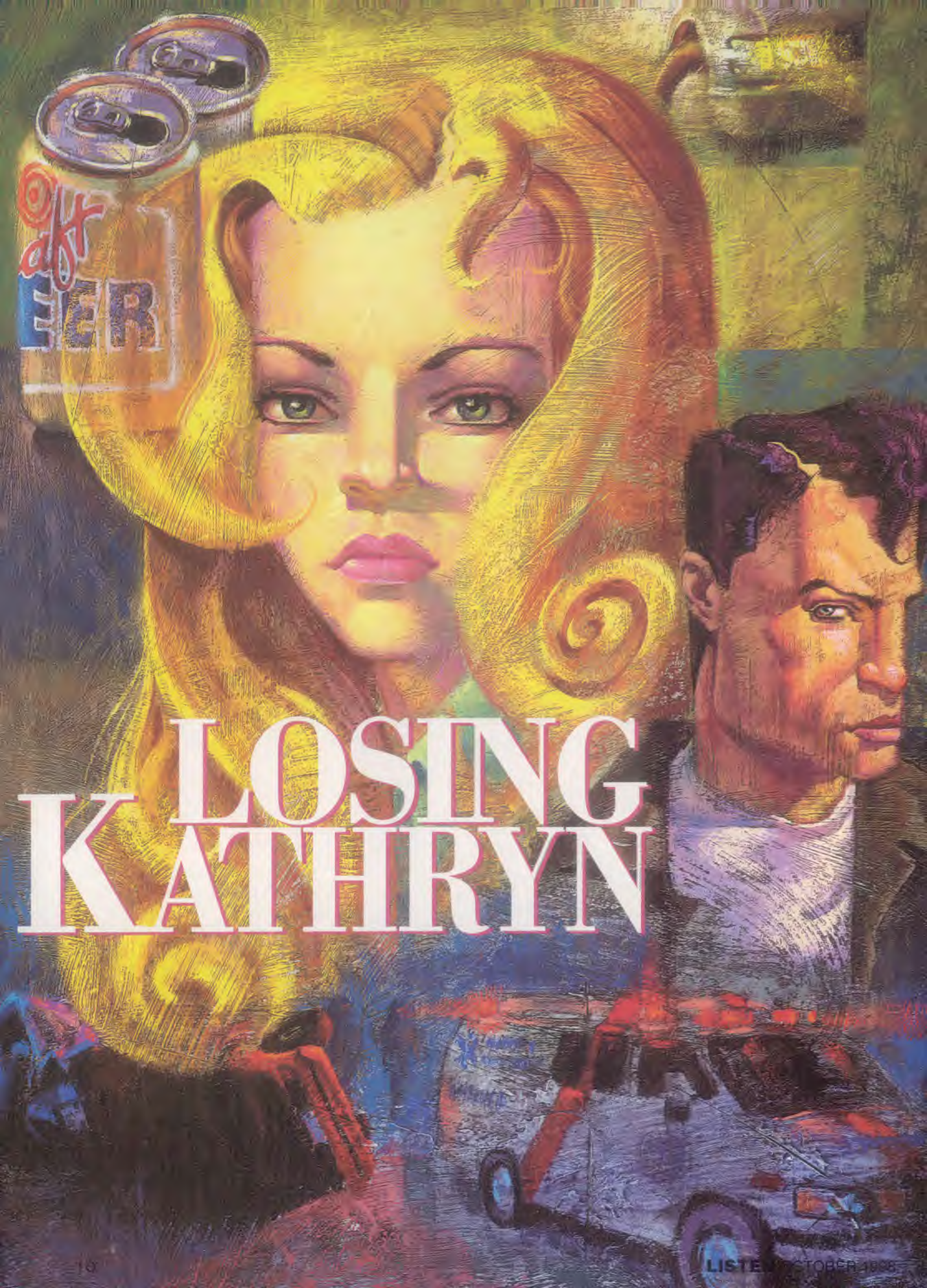
SCENARIO 3:

Your friend Rosie comes to you in tears. She says she was raped during a victory basketball party at another friend's home. You were at the party. She names John, a mutual friend, as her attacker. She describes how he drugged her and raped her. You saw Rosie leave the party on John's arm. She appeared drunk. This surprised you, since you thought Rosie didn't drink alcoholic beverages.

After hearing her story, you confront John. He laughs. "She only got what she deserved. She wanted it as much as I did."

Knowing John as well as you do, you have no doubt that he's guilty. But you say nothing until a detective from the local police station calls you out of class and asks you about the evening. What do you do? What do you say? Will you help both of your friends? Or will you be forced to choose between them? And how much should you tell the police?

MY TURN: This is a difficult one—pitting friend against friend. Should you tell the police what you suspect? Or should you pretend not to know anything about the alleged rape? Answer their questions honestly about what you observed at the party and in your follow-up conversations, nothing more, and definitely not your suspicions. Save those for when you confront your friends. If you really believe John used the latest "date-rape drug" to have sex with Rosie, confront him about it. Remember, while the law might not have enough evidence to convict him of rape, his peers certainly can. ▀



LOSING KATHRYN

Three years ago she carried a black balloon one day at school to demonstrate the impact of teen lives taken by drunk drivers. No one was allowed to talk with her, and her friends got a sense of what life without Kathryn would be like. Now they know for sure.

BY KERRI J. DOWD

After spending the day shopping, cooking, and watching a video, Mike Nelson and Kathryn Ward watched the sunset. Then just before 9:00 p.m. Kathryn left for home in her Ford Fiesta. They'd been together for two years, and this was routine. She always called when she got home.

He gave her an extra minute or two and called her house. She wasn't home yet, her mother told him. He waited another couple minutes and tried again. Kathryn still wasn't home, and her sister Sherry said she heard sirens. Maybe Kathryn was stuck behind an accident.

Mike jumped into his car and traced the route Kathryn always traveled. He was right behind the paramedics. Cars lined the side of the road. Mike parked and ran up the line, hoping that each car he passed would be Kathryn's, that she was there waiting for the road to reopen.

None of the sidelined cars was hers. Hers was the one surrounded by lights and sirens, the one crushed and twisted almost beyond recognition. Mike got into the car from the passenger side. "She was still conscious, but unable to talk. She was fighting because she was trapped, trying to get out," he said. "I told her that I was there. She reached out for me. I grabbed her hand. She knew it was me, and she squeezed pretty hard, harder than I think I've ever had my hand squeezed. She had a lot of strength left."

Kathryn's family were there

too. "All I could do," says Arlene, Kathryn's older sister, "was watch as the rescue crew frantically rushed to remove her broken body. I saw my dad leaning through the front window of the car from where the engine was supposed to be, helping to free her."

Earlier that evening Scott Davis had been drinking at a party about a half block from Kathryn's home. Already drunk, he left the party and drove his half-ton pickup to a convenience store to buy more beer. Then about a mile and a half past Kathryn's house he zoomed out from behind another vehicle and hit Kathryn head-on. "She didn't even have time to put on her brakes," her mother said.

Davis's truck rolled after he hit Kathryn. He was treated for a minor gash on his head, but that was the extent of his injuries. Kathryn's mom, Sherry, tried to talk with him, but he was too intoxicated to make any sense.

The image of Kathryn as the paramedics worked to get her into the ambulance is one that will haunt the family for the rest of their lives. "She was bloody, semiconscious, and her legs were broken so violently that the rescue personnel had difficulty placing her on the stretcher. I hurt so badly for my little sister," Arlene says. "I knew that she was in unbearable pain."

Kathryn was not going to make it. She never regained consciousness. Her family and friends waited at the hospital through that long night and late into the next afternoon until

doctors pronounced her dead.

"It didn't seem possible that Kathryn, the little girl I spent every single day with growing up, the person I loved and shared everything with, the person who was most like me in the entire world, the young woman who had only begun to fulfill her dreams, could die," Arlene says. "Now, as I'm forced into a future without my sister, I not only have to live with the fact that I will never be able to touch her curly blond hair, or tell her how much I love her, but I also have to live with the nightmare of May 29, 1995."

She adds: "When Scott Davis chose to drive drunk, he chose to take the risk of killing himself and other individuals." To make this story even more horrifying, Davis had a previous DUI offense and was driving on a suspended license.

Davis, who was in Arlene's class in school until he dropped out, first pleaded not guilty, but later changed his plea to no contest. "I think one of the best moments in this, if there was a good moment," says Mike, "was the point where the judge was, in essence, scolding him in front of the entire court. He said it was normal in these cases for the judge to take the middle road, which is, I think, six years. The judge told him that he had a prior conviction; he had had a chance to change. He said something like: 'I've sat in my office and looked for something redeeming on your behalf, but you've made no effort to make a change.' He sentenced him to 10 years."

None of this changes the fact that Kathryn is gone. Kathryn, who was cosaltutorian of her class, who was scheduled to graduate in less than three weeks. Kathryn, who had been accepted to five universities, who had several scholarships and was going to be a doctor. Kathryn, who played three sports and belonged to two school clubs, who worked diligently to save her own money for college, and who volunteered her time to feed the homeless, to help out with Special Olympics, and even to participate in her school's chapter of Students Against Drunk Driving. Kathryn, who was so alive, so giving, so focused, and so determined to make her dreams come true. She was only 18.

Even through her death Kathryn continues to give. As she requested, five of her organs, including her heart, were donated so others could live, and the \$5,000 she had painstakingly saved for college went to start a memorial scholarship at her high school.

The pain is still so fresh for the Wards, Mike, and others whose lives were touched by Kathryn that it seems as if Kathryn died just last night rather than several years ago. That kind of pain doesn't just go away. Nothing can take it away. Not the 500 people who attended her funeral. Not the many

REALITY CHECK

In 1993, 3,477 fatalities involved people who were alcohol-impaired, although not legally intoxicated. That means getting behind the wheel just once when you've been drinking—even if you didn't have that much—is taking a huge chance.

kindhearted gestures of friends and strangers. Not financial contributions. Not knowing that her killer got the maximum sentence allowed by the law. No matter how they look at it, Kathryn is still gone.

"Every parent worries about something like this happening to their child," Kathryn's mom says, her voice breaking. "You think you would die, but when it happens, you wish you could die, but you can't. You have to just keep going."

"It is definitely the worst thing that ever happened to me in my life," Mike says. He talks about meeting Kathryn at school and

their relationship. "Above and beyond anything else, we were best friends. It's the most empty, lost feeling to have lost someone like this. I sit awake at night wishing I could call and talk to her, wishing I could tell her about my life, wishing I could hear her voice once more," Mike says. "But it is not possible."

"Words cannot adequately tell what we have lost," said Bill, Kathryn's father, in a statement to the court. To Davis he said: "You have killed a part of each member of my family. . . . You have robbed the world of Kathryn's many gifts. . . . You have taken our life also."

No one deserves to die this way. No one would have to if we could get it through our heads that drinking and driving are a horrifying mix.

Realize that it can happen to you. Two in five Americans will be involved in an alcohol-related car crash at some point in their lives, according to the National Safety Council. In 1993, 3,477 fatalities involved people who were alcohol-impaired, although not legally intoxicated. That means getting behind the wheel just once when you've been drinking—even if you didn't have that much—is taking a huge chance. Do you really want to risk being responsible for that kind of pain in someone else's life? How could you live with yourself if you were? ■

HELP, SUPPORT, AND PREVENTION

■ **For more information about Mothers Against Drunk Driving**, write to MADD, 511 East John Carpenter Freeway, Suite 700, Irving, TX 75062, or call 1-214-744-6233. All states must pass zero tolerance laws (blood-alcohol concentrations of .02 or less for drivers under 21) before 1999, or they will lose some of their federal funding for highways. About 30 states have done so. If yours hasn't, MADD can also tell you how you can encourage your state to get with the program.

■ **TeamSpirit** is a substance-abuse prevention program developed by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. For information on how to get a TeamSpirit group going in your community, write to National TeamSpirit Coordinator, Pacific Institute for Research and Evaluation, 7315 Wisconsin Avenue, Suite 900 East, Bethesda, MD 20814.

■ **National Clearinghouse for Alcohol and Drug Information:** 1-800-729-6686.

■ **National Council on Alcoholism:** 1-800-NCA-CALL (1-800-622-2255).

■ **National Institute on Drug-Abuse information and referral line:** 1-800-622-HELP.

■ **Alcoholics Anonymous** (programs for alcoholics and their family members): AA World Services, Inc., P.O. Box 459, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163; 1-212-870-3400.

• Check your telephone directory or local newspaper for other similar organizations.

CONTROLLING

Mr.

Alcohol is a poison, granted. So why so much talk about responsible drinking?

Jamie knew how to control himself. He prided himself on his ability to just say no, or know when not to go too far. His friends were all into coke, pot, and even LSD. But Jamie was too smart for that. He wasn't going to ruin his life, as so many others had done, with illegal drugs.

He did drink, but even that habit he controlled. He never drank during the week. He saved it only for weekend parties with his high school buddies. And though he would allow himself to

get drunk on occasion, he managed to keep his cool, keep in control, not

People don't become alcoholics overnight. Millions who have lost their jobs, homes, families, health, and self-respect often began with "responsible drinking"... "a few drinks here and there..."

allowing himself to get so drunk that he'd make an idiot of himself. And certainly he'd never drive drunk. As a matter of fact, if he intended to drink at all, he usually made it a habit not to drive.

Sure, he was proud of himself. After all, the message he'd picked up for years from school, from advertisers, from adults, even his parents, was basically that once you're old enough, a little drinking isn't bad. It's just overdoing that's bad. It's driving drunk that's bad.

B Y N O R B E T T B R A M L E Y

It's binge drinking that's bad. It's alcohol *abuse*, not use, that's bad.

The advertisement said it plainly: "Friends don't let friends drive drunk." That pretty much implied that it's OK to drink. Just don't drink and drive. Slogans like that are often well-meaning, but plenty of experts fear that this push for designated drivers—in which one person doesn't drink so he or she could be the driver for those who do—might simply be leading to heavier drinking among the nondrivers.

"We have to be sure," says Dr. Alexander Wagner of the University of Minnesota School of Public Health, "that when we're solving problems in one area we don't create them in others."

Indeed, recently even the brewers have been getting into the act, with all sorts of campaigns about "responsible drinking." Over the past decade breweries have donated more than \$200 million to alcohol abuse programs. For example a few years ago Coors Beer, the ones with all the scantily

We have to be sure that when we are solving problems in one area we don't create problems in another.

clad girls in their advertisements, donated money to an award-winning program called Alcohol, Drinking, Driving, and You (ADDY). It was designed to help prevent teenage alcohol abuse (again, notice that the word is *abuse*, not use). Coors might not want you to drive drunk (after all, if you're dead you can't buy their products), but they want you to drink.

Yet no matter how good, how civic, how reasonable all this talk about "responsible drinking" is, the bottom line is that alcohol is a poison. And even small amounts of this poison adversely affect you.

"Responsible drinking" is an oxymoron, sort of like "Christian pornography" or "religious atheists." There's nothing responsible about drinking. Of course, the less you drink, the better off you are, in the same sense that the less carbon monoxide you breathe, the better off you are.

Understand right up front that people don't become alcoholics overnight. The millions of Americans who have lost their jobs, homes, families, self-respect, health, and even life itself didn't start out drowning themselves in booze. Many, if not most, began with "responsible drinking," a few drinks here and there, a party here and there, a little wine with dinner, a few beers with the boys at the bar after work, a keg during the football game.

Alcoholism as a developed condition is still somewhat of a mystery, but more and more evidence suggests that there could even be something in people's genetic makeup that makes them more susceptible to it than others. In other words, while some people might drink and not become alcoholics, others might drink the same amount and suddenly find themselves with a monkey on their back, dragging them down into the mire of suffering. Why take the chance that you might be like the second group? You have no way of knowing beforehand. We can't get a genetic reading (at least not yet) on whether or not we have a disposition to alcoholism. Who wants to find out the hard way? And, of course, whether you become an alcoholic or not, alcohol is a poison and will begin to destroy everyone who indulges, even if the effects aren't always visible.

Also, even if you are one of those fortunate enough never to have a problem with alcoholism, what about your impact on others who one day might? One person's "responsible drinking" (maybe

Coors might not want you to drive drunk, but they want you to drink... No matter how good all this talk about responsible drinking is, the bottom line is that alcohol is a poison.



ILLUSTRATION: FRANCIS LIVINGSTON



Reality Check: We're constantly bombarded with advertisements showing beautiful, cool people and alcohol, but alcohol in any amount doesn't make you smarter, sexier, or healthier.

Though alcohol's effect on driving is well known (drunk drivers kill nearly 100,000 Americans each year), alcohol is also a factor in more than half of all accidental deaths that happen at home.

something like "honest cheating"?) could lead to another's deadly drinking. When young people are constantly bombarded with advertisements showing cool, happy, handsome, and beautiful people drinking and having a good time, how can they come away with any impression other than that drinking is not harmful? The answer is that they can't. And it's a very wrong impression.

Another problem with "responsible drinking" is that even if a person isn't legally drunk, alcohol has impaired their motor coordination enough to get them into trouble. You don't have to be a drunk driver to be too groggy to avoid the jerk who runs the red light or cuts in front of you or fails to yield. Thousands of accidents could have been avoided, and many lives saved and injuries

prevented, if people not even legally drunk hadn't had any alcohol at all. Drunk drivers kill nearly 100,000 Americans every year, and more than 540,000 people are injured in alcohol-related accidents. Not all drunk drivers are alcoholics or have been on a binge. Often they are "responsible drinkers" who somehow had just a bit too much before getting behind the wheel.

Of course, it doesn't always have to be cars that kill people who drink. Alcohol is a factor in more than half of all accidental deaths that happen at home. Even if some "responsible drinker" decides that he or she's drunk too much to drive and walks home, that person's four times more likely to get hit by a car than if he or she hadn't been drinking at all.

"Responsible drinking"? New

studies show that if a person, even a reasonable drinker, has a cancerous tumor, alcohol intake can cause it to spread. That doesn't sound too responsible.

Another concern about alcohol use is how it breaks down inhibitions. A girl doesn't have to be an alcoholic, or even drunk, to find herself pregnant.

The bottom line is that all alcohol use is really alcohol abuse. What good comes from drinking, even in small amounts? Alcohol, in any amount, doesn't make you smarter, sexier, or healthier. At best, all it can do is make you feel "good," but only for a little while. Usually all it does is make you smell bad and act stupid; and it hurts both you and others.

"Responsible drinking"?

Sort of like "celibate prostitute," maybe? ▀

WORLD MOTOCROSS CHAMPION

GREG





ARTICLE BY SHELLIE M. FREY

LEAVING DRUGS IN THE DUST

Greg Albertyn leads a swarm of motocross maniacs enveloped in a cloud of dust. They look a bit like killer bees buzzing around a honey-packed hive. Each rider in this dust-laden group demonstrates their own version of "Flight of the Bumblebee." When "king bee" Greg approaches the whoop-de-dooos, he flies through the air to heights of 15 feet or more and displays aerobatics so graceful, you'd think he was a member of the New York City Ballet rather than Team Suzuki.

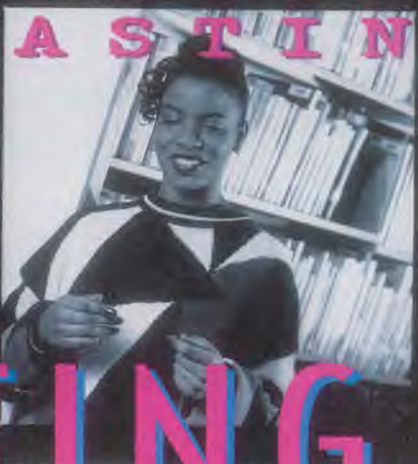
Ah, the art of motocross! The symmetry of more than a hundred 250cc motorcycles can take your breath away—if the dust doesn't do it first. Three-time world champion Greg Albertyn appreciates the virtues of the sport like few others. Though plagued by many injuries throughout his seven-year career, this South African dirt devil has managed to maintain his winning ways. As 250cc world champ in 1993 and 1994, Albertyn continues to leave his signature skid (continued on p. 28)



ALBERTYN



PROCRUSTINATION



BEATING THE



BIG PUT-OFF

Take the plunge. Stop procrastinating today! Understand what's wrong with procrastinating. Understand that it's not merely a harmful habit, but an attitude that stifles personal and professional growth.

The celebrated Spanish composer Manuel de Falla was devastated to hear that his friend, the painter Ignacio Zuloaga, had died. In distress, Falla lamented: "What a pity! He died before I answered his letter, which he sent me five years ago."

At one time or another most of us are guilty of procrastination. However, for some of us procrastination runs through our lives like an epidemic, with an appalling number of things never attempted and others left half-done. Incredibly, some people die before their time because they put off seeing the doctor about a heart pain or a growing lump. Other people never get a coveted promotion because they miss too many important work deadlines, quotas, and meetings. Left unchallenged, procrastination can deteriorate life, damage relationships, destroy careers, and dash dreams. Yet putting off until

tomorrow is a bad habit that can easily be changed. Here are some effective strategies for beating the battle with procrastination.

• **Understand what's wrong with procrastinating.** Understand that it is not merely a harmless habit, but an attitude that stifles personal and professional growth. "Procrastination is the art of

The problem with procrastination is that it leaves a person locked in the past.

keeping up with yesterday," declared American poet and playwright Don Marquis. The problem with procrastination is that it leaves a person locked in the past. "Procrastination slams the brakes on the wheels of progress. It chews up goals and aspirations and spits out frustration, anger, and despair," writes James R. Sherman, Ph.D., in his book *Stop Procrastinating*. "You can see its damaging effects in people who stay too long in the wrong job or wrong relationship. You can see it in people who refuse to deal with their abuse of diets, drugs (including alcohol), or tobacco. And you can see it in people who avoid arduous tasks and unpleasant confrontations

until it's too late to take effective action."

• **Take the plunge.** Stop procrastinating today. Immediately make the commitment to begin doing things that you've been postponing. *Remind yourself that this minute is the best time to stop procrastinating.* Tell yourself that today is the day you step out, set sail, break camp, make tracks. If you've been wanting to send a letter, get out pen and paper. If you've been assigned to prepare a report, block off the time and do it before you go to bed. If you've been intending to read a book, get your copy and start now. If you've been promising yourself to start an exercise program, then do a few sit-ups or walk around the block today. If you've been considering a better diet, toss out your candy bars right now. Do not allow yourself to accept any excuse for not acting today. Remember the wisdom of this Middle Eastern proverb: "Do today what you want to postpone till tomorrow." By starting to end the procrastination habit today, you'll not only feel better about yourself, but make it easier to continue tomorrow.

• **Set realistic goals.** Many honest plans are immediately ruined by goals that are too vast and unrealistic. It is hard to become motivated when goals are set too high. Unrealistic goals lead to quick discouragement and easy defeat. Most tasks are better accomplished when they are broken into smaller, more manageable steps. Success comes from using small, daily goals to

reach big, long-range ones.

Susan Powter is a popular fitness author and television celebrity. However, a few years ago she weighed 260 pounds and felt extremely unhappy with her life. After trying desperately to lose weight via various diet programs, Powter eventually lost 130 pounds and transformed herself. Powter's secret: she set smaller, more realistic goals that she could achieve.

Rather than plunge into another heavy exercise program, Powter set smaller goals for herself. "My big fitness breakthrough came the day I took my two little boys outside, sat them under a tree in the front yard, and walked a *half block*. That was how far I could walk until one of my kids crawled away from the tree. I turned around, picked up the baby, put him back under the tree, and walked another half block. I kept this up until I'd walked for 30 minutes, a half block at a time. I started feeling less exhausted that same day—because I'd given my body what it needed *at a level it could handle*."

• **Expect some difficulties.**

Changing deeply established patterns will take time and effort. Don't expect too much too soon. Anticipate some hard times. To avoid becoming discouraged and frustrated when rewards do not materialize quickly, remember you

To avoid frustration when rewards do not come quickly, remember you will have to apply the self-discipline to keep moving forward.

Declare your intentions, it will bring support and encouragement from others.

will have to apply the self-discipline necessary to keep moving forward. A persistent and disciplined approach produces the desired results, insists Irwin C. Hansen, chief executive officer of PorterCare Hospital in Denver, Colorado. Hansen, who has gained a reputation for turning around underperforming hospitals, explains: "All you need is a big pot of glue. You smear some on your chair and some on the seat of your pants. You sit down, and you stick with every project until you've done the best you can do."

• **Prioritize responsibilities and objectives.** Recently Clara Fraser San Soucie, a 56-year-old woman, made headlines because she graduated from the University of Richmond (Virginia) after a 19-year effort. The mother of three, she was delayed from classes at various stages—when she divorced in 1982, and when she underwent major surgery. On other occasions she lost time for financial reasons. Of her college odyssey, Jean H. Proffitt, San Soucie's academic advisor, says, "She had a tough row to hoe. It takes a determined person, and it requires you to set your priorities. But she was going to get this degree."

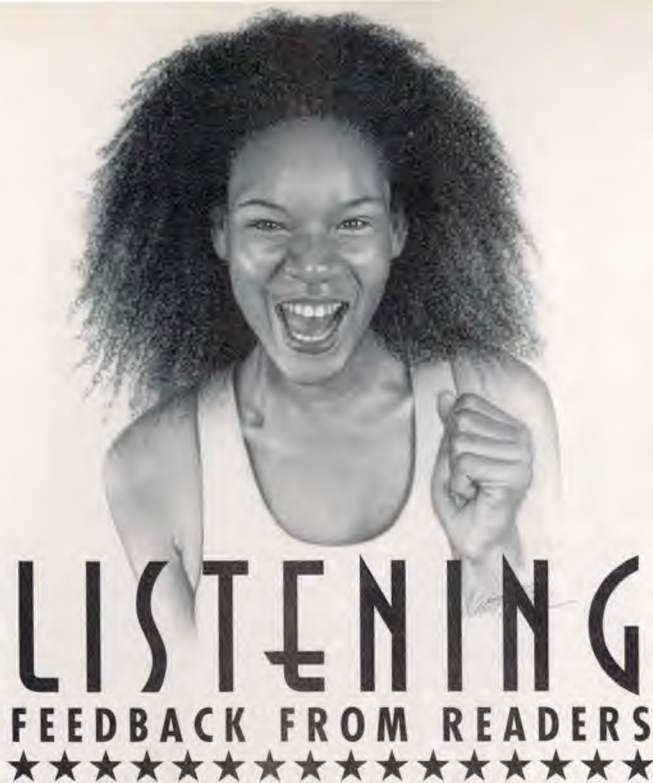
• **Declare your intentions.** Your ability to complete a task or overcome an issue will be greatly increased when you share your commitment with supportive people. A public declaration of a private commitment increases your energy and motivation. It will also bring you support and encouragement from others. "Declaring a position to other key people in your life and committing publicly becomes a

contract that elevates internal and external performance expectations," notes management psychologist Dr. G. Eric Allenbaugh in his book *Wakeup Calls*. "Marriage ceremonies, Alcoholics Anonymous, and weight-loss programs often tap into the power of public pronouncements to assist individuals in accomplishing goals. Often other people will introduce resources that augment our own and assist in making a difference."

• **Visualize your completed goals.** Commitment is heightened and determination reinforced when you actively visualize yourself successfully completing a task. Follow this three-point plan: visualize the steps needed to complete the task, see yourself carrying out those steps, and picture yourself with the end product in hand.

• **Reward yourself.** Rewarding movement and progress rather than criticizing yourself for setbacks will encourage continued advance. You truly do deserve encouragement in the form of a reward when you substitute carrots for chocolate, or jogging for simply vegetating before a television set. Congratulate yourself on progress and back it up by doing something purely for your own pleasure. "Just remember that a reward system only works when you strictly adhere to it," says Sherman. "So if you earn a reward, take it. And if you don't earn it, don't take it. Don't diminish your accomplishments by thinking they are not worth the rewards you set aside for them."

Finally, keep in mind that it is never too late to break the procrastination habit. Even if you've been a procrastinator all your life, that way of living can be totally changed. In dealing with procrastination you're taking charge of your life at a higher level. As you do that, you will experience more fulfilling, happy results and accomplishments. ▀



Magic Apple

"I'm allergic to it. If I eat it, I'll die," I whined.

"Your mom wouldn't put something in your lunch box if you were allergic to it," reasoned my kindergarten teacher.

"Maybe she forgot. Wait, I know, this isn't my lunch; it's my dad's, and he took mine to work by mistake."

"For some reason I don't think your dad has a Superman lunch box. C'mon, Brad, just eat it; it's good for you."

I looked at the menacing spherical red fruit sitting innocently in my lunch box. How could Mom betray me like this? She knew I hated apples, even though I'd never tried one. I hated the way juice squirted everywhere when it was bitten into, and how the inside of a cut apple turned yellow. Why couldn't Mom have given me a banana?

"Really, I can't eat that apple. Something scary will happen, and you'll . . . you'll feel bad." I stumbled for more excuses. This was a desperate situation, for it looked as though I was going to have to eat that apple.

"Brad, if you eat your apple, you can play with the blocks first," bargained the teacher.

That was it, my weakness, my downfall. It was all over. She had brought blocks into the picture. Now I had no choice but to eat the apple. I slowly lifted it to my mouth, shut my eyes tight, and took a nibble. The sweet juice ran into my mouth, not a bit sprayed into my eyes, and to my surprise I loved it. After that the blocks didn't seem important. The more pressing issue was if I could trade my cookies for another apple. I don't know how my mom and teacher knew that apples and I belonged together, but I guess that's women's intuition!

Lynn Wu, 17
Short Hills, New Jersey

Pine Needles

The light shines off the pine needles
in a magical way
And changes every minute,
every second of the day.
It leaps into your eyes like
fire on paper.
And fades away into a
very mysterious vapor.
The light shimmers across each desktop
And cleans the desk like a
brand new mop.
It is more silent than the oldest tomb,
As it glistens and shines
around the room.
Light makes your day a
lot more exciting.
And it makes the classroom inviting.
The light is blocked on cloudy days.
And nothing brightens the room in
a natural way
When it's not there, the classroom
seems rotten.
When it's not there,
for me class is forgotten.

Mike Bergeron, 14
Essex, Vermont

TORNADO

I whirl through the air
without reason or pause.
I am cruel and destructive,
yet I have no sharp claws.
I devour large houses as I rush
down the street,
and fly upward in spirals,
where the dust and clouds meet.
As I skip across land
and high into the sky,
I begin to get weak—and then
disappear and die.

David Kennedy, 15
Smyrna, Georgia

The Blushing Tree

The proud maple of summer now is
brilliantly come alive.
From the soft green leaves
happy with a summer day,
to the bright yellow
shouting to fly away.
Light shades of orange
glow high above,
as they blend with
swirling branches.
Soon a deep red,
blushing with happiness,
hopefully waits
to be swept away
by the last summer wind.

Crystal Anderson, 18
Ellensburg, Washington

A survivor tells teens
what it's like . . .

THE DRUG STORE

BY MARY ANN DE PIETRO

At 12 Vanessa Brown was fighting with her mother, skipping school, and drinking alcohol. At 13 she started using drugs and ran away from her Oakland, California, home. She hoped to find adventure; instead she moved from friend to friend just trying to stay alive. At her lowest point she lived on the street, using drugs.

Like lots of other runaway girls, Vanessa became pregnant at 15. "I guess I was lucky to have survived," recalls Vanessa, now an attractive, confident woman.

The confidence Vanessa has today was not always a part of her life. "I was on welfare for a time," states Vanessa. "But after my son, Frankie, was born I looked at his face. It was so beautiful and innocent, and something inside of me changed. I knew I had to provide a better life for him.

"I had the motivation to change, but I needed help," she remembers. "I needed to stop using drugs and learn parenting skills. At the time there weren't many services for teenagers." Says Vanessa, "I felt as if I had nowhere to turn, so I went back home. It was difficult, because I was still dealing with a dysfunctional home life, on top of everything else. But I had the determination that I couldn't let my son down."

That was 16 years ago. Today

Vanessa Brown is founder and CEO of Another Choice, Another Chance, known as ACAC, a nonprofit agency based in Sacramento, California. In operation only since 1995, ACAC has already caught the attention of agencies statewide and across the nation. ACAC provides a pregnancy prevention program, a positive parenting program, mentoring, and an innovative Drug Store program. ACAC even played host to dignitaries from Sweden, who heard of the Drug Store through the governor's office.

"We want to show students there are consequences to their actions. We do this through a series of skits," Vanessa says. "These students are seventh and eighth graders. Most of them have never seen someone overdose or seen what happens after an arrest in jail."

"I was on welfare for a time," says Vanessa, "but after my son was born I looked at his face. . . . I knew I had to provide a better life for him."

Others might tell someone why drug use is dangerous, but we show them."

The program starts when law enforcement experts talk with students about types of illegal drugs. The skits then utilize a student from the group who was previously selected to be "arrested." The students rotate through various sets in which real police officers, lawyers, judges, and emergency workers act out what would happen to the arrested teen.

One skit shows the "arrested" student being processed at juvenile hall. Other skits include the student being placed in jail, attempting rehab, overdosing at a party, and being rushed to the emergency room. The team of doctors at the hospital frantically tries to revive the teen without success. The final scene is the funeral skit. After an emotional eulogy, the students follow the grieving family past the coffin. When the students pass the coffin, most are surprised to see a mirror and their own reflection staring back at them. "I looked inside and saw myself. It scared me a little," said Juan, 13. Lisa, age 11, remarked, "I never thought about dying from drugs, or how my family would feel if that happened to me."

"I watch their faces as they walk past the coffin," notes Stephanie Hess, a Sacramento social worker and ACAC board member. "They see what can happen if they make the choice to use drugs. That's what we want to let them know—it's a choice. But there are so many other choices with positive consequences, like getting involved in this type of project, acting, writing, or dedicating time to sports or music. That stuff is a lot more fun than stumbling along not thinking clearly on drugs."

"I think programs like the Drug Store do have an effect on teens," states Dave Ashfall, a captain in the

California National Guard and a member of the Drug Reduction Task Force, who participated in the Drug Store. "I think letting them see what jail is like and learning about the consequences of using drugs may make them stop to think. We had more than 3,000 students from middle school come to see the Drug Store this year. They enjoyed the skits, but at the same time I think they understood the message."

Putting on a Drug Store performance for so many students involves hard work. Sets need to be built, actors recruited, skits written. "After the program I talked to the kids and heard their positive comments. I knew it was worth the effort," remarked Captain Ashfall.

"The Drug Store does involve hard work," Vanessa says. "We had 58 agencies in the community participate, including the FBI, ATF, Highway Patrol, and the Sheriff's Department. It was truly a community effort." Now other communities are taking notice. ACAC has been contacted by other agencies in California and as far away as Alaska about doing a Drug Store in their community.

Our success is exciting," Vanessa says. "I know it is because of the agencies coming together for the same goal." That goal is to give students a glimpse at what their future will hold if they become involved in drugs. The message comes through loud and clear that this is not the future the students want.

"I made mistakes as a teenager," admits Vanessa. "Now I have the chance, through this agency and our programs like the Drug Store, to help other teens make the right choices. Some of these kids have it tough; they come from dysfunctional homes or poverty. But I still believe in their future. I know they can be anything they choose. They can achieve their dreams. I just have to help them believe it and make the right decisions. That's why I do this: to provide another choice, another chance." ■

We want to show students there are consequences to their actions. We do this through a series of skits," says Vanessa Brown, now CEO of ACAC—"Another choice, Another chance."



PHOTOS: (top) Vanessa Brown, once in need of help herself, is now a leader in helping troubled teens. Here she is at the Drug Store with community leader David Hess. (middle) Real paramedics act out the emergency room skit to show teens the damage drugs can do. (left) During the jail skit, real police officers search, fingerprint, and photograph each teen actor before he or she is placed in jail.



It was too cold for waterskiing and too warm for skiing, but a perfect day for both.

From the Rope to the Slope

There are so many opportunities for fun, it's often hard to choose which thrill to pursue in that spare time. So why choose at all? Why not combine an adventure or two and create a new adventure altogether?



THE LOCATION: SCENIC LAKE TAHOE

That's what we did. Fans of both waterskiing and skiing, our daring clan decided to try both sports in one day and *really* test our adventure quotient. I was the guinea pig who got to go first. Here's what happened.

For a few moments I felt like a *(continued page 26)*

S H E L L I E M . F R E Y



• Author Shellie Frey and friends combine waterskiing and skiing at beautiful Lake Tahoe . . . "Ice cubes in a sea of chilled Evian."



“When it comes to skiing by land and by sea, we like having our cake and eating it too.”

lone ice cube bobbing up and down in a sea of chilled Evian. Yes, that would be mountain spring water. It comes in bulk at Lake Tahoe. Ours was the only boat in sight at sunrise. Nobody else, it seems, was eager to plunge into water that was just starting to build to a sizzling high of 50 degrees. At 6:00 a.m. that's one serious wake-up call. And there I was, floating right in the middle of it.

No, I'm not the type who longs to experience Niagara Falls in a barrel. But the idea of carving Lake Tahoe water in the morning and slicing the neighboring snow slopes in the afternoon was enticing. The urge to walk the

walk on water and snow in the same day grew on me—and on my friends. “To have one adventure is to be a boy. To have two adventures in one day is to become a man,” bragged Shawn McAfee, from Anaheim, California. Dustin and Stephanie Simpson were also up for the challenge. “When it comes to skiing by land and by sea, we like having our cake and eating it too.”

So there we were, the big orange sun radiating off the water and lighting up the snowcapped mountains next door. In full waterskiing regalia I was poised to rise to the occasion. Too bad I couldn't rise out of the water. Yes, I fell on my first try. Now I really

ALL PHOTOS: © SHELLIE M. FREY

was an ice cube. But in no time I was up and firing spray at the outskirts of historic Emerald Bay. Having moving targets helped take my focus off the 40-degree air that was cutting through me. With every counter-cut I took aim at sitting ducks, flipping fish, and low-flying birds. Animal-rights types will be glad to know I paid for my shenanigans. On my third or fourth cartwheel I wondered why we hadn't left for the ski lift a half hour earlier. But—positive thinking here—my body was so numb it was past feeling any pain that might have occurred during the fall.

Wind-chill factor aside, the reality was an awesome high—no drugs or alcohol needed or wanted. And I, being the only privileged skier on this pristine body of water for the moment, began to feel very much at one with nature. Below the white peaks the mountain rims were lined with cedars, pines, aspens, and an occasional waterfall. It was strange to think that within hours we'd be above it all.

But time wasn't the only frozen element. My friend Terry Livingstone, from Costa Mesa, California, compared this experience to his most frigid predawn surf rituals: "I've paddled out in 55-degree water in the dark just before dawn, and that last ski

The visual epiphany took my breath away even more than the cold water that was now turning to slush in my hair.

run just blew it away," he chattered.

As the sun grew warmer later in the day, so did we. And before we knew it, we were on the second leg of our adventure. Riding up Gunbarrel chair at Heavenly just before noon, I turned to see below us the magnificent lake that we had so recently braved. The visual epiphany took my breath away even more than the cold water that was now turning to slush in my hair.

Standing atop the 9,000-foot Sierra Nevadas, I no longer felt Evian-like—a Swiss Miss hot chocolate ad was more like it. But as we barreled down the slopes, we were pleasantly surprised at the quality of the snow. It was lightly packed, semifluffy, and relatively fresh (a late-season dusting had come less than a week earlier). But

there were a few bare spots on the lower slopes. We'd actually expected a hill full of Slurpee, so we figured we could live with a few bare spots.

Heavenly's ethereal hot spots are like a lake's semihidden coves. We found a myriad of trails and offshoots for jumps, bumps, back scratchers, and straightaway skiing. Without much of an audience our adventurous spirits soared. On a day that was typically too cold for skiing the lake and too warm for gracing the mountainside, we shunted rhyme and reason and did both. The flow of adrenaline even moved us to try new stuff—tricks and jumps and more challenging terrain.

All we were doing was building on typical activities we already loved in an atypical way. Conquering the challenge of waterskiing and snow skiing in the same day bred zest, spontaneity, and creativity. Of course there are lots of other great combinations: wakeboarding and snowboarding; jet-skiing and snowmobiling. In fact, just about any warm/cold adventure you can muster that takes your adventure barometer to new heights. Just think: vanquishing at least two wonders of the world all before dinner, leaving plenty of time for a fun-filled evening. But that calls for another story. ▀

TAHOE INFO

Location: Along the California/Nevada border, Lake Tahoe is 100 miles northeast of Sacramento and 35 miles southwest of Reno.

Elevation: The average surface of Lake Tahoe is 6,225 feet above sea level. The highest peak rising directly from the shoreline is Mount Tallac at 9,735 feet. The highest point in the Tahoe Basin is Freck Peak at 10,881 feet.

Size: At 12 miles by 22 miles, and

with a circumference of 72 miles, Tahoe is the largest alpine lake on the North American continent.

Depth: The average depth of Lake Tahoe is 989 feet. The deepest point is 1,645 feet, making it the third deepest lake in North America.

Volume: Lake Tahoe contains an estimated 39.75 trillion gallons of water, enough to cover the state of California to a depth of 14 inches. The water that evaporates from the lake each day is 1.4 million tons, enough to supply the needs of 3.5 million

people for a day.

Purity: At 99.9 percent pure, Lake Tahoe's water is about the same as distilled water. Visibility is up to 75 feet below the surface.

Climate: The sun shines at Lake Tahoe an average of 274 days per year, or about 75 percent of the time. During the summer months the upper 12 feet of the lake can warm to 68 degrees.

For more information: Call 1-800-AT-TAHOE or 916-544-5050. Heavenly Ski Resort is 702-586-7000.

GREG ALBERTYN

(continued from page 17)

marks all over motocross history. While Team Suzuki has been a longtime 125cc class winner, "Albee" helped bring them into prominence in the 250cc class. He recently won the AMA 250cc Outdoor National Motocross at Unadilla, New York, wrapped up the 1996 season by taking his RM250 to victory at the Tokyo Supercross, and started 1997 off right as the AMA Supercross winner. Not bad for someone who'd just celebrated his twenty-fourth birthday.

"I always believed in my heart, right from when I first started, that I was going to be world champion someday," he says confidently with his distinctive South Africa accent. "And when it finally became a reality, it was such an awesome feeling—such a release. Everything you've ever strived for and worked for in life, you've finally achieved. It's just such an elating feeling."

As a kid Greg enjoyed watching the top riders of the day and eventually persuaded his dad to get him a bike. "I rode the motorcycle one time and fell in love with it," he says. "And I just knew that was what I had to do. We started racing pretty much immediately and having a lot of fun out there. It was a real family sport," he recalls. "It pulled our



Obviously,
everybody
goes through
a certain time

when they say . . . "I
should just quit." But
again anything
worthwhile takes
sacrifice.

whole family closer together. My dad was a workaholic. We didn't see him much. But when we started racing, every weekend the whole family would go off to the races together."

Of all his victories Greg says that his most significant accomplishment was winning his first world championship in 1992. "Coming from South Africa, one of the most well-known motocross countries in the world, then going overseas to compete, winning the first [world championships] was incredible."

With multiple kudos under his riding belt, Greg isn't ready to coast back to South Africa quite yet. "I've still got a lot of goals over here, and I'd like to accomplish them; definitely the National championship and Supercross championship this year and National championship next year," he says.

Greg says that his pursuit of goals and dreams has kept him from riding down the dead-end road of drugs. "I've never smoked a cigarette or tried any kind of drug in my life. It doesn't appeal to me at all. First, I believe you don't miss what you haven't tried. Second, I don't need any of that kind of stuff. I don't buckle under peer pressure. I'm my own person. I have goals and challenges, and I want to be at my peak performance to get there. You don't want to clutter your life with garbage like that along the way."

Greg recommends creating a positive social support system to help you through life, rather than turning to drugs. "Obviously, friends are very important. Who you hang out with is who you become," he maintains. "So if you've got friends who are into drugs and everything like that, chances are you're going to get hooked on something like that. You need to find friends who are well-balanced, so that when you're feeling down and negative, you can turn to them and your family for support."

"So many people look up to movie stars as their role models," he continues. "You look at 90 percent of the movie stars out there. They've got so much money they don't know what to do with it. Their lives, generally, are ruined. They either end up getting divorced or this and that, and a lot of it stems from drug-related incidents. Just don't even waste your time. Try to focus on everyday life, because you don't need that garbage to get you through."

A lifelong Christian, Greg believes that he has a special mission in the motocross industry. "I believe I've been put here for a reason. Because it's this very tough image that everyone portrays, and a lot of people can get hooked on drugs."

While his influence is definitely felt by the fans, fellow riders, youth groups, and other Christians, the road to motocross notoriety has not always been a "whoop-de-doo" for Greg. At times his path has seemed more like an obstacle course than a motocross course. One of his biggest challenges initially, he says, was leaving South Africa in 1990. "I was a 17-year-old moving away from my family, and I didn't know when I was going to see them again. I moved to Europe, couldn't speak the language, the food was different, and I didn't have any friends there. That was probably one of the hardest things for me."

Anthing
worthwhile
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times and there
are going to be
bad times."

But the more I've been away, the easier it's become. That was pretty tough for me, though. But I don't feel I've lost much. While my other friends were out partying, wasting their time, I was doing something worthwhile and setting up a future for myself."

Though his future is bright, Greg's series of injuries and ups and downs have required strength and determination. "Obviously everybody goes through a certain time when they just say, 'What am I doing here? I should just quit.' And I did go through that," he asserts. "I thought, *Why am I putting myself through this?* But again, anything worthwhile takes sacrifice. There's no question about it. There are good times and there are going to be bad times. I just believed that I was going through those bad times for a reason. It builds character; it builds strength. Thankfully, I believe that period in my life is over. But really, I'm a fighter. Moving to a different country, it's always hard to make adjustments. You're the underdog; you're the unknown guy. And to prove yourself it is going to be tough. I like a challenge, and that's why I'm here. The challenge isn't over yet. I'm going to win a lot more before it is."

When it comes to peak performance on the track, Greg says that motocross is more than just sitting on a bike and twisting the throttle. Physical and mental preparation are key. Greg spends hours training in the gym every week and cross-training to maintain top physical condition. He tries to stay focused, confident, and in touch with his faith. "I just say, 'God, do what You want with it. If it's Your will that I win, then so be it.' I go from there. But I've done everything I can to be prepared, and whatever happens, happens."

Stretching himself to the limits is also part of the formula for success. "You've always, always got to push yourself to the limits," he says. "Without setting preconceived limits for yourself, just go out there and do the best you can, and you might surprise yourself. Too many people, before they even get on the tracks or out in life, defeat themselves before they try. So go out there with confidence, train as hard as you can, do whatever you need to do to be as well prepared as you can,

and you might surprise yourself."

But most important, Greg advises *Listen* readers never to give up. "Lots of times a rider will crash and not finish the course. But I fight till the end; I get up and come from dead last to, say, fifteenth, and get two points. By the end of the year the championship might be won by one or two points. Those points are very critical. So never give up. If at first you don't succeed, try again. Don't get discouraged." ■



The Albertyn File

Height: 6 feet

Weight: 172 pounds

Classes of Racing Entered:

AMA 250cc Supercross series

AMA 250cc Outdoor Nationals

His Bike:

Look out for the yellow 8 Suzuki RM250 tuned by mechanic Ian Harrison.

PERSONAL ITEMS:

Born October 13, 1972. A native of South Africa, he now resides in Corona, California. Albertyn likes water sports, outdoor living, time with friends, and is still working on getting his helicopter pilot's license.

Noted Accomplishments:

• Winner—1997 AMA Los

Angeles Supercross

• Champion—1994 250cc World Motocross Series

• Champion—1993 250cc World Motocross Series

• Champion—1992 125cc World Motocross Series

RACING HISTORY:

Started riding motorcycles in South Africa in 1981 and began racing two weeks later. Albertyn says racing brought his family together, and it became a family activity. Albertyn won the South Africa 80cc championship in 1985 at the age of 13, turned pro at 17, and moved to Belgium to pursue the world championships.

DRUG-FREE DREAM TEAM:

As members of the *Listen*-Suzuki Dream Team, both Greg and his team manager, five-time world champ Roger DeCoster, support drug-free living, especially in the motocross community. "If you get involved with motorcycle racing, it's going to keep you away from trouble," says Roger, "because it takes so much dedication, and it costs a lot of money, also. You save your money to buy pants, gasoline, race entry fees, and to travel. You don't save it to buy drugs. It's a sport that takes a lot of commitment, and I think it's one of the best things a kid can do to stay away from drugs and problems."

JUST BETWEEN US

EVERY SCHOOL A HEALTHY SCHOOL

"Three thousand teenagers begin smoking every day." "Teenagers are fatter than ever before." "Junk food is the mainstay of the average teenager's diet."

You've seen headlines and heard stories like these—stories heralding an era of decreasing health awareness among American young people. As we approach the new millennium, what can we do to make the health of young people better? You can get involved in making yourself and your school healthy.

The Health Ministries Department of the North American Division of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, in conjunction with the NAD's Education Department, would like to encourage you to participate in the "Student Healthy Lifestyle" contest. This contest strives to promote a healthy drug-free lifestyle among young people, and to help them creatively express their convictions about living a vibrant life. Topics are open to the interpretation of the contestant and may cover subjects dealing with physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual health.

Videos of school finalists for speeches, skits, and plays, as well as essays, posters, and computer-generated graphics, will be sent on to the conference, and winners of the conferences will be sent on to the unions. The final selections will be made at the General Conference headquarters in Silver Spring, Maryland. We're hoping that every student will sign a pledge card during the contest, promising to keep their body healthy. A synopsis of the contest rules are on the next page. For more information contact your principal.

Last year 10 young students, ages 12 to 17, met at the Community Praise Center for the Washington, D.C., fourth annual Health and Temperance oratorical contest. The air was electric with excitement as the hundreds of youth and adults crammed into the building to hear the contestants.

Representatives from channel 8 television station, a radio station, the chief of police, several physicians, and administrators served as judges.

The students spoke about alcoholism, breast cancer, coronary heart disease, sexually transmitted diseases, violence, abortion, and cigarette smoking. What a wealth of information was given! What powerful oratory! Many youth pledged to be free of drugs right there. Others committed to protect and care for their bodies. A 12-year-old girl spoke on "arresting the sleep thieves." She was the smallest performer, but she had a big message. Suspense hovered in the air as the audience awaited the decision of the judges. The 12-year-old girl was the winner! Another 12-year-old girl took second place.

I know they were happy to receive the prizes. But more important, they had planted verbal seeds that would make a difference in some young person's life. They had helped someone decide to be healthier.

I dream of this kind of excitement in every school this year as this contest is launched. I dream of speeches and skits and plays and posters and essays and computer-generated presentations challenging students to honor God by caring for their bodies. I dream of every student signing a temperance pledge card. This dream can come true if you get involved. With your help and participation, every school can be a healthy school!

DeWitt S. Williams, Ed.D., M.P.H., C.H.E.S.

Director, Health Ministries Department, North American Division of Seventh-day Adventists



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On the theme

“What Being Healthy Means To Me”

All students from grades 1 - 12

CATEGORIES

Video Presentation

Essay

Poster

Computer Generated Presentations

PRIZE CATEGORIES (in each level)

First Place	-	\$1,000
Second Place	-	\$ 500
Third Place	-	\$ 100

Schedule for submission:

September	1998	Contest officially begins
October	1998	Red Ribbon Week (signing of pledge cards)
March	11, 1999	All entries to your local school
April	15, 1999	Conference finalists are sent on to the union
May	2, 1999	Presentation at the General Conference in Silver Spring, MD. Winners announced! Dates are subject to change

For further explanation regarding criteria of each category please contact your conference Health Ministries Department/Education Department or school principal

EVERY SCHOOL A HEALTHY SCHOOL!



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