



Getty Images, © American Numismatic Association/Brad Armstrong



"The whole school was really supportive," says Cameron, now 21. "The school really remembers me as 'the coin guy'—not in a nerdish way." Don't forget to let your non-collecting friends in on your hobby. They may want to contribute to your collection!

## Read Up On It

As the numismatic adage goes, "Buy the book before you buy the coin." Check your local library for books about coin collecting, and invest in a few volumes for your own library. With these books in hand, you can learn why certain coins are rare and what a fair price is for a particular coin. Eventually you may be able to spot bargains that are underpriced for their value. You'll also learn how to store your coins so that they don't become damaged and lose their value.

## Choose a Focus

"When a person starts collecting, typically they want everything," says Will Fragner, who has run a coin dealership with his father since 1978. But it may be more fun if you collect coins minted the year you were born, coins featuring animals, ships, or some other "topic," or coins with a particular shape (polygonal, triangular, scalloped, and so on). Or collect coins from the countries that make up your family heritage.

Once you've built up some expertise about the types of coins that most interest you, you can try making your hobby a money-making venture. Age is no barrier when it comes to numismatics. Dwight Manley, who made his first million buying and selling coins by the time he was 23, started out as a teen coin dealer. But dealing isn't the only way you can make money through coins.

## Get a Job

Cameron Kiefer got a job offer from Worldwide Treasure Bureau following an internship at the American Numismatic Association Museum—and he had plenty of offers before he hired on at Worldwide. "If you start collecting and you like it, there's definitely a job opportunity you can have," he says. "People see you there at shows, they hand you their card, and say, 'Let's talk about this.'"

## Sign up for a Program

Coin organizations offer lots of money-making opportunities. The ANA provided Cameron with his internship, and Ginger Bing, 22, a recent intern at Heritage Numismatic Auctions in Dallas, with hers. Jeff Swindling completed the ANA's ancient coin program, and received a third-century coin—worth \$300—as a reward.

## Win a Contest

Some coin shows hold drawings through which you can win coins. PCGS (Professional Coin Grading Service) holds an annual essay contest in which the grand prize is \$5,000 in scholarship money. Maybe, like Jeff, you can use your hobby as a topic for an essay contest entry (his history paper on the coin minting process made it to the state level of competition, and has been published twice).

## Buy Low, Sell High

It may not be easy to break into the coin dealing business, but you can start by buying low, when prices have dipped, and selling high, when the market is hot. You can sell coins to a dealer, or directly to a collector. Cameron once made \$130 selling a coin on eBay. Ginger raised money for university tuition by selling part of her collection to her father.

Whether numismatics is an end in itself or a means to a job, a scholarship, or a business of your own, it's a fascinating activity that can carry you around the world and through time—and will never leave you bored.

"There's just so much out there, you're never going to want for something else to spark your interest," says Jeff. "There's always going to be something else in the numismatic field that is of interest to you." ■

### TERMS TO KNOW

**BI-METALLIC:** A coin made of two different metal alloys.

**CHERRYPICK:** To find and purchase a coin worth more than its selling price.

**COMMEMORATIVE:** A coin issued to observe or honor an anniversary, event, place, or person.

**CULL:** An extremely worn or damaged coin.

**DENOMINATION:** The face value of a coin.

**ERROR:** Coins with a different appearance than intended, resulting from an unintentional deviation in the minting process.

**GRADING:** The process of determining a coin's condition. A grade of MS-70 designates a mint condition coin. AG-3—about good—is the lowest grade.

**KEY DATE:** The rarest and, therefore, most expensive members of a coin series.

**MINT:** A facility for manufacturing coins.

**MINTMARK:** A letter or symbol indicating the mint that produced the coin.

**NUMISMATICS:** The collection and study of coins, tokens, medals, paper money, and other objects exchanged for goods and services. A numismatist collects and/or studies numismatic items.

**OBVERSE:** The front or heads side of a coin, often bearing a portrait and date.

**PROOF:** A coin specially manufactured—often struck twice to accentuate the design—for sale to collectors or for exhibition or presentation.

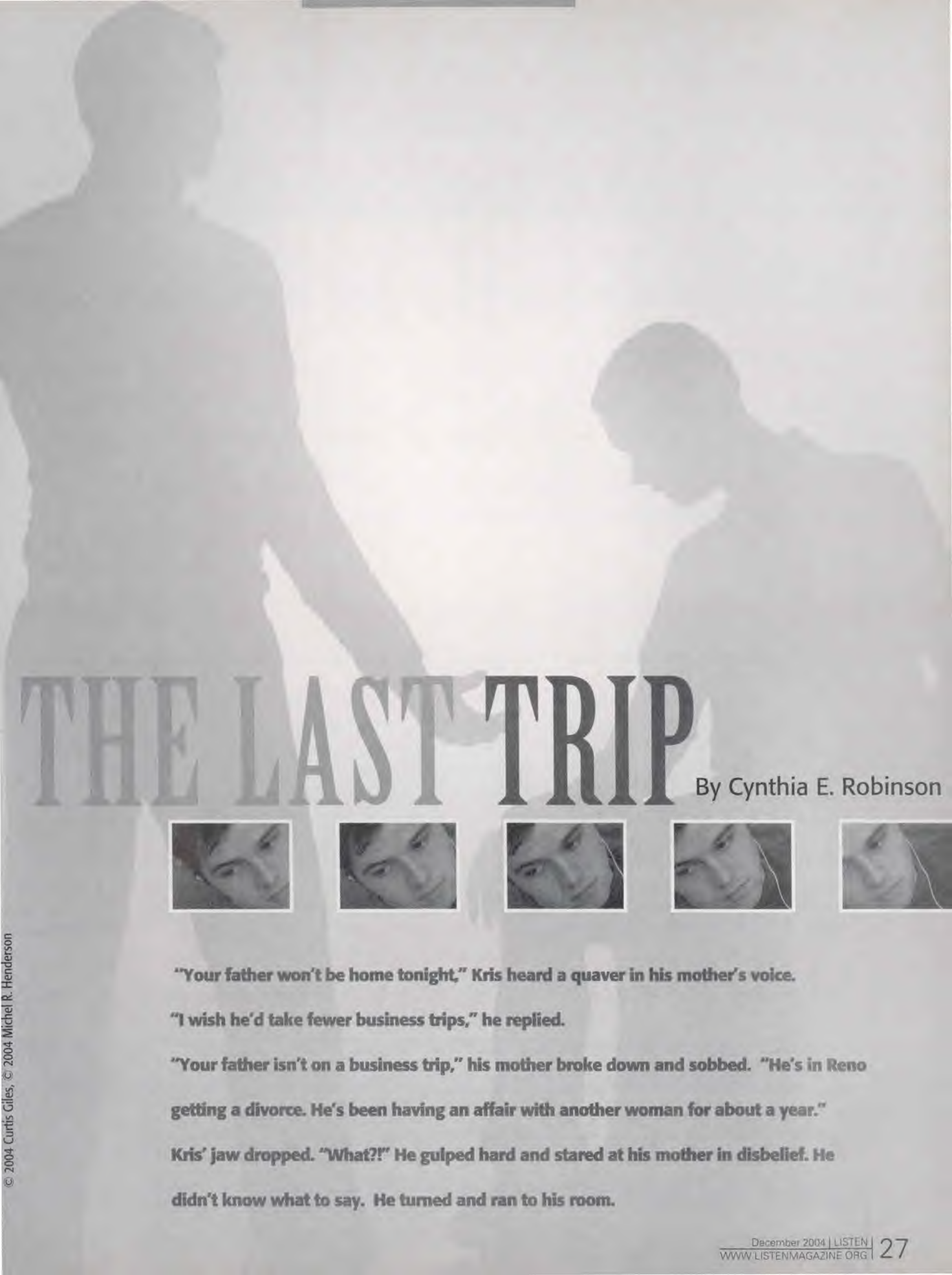
**REVERSE:** The back or tails side of a coin.

**SERIES:** Coins of the same major design and denomination, including every combination of date and mintmark minted.

### WANT TO KNOW MORE? READ ON . . .

- American Numismatic Association; [www.money.org](http://www.money.org).
- William T. Gibbs, ed., *Coin Collecting Made Easy: Basic Knowledge for the Coin Collector and Investor*, (Sidney, Ohio: Amos Press, 1981).
- Roderick P. Hughes, *Fell's Official Know It All Guide: Coins* (Hollywood, Florida: Frederick Fell Publishers, 2002).
- Barry Krause, *Collecting Coins for Pleasure and Profit: A Comprehensive Guide and Handbook for Collectors and Investors* (Whitehall, Virginia: Betterway Publications, 1991).
- Bob Lemke, *How to Get Started in Coin Collecting* (Blue Ridge Summit, Penn.: Tab Books, 1983).





# THE LAST TRIP

By Cynthia E. Robinson



**"Your father won't be home tonight," Kris heard a quaver in his mother's voice.**

**"I wish he'd take fewer business trips," he replied.**

**"Your father isn't on a business trip," his mother broke down and sobbed. "He's in Reno getting a divorce. He's been having an affair with another woman for about a year."**

**Kris' jaw dropped. "What?!" He gulped hard and stared at his mother in disbelief. He didn't know what to say. He turned and ran to his room.**

# CAN I TRUST HIM?



"Kris!" his mother shouted at his back, "Kris! Talk to me!" Kris couldn't believe it! Dad having an affair? He felt like wind was blowing through his chest, like there was a gaping hole where his heart used to be. He lay down on his bed and cried himself to sleep.

The next morning he got dressed for school in record time. He didn't want a scene with his mother. He quickly made a piece of toast and poured half a glass of orange juice. He jammed his arms into his jacket while shoving bites of toast into his mouth. Three gulps of juice, and he was out the door.

At lunch, Kevin sat down next to him.

"Kris, are you okay?" he asked. "I passed you twice in the hall this morning, and you didn't even say 'hi'."

*I can't tell him! He's the biggest mouth in the whole school. Everyone'll know by the end of the day.*

"Hey, it can't be all that bad," Kevin coaxed. "Come on. I promise I'll keep it to myself."

Kris raised one eyebrow.

"Really, I mean it," Kevin assured him.

"My parents are getting a divorce," Kris ventured.

"Yeah, that sucks," Kevin said. "My parents got divorced when I was little."

"Yeah, what happened?" asked Kris.

"My mom ran off with some other guy. My dad went crazy and threw out all her stuff. I was only about 5, but I managed to grab a picture of her. I still have it. I keep it in my wallet."

Kevin opened his wallet and pulled out a folded piece of paper. Tucked inside the paper was a picture of a beautiful young woman holding a chubby baby. She was smiling, her apple colored cheeks next to soft baby skin.

"That's me," Kevin said. "You'd think a mother smiling like that must really love her baby, but I haven't seen her since she left. I keep hoping someday..." his voice trailed off. He paused. "What about you?"

"My dad is having an affair," Kris grumbled. "He's in Nevada getting a divorce and probably marrying the other woman right after. My mom told me just last night."

"Wow," exclaimed Kevin. "I thought your parents had it all together. What happened?"

"I don't know," said Kris. "I don't even know if I want to see him again." He paused. "I mean, I do, but I don't."

Kevin nodded. "Yeah, I know what you mean. I want to see her again in the worst way, but I'm still ripped that she just ran off. Without even saying goodbye."

After school, Kris took the long way home so he could think. As he turned the corner onto his street, he could see his father's car in the driveway.

"Oh, no! Not now!" thought Kris. "I can't, I just can't!"

He took a deep breath, opened the back door and ran for the stairs, taking them two at a time. He slammed the door to his room and threw himself facedown on the bed. A few minutes later he heard heavy footsteps slowly climbing the stairs. His bedroom door creaked open, and he knew his dad had come in.

Kris kept his head down on the bed, his face turned toward the wall.

*What do I do now?* he thought. *I wish he would just go away.*





Then Kris's father stumbled toward him and came down hard on his knees beside the bed. He put his head down and reached out for Kris's hand.

"I'm so sorry I hurt you, Kris," his father said, his voice thick with emotion.

Kris didn't know what to say. He was mad at his father, but he was also scared of losing him. Kris suddenly sat up and faced his dad.

"Before you left you said that we were going to spend more time together," charged Kris. "Was that just some way of blowing me off or did you really mean it?"

"Yeah, I meant it," sighed his father. "The reason I've been away so much was because your mother and I were having problems, and . . ."

"Which you solved with someone else," Kris interjected.

"And, yes, I am seeing another woman," admitted his dad. "But now that she and I will be living here in town, I will be able to spend more time with you."

Kris was quiet for a moment. *Can I trust him?* he wondered. *He snuck around, cheated on both Mom and me, and now he wants back in.*

"I know I wasn't honest with you," confessed his father. "But a lot of this was between your mom and me, not you. Your mother and I failed at being married, but I still want to be a good father to you. If you'll let me."

Kris thought about that for a minute. Then he said with an edge in his voice, "I don't know, Dad. You really hurt me, not to mention Mom. Right now I just

can't be around you. I need some time to cool off, figure things out."

"Okay," said his dad, "if that's the way you want it. But I'm not going to keep my distance for long. I still want to be a part of your life." He walked toward the door.

"Dad?" whispered Kris. He tried to hold back his tears, but they slipped down his face.

His father turned. "Yeah?"

Kris ran toward him and grabbed his father in a rough embrace. Surprised, his father slowly wrapped his arms around Kris and kissed his hair.

"It's gonna be okay, Kris," his father sighed. "I love you."

Kris couldn't say it back. Not yet. All he could do now was hold on tight. ■



# Listening

Notice anything different about our feedback section?  
We received the following letter and decided it was  
time for a change. ~Ed.



Dear Listen,

► I enjoyed all the articles in this issue [Nov. 2003], except for the current feedback section.

*Webster's Dictionary* states feedback as "... the return of data for correction or control." Your current section is composed of poems—that's not feedback!

Sincerely,

Daniel C.  
Ocala, FL

**W**e hear ya, Daniel! Here's some feedback that would make Webster proud. Want to add your comments? Starting next month, we'll draw the names of two people who submit feedback—as defined by Webster—and they'll score their very own Listen T-shirt. For your chance to win, send your comments to: Editor, Listen Magazine, 55 West Oak Ridge Drive, Hagerstown, MD 21740 or via e-mail to [editor@listenmagazine.org](mailto:editor@listenmagazine.org). Tell us what you love, tell us what you hate, and tell us what you think about our feedback. So, talk to us! We're listening...



Dear Listen,

► I thought "Room for Improvement" [May 2004] was good. It showed me what I think I already knew—to some extent. I don't clean my room. Don't ask why. LOL. I don't know. And I notice that when I don't, my mom treats me with less respect and she always has an attitude. So, I guess what I'm trying to say is that this article opened my eyes a little wider.

Tatiana



Dear Listen,

► I liked "Time Management" [May 2004] because with graduation, youth group, and Air Force (more stuff I didn't mention), I'm very busy. It gives some good facts.

Peter



Dear Listen,

► In "Gym Candy" [May 2004] Jared learned to face the truth, that there is no shortcut to athletic stardom. This applies to many other things in many ways, meaning that you can't always take the easy way out. An example is doing your homework. If you decide not to do it and then want to copy off a friend, that is taking the easy way out. It does not help you. It only hurts you when a test comes up. Then you're stuck.

Ernie J.

**A**nd finally, one poem.

*Bear with us, Daniel. It's not feedback, but it's got a great message.*



## NOBODY'S PERFECT

by Brittany Akers

Nobody's perfect, I know that I'm not.

But everyone has something smart or hot.

We all have a talent like song or dance.

You don't need drugs or to be in a trance.

Some of us make Fs and sometimes As.

We'll all be something one of these days. ■



# what's next

**Here's what's coming up next month.**

## Gerald Paul New

Living an Xtreme life on the boards. Check it out!



## Mars Settlement Competition

Spaced out? You won't want to miss this opportunity. It's out of this world!



## Fire and Blood

Chad's got a painful secret. Find out if he'll make the journey from the darkness into the light.

## Wrong Buttons

Native Americans have historically used peyote in their religious rituals. Does that make it a safe recreational drug? Don't miss the answer.

"The suspense is terrible. I hope it will last." — Willy Wonka (quoting Oscar Wilde)

## Secret Shame

Katie wanted the body of a supermodel, not the brains of Einstein. Would she cross the line?

## Humane Teen Makes a Difference

Ariel Kravitz found a way to use her love of animals to help the handicapped. Maybe you can too!

Continued from page 17.)

## road trip

TELL US WHAT

YOU THINK

1. Who do you agree with, Lisa or her friends?
2. Will she stick to her decision or crack at the next opportunity?

Send your vote and any comments to:  
monica\_cane@yahoo.com



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CELEBRATING POSITIVE CHOICES

# liston

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Courtesy of Martin Lee, © 2002





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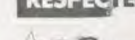
MY CHOICE



RESPECT TEEN



T.E.N.D. Celebrate Sobriety



A.D.A.

## Backatcha

## BUSTED!

**T**he other day I was driving downtown and I pulled up at a stoplight. I was jamming to my tunes and not paying a whole lot of attention until the car next to me tooted its horn and revved the engine. I looked over and saw a sporty little black number loaded with high school guys. They were waving and smiling. I have to say I was flattered. It's been at least a couple years since I was in high school. And then I realized they weren't flirting with *me*—they were flirting with my dog!

Max is my 11-month-old, 75-pound, German Shepherd. He rides most places with me. In the front seat, on duty, like any self-respecting Shepherd. His mission in life is to be my bodyguard. Or so *he* thinks. I'm happy if he curls up next to me on the sofa so I can warm my feet on him when I'm watching a movie. (He prefers hockey games, but doesn't mind the occasional chick flick.)

Max's hero, King Riley, has a real job tracking down drugs ("King Riley Rules Rutland," p. 6.) Chances are nobody's flirting with him when he alerts his partner that someone's hiding drugs. You mess with drugs and King Riley finds out, you're busted.

Drug users and pushers try to kid themselves that no one is going to find out, but drugs always catch up with you in the end. Julia Diaco sure thought nobody knew she was dealing drugs, but her "client" turned out to be an undercover officer. Later, drug-sniffing dogs found marijuana and cocaine in her dorm room at NYU. Now she's facing 22 charges against her. The most serious carries a sentence of up to 25 years in prison. Not cool, Jules.

When it comes to drugs, there's no safe way to take them or sell them. It's strictly a *paws off* proposition. Steering clear of drugs is one choice you'll never regret and it won't cost you a single second of jail time. Now, that's unbeatable.

Until next time, have fun, be cool, and make good choices,

**Céleste Perrino-Walker**  
Managing Editor



## The Big Kahuna



# The Year That Changed

By Jodie Kathleen Rossi

**I**t was December 8th. I was 15 years old. I remember that day well. At the time I was staying with my uncle because I had run away from home the week before. The police brought me to my uncle's house because my parents thought that it was best I didn't go home yet. I woke up that morning never expecting to have the day that changed my life forever.

My parents called me and told me that they were picking me up to take me to counseling. As we drove I noticed the drive becoming longer, and longer. I began to realize how far out of the way we were. We approached a brown building. I had a feeling that something was wrong, especially when my mother started to cry as we entered the building.

A counselor and two teenage girls greeted us. We were led into a small interview room. After 20 minutes of answering questions about my drug abuse, my parents were asked to leave the room. I had no idea what was going on, but I had the feeling that I wouldn't be leaving. I was right. I didn't see my parents again for four months.



# My Life

## —A True Story

I was locked up in high security, long-term drug treatment. I tried to run a few times, but I was always brought back to face my problems. After a lot of rebellion and denial, I finally admitted that maybe I did have a problem.

During my stay I learned to deal with my problems in a more constructive way. We spent most of our days in "group," where we had several discussions about our individual drug use. I was taught to deal with my feelings rather than drink or do drugs. I learned how to use the Twelve Steps and apply them to my struggles. At times I resented my parents for putting me there. But I learned to appreciate the help that they offered me. I believe that things would have gotten a lot worse if I continued to live the life I was living. I was on a fast road to nowhere before I entered treatment. I stayed in treatment for 11 long months.

In treatment all the things that we take advantage of in day-to-day life were taken away from me. We were not allowed to watch television, listen to the radio, talk on the phone, or date. I had no contact with my friends or relatives. I missed out on school dances—even school itself. Girls weren't even allowed to wear makeup or curl their hair. All outside images were taken away at day one. For almost a year, every waking moment was centered on me and my drug problem. That was something that I had always tried to avoid. And now I was being forced to face myself whether I liked it or not.

After being released from treatment it was very hard to adjust in school and face all of my old friends. I had to turn down their offers to get high or invites to parties and tell them that I had changed. It was hard to make new

friends because the 'straight' kids knew about my past and they didn't believe that I had changed. It was a very difficult adjustment, but with the tools that I learned in treatment, I used my newfound strength to resist all the temptation.

At times I wanted to go back with the old crowd, but I knew that my life was worth more than falling back into my old self-destructive ways. Before going into treatment, I was always very influenced by others and found it difficult to say "No" to things that I knew I really didn't want any part of to begin with. But, I had wanted to be 'cool' and would end up doing things that I always regretted later. In treatment, I learned that it is okay to say "No," and to be my own person. Sometimes my old "druggie" friends made fun of me, but I always knew that I would be okay.



I found out that I didn't always have to follow the crowd, and that it was okay to be different. I knew that I could be strong and follow my heart and make the right choices. I learned to follow my conscience.

When I look back, I wish that I hadn't had to go through drug abuse and treatment. Being in drug treatment took away almost a whole year of my life. But I believe that if I hadn't gotten the help when I did, I may have lost more than just a year of my life. ■

Getty Images, © 2004 Photos.com



# King Riley Rules Rutland

By Cindy Ellen Hill

**M**att Prouty, 33, heads off to work at the Rutland City Police Department about the same way as every other police officer. He puts on his uniform, straps on his utility belt, and checks the lights on his cruiser. Then he makes sure he's got two yellow tennis balls and an old soda bottle for his partner.

Matt's partner, King Riley, 4, is a German Shepherd. Most handlers wait until the dog is about a year old to begin

training, but King Riley knew how important it was to get through training pronto and hit the streets.

"Riley was only six months old when he started—almost too young. He had an exceptional ability to handle stress. At the time he was the

youngest police dog in the state," Matt says proudly.

## Tragic Beginnings

In 2000, Rutland, Vermont, was overwhelmed by a drug epidemic. Heroin, cocaine, and methamphetamines swept through

several hours, then beat her to death with a rock.

The brutal triple homicide shocked the tight-knit community. "Teresca King's family approached the city to see what they were doing to fight drugs," Matt says. Clearly, something new was needed.

Together, police and area residents decided to go to the dogs.

## Positive Reinforcement

Community organizations donated over \$10,000 to purchase two police dogs. Matt Prouty could not have been happier to win one



of the town. Despite overdoses and arrests, nothing stemmed the deadly tide.

In November 2000 violent tragedy struck. Donald Fell, 24, and Robert Lee, 20, in a rage on crack cocaine, murdered Fell's mother, Debra, and her friend Charles Conway. Desperate for a car to make their escape, Fell and Lee wound up in the parking lot of a local supermarket in the early morning hours as Teresca King, 53, arrived to work in the store. The two young men abducted Teresca in her own car, drove for

of the two dog officer assignments. "I wanted to be a canine handler since I was in the military police before coming to Rutland," he says.

In April 2001, young Riley arrived from a police dog breeder in New Hampshire. He was promptly dubbed King Riley by Rutland Police to honor Teresca King's memory with a positive solution to the community's tragic drug issue. Riley and Matt started five long months of rigorous training: 16 weeks of patrol school and six more weeks of drug dog school. "Patrol narcotics dogs do a variety of things," Matt explains.



"Officer protection, building searches, tracking and area searching, evidence recovery, crowd control, are just a few of the things a patrol dog does."

Dog training relies on rewarding the dog for successes. To train a drug dog, the handler starts by playing fetch with a drug-scented toy. The team proceeds to playing hide and seek. Soon the dog goes after anything that smells of drugs. "Riley is an aggressive, alert drug dog," Matt says. "That means the dogs scratch and touch and bite at what they are trying to find. So they don't find body-carries, but they alert on car seats that someone carrying drugs has been sitting in. Riley alerts to six scents—heroin, cocaine and crack cocaine, hash, marijuana, and methamphetamines."

Rewards are where those tennis balls and soda bottles come in. Fetch is Riley's favorite game, and he loves the crunch of a soda bottle between his teeth. "The reward has to be worth the work," Matt explains. "This is all

about positive reinforcement."

## One Smart Dog

Patrol narcotics dogs and their human partners work hard to keep their skills sharp. Riley and Matt are back at the Vermont Police Academy two times a month, once for patrol classes and once for drug training. They have to pass tough re-certification tests every year.

The training is as much for the dog handler as it is for the dog. "The dog is so much smarter than the handler, at least through the first

year. Usually the dog is right and you are second-guessing yourself. They are not stupid by any means. The dogs read their handlers so much better than you think they do. They read your body language, your tone of voice," Matt says. This means dog handlers need to develop self-



control and trust in their canine companion in order to successfully work with their dog.

## A Dog's Life Makes A Difference

King Riley lives with Matt Prouty. They run together a few times a week, but since they run on

pavement they don't do it every day as it could harm Riley's paw pads. Riley also loves to swim, Matt says, "But then he smells like a wet dog." He has a nice kennel outside, but sleeps in Matt's bed. He eats dog food donated by a local distributor as part of the community's ongoing efforts to drive drugs out of Rutland.

Together Riley and Matt work 12-hour night shifts, 6 p.m. to 6 a.m., which is a little long for a dog—or a human—but it means they've got long weekends off every other week. In their second year together, Riley handled 384 cases, although he hasn't had to testify in court yet.

King Riley is making a difference on the streets. "It's working well in terms of Rutland drug enforcement," Matt says. "It's nice having a dog along to obtain warrants—no one has a right to privacy in the air space surrounding their belongings, so having a dog alert on a package provides the basis for a warrant. Riley adds another tool to find the stuff."

Rutland police are starting to see responses among the area's drug dealers. "The biggest impact we've seen is on our street crime.

People always want to fight with the police, but nobody wants to tangle with the dogs. We have this big dog

hanging out the car window, and people are much more compliant. It gives a nice sense of security." Riley crunches his soda bottle in agreement and doesn't take his eyes off the tennis balls, just in case someone might throw one. ■



# By Land, Air, or Sea

The X-treme Life of Gerald Paul New

By Michele Deppe

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"I am pretty used to being upside down," says mountainboarder, Gerald Paul New, with a quick laugh. He's modest about his extreme-sport success. "Actually, it was a surprise to me," he says, about placing 11th overall in the Nationals. That's a pretty cool surprise, considering it was his first competition, and he was up against the best-of-the-best.

Gerald Paul New has been skiing since he could walk, snowboarding for eons, and teaching wakeboarding during summer vacations for years. In fact, he instructs newbies in every sport he does, because he likes to help people succeed. But when the North Carolina native picked up mountainboarding, he wasn't planning on dropping into competition.

"Mountainboarding is a new sport that a lot of people haven't seen yet," Gerald Paul explains. "Obviously, snowboarding is in the snow, wakeboarding is on the water, and mountainboarding is basically like a glorified skateboard, with bindings for your feet. It's a lot longer though, with air-filled knobby tires. Mountainboards roll over

anything... you can ride over roads, grass, sand, rocks, bike trails, and just about any terrain. And you can do big air jumps and tricks on them, which is even better."

Gerald Paul picked up mountainboarding at summer camp. Quick study that he is, he was soon teaching the basics to other campers. Then he started riding with pro-mountainboarder, Justin Rhodes, who'd built a skate park called 'The Holler,' in nearby Fletcher, North Carolina.

"Justin took dirt and built jumps and rollers and berms to ride on," Gerald Paul says. "I rode at his place a couple times, and one day I landed a back flip. The guys who saw it seemed impressed and said, 'Hey, you should go to the East Coast Nationals this year.' I thought, *Yeah right, I am not that good.* But my brother, Levi, and I ended up going to check it out. The next thing I knew, I was nailing the first front flip in U.S. competition and going into the finals."

Seventeen-year-old Levi likes watching his brother excel at competition. What he *didn't* like was witnessing Gerald Paul's near-death experience.

"That was a *bad* day," recalls Gerald Paul. "My brother and my best friends were in a boat, with me wakeboarding behind. I was doing air rallies, where you are fully extended, sort of like Superman, and then you pull on the rope, and drop your feet back down, cutting in the wake hard and fast. But I didn't put my feet down in time. I caught my toe side-edge." At that rate of speed, smacking the water is like hitting concrete.

"I was unconscious," Gerald Paul continues. "When they turned the boat around to come get me, I was face down in the water and blue. By the time they had me in the boat, I was gray and convulsing. My friend, Trevor, was about to do CPR on me, but then I started breathing on my own."



"It really scared my brother," Gerald Paul admits. "Pro-wakeboarders have died that way. They don't wear a vest, so when they take a knock on the head, they sink and no one can find them. I was really fortunate, and I am glad I was wearing safety gear."

Gerald Paul doesn't remember getting the CAT scan that confirmed he had a concussion, but he vividly recalls his severely bruised chest. "I was so sore that it hurt to breathe," he says. Despite almost losing his life, and having shoulder surgery in 2003, Gerald Paul has had surprisingly few injuries from years of doing so many extreme sports.

"I've been doing flips, corkscrews, and rodeos on trampolines since I was little," he says. "And I've practiced a lot in a foam pit. The point is, you need to be smart about it and know your limits. Don't push yourself too hard, but still have goals that move you ahead. I am actually kind of careful with what I do."

After his debut at the Nationals, Gerald Paul won the "180 on Homelessness" charity event the following spring. He enjoys sponsorship from MBS Mountainboards, East Coast ATV, and a clothing company called Say I Won't. Gerald Paul hopes to go on the road with MBS.

"I don't know if I'll get to be involved or not, but MBS is doing a West Coast public school tour. They have a truck, trailer, and portable ramp system. A mountainboarding team is going to travel around with a positive message about staying in school and living out your dreams. The riders will perform at two schools a day, for about three months. This tour is definitely one of the coolest things happening in mountainboarding right now."

One reason that he wants to be involved in the tour is to

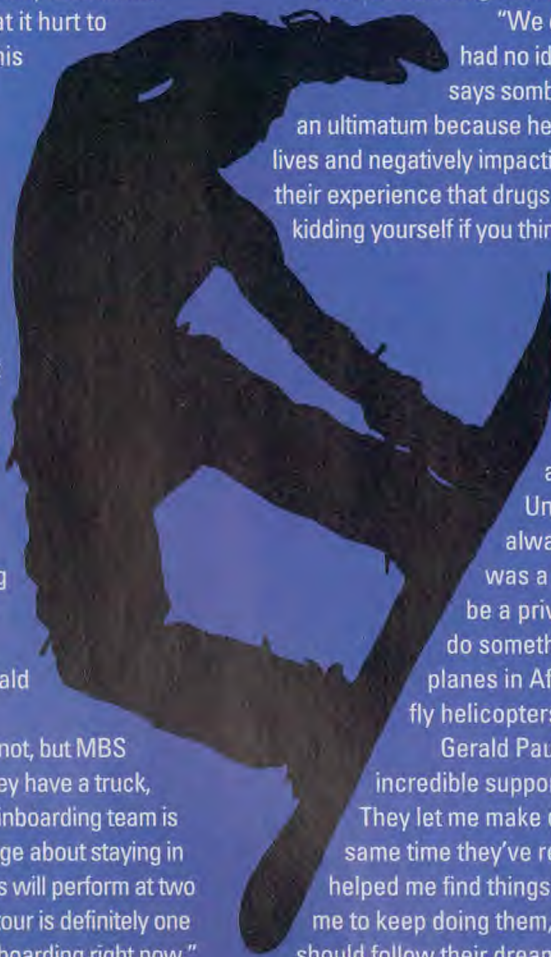
help raise the rep of his sport. "A lot of people in extreme sports are into drugs and partying, but it doesn't have to be like that. Smoking, drinking, and drugs don't even appeal to me."

Unfortunately, Gerald Paul recently found out that drug addiction has been a closet problem in his family. His aunt was secretly addicted to cocaine, drinking, and smoking, with devastating consequences.

"We don't see her very often, so we had no idea about her struggles," he says somberly. "My uncle finally gave her an ultimatum because her problem was destroying their lives and negatively impacting their kids. I've learned from their experience that drugs take over your life, and you're kidding yourself if you think you can deal with it on your own. My aunt is doing well now because she reached out for help."

True flight is Gerald Paul's next goal. He is currently a junior in the aviation program at Andrews University in Michigan. "I've always wanted to fly, ever since I was a little kid," he says. "I'd like to be a private pilot for a corporation, or do something wild like flying bush planes in Africa. It would be awesome to fly helicopters, too."

Gerald Paul's parents have given him incredible support. "My parents are really cool. They let me make decisions on my own, but at the same time they've really watched out for me. They helped me find things I was good at and then pushed me to keep doing them," he says. "I think everyone should follow their dreams." And that applies whether your dream puts you right side up, or upside down. ■



# OPTEX



# How Does Your Date Rate?

By Karen Luna Ray

Let's face it. Life is less complicated when parents approve of your date. Insight into a parent's way of thinking may help avoid conflict over your date. The first step is in being available for the introduction. Most parents of teenage daughters expect this before their daughter leaves the house with a new crush. Help your date develop a good relationship with your parents by knowing problem areas to avoid. Dating etiquette is a good place to begin. The following quiz is adaptable to male or female. Test yourself, or rate your date.

1. Are curfews met?

- a. always
- b. never
- c. sometimes

2. Which best describes your date? Upon arrival:

- a. he comes to the door / she is ready promptly
- b. he honks and waits in the car / she keeps him cooling his heels
- c. you meet down the street

3. Your date is of legal age, you aren't. Date destinations are:

- a. adult establishments
- b. places where minors are allowed
- c. his place

4. Is your date a habitual no-show?

- a. sometimes
- b. yes
- c. no

5. Does your date drive safely?

- a. always
- b. depends
- c. shows off occasionally

6. When the date is over, your date:

- a. drops you off a block from the house
- b. he walks her to the door / she thanks him sincerely for an enjoyable evening
- c. drops you at the curb with a kiss and a wave

7. You've joined a group of friends and some of them begin drinking or doing drugs.

Your date:

- a. insists on leaving
- b. figures it's okay, they aren't hurting anybody
- c. leaves the decision to you

8. How is the jealousy factor?

- a. isn't jealous and doesn't mind sharing your attention with family/friends
- b. very attentive at times; jealous and controlling at others
- c. usually kind, occasionally threatening or aggressive

## Rate Your Date Score Key:

32 points	This one tops the charts!
26 to 31 points	A dream date! Parents approve.
21 to 25 points	Minor improvement and your date tops the list.
15 to 20 points	This one is medium-well. Needs work.
5 to 14 points	What gives? Manners are lacking.
0 to 4 points	Sorry, this date is a loser. Counseling encouraged.

## Scoring:

Tally your score. Each correct answer = 4 points

Correct answer and the quality it indicates in your date:

1. a Dependability 2. a Respect 3. b Responsibility 4. c Dependability 5. a Responsibility 6. b Considerate 7. a Courage/Responsibility  
Question Number 8 - Score Booster or Score Buster? a. Boost your score with 4 additional points b. or c. Busted! Lose all points.

Busted? Did you know females age 16 to 24 were found to be the most vulnerable to intimate partner violence according to a report by the Bureau of Justice, "Intimate Partner Violence and Age of Victim, 1993-99", October 2001. Although the victims of this type of crime are usually female, there are instances where the male is the victim. Check out the following link for warning signs:  
[http://www.safespace.org/teen\\_control.htm](http://www.safespace.org/teen_control.htm)



# ARE YOU IN TUNE?

Our immune system battles squads of germs and battalions of viral uglies to keep you healthy and feeling your best. So, how healthy are you really? Take this quiz to find out if your immune system needs some fresh recruits.

## 1. You hit the snooze button and now you're late for school. You . . .

- a. grab a bottle of water and slap some PB on a slice of whole wheat to eat on your way.
- b. snatch a pastry. c. skip breakfast.

## 2. You're really busy with school, homework, and time to socialize. You . . .

- a. still get your nine or more hours sleep. You know it energizes the brain, sharpens the eye, and boosts creativity. b. get six hours sleep regularly and sleep one day on the weekend. c. sleep-starve during weeknights, sleep-binge during weekends.

## 3. You've just had an argument with your parent. You . . .

- a. take time out to consider all points of view, and after discussion, hug your parent or shake hands. b. explode into anger but later come to an agreement. c. slam out the door and go sleep over at a friend's.

## 4. There's been a trauma in the family, such as your parents' divorce, a death, or personal injury. You . . .

- a. meet with a support or bereavement group and understand your need for rest. Keep eating well and give yourself time to heal emotionally or physically. b. stay in your room or lash out at everyone around you, not eating much or eating junk food. c. use drugs and alcohol to "make it all go away."

## 5. The weather is nasty. You're bored and feel blue. You . . .

- a. clean your room, play a game with your little brother, and do floor exercises while you listen to your tunes to pass the time. b. pick at your toes, bite your fingernails, complain and pout. c. eat sugary foods and chips in front of the TV, getting crankier, more tired and depressed.

Scoring:

Give yourself 1 point for each A, 2 points for each B, and 3 points for each C.

5: In tune. Doing okay in the sleep department, overall eating healthy, and dealing with stress okay.

6-11: In between. You're body could use some more TLC.

12 and up: Red Alert! In the slumps. Eat more veggies and salads. Drink two quarts of water daily. If you have trouble sleeping, try chamomile tea. Some foods that also help you get your Zs are: figs, bananas, nut butters, dates, whole grains, and yogurt. Exercise helps keep the blahs away.

## Did You Know?

When the immune system isn't functioning properly, mental depression can strike. If you rated 12 and higher on the quiz, take it to someone in the know who can help you bring that number down.

## HOT TIPS FOR HEALTH

What's the single most important vitamin to help your immune system stay strong and healthy? "C" if you can figure it out!



## TEENS ON IMMUNE SYSTEM

"It's something your body uses to help you when you're sick." —Kelly, Robbinsdale, MN

"How your body reacts to things—prescription drugs, other drugs, and anything that can mess up your body." —Stormie, Livermore, CA

"Little white blood cells keeping you from getting sick. AIDS attacks the immune system. Scrapes and bruises take a lot longer to heal when your immune system is low." —Jackie, Nipomo, CA

"If you don't take care of it you could get sick. Eat right, exercise, and don't do drugs." —Steven, Nipomo, CA



*From the outside, I looked like the happiest girl alive.*

# SHAME SECRET

By Katie Kimberling

—A True Story

*I would secretly, anonymously myself with food, praying nobody would catch me because it was so ashamed of what I was doing.*

**I** was 16 years old when I made myself throw up for the first time. It was at my best friend's house. While she was downstairs cleaning up after dinner, I simply got up from where I was sitting on her bed, walked into her bathroom, and knelt at the base of the toilet. It became my dutiful place every day for the next six years.

Self-induced vomiting was a little difficult initially, just getting the hang of it—and it took a few tries that first time, but it got easier after that. It was scary just how easy it became.

For the past year I'd been seeing a wonderful boy, and for that blissful time I'd had a date for

dances and parties and football games. I never worried about what I looked like. I just knew I was head-over-heels for him when he was accepted to a school 400 miles away, and in my sixteenth summer, he was gone. All I could feel was the blind terror of being left alone.

At five feet 10 inches and 140 pounds, I was far from fat, but I told myself that if I weighed just a little bit less, I'd be happy, even with my boyfriend gone. I couldn't seem to realize my own value as a person any other way. If I was really *thin*, I just knew things would be perfect. They were for everyone else who was skinny, right?

Girls in my private school were supermodels compared to what I saw in the mirror—shiny

hair, bright eyes, and tiny bodies. Everywhere they went boys followed, while everywhere I went *teachers* followed. It's not that I didn't have friends, but I was the teacher's pet, the brown-noser, the outsider when it came to "in" things. Girls came to me for help with their homework, not to borrow clothes or talk about boys.

At home, my stepfather was a newly recovering alcoholic, and the whole family was painfully stumbling through a chemical dependency outpatient treatment center. For as long as I could remember, wrapped up in his own addictions, my stepfather had pretty much ignored me.

I'd jumped through all sorts of hoops my whole life to try and earn

my stepdad's love and attention—I was in several extracurricular activities, won all sorts of academic awards, made sure I was never "in trouble," and made the best grades I possibly could. From the outside, I looked like the happiest girl alive. On the inside, my heart was cracking open and leaking out, and I began to seriously question my worth on the planet. If nobody paid attention to me, why was I here?

Facing my junior year in high school, I was lonely, ignored at home, and feeling powerless over my life. I turned to the one thing I thought might change things for the better: my weight.

Initially, throwing up was just an occasional habit. I'd do it only after



especially large meals, or after I ate a big dessert. But, like so many compulsive behaviors, it snowballed rapidly, until soon I was eating large meals *because* I could get rid of it later.

Binging and purging became my only coping mechanism. Rather than sitting still and really *feeling* my emotions, I would secretly anesthetize myself with food, praying that nobody would walk in and catch me because I was so ashamed of what I was doing. Food was my drug. Some people gamble or drink or do drugs to avoid the realities of their life . . . I ate. A lot. And then, because I was terrified of being overweight, I would retch and heave and toss it all back up. This continued all through high school.

After graduation, I went to college 1,500 miles from home; hoping that distance from my former life would cure me, would chase away the demons that followed me every minute and whispered “You’re not *pretty* enough. You’re not *skinny* enough. Nobody *likes* you.” I wanted desperately to stop binging and purging. It was emotionally exhausting keeping up my outer cheery smile while inside I was sobbing for love and help. In college I joined Overeaters Anonymous, a voluntary group program that follows the same 12 steps as Alcoholics Anonymous. It helped for awhile, but I slipped back into my binging and purging again. Whenever I ate anything I felt bad for doing it. That made me even more ashamed of myself. I told myself I was a bad person for not being able to stop, and that just made the behavior worse.

By Christmas of my junior year I was throwing up seven times a day, addicted to laxatives and exercise, and still completely secretive. Nobody could possibly feel the way I did, I convinced myself. Every other girl, it seemed, was happy. Just look at them with their size six clothes and boyfriends. I was all alone.

One day I curled myself into a ball on the kitchen floor of my mother’s house, depressed and suicidal, and *begged* for help. I told her everything and implored my mother to save me. She immediately made some calls, and, within minutes, I was enrolled in the Center for Eating Disorders.

I attended two intensive, three-hour sessions each week, but I wasn’t hospitalized, though it was close. I’d vomited so much I had dangerously thrown off my electrolytic balance, the system that maintains my heart’s pumping. The doctor’s told me that if I didn’t do exactly what they said, I could have a heart attack. I was 22 years old. At that point, I would have eaten

lime Jell-O every day for the rest of my life if they’d said it would make me feel better.

I was in treatment for a little over a year, and had to learn to live my life by *coping* with my feelings. I no longer had to—or got to—stuff them down with food. The hardest thing to learn was not to assign blame to anyone. Sure, I can point to several things that may have kicked my bulimia off—it started as a reaction to years of being ignored by family and peers in high school, and was catalyzed by my first true love dumping me, but I was the one who made the choice to deal with my feelings of abandonment in an unhealthy way.

Going through this experience has given me a healthier perspective on life, and a more accepting attitude toward others and myself. Knowing I don’t want to be judged solely on how I look makes me search deeper than appearances with other people. I want to reach out to others who might be hurting and to remind every person I see that they’re beautiful in their own, special way. It doesn’t matter what they look like.

And this experience has taught me that things are not always as they seem in other people’s lives. Look a little deeper—they may be hurting under that smile. ■



*I began to seriously question my worth on the planet.*



**D****ECISIONS.** Sometimes they're tough. Ever been in one of those situations where you've made the wrong one and find yourself wishing you could rewind? It'd be great if there was one word that could help you make better decisions all the time. There is! **Next time you have a decision to make, HALT first.**

HALT is an acronym for **Hungry/Angry/Lonely/Tired**. You don't want to feel any of those when making important decisions about your life and how you live it.

**HUNGRY:** Ever hear the saying, "You are what you eat"? Well, that could actually be changed to, "You act what you eat." Athletes know that when you don't put enough fuel in your tank, your performance will suffer—they call it "bonking." In the same way, being hungry makes you cranky, irritable, and fuzzy-headed—not great for decision-making.

**ANGRY:** People who are angry are not thinking straight. It takes time and distance to sort out your emotions from what's going on. So if you're angry, take a breather and give

yourself time to sort out your feelings before acting on them.

**LONELY:** This is a tough one, because sometimes the people trying to influence your choices also make you feel less alone. But just because someone wants to hang out with you doesn't mean they're good for you or that they have your best interests at heart. True friends won't expect you to act a certain way in order to be with them or threaten to cut off your friendship when you don't agree. If you're having trouble finding a friend, look for a mentor—a teacher, an older relative, or family friend. Reach out to someone you trust before making big decisions.

**TIRED:** This one is a duh. Anyone who's felt the fog of a late night knows that being too tired not only affects your mind but the way your body reacts, too. Driving while tired can be just as dangerous as driving drunk. If you're tired, put off making decisions until your body gets the rest it needs.

There you have it! The next time you're going to make a decision, large or small, just remember to HALT first and stop your problems before they start. ■







**Q:** One of my best friends stole a shirt of mine. I saw her do it. She's also "borrowed" a pair of my shorts. How can I confront her about this problem? :-{

**A:** I'm surprised you haven't confronted her already! 8-o The two of you need to sit down and talk. }{ Tell her how much it upsets you that she's taking your stuff. It may be an honest mistake and she should return your clothes. Maybe she's jealous of you? Of course, it is equally likely that she will deny ever taking anything from you. This would be the time to get an adult involved. By letting an adult intervene you are more likely to see your possessions, but less likely to keep your friend. However, it also may be the time to make a new best friend, preferably one who won't take advantage of you.

**Q:** I really like this girl. @>--->--- How do I get her to notice me? %-}

**A:** Nice. For once it's a guy asking how to turn the head of a girl and I thought we were the only ones chasing! The way to any girl's heart is to be her friend. Honestly, it's that easy. Step 1: Talk to her. That'll get her to notice you. Learn what she likes and dislikes, but approach the situation as a friend not a droopy, lovesick puppy. Step 2: Become her friend. While doing Step 1 maybe you find out she has a dog, is struggling with algebra homework, or loves pizza. So your plan is to offer an afternoon of washing her pooch, tutoring, or releasing your culinary skills in the kitchen. She will sit up and take notice if she's having a good time with this new friend. Now go, my man. It's a two-step process. :-D

**Q:** I was in a car accident a couple of weeks ago and now I can't get over it. %-| I always think about what I could have done differently. Is this normal?

**A:** Getting in a car accident is one of the scariest things. When driving, we, as teenagers, feel so in control and free. When an accident happens, it's like, maybe I'm not in control at all! That is a freaky feeling. So yes, it is normal that you've focused your brain to ask those 'what ifs.' However, it isn't normal to keep suffering. You have many options. The first is to call a help line. Talking to someone anonymously may be the key to turning off the replay button in your mind. You can also talk to a school counselor, parent, or a close friend. They may be able to help you sort out your feelings. Also, there is something else to keep in mind. An accident is the type of experience that can make you value life more. It will give you wisdom that someone who hasn't been through this situation doesn't have. So you'll gain a small bit of good from your pain. (::D::)

# listen

Send your questions to:  
[heynat@listenmagazine.org](mailto:heynat@listenmagazine.org)



# road trip



Tina



Ally



Lisa

Story: Monica Cane / Illustration: Shane Johnson

## So Far in Road Trip

So far the road trip isn't what Lisa had planned. When she tells Tina and Ally that drinking and drugs are bad for them, and that she's through experimenting, tension starts to rise.

ARE YOU GUYS GOING TO BE MAD AT ME FOREVER?

JUST BECAUSE YOU WANNA BE A GOODIE-TWO-SHOES DOESN'T MEAN

YEAH, LISA. YOU'RE NOT GONNA START BUGGING US IF WE WANT TO PARTY

YOU BETTER NOT! I DIDN'T COME ON THIS ROAD TRIP WITHOUT CHAPERONES JUST TO BE BORING, YA KNOW.

WELL... I JUST THOUGHT...











# WRONG BUTTONS

By Jared Scott

Joe was 17, growing up in a small town in the west; one high school, one main street, one zip code. His parents were both Native Americans who left the reservation many years before. Joe had one remaining grandfather who still lived on the reservation, though Joe rarely ever went to see him. While proud of his Native American heritage—the rituals, the faith, the culture meant little to him.



If you walked into his room, it would look like a typical teenager's digs. There was no sign of anything that would have given away his origins, except for a small Indian blanket on a corner wall that had been handed down through the family. He didn't know much about it.

**F**ortunately for Joe, he wasn't into drugs, at all. Though his town was small, there was a thriving drug market, especially among the high school students. Two things helped Joe keep away from drugs. The first was that his older brother's best friend had died from a heroine overdose. Joe was quite young when it happened, and wasn't even sure what a "drug" was back then. He never forgot the trauma. Second, Joe had an uncle, Leroy, who had stayed with them for



awhile. Uncle Leroy had a drinking problem, a big one, and Joe never forgot what a mess Uncle Leroy was. His parents, both total abstainers from alcohol, warned Joe, time and again, "Be careful, or you will end up like Uncle Leroy." Uncle Leroy, the last Joe heard, was living somewhere on the reservation, if you could call his existence living.

It was toward the end of his senior year in high school that Joe was introduced to Peyote. Of course, as a Native American, he had heard about it, but he didn't think much of it. It was, after all, just part of the old heritage, the old ways, and Joe, more than anything else—with his PDA, his

headphones, his beat-up Corolla—wanted to fit in with everyone else.



Sure, it was cool being a Native American, but he wanted to be an "American" first.

Nevertheless, as he got older, he got more interested in his culture; he wanted to know more about his tribe, their ways, their practices, their beliefs. He became more interested in Native American culture in general, and was interested in recapturing knowledge of some of its lost ways. Amid his quest he heard about how some Native Americans, as part of a religious ritual, were using Peyote, a wild growing cactus.



The crown of the cactus is sliced off and dried, forming a brown, hard



The crown of the cactus is sliced off and dried, forming a brown, hard disc called a "button," that people would ingest in order to get high.

disc called a "button," that people would ingest in order to get high.

At first, he just shrugged it off, thinking it was another drug, something that he didn't want any part of. But then he was told that, no, this was different; Native Americans who used Peyote weren't doing it just for kicks, like his friends smoking pot or free-basing cocaine.

Instead, Peyote was to be used for a Native American religious ritual.

And it was true: evidence exists of Peyote use among native Americans thousands of years ago. The use of Peyote as part of a religious tradition was well-founded by the time the European settlers arrived in the "New World." The Spanish, when they weren't busy killing or enslaving the Indians, worked feverishly to stamp out the use of this drug. As the settlers spread and the Native Americans found themselves more and more isolated, decimated, and attacked, use of the drug became more and more common among Native Americans in North America.

Today, it's part of the ritual of the Native American Church. Peyote has even, in various forms, made it to the streets of America, where it's used as a recreational drug, often in a purer form known as Mescaline, the psychoactive ingredient in Peyote itself. When used as part of a



religious ritual, those using the drug believe that they are having some sort of experience with God. For others, it is just a powerful drug that makes them high. But, here's the problem: just because it is used in religious rituals doesn't make it safe.

Though its use is allowed among the 250,000 members of the



Native American Church, it is strictly controlled by the government.

And with good reason, too: though certainly not as bad as other drugs, Peyote use comes with potential risks.

First of all, it contains more than 50 psychoactive ingredients, the most powerful is Mescaline, a mild to moderately habit forming hallucinogen not without its own potential problems: "Mescaline provokes pupil dilation, dizziness, vomiting, tachycardia (fast heartbeat), sensations of warm and cold, sweating, headaches. Some of the visions under the effect of mescaline can cause nightmares that can give birth to some psychosis to the consumers."

So, basically, whether used in a ritual or not, a drug is a drug, and the side effects can be very dangerous. Peyote is no exception. Users—beware!



The problem, too, is that today there are some who want to chew peyote buttons, or ingest a synthesized mescaline, purely as a recreational drug. That is, for kicks. Though the mescaline in peyote is nowhere near as strong, for instance, as LSD, it is still capable of giving people highs for as long as 12 hours, highs that include powerful hallucinations that can and do turn into

bummers, bad trips that leave the user with lasting damage.

Thus, the problems remain: "As peyote use has evolved over the years, non-sacramental users have faced two potential dangers. First, there's the risk of bad trips, which mostly center on a fear of dying or loss of control. Tranquilizers can be administered in extreme cases, but the only way to totally eliminate the possibility of panic with a drug as powerful as peyote is to avoid using it altogether.

"A second risk linked to mescaline derives from the reality of street-drug economics. That's because it's so expensive to synthesize the drug that other drugs are often substituted—usually LSD, PCP, or amphetamine-based psychedelics.

"Real peyote is identifiable by its noxious taste, which can trigger a vomiting that's more relief than curse. And mescaline has a revolting taste of its own—and a sky-high price tag reflecting the scarcity of supply. Still, the drawbacks—price, taste, laws—haven't stopped peyote and mescaline yet."

The more Joe learned about Native American culture, the more he liked it. Fortunately, he knew too that, though "peyotism" exists, it doesn't have to be part of his experience with the culture. He discovered there were plenty of interesting aspects of his Native American culture that didn't include use of psychoactive drugs.

And for Joe—after some serious thinking (that included Uncle Leroy and his brother's dead friend)—his decision was firm: in his foray into his native past, traditions, and culture, one thing wasn't going to be part of it, and that was Peyote. ■





# How can I make my friend stop smoking pot?

**How do you tell someone "No," when he or she is pressuring you?**

—Tony

I'll admit that peer pressure can be overwhelming. Having the ability to be honest and admit how you feel in the face of others takes courage and strength. But it can be done and is, every day, by millions of young people all over the world. All that you have to do in a situation where you may be offered drugs is to speak your mind and let it be known that you are not interested. There's no reason to explain or try and justify your beliefs. If this does not work and the pressure is still on, it's time to leave. It's always better to be safe than sorry. The most important factor is to take pride in your decisions and abilities to refuse something you do not want to participate in. Fighting peer pressure is hard—but it can be accomplished.

**I've got a best friend who is 17 and smokes marijuana. What can I do to make him stop?**

—Mikel

Unfortunately, there is nothing in your power to make anyone do anything they may not want to do. The most efficient way to help your friend is to express your concerns to him and let him

# QA

know that you will support him in his attempts to quit. The next thing is to assist him in finding an adult who will listen to him and assist him in getting clean and sober. Don't give up. Sometimes those who are hooked are slow in deciding to give up drugs. Have faith that your friend will eventually make more positive choices and support him in any way you can.

**Are diet pills safe?**

—Kelli

Not from what I've heard. If you feel you have a weight problem, the safest way to get in shape is to eat balanced meals and to exercise. Certain diet pills that are sold over the counter have been known to cause all kinds of health problems. Play it safe and stay away from artificial means that unreasonably promise an easy way out and put some true healthy effort into losing weight.

**Do you think it's fair that my parents won't allow me to smoke even though they both smoke?**

—Karol

It does sound somewhat hypocritical, but keep in mind, no matter how confusing it may sound, that your parents are trying to protect you from a nasty and dangerous habit. They probably realize how unhealthy tobacco is and how addictive it can be and don't want you to have to go through what they are going through in having to make a decision to quit. Tobacco is highly addictive and extremely difficult to give up. Be grateful that your parents are protecting you from an evil you can do without.



Go ahead, ask Gary his advice on some of those big questions. Gary Somdahl is a dad who puts his skills as a licensed youth chemical dependency counselor to the real-world test all the time. His latest book is *Drugs and Kids*.

Send your questions to:

**ASK GARY**

Listen Magazine  
55 West Oak Ridge Drive  
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740.





# HUMANE TEEN MAKES A

When Ariel Kravitz first started working with animals and the handicapped in 1999, she wasn't sure how

# DIFFERENCE

important her work was. "At first, it seemed like I was doing unimportant things," she told *Listen* magazine.

BY MARK H. LARDES

She stuck with it, because—well—working with animals was fun, handicapped kids needed some fun, and **ARIEL** felt that what she was doing needed to be done and she felt good about doing it, regardless of its importance.

Then in 2004, Ariel got a real surprise. Her efforts netted her a national award—**HUMANE TEEN OF THE YEAR FOR 2003**. "I was totally shocked," said Ariel, "that I was recognized for something that I loved to do."

Ariel always had an affinity for animals. As a toddler the petting **ZOO** was one of her favorite places. Barbie dolls ended up in the corner of a closet, while stuffed animals stayed on the bed and desk. Ariel started horseback riding when she was 6. While karate, softball, and dance came and went, riding was forever.

In 1999, Ariel's mother learned that the Long Island Riding for the Handicapped Association (LIRHA) needed teen volunteers. They ran a program where both the physically challenged and mentally disadvantaged **RIDE HORSES**. It is a great opportunity for these handicapped kids to do something exciting, different, and rewarding. Since the LIRHA students ride free—and these youngsters require lots of

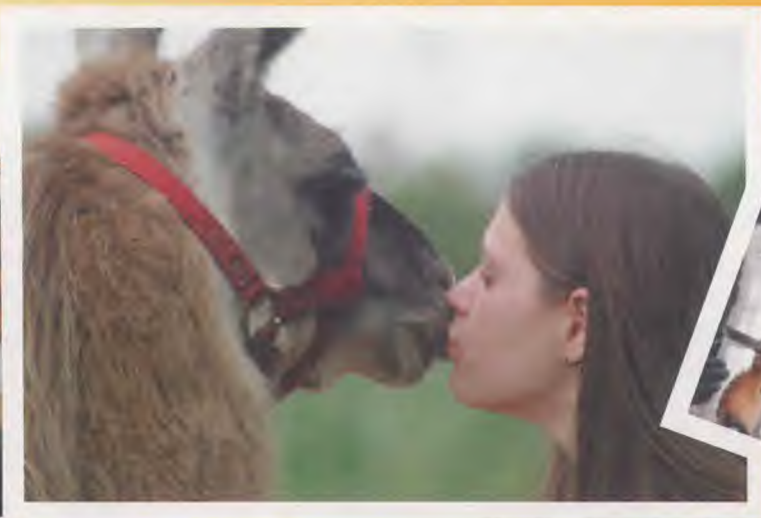
supervision and help—volunteers are critical to the program's success.

While Ariel was younger than most volunteers, her **EQUESTRIAN** abilities won her a place with the volunteers. And her unstinting efforts as a volunteer soon won the hearts of everyone at LIRHA—from directors to students.

Madeline Buglione, the President of the LIRHA, put it this way: "[Ariel] is always a pleasure to be around. The students react well with her. She is very knowledgeable about horses, which helps very much. A horse needs someone to lead them that they feel they can **TRUST**." It turns out those "unimportant" little things Ariel did really mattered.

"She comes earlier," stated Buglione, "to help out by getting the **HORSES TACKLED** and helping the students get their helmets and waist belts on." Buglione added, "Our Volunteer Coordinator, Ms. Toni Milano, said that whenever she is short of side walkers she will ask Ariel if she would mind helping out as a side walker and she [Ariel] will gladly do what she is asked. Her cooperation helps greatly in making a class run smoothly."





Leading 1000+ pounds of horse is a lot of responsibility, but Ariel's knowledge of and affinity for horses let her take a role many older teens would find daunting. Ariel's work makes a big difference in the lives of the handicapped students who use LIRHA—and their families. It also let Ariel realize that it was possible to put her **LOVE FOR ANIMALS** to productive use—and have fun doing it.

So she signed up for a summer internship at Best Friends Animal Sanctuary in Kanab, Utah. She worked with abandoned and abused animals ranging in size from **RABBITS TO BURROS**. It was her first exposure to animal rehabilitation and adoption work. Some kids get hooked on dope—Ariel got hooked on working with animals. When she returned to New York at the end of that summer, in addition to her volunteer work at the LIRHA, Ariel began doing four hours of volunteer work each week at the North Shore Animal League in Port Washington, New York.

Her activities at the North Shore Animal League involve all aspects of animal care and adoption. When she matches potential adopters with animals, Ariel puts an extra effort into matching animals with the right family, or the family with the right animal. This, too, entails a lot of responsibility. You do not want to place a **LARGE DOG** with a family that has only a small apartment. You do not really want to place a small, older dog that does not like children in a family with many active small children. So Ariel makes an extra effort to ensure that people are aware of the special needs of their pets, and willing to make the required commitment.

Ariel's work at NSAL also involves mundane jobs—cleaning cages, feeding animals, and exercising

and grooming them. While these tasks do not seem important, they are critical to the health of the animals, People noticed. In February, 2004, the Humane Society of the United States recognized Ariel Kravitz as their "Humane Teen of 2003" for being a real-life **DR. DOOLITTLE**. Her home town of North Hempstead, New York, also got in the act, placing her on their "Women's Roll of Honor" in 2004.

Ariel is now learning how to be a veterinary technician, preparing medicines for the animals. Still in high school, she has been working with colleges to learn more about animals. She is attending classes offered through the Cornell Cooperative Extension. She is interning at an animal hospital. She can tell you everything you want to know about a **DOG'S DIGESTIVE SYSTEM**, canine genetics, or stitching wounds. Eventually, she wants to become a veterinarian.

Would she prefer working with small animals or large animals as a veterinarian, Listen asked. "**ALL TYPES**, if I could," Ariel responded.

Until then? This summer she plans to provide veterinary services as an intern on a Native American reservation in **NEW MEXICO**. It will provide a real change from Ariel's native Long Island, but the change is unlikely to slow the rate at which Ariel helps the animals with which she works and the people whose lives these animals touch.

Does Ariel have any advice on how you can make a difference? "Follow your **HEART**, and don't let anybody get in the way of your commitment," she says. "And don't think what you are doing is unimportant. Whatever you do is worth it." ■



**N**atalie is worried. As vice-president of Marketing for Grumbo, one of four aerospace teams bidding on a Mars base contract, she has had little sleep over the last two days. Her company has just finished their presentation. The contract evaluation board asked some really tough questions. Now, a rival—Rockdonnell—is making their pitch, and it is impressive. Out of this world good.

Win or lose, Natalie and the rest of her team will have a story for their high school classmates. Natalie, the other 39 members of her team, and the 120 members of the other three design teams are high school students. They are at Johnson Space Center, participating in the Sixth Annual Mars Settlement Design Competition held at Johnson Space Center for high school students.

The premise is simple. Take 160 high school students interested in space. Break them into 40-people teams that represent an aerospace company. The “company” will be bidding on a contract to build a space habitation.

Companies then get a “request for proposal” from the “Foundation Society.” This fictional customer is looking for a company to build them a place to live somewhere on Mars.

The teams then write a proposal that responds to what the Foundation Society is seeking—and does it better than the other three teams—and puts together a 30-minute presentation that highlights the most important parts of their proposal.

Anita Gale and Dick Edwards—two aerospace engineers in California—ran the first settlement design competition back in the early 1980s. Intended as a one-time thing, everyone had so much fun that they did it again the next year—and the year after that. The first competitions were in California, at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, but soon Anita and Dick were running one at the Kennedy Space Center in Florida.

Anita was visiting the Johnson Space Center on business when she met a college chum—Bonnie Dunbar. Dunbar, an astronaut, learned about the upcoming competition in Florida and wanted to have one at JSC. Since Dunbar was working with the JSC education group, the very next year JSC had its first design competition—set on Mars—and has had one ever since.

The Houston competition starts with students arriving at JSC on a Friday night in February or March. Half of the



TO BOLDY GO WHERE





participants come from area high schools in southeast Texas. These are individual students who have heard about the competition and signed up to come. Another group of 80 participants, organized by educators, drives down from Iowa.

Why drive all that distance, rather than holding a competition in the heart of the Great Plains? Jim Christianson, who organizes the Hawkeye contingent, feels the trip serves as both an adventure and a reward for students from the

nation's heartland. Many of the Texas students are a little blasé about the Johnson Space Center. For many Texas students it is the place where their parents or neighbors work. These Texas kids sometimes realize what a special neighbor they have only after seeing the reaction that kids from Iowa have to the Space Center.

The Texas contingent tends to be urban. The Iowa bunch is more rural. Country and city complement each other when designing a space base. People living on Mars have to grow their own food, as well as run an industry. The organizers assign teams



# TEEN HAS GONE BEFORE

BY MARK N. LARDAS

IN 2005, AND FUTURE YEARS,  
THE SKY WON'T BE THE LIMIT.  
JUST THE STARTING POINT.

TRANSLATED INTO VULCAN

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Getty Images, © NASA-Johnson Space Center



so that each has a wide range of skills and students from different schools are mixed together.

After the students are divided into teams, the teams elect officers. These officers have the same responsibilities as their counterparts in a real-life company—a president to run things, the vice-president of marketing to coordinate the presentation, a vice president of engineering to oversee the technical design.

To help the students, companies have a “board of directors”—one to three adults who offer advice and guidance, but leave the running of the company to the team of students. Typically these volunteer directors work at the Johnson Space Center.

Once officers are chosen participants sit through a class on proposal writing. The officers are then given the request for proposal. In 2004, the goal was to design a Mars base for 15,000 people. It had to be self-sufficient and produce the food, water, and power that the pioneers needed. It also had to protect the inhabitants from a hostile Mars climate. The tropics on Mars are colder than the top of Mount Everest—and the air pressure higher atop Mount Everest than on Mars.

Teams are given computers on which to prepare their proposal and presentation, lots of desk space, and access to a design library, giving them any technical information they need to finish their design. Since there is a lot of ground to cover, the teams separate into groups. One group works on how people live (human factors). One designs the habitat (structures). One focuses on communications and computer systems (communications). One plans the machinery that will be used for mining and production (robotics or automation).

Of course, each team's design affects the design of the other teams. The type of settlement—whether you build it into the side of a mountain or in a plain—affects the way you communicate with Earth and your outlying buildings. The robotics used affects the amount of human interaction with the production areas—which affects communications. The type of recreation facilities and living quarters that human factors plan changes the size of the settlement—which, in turn, changes the structural group's plans.

This puts a premium on keeping everything coordinated. “Kids come here thinking this is about science and math, and go home realizing it is about communications,” says Jim Christianson.

Getting everything to fit often results in a sleepless night. While encouraged to turn in by midnight, many stay up well past that putting the final touches on their presentations. Teams sometimes work so hard putting the package together that the presenters nod off during their presentation.

Sunday morning the proposals are due. Once these are delivered, the participants get a tour of Johnson Space Center. Then, Sunday afternoon, they present their proposal.

Companies get 30 minutes to explain their design to an evaluation board. Several of these members are astronauts, including Bonnie Dunbar. Others are JSC engineers. They look for a complete design. Ignore air quality, and the astronauts on the panel get touchy. Leave out a way to generate electrical power and the engineers are unhappy. You do not need detailed drawings showing how your airlocks work, but you better

have a spaceport shown—so you can get stuff to and from Earth.

A winner is chosen, everyone gets a certificate, and the competition is over until the next year. How did things go for Grumbo? Rockdonnell carried that session.

Many students who took part plan to return in 2005 for another go. The President's new planetary exploration initiative means the 2005 competition may not return to Mars—the Foundation Society may go to the Moon, or build a space settlement. In 2005—and future years—the sky won't be the limit, just the starting point. ■

**The JSC competition is one of several held around the United States. If you are interested in participating, check out these contacts:**

If you live in:

**Iowa:** JSC Design Competition  
<http://www.marsbase.org/settlement.html>

**Southeast Texas:** JSC Design Competition  
<http://marsbase.jsc.nasa.gov> or contact  
Norm Chaffee (281-483-3777,  
[Norm.H.Chaffee@jsc.nasa.gov](mailto:Norm.H.Chaffee@jsc.nasa.gov))

**New Mexico:** The White Sands  
Settlement Design Competition  
<http://www.wstf.nasa.gov/Associ/Mars/default.htm>

**Nationally:** The International High  
School Space Settlement Design  
Competition accepts teams from any  
school in the country with finals at  
Kennedy Space Center.

<http://spaceset.org/>  
Individuals anywhere can go to the  
competition at the Jet Propulsion  
Laboratory in Pasadena, California.—  
<http://home.earthlink.net/~spaceset/>

Want to have a design competition where you live? Anita Gale has put together a “Competition-in-a-Box” for those that want to host their own. Contact her at [anita.e.gale@boeing.com](mailto:anita.e.gale@boeing.com)



# HiPtionary

SAY WHAT?



**A jillion** – not a real unit of measure, it means a vast amount

**BCNU** – Be seein' you

**BFF** – Best friends forever

**Biters** – People who copy others

**Bling (or Bling-Bling)** – Wealth, like cars or flashy jewelry

**Bounce** – To leave

**Chichi** – (Pronounced she-she) High quality, expensive, chic

**Chickadee, Chiclet** – a young woman

**Chillin'** – Hanging out, relaxing

**CMIIW** – Correct me if I am wrong

**Cowboy up** – To be tough like a cowboy

**Crush** – Your boyfriend, girlfriend

**Crushing on** – Having a crush on someone

**Dogma** – A belief or principle (or set of them)

**Dotcom** – An Internet company

**Down With** – If you're down with something, you're high

**Dude** – What you call a male friend if you want to be cool

**4RL?** – For real?

**EOD** – End of discussion

**Girlfriend** – What you call your female friend if you want to be cool

**Hooah** – U.S. Military slang that means, "Heard, Understood, Acknowledged."

Everyone knows that you've gotta talk hot to be cool. Is your vocab really sad? Do your e-mails fail? Get the hang of slang with this

# HiPtionary

**HOAS** – Hold on a second

**IDK** – I don't know

**Inked** – Tattooed

**IMHBMAD** – In my humble but most accurate opinion

**It's all gravy** – An extra bonus; everything is fine

**Kickin'** – Hangin' out with friends

**Mojo** – Appeal, force, magnetism

**MYOB** – Mind your own business

**NMJC** – Nothin' much, just chillin'

**Phat-free** – Not cool

**Rocks** – Jewels; crack cocaine

**Shark** – To take advantage of someone; (so don't get sharked!)

**SOS** – Same old stuff

**THX** – Thanks

**To Score** – To win something

**Trendies** – People who are the first to try something new and popular

**Tripping** – On drugs, or acting like you are

**Twofer** – Two for one

**WAEFRD** – When all else fails, read

**XOXO** – Hugs and kisses

**YW** – You are very welcome

**?4U** – Question for you



By  
Michele  
Deppe



# Fire and Blood

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S PAIN FROM SELF-INJURY.

By Michele Deppe

**E**veryone on the school bus is pushing each other, trying to get a better view of the accident. The bus driver warns them to sit down, but no one listens. Her attention shifts back to the police officer whose hand is in a suspended wave, holding our bus in a halt. *Why can't he let our lane go? I don't want to see this mess.*

My racing pulse throbs in my ears and I feel sick to my stomach.

Seated halfway back, on the right side of the bus, I've got a perfect view of the nasty car wreck. My gaze narrows to my own reflection in the bus window. I have this strange feeling of not quite recognizing my own face. It's like I either feel really numb, or my mind is full of distracting, anxious thoughts. No in-between. Even when I play football, it's like the game isn't real, or else I am in a weird panic.

The scene outside the school bus window is impossible to ignore. A woman is being cut out of a red car by a rescue team. An ambulance, flashing

cold, frantic lights, waits to receive her. I squeeze my eyes shut to adios the view, but I can't block out the sharp grinding of the emergency machinery as it carves through the car like a tin can.

*I wish I could cut through me . . . and somehow bleed out the pain that swirls through my blood and makes me sick.*

"Whoa, check out that car! Chad, look!" says the kid next to me. "Man, that car is so totaled. You think it might catch on fire?" The kid's a freshman. He always wants to sit with me 'cause he's into football. Being new at County High, he wouldn't know about the accident my brother and me were in last year. Hunter was a freshman, too, when he died.

The rescue equipment sends vibrations through the pavement making the bus seat tremor. A fireman holding huge spreaders is prying apart the car, which is curled like a snail around a telephone pole. The kid next to me joins in the speculation. "Yeah, that woman must have been drunk, or on drugs, to wreck like that," he says.

Flashback. I was at the wheel when the drunk driver came across the yellow line and hit us. I got out, but my brother's side of the car was crumpled. The next thing I remember was waking up in the hospital.



I had a broken leg. The car had caught on fire, and Hunter died inside. Of course, the drunk driver wasn't hurt at all.

Mercifully, the bus begins to roll away from the accident scene and everyone slumps down in their own seats. The freshman grows quiet. I think he's a little shook up. *Yeah, me too, buddy. You have no idea.*

Minutes later, I tell my Mom, "Hi" and try to act normal. She doesn't notice that I am wet with perspiration and three shades of green. I slip into my bedroom and lock the door.

Under my bed is a box with some stuff in it. Stuff I need.

I pull it out and shift through the contents. Underneath a newspaper clipping about my brother's death is a box of matches. I strike one and pull up my pant leg. The flame licks the back of my calf, singeing the hair. It hurts, but not as bad as the aching, hollow feeling way deep in my chest. In the heat of the flame a little of the tension starts to melt. *My brother burned in a car. I didn't save him. This is the least I can do.*

I blow out the match and grab a small penknife from my box. A little slit in my freshly burnt skin reaps large drops of blood. I begin to relax. My anxiety is released with the cleansing stream of red fluid. *If anyone is going to make me scared, or hurt me, it's going to be me. I am in control.*

A half-hour later, I feel drained. Really tired, but more like myself again. Whatever that means. See, I had this wild idea that Hunter burned up, so I needed to know what that felt like. That's how it started. I started drinking beer around the same time, but that's another story. Anyway, I drink and cut to let off steam. Otherwise, I'll explode.

I started doing this to feel in control. But now it's out of control.

\*\*\*

Now it's three days later. I think my leg is infected. I know you can die if your blood gets infected and stuff like that. I decided that I am going to tell somebody, but wasn't sure who to trust. I didn't want to tell the school nurse, 'cause what if she freaked out and suddenly it was public? I imagined people watching while they took me away from school in a straightjacket or something.

I decided to tell my Dad. He keeps telling me, especially since Hunter died

and I don't say much anymore, to come to him if I need to talk. Well, I'll soon find out if he means it.

\*\*\*

Good news. I told my Dad and he was really cool. He didn't get mad and said that he'd take me to see a counselor. He hugged me and told me it would be all right. I believe him.

My leg wasn't infected, which is good. I *do* care, you know.

I cut myself again yesterday, because I was pretty nervous about going to the counselor. He said he understands and that my stress about our appointment is a "trigger," which is anything that makes you feel like injuring yourself. He gave me some medicine to help curb the desire to cut.

It was embarrassing to talk to him at first, but it's better now. *I am getting better now.* I know, with help, I'll be able to stop cutting and drinking. ■







# Listening

Last month we promised two winners in our feedback drawing. You delivered, and this month's winners are: Jessica and Tatiana! Congratulations, girls! Your very own *Listen* T-shirt is on its way to you. Don't miss out on your chance to score. Send your feedback today! *Listen* Magazine, 55 West Oak Ridge Drive, Hagerstown, MD 21740 or [editor@listenmagazine.org](mailto:editor@listenmagazine.org). We want to hear from **YOU!**



Dear *Listen*,

► I think "SoulJahz" [March 2004] is a powerful, positive group. I only wish I had a piece of their music I could listen to. From what I heard in the magazine they sound really nice.

Your friend,  
Peter Austin



Dear *Listen*,

► My name is Dallas Nicole Woodburn. I am a 17-year-old reader and fan of your magazine. First off, I want to commend you on spreading such a positive message to teenagers about finding positive alternatives to drug use and practicing a healthy, drug-free lifestyle. As a high school student myself, I understand the pressures teens face today to give in to drugs, and I truly believe magazines like yours help give us the strength to make good choices and "just say no." I refrain from taking drugs because I know they would only get in the way of my dreams.

Best wishes,  
Dallas Woodburn



Dear *Listen*,

► I am a 15-year-old freelance writer and aspiring journalist. As a teenager, I really appreciate the strong values that *Listen* instills in my generation.

Sincerely,  
Liz Funk



Dear *Listen*,

► "Sticks & Stones" [March 2004] inspired me because that kind of stuff goes on so much today and kids really need to know how to overcome it.

Sincerely,  
Jessica Votaw



Dear *Listen*,

► I liked "Who Is the Real You?" [February 2004]. It was really sad though. It just makes you see how mean people can be, but also how to move on after years of being bullied. I liked the quote that was used, "It wasn't the plunge into the toilet that defined who I was. It was the climb out." I LOVE that quote. It's one of those quotes that builds your confidence and makes you stronger. You gotta love those.

Yours truly,  
Tatiana ■



# what's next

**Everything you want to know about next month's issue but are afraid to ask . . .**

**Rachael Scdoris:  
Snow Queen**

You won't believe the challenges Rachael has overcome in order to race her dogs through the wild Alaskan tundra.

**That Other Oxy**

No, not the acne wonder, something far more sinister.

**Keeping Your Job**

Got a terrific job? Great! Think you

have what it takes to keep it? Take our quiz to find out.

**The Tobacco Trap**

Your whole life can go up in a puff of smoke. Don't fall for this trap.

**Is Smoking Really Worth It?**

Ask Amber Aguilera. She found out and now she speaks out.

**The Chemical-Free Dorm**

Think college is all about partying? Worried about your accommodations? Have no fear! A new trend is sweeping the nation.

**Regretting Lost Time**

The countdown begins. How many more months until the final school bell rings? And where has your time gone. Will you regret what you did?

**Résumé Building for Teens**

Thinking about a job this summer? (It's closer than you think!) We'll tell you what you can do now to get ready to take on the world.

**The Very Mini Minority**

Erika was in a new school and she wanted to fit in. Would she live a lie just to gain some new, "cool" friends?

continued from page 17.)

## road trip

TELL US WHAT

YOU THINK

1. Why do you think Lisa never noticed this side of Tina and Ally before?
2. Do you think Ally would really use Ecstasy at a club? Why or why not?

Send your vote and any comments to:  
[monica\\_cane@yahoo.com](mailto:monica_cane@yahoo.com)



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Enclose check or money order and mail to: Listen, P.O. Box 859, Hagerstown, MD 21741. Please add US\$6.50 for addresses outside the U.S.A.





It's to die for.

It starts with "just this once," and it can end there.

Misuse of prescription pain relievers can kill you.

If someone offers you oxy, percs, vics or some other party drug,

**think twice—because you only die once.**

For information or help, call 1.800.662.HELP.



U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES  
Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration  
Food and Drug Administration

Prescription pain relievers, when used correctly and under a doctor's supervision, are safe and effective.