
Imaginations

Halloween is getting closer. Wouldn't it be nice to be able to read some Halloween stories? If you have spooky tales you want to tell, you are welcome to submit your stories to this Magazine. Your stories should approximately be 1000 words maximum in length. For legal reasons, you must tell me your name and state if you wish to remain anonymous. You can send your submissions through the fax account to GEM, or you can drop by the GEM office down in Main Building and give them to me. I look forward to reading your stories.

Kheng-Wee
Fiction Editor

Child

By Heather J. Morrison

His name is Joshua. He is seven years old. His life seems so easy; everything is an adventure. When I look at him, I see the future and what I used to be. For the most part he really doesn't care what I think. I am a means to an end; the one who breaks down and buys him a treat, even when we both know he doesn't deserve it. I am a pot hole in the road of life, and he simply looks for ways to drive around me.

Joshua likes to spend his time killing invisible enemies, (the kind who kicks you in the "privates" when you aren't looking), or wrestling on the lawn with his comrades, who are also looking out for sneaky foe. He learned his technique from the Ninja Turtles. He loves those turtles more than life itself. I should congratulate the world's creative geniuses on being so good at marketing the useless.

Girls are only essential to his life when he feels he has to protect them. That is, when they fit into his world of heroics. Mostly though, they are a threat. If he speaks to one, his pals automatically say he is in LOVE. He has spent the better part of his life trying to be the opposite of everyone else in our

house. Except for him, we are all females. Joshua says its "not easy being the only boy!"

When it rains, most people think "wet". He becomes excited as he waits for a rainbow to appear. Humidity is great because it's an excuse to go to the beach. The first snowfall makes the world so soft and clean that he has to eat pieces of it. He knows enough not to eat the yellow stuff but just to be funny, he will try to trick you into it.

The kid does his damndest to challenge me. He questions all "grown ups" actions and their motivations. "They should put traffic lights a the airport (intersection). Especially since the guy on the radio said there were gourteen accidents there this summer. They'll probably wait 'till 98 people ge killed before they do anything." When I look at him, I think that grown-ups must seem pretty stupid to him.

Sometimes Joshua worries. He worries that all his friends will die; that someone will come in the middle of the night and steal his bike; that he will grow up and have to fight in the Persian Gulf, in a war he didn't start. He worries about the bike in spite of the fact that he seldom remembers to put it in the shed where it belongs. Somehow that really doesn't matter, because, the bottom line is that he can't understand why anyone would purposely make him sad.

Joshua knows thathis bile can go "speedier" than any car. Espially on hills. New sneakers are faster than old ones. Morning will get here sooner if you go to bed early. He also knows that life isn't always easy. The day I had my dog put to sleep was a very traumaatic experience for Joshua. We held a funeral and buried the dog at a friend's farm. After we had finished filling in the grave, Joshua sat at the foot of it, crossed legged, and sobbed "this is the worst day of my whole, hard life". This may sound rather funny coming from a seven year old, but Joshua never says anything he