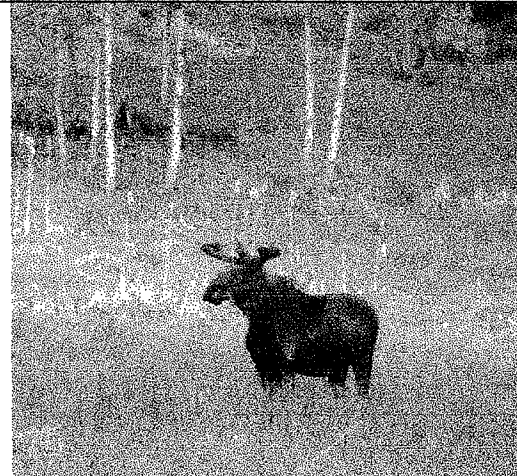


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It is said that if one wants to see a moose, the best time of day to see them is at dusk. This is not the case of the two moose that these photos were taken of. The cow moose was taken on May 6 between 8:15 and 8:30 a.m. I saw her while traveling Route 73 at what is known as the Brandon Gap Overlook. It was great being able to observe her from above while she was in her own natural habitat.

The bull moose was taken two weeks later on May 20 in a very different location from the cow. The bull was at the junction of Route 100 and 100 B. He had traffic at a standstill as we stopped to observe him while he grazed beside the road. His antlers are just getting started but I am sure that it is going to be a nice looking rack by the time it is finished growing. My mother-in-law Carolyn Hart took this photo with my camera as she was closer to him than I was. We were traveling to Montpelier around 7:15 a.m.

**Sandra Laird
Hancock**

**William
by K. P. Glaze**

The rain that fell was not real rain. Nothing was what it seemed, our imaginations told us different. The world was normal once, until He came. The people praised Him, though I never knew why. Some said that He was Jesus back from the dead. While others said that He was the king of the world, literally. The thing was, no one disliked Him, except me.

A year before it all happened in 2054, everything was how it always has been; insanely normal. Everything and everyone went on as always, and not too much stopped that.

I was a student, in my third year at Wesley, and I was at the top of my class. My history teacher, Ms. Boose, had a guest speaker come in to speak on religious history.

That is when I first saw Him. Tall, thin, not many muscles, and a brave, gentle face. This man was strange in a way that I could not explain. The way He talked, and all the movements He made were almost choreographed. His name was William, a philosopher.

He spoke of many things. The one thing I remember most from that first speech, was that He said that all is not what it seems, that everything in the universe, down to the smallest detail, is not real. Not like in the movies, though.

It was just something totally different.

Over the next few months His philosophy became revolutionary. I began doing research on William. I searched for any and all information on Him. But nothing having to do with His life before the recognition was available. It was as if He never existed before.

This story continues on page 7.

INSIDE:
**Who We Are in
Chittenden County**
.....p. 4, 5, 6

The Who and Why

My name is Lois C. Myers; I am a fifth generation Vermonter, and currently a 39 year old stay-at-home mom of two beautiful daughters, seven year old Cheyenne and six month old Autumn. Although my family on both sides is deeply rooted and connected to Vermont, they never became overly wealthy despite the fruits of their labors, but by no means poor either. I am lucky enough to still have my parents and siblings all living within Addison County.

I have worked outside the home since I was a young teenager of twelve, starting with a paper route and various babysitting jobs. At fourteen, I worked at a concession bus at the Charlotte Flea Market for a few seasons, then a waitressing job in my senior year of high school. I was also very active in extra-curricular activities such as soccer, softball, gymnastics, drama, band, and helped design and build sets for the plays and musicals. I was lucky enough to be on the team that won the 1983 Div. 2 Soccer State Championship, and the 1984 State Championship for Drama, and I went to Salve Regina in Newport, RI for a regional competition. Needless to say, my academics took a brutal beating. I did, however, manage to pass my classes and graduate on schedule. Knowing that I did not have plans to attend college, my art teacher recommended me to a local jewelry maker that had come to her looking for potential apprentices. I worked for Wolfe/Moore Designs for ten months until they relocated to Bellefonte, PA; I also worked in a local market part-time.

For a few years of going from painter to apple packer to packing house manager, I finally found my "Dream Job" at Danforth Pewterers. I spent the next ten and a half years learning and perfecting a craft, going from entry level to a supervisory position. I decided to resign my position when I was eight months along in my pregnancy for my first daughter. This was also about the time my grandmother entered the hospital. A month later my daughter was born and Nana passed about five hours after hearing that Cheyenne was here and healthy. One of the happiest and saddest days of my life.

Things did not work out with Cheyenne's father, and I found myself homeless with a five month old baby, two dogs and a cat. My mother graciously let me move into my Nana's house (which I still live in), and I was lucky enough to get my job back at Danforth's on a part-time basis, after a seven month hiatus. As she grew, so did my hours. I also moved to the hollowware department. For the next five years I learned and grew in my new position, but as I worked at my lathe and looked out my window, I felt like I needed a job that served more of a purpose than to make high-end giftware. So with a heavy heart, I left the "comfort zone" of Danforth's.

Knowing that I could not remain unemployed for long, I called a friend, who with her husband, has an agricultural fencing company in Orwell and got a part-time job four days a week. I also picked up a retail position at Basin Harbor two days a week. Both jobs were seasonal, so in October I was employed by Ringer's Home Care as a personal care assistant. I found out I was pregnant in February, and my mom was diagnosed with moderate dementia/Alzheimer's and breast cancer. I worked until the end of April until my mom's first surgery. I stayed busy by driving her to Fletcher Allen for the radiation treatments, and spending extra time with Cheyenne before the new baby arrived.

Lebanon, New Hampshire

On the way to the mall we saw ducks, geese, wood ducks, 20 deer and turkeys.

We had fun looking around on the way to the store.

I was with my brothers.

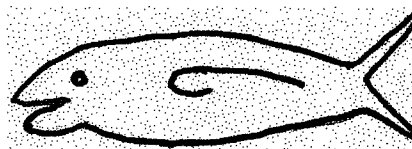
Fishing Lady

I went down to the Oxbow last night to go fishing by myself until my brother came along.

I caught my first fish before my brother came back to see if I caught anything.

I told him to look in the bucket to see my fish. Then I caught another one, and another one.

**Mrs. Frances Hill
Morrisville**



*by Robin Karov
Shoreham*

After the treatments ended, I had some extra time to myself, so I enrolled in the Intro to Computers class, gave birth to Autumn, then enrolled in the Intro to Excel, and now I am rounding it out with Intro to Word and More Word. I hope to use what I have learned at Vermont Adult Learning to either get back out in the job market or maybe try to further fill in the huge holes of my education. Taking these classes has made it easier for me to reach those goals I have set. I have met many people with diverse backgrounds and reasons for being involved with Vermont Adult Learning who have inspired me to go beyond my original goal of just learning the basics. Everyone from the teachers, staff, and students has been supportive and helpful in reaching these goals. Vermont Adult Learning is truly a valuable resource for the adult learners of Addison County, and I am very grateful for the voters, teachers, volunteers, and the people that had the forward thinking to see the need for such a resource in our changing community.

Thanks so much for giving me the tools to better my life and that of my daughters, and perhaps one day I can use them to help others.

**Lois C. Myers
Panton**

My Spring

My ears are awakened to the vibration of a vehicle cruising by our old house on the hill. It is evening and the light in the sky is dim. Lollipop red rear lights of the car go by. It is moving toward the natural trap. Will it make it? I sit at the window, quietly, kind of like a spider waiting and watching for their prey to be caught in the web. Four-wheel drive is about the only way one can escape the abyss down below our house. It waits...that seemingly small rut in the road. It waits for some traveler who doesn't realize they are about to be sucked into hub high mud. I wait. I wait for the sound of an engine trying too hard. The repetition is recognizable. Imagine the mud flying, the swearing, and the climbing into the mud to get to dry ground.

Cell phones do not connect in this area. And so I wait, sometimes with a smirk on my face. It is the subtle humor of nature slowing our frantic lives down. There is a knock on the door and already I know what to expect. Mud, mud, mud, I call my husband who grabs the chains, starts the old reliable tractor and pulls another victim from the seemingly endless pit. Welcome spring!

Carin Hoffman
Starksboro

Three Wishes

Once upon a time there was a little girl who had a dream about a leprechaun. Her name was Samantha. She dreamed that a leprechaun came to her in her sleep. The leprechaun's name was Leapy the Leprechaun. He gave her three wishes, but before she could get her wishes granted, she had to learn three things about herself.

Number One: She had to learn to love herself before she could love anyone else.

Number Two: She had to learn how to treat others with the respect that she wanted for herself. Samantha had to also learn how to be honest and truthful with others the way she was with herself.

Number Three: She had to get along with people of different creeds and colors.

So she went out on her own journey. Samantha learned how to love herself and how to be honest and truthful. She also got to work with people of different creeds and colors to make this world a better place so everyone would get together. There would be peace everywhere and no more wars.

Samantha's three wishes were granted and she was able to become a teacher and teach all the people of the world how to love themselves so that they could love others. Samantha also got to teach people how to be honest and trustworthy. She was able to teach people to get along with other people of different creeds and colors so there was peace and happiness everywhere.

Her three wishes came true.

Lea M. Gilman
Rutland

Mother's Day!

When I was young, Mother's Day was a very important day. It was the one day of the year to show your mother thanks for all the many wonderful things she has done for you.

I grew up in a household of ten - my parents, seven siblings and myself. I am number seven of the eight children, and the youngest daughter. My father always taught us that this was a day to treat mom like the queen she really was, and to show her how much we loved and appreciated her. We started the day by making her breakfast in bed, which usually consisted of burnt cold toast, unrecognizable eggs and watered down coffee. She would eat every bite (YUCK!) and praise us. (What a woman.) She has this way of always making everyone feel special.

Once the kitchen was cleaned, we would empty out our piggy banks and one of my older brothers or sisters would take us to the local flower shop at which time we would buy a house plant or a pretty flower pot or some flowers to plant outside. My mom loves her house plants and has a green thumb as she does for all living things.

Sunday dinners were always an event in our home. It was a time when everyone got together, played games, shared what had been going on in our lives, ate until we couldn't move and were just together. Dinner on Mother's Day was always prepared by my father and my oldest sister. My sister would take care of the vegetables and dessert, and my father would grill some type of meat outside. Everyone else would pitch in and help except for my mom. This was the one day of the year we waited on her. Why not? She did the other 364 days of our lives and with no complaints.

Throughout our lives she continues to love, support, encourage, and pick us up when we're down or just give a much needed hug. I always find it amazing that she still knows what to do and when to do it. She always makes things better and has taught us all the true meaning of family.

I am a mom now, and it is my turn. First I had to teach my husband the importance of Mother's Day. They did not practice this holiday in his household. I don't understand that! Once I got him on board, he taught our sons and it has become not Mother's Day, but Mother's Weekend, and I am treated like a queen. My hope is that my boys will remember not to take people or life for granted and to take the time to show appreciation for the important things and people in their lives. I guess all you can do is to give the best that you've got and hope some of that rubs off on your children.

I can't wait until Birthday Week!

Linda Steinmiller
Starksboro

WHO WE ARE in Chittenden County



What Vermont Adult Learning Means To Me

I still remember my first day at Vermont Adult Learning. It meant a new beginning for me.

At that point, it was my second week in the U.S. Before I came to the U.S., I did learn some English at school, but I forgot all of it, and we also learned British English in China. So it drove me crazy when I first came here. I felt myself like a deaf person or a blind person. I couldn't go anywhere without help. Finally a friend of my husband recommended Vermont Adult Learning ESL program. After an appointment, I started my classes.

Now, I have been here for a year and half. I feel my life is totally changed. I learned lots of things from school. I can talk to people. I can understand what people are talking about. I can read and write. I am also learning American history and citizenship. I just got a part time job last month. I feel I can control my life again now. I may go to college later. This is from Vermont Adult Learning.

Thank you Vermont Adult Learning.

Ying Ye



On the second day after I moved to the U.S.A., my daughter and I went grocery shopping. We wanted to buy a cabbage. I looked around but I couldn't find any cabbages. A clerk was near me but I could only say, "Please, a big.....," and then I stopped because I didn't know what I was looking for. Finally, she found me a large head of cabbage.

Now, I am learning to speak more English at Vermont Adult Learning in Colchester. I have excellent teachers and new friends from different countries all over the world. I can now communicate better with people, especially when I'm grocery shopping.

I want to say, "Thank you very much," Vermont Adult Learning.

Tatyana Nikulina



I have been in ESOL classes at Vermont Adult Learning for one year. I came here so that I could learn more English. Before coming here, I couldn't understand people when they spoke to me. Now, I can understand and speak much better English than before.

I want to say thank you to the helpful teachers at Vermont Adult Learning.

Ponleu Hor

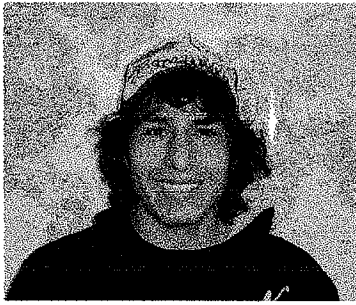


Graduation the Hard Way

In May 2008 I will be graduating from Community College of Vermont; it has been a hard road and sometimes I felt like quitting, but the teachers at Learning Works had other ideas for me and I'm happy they did. With their help I was able to get ready for the college math that was about to come from CCV.

I would like to thank every teacher at Learning Works for their help and constant faith in me. Between the teachers at Learning Works and CCV, I was able to finally conquer many types of mathematics including statistics and probability. It is essential to keep places like Learning Works going. It is a worthy cause to fund so this adult education learning place will be open. I will forever be an advocate for such a worthy cause for many people who want to learn and excel in life. Age is unimportant. It's never too late to learn.

Sincerely and thankful - Sergio Torres



Coming to the United States

My name is Raul. I am from Peru. I came here on February 16, 2007. The reason I came here is because I got married with a woman from Vermont. The first thing I did after coming to Vermont was look for a job. It was difficult to find one because most people in Vermont don't speak Spanish. My English was not very good when I first came here. I went to CCV with my wife to ask about studying something. They told me about a place where I could learn English for free. They said I need to go to the Vermont Adult Learning Program and they will help me learn English.

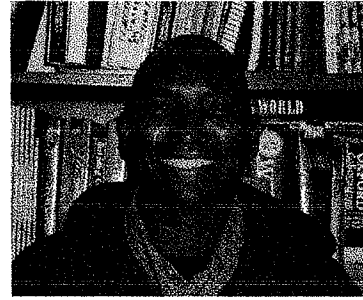
After one month I got a job in a supermarket and my wife became pregnant so I left Vermont Adult Learning Program in May. In July I got a new job working with concrete, making foundations. But I decided to change my job because I learned that in winter they don't have work.

So I found another new job in September. I work in a restaurant. My manager at the restaurant, Scott, is very nice. He helped me while I was getting my license and buying my car. He changed my schedule so I wouldn't have problems with transportation. In November my son was born. I realized that it was important for a good future to be fluent in English. I asked Scott to change my schedule again so I could return to Vermont Adult Learning Program. He said, "No problem," because he understands that it is necessary so I can have other opportunities in the future.

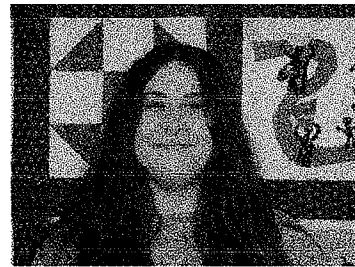
The most important thing I have learned in Vermont is that people are very nice and want to help. These kind of people can change your life. For example one time I remember while walking to work, people stopped and offered to give me a ride. In this moment I thought it is amazing how nice one person who doesn't know you can be. This has been my experience many times. It reminds me every time a stranger offers to help me that miracles happen in life all the time. In the Bible we are told to treat others the way we want to be treated. In Peru I helped others and now it is happening to me. Sometimes it makes me want to cry when I see how God is present in my life. I am very blessed. I have a beautiful life and family. My experiences here in Vermont have shown me how important it is to become a citizen of this wonderful country.

Raul Zevallos

My name is Francois Nyamikita and I am from the Democratic Republic of Congo. I attended primary school in my country. I went there for five years. The war started in my country when I was ten years old. I was separated from my whole family and went to the neighboring country of Tanzania where I lived with a different family for five years. I later went to Zambia to meet with my brothers. Through the United Nations High Commission for Refugees we came to the United States and settled in Vermont.



I was referred to Learning Works for English classes by Vermont Refugee Resettlement Program. I studied with an ESOL teacher for a year and then I began to study for the GED test. I decided to transfer to the Adult Diploma Program and I plan to complete the program and graduate from Burlington High School in June, 2008. Thanks to Learning Works, I can now continue my education at a higher level. I plan to begin my studies at CCV and eventually earn a Bachelor's degree in business from Champlain College.



Hi, my name is Becky. When I was growing up I moved back and forth from living with my mom in New York to living with my dad here in Vermont. It was very confusing. When I began high school I became a trouble maker, and I lost interest in my school work. When I was a junior I had finally cut so many classes that I was expelled from school.

When I left school I was pregnant with my daughter who was born when I was seventeen. Being a mother made me want to do more things in life. My daughter has influenced me to go back to school to get my high school diploma and to get my college degree. With the help of my daughter's school social worker, I found out about Learning Works and began to work to improve my reading, writing and math skills. After a year of hard work, I am now enrolled in the Adult Diploma Program. I plan to graduate in June of 2008.

I am very excited and determined to get my high school diploma. My daughter influenced me to go to school and now I want to be a good influence on her, so that she will want to finish school too and have different choices in her life. I also really want my high school diploma so that I can go to college and get the kind of job that I really want and one that pays really good money.

Becky

Tabby's Fill Up

I've got to let you know right up front that this story is true. The names have been changed, but it's as true as a young lad can remember.

The story starts one fine spring night when I went to my best friend and neighbor's house for supper. His name is Joe, mine is Tim. (I'll keep my name as it fits me.)

In this family there is dad Jack Jones. I got to call him Jack because he always said Mr. Jones was his dad. I could only call him Jack when Mrs. Jones wasn't home.

Jack worked hard but he also played hard. He loved to play cards or horseshoes and tell tall tales and a good joke when he could. If you know Jack, you know he also liked to partake in a beer now and then. The more beers he partook in, the more fun it was to be around Jack. At least we kids thought so, but Mrs. Jones didn't always think he was all that funny.

Now Mrs. Jones was a big woman who could be fun to be around, especially at meal time. Oh how she could cook. I think that's what she lived for - was to cook for all that came around. Mrs. Jones' first name was Jill, but Lord have mercy on your soul if you called her Jill. It was either Ma or Mrs. Jones, but never Jill.

Then there was the Bird Woman. She was Joe's big sister Judy. (She was called the Bird Woman because she was always flying off about something.) She didn't have much use for us boys. She said we were always in her way. We just considered her trouble to stay away from.

That makes up the Jones family, best known around the neighborhood as simply the J. family.

Oh, let me not forget the "Master" of the house, ruler of all, **Tabby, the Cat**. Now Tabby did what Tabby wanted to do. He slept where he wanted to, and if he was in your chair, you found another place to sit or be prepared to meet your maker. Tabby was plain mean and lazy, except at meal time. Our meal time, not when he was fed, he could care less about that. At our meals he was always there just going around and around under the table just waiting for something to hit the floor. When it did, it was his. We all learned you don't reach for it if you dropped something, as it now belonged to the "Master."

This night we were having Mrs. Jones' fried chicken. When she cooked fried chicken, that there colonel from down south just hung his head in shame. Along with the chicken we were having whipped spuds, corn on the cob and hot rolls. A meal fit for kings, or at least the J.'s and me.

As we were eating, Tabby was under the table doing his thing. Jack was always complaining about Tabby being under the table at meal time, but Tabby was always close to Jack, and we all knew it was Jack that was always giving Tabby something to eat under the table.

On this spring night, Jack gave Tabby a chicken bone under the table. All was good for awhile, then Tabby started choking, coughing and hacking away. Well old Jack scooped Tabby right up and put him in his lap. Jack took one good look at Tabby as Tabby lay there just a hacking away and said to Joe, "Run out to the barn and get the lawn mower gas can." Joe was out the door in a shot.

While Joe was gone, Mrs. Jones said, "You old fool, just what are you going to do with the gas?" Jack said, "I'm going to pour a little down Tabby's throat to dissolve that there chicken bone." Mrs. Jones said, "You can't do that - you'll kill him." Jack said, "Hush up woman, I know what I'm doing."

This whole time the Bird Woman is a-fluttering and a-fluttering, and her mouth is just a-going, not making any sense that I could make out. But I really wasn't listening as I was watching all that was going on. But I wasn't going to stop eating over this as it was just too good to stop. Anyway, what did I know? I was just a kid.

(See page 8 for the end of this story.)

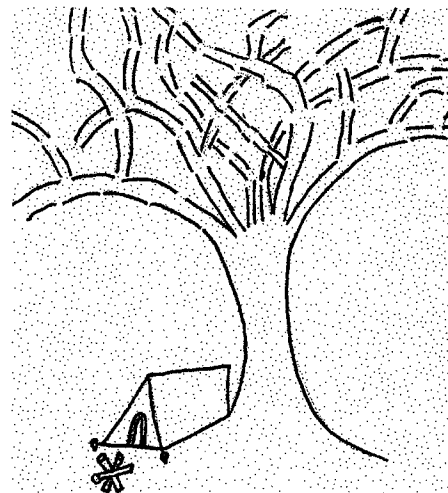
Who We Are *continued from p. 4 and 5.*



My name is **Iliia Dinis**. I am a Greek Albanian. In 1989 I escaped from Albania to Greece, and in 1992 I came to this great country. When I arrived in Burlington in the spring of 1992 I started to work as a mechanic. Spring and summer were beautiful, but the winter was a big shock to me because of the cold and so much snow. After a while I learned to adjust, started to learn English and began to feel at home.

In 1998 I had an accident which left me with a traumatic brain injury and 85% paralysis on my right side. After four long hard years of recovery, I found Learning Works. There I took ESL classes and worked on writing, reading and speaking English. I reviewed math and learned to use the computer. Eventually I was accepted into the Adult Diploma Program and will graduate this spring with my high school diploma.

Coming to Learning Works has meant a lot to me. I have had the chance to meet not just great teachers, but people with good hearts who really do care about me. They worked so hard with me, set me in the right direction, and helped me to believe in myself once again.



*by Robin Karov
Shoreham*

William by K. P. Glaze

continued from page 1.

I quit school to become an activist; I was going to solve this man's mystery. I helped protest against His ideas and theories. When I began talking about how there is not information on Him, I explained that it seemed like He showed up out of nowhere. That's when people thought of Him as a holy figure. Even those who came to my protests left to cherish Him.

I fought to stay awake it seemed, so that I couldn't go into a dream where it was back to normal. But that was the land I wished for. If only the world knew and understood. It seemed as if I was the only one who saw right through this man.

Nothing bad or strange really happened until the parade. The parade was the William Day Parade, and no, I'm not kidding. William Day, March 29, was dedicated to the world's "new found savior." Bigger than the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, the first was the worst. Not just in New York City either, but in every single town it was celebrated, along with a giant parade in every major city. Oh yeah, and did I mention that this happened in every single country? The one I went to, don't ask why, was the parade in Chicago. A statue was erected in Central Park in New York City also. That was when I made my choice; I would kill the newborn savior.

It was easy when you thought about it. Mostly it was the fact that He had no security. For that reason, that made it sound so easy. But I was wrong. The tables would turn, opening a mechanism that would change everything.

My plan was simple. I would get a job as a maid at the Holiday Inn in San Francisco. William would be staying there in one month. The work would be easy, and the dirty work would be even easier. The rooms were all connected by a door, so that was how I would get into his room undetected.

Modern Day

"William will be staying on the third floor. Remember to not disturb Him on the fourth as you clean," my boss told me.

The day has finally come to end it all. This is my destiny. No room on the third floor is occupied, except for His. As I was going to the elevator doors, I slid past the cameras and into a room. In dim light, I stood waiting for my lungs to start to work again. I grabbed the blade of the dagger I had hid in my pocket. I didn't hold it too hard, so I wouldn't bleed.

Through the first connecting door, the doubt set in. What if I cannot do this? But I must go on, I thought to myself. Into the third, then the fourth room, then so on. With each new room I pushed back the doubt, and I prayed to the real God for forgiveness.

Finally, I am here. The TV is on. It is loud. I can tell it's on a commercial. I wait, for what seems like forever, until I hear the bathroom fan turn on. I open the door. The sweet smell of roses drowns my nostrils. I go to the bed and I sit down. All that is left now is to bring Him down.

The toilet flushes and the sink is running. Then, there He was. Tall and not surprised I am here in His room. A smile that was almost painted on His face crept across His mouth. He laughed a short laugh, and walked towards me.

He spoke, "Kaylen, I have not seen you in so long. I'm glad you're here."

"You know why I am here?" I asked.

"Forgiveness."

He came towards me. I stood up. My hand was ready to grab the dagger. But that was not what happened. He grabbed my shoulders and bent down to kiss me. As His lips touched mine, I forgot everything as the pain swept in. Deep and hard, I couldn't resist His kiss, so I kissed Him back. His hands were everywhere, on my back and down, then on my chest.

A sharp pain attacked the middle of my chest where His hands rested. Then He let his hands fall. As I looked down, I gasped at the blood. My dagger was in His hands. He had tricked me.

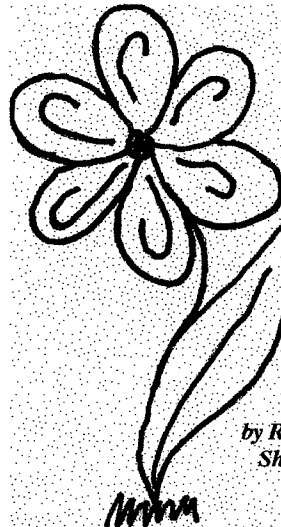
"You are forgiven. Now I must continue my work. I feel sorry for you. Haven't you ever read a history book? Revolutionaries never win," He said.

To my knees I fell. He walked out the door, smiling. My eyes closed on the blackness. My plan had failed, as His succeeded. He would have world domination. It was the end of Earth and the beginning of Hell.

K. P. Glaze

*Story not to be used without author's consent.
Email me at kandi_g@yahoo.com if you would like to use this story.*

Hello, my name is **Charlene Aslam**. I am learning what it is like to go back to school this summer. After having the same career for over 25 years, I find myself looking for a new change. What better place to do this than Vermont Adult Learning. I would like to share with you the story **William**, one of the many short stories that my 16 year old, daughter **K. P. Glaze**, has written.



*by Robin Karov
Shoreham*

Editor's note: the Eagle welcomes contributions from family and friends of Learning Works students. Please encourage the writers and the artists you know to send their work to us.

Tabby's Fill Up *continued from page 6*

Joe came crashing through the door with the gas can and said, "Dad, what do I do with this?" Jack said, "When I get Tabby's mouth open, you pour in about half a cup full and we'll dissolve that bone."

While all this was going on with Jack, Joe and Tabby, the Bird Woman was just a-spitting and sputtering, and Mrs. Jones was chewing Jack a new ear about what he was doing to poor Tabby. Me, I was still just watching and eating, because around here, you never know what is going to happen next.

Well I'm here to tell you what I saw doesn't happen every day. When Joe got done pouring the gas and Jack let up on Tabby some, Tabby got away and was off like a shot out of a gun. He went around and around the table two or three times. Then he made a break for the livingroom, up over the chair across the couch, through Mrs. Jones flowers and plants, under the TV, and down the hall and back again. Mrs. Jones was just a-hollering and carrying on each time Tabby went through her flowers and plants as they were her pride and joy. All this time I swear Tabby was gaining speed each time he went around.

Tabby went around three or four times. I can't be sure as everything was going on so fast, I lost count. Besides, I was busy on another chicken leg. Hey, give me a break. I'm just a kid, but I'm here to tell you everything I'm about to say is true and just the way it happened.

Tabby was on his fourth lap (I think) when he was in mid air from the chair to the couch, just starting his fifth lap when he landed on the couch with a plop, rolled a couple of times and then just laid there all stretched out. Well Mrs. Jones crossed her arms across her chest and said, "There you old fool, you killed poor old Tabby."

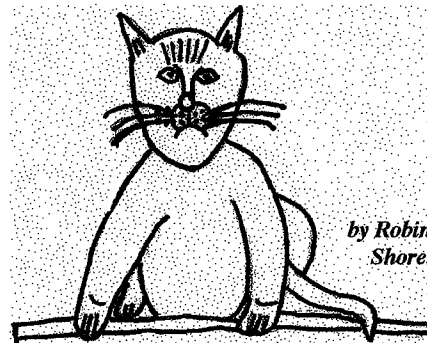
The Bird Woman jumps up and yells, "Is he dead?"

Jack says with a big smile on his face, (I knew when he smiled like that it was going to be good.) "Nope, you silly girls..."

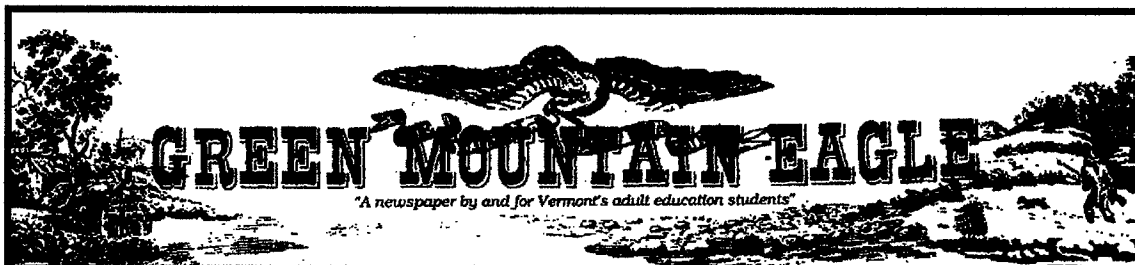
Old Tabby just ran out of gasssssssss."

Tim Bushey
Salisbury

P.S. I want to say that the Adult Learning classes are a great asset to the adults who didn't get to learn what they need in today's world back when they were in school. As for me, I'm able to go and say I can run a computer when looking for a new job.



*by Robin Karov
Shoreham*



KEEP YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS COMING!

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Please be sure to include your name, phone number and/or address or a way to reach you in case we have questions about your contribution.

We need your artwork and photos!
The more there are, the better the *Eagle* is. Send us your drawings done in dark ink on white, unlined paper. Send us photos!