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ALICE DEAL JUNIOR HIGH



FAMILY FOLKTALES

April 1991

PERIOD 1

"Welcome to the interesting, exciting, and crazy folktales of period one."

"What is a folktale? Way back in the olden days in order to have fun, they would sit around and entertain each other with folktales."

"A family folktale is a story that is passed on by word of mouth. These folktales are told from our mouths to your ears."

"These folktales are more or less about the lives of simple eighth graders and how they live."

"These are all stories written by normal everyday students using our own language and our own feelings. These stories are very important to us in that it helps us to link ourselves to our families, friends, and loved ones."

"These exciting and wonderful stories are stories that had an effect on our lives or maybe even transformed them."

"In our stories we talk about family trips, weddings, funerals, and much more. You will find a variety of occasions where people spent time with their family: picnics, family reunions, and many other family activities. --They are sad, funny and some are just touching."

"Each individual story was first recalled and then recorded for your own reading pleasures. First we had to write the stories. Then we typed them in the computer room. Next, Ms. Antenucci checked them."

"And they are all very special to us."

"The stories here are in our slang and dialect about our families. Though the stories have been checked by us and our English teacher, all of the words or our present-day slang have not been changed in the stories we have written."

"From these folktales, people will get a vivid view of how we live."

"Reading these stories should make you realize how important your family really is to you."

"So whenever you start reading, try not to stop reading, except for when you get to all those other boring periods. Then and only then do you have our permission to stop!"

"So we hope you enjoy them very much because we had a lot of fun writing them just for you! First period has worked hard to put this book together for you, so sit back, relax, and get ready for a ride with the first-period train of delight."

Family Folktale by Mike McMorris

I have too many members in my family to name so I will just name a few of them. My grandmother (Gormet cook), my grandfather (handy man), my little brother Jermaine (egghead) and my aunts Pat, Bette, and Barbara (hard-working). Let's forget about that and go into the story about a girl named blah,blah,blah that adores me. (SIKE) just kidding, this story will knock you slam out.

One day I was stone cold chillin in my crib when the doorbell rang. It was my aunt Barbara and little knucklehead brother Jermaine. She started to tell us about how one day she was running around in the store and chipped her tooth. She said that her and her parents, my grandparents, were in the store and she was running around in the store. Then she saw something that she wanted, so she ran over to my grandparents and ran into a counter or something like that and chipped her tooth. This must be a coincidence, because the same thing happened to me, only I had a bag of cookies and I jumped over the shopping basket and hit the cart face first. And my tooth came out.

Family Folktale by Ashante Boodram

The people in my family are Lois, Shuna, Shuna 2, Aisha, and me Ashante. Lois, my mother, is very smart and nice, but sometimes she is mean. Shuna my father is funny, but he sometimes gets on my nerves. Shuna 2 my brother is tall and he looks just like Special Ed to me. Aisha my sister is short, smart, and cute. Ashante that's me the smart and handsome one.

My brother used to sell drugs in the 11th grade. He stopped a year later. He was going to Fort Totten, the place where he sell drugs, to say hi to a few of his friends. When he was walking, he met a drug addict who had a gun. The man probably thought that he still sold drugs, so he tried to rob him. He was at close range, aiming for the heart. When he shot, my brother moved to the side. He was hit in the left side of his chest. It hit his lungs and went out his back. He ran to the fire station and collapsed. The ambulance picked him up and rushed him to the hospital. He's now alright and as good as new.

I was asleep when my brother's mother called. It was about 3 o'clock in the morning, my mother answerd the phone she came in my room and woke my father up. She told him that Shuna 2 had been shot. I was awake and heard my mother telling him. My father got up and went to the hospital. I went back to sleep praying that he will be ok. My father came home about 7 o'clock and didn't say nothing to me or my sister. I went to school wondering how he was doing. When I came home he told me about Shuna 2. Then he said that he didn't want to tell me in the morning because he didn't want me worrying about him during school. He told me that he was doing alright and that made me feel a lot better.

Family Folktale by Adriel Wood

My name is Adriel Wood. My mother's name is Terry Wood, my father's name is Donald Wood, and my brother's name is also Donald Wood. Together we live in a three-bedroom house in N.E. Washington, D.C.

One summer night when I was about two or three years old I remember sleeping with the window up in my crib, when suddenly someone grabbed me by my pajama top, and then I woke up and they dropped me and ran. I vaguely remember seeing someone running out of my backyard. Till this day I still remember that night even though I was so young.

When we moved to the house we live in now, I chose the room in front of my mother and father's room because the room I had in the old house was beside the bathroom, and I wasn't about to go through that again.

Family Folktale by Sheldon Brown

My family consists of 5 people including me. I have a dad who is an accountant. My mom, she's a directer of Takoma Nursery school. I have one brother, he is 17 and goes to Wilson senior high school. He is in the 12th grade and he plays on the Wilson football team. I have one sister and she is 12 years old. She goes to Deal Junior High School.

My sister is in a group or performing arts company called the Playmakers. Every year they go out of the country to perform. Last summer they went to Canada. My sister left before my family and I did. Before we left the playmakers were already there and had gone to an amusement park. That day my sister called my mom from the park and was crying cause she was scared. This is because when my sister and a friend got on a roller coaster, a storm occurred.

When they were on the middle of the ride a lightning bolt had struck the coaster. Nobody was hurt. But when my mom heard about it she "FLIPPED." My mom was so worried that she made us pack in a half an hour and she drove 13 hours non-stop, (Only For Gas) all the way to Canada. When we got there we were all tired except for my mother. She got us our rooms at the Mariot hotel and she rushed upstairs to see her daughter. When she saw that my sister was o.k. then my mom got tired. My mom and the rest of us fell asleep. My brother and I woke up, put on our trunks and went swimming.

We stayed in Canada for a week. We all had a great time while it lasted. We stayed there (at Canada) for 8 days and 7 nights (from August 1-the 9).

It was a long ride home. My mom and my cousin took turns driving home. It took us 13 hours to get back. We were all tired when we got home. Everybody went to sleep and woke up the next day, my mom went to work and we (my brother, sister and I) stayed home and played.

Family Folktale by April Belcher

My family is great. I'm only talking about my mother's side of the family in this story so I will tell you who they are: my cousins Kim, Keith, Kevin, and Kenny S. They are all brothers and sisters. My cousins Diren, Cheryl, and Kenny M. are married or to be married to my cousins I mentioned first. My cousins Brandel, De Andra, Jeremy, and Jasmine are the children of my first cousins which make them my second cousins. Last but not least are my uncle's children and my cousins, Felecia, Carol, and Vernon Jr. They are also brothers and sisters.

On June 9,1990 my favorite cousin Kimberly Shouse (Kim) was to be married to to Kenneth Mickens (Kenny M.). The day before the wedding, which was June 8,1990, we had practice for the wedding. I didn't know there were so many people in the wedding. During the practice Kim had some people down stairs in the church's kitchen preparing a dinner for her wedding party. It was so delicious. We ate spaghetti with meat and salad with everything in it that you could imagine. It was very nice.

The day of the wedding finally came, that was for Kim and Kenny anyway, but not for me!! My cousin Carol helped Kim get dressed. She looked so beautiful I couldn't even begin to explain how it felt to see her in a wedding dress. All those boyfriends she used to have. If you knew her when she was younger you would have thought just like I did that she would never get married. She looked so pretty I felt like crying. Her gown was all white with pearl-like jewels on it. The brides maids and jr. brides maids wore red and white because those were the wedding colors. After everyone got dressed we marched down the asile and Kim and Kenny said there wedding vows.

THE END

Family Folktale by Timetha Banks

There are four members, or should I say three and a half members, of my small but interesting family. My mother,Yvette, the intelligent one, my step-father, Giles, the nerd, me the defiant one, and then there's my baby brother, Devin.

May 1 was the most dreadful day of my life. It was 3:00 in the morning when I heard a loud scream. It was that little brat trying to push his way through my mother. My mother was calm and cool as though nothing was wrong. My step-father, on the other hand, panicked. Giles was running around like a duck in hunting season. He was knocking things over and pushing me out of the way. They rushed to the hospital without saying a word to me. I layed in my bed staring at the ceiling wondering if everything was O.k.... Finally the phone rang. It was Giles calling to say that everything was fine and for me to still go to school. After I got home from school, I found out that it was a healthy, normal baby boy. Two days later my mother told me all about the pain, and how fast her delivery was over. In three very vigorous pushes Devin was welcomed into the world with a slap on his behind. My life has been miserable ever since. He's so cute though. His whole name is Devin Johnathon Jackson, but we call him D.J...he's alright if you like little brats. I like him a little bit. Good ole D.J....

Family Folktale by Abraham Carlo

My family is divided into four parts. My mother is in Ecuador, and my five brothers that have a different father live out in the boonies. My father, sister, her daughter, and I live together, and my youngest yet older brother lives with his wife and daughter on the other side of town. My family is a strong family. Although we live far apart; in our hearts we are all close by.

My mother is now in Ecuador taking care of her sick parents and her property. She left about two or three months ago. I guess all of this business, problems, and arguing finally got to her. My mother is a strong woman, and usually dosn't run away from her problems. It seems to me that she's not running from anything or anyone because of the things she's told me. My mother never shows any sign of affection or grief becouse of the hard childhood she lived. This is why she expresses her self with words and not with emotions. I think what she's running from is fear. Fear of losing what she has and all she worked for. My family is slowly drifting apart. My mother dosn't seem to like the idea of my sister and I fighting all of the time, my brothers never talking, and my father's yelling. I will not abandon my mother for the world. If my other relatives are drifting away, I won't.

Family Folktale by Kevin Barnes

I love my family. It is full of playful, silly, ok, funny and more playful people. My mother is fun, but because she is a teacher she wants me to work very hard which I want to do. Let's see what she does if I get straight A's. Maybe a car would be nice. My father is playful. He likes to sometimes catch my cousin and I and beat us up, but one time we tried to jump him and once again we ended up getting beat up. My big sister is sometimes silly and serious sometimes, but when she's in a good mood she'll be silly if she wants to. My brother cousin likes to wrestle my cousin and my sister, work on his car and play with his snake. My cousin is ok but all he likes to do is play with those dumb NINJA TURTLES. My sister is silly. All she does is talk and she knows she has a big mouth and still screams when she talks on the phone. Me I'm just a cool dude cooling in the shade sipping a little lemonade.

I Hate the Leaves from the Trees

One day my cousin and I decided to rake the leaves on the lawn. We finished raking the yard by the time my mother got home and she thanked us. The next day however the trees didn't like the yard covered with grass so the wind blew the leaves everywhere! The raking of the grass was totally useless and to top it all of my mother said we didn't rake the grass. Actually I think she was talking about the side of the house where we didn't rake, but at that time I thought she was talking about all the grass in general. I was so mad I could have yelled! She told me to my face that I the master at raking grass didn't rake the grass and every body in the house saw us raking the grass. She made us rake the grass all over again but the good thing about raking the grass all over again is that my mother gave me five dollars for raking the grass again.

THE END

Family Folktale by Tamyra Smith

This is a story about me and my friend Lori. Lori's kinda chubby, but most people say she's fat. Personally I don't jone on her, well maybe once and a while, well enough about her let's go to me. I'm short, cute, and incredibly smart. Naw, I'm just joking around, on with the story.

My boyfriend, not saying who, decided he wanted his ear pierced. So Lori asked me if I had a pin. I told her yes, but it's at home. So the next day I brought some alchohol and a large pin to Dunkin Doughnuts. We started to pierce his ear, but then we came to problems. His ear lobe was to thick, so you know we had serious problems. Then we straightened it out and finally got the earring through. He was relieved because when you take the pin out it hurts.

I decided I wanted a second hole in my ear too. So the next day Lori pierced my ear. It didn't hurt when she put it in, but when she pulled the pin out that's when it hurt. She took the pin out and put the earring in. When I got home no one noticed it, but then my mother saw it. My mother said nothing, I was shocked.

The next day I got the other ear done. When I got home my older brother, Derrick, who's 21, said, "Dag pockey you got two holes in both ears!" Pockey is my nickname for me because my brother Derrick believes I'm chubby, I don't think so.

Well anyway my mother looked and said, "What!" I tried to cover it up but my brother just had to say something, didn't he. My mom said, "I was going to let you get your ear pierced at the mall, so why did you let Lori do it?" She told me to take the earrings out, and while she was talking I was just sitting there rolling my eyes and sucking my teeth. She kept on grumbling and mumbling to herself about how she couldn't understand why I did that when she was going to let me get them pierced anyway. But I didn't care as long as I get them pierced again some time this year, maybe Christmas. I sure hope so! So who's ever reading this story see you round.

Family Folktale by Christian Birney

The characters in this story are Bill who is my dad, and Rod his brother. At the time Bill was 15 and Rod was 6. Rod always looked up to Bill. If he wasn't included in a game he would whine until he was. Rod liked to play basketball and wiffleball. Bill had a paper route and liked to play baseball and basketball. He would always play tricks on Rod or scare the living daylights out of him. They both lived in Connecticut by a river.

One sunny day after Bill and Rod had just finished playing basketball, they decided to go to the boat yard at the end of the street. They wanted to get a soda and have a look at the boats.

Bill got on his new English three-speed and Rod sat on the handlebars. As they were riding down the street Bill thought he would scare Rod just a little. Bill told Rod that he was going to crash into a parked car. Rod got so scared and jammed his feet into the spokes. Bill went flying and Rod had his face in the ground.

Family Folktale by Akeena Talley

My family is very big. Twelve people went on this trip. Before I tell the story let me introduce these 12 people to you. First there is my grandma and granda, who are two generous and loving people who made this trip possible. Then is my mom who is a lovely woman, and my dad who is a great person. My little sister D'jai who is sometimes a pest that is ten years old. Next there is my fourteen year old brother that doesn't look like it. Next there are my four fun cousins Eunice, Tia, Domonique, and Jessica. My two lovable aunts Earline, Elanor, and of course the one and only me!

We took a trip to Virginia Beach for a few days. We stayed at a motel. The motel had a swimming pool, we were in there practically day and night. There was a carnival right across from where we were staying. The beach was down the road. Seven people stayed in the upstairs and five people stayed in the room downstairs. The next morning my grandmother and grandfather cooked breakfast, and boy was it good. After we ate breakfast we each went different ways. My mom took my sister and my cousin to the carnival while the rest of us stayed at the motel's pool. That evening we went out to eat. The next morning we went to the beach and shopped on the Boardwalk and ate a big lunch consisting of lobster,
broccoli with cheese melted on the top. We really had much fun the whole day. We left that night. I will always remember that trip, it was really fun! The next day I couldn't get up in the morning to go to school.

Family Folktale by Rickey Payton

First I will like to introduce my family. My father's name is Rickey Payton Sr. My mother's name is Marsha Yvonne Singletary. My dog's name is Champ. My brother (which is the oldest) name is Ronnie Singletary and my sister name is Carleta Vera Singletary.

I would first like to talk about my father. My father is a very busy man. He loves his job. It seems like he works 24 hours a day. He is a choir director, producer, singer, pianolist, and a song writer. I love his job because I get to meet important people like Clifton Davis, Malcolm Jamal Warner, Quincy Jones, and ext. Although my father is a busy man, he takes time out to play, study; and he teaches me how to play the piano. He is thirty one years old and he drives a nineteen-eighty-nine Dynasty. He works at Sidwell Friends as a music teacher. He is a member of New Bethel Church of God in Christ. His birthday is June 17, 1959. He went to Howard University for college. My dad is a very good dad.

Secondly, I want to talk about my mother. My mother name is Melody Taylor Payton. My mom is thirty-two years old. Her birthday is January 9. My mother is a singer (gospel), lawyer, and an architect. I do not like my mother being a lawyer because she can catch me in a lie very quick. But I do like her being an architect because when I have an art project I always get an "A."

Family Folktale by Jermaine Morris

My family is very argumentative. My brother Julius, who lives 150 miles from here, calls every once in a while and sort of starts a little trouble. My two sisters Julie and Donnayle every so often have cursing matches.

Just this week, my Grandmother passed because of a massive stroke in the brain. Looking on the bright side, this passed Fourth of July, we had a picnic. At the picnic, I played darts with some friends and played football. Later on, I went for a swim at Lake Winnepesauke. My sister Julie was scared to jump off the platform into the water but I wasn't. I try to encourage her to jump, until after a few minutes she started to yell at me. Things were going fine until it started to rain. Everybody complained about the food getting wet. After it stopped, everything was completely destroyed. The picnic was ruined and that's when all the arguing started. Everybody was yelling and screaming because of how things turned out. Then the cursing arouse between my sister and some of their friends. In about an hour or two, everything started to calm down, but I was still very mad after the fact that it was all over. "Everybody loves one another but they still argue too much."

Family Folktale by Francesca Carpenter

First of all let us learn about my family: my aunt Margaret who is always complaining about everything, my aunt Rose who is always cooking and rocking in her rocking chair. Sometimes I believe that she is glued to that ugly white paint-chipping rocking chair. Really, it's beautiful in its own way. My two cousins, they're married you know and they just had a baby in Feburary 1990. They really don't know how hard it is to raise a baby, "sike" in their own way they're doing a fantastic job (they're so in love.) My other cousins Ronita and Percey have a 3-year-old boy who has a body of a 6 year old. Percey is steady pressing for another child, though that's alot to ask for. There is also another married couple who have been married for at least three years. There is also my mother Beverly who is quiet, patient and calm-mannered. You can't forget my Grandmother, who is nice, fun-loving yet weird, your typical grandmother. Last but not least myself, I am funny yet reverent, peaceful yet loud, your average teenager.

Now let's get on with this folktale. One day while in North Carolina during a typical family reunion my cousin announced her pregnancy. You know how people get when they find out that someone is pregnant. They heaver and hovle all over them. They make you feel happy, sad, cheerful and grateful all at the same time. Meanwhile my cousin Alan had just got a motorcycle and you can imagine that excitement. Maybe you can't, but anyway let's get on with it. Well since Alan and Percey are brothers it is often likley for men to bond together like they should. So Percey and Alan were off riding that beautiful yet ugly motorcycle. They love motorcycles, and they nearly got run off the road by those nice peaceful cars. Anyway let's rap this up. Back to the pregancy, well anyway my aunt Margret said the final words of this folktale,"I don't believe she's pregant. I won't believe it until I see a baby." Bye Bye!!!!

Family Folktale by JaWuana Lindsey

First, let me introduce you to my loving but crazy family. Alright, let me introduce my goofy Number 1 cuz Domonique, B.K.A. NIKKI. She is known to be the fashionable one of the family, a BOYS fanatic, and very nice . She is 13 yrs old. Second, I will like to introduce Melanee, B.K.A my other cuz, she's 8 yrs of age going on 35 and very nice like her BIG SIS NIKKI. The only thang is that she's chubbier. And me, very nice and quiet yet talkative I am known to be the silly one in the family, very adventurous and fun-loving.

Let's get busy, okay. It was in the summer, and we was supposed to take Mel to the movies at Pentagon City. But silly Nikki wanted to go over a friend's house who I didn't even know, and Nikki had the money for us to get in the movie. But she wouldn't let us have it, so we ended up going to her friend's house. She really made me very upset because she didn't know where she was going. We ended up in New Carrolton out in Maryland, and we saw some boys Nikki knew, and she was trying to ditch 'em but she wasn't that successful. They followed us to the stadium-Armory asking us to go to the movies with them. We got lost and time was running out. All the time we was trying to ditch them they steal was following us.

The clock had hit 4:45 and we was at Metro Center and we knew we was going to get in trouble. So we got to Potomac Ave. on time, and we went to Nikki's house and we had alot of fun.

THE END

Family Folktale by Francis Darko

Before I start I`d like to introduce the people in my family that are going to be in the story. First there`s my Grandfather; he`s nice when he wants to be, but he`s loving and caring all the time. My uncle Feddy the tough one, but fun, and his wife Pat. My cousin Shannon, she`s the toughest out of all of the cousins. Then comes Keona the sweet one, and last but not least my aunt Ela the ruthless one.

Now back to the story. It was the night that we had went to the funeral and burial of my Great-Grandmother. All my cousins, aunts, and uncle went down into the basement. We decided to have a dance contest. We were just kidding at first, but then it turned into Showtime At The Apollo. We danced to the song we picked. My cousin Keona was up first; she put on a good performance. Oh by the way, my cousin Shannon, the toughest cousin, she was the D.J. She played all the music. Next up was my aunt Ela. She was geeking, she didn`t know how to dance so we laughed at her, and then she sat down. I was up next. I did a little bit of this and little bit of that, I was finished. Everybody said I had the best performance. My uncle Feddy and his wife Pat were the judges. Their votes came in, Shannon announced the winner--it was Ela, SIKE!!!, it was me. My cousin Keona was mad but she got over it I think, but she still had a vengeful grin on her face. My Grandfather came down to see what was going on, but it was too late everybody was going up stairs.

THE END!!

Family Folktales by Tanisha Jones

In this story a new family member was added. An orange and white tabby. Around this time I was only five years old. I was one of those brats with long pigtales and an innocent face. I was the only child with no brother or sister to stop selfish me from getting anything I wanted. At the time I lived with my sweet, energetic, and nice great grand mother. My mother, a very young and intelligent person, had just came from a hard day at work.

It was a dark cold winter night. There was a furious snow storm and everything was silent. Then we heard a weird cry at the door. My mother arose from her seat and opened the door. There stood a shivering tabby. At the time I had a great fear of cats and did not want them near me. But my mother insisted on letting her in. Then we had a black piano. The cat came near me, I jumped on top of the piano and stayed there for the rest of the night. The next morning my mother and I went to the store and brought our new friend some food. The cat ate like it had never eaten before. My mother and I gave it a name "Honey." After a short period of time, I began to like our new family member. The next day we took Honey to the vet. The veterinarian gave her the necessary shots. From then on she has been my best friend.

Family Folktale by Darrius Martin

One day my aunt and uncle came to pick my Mother, Father, big brother, little brother, and me for the trip to Kings Dominion. We all were excited to go. We got in the car and started on the road. When we arrived everyone gladly got out of the car and then we were on our way to the amusement park. We all split up my cousin, his cousin, my big brother, and me, my aunt and uncle, and my Mother and Father. I got on a few rides, then I came back to the car to get something to eat. I helped set up the table and chairs and put sodas around the table. So I finished early and went back to the park and into the arcade. I played ten to fifteen games then left out and went on the Rebel Yell, which was really neat. The next ride I went on was the White Water Canyon; that was a very wet ride. Then finally the Waterlog ride was extremely fast. After I got off the Waterlog ride I got onto a cable car that was really high. The people on the ground almost looked like ants and that gave me the shivers. But it was a relaxing ride and the scariest part about it was that I was by myself. When that ride was over I quickly got off and on to the Sky Pilot and when I got off I was feeling very very dizzy.

This other ride I got on is called the Berzerker. When I got on that my heart started jumping night away. So then I thought to myself do I really want to get on this ride? I made up my mind and agreed to get on. Everyone had got and was set to go. Everybody except for me was waiting for the excitement. So the ride started, everyone just burst out screaming. Then all of a sudden I started not to worry, this ride was getting better and better. Then the boat started to shake faster and faster, so I lived through it. So when the ride stopped I got off and walked back to the car ready to go.

Family Folktale by Antonio Cash

My family consists of Aleta Cash, my sister who has good and bad days. My brother Williaim Cash who thinks he is superman. My father William Cash who instills good manners, and my mother Mary Cash who instills our Christian religion. There is also Nikki Arnett, Sean Arnett, and Shante Arnett.

The day my sister was going to get married to my brother-in-law, Daryl Jones, a important person was not there. When the bridemaids and grooms maids marched into the church and the bride was walked in by my father, the groom was not there. After five minutes passed, the groom came in with the Reverand. After they were married, Daryl explained to us why he was late. He said, "The Rev. was watching football."

Family Folktale by LaFontaine Oliver

Before I start my story I would like to introduce the people in it. My dad's name is Guy; he's a real level-headed man. My mother's name is Shirley; a real impressionable lady. My little sister's name is Essence; she's very silly. My big brother's name is Laguy; he's a real kool and mellow guy and he likes to hog the phone so that no one else can use it. And last but not least me. I'm just a all around guy who's never wrong!

One day the family was out on vacation in Virginia beach. Everyone had taken off their clothes and were in their bathing suits. We all ran out to the water and we swam and played for about a half and hour; and when we came back to where we had left our clothes everything was gone! Our clothes, our money, our car keys, our tiles and worst of all our food.

Everyone panicked, exept me. My dad went walking to try and find our things while we sat in the sand. When my dad came back he was unsuccessful and did not find any of our things. But again I wasn't worried.

Well since my dad couldn't find our things we decided to make the best of our vacation while my father called the police. Everything was going great. We played vollyball and we threw the boring frisby back and forth and back and forth...until the sun went down; and then the wind started to kick in. Man that wind was kicken like Bruce Lee. Because of our wet clothes we were very cold and it was getting dark and my dad wasn't back. But I wasn't worried. But all of a sudden a thought came to me. It was like something from a higher state of consciousness. It said to me "retrace your steps" so I asked my family to assist me in retracing our steps. Everyone thought I was crazy. My little sister scorned me. My big brother joned on me; and my mother even laughed at me. But I still went on with my plans.

I started retracing my steps and wouldn't you know it while I was kicking my feet in the sand; I kicked up a shoe. So I got down on my knees and began digging. About two minutes later I had uncovered all of our things; the clothes, the car keys, the towels and even the food. And we lived happily ever after.

Well maybe it didn't happen exactly that way. Maybe I was the one who panicked and was afraid, and maybe my father found the clothes, but that's the way I like to remember it.

Family Folktale by Jamal White

This story is about the members of my family. My brother Matthew is four. Even though he can be nice at times, he's really annoying. My mother is very fun and pleasant to be around. My father is very funny and interesting. My grandmother is nice and talks alot. My cousin, last and least, is one of my worst enemies.

About three years ago, I went to Kings Dominion with my parents, my brother, my cousin, and my cousin. When we got there everyone was excited. My mother and grandmother took my brother to Hanna Barbara Land. Of course my cousin wanted to go on the rope climb. When we finished something dreadful happened.

When we turned around my cousin was gone. I went back up the ropes to look for him but he was not there. We went to the missing children's room, and they said they'd look for him. We met with the others, and to my dismay my cousin was there. I felt like killing him on the spot, but I calmed down. After that incident I've tried to avoid going on trips with him. [I even like my brother better than him].

Family Folktale by Geoffrey Ravenhill

My family consists of five people. My brother Brendan, he's eleven but we still get along, with some occasional fights. My sister Amanda , she's seven and all my friends think that she's cute but I don't. My father and mother, who are very nice and caring, until I receive my report card. And there's me.

One summer up in Maine my father, brother, and I went camping up in Maine. My father was asleep in the tent, and my brother and I saw somthing move in the bushes nearby.. Boy, were we scared!

I decided to go see what it was, but first I had to get armed. So I got my knife. Even though we walked about three or four steps it seemed like hours. When we got to the bushes we took deep breaths and then we jumped into the bushes. Immedietly after we jumped in, we jumped out because of the needles and prickers. We walked around the bushes, but there was nothing to be found.

We decided to go back a few steps to the tent and pack up because our mother was due back, and she had told us to get ready to leave. Right before we reached the tent my brother saw something go under the tent. We looked as far under as we could, but the tent was heavy and we soon gave up. My sis and mother arrived and we folded the tent and packed our clothes. With a bit of help we got the tent into the car, and when I looked back at where it had been I saw a foot-long turtle. I shouted, "Look at that turtle!" My sister wanted to keep it, but we left it there in the mountains.

When we got home, it was late and we went to bed.

Family Folktale by Tammy Thomas

Hi! What up! I going to tell you a little bit about my family. My family is not a very large family. I have four people in my family. These are the people in my family: mother, Mae, father, James, brother, Wesley, and I. We are a nice, tall, brown skin family.

Well enough about my family. Lets talk about my trip. My mother, brother, and I went to Dinesy World. We went on a bus trip; my father stayed home because he does not care for bus trips. Anyway it took about three hours or more. We finally got there the next morning. We checked into the hotel. And then the next morning we went to Disney World. We had fun on the roller coaster and other rides. We went to the Magic Kingdom and we had fun. We stayed there for three days, but I had been there before. My brother had never been there before, so I think it was exciting for him. After all he was only five and I was ten. Well maybe I'll go back within the next five years.

Family Folktale by Kalys Phipps

Hi, my name is Kay-Kay Shorty. Well, is actually Kalys Phipps, but most of my friend call me Kay-Kay. Let me tell you about myself. I'm 14 years old and I'm also hispanic. People have trouble telling me apart from black kids. I have one sister and I live with my mother. Some of my family lives in the Dominican Republic and half live in D.C.

Let me tell you something that happen to me and my family. I'm only including my sister Sandra, otherwise known as Sassy, my mother and myself, Kay-Kay. One silly day my mother decided that she wanted to send me and my sister to this private school name Maret. It wasn't like a private school, because we didn't have to wear uniforms. Before applying to this school you first had to take a test. The test was to see if you had good grades. Maret only except student with an A, B, or C average. My sister and I were scared, but ended up taken the test anyway. We wait for the results and a week later they appeared. Sure I was happy with my results, but Sassy wasn't. My score was higher than hers and it upseted her. Sassy did not want to go to school nor eat. She kept getting mad at me for the stupidest things. I for one didn't take her insults serious because I would be mad if someone younger than me made a higher score than me. Soon she got over it and when back to school. I didn't want to go to Maret because I didn't know anyone there. My sister was not going neither was I. Well any old way I ended up here at Alice Deal Junior High School. Where I met a best friend named Alba. Any way this is all I have to say about my weird family, but I love them any way. This is Kay-Kay Shorty telling you another boring part of my life. Bye for now. If you think that this story is boring and dumb, don't tell me. I already know.

Family Folktale by Tamika Williams

My family consist of 4 people, my mother, father, sister and me. First there's my mother. Her name is Ida. She is nice, kind, helpful,beautiful and a great mother. Then there's my father, his name is Cornell. He is nice, funny and a caring man. My sister a funny, nice, kind, bad little girl in the 2nd grade, her name is Tisha. And then there's me, a kind, nice, friendly girl who's in the 8th grade. My family life is not all that, but we have interesting happenings in our household.

It was a summer day, almost one month more for school, when I was at my friends house. We were riding a motorcycle when all of a sudden the motorcycle fell on my leg, and I got badly hurt. I quickly ran home and my mother had to take me to the hospital and I waited for a while and the doctors tooked a look at me, and they said I have to stay overnight. The day after I was still in the hospital. That Friday I was scared because it was a bad injury that I had to get an operation. The day after the operation, mostly everday I had visitors. I felt better after the operation, but I wanted to go home. Three days later it was time to go home, I was kinda sad, but more happy. When I got home, I was glad to be there.

Family Folktale by Claudia Gamero

My family consists of 5 people, my father, mother, brother, sister, and of course me. My brother is 12 and my sister is 10. I am the oldest child in the family. My brother's name is Mauricio and my sister's name is Laura. My father's name is also Mauricio and my mother's name is Ana Gloria. Mauricio Jr. and Laura are crazy. They just love to bother me. My father on the other hand is serious (well, at least sometimes). And my mother is not really mean, she's just serious when it comes to important things.

I remember the time when we all went to New York City. First we went to the Twin Towers, and on the way up I got sick. Then by the time we reached the 224th floor I felt really dizzy. So we left. Later we decided to go to the Statue of Liberty. On our way there, my brother started to cry because he thought that the boat was going to sink. He is so pothetic. Talking about pothetic my sister is much worse. Like for example, one day last summer we went to Kings Dominion with our camp. My sister decided to get on this ride called the "Berserker." This ride was a big boat that would go upside down and stay that way for about 15 seconds. When the girl got on this ride she started to scream so loud! She started going, "Mom, get me off of here." I told her not to get on but she would not listen. Anyhow my sister never got on any of those rides again.

My sister and I are nothing alike. I love to get on rides. My brother does too, but my parents don't. Well that's my family for you! Everyone is their own way, and they all have their own things to do.

Family Folktale by Nicolle Grayson

This story includes my Grandmother and I. My Grandmother's name is Gertrude Watkins. She is a lively and exiciting women who loves to shop. My name is Nicolle Grayson. I am 13 years-old.

One day this summer we were coming home from a fun-filled day of shopping. All of the sudden a car shot out of nowhere and hit us! They pulled into a gas station to look to see if there were any damages on the cars. There wasn't any damage to our car but there was a scratch on hers. The lady said the accident was our fault and that my Grandmother should pay for her car. My Grandmother agreed that she should pay for the damage.

The lady took her car to a expensive car shop to get her car fixed. The car estimate was way over the cost that it shold be. My Grandfather took the car to a better shop to get it fixed. The car got fixed for 1/2 the cost of the first estimate.

Family Folktale by Alba Henriquez

My family is kind of small. It's just my brother, Manuel, my mom Gloria, and my sister Vanessa. She's three years old, but she's a pain. My aunt Maria and my little cousin Margarita are also a part of my family. Anyway that's my family, but we're the type of family who don't really communicate, such as, "What did you do today? How was school?" and so on. We just like doing things alone with our friends, but not really with our family. That's the way my brother and I are. We don't get along with anyone in our family except my aunt Maria. She's someone you can really trust. So that's really all I can say about my small, kind of lovely family.

Well my brother and I, when we first came to the U.S.A., we used to go to school together, camping, and the beach, etc. But then we kind of started to separate, and he went his way with his friends and I went my way. So now it's like we talk, but he's not really ever home, but when he is he pays so much attention to me. Anything I tell him I want he will do it for me or get it for me.

I remember one day my brother, my mom, my stepfather and I went to Wild World, my brother and I left my mom somewhere and we went in to the rides. While my mother was worried about us, my brother and I were having fun enjoying being kids. I wish I could go back to those days where everything was just having fun.

PERIOD 2

"Hello, what's up. We are 2nd-period English class."

"We the people of the United classes of Antenucci, in order to form a more perfect understanding of one another, for the common reader, promote our family history and tell the ups and downs of our families, do ordain and establish this book of family folktales."

"We have written them in hopes that you will tell them to other people and pass them down."

"A folktale is just an occasion or event that can happen to anyone."

"Family is your roots, your ancestors, your history."

"Whether you're black, white, yellow, red, blue, or green, you have family. You **need** family."

"Ordinary people just like you and me wrote these folktales. These folktales are 100% true. Real people have gone through these problems and have solved them together."

"These stories carry a lot of different feelings and emotions. They are made up of mixed emotions which the student had during a personal family activity."

"These stories may make you laugh, cry, sympathetic or jealous that you were not there....Sometimes they can be mysterious, sometimes scary, or wild and dangerous."

"These folktales relate the histories and the adventures of our families....They tell about the family structure, and the ups and downs in people's families."

"Family folktales are normally creative, are sometimes biased, and are often changed by the writer, but that's what makes them fun."

"We've used our writing skills to make our stories come alive."

"By reading these stories you might get a better idea of who we are, what we like to do--what we are all about."

"These genuine, exciting, cherished folktales that we wrote have vernacular sentences that are read in the way a person would like to have people hear them."

"We wrote these for you, your children, your children's children, and so forth."

"We would like these family folktales to be alive for centuries to come."

"(and to get a little recognition.)"

Family Folktale by Lindsay Moore

Everyone in my family is pretty predictable. My mother is sociable and very organized. My father likes sports and is generally "with it." My little brother is the stereotyped little brother. He acts as though he hates me and always whines that I pick on him, but then at the strangest times he'll be nice to me. My little sister is a pain at times but she's alright. And I'm me, quiet (except with my family), pretty smart, and basically ordinary.

When I was in Nursery School I had short hair. I never really thought about it but I did. However, one day as I was waiting to be picked up from my school, I noticed a girl roller-skating on the blacktop. She was probably in third grade and she had beautiful, waist-length, brown braids tied in red yarn. I wanted them. I wanted long, beautiful hair like hers. I refused to let my mother cut my hair, not even trim. Gradually, over the years, my hair has grown and eventually I began to let my mother trim my hair. Every now and then I would look in the mirror and be suddenly shocked at how long it was. Now, in 1990, the girl with the braids is probably graduating from High School and I have long, brown hair that hangs to my waist, and I want it longer still.

Family Folktale by Tiwana Clarke

The people in my family folktale include my father, a very loving man; my family, the Clarkes; my grandfather, a man I never really got to know, but he always showed me love and compassion; and me as a young child.

It was a little after midday on March 9, 1985, when my family received the dreadful phone call. I was playing on the steps while listening in on my father's conversation. My aunt was on the other end of the line. My father said she was crying and taking long breaths while telling him the bad news. She said that my grandpa had died in his sleep at around eleven o'clock that morning. It was at that moment that I first saw my father cry. He cried like a helpless child, longing for something, anything. When my father broke the bad news to me, my first emotion was anger. Anger towards God. If he was such a wonderful God, how could he take my grandpa away from me, without me even getting to know him? Then a sense of sadness and mourning rushed over me. For what seemed like hours, I sat there clinging to the staircase. I didn't want to take part in life anymore if we were all going to die in the end. I wanted to crawl under a rock and mourn the death of my grandpa, alone.

A couple of days later we flew down to Jamaica for the funeral. It was the first time all of my family was gathered together. All through the funeral service I felt isolated from everyone else. It was as if I was the only one in the church. After the funeral service everyone went back to my grandpa's house for dinner. While sitting there listening to their conversations, I realized that they were all saying the same thing. What a great man my grandpa was! It was then that the emptyness inside of me I felt was filled with something. It was filled with my grandpa's spirit. I realized that wherever I went or whatever I did, he would always be there with me. Although all this comforted me I sometimes wish I still had the real thing.

Family Folktale by Everett Brace

I live in a very silly household of four. I have alot of relatives and I see alot of them. I live with my mother, my father, and my little brother. My brother is six years old and he thinks that he is so slick. My mother is a nice and helpful person. My father is a hard working man. But I am the one in the family who always tries to bend the truth.

I started bending the truth when I was about four or five years of age. One day I had no one to play with. None of my friends were at home. I was really bored, so I started throwing rocks over my mother's car. But these rocks were too small, so I started to throw bigger rocks. But all of a sudden, the rock slipped and flew into my mother's car window. I was so scared. I ran in the house and told my mother that a man walking up the street did it. My mother came outside and there was no man to be found in the area. My mother started to yell and to go look for the man who did it. My next door neighbor came outside because he had seen the whole thing and told my mother the truth about how her car window got broken. Just for bending the truth a litle bit, I paid the price for it. I couldn't sit down for a while, if you know what I mean.

Family Folktale by Paola Lozada

My family consists of my mother, my sister, my brother, and me. My sister is very chubby. She is so chubby I think I can call her fat. She is garrulous. She enjoys beating up on my brother. She can be nice sometimes, when she feels like it. My brother asks too many questions about everything. Some people say he looks like me. Even though my sister beats up on my brother, he takes revenge on her by surprise. He is kind of shy. I am a normal person. I don't do anything ordinary or extraordinary. I am an average human being. My mother is very overprotective because everytime I want to go out she makes a big fuss. She has patience, but you don't want to see her run out of it. She treats you nice even thuogh you might not deserve it, but if she gets mad you'll know.

Last year (1990) for summer vacation we went to Bolivia. We didn't go to Bolivia together, but we came back together. On the way back here, there was confusion. One of the two worst things that happened was that one of us did not have a reservation on the plane from Miami to Washington D.C. In Bolivia they had told us that all four of us did have reservations. In Maimi they told us they were sorry, but we had to pay around $250. During the disagreement, my sister had wandered off. I felt so nervous. My mom started yelling at me. Every second I spent looking for her seemed like an eternity. Suddenly after a lifetime of searching, a policewoman appeared with my sister, who was crying hysterically. My mother started to yell at both of us and also at my brother who didn't do anything. I guess she was in a bad mood but was also very nervous. The next hours I spent chasing my brother and sister around. I had to bribe my sister out of begging me for money to buy chocolate or candy. My brother would ask for a Donald Duck cup or a Mickey doll. As for the bribing, it did not work because my sister kept on insisting. This was what was going on for quite a while until we boarded the plane.

Family Folktale by Lucas Fleischer

The story I am about to tell you is true, based on the facts taken from its victims. It is neither a story of happiness nor intelligence. It is a sad story. It all begins in Shaker Heights, Ohio (my former home) circa 1982. We had just moved there and were finally getting situated. We had made some new friends who are still good friends with us, David and Jaime Poras. They were two nice brothers who are now 15 and 16. There was a lake, Shaker Lake, about a block from my house. They were taking my brother, my mom, and me for a walk along the lake. My mom, a self-claimed naturalist, was busy making sure we didn't get too close to the edge. David and Jaime were leading the way. My brother, who was like most eight-year-olds, was probably busy showing off. And me? Well, I was probably just too stupid to look where I was going.

Anyway, what happened was I stepped on a wasps' nest. Now anyone who's ever done this before will tell you the only way to describe this is "a hellish nightmare." Anyway, the wasps attacked us. I sware, they stung us everywhere: legs, arms, our whole bodies, our faces, and worst of all, in our hair. Total CHAOS broke out. We were all screaming at the top of our lungs. We all ran faster than we'd ever run before. STRAIGHT HOME! Many screams, many bandages, and MANY aspirin followed.

As you guess, this was (to say the least) pretty annoying. But the thing that was, by far, the most annoying, was the fact that my brother walked away without a single sting.

Family Folktale by Ian Mara

My family consists of four people: my sister the annoying one, my mom the short one, and my dad who understands and seems to know every single character on "Twin Peaks." Finally there is me who is writing this.

Well, my story starts when I was just seven years old. There was an older woman named Emily who lived alone right next door to us. Now I used to call her up and come over almost every day to keep her company. (Actually I think it had something to do with the candy she gave me when I came over.) Anyway, one day when I was calling her up to see if I could come over she never picked up. Me, being the greedy little kid that I was, I waited for about 15 or 20 rings til' she did pick up. When she got on the phone she didn't sound so great and in a strange voice she asked for my mother. As it turned out, Emily had fallen down the stairs, crawled over to the phone, and then realized that she couldn't even dial. After my mom called the rescue squad, she and myself let ourselves in her house with our key and waited with her until they came.

Now, I'm not saying that I saved her life, because I really didn't call for that purpose, but I always wonder what might have happened if I hadn't had called.

Family Folktale by Jason Fabrikant

My family is a large one. I have a sister, Heather, who is a malicious instigator. Two brothers, Jeff, a real jerk, and Mikey a six year-old brat. My parents, Marvin a real estate developer, and my mother Patty, a housewife. Suprisingly, with all the names I've called my siblings, we get along most of the time.

We traveled during the spring vacation of 1984 to Cape Cod, Massachusetts. My mom was pregnant and I was seven, Jeff six, Heather five, and another brother on the way. This vacation was supposed to be one that you would envy in the future, but is was not. Being an outgoing seven year-old, I suggested that we all take a bike ride. This included two other families that were staying with us. Unfortunately, during the ride one of the mothers and her daughter, both riding on the same bike, toppled over after riding on a patch of sand. The daughter, a toddler, had blood gushing from her lip. That was the goriest bike ride of my life. We waved down a car and they drove us to the hospital. The toddler and her mother turned out to be fine, even though the child chipped her tooth. The hospital was probably the most frequently used shelter because a day later my mother gave birth to Mikey, the monster. I never thought I would know what a real vacation was like after that one.

Family Folktale by Matt Kane

My family is a strange mix of Russian Jewish and Irish Catholic. Both of my parents have been teachers and principals. My mother is now consulting for the Boston public school system. My father is an educational researcher. I have three sisters and two brothers. They are all over 21. My eldest sister is married and has three kids of her own. My second oldest is on the L.A.P.D. My youngest sister is enrolled in Hunter College in New York. My oldest brother is enrolled in an art college to become a cartoonist. My youngest brother works at MTV studios in New York. I owe a lot to my sisters and brothers. One thing that can be attributed to my cartoonist brother is my passion for baseball and my love for baseball card collecting.

It all started when my brother took me to my first Red Sox game. He got us tickets in the bleachers. That is where all of the action in the stands of Fenway Park takes place. I was immediately enthralled by it. That night, after the game, I got my brother to show me his 2,557-card collection. The next day, since it was my birthday, he took me to a card convention. He bought me a "starter collection." Ever since then, I have added to my collection every time I can. Also, I go to Red Sox games every time I can. I have long since passed his 2,557. My collection reached 5,000 last year. Also, the last year I lived in Boston I had season tickets (in the bleachers of course.)

Family Folktale by Carola Valdivia

In my family there are three of us. My father who can be nice when he is in a good mood. When he is in a bad mood he can be strict about everything. My mother is always nice. When she gets mad she can be mean. But that's almost never. And finally me, I'm just me. I can be nice but I can be mean when someone gets to me.

Two years ago in the summer my dad, my mom, and me went to the beach. We all went to the beach. We all went in one car. We had packed everything we needed for the beach. We drove for three long hours arriving to the beach. When we got there we searched half day for a place to stay overnight. When we found a place to stay we got settled and were getting ready to go down to the beach. While I was unpacking I realized that I had left my swimming suit at home. I asked my mother if she had brought it. She said that she hasn't seen it. When we got down to the beach I went looking for a swiming suit. At first I was walking on the Boardwalk and I couldn't find a bathing suit. But after looking for one suit in one hour, I finally found one I liked. And then I went to the beach with my parents.

Family Folktale by Bernard Jones

About two years ago my family and I visited Summit Lake with our church. My family is an average, settled down, typical family. Let me tell you about my enjoyable family vacation.

When I first got there I thought it would be a dull and boring trip, where my mother would always be looking over my shoulder. But, I was wrong. First we played basketball, where I was pointguard. The final seconds of the game, 12 points and 10 assists and I was still going, with 3, 2, 1 ... swish.

I was also able to enjoy the water activities, such as swimming and canoeing. The best water fun I had was in the water fights. I slayed two men, helped tip over two boats, and disarmed a man. But at the end my family was defeated.

But I think the most glorious moment of it all was the family bonding. Most of the bonding was caused by the many joyous activities, such as the bible reading by a candle-lit room, the family breakfast, the night talks because there was no T.V. or radio, and the dog shows.

I hope one day that my family and I can return to Summit Lake to relax and to enjoy all of the qualities I have explained to you: a place where there is peace, quiet, and "family fun for everyone!!"

Family Folktale by Janelle Burgess

My family has four people. My sister Jamila, the (supposedly) smart one. My other sister Joy the cute one (ha,ha,ha). My mother who is in total control. Then there is me.

One day I decided to run away from home. Of course I was very young and not very experienced. I had no idea where to go. So I went around the corner. For me it was like an adventure. I was gone for about two minutes before she noticed. She came outside in her bathrobe, slippers, and hair scarf. I looked behind me and I saw her running after me. So I ran. I rememeber thinking to myself that she wasn't going to catch me. I felt as if I was being hunted down like a wild animal. We seemed to run forever. Faster and faster we ran. Then when I looked behind me she had disappeared. Finally I was safe. I stopped and turned around. There she was. I had been cut off by the alley. She grabbed me by my wrist and dragged me home, chained like a common criminal. When I got home Jamila made me realize it was stupid to run away from home just because I couldn't have macaroni and cheese for dinner. What did she know?

Family Folktale by Kelly Esterque

In this folktale there are two main characters, my mom and I. My mom is someone who is always working with vaccum cleaners, blenders, and other noisy appliances. I am a six-year-old who only cares about dolls and stuffed animals. Anyways let's get on with the story.

One cold December morning in 1984, I decided to play with my toys in my mom's room. I left the door open, but since the wind was so strong, it slammed the door and locked it. I didn't know this and just played and played for a long time. When I got thirsty, I went to open the door and couldn't. I was frozen because the room had no heat and my hands were numb anyways. What did I do? I started to yell, scream, and cry! I knew my mom wouldn't hear me because she was vaccuming the living room, which was on the other side of the house. I yelled and screamed for about half an hour. Finally my mom turned off the stupid vaccum cleaner and heard me crying. By this time I had lost my voice, my face was red, and the rest of my body was frozen. My mom came to open the door almost dying of laughter. I got really mad.

That evening at the dinner table, when she told my father, aunt, uncle, and grandmother what happened that morning, they all laughed at me. I started to cry. I never locked the door to my mom's room while I was alone in there again, until today.

Family Folktale by William Swink

One day, about three years ago, I was on my way to school. I arrived at school at 9:00. In class we sat around and did boring work for two hours. Then came the fun part of the day. RECESS! In the cafeteria, I ate a terrible lunch as I talked with my friends. We decided that when we got outside, we would play tackle with a tennis ball. Every one agreed.

There were five people: Hermes, Dwayne, Ilich, Barry, and, me. For the first 20 minutes, the game was going fine. But then, I caught the ball. I looked around and saw Hermes running after me. I threw the ball away as fast as I could, but I still got hit! I fell face first and mouth open into the concrete. My right front tooth shattered into three pieces (two of which I swallowed). And that is how I got my broken tooth.

Family Folktale by Fazia Ishmael

It was 3 years ago and the first time my sister and I were travelling alone. I was 10 and my sister, 14. Already feeling a little homesick, we said bye to mom and dad, and got on the train to Pennsylvania. At that time, we felt so old and cool, as if we were looked up to because our parents weren't with us. Little did we know--Hey! You can't blame us--we were young and naive! Actually, we were pretty smart, I mean, we had to be, especially after mom and dad taught us so eagerly like everyone else's parents, "don't talk to strangers."

Anyway, time had passed and we were hungry. So, I decided to walk to cars down to the so-called "restaurant." As I walked down the aisle, everyone looked at me. I finally got some peanuts and soda and walked back to my seat where my sister was waiting. As we sat quietly and kept to ourselves, people walked by, pointing and saying, "Oh she's so cute!" That's when I started to act concieted and my sister couldn't put up with me anymore! We started arguing. People stared at us, some even laughed as if we were some sort of entertainment! We realized that everyone was watching us and began to laugh ourselves. Soon our whole car was laughing.

We began to talk with people and didn't realize that our stop was coming up soon. Suddenly, the announcement of the next stop came on. But we didn't hear it because of all the commotion. Then the train stopped. The majority of the people got off. My sister and I fluttered about, trying to get someone's attention to ask them what stop this was. Then the train pulled off. It was on its way again. --Did we miss our stop?!?!--NO!! We were finally informed that the next stop was ours. You wouldn't believe how relieved we were!

We got off at our stop and went upstairs to where all the "action" was. We sat for about fifteen minutes waiting for my cousin and began to think that we really did get off at the wrong stop! But...my cousin finally arrived. Now all the worrying was up to her.

Family Folktale by Ila Bellamy

My family is very, very large, but the people in my intermediate family are my crazy mother, my short father, and I. The person in this story is a very special part of my family, he is my great grandfather. My great-grandfather is the type of person who will go to any risk to do something he wants to do.

Once my great-grandfather had a mule named Billy. My great-granfather loved Billy. Billy was one of my great-grandfathers best friends. My great-grandfather even refused to buy a car, his transportation was Billy and the buggy. My great-grandfather never had any trouble out of Billy, and he didn't believe that saying about mules being stubborn because his Billy wasn't stubborn. Then one day my great-granfather passed away, and, though it was a coincidence, the mule died, too.

Family Folktale by Meredith Mullen

I think that first of all you should know that I have never particularly liked my younger sister, Mary, who is seven, except when she was a baby, and then she was exceptional. She never cried! Let me tell you, she's making up for that now. My older sister's name is Melissa, and she's 21. I'm going to avoid commenting on her except for saying, she can be a lot of fun. However, she's really good at avoiding responsibility. I also have a younger brother who is three (though we're not sure when he left his terrible two's). I was 11 at the time though naturally I had the brain and looks of a freshman.

Well, this tale begins on the very day my parents left to go spring skiing in Colorado. Melissa was left in charge, but naturally left to go crabbing with her boyfriend for the day. Anyway, as it turned out I was left with the kids. My first mission: GET RID OF THEM! So, I sent them over to our best friends, the McConnell's, to play. Then I realized I had to clean the house. I was in the basement when I could have sworn I heard a creak on the stairs to the second floor. There was one thing going through my mind: my aunt has been robbed three times and in the most recent was almost hurt. Slowly and carefully, and armed with my laundry basket, I crept up the stairs. There wasn't anyone there. Then, I didn't just think, I knew someone opened the door to my room. I used that little bit on the other side of the banister to get up the steps, because it didn't creak. I got to the top and looked at all the rooms around me. There it was, the door to my bedroom. I opened it faster than lightning and heard a scream, but wait, it wasn't me screaming! I turned around and there she was.

My dear sweet sister, Mary. She stood up, turned to me and said, "I was just looking for my sweater. Oh, there it is, in the laundry basket." She grabbed it, and then, wonders of wonders, still laughing, walked out of the house. I will never forget, and probably never live down, the day I was left so ridiculously frightened by that darn brat.

Family Folktale by Sarah Mannix

When I stepped into my grandmother's kitchen I was overcome by the noise. As usual my Aunt Anne was telling her family stories, she never shuts her mouth. My grandmother was cooking dinner in the kitchen. My grandfather was relaxing in his chair. In the living room all my aunts and uncles were talking up a storm. My five cousins and my brother were causing some trouble in the basement. I was about to join my cousins.

After we finished Easter dinner my grandmother came out with a cake for my brother's birthday. Then I saw my aunts cruel eyes glisten, and a smirk flew across her face.

Then she started--"I remember when Sally was one and Sean was about four. I was watching them for the day. Sean was trying to to take Sally's bottle and she said, 'No!' He continued to try to try to take her bottle and she continutd to say, 'No!' This went on for at least five minutes. Then he asked one last time and she said, 'D____it Sean, I said NO!' That is Sally's firsts sentences."

To this day I still don't know my first sentence.

Family Folktale by Scott Moore

I live in a family of five (not counting one of my sisters who moved out). I have one brother who is 16. He sometimes acts like a pain in the neck. My sister (who lives at home) is 21. She is a helpful person. My mother goes to divinity school and cleans the house sometimes in her spare time. My father is a mathematician and a computer whiz. I am the "secondary" computer whiz.

I started learning about computers about four or five years ago. I read books about computers and worked with them at my old school. That is where I learned how to program in BASIC. My father helped me learn more about BASIC and I started a game called "Airking". The game still needs work! My father and I put the game together. It seemed to have a million problems. Every time we solved a problem, others would appear. Because of this, I decided to take time off. When I finish reading the BASIC manual, I will get back to the game.

Family Folktale by Karla Lawson

My mom and I approached the camp site at 11:00 pm. It was pitch black when we started putting up the tent. As we were fumbling through the dark our knees were knocking and our teeth were chattering. Finally about one hour later the tent was up. We unloaded our sleeping bags and dove into the tent. The next morning our cold bodies hestited getting out of our sleeping bags. I knew that sooner or later I would have to leave my nice warm sleeping bag to get something to eat (Personaly I was willing to wait until 12:00 but my mom said I had to get up). I ate breakfast while balled up on the bench. By this time I had concluded that it was cold. That morning my mom had a crazy idea of sightseeing in the mountains. I had another idea, I had planned to stay in my sleeping bag in the tent. I was over-ruled, we went down to the lake and I still had not warmed up to the idea of this trip. After the second night we decided to leave and go to a hotel. When we entered the hotel we smelled of wood charcoal. I took a long hot shower and then enjoyed the wonderful uses of electricity. I dremp**t** of the cold days I had left behind.

Family Folktale by Jennifer Sindler

I have four people in my family, my mother, my father, my little sister, and me . The funny thing about this is that my sister, who is younger than me, is taller than me.

Well anyway, my father and my mother sent my sister and I to a camp in Canada for two weeks. There we both took horseback riding lessons. By the second week I had started cantering, which is making a horse run fast, but smoothly. It was nice, cool, sunny, and my sister and I were riding around the riding ring. I was riding a small horse named "Bimall". I started trotting with my sister. Trotting is like bouncy jogging to a human. (I tell you it really hurts your behind.) Anyway from trotting I started cantering. My horse made a quick stop and went sort of out of control. She would not listen to me; I told her to stop but she refused. Finally she stopped on her own in the middle of the riding ring. I was holding her reins tightly. All of a sudden she bent her head down to her knees. I slowly slid with the saddle down her neck, until finally I fell on the ground. My instructor started cracking up. My sister and her friends were also laughing hard. It was so embarrasing!

Family Folktale by Milagro Hernandez

Well this story contains a lot of people (they all are my relatives). I come from a very large family. I'm going to name some of them. Starting with my parents: Jose D. Hernandez and Candelaria Hernandez. They can really be strict. Now lets meet my sisters: lets meet Juana, she's the oldest of my sisters. She also has four childern. Consepcion has the most childern of my brothers and sisters. She has five childern. Virginia has two cuddly childern that I love very much. Maria (the second youngest girl of my sisters). (All my sisters have their fist name Maria.) Now lets go meet my older brothers. Mauricio has four childern. Antonio has three children and Christopher has two. Humberto is waiting for his baby to be born. Eduardo, Elmo, and Douglas aren't married. Most of the time when I really mess up I have to take the pressure of all of them.

But any ways lets get to the point. All my sisters and brothers got together to celebrate my sister's (Maria) brithday. It was her sweet fifteenth. Here in the United States of America people call it sweet sixteenth but in my country it isn't. In El Salvador people there when the fifteenth birthday is celebrated the birthday girl chose 14 girls to be flowergirls to walk in church with her. The girls that my sisters chosed had to pick a partner to walk into chruch with. Everybody went into church for a ceremony that lasted about an hour. All the flowergirls had on the same dress including the color, which was yellow, the same style which was simple, and the shoes were the same too. All the boys rented a tuxedo, and then finally my brothers rented a party place for the night.

The day came and everybody was ready. All the flower girls stood straight from smallest to tallest with their partners by their sides. Each pair walked slowly into church until everyone was in. Then my sister walked in with my father by her side. When mass was over, we exited the same way we came in. When everyone was out, people started taking pictures of all the flower girls and my sister. When the picture taking was over, everyone left to the party. It was an unforgettable event for me, and I'm sure my sister would agree.

Family Folktale by Kate Sawyer

The family of five in this folktale is a good group of travellers. Three adventuresome kids and two caring parents make up the group. The youngest, Ida, is, at the time, only one. She is just beginning her career as a traveller. Eve, the middle child, has four years of exclusive travelling behind her and the oldest girl, Kate, myself, is nine.

This story takes place on the family's summer journey to the Wild West. Train rides, St. Louis, Estes-Park-YMCA, Hollywood, and San Francisco were behind them when they reached the busy city of Seattle in Washington state.

After visiting the aquarium, we made our way to the fish market, in the early afternoon. We were there at the peak time of business; people were milling around everywhere! And for a small child at just over four feet, it was easy to get lost...or abandoned!

When we reached the salmon area, we came across a one-man band. Mr. Dobbs was his name and watching him perform had more appeal than poring over dead fish. So, Eve and I took our seats on the curb and enjoyed the show. At some point Eve wandered back to our parents and I was left alone. I didn't mind; I got to toot Mr. Dobbs's horn! Remember, I was only nine. But, eventually, the show ended and, you guessed it, the salmon booth was not where I thought it was and I couldn't find my parents.

The people of all sizes, shapes, and colors who were towering over me did not help the situation. I drifted from one area to the next, tears streaming down my face. The thought, "I've been abandoned forever," went through my mind more than once. Interestingly enough, the lesson my parents had taught me, " When you're lost, stay where you are and we'll find you," never crossed my mind.

Finally, a kind policewoman, whose job was to find lost parents, noticed my tear-streaked face and somehow figured that I needed help. In a reassuring way, she led me down a staircase into a dimly lit room. Managing to do this with such skill and perfection (it's not easy to lead a crying nine year old anywhere!), I was sure she had done this a million times. The policewoman asked me encouraging questions about what they (my parents) were wearing; another man offered me a donut. To the latter I refused (how could I eat?) and to the first I gave a rather hazy answer: tall, blue coat, grey pants, maybe? Somehow, an announcement was put through and we made our way upstairs. For the first few minutes I again saw nothing. And then, in the distance, a vaguely familiar group approached....my family, at last!

Family Folktale by Sean Ahern

This story includes four people: my brother Brian, my mother Kim (also known as "Mom"), my dad Tim, and myself. My brother Brian is very big (not in terms of weight but in terms of height); and personally I think he brags about himself too much. My mother Kim is very nice and lets me get away with almost anything. My dad, on the other hand, is very strict; he does not let me get away with anything.

Alright, back to the story. One day in the summer of 1989, my family and I were on vacation; we were at the beach in Florida. We were having a good time, enjoying ourselves, until we finaly got worn out. I was all gritty and sandy so I did not want to put my shoes back on; I just carried them over to where the car was parked. We all got in the car, tired as can be, and drove off down the paved road of "Beach St." We were zooming down the road at about 30 miles over the speed limit, to get back to our camp site for lunch. On our way there I dusted off my feet so I could slip my shoes back on when suddenly I noticed I only had one shoe with me in the car. I kept on looking for it but I could not find it. Then, I told my, dad and he screamemd "What !?" and quickly made a 180 degree turn, and we zoomed off in the other direction; that car we rented that summer was the fastest car I've ever been in. After driving 15 minutes in the other direction, we finally reached the beach we had been to before. I looked around and around for my shoe but I could not find it; when suddenlly my brother yelled "There it is, right over there!" as he pointed to my shoe which lay helplessly in the middle of the street, flat like a pancake. I ran over and picked it up. It had about 200 tire marks engraved on it. I took the shoe and slowly slipped it on my foot. I looked like a clown, but I did not care. I just wobbled over to the car, got in, and we drove off. My dad got pretty mad because later he had to buy me a new pair of shoes to replace my Avia 550's.

Now, whenever my dad is reminded of this unfortunate incident, he simply says, "Put a sock in it," and walks away.

PERIOD 3

"Welcome to this awesomely tubular chapter of folktales constructed by period three."

"These are our dope, cranking, funky folktales from period three."

"You have finally reached the best part of the book: Period 3, English 8."

"Located in Chap. 3 are some 'cold cash' funny tales."

"These are stories held close to the heart and stuck deep in the mind."

"We have all thought long and hard about what stories we should tell you and deciding which of the many stories that our famillies have passed to us you would enjoy."

"These are folktales of humor, anger, love, caring, sadness, and family."

"African griots were some of the first story tellers and got their stories from real experiences."

"Some folktales are as old as ancient Egypt. Some of ours are as old as 1980, A.D."

"All of these folktales are true, original, and from the heart. In order to preserve these precious stories we have written them down."

"This book was written to be read by the people, for the people, and if there are any more people left they can read it too."

"If you know the person being talked about don't tell!"

"Do not be offended by any slang in the stories because they are not meant to harm you."

"They are all told as accurately as possible; to do this some of the stories include slang words or phonetically spelled words. This is because we want stories to be 'heard' like they were told."

"We talk the way it happened--talking it straight out."

"There has been little interference to the writing by Ms. Antenucci."

"After reading them, think about them and try to relate them to your everyday lives."

"We hope you have as much fun reading our folktales as we did experiencing and writing them."

Family Folktale by Jennesia Primas

The story is about my 24 year old cousin named Tasha. Her husband named Shawn. Her 5 children named Shawn, Chrystal, Christopher, Shawntese, and (unknown).

Tasha married a young'en named Shawn; he is a big bama. Tasha was 18 years old, and 19 when she started having children. Young Tasha had a boy when she was 19, a girl when she was 20, a boy when she was 22, a girl when she was 23, and a boy when she was 24. None of her 5 children were spoiled, but they acted like a bunch of "brats." Her household is messed up. It has enough rooms, but it is dirty. It needs to be cleaned. I am going to go over their myself and clean house.

Family Folktale by Ayana Fields

There are six people in my family. Judith Fields, the intelligent mother; Rhodell Fields, the hard-working father; Sekou, the down-to-earth brother; Omari, the intelligent brother; Khari, the annoying brother; and me, Ayana, the down-to-earth sister. My family is very unique. When we learn to do things, we don't mind sharing it with other people.

I remember when I was 3 years old, I had just learned to write my name. There was a pen lying on the floor. I picked it up and started playing with it. The only thing missing was a piece of paper. I looked around, and there it was. The big white wall. I walked over to the wall and wrote my name. Later on there was no escaping punishment. I got in big trouble with my mother and my father.

Another time that I remember was when Omari crazy-glued Khari's trophy to his dresser. My father lined us all up. Omari was first. "Did you glue Khari's trophy to his desk?"

"No," was all that Omari said.

"Yes you did now why did you do it?" this went on for a few minutes. Then it got to me. He asked me the same question. I told him that I didn't do it, but I guess he didn't believe me. Finally I gave in. I got a beating with one of my father's heavy brushes. Omari had the nerve to laugh at me after I got in trouble. That was okay, because one of these days I was going to get him back for that. I was going to get him.

Family Folktale by Brian Smith

My parents names are Sally and Jerry. I also have a sister, Beth, who is off at college in Indiana. She goes to Earlham college. Right now it is just my parents and I living in our house in northwest D.C.

One day in the end of July my Mom dropped me off at camp Glenkirk. I was a chef at dinner for my group of campers. We were preparing a pan of fried vegetables. My counselor told me to put some tabasco sauce in the food. I asked how much to put in, and he said to put in the whole bottle. I then poured in the whole bottle in.

After we were done fixing the dinner, our other counselor said to eat all that we took, or else we would have to eat all that was left over. All the kids were talking about how this meal had been so good last year. Because of this, we all took a huge heap of the fried vegetables. We sat down and took a bite. We all screamed and ran for the milk because the food was so hot. We each ate all we took, and drank three gallons of milk in the process. That was the first and last time that I ever put more than a drop or two of tabasco sauce on my food.

Family Folktale by Bennie Adams

My family consist of four members. My mother, who is always there to help. My father, the chef. My sister who attends the University of Virginia. And me the intelligent one.

One summer my family went to Kings Dominion. Along with us a few other family members, Dawn, Aunt Joan, Uncle Maurice, and grandma.

After all the fun at the park, we sat in the van and talked. All of the sudden, two girls began to cry. The girls were from a home where they kept young girls and their babies. The home took them on a trip, but they were left behind.

A man dressed in all black offered to take them home. The girls refused. Then we offered to take them home. They accepted. Then we started on our way.

The man in all black followed us in his red sports car because his crazy friends left him, and he didn't know his way home. The man was so tired that he crashed, and my mother drove him the rest of the way home.

We got home, and my mother went to get her purse from the man's trunk. My mom noticed drugs in the trunk of the man's car. When the man realized she noticed, he tried to knock her to the ground, but my family jumped off the van and beat him to a pulp. After his beating, we called the police.

Family Folktale by Marcus Lindsay

My family has four members. My sister Alexis is annoying, my father is down with the afro posse. My mother is stern. I'm the man of the hour too sweet to be sour.

One summer my mother, father, sister and I drove down to Florida. We were going to Disney World. My sister was crying, because she was hungry. My father decided to stop at McDonald's. We were waiting in line very quietly. Suddenly the police bust in that joint and jacked up a man waiting in line. The man had just robbed a lady and ran into McDonald's. The police told everyone to hit the deck. The police surrounded the man. The man busted out of the cops hands, and he ran for the door. My father stuck his foot out. The man tripped, fell on his butt and broke a window. The police arrested the man and threw him in the car.

My father was given a ribbon by the police; he was siced. He also received a check for 4,000 dollars. My people were very proud of my dad.

Family Folktale by Peter Jacxsens

My family consists of my parents, my sister, and my two brothers. Most of them are alright except for my brother who sometimes gets on my nerves. Not only will my immediate family be involved in my story but so will my uncle and my three cousins.

When we were younger, Uncle Robert always used to invite us up to his farm. Mostly we would just ride horses or play games. The farm was great for playing around because it was so big. The farm is full of trees, hills, ponds, and there is even a tunnel that goes under some railroad tracks. It is so far out in the country that the trains still run on the tracks, and if you don't keep your head under your pillow all night the trains will never let you get any sleep.

However nothing we did the entire weekend was better than the food. Uncle Robert is the best cook in the world, and nobody likes to eat his food more than himself. At my uncle's farm there are no rules. You could eat whenever you want, you can go out whenever you want, or ride any horse you like. My uncle even had an old station wagon that he let the older kids drive around the farm when our parents were not looking.

This lack of discipline led to many interesting circumstances. The station wagon could not go very fast, so nobody got hurt when I hit trees, ran over fences, or backed into the house. My uncle did not care, but my dad made me fix everything, including the car.

Family Folktale by Lorrie Moore

Hi! My name is Lorrie. I'm here to tell you a story about a day in the life of the Smith family. One day my brother Anthony had a soccer game. I was at my grandmother's house so my mother had to come and pick me up. She also had to pick up my older brother Damon, and my dog Toby. After we all piled up into the Subaru Wagon, we pulled off. As we rode down the highway, Toby, my dog, stuck his head out the window and slobbered all over the place.

After a 45 minute ride (and a wrong turn), we finally reached the field where the game was already in progress. There was about ten minutes left to play and the game was tied 1-1. Kids were running in an organized frenzy trying to gain control of the soccer ball. As the ball rolled around on the field my dog tried his best to chase it. Each time the ball was kicked, it divided once. Pretty soon there were so many balls on the field that no one knew which one to kick. By the end of the game the field was covered and the ball pile was so high we couldn't see the players. If it wasn't for Toby, we would never have found Anthony. That dog sniffed out every last one on the field. The game was postponed and played over again the next week.

Family Folktale by Jefffrey Lerner

One day or maybe night Stephen, my father, Marilyn, my step-mother, and myself were all driving to the airport so that I could go visit some relatives. I was about ten or eleven. It was a clear night and everyone was in good spirits.

We got to the airport safely and went to the counter to check-in. Since I was under 12 my dad had to fill out a lot of forms because I was traveling alone. I was called a U.M. or a unaccompanied minor.

I got ready to get on the plane and said all of my good-byes. My parents started to leave and I got on the plane. I got to get on the first because I was traveling by my self. When I got on the plane only three people were aboard. And then all of a sudden smoke started to come out of the back of the plane. Stewardess popped out of no where and rushed us of the 727 airplane. I was worried sick because I thought my parents had left. I went to the counter to get them paged. "Would Stephen Lerner please report to gate C-12?" said the ticket person. They came back, boy was I lucky because they said they were almost out the door.

As it turned out all that had happened was that a ground machine had over heated and the planes ventilation system had sucked up the smoke. I didn't leave until the next day.

Family Folktale by Carvella Giles

The household I live in consist of my father: Arvell. He is very funny. Mother: Carolyn. She is always serious, two sisters, Monique: 17, Lela: 11. They always be having me rollin', and me the most intelligent one. Everyone gets along most of the time just fine.

One summer all three of us had to get our physicals for school before we go back to school. We went to the family doctor, he could not take our blood test at the office because he did not have his stuff that he needed to do it with him. He had it at his other office. So when we got there he was not there. My mother and father raised up a storm because of what happened. Then the secretary told us a place where we could go and get it done, but it was all the way out in Maryland. My father didn't feel like driving all the way out there. But he took us anyway. When we got there one of my mother's best friend worked there and everything was takin' care of. Then all of a sudden my little sister started to cry sayin' I don't want a shot. My mother had to take care of that problem and she did. We have been through a lot in one day.

Family Folktale by Marlon Zelaya

Let me start by telling you about my family. My mother's name is Martha; my dad's name is Andres. My parents are very supportive and caring. My sister's name is Claudia; she is a little pest, but I love her anyway.

In the fall of "85" I lived in Texas. That fall my family was planning to move to Los Angeles, California. I thought it was great because I heard L.A. was a cool place. I asked my dad if we were going by plane. He said no, we were going by car. I thought it was pretty strange. We started packing, I had put all my school stuff in a gym bag that I had. On our way to L.A. we saw many mountains. At night there always was a clear sky, and you could see all the stars. The most fun was when we kept on stopping at 7-elevens.

The first day of the trip was okay. The second day was scary because in the morning a car was spinning on the ice and we almost hit it. Then at night there was an extremely thick fog. My dad could not see anything. We pulled over on the shoulder and stayed there for 3 hours. After the fog we were on our way.

The second day went pretty smooth. That night we ran out of gas and ended up in a closed gas staion. We called my uncle Pedro, who had been sleeping, since it was 2 a.m. He came and we loaded all of our things into his truck and went to my aunt's house. My cousin and I stayed up all morning till about 7 a.m. and fell asleep. The next day my cousin introduced me to some of his friends.

My family and I stayed in L.A. for about 4 months. I enjoyed my times in Los Angeles and hope to go back soon.

Family Folktale by Matthew Chotin

My family in this event was: my mom, who's pretty cool; my two-year-old younger brother, who's not old enough to be a pain; my cousin from Vermont, who is really nice; and me, the eight year old in the back seat feeling car sick.

We picked up our cousin at the airport on a rainy night. As we were going over a bridge, we got into a six-car accident. The reason for this is because the car way in front of us ran out of gas or something and all the cars in front of us skidded as they put on the brakes; we unfortunately were the last car to crash. As we were about to crash my mom said "Hold on!" and I put my hands in front of me. The car's front was a disaster. It was not cool. We got charged with the accident.

My mom got whiplash, I got a huge bump on my forehead and had to leave school at twelve o'clock, and David, my brother puked. You can bet that wasn't a pretty sight. My cousin Ellen didn't get hurt at all.

After all of us had been checked out by the medics we realized we didn't have a way home. So we got hauled off to the police station and waited there doing nothing for an hour, but I was afraid we were going to get locked up. Finally the fuzz took us home.

The End

Family Folktale by Lisa Cole

There are five people in my family. There's my mother, who is easy going and relaxed most of the time. My mother can, however, get quite upset. There's my father, he's pretty funny in a strange way. My father does have a slight temper. My sister, Angela, appears to be nice, but I have found she has a terrible attitude problem at times. My brother, Martin, is cool with me, but he can be a pain. The last person in my family is, of course, me. I guess I shouldn't judge myself.

Well, the incident I'm going to talk about concerns most of my family. It was late one night, when I was about seven. I was sitting on the floor watching Miami Vice with my brother and his friend, Dax. All of a sudden my brother tells us to go upstairs. I pretty much ignored him, because I was getting into Miami Vice. A couple minutes later my brother's friend came downstairs, and told me to come on upstairs. This time I listened. When I went upstairs, into my parents room, I realized there was a man with an automatic rifle standing outside my house. My brother had seen him through the window (which is extremely large) but somehow I didn't. Anyway, my mother called the police. My father yelled something out the window, I don't remember what, but the man ran and hopped the fence. When the police got to my house, they didn't believe anyone had been there until they found the footprint from when the man jumped over the fence. By the way my sister was out the whole time. She did get home a little bit afterwards. It was a terrifying night.

Family Folktale by Seth Zurer

If I am going to tell this story, I might as well tell you who is in my family. There's my mother. She is a real estate agent and really nice. All the rest of the people in my family are boys. There's my dad, my 20-year-old brother, Jonathan, and my 17-year-old brother, Michael, and me. I'm only 13. Michael and I are always getting into fights because he is without a doubt the meanest 17 year old in existence.

We were traveling in the car to visit our cousins in Starucca, Pennsylvania. My father is always picky about the route that he takes anywhere, and this trip was no exception. Instead of following the directions that our cousins gave us, he drove straight into the center of town. Once he got there he started following the directions.

We drove around on side roads until we reached the stop sign that would supposedly signal the turn onto their street. We turned on to the street but none of the houses on that street fit the description of our cousin's house. We drove all around the county of Starrucca until our car was running on fumes from the gas tank. My dad finally realized that he had been following directions that started ten miles north of where we were instead of from the center of town. So we drove on, and stalled three times from lack of gas until we got to the house. We were delighted. The next morning when we went to get gas, the car didn't start for fifteen minutes. We went to the gas station and filled our 18 gallon tank up with 19 gallons of gas. It was some trip!

Family Folktale By Kimberly Jefferson

Every year my family has a boring family reunion. This year they were having it in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, which I don't think really made much of a difference. I went anyway. Besides, I would be getting out of the house.

My grandmother and I arrived there at about noon on Friday. We went to my great aunt's house. We went in and every one sat and talked for a while. Then we decided that I would stay with my cousin Tremona. My cousin Tremona is 19, and she goes to Winston-Salem State University. She is a really fun person when she wants to be. It started to get late, so my cousin and I left.

When we got to her house, her parents were already there. We all talked for a while. Then I went to Tremona's room and unpacked my clothes. Later on after her parents had left, her friend Carla came over. Carla is about 23, and she has a son. Then we all went out to eat. When we finished eating we all went riding around. We rode around until 1:00am. Then we went home. You would think that I would have been bored, but I actually had fun. The next day was borong, but that night definitly wasn't.

The next night we had so much fun. First we went to this party at Winston-Salem State University. We stayed there for a while. I danced a little and met a few guys. When we left, we went to this club called AJ's. When we got there we just stood around and talked and listened to music. After a while we left there and went to my cousin's friend

Kim's house. We picked her up, and then we rode out to this place called The Circle. The Circle is the place where all of the college students go to hang-out. We rode around The Circle in Carla's Jeep. There were so many cute guys I wished that I could take them home with me. When we left we took Kim home. After we left her house we rode around a little longer. Then when we went home, and we got in at about 3:00am. When my mother found out, she told Tremona never to take me to those places or keep me out that late again until I am 16yrs. old.

Family Folktale by Jonathan Kotler

It was a very dull afternoon. There were many dark blue thunderclouds in the sky. My family and I were at our beach house. It is in Southern Maryland. I have a pretty big family. My mom's name is Greta. My dad's name is Milton. I have a younger sister named Becca and two older brothers named Tony and Josh.

Well anyway, back to the story. It was so boring that afternoon that everyone was reading a book. That's a first for me and my sister. Finally my sister yells out, "Is anyone up for a boatride?" The only people that even flinched an eyebrow were my mom and I. As I said it was very boring. So, we loaded up the boat with the life preservers, cushions, and other things we needed. It looked like it was about to rain so we hurried up and left.

We were out in the Chesapeake Bay going pretty fast, but suddenly the motor stopped. We checked the gas tank to see if it was empty. Great! It was completely empty. Every drop of gas was gone. Meanwhile, we started to hear thunder, and then we saw a bolt of lightning. It was no where near us but we were still scared. We had one hope. There is a little motor that we only use in shallow water and in case of an emergencies like these. We tried to lower the motor into the water, but just our luck it was jammed tight.

Right about now my sister is in the little freezer where we keep the fish we catch, and my mom is thinking she can jump out of the boat and pull the boat to shore. I'm also scared but I'm keeping a cool head. Just then it started to drizzle and thunder louder than before. All of a sudden I saw the closest bolt of lightning I had ever seen. Everyone was panicking, even me. Then all of a sudden we saw a little motor boat with an old man in it drive up to us. He said, "From the shore it looked like your motor boat would not start, or you were just going fishing in the middle of a thunderstorm." He offered to tow us back to our dock. We were so thankful.

After we got home it started to rain and thunder hard. We saw many bolts of lightning. The wind was blowing like a tornado.

We started to think about what would of happened to us if we had not gotten home and then we just thought how glad we were to be on solid ground.

Family Folktale by Patrick Sweeney

My whole family was in the car when the story occured: my dad, my mom, my brother Danny, my brother Joey, and myself. My dad and I are the two main characters. The whole family was on vacation in Florida. This was about five years ago when I was about eight. Anyway lets get started.

Like I said I was about eight; so don't laugh. We were in the car going to Cape Canaveral to see the Space Shuttle. My dad was driving, so I said, "Dad, I have to go to the bathroom. Can you pull to the side of the road?"

"Patrick, can you hold it?," he replied.

"No!" I said. "I'm going to wet my pants."

"Okay, I'll pull to the side of the road," he replied in a deep voice. My dad then pulled to the side of the road. Do not worry, here comes the good part. He then jokingly said, "Watch out for snakes."

"Ha," I just laughed. I then hiked up the hill, and then started to unzip my zipper. I then heard a hissing sound and looked down. I then turned tail and ran. Guess what it was? "Ah!" everybody heard me yelling.

My mom got out of the car, hugged me, and asked what was wrong. Then I studdered and said, "snake." Both my dad and brother started to laugh. My mom said, "Stop it you two," trying to hide her laughter.

"Just get in the car you two," my dad said. "We will go further down the street."

"That is okay dad, I don't have to go anymore," I stated.

"Uh!" my dad proclaimed while throwing his hands in the air.

"Dad," I got his attention, "Fooled ya."

"Get in the car!" he said sounding embarassed.

Family Folktale by William Little

It was a cold and frosty morning when I got out of my tent. Our family was spending a few nights in the Shenandoah National Park. In my family there is my brother Christopher, my mother Lydia, and my father Henry. My brother is a very cool person. He does a lot of cool things and is great to be around. My mom is very nice. She always tries to help me on things. My father is a gnarly person. He makes all our trips fun and exciting.

I was the first one up and decided to take a shower. When I got back it was time to go to breakfast. We went to the lodge to eat a hearty meal. The lodge was a beautiful building that overlooked one of the valleys in Virginia.

I had a great breakfast and then went out on the porch with my brother. The porch stood about sixteen feet off the ground. There was a fence that went around as a rail guard, but it was only up to my waist at that time.

While we were playing, my brother slipped and fell from the railing and landed on a concrete sidewalk. I was very much frightened, and I did not now what to do. I went down to see how my brother was. He was unconscious, his eyes were rolled back, and there was blood coming out of his ears and nose. After I looked at my brother I went to get my

parents. I did not want to move my brother because I was worried that he might of damaged his back. When my dad got there, he picked Christopher up, but he now realizes that he should not of done that. We were in a National park and the nearest hospital was in Charlottesville, Virginia. Christopher was in critical condition, and we were all very scared.

A helicopter came and picked Christopher up. He was taken to the University of Virginia Hospital in Charlottesville. None of the family could go with Christopher to the hospital by helicopter. So we all had to drive to the hospital. On the way there we were wondering how Christopher was.

We stayed in a hotel near the hospital while Christopher stayed in the hospital for a few days. I was happy that I was missing a few days of school. Although I was not happy that Christopher fell.

Christopher was O.K. Luckily he did not hurt himself badly. He came home with a broken arm.

Family Folktale by Peter Dow

My family isn't small, but it isn't very big either. I have one intellectual brother named Joshua who is twenty years old. My mother's name is Anne. She's sort of an all-purpose person. She handles most of the things that need to be tended to around the house. She's also very witty. My cousin Andrea is sixteen years old and a little hyper. My grandmother is very kind. Her name is Breta. She keeps giving me candy and money to spoil me. Then there's me, the quiet one.

Anyway, four years ago my family took a vacation to a beautiful lake in northern Minnesota. There's a lot of stuff to do up there, including water-skiing. My cousin likes to get up on one ski and then drop one so she can slalom. One day we were water-skiing, and Andrea was the last one to go. Halfway through her round she dropped a ski, and my brother and I didn't notice where or when she dropped it. We just forgot about it.

The next day we were going to water-ski again. When we couldn't find one of the skis, we realized that we forgot to pick it up the day before. It was floating somewhere out on a five-square-mile lake. We looked for the ski for a whole day, but we couldn't find it.

Then my grandmother, the nice one, offered a reward to anyone who found the ski. The next morning I took the boat out and looked around the beach figuring that it washed up somewhere. In a couple of minutes, I found it sitting on the bank elevated four feet from the water surface. There had evidently been a storm the night before. Anyway, I was ten dollars richer.

Family Folktale by Jeffrey Jackson

This story is about my cousin Antione, counselors and campers from Abbey Day Camp, and I. My cousin Antione was 12, and tall. But his elevator didn't reach the top floor.

It was a typical hot humid summer day in Washington, D.C. . My mother had dropped Antione and I off at Abbey Day Camp as usual. Our big activity of this day was a nature hike through Rock Creek Park. It was a hike I still vividly remember.

We campers began our excursion with all the eagerness and inquisitiveness possible. Our counselors pointed out many things which would have normally gone unnoticed. Then around noon we all gathered around a couple of barbecue pits and ate lunch. After lunch we played soccer and football. Then we headed for the zoo. I remember thinking of diving into a swimming pool and swimming for hours. All Antione could think of was getting home and taking a nap. I could barely keep up with the group, and instead of looking for bugs I was dreaming of cool water over my head.

As soon as we got to the entrance of the zoo, the sky turned gray and a bright streak of lightning blazed down and hit a tree standing about ten feet in front of me. Almost immediately we heard the loudest roar of thunder we have ever heard. Antione yelled to me, " Lets get out of here before we get hit by lightning." A moment later the sky opened up and the rain came pouring down on my head. They always say, " Don't wish for something too hard or it will come true." Antione and I started running to get back to the buses. The three miles we had covered in four hours took Antione and I only one hour. When we got to the buses, we were the only ones there. The next person to reach the buses arrived an hour later than we did.

You know, I do think that was Antione's and my last nature hike.

Family Folktale by Alexandra Wagner

This family folktale (basically) involves myself, my mother, Gloria, and the Greek doctor. I am a wonderful child, and in this story I am about four years old. I am calm, collected, smart, funny, and very cute. My mother is over-bearing, kind of bizarre, protective, but very loving. Gloria is the woman who owns and takes care of the villa in Greece that we are staying at. She proves to be somewhat foolish. The Greek doctor is a scary guy, tall, stern, and he has a really heavy accent. Anyhow, on with the story.

Many moons ago, a small (perfect) four-year-old girl and her mother were staying for three months on the island of Ios, in Greece. At this time, the father was stressed out, tired, and running around managing the Kennedy campaign in D.C. On this island, it became extremely hot and humid at about 1-2:00 p.m. So, everyone took a long snooze (a siesta). One day, I awoke from my siesta and very politely requested of my mother a glass of water. I did so by saying, "Mom! I'm thirsty. I want water, now!" So, my mother (groggy as she was) got out of bed and walked over to the refrigerator to take out the water bottle. Now, it so happens that Gloria had put kerosene (a lamp lighting oil) in one of the water bottles in the refrigerator.

As you may have guessed, this was the same bottle that my mother got out for me. Now mumsy didn't know that this was kerosene and not water, so she poured me a glass of it. She handed it to me, I drank it, and she then heard a shrill scream as I threw down the glass. Oh no, something has gone wrong.

A doctor from the nearest island came over in a fishing boat and gave me a glass full of black liquid. Then he said to me (in a heavy accent), "You drink dis mooch, my friend," (pointing to all of the liquid). Scared out of my wits, I drank the substance, and well, let's leave the gory details out, and just say that I was better for the rest of the trip. There still may be some kerosene left in my body, though, so I know that my life-long dream of becoming a fire-eater may never come true.

The End


PERIOD
6

"You are now entering the 6th-Period Folktale Zone!"

"This is industrious period six's Family Folktales."

"Family Folktales are examples of the trials and tribulations and the tranquil and happy times with our families."

"The stories are packed wtih action, drama, adventure, mystery, romance, and a lot of other things I don't feel like naming."

"Dear readers, these folktales reflect what goes on in all of our lives....Everyone in the class has written a story about an event in their lives, by average everyday students at Alice Deal Junior High School."

"The stories are true and unabridged."

"We had to create, edit, type, and print the stories. As you should be able to tell, the students put hard work in the project....Thinking, writing, typing, revising, and excitement fills the room everyday."

"We worked very hard on these folktales and as you will read we left all the slang in so you could get a feel for our characters."

"These stories may make Folktale history!!!"

"These stories are strictly for your reading pleasure, not to insult anyone or make fun of anyone."

"We put a lot of love and work into this book."

"Some of our stories are sad, happy, exciting, funny, and uplifting....The stories are fun, exotic, and creative....A variety of events--from deaths and sicknesses to joy and happiness."

"The folks happen to be our family members."

"We treasure these thoughts or moments of our lives that we can only truly live once."

"Please enjoy these folktales of Pd. 6, and hopefully they will make you feel good."

"I better not tell you any more about this chapter. I'll just let you experience the thrill of these wonderful stories...."

Family Folktale by William Summers

In my family I have five fundamental and intelligent family members: my brother, Jahmal, my mother, Sylvia, my mother's boyfriend, whose real name is David, but he prefers Tony for his name, and my name is William.

One day when me, my brother, and my mother was just resting out at home, Tony came in the house and asking us do we want to go down to the country. So everybody agree and we was on our way .

So before we went, we went to MAC DONALD'S. And got enough food for some hours to come. While we was in the car on the highway, me and my brother started to cracked up on each other so much that he started to cry and fall asleep in the car. Then we were in Fairfax, Virginia and we were enjoying the country sites. And why we were down there we went to stores, county fairs, and yard sales. Then when we finished we went to a hotel then we went home. And why we were on our way home we stop at WENDY'S and got some food.

Family Folktale by Claudia Soto

Last summer I went to Florida with my sister. I was thirteen and my sister was seventeen by that time. In my family I have a brother and a sister, and my parents. My sister's name is Giovanna she has red heir, but now her heir is purple because she dye it. She is really pretty and very nice. My brother's name is Carlos he is very skinny and a little bit shy. My mothers name is Esther, she is really pretty. My fathers name is Jaime he is very sweet and funny.

One day me and my sister Giovanna went to Florida for a week. Just me and her. First when we got to the airplane, both of us got sick, we didn't know what to do. I wasn't scared doght but I felt terrible so we kept going to the bathroom every single minute. Then when we got to the hotel we asked for a room. They gave us one. Everything was going fine. Then the next day we dicided to go out and have some fun. So we did, we kept going to expensive restaurantes, expensive places, and we kept buying a bunch of things that we so and we liked. Without knowing that we where wasting our money to fast.

We where for three days already, we had 4 days to go and in this three days we wasted alot of our money without notesing, and when the fourth day came and we wanted to go out. So my sister went to get the money and she calls me so I went and asked her what did she want, and she told me that we have bin wastin our money too fast and we didn't have anogh for the rest of the week. We only had ten dollars from the money that my parents gave us. So on the fifth day, all of our money was gone. We only had five dollars, so we finished our trip eating hot dogs and drinking sodas. The thing that we were glad of was that my parents had already paid the hotel and the tickets for us to get back home. So when we got back, we were starving, and both of us ate like pigs. Our parents were very surprised. They asked us how our trip was, but we never told them what really happened to us because they would never let us go anywhere alone again.

Family Folktale by Lynn Pittmon

My main family is very small. It is my mother, my father, and me. My mom works at NBC. She is a D.A. and works long hours. My father is a police officer. He works in first District, and he has been a cop since 1982. The weird thing about my small family is we are all named Lynn.

The story has nothing to do with my parents, it has to do with my two cousins named Alexa and Mike. We were all at a family gathering. The gathering got boring so we went into the woods. We went deeper and deeper, and when it was time for us to go back we went a different way. We kept going around in circles. My cousin Alexa started to get scared. We finally found a way out of the woods, but we got chased back into the woods by five dogs. When we finally got out of the woods, we saw a police car and they were looking for us, and a helicopter was looking for us too. When we got to the land that my family owns, we found out we were lost for six hours. When I got home I jumped in the bed and went to sleep.

Family Folktale by Jamie Torres

Hi, my name is Jamie Adelle Torres. I live with my mother and brother. My mother's name is Adalia Roebuck John Torres. She is brown in color and has dark eyes. People say that I look like a duplicate of her when she was little. She has real straight hair, it is a nice tone of black and gray.

My brother's name is Arlen Ray Torres, but his nickname is Frenchie. He is 16 and a pain in the you know where. He has a very light complexion. He is pretty tall, and can dance very well. People say we look alike.

On September 16, 1983, I had my sixth birthday party in my apartment. My mother had invited more of her adult friends than children; so my cousin Halima 4, my brother 9, and I were bored. I asked my mother if we could play in my bedroom, but she said no because she had just cleaned it before the party.

Well, we were miserable for about a half-hour. All of a sudden my brother had an idea (as always). He said that I should sneak in the room and open the door so that they could run in quickly. And so I did, and we were having a ball. We were playing 'King of the Mountain'. My brother had just jumped off the top bunk; so now it was my chance. I was climbing up the ladder but Halima was in the way, so I told her to move. She moved all the way to the edge, and then.....!BAM! She fell backwards from the top bunk.

She cried and cried, louder and louder. My brother tried to shut her up, but it didn't work. She ran out of the room and went to our grandmother. Our grandmother got my brother and me in trouble. After that, we always listened to our elders.

Family Folktale by Mike McMorris

I have too many members in my family to name so I will just name a few of them. My grandmother (Gormet cook), my grandfather (handy man), my little brother Jermaine (egghead) and my aunts Pat, Bette, and Barbara (hard-working). Let's forget about that and go into the story about a girl named blah,blah,blah that adores me. (SIKE) just kidding, this story will knock you slam out.

One day I was stone cold chillin in my crib when the doorbell rang. It was my aunt Barbara and little knucklehead brother Jermaine. She started to tell us about how one day she was running around in the store and chipped her tooth. She said that her and her parents, my grandparents, were in the store and she was running around in the store. Then she saw something that she wanted, so she ran over to my grandparents and ran into a counter or something like that and chipped her tooth. This must be a coincidence, because the same thing happened to me, only I had a bag of cookies and I jumped over the shopping basket and hit the cart face first. And my tooth came out.

Family Folktale by Ashante Boodram

The people in my family are Lois, Shuna, Shuna 2, Aisha, and me Ashante. Lois, my mother, is very smart and nice, but sometimes she is mean. Shuna my father is funny, but he sometimes gets on my nerves. Shuna 2 my brother is tall and he looks just like Special Ed to me. Aisha my sister is short, smart, and cute. Ashante that's me the smart and handsome one.

My brother used to sell drugs in the 11th grade. He stopped a year later. He was going to Fort Totten, the place where he sell drugs, to say hi to a few of his friends. When he was walking, he met a drug addict who had a gun. The man probably thought that he still sold drugs, so he tried to rob him. He was at close range, aiming for the heart. When he shot, my brother moved to the side. He was hit in the left side of his chest. It hit his lungs and went out his back. He ran to the fire station and collapsed. The ambulance picked him up and rushed him to the hospital. He's now alright and as good as new.

I was asleep when my brother's mother called. It was about 3 o'clock in the morning, my mother answerd the phone she came in my room and woke my father up. She told him that Shuna 2 had been shot. I was awake and heard my mother telling him. My father got up and went to the hospital. I went back to sleep praying that he will be ok. My father came home about 7 o'clock and didn't say nothing to me or my sister. I went to school wondering how he was doing. When I came home he told me about Shuna 2. Then he said that he didn't want to tell me in the morning because he didn't want me worrying about him during school. He told me that he was doing alright and that made me feel a lot better.

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Family Folktale by Sidney Catlett

My father is a tall balled head man with big feet. His name is Sidney Leon Catlett. He use to play baskettball in high school, college and in the NBA for Kansas City. My mother is a short fair-skin lady, with short black hair. My mother's name is Sharon Lynn McLeod. She was born in South Bend, Indiana. I have three sisters name (oldest to youngest) Sadjah, Lauren, and Morgan. Sadjah is my real sister. She does not always act very nice but is very altruistic. Half the time she is arguing with my mother or being a smart mouth little brat. Lauren was born July 21, 1986 and is a cancer like me. She's probably the nicest of my sisters. Morgan is the youngest of my sisters. She's also the worst of my sisters. She recently started this thing where she goes around and tells people to shut-up.

For my 8th Christmas, my family decided to go to JAMAICA. While I was there, all I did was go swimming everyday for 3 weeks, which after a while gets kind of boring. I went to OCHO RIOS and PORTO CICO beach. I also climbed a famous waterfall. This famous fall was used by JAMES BOND.

Family Folktale by Kawan Taylor

My family mainly consist of five people. My mother, my father, my brother, and I. My mother has dark brown eyes and a dark complexsion and a beautiful personality. My father works at the Washington Hospital Center, has a mustache and is going bald. My brother goes to Hampton University and also has a mustache. My grandmother has dark brown skin and is short.

This story I'm about to tell you is about when we went to Florida. On our way to Florida was a long trip, but once we got there it was worth it. We stayed there for five days and four nights. Instead of staying in a hotel we stayed in a trailer.

The trip was fun we almost got on every ride in the park. On the last day there was a terrible tornado. It caught you off guard because one minute it was nice and bright and sunny, then the sky started to turn dark and the wind started to pick up. It was really scary because if you wasn't standing in front of any tall building, you could see it coming straight towards us. The park security evacuated the park and told everyone to take shelter, so we went down to this eatery place and stayed down there for about a hour and a half. It was rather fun down there.

The park was lucky it wasn't alot of damage. The meteorologist said that the tornado turned off before we really got the real effect of it. That's how our last day in Disneyland end. After we packed our stuff we headed back home for a long ride.

Family Folktale by Jamaal Piper

The characters in this story are my mom, who at the time was working for a friend of my father. My mom is a very nice person who is about five feet, four inches. My dad who is very nice wonderful man was working at a insurance company. The other characters in this story are my German Sheppard who was a dog my Godfather gave me. The other character in this story is of course myself.

It was very late one night approximately 1:00 A.M. in the morning. And the family German Sheppard was always asleep in the hallway as to alert my mom and dad of any strange or loud noises. However this particular night for some unknown reason I climbed out of my crib. I was about 20 months old and walked downstairs to the basement. I then pushed the button to cut on the television, and laid on the floor until the television came on.

Meanwhile the dog was still asleep in the hallway. After a short while my mom awoke and told my dad that she heard noises and thought a robber was in the house. My dad came downstairs and found me looking at the television. By now Ceasar was downstairs. My dad was there, there was no robber but unhappy that Ceasar was asleep on the job.

He told Ceasar, "If you want to stay a house dog in this house you better bark or bite when you hear noises."

Family Folktale by Jai Mitchell

My family is made of four people. My mother, father, brother and myself. I am five-three, brown skined and I am 14 years old. I have black hair and black eyes. My birthday is September 6, 1976. My brother's name is Jason Mitchell. He is short, light skined and wears glasses. He is 10. Jason is very nice and his birthday is November 4, 1980. My mother's name is Doris Mitchell. She is five four. My mother is brown skined and is a teacher. My father is tall and is a D.C. Planner. My father's name is James Mitchell.

One day my father my brother and I went out to get a Christmas tree for Christmas. We picked the tree out paid for it and took it home. My mother was cooking Christmas dinner when we got home. We began taking the Christmas stuff out of the basement. After all of the Christmas stuff was out we started to put up the tree. When the tree was up we started to decorate the tree. We put lights, candycanes and a star on it just for beginners. By that time it was about time to eat. We ate a great dinner. After we ate and finished decorating we all watched T.V. Then we went to sleep when we woke up there were alot of things for my brother and I. We had footballs, basketballs, bikes, Nintendo games and money. We also had clothes and other great things. After playing with all the new things we had gotten we laid back and relaxed. When the Christmas Holiday was over we had fun putting the Christmas things back. It was a big job but we did it. It was the best Christmas Holiday we ever had.

Family Folktale by LeChele Wiggins

It was my uncle Brian's wedding. Alot of my family came. My uncle Tommie and his wife Christine, my cousin Carmen and her boyfriend, my cousin Tee and his girlfriend. My uncle Donnie my aunt Jackie and little cousin Natahlia. Plus the bride's family.

It was my uncle Brian's wedding and some of my family came. This was a family wedding, so only family was invited. After the wedding we had the reception at Hogates. All this was fun, but the best part was the wedding itself. The wedding was special because my family was there to see my uncle, my grandmother's youngest child get married. Everyone is proud of him. My second favorite part was when we all gathered over my grandmother's. We gathered over there for the grown-ups to play games and cards. The children played games and watched movies. I also like when we all went to breakfast, and to the Marine Harbor. After we went to Marine Harbor, we went back to my grandmother's house for a wonderful dinner. Then it was time for everyone to leave.

Family Folktale by Dewaine Dimps

My name is Dewaine Dimps and I have an impatient mother, a father, a sweet and gentle grandmother, a grandfather, a host of aunts and uncles plus a lot of cousins. My family is located in the Washington area, New York, Ohio, Chicago, and Pennsylvania. And every year we have a family reunion. But, this time it was in D.C. And this was one I will never forget.

I was about 3 or 4 years old. It was the 4th of July. The reunion was over my grandmother's house. The dinner she had fixed was borjng. So I decided to leave and wonder off. After I was gone for about ten minutes my mother was worried sick about me while I was on my little journey. I remember running into the corner store about five blocks away from my house. Then I met this man who knew one of my uncles and me. He asked me, "What are you doing over here?"

I replied, "None of your business!!!" Then, he grabbed me and walked me back home. At home my mother was waiting for me. When she saw me she was very, very, very angry at me. She was so angry that she wanted to give me a beaten right there but my grandmother didn't let her. My mother couldn't even touch me that whole night.

The next morning my grandmother went to church, and I was home with my mother all alone. I still didn't learn my lesson so I went to a different location this time. But this time I knew how to come back home. When I came back to the house my mother waited for me. As soon as I came thru the door I received my first and last beaten for the rest of my life.

Family Folktale by Jared Miller

My name is Jared Miller I am very handsome, interesting and intelegent. My hobbies are building model cars and drawing. My mothers name is Carolyn A. Miller, she is very tall, interesting, smart and beautiful. She works at W.R.A.M.C. as a Medical Technition. My fathers name is James E. Miller he is very good-looking and smart. He is an Administrative Judge for the D.C. Courts. My brother's name is Osei Miller he is very handsome and smart. He is on the Wilson foot-ball team, and he is in the 10-th grade. My two sisters are Dana and Shelly.

One day my sister Dana and I were playing with toothpicks and construction paper. After we left, there must have been some left out. Later on that day, I walked in the bedroom and the tooth pick went in my foot. I stayed home for a few days afterwards, but on the third day my foot started to swell. My mother took me to Children's hospital. I stayed there for six days, and my mother stayed with me the whole time.

Family Folktale by Michelle Nelson

My mother's name is Joette. Sometimes she's funny and acts crazy. Other times she's a real pain. My stepfather's name is Eric. He talks too much, if you ask him one question about himself he'll tell you his whole life story. My older sister's name is Nakia, she's always trying to be a comedian and expets you to laugh at her corny jokes! My little sister's name is Erica, she's a first class pest, then she's always trying to boss me around. Then of course me, the lovely and beautiful Michelle!

One day we were having a peaceful day. Me and my sister Niki were in the kitchen and we thought Erica was too! We were watching the Cosby Show when my little sister desides to climb the stairs (she was only 1 years old, just learning how to walk then). Well me and Niki weren't even thinking about her, we got into our T.V. show.

When commercial came on I went down in the basement, but before I went, my sister was in the kitchen watching Erica (she was back from the stairs by then). But accually while I was in the basement, Niki went outside to take out the trash. Erica desides to climb "Mt. Stairs" again.

All of a sudden, Boom! Boom! Boom! Tumble! Tumble! I ran up from the basement and my mother flew from out of her room and Niki came from outside! When we went to see what happened, Erica had fallen down the stairs and my mother was furious! She started yelling at me and Niki. Then my father came home and said, "What happened in here?!" Well, to make a long story short, Erica didn't get hurt, but she cried all night, and she got babied by my mother and my father. Me and Niki just stood there with blank looks on our face, but deep down inside it was really anger.

Family Folktale by Tameka Gee

This story consists of my crazy mother, step-father, and me, myself, and I. My mother is tall dark skinned and wears glass. My step-father is also tall brown skinned and very nice. I am short brown skinned and wear glasses just like my mother.

One day my mother came home with a big smile on her face. She told me that they had accepted us for the new apartment she applied for. Then she said we are moving the coming Saturday. This was a sunday and I had been feeling bad all day, then it was just the opposite.

Then for the next six days we packed and packed and packed. That Saturday when we moved in, we went shopping to buy tables, chairs and other odds and ends. When we came back the rest of the day I locked myself in my room and decorated my bedroom. Of course we had family over. When they left we had a big dinner, and lots of fun.

Family Folktale by George Williams

My family has 4 people and 1 dog. Both my parents are responsible and independent. My sister is bothersome but I love her. Last but not least is my dog who is playful and also troublesome.

Well my folktale begins on the second week in August, we sent the dog to the pound and were about to start our family trip to visit my grandmother in Tuscombia, Alabama. We were making good time when a tire blew. We could not find a tire shop so we had to find the nearest big city. We found our location it was Buena Vista, Virginia about 30 minutes from my grandmother's house in Lynchburg, Virginia.

After my father found out how to get to Lynchburg from Buena Vista we were on our way. The way to Lynchburg was on a crazy streach of road called highway 501. This road went up down zig-zagged and twisted around the Blue Ridge Mountains and shurly tested my father's driving abilities. We made the trip in 20 minutes and we had new tires and were back on the road by morning, however I do not know what happened from Lynchburg to Huntsville because I slept most of the way.

The deal was when we reached Huntsville one of my grandmother's friend would show us the way to Tuscombia, but the person was not at home so we had to figure the way out ourselves.

Well we found the road leading to Tuscombia. It was a nice, dark and quiet with no street lights so the only indiaction of us going the right way was the aura of light coming from Tuscombia. We reached Tuscombia after 1 day and 11 hours. Finding Grandma's house is another story.

Family Folktale by Chris Mason

In the story I am about to tell it involves the following people, my Mother, Father, brother, my friend, and me, CHRIS. My brother's name is Paul; me and him are allways fighting. My friend's name is Jammonne. We consiter him part of the family.

My Mother, my Father, my Brother, my friend, and I were packing up the car to go to OCEAN CITY. We left my house at around 8:00 a.m. We were in the city and we hit the beltway at 8:15 on the nose. It takes 2 to 3 hours to get there but I knew it was going to be a long trip. After a couple of old corn stories from my mother and a couple of folk songs we were there. When we parked and got out of the car the first thing we did was stretch, the next thing I did was think about all the fun things that were ahead of us, the third thing I did was ask my mother for some money. My mom went into her pocketbook and found out that she left the money at home, everybody was mad at my mother. We went back home. The car was quiet throughout the rest of the trip. We arrived home, we were very tired so everybody went to sleep. We woke up next morning and forgot all about it.

Family Folktale by Roberto Lopez

Hi, my name is Roberto. I am in the eighth grade. My mom's name is Rosa, and she is alright, but when somthing happens to me she gets down-right crazy. My aunt's name is Isidra; she is really nice because she buys me things, but between my mom and her there is a sibling rivary. My cousin's name is Mario. He is irresponsible like me.

One Saturday, my family and I were going to a store in Maryland. We were near Rockville when we started to get lost. My mom was saying to my cousin go right you dumby. My cousin said no let's go left. My aunt and I were in back of the car. We didn't say anything because my aunt and I never got into those dumb arguments. After a little while I saw a sign saying the store was five miles away, but my mom and cousin didn't see it because they were too busy arguing. Then I saw another sign three miles from the other sign. It said the store was two miles away. I tried to tell them, but they didn't listen to me. So I started to get annoyed because they didn't listen to me. So then I said to them real loud listen to me! They all looked at me all surprised. Then I saw another sign saying the exit to the road that went to that store was at the next right. So I said to my cousin to turn at that instant, and he did, and we almost slid out of control. So we finally got into that road and went to the store, all thanks to me.

Family Folktale by Sabrina Turner

It was Saturday, February 10, 1989, four days after my birthday. My family and I decided to go skating at the skating rink. Eight of us went to the skating rink: my grandmother, mother, father, cousins Steve and Lesia, aunt Francine, and my aunt Pat. We had a ball because all of them are crazy and fun to be with; therefore you can have fun when you are with them.

We finally arrived at the skating rink. We went inside the skating rink only to find my godmother Cynthia and my two godbrothers. I already had my skates, but my family had to rent some skates. After we got situated, we began to skate.

As soon as my grandmother and mother got on the skating rink they fell, it was funny. My two godbrothers, Terrance and Willam, were skating with me. My cousins Lesia and Steve were skating together, my aunts were skating, and my grandmother, mother, and father were skating together. Everyone was doing good until my crazy cousin Lesia feel. By that time my grandmother and mother had finally got the hang and were having a ball. We were all having a good time. Then we began to play limbo and we had alot of fun playing that. Then it began to get late and we decided to leave.

Family Folktale by Kenya Roberts

This is a story about my vacation. It was at Murtle Beach. The characters are my mother, Anne, who is now forty and has light brown eyes and hair to match it, my father, Edmund, who has jet black hair and a deep voice, my grandma who is short and sassy, her friend, Sondra who was short, thin, and always wanting to fight, Stephani a quiet but nice person, Stacy and Stefanie twins who were identical but as different as night and day, their parents who were Italian and me, Kenya who is 5ft. 6in. and has medium brown hair and medium brown eyes to match.

The day I left I was sad because I was going away and I was going to miss my parents and friends. But I knew I was going to have fun. I don't know what happened because I slept most of the way, but I do remember eating tacos and burritos at South of the Border. I went back to sleep.

"We're here Kenya," said Grandma. I got my suitcase and went to the hotel. It was very large. We paid and went to the room. I put on my swimsuit and went downstairs to swim. It was nice, a hottub, an indoor pool and an outdoor pool.

"Can you do a flip?" a voice said. That is when I met Sandra. We started doing flips in the pool. Her cousin Stefani joined in. It started to get late so we went back to our rooms.

The next day I went to meet Sondra and Stefani. I saw them at a table, but they were with twins, Stacy and Stephanie. They were Italian with dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. We ate breakfast, then decided to meet each other at the pool in twenty-five minutes.

We went back to the pool and went swimming. We stayed in the pool until 1:30 the next morning. My grandmother made me swear I would never do that again. The next day, I

had to stay home for breakfast and didn't get out of the house until 3:00 that afternoon. I immediately ran to the pool to see if they were down there. When I got back up, they were on their way to the carnival. I quickly asked my grandmother could I go. She gave me $20.00, and I ran to meet my friends. That night I got back, and I went immediately to sleep with nothing to eat. The next day, I went swimming most of the day. All the days after that were the same until Friday, my last day there. That morning, I woke up, put on my clothes and ran outside to meet my friends. We ate breakfast, played on the elevators, and walked on the beach and collected seashells. Then we went upstairs to put on our swimsuits. This would be our last day together, so we stayed all day in the pool and took pictures. We only left the pool to go to Arby's with the twins' parents. Later the next morning, I came out my hotel room to find that the maids were cleaning my friends' room. I felt like crying, but I didn't. I caught Stacy and Stephanie before they left. I got their address and told them that next year I might come back to visit. Then I got in my grandmother's car and we left back for D.C.

Family Folktale by Renata Jackson

The people in my immidiate family are my mother; her name is Linda. My father's name is Charles. My sister'name is Adrianne, she is nine years old. My youngest sister's name is Little Linda, she is eleven months. My brother's name is Alphonso, he is eight years old. My mother is an okay kind of person. She can be mean when she wants to [but only when you erk her nerves], but underneath all that she is nice, loving, and caring. My father is the same way, but the only way he would get mad if you didn't do well in school or if you act trifling. My sister Adrianne is two-faced because when she is around other people besides me she acts all sweet and innocent, but when she's with me acts like my mother. She gets mean, evil, and everything else. My brother can be nice when he wants to be, and he's very exciting (even when he's sick). My baby sister is very sweet and does all the things a baby is suppose to, and she gets into everything.

One summer we went to Disney World. It was my mother, father, two sisters and my brother. We stayed at the Walt Disney Hotel. We went out to see the sights. We went to the Epcot Center, we saw Mickey Mouse, Miney Mouse, and all the other characters. My sister was complaining about her feet hurting, she was hungry, and tired. So my mother took her back to the hotel. The rest of us went riding around. When we got back we saw her sitting an the floor in front of the room. They had been sitting there for four hours. My mom said that Adrianne had lost the key and they coudn't get in. Luckily we had an extra key. We went into the room and searched everybody for the key. Nobody had it. My mother went to the manager's office to tell them what happened. He said, "As long as you don't lose the next one you are alright because we have three in each room. And we lost the

one we had, so there's only one key left."

Then we decided to get something to eat. Adrianne wanted to carry the key. My father said no, but Adrianne insisted. We ate and then we went back to the hotel to get some rest. When we got there we had the key. After awhile my mother told Adrianne to go get some ice. Adrianne needed the key to get back in, but when we looked for it nobody could find it. We were not locked in the room because of the key, but because the door was jammed. We called the front desk for help, but nobody could help us for three days. We were stuck up there for a long time and we were hungry. When we did receive help the man didn't know how to fix the door so the people called the fire dept. We had to climb out of the window from the fifth floor. We had to jump on one of those trampalenes. We got down safely. We got our refund on the room. That was a dumb vacation.

The End

PERIOD 7

"The eighth-grade, seventh-period class of Alice Deal JHS welcomes you to our section of the family folktales."

"These are the folktales of the everyday down-to-earth people of seventh period."

"These people have taken things that have happened to them good or bad and shared them with you."

"For anybody who doesn't know what a folktale is, let me break it down..."

"A folktale is a story that tells the truth."

"These folktales are stories from the younger age of the world."

"These stories are for kids to read and see how other kids are alike, like the clumsy things kids do, and the way kids really cause trouble in life for parents."

"You will encounter strange and unusual folktales by real-life people and about real-life situations."

"These stories reveal some of the deepest and darkest bloopers of our families."

"The whole idea of this was to give the readers a general idea of our families' actions, expressions, and feelings, all put down on paper. We have taken time to think and write about these funny events that bring back memories to all of us."

"We have done this to make stormy days become sunny."

"So we decided to share our humorous stories that we share with each other orally to put them in print so we can keep them for a lifetime and also share them with other families and friends."

"We are proud to be able to write about our experiences."

"All of us put a lot of effort into this book."

"The stories may be in a way somewhat suspenseful, sad, happy, and just plain weird...."

"Sit back, 'cause you might be going through different emotions. You might laugh, cry, or maybe be uncomfortable."

"So sit back, relax and read how the 7th-period, 8th-grade English class can get busy!"

"(And by the way, don't be surprised if you pop up in the story!)"

Family Folktale by Joe Barber

My family consist of only two people, and that is me and my mother. My name is Joe and I'm going to tell you about our trip to St. Louis, Mo.

Me and my mother had the most weardest flight. First we boarded the flight but to come and find out a couple of people ahead of us had gotten our seats, but we were wondering if they book flights by times the only way this could have happened was that they gave some one else our seats.

So we had to wait three more hours for the next flight to board, my mom is already mad and takes all of her anger out on me and the only thing to do was to sit there and take it.

So we were already going to be late for our family reunion. So we arrived at St. Louis about an hour and a half late, we was trying to call but no one would answer the telephone, so we went ahead and took a taxicab to my aunt's house but she was not there she was on her way to pick us up from the airport which is a hour ride from her house. My mom and I was waiting for two hours we had noticed my aunts car pull up so she had let us in so we could put our things away. And so we were on our way to our family reunion, and after all of that trouble getting there. When we arrived mostly all of the good food was gone.

"the end"

Family Folktale by Myesha Tyler

To start off my family there is my mother, Brenda Ann Clark Tyler, who is very loving and understanding. She is always looking out for her family, friends, and love ones. Then there is my beloved father, Gregory Froster Tyler, who is now deceased. He was the greatest man in the world, and I loved him very much. He past little over a year ago but I still speak of him as if he is still living. Now we move down to my oldest brother, Gregory Foster Tyler, Jr., who is very helpful around the house now that my father is gone. My family is so proud of him. So far he has stayed in college longer than any of the other cousins. Then there is my youngest brother, Kee Clark Tyler, who is ten years old. He attends a magnet school that he was finally accepted to this year. He gets on my nerves sometimes, but I'm use to it now. And I can't forget my one and only little sister Elyse Avon Tyler, who is two years old. For her age she would say things that would blow your mind. She is very intelligent. But I guess it runs in the family. And last but not least I can't forget myself, Myesha Torrie Tyler. To me I am the most smartest girl in the world. But I must admit I'm not perfect. I have a very short temper and no patience at all.

Now we get to the folktale. The last rememberence I had with my whole family including my father before he past was when we took our trip to Nashville, Tenn. It took us

nine and a half hours to travel from D.C. to Nashville, including bathroom stops. When we got there it was so many relatives I didn't know I had. I was so happy to be with my whole family. It was such a joyous time.

First we went to go see the family we did know. Then we went to go see the family we didn't know. After we introduced ourselves, the kids played ball while the adults talked. After we laughed, talked, played, and ate then we depart. The family that we was closest to we all stayed in a nine-bedroom cabin in the Smokey Mountains for one week. We went swimming, shopping, sight-seeing, and many other things. But the best part of the trip was that I was with my whole family. And the big dinner we had with all the family and friends the last day.

Family Folktale by Tiffany Harris

My name is Tiffany Deandra Harris. I am 13 years old. I was born on 6/11/77, Monday. I recently stay with my daddy in Washington, D.C. I was staying with my mother in Atlanta, Ga. Now I'm hoping to stay with my grandmother in Atlanta, Ga., because I miss home. I'm very homesick. Mainly because I don't like Washington, D.C.

It was sometime during this early part of school or the late part of summer. My mother and I had gone over my aunt's house. Two of my aunts and my cousin stay together in Atlanta, Ga. So it was my Aunt Ruby, my mother, my cousin and myself.

O.K. my Aunt Ruby was cooking, my mama and I was sitting at the table. My cousin, Rodney, was in his room. So my mother, aunt, and I were just talking among ourselves when all of a sudden the phone rung. It was my Aunt Mimi's friend. She called to say that Mimi's friend Sydney had died. And so my Aunt Ruby had told us the heart-broken news. (Because I did know him.)

When my Aunt Mimi came home later that night and so my Aunt Ruby told my 22-year-old Aunt Mimi that "Sydney had died." It was heart-broken, my Aunt Mimi was just left standing in the door with a short, loud scream. And after that she ran straight to the back and called Mia (the girl who called and told her that Sydney had died).

So from that minute on that day she stayed in her room. That night the entire family went into my Aunt Ruby's room watching T.V. and talking to each other. Then Mimi came in and just stood there in the door looking around the room. Then, the next thing I knew she started crying and ran out the room.

My Aunt Mimi and I never really got along, so at first I really didn't care about her sorrow, but the last time she entered the room she sat beside me on the floor crying. I heard her cry, and it made me very sad to see and hear her cry. So something was telling me inside to ask her, "Are you alright?" It kept repeating the same thing, and so I got up and went to the kitchen, came back and asked her, "Is everything O.K?"

She said, "Yeah."

I replied, "That's good." and just patted her back. Since that day I never really heard Mimi talk about Sydney again.

Family Folktale by Jennifer Sydnor

I come from a large, fun, humorous family. We always seem to have fun. My family resides on the 300 block of Madison Street. My family consists of my mother and father, Alvin and Bettye, who made our family possible. My two very silly brothers, Jimmy, 27, and Jerome, 24, are forever making fun of each other. My three crazy sisters Gaysha, 28, Christina, 10, and Monica, 20, and my niece Jaelle, one. We all are very close, even though we have our problems. Now getting to my story.

My father, my two brothers, my sister, and I went on a ski trip to Pennsylvania. I, myself, do not know how to ski. After the lessons, I went on top of the tall hill. I started down the hill very slowly. Then I started moving my poles back and forth in the snow. This made me move very fast. Five minutes later, I was speeding down the hill.

I was really siked up about the whole thing, but suddenly I rememberd that I did not know how to stop. I leaned forward and did a frontwards flip and landed in a Chinese split. I hurt my leg, but not very badly. Now as I write this, I find it very funny.

Family Folktale by Kareema Saleh

My family consits of five wonderful human beings. I'll begin with my gracious mother, Laverne, who works with D.C. Public Health. I think she's jolly, but yet we disagree on somethings. Next is my generous father Mohamed, who is nippy, but sometimes we have our moments where we don't get along. Following my father is my sister Zahra who is 15 and gets on my nerves. She swears she's cute; as you can tell were nothing alike. Anyway she goes to Land Academy of Bucross and likes to swim. Then there's my brother Ronald who attends Webber College in Florida. Like my sister, sometimes we get along and some not.

Well now is the time for the folk tale of your life. It begins on a sunny afternoon in June. It was my shool graduation party at Jelliff. Everybody was having a jolly time. I distinctly remember that I saw a girl names Susan and Erick skating together. I thought that they looked like a great couple, so I went to tell my friends. As I was skating over to them, I fell on my arm, and boy did it hurt. A parent helped me up, and I sat down on a bench. I called my brother to come pick me up, but no one was home. So I called my mother over my cousins house, she was there and came in half an hour.

As we were leaving the Jelliff parking lot, my brother came driving up in his car with about two other people in the car. We told him what happened and he called Kaiser (the doctor's office) on his car phone, and told them we would be coming in. By the time I got to Kaiser, I was really in pain. I found out I had a broken arm, and I also found out that I couldn't make the school graduation trip to Hersey Park. Boy was I mad !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Family Folktale by Hermes Argueta, Jr.

There are four members in my family. There's my father Hermes, who's hardly ever cheerful. He's usually serious and doesn't joke around. Reina my mother, who is always nice to everyone. And my little sister, Karen, who's eight years old.

Last summer I injured my sister on a bike. My little sister was outside, and I asked her if she wanted to ride on the bike, so I was riding her down a big hill. On the way down some how one of her feet got stuck in the back wheel, and the bike flipped over on her foot. I didn't get hurt, but my sister got her foot scraped against the pavement. It was bleeding, and she was crying so much that everyone came out to see, I got scared because I thought that it was broken and I knew that I was going to get in trouble. My parents were so mad I was on restriction for two weeks. I felt sorry for my sister, and I told her I was sorry.

Family Folktale by Tanya Rogers

Hi my name is Tee and I have a family that consists of five. There is my older brother Keith who is very stingy with money, but someway I get it out of him. Next there's another older brother named De Loniel. His friends call him "Big D". I don't know why because he's not fat and surely isn't that tall. Thirdly my sister Michelle she is alot of fun, but she is always getting on my nerves. Now here comes the mother well she is nice, but always pressure us for good grades. Other than that she is fine. Last but not least my name is Tee, I am 13 and I am very nice even when I am mad. I am also fun to be with. People say that I always have a smile on my face especially when I am mad, but I don't think so, Sweet Tee don't play that!

This folktale is one I do believe all of you have been through, well maybe you haven't. Anyway one day at home I guess it was a Thursday or so, because the Cosby Show had come on. Well I was upstairs in my sister's room, watching Family Feud with my crazy nephew Elliott. My sister had just finished coming from the store to buy something to snack on while we watched the Cosby Show.

After a while Michelle, my sister, drank some of her soda, she put the soda down and all of a sudden she started holloring at me because my stupid nephew Elliott spilled the soda all over the rug. Then my mother hears my sister hollering at me and calls me downstairs and gives me a lecture. You don't want to know the words that she said to me. Then she sent me to my room. And all that night I was thinking, but it wasn't my faught. But the bad thing is, is that I missed the Cosby Show and it wasn't a repeat. I solved this case by not going up to my sisters room, mainly on Thursdays.

Family Folktale by Damon Wiggins

My name is Damon Wiggins and I am going to tell you about my family. My father is an actor and he works in California where he lives. My mother does not work because she is watching my little sister. My father is thirty-five and my mother is thirty-seven. They do not live together. They wasn't living together sence I was three years old.

My father moved in California when I was three. I went out in California to visit my father for two weeks and it was very fun. I was about ten years old then. We went to Disney Land and stayed all day. We went to the wax museum. Knight Rider was there and they had a van that was so light that you can pick it up. It was really fun out in California. The people out there were different. I went swimming everyday out there. I had a nice time with my father.

One day it was my mother, my step father, my friend and I. We was going to the beach and we was getting in the car and after I got in, my mother slammed my hand in the door. I put some ice on it and it went down.

Family Folktale by Armando Lopez

My family is made of five people, my two brothers Lenin and Leonardo, my mother Izabel, and my stepfather Thomas. My two brothers are very stupit but I could live with that. My mother is a lot of fun to be with. My stepfather is a lot of fun to be with also. They both like to go fishing.

My story begins two years ago in the summer of 1989. I was with my stepfather driving around in West Virginia. We were trying to find a good place to go fishing when we saw this dirt road going north, it looked very muddy but we followed it anyway. The road led to a big swamp so we started to go back. We were about four miles away from the main road. All of a sudden we got stuck in the mud. The back tires were about three feet under the mud. The whole inside of the car was filled with smoke from the motor. When we got out of the car and our shoes were filled with mud. We tried to to push the car out but it had sank down too deep in the mud. After trying many times to push the car out we started to walk towards the main road. It took us one hour to get there. When we got there we tried to stop somebody to help us. About 30 minutes later a truck stopped and we told them what had happened. We rode back with them, but when we got there they saw it was to deep for them to push out. They called for help in their radio and left. It was almost dark and I could see frogs making noises in the water, and I also saw a snake swim by and that scared me the most. It was already dark and we saw this big truck come by and this guy came out and told us that someone had called him to help us. I felt relief because I thought we were going to sleep in the car. The guy pulled us out with his truck and a chain he had. We got home about 10:00 p.m., but I had to admit that was the most fun I ever had.

Family Folktale by Gabrielle Jackson

The members of my family are my younger brother Alex, and my mother Mignon. My brother Alex has a distorted view of science. He wants to be a Mutant Ninja Turtle. On the other hand, my mother has a strictly scientific mind, but she's a little cracked too (sike).

Well anyways one day my family at nightime, remember it was at nightime okay? okay. Well we went to catch a bus, and on the bus was a green light up above our heads . Suddenly I had this uncanny joke in my head. My mother was halfway into dreamland when I said Alex's face turned green. My mother must have been extremely sleepy because she actually believed me. But then me being five or was it six got jealous of my brother. I said, "Mama your face is green to," and I said to myself, I have to let her in on this joke.

I said, "Just kidding, the light up above our heads is green and is shining down on our faces." Everybody on the bus started cracking up. If you did not think this was funny then you must have had to be there. Maybe you will be the next time in the next century or so.

Family Folktale by Julio Navascues

My name is Julio and I'm in a family of four. I have one sister and my parents. My sister's name is Ana and she always fusses and tries to aggravate me. My mom's name is Kathy and she is nice and helpful and is always supportive. My dad Julio likes teaching me things about life and is on me if I don't do well in school.

Now on with my Family Folktale. My Family Folktale is about my summer vacations to Montana. My relatives are on my mom's side, and I've only been to Montana two times. Both of the times were for reunions. The first time we drove and the second we flew. It was a fun experience. We drove because we wanted to see some of the beautiful sights. We went to see Old Faithful in Montana. We didn't stay the whole summer, but just a month. We have to prepare alot of food for the reunion. Me and my family stayed with my grandparents. We visited some of my other relatives before the reunion. My grandfather and I went fishing but did not have any luck.

During the reunion we had relatives who lived in tents two days before the reunion because they lived far away and our house wasn't big enough. The reunion lasted for three days. There were about fifty people at the reunion and some were from Wisconsin, Texas, and Montana. We swam in a deep creek near the house. The water was very cold, but it was easy to stay in the water. We held games and events at the Reunion. I seemed to get along with everybody. My mom's dad has brothers and sisters that have similarities and same traits. For example, they all like the same cheese. I did not know my cousins from Wisconsin. That turned out to be a fun reunion, and everybody got to be acquainted with everybody. The special thing about a reunion is that you get to meet people that you didn't even know and were a part of your family.

Family Folktale by Jeremy Kittrell

I am about to tell you a story that will make you laugh right out of your shoes. But first let me tell you about my family.

I have one brother and two sisters. My mother is a nice person who doesn't take alot of junk from me. I have my ways but I can be nice. I am always happy. My father is a business man and he stays on top of me all the time. My brother has forever complaining attitude, and my sisters are plain ok. That's enough about my family let's get on with the funny business.

One morning about three years ago I went in the basement to get clothes for school. I was half asleep and I thought I saw a man coming in our back window but he had parked his car in the alley and was working on his car. But I thought I saw the man breaking in so I took off running up stairs. On my way I was screaming, "There is a man downstairs!" and my sister came running after me. When I got to my dad he jumped up out of bed and ran downstairs. When he saw that it was no one there, it was the talk of the day.

Family Folktale by Brian Johnson

My family consist of my father, mother, an older, and a younger brother. My father is a minister and works for the government. He is a nice person as is my mother who works for D.C.Public Schools as a program coordinator. My older brother is a senor in High School and my little brother is a terror.

My most rememerable moment was when my family took a vacation to California. It was around the Forth of July in 1984 and at the time my little brother had not been born. That summer we went to Los Angles, California to visit relatives. We stayed at my cousin's house who had a swimming pool. My brother and I wanted to swim so badly but we had swimming trunks and we did not know how to swim.

My parents left for Hawaii while my brother and I stayed in California. The day before the 4th of July and when my parents came back was the most terrifing day of my stay in California. That day I was playing with a pool ball in the deep end of the pool. I threw the ball too far out for me to get it and I tried to get the ball. The ball floated out of my reach and I fell in 12ft. Everyone who was around rushed to pull me out. After maybe a minute a cousin grabbed my arm and pulled me out. The next day my brother, a cousin, and I were cleaning around the pool. My brother slipped in the shallow part of the pool and quickly got out. The whole night I was angry because my brothers clothes had not dried and I had no one to mess with.

Family Folktale by Laura Hawthorne

The members of my family are a bunch of exuberant people. There is my conceded brother, Larry. He thinks the world revolves around him. He is nine and in the fifth grade. My mother is very sweet and fun to be around. Her name is Paula and she is very sucessful. Then there's me, Laura. I am thirteen and in the eighth grade.

Okay, enough of my family. Let's get to my exciting event. This incident occurred when I was seven and my brother was three. It was after school and my brother and I decided to play with a balloon. We were playing for a while when the balloon went over by a bunch of fishing rods. I went diving after the balloon. Before I could get to the balloon, my finger got stuck to a fishing hook. I started screaming and hollering. My mother called the ambulance and my next door neighbors came over to calm me down. Before I knew it, I was in a hospital sitting on a bed. The doctors came in and stuck needles in the middle of all my fingers. Before I knew it the fish hook was out and I was on my way to eat dinner and ice cream.

Family Folktale by Claudia Patricia Coto

My family household is of six member. My mother Lyla, my dad Francisco, my older chubby sister Veronica, and my two brothers Juan and David. Well let's leave the old stuff and on with the good stuff.

One day, we, my family, decided to visit my Uncle Milton and my Aunt Irma. But we didn't find them home. We found the windows open. So my mother decided to play a joke on them because she told them to never leave the windows open because burglers could get in and rob them. So, my father held up my brother Juan to get in by the window and open up the door. Juan went in and open us the door. After we had entered we waited for them almost an hour, and since they never showed up my mother said to hide all the valuable things and so we did. We hided the television in the closet, the typewriter underneath the bed, the telephone in the kitchen gabinet, the radio in the restroom, and one hundred dollars behind a mirror.

Then we went home thinking how they would react when everything was missing. Later on that same day we received a second phone call from my uncle saying that burglers had robbed them. We laughed but my mother was worried because he had already called the police. So she told him where all the things were at and if the police called back to say that his sister had played a joke on them for leaving the windows open. Then we received a second phone call saying that the policeman had arrived for investigation and laughed when he found everything in its place and said to tell his sister (my mother) to never ever play a joke like that again.

My uncle and aunt learned a lesson never leaved the windows open. Also my mother learned a lesson never play a joke like that again.

Family Folktale by Freddy Dominguez

There are three members in my house: my mom, Miriam, my sister Jessica, and me. My mom is nice and loveable. My sister is like a devil. Me, I'm just clumsy. I am clumsy because I do stupid things at the very wrong time.

It was a day when my mom went shopping for food. I woke up and yelled, "Mom." I found out she wasn't home, and my sister had gone with her. So I called my friend and asked him if he knew where my mom and sister were. He told me they had gone shopping with his mom. Since I knew where she was, I decided to see t.v. About twenty minutes later, I got a call from my friend saying that mom was coming home and I should go wait for her downstairs. The day before my mom had told me to take down the keys for the house. So I waited downstairs for my mom.

She came so I helped her bring up the groceries. So I got to the door and she said, "Open the door."

I said, "I thought you had them."

And she said, "What did I tell you yesterday?" My punishment was not to go out that day. I guess you can say I got easy off that day.

Family Folktale by Brian Douglas

There are four people living in my house, my mother, Grace, my brother Stephen, and my grandmother Mrs Mosby. I'm the youngest of the house, but I think I'm the most important because I keep everyone's spirit up even at the worst times. Next there is my brother Stephen, he's a pain in the you know what! We're always getting into fights with each other. There's my mother Grace who is very over-protective. She never lets me have any fun. There is my grandmother who is also over-protective but not as much as my mother. She always calling me these stupid pet names that I hate, but she is always lovable.

One winter my mother and her two friends Dorthy and Barbra went on a skiing trip. Dorthy brought her son Kojo and Barbra brought her daughter Tiffany. We packed our bags and put our skis in the trunk. We drove and drove until we finally arrived at Shwane lodge. We settled down in our room, once finished we strapped on our gear and headed for the hills until we heard the bad news, the roads were too icy to climb the hills. So we couldn't get to the mountain top. For the rest of the days we were there we did absolutely nothing. We decided to try again so we packed our bags once again and set off to the mountains. This time the mountains were bare as the back of my hand. That was the worse winter I ever had.

Family Folktale by Nelson Peay

My family consists of my mother, Alease, my brother, Mike, and myself. My mother is O.K. when she wants to be. She is really nice when you get good grades. My brother is O.K. too, but when he gets on your nerves you feel like killing him, and of course, me. My cousin, Jonathan, he's alright; he just gets on your nerves sometimes. Now here comes the story.

My cousin and I were going to the barbar shop. When we were coming back, I had just realized that I forgot my key. This meant that we either had to wait for my mom to get home or break into my house. We decided to break into my house because we were cold.

We tried the kitchen window, but it was locked. We tried the hall window, but it was locked. So then we came up with this crazy idea. We stacked some benches up and got a ladder from my neighbor. And we put the ladder on top of the benches. I was about to do the crazy idea, but I was too short. So my cousin got up on the ladder and climbed up on my roof. I didn't know he had such long arms. He had to break my screen window to get in. He got in and ran down the stairs. And opened the door. I will forget that day.

Family Folktale by Erica Walker

Hi, my name is Erica Walker. I am about to tell you a painful story. The people in this story are my mother, Iris, who is very weird, my grandmother Sandra who is sweet, nice, and caring, and me--I am a pain in the... oh I cannot say. At this particular time I was 11 years old and it was in the middle part of september of "88." Well let me get on with the story.

One day my grandmother, mother, and myself were getting ready to move. My grandmother and my mother were packing boxes. Well as for me I was taking down pictures and paintings from off the walls and from over the stair.

As I was taking down a picture I lost my balance and fell down the stairs. When I landed my right foot was turned the opposite way or vice-versa. At the time I thought that my leg was broken for good and it would not be able to heal ever agin and I was in serious pain.

When I went to the orthapedic doctor he said that my growth plate was damage and if I was to break my leg one more time it might not heal, and my leg might grow no more.

I had my cast on my right leg for 2 months or more. It was awful. I could not do anything.

I was so glad when I got that cast taken off. I did evrything: iceskate, rollerskate and a whole lot more. Thats about the end of my story cause it can go on and on. So I am just going to stop it here, I know it was painful.

Family Folktale by Mary Milline

My family is very lovely and nice. My mother and father are very understanding and cares for people and their children. My brother, Milton, is 11 yrs. old and too grown. My two sisters, Marell, and Tiya, looks like twins. All three are brats who makes me sick ,but lets get on with the story.

One day we were having a lovely vacation in Viginia Beach. It was Busch Gardens at the time. It was the nicest and longest day until we turned our heads for a moment. And my little sister Tiya was missing. My parents could've had heart attacks when they couldn't find her.

We searched everywhere three and four times over and over again. My parents, and my sister Marell went their way to find her, and my brother and I went another way to find her. For the fifth time my brother and I went into the little kid's land searching. Finally we saw her standing with an police officer. As each lady and gentlemen went by the lady would say, "Are those your parents?" When we spotted her she was crying and scared to death.

So after we got her we meet back up with my parents. My parents hugged the girl to death. They were so happy to see her they could have had kittens. They wanted to know where she was and everything. After we told them everything that happen we continued our wonderful vacation. My parents said at least she knows how to go to an police officer. I said that is true.

Family FolkTale by Jovan Jenifer

My name is Jovan Jenifer and I am going to tell you about my family. My mom is kind of strick but she can also be fun, my dad is the nices person in the world, my sister who is just like my mom but bigger and more bossier.

This is my story. One day when I was in the second grade our class was coming from our lunch break, and we were all in line waiting to go back to the classroom. While we were waiting, the lunch lady walk into the storage room. When she walked in, she said, "Watch your fingers," so I moved my hand and by the time she came back out I was talking and I didn't see her come out. So when she came out and closed the door it slammed on my finger.

By the time she unlocked the door, my finger was hanging off. So they rushed my to the hospital and they gave my a pill to calm me down and then they took my x-ray. After they took my x-ray they told my parents that they couldn't help me at that hospital because they didn't have the right tools or something. So they took me to another hospital and the doctor took the brace off to take a look at it and they started to sew it back on. I was in the operating room for about 3 hours. After they finished I was told that I had to rest for a while and don't move my finger.

Family Folktale by Mehrunisha-alia Abdul

In my family we are six including my mom and dad. I have an older brother who is eighteen and a half. My brother's name is Zaheed. He has a girlfriend and a baby daughter called Nicola. His girlfriend called Eva who is eighteen too. I got an older sister called Sardea who is seventeen and a half. Then finally my middle sister Ferana-Jihan, who is fourteen, she and I are the closest in our family. My mom is a loving, caring person that believes in our family and keeps it together. My dad who sets the rules and limits in our family. My dad is an industrious man.

One afternoon, the day before we closed school, my sister Ferana and I went over to my brother's house. It was about an hour and a half drive. We had to take the bus because no one knew where we were going. When we arrived my brother and Eva weren't there so, we decided to go by his job that was really close to where he lived. When we got there my brother asked us what we were doing at his job. After a while he said, "What do you want?" We told him everything. He promised not to tell. He then said we could borrow one of his bicyles. First we went to my grandmother's house. Her name is nana, we called her that ever since we were all young. When we got there she and my great-grandmother were in the attic looking at pictures of all their grandchildren. She was happy to see us that she forgot to ask us if my mother knew if we were here! My great- grandmother can't remember us because she suffers from some disease. Anyway, we then decided to leave and go somewhere a bit better than where we were. Ferana and I had never been downtown. So we both agreed to go. We saw a lot of beautiful things, all sorts of beautiful stuff. The lights in this place never seemed to go off, like in the country where we had grown up all our lives. The time was now 8:45 and we knew that we had to get home as soon as possible. Meanwhile, Ferana-Jihan was complaining her behind was sore. She kept on bugging and telling me to stop because she wanted to get off. I was laughing that I forgot to pay any attention on the road that we hit a tree. My sister and I started laughing and ended up crying. When we arrived at my brother's place and he started on my case telling me how much trouble I was in!! I felt like punching him in his face. After a while I felt like punching Eva too. I then asked for some money to get home. When I got to the gate we saw the sun room door open and the light was on. For a while we hesistated to go in. My sister told me to go in first and explain everything. I refused because I was going to have to tell evarything. I then told my sister that we both went so we had to both tell my dad. When we got inside my dad started on our case. He said the same old things. When he finished we told him why we went into town. He promised to take us downtown and go sightseeing. We ran up and told my sister. When we told my sister, who was half asleep, she said,"Zaheed and I went LAST WEEK--NOTHING NEW!!" We could hardly wait.

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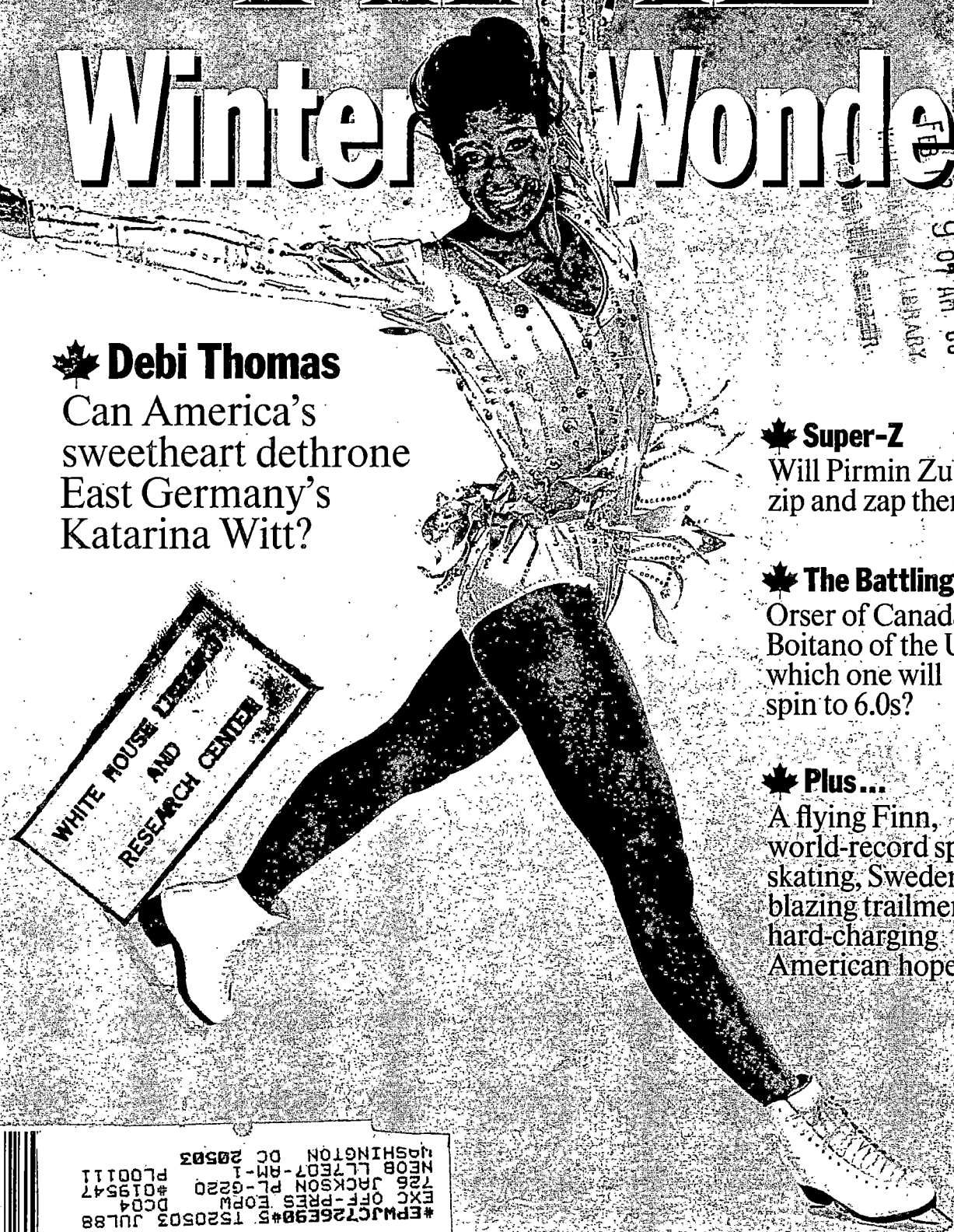
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Special Olympic Preview

Winter Wonders



Debi Thomas
Can America's sweetheart dethrone East Germany's Katarina Witt?

Super-Z
Will Pirmin Zurbriggen zip and zap them all?

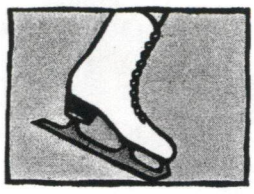
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Perfecting her figures in premed and on the ice, Debi Thomas mutters intently, "I just know I can win the gold"

The Word She Uses Is "Invincible"

The loveliest Olympic sport, figure skating, actually preceded the first Winter Games by 16 years, debuting in the summer of 1908. Attention quickly centered on the women (skating people prefer you to say ladies), though dimpled Sonja Henie was just 15 in 1928 when she won the first of three gold medals that launched her multimillion-dollar movie career. In at least two respects, the blond Norwegian starlet of *Sun Valley Serenade* is still the ideal. East Germany's Katarina Witt, reigning world and Olympic champion, is studying to be an actress. And U.S. Challenger Debi Thomas, Witt's primary competition in Calgary, likes the sound of multimillions.

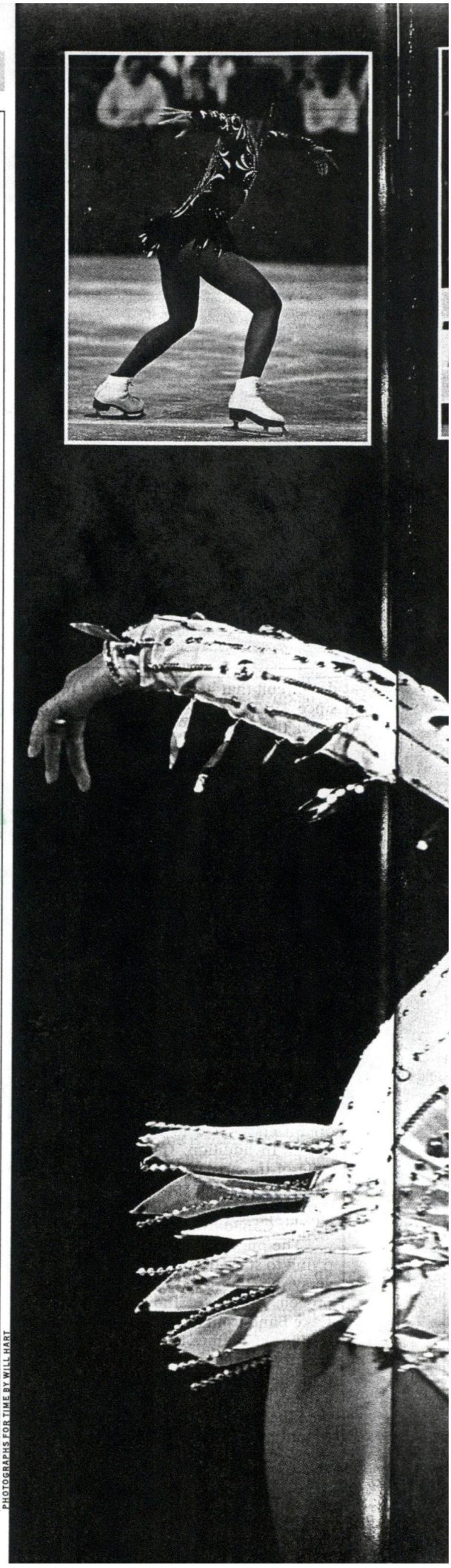
From Tenley Albright's time in 1956, through the princess phases of 1960's Carol Heiss (who made less than multimillions in *Snow White and the Three Stooges*), of 1968's Peggy Fleming and of 1976's Dorothy Hamill, Americans got to feeling sort of proprietary about the ladies' gold necklace. "But now it's been twelve years since we've won it," says Thomas, with a look of eagles, "and I'm going to fight to bring it back." Unballing her fists, she mutters to herself, "If I can keep my head screwed on, I just know I can win the gold."

It is a remarkable head. In a 40-year flashback to Albright and Dick Button, a Harvard doctor and lawyer who won gold medals in their free time, Thomas, 20, is a Stanford premed student with an out-of-fashion perspective. "Maybe I have different values, I don't know," she says. "But I think my outlook on life has been my advantage. Things like the importance of an education and being whatever you can be give me an inner strength to pull things off on the ice."

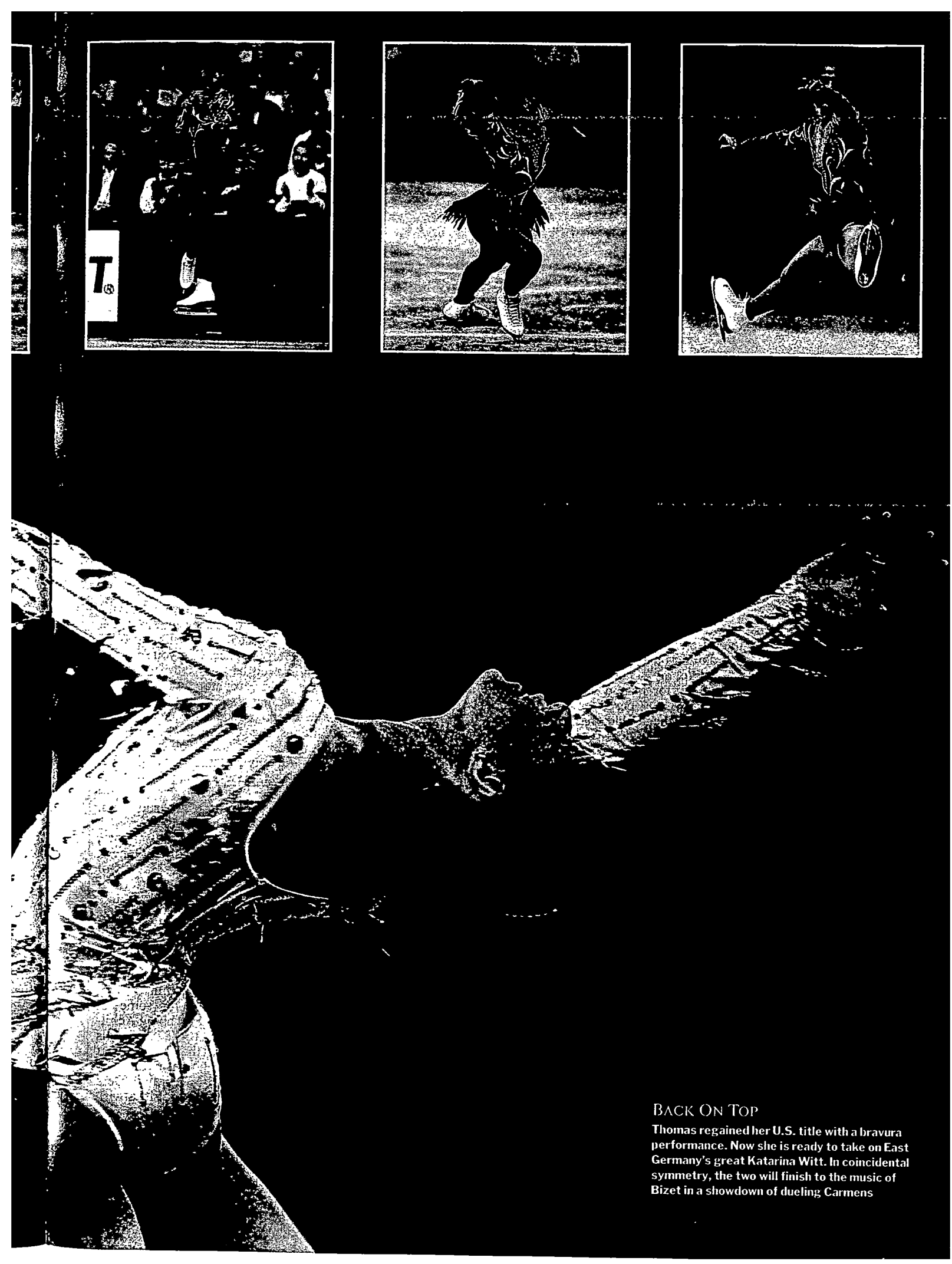
Like most wisdom, hers can be traced to a loss. "At 13 years old, I had three triple jumps, and I thought, 'I can't be beat.' But I didn't even make it to the sectionals, let alone the nationals. Right then I decided I wasn't going to put the rest of my life on the line in front of some judges who might not like my yellow dress. That was the year I did correspondence school: you know, mail-it-in junk. I didn't learn a thing, and I wanted to learn everything."

By the way, Thomas is black. But she seems to regard her race as the merest coincidence. When she hears the term role model, she cringes. "I never felt I had to have a role model," she says. "It was like, 'O.K., I want to be a doctor, and I want to be a skater, and I'm going to.' I didn't think I had to see a black woman do this to believe it's possible." Her burgeoning mail tells her that in spite of herself, she has been an inspiration to young black women and is about to become a nationwide, if not a worldwide, symbol. "If so," she says, "I have to be glad."

In fact, Thomas had a very strong role model in Janice, her mother. Most of the skaters have strong mothers, and most of the mothers have mink coats. "But my mother's not a rink mom," says Debi. "She works." She's a programmer-analyst in California's Silicon Valley, divorced from Debi's father since 1974. "A coach once advised Mom to rent a fur coat just for the nationals, but I did all right that year without the fur coat." Janice Thomas laughs and says, "They tell you it's to attract sponsorship money, as well as to look a certain part when you're away from the arena. I told them, 'Too bad.' I didn't want them changing *me* either."



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY WILL HART



Back On Top

Thomas regained her U.S. title with a bravura performance. Now she is ready to take on East Germany's great Katarina Witt. In coincidental symmetry, the two will finish to the music of Bizet in a showdown of dueling Carmens



NEIL LEIFER



WILL HART

STEELY RESOLVE

After her morning workout on the ice, Thomas regularly lifts weights. During competition, she determinedly absorbs the advice of "Mr. McGowan"

Including the coach's salary (Debi's coach since she was ten has been a Scot named Alex McGowan), a world-class training program is likely to cost a skater's family $25,000 a year. "I'm kind of a spoiled brat," Thomas says. "It's like, my mom didn't always have the money for something, but we'd get it anyway." The "brat" fails to mention all the dresses she personally sewed and beaded, or the years she made do with other people's customized boots. She does say, "Sometimes I went without lessons for a few months until we'd catch up on the bills." Of her father, who also works in the computer industry, Thomas notes carefully, "He helps now, but it was my mom who put it all on the line for me."

Janice Thomas, a veterinarian's daughter, grew up in an atmosphere of achievement around Wichita, where it took her a while in the '50s to realize that blacks were restricted to the balconies of movie houses; she thought it was the preferred view. Quickly married and divorced, she occasionally toted an infant son to physics class at Wichita State. Her second brief marriage produced both a daughter and a transfer to San Jose. The baby girl audited graduate school and made early memories of symphonies, operas, ballets and ice shows. "Debi comes from several generations of people who refused to think in black-and-white terms," her mother says. "But I communicated my lunch-counter experiences to her, and she's had a few of her own. When Debi was eleven, we came home from a competition to a cross burning in the front yard. But our reaction to awful things written on the garage door, or eggs splattered all over the car, was to recognize them as isolated incidents, to wipe them off and not make a big deal of it."

In a sport so subjective and judgmental, not to mention whiter than several shades of snow blindness, a black child might be excused for factoring racism into indecipherable marks. Especially during Thomas' dues-paying years, peachier opponents without even a double Axel (2½ rotations in midair) were outscoring her triple jumps. After one such disappointment, Janice suggested a refinement. Motioning toward a competitor, Debi whined, "*That* one doesn't do it." Her mother answered cheerfully, "Well, that one's got blond hair, and you don't." In the usual skating course, the painstaking progression (procession?) ultimately has as much to do with stick-to-itiveness, politics and reputation as it does with skill. She made her way.

Since the age of five, after Thomas was enchanted by the ice-show antics of Werner Groebli, the Swiss Mr. Frick of Frick & Frack, she has kept an expression of joy and a capacity for wonder, even through the past twelve years of six-hour-a-day practices. Her coach always has been and always will be "Mr. McGowan," but she says, "I've never been a puppet on a string." Her earliest impression: "You know what's the best thing about skating? You can walk without moving." As a tomboy, she gave momentary consideration to a career in ice hockey, and still wrinkles her nose and bats her eyelashes when she purrs, "Figure skating is such a bea-u-ty sport." She is given to regular flights of whimsy ("Why do they throw flowers? Why not pizza?") that occasionally leave the galaxy. "What I'd really like to be is the first skater in space. Can you imagine what that would be like? Once you start spinning, you'd never stop."

Her first major stop was the nationals of 1986, where at 18 she succeeded Tiffany Chin as the U.S. ladies champion. Fourth in the 1984 Olympics at 16, Chin was the appointed darling of '88 until both her constitution and confidence began to crumble. She turned pro last November, some say to protect her muscles, others say to preserve her reputation.

A month after her nationals victory, early in 1986, Thomas flew off to Geneva for a summit with the Brooke Shields of Sarajevo, the G.D.R's great Witt (pronounced Vitt). And, for the first time since the Olympics, Witt had to settle for second. Still only 18, Debi was world champion, and the single word she had used to sum herself up on Stanford's application forms suddenly seemed an understatement: "Invincible." Within a year, that would change. Tasting some of Chin's medicine, on two throbbing Achilles tendons, Thomas lost the '87 nationals to Jill Trenary. Then in the '87 worlds at Cincinnati, Witt took Thomas in their rematch. Even as her title evaporated, Debi was entranced by the sight of Witt atwirl. "The girl," she said, "is blazing."

Maybe Thomas was reacting to Witt when Debi finagled a consultation with the dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov. "I couldn't believe it," she says. "Standing right there. Baryshnikov. I was so in-



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STYLISH ALLURE

A self-described flirt, Witt charms judges with her performances and photographers with her poses. But she takes all her directions from Müller, her "third parent"

spired. The neat thing is, I think he was inspired too." He suggested a few points of emotional emphasis, an exaggerated movement here and there. "Could you do this?" he asked gently. Then he turned her over to a colleague, former American Ballet Theater Soloist George de la Peña. "I found her to be extraordinarily intelligent," says De la Peña, "and extraordinarily shy. A lot of people look at her as being an extrovert and a bit of a comic. But I think it's a shell that hides a very soft center. Her emotional capacity is quite deep. We worked on opening up."

It had been 54 years since a dethroned champion regained the U.S. title, but Thomas brought a revived confidence to the Denver nationals last month, a fresh sense of drama. "Baryshnikov let me see it," she says. "George made me feel it." With two triple jumps, slam-bang, at the start of her long program, Thomas left Trenary and Caryn Kadavy behind. They join her on the U.S. team. Describing the feeling, Thomas says, "You're so high, a tingle goes through your whole body. If you've done something, and you know it's right, it's like, 'Ahhh.' The people can see it in your face, and it reflects off them right back to you." She stands 5 ft. 6 in., weighs 116 lbs., and is acquainted with power, grace and stamina. While she is skating, she is talking to herself. "I'm going to eat this one alive . . . I conquered that jump . . . extra energy now . . . Oh God, here it comes."

Her third of five triples, the especially treacherous one, is something called a triple Salchow–double toe loop combination. Twice in a row now, including at the nationals, she has abbreviated it. "I don't know why I chicken out. A lot of times in practice, you'll take off completely crooked on a hard jump and still land it. If you trust your nerve as well as your skill, you're capable of a lot more than you imagine. I'm going to land that one in the Olympics . . . if it kills me."

With the nationals won, Thomas packed up her 1984 Toyota and drove from Denver to Boulder, where practice ice has been made available. She is supposed to be on a sabbatical from Stanford but could not resist several courses last semester at the University of Colorado. "I'm used to a suicidal load, calculus, chemistry and stuff—I whale on it. I took German here just for fun, and I've had a blast." Of course, her study of German is not entirely idle. "I want to speak a little of it to Katarina. She's all right, I like her. I can't exactly say we're friends, but we've been able to sign each other's programs. 'Good luck. May the best man win.' "

Underscoring her sixth straight European championship with seven perfect sixes, Witt is poised to go out on top at 22. East Germany's system of athletics may be the acclaimed model of scientific selection, but Witt ended up the sweetheart of Karl-Marx-Stadt for the purest reasons:

her kindergarten happened to be next door to the skating hall, and her parents were softhearted. In Valley Girl German (Rhine Valley), she explains, "I bugged them until they finally gave in and registered me for skating classes. They never thought it would go so far."

So far that Witt's imposing coach, Jutta Müller, has dragged her husband Bringfried into Witt's service. He wrestles her bundles of fan mail that bulge with impassioned letters from both sides of the Berlin Wall, including the marriage proposals of "U.S. boys," from locations, Witt says, "you'd never think cared about figure skating." Considering her appearance, this is a possibility. "If she were an American," the U.S.'s Fleming once said, "her face would be everywhere. I mean, *look* at her."

Decidedly not an American, Witt is proud of her distinction as the "worker's hero" and thinks of herself as a "diplomat in warm-ups." Talking in Karl-Marx-Stadt with journalists, including TIME's James Graff, she says, "When I do well, coming from a socialist country like the G.D.R., other countries have grounds to respect us. It is the working people who provide the basis for me to pursue skating at all. In a way, by skating and appearing on television, I'm saying a little *danke schön* to the public." Her "you're welcome" comes in the form of a shimmering wardrobe, a pleasant apartment and a white Wartburg sedan, for which she did not have to wait twelve years. "When you do well, you simply have certain privileges," she says. "That's true everywhere."

Looking forward to an acting career, she has already started glancing back. "I've been skating for 16 years; it's been my whole life from morning to evening. I think for the first time it will be hard for me." A self-described flirt, one who professes to be "naturally lazy," Witt nonetheless will miss the metronome discipline of Müller. "When you do something special," Witt says, "you become someone special too." But: "Skating gets harder as you get older because you have a name to lose."

Describing the one she could lose it to as "hard to get along with," Witt might be referring to the juicy fact that both Thomas and she will be registering at Calgary under the same assumed name: Carmen. Independently, they selected music from Bizet's opera, and naturally neither would give a thought to changing. As an archetypal character, Carmen has been interpreted in a thousand ways, but this will be the first time one of them will survive.

Especially for the capitalists, the disparate value of gold and silver is undeniable. "It still shocks me, the warmth and affection," Hamill says twelve years after her triumph at Innsbruck. "It never goes away." She continues to make star turns on television. Meanwhile, Lake Placid Silver Medalist Linda Fratianne, Thomas' childhood favorite, has done seven years of ten-month tours for Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom on Ice. Since 1980, skating's three disciplines (school figures, short program, long program) have been reformulated. By today's measurements, Fratianne would have won the gold medal. "But sometimes I think my sanity is better off with the silver," she says. "My father used to send me a bouquet of flowers before every competition. The card always read, 'Win or lose, you're still my champ.' "

Financially, Thomas figures, "whatever happens, I'll do pretty well." She has already started making commercials and, within the new amateur codes, has been stashing cash in a trust fund. "I want to make a lot of money. Someday I'd like to start a skating training center." To that end, she has discarded microbiology as a potential specialty in favor of orthopedic surgery. The Boston surgeon, Dr. Albright, admires both Thomas' skating ("She takes me out on the ice with her") and her thinking. "Debi's going to discover that there really are biochemical and physiological reasons for all these little things she's worked out on the ice. 'Oh, that's why!' she'll say. When the Olympics are over, I really think she'll need something bigger than she is, something as all-consuming as medicine."

As the Games approach, Thomas reflects, "This last amateur year has been like a long chapter finally closing. A new one will open up then. Back to Stanford, on to medical school. I never wanted to feel that if I didn't win the gold medal, I was nothing. I'm not worried anymore." Her mother says, "When I look back now, it isn't the money or the miles I think of, it's all the years she skated well. All the times she quit, all the times I quit. Luckily, we never quit together." The Olympic theme piped increasingly on TV ads is beginning to get to Debi. "Goose bumps," she says. "I'll go through the house saying, 'I can't do it, I can't do it.' Then I'll get there, and I'll love it. One moment of glory is worth everything." —*By Tom Callahan*

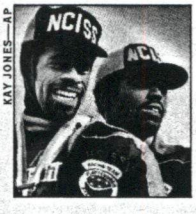


NEIL LEIFER

END OF A 15-YEAR ROAD

From her license plate to all the times she decided not to quit, Thomas has been focused on her moment in Calgary

FOR THE FIRST TIME, A BLACK MEDAL



KAY JONES—AP

GADLEY AND DAVENPORT

Unless the unexpected happens, Debi Thomas will become the first black athlete to win a medal in the Winter Games. Records are not immaculately kept on the point, but apparently it was 1980 before U.S. Bobsledders Willie Davenport and Jeff Gadley, along with their Canadian counterpart Bob Wilson, broke the color line. Several more black athletes will compete in Calgary, including Canadian Hockey Player Claude Vilgrain. If part of the problem is lack of black involvement in winter sports, that is changing too. E. Rory Flack, 18, is the most prominent of a growing number of black athletes following Thomas' lead. At a Cleveland exhibition last year, Flack was one of some 70 skaters—all of them black. "I didn't know there were that many in the world," she says. "But there are a lot more. They just haven't made it yet."

COVER SHEET

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DEBI THOMAS (Prom. alumni)

Olympic medalist Debi Thomas graduates from Stanford

STANFORD — The black robe and mortarboard were a far cry from her dazzling skating attire, but for Debi Thomas, the feeling of achievement was the same.

"I think I grew up a lot here," said the former Olympian and professional figure skater, shortly after receiving her bachelor's degree in general engineering and product design at Stanford University on June 16.

"When I look back to when I was a freshman and I had no idea what was going on at all . . . from that point to now, there's been an incredible change in my life. I'm really glad I came here."

Now 24, Thomas entered Stanford as a freshman in the fall of 1985, intending to become a physician. Just four months later, she won the U.S. national figure skating title, and a month after that, the world title.

By the time the 1988 Calgary Olympics rolled around, she was labeled "America's Sweetheart" on the cover of *Time* magazine. Reporters and fans were captivated by her physical presence — she was the first black woman ever to make the U.S. Olympic figure-skating team — and by her dogged insistence on becoming the first American female skating champion in 30 years to attend college while competing.

Looking back, Thomas said that winning the bronze medal in those Games was less disappointing than many people think.

"I was prepared to retire after the Olympics, win or lose," she said. "Just having school and knowing that I was going to have a life after that really made it so it wasn't so traumatic."

Buoyed by her new husband, Brian Vanden Hogen, whom she met while training in Colorado, Thomas returned to Stanford in the fall of 1988, more determined than ever to master the academic side of her life.

It wasn't easy. In addition to skating professionally on weekends, she took a demanding schedule of pre-medical courses and twice changed her major, from microbiology to biology, and finally to engineering. As late as two weeks before graduation, she had seven incomplete course grades to clear up.

She credits her adviser, Ruby Mason of the Undergraduate Advising Center, with making the road smoother.

"In general, most of my professors were very willing to help," she said, "but Ruby was probably the most influential in helping me to make it through and make the right decisions."

Thomas, who recently bought a house near Half Moon Bay, plans to take the next year off to earn some money skating professionally, and to prepare her applications for medical school.

(More — debithomas)

debithomas 2-2-2-2

Her ultimate goal is to be an orthopedic surgeon, using engineering skills to design and implant artificial ligaments. She also dreams of starting a training and education facility for young athletes, "so that kids can stay in school while they're doing their sport, without having a lot of tension from one side or another."

Coming to Stanford, she said, "kept me from thinking that my life revolved around my skating. I've been with a lot of athletes who didn't have the school experience, and they really don't realize that there is life besides skating.

"A lot of my friends at Stanford were in all different kinds of majors; they weren't necessarily premeds or engineers. Being around people with various interests is very healthy — that's why people should go to universities. I think it's a must."

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SPECIAL REPORT

Newsweek

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How Integrated is America?



John Richard Foley and Cassidi Taylor, both 5

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SPORTS

Cool as Ice, Witt Hits Gold

In the women's figure-skating showdown, Debi Thomas's bold strategy backfires

After a week of taut psychological sparring for Saturday night's climactic showdown of the Winter Olympics, Katarina Witt skated before Debi Thomas. Actually, she hardly seemed to skate. She flirted. In the slow segment of her "Carmen" program, she threw risk-taking to the wind. In lieu of daring jumps, the East German beauty seemed content to seek points with her coy shrugs, come-hither expressions and smiling eyes.

The result was enchanting. And almost disastrous. Witt received her usual 5.9 scores for artistic impression. But the judges penalized her caution with modest technical scores, leaving a wide opening for her American antagonist Thomas.

But if Witt was guilty of thinking she could win on beguilement alone, Thomas exhibited an even more damaging form of hubris. She didn't simply skate, either. She attacked. She seemed to want to flaunt her superior athleticism and prove once and for all that her sport was more than a beauty contest. She was determined to jump higher and more often, in maneuvers so difficult that they bordered on the reckless.

But her usual verve was missing. As she put it, "I wasn't on my feet." She paid for her flights of daring with some awkward and costly landings. "Well, back to school," she said to coach Alex McGowan afterward. She added ruefully, "I gave it away."

Actually, she gave away not only the gold but the silver. She settled for third, behind Witt and the crowd-pleasing hometown favorite, Elizabeth Manley of Canada. Long known for a tendency to fall in major events, the 22-year-old Ottawa native decided to skate this Olympics "for the joy of it." The joy burst from her every leap, and she actually won the final night's competition, although she couldn't erase Witt's earlier lead. "This was all the Debi and Katarina story here, and that was fine with me," she said. "I was off on my own, having dreams about this night."



JOHN FICARA—NEWSWEEK

'Carmen' as flirt: *A low-risk but high-intensity show*

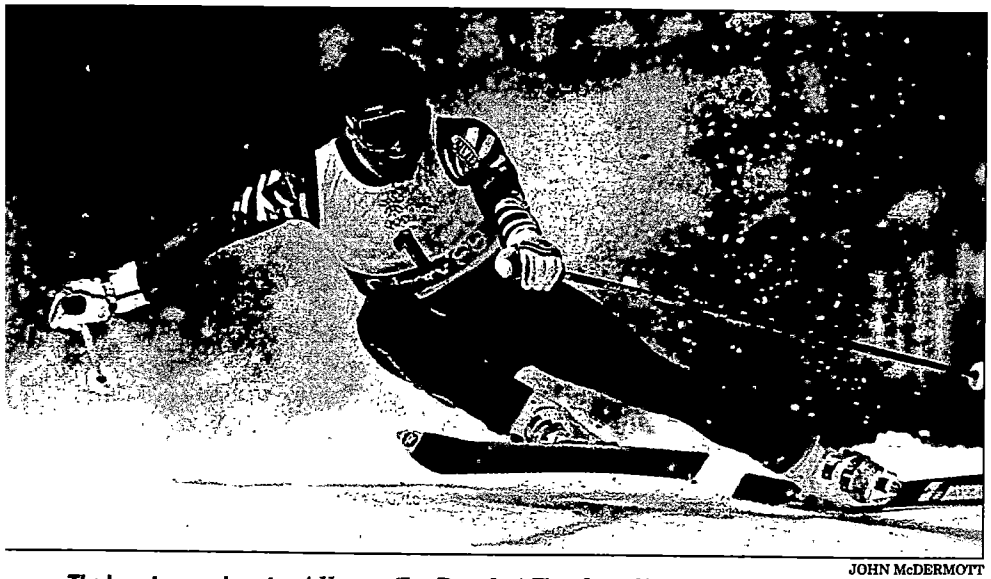
Thomas and her heavyweight-fighter-size entourage had seldom been shy about complaining early in the week. As her scores were posted for the short program Thursday night, coach McGowan held his nose in disgust. He charged that sex appeal had overcome the seven male judges—there were, in fact, six males on the panel of nine—and nationalism had swayed the three Eastern-bloc judges. But after her bitter finale, Thomas rejected excuses and looked bravely to her future.

"Will you be back for another Olympics?"

"No way," she said firmly. Then she brightened. "But I'm still alive. Now I can get on with my life and be fine."

On the fringe: Witt's exit scene was characteristic. At the rink, she was introduced to Alberto Tomba, the movie-star handsome Italian who won two golds as he radiated his charm across the ski slopes. They embraced and he lingered nearby for the rest of the evening. While hardly a full-blown romance, this conjured irresistible visions of how the tale might end. Was she so uniquely captivating that Tomba might be the first gold-medal winner to defect *into* East Germany?

Silly thoughts were allowed Saturday, because even on a disappointing night for its heroines, figure skating thrives on whim and illusion. Perched out on the



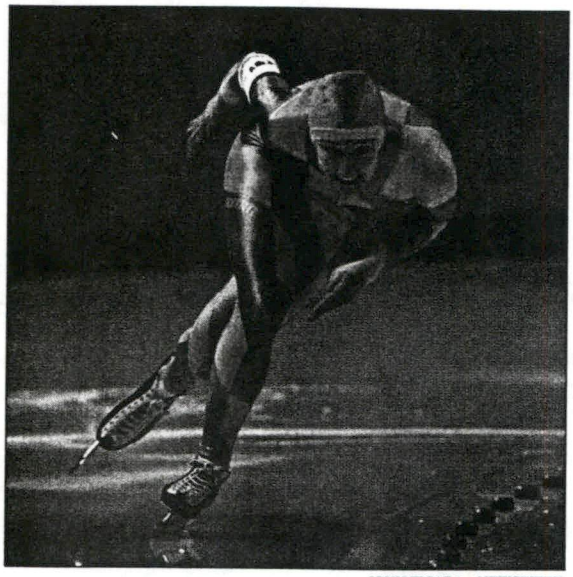
JOHN McDERMOTT

The beast was a beauty: *Alberto (La Bomba) Tomba of Italy attacks the giant slalom*



WALLY McNAMEE—NEWSWEEK

The queen and her court: *Witt is flanked by surprising Manley and disappointed rival Thomas*



JOHN FICARA—NEWSWEEK

'I just got it on guts': *Blair wins by inches*

fringes of what most of the world considers real sport, it has long been a treasured Olympic event because of its sheer theatricality. Peggy Fleming was a prima ballerina, Dorothy Hamill an adventurous, mop-haired waif on a yellow-brick rink—and both won over the warm hearts and cold judges of the Olympic arena. But in all of figure skating's echoes of ballet or Hollywood through the years, no duel ever encompassed the head-to-head drama of Thomas against Witt.

Perhaps it is simplistic to say it was ice against fire, leotards against lace, substance against style. But this quadrennial rite thrives on simple story lines. And Thomas and Witt provided one. Thomas reached for the sky while Witt tugged at the heartstrings. Thomas brought her adoring entourage; Witt, accompanied only by a few team officials, attracted her own impromptu following. From the first compulsory figures through the less than grand finale, the clash of their styles sent ripples of emotion and controversy through Calgary.

"I think I have a good body," Thomas said weakly after her narrow and disputed loss to Witt in Thursday's short program. Since her performance had made that abundantly clear, the statement revealed some of her insecurity and animosity toward Witt. "People seem to think that if you can jump, you can't be artistic."

No one really thought that. On the other hand, no journalist proposed marriage to Thomas at the drop of a press conference—as one did at a mobbed session saluting Witt's arrival. "I think we would have to get to know one another better," replied the unfazed Witt with a smile that left all possibilities open. With such stagecraft, no wonder that Witt is an aspiring actress.

Leading the movement for Parental Guidance warnings was Peter Dunfield, who coached Canada's Manley to her delightful triumph. "We're here to skate in a dress and not a G-string," huffed Dunfield at the first wiggle of Witt's hips. "All that's missing is the horse and the reins. It's a circus." Witt appeared to make a concession to such puritanism with her outfits last week. It was a small concession. She was as sensuous as ever in her programs.

Born to the stage: Witt wore the mantle of superstar with consummate grace. Thomas, 20, is a well-rounded young woman who will continue her premed studies at Stanford. But Witt, 22, showed that she is neither bimbo nor programmed East German machine when she answered questions fluently and inventively in English as well as German. And while her rival seemed high-strung and defensive in conversation, Witt acted born to the Olympic stage.

At various events, she signed autographs and posed for pictures. She let photographers follow her on a shopping expedition to the Chinook Centre mall, making the purchase of a cowboy hat into a fashion statement. A center of rapt attention in the Olympic Village, she brought skill to the video games and magic to several evenings at the disco.

Thomas signed fewer autographs. A volunteer worker at the compulsories reported that she was the only competitor to refuse her. This was surprising because Janice Thomas said that her daughter originally shortened her name from Debbie to facilitate autograph chores. As for Team Thomas's view of Witt's posturing, the American skater's boyfriend, Brian Vandenhogen, commented chivalrously, "I think Katarina's a showoff. You know how some people rub you the wrong way?"

On Thursday, Thomas did little for her own sporting image when a camera caught her grimacing at the high scores of Canada's Manley and mouthing what could charitably be lip-read as, "Oh, shoot."

"I didn't swear," Thomas explained somewhat lamely. "I swear I didn't swear. I, uh, sneered."

Even Witt's flashy diplomacy had a sharp edge. She seemed eager to psych

her foe at practices, jogging around the stands and often stopping to stare at Thomas. "She is much better than last year," Witt said sweetly. But East German reporter Monika Schüller said afterward that Witt was "not impressed" by Thomas.

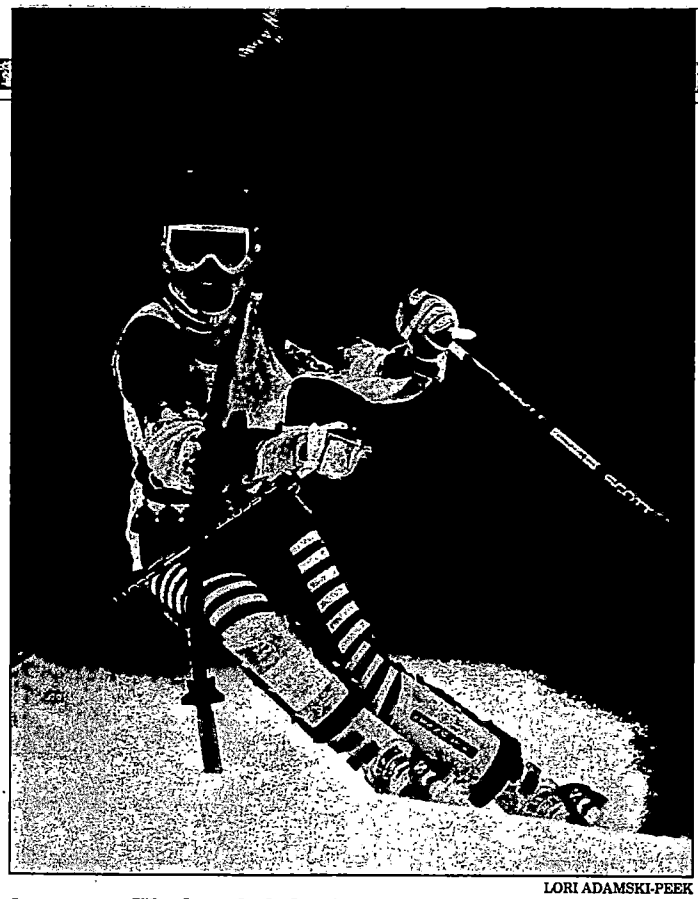
Witt herself was not immune to the pressure. After her usual desultory run through the compulsories, she blew up at coach Jutta Müller during that night's practice. She had to leave the ice to regain her composure. The next day she had another uneasy practice. Perhaps both women left a bit of themselves in the pre-event posing and publicity. But when the projected grand opera became more of a war of attrition, Witt harbored enough of the right stuff.

Speed-skater Bonnie Blair, the second most visible American star last week, had little pre-race buildup and no concerns about costuming or judging. Her own fierce battle, with East Germany's Christa Rothenburger, was quick and technical. But when she won it, her gold medal was strictly prime time.

The popular 23-year-old Blair, a member of a large skating family and heroine of the Champaign, Ill., police force that underwrites her training, watched as Rothenburger preceded her—and set a world record in the 500 meters. In the few tense moments before Blair's turn, her coach said simply, "You can beat her."

Photo finish: "I know I can," said Blair. She did it by the margin of two one-hundredths of a second. If speed skaters raced one another instead of the clock, she would have won the photo finish by all of 10½ inches. After what she called the best start of her life, Blair admitted that she struggled to the wire: "I think I just got it on guts."

For many heralded performers, the final days of the Games held all the charm of the snow that was melting rapidly in the local heat wave. Swiss skiing hero Pirmin Zurbriggen saw his dream of five golds turn into just one. His favored female teammates also faltered as Austrian women like Anita Wachter and Sigrid Wolf seized the slopes. And after a 5-0 rout at the hands of the invincible Soviets, the once hopeful home hockey team could have altered its anthem to "Woe, Canada."



LORI ADAMSKI-PEEK

Open gates: *Wachter led the Austrian women's golden week*

Only Finnish ski jumper Matti Nykanen justified his billing, adding two more golds to the one he had won opening week. But it was a mark of his lack of charisma, and perhaps of the world's Olympic attention span, that he received less attention than self-promoting failure Eddie (The Eagle) Edwards, the bumbling British jumper. In a festival built on television, there was a weird logic to the fact that the silent Finn proceeded home, while The Eagle flew on to "The Tonight Show."

The real bombast on the mountains was left, suitably, to the stocky, flamboyant Italian slalom specialist and Katarina Witt fan, "La Bomba" Tomba. "I am a beast!" he often shouts—and he indeed attacked both the giant slalom and slalom with savage abandon. He won the first decisively, the second in one of the most thrilling finishes of the Games.

While delighting his singing, flag-waving fans, Tomba could contemplate his movie-star dreams and the victory Ferrari promised him by his father: "I want it red." But in one quiet interlude, he also allowed tears to well up in his eyes. "I'm no beast," he said. "I'm no Bomba. I'm just one happy man."

Warmed over: Not that Tomba was left to carry the entire bombast burden. The American bobsleds careered downhill accompanied by the background whining of alternates excluded from the race. Perennial East German champ Wolfgang Hoppe was in an apparently justified rage over the sandpaper consistency of the warmed-over course. And U.S. hockey coach Dave Peterson had to endure criticism of his team's "lack of cohesion" from that noted authority on the sport, International Olympic Committee president Juan Antonio Samaranch of Spain.

But the U.S. Olympic Committee administered the coup de grâce. In the wake of the team's weak performance, it appointed a special commission to evaluate what's wrong and find ways to fix it. USOC president Robert Helmick said he also wanted "people who tell it like it is." The man they chose fit the job description: owner George Steinbrenner of the New York Yankees.

The Boss's arrival in Calgary touched off fascinating speculation. Would slow skiers be shuttled regularly to a farm team in Columbus? Is Billy Martin already filling in a biathlon lineup card? And if Steinbrenner fails to stockpile enough free agents, will the nation soon turn its lonely eyes to Don Trump? Ted Turner? Oliver North?

The only answer so far is that bureaucrats and jingoistic fans are taking a few lost medals a bit too seriously. And they will continue to do so as long as there are torch relays, TV revenues and quadrennial fortnights of unreality like the one that swirled to its sequined climax last weekend.

PETE AXTHELM
with TONY CLIFTON,
PAMELA ABRAMSON *and*
ELISA WILLIAMS *in Calgary*

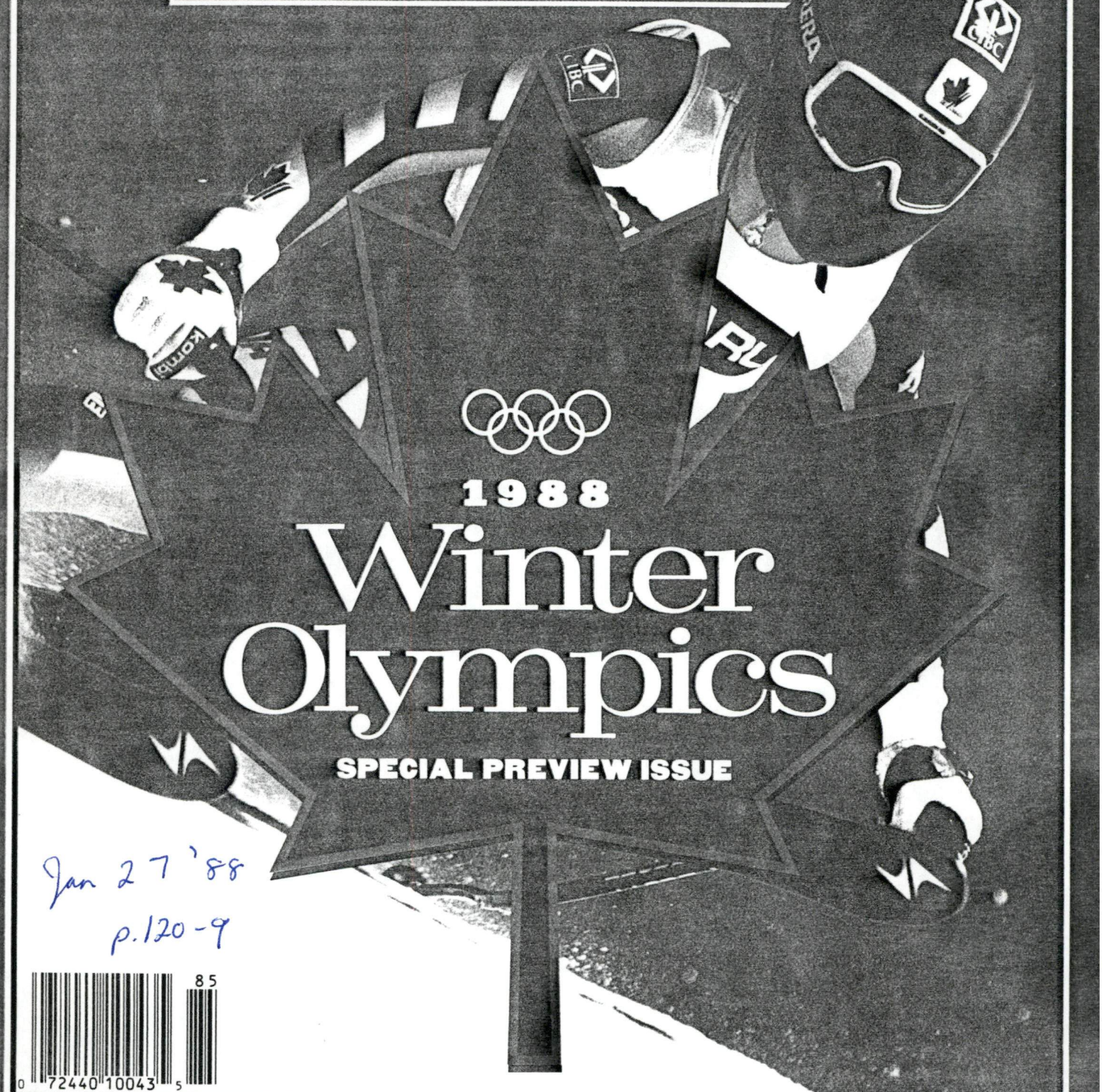


JOHN McDERMOTT

Super survival: *Austria's Sigrid Wolf wins tricky Super G*

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1988

Winter Olympics

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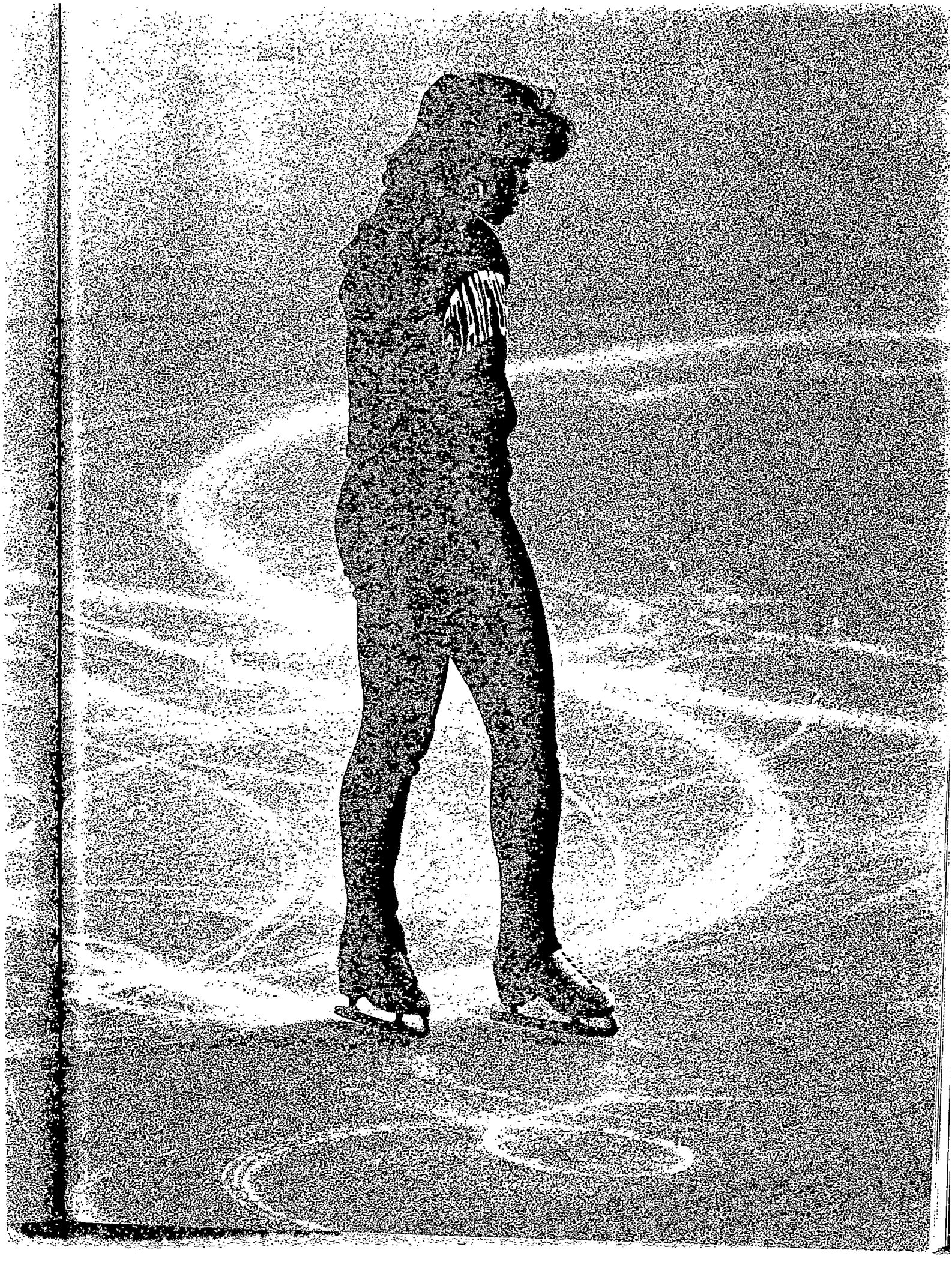
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FIGURE SKATING

A Focus On the Future

As the Games draw near, preparations for them fill Debi Thomas's waking hours. Follow the U.S. women's figure skating champion through a typical day

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN LANKER








START

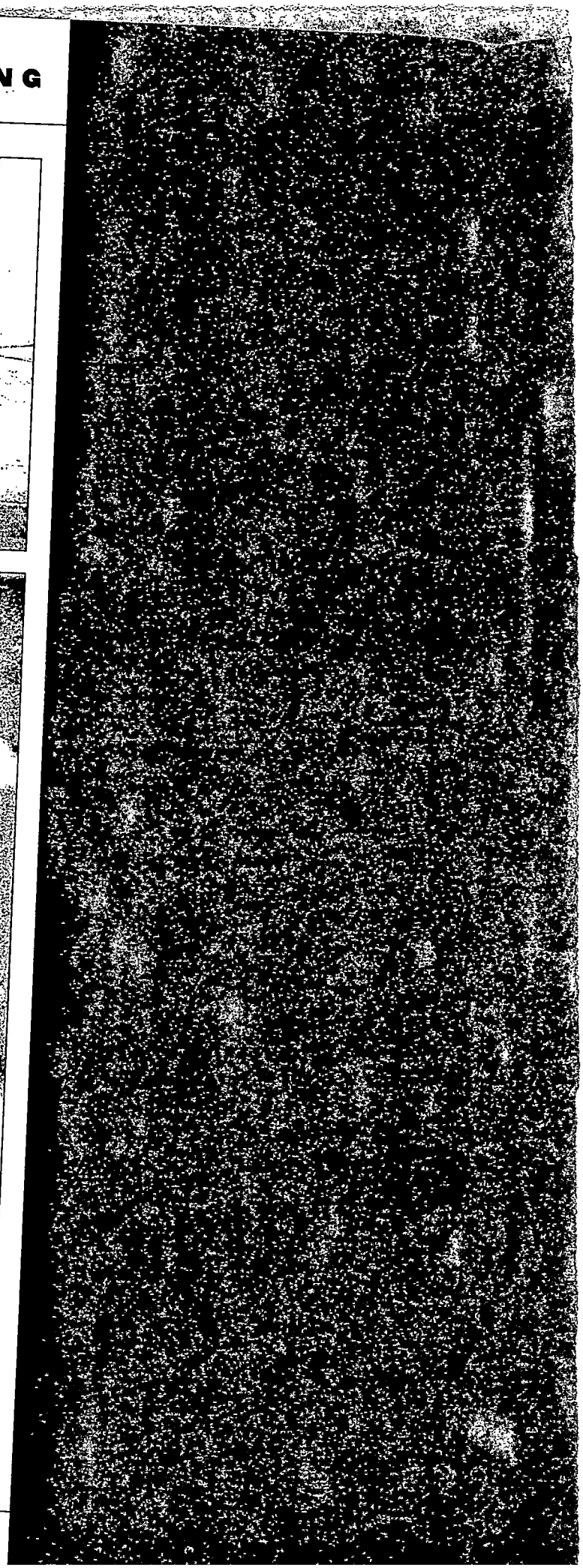


6:50 AM: BEFORE AN EARLY TRAINING SESSION AT A RINK IN BOULDER, COLO., THOMAS APPLIES MAKEUP FOR THAT WIDE-AWAKE LOOK, BUT SHE FADES BEFORE LACING UP HER SKATES. IF YOU REMEMBER THE PERIODIC TABLE, HER LICENSE PLATE WILL TELL YOU WHY SHE'S ENDURING ALL THIS

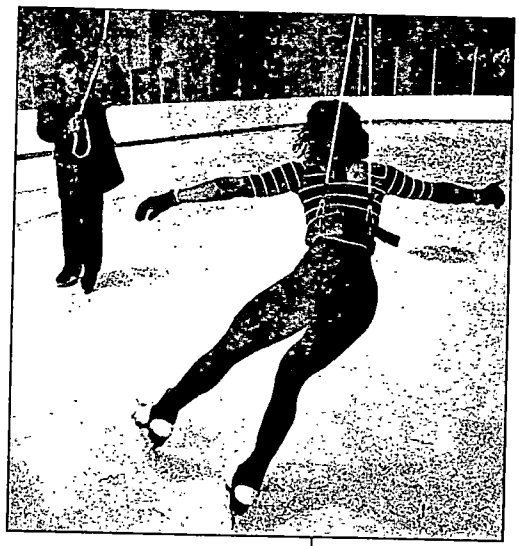


9:10 AM: COACH ALEX McGOWAN KEEPS A SHARP EYE ON THOMAS AS SHE WORKS ON HER SCHOOL FIGURES (RIGHT AND BELOW). THEN SHE DONS A SAFETY HARNESS AND, AS McGOWAN PULLS UPWARD, TRIES A TRIPLE JUMP















12:15 PM: "I LOVE TO COMPETE, BUT I DON'T LIKE TO TRAIN," SAYS THOMAS, WHO SPENDS AS MANY AS SEVEN HOURS A DAY AT PRACTICE. AFTER A VERY ROCKY RUN-THROUGH OF HER OLYMPIC LONG PROGRAM, SHE SHOUTS, "YUCK!"





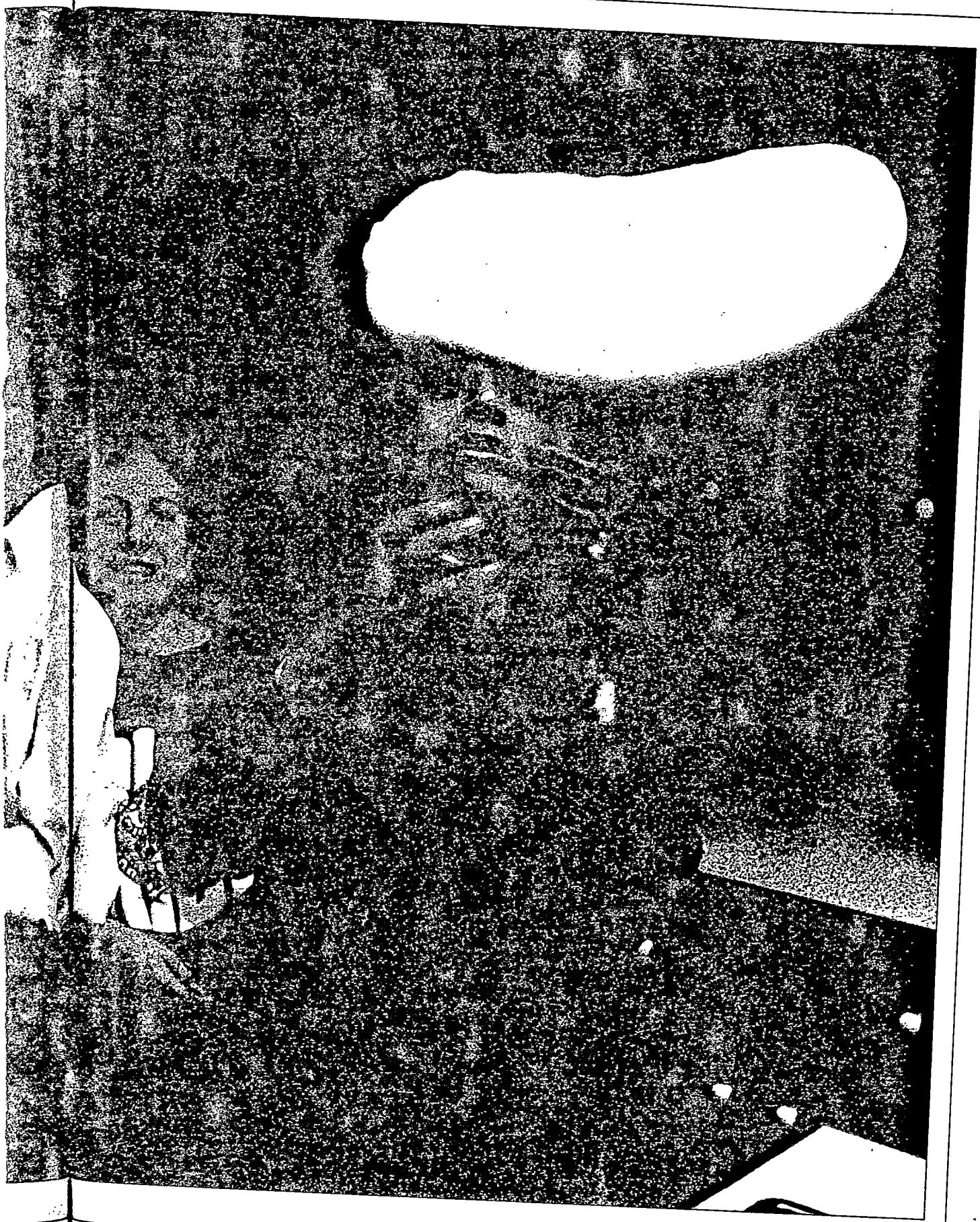








7:30 P.M.: THOMAS, A STANFORD STUDENT ON LEAVE WHO IS STAYING WITH THE LEE FAMILY WHILE IN BOULDER, SENDS SOME PIZZA DOUGH SPINNING, TO THE ADMIRATION OF MATT LEE (CENTER) AND HER BOYFRIEND, BRIAN VANDENHOGEN



LOVE IN THE OFFICE
The Old Rules Don't Apply

Newsweek

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Drugs, Money and Death

The Sordid Story of Panama's Outlaw Dictator

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Manuel Antonio

For Medals and Television Glory

Every four years a new crop of Olympians shows the world who's ready for prime time

To most of the world's casual fans, they are shadowy figures pursuing arcane disciplines beyond the scope of everyday-sports viewing. But this month some of them will briefly become as welcome as Cosby or as chillingly effective as the Equalizer. They are our quadrennial made-for-TV superstars, flashing down distant slopes into our living rooms and inscribing rinks with patterns of grace and beauty to be appreciated even by those who spend most of every four years contemplating ice only in cocktail glasses.

At Olympic season, even the products of spartan and humorless communist-bloc sports machines tend to blossom as appealing global stars. The swaggering capitalists who make fortunes as "amateurs" on the glittering European ski circuit flourish even more in the spotlight. But it is also an occasion to applaud the more obscure athletes who have labored at great cost to develop their skills in lonely years of practice. All have two common bonds. Each has paid a high personal price, in time or money or the sheer will to reach the pinnacle of sport. And each has a dream of a personal best, a medal, perhaps even a gold. These are some of the stars to watch.

ALPINE SKIING

Pirmin Zurbriggen

He is hardly the quintessential downhill racer, the dashing type who lives hard and broods darkly about life on the edge. Pale and soft-spoken Pirmin Zurbriggen grew up at his family's hotel in a tranquil Swiss mountain village, and he is now coddled by a million-dollar annual income on Europe's elite ski circuit. As he glides into the unparalleled glare of Olympic hype, the only vague question about him is whether he is tough and flamboyant enough to survive. One aspect of his quest is easier to figure out. He has a chance to become the only skier except the immortals Toni Sailer and Jean-Claude Killy to capture three alpine gold medals.

In fact, with the addition of two new events, Zurbriggen has a theoretical shot at five golds. In a fine impersonation of an American football coach, he insists that he is taking them one medal at a time. But at 25, he admits that this Olympic moment is his to seize: "I think it will be the peak and I cannot do better."

A devout Roman Catholic and milk drinker who dates a small-town girl back home, Zurbriggen is no hot-dogging playboy of the alpine world. But his own intense and introverted style will be sorely tested as he attempts to peak at Calgary.

Four years ago he stormed Sarajevo as a heralded phenom. After he finished fourth in the downhill, he allowed himself to get so upset that he failed to win any medals. A champion again last year, he looms as a rare figure, a multirace virtuoso in a sport increasingly dominated by specialists.

Already the possessor of contracts with heavyweight companies ranging from the Swiss Bank Corp. to Daimler-Benz, the wealthy Zurbriggen knows that Olympic gold will translate into megafrancs. "This season, I don't think about this," he says. "The goal is to ski very fast." But Zurbriggen, who professes a fancy for apple pie, may also turn out to be as American as former swimming champ Mark Spitz. If he wins five medals, or even three, it's a safe bet that the only thing faster than his skiing will be the start of the bidding war between European magazines wanting to take his picture.

FIGURE SKATING

Katarina Witt

The American kids who share her love for discos and Madonna have a catch phrase that fits Katarina Witt like a sequined leotard: she is to die for. If the youth of America think that Molly Ringwald and Tom Cruise are the heart stoppers of the era, wait until they check out Witt. She raises flirtation to an art form, and across the figure-skating rinks of the world she is considered top gun.

As the defending Olympic champion who hopes to become the first back-to-back winner since Sonja Henie in 1936, Witt may be just a graceful leap or two away from her place in history. But at 22 the East German beauty has whirled far above mere medal counts. Her costumes make her a belly dancer, a leathery biker, even Mozart. Her performances make her pure dazzle.

A skater since she was five, Witt boasts the kind of perfect 5 foot, 5 inch, 114-pound body that makes strong men weak and East German sports authorities proud. But it is her enchanting countenance, blue-eyed and creamy-complexioned, that rivets her audiences. Her act is less science than exhilarating drama. She will retire after these Games to study acting. She will undoubtedly require only a very short course.

Olympic fans are familiar with one time-worn figure-skating plot: an American pix-



BOB MARTIN—ALL-SPORT

Balancing act: *Debi Thomas wants to finish a dream*

ie captivates the crowd but she must overcome the technical proficiency of some stolid communist who has carved out figure eights since birth. With her characteristic *joie de vivre,* Witt has reversed that equation. She all but scorns the boring compulsory figures, falls behind and then melts ice and judges alike with the fiery sexuality of her freestyle routines.

Witt's showdown with Debi Thomas will be intriguing for several reasons. The pair, who make no pretense of mutual affection, could hardly be more different in style and tactics. Thomas will hope to start fast and build up a significant lead in the compulsories; Witt will try to rally from behind like the elegant thoroughbred she is. The climactic routines will be especially fascinating because both women will skate to the strains of Georges Bizet's "Carmen." The distinction will be that Thomas, the consummate athlete, has elected to stop short of the part where the heroine dies; Witt, with her flair for the dramatic, will go ahead and die. A million young hearts will be right with her in spirit.

FIGURE SKATING

Debi Thomas

She started skating in secondhand boots so tight that her feet ached. To finance her training and traveling, her mother had to skip mortgage payments. Debi Thomas has sewn her own costumes, choreographed her own routines and repaired broken skates with Elmer's glue. Now, at 20, she has put everything together.

Thomas is the first black woman ever to make the U.S. Olympic figure-skating team. She is also the first American female skating champion in 30 years to attend college while competing. And though she enjoys heavy metal on her huge radio and sometimes carries a stuffed koala on her arm, she is far from a starry-eyed prodigy with the Ice Capades dancing in her future. She plans to be a surgeon. Small wonder that when she wrote on her application to Stanford that she felt "invincible," people believed her.

Raised by her mother, Janice, amid theater, opera and dance, Thomas has sometimes been so well rounded and motivated that it hurt. "I'm killing myself to keep above water with all these things," she has said. "It's hard to tell what keeps me going. I guess it's a dream that's got to be finished."

Thomas's zeal began taking its toll in her freshman year, when she tried to balance a full premed course load against a training schedule. Depressed and exhausted, she gained 15 pounds and tore up her application for the 1986 nationals. Only a two-month vacation allowed her to regroup and tape the entry form—and her career—back together. She entered and won. Last year, drowning in book work and plagued by tendinitis, she lost both her world and national titles.

The Olympics finally caused her to lighten up her school load; she is on leave from Stanford and taking a light course load at the University of Colorado. She also resolved to add new style to her athletic technique. So she sought out Mikhail Baryshnikov. "Basically," she says, "he wanted me to think like a tiger." Baryshnikov also enlisted his colleague George de la Pena to help choreograph the Thomas act. De la Pena and Thomas would watch alternating videotapes—some of skaters who lacked expression and others of artists who projected emotion on ice. He also shifted her areas of concentration. "Before, I would skate into things looking like, 'Oh my God, I'm about to do a triple'," she said. "George would say, 'Can't you do something with your arms?'" After four days of that coaching, Debi was brandishing her personality like a bright new costume.

"She's a spitfire," says de la Pena. "She's lusty, she's fun and she has a great sense of humor. She's open to growing."

Aware that this is the only Olympic date on her personal calendar, Thomas now faces her greatest leap—over East Germany's winsome Witt. But wherever she alights, she will be on solid ground. Gold and silver won't define her any better than a tribute from one skating coach: "Debi has such a sense of the fullness of life."

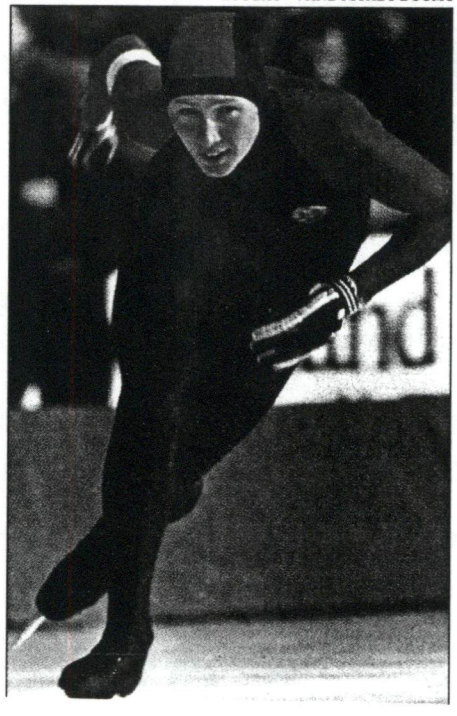


NANCIE BATTAGLIA

Intense and dedicated even by world-class-athlete standards: *Biathlete Thompson*

A love for speed skating's simplicity: *Kania*

LOUBAT—VANDYSTADT-DUOMO



BIATHLON

Josh Thompson

If most people don't know much about the biathlon, well, neither did Josh Thompson, America's best hope in the male-only event, in 1980. It was then that the now 25-year-old Coloradan saw his first example of what used to be known as military patrol, a test of an athlete's ability to cross-country ski for 12 miles, stopping every now and then to fire a rifle, with pulse pounding, at a distant, tiny target. Four years later Thompson—who is considered intense even by the standards of world-class athletes—would finish 40th at the Sarajevo Olympics. Now, after taking a silver medal in the 20-kilometer World Championship last year, he is not just good for an American biathlete, but is skilled enough to ski out of the Canadian woods with America's first-ever biathlon medal.

Despite his newness to the biathlon, there is nothing surprising, really, about

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On Campaign Trail

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Former World Champ Debi Thomas displays the form that regained her U.S. Figureskating title.

Thomas Recaptures Title, Eyes Olympic Skating Win

Debi Thomas, returning to the stellar form that saw her win both the U.S. and World figure skating titles in 1986, recaptured her U.S. crown and set the stage for a historic gold medal confrontation in the 1988 Winter Olympics in Calgary, Canada.

Thomas, 20, a third-year, pre-med student at Stanford University, admitted that while she wanted to regain her U.S. title, she was indeed looking ahead to battling world champion Katarina Witt of East Germany.

"My main concern here was not to win," said Thomas, the first Black skater to win the U.S. Nationals and the World Championships and now the first Black skater to compete in the Games. "It was to give an amazing performance that would get the (Olympic) judges thinking, 'She has a chance to win the gold medal again.' "

Thomas won her title back in style, winning all phases of the three-part competition.

"A lot of my program depends on that first triple-triple," Thomas said. "I was overjoyed when I hit it, because it is one of the best I've ever done."

Thomas studied with George de la Pena, personal choreographer to ballet star Mikhail Baryshnikov and spent an hour with Baryshnikov himself, and the special attention paid off in grace and style.

Thomas, who plans to retire after the Olympics, became the first U.S. Figure Skating champ in 50 years to win the gold, lose it, and then regain it.

Baseball Vet Nelson On Cubs' Broadcasting Team

Former Chicago White Sox coach Dave Nelson has been signed to join Harry Carey and Dewayne Staats as a radio color commentator for the 1988 Chicago Cubs baseball season.

Nelson, 43, had been serving as director of minor-league instruction for the Oakland A's for two years. He bested about 70 other candidates in winning the position.

CELEBRITIES

Lisa Bonet Denies Split With Husband

Actress Lisa Bonet, through her spokesman, has denied a National Enquirer story which indicated her brief marriage to musician Lenny Kravitz is on the rocks because he refuses to sign a post-nuptial agreement that calls for him not to touch her money.

Ms. Bonet's spokesman told JET that there is no truth to the story in the weekly tabloid. According to the Enquirer, Kravitz, the son of "The Jeffersons" co-star Roxie Roker, has claimed to be insulted that he is being pressured to sign the agreement. Kravitz is an aspiring musician.

The story indicated Ms. Bonet, star of the hit NBC-TV sitcom "A Different World," has been advised by many to protect her money. Their months-old marriage has been reduced to a series of arguments, the Enquirer charged.

Mary Wilson Denies Selling Her Book To Motown For A Movie



Mary Wilson

Former Supremes member Mary Wilson denied published reports that she has sold the rights to her tell-all bestseller, *Dream Girl: My Life As A Supreme*, to Motown. The Los Angeles Herald-Examiner reported that Motown Productions had bought the movie rights and decided that it will not make the film because the company was not portrayed in a flattering way in the book. Neither was Supremes' leader Diana Ross.

Jay Schwartz, a spokesman for Ms. Wilson, told JET: "A deal is being negotiated. It is not with Motown. The movie will be made but Motown will not have the rights."



Wedding On Stage: Steve Fowler (l), who plays a roller-skating Poppa the steam train in the hit Broadway show *Starlight Express*, exchanges wedding vows with Loretta Giles during post-matinee nuptials on stage recently at the Gershwin Theater in New York. The Rev. John O. Fowler, the bridegroom's father, officiated at the Baptist ceremony that brought tears to the eyes of many audience members who had been invited to stay after the show for the marriage.

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JET

HOWARD ROLLINS And CARROLL O'CONNOR Team Up For Action In New TV Series, 'In The Heat Of The Night'

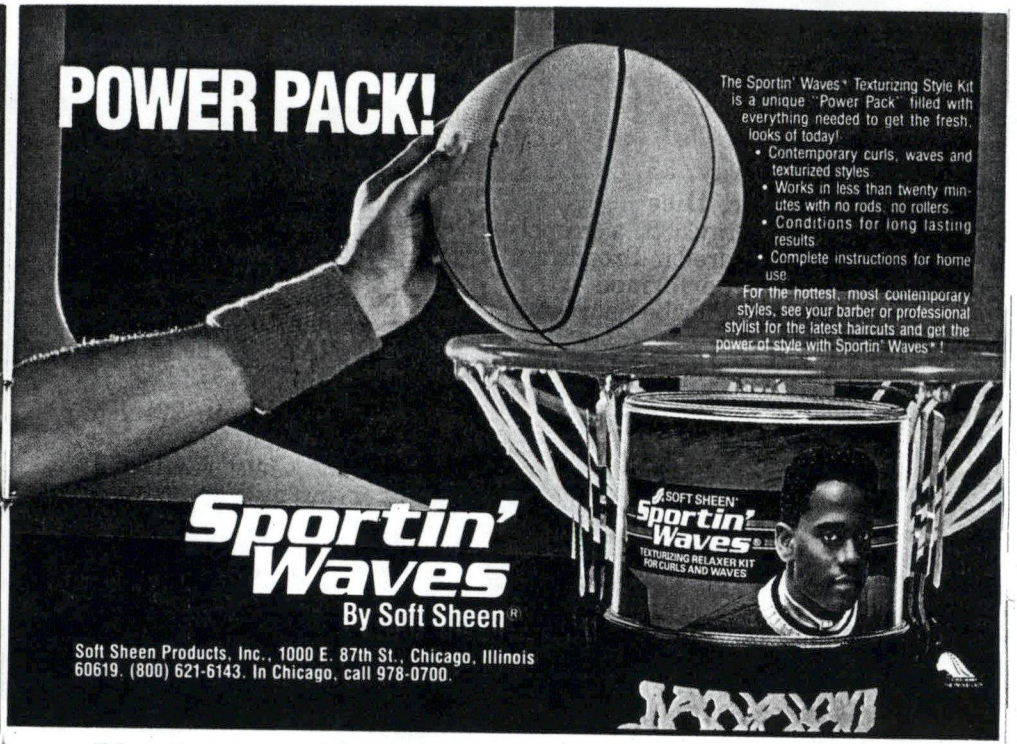


What Do Black Champions Eat For Breakfast?

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Debi Thomas Wins Bronze, Gets Diamond In Marriage

U.S. figure skating champion Debi Thomas, who won third place at the recent World Figure Skating Championships in Budapest, Hungary, wore a bronze medal on the winners' stand, but she was delighted by the fact she wore a diamond as well.

Thomas, 21, announced after the competition that she had secretly married her White boyfriend, Brian Vanden Hogen, 23, March 15. The ceremony was performed by a justice of the peace in Boulder, Colo.

Skater Debi Thomas is congratulated by her mother, Janice, on marriage to Brian Vanden Hogen.

"Now that the world championships are over I want to let all my friends and supporters know how happy I am," said Thomas. Thomas wore a diamond ring during the competition, and her marriage came as a surprise to both sets of parents and her coach, Alex McGowan, so as "not to detract from my focus on the world championships."

Thomas, a pre-med student at Stanford University, met Vanden Hogen, also a student, in a class at the University of Colorado last year after she transferred there to train for the 1988 Olympics.

Vanden Hogen said that the secret nuptials were not designed to exclude anyone, and said that the couple are planning a big ceremony this summer in Colorado.

Herschel Walker To Soar With Fort Worth Ballet



Herschel Walker

Dallas Cowboys star running back Herschel Walker will work with a different team this spring, but Cowboys fans shouldn't be alarmed.

Walker, the 6-foot-2, 220 pound starting running back for the Cowboys, will perform a 10-minute dance routine with some of the principal dancers of the Fort Worth, Texas Ballet.

The dance routine is designed to attract young people to ballet.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Office of the Press Secretary

For Immediate Release October 1, 1991

REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT
IN NATIONAL EDUCATION ADDRESS

Alice Deal Junior High School
Washington, D.C.

12:15 P.M. EDT

THE PRESIDENT: Thank you, Ms. Mostoller, and thanks for allowing me to visit your classroom to talk to you and all these students, and millions more in classrooms all across the country.

You know, long before I became President I was a parent. I remember the times that my kids came up with a really tough question or a difficult decision. I tried my best never to shut them down with a quick" no." I would simply say those three magic words that made that problem disappear: "Ask your Mother." (Laughter.)

Let me tell you why I've made the trip up from the White House to Alice Deal Junior High. I'm not here to teach a lesson. You already have a very good teacher. I'm not here to tell you what to do or what to think. Maybe you're accustomed to adults talking about you and at you -- well, today, I'm here to talk to you and challenge you. Education matters, and what you do today, and what you don't do can change your future.

Every day, we hear more bad news about our schools. Maybe you saw today's headline -- I don't know if you had a chance to look at it -- about the release of the new National Goals Report. Get the camera to come in and take a look at this for a moment. In math, for instance, this national report card shows that, nationwide, five of six 8th graders don't know the math they need to move up to the 9th grade.

In spite of troubling statistics like this one, I don't see this report, however, as just bad news, and I'll tell you why. This report tells us a lot about what you know and what you don't know. It gives us something to build on. It shows us our strengths and the weaknesses that we've got to correct. It sets forth a challenge to all of us: Work harder, learn more, revolutionize American education.

I know you've heard about stanines and percentiles, surveys and statistics, but here's what all that fancy talk really means: Education means the difference between a good future and a lousy one. Reports don't give us the right to make excuses. Our scores will tell us where we are and where we need to go.

I mentioned earlier the bad news we hear about schools today. But what we don't hear enough about are the success stories. You know, all over America, thousands of schools do succeed, even against tough odds, even against all odds. Kids from all over the District of Columbia petition to get into Alice Deal School here because parents know this school works. It works because of teachers like the one standing over here, Ms. Mostoller, who decided at the age of 25 -- maybe you all know this, but a lot of people around the

country don't -- she decided at the age of 25 that she wanted to teach. She was standing in a supermarket checkout line when she saw a magazine ad about college. She went back to school, worked her way through in seven years, waiting tables to pay tuition. She made it, and so can you.

This school here works because of students like the ones with me today -- students like Rachel Rusch -- where's Rachel? Right there, okay -- a member of Alice Deal's award-winning "Math Counts" team. Rachel, you tell me if I'm wrong, but you and six other students in this class alone have taken part in the Johns Hopkins Talent Search. They took the college entrance exams on an experimental basis last year as 7th graders. Even in junior high, some of them scored well enough to get into college right now. So let's just put it on the line. You've got the brains. Now, put them to work -- certainly, not for me, but for you.

Progress starts when we ask more of ourselves, our schools and, yes, you, our students. We made a start nationally now by setting six National Education Goals to meet the challenges of the 21st Century. By the year 2000, at least nine in every 10 students should graduate from high school. We should be first in the world in math and science. We need to regularly test student's abilities. Every American child should start school ready to learn; every American adult should be literate; and every American school should be safe and drug-free. Reaching those goals is the aim of a strategy that we call America 2000 -- a crusade for excellence in American education -- school by school, community by community.

But what does all this mean -- you might say, what is he doing, what does this all mean for the students right here in this room? Fast-forward -- five years from now. Unless things change, between now and 1996 as many as one in four of today's 8th graders will not graduate with their class. In some cities, the dropout rate is twice that high or higher. Imagine: Out of a total of nearly three million of your fellow classmates nationwide, an army of more than half a million dropouts.

I ask every student watching today: Look around you. Count four students -- start with yourself. No one dreams of becoming a dropout, but far too many do. Which one of you won't make it through school?

The fact is, every one of you can. Let's make a pact then right here. Let's work to see that five years from now, you and your friends will be more than sad statistics. Give yourself a decent shot at your dreams. Stay in school. Get that diploma.

Let's go back to the future. In the fall of 1996 -- five years from now -- nearly half of today's 8th graders who get their diplomas will enter the working world. More than half the graduates will stay in school -- and become the college class of the year 2000.

The question each student watching today should ask is: Where will I be -- where will I be five years from now? Will I be holding down a good job and maybe working toward a better one, or will I be out of school and out of work? Will I be on a college campus -- or out running the streets?

Think about that tonight when you're at a kitchen table doing some homework; while your parents are meeting your teachers like so many millions do this year at back-to-school nights all across our great country.

I'm asking you to put two and two together: Make the connection between the homework you do tonight, the test you take tomorrow and where you'll be five, 15, even 50 years from now. You

see, the real world doesn't begin somewhere else, some time way down there in the distant future. The real world starts right here. What you do here will have consequences for your whole lives.

Let me tell you something -- many of you may find very hard to believe this. You're in control. You're thinking: How can the President say that about kids like us when we don't even have our driver's license? But think about it, and you'll see what I mean.

Think about drugs. You see films. You hear police experts and tough speakers from the outside. You get stern lectures from everyone -- movie stars, athletes, teachers, parents, friends. But you know and I know that all the drug prevention programs, all the pledges, all the preaching in the world won't pull you through that critical moment when someone offers drugs. At that moment, everything comes down to you. Yes or no -- you've got to choose, and the answer will change your life. Your parents won't make the decision. Your teachers won't make the decision. Your friends won't make the decision. It's up to you. It takes guts to take control.

A sound body and a sound mind -- they go together -- as my friend -- and he is a friend -- Arnold Schwarzenegger says. He's crossing the nation talking with students about the importance of fitness. And real fitness means no drugs.

Studies show a decline in drug use -- and that's good, that's encouraging, I think. And every student who draws the line against drugs really deserves credit for that. But drugs and violence continue to threaten every school, every small town and suburb in America. And as students, you have a right to be physically safe at school. You should never have to worry that a quarrel in the hallway will lead to gunfire in the playground. Fear should never follow you into the classroom.

If you have to take the long way home after school so you don't cross paths with the gang hanging on the corner, if outsiders roam the halls of your school hassling kids, hassling students, you must take control. Go to your teacher, or go to your principal, or go to your parents -- as difficult as it may be, go to the school board if you have to. Demand discipline. If good people chicken out, bad people take control. Together, we can -- I really believe this -- we can drive the drugs and guns and senseless violence out of our schools.

When it comes to your own education, what I'm saying is take control. Don't say school is boring and blame it on your teachers. Make your teachers work hard. Tell them you want a first-class education. Tell them that you're here to learn.

Block out the kids who think it's not cool to be smart. I can't understand for the life of me what's so great about being stupid. If someone goofs off today, are they cool? Are they still cool years from now when they're stuck in a dead-end job? Don't let peer pressure stand between you and your dreams.

Take control -- challenge yourself. Only you know how hard you work. Maybe you can fake -- maybe, just maybe you can fake your way into a job -- but you won't keep it for long if you don't have the know-how to get the job done. Maybe you can cram the week before that marking period ends, and turn that C into a B. But you can't con your way past the SAT and into college. If you don't work hard, who gets hurt? If you cheat, who pays the price? If you cut corners, if you hunt for the easy A, who comes up short? Easy answer to that one: You do.

You're in control -- but you are not alone. People want you to succeed. They want to help you succeed. Here at Deal,

teachers like your outstanding teacher standing here with us today, Ms. Mostoller -- from your principal, Mr. Moss, to your custodian, Mr. Francis. Right now in classrooms across this country -- in the communities you call home -- when things get tough, when answers are hard to come by -- there's a teacher, a parent, a friend or family member ready to help you. They want to see you make it.

If you take school seriously, you won't have to settle for a job -- just any job. You'll have a career. If you make it your business to learn, one day you'll be a better parent. You may not think about it now, but one day your children will want to look up at you and say, "I've got the smartest Mom and Dad in the world." Don't disappoint them.

Let me leave you with a simple message: Every time you walk through that classroom door, make it your mission to get a good education. Don't do it just because your parents -- or even the President -- tells you. Do it for yourselves. Do it for your future. And while you're at it, help a little brother or sister to learn -- or maybe even Mom or Dad. Let me know how you're doing. Write me a letter -- and I'm serious about this one -- write me a letter about ways you can help us achieve our goals. I think you know the address.

Now we're going to walk over to the school auditorium to say hello to the rest of the student body. To all the students across the country who watched us here in this great classroom today, may I simply say thank you and good luck to you this school year.

And now, Ms. Mostoller, if you'll kindly lead the way. Thank you all very much. Nice to be with you. (Applause.)

END 12:27 P.M. EDT

USA Today 9/18/91

Cuts in Defense can help classroom

The U.S. defense establishment has proved it's able to manage build-ups — from constructing Liberty ships in four days during World War II to technological advances which let us see in the dark in the Persian Gulf. Now we have to manage a build-down — causing hundreds of thousands of people to lose their jobs.

Yet with a little ingenuity we have an opportunity to utilize at least part of the defense employment problem as the *solution* to another, quite different problem: the quality of math and science education.

One survey placed U.S. students 14th among those from 15 countries in algebra; another survey placed us 11th among 13 nations in chemistry, ninth in physics and dead last in biology.



By Norman R. Augustine, chairman and chief executive of Martin Marietta Corp., author of *Augustine's Laws* and co-author of *The Defense Revolution.*

It's misleading to suggest that the problem is with the students. Americans have not suddenly become incapable of learning math and science in the span of a single generation.

Many of us no doubt best remember those classes in which we excelled. I would submit that virtually every such class was led by an outstanding teacher, one who generated excitement over the prospects of learning. Today it's often impossible to hire such teachers, particularly in math, science and languages.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science found "few elementary school teachers even have a rudimentary education in science and mathematics and many junior and senior high school teachers of science and mathematics do not meet reasonable standards of preparation."

The National Research Council found that "too often, elementary school teachers take only one course in mathematics, approaching it with trepidation and leaving it with relief . . . thus they are unprepared to inspire children with confidence in their own mathematical abilities."

Only 1,500 education majors qualified to teach math and science are graduating each year — one for every 10 school *districts.* And this on top of a shortage of up to 700,000 scientists and engineers over the next 20 years.

Our national security will require superior technology to offset reductions in manpower and equipment. Technical excellence will be indispensable to competitive leadership in semiconductors, consumer electronics and manufacturing. Similar skills will be crucial to preserving the environment, improving transportation, discovering new sources of energy and curing disease.

How will we get the scientists and engineers we need? The old-fashioned way. From the classroom. This won't be possible, however, without improving the number and quality of educators, each of whom can motivate hundreds of students, and thereby produce a powerful multiplier effect.

That's where the defense industry can help. Thousands of highly trained defense industry professionals are excellent candidates to help *eliminate* the math and science teacher shortage. In turn, they can help millions of young people become competitive in what's becoming the second language of job seekers in a high-tech world: mathematics. The cost of retraining engineers to be teachers is estimated to be extremely modest, perhaps no more than $5,000 each.

But government, academia and the defense industry will have to work together to enable willing engineers to make the transition. Government can provide financial aid for retraining and associated living expenses. Academia can demonstrate greater willingness to accept subject knowledge credentials in place of "how-to" teaching courses. Industry can identify and counsel prospective candidates.

The nation can be well served by this initiative, one I call Project PROTEUS — Professional Teaching Engineers for the U.S. The Greek god Proteus could change shape at will — a description aptly fitting engineers who have been contributing to national security and whose talent and experience can be reshaped to meet important new needs. There are at least three potential benefits to the project:

▶ Thousands of highly capable individuals, who through no fault of their own face the prospect of unemployment, would be able to build new careers.

▶ Students would gain from improved educational quality that would inure from exposure to professionals highly trained and comfortable in scientific and mathematical principles.

▶ The nation would be strengthened from the existence of a generation of students whose academic excellence would underpin America's future industrial competitiveness and, thereby, standard of living.





"We want it known that the youth are out there doing something instead of sitting here, part of the give-me generation."

— Willy Lee, 16, with Jason Williams and Emila Ramirez, Vero Beach, Fla.

My high school i
about three blac
and there's abou
Volunteer Corps,
of people. I had
about other cultu
ple from all ove

— Susan Banasz
5, Dormont, Pa.

Why

More teens are

INTERVIEW

YVC's David Battey says emphasis from schools, president increasing interest.

Q: As the Youth Volunteer Corps begins its national conference in Kansas City this Thursday, are you finding that volunteering among young people is catching on?

A: Definitely. You've seen more interest on the part of schools. You're seeing more interest at the national political level; President Bush has been a strong supporter. You've seen more work at the national level with associations and organizations like Youth Service America. There's a National Association of Service and Conservation Corps programs.

Q: Still, young people often are criticized as uncaring.

A: Any sort of caring or civic responsibility is something that a young person learns. You learn as a young person that you can make a difference, that there is a need for volunteerism in this country, that young people should vote and can make a difference by doing service or being involved actively or politically. If we lose that spirit of volunteerism and helping our neighbor and our civic responsibility, this country will be very different from what it's been.

Q: What kinds of typical projects incl

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Q: What are son other areas?

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Source: Gallup poll for Inde

Hart 'overestimate

Russia Shakes the World:
The Second Russian Revolution
and Its Impact on the West
By Gary Hart
HarperCollins, 250 pp., $22



(9/23/91 12:40 p.m.)

Call dept. of ed. for # of America 2000 ~~schools~~ comm.
Melinda Kitchen referred me to:
401-1220 - Tom Lyon (America 2000)
(401-1576) → 456-2000

② Jay Diskey - 401-0570 (Am. 2000)
401-0570

- # of America 2000 communities and territories
some states and major communities
lg. Tulsa ; sm comms in Maine → American Samoa
(Minneapolis) more (Lewiston)

Currently 8 states (as of last Fri)
[• Colorado, • Md., • Delaware
• Oregon, • NB., • Vt
• Maine, • Minnesota (Wyoming)]

going to N.C. this Fri. (9/27/91)
Indiana (Oct 3rd) numerous communities
Alaska (Oct 17)
Georgia (Oct 18)
[South Carolina (Oct/Nov)?]

[Jay is faxing list on paper by close of bis. today]

9/24/91
@ 10:50 am Jay said would have # of communities by Noon - he hoped

The 23rd Annual
GALLUP POLL
Of the Public's Attitudes Toward the Public Schools

by Stanley M. Elam, Lowell C. Rose, and Alec M. Gallup

* EMBARGOED UNTIL AUGUST 22, 1991 *
*** 10:30 a.m. * * * *

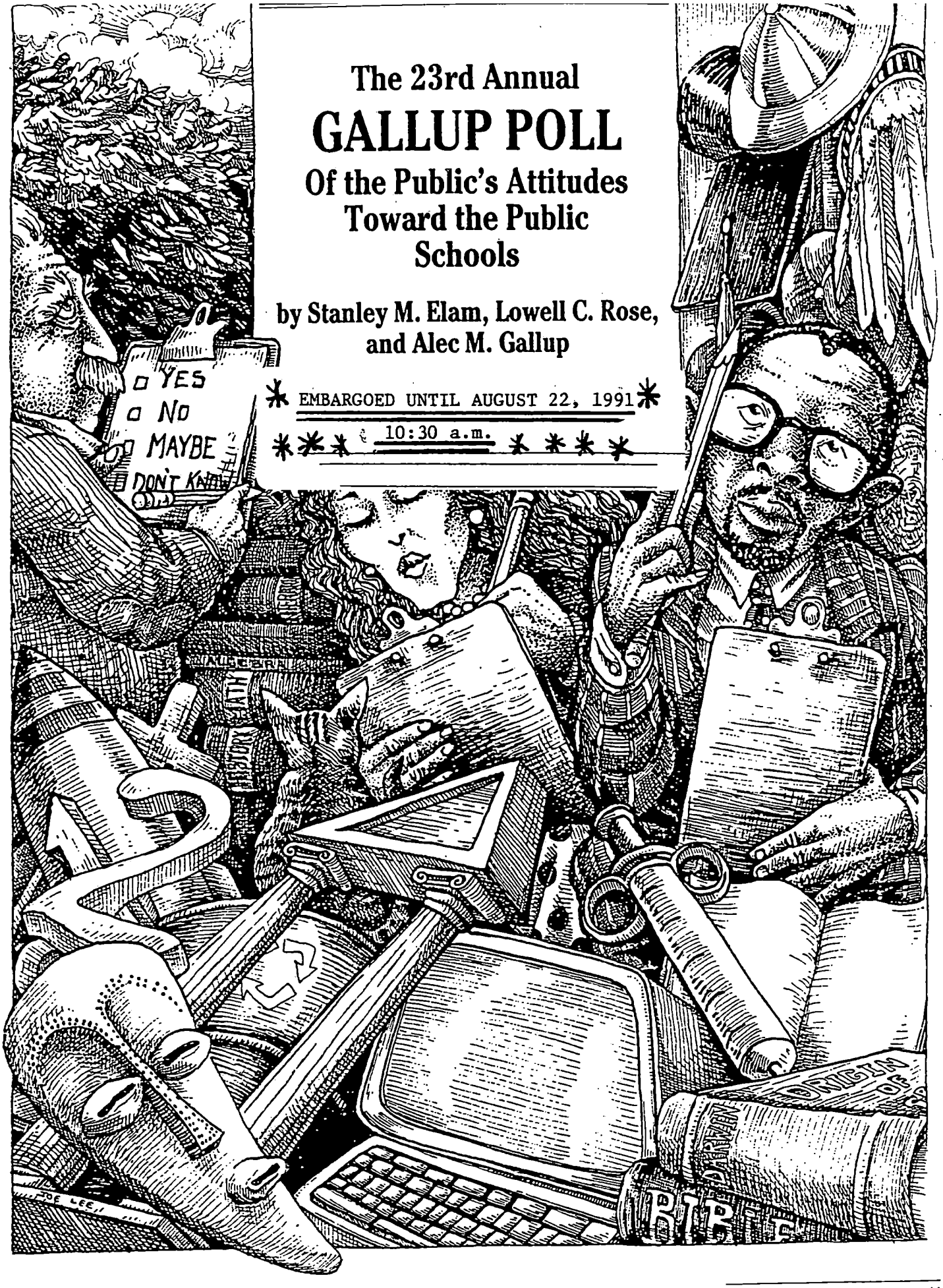


Illustration by Joe Lee

THE STRATEGY announced by the Bush Administration last spring for achieving six national goals for education by the year 2000 receives strong public support in the 23rd annual Gallup/Phi Delta Kappa Poll of the Public's Attitudes Toward the Public Schools — even stronger than the goals themselves received in last year's poll. Americans remain highly doubtful, however, that the six goals, first announced in February 1990, can be attained by the target date. In addition, most of the specific measures for public school improvement endorsed by the Bush Administration receive strong support from the U.S. public.

There are at least 10 elements in the strategy for school improvement outlined by Bush and his new education secretary, Lamar Alexander. The first is parental choice of the school a child will attend, a proposal intended primarily to introduce more accountability and competition into what is considered a stultified and complacent monopoly. Accountability would also be promoted by a "voluntary" national system of achievement testing and by a national report card to provide clear and comparable information to the public on how schools, school districts, states, and the nation are progressing. To promote more effective teaching, teachers would receive extra pay for proven merit, for teaching "core" subjects (English, math, science, history, and geography), for teaching in dangerous or challenging settings, and for serving as mentors for new teachers. The school day and year would be extended, with attendance optional and parents paying the extra cost. Greater flexibility for schools would be encouraged; this means, presumably, that various forms of restructuring and shifting of responsibility would be rewarded. Other features of the strategy: the creation of 535 "New American Schools," one in each congressional district and two additional ones per state, each with as few restrictions as possible; the establishment of "America 2000 Communities," not yet defined; the setting of job-related skill standards; and the founding of "skill centers" in communities and workplaces.

Here is how the public views some of these reform ideas:

- People favor (by 62% to 33%) allowing students and parents to choose which public schools in their community the students attend, regardless of where they live. But few people with children in the public schools say that their children would change schools if given such a choice.
- People favor paying extra for particularly effective teaching (69% in favor, 24% opposed), for teaching in hazardous or challenging situations (63% in favor, 29% opposed), and for serving as mentors to new teachers (49% in favor, 39% opposed). But they oppose extra pay for teaching "core" subjects (39% in favor, 53% opposed).
- People overwhelmingly favor requiring the public schools in their communities to conform to national achievement standards and goals (81% in favor, 12% opposed). They also approve of requiring public schools in their communities to use a standardized national curriculum (68% in favor, 24% opposed). And they approve of requiring public schools in their communities to use standardized national tests to measure academic achievement (77% in favor, 17% opposed). More specifically, people approve of tests in English, math, science, history, and geography (88% in favor, 8% opposed); in problem-solving skills (84% in favor, 10% opposed); and in writing a clear composition or paper on some topic (85% in favor, 10% opposed).
- On the question of extending the school day and year, there is less agreement. However, for the first time since the question was initially asked in 1982, a majority of respondents (51%) favor extending the school year, while 42% oppose the idea. Only 46% would lengthen the school day by an hour, while 48% oppose the idea. A sizable majority oppose the idea of making the longer school day or year optional, with parents who choose the option paying the extra cost; the vote was 36% in favor, 56% opposed.
- The first of the six national goals for education announced in February 1990 by President Bush and the nation's governors was that, by the year 2000, all American children will start school ready to learn. Not only did poll respondents give this goal a high priority, but they also endorsed preschool programs at public expense for parents who want them. Fifty-five percent favor such programs; 40% oppose them.

IN THE PAGES that follow, the findings on other questions related to the Administration's education agenda are presented, along with more details concerning the findings above and responses to questions on a number of other topics. The 1991 poll is the most comprehensive survey of American attitudes on education to be conducted in the series, which began in 1969. Gallup field interviewers asked a scientifically selected sample of 1,500 U.S. adults a total of 80 questions, twice the usual number.

America's Future Strength

The first question asked this year dealt with three sources of America's strength: education, industry, and the military. Only weeks after a military victory in the Persian Gulf, less than half (41%) of poll respondents considered "building the strongest military force in the world" to be very important. By contrast, 89% regarded "developing the best education system in the world" as very important. A smaller majority (59%) regarded "developing the most efficient industrial production system in the world" as very important. In short, Americans recognize that a strong education system is fundamental to national well-being; nothing will work without a well-educated citizenry.*

The question:

In determining America's strength in the future, say 25 years from now, how important do you feel each of the following factors will be — very important, fairly important, not too important, or not at all important?

STANLEY M. ELAM (Indiana University Chapter) is contributing editor of the Phi Delta Kappan. *He was* Kappan *editor from 1956 through 1980 and has been coordinating Phi Delta Kappa's polling program since his retirement. LOWELL C. ROSE (Indiana University Chapter) is executive director of Phi Delta Kappa. ALEC M. GALLUP is co-chairman, with George Gallup, Jr., of the Gallup Organization, Princeton, N.J.*

*A Yankelovich Clancy Shulman poll taken in early June for *Time*/CNN found that, if America decided to devote resources equal to those of the Persian Gulf War to domestic purposes, 73% of respondents wanted to spend them on providing American children with the best education of any nation in the world. Health care was second, with 64%; economic competitiveness was third, with 54%.

Illustration by Joe Le

	Very Important %	Fairly Important %	Not Too Important %	Not at All Important %	Don't Know %
Developing the best education system in the world	89	9	1	*	1
Developing the most efficient industrial production system in the world	59	32	5	*	4
Building the strongest military force in the world	41	39	15	3	2

*Less than one-half of 1%.

The same question was asked in three previous polls, with these results:

	Very Important		
	1988 %	1984 %	1982 %
Developing the best education system in the world	88	82	84
Developing the most efficient industrial production system in the world	65	70	66
Building the strongest military force in the world	47	45	47

National Goals for Education

Shortly after the President and the nation's governors announced their six national goals for education in February 1990, interviewers for the 22nd Gallup/Phi Delta Kappa poll asked Americans three questions about the goals: What priority would you assign to each goal? How likely is it that each goal will be reached by the year 2000? Would you tend to vote for political candidates who support the goals? The public strongly supported each goal but expressed profound skepticism about attaining them. There was at least modest support for the idea of voting for political candidates who favor the goals.

The first two of these questions were asked again in 1991. The public gave even higher priorities to each goal, but public skepticism about reaching them was as high as last year. Once again, the highest priority was assigned to the sixth goal: making sure that, by the year 2000, every school is free of drugs and violence and offers a disciplined environment conducive to learning.

Support for the national education goals is consistent across every segment of the population: men and women; whites, nonwhites, Hispanics, and blacks; all age groups; Republicans, Democrats, and independents; all levels of education, from grade school dropouts through college graduates; people in all regions of the U.S. and in communities of various sizes; people in all major occupation groups; people at all income levels; and people with or without children in either public or private schools. Pessimism about the chances of reaching the goals was also consistent among the various demographic groups.

The first question:

This card describes several national education goals that have been recommended for attainment by the year 2000. First, would you read over the descriptions of the different goals on the card. Now, as I read off each goal by letter, would you tell me how high a priority you feel that goal should be given during the coming decade — very high, high, low, or very low?

A. By the year 2000, all children in America will start school ready to learn [i.e., in good health, having been read to and otherwise prepared by parents, etc.].

B. By the year 2000, the high school graduation rate will increase to at least 90% [from the current rate of 74%].

C. By the year 2000, American students will leave grades 4, 8, and 12 having demonstrated competency in challenging subject matter, including English, mathematics, science, history, and geography. In addition, every school in America will insure that all students learn to use their minds, in order to prepare them for responsible citizenship, further learning, and productive employment in a modern economy.

D. By the year 2000, American students will be first in the world in mathematics and science achievement.

E. By the year 2000, every adult American will be literate and will possess the skills necessary to compete in a global economy and to exercise the rights and responsibilities of citizenship.

F. By the year 2000, every school in America will be free of drugs and violence and will offer a disciplined environment conducive to learning.

Priority Assigned Each Goal

	Very High %		High %		Low %		Very Low %		Don't Know %	
Goal	1991	1990	1991	1990	1991	1990	1991	1990	1991	1990
A	52	44	38	44	6	6	1	2	3	4
B	54	45	37	42	5	8	1	1	3	4
C	55	46	35	42	6	7	1	2	3	3
D	43	34	41	42	11	16	2	3	3	5
E	50	45	36	37	9	11	2	3	3	4
F	63	55	23	26	6	9	5	6	3	4



"Tex, our new marketing research executive, comes to us from the Gallup poll."

The second question:

As I read off each goal by letter again, would you tell me whether you think reaching that goal by the year 2000 is very likely, likely, unlikely, or very unlikely?

Likelihood of Goal Attainment

Goal	Very Likely % 1991	Very Likely % 1990	Likely % 1991	Likely % 1990	Unlikely % 1991	Unlikely % 1990	Very Unlikely % 1991	Very Unlikely % 1990	Don't Know % 1991	Don't Know % 1990
A	10	12	37	38	33	33	14	12	6	5
B	6	10	36	35	39	37	14	12	5	6
C	6	9	36	38	36	36	15	12	7	5
D	4	6	22	23	45	41	23	24	6	6
E	6	7	25	25	41	42	23	21	5	5
F	4	5	14	14	38	40	39	36	5	5

A National Report Card

Americans want to know what progress is being made toward attaining the national goals for education. By a margin of better than 3-1, they favor preparation and publication of "public school report cards" for individual schools, for each school district, for each state, and for the nation. Again, every category of respondent supports the idea of report cards on the schools, but parents of public school children are particularly enthusiastic.

The question:

It has been proposed that public school report cards be prepared and made public to show what progress is being made toward achievement of the national education goals. Would you favor or oppose such report cards?

	For Local Schools %	For Local District %	For the State %	For the Nation %
Favor	73	76	75	75
Oppose	22	19	19	19
Don't know	5	5	6	6

Accountability Measures

People appear to have more faith in the motivational force of the carrot than the stick. Generally, Americans believe that schools showing progress toward attainment of the national goals for education within a reasonable time should be financially rewarded, but they oppose withholding funds from less successful schools. Instead, they would fire the principals and teachers!

The questions:

If a public school in this community does not show progress toward the national goals within a reasonable time, would you favor or oppose withholding state or federal education funds from that school?

If a public school in this community does show progress toward the national goals within a reasonable time, would you favor or oppose awarding more state and federal education funds to that school?

If a public school in this community does not show progress toward the national goals within a reasonable time, would you favor or oppose not renewing the contracts of the principal and the teachers in that school?

	General Public			Public School Parents		
	Favor %	Oppose %	Don't Know %	Favor %	Oppose %	Don't Know %
If unsuccessful, withhold state and federal funds	33	57	10	29	61	10
If successful, award more state and federal funds	64	26	10	64	27	9
If unsuccessful, do not renew principal/teacher contracts	57	32	11	55	34	11

Longer School Day and Year

U.S. public school students spend considerably less time in school than do students in several other developed countries. In Japan, for example, most students attend school 240 days a year, which is about 60 more days or 33% longer, on average, than is the case in the U.S. But Americans have opposed lengthening the school day and year in previous Gallup/Phi Delta Kappa polls

In the 1982 poll, people were first asked these questions: "In some nations, students attend school as many as 240 days a year as compared to about 180 in the U.S. How do you feel about extending the public school year in this community by 30 days, making the school year about 210 days or 10 months long? How do you feel about extending the school day in the public schools in this community by one hour?" Respondents opposed both ideas by sizable margins — 53% opposed to, 37% in favor of lengthening the school year; 58% opposed to, 37% in favor of a longer day. Opposition was somewhat less strong when the question was asked again in 1983 and in 1984.



"Can't you just take me without the exit poll?"

This year we found that, for the first time, a majority of Americans (51%) favor a school year of 210 days or 10 months. Opposition to a longer school day declined marginally: 48% oppose the longer day, while 46% favor it.

The longer school year is particularly favored by college graduates (62% in favor, 33% opposed), by professionals and businesspeople (60% in favor, 37% opposed), and by people in the western region of the U.S. (59% in favor, 36% opposed).

The questions:

In some nations, students attend school as many as 240 days a year as compared to about 180 days in the U.S. How do you feel about extending the public school year in this community by 30 days, making the school year about 210 days or 10 months long? Do you favor or oppose this idea?

How do you feel about extending the school *day* in the public schools of this community by one hour? Do you favor or oppose this idea?

	Extend School Year 30 Days				Extend School Day One Hour			
	1991 %	1984 %	1983 %	1982 %	1991 %	1984 %	1983 %	1982 %
Favor	51	44	40	37	46	42	41	37
Oppose	42	50	49	53	48	52	48	53
Don't know	7	6	11	10	6	6	11	10

In view of the recommendations in America 2000, a question was added this year to sample public opinion on the idea of making a longer school day or year optional, with parents who choose the option paying tuition to cover the extra cost. This idea was unpopular among virtually all population groups.

The question:

It has been suggested that public schools make it optional for students to attend a longer school day or longer school year. Parents of students who choose this option would pay tuition to cover the extra cost. Are you in favor of or opposed to this suggestion?

	National Totals		
	Favor %	Oppose %	Don't Know %
Longer school day or year optional, with parents who choose it paying extra cost	36	56	8

Publicly Supported Preschools

The first of the national goals announced by President Bush and the nation's governors calls for all children to start school ready to learn. Most educators believe that tax-supported preschool programs for 3- and 4-year-olds would advance this goal significantly. A question in the current poll shows that the public tends to agree, although not all groups embrace the idea. Some 55% favor tax-supported preschool for children whose parents want it, while 40% oppose the idea.

Congress passed a law in 1971 (vetoed by President Nixon) that would have provided day care for millions of young children. A Gallup/Phi Delta Kappa poll in 1976 showed that public support for a measure that would provide child-care centers as part of the public school system was by no means universal in that era. Although nonwhites favored it (76% to 15%) and persons between the ages of 18 and 29 approved it (64% to 32%), overall support was only 46%, while opposition came from 49%. Five years later, the poll asked if parents of 3- to 5-year-olds participating in preschool programs operated by the public schools should pay for them. An overwhelming 83% said yes, and only 10% said no.

While *preschool programs* and *day care* are not necessarily synonymous, the findings reported above suggest that there has been a considerable change in public opinion on this issue since 1976. Majorities in all but a few major demographic groups now favor tax-supported preschools. Support is particularly strong among young adults, nonwhites, and persons with children in school. People over age 50 and people who are not in the labor force are less favorably disposed toward tax-supported preschool programs.

The question:

It has been proposed that the public schools make preschool programs available to 3- and 4-year-olds whose parents wish such programs. These programs would be supported by taxes. Would you favor or oppose such programs?

	Favor %	Oppose %	Don't Know %
NATIONAL TOTALS	**55**	**40**	**5**
Selected Demographic Groups*			
Race			
White	53	42	5
Nonwhite	70	26	4
Hispanic**	62	32	6
Black	72	26	2
Age			
18 - 29 years	70	27	3
30 - 49 years	56	40	4
50 and over	45	48	7
50 - 64 years	50	44	6
65 and over	39	53	8
Politics			
Republican	49	45	6
Democrat	59	37	4
Independent	56	38	6
Occupation			
Professional and business	60	38	2
Clerical/sales	58	40	2
Manual labor	58	37	5
Nonlabor force	47	45	8
Religion			
Protestant	52	44	4
Catholic	56	38	6
Parents of children under 18			
One child	65	32	3
Two children	60	36	4
Three or more children	65	32	3

*The full Gallup Organization report of this poll provides breakdowns of responses from 13 major demographic categories and 59 subgroups. Major categories not included in this table are education level, occupation of chief wage earner, sex, region of the country, income, community size, and children in school (none in school, public school parents, and nonpublic school parents).

**"Hispanic" includes all races with Hispanic connections.

National Curriculum, Standards, and Tests

If the public will governs, the following developments are inevitable in America: a national curriculum, national standards of achievement in five subjects and in thinking and writing skills; national tests to determine whether the national standards are being met; report cards for individual schools, school districts, states, and the nation; and an accountability strategy that includes firing teachers and administrators in failing school systems.

Public opinion on local, state, and national report cards and on accountability strategies was presented earlier. Findings on seven questions related to a national curriculum with its accompanying standards and tests are reported below. The first three of these questions have been asked in earlier polls. The last four were asked for the first time this year.

The first question:

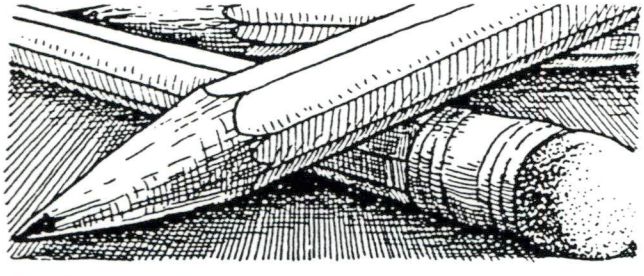
Would you favor or oppose requiring the public schools in this community to use a standardized national curriculum?

Favor %		Oppose %		Don't Know %	
1991	1989	1991	1989	1991	1989
68	69	24	21	8	10

The second question:

Would you favor or oppose requiring the public schools in this community to conform to national achievement standards and goals?

Favor %		Oppose %		Don't Know %	
1991	1989	1991	1989	1991	1989
81	70	12	19	7	11



The third question:

Would you favor or oppose requiring the public schools in this community to use standardized national tests to measure the academic achievement of students?

Favor %		Oppose %		Don't Know %	
1991	1989	1991	1989	1991	1989
77	77	17	14	6	9

Respondents who answered "oppose" or "don't know" to the preceding question this year were also asked:

What if these standardized national tests were made optional for all public schools, so that the policy-making authorities in each district could decide whether or not to give the tests? Would you favor or oppose making these tests optional?

Favor %	Oppose %	Don't Know %
57	20	23

The fourth question:

Would you favor or oppose requiring the public schools in this community to use standardized testing programs to measure students' achievement in the following areas:

A. knowledge in five core subjects: English, math, science, history, and geography?
B. problem-solving skills?
C. ability to write a clear composition or paper on some topic?

Area	Favor %	Oppose %	Don't Know %
Core subjects	88	8	4
Problem-solving skills	84	10	6
Ability to write	85	10	5

The fifth question:

If standardized national tests were given to students in this community, how do you think they would score on these tests — above average, below average, or about average?

Above Average %	Below Average %	About Average %	Don't Know %
17	25	51	7

The sixth question:

Now, let's assume that national achievement standards and goals for a student's advancement to the next grade are adopted by the public schools of this community. Which one of these approaches do you think would be better for a student who fails to meet the standards: require the student to repeat the grade with remedial help, or promote the student to the next grade with remedial help?

Repeat Grade %	Promote %	Don't Know %
58	32	10

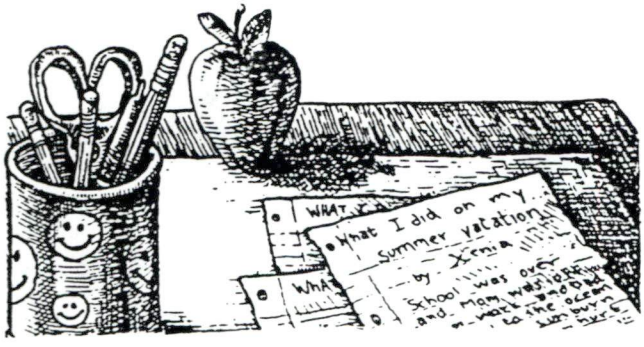
The seventh question:

When do you think remedial help should be provided — during the regular school day or outside the school day, such as after school, on Saturdays, and during summer breaks?

During School Day %	Outside School Day %	Both (Volunteered) %	Don't Know %
52	41	2	5

Opinion on these seven questions was fairly uniform among all demographic groups, but some differences are worth pondering:

- Sixty-one percent of parents who reported that their oldest child was above average academically favored a national curriculum. Even more parents (77%) who reported that their oldest child was average or below average favored it.
- Blacks were less enthusiastic about standardized national tests to measure academic achievement than the population as a whole (69% versus 77%).
- People in the East were more favorable toward national tests than those in other sections of the country (East, 84%; Midwest, 73%; South, 75%; West, 74%).



Vouchers, Choice, and The Public/Private School Issue

Several states are already experimenting with parental choice of the schools children attend, but the choice is generally limited to public schools. President Bush has said that he would like parental choice programs to include all schools that serve the public and are accountable to public authority, regardless of who runs them. Several questions in this year's poll were framed to see how this somewhat ambiguous position fares in the arena of public opinion.

As poll findings over the years show, school vouchers have never been particularly popular in this country. This year, however, support rose by six percentage points over 1987, when the question was last asked. Today, 50% of the public say they approve of vouchers, while 39% oppose them. These percentages are virtually the same as those reported for the year 1983, when the question was asked shortly after publication of *A Nation at Risk*, the government report that aroused widespread concern about the quality of the public schools.

The question:

In some nations, the government allots a certain amount of money for each child's education. The parents can then send the child to any public, parochial, or private school they choose. This is called the "voucher system." Would you like to see such an idea adopted in this country?

	National Totals							
	1991 %	1987 %	1986 %	1985 %	1983 %	1981 %	1971 %	1970 %
Favor	50	44	46	45	51	43	38	43
Oppose	39	41	41	40	38	41	44	46
Don't know	11	15	13	15	11	16	18	11

The voucher plan finds its strongest support among nonwhites and blacks (57% in both groups), inner-city dwellers (57%), people with children under 18 (58%), and nonpublic school parents (66%).

Opinion on parental choice has been explored in Gallup/Phi Delta Kappa polls since 1985. In 1989, when President Bush and the Department of Education backed experimentation with parental choice plans, respondents were asked whether they favored or opposed allowing students and their parents to choose the public schools the students attend, regardless of where they live. The same question has been asked each year since then, with results that are remarkably uniform. In 1991, support for school choice approaches a 2-1 majority in virtually every major population segment, including parents of public school children.

The question:

Do you favor or oppose allowing students and their parents to choose which public schools in this community the students attend, regardless of where they live?



"I get 30% of my news from newspapers, 15% from television, 5% from magazines, and the rest is the result of an overfanciful streak of paranoia."

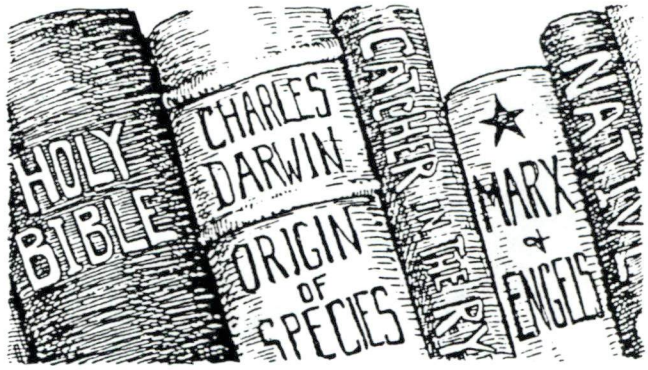
Illustrations by Joe Lee

	Favor		Oppose		Don't Know	
	1991 %	1990 %	1991 %	1990 %	1991 %	1990 %
NATIONAL TOTALS	62	62	33	31	5	7
Sex						
Men	61	61	35	34	4	5
Women	62	63	32	29	6	8
Race						
White	60	60	35	34	5	6
Nonwhite	69	72	25	18	6	10
Age						
18 - 29 years	71	72	26	23	3	5
30 - 49 years	66	63	30	31	4	6
50 and over	50	54	42	38	8	8
Community Size						
1 million and over	62	64	32	27	6	9
500,000 - 999,999	60	61	37	36	3	3
50,000 - 499,999	68	60	27	33	5	7
2,500 - 49,999	62	61	34	36	4	3
Under 2,500	57	60	38	33	5	7
Education						
College	61	62	35	33	4	5
Graduate	60	62	36	30	4	8
Incomplete	61	63	35	34	4	3
High school	64	65	31	28	5	7
Graduate	63	66	32	28	5	6
Incomplete	65	62	31	29	4	9
Income						
$40,000 and over	60	59	37	37	3	4
$30,000 - $39,999	64	62	32	32	4	6
$20,000 - $29,999	61	67	35	27	4	6
$10,000 - $19,999	63	60	30	30	7	10
Under $10,000	59	60	33	31	8	9
Region						
East	61	62	32	27	7	11
Midwest	58	57	39	38	3	5
South	63	66	32	28	5	6
West	62	62	30	34	8	4

This year President Bush has edged toward endorsement of some form of voucher system. He believes that choice programs should include "all schools that serve the public and are accountable to public authority, regardless of who runs them." This implies that so-called private schools — and perhaps parochial schools — should be an option for all parents, presumably at taxpayer expense. Therefore, a new question put the issue directly: "Do you favor or oppose allowing students and parents to choose a private school to attend at public expense?" Public opposition was overwhelming. More than two-thirds of the respondents to this question (68%) opposed the idea, and only 26% favored it, with 6% expressing no opinion.

Gallup interviewers then asked the 26% who favored the idea this follow-up question: "Do you think private schools that accept government tuition payments for these students should be accountable to public school authorities or not?" The tally was 63% in favor of public accountability for private schools that accept government tuition payments, 27% opposed, and 10% expressing no opinion. Thus even people who would tolerate government tuition payments to "private" schools believe that those schools should — in some manner as yet undefined — be held accountable to public school authorities for the use of the money.

If parental choice ever becomes a reality in more than a few experimental situations in America, parents will face new problems. What qualities and characteristics should they look for in their child's school? Do they have enough information to make wise choices? If not, will they find it difficult to get that information? The results of several questions bearing on these problems follow.



The first question:

This card lists different factors that might be considered in choosing a public school for a child, assuming free choice of public schools were allowed in this community. As I read off each of these factors, would you tell me whether you consider it very important, fairly important, not too important, or not at all important in choosing a local school?

	National Totals				
	Very Important %	Fairly Important %	Not Too Important %	Not at All Important %	Don't Know %
Quality of the teaching staff	85	11	2	*	2
Maintenance of student discipline	76	20	2	*	2
Curriculum (i.e., the courses offered)	74	21	3	*	2
Size of classes	57	31	9	1	2
Grades or test scores of the student body	46	42	7	1	4
Track record of graduates in high school, in college, or on the job	45	39	12	1	3
Size of the school (number of students)	36	36	22	4	2
Proximity to home	29	45	20	3	3
Extracurricular activities, such as band/orchestra, theater, clubs	19	49	24	5	3
Social and economic background of the student body	22	32	35	8	3
Athletic program	16	37	34	11	2
Racial or ethnic composition of the student body	14	18	46	19	3

*Less than one-half of 1%.

In choosing a school, people say they would look first at the quality of the teaching staff, at the maintenance of discipline, at the curriculum offered, at the size of classes, at test scores, and at the track record of graduates. Interestingly, athletic programs and other extracurricular activities are not particularly important considerations.

Although "racial or ethnic composition of the student body"

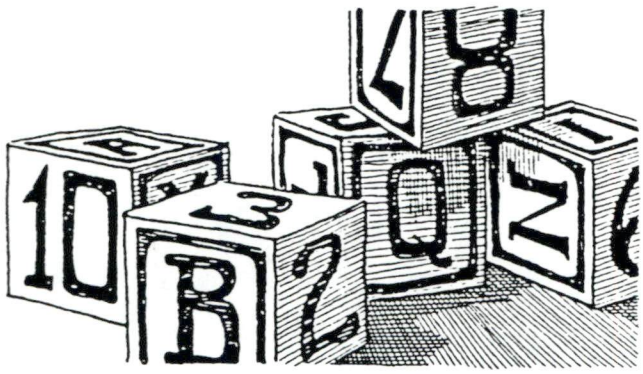
is at the bottom of the above list, nearly one-third of the public (32%) regards this as a very or fairly important consideration. In 1990 about half of poll respondents (48%) stated that racial and ethnic considerations were very important or fairly important in selecting a school.

When this question was asked in 1990, some students of the poll wondered what respondents had in mind when they said that racial and ethnic composition would be an important factor in their choice of schools. To find out, this year several follow-up questions were asked of those who felt that the issue was important. One asked about the ideal percentage of whites to have in a school, one was an open-ended question about *why* racial and ethnic composition is important, one asked whether it is very important or fairly important that there not be too many members of racial and ethnic minorities in a school, and one asked whether it is very important or fairly important that there not be too few members of these groups.

The findings are revealing. Only 3% of whites, for example, say that the schools should ideally be 100% white, and an identical percentage of nonwhites say that schools should enroll no whites at all. However, in reply to the open-ended "why" question, the most common response (made by about one-third of respondents) was "it is important to have a balanced racial mix." Only a few respondents gave answers that revealed racial prejudice.

On a final question, only 9% of whites say there are too many minority students in the schools, and 13% say there are too few. Blacks, on the other hand, are somewhat less satisfied with the status quo. Thirty percent of blacks say there are too few minority students in the schools, 15% say too many, and 29% say about the right number.

To find out how many parents would choose a school for their children different from the one they now attend, parents with children in the public schools were asked directly whether or not they would choose to change their children's schools.



The question:

If you could choose your children's schools among many of the public schools in this community, would you choose the ones they now attend or different ones?

	National Totals %
Would choose same as now	68
Different ones	23
Don't know	9

To determine whether parents would be well enough informed to make wise decisions in choosing a school, parents with children in school were asked how much they knew about the advantages and disadvantages of the schools in their community, whether they felt they had enough information to make a wise choice for their children, and, if *not*, how difficult they felt it would be to obtain this information.

Almost a third (31%) said that they knew little or nothing at all about the schools, and 38% claimed that they did not have enough information to make a wise choice. Of the latter group, almost half thought this kind of information would be "very difficult" or "fairly difficult" to obtain.

The first question:

How much would you say you know about the advantages and disadvantages of the different public schools in this community — a great deal, a fair amount, very little, or nothing at all?

	National Totals %
A great deal	19
A fair amount	43
Very little	29
Nothing at all	4
No response	5

The second question:

Suppose you could choose any school in this school district. Do you feel you have enough information about the different public schools in this community to make the best choice for a child, or not?

	National Totals %
Yes, know enough	51
No, don't know enough	39
Don't know	10

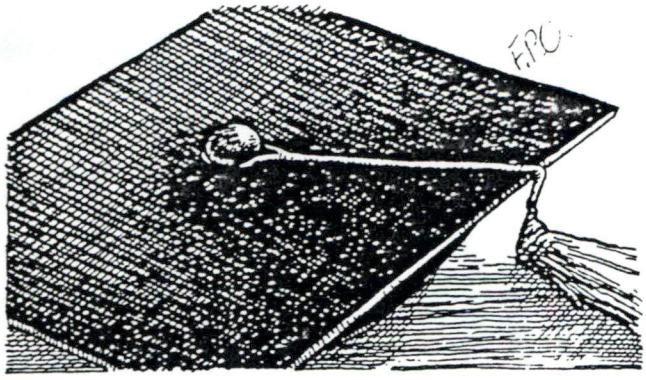
The third question (asked of those who felt they did not have enough information to make the best choice):

How difficult do you think it would be to obtain this kind of information — very difficult, fairly difficult, not too difficult, or not difficult at all?

	National Totals %
Very difficult	8
Fairly difficult	36
Not too difficult	42
Not difficult at all	7
Don't know	7

The above responses of parents hint at some of the problems that might arise if parents were allowed to choose the schools their children attend. For example, it is clear that many people are not sure they have — or even could easily get — the kind of information about schools that would make good choices possible.

Illustrations by Joe Lee



Driver's Licenses and Dropping Out

The second national goal for the year 2000 embraced by the Bush Administration and the nation's governors calls for a dramatic reduction in school dropout rates, so that by the end of the century 90% of all young Americans will be graduating from high school. This goal was considered "very important" by 54% of respondents to this year's poll, although few mentioned dropouts as a major problem in their local public schools.

As every educator knows, there is no single answer to the dropout problem, just as students have no single reason for dropping out. A good strategy will employ many different tactics. One tactic that has caught the attention of legislators in several states is to deny driver's licenses to high school dropouts. As of February 1990, nine states had some form of license suspension for this purpose, including Arkansas, Florida, Indiana, Louisiana, Maine, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. Twenty-five more states were considering legislation for the same purpose. Florida even suspends the licenses of students who have failing grades, and Florida's Dade County had suspended 10,000 licenses only six months into the program.

The general public favors driver's license suspension for dropouts by about a 2-1 margin: 62% in favor, 32% opposed. Support is fairly consistent across population groups; however, three groups that tend to overlap registered milder enthusiasm: blacks, adults who did not complete high school, and persons with incomes under $10,000.

The question:

As a way of keeping students in high school, one state has passed a law that takes away driver's licenses from school dropouts under age 18. Would you favor or oppose such a law in this state?

	National Totals %
Favor	62
Oppose	32
Already have such a law (volunteered)	1
Don't know	5

Children of low-income or ethnic minority parents are more likely than others to drop out of school. Asked to rate eight measures often suggested to help prevent such children from dropping out, poll respondents endorsed all of them, but they particularly favored firmer discipline, remedial classes and services, and preschool programs.

The question:

This card lists some suggestions that have been made for helping low-income and racial or ethnic minority students in school. As I read off each suggestion, one at a time, would you tell me whether you consider it an excellent, good, only fair, or poor way to help low-income and minority students?

Suggestions	Excellent %	Good %	Only Fair %	Poor %	Don't Know %
Firmer discipline	58	27	8	4	3
Special remedial classes and services	52	35	7	2	4
Preschool programs	49	35	8	4	4
Classwork of greater interest and relevance	44	37	10	4	5
Increased school funding	40	31	15	10	4
The chance to choose from a variety of educational programs at their school	36	44	11	5	4
Decisions on school policy made by parents, pupils, and teachers rather than by school district administrators and the school board	32	35	16	11	6
The chance to choose, with their parents, the local schools they attend	25	38	20	13	4

Teacher Pay, Preparation, and Quality

Because differential pay for teachers is being encouraged by the Bush Administration, current poll respondents were asked to judge four bases for differential pay favored by the Administration. They approved two, gave qualified approval to a third, and turned thumbs down on the fourth.

By an overwhelming margin (69% in favor, 24% opposed) people like the idea of extra pay for teaching "particularly effectively." This is no surprise to anyone who has followed these polls. As early as 1970, respondents to the second Gallup education poll were asked whether each teacher should be paid on the basis of the "quality of work" or on a "standard scale." Fifty-eight percent of the respondents chose "quality of work," only 36% chose "standard scale," and 6% were undecided. When the same question was asked in 1983, a slightly larger percentage (61%) chose "quality of work." In that same year, people were also asked whether, because of a shortage of teachers in science, math, and technical/vocational subjects, teachers in those areas should be paid extra. Fifty percent said yes, 35% no. In 1984, 65% of poll respondents favored and 22% opposed the idea of merit pay for teachers. In 1988, 84% of poll respondents favored "an increased pay scale for those teachers who have proved themselves particularly capable." Only 11% opposed it.

In the current poll, 63% of the respondents also approve of extra pay for teaching in "dangerous school environments," the equivalent of battle pay in the military. About half (49%) approve of extra pay for teachers serving as mentors for new teachers, but 39% oppose the idea, and a large 12% didn't respond, perhaps because the concept of mentors is not widely understood.

The Administration-backed policy of providing extra pay for teachers of the "core" subjects — English, math, science, history, and geography — proved unpopular: 53% opposed the idea; 39% favored it.

The question:

Do you favor or oppose extra pay for teaching particularly effectively; for teaching the basic "core" subjects — English, math, science, history, and geography; for teaching in dangerous school environments; and for serving as mentors for new teachers?

	Favor %	Oppose %	Don't Know %
For teaching particularly effectively	69	24	7
For teaching in dangerous environments	63	29	8
For serving as mentors for new teachers	49	39	12
For teaching the core subjects	39	53	8

A 1984 Gallup/Phi Delta Kappa poll showed that the general public rates the value of teachers' services to society just below those of the clergy and medical doctors and ahead of school principals, judges, lawyers, business executives, and bankers. The belief that teachers are underpaid is probably tied to this judgment. In six of these polls people have been asked if they think teacher salaries in their communities are too high, too low, or just about right. In every case, those who said too low outnumbered those who said too high by a wide margin. The widest divergence occurred in 1990, when 5% said that teacher pay was too high, 50% said that it was too low, and 31% said that it was about right.

This year the salary question was put in a new form, but the results are similar.

The question:

Would you favor or oppose raising teacher salaries in the public schools of this community at this time?

	National Totals %	No Children In School %	Public School Parents %	Nonpublic School Parents %
Favor raising salaries now	54	51	59	56
Oppose raising salaries now	32	33	30	34
Don't know or no opinion	14	16	11	10

This year several new questions related to teaching ability were asked. The findings show that the public tends to believe that teaching talent is "inborn" rather than the result of "training" but that education courses are very useful (53%) or fairly useful (35%). At the same time, a minority of people would be willing to hire as teachers (particularly for high schools) talented college graduates who are subject-matter specialists, even if they have had no courses in how to teach. But they would prefer that these specialists demonstrate teaching talent.

The first question:

In your opinion, is the ability to teach or instruct students more the result of natural talent or more the result of college training about how to teach?

	National Totals %
Natural talent	40
College training	25
Both (volunteered)	32
Don't know	3

The second question:

In your opinion, how useful are education courses in training people how to teach or instruct students — very useful, fairly useful, not too useful, or not at all useful?

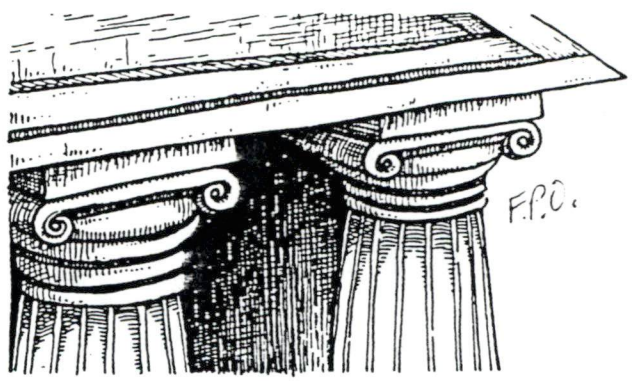
	Very Useful %	Fairly Useful %	Not Too Useful %	Not at All Useful %	Don't Know %
Education courses	53	35	6	1	5

The third question:

Assume that the people on this list have a college degree, received good grades in college, and wish to teach but have taken no courses in how to teach. Which of these people, if any, would you hire to teach in elementary school? Which would you hire to teach in high school?

	Elementary School %	High School %
People with a high degree of expertise or knowledge in a particular academic subject	26	36
"Experts" in certain nonacademic areas, such as business, industry, or technology	16	37
Persons with a high degree of expertise in a particular academic subject who also demonstrate a talent for teaching or instruction	77	68
Don't know	11	9

(Figures add to more than 100% because of multiple answers.)



Control of Schools

Many leaders of school reform are convinced that constructive change in the system will come only when local teachers and principals — and sometimes parents as well — have the freedom to make and implement policy decisions heretofore reserved for school boards and top administrators. Site-based

Illustrations by Joe Lee

management has become one of the foundation stones of the so-called restructuring movement.

The general public seems to share this view. In the current poll, 76% of the respondents favor giving principals and teachers more say in how their local schools are run; 14% oppose the idea. Moreover, the public favors giving policy-making power to councils composed of local principals and teachers, as has been done in Chicago, rather than leaving it with boards and top administrators. On this question the vote is even more lopsided: 79% in favor to 11% opposed.

This distrust of boards and central offices showed up in last year's poll. The public believes that parents should have more say in several policy areas, including the allocation of school funds, the curriculum, selection and hiring of administrators and teachers, teacher and administrator salaries, and selection of textbooks, instructional materials, and books placed in school libraries.

The first question:

In most school districts the school superintendent and school board have more to say about how the local public schools are run than the principals and teachers. Would you favor or oppose giving the principals and teachers more say about how the public schools in this community are run?

	National Totals %
Favor more say for principals and teachers	76
Oppose more say for principals and teachers	14
No opinion	10

The second question:

In most school districts, policy decisions and changes are made by the school board and its administrative staff. In a few districts, however, some of these decisions are made by councils composed of local public school teachers, principals, and parents. Which way would you prefer to have policy decisions made in the schools in this community — by the school board and its administrative staff or by a council of teachers, principals, and parents?

	National Totals %
Decisions by council of teachers, etc.	79
Decisions by school board, etc.	11
No opinion	10

School Finance

There are now 10 states in which the state's highest court has found the school finance system unconstitutional because of great disparities among school districts in per-pupil expenditures for education. (Most state constitutions "guarantee" equal educational opportunity for children.) The 10 offending states are, in chronological order of rulings, California (1971), New Jersey (1973 and 1991), Connecticut (1977), Washington (1978), Wyoming (1980), West Virginia (1982), Arkansas (1983), Kentucky (1989), Montana (1989), and Texas (1989). In another 14 states (including four — Idaho, Michigan, Oklahoma, and Oregon — in which challenged systems have been upheld in prior years), the school finance system is currently under court challenge. The other 10 states facing such challenges are Alabama, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, North Dakota, Rhode Island, and Tennessee.*

As long ago as 1974 the Education Commission of the States (ECS) proposed an equal opportunity amendment to the U.S. Constitution, to do for the nation what the celebrated *Serrano* decision was expected to do for California, i.e., equalize per-pupil expenditures among school districts. In that same year the Gallup education poll found that the public favored such an amendment to the U.S. Constitution by a 3-1 margin. Nothing came of the ECS proposal.

The current poll reveals continued strong public support for more equality in per-pupil expenditures for education and for more court action to equalize expenditures.

The first question:

Do you think that the amount of money allocated to public education in this state from all sources should or should not be the same for all students, regardless of whether they live in wealthy or poor school districts?

	National Totals %	No Children In School %	Public School Parents %	Nonpublic School Parents %
Should be the same	80	78	84	75
Should not be the same	13	14	12	14
Don't know	7	8	4	11

The second question:

Suppose it were determined that certain districts in this state were spending a smaller amount of money per student than other districts. Would you favor or oppose court action to equalize expenditures per student?

	National Totals %	No Children In School %	Public School Parents %	Nonpublic School Parents %
Favor	62	61	62	59
Oppose	24	24	26	29
Don't know	14	15	12	12

The support for equal funding expressed in responses to both of these questions came in equal proportions from all demographic groups and all regions of the country.

Consistent with their approval of shifting decision-making authority to the people closest to the children being educated, poll respondents believe that local authorities — not federal agencies — should determine how federal education funds are spent.

The question:

*Finance systems have been upheld in Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, Georgia, Maryland, New York, Ohio, and Wisconsin, in addition to Idaho, Michigan, Oklahoma, and Oregon. Source: "Education Finance in the 1990s," Education Commission of the States, November 1990.

When federal agencies appropriate money, they usually require the schools that receive this money to spend it as these agencies direct. Should, or should not, this be changed to give local authorities more say in how the money is to be spent?

	National Totals %	No Children In School %	Public School Parents %	Nonpublic School Parents %
Should	72	71	74	65
Should not	16	16	17	28
Don't know	12	13	9	7

Again, there were no significant differences among demographic groups on this question of local control. For example, 71% of Republicans support it, as do 74% of Democrats.

Tight Budgets, Tough Choices

Nearly every state in the union faced recession-related budgetary problems this year, and teachers were furloughed by the thousands in those states where the pinch was the greatest. People appear to have very definite opinions about strategies for dealing with budget deficits. Their responses to questions offering possibilities both for saving money and for raising money are remarkably discriminating.

Educators should be reassured by the strong opposition (78%) to reductions in teaching staff. Administrators should ponder the strong support (73%) for reductions of administrative staff.*

Surprisingly, in view of America's well-known resistance to new taxes, the public as a whole favors (55% to 40%) a 1% state sales tax dedicated specifically to financing schools. By a smaller margin (50% to 44%), the public also approves of a state income tax of one-half of 1%, earmarked for the same purpose. Public school parents in particular favor these measures, but support is fairly consistent across population groups.

The first question:

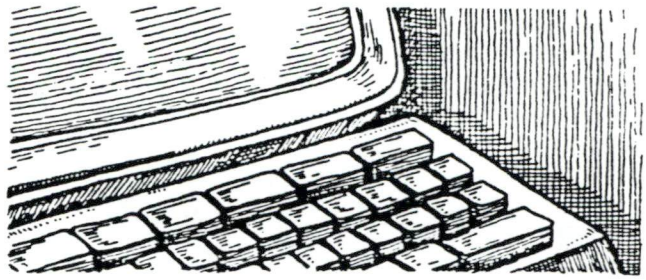
As you are probably aware, many states are having severe budgetary problems. If it becomes necessary to reduce spending for education in this state, would you favor or oppose the following measures in the public schools of this community?

	Favor %	Oppose %	Don't Know %
Elimination of all extracurricular activities	32	62	6
A freeze on all salaries	47	46	7
Reduction in the number of teachers	15	78	7
Reduction in the number of administrators	73	19	8
Reduction in the number of support staff members (e.g., janitors, secretaries, nurses, and counselors)	47	45	8
Increases in class size	21	72	7
Elimination of certain courses	54	34	12

The second question:

Now, to raise money for education in this state, would you favor or oppose the following measures in the public schools of this community?

	Favor %	Oppose %	Don't Know %
Charging user fees for all extracurricular activities (e.g., sports, music groups, drama, special interest clubs)	49	44	7
A 1% state sales tax dedicated specifically to the public schools	55	40	5
A one-half of 1% state income tax dedicated to the public schools	50	44	6
Establishment of local education foundations to attract financial support from private companies and individuals	74	17	9



Knowledge of, Interest in, and Connections with the Schools

The final series of questions in the survey pertained to the American public's knowledge of, interest in, and connections with the local schools. The 1991 findings show some increase in levels of knowledge, interest, and participation since previous surveys. More significant for educators, however, is the fact that the more people know about their schools, the more likely they are to support and defend them. Correspondingly, the more interest people have in the schools and the more they participate in school-related activities, the more likely they are to support and defend the schools.

The first question:

How much do you know about the local public schools — quite a lot, some, or very little?

	National Totals		
	1991 %	1983 %	1969 %
Quite a lot	22	22	18
Some	47	42	40
Very little	30	29	42
Don't know	1	7	*

*Less than one-half of 1%.

*In "Editor's Notes" for May 1991, Henry Muller, managing editor of *Time* magazine, quoted former Labor Secretary William Brock as saying, "There are more school administrators in New York State alone than in all 12 countries of the European Community. And the E.C. has a population of 320 million, vs. 18 million in the Empire State." Muller added that "only 38-41 cents out of every dollar actually gets to the classroom. The rest is eaten up along the way." Muller did not give a source for these obviously suspect figures or explain them further.

Illustration by Joe Lee

The second question:

How much interest do you have in what is going on in the local public schools — quite a lot, some, very little, or none at all?

	National Totals %	No Children In School %	Public School Parents %	Nonpublic School Parents %
Quite a lot	38	27	63	51
Some	38	40	33	31
Very little	17	23	3	14
None at all	7	9	1	4
Don't know	*	1	*	*

*Less than one half of 1%.

The third question:

Since September, which of the following, if any, have you yourself done?

	National Totals 1991 %	1983 %
Attended a local public school athletic event	30	25
Attended a school play or concert in any local public school	30	24
Met with any teachers or administrators in the local public schools about your own child	27	21
Attended any meeting dealing with the local public schools	16	10
Attended a PTA meeting	14	14
Attended a school board meeting	7	8
Written a letter to the school board, newspaper, or any organization about the local public schools	6	4
None of the above	49	43
Don't know	2	4

(Figures add to more than 100% because of multiple answers.)

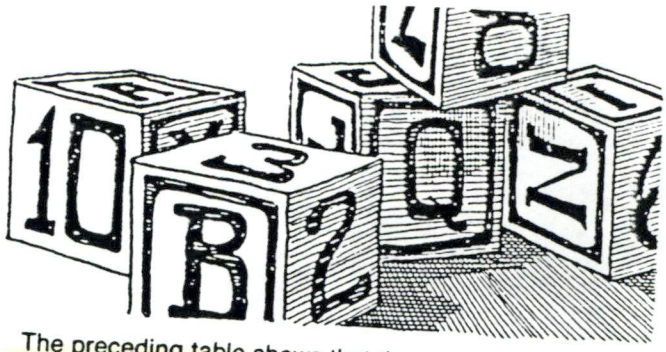
Grading the Public Schools

This year poll respondents were asked to assign seven sets of grades, which are summarized in the tables below. The first question:

Students are often given the grades A, B, C, D, and FAIL to denote the quality of their work. Suppose the *public* schools themselves, in this community, were graded in the same way. What grade would you give the public schools here — A, B, C, D, or FAIL?

Ratings Given the Local Public Schools

	1991 %	1990 %	1989 %	1988 %	1987 %	1986 %	1985 %	1984 %	1983 %	1982 %	1981 %
A & B	42	41	43	40	43	41	43	42	31	37	36
A	10	8	8	9	12	11	9	10	6	8	9
B	32	33	35	31	31	30	34	32	25	29	27
C	33	34	33	34	30	28	30	35	32	33	34
D	10	12	11	10	9	11	10	11	13	14	13
FAIL	5	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	7	5	7
Don't know	10	8	9	12	14	15	13	8	17	11	10



The preceding table shows that the public's ratings of its local public schools have remained basically stable since 1984. This followed a low point in 1983, when the poll was conducted shortly after the appearance of *A Nation at Risk*.

Other grades assigned by poll respondents this year are summarized in the table below.

	Grades Assigned A&B %	A %	B %	C %	D %	F %	Don't Know %
By National Sample							
Public schools nationally	21	2	19	47	13	5	14
Public schools in this community	42	10	32	33	10	5	10
Public school teachers in this community	53	16	37	27	6	3	11
Public school principals and other administrators in this community	43	13	30	28	11	5	13
Public *elementary* school teachers in this community	57	19	38	22	5	2	14
Public elementary school principals and other administrators in this community	47	15	32	25	8	3	17
Public *high school* teachers in this community	40	10	30	28	9	4	19
High school principals and other administrators in this community	37	10	27	26	11	5	21
The school board in this community	30	8	22	30	12	8	20
Parents of students in the local schools for bringing up their children	30	5	25	37	16	7	10
By Public School Parents Only							
The school your oldest child attends	73	29	44	21	2	4	*
Teachers in the school your oldest child attends	72	31	41	21	4	2	1
Principals/administrators in the school your oldest child attends	61	29	32	24	6	4	5

*Less than one-half of 1%.

The most striking aspects of the tables above are: 1) the disparity between the grades people give their local schools (42% A or B) and the grades they give the nation's schools (21% A or B) and 2) the enormous confidence expressed by parents in the schools their oldest children attend (73% A or B) and in the teachers in those schools (72% A or B). The most plausible explanation for these disparities is that the more *firsthand knowledge* one has about the public schools, the more favorable one's perception of them. In short, familiarity with the public schools breeds respect.

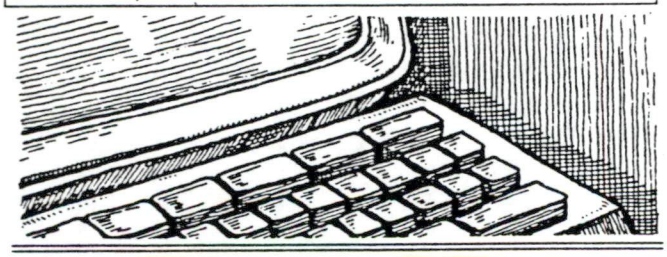
Dissatisfied Groups

At least two population groups in America are highly critical of the public schools and favor radical changes in them. This finding derives from an analysis of the responses of the 59 subgroups for which the Gallup Organization provided data this year.

The two most disaffected groups are blacks and inner-city dwellers. Obviously, these groups overlap considerably; even so, they make up a sizable fraction of the total poll sample. A third group, persons between the ages of 18 and 29, also differs from the national sample on several crucial questions.

The table below shows how the responses of these groups differ from the national average on 10 questions that provide a measure of disaffection and desire for change.

	National Sample (N = 1,500) %	Blacks (N = 171) %	Inner-City Dwellers (N = 462) %	18- to 29-Year-Olds (N = 289) %
Give high grades (A or B) to local public schools	42	28	27	37
Give A or B grade to local public school teachers	53	40	39	50
Give A or B grade to local school board	30	21	17	28
Believe standardized national tests would show local students below average	25	39	40	28
Favor preschool programs at public expense	55	72	61	70
Favor a voucher system	50	57	57	60
Favor parental choice of any public school	62	70	70	71
Favor choice of private school at public expense	26	41	33	28



Biggest Problems Facing Local Public Schools in 1991

For the first time, drug use, lack of discipline, and lack of school funding are virtually tied as the most frequently mentioned problem with which the local public schools must deal. This reflects a combination of a precipitous drop in the percentage mentioning drug use (from a high point of 38% in 1990 to 22% this year) and an increase in the percentage mentioning lack of proper financial support. The latter response rose from 13% in 1990 to 19% in 1991.

	Percent Mentioning the Problem									
	1991	1990	1989	1988	1987	1986	1985	1984	1983	1982
Use of drugs	22	38	34	32	30	28	18	18	18	20*
Lack of proper discipline	20	19	19	19	22	24	25	27	25	27

*Ranked third, below lack of proper financial support (22%).

The drug problem was mentioned most often by nonwhites (29%). People with no children in school, who make up two-thirds of the survey sample, mentioned drugs as a public school problem more frequently (24%) than did public school parents (17%).

It seems significant that in the following population groups lack of financial support was number one among all the concerns mentioned: persons who have attended college; professionals and businesspeople; and public school parents, particularly those with a college education and those with children who receive above-average grades in school.

The question:

What do you think are the biggest problems with which the public schools in this community must deal?

	National Totals %	No Children In School %	Public School Parents %	Nonpublic School Parents %
Use of drugs	22	24	17	13
Lack of discipline	20	20	18	31
Lack of proper financial support	18	15	26	11
Difficulty in getting good teachers	11	11	11	6
Poor curriculum/poor standards	10	11	8	15
Large schools/ overcrowding	9	8	11	7
Parents' lack of interest	7	7	8	10
Pupils' lack of interest/ truancy	5	6	5	*
Integration/busing	5	4	5	10
Low teacher pay	4	5	3	*
Fighting/violence/gangs	3	4	4	1
Lack of family structure	3	3	4	8
Lack of needed teachers	3	3	4	3
Moral standards	3	3	1	5
Lack of dedicated teachers	3	3	2	4
Drinking/alcoholism	2	2	3	*
Dropouts	2	2	3	1
Lack of attention to/understanding of students	2	2	2	3
Teachers' lack of interest	2	2	2	*
Crime/vandalism	2	2	2	2
School not interesting for students	2	1	3	*
Lack of respect for teachers/other students	2	1	3	4
There are no problems	1	1	2	1
Miscellaneous	21	21	27	32
Don't know	8	10	5	10

*Less than one-half of 1%.

Illustrations by Joe Lee

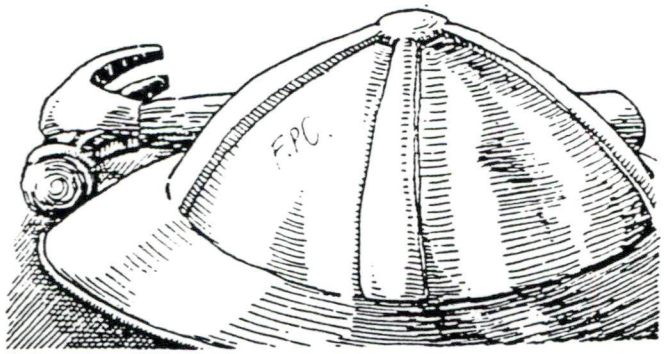
Views on Discipline

The public is thoroughly consistent in its perceptions that 1) students in the public schools of the U.S. lack discipline and 2) improved discipline is the answer to many of the schools' problems.

In the 1991 poll the general public ranked discipline second among the biggest problems with which public schools in their communities must deal, gave a disciplined environment (free of drugs and violence) the number-one ranking among the six national goals, ranked maintenance of student discipline second among factors important to parents in choosing a public school for their child, and rated firmer discipline first among suggestions for helping low-income and racial or ethnic minority students succeed in school.

These perceptions clash with the opinions of teachers, who usually perceive discipline problems to be much less serious than parents' lack of interest and support, lack of proper financial support, and pupils' lack of interest and truancy as major problems.* Either the public has been misled, or the teachers are mistaken. Wherever the truth lies, this discrepancy in perceptions is a cause for serious concern.

*See Stanley Elam, *The Second Gallup/Phi Delta Kappa Survey of Public School Teacher Opinion: Portrait of a Beleaguered Profession* (Bloomington, Ind.: Phi Delta Kappa, 1989), p. 13.



Research Procedure

The Sample. The sample used in this survey embraced a total of 1,500 adults (18 years of age and older). It is described as a modified probability sample of the nation. Personal, in-home interviewing was conducted in all areas of the nation and in all types of communities.

Time of Interviewing. The fieldwork for this study was carried out during the period of 3-17 May 1991.

The Report. In the tables used in this report, "Nonpublic School Parents" includes parents of students who attend parochial schools and parents of students who attend private or independent schools.

Due allowance must be made for statistical variation, especially in the case of findings for groups consisting of relatively few respondents, e.g., nonpublic school parents.

The findings of this report apply only to the U.S. as a whole and not to individual communities. Local surveys, using the same questions, can be conducted to determine how local areas compare with the national norm.

Composition of the Sample

	%
Adults	
No children in school	58
Public school parents	29*
Nonpublic school parents	5*
Sex	
Men	48
Women	52
Race	
White	86
Nonwhite	14
Age	
18-29 years	24
30-49 years	39
50 and over	37
Occupation (Chief Wage Earner)	
Business and professional	30
Clerical and sales	6
Manual labor	39
Nonlabor force	17
Occupation (Chief Wage Earner)	
Farm	2
Undesignated	6
Income	
$40,000 and over	30
$30,000-$39,999	16
$20,000-$29,999	16
$10,000-$19,999	21
Under $10,000	11
Undesignated	6
Region	
East	25
Midwest	24
South	31
West	20
Community Size	
1 million and over	37
500,000-999,999	11
50,000-499,999	15
2,500-49,999	10
Under 2,500	27
Education	
College	46
High school	48
Grade school	6

*Total exceeds 32% because some parents have children attending more than one kind of school.

How to Order the Poll

The minimum order for reprints of the published version of the Gallup/Phi Delta Kappa education poll is 25 copies for $10. Additional copies are 25 cents each. This price includes postage for parcel post delivery. Where possible, enclose a check or money order. (If faster delivery is desired, do not include a remittance with your order. You will be billed at the above rates plus any additional cost involved in the method of delivery.) Send orders to Gallup Poll, Phi Delta Kappa, P.O. Box 789, Bloomington, IN 47402-0789. Ph. 812/339-1156.

Persons who wish to order the 649-page document that is the basis for this report should write to Sarah Van Allen at the Gallup Organization, 47 Hulfish St., Suite 200, Princeton, NJ 08542 or phone 609/924-9600. The price is $95 per copy, postage included. Besides complete demographic breakdowns of responses to all questions asked this year, that document contains answers to several questions bearing on race and ethnicity.

Acknowledgments

A panel of 15 distinguished educators and others interested in education helped frame the questions used in the 1991 Gallup/Phi Delta Kappa education poll. We wish to acknowledge their generous help.

Panelists were Harmon A. Baldwin, superintendent (retired), Monroe County (Ind.) Community School Corporation and member, MCCSC Board of Education; Robert W. Cole, Vice President, Center for Leadership in School Reform, and former editor of the *Phi Delta Kappan*; Larry Cuban, professor and associate dean, School of Education, Stanford University; H. Dean Evans, superintendent of public instruction, State of Indiana; Mary H. Futrell, past president, National Education Association, and senior fellow and associate director, George Washington University Center for the Study of Education and National Development; Bill Honig, superintendent of public instruction, State of California; Chris Pipho, director, Information Clearinghouse, Education Commission of the States; Carol O'Connell, education consultant and president, Phi Delta Kappa; Mary Anne Raywid, professor of education, Hofstra University; Joseph J. Scherer, executive director, National School Public Relations Association; Jo Seker, director, Concerned Educators Against Forced Unionism; Kenneth A. Sirotnik, professor and chair, Policy, Governance, and Administration, College of Education, University of Washington; Benjamin D. Stickney, director of program development, Board of Cooperative Educational Services, Colorado Springs; Donald R. Stoll, executive director, Educational Press Association of America; and Perry A. Zirkel, University Professor of Education and Law, Lehigh University. — SME

Illustration by Joe Lee