


RATTLESNAKE GUTTER TRUST

THE

RATTLER



POETS' CORNER

Nature

The sweet smell of freshly cut grass.
The sound of the birds singing and the lake
glistens in the sunlight.
The waterfall in the distance sounds like
the wind.
The air is sweet like spices.
I love taking long walks in the woods and
listening to the leaves crackle.
I LOVE NATURE.

by Hannah Scott

Water Trickles, Water Flows

Water trickles.
Water flows.
Water goes
Right through my toes.
Water moves,
The rocks have grooves.
The rocks are not dry.
Or I am not sly.
Water trickles,
Water flows,
Water goes
Right through my toes.

by Andrew Oedel

In Leverett

Swaying trees,
Rocky rocks,
A waterfall here and there,
In Leverett.
Swishing rivers,
One small school,
Plentiful trees that occur more
often than street corners like
in the city;
In Leverett.
Things you could not,
Would not find in the city are
often sighted
In Leverett.

by Zoe Hersh

Nature

Nature is like gold
because it is so old
And how much of
Nature you love
and like to see doves
in the wilderness

by Tawnee Jarvis

Spring: Overlooked and Looked Over

Not quite as brutally cold as winter, yet not as wickedly hot as summer, spring seems to fall somewhere in between. Basically, it's mild, calm, neutral. No extremes, just peace and quiet. It can also be busy and noisy, full of animals awakening from hibernation and birds returning from the south. Because of this, spring seems either to be ignored or exaggerated.

In terms of being overlooked, many see it not as an independent season but more of an intermission between two others. If you think about it, that's quite a legitimate case. After all, the common seasonal clothing seems to be pants and T-shirts. Pants seem to be but an echo of colder times and T-shirts are a hopeful look to the warmer months ahead. Spring also seems to fly by quickly, leaving many to wonder as they lounge in their beach chairs where March, April, and May went. There are no blizzards or droughts, freezing or boiling temperatures. Spring is just in the middle, nothing that special, waiting until summer comes along. Summer, the season many look forward to. The season of vacations and tans, beaches and hammocks, ice cream and barbecues. No wonder spring is disregarded. People are so busy thinking about summer that they don't stop to smell the flowers.

Spring is also greatly exaggerated. There are sales and clearances, stupid little signs on store win-

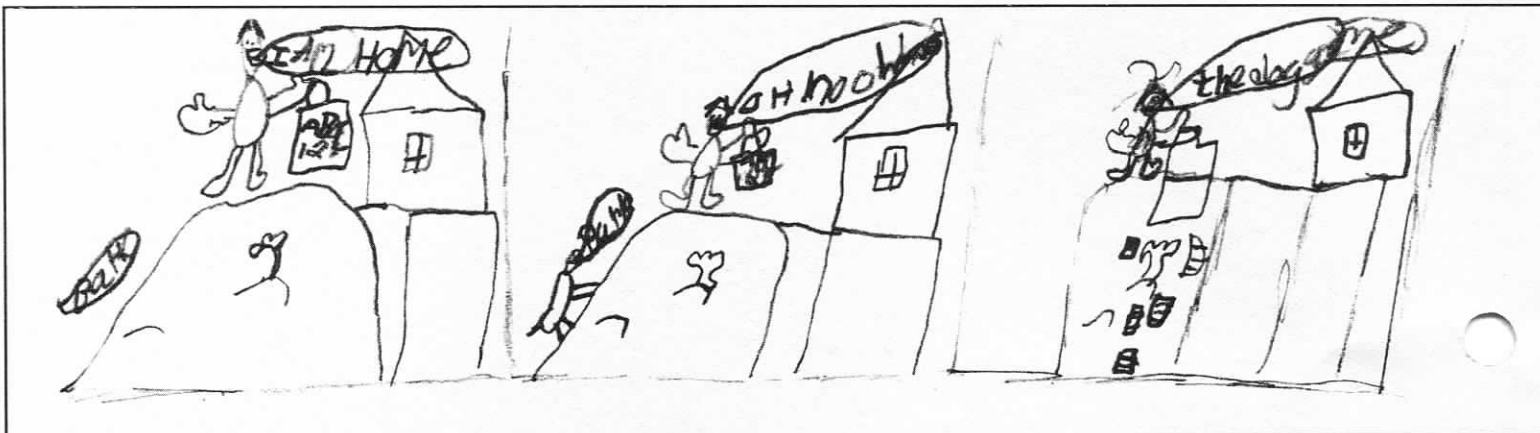
dows and nature enthusiasts who want to spend all their time in "The Great Outdoors". I've seen many of my friends (no names mentioned) shriek at the sight of a robin, or deer or other cute-little-fuzzy animal. Call me cold-hearted, but personally I think that it's just another case of a generation that has spent too much time indoors during winter. Many people hate winter, especially grown-ups, especially parents. Even the weather announcer on TV seems glum to forecast the first snowfall. I will admit that since shoveling the driveway always happens to fall on my shoulders, winter can be quite a pain. On the lighter side of this chilly season, many forget the beauty of snowflakes tumbling down from wondrous heights and see it instead as more car accidents and road hazards. They see dripping, crystal icicles not as the sculptures they are but as more ice damage to their roof. And they see blizzards, those times of excitement and adventure, as power outages and freezing pipes.

My conclusion is thus, spring needs to be appreciated and neglected in order to fit in with the other three seasons. Spring is full of opposites, it's noisy and quiet, dull and bright, warm and cool, looked forward to and ignored. So on a delicate and interesting subject such as this, there can be no right or wrong opinions. Although we all know that since autumn is so much better than summer, spring and winter combined, there really isn't any argument about it.

—Ravenna D. Wilson

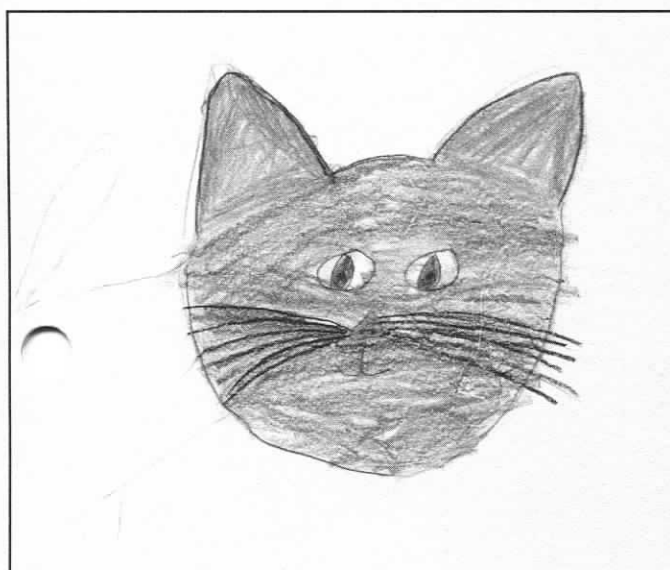
THE HOLESERS

by Andrew Jablonski





Amanda Dearborn



Avery Tiner



Elyza A. Moore



Elizabeth Asche

Mystery Horse

Gliding with each step
 Fighting
 Fighting the wind
 Thunder as your music
 Lighting up the way
 You hold inside you
 A deep secret
 That your whinny
 Reveals
 That I
 Cannot tell

by Sarah H. Lukens

Mountain Biking in Leverett

I was born in Leverett and have lived here all my life. However, I played all my sports in Amherst and I never really thought of my town as a source of recreational activity. That is, not until three years ago, when I discovered the thrill and exhilaration of mountain biking. Finally, something that was both fun and challenging could be done close to home.

The best part about mountain biking in Leverett is the diversity of the terrain. The section of the Metacomet-Monadnock Trail that runs through North Leverett offers some rocky, fairly technical riding, as does the Robert Frost Trail that runs from the southern end of town through Mt. Toby State Forest. Also in the Mt. Toby State Forest is the Mt. Toby fire trail that sports an adrenaline-rushing downhill over a mile long. The numerous abandoned logging trails in Leverett offer a muddy but softer alternative to the

aforementioned trails. These logging trails can be found all over Leverett (off Route 63, Montague Road, North Leverett Road, Dudleyville Road and others), and these are great for someone who is starting out.

As a high school freshman I sometimes find it hard to find time to do all the things I want to do, especially during hockey and baseball seasons, but I always seem to make time to go for a ride. So, if you're looking for something to do, or a great way to get/stay in shape, stop in at one of the local bike shops (Valley Bikes and Bicycle World in Amherst both offer entry-level bikes) and hit the trails.

If you're new in town or wondering about getting started, pick up a trail map at a local sporting goods store such as the Drop Zone or EMS.

See you on the trails!

—Ethan Schmid
LES Alumnus

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I	L	U	U	L	M	L	T	U	A	K	B	N

bush	berry	MOSS	Grass
Tress	animates	Sea	Leaves
Rock	collets	birds	flowers
MOSS		Garden	

Across Down

PUZZLE

by Hannah Moushabeck



Kaela Dougan