

# Rhapsody

"A Potpourri of the Arts"

## "The Spiderman of Silkox Hut"

Ever wonder why there aren't any flies on Mt. Hood? There is a spider, larger than three men who lives on the top. Every morning, before sunrise, the spider weaves a giant web and catches all the flies who try to fly over the mountain. There is a man who lives in Silkox hut, an old abandoned building above the lodge. He sits and peeps at the spider with a telescope through the hole in the chimney. When he sees that the spider has had his fill of flies and has left for the day to go fishing on Trillium Lake, the man from Silkox hut takes the chairlift as far as it goes and trudges the rest of the way to the top to gather the web. He does this every single day, so each morning the spider has to weave a brand new web. The web stealer takes the web back to the hut and weaves silk ski suits which he sells to rich skiers at Timberline Lodge. These rich skiers tell their friends. Timberline is the only place in the world where ski suits of this quality can be bought. They are a very coveted item. With all those webs hanging inside the hut, in the process of being made into silk suits, it is creepy. Someone scratched a sign on the door— "Danger -Enter at your own risk." The place is really harmless, unless of course, you are a fly.

by Lorraine Oetting

## "Please Mommy"

One more house to trick or treat.

We haven't reached the end of the street.

Rain and wind? We didn't care.

If one bag filled, we carried spares.

Monsters didn't scare us none. We would kick monsters just for fun.

Since mommy was scared of monsters at night,

She always followed just in sight.

Mommy was so happy to see Halloween end. I didn't know why.

It wouldn't be back for a whole year again.

by Julia Singer

## "Defeated by Her Dreams"

Dedicated to my Mother

I had my dreams.  
I mean everyone is allowed to have their dreams,  
And at first my dreams seemed so small.  
I wanted to raise my four children.  
I wanted them to be happy,  
And I had a formula for their happiness.  
I was apprehensive when I found out a fifth child was coming.  
But my husband was excited,  
And after a couple of days, so was I.  
Another child for me to mold into an intelligent,  
Well rounded Christian adult.  
My formula was very simple;  
My children would go to church and Sunday school,  
I would give them dance lessons,  
They would take piano lessons,  
They would join Scouts,  
They would participate in sports,  
They would go to school and onto college.  
I would be there to help them,  
To ask them about Sunday school,  
And answer questions about God,  
To tell them to point their toes and smile,  
To count time and applaud,  
While they played Aunt Rhodie,  
To help with projects, and bake cakes for their Den's bake sale.  
To help them with school work, To cheer when they made a basket, or got a hit  
And reward them with an after game coke,  
And give loans for college,  
And most of all to love them.  
I relished each accomplishment,  
But I was torn by the failures.  
You see I had made one mistake;  
I taught my children to ask questions,  
And I didn't always have the answer.  
Don't get me wrong, I'm still proud of them.  
These five adults who are my children.  
I still support them, and I still love them,  
And chastise them.  
It's not their fault I failed.

by Tom Golden

"A Literary Supplement to The Print"

