

Unicorns

By Floretta Neal
Running free in the cool wind
In time trodding by looking for a
dreamless friend

You must have a dream inside For the Unicom represents all the dreams of pride

A white horse-like animal with his glowing horn in top They disappeared from earth centuries ago, but their dreams have never stopped

Some say they never existed, they never were about

But the mention of them in the Bible leaves me in no doubt

For my interest in the Unicorn keeps my heart a glow Believing in them keeps my dreams at flow

Just imagine them playing so gracefully I see my future dreams will always be

When you see a glowing horn Believe in your dreamin' Unicorn

Somewhere in the greenes pasture The Unicorn will appear in the hereafter

That Beautiful Unicorn
Will get you through the roughest storm

Hold on to your dreams
Make them happen just like the
Unicorn you never seen
Anything is possible

Vidoits

By Keith E. Brantley (Izulu Poets) Salutations, computer babies, from your electric God. We have spared the rod and surely spoiled the child. Outlets to their minds are running wild. Giggabytes to megabytes, no one reads or writes; Symbols represent mental structure. Society suffers the rupture leaving mental gaps for virtual reality and thinking caps, games interactive cartoon heroes attractive send children on mental goose chases. The body sits while the mind races. Fantasy after fantasy, on-line humanity automated without exemption. No chance for mental redemption until electric God pulls the plug; Then sudden withdrawals from electric drugs.

The School System Today

Off-line computer babies.

By Shirley Christian
Try as I may to keep my children in school,
This system we've got today was
designed by a fool.
I pay hard earned tax dollars, just to betold,
Your kid is on RPC, his education is on hold.

So off to school I go to see the dean,
This disciplinarian certainly is not keen,
he shoves a piece of paper in my face that
he expects me to sign,

If in error my child needs correcting, not me, Is he out of his mind?

Dean, you should have the answers, you have

the damn degree!

But when there's a problem that requires disciplinary action, who do you call? Me!

NOTE: There may be some school administrative offices that could be eliminated to make room for

more teachers.

'I HAVE A DREAM' POETRY CONTEST

Celebrate Black Poetry Day with our Poetry Contest for children, grades K-5. Submit one original poem per child, 20 lines or less, typed or neatly written by the deadline, November 20. The theme is "I Have A Dream," which may include freedom, civil rights, justice, brotherhood, or Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Two winners per grade level will be selected. The Poetry will be published in a pamphlet and given out on Dr. King's birthday, January 15, 1995.

Winners will be notified at the conclusion of the 1994 Children's Book Week.

SEND US
YOUR
POETRY
CONTRIBUTIONS
LAS VEGAS
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1201 EASTERN AVE.

AS VEGAS, NV 89104

AFRICAN-AMERICAN HISTORY SHIRLEY ST. HILL CHISOLI

By Gwen Walker

Shirley Chisolm was born Nov. 30th, 1924 in Brooklyn, N.Y. Her early childhood was spent in Barbados, W.I. with her grandmother until the age of 9. She was educated at Brooklyn College, earning a B.A. degree with Cum Laude honors. She went on to earn a master's degree in Education from Columbia University.

GWEN WALKER

She gained the reputation as a specialist in child care and welfare.

Ms. Chisolm's political career began in 1964 when she was elected to the N.Y. State Assembly. In 1968, she was then elected to the U.S. Congress where she was the first Black woman ever elected. She then became the first woman to serve on the powerful Rules Committee. Ms. Chisolm retired from

Congress in 1982 and in May, 1983 received an Honorary "Doctor of Laws" degree from Howard University.

Shirley Chisolm has been one of the most influential black women in America who has been a fighter for human rights.

Read more about her at the West Las Vegas Library, Native Son Bookstore or Read the Book Bookstore.

