THE

Curry

COURIER

Volume 10 - August 1997



The adventure continues... *The Knights of the Square Table* - 7 page blowout!

NEWS FROM THE CURRIES IN THIS ISSUE!

ALSO.....

NEW SECTION - COMEDY CENTRAL!

DETAILS INSIDE!!!

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Editor's Page

Information you should know

Hello, Curries out there in Curryland and all our other subscribers. Our new section, ***Comedy Central***, will keep you up to date on all the hazardous waste news plus much more! That section will be experimental for this month. Please send us your opinion on this matter. This issue is somewhat different in its makeup. One big plus is that we were able to bring you **seven pages** of *The Knights of the Square Table.* Also special to this issue is *News From the Curries*. We hope we receive more *News From the Curries* so that we can make this section a permanent part of the magazine. The downside is that there is a shortage of stories by Christopher Sokolowski, because of the end of the school year. To counter this trend, **we need your stories,** especially *The Secret of Fdol* by Michael Curry. Two of our subscribers were very interested in that story and asked me why it was discontinued. We also need announcements, letters, and just about anything you want to send in. This is especially important for the Spetember issue, in which we will have **no stories by Christopher Sokolowski!** Also, a big thank you to **Michael Curry**, who sent us *A Game To Remember,* which has been published on page 15. Enjoy this issue of *The Curry Courier*!

Acknowledgements

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**All letters and stories for that issue must be received no later than Tuesday, August 19, 1997.

Neighborhood News

August 1997

UPDATE ON HOUSE ASSESSMENT APPEALS

Over the past few months, Henry Sokolowski and Ray Johnston have been working hard to get their house assessments lowered.

Henry first protested the informal way, and was not pleased with the results. As a result, he has decided to protest the formal way on Wednesday, August 6, at the Montgomery County Court House. Henry believes that his house assessment was unfair and should be lowered. In his most recent letter, he says, "Two of the houses I was compared to were located next to the Huntingdon Valley Country Club, a more desirable area. I, on the other hand, am located next to the Pennsylvania Turnpike." Henry also believes that he has a good argument, and his assessment will be lowered somewhat.

Ray Johnston took the same road as Henry, first protesting the informal way, and now the formal way. Ray filed his formal protest at the last minute, on July 23, which was the last day for filing appeals, so we don't know how his appeal turned out.

The results of the hearings will be conveyed to you in the September issue of *The Curry Courier.*

DROUGHT CAUSES HAVOC ON PLANTS ANDGRASS

The drought has been affecting everybody, especially the plants.

It was obvious that the grass was suffering. Out of all the yards in the neighborhood, first place for dead grass went to the Hoffmans. A close second was held by the Sokolowskis, whose new grass around their kitchen addition burned down to dirt, despite some watering. Even the yellow grass did not survive! However, most lawns in the neighborhood were sadly yellow for the duration of the drought.

Another problem during the drought was the death of several large trees. All over the area, the tops of trees without leaves could be seen. The Sokolowskis lost five flowers, one new small Hinoki Cypress by their front door, and about one million blades of grass. When asked for a comment, Henry Sokolowski said, "I already gave up on the grass. It's just too dry. I have to water my landscaping and garden instead."

Scott Curry, proud owner of 820 Hidden Forest Drive, is also having problems with his yard. Long known as the "King of Grass", the recent dry weather is causing havoc on both the yard and Mr. Curry's mind. His wife, Susan Curry, refuses to touch a sprinkler, so Mr. Curry must continue to slave and rotate the sprinkler heads.

OTHER NEWS TIDBITS

News these summer months is slow, but here are some things we found:

-The game of Freedom, which was reported on in past months, has not been played since. A yearly trend shows that Freedom games rise in late August until early October. Only

time will tell if this will hold true.

-The Sokolowskis' birthday party and **Independence Day picnic** were enjoyed by all. Thank you to all the people who helped out at these parties.

Lost and Found

LOST CHICKENS CAUSE PROBLEMS

Two houses in our neighborhood are becoming annoyed because of chickens that wander away from their owners' supervision. It is suspected that the chickens belong to Einar Rorvick, the owner of the property behind the Pioneer side of Butternut Drive. They usually crawl under or walk around the fence near the Sokolowskis' house (the corner house) and then are loose to wreak havoc on the neighborhood.

Jean Sokolowski, long time gardener and flower grower, reports that the chickens are decreasing her crop output for the year because they eat tiny peppers off the plants before they can grow big. "Those things...," she says, "They ate off my little peppers!"

Bob Altimari, owner of the house adjacent to the Sokolowskis', reports that the chickens have a taste for flowers in their backyard. It was once thought that the chickens would perish from eating weed killer that was spread on Bob's lawn a few weeks ago, but the chickens have made up their own mind.

Going to the Dogz

HOFFMANS PURCHASE DOGHOUSE FOR KLAUS



Klaus, the Hoffmans' dog, recently moved into a new doghouse. This comes as a response to the dog eating the insulation out from under a hot tub the Hoffmans put in. The doghouse is located in front of the pool so Klaus cannot go under and possibly injure himself.

Also, Klaus has grown rapidly. This intimidates some people. One time, when Christopher Sokolowski was proceeding to go in Tony's pool on a hot summer day, the dog began to run at top speed towards him. Fortunately, he was out of range of Klaus's leash. During a recent interview, he said, "I was extremely scared. I HAD to get away!"

Tony Hoffman, one of the owners of the dog, bluntly denies these accusations. "My dog doesn't bite people!" he said. Jean Sokolowski, reported in former issues to call Klaus "My Dog", agrees with her "son" Tony and thinks that these scaredycats are delusional.

Some other people are frightened by Klaus, too, so now they use the "Front Way" when going in the Hoffmans' pool.

DOG ATTACK!

Max, Einar Rorvick's dog, has been striking terror into the hearts of youngsters all over the neighborhood. One incident, on July 18, 1997, caused several people to panic and run for shelter. Christopher Sokolowski, one of those people, says, "I had to drop my

bike...now it's all broken! I had (he emphasizes 'had') to get out of there....I was extremely scared." Christopher reports that he jumped on top of a porch table to avoid being bitten by the dog.

The problem abruptly ended about half a minute later when Jean Sokolowski yelled to Max, "GO HOME!" And he did. Max hasn't been seen since.

OTHER DOG NEWS

-Aubrey, the Speickers' dog, has not been seen for a long time. Long time friend of dogs, Jean Sokolowski thinks that the dog is OK. "With the recent rainstorm, he's probably just inside."

-Jackson, the dog that Bob and Pat Altimari have been caring for recently, has moved back into Pat's brother's new home.

News from the Curries

CURRIES SEAL DECK

Mr. Curry reports that one day in June, he took the day off to seal his deck. He started by brushing, but after realizing he would be as old as 'Martha Gables' before he finished, he went out and purchased a sprayer. He finished the entire deck in two and one half hours. "Amazing, how fast I did it," he says. "The only downside is that we killed several sections of grass." The 'King of Grass' will be contemplating this loss for months to come.

AWNING INSTALLED ON CURRIES' BACK DECK/ NEW WALKWAY AND LANDSCAPING INSTALLED

In June, the "OK" was given for a retractable, motorized awning which will cover half of the Curries' back deck (outside the family room). The awning was installed in mid-July, and we expect further news from the Curries in the next edition.

Also hot off the press is the story of the Curries' brick sidewalk. It will be built soon, connecting the side door to the back deck. Landscaping will also be put in around the remainder of the deck.

CURRY PRESIDENCY OVER

Mrs. Susan Curry has successfully completed her tenure of president of a bowling league for this season. Many people in the Limerick area have been heard saying, "That Susan Curry, she was the best President of bowling since Martha Gables of 1927!"

(Thank you to *Curry Press International* for providing us with these excellent stories.)

Comedy Central

EPA ALERT!!!

BOMB EXPLOSION DESTROYS RORVICK PROPERTY, SPARES INHABITANTS

Recently, a nuclear bomb exploded, destroying some structures near the Turnpike Bridge. This explosion was suspected to have destroyed the Rorvicks' property, but it did not destroy his poultry.

Although the property was destroyed, several giant, 50-foot tall, mutated chickens have been roaming around the area. There are many complaints. One former house owner says, "They tripped over my house!" The Butternut neighborhood's most recent complaint is of a chicken that defecated over the area, destroying the neighborhood and covering the residents with waste. Henry Sokolowski, who has been selected to lead the cleanup effort, has been reported to stand outside the remains of his house and complain about cleaning up the mess. After Henry was over the loss of his possessions, he began to hire private hunters to take care of the chicken threat. Unfortunately, one of the chickens reportedly captured one of the hunters and left him stranded on top of a telephone pole. The Hunter stayed there for over 54 hours because Henry's budget was too low to get him down. The hunter was injured yesterday when a 2-ton goat rammed the telephone pole, causing it to careen wildly into the air and land on top of a school. The hunter was not killed, though, until a riot, caused by angry taxpayers, trampled over him, and began searching for Henry Sokolowski.

Henry reportedly left town, and is fleeing towards Collegeville, a nice, quiet, out of the way, town. The chickens were also reported to be chasing after him with giant suitcases that read, "Collegeville or Bust".

The Knights Of The Square Table
Chapter 3

The footsteps got louder and louder. Mike and Dave and Tony hid in a corner near where Katie was. Suddenly, they saw who it was.

It was a girl. She looked like a prisoner. She stopped at the cell. She whispered to Dave, "Come over here!" Dave obeyed. "There was a long conversation between the girl and Dave, and then the girl left. By then, it was getting to be night, so they all turned in without any questions to Dave.

The next morning was bright and sunny. Of course, the group could not see the morning, but they could feel that it was a pleasant day above. Dave awoke last, and was bombarded with questions.

"What did she say?"

"Did she tell you a way out?"

"Was she a prisoner, too?"....

"OK," said Dave, "I'll answer the last two first. "Yes, and yes. As to what she said, I'll repeat it to you." Dave yawned, because he was very tired. "She said that behind every cell, there is a tunnel, dug out by the builders, so that they could work on the dungeon after the cell doors were in place. These tunnels were miles long and well traveled; but now, they are in disrepair. That's how she got out. I suggest that we try to repeat that action. I'm tired...."

Just then, it hit Tony. "You're not tired. We must escape." Tony realized that he was getting dehydrated. So was Dave. Their last remains of the soup had run out last night.

Mike said, "Come on, Tony. Help me dig."

"WAIT!" Katie screamed, "You're forgetting about me!"

Dave glanced up at Katie. He remembered that they could not leave without her. She was tied to the wall. Dave sighed. Another problem.

"I have an idea!" Mike said. "Tony and I will go outside and steal the keys. Then, we'll release you.

"OK!" she said. "Start digging! I'm thirsty!"

Two hours later, Mike and Tony had still had no luck. They had tunneled three feet into the right side of the wall. It was slow going. The ground was hard, and they had no tools. Finally, they gave up on that hole, and began digging slightly left. Sure enough, by early afternoon, they had hit a tunnel.

Dave said, "How are you guys doing?"

Mike got up and turned around. He had dirt all over his face. "How does it look to you?"

Dave apologized, "I'm sorry. Here. You take a break. I'll dig for awhile." Dave soon found out how hard it was, but they kept at it. Soon there was a hole big enough for a person to crawl through.

"Okay, Mike," Dave said, "That looks big enough. It's time to go."

"I hope this works!" Mike said, as he climbed into the tunnel. Dave and Katie said goodbye as Tony crawled in, still complaining of his thirst. Dave sat down to wait.

"Look! Up ahead!" Mike exclaimed. There was a pinpoint of daylight ahead.

"YES!!" Tony screamed. He didn't care who heard him. They had finally escaped, after crawling for over an hour. The light kept growing bigger and bigger, until they finally emerged, and were shocked at what they saw.

"Water!" Mike said, speechless. It was a large river. They had come all this way just to be stopped. Mike shrank down, depressed.

"What's so bad about that?" Tony said. He dipped his finger in the water. It tasted all right. "Drink!"

They did so. They drank and drank and drank. Mike wondered if they would get sick from this water. He said nothing. They drank until they almost threw up, which reminded them of their hunger.

They sat down just inside the tunnel, to get out of the bright sunlight to which they were unaccustomed, and to think.

Tony spoke first. "Well, we'll have to turn back. At least Dave can get a drink. But what about Katie....."

Mike was firm. "We're not giving up! We crawled for an hour and sat in that dungeon for two days without food or water! I am going on!"

"Do you mean we should SWIM? Come on, we'll never make it!"

"We'll never make it if we sit in the dungeon and starve!"

"Well-"

"Come on," Mike said, grabbing Tony's arm, "Let's go."

Mike jumped into the water and was shocked by how cold it was. Tony came next, and he almost would have given up, if it weren't for Mike pulling him across. Soon it was too deep for either of them to stand, so they began to swim. That was when they noticed the strong current.

"HELP ME!" Tony screamed. He was drifting downstream, away from Mike.

"TONY!" Mike screamed. He couldn't do a thing about Tony. He was too busy trying to reach the shore on the other side before he was captured by the current. Finally, he reached the other side. He looked for Tony, but he was out of sight.

Mike approached the side door to the kitchen. It had been left open, presumably to let out some of the heat from cooking. He was able to slip in easily, as the cook was not there. He found some clay bowls to the side, and stole some of the soup that was ccoking. He went outside and ate. It was the best food he had tasted in his life. When he was done, he slipped in the kitchen unnoticed.

Suddenly, he heard voices. The cook was returning! Mike frantically looked around. The kitchen was big, maybe twenty feet across. He spotted a cabinet on one side of the room. He jumped into it, and closed the door. And just in time! The cook had just returned and began to stir the stew. Of course, from poor Mike's vantage point, he knew nothing, except to stay put. And stay put he did, for what he guessed was over an hour. His legs became quite cramped.

When Mike opened the cabinet door, he noticed that the cook had left. The soup was missing from the stove. He also noticed another door to the kitchen. Upon opening it, he was greeted by loud, cheery voices and the bang of utensils for eating. Just what he needed! A dinner. Time to think.

He decided to just open the door and walk throught the dining room and try not to be

noticed. His plan got off without a hitch. He found the door to the dungeon without any interruptions, and then realized that he had forgotten the keys. Where would he find them?

"If they don't come back soon, I'm gonna go crazy!" Katie said to Dave. She was very tired of being chained to a wall for two days straight. Tired of her sore, purple-blue arms, tired of being dirty, tired of being fed by Dave (very embarassing, if there even was any food), tired of being bored, and just tired altogether.

"Oh, come ON!" Dave managed to creak out of his parched throat. Of course, he was unaware that there was water just a fifteen minutes' crawl away.

"Dave, what do you think will happen back home if we die here? Last time, time was frozen while we were gone. What if we die?"

Of course, this was a question that Dave was unable to answer. Before he could say anything, though, Katie cried out.

"Look!" she said. She was looking at her right forearm,. There was a wide cut. Blood was dripping down.

Dave was startled. "What should I do?"

"Just do SOMETHING."

Then Dave realized, even in his thirsty stupor, that he had to do something or Katie would bleed to death. He quickly pulled off his shirt and ran to Katie. He pulled her arm up as far as he could, and tied his shirt around the cut. He was about to say something when he heard footsteps at the end of the hall.

"MIKE" Dave and Katie screamed at the same time. Mike held the keys in his hand. He also looked like he had gone through a lot to get them. There were several bruises on his right shoulder, and his shirt was torn in half.

Dave ran up to the front of the cell. "Where's Tony? Did you get the keys for Katie?" he asked.

"Yes. It's a long story. I'll tell you later. Right now, let's get outta here!" Mike then opened the cell door.

"Hurry!" Katie said. Mike unlocked her legs. He was careful not to hit the cut on her arm as he undid her arms. Katie fell forward onto Mike, causing Mike to careen backwards onto the hard floor.

"I...can't get up!" Katie said. She was so weak from being tied up.

"Well, you have to!"Mike exclaimed, "How are we going to get out of here?"

"I'll try," she said.

It took a lot of effort to get into the tunnel. Actually, Dave was the hardest part, because he was so dehydrated. It took a half hour to get to the tunnel entrance.

"WATER!" Dave screamed. He drank. Mike was able to help Katie get to the edge of the river without falling in.

"Well, what do we do now?" Katie asked.

"Swim," Mike said.

"I can't swim!"

"Well, what else should we do?"

"Go back through the cell door!"

Mike had never thought of that. Then he remembered. "There's two guards at the

entrance to the dungeon. I stole the keys from one of them. And from what I saw," Mike showed Katie his bruised shoulder, "we'll never get past them."

"Well, then we'll have to swim," Dave said. Mike and Katie looked at him. He had been busy drinking, but had still heard them, even though they had forgotten he was there. "How will we get Katie across?"

"We'll have to carry her. After I crossed before, I noticed a shallow part about fifty feet upstream. We can walk across there."

"I don't know. It sounds risky and-" Katie cut in.

"Don't worry. We'll get you across and to a place you can rest." Dave responded.

"Let's go," Mike said.

The two brothers managed to pull Katie near the water, and then picked her up, carrying a leg or an arm. They shivered because of the cold.

Halfway across, Mike stumbled, but regained his balance. "WHOA!" he said.

"What's going on?" Katie asked. She shifted position, a fatal mistake.

"OH NO!" Dave screamed.

"AAAAAAAH!" Mike screamed.

Mike slipped, dropping Katie into the shivering cold water. She gasped. Dave lost his balance, and that was all it took.

"I can't swim!" Katie said, desperately. Mike and Dave could not swim, either, because the water was getting too cold.

"HELP ME!" Mike yelled at the top of his lungs.

The current grew stronger and the group lost their balance. They were swept swiftly downstream. And so began their great adventure.

The Knights of the Square Table
Chapter 4

Katie awoke near a campfire. She did not know where she was or how she got here. Was she dead? Soon her vision cleared, and she saw Dave lying a few feet away. Then she saw Mike--and Tony! She must not be dead, because it was very unlikely that all of them had died.

Dave, Mike, and Tony began to stir. Katie noticed that her cut was gone, and her arms did not hurt anymore. Then she realized that a monster was standing over her. She screamed and tried to move away, but the monster grabbed her and said, "Sssssssh! Do you want *THEM* to hear you?"

"Who are you? What do you want?" Katie squeaked.

"We're here to help you," the seven-foot tall monster replied nonchalantly. He had a long beard, and a very oval face. To put it plainly, he was fat, too. And hairy.

"Katie! You're all right--" Tony began to run toward her. Then he noticed the monster standing behind her.

"Don't be afraid. We're on your side," the monster said, to calm Tony.

Just when Tony and Katie had become comfortable with the monsters, Dave and Mike awoke, and it took quite a lot of explaining to convince them that the monsters were not enemies.

"Now, let me explain to you. This must be very hard on you. We're trolls. We live in the forest outside the castle and help the prisoners. We feel that the justice system in the castle is unfair--"

"Tell me about it!" said Tony.

"Don't interrupt. We know that the guards are after you. So we will offer you a proposition. The castle has gone too far, punishing innocent people like you. We are planning to raid the castle of Harrogen tomorrow night, and we will take care of your pursuers. I suggest that you get as far away from here as you can. But.....on your way, there is another troll stronghold with supplies and men in it. I want you to get them and send them here."

"Wait! Why should we--" Tony began.

"I told you, don't interrupt! I'll give you five minutes to talk it over with your friends. But if you say no, the guards will probably recapture you, and well, then..." He drew a finger across his thick neck and made a disgusting noise. "Five minutes."

The group walked away from the trolls. There were three there now. Dave assumed that they had come while he was talking.

"This is outrageous! Why do they capture us and then say--" Tony began again.

"Calm down, Tony," Mike said. "You're not helping us any."

Dave said, "Trolls! Trolls do not exist! Where are we? I have a feeling that we are not in the middle ages, as I once thought."

"I don't know," Katie said, "but what should we do about them? We have to get back home!"

Mike whispered, "Maybe if we help them, something will come up that will allow us to get home."

"Right. Also, do we want to sit here and get our heads chopped off? Do we have anything better to do?" Katie added.

"But, what if--" Tony began for a third time.

"Look, Tony," said Katie, "The matter's settled. If you want to stay here and get killed, then be my guest."

"OK, then we all agree?" Dave asked. Everyone was silent.

As if the troll had heard something, he returned at that moment, and asked, "Well, have you made up your minds?"

"Yes. We are going with you," Dave said firmly.

"I think you have made a mistake. *I* am not going. *You* are," the troll replied.

"But--" Tony began.

"Do you have a problem?" The troll turned to Tony. "STOP INTERRUPTING!!!!" he bellowed.

"Yes," Tony squeaked. He shrank away from the troll.

The troll pulled a map from his gigantic pocket. "Here's what you should do....."

An hour later, the group was on their way into the great forest that surrounded Harrogen Castle.

"OW!' said Tony, catching his foot on a tree root protruding from the ground.

"Here, I'll help you," said Dave, and helped Tony up.

"I must be the person with the most bruises in the world!" Tony complained.

"Second most," said Katie, showing Tony her arm. Then she was shocked. The cut was gone! "Uh oh!" she said.

"What's wrong?" questioned Mike.

"This cut..."

"What cut?"

"It's gone!"

"She's right!" Dave interjected. "I saw it when we were in jail."

"Something's wrong here," said Mike. "First the trolls, then this, and there was no Harrogen castle in the past! So where are we?"

"This must be Chaster's fault! That stupid, lousy pig--" Tony cut in.

Mike said, "It has to be. How else would we wind up back in the middle ages?"

"Maybe there's a way to get back. Maybe a time gate...." Katie commented.

"But this can't be REAL. Trolls, missing cuts,...how can this happen? I don't think we are on Earth at all!"

Everybody gasped and stopped walking.

"I never thought of THAT," Mike said.

"Maybe....maybe you're right," Tony said, "but that leaves us with a greater problem. We don't own an interplanetary spaceship anymore. And we might not even be in our time. We could be millions of years in the past...or even future!"

"Look, guys," Katie said, "let's stop talking and concentrate on getting the trolls' job done."

Presently, they reached a stream with a wooden bridge over it. Everybody stopped and sat down to eat some of the provisions that the trolls had given them.

"Yuck!" Mike said, spitting out his bite of food, "This is disgusting!"

"Maybe the water's clean, at least, hopefully," Dave said. But when he tasted some of the water, he spit it out just like Mike.

“Well, I guess we better be going, then. At least we can find some clean water,” Katie suggested.

Everybody got up and began to cross the bridge. When they were halfway across, Mike screamed. “Look!” There was a person (or someone who looked like a person) untying the ropes that held the bridge on both sides.

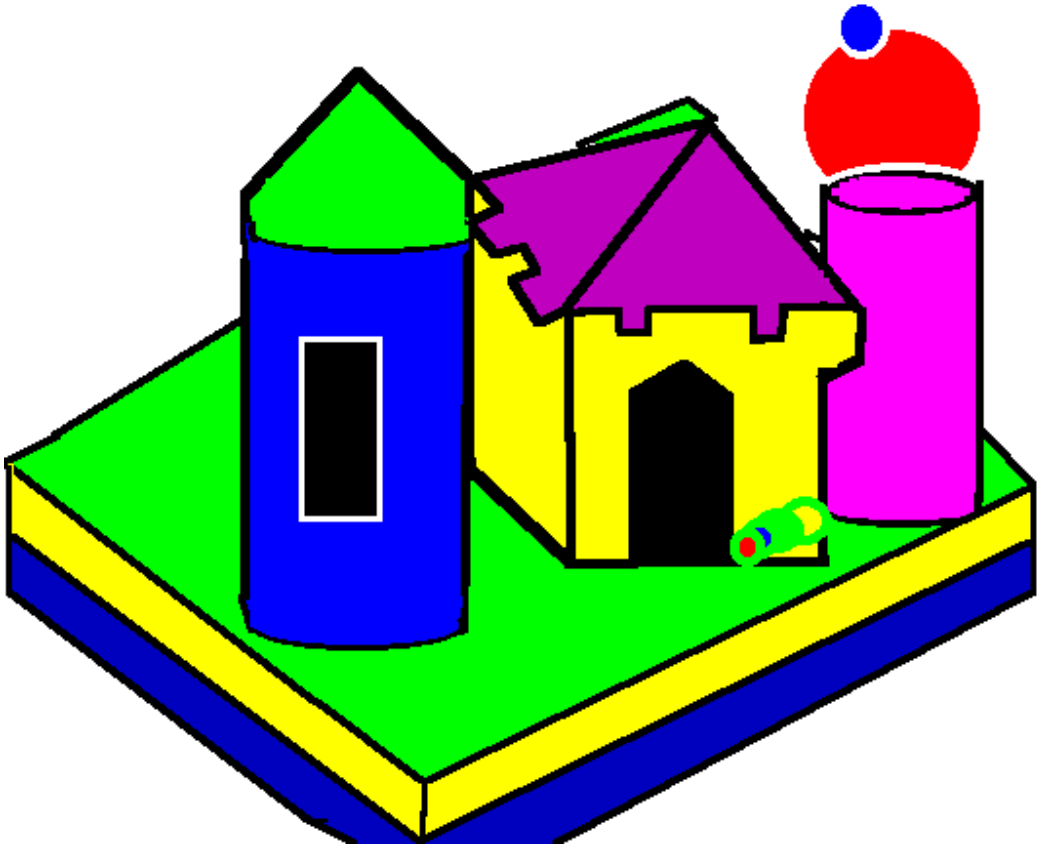
“NO!” Dave yelled.

At that moment, the bridge gave way and began to float down the river towards the edge of a waterfall.

The Float

By Christopher Sokolowski

One day, there was a boy named Fred . He was on a float, in a parade. Fred waved to everyone he saw. Fred was worried that he wouldn't get first place. Fred kept waving until the engine stopped. The float needed more gas. When Fred got the hose, the engine was on fire. Then the hose broke and it started shooting gas at the engine. Then Fred's float blew up. Fred got first place because of his stunt.



A Game to Remember

By Michael Curry

Hello, my name is Michael Curry and I am going to tell you a true story about an extraordinary season in baseball. Our team was the New York Yankees.

We started off the season with a loss. Then our team began to focus. We ended the season with an 8-9 record, 5th best in the league. All the teams were in the playoffs. It was double elimination which means if you lose two games you are out of the playoffs. We won the next three games by more than three runs. Now we were in the World Series. Nobody expected us to be in the Championship. The World Series was best out of three. We won the first game by coming back in the bottom of the 6th inning and winning the game by only one run. We lost the second game by three runs. This was it: do or die. I started off the game with a home run over the left-center field fence. The crowd went wild. While pitching, I shut down the other team for two innings and then let up five runs in the third inning. It was 7-2 in the bottom of the 5th inning. The first batter struck out and the next popped out. Our team thought it was over but we went on a two run rally and scored eight runs in that inning and won the game with a final score of 10-7.

After the game, we celebrated by going to Dairy Queen. Everybody was proud of us. That experience will be a game to remember.

Why to go to Poland

By Christopher Sokolowski

Poland's restored homes line a square in Warsaw's Old Town. By carefully following old drawings, photographs, and building plans, architects reconstructed every structure in Old Town, which had been leveled by bombing and street fighting during World War II. In Poland there are exhibits on World War II at museums. Poland has a lot of old row homes. Many high-rises including apartments near Wroclaw were raised (sic) in the suburbs after World War II. The buildings housed workers who were arriving in urban areas to labor in nearby factories and mills. Over 450 castles still remain in Poland, too.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW ON CHRISTOPHER SOKOLOWSKI

PART I:

Christopher

By Jean Sokolowski

Steve and I share a relationship with a certain person, yet we have conflicting views about this person's worth. The individual about whom I am speaking is none other than my younger son, and Steve's little brother, Christopher.

Chris will be 8 years old on July 19, 1996. He is intelligent, enthusiastic, and very helpful. He is adventurous, which can be both an advantage and a disadvantage. For instance, Chris is not reluctant to try new foods, something I find unusual in a little person. Two of his favorite vegetables are lima beans and asparagus! On the other hand, his experimenting with electrical outlets has given him a few shocking insights into the wonders of science.

Chris is mechanically inclined, always asking how this works and why that runs. He has a few "Erector" type construction sets as well as an assortment of K'nex building pieces, and he is always working with the motors to get his projects running! Chris is very independent. He always likes to do things by himself. This has resulted in some very funny clothes combinations when he wants to pick out what he is going to wear! It would also keep us waiting for our desserts when he would insist upon ordering them, alone, at McDonald's, even though the top of his head did not reach above the counter!

Chris really looks up to his big brother, Steve! I know that this is not unusual in any family, but it is still very funny to observe. The two of them may fight like cats and dogs; but when Steve is not around, Chris is lost. One weekend Steve stayed overnight at the Currys' house, and Chris moped around our house the entire time. He even admitted to missing his brother! As comfortable as Chris is playing alone, he will stop whatever he is doing when his brother walks into the house. He's as attached to Steve as a family pet. Whether Steve and his friends are playing a game of "run the bases" or "jump the hurdles" in the backyard, you can be sure that Chris is there in the middle of the activities.

Now, do not get me wrong about Chris! He is not perfect and I do not expect him to be. There are many times when I am tempted to sell Chris to the highest bidder. However, I am a member of that strong Union called "Parents" and we are totally unbiased in our belief that our children are the best thing since the meeting of peanut butter and jelly. So you can understand that Chris is very special to me and I am very proud of him. As I tell him frequently, he is "my precious gift from God." However, I also do not hesitate to let Chris know that God sometimes has a very strange sense of humor!!!

TWO POINTS OF VIEW ON CHRISTOPHER SOKOLOWSKI

PART II:

The Terrible Christopher

By Stephen Sokolowski

Right now, you probably think that Christopher is a very nice person, and he is all hugs and kisses, right? That's what my mom's story told you. Wrong! You haven't heard the real Christopher, then.

In reality, Christopher is very annoying. He constantly follows me around. This presents a problem when I am trying to play with my friends. He also thinks that he has to let me know about everything in the world. If he does well in his Super Nintendo game, he has to call me and have me look at his score. I have to, even if I don't want to, because my mother makes me.

Sometimes, fights erupt between Christopher and me. These fights can be as simple as a kicking fight without shoes, or it can be a dangerous, save-your-life fight on the stairs. Fights can get much more severe, though. Often, they result in punishments; and I get punished, even if I am just defending myself. Christopher hardly ever gets blamed for the fights, and I get the brunt of the yelling. One fight in September of 1995 resulted in 5 stitches.

Chris is useful to run errands for me. He can be useful if the family is downstairs and something is needed from upstairs. He can bring it down to us. Sometimes he thinks what I ask is too demanding, and instead of just saying no, he starts a fight.

Every night Christopher has to be read a book by my mother. Then she locks the door and completely ignores me. If I need help on something, I have to wait a half hour to do it.

Christopher is almost always late. Most of the times that he is late is before school in the morning. On Mondays and Wednesdays, my mother works, and this means that we have to get out of the house a little earlier. No matter where we go, whether it is clothes shopping, or the most entertaining thing in the world, Christopher is late.

Most importantly, I get blamed for what he does. A good example is on June 16, 1996 when he made a large mess down the basement. My dad thought that I had something to do with it, but actually, I didn't. Usually, my dad thinks that all of the bad things that happen around the house are my fault.

Now you see my view on Christopher Sokolowski. If you think that he sounds like an interesting person, that is correct. Interesting does not have to mean good or nice.

(These stories were originally written for a school function on June 17, 1996. Stay tuned, because next month, we will be writing updated stories about Christopher Sokolowski.)

How I Will Help the World

By Christopher Sokolowski

I want to be an Electrical Engineer when I grow up. It will help the world by putting in plugs, light switches, and hooking up things. I will also help the world by fixing things. I want to be an Electrical Engineer because I like to work with electricity and fix things.

Round Meadow is Special

By Christopher Sokolowski

Round Meadow is clean. If it was not, we would have no school. Round Meadow is special because we have playgrounds. If we did not, recess would be BORING! Round Meadow is special because Round Meadow has air conditioning. If we did not, it would be very hot and sticky in the summer. Round Meadow is special because we have special activities like music, art, gym, fitness, and computer lab. Round Meadow is special because we have assemblies. In those assemblies we listen to the orchestra and see plays and learn about special people. Round Meadow is special because we have nice teachers, they teach us a lot of stuff, like math, Social Studies, Science, Reading, and Spelling.