



**Look for Reality Cooking Monday**  
Apples for dinner and apples for dessert.

■ This page designed by Addie Howell

Meetings	C2
Seniors	C4
People	C6



In their own words  
By Andrea Hoehne  
Photos-Tribune images by [unreadable]

*Editor's note: Each week, Pharos-Tribune lifestyle writer Andrea Hoehne will pose a question to a group of youngsters to get their take on the topic. We hope you enjoy their earnest yet humorous responses as much as we do. This week, we polled Jeni Martin's kindergarten class at Franklin Elementary and asked the following question:*

What do you want to be when you grow up?



"A daddy. I wanna be a daddy because I like my daddy."

- Alexander Rance



"I wanna be a dump truck driver to dump the loads of rocks and dirt."

- Jacob Heflin



"A princess. A pink one, because they're pretty."

- Katlin Powers



"A monster truck."

- Ian Downs



"I wanna be a cowboy and ride bulls. I have a movie and it's, like, fun."

- William Ulery



"A firefighter because you get to ride in a firefighter car."

- Mario Perez



"I wanna be a ballerina that dances. I'll wear pink ballerina stuff."

- Rebel Akers



"Um... a soccer ball."

- Olivia Kinzer

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## Beyond the barn door

### Finish this year's scary story with your own frightening finale!

By ANDREA HOEHNE  
Pharos-Tribune, lifestyle writer

The chilly fall wind tousled my hair and swirled the brown, fallen leaves into small tornadoes in the air as I crunched across the yard on my way to the barn. It was dusk, and someone had forgotten to turn the lights off in our old, barely-standing barn. I hurried to get there before dark, but was slowed down by the sleek, ebony-colored cat doing figure 8s through my legs.

"Get outta my way Witchy, I'm in a hurry," I mumbled to the cat. I never did like that cat much, always bothering me on my way to the barn.

I never liked the rickety barn much, either, considering the stories I had heard about the horrible accident that occurred there prior to my family buying the farm. You never know what you can believe, when the truth seems to be embellished with each retelling of the story. I know that about 10 years ago someone died a much-too-early death in

the attic of the barn, but the details are vague.

Either way, I was home alone, and didn't feel like pondering the story as the sun was about to set. I tried to think about the work I needed to get done, the laundry that needed to be taken down from the clothes line and the sheets that needed changed before the rest of the family returned tomorrow from the annual camping trip that I annually opt out of.

As I neared the barn, Witchy started meowing, and his figure 8s turned into him clawing at my calves.

"Ouch! Stop, Witchy, that hurts!" I said, as I tried to shake him off of my now bleeding leg.

And he did stop, just as I entered the barn. Very abruptly he quit pestering me, and sat down just outside the door, using only his light green eyes to follow me as I entered. Confused by his uncharacteristic obedience, I went inside to finish my task.

I reached my hand up to flip the light switch, but the light didn't turn off. I flipped it a couple more times, and watched the bulb as it brightly ignored my actions.

Shoot! I thought, as I realized that I was flipping the switch connected to the outside light that now illuminated the recently fallen darkness. The switch I needed was upstairs in the attic. I toyed with the idea of just leaving it on, but I knew that thoughts of the electricity bill would torment me all night long.

So I decided to let my fear torment me instead as I grabbed for the cold, metal hand rail and ventured up the steep stairway in the back of the barn. Just as I reached the top, a spider web wrapped itself around my face and I frantically scraped at my hair and skin to free myself. In the midst of my battle with the web, I heard the barn door creak to a close behind me. My body tensed in fear as...

*Finish the story with your own scary ending! Send your own frightening finale to Andrea Hoehne at Attn: Frightening Finale, c/o Pharos-Tribune, 517 E. Broadway, Logansport, IN 46947. The scariest and best stories will be published in the Oct. 30 Lifestyle section.*

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