

Fight and Flight Magazine

Written by Uriah Lucas



*POETRY

*MAKE ME LAUGH STORY!!

*SPECIAL INTERVIEW WITH WINNINGEST
COACH *READY TO RUN RECIPE!

*BLOG FROM SUBSCRIBERS AND MORE!



A word from Uriah Lucas.

Fight and Flight is about racing, weapons or a fight. For example, in “Make Me Laugh”, Nathan runs away and fights a dog, though mostly himself! In the interview, Coach Dwayne Davies fights for 20 years to have the best teams. Flight is not a plane or parachute, flight is racing until there is no fight left.

Edited and layout design is with the help of Eli, (Dad) and Tara (Mom) and from sister, Jordan Rose. Photos are all from someone in the family, except the one above was taken by Master Bladesmith, Haley DesRosier.

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Make Me Laugh - Nathan Is Not a Bear Guide

When my dad was a young man, he had an older friend from Virginia. His name was Nathan. Nathan had horses that he kept back South to hunt with. Nathan, being an avid hunter like I just mentioned, also kept at least one dog, if not more.

My dad, being a hunting guide, stopped by to talk about interests. At this time, Nathan had a Chesapeake Bay Retriever. When Dad opened the door the Chesapeake gave Dad's hand a big, leisurely chomp. Of course, Dad told Nathan about it all. Nathan gave a hardy laugh when told about this, and said,

"A brown bear guide scared of a little overweight 100 pound Chesapeake!"

Needless to say Dad didn't go back to his house anytime soon after that.

You might have been convinced after living on planet Earth all your life, that there is no such thing as proper justice in this life. After you hear what fate befalls poor, old Nathan, I think you, the reader will realize after reading on, that there is, unbeknown to most, still justice here on our planet.

Nathan had a commercial fishing boat, so almost every day when he went by with his Chesapeake there was a Rottweiler on the dock. Every time they walked by the dogs tried to fight. Even if he didn't have the dog with him the Rottweiler still tried to attack Nathan.

Now I think it's safe to say, that Nathan was scared of dogs too, because he started carrying pepper spray. Of course, we all know it's ok to be scared of dogs, unless you're a bear guide, and Nathan is no bear guide.

One day Nathan was strolling down the dock. For some reason the Rottweiler was loose, and took the opportunity with zeal! The dog sped down the dock after him. Last second Nathan heard something and turned. When he saw the dog, he jumped headlong into the water! He came up sputtering. The Rottweiler stood showing his teeth and growling. Revenge seeking Nathan produced the pepper spray, then with cool confidence pepper sprayed himself in the face. Suddenly his cool complexion became red as he sputtered, and almost drowned before getting help out of the water by friends.

Now we are glad Nathan didn't get seriously hurt. However this felt like a little justice had been served for his laughing at Dad and making fun of him being concerned about dog bites, and it's even a good lesson about the direction your pepper spray bottle is facing when triggered!

Please note the name Nathan has been changed to protect the guilty.

POEMS FOR FIGHT AND FLIGHT

"The Race"

I was running down a trail in the middle of the race

Domanic was leaving everyone behind

You could smell the leaves on the breeze,

They smelled sweet

I could smell the sweat of other runners

We ran toward the finish line

I started to sprint

Soon exhausted we fell across the line

Acrostics Poems

"TEAM"

T olin

E nergy

A lways

M eet

"SPRINT"

S hins

P ush

R un

I ncrease

N ew Balance

"Gun"

G unworks

U birti

N RA

CINQUAINS

"GUNFIGHTER"

- 1 Looked
- 2 And drew
- 3 Gun stabs flame
- 4 Once and then twice
- 1 Dead

"PR UNBROKEN"

Start at middle speed
Run at the same boring pace
Stop covered with sweat

HAIKU

"STATE CROSS COUNTRY"

Track with golden tress
Music and people talking
Old leaves are falling

"The Limerick" called "SHISH KABOB SPEAR"

There was a little kid with a spear
Who looked at them all with a sneer
Two crooks named Ben
Four Dorks named Ken
Have all stuck themselves on my spear

"Coffee"

My favorite food right now is rich coffee. I like coffee because it can be drank so many different ways.

My first two favorite ways to drink coffee are just plane black or a mocha with whipped cream on top. I like the bitter, deep flavor of the black coffee best, but also like the combo of the bittersweet mocha with the fluffy whipped cream on top. There are many more good ways to drink coffee. Some have sugar with whipped cream and toasty pumpkin spice. There are more ways that people make coffee, but I still like the thick, AND BLACK BEST OF ALL.



Fight and Flight Review

Metlakatla Cross Country Course 2018"

The second cross country race of the year was in Metlakatla. It was supposed to be an easy run, but the course got changed. I was feeling confident, because I had good mile times. We soon found out it was one of the worse courses to run.

The gun went off and all 51 runners plunged down a hill, but the hill went down and down and down and down! The hill seemed to go on forever and ever which is nice when you're going down, but it's not when you know you are going to come back up it! Then the hills seem more than never ending!

The course was not only hard, but boring and was on the most uninteresting mountainside ever. Boring because it is a plain, wide, gravel road with a few curves, gravel and pine and hemlock trees thick and tangled. If it wasn't the first featureless course, it was a close runner up.

When we were at the bottom, we had to run around a little orange cone and start back up the treacherous climb. Now we were looking forward to the few flat spots in the course. Our legs were burning from running going up the continuous hills.

We ran past trees as we went up and up and up and yes, up. The hills finely ended on the last 400 meters of the race. But it was a long way to the last 400 meters of a race when you're going uphill the whole time the entire second half.

Despite me being bad at hills I still finished forth on our team and 9th in the whole race, and my friend, Tolin Eddy got first place even though it was a bad course! It was a good race for our teams even though everyone went slower than they should have. Our girls team got first on that terrible course, and our boys team got second. It was a hard course, but still not the worst.

Uriah Lucas interviewed Coach Dwayne Davies.

In 1975 a young man named Dwayne Davies started coaching Jr. high wrestling. Twelve years later that same man would coach two different teams in a different sport to double state championships in one evening!

Davies had only coached Jr. High wrestling for one year when the school shut down. So he moved his wife and two kids to teach and work at the Alaska native boarding school in Mt. Edgecombe. When he was in Mt. Edgecombe, he coached girls-basketball, cross country and track.

While he was at there, Davies asked an experienced, retired coach to help him coach cross country. On one occasion the varsity cross country runners were not being serious at their home meet. So the older coach that was helping Davies said to put the racing numbers on the junior varsity runners, so all the team points were made by the Junior varsity runners, and from then on the varsity weren't goof offs. He learned from his high school coach, this man, and even from a few of his opponents, some of his coaching skills.

After eight years the Mt. Edgecombe Boarding School shut down. So now a second school had shut under Davies. Now he needed a job, so once again him and his family moved. This time to Kake, Alaska and the teams that he would coach to so many victories.

His first-year coaching in Kake he led the boys-basketball team to a regional championship followed by a state championship. The next year he coached the girls-team to a regional championship, but this was only the start of Davies winning as a coach! The next year the girls-cross country team won regionals. The next year after that was started with the girls winning cross country regionals again, but what came next was the highlight of Davies' coaching career. Davies coached both the boys and girls-basketball teams to both regional and state titles, both coached by the same man. This is something that had not been done before and hasn't been done since!

Dwayne Davies coached his girls and boys-basketball, and cross country to numerous wins throughout his coaching career and is still known as one of the winningest coaches in the history of Alaska. Coach Dwayne Davies said that he is still respected for his coaching even from people that he didn't coach as well as the people who he did coach. Of course, he said that he is moved when old players that are in their fifties call him "Coach."

Speaking of respect, in recent years the Kake High School Gymnasium was named in honor of Davies and all of his victories. The gym is called the "Dwayne Davies Gym."

Davies said that he coached not only because he liked kids, but he wanted to help them when they grew up with things like self-discipline, eating good and setting standards. His teams also won some academic awards!

Davies would study books and videos for even just one or two things for coaching his teams. Like the book, The ART of War he learned to: know your enemy, expect the unexpected, plan and be ready, and be in control!

Davies was forced to stop coaching by doctors in 2000. He said that he still misses coaching, but he had to stop.

Today my grandpa, Dwayne Davies, still lives in Kake, Alaska. He stopped teaching seven years after he stopped coaching, but he still substitutes all the time because he likes kids.

In 2008 he was inducted into the ASAA (Alaska School Activities Association) Hall of Fame and was given an ASAA Lifetime Gold Card Pass.

Now, forty three years after Davies started coaching Jr. High Wrestling he is known as one of the winningest coaches in Alaska history.

7o the editor of Fight or Flight

Dear Editor, lately I have been seeing things in your magazine that was ridiculous. I used to like your magazine, and I still do, but you have been putting somethings into it like flying saucers and big foot, etc.

For example, in last months-addition it was a story about a four headed big foot. That is total bologna, and if this doesn't change, I will end my subscription.

If you want to turn this into a U.F.O. magazine, that's fine, but I will end my subscription! It is just a suggestion you should change your name from Fight or Flight to something else that fits U.F.O.s better like, U.F.O. Colonies or Freaks and Flight.

Sincerely Disappointed, Jonathan McIntyre

Dear Jonathan,

I have received your letter, so thank you for sharing your concern with us.

I don't know if you remember what month it came in? If you don't remember, it came around early April. It was just an April Fools-joke. Sorry we made it hard to understand. We didn't mean to really trick anyone, so we are sorry we did. Maybe you can help think of the joke next year?

Sincerely, Adolf Hirohito

Ballad of Queen Jacky

(My bunny likes chocolate in real life.)



She stomps and nips me if she doesn't get it!

When I walked to the bunny burrow
As I walked to the burrow one day
I saw that the bunny was gone away

Queen Jacky had snuck off to town
Snuck off to town that day ,
Her goal was to get M&M's
M&M's to stuff her cheeks with right away

Queen Jacky hopped through
Through the store door
Hopped through the door that day

Queen Jacky grabbed her M&M',
she was getting for free, M &M's you gave me for free.

You humans at Hammers, must always give
Smokin' deals with glee!"

Queen Jacky turned and said
"Thanks for the M & M's,
With that, Queen Jacky grabbed her booty,
And went for the door

The door that would mean she was free,
Like a bunny should be
Queen Jacky got home, Queen Jacky got home
that day!

MORE FIGHT AND FLIGHT POEMS

Soggy Sand

Getting set in the crisp morning silence

The sharp POW of the starting gun

The rush of our feet on the sand

Rushing through the trails up and down hills

At the end NOT being able to kick on the last 200 meters

Because of the soggy sand

What a helpless feeling

Get It Done

Stop making your failing excuses

Stop making your miserable complaints

Stop dreaming, but doing nothing to make your dreams come true

Stop crying, sniveling, worrying, waiting, thinking you might be better when you are older, stronger, smarter

Stop wondering, hoping, because if you keep sitting in your easy chair, none of your dreams will come true. Get out of your easy chair

Get it done

Fight and Flight Fiction Story

7 Feet Under Top Soil.

The 16 year old boy, Tom Yonger got out of bed and dressed. He looked at the Colt 1849 Pocket Pistol, then thrust it into his pocket. Since the Great Depression started, 3 years before in 1929, there had been more robbery, especially from people like them, who still had money.

Tom even had \$25 that he had saved over the years. He had never spent a dime of what he had earned. He was so fearful of the depression, and he needed the money in two years when he graduated just to get started on his own. He knew that he might need the old black powder pistol that had been in his family since 1854 as he carried some of the money with him to protect it. He didn't want it robbed.

Next Tom checked his pack. It had his schoolbooks, and track gear for practice after school.

Last year he had won a state champion in the 800 meter in a time of 1 minute and 57 seconds.

The first track meet of the season was in three days.

He walked out into the living room where his mother was cooking breakfast and his dad was cleaning his Old 1887 Shotgun. Neither of them looked up he knew something must be wrong, so he just walked outside to feed their horses, and his sisters portly, Shetland Pony.

That day went good for him and his sister in school and practice. That night, when they got home, their parents still seemed upset. That night they were told what happened. A letter had arrived. It said that if the family wasn't off their land in three weeks, it would be taken by force. The letter didn't say who or where it was from.

The family told friends about the threat, but they were too far away to be much help if something happened. There was no law enforcement to inform, in these here parts, since the depression had started.

For the next two weeks everything went normal. The track meet had gone well for Tom, with a new PR of 1 minute and 57 seconds in the 800-meter race.

The question that never left their minds was who had written it, and what did they want the land for, and what were they willing to do to get it? At this point the family didn't know when the outlaws would come.

Tom took out the Remington he had purchased since the threatening letter. It took eight dollars of his protected money that he had taken years to earn. He took it out of the box and loaded the magazine. Then chambered a round and lowered the cocked hammer, replacing the missing round in the magazine. It was fully loaded with 6 shots.

In this day and age, it was not only acceptable, but common in that part of the country for kids to carry guns at school.

One day when he was outside by himself, Tom saw a little red movement in the woods. There were two men in the trees hidden well, except for a red bandana sticking out of a pocket. Maybe he could find who they were, and what they were about on his family land. Maybe these were the land robbers. Tom went behind the house. He snuck forward to hear what they were talking about. Tom carefully parted the branches with his left hand and held the pistol with the other hand. He listened to what they were saying.

One of them was saying, "I bet we're going to make good whiskey here. These fools don't know what they are in for if they don't leave. This is a perfect place, because there is no law."

Before the other one could answer, Tom cocked the Colt loudly. It clicked four times.

The man stopped with his mouth open and said in a whisper, "What was that?"

The other man said in a scared voice, "It sounded like a gun."

Tom was hidden well in the bushes.

"Let's get back to camp. I don't like it here in the daylight."

"Me either."

He kept the Colt aimed on the biggest one's back, until they both disappeared into the forest.

Tom slipped back to the house. He didn't tell his parents about the men. Knowing that if he told them they might not let him spy anymore. Tom wanted to find out more information first. They had six days to get out of their home.

The next morning was Sunday. He rode his horse to the school track and did 400's.

The next morning at school his team all got in the flatbed and headed to a track meet. Tom sprinted past his old rival in the final 100 meters for a time of 1:59. When the team got to town, it was dark and Tom walked 5 miles home.

A day later, on Friday night, he saw a car pull up and back into the trees, on a road a couple miles from their house. All of the men had guns. They slipped into the woods. Tom only had his new Remington Pistol and a small 6inch dagger around his neck. There were 9 or 10 of them. Tom dropped into the ditch along the road, where he pulled off his cowboy boots, and put on his spikes. If they saw him, he knew he could run better with them on than with his boots on.

When he got back to the house, he told his parents about what he saw, then went to his room where he got everything he had of value. He put the 6 extra shells for the Remington into his left pocket, the pistol was in his right. The other things he grabbed were his track spikes and jersey, school books, his remaining money, the gun and the old-side-by-side shotgun (one of this confederate relatives had taken from a Union officer that no longer needed the gun). Last of all, he belted on an 1849 revolver and Bowie Knife, then he went out the window and hid the rest of the stuff, fearing what? Tom stayed in the barn until 4:30 a.m. watching out for trouble through a crack in the barn wall. Then he fed the horses and went through the window into his room.

The next day after he did track practice, they headed home. Tom bathed and changed, then headed outside to look around. He noticed where some dirt had been dug up. After digging, he found a charge of dynamite. It was right under his parents, bedroom window. Tom followed the cord back to a hidden detonator box. This gave Tom an idea. He lifted the charge from the hole, then bent the line back around a tree, and hid the charge 5 feet from the detonator box. Since it might be dark, the detonator man might not find the charge!

That night, again, Tom went to the barn. In his right pocket he had the Colt 1849, and in his hand, he carried the shotgun. Tom slowly drifted to sleep on the hay barn loft while looking through the crack in the wall. He was suddenly woken up by a loud "Boom!" He jumped to his feet and drew his revolver, then he almost laughed. He knew that it was not a gun shot. It must be the dynamite? He had not heard a scream, but knew that if the man wasn't dead, and he probably was, he was at least knocked out.

Tom eased the pistol back into the holster, and cocked both hammers on the old shotgun, and headed carefully outside the barn. He crept over to the few shrubs.

As he crouched, he stared into the blackness trying to see movement. Suddenly, he could see the silhouette of a person in the grass.

Inside the houses everyone was up and armed. Tom's sister, Maghan went to her room, she had the single shot .22 pistol in her hand, making sure it was loaded. Then she got her 14 remaining shells.

Tom looked at the man, laying on the ground, only ten feet away. The man was on Tom's right side. So, he would have to swing around to raise the gun and shoot. Tom decided against using the shotgun. He dropped it and spun, as he drew the revolver, slipping the hammer twice, then dove, grabbing the shotgun, and came up running.

He heard a man scream. He ran in a zig-zag line and dove into a sandy ditch. Coming down on something that gave a loud grunt.

Back in the house mom said, "Where's Tom? Meghan go look in his room."

"He's not there!" Meghan said, when she came down the stairs. "Some of his stuff is gone too. Including his guns and knives."

Tom's shotgun was swatted from his hands, as it went off. He shot at the man's silhouette. The man yelled as Tom jumped away from him. Another came up in front of him. He shot twice, the man grunted, and grabbed Tom. He fought away from the wounded man, losing his pistol. Now he only had his knife and 6 Shot Remington pistol.

Hiding in the bushes, he heard a voice in the dark say, "I think we better pull out."

Then another one said, "Mr. Younger and Tony got blown sky high. Younger is still alive, but he's so mugged up, he'll probably die."

The other one said, "He wasn't a good boss anyway. He might give us away once the law gets him."

"I didn't tell him my real name." he hissed.

"We could go kill em!"

"No. Let's just run for it! I didn't like this stinking place anyways."

After they left Tom snuck to his window. He knew if he surprised his family he might get shot. So he just went into his room. He slipped to his bedroom door and into the living room. They were a bit surprised to see him.

Mom said in a hushed voice, "Dad is outside."

A few minutes later he came in holding a wounded man. It was his little brother, Jamie Younger, the one who escaped from prison years before, but they hadn't seen him since his trial. He could barely move. He was so hurt, but Tom's dad still tied him to a chair after searching him!

Tom told them what had happened, and what he had heard.

"You all know how to shoot!" said Tom's dad. "You all keep an eye out. I'm going into town to get help from some folks so we can look around, and make sure they're all gone! If you see any of 'em just shoot and make sure their dead."

The family could tell that he was sad about his brother, but couldn't think about that right then. His brother had always been in trouble, but they had never known that he would have hurt his family.

Dad opened the door looked back at them all, but his disappointed gaze fell on his brother. Then he turned and was gone.

His brother would die before he would come back with a group of men. They could only guess what his motive was. But they were glad to be alive, and they had their land. His brother would get a piece too. Buried 7 feet down under the topsoil!

Dear Ethan, I have a question to ask you that I hope you can answer.

I was wondering why people in the U.S. like eating more than they like to do sports and athletics? I've wondered, but haven't been able to find the answer.

Sincerely, Tommy

Fitness

OR ?

Foodies

Dear Tommy,

I have found some information on your questions. I have wondered the same thing.

First, my impression on what is happening. My personal conviction is that the people in the U.S.A. don't like how hard sports are. They just assume eat their life away because it's easier.

Here's another opinion on this subject!

Health Line states the reason people eat so much is because they are not getting enough sleep, they are not getting enough protein, and the diet is low fat, ect.

A fat person wrote this article, I can tell! Excuses!

So, with this, make your own conclusion.

Sincerely, Ethan

FIGHT and FLIGHT RECIPE OF THE MONTH

WINNER IS Shorty Markson!

B E S T E N E R G Y B A R # 1

Mix a handful each of

Nuts Oats Raisins Chia seeds

A bit of Cinnamon and dash of Nutmeg

Then melt together

¼ cup Peanut butter ¼ cup Honey

Pour it over the dry mix.

Mix them all together and press into a pan.

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BLOG IT

This month story is from Uriah Lucas. Grab a cup of coffee and join us.

Check out our new blog. Stories from readers of FIGHT OR FLIGHT.

Our XC team made it to state. Because I was sick, I didn't get much faster. As a ninth grader I had run my XC PR for the 5 K in 19:21. The four of us that were always competing were Chase Lister, Koren Sper, Kole Sperl and me. Sometimes I would beat them, sometimes they would beat me. Our fastest runner is my best friend, Tolin Eddy.

The state meet was in Anchorage. The course was at Bartlett High School. On race day there was 4 races with 1A, 2A, 3A and 4A girls, also 1A, 2A, 3A and 4A boys. Even though I was sicker than before, I still hoped to run under 19 minutes.

When my race came, we all got in our lanes and got set, the gun's crack broke the tension and we were off! For the first mile or so I did ok, but then my sickness caught up with me. I could not keep the pace and continued slowing down. The race started in the infield of a track, then went into the trees, did a few laps and ended on the straight. Even my final sprint wasn't good enough. My finish time was 19:56! A minute slower than my goal and by far the slowest race of my life.

A month and a half after state I ran a 5k time trial by myself, with no competition. I ran 19:16. That is 40 seconds faster than at state, and a 5 second PR! Since time trials are normally a minute slower than a race, it gives me confidence for the upcoming track season and XC season!

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