

By Ben

Crush

My feet slapped against the cold, patterned linoleum floor as I bumbled along towards the freedom beyond the cold, clear glass doors of the suffocating school. I collided into the metallic handle of the door and pushed it open squeakily with my meager strength. As I paced out onto the crumbly blacktop, **the chilly wind whistled through the air as it enveloped me like an afro on 80's Day in Homecoming Week (simile)**. The gray clouds overhead moved slowly across the dreary sky. I scurried to catch up with Chloe, Michaela, and Natalie as they slowly sauntered across the crunchy greenness of the middle school football field. "Hey, you guys! Wait up!" **I bellowed like a hungry man who did not get his ribs on time (simile)**.

"Well, hurry up then!" Michaela frivolously said as she swiftly turned around **and her long brown braid thwapped against Natalie (onomatopoeia)**. As I caught up, my brain whirred with calculations and my heart was a concerned mother whose son had not come home before midnight as I contemplated about how the coming play performance would culminate and if tears of contentment or crestfallenness would consume me (metaphor and alliteration).

“Do you guys mind if we stop by my house before heading to Dairy Queen?” Natalie inquired as we transitioned from the earthy, decaying smell of November grass to the concrete solidness of the rain-slicked sidewalk of Lincoln Street. To be frank, I did not really mind as long as I got steamy, crispy chicken fingers; barbecue sauce to add a little southern scent to the meal; and a chilly, succulent sundae to invigorate me before an extended evening of bright, scorching stage lights and itchy, cramped costumes.

“Hey, Chloe, you alright?” I queried as I awkwardly looped my arm through hers. Her eyes darted this way and that, refusing to glance directly at me, and her hands squirmed as she stuffed them in her coat pocket.

“Uh, yeah, I’ m fine,” Chloe expeditiously responded. I dropped the subject and **my attention became completely enthralled with stepping over the many unequal sized cracks that annihilated each concrete slab as if I was a ballerina performing a complicated rendition of Tchaikovsky’ s Swan Lake (simile).** “However, I have to tell you something.” Those seven words stopped me in my tracks.

By Nic 2015

Soccer

The whistle's sharp tweet cut through the air as the ball rolled over the white line. It was the key to unlocking our players from bench. They ran in like cavalry, replacing two worn out bodies for fresh, ready-to-go players. (Simile)As soon as they were in, the whistle sang its song and play resumed. The air once again became full of encouragement from the sidelines, yells between players, and the thump (Onomatopoeia)of feet connecting with the scuffed-up ball. I was helpless, as I stood on the opposite side of the field, pacing like a cat, (Simile) waiting and hoping for my team to laser the ball past the steadfast goalie and score the game- winning goal. Play went on, neither side gaining the advantage, when the opposing team suddenly gained control. They hurtled down the field toward my defenders and I, our midfielders scrambling to catch up. We slowed them down, and kept them at bay as they pestered to pop our prevalent line of defense. (Alliteration)They loosed a lucky shot at the goal, but our goalie was there with hands like glue, and stopped the ball in its tracks. The relief was palpable as we jogged the other way,

glad the ball was now in our possession. Our goalie punted the ball to midfield, and our team, slowly but surely, made our way toward our opponent's goal. The offense fought hard, and was rewarded for their efforts. (Foreshadowing) Not too soon after gaining possession, a midfielder crossed the ball beautifully, in a perfect arc, to a striker who had just come off the bench minutes before. He touched it once, as light as a feather, to position it in front of himself. Then, without hesitation, drew back his leg and smashed the ball past the goalie's outstretched arms and into the back of the net.

By Chloe 2015

Roller Coaster

Slowly, which made things even worse than they were initially, something within the rather terrifying contraption began to pull us upward. I probably could have climbed to the top of the ride at a faster speed than it was actually moving. In fact, most anyone could have been the hare, because the ride was most definitely the tortoise. My heart was a metronome that ticked back and forth at the highest possible tempo; I could feel it pulsing throughout my

entire body (metaphor). My knuckles were white as I gripped onto the safety bar with both hands, although the sweat collecting on my palms caused the handle I had on the bar to become slippery and particularly useless. I did not say a word the entire journey up, and my capability of proper oxygenation diminishing the higher in the air we travelled.

Everything below me gradually got smaller, and soon enough every last object on ground level was the size of an ant. Before I could even attempt to calm down, the ride came to an abrupt stop. Suspended at least 200 feet in the air, probably higher, my gaze fixed upon the endless blue sky. As I scanned the horizon, I took in the shape of the clouds and looked down at the tops of buildings. For a brief moment, all was calm; it was beautiful up there, and I could see for miles. However, my trance didn't last long. I counted approximately 10 seconds, whispering the numbers to myself and once again focusing on the ride and regaining paranoia about what was going to occur. Then, without warning, *click* (onomatopoeia). All of the seats were set free and we plummeted at high speed toward the concrete ground below. My stomach

flipped and my mouth prepared itself to let out a scream, but no sound came out. The fall lasted no more than five seconds, but the feeling that was associated with it lasted much longer.

Collin 2015

Getting Lost

The roaring wall of water filled my ears like explosions breaking calm airwaves. While its clouds of mist showered me with their cool touch, I wandered aimlessly throughout the square. Vendors bellowed out meaningless talk to a steady stream of tourists strutting past the desperate booths. Everywhere, lights flickered and twinkled with a sense of confidence, while hordes of people propelled collections of groups forward. Soft, sweet scents of goodies and sizzling cookery drifted through the air tempting my neglected taste buds. These distractions upon distractions sought for my attention like a young puppy bounds to and fro out of playfulness. Soon my darting mind unconsciously fell through by directing my figure away from the refuge of my family. Quickly, my vigilant brother outstretched his arm and jerked me back into the

completely oblivious party. His rational, but unspoken tongue-lash irked my childlike temper. In a preposterous response, I wormed my way out of the pack and ventured towards a lookout enclosure. There my attention was instantly mesmerized by a grand and swooping figure of an eagle. Its extravagant form sailed over and around a towering treeline. Before long, my former careless thoughts and actions were soon drowned out by a quickening thudump, thudump, thudump from my heart. I soon came to the realization that my previous group of safety was no longer in sight. The beads of sweat forming on my brow, a growing sense of a knot in my stomach, and an increased overall tension hindered any ability to think with a level head.

Anna 2015

Fishing

On a blistering hot summer day, the sun pierced through the clouds expelling a burning, humid light. It was **practically perfect (alliteration)**, with no insight about what has yet to come. **All around, birds were singing a majestic tune as if we were on the set of a**

movie (simile). Sitting on the old, rustic dock, the lake looked as if it was a shimmering mirror of the world going on around us. The scene was like nothing I had ever seen before.

Throughout our time there, every so often a fish would spring up through the tension of the water, mocking us. Instead of biting our desperate attempts at fishing, they were just being pesky animals swimming around in their own little under water world. My brother and I were just fishing on a dock, a simple task, but it was so peaceful, it felt like we were in a separate life from the one we had before. I had never felt something as magnificent as that. Sitting there casting side by side, we made little conversation since neither one of us wanted to interrupt nature's soundtrack. It seemed as if an eternity had passed, when in reality we had only been at our little escape for a short while. I could have stayed in that magical area for a millenium, but I know that was not an option. We continued to cast just waiting for the moment time would stand still as a fish latched itself onto one of our lures. Just as my thought finished running through my head, we saw a ripple appear in the still lake. My brother and I held our breaths. He felt his fishing line go from being

limp and drifting in the breeze to taut ready to snap in a matter of seconds. This was the moment we had been waiting for.

McKendra

Tubing Gone Wrong

I laid on the flamboyant tube as it bobbed in the cool deserted lake. The sun beat down on my exposed legs like the desert sun beats down on a stilled cactus.(Simile) The silent wind dances across my face and then moves on to tease the waves. (Personification) Off in the distance I hear a voice call to me, "Are you ready?" Dazed by the heat I lift my hand into a thumbs up position and grip onto my salvation. There is a quick tug of the rope and my tube is all but ripped from underneath me. My scorched feet plummet into the dark frigid waters, and a shiver runs through my body.

"Maybe this wasn't such a good idea!" I try to shout into the wind. To no avail my voice is lost in the sounds of the roaring boat engine and the harsh waves pounding my body. To my despair my feet cross the threshold of the icy water once again. But this time is different, this time the sinister water starts to drag me with it, back

into the murky depths of chilling water. Soon the water is sucking at my stomach. My fingers turn white with the effort of holding myself up. In that moment, time seemed to slow and I knew, I was going under. The waves gave one more hard tug, and my tube hit another wave simultaneously. I am suspended in the air for half a second before I plummet to my demise. The cold infiltrates my body and robs me of the sun's warmth. The icy fingers of water crawl across my body freezing my core to a ball of ice. My life jacket kicks in and starts to pull me up to the surface. I gasp for breath as my face breaks the surface of glass.

Ashley 2015

Driving Test

My face grew a deep shade of scarlet the instant Jane announced the names of the students who scored a 100% on their TEMPS test. My name was never called; therefore, I never did receive a free t-shirt. My eyes had bulged to a size similar to golf balls when my peers projected questioning side glances my way, but their evident thoughts were pounding against my skull like how a hopelessly romantic boy would throw stones at his lover's window

during the night time. Ashley Thomas, the nothing-is-ever-good-enough student, did not outshine. "You might want to check the last page, my dear," Jane hinted, offering me not only my corrected test, but also a reassuring smile. Unfortunately for my instructor, a smile was not part of my to-do list. I snatched the thick, slightly tattered packet from her frail hands, aware of the class's attention shifting to me. I tore through the pages, treating each one like the page itself had somehow wronged me, until I found the scar left by bleeding red ink. I released the papers, which hit the carpeted floor with a *thump*, and buried my burning face in my palms, shoulders swiftly shuddering. If any chatter had been maintained, it ceased at that moment.

The freshmen boy seated to my left knelt on one knee to collect my test, which he placed on my desktop with care. "Ashley, it's okay, it really is. It's just a stupid-" Without warning, I released the roaring laughter I had been attempting to imprison inside of myself. I witnessed pure and utter shock flash on the boy's face, until he, along with the rest of the class, began to snicker reluctantly.

I finally caught my breath with a series of gasps and a tight clutch to my center, and the room once again grew quiet enough to hear the shrill squeals and footsteps of the young trick-o-treaters outside. "I got the stop sign wrong."