

Pie

by Chloe Furfine

Fall was in the air. You could smell it especially when you got near our kitchen. A fresh apple pie sat on the antique pine table. All of us kids gathered around, hoping for just one sliver of its heavenly, flakey crust, or even just a leftover apple slice laden with cinnamon-sugar. I think we started to drool.

It felt good in our kitchen because it was always a few degrees warmer in there than in an average room. That was due to my momma's baking, now more so than usual because Thanksgiving was nearing. And as the mercury fell outside, the temperature in the kitchen rose.

All at once, as if in one great voice, the traditional begging began. Softly at first, then quickly growing louder and louder, it transformed into a roar. Momma would have nothing to do with any of it.

"Not till after dinner—y'all know that!" And that was the end of that.



2:00 AM

by Catherine Skitsko

I sank down with my back against the wall and collapsed on the dirt floor. The night was cold. The lights flicked off, the encroaching darkness enveloped me. With a slight crack the lights were on again, pushing away the surrounding blackness. I sighed, the tack room was locked, I had no earthly idea what the combination was, and my trainer, the only person who knew, was still at the hotel. Slowly I drifted off to sleep, but to my indignation I was rudely awakened by the sound of a horse's shrill whinny. Hoof steps rang through the still air. Beth came in from lunging Maverick. Clouds of hot steam rolled off his back. He seemed utterly out of place in the quiet night, a real, living breathing thing in a black and white picture.



Quickly, I shook my head. I was delirious. Once again Beth and I tried to get into the stall, but to no avail. 11:30 pm. Had I been there that long? I dug my hand into one of my pockets and pulled out my little cell phone. I pressed the redial button. No answer. I sighed and stalked back to the end of the barn, shuffling my feet in the red clay. I was wearing flip flops and as I watched my toes get more and more covered with the clinging dirt, I noticed two small, laced brown boots coming my way. I looked up. It was my trainer. "Well what are you waiting for?" she asked.

It was 2:00 am when I finally staggered into the hotel room and collapsed onto the bed, melting away as sleep enveloped me.