

The Dinner Acquaintance

by Katherine Jackson

Wearing black *Prada* stilettos and a short mini *Chanel* dress, I walk through the heavy oak doors of the most expensive restaurant in New York City. My short, jet black hair bobs from the draft once the door shuts behind me. I sit down on a black leather bench waiting to be seated. A tall lanky waiter calls my name. I follow him to a small, round, wooden table with two black chairs and cream colored seat cushions. The table is



set for two. A crystal vase with purple roses sits in the middle of the table. I take a long drag of my cigarette. My blue, silk napkin falls off my lap. As I bend down to retrieve it I see red *Gucci* pumps right in front of me. I sit up. A middle-aged lady with a yellow *Dolce and Gabbana* dress and long blonde hair gazes at me. Her splotchy face is painted with the new *Versace* make up line. She sits down. I look at her; she looks at me. We don't talk for the whole meal, but just look at each others' faces.

The Ride Home

by Michele Haugen

The road is slick and wet. It looks like it has been waxed. In the distance vibrant lights turn white, then red. Although the radio is playing a soft song, my mom concentrates only on the car in front of her. She looks hypnotized.

The rain falls hard like someone dumping buckets of water above us. Although the wipers try to keep up, the rain just keeps hammering the windshield. I hear screeches in the distance and horns honking loudly. All these noises mix with the sound of the deafening thunder. The street lights are blinking yellow.

The electricity goes off and buildings and houses surrounding the roads turn black inside. The storm continues. As we drive by an accident, a lady on her cell phone is crying next to her crashed car. We keep on driving, focusing on nothing but the road.

