Adventures in Lebanon

by Max Glober

Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr! roared the engine of a jacked-up old Chevy Camaro bucking down Main Street in Beirut, Lebanon. The Holiday Inn loomed overhead full of bullet holes from the warlords who were always fighting for that key position.

Eric Haney had been in the Delta Force for five years. Back at Fort Bragg, the Delta Force headquarters, they are always ready to be called into Colonel Charlie Beckwith's office to be stationed in a different area of the world. During a volleyball game two months ago, Haney had been called into Beckwith's office and told of the mission. Haney immediately left for Lebanon

Now he was charging like a rabid bull down Main Street heading back to the U.S. embassy. The local gangs were firing AK-47 and RPG rounds into the armored American beast. This was what Haney lived for. He pummeled through a warehouse, taking a shortcut to the embassy. He raced into the driveway and went inside. Relaxed, he gazed at the Holiday Inn while sipping a cup of joe.

Leaving Home

by Morgan Weaver

She sat on her back porch swing, glancing out at the waves breaking on the shore rocks. All of her memories came back to her, the family picnics on the beach, boating excursions with friends and barbeques in the backyard. The thought of leaving the one place she felt safe, the only place she had ever known, the only place that she had called home was too much to handle. Tears trickled down her cheeks as she remembered growing up here, on Bainbridge Island.

The small community was a part of her; she loved how you couldn't go anywhere without running into someone you knew and all the smiling faces of passers by. Her father was calling her name; it was time to go, time to leave her home forever and travel halfway across the country to a place where she knew no one.

She turned and took a last look at the ocean, her beloved swing swaying back and forth creaking in the wind. She got into the car took one last glance at her home, and she promised herself that she would meet new friends, go to new places and gather new memories.

Gator Game

by Creighton Blanchard

The best event out of my thirteen years of life was the University of Florida vs. University of Georgia football game. It was absolutely awesome. The sound of indistinct screams and roars for the team created a sound like the ocean crashing into a cliff. Then they started the massive wave that swept around the stadium like a merry-go-round on super speed. I always wondered who starts the wave because it seems like everyone just gets the idea in their head at the exact same time and instigates a surge. I joined the wave and with an enthusiastic battle cry, screamed, "Go Gators! Yeehaw!"