

A Day on the Wall

by Emily Brumit

The water was at least fifty feet deep, yet I could still see straight to the bottom of the sparkling, Caribbean ocean floor. Covered in a bright array of colorful coral, and brilliantly bright exotic fish, the sea dazzled in the sun's crystal reflection. Yellow tangs, red and brown trigger fish, scathes and rays, along with three or four green moray eels all lived here in their own little community. A full grown black tip shark glided on through and I watched each and every tropical fish quickly hunt down a place to take cover. Pink and red anemones closed up tightly. Others extended their spiny, poison-filled tentacles in order to protect their fragile bodies of flesh. Some of the coral swayed with the movement of the current, but others were brittle as if they'd been in that exact spot for a million years. The orange, red, and purple fire coral reached its branches out, as if to invite you into its stinging trap. I popped my head out of the water to take another breath of fresh air before I went back down to explore again.



Farmland

by Casey Burke



Green pastures surround us as we drive through the mountains of North Carolina. A farm's fence runs down the road for miles, seeming to never end and the brick house off in the distance, with a swing on the wrap-around porch, is only a spec compared to all the acres of farmland. Closer to the road sits a big red barn with its black doors wide open. Hay covers the creaky wood floors. Roosters crow and chickens sit atop their warm, new-born chicks.

Outside, horses gallop free, their shiny, sleek manes flapping in the cool summer breeze. Black-spotted cows munch on the fertile, green grass, bells wrapped around their necks jingling as their tails swat bugs away, like the motion of a pendulum in a clock. The baby calves lie under a shady tree, keeping a close eye on their mothers. Mud pits contain dirty pigs in a fenced off area. Goats walk around on their tall, skinny, boney legs that don't seem to match their body structure. A hairy white sheep dog corrals them into their pen. Geese waddle around on their orange webbed feet beside the perfectly-lined corn stalks swaying in the light breeze. And the car keeps rolling steadily as I watch the farmland slowly disappear in the distance.