

# The New Board



by Michael Parker

You know how great it feels when you finally get that great possession that you have been saving up for? Well, I just had that feeling. I have a sleek, newly-waxed surf board, fins ready to slice through any obstacle. The carbon fiber shimmers in reflection of the sun. The great nose is covered by a rusty guard for fear that it will hurt its owner. There is power in its lightning blue and blood-red body. The darkly encrypted "M10" strikes fear in its competitors, the fearsome Rat Boy "M10" created by the one and only rat boy himself, The King of Airs, the only man able to achieve the total air time. And just think—I have the great Rat Boy M10 special edition!

## Mr. G

by Hannah Towers

Mr. G is the meanest, most feared teacher on campus. He happens to be my English teacher.

One time I was chewing gum in his class and he took a ruler out of his closet and started whacking my hands with it. He criticizes all the papers I write. While I was writing a great paper about a teacher turning into a zombie, he snatched the paper from me, crumpled it up and burned it!

He NEVER listens to his students! Once, I tried to tell him I had to leave early for a doctor's appointment and he took me by my ears and threw me out of his glass windows. The other day, my friend Allison and I were talking in class and he yelled at us and fixed our hair into ponytails. He then grabbed the ponytails and swung us in the air like giant fans. Fortunately, I survived. Allison on the other hand, died of serious hair loss.

When I told my parents of Allison's tragic death, they took me out of his class. And still, every now and then, I see Mr. G walking down the halls with his fierce eyes, and I shiver.

## The Cycle

Anonymous

My typical weekday is, at best, a living hell. My grueling day begins when the ominous alarm clock wakes me up with an owl-like screech. Less than an hour later, I am aboard the pint-sized bus bound for San Jose and then Bartram at a snail's pace. After a shaky one-and-a-half hour drive, I finally arrive at school where my day really begins.

All of my academic classes are in the morning, so by lunchtime, my energy is completely drained. By the time I get home, it is about 5:30 and I have barely enough time to do homework, get a shower, and eat dinner. On top of it all, I am expected to get to bed early because, as I am often reminded, "the vicious cycle continues tomorrow."

