

# Awful Mornings

by Zach Edelman

Ding-a-ling-a-ling!!! I hit my alarm clock and get out of bed. I peer through the blinds and a burst of sunlight beams into my eyes. It is seven o'clock and I have to go to school. Mr. Gieson will want this paper and Ms. Smith will try to fail me on her test. But I go back to sleep until my dad comes in and wakes me up again. I quickly dress and go eat breakfast.

Cinnamon Toast Crunch or Honey Nut Cheerios? I think Cinnamon Toast today. I devour my breakfast, go brush my teeth and watch some TV. They are interviewing John Kerry, but it is boring so I shut it off. It is time to go to school. I get in the car, the birds are chirping. I think to myself, Maybe today won't be so bad after all.



## *L.E.*

by Ben Lupo

Lauren English is the coolest person I have ever met in my whole entire life. Lauren is a thug! She can dance like there's no tomorrow. I love it. Lauren is very entertaining and fun to be with. She always makes people laugh and always has a smile on her face. She spells my last name "Lupho" and I think that's very funny.

I want her eyes. They are like mirrors; you can always see your reflection. I think it's hot. Whenever you're down and out, no doubt you should go to Lauren. She made me a screen name and made the password "Lauren my love" and I still have it!

I love her and nothing will ever stop me from loving the one and only Lauren English A.K.A. Lauren English, my nickname for her.

# Helpless Sailors

by Casey Burke

The sails make a slapping sound as they collide with the wind. It seems as though the heavy breeze is going to dump the helpless sailors over. I see the captain of the sailboat, his muscles bursting, trying to force the steering wheel one way, while it wants to go the other. The co-captain, hanging off the side of the boat and pulling with all her might, is grasping the halyards, trying to keep the swaying boat steady. She knows when she releases the ropes she will be left with a rope burn, but she doesn't care about that, she only cares about her safety.

The waves with whitecaps are crashing over the front of the boat, leaving the sailors soaked and shivering, draining the color from their faces. They are like tired zombies. The ugly thunder clouds fill up the sky and the sailors cannot escape. Lightning bolts jolt from above, just missing them. It seems as though the helpless sailors will never make it out.

