

Paintball

by Greg Paryani

In the car we played games. Each person yelled out a letter to make a word. “E! N! P! H! A! S! O! L! E! P! E! P! Enphasolepep!” Dillon swore he was going to name his first born Enphasolepep.

The clock struck 10:00, yet we were still on the road. The time was melting away beneath the blazing sun. Then I saw it. The sign said “Paintball Adventures” in huge letters. We were there.

We were so anxious. We decided to pick teams while my dad rented the guns. “I got you.”



“I got you.” Back and forth this went until no one was left. When we were at last set with our equipment, the instructors read us the rules. All I heard was, “Blah blah blah, do not do this, do not do that.” The instructions were over and we were about to begin. I was ready.

“One! Two! Three! Go!” The sudden barrage of paintballs made us all frantic. Michael and I dove left, while everyone else went right. I rose to my feet. Twenty yards in front of me, someone peaked out of his bunker. I nailed him three times in the head. Before I could celebrate, I saw, out of the corner of my eye, a few paintballs heading straight for me. I tried to use my cat-like reflexes, but it was no use. I got pelted by a barrage of paintballs in the chest. About to fall back, I was then hammered in the top of the head, leaving me with pink hair. The last blow hurt the worst. Miniature bullets of paint bombarded me on my bare skin. Blood trickled down my fingers, but as I fell back on the ground, I did not care about that. I was defeated. I am never joining the army!

The Amazing Race

by Lauren English

Nearing the beginning of my race, I walk over to the starting line. Being anxious and excited at the same time, I put on my spikes and glance over at my opponents. They all look so perfect and ready. Can I do this?

Feeling the breeze at my face and getting ready to step on the bright red track, I take off my sweatshirt and get into my serious mode. As I’m jumping up and down to get my legs warmed up, I realize that these girls are all so tall and lanky while I am so short.

Tension is rising in me. I’m in the fourth lane for the first heat. While the starter raises his gun, my feet are still getting set in the blocks.

“On your mark!” Uh-oh. “Get set.” C’mon Lauren, you can do this. “Go!” In the back of my mind, I hear a gunshot.

I explode out of the blocks. My start is awesome. While rounding the curve, my spikes are going into the track so wonderfully. The cool breeze is against my face and I sense a long-legged girl approaching me. Seeing her just a little bit behind me gives me even more of a push toward the finish line. The curve is done. Now it’s time for my kick and the final straightaway. I sprint my heart out. That girl will never catch me! When I see her come up again, I push myself even more and cannot feel my own legs that have turned into jello. Only ten more meters of this short, tiresome two-hundred-meter race. Five more meters, three more meters, one more meter. I’ve made it! Crossing the finish line is the best feeling in the world. No one is in front of me! I plop onto the ground because this race has about killed me.

On my way to see my time, I run into the long-legged girl. She came in less than a second behind me. My time ended up being twenty-seven seconds flat. I’ve set my own PR! The crowd is cheering vociferously, which makes me feel like I’m on top of the world!

