

What Went Wrong

by Luke McGurrin

They had nothing to say to each other. Billy, a tall, slender twenty-year-old man with a short jet-black military style hair cut, stood over the corpse of his girlfriend. Billy rarely told lies. He looked up and his face was extremely pale as if he had seen his whole life go by in a quick flash. Joseph, who rarely told the truth, was a short yet muscular man at age twenty-four with brown crew cut hair and a scar under his left eye; he was standing at the door with a busted off chair leg. Lying on the ground of the Motel 6 room was college student, Ashley Quinton, a young, beautiful woman who had gotten caught up in bad relationships throughout her whole life.

Both men just stared at each other's eyes as if staring directly into each other's souls, burning them with fear and anger. Finally, Joseph said, "No one can find out about this, if someone does we will both be sent to the slammer."

Billy, filled with anger, shouted, "This is all your FAULT!" Then, through a slow, mournful cry he said, "I won't lie. I'm telling them what happened, that you cheated with my girlfriend and then killed her because she loved me more."

Joseph quickly struck back, yelling "You knew what was going on, but you were too cowardly to do anything about it. You're nothing. I look down upon people like you."

Billy, knowing this argument would never end, sighed and said "May the brave win and the coward suffer." They became consumed in anger, rage, and fear. A frantic scuffle ensued. Then the room became quiet.

Hope

by Danielle Bartnovsky

One day in the future
I hope to be something great
Even if it is a great act of fate
Nothing will get in my way

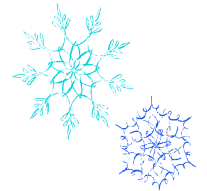
I hope to be an actress
With a director screaming ACTION!
I will be the main attraction
Nothing will get in my way

I hope to have a family
One daughter and three sons
We will all have tons of fun
Nothing will get in my way



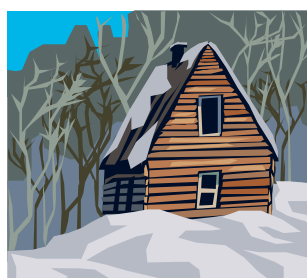
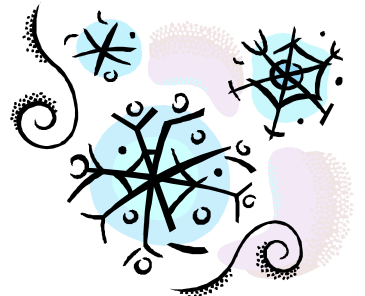
The Mountain

by Sara Greenblum



A wrinkly-faced woman stared the long way down to the bottom of the mountain. Cold white snow was frozen on her pale determined face. Her eyes stared. She was focused on her little cabin tucked in between large trees.

Her hand-knitted scarf was pulled tight to her double chin. Bright red mittens stood out on her chubby hands. Large bumps showed where her many rings were placed. The matching red hat was no longer visible because of the layers of snowflakes piled on top of her gray and white head.



The snow sloshed. She stood like a big rock on the mountain. Her necklaces jingled under the tight scarf. Trees swayed back and forth casting shadows on the sparkling snow. Her glasses were pushed against her face making rings around her eyes. She began to descend toward the bottom.