

Lamborghini

by Cody Peacock

This car speaks to one thing: control. With flowing lines and a powerful engine, it draws your attention from the oddly shaped headlights down to the grumbling exhaust. The engine, chromed and powder coated, is the ultimate in perfection. With its V-10 engine and four-hundred-and-ninety-three ponies behind him, it is the ultimate go fast car where home is the racetrack. And to be home is to be speeding around the track at one-hundred-and-ninety miles per hour. Its large tires grip the road and never let go. The blacked-out windows leave you to wonder, Who is driving this beast? The engine whines and it suddenly speeds off into the distance.



Animosity

by Ross Husty



“I was walking along. There are orange trees to my left and right but my front and back are exposed. As a look around I catch a glimpse of—was it black?—no blue, I go to follow and see it again I’ve found my target. Following while staying out of site he—I’m sure it is—stops. I look around to find what he’s looking at and see my teammate sitting there not even looking at him. Cold fear stabs at my marrow like liquid ice, chilling and searing, I wanted to scream out - tell him to leave, to run! - But it was too late, he killed my teammate. Pure animosity surged through me like my own lifeblood, a rage so deep that I lost control. It all came in a blur. My mind was in a void. I shot the man that killed my teammate, nitroglycerin filled paintballs exploding on him searing flesh. He screamed a long scream that rang in my ears until he died. I looked back, enemies looked at me. I pulled out my other gun. It was a complex design of an ANS Gen-x paintball gun with liquid nitrogen holding hopper on one side and a magma holding hopper on the other side. I shot out with both guns. Enemies fell. A bystander might see small explosions and hear sizzling and crackling from my ANS. My enemies were not the only ones hit. I was hit more than once but animosity boiled through me and kept me alive. I had places in my body where there was nothing but a burnt hole. I had places where icicles were forming. Yet, I continued on. Enemies fell everywhere some fled but most stayed. One of them had a gun like mine filled with nitroglycerin. He shot and there was fire everywhere. I turned my head away as to not be blinded and shot everywhere. I could barely hear people screaming and explosions. By the time I realized everyone was dead I was still firing. I forced myself to stop. Looking around all I saw was burnt flesh and black ash and soot. Then, realizing that I felt tired I lied down in a puddle of blood and saw for an instant that it was my own and that my body was white. I also wondered how in the world any man could bleed that much. But, I am not a mere mortal.”

“And that, God, is how I got here.” I said.

“Very interesting.” said God, “You may pass, if you are agile.”

So I made my way over to the stairway to heaven contemplating what he said when I realized I’m falling. I dimly recall hearing God say, “Heh, gets the bad ones every time.”

I hit the ground with a thud and opened my eyes to see fire.