



THE BIG FALL

by Paul Sleiman

It was a beautiful summer day in Paris. The birds were chirping, the trees swaying, and the people in the cafés were chatting. My family and I were having the greatest time of our summer.

We had just visited the Eiffel Tower, and it was a beauty. The whole city could be seen from the view. We were now planning to head out and go to the children's museum. My brothers and I had built up excitement for this day for weeks, and I could not bear the wait.

The entrance was magnificent. My mom had read a Paris tour guide

booklet and this famous museum was listed in the book. She had told us there were mummies and men who were half shark. That was what had thrilled us. When we finally arrived, I ran as fast as I possibly could. Suddenly I had a falling sensation as if I were on a rollercoaster. I had not seen the 15-foot ledge that I had been walking on. On the ground with my arm broken, I was furious that I would have to go to the doctor instead of viewing the dead mummies.

Island

by Helen Cooney

Amy tried to tell herself to calm down—to take it one step at a time. She sat with her knees pulled up under her chin, the warm ocean water lapping at her feet. Her toes curled. Now her enemy was the water.

She was the only survivor after her private boat had sunk. How she had made it through, she'd never understand. Her mother, father, and two siblings were lost in the wreckage, and though she mourned for them, she knew she had to focus on *herself* now.

Slowly, she rose to her feet. Her legs ached with every step. She winced—there was an enormous gash in her side. She rolled up her shirt to look at it and gagged; she had always hated blood. The sand was warm beneath her feet. There must be fresh water on the island somewhere as it was littered with trees and tropical shrubs. With each step taking a painstaking amount of effort, she reached the boarder of sand and plants.

Once the forest had engulfed her, the earth was much rougher than the welcoming beach sand. Now the panic started to kick in—she was just a girl, how was she going to survive? Did she even want to survive? Amy was on some uncharted island miles and miles off course. All alone, she wandered senselessly around in large circles. Hot tears formed in her eyes and her throat became choked with emotion, frustration.

Determined to get herself off the island, she marched straight ahead in hopes of finding a stream in which she could bathe or at least get a drink. She continued into the dark oblivion, where the trees got denser and denser, and the light got farther and farther away.

