

Pacific Beauty

by Jennifer Murphy

As my feet left imprints in the delicate sand I stared off into the deep, tranquil blue ocean. My mind wandered to the glistening sun setting across the horizon radiating pink and purples across the vast sky. A swift breeze swept across the beach and carried my hair in smooth motions, mimicking the ocean currents. The golden sand whispered through the salty air as the ocean's waves rolled up along the moist shore.

I walked slowly towards the peaceful ocean when in just a blink of an eye both my feet were covered with the cool, crisp water. As I stepped into the water, tiny shells crushed beneath my feet and the wet, soaking sand crept between my toes. With waves crashing in the distance, the salt water mist lightly drizzled over my sun-kissed face. My tan skin soaked up the sun's warmth as it shone over the beautiful beach. The sun lowered on the horizon and dissolved into the ocean.



Pops

by Savannah Durden

Smooosh. Smooosh. Smooosh. The flavorless Cheerios were definitely stale. They had been sitting in the cabinet for at least two months. Near them were the Thin Crisps and the Wheat Thins. Next to those, a magnificent monarch sat, its yellow box as bright as the sun, stinging my eyes even at a glance. The box was extra large. In fact, it was massive. Peering inside, the silver paper became a flawless reflector.

The moment I crunched into a bite, the childish games on the back suddenly became entertaining. This kind of cereals was not something you could find in a store. It was not something you could find in a dump. They were not tasteless Cheerios or smoshy Waffle Grams. These, my friends of the younger generation, are Pops.



Bolles vs. Dupont: The Great Comeback

by Julian Vanscyoc

Two minutes and thirty-one seconds were left in the second half as Mason Johnston approached the free throw line. He glanced at the scoreboard: Bolles 36 – Dupont 44. This was his chance to shine.

The referee handed him the ball. He bounced it a few times, and in the midst of all the noise, he shot it. The ball missed the basket completely and the crowd started shouting, “Air ball, air ball, air ball!” He was outraged and he took the next ball from the ref threw it up. It bounced off the rim. Yet again, the opposing crowd greeted him with profanity.

Dupont recovered the ball and moved it up the court, but a timeout was called. The players jogged over to the sidelines. On our side, Coach Collins explained a few things about what to do in the next minutes. Then he said, “Steve, go in for Mason.” They ran back onto the court and guarded their opponents.

As the Dupont player threw it in, Steve stepped in front and intercepted it. He dribbled down court, but Dupont had speed and caught up with him. So Steve stopped and swished a three, knocking the score down to 39 – 44 with a minute and fifty-nine seconds left.

Dupont took the ball down the court, but this time Bobby Ellison stole it and strode in for two more points, making it 41 – 44 with a minute and fifteen seconds left. Quickly, Dupont took it down and passed it around for twenty-nine seconds until a mistake forced an out-of-bounds. The clock was ticking. Luke Cherry took a three point shot, and the crowd quieted, for the score was now tied at 44 a piece with twenty-three seconds left.

Dupont strolled down the court and Davis Skinner fouled a Dupont player for the fourth time. The first shot missed. The second shot was made and with thirteen seconds left Steve now ran down the court. 12, 11, 10, 9, Steve looked for an open player with the score 44 – 45. He saw an open spot in the middle and made for it. 8, 7, 6, 5, Steve juked a player to the right and headed for the hoop to the left. 4, 3, 2, Steve jumped with all the muscles left in his body and let the basketball go. The horn sounded and the ball racked against the backboard and sliced through the basket. The crowd stormed onto the court chanting “Steve, Steve, Steve!” Steve looked up and saw Bolles 46 – Dupont 45.

