

# When the Lights Went Out

by Andra Riegler

It was an extremely ordinary day in the Clark house. Everything was normal and everyone was doing their daily routine. Mr. Clark was desperately throwing on his clothes for work as fast as he could since he was already 20 minutes late. The children were getting ready for school, and as usual, Mrs. Clark was watching the daily news, and that was when she found out that the most catastrophic storm was on its way to their small town of St. Maine, California. She quickly hurried to tell her family. They all came down and watched the news together. On a miniscule bar on the bottom of the screen a notice ran that all schools and industries were to be closed for the next two days. This bit of news made the Clark family extremely worried. The family spent the rest of the day filled with horror of what disaster the storm could bring.

By 12:30 pm the storm had become a category five hurricane. The Clarks were in shock. Never before had the Clark family had to deal with the idea of a hurricane coming to their lovely town of St. Maine.

At midnight, Mrs. Clark had gotten up for a glass of water. The previously silent kitchen was overwhelmed with the sounds of a storm. The lights suddenly went out. There she was in her kitchen in the pitch black dark.

She felt her way to the counter, then to the wall, and slowly she walked up the stairs. When she got to her room, she felt her way to her bed. That was when she heard the loudest noise she had ever heard in her life. She jolted her husband to wake him up and they both sprinted to the kids' rooms.

When they were all together, they hurried downstairs to see that a tree had broken the large window in the kitchen. Mr. Clark quickly retrieved some plastic bags and duck tape; it was all they could do to hold the rain out. He patched up the window, but the rain and wind blew his repair off.

The family was frantic and realized it would be a long night. The rain slowly started to become a drizzle and the storm started to come to an end.

The sun began to come up, and they were relieved. At that point they could see all the damage the storm had done. Their window was destroyed as well as the kitchen. At 8 am the lights came back on. The family knew they had just survived a terrible storm and that they would definitely never forget it.

# The Concert

by Savannah Wood



At eleven o'clock at night we were at the concert, belting out the words to the song so loud that our lungs hurt so bad. It felt like there was no fluid left in them, and our throats were so sore we could barely even whisper, but we didn't have time to notice. We were having too much fun. I felt other people's sweaty flesh rubbing against me as I shifted toward the enormous mosh pit. Hands touched and pulled me and I suddenly realized that I was being lifted over my best friends' head as well as millions of other people's. I glanced at my friend from the top of the crowd and we exchanged a look of terror as we both thought of what could, and would, happen to me within the next few minutes. I was dreadfully nervous but incredibly excited at the same time.

I had a rush of adrenaline and a feeling of being totally in their hands; I had no control over what would occur next. Therefore, there was no way of preventing what was about to happen.

I am not exactly sure of how I fell, or why. I only know that I did and that it hurt. The wind was knocked out of me as I struck the ground with intense force. My eyes closed for a few seconds, but I was awoken by a foot stomping on my leg repeatedly as if the person was jumping on it intentionally. I screamed out in pain, but I was not heard over the earsplitting noise coming from the loud speakers. I looked up, dazed. People looked down on me, somehow concerned yet not taking any action. Eventually they just looked away.

I knew I had to get up, so I tried with every muscle in my body to lift myself off the ground, but I was so bruised and broken from the fall that it seemed impossible. I lay there, wondering about my friend, Where had she gone? Is she ok? I wish she were here. After an excruciating 30 seconds on the ground getting beaten and injured in everyplace possible, I felt two large hands sweep me up and carry me out of the chaos of the concert. I tried to open my mouth to thank my savior, but nothing came out. I was alone, half unconscious, and scared.

The next morning, I came down from breakfast and my mom asked me how the concert was. "Fine," I said. Little did she know that under my long sleeve pajamas I had evidence of the worst beating of my life.

"I'm glad," she said.

