

You Should Have Said Yes

by Emerson Brundick

The day was warm. Cruising around in my Escalade, suddenly there was this girl. My eyes went wide. Oh man, was she hot. The light from the sun radiated off of her face. She was amazing. I looked her way and said, “May I have your phone number?”

She looked at me with her gentle eyes, and said, “No, get away from me you freak.”

The next day I saw her again, except this time it was a dark, rainy day. She was drenched with the chilling rain. Ever since she had turned me down I had been filled with envy. I wanted my revenge. So I stalked her. Silently I waited outside her house waiting for her to fall asleep.

At midnight, she was asleep. I searched for a key and found it under the doormat. The door opened. As I walked through the house toward her room, I fell. CRASH!! In desperation I got up and ran into the darkness of her room only to be met by a gun barrel starring me down. “Who are you?” she said.

“My name is Vincent,” I said.

“Why are you here?”

There was a moment of silence before I said, “You should have of said yes.”

“Yes to what?”



Butler's Lot

by Paul Sleiman

The day was July 16, 1997. The early summer day was sunny and birds chirped and the water oaks swayed in the breeze. The odor out by the river reminded me of the beach, like salt water. The pleasing aroma captured me and left me wondering. As I sat in the yard regarding everything around me, I noticed the old yellow house. The house's windows were shattered and the walls were covered with dirt. I was curious to know who had lived in the house when I remembered the story my dad had told me years ago.

“Mr. Butler was his name, and he was a mean ol' fella,” said my dad. My dad pointed to what was left of the old man's dock. I asked why it was torn down. “One day old man Butler and his wife were on the dock when BAM!!! Lightning struck Butler in the heart. Mrs. Butler tried to escape, but the dock fell to the bottom of the deep blue river—along with her. Legend has it that Butler's ghost still lives in that rickety yellow house. Others say he never died. For me, I know there lurks a ghost in that ol' yellow house. I



ain't ever goin there and neither are you.”

I didn't believe my dad one bit. But the way he told me that story made me so anxious that I didn't care if he was right or wrong, because I was determined to venture out to the forbidden house. Today I will go were no man has gone before. I will enter the Butler zone!