

Barry the Barracuda

by Sarah Wilk

As I leaped on my petite boat, I could smell the salt from yesterday's waves on the damp seat. When my dad started the engine, the exhaust from the propellers filled the air. The breeze blew our hair in every which way and the water from the wake splashed in our faces. The water was clear as the sky and the vivid sun beamed down on our backs. The boat came to a stop. We reached for our snorkel gear and got ready to jump in. When my toes made contact with the water, goose bumps ran all through my body.

I saw many vibrant and lively multicolored fish swimming throughout the reefs. As I made my way toward the reef, I spotted a bulky, gigantic barracuda. I was frightened. The barracuda acted like he owned the reef and was swimming my way while schools of fish scurried in all different directions. I swam for my boat as fast as I could, my flippers moving 50 miles per hour.

When everybody had made it back on the boat safely, we fed Barry the barracuda some stale cheese crackers. He seemed to enjoy them. Soon after the feeding frenzy, he headed back to the island.



Absolutely You

by Jennifer Murphy

Very confusing yet alluring,
Your words are so reassuring
You bite off more than you can chew
But that's just absolutely you

Leading someone on for quite some time,
I, at least, consider to be crossing the line
I never thought this would be untrue
But that's just absolutely you

You give a smile here and there
Although I know that you don't care.
Say you're through and move on, too
But that's just absolutely you



His Accomplishment

by Mason Johnston

Sweat dripped down his back and he could feel the straps of his hiking pack cutting into his shoulders and arms. Only a few more steps until he reached his goal.

He had hiked for three long days in the hot summer sun. The man was sun-burned from head to toe. But now he was near the top. His legs were beginning to feel the effects of the long journey; they strained with each step he took and his boots had been worn down and were starting to fall apart.

Reaching the end of the long, strenuous hike, he had finally reached the top of the mountain. He collapsed on the warm rocks. The hiker sat there, gasping for air.

He got out his lunch and devoured it hungrily. He stood up slowly, walked to the edge, and admired the view. There were mountains as far as the eye could see. A cool stream flowed beneath him.

The man picked up his pack, gathered his trash, and began his long, slow descent to the bottom

