

Sunburn

by Ben Menaged

A scorching giant of fire
Millions of miles away
Turns a bronze skin to cheery red
In just an unpretentious day.
It travels through the depths of space
Then passes through baby-blue skies,

Its identity is hidden,
But its purpose is to fry.
It crawls on and over the skin
It's effect a luring look of tan,
But if it stays on too long
You'll be red like a ruby crayon



The Trip and the Strange Man

by Andra Riegler



It was early December and my family and I decided to go to Colorado for Christmas. It took over an hour to board the tightly packed plane; apparently skiing was on many other families' lists this year.

We arrived in Colorado and taxied out to our hotel. The tall, cabin-like building looked extremely welcoming. We grabbed our oversized ski bags and entered the warm, fire-lit lobby. After checking in with the clerk, we were off to our rooms. My sister and I would share a room with two floral-sheeted queen size beds. We quickly jumped on them and in a flash we were both asleep.

The next day we were off to ski. The slopes were packed with skiers of many levels. My sister and I were sent off to ski by ourselves. The long and tiresome day soon ended and we reached the bottom of the mountain. The bus to our resort was waiting for us in the parking lot. As we boarded the bus and sat in the two front seats, a man in the last seat was giving us very weird looks. My sister and I got off the bus and headed to our building. And the strange man followed.

We reached our floor, level 3, and the man was waiting by the elevator. My sister and I tried to nonchalantly walk past, but the man stood in our way. As we both tried to make a run for it, he grabbed my arm! I screamed with terror. He pulled me toward the elevator, but my sister kept the doors from opening. He pushed her into the elevator and pulled me in. The man tried to push the button to the top floor, but my sister hit the ground floor button first. We rode down and he grabbed my hand to make it appear nothing was wrong. I screamed for the desk clerk to call the police. As we reached the door to exit the building, he reached out to open the door and I bit his arm and flung the door at his head; he fell to the ground. I ran to the front desk.

In a short five minutes the police were there. The man was arrested for attempted kidnapping, and my sister and I headed off to our room. That night I didn't sleep well, and I have been hesitant of ski vacations ever since!



Mount Masada

Anonymous

On our trip to Israel, we visited a place called Mount Masada. The mountain looked blood red with grey, filthy rocks scattered all over. The mountain has a snake like path that winds upward. Walking up the mountain was pure horror! The sudden sting and pinch of the sun on my skin was like accidentally answering the iron instead of the phone. With not a single cloud in the sky, the morning sun shone all the way across the barren desert. My new, white Addidas suddenly became blotched with dry dirt. As I reached the top, I screamed to my pal Betty, "Hey Betty! You should see the view from up here... its wonderful!"

"Alright," said Betty, "I'm on my way up." At the summit, I could hear the screech of a bird as the smell of fresh air cleaned out my dust-filled lungs. I started to descend the mountain with the guide, as the warm, red sun sank in the Israeli sky. I still remember the whistling wind against my ears and the crunch of sand and rocks, under my dirty white Addidas.