

# The Beach

by Betty Shaw

**As I walked down the desolate beach, the serene water gently flowed around me. I was the only person within sight, and with each step I took, the crushing and crunching of shells rushed through my ears. The feeling of the cold, wet sand squished between my toes. For a moment I paused, becoming motionless.**

**Off in the distance I could hear the sound of obnoxious seagulls striking at something in the water. So I decided to sit down in the soft sand. Then a cool breeze blew through, washing my face with a refreshing coolness, but turning my hair into a knotted mess. The ocean was so peaceful. It glistened under the sizzling sun. A stinging sensation started on my arm and was beginning to hurt. Now what? Sunburn!**



# The Foxes

by Ross Husty

It was six years ago, and yet I still remember it like it was only yesterday. Steamboat Springs, Colorado, wintertime, cabin D4 in the Springs View condominiums, front lot. I was only 8 at the time. The foxes had just appeared, as if they were wraiths come from the defiled graves of those long past. I recollected in an instant how I turned around and they were there.

There were three of them. The biggest was black at the nose with black whiskers white at the ends. The muzzle was black near the nose then to white nearer the face, then turning to orange at the face. This orange was so deep and full of color like a blazing inferno. The eyes looked at me with such an intensity I could feel them as they probed me, searching for signs of fear.

This first was a female, for a male would surely have already lost interest and walked away. The next was a male; I could tell from the wide face and how it presented itself: bold, broad, chest puffed out in a manner of boasting. The face was the same as the first fox, but no white tipped his the whiskers. The orange was bland, lifeless, like the color a maple trees leaf in the autumn. The eyes were that of a playful child trying to make me leave. It was trying to show that *he* was the alpha male.

The third fox was slinking behind. It looked like a cub. It was colored exactly like the first except this one had a glow about it that made me think it was intelligent. Its blazing fur was more red than orange with a slight brown tint. Sort of like the color of fire on a log.



# Morning

by Sara Greenblum



**Ring, ring, ring... An alarm sprang to life, and a pleasant dream faded into reality. A heavy hand threw the old-fashioned red alarm clock against the opposite wall. Pieces of the clock now littered the carpet. Slowly, a figure rose and crossed the room to a large white dresser where clothes were stuffed in a mess of color. A yelling breakfast echoed through the long hall. Silverware clattered in the cluttered kitchen as the family ate their breakfasts. The front door slammed as they filed out the door. Car doors crashed shut. Windshield wipers began a steady**