

THE RUBY RING

by Savannah Wood



Alan ran, scared for his life. The police were chasing after him. *What did I do*, he thought. *What did I do?* They were catching up, so Alan took a sharp turn into a dark alley. The police drove right by, and Alan frantically ran the other way after they passed.

I cannot believe this is happening! I don't believe this! What did I do? What did I do wrong? Why are they chasing me? Why? Then he realized. It was in his pocket, he felt a tiny weight bouncing against his thigh every step he took. He took the ring out of his pocket and gaped at the shiny, billion dollar ruby smugly sitting in the sterling silver band. He was running, running as fast as possible. He did not know where he was going, where he would end up, or where the police were. The sirens had stopped, but he kept on running as fast as his Nike Shox could carry him. His backpack slammed against his back with every step he took. Finally after what seemed like days of running, he slowed to a walk. He searched the premises, cautious of his surroundings. *Am I still in Arizona? Where is everyone? Oh my god, I have to go home, I have to go.* But he knew he couldn't. The minute he stepped foot back in town, he would be packaged, stamped, and shipped to jail right away. He took off his lime green sweater and shoved it under a bush; he thought it might attract attention. He sat down under a telephone pole and stared out at the barren wasteland. Alan took the ring off his finger and studied it; he wondered how it had gotten there. He traced back over a few hours before he had gotten where he was now.

They had been on a field trip, at The Country's Most Precious Jewels Museum. The ruby was on display, with no glass case because the case was being repaired. As they passed through and the tour guide talked about the country's largest emerald, he remembered Ronnie passing by him and bumping into him a little too obviously.... Ronnie! It was Ronnie! *He had grabbed the ring, and dropped it in my pocket while I wasn't looking!* Alan put his head down. He was suddenly very tired and very thirsty. He glanced inside his backpack and saw his uneaten lunch: a ham and cheese sandwich, a water bottle, and an apple with a knife to peel it with. Alan didn't like the peel. He lay on the hard, burning sand and thought about what to do next. Far off in the distance he could hear the faint roar of police sirens. *Oh no! They're coming! They are coming back for me! I'm going to jail. I can't go to jail I can't, I won't. The only way to get out of it is...*he reached inside his lunch bag and took out the knife that was meant to take the peel off his apple. And with it, he took his own life instead.

Bryn, You Are Perfect

by Luke McGurrin

The perfect girl is you
Your hair blonde, your eyes blue
If only I had you
I love you Bryn

It was only a day
And now it's gone away
And all I can say is
I love you Bryn

I think of you as my prime
But thinking won't make you mine
If only we had more time
I love you Bryn

I promise I will see you soon
On the beach, under the moon
At the end of May and beginning of June
I love you Bryn



This Is Just To Say

by Sara Greenblum

This is just to say
I love the ocean
The foaming water
And emerald green waves

The tadpoles dashing
Between little hands
The sandcastles built
Along the white beach

The cool blue water
Against the sun's rays
The seagulls singing
I love the ocean.

