

Mountain Mist

by Chris Connolly

One early October morning I got out of bed to start my day. I drowsily walked through the hallway toward the house deck, the floor boards squeaking as if I were stepping on little mice every step that I took.

It was early morning, around 6:45 or 7 am, and I sat in an Adirondack chair drinking a stifling cup of hot chocolate. As I was sitting looking out over the Appalachians into the foggy mountain mist, it occurred to me that a cool breeze was sweeping over my previously warm body. And I realized that this was the first sign of a very cold winter.



The Gift

by Cody Peacock

As Joe woke up one morning and rubbed his blurry eyes, he noticed a small package at the foot of his bed. Joe wondered why it was laying there and then remembered it was his sixteenth birthday.

Joe crawled over to it to see what it was and shook it. It was meticulously wrapped with a very colorful and festive paper. He looked around to find a card and realized it had been knocked off the bed. He reached down to feel for the card. He found it and was surprised how heavy it was. He wondered what was in it. Joe flipped it over. It was addressed to him. Joe opened it and counted one hundred and sixty dollars. He then read the card. It said the wrapped package was indeed for him. Joe put the card aside, ripped



the paper off, and found the perfect gift underneath. Nothing else could compare to that box with the Porsche logo on it. It could be only one thing; he opened it up

and found a set of keys. Joe ran downstairs and outside as fast as he could to see his new Porsche Boxter.

Joe jumped in the car, stuck the keys in the ignition, and started it up. As he revved the engine, his parents came out, happy to see the delight in Joe's eyes. Joe turned the ignition off, went inside, and proceeded to thank them over and over.

They had breakfast and Joe drove off to school in his new Porsche. As he pulled out to the main street, a huge gasoline truck ripped off the front end of his Porsche, leaving him unconscious and close to death.

He then woke up. He was afraid to unwrap that little box at the end of the bed.

The Perfect Flavor

by Danielle Bartnovsky



Sitting around with nothing to do, I decided to walk around the corner to the ice cream parlor. The walk, which in reality is only about eight minutes, seemed to take hours not only because I was tremendously hot, but also because I could almost taste the dessert. I finally arrived.

As I opened the door, the polar air overpowered me as if I had just stepped out of an airplane in January. I walked up to the counter and looked through the frosted window case at the billions of flavors calling my name. Usually when I come here, I order double dark chocolate with M&M's mixed in on top of a cone, but today I wanted something new. All the flavors were like open paint cans waiting to create a masterpiece on a bland canvas.

I began my creation starting with the original, vanilla, for a base. Next came the hard part, the toppings. Something fruity sounded good but it didn't seem quite right. Maybe something nutty? No. Then the thought hit me: it had to be all kinds of chocolate. Mixing in pieces of every different kind of candy bar was perfect, topping it off by smothering it off with hot fudge and caramel.

I was happy with my creation. I paid the cashier and sat down at a little round table. My spoon seemed to find its own way into the work of art. I savored each and every bit hoping the taste would last forever. Unfortunately, good things never last. My last bite came sooner than I had wished.

All in all, I was satisfied with my delightful dessert. The coolness of the ice cream helped me tackle the hotness of that summer day.