

Guardian Angel

by Claire Cajthaml

One night, as the rain hit the empty highway, a bright red car swerved off the side of the road. It descended down the hill at fast speed and couldn't stop. The driver was Sammy. She gripped the emergency brake with all her might, but it still wasn't working. The car finally stopped after slamming into a tree.

As she stumbled to her feet, she looked down at her ankle, which was swollen and bleeding. She suddenly realized that she was stuck and could not stay up. Up on the hill, a man blurted down to her, calling to see if she was all right. After two minutes down in a ditch alone and cold, she decided to try and make it. With one foot, she fought with all her might to get up the steep cold hill. For every two steps she took, she fell back one.

When she got to the top, the road was filled with red flashing lights. She collapsed from the intense climb. The firefighters ran to her, collecting her broken, bleeding, cold body off the dirty road. They gently put her on a roll-away bed. In the ambulance, she awakened from her deep sleep. The man who called for help was just standing there, as if he knew her. As Sammy glanced upon him, she knew that he had saved her. She knew that he was her guardian angel.

Bad Grades

by Tyler Chambers

Bad grades have to be the worst thing ever for a fourteen-year old because things like driving privileges that have only been in my dreams for my whole life are starting to get taken away. When my advisor calls me over, my stomach is swarmed with butterflies. She says "Tyler, Mr. Gieson said you're failing his class," and then I know it is over.

I don't want the dreadful last bell to ring at 3:45 because when it does, my eyes aren't going to see the light of day for a long, long time. Well, of course it rings, and I walk out to the parking lot and guess who's first in line? My dad. My mind is telling me that he knows because he is never first in the car pool line, in fact, he is never there until after four o'clock.

Getting into the car, I look at my dad and I can see veins bulging out of his neck and face, my heart starts skipping beats. Nothing is said until we reach the highway, but then it is like W.W.F. Smack Down in his car. He is yelling and screaming at me and I don't ever say anything because if I did I would only dig myself deeper into a hole. We get home and the first thing that happens is my mom starts yelling at me the same thing my dad just mega-phonied into my ears.

Walking to my room, I want to put my fist through the wall, but I just throw my backpack and sit down and start doing homework, hoping to get better grades.

Skiing

by Tyler Gibson

Ready for another run, you raise the bar and push off. The people at the bottom look like little ants. Swerving back and forth, taking the moguls effortlessly, faster and faster you speed along the icy path.

With poles now tucked under, you see danger ahead. Making a quick left turn to avoid a large mound of fluffy snow, you realize at the last minute that your turn maybe wasn't hard enough, you brace yourself for the mound of cold, wet, loose snow ahead. The people on the gondola look scared, but then see a figure come out of the shower of smoke faster than before.

The tree line is coming up fast now as you prepare to make quick turns in the brush. Sliding down the hill, the powder feels soft under your brand new skies. It feels like floating. The tree line now looks like a green barrier. Moving from left to right, you feel the gusts of icy cold wind; your legs are on fire. The blood drains out of your face as you come deadly close to one of the trees. The "ants" on the ground are getting bigger and bigger, and suddenly you go flying in the air, forward, and realize you're falling over a jump.

Trying to regain speed for the final turn, you start to stabilize. Coming down the last stretch, you gain speed and, just before the lift line, everyone is sprayed with cold icy snow.