

Hunting the Hunted

by Ellie Skinner

Bam! Bam! The bullet of my gun shot off into the distance of the creepy forest. Running the path of my bullet, I felt the trees reaching out to me from both sides. Far to the left was a field of wild yellow flowers. The rays of the sun rained down on them.

As I got closer and closer to my target, I heard its cry of pain. I searched for the animal to put it out of its misery. After a few minutes I stumbled upon the fawn. It was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. The fawn lay on the filthy ground piercing me with its black eyes as if I was a murderer. I closed my eyes as I pulled the trigger.

I dug a deep, round hole and buried the poor animal where it was meant to stay.

Coca-cola

by Connor Buffkin

It starts with the melting of millions of microscopic pieces of sand. Once in liquid form, the particles are chilled to the shape of a bottle. They turn clear. Now they aren't particles of sand; it is one glass bottle. The new bottle is ready for the next step. Once the bottle goes through the decontamination, it is sterilized and ready for drinking and wrapped with the famous Coca-cola wrapper. Speeding down the long railing of the machine, it is filled with ice cold Coca-cola. It is then shipped to the topping machine where it receives a sparkling red bottle cap with the fine white print of the Coca-cola Company so that the delicious carbonated liquid inside will stay fresh without spilling. As the bottle passes through the last step in the long process, it is shipped to one of many vending machines. After the bottle moves down shelves in the drink machine, it comes out. This is what it has been waiting for: the time it would be consumed.

Marooned on Melinar

by Abigail Hunger

Soft, tropical breezes blew caressingly through the palms emitting a gentle rustling. Soothing zephyrs of warm, fruit-scented air danced around the island and caused Sam's long, straight, auburn hair to swirl around her face. Her best friend, Luke, was her opposite. His short hair was slightly curly and, unlike her, he was tall.

A muffled thud jolted Sam out of her reverie. She hastily stood up, brushed the sand off her wrinkled khaki shorts, and scrutinized the area around her hoping to discover the culprit. Her eyes fell upon a sizeable coconut, half sunk in the warm sand about three inches from where her head had been. Suddenly, she heard another thump, this one louder. She whirled around to see Luke holding another large nut and grinning. His sandy blonde hair flopped in his eyes. "Breakfast?" he asked. Sam shook her head and smiled. They had just sat down to split open their "breakfast" when Sam noticed that Luke's feet were badly scratched.

"Are your feet okay?" she queried.

He responded, "Yeah, but climbing palm trees is tough!" They stared in companionable silence at the tranquil ocean.

Sam finished quickly and meandered down the beach toward the lapping surf. She waded in up to the middle of her calves and stood there thinking. As she gazed out over the turquoise water and the multi-colored reef teeming with fish, she knew, in all her 15 years, she had never seen anything like it. She began to think about her family: her little sister, Amy, her parents, and her Uncle Nathan. "Penny for your thoughts?" Luke asked, putting his arm around her and pulling her close.

A lump formed in her throat as she tried to reply, "Luke...it's my family...will I ever see them again?"