

MLB

by Ty Kelly

The sweet aroma of freshly cut grass invades the atmosphere. Rays of bright light beam down on the wonderfully shaped diamond made out of clay. The roars of an intense crowd echo a sound like a mighty thunder throughout the stadium. Fans begin the wave. You can here the click clack of metal cleats as the players trot out of the dugout. Players from both teams stretch their tight muscles out on the field. They grab their hats and mitts to warm up. The baseballs shine like gigantic pearls threaded with a red lace as the players throw back and forth to each other. The field is lined with a white chalk. Huge, yellow foul poles protrude from the corners of the stadium. The players grab their smooth, maple wood bats. Every swing they take is fluent like the words of an articulate writer. Every hit sounds like the bat will crack. The umpires arrive. The two head coaches meet, and discuss the field rules. "Time to play baseball," the umpire says.

The Big Bang

by Connor Buffkin

I was in the middle of a 360 flip when bam! I landed face-first on the water. My face was stinging like 100 bees had stung me all at once. As I opened my eyes, I realized that I was in one spot and my pants were in another. My whole life froze. Everything was tuned out of my head except for the laughter of the audience. Never had anything this embarrassing passed through my head. I was naked in public. I became dizzy. My whole life flashed before me, and I thought I would never be seen in public again. Thoughts galloped through my mind like a stampede of drunken elephants: "Grab your bathing suit," "take off your life jacket and drown yourself," "swim to shore," "and curse out the audience," "jump in the boat," "run away." Then something came to me: "You're dreaming." But I was not dreaming, and I found out the hard way.

The Awakening

by Tyler Gay

Early in the morning while you are still sleeping, a little box blares a violent screeching noise trying to awake you. At first you are unaware of what this loud beeping noise is. You are startled. Your head pops up like Punxsutawney Phil on Groundhogs Day. The noise is growing louder and louder and you don't know where it is coming from. Looking, around the dark, blurry room, it suddenly hits you, the alarm clock! As you slowly swivel your head to the side, it sits there staring at you, making that wretched sound. At this moment you say to yourself, "Self, how could such a small thing make such a disturbing noise?" Your hand starts to swat viciously at the thing. Missing the alarm, your hand thuds into a reading light on your night stand, and with a clashing sound, the light crashes to the floor. Not only have you made a racket, but also you have probably broken your left pinky finger in the process. Now being fully awake for about one minute, you're able to focus on the alarm clock. You feel for the button to turn it off. There it is. You press the button and the blaring noise is now a dark, silence. During this frenzy, you never even noticed the time. With green, segmented numbers, the clock shows 12: 51, six and a half hours before you have to wake up. When you step out of bed, you happen to step on that reading light which possibly broke your left pinky finger. Now you have hurt your right big toe. What a rude awakening.