

An Afternoon in Spain

by Holland Hoefnagel

The blue sky hung dry throughout the day. The pink and green buildings decorated the skyline of the city. The public buses drowned out the screaming of neighbors that yelled from their wrought iron terraces. Groups of people walked up and down the alleys carrying brown paper bags that held delicacies that were bought at the stores along the street. Cars raced by causing the dried, dead leaves to fly up behind its tracks. Although the visitors wanted to,



they couldn't resist the aromas that wafted from the bakeries that only baked the finest bread. At twelve noon the church bells rang throughout the streets telling that the day was almost through. As the sun reached its peak the streets drained of people, as they went to lay down for their siesta. A lonely breeze swept through the streets carrying trash and dust left from the day. It was only a typical day in Spain.

Buck

by H. B. Graves

A buck stands in a cornfield in the shadow produced by the moon. Antlers of extraordinary proportions glisten below the same soft opal orb as the tall silhouettes of pine trees swaying in calm breezes. Reflecting the blades of grass, the buck's eyes show a hue of yellow orange. His tail is slightly kinked, leaving an inkling that he is on the trail of a doe. He is staring down the uneven, grass-covered path leading away from the cornfield below a leaning bow stand resting twenty feet high in a white oak tree. Birds in nests high above the deer sleep soundlessly while scavengers scurry about in the moonlit forest, foxes wake from their nocturnal sleep and stars reveal themselves to the blind earth, some falling into the atmosphere toward the earth's surface.

The Old Ballgame

by Tanner Williams

It was a cool evening; the trees were beginning to shed their leaves in anticipation of winter. The smell of French fries and Pop-Corn filled the air as the last fans shuffled into Skinner-Barco Stadium. Excitement raged, the long awaited contest between Bolles and Mandarin was about to begin. Like the sound of buffalos on the Great Plains, the Bulldogs thundered on to the field. The fans cheered, hands clapping, and feet stomping.

The tension was building as both teams stood facing the flag for "The Star Spangled Banner". The silver helmets reflected in the sunlight. The blue uniforms stood out on the green field. The bulldogs had trained hard for this game. But, was it enough? Only time would tell. With the sound of the whistle and the snap of the old pigskin, the game was underway. The battle was on, not only for a years bragging rights but a chance at the district Championship. More than an hour passed as the teams banged pads and helmets. When time expired and the whistle blew the final story was told by the scoreboard. Bolles 39 Mandarin 8.

