

No Pain, No Gain

by Ty Kelly

Weaving left and right through the defense like a grandma sewing up her scarf, I dove in for another touchdown. I seemed to be unstoppable that night, until my accident. The opposing team glared at me with their fiery eyes as they began to devise a plan. They decided to take me out. For the next play, I waited in the backfield, anxious to receive the ball. As the quarterback called, "Hike!" I stepped to the right and shot off like a rocket to the sidelines. I knew I had another touchdown, but out of nowhere a gigantic boy emerged from the swarm of defenders, knocking me into the chain-link fence to my right. My hand caught the fence, but the force of the hit ripped my hand away. I sprung to my feet immediately and looked over at my bleeding hand. There was a huge gash between my thumb and index finger. I wanted to cry, but my team needed me now. I could not let them down. It was the last play of the game. I set up in the back field. With trickles running down my arm, I anticipated the snap. Fifteen yards of grass stood in front of me. I had to get in that end-zone. Sweat rolled down my face as the quarterback called the signals. He handed me the ball and the horde of defenders were upon me. I broke a few tackles, juked to the right, and dove in for the touchdown. We had won the game, and I had realized that if there is no pain, there is no gain.

The Waiting Room

by Holland Hoefnagel

Jane sat quietly and patiently. The tears she had been crying for the past three hours had dried on her face, but she felt more on their way. She was very tired.

White glossy walls sprinkled with pictures of vibrant colors in this emergency waiting room in Milwaukee, Wisconsin were supposed to make your stay better and brighter. A corner of the room was designated for children, with effortless puzzles and books. There were magazines with old gossip on the covers, and some covers were completely ripped off. Jane didn't know if she could last any longer. She had flipped through every magazine, tried the muddy coffee and watched the video about the new hospital wing on the TV. She had nothing else to do. She would do anything to keep the past hours from passing through her distraught mind again.



But the past played through her mind over and over again. To keep herself from going crazy Jane curled up in the flimsy plastic chairs and dozed off. After what seemed like hours of sleep she was awakened by a young, tired-looking nurse who introduced her to a police officer. He was adorned with police gear, and he sported a grave look on his face. He said he would like to ask some questions about what had happened that night.

She explained in profound detail what she would probably never forget. She had sauntered into one of many bathrooms in the house only to walk up on a boy passed out on the fuzzy pink bathroom rug. She had no idea who he was and if he even went to her school. She kicked him and told him to get out; she had to go really bad. The boy didn't move. She panicked after an awkward silence. Jane called the ambulance, which had arrived within minutes and taken the boy to the emergency room of St. Michael's Hospital. That is where her story ended, leaving them where they stood. The look on the officer's face suggested that he didn't believe a word she had told him. The worse part was Jane had the exact same feeling. It was something she hadn't ever pictured happening to her.

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