

# The Gang

by John Peter Price

The Westside Gang was rolling by in their pimped out, three-wheeled low riders. Pedestrians' mouths dropped as they passed. The Westside Gang was the most bloodthirsty, devious gang in all of New York. They zoomed by the brick apartments with sidewalk front yards. Near hobos in tattered jackets, the Westside Gang pulled into an empty alleyway scattering trash cans and rats. The leader of the group, Dubious D, had on a nice velvet coat and do-rag. Money was falling out of his coat. His gigantic bouncer led the way.

The Westside Gang was going for their biggest heist yet. They were going for a small shop with many posters in the window. The Westside Gang casually entered the store. The store keeper at the glass counter asked, "What can I do for you gentlemen?"

"We're just browsing," said Dubious D.

"Well, just tell me if you need anything."

Standing in front of Dubious D, the bouncer swiped an object from a pedestal by the front window. As the store keeper came from the back, Dubious D said, "I guess we'll be leaving now."

"Okay. Thank you for shopping at Trading Cards for Nerds." The kids bolted down the sidewalk to their tricycles. They knew they had just made their greatest robbery of their lives.

# The Burning of Atlanta

by Bill Morton

It was quiet in the town, the sun shining bright and the men, most of the 21<sup>st</sup> Georgia Militia, were well trained for combat.

The general of the reigning Union army marched toward this peaceful town of Atlanta. On the dirt road leading to the city, the drums and trumpets sounded. The 21st, listening with keen ears, ran to their children and wives, collecting them and hiding them in their dwellings. They snatched their muskets from their wooden podium, and marched off to engage their enemies in shiny blue uniforms. They situated themselves behind the stone wall in front of the city, a wall about four feet tall. The Union army approached without fearing their ultimate downfall.

The militiamen took aim with an eye squinted and a finger on the trigger, praying it wasn't jammed. The commander of the minutemen assembly was a well-known fellow by the name of Henry Clanson. The Federal Army stopped, and the front row took a knee. Clanson called, "Open fire!" The blue bellies outnumbered the rebels five to one, a ratio that began decreasing at an alarming rate. The 21<sup>st</sup> Militia were not steady but were trained and made every shot count. The rebels, however, were ultimately defeated.

Many of the dead lay upon the cold, stone wall as the blue bellies rushed into the city as though a dam had broken. The wave of blue soon turned to red as the city had been ignited on fire. The general of the victorious army smirked under his well-combed black hair. Grinning with satisfaction, he coughed out a laugh in the smoky air. He watched women and children scream and cry, but not a tear fell for them.

