

The Killer

by Allison Haramis

One night it was raining really hard, all of the power was out, and I was lying in bed. The day before I had been watching the news, and there was a report of a killer on the loose. Hearing creeks in the floorboards, I expected it to be my mom. The noise stopped. I heard my brother's bedroom door open. I could hear him snoring, so I was not alarmed. Then I heard footsteps getting farther and farther away, only to vanish. Suddenly the footsteps sounded like they were coming back. Remembering my parents had gone to bed before me, I started to panic. My brother's door opened again, and the snoring stopped. I was worried, but too scared to see what was going on. It had been quiet for the last hour, so I got up. I opened my brother's door, and saw an empty bed. There was a loud crash outside. I turned to the window only to see the killer staring back at me. Running around the house screaming, nobody came to see what was wrong. I ran back to my room. There was Abigail sitting on my bed. "Goodbye," she said...

The Perfect Grab

Anonymous

Tied up in a pickle and short on time,
One way, the sniper that never misses
And the other, a speeding trigger like lightning,
Now, freaking out like a zebra trying
To cross a crocodile-filled river,
The only option is to get the flag;
Get ready, get ready, sneaking like a mouse
How he twitches, sweats, and desperately craves water
He's only waiting for the perfect time...
Slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly, and GO!

White Oleander

by Heather Cordy

A mother loves her daughter,
She knows just what to say
When the world is crashing down on you

She can be overprotective at times,
She will make you laugh
At her lame jokes,
She will always be there for you

A daughter loves her mother,
She tries to be independent,
Tries to break free from her mother,
Tries not to be like her,

She will scream "I hate you!"
She will lock herself in her room,
But at the end of the day
Her mother is my best friend