

An Alaskan Sunset

by Matt Carmines

At 10:35 pm, the spectacular moment of beauty had arrived once again. Rays of color and the puffery of clouds met the aqua sea. Reflections abounded and yellow, reds, pinks, and blues intertwined with the grays and blacks of the brief night. The glistening water and frozen terrain meshed with the cool, crisp aroma of the sea.

The exhilaration of the senses heightened. To add to the rhapsody of the amazing scene was the wildlife lurking in the background: an otter with a puffy, brown coat, floating on its back cracking a muscle, a dozen humpback whales breaching mist high into the air, and a solitary polar bear looking for a female in the distance. And there I was, sitting in my fluffy green jacket, watching every moment of the Alaskan Sunset.

London

by Lainie Hyman

The tip of the chapel reaches high into the afternoon sky. Only one tiny cloud is visible. Flags and banners catch the wind above the busy streets of London. A frustrated woman crosses the road. Multistory shops and pharmacies line 5th Avenue North. Further down the street, florists sell their brightly colored flowers. A tired mother carries her infant up the steep hill. Her sunglasses begin to droop on her nose after a long day at work. Traffic is heavy. Sky scraping windows tower high over the bland streets of London. The chapel clock strikes five. Smoke happily puffs out of brick chimneys as cars chug slowly along the clogged street.

The Final Pitch

by Tyler Gay

The buzz was going around in the stands; all the parents sensed that we were about to win the sectional tournament for Little League Baseball. Their summer family vacation plans were about to be put on hold...

All eyes were on me as I toed the rubber. The smell of fresh hot dogs in the air from the concession stand filled my nose, and it made me hungry. Kids were playing games off to the side of the field, yelling and having a good time. I heard the sound of someone opening a fresh bottle of Coke. But all of things that were happening stopped for a single moment and all was silent. Glancing at the catcher, I got the sign. With and 0-2 count on the batter, everyone in the park knew what was coming next: the curveball. Sure enough, that's what the coach relayed to the catcher, and that's what he showed to me. Three fingers went down from the catcher's hand, indicating a curveball, and his pinky extending to the right saying put the pitch on the outside part of the plate. He slid over. I came set, moving my fingers to position the grip on the ball. Rearing back, I delivered the devastating breaking ball to the plate.

The batter just watched the ball snap into the catcher's glove, his knees had buckled, and I knew that that was the final pitch.

