

A Fierce, Howling Wind

by Reid Wilcox

The fierce, howling winds nipped at my face like a pack of angry dogs. My legs were now a deep purple, covered in goose bumps even under my wool pants. The slick, talkative salesman who had sold me my coat had assured me that it would keep me warm in any type of weather, but my torso felt like ice. Whenever I managed to take in a breath, which was difficult in this dry mountain air, my lungs felt like they were being frozen and burned simultaneously. A small house's dim light atop the mountain peak, my only source of inspiration and hope, was very hard to make out through the thick, merciless snowstorm and the tall, swaying trees. Normally, a road would have been my guide to the lighted cabin, but it had been long erased by a blanket of thick snow. Although trudging through feet of snow was getting quite tiresome, I persisted.

School Is Boring

by Matt Myhand

School is boring:
Quizzes and tests,
And homework in piles
that keeps us from rest,
The endless periods,
Everything monotonous,
Sitting all day in class,
I can't wait to get off campus.

School can help:
Learning is important,
Getting into college
so I'm not totally ignorant,
Preparing me for real life,
A safe environment,
Halfway done with school anyways,
It's not so bad to be a student.

Fur Better or Worse?

by Grace Dahlstrom

Down a lonely alleyway in downtown Chicago a man was casually leaning against a lamp-post. Darkness filled the ally, except for a single shard of light falling onto the man's hat. The light illuminated the man and a blue swirl of smoke circling from a cigar clenched between his crooked teeth. Looking into the man's smoke framed face, his clever, calculating eyes were almost hidden by a New York Yankees cap. The man was Victor Geetz, an Italian detective, who had been hired by a disagreeable woman with a paisley scarf, to find the hideout of a ring of poachers.

Now disguised as a buyer for the rare furs, Victor waited outside a rusty metal door to be admitted to a warehouse suspected of holding the illegal furs. Deciding to review his story before the poachers questioned him, Victor went over the facts in his mind: He was Thomas Kleg a buyer in the underground fur sales. His client was a rich oil Sheikh that wanted identical snow leopard coats for his 13 brides. And he would pay in cash, a suitcase full of old, untraceable 20 dollar bills.

Creeeaaak! The door swung open to reveal a formidable looking man with a scar running down the left side of his face. With a thick Russian accent Victor was beckoned inside...