

A Good Act, but a Bad Heart

by Samantha Stamps

Her golden orange hair shined brilliantly as the sun remained high in the sky. She stepped out of the Hummer limo in her flashy red high heels onto the cool soil. The heel of her shoe immediately sunk into the earth. Her little freckled nose sniffed in some outside air as she thought to herself, "This is not what I signed up for; a stupid camping trip." She glanced around at all the small tents set up in a circle to the fire pit. Long, dead, skinny tree branches swayed with the light breeze. She sat. It was a perfect day to camp, but for her, a perfect day to be anywhere else but here.

The orphan kids danced around the immense campsite looking for good fire logs. The prissy teen just squinted her eyes in regret as she walked toward everyone. The trashy man that approached her had messy hair, red tired eyes, and a distorted outfit that clashed. That man, the charity organizer, stood on a large stump thanking the drama queen girl for donating time to spend with the kids. The children offered to set up her never-used tent. She, in a bad mood, rudely rejected the kids' generous gesture. "I cannot wait until this is all over and I'm back to reality. What a waste of time," she thought.

Awake, Fine Sun

by Stephen Schroeder

Awake, fine sun, and light my path;
Drench slowly my trail with your cheerful light.
Fight the dark, the death, the end;
Show the life, the existence, and the being;
With your cheerful light.
Awake, fine sun, and show me the world.
With your intelligent rays.
Awake, fine sun, and show me the way;
To living a happy life.



BLUE RIBBON

by Aubrey McCall

The scent of barbeque and fresh boiled peanuts filled the air when I arrived at the fairgrounds. It was my first horse show and I had major butterflies. I kept on asking myself will the horse perform well and will I impress the judges. The trailer was not far behind, and neighs of excitement carried through the grounds. Reflections from the sun hit the cold steel of the trailer and made it glimmer. The brisk December breeze chapped my cheeks and frisked the horses. My chestnut-colored gelding was prancing and dancing to the beat of a fast drum, and his mane was in tight braids. I too had my hair braided, so tightly that I looked Chinese. I mounted my horse, and entered the dust-covered arena and my worries drifted away. The judge looked like an old fashion cowboy from the south with his mustache curled at the ends. He also wore spurs as long as my foot and a grin from ear to ear. There was a lot of competition; the judge worked us hard and watched for any mistakes. At the end of the class, the marks were tallied and then time stood still. The speaker's hoarse voice was then heard over the noisy crowd and my name was announced, "First place goes to Aubrey McCall riding Dudley." My horse knew we had won, and stood proud with a blue and gold ribbon by his ear.