

GOT MILK?

by Aubrey McCall

The perfect snack for me is a glass of milk and *Oreo* cookies. I pulled out a tall glass from the cabinet. The glass had a wide top and a narrow bottom. Beside the cabinet was a shelf where all the family treats were stored. An unopened bag of *Oreo* cookies rested in the far right corner. As I dragged out the plastic bag, the sound of crinkling and crackling reverberated around the room.

From the refrigerator on the highest shelf, I pulled a large carton from behind the orange juice.

I poured the milk into the tall glass. The condensation of the icy milk frosted the glass. I greedily grabbed a cookie and dipped it into the glass making the *Oreo* moist. After taking a bite, I gulp some of the milk, feeling sharp ice chunks flow down my throat. I sat the glass down. The milk has left a white mustache on my face. The condensation on the glass from the icy milk runs down the glass, leaving a ring of water on the table.



Hunger

by Eddie Dybalski

The terrible pain
In your stomach
Wanting more
And more food
To satisfy its evil
Lust and always
Tearing at your
Insides until
Finally, you give
In and indulge
In a delicious morsel.
This is hunger.
Its always knocking
Like a stranger in the
Night, unwanted
And vengeful as
It looks for a human
To stun with its
Horridly fierce blow.

Ultimate Destination

by Matt Myhand

“Yo lil’ D,” I heard someone yell as I casually strolled down the street in my gold and shiny shirt, brand new jean shorts down to my ankles filled with cash, and Reeboks with straps. My long braided dreads fell around my neck and shoulders as I flicked them to the side. Small packs of gang members stared at me when I walk by them at corners with old, rustic gas stations, where if they knew my business they would grab their guns and look away. Lincoln Continental and Escalade cars passed by that had huge bass systems pumping with their windows all fogged up. Occasionally police sirens went go off and even a gunshot would echo through the hood and I would think if it was someone I knew. Oh well. Every building I passed was old, run-down and spray-painted. Houses had light blue paint with no lawn and suspicious-looking people standing outside. Finally, the familiar aroma passed by, filling the air with liquid heaven. My destination was a place way better than any other, a place that would never get run-down and always prosper. I smile when I arrived—Church’s Chicken!