

A Bite of Heaven

by Melissa Picco

Amy's baby blue eyes were bulging out of their sockets. Painted on her face was a broad grin. Her chubby cheeks turned a rosy red, visible even in the twilight. She wore faded jeans torn in various places with dirt smudged in the creases and a yellow t-shirt, much larger than her teeny body. Thrust carelessly to the side was her messy ponytail, full of dirty-blonde hair. Consequently, her attention was clearly drawn not to her appearance, but to the glimmering silver wrapper that murmured softly when crinkled between two of her microscopic fingers. Inside was the rest of that little corner of heaven she had just devoured, ready to be enjoyed once more. Its aroma wafted through the air. Although her face presented an expression of pure joy, it also held a twinge of fear. Would her parents find out that she had stolen their chocolate? No. And if they did, what would it matter? She had just consumed her first nibble of chocolate and nothing could ruin this perfect moment. Nothing! Forgetting the dark-brown speckles spread across her face, she skipped inside the house.



Black and White

by Melissa Picco

Black is everywhere.
It's the color of a sleepy night
and of the speckles
on rolling dice.

It's the stripes on a zebra
and the beans on a cocoa tree.

Black is a pen's fine ink
and a mixture of all colors we see.

And white is everywhere.
It's the color of whipped cream
and of the foam-covered waves
in a rushing stream.
It's the tag in the back of your shirt
and the stars that shine bright.

White is a heavenly color
that symbolizes light.

Almost 2 Years

by Francesca Bove

Bobbie and Sally had been dating for almost 2 years now. They had met in the old style pizza restaurant in the heart of New York City and their 2 year anniversary was just one week away. Bobbie was planning a surprise date for Sally. He thought it would show her how much he cared about her. Bobbie did not have time to see Sally for that week, not because he was being rude, but because he was secretly planning their date. When Bobbie was at work, he would daydream about their perfect date, but Sally would only wonder why Bobbie didn't want to see her. And at night, Bobbie would run errands to make final preparations for their date. Yet, Sally would drive herself to the grocery store, buy a tub of chocolate ice cream, and go home to have a long and hard cry. She would try calling Bobbie, but he was too busy planning their special night and he would accidentally miss her calls. A week passed and the night of the perfect date had finally arrived. Bobbie fixed his tie then pulled his hands through his curly blonde hair....everything was good, and he was ready to see Sally. He rang her doorbell, waited a few seconds, and then no one answered, so he rang it again. A few minutes later, the front door opened, but Sally had not answered the door; her best friend Macy had. Macy questioned Bobbie as to why he was at Sally's house because she was under the impression that he no longer liked Sally. Macy said, "She loved you, you know....I can't believe you cheated on her." Then she slammed the door in front of Bobbie's face.