



## The Cry

by Lauren Beames

“Someone’s crying upstairs,” was the thought that went through her mind. She was in an old rickety house with creaky wood and spider webs the size of closet doors. The crying was a screechy sound that could break the eardrums of cheetahs if you got too close. Walking apprehensively up the stairs with a flashlight in her hand, the steps felt like they were going to crack under her shaking legs and feet. The sound of the cry was getting higher and louder as she ascended towards the third floor. She walked into the room where the high-pitched cry was. A flash of light blinded her eyes. The girl’s flashlight dropped to the ground clinking on the old wooden floor. Her knees gave out as she fell on the floor screaming the high-pitched scream.

About two hours later the police had arrived to the abandoned house. About an hour before, they got a call from a near-by neighbor who had heard a dreadful scream and saw a flash of light brighten up the dark house for a split second. Nervously, the police searched the home. They found nothing on the first and second floor until they got up to the attic. Spider webs were ripped apart and a faint noise filled their ears. Going toward the noise, the police saw a corpse lying on the floor with her eyes and mouth open. Her teeth were yellow and there was no saliva in her mouth. The corpse’s eyes had no color and neither did her skin. The high-pitched scream was now a faint, hoarse scream coming from the dead body’s mouth.

Suddenly, the neighbor saw a beam of light through her window. She could not see any shadows of the policemen in the attic of the house next to her. While dialing 911, she walked into the house trembling, filling her mind with awful questions and answers about what could have happened to the policemen. She walked to the third floor talking on the phone with the police. As she stepped foot into the room, the beam of light shined into her eyes. The phone lay on the floor. “Hello?”

## Night is Dark

by Michael Mas

Night is dark  
A time to sleep  
Darkness everywhere  
Some people weep  
For they are alone  
And have time to reflect  
On all that has happened  
That they can regret

But day is bright  
And most people forget  
About everything sad  
And for all they wept  
And then they remember  
That life is better  
If they don’t weep  
When they have time to think  
But instead just sleep

## Death in the Depths

by Kristen Lewis

The crystal clear water nipped at my extremities above the rocky bottom stretching for miles in either direction. Looking around, my body was suspended in the water a few hundred feet below the surface. When the blue mask strapped over my head was slightly flooded, the chill stung my eyes. The indigo fins attached to my booted feet rippled with the colliding water currents. My mouth clenched over the regulator, and bubbles slowly squeezed out of the rubber breathing apparatus.

The air in the green, cylindrical tank on my back tasted metallic, the sharp tang coating my tongue. The coolness of the formula I was breathing filled my lungs. Fumbling for the cord of the gauge, I stared at the dials through the shifting water in my mask. Where was the pressure needle pointing? Were there three hundred or eight hundred pounds per square inch left? Releasing the gauge into the water, I reached for the rim of my mask, drawing in a breath to force out the water. The mask dried with my explosive exhalation, and as I drew another breath, I choked. My eyes flew open with panic as I flailed for the gauge, desperation threatening to take over. My vision started to fade as I read the single red word: EMPTY.