

A Sunrise on the Beach



Churning gently on the shore, the waves rushed onto the sand only to be dragged back into the ocean. A faint light peeked through the clouds. Soon it morphed into an enormous, vibrant sun that zealously brightened the morning sky. Steadily, the sun lit the clouds to various shades of crimson, violet, orange, and yellow. Looking like countless balls of fluffy, chunky cotton candy, they moved with the faintest amount of wind in the morning sky. Stars that once shined ostentatiously faded. However, a sliver of the moon was still visible in a far corner of the sky, observing the vivid colors coming into view. Salt wafted through the air on a refreshing ocean breeze. Gaining power as it headed toward land, the breeze was just strong enough to make two

lofty palm trees sway. Their leaves brushed together with a *swish*. Crying loudly, seagulls muffled the sound of the swaying palms and churning waves. After a few more hours, the sun had reached its peak. Watching the dark fill the sky once more, it began to make its decent.

Saved by the Bell

by Aubrey Del Rio

My mind is running wild and loose as the class is screaming out their differing opinions, I sit here debating with myself just to perk up the courage and say something, or anything for that matter! Just as my mind comes to peace and I decide to keep my opinion to myself, a word accidentally tumbles from my mouth. Fortunately, the thunderous voices of my fellow classmates blocked out my soft, sweet, surrendered voice. As I referred back to my past, present and future I could never get over the fact that people can start up conversations regularly and without a struggle. While my mind wandered away from the rowdy class I was suddenly startled at the teacher's outrage and anger. He screamed with passion, "*SILENCE!*" The debate ended in a heart beat. The teacher then asked for my opinion of the matter. My heart started racing I could feel the tension growing as my classmates turned to me for a response. Bullets of sweat were dripping vigorously down my forehead. I quivered with fear and kept asking myself repeatedly: What would my classmates think of me if I said something stupid? Oh the feeling of all that tension wrapped up inside of me as my classmates stared at me aimlessly for an answer. Nothing came out. My teacher, once again, asked me to tell him what I thought of the matter. Just as I thought I was going to throw up, I was saved by the bell.

Dancing Trees

by Aubrey Del Rio

Watch as her arms sway
Back and forth, the wind
Moves her gracefully
So soothingly and kind
Listen to her branches
And hear how they
Rustle against one another
Harmonizing in such a way.
The birds fly in and out
Of her hair but she
Will not stop swaying
Until the wind will agree.

