

Champion

by Grace Dahlstrom

Pinning the race number to my shirt, I glanced at the rectangular countdown clock which showed 15 seconds until the contest's start. Time always seems to slow down before a race and stray noises suddenly stop as if holding their breath in anticipation for the gun shot, starting the event. This happened now and time slowed down enough to allow millions of thoughts into my head under a fraction of a second, until BANG! The gun was fired. With energy pulsing through my legs, I began. The whole course was a blur of motion and cheers until the last mile when everything snapped into focus. My legs had now become comfortably numb, so I could no longer feel their pain. Hundreds of people lined the sidelines and were shoving cups of water into my path, hoping that they would be lucky enough for me to choose theirs. Grabbing the cup of a particularly pushy spectator, I heard the words "good job, your in first." Was I really in winning? I could hardly believe it I was in first place! I was the fastest 15k runner in the entire country, or would be if I kept it up. My name would be remembered throughout sports history, written down in important books, and most importantly I would be given a heavy golden medal with an engraving of a winged shoe on it to remember my victory. Running harder, I sprinted toward a small flag almost imperceptible in the distance with the words *100 yards to go* written on it in bright orange letters. With a gust of wind the words disappeared, the banner was falling. But it didn't matter now, I had read the words and was about to pass the sign toward victory. And it wouldn't have mattered if the banner was the only thing to fall, but so did the metal pole holding up the waving sign. And that pole crashed straight into my head and I fell. Fell onto the cold pavement, where everything was dark. The first place runner was unconscious.

The Stone

by Nolen Gloersen

The sea was beginning to foam around ten o'clock. This was the time of year that Nolen decided to go on a solitary hike. He planned to climb the southern mountain. Packing for his trip, Nolen collected his flashlight and crackers. He was feeling a little nervous but as soon as he stepped on the rocky path that led to the lake he used to swim in his fear turned into excitement. His jeans were tethered and his hat was ripped but his spirit couldn't be fuller. He was getting excited about the gratitude he will feel after he accomplishes his goal. As he started to walk up the mountain he started remembering all the journeys he had gone through. "None." he thought, "None compare to the one I am about to begin." He was half way to the top when he tripped over a rock. It was no ordinary rock. It had some sort of twisting letters on it. Nolen didn't think much of it at the time, so he just picked it up and kept walking. Later in the day he noticed that the rock was no longer in his pack. He was starting his descent as he tripped over the same rock again. This time Nolen went tumbling down the mountain's side. He became unconscious and emerged from the forest on the bank of a stream. Hours later he gained consciousness. Looking around, Nolen saw all of the human needs. There were fruits and berries, fresh water, and a warm cave. He decided to live here for the rest of his days.

When I Heard the Learned Teacher

by Francesca Bove

When I heard the learned teacher;
When the pictures, examples, and notes
were laid in front of me;
When I was shown how to use them;
When I, sitting, heard the teacher
Where she taught with much scientific
curiosity in the science room,
How soon, unaccountable, I became
amused and thrilled.
Till the bell rang, I learned all I could
In the fascinating room sitting in my desk
And look'd up and saw
I was the only student there.