

The Escape

by Grace Dahlstrom

It was late, far too late for any normal person to even consider getting out of bed and going for a drive. But I was doing exactly that. Slipping on my clothes, I snuck toward the door being careful to avoid the last floorboard as it would creak and fill the room with an awful sound. Stepping over the threshold, my heart gave a sigh; I had done it, I had escaped.

High jacking the neighbor's beat-up truck, I stepped on the gas no longer caring if anyone heard, for I was free, free as a bird fleeing its iron cage. But as soon as this thought entered my mind, Plop! A colossal raindrop landed on the windshield and within seconds a torrential downpour started making the road a blur of flashing lights and rainwater. No longer able to see through the rainfall I started sliding uncontrollably off the road. Panicking I slammed on the brakes, skidding even faster and then suddenly there was nothing. Nothing. It was total oblivion, a deep abyss of pain, and agony. My only conscious thought was of this pressure pushing the air out of my chest, and my life along with it...

Cabbie

by Bernard Hudgins

Pulling up to the curb of the old New York bank, I got an eerie feeling when the suspicious passenger scurried up to door. He ripped open the battered door, tossing three, lumpy sacks into the cab and frantically getting in.

Glancing at his face, I could tell that he hadn't shaved in awhile, or showered, for he had a putrid smell. "Take me to 233rd St. The Bronx," said the passenger in a deep, low voice.

"I'm sorry sir, but the traffic around there is really bad. I can drop you off a few blocks from there. Is that ok?" I lied, making that statement because I knew he committed a crime, and that I could get in trouble for doing this.

"I said 233rd St. The Bronx," the passenger said again, but this time in a growling voice, which made the hair on the back of my neck stand up. After that I heard a click. Slowly I turned my head to see a hand gun with a long, black barrel directed towards me.

"What e-ever you s-say," I said, stuttering from terrific fear, making no endeavor to react quickly.

After a long, 40 minute, drive that seemed like a lifetime, we arrived at our destination. "Here w-we are," I stuttered again.

"Thanks," he said while smirking, "and good-bye cabbie." And with that, he pulled the trigger.



Wolf Song

by Kristen

Beautiful sound
pierced the night, cold,
longing to be heard.

Large branches hide
the creature who called
but not its sad cry.

Pale and shining
the face of the moon
up in the air high

receives the call
but will go away soon
behind pine trees tall.

But under its reign
the cry will remain.