

Heartbreaker

By Macy Hayes

The heart-broken fourteen-year-old girl lay on her anthropology bedspread in tears. The puffiness of her eyes and the redness of her cheeks made it clear that she'd been sobbing for hours. The family could hear the sniffles coming from the upstairs bedroom.

Lizzie slowly wiped her eyes with tissues. Her black mascara had been dripping onto her tear-stained cheeks for the last couple of hours. Rich chocolate cake sat on her bed half eaten, and the can of icing had been licked clean. Pictures were torn and scattered on the floor. Red hearts were now colored black, and angrily drawn through them were spears; the remnants of love letters, also torn into pieces, were crumpled in the trashcan.

The football letterman jacket lay atop a pile of all of the t-shirts he had let her wear when she was cold. Sad music played from her white laptop.

She had been dumped by the blue eyed, shaggy blonde haired jock.

Moonlight

By Amy Angelo

The old man died in the moonlight;
He didn't even put up a fight.
He closed his eyes
At the blinking stars,
His mind thought back
To the memories far.
His body was light,
His limbs became weak,
His head started to float,
His future became bleak.
He looked up
At the heavy clouds
And a light broke out,
Revealing a heavenly crowd.
The old man died in the moonlight
He didn't even put up a fight.

Childhood Memories

By Marisa Suarez

"She loved you, you know," Father whispered.

"Like that matters now," I replied bitterly, wanting very badly for this moment to end. My rigid form was covered in a midnight black dress accented at the waist with a white band of lace. The preacher was droning on and on about how wonderful Mother was, which only increased my anger. This funeral was about to get really interesting, if you catch my drift.

"Elizabeth Wherever was the purest soul I ever knew, and I am deeply sorry that she has died, especially in such a painful way as this boat accident," the preacher said in closing with a fabricated sigh. His eyebrows knitted together in faux sadness, and he tipped his cowboy hat towards me.

"It was a car accident you ill-bred twit," I hissed through clenched teeth. He mumbled "right" and waddled off the stage and away from my death-beam glare. My father used his most soothing voice as he tried to console me, "Calm down, dear. We all miss your mother just as—"

"I WILL NOT CALM DOWN! NONE OF YOU CARE! NONE OF YOU!" I was on my feet now, screaming at the shocked faces of relatives and family friends.

That was my last memory before they put me in the asylum. I've been here for fourteen years, rocking back and forth, reliving that memory.

Cackling maliciously, I remember the revolted faces of the people in the pews looking up at me in fear. "It will be so nice to see them again," I rasp. My callous hands tingle as they touch the hilt of my makeshift blade made from an old spoon. The window shatters as I launch myself through it, landing steadily on my feet.

I will never forget.