

# Consequence

By Andrew Ullmann

## A Giant Falls

By Hunter Lee

He emerged from the forest on the bank of a stream cold and tired. His torn, bloody shirt barely showed its original white, and his long dark pants were now ripped and stained. The giant of a man hobbled to the water where he buckled to his knees. His large hands scooped water and washed his face.

With the dirt and blood gone, his terrifying facial features were visible. His nose was bent and broken. He had scars running up the left side of his face and bruises on his right. The giant now strained incredibly to get up on his two feet, digging his hand into the mud to one by one lift his feet to the squatting position before standing.

Now he stood high and mighty, taller than any man I had ever seen. Blood began to weep out of his cuts, and his face began to become gory again. His eyes slowly shut as if he was aware of his impending doom.

A loud bang echoed from out of the woods behind him. He dropped back down to his knees and then fell face first into the stream, dead.

Although near mid day, darkness covered much of the alley. High walls on either side blocked the sun's desperate attempts to shed some light on the men below, the men fighting to stay alive.

The larger of the two wore a coffee-colored jacket with a large hood pulled well over his face, hiding all discernable features. He was sprawled out on the ground clutching his arm, emitting a hoarse groan. A dark red pool had collected under his distorted body.

A second man lay against a wall. His auburn hair was in disarray and his deep blue eyes looked outward at nothing. His pronounced nose was bent sideways, obviously broken, and his once-proud features had receded into the shadows. His hands were grasping his chest where a large silver dagger protruded. He no longer felt pain.

The wail of sirens would be heard soon, but the two men in the alley wouldn't move. They wouldn't run or plead for help. They wouldn't talk, or even whisper. They soon would be dead.

## Superman

By Bogan Huntley

Dressed in blue  
Watch him fly  
He never lets down  
Soaring in the sky  
Hearing our calls  
He always gives hope  
From Europe to America  
He once saved the Pope  
There is only one flaw  
That destroys his might  
He can't overcome it  
For it is kryptonite  
The secret identity  
Is a clever plan  
For no one knows he is Superman  
He goes by Clark Kent  
And is a reporter by trade  
He keeps his life secret  
And will never be swayed