

# Flying

By Elizabeth Surratt

The pulsing of my heart is keeping perfect time with the pounding of my feet on the soft, white sand. I hear the waves crashing on the shore just yards away, the foam creeping closer and closer. To my left the dunes watch silently, its tall grasses blowing in the breeze, waving at me. But I don't have time to wave back. I have to run.

It is getting away, going faster and faster in the sturdy breeze of late afternoon. I spin around to see my sister lagging behind, taking her time. Turning back, I catch a glimpse of the sunset. Red, orange, yellow and pink ribbons streak across the sky. The sun is slowly sinking under the ocean, falling out of sight. Returning to my pursuit, I run harder, my breath now heavy and labored.

I pass a group of teenagers kicking around a black and white soccer ball, their shouts growing fainter as I continue on. I am going to catch it. That is my motive for running.

Suddenly, I realize I am not sprinting to catch anything, but running for me, running to feel free from anything and anyone holding me back. I am flying now, the wind pushing me further into the sky. I am leaving behind the world, and from above I can see the little blue ball rolling across the sand.

## The Snorkel

By Fletcher Batten

Based on "The Garden Hose" by Beatrice Janosco

In the bright blue sea  
I see a silvery tube  
Hovering on the waves

It floats on top of the ocean  
Looking for a sight to see

I can hear its gentle puffing

## Disasters

By Bogan Huntley

The fire struck  
The earth shook  
The water raged  
But in the end  
It was all the same  
For we all had a friend  
That called our name  
To save us from  
That fiery flame