

The Football Nightmare

By Dalton D. Council

On the green wooden bench, I wondered if I would ever be able to play football again. I tried to move my left leg. The pain struck me once more. It was liked I was getting hit all over again. All I could think about was getting back on the field and helping Bolles win our biggest game of the season. But the nurse said it could be a torn ACL. As terrifying as it was, I still wanted to tape it up and be back on the field.

I could not wait to play in this game, but almost as soon as it had begun, someone cheap shotted me at the knees.

My knee was starting to get bigger and bigger; it was almost as big as a football. I prayed that nothing was badly injured, that it was maybe just a deep bruise. But at this point, the damage was done, it was too late. The pain was getting worse and worse. All I could think about was “How am I supposed to go to the hospital?” There was no ambulance. Maybe instead of worrying about going back in or getting to the hospital, I should just be worried about walking.

I knew it was the last time I would wear this blue and orange uniform.

Criminal Intent

By Hannah Joel

I was relaxing, with my feet up on my mahogany desk, sipping a white chocolate caramel macchiato and flipping listlessly through *The New York Times* when I felt my phone buzz.

“Benson,” I said into the phone, my voice even.

“Something’s not right at this house we’re patrolling,” explained a police officer.

“We’re on our way,” I said, grabbing my brown leather coat and calling for my trusty partner.

At the house, we had to knock several times, until finally we simply opened the door and explored. There was nothing. I was stumped.

“Come quickly, Olivia! Someone’s crying upstairs!” my partner called to me from the top of a long winding staircase. Upstairs! I hadn’t even noticed the stairs. How very unlike me it was!

I raced up the stairs to find a woman bent over a creature of some sort, her dark wavy hair falling in her red face. Her eyes were puffy and completely saturated with tears. She had a crazed and wild expression on her face and was crying hysterically. We could understand why; she was entirely covered in blood. It took us a moment to realize the mangled creature the woman was laying over was a man. His eyes were wide open, and filled with fear, and he too was covered in blood. His blood. A gun lay next to his shoulder, and there was a huge hole in his chest. I immediately called 911 and then ushered the woman out of the house.

At the station I got the basic information. Casey Adams, 26, had killed her husband, Ben Adams, 34, because he wanted to leave her. She was pregnant. The trial date was set, the confession was made, and the weapon was identified. What an interesting night it had become!