

## Waves

By Craig Walker

Waves so lazily bending,  
Hot summer sun beating down.  
White caps twirling over,  
And underneath water so dim.

Blue sea still with waves  
crashing over,  
And then everything is still.  
More waves coming in the distance,  
That look as big as a hill.

## Fore!

By Fletcher Batten

I brought my titanium club up to my left shoulder and struck the top of the golf ball. It glided seamlessly through the air to the far right of my intended target toward a tall man with a charcoal grey mustache and a red hat. I shouted, "FORE!"

Watching the ball streak crazily toward the tall golfer, my body trembled and shuddered with horror. I ran toward the red hat hoping that the head had not gone down with the hat. As I came closer to the scene of the almost accident, I noticed the tall man with a grey mustache standing still and without his red hat. He did not seem concerned about anything other than his golf swing. Had the wind blown his hat to the ground or had he simply removed his red cap?

I retrieved my ball and handed him his hat with a nod and a smile of relief as I realized that he had not been injured. Delighted, I strolled happily back to my golf cart, tossing my ball in the air with relief.

## Friends Found in Unexpected Places

By Marisa Suarez

*Why not? Would anyone really care?* Willow's mind was conflicted as she stared at the long distance between her and the cold black asphalt below. The wind seemed to push her toward the ledge of the rooftop, as if God was encouraging her to jump. Willow teetered on the edge of her gray apartment building for an hour or so, then stepped down. She sighed. "I can't bear to live, but I can't bear to die either," she whispered to herself, "I'm so alone." Tears ran down her pale face as she walked back over to the ledge and peered down at the scene below.

Children were playing and laughing, mothers were chatting animatedly with their friends, old couples were strolling leisurely down the snow sprinkled sidewalk. Everyone seemed so happy. Except, of course, for Willow.

Willow put one foot out testily and finally decided she was going to do it. She was going to jump.

As she plunged from the top of the thirteenth floor, she counted down the floors until her impending demise. Twelve...eleven...ten...nine... she counted until she finally reached one.

Willow had expected death to feel earth shattering, as if all her bones were collapsing from her weight. Instead, she felt like hundreds of little hands were holding her up. With a gasp, she realized she *was* being held up by hundreds of hands. Willow looked down to see those same old couples, same mothers and children smiling up at her. Perhaps she wasn't alone after all.