

# My Race

By Virginia Skinner

I paced back and forth behind the blocks. The race to set the new record would begin in two minutes. My new black speed suit squeezed my body. Peeking out of my cap, my headphones blasted pump-up music. My bare feet were cold against the tile floor. I had been fretting yet hoping for this moment to come. As it was almost time, I yanked the headphones out of my ears, strode toward the starting blocks, placed my right foot on the step and lowered my head, concentrating on the upcoming race. I slipped on my goggles. The official gave the first whistle. I gazed up and saw all of the anxious faces sitting in the stands. The official whistled again. The eight nervous swimmers quickly pounced on the starting blocks. The smell of chlorine filled the arena and the previously chaotic crowd now froze. The pool rippled underneath me as water dripped from the block. The water, a perfect blue, gleamed in the sunlight. My heart pumped faster than ever, my body shook from the nervousness, and my mind knew this was my race to win. The official suddenly said, "Take your mark." The buzzer sounded. We shot off the blocks and penetrated the water, adrenaline taking over my body. The race was on.

# The Mermaid

By Amy Angelo

Down a long hallway in an old manor was a secret room with an aqua door. Inside the dark, hidden space, were many piles of boxes that created an overwhelming musky stench. A large diamond chandelier and a statue of a mermaid were the only two items in the bare room.

The chandelier dangled over the statue, reflecting light off of the mermaid's flawless figure. The light made her piercing blue eyes and beautiful face stand out like a single star in the night's sky. Her body was made of emerald scales, and the rest of her body was sculpted of pure gold. Her golden skin tone complimented her wild blonde hair. A perfectly carved and polished ruby was in her hair.

Her body sat on a rock with a conch shell in hand. She looked lonely.

Deep in the blue of her eyes she longed for the salt of the ocean. A mermaid so beautiful didn't belong in a secret room alone, she belonged in the sea.



by Cameron Makeever