

The Race

By Ryan Murphy

Based on "The Builders" by Sara Hay Henderson

I was told to pace myself,
Don't go too quick, wait to go fast
Is what my friend told me.
They warned me if I didn't I would get last.
If I wanted to come out as a champ
I would have to go slow and steady
And won't have to stop for a cramp
Wait for the stretch, they said, until you are ready.

When I stepped up to race
I wanted to be number one
I forgot to get slow, to set a pace
And started in a full-out run
Now I know to go slow and steady
Next time I race the tortoise, I will be ready.

The Diary

By Amy Angelo

Chase stood in front of the raging orange flames with an old green diary in hand. He needs me to destroy it for him, he thought, but his arms grew stiff as he attempted to chuck the journal into the huge brick fireplace.

Chase knew that this diary held hurtful secrets within its olive green cover, but he wasn't sure what kind of secrets. Sweat rolled down his face as he curiously untied the perfect bow that bound this sacred diary. After flipping through the pages, Chase's face became hot. Anger, pain, betrayal, and every other emotion were expelled from his body.

With full force Chase slammed the journal in the fire so hard that small embers shot back at him. The diary immediately burst into flames as the pages withered one after another and vanished into ash.

Something You Don't See Everyday

By Chandler Soapes

While driving almost one hundred miles an hour down I-95, something deranged caught my eye. I slowed my brand new F-150 to a complete stop, took off my black Ray-Bans, and stared strangely at the mysterious object on the side of the lava hot road. I looked around me to see if anyone else had noticed what I was looking at. There was no one, just the roars of the 18-wheelers and an odd smell of what I figured was rotting dead animals. I opened the car door and stepped carefully out.

Walking slowly over to the twisted specimen, I tried to make out what it was. After poking at it with a stick, I stopped dead in my tracks. I now realized what the horrid smell was. It was a decaying human body. I rushed to my car, jumped in; called 911 from my new iPhone. Within five minutes, the police arrived with their flashing blue lights and loud sirens. I watched soundlessly as the ambulance drove the body away for lab testing. I guess that really is something you don't see every day.