

Divorce Is Expensive

By Alex Henderson

Above, the concrete bridge stretched left and right as the boat passed through its dark, cool shadow. The man rowing was tall, wore a smooth tuxedo, and had combed his hair into a part as if he were headed to some formal occasion. He had an angular face and vicious, piercing gray eyes that seemed curiously blank at the moment. The night air felt still and damp, and not a sound was made except for the soft sound of wooden oars breaking tranquil water.

Surrounding the man was a large expanse of soggy grass and a single tree, crooked with age, on the bank left of him. A small sidewalk snaked through the grass and continued on the other side of the river.

Not a single person could be seen at a glance, except for the man in the boat, but when the sun rose, any passersby would notice the body set against the crooked old tree. If they moved closer, they would see in the morning's weak light that it was a woman, around the age of thirty. Her eyes closed, she might seem as if she were sleeping, if not for the perfectly round hole in her forehead. Otherwise, not a hair was out of place, and her expensive-looking cream-colored dress was perfectly arranged.

When she was discovered, the man in the tuxedo was nowhere to be found, and their only clue as to the killer's identity was the sudden disappearance of the woman's husband the very same day.

Saint Augustine

By Naiha Falkner

The summer's rays beat down on me, threatening sunburn. It was mid-summer, 1999; St. Augustine was my home.

Sauntering on the blistering sand path to the beach, my bare feet stung with every step I took. With a flimsy stick in hand, I swung my arms swiftly back and forth at the mosquitoes sully-ing my stroll.

I could feel the sweat run down my rose cheeks. In view I could see the beach getting closer and closer. Kicking up hot sand, my wounded feet stung from the steamy grains of the shore.

Finally the beach was in my reach. I fell to the ground gratefully after my long walk and spread out my body on the shore taking in a deep yawn. The seagulls soared over me, crying for food. The blimp advertising Bud Light in the clouds was lost in the sapphire sky. A gust of wind wove through the air making the cat tails and long grass sway, tossing my brunette hair side to side. Saint Augustine was my home.

Those were my final thoughts before I dozed off, surrendering to my still shore.