

John Stuart

By Yankia Ned

His rumpled shirt was unbuttoned beneath the loose knot of his tie. What a day it had been for John Stuart! The meeting had gone swimmingly, and he had organized all of it by himself!

His life was amazing and any man would be pleased to trade with him. He had a great job, a beautiful girlfriend, and a gorgeous new condo with a view. What more could a man ask for?

He slid into the customized leather seat of his new silver BMW and put his "lucky" briefcase in the passenger's seat. He stepped on the gas and drove out of the parking lot.

The sun was setting as John slowed to a stop at the red light. He smoothed his black hair back and winked at the red head who was staring at him in adoration. But, that look turned into pure disgust as she saw him light a cigarette. He smirked and drove off when the light turned green again.

The Grandfather

By Alex Tyre

Today He took my grandfather.
Holy man with angels
In the high Heavens.
The color of a dead man
Was pale white in the face.

It is 12:30. He has been dead for 30 minutes.
I remember the great duties of that man
All accomplished fairly, for 20 years,
And parties thrown in his house.
100 kids belonged to that dad.
Today they don't know what to do
Crying they want him back.

Yet I was happy that He took him.
"He's in a better place" I said to myself
With a strange joy that was new to me.
Though he was the life of the parties
I loved him fading away.

As the Minutes Went By

By Naiha Falkner

His crumpled shirt was unbuttoned beneath the loose knot of his tie. Leaning back in his seat, the bored boy stared at the ceiling counting white squares. This was not his best class. He moved his feet into the basket beneath the seat ahead of him. Losing count and giving up, he tapped his #2 pencil against the hard wooden desk. He didn't understand a word the teacher was saying. Tectonic plates? It made no sense to the reluctant boy. Carelessly he stopped the constant tapping and rubbed his dreary eyes on his soft freckled face as he let out a soft yawn. Impatient with the clock, he peered angrily at the blank paper he had in front of him with only his name and date at the top. He tilted his head back letting out another sigh for only three minutes had gone by.