

Uh Oh

By Zachary Montford

They emerged from the forest on the bank of a stream. His herd had been wandering for days. No food. No water. The enormous water buffalo were almost to the point of exhaustion, and so the herd had never been so excited; the young calves dashed to the water hole and the older buffalo had new life.

Twenty-feet wide and three feet deep, the water gradually moved over the small pebbles that covered the bottom of the stream. While the kids were frolicking, the adults stood in a circle and took turns telling stories about the “good ol’ days.” Three hours passed. The animals had no intention of leaving, but night was coming and they needed to find a place to sleep. After a long exhilarating day the water buffalo found a grassy glen canopied by three monstrous oaks that had been there for hundreds of years.

While the animals slept an unexpected thunderstorm rolled in; the animals were unaware. The thunderstorm was building and building, the rain started, and then a thunderous bolt of lightning woke the herd. Uh oh.

Child

By Amanda Lee

Cry and chuckle under the smiling sun.
Throw sand low and high because you
Can do whatever; holler and run,
Or maybe lie under the great sky, so blue.

This playground is your retreat
With all things you will ever desire
Play, then disobey, and repeat
Your playground holds all things you require.

Climber's Journey

By Elizabeth Surratt

Vines creep slowly
Along the never-
Ending wall, like hands
Reaching for the sky,
A velvety green
Blanketing the rusty
Bricks, clinging with their
Roots to hold onto
Their last chance for life.