

creative



NIGHTMARES

By Dan Hued

Running down a dark, dismal alley, I lunge into a connecting alley, dark and dreary, full of decay with all of its creatures of the night, like its brother in this maze of evil.

My lungs scream for air, precious as it is; my legs yearn for rest; my heart pounds in my throat with fear; my chest burns with fire. But I can not rest for a minute, for I see the shadow of my entity, gliding swiftly after me on the wall behind me.

A black cat pounces on me from its perch knocking me down into an army of garbage cans with its legions of garbage.

As lumbering footsteps echo in the darkness, I hastily retrieve my senses and trudge through another dark, twisting alley. I hear my tormentor mocking me, in his low, deep, coarse voice saying,

"You can run, but you can't hide. You will never be safe from me. I am the unknown face within you. In time you will succumb to my will"

I rushed down the alley to find it elongated with each passing moment. The entity approached the entrance of the alley, raising his long, long arms out to me, and grinned triumphantly, "You are mine."

It seemed as if time and space were frozen for an eternity. I screamed as he came closer and closer and... I awoke with a start as streams of sweat trickled down my face.



White lies

By Saha

Ding, Dong
Your mom is dead
I saw her head in a pool of red
Crack went the gun...
crack went the neck
I heard the bang, I saw her hang
Lost is the life, gone is the glow
What a waste in a pile of snow
Toll the bell, for she's headed for Hell
The bell was rung, the Devil has sung

FRIENDS

By Dan Hued

"Friends treat you like a new car
When first bought and new
You are cared for every passing minute and treated with respect.
But when you become old and grey
you are then tossed aside with the other junk to rot away for eternity."

Internal Inferno

By Saha

The climb is long and tiring,
The struggle never ending
I twist, I turn trying to unlock the bank that knows all.
The secrets of my past untold
Moments pass, memories come and go
Trying to hold on, letting go
time running out, Things unfinished
Panic
Reaching out...
I grasp nothing
Nothing I hold in my clutches.
Nothing is the Dark
Blanket before my eyes.
My past
Remembering nothing,
Seeing only darkness
-Solitude
Sinking deeper, and deeper into the recesses of my mind
Deeper I fall
Unable to reach out,
To stop
Lost is the struggle
Gone is the battle
I want out - I scream
My voice echoes into to hollow pit
I know so well
The pit of Hell

by Michele Carlin Page 6

Music playing in the Background
Friends waving hello and laughing at my appearance
Do they realize that I am dead or do they think of it as a joke.
Just minutes ago I was laughing too, but now, not even a word comes from my lips.
Not only students are gone but teachers too.
We are dying every twenty minutes
But who ever said that life is fair.
I am angry because I am so young,
What will my friends and family do now that I am gone.
Who will be the one to do all that I set out to do?
As I walk through the campus people dodge me because of the fear they have about death.
They tell one another that "This is ridiculous, it will never happen to me."
Those frightening words echo through my mind.
Do they realize that it takes only one drunk driver to hit their car and then they will be gone.
Please God, stop the madness.
Don't let anyone else die today. It's not fun being dead.
Nor is it fun to be white-faced while everyone else is living.
Life is something we take advantage of
IN one second my life was taken away today
I was scared but most of all upset.
I was upset because I thought of all the people that had died before me and all that would follow me as a result of drinking drinking and driving.

