

By: Alycia


CREATE

YOUR

OWN

LINES

(and win)

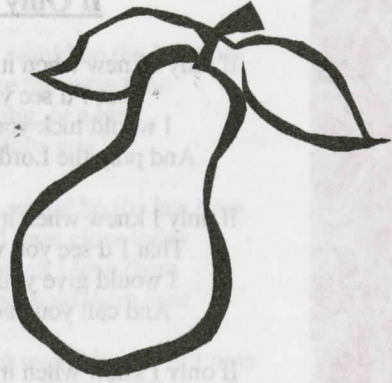
ENTER 



(and win)

ENTER

Existence=(Mass)
(Confusion)^2



Colors dance like sunbeams
Scintillations on a pear
The oceans that bear the womb of life
Drowned me with a bitter knife
That cut my heart into two throbbing pieces
Served on a plate, a feast for the demons
The festive dances of the demons of lunacy
Warmed my heart with the tune of the melody
Sweet, sweet notes soared through the air
Played by the jester juggling his horn

PICTURE

PICTURE
THIS!

If Only I Knew

If only I knew when it would be the last time
That I'd see you fall asleep,
I would tuck you in more tightly
And pray the Lord your soul to keep.

If only I knew when it would be the last time
That I'd see you walk out the door,
I would give you a hug and a kiss
And call you back for one more.

If only I knew when it would be the last time
I'd hear your voice lifted up in praise
I would record each action and word
And play them back day after day.

If only I knew when it would be the last time
I could spare an extra minute or two,
To stop and say I love you
Instead of assuming you know I do.

If only I knew when it would be the last time
I would be there to share your day
I wouldn't think I'm sure to have so many more
And let this one slip away.

If only I knew when it would be the last time
I'd say see you tomorrow
I wouldn't believe there's always another day
To make up for an oversight.

If only I knew when it would be the last time
I'd get a second chance
To say my I love you's
Or my anything I can do's.

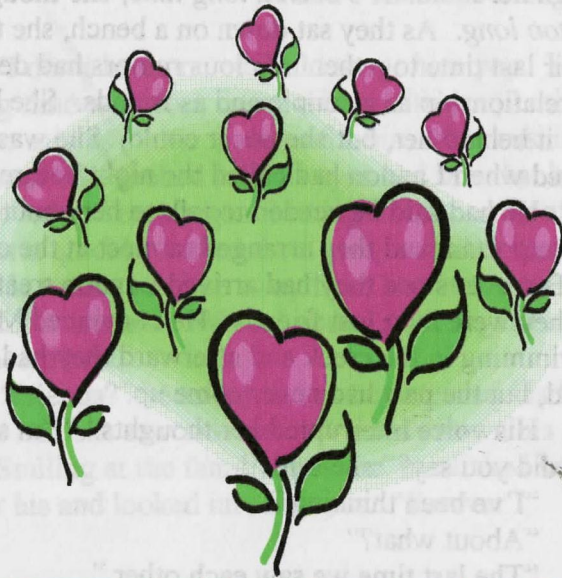
If only I knew when it would be the last time
Tomorrow would come with you
And when would be the last chance I get
To see you alive and well

If only I knew when it would be the last time
That I could take the extra time
For a smile, hug, or a kiss,
And an "I love you."

If only I knew when it would be the last time
To hold my loved ones close today
Tell them how much I love them
And that I'll always hold them dear.

If only I'd knew when it would be the last time
I could say, "I'm sorry, please forgive me,"
"Thank you" or "it's okay"
Or to grant you what turned out to be your last wish.

If only I knew when it would be the last time
I could have you by my side
And that if tomorrow never came
I would have no regrets about today.



Forever

Maria shivered as they walked down the barely noticeable dirt path through the slightly overgrown grass. A small sparrow flew overhead and landed in a nearby maple tree. As she shivered again he slipped his arm around her bare shoulders. She was a little surprised, but his touch was warm, like the warmth of the sun as the rays broke through the foliage above them.

“Cold?” Landon asked.

“A little,” she managed to say through chattering teeth.

They began walking up a small hill and she stumbled over the small rocks on the ground. His strong arm steadied her and the creek seemed to laugh at her as its cool waters flowed as one.

“It’s been a long time, but I see you still can’t walk,” Landon said teasingly.

Maria only smiled, though his words echoed through her mind. *It’s been a long time*, she thought, *almost too long*. As they sat down on a bench, she thought of their last time together. Vicious rumors had destroyed their relationship as a couple and as friends. She had tried to put it behind her, but she never could. She was shocked when Landon had called the night before.

He had said he needed to talk to her about something important and they arranged to meet at the creek today. But ever since they had arrived Landon treated her as if they were long lost friends. He convinced Maria to go swimming in the creek and afterward they had walked around, but the past had never come up.

His voice interrupted her thoughts. “I’m sorry. What did you say?” she said.

“I’ve been thinking.”

“About what?”

“The last time we saw each other.”

His answer surprised her. It was as if he could

read her mind.

"Really," she stammered.

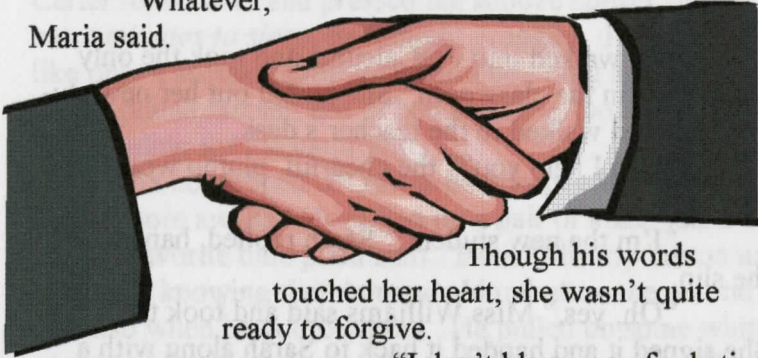
"Yeah, and I'm sorry," Landon paused, "I'm sorry for leaving you, for hurting you, for everything."

"You should be. I mean, I tried to tell you the truth, but you wouldn't listen. You wouldn't listen to me, me. That hurt."

"I know. I've known ever since I walked away. I've known every single day since then. Not one day goes by where I don't think of it, of you."

"Whatever,"

Maria said.



Though his words touched her heart, she wasn't quite ready to forgive.

"I don't blame you for hating me—"

"I don't hate you. I could never hate you. I miss spending time with you, doing things with you, I miss you," she said as all her feelings for him came rushing to the surface. She looked into his eyes and saw that he felt the same way. Tears began forming in the corner of her eye. Maria quickly dashed them away with her hand.

He turned his face away from hers and they sat in silence for a moment. When Landon spoke again, she barely heard him.

"Friends?" he asked and as he extended his little finger to her, she saw one tear roll slowly down his face.

Smiling at the familiar gesture, she linked her finger over his and looked into his eyes. "Forever."

Secrets

Chapter 1

Sarah pushed open the wooden door and stepped into the main corridor of University High. She walked alone through the crowded hallway to locker 1093. After spinning the correct combination she opened her empty locker and placed her lunch and a few notebooks inside. She closed her locker and turned around nervously. This school was new to her and over two thousand miles from her old one.

She walked into PreCalculus and took the only empty seat in the classroom. She pulled out her new student slip and walked to the teacher's desk.

"Can I help you?" the cheerful, plump woman said.

"I'm the new student," Sarah replied, handing her the slip.

"Oh, yes," Miss Williams said and took the slip. She signed it and handed it back to Sarah along with a slightly battered textbook. "Have this covered by tomorrow. You can find covers in the library." Miss Williams stood. "Class, I'd like you to meet Sarah Thomson. She's a new student here from New York."

A platinum blonde haired girl raised her hand. "Yes, Amy?" Miss Williams asked.

"I wanted to ask the new girl if she always dresses up for Halloween... six months too early."

Sarah blushed and looked down at her outfit. She was wearing a glittery patriotic tank top and underneath was a blue dress and some jeans.

"Let me guess," Amy continued, "you're just trying to be different." The class laughed as Sarah blushed.

"I think it rocks," came a guy's voice next to Amy.

"Honey, please," Amy said in a purr, laying her

UN-PROFESSIONAL

hand on his arm. He quickly jerked his arm away and smiled at Sarah. Sarah returned the smile and sat down in her seat.

Miss William picked up her teacher's handbook and opened it. "Class, please turn to section 10-2, page 328."

Sarah opened her notebook and began taking notes.

The blue alarm clock next to the bed rang and Carter rolled over and pressed the snooze button. *Nine more minutes to sleep*, he thought groggily. It seemed like only a second before the alarm bell rang again. Carter pulled himself out of bed and reset the alarm before heading for the bathroom.

As he stepped out of the bathroom after a shower, he felt more awake. He pulled on a pair of khaki jeans and his favorite blue plaid shirt. He left the top button unbuttoned, knowing that Amy would unbutton the second one also when he got to school. He pulled on some white socks and his black Etnies shoes and bounded down the stairs. He sat in his chair and reached over and ran his hand over his little sister's hair.

"Carter, STOP," she said fixing her hair. She was thirteen and constantly worrying about her appearance.

"Abby, it looks fine," he said laughingly.

"It did until you messed it up."

"Kids, eat your breakfast," Carter's mom said, setting down plates of bacon and eggs. They could be called the perfect family, if their dad was around. Carter's mom tried to make life at home great because of the divorce when Carter was seven and Abby was two. His mom was a teacher at Abby's school and sometimes she did office work before and after school for extra pay. The family never had a lot of money, but Carter tied up the loose ends with the money earned at his job and at least they were always together.

Because girls aren't built like guys

"Hey, mom, I have a swimming meeting today after school," Carter said.

"Okay, just make sure you're home by 6:30 for Abby's softball game."

"Okay," he said standing up and putting his dish in the sink. As his mom began scrubbing the dishes he ran upstairs. He grabbed his book bag off the floor and car keys off the dresser. As he went back down the stairs, he passed his sister.

"Have a good day at school, slugger," he said.

"You, too, Carter."

He and his sister fought a lot, but they were really close. He said goodbye to his mom and walked into the garage. He threw his backpack through the open window of his pride and joy. It was a sixty-seven blue Mustang. He never accepted gifts from his father, but when the shiny, blue car showed up as the present for his seventeenth birthday, he couldn't refuse. He started the engine and backed out into the street carefully and began the short drive to school.

He pulled into his parking space. He got out of his car and groaned inwardly as he saw Amy approaching him. They went out once and broke up, but Amy just wouldn't take no for an answer. She still treated him like her boyfriend.

"Hi, honey," she said, unbuttoning the second button on his shirt. "Thanks for wearing that shirt for me; it's my favorite."

"I wore the shirt for me; it's my favorite," he said angrily. He walked to his locker, number 1094. He saw a girl walk to the locker next to his and put some notebooks in her locker. He didn't recognize her, but she seemed familiar in a weird way.

Carter walked to PreCalculus early knowing Amy wouldn't follow him. He sat down in his seat towards the back and reviewed his homework. The bell rang and Amy entered the room and sat down next to him. She

leaned over to kiss him, but he turned his face from her. She only brushed his cheek.

"We're not a couple Amy; we broke up."

"It's just a friendly little kiss."

"Amy, I've asked you before, please don't." Before she could respond the teacher, Miss Williams, stood to make an announcement. She introduced the new student, Sarah. Carter recognized her as the girl with the locker next to his. He looked at her and thought how much she resembled this girl he knew from New York. *It couldn't be her,* he thought. *She never would have dressed like that. Although they were both from New York, that cannot be -*

His thoughts were interrupted by Amy's shrill voice.

"I want to ask the new girl if she always dresses up for Halloween... six months too early."

He looked at Sarah and saw her blush and look down at the floor.

"Let me guess," Amy continued, "you're trying to be different."

He felt his blood boil as the class laughed at Sarah. He decided to help her out. "I think it rocks. That is the style in New York. All the latest styles are in the Big Apple. Everyone will be dressing like that soon." He smiled at Sarah and when she smiled back at him he saw tiny, but noticeable dimples. Amy said something to him and he pulled his arm away when she touched him.

Through the rest of the class he could not stop looking at her. Her resemblance to Rachel Ward, the girl he knew in New York, tormented him. She was his best friend and they had had a relationship at one time, but it didn't work out. The bell rang suddenly and he tried to catch Sarah before she left, but she slipped out quickly. He pushed the idea to the back of his mind and left class.

During the morning Carter saw Sarah in a few of his other classes and at lunch, in the cafeteria, he ditched Amy and went walking over to Sarah.

THE WENCH

laughing nervously.

"She's not my girlfriend. We went out and broke up, but she doesn't seem to understand that. Blondes, they're all alike."

Sarah laughed, "I'm going to my locker to get my lunch. I'll be right back." Carter nodded his understanding. He watched her as she walked out of the cafeteria. She had the same walk, same personality, and same looks. She had curly brown hair, maybe wavy, blue eyes and a dazzling smile. So parallel to Rachel it scared him.

She came back and sat down next to him.

"I used to live in New York, too," he said.

"Really, when did you move?"

"About a year ago, in the ninth grade."

"I like New York, but I think I'll like Los Angeles better. It's so nice here. I used to live in Florida, so I'm used to the weather."

The bell rang and they walked to their lockers together. "What do you have next?" he asked.

"AP English Language and Composition," she said, reading from her schedule.

"I have that too. It's a good class. Mr. O'Leary is an excellent teacher."

They walked to class and picked desks next to each other. This was the only class he didn't have with Amy. It was his breather class, from her constant chatter. As the waited for class to start, they talked some more.

"Are you going to do any sports?" he asked.

"Swimming."

Something clicked in his mind. He and Rachel had been on the swim team together in New York. She loved swimming.

"I'm going to a meeting after school today for the team. Are you going?" he asked her quietly.

"I want to, but with my dad's new job he can't pick me up."

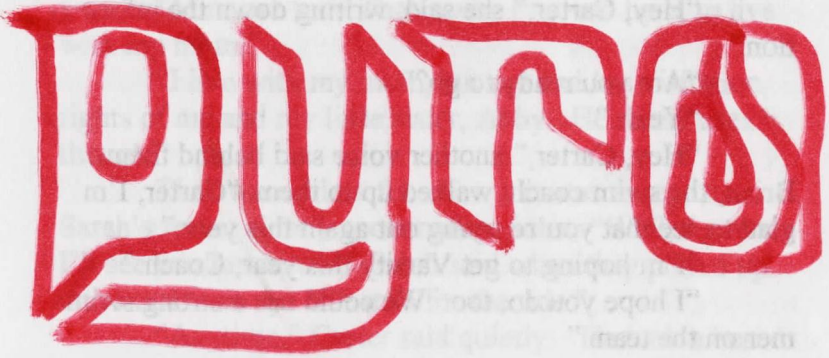
"I have a car; I'll give you a ride home."

"You would do that?" She said hesitantly.

"Sure."

"Sarah," Mr. O'Leary said, "can I see your slip, please?"

"Sure," she said, standing up. As she picked up her slip she moved some books aside, revealing her transcript. He leaned over and read some of it, hoping to learn a little more about her. On the top, under name, he read: Rachel Sarah Thompson. 'It's not her,' he thought, 'it's not her.' He drew in a sharp breath as he caught sight of another name. Father: John Ward.



ne	ig	hb	or
ho	od		

Chapter 2

Sarah walked out onto the pool deck and joined the large crowd of students. *Wow, all these people are trying out for swimming,* she thought nervously.

"Ok, everyone, listen up. I'm Brian, the varsity swim coach. Right now I'm passing around a signup sheet and parent player agreement forms. Put your first and last name, phone number and grade on the signup sheet. Freshman tryouts start a week from today. JV and Varsity tryouts start tomorrow. Sorry for the late notice, but meets start early this year. Bring the PPA's back on your tryout day. I hope to see many of you here tomorrow."

The crowd began breaking up as the signup sheet came to Sarah.

"Hey, Sarah," she heard Carter say behind her.

"Hey, Carter," she said, writing down the information.

"Are you ready to go?"

"Yeah."

"Hey, Carter," another voice said behind them.

Brian, the swim coach, walked up to them. "Carter, I'm glad to see that you're trying out again this year."

"I'm hoping to get Varsity this year, Coach."

"I hope you do, too. We could use a strong swimmer on the team."

"Thanks, coach."

"Well, I'll be seeing you tomorrow," Brian said, slapping Carter on the back.

"Bye, coach, come on Sarah. Let's go."

Sarah and Carter walked out to Carter's car.

"Oh my gosh," she shouted looking at his car.

"I've always wanted a blue Mustang. It's a sixty-seven, right?"

"Yeah, how did you know?"

"I love older cars, especially mustangs and Cama-

ros.”

“That’s cool,” Carter said quietly. Rachel loved older cars. They had worked on them together in her father’s auto and body shop.

“Yeah, they’re my favorite.”

“Well, this is your lucky day. Get in.”

Carter opened the passenger door for her and she sat in the seat.

“This is a great car,” Sarah said, running her hands over the leather interior.

“Thanks, my father gave it to me when I turned seventeen,” Carter said, as he backed out of the parking space.

“Don’t people usually get cars when they’re sixteen?”

“Yeah, my dad thought it was my sixteenth, or that was the excuse. My parents are divorced.”

“Mine are too. That’s why I moved here, to live with my mom.”

“I live with my mom, but my dad has visitation rights of me and my little sister, Abby. He rarely uses it though.”

They were silent for a few minutes except for Sarah’s tense, quietly spoken directions. “Well, I guess I’ll see you tomorrow,” Sarah said when they pulled up into her driveway. “Thanks for the ride.”

“Anytime,” Carter said quietly. He took a hesitant breath. “Rachel.”

Sarah froze.

“Rachel, I know it’s you.” he paused focusing her gaze on her. He turned her face towards his. Leveling his eyes at her, he whispered a one worded question, “Why?”

“Goodnight,” Carter said, kissing Sarah again.

“Bye, see you tomorrow,” Sarah said, opening the door. She watched Carter, walk to his car. When he

amizade

pulled away, she waved and went inside the house. Closing the door behind her, Sarah heaved a sigh and slid to the floor. 'What have I gotten myself into? This wasn't supposed to happen. Even though we've been together now for a while, I didn't think our feelings would be like this. I can't lie to a person I care about. But Sarah, you already are,' her thoughts screamed at her.

Sarah leaned her head against the door. She thought back to her first day at University High, to the ride home with Carter. They had driven around, talking. She told him why she had changed her name and tried to keep her identity a secret. Over the course of time they worked through their differences and became friends, again. But, that afternoon she had held something back. 'I told him enough to be his friend. I wanted his friendship but, I hadn't planned on a relationship with him.'

Sighing again, Sarah stood. As she walked to her room, she felt happy to be with Carter, but she was lying to him. Sarah sadly remembered that just before he left, her dad moved out to the Bronx. She remembered him being there for her, lending her a shoulder to cry on, being the best friend he could be. Despite his efforts to help her, she spiraled into depression. She became angry and sad, all rolled up into one sixteen year old girl. After a couple of weeks her parents decided to change the separation to a divorce. Sarah became so emotional she ran to Carter's house.

Sarah told him everything, all her feelings rushed to the surface. She couldn't explain why, but after that day she was angry with Carter for everything. The littlest thing that he did would send her mouth running a mile a minute as a torrent of hateful words shot at him. She knew she was hurting him but she couldn't, wouldn't stop. She hated him.

But he did something even she couldn't understand. He stayed. He never got angry with her. He was the best guy anyone could wish for. Rachel had known,

Harmony.

but she couldn't accept it. Carter's kindness made her feel unworthy and she hated him for it. Finally she couldn't stand the feelings anymore and she ended the relationship. Carter moved a week later.

They hadn't talked for over a year, but she had never forgotten him. It was awhile before she could think about him without getting angry. Now she was with him and all the feelings, the good ones, came back to her, ten times stronger.

Sarah knew that after all he had done for her, he deserved to hear the truth. 'I'm not Rachel anymore. I don't want him to be reminded of her when he thinks of me. I won't tell him, but I'll stay. I won't run.'

Carter smiled as he said goodnight and kissed Sarah again. He walked to his car in a daze; He and Sarah had been together now for about three and a half months. He was so happy to be with her again. He was glad they had cleared up the question of her identity. After they had become friends, he found himself growing close to her again. Their friendship turned to dating. They had been together for a few months now, and Carter had ever been happier.

As he drove home in the fading light, he thought about prom. He'd already bought two tickets, but never asked her. The dance was only ten days away, but he wanted to take Sarah. Carter did a quick u-turn and drove back to Sarah's house. Running up the walk, he prayed she would say yes. He rang the doorbell and tried to catch his breath.

Sarah was watching TV when she heard the doorbell. She walked to the door and was surprised to see Carter when she opened it. He looked cute with his pink,

flushed face and his chest was heaving.

"Hi, Carter," she said confused.

"Sarah, umm, would you go to prom with me?"

"Carter," she said startled. "I don't know, can you still get tickets?" Sarah knew she sounded stupid, but she was stalling. She was happy he had asked her, and she really wanted to go, but there was something bothering her about it.

"I already have two tickets," he said in a rush.

Sarah knew he really wanted to go and take her. She wasn't sure what her conscience was telling her, but she dismissed it and nodded.

"I would love to go," she said, smiling.

"Great," Carter said, his face breaking out into a wide grin. He took a step closer to her and placed one hand under her chin and the other around her waist, pulling her to him. She wanted to cry when his lips tenderly grazed her mouth and her arms held her in a warm embrace.

Sarah wrapped her arms around his neck and returned his kiss with mixed emotions. She cared for him, but at the same time she was trying not to. She couldn't love Carter, not after the way she treated him. That was what her logical side told her, but her other side wouldn't yield and she had fallen head over heels in love with him. A single tear slid down her face as the kiss ended.

"What's wrong?" Carter said, concerned, wiping away the tear, running his fingers over her cheek.

Nothing," she quickly whispered not ready to divulge her secret.

"Are you sure everything is ok? People don't cry for no reason," Carter said, smiling.

"Yeah, I'm just happy, that's all," she said, her mind screaming at her to tell him the real problem.

"You're telling me the truth, right?" he said, making her stomach turn.

Unity

Alphabet Story

A big white van pulled up in the driveway. Bob got out of the car and pulled out a large brown box. Carefully, he maneuvered the box out of the van. Dragging it up the driveway he opened the front door. Easing it through the door, he let it rest in the entry way. Forgetting to close the door, he walked into the kitchen. Gingerly, he walked to the cupboard and got out the pie server, knife and two plates and forks. He tried to wake his sleeping wife.

Inside the box was a great surprise for his wife. Just hours before ago he had remembered it was their anniversary. Keeping track of dates was not Bob's strong point. Leaving work early he scrambled around trying to figure out a good anniversary gift. Making the car start was the next problem. Not a moment too soon, the car sputtered and sprang to life. Opening the window and letting the cool air rush in was calming to his nerves.

Pulling into the parking lot of his destination, he shut off the car and jumped out. Queen's Wedding Cakes was where his wife had ordered their cake. Reaching for the door, he took a couple of breaths before entering. Stepping inside the shop he looked around for Barbara, the lady who made the cake. Taking long strides to reach her, he explained the situation and asked for her help.

"Usually, I don't do things on such a short notice, but I'll help you."

Very quickly she moved around, trying to finish the task. When she was done she unveiled to him an exact replica of the top of their wedding cake. Exiting the store quickly, he drove home and set up the cake.

"Yikes," he said when his wife walked into the room and he explained the gift to her.

"Zany has always been your middle name," his wife said.

Party

Alphabet Story

A big white van pulled up in the driveway. Bob got out of the van and pulled out a large brown box. Carefully he opened the box out of the van. Dragging it up the driveway he opened the front door. Seeing it was through the door he let it rest in the doorway. Before trying to close the door, he walked into the kitchen. Gladly he walked to the cupboard and got out the pie server. With two plates and forks. He tried to walk his steps. With a gasp he saw a new table. Inside the box was a great surprise for his wife. Just hours before she had forgotten it was their anniversary. Keeping track of dates was not Bob's strong point. Having a wife who reminded him of it was a figure out a good anniversary. Making the anniversary was the next problem. Not at all soon the car spluttered and spung in this or that window and tapping the cool air in the cabin to his nerves. Getting into the parking lot his destination, he spun off the car and jumped out. Our Wedding Cake was what his wife had ordered their anniversary. Reaching for the door he took a couple of breaths before entering. Stepping inside the shop he looked around for his bride. The lady who made the cake. Making long lines to reach her, he explained the situation and asked for help. "Usually I don't do this thing" she said with a notice, "but I'll help you." Very quickly she moved around him to finish the task. When she was done she unveiled the cake. The act rather of the top of the wedding cake. Putting the store quickly, he drove home and set up the cake on the table. "Thank you," he said when his wife walked in the room and he explained the gift to her. "I'm glad you like it," she said. "I'm glad you like it," she said.

Destiny

Forgetful Cutting Chapter 1

Evelyn opened the drawer slowly and methodically. As her fingers grazed the cold hard steel, she almost turned back. But the pain in her heart kept her focused on the task ahead. Her hand clasped onto a small steak knife. She tested the point by dragging it slowly across her thumb. Tiny drops of blood glittered as they slowly rose to the surface with a short breathtaking pain. Evelyn gritted her teeth as she pressed the knife to the superficialities of her wrist.

Evelyn gasped with pain as the knife broke her skin. Drawing it quickly over her arm, she proceeded to do many small cuts. Tears flooded her eyes blurring her vision. They dropped silently onto her arm flowing as one with the vital fluid of life. Still she cut on, mutilating a small area of her arm. The combined pain of the cuts caused so much hurt that she momentarily forgot the longing in her heart.

The longing for love, happiness and acceptance lessened and lessened to a dull ache. The painful memories slowly faded out of her mind.

Evelyn carefully rinsed off the blood and replaced it in the drawer. Drawing some gauze over the wound she wrapped it tightly to prevent further bleeding.

Just as she finished mopping the drops off the floor the door opened. Praying that her mom wouldn't notice the bandage she turned and put on the fake smile she had been using a lot lately.

"Hi, what did you make on that test today?" her mom asked not surprising to Evelyn at all. Her mom only cared about her grades, and freaked out whenever she got less than a hundred on anything. Evelyn was an A student, had a four point grade point average, and was among the top five in her class but, that wasn't enough for her mom.

"An eighty-six"

Just as she predicted the storm came.

Her mom banged her fist down on the counter.

"How many times have I told you that a B doesn't cut it? It should be a one hundred. You know it. You march right up to your room and study at least thirty minutes in every subject."

Normally Evelyn would have argued but there was no point. Every time she did study time just increased until she was pulling all nighters on pointless studying. She just turned and walked up the stairs and shut the door to her room. Turning on her stereo she grabbed her backpack, locked the door and opened the window. As Evelyn slid down the roof and jumped to the ground she felt a new side of her come out and she felt free.

She ran around the corner to see her boyfriend Shane. He was outside, of course, playing with his little sister Abigail.

"Hey Abby what's up?"

Before Abby could answer Shane sent her inside. "Hey baby doll!" he said.

Evelyn didn't answer. Instead she wrapped her arms around his neck, glanced in his eyes and kissed him.

They kissed long and hard and Shane loved the connection he felt as he slipped his tongue slowly over hers. He was overcome with passion as he pulled her to the ground and kissed her again and again.

He quickly gathered her into his arms and kissed her with all his heart. Shane rolled Evelyn on top of him and slid his hands down her sides. He broke off the kiss moving his lips down her neck. Shane playfully bit her shoulder and gently massaged her neck with his tongue. He slowly pulled her mouth back to his where they kissed yet another

time before they were interrupted by his parents coming out of the house.

Shane and Evelyn scrambled off of each other but his parents just chuckled and said, "You guys are fine; you're like us when we were your age. Abby went to her friends, so the house is all yours. We will be home around twelve and if you want, Evelyn, stay the night."

"Thanks I think I will, I got an eighty six on the test today."

"Oh," they murmured.

Shane and his parents knew all about her problems with her family, her ambitions, dreams, they even knew about the cutting. Evelyn had had long talks with them before. Once her parents grounded her for nine weeks when she received a B in Precalculus. She had snuck out of the house and ran to Shane's. Shane and his parents had received her warmly. That night they set up their guest bedroom as her room. She often stayed over there when she had problems at home. Shane's parents were the types of parents she always wished she had. Not parents who were only concerned with her grades and never stopped nagging her about studying.

They waved goodbye to his parents but, as soon as the car turned the corner, they raced upstairs to Shane's bedroom. He sat on the bed and pulled her down on him. Their mouths met eagerly and they kissed. Passion heightened and she unbuttoned his favorite blue plaid shirt. She removed his shirt and ran her hands over his bronzed muscles. He ran his hand through her soft auburn hair with orange and pink highlights and rolled on top of her. Their mouths connected them with a bond only they knew. He lifted off her shirt and kissed her in ways he never had before. She willingly yielded to

everything. They rolled back over and she straddled him and kissed his bare bronzed abs.

He looked up at her and thought 'if someone had told me six weeks ago that I would be laying in my bed being straddled by a topless beauty I would have laughed. But here I am kissing the love of my life.' Shane had never experienced such feelings for anyone before. He loved her with all his heart.

As Evelyn continued massaging his abs with her tongue he thought back to when they met. It was just eight months ago but it seemed like years. He remembered sitting in Precalc doodling in his notebook when his teacher stood to make an announcement.

"Class I'd like you to meet Evelyn." Shane didn't remember what else the teacher said because he was so taken by the teenage girl beside him. She was about five foot three slim but, not too much. She had light auburn hair with totally awesome pink and orange highlights. It was curly and swung at her shoulders. She had two small curls hanging right beside her eyes and the front part of her hair was pulled back into two small buns on either side of her face.

He caught her eye and was totally locked in by her smoky blue eyes. Shane smiled at her and mouthed hi. Evelyn smiled back revealing small but noticeable dimples. She took the empty seat next to his and Shane almost fell out of his chair. He passed the next forty-five minutes staring at her out of the corner of his eye. When the bell rang she gathered up her books and just as she turned to leave he touched her elbow.

"Hi. I'm Shane."

She smiled and her beautiful blue eyes lit up, "I'm Evelyn, but you already know."

"Um, do you need any help finding your classes?"

They
ules and he realized
through third period
lunch as well as
headed off to
chatted about
from. For the
they talked be-
classes sat
other passing notes
ate lunch together.
Shane drove her
school after they
wards for swim
He pulled up into
shut off the engine.



compared sched-
they had first
together and
sixth. As they
English 3 they
where she was
next week
tween
next to each
during class and
On Thursday
home from
stayed after-
team meeting.
her driveway and

"I've been meaning to ask you but, um, will you go out with me tomorrow night."

"Sure I'd love to," as Evelyn kissed him on the cheek.

He drove home in a daze. The next day he confirmed their date and said he'd pick her up at six. At six on the dot he pulled into her driveway and loped up the walk. Shane rang the doorbell. Evelyn answered the door. He smiled when he saw her. She was stunningly dressed in a knee length pink dress the exact color of her highlights. She also wore black combat boots and white fishnet hose that revealed her tanned legs.

The night had been perfect. Shane took Evelyn to dinner at a sit down restaurant, nothing too fancy. Then they walked around the mall and saw a movie. It had definitely been a typical date but, it was like no other. Shane hoped Evelyn felt the same way.

As they walked up to the front porch holding hands his mind was still in a daze. He gave her a hug goodnight and she began walking inside. Just before Evelyn closed the door he reached in and pulled her back out on the porch. He pulled her close to him and kissed her. He pulled back but once again kissed her softly. Evelyn smiled and they parted ways without a word. After that first date their relationship quickly grew into love. Shane was still-

His thoughts were interrupted as he felt a wave of passion move over him. Her mouth was over his and Evelyn was slowly tantalizing him while lightly running her fingertips over his abs and grazing his lips with her tongue. He pulled her down on him and kissed her hard and intimately. He could never get enough of her. Her hands reached the button of his jeans and Evelyn slowly unbuttoned it. She sat up and removed his pants. Shane rolled on top of her once more and drew her to him.

Something clicked in Shane's mind as his passion grew and grew for her. He suddenly realized where they were going. He knew it wasn't right but he couldn't seem to stop. Shane threw Evelyn's shirt on the bed and told her to get dressed. She was shocked at his words and he knew he sounded rough but he had to be the strong one, for her. He picked up his pants and bounded down the stairs. As he sat on the couch Shane put on his jeans.

Shane put his head in his hands, *How could I have done that, I know its wrong, what could have happened if I hadn't stopped, I know we love each other more than anything but I love her too much to hurt her by having sex with her, Shane how could you have been so stupid.*

Shane felt her hands on his shoulders.

"Shane what's wrong?" Evelyn said as she sat down next to him.

He sat on his knees in front of her with his hands on her hips. "Look, what happened in the bedroom was better than anything in the world. I have never felt so intimate with you in my life or with anyone for that matter. I want to do everything with you, go everywhere with you, every new thing I want to do with you. Sex is a new thing and I want to do that with you," he covered her mouth with his hand so he could continue, "I know it's sudden but I really want to go all the way with you and only you but it's too soon, were not ready yet. We've talked about this a lot and I never thought it would come to this but we have to take control before things go too far. I don't want that to happen to us, I love you too much to hurt you and even though sex is fun, it has dire consequences and I know this would hurt us and I'm not going to let that happen. I love you."

"Shane, I only kept going because I thought that was what you wanted."

"And you should never feel pressured into that. I want you to be comfortable with me and when you want to stop, stop, don't let me pressure you into anything you don't want to do."

"THANKS, I love you" Evelyn leaned down and kissed him. "First thing, no more making out in the bedroom, ok?"

"Fine with me. lets go get something to eat, ok?"

After dinner, while driving home, Shane noticed the white bandage on Evelyn's arm.

"Evelyn, how many times have I told you to stop cutting your wrist. You could kill yourself."

"You can only kill yourself when you cut vertically."

"I don't care. I love you too much to just

sit back while you potentially endanger yourself."

His voice was filled with emotion. "You and I both know that what you're doing is wrong. So what if you're parents don't always pay attention to you and they always nag you about your grades."

He paused for a moment. "You can leave and come over to my house whenever you want. You don't have to stay there. You know my parents will let you even live with us if you need to. We know that things are bad at your house, but you don't need to punish yourself for what they do. It's not your fault. I don't like seeing you like this."

"I cut to forget," Evelyn said quietly.

"Forget what?" Shane became concerned.

"I can't tell you."

"you know you can tell me anything."

"it will mess up the relationship."

"Just tell me. I'll never let you go."

"I'm pregnant."

The tires screeched as Shane pulled onto the shoulder of the road and slammed on the brakes. He unbuckled his seatbelt and turned towards her. Evelyn shut her eyes to hold back the tears and she waited for him to start yelling at her. Instead of harsh words or the sting of his hand she only felt the soft pressure of Shane's lips on hers. She still felt the familiar connection as his tongue slid over hers. The feeling reminded her of honey, thick with sweetness. Shane held her so tight it felt as if he would never let her go. He had never kissed her with such intimacy before, it was amazing. She was breathless when he pulled back. As she looked into his deep brown eyes, tears began forming in her eyes. She realized that he didn't think she was slut and that he still loved her. She was shocked that he could feel that way.

"What was that for?" she whispered.

"That was to tell you that I still care and I'm fully prepared, and willing to be the father of your baby even though he or she is not mine. How far along are you?" Shane said calm and collected.

"About six weeks. I just want to throw into the conversation that I didn't do this willingly." Evelyn said. Shane's instant handling of the problem wasn't surprising at all.

"Evelyn, do you really think I would have thought otherwise. I know you too well. You shouldn't underestimate yourself like that. Why someone would take advantage of you is unbelievable. When did it happen?"

"That time you dropped me off after the state swim meet. He was in the house. I don't want to talk about it. You're the first person I've told."

He put his arm around her waist and pulled her onto his lap in the drivers seat. "I just want to let you know that this doesn't change the way I feel about you. But it may not be the same with other people, such as your parents. We need to tell them what happened and our decision. They need to know, before you start to show and they jump to conclusions."

"How can you be so calm and logical?"

"I have to be. I love you and I want to take care of you."

"I can't tell my parents. They won't understand. They'll blame it all on me."

"It wasn't your fault."

"I know but somehow they will make it my fault."

"Look, I'll be with you, I'll help you."

Shane started the engine and pulled onto the road. It was a short five minutes before the pulled into her driveway. Carter leaned over and

"Hello Evelyn. I see you had enough consideration to come home. So, Shane, stealing my daughter away again?" her mother said angrily.

"Mom, dad, we need to talk to you."

her father shut off the TV. Evelyn opened her mouth to speak but she couldn't say it. She squeezed Shane's hand. "I'll do it" he whispered. "Um," he nervously ran his hand through his hair," Evelyn's pregnant and um I'm fully prepared to raise the baby and I wont leave her. However the baby is not-

He was interrupted by her mother, "Get out of my house."

"But-

"no buts. out. and I forbid you to see my daughter again."

Shane said nothing more but he reached over and pulled Evelyn to him. He kissed her quickly, whispered I love you and swiftly walked out the door.

Tears slowly rolled down Evelyn's face and she ran down the hall to her room. She ran to the window but found her parents had barred the window and she couldn't open it even an inch. She threw herself on her bed and cried until she fell asleep.

When she awoke in the morning she picked up her phone and called

Shane. "Pick me up at the end of the street at usual See you love you."



whispered and quickly dressed where she found her mom making breakfast. Her

up at the the time. then, I Evelyn

hung up. She and ran down the stairs

mom said nothing. Evelyn quickly ate her breakfast and then left the house.

She met Shane at the end of the street. She opened the door and climbed in. She leaned over and kissed him. She fervishly moved her mouth over his and Evelyn slid her tongue around his mouth as if she was licking an ice-cream cone. She felt him respond warmly and knew that somehow everything would be alright.

"My parents think you're the father of my baby."

"Why would they think that?" Shane said sarcastically.

"Well, we do spend a lot of time together and I do spend the night over there. Don't be surprised if the police call soon."

"Ok, thanks for telling me, I guess."

"No problem, I thought you deserved to know. Did you tell your parents?"

"Yeah. First they asked me if the baby was mine or not but they did believe me when I told them it wasn't and you were raped. I hope they don't have a heart attack over any charges."

"Yeah, well I'm sure everything will work out in the end." Evelyn said trying to sound confident.

They pulled into Shane's parking spot. He opened her door and leaned her against the car. He kissed her and whispered in her ear, "no matter what remember I still love you and I always will."

In the middle of second period the class was interrupted by the entrance of the principal. She was followed by two cops. They spoke with the teacher for a moment and then approached Shane's desk. They spoke quietly with him and then he stood up and turned around. Evelyn saw his face and saw tears forming in his eyes. He mouthed I

I love you while the cops handcuffed him. He was led silently out of the classroom.

Evelyn bolted from her chair and ran to the window. She saw him being led from the school and towards a police cruiser. As Shane turned to get in the car he glanced up and smiled at her. Evelyn smiled back and put her hand on the glass. As the car started and pulled from the curb she slowly walked back to her desk while the class began to talk among themselves about what had happened.

As the din grew louder and louder she began to weep silently. The teacher settled the class down. "Evelyn if you need to leave, feel free."

"Thanks but I'll stay."

She didn't hear much of what he said after that. When the bell rang she stood up and gathered her things and put Shane's things in his backpack. She put his stuff in her locker and took out the keys to his car.

All day she was peppered with questions from everyone; no one had enough consideration to just leave her alone. She just ignored the questions and passed the day as best as she could. Finally the bell signaling the end of sixth period rang and she could finally leave. She hurried to her locker, took out her books and ran to Shane's car.

As she drove home she could only think about him and all the times they had shared. She would never forget the memories that bonded them together. She remembered their first meeting, their first date, first kiss, first French kiss, first time they met each other parents; she remembered all the firsts and the seconds, thirds fourths. She remembered it all like it was only yesterday.

Evelyn pulled up into her driveway and shut off the car. As she unbuckled her seatbelt she braced herself for the barrage of comments she

knew would fly the minute she entered the house. She cautiously eased open the front door and stepped inside. Walking hastily to the stairs she bounded up two at a time. She burst into her bedroom and grabbed the suitcase out of the closet.

She opened the drawers and the closet and began folding the contents and placing them in the suitcase. Evelyn packed all the things she would need and proceeded down the stairs and out the door. I never once saw my parents. She got in the car and drove around the corner to Shane's house. No one was home when she knocked but she let herself in with her key. Evelyn walked to the guest bedroom and began unpacking her things.

She was almost done when she heard the front door open. She walked down the hall to the foyer. "Shane, oh my gosh," she yelled, running to him. she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. When they pulled apart they were both crying. "I was so worried," Evelyn managed to get out as he kissed her again and again. "Wait, how did you get out of jail?"

" Bail. "





Momentum Poem

Driving down the road,
BANG

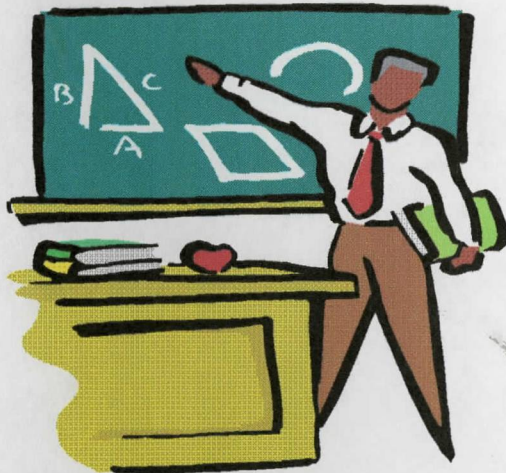
A flat.

Fifteen minutes to get to school
and I still have to find the tools and change the
tire. Hurry, finish putting away tools
and hurry
and get to school. Oh no,
I realize, as I race down the highway and
pull into the parking lot,
that I'm late.

Not wanting to miss
any of my class, I hurry out of the car and
hit the pavement
running.

Stopping quickly
by the office to pick up a tardy slip and
I groan inwardly
as I receive a detention.

Still hurrying I head to class,
open the door and
Slowly,
walk
in.



And they lived happily
ever after.

The End!

