

## **THE UNDERSTUDY**

"The show must go on," said the director when the star dropped dead moments before act one. The star, not the understudy, would play the corpse tonight.

The understudy changed quickly. His performance was inspired. The star was flawless in his final role.

The understudy, fingering the syringe in his pocket, bowed to thunderous applause.

SHEREE PELLEMIER

## **ACCIDENTS**

Reginald Cooke had buried three wives before he married Cecile Northwood.

"Tragic accidents," he told her.

"How sad," replied Cecile. "Were they ... wealthy?"

"And beautiful," said Reginald.

They honeymooned in the Alps.

Later, Cecile told her new husband, "You know, darling, my first husband died in a tragic mountaineering accident."

"How sad," replied Justin Marlow

MARK COHEN

## **AT THE CANYON**

The newlywed heiress oozed, "Poopsy, the sign reads, `Clairvoyant Canyon. Call Out a Question. Wait for Answering Echoes.'"

Overhanging a guardrail, she called, "Does he love me?"

"-Does he? Does he?" came the echo.

Discomfited, she tried again. "Is unhappiness behind me?"

"-Behind you, behind you-" it prognosticated, just before her new beneficiary shoved.

CURT HOMAN

## **IN THE GARDEN**

Standing there in the garden, she saw him running toward her.

"Tina! My flower! The love of my life!"

He'd said it at last.

"Oh, Tom!"

"Tina, my flower!"

"Oh, Tom! I love you, too!"

Tom reached her, knelt down, and quickly pushed her aside.

"My flower! You were standing on my prize-winning rose!"

HOPE A. TORRES

## **"The Final 55"**

I've known it was coming ever since I made that bargain with the troll in the woods.

I received fame. Wealth.

I became the world's greatest writer.

But in return, he said I would disappear after writing one million words.

Maybe he lied. I was only 55 words away when I started this story.

Oh...

Damon Brown (Sullivan's Dad)

## **The Memory Problem**

By: Sullivan Brown (age 14)

Did I forget something? Pondered Jackson, as he sat upon his lavish wooden seat

Perhaps someone's Birthday? A National Holiday? Merely a chore left undone?

Jackson kept hearing dialogue in his head. Words, exclamations, expressions. But that didn't pertain to what he forgot. Right?

As he thought, the Stage manager frantically paced behind the curtain.

## **Stargazing, in some sense**

By: Sullivan Brown (age 14)

Stars are so gorgeous! Those bright white suns that float up above our heads.

Dissociating from the outside world, and placing my eyes upon the black and white canvas.

Orion, The Big Dipper, Oh! And don't forget the Little Dipper!

"Gerald! GERALD!" Yells captain Heartell from inside the space station "Stop stargazing!"  
I cease immediately

## **Norman**

By: Sullivan Brown (age 14)

"Norman, can you pass me the files?"

"What files?"

"*The* files!"

"Uhh, Okay." Norman rustles through his file cabinet. Looking and looking, for those mysterious files.

"Have you found them?" Silence.

"Nah!" Norman rustles once more. Continuous rustling, and rustling.

"Dear me! Have you found it?" Norman rustles some, then stops.

He hands me a taco.