

PROSE

A Night in New York

"But mom, I'm not sleepy," 8-year-old Samantha whined. Samantha was in her pajamas, ready for bed, her long dark hair was in a thick braid. Samantha lives in apartment 22E on West 12th street in New York City. "Your bedtime is at 8:30 and that's final," Samantha's mom says. She opens the window since it is summer, pulls up Samantha's sheets, and kisses her good night. As Samantha falls asleep, I slip out from underneath the covers and fly out the window, ready for a night of adventure.

This is great, I think as I fly out the window into the busy streets of New York City. Us shadows have it so much better at night than those humans. At night I can go wherever I want. I guess tonight I'll go to some of my favorite daytime places. I can see the colored lights up ahead, it must be Times Square. As I zoom towards the flashing lights I see advertisements, yellow taxis and busy people hurrying off to dinner dressed in their best. I rest on a large, blinking Coca Cola bottle. While people-watching, one large sign catches my attention. The Broadway sign for "Beauty and the Beast" playing on the stage tonight. If I hurry I might be able to see the show.

When I arrive at the theatre the show almost started. I follow a young couple into the building and fly to the chandelier to take my seat. The show was wonderful. My favorite song was "Be Our Guest." I started to dance along but I had to stop when the chandelier started to sway. Leaving at intermission gave me enough time to visit Central Park.

Flying over Central Park looks different at night. There are no hotdog vendors, carriage rides or laughing children. In the middle of the park is the merry-go-round. I have been here with Samantha many times

Untitled

Hope shone on Ebon with all the fire of a black thread in a magician's pocket. Ebon was standing under an empty stage, in a forgotten theater. It was Ebon's final performance in the Midnight Magic Show. It was his final performance because his magic was too original. Ebon thought the only thing good about being a lousy magician was people threw yummy food. The booing had gotten out of hand. He quickly went to grab Mr. Hare out of his black hat and then, two of the worst things that could have happened, happened. He tripped on his shoelace, and worst of all, his boss fired him for ruining his show. "I'm replacing you!"

He walked home in his goofy clown shoes, very discreetly, the kind that matched whatever he was wearing because they were so silly. Ebon sort of liked walking in the town when most people were asleep. He saw things at night that he wouldn't see during the day. Ebon kicked a soup can as he walked up to his room in an apartment. He felt lucky he had a bed.

before and watched the operator work the controls. When I turn on the merry-go-round it makes a humming noise. Quickly I jump onto the proud tiger with a purple saddle and golden reins. Samantha always rode the golden horse with pink saddle but it was never my favorite. Two birds fly off the merry-go-round as the carnival music starts to play.

A delicious smell suddenly catches my attention. It tells me that I am not far from one of the many Ray's Original Pizza. I follow the tasty scent that leads me to the pizzeria. An open window allows me to scoop up a slice of Meat Lovers pizza. I think of a perfect picnic spot and head there before my pizza gets cold.

The Statue of Liberty's crown makes a beautiful picnic spot to take in all of New York. I have visited the statue before, in the daytime, with Samantha. When we went, the stairs were the only way to reach her crown. It was a long, hot climb and at the top I was run down and plain exhausted. I was glad when Samantha sat down on the ground to rest. Flying is the best way to go I decided. The city's lights flicker on and off in the distance. The sound of church bells ringing eleven times tells me it is time to go home.

As I fly towards West 12th Street I see Samantha's bed light on. I land on the window ledge and duck behind her pink curtains. Samantha is still in bed but awake. The door opens and her mother comes in. She asks, "What is keeping you awake?" "A breeze coming from the window woke me up." Her mother closed the window and turned to leave but before she left Samantha asked, "Where do shadows go at night?" Her mother answered, "Only a shadow can answer that question. Good night," as she left the room. I smile to myself as I slip into bed by Samantha.

Pearl McAndrews
HomeSource



The next day Ebon looked for a new job. It seemed every job made him look like a joke. He tried a pizzeria, but he dropped every pizza he tossed. Then he tried a grocery store, but he couldn't check anyone out at the cash register without making the customers look like thieves. He tried many more stores, failed, and was about to go home when he noticed his own problem. He needed some place dark to work. He was used to dark. The stores were too light.

Wait! What's this? He visited a Halloween shop. It was dark there. Ebon liked the darkness because he couldn't mess up. Halloween costumes were mess-ups on purpose. They were made like that to make the costumes scary. This was the perfect job for Ebon. Best of all, this job paid well.

Bert Engelman
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