**Bryce Harvey- Grade 10**

**Number 3**

Just leaving the party,

everything’s going great.

Then Pop, Pop!

The shots penetrate

You in the streets.

Bleeding, scared to death.

Your breath,

Going away.

Just 14 with hoop dreams.

Slowly dying,

Listening to their screams.

Why Lord?

He was 14 with hoop dreams.

Just a kid,

It doesn’t make sense.

My friend should still exist.

Mama yellin’, “come here!”

I see the news, I’m confused

Till they say your name.

I’m overtook with grief and pain.

We played ball on the same ball team.

Your mom or aunt always gave me a ride

After the games.

When I was drafted,

you welcomed me with a smile.

Two old friends coming together

To take over the league.

2 years later,

I heard the devil’s cupid

Put you to sleep.

I shed tears,

Barely could breathe.

Banging on the wall,

Barely feel my palms.

Another one of my friend’s gone.

I think I figured out the world.

Time subtracts friends.

Pain… it adds more.

We grow up fast,

Because too many of us die young.

No idea of what the future has in store.

Because even the warm hearted people

End up cold;

Dead in the morgue.

Why Lord?

Why did he have to be slain?

Now his name on those white shirts,

So many of us left in pain.

Forever in my prayers,

A young kid, 14, with hoop dreams.

Forever in our memory.

Whenever I play ball,

I’ll wear number 3.

Play Jesus one on one for me.

**Malaysia Sherman- Grade 9**

**Little Brother**

With watchful eyes, I stare down at you.

Your warm body in my arms,

Heating my soul like an inferno.

With feet so small I can fit them

Into my palms.

Hands so small that you can wrap

Around one of my fingers.

Your eyes closed shut tightly,

Like our relationship.

As big sis, I want to be there,

Watching over you.

Making sure everything is okay.

I want to be there to pick you up

When you fall,

Make your favorite food,

Kiss your forehead,

Play superhero,

Or just simply laugh with you.

You’re 5 now and years have passed.

You are not that little baby anymore.

You’re an energetic little boy,

Who loves to run,

Jump,

Play football,

And sing Justin Beiber to me every time we talk.

I know I will never get those 5 years back,

But I look forward for the 5 to come.

The years where I’m going to protect you

From the lies our dad tells.

I’m going to teach you to ride a bike

And the do’s and don’ts in a relationship.

I’m going to try my hardest

To help you stay on the right path,

And become the person you want to be.

I look at you at 5

And think about you at 5 months,

5 weeks,

And when you were 5 days old.

I say,

I love you little brother.