

China even faster than my canoe!"

And so I sat, content in the sunlight, wiggling my toes in the mud and listening to Marie as we let our imaginations run far, far away. ★

Glitter Pixie Girl

by Natalie Fox

We're sitting on his sister's canopy bed. He fixes me with his cocoa-brown eyes as if he were trying to locate something in me. Matthew looks at people differently than I do. As he tries to catch a glimpse of my insides, I am caught up examining his body. He's getting too thin, too pale, but I say nothing of this. He's made it clear that this is not a subject open for discussion.

"What are you thinking about?" His words are directed at me.

I say not much, but I can tell he doesn't believe me.

He gets off the bed and walks to the desk where the CD player sits. Matthew pushes the play button and I can imagine the CD beginning to spin inside its black plastic case. He comes back and sits on the bed,

but this time he is much closer to me. I can feel his breath in my hair and I'm sure he can hear my heart beat.

I want to say something but I can't think of what. Lucky for me, the music cuts in. I recognize the band: Kill

Hannah. I should have known—they're his favorite. "No One Dreams Anyway" is playing.

I break the silence. "What do *you* dream?" I ask.

Matthew blinks, obviously surprised, and looks directly at me. "Only children dream," he tells me. Then he smiles, but he's not happy, and goes back into his music-wrapped trance.

His little sister walks in. She is leaving a trail of glitter behind her everywhere she turns. As she climbs over me and into her brother's lap, I can tell she dreams. She could live in an entire world of fantasy, for all I know. Suddenly, I am jealous of her. After she has settled comfortably into her brother's lap, she looks up at him and kisses him on the cheek, leaving a shiny spot of strawberry lip gloss where her lips have been.

He looks down at her and pats her on the head, the glitter sprinkles shimmering down. I glance at her and she gives me a sweet six-year-old's smile. Slowly I drag my eyes up to Matthew's. We share a sad look,

knowing that someday she will have to leave her world of make-believe. But for now, we let her be a fairy, a glitter pixie. ★

Time Out in Moenkopi, AZ

by Casie Smith

Spiny cacti and dry, yellow brush decorate the nearly barren Painted Desert of Arizona. Tangled tumbleweeds dance on the sandy, reddish ground, leaving swirly trails in the dirt behind them. In the distance, jagged multihued hills overlap each other, cradling sunbaked shrubs in their creases and cracks. The road on which we drive is a snake, slithering over the mountains. Except for an occasional car or two, we are alone on this desert road. The car window is down, and although the dusty wind stings my face, it's a welcome relief from the stifling heat. Rays of sunlight shoot back and forth across the upholstery, baking the leather beneath my legs. I stare out the window and watch the shadows of wispy cirrus clouds playfully gliding over the majestic hills.

The desert, untouched by human hands, radiates innocence. I close my eyes and imagine myself living in these purple mountains, far from the confounding and sometimes suffocating city. I imagine gazing at the magnificent desert from my dream house atop a hill, and feeling free, creative, and in touch with nature . . .

My father rouses me from my reverie by pointing out a green road sign. It says: WELCOME TO THE TOWN OF MOENKOPI. We erupt in laughter at the joke of calling this place a "town." Moenkopi is no different from the rest of the Painted Desert. Same mountains, cacti, and tumbleweeds, and neither people nor houses inhabit it.

As our car reaches the crest of a hill, a small log house appears up ahead. We strain our eyes to focus on this unexpected sign of civilization. A Hopi man and woman sit on rusty folding chairs in front of their home. They stare down at the ground beneath them. A cardboard sign that reads, HANDMADE INDIAN JEWELRY FOR SALE leans up against a wooden table. The top of the table is adorned with beautiful turquoise necklaces and rings embedded in silver. As our car approaches, the Hopi woman stands and faces us. Her eyes open wide and twinkle in the midafternoon

