

If Only...

By Genevieve Luttrell

Her golden hair drifted in the breeze as she ran. Her feet, pounding the ground, her mind forming a plan that would get her out of the mansion. This time I won't get caught, she resolved. That night she constructed a parachute out of bedsheets, strapped it on, and jumped out the window. The parachute caught a gust of wind and she got caught in the redwood tree outside her window. She looked at the one unbarred window on the mansion from the tree and a wave of sadness swept over her. She would never escape from this prison now.