

Blue Sky
(excerpt)
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Junior Prose

Stepping in, he was flooded with recollections of the past. He knew this place, a place from not long ago, a room. Its walls layered with cheap wallpaper, likely the kind you could only find in a rundown motel on a long avenue that, in of itself, only be found deep into a broken neighborhood. The type oversaturated with crooks, creeps and beggars. He considered that for a moment. Yes, he knew this place and with that, an immense sense of regret enveloped him. Purely imaginable only by the most insane. This room was dark, evil almost. It began to take more shape and a bed appeared, it was not very large however, perhaps large enough to fit one maybe two if you were truly desperate. Its covers messily were thrown all over itself, unmade. He realized that he had stayed there just yesterday and he remembered why too.