Creative Writing Contest 2023

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It Was Don Goyo’s Fault by Sandra Dymerski
Creative Nonfiction – 1
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brightness of the flying substance as if it were fireworks. This looked so close and real that my
heart started racing. I could not help but think of my own image running through the forest of
that volcanic mountain trying to evade those burning balls. This guy Tony, whom I went hiking
the day before, came to my mind. I thought of calling him to let him know, so I dialed the phone
number he gave me, and after the fourth ring, his deep voice answered from his home in
Michigan. He had just gotten home after a long flight back.
“No way!” he replied after I explained what I saw on the news a few minutes before. It
was just a few hours after we’d been there. I thought about the difference between living and
dying can be decided by just being at the right place and h912 0 612 792 re
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