Sometimes it's simply better to ignore the haters. That's the lesson that Tom's dad had been trying to teach him, but Tom still couldn't let it go. He latched onto them and their hate and couldn't let it go, but he also realized that this wasn't healthy. That's when he came up with his devious plan.

Spending time at national parks can be an exciting adventure, but this wasn't the type of excitement she was hoping to experience. As she contemplated the situation she found herself in, she knew she'd gotten herself in a little more than she bargained for. It wasn't often that she found herself in a tree staring down at a pack of wolves that were loking to make her their next meal.

He was an expert but not in a discipline that anyone could fully appreciate. He knew how to hold the cone just right so that the soft server ice-cream fell into it at the precise angle to form a perfect cone each and every time. It had taken years to perfect and he could now do it without even putting any thought behind it. Nobody semed to fully understand the beauty of this accomplishment except for the new worker who watched in amazement.

She looked at her student wondering if she could ever get through. "You need to learn to think for yourself," she wanted to tell him. "Your friends are holding you back and bringing you down." But she didn't because she knew his friends were all that he had and even if that meant a life of misery, he would never give them up.

He pick up the burnt end of the branch and made a mark on the stone. Day 52 if the marks on the stone were accurate. He couldn't be sure. Day and nights had begun to blend together creating confusion, but he knew it was a long time.