

My First Turkey

by Bright Skinner

On March 18, 2006 an enormous game animal was taken from the woods. It all started when Mr. Hudson, my dad's hunting buddy, insisted on taking me turkey hunting. We met early at the farm when the sun had not yet risen. We all could tell this was going to be a successful morning as we settled down at the base of a small pine tree and listened to the sounds of the peaceful woods. The scraping of crickets slowed and the sweet chirping of the birds took its place. The many sounds of the woods put us into a peaceful trance, but we soon reminded ourselves of what we were here to do...kill a trophy turkey.

Mr. Hudson began imitating the different sounds turkeys make. There was the owl call, crow call, gobble, and clucking of female turkeys. We didn't hear anything. After a while we moved to a different location. While we were walking down the forgotten swamp road a hen (female turkey, tom is a male) emerged from the woods. We all froze and the clueless turkey never knew we were there. It walked to about 10 feet away for us and then bolted. We walked very slowly down the road in hope we would see a big, old tom. Finally we made our way down the road.

Thirty minutes later we arrived at a huge field. We looked to our left and saw a couple of turkeys running toward the woods. They were too far to get a shot, so again we set down at the base of a large oak tree. This tree had bones all around it because the field we were in used to be an old cow field. We called for about forty- five minutes and got no answer. Again we moved. All of us approached the turn to get back on the main road. We turned around the bend and right in front of us (about 40 yards away) was the biggest turkey I ever seen. I was frozen in the moment and I barely heard my dad yell SHOOT!!!!!!!!!!!! My gun flew up into the air and an enormous boom rocked the woods. I opened my eyes and there it was: the biggest turkey I had ever seen laying in front of me flopping and scratching. This determined turkey was not done yet it got up and began running. In a flash another round penetrated the turkey's flesh.

I walked up to it and watched the last breath disappear into the thick, humid air. There it was my trophy turkey that I had been waiting for my whole life. "Finally," I said. I took the turkey and slung it over my shoulder and ended this fateful day.

Lost at Sea

by Joey Dranetz

It was a serene night aboard the USS Dragonfly. The ship, in the middle of the Pacific, planned to confront a Japanese aircraft carrier, which had invaded the agreed boundary by a couple miles. The USS Dragonfly had placed itself in a position to block the ship's path in order to identify the ship's purpose. Most of the crew thought it had been a Japanese mistake, but a few were worried. Jack was on the night shift. How he hated this job. It was so boring just sitting there staring at the mid-night blue ocean. So he gently dozed off...

A sudden jolt followed by an explosion awoke Jack. He smelled the acrid smell of smoke rising from the ship. Sirens wailed as he heard the captain announce, "Abandon ship! This is not a drill. I repeat: Abandon ship! This is not a drill." There was pandemonium on deck as the entire crew tried to get into the tiny life boats. In the confusion, Jack was knocked down onto the cold steel floor. Everything went black.

Jack awoke on a small raft made out of pieces of the USS Dragonfly. Standing over him was one of the engineers from the ship. "What happened?" Jack asked dazedly. "The Japanese attacked us by air. Complete surprise. We didn't stand a chance," answered the engineer bitterly. "I found you lying there so I picked you up and put you on a raft I made. All the life boats were all gone," he continued. The conversation went on as the two drifted on and on in the giant ocean that had swallowed up the USS Dragonfly.