

Not So Smart

By Bubba Hoffman

It was a bright and misty January morning. The fog was coming up through the thin bushes next to the creek bank. I sat there a long time waiting and waiting for something to appear.

As I glanced to the right, I saw some movement in the bushes. He emerged from the forest on the bank of the creek and came onto the field with a large, open rack. The stomach was the size of a small car. I could see his brown and white skin, his white belly, and long pointy hoofs. He began digging into the ground. I thought that he was alone until I glanced back a little and saw four more coming my way. I started to pull up my gun to see what I might be able to take. I slipped. The deer looked straight at me, and I didn't move.

Oh, Before I Forget...

By Jordyn Costa

Based on "This Is Just to Say" by William Carlos Williams

I would like to say
I stole your blue pen
From your desk

And which you
Probably needed
For English class
The other day

My regrets to you
It writes very well
So crisp
So clean.

The Oak Tree

By Drew Gibson

The falling snow had turned the ground into a soft, white carpet. The forest was quiet. No birds chirping their melodies, no rustling of the underbrush, and no movement from the squirrels. On the edge of the clearing stood a large tree, slightly apart from the others. Perched high in the oak was a middle-aged man aiming his steel-tipped weapon, making sure he did not make any sudden movements. But the animals could sense his presence.

He was waiting for his target to come into view as the sun rose high from the east behind the clouds. The snow ceased to cascade down, letting him see clearly. The bitter cold made him grip his weapon stiffly.

A young man emerged from the forest on the bank of a stream barely visible under the thin layer of snow. "There he is," the hunter thought to himself. He aimed through the scope without blinking, trained not to think about what he was going to do to this innocent man. The killer focused on his one objective. The earsplitting gunshot broke the silence, along with a flutter of birds' wings scattering to cover.



by Yankia Ned