THE FIRST WINTER

By Owen McNeil

It was probably the coldest day of the year, when out of nowhere, “DING!!” Wow, that was the loudest sound I’ve ever heard in my life!

 “What on earth was that?” yelled my father. “Well Papa, I can’t answer that. But it might have been the well,” I replied.

 “Can you try to fix it?” my dad yelled.

“Fine, I’ll fix it!” I hollered back. I wandered into the barn to grab some wood.

When I got back to the well, my friend was standing next to it. “Would you care for any help?” he questioned. “Indeed I would, Gregory,” I said with a smile. Later on when we were finished my father paid Gregory and I five coins each.

“There you are lads, but we have a big problem,” my dad moaned. “What’s the problem?” I asked.

 “We’re very low on meat for the winter, so you need to get a goodnight sleep. We leave at sunrise to hunt,” my dad said in a voice that sounded like he needed the sleep more than us.

“Wake up Peter!” yelled my dad. “Why? it’s too early?” I yawned.

 “Because were hunting!” my dad said in joy. “When?” I asked.

 “Right now! We’re meeting Gregory at the outskirts of town.”

 After I got dressed, I darted out to the wagon. My father was already seated. I hopped into the seat next to him, he handed me my gun. The “Old Popper” I called it. Then we headed off. When we got to the outskirts of town we picked up Gregory. “Hello Captain Johnson,” Gregory greeted my father. “Hello Greg,” my father replied. I moved to the back of the wagon. Gregory jumped in the back next to me.

“Did you get your gun?” I asked. ”Yup, Little Betsy.” He told me. “Ha, I love that name!” I couldn’t help but laugh. “Did you get your gun?” asked Greg. “The Old Popper, right?”

When we finally got there Greg and I set off for the hills. The terrain was very tough to get up but at the top of the second hill we saw a beauty. “Greg come here,” I whispered. “What?” he whispered back.

“See the deer” I said with a muffled voice.

“YEAH, that’s the biggest male deer I’ve ever seen.”

So I loaded my gun, “c’mon Popper don’t fail me now,” I said in my head. As I aimed my gun my finger started to wiggle then BAM! I hit IT! YES!.

“Nice shot” yelled Gregory. We ran over to our prize. I stared at it. I was so happy.

“That’s a bear” said Greg. “No it’s a deer” I said back to Greg.

Then I looked up, standing in front of me was a huge black bear. Greg loaded his gun. “Greg, don’t shoot unless he attacks. Now slowly back away.”

 “Wait! The deer,” Greg mentioned.

“I’ll grab the front legs, you grab the back. Now on the count of three, grab the deer and run!!!” 1, 2, 3, the bear growled, and then chased after us.

Suddenly, the bear fell dead on the ground. “What? How did that happen?” Greg and I said. Then my father yelled from the top of the hill, “You two almost got yourselves killed.”

 “Sorry Captain Johnson,” Greg and I both said at the same time. While we were walking back to the wagon we shot some more deer.

“Get in the wagon,” father said. Greg and I jumped in. “So, Father, do we have enough food for the winter?” I asked.

 “Indeed we do!” he answered.

THE END!!