

3-27-2019

Aspens Among the Pines

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Recommended Citation

Rodriguez, Theresa M. (2019) "Aspens Among the Pines," *Forces*: Vol. 2019 , Article 13.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2019/iss1/13>

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The Hunt

Phoebe Cave

It was calm. Incredibly calm. It had been a while since she had seen such perfect hunting conditions. On a normal hunting day, she would find it tedious, even boring, to sit there, motionless, in her hand-picked vantage point, waiting for anything that could be considered food to walk by, but today, she simply stood perfectly still and soaked in the world around her with all senses. The sight of the explosions of color the midsummer bloom of the grand oaks brought, the sound of their many leaves dancing and swaying as if a grand celebration was taking place between the branches that was unseen by the human eye, the wholesome smell of the rich earth that was stirred up by the recent thunderstorm and smelt oddly satisfying, the taste of the meal that was constantly on her mind, and the feeling of the swirls and curves engraved into the wooden bow she held firmly poised and loaded, ready for any unfortunate and unsuspecting animal whose destiny was to end up her dinner. It was relaxing, so relaxing that she nearly dozed off into the soft dewy grass, which wasn't entirely a bad thing with how much sleep she had gotten in the past couple of months, but she needed food more than she needed sleep. Luckily, the joyous stomach pains of hunger kept her awake and alert. It had been a while since she had eaten, far longer than she liked. She would've gone hunting sooner, but as glorious and breathtaking as summer was, it brought rain in its wake, and rain meant all the prey was nestled in comfy shelters, including herself. But even still, she valued her time spent watching the rain fall gracefully from the sky, down the leaves, and pool at her feet; even if she was starving while she did it. A twig snap brought her wandering thoughts of serenity, peace, and food to a screeching halt as a wild turkey awkwardly wobbled into her line of sight. Turkey was fine; not her favorite food, but good under the circumstances. She tilted her head away

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