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I Got an Eye on You

Lance M. Pender

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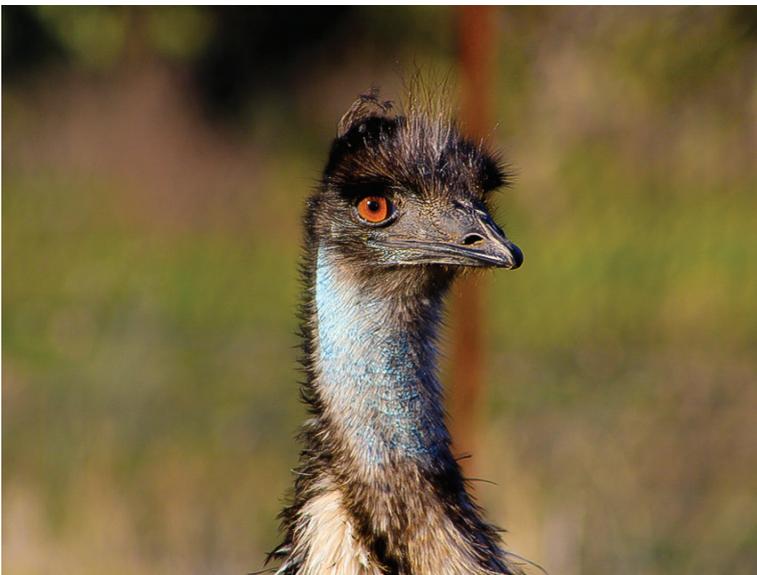
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from her bow to get a better view for calculation. The turkey was visible but too far away for her arrow to do anything other than startle it. She had to get closer, but that meant noise and if the turkey got scared off, she'd have to spend another night hungry and that was something she couldn't bear the thought of. She got low to the ground, her knees firmly pressed into the soft soil until they felt cold from the moist mud beneath. Slowly, she began to shift her body closer to the turkey who was stupidly pecking at the ground. She held her breath tightly against her chest as she continued to silently crawl towards her victim. Her clothes were starting to soak up the mud around her, and her back was beginning to hurt from the position she was awkwardly moving in, but she was going to get that turkey if it killed her, as not getting it probably would. As she continued to move her legs, she suddenly heard a soft crackle of fallen leaves underneath her. She stopped dead and dared not move. The turkey heard the leaves too, as it looked

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up and began frantically glancing from side to side. A slight sigh of frustration escaped from her lips. She was still a little too far, but she couldn't move any closer; she'd have to risk it. She raised her bow, this time centering the black flint arrow tip with the wild turkey's heart. The turkey was very suspicious now; she had to move with speed and perfection; luckily, that was her specialty. She pulled the bowstring tight, feeling the muscles down her arm work together in harmony to pull the bow into a deadly position. Ready to let go, she felt the breeze of the afternoon push her blood-red hair softly across her face, and she paused. In all her struggle and hunger, she forgot she was standing in a miracle; a living, harmonious miracle, and all of it hit her. The trees exploding with every possible shade of green, the melody of the leaves dancing merrily in the wind, the earth's wholesome and mysterious aroma, the taste of the turkey already on her tongue, the feeling of her bow at her fingertips, ready to summon death. She exhaled, and released her grip.



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