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G Period

Historical Fiction

Hunting Boy

I could hear the wind whistling through the house. I could hear my father coughing with his sickness. My sister playing with her paper dolls. My brother making gunshots as he tries to catch us dinner. My mother resting and saying it will be okay. As I stood in the middle of the house I could hear everything. It was tough times around here. Father had tuberculosis. Mother too weak to hunt. My brother Jared left to do all the hunting at only thirteen years of age. That's a good time to start but not to support all the food for your family. My sister Katie starting to starve even though it seems like she is eating more than everybody else. Right now I'm probably the strongest person in the house even though I'm only nine years of age. I know I could help with hunting if only my father would let me. I mean I was named after the greatest man I know Timothy Dawks. He was my great grandfather. Suddenly Jared walked in the house with only a trout in his hand. Well this is better than last night, rice.

"Sorry folks looks like it's just going to be trout tonight," he said.

"You couldn't shoot any buck," said father.

"Nope those things are just too fast," he said.

"You just have to get the hang of it," said father. As puddle started to emerge under the trout.

"Don't worry we'll feast as if we have never eaten so much in our life," said father.

"Can I help with hunting around here?" I asked.

“No. You’re too young and wouldn’t be able to handle it,” he said

“I am a perfect age,” I said.

“You’re too young,” he said.

“I’ll start to set the table. While you go get your sister,” she said to me. Off I went to get Katie as I wondered why my father wouldn’t let me hunt.

“Katie it’s time for supper,” I said.

“Great I’m starved and so is Sophie,” she said.

“Who is Sophie?” I asked.

“She is my friend,” She said.

“Well I don’t see her,” I said.

“Well then you must be blind because she is standing right next to me,” she said. Now I got it. Sophie must have been one of those imaginary friends of Katie’s.

“Oh now I see her,” I said.

“Well Katie and Sophie let’s head down to dinner,” I said. They followed me downstairs. As I approached the dinner table when everyone was crowding around the table I made an announcement.

“Look everyone Katie has a new friend and her name is Sophie,” I say. I walk towards father and he tells me that it was nice that I didn’t tell her that Sophie isn’t real. We then all sat down and began to eat. Even though it was just trout it tasted better than plain rice.

The next morning we were all at the dinner table except for father he was still sleeping. Mother told us she was going to take father into town to see a doctor because he wasn't getting any better. She told us that Jared would be in charge while they were gone. I told her that someone would have to be in charge while Jared was hunting. Mother knew that town was too far away for them to be back by dinner. They would be back tomorrow morning so that forced her to make me in charge while Jared was hunting. After mother said that I jumped up in the air saying "Yippee!" While I was jumping with joy mother went upstairs and collected father. She brought him down wrapped in a blanket and coughing with a red nose. Mother then took him out the front door and they went into the wagon. I was still cheering as I noticed this. Jared told me to quiet down and so did Katie. So I listened to what I was told and sat down and was quiet. Even though I was jumping with joy on the inside.

It was about time for Jared to go hunting and I was trying to act mature about the matter but that was just too hard.

"So how long will it be until you get back?" I asked.

"Maybe an hour and a half. An hour at the most," he said as he polished his gun.

"Do I have any jobs to do while you're gone," I asked.

"Just one," he said.

"What?" I said.

"Stay out of trouble," he said with a grin. Then he walked out the door and left me in charge with Katie. Now all I had to do was get Katie to take a nap. Which shouldn't be hard saying that she didn't get much sleep with father coughing right next door? She was at the dinner table playing with her paper dolls, yawning every few seconds.

"Why don't you hop into bed," I said.

"Really you'll let me sleep instead of do chores," she said.

“Of course, now head on upstairs,” I said. Then she slowly walked upstairs. Now that I was practically alone in the house I could go in the attic. We were never aloud to go in the attic and now here was my chance to see what my parents were hiding. I tried to walk upstairs slowly but that just made the stairs creak louder. So I just tried to go up the stairs as quickly as possible without making any noise. When I opened the door and shut it behind me everything was pitch black. I tried to feel around for a match or a candle but I couldn’t find one. Then I remembered that I had slipped a box of matches into my pocket, just in case. I grabbed a match and then lit it against the box. Right after I did that I saw the most amazing things everywhere I looked. I saw bonits and paintings and even some old jewelry. Then I saw a little old notebook that read my dad’s name. I walked closer to it and picked it up as delicately as I could. The pages were so brown and yellow. The ink was so smeared yet still readable and the paper could very easily be ripped. I read “We are marching to fight in the Civil War. Mother says she will send me a pie everyday to keep me sweet. The rifle’s they gave us are pure killers. I certainly do not want to kill people but father said it was the beats for our country and begged me to do it.” I was amazed at the fact that my father was in the Civil War. As I looked up from the book I saw that I had picked it up from a dresser maybe if I looked hard enough I could that rifle in one of these draws that dad said was a pure killer. As I looked through the first draw all I saw was a couple of beads. Then in the second draw there was only a couple of faded pictures. In the last draw I find the rifle. I take it out of the draw and hold it in my hands it is beautiful. I then start to here footsteps getting closer and closer to me. I throw the rifle back in the draw. Then I turn around and there standing in the doorway is my father.

“What are you doing in here?” he asks.

“I thought you weren’t going to be back until tomorrow morning,” I said.

“That’s not important right now. Get over here Tim,” he demands. I was in big trouble I thought to myself. I decided it would be best if I just stayed quiet and listened to my consequences.

“This just cost you the hunting trip,’ he said.

“You can’t do that to me,” I said.

“Oh yes I can,” he said.

“This is so unfair,’ I groaned. My dad grabbed me by the ear and showed me to my room.

“Your mother will come and get you when dinner is ready,” he said. Then he slammed the door in my face. I had messed up, I had messed up really bad.

The house was silent. Everybody had gone to bed and it was now my chance to get the rifle from the attic and go hunting. If father wouldn’t let me come on the hunting trip then I would just have to go hunting on my own. Nobody could stop me.

I was in the woods having only the moonlight to guide me. I could hear the cold wind whistling and the leaves rustling. Then as I turn my head to the front of my body I see a buck standing about twenty footsteps away from me. I try to step closer to it to get a good shot at it, but then that backfires and it starts to charge at me. I’m frozen, I can’t move. I don’t know what to do. Then at the last moment I shoot at the buck. I miss but it’s close enough to scare it off. After it runs away I pull the strap on the rifle over my shoulder. I then disappointed, head back to the cabin.

