

Written by a middle-school student

The Sad Truth
Bagby, Middle School

A nauseous feeling swept over me from the sight and smell of the dreaded slaughter house I had just entered. I was taken from the head dangling position and swung onto an old wooden table. Then my captor left. I could hardly breathe and was desperately trying to gather my thoughts of the last five minutes. I had lived in a dull cage all my life and couldn't remember much of my sad life, but these last events took me so suddenly I was completely dumbfounded. Approaching footsteps brought me out of my dream-like daze. The door swung open and I was blinded briefly by the early morning sun. My captor took a step in the doorway, blocking the sun and casting a long, frigid shadow. I breathed a breath of life once more and took in the dull smell of crushed blood he used to kill others. The ax came down upon me, and then ...

“Honey, I got that goose, and you can start fix'n it up fer Christmas dinner.”