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Safari

Nicolette Augustyn
College of DuPage

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Safari

By Nicolette Augustyn

There we were tracking a lion on the prowl,
edging closer and closer towards danger.

A swooshing noise is heard from deep within the cornfield.

We stop...

We stare into the field, hoping with telekinetic powers to make it go away.

We hear the sound again.

Our breath heaves loudly.

Our pace quickens, as we count.

One, two, three...

We're off racing over the boards that separate houses from the cornfield.

We run, with the lions and tigers and bears after us.

Oh my!

What are we going to do?

Run Brittany, Run for the shed!

Go!Go!Go!

Just then something has my foot.

I'm falling, being taken hostage.

I turn to find my foot stuck on a nail

blood, seeping through my canvas shoe.

Suddenly there is a searing pain in my foot.

Oh no! I thought, the lion has me and he's eating my foot.

I look up and Brittany is trying to move me

The nail is ripping further into my shoe, the lion's teeth deeper into my foot,
unable to retrieve me from the lion's mouth,

she unties the shoe and takes me by my hands and drags me to the shed.

We made it.

We're safe.

Mom calls, "Time for Brittany to go home."