
wheelbarrow. It's in the tool shed."

"Sure, sure, I'll be right back."

I was a bit worried about what the dog would do when it regained consciousness, so after I had the bandage in place, I stood well back and waited. Then I remembered the gun and wondered what I should do with it. Finally I picked it up and put it in my coat pocket.

"What's your name?" I said to the man when he returned with the wheelbarrow.

"Spooky", he replied. "And the dog's name is Jack. He can't talk though. Only I can talk."

"I see. Well, let's get Jack into the wheelbarrow and take him down to my cottage."

After we had lifted the dog into the wheel barrow, I began pushing it down the path. That's when Spooky said, "Whose the man with the machine gun? Do you know him?"

"Wet man with the machine gun?" I said, coming to a halt.

"There's a man with a machine gun coming up the path. Look."

The man with the machine gun and I noticed each other at approximately the same time. He lifted his gun and began firing in our direction. Spooky turned and disappeared into the bush. I couldn't leave since I had the wheelbarrow to push.

"Oh Jack, we're in trouble, Jack," I muttered as I pushed the wheelbarrow back in the direction of the lake. Then, I felt a sharp pain in my leg and collapsed. "I've been shot Jack. Damn it, I've been shot!"

I lay there, waiting for the man with the machine gun to come and finish me off. But the shooting stopped, and I didn't hear anything for a few moments. Then I heard a voice:

"I'm sorry. I really didn't want to shoot anybody.

I just wanted to scare you away. I'm a first aider. Let me take a look at that leg. Hey what happened to the dog?"

"I hit it over the head with a rock."

"On purpose?"

"Yes, it was attacking me. What's your problem anyways? What are you so upset about that you'd go round shooting at people with a machine gun?"

"I'm just depressed," said the man as he attended to my leg. "I get dangerous when I'm depressed. But I guess what it all comes down to is that I just need someone to talk to."

"What is your name?"

"Fred."

"Well, Fred," I said pulling out Spooky's gun. "I'm also depressed and need someone to talk to."

And I put the gun to his head and pulled the trigger.

-Peter Ewart

Paper Boy

During the early morning light,
you see yourself in flight.
Forward through the paths of dawn you travel,
down an eternal road
toward endless fields of gold.

You see with your eyes
the dying light of stars.
You smell with flared nostrils
the softness of fresh-fallen dew.
You hear with your ears
the land is alive.
But you ride onward.

A new sun has lifted
from the depths of the night.
A new day is dawning
with this shining light.