2012

War

Austin Dunn
Concordia University-Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Dunn, Austin (2012) "War," The Promethean: Vol. 20 : Iss. 1 , Article 23.
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol20/iss1/23

This Story is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
the window. At least my mom was on my side; she must have known somehow that something like this was going to happen. The day before this event, she brought home a brand new gymnastics edition Barbie. This one was made specifically so that it could not be broken apart. Perfect.

War

Austin Dunn
Honorable Mention in “Spark” Contest

I gently grasped the cold knob and rotated it softly left. Any sound would give away my position. The moon crept through the north window, dimly lighting the small kitchen. I scanned the area quickly for danger. The red dot gave away my aim. The kitchen was clear. Pots and pans were in disarray, scattered like corpses on a battlefield. A half eaten pizza sat mournfully on the oven top, watching, waiting. Empty wrappers of chicken flavored Top Ramen littered the counter, while cups and shot glasses scattered the outskirts of the sink in which used bowls and plates were piled high, witnesses to the raging battle.

My body was on full alert. As my heart rate increased, my hands turned clammy and the handle of my gun felt like it had been dipped in olive oil. In training they told me this would happen. However, all the training in the world couldn’t prepare anyone for the real thing; you don’t re-spawn in this life.

As I shut the door gently behind me, I fixed my aim on the open door leading from the kitchen. I listened intently; the house was silent. Only my pulsating heart and my soft, carefully placed breaths could be heard. I hesitated before sticking my head around the corner of the open door leading into the hallway. I anticipated a figure lurking in the deadly shadows and pictured myself squeezing the trigger hard enough to let the potential energy of the gun release. The hallway was clear.

Clinching my gun I moved rapidly but silently toward the top of the ‘T’ shaped hallway, which split off into two rooms. Both doors were shut.

As I prepared to enter the first room a quick sound caught my attention from the kitchen. I turned and began to move slowly back toward the kitchen to investigate. I firmly aimed my gun directly down the hallway toward the opening I had just passed through, hoping for movement.

Without warning he unexpectedly walked out of the kitchen,
attempting to be quiet and headed down the hallway in the opposite direction. He never heard or saw me in the darkness of the hallway. I froze in the pitch-black and slowly fixed my gun until the red dot lay rest on the back of my enemy's head. I carefully maneuvered the dot down the back of his head until it met the middle of his back: a larger target.

The timing was perfect. I had to pull the trigger.

POP!

"Come on!!" exclaimed my roommate Jeff, turning on the hallway lights.

His bright orange V-neck now glowed as he moved toward me. His baggy grey sweat pants hung slightly below his waistline and scrunched up toward the bottom as they met his tainted dirty white socks.

"How did I not see you?"

He bent down and picked up the Nerf dart I had shot at him and threw it back at me. I caught the dart and placed it perfectly into the barrel of my orange and yellow Nerf gun.

"Lets do that again!" said Jeff. "And why didn't I get one with a freaking laser?!"

---

How to Lose Yourself

Jacquelyn Anderson

Click
Burn
Bubble
Pull
Inhale
Life in snail motion,
Video on 5-second delay.
Voices
Don't match mouth motions,
A translated kung-fu movie.
Eyes glazed,
(boy do you want a doughnut)
Crayola green turns to dull moss.
Edges are fuzzy around you.
Click of the lighter,
Lungs fill with earth's remedy.
Soaring
And
Sitting
In clouds.
You are gone.