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# Hunting the Grizzly

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ANONYMOUS, prose

Just beyond the three-foot-tall pine sapling, the grizzly bear, with its cinnamon colored fur and distinct hunch on its back, stopped walking and turned its head to face me; its body fully resting within my sights as I stood among the fallen pine needles, dead leaves, and broken branches. The bear locked eyes with me, sending a chill up my arms and freezing me in place.

Then, lowering its head, it sniffed around the fallen tree, each deep huff echoing like a bull's snort. My father and uncle followed closely and urged caution to me, the ambitious seventeen-year-old, as I continued to move closer and closer in an attempt to get a perfect shot. With its left side towards me at a quarter turn as I approached it from behind I had finally gotten into position to take the shot I wanted to after an hour of stalking this 350 pound creature through the dense-

ly packed Montana pine forest.

Rewind a couple years to the last time we had been out in the wilderness together. That trip also had an intense encounter with a wild animal. As the three of us were camping near Rocky Mountain National Park in Colorado, my uncle had a chipmunk run up the leg of his shorts when we were sitting

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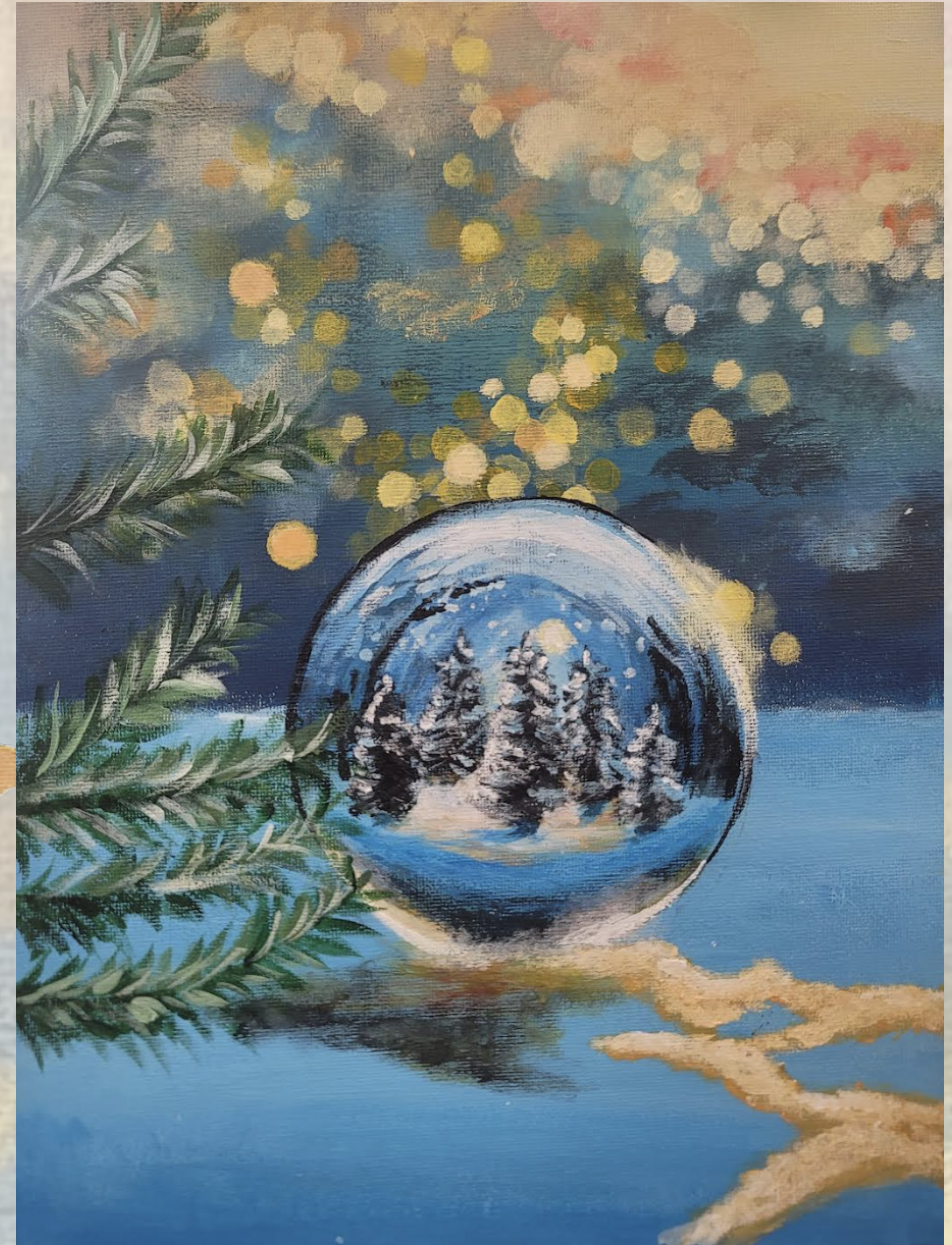
on the ground around the campfire. The chipmunk became stuck in there for about a minute as he got up, jumped, yelled, hooped and hollered, and

banged his legs with his hands.

"Get it out, get it out," he pleaded.

"It's just looking for some nuts," my dad and I yelled.

That little phrase caused the inherent humor of the situation to reach critical mass and the three of us began to laugh uncontrollably, the chipmunk still inside my uncle's shorts.



## Frozen in time

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Anastasia Amromina

ANASTASIA AMROMINA, acrylic