



A Freckled Face of Fear

by D.R Smith

“...Me and Davy can whup anything.” Derek fancied himself as Crockett’s sidekick, and parried Grampa’s cautions of venturing too far into the forest

...his curiosity fanned the embers of courage that drew him forth,

...The stillness seemed unearthly. There was no sound. No wind. No birds; not even a playful squirrel or chipmunk... a wood devoid of life seemed eerily strange.

...An earsplitting scream shattered the stillness. The deep-throated cry of a wild bobcat can castrate the burliest of men’s moxie, *let alone* invade a young mind with terrifying images of becoming a meal.

...But, his entertainment soon vanished; panic once again gripped his freckled-face with fear.

...another jagged streak zapped an ill-fated target close by... but it didn’t faze him; *nothing* did— now that he was back in his murky swamp where he felt comfortably safe.