

Moose

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Abstract (short overview)

The author steals a title from a library for unpublished books and gets away with it for one hundred ninety-nine words before being caught red handed by empty space.

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Moose
By
Len Kirschner

All along they knew they would eventually be killing and then eating a moose. They were now drinking beer and talking of moose hunting things.

The Moose was playing “Dungeons and Dragons” about 500 yards above the ridge sheltering their campsite. The Moose was figuring out that he knew the game much better than his opponent and that if he had any more of an advantage he would help his opponent get back in the game.

The Moose liked games. He was a big Y.A. Title fan. He used to think about the New York Giants football team as he ran through the forests of British Columbia.

He had seen a bald eagle in 1957 flying through the gorge that was cut like a stairway to success.

As time progressed, a herd of horses, all no more than four years old, came up the canyon and the eagle flew away.

The hunters were content. The Moose was content. In New York City it was 11 O’ Clock and neither the Moose winning “Dungeons and Dragons,” or the hunting party drinking beer would be broadcast on the news in the Big Apple that night.