

Senior Division, Short Fiction

Joe Mitchell, Mount Pearl

Male Bonding (an excerpt)

On my thirteen birthday Dad took me moose hunting for the first time. It wasn't his idea, but after some coaxing from Mom, he agreed. I had no desire to go moose hunting. We both would rather be in different places with different people. We got along sure, but donning camo, and sitting in wet bog with dad and my uncle wasn't on my bucket list. Mom coaxed me. Said it'd be good for me. She said it would get the stink of the house off me.

Dad and Uncle Bert were already outside the house throwing gear into the bed of the truck. That's what woke me up. Banging and swearing. The sound of metal hitting metal. Looking out the window, there were fishing nets and rope, an old backpack, rubber boots and a gun case, all slapped in the truck bed. 'Where's he at?' I overheard dad yell to Mom. "Just waking up Denis. Christ, give him a few minutes before you lays into him." I don't bother showering, knowing that I'll be covered in tree sap, moose crap and possibly blood. After throwing on a t-shirt, hoodie and a pair of track pants, I grab a banana and shove on my sneakers. I don't own rubber boots.