

Notes of a Mad Girl #7 - A guitar and a rifle

We sat with our legs over the edge of the hill with a large drop-off at our feet. Steve was playing his guitar and I was groaning over my inability to remember words to a familiar song. Our direct view was of Seton Hill College and the sun was warm on a beautiful fall day.

We heard a shot and the bullet sounded like it hit the dirt a few feet below our legs. It was a pinging sound into the hill followed by a small waterfall of dirt trickling far to the tracks below. The second shot was closer to our knees and Steven pushed my chest back onto the dirt when the next shot flew past our faces. He flung his guitar behind him as we pulled our legs from the edge and rolled onto our stomachs. The two hunters were far below us standing next to the railroad tracks at our right. We had climbed up a narrow service road used by the railroad when they cut the large hill in half to lay some new tracks. No vegetation could grow anywhere on this unnatural dissection of terrain. The hunters disappeared after these three shots.

We thought the hunters were screwing around with us and we decided to wait a few minutes and head like hell back to school. I don't know what made me look up to the left high above us on the opposite side of the tracks. I just felt that they were standing there. Steve again pushed me backwards onto the ledge and we inched around on our stomachs. This time we had our arms folded over our heads. Steve whispered to me that he couldn't look. We couldn't hide and we couldn't run for cover. I whispered that if we tried to run we may trigger some sort of hunting reflex and they'd just shoot us like rabbits. I grew up with rifles; ate enough deer meat to know the good recipes from the bad; and heard enough about hunting accidents to know that a trigger finger can be one finger away from stupid.

I watched as the heavier set guy gave his rifle to the shorter and slimmer hunter. I stopped breathing as the guy ever so slowly raised his sights on the two of us. I raised my chest high off the road and yelled "don't you dare". Only after one long, long minute in his gun sight did

he lower his gun. They turned away and we remained prone and motionless.

We hurried back to school and reported the two hunters to the campus police. The campo shrugged and said that all hunters look alike and there was nothing they could do. I can still feel Steve's hair against my arm.