

Life On The Farm

By Luca Stringer

“Darn it! I lost it for the second year in a row!” Leo exclaimed.

Leo was looking for his seeds that he dried out last year. He had a whole pouch of mixed seeds. He always dried the seeds in the fall and lost them in the Spring. Leo loves gardening, he loves tasting the sweet pink flesh of the watermelon in the summer. His family has always revolved around gardening. He has 13 siblings, the unlucky number. He was the oldest of his siblings. Leo McGinley was 15 turning 16 in July. July 24. His family lived somewhere in the southeast. He thinks he lives in Georgia. He has no idea, all he has ever known was life on the farm. He spent most of his days in the field and in the garden. When his father was out traveling he had to be the man of the house. His father works in one of the air occupations. He makes most of his living trading crops. He rarely flies but when he does he's usually gone for months at a time. The longest he's been gone he was out for a year and a half. Leo likes when his father travels, not because he wants him gone. He likes having his responsibilities. Leo likes plowing the fields, or harvesting crops in the fall. He doesn't like going into the other field though. He hates that. He has never been, his parents tell him not to. They say a creature lives in the other field. The other field is huge! On some nights Leo can hear the howling of the hungry creature. He has seen it once. It was huge, it had claws that were stained with dirt and blood, its face was a long and round ball. Its face looks like one of the watermelons in the gardens. The creature was 10x bigger and it tried to grab Leo, Leo was close to the other field, not on it. There are animals on the other field that are in boxes just waiting to get slaughtered and eaten by the creature. Enough about the creature, Leo's father is currently gone right now. Leo is sitting on a stump thinking where he put his seeds from last year. “Ah-Ha!” Leo exclaims. He shouts so loud that he almost wakes his mama from her nap. He had remembered where he left the seeds. He left them on the rocks to dry last fall and he never got them. The rocks were the border to his field and the other field. Leo starts to venture out to the rocks. He isn't totally confident that they will be there after all of the snow. The snow, how he loves the snow. The soft white goodness, when he goes out to play and when he comes back he is nearly frozen. Then mama makes him a cup of warm hot chocolate and he sits by the fire reading his favorite book. He's not by the fire now, nor reading his favorite book. Each season has its ups and downs. He loves Summer the best though. He loves lying on the soft green grass and staring at the sky while sipping ice-cold lemonade made by his Mama. He loves beverages according to the seasons. Now it's cold, not hot, there is no snow on the ground. Just splotches of dead and green grass. Some flowers are just sprouting, not blooming yet, sadly. He needs to stop procrastinating and start venturing, that's what he does. He walks past the high grass, it's over his head, yet not quite as tall as the trees. He strolls past the low bushes, they scratch at his skin. He sees them, the pouch laying down in the soil. He runs to grab them when a huge hand grabs the pouch before he can reach it. The creature. Leo screams and runs away. That's just a day of an Eastern Bluebird though.