

to death," he said as he wiped the blade on his pants and closed it.

"Here, hit her in the head with this, said one handing a pipe to the whiskered man.

He took it and the pipe smashed across her long nose. Her eyes rolled and her neck tightened as the bone caved. Blood flowed more easily from the neck wound. The cow still was not dead. Her eyes, once big and scared, were dull and she lay still again.

"Hell, she's close enough to dead," said the truck driver as he hooked the cable to her hind leg. He went back to the truck and started the motor that wound the cable into the truck box. Following her body was a small trail of blood on flattened grass. The crowd started to leave and the Brown Swiss disappeared into the truck where she lay on several carcasses. The five men who had chased her stood alone lighting cigarettes.

"Bitch cow," said the whiskered one, "damn hard to kill." He laughed and so did the others.

A scribbled bluebook
proudly displaying an "A"
hell—a pass-fail course

—*Janet Brown*