

The Little Hunter

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Blood pumping, heart thumping, mind clear, eagle eyed and fire strait.

Joshua has feeling for the girl in the village. He set out to gain a trophy of the prize bore. Off he set with his brothers, father and other huntsmen into the wild to stalk and slay the beast.

To gain his victory he had to draw first blood and present the heart to his beloved.

Armed with a bow and arrow the young man of thirteen set about the day's task slightly scared but ready for the adventure.

The party travelled leaving the tribe and the women behind and picked up the tracks of their prey.

In sight Joshua asserted himself in front of the group, using his newly found dominance to claim the prize.

Eyes caught of the beast in a snare the would petrified a weaker man, Joshua readied his aim and launched his shot.

A miss occurred.

The chase was now on for the beast had run round.

A temper grew inside the creature and the bore ready for a charge of attack.

Being ahead Joshua was now alone.

Once again the young man stood his ground and lined up his shot.

With the release and twang of taut cord the arrow did fly.

Stuck now in the left eye, the beast continued its charge.

Not backing down even with the rage running towards him Joshua held his ground.

A sudden action of a side step, too close for comfort were the tusks but after the pass the wild primal animal laid down defeated.

Taking up his knife from its sheath Joshua plunged the blade into the chest and cut out his prize.

When he returned body in sweat arms covered in blood our young champion presented his prize to claim the love of his chosen women.