

The Pond in the Woods

Glen and his friends darted through the Missouri Ozarks forest, laughing as they grabbed and pushed away the long, thin, leafless branches so as not to get switched in the face by the limbs. The boys were out for a day of rough and tumble adventure in the Midwestern woods as they approached the pond, thinly covered in ice.

The air was biting cold on that frigid February day, and the boys hoped the ice on the pond would now be thick enough to slide around and have fun. They poked and prodded at the surface with sticks and their feet to see if it would hold their weight.

When they realized the ice was too thin to walk on, they decided on a whim, and to prove their manhood, to throw large rocks at the surface to break it up. They taunted each other playfully, daring each other to jump in, clothes and all, and go for a swim.

Glen was fearless and always ready for adventure. As the other boys looked at each other, wondering who would be the first to jump into the icy water, Glen, with a loud whoop, ran and jumped into the pond, where chunks of ice floated.

The other boys immediately followed, gasping, and shrieking when the freezing water hit their bodies. The icy water stung like being hit with a thousand pins. Realizing this adventure would be shortened from swimming to only jumping into the frigid water, they raced back home wet and cold.

Shivering with uncontrollably chattering teeth, they sat by the blazing wood stove to thaw out the bitter