

Duck Hunting Day; poem

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My 1st high school assembly!

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## Duck Hunting Day; poem

Oh, no, say it isn't so, bro!

Over the intercom comes this demon-voice

Saying, "All students report to the gymnasium for

An assembly." Assembly, my ass, it was Sophomore

Initiation Day; where juniors and seniors got to abuse

Us lowly sophomores. Already uncomfortable, and wishing

I was invisible, the last thing I wanted was any attention

Whatever being heaped on me. We filed into the gym,

And had to sit on the floor, while seniors sat on one

Side of the bleachers, and the juniors on the other,

And it was a madhouse. Almost immediately, the air

Was filled with flying stuff, as the juniors and seniors

Took out their lowly opinion of us sophomores, by hurling

Coins, other assorted aerodynamic items,

And eggs, lots of eggs. It was a school-sanctioned

Launching pad, and we sophomores were set up

As perfect targets. I just kept my head down as gravity

Brought embarrassment and projectiles raining from the skies

If I'd had a circular saw and a shovel, I'd have cut and

Dug my way right out of there, but it seems

I'd left those particular items in my locker; so the best

I could hope for was a quick ending to Sophomore Duck

Hunting Day. I'd almost survived, when something

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Smacked me in the jaw; it was an egg; it stung, let me tell

You, but I wasn't about to show it; looking back on it,

I was lucky it didn't hit me in the eye. Anyway,

I managed to survive, somehow, with nothing else nailing me,

And we filed out of the gym; later, I found out that

My older friends knew who through the flying jelly-filled orb

That hit me in the face, but no one would tell me,

Which was lucky for me, because I would have been

Forced to never say anything to the thrower

Anyway, high school was off to a flying start, literally!

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