

August Snow

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An epic poem in part

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Chapter 1 - Go down swinging

2

1 - Go down swinging

Ron Koppelberger[br]

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The Brilliance in legend[br]

Breathing, he was inhaling and exhaling wildly and in silhouette of bidden wonders, indeed amazed in monumental gasping gulps of fear and beautiful exposition. The fairy sat perched as large as life on a large chunk of sandstone, a divine precipice. Her wings were scarlet and her hair a fiery copper corn silk. She wore gilded endowments of sapphire and ivory and her eyes, her eyes, they were a deep emerald fire. Blazon and unabashedly seductive he withered at her ferocity. Providence had allowed him the privilege, the forward motion of one possessed and he had the forethought to remain silent and secreted in the wood. [br]

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He watched in revelations of light and legend as a young doe wandered close as if bewitched, close to the fairy now. The doe stood in supplication to the mystery of the legend, wide eyed and dazed by the hidden bond. The fairy smiled exposing two rows of razor sharp teeth. The doe trembled in fear and the fairy lunged with an efficient falling flame. Her teeth sunk into the tender flesh of the does neck and a great spray of scarlet coated her face, speckling her wings and dress. [br]

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She ate, tearing chewing and in glutinous abandon. He waited in fear and amazement motionless, fearing her hunger and wrath. [br]

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She paused, a mouthful of flesh between her teeth. Her eyes, glowing phosphorescent, cats eyes, bordered by scarlet, it was all blood he saw. He prayed and after a while the fairy flew east, away from the man.[br]

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He had seen the brilliance of a legend and the darkness of a deceptive illusion. He knew he was blessed, he was alive. [br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

Go Down Swinging[br]

Wilfred Katie was surrounded. The group of Levi clad men and boot kicking fighters took turns yelling obscenities at Wilfred and finally they attacked. [br]

The first was a sandy haired beanpole dressed in a red woolen shirt. He threw a right cross at Wilfred.[br]

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Come on, get em Manny! a voice called out. Wilfred dodged the punch and slammed his fist into Mannies throat. Manny looked startled as his hands went to his crushed windpipe. Moments later he fell to the dirt and gravel strewn ground. [br]

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You sonofadog! a voice growled. A stocky man, older than the first swung a metal pipe toward the back of Wilfreds head. Wilfred ducked grabbed the mans arm and brought his other hand down on his elbow joint. [br]

Snap the arm sang. Wilfred grabbed the pipe in a smooth yanking gesture then the scruff of the mans shirt slamming the pie into his head in easy rhythm; blood sprayed Wilfreds face and he wiped his eyes with his white cotton shirt now covered with speckles of scarlet. [br]

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You gonna die MOTHHHHAAAAAAAAA HUMMMMMMPPPPPER! a third man screamed as he rushed Wilfred with the sharp end of a Jim Bowie. Wilfred jumped as the blade nicked his side, a well of blood appeared there and the man snickered. Wilfred waited in measured patience as the man waved the knife in front of him. Suddenly he lunged; in a perfect ballet Wilfred pivoted and grabbed the mans wrist, swinging upward with his momentum he plunged the Bowie into the mans neck. He gagged as a warm spray of crimson spattered the dusty ground and his face. Collapsing the man died immediately. Wilford stood there, drenched in blood waiting for a hesitant fourth man.[br]

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Ill get em! he said to the others. His hand slid like a snake, a deadly rattler to the waistband of his pants as he grabbed for the snub nosed revolver he carried. Wilfred leapt at the man, pinning him to the ground.[br]

DDDDAAAAAAMMMMMNNNNNNN YYYYYOOOOOUUUUUU! the fourth man groaned as he shifted the gun to his other hand. Wilfred grabbed, twisted and punched. The mans finger found the trigger and he pulled reflexively. Pop...Pop...Pop! the gun chided as the left side of the mans head exploded in a shower of bone and gray crimson brain matter. Wilfred wiped his mouth as he unstraddled the man; bits of soft, spongy flesh smeared across the back of his hand and he stood shaking. [br]

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All he saw was a cloud of smoke as a blushing red faced demon plowed through the man in front of him with a black SUV. The men flew into the air and one got caught against the grill of the truck. He was screaming as his legs bowed askew under the roaring SUV. Wilfred jumped behind a gnarled stand of oaks and the SUV slammed into the biggest one with a sickening crunch. The man on the grill exploded showering the tree with a fountain of blood. The red faced driver flew through the windshield his neck breaking with a loud snap as he impacted the glass. [br]

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Wilfred watched, gasping as the remaining men ran to their vehicles in a rage of fear. [br]

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They left Wilfred, blood drenched and to his own. He had faith in the demeanor of a miracle, the prospect of survival against the odds. He heard the tender yet forceful words of his father again.[br]

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Always go down swinging Wilfred! [br]

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