THE EAVEN'S GIFT

- 71.

need to figure out how we get enough out. Go back to the office and wait for ine. I won't be much longer."

"I want to wait here."

"Fine."

He named back to the kitchen and stopped at the freezer door. He didn't need to look inside, but he found himself pulling the handle and awinging the door wide. Cases of best paties, chicken, frozen corn dogs, and frozen regetables listed the walk of the confer, Frozen the soggy-looking boxes he juessed everything had thaved over the summer and then couled, so he loses the meat was probably spoiled.

He stepped out of the cooler and saw the sulution to getting out enough food quickly. A handcart loaded with green plantic dishwashing crates stood behind the door of the hinchen. With the Bahlight lying on the counter he could see enough to work. He pulled the handcart over to the shelves and quickly began loading the crates with all the food the cart would hold. He loaded it to the top and wharled it to the kitchen door. He grabbed the fitabilight and aimed it seems the gynt toward the girl. She sat in the doorway, with his line pulled up to her and her hands covering her now.

He took a deep breath through his mouth; and bit at the edge of his lip. He had almost forgomen the wad of chocolars tacked in his check. His testh crushed the reclind chips and he wallowed the sugary remains. He left the food behind and surred across the grun, pushing arms and legs away, he needed a path, put enough moon to get the food through. The bodies left light Stiff, but light moon to get the food through. The dead should weigh more, he thought. They felt more like thells or exoskelerons than bodies, and he pushed them away with his feet. He was about hallows when he heard the sound come from the girl, sumething pur short of a gup. He flashed the light on her as she dropped, her hands from her face and her head whipped toward the entrance of the school.

"He's here! The hunter is here!" she whispered scross the gym.

13

hen the panic wore off he puked one more time and then rook a paper towel from a roll on the kitchen shelf, ripped it, and stuffed a wad in each nostril. It didn't help hide the stench.

With one glance in the storeroom, the smell too longer mattered.

The shelves were stocked, unrouched, Gallon cans of USDA peanus buster, pears, corn, peas, green beans, fruit cockrail, and orange juice.

He opened a few cupboards and found cans of whole chickens and ham. There were boxes of Sailor Boy Pilot crackers, dry cereal, and chocolate chips. He tore into a restaurant-sized bag of chocolate chips and stuffed a handful into his watering mouth. He dean't chew them. He knew his stomach wouldn't handle the sudden flush of sugar. Instead he just stood there for a moment and rolled the chips around his mouth.

"lohn?"

The echo startled him—for a second the voice sounded like Anna's He aimed the flashlight across the gym and peered at the thin outline of the girl standing in the doorway. Between them, a rwisted maze of bodies.

"I'm over here. Just stay pur."

"What's taking you so long!" ahe asked just loud enough for him to hear.

We're saved. It's incredible. There's food here. Lots of food. I just

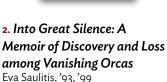


1. The Raven's Gift Don Rearden, '97 2013, Penguin Group

www.donrearden.com

Don Rearden

John Morgan and his wife can barely contain their excitement upon arriving as the new teachers in a Yup'ik Eskimo village on the windswept Alaska tundra. But their move proves disastrous when a deadly epidemic strikes and the isolated community descends into total chaos. When outside aid fails to arrive, John's only hope lies in escaping the snow-covered tundra and the hunger of the other survivors — he must make the 1,000-mile trek across the Alaska wilderness for help.



great silence

2013, Beacon Press

Ever since Eva Saulitis began her whole research in Alacka in the

whale research in Alaska in the 1980s, she has been drawn deeply into the lives of a single extended family of endangered orcas struggling to survive in Prince William Sound. Over the course of a decades-long career spent observing and studying these whales, and eventually coming to know them as individuals, she has, sadly, witnessed the devastation wrought by the Exxon Valdez oil spill of 1989—after which not a single calf has been born to the group.



3. Steam Laundry

Nicole Stellon O'Donnell, '97 2012, Boreal Books/Red Hen Press www.nicolestellon.com

Steam Laundry is a novel in poems based on the true story of Sarah Ellen Gibson, a miner's wife during the Klondike and Alaska gold rushes. Her journey began as she followed her husband to Dawson City, Yukon Territory, in 1898. She stayed there three years as the town's boom and her marriage burned out. In 1903, she left her husband and sons to start over in Fairbanks, Alaska, with another man. Based on archival research and incorporating historical documents and photographs, the poems approach the past through the ghosts of correspondence.



4. River of Light:

A Conversation with Kabir

John Morgan and Kesler Woodward, professors emeriti 2014, University of Alaska Press

Surrender to a wild river and unexpected things can happen. Time on the water can produce moments of pristine clarity or hatch wild thoughts, foster a deep connection with the real world or summon the spiritual. River of Light is centered in one man's meditations while traveling on a river. John Morgan* spent a week traveling the Copper River in Southcentral Alaska, and the resulting encounters form the heart of this book-length poem. Artwork by distinguished Alaska artist Kesler Woodward is a sublime companion to the text.

*No relation to the character in Don Rearden's work of fiction, far left.