Dark Offering

Ellen Feinberg*

*Iowa State College

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Abstract

Blood specked the soggy tips of the sagging branches, dripped onto the lower leaves and piled into pools, dried into clumps, on the matted roots...
he looked at me and said, just like you'd ask the time of day, 'Bull, is my leg off?' I—I said no, of course not, and he just said, 'Bull, don't lie to me,' and closed his eyes. He died twenty minutes later. The doc said shock—shock and loss of blood.' The Bull looked back at the silver on the table. "Thirty-six dollars and eighty-five cents," he said, almost inaudibly.

**Dark Offering**

*by Ellen Feinberg*

*Special Student*

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A cat-fur fog clogged my throat, saturated the air and deadened the sound of dripping leaves.

(Street lights burn holes into the night, closet the darkness, singe the sky with clarities.)