



SHORTS

Merlyn's Pen New Library
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The Old Man

The old man was tired. As he bent over the hoe in the old garden, one could see that he was exhausted from working in the hot sun. Sweat dripped from the folds of his chin as he moved the hoe back and forth, back and forth like a pendulum on a clock. He paused to eject a stream of tobacco juice through his loose front teeth. He looked at the sun and felt the heat penetrate the loose skin of his face. He went back to the job at hand. As he moved down the row of corn, he limped on his bad leg. He walked like a dog with three legs. He could tell that he was getting too old for this job. The hoe was getting heavier; the rows were getting longer. He began to feel dizzy. He stood up, but he could not maintain his balance any longer. He fell to the ground in a heap. No one could even tell that he was there, for his clothes were the color of the ground. The man finally rested.

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