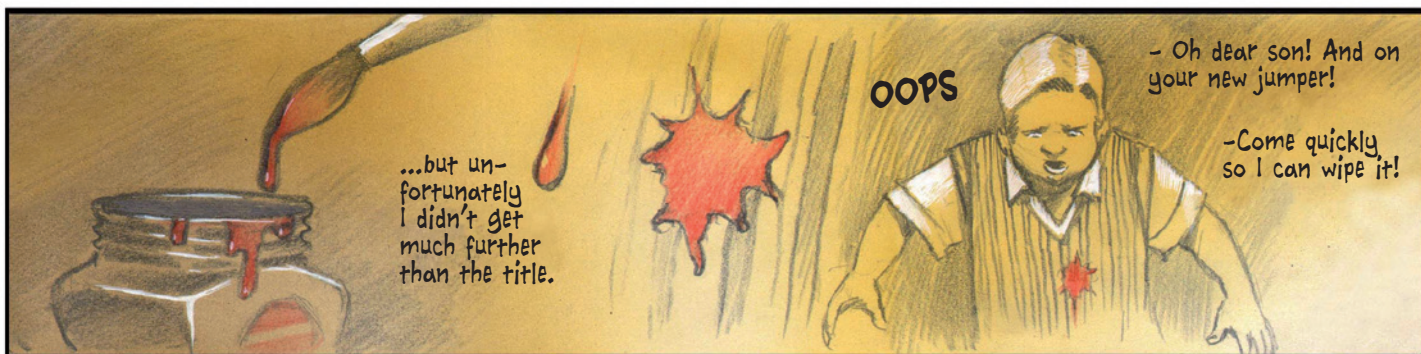
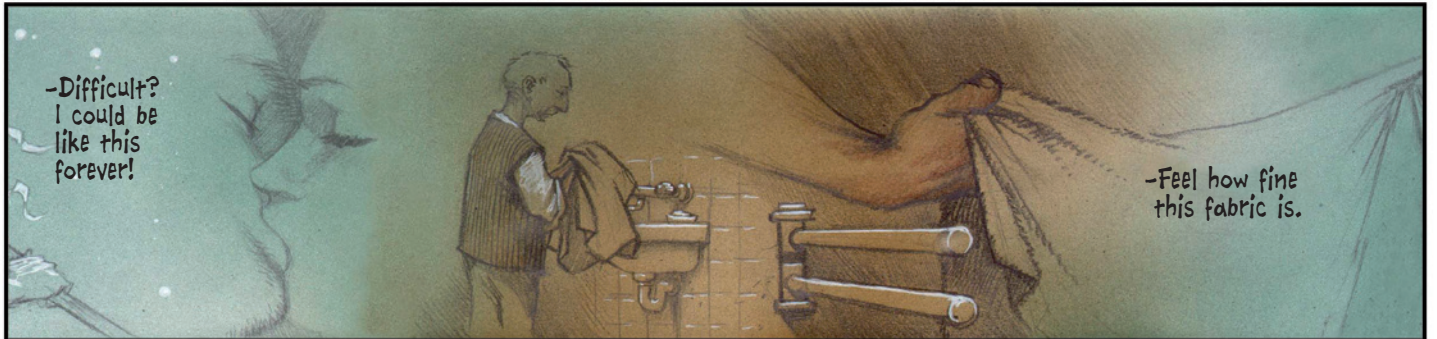
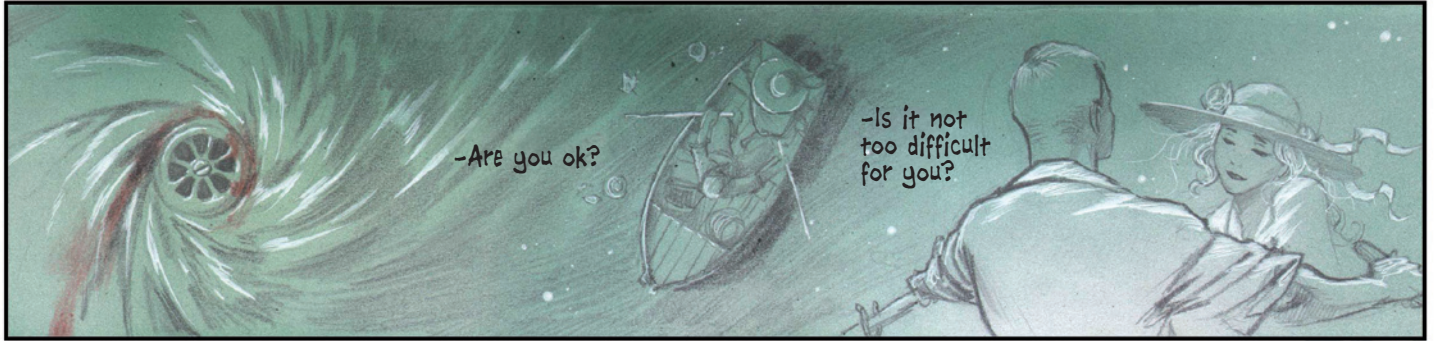
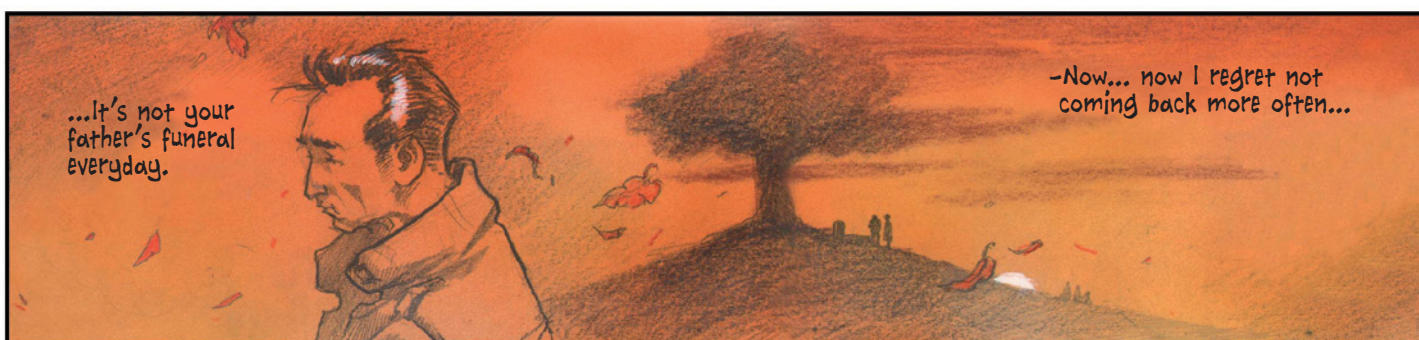
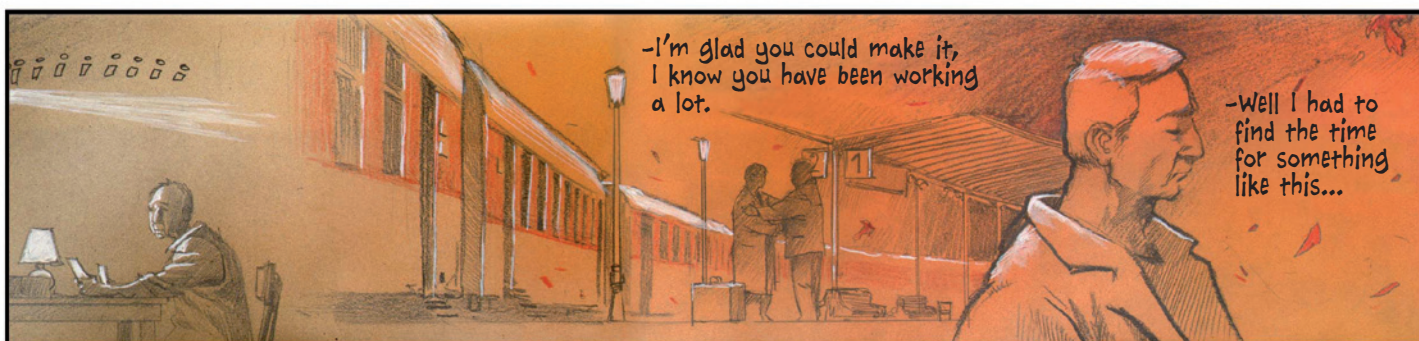
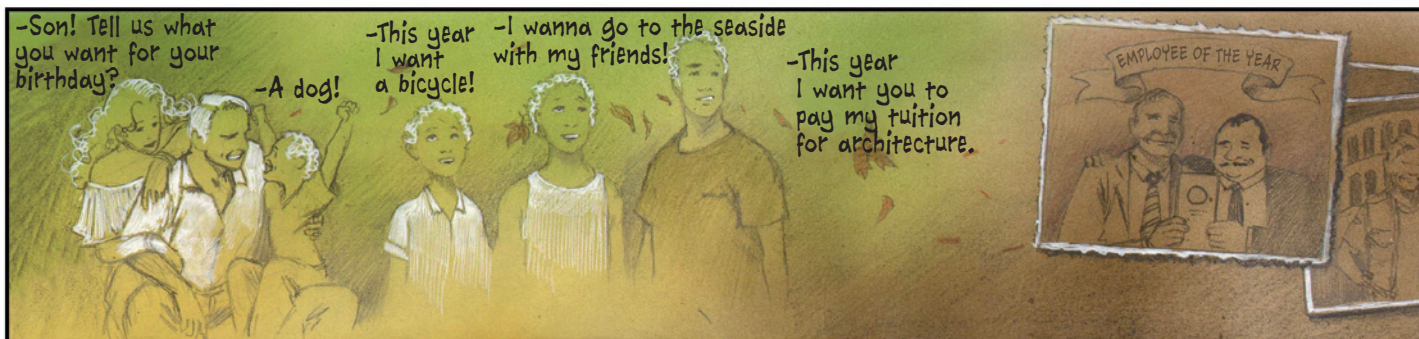


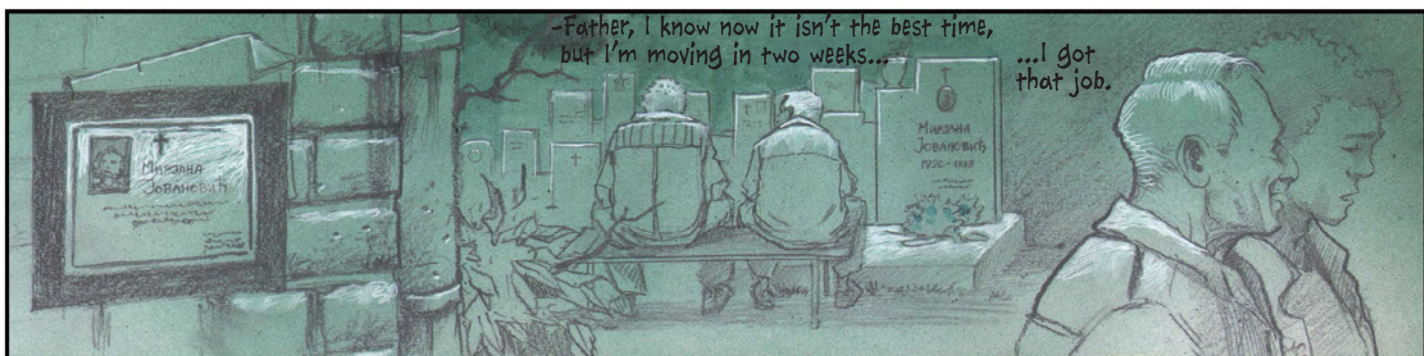
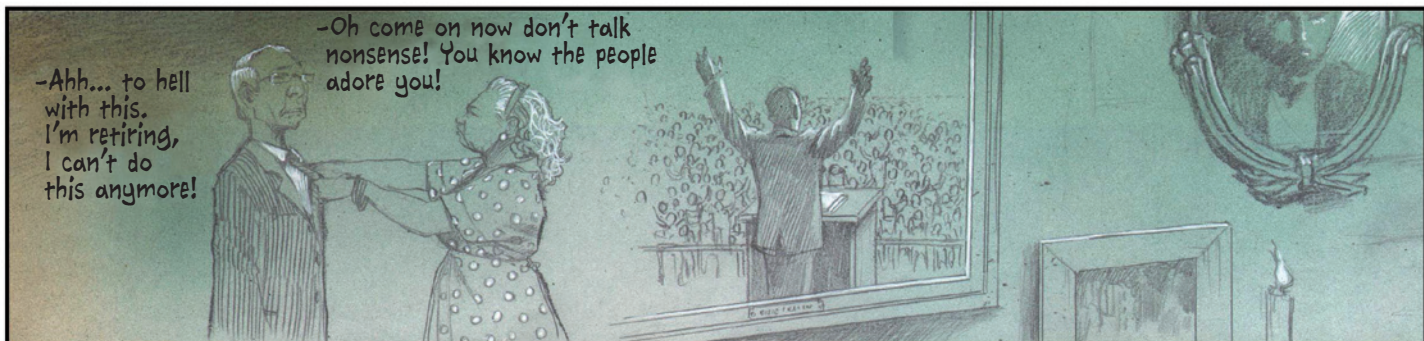
Aleka Jovic 2012

Rewinding





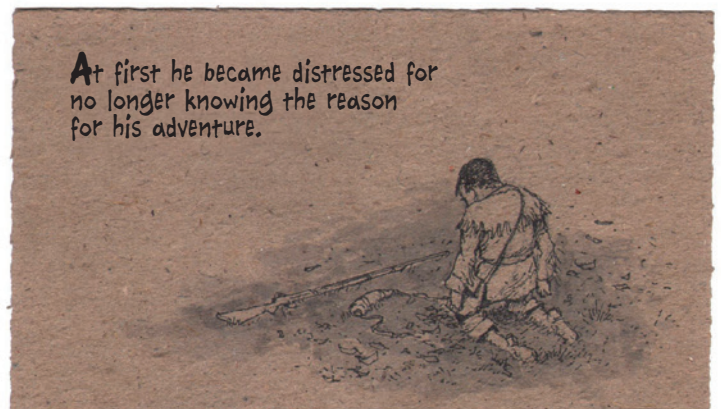
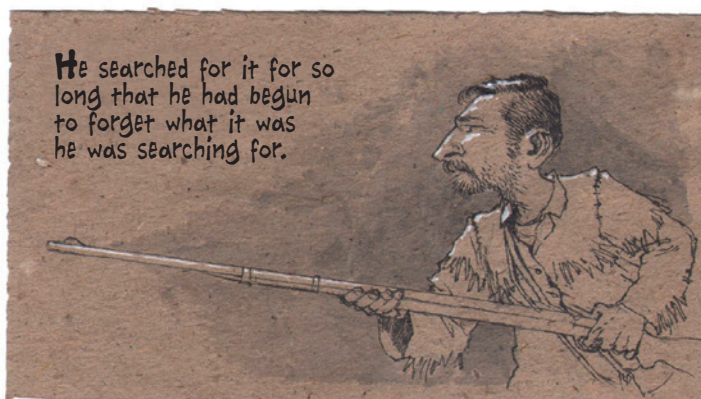
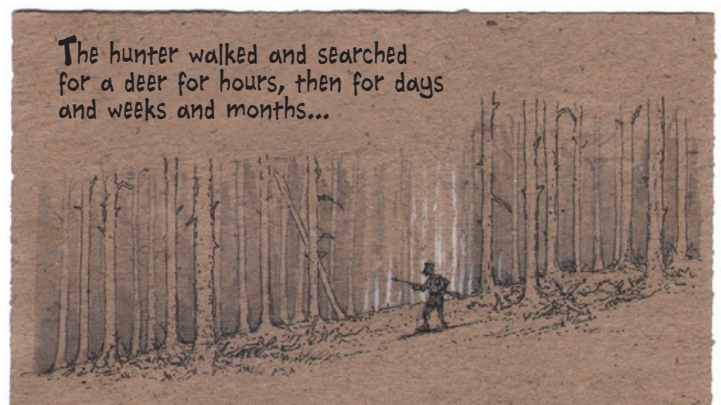
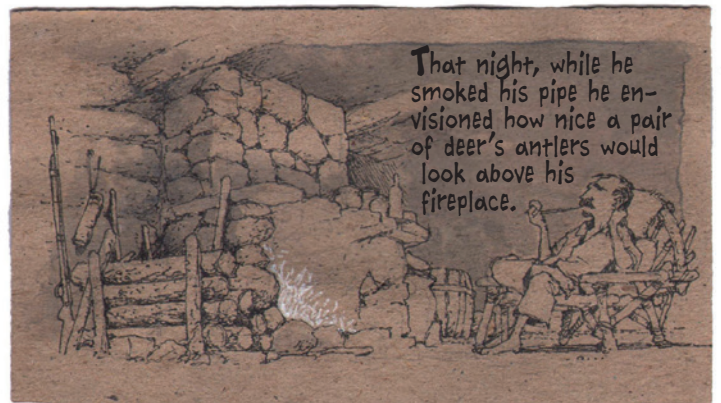
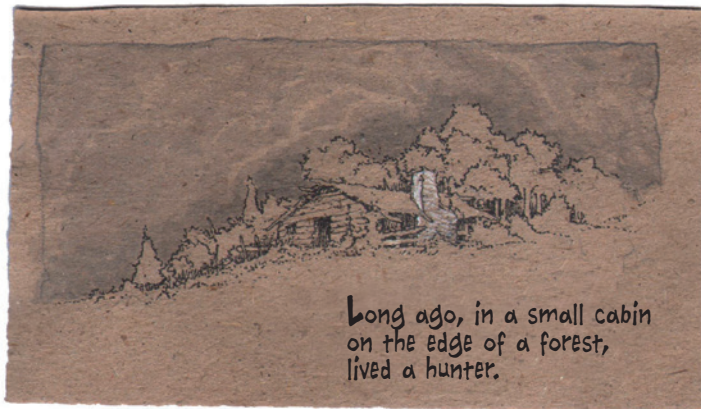




A HUNTING STORY



Aleksa Gajić



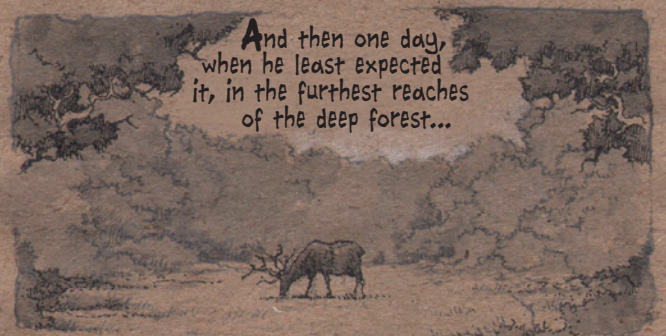
But then he realised that he was enjoying the search itself, and that it did not matter what he was searching for so long as he was in the forest and walking across wide spaces.



He continued walking for a long time, living his life of a traveller and hunter.



And then one day, when he least expected it, in the furthest reaches of the deep forest...



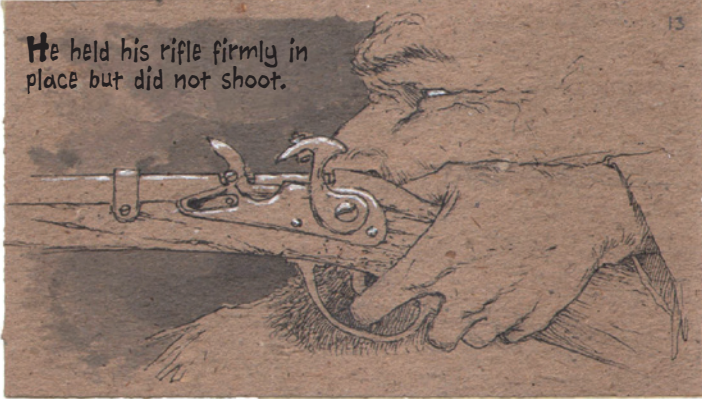
He spotted a deer. It did not know of man or fear. Despite being a young stag he had large and beautiful antlers.



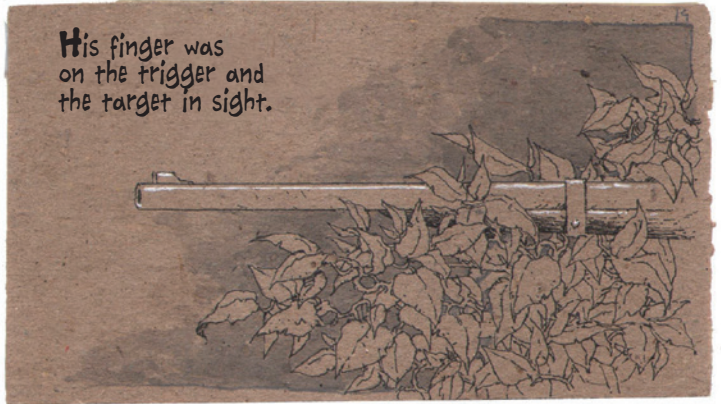
The hunter was reminded of what he was searching for, and of his home and fireplace.



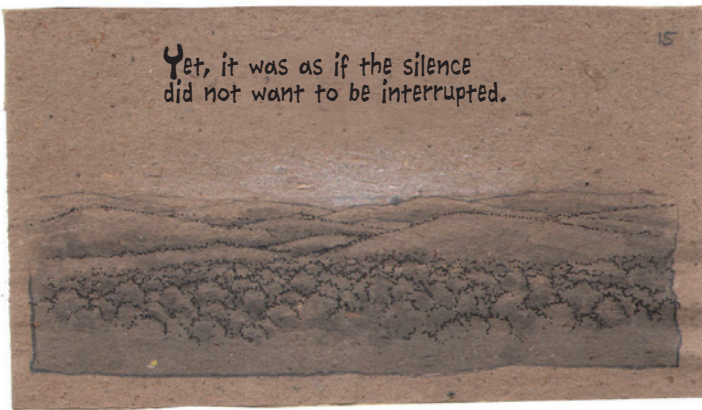
13
He held his rifle firmly in place but did not shoot.



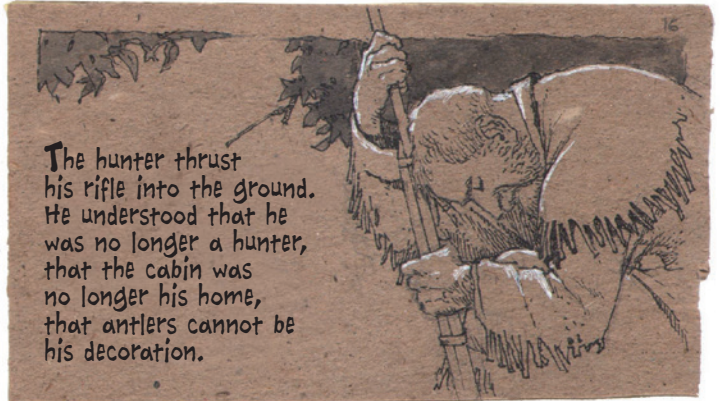
14
His finger was on the trigger and the target in sight.



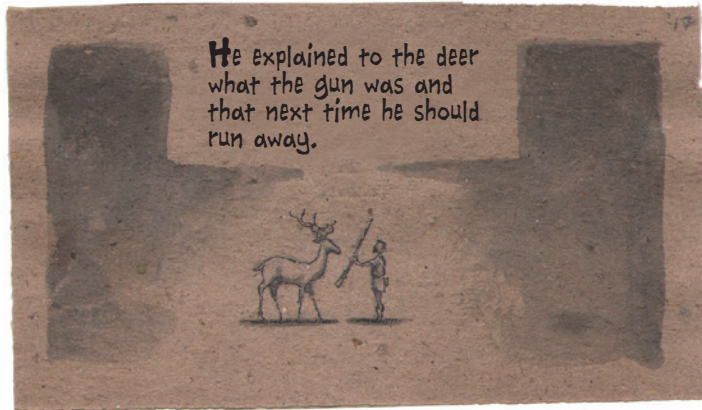
15
Yet, it was as if the silence did not want to be interrupted.



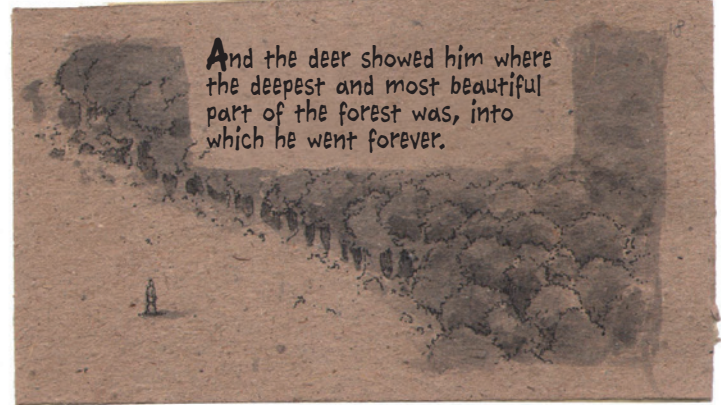
16
The hunter thrust his rifle into the ground. He understood that he was no longer a hunter, that the cabin was no longer his home, that antlers cannot be his decoration.



17
He explained to the deer what the gun was and that next time he should run away.



18
And the deer showed him where the deepest and most beautiful part of the forest was, into which he went forever.



They say that when the hunter thrust his rifle into the ground, roots began to grow and in that spot now is a magnificent oak tree.



THE END

Alfred G. 200