

We've got 'em surrounded. The Indians are hiding inside. I look down the sites of my trusty Daisy colt-22 at a window in the side of the cabin. Every muscle in my body itches, *burns*, to pull the trigger, but I don't. The rest of the boys have swords and guns that look a lot like branches. When my dad gave me the Daisy I was instantly promoted to vice-chief below Bobby McKintire. Bobby has always been the chief, and unquestioned leader of "The Rawhide Posse". It dawns on me that I don't really know the exact definition of "posse", but Bobby has assured us all that it is what we are. Rawhide, however, I do know. We've got a piece hanging in the doorway to our clubhouse. On the outside, painted in red, "NO GIRLS ALOWD!!", and on the other it says "RaWHIDE POSSYS RULES" followed by a list of rules most of which Bobby suggested and we agreed with. Jim Tawny is crouched to my left and whispering pig-latin into a walky-talky to Bobby, James Whitely, and Dan Peterson all of whom have the same Kraft Cheesy-Chatter.

"eamtay eethray edyray!" Jim Whispers.

I hear Dan and James' voices over the radio: "eamtay orfay edyray!", "eamtay ootay edyray!"

I hear Bobby's familiar scratchy voice, "Oovmay inay onay eethray... one-ay... ootay... EEETHRAY!!!" The resulting chaos is consuming. We bombard the cabin slaying every Indian that steps in our path. We are warriors now. Our childhood innocence is laying in the grass behind us. We are filled with the hate, anger and furry that comes from that deepest darkest place in the human soul to swallow the heart. We ride a crest of tyranny into the cabin. Stick like swords flail through the air and wrestling matches break out on the floor. I climb the wooden ladder to the loft and poke my rifle

over the decking. I fire shots through the hearts of three attackers. I climb back down to the floor; Jim and Mikey go up to clear the area out. The chaos has spread throughout the house. A table is flipped on edge against the wall, Kenny Walters throws an old can of spray paint at the wall, but it doesn't break. James, Dan and another boy beat on a mattress with their weapons and rage stained eyes. Commotion upstairs: Jim and Mikey have found more "reds". A glass lamp cover crashes to the floor and someone is hit in the head with a miss swung stick.

I can feel the energy level drop instantly. More and more of us are looking around at the destruction we have caused. Flower pots of plants long dead lay broken on the floor. The beaten mattress' stuffing is bursting out in two places. One cabinet has a foot-sized-hole in it, and the stove door is in the sink. Pictures frames are crooked and shattered. Age-rusted cans of beans roll across the floor-boards. Panic falls through my body and I freeze in lack of thought.

Mikey bolts first, and as we are all following him out I see a small blue box on a shelf by the door. I snatch it out from under the paw of evil that nips at my heels. I can feel it's cold chill on my neck and do not look back. We run in fear, but it is not of our parents or what will happen if we are caught. We run in fear of the cabin. We run in fear of ourselves.