

The background of the entire image is a high-contrast, black and white zebra print pattern. The stripes are irregular and wavy, creating a complex, organic texture. In the center of the image, there is a white rectangular box containing the text "The Attack".

The Attack

The Attack

By Joslynn Phillips



To people who like
adventures.

“Jeff,” my mom said as she stomped her hooves and swung her black and white tail, “I don’t want you getting too close to those elephants. You will frighten them.” “Okay mom, I won’t.” “Jeff, cmon, it’s getting late and we need to get to bed.” “But-” “No buts Jeff, we need to get to bed.” “Okay mom,” I said sadly.



It took us a while to walk back to our den. Some zebras sleep outside, and others sleep in dens. Me and my mom sleep in a den. Our den is very rocky on the outside and the bottom of our den is dirt with some grass. When we got to our den, we crawled inside and fell asleep.



I know what you' re thinking. And, yes, we fit.

We woke to the sound of panic. Jack, our leader, was yelling, “Get up, we’ve gotta move fast!” “What’s going on mom?” I asked. “I’m not sure,” she said. We ran outside and seen all the chaos. Zebras were running everywhere panicking. Out of the distance we hear, “We have to hurry or we'll die!”



Jack runs up to us and tells us, “There are poachers coming and we have to move.” This isn’t the first time this has happened. All of the zebras took off running and me and mom followed. “Mom, where are we going?” “I don’t know,” she said. “We won’t have to run for long.” It felt like we had been running forever when all of a sudden the sky turned grey and the wind started to blow.



Rain started to pour down on top of us. I couldn't see anything. "Mom!" I shouted. "Where are you?" "Jeff!" I heard my mom shout. "Mom, I can't see you!" I heard her start to call my name when everything went quiet and black.



When I got up I was laying in front of a huge rock. I looked around and I didn't see any zebras. I sat there for a while trying to register that this had actually happened. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a dark flash.



I jolted up on my legs and looked around. “Who’s there?” I called. “Show yourself!” I saw a little head poke out from behind a bush. It was an ostrich! We sat and stared at each other for a while when all of a sudden, a lion crept up toward the ostrich. “Watch out!” I shouted, but it was too late.



The lion began killing the ostrich. I froze in horror at what I was seeing. The lion looked up at me with his bloody face. Something started to nudge me in the side and I heard my mom's voice calling my name. The inside of the den came into view. "Jeff," my mom asked, "Are you ok?" "I am now," I said, "But you won't believe the dream I just had.



Jeff's terrible dream was now over.

