How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1993/iss1/32
Morty

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Every morning, for as long as I could remember, Morty would wake me up. Those days were always the same: Morty would stick his head into my room, let out a big scream and beg me to get up and 'Do something' with him. Don't get me wrong, I counted on his wake-up calls. Not only was a spectacular adventure had but he was my guide. I was quite a bit smaller compared to Morty, so he guided me through the dark. We had been best friends for as long as I can remember. We would play games and run and jump and swim."

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1993.

This prose is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1993/iss1/32
Every morning, for as long as I could remember, Morty would wake me up. Those days were always the same: Morty would stick his head into my room, let out a big scream and beg me to get up and “Do something” with him. Don’t get me wrong, I counted on his wake-up calls. Not only was a spectacular adventure had but he was my guide. I was quite a bit smaller compared to Morty, so he guided me through the dark. We had been best friends for as long as I can remember. We would play games and run and jump and swim.

I would tell him all my secrets and he always listened to me no matter how absurd my ideas were. I wondered what life would hold for us and what the world looked like in other places. After a long day of escapading, we’d go back to my house and mom would have fixed us a great feast. And then we’d sleep and our daily ritual would begin again. Every day was about the same until the one no one will ever forget. Morty and I were heading down Old Rockbottom Terrace, one of the nicest roads in town, to pick up my dad’s clubs that were being fixed. All of a sudden, Cecil and Rex, who were two notorious troublemakers from town, were coming our way. Cecil had a terrible reputation for being a bully and he was a real brute. They challenged me and Morty to race them up Hairman’s Mountain, the steepest hill in all of Cavern County. And to refuse their challenge would be the kiss of death. So the race began... Rex was running as fast as he could but Morty was still faster. I was amazed at how steep the mountain had become, I had never been up this far. Morty’s speed was like nothing I ever saw before. Rex was exhausted. It was so dark but I knew I had never been so high in the sky before. Not a minute later something amazing happened; As Morty was nearing the finish, his head broke through the lining of the sky and a strange glow came over the mountain. Darkness was no more. Beams of golden rays of light shone down over the town. And for the first time I really saw Morty for what he was—I mean I always knew he was my best friend but I never knew dinosaurs were purple.