

## **Whoa**

The sun beating on my back, as I wade through the sassafras grass, I'm squinting to see the forest ahead. Walking, Walking. And finally, we come to the edge. The borderline from prairie to forest, insanity to solitude. We stand there, Eliza and I, and we gaze at what's ahead. We stare in amazement. "Whoa" I say. "Whoa" Eliza says. Whoa seems to be the word of the moment as we peer in fascination at the wonderful, huge, amazing herd of deer in the distance.