

Senior Division Nonfiction

Tom Moore, St. John's

The Rat (an excerpt)

I took off my woolen mitts to better grasp the ladder. My foot landed on the soft floor and my hand reached for the bulb which flooded the little cell with white light. There was no sound from the box so I leaned over to check. Suddenly, the wooden box exploded with all the energies of the poor animal entrapped there. A cacophony of clanging steel traps, and the chain links that bound them to the box. A big rat had caught a paw in one trap, then set off the other two as he thrashed around in the dark. The cold steel of the beaver traps showed no pity even in the face of his ferocity.