



4-21-2016

## Lever-Action

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### Recommended Citation

Towne, Ruth E. (2016) "Lever-Action," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 16 , Article 19.

Available at: <http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol16/iss1/19>

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## About the Contributor

Ruth Towne is an emerging author from Southern Maine. Recently, The Magnolia Review featured her nonfiction piece “Nine Months of Conflict Taught Me How To Say ‘No’” and Foliate Oak published three of her poems, “Perkins Cove Port, Ogunquit,” “The Red Paint Grave,” and “Nor’easter.” She spends her spare time helping high school and college students improve their writing, and she also enjoys hiking and running in New England with Gunner, her German Shepherd.

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NONFICTION BY RUTH TOWNE

## *Solid Wood Stock*

Before he was my dad, Timmy sniped a bull moose's left hindquarter as a five-year-old at Frost Pond with the Daisy Red Ryder BB gun his uncle gave him. Also at Frost after days and nights and days and nights of nagging, he clipped a chickmunk with his father's father's .22 pistol. When Grampa Nichols reclaimed the handgun after the single hip fire saying I would have given it to you sooner if I'd know you'd hit him on the first shot, he said I would have missed a few times if I had known you would take it away so fast.

## *American Clip-Loaded*

My patriarch pensively polishes: sitting on the burgundy living room loveseat under the rustic, faux-hide lamp with his oblong, blue-lid Tupperware box of circular tins and bent-bristle brushes, he dusts the surface dirt with the damp yellow cloth with red stitching, coerces the wax cream onto the toes especially, constructively and dully coating his work boots much like he would the barrel of his Springfield .30-06 rifle.

## **Practical-Tactical**

I've heard citizens of the Town of Berwick call him many things—Chief Towne, Tim, Timmy, just Chief—but if he isn't Daddy or Dad, he's most definitely Tim or Timothy. Not Timmy. And he might have shot someone with the G41 Gen 4 GLOCK with no external hammers or safeties and even weight distribution that he carries on his left hip, but I've never asked.

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