

2013 MCC Creative Writing Contest

Fiction Category

First Place: “*The Island Hogs*,” by Hannah Kole

He opened his eyes and took a deep breath of salty air. Panicked, he jumped to gather his surroundings but fell off the almost deflated raft he had been sleeping on for about an hour. After taking a minute to think about what was going on, he remembered where he was; on a beach in Mexico, waiting for his new wife to come out and join him in the water. Now the only land he saw was a small island about 1000 feet away. It was getting dark, so he swam quickly to the tiny

rancid hog smell and noticed that they had been fed not too long ago. He got excited and knew someone must be around this almost deserted island somewhere. He stepped up onto the cemented stoop, which must have had red paint spilled on it at some point in time. Knocking on the door, he prayed under his breath that someone was inside. After about a minute of knocking, he decided that no one was home and he turned to go look for a boat of some sort to take him home. If he couldn't find a boat, then he'd need something to help him out for the night.

Just before he turned to walk down the steps, the door suddenly opened, and a beautiful woman stepped out with a tight smile on her face. She had long, black hair that reminded him of

Just as John was going to use all of his might to push Mariana off, she reached above his head on the backboard of the bed and grabbed a homemade spear that had been on the wall for decoration, and placed it in the middle of his neck. "You have had your chance, John, but now you serve only one purpose." She pressed a little harder onto her weapon, and John slowly stopped gasping for air.

The next morning, Mariana woke up feeling exhausted. She hung up a new pair of swimming trunks in her wardrobe and smiled at the new addition to her collection. She started a new load of laundry and added the entire jug of bleach to the bedding that her house guest had dirtied the night before. She then cooked herself a delicious breakfast made from the freshest meat she had.

After she had a good two plates full, she began to drag a large white cooler across the floor to the door. When she got out of the door onto the cemented steps, the cooler accidentally tipped sideways and all the contents fell out, drenching the steps in a bright red color. "Not again..." Mariana cursed under her breath as she scooped the squishy flesh back inside the cooler. She carried the cooler the rest of the way to the fenced in area which held her livestock. "Breakfast time children!" she yelled at as she let herself into the hog pen, almost getting tackled over by