The continuous yelp of the coyote was soon answered by a chorus of several of his kin from the distant mountain slope. After being awakened in such a manner, it was impossible for me to go to sleep again. I tried to see the mountain but in the dim light it was impossible to make out anything but a dark, sinister object that projected up into the heavens and lay in a background of deep blue dotted by millions of little white lights, the stars.

In the opposite direction lay the lake, dark except for the reflection of the moon on the tiny ripples. There seemed to be a white path that led from the bluff directly across the lake to the moon, that was on the verge of descending below the horizon.

The soft whispering of the pines was interrupted at various intervals by a small splash, along the edge of the lake, that could either have been a fish or an animal coming down to drink.

On turning again toward the east I noticed that the sky was turning gray and the stars were noticeably fewer. Even as I watched they seemed to be disappearing from sight. The mountain was becoming more distinct. I could distinguish the rocky bluffs and boulders from the tall pine thickets on the lower slope. The shadows became more indistinct as it grew lighter. In the west remained only a few of the stars that had previously, along with the moon, lighted up the lake.

The sun peeped between the distant hills and sent long, red and yellow rays high into the heavens. And a few fluffy white clouds drifted into view.

- Bernard Kuhn - '37