



March 2018

## Mullgogan (excerpt)

Kevin J. Donohue

*Dartmouth College*, [kevin.j.donohue.21@dartmouth.edu](mailto:kevin.j.donohue.21@dartmouth.edu)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.dartmouth.edu/humbug>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Donohue, Kevin J. (2018) "Mullgogan (excerpt)," *HUMBUG*: Vol. 2018: Iss. 1, Article 4.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.dartmouth.edu/humbug/vol2018/iss1/4>

This Short Story is brought to you for free and open access by the Student-led Journals and Magazines at Dartmouth Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in HUMBUG by an authorized editor of Dartmouth Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [dartmouthdigitalcommons@groups.dartmouth.edu](mailto:dartmouthdigitalcommons@groups.dartmouth.edu).

---

## Mullgogan (excerpt)

### Cover Page Footnote

This piece was brought into workshop in progress. Because we operate under a workshop model, we see value in an unfinished piece.

**Mullgogan (excerpt)**

The field trip always happens in mid-June as school slows down, and the excitement of summer starts to creep into my toes and make its way up like it did in those days once the first July-like breezes began to blow. In fact, it was that museum day where the temperature and the weather and the will of my parents collided enough to let me, along with some neighbors, make the small trek to the river in my trunks—but as always, I couldn't go past the back of the post office to the east and not under the bridge to the west, and play nice, and be back by when the sun was just starting to go down, but not anywhere near down. The Sissons had a riverfront property and often we would swing off the worn rope that had always hung off the perfectly curved tree. The other kids would get bored of the rope and the cool water quickly and went home, and I was left to roam. I liked to arc stones over the river and see how far I could get into the trees on the other side, even though my arm wasn't that good; I went exploring past the post office and bridge with the warm disobedience that tickles the bones, got out of the river to walk on the bank with no shirt, leaving a trail of water drops on the warming mid-June ground that begged for July in its heat and rainstorm, ground I revered as sacred, ground that took my Mullgogan drops and took them into the irretrievable earth. I always timed going back just so, so that I could always reasonably argue the sun was not anywhere near down, though everyone could plainly see only a few of the sunset's flaming tendrils still clung to the sky.