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FOREST



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Kearney
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Organic Chemistry

Elaine Watson

Won't somebody tell me please?
Where do we get these CH₃'s?
Carbons, carbons, everywhere,
Coal is black, but I declare...

If the German Wohler had ever known
the chemistry student's ailing groan,
I think he might have changed his mind.
Yet, hidden in chemistry books you'll find..

No one was there to voice a plea,
so he converted ammonia into "p"!
This premier, organic synthesis,
drew the critic's acclaim.

Despite chronic migraine,
I'll vote the name-
Friedrich (Fred) Wohler...
to the Chem. Hall of Fame!

Ode to the Unborn

Flowers nod and smile...
Clouds play tag...
Children giggle...
The earth stretches, yawns
And is fulfilled.
Children are hope,
Our forgotten innocence
Our future
And our dreams.
Who would destroy
A dream?
Or deny our future?
A child loves
Wanting only love in return.
Give them a chance
To smile
And dream
And love
And giggle
And refresh the earth.

Becky Kohrman

The Majic Tacksee Cab

Wonce eye had uh carpet. It waz black and yelloh, two. I luvd it. Mee and meye brother always played Maharajas on it. Weed sit thair and pretend two fleye on it. Weed jump and play on it. Wonday wee had a fite and the carpet waz broak. Wee tuk it to reepaer shop to fiks it. The man behind the counter sed the car was okay, but the pet was all screwed up. So, we spitt on his stor flor and stormed out. All wee had was a carpet without a pet. So; wee just had a car. But wee wer two yung to driv a car sew wee got a majic wand and zapped around the rug. It turned around and around and becaim a yelloh tacksee cab. The yelloh tacksee cab waz lots of grand fun. Weed put STP stickers on it too **mak** it cool, two. Weed even wash it. Butt it ran over my bruther wonce and he never woked up agen. I waz so mad I spit on it and it rusted, so I threw it away to Hell.

Denise Germonprez

The 20th Century Meek

Identity crushed and splattered
Scrutinized in a Petri dish.
A being so small and dated
As pointless as a drowning fish.

Shakespeare perched upon a fork-lift
A clown bemused by Falstaff beers.
Pioneers asperse the day-shift
The robber of their striving years.

Who helps bear the loss
With Modern Man?

Who still can prevail
With a wag of the tail?

Who shares in our pain
As best they can?

Who suffers the welts
From our shoes and our belts?

The recipients
Of the tension unleashed
At amorphous enemies
Are cold-nosed canines
Too meek to inherit
Forever eager to please.

Bob Morris

Autumn

Autumn
Falls down
Like
Gentle dusk
After a
Sun-full
Day
Plush
Happy hours
HURRAH-ing in the
Harvest
Before bright
Beauty
Whitens and
Winter-withers
Away...

Sister M. Francesca



TELEVISION

COMMERCIALS

Television today, like vegetables, fruits, and meat, is a staple of life. To take television away from a person would be like squeezing off the flow of blood of a main artery to the heart. Maybe this explains why millions of Americans sit through the hundreds of television commercials shown on each station everyday.

Besides the fact that there are so many commercials shown everyday, these commercials are corny, idealistic, misleading, and boring. You may ask, then, why, if these commercials are so rotten, do the networks broadcast them. The answer to this is obvious. Television network advertising is a \$23 billion-a-year industry that pays most of the network's bills.

To me, commercials hold no value. They interrupt one's concentration, they rob a show of its full climactic effect, and they are about as interesting as American Politics class on the night of the seventh game of the World Series.

There are many things which can be discovered with a little research on our illustrious topic. First; there are the misleading qualities of today's commercials and how they have had to correct their mistakes in order to comply with FTC regulations.

For example, there is the case of the Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice commercial which boasted that the juice contains more "food energy" than other drinks. The FTC defines "food energy" as "calories" (which Ocean Spray does not have an abundance of) and the company had to run new ads saying precisely that.

The next example employs what a car manufacturer terms as one of the best car commercials they've seen in a long time. This is a reference to Volkswagen's "floating Volkswagen" commercial, where a non-believer promptly jumps into a new Volkswagen and drives it into the nearest lake only to find out that it really does float.

They also throw in the play that it also will start without any trouble on the first time (after you pay the \$50 to have it ~~fished~~ out of the lake). The problem here is that although a Volkswagen ~~does~~ float initially, sooner or later it ~~will~~ sink just as fast as a submarine equipped with screen doors.

Finding this out, the FTC pressured Volkswagen into modifying their magazine ad pointing out the "floating qualities" of a Volkswagen. Now you will find in small letters marked with an asterisk the sentence, "It definitely floats, but not indefinitely."

The last "misleading" example is the case of outright fakery. In this case we are being shown how well Rapid Shave makes your beard stand up. In fact, Rapid Shave is so good that it can shave sandpaper, and as example is displayed before your very eyes. But little does the ignorant consumer know that the sandpaper used in the commercial turns out to be sand spread over plexiglas. The FTC banned this commercial from television totally.

Another interesting approach to television commercials would be an examination of the impression they would give foreign visitors to our country if these commercials were the first things introduced to them. What would they think when they saw the woman, who after yelling at her son, takes a miraculous white tablet which dissolves in the stomach faster than any other tablet and in just 3.1 seconds enables the mother to change her outlook and handle the most difficult household chores with ease?

Will they confuse these with the other tablets which simultaneously drain all eight sinus cavities, rearrange the background, and style the hair in 3.2 seconds?

What would they think of our moral standards when they see that the neighbor's bathroom is easily accessible through the medicine cabinet? Will they long for home when see the husband who is astonished with the fact that the coffee is not bitter and the breakfast is palatable?

How about their thoughts on our mental capacity when the wife repeats the name of the product for the ninth time? There is a bright side of course to the predicament; our visitors will be given an excellent lesson in English monosyllables, among these being: Biz, Fab, Cheer, Dash, All and Bold.

They will also be able to return to their homes and tell all their friends that Americans chew 180 lbs... of gum a year. This they deduct of course from the size of the package (roughly 3 ft.). Finally, they will be able to inform their people of the unknown fact that the U.S., in reality, is two nations. Citizens of one nation prefer the pink pad, citizens of the other buy the blue one.

Advertisement these days is everywhere. You find it on cars, in the sky, on the radio, on clothing, along the highway, and lately you even see it in the church bulletin. Television advertisement, though, is the worst of all. Television commercials are 15-second opportunities for large businesses to point out all the good points of their products, make stars out of television nobodies, and to present a false fact or two when they think that the ignorant consumer isn't watching. It seems anymore that the purpose of television is no longer entertainment.

This hypothesis is supported by the fact that program costs, on the average, are about \$50 per second, while advertisement costs hover around the \$500 per second plateau.

I personally would like to see all commercials banned from television. I feel that the networks could come up with some way to charge people on an individual basis, this way eliminating advertisement as the major source of income, and once again putting the emphasis on entertainment.

Or, perhaps, to be a little less radical, restrict the showing of commercials through the course of the show, thus allowing them to be shown either before or after the particular program only. In any event television commercials are most likely here to stay, but that doesn't mean that the situation is hopeless.

Tonight, when you get the urge to entertain yourself somehow, and you hate to turn on the television because the thought of the commercials makes you cringe, pick up a book. As far as I'm concerned, the lady at the toll booth doesn't have any business looking at my "ring around the collar" anyway.

Tony Clark

The Uh.....Family Hour???

FLASH!! Major breakthrough in television programming! The networks have decided enough is enough--no more sex and violence on television. It's time to clean up society and the viewer's minds. The 1974-75 season would see the last bit of violence, bloodshed, and sex violence on national television.

What this "whitewash" is, in effect, is the network's answer to the FCC's demands to cut down on the rising tide of TV violence. Presto! The Family Hour. This is the period between 7 and 9 p.m. (EST) designated to broadcast only those shows suitable for viewing by every member of the family. Thus during that time period there will be no more rape, gore, adultery, shoot-outs, murders or other highly obscene and offensive material such as belly buttons seen on television. Case in point: Cher's belly button.

The big question at CBS in the fall was: Should the average American family from the youngest toddler on up be allowed to view Cher Allman's navel. The problem being "The Cher Show" falls in the middle of the family hour. The ironic thing here is that if the show were scheduled one hour later--after the family hour--not the slightest wave would be made about it. This is typical of the system. Now, to get to the crux of the matter.

The setting up of the Family Hour is not so much ridiculous as it is cunning. While the networks have told the public they have instituted ~~the~~ family hour to reduce the amount of sex, violence and other offensive matter, just the opposite seems to be happening. True, they have cut the sex and violence from this prime-time period. But what happens at the "witching" hour? You're right, 9 p.m. and all the blood-thirsty cops, robbers, rapists, sex maniacs and what not, make their entrance on the screen.

With the onset of this new, "clean-up American television" season came such wholesome series as "Phyllis", the story of a newly-widowed woman and her teenage daughter, trying to make a new start. Wholesome, right? The first episode dealt with Phyllis suspecting her 17-year old daughter of having an affair.

For another example, consider "Beacon Hill". Given the OK to air because it was broadcast at 10, it deals with a newly-affluent Irish family in Boston whose patriarch is mainly concerned with bootlegging and ward politics. His children? The only son is a drunk and the major concern of the daughters is their sex lives.

As for already established series, even Marcus Welby is getting risque. In the first episode of the season, Dr. Kiley and his new-found girlfriend were seen exiting the bedroom in a somewhat suggestive scene. Yes, I must say, the networks are really going all out to clean up their act!

I suspect the family hour to be a plot by the networks to distract their critics. For years parent groups, along with the FCC, have been complaining about the amount of violence on television and the family hour seems to have distracted them.

Beware, viewers. I believe behind this network haze, they are deviously attempting to secure such movies for broadcasting as the horrifying and gory movie "Jaws", and I suspect uncut, if they can manage it. Because after all, what is television's business, if not to attract an audience of buyers, preferably young adults who are in the market for their wares. Movies such

as "Jaws", "The Godfather" and others have been proven to have that drawing power. TV networks cannot be underestimated in their uncanny ways and tactics to somehow get just about all they want, and their own way, too!

The really amazing ingredient in this neat and tidy plan is the alleged belief of the networks that all America's good little children are safely in bed by 9 p.m. (A somewhat ignorant assumption made on their part. Seems the networks are starting to believe their own fantasy movies from days gone by about the average American family whose youngsters are in bed by 7.) Speaking from personal experience and of friends, the average youngster is up and bouncing around well past television's "witching hour".

In this day and age with smarter (many the product of TV's own "Sesame Street") and more inventive children, without a doubt they will find a way to get to the "tube", especially knowing some forbidden fare will be shown after the "Swiss Family Robinson" signs off! To back that up statistically, Nielsen ratings found the 9 p.m. time slot to be almost as much of a children's viewing hour as family time.

The next time the "Big Three" American networks so graciously offer to voluntarily "clean-up" television--- America, watch out!

Judy Mihajlovich

The Citizens Band

"Hey, Liquid Gold, this is the Highway Hobo, there's a plain blue wrapper outside of Windy City and it looks like he's caught a four wheeler."

If you have never driven in a vehicle with a Citizen Band radio, this terminology will probably seem very meaningless to you. But if you are familiar with this radio you will know one radio user sees a blue, unmarked police car who has just arrested a car on a road they are most likely travelling on.

Today, more and more people are investing in Citizen Band radios. If you are a United States citizen, 18 years of age or older and own four dollars, you are eligible to purchase one. It can be very practical and beneficial if used properly.

There are three bands in the public service area of the frequency spectrum. They are VHF, low band, VHF, high band, and UHF. According to provisions in the Communications Act, passed by Congress in 1934, anyone can listen to any signal transmitted on any frequency. The information heard, however, is not supposed to be used for private gain.

During my first experience with a CB radio, I had the strange feeling I was listening to something illegal, and in a way, I was. The driver of the car I was riding in was in a hurry to reach his destination, therefore he was going 80 miles per hour. By the use of his radio he was told ahead of time where the police, or smokie as they were called, were located and if they were driving a regular or unmarked car. Apparently our fellow drivers were going about the same speed and asked us to keep a look-out for bears, another friendly term indicating the police.

I was surprised at the amount of people playing this game of cops and robbers. I noticed all the people who

were whizzing by us at 85 miles per hour, with the characteristic antenna sticking out of the hood of the getaway cars. It seems like it is defeating the whole purpose of lowering the speed limit when this select number of citizens are cruising by the law.

But the advantages of this radio definately cannot go by without mentioning. Emergency help is always at hand. If a person is having car trouble, a fellow citizen can either ride into the nearest town for assistance, radio into the town for help, or see if a smokie is somewhere in the vicinity.

If a person wants to know a good restaurant or motel in a particular city, chances are a truck driver could give him all the necessary information he needs to know. Also, while travelling he can ask for the cheapest gas station in the area and how long it will be until the next one.

The radio can be a time and money saver. The unit itself costs somewhere in the range of \$120 to \$150, depending on the quality of the electronic equipment. They can be used in any car, camper, home or boat.

Besides being practical, they can be very entertaining. Music is always available if that's what you want. But I found it much more interesting just listening to complete strangers telling about their particular travels and adventures. Of course it is discourteous to tie the channel up with any conversation lasting over five minutes, but just by listening to short bits of information one can learn many things about certain cities, towns and states.

I often sat and wondered what truck drivers did to keep themselves amused or even awake during their long days on the road. Well, I've found my answer. Many drivers knew families who lived in towns they were

passing by. They would radio in to the home and carry on a conversation, just as one would do on a telephone. Or, Gator Man, a friendly truck driver we encountered, would be driving past a fellow truck driver he knew quite well just from travelling the same route for so many years. They would discuss the weather in Florida or the shapely legs of some unsuspecting female in a white opel. What could be a very long and lonesome journey turns into an international talk show.

Despite the misuse of the radio for speeding and illegal business transactions, it seems a great asset in the field of communications. There is a certain blind comradeship which is intriguing in a world that seems to be growing more impersonal each day. Everybody tries and wants to help each other for no other reason than being friendly. When we were trying to find a car of friends on the road several miles ahead of us, we had many radio users call in to give us the location of that car as they passed it on the highway.

One is never sure exactly who they are talking to, which adds to the excitement and mystery. One can turn off the radio whenever he so desires and likewise turn it on at his leisure. Just as right now this is Kool-Aid turning off, hoping you hve a good-day today and a better one tomorrow.....10-4.

Rita Dziuk

Satire of People

People why are you so-
Yours hours pass, but nothing follows.
Joys are to you as the fading grass.
The smiles like flowers, ever blooming,
 ever dying.
The stars of the night cannot count you
 earthly desires.

So lofty are you-
Can you watch the creatures of the wild?
Listen to the songs in the air.
Watch the colors of the sky.
Answer the kiss of the wind
For even the birds of the air laugh at
 your efforts.

Listen to the whisper of the night
Look at thyself-your soul alone
 tells the truth.
For the eyes and heart can never hide
 the hours of the glass.
Oh man you ignorant creature,
I've brought tears down my cheeks for you.
Only exist and happiness is yours-
 all is at your grasp.

Bob O'Donoghue

In Memory of a Friend

Not so **long** ago, we both skated
Aimlessly
 on cold-hard ice
Strangers, melting barriers, becoming friends.
Now, my mind dives deep
Into lonely waters
 to find your face...
 but all I can salvage
 is your smile.

Pat Paquin

A tribute to the Senior Class of 1976

You're only a hog, old fellow; a hog,
and you've had your day;
But never a friend of all my friends
has been truer than you always.

Julian S. Cutler

Gentlemen of the Jury; The one, absolute ,
unselfish friend that man can have in this
selfish world, the one that never deserts him,
the one that never proves ungrateful or
treacherous, is his hog.

Senator George Graham Vest

Hogs are such agreeable friends; they ask no
questions, pass no criticisms.

George Eliot

Every hog must have his day.

Swift

The more one comes to know men,
the more one comes to admire the hog.

Who loves me will love my hog also.

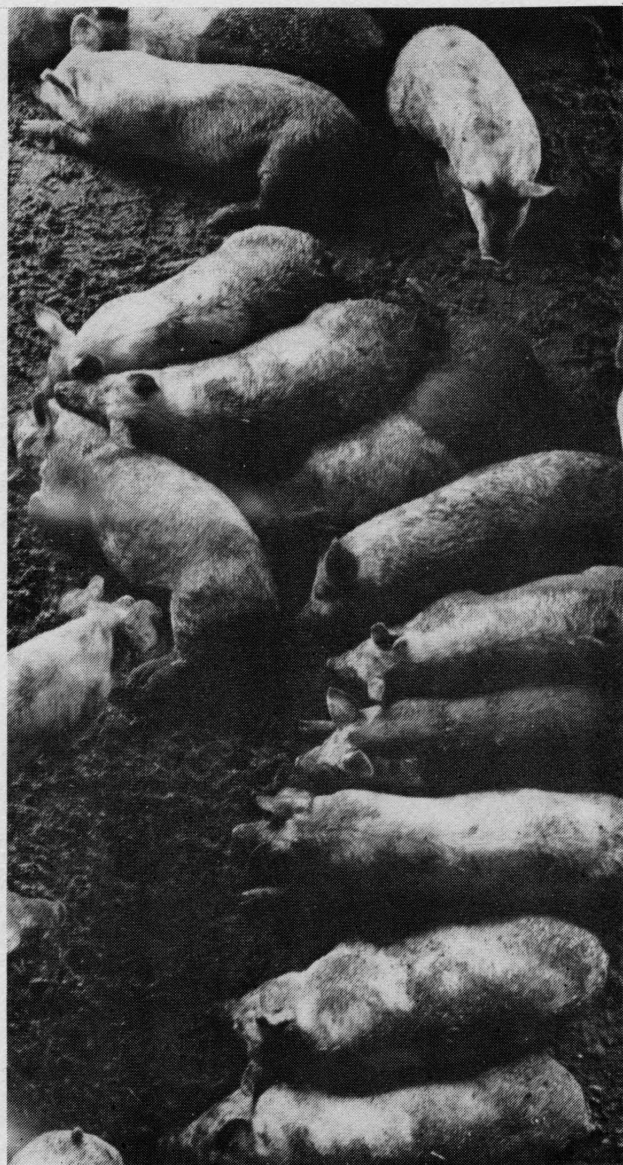
Joussenel

St. Bernard of Clairvaux

Good Luck, Seniors!!!

Love,

the three little pigs



WORDS 2

Be careful where you point your gun
The words are loaded, I'm sure.
And the hurt and sting are easily aimed
But not so easy to cure.

Denise Germonprez

Death's Eternal Holding

David R. . Mietty

The still of night slipped swiftly in,
Its time can ne"er be stolen;
The misty moores are calling me
To Death's eternal holding.

"Come ride with me; my carriage waits",
Spoke Death complacently,
"I have no time for hesitance;
We must leave hastily."

He draped his cloak about my arms,
To keep me from the cold,
And led me to his coack so black--
A relic ages old.

He brought me to his place of rest,
The home of which he told me;
The peace I sought I've found at last,
In Death's eternal holding.

It's Anywhere You Look For It

Diane Gerstbauer

Why is it difficult to get to know the warmth and serenity that the sun pours out on grassy plains in the summertime? Why can't we appreciate the beauty in the sparkling clearness of a sunlit winter's moon? Are the allusive promises of autumn and nurturing whispers in springtime wasted on everyone?

We don't go out of our way to find peace and beauty, quiet and natural moments--important pleasures from day to day. Ironically, we continue to strive for the security and companionship of a big paycheck and high social status that the busy, demanding, crowded and keyed-up world presents to us. We continue to complain of the fast-paced, nerve-wrenching, health-crushing life that today's society "makes" us abide in.

We all admit that taking up and hauling off to our own little utopias isn't very realistic. Even if this were possible, it would make little difference because the way to find the "grassy plains" in our lives isn't by searching a hundred miles away, but wherever we live out our everyday lives.

The prisons that we find ourselves in are as simple and as complicated as our individual minds. I think the key that would unlock the door to this new kind of freedom would be the initial realization of the unhappiness we make for ourselves by not trying to live our own lives..It follows after this that the natural wish for a more desirable situation will teach us to be receptive and to appreciate the simple little things that bring a certain day to day satisfaction. This daily satisfaction would certainly be called peace.

From experience, I think there is a substantial truth in this kind of a philosophy: a philosophy to look up to, work in, and return to when laid aside--a philosophy that suggests that all unhappiness and blindness comes from ourselves and--a philosophy that allows the possibility of teaching ourselves to substitute in its place something better.

Then--When I Was Small

It's been a long time now,
But I can still, now and then, remember
Sounds and smells and feelings
I had then--when I was small.

I walked through woods and wilds;
Through creeks and seeps.
I could smell the damp warmth
Of the Mother, earth.
I could hear her growing, moving, changing.
I could feel the livingness.
It was all in my mind then.

I can still see them,
But now--too much time has past.
I've lost such senses I once had.
Too long without the consciousness
Has made me unaware, I fear.
But I had them then--when I was small.

Gary Hall

untitled

I have to go.

You feel.

I know.

The wind has blown across
the dampness of the birth-morning

And it's dried.

Ready, light,
not yet rooted,

To go.

I know you feel.

I feel you are beginning to know.

I feel.

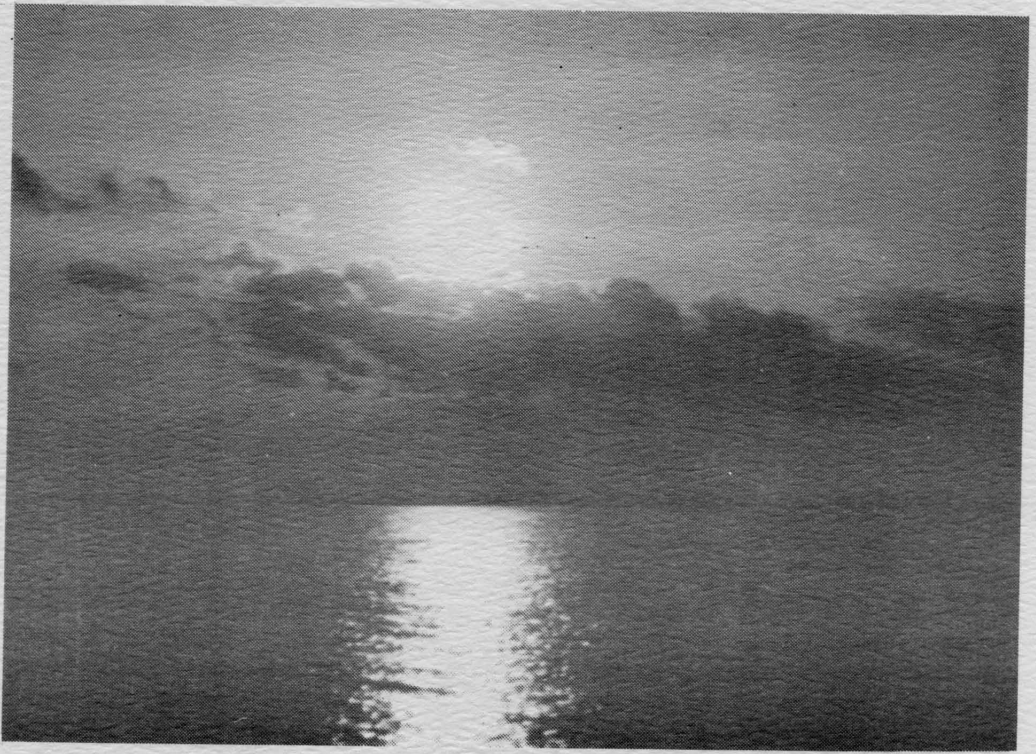
Now to go.

Diane Stier

The Door of Love

One last time, may I hold your hand?
Why, my love, was it so hard to understand?
But principles of life are hard to meet
And twice as hard when we try to compete.
I'll let it pass now; love has a door
That could swing both ways but now swings no more.

Kim Solliday



Mirage at Low Tide

Gulls flew above as I strolled on warm sands,
footprinting the calm with the inconsistency
of my steps---
first, hesitating...
then running in joyous pursuit...
only to learn that the you I was seeking
had become the fog in my eyes.

Pat Paquin



On a Cold Clear Night

on a cold clear night,
or even on a night when the clouds cover the sky,
or on any night we're apart,
just think of me as I will you,
and see my smile reflected in your mind,
and feel my warmth as I will yours.
then lie down softly,
and close your eyes,
and dream yourself to sleep.
for in your dream we'll be together.
on a cold clear night,
or even on a night when the clouds cover the sky,
or any night we're apart,
just think of me as I will you
and love will grow in our hearts.

Mel Arnold

I See a Friendship Budding

I see a friendship budding
A new and lovely experience for me.
I want to nurture it as it grows-
To guide, feed, and care for it.
To hold on tight and keep close track
So it may bloom as beautifully as a
Yellow rose.
But-
As a wild flower,
This shall not be the lifestyle
Of our blooming relationship.
We shall each grow, in our own place
Dealing as we must with the perils of the field.
We are not to be sheltered or confined
To a greenhouse experience.
It is up to us to battle the cold,
To save ourselves from choking weeds,
Or from being mown down by a cool sweeping blade.
In time, our own time,
We shall grow tall, strong and healthy.
Waiting for the day when we deserve to be picked-
And placed together to be as one...
A bouquet of joy and beauty.

Sandra Switzer

It's That Time Again

Mark Trierweiler

Didja ever see a dog chase his tail
While his owner walked backwards through the park
While his stereo stuck stubbornly to the
Andrews Sisters singing "Hold tight, Hold tight, food
A rackysacky wantsomeseafood-MAMA."

While we celebrated the Armistice, VE-Day and
peace with honor,
While we clasped motion in shiny shackles
And lobotomized those who wished to stoke
The engine's cold fire.

While we reak with nostalgia that stilts our senses,
While we watch 3-D films of ancient Rome,
While we can't wait for the future,
but string barbed wire around the present,
MY DADDY DIED IN THE CHAIR THAT I'M SITTING.

Fool's Reflections Upon A Sombre Day

Donna Hyderkhan

The Lord wept and so did I. The rain fell softly against my face, cold, wet, only to awaken me from my dreams and force me back into painful reality. The cries I held back, for I wanted desperately to thrash out at the world for all the injustices and disillusionment destined always to follow man.

If only I could stop time and turn it back to the beginning, those first days. Perhaps then, things would have been different.

I wanted to stop them all and explain that some terrible mistake had taken place, but the priest went on chanting his prayers mechanically as he had countless times before. Mesmerized, memorized words which could offer me no sympathy, no consolation for my loss. They meant nothing to me, only empty phrases echoing through the abysses of my mind.

A woman bent by years and experience stood alone, my sole companion in suffering. She wore a black faded suit and had a powdered painted face smeared by streams of raindrops and tears. I wanted to shake her, slap her out of my nightmare. She had no right; what could she possibly feel? A loss of a tenant for her crummy cold water flat. Yeh, \$35.50 a month was what that bitch was howling about. I felt the pain, only I.

The diggers kept up their pace, unaffected and so thoroughly detached, forcing their spades deep into the dark earth and them lifting and spreading the turf upon the grave.

The trees rustled their leaves against the wind as dark clouds gathered above, casting sinister shadows over our group.

The even rhythm of the rain threw a trance upon my mind and I drifted back to those early September days. It had been raining then too. I remembered turning up my collar against the stinging cold as I walked down the street, restless and disturbed. Fate was edging me on.

I dropped off at a bar which sported the name of the proprietor, 'Murphy'. Once seated at the bar, I ordered a drink to wash away my loneliness and all my frustrating failures. If only God would wretch my miserable soul away from me, I thought to myself. Then I could attain the bliss of uninvolved mediocrity. I should find life less painful without all the undulating desires for aesthetic genius.

How indulgent I was with self pity. A chuckle escaped me as I found myself terribly theatrical with such melodramatic airs. One could certainly amuse one self. Yes, I was the best entertainment I knew. Another chuckle. The bartender eyed me suspiciously as he handed me my second drink.

"Don't take yourself too seriously, you fool", I whispered to myself.

"If you're tired of talking to yourself try talking to me for a while. I'll listen".

I turned slightly and found before me standing, a woman. My eyes drank greedily every detail of her appearance. Her gray eyes returned my stare evenly.

"Well, aren't you going to ask me to sit down?"

Nothing did I say, for I was so completely startled by this confrontation with the young woman. Indeed it was an appetizing experience.

She gave an indifferent smile as she brushed her body close to mine, and walked away. Across the room, I watched her go, sitting comfortably alone with a Pall Mall. Crossing her legs in a protective gesture, she turned away. She seemed suddenly shy and embarrassed by her show of aggressiveness.

"Go after her", my mind taunted. How satisfying it would be to warm one's hands between those slender thighs. Fierce desire burned within my soul.

She was a mysterious tempting sort of woman. Sexually she was appealing, yet she retained a quality of youthful innocence. It made me hesitant. Somehow it would seem almost sacrilegious to touch her, even to look at her with my lustful thoughts, yet the temptation was there. This woman was the personification of my own fantasies. My virginal conquest I had discovered. So I thought.

Soft curls of black caressed her smooth white shoulders. She was silently observant of me. Her cheeks were the quiet blush of a rose, her lips, full and moist, parted, ready waiting eagerly for mine. Each time I caught her glance, she would cast her dark lashes downward, too quickly to the floor. Was she afraid of me? I wondered.

I had to know what she was thinking. No longer could I subdue my passion for her. I had to know what she was thinking. So I pursued her.

"May I buy you a drink."

"I thought you didn't want company."

"I changed my mind"; and with that I seated myself beside her.

The silence between us lasted a lifetime. She waited, and I waited patiently, the two of us, for the other to speak.

She smiled and I ordered her drink. I began talking away about myself, my plans, and all the dreams I had stored away. She listened, as if every word I said held singular importance. I opened myself up to her, and she responded. It was the first time I had ever allowed myself to be put in such a vulnerable position.

"What about yourself? I've been talking away. Tell me something about you", I said.

"There isn't a whole lot to say. I work here, I get by."

I looked around at the shabby interior, and gave her a half-hearted smile.

"Do you like it here?" I asked stupidly.

"What do you think?"

The words were embittered and she turned her head quickly away. I placed my hand upon her cheek and lifted her face towards me. I saw two tiny tears glistening. I tasted the sadness in her kiss as her lips touched mine.

"Let's get out of here."

"Where're we going?"

"I don't care--anywhere", I shouted as I grasped her hand and started for the door.

We made our flight together. From that moment on, she became the significant figure of my life, the aspiration I needed. I vowed never again to leave her side. Perhaps I was foolish, rash in my actions. I was selfish

enough to create this dramatic episode for my own glorification. I wanted to play the role of a tragic romantic.

I took her back to my apartment with the intention of keeping her there, I wanted her always. I guess I can never fully explain what my feelings were. I wanted her, but marriage never entered my mind. That would have been too final, too confining. Our relationship would have lost all excitement, all adventure if our dependence was based upon a marriage. The idea itself was bourgeois, and totally out of character with me.

She stayed with me five months, cooking, cleaning, watching over me. I loved her in many ways, for all the things she was. I admired her honesty, her quietude, her gentle ways. Yet, she was outspoken for those ideals held close to her heart.

All the little things in life she cherished, which so many of us hold insignificant and take for granted.

She loved rising in the early morning to feel warm rays of sunlight penetrating through the glass into her kitchen. It was the rich strong smell of coffee which livened her senses. Thunderstorms never frightened her, for she felt it was a symphonic masterpiece sent by God. All of life she savored, and she taught me how to appreciate all good things.

She would sit snuggled in a horsehair easy chair in the corner of my bedroom silently intent as I struggled away at my writing. The apartment was small so I doubled my room as a study to do my work.

She would read, or knit with such concentration. She never interfered or infringed upon my privacy. I always had her near me when I worked. Her advice I warranted and listened to, but she would never offer it until I asked.

She had lived a hard life, raised by her uncle by marriage. He had put her to work at sixteen, to get his money's worth he had invested into her, he had said. She had known nothing but abuse, beatings, and angry words in the real world. Escape she had discovered through books.

It was the wonder of words which created the magical world she longed for.

The rain had picked up; it was falling in torrents. A crash of thunder startled me.

"I believe we should postpone until this weather eases up a bit", said the priest.

"I don't", I replied coldly. "Let's get it over with."

The face of the priest wore a grimmaced mask as he continued through the motions of the sombre ceremony. Shw would have enjoyed this, I thought: the clouds, the storm, the darkness.

My intentions that first night I had taken her home were not exactly honorable. I had to admit. I wanted her, but that was only human. I wouldn't have been normal if I didn't long to have her naked body close to mine. But, it was more than that.

When I first looked at her, I saw the sadness in her smile, I heard the cry for help in her pathetic words, and I reached out, and she had grasped my hand, my heart, and my entire life.

I would never feel the warmth of her breast, the rhythmic flow of her body under mine. The five months she lived with me, never did she share my bed. Not that I didn't ask; I did many times until one day she said to me "I could never sleep with you--I love you too much to do that." After that, I would never ask again.

Lightening flashed across the sky, blinding me for a second. If only retribution would strike at me for my my hasty deed.

What had happened? I had brought home a bottle of Lambrusca to celebrate a magazine story I had sold. We sat together in the little kitchen happy and excited for me. I kept on drinking. She had hardly taken a sip. We talked, or she did most of the talking this time. I was becoming quite drunk.

Something had been bothering her. I should have noticed, but I was such a fool with drink. Finally, it came out. Her uncle had been threatening her.

I told her she had nothing to worry about; he couldn't touch her.

It wasn't that, she said; the pain, physical pain, didn't frighten her anymore. She looked down at the floor, fingering at the still half empty glass. I could see she was having trouble with words.

"There's something I've been wanting to tell you, only it's hard for me because I'm afraid of what it'll do. I wanted to tell you myself, before he did. I used to be a prostitute."

I almost choked; I wanted to throw up my guts, I was so disgusted. My first reactions were of shock, disappointment and anger. I had been betrayed, misled. I hadn't rescued the bitch at all. She had taken me for a ride.

I stood up, grabbed her arm, and slapped her across the the face.

"Get out!" I screamed.

Now I could die for what I did to her. I caused her more pain than anyone in her life because she had

Loved me, trusted me, put faith in me and I destroyed her love for life.

I was an egotistical, hypocritical, self-righteous bastard. I had expected too much, and not given enough.

She left, for when I awoke from my drunken slumber I found her belongings gone, and a short note:

Darling,

I'm sorry if I hurt you. I was so afraid I would. That is why I never told you, but I knew someday I would have to be honest. I had hoped you would understand; perhaps one day you will. You are a good man. Forgive me. I expected too much.

Love,

Tess

I tried to find her after that. I went through every lousy bar in the city. It wasn't until one gloomy day in February I got a phone call. It was the landlady at Meadow Lane apartments. She had found my number in the pocketbook of one of her tenants, a girl. Did I know her? Would I come over and claim the body? She herself felt quite put out by the whole thing. They had found her hanging in a closet, apparently suicide.

The priest gave his final blessings, sprinkling holy water across the grave, as I shed my last tear and walked away. Her memory would haunt me forever.



