

pushed until my back and every muscle pained from the effort. I pushed to no avail. It seemed as though some giant was pulling at the other end of the fence. He would let me gain a little headway; then he would tighten the wire tighter than ever. It was hopeless. But when the fence gave a little, dad jerked his hand out.

It was horrible; cut to the bone where the wire had lain, and lacerated by the wire when he jerked his hand out. He didn't scold me, nor lose his temper. His face didn't change expression throughout the whole incident. He just stood there for a minute looking at his bleeding hand; then he put his good hand on my shoulder for a second and said, "You did fine, boy. Let's go home."

Whiskers

Kay Warner

Ex. '42

Cat wear whiskers
On their faces—
Not like father's—
With more spaces.

Mice grow whiskers
Rather sparsely,
Like green onions
More than parsley.

Lions and leopards,
Squirrels and rabbits
Also have
Whisker habits.

But my father
Would look funny
With just several,
Like a bunny.