

laughed at it then; all during the warm-up and during the first period of the game his teammates had yelled it at him whenever he got the puck. The crowd had picked it up and shouted it . . .

Paul pulled a crumpled handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead. Far down the hall he heard the muffled sound of a man's footsteps as he approached. The nurse at the desk brushed back a straggling lock of hair, looked down the hall and smiled. The footsteps grew louder and a young doctor dressed in white walked up to the desk and spoke to her softly.

Paul rose from the creaky chair and walked slowly toward the desk. The doctor turned to meet him.

"Doctor, how—how—?" He stopped as the doctor slowly raised his hand.

"Lung punctured. Tried to operate. Passed away just a couple of minutes ago."

Paul turned from the desk and staggered to a chair. He ran his trembling hand through his hair and passed it over his forehead and eyes. The clock in the hall was ticking: "Killer . . . killer . . . killer."

Meteor

Keith Shillington

Sc. So.

Tonight I walked beneath the hawthorne tree,
And in the west beheld a meteor's glare
Swept down to earth. A whole eternity
Of slaving for convention gone in flare.
And in the fiery astral glow I saw
My heart—fraternal planet, wildly sore—
Who would escape beneath the oak and haw
Into the shadows and be serf no more.
Gone was the flame! And then I realized
While man may freedom from convention wrest,
For his revolt past life is sacrificed,
From man-scorned ashes he must build the rest.
I could not bear to stand apart and so,
Turning, I walked into the street lamp's glow.