

Summaries (Errata)

As an integral part of our editing process, we ran all of the work in this issue of Sketch through Microsoft Word 98's "Auto-Summary" feature, and set it to produce three-sentence (or so) "summaries" of each piece. The results are included here for your endless amusement.

JOURNAL ENTRY 7/I: hungry masses/mob.

GOATS: Sherry handed the dead lamb to Lett through the red bars of the gate. Lett walked to his garden, bucket and scissors in hand. Sherry didn't think so. "Sherry, it doesn't matter anymore."

HARVEST TIME: Bent, naked black branches creaked, shifted, and an old crow flapped at us from within. The tree was an old thing between us. I sawed at a branch. The branches snapped cleanly, easily. We felt the silence then, felt the silent years push close.

SIR GAVIN AND THE GREEN EDITOR: "We have a new student, class," Mrs. Kurtz continued CALMLY, "and his name is Gavin McQuinn. "Gavin, how about you?" Mrs. Kurtz blinked, . Mrs. Kurtz's smile widened. Care. In his left hand he held Mrs. Kurtz's eraser. Water stopping. Gavin approached room 238, eraser in hand.

23 TO 2:	Hey little boy, feelin needed? Little boy, ya gonna learn
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AFTERTHOUGHTS:	We learned to communicate in single words in red letters
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CARVE:	Carving is removal, To carve and carve well.
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FAMILY RECIPE:	in batter spotted with yellow raisins, hear Emma's recipe recited,
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FOUND PHOTOGRAPH:	Catching eye face and long hand beckon.
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FRIDAY NIGHT FIGHTS: Thou shall fight fair. Left hook right hook upper cut

NOVEMBER I: Wind howls and burps,
 hard steps across the stubbled corn.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF WALLS: pulsed and warped walls between our rooms
 if bone china
 through veins in the walls

SONJA'S KABUL: people genetically disfigured by their places
 outside everyman's door.
 growing bodies. the Russians building roads,

STATE FAIR BABY — SEPTEMBER I, 1971: the weave of family binds
 blood clots —

TRAGEDY STRIKES SOMEWHERE AGAIN.: Commercial
 Break.

 newsman.

IN SEARCH FOR PEACE: A GUATEMALAN STORY: I was coming back to a Guatemala that
had only recently signed the peace accords. The war had ended.

NIGHTHIKING: The season is over. One of the trees fell during my first season. I wonder
if I have taken the forest for granted. The shadows and tall trees will outlive me.

PEANUTS: Then we grow the peanuts, grow the peanuts, grow the peanuts. Then we pick
the peanuts, pick the peanuts, pick the peanuts. Then we eat the peanuts, eat the peanuts,
eat the peanuts!

PIANO LESSONS: Just silence. A silence that grew each day. Mom measured time and
events by her wardrobe. Even just driving me to piano lessons, she looked great. I hated
my piano teacher and hated the lessons.

WIND IS A PLACE: Green Side, Brown Side. Wind. There are no umbrellas for wind. Wind
becomes a postulate of everyday life. Sand. One Chinook wind will make it vanish. It is a
wind of honesty.