

could hardly wait to tell her. But when he did, she cried. She screamed; she raved; and then she cried some more. "But Hank, how could you? There'd be absolutely nothing to do. And no place to go, in those horrid jungles." He couldn't convince her that they were going to a city, of not as big as New York, at least as modern. She offered to give his ring back, but didn't argue when he refused it. She didn't even come to the airport to see him off. She was out to dinner with another man who gave her a bracelet.

Trust. Trust in Mommy. Trust in sweethearts. Trust the pilot. Trust no one. No one. No one! —

They found him two weeks later. They found him a mile from the wreckage. What was left of the body was lying on its side, the knees hugged tightly to the chest, the head tucked down. He had found security.

—David L. Slater, *Sci., Soph.*



The Mouse

IT WAS a drizzly night, and the moisture hung in the air like cold steam. "Here Baron," a thin voiced called. He was a small, ulcerish man with a wrinkled face and false teeth.

George raised his voice, trying to make it sound commanding. "Baron, come here." Nothing happened.

"Run away again," he thought. "Suppose I'll have to find him or Martha will have a fit."

"Here Baron."

"He always heads for the beach. Probably down there now."

George pulled the huge topcoat tighter around his frail shoulders and trudged down the damp street, whistling and calling to the shadows.

"Just like Johnny," he thought. "Always running off. How many times have I told that boy not to hang around

pool halls. He won't listen. Knows it all. Going to get in trouble hanging around like a common"

Kerwham! The sound of the shot echoed down the street.

"Good God," George wheezed. His pale face grew paler and his body stiffened. Kerwham! He looked carefully around. A rusty Ford chugged and backfired away from the stoplight.

"Ha," he sighed. "Only a backfire."

It seemed colder and he shivered and the rain drizzled on his hat and the night was very dark.

"Here Baron." "He's got to be down here somewhere."

"Oh, darn that stupid dog. Never does anything right. Just like my secretary. She can't do anything either. Can't type. Can't spell. Four misspelled words today in one letter."

"Baron, come here!"

"And respect! She doesn't know the meaning. Calls me 'the Mouse' behind my back. Mouse! She calls me a mouse! I should fire her and then we'd see who's the mouse."

He walked across the field and onto the dark bench. The sand squished under his galoshes.

"Here Baron. He's got to be down here somewhere."

"Baron, come here."

The only sounds were the waves slurping against the soggy beach and the rain dripping on his hat. He looked down the dark beach. Nothing but the dark sand and the black lake.

"Here Baron."

The rain kept a steady beat on his hat, and a trickle of cold water ran down his neck. He shivered.

"God it's dark." He shivered again and walked quickly back to the street. He stepped back on the lighted boulevard and his pace slowed. Occasionally he called into the shadows, but for the most part he just wanted to get home.

"Martha will be mad and nag, but I can't find him, and she'd nag anyway. She always does. I ought to just tell her off. Just tell her to shut up. Then she'd see how much of a mouse I am."

When he got to the door, he hesitated. Martha would be inside wondering where he was. When she found out

about Baron, she'd blame him. "He never runs away from me," she'd say.

"If she starts nagging, I'll just tell her to shut up." He smiled at the idea and opened the door.

Martha looked up from the pan of dirty dishes to her bedraggled husband.

George stared at the floor and scratched at it with his toe.

"George," she exclaimed, "where have you been?"

"I . . . errr . . . Baron ran away."

At that moment Baron walked into the room. He looked at his wet, frail master and yawned. Carefully, he stretched, yawned again, and lay down.

George stared at the dog, blankly, and looked questioningly at his wife.

"He's been home for half an hour," she stated.

George flushed and looked back to the floor.

"Which," she continued, "is more than I can say for you. Honestly George, sometimes I . . ."

—Charles Hendrickson, *P.Vet., Jr.*



Journey Into South Of Here

THE rain came down in a September mist enclosing my train-seat world, shutting me off from the rest of the car, empty except for an elderly couple sitting far behind me. The mist collected into droplets on the outside of the double safety-glass window, and the droplets oozed toward each other, catching at the specks of grime, engulfing and carrying them along in grey streaks.

I focused my eyes on the shapes moving outside the window, and they composed themselves into a great mass of people hurrying toward the cars ahead of mine. I watched with a kind of fascinated interest. Great crowds of colored people were a new experience. I wondered vaguely if I