

in and be scared in. He showed skill. He climbed the side of the basket. She built a toothpick ladder up the side a little way. Mouse was the first really "live" thing she had ever had.

He was clean white but he started to smell after a couple of days. There were little problems . . . just trivialities but a little creature can siphon time away from your other thoughts . . . just to be watched. She studied his hair. She looked at the shape of the long little nose on the head with the pinhead red eyes. She saw the littleness of the head attached to the perfectly round, little, hunched-up body. The furry hair grew matted. It separated a little. She forgot to feed him one evening. He kind of smelled anyway. Got to find some place for him tomorrow. That night, he died.

Anyway . . . activities, such as bridge-playing and studying, go on in a most normal manner.

— *Doris Dockendorff, Sci. Jr.*



I love you as an angry torrent raging
 Onward in its frantic headlong flight
 Toward endless seas. I love you with the might,
 The unleashed fury of the water waging
 Ceaseless war against the country caging
 It within. It will forever fight
 The bounding land until someday or night
 It finds its goal, the ocean never aging.

I love you as the all-encircling ocean
 That holds in safety, yet can threaten all
 Mankind. A tidal wave can in one motion
 Crumble, kill, not heeding any wall.
 The sea's a bond impossible to sever;
 I shall hold you in my arms — forever.

— *Joel Jensen, Sci. Jr.*