

Strawberry Patch

by Jackie O'Donnell

English, Sophomore

And I saw this come to pass:

A SMALL MAN sat on the ground beneath the broad leaves of the strawberry patch, stuffing huge, juicy red fruits, as big as his fist, into his mouth. Between slurpy munches he muttered to himself about the good old days; he could almost see the band on the porch (he knew it was there! even though the porch was behind him, hidden by the strawberry plants). It was fuzzy, the music wavered as the image, but he still remembered the drummer especially, who had been his friend, and who ate strawberries beside him although with a knife, and talked philosophy by German authors.

And it happened as he sat, drooling strawberry goody (occasionally he shoved one into the mouth of his friend the dog, a brown-and-black-stuffed-toy-pup), that a lady came by. Her hair hung down beside her face (she liked to imagine herself as plain, when she really knew she was quite striking), and she wore button-down jeans and a blue chambray shirt.

The little man sprang up, a strawberry clutched in his hand, and said, "Lady, may I tell you I love you" She looked at him in amazement. ("You creep!") "Please, lady, let me tell you I love you!" The lady walked away quickly, stumbling into a particularly large strawberry plant. The little man followed the lady clear across the patch in this manner, pleading, "Lady, let me tell you I love you!"

And finally the lady turned to him in frustration (she'd always thought that a look of frustration made her prettier) and yelled, throwing her hands into the air, striking several strawberries to the ground, "All right! Go ahead! Tell me."

"I love you," said the little man, putting his hands into the pockets of his plaid trousers.

“Good!” shouted the lady, pitching the grounded strawberries at him. “NOW LEAVE ME ALONE!” And she disappeared into the patch, headed towards the porch and the band and the drummer.

The little man sat down and stuffed a strawberry into his mouth, muttering to himself in pink bubbles of strawberry jam about the good old days. He could almost see the lady (even though she was in the house behind him, hidden by the strawberry plants). She was a friend of his, who ate strawberries beside him, although with cream and sugar, and talked art forms by French painters . . .

And this as it came to pass I saw.

Night Visit

by Jo Anne Hagen

English, Sophomore

THE FOG had rolled in from the coast in the twilight, a vaporous wave gathering substance in the purpling dusk. By nightfall it had become an impenetrable shroud lying low across the valley. Viscous blackness sucked at the houses, seeped about the foundations. Susan was convinced it was even oozing through the window frames. She huddled in one corner of the overstuffed couch absently watching the television. She hated the fog; it frightened her. And, on this night, when even the familiar rural sounds were muffled into menacing whispers, she could only crouch on the sofa and wait for morning.

“Why,” she thought, “on this of all nights would Tim have to be gone. Why not some night when I could call the neighbors over, have a game of bridge?” She sighed deeply. What neighbors? This place was zero, nowhere.

They had lived here six months, in this remodeled farm home that had caught Tim’s eye; his bucolic nature was nurtured by crisp chirping of crickets on wet fall evenings, the owl’s eerie hoot, the rustle of unseen night animals