

a few yards ahead. He had to stifle an almost unconscious need to scream at the sight of the uniform.

Just then, his eardrums exploded. He looked around. Mark was turning the key in the ignition and lighting a cigarette.

“What . . . what did they do?”

“Oh, that guy didn’t speak English, so they took me to the head guard. He told me it would cost twenty marks for the lost plate. I tried to get him down to ten marks and two packs of Kents, but he said no.” Mark waved gaily at the last guard as they sped onto the Autobahn.

“YOU *WHAT?* You’re lucky he even let you and your Kents out at all!” Alan rubbed his sweaty hands on his slacks again, shuddering as he visualized Mark holding his American cigarettes under the nose of the chief border guard.

“Oh well, why not? I paid him in the end. Don’t worry—I played it cool. And we’re in the Free World now, right?”

Alan turned and watched the last rolls of barbed wire diminish on the horizon. He sighed again. This time he knew it was a sigh of relief.

“And, as the saying goes, ‘You lose your humor . . .’”

“‘You lose everything.’” Alan looked at Mark and smiled.

“Julius Caesar said that, didn’t he?” Mark blew a cloud of smoke at the windshield.

Alan settled back into his seat and nodded resignedly. “Right.”

## To Live

by *Alan Lowry*

*Electrical Engineering, Fr.*

I turn my paper brain to the world,  
Without a script or a soundtrack.  
Get out there and fail.