



Sunsets and Time

THE EVENING is old and the enchantment of a lingering sunset has disappeared with the slowly moving hands of a watch . . . a watch which rests on the wrist of one who does not care if the evening has gone . . . who does not care if a cloud hides the moon. . . .

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Somewhere on a hillside a man was thinking. . . . "The hill is steep and the stones and the dirt slip under my feet . . . there are other men around me and although they are silent I know that they think the hill is steep and the stones and the dirt bother them too. . . .

"There was once a hill behind a house . . . and I climbed the hill in the summer . . . and rode a sled on it in the winter . . . and I didn't mind because I wanted to. . . .

“That was a long time ago and I stopped playing on the hill . . . and I left the house . . . but it did no good because I am on a hill again. . . .

“It’s beautiful tonight and the sunset was a contradiction to my surroundings . . . I wish that there was more time to think of another place, far away, where a new evening and a sunset were beautiful . . . and where they were right. . . .

“But this is different . . . and I am different . . . I am another person . . . The others are different too . . . and they are here and still as far away as I am far away. . . .

“I wonder if it is evening time in the place where I have been? . . . Who is to know if I raise my watch to the light of the moon to see if my thoughts were with time? . . . if the sunset and the evening are now . . . or behind . . . or in the hours ahead. . . .”

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There is another man on top of the hill . . . he is apart from those below . . . and he is not one of them . . . but he too is far away in space . . . and in time . . . and in desire. . . But he stops and he returns . . . and once more he is looking out over the hillside with its stones and its dirt. . . .

Had the cloud near the moon been closer he could have stayed on . . . but an image of the moon . . . one small finger of light has dropped to the hillside . . . where it should not be . . . and he watches the image and he can no longer go back. . . .

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Those on the hillside are interrupted by a sharp, explosive sound. . . Each one returns to the hill . . . from wherever he has been. . . .

Each one but one . . . and he returns to the place of his thoughts . . . and he no longer cares if his thoughts were with time . . . for time has stopped . . . and he will rest as the others climb. . . .

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The evening and the night have passed . . . and the

hillside is quiet. . . . The morning sun finds the men on the other side of the hill and far away. . . . But wait . . . here to one side is one who remains . . . he is still . . . and the hands on his watch are still . . . but he smiles. . . .

—John Chatellier, *Ag. So.*



The Sammer and The Rock

THE SAMMER

THE LITTLE boy coming along the sidewalk looked like a cherub. With his blonde curls and apple cheeks, he could pass for Cupid. But instead of wielding a bow and arrow, he was dragging a big claw hammer. His fat, right hand was clutched around the end of the handle, and the head dragged along the sidewalk.

"Hey, Carl," said Windy. "Here comes your little brother. How come he's draggin' that hammer? Everyday I've seen him this week, he's been draggin' that hammer."

"My Old Man traded him the hammer for that hatchet he had last week. You seen that three-foot gap him and Arnold chopped in the porch railing, didn't you?"

The little boy approached. "Hello, Gus," said Windy.

"I not Gus. I Julius." The little boy turned to Carl. "Where Arnold?"

"He's back there behind Fordyce's garage playin' in the leaves." Carl pointed down the alley.

"Hey, Gus. Let me see your hammer." Windy reached for the hammer.

Julius swung the hammer above his head and down. Windy's toe jerked away just in time.

"My Sammer. I not Gus." Carl and Windy laughed as Julius went down the alley. He rounded Fordyce's garage and found Arnold, his four-year-old brother. Julius was three.

"Whatcha doin', Arnold?"

"I got matches," said Arnold. Julius leaned his hammer