

"Oh, that's easy!" she exclaimed, turning back to Rick. "It's two people. A man and a woman. See? He's bending toward her, and her hair is blowing in the wind." She traced a long fingernail over the painting as she spoke. "And the whole thing looks like we're seeing them through a screen of flames."

Rick nodded in agreement. Then he asked, "What do you think, Morrie?"

"Hmmm? Oh, I guess that's right," Morrie answered inattentively.

When the couple had gone and the room was again empty and still, Morrie's stare was fixed on the painting.

"Funny," Morrie thought to himself. "It's always looked more like a bird to me. A bright, tropical sort of bird.

"... a girl's hair blowing in the wind," she had said. No, that wispy streak is a tuft of the bird's wing.

"... there's a man bending over her ..."

That tallest part is the bird's head instead of a man.

And she had said, "two people ..."

No. There was just one bird, not two.

Morrie sat up, shrugged, and began to get ready for bed.

God's Assignment, A Satire

by Ann Marie Younggreen

God's Assignment, student of life,
should be copied Word for Word,
completed exactly as directed,
typed (double spaced) on unlined paper,
and delivered to the social director
no later than next Wednesday.