

Pledge

Joe Utter

Gen. E. '41

I WALKED slowly upstairs, looking at the key in my hand. "Sully" had never before had a good word for me. When I first moved into the house I felt that he disliked me. And now, on the fifth day of probation, when I needed sleep the very worst, he had given me the key to his room and said, "Here, kid, you look worn out. Go up to my room and get a couple hours' sleep."

I put the key in the lock and turned it. I walked in. I looked in the mirror over Sully's dresser, and a haggard face with two blood-shot eyes peered out at me. I grinned; the face in the mirror managed a wry, toothy smile. I flopped on the bed. My tired brain didn't seem equal to its task.

Why had Sully given me that key? All the answers seemed weak and silly, even in the state I was in.

"He likes me."

"He does it for all the pledges."

"It's a trap; some other active will come and find me sleeping here."

I quit thinking up wrong answers and dropped off to sleep. I dreamed about heaven and the angels. There was one angel I dreamed about particularly. He played the largest harp. He had the smiling blue eyes and the curly blond hair of Sully.



The Live Oak

Jean Austin

S. '39

The live oak's growth is very slow.
Cautiously the roots descend;
Slowly its slender leaves unfold—
Just so I like to make a friend.