

walk. Her train and veil were over her arm, and she was running as she always ran when she was happy. Then you heard a thin, ripping noise. Her veil had caught on a rosebush.

"That's good luck," she told you. "It's always good luck for a bride to tear her veil."

The next spring when you were puttering in the garden, you found a piece of torn veiling still clinging to the rosebush.

Good luck. A flushed face on a white pillow.

"It's a girl," you told her, "and her feet are as big as yours."

That pixie smile for a moment.

"Shall I send her back?"

"Not on your life."

She put her hand on yours. It was hot and damp.

You walked home from the cemetery. For a while you stopped by the brook and watched the water bubble under the ice. You saw it break and separate into grey blotches that spread into strange shapes and then dropped back in the full stream. It may have been hours that you stood there watching the bubbles break and spread and disappear. Then you went back up the hill, feeling the cold wind and hearing the ice crack under your heels. Just above the spruce trees, a misty moon glowed through the clouds. In front of the house you stopped and took a deep breath.

When you opened the door, you heard a baby cry.

Mood

Franklyn Brooks

Sc. Jr.

Gleaming headlights whizzing by,
Muffled crickets,
You and I.
It's night, my dear,
And in the sky
The stars and moon
Chase away the gloom
Of darkness.
It's night, my dear,
And you and I . . .