

SPRING 73

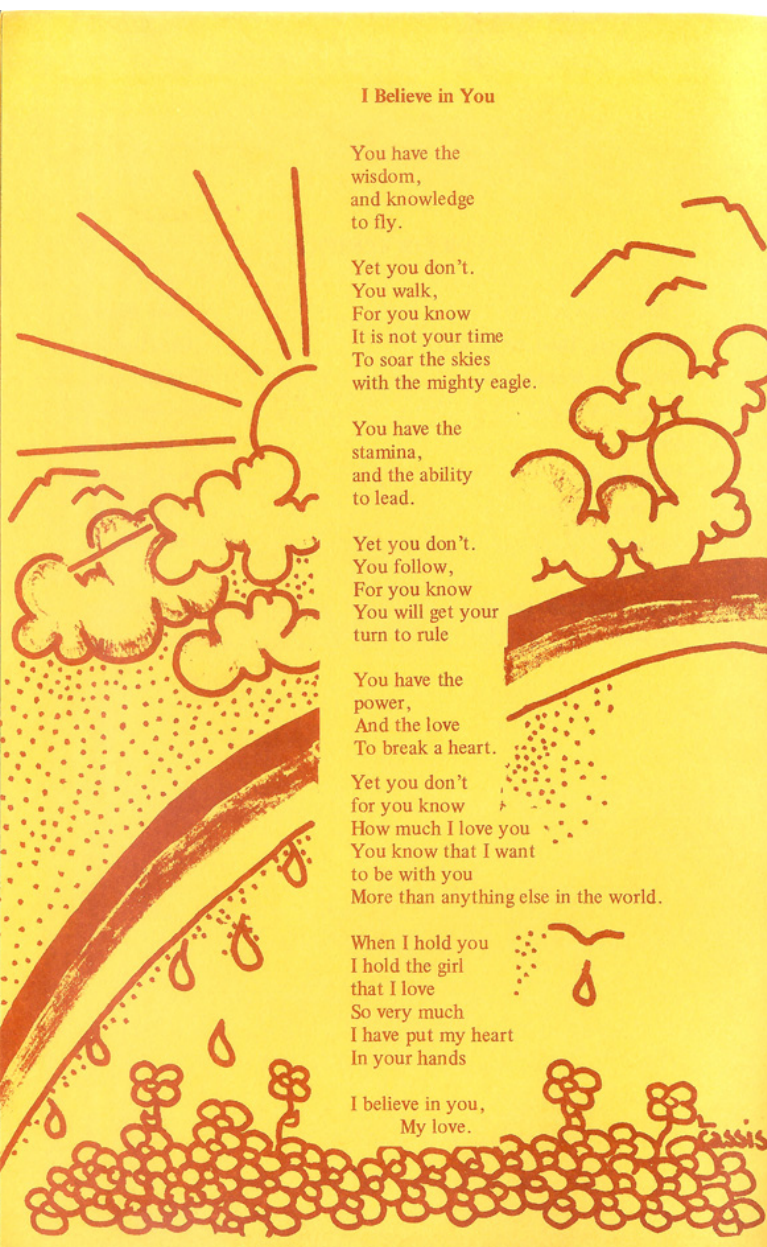
# REVUE

WAG-NDRA 3



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### I Believe in You

You have the  
wisdom,  
and knowledge  
to fly.

Yet you don't.  
You walk,  
For you know  
It is not your time  
To soar the skies  
with the mighty eagle.

You have the  
stamina,  
and the ability  
to lead.

Yet you don't.  
You follow,  
For you know  
You will get your  
turn to rule

You have the  
power,  
And the love  
To break a heart.

Yet you don't  
for you know  
How much I love you  
You know that I want  
to be with you  
More than anything else in the world.

When I hold you  
I hold the girl  
that I love  
So very much  
I have put my heart  
In your hands

I believe in you,  
My love.



Dear Lady  
Bruce Eversmeyer

You poured into my cup, dear lady,  
The finest wine of your own fruit.  
My glass was filled and overflowing  
And I was constantly replenished  
With the sweet clear tender essence  
That overflowed from you into my cup.


My cup was tipped and spilled over, dear lady,  
And out flowed bitter teardrops.  
As my glass became dry and thirsty,  
You tried to pick up the fallen drops,  
But you left my cup overturned.  
And I was filled with emptiness

Emptiness brings pain, dear lady,  
Like the constant ache in my stomach  
When I can find no nourishment.  
While I searched for a virgin wine,  
My very strength I did consume  
And my soul was numbed by loneliness.

From loneliness I drew odd strength, dear lady  
With which I stood my cup upright,  
And toward a better drink I trekked.  
Loneliness and emptiness are gone  
Now that my cup has been refilled  
And I am renewed, . . . dear lady.

I live Japan  
Dr. J. Coates

I have no father: Why is this  
There are nine children in my family: Why is this  
I have little of clothes: Why is this  
I have little of food: Why is this  
I have a very big stomach: Why is this  
I have not seen a doctor: Why is this  
I have not been to school: Why is this  
Why do man go to the moon: Why is this  
Could somebody tell me: Why is this?



My darling, thou art so rare  
Picture of perfection, from yer toes to yer hair  
Thine eyes cut like diamonds, or warm like fire.  
A voice like the lilting of Sweet Sapho's lire

Such beauty ain't been seen since before the fall  
Our love will bind us like Elmer's glue-all.

If you feel for me, won't you give me a sign?  
Loving you always,

your devoted Valentine

Love poem number two

It seems so wrong to take and never give  
please understand  
I want nothing in return  
when you take my love  
your acceptance of my love  
is the only gift  
I need



poem for Micheal

what more can i say?  
i tried to say i'm sorry  
but you wouldn't accept that  
i said i'd be your friend  
but you didn't want that  
wasn't that all we had?  
just friendship  
but i spoiled that when  
i said i'm sorry



HOT SUMMER DAYS

By Pegi Fauver

As I grew older, I learned about that time period called the Great Depression. I suppose you could say that I was raised during the Great Depression. We were poor, but then so was everyone. There were very few steady jobs, and my father was always working at odd times. At least he worked in town, some men were out west working on government jobs.

We lived in a worn but respectable house that had been owned by my father's family for generations. Filmore Street was a pretty street, typically small town with sidewalks and big shade trees. If you followed it one way you wound up in the center of town, the other way took you out past the farms and finally up to the cemetery.

There was this old park bench on the corner across from the grocery, we sat on that bench a lot. There was an old carved up tree behind the bench that made it cool on the hottest days. The bench had been donated by a man who had made it out of the Great War. His name was on the back and all: Joshua James Bedford, To All Those Who Are Not Here to Sit on this Bench.

When Joshua Bedford did die I was four. His wife said that it was exhaustion and heat, but everyone knew that he was so smashed that he tripped over a rug and landed in the bathtub. It was a huge porcelain thing with lion heads carved for legs. To hear the Bedfords tell it, we were all Huns or something who never bathed. Joshua's dying in the tub and all is what my father called a Great Irony.

The summer was the best time of the year for us. There were always things to do, even though we complained bitterly of boredom. But boredom was better than being stuck at home shelling peas on the back steps with Momma while she talked about days gone by in Wales. Momma was born in Wales, her father had been one of those miner fellows who never came clean. Momma inherited this thing about dirt from her mother. She was always cleaning, that's why we never had a dog or a cat. That and the fact that my father always said, "Mother of God Above! And we should feed muts while we starve!" I was always the cleanest kid on the block. I had two pairs of overalls and Momma washed the pair I wasn't wearing every other day. Sometimes she was too clean.

When I was little if you were wealthy you went to the picture shows for entertainment. You went if you were very poor to keep warm. If you were like my parents you didn't go, but if you were like me you did. While we sat on the Bedford bench we thought of ways to sneak into the shows. The boy who lived next door to us was named Mike O'Brian. He was of an Irish family with six sons. He was what my mother called a good boy. He was eleven when I was seven. He had always wanted a sister, and there I was: the girl next door. Mike was the one who always got us into the pictures.

One trick Mike used was walking very slowly into the theater backwards, only the crowds were seldom large enough to hide us. Sometimes we stood together on the sidewalk, Mike and I, and I would cry very loudly. A man in a faded red uniform would come up to us.

"Move on now," he would say.

"Yes sir, right away sir," said Mike and he would try to pull me away. I screamed and stood my ground.

"Move, yer blockin' the walk go on down and don't stand there."

"Yes sir. C'mon," said Mike. "Oh glory, won't you c'mon?"

I'd cry and wail and not budge. The man looked around self-consciously, making sure that no one saw what a poor job he was doing in clearing the walk. In these days people were very afraid of loosing their jobs.

"Shut up, can't cha?" he said to me, but I only cried. "Cry-sakes, watsa matta with'er?"

"Nothing, sir. We'll move," Mike assured him.

"No!" I screamed. "Oh, no. My bear, my bear!"

"Shut up. What bear? Wats'at you're sayin'? Shut up."

Mike slapped me.

Slapping wasn't part of the prearranged skit and I hollared for all I was worth.

"Wa'd'ja hit'er for? Shut up you," he said nervously.

"I want my bear!"

"What; Wa'sat? Wad she say?"

"It's her bear, sir. She has a bear named Thomas--"

"I don' care! What for is she carryin' on?"

"Thomas, sir, was left--"

"Thomas? Shut'er up!"

"The bear Thomas was left in the theater--"

"Alone, he's there alone," I sobbed for emphasis.

"And she wants to get him again."

"Tomorrow," said the man hurriedly. "You come here next mornin' whilst we're cleanin' up and you'll have yer bear."

"Now!."

"She wants it now, sir."

"I got ears boy. She's got too much noise in 'er for me to let 'er go into the theater."

"I'm quiet. I want Thomas, I'm quiet," I said suddenly.

The man was very suspicious. "Ver' well, but hush."

Once in the theater I slipped down the dark aisle to open the exit door and let Mike into see the picture. Mike attached a small rock to the bottom of the door after that so that it never completely closed and we could sneak in. The opening wasn't large enough for anyone to see.

Past the movie house, and near the bank there was a big hotel called the Royal Heritage. It was eight stories high and the biggest building in our town. Every Monday the laundry was taken out of a big bin in the basement and washed in the white machines lined against the wall. The hotel did its own sheets and pillow cases. These sheets were thrown down a laundry shoot every time a bed was changed. The big metal bin that the laundry was thrown into was usually full by Thursday.

Mike O'Brian, two other boys, John and Richard Larson, and I went down to the Royal Heritage one Thursday morning to ride the town's only elevator. My brother Harry ran the elevator. He was ten years older than I was and we didn't get along well. He kicked us out of the elevator, and being the way he was, Harry was mean enough to push us out in the basement so that we had to walk our way up to the lobby.

Richard Larson, who was a royal pain, was trying to put his brother's hand through a ringer, when Mike saw the bin.

Mike whistled for me to come over. I had been watching John trying to break his brother's grasp. Richard was big and strong but rather short on brains; John, who was quick and light, soon found his brother's weak spot and used it to his advantage. I walked over to Mike who was by this time in the bin.

"What are doing in the garbage?"

going to have anyone call me blue-neck. Horribly afraid, yet always dreadfully proud, I climbed into the laundry shoot and had the ride of my life. You landed on your feet and it didn't hurt at all. My stomach was jumping around in my throat. I swallowed a couple of times to make it be still.

A small town is nice, but it isn't very private. It was hard to find a place to be completely alone. Not many people had cars in those days, anyway there weren't many places to park. There weren't any fields to wander through, there were only alleys. Kids necked in movie theaters, sitting through the same picture two or three times. Or they stopped in vestibules and hallways where only little kids would see them.

Mike and I were going to the roof of the Heritage one hot night when I got my first lesson in sex. You kind of have to understand that heat, economical frustration and lack of privacy take their toll on people so that when they're finally alone the boy usually wound up coming on too strong. He came on too fast, but contrary to common belief, the girl didn't really want him to stop. She was scared and she didn't know what was expected of her so she dutifully murmured, Stop, and left it to fate. You could say Mike and I were fate. We saw such a couple on the fifth floor and in great interest, stopped to watch. This was quite a shock to the couple, and in embarrassment and anger they moved away.

I learned my real lesson in sex in what turned out to be the last night of my childhood. I didn't realize then that I was losing all innocence, but looking back I can see that that was why I was so afraid that night. I didn't know what I was getting into. I was closer to eleven or twelve that summer.

I slid down the shoot in the Heritage as I had done many summers and when I landed in the sheets I found Mike was there. There was tickling and pushing along with shoving and muffled gasps of laughter. Suddenly a light was turned on and we could see a fat woman blocking the entrance to the basement. She shouted filthy accusations at us which cut into me and caused me to feel a guilt that I shouldn't have. She took a meaningful step down the stairs and childlike we burrowed in the sheets. Mike told me later that she was drunk; it didn't matter, she had still given me a burden of shame I did not deserve.

A man came to the doorway then and yelled at the woman. When she turned to him, Mike jerked me out of the bin, grazing my side painfully. Breathless and frightened, my teeth chattering in the summer heat, we sat together in an alley behind the hotel. She had given us a fear of life and truth and things we did not understand. In our fear, we clung to each other and cried together.

Not because we wanted to, but because we were following some sort of pattern, we did the accepted thing for two people alone in an alley. We began to kiss. Experimentally at first, and then for reassurance and security. There was a strange desparateness to it, as if it were something which had to be done. That frightened us even more.

The usual things happened to our town. People grew up and away. A war came, and as all wars do, it took the young men of our town. There is a park now where the Royal Heritage used to stand. In the park is a plaque honoring those who died in the second great war. Midway down the carved stone is the name Michael Patrick O'Brian.

I remember the day I knew for sure that Mike had died. It was a cold, grey morning. That's why I could look out the window and see the O'Brian's house next door. And on the door knob I could see a black silk bow. The older people in our town kept up that tradition. A pink bow was a baby girl, a blue bow was a baby boy, a white one was a virgin soon to be wed and a black silk bow meant that within that family someone had died.

The floor boards under my bed were cold and rough, but I knelt there all the same, trying to pray. It was too cold for me to pray. We didn't have enough money to let the furnace run during the night.



Dear Mrs. Corleone:

I'm afraid that your son Vito has become somewhat of a disciplinary problem at school. He, in fact, seems to be at the center of a rather large problem. It may be a bit difficult to explain, but keep in mind that your son is (as I'm sure you know) a very clever child and is prone to employ rather unorthodox methods to get what he wants. As you read on, I'm sure you will see what I mean.

It started back in November, I believe, coincidental to the time when many of Vito's classmates began calling him by the name of 'Don'. Vito had recently gotten a black eye from a third grader during a quarrel over milk money. A few days later, the third grader was beat up by some other boys. He claimed that three of Vito's friends ganged up on him after school. The three second-graders, Stretch Fanucci, Skip Marconi, and Shorty DiAngelo, denied their guilt and blamed a boy from the fourth grade. Anyway, similar incidents occurred sporadically well into the winter. I could never determine the cause of the trouble, but little Vito seemed to be gaining many more friends.

This clique of Vito and his friends was a very close-knit group, much closer than the other cliques I've seen develop. I have often suspected them of cooperating on homework assignments as well as on classroom work. Once, I caught Vito and two others cheating on a spelling test. I threatened them with some mild punitive measures. The next day, I was surprised to find the guppies in our classroom aquarium floating up-side down. I didn't see any connection until a week later when I saw two other members of the clique cheating in arithmetic and suspended their recess. On the day after that incident I opened my desk drawer to find it swarming with cockroaches.

But there were still more things happening inside and outside the classroom. For instance, there was a great increase in the illegal bubble-gum traffic, throughout the school. At the same time many members of the clique could be seen with their pockets swollen with coins. Lately, I've observed a great deal of money changing hands during their games of twiddly-winks. And just last week I inspected the wastebasket and I could hardly believe my eyes, but I found a bookmakers chart for softball game.

Your son is not all nastiness, though Mrs. Corleone. For instance, I have much reason to believe he was responsible for taming the classroom bully, Bully McCreedy. Bubba had always picked on several of the smaller boys. But it seems that a few weeks ago he picked one fight too many. He gave one of Vito's best friends, Shorty DiAngelo, a bloody lip. He came to school a few days later with both eyes swollen

and black. Since then, Bubba has turned into a pussy-cat and I've often seen him doing favors for Vito and his friends. When I asked Vito how he did it, he replied in that low, hoarse voice of his, "I made him an offer he couldn't refuse."

On wit's end,  
Mrs. Brown  
2nd grade teacher

February 23, 1973

Dear Mrs. Nixon:

I'm sending this letter home to inform you that your son Richard is becoming quite a discipline problem. This trouble seems to have started after he had been elected Wastebasket Monitor. It seems that Richard is having delusions of grandeur. He insists on being pulled around in a wagon while he stands up and makes V-signs with his fingers.

Richard will simply have to curb his agressions. I could understand when he brought his toy soldiers, all forty thousand of them, to school. But there is no excuse for pounding the daylight out of his playmates and referring to it as 'protective reaction'.

I don't know what kind of homelife Richard has, but he seems very spoiled. Why, just the other day he ordered the Kissinger boy to have some sort of negotiations with the sixth graders. He rarely does anything himself, but instead tells the Agnew child, or little Henry Kissinger to do it for him.

Richard doesn't manage his money very well, either. It appears that he spends all his money on cherry bombs and water pistols, but rarely contributes money to anything else. These weapons he uses on the sixth graders. (He's had a undeclared war with them for God knows how long.) He claims that he is not fighting with them. What is the big idea?

Just who the heck does Richard think he is, anyway? Only last week he ordered the cafeteria to reduce the price of icecream, 12 cents, to 8 cents. He says that this is "inflationary". Such big words to use! What does he do at night, sit at home and read the dictionary?

One thing I will say for Richard. He is an energetic child when it comes to running for office. In the recent Wastebasket Monitor election, he was accused of planting a bug in his'opponents home. All this campaigning and running around is at the expense of his studies. If he doesn't shape up, he'll be in the second grade for, as he put's it, "four more years, four more years."

Regards,  
Mrs. Sylvia P. Bushwacker

# FANGORN

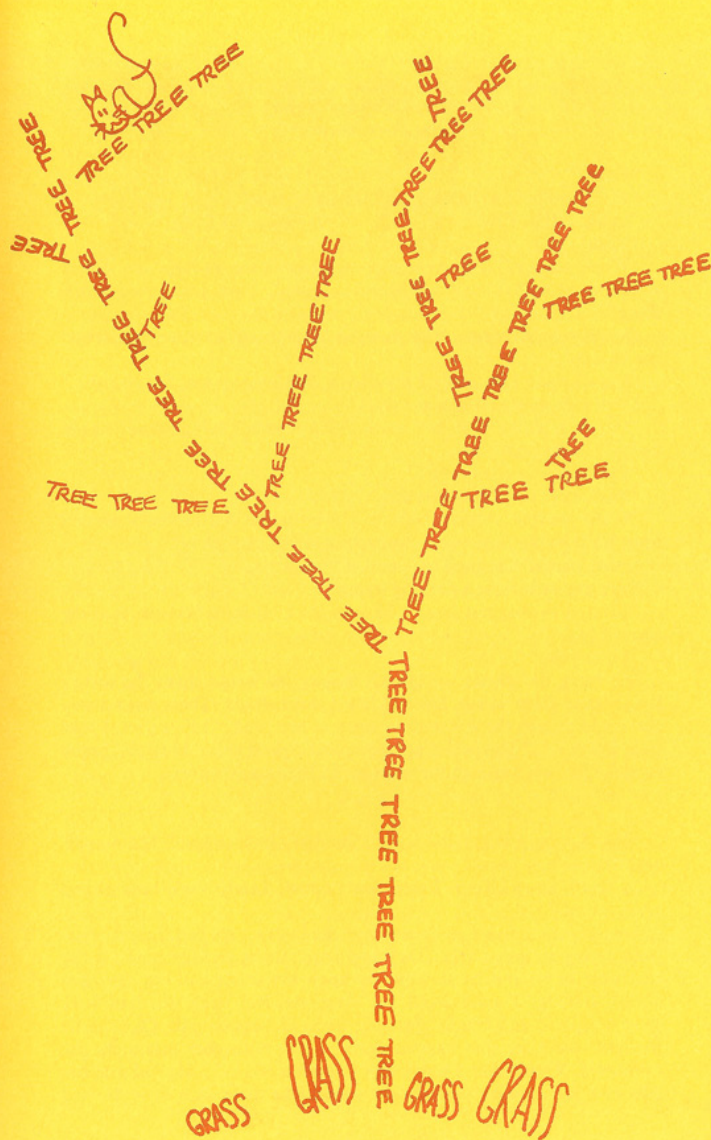
Once upon a time in a big dark forest there lived a baldroc. His name was Fangorn-Fangorn the Baldroc. Fangorn was basically an ugly guy, plain faced with monstrous leathern wings which folded round his blocky bod. Everybody in the forest thought Fangorn was a wise old whizzard. The forest folk sent their children to learn from him. Fangorn had a deep secret that hardly anyone knew about. He, The Great Baldroc, did not know what he was teaching to his pupils.

Lately Fangorn had had misgivings about how secure his secret was. He had seen pupils wandering nearer to the edge of the forest from where the grate wight light could be found, the sight of which was forbidden.

Fangorn feared the grate wight light because it might cause him to lose his power over forest folk. Fangorn tried to keep his pupils from going nearer the light by placing prickly vines around the forest. Fangorn worried about the vines—wondering whether they were keeping the students within the depths of the forest. Fangorn continually asked his pupils if the vines were bothering them. When they said 'yes', he knew the pricks were doing their job.

But the vines didn't hold back all the pupils. One child, Scrupils by name, managed to get by the vines and then, looking straight ahead, walked out of the forest into the grate wight light. Scrupils was ENLIGHTENED, immediately. Then, he knew Fangorn's secret. The child returned to the forest and confronted Fangorn. But Fangorn refused to go with the child to be enlightened. Also, he feared the light too much. So Scrupils took many pupils back with him and they were enlightened. But not all went with him. Some were afraid of the unknown. Some didn't want to disobey their parents or Fangorn. And so some always lived in the dark forest. The others, though, lived in the light and learned all the truths that had been forbidden of them in the forest.

**Moral** — if you can't see the light for the forest, you know you have a Fangorn in your midst and pricks in your side.



"Merry Christmas, Lenny"  
by Mary Brosmer

"Hello?"

"Hi." The voice was shakey and unsure of itself.

"Janet, is that you?"

"Yeah."

"Where are you? You were supposed to call me an hour ago. Jan, is anything wrong? You don't sound so good. Have you taken something?"

Questions! Questions! Why does he have to ask so many questions! she thought.

"I'm all right Len, really I am. Please, don't worry me. I'm all right."

"Well I do worry. Where are you?"

"I'm at a phone near the dorm." She couldn't bring herself to tell him where she really was.

"Can I see you tomorrow?"

"Yeah sure, you know you don't have to ask."

"I just wanted to make sure you'd be home. I'll be there around four. We'll go out someplace. Someplace really nice, okay?"

"Sure, okay." She tried to sound enthusiastic.

"Are you sure there's nothing wrong?"

"Lenny I'm fine, just fine." She sounded a bit more brusque than she wanted to.

"I love you."

She hung the phone up quickly hoping he would think she hadn't heard those three words. She had heard them alright. There was no way she could escape the resounding voice in her head, "I love you, I love you, I love . . ." She pulled her worn coat tighter around her and began to make her way through the crowds of Christmas shoppers.

\* \* \*

"Hey Lenny. I saw Janet today. She don't look so good. She on pills again?"

"I don't know, Tom. I just don't know. Lately she's been acting really weird."

Lenny went into his room and stretched out on his bed. Jan sure had been acting strange lately. They had been dating steadily now for the past year or so and he thought he knew her inside and out. She was always smiling, a good word for everyone. But lately she had been short-tempered and cranky. Just like when she was on pills. Oh God, he thought, don't let that happen again! I still remember that night she overdosed. Wow, what a weird way to meet a chick . . . He had sold her pills at a party. never thinking she would take them all at once. He had

carried her to the hospital and waited alone all night until he was told she was going to be okay. Please, he thought, Please don't let that happen again! . . .

"Hey Len!" It was Tom. "Your brother and a few other people are here. Wanna join the party?"

"Naw, tell 'em I'm asleep."

"Hey man, that stuff with Jan still buggin' ya?"

"Yeah. I just can't figure her."

"Listen, she's probably just getting some crazy ideas about getting married or some such shit like that. I wouldn't worry about it."

"Well I am worried, God dammit!" he shouted.

"Hey, I'm sorry. I tell ya what, I'll talk to her." Tom said.

"Would you?" You could probably get more out of her than I could."

"Sure. I'll go talk to her tomorrow. If you change your mind about partying, come on out. They brought some good-looking chick with them. Really wild."

"Not interested."

"Well I am!"

\* \* \*

Janet arrived back at her apartment late. Her roommate, Chris, had a few friends over. It was Friday and a rare occasion when there were people in the Room. Chris was the type of person who rarely stayed home, especially if she didn't have a class the next day. Jan really didn't feel like joining the get-together. She ignored the invitations, and went down the hall to take a shower.

"Wow! What's eatin' her, Chris?"

"I don't know. Probably had a fight with Lenny. Lets go get some beer."

When Jan came back from the shower Chris and her friends were gone. She couldn't help feeling relieved. Chris was nice, real nice, in fact, too nice. She would be leaving next week to go home for the holidays. Jan wasn't going home. Her mother was in Europe and no one knew where her father was. She had thought about visiting her relatives but they were so scattered around she could never visit all of them during the short vacation, so she decided to stay on campus and spend Christmas with Lenny. But now she wasn't so sure she wanted to be with him during Christmas. She loved him that hadn't changed. But other things had. Her thoughts began to ramble and so she fell asleep.

\* \* \*

Jan, wake up! Tom's downstairs in the lobby waiting for you!" It was Chris waking her up.

"What time is it?"

"Ten o'clock."

"Tell Tom to come on up." She dragged herself out of bed and dressed. She had just finished when Tom knocked on the door.

"Who is it?"

"It's me, Tom. Can I come in?"

"Sure."

Tom went in and sat down.

"Hi Tom, how are you?"

"Let's cut the polite stuff. I want to know what's been buggin' you."

She didn't answer, and began to clean up the room. She had known Tom since jr. high school. He was the closest friend she had. Jan knew she could confide in him and then rest assured that what she said to him would go no further, so she decided to tell him. Besides, he might be able to help her out.

"Com on now Jan, level with me. What's wrong!"

"Okay, I'll tell you, but you've got to promise not to tell a soul, not even Lenny."

"Sure! Sure! Now tell me!" Tom was getting impatient, which was something that rarely happened.

"Tom, I'm pregnant. Now you promised you wouldn't tell anyone! Especially Lenny! If he knew he'd kill me!"

"I don't understand."

"Lenny won't either. He won't want the baby. You should know that. He won't marry me, he can't. He can hardly support himself much less a wife and baby."

"Now you don't believe that, do you?"

"Of course I do. Lenny **does not** want a baby! He'll probably leave town when he finds out."

"When are you going to tell him?"

Jan got up out of the chair and started to "clean" again. "Janet, you **do** realize that you have to tell him sometime. I'm sure he'd rather you tell him than find out himself!"

She paused a moment and then turned slowly towards Tom.

"Maybe he doesn't have to find out . . . ever."

"What the hell are you saying!"

"I'm saying I could have an abortion."

"Janet Richards! The least you could do is ask Lenny's opinion. He just might want the baby."

"Oh come off it Tom." She was almost yelling. "Lenny won't want this baby. Maybe later, but not now! If he doesn't know it won't hurt him."

"Shit! You're crazy. You're really crazy!"

She turned away from Tom.

"Lenny's coming over at four and I've got things to do."

"Okay, I can take a hint. But before I go, promise you won't do anything dumb without telling me first."

"Sure, okay."

He left without another word. Janet flopped down on her bed. Before Tom came over she had never even thought of having an abortion. Maybe that was an alternative. She had seriously considered dropping out of college, leaving the state, maybe go to the west coast, having the baby and giving it up for adoption. There was only one hitch. The thought of some stranger caring for her baby, turned her off completely. If she went ahead and had the abortion, Lenny would never know she was ever pregnant. He wouldn't be mad or upset and he wouldn't leave her because he'd never know.

She had made up her mind. It was a hasty decision, she knew that, but she was sure she was doing the right thing. She knew of an abortion clinic near the University.

I'll call the clinic right now, she thought. The sooner I get it done, the better.

She was grateful that there was nobody in the hall so no one would "accidentally" overhear her conversation. She made an appointment for the next Saturday. She had told them she was in trouble, and had to have it done as soon as possible.

Well it's done, she thought. A week from now it'll all be over and Lenny will never know . . .

She felt relieved, as if some great burden had been dropped on her. She needed money. One hundred and seventy five dollars.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY FIVE DOLLARS! she thought. Oh Christ, where am I going to get that much money! I've only got \$250 in the bank. Shit!

She kicked a chair and started to cry. She cried for a while before she realized she was only wasting her time. Half of the money out of the bank she thought. I can always get a cheaper watch.

She was disturbed from her thoughts by someone shouting for her.

"Jan! Is Jan here? Janet Richards, telephone!"

She got up and ran out of the room.

"Thanks Jo Jo. Do you know who it is?"

"Lenny."

"Hello."

"Hi baby. I just called to say I'll be there in about ten minutes."

"Sure okay. Just come on up."

The ten minutes passed quickly. When Lenny arrived Janet had a couple of beers out she had put on a Simon and Garfunkel album.

"Hi Lenny."

"Hello Angel!" He grabbed her and lifted her high in the air. "Do you realize, I haven't seen you in almost four whole days!"

"Yeah "

Lenny sat down and opened a beer.

"Want one?"

"Please."

He opened one for her.

"I got tonight all planned out. First we'll go do some shopping, then we'll go somewhere nice for dinner. I'm going to let you pick the spot. Then we'll go to a party. Eddie and Sue are having one tonight. How's that sound?"

"Fine."

"I love you, Jan."

She didn't say anything.

"Janet, do you love me?"

"Of course I do. You know that."

"Then say it."

"I love you."

"How much?"

"Very much." She kissed him and he pulled her down onto his lap.

"Come on Lenny, let's go."

\* \* \*

They went into the "hippie district" of town. Jan loved to shop in the tiny shops that lined the narrow streets. Lenny hated it. He'd stand outside the store, smoking a cigarette, waiting for Jan to do her looking. The only part about shopping that Lenny didn't detest was when Jan would find what she called a "once-in-a-lifetime-find." Her child-like enthusiasm when she would show him what she found made him love her even more.

They shopped till about eight o'clock. By that time Lenny had had about all he could take of the crowds and besides, he didn't think he could carry another package. They drove back to the dorm so Jan could change. Chris was there when they got to her room. She jumped off the bed and threw her arms around Lenny and kissed him.

"Hi baby," she cooed. "Haven't seen you in a long time. Hey Jan, I'll bet you've been hiding him so I won't steal him away from you."

Lenny pulled away from her none to gently and Janet gave a look that could kill.

"You know what your problem is Jan?" Chris said, tossing her head. "You're much too possessive."

"Why don't you go get drunk," said Lenny.

"Alright, alright! I get the message. I'll be down the hall at Jo Jo's if you need me!" And with that she danced out of the room.

"That chick is enough to freeze even a sex fiend!"

"Lenny! Don't talk like that! She, well, nice."

"You've got to admit, Jan, she does come on a bit strong."

"You should be flattered. She craves your body." Jan turned on her sexy voice.

"I'd rather have water buffalo crave my body." Lenny turned on his disgusted voice. "Of course, then again, there's not much difference between her and a water buffalo."

They both laughed. Jan finished dressing and they left.

"Well, where do you want to go for dinner?"

"I don't care, you surprise me."

"Hey you know something Jan, you seem to be in a much better mood than you have been during the past few weeks. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. Of course she knew. She had made her decision about the baby and now that that burden was finally off her shoulders, she felt relieved and even wonderful.

"Well if you don't know why you're in such a good mood, then maybe you can tell me why you were in such a rotten one before."

"I wasn't feeling well."

"Did you take anything?"

"No. No! You know I haven't done downs for almost a year now."

"Okay." He let it drop. No use spoiling her good mood.

He took her to the restaurant where they had celebrated their two-week anniversary almost a year ago. All through dinner he kept trying to figure out why she had been acting so strange and why the sudden change. She couldn't have been on pills, he felt sure of that. The last time, it had taken her about two months to become herself again. No, it had to be something else. He finally decided to wait and see what Tom had found out.

After dinner they went to Eddie and Sue's. There was a real wild party going on. Jan didn't like parties that promised to get out of hand and since this one was already, they decided to leave.

Lenny took Janet back to the dorm, promised he'd come over the next day, kissed her goodnight, and left. When he got back to his own apartment there was a note from Tom.

Lenny,

Have gone to Madison to see my brother. Be back on Friday.

Tom

"Oh shit!" He said out loud.

Now I have to wait till then to find out what Jan said, he thought. He cursed Tom under his breath and went to bed.

\* \* \*

The rest of the week went by extremely slow for Lenny but nearly flew by for Jan. She told Lenny she was going to spend the night with a friend on Friday and wouldn't be back until late Saturday night. Everything would go according to plan . . .

Tom got back late Friday afternoon. Lenny had taken off work just so he could find out what Jan said. When Tom came home, Lenny nearly pounced on him.

"Did you talk to Janet?"

"Yeah."

"What did she say?"

"I can't tell you."

"Listen you son of a bitch, tell me what she said!"

"Well she said, 'Hi Tom, how are you doing?'"

"Oh fuck you!" At that moment Lenny didn't give a damn what she said to Tom. He figured, if it was that important that she'd tell him. He decided to get good and stoned that night and then spend Saturday sleeping it off. He went into his room and took a few downers.

After he took the pills, he drank a few beers and soon was feeling very good. Then all of a sudden he stood up and walked into the kitchen and pulled a large knife out of a drawer and went into Tom's room. Tom was sitting on the bed with his headphones on. His eyes were closed so he didn't see or hear Lenny come in. Lenny walked over to Tom's bed and pulled off the headphones. He grabbed Tom by his shirt. By this time, Lenny was really flying high.

"Alright You mother-f--king son of a bitch, you're going to tell me what the hell Jan told you that's so secret, or I'm going to kill ya!"

Tom knew that he meant it. At least he did at the time. Lenny could never do anything like this if he was straight.

"Okay! Okay! I'll tell you! Just calm down!" Calm down, he thought, I'm the one who should calm down! "Before I tell you, please put that knife down!"

Lenny put the knife down. "Okay, tell me!"

"Lenny, Janet is pregnant."

"By who? I'll kill him!"

"You're the father, Len."

Lenny sat down with a jolt. "Me? But why didn't she tell me?"

"She was afraid you wouldn't want the baby and that you'd leave her."

"Wouldn't want the baby! Leave her!" The shock of all this had more or less straightened him out and his mood changed considerably. "Wouldn't want the baby!" he repeated. "Of course I want the baby! This is too fantastic to believe! I'll marry her . . . Wow, I've been looking for some reason to marry her . . . A baby! Tom, I'm a father! Well, almost! I just can't believe it!"

He went on and on most of the night, talking about the baby. Tom stayed up with him, patiently listening to him talk about the baby - James Leonard Thomas the Third.

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Jan went down to the clinic early Saturday morning. Her appointment was for ten o'clock. She had the money tucked under a flap in her purse, which she clutched tightly in both hands. She was so nervous

that her stomach and head hurt. The pain in her stomach, she concluded was from not eating. She got there about 9:30. There were already two other girls in the waiting room. Jan sat down and lit a cigarette. It'll all be over soon, she thought. Lenny would probably agree with what I'm doing. But Lenny will never know.

The nurse called her into the office. The doctor asked her all the routine questions like, "How far along are you with the pregnancy?, Why didn't you use birth control?, What does the father think about it?, Do you have the money?"

After the consultation she was taken to the preparation room. They gave her a mild sedative and before she knew it, she was in the recovery room. They gave her penicillin and as soon as she felt strong enough they let her go.

When she got back to the dorm it was close to four o'clock. Chris was gone. She had left on Friday to go home. Jan felt very alone. She wanted to call Lenny, but she knew if she did, he'd want to come over, and she just didn't feel strong enough to see him. She went to the cafeteria and ate a small supper.

It was close to six when exhaustion and relief overcame her and she fell sound asleep.

\*\*\*

Lenny came over the next morning. Janet had just gotten out of bed and dressed. Lenny knocked at the door. Len didn't wait for her to answer. He burst in and grabbed her.

"Why didn't you tell me!" There was joy and excitement in his voice.

"Tell you what?" There was fear in her voice.

"About the baby! Why didn't you tell me?"

"How did you find out?"

"Tom told me. Hey, what's wrong? We can get married right away! I love you and I'm going to love that baby!"

"Lenny, there is no . . . baby." She started to cry.

"Jan, what did you say?"

"There is no baby! I had an abortion because I didn't think you'd want it!"

"God, girl!" He was shouting at her. "How could you've ever doubted me! How could you have ever doubted my love for you!"

She couldn't stand it any longer. She ran out of the room and down the empty hall to the stairs. Lenny ran after her. Janet ran down the stairs and outside the building, where Lenny caught her. She was crying hysterically. Lenny held her tightly. She looked up at him through her tears.

"You always could run faster than me."



Anne Williams

Judy Peacock

Julie Peacock

Ann Rainey

Larry Cassis

Betsy Chamberlain

Phil Dexter

Dennis Hedge

Mary Jane Barney

Mr. Victor H Kryston Jr.

Peggy Patch