

Use (Bare for ending)

Too soon they had reached her barrack. They were at the bottom of the stoop leading up to the door of her family's room. The curtain of the neighbor's window lifted up ever so slightly.

"Well," she said, "I guess this is it."

He put his arms around her but she <sup>crushed</sup> pushed him away. "Didn't you see the curtain moving in that barrack in front of us?"

"What the hell?" he said with impatience. "Do you know, do you have any idea what's going on out there? I may not see you for a long time...maybe never." <sup>and when next world</sup>

"you don't care at all what people think. Do you know how fast the rumors would fly about how wild I am and on and on. ONLY the other day Mrs. Y. came from Block 35, 2 miles away to tell Mom what a drunkard, <sup>perhaps</sup> even a Communist ~~you are~~. You didn't exactly have a good reputation in Seattle, you know."

you may be

"I want you to leave this place. Get out and see the world. You're the smartest girl in this whole camp. You got to <sup>get</sup> go to college, and give yourself a chance. You got something to give this world. Don't get stuck in this hole with all these medieval ideas. Straighten your back," he said and slapped her on her back. He paused for a moment and looked at the sky. "No telling where we're going to end up." In her heart which was full to bursting, she was thinking she would follow him to the ends of the earth if he asked her, but she blurted out, "I hate you. I hate you."

For the first time in their relationship, he talked slowly, quietly, "Don't you know we're going to need all the luck in the world. Let's wish each other luck." She turned around and ran up the stairs. She opened the door and stepped into the warmth. Mama glanced <sup>at</sup> her as she raked the coals in the pot belly stove, Papa was asleep on his cot. Mich came out from behind the curtain, the makeshift closet, already in her bathrobe.

what was

She asked her, "It's kind of early to go to the bath, isn't it?" Mich said that it was so cold that she was going to get to bed early to do some homework reading. She grabbed her towel, nightgown, and toothbrush, released with a sudden burst of energy. Outside there was no sign of Dyke. The night was icy and <sup>silent</sup>. As they scurried toward the showerroom, she asked Mich, "How do you like Dyke?" silent

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MAY 1962

~~James~~

pink chills

"Oh, he's OK." Then she added with a laugh, "But he cheats at cards, you know. Let's hurry; it's freezing." With a laugh she followed Mich. Her wooden clogs clattered sharply under the myriad crystal stars.

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