

# An Autumn Morning

Don Haymaker

**A** GLANCE across the vast open fields reveals a rose-colored haze which seems to be suspended over a glistening sheet of frost. Every fence rail, every leaf, each single blade of grass, and even the wisps of tumble-weed lie painted with the shimmering crystals of frozen dew.

Between the fence rails nearby, hangs a spider web; its glowing branches seem to make a small crown, sparkling with bright stones. The stillness is broken only by the sounds of the small creatures as they awaken. The birds begin to chirp, and chattering squirrels run through the trees across the road.

Suddenly, without warning, rays of brilliant red-orange burst through the silky haze and light the bright colors in the tops of the tallest trees. Rising slowly above the horizon, the sun spreads its warming rays over the earth, making the frost disappear from the fodder shocks and pumpkins in the cornfield. Far away the crow of a rooster is heard, and the morning awaits the wakening world.

## Kip

Carol Manwaring

**T**HE clatter and clank of tray carts in the hall recalled to Kip another clash, sounding like all the Lord's judgment, that had sucked him into oblivion. An equine nurse, as unyielding in appearance as her stiffly starched uniform, crackled toward the bed. It was then, when Kip reached out eagerly for the tray, that he realized both arms were gone. His left shoulder articulated with empty space; his right elbow sought in vain for something to clutch to the upper arm bosom. The trolley that had lunged upon this four-year-old and his tricycle had put an end to the closest existing cooperation—that of the human machine. Still, being only four years old, Kip did not contemplate the difficulties that would soon face him. In that narrow room on that skimpy bed, Kip had, of course, shed tears—not tears of remorse or realization but tears of immediate pain. He had no life ambition to be a pianist or even a baseball pitcher. His only regret was that he could not be an efficient garbage collector.

Kip's mother was a sympathetic person, unfortunately for him. She felt that it was her duty to patronize, amuse, and protect her son. She cautiously excluded all former playmates from his life, afraid of their childish cruelty. She restricted her son's more violent activities, though the irrepressible Kip still slid down the banister at opportune moments. After long continuance of this practice, the little