papers, I would speculate that the current international trend is a
prologue to something bigger and more important in the future. I
can only hope that the policies finally made by our nation are ones
that will strike at the basic conflicts, and ones that will be worthy of
posterity.

I Will Find My Place
Gary Moore

I CANNOT see! I am aware of light, but I cannot perceive images.
The blinding light is intolerable. I must take refuge in darkness.
When I try to move, I find that I am unable to walk! Finally, I
manage to squirm and wriggle deeper into the warm, slimy ooze which
envelops me. Here in this wet, pulsing darkness, time means nothing
to me. There is no sleep or boredom, no night or day. There is only
the all-enfolding darkness.

Now I am aware of a great urge within me. I must do some-
ing! I struggle up through the blackness toward the light. As I
emerge into the light, I am surprised to realize that it is no longer
a source of discomfort. Instead, the light seems to increase the
urgency of this indefinable need which drives me. I succeed in forc-
ing my almost helpless body out of the clinging slime and onto
dry land.

As I lie here, exhausted, a great change ripples through my body.
Suddenly, my perception clears. I am overwhelmed by a wealth of
sights, sounds, and smells. My vision is still slightly blurred, how-
ever. Although motion is easily discernible, I have difficulty in
distinguishing still objects. I am greatly pleased to find that I am
now able to walk. I walk in circles, testing my legs and loving the
feel of independence and mobility. I pause to rub the filth from my
feet and smooth down my hair.

This is unbelievable! I am flying! I am moving effortlessly
through the air. My surprise is dulled, however, by a gnawing, over-
powering hunger. I spiral down onto a broad, flat plain to begin
my search for food. Luck is with me! I soon find several large
jagged crystals which, I am pleased to discover, have a surprisingly
sweet taste. Nearby, I find an odd, ring-shaped lake where I eagerly
quench my thirst. The cool water lifts my spirits, and I look upon this
puzzling existence with renewed hope. Perhaps, after all, I will find
my place in this strange world around me. My thoughts are inter-
rupted by a sudden feeling of alarm. Then, I see it! A large, black
shape is hovering above me. I crouch, unable to decide whether to
run or to fly. The black thing grows larger, and I realize that it is
rushing down upon me. There is no escape! As the air whistles
violently around me, I know that I am about to die.

The housewife gives the fly-swatter a final decisive shake as she
mumbles, "Pesky fly!" Then, with a determined sniff, she returns
to her cleaning.