

windows at the mysteries beyond the sky. Imprison in perfume vials the mists of late autumn afternoons, the prim lavender and old lace atmosphere of a New England country town

Dictator of the world? There are other things also Be big, vast as the silent night. Be infinitesimal beyond the probing scientist's view. Be heart and soul of each man in the world. Know how each thinks and feels. Be darkness and light. Be everything and be nothing The voice

was laughing

A wild burst of applause shattered my reverie. The great man had been named. The spokesman beckoned. I hesitated a moment and then walked toward the man. He was holding out the robe destined for the dictator of the world, but I shook my head. They wouldn't understand, but it didn't matter because I knew. I couldn't be dictator. I turned and started down the long stairway from the triumphal arch.

EXCERPTS

- I. Leonardo Da Vinci's paintings were so realistic, that the image he painted almost protruded from the canvas. *Realistic Painting* by June Holtman.
- II. He was a saint the first day of the week and a business devil the other six.
The soft, red light cast by the colors in the rose window threw a flase look of kindness on her harsh features. *Sunday Morning* by Harold Kellermeier.
- III. A tantalizing fly hummed its farewell to life about the room. Its abrupt silence I heard as a distinct sentence to die, for this sentence was immediately followed by the guillotine—like crack of a newspaper. "Got him," was its unmistakable pronouncement of death. *Musings* by Thomas Broden.
- IV. Down the street came a muffled figure, black against the snow-covered earth. Out of the stillness came the measured tread of his heavy boots as

they snapped the thin ice that crusted the snow. The sound grew louder and more distinct as he came nearer. Each step breaking the night's silence like the crack of a dead twig. *Footfalls in the Snow* by Barbara Jane Peacock.

- V. Nocturne's sheath of magic has erased the distorted lines of broken fence; torturously gnarled trees become graceful.
Nearer is the cat, sleeping contentedly beside them. Cool, sweet fragrance of fresh, living plants is more refreshing than sleep itself. Eyes lifted to the sky show the heights of beauty, the base of thought. Yet the ideas formulated this night belong to this time only. A separate world has been created by man, using God's own for a setting. To make use of those ideas they must be confined to the world of make-believe. *Transformation* by Mary Shockency.