

THE AWAKENING

HARRIET BISHOP

And there I stood, a useless, living form
With roughened hands in worn out pockets pushed
And felt some force, not mine, had changed my will,
I turned my face up toward a darkened night.
There at my feet was spread an ancient world,
While high above there whirled a universe;
And far within the depths of treasured years
Strange, kindly voices dimmed the call of space.
For far below was all that used to be
While out in space stood life's futurity.

QUESTION ON A BUS

JACK T. KILGORE

"May I —," George cleared his throat. "I wonder if I could take Jean to the show with me tonight." His words were engulfed by the silence that spread over the table. "(Why doesn't somebody say something? They can't say no, they just can't. What are they waiting for?) I wouldn't be in late and there is no school tomorrow."

The mother looked up and smiled, and looked to the father for the first word. He said, "Jean who?"

"Jean Newcomb. She is in my English class. (And she smiles when she looks at me, and when she smiles I want to smile too. But I can't say that.) She lives on the south side."

"Is she a nice girl?"

"Sure, Mom, she's swell!" The mother looked down at her plate. "That is, she's— alright. She's a nice girl."

The father made up his mind. "I guess it will be alright, if you're in early. Just because you're old enough to have dates is

no sign you can neglect your sleep."

"Gee! thanks a lot. I'll be in early. (I hope I don't hear the usual lecture on rest and the growing boy.)"

"Are you sure Jean will go?" his mother asked. Perhaps you had better call her.

"Oh, I've already asked her."

The glink of silverware under water filled the small kitchen with familiar sound. In his excitement George had difficulty handling the hot utensils. His impatience kept him always waiting on his mother where he ordinarily lagged far behind her.

"George, you'll be a good lit- You'll be a gentleman tonight, won't you?"

"Sure, Mom. (Why isn't there an easy way of saying these things you want to say? What is it that holds you tongue-tied and keeps the words from coming?)"

The china, as it plashed into the water made a hole in the gleaming suds through which the grey water gleamed and winked. George stared at it, and at his mother's red