

# Moonlight Mood

SAMUEL SMITH

As I walked down the country lane I saw for the first time the universal power of night. The full moon hung in the center of a magnificent arch, formed by the boughs of trees meeting like touching fingertips. I could almost hear the moonbeams tenderly kissing the tree leaves and then falling down, down into the earth, to be buried there like secrets that can never be told.

Stars peeped shyly through a passing cloud like children behind their mothers' aprons. Far ahead I saw a couple strolling arm in arm. As they stopped and kissed a

star zipped down two million light years and stopped in astonishment. I looked at the man in the moon to see his reaction and discovered the coward trying to hide behind a cloud, so that I would not see that he was playing Cupid. The clouds breezed nonchalantly through the sky, leaving Mr. Moon hanging naked in the circle of trees.

As I continued walking, the stars marched across the sky until the Big Dipper scooped the horizon. The moon became bored and went to bed. The clouds drifted listlessly on and the couple in the lane kissed again.

# Injustice

HELEN WELLS

Chuck couldn't understand grownups. He couldn't understand them, and they certainly didn't understand him. All he wanted was just one little corner in the basement.

"Just one little corner, mom. I won't take up much space," he pleaded. His plea fell on deaf ears.

"You may not take up space, but any space is too much when you're going to fill it with junk," his mother answered. "I haven't any room for delapidated bottles, cast-off rubber tubing, and whatever else you have there."

Protestation was written on Chuck's face. "Mother! It ain't ----"

"Isn't, dear."

"It *isn't* junk. It's my chemistry set."

"All the more reason why you are not going to transport it to my basement. I enjoy having the roof over my head."

"Ah, mom, can't a guy do anything 'round here?" All the disgust an eleven-year-old could muster was in his voice. "Women don't understand a fellow at all. I ain't ----"

"I'm not, Chuck," his mother corrected.

"O. K., I'm not going to blow anything up. All I got is just a few chemicals and water."

"And my cleansing cream, not to mention my hand lotion, face powder, my best cologne, and heaven knows what else," chimed in Chuck's older sister, Helen. "Mother, can't you do something with him, nothing is sacred on my dressing table."

"Heck, sis, I was just gonna, 'analizz' that stuff."

"Don't you mean analyze, Chuck?" inquired his mother.

"Well, analyze it, then."

"I don't care what you're going to do