

I glanced to the nor' west. A coin-shaped mass of burnished copper was being devoured by black, pine-tipped woods. I had to make it for home. Had to hurry. I had stayed too long. Nose'er out . . . loose those rear sails and steer her to sea. Sea. Now dull and gray.

Palely tinted with a dying sun's blood. The wind, not cool, but cold and frightening. I was cold. Better get my mackinaw out. Cold. Frightening. Black, miserable sea. Stopping me. Wind. Get me home. Blow . . . shove me home.

I knew I wasn't going home I had known it all afternoon. All the glorious sun crowded afternoon. My grandmother once told me that I had premonitions, and I had felt all afternoon that I wasn't going home.

I was heading for those rocks. Those ugly rocks. Black and mystic in the twilight's grayness. Like the wail of a violin,

not quite there, and yet so real . . . and mystic.

My rudder was jammed. I struggled with it. God knows I struggled and worked frantically. Perhaps my grandmother was wrong. Maybe I didn't have premonitions. I was only imagining this. I was really heading straight for home. The rudder would unjam just in time to turn from the rocks (if I were headed for the rocks).

And then I saw them. High, mountainous in front of me. I felt the sea heaving, lurching beneath me . . . the boat's bottom scraped the first rocks. Smiling, gentle, mauve. You proud, tossing thing. You've got me. You'll tear me to ribbons. Ha! Ha! Mad sea. You haven't got me. Ho! Ho! You haven't got me.

It was a bright, brisk day. The foaming sea crashed gaily against shining rocks. The wind blew high and strong. An old, torn pair of dungarees hung from a rock.

Fantasies of The Night

LENA WILLKIE

Night reached greedy fingers across a leaden sky. In the west, a sullen November sunset faded into a melancholy gray. Naked trees swayed and bent and moaned under the whiplash of a winter wind. Leaves whirled and fell in a lifeless dance. Dull, brown, untidy lawns darkened in the fading light.

Darkness crept silently over the whole sky snuffing out what little light remained. The limbs of the trees lost their integrity and became a shapeless mass that bent closer and closer. A strong harsh wind pushed against me like a rude stranger. Bushes along the street reached out to clutch me.

A timid moon tried to assert itself

among enveloping clouds. The whole sullen atmosphere pressed down toward earth as if too tired to support itself. Only the sighing of the wind through the trees and the sly rustling of dead leaves broke the quiet. The arch of the trees over the sidewalk was made cavernous by the darkness. Light from the corner lamppost increased the gloom of the cavern ahead.

Surroundings lost their familiarity, made vague and unreal by the omnipresent night. Even the sidewalk was lost in the blackness. I felt isolated in the listening stillness. My steps quickened. I fought down a desire to run the last block. Home, at last! I ran up the steps, slipped through the door, and quickly shut it behind me.