Vignettes

The night was cool and clear, and the moon shone on the earth like a brilliant white torch making light and shadows in the depths of a subterranean cavern. The cool evening breeze whispered softly, and the leaves rustled softly in reply. The crickets and the grasshoppers and the bass drum of the bull frog joined to turn the quiet twilight into a symphony of nature.

From *A Universal Language*
Donald Taylor

Far above the schoolhouse the flag was gently stretching its silky folds out to caress the first breeze of the morning.

From *The Flag Goes By*
Betty Ferguson

A cheerless, black sky darkened the streets of Indianapolis as a cold, wet snow, the first of the season, fell confusedly. In sharp contrast with the weather were the gay, vividly colored Christmas decorations in the store windows and the warm glow of the candles of the nolly wreaths. The bells of the Salvation Army, ringing clearly through snowy air, and the Mile of Dimes further proclaimed that old Saint Nick would soon journey forth to pay his respects to the people.

From *Wartime Christmas*
Carmel Cecile

There were the spirea bushes around the once colorful garden. They looked like feathery fingers, all icy and grasping frantically at the sharp winds which whipped furiously through them.

From *The Christmas Spirit*
Peggy Pearcy

She had a personality as vibrant as a poppy in full bloom.

From *Personality Plus*
Harriett Lewis

The shelves of books stood in majestic rows up the paneled walls of the musty smelling room, looking stern and resentful at the ray of sunlight which had slipped through the heavy velvet drapes and which was now dancing carelessly across the sadly faded rug. A vase of yellow and brown chrysanthemums smiled whimsically at the situation and admired its reflection in the mahogany desk...

The flame in the fireplace leaped high and stuck out its tongue at the wind which was desperately seeking an entrance to the cozy room from the wide bay windows. Candles, not yet lit, stood in the shadows of the corners like tall ghosts.

From *Impressions*
Elsie McCormick

It is a commodious, shaded veranda... A row of old-fashioned rocking chairs invites repose, and ivy creeping along the edge of the railing contributes to its quaint charm. It's paint is neutral cream; it is the people who add the color.

From *My Grandmother's Porch*
Floy Wilcox

The thick burgundy carpet cascades down the steps beside a river of golden wood. In the dusky cave under the stair, the little love seat stands on long, thin legs with its back reaching up to the rail.

From *The Room*
Jane Green
The inevitable sky, so blue—the little bunny-tail clouds—the birds darting here and there, and singing, singing, singing. A light breeze suddenly runs across the pool, melting the reflections into shimmering masses of color. The breeze is just as suddenly gone, and the picture again regains its shape. The gentle swaying of the tree tops is all that reminds one of the wind that misted this looking glass.

In winter the pool is icy, but even frozen it may give reflection of the dark, cloudless, gray sky. The few birds which remain do little more than huddle on the bare black branches. The trees, like candles sticking out of the white snow-frosting of a cake, snap and crackle under their coating of ice.

From Reflections in a Pool
Jack Reich

The trees appeared as tall, stoop-shouldered hunters in the darkness.
On the upturned leaves of the trees the dew-drops sparkled like millions of diamonds on soft green velvet, as they caught the first rays of the sun.
From The Woods
Mary Breedlove

Six feet of him strolls back and forth, from room to room, violently attacking the scales or an exercise.
From A Man To Whom Music Is Sustenance
Rosemary Browne

... a long row of young birch trees, all at various heights. The oldest of these trees, however, all leaned into the woods and grew in an arc. They grew like old men with bowed backs, bent by the weight of living...
From Just Across The Road
Norman Miller

He was a pretty dog. His coat was long but neatly kept. He had a collar around his neck, but there was no identification on it. He was not lost; it was much worse than that. He had lost someone. I watched him pace back and forth across the street, dodging cars, with his nose to the street.
From While Waiting For A Bus
Jane Butler

The flak was hanging over Cologne like a bright red comfort, and the fighters were like angry bees swarming from their hives.
From Mission Accomplished
Bill Sennett

Slowly the moon walked up her stairs into the blue of the sky. Enthroned in blue velvet, she surveyed the snow-blanketed world which seemed to shine for her... Jim appreciated the darkness, but the heat of the room rested on his limbs like a blanket, exhausting him.
From The Silent Night
Barbara Wells

Evidence was brought forth revealing conditions that exist throughout our beloved Local Number Ten. Such crimes as dogearing are entirely inexcusable. Many of our noble characters must carry scars... as a result of a pencil or pen urged on by a doodler. Others must hide their defaced pages in shame. Several books are on the sick-list suffering from broken backs... It was with grief that we attended the funeral of one who had been left unprotected during a soaking rain.
From Book Lovers, Please Note
William Smart