

contortions to the annoyance of a brother or sister. If caught, he stoutly declares in a torrent of slang and bad grammar, "Aw, she's nuts, Mom, I ain't doin' nothin'."

He is inquisitive desiring a reason for

every action; however, by those questions, he formulates his ideas and thoughts.

The typical little boy is a mixture of laughter and tears, being thoughtless, and curiosity, but he is a loveable individual for all of his faults.

Vignettes

The night was a tight black cap fitting over the earth.

from *Reverie on the Streetcar*
by Janice Kiser.

After five years of basic training at home, I entered kindergarten, where I selected my life's vocation at a very early age.

from *Just Me*
by Catherine Morris.

In the long run, Marlee is just a typical teen-ager; cokes, sloppy sweaters, Van Johnson, comics, Kilroy was here, hot fudge sundaes, snowball fights, plaid shirts, and pigtails.

from *Beloved Possession*
by Virginia Eileen Rodman.

Their clothing ranged from something to nothing.

from *Fijan Hospitality*
by J. L. Bennett.

Words are so inadequate in capturing the dream that was childhood.

from *My Life—So Far*
by Helen Drees.

Among other horrors of snow are temporary blindness, frozen portions of the anatomy, and other parts of oneself bruised from attempting the fairly simple

task of walking. Yes, nature laid a heavy hand on the brow of man when forming winter rain into grotesque, six-sided figures, which pile up enmasse and complicate the lives of all who have contact with them.

from *Snow is For the Penguins*
by Debbie McDougall.

My attendance at school was never very good; I would miss as many days as I would attend. If I had not been a good student, and father a good friend of the city school superintendent, I would still be in grade school.

from *School Days*
by Timothy W. Jones.

The empty mail box confronted her when she entered the apartment house. Slowly, wearily she climbed the stairs. A cheerless apartment greeted her as she swung open the door. It looked so un-lived in, so cold and artificial! Quickly she went about turning on soft, shaded lamps and plumping up pillows, then pressing them flat to look as though someone had sat there just a moment ago.

from *One Among Many*
by Janice Kiser.