

Parachute Jump

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"Stand up and hook up," comes the order. An attempt to rise is thwarted by eighty pounds of equipment and the violent lurching of the ship. With a mighty effort you're on your feet groping for the cable to fasten the static line. The fuselage reeks of the sweating bodies before you. "Stand in the door," shouts the jumpmaster. A few seconds more and all will be over! Your parched throat is clogged with cotton froth, while visions of cool

water taunt your brain. "Go," is the command. The clicking stacatto of the static lines as they snap on the cable marks the exit of the ones in front. Four more, three, two and you're in the door! With a mighty lunge you hurtle into the blue. The wind is driven from your lungs by the blast from the propellers. The world rocks and all is crazy. Jumping from a plane in flight is an experience never to be forgotten.

Vignettes

To eat wieners and marshmallows that have been roasted over a glowing fire is to taste autumn.

from *AUTUMN* by Richard Garvey

The mountains reached for the sky, their success in this attempt being veiled by lazy, unhurried clouds.

from *SAMOA* by Donald W. Lacy

In this picture you see a well-washed, highly presentable, acutely self-conscious group of happy soldiers with their smiling officers. It was taken at Fort Benning, Georgia, after the war was over and just prior to the large-scale demobilization. The smiles on our faces are smiles of triumph, relief, and maybe even disbelief. We were going to be sent home. We had received a liberal education and this was our graduation picture.

from *MY MOST PRIZED POSSESSIONS* by Owen M. Mullin

The snow was falling slowly, almost lazily, making only indifferent efforts to reach the ground.

from *SENSORY OBSERVATION WITH AN ABSTRACT IDEA* by John Kirkhoff

The questions flew at us like leaves in an October wind.

from *THAT FISH THAT ALMOST GOT AWAY* by Frank Shelhorn

The horders and goat-tenders lazily follow their bleating and strong-smelling responsibilities down the dirty, narrow street.

from *LUCA* by Paul E. Pavey

. . . . as out of place as a log cabin in Times Square.

from *SAMOA* by Donald W. Lacy

Suddenly, I heard a shrill excited voice shouting, "Nylons for sale!" Just