Indigo whispered, “The lion will show itself soon now. Be ready and do not miss the heart.”

My eyes scanned the clearing, but I could see nothing. Indigo poked me and whispered again, “I see his head over there.”

First the head became visible, and then the lion sprang ten feet or more into the clearing. Indigo said calmly, “Let him turn broadside to you and aim behind the foreleg where the bone sticks out.” I nodded and brought my gun to my shoulder, sighting carefully on the spot directly behind the foreleg. Hesitation gripped me. For a full half-minute I held the sight and then squeezed the trigger. At once the lion roared, jumped and twisted into the air, and landed on his back, then lay very still.

Indigo jumped up and ran toward the lion. Just as he was putting his foot on the lion’s side for a victory yell, the lion rose from the dead. Sunlight reflected from Indigo’s slashing knife as he screamed for help. Once again I put the rifle to my shoulder, took careful aim, and emptied the magazine into the lion’s body. Now both the lion and my friend lay very still.

As I reached Indigo, his breath was coming in short gasps; his once proud body was now maimed beyond belief. At my first sight of him, my immediate thought was to turn and run, but I could not. Instead, I got my first aid kit out and sprinkled sulfa powder on the exposed bowels and on the torn stump of his right leg. From the extent of his wounds, it was apparent that Indigo could not survive. Only then did I recall Kingsley’s statement, “He is the best tracker in Africa, but a little too brave for his own good.” And then I saw Indigo’s smile of pride.

Tide

Carolyn Crowner

The night is blacker than usual, or maybe it just seems to be. The clock on the night table reads 2:00 A.M. Could it be just an hour since it said one o’clock? Its ticking gets louder and louder in the tortuous stillness, but its hands move slower and slower. Each distant sound echoes through the still blackness: an occasional cry of misery, or the hushed whispers of the nurses as they efficiently perform their duties. I wonder how many others up and down the lonely corridors are wide-eyed in the darkness. and I wonder what they’re thinking. In six hours the doctor will come, and I’ll know my fate. Why can’t I use these long but precious hours to make plans for my family in case the verdict is negative? Or, if not that, why don’t I reminisce about a lot of things? Why do I go over and over it?

A cottage on Pemaquid peninsula and, most important, a boat. I had dreamed all my life of owning a cottage and a boat on the rock-
bound coast of Maine. As I walked out the door, I drank in all I saw and hungrily breathed the ocean air.

The fog had lifted, and the sun shone bright. The sea was like glass. The rapid and erratic coming and going of the fog amazed me. Just a half hour earlier the water, a hundred feet from the door, was invisible. When I had looked out of the window upon awakening, my disappointment had been almost unbearable. I had looked forward to this day for so long, my first sail on the Maine coast. Now the day was clear, and I was thankful and excited.

The wind wasn't strong enough for sailing, but I wasn't disappointed as I walked to the dock. The boat was equipped with a small motor, and a calm day afforded a perfect opportunity to acquaint myself with the coast. As I untied the boat and shoved off, I was filled with childish joy.

For hours I explored the shoreline familiarizing myself with the rocky terrain—valuable information on days when the sea would be rough. Gulls flew lazily overhead, and the sun became warm as it rose above me. By mid-afternoon I not only had covered the shore of the peninsula but also had visited nearby islands. This country in my mind had a beauty and an atmosphere which could be found nowhere else.

As the sun began to sink in the west, I decided to start home. It would be dinner time when I landed; thus with a feeling of satisfaction, I turned the boat toward my own dock.

I had seen the fog lift instantaneously only a few hours earlier. In my enthusiasm it hadn't occurred to me that it could just as rapidly reappear. With no warning whatever I was suddenly engulfed in a cloud. In effect, I was blind with my eyes open, for even the bow of the boat became invisible. I was suspended in a cloud of gray and was only conscious of the few square feet upon which I was seated. I tried desperately to remain calm, but I could not subdue the panic clutching at my heart. The world became as still as death. Only the gentle splashing of water against the side of the boat was audible. I knew well that the magnificently beautiful rock-bound coast could mean violent death. I had no idea how long I drifted in that senseless world.

In my experience I had also forgotten the tide which roars like thunder into the rocks each day. My state of blind and silent suspense quickened into one of uncontrollable rage. I was at the mercy of a roaring, angry sea: a sea which tossed the boat mercilessly in every direction. Its roar was deafening and its violence terrifying. I well knew that the cold, unrelenting, rocky shore was only minutes, perhaps seconds, away. Frantically I clung to the boat—clung to a stability which had vanished in the face of overwhelming might. And then, with an impact matching the power of the sea and the might of Maine's coast, I hit land.

It seems strange that human beings can shun death in the face of overwhelming odds only to be trapped by freak accidents which
strike one in a million. The dawn is creeping into the blackness now. In a few hours the doctor will walk in, and I'll know. Why do I think of that storm again and again? It's as vivid as if it had been only yesterday instead of six years ago.

**EBONY FUR**

_Sandra Robertson_

Ebony shadow of feline grace with amber slits for eyes. Sooty whiskers and a trace of sable tail that lies—around your feet.

Nothing quite so soft as that dusky coat of fur. Haughty air, tail aloft, a vague hidden purr—as proof of love.

Beware, playful friend, of those needling little claws. Hide and tuck them in, make soft those little paws—that catch my skirt.

A sleek flash, into the sun, and you are gone.

**HARVEST**

_Nancy Richison_

Plant a penny! Will it grow
Into a gay meadowlark?
Will a shower of diamonds turn into soft snow?

Plant a beam of steel! Will it grow
Into a tall, stark mountain range
Over which the wild winds sing and blow?

**THE NEW HORIZON**

_Robert Petty_

To send the mind, full-armed into the shadows
To slay the pagan warrior christened Doubt,
And feel in awe its swelling verge of triumph
Turn green the field of intellect's long drought.

To see God in the molecules of science—
Dewed footprints winding out of rusted years;
Across the barren plain and to the hills,
To seek the promise of unconquered spheres...