

be no hope for anyone in the craft.

Suddenly there was a lurch that sent everyone off balance. The motors strained, and the driver shifted into another gear. We all knew we were in shallow water and that it would be only a matter of minutes until we would be in the middle of the battle. As we bumped along, we could see that the water no longer splashed over the driver's slot. The craft, with motors racing suddenly, was propelled forward. This continued for about fifteen seconds. Then the craft came to a halt and the roaring motors died. There was almost a silence except for an occasional shell blast and the report of rifles.

The men inside the craft knew they had cheated the steel tombs, but in the back of our minds we knew that immediately beyond us was the threat of another tomb; maybe we would not escape it.

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My Second Home

Barbara A. Irwin

THE brisk autumnal breeze has already begun pulling and tearing the once white paint, now scaling and peeling off the narrow weatherboards of this small farmhouse. Its gray wooden steps are beginning to sag noticeably in the middle. The roof shows the effects of the breeze, roguishly tugging at some loose shingles. The long, narrow window panes with their black scaling trim creak and pop as the shutters bang from an occasional gusty sweep of wind.

However, if one should enter this house, the cold, austere atmosphere would quickly change to one of warmth and congeniality. Here in the living room he would see a fireplace, bright from glowing coals, a well-worn divan heaped up with multi-colored pillows, a large over-stuffed chair, a small table or rack here and there, a giant black wicker rocking chair sitting in front of the fireplace, and crocheted doilies over all the furniture. Proceeding into the spacious kitchen he would see a heavy round table, with its bright colored cloth on top, located directly in the center of the kitchen. And in the far corner would be the gas stove on which a pot of coffee would be sitting any hour of the day or night. The hours spent drinking coffee at the table in this kitchen are among my favorites.

Yes, this is my favorite haunt, this rustic home of my great aunt and uncle. Within its walls are the warmth and comfort that everyone desires for his own home. Its high ceilings and creaking floors are not distasteful to me, but instead they bring to me that "homey" feeling that is so necessary to make any house a place of comfort. And so in this manner, I have come to feel that my great aunt and uncle's house is a real home; my home. It offers shelter, peace, and quiet. It is what every house should be—a home.