

## Sailing Sunday

Carla Harris

“IF WE ever reach dry land,” the girl gasped, “I swear never to leave the terra firma again.” She leaned over the starboard side of the C-boat and convulsively dry-heaved for the fiftieth time.

“I thought you were a natural-born sailor,” the young man at the tiller smiled grimly. “But you don’t seem to be enjoying our Sunday sail. Maybe the lunch you packed didn’t agree with you.”

She raised her head from the spitting spray and looked greenly at him. “It must be the current. I’ve never felt this way before.” She watched with envy the ant-sized stream of cars along the Lake Shore drive. “Couldn’t you just put me off here and let me walk home?”

He laughed into the challenging wind, filling his chest barrel-full of damp weed-and-fish flavored air. “I’ll turn back if you want.”

“Oh, no,” she protested, with faint undertones of sarcasm, “don’t do that on my account. I wouldn’t want to spoil your Sunday sail for all the world.”

He looked directly at her for the first time since she’d answered his staccatto summons at the doorbell that morning. She blushed at the hostility in his narrowed blue eyes. “Duck,” he said. “We’re coming about.” She slid down into the cockpit until the boom swept clear. “Hold the helm,” he ordered, “while I go fore to reef the jibsail.”

She crawled aft to the stern sheets and took over the tiller from him. She had to hang on with all her strength to keep the boat on course. The lake was black beneath the choppy froth of whitecaps. Leaden clouds scudded across the steely sky. The sun was somewhere yonder. She could see pale streaks of sun-drawing-water to southward, but though it was mid-August, no rays of sun-warmth penetrated her sweat shirt. A sharp, Septemberish wind whipped through her short dark hair.

“Feel any better?” he asked as he cat-stepped aft along the port gunwale, now angled 45 degrees above the churning water.

“Never felt worse in my life,” she grinned wanly at him, ready to yield the tiller. “Hang on for a while,” he said. “I’m tired. Besides, it will keep your mind off your stomach.” He sat down at her feet and rested his head against her thigh. Sick as she was, she wanted to cry for the way she’d hurt him. But it was too late now.

“How long will it take to get back?” She bent low over his high tanned forehead so she would not have to shout against the wind.

“An hour or so,” he answered, without opening his eyes. “Think you’ll live that long?”

“I know one thing,” she countered. “I’ll never drink any liquor

the Saturday night before sailing with you on Sunday. That is, if you should ever take me sailing again, after the way I've been today."

There. It was set right squarely between them. The sail flapped as her hand faltered on the tiller.

"Steady at the helm," he cautioned. She leaned on the tiller until the sail firmed against the wind. "You and Bernie must have had one hell of a time last night." His jaw muscles flexed, but he still did not open his hooded eyes.

"Bernie?" She laughed hollowly. "Why, I was out with Johnny and Harry and your old friend Mary. We closed up the Officers' Club." She waited for him to say something.

"All I know is that when I called for you this morning, Bernie was just leaving."

"Looked real suspicious, didn't it?" she pouted, "I told you he had just come over for breakfast, because I couldn't see him any other time this weekend. What's the matter? Did you think he *stayed* for breakfast?" She ran her free hand playfully through the thin blond hair on top of his head. He reached up and pulled her down into the cockpit beside him and kissed her hard and mean.

The C-boat swung in a crazy circle until he grabbed the helm and set it back on course. Somehow, she knew that this would be their last sail together. She bit her lip and breathed long and deep to keep from heaving.

## The Sisters

Diane S. Masters

JAN walked briskly to the door of her sister's home and peered through the screen.

"Anybody home?" she yelled.

"I'm in the bedroom, Jan. Come on in," her sister answered.

Jan found Judy combing her hair. She was wearing a navy linen suit with a fitted jacket and a straight skirt. At her throat she had fastened a small imitation rose. Her dark hair and the dark suit made her pale delicate features seem even more pale and delicate.

"Just get up?" Jan inquired.

Judy's look was damning. "I've been up over two hours," she stated. "I took Tommy out to Bob's folks and then came right back and started getting ready."

"Where're you going?" Jan wanted to know.

"St. Louis. Madge called this morning about ten. She has to go over to see her mother and wanted someone to go with her."

"Well, for the love of Mike," said Jan disgustedly. "I didn't drive fifteen miles just to turn around and go back! I wanted you