"Aw, come on. I won't let 'em getcha." And going back for her, he again took her hand, leading her down the steep slope to the water's edge. "There it is. It's a calf." He pointed to a lump of hide and bones and crimson flesh. "Stinks don't it?"

"It's terrible," she gasped. She hid her eyes and turned away. "Shoulda brought my slingshot. I'd pop that old buzzard one."

"He'd pop you one, too," declared Connie, still hiding her eyes. "They don't eat nothing but dead stuff, stupid. . . . Hey!"

His voice rose with excitement. "Hey, Connie! Look here!"

"What?" she asked, peeping between her fingers.

"A tumblebug."

"Where?"

"Right there! Look!"

The two bent down to watch the bug struggling along the bare earth.

"What's he pushing?" Connie asked.

"Manure."

"Why's he push backwards?"

"'Cause he pushes with his backlegs."

"Oh. . . . Why's he called a tumblebug?"

"'Cause he rolls up in a ball when you touch him."

"Oh. . . . What's he do with that stuff?"

"Eats it."

"Eats it!"

"Yeh. . . . Say, you hungry?"

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**NOTION**

**Carla Harris**

Isn't it ironic

That friendships cultivated so to blossom

As romance, tender love, or *la grande passion*

Remain platonic;

While casual gestures toward the lads or lasses

You'd just as soon be pals with, often pass as

*L'amour* embryonic?