

The fire had subsided; its dull roar now replaced by the slow whine of the dying embers. Danny ran to the combine and scrambled up to the seat. He clutched his father by the shoulder.

"Pa, it's Fuzzy. He got scared an' broke loose an' now he's in the corn field! What'll we do?"

Shug Jordan looked at the grim expression on his son's face and laughed, putting a big arm around the little boy's shoulder. He had lost a barn, but he could laugh. He had his tractor, his fields, and his son. They'd make out.

"We'll let ol' Fuzz chew on the corn fer tonight, Danny," he said, with a tired grin. "He's on the bony side, anyhow."

With that, he tossed the old green feed cap on his son's head and helped him off the combine. Wiping the grease from his charred hands, the big farmer trudged slowly back to the house.

A Tom Swifty

Sandra Long

"Hello, Mr. Vonnegut," he said curtly.

"We have to read *Moby Dick!*" he wailed.

"We will all die someday," the minister said gravely.