MANUSCRIPTS

ELABORATION

Brian Szurgot

Somebody else is the Sycamore. I am the whispered wind rumors of treetop gossip. Mine are vein switchyards that thin and stretch. I am the songbird's hopeshout.

Ice-fingered limbs condescend to my burden of snow.

I am the mottled flecking of multicolored camouflage bark. Mine are the worm tunnels in the softest skinwood. I am the crackle of dessicated leaves. Yet someone else is the Sycamore.

THE ELLINGTON EMERALD

Marta Phillips

Rodney Smythston had never understood his brother when he was alive. He wasn't sure he understood him now that he was dead.

Ralph hated Rodney. Everyone who knew the Smythstons knew that. Now Ralph had died and left his only valuable possession, the Ellington Emerald, to his despised sibling. He had inherited it from Grandfather Ellington, his mother's father, who stipulated the jewel be given to the first born Smythston son. It was the *only* thing of Ralph's that Rodney had ever wanted. Now it was his and he was damn glad about it.