

Aster furiously, "but after God raised him from the dead, he adopted him as His Son." The room was silent except for the monotonous sound of a grandfather clock. Alfred's face beamed brightly.

"I am that Son. I can raise them children who died here from the dead."

"It's a lie," Mrs. Aster said, "a filthy lie!" She wrenched herself free from his grip and ran out the door screaming for help.

"Come, children," Alfred said, "let's go and do God's will." He walked slowly out the door and across the lawn. Mrs. Aster had managed to wake a neighbor who accompanied her back to the house with a shotgun.

"There, that's him," she said frantically, "that's him. He's the crazy man who assaulted me."

"Don't try to go anywhere," the neighbor said, "or you'll be sorry."

Alfred walked directly toward the man with the gun.

"You better stop, mister, or I'll shoot you," the man said, "I swear to God I will."

"You swear to me?" Alfred smiled, and reached forward to grab the barrels of the shotgun. The blast from it blew off his face, and his body flew through the air like an unstrung marionette.

"Jesus Christ," the man said, his hands shaking, his eyes glazed, "Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ."

"He said he could raise them children, them poor dead children. But it was a lie, a stinking lie." She became hysterical. "He couldn't raise them children, nobody can, nobody. . . ." Her words broke off into a muffled sob.

A small voice came from behind her. "Mrs. Aster. . . ."

She turned quickly to see a young boy standing behind her. His eyes searched her with all the hurt of innocence betrayed.

"Why wouldn't you let him try," he said.

The Non-Sexist Traffic Jam

by Beth Hampton

"Move your car or I'll move it for you!" the angry person depersoned. "You have awful personners, young person," exclaimed the grey-headed old person. "Why don't you try to be a little more huperson," it added. "Oh, shut up and mind your own business," was the angry young person's counter comperson. The person in the stalled car got out and said, "I think there's something wrong with the personifold." "Is this car personual?" asked the angry person. "No," said the person with the stalled car. "It's automatic." "Well, we'd better move this car before traffic gets even worse," whined the angry person. It picked up the car and moved it to the side of the road. "Wow, did you see that?" exclaimed the person from the stalled car. "That person is an Itcules. It must take vitapersons!" "What are you babbling about?" said the old grey-headed person. "That person just picked up my car and moved it," said the person from the stalled car, excitedly. "Didn't you see it?" "No," responded the old grey-headed person. "I think you're full of personure."