

manuscripts
spring - 1986

... and I ...
... hand. He ... her ...
... and confidently ...
... pleasure. ... with her ...
... and then smile ...
... maybe there ... something of that kind ...
... haven't told ... one yet, not my ...
... first to ...
... hand pressed hers. She ...
... in his yellow-brown eyes ...
... ke mighty well to ... a little child, Polly, ...
... he closed his eyes and lay half-smiling. But ...
... ng hard. She had a sudden feeling that ...
... mother, not Rudolph, or anyone ...
... icky did. It perplexed her ...
... it out. It was as if icky had a special gift for love ...
... something that was like an ear for music or an ...
... was quiet, unobtrusive, it was merely their ...
... es—perhaps that was why they were ...
... too. After he dropped off to sleep ...
... flexible brown hand. She ...
... t. She wondered if it was ...
... and quick and ...
... r. Nearly all the ...
... many, or they ...
... ng, with stiff fingers, but ...
... y, muscular, about the colour of a ...
... es across the palm. It wasn't nervous, it ...
... s a warm brown human hand, with some ...
... deal of generosity, and something ...
... zips-like—something ...
... animals are ...

*Words like these make an oasis, richly green
and deep with shadows, in the parched wasteland
of daily talk.*

— Kay Boyle



BUTLER UNIVERSITY

Manuscripts

Butler University

Volume 55, No. 1
May 1986

Indianapolis, Indiana

MSS Staff

Co-Editors

Kris Towell and Rhet Lickliter

Staff

Tim Butcher	Brent Hessong
Michael Carter	Paul Pinckley
Nancy Crowe	Linda Shay
Salinde Dulckeit	Carla Siler
Debbie Edwards	

Faculty Advisor

Susan Neville

The editors and staff wish to extend our thanks to the following people: thank you, Steve, for taking time to explain things to the inexperienced, and Marilyn, for making time in your busy schedule to help us with the crucial step of typesetting; thank you, George, and everyone at Maco Press — we hope that this will be the start of a long working relationship; thank you, Robin, for your hospitality; thank you, Shirley, for your never-ending support and patience beyond the call of duty; thank you, Dr. Walsh, for your inexhaustible energy and for extending one deadline, allowing us to meet another; thank you, Susan, for your wonderful example of leadership and love.

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*Denotes freshman writing.