The immediate subtext in Miss's best writing. She could not rate, would not narrow her focus with the winds of propriety. The phrasing is clear that she left her Pleiades for no better reason than the lingering death of an lion's heart. And what about the tied to be tied to the instant's desire to do the instant's desire? Why? Because she either did or did not linger death widowed.
Manuscripts is published each semester by the English Department of Butler University. The published works are written chiefly by students from the Freshman English, the Advanced Composition, the Creative Writing, and the Writers' Workshop classes.
CONTENTS

5 Funeral Despair, by Nathan W. Harter
6 The Coffee-Drinkers, by George E. Curran, III
8 Burial, Anonymous
   There Is a Fire (Poetry Contest, Honorable Mention),
   by Sheri Leidig
9 Metaxy, by Nathan W. Harter
10 Fern Dancing, by George E. Curran, III
12 August Day, by Kevin Ault
14 The Realization, by Kathleen Satterlee
17 As One We Will Never Be, by Susan Dillingham
18 Broken, by Gina R. E. Zellmer
   The Need for Tears like Rain, by Jane Baird
19 Lonely, by Janet Renard
20 Snowbound, by Lincoln Konkle
27 A Fine Day, by Regina Glynn
29 Morning, by Tracey Rice
30 My Own Quiet Corner, by Eileen Hoover
33 Life Science, 101, by Janet Renard
34 Bane Attacks (Short Story Contest, First Place),
   by Carol Hankins
39 The Season of Concord, by Larry W. Smith
40 Eyes of Autumn, by Sheri Leidig
42 In the House of the Old, by Janet Renard
43 Grandma, by Janet Renard
44 Clouds’ Tears, by Beth Middleton
46 The Juggler, by George E. Curran, III
I.

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock,
(Come under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust

--T. S. Eliot, The Waste Land