The Prairie Light Review

Volume 3 | Number 1

Article 10

Fall 12-9-1983

Untitled

Mary Ryder-Swanson College of DuPage

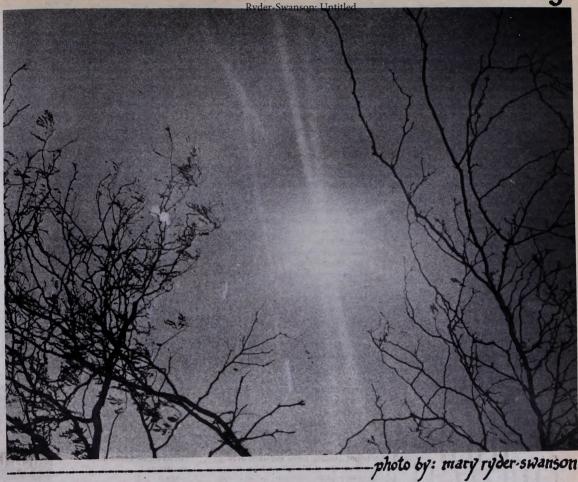
Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation

Ryder-Swanson, Mary (1983) "Untitled," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 3 : No. 1 , Article 10. Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol3/iss1/10

This Artwork is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact orenick@cod.edu.





JUST THE QUIET, AND THE WIND

It took me awhile to figure it out. There a flesh of light and thara I was looking for food. The lest thing I remembered was havring a voice that told me to look eway. I still felt tha flash of light; I felt it through my skin, end than I was floating on the wind. But I don't ramembar lending.

But I hed to find food.

It didn't look like it was going to be easy. But it was smazing how much of that town hedn't burned down. If I could find where the grocery store used to be, maybe I could trace the rubble and find some food. It might have baen contaminated, but if it was, then so was I, so what difference did it make? I started welking down the street. .

The blast weve did a good job in that town. Most of the buildings looked more lika piles of rubbla, though once in a while I came across one that was still partially standing. The wind whistled around them lika e ghost, the quiet was unsattling. Once that pleca was crowdad with people, the complications of avaryday lifa, cars honking, people talking. Then a flash of light and the world chenged. The people disappeared. But the pest didn't mettar enymore. Only survival mattared.

Dusk was coming on, and it would be cold, even though I didn't fael any colder.

I want in search of a blanket.
I spotted something that looked like cloth naer some rocks that looked like cement — it was hard to tall. Part of the cloth was flapping in the wind. It was multicolored. I started to run toward it

She was climbing e pile of dabris, for what resson I couldn't hezard to guess. There was another parson alivel Someona to tslk to - to halp with the world! I ren aftar her; I yellad, "Hay! Hay you! Hera! am!" But when sha saw me a look of horror filled her ayas that stopped me in my tracks. She screamed "Nol I'm not raedy!" I ran sfter har, crying, "Wait! I can halp you! Wa can halp aech other!" But I tripped on e-brick and fall on my faca. My nosa stertad to bleed. When my vision cleerad, sha was gona. "Damned broad, anyway," I mumbled as I walkad beck to the cloth. She would probably moen and cry and use up my food supply. My food supply! I ran to where I found the cloth. It lookad lika e Persisn rug, or somathing. I lugged it back as fast as I could to the shalter. If she had taken my food supply, I would have killed her! But I found my food supply safe at home. They were ecting a little sluggish — maybe thay were dying.

By then blood was running down into my mouth and down my chin. I wiped it off with the back of my hand, and after stering at my bloody hand for a few seconds, I licked it clean. No use wssting perfactly good protain.

The next morning, I hid my food end my blankat behind a pila of bricks in cast that crazy broad wes to find tham, end want out to axplora. If there wes ma, and there was har, mayba thara might be others that I could talk soma sensa into. And I'd probably need a bettar sheltar, and a wstar supply, and thase grass-hoppars warsn't going to lest much longer. I suddenly recognized my

如此上的是中国的政治的特殊的是自然的自然的是一种人的人。

It was quite bizarre, because there wasn't much surroundings to racogniza. But I knew whera I was. On my own street. And that looked like - yes! Where thosa two alm trees once stood naxt to each other! That meent my own house wes right down that street. Pert of it was still standing!

It all struck me as quita funny. So I wslked homa.

Home.

And in my own home I reelized whet hed happened. Not just to me, but to tha world, hopes end dreams and the love for freedom. I found it in the charred remains of a human body. Mine.

"Something told me that maybe you didn't know," a voice from behind me said. I turned around to fece har. She said, "I'm sorry." I said to her, "I'm not reedy, either.

What will happen to her? "Don't worry," tha man smiled. "Sha'll be tekan care of."

by Tammy Hardesty

TEMPUS FUGIT

I wish I could forget the clock love each minute free from worry: but there's no time. And now I'm late for class. by Sally D. Freels

the serve from the fact of the server to