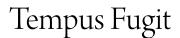
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JUST THE QUIET, AND THE WIND It took me awhile to figura it out. Thara a flesh of light and thara I was looking for food. Tha last thing I remembered was haaring a voica that told me to look eway. I still felt tha flash of light; I felt it through my skin, and than I was floating on the wind. But I don't ramembar lending.

But I hed to find food.

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

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

Dusk was coming on, and it would be cold, aven though I didn't faal any coldar.

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 when I saw her.

the areas from the far an and a

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 I 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, "WaitI I cen halp you! Wa can halp aech other!" But I tripped on e-brick and fall on my faca. My nosa startad to bleed. When my vision cleerad, sha was gona. "Damned broad, anyway," I mumbled as I walkad beck to tha cloth. She would probably moen and cry and use up my food supply. My food supply! I ran to whare 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 heri 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 lickad it clean. No use wssting perfactly good protain.

Tha naxt morning, I hid my food and 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 surroundings.

It was guite bizarre, because thare wasn't much surroundings to racogniza. But I knew whera I was. On my own street. And thst looked lika - yes! Whare thosa two aim trees once stood naxt to each other! That meent my own house wes right down thet street. Pert of it wes still standing!

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

Home. And in my own home I realized what hed happaned. Not just to me, but to tha world, hopes end dreams and the love for freadom. I found it in the charred remains of a human body. Mine.

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

Whet will happan 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