

papers, I would speculate that the current international trend is a prologue to something bigger and more important in the future. I can only hope that the policies finally made by our nation are ones that will strike at the basic conflicts, and ones that will be worthy of posterity.

I Will Find My Place

Gary Moore

I CANNOT see! I am aware of light, but I cannot perceive images. The blinding light is intolerable. I must take refuge in darkness. When I try to move, I find that I am unable to walk! Finally, I manage to squirm and wriggle deeper into the warm, slimy ooze which envelops me. Here in this wet, pulsing darkness, time means nothing to me. There is no sleep or boredom, no night or day. There is only the all-enfolding darkness.

Now I am aware of a great urge within me. I must do something! I struggle up through the blackness toward the light. As I emerge into the light, I am surprised to realize that it is no longer a source of discomfort. Instead, the light seems to increase the urgency of this indefinable need which drives me. I succeed in forcing my almost helpless body out of the clinging slime and onto dry land.

As I lie here, exhausted, a great change ripples through my body. Suddenly, my perception clears. I am overwhelmed by a wealth of sights, sounds, and smells. My vision is still slightly blurred, however. Although motion is easily discernible, I have difficulty in distinguishing still objects. I am greatly pleased to find that I am now able to walk. I walk in circles, testing my legs and loving the feel of independence and mobility. I pause to rub the filth from my feet and smooth down my hair.

This is unbelievable! I am flying! I am moving effortlessly through the air. My surprise is dulled, however, by a gnawing, overpowering hunger. I spiral down onto a broad, flat plain to begin my search for food. Luck is with me! I soon find several large jagged crystals which, I am pleased to discover, have a surprisingly sweet taste. Nearby, I find an odd, ring-shaped lake where I eagerly quench my thirst. The cool water lifts my spirits, and I look upon this puzzling existence with renewed hope. Perhaps, after all, I will find my place in this strange world around me. My thoughts are interrupted by a sudden feeling of alarm. Then, I see it! A large, black shape is hovering above me. I crouch, unable to decide whether to run or to fly. The black thing grows larger, and I realize that it is rushing down upon me. There is no escape! As the air whistles violently around me, I know that I am about to die.

The housewife gives the fly-swatter a final decisive shake as she mumbles, "Pesky fly!" Then, with a determined sniff, she returns to her cleaning.