

SAMSON

Larry Gilbert

"Parks," the foreman said, "you'll be working this press with Samson here."

"Samson?" Joe muttered, amazed. "He looks more like King Kong's mother-in-law. Oh well, what the hell, maybe he'll share his bananas with me."

The foreman waved his hand and Samson, shirtless and sweaty, swaggered over to them with a slow, rolling gait—all the while exchanging glances and mock blows with the workmen he passed. His chest really was enormous, and it tapered into what once must have been a very thin waist but was now spoiled by a stomach which hung loosely over his belt. This once-powerful frame, coupled with a too-full head of greasy black hair, reminded Joe of a dissipated Little Abner.

"Samson," the foreman said, "this is your new boy for the summer, Joe Parks. Teach him all the aspects of operation of the wall-press, including shipping instructions. Okay?"

"Ah, sure boss. You mean yuh want me to show this h'yere young man how we make the walls and put 'em on the trucks. Right?"

"Yes, Samson," the foreman sighed, "that's all you have to do. Got it?"

"Got what?" Samson replied, slightly perplexed. "You mean the part we needed for the plywood-edger? It's still not come in yet."

"No, Samson, not that. Look, just do with this boy whatever it was that you did with the helper I gave you last summer."

A look of glee passed over Samson's sweat-streaked face as he turned toward Joe and grabbed his arm with both his hands. "Oh, sure! Now I got'cha!"

Joe's face went white the moment Samson's hands had encircled his arm, and it took him a second to find his tongue. "Okay!" he finally said in a hoarse voice. "All right, you got me, you got me!"

Now let me go!"

"Let him go, Samson," the foreman chuckled as he turned to go, "else he won't be worth a damn to us with a broken arm."

With a ghoulisn laugh he released his hold and anxiously asked, "Didn't hurt yuh, did I boy?"

"For Chris' sake," Joe shouted, "what the hell did you do that for? NO, you didn't hurt me but you sure scared me half silly."

"Oh that w'arnt nothing," replied Samson, acting as if it really had been nothing. "That was just a trick I learnt when I was wrasslin' semi-pro. Here's another Dick the Bruiser taught me," and he whirled around into a crouch, ready to spring.

Joe sprang first, but not at Samson. From a standing position he had jumped a full six feet backward and stood poised and ready to run.

"Say," said Samson, a note of genuine awe in his tone, "that was really a neat trick. I could use that in my act—ah, I mean when I'm wrasslin'. Yes sir, boy, I think you and me'll have a good time together."

"Not if you keep grabbing me we're not!," shot back Joe. "I came here to earn some money to pay for school, not for some operation to sew on my arm after you tear it off. You big ape, you!"

"Well now," Samson laughed, "I see we're really gonna hit it off. You don't like apes like me, and I don't 'specially care for college boys like you. We'll have lots 'a fun this summer."

"Yeah," thought Joe, "fun and games, all summer long."

Jody Neff

I Go

Like the wind I go,
 Unseen and uncontrollable;
 Like the sea I roll to meet the shores
 That reach to take my hand.
 I will not let them touch me though,
 For they might make me stay
 To blow forever in one place—
 To be unfree and chained to time.