

from the Bears game, too, so he was specially glad to see me.

"Jimmy!" he yells, with a big smile on his face. He clapped me on the shoulder with one of those big ham hands of his and about knocked me off the platform, then grabbed me and straightened me up real fast like a punching bag, all of which was what knocked that cap screw out of my shirt pocket. Both of us watched it fall.

"Awww, DOGCRAP!" Charley yelled, his favorite expression. "If the foreman sees that, he's gonna wanna kick my ass! What did ya have to have that in yer pocket for, Jimmy?"

It bounced off the edge of the vat of hot copper, right into the vat full of boiling zinc. And you know, that set me to remembering what the creature said about his people and zinc—that it was their only weakness. Guess falling in that vat won't kill the thing, but it'll sure put it out of commission for a million years or so.

Of course, that's if you believe all this stuff that talking  $\frac{3}{4}$ -15 x 2½ cap screw had to say. I was going to ask Charley what he thought about the whole thing, except that a minute ago Charley disappeared, along with everything else.

## EMILY IN PLATO'S CAVE

For H—

Sherry Gamble

"The truth must dazzle gradually  
or every man be blind."—Emily Dickinson

Shadow chained to shadow  
In cavernous ignorance  
If catapulted into sun  
(Unequivocal bright light)

Night's unlearning—their yearning  
Turns to blindness—their blight.  
Saints and poets—philosophers only  
Are spared unimpeded sight.