20 The Brunswickan

October 19, 1990

hades of Morpheus By Sean P.M. So Tom should have been on the

at the mailbox in front of Myra's kitchen. He passed in even id never interrupted him before. He stood with his head tilted to the left as one admiring a painting

Mailbox ... mailbox Tom wasn't habitably prone to such bouts of largely the product of one of his rare approhe-perticular way. Now to Tom this was revolutionar "Go to work at 7:40 a.m." "Eat support at 5:30 per section cat." provided an element of hazard in Tom's experience of the section management of hazard in Tom's experience of the section of the sectin of the sectin of "Go to work at 7:40 a.m." "Eat supper at 5:30 p.

es indeed, it was a s

voice. S -that men had a pl had cassette at unnerving. atly lapping en

nt, for he strayed seldom from the the worldt when he lean

Hernourt harvoice glide across the empty black pond. He looked for his face in the dark pool. "Main from its black belly roared "MAILBOX!" In because he was running down the street toward Sergio's. A banana fell from his pocket.

he sidewall when Tom dashed by. This was a most unusual day, what with the girl with the sketchbook not cu ivery day except on weekends and holidays, Tom stopped in front of the fruit cart and mauled the p

The line of the way the combroom rippled across the grey sidewalk, smoothly, soothingly. Sweeping focus of the line of the way the combroom rippled across the grey sidewalk, smoothly, soothingly. Sweeping focus of the line of the way the combroom rippled across the grey sidewalk, smoothly, soothingly. Sweeping focus of the line of the way the combroom rippled across the grey sidewalk. When he wasn't sweeping or otherwise a sumb and forefinge. Support made smooth by years of handling the broom. Sometimes, when no one was in the set

regio was troubled of kin. Today for instance, infer cutting up the side of beef which had been earing in the and tometoes, furioutly rubbing a stray bit of a second bits calling. In the close the second do 'clock. His second was too interponsible to look after the place himself, and the so-until 9 o'clock, but he had to go to citizen hip class as six-thirty. He had no family here to help him, indeed, it was a strange day to mought, what with the girt not showing up and Tom running off like that imagined his will a to have once been like. He picked up the banana and put it with those on the care. Upper

elinda, as was her babit in the afternoon. M vivacion Torodays, for a seen

e was asleep under the chestnic true, and must have

and the still, yawping excitedly, "Shih, my dear, you'll awa

when sh

g voice as well, by voice whi ht her through th well, and the the earthly gnashing of the tapes in the second second her second her second Relieds woofed on approvingly. So, she second second her second seco linda was watching. Dr. Lamberth's image flooded her mind; his turno voice poured into her eyes. Relax...easy...move...away... rden. She again reached into the cupboard; promptly finding the handle, the jorked is out into the light. It was stuffed with mason

tute for those tapes. he has such an attractive voice, and

th her deduction; just like the detectives she read about, shows it so, and it's been such a long time. His plane will be

er her bigh eh

Westside Park with her

on a black pond.

oat oa

Mr. Sergio's peaches, but he stood way home from the factory, but it

omfort of repetition, from the security of familiarity. Although this is, he of mus time, he understood that things happened in accordance in the second sec e provided an element of hazard in Tom's experience, but ourst was always on the

beautiful

A CONTRACTOR OF A

(PARTIES) d the

ned beets.

ter. He would have stayed to place for him

> of fingers, hands which Mr. side with the ones marked half a, be peak at the

was. Mrs. Thomas whistled n 9 o'clock on 11 o'clock. He had such

of unconsciousness washing over her being it away for a convention, what began HELL ALL RISE THE MOR

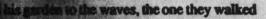
tober 19, 199

Mr. .

HEY JON HOW WA THE

ROADTA YESTER

> -- AND TO REPUBLI FOR WHI THEY SC



ht, judging by the accumulation Let's go home, my dear, and Mommy

closer about her neck. "Perhaps

ed her com-braids. The men on the head dignified and lefty. Her dark eyes

> muce of things. ffused tones and colored textures. her tapered fingers instead of the

g the grey potential, the inherent color.

springtime in Paris' Luxembourg gardens. The ver page of her book. Thus she took an especial

esterday she was painting, but she couldn't get the It flow. The brush was empty. Rage welled up from use she liked the way the colors worked. She put it

side of the street. Mr. Perkins was busy arranging

Photo by Dave Smith