

fore he left he checked the anchor by holding the bow of the boat with one hand and pulling the rope with the other.

"It's holding, you're o.k." yelled to George to reassure him, but he knew the light ten pound anchor wouldn't hold long in the deep rough water.

"So long, George, see you later."

Tom crawled off toward the dark outline of the nearest part of the island. His arms cut the water smoothly with good opposition. He did the distance crawl, resting a little on each arm before the stroke. The six foot waves took him up and down and he struggled along into them.

He thought, "Strange how you can swim against water you can't row into — guess it's because your power has only you to take when you swim — I'd go faster if I took off my bathing suit — but the light house keeper's got a wife — wish I had a wife — wonder why people wear bathing suits anyway — it only slows them up — If they kept you warm there'd be some excuse — they don't — water's warm now — guess we're on the hot side of the thunder front — funny about that — a cold front rubbing a warm front makes such a storm — hope I don't get a jelly fish in the mouth — damn, it's starting to rain."

A wave thrust into his open mouth as he turned his head to breath. He coughed. He spat. He swallowed. He thought, "By God, I'd better watch my breathing or I won't be breathing long."

It was 9:30 and dark when their father drove down to the shore to see if they were back. His headlights swept the lonely empty beach as the sand began to be pitted with rain like meteored moon craters. He left the lights on and walked lonely in the beam in the wind to the sea. Waves

Haiku

Darts of rain bouncing
glazing black asphalt highways
streaming hot rivers.

Fog, haunting day — ghost
wispig past, sparkling houses
dark and luminous.

by NEIL BRAMBLE

picked up in the shallow water and were murky in the headlight beam. Wind whistled the sand in a storm. He waited in vain for the sound of the outboard. The water was empty. He went home and called the Mountie.

* * * * *

Tom looked back to see if he could still see the boat but he couldn't. He hoped that anchor would hold. He was beginning to tire. His arms grew leaden and seemed to weigh fifty pounds apiece. His breathing grew careless and he swallowed more and more water. He gasped but swam on.

He felt a furry sensation on his face. Then the sting of a thousand volts. Stingers cut into his skin. His body tensed with the shock of the jelly fish. He backed off. His right inner thigh muscle cramped. He lost momentum. His legs began to fall away under him. He struggled desperately with his arms. He swallowed mouth after mouth full of water, Oh God, what if I don't make it — guess Mum and Dad won't miss me too much — I was just a trouble to them, but Mary — Oh Mary — I'm tired." His eyes grew hazy. His left foot hit bottom.

He stood, straightened his right leg, and rubbed out the cramp. He got his wind and then he thought, "George is still out

there, better move."

As it was rocky underfoot he swam the rest of the way ashore keeping his right leg straight. He crossed the beach running weak legged and stubbed his toe on a rock. The salt water swayed in his stomach and he felt sick. He scrambled up the clay bank mucky from the rain. He shivered in his bathing suit. He wished he had his glasses. It was dark.

He stumbled across fields to the house and got thistles in his feet and ran into a barbed wire fence. He made the door and rapped loudly and gasped and the keeper came and opened the

(SEE page 14)

Fashions

Fashions come and go;
Or is a thing of beauty
A joy forever?

by R. A. READER

The Sleeper

The shore
Pulls up
The lace-ruffled sheet —
Kicks it off again
Revealing its
Firm brown thigh.

by CAROLYN MURRAY

Scan:

