

I run to the woods out behind the house. I was so scared and shakin'. I didn't wanta go no where. I would of went to see Old Tont, to tell him what Aussin was sayin', but Tont was gone away. Wasn't no one to tell. I got down in the field and I could see the house. Ma came out and headed down for the fishin' camps. When Ma went away there was just me and Aussin. When Ma went Stella said she was goin' to, she wouldn't stay with the likes of that and then there's just me and Aussin. Ma was comin' back, she wasn't goin' no place ever. I stopped breathin' so hard, I could swallow better and my heart was down beatin' in the right place again. Aussin came out and was just standin' there, lookin' up at the sky. I looked up, it was gettin' some blue in it, it wasn't gonna rain 'till evenin'.

Aussin went around the corner of the house, I couldn't see him no more. He was gone down to O'Leary's maybe. I was gonna go after Ma but I was scared to move, Aussin might catch me and take me now, when no one was at the house. I got thinkin' I might run and hide at Tont's.

I gotta tell Ma I don't wanta go no where, I was sayin' that to myself. I crawled closer to the house, I was careful. I couldn't see Aussin no place, I listened for him and then I crawled around to where I see the front of the house and where Aussin had gone to.

I could see the wheels layin' on the truck and Aussin was there, bent down, lookin' for something. The truck was up on wood and the bricks, left over from the house. Aussin crawled under the truck, lookin' again. He come back out and then the truck fell some, not all the way, and then it come right down. Aussin was yellin' but I didn't no for sure if it hurt him. Part of him was layin' out a ways from the truck and he threwed the bottle he had. He was stuck there, like the rabbits I seen in his traps, their eyes all wild and shinnin' with fear 'cause they knowed you was gonna hurt the, and they would cry, soundin' almost like a baby. They was askin' you not to hurt them but Aussin always wacked them on the head with a

stick and they was still and bleedin' from their nose and I hated Aussin and never felt good.

Aussin was yellin' and callin' for Ma. He was layin' there, poundin' the dirt, makin' dust raise all over and he was swearin' louder than I ever heard. He looked over, I got down quick but he saw me, started callin'.

"Minard. Minard, get over here. My leg is caught. Minard, get over here, I need ya."

I was scared and I was thinkin' maybe he was gonna trick me.

"Minard, it's hurtin' so bad. Help me get this god damn truck off my leg."

....I was gonna leave him, it was good enough for him, he was tryin' to send me off.

....I knowed it wasn't a trick no more, he was cryin' some, real cryin'. I went over closer, he looked at me and he was cryin' and his leg was stuck for real. I didn't wanta to help him but if he got outta there he'd get me and beat me good. If I didn't help him, then Ma might get ragin' and side with him to send me away. I got madder at him and scared again thinkin' about all that and I was gonna run.

"For Christ's sake, Minard....Please!"

I couldn't move, I wanted to run away but I wasn't goin', both feet was stuck and nothin' was clear. My eyes was gettin' water and I looked at Aussin but I couldn't see him clear, like lookin' through a window with rain on it. I wiped out my eyes and I knowed then what it was Aussin said. It was 'please' he said and he never said please to no one ever. I smiled at him but he didn't pay no mind.

"Listen to me good, Minard, and I'll tell you what to do."

"I'll help ya. I'll help ya, Dad", I said kinda scared.

"Just lift that end there, no, over there, now lift 'er." It was hard to lift. "Harder Minard, got to get this god damn leg out."

I lifted more and he got out. He crawled out and then fall. I went over to help him, to

help Aussin, to help Dad.

"Get away from me. Get the Christ outta here."

I started to run, and I runned harder and I was runnin' down to the river and I runned into Ma, right into Ma. I told her what was happenin' at the house.

"And Ma, don't let him take me away, eh Ma, you won't let him, eh?"

"Shut Ma, don't let him take me away, eh Ma, you won't let him, eh?"

"Shut up, Minard. Be still, tell me where Austin is."

When we got back to the house, Aussin was over by the door. He was swearin' and makin' a face and there was sweatin' all over him. Ma got him into the house, he layed there on the floor, bleedin' and moanin' but she got him onto the cot. I helped her put Aussin there.

"It don't lood good to me, Austin. I better see if one of the lads at the camps can drive you over to Keystead. The doctor's got to see to it."

"I ain't goin' no god damn place, to no Christless doctor. I need a drink is all, I be all right tomorrow."

Ma went for help and I sat out by the side of the truck listenin' to Aussin cursin' and sayin' he wasn't goin' no where. I knowed he was goin', when Ma gets one eye closed and holds her mouth real tight you know she means what she says.

Some lads come up from the camp. They went into the house and took Aussin out, carryin' him and he was hollerin' at first and said he wasn't goin'. One lad said he could get that leg cut off if it wasn't tended to.

Aussin looked over at me by the truck and he looked like he was gonna say please again, then I knowed that he felt like me when I didn't wanta go no where.

The lads went and Ma went and I watched them goin' in the long car and then I was alone and it was just the house and me. I went back to the pond with the dogs, I liked the pond and it was gonna be rainin' soon anyway.

'THE PLIGHT OF THE OVERNIGHT JOHNATHAN' or 'THE BLIGHT OF THE OVERRIPE JOHNATHAN' by D. Newman

Downcast, as well as an outcast from the whole of society as a whole, Johnathan, Johnny, as his school buddies and pals would sometimes call him to his face as they spat on his embroidered trousers that his mother got him for no reason, as she didn't like either, would sometimes wonder out loud in the street at the top of his lungs. "Why am I so different from all the rest of you slobs?", He would scream from beneath the bread truck which would run him over at the same time and place every other insane day. "No apology necessary, Breadface. It happens every day." Said Johnathan.

So, off to school Johnny would humble every morning, to be stood in front of that wall and shot again with that cold stare which vaguely resembled hate but was much worse. Johnny was used to hate by now, but this was not very nice either.

Out of the blue, or I suppose grey, as Johnny was a bit color blind, came a firm command from deep within his head where all the rot collected. "Johnny, Johnny", The voice that was his would talk at him. The

voice also said, "Everyone thinks you are an asshole." Stunned and dumbstruck as normal, Johnny repeated to the voice, "But I am an asshole."

All this weird event was happening so fast that Johnny's tooth would ache hard! "What come off here, and why, whoever you think you are in my head?", said John, as eloquently as he could under the circumstances, because he rarely spoke so many words at one time, especially to someone he didn't know. [Mother, you know.] The voice looked at Johnny and at his reproval of his earlier remark and was already to hate Johnny too. Johnny was familiar with this feeling of dejection and knew he better put his words back in his mouth. "Stand up and be counted for all you're worth.", this voice in his head would rasp at the heart of him, Johnny.

And Johnny did take it to heart, and harkened to the deepest motivation in his life, to be known and felt throughout the whole of society as not just the weak person he was, but a great example to his fellow passengers on this spaceship that is called

earth, and delighted in the approval that was reward enough, in itself, for Johnny had experienced his ultimate dream come true. Many nights before this dream come true would he sit by the warmth of his Mother's breath and exhume the possibility of his becoming great, and at the same time be able to sit and eat breakfast with the rest of his household at once.

"Well, I'll be damned if I do, and damned if I don't", barked Johnny's hairy mother. "If I ever thought I would see this day that Johnny would come to his senses at last and turn into a noble structure of proud uncle Harold! This beats the cake."

Johnathan was busy in the corner prancing himself on the back for turning the tide of this odd thing in his favor. A smilish sort half grin would suddenly quake from his mouth. His thoughts were already in tomorrow. For tomorrow he too would be a happy know-nothing breadface with a shiney new truck which had low mileage and no defects for the few spots of blood on the bumper.