

from page 9

## Lost At Sea

rowed west hoping to reach the island. The tide had peaked and turned to go out.

George was weak and out of condition from years in the sedentary ministry. His arms quickly grew rubbery and powerless and he had to quit. The wind blown tide drove them north towards the wide expanses of the Northumberland Strait.

Though George's little brother by ten years Tom was his big brother by four inches and thirty pounds. His passion for physical fitness had made him a neat six feet, one-hundred ninety pounds. He rowed alone tirelessly. The heavy wide boat strained slowly through the water. Spray flew over its side. George sat in the stern in front of Tom and looked pale and worried.

"Cheer up," said Tom with a smile, "why, this is a once in a life time adventure. You might as well get a thrill out of it. Enjoy it, then you can say you laughed in the face of danger! If we don't drown you can preach a sermon on God's deliverance.

If we do, then we might as well enjoy what's left of life. Anyway, think what a time you'll have in Heaven!"

George responded apathetically to these comforting words, "I'm in no hurry to get to Heaven. It's a little different with you. You haven't got a pregnant wife on shore."

"Could be," said Tom teasingly, "but you needn't worry about her. She's got that job teaching at the university so she can take care of herself, I guess."

"I guess", replied George weakly.

Tom looked at George and thought: "Maybe he's seasick — he's mighty white — should be looking at the horizon to stabilize his inner gyroscope — he's got a bad mental attitude — probably nothing so exciting will ever happen to him again, poor fellow — Trouble is — he's married — marriage softens men — they don't produce anything but kids then. Why — he was as good a man as me once — but now, well, such is life. I'm never gonna get married — it's too much trouble. To satisfy my family she's gotta be white, anglo-saxon, and protestant — Gosh, my family's a regular Ku Klux Klan. Anyway, it's better to have mistresses and love 'em and leave 'em — By

God! Those waves are getting higher."

The waves were about six feet high now and their crests were flecked with foam. The sun shot towards them its last bullets of radiant energy and reddened and widened and Tom hoped the light house keeper on the island would see them and come get them but he didn't. They were progressing west towards the island but at the same time were being driven further north.

Tom was delighting in his brother's discomposure. He smiled, "George is a good social fellow — he can handle people and things like that just splendid — a regular diplomat — but he doesn't know nature is easier to conquer. Humans think and plot. Nature can't — it's easier to fight — better comfort him."

"Hey George, don't worry. We're in no danger. It's only water and wind. Everything's going to be alright. We'll come through o.k.

"How do you know?" answered George.

Tom looked up sharply at his brother, "Well now George, you're the minister, you should know. Only thing I'm worried about is getting Hell for not checking the gas and causing this when I get home."

George stayed quiet. He was quieter than he had ever been. The last light of the sun flecked the thunderhead and the first dull rumbles came and flashes fell. Tom rowed in the dark of the late twilight. He kept telling his brother everything would be all right but they swept by the island north into the dark raging sea.

Soon they were a half mile north of the island and Tom knew it was useless to continue rowing. He brought in the oars and threw out the anchor and took off his lifebelt and handed it to George. "You'd better keep ahold of this. Two might be better than one. Anyway, it would only hold me up. I'm gonna swim ashore and get the light house keeper to come out and get you." said Tom as he took off his soaked shirt. He put one leg over into the water and rested his belly on the side and using it as a pivot, swung the rest of him over. Be-

## I Am A Frustrated Old Maid

I am a frustrated old maid,  
Made, made, . . . did you make her?  
Speaking of Jamaica  
Have you been to the Bahamas,  
Speaking of sheep  
Are you warm enough?

No, I'm cold, frigid,  
Speaking of fridges  
Do we have any cubes?  
Cubes, cubes, are you a square?  
Speaking of squares, I want one  
Are you hungry?  
Speaking of love, I am.

Love, love, who needs it,  
Speaking of need  
Are you broke?  
No, no . . . I'm pure  
Speaking of purity  
Do you use Carnation?  
Speaking of flowers  
You mean you are one?

by ANNE FARNELL