

bed that marked the border to the next property. There, tulips of many colors flashed in the sun. The poplar tree beside the bed was silhouetted in a pale blue sky and swayed gently to the north east.

Tom decided, "for the peace of all", to change the topic. "Well, let's forget about that. It's a nice evening. The tide's in fairly well to get the boat off. Let's go for a drive, George."

Cathy paled and pleaded: "The wind's blowing too hard, isn't it? The radio says there's

Ron Burns, the author of "Lost At Sea" won the prize for Creative Writing at UNB last year. The story, though apparently of thrilling adventure, is really an allegory on the Christian Church, which has been lost at sea for some time.

going to be a thunder storm. Please don't go. Think about the baby."

"I've had her out in worse than this," said Tom.

Tom's father spoke for the first time, "O.K., go out — but be careful and check the gas before you go and don't stay too long."

"O.K.," said Tom, "I'll be careful. Are you coming, George?"

They drove to the beach's edge and walked across sand to the boat. Tom wore a light blue T shirt and a black bathing suit. The wind was picking up and drove grains of sand into Tom's bare legs. Beyond the lonely beach gusts of wind wrinkled waves. A group of seagulls were huddled facing the wind on a bar that had just disappeared under tide.

They pushed the red bottomed chestnut-hulled motor-boat on rollers to the water and George got in and Tom hauled the boat out into deeper water. Tom jumped in and started the engine and they moved out towards the black creosoted wooden wharf. In the calm between it and the quarter mile of gray brown breakwater Tom opened her up and they zoomed by fish-

ing boats low with lobster traps ready for Monday's season-beginning.

They passed the protection of the breakwater and bounced violently in the rising waves, hitting troughs hard and soaking themselves. Tom slowed down and headed north with the waves toward the marsh that separates Jourmain Island from the mainland. This marsh had been a square mile of dyked fertile farmland till a great storm breached the dykes in the 'twenties. After a fifteen minute run they passed through the broad breach in the dyke between rotting upright poles in remnant earthworks. There was just one narrow deep path through the marsh that a prop-boat could navigate. Tom slowed and stood up so he could see it better.

Inside the marsh, now a breeding ground for ducks, it was sheltered and calm. They came on a mother duck with six babies. The mother swerved suddenly and the thoroughly imprinted babies followed her into the salt grass.

Then they came on shell ducks diving for shell fish. With their wings held tightly to their sides and their bodies held rigid they looked like little black jets. Their webbed feet peddled furiously, propelling them through the pale green eel grass in the clear water below.

They came out on the calm north side of the island and cruised along outside the sand duned shore. Now and then a seal popped his head out of the water, indignant at this big brown noisy intruder.

They cleared the protection of the island and headed into a strengthened gale and waves toward the warf. Above and beyond the tall black gantry-like

structure for loading cars on car ferries were high black thunderheads.

The breeze bit cool and the boat splashed in troughs and threw up spray. Tom licked the salt from his lips and huddled down behind the windshield, holding the steering wheel tightly. The motor began to sputter as the boat twisted and turned and shifted the gas in the tank on the floor. Tom turned to the nearest land. The motor gave a last sputter, coughed, and died.

Tom turned around and looked sheepishly at George and said in a little voice: "I guess I forgot to check the gas. We'll have to try to row ashore on Jourmain Island, we can't possibly make the mainland rowing against this."

George agreed. Tom turned the motor up on its pivot and they put on lifebelts and they
(SEE page 12)

The Storm

Our lips
touched
under the shady
pine.
It was hot
hot
in the scorching
sun
but cool
where
we clung
together.
As high black
clouds
climbed
the horizon,
"Will it thunder?"
"It may."
And she pressed
closer
to me.
by MICHAEL NOWLAN

Which?

Death
Seems to translate
for only a moment
understanding
and bewilderment
But who can say
which

the interpreter
the meaning of two worlds
without prejudice
to one world
to the other
to which?

by TERENCE O'NEIL