

LITERARY SECTION

Rejected Love

by Elizabeth Mac Dowell

A cold, biting January afternoon found Becky Livingston walking dejectedly along an old abandoned street. She was a tall, hunch-backed girl with rather long, slightly wavy brown hair. Becky was twenty years old, and not particularly pretty, but her outgoing personality seemed to cover for her not-so-outstanding features.

Becky had recently come from the doctor's office after having an examination. What she had feared was finally true, and she was now trying to figure out how she was going to break the news to her tall, fair-haired, goodlooking boyfriend, Derek. Becky knew how strongly Derek felt about the matter of pregnancy. She frowned unhappily about a previous conversation between Derek and herself when they first started their courtship. "Now look, Becky", Derek had said, "I don't want you to think of ever having kids; they are nothing but one headache after another."

"I'll try", Becky said. At this Derek reported, "Don't just try or else you will never see me as long as you live."

About two hours later, she decided to go and wait for Derek to come home and then tell him the unwanted news. This was the day before he was to go to Vietnam and Becky did not want to spoil the time they had left together. But she knew he had to know, because Derek and Becky had plans to get married when Derek returned from his time overseas; that is, if he returned. This she blotted from her mind.

Somehow Becky found the courage later that evening at dinner to bring up the subject she knew Derek would hate. She gathered all her courage even as the words seemed stuck at the bottom of her throat.

"Derek", she began.

"Yeah", he answered sleepily.

"Derek, I paid the doctor a visit today."

"Yeah, what did he have to say?"

"Well", she said a little scared.

"Well come out and say what you have on your mind", he muttered impatiently.

"The doctor told me I am expecting a child."

"What", Derek exploded, "You must be kidding me."

"No", Becky stuttered meekly. "The doctor said the tests were positive."

"What did I tell you when we first started going together, Becky? Didn't we go into all that? Didn't I tell you how strongly I felt about not having a bunch of brats? Well answer me. Don't you remember?"

"Yes", Becky muttered, now half sobbing and trying to control herself.

"Well why did you have to go and get yourself pregnant?"

"I'm sorry", Becky said, "I tried, I tried to be careful, but it just happened."

"Oh hell, what now? How many months are you along?", Derek shouted, almost forgetting they were in a diner.

"Only two months yet", Becky said.

"Good, because you are

only in your first stages of your pregnancy," Derek replied. "You have several alternatives for having that kid".

Derek got up from his chair at the table in the diner, counting each alternative on his fingers. Becky had never seen him like this, and furthermore, she was wishing Derek would just sit down and talk calmly, but Derek persisted in raving on and pacing back and forth.

"Well, little lady, he said, "I'll tell you what you can do. First of all, number one: you can get an abortion. There's plenty of them places around that do them sort of things. No one needs to know. Then again, Becky girl, you could easily give it up as soon as it is born. You know some adoption agency or something. Or Becky, if you don't make up your mind so that it pleases me, then let me tell you one thing. You had just better forget about me completely." Derek raved on. "I'll give you until I come back from Vietnam of course." He thought by saying this Becky would come to her senses and give the baby up or have an abortion.

Becky suddenly got up and looked straight in the eyes and retorted half in tears, "Oh mister, I don't have to wait until you come back to make up my mind about my baby. I've just found my senses in time, and as far as your ridiculous alternatives go, hear this. Number one: no one will ever murder my child. They will have to do it over my dead body. Number two: any child of mine that I

go through the pain of delivering will not be given up for two reasons if you should stand long enough to listen. (A) The child could be mistreated and how could I ever forgive myself; (B) again as far as any adoption agency goes, I don't trust their judgement or anyone else's with my baby".

Left feeling a bit proud of herself, yet a bit sad, Becky stopped and stared blankly at the floor.

"Since you've decided to be so stupid, I will go. Don't you ever expect to see my face ever again". Derek whirled around on his heels and slammed the door of the little diner where they had just sat down to eat less than a half an hour ago and spun out the door in a whirl of hate.

Derek was true to his word for Becky never saw him again. After he had left, Becky feeling somewhat stunned at the recent events, looked lovingly down at her unborn child and whispered, "Look what you have done, but, you know what, I think it was for the best."

Becky later heard from an old army pal of Derek's that Derek had died under a firing squad. Apparently he had snapped completely, no one knowing why, except Becky, for Derek had tried to kill every child in the village where he was stationed at. Somehow it seemed as if fate had played its hand and Becky had come out the winner and a loser, well he was a man with a heart full of hate.

The End



my little man from la mancha

you stand so tall
 yet you are so small,
 your wisdom grand -
 you have all in command
 you live to stand
 yet you're so small.
 you have no fear
 your courage brave,
 your weapon silence;
 you are a knave
 my little man from la mancha.
 you talk of tales
 you've not yet done
 you lead the way
 which where i run.
 you know my doings
 yet no none
 my little man from la mancha
 lead the way
 then let me go,
 with silent regret
 i know you'll show;
 but more so i,
 for there's more to know,
 my little man from la mancha.
 D. Goodman

Golden strawberries hair
 Hides eyes
 Brimming with Life;
 Hands nudge
 laughing wisps
 Away.
 D.G.

Perusing stillness
 Quiet words
 Awake me.
 Melancholy runs
 Like a thief.
 Dave Goodman

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