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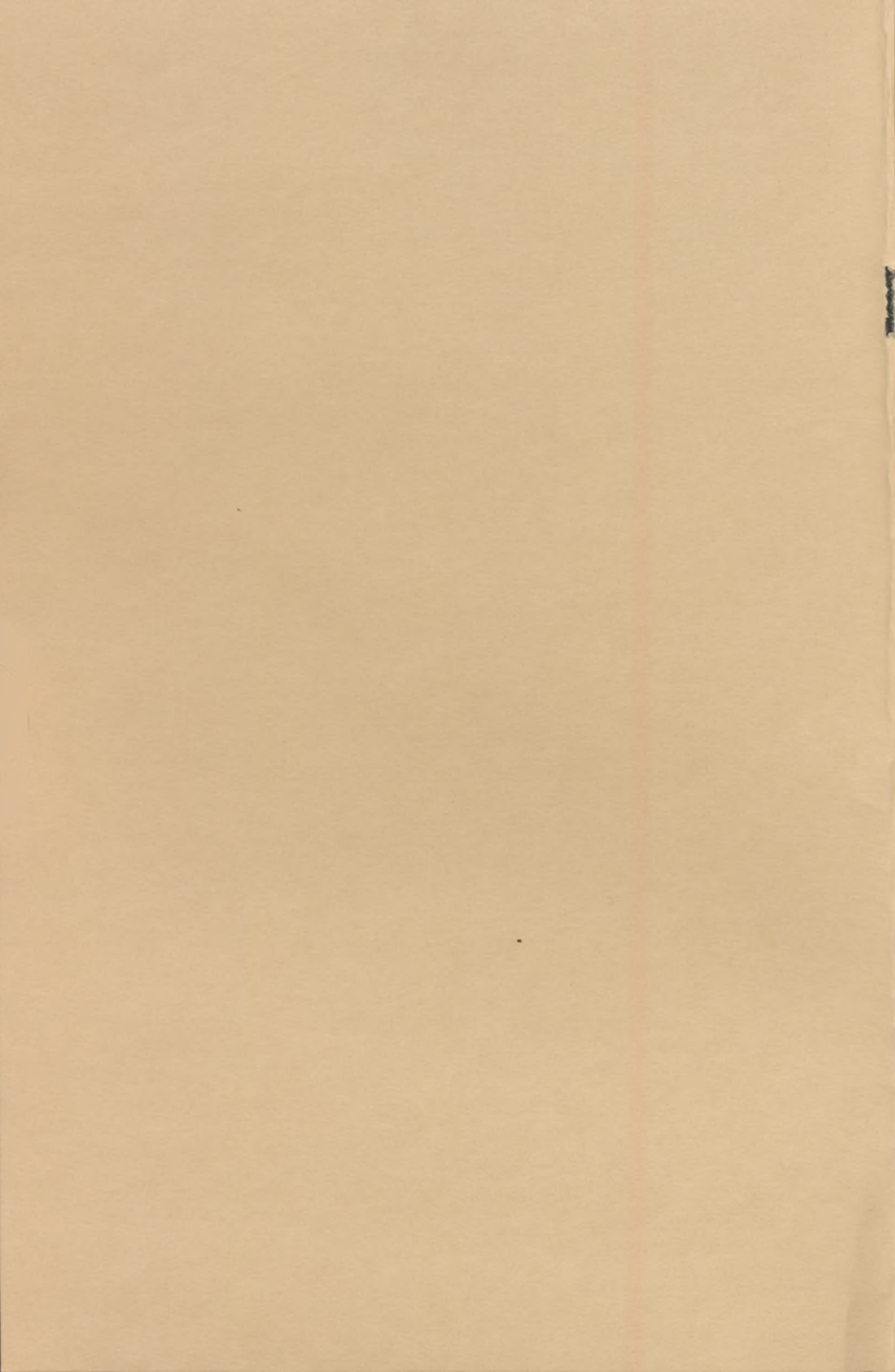
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WINTER
2011

ILLUSIONS



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Quiz & Quill
Winter 2011
Otterbein University
Westerville, Ohio

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Empathy/The Allegory of the Philanthropist and the Astronaut

by Jeff Kintner

Empathy

The problem with the big picture is it loses intimacy
the problem with the smaller picture is it loses breadth
the problem with them both is that they lose perspective.

The dark side of the moon exists
because no one is willing to leave
to see what is familiar from another angle.

The Allegory of the Philanthropist and the Astronaut

I have delved into these streets, been intimate with these people.
Choking on disease, arms surround me, clawing at my clothes
I'm not sure if some of them even have bodies attached.
I know that I am in the thick of it,
the hot intensity of it all overloads my senses.
I know I am where humanity's troubles come to breed
I know I am where our focus should be.
I don't ever bother to look upwards,
because I know I can't see the sun
through the dust choked sky.

No matter where you go, it's all the same.

no matter where you go, humanity's problems plague this place

there's no helping these people

none of them are willing to see reason.

so I left

and I watched Earth fade into the distance.

I will not be lost in the affairs of the everyday,

that's how perspective is lost.

I stop, just before I lose sight

I can see it all, all of humanity's problems can fit in the crease of my palm

I can see everything and purely reflect upon it.

no longer am I entangled, suffocated by ephemeral pain.

Out here, I can sit in silence for the first time in my life

my breath doesn't even echo.

I don't even realize that I can't see the opposite side of my subject.

The Art of Hiding

by Tony DeGenaro

I took some string my grandmother had given me,
an entire summer's worth of pleasure wound up in
that cardboard spool.

The twine was white, thick as yarn but more dense,
stronger.

From grade school spelling quizzes, reproachful cruelty of fifth graders,
friendly games of cat and mouse with my brother, hiding was essential;
I had a favorite spot in the back yard near the ivy patch.

It was either a small tree or a large bush,
overgrown branches sagging underneath the weight of dense foliage,
sitting close enough to the center of the trunk,
the canopy would wrap me up like a pearl in an oyster,
like an afghan blanket homespun on yarn.

I took a white plastic chair with me once,
and a book, to read in the quiet, where bugs would land in the spines
of numerous library books.

Chipmunks jumping in and out of the wood pile behind me,
sitting on the unused brick patio that had long ago been overgrown
by pine trees, bushes and plant life teach me daily lessons:
they have mastered the art of hiding.

The string is heavy in my hands,
it's weight only grows as closer to the center of the spool I get.
I am winding a spider web maze between the fence
and the biggest tree in the back yard; hoping to catch predators,
or the people buying our house from us.

String World was an eyesore from the kitchen porch, elevated from the yard,
the ends of the twine turned yellow when it rained, and soon,
I had to cut it down, right before moving.
I like to pretend I've visited the house,
seen the knots too well tied to the fence that remain:
evidence that I was there,

hiding all along.

The Day We Stopped Early

by Boris Hinderer

That summer felt so hot
the tar and shingles boiling beneath
the wasps humming in the vents.
I can still remember my dad
sun burnt and shirtless
carrying twice as many shingles up the ladder.
So that I could stay on top
And pick up loose nails.
We would work side by side
and tear the old tired roof off
with our gloved hands
while the torn ragged shingles
seared little burns into my forearms
right above the gloves.
I told my dad about the danger
of those wasps in those vents.
Someone will get stung,
is what I told him.
And when he got stung
he said that
he thought it would be me.

The Morning After

by Jeff Kintner

Dry mud cakes the sides of my house
rain pecks at my window
clearing dime-sized holes.

Hitodama - Human Soul

by Jacqlyn Schott

Floating fire lanterns flicker across the silken pond,

a melodic chorus of phantom-lights.

The soft autumn breeze moves them in silent greeting.

Wrinkles upon the softly breathing water

pulse on and fade into memory,

cattails lean into the wind, cricket songs decorate the air.

Nothing stirs.

Upon the midnight water, paper boats voyage with

make-shift, fluttering sails, ferrying long lost words,

'cross the way.

You never dream anymore, holed up in your darkness.

Don't you see what you've become, automaton?

Money is your only currency, the only thread

fastening you to puppet strings.

Don't you see what you've become?

The boats are sinking now.

And you are sinking too.

Not so fearful, the end of life,

for the fireflies shine on like undulating lighthouses,

lanterns shining along the path

guiding you home.

Join the Game

by Benjamin W. Daniels

Characters:

Person 1

Person 2

EXT . A DARK STAGE - UNDETERMINABLE TIME (DARK)

Light comes up on Person 1.

Person 1 stands on the stage alone.

PERSON 1

(looking stage right.)

Would you like to play a game?

Light comes up on Person 2.

Person 2 looks around startled.

PERSON 2

(looks at Person 1.)

What?

A moment passes.

PERSON 1

Would you care for a turn in the game?

Person 2 looks around again.

PERSON 2

What game?

PERSON 1

Any game you wish.

PERSON 2

I don't normally have time for games.

Person 1 looks excited.

PERSON 1

Then now is the perfect time to start.

PERSON 2

(speaks slowly.)

I suppose. (looks around.) Excuse me, but where am I?

PERSON 1

You are where you are.

PERSON 2

Yes, but where is that?

PERSON 1

(sounding amused.)

If you don't know, I really don't see how I am going to be any help.

PERSON 2

Sir, could you please point me in the direction of the Person in charge?

Person 1 points at them self.

PERSON 2 (CONT'D)

Are you certain about that?

Person 1 nods silently.

Person 2 stares at Person 1.

PERSON 1

Now, about that game?

PERSON 2

I think I would like to rest for a moment and get my bearings, before I get involved with any games.

PERSON 1

Suit yourself. The spots are filling for our next game. You'll want to get your bearings a.s.a.p.

Person 1 walks out of the light stage left.

Person 2 sits on a bench that becomes lit when Person 1 steps out of the light. (seems to appear out of nowhere.)

Person 2 looks around for a moment.

PERSON 2

(to himself.)

Would I like to play a game? (loudly to stage left.) Doesn't he know who I am? (stutters) How..busy..I..am?

Person 2 stands up and looks around as though he is lost.

PERSON 2 (CONT'D)

Do I know who I am? How did I come to be here? (looks down at the bench, reaches out to the bench.) I don't remember this being here a moment ago.

Person 1 strolls back on stage from stage left.

Person 1 walks up to Person 2.

PERSON 1

So. Are you ready for the game?
We have one last spot in this one.
Only if you join right now.

PERSON 2

I am not ready. Where are we?
(gestures around the stage.) How did I get here? (points at Person 1)
Who are you? (turns to the front of the stage, speaks loudly.) Why am I here?

Person 1 puts his hands behind his back and walks around Person 2.

Person 1 stops beside Person 2 and turns to them.

PERSON 1

That is a good question.

PERSON 2

(flustered.)

Which one?

PERSON 1

Well if you don't know, I don't know
how you expect to get any answers.

Person 2 stares at Person 1

PERSON 2

You are the most intolerable person I
have ever met.

PERSON 1

No I'm not.

PERSON 2

What? How do you know who I've
met?

PERSON 1

That is not the part of the question
that makes it false.

PERSON 2

Which part...

PERSON 1

Would you like to join the game?

PERSON 2

Do I have a choice?

PERSON 1

Certainly. We all do.

Person 1 leads Person 2 off the stage.

Lights dim.

Curtain down.

Ocean Eyes by Jacqlyn Schott

The empty sheets are still warm.
You must not have left long ago,
the cologne intoxication is left behind.

Left behind like a note on the pillow
which broadcasts loud and clear
EXCUSES.

"Sorry I couldn't stay, I had to work."
No "I love you" not even a thanks for
the night we spent watching the needles

glide 'round on the clock and
the night fall in and out of black.
But you always have to work, don't you?

Don't you ever linger where your heart desires?
Where it longs to be with every beat of its breath?
Don't you want to linger here with me?

Stay awhile, please.
Like the night at the bar and the night after.
Ocean eyes, please stay.

I want to wake up drowning
in the waves that bring me pleasure,
the warmth of your body.

Not expansive sheets of nothingness
and cluttered ashtrays with creeping smoke
rising only to disappear into the light of morning.

Mother always said never give to a man
something you couldn't stand losing.

And with every heave of
the empty cavern of my chest,
I believe her more and more each day.

Punch Line
by Boris Hinderer

It started as a joke
we bought our gloves together,
matching tools of rage
even there in the store, sizing each other up.

The joke got funnier.
We trained together
at everything except being friends
one morning I went to work with a tissue held to my nose.

This conflict of humor grew
balmy August anticipation
jackals baying for blood.
It would come.

That night I took a pen
wrote the words Love and Hate
and had every intention of killing you with them.
They're still there, never forgotten, not yet.

We were still chuckling when the night came.

Bad lighting and worse friends

but once the mouth-guard went in,

I couldn't laugh.

The bell rang

everyone laughed.

Hate put you down.

What put me down?

A blur of strangers and fists

our audience wasn't laughing anymore.

The funny part is

the cuts, the black eye, those healed.

Cloud Cover
by Whitney Reed

Trey had known the man standing on the street corner. And as Trey walked around the crosswalk sign and began forward, he found himself gravitating toward the guy in worn jeans and a pullover sweater. His slightly shaggy hair still looked slightly rebellious. Every step dragged but the feet were connected to his legs and his legs just wouldn't stop moving him forward.

He was sure *he* wouldn't remember *him*. In fact, he was positive. It had been 11 years. Trey couldn't even remember what he had for breakfast yesterday. This man would be no different, his legs attempted to console his feet. But that wasn't true, Trey knew. There was no reason for him to remember his breakfast. This man had *every* reason to remember him.

He walked up to the man.

"Hello Justin."

The man looked startled for a moment, as though years of defensive maneuvers were still ingrained in every movement.

"Trey."

Trey realized two things when Justin spoke. One, Justin had certainly never forgotten him, and two, he had been wrong in his previous assumption. He had known the boy Justin, but he didn't know this man.

"So . . . what have you been doing with yourself lately?"

It was one of those moments. A moment when Trey was certain he had asked something awkward and wrong just to fill the silence. He knew this wasn't going to be pretty.

"After the juvie, or after jail?"

"What?"

"Well, hell, I figured you would have at least seen the newspapers. I was defending myself, but the judge didn't see it that way and I was about to get out. So . . ."

"Justin . . ."

"No, no, Trey I know you'd feel bad—guilty. I don't hold a grudge or anything, I did at first but you get a lot of downtime in . . ." He trailed off and that only stabbed the pain into Trey's chest. They had been best friends.

"I should be to blame—no, I *was* to blame—you took the fall for me and—"

Justin laughed a harsh laugh. "You know, I didn't have anything going for me, you were the principal's son. You had the whole system going for you, I was on my last leg. If it wasn't the fire alarm, it would have been something else. Let's face it Trey, I wasn't making it out of there."

They stood there in a pause and the scene replayed before them, a silent black and white movie flashing.

Trey was successful and he knew it. He might have been successful anyway, even if Justin hadn't covered for him.

"Justin if I could trade places with you . . . you have to believe I would do it."

Justin laughed again, although it had a different tone, the edges were smooth and rounded instead of harsh.

"Don't you see Trey, I wouldn't *want* to trade places with you. I feel sorry for you."

That stopped Trey's thoughts dead.

"What . . .?"

"I can't ever get to where you are in life. I don't want to. That's the difference between you and me. You see the sky and you keep trying to touch the clouds. I see the sky and I hope I never reach them. Trey, do you know what would happen if you touched those clouds? They would dissolve and then where would you be? If you meet all your goals in life, what else do you have to live for? Wouldn't you be done? I don't want to reach the clouds. I just want to spend my life pushing them higher so that I can always have a reason, motivation. You set me so far back," Trey opened his mouth and Justin cut him off, "it's not a bad thing. I can spend my time striving higher, it just gave me more challenges to work on

beating.”

Trey pounced on Justin’s pause. “What are you even talking about? The only reason we make goals is to meet them, what’s the point in making them if we don’t want to follow through? Sure I want to “touch the clouds,” who wouldn’t?”

Shaking his head Justin replied sadly, “You know, want to touch the clouds is an illusion—it’s not real—you can’t touch them and you shouldn’t want to, because what would you do after? Nobody *really* wants to do everything. They always want something to look forward to, something to give them drive.”

Trey didn’t respond and didn’t understand. Somehow he had ceased viewing Justin as an innocent victim and was instead just angry at the craziness he was spouting off. Who did he think he was? He’d turned into some kind of hippie!

“It was really strange and awkward catching up with you Trey, but I’ve got to head off now.”

Trey jumped back into focus. “You’re not free to catch up some more later today?”

Justin shrugged and pulled out his wallet, “Nah, I’m pretty busy usually. But here,” he pulled out a card and handed it to Trey, “take this and if you ever need to call and talk this is my work number. I pretty much live there . . . We were friends once . . .”

Trey took the card and stared after Justin as he turned and walked away.

He would have felt a lot better if Justin would have just blamed him, or better yet, if he had reassured him that he had forgiven him in a sane way. Now he just felt strange. It wasn't necessarily an empty feeling, but one that was wanting.

It didn't make sense, and it didn't matter, he reassured himself. He had done his best—tried his hardest, and that was all he could do.

He turned and began walking back to the bank. Presidents got a longer lunch break than most, but it wasn't that long.

Wanting to reach the clouds was only an illusion—*yeah right*. Trey didn't care what Justin said, everyone wanted to and if people tried hard enough they would eventually. That was the way life worked.

As he walked through the gilded doors of the bank, stepping into his office, he sat down and took a look around. He was happy here, he'd climbed the ladder all the way. Justin didn't realize it, but the reason that Trey knew Justin was wrong was because he *had* touched the clouds. He had already met all of his goals. Wanting to touch wasn't an illusion, it was reality. He had wanted to do it and he had. He was happy, he was content with his life.

Sighing he put down Justin's card and reached for the phone to make his daily call to his wife. As the phone rang in his right ear, he glanced down at the card and overturned it. He was curious to see what job Justin had. After the emergency number, there was a private line also attached in Justin's name.

Trey blinked, unsure of what to think of the fact that Justin was a firefighter.

I Belong in Arms, not Sands

by Tony DeGenaro

Somewhere on the East coast,
lost in an exhausting mountain range
of skyscrapers,
the stars shine on earth during the day,
There is no night-time, no silence,
No street side tamale vendors;

just cold winds, Atlantic breeze, warm hearts.

I had to throw away my favorite
canvas sneakers' too much lone hiking,
sand trapped forever beneath the laces and the
soul:
No, I am no desert wanderer, no roamer;
canyons offering only company.

Surrounded, the vastness of the sun blasted earth
Isn't as intimidating as endless cactus fields
may seem. I walk among other tall beauties:

the hazel skinned brunettes,
their black haired children playing in the street,
littered with their joy and pleasure,
and tacorieas where I stop for some
roadside Mexican.

You are not where I am:
the lime is fresh on my tongue,
but very bitter.

If Only I Knew

by Karly Smith

My little flickering candle, small and humble yet so clear,

Wavers meekly in the darkness as I hesitate in fear.

My flame-it weakens as the blackness presses in so near.

Oh, if only I knew that I was part of a giant chandelier!

White Feather by Boris Hinderer

"Certainly there is no hunting like the hunting of man, and those who have hunted armed men long enough and like it, never really care for anything else thereafter."

-Ernest Hemingway

Once seven rainbows were seen
from the same parking lot
and a woman buying groceries
was broken by the front end of a jalopy.
In the jungle there was the rainy season
but there were never any rainbows
just the occasional bamboo viper.
I was bitten once while on mission
and watched, mostly frozen, as it
slipped as fast as it could back into the rice paddy.
My arm went numb but that was all.
Three days and one dead NVC general later,
the medics told me it must not have injected its venom.
That's why I was still alive.
The snake was too eager to escape.
Often, out here in the bush
even when fly larvae are gnawing their way out of my shoulder
I think back to that rainbow, that woman,
that snake.

Amish Auction in the Fall

by Tony Degenaro

Dirt and hay-dust hover around everything on the tables,
the orange sun bleeds through the spaces in between
wooden panels on the side of the barn and
absolutely illuminate everything,
like sawdust lightning bugs floating around the
twice loved merchandise.

One of these artifacts has been more than twice loved,
upon inspection, the J Crafigging Sears Roebuck and Company
catcher's glove, boasting "Triple Tie Trap" may have stopped
a thousand fastballs, but the slow and steady pitch down the plate
of time.

The mitt, equal parts worn leather, memory and duct tape,
declares ownership in semi-permeant ink: Tom Go- and the rest
faded into obscurity. Now the glove just belongs to every rusted,
dusty locker, and yet, the frayed laces hold together,

maybe this glove, branded "The Pro" is on to something real,
straps snapped on some heroic catch on a nameless green field
in the great Midwest, fall air carrying cheers up into the idling clouds.
Maybe it has just earned it's rest on the bench,

next to postcards, old Fats Domino LPs, ladies' shoes,
all for a reasonable price.

Maybe the glove will spring to life, out of it's limp form
when tickled by fingers sliding into the grip. One more game of
backyard catch.

What else can I say? It is old, and now so are we.
We cannot duct tape ourselves together, only pray
that somewhere, fond recollection
will prove to be stronger than department store leather.

Because it is an American past-time to play baseball,
to not let old heroes die.

Walking the Perimeter **by Boris Hinderer**

The base is shrouded,
camo netting and dark spools,
looping spirals of serrated edge wire.

It's not barbed wire

or even razor wire.

Nightmare science made

these barbed blades

grew, sculpted, honed them

to ensnare and then part skin.

There are not as many dogs

beyond the black streets of Baghdad.

But the one I stand over

made it out here somehow

and now lies whimpering

in a slowly spreading inkblot

of damp dark dirt.

Crouching, I look into her eyes

gone crazy with pain,

her back foot kicks weakly.

This dog is reddish

filthy with dust and disease.

I am struck by a memory that never happened

one seen in watery too-clean light

where I cross my lawn and am greeted

by a bark.

I rest my hand on my sidearm

swallow

and force myself

to speak - damn dogs.

The Call

by Karly Smith

Story upon story has been written about the call of the ocean. It is a feeling, a yearning to be close to the sea, and the peace found standing beside it. I have seen the ocean before, several times, and it has never called to me. No thought of the sea makes my heart yearn for the sight of it, no dream stirs a restlessness in my heart. I thought perhaps I was a defective romantic or that the call did not even exist, that it was a literary invention. It bothered me until the day I realized that something did call to me, but it was not the ocean.

In Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania in 1992 I was born with my twin sister in Allegheny General Hospital. I don't remember anything of Pittsburgh, in fact I have never been back since the first couple months of my life. My parents decided to move to Ohio where my dad had found a job and in transition, we stayed with my grandparents in a town called Kingwood. It is south and a bit east of Pittsburgh and very much in the country. The closest place to get milk is a gas station a couple miles down the road, and the nearest Wal-Mart is at least a thirty-five minute drive. They live on top of a mountain, though their neighbors' houses are both easily visible from the house. The backyard melts into a beautiful old forest of sugar maples and evergreens. Across the road is a field belonging to a farmer from whom my grandparents have gotten their beef for forty years. To the left of the field is a cemetery where whose paths my feet know well. The field itself slopes down the front of the mountain to the farmhouse. Behind it are the Allegheny mountains: long, low, and grey-blue. In the late summer, the Queen Anne's lace lines the road and the fields are a warm golden brown. I recall countless memories of times spent in that house

on the mountain, looking out the small upstairs windows at the sun rising over Mt. Davis, the highest point in the state. Easter, a couple weeks in the summer, then Thanksgiving and Christmas were all spent in the small brick house with only one bathroom. The whole family would gather and spend time talking for hours about everything or watch a Steelers game or go for a hike. My visits have declined in number as my life has gotten busier. I have not been out there for the first day of trout fishing season for maybe five years. I still remember the cold water running over my boots and the crackling fire behind me in the dark of the early morning as I cast my line out in hope of a bite.

Last summer I went out again for the first time since Christmas. As we approached my grandparents house, I really felt how tired I was from a stressful school year, emotionally, physically and mentally. As we drove up to the crest of the mountain, the familiarity, made me shiver with warmth. I looked out over the mountains as I stepped out of the car, and to tell the truth, tears seeped into my eyes. It was such a relief to see the mountains again. Right then was when I realized that those mountains called to me. They had been calling all of my life, and I had heard that call, but never recognized it for what it was. I saw the deep longing, the yearning, and the relief it brought me to be standing there by them again. In that moment I felt safe, comfortable, home. Not that my home in Ohio was not the real home, it was. This was a different home, a place I knew I could always come to find rest and peace.

In my dorm room hangs a painting I created over the summer. It is no DaVinci, but it is pleasing and I am proud of it. It is of my blue mountains with the Queen Anne's lace and the golden brown fields and the clear sky. When I feel overwhelmed or stressed I look at that painting and in my mind the memory

of the view from my grandparents' house washes over me with astounding clarity. In those moments, I can almost feel the wind if I close my eyes and my heart yearns, it aches a little to see those mountains, and the fields rippling in the wind below them. It is the call of the mountains, calling me from two hundred miles away to offer a refuge and comfort.

Difficulties in Cooking Spaghetti

by Tony DeGenaro

Margaret's hands were sore, the kind of ache that isn't quite strong enough to be paint but harsh enough to slow the meticulous process of rolling cavatelli noodles for dinner. It was almost unexplainable, and frustrating: she was young, just over twenty-two years old and did have one of those difficult factory jobs like the other Italian women in the neighborhood had. She was lucky, as lucky as a young woman could be in her position. As she massaged her hands, she thought to herself, 'how would these feel if I was making dinner for three?' Little Stevie was only 6, didn't have much of an appetite. She had forgotten how much Bill would eat at her table.

"Bam! Bam! Run for cover, it's more Japs!" She hears her little boy shouting from the living room, knocking into the coffee table and maybe Bill's recliner.

"Stevie! Enough racket, come help your mother!" She yells with enough authority to send the small frame, dark haired child running around the corner and into the tiny kitchen; but, does not sacrifice tenderness. "Why are you shooting and carrying on like that? And what did I tell you about that word?"

"You said not to say it. But mama, I want to be like Daddy!"

Margaret has to pause, she has been dealing with this for almost a year now, and it would not cease any time soon, no matter how much

Roosevelt assured her: her husband would be in the Philippines for quite some time.

"I'm sorry mama," the boy offers his mother, hugging her slender legs underneath her white apron, lightly stained with stray tomato paste and flower. She cannot help but smile, this boy is all she has at the moment. 'Lucky as I could be,' Margaret thinks.

"Help me squash the tomatoes Stevie, I want to make you some good sauce for supper, *capiche?*"

"Okay!" The boy eagerly runs around her and sits at the small kitchen table. Outside, the giant weeping willow tree was sending fractured rays of sunlight all around the small yard. She could hear the business traffic leaving the sprawling city of Youngstown, all of the Italians leaving the factories down at Mill Creek and heading home, mostly women now. Some, stronger than her, took up their husbands' places working steel and building the sides of tanks, working on boats, things that were shipping off to Europe, or the islands. Some of the choir ladies at St. Anthony's said they didn't mind working in the harsh conditions, in a way, they were sending their love to their husbands. One even went as far as to concede that she would kiss each ammunition clip she packaged, hoping that one would find her husband's cheeks or lips.

"Mama?" Stevie distracting her thoughts from the table, "where are the tomatoes?"

"What tomatoes?"

"For the sauce for dinner." He says. Margaret looks to where the fruit and vegetables are kept, a basket next to the sink, which appears startlingly empty. Somewhere, more distant than the kitchen sink, a wooden spoon clatters and it is absolutely terrifying in the small house. "Mama?"

"Stevie, I think I forgot to get tomatoes today. I can't do everything like this." She tries not to cry, but it's hard. Staying strong for the boy, it gets harder every day. It was little mistakes like this that were starting to wear on Margaret: not just in her hands, but everywhere.

"I can go get them at the corner store if you want Mama." Stevie, light of her life for the moment, smiling earnestly at her without a care in his eye. "I'll be really fast."

The thought of her precious son running down Belmont Avenue didn't make her very comfortable, but what was comfort anymore? 'I can't punish little Stevie anymore.'

"Go ahead, and get us something nice too, grab the nickels out of the jar, you know where it is. Get us some sweets too."

"Okay!" Stevie bounds out of the kitchen grinning, humming a Roy Rogers cowboy tune, excited about the chance to leave the house and go on an adventure. He even puts on his cowboy hat before running out of the house and off the porch. Margaret watches.

"Come home quick Stevie!" She shouts after him. 'Come home quick William,' she thinks. She is a strong woman, but a heart can only

take so much hurt. She looks at the sun pouring through the willow, wonders how the effect works through the palm trees her husband is fighting under. She thinks out loud:

"They will all come home soon, they have to."

Close one eye and
look and look
from this¹edge.