

### SOME FUN

Take it slow and easy, turn the knob, move stealthily as possible down the steps. Now run. Breathing rate increases, side pains slightly. Guess I'm not used to it, but what's the difference. I'm out and I'm free. There's the car now, headlights dimmed, motor purring, door open. Just hop in. Away we go. Securely independent. It's a great life; the cool air gushing through the window fills my lungs. I'm happy. Why worry of that which is behind me. It's the future of the dark night which entrances and mystifies man's soul.

"Head for open country boys", I tittered. The car picked up speed. Spring made the roads a little rough but this car rode like a dream. "Oops! that was a big rut".

"Say, this is a nice little place we're coming to. What do they call it?" Before anyone said anything an array of lights appeared ahead looking like one large glow attracting insects of various sorts. We investigated. It was an old time jamboree. "Whoopee! Climb out and join the fun", someone spluttered.

What a time! I'll never forget it. The car rolled smoothly on its way as I sat there musingly. Then, something struck me. Reality! Yes, I had to go back. The boys were still merry and carefree, while I sweated it out. I seemed to be taking a shower in my own sweat. My stomach began to feel squeamish. Well, that's life; one moment everything is fine, the next all dark clouds. Sweat or rain, what's the difference?

Suddenly the car stopped and a few of the boys gave a sarcastic laugh, as if I were walking the last mile. "Laugh fools," I mumbled, "I won't be caught". Reluctantly I got out of the car. Now for the tough part.

"What was that noise? Quick, behind that building". I sighed; it was only Ben the watchman. My heart resumed a regular beat. I breathed more easily. My knees stopped shaking and my numbness left.

A little spurt to the fire-escape. There, everything is still. Darn it! My rubber's off. Here it is. Play the cards



right. That's it; no noise. Step by step, landing by landing. Everything's under control now. The window's stuck! Wham! Damn it! Inside quick, down the corridor, out of sight. No panic; be cool.

I lay on my bed, my ears still ringing from the noise the falling window made. Why did it have to stick anyway? My feet were damp and my legs ached. I began to fret. Everything seemed about to cave in on me. One, five, ten minutes of agony. Relief came suddenly. Not a stir to be heard. I had done it again.

—DAVID MacCORMAC, '55

