Lenlow Biggs- Where Are You

Patricia Frey*

*Iowa State College

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Abstract

Lenlow Biggs kept walking down the railroad ties one after another stepping on ties, then off, but walking, walking, walking, he saw nothing, he thought one thing that i am crazy, step off tie, i am crazy, step on tie. he decided to rest, he sat down between two ties...
lenlow biggs—where are you

by patricia frey

journalism, jr.

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mr. j. p. renninger came around the corner and bumped into a kid sitting on the sidewalk, almost fell but not quite, said are you crazy to the kid and walked on muttering.

lenlow did not feel pain when the train ran into him but he decided to believe that the train had completely demolished his frail body and that it was beyond help. he was mutilated. obliterated. done in. he grew tired of this and his mind made him well. none of the scars showed. lenlow got up and stepped off the railroad tracks into a wheatfield and began running, chasing after a dog. he caught up with the dog and pulled its tail and the dog stopped and asked him where he wanted to go. let's go to the creek bank. the dog and lenlow went to a creek bank and the dog sat there chomping flies and mosquitoes and wagging its tail everytime lenlow looked at him and lenlow doing the same thing holding flies in his hands and putting them in his mouth and feeling them buzz furiously in his mouth while he tried to chew them.

water began to run down the city street from the house where andy collins was washing his car. he happened to look down the street as he was going around the car with a hose and he saw some kid sitting on the curb with his feet in the gutter and the water was coming down the gutter. he yelled. hey kid, get out of the gutter. don't you know it's un-
sanitary to be sitting in a gutter. he couldn’t figure out why the kid had his arm around a brown cardboard box that was sitting on the curb.

lenlow saw the water coming, a whole rushing swirling river coming. he got up from the bank stumbling, frightened, to get away from the water. he crossed a bridge and there was a clover field. he didn’t like clover fields so the field disappeared as lenlow waved his hands over it and it became nothing. just a void. he liked voids. he was just there and lost in it. he heard a music box tune in the void and thought of a little pigtailed sister he once had and remembering her reaching out with a pink hand and opening the music box lid as she sat in the back yard in the dandelions. he remembered listening to the tune and pulling dandelions out of the ground and crumpling them. little blond pigtails and blue eyes and a hand in his when they walked barefooted in dandelion patches. the void became a dandelion field, yellow, and the music box music played in a soft sweet drift of afternoon sun and lenlow listened. he stood alone. the sister was gone.

when samuel davis bates drove up in his pickup truck with a load of groceries for the biggs’ he thought fourteen-year-old lenlow biggs had turned to stone. he was standing there looking into the open mailbox that was attached to the wall next to the front door. bates hoisted the grocery box out of the truck, walked up the sidewalk, the steps, and opened the door. as he was placing the groceries on the table mrs. biggs came into the kitchen and gave greeting. is something wrong with lenlow, mrs. biggs, bates said. she said, is he on the porch. yes, he is.

the music stopped. lenlow left the dandelion field and entered a big faded red barn. he said hello to the horse and the cow that stood looking at him just inside the door, the barn door, and passed them, their big black eyes looking at him with wonder and he smiling at them. he went on through the barn, it smelling of musty hay scent then of new-mown hay driving him wild and he ran through the barn and out the
loft door, the loft was up too high, too high. lenlow fell and he believed that he broke every bone in his body and he lay in a crumpled mass on the ground below the loft door. mrs. biggs heard lenlow fall and she went rushing through the house with bates right behind her. she opened the back screen door and rushed down the steps and found lenlow lying on his back next to the bottom step. he was unconscious and mrs. biggs asked bates to help her move lenlow into the house to his bed. lenlow was easy to pick up because his body was small and frail and very light. does this happen often mrs. biggs, bates asked. yes. he will just fall down stairs or even trip over little rocks in the yard. he hasn’t been quite right since he almost drowned last month trying to save his little sister. lenlow found his void again. there was no music box music this time. only bands playing loud music like when he stood in the park in the spring holding onto his father’s hand and listening to bands playing one in one part of the park and another one playing loudly way over by the swings and the music getting all mixed up and mixed up and louder screaming brassy trumpets stop stop daddy let go of my hand suddenly the water pulls him under swirling and he is gone. closed his eyes. forever.

Cynthia

by Ann Baumann

Child Development, Soph.

Cynthia I am crying for your eyes to open again and for your body to sit there in the soft yellow tinted room and the smoke that wanders and swirls and hangs around you to cloud