Love Is Not a Tender Fawn

George Bickford*

*Iowa State College

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“Swell, Mack, thanks—but—not steady, that is. I'll be leaving in September. I'm—I'm—going back to school.”

Mack was looking at him now, and the look in his eyes made Sandy go on.

“I didn’t tell you, Mack, and you didn’t ask; I quit school before I came here because things got a little too tough for me. I just didn’t have —”

“I'm glad you decided to go back, Sandy. You didn’t seem the quitter type. What made you change your mind?”

“I don’t know—food, plenty of rest and the woods and all that, and,” Sandy’s eyes followed Mack’s to the breach in the beaver dam, “well, I think I learned something out here—pluck, you know.”

Mack was squeezing his hand now and smiling. “Are you sure of yourself now?”

“Yeah, sure, I’m sure! Let’s go back to camp now. I've got to write some letters.”

“So you're writing her all about it, are you?”

“Yes. Wish you could see her, Mack. She's grand.”

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Arch. E. '39

Love is not a tender fawn
Who stands with muscles tensely drawn
For quick escape.

Love is a moose who hears the sound
Of angry barking from the hound
And lowers antlers to the ground.
And then dies hard.