Birth

Arnold Skromme*

*Iowa State College

Copyright ©1939 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
From the courthouse records I found that the Consolidated franchise expired in a couple of months. That would leave this town open for another company."

"Yes, but how did you figure out the lease business so quick?"

George reached over and scratched the ears of Big Tom. The animal sat up on its hind legs, and George threw it a mint.

"Well, the way I looked at it the easiest way to stall until I could find out more about it was to lease the land—on the condition that I turn it back if and when I wanted to. Look at that!"

Big Tom was still on his hind legs, eating the mint like a squirrel.

"A Consolidated man was over last night and offered the town a reasonable reduction in rates if we’d renew the franchise—not much, but enough to profit the city in the long run," he continued.

"Well, I’ll be darned," was all John could think to say.

Big Tom rubbed up against John’s leg, his purring creating a rumbling sensation to the skin. John’s hand unconsciously went down and along his back, and he felt the friction of electricity against the hair.

They sat like that in silence. John thought maybe he had underestimated George. He noticed the sparks along the cat’s back and wondered how many volts were being ejected.

George smiled. "Cats is nice . . . after you get used to them."

John nodded his head.

"Well, come one, let get back. You’d better get a couple more gallons of sirup out of the storeroom. Tonight that bank night crowd will be in again," George said. "I’ve some accounts to straighten, too, and it’s just two days till the first."

John followed his retreating back with his eyes. It just made a fellow wonder about George . . .

——

Birth

Arnold Skromme

Ag. E. Sr.

Tearing tissues and bloody thighs;
Quivering muscles—a baby cries.

December, 1939