Quebec

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Quebec

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Abstract

With the sun leaning heavily over narrow streets...
keeled when Miflin started to tell us? The boy was mad. He had to get this guy."

"Even if he had to revenge his brother, don't you think he was maybe a little foolish?"

"No, by God, I think he had guts. He . . . he was just plain . . . brave!"

Bob felt a blackness creep around his eyes. For an instant he saw the face in the gun-flash, and his flesh crawled.

The two men began rustling about.

"Here, gimme a hand with this bastard . . . grab his legs. The boy was brave . . . a hero, by God!"

"I guess I can't argue that. But I wonder if Eugene . . ."

Bob lost the last words as the giddy dizziness closed in on him. He clung to Miflin and was very sick. He sobbed quietly, and the two walked on through the moon-dim woods to the creek.


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QUEBEC

With the sun leaning heavily
over narrow streets
Quiet French voices
following us down the cobblestones
A laugh from nowhere
Houses peering narrowly at us
as they crowd each other down a narrow hill
Quebec with the shadows of France in the dusk.

Quebec—

With arched English eyebrows
saying how do you do.

—Margret Wallace, H. Ec. Sr.