Chaperone

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Abstract

"Chaperone” They called me, And I did the cooking for their late parties, after Dori got done work at the drive-in...
Each has a steering wheel
and a paw and a foot share the throttle
   (a penny for a spool of thread)
It'll never work the Dealer in Geneva sang
   (a penny for a needle)
Now they stand poised at the Blood-red light
change gears at the yellow
   (while the nephews cry
   that's the way our money goes)
and Roar off at the first Hint of green
Ping! into second,
Whee! into third,
Whiz! around a corner, and
Wham! into a wall.
   (Pop! goes the weasel)
The bear turned right
Sammy turned left
  (yes
  nyet
in the barrel.)
and the white-robed medicine man hurries away in the
   wrong direction
misguided by the roly-poly
individual crying
GOD SAVE THE KING!

—Bill Johnson, E.E., Soph.

Chaperone

“Chaperone”
They called me,
And I did the cooking
for their late parties,
after Dori got done work at the drive-in.
Dori and I were roommates, last summer, sharing a large inside apartment in that town. We were friends, but after the parties, when the pizza was cold and all the kids gone, but Ken, I had to try to sleep. In our bedroom just off the Big room I would take three aspirins and pretend to myself I was sleeping. Then Dori would giggle. Ken would mumble something, and they'd both laugh. There would be a loud silence When I would about get used to that, and I'd know he was kissing her. But why should that worry you, Sweetie? I'd say to myself. You've had plenty of dates, and there's a great guy waiting for you half-way across the country, even if (ye gods, do they have to smack!) you (lordy!) haven't seen him for months (this is too much! !) So I'd make a big noise getting on a housecoat (hers, buttoned wrong) and dropping the clock and slippers, and stagger to the kitchen through the Big room, for a glass of milk. I hate milk by itself, it's slimy, but what could I do?

—Alberta Moellering, H. Ec., Jr.