This Hill

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face that made him realize the full significance of what had happened. He had to find out for sure. His words came painfully from a mouth that trickled blood. “Did you know it was a diamond?”

Timmy answered timidly but with the slight trace of a smile still on his face. “It’s not a diamond. I checked to be sure after I found it about a month ago.” The world was spinning rapidly around Al. Timmy couldn’t have done such a thing. Oh God, he couldn’t have. Managing one last breath Al mumbled, “You threw it in the well when I wasn’t looking, didn’t you?” Timmy could suppress himself no longer. A wide grin spread across his face. It was the last thing Al ever saw. The howl of the wind grew louder.

Timmy’s mother met him on his way back to the house. “Now, Timmy,” she said, “you’d better get inside out of the cold. I’d hate for you to get sick.”

Benjamin Braley, Sc. &H. Sr.

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This Hill

Stitched of multicolored flannel flecks,  
an autumnal blanket of bordered blue and white  
spreads in folds from the river up to specks  
of wild geese in south-veeing flight.  
Squirrels shuttling through nut-heavy trees  
shatter the silence with irate  
chatter — gone the tender trembles of bees  
that bred the harvest. Too late  
man comes to this. He cannot deprecate:  
This hill has captured all of summer’s wait.  

James Wickliff, Sc. & H. Grad.