Awakened

James Wickliff*
"To Valerie Foster, I bequeath the only exception in Bess' grant. She is to have the solid silver back-scratcher."

Bess could hardly contain herself. She twisted around to see Valerie's face, but Valerie had sunken down behind the fat man in front of her. I really feel sorry for her, but not sorry enough to let her in King's Daughters.

"Careful — careful, I say! Don't hit the legs on the door jam." Lovingly Bess watched the man carry in her table.

"Put it over here, by the stairs. Careful now!"

"Yes, Ma'am."

Gingerly Bess dusted off the dark wood as she examined it for scratches. Then she walked over to a chair where she had put a cut-glass bowl filled with roses.

Pearl loved roses.—

The muscles in Bess' arm twitched as she lifted the heavy bowl. Slowly she set the bowl down so that the water wouldn't splash on the table.

The table gave a groan and collapsed.

Awakened

by James Wickliff

The wind beat his fists against the window pane,
And groped with prying fingers at the eaves.
He tried the door, heaving hard against the chain.
Then I heard him shuffle off through dried leaves,
And I lay back, relaxed, and slept again.