Art

Debbie Martin*

*Iowa State University

Copyright ©1969 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
under it the legend "Standard Normal Auto-Focusing Unit." It also carried the name Fubar Manufacturing Corporation, Limited, Madras, Republic of India. Protruding from the box was the end of a yellow-clad wire.

"There's a yellow wire sticking out of a black box," he told the foot.

"That's it," said the foot. "All you have to do is plug that wire into the socket on the side of the box. I guess Herb's pounding the table when I trumped his ace of diamonds, setting his grand slam, caused the trouble."

Harry reached up, but couldn't quite grasp the wire. Five and a half feet of him, two feet of arm, two feet of chair just didn't do the job. Harry's apartment had eleven foot ceilings. Cursing loudly, which made him feel much better, he climbed down and strode to the bookshelf. Quickly grabbing an armful of thick, heavy math books, he raced back to the chair. His watch showed one minute of eight.

Quickly stacking the books on the seat of the chair, he clambered up his makeshift stepladder, grabbed the wire and plugged it into the socket. With a sudden poof, table and four pairs of legs vanished. At the same instant, the door of Harry's apartment flew open.

"Harry Coles, what in the world are you doing?"

"Hi, Marcia," said Harry. As usual she was wearing her green satin dress and her Paradise Revisited perfume. "I'm just checking the weather up here," he smiled, climbing down from his perch.

"Harry Coles, you are a nut. A very lovable nut, but definitely a nut."

Harry smiled, remembering Caryl Angele's exquisite legs, and said, "Right." Then he took his own angel in his arms and gave her a very big kiss, as he kicked the other Angele's shoe under his bed. Maybe one day he would find out what the other half of her looked like.