

ACCOUNT OF AN ACCIDENT

Strains of a familiar melody drifted aimlessly through the humid, stagnant air. Parching rays of sunlight penetrated the wearily moving vehicle and scorched its exhausted driver. The monotonous singsong rhythm of heated rubber turning unrelentlessly over soft pavement lulled the brain into mild hypnosis. Damp clothing clung limply to the heated body. Perspiration beads trickled indolently down the slender, young face and formed moist circlets of blond hair on the shapely neck. Eyelids grew drowsy in the languid heat as fatigue seeped into every crevice of muscle. Sweaty fingers relaxed their grip on the slick wheel. The young woman was only vaguely conscious of her circumstance as she drove continuously through the long afternoon. She was tired, thirsty, and hot. Little else mattered than to reach a motel before dusk.

She rounded a sharp curve and was vaguely aware of the rapidly approaching truck. The truck swerved abruptly and seemed to totter uncertainly on two wheels.

Then suddenly it happened!! There was a wild, tremendous sensation of motion, then a loud crash, and finally a deathly silence. Her stomach was nauseated and her head throbbed in agonizing pain. Memories drifted, whirled, and settled flatly, stalely into a morbid pit of confusion. She couldn't move; she couldn't think; her body was reduced to a spastic mass of tormented nerve. Every muscle twitched, quivered, then lay limp and inanimate. Her once smooth skin was gashed and ripped until the lovely-featured face was but a distorted bundle of flesh. Blood oozed freely, unconstrainedly over the tawny skin and bathed the body in gruesome red.

She was beyond all help save one. They bore her away to the greatest physician and under his care she was restored to beauty and health. Her skin was grafted and was molded into loveliness even excelling its former grace. Her numb limbs were revived to strength and the memories which haunted her were erased. She emerged once more a beautiful woman with a life full of promise.

There were two newspapers which reported this horrible accident. The headlines of the first read: "Young Woman Killed Instantly in Collision". The second reported: "YOUNG WOMAN WELCOMED INTO KINGDOM". The first paper didn't tell the full story; the second gave a more accurate account and a complete follow-up of her recovery.

- by Dotty Lilly



ON CONFORMITY

- by Roger Sanders

"Heavenly Father, give us serenity to accept what cannot be changed, courage to change what should be changed and wisdom to know one from the other."

Greatly admired is the man who stands up for what he believes in. Any man who follows the group and never expresses his own opinions and beliefs is a weakling. An individual is, indeed, a person to be envied. I have often witnessed good people being swayed by agents of the Devil. It is enough to make one hate all humanity, because we are all conformists. Nowhere on the earth is there a true individual. I believe that there is a burning desire in everyone to be different, but we all are afraid. What is there to be afraid of if this desire is mutual? The answer, of course, is nothing. We are a world of cowards. We don't have a mind of our own. It is controlled by the fear of nothing, which is also mutual. The desire is the positive, the fear is the negative. Combined, these powerful forces are nothing. We are all made of desire and fear therefore, we are nothing. If the quotation, "Cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once," is true; we all die a little each and every time we conform.