

# What A Life

By  
Clifford Jones

Bur-rr-rr. There goes the alarm clock; six o'clock and I have been in bed only six hours. I would like to sleep five more minutes, but I can see Mr. Sams standing with grade book and pencil poised in hand, ready to mark me tardy. I leap from the bed into the midst of the coldest room in Mars Hill. I hastily build the fires and take my shivering form back to bed for another half hour. It doesn't seem that five minutes has passed until my wife wakes me again for breakfast. I stealthily creep from the bed and gain the living room, when I am stopped short by a loud yell from my son. I haven't succeeded after all.

One hour until class time—one hour to eat, to shave, to rescue my son from the top of the piano, the cabinet, and off the table; one hour to gather books, find a pencil, and get my frozen car to run-



ning. One hour, and I crash through the door just as Mr. Sams yells "Jones."

Math, Latin, psychology, English follow each other in succession. Mr. Sams explains the trigonometric functions; Jones sleeps. Mr. Huff is deep in the unsearchable mysteries of Cicero's orations; Jones sleeps. "Pop" Stringfield tells the latest joke;

Jones laughs but sleeps on. Beowulf fights his noble battle with Grendel, but fails to arouse Jones.

Twelve o'clock means lunch, and lunch means beans and franks. The wife must go to class so I settle down to baby-minding for the afternoon. Some of my son's adventures would make Beowulf's hair stand on end. Three o'clock passes and at last four o'clock is here. My wife comes home and to the Bookstore I go. "May I help you, please?" "Sorry, we are all sold out."

Seven o'clock and I go home to supper. Eight and nine o'clock! I wait for my son to go to sleep so that I will be able to study. At midnight I ease my weary frame into its resting place. Six hours until six A.M., six hours until I must start the routine all over again. What a Life!

BY  
NANCY IJAMES

## I Want My Daddy

Maybe I'd better drink this bottle of milk now. It's getting mighty heavy. Do you s'pose I should have brought some bread, too? After all, it may be a long way off that my daddy has gone. He didn't even tell me, "Bye." He just walked right out all mussed up, and then Mama started crying. Maybe I shouldn't have left her there all alone, but I gotta find my daddy.

"No, Mr. Policeman, I'm not lost. It's my daddy that's lost."

Wonder if I look lost? Why shucks, Daddy brought me uptown lots of times. I know I won't get lost. Why I'm seven years old now! Oh me, there comes a big fat woman that talks so funny to Mama!

"Yes, mam, I'm all alone, No,

I'm not too young to be up here. Have you seen my daddy? He and Mama had a fuss and he left! I am going to find him."

My! Look at that big top in the window. I'll bet it will sing when you do it up and down just like that one of Jerry's. Wonder if the man would let me work it just once if I said, "May I preza-mine it?" just like Mama does? Oh, this ole door. I can't get it open. I'll try until I do though. I hope no one comes by and sees how little I am. They would open it and smile that "little boy" smile. Well, I'll just go on to that next window. I see a big red ball. What's that good smell? Ummmm! Daddy bought me some once! It was all crunchy and salty. Wish he'd come get me some now! Oh,

what a cute little puppy—sorta like Rex. Wonder why Rex didn't follow me up here? "Heah, puppy, heah!" He's licking my hand. I'll bet Mama would say, "He's a nasty pup." I'll bet Mama will stop crying if I can find my daddy. Down that street is the place Mama took me. There was a pond with ducks. Everything was cool and green. She bought me some peanuts to feed the squirrels, and I ate them. I believe I'll go down there. My, it's getting sorta dark and scary, just like my room when Mama and Daddy say, "Good-night." I wish I could find my daddy. I have too . . .

"Oh, put me down! Put me down!—Daddy, Daddy, Daddy! I'm so glad I found you! Let's go home."

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