

# Bittersweet

She was a perfectly typical symbol of intense youth. Her lashes screened a pair of gray eyes that were to be likened to a stage on Broadway; for the lights of eagerness, ardent intent, and sparkling animation illuminated her fresh young face each time she lifted those silky, dark lashes. Flashes of this spontaneity occurred as chums called to her from time to time, and a charming voice was her mark of individualism as she answered the many greetings. Student waitresses hurried between the small tables, blocking the view of the entrance. It was at these times that she moved forward slightly to see more clearly the approaching girls and boys. Her outward appearance was one of seraphic content with life, but upon close inspection one might have discerned the signs of a rapidly increasing anticipation. Her rapt expression caught the approving eyes of many of the boys who passed. The revelation of her startling eyes was made more often as her glances toward the door became a bit disturbed with the passing of time.

"Hi, Tad!"

The greeting was insignificant enough, but the havoc was wrought at the small table in the corner. An involuntary start cut off her breath for a moment, and a glowing happiness brushed warm fingers over her. The universe stood still! He saw her, nodded, lowered his eyes, and pulled back a chair for the languid young girl at his arm. He cast another look at her, but she was in a nose dive, "blacking out" rapidly. Her vision was blurred, and a single tear fell, blending with the melting ice cream into which it had fallen.

Her reasoning left her. She was transported into a black abyss of despair. She was seeing herself, a gray-eyed young girl of a tender age, making her way down a lonely street on the outskirts of town. She visualized the desperate figure avoiding a dimly-lit bridge to dash swiftly down the banks of a roaring river. Long strands of grass were given life as the water lifted them until they swirled and pirouetted before the current like dancers in a ballet. A cold hush passed over her, and in the faint

By  
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light from the moon's brilliance a streak of crimson rushed occasionally down the stream and under the bridge, disappearing in the darkness of the water that hid its secret.

"H'llo, Donna."

From a watery grave she arose to lift those persecuted eyes to see a boy with broad shoulders, freckles, and a crooked grin, beaming down at her. The tragic and catastrophic vision faded into pink clouds, and the crimson was evident in her flaming cheeks. She tossed her curls and basked in the sunlight of admiration, and her voice was a lilting melody as she chattered happily with the lad. Joe was a popular, handsome chap who was just the balm for a broken spirit. Her lovely lashes dropped their scientific use and were serving as a social aid. He made himself comfortable opposite her, and his lazy smile was the sun of Ireland after a London fog. She wrinkled her nose at the dish of liquid before her, then beamed with joy at her companion's suggestion of double banana splits.

# Lover Come Back

I guess I knew when I saw him over the top of my test tube that he was the one for me. I don't know whether it was the way he boiled his hydrochloric acid, or whether it was the manly way he jumped when he dropped the jar of sodium in the water; but I knew without a doubt that I had met the only man I would wash beakers for the rest of my life.

I'll never forget the day we were distilling corn cobs. The way he took that hammer and broke my corn cob into bits was so romantic. And he was so brave the day he cut his finger putting his thermometer into a wet cork stop-

per. Why, he didn't say a word when Mr. Frazier put bromine on the cut, the dear, brave boy.

After classes were over we wandered up the hill together, just we two, and the other three girls in the class who had a crush on him. I never did like those other girls, but I wasn't jealous; for he told me that he would rather my distilling flask of sodium hydroxide would break in his face than anyone else's. But as I was saying, after classes we strolled up the hill and sat down together on the cool grass, and did our homework for the next day.

My, he was so smart! He could

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write the most interesting equations! They were equations that even Mr. Wood couldn't find anywhere. I was so proud of him the day he made gold out of rotten potatoes and ethyl alcohol. We were rather embarrassed the next day when Mr. Frazier made him try it in lab and it didn't work; still I'm certain the failure wasn't his fault.

But now he is gone. I haven't seen him since that last day in organic, but I don't mind; for I think of him every time I smell the chemistry lab.

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