

FROM ENGLISH IV

Evening in Our Town

In the autumn the brisk air begins to wake up our town from the listlessness of the summer heat. At evening the townsfolk begin burning the leaves which have accumulated, and their smoke mingles with the pungent smell of the trees, resplendent clouds of green, gold, and yellow. The sky deepens from the washed out blue of August to the crisp blue of October, and the sunsets over the rooftops take on added brilliance. The youngest walk or ride their bicycles down streets upon which the shadows deepen earlier each day. As the first stars begin to show through the sun-edged clouds, the dogs begin to break the silence with faraway, soft, but punctuated barks that remind one of a rock thrown into a deep, still lake.

With the coming of the winter, fewer people are seen on the streets, and these few look like big furry specks moving slowly, trailing fog. The evenings are even stiller in winter than in autumn, because the insects have long since gone into hiding and no longer stir the air with their songs. The lights of each window down the street pop on one at a time--now here, now there--as the people inside their houses settle down to their meals. Occasionally a young mother will run out, bundled up in heavy winter clothes, to gather in her wash before the night air dampens it. However, few are the faces seen out on a winter evening in our town.

Spring evenings perhaps are the prettiest. The trees are just hazy with green, pink, and white. Everything about evening is soft and tender, but yet is young and alive. People are seen walking again, and many are on their knees digging in their flower beds. Backboards of outside basketball goals ring out with their story of a shot or a miss. The tennis courts at the scout hut begin to look inviting to more people; and often the shadows of the trees stretch to cover the court while the players are still searching for lost balls.

Soon the street lights flick on to help, and the players walk home in the dusk.

As the evenings grow warmer, the mosquitoes go on rampages and swarm around backyard grills. Summer evenings are gold and grey, with a splash of new mown green. The air is velvet and moist almost to oppressiveness. The sounds are of mothers calling their children from play, lawnmowers buzzing, dogs barking, and doors slamming. As night begins to creep up on laggard feet, cool starlight following on its heels blends to make a most pleasurable event of sight, smell, touch, and sound.

Evenings can be beautiful anywhere, if you only know what to see. You don't even have to look for it--it's already there for you to enjoy if you open your eyes, your ears, and breathe deeply.

Janet Montgomery
In-Class Theme

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS

- Elaine Murphy - "That's tuff".
 Mike Sellers - "Sorry about that, chief"
 Deidre Wood - "Would you believe?"
 Dee Wellons -- "Good to me!"
 Winnie Simmons - "Dude"
 John Dail - "Oh! Mrs. Peele"
 Edith Whitley - "Shelley, help me with my algebra"
 Kay Carroll - "I'm beholdin' to you, thank you"
 Debbie Mason - "I was joking"
 Mr. Floyd - "O.K., Cesspools, quiet down!"
 Don Westbrook - "I'll drink to that"
 Steve Stephenson - "What !!"
 Becky Wright - "As soon as I graduate.."
 Terry Knott - "Are you kidding?"
 Beryl Wells - "I can't do that, Mrs. Barbour"
 Janet Sellers - "O! That's just a figment"
 Bill Hines - "Oh, heck."
 Joan Shallcross - "Gee! These are the best annuals we ever have had!"
 Patsy Sanders - "I don't know"
 Stephen Woodard - "What's your problem?"
 Meg Andreaus - "No-e-e-e-e-e"