

THEIR TALENTS

his grip to give her a hug. With her foot, Mindy gave Sonia a little kick and a knowing look. The other boy had moved and was standing beside Sonia. Mindy smiled - this concert was becoming a lot of fun. She moved slightly and slipped her arm around his waist. She figured she may as well be comfortable.

"Let's dance," the boy said to Mindy, and started swinging her around. Pushing her hair back, Mindy nudged Sonia to join in. Seemingly oblivious of all others, he and Mindy danced until the group started to play a slow song. Then out of breath and arms around each other they stood and watched. Breaking the silence, the boy asked Mindy where the washroom was.

Mindy replied, "Straight back and turn left."

"I think you should show me," he said.

"Okay." Telling Sonia where she was going, the two left. As they made their way slowly through the crowd, Mindy wondered what she would say if someone she knew came up and spoke to her. How would she introduce him? She was obviously with him. She giggled at the thought and he smiled down at her.

"Happy?" he asked.

"Yeah," she said.

As she waited, she decided she should find out just who he and his friend were.

"What's your name?" she asked as he came back up and replaced his arm.

"Dave, What's yours?"

"Mindy," she said. "And your friend? Oh, my friend is Sonia, by the way."

"My friend's Paul," Dave answered.

"Okay," Mindy agreed.

They went back into the crowd and found Sonia and Paul. The four got along well together and at the end of the concert the guys offered to walk the two girls home.

Sonia had decided to go back to Mindy's as they thought they shouldn't separate. It took just over half an hour to get back to Mindy's. There the two boys flopped on the den furniture and the girls went into the kitchen to prepare a snack. They carried it back to the den and the four ate, talked and danced until nearly one o'clock.

Dave thanked Mindy and then the two left, promising to pick up Sonia and Mindy the next night. They declined a ride back to the hotel where they were staying.

Sonia stayed until 1:30, talking and helping Mindy clean up. Mindy drove her home and finally went up to bed at two.

THREE ROSES

*The power of the rose tis not strained
Its life is renewed with the fall of a new rain.
May new life fall on us and extend to our reach
and give us new love for the walls we will breach.*

*One red rose given
for memories past,
Another for troubled words
Yesterday cast,
The final for hope in things
that may be
For as you have wished
Your self set now free.*

Author Unknown.

THE RAINBOW'S TALE

Love is like a rainbow after rain
It makes me wander to its

distant end.

To find the road once ended has

begun

to start

again.

"Well, Oscar," she said, as she slowly undressed. "We met the cutest guys. Dave can't be any more than 19 and that's only two years older. He's got blond hair and blue eyes. Oh, Oscar, we had a great time!" Climbing into bed, she added, "We're going to see them Saturday night, tomorrow in fact. 'Night Osc."

Saturday afternoon at work Mindy heard the news bulletin she had missed before. This time it was complete and finished up with announcing that the two young men, Mr. Paul Jonathan Williams and Mr. George David Thompson, both in their late twenties, were picked up at 2:03 a.m. that morning on Carlton Street. Both young men were residents of Halifax, N.S.

Mindy's jaw dropped. Paul and Dave! No. She shook her head. It couldn't be. But, they were from N.S. and neither gave her or Sonia their last names! She laughed. She was being what Sonia would call melodramatic. Imagine, though, those robbers had come to Elmsdale of all places. Musing over this, Mindy worked until five. She hurried home, ate and got changed. When Sonia arrived, she was ready.

Shooing Mindy's brothers out of the den, the two girls sat down to wait for the boys. Mindy put forth her idea. Sonia cracked up into fits of laughter.

"Mindy Johnson! What will you come up with next?" Sonia asked, trying to put on a straight face.

"Well," said Mindy, "it is possible!"

"Not likely", Sonia retorted and changed the subject. The time passed and as it grew later and the boys didn't turn up, the look on Mindy's face grew smugger.

"I told you so!" said Mindy at nine. "They are an hour and some late!"

"That doesn't mean anything," Sonia said.

"They may have decided not to come and changed their minds. There are lots of reasons."

"Yes." Mindy said. "The best being they are in jail!"

"Oh Mindy," Sonia sighed. "You are nuts! They just decided to go home or not bother."

"But there's too much other evidence," Mindy said.

"Ha!" Sonia said. "There isn't. So they didn't tell us much. Neither did we! It wasn't them. Let's go down to the disco and see who's there."

"Oh alright," Mindy agreed and added softly so that Sonia wouldn't hear, "but I think they are in jail!"

THE WIND

The howling wind, the wild wind,
passes through my lonely thoughts

With passionate gusts, encircling all,
it leaves behind a chill

It swirls, twirls, sweepw, and leaps
through leaf-laden trees in lonesome lanes

Whipping cruelly, ever stirring
grass left caressed by rainy freshets.