

FICTION

Quotable Quotes

Sometimes I feel like nagging.

Most often it appears as slicing, deprecating jibes, a belittling, unappreciative attitude toward the other person's character or contributions.

What is so disconcerting is that it is usually not the incompetence of my victims that makes me so critical toward them.

It is often some disturbance or distortion within myself.

It is a kind of projected form of self-depreciation.

Because I feel small, inferior, invalid, and inadequate, I find myself hacking away at somebody else until he is demoted to my assumed dimensions or until I can feel that I stand taller.

What can I do about it?

I can force myself to say only nice, appreciative things about others.

This is the least I can do - but it is not enough.

It is like applying vaseline to the abdomen when an appendectomy is really called for.

Control is commendable, but sometimes cauterization is necessary.

I must find ways and means of facing up to myself, of handling effectively, even if they can't be totally overcome, these inner distortions of mine, lest they spring forth to injure others as well as myself.

It doesn't happen overnight.

It begins with my acceptance of myself as God accepts me.

And this acceptance is not dependent on the positive or deterred by the negative potentials of my life.

God through Christ has lovingly embraced me and reinstated me as a member of His family.

I am important to Him - along with all of His frail, fallible children.

If I can really believe in God's acceptance of me, then I will be less critical of my human counterparts.

I must try to understand that when I criticize others who are struggling to acknowledge their status as persons of worth and value

I may be kicking someone who is already down, and do him irreparable harm.

"Let him who is without sin among you

be the first to throw a stone at her,"

said Jesus concerning a woman who was caught in the act.

May God's love and mercy for me cause me to drop my stones and be loving and merciful and tolerant in turn.

From: Leslie F. Brandt's
"Great God, Here I am"

are pieces submitted to
Non-Fiction class or to
ive Writing class (with
ble Quotes" which was
office by Father

appreciate hearing your
as a special pull-out
creative writing is
issue.

SUN staff.

THE BIRDS

Empty skies over waiting field

waiting the cycle to begin.

Fields picked clean. Starlings greedy, screeching.

One mind controlling, puppet on a string.

Up, round, swirling; back again hoping.

Down, across; rushing; over trees,

pushing air aside.

A thousand living beings,

separate bodies, separate minds,

come to rest.

Picturesque against skies empty, fields waiting,

waiting the unsettling to begin again. Judy Whitehead.

Advice For the Desperate

by Dan Blanders

Dear Mr. Blanders:

Boy, do I have trouble!

My older sister has

figured out the code on

tops of chocolates - you

know, those little

squigley lines. Now she

gets all the creamy, soft

candy while I'm stuck

with the hard ones. I

broke two of my teeth on

them. I may have to give

up candy. What can I do?

Jawless

Dear Jawless:

Consider yourself lucky.

Chocolate would give you

cavities and pimples. To

resist any further

temptation, gather all

candy you presently have

in your collection and

mail it to 118 North

Drive, Westown. You can

be assured both your

candy and face will be

safe.

Hey Dan:

I have a problem. You

see, I'm at the marrying

age and I don't know which

lucky one to choose. I

narrowed it down somewhat

to this group:

Mary - pretty but not

playing with a full deck.

Jane - nice; the kind of

girl a guy is supposed to

marry.

Elizabeth - fun to be

with; could drink you under

the table.

Sharon - quiet girl who

tries too hard; sometimes

gets down on herself and

contemplates suicide.

Cathy - rich; recently

bought me a Corvette.

These are the leading

candidates, but I could

use help in choosing.

Almost Groom

Dear Almost Groom:

After you take a

physical, I would advise

you to convince your

"candidates" to take

large life insurance

policies. Then marry

Suicidal Sharon; living

any length of time with you

should put her over the

ledge. Collect all the

insurance money and have

the greatest six months of

your life. After the money

has run out, go back to

Cathy - if she'd waste a

car on you, she'd likely

waste her life too. But

this is probably what you

were planning to do anyway.

Mr. Blanders:

I need advice but don't

know who to ask. I'm not

going to trust anyone with

my problems until I'm sure

that person can be trusted.

I am enclosing a

questionnaire that I have

also forwarded to Ann

Landers and Dear Abby. It

should help me decide who

would best be able to deal

with my complex crisis.

Please return the

questionnaire to the address

stamped on the bottom of

page seven. If you are the

one chosen, I will notify

you in approximately five

weeks.

Cautious

Dear Cautious:

By mentioning the names

of those middle class

Solomons in the same

breath as mine, you have

demonstrated the serious-

ness of your problem. Seek

the help of a dozen good

psychologists.

P.S. Your questionnaire

makes a good airplane fleet.

Mr. Blanders:

Last week I saw you on

"Canada After Dark". Don't

you know enough not to pick

your nose on national

television, even if there

were only ten of us

watching? You definitely

are the most repulsive

individual I have ever seen.

Disgusted.

Dear Disgusted:

I would like to thank

you for taking the time to

learn the alphabet, so you

could write your intellectu-

ally inspiring letter to

me. Thank you, again.

If you have a problem

and are desperate for an

answer, write to Dan

Blanders at 101 Proud St.,

Ego, Ontario.

*No C.O.D.'s accepted.