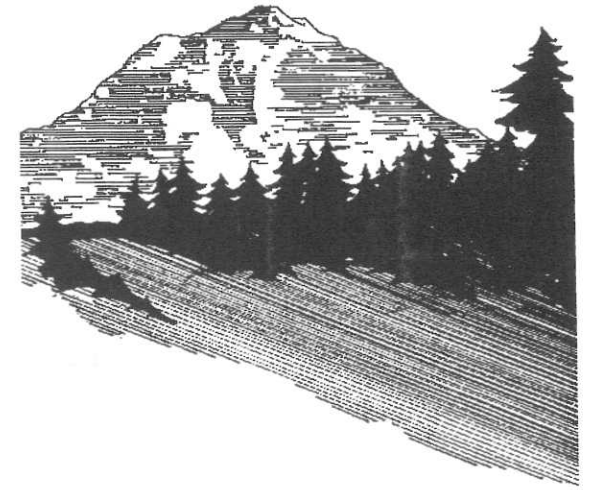


# Pahto's Shadow



## **Heritage College Spring 1995**

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*Pahto's Shadow* is an annual publication of Heritage College featuring artists and writers from the college and the Yakima Valley community. We welcome poetry, fiction, personal essays, artwork, and photography which reflect the rich life and diverse heritages of the Valley. Correspondence and submissions (the latter by 1 January 1996 for the next issue and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope) should be sent to Professor Loren R. Schmidt, Arts and Letters Department, Heritage College, 3240 Fort Road, Toppenish, WA 98948.



Cover art of Pahto (Mt. Adams) and Heritage College logo designed by Terry Mullen, SNJM. "The trees and mountains in the logo symbolize the rural environment of the college and the appreciation of nature's beauty which characterizes the multi-cultural population of central Washington. The circle symbolizes the unity and mutual concern which the college as a community of learners strives to enhance. The vertical split in the circle represents each unique individual who, through education, discovers and develops God-given talents in order to achieve full human development."

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# A Note to Our Readers

Loren R. Schmidt



"A thing said three times is true" runs the old saying. If so, then *Pahto's Shadow* has now achieved that exalted status, for you now hold in your hand its third edition. Like the Yakima Valley from which it sprang, our magazine speaks in many different voices, expounding on many "small-t" truths. Reflecting not only Heritage College but the Valley as a whole, our many contributors come from diverse backgrounds and life experiences. However, we hope that in reading the tales, poems, and histories of those contributors from Heritage College and throughout the Valley, our readers will somehow grasp the "big-T" Truths that we believe lie beneath this Babel, uniting those voices in a larger harmony.

For the most part, the staff listed on the masthead are students here at Heritage College who enrolled in English 452 (Editing Workshop) this semester. Under my supervision, they helped define the magazine mission and theme, solicited manuscripts and artwork, selected those you now hold in your hands from the several hundred submissions, edited those manuscripts in conjunction with the contributors, laid out the final manuscripts on *Aldus PageMaker* (in 11 pt. Times New Roman text font and 22/33 pt. Capelli Bold Italic headline font, for those interested in such matters), and printed/assembled/distributed our final product. I am proud of their efforts and hope that you the reader will attribute what succeeds here to them.

Final note: *Pahto's Shadow* operates under a seed grant established by Donald K. C. North. As with the natural world around us, your purchase of this issue helps that seed flourish so that *Pahto* will bloom again each spring.



# Elk Teeth

Anna Hill

It was early fall when I first laid eyes upon the brush corral. The leaves were turning bright tones of red and yellow, intermixed with surrounding hues of green, blue, and brown. It was a picturesque scene of wildlife and beauty, a place deep within the boundaries of the Yakama Indian Reservation in Washington State, a place closed off to outsiders. It was also a hunting ground for young Indian hunters such as myself. The fresh, cool air and the crisp, fertile smell of the mountains were what we Indians would interpret as "Inmi Tiicham," or "my land."

Being in my early twenties, I had learned to reverence my culture before embarking upon it. I also revered Matt.

An avid hunter all of his life and native of the Northwest, Matt was a kind old gent in the winter years of his life. He had raised six children single-handedly since the age of forty, when he and his wife divorced. A real father figure, he had done a good job. All of his sons took after him in the ways of the wild.

Matt could still hike the rugged terrain and enjoyed camping out. This was my first hunting experience, however, and the thought of camping out and being in the deep, dark woods both scared and excited me.

A loved one had drowned in the Columbia River the previous year, and I was now free to participate in the usual and accustomed traditional practices. An adventuresome and daring spirit combined with the survival of that ordeal created a driving determination to seize life that had surmounted within me during the mourning period. Naturally, I looked forward to being a part of this expedition along with Matt and his sons, Utchin (Matt, Jr.) and Buck.

We planned and prepared for the overnight trip in a most organized manner. First, we prepared the rifles by cleaning and oiling them, checking the stock, trigger, barrel and other mechanisms to insure that the gun would fire. Matt instructed me in the task since Buck and Utchin already had years of experience. We also made sure we had enough ammunition.

"You are going to bring me good luck this time, I just know it," the old man said to me.

Since his son's death four years earlier, his successes in hunting had dwindled. The old man had not "knocked over" a kill since that mournful time because Yakama Indians did not believe in killing animals during the time when the body returned to Mother Earth. He speculated about tradition momentarily, observing that one should not

hunt for the following year after a death in the family. Nevertheless, we continued on with the venture since sufficient time had passed. We arrived at brush corral at dark and set up camp.

## II.

"Mmmgh, mmmgh, mmmgh!"  
(stomp-stomp).

My eyes popped open. I was awakened very early the next morning to the sound of an animal that I thought was a big barking dog. Amidst the shadows of the evergreen trees, the animal was snorting and barking and stomping his hoof madly.

"Mmmgh, mmmgh, mmmgh!"  
(stomp-stomp).

"Dad," I heard Utch say in a low whispered voice, "did you hear that?"

The old man nodded, reaching for his gun, which lay loaded within arm's reach.

"Chook-chook," I heard as he prepared his rifle quietly, unfastening the safety in a careful manner, motioning to me not to move since I was still unfamiliar with my weapon.

"Chook-chook."

"Chook-chook."

Buck and Utchin were also readying their weapons.

By this hour the campfire had burned low, but I could still see the shadows of my companions moving stealthily in the early morning light.

"Mmmgh, mmmgh, mmmgh!"  
(stomp-stomp) the animal persisted. He was beginning to sound like a raging bull. I


thought he would come charging into the camp at any moment, defying our intrusion into his wildlife domain. He was fast becoming more and more annoyed at our presence.

Then a shot was fired.

## III.

All usable parts were placed between fir boughs that were clipped from trees to keep the meat cool. We covered that with a canvas tarp for the ride home. The unused parts we buried. With the animal skinned and cleaned and loaded in the back of the four-wheel drive truck, we started for home. It was around noontime.

The old man felt elated. His luck had changed. We all felt satisfied and shared in the success of the venture. We were looking forward to getting home and having a nice cold beer, although we all knew there was still much work to do.

Buck and I often reminisce about our hunting jaunt that October: how Matt's and my initials are still carved in a tree at the brush corral and how Matt gave me the elk teeth from his kill that day. Tears fill our eyes since he is the old man now, and Matt and Utchin have both gone on. 

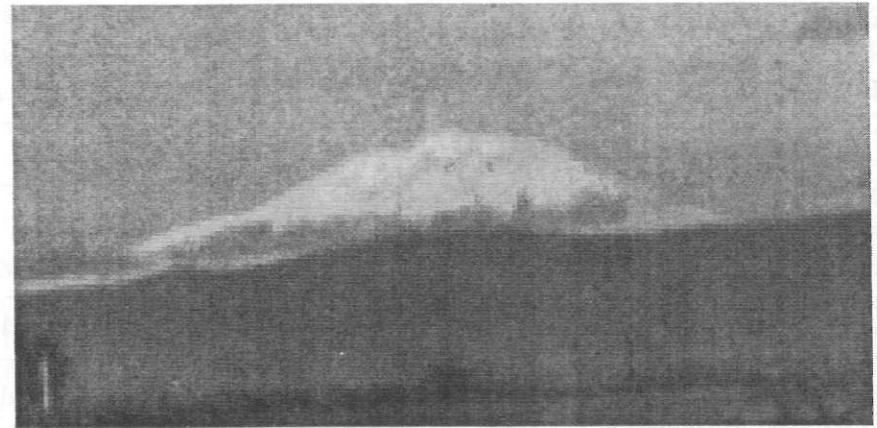
[Based on a True Story]

# ***Pahto***

***Kathleen Tucker***

The wind came from the east the other day,  
felt almost evil,  
but I think it was more just dark and lost,  
maybe shaken from passing over Hanford.  
It ran around me like a frightened cat  
trying to claw its way inside,  
hide up behind my heart.  
But I wrapped my jacket tighter  
and hurried on,  
no home for that black mouth.

When the wind comes off the mountain, though,  
the valley has a different feel,  
seems closer to the sun—  
as though the sun is more than in the sky  
but everywhere,  
or we are lifted up to it  
and wrapped with power,  
a royal robe of fire.  
I sit outside and lift my face,  
both sacrifice and the beloved,  
am branded, burned,  
til I feel purified  
and all else melts away.  
I turn,  
and then the sun kneads my long neck  
with its sharp claws.  
I feel renewed  
and say "Great Spirit,"  
wonder who  
I'm talking to



*Photo: Staff*

# ***Yakima***

***Kathleen Tucker***

Bosomy brown hills  
birthed me,  
held me,  
hold me,  
told me truths  
and kept their secrets,  
but lied to my childish eyes—  
I thought they were made of velvet,  
not stones and snakes and sage.

To the west,  
in the misty distance,  
robed in purple and blue,  
a mighty band of mountains  
watched me silently,  
beyond the green valley,  
their hoary heads  
crowded by fiery sunsets.

# Voices

## Doug Johnson

### Mr. Miller

The money's in fast'ners, boy. I've been in hardware thirty years and it never ceases to amaze me. Wire nuts, hose clamps . . . all of it. See this? It drives people crazy. People pay for something they need. Basic economics. Hell, just the other day, old lady Grimes come in here a-panickin' about a little bolt that shook loose on her washer. She said the infernal machine was a-rattlin' to end the world. Hell! The bolt was only a quarter inch long. You listenin', son? People pay money when they panic. Basic economics.

It's fast'ners, boy. Get into the connecting end of the business, and you'll make money. Some Yankee invented that little bread bag fast'ner. Set him up for life. You never looked at that little piece of plastic, did you? Invent something like that, and you'll be set, son. Sell 'em. Make 'em. Anyway you look at it, the money's in fast'ners.

### David Lee

Mama? Why ya do that for? Billy Ray says it's a damn fool that sweeps a dirt . . . OUCH! Mama! OW! No, Mama! I's just

repeatin' Billy Ray! OW! Mama, stop whompin' on me. Yes, Mama. No, Mama. Yes, Mama. No, Mama. Yes, Mama. Yes, Mama. Aw, Mama. No, Mama. No, Mama. Bless you, Jesus . . . Give us this day . . . our daily bread . . . Forgive us our sins . . . as we forgive sinners . . . for we know that cleanliness is next to godliness. Thy kingdom come, thy will forever . . . Amen. Yes, Mama. What's takin' out the trash have to do with sweet heaven? OW! Mama! I'm sorry! Yes, Mama! *Slam!* Sweet Jesus, you'd better not have dirt floors in heaven, or I ain't comin'.

### Mrs. Quim

Be a love and get me a napkin, deary. Yes, she did it again. What'd you expect? 'Ere now, where's your manliness? Now, now, I didn't accuse ya' a bein' no Yank. The Americas kin fall off the map for all I care. 'Ere now, mum, all done. Run along. Those Yanks only think we all own a million acres, and live off a million pounds a 'ear. I don't have no use for 'em. I seen those Disney movies. We all live with a bloomin' Shakespeare portable and eat tea 'n cakes all day. *Slam!* I don't care what ya' do with the napkin. Ship it to the Yanks. I

'eard 'esterday that 'ere fillin' the Gran' Canyon with the plastic ones. God bless me, love's 'eart. No woman would 'ide a napkin in 'er slicker, just to save 'er reputation.

### Afrikka

Missy! Whatcha got in that little bag? Aw, c'mon. Got a squirt for a homegirl? Take it out da bag, too. Start to look like the winos off 37th. Naw. Never mind. None a dat hard stuff. Girl?! What happened? I borrowed ya' a dolla' yesterday. Quit kickin' it with that homey. That boy's gonna be dead soon. Isaac aks his sorry ass yesterday, if he's even gonna look for a job. He ain't no Malcolm. He ain't even a pissant version of Michael. He looks a fool at that hoop game in a Magic jersey. Don't matter what you feel. The truth's got to be told. No, I mean the hard stuff is bringing down his appearance. Ya know what I mean? Quit kickin' it wit dat homey. Hell, no. You know I don't go for no Anglo, white bread stuff. Ain't no love there neither. Sister needs a brother. Louise done sold out her race, hangin' on that Italian sausage. She's playin' just as big a fool. Got another squirt for a homegirl?

### Alice

Hello. It's a red negligee . . . what would you like? . . . Sears siding?! What do I sound like?! Joe the carpenter? Not again. Try again. Thanks for the compliment, but Frederick's doesn't have a 900 number. Hey, you don't have to call

me that! It's not my fault that Frannie frump hump can't keep you and half a million other balding middle-aged Marlon Brandos happy!! Is Marlon Brando my pimp?! The POLICE!!! What do you think I look like? Who do you think I am?! Playmate of the Year? Try a laid-off steelworker that's tired of "All My Children"!!! *You* get a job!! I *had* a job!!! You pea-brained, ignorant, son-of-a-CLICK. Another wrong number pays \$1.50. I've got to get a real job.

### Dan

"Dear Mom,

Basic's really tough. We run all day, and they cuss at us a lot. Don't worry, mom. I'm holding up okay. Just a couple of more months. I hide a picture of you guys in the foot locker. It helps somehow. I hope the drill sergeant doesn't find it. Well, this is hard to say, but I love you, Mom. Life's harder without your family, just like you said. Don't tell Jeff I said that, Mom. But I wasn't as tough as I said. You were right.

How's Rex? The corn doing okay? Kind of miss the harvest. San Diego is really warm. I get to see you at Christmas. That keeps me going. Love you. See you later.

Love, Jim"

How's that? No, I didn't tell her how drunk you got. No, I didn't tell her you broke your hand. He busted you up good. No, I didn't tell her. You think I'm a fool? I got a Mama, too. You think I was hatched?

### Amanda

Listen, Daddy! If you're not going to listen, then I'm not going to read to you. Once upon a time . . . um . . . there was a animal that was . . . um . . . it was green and it was mean . . . Daddy, listen! And there was a boat where the animal . . . um . . . the animal climbed the tree . . . And then . . . the tree died because the animal pooped . . . Daddy, did you hear me? I sayed "pooped." Do you poop, Daddy? Oh, okay, I'll keep reading. And then the tree's leafs falled off the tree. And there was red and yellow and brown and the animal. And there was snow on the ground and the animal turned into a prince. Daddy, wake up! Daddy! Mommy, Daddy won't wake up. That's okay. He must have played too hard today. You can take him to bed if you want. I understand.

### Ronny

That will be \$10.96, Mrs. Cache. No, ma'am. We only accept cash, or VISA with a 4% charge above the purchase. No, ma'am. J.C.Penney's doesn't help, because we only accept cash, or a VISA with a— You're Mrs. Cache. My name is Ronald, Mrs. Cache, not Ronny. I quit going by Ronnie when—I'm sorry, ma'am. I didn't mean to get uppity. Please, Mrs. Cache. Everyone doesn't need to know that you changed my diapers. Yes, I'm positive you are Mrs. Cache. Those are the same gray eyes . . . You didn't wrinkle that much. No, ma'am. We only accept cash, or VISA with a 4% . . . You don't have to get so mad.

There's a pay phone outside. Ssh. Here's a quarter. No, it's my quarter. Don't worry about it. Try to understand. It's my first day. That's what Mr. Clark told me to say. He said no exceptions. No, ma'am. He's at the bank right now, but I can tell him you—Yes, ma'am. I'm sorry, Mrs. Cache. Say hello to—*SLAM*—Bobby for me. May I help you?

### Earl

Your move, Angelou. No, I didn't move twice. Nice robe your daughter brought you. She's a dandy. You know what I mean. She's a good daughter. Knows respect. Nurse Whiney's going to tell you to get dressed. She can't hear me. You're right on that one. I'm not expecting anyone either. Check. What? Don't know. After arthritis, they all sound the same. Sure hurts like hell, though. Look at that! On the T.V.! Another guy's getting paid five million to play basketball. I can't either. Watch your rook. The world's gone crazy. Cole said they're all rigged anyway.

Hear about Stanley? Used to be in 112B. Cole said he died last night. Said it was too much cholestral. Had to be the bottle. They'll never say that, though. I hear his kids hadn't been to see him in three years. Something about a piece of property. Check. Poor son of a bitch. Nah. Hasn't called since Christmas. Tried to raise him right. Francine and I might have forgot him here and there, but times were hard. Not like today. You said it. Your boy's always your boy. Here comes Whiney with the

medicines. Maybe this damn pain will ease up a little. Checkmate? Play again?

### Andre

My sister much sick. We wait long here. Lady in red here after with little, how you say, contusion? Right word? Doctor see first. Sister much sick. Not have number. Sister work at our house. I give you my number if doctor see my sister. Where I work? At Garcia's. She's very sick. If she wear red, can she see doctor? Doctor's same here. Not care for sick. Give doctor my car, yes? Sister sick. Wait no more. She hurt. My car not red, yes? Sister hurt since rooster called. Sister called. Not understand. They tell me come here. When doctor see her? Doctor take our car? Name? Tanya. My name? Andre. Andre Borskov. B-O-R-S-K-O-V. You have doctor speak Russian? Tanya come. Da. Da, Tanya. Next we buy red scarf. See doctor more fast. Da, Tanya. Da.

### Mr. Cook

Once in a lifetime. It's here, folks. This little baby here will change your life forever. Go ahead and pick it up. Yes, ma'am, very lightweight. I was a skeptic myself. I'll have you know, though, that it'll soon be in every kitchen. They say it'll be bigger that the VCR. Yes, sir. Those are according to current market rates and trends. 30% for last month, sir. If you notice, ma'am, it has no sharp edges, or breakable glass, in case it's dropped. Yes,

ma'am. I have two little ones of my own. It eased my conscience. Four and two years old. There's their picture. Oh, that? State of the art acrylic dicloxine, sir. Very sturdy. How are you today, sir? \$19.99 and this piece of technology will take your kitchen into the 21st century. Works with sonics, sir. That's sound, ma'am. Not sure, but I know it works. Light blue, yellow, and antique white, ma'am. See this glass. I brought it from my house—ugly, ugly hard water stains. Terrible problem out there in James City. A small wipe of the hand; ever seen anything like it? I hadn't either. No detergent agents needed. We're watching the environment. It's a real life saver for my wife, when it come to those pans of lasagna. No, ma'am, but her grandmother knew an Italian baker. Sir, it did my heart good to save my wife some time in the kitchen. Thank you, sir. SOUMATIC. Tell you what. I don't always do this, but if you buy today, I'll cut the price to \$15.99 and throw in this cookbook, half price, for \$8.99. Yes, sir, lifetime warranty. Check will be fine. That's S-O-U-M-A-T-I-C. Yes, it looks like "sound." It's pronouced "Sew-matic." Yes, ma'am, like a needle and thread. Sure, take this brochure. My number's on the back. \$27.34 with the tax. Thank you . . . Dr. Barry. It's a living. Piece of heart in everyone. Thank you, Dr. Barry. Once in a lifetime. Been a pleasure, Dr. and Mrs. Barry.

### Vince

Did you get those copies I asked for? Again?! I need those before Monday. It's

the Casey presentation, with a bunch of board members. They always like to see lots of paper in the proposal. Well, it's all pretty much a formality. Ackerman cut the deal in a hot tub over the weekend with the CEO. That didn't come from me. I just know that Friday they weren't sure and on Wednesday they're talking residual projections. Nah. It's never much new. They're imitating Mattel's latest Disney movie. When's the copy machine going to be fixed? Damn. There's a quick copy joint down off Walnut, right? Could you . . . ? Read my mind. You're a doll. How're your kids?

**Jason**

Dude! That's a rad earring. Where'd you get it? No way. Like it'd be a hundred

years before I'd believe you know Julian Lennon's cousin Leo. Whoa, dude. Can I like touch your Walkman or something? What are you doing with a job, though? Especially a cleaning job—even if it *is* Lennon's beach house. How much it cost you? Not the job, the earring! Whoa, dude, that's a bargain. Like, but I don't know about that job stuff, though. Man, being a skater's a full-time job in itself. Well, you got a point there, dude. The clothes alone are getting outrageous. They want ten bucks for a good pair of Converse down at the Hole now. That earring really belong to John Lennon? You must be dreamin'. Does Leo got anymore? Like maybe I could get a job with Leo, ya think? Come on, dude. I'm your bud through the crud. Well, maybe bein' a skater can be a part-time job. That's one rad earring. ☺



Photo: K.M. Kelly

Tus ojos són  
como la luz del día.

Tan inocentes  
llenos de vida.

Tu sonrisa  
es como el sol

Muy calientita  
y muy recibida.

Tú eres una persona  
tan grandiosa

Nunca te quejas  
y nunca demandas.

## ***Mi Gran Amor***

***Susy Valenzuela***

El día que te conicé,  
mucho alegría yo sentí

Tus sonrisas y tus miradas  
fueron muy bien recibidas.

Como todas  
tus lindas palabras.

Te quise más que un amigo  
por lo bueno que fuiste conmigo.

El día que te alejaste de mí  
mucho tristeza yo sentí.

## ***Te Extraño***

***Susy Valenzuela***



# Rambos of the Road

Obdulia Diaz

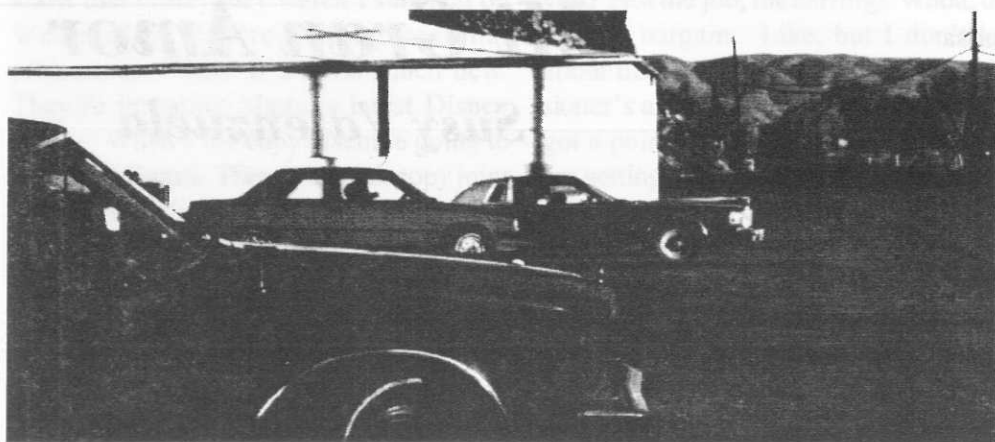


Photo: Staff

It seems to me that there is an epidemic of auto macho (and macha) competition in driving today. I'm sure that every minute somebody somewhere gets strong-armed bad by a crazy driver.

The worst day of my driving life was last summer. Around harvest time, I usually work in an orchard as an apple checker. There are at least a hundred and fifty pickers, and I dread the end of the day because I feel like I'm in a survival drill. Just backing out of the parking space is a victory! Then comes the fight with the people that want to cut in front of you and the ones that are passing you, car after car, and the deranged trailer-truck drivers in the other lane.

This uncivil, antisocial, neurotic behavior is in everybody, not just the guys

driving those behemoth trailer trucks. I've seen little old ladies that you can envision baking cookies for their grandchildren. Get them behind the wheel of a car, though, and they are totally transformed.

There is law but not enough manpower to enforce it, so I find myself looking for my own solutions. Since there is no way of me getting out of work early, whenever I can I just wait in the car until all of them are gone, and until my own lead-footed, beetle-eyed, hunched-over-the-steering-wheel monster is cooled down.

It seems like there is no more caring or concern in people anymore. It's a total disregard for life and safety because we have become "Rambos of the Road." 🚗

# Gone Hunting'

Randy Knapp

The alarm goes off. I look over at the dang clock. It's three a.m. What am I doing up this early? Oh, now I remember—it's hunting season. Well, I'd better get up and get ready. It sure is cold. Am I sure I want to do this? Well, I already spent the money on the license and tag, so I had better get out of bed. We have a ways to drive, and we want to be in place, waiting for the sun to rise.

How did it get to be four already? Time sure flies when you are running late. Got everything together in the truck; better get out of here now. I sure hate this drive. The last time I was up here I nearly froze to death. At least this time we're in Robert's truck instead of mine; he's got a heater.

"Now, Robert, we've got to take the right fork up here in the road, and get all your lights on 'cause it sure is foggy and the last time I was up here there were plenty of"—*kapunk spisssss*—"rocks in the road, and we sure . . . don't . . . want . . . to . . . pop a tire. Well, grab the flashlight. What do you mean 'what flashlight?'" Ohhhhh.

Got the tire changed. I sure am glad we got an early start. We only have a couple of miles to go. We made it! Now we just have to get into position. That means up that hill with no flashlight.

Well, it's six now. We made it up the first hill in good time. How come Robert gets this spot? I guess it *was* his truck.

Damn, it's cold. It is so dark that I can't see my hand in front of my face, let alone an elk. I'd better get my butt up the next hill to my spot so that I can be in place before the sun comes up.

That hill sure was steep, but I made it. I think I will sit down right over there where I can watch those three fingers from under that tree and I won't be so prominent on this hill. I sure wish that that sun would come up so that I can thaw out. There it is; come on, warm up!

It's well past noon now. I have been sitting here in position for hours. I have got to get up and move a bit, but I don't want to spook the area. Hey, what's that shape coming over the ridge? I grab my binoculars for a better look. Come on, you, closer, closer. The wind is in my face, so I know you can't smell me. Come on . . . I shift my weight and ready for the shot. I pull back the hammer and set the trigger so that I am ready. It is almost in range . . . just another minute . . . yeah, come on . . . Finally you are in range! I take aim. Just a little closer—yeah—right there—perfect. Now squeeze the trigger. The shot is perfect; do it now! I squeeze the trigger—*poppft!*. Dang, the main charge didn't catch, and there goes my—*kahboom!* I hope that was Robert. Oh, well, I might as well sit down and fix this blasted thing. 🚗

# Cards of Life

## Oscar Michael Green

*There is so much to say  
But no words to convey  
What once was cliché.*

I received the news on a Friday afternoon. After awakening from a peaceful slumber, the first decent sleep that I had in a long while, I carried on the usual morning routine of getting something to eat, bathing, shaving, brushing my teeth, and reading the paper.

But that day I was to have a change of pace. First of all, I actually had some business to do for which I deemed it necessary to wear a suit—some financial matters.

As I approached my closet, I already had a pretty good idea of what I wanted to wear. I selected my tan-brown corduroy western suit. It appeared to have collected some dust. As I returned the naked hanger to its rightful position, I noticed my two other suits. One happened to capture my attention more than the other.

I remembered how I scrimped and saved to buy that suit. Piece by piece, stitch by stitch. It was a black Western suit. It consisted of boot-cut slacks that I tailored to fit complete with the V-slit in the back and buttons that I use to attach my Y-back suspenders, leather boots, silk snap button

shirt by Panhandle Slim, silk neckerchief, leather vest, a wool flannel suit jacket, and a heavy black canvas duster.

To top it all off, I bought a silver pocket watch complete with the button chain and pop-open face shield. In addition I also bought some silver screw-on collar tips.

I was thinking of how I would have liked to have worn that instead, but how it was too hot to wear an all-black get-up like that. As I walked away from the closet, I made a promise to myself that I'd make up or find a reason to wear it. I thought nothing more of it.

As I left the building, I combed and patted my hair with my fingers and adjusted my brownish-black string tie and checked my pockets to make sure I had everything that I thought I'd need.

I started to sweat as the relentless hot sun beat down upon me. I stepped into my car and left.

When I returned, I decided that I'd go visit with my grandparents. I figured, why not?—they only live a half block or so down the alley. Besides, I hadn't seen them since they took off on vacation long about three weeks ago. I climbed their red brick steps and rang the doorbell. My grandpa answered the door.

"Hey, Oscar, come on in."

"Hey, grandpa. Just came to see what's going on."

My grandpa was already in the room and the screen door was closing behind me.

"Uh, have a seat." My grandpa said as he limped back to his favorite chair.

At that precise moment in time, just as my knees began to bend and my body began to relax, I noticed something very different in his voice. I mean, he always said "Have a seat." He said it to everyone that came over. It was his greeting. For him not to say that would be sacrilege. Somehow it sounded different. Something in his voice, something about his manner.

"Ahem . . . I suppose you heard about Dale," he said.

A million and two thoughts went through my head. I felt something in my mind "click" together.

*Oh God, I knew something was wrong. Was he in trouble? Arrested? Hurt? In the hospital? Oh no, Christ, perish the thought, please don't tell me . . . dead.*

Was I being more than morbid? That was the thought I was stuck with the most. No matter how much I wanted it to be something else . . . anything else, death was the dominant answer that haunted me from the deepest and darkest recesses of my mind.

It is still hard for me to believe that all these thoughts transpired in such a short duration of time. I heard myself say, "No, what happened?"

Then my grandpa said, "I, uh, thought you heard about it and came over to talk." He paused, "Dale was murdered here a couple of days ago."

My world stopped.

"W-when . . . uh . . . where . . . w-w-why?" I stammered.

It was as if a dark cloud of confusion had enveloped me. I was blinded; I groped, I clawed for an answer that would be adroit at the art of evasion. I was both vexed and overwhelmed. The frustration and exasperation drained me of any impulsive emotion that I should've shown.

After containing myself, I asked, "Why? I mean what happened?"

Then my grandpa explained to me what he heard, "Well, I guess last Sunday morning around three a.m. he had a friend named Cathy drive him up to Yakima. Then he told her to lock the door, roll up the windows, and leave the key in the ignition." He continued, "I was told he told her it was a dangerous place, then he got out of the car and walked up the block. Anyway five or ten minutes passed and Cathy heard a shot. She seen Dale walk back around the corner real fast-like towards the car. There was a second shot; Dale ducked his head down and walked even faster."

Then Grandpa cleared his throat. "Dale barely made it to the car when a third shot rang out. He staggered a few steps before he slumped to the ground. Cathy seen a young man run up to Dale's body and take something out of his pocket . . . just before she speeded off."

There was a long pause. "The coroner said that the bullet penetrated his heart. He said he had no trace of illicit drugs in his system and had only consumed probably one can of beer."

I sat in shock. I was numb. I know that's a common thing to say and all, but what other words are there to describe how I felt, what I thought, besides maybe "devoid of emotion"?

I've always thought that he'd die at a fairly young age, but I thought he'd be a victim of his own folly. He did drink a lot, so I expected him to wrap his truck around a power pole. Or something like that. But not to die an undignified death such as that . . . It was just sickening to know that a man so young and strong, so wise and so good, could die, and by some putrid filth or other dregs of society.

I know that this next part I'm going to say may sound cold-blooded and everything, but one of the first thoughts I had and remember with absolute clarity is that . . . now I got a reason to wear that suit. Low.

I paced the room. I thought about the days before the arguments ensued between my dad and me—when we loved each other, when everything was good. My throat started to tighten, my breath turned jagged and heavy, and my eyes started to water. I was trapped between my feelings of true

grief and some obligatory grief if I felt like it . . . I really didn't know which. At the time I was feeling like I should squeeze some tears out and make people acknowledge my histrionics to "prove" how much I loved the man. No matter how long it'd been since I've last seen him.

I could feel my grandpa staring at me even though he wasn't looking at me.

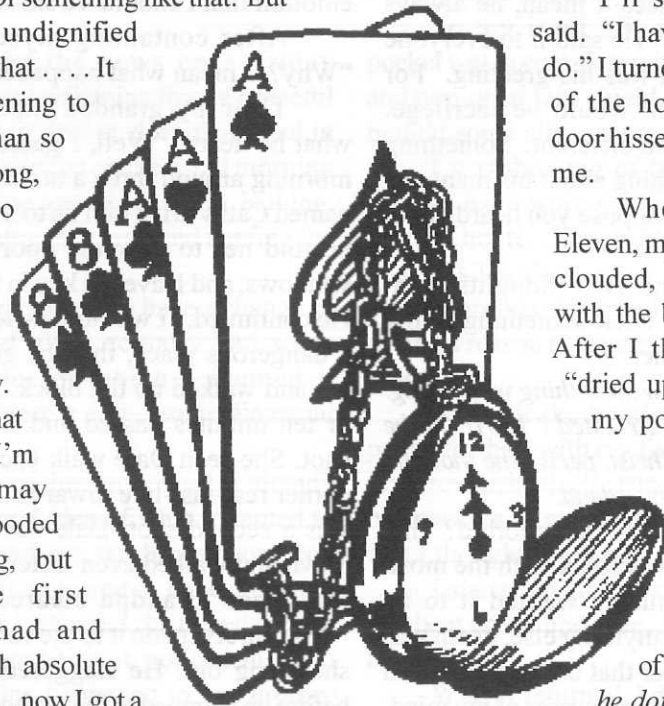
"I'll see you later," I said. "I have some things to do." I turned and walked out of the house. The screen door hissed as it shut behind me.

When I reached 7-Eleven, my eyes were pretty clouded, so I wiped them with the back of my hand. After I thought I was all "dried up," I reached into my pocket, for I had a couple of bucks and I wanted to buy beer and a pack of smokes.

My mind became a cesspool of thoughts. *What was*

*he doing? Why was he there? Who was he dealing with? And why? Why? Why? Goddammit! Why? Why?*

I remembered that my dad used to smoke weed and most likely was still involved with it. But who the hell gets shot over marijuana? There ain't no quality nor quantity worth getting killed over . . . well, the likelihood of it happening in these here



United States is very slim compared to the handling of other drugs . . . unless that was what my dad was dealing with.

If that is the fact, I don't know what to think. Because I don't care for people who deal with drugs. For me, they're right next to child molesters and women-and-child beaters. They cause people to get hurt by their wanton and reckless regard for human life. I find them to be disgusting, vile, and contemptuous creatures, deserving of the most horrid death imaginable.

Then I remembered about a month before when my dad seen me at the store I was working at. I guess he came to cash a check or something. He was taller than I had remembered him. Also he was still thin. The only thing that significantly changed about him was that he was going balder, his hairline had receded a good three inches. That and that his once jet-black hair was now streaked with gray. As he was leaving, he looked at me and said, "Hi, Oscar, looking good."

"Thanks," I replied.

Man, it took me by surprise. He talked to me! I thought for all the time I was away that he didn't want nothing to do with me. And I ain't seen the man, much less talked to him, for at least three years.

Right then I knew he was my path to absolution. He was the knife that would cut the animosity between my kin and me. I was to reintegrate into my family. It was my one chance in hell . . . I would be redeemed. And then some punk took that away from me. When my dad was murdered it was like a diplomat was assassinated and

he was the only hope for unconditional peace between two rival and feuding countries. In this case, I was one country and the family on my dad's side were the opposing countries.

Anyway, half a pack of cigarettes and seventeen cans of beer later I noticed the trashed apartment. It reminded me of how I could be when I had drunk to the point of total inebriation. The newspaper lay beside me. The article read "Third Homicide This Month." It went on to explain how a 43 year old man was gunned down in a drug deal gone awry. Then I broke down and cried. With each sob my shoulders heaved. The warm tears flowed smoothly down my face. I felt so horrible. The next day me and my grandpa went to Zillah to view my dad's body. I didn't cry like I thought I would. My grandpa did, though. It was funny because my grandpa wasn't exactly crazy about his ex-son-in-law (my dad). I know my grandpa doesn't lie, steal, or say or do anything he don't mean . . . definitely no "crocodile tears" here. I stared down at his gray-silver coffin. He looked so different, but very much alive. At least he was buried with his best gray western suit.

For a minute there I thought I seen his thumb move—naw, it had to be the lighting. Was he breathing, too? I stared intently at his stomach. Then at his face. Was that a little smile . . . w-was it there before? I silently pleaded for it all to be a joke or maybe some sort of lesson. I expected him to casually throw open the bottom part of the lid and gently step over the side and reply, "I'm sorry I had to do this, but this was the

only way I knew of for us to get back together." Then we'd hug, kiss, make-up and forgive each other, let bygones be bygones, and all that other stuff.

"Do you think he'll go to heaven, grandpa?" I asked.

My grandpa, being the agnostic he was, replied, "If there is one, I don't see any reason why not." I wanted to reach out and touch my dad, but to do so would only confirm what I already knew.

"I want revenge, grandpa," I hissed.

"It isn't your place," my grandpa responded. "'Sides you've been in enough trouble. Leave it alone . . . please don't do anything."

I took the tan, sweat-stained medicine bag from around my neck and placed it in my dad's motionless hands, careful not to touch him if I could help it. I didn't say anything. We left.

All through that night I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking of him. Of how he looked so peaceful . . . so fake. That vision was etched into my brain. It escorted me into the wee hours of the night . . . and it sickened me.

When the day of the funeral arrived I could tell by the looks of certain "family" members that it was as plain as day that I wasn't wanted there. I didn't care. I really wasn't there for them. I was there more for my benefit than anyone else's. Another thing that I found ironic was that I thought I wasn't going to cry because I figured that I was all "cried" out from the previous night, but when I saw him laying there it was like

a faucet got turned on. Behind my black sunglasses the tears did run. I forgave him in my mind and sent the forgiveness to the earthly shell in which he once was anchored.

I asked him to forgive me, too. For everything I've done and everything that I was going to do for him. He was buried in Sunnyside, Washington. I stood in the very back. I listened to the eulogy and to the obituary at the graveside service. I didn't hear my name even mentioned once. No, they didn't just forget to print my name either.

I was the last one to show . . . and the first one to leave. I know my dad chose the life he lived. He played the hand that life dealt him until he couldn't be hit no more . . . the way he wanted to. He gambled what he had and, well . . . win or lose, that ain't up to me to say. Some people get better cards than others. He played his cards. I'll play mine.

I stood there, apart, in my black suit on a hot summer's day. With the leather boots, the boot-cut slacks, the leather vest, and the heavy canvas duster flapping in the breeze. ☹

# Reflections on "Going Home"

## Fathers John & William Shaw

Dad had a wonderful recall of stories—stories told him and nine others in the family by their father at the hearth fire as well as those from his own life. On his 87th birthday, our father related how he had returned to his native Scotland in 1935 for the first time after his First World War Days (1914-1918) in the British Army "over there." On board the Trans-Atlantic steamer "California" on that June day in 1935 was an old Irishman. Dad met him around midnight when we three kids and Mom were snuggled asleep below deck, just above the waterline. There was no one else on deck, and the Irishman was at the bow looking ahead for something. Dad asked him what was the occasion of his vigil. "Looking for the Tory Light off the North Irish coast," he replied. According to the ship's radio shack, he would see it in ten minutes, and, sure enough, he soon saw the ever-so-tiny blink of light flashing. He just said, "I am going home."

*"There's no place like home."*

Dad said that in all his reading, he found no other language with that beautiful word "home" with all its special meaning.

He recalled when Jennie Lind, the Swedish "Nightingale," the most popular singer at the turn of the century, would travel in concert worldwide, her songs would often turn to the theme of "home," especially in Australia. There, many of the immigrants were from the British Isles now turned outback shepherders, cattlemen, loggers, miners, and others who homesteaded that remote land. She sang many nostalgic songs, but when her final song was, "There's No Place Like Home," there wasn't a dry eye in the crowd. Dad remembered the rest of the verse, "Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam/ Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," from John Howard Payne's "Home Sweet Home." Our father thought if only we held this thought in mind, it would be a welcome change from the squabbles and controversies of this world. ☹

On March 31, 1992, Dad was taken home to His Father and Our Heavenly Father. He died in Fr. Bill's Parish of the Resurrection, Zillah, at the grand age of 96.

# Patito

## Constantino Gamboa

The last few days of late September were getting shorter. There was early morning dew on the blades of grass and on the last picking of the green bean harvest in central Oregon. In a few days all the migrant farmworkers that occupied the farm labor camps of Independence, Oregon, would pack all their worldly possessions in their two-ton trucks and other assorted vehicles and hit the migrant trail. Some would head south to the cotton fields of southern California. Those who chose not to leave the state would drive a few miles to eastern Oregon to the cities of Terrebonne, Redmond, and Culver for the annual potato harvest. The few families that had already established roots in Washington state would return there to pass the winter and await the asparagus spears that would make their appearance in early April.

The Gamboa family was one of the families that elected to spend the winter in warmer climes. They would pack all their belongings into their rumbling two-and-a-half ton 1952 Chevy truck and head south to the cotton fields of the San Joaquín Valley of California. The family consisted of Señor and Señora Gamboa and their large brood of seven girls and two boys. The older three girls were married, so they made the trek in separate cars.

The last week of September, the Central Oregon State Fair in Salem, Oregon, took place. It was a Gamboa family tradition that every year before the trip south they would attend this gala event. It was near closing time at the fair. The two Gamboa boys had spent all their wages from picking beans. They were tired but happy having enjoyed many rides and partaken of a wide variety of the delicious food that the concession stands had to offer.

The older boy, named Constantino but nicknamed Tino, was about thirteen years old and a little small for his age. He was accident-prone, having broken his arm and dislocated his wrist at the age of ten when he fell out of a tree. He had a scar on his right elbow, the result of surgery performed to repair cartilage damage done to his arm as a result of a fall off his bicycle into a deep waste ditch. He knew what physical pain was but that was only temporary. He had recently started experiencing pain of a different nature—to see his father and older sisters slaving away at back-breaking farm work for low wages. A sad look covered his face as he thought about and probably accepted the fact that he was to follow in their footsteps.

His brother was named Guadalupe but answered to the nickname of Lupe. He was a cute little boy of about nine years of age with brown skin and brown eyes. He was

also lean and thin, so he had no trouble fitting into any of the clothes that were still wearable after his brother had outgrown them. His demeanor was not as serious as his brother's due to the fact that he had yet to spend an entire day in the fields doing back-breaking work. Maybe, unlike his brother, he was not resigned to the fact that performing menial labor was in his future.

The crowds were dwindling at the fair and the brothers were standing at the designated place where they were to be reunited with other members of the family.

"Hey, Lupe, we've been here for nearly four hours and we haven't won a single thing," Tino said dejectedly.

"Yeah," replied Lupe, "I remember last year you won that cute little stuffed bear and I won that pretty Kewpie Doll and gave it to our baby sister, María."

The sad looks on the boys' faces must have attracted the attention of an older Anglo couple who had just won a cute little baby duck or gosling. They probably didn't have any children of their own and wanted to rid themselves of the time and toil that it takes to raise a baby duck.

Tino must have been wearing the more disconsolate look of the two boys because the lady directed herself to him and said, "Little boy, would you like to have this nice little duck to call all your own?"

The young boy could hardly believe what he was hearing! A little duck wouldn't take up too much space in the truck. Later on when the duck grew too big, he could give it to the farmer the family worked for in Washington. It would join a flock of

geese that the farmer kept to weed his mint fields.

"Sure, I'll take him," replied the enthusiastic young boy. "Thank you very much!"

The last seven days of the family's stay in Oregon were quickly dwindling down. Last minute preparations were being made for the trip south. The sideracks and tailgates that Mr. Gamboa had custom-made in a welding shop in Independence, Oregon, had already been installed on the truck. About six or seven metal bows spanned the width between the sideracks. Over these was draped an oiled canvas to protect the interior from the elements. When the truck was outfitted for the interstate trips, it resembled a modern version of a Conestoga wagon. The interior of the back of the truck was extremely hot in the summer and cold in the winter. It did not afford a comfortable ride for the passengers. Sometimes the exhaust fumes got so noxious that they caused the passengers to become nauseated. When it came to the truck, Mr. Gamboa spared no expenses. The truck was their only means of transportation since they could not afford to buy a car. Sometimes the truck was used to haul farm crops, thereby providing a source of income as well.

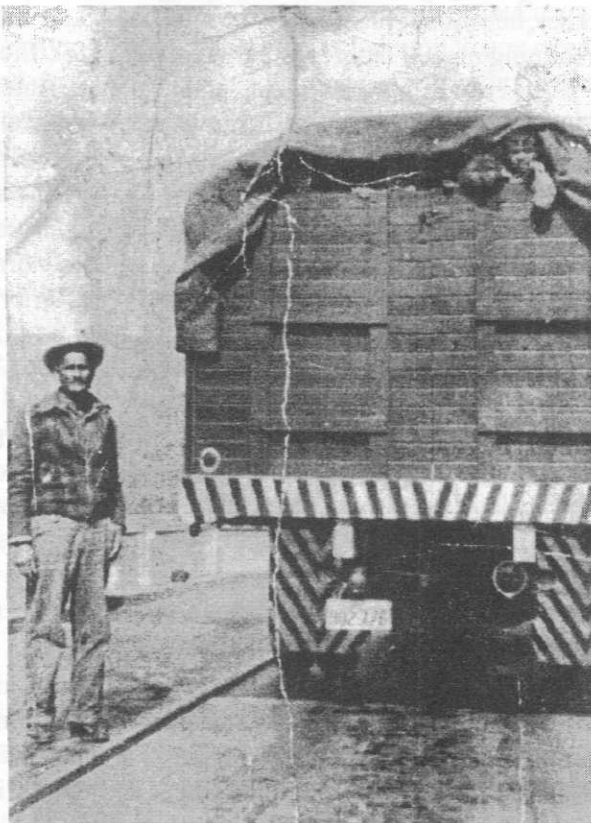
The day of the departure for California finally arrived. Tino and Lupe and two younger sisters, Francisca, who was two years younger than Tino, and María, the baby of the family, were excited about leaving Oregon. They would soon be reunited with other Mexican-American boys and girls that

would also be going to the same farm labor camp that was the destination of the Gamboa family. They would attend school there and would once again renew old friendships that had been developed over the years.

Tino especially liked to go to school in Corcoran, California, because it had a large number of Mexican-American students whose families had long ago left the migrant trail and settled there. He could hardly wait to see his camaradas Ralph García, Raymond Navarro, Eugene Martínez, and many more that he had not seen since last year. He was in high spirits because he had his own little baby duck that he and Lupe would care for until it got too big and had to be given away. What could go wrong to spoil his good spirits?

The family planned to leave bright and early the next morning because they wanted to travel at least six hundred miles before stopping to rest for the night. This trip south marked a new beginning for Tino. Since he was getting a little older, he would not have to ride in the back of the truck with his mother, younger sisters and brother and their dog named Tuffy, and, of course, the new addition to the family—"El Patito" or "Little Duck." A recently-married sister and her husband made room in their car for Tino. Riding in the back of the truck was not very enjoyable because the ride back there afforded the rider only a view of

where he had been and not of where he was going. It was almost like riding in a car with only the limited view that the rear-view mirror could provide. In the cab of the truck were Mr. Gamboa and two of the older girls who provided the map reading duties.



*Photo: Gamboa Family Archives*

The family finally started their journey. The family truck started out first, closely followed by the car in which Tino was a passenger. They drove for a few hours and stopped for the midday meal. Tino fed and watered his little charge before he

started to eat. The little duck seemed very happy to get his feet on solid ground, staying close to Tino until it was time again to start the trip. Lupe volunteered to care for the little duck at the next stop. They drove for the better part of the afternoon until Mr. Gamboa decided to stop to stretch his legs for a little bit.

Tino saw his mother before he got out of the car. She was holding a little downy yellow ball above the tailgate of the truck for Tino to see. Only this time the little duck was no longer the happy little animal that he had seen only hours before. Its head was hanging limply from its body, resting on the side of Mrs. Gamboa's hands.

"No! No!" the boy cried, hurriedly getting out of the car. "¿Qué le pasó a mi patito? What happened to my little duck?"

"Lo aplasté," sadly answered his mother. "I rolled over on it."

"It wasn't her fault," sadly added Lupe.

Apparently Mrs. Gamboa had been taking a nap and the little duck snuggled up to her seeking her warmth. When she felt the truck slowing down, she rolled over to get up and killed the duck. He did not want to show any emotion because it was inculcated in him that Mexican men should not show their true feelings. To do so would be taken as a sign of weakness. His mother had been telling him since he was a little boy, "Los hombres se doblan pero no se quiebran"—"Men bend but don't break"—and "Dicen que los hombres no deben llorar"—"It is said that men should not cry."

He managed to keep his feelings intact until the shock wore off. Then, forgetting all that his mother had preached, the floodgates of his emotion opened up and allowed sad, bitter, warm tears to cascade down his cheeks. He sadly went about the task of digging a grave beside the highway to bury his tiny friend. Lupe cut a branch off a nearby tree and fashioned a crude wooden cross to mark the spot where Patito would spend eternity. The family soon arrived at their destination. The boy was still in tears. He had cried all the rest of the journey. It would take him several days to get over his grief. The joy of reuniting with his school friends had been mitigated by the tragic loss of his little, furry friend. Gradually, with their help, things returned to normal.

#### Epilogue:

The Gamboa family managed to leave the migrant stream and establish roots in Washington state. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gamboa have passed on to a better life. Lupe and six of his sisters managed to obtain a college education and now have successful careers helping others in the Hispanic community. Tino is in his final year of studies to obtain a degree in Spanish from Heritage College in Toppenish, Washington. Occasionally, they get together to talk about their experiences as migrants and they all seem to remember that fluffy little friend that was also a migrant . . . if only for a little while. ☹️

# An Ordinary Day

## Cat Candle

One day, after quarreling with my mother, I flounced out of the house in a flurry of bitter words and banging doors. I went to the barn and bridled my four year old quarter horse gelding. Mocha, named for his color, carried me across the wheat field with a rhythmic pace that eased the knot of tension in my stomach.

At last the farmland gave way to deep, sagebrush-covered canyons. Mocha pranced to the rim of the first canyon and halted at my command. From this vantage point, I could see the line of the main canyon as it carved its crooked way south. Smaller canyons merged with this one and were lost with it in the blue-green haze of the distance. Mocha picked his way carefully down the rocky slope to the frothy creek below. In one place the creek widened and cut through a grove of cottonwood trees. The cottonwoods inhibited the growth of sagebrush in this area, providing a storybook haven of seclusion.

Knowing that Mocha would stay nearby, I let him graze freely. I discarded my cowboy boots and, touching the shining stone, was transformed into Sparkling Amber, barefoot princess of this wilderness. My kingdom was bordered on one side by a clay and rock bank about twelve feet high. A shallow cave had eroded into the side of

this bank. Inside the cave, I had fashioned a temple to the gods. Now I entered the cave and surveyed its interior. Everything was in order. The jewels sparkled on the altar, the golden figures of the gods gleamed against the wall. I lit each of the torches that lined the cave wall and called my animal friends into the temple for the ceremony. When every animal in the realm had taken his designated place, I began the Holy Chant, invoking the aid of the gods for our visitor. After the worship service, the animals filed out and went to their homes.

Extinguishing the flares, I left the cave and started off in the direction of my tree house. Passing the wreckage, I noted that the jungle had nearly swallowed it up already. I ascended the rope ladder and stepped into my tree-top home. Yes, my patient was lying on the grass mat. I was sorry to find that he was still unconscious. After all, a plane crash is a serious matter. He would have died in the explosion had I not wrenched open the door of the cockpit and pulled him to safety. I had bathed his face with cool water, tended his cuts and bruises, and set his broken arm. Every day I prayed to the spirits that this handsome young pilot would recover and stay with me in this eternal paradise. Now, as I stood watching him, he began to regain

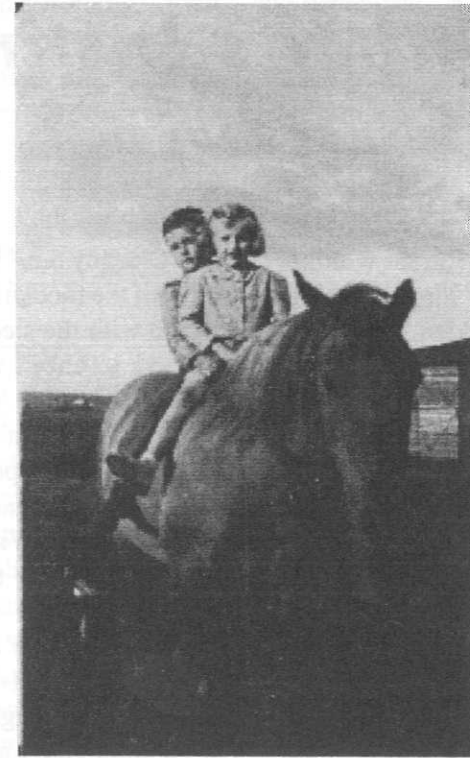


Photo: K. M. Kelly

consciousness. I lifted the bamboo window shades to shout the good news to the animals.

But my animals did not answer my call. I turned to speak to the young pilot, but he had vanished. I descended the rope ladder in confusion and looked to the temple for help. The darkened cave mouth stared blankly at me. Weird shadows drifted through my paradise. At last I realized that the sun was deserting me. Mocha nickered to me, offering an escape from this frightening tangle of trees and water and

caves. I ran to Mocha, scrambled upon his back, and urged him homeward as fast as he could go.

When we got to the barn, I settled Mocha as fast as I could, and ran to the house. I burst through the door, closed it behind me, and stood there panting. Mom glanced up from her chair. Wisely ignoring my rapid and gasping breathing, she smiled and said, "I saved you some supper in the oven. Better eat it before it dries up completely." ☺

# A Mother's Instinct

Nancy Iaggi

Kate was in shock. She sat with her legs curled up under her hip in the big, overstuffed chair in her den. She kept hearing the nurse's voice banging back and forth in her head:

"The results are positive, Mrs. Bradley. Call and make an appointment for next week; we'll hear the heartbeat by then. And congratulations."

Congratulations! God, what had she done? She was over twenty-one, but in all those years she had only baby-sat once. Proof enough that children were not her forte. Her eyes still huge with disbelief, she allowed her thoughts to journey back to the day that her terror had begun.

Kate was twelve that crackly, frozen winter. She had just walked back from the corner grocery store and was digging into a steamy bowl of homemade chicken soup when, in mid-slurp, the phone rang. Reaching for the receiver, a trickle of broth running down her chin, she said, "Hello."

"Hi, is this Katie?"

"This is Kate. Who's calling, please?"

"This is Fran, your neighbor across the street. I'm due at church in an hour, but it's so icy and cold that I don't want to take Jenny and the baby out. I know it's short notice, but could you come over and watch them for about two hours?"

"Okay by me," Kate said, swallowing the last of the food in her mouth and wiping her chin with the sleeve of her sweatshirt. "I'll have to check with my mom. Hold on, okay?"

With her mom's approval, Kate tap-danced back to the phone. "Mom says it's fine, but she said I should tell you I've never babysat before. With the baby being so young and all, she thinks you might not want me."

"I'm sure you'll be fine," Fran said, with an audible sigh of relief, "You already know Jenny, and Bugs is a really good baby. You shouldn't have any trouble in the short time I'm gone."

*This is silly*, Kate thought, shifting her weight to the other hip. She was amazed that after nine years and a lot of growing up, thinking of that day continued to make her palms wet and her stomach all sick and shaky.

Kate closed her straining eyes and rested her head against the back of the chair, her long brown hair fanning out and across her shoulders. Almost instantly her mind turned back to that awful day in her neighbor's small, overheated house, hearing Fran explain that the baby was still down for his nap as she moved efficiently around the room.

"He's going to want this bottle," Fran said, opening the refrigerator door and slamming it quickly shut again. "His diapers are on his dresser, and that's all you should need." Then looking quickly around, she bent to get her purse, planted a kiss on Jenny's head, and out the door she went, barely finishing the "be a good girl" that was directed at her pink, pudgy daughter.

Jenny and Kate had just settled themselves comfortably in front of the TV when Kate heard Bugs beginning to move around in his old, squeaky crib. Standing up with a stretch, her muscles sore from dance class, Kate nudged Jenny and said, "Come and help me with your brother."

When she had reached Bugs' room and turned on the light, every nerve in her body seemed to slam shut. Bugs had taken one look at Kate and immediately started to scream. He was squinting from sleep and the light in his eyes; his jaw, extended to its max, had a sound coming from it that gave new meaning to the word "loud." Kate realized she had really scared the poor little guy and quickly stepped back to the narrow hallway calling, "Jenny, I need you to come here right now!"

Kate sincerely thought that Bugs would feel a little better if he could see that his sister wasn't scared, but it didn't seem to help, and nothing else did either. After a while he stopped acting scared, but continued his heart-stopping wails. He cried while Kate changed him, rocked him and walked him, sitting or standing. Nothing seemed to matter. He was so tiny

and dependent. Kate had no idea what to do with him. She tried feeding him, but he just puckered up and cried harder.

By the time her first hour had passed, Bugs had worked himself into such a state that his sobs were beginning at his fat little toes, working their way up his torso and out his mouth. Sweaty, red and angry, he was demanding someone with know-how. Accommodating as always, Kate grabbed the phone and expertly punched in her number. The silence made her sick: the phone had gone dead. Once more, this time pressing the numbers more slowly. Nothing. "It must have something to do with the freeze," she whispered.

She could see her own house out the living room window, her mother's shadow on the dining room drape, but she may as well have been a hundred miles away.

"Jenny, what does your mom do when Bugs cries like this?"

Jenny didn't say a word. Taking her finger out of her nose she simply shrugged, never moving her eyes from the thirteen inch screen.

Kate tried humming softly, right next to Bugs' ear, but after a few minutes she realized she was crying, too. Scared, worried, and feeling terribly helpless, she wondered if she had hurt him? Was he sick?

"What in the world should I do?" she asked him, hoping for, but not expecting, an answer. With horrible thoughts floating in the air around her, she sat in the rocker, defeated, Bugs screaming at her shoulder while she cried fearful tears of frustration.



Kate was so miserable she'd forgotten the time until the front door flew open, leaving Fran in its wake. Fran must have assessed the situation with lightning speed because she dropped her coat and purse on the couch and reached out fluidly to take the screeching baby from Kate's arms. Immediately Bugs stopped crying and began to hiccup. Kate instinctively covered her ears to the quiet that now seemed to scream at her from every direction.

The next thing Kate remembered was standing over Fran's frozen rose bed heaving every last drop of her lunch onto the mounds of iced dirt. Shocked and shaking all the way home, it would be thirty minutes or more before she finally opened her fist and found the ten dollar bill Fran had pressed there. Never would she speak of this day to anyone, not even her mother. Her confidence had fallen so low that even her subconscious was rebelling. Without hesitation, alone in the dark of her room, she swore with all her heart that she would never have children of her own.

In the years since, Kate had been asked to babysit several times by friends, neighbors and family, but she just couldn't take the chance. What if their kids hated her? Of course she never revealed her fear to anyone; she simply found a fitting excuse whenever necessary.

Now, almost a decade later, pregnant and about to panic, Kate knew what she had to do. She bolted out of her chair and drove straight to her mother where she knew the guidance she so desperately needed could be found.

She thought about her mother as she navigated through the tree-lined streets. The woman was Mother Nature in the flesh. She had, on occasion, given Kate bits of advice such as, "Kate dear, relax a little. A baby can sense when you're nervous." This hadn't helped Kate at all. She always felt nervous around kids.

Kate had also spent a lot of time observing her mother with the babies that seemed to stream in and out of their home. She simply had a way with children. They responded to her sureness of hand and comforting whispers. Kate noticed that her mom would get this dreamy kind of look on her face whenever she held a baby. It was as though the common act of holding them made her, somehow, complete. It wasn't something that she did, it was something she felt, and Kate knew that she, herself, did not possess those same feelings. Because of this, Kate always seemed to end up in a mess, the child in her arms crying or kicking and screaming to get down.

Now, standing in her mother's warm, cozy kitchen, Kate didn't even try to explain; she simply said, "Mom, I'm pregnant."

"How absolutely wonderful!" Mom breathed, encasing Kate in her strong, sure arms. "So why on earth do you look so unhappy?"

"Mom, you know that kids don't like me. I'll never be a good mother!"

"My poor Kate," her mother said with a grin, "It's so different when you have your own children."

They sat in the sun-drenched kitchen for over an hour while Kate's mother poured out assurance along with the coffee.

When Kate was ready to leave, her mother walked her as far as the old screen door adding, "Trust me sweetheart, Mother Nature will take care of everything, you'll see."

So, Kate decided to take her mom's advice and try not to worry. Frankly, she was beginning to feel a bit excited at the prospect. Having a miniature replica of herself or her husband around the house could be fun. Besides, what choice did she have anyway?

Time seemed to crawl by, but as the weeks turned into months, Kate did become more hopeful. This baby was sure to love her.

Finally the moment arrived. His big round eyes were crossing, trying to focus on her pale, perplexed face. Here she was, eye to eye with Edward John, the perfectly pink bundle she had waited so long to meet. She could feel the tears gathering as she realized that they were complete strangers! Her mother had been wrong after all. She was never going to feel that "mother's instinct." Mother Nature had failed her after all!

Burying her feelings, Kate slowly glanced around the room. She thought it must look like a very touching scene. Her wardroom had three of those monster metal beds, and all of them were empty except the one in the back, the one where she and Eddie were meeting. Everything was hospital green—the stucco walls, the frame around the window, the sagging ceiling,

even the floor was a variegated brown with green specks. She wondered if they used that color because it rhymed with clean? Over her bed was a soft-light lamp that cast a glowing circle around her and the baby. Serene as it must look to any passers-by, Kate felt only chaos. She kept trying not to stare at this little boy. She knew in her head that she loved him, but her heart must have grown numb. She tried moving to a sitting position, knees up, and laid Eddie against her thighs, his busy feet poking at her now-empty tummy. Moving accomplished nothing useful; in fact, a scowl had now formed between Eddie's eyes. Kate was just gearing up for more tears when she heard the squeaking of rubber-soled shoes coming towards them from down the hall.

Dark, smiling, and seemingly self-assured, in came the nurse, bringing what felt like sunshine to Kate's wilting hope of Mother Nature's works. Kate was ready for the newborn to go back to his nursery. She needed time to think. Instead, moving toward her like a rain cloud, the nurse extended her stubby black hand, and in it was a miniature glass bottle with a waxy brown nipple protruding from the top. Kate's heart started banging out a marching song. Did this mean that this woman wanted her to feed this baby? She wasn't even entirely sure she could change a diaper!

Suddenly the rain cloud spoke, its wide pink lips moved and a deep, calming, low-volumed voice said, "You two doin' okay?"

Kate nodded her head, afraid her vocal cords had collapsed. The voice, however, did give her enough courage to reach out and grasp the bottle. Slowly, carefully, forming the words without thinking, Kate mumbled, "I think I'd like to breast feed."

Hardly a second passed before she realized she must be losing her mind. Up until that very moment she had decided not to breast feed. She was convinced that this panic wasn't only making her crazy, it was making her stupid!

Breast feed? What had she done? Again the panic began to bubble up around her. Kate's eyes instantly focused on the green-clad nurse and attempted to look pleadingly at her. She felt so lacking she simply couldn't bring herself to look the woman in the eyes. But as she started to speak in that deep silky voice, Kate began, slowly, to relax just a little.

Hazel, as her nametag suggested, clearly understood Kate's plea. She held up her chubby little index finger and said, "First thing, honey, ya need to hold him in the crook of yer arm, next to yer breast. Get comfortable. Very good," she crooned, in her soft and assuring tone. Then, holding up two fingers she continued, "And second, ease the bottle out of his mouth and really fast, switch it for the real thing. Few times up to the starting line and yer gonna be on

yer way to winning the Indy 500." Smiling, she abruptly turned and left the room, leaving Kate to stare after her with eyes as big as moons.

Kate didn't realize she'd been staring at the empty doorway until Eddie, demanding attention, began to fuss, trying to catch his uncontrolled fist in his mouth. He was definitely working on making a point. He wanted food! As scared as Kate was it was clear that she needed to act fast before his fussing turned into full-blown screams.

"Just how hard can this be?" she whimpered, feeling more and more like a

***"Just how hard  
can this be?"  
she whimpered."***

dream had taken over her reality. Too frightened to do nothing, she began as Hazel had instructed: unbutton the shirt, move the baby close, bottle in the mouth, gulp a little bit—this could be worse—pull the bottle away, and switch . . . nothing . . . still nothing . . . not even breathing . . . not breathing? . . . please breathe . . . he's choking on the water! Kate patted him on the back.

"Breathe . . . please baby, breathe! . . . Someone help us!" she screamed as loudly as she could. Kate had no sooner voiced the words when Hazel appeared at the side of her bed.

"He's choking! Do something!" Kate demanded, feeling the beginnings of hysteria pounding in her chest.

Gently, Hazel took the boy from Kate. Holding his fuzzy-soft head in her hand, his body lying up her forearm, she lowered her arm and gave Eddie a quick little shake . . . nothing . . . same position, but over on his stomach, she firmly patted his back . . . nothing, he still wasn't breathing! As Kate watched, the scene seemed to unfold in stages of slow motion. She dared not breathe herself.


One more time, Hazel patting much harder so that the sound reverberated through the room. Kate looked up into Hazel's face and knew, without a doubt, that this was very, very bad. Her smile was gone and the baby was turning blue! Without a word Hazel ran from the room, Kate's son tucked under her arm.

As they disappeared, Kate felt like a black hole had closed up behind them. She was still holding her breath, the pressure pure pain, her vision blind with fear. She just knew she had killed him. Why? Why had she listened to all the do-gooders when she knew in her heart she was not the parenting kind? She closed her eyes and allowed the threatening blanket of black to cover her.

She might have floated in the strange and numbing blackness forever had she not felt a presence at her side. Settling her large hip on the bed next to Kate, Hazel exhaled what seemed to be the most profound and wonderful words that Kate had ever heard, "Here's mama, little one. Now you'll be safe and warm."

With gentle care, Hazel laid the tightly-wrapped gift in Kate's outstretched

arms, and patting Kate's hand, she turned and was gone. Kate barely noticed. Driven by some great need, Kate laid the blue-blanketed baby next to her on the bed, unwrapped his coverings and examined every inch of his skinny little body. Again and again she kissed him, taking in his wonderful baby scent, feeling the softness of his parchment-like skin against her lips. Never would she have imagined that these feelings of love could be so incredibly good. With great gentleness and deep concentration, Kate applied a fresh diaper and night shirt, then wrapped his blanket snugly around him. As if to get his approval, Kate looked up to his face, and for the second time that day, her heart almost stopped. He was looking back at her, and he was smiling!

Sometime later, Kate heard a commotion in the hall. Lifting her eyes to the noise, she saw Hazel leaning against the green door jamb, a grin as big as a house on her pretty black face. They both could clearly hear the loud, but satisfying sounds of the baby at breast. With big tears making tracks down her cheeks, Kate grinned at Hazel in return. 

# Siempre Te Quiero

Suzy Valenzuela

Nunca deje de amarte  
Nunca te borre de mi mente.

Siempre estuviste en mi corazón  
Siempre escucho nuestra canción.

Tus besos son los mismos  
Llenos de tanto amor.

Tu sonrisa me alegra  
Todo mi corazón.

Nunca jamás me dejes ir  
Nunca iremos a partir.

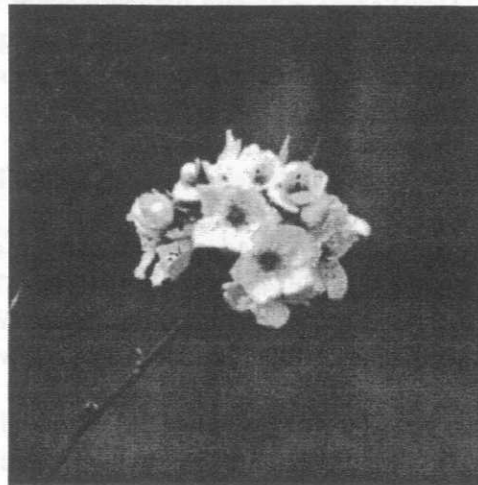


Photo: Staff

# Escúchame My Love

Suzy Valenzuela

Escúchame hoy  
yo te quiero decir  
I love you so much  
no te me vayas a ir.

Déjame explicar  
why I left you before  
yo no sabía  
that I caused you dolor.

Yo sé que me quieres  
I see it in your eyes  
perdóname mi amor  
for the hurt and the lies.

# *The Day Saint Helens Mountain Blew Her Head*

*Guillermo William V. Castaneda*

A Sunday morning, nine A. M.  
As I was checking on my pen  
For holes or places soft to dig,  
( Escape routes for a weaner pig),  
I heard a constant rumble roar,  
A sound I never heard before.

My friend, you see (I'll call him Ray)  
Had promised me a swine that day,  
So that's why I was checking up  
With eye and tug and coffee cup.  
How odd, I thought, there is no end  
To that big roar, no lightning, friend.

My mind now suddenly changed tracks  
From dreaming hams to getting back  
To real-life thoughts of wondering  
What acts to Earth that sound would bring.  
So strange that roar, I wonder why  
So rapidly a darkening sky.

As I approached the kitchen door  
I told my wife about the roar.  
" I know," she winced, "I heard it, too!"  
And I replied, "I think she blew!"  
Eight thirty-nine, the radio said,  
Saint Helens Mountain blew her head!

"My pad," I bade, elatedly  
"To scribble down this history,  
"My observation to inform  
"My descendents ( those yet not born.)"  
"Our forefather," they'll proudly show,  
"Survived the famous volcano!"

"Ninteen-eighty," I had begun,  
"On May eighteen, in Washington,  
"In Yakima, my county place,  
"My people one and every race."  
"Forty past ten, . . ." my wristwatch had,  
When came a scratch noise from my pad.

Ingenious words, I thought, with rhyme,  
Important writings, and with chime.  
How dare, then, scratchings interfere  
With my great work of this great year?  
"Get off my page, impertinent sand,  
"I'll soon remove you with my hand!"

The granules flew, but many more  
Returned to even up the score.  
Why do you haunt me, to abash?  
And then a vision, it was ash!  
For we were warned that if she yelled,  
Great tons of ash would be expelled!

"Inside the house," I quickly cried.  
My family, six, was soon inside.  
We closed the doors, the windows, too,  
We knew not, then, what else to do.  
Oh, I have sailed on many seas,  
But eruptions were new to me.

## The Day Saint Helens

The silent pepper ashes came  
Like grayish mist and powder rain.  
It smothered all and everything,  
This strange material! Bizarre thing!  
Then, as I wrote and had my fun,  
It brashly blotted out the sun!

So blackened was that night at day,  
It made the Total Eclipse play!  
It made in me a fright begin,  
This morning (night), eleven ten.  
What great disasters follow next?  
Is this THE END? And are we hexed?

My worries and my mild distress,  
My sudden state of helplessness,  
Began to dwindle, tooth by tusk,  
As Blind Fate transformed dark to dusk.  
Sweet light appeared now, gradually.  
Hooray! Thank God! Normality!

Such jubilation soon beguiled.  
(Like stealing candy from a child),  
For what I saw, I sadly say,  
My favorite season turned to gray.  
My Valley, hours before so green,  
Now gray and dusty, so obscene!

An hour of mid-night, at mid-day,  
Begot a world of smoky-gray.  
A Death-like scene so-crude, unjust,  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!  
I curse those sounds of constant roar,  
I curse the ash to Earth they bore!

Week-in, week-out, officials say,  
Or months to clear the ash away,  
And years before the experts know,  
The dollar damage of the blow.  
A measure of Saint Helens' wrath!  
A yardstick of her deadly path!

My tale is o'er, now. I must go  
To ponder on this grayish snow.  
But ere I leave I offer thee  
This plain, my simple history.  
Oh yes! My pig I'll get, it seems,  
And so continue in my dreams!

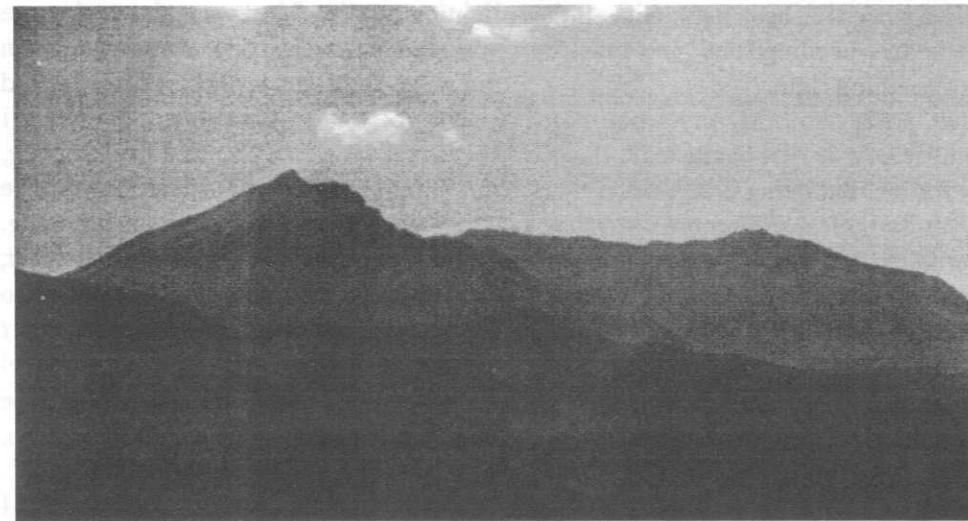


Photo: Staff

# Manny's Ball Cap

Pablo Cienfuegos

. . . All these years, and I still can't talk to him, Dios. Tiene tanto coraje. Did you have this many candles in here last time I came? Probably. It's been a while. You must be almost blind looking down into this dark church. Why don't you install those neon kind like they got down at the Y's gym? The kind that pop and whirl when they first turn them on. They take a little while to warm up, but at least you can see. A guy could stumble and kill himself in here with these candles. Don't get me wrong. I don't mean to disrespect you, Dios. It's been a long time since I've been here; with all the candle sellers needing jobs, you must be doing something right.

Oh, what about Manny's ball cap? Remember how it first happened? It's all blurry for me, but being drunk never does make you very clear. "Siempre borracho," Margarita used to say. That night was no different. I came into the house, stumbling over the coffee table and humming cumbia tunes. For all the Bud juicing me up, though, I'll never forget Margarita rocking there in the moonlight. The moon made her tears sparkle. "¡Siempre borracho!" she screamed.

"¡Qué pasó mujer!" I yelled back. She turned away out of the moonlight, and then Manny started crying. He was in her arms.

The windowsill's shadow made him light and dark in rhythm as she rocked him to quiet him down. Even not seeing her eyes, I could feel them burn me. I quit humming cumbias, belched, and went to bed.

The next day, she showed up at my garage and said she was leaving to live with her mother. She didn't explain, she didn't say goodbye—nothing. She was wearing a yellow sweater with one of those lacy flowers in the center. It's strange what you remember after twenty years. Dios, I know you were there, but with so many people lighting candles, I just wanted to make sure you heard it from my side. Anyway. . . when the wind does that to those flames, you'd swear you were answering . . . maybe I should go get a candle. Like I was saying, it was about six months later before she would even talk to me or explain anything. Finally, in a rage over the phone she said, "Siempre borracho hombre . . . Por que no estaba allí aquel noche, no pude traer Manuel al médico. Lloró, lloró todo el noche, pero no pude hacer nada, excepto de llorar tambien. Cuando llegó, fue borracho. Ahora Manuel no puede oír. Esta sordo."

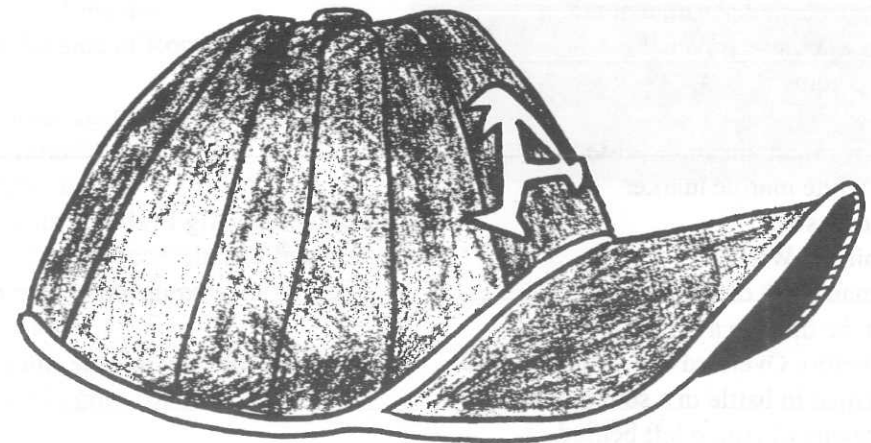
A ton of bricks, Dios, una tonelada. I cut myself on my last beer bottle that day, Dios. You saw me give it up. Things weren't always pretty. It's taken me twenty

years to get back into one of your buildings. You know, Dios, these places are a lot like a bar, except without the noise and the cigarette smoke; but a bar can get quiet, too, just in case you didn't know. But they all got about the same lighting problem. They're both dark.

Remember that time, when Manny was seven, and she invited me to Thanksgiving? Que coraje. El tiene ojos de un toro. His anger back then was equal to his Mama's. They were talking some stupid language with their hands back and forth. Manny didn't know Spanish. I sat there with my ears burning. I was so furious. My own son didn't even know Spanish. All I could hear was the clinking of the forks on the plates. She told me that Manny liked the Angels, so I bought that ball cap. I had it all wrapped up, sitting in the trunk ready

to give it to him. Then I exploded at them to talk and threw the turkey on the floor. She never invited me back. I didn't blame her . . . would you? I still tried to be around. She told me he wanted a bike, so I worked that night job down at Benny's. All these years, it was just imagination that filled in the gaps. She told me he liked the bike. How much did I miss?

Now he works at a job with that hand language he learned. I never learned it. Some deaf guy on the dock gave me a card with some signs, I guess they call them. I practice, but Manny still hates me. Seventeen years sober, and he still hates me . . . There go those blasted candles again. It's his birthday, Dios, and I bought another ball cap. Hijole, Dios, what am I supposed to do with this damn cap? 🍷



# Zillah Memorial

D. R. Ebenhart

At this place of shade and shadow  
Are four points of the compass in Cruciform—  
Dogwood to the north, pink petals scattered  
In an orchard of stone.  
A Yew to the south, with life evergreen,  
In death's own place.  
At the top, to the east, the Hawthorn Crown,  
Brightened by early morning sun.  
To the west far away, white Pahto floats,  
Cold sleeping volcano, wife of the sun,  
Whose ice/snow waters  
Burst forth from its sides  
Quenching the thirst of a desert land.  
A sacred place, and spiritual home,  
For those who have traveled  
And come home to rest.

Flanked by mountain and well-tended trees  
Stands a white marble marker  
For a soldier son,  
W.W. Pointer, WWII.  
Infantryman, 15th of the 3rd.  
Old when he died on a bright June day,  
The day before Overlord and Omaha Beach.  
He was killed in battle in a southern land,  
The wasteland of Anzio left behind.

I did not know him then,  
But I know him now.  
How he waded ashore on the Sicilian Coast,  
Sun slanting through the trellised vines,  
Hiding the enemy gunner and gun.  
The thin rocky shoulders of Monte Fratello,  
Splintering fragments of steel and stone.  
Contested crossing of swollen Volturno,  
The long bloody road to Monte Cassino.  
Anzio bridgehead at point blank range—  
Earth and men torn by bore-sighted guns.  
Misery, hunger, cold, fear and death,  
And repeated orders for night patrols.  
Professionals at their black night work  
till frozen in place by the parachute flare,  
Naked, alone to be seen and be killed.  
Seasons change slowly, even in war.  
Late spring attack,  
Roads leading to Rome—  
See it today and die tomorrow,  
On a clear June day  
On the far side of Rome.

Volcano images—Vesuvius/Etna  
Faded/forgotten.  
It is Pahto now,  
Sharing its moods of grandeur and sorrow.  
Soon only the mountain and funeral trees  
And a bare white stone  
Will honor this place.  
but for this special day, one buddy poppy  
Graces this grave of an infantryman.

—Memorial Day 1989



Photo: Staff

# Skunked!

Helene Webb

"Big trouble! Boy, I'm in big trouble this time."

The heavy front door of the school crashed shut behind Robert as he dashed into the crowded hallway.

Eight-thirty a.m. The five-minute-warning bell sounded, and students hurried to classes. Boys and girls fell back as he ran down the hall. Some gagged, others covered their faces. Someone yelled.

"Get outta here!"

Everyone backed away from him.

Robert did not see anyone as he ran down the hallway of County Elementary School. All he could think of was his big trouble. Just this morning he promised not to lose his house key again. Now it was gone and he really, really needed it.

If only he hadn't tried to get Mutsy away from that pesky skunk she had cornered under the shed. That must have been when he dropped the key. Covered with skunk spray he could not get into the house to clean up before school. He couldn't even use the neighbor's phone. Everyone had left for work.

The attendance clerk's face registered shock as Robert brushed past her and charged into the principal's office.

"Dad! Dad! You gotta help me."

"Aargh! You aren't kidding, Robert. What happened?" Mr. Cardenas threw open the window behind his desk.

Robert's round, brown face was flushed and streaked with dirt. His clothing reeked of skunk.

While he explained about the lost key and the dog and the skunk, his father propelled him to the boy's locker room and the showers. Ms. Russell, the attendance clerk, rushed to open all the office windows. Then she waddled down the hall behind Robert and his dad, blasting the air with a giant can of flower-scented room freshener. She did not follow them into the boy's locker room.

"Robert Alejandro, what am I going to do with you? You not only lost your key again but you disrupted the whole school."

Mr. Cardenas opened cans of tomato juice commandeered from the cafeteria and handed them to his shivering son.

"Rub it into your skin and leave it for a few minutes. Then wash it off with lots of deodorant soap. I'll throw your clothes in the incinerator. Wear your PE sweats and tennies for the rest of the day."

Goosebumps raced over Robert's skin as the cold red juice trickled over his body.

"Don't forget your hair."

By noon everyone had settled into the normal routine.

At lunch Robert did not feel like eating. Even outside he was sure he could smell skunk on his body. He scuffed his feet as he walked along the edge of the playground. He grinned at the teasing of his friends in grade four but inside he felt dumb.

*Loser, that's me! A real loser,* he thought as he turned toward the building. His dark brown eyes widened. He broke into a run. With arms flapping he raced toward the new portable classrooms on the side of the playground.

"Git! Scram! Get lost!"

Heads turned his way. Classmates watched for only a moment before they ran, shrieking, to the far side of the playground.

Robert pulled off his shirt and whirled it around his head. It cracked like a whip. He ran toward a pair of skunks which casually walked in the shade on the northeast side of the buildings. The skunks darted back and forth looking for an escape route. Robert herded the skunks into the field next to the playground. Cheers filled the air.

"Go! Go! Robert, go!"

Everyone on the playground chanted encouragement. Everyone but the skunks. They protested the only way they could.

Later, in the shower room, Mr. Cardenas patiently opened more cans of tomato juice for Robert.

"Good job, mi hojo. Without your quick action those beasties would have gotten into the crawl spaces the plumbers left open under the portables. The animal

control officer is setting traps in the field loaded with the skunk's favorite food, fried chicken wings. We won't have to worry about a repeat of last year's skunk invasion.

"Here is my house key. As soon as you are de-scented you can go home. You've earned the rest of the day off."

Robert carefully washed with the tomato juice and smelly soap. He dressed in clothes from the Lost and Found box: mismatched tennys, oversized jeans and a T-shirt.

"I'm a hero for now. Dad's forgiven the lost key. I feel good. I hope it lasts."

With a leap and a shout "All right!" he sprinted down the hallway. The outside double-door crashed open as he joyfully burst into the sunlight and ran toward home. ☺

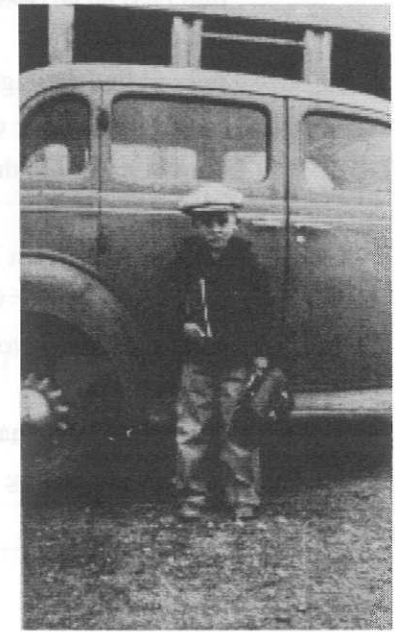


Photo: K. M. Kelly



# dEAR mISTER cUMMINGS,

eye trld to desighfer your poem recentlee  
and pleas  
coud yu enlighten me  
whoz just az puzzeld az she  
or anyone  
coud be  
with an assignment over you  
hanging over  
she  
whoz hoping to be  
[not just] an anyone tu  
sometimez I think  
full of blind feeling  
groping for a page or two  
always wanted to draw  
like you  
were once an artist in gay Paree  
published CIOPW in the '30's  
what waz your favorite medium  
words?  
that gaudy black-haired gypsy  
or were you saying  
"Dada"  
a Genesis world  
dark and void

or are we at the  
LET THERE BE LIGHT  
hearted part  
you the balloonMan  
tying one on  
to our Brains  
to follow up so floating many bells down  
pLop!  
to a different someplace  
with no familiar face  
where we have to ask the names  
Noones  
blind, deaf, and dumb  
given a word  
for whom the world  
suddenly

*quivers*

withLife!

K. Tucker



# Coyote Woman: A Tale for Today

## K. T. Did

That Coyote is a woman is not generally known, but it is true. It happened like this. One day the Spirit Chief called all the Animal People together to give them names and tasks. Coyote Woman's brother's task was to make the world fit for the People-to-Be. He was lazy, though. All he cared about was hunting and fishing and playing tricks. He did not do as he was told.

One day Coyote Woman came to the Spirit Chief and said, "My brother is lazy. All he cares about is hunting and fishing. He will not do the job you have told him to do and then the world will not be ready when the People-to-Be come."

The Spirit Chief looked at her and said, "You go then. Do what needs to be done."

Coyote Woman answered and said, "But I am a woman; I am not strong, and though I can be careful and thorough, I do not feel very clever. How can I do this thing you have asked me to do?"

Spirit Chief looked at her and said, "You have a good heart. You will have power. But so that you may not become vain, you must dress as your brother."

Coyote Woman left the Spirit Chief. On her way home, she passed a creambush and picked one of the long, flowing flowers. Then she saw, in the branches, two hummingbird nests. She took these also. When she got home, she tied the things together, with a nest on either side of the creambush, and hung them from her waist. Then she stayed out all night crying at the moon, until her voice was low and hoarse. The next day she tried out her disguise on Fox, Coyote's brother. He did not even recognize her. Coyote Woman was pleased.

But now she had much to do, and the tasks were very great and she had no confidence. She needed first to kill giants. One day she met some giants, and they caught her and hung her over a fire. She cried and was very afraid but then she thought, "If I can make the giants argue, perhaps they will kill each other and I can escape." So she made the giants jealous and suspicious of one another, and they were soon fighting until they fell over and made Ahtanum Ridge and the Manashtash. But it takes a long time for giants to kill each

other. By the time they were dead, so was Coyote Woman, hanging brown and dried up as jerky above the fire. Fox came by and saw her there. He cut her down and walked over her three times. Thus she came alive again, just as if she were Coyote.

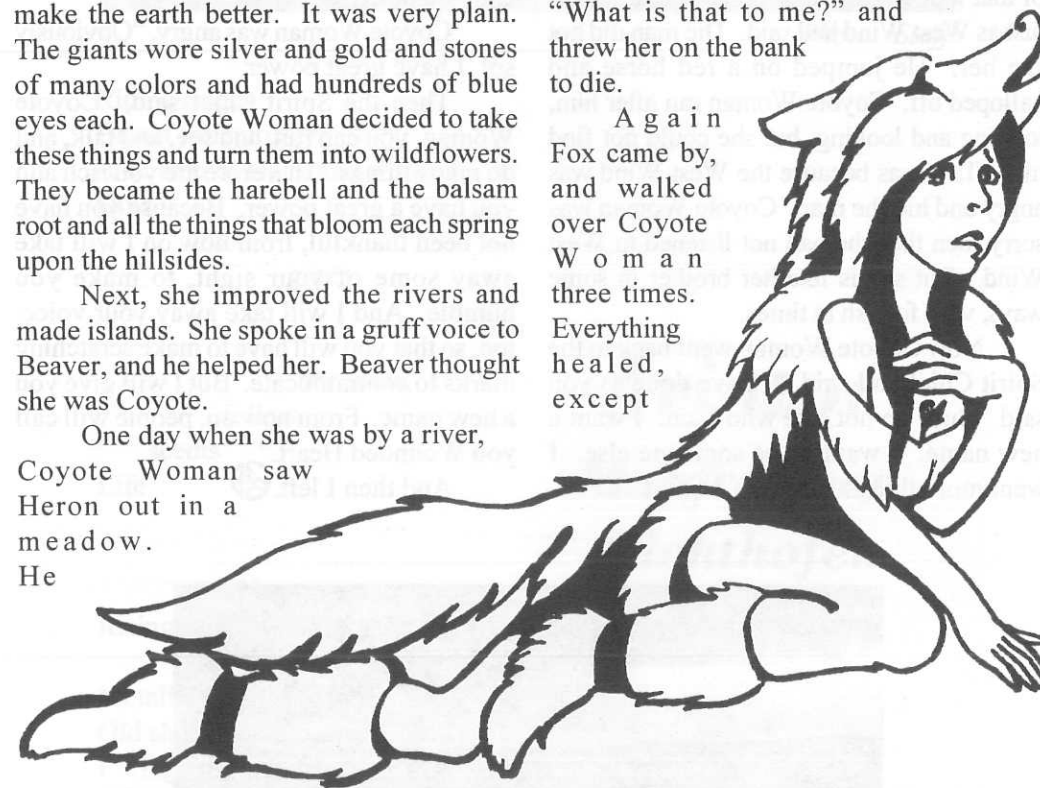
Coyote's sister had more confidence now, and soon all the giants and other monsters were dead. Now she needed to make the earth better. It was very plain. The giants wore silver and gold and stones of many colors and had hundreds of blue eyes each. Coyote Woman decided to take these things and turn them into wildflowers. They became the harebell and the balsam root and all the things that bloom each spring upon the hillsides.

Next, she improved the rivers and made islands. She spoke in a gruff voice to Beaver, and he helped her. Beaver thought she was Coyote.

One day when she was by a river, Coyote Woman saw Heron out in a meadow. He

Coyote Woman changed into Mole and ran along the river bank, but Heron ignored her. Finally one day, Heron was standing in the river, fishing. Coyote Woman changed into a salmon and swam by Heron's long legs, splashing and wiggling. Heron stabbed her through the heart. She cried out, "Don't kill me. I love you!" and changed back into Coyote Woman. But Heron scoffed, "What is that to me?" and threw her on the bank to die.

Again Fox came by, and walked over Coyote Woman three times. Everything healed, except



was very tall and handsome and looked very wise. Coyote Woman fell in love with him. She combed her hair and tried to get his attention, but every time she came near, Heron flapped away on his great wings.

for Coyote Woman's heart. For many days, then, she wandered around, her head hanging down. She forgot her job. West Wind grew tired of seeing her like this. One day it blew in her ear and said, "Go north, to

where the mountains rise like white-capped waves. There you will meet someone." She went to the north, then, coming to the place that West Wind had told her about.

Many lodges stood there. Coyote Woman went in one and ate, but she did not believe West Wind and did not go in the other lodge. Soon a tall, handsome man came out of that lodge. Coyote Woman stared; it was just as West Wind had said. The man did not see her. He jumped on a red horse and galloped off. Coyote Woman ran after him, looking and looking, but she could not find him. This was because the West Wind was angry and hid the man. Coyote Woman was sorry then that she had not listened to West Wind. But she is like her brother in some ways, very foolish at times.

Now Coyote Woman went back to the Spirit Chief and said, "I have done as you said. But I do not like who I am. I want a new name. I want to be someone else. I want more things."

The Spirit Chief was unhappy. He said, "Coyote Woman, can you walk?"

Coyote Woman said, "Yes, and run too."

Spirit Chief said, "Coyote Woman, can you see?"

Coyote Woman answered, "Very well. I can see a bluebird high in the blue sky."

Spirit Chief asked, "Coyote Woman, can you talk?"

Coyote Woman was angry. "Obviously so! I have great power."

Then the Spirit Chief said, "Coyote Woman, you can run, and see, and talk, and do many things. Therefore are you rich and you have a great power. Because you have not been thankful, from now on I will take away some of your sight, to make you humble. And I will take away your voice, too, so that you will have to make scratching marks to communicate. But I will give you a new name. From now on, people will call you Wounded Heart."

And then I left. ☺



Photo: Staff

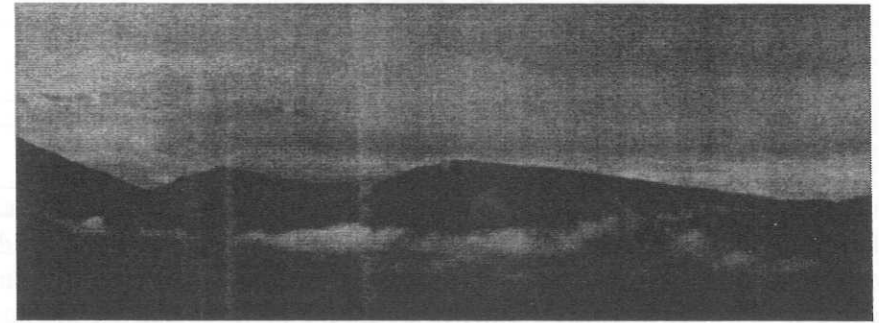


Photo: Staff

Riding ridges  
Desert rollercoaster  
A scream of black and white, I  
Dive  
    into  
        green.

        thermals,  
    follow  
    scents  
Life

        ...  
        ...  
    Drifting  
Rising,

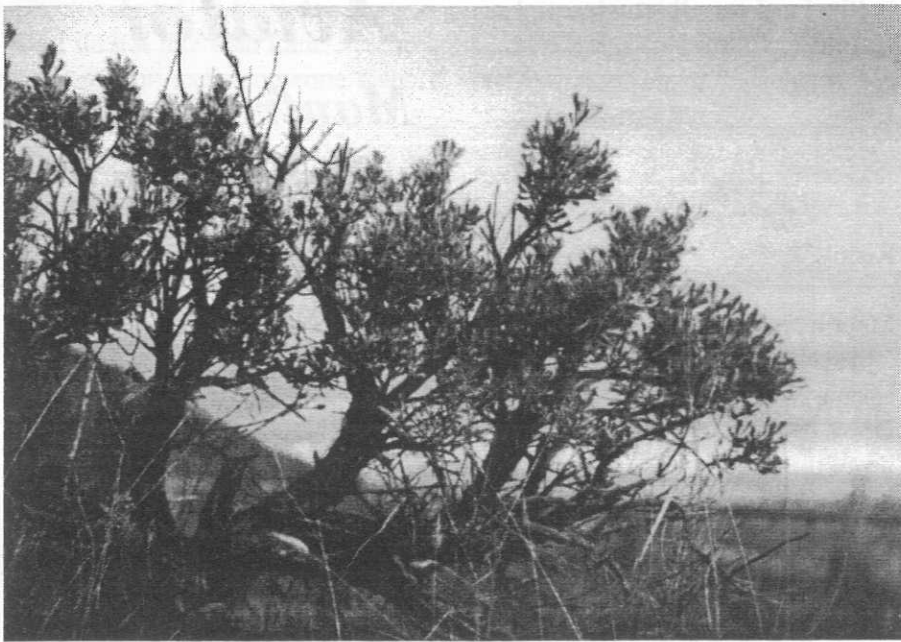
Metallic tang cries water  
Old shoe vapors bespeak decay  
Luring me  
Down  
From the fire  
From the freedom  
From the vacuum  
Filled only by distant pulse  
And the white noise of emptiness.

## *Aviator* *Manfred von* *Richthofen*

# Wind Woman

*Kathleen Tucker*

Wind woman walks.  
The wind thinks she is beautiful.  
He is a wolf wind.  
He whistles softly in her ears,  
pushes her playfully,  
fingers her hair,  
makes brief brash advances,  
wind arms wrapped around her,  
like dancers,  
then whirls after other girls,  
leaving her crying,  
face still aflame  
from his careless caresses.



*Photo: Staff*

# About the Artists

**William Guillermo V. Castaneda** has lived in Granger since 1971 with wife Pegi and children Tasha, Tino, Keri, and Ricky. A former Toppenish HS teacher and present executive director of the La Clinica Migrant Health Center in Pasco, he received E.E., Ed., and M.B.A. degrees from the University of Washington. His work also appeared in the 1994 edition of *Pahto's Shadow*.

**Pablo Cienfuegos**, a local writer, lives with his wife and two children in Moxee. He finds inspiration for his stories as he works with migrant children in a nearby school district.

**Obdulia Diaz** is a student at Heritage College.

**K. T. Did** is a recovering man junkie and accidental English major who has no choice but to pursue the Muse, even if it eludes her.

**D. R. Eberhart** resides in Ellensburg, WA.

**Constantino Gamboa** is back in college at Heritage to finish the degree in Spanish which he started long ago. He likes to go on early morning jogs and to make furniture in the Shaker style.

**Oscar Michael Green** is an aspiring writer pursuing a career in journalism with dreams of becoming a syndicated columnist and/or the author of books dealing with modern issues in a point-blank way. Raised in Toppenish, WA, he indulges in many hobbies and crafts such as saddle bronc riding, leatherworking, and cooking.

**Anna (Ann) Hill** graduated from Heritage College, where she majored in psychology and minored in English, in December of 1994. She loves writing poems and stories expressing her feelings for her family and homeland. A member of the Yakama (Winatshapam) and Umatilla Tribes, she finds great inspiration from her ancestral roots. She lives in Toppenish with son Fred, Jr., and daughter Amber and hopes to return to Sante Fe one day where her children can cultivate a passion for writing.

**Nancy Iaggi** is a transfer student from Southwestern Oregon Community College. She is looking forward to attending Heritage College in the fall, where she plans to earn her B.A. in English.

**Linea Jimenez** trained in commercial art and serves as editor of *Eagle's Eye*, the Heritage College student newspaper.

**Doug Johnson** became a student here at Heritage last fall. He hopes to finish his studies in Bilingual Education soon. He also enjoys rollerblading with his family and writing.

**Randy Knapp** is a biology major aiming at an education endorsement. He is an avid hunter and fisherman as well as a student leader. He wants his future students to be able to appreciate nature and have a respect for all of her creatures.

**Sister Terry Mullen** designed the artwork for *Pahto's Shadow* in 1992. She's still glad to see it appear again.

**Frs. Wm. and John Shaw** are pastors of Resurrection, Zillah, and St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Toppenish, Parishes respectively. They were born and raised in Riverton (now Tukwila), South Seattle, and have served in the Yakima Diocese since 1957.

**Kathleen Tucker** is an English major and a shy person who plans to spend the rest of her life in library stacks, except when she is on the road.

**Susy Robles Valenzuela** was born in Brownsville, TX, and raised in Granger, WA, where she graduated from Granger HS in 1971. She received an A.A. in Interdisciplinary Social Science in 1988 and a B.A. in Psychology in 1990, both from Heritage College. She currently works as a Case Manager for Senior Information and Assistance. She is the mother of four—Mawie, Mari, Mero, and Morky—and the grandmother of three: Adre, Shaqueel, and Alexis. Most of her poetry comes from her heart and is based on experience, and she sometimes communicates with special people through her poetry.

**Manfred von Richthofen** spends most of his time pretending to be a beagle. When he's not hanging out with birds, he writes poetry based on someone else's experiences.

**Helene Webb** returned to college at 42 and earned a B.A. in Sociology at 48 while after raising her family of seven children. Retired from business, she is busy writing—for fun and someday, she hopes, for profit. Her story was inspired by a news item about a skunk invasion in Prosser.

