lucky Penny

face. Memories, both happy and sad, rushed back to me as I remembered the times that Jim and I had shared.

T THEN turned toward my dresser. Reaching it, I pulled out the little
blue cushioned stool and gingerly sat
down on it. My eyes wandered aver
the various articles that cluttered its
ak surface – hale brush, ribbons,
perfume and everything else imagihable for a lively 16-year-old girl to
own. I pushed back a lock of curly

brown nair when has according to the raised my green eyes and saw my reflection in the nutror. Many things back eyes, I was no seen and the raised with the ra

anyway. Now, five years have gone by. Father is dead, and I am going to have a baby. I need my mother now, of all times, but could she really ever accept me back and love me again. I knew that she could never forget the pain I caused her. If I were in her place, I would at least try and forgive my daughter, if not forget.

But, I was not my mother. The Lirsh are very set in their ways. When I was little, Mama loved me dearly and gave me anything my heart desired. Then I grew up and left her. I had now returned, but both of us had changed greatly and she would no longer shower me with affection. I had emotionally wounded

MY HEAD was all mixed up and I didn't expect any wonderful brainstorm to come to me at 12:30 a.m. So I decided to get myself in bed and face my problem in the morning.

I awoke at 9:00 to the faint chiming of the grandfather clock. I opened the drapes to let in the sunshine and them rummaged through my sultease to find my bathrobe. I then shuffled to the door to begin my venture downstairs.

Mama and there was no easy cure

I took a deep breath, pushed my hair back and descended down the stairs. I couldn't help pecking into the living room before going to face Mama in the kitchen. My eyes want-ed to take in everything at once, but I was especially drawn to an old scratched-up pipe resting on the

mantle of the fireplace. It was my father's pipe, the one he always smoked. I could smell the tobacco as

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3

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I stood over it and a tear came to my

eye.

"Katherine, is that you?"

Jerked from my thoughts, I slowly
replied: "Yes . . . yes Mama, it's
me." I knew this by the cold reception she showed me when I arrived. I had to do something, but what? She probably wouldn't listen if I tried to talk to her, and what could I do to show her that I really did care about her and her feelings?

I then scurried off to the kitchen to face what I feared most — the hurt feelings that my mother held against me.

MAMA WAS already eating when I entered, and she told me to sit down. At my place, I found a plate heartly filled with bacon, eggs and hashbrowns. Normally, I would have gobbled down the whole meal. But now, I didn't have any appetite at all.

Mama noticed my apprehension and snapped, "Eat it, the baby needs the nourishment."

The baby! Doesn't she have any feelings for me? After all, I'm her baby!

"Oh Mama!" I sobbed. "You can't just block me out! I've been gone five years — five long years . . ."

"It's not my problem you took off and married that brute against your father's and my wishes. We pleaded with you to stay. You're the one who made the decision."

The pulse of your community The pulse of your community

"Oh, please. I know I was wrong in leaving, but . . ."

"So, you admit to being wrong, do you? From the looks of you, I would say it's a little too late to just fix things up."

things up."
"On no! I didn't mean I was wrong in marrying Jim! He's a wonderful husband, and he will be a great father to your grandchild. If you could only get to know him and stop blaming my actions on him! I had as much to do with it as he did — even more! Can't you try to see my side of this and forgive me? If not for me, then for your grandchild?"

I NOTICED a haze come across her eyes and a queer look come to her face, but in an instant, the cold blue eyes and stern face reappeared. She then stood up and began clearing the table. She didn't look at me, nor did she speak to me. Nothing that she could have said or done could have possibly given me a colder or lonelier feeling. She acted as if I wasn't even there, and indeed, maybe she wished I wasn't.

As the visit progressed, so did the remoteness between my mother and I. She always seemed to have something to do or somewhere to go, and I saw less and less of her each day.

A World's Grave

Continued from Page 3

cerrors. The darkness spread foroughout the land encompassing hore towns, which had been hastily evacuated by their residents.

The Lords of Eldor were confused, and finally, King Fargo, already reaching his more venerable years, deeded to send a small contingency of knights led by Thororn, one of the land of the work of the White Plume, into the hadows to find its source. They end the control of the work of the White Plume and a large army, were sen promptly after the acknowledgement of the foldure of the first group. They have now ever unsuccessful.

THE DARKNESS kept expanding THIE DARKNESS kept expanding and despite all the efforts of the poperiod of the period of the poperiod of the period of the period of the
period of people overcame their fears and
enterpts to defeat the undefeatable.
All the attempts failed and the darkmeas finally engulfed all of Eldor.

"Young Vancore approached the
black, ever-moving wall with a
schirk of deflance on his face. He
""."

orries

464-8170

was a short but stocky man, garbed in a suit of chainmall with the gaudy insignal of the nation of Munto on it. On his left side, he was carrying a short sword, which had obviously been used frequently due to the large knicks on its cutting edge. A few crimson blemisthes covered his grey cloak which, perchance, was originally white. With two large strides, Vancore plunged into the fog; his face of defiance was now one of uncertainty.

As the young warrior felt the touch of the darkness, he flinched, for it was unbearably cold. Looking around, he noticed that the darkness around, he noticed that the darkness within was not as concentrated as it was an its outskirts; he could actually see through it. The foliage, which once had been full of life, was now withered and dying. The ground was cold and bleak. Vancore traveled a few miles until he came up to some buildings.

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finding more townspeople who apparently died in the same manner.

GRADUALLY, THE darkness around Vancore began to affect his senses. Nausea overcame him and his vision bitured. He struggled on until he reached a rather small valley. The fog thickened tremendously in this area. He stumbled down into the shallow gorge and hit his head against something solid.

Barely retaining consciousness, he stood up and inspected the area. The thing that he had bumped into was the corpse of one of the lords of the White Plume. The body was garbed in the traditional white armor, yet in the traditional white armor, yet there was a new insignia patched onto the shoulder of the suit. Vancore glanced at the patch and noticed that it had a red, white and blue flag on it. Clumsily, he unsheathed his sword and struggled on.

once had been full of life, was now on. Withered and dying. The ground was cold and bleak. Vancere traveled a few miles until he came up to some buildings.

A great number of eccayer corpses with an odd greenish tings to them were strewn about here and there. These were townspeople who had been killed by an obviously powerful force. Vancere inspected them with disgust. After a brief pause, he continued on his journey. He traversed through a series of towns

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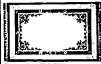


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