

enormous reptiles lacked protection. They could not burrow in sand because of their bulk. They could not find cracks in the rock large enough to protect them. The Sun killed them off.

I AM repeating here what I have written in the past elsewhere because recently two Russian scientists came up with still another theory. It is also a sun which professor Krassovski and Shkevski hold responsible for the extinction of the dinosaurs, but not our sun. They blame a star in the vicinity of our solar system, a star not more than ten or twelve light-years away. That star, they theorize, turned into a supernova sixty million years ago, at the end of the Cretaceous Period. The supernova sent incredible amounts of hard radiation into space, radiation just as nasty as that emanating from a nuclear bomb explosion.

Well, if so, why didn't that radiation kill off the small mammals too? We know they were around at the time. In Canada the skeleton of an early opossum (hardly distinguishable from the current type) has been found associated with the bones of a large saurian.

Krassovski and Shkevski answer that question by saying that the radiation from the supernova probably was not powerful enough after penetrating our atmosphere to kill directly. But it was, they

theorize, powerful enough to cause genetic damage. Such damage is cumulative. Now small mammals like that early opossum, and small animals in general, like birds, lizards of assorted sizes and so forth, reproduce within a year, counting from their own birth. They did not have time to accumulate genetic damage.

But the large saurians were doomed by their long life span. It has been accepted among paleontologists since the beginning of the current century that the full life span of one of the large saurians like brontosaurus was probably about a thousand years. Of course we do not know how soon they matured sexually, but for an animal with a thousand-year life span, sexual maturity at fifty sounds somewhat early. Eighty to a hundred years is more probable.

Now, Krassovski and Shkevski say, during this long "pre-marital period" the dinosaurs accumulated so much genetic damage from the radiations coming from space that their rate of "effective propagation" was severely curtailed. The term "effective propagation" means precisely what it implies. The animals presumably mated as frequently as had their ancestors before that star turned into a supernova. The number of eggs they laid was probably the same too. But the number of offspring which was capable of propagating in turn was not.

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I offer this theory as a fascinating idea. I don't know whether it is right or wrong. In fact, I don't know whether we know enough yet about radiation-induced genetic damage to be able to say that things could have worked that way. But it is an idea which should be kept in mind for later reference.

ANY QUESTIONS?

The Other End of the Flashlight Beam.

BOTH in print as well as in private, I have been moaning that I rarely get a question that has not been asked a dozen times before. (About 80 per cent of the letters still deal with the paradoxes of the theory of relativity and I am most thoroughly tired of them.) Well, I did get a new one from a gentleman in Washington whose name I shall not mention because he did not state that I could print it.

At any event, this is the question. Supposing somebody shines a flashlight into the sky in the direction of a star which is several light-years away. The man with the flashlight waits until his light beam gets there; we'll assume that the batteries last long enough and we'll also forget about the fact that the Earth turns. When the beam does get there, the flashlight wielder moves the flashlight and directs it

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at another star, same distance from the Earth, but several light-years away from the first star.

What happens to the other end of the beam? It cannot possibly travel over several light-years in half a second. My correspondent closed with the remark, "What have I forgotten?"

I told him by mail that he forgot a light beam is not a steel rod. When the "originating end" on Earth is shifted, the "terminating end" does not have to follow. But I think, as I also wrote to my correspondent, that the problem is easier to understand if he does not think of a flashlight but of a machine gun with infinite range. It is quite obvious that the bullets, once they have left the muzzle, will continue to travel in the direction in which they were originally aimed. If, at a later time, you raise or traverse the barrel of the machine gun, the bullets still to be fired will travel in the new direction.

An Overlooked Danger of Space Travel?

READER N. A. Paige of Toronto, Ontario, writes that he hopes this is a new question and then goes on: "I have an idea that one of the extreme dangers the first man in space will face will be that of nausea with vomiting while in a spacesuit and under free-fall

conditions. It seems likely that, without gravity to help him, an individual would drown in his own juices very rapidly."

Well, this is not a question which can be answered yes or no. It is a rather complicated question, in fact, and I am fortunate that the medical branch of the U. S. Air Force recently published a report which provides some information along these lines.

To begin with, weightlessness (over the short periods that can be produced in airplane flights: about half a minute) has not by itself caused nausea. Secondly, if a man vomits when weightless, the matter is rather forcibly ejected, but of course it would cause trouble if it were caught by the face plate of a space helmet.

Now the answer to this one is that spacemen will not wear suit and helmet (at least not a closed helmet) inside the ship, just as submariners do not wear a diving suit. At the same time, it must be admitted that the first astronauts in orbit probably will wear a pressure suit just in case something goes wrong. I do not know whether this has been decided yet. One might argue that if something does go wrong, it will be so thorough that a spacesuit won't help.

The Air Force studies dealt with the problem of eating and drinking while weightless. As was to be expected, it proved impos-

sible to drink from a glass. The test subjects not only splashed water all over themselves, they also "inhaled" it into the nasal passages and complained that they felt as if they were drowning. One man even managed to get his sinuses drowned. I can't quite figure out how he did that, but if the medical researchers say he did, I simply have to take their word for it.

Drinking through a straw should work, but those who tried it made almost as bad a mess of it as they did with an open container. I can only conclude that this takes a little practice, and thirty seconds of weightlessness is not long enough to acquire practice.

What did work was to squirt the liquid into the mouth from a plastic bottle. These experiments did not teach the most elegant way of drinking while under zero-g, but they did show that it could be done.

The next problem was eating. There weightlessness displayed a lot of nasty tricks. For example, if the man bit into a cracker or a biscuit, the dry fragments, being weightless, managed to float up into the nasal passages, which is one of the most unpleasant sensations a person can have. But eating under zero-g worked fine as long as whatever was eaten was somewhat moist or had a pasty consistency.

In other words, what was eaten had to be of such a nature that it did not crumble but held together.

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But now, as Professor Ehrenhaft used to say, comes the moment where the frog into the water jumps. Several test subjects, immediately after drinking (water only), did vomit. A few people will say that this was due to the fact that they had been given water to drink, but the medical researchers do not agree with this hypothesis. They don't know just what caused it. The men to whom it happened claimed unanimously that they vomited because they leaned against the (rather tight) seat belt.

To go back to the original letter: no case has occurred where weightlessness brought on vomiting all by itself, but after drinking it did occur, presumably because of a constricting seat belt. But it is now known that there is a certain danger factor and further studies are no doubt under way.

The Australian Shoe Size Puzzle.

THE only feature which brought more mail in the history of this column than the one on the shoe size puzzle was the one, way back, on prime numbers. Of course I knew the explanation as I wrote it, but I did not mention it on purpose. I wanted to see how many readers could puzzle it out. A few did, but I got other mail too.

If you remember, the example used dealt with a "Miss S," age 30, FOR YOUR INFORMATION

shoe size 5. No Miss S of the given age and size wrote in directly to ask whether I had been speaking about her, but two ladies got males to write in and ask this question. I don't recall ever having met either of them, but in one case "Miss S" was Sylvia Cohn and in the other case "Miss S" was Carolyn Sonderberg, both of whom herewith receive mention and the assurance that they are not the "real" Miss S.

One young lady in San Antonio, Texas (wrong age, wrong size and no capital S to her name), startled me by stating that the arithmetic seemed to miscarry in her case. She always came out a year older than she actually is, which incidentally won't matter in her case for many years to come. I went over the figures twice and found that she was right — she did come out one year too old. Fortunately she had given me all the particulars in her letter, and after a while it dawned on me that she had been born in December. Yes, if you are born at the tail end of a year, you'll come out one year too old; you have to assume that your birthday is already past on the day when you do your private arithmetic.

Another aspect that had not occurred to me was pointed out by First Lieutenant David R. Barr of the U. S. Air Force. To quote his letter: "Let z be the shoe size and let x be the largest integer less than or equal to z ; then $z = x + y$, where

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y is either zero or $\frac{1}{2}$. After doubling z, Miss S. will obtain $2z = 2x + 2y$ where $2y$ must be either zero or one. If $2z$ is even, then $2y$ is zero, and Miss S leaves it alone; if $2z$ is odd, then $2y$ is one and Miss S subtracts one. In either case, she is looking at the number $2x$ when this step is completed. The addition of 39 and the subsequent multiplication by 5 yields $(2x + 39) \cdot 5 = 10x + 195$. When Miss S tacks a nine onto it, like another digit, she is, in effect, multiplying by ten and adding nine. This will give her $100x + 1959$. The subtraction of the year of her birth will yield $100x$ plus age, provided Miss S is less than 100 years old."

Well, this is the explanation, of course, but I had never thought of the provision which I have put in italics. If Miss S were 130 years old and still wore a size 5, the result would be 630 instead of the 530 to be expected otherwise. The puzzle turns out to be rather polite — it will still insist that the age is 30, but merely increase the shoe size by one.

The Hairs on Your Head.

SINCE the shoe size puzzle found such a response, I yield to the temptation to add one more of the same type. Supposing you live in a town which has 220,000 inhabitants, or any number larger

than that. Now you pick your favorite girl (or yourself, if you are a girl) and carefully count the hairs on her (or your) head.

What is the probability that there is another girl in the same town who, at that moment, has the identical number of hairs on her head?

I'll just add one word of explanation, the reason for specifying "girl." It is quite simple; in the case of a man, there could always be an argument of where, near the temples, the "hair" stops and the "beard" begins.

"New" Invention.

NO, this is not in reply to any question. I just feel like adding it.

In one of the German magazines I read an interesting ad about a new type of shower. To invigorate your skin, it says, the shower will intersperse the temperature for which you have adjusted it with "sharp stinging sprays of ice cold water."

Interesting.

But my own shower has been doing that for years, acting on the random hot-water use on the lower floor of my house by my wife, two daughters and, occasionally, the maid. Any time the manufacturer of that new type of shower wants a strongly negative testimonial, he has only to ask for it.

— WILLY LEY
GALAXY

By ZENNA HENDERSON

SOMETHING BRIGHT

*With so much in a time of so
little — what could be hidden
that they wanted still more?*

Illustrated by DILLON

DO you remember the Depression? That black shadow across time? That hurting place in the consciousness of the world? Maybe not. Maybe it's like asking do you remember the Dark Ages. Except what would I know about the price of eggs in the Dark Ages? I knew plenty about prices in the Depression. If you had a quarter — first find your quarter — and five hungry kids, you could supper them on two cans of soup and a loaf of day-old bread, or two quarts of milk and a loaf of day-old bread. It was fill-

ing and — in an after-thoughty kind of way — nourishing. But if you were one of the hungry five, you eventually began to feel erosion set in, and your teeth ached for substance.

But to go back to eggs. Those were a precious commodity. You savored them slowly or gulped them eagerly — unmistakably as eggs — boiled or fried. That's one reason why I remember Mrs. Klevity. She had eggs for *breakfast!* And every day! That's one reason why I remember Mrs. Klevity.

I didn't know about the eggs the time she came over to see Mom, who had just got home from a twelve-hour day, cleaning up after other people at thirty cents an hour. Mrs. Klevity lived in the same court as we did. Courtesy called it a court because we were all dependent on the same shower house and two toilets that occupied the shack square in the middle of the court.

All of us except the Big House, of course. It had a bathroom of its own and even a radio blaring *Nobody's Business* and *Should I Reveal* and had ceiling lights that didn't dangle nakedly at the end of a cord. But then it really wasn't a part of the court. Only its back door shared our area, and even that was different. It had two back doors in the same frame — a screen one and a wooden one!

Our own two-room place had a

distinction, too. It had an upstairs. One room the size of our two. The Man Upstairs lived up there. He was mostly only the sound of footsteps overhead and an occasional cookie for Danna.

ANYWAY, Mrs. Klevity came over before Mom had time to put her shopping bag of work clothes down or even to unpleat the folds of fatigue that dragged her face down ten years or more of time to come. I didn't much like Mrs. Klevity. She made me uncomfortable. She was so solid and slow-moving and so nearly blind that she peered frighteningly wherever she went. She stood in the doorway as though she had been stacked there like bricks and a dress drawn hastily down over the stack and a face sketched on beneath a fuzz of hair. Us kids all gathered around to watch, except Danna who snuffled wearily into my neck. Day nursery or not, it was a long, hard day for a four-year-old.

"I wondered if one of your girls could sleep at my house this week." Her voice was as slow as her steps.

"At your house?" Mom massaged her hand where the shopping-bag handles had crisscrossed it. "Come in. Sit down." We had two chairs and a bench and two apple boxes. The boxes scratched bare legs, but surely they couldn't scratch a stack of bricks.

"No, thanks." Maybe she couldn't bend! "My husband will be away several days and I don't like to be in the house alone at night."

"Of course," said Mom. "You must feel awfully alone."

The only aloneness she knew, what with five kids and two rooms, was the taut secretness of her inward thoughts as she mopped and swept and ironed in other houses. "Sure, one of the girls would be glad to keep you company." There was a darting squirm and LaNell was safely hidden behind the swaying of our clothes in the diagonally curtained corner of the Other room, and Kathy knelt swiftly just beyond the dresser, out of sight.

"Anna is eleven." I had no place to hide, burdened as I was with Danna. "She's old enough. What time do you want her to come over?"

"Oh, bedtime will do." Mrs. Klevity peered out the door at the darkening sky. "Nine o'clock. Only it gets dark before then—" Bricks can look anxious, I guess.

"As soon as she has supper, she can come," said Mom, handling my hours as though they had no value to me. "Of course she has to go to school tomorrow."

"Only when it's dark," said Mrs. Klevity. "Day is all right. How much should I pay you?"

"Pay?" Mom gestured with one hand. "She has to sleep anyway. It doesn't matter to her where, once

she's asleep. A favor for a friend."

I wanted to cry out: whose favor for what friend? We hardly passed the time of day with Mrs. Klevity. I couldn't even remember Mr. Klevity except that he was straight and old and wrinkled. Uproot me and make me lie in a strange house, a strange dark, listening to a strange breathing, feeling a strange warmth making itself part of me for all night long, seeping into me . . .

"Mom—" I said.

"I'll give her breakfast," said Mrs. Klevity. "And lunch money for each night she comes."

I resigned myself without a struggle. Lunch money each day — a whole dime! Mom couldn't afford to pass up such a blessing, such a gift from God, who unerringly could be trusted to ease the pinch just before it became intolerable.

"Thank you, God," I whispered as I went to get the can opener to open supper. For a night or two I could stand it.

I FELT all naked and unprotected as I stood in my flimsy crinkle cotton pajamas, one bare foot atop the other, waiting for Mrs. Klevity to turn the bed down.

"We have to check the house first," she said thickly. "We can't go to bed until we check the house."

"Check the house?" I forgot my starchy stiff shyness enough to question. "What for?"

Mrs. Klevity peered at me in the dim light of the bedroom. They had *three* rooms for only the two of them! Even if there was no door to shut between the bedroom and the kitchen.

"I couldn't sleep," she said, "unless I looked first. I have to."

So we looked. Behind the closet curtain, under the table — Mrs. Klevity even looked in the portable oven that sat near the two-burner stove in the kitchen.

When we came to the bed, I was moved to words again. "But we've been in here with the doors locked ever since I got here. What could possibly—"

"A prowler?" said Mrs. Klevity nervously, after a brief pause for thought. "A criminal?"

Mrs. Klevity pointed her face at me. I doubt if she could see me from that distance. "Doors make no difference," she said. "It might be when you least expect, so you have to expect all the time."

"I'll look," I said humbly. She was older than Mom. She was nearly blind. She was one of God's *Also Unto Me's*.

"No," she said. "I have to. I couldn't be sure, else."

So I waited until she grunted and groaned to her knees, then bent stiffly to lift the limp spread. Her fingers hesitated briefly, then flicked the spread up. Her breath came out flat and finished. Almost disappointed, it seemed to me.

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She turned the bed down and I crept across the gray, wrinkled sheets and, turning my back to the room, I huddled one ear on the flat tobacco-smelling pillow and lay tense and uncomfortable in the dark, as her weight shaped and reshaped the bed around me. There was a brief silence before I heard the soundless breathy shape of her words, "How long, O God, how long?"

I wondered through my automatic *Bless Papa and Mama* — and the automatic back-up because Papa had abdicated from my specific prayers — *bless Mama and my brother and sisters* — what it was that Mrs. Klevity was finding too long to bear.

After a restless waking, dozing sort of night that strange sleeping places held for me, I awoke to a thin, chilly morning and the sound of Mrs. Klevity moving around. She had set the table for breakfast, a formality we never had time for at home. I scrambled out of bed and into my clothes with only my skinny, goosefleshed back between Mrs. Klevity and me for modesty. I felt uncomfortable and unfinished because I hadn't brought our comb over with me.

I would have preferred to run home to our usual breakfast of canned milk and shredded wheat, but instead I watched, fascinated, as Mrs. Klevity struggled with lighting the kerosene stove. She

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bent so close, peering at the burners with the match flaring in her hand that I was sure the frousy brush of her hair would catch fire, but finally the burner caught instead and she turned her face toward me.

"One egg or two?" she asked.

"Eggs! Two!" Surprise wrung the exclamation from me. Her hand hesitated over the crumpled brown bag on the table. "No, no!" I corrected her thought hastily. "One. One is plenty." And sat on the edge of a chair watching as she broke an egg into the sizzling frying pan.

"Hard or soft?" she asked.

"Hard," I said casually, feeling very woman-of-the-worldish, dining out — well, practically — and for breakfast, too! I watched Mrs. Klevity spoon the fat over the egg, her hair swinging stiffly forward when she peered. Once it even dabbled briefly in the fat, but she didn't notice and, as it swung back, it made a little shiny curve on her cheek.

"AREN'T you afraid of the fire?" I asked as she turned away from the stove with the frying pan. "What if you caught on fire?"

"I did once." She slid the egg out onto my plate. "See?" She brushed her hair back on the left side and I could see the mottled pucker of a large old scar. "It was before I got used to Here," she said, making

Here more than the house, it seemed to me.

"That's awful," I said, hesitating with my fork.

"Go ahead and eat," she said. "Your egg will get cold." She turned back to the stove and I hesitated a minute more. Meals at a table you were supposed to ask a blessing, but . . . I ducked my head quickly and had a mouthful of egg before my soundless amen was finished.

After breakfast I hurried back to our house, my lunch-money dime clutched securely, my stomach not quite sure it liked fried eggs so early in the morning. Mom was ready to leave, her shopping bag in one hand, Danna swinging from the other, singing one of her baby songs. She *liked* the day nursery.

"I won't be back until late tonight," Mom said. "There's a quarter in the corner of the dresser drawer. You get supper for the kids and try to clean up this messy place. We don't have to be pigs just because we live in a place like this."

"Okay, Mom." I struggled with a snarl in my hair, the pulling making my eyes water. "Where you working today?" I spoke over the clatter in the other room where the kids were getting ready for school.

She sighed, weary before the day began. "I have three places today, but the last is Mrs. Paddington." Her face lightened. Mrs. Paddington sometimes paid a little extra or

gave Mom discarded clothes or left-over food she didn't want. She was nice.

"You get along all right with Mrs. Klevity?" asked Mom as she checked her shopping bag for her work shoes.

"Yeah," I said. "But she's funny. She looks under the bed before she goes to bed."

Mom smiled. "I've heard of people like that, but it's usually old maids they're talking about."

"But, Mom, nothing coulda got in. She locked the door after I got there."

"People who look under beds don't always think straight," she said. "Besides, maybe she'd *like* to find something under there."

"But she's *got* a husband," I cried after her as she herded Danna across the court.

"There are other things to look for besides husbands," she called back.

"Anna wants a husband! Anna wants a husband!" Deet and LaNell were dancing around me, teasing me sing-song. Kathy smiled slowly behind them.

"Shut up," I said. "You don't even know what you're talking about. Go on to school."

"It's too early," said Deet, digging his bare toes in the dust of the front yard. "Teacher says we get there too early."

"Then stay here and start cleaning house," I said.

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They left in a hurry. After they were gone, Deet's feet reminded me I'd better wash my own feet before I went to school. So I got a washpan of water from the tap in the middle of the court and, sitting on the side of the bed, I eased my feet into the icy water. I scrubbed with the hard, gray, abrasive soap we used and wiped quickly on the tattered towel. I threw the water out the door and watched it run like dust-covered snakes across the hard-packed front yard.

I went back to put my shoes on and get my sweater. I looked at the bed, I got down on my stomach and peered under. *Other things to look for.* There was the familiar huddle of cardboard cartons we kept things in and the familiar dust fluffs and one green sock LaNell had lost last week, but nothing else.

I dusted my front off. I tied my lunch-money dime in the corner of a handkerchief and, putting my sweater on, left for school.

I PEERED out into the windy wet semi-twilight. "Do I have to?"

"You said you would," said Mom. "Keep your promises. You should have gone before this. She's probably been waiting for you."

"I wanted to see what you brought from Mrs. Paddington's." LaNell and Kathy were playing in the corner with a lavender hug-me-tight and a hat with green grapes on

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it. Deet was rolling an orange on the floor, softening it preliminary to poking a hole in it to suck the juice out.

"She cleaned a trunk out today," said Mom. "Mostly old things that belonged to her mother, but these two coats are nice and heavy. They'll be good covers tonight. It's going to be cold. Someday when I get time, I'll cut them up and make quilts." She sighed. Time was what she never had enough of. "Better take a newspaper to hold over your head."

"Oh, Mom!" I huddled into my sweater. "It isn't raining now. I'd feel silly!"

"Well, then, scoot!" she said, her hand pressing my shoulder warmly, briefly.

I scooted, skimming quickly the flood of light from our doorway, and splishing through the shallow run-off stream that swept across the court. There was a sudden wild swirl of wind and a vindictive splatter of heavy, cold raindrops that swept me, exhilarated, the rest of the way to Mrs. Klevity's house and under the shallow little roof that was just big enough to cover the back step. I knocked quickly, brushing my disordered hair back from my eyes. The door swung open and I was in the shadowy, warm kitchen, almost in Mrs. Klevity's arms.

"Oh!" I backed up, laughing breathlessly. "The wind blew—"

"I was afraid you weren't coming." She turned away to the stove. "I fixed some hot cocoa."

I sat cuddling the warm cup in my hands, savoring the chocolate sip by sip. She had made it with milk instead of water, and it tasted rich and wonderful. But Mrs. Klevity was sharing my thoughts with the cocoa. In that brief moment when I had been so close to her, I had looked deep into her dim eyes and was feeling a vast astonishment. The dimness was only on top. Underneath — underneath —

I took another sip of cocoa. Her eyes — almost I could have walked into them, it seemed like. Slip past the gray film, run down the shiny bright corridor, into the live young sparkle at the far end.

I looked deep into my cup of cocoa. Were all grownups like that? If you could get behind their eyes, were they different, too? Behind Mom's eyes, was there a corridor leading back to youth and sparkle?

I finished the cocoa drowsily. It was still early, but the rain was drumming on the roof and it was the kind of night you curl up to if you're warm and fed. Sometimes you feel thin and cold on such nights, but I was feeling curl-uppy. So I groped under the bed for the paper bag that had my jammies in it. I couldn't find it.

"I swept today," said Mrs. Klevity, coming back from some far country of her thoughts. "I musta

pushed it farther under the bed."

I got down on my hands and knees and peered under the bed. "Ooo!" I said. "What's shiny?"

Something snatched me away from the bed and flung me to one side. By the time I had gathered myself up off the floor and was rubbing a banged elbow, Mrs. Klevity's bulk was pressed against the bed, her head under it.

"Hey!" I cried indignantly, and then remembered I wasn't at home. I heard an odd whimpering sob and then Mrs. Klevity backed slowly away, still kneeling on the floor. "Only the lock on the suitcase," she said. "Here's your jammies." She handed me the bag and ponderously pulled herself upright again.

We went silently to bed after she had limped around and checked the house, even under the bed again. I heard that odd breathy whisper of a prayer and lay awake, trying to add up something shiny and the odd eyes and the whispering sob. Finally I shrugged in the dark and wondered what I'd pick for funny when I grew up. All grownups had some kind of funny.

THE next night Mrs. Klevity couldn't get down on her knees to look under the bed. She'd hurt herself when she plumped down on the floor after yanking me away from the bed.

"You'll have to look for me to—
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night," she said slowly, nursing her knees. "Look good. Oh, Anna, look good!"

I looked as good as I could, not knowing what I was looking for.

"It should be under the bed," she said, her palms tight on her knees as she rocked back and forth. "But you can't be sure. It might miss completely."

"What might?" I asked, hunkering down by the bed.

She turned her face blindly toward me. "The way out," she said. "The way back again—"

"Back again?" I pressed my cheek to the floor again. "Well, I don't see anything. Only dark and suitcases."

"Nothing bright? Nothing? Nothing—" She tried to lay her face on her knees, but she was too unbendy to manage it, so she put her hands over her face instead. Grownups aren't supposed to cry. She didn't quite, but her hands looked wet when she reached for the clock to wind it.

I lay in the dark, one strand of her hair tickling my hand where it lay on the pillow. Maybe she was crazy. I felt a thrill of terror fan out on my spine. I carefully moved my hand from under the lock of hair. How can you find a way *out* under a *bed*? I'd be glad when Mr. Klevity got home, eggs or no eggs, dime or no dime.

Somewhere in the darkness of the night, I was suddenly swim-

ming to wakefulness, not knowing what was waking me but feeling that Mrs. Klevity was awake too.

"Anna." Her voice was small and light and silver. "Anna—"

"Hummm?" I murmured, my voice still drowsy.

"Anna, have you ever been away from home?" I turned toward her, trying in the dark to make sure it was Mrs. Klevity. She sounded so different.

"Yes," I said. "Once I visited Aunt Katie at Rocky Butte for a week."

"Anna." I don't know whether she was even hearing my answers; her voice was almost a chant "Anna, have you ever been in prison?"

"No! Of course not!" I recoiled indignantly. "You have to be awfully bad to be in prison."

"Oh, no. Oh, no!" she sighed. "Not jail, Anna. Prison, prison. The weight of the flesh — bound about—"

"Oh," I said, smoothing my hands across my eyes. She was talking to a something deep in me that never got talked to, that hardly even had words. "Like when the wind blows the clouds across the moon and the grass whispers along the road and all the trees pull like balloons at their trunks and one star comes out and says 'Come' and the ground says 'Stay' and part of you tries to go and it hurts—" I could feel the slender roundness of my ribs under my

pressing hands. "And it hurts—"

"Oh, Anna, Anna!" The soft, light voice broke. "You feel that way and you *belong* Here. You won't ever—"

The voice stopped and Mrs. Klevity rolled over. Her next words came thickly, as though a gray film were over them as over her eyes. "Are you awake, Anna? Go to sleep, child. Morning isn't yet."

I heard the heavy sigh of her breathing as she slept. And finally I slept too, trying to visualize what Mrs. Klevity would look like if she looked like the silvery voice-in-the-dark.

I SAT savoring my egg the next morning, letting thoughts slip in and out of my mind to the rhythm of my jaws. What a funny dream to have, to talk with a silver-voiced someone. To talk about the way blowing clouds and windy moonlight felt. But it wasn't a dream! I paused with my fork raised. At least not my dream. But how can you tell? If you're part of someone else's dream, can it still be real for you?

"Is something wrong with the egg?" Mrs. Klevity peered at me.

"No — no —" I said, hastily snatching the bite on my fork. "Mrs. Klevity—"

"Yes." Her voice was thick and heavy-footed.

"Why did you ask me about being in prison?"

"Prison?" Mrs. Klevity blinked blindly. "Did I ask you about prison?"

"Someone did — I thought —" I faltered, shyness shutting down on me again.

"Dreams." Mrs. Klevity stacked her knife and fork on her plate. "Dreams."

I wasn't quite sure I was to be at Klevity's the next evening. Mr. Klevity was supposed to get back sometime during the evening. But Mrs. Klevity welcomed me.

"Don't know when he'll get home," she said. "Maybe not until morning. If he comes early, you can go home to sleep and I'll give you your dime anyway."

"Oh, no," I said, Mom's teachings solidly behind me. "I couldn't take it if I didn't stay."

"A gift," said Mrs. Klevity.

We sat opposite one another until the silence stretched too thin for me to bear.

"In olden times," I said, snatching at the magic that drew stories from Mom, "when you were a little girl—"

"When I was a girl—" Mrs. Klevity rubbed her knees with reflective hands. "The other Where. The other, When."

"In olden times," I persisted, "things were different then."

"Yes." I settled down comfortably, recognizing the reminiscent tone of voice. "You do crazy things when you are young." Mrs. Klevity leaned heavily on the table.

Things you have no business doing. You volunteer when you're young." I jerked as she lunged across the table and grabbed both my arms. "But I *am* young! Three years isn't an eternity. I *am* young!"

I twisted one arm free and pried at her steely fingers that clamped my other one.

"Oh," she let go. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you."

She pushed back the tousled brush of her hair.

"Look," she said, her voice was almost silver again. "Under all this — this grossness, I'm still me. I thought I could adjust to anything, but I had no idea that they'd put me in such—" She tugged at her sagging dress. "Not the clothes!" she cried. "Clothes you can take off. But this—" Her fingers dug into her heavy shoulder and I could see the bulge of flesh between them.

"If I knew *anything* about the setup maybe I could locate it. Maybe I could call. Maybe—"

Her shoulders sagged and her eyelids dropped down over her dull eyes.

"It doesn't make any sense to you," she said, her voice heavy and thick again. "To you I'd be old even There. At the time it seemed like a perfect way to have an odd holiday and help out with research, too. But we got caught."

SHE began to count her fingers mumbling to herself. "Three years There, but Here that's —

eight threes are—" She traced on the table with a blunt forefinger, her eyes close to the old, wornout cloth.

"Mrs. Klevity," My voice scared me in the silence, but I was feeling the same sort of upsurge that catches you sometimes when you're playing-like and it gets so real. "Mrs. Klevity, if you've lost something, maybe I could look for it for you."

"You didn't find it last night," she said.

"Find what?"

She lumbered to her feet. "Let's look again. Everywhere. They'd surely be able to locate the house."

"What are we looking for?" I asked, searching the portable oven.

"You'll know it when we see it," she said.

And we searched the whole house. Oh, such nice things! Blankets, not tattered and worn, and even an extra one they didn't need. And towels with wash rags that matched — and weren't rags. And uncracked dishes that matched! And glasses that weren't jars. And books. And money. Crisp new-looking bills in the little box in the bottom drawer — pushed back under some *extra* pillow cases. And clothes — lots and lots of clothes. All too big for any of us, of course, but my practiced eye had already visualized this, that and the other cut down to dress us all like rich people.

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I sighed as we sat wearily looking at one another. Imagine having so much and still looking for something else! It was bedtime and all we had for our pains were dirty hands and tired backs.

I scooted out to the bath house before I undressed. I gingerly washed the dirt off my hands under the cold of the shower and shook them dry on the way back to the house. Well, we had moved everything in the place, but nothing was what Mrs. Klevity looked for.

Back in the bedroom, I groped under the bed for my jammies and again had to lie flat and burrow under the bed for the tattered bag. Our moving around had wedged it back between two cardboard cartons. I squirmed under farther and tried to ease it out after shoving the two cartons a little farther apart. The bag tore, spilling out my jammies, so I grasped them in the bend of my elbow and started to back out.

Then the whole world seemed to explode into brightness that pulsed and dazzled, that splashed brilliance into my astonished eyes until I winced them shut to rest their seeing and saw the dark inversions of the radiance behind my eyelids.

I forced my eyes open again and looked sideways so the edge of my seeing was all I used until I got more accustomed to the glory.

GALAXY

Between the two cartons was an opening like a window would be, but little, little, into a wonderland of things I could never tell. Colors that had no names. Feelings that made windy moonlight a puddle of dust. I felt tears burn out of my eyes and start down my cheeks, whether from brightness or wonder, I don't know. I blinked them away and looked again.

Someone was in the brightness, several someones. They were leaning out of the squareness, beckoning and calling — silver signals and silver sounds.

"Mrs. Klevity," I thought. "Something bright."

I took another good look at the shining people and the tree things that were like music bordering a road, and grass that was the song my evening grass hummed in the wind — a last, last look, and began to back out.

I scrambled to my feet, clutching my jammies. "Mrs. Klevity." She was still sitting at the table, as solid as a pile of bricks, the sketched face under the wild hair a sad, sad one.

"Yes, child." She hardly heard herself.

"Something bright . . ." I said.

HER heavy head lifted slowly, her blind face turned to me. "What, child?"

I felt my fingers bite into my jammies and the cords in my

SOMETHING BRIGHT

neck getting tight and my stomach clenching itself. "Something bright!" I thought I screamed. She didn't move. I grabbed her arm and dragged her off-balance in her chair. "Something bright!"

"Anna." She righted herself on the chair. "Don't be mean."

I grabbed the bedspread and yanked it up. The light sprayed out like a sprinkler on a lawn.

Then *she* screamed. She put both hands up to her heavy face and screamed, "Leolienn! It's here! Hurry, hurry!"

"Mr. Klevity isn't here," I said. "He hasn't got back."

"I can't go without him! Leolienn!"

"Leave a note!" I cried. "If you're there, you can make them come back again and I can show him the right place!" The upsurge had passed — make-believe and everything was realer than real.

Then, quicker than I ever thought she could move, she got paper and a pencil. She was scribbling away at the table as I stood there holding the spread. So I dropped to my knees and then to my stomach and crawled under the bed again. I filled my eyes with the brightness and beauty and saw, beyond it, serenity and orderliness and — and uncluttered cleanness. The miniature landscape was like a stage setting for a fairy tale — so small, so small — so lovely.

And then Mrs. Klevity tugged at

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