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Advice

Sherwood Snyder
Western Michigan University

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would explain everything, the man's startled look, the womens' disgust, the cab driver's aversion. As his pace increased, something hit him on the sholuder, and he began to run.

Turning the corner, his breath coming in gasps, he nearly ran into the uniformed Constab just getting out of the automobile at the curb. "Look Sedal; there he is now!" the officer exclaimed, pointing at Camden. The other Constab glanced up and dashed around the front of the vehicle to cut off any possible escape. Slowly and carefully they approached, talking in low soothing voices that made Camden's flesh crawl.

"There now, we won't hurt you. How did you get off the reservation anyhow? No reports have come down from the Center yet; if someone hadn't called in, there's no telling what trouble you might have gotten into. Easy there, come along quietly and you won't be hurt. It's just for your own good." Strong hands gripped his arms, and Camden wept.

* * * * *

Rolling over in bed, Camden swore as he threw back the perspiration soaked sheet. "Gashi! What a dream!" he murmured as he flicked the switch for the morning news telecast and readjusted the air conditioning control; "It must be hell to be white."

Advice . . .

Timbrel!

Cymbal!

Trumpet blast!

A shallow joy.

Wooing

Harp string!

Viaticum last.

So late my boy.

. . . Sherwood Snyder