Spring 1955

Advice

Sherwood Snyder
Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol2/iss2/13
would explain everything, the man’s startled look, the women’s dis-
gust, the cab driver’s aversion. As his pace increased, something hit
him on the shoulder, 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 reserva-
tion 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 pers-
piration 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