Winter 1957

Gamble

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dead, but the other animal had appeared and taken the smaller one away.

Anyhow, the thing must have died in agony. He felt satisfied for the first time in days, and a stimulating sense of victory flowed gloriously through his body, causing his leaf-ends to tremble imperceptibly. After long hours of toil and planning, he had finally killed one of those filthy, disgusting beasts.

But a few bewildering questions began to mar his enjoyment. What were these animals and where had they come from? He had never seen anything like them. They were incredibly large and strong, and had the astonishing ability to change their appearance, which they had done so often that he could hardly tell them apart.

Like all animals, though, they were ugly and despicable. The familiar loathing and revulsion welled up in him again, and now he knew what his mission in life must be. He must grow more tempting, poisoned fruit for the animals to eat.

And he must kill again. And again.

Gamble . . .

Love is yet a question
Answers still are sought
Gamble!

Life is an alternative
Death is cheap when bought
Gamble!

Roll the dice
Draw your card
Embrace your crystal globe
Gamble!

Take the chance
It may last
So don contented robe
Gamble!

. . . Sherwood Snyder III