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Gin

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Bish

Man
needed something
to believe in,
so he made God
of the clay of his reality
and the stardust
of his ideals.

Margi Derks

Gin

"Gin," Gert Gerard said as she proudly displayed her matching cards.

"Oh dear. That means you've won the whole game. Would anyone care for another cup of coffee? Shirley? Gert? Perhaps another cookie?"

Mrs. Murphy popped out of her chair and bustled off for more refreshments, playing a perfect hostess.

"Careful, I don't want to burn you," she said while filling the players' mugs. The back door slammed. "Oh, that must be Jimmy home from school. I've told him countless times not to let the screen door bang like that."

"I've heard so much about your youngster," Mrs. Gerard said, "but I've never met him. Why don't you ask him in for a cookie?"

"Jimmy, why don't you come in here for a moment?"

"Coming mom."

The others watched in surprise as a glowing reflection appeared on the hallway wall. Their surprise turned to terror as the glow became brighter, an almost blinding intensity.

The women's mouths formed a circle of "O's" as they shrank away in silent shock, shielding their eyes from the glaring brilliance.

"Ladies, this is Jimmy. Don't worry, you'll get used to it. Many adults feel uncomfortable when first introduced to such a bright child."

Rhonda Dykstra