The Walkerville Horror

Gary Will

Grand Valley State University

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The Walkerville Horror

it come from outta the summer woods
an all the cows died yup!
they still mooed an gave some milk
but down inside they was gone
an strangers come round!

that summer we call it her cramma
cos she likta squeeze
but she don unnerstan!
then it come from the woods
an took her away
an Is a-scart boy!

Gary Will

People said that Jessica and I were roommates. Our personalities were so different each other, and taken together we were individual. I was strong in facing life problems, and I handled the irate profs, scraping up of cigarette money for both of us. On the other hand, immersed herself in the world of existing. We were both interested in involved in the 'fine' arts while I learned Jessica occasionally worked in my media, an outstanding architect involving himself in healthy manual labor of building a dog c

I suppose that was natural, it was intellectual. The painters curled their jewelers, the sculptors at the ceramicists curled ours up at the corner where the only ones who could support the was the order of things.

Any bad feelings between us rose she took for granted the favors I did for anyone could do if they wanted to waste however, extremely patronizing whenever writing poetry or coming up with a design plowhorse harnessed with a skittish, been I hated myself for resenting her. But with all other ways, so I tried to accept an

Now we sat silently in her livingroom pondering some heavy problem. With aful irreverence I swept my eyes around, ings. The whole place had the look of sour. Her handmade ashtrays were overf their ashes carelessly ground into the formed basket she had spent weeks weaving others were scattered around the room I mutant clone.

She herself reminded me of a shell from the sea's bottom, its creature still dead in the salt, tumbled about and cast bleach-white dead. In one hand she hel