THE WINDOW
LAGUARDIA LITERARY MAGAZINE
THE WINDOW: LAGUARDIA'S LITERARY MAGAZINE

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and Papa and I decided to stay at the house because I wanted my anger to cool off. In the evening, before he mother would always gather the family we lived with. We always had to of our parents, but we never had to ask for me. That was a die hard condition. Not hard to cool off, but to forget the past. Papa and I would walk around the house, but it was dead. Those beautiful family was in our arms. I could see why the husband left her for someone else, but I didn't speak till she was done. The day of the wedding anniversary and I were showering. I had on a red dress with this little red flower on top with the hat to match. Papa looked a handsome in his blue short sleeve suit and his little straw hat. That I would finally see why I was so attracted in him fifty years ago. If I tell the truth Papa really hasn't changed all that much. Him and he mother are the same side though, don't be associated with my cooking. He still keeps his hair cut short and him still has that cute little mustache that he was so nicely trimmed. Of course the Lord him don't have none of those disadvantages. My face, cause that one thing can't stand. On the other hand, still look beautiful. Most was put on a few pounds, I still have all my hair but it's wavy. Now it was time for Papa and I to check our luggage in and board the plane. As we were about to board the plane Papa decided to go over his check list with End and she husband. Remember to check on the house...
UNSEEN THEY SUFFER

Unseen they suffer
Unheard they cry
In agony they linger
In loneliness they die

Abuse, addictions, murders, rapes, nature's catastrophes,
acts of terrorism.

People hunger and thirst, or maybe malaria will strike them
first. And the homeless need roofs over their heads,
clothes to wear, and shoes on their feet.

Unseen they suffer
Unheard they cry
In agony they linger
In loneliness they die

Out of love and fear, the spouse submits to bestings and
attempts to deny it. The children and the elderly are too
frail to retaliate. What can they do? They keep their
mouths shut and continue to suffer, all the while crying for
help in their own little ways.

Unseen they suffer
Unheard they cry
In agony they linger
In loneliness they die

Why is it we can't feel safe or loved any more? Who will
protect us? My God, how long must we suffer? Haven't we
suffered enough?

Sharon Madison

HOME TO JAMAICA

by Georgette Hercules

That Papa I could never get him to shut him mouth, he
talk, talk, talk all the time and sometimes he talk so much
till him don't know what him say. Anyhow Papa and I had
been married fifty years and our little girl Enid husband.
Freddy, try to convince us to take what the Americans call
zolden honeymoon. Well Papa come right out and say, "Boy
what foolishness you talk bout. Mammy and I been married so
long that na honeymoon gonna make na difference. Them honey-
moon is for the young folk and sometimes it don't make na
difference with them either." I tell you I could've give he
one cross the head with me shoe. Well this didn't stop
Freddy none he still go on and on about this zolden honey-
moon business. Finally Freddy say we could go back to
Jamaica since we haven't been there in twenty years and see
all our family and friends. Now this made Papa change he
tune, him say, "Ya know Freddy this is the best idea you had
since marrying Enid." This time I could've took the broom
from the closet and beat him senseless.

Enid's husband took care of all the plane reservations,
and Papa and I decided to stay at the house his mother left
for he. Lord I remember when he mother was alive, she made
us life hell on earth. Since Papa and I got married early in
life we live with she because we ain't have na money and my
parents didn't have na space for me. That was a big mistake.
everything we do or every decision we make is wrong and
foolish and everything she do and say is the gospel. Papa
would kill me for saving so but I clad she dead, she was a
pain in me ass. I could see why she husband left she for
someone else, but I mustn't speak ill of the dead.

The day of the trip I must say Papa and I were styling.
I had on me red dress with this little red flower on top
with the bar to match. Papa looked so handsome in he beige
short sleeve suit and his little straw hat. That I could
finally see why I was so attracted to him fifty years ago.
To tell the truth Papa really hasn't changed all that much.
Him still tall kind of on the plump side though (but that's
to be expected with me cooking). He still keep him hair cut
short and him still have that cute little mustache that he
keep so nicely trimmed. Oh! but thank the Lord him don't
have none of them disgusting wrinkles in he face, cause that
on thing I can't stand. I on the other hand still
beautiful 'cept me put on a few pounds. I still have all me
hair but it kraving. Soon it was time for Papa and I to
check our baggage in and board the plane. As we were about
to board the plane Papa decided to go over his check list
with Enid and she husband. "Remember to check on the house
every day and water me garden and it ain't going to kill wa if ya stay at the house on the weekends ya know." I say.

"Papa come on the people boarding the plane." The man still talking bout waterline he damn plants. I said, "Papa come on we gonna miss the plane." The man still trying to convince them kids to stay in the blasted house on the weekends.

Finally you know what I had to do? Take the man and drag he on the plane and you know him was still talking!

The flight took about four and a half hours and surprisingly Papa and I sleep all the way there. We arrived in Jamaica about four in the evening, and as we stepped off the plane Papa say, "You know Mama I forget how beautiful Jamaica was. Lord how ma body crave for this little bit of fresh sea water."

"I too Papa I too." Papa cousin Harold pick us from the airport with the wife Udain and we talk laugh and carry on all the way to the house. Udain tell us she heard we were coming down she went to the house to air it out and clean it up for we. As I entered the house it was exactly how we left 'cept it seemed more quiet and serene, without he mother being there. Papa and I spent the rest of the day storing things away.

The next day we took off to the beach. At the beach the sand was white, white, white, and clean and the water was crystal clear. Papa and I bathe for the lonestime, we splash water in each other face and dunk each other. When we finished bathing we drank coconut water and sit down to watch the strangest thing happen I could've sworn I see me ole flame (and Papa ole rival) Hone Forde. I thought to me self Lord I must be seein things, but as I went to the bathroom I run into he. He look down at me and said, "Enid Walker is that you?" I say, "Yea Honey but I ain't Enid Walker na more I Is Enid McPhearson."

"So you don't know what he name." "Yes I married Kenny."

"Is he here?"

"Yea he over there vonder."

So him start telling me how pleased he was to see me and after a couple of minutes passed some woman come looking for he. She say, "Harold where have you been and he said "Linda I want you to meet Enid Walker. Enid Walker this is my wife Linda." I then said, "Honey and I grew up together, well you know I moved to England and it was there I met Linda." Linda interrupted saving sarcastically, "Honey darling I don't well I don't know what happened or what the hell is going on" Honey then try to change the subject. "Let's go see that husband of yours Enid." As we approached Papa looked up and said, "I'll be damned, that you Harry?"

"Yes it's me Ken."
SOLITARY

Ice blue walls surround my figure
Their iron mates spurring jaded fear

Within the drab darkness unknown creatures plot
I withdraw into anonymity to escape them

Daily my blackened reality transforms into an
Immortal existence
I struggle against the quiet confinement--

Praying for infinite release

Tanya M. Pamphil

CHOCOLATE CHIPS

I loved your chocolate chips
they were almost as sweet as your lips.

They made you ultra-exotic to me
I kind of thought you were sexy.

I can remember counting the chocolate chips that
decorated your back
that was just one of the things that used to make
you laugh.

Your chips were as sweet as my tears are now salty
but the memory of you will stay with me until I'm
one hundred and forty

Neil A. Stinga

DOS POEMAS

Ya te conocía desde hace tiempo,
y cuando te vi fue una conspiración
de todos mis sentimientos para enamorarme
de ti.

Sabes?

Tu eres la inspiración de mi amor:
un amor tan bello como las gotas
de rocío en flor de primavera y tan
libre a expresión como los alas de
Paloma blanca.

Tu labios,
la expresión en tu mirada,
la suavidad de tu piel,
las curvas de tu cuerpo las reconocí

Y desperatarme mi sueño de ese amor
que ya conocía.
Te quiero tener en mis brazos, que siempre
lo aconsejaba; a mi manera.

Te amo...
Es que nuestro amor es así,
para ti y para mí,
para siempre....

Hermínia Miranda

Algunas veces me siento celosa
en mis pensamientos, imaginando
que alguien te quisiera más a ti que yo.
Tal vez sería mi inseguridad; creo
porque yo sé que no soy la más hermosa,
la más excitable, la más divertida, la
mas imaginativa persona en el mundo.
Pero yo sé que no importa el tiempo
que pase yo no puedo imaginarme que tu
podrías encontrar a otra persona quien
podría amarte con la belleza, la pasión, y
ta la felicidad como la que siento yo por ti.

Hermínia Miranda
A COMPLAINT AND REPLY ON LIFE

The following letter was written by a human being who was not blaming her problems on herself but the person who apparently started the whole mess. She is reciting the letter at the Great Lawn, a large open field of grass in the middle of Central Park. The letter went as follows:

My address doesn't matter since I'm going to be evicted anyway.

It's a cold month on a warm day in a not so hot year.

God
P.O. Box Heaven
or wherever

Dear God:

Never have I questioned your ideas or decisions on how to run your planet. I've always enjoyed living here. But there have been some problems that should come to your attention.

WHY IN THE HELL DID YOU MAKE A FEMALE. Not that I don't enjoy having a high voice, smooth skin, small feet, and a somewhat great figure. But the hassles of everyday life are the real problem I have.

Since the day I was born, I've been called everything from adorable to zippy. I was Daddy's little princess, Mommy's little helper, and my big brother's little pain-in-the-ass. I also called the early part of my life "the MARCUS INQUISITION." For ten years, I was at the mercy of my brother, Marcus. After being fed cigarette butts and dirt from the age of one to four, and being hung on a clothesline by my panties from the age of five to ten, I finally asked him why he was doing this to me. Looking at me straight in the eye, he said, "Cause you're a girl. That's why."

Sex. Oh yeah. Sex is another complaint I have about being a woman. My earliest sexual experience was showing the boys in my kindergarten class my Wonder Woman Undorees for a nickel. After being caught by the teacher, I slowed my pace down until I was in high school. Why is it that guys are able to leap and dive onto any girl they please.

provided that they take a trip to the drug store and do a little business first. But when I want to play the field like my male counterparts, I'm slapped with labels like "Bitch," "Slut," "Easy," "Whore." I asked my mother why I should get such hassles. Looking me straight in the eye, she said, "Because you're a girl. That's why."

Then there's my job. I bust my ass working as a secretary, and I don't receive any promotion or credit whatsoever. I have seniority and experiencing qualifying me to get to an executive level. But when the male secretary comes out of the boss's office with a promotion and a smile on his face, I ask myself. I trained that son-of-a-bitch. He makes mistakes left and right. And he gets the promotion. Why is that? And a voice comes from behind my ear, saying, "Because you're a woman. That's why."

Through cigarette butts and shiny nickels. To loose condoms and getting fucked around. I demand an explanation of why you are making it so hard for me to be a woman on your planet.

Yours truly,
One of a trillion women

A week had passed since the letter to God was said. The woman was now more frustrated than ever. As she walked along an empty street, she was stopped by a letter. It was addressed to her and went as follows:

Address is unimportant at this time
Month, Day, and Year also unimportant

One of a trillion women
Great Lawn, Central Park

Dear Trill:

Thank you for your compliment on planet. I'm sorry that you're having a series of problems dealing with your fellow humans. But I did create the planet so that others in my image can flourish, multiply, and work together. Therefore, I cannot be the blame for your brother's torture treatments, your kindergarten prostitution ring, or your hectic employment situation. It's not because you're a woman, but because you're a human. That's why.

Yours truly,
Well, you know who.

She then dropped the letter to the ground, looked up at the sky, and said, "Well, I never asked to be a human anyway."

Tasha Staggers
VIRGIN EYES
by Sixto Joseph Reyes

Through innocent eyes you gaze upon a stained world.
Your perfect little nose is still too young to smell
the stench man has created. Cruel and biting words of hate and
prejudice flow through your tender ears unacquainted. With
trusting arms you reach out, eager to embrace all that is
new. Like a polaroid your impressionable young mind
records, indelibly, the vast flood of images that is life.
The soft, gentle coo of this contented child is warmth
to my soul. Two emotions you respond to most are love and
fear. May our lives always reflect the love we feel for
you, because it is in our countenance you seek your
strength.

At first, you see through your own pure eyes only to
learn to see through our corrupt eyes. I hope and pray that
we have seen enough of the beauty in life to keep that
little gleam of hope in your eyes burning bright.

To my beloved Son,
Joseph John
Love, Dad

I DIDN'T WRITE IT--I JUST SAID IT--I DON'T KNOW

No.
I don't know.
Because.
Je ne sais pas.
What I want to write.
Yo no se.
Maybe.
I don't know.
Terrible.
'Cause I don't know what to write.
Because
I need a goal.
'Cause it helps me to write.
Mmm.
That's it.

M.B.

A NEW ENDING TO CHEKHOV'S "A LADY WITH A DOG"
by Terri Buss

Gurov and Anna's future:

Gurov accompanied Anna to the train depot. When Gurov
cupped Anna's face in his hands, the taste of her tears as
he kissed her goodbye was more than he could bear. "Hush,
my darling," he said, "soon we will be together forever." He
pressed her closer to him as if trying to penetrate all
his love and strength into her very being. "Summer will be
here before you know it. This is the test of your love,
Anna. Yalta awaits us.

As Anna rode the long journey home, her thoughts and
heart were heaving with pain. "Gurov, oh Gurov, how much
longer must I be a sinful woman?"

The winter passed and early signs of spring were in the
air. There was a rebirth of the earth, a resurrection of
all that was dead in the winter. The grass was sprouting,
flowers and trees were budding, birds were chirping, and the
cold winter winds were replaced by a more subtle flow. An
aura of liveliness was everywhere. Children, shoppers, and
vendors filled the streets. It was not long before all the
signs of winter sleep were swallowed by the warm spring sun,
and soon spring passed to the beginning of summer.

Anna and Gurov grew more appreciative each day.
Nothing mattered but their love for each other. They had
met only three times since their parting in Moscow, and each
parting was more painful than the last. They anxiously
awaited their final reunion in Yalta.

It was not unusual for Anna to go on holiday alone; she
and her husband hardly spoke anymore. Anna lived in a world
of her own, a prisoner of her mind and heart. It was the
beginning of August and a divorce was out of the question.
Anna was the first to arrive in Yalta. Gurov was to follow
the next day.

"Gurov, Gurov," Anna shouted as he departed the express
that brought him from Moscow. It was a warm, beautiful
summer day, and the shimmering sun that shone on Anna's face
and long jet black hair enhanced her beauty beyond belief.
Gurov thought her to be a vision as he had never seen
before. "Anna, my darling, Anna, you are so beautiful; I
have missed you so." They kissed with a tenderness that
told them that the freedom of their love was here at last.
They both sensed the most complicated and longest part of
their plan was over, and now they would be together forever.
Nothing would ever come between them again.

The next three weeks were the most glorious weeks of
their life. The leisurely summer days, candlelight dinners,
washes along the waterfront, frequent visits to Oreanda to
drink in the world's beauty, and the rapture of their
lovemaking, they felt was theirs alone.

The end of summer was approaching, and it was time for
Gurov and Anna to execute the final arrangement of their
plan. They ate an early supper. There was no need for
words between them. The love that shone in their eyes were
silent words that spoke of everything they felt. If it
could only be like this forever, but Gurov and Anna both
knew reality was a figment of the mind. The finale that
would bind them forever would be completed tonight.

It was still daylight after they finished dinner, and
Gurov and Anna departed for Orneado. They silently walked
along the sea-front, holding hands, taking in the beauty of
the falling sun. The flowers and trees were gently blowing,
and the sea-birds were lightly chirping. They felt a
security and beauty of a paradise awaiting them. As the
water took on all the hues of the descending sun, Gurov and
Anna, still holding hands, waded into the sea. "Come, my
darling," he said, "a new world awaits us." As the sun
descended deeper and deeper until the sky and sea were one,
Gurov and Anna also descended deeper into their eternal
horizon. The sea hungrily awaited them; it swirled and
drank them in, engulfing them with the same fervor of Anna
and Gurov's love. They heard the singing of the waves
calling them, and they envisioned the clouds and heavens
opening and beckoning to them. "Live, live," the sea and
heavens sang. There was no death, only peaceful life. A
new eternal sleep engulfed them. Their virgin hearts became
evolved forever, for neither had truly loved before.
Eternal salvation was theirs; sinners no more will live
forever.
CHRISTMAS
by Mark Watters

When we think of Christmas, we usually think of family, friends, gifts, and high spirits. It is a season of love and happy times. This year, my Christmas was different. The high spirits were replaced by a deep but peaceful sadness, and I learned that a grandfather's love lives on through his children.

Steve and I were to spend Christmas with his family in Illinois this year. It was to be a week of fun and excitement. However, upon my arrival I was informed that a telephone call had brought the news of my grandfather's death, on Christmas eve, in St. Paul. Since the airlines were booked solid, I borrowed a car from Steve's parents and began my eight hour drive to St. Paul, thankful for the time alone to sort out my feelings, and to prepare to say goodbye. The night was cold, and it seemed appropriate; I felt both the darkness and the chill.

Memories of my grandfather flowed through my head. The vibrant, energetic grandpa, whose independence had been stolen by his age and my grandma's death, was once again the strong proud man who let me help him wash the car in the back yard. I couldn't believe he was actually gone. I cried for myself, and for my family. But even as I cried I knew that things were as they should be. He had never lost his deep, true love for my grandma; he had wanted to be with her ever since her death, and he was reunited with her now.

The wake and funeral went pretty well, and as family and friends gathered afterward to eat and talk, I was able to spend a few minutes reflecting on the day and the closeness of my family before starting my drive back to Illinois. I was sad that I would never again see my grandpa, and afraid that my memories of him would fade as the years passed. I looked around the room and realized that he would be there for me always, for I began to see him in the faces and actions of my family. I saw him laugh as my uncle played with my brother's child. I saw the warmth of his love in my mother's eyes as she hugged my sister; even my father's knee seemed to bounce like grandpa's as he tickled my nephew on his lap. I knew that grandpa was there in all of them, and in me.

My Christmas was different this year. It was filled with family and friends, and the gifts I received were beautiful. But the greatest gift of all was seeing grandpa in my family's faces. As I drove back to Illinois, I knew I would never forget that day, and I was filled with wonder at the power of my grandfather's love.

ONE

They are not the shade of the sky
but they are mine.
They are not as open as the sea
but they do see,
two way mirror of the soul.
You can't shutter them for they see all,
windows that can be opened and closed;
with a little grace they can even
flirt, you know...
the reincarnated devils
nature has spawned,
the all-knowing, all-seeing
pie in the sky?

Nelli A. Stinga

DEL SUENO, LA ESCAPADA

Hay días en que el perfume
se derrama por la estrecha
aventura de la puerta funebre
del mundo complice.
Fluye lento que dano
impresado en las paredes
rias de mi sueno efímero

Dias en que el perfume me
tienta a ausentarme, y cuando
pio en el la distancias, creo
haberme ausentado ya.

Xavier Edison Puga
AN ODE FROM ACCOUNTING

Continuity, periodicity, unit of value, historical cost—
Without these basic assumptions, our discipline would be
lost.
Reliability, consistency, objectivity, and full disclosure.
A-P-Bs, F-A-S-Bs and drafts of current exposure.
Principles of revenue, of cost and that of matching—
Do come and let us scrutinize what else the board is
hatching.

In pursuit of higher academic achievement
In this rigorous profession.
I am hesitant to present my plight
But am forced to this confession.
What research can be done? What innovations wrought?
Let's face it: what is sold is sold and what is bought
is bought!

Annette Siegel

KNOWLEDGE

"you know."
she says.
eating a pear,
"pears have a thousand
tiny little seeds
inside them
and if
your mouth is observant
you know."

Roberta S. Matthews
I tell you, the waitin's the worst part. The waitin' and the not knowin'. Maybe it woulda been better if'n I died with Ben. At least then it woulda been over. But I never seen Warnin' look that scared before and Harvey don't look so good either. Fact is, none of the boys looks too great. I don't say as I blame them, considerin' what I just told them. They can't believe it all. I can't hardly believe it myself an' I saw it with my own eyes. Who woulda thought it would turn out like this? It seems like a lifetime ago when Jud asked me to go with him out to the old Creed place. It's been rough for Jud these past few weeks. Ben's a small town sheriff couldn'ta prepared him for what's been happenin'. Five kids killed. And not just killed; butchered. It was like nothin I ever seen before. It was like they'd been caught in an outboard and dragged for ten miles, only worse. But there was never any blood. They were drained dry.

So when Jud comes to my house this mornin', an' asks me if'n I'd go with him out to the Creed place. Seems like Billy Parker, the last kid they found, told his friends he was goin' out there to get even with old man Creed for killin his dog. Creed shot it when it came onto his property. He said he thought it was a wolf. No one believed him. Creed was a nasty S.O.B. and this just like somethin he'd do. So I says "Sure, Jud, I'll go with you". Jud had his two hunting bullets and Ben and Rosco, with him, but I guess he wanted me along for some extra support. We and him go way back and he knows I can handle myself with a gun if'n it's needed.

So the four of us got into them two patrol cars and heads over to the Creed place. Not much was said on the way there, we all felt kinda funny. It's the feelin' you get when you know somethin bad's gonna happen and you can't do nothin about it. Like when you're a kid and you're scared there's somethin' hidin' under your bed, ready to get you, but your parents tell you it's nothin' and that you're too old for all that foolishness, so you gotta go to bed. When we finally got to the Creed place, it looked like it was goin' to start rainin' any minute. The house itself was a relic. The oldest house in the county; it was big and dark and mean looking. The grounds were gone over and the place looked like it was going to fall down. But there was more than that. I seen the Creed place a hunnert times an' nothin' was outa place, but it felt different. I wasn't the only one who noticed it. Ben and Rosco looked like they was goin' to faint an' run any second. Jud broke the silence by saying that we had better get this over with. So we all walk through the rusty gate to the front door. Jud goes to knock on it when he notices it ain't even closed all the way. He pushes it in and we all enter the house, a smell so bad you almost could feel it. Now I smelled bad things in my time, but nothin comes close to this. It smelled like raw meat that's been sittin' in the sun for a few days. Jud takes out his gun and says that we should look around. That maybe old man Creed died and been layin' here for, God knows how long. Even though it was mornin' outside, the inside of the house was dark. I mean really dark. Creed never put in any lights. Jud says this was probably the only reason he was still there. What was worse was that the shadows themselves seemed to be alive. Alive and watchin' us.

We didn't find nothin in the main room but dust, so Jud says we should check upstairs. There was nothin there neither. That should of made us feel better, but it didn't, cause we knew the only place we didn't look was the basement. As we went to the basement door, I felt a lump in my throat. Jud open the door and shined his light in. He didn't see nothin but we all noticed the smell was a lot stronger. We started down real slow and the old steps was groanin' under our weight. Then we heard this sound. It was like a low slurpin sound, but real low and sloppy. Then we heard this voice, but, I swear, I ain't never heard a human voice sound like this. It was like dry leaves, or the voice you hear in a bad dream. One that knoweth nothin' about you and is goin' to do what it likes with you. I almost wet my pants when I heard it, all it said was "Welcome in, gentlemen". Jud says "Mister Creed, is that you"? There weren't no answer, but all of a sudden we could see eyes, and not just one pair but dozens. Dozens of small, red eyes, glowin' like they was on fire. On the walls, on the ceiling, even on the stairs behind us. They was all watchin' us, lookin' at us like a cat looks at a bird when itmoves in for the kill. We shine our lights at them, but when it got to where the eyes were, there weren't nothin there. Then, slowly the basement became light. I felt my heart rise up in my chest as a cold, blue light filled the room. Now we could see what belonged to those eyes. They was small and black about the size of a small dog. But they looked like a jigsaw puzzle put together by a madman. Some had human faces on insect bodies, others had bat wings and horns on a large rat, and still others had scales and claws on long, wormlike bodies. And every one of them was in my heart that God could never make things that looked like that. And we saw where the slurpin was comin' from, too. The floor was covered with blood, and pieces of flesh. And so was the mouths of those things.

Finally Creed came out, and we saw what was causin' that smell. He looked like he had been dead at least a month; flesh off his body and bone showed through in some places. But he was still walkin' and talkin'. He opens it open and looks inside. He looks in that dry, dead voice, he said "You men won't stop me now, soon it will be all over and you'll all pay for what you did
to me." Then, without warning, Ben started shootin at Creed. He pumped six shots into him, but he just stood there. The only thing Ben did was knock a few more pieces off Creed. Then Creed started laughin, or tried to anyway. Then he said "You can't kill me, I'm already dead. But I won't die alone. The door is open now and soon the whole world will die for its sins...Starting with you." Before we could move, two dozen of them things jumped on Ben. He tried to shake them off, but it didn't work; they hung onto him tight. We tried to help him, but we couldn't move, we was held fast. All we could do was watch as they jumped on him, bitin and tearin. He stumbled around, hit the wall then fell to his knees. I'll never forget his screams as long as I live. Then he stopped screamin. All of a sudden, we could move again. We goes over to Ben. He was dead, just like those kids, but now there was plenty of blood. Then Jud gets up, real slow and deliberate and says "Creed, I'm going to stop you here and now." But Creed just grins and says "how?" but Jud don't answer, he just takes out his gun and points it at Creed. Creed laughs harder. Then just when I think he's gonna shoot Creed, he swerves and shoots his funnylookin book near the wall. It was set up on a stand right next to a hole in the ground. Suddenly, things start happenin real fast. Creed screams and those things start jumpin for us. That hole starts shootin out fire and the whole place starts to shake. Creed screamin "No, I'm not done yet, just two more and it will be finished." Then he grabs Bosco and throws him, screamin, into the pit. I managed to get those things off of me with only a few bites. They looked like they was gettin weaker and so was Creed. Then Jud tells me to outa there, he'll make sure everything's O.K. I try to get him, when the roof falls down between us. The last thing I see is Creed grabbin Jud and the two of them fightin. There weren't no way to reach them, so I got the hell out of there. I barely made it out the front door when the whole house collapses behind me. Then it caught fire. There weren't nothin I could do, but I couldn't leave, so I call the other boys on the radio and tells them to get out of there. We been here ever since. The house's just a pile of burnin wood now. It'll be a while before we can get close enough to look around. I ain't heard no sound from the place since it fell down. I don't know if Jud's alive, but we'll all know soon enough. I just hope he finished what he wanted to. I don't want to think about what'll happen if he didn't.