

1932

Mountains

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MY TOMCAT WHISKY

wondered that Mustafa came home early the next morning. The moon went down a long time before. Chatter-boxes say that Mustafa and Pussi got married the same night. Maybe. The proof of this misalliance sits on my knees, as I write. Whisky was left by her mother very soon. I have already said that Pussi was a lady cat who did not take life very seriously. Whisky seems to have more sense of duty. Proudly she looks upon her six kittens and nurses them like the best mother-cat in the world.

Oscar came and saw them. "Well, my boy, did I not always tell you that you had a female cat, when you asked me? Listen, I studied zoology and I know about cats", he said. I remembered the story beginning with the uncle of the great-grandmother's; therefore I kept quiet and looked out the window. Mustafa was ambling down the street. His moustache is the same, martial and provoking. He seems to be a bachelor again.

Helmuth Joel.

MOUNTAINS

I stand in a valley with mountains on every side, far flung mountains, which close the prospect of the world beyond, close the paths of travel, cruel mountains which make the valley stifling. My only help is the mist, the thick fog that gathers and blurs out the world around me. The moisture bathes my face, and I fling out my arms in a new found freedom. Gradually the black mist creeps over me and dims my brain. My senses are drugged and I seem to fall asleep.

Marie Formad.