EVERY LIVING THING

STORIES BY
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Contents
he ugly head out to look at them, and they
his little siste's squealed when the animal stuck
up off the highway and drove it home. Both
lowed little's so Leo was allowed to pick it
Leo's father stumbled something about hur
and everyone's head jerked with the stop.
church, when Leo shouted, "There's a turtle!"
been in the car, driving up Tyier Mountain to
Leo was the first one to spot the turtle, so he

Slower Than the Rest
Slow, Than the Rest

Every living thing

whole school was making posters, watching
It was Frieda’s Forest First week and the
to school.
Then one day Leo decided to take Charlie

every day.
people are wise, so Leo fell into him presently
made Leo think Charlie was wise the way old
fathered eyes and the clamp of his mouth

able a young little he knew round Charlie’s

and though the English was poor-

in high grade, Leo wasn’t sure how old Charlie
also told him about the things that had happened
Every day, Leo came home from school, took

had ever told him how slow he was supposed
and then take off as if no one

and the world. His front and back legs moved as

moving left to right, tying to see what was in

the little head was always straight out,

the friendliest little anyone had ever seen,

But Charlie took care of Leo’s happiness,

Slow, Than the Rest
danced with two others dressed up like squirrels when someone dressed up like Smokey the Bear in a class. A teacher in uniform made a speech in the gymnasium to bring the special week to an end. The whole school assembled there in her eyes.

"Lies and the forest fires. Leo's teacher had told everyone in the class love-lies and how Charlie the friend, and what he said and how Charlie explained what truths were like, the slow ones." Leo said much more. Mostly he talked about the box.

He set it in the teacher's desk. He sat in the class and the box lay on his knee. Charlie, explained what truths were like... When somebody throws a match into a forest, he's going to burn his classroom and pick up the box.

"Finally it was his turn. He quietly walked over the window sill and picked up the box..." So Leo report on Friday dealing with forest fires. So Leo was assigned to be a member of Leo's class was assigned to fire a target. Now, initially Smokey the Bear, each
hand and blushed and said his thank-you's
hand in his life, and so shook the principal's.

Charlie Lee had won an award for the first
time in his life and so shook his principal's
hand to him, it was for his presentation
on a science project. He shook his principal's
hand lightly against his chest.

Leo curled up the box rapidly forward.

He's—quickly and forward.

Across the room Leo's legs moved like Char-

lie's—nearly imitating him. He started to

prance small步, smiling at him, beckoning to him.

Leo was pushed onto the floor. He saw the

"You won't. They were all saying. "Go on!"

"Fusion"

"What?" Leo asked, looking around in con-

fusion. Leo pushed him, making him get up,

"Look if you! In this era! The boy next to him

hid his name. Then he jumped when he heard,

He did not hear when someone whispered

"All about the room"... and drawings pictures... while Charlie helded

and drew big pictures... while Charlie... held big pictures... while Charlie... held big pictures. Finally, the school principal stood up and

He didn't feel like it. He should laugh at the dinner with everyone else. He

"Every Living Thing"
and she enjoyed the breakfast. Each day Miss
children, but she was all right.
the middle of the night. Volma missed her
sound of the old lady's wheezing and snoring
breathing better and not to mind the
Viola's breathing, which helped Miss
Cichon's breathing. She learned not to mind the
smell of Viola's coffee. She learned not to mind the
Viola's coffee. She learned not to mind the
name. She got used to Miss Cichon's dry
name. She got used to Miss Cichon's slow
voice
In time, though, Viola got used to her new
name when she called out for some.
Cichon meant when she called out for some.
Viola's coffee. She learned not to mind the
Viola's coffee. She learned not to mind the
name. She got used to Miss Cichon's dry
name. She got used to Miss Cichon's slow
voice
When the dog died, the family, the dog's
loved pet. They gave him to Miss Cichon,
and the dog had been loved. But the family was
moving to France and could not take their dog.
They had helped raise three children,
who lived around the corner from Miss Cichon.

Retired

The dog was old, and she, too, was retired.
Finally, she just got a dog.

Retired

Her name was Miss Phala Cichon and she
used to be a schoolteacher. Miss Cichon had
Another day, they did walk that way, and when they
were done with the warm morning in September,
Vema's New neighbors flocked to the west
Why Miss Cutchison decided one day to walk
made Vema jump.
fast out with a laugh that filled the room and
burst out with a laugh that filled the room and
sometimes would be sniffing at her chamber
and sometimes she would be sniffing at her chamber
in the morning, quietly eating, when she would
in the morning quietly eating, when she would
remember her little funny ways, and
She could remember her little funny ways, and
best all, when they'd brought to school for lunch,
best all, when they'd brought to school for lunch,
what subjects they were
what subjects they were
seats they had sat in, what subjects they were
seats they had sat in, what subjects they were
with the name of childhood in her mind—which
with the name of childhood in her mind—which
knew anything except the past. She could re-
know anything except the past. She could re-
grow better every day, and she seemed not to
grow better every day, and she seemed not to
Miss Cutchison's memory, on the other hand,
Miss Cutchison's memory, on the other hand,
bad forgotten.
bad forgotten.

She was born in childhood, but what was she
She was born in childhood, but what was she
perceived to be if she should have known
perceived to be if she should have known
her eyes trick up as if she should have known
her eyes trick up as if she should have known
she saw a dog or girl passing on the street did
she saw a dog or girl passing on the street did
see those children grow lazy, and only when
see those children grow lazy, and only when
Vema's memory of
Vema's memory of
that porch, going to bed early. Vema's memory of
that porch, going to bed early. Vema's memory of
Miss Cutchison and Vema spent several
Miss Cutchison and Vema spent several
morning and afternoons in bed, and they usually went only a half-block.
morning and afternoons in bed, and they usually went only a half-block.

"Every Living Thing"
two boys, who had been screaming, ran over
when were, Velma backed and wedged until
rather than the fence. Neither were they all—
but the next day they returned. They moved
they walked back home.

Children just stood while Velma backed. Then
underurstics. Keeping children inside, Miss
LINK Fence that proceeded it all, keeping in-
playground. The red brick school, the chain-
big: She didn't smile. She simply looked at the
Miss Cutchison stood very still a while, too.
her happy.

She saw only the children and it made
all about Miss Cutchison standing there with
in her fingers. She backed and wedged, and forgot
again and again and again, she couldn't con-
up, jumping, dancing, Velma stood behind her.
meaning. Meaning, meaning, meaning, down, meaning.
Children, small and larger, ran wildly about,
they saw the school playground.

were ever so slightly. Finally, in the This block,
and then began to
hundreds and hundreds, Velma just began to
here, and the sound changed to something like
the noise. They went to a block far
they buzz saws echoed in the air. Velma's ears
reached the third block, a sound like a million

every living thing

Miss Cutchison

Laurel

Field

Miss Cutchison passed out

waited at the door. Miss Cutchison placed

found on the porch light, and she and Velma
done in years. And on Halloween night, she

Kin the front porch, something she had

in mid-October, Miss Cutchison put a pump-
a nice day, they were out again.

about the children at the playground. But on

about, feeling warm and comfortable, thinking

ears ago. In bad weather, Miss Cutchison and

Velma stayed inside, breathing the ashurname

she had known her own fourth-graders

soon knew the children who retired Velma

Miss Cutchison learned their names, and Miss Cutch-

and Velma visited the playground fence. The

Every day, in good weather, Miss Cutchison

Long time replied a teacher would.

very question of children in what seemed a very

Miss Cutchison, who had not answered the

name? "Will it please? Do you like cars?"

puckered Velma's nose, others observed.

more children came to the fence, and

heard. More children came to the fence, and

she headed back in another. She stuck their

the fence to try to pet the dog. Miss Cutch-

Peabody
And there were times she was sure she heard
in her head and whisper, "Bear out there."
Her feet, with a long green blade of grass
Jenny would hook her chin over the top rail
And most of the park.
How had ended up in the woods and was miss-
Fence and past the old black Dodge that some-
The bear was out beyond the splinterly rail.
Wild bear in the woods over by the Miller Farm.
Everyone in Glen Morgan knew there was a

/exporting/There

Bear Out There

Truly were beating fists of dog biscuits and sweet
in front of Miss Clutch's house; and they
a large group of young carolers came to sing.
Then, on Christmas Eve of that same year.
Six chocolate bars before the evening was

EVERY LIVING THING
sound between them was his slow breathing.

Her eyes dropped to the leaves, and the only

tear-splashed, shining back to the thin heart.

Johnny noticed his silhouette and her body was

shivered and quivered. He was cold,

and his eyes were unrecognizable. She was silent,

yet her eyes followed the shadow of the tree.

His large gray-black body shivered as he

hesitated before her.

He came through the trees so fast that
she always prayed, but for some reason didn't.

She looked straight into her eyes and knew she
could

and now the pounding was horrible too

and he was there by her side. She didn't know why,

and she couldn't explain. The smoke had

touched her face, and she choked and coughed.

The hooves of the horse stood listening to the stamp.

Finally, leaning against a tree to rest, she

said aloud, "That didn't press deep into her skin.

Boar Out There"

world of space and air, all that didn't happen—

a world above and apart from the leaves—

sky. She needed to be reminded that there was

Deep in the woods, she kept her eyes on the

trees. She stopped to pick a breakfast leaf to

Johnny could sense her fear. She held on,

Johnny fell to the ground, slowly.

about damp brown leaves,

He sat there, motionless, as she

Once at the summer day she was.

Only now in front of Morgan had ever done.

the moon. The bear hid no fear of the moon,

the ears and opened the eyes and the heart of

gaze. He saw, but the bear was there somewhere,

past the old black doorknob. As he

Vanishing, as she lay in bed, listening

Morgan. The bear hid no fear of the moon,

with the front paws on his rear hooves,

She thought he might have a golden horn.

him. She imagined him running heavily through

EVEevYTHING THING
few cents choosing penny candy from the giant
Harry's friends stopped there, too, to spend a
stopped in to see his father at work Tuesday.
For years, after school, Harry had always
and were still friends the year Harry turned
this, he and Mr. Tillman had remained friends
when he was around seven, but in spite of
paper. Harry stopped liking candy and nuts
a candy and nut shop. Harry Tillman liked his
Though his father was flat and merely owned

Papa's Parrot

Chin Morgan lives in fear of him
of bluejays and little girls, when everyone in
but mostly she is sorry that he lives in fear
born of the bear and sorry that he has no golden
sprinkle wool. She is sorry for the bear ears
eyes are full and she leaves wet patches on the
hears on the fence. Looking into the fence, her
books her chin over the old rail fence, and she
And now, since that summer, Jenny still
Past her
boiled past her
the bear will wildly fling his head and in terror
dead, it was over. Jenny stood like a rock as
His in the trees a bluejay yelled, and sunk.
did not move.
Then the bear snorted and jerked. But Jenny

EVERY LIVING THING
amulance. He was taken to the hospital in an

When business was slow, Mr. T[illigan would

But one day, Mr. T[illigan became ill. He had

Mr. T[illigan about his blubbery stomache. At

Mr. T[illigan about his blubbery stomache. At

Mr. T[illigan became ill. He had

AT home things were different. Harry and

Harry was always taking to the birds. So Harry

inside to see what was going on. Mr. T[illigan

Harry would look around instead of doing

people. The more embarrassed, Harry became.

The more Mr. T[illigan grew to like his parent,

The romantic music came on, and Mr. T[illigan

the soap opera. Rocky liked to scream when

in a corner, and the TV was off. Rocky would

turn on a small color television he had sitting

Papa's Putin

When business was slow, Mr. T[illigan would

Rocky was good company for Mr. T[illigan.

but Mr. T[illigan just ignored him.

His father had ever done, and he told him so.

Harry thoughtless was the strangest thing.

The year Harry turned twelve was also the

The year Harry turned twelve was also the

year Mr. T[illigan got a patent. He went to a pet

friends.

shop now. But not Harrie T[illigan and his

A group of children came to Mr. T[illigan.

any more.

They were much interested in candy and nuts.

went to a burger place. They played video

They were hungry, they didn't come by the candy and nuts,

The money,They played video

When Harry entered junior high school,

He liked the company.

saw his son and his son's friends every day.

roasted peanuts. Mr. T[illigan looked forward to

blems or samples. Mr. T[illigan's latest batch of

EVERY LIVING THING
Harry opened the new boxes his father

Harry watched him silently.

Harry didn't quite know what to do,
dropping them back in the boxes. The bird in

Harry's heart was still spilled on the floor. Harry

The shops were as his father had left it. Even

light switch

inside he had to search all the walls for the

The key stuck in the hole three times, and

remember what he crossed sign looked like.

in all the days of his life, Harry had never seen

Harry walked slowly over to the gate. "The

Harry walked into the back room.

dirty. The bottom of the cafe was a mess.

"Hello, Rocky!"

Harry answered the portal.

"Hello, Rocky?"

Harry had been thinking only of the candy.

it was there. The bird had been so quiet and

Harry started at the portal. He had forgotten

"Hello, Rocky?"

Harry jumped, spilling a box of jawbreakers.

"Hello?"

they belonged.

ed from him to him, pulling the candles where

Toole's cream, jammerly kissers, Harry's

hadn't gotten lo peppermint's jawbreakers.

Papa's Portal

Harry opened the new boxes his father
He watched the patrol. He understood now: Harry sighed and wiped his face on his sleeve.

"Where's Harry?" repeated the bird.

"Harry's here!" cried the patrol:

Harry raised over the glass counter.

Harry sobbed, "I'm here. I'm here!"

The tears were rolling. He knew the paterns at the cafe.

"I'm here, you stupid bird! I'm here!" Harry said the patrol.

"Where's Harry?" asked the patrol.

"Where's Harry?" said the patrol.

"Where's Harry?" thought Harry. I'm here. I'm here. I'm here. I'm here.

Harry swallowed and said "I'm here.

"Where's Harry?" said the patrol.

"Where's Harry?"

Every living thing.
December, her parents decided to end the
war with her viola. Not with an animal, but that
lawyer argued that Bruma should spend time
with better things than hea collars. That Bruma
did not need a pet. That Bruma had seen too
many Wall Disney movies. Her mother also
worried that her daughter’s icy. When she
was ten, Bruma’s parents could no longer
afford a goldfish. Her father, who was
next best thing: a goldfish. Her father, who was
brave and generous, agreed.

The snow was ten. Bruma’s family—Bruma for

A Pet

A goldfish
Josua had lived with Emma nearly all his life. Missed Emma, longed for him, and he looked several times at water when he had a chance. He looked at the lake that lay on the surface, and the lake water was clear. Josua had to guess how deep the woods were because he couldn't see them. Josua jumped up and came to the top, just as Emma watched and felt she knew him.

When Josua raised the sneaker lid of the door, Emma watched him and felt she knew him.

Please, please," she whispered. "Please.

Emma dropped two pills into the water, but the coughing remained, and the last fell over again. Emma struggled two boxes of medicine in the water, and the coughing became even worse.

Emma raised Josua up, and Josua lay on his side. Sometimes Josua lay on his side. Sometimes Emma watched him and felt she knew him.

Every living thing. When the sky broke, Emma watched her quay. Josua was growing worse.

The next day his heart told Emma he needed a teacher. When the sky opened, he needed a teacher. Josua's heart was broken. He felt a real compulsion when one day in April, she noticed

Josua moving slowly—reflection of yellow

Al night with the water flowing blue and

A gull
all the time. He imagined himself carrying a
sandwich in his hand. He had to eat lunch. Cabrel
wished for a sandwich. His name was Cabrel and he
left building on crumbling bricks and nothing
quietly among themselves. On the steps of a
stairs, and people sat outside, talking

Spaghetti

the house. Her parents watched her from a window. Inside
him in the background, along with his castle. He
had not even been able to do. Then she bought
for a few moments, she petted him, and she
surprised her because she had never held him.
He was. He was as large as her hand, and it

Every Living Thing
The street was gray...

But not only

So-gray that he could not see it.

The street was gray, knowing something was there. The street was gray and the world lesser.

The city came again and Gabriel's ears tingled.

The street, peering into the street, and the dusk, and he walked faster.

He started into the street up and down it.

Gabriel picked himself up from the stop.

While he was not the wind, and it came to Ca-

been the wind.

The crack of an old man's legs. If could have been the crack of an old man's legs, then it

began to rattle, in the street. And he walked

to and fro, was a tiny gray kitten. No cars had

waked.

waked.

waked.

waked.

waked.

waked.

waked.

waked.
out somewhere on the way home. In the morning
He started drinking, spending all his money
the boys of now were a wife.
Jack no longer had a war, a gas station, the
not to bother her anymore.
went to live on a college campus and told him
caused she said she wanted to find herself.
raised two boys. Then his wife left him. He-
station, preached the gospel on the side and
Jack Mitchell had fought in a war, run a gas

Dying Out
The three squirrels were gone. He looked back to bed. He felt sleepy and when he woke, he saw the three squirrels again on the window. Jack looked through the window. Jack looked at the animals set up on their haunches and 3
reared up from a nearby tree onto the sill. He looked each over two more black squirrels. Then, he looked at the animal's back and noticed a squirrel's back. The squirrel was not a cat—it was a black squirrel. Jack looked at the squirrel. He was not happy and looked out of the window and looked at the squirrel's back and noticed a squirrel's back. The squirrel was not a cat—it was a black squirrel. Jack looked back at the squirrel.

He saw something move. Just at the edge of the window, he saw the squirrel in motion. He turned around and looked at the squirrel. The squirrel was not a cat—it was a black squirrel. Jack looked at the squirrel. He was not happy and looked out of the window and looked at the squirrel's back and noticed a squirrel's back. The squirrel was not a cat—it was a black squirrel. Jack looked back at the squirrel.

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Jack chucked to himself. Back to enjoy a free breakfast. He gulped each cracker. Each cracker grabbed one and set
back. Then Jack decided to feed them. He opened the drawer of his bedside table. When he slid open the window, the blinds
pulled out a couple of packets of saltines. He grabbed the drawer of his bedside table. When he slid open the window, the blinds
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pulled out a couple of packets of saltines. He grabbed the drawer of his bedside table. When he slid open the window, the blinds
pulled out a couple of packets of saltines. He grabbed the drawer of his bedside table.

The blinds raised up on their hinges. Jack pulled his glass and tipped over
down into the wind, where the other two stuffed around the window.

All three blinds again set on the still One placed his two fingers on the wind.
The window before he pulled on his pants and

Jack was World War II. He also had some corn-
cobs from dinner inside his phlegm case.

That day, too, he changed his mind about

Drinking Out
Hey! Jack called again. He opened the gate.

He... into a tree...

The squirrels stopped moving and sat like

The window. Hey! I'm outside now!

Hey! I'm outside, standing below place.

He saw one of them, knew he was in the right side of them. He saw black shapes moving around one...

He saw three black shapes moving around him, especially in the hall. But when he walked through the glass...

He walked through the glass...

Then on the table above his squirrels... He thought about the squirrels...

And then on the table above his squirrels... He thought about the squirrels.

Jack dropped the rope over a few tree branches...

The peanut still in Jack's hand froze together.

Look what's for breakfast, he said.

He was carrying and pulled out a long rope of peanut.

Driving Out Every Living Thing
about throwing out food.

She said nothing.

"Doors hung the puppy hand again her.

"I don't know where it came from," he said.

"Come on, Pooch."

She shoveled dirt and met the dog.

"Hey! Come on!" she called.

The puppy stopped in the road, wagging his tail happily, remonstrating with shy ness and cold.

"Why?" he called.

She set down the shovel.

"Why?" she called.

"Because the roads would be too bad for the puppy to be out.

The puppy had been abandoned, and it made doors so ähnlich to they looked comic.

With his swollen up anamorphoses and the birds and their daughters, Doors, Lacey’s house, its ears tucked, its tail between its legs, snail his way down the road toward the lacy’s, small.

In January, a puppy wandered on the drop.

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**Stray**
Mrs. Lacey shook her head.

"Ma'am," Doris said in a small voice. "Please.

doorway?

Mrs. Lacey looked into the room from the
was wet and red her eyes full of distress.
cry but she was not strong enough. Her face
clear but she was not strong enough. Her face
on the edge of a chair. She was sitting out to
hanging a pillow and rocking back and forth
Doris was sitting alone in the living room.

Doris was sitting alone in the living room.

Clear.

Tell Stella. Unless the weather would never
Mrs. Lacey just shook her head and smiled.

"Miss, I could teach her things."
I agree she's real smart," Doris said in her

I'd have to ignore her.

like her. She's so smart, she's not much trouble," Doris added." I
She's not much trouble," Doris added. "I
in making
Her parents faced each other and went
Her parents faced each other and went
hoping one of them would agree with her.

"She's a good dog, isn't she?" Doris said.

Every living thing

Stilly she kept talking to them about the dog
when the weather cleared.

Then the sun would definitely go to the pound
money any pets were out of the question, and
let her keep it. That boy father made so little
name the dog. She knew her parents wouldn't

Even after a week had gone by, Doris didn't

he didn't want to be a part of things, it always seemed
the food, being a part of things, it always seemed

listening to the talk in the kitchen, sniffing

pay and her head, but he didn't want them to come.

Doris knew he hadn't wanted some corn-

Someday, Doris has opened the door in

It was a good dog.

the basement steps unless it was invited.

The basement stairs unless it was invited.

Doris won't even allow Doris up

basement. It wouldn't even allow Doris up
al the work, it didn't care in everything in the

been a big dog. She thought it might have

was about six months old, and on his way to

By the looks of it, Doris figured the puppy
Don't make her feel a glass of powdered milk
one spoke.

She came in, but she kept her head down. No
over drinking coffee. They looked at her when
Her parents were sitting at the table dinner
But she rose up helvably.
Not to face her parents.

Kitchen, past the basement door. She wanted
But she started feeling hungry, and she knew
anything. She stood at the wall for a while.
not to face her parents.

It was nearly night when she finally woke
and sat clinking for things lost.

and her dreams were full of searching
sleep, and her dreams were full of searching.
nothing but to hit back. She could herself to
though it was early afternoon, she could do
she beat the car tire down the road, and
"Daddy", she whispered. "Please
enjoy coffee and choke and finally start up.

Don't pressed her face into the pillow.

It is too much ground-up about this
You know we can't afford a dog. Don't you

Stay
Growing down from a pot attached to the ceiling, on this porch, Mr. Willis's Swedish Ivy, was in full bloom. Almost forgot, there's that Mrs. Willis! She lived with him and she was almost a hidden. Sitting there, the kids in the Apple Tree sometimes entertain the lizards. In his apple tree, sometimes the apple tree was light, and he could hear the cicadas and the traffic playing at the house just down the road. This porch and listened to the sound of children. On a summer evening, if the mosquitoes change this, Mr. Willis, as hard as he might try, could not click there was no more for her to do, and since she hadn't become old, as she used to when she didn't seem to enjoy the any longer, she didn't pull herself up from her bed and stand at the window, watching him sometimes. She would pull herself up from her bed and stand at the window, watching him sometimes. She would pull herself up from her bed and stand at the window, watching him sometimes. She would pull herself up from her bed and stand at the window, watching him sometimes.
room. "Charlotte!" he went right to his wife's bed.

Real and shining on eyes, leveled with her, and she knew then she was real.

"This, dear," she said, "this is the bird I had moved closer. You must
reach for the bird but had moved closer. Ever since, she had been
drinking a cautious man. He had not made any noise."

one hand tucked him.

and he thought some

Mr. Will's thoughts at first she was one

"Where is the bird?" she asked, "Tell me where you put the bird."

of those stupid birds used to decorate Christmas trees or Easter baskets. He thought some of those stupid birds used to decorate Christmas trees or Easter baskets. He thought some of those stupid birds used to decorate Christmas trees or Easter baskets. He thought some of those stupid birds used to decorate Christmas trees or Easter baskets.

Chosen to show her pictures on this porch. On top of the pole, among the ivy, a robin

"If a robin dear, he asked, a baby, and

be a sign to him."

was on good terms with God. In case it should

been, he asked her. He was afraid the

"You know, you will never believe this. These,

ceramics, the room was gay."

the room was gay.

She was lying on her back, looking up at the

Planting Things

EVERY LIVING THING
Il easier for her—and he liked having someone to talk to.

Mr. Willis wished he could make people wish he were away from the noise of the town. He was away from the noise of the town longer than

in the days that followed, the mother room school beside the rear. Bearing

"Well," he said to them, "I'm a daddy." He

and the skinny, squawking babies.

breakfast, and he discovered the robin missing.

that on the other side of the lake, the birds, and

were hurried some.

all three of his wife's eggs had hatched some-

one child.

He was sorry the birds had not had only

He remembered this, sitting with the

Mr. Willis is reminded of this, sitting with the

in conversation, and finally their baby boy.

The world had slowed down.

The mother had got him, expecting their child. It had been quite

The mother was well, when they were young and

the door, and the days had been long and still.

"I'll see it soon," Mrs. Willis smiled, "I'll see it soon."
He was a man who enjoyed planting things.

Reddy made, in one of his apple trees,
let them, come spring, he would put the nest.
Mr. Willis would look after his wife all win-
on top of his dresser.
He thought his chair and hisivy inside for
when he was sure they wouldn't be back.
empy nest stayed in the ivy until the winter.

Planning Things

merly Bough the again and again.
and look good-#yes again and again.
they go all at once with no long leave-taking.
He is probably best, thought Mr. Willis, best
and the children, and they did not come back.
But one day, they were all gone, the mother
children did.

Mr. Willis had thought the birds would
Then she went back to bed.

must have been good for them.

Then she said, "Your Swedish Ivy
planning, dear." she said. "You have always done well with your
..."

lared him.

they had actually.hatched, and she congrat-
un her husband and his birds. She was surprised
Mrs. Willis stood at the door once, watching
and laughed out loud.

He said in his chair and watched the trees
He them for their consistently eating mosses.
She on their growing boughs and made-
so he just sat with her babies, commanding
food. He could not supply.

like a mother and seemed to want only baby
and bread on the porch— but she was a par-
The woman's name was Maggie. And she
rubber.

The Jay was 

shirt: A nasty food, smothering of dishes and
Road. I had with gas. Staid my's. Daily bars,

But Route 1 was no there. It was a truckers'

This is a bad road for cars. This is a bad road for cars.

'Tis a bad road for cars. 'Tis a bad road for cars.

'I lost my car. Orange and white. I'll see you
The woman's eyes pinched his.

Didn't have a chance.

But a Mack truck got it yesterday about noon.
body dropped a nut off a couple mph's ago.

No, me. No cars around here. Some-

The woman straightened up.
The young man straightened up.
out hit's a rock.

Have you seen a car? The word cut came

A Bad Road for Cats
A Bad Road for Cats.

"Louie! Louie!Where are you?"

her familiar. "Ann and Magda named it Louis for

kitten's tail, and Magda named it Louis for

a variation in which was left of the

shook out the door with the kitten.

Magda's face had changed, as she turned and

"Not my cat," she answered.

"And you offer no help?" she asked.

Magda could not believe such a thing.

"Go back!" she shouted.

deer everybody's feet—no wonder half its nail

got caught in the door. Stupid cat was un-

words slow and clear.

What happened to his tail?" she asked. The

Magda had moved closer to him.

"Nobodys' just a chump,"

the question.

"Whose kitten is this?" Her eyes chilled in

station attended, the animal in one of the

stick straight out.

mangled was bloody and stabbed, and the stump,

half of the kitten's tail was gone. What re-

up. Then she had seen the hunters' shoes. Stumbling, Magda had picked the kitten

meowed and pushed its nose into Magda's

ears and white kitten. If she had pranced and

given a start, looking down, she'd see a

she'd feel warm against her leg and had

as she stood inside the station in front of

a car, and had pulled in for a fill-up.

to the grocer and had pulled in for a fill-up

been on her way home from her weekly trip

east of the gas stations on Route 6. She had

sighed. "That's some of her

her feel sick inside, stealing some of her

Magda's, her heart pounded as a link in the chain.

Dunhn, Dunhn! the horn blared. Wirgand's

children. Only a few named Louis.

Magda's husband was dead, and she had no

her wood gathered from the sheep she owned.

off Route 6. There she worked at a room, wear-

Magda lived in a small house about two miles

machine and concave.

earth and a dash of the inefface of sleeping

deep and within a clear sense of her right to the

no sound. She wondered, on no feet of

not old, yet she carried herself as a very old

was of French blood, not Indian. Magda was

EVERY LIVING THING
the face of the girl.

The window and this time looked squarely into

Maggie caught her breath. She moved up to

4 Sail Cat.

rounded by dirty sunglasses:

window caught her eye. The words were sure

did a little twin in the bottom corner of the

Maggie finished her coffee, then turned to

soon.

and while she can make her way. By under her

thought, if Louis never came back on a chance

Then, when she would miss most, she

Look.

Lexus looked white cheese, tall grass and the

Maggie drew a tiny face on it to cheer him up.

Maggie turned around in a case for a few weeks.

The kitchen had a lie and was lucky to be alive. The kitchen had

the wear and tore Louis had broken

Geteburgeren said Louis had broken

on her. The kitchen had been

and staring on the back of her

moment ago and Louis had found him

when he was a kitchen. Once he had leaped

she drank her coffee and thought about Louis

no dirt. A little peace

Time to regain her strength. No worry, no smoke.

A bad road for cars

ever enough away to give her

the highway. But far enough away to give her

the building. The trucks were rolling out on

Maggie moved to one side and leaned against

"Yes."

"Please."

"Coffee? She ordered.

to her.

why working inside. All those those a look at the

Maggie barely glanced at the young girl

and workingbusiness from the road with the red words. The

businesses passed all over the building. Drawing

sunrises, moonlight, sense with only peaks

sunrise window. Picture of strawberry.

She walked across the wide road to the

from the road.

have some coffee and a slice of gluten away

thought she would stop and rest. She would

thought. She saw a dairy bar up ahead. She

worse.

but the trucks were making her miserable

too. But the trucks were making her miserable

were even she and Louis. If she were on foot,

in a ditch, under some bushes, up a tree. They

that on look, she might find Louis more easily—

Donth Dunning. Another horn at her back.

EVERY LIVING THING
No answer.

This time he knocked on the door—and very hard again she knocked on the door—but saw hym
be so startled by a boy if I screamed her
She was stunned. A strange woman like her,
She slammed the door in Megada's face.

The boy stopped running. Without a word,
"Tell me, is it crowded and with what?"

"The cat," she repeated, "you have one to

Megada felt a chill move over her.

The boy, no longer was running. He held
pleading cry, showing a mouth of rotten and mias-
sed in your ear."

"I saw your sign," Megada said, "I am inter-

standing there was a boy about fifteen.
She had just raised her hand to knock a third
time when the door opened. There the boy
stood with Louis in his arms.

Where is he?" Megada asked.

"Where is he?" Megada asked.

"Where is he?" Megada asked.

"Not me!" the boy said, "the girl answered,

"Not me!" the boy said, "the girl answered,

but held on call...

Megada asked.

"Are you selling a cat?" she said quiedy.

Every living thing...
The boy relaxed his hold on Louis. He tilted his head to one side, as if considering Magda's offer. "Enough!" she almost screamed. Then, in desperation, Magda pulled out a twenty-dollar bill.

Magda took Louis home. She washed him and healed him. And for many days she was in a rage at the strange boy who had sold her own cat, nearly dead.

When Louis was healthy, though, and his old fat self, playing games among the yarn be

neath her loom, her rage grew smaller and smaller until finally she could forgive the strange boy.

Magda cradled Louis in her arms, rubbing her cheek across his head. Before walking away, she looked once more at the boy. He stood stiffly with the money clenched in his hand, tears running from his eyes and dripping off his face like rainwater.

"Men who sell their own cats are no good," she thought, then turned to her loom with a

small pink mouth, onto it then attached a matching stub of a tail.

She put the gift in a paper bag and, on her way to the grocery one day, she dropped the bag in front of the boy's yellow house.

A Bad Road for Cats
In the meaning, she kept her newspaper of her plays would sell to a street theater. Dolly married with her for the day one writing. Dolly married with her in a day. Her mother, who was a playwright, she also worked mother in Canton, Ohio, with his in town. He called upon the cows once night and that changed.

When Denny visited his uncle in Maine, he

Safe

The year Denny was in sixth grade, his un-

Job, Denny went to school and they lived in an apartment building.
He had nothing to worry about and was not worried. He knew his mother was going to buy him a cow.

In January, they bought a cow for him, and the cow was given a name. It was a black cow with white spots. It was called Bessie. Bessie was a very gentle cow and the children loved her.

One day, while the children were playing in the barn, they noticed Bessie was standing in the corner. They asked their mother why she was there. She explained that Bessie was pregnant and would be giving birth soon.

The children were excited and curious about the process. They asked many questions, but their mother refused to answer them.

One day, while the children were playing in the barn, they heard a strange noise. They ran to the barn and saw Bessie in labor. They were amazed by the process and watched in wonder as Bessie gave birth to a healthy calf.

The children were overjoyed and happy for their mother. They named the calf after their grandmother, Grandma.

The children learned many valuable lessons from this experience. They learned about the importance of hard work, the beauty of nature, and the joy of helping others.

Every living thing is precious and deserves our care and respect.
When the vacation ended and Danny left, he noticed
his mother's new fence, which he had helped build.

'Velma, we have to discuss the Nucellar cow,'

Danny mumbled up against the fence and the

ears and felt relaxed. He felt stronger now and
everyday verbs peaceful. Danny stood at the

Windows, eyes were all large and shining

once. He regarded them solemnly.

Danny stood with them and felt very sad:

'silky, cold.

Danny would be among themselves a minute;

She was careful not to discuss the Nucellar

cow many times after that. Sometimes, though,

Danny didn't have to run to the cows any

more, so where of them went back inside the house

may be afraid, and we are sorry.

'Ve have made you sad,' they said. 'Or'

found him with the cows.

One night, they came after him and

subject could chase Danny out of the room.

Danny was too many times, though, until this

night, and when they knew, finally, what

was done. And when they knew, finally, what

mother had been doing, his feeling began to

melt like butter. That night, he talked in the

afterward, very night. When the talk in the

went inside.

resting with the cows a long time. Then he

Danny breathed deep and smiled and stood

and did not move away.

that nearest him. If watched him with so

eyes cow nearest him. It watched him with so

the fence, and slowly touched the muzzle of the

when were still again. He put his hand through


EVERY LIVING THING

SAFE
I don't. Michael yelled, "It's not you!"

"You know me," she said, "and you washer and hung it above the oven. Esther removed the last pan from the dish washer and hung it above the oven.

"I don't have it here."

No, Aunt Esther, don't. He said it dully, him. Michael looked at the woman speaking to him. "You have living here."

---

Sheils

Eyes light and walked across the yard in Maine and when he did feel afraid, he shut his eyes tight. He had learned enough to still be frightened, but not completely.
The woman turned to face him in the kitchen. "Don't yell at me!" she yelled. "I'll not have you punish me every day for it. If you just refuse to be happy here. And Michael, you just refused to be happy here. And you expect me to live in my home. I can't make you happy. Michael." She was fiercely loyal to her family, and when her only sister had died, Esther insisted she be allowed to care for Michael. And Michael, afraid of going anywhere else, had accepted.

Oh, he was lonely. Even six months after their deaths, he still expected to see his parents—sitting on the couch as he walked into Esther's living room, waiting for the bathroom as he came out of the shower, coming in the Old Spice. Sometimes he was so sure one of them was somewhere around him that it hurt him. He wondered if he would ever get better. And though he denied it, he did hate Esther. She was so different from his mother and father—she was white and Presbyterian. Selfish—she wouldn't allow him to use her phone. Complaining about it, he would have a headache or a stomachache.

Michael smiled. They had been living together, the two of them, for six months. Michael's parents had died and his older sister had taken him in—only Esther could not imagine dealing with a fourteen-year-old boy. They wanted peaceful lives. Esther lived in a condominium in a wealthy section of Detroit. Most of the area's residents were older (like her). They stayed indoors much of the time. They trusted few people. Esther liked living alone. She had never married or had children. She had never lived anywhere but Detroit. She liked her condominium.

She left the kitchen and walked down the hall to the living room. Michael sat on the couch, his legs crossed, his hands in his pockets. He looked up when she entered. "Esther," he said, "I need to talk to you." She sat down next to him and smiled. "What is it, Michael?"

"I have something to tell you," he said. "Something important." Esther looked at him, her eyes wide. "Tell me, Michael." He took a deep breath and began.

She listened intently as he spoke, her face becoming more and more serious. When he finished, she nodded her head. "I understand, Michael. And I will help you any way I can."

"Thank you," he said, his voice soft. "I appreciate it." She smiled again and patted his hand. "Now, Michael, let's go get something to eat."

They left the living room and went into the kitchen. Esther stood at the counter, chopping vegetables, while Michael sat at the table, sipping coffee. They talked about nothing, but Esther knew Michael was thinking about what he had told her. She hoped he would feel better soon.
"I wonder... Michael answered. "I promise."

"She gave him a hard stare. "He won't. He'll grow out of that bowl!" She gave him a hard stare. "He won't. He'll grow out of that bowl!"

"If you keep him, as long as I can be assured he won't grow too big, he'll grow out of that bowl."

An attention to a card is something I can promise," he said, looking at him.

"I don't know," he answered. "Just grow."

Michael raised and shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," she said, "what does he do?

"All right! All right! She wiped it right side down, upside down and shook it.

"That's enough!" Michael grabbed for the shell.

She said to the card, and she wiped the shell.

"Well for heaven's sake, come on out of there!"

Through the small opening of the shell...

"Where is he?" she asked.

"She asked, finger at the card's claws.

and then, the long, shiny mail of her little

---

Every Living Thing
Michael, in a stupor over his Aunt Esther's death, was looking more at his Aunt's shells than at the cards. He couldn't believe it. Michael had never been able to tell his father what he had done. Michael was looking more at his Aunt's.
Elsie's mouth trembled and her bangles empy, "I don't hate you,"

"No, Aunt Elsie. He shook his head, set.
He looked at his aunt's
mother's face. This
Michael sensed a familiar smell then. His
me."

"I am so sorry, Michael. Oh, you must hate
dears.

in year's briefly put her arm about his shoul-

Aunt Elsie, who had not embraced anyone
Michael lifted his head away.

"Oh, my, she whispered. "I'm sorry."

were full of pain.

but it quickly disappeared. The boy's eyes
She looked at Michael with a broad smile.

ourselves inside.

cheer, if she could see this mess we've gotten

beside Michael.

before Michael.

the rest. Then she dropped down on the couch
nail polish so she could distinguish him from

Elsie marked his small with some red finger-

before moving Sluggo from his bowl. Aunt

wheeled as Michael. Not one showed his face.

the new residents. The cups were as quiet.

set her in: loading it up. one by one, with

EVERY LIVING THING