

THE PEGASUS REVIEW



AS I APPROVE OF A YOUTH THAT HAS
SOMETHING OF THE OLD MAN IN HIM, SO I AM
NO LESS PLEASED WITH AN OLD MAN THAT
HAS SOMETHING OF THE YOUTH. HE THAT
FOLLOWS THIS RULE MAY BE OLD IN BODY,
BUT CAN NEVER BE SO IN MIND.

- CICERO (106-43 B.C.) CATO -
SEPT □ OCT - 2001

INSIDE SHE

Leaves crunch under her feet and worries crunch under her skull. Four assignments due tomorrow; she has to work tonight. Bryan placed a movie ticket in her hand this morning, told her to beg off of work and go relax. Even her teachers have told her not to push so hard.

She can't listen to them: she has to do well in school, has to hold up at work. Surely when she graduates, life will be peaceful. Someday she'll have the time to relax.

Someday, someday.

The old houses snuggled around the campus frame her path to the commuter parking lot. She loves the tower rooms and the porch swings. She has always wanted to peek in the windows, like looking into a dollhouse.

The burgundy "painted lady" on the corner is her favorite. She stops to smile at it. As soon as she can finish the semester, land the right job, save the money, she will live in that house, live in sunlit peace.

Someday.

She stares at the window; she has an idea. Should she? She should not. She knows this, yet somehow leaves begin to crunch her feet and she is on the front lawn, under the maple tree, beside the window.

The pane fogs with her breath. No one is watching. She must see inside of the house that will be her home, see where she will enter her future of fortune and joy. She peeks.

Inside is a woman at a desk beside the window. Long, dark hair, extra weight around the chin and cheeks. The face turns out of the shadow.

She is looking at her herself.

Inside She:

Inside She is older, her eyes lightly creased with the footsteps of worry. Her desk is spread with bills. She hovers a pen above the checkbook but does not write. Instead she slides open a drawer and pulls out a stack of travel brochures, gazing down at the rosy photos of perfect paradise so far away.

Bryan hurried through a doorway, briefcase and coat in tow. He pecks her cheek and is gone. Inside she stares after him. Two children bound down the stairs fighting over a plastic toy. Inside She shouts; they meekly disappear into another room, and her eyes fill with regret.

Inside She stares out the window, the travel leaflets gripped in her hands. Soundless but unmistakable is the word that forms on her lips:

Someday.

Outside, she jumps back. When she looks again, the house is empty, unoccupied, full of dust and unswept floors.

Leaves crunch under her feet. The movie ticket is still in her pocket. She puts her bookbag in the car, shuts the door, turns in the direction of work. She pauses, backs the car into the lot, and turns in the direction of the movie theater.

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