

asterisk '69

\*echoes



## Dedication

The *Asterisk* provides a worthy challenge for you to unfold the potentialities of your fine young minds. Minds which have the capacity to doubt and to believe, to reach out to the galaxies and to deceive themselves about the simplest things, to conceive the highest ethical standards and to plot the most evil deeds, you have disciplined for imaginative and creative expression of goodness, truth and beauty in art and literary forms.

The pursuit of excellence is a most desirable goal for all human endeavors, but especially so for art and literary expression. Too often it is a "will-o-the-wisp." You have proved that it need not be that, because you have made a deliberate choice to use your minds to reach out, to aspire, to be aware, to dream, to love, and, indeed, to conceive and create brave new ideas in the pursuit of excellence of which this *Asterisk* is a product.

There is no experience better designed to acquaint one with the excellence of thought and expression of which our young people are capable than the creation of a distinguished work like this *Asterisk*.

My deepest appreciation and highest compliments to all whose imaginative spirit and hard work will influence others to know and pursue this course of excellence.

Dr. Simon E. Babel, *Principal*

Far more than hollow reverberations whirling in empty minds, concepts, thoughts, the knowledge of life are echoes resounding through the wide caverns of time. Echoes are whispering reflections—the wisdom of ages shining into the mind and soul of a far-reaching today—for there is no completely original, novel idea.

Learning and the acquisition of knowledge delve deeply into the total cognizance of the world. Concepts—the Echoes of preceding generations—have lived and will live indefinitely. So will the words of the present, and even those yet unwritten, enrich future minds.

With pride, this edition of “Asterisk” presents Echoes of life as reflected upon by Lowrey students, Class of '69. Using Echoes, they have developed the stirring ideals, the fresh hopes, Echoes that will perhaps guide tomorrow.

Sincerely,

Catherine A. Warner, *Editor*  
Jane R. Blann, *Assistant Editor*

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# Deliver Us

by Jane Blann

The sky was streaked blood red and the sun seethed angrily in the west. The clouds were like flames leaping and licking across the horizon, swept by a ceaseless wind. The hills glowed with golden-red hues as the scornful sphere of fire cast its warning shadows—couriers that burned unheeded, across the land. The air was hot and still, in spite of the wind which stirred relentlessly—anxiously in the trees. The atmosphere was electric with tension. There was something ominous, threatening, secretly held by the sky and land. The scene was breathtaking, as if at any moment, heaven and earth would split open, and terrible bolts of lightning would lash and crack madly with smoking steel whips.

Slowly and sadly the blazing sky darkened into purple and black—bruised by the God-like wrath that had caused it to burn. The sun, once blazing and mighty, was dark and withered—exhausted by its futile struggles. The wind died into a hoarse whisper—shuddered and ceased. The air, suddenly chilling and damp, hung lifeless over the land.

Foreboding clouds crouched over blackness. An icy white moon danced

the horizon and studded across a vast grotesquely through the trees that stretched their hideous, bony fingers mockingly to the heavens. The air was deathly still—frightening—and the silence echoed over the cinder-shrouded hills. Sinister black shadows slinked stealthily from the murky darkness which enveloped the land. There was fear and madness lurking—menacing. The air became cooler and the ordinary smells of the night turned sour and putrid. A cold, dank mist curled through the darkness. It seeped from the ground. It slithered and wound like a viper—strangling, suffocating, blinding its victims. Soon it lay motionless over its helpless prey—ready to devour—to sink to the very core, and decay. This spectral monster—a master of deception, created strange and fantastic shapes which loomed in the blackness.

Then wearily, defeated, the night began to fade into melancholy shades of gray. The moon, high above the loathsome mist, quit its hideous ritual and melted into the liquid blue of a new dawn. The slate black shadows retreated sulkily to their deep recesses.

All was deathly still, now. Below, the vapor settled deeper over the land, sinking its claws to the bosom of the earth. It hung like a leech to its prey and sucked the life from its powerless victim. It was triumphant.

# The Unheard Plea

I wander through each day  
Sometimes aimlessly, sometimes ambitiously,  
Sometimes brave, sometimes afraid.  
Each of the days in my life represent a wave--  
A wave just rolling over and over  
With no destiny, until  
Suddenly it splashes against a lonesome cliff;  
So ending another day.  
But, am I not just another wave?  
Traveling through life, a student of nature.  
I have no manifest destiny,  
Just an ignorant soul among great intellects,  
Seeking an individual identity and striving for existence.  
Please stop the world and let me find myself  
Before I smash into the cliff.

—John Chmela

## The People Pass By

Cold, piercing, boreal--

Dense is the stillness that suffocates  
The people, the stupified ones on the street;  
People bundled and hurrying home to their  
White warmth, white comfort.

And yet--

There stands huddled  
in a doorway  
of a building  
a man--lonely, friendless.  
"We do not want you here," said they.  
"Find some other place," said they.  
"Your kind we do not serve,"  
The white ones jeered.

And so--

His clothes do stiffen from the cold,  
His blackness stings from the wind,  
And pass the people by.

Silent, death-like, stare his eyes  
At the unconcerned--  
Inner mirrors of sadness.  
Bare, chafed, his hands grope,  
Searching for warmth in a pocket.

And yet--pass the people by.

Darkness settles on the streets.  
Still, unresponsive are the eyes.  
Pinched, the face;  
Limp, the hands;  
Fingers, twisted into frozen distortions;  
The body, lies crumpled, as refuse.

The white ones,  
The people?  
Pass by.

—Vanessa Schweitzer

## The Christmas Scrooge

Every Christmas has its scrooges,  
But have they a reason to be?  
Material aspects have stolen the glory  
That should be directed towards Thee.

More familiar to children are Santa and Rudolph  
Than the Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord.  
On Saturday visiting Santa--  
On Sunday at church they are bored.

No scrooge, I am not condoning,  
But this is the worldly reward--  
A Christmas that's merry and joyous,  
Yet remembering the birth of our Lord.

—Pam Winnard

### After The Beautiful Red Ribbon Is Cleaned Up

Outside my window it's bitter cold  
The ground is frozen and hard,  
The wind is silent at night.  
The sky is black and tarred.  
Still hearts are warm in this arctic cold  
They're full of love and charity,  
This feeling of joy engulfs the land  
And for a while there's Christmas tranquility.  
The love and friendship's but a plastic toy.  
The batteries will soon run out,  
The toys? They'll all go back to the store  
And hate and suspicion will reign throughout.  
So when I see a "Christmas" man on the street  
Who greets me insincere,  
I just smile, 'cause it won't last long  
He'll be drunk and intolerable come the New Year.

—John Chmela

# Make—Believe

by Jan Thostenson

The circus. Fun, clowns, bare-back rides, excitement, and I was going there now. The night was cold and snowy. Our breath looked like smoke billowing from a train. It was all perfect. Once we were inside the coliseum the smell of cotton candy, popcorn, hay, animals—the feel of excitement and anxiety—over-powering.

People look and seem so different in this atmosphere. Here, they forget their problems and troubles and become completely involved in the circus' magic and mystery. They imagine themselves, and for a while are, the woman on the trapeze, the man shot out of the cannon, the silly clowns, or even the ferocious animals. They feel as brave as the lion tamer, graceful as the tight-rope walker, dexterous as the juggler. No longer limited by class, financial position or society's rules, they can visualize themselves as doing something or being someone they never could be, Make-believe! Beautiful!

I was entranced all the while—engrossed in each performer's step—enchanted by their feats—enthralled by strange, foreign animals.

The mystical, magical circus, its sights and its smells, still held me spell-bound even after all was over. On our way to the car, I saw the trailer that belonged to the star performer. Wanting to see the interior, I ran over there. I imagined it as a castle, spotless, everything glistening, mounds of savory food on the table set for a banquet, a wardrobe of beautiful sparkling costumes. Magnificent. However, when I peered through the window, I saw dusty beer bottles on a tiny, tattered table; old, dingy, dull costumes half hanging in the closet. I walked away, disappointed and disillusioned.

On winding my way back to the car, I saw several attendants taking the animals back to their quarters. What in the ring appeared to be sleek, jungle captives were really painted, bedraggled creatures with muddy, matted fur. Another bubble broken. Reality replaced make-believe.

## The Flower Garden

The Garden of Flowers lies off the beaten path  
Occasional travelers detoured their way  
To relieve inward anxieties, discomfort, and wrath.  
They entered the Garden to refresh their eyes,  
To drink with their ears,  
To add to or rejuvenate their beings.

It was this way the Garden became known, but slowly,  
For the beat of the life pulse allowed few interruptions.  
Only the traveler willing to pause, needing change,  
Ventured out of the sustaining force  
Of the stream, to wander in the moss-green velvet  
Of the Garden. Some stayed,  
Safe in the walls of mist, but many returned  
And told of the new life they had lived.  
The tales of this miraculous paradise  
Became sifted through the funnel of time.  
The way to the Garden became worn.  
In the now of our life span,  
The way to the Garden has become a main path.  
Many now come to taste, to feel, to stay, or to take  
Away what they find. Others choose to leave  
Some of themselves behind.

—John Chmela

*Michelle Brown*

## MELANGE

I am of an independent nature,  
and I bask in the sunshine of  
my imagination.

I feel everything in my secret niche,  
of both living  
and languished moods.

I frolic in the meadow of  
lightheartedness, overgrown  
with laughter and jubilation.

And as I stoop to gather a  
bouquet of yellow and white  
blossoms of bliss.

I feel a wave of rapture  
wash over me,  
and still I bask.

Then I become Lady Catherine,  
or Mary Magdalene, Amelia Erhart,  
or whatever seizes my nature.

I am holy, I am impish,  
I flourish with zest,  
and yet I can glow with serenity.

But the flame of my fantasy  
wavers and flickers,  
it flutters and is restless.

My kaleidoscopic colors change,  
as leaves in Indian summer,  
and suddenly my spirit dives.

And now I am weary.  
Weary from living  
a shapeless life.

P. Newcome

My chastened life:  
    simple and unadorned.  
It is grey here in my little niche.

I am drifting with  
    the current of life.  
Not living - drifting.

Soon I am overcome with  
    silence  
and my heart becomes a rock.

My emotions are petrified,  
    all is paralyzed  
as I sit meditating.

Although my soul is transfixed,  
    my little niche has sprouted wings,  
and is lost in blue.

And it finds itself in a nunnery,  
    a monastery, a dungeon.  
All is quiet.

Now I am part of all.  
    My imagination has liquidated  
and is spreading all over the earth.

My spirit is in  
    the spirit of everything that exists.  
Every leaf, every bird, every clump of earth.

My niche has been bleached white.  
    Everything is pure and untouched,  
and I am as meek as a lamb.

My soul has reopened and  
    I escape into the bright orchards.  
where the trees of knowledge subsist.

The bright orchards, misty with amber spice, .  
    and their boughs, heavily laden with  
the silence of the centuries.

—Emily Wayrynen

## A Christmas Gift

What do you want for Christmas?  
The Answer I do not know.

One could get most anything,  
From clothes, to toys, or snow.

Do you want a new dress?  
Or maybe a sweater or two?

If you don't know, I'll tell you,  
Here is what I'll do.

I'll suggest some little things,  
And you may be surprised.

But if you listen closely,  
You'll know each choice is wise.

Faith is a most precious gift,  
To be treasured when received.

And Hope will give your heart a lift,  
When it's so hard to believe.

But the greatest gift of all,  
Is fine to give or get;

LOVE is this wondrous gift . . .  
Do you have it yet?

—Georgia Brock

## Friendship

One man's friendship is want,  
One man's friendship is will;  
With these two friendships together,  
The world won't stand still.

—Linda

## Dimensions Of Childhood

Ears pricked and muzzles  
wet, they bow and moo  
and bow.

Carefree, awkward—  
tramping o'er the dewey  
hills and dales.

Uninhibited, untouched  
as the landscape around  
them. Deaf to the world.

The tempting smell of  
the meadows—permeatinng  
the air.

Life is a green, green meadow—  
long blades, and soft blossoms,  
cooling rains, and enchanting fogs  
—tempting to the eye.

The soft brown eyes,  
the innocent eyes—  
still blind, unknowing.

Bowing, they muzzle the  
floor of the meadow, stooping  
to eat of life . . . .  
And learn.

—Emily Wayrynen

## From Me To Him

I sat indoors and watched them play  
On the winter's cold, snowy day.  
I cried until my heart did break,  
And then I endeavored to bake a cake.

The day was dull and very long  
And soon I sang my favorite song:  
It spoke of Mary, Jesus, and God,  
And how we're children of the sod.

It gave to me the faith I craved  
Of love and hope and youth and age.  
The satisfaction I did get  
Became the best I had found yet!

Though I am crippled and can't walk  
I have my tongue with which to talk:  
Recall the words of Tiny Tim,  
And "God bless you from me and him!"

—Linda

## Golden Day

Golden day,  
Golden sun,  
Golden green grass.

Skip along,  
Jump around,  
Light as the air.

Down the hill,  
Through the vale,  
Wind on your face.

Kick off shoes,  
Throw up arms,  
Throw cares away.

Now that your dream is full  
You cannot stay.  
Open your eyes, my dear—  
Greet the new day.

—Cathy Warner

# Excursions In Black Beauty

by Pam Winnard

It all began in the spring of '63. I had just returned from a weekend retreat with the girl scouts, and as I approached the house, a new black car, shiny and bright, was parked outside. It was beautiful, or so I thought. Now I realize how little it took to please me in the line of cars before I became a licensed driver.

Actually it was a hideous car and a choice my father had evidently made without consulting my mother. The car was a '63 Ford Fairlane. I might add that the Fairlane is the cheapest car Ford makes. She was upholstered, very sparingly, in brilliant red which is my least favorite color, and includes no extra features.

It really wasn't too bad—she ran like a beauty. By '65, however, she had become our second car and was used mainly to take my father back and forth to work. He loved that car. I can remember how he'd brag to my mom about how he had never put a penny in her except for gas, and what a reliable little car she was.

Toward the end of '66 I became a licensed driver. Naturally, the '63 Fairlane, which I later tagged "Black Beauty", became the car in which I was to spend most of my time. Mom and dad always claimed our Pontiac, and I did little complaining because I was far better off than most of my friends—or was I?

It began with little things. For instance the radiator over-heating. Dad had a simple solution. I was to keep four one-gallon bleach containers filled with water in the back seat at all times, and every time the temperature gauge moved towards the big H, I was to add some water. Not difficult at all—after I found the radiator.

When the gas gauge went on the blink I really didn't give it much thought. Keeping track of the miles that my father and I drove, I was sure, would present no real problem. As a matter of fact, we devised a nifty little system. Whenever we pulled into a gas station to have the tank filled, we recorded the mileage on the plastic-coated, cardboard visor. All was well for the next couple of months as Dad kept everything straight. However, as the visor became more and more unreadable, and the mathematics involved to figure out just when I was going to run out of gas began to trouble me, I just gave up. It is not unusual for me to run out of gas at least once a week.

I had another problem. I would be driving along and the engine would suddenly quit, and I would coast to a stop on the side of the road. After sobbing hysterically at the wheel for a number of minutes, these minor catastrophes don't even bring a whimper out of me now. I would nervously try to start her up, and surprisingly enough she would start. I'd make a bee-line to the nearest Mobil gas sta-

tion, never finding out what the problem was.

The only other problem dealing with the running condition of "Black Beauty" was the day I lost the muffler in the middle of a raging rain storm. Well, not actually lost it because that would have been simple. I would have just kept driving. It had rusted part way off and the other part was connected sturdily to the car. A little old man stopped to help me and actually lay in a puddle and sawed the muffler the rest of the way off. Daddy was less than pleased when I arrived home.

Not long ago "Black Beauty" was involved in her first accident. It was a rainy, slippery evening and it was

just one of those things. The door on the driver's side was completely wrecked, but my father came through with an inexpensive, creative way to fix it. He cut the damaged portion out, painted a piece of aluminum black, and bolted it in place. Mission accomplished!

Good ol' "Black Beauty" is parked in front of the house right now. She's missing the shine and luster she once had, and she isn't running quite like she should be either. She's missing a few essentials in the interior—radio, heater, right wiper, left arm rest, and a number of items other people take for granted. And right now she's missing third gear.



# Time! Tennessee! Turnpike!

by Jim Baker

Although my parents have lived in Michigan for over ten years now, they still consider "Home" to be in Tennessee. Well, there comes once a year a time for going back home to the little, one street town where everyone knows everyone and no one tries to be someone else. Instead of sirens and trains one hears crickets and frogs. No traffic jams frustrate people; no people frustrate each other. One can walk the entire distance of the town at night without the threat of being molested in any way. Life is slow, slower than in the big cities, and this is good. For life need not be hastened. It has a speed of its own that is far too rapid.

The trip to Tennessee, to me, is enjoyable because I have always enjoyed the scenery. It is not the most breathtaking landscape in America, but it is amazing in comparison to the terrain of Dearborn Heights, Michigan. The family would vote on whether to take the regular, more scenic highways or those dreadful turnpikes that go on endlessly in the same direction at the same altitude. One might say the turnpikes save time, but no, they really waste time. For time must not and cannot be saved, it is to be enjoyed.

The scenery does not and probably never will attract my father's attention as he drives. It's as if he sees a distant point ahead and stares straight at it until it is reached; then spots another one and sets out to run it down. He wouldn't see any less if we took a subway the entire distance. And, I must admit, it would be more exciting than traveling eight hundred miles atop a virtually endless stretch of cement and tar built for the useless purpose of "saving time." It really seems as though people believe time can be hoarded up into a quantity and drawn out later by the use of something equivalent to a check. Well, they'll wish they would have lived life to its fullest when those checks start bouncing and they find they have run out of time.

## Flower Of Doom

Deep within the hollows of my body  
I know now, what I should have known then  
Innocence . . . is for a child,  
But for me it no longer exists.  
Lurid emotions hath come from thee;  
What I once loved and cherished is lost  
Within the depth of that flaming fire;  
I have tasted the flower of doom.

—Sandy Erway

## Bereft Of Shame

Oh, how blithesome is the child,  
How wise he is at birth.  
What a brash and brazen act  
To bring him to this earth  
This black abyss of peril.  
Stolen bikes, broken glass.  
The butyraceous up-hill climb  
Before each lad and lass.  
Bring him not to golden mead,  
Nor the blue, white-capped sea.  
Bespeak not of happy joy,  
Nor boast of being free.  
Best you teach him how to be  
As blase as the rest.  
Prejudice and bigotry  
To him shall you bequest.  
Just as those who brought you to  
The world they left the same,  
Will you not do better than  
Just cleanse your hands of shame?

—Cathy Warner



## Lonely

Lonely. Isolation. Why?  
Groups. Happiness & fun? A drag?  
One and only one. All wrong. Why?

Antisocial though not. Get what comes by.  
Out of place. Always three.  
No true friend. Want no love.

Mad. sane, or confused?

—Jan Thostenson

## God's Gift

Wise men. Shepherds. All serene.  
God. Gifts. Gladness.  
Christ child. Mary. Joseph.

Snowballs. Shopping. Fun. Crowds.  
Joy. Beauty. Lights.  
Happiness. Cards. Ornaments.  
Remembering ones forgotten.

God's gift to us.

—~~John Chmela~~

JAN THOSTENSON

## Silence

Silence—a whisper  
That no one can hear.  
A sound which enchants  
Gives form to our fears.

Silence, to some is  
A musical song—  
To others it's sadness,  
Perhaps it is wrong.

Silence is golden  
As some people say,  
To some it's a fearful  
Shadow of gray.

A nothingness present,  
Yet sometimes it holds.  
A silence tells someone  
A lot—yet untold.

Silence to someone—  
A nightmarish dream,  
Or silence to someone  
May answer his shemes.

A silence is present,  
It's mystical tone  
May hold a deep meaning  
Which to each is his own.  
—Pam Zambo

# A Day at Dave's

by Sharon Karapetoff

Years ago my family and I took annual vacation trips up north and stayed at Dave's Motel. Dave was a very friendly man with a wife, Sally, and three children, Susie, Cathy, and Davy. They were all very nice, and we knew them very well from our continuous trips there.

Davy and I were the same age, ten years old, and I admired him very much. However, he did not notice me even though I tried earnestly to capture his attention. Finally, the day before we were scheduled to leave for home arrived, I knew I must do something that would definitely attract him. We were planning to go to the lake that afternoon, and I asked my father to invite Dave and his family to come along since I knew I would not see Davy for another year. He consented although just the children came. This made me even happier.

When we arrived at the lake I took out my large float and ran into the shallow water with all the other kids. This float was my only means of keeping above the water since I could not swim. While in the water, I watched Davy continuously and paddled my float wherever he went. Finally, he noticed me and asked if he could get on the float, too. I was so overjoyed that I jumped up from my position, and in doing so, the float slid out from under me and I toppled into the water. I felt I was going to drown, but much to my surprise I was saved, not by my true love, but by my angelic sister, who ruined my one and only chance to pursue my hero. I felt I would rather have drowned instead of facing the heckling that would follow this minor catastrophe of mine. I must say, that was the one thing Davy noticed about me, even though I had not intended it as such. From then on I was fully content just watching Davy and overjoyed by a quick glance he might accidentally pass me.

After that exciting and embarrassing afternoon, I was more than happy to make the long journey home.

## What Can Ya' Do?

What can ya' do  
When ya' know what to do  
Yet ya' just can't seem  
to do it?

Where do ya' start  
When ya' know that it's right  
Yet ya' just can't seem  
to begin it?

And where do ya' go  
When ya' start on your way  
And they just can't see  
you've begun it?

You must keep on going,  
You cannot give up—

## A Plan For Living

We squander health in search of wealth  
We plan, we toil, we save.  
Then squander wealth in search of health,  
And all we get's a grave.

Now while we have a chance let's plan  
Our qualities to test;  
To make our lives so useful  
Our memory will be blessed.

If we all follow through this way,  
Each working for the best,  
The perfect life will come to stay,  
And God will do the rest.

# The Lioness

by Emily Wayrynen

"Yes, they had been a handsome couple." He set the photograph back in his drawer and turned out the light. "They *did* look well together." His father, tall and blond, strong arms. She rather small and plain. Very much English. She had callused hands and long, well-trained fingers. "What was her name? Ah, yes, Camille, that was it. Camille. Edward and Camille." He thought of it over and over. It haunted him. "Edward and Camille." Like a lioness stalking her prey.

He thought of his mother. "Where was she?" The petite woman he'd never known. The perfumed hands he'd never touched. "Where was she?" The lioness made her move carefully. "She's a servant in a tea house, or an apple seller on a street corner, or a prostitute in some slummy village. She could be one of a thousand things and be in one of a thousand places."

"Why had they done it?" The lioness moved. "Had they meant to get involved? What did Camille do? What did she do when an Oriental beauty stole her husband right from under her nose?" The lioness sprang. "My mother! Why did it have to be my mother?"

"Did Edward really fall in love with my mother? Edward, my father."

Suddenly he bolted out of his bed, and, turning on a light, he stared directly into a mirror. He was beautiful. Dark, dark brown hair, tall, very Oriental featured, and bright blue eyes.

He climbed back into bed. "Poor Camille," he suddenly laughed out loud, "Poor Camille." He turned over and went to sleep. The lioness was quiet.