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W. C. W.'s Moment of Suspense

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As he was walking past a mill shed on his way home late in the day, a wood-chip flew off an axe and nicked him on the temple.

He nodded politely to the man inside with the axe.

The sun rolled down. The marsh dropped casually into place.

So little trembling.

Hardly had the shops closed that night, and the townspeople begun to sort through their pockets, than a wind came up and bent down the grasses, and he turned from his dresser to look outside at the few leaves blown darkly across.

“A splinter flew off an axe,”

he said to himself. “What was my mistake?”

When he went downstairs later that night he found his wife had left out a cup, with a packet of cocoa beside it.

And he was also surprised by the sound of the rain starting up which sounded to him like thousands millions of splinters ticking the windows.