
Iris.

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My sister Iris swallowed a fly. She had her mouth open while she was outside, & a fly flew

down her throat. She was afraid the fly was living inside her. She asked me if I could hear it buzzing, but I heard nothing. She thought the fly might live inside her for days & fly out at an inopportune moment. I was positive it died & would come out the other end, but I didn't tell her that, because I knew she didn't want to see it again no matter what form it was in.

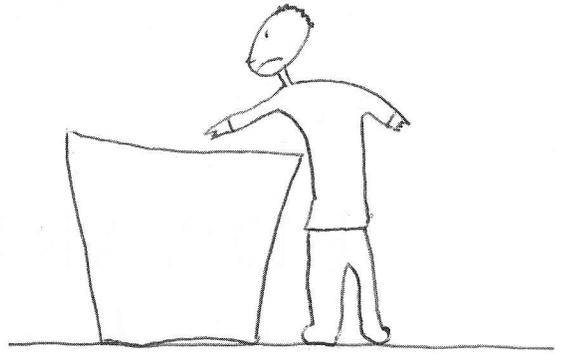
Mother said she hoped Iris learned a lesson—to keep her big mouth shut. She was always telling her it was bad manners to walk around with her mouth open—she wouldn't want strangers counting how many cavities she had. That was between her, her dentist, & her parents who paid the dental bills.

Mother was grateful to the fly. Iris stopped talking back. She just made faces. And most of the time Mother didn't see them. The house became peaceful. Then when the bug season ended Iris felt safe enough to open her mouth again, & the fighting resumed. 🐛

Two Memories by



My favorite hero was Johnny Appleseed. I'd read books about him. One author said he was a myth, & never existed. That didn't bother me. A lot of times I wasn't sure if I existed, so that only made me identify with him more. It was hard to feel real when I couldn't remember what I did each day. That was probably because I never did anything.



I thought it'd have been cool to plant seeds wherever I went, so if I ever came back to visit & saw a tree where there once was nothing I'd know I helped change the place. I wanted people to say, "There goes Hal Appleseed. He may not say much, but he leaves a lot of trees behind. And thanks to him we get free apples."

After I ate an apple I planted the seeds in a pot. I watered it, but nothing grew. I dug up the seeds to make sure they were still there. They looked the same, only a little drier. A week later I used a different seed—a McIntosh instead of a Granny Smith, because they were native to the area—but it didn't grow either.

Hal Sirowitz

I gave up being Johnny Appleseed. I decided to be Superman. I knew I'd never fly or be stronger than a speeding locomotive, but since that was so unrealistic I felt less frustrated. Plus I didn't have to try to plant any seeds. †

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**Johnny
Appleseed**