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## Tulips

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## Tulips

"I always said I was sorry, but it never did any good. He would just throw another empty beer can in my face and tell me to shut up. Sometimes he would just slap me really hard. Then he would jump into his truck and drive off all crazy and not come home for hours. It happens every time I come home late from work. I tried to explain that I can't always get off on time; if someone is late, then I'm expected to stay, and if we get really busy, then they won't let me leave either. He said he expects me home on time, that's all. He ruined my tulips last year; drove right into them because I wanted out of the truck once. He was really sorry afterward, he said that damned boss of his just works him to death and he can only relax with a couple beers at home. But then he got fired. I told him it was ok, that I could get more hours at work until he found something else. But, it has been eight months, and he hasn't found anything yet. He's out all day looking. I guess that's the best he can do. Those tulips were really pretty, though. It's a shame he had to ruin them."

—Tricia B. Swearingen '94



*Untitled*, Keith Chapman '95