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David Jonathan Hawker

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The air is intensified, the pace of life driven by the high-noon chiming of the North Church clock. There is no other sound save for the twelve times of the chimes. Two men, grim, hard; soaked in the sweat, the tears and the dirt that is their lives, face each other in a forgotten western town, one wears a star. With the striking of the chimes, a gun leaps into the hand of each man; shots are fired, reports echoed and reechoed. There is a moment of intensive silence, then a woman burst upon the street from a side door, the killer's woman, running not to the killer but **adulterously** to the fallen lawman; again a shot, a report, an echo; then silence, a final silence. The killer: David Jonathan Hawer, but not the killer for he sits comfortably quiet next to Julia in the contoured red-velvet seats of the Wilby theater; the matinee is over.

The afternoon has been as any afternoon with her; cold, alien, deterrent to any form of romance...a mockery of his feelings for her that made him sick of the agony of loving her; the agony of being twisted and used by her. David rose suddenly, taking her by the hand, and left the theater. They were riding home in silence when David suddenly, parked and ran into a nearby vacant lot with Julia holding tightly to his hand. They stopped as a glittering

object caught David's eye....the killer's gun? or--just an old broken bottle.

The stillness of late afternoon is suddenly shattered by the four o'clock chimes; David turns to face Julia's mocking laughter; again the chimes the glittering object again catches his eye and as if by magic the vacant lot is transformed into the same street of the forgotten western town with the same grim beaten men facing one another; with the fourth chime the glittering object becomes a gun in David's hand exploding fire into Julia's face; then silence. Filled with peace at last David Jonathan Hawker climbs upon his tricycle and rides home.

The Sunday Bible was supposed to return the three of us hid in the woods across the street from her house. About three o'clock Rabe's family station wagon drove in. Her parents were first to arrive, then Rabe. She was about three feet tall and although she wore her hair in bangs, you could see (as Powell and Mike had said) the formation of two small horns on her head. She quickly reconnoitered the neighborhood and spotted us across the street. In a voice that would have made a drill sergeant tremble Rabe yelled: "Get over here!"

We slowly walked over, she looked us over and dubbed us "Frog." She told us to wait until she changed clothes and then we would engage in a game of war. When Rabe disappeared into the house Powell assured us that his mother knew Rabe was coming home today and that she would eventually come looking for us. At the time I didn't realize the importance of this announcement.