

again would he ride in the bus. He wondered how the family would manage without his £12. But then, of course, there would be one less mouth to feed. That would help. It was a pity. He had wanted so much to make a bird just like those birds that used to fly down to the river on the farm, for that kind white lady.

## RAIN

Alden A. Nowlan

It is not rain itself that children cry for  
but being shut away; I know the feeling:  
homesick for everywhere I've never been  
I too sometimes look sad, though not at windows.