

## Our Readers Write Us

Well, it's almost that time again when everyone has to register his purpose in existence at the Central Bureau, after all, others are waiting to replace us when we can no longer justify our lives, and it's a nuisance form at best, but, if you let the deadline slip by, it's suicide, at least with suicide it's cleaner than the kind of accident you're apt to have when the Central Signal starts beeping in your direction, I remember my friend Cissy who tried to make it as Love Object (just one chance in a hundred the machine would woof up her form for the Check) and the investigators found that her lover has finished himself two years previous, poor girl had nothing else to fall back on, so the Final Notice arrived, and Cissy, featherbrain to the end, decided to beat the rap by pretending the letter got lost in the mails, well, she did fine for six days, but on the seventh she cut her finger while peeling a pomegranate at the kitchen sink, gangrene set in, of course, and no doctor could treat her now that her name was struck off the List of the Living, so we went through the fever and smell and pain with her, nothing but a little blackmarket morphine to ease her out, and that cost us an arm and a leg, well anyway, what I am thinking is, now that my youngest is fifteen I can't keep qualifying as Mother, so I might switch to Poet, a difficult category, but, once you get into it, you're set for life, maybe subversive stuff to keep spirits up in the colleges and don't the police need a chance to try out their new crowd control methods, or I could go for grandeur, a brave heart for the changes we must all endure, the thing is it's my old age I'm worried about losing out on if I don't find something secure.

-- Dolores Stewart

Pembroke, Mass.