

"Your" Harvest

1. Unique Pronunciation Of A Common Word
2. The Common Word
3. Mode Of Transportation
4. Number 1-12
5. Plural Body Part
6. Fluid
7. Article Of Clothing
8. Same Plural Body Part
9. Number
10. Number
11. Number
12. Occupation
13. Trait Ending In S
14. Same Trait
15. Same Trait
16. Building
17. Same Occupation
18. Same Building
19. Commodity Plural
20. Commodity Plural
21. Commodity Plural
22. Occupation
23. Word Ending In -Ability

24. Previous Word Without The Suffix
25. Age
26. Same Trait
27. Type Of Bag
28. Something Expensive
29. Age
30. Number
31. Something You Squeeze
32. Clothing
33. Clothing
34. Same Occupation As First
35. Same Occupation As First
36. Time Of Day
37. Place
38. Same Place
39. Where The Place Is Found
40. Same Place
41. Vehicle
42. Same Place
43. Clothing
44. Animal
45. Species Of Same Animal
46. Same Animal

"Your" Harvest

The year I began to say very instead of It, a man I barely knew nearly accidentally killed me.

The man was not hurt when the other is hit ours. The man I had known for for week held me in the street in a way that meant I couldn't see my dinner. I remember knowing that I shouldn't look, and knowing that I would look if it wasn't that I couldn't.

My when was on the front of this man's clothes.

He said, "You'll be okay, but this it is ruined."

I screamed from the fear of pain. But I did not feel any pain. In the hospital, after injections, I knew there was pain in the room --" I just didn't know whose pain it was.

What happened to one of my happened required . hundred stitches, which, when I told it, became But hundred stitches, because nothing is ever quite as bad as it could be.

The the days they didn't know if they could save my leg or not I stretched to place.

The

_____ can _____ was the one who used the word. But I won't get around to that until a couple of paragraphs.

We were having the _____ trait ending in s _____ discussion --" how important are they. Crucial is what I had said.

I think _____ same trait _____ are crucial.

But this guy was a lawyer. He sat in an aqua vinyl chair drawn up to my bed. What he meant by _____ same _____

_____ trait _____ was how much my loss of them was worth in a _____ building _____ .

I could tell that the _____ same occupation _____ liked to say _____ same building _____ . He told me he had taken the bar

three times before he had passed. He said that his friends had given him handsomely embossed business

_____ commodity plural _____, but where these lovely _____ commodity plural _____ were supposed to say Attorney-at-Law, his

_____ commodity plural _____ said Attorney-at-Last.

He had already covered loss of earnings, that I could not now become an _____ occupation _____. That I had never

considered becoming one was immaterial, he said, legally.

"There's another thing," he said. "We have to talk here about _____ word ending in -ability _____."

The

tendency was to say previous word without the suffix awwhat ? although I knew what he meant the first time I heard it.

I was age years old. I said, "First, don't we talk about dateability?"

The man of a week was already gone, the accident driving him back to his wife.

"Do you think same trait are important?" I asked the man before he left.

"Not at first," he said.

In my neighborhood there is a fellow who was a chemistry teacher until an explosion took his face and left what was left behind. The rest of him is neatly dressed in dark suits and shined shoes. He carries a type of bag to the college campus. What a comfort --" his family, people said --" until his wife took the kids and moved out.

In the solarium, a woman showed me a snapshot. She said, "This is what my son used to look like."

I spent my evenings in Dialysis. They didn't mind when a lounge was free. They had wide-screen color TV, better than they had in Rehab. Wednesday nights we watched a show where women in something expensive clothes

appeared on lavish sets and promised to ruin one another.

On one side of me was a man who spoke only in phone numbers. You would ask them how he felt, he would say , "924-3130." Or he would say, "757-1366." We guessed what these numbers might be, but nobody spent the dime.

There was sometimes, on the other side of me, a _____^{age} year old boy. His lashes were thick and dark from blood-pressure medication. He was next on the transplant list, as soon as --" the word they used was harvest --" as soon as a kidney was harvested.

The boy's mother prayed for drunk drivers.

I prayed for men who were not discriminating.

Aren't we all, I thought, somebody's harvest?

The hour would end, and a floor nurse would wheel me back to my room. She would say, "Why watch that trash ? Why not just ask me how my day went?"

I

spent number minutes before going to bed squeezing something you squeeze. One of the medications was making my fingers stiffen. The doctor said he'd give it to me till I couldn't button my clothing --" a figure of speech to someone in a cotton clothing.

The same occupation as first said, "Charitable works."

He opened his shirt and showed me where an acupuncture person had dabbed at his chest with cola syrup, sunk four needles, and told him that the real cure was charitable works.

I said, "Cure for what?"

The same occupation as first said, "Immaterial."

As soon as I knew that I would be all right, I was sure that I was dead and didn't know it. I moved through the days like a severed head that finishes a sentence. I waited for the moment that would snap me out of my seeming life.

The accident happened at time of day, so that is when I felt this way the most. The man I had met the week before was driving me to dinner when it happened. The place was at the place, a same

place

on a where the place is found that you can look across and see the city lights, a place where you can see everything without having to listen to any of it.

A long time later I went to that same place myself. I drove the vehicle. It was the first good same place day; I wore clothing.

At the edge of the sand I unwound the elastic bandage and waded into the surf. A boy in a wet suit looked at my leg. He asked me if a animal had done it; there were sightings of species of same animal along that part of the coast.

I said that, yes, a same animal had done it.

"And you're going back in?" the boy asked.

I said, "And I'm going back in."

I leave a lot out when I tell the truth. The same when I write a story. I'm going to start now to tell you what I have left out of "The Harvest," and maybe begin to wonder why I had to leave it out.

There

was no other car. There was only the one car, the one that hit me when I was on the back of the man's motorcycle. But think of the awkward syllables when you have to say motorcycle.

The driver of the car was a newspaper reporter. He worked for a local paper. He was young, a recent graduate, and he was on his way to a labor meeting to cover a threatened strike. When I say I was then a journalism student, it is something you might not have accepted in "The Harvest."

In the years that followed, I watched for the reporter's byline. He broke the People's Temple story that resulted in Jim Jones's flight to Guyana. Then he covered Jonestown. In the city room of the San Francisco Chronicle, as the death toll climbed to nine hundred, the numbers were posted like donations on pledge night. Somewhere in the hundreds, a sign was fixed to the wall that said JUAN CORONA, EAT YOUR HEART OUT.

In emergency room, what happened to one of my legs required not four hundred stitches but just over three hundred stitches. I exaggerated even before I began to exaggerate, because it's true --" nothing is ever quite as bad as it could be.

My lawyer was no attorney-at-last. He was a partner in one of the city's oldest law firms. He would never have opened his shirt to reveal the site of acupuncture, which is something that he never would have had.

"Marriageability" was the original title of " The Harvest."

The damage to my leg was considered cosmetic although I am still, 15 years later, unable to kneel. In an out-of-court settlement the night before the trial, I was awarded nearly \$100,000. The reporter's car insurance went up \$12.43 per month.

It had been suggested that I rub my leg with ice, to bring up the scars, before I hiked my skirt three years later for the court. But there was no ice in the judge's chambers, so I did not get a chance to pass or fail that moral test.

The man of a week, whose motorcycle it was, was not a married man. But when you thought he had a wife, wasn't I liable to do anything? And didn't I have it coming?

After the accident, the man got married. The girl he married was a fashion model. ("Do you think looks are important? I asked the man before he left. "Not at first," he said.)

In addition to being a beauty, the girl was worth millions of dollars. Would you have accepted this in "The Harvest" --" that the model was also an heiress?

top of Mount Tamalpais. We had the dinner with us as we headed up the twisting mountain road. This is the version

that has room for perfect irony, so you won't mind when I say that for the next several months, from my hospital bed, I had a dead-on spectacular view .