

## "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

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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 \_\_\_\_\_ awhat ? 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 lounger 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 \_\_\_\_\_ <sup>age</sup> 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?"

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 .