

THE YELL

The Scarlet Sweater



Hester had worn a Red
sewn thereupon.

I wonder if she still has it
the other memorabilia in
rending memories. *"I was*

She wore a cream-colored
with a **Megaphone** sewn
pirouetted, or kicked high,
Crescendo, her Red Panty
She, a tall, blond, peach-
anything was revealed.

But it was all part of growing
achievement. In some other
embroidery, being careful not to

Every time our team scored
the other team flucked up, she
dedicated, overcoming, fanatical,
laggard, the unenthusiastic, the lackluster, and the voyeur.

That was a long time ago. It still persists today as part of a
continuing tradition; however, with more athleticism, like jumping-
jacks; the whole beat, whirl, and jiggle somewhat more provocative. It
has eclipsed my life, this new **SIS, BOOM, BAH!**; 'rooting' when we
succeed, 'rooting' tauntingly when they fail, each camp
antipodes, pumping up the legions, to transform
cathartic gesture into psychokinetic action - the
vicarious effusion designed to unnerve the Enemy, to bring
them down in a fever pitch. In the final downbeat, a cartwheel
terminates as the Red Underwear
anoints the floor in a rending **S P**

L I T !

They **RoARRRRED!!**

When we lost, one questioned her efficaciousness; she wept.

It was hers to mourn as well.

"I was happy then".

*"I haven't grown old gracefully; I have been out of the main-
stream. I look on; I wonder why those yell-leaders are so fanatical.*

*Their youthful beauty belies their cry for blood". YOUTH!
YOUTH! YOUTH!*

I leave her in her soliloquy, staring transfixed as the teams scamper
up and down, back and forth, possessed of some ritual behavior. Her
own son, Dimmwitt, was too ordinary to be one of them; he **ROARED** in
the third row, a fan, a 'rooter', a vicarious appendage, undistinguished,
even, in his rooting.

Sweater with a big thick 'A'

buried somewhere amidst all
mothballs - full of heart-
happy then".

knee-length, pleated skirt
thereupon. When she

as a **YELL** reached a
was momentarily revealed.
blossom, who blushed when

up, of initiation, of
age she might have taken up
reveal as much as an ankle.

she leaped on high; every time
leaped on high, flushed faced,
perfidious; someone to stir the

perfidious; someone to stir the

legions, to transform
psychokinetic action - the
unnerve the Enemy, to bring
final downbeat, a cartwheel
Red Underwear
a rending **S P**
! ! !.

Surely the Enemy was

