

Mommy, don't hug me! Part II

# Story of child sexual abuse continued

The following is the second segment of Frederick Bobb's "Mommy, Don't Hug Me!" Readers learned in the first segment that fatherless Angel had a youngish friend, Mr. Sandman, who had taken her in and treated her like an "angel." Angel's family had no idea of what was going through Mr. Sandman's mind or what was to transpire in the future. First are the mother's thoughts.

by Frederick Bobb

The Mother...

They became the talk of the reservation, Angel and her new friend. I was proud to know a man like the one she was so close to, you don't find too many men who treat almost every girl they see as if she was his own anymore. Those days seem to be gone. Some things just weren't meant to last, I guess. They ran around a lot. He hugs her and kisses her as if she were his own flesh and blood. It was hard to be mad at him, but I swore the day that my husband died that my children would never have to go through that much sorrow again. She'd run up to me every now and then, and ask (always with that "Please, Mommy?" face) if I'd consider marrying him. I didn't know the guy, and tried to explain to her that it might be somewhat ridiculous for a woman of my age to marry a man of his age. She'd smack her lips, and sit down—pouting—and say "Geez! Who made up all these stupid rules?" They were so, so close. But as I said before, some things just weren't meant to last...

"Why are we stopping here?" asked Angel, her face filled with concern. The car had pulled into the dirt driveway of the Sandman's house, and the engine had been shut off.

"I just forgot to take my vitamins again," Sandman said, getting out of the car. "You can wait here?" he asked.

"Sure thing," Angel said, bundled up in the seat of the '84 Mercury Monarch. Her impressively insulated jacket giving her the "Teddy-bear" look.

Sandman ran up to the door, opened it, and entered the house. It smelled of old shoes, as it always had, and the heat inside felt tremendous. He knew what he was about to do was wrong, but he couldn't help it.

Running into the back room, he barely made it to the small dresser which seemed to support his bed. Opening the top drawer, he withdrew a small, caramel-colored bottle. He grabbed several small pills out of it, stuffed them into his mouth, and ran outside to his friend.

Inside the house, the small, caramel-colored bottle. It was cleared marked: PCP. It was written in scrawling handwriting.

They went to the K & D Drive In, and spent most of the night screaming at the beast who stalked the young teenagers who were simply out looking for a "good time." During the movie, Sandman fell asleep.

Next Month

Angel hadn't seen Sandman around for quite a while now. When she did, it was usually in Madras in a grocery store, a place where her mother would not allow her to leave her side.

But even when she *did* see him, she was somewhat reluctant to go with him. He didn't seem normal anymore. His eyes were deeper, not in depth, but in dimension. He wouldn't raise his head and greet her with a cheery "Hi!" anymore. In fact, he seemed not to notice her at all.

"He's outgrown you, Angel," her mother had told her. "Like all other men his age, he's probably found a woman who may make him feel ashamed to be around a little girl."

Angel would only reply "Who made up these dumb rules?"

Days seemed like weeks, and weeks like months. Without her friend, she seemed to be a lost puppy in an enormous city. Depression overcame her when she spotted out a well-intoxicated man sitting near a street curb in Madras. It was Mr. Sandman, and he wouldn't even raise his head to even look at her anymore.

*Life is hard on those who fail, Life grants those who try, Sadness comes to the man with no goals, Happiness to those with dreams. But dreams don't come easy, Especially when you're the dream maker, You can't dream as others do, When your name is Sandman.*

RBK

Same old television shows for the same old people who always seem to watch them, Angel sat near the foot of the gigantic TV screen, staring dreamily into the magic box. Supper was on the stove, fish lukamean. Lily hummed quietly, stripping the roots of their outer shells. Angel's

older brother—imitated the sounds of a roaring car as he pushed the Matchbox vehicles around his small body on the fluffily carpeting. Judy—Angel's older sister, sat writing in her diary (a habit she had picked up from dear old mother). Jack Tripper stumbled over a planter—probably one of Janet's—then was banged in the head by Chrissy's vast incompetence. The grandfather clock that rested neatly in the corner of the room began to toll.

"Oh my god!" yelled Lily. She stood, and rushed into her room, throwing clothing and other "Mommy" delights around the room. "I'd forgotten all about the seminar I was supposed to attend tonight!"

"Oh, No!" Judy called.

"Yeah, honey."

"Jacky asked me to spend the night. I was going to wait until the last minute to ask you, cause you always say yeah then."

"I suppose you can, but only if Jacky is Jacky, and not Jack."

Judy giggled, and prepared for her night.

"Bob?" Lily called.

"What!" yelled an anguished voice from another room.

"I need you to stay home tonight and watch over these two. I don't want them home all night alone, and you're the only one who'll be here."

"Okay," said the voice. The man of the house made his plans.

There was a knock on the door.

The havoc continued, the car, throwing clothes around the room, scribbling even faster in a dairy, and a seldom seen person in the other room. Angel opened the door.

"Hi," said Sandman.

Angel stood, looking into the eyes of her long lost friend. He looked even worse than he had before, his hair matted with oil, clothes grugged with soil, and face outlined in red.

"You wanna go out for a pizza?" he asked.

"Mommy, mommy!" Angel screamed, running into the back room where her mother continued to throw her wardrobe into the air.

"Angela, honey. I'm very busy."

"Sandman asked if I could go out to get a pizza for him... with him!"

Lily stopped, raised her head, and thought. "No," she whispered.

"Mommy!" Angel screamed on the verge of another useless tantrum.

Lily grabbed Angel by the arm, swung her around, and looked her in the face with a cold Indian look.

"I've seen that man all over the reservation drunk, on drugs, and 'selling out' as your friends in your age group call it. He's unfit to be taking on the responsibility of a young girl, and shouldn't be trusted with his own daughter the way he is now."

Angel stood in her mother's hands, appalled by the sudden flow of words. Her mother's face continued to stare into Angel's fear-filled eyes.

Lily raised her head, looked into the doorway, and almost fainted at the sight. There, Sandman stood. He had heard every last word about irresponsibility, and probably regretted that he'd even started drugs. Lily's eyes dropped, she loosened the grip on Angel.

Dumbfound, Angel stood in her mother's hands not know-

ing who would break the sudden silence first. No one did, Sandman walked out of the trailer.

"You get to your room, and don't you come out!" yelled Lily, her look even colder now.

Angel ran to her small, pink decorated room. There, she buried her head in the satin pillow until her mother had left. Then she began to cry.

Two hours had passed, eight o'clock was on its course. Webster had made Angel forget about the miniature conflict, and had sent her laughing into hysteria every so often.

Bob entered the room, decorated with chains, a Van Halen T-shirt, and jogging pants. He stood, watching Webster dance across the screen, the replied "Stupid show, how do you watch it?" He went for the door, opened it, then turned to say "I'm going out for a while. You had better not get into trouble or I'll spank you like you've never been spanked before. I'm not getting into trouble just because of you." He stopped to see Angel's reaction. She didn't give him the pleasure of a mean look, but only sat on the floor, her head bent back, watching the cute youth make joy for the world. "Hear me!" asked Bob.

"Mmm-Hmm," Angel replied.

The door slammed, the man of the house was gone.

Some time during the next twenty minutes, William had crept into the bedroom, and had fallen asleep. Angel might as well have been left at home alone.

The door opened, not a knock to be heard. Sandman slipped into the small room, a glint in his eyes as Angel had never seen before. He was—as Angel could tell—drunk again.

# Computers are here to stay

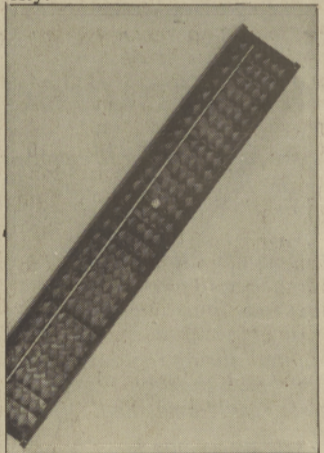


Warm Springs Elementary students become familiar with computer keyboard through games.

Spilyay Tymoo photo by Shewczyk

Centuries ago mathematical calculations were performed on an instrument with rows of beads for counting called the abacus.

As technology advanced mathematical calculations became more important. In 1642 Blaise Pascal, a mathematical prodigy, made a mark on history by inventing a mechanical calculator that proved to be amazing for that time, having the ability to add, multiply and even divide. The enormous cost, huge size and the threat that it might take away jobs hindered its popularity.



Used for centuries the abacus is the first computer.

With the possibilities of such a machine in mind many new ideas were formulated and it eventually became essential to create a practical machine for calculations. Taking a census would take ten years to complete.

The 1880 census proved to be a turning point. A contest was held to see who could make the census count the fastest. One contestant completed the count in 55 hours, another finished in 44 hours. The winner was Herman Hollerith who completed the census in 5½ hours with a punch card system. Hollerith later started a tabulating company which was eventually called International Business Machines (IBM).

The invention of the vacuum tube to expedite switching allowed the creation of the first large scale calculator and information processing computer. ENIAC, Electronic Number Integrator and Calculator, occupied a 15 x 30 foot room and utilized 18,000 tubes, one burning out every two seconds.

Ideas for storage, use of binary numbers and eventually the transistor revolutionized these calculator computers. Reasonable prices, reasonably sized machines could be developed.

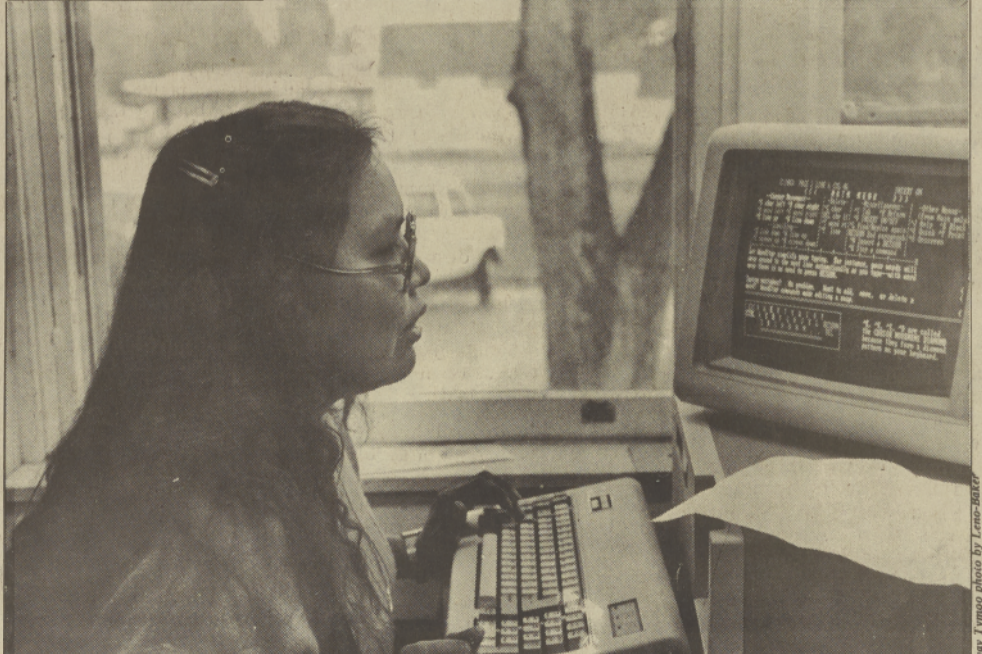
Although transistors made an impact on the computer industry, this invention was overshadowed by the creation of the micro-chip. The chip is at the heart of modern computers and allows for storage up to one million words on a single chip and the existence of pocket size machines.

The chip is found, now, in watches, cars, cameras, locks and alarm systems as well as in office and home computers. Technology had advanced at lightning speed with the use of chips, some no larger than a pin head.

The future cannot be planned without the computer in mind. It is being used as a teaching tool, a record keeper, an interviewer and advisor. It is replacing the simple typewriter and uniting offices through telecommunications across the country. It will eventually be used extensively in money exchange, electronic mail, robots, as personal identifiers. Although some social ramifications will result, the computer in its many forms is here to stay.



Instructing students at Warm Springs Elementary, Denver Sensibaugh explains movements of the monitor cursor.



Natural Resources secretary Lorraine Johnson learns basic computer language and operation.

Spilyay Tymoo photo by Lem-Seller