

Wahrheit und Dichtung

by Bill Yarrow

When I was eight years old, I stepped into a snow bank in Pennsylvania and sank in over my head. I remember looking up through a hole in the snow and seeing only brazen emptiness. I don't remember feeling fear. I remember thinking, "This is interesting." Finally, I rescued myself by pulling myself up on the hardened crust.

My family moved to Provo, Utah, where my father took a railroad job. One day, the train he was working was hit by an avalanche and derailed. The snow broke the windows and rushed in, filling the cars. Most of the passengers suffocated. My father carved a breathing space and waited for the rescuers. They skidded to the accident, but they took too long. He didn't make it.

