

She hopped, skipped and danced her way down the stairs in Olympic speed. "Where is it," she sang. Is it the big box?"

This day comes once a year, every year. Valentine's Day is dear to every young lady's heart. It brings a dash of hope and a whole heap of disappointment. The hope in this coed's eyes sparkled.

She had been called down to the dormitory office to pick up a box of sweetheart candy. The red heart shaped box flashed her name in loving letters: TO SAM, HOPE YOU ENJOY THESE. There was no "from" listed.

"Ah" she said while caressing the pink bow. "He must like me, again. We had a fight."

Nothing says "Sorry" like a box of chocolates, especially in a fancy box. Her eyes misted. She turned away and was slowly walking toward the stairwell leading to the second floor where Room 214 awaited the fragrance of those sweet, delicious chocolate covered caramels, those crème delights.

I wished that I could have helped her up the stairs, perhaps then she would have shared the gift of chocolates. For sure, she couldn't eat the entire mounds of sugar, could she?

The telephone rang. My college job of tending the front office of the dorm brought me back to the moment. While other coeds stopped by and gathered up their own boxes of delight, I answered questions, filled out paperwork and tried to get some homework done before my work time ended.

A call from Room 214 ended my daydream. "What should I do?" the caller screamed. "They are all over my floor." Following a few minutes of discussion, it seemed that the large valentine box of chocolates was not sweet treats after all. The box was filled to the top with dirt and bugs, creepy crawly critters now infiltrating every corner of her room. She had dropped the box.

Cupid's arrow that year was mean.

The taste of fifty years of Valentine Days hopefully have sweetened the special day. Delight and disappointment should never share the day, only chocolates.

Lana Russ

