

# Distractions

*it's something else*

## Innocent

"You have to have a permit to purchase a firearm, Sir," the clerk told him and put his hands on the counter wondering when this customer would leave and let him return to his reading.

"And knives? You have to have one to purchase knives?" asked the man, wearing a spring jacket and a knitted toque, and black gloves stuffed in his back pockets.

"No Sir. Just guns," the clerk said, staring at a small child looking in the window at knives larger than her arm.

"Why is that? Do they think people cannot be killed with knives? Do they think guns are more dangerous? Do they--"

"Listen Sir. I don't make the laws, but I abide by them. You can get a permit by writing to the address on this pamphlet," he said, pulling a small, white pamphlet from a disordered stack and handing it to the man. "Anything else you might want to know is inside."

The man opened it and scanned the innards, closed it quickly, then stuffed it inside his jacket. He spun and walked towards the door. While walking, he turned, "Thanks anyway," pulled the door open, "um...yeah," and disappeared. The pamphlet hit the ground just inside the door.

The clerk shook his head, sat on the stool, and put his legs on the counter, knocking several more pamphlets onto the floor. Opened his book and tossed the bookmark onto a shelf under the counter where a small pistol rested. Looking at his gun, he grinned, "I got a permit."

At least he doesn't know who I am, the man thought as he walked away from the store. But it would have been nicer if he just let me have a gun. He giggled. Killed by his own merchandise.

The man paused and stepped into a knife shop. He could have bought a knife at the gun store, but had decided against it. After several minutes of browsing, he decided to ask for help, "I need something to relieve stress."

He had taken off his jacket and hat in the heat, then put them in his car. He wore the gloves though.

When he entered the store for the second time, the clerk did not recognise him.

Not until he pulled out a knife.

The knife's handle hit the clerk in the chest just as he was pulling his gun out. He fired a wild shot that cut the man's earlobe off. The man threw another that stuck in the clerk's throat. A shot hit the ceiling after he fell.

A policeman ran in and grabbed the man from behind as he tried to stop his ear's bleeding with small pieces of pamphlet. He never resisted the cop, but only muttered something about the clerk killing his...something that ended in "ther".

The girl in the window turned and walked away, thinking about big cats.

Glen Murphy

## The mower in the garden

Most people own a mower,  
Even I have one, thinking it required

I Often I think the mower new,  
But there it is, in the Garden

In wet months, it is confined,  
unable to move over Spring's fecund ground.

Only during a Summer's warmth, can it escape  
to smooth, and cut, and clean, and make neat  
what was rough, and wild, and tall, and free.

Others hear its rumble, most feel good, confident  
chaos is forced into order, community standards obeyed.

Too easily, its noise becomes a purr,  
in my mind and those of others.

Though we use it often, we are silent in its noise,  
And though it has no season, are complacent in its violence.

Sometimes, I wish I couldn't hear the mower, or if I could, feel good  
Though I'd listen, and hurt, I would not hear.

Often I wish everyone would hear it,  
but while misery loves company, it is a wish impure.  
No one should wish another halve his sorrow.

Joseph Wilfred John Fitzpatrick III

## Untitled

I find myself dreaming  
Of a very distant place  
Where the sun is always gleaming  
And the rain kisses my face

Where the wind soothes my heartache  
And the water carries tears away  
My cries drown when the tide breaks  
And clouds roll away the day

Where the thunder is my rage  
And the lightning is my cry  
The trees are like a cage  
And locked in are all my lies

Angela Dawn Dillon

Wanted: Stories, poems, cartoons, jokes, etc. for Distractions.  
Submit to room 35 of the SUB or e-mail Bruns@unb.ca

Jud DeLone photo

## All You Can Eat Pizza

Peter Allison's



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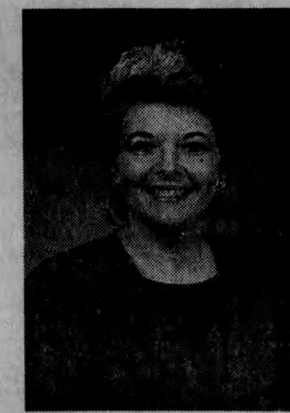
## Bottomless Pop

### 452-9988

1180 Smythe St

### 450-9988

230 Main St



Jeanne Geldart, Business Woman,  
UNB Alumnus and TM teacher

## The Transcendental Meditation technique

**Increases creativity and intelligence in secondary and college students:**

Research on TM shows that students improve academic performance, increase learning ability and improve self-concept.

### Scientifically validated benefits include:

- reduced anxiety • reduced depression
- clearer thinking • better memory
- better relationships • more energy
- increased productivity
- more happiness

*Simple. Natural. Effective.*

### Three ways to learn more about TM

Attend a free introductory lecture - see dates below  
Private consultation - call for an appointment 450-9490  
Introductory video-tape - call 450-9490

**Monday, February 3rd**  
Room 124  
Edmund Casey Hall  
Saint Thomas University  
7:30 pm

**Monday, February 4th**  
Room 12  
MacLaggan Hall  
UNB  
12:15pm & 7:30 pm

**Wednesday, February 5th**  
Assembly Room  
Fredericton Public Library  
12 Carleton Street  
12:30pm & 7:00 pm