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endeavour. We left the creature comforts of our quasi-socialist state to build our own beginnings.

I remember my father hammering down tinplate at 2 o'clock in the morning on bitterly cold, windy nights to assure that his family would have a carport. I was a bastard to his tradition but I had to stay and help though my hands crumpled up numb with pain. I couldn't leave him.

The conversation became surprisingly lively. The girls were unusually demure. Anna became very shy and gentle. Karl loved it. - At first I thought Anna was acting. Not so. Then I understood what they saw in each other what they wanted from each other. Mr. Van Dyke's steel gray-blue eyes flashed with excitement as he swung his fork durning his anecdotes. Mrs. Van Dyke laughed agreeably and kept us well fed and supplied with drink. There was something very warm and very unifying about that evening with the Van Dykes. Karl spoke for a long time in the porch with Anna while I waited in the car. We had to finish the wine bottles before we left. We left the empties in a neighbour's garbage can.

Karl and I didn't speak as we drove off. I wondered if he had got closer to achieving what he wanted to with Anna. When I asked him he only looked at me strangely. His eyes were dark and opaque as I sat across from him.

I have no guts at all for liquor. I grew queasy, then nauseous.

"Pull over. Pull over!" I yelled.

He understood. I burst from the car. I've never thrown up so much in all my life. It seemed to go on for ever and ever. At first he laughed at me. I became so weak I needed to be helped up. When he realized the pain I was going through and saw the tears squeeze from my eyes and run down my face he became more concerned.

I felt weak and empty and dizzy as I sat in a heap on the car seat. Karl's concern was almost motherly but it was no good to me. We had to get home fast. I had a plane to catch too.

We drove on. The dash board threw green light on his face. I couldn't bear to watch the windshield wipers. The noise of their operation made my stomach sick. Karl was alarmed and nervous. He stepped on the gas. We shot ahead. The car spun around wildly lurching us around. Then it was as if someone had kicked us off the road forcibly like you would a football. We toppled over an embankment turning over and over to the shatter of glass and the clatter and crash of metal and chrome. I was terrified. There was no up nor down. Things whirred around me in the dark, lights fizzed and popped in my eyes. Particles of glass scattered through my clothing. I banged my head and arms and shoulder on something. Karl had disappeared. Everything was dark and everything was spinning. Then there was nothing.

I woke up with my head stinging with sickness and confusion. I was suddenly overwhelmed with the agony that Karl might have died. I found him sprawled out full length somewhere. Hysterical, whining and crying I clambered over his lifeless body doing what I could to bring life back into it or to find some. I frantically squeezed the furious, wild thousand thoughts in my head into congealed packages trying to find all the bits I knew about first aid. I did what I could, staunching the blood, keeping him warm, artificial respiration, praying, mumbling frantically as I went. Meanwhile I was getting weaker and groggier and more incompetent. All the while I became more and more possessed with the certain and terrifying conviction that it was all to no good. When he first drew his own breath because or in spite of my efforts I broke down completely. Fatigue overwhelmed me. I collapsed pitching headlong into darkness.

In bed - when the world became ordered, labled and logical I had plenty of time to think. There was something very disturbing in what had happened to me. There were disjointed elements of no seeming relationship that when strung together suggested a frightening pattern. I tried to hide myself from that possibility and a thousand other things vied for my attention. I saw that my relationship to Karl was a farce. There was none. I had merely pumpled the walls of his maturity with my gregarious egocentricity. My regard for him was immense but the futility of establishing any genuine fruition voided it. Once freed from this delusion I saw that I had been used.

Angry and confused and bitter I waited for Karl to come. He had to come He did. He came in looking shabby and serious taking his hands from his pockets as he walked through the door. He spoke first.

"Hi."

"Hi."

"Are you feeling better?"

"Yes much better...are you?"

"Oh I'm okay. You'll be going home soon won't you?"

"Yes."

There was a long pause of awkward silence as he waited for me to say more. He was getting increasingly uncomfortable though he tried not to show it. He spread his feet apart pushed back his jacket and placed his hands half into his pockets. He was rigid again as he usually is. He even

looked a little angry in his usual protective way.

"Well I'm sorry to hear that."

This bit of sincere trivia incensed me. I wanted to scream at him. I suppressed my hysteria forcibly. I shook physically with shifting wads of mucous clogging the parched, raw chords of my throat I choked my words out hoarsely at him.

"You could have killed us both." He was startled.

"It was an accident."

"It wasn't an accident!" I shouted. "You planned it. You planned it all."

He was shocked I had obviously gone insane.

"I don't know what you're talking about. You must be crazy."

"That's the trouble Karl. You know but you don't want to know."

I wanted to go on and on but he had had enough of my wild accusations and walked quickly away. From out of nowhere Anna appeared. Her hair was tied back and she looked serious and confused. She looked at me and then at Karl's invisibly retreating figure then back at me again and left.

Months have passed since I left Karl and Anna and Ontario behind. My experience with Karl left me seared and my senses dulled. I heard from my sister that Karl had married Anna and moved to B.C. I heard nothing more till Tina came.

Through some vague chain of relatives and friends (we dutch cling tenaciously to the thinnest threads of relationships) Tina had come to stay at our house. She stepped off the train wearing a floppy, felt hat and a confident, new smile. For some reason my brother thought we wanted to be alone and he gave us an opportunity to be so. Of course I had to ask even if I didn't want to, about her sister Anna. She became serious frowning briefly as she looked down.

"Oh, Anna's alright... now."

I asked her what she meant.

"Well mamma and papa didn't want them to get married, at least not right away the way they did. They went to B.C. immediately you know. Then we got this phone call from Anna a couple of months later. She was screaming and crying and she was going to come back home - but she stayed. Now she's happily married."

I asked her what had changed Anna's mind. She blinked her eyes, looked to one side, pulled her lip and said matter-of-factly: - "He got her pregnant."

Manitoba increases student fees

WINNIPEG (CUP) -- A student fee increase of \$7.50 was approved by the University of Manitoba Students' Union recently.

The increase has to be approved by the Board of Governors, because they are responsible for collecting student fees during registration.

Jim Hale, UMSU treasurer, presented the proposal to council and asked they approve the increase because of the financial difficulties that would occur if they didn't.

Hale said it was a choice of cutting services or increasing fees. And he felt the latter was the best choice.



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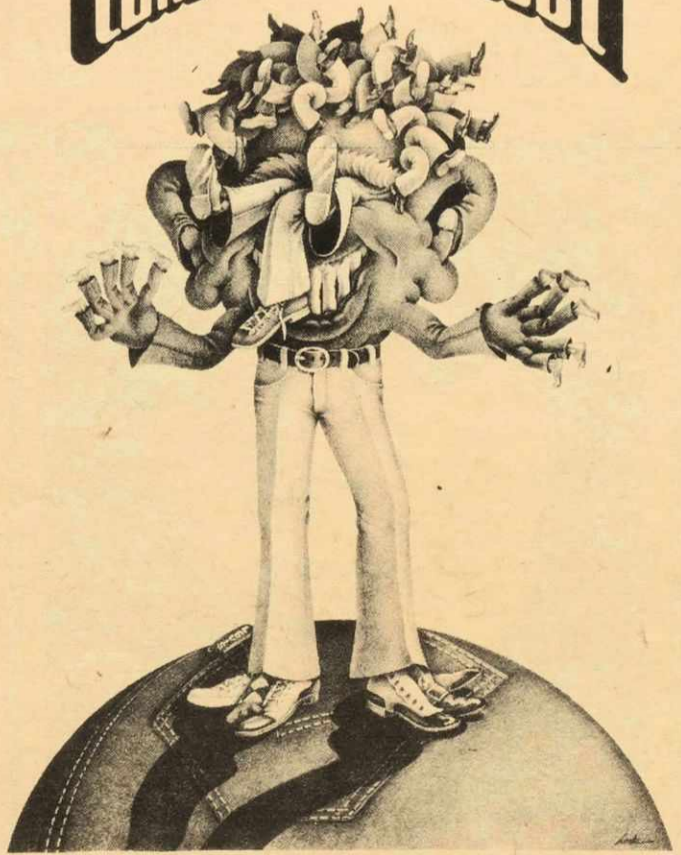
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