

A D-SHIFT STATION STORY

A meadow. Winter. Darkness.

I happened 'cross an elderly man, clad in simple robes,
Sitting upon an oddly fashioned stone.
Just sitting in the starlight
And voicing not a word.

There was no wind to chill me,
Which was peculiar in itself,
As the atmosphere was silently racing
Through all the evergreens about us.

Wading through the waist high snow
I approached him slow and cautiously;
I called out to him, commandingly, but
He simply stared - outwards to the stars.

Fearing he may be frozen in time
I placed my armoured gauntlet upon him
And recoiled in horror as it exploded into flame;
Hurriedly I rolled in the snow to extinguish them.

When I returned my attention to the old man
His steel-grey eyes fixed me to my place;
A voice as cold, silent and light as space
Tore through me with icy precision. . .

"The trees are all dead wood. . .
Everything is so dark, so cold, so still;
So white. . .
It must be the fell-clouds
Falling down. . ."

He then shifted from my sight. . .

NAROF

LITERARY

Thanks To The Guys

Thanks to the guys, weekends are crazy.
We hardly sleep at all,
We get no work done,
We drink more than I thought humanly possible,
Eat pizza till dawn,
And then wake up and do it over again Saturday.

Thanks to the guys, dorm life is insane.
We terrorize each other with practical jokes,
Kick in the doors of those who study,
Force beer into the hands of our rubber armed friends,
Make each other sick analyzing the food here,
And then sleep in past our first class everyday.

Thanks to the guys, a love life is impossible.
We scare away any poor girl another might attract,
Scream catcalls and insults if the boy actually dances,
Get kicked out of the clubs before we find that perfect girl,
Knock on the walls and door if one of us actually does score,
And then the next day listen to the lies we all tell.

Thanks to the guys, life away from home is bearable.
We become the family some of us never had,
There is always someone to listen,
We help each other get over the latest perfect relationship,
And give a boost when the confidence begins to weaken.
Basically, what I mean to say is Thanks To The Guys.

Duke

THE DOCK
PUB AND EATERY

TWO FOR THE SHOW

ST. PATRICKS DAY

MARCH 17,
1990

FEATURING
GUY GUITARD
STEVE PATTERSON

WHERE THE FUN BEGINS

