

bearing it

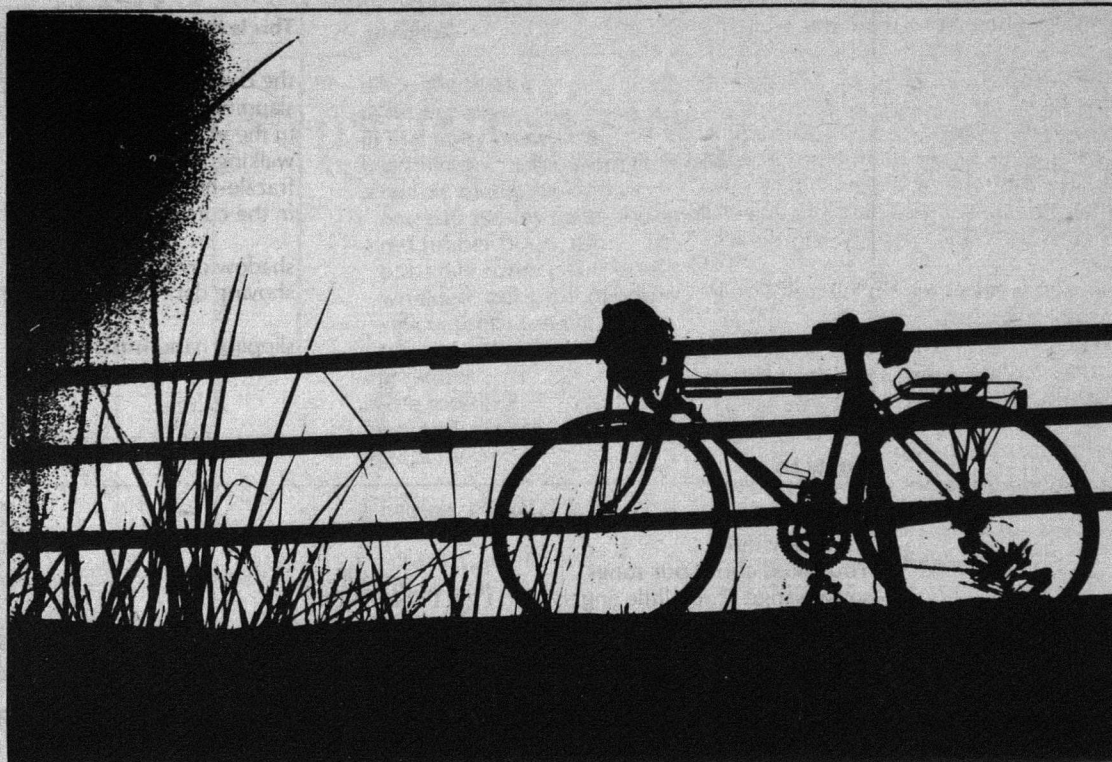
All I wanted to ask was
how do you tighten the cable?
 I am now able
 to fix my own bike alone
 and it works, even
 rode it out a mile
 and back and it didn't
 fall apart, unlike me
 lying there with
 my teddy bear
 whose name I've
 forgotten, he's fuzzy
 and soft and he doesn't
 say nuthin, not a growl
 even though I hug him
 far too tight and
 wet his fake fur
 — we've never fought.
 He bears all but
 he's not much of a mechanic—
 neither am I
 I just follow orders
 fetch the parts

earn the marks and
 when it's all over
 Humbert (that's it!) and I
 will soak up wine
 together although he
 neither drinks nor eats—
 the ultimate gentlebear.

I'll invite him to the next
 Nepalisian tea party I give
 where everybody simply sits
 and drinks tea for hours
 in utter silence

(like that). He'd love it not
 having to talk and I bet
 that they wouldn't even mind
 if he didn't drink the tea.

How do I fix this cable?
 My bear's gone to Nepal and
 the tee vee's gone blank
 white with video snow
 no show, no bear what
 the hell now do I do?
 by Lisa Trofymow



Marc Tremblay

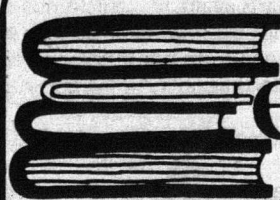


Tim Hellum

Film Noir Pizza

This was no ordinary pizza. A half-price pizza lies glaring at me from its box. Tempting dish. Especially if your stomach feels like the inside of an ole unwashed coffee mug that has one too many cigarette butts in the bottom. And it's dark. My Stomach. So is the pizza. It's too dark. Somehow, something tells me things aren't quite what they should be with this pizza. I knew the minute I opened the lid, the mushrooms, the pepperoni, they had a way of moving that kind of got your pulse going so that you wished you had never heard of pizza before. The light wasn't right. It revealed too much too soon. The mystery was lots. This was no enigmatic pizza. Oh sure, it had once been mysterious back when white picket fences were fun to swing on. But this pizza had seen too many dark nights, too many vermin-filled back alleys. It knew every angle of this armpit of a city. I knew when I opened the box that I was looking a dead pizza in the face. A helpless victim of circumstances. I knew myself that I would end a dead mick also if I pursued this matter any further. I ate the Pizza anyways. Someone's following me.

by Warren Sulatycky



exam registry

APRIL 11th

is the

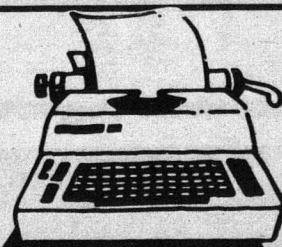
LAST DAY

for

ORDERING EXAMS

Get yours now! Avoid the rush!

Room 278 SUB



TYPING SERVICE

TYPEWRITERS

available for

RENT

Only \$1.00 per hour

APRIL 30th

is our last day open

Type it now! Avoid the rush!

ROOM 280 SUB

Monday to Thursday: 10-10

Friday: 10-6

Saturday: 12-6

Sunday: 12-10

ORDER DEADLINE:

APRIL 11th

CLOSING:

APRIL 18th