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Once again, Ken rises to the occasion (quickly, so his lack of seatbelt is not noted). Once again, Ken handles the situation with diplomacy and tact. Once again, Ken is let off scot free. (We were dealing with a little apprehension: obstructed view, reckless driving, failure to change plates...)

Here was more evidence that we were doing something that was smiled upon by Upper Management. The journey was not going to continue much longer, though, unless we could find some petrol. There was not a lot of it in the tank and the New Brunswick highway is just not dotted with 24-hour gas stations.

With about 20 k's left between us fulfilling our destiny and us being stranded on a dark and lonely road, an oasis rears its lovely head. Earlier, there had been a problem anticipated: Ken was broke and I had only \$5. We knew that this was not going to get us home. Forward-thinking types that we are, 15 bucks were obtained from the printers. We pulled up to the pump with an air of confidence.

"You drop in the 15 bucks an' I'll get the coffee," says I. Then we noticed the price of gas.

"Sixty-two cents a litre...shit!"

And we begin telling stories about price wars. The atten-

dant wanders out and smiles in that cold, four-in-the-morning way that gas station attendants are so good at. We smile back, and I head off for the coffee. Halfway to the door I hear Ken's authoritative

"Hold the coffee!"

After our discussion, Ken had taken the opportunity to glance at the pump. \$21.75 was the reading. We had blown our budget. This could be troublesome.

"Uhh...well, hey Ken...got any change? No?...Uhh, well..."

We began offering articles for purchase. No success at this. Fortunately, Dennis, the attendant, has a good sense of humor and is a very kind person. He takes whatever money we have (somewhat less than the tab) and lets us go.

Heading for Fredericton again, full of gas but no caffeine. Ken is beginning to doze. I'm staying awake by singing Irish ballads, but am still far gone enough not to really notice Ken's difficulties. In a moment of mutual alertness, a dialogue begins—

Barry, how are you at begging?

Well, that depends on what I'm begging for and whom I'm begging to.

You're begging for coffee at the next gas station.

Yes...
Soon a gas station/coffee

shop is sighted. We park; I grab a copy of the paper, some cheese and a bag of jelly beans (the last two being leftovers of our provisions); we walk purposefully into the place, lay our goods upon the counter and say

We would like to barter. And the fellow—named, inconspicuously, Napoleon—goes for the deal.

Coffee is served, thanks are expressed, and we are off once more. It's five in the morning and the end appears in sight.

But no! We knew Moosehead delivered the paper, but where did they pick it up from? Obviously, we would have to deliver the thing. (Well, it seemed obvious at the time).

We began to drop bundles at choice spots around town. We go back to my place so that I can pick up some notes (I had a midterm to write that afternoon) where we decided to call up Derrick (i.e. Moosehead) to let him know that we're handling the task.

Ken dials

Hey Moosehead! It's Ken, a Man Barely Alive!
Ken, of course, had the wrong number.

Derrick is eventually contacted. He tells us who gets how many bundles and mentions that it's cool to drive on the grass while delivering on the campus.

And so we head off to the women's residence (only to deliver papers, rest assured). Ken drives up on the lawn, as instructed. The headlights reveal a campus securityman in our path. For the third time this evening/morning, someone in a position of authority is not at all pleased with us. Our luck has been good so far and we decide to play on that:

But sir, the paper has always been delivered this way. And some exception is taken to this statement.

Soon our man in green has just about every piece of ID Ken owns and is calling in an air strike (or something) on his radio. Keeping in mind our schedule, I head off to make the local drop. By the time I get back, another cop is there. I figure they have all the information they need.

'Scuse me, but could we pursue this at another time? We have a schedule.

I don't care about your schedule! We'll be done when we're done! (I get angry at this point)

Look! We had to take the god-damned paper to Hartland, wait for the bloody thing to get printed, and now we've gotta deliver the damned thing!

Shuddup! was the reply.
You can't tell me to do that! was my civic-minded, albeit foolish, reply.

Ken is nervously asking me to get back in the car, and with good reason, seeing as our fate had not yet been decided.

Everything winds down and we actually leave on fairly congenial terms, aside from the \$10 ticket. The delivery continues, uneventfully.

The final drops are done and we head home. Due to our weariness, it takes a while before we figure out that we have some extras. What to do, what to do...? And suddenly, the name "Richard Hatfield" comes to mind.

Early Friday morning and we are sitting outside of the premier's place. Quite a modest place, and the lawn is covered with leaves, but we don't hold that against him.

Now, Richard is a gregarious man, by his own admission. So we decide to drop a bundle, i.e. 100 copies. But in the grayness of this morning, the cold nature of this action fixes in our minds. So impersonal, so style-less. We decide to personalize the gesture:

Trick or Treat! Luv, the Bruns.
Well, it was Hallowe'en.

A few other special visits, off to Ken's for breakfast. Some woman on drugs is screaming on the television.

Is this really the beginning of a good day, Ken?
But Ken is asleep, so off I stumble into the morning.

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