

LITERARY SECTION

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Dona Bulgin

Stoned Dream

Bury the troubles beneath the covers.
Rest the overloaded mind.
- A silent scream! A silent scream!
Sardonic shattering images.
It's time to get up.

Danny C. Connolly B.Sc. 1

THE PLAN

by B.W.K.

My head was still aching, a throbbing stone of pain swathed in the thick, nebulous gauze of my "morning after" dullness. I pressed my hand hard over my forehead. The cars whizzed by us as we plunged up the Q.E.W. highway.

"Where are we going?" I asked Karl.

"Ridgetown, remember..? He looked at me a little amazed at my stupidity.

He was doing it again. He turned into Mr. Efficient once more. Never mind the scraggly, long hair that hung over his collar or the deep circles under his eyes nor the general shabby appearance of his clothing. He was a man with a plan. He looked incredibly austere, tight lipped and serious, almost ludicrous. I had to laugh softly to myself. He flipped the air vent buttons and snapped all the dials and knobs on the dashboard. Somehow I found it immensely amusing to think of him getting his jollies from those stupid little buttons - his eyes gleaming with joy, with his tongue hanging out as he flipped them on and off. I laughed out loud. He looked at me sharply. Everything was funny, incredibly funny.

Exhausted I sank deep into my seat. Visions of the night before, disjointed and disturbing, popped through my head like flash bulbs going off in the dark: the first fight, disjointed bits of our first, precipitous conversation, cleaning up the broken glass and beer bottles, the stomach churning tension of the big argument, scraps of half heard music while we sat among the broken shreds of the party talking until three-thirty. I could never go through it again - Philip screaming at us both for being a couple of madmen.

He was my friend. The screaming and the fighting, my sore jaw (I was sure it was broken) and especially the talking had made us friends again. The friendship we had had years ago meant nothing now. This was new and I seized it with hope. Suddenly we were a natural partnership - a going concern. Our minds having met, had meshed with surprising fluidity. It was as disturbing

as it was gratifying.

I still cannot remember why we both broke down laughing as we grappled together. We were staggering together, holding each other up while we were trying to kill each other. All around us these freaks were going wild - screaming and cursing, fighting and smashing glass. I guess it was all to absurd to be taken seriously by people of our calibre. We just had to laugh. Even cool-headed Philip started into us "for having instigated this useless conflict". He didn't understand it. He didn't understand anything that happened that night. We did.

My jaw ached badly. I clamped it with my left hand stroking it gingerly with my fingers. I opened my bleary eyes with a start and sat bolt upright. An Allied Van Lines double trailer was rapidly overtaking us. He overtook us with a deafening hissing - roaring; leaving us with his exhaust and the sight of his truehauff mud flapping in the wind behind him.

"He's a long way from home" I offered.

"Yes!" he said, surprised that I could have deduced that.

It still amazed Karl that we could think about and notice the same things at the same time. I guess it was unusual. I just accepted it; but it pleased me.

"I can't believe you turned out the way you did?" he said. "You were always so unsure of yourself, so very afraid. You should have ended up a zombie in a home for religiously insane." I smirked.

"You should talk Mickey. You were going to give up yours balls for Rome a long time ago." He jolted a bit.

"Did you really serve at the altar?" He said as if it had been a vicious rumour.

"Oh yes. The black cassock, the white surplice and the whole thing. It didn't

last very long though. I think I remember..." I closed my eyes:-

We do not presume to come to this thy table o merciful Lord trusting in our own righteousness but in thy manifold and just mercies. We are worthy not so much as to gather up the crumbs under thy table but Thou art the same God whose property is always to have mercy. Grant us therefore, O merciful Lord so to eat the flesh of thy dear son, Jesus Christ, that our sinful bodies may be made clean by his body and that our souls may be washed by his most precious blood, that we may evermore dwell in him and he in us.

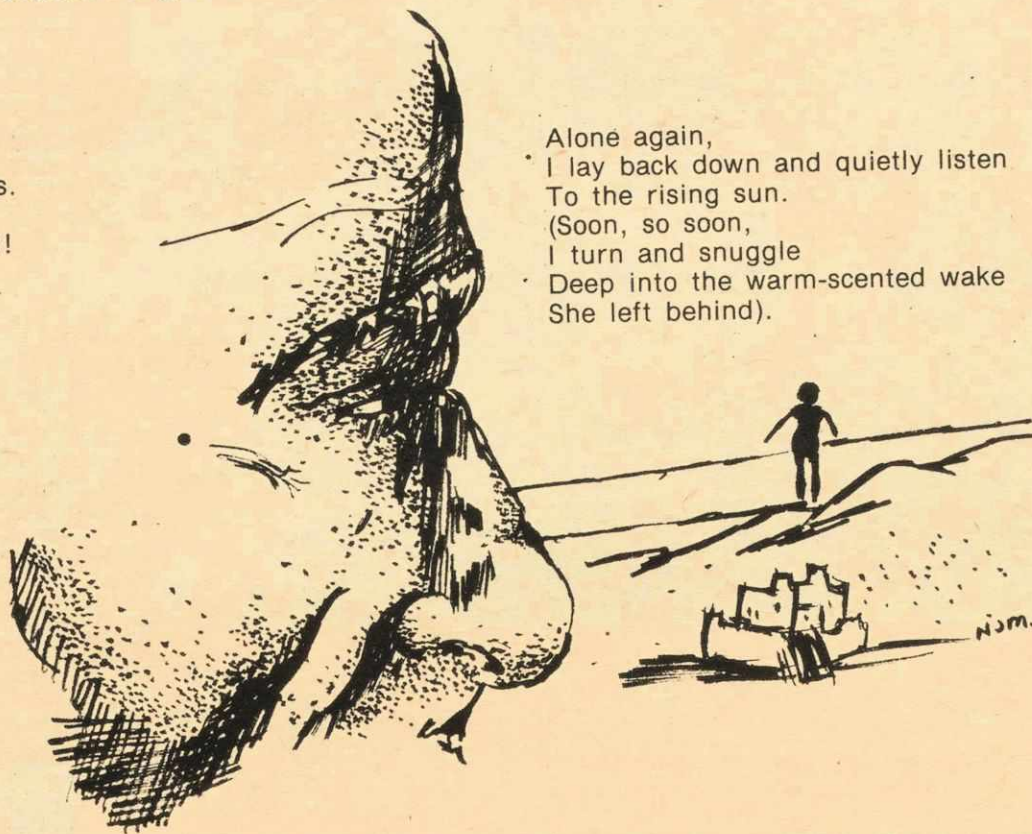
I opened my eyes. Karl looked at me strangely with a kind of respect. It was very quiet in the car.

We changed at the station where we got gas just as Karl planned. Karl planned everything: - borrowing Philip's car, gas money, food money and at the time table.

I wasn't prepared for the prosperity of Ridgetown. The town was old and very settled. The old houses were big and solid. Squared timbers, sun porches, lead set prism glass windows, canvas awnings, window's walks, balconies, heavy casements with panes set in lead were everywhere. There were large trees along all the streets we drove in. It was Sunday morning we hardly saw anyone save a few old people. There were no children that I noticed. The rolling lawns shone velvet green in the morning sunshine. I felt invigorated.

Karl by contrast became tense and quiet again. I knew how hard it must have been for him. He never expressed his feelings. He'd lock them up inside of him and grow increasingly tense and tight lipped and irritable. He shifted himself uneasily from one hip to the other. His motions were stiff and

Alone again,
I lay back down and quietly listen
To the rising sun.
(Soon, so soon,
I turn and snuggle
Deep into the warm-scented wake
She left behind).



unnatural but subdued like everything else about him.

"Calm down" I said.

"I can't!" He said flatly for once admitting to his frailty.

"Do you think it will work?" I asked.

He didn't answer. We turned into the driveway. This was the place.

Anna came bounding toward the car in a light, print dress. She was vivacious and pretty and she knew it. Her younger sister hung back smiling shyly, I thought. She was darker and more reserved. Their parents, a surprisingly older couple, held the porch storm door half open waiting to see who had come to take out their babies.

Through no fault of my own I can, at certain times, appear the embodiment of masculine purity. (The red cheeked boy next door after acne.) This was such a time. The cold, fresh air and the morning sunshine brought a glow to my skin and colour to my cheeks. I was feeling good. I liked these people and I smiled warmly.

"Gueije dag. Iz het niet enpraagtige dag." I said enthusiastically.

An outburst of broken Dutch and English followed along with the slapping of backs and shaking of hands, the exchanges of glances and introductions and even a few blushes.

We had everything packed and ready to go. I waited for Anna holding open the door. She appeared from the back door pressing two very large bottles against her body. As she came up to me she held them against her breasts. Shaking her hips and shoulders rhythmically she said in her best, husky Mae West voice: "I had ta bring a couple of the goodstuff."

Niagara on the Lake is the most charming tourist trap you could hope to fall into. It's a small town restored by

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