28 The Brunswickan

March 23, 1990

larch 23, 1

yc

and so th

the

LITERARY

Why Me?

Why me? He thought that night, As the armed men came from nowhere, They had invaded his home, Killed his parents, And taken him away. Bruised and terrified, He huddled in the dark box, In which they had thrown him, And screamed in panic, A he was carried off, Placed in a truck, And whisked far away. He had no conception, Of what had happened. Why had he been taken? Why had his parents been murdered? He was thrown in a cold cell, Three walls of concrete, And one of iron bars, Fed only in a steel bowl, Whenever his captors wished. Tears in his eyes, He stared through the bars, And asked himself, Why me? Little did he know, That much worse, Was still to come, For they required information, And so he was tortured, And suffered agonizing pain, So that they might know more, No matter what the cost. He longed to be free, And to be home again, But this was not to be, For in that prison none survive, And when he had served his purpose, They murdered him. As he lay dying, That same question arose again, Why me?

But I had no answer, Only more questions. Why must he die? For what real reason. Is his race less important? Have they fewer rights? How can we take away their lives? Still I had no answer, For him or for me, And as I wiped the tears from my eyes, It turned and said goodbye, To my friend, Who had died, perhaps, Simply because he was a chimpanzee.

Duke

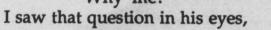
Death

Life The Clock. The Eternal Timepiece. It Breaks

Blake R. Butterfield

IBM PROPRINTERS NEW PRICES

PRINTER	OLD PRICE	NEW PRICE
Proprinter II	553.00	414.00
Proprinter IIXL	803.00	601.00
Proprinter III	699.00	524.00
Proprinter IIIXL	944.00	708.00
Proprinter X24E	914.00	630.00
Proprinter XL24E	1205.00	843.00





(plus 6.00 for printer cable)

Order Yours Today!!

UNB Bookstore

MON.-FRI. 9am - 4:30pm

Visa & Mastercard welcome.