



Met the Pope

I couldn't get a job this summer but so: interesting things did happen to me. The most interesting summer experience I had is quite a tale. One warm summer night I was roaming around downtown with some friends and I had had a bit too much to drink. Now I don't know exactly how it happened, but the following morning I woke up very hung-over in a confessional booth in some Roman Catholic cathedral downtown. As I was reassembling my thoughts and pulling myself up off the bench the fuzz in my eyes faded. And there he was: Pope John Paul II. I was shocked — I knew the Pope was in town but I had no idea I would meet him. Fate works in mysterious ways.

I felt very embarrassed — I was a mess. I hadn't shaved, and I probably had the odors of about four or five different alcohols on my breath. 'Just leave quietly and quickly' I thought to myself. I stopped — Hey, this is

the Pope. I mean this is THE Pope. I decided I had to take advantage of the freak chance of a lifetime — to talk to and make an impression on the Pope. So, I told him a few Protestant jokes, told him about a girl I knew who used an IUD and got an infection, and we chatted for a while.

Then, he said, "Hey, Matt, you're kind of neat." NEAT! I got a sudden urge of 'WOW'. I mean, how many people does the Pope consider 'neat'? Maybe a couple of Cardinals at the most. My heart pounded and I could feel the blood rushing through my veins. The most astonishing thing followed. I got the most incredible nose bleed I have ever had. Double-barrel, both nostrils. I was so ashamed I began to cry, and then I experienced a terrible fit of sneezing. I got blood spattered all over his nice white smock. I felt so awful.

The Pope could see I was real depressed. He decided he was going to try to cheer this poor little bleeder up. In a sweeping motion,

he raised both his arms above my head, and said, "God Bless you, child." Then he touched my forehead and I had the most incredible sensation. At that very instant, my nosebleed stopped. Both nostrils, no kidding. It was a divine miracle from Heaven. I'm an atheist, and just consider it coincidence, but it all seemed quite thrilling at the time.

I couldn't help but be upset after that whole incident. I mean the Pope comes to Canada and I bleed on him. I didn't go out for a while. I stayed in bed and got in a real mood. Finally I said to myself, Matt, look at it as an experience. Cheer up. You sneezed on a famous person who openly opposed the pill. Think about all the people not having sex over that man. I also was quite sure he would forgive me for sneezing on him. Christ, he forgave the guy who shot him. And he did take the five bucks I offered him to dryclean his smock.

Matt Hays

Fly on the Wall

I am watching a student eat right now. A big student. Big like a truck. A big truck.

He has in front of himself a hamburger and a can of Coke. Make that half a hamburger; he just took a bite. Now he's slugging back some of his Coke.

I say that he is "slugging back" his Coke instead of drinking or sipping his Coke because he is not simply drinking or sipping. That is, he did not just pick his pop up, raise it to his mouth, tilt it, drink a few gulps, and then put it back on the table. He grabbed the pop from the table with a swoop of his hand and raised and tilted it in one smooth, damned-fast motion and held it over his mouth for about five seconds and thumped it back down on to the table, and then he belched.

His belch drew the attention of a girl sitting at the table next to him. She was about to take a bite out of her hot dog, a much smaller bite than his by the way, but stopped, her mouth circling the hot dog, probably watering a little with anticipation, after she heard it. She curled her nose in disgust and shot a dirty look his way, but he doesn't seem to mind. In fact, he doesn't seem to think that he has done anything particularly unusual or rude that would warrant a dirty look. Maybe he's just eating the way he always does at home, with his family; like his family. What a delightful thought that is.

J. Dylan

Attention Gateway Cartoonists

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Please try to attend.

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