



I.C.U.
BY CHRIS KANE

Important Facts About Voting!

The Federal Voting Process For Students

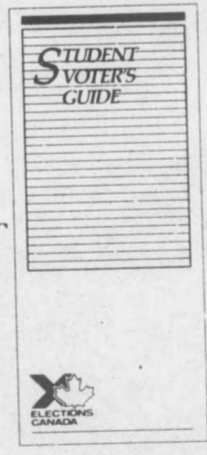
The riding where you vote is determined by where you consider your ordinary residence to be located.

As students, you must decide whether you consider this to be your family's residence or the place where you are currently living (if they are two separate places).

Make sure you are enumerated in the polling division where your "ordinary residence" is located. Your name should

then appear on the Voters' List. If you will not be able to vote on Election Day itself, remember that you may vote in advance or by proxy.

TO FIND OUT MORE, PICK UP THIS PAMPHLET AT YOUR STUDENT UNION OFFICE, OR CALL YOUR ELECTIONS CANADA OFFICE.



Helping Canadians Make Their Mark.

THE AFTEREFFECT

This unfamiliar setting of beds and pillows white confuses me. If not for the uniforms they wear I would not know where I am. I am restrained, for some reason, I cannot escape. The ghostly form is once again across the room, get over here my friend did you not die? I scream unheard? by you. No...no drugs, I do not wish to sleep. Why do you fade? and blur...! I do not belong here. Am I not the psychologist? Why do you try to make me sleep? Just look! Can you not tell That she didn't die?

Hello?
Do you hear me?...
Why blackness all of a sudden?
Deanna T.



Pity the Children

Groaning with effort - stretched and strained
Are muscles - in voice that is pained
Discussing additional pounds that were gained
Ignoring whatever you don't want to hear.
It began so simply, all that time ago -
Thoughts creating a lingering rosy glow -
Now the results are here and they show
Things are not quite as they appear.
But this one's different...it belongs to you...
Changing your perceptions through and through
And you won't give the others their just due
Because they, the homeless, do not live so near.
Pity the children.
For without you, they have no-one -
No one at all.



Chris H.

THE LOSS

She lies on the table, the life no longer there.
Taken up in my arms, her face is stained with tears
And I have the impression that they are mine.
I felt her mind once,
yet,
no longer.
no longer can I tell.



She is gone.
The doctor, she has tried so hard, but without success.
The irony is that it was the doctor who made the killing move and shot the gun and took the life
The life I mourn
what doctor would do that if not in self-defense?

The eyes are glazed over and no amount of pleading will give them life.

I weep in silent.

DEANNA T.