

Distractions

it's something e

Saturday morning at the Farmer's Market

Saturday I awoke dreading the long lonely weekend stretching out in front of me. There wasn't a soul left on my floor except a silent stoic guy from The Rock. This lack of souls was a result of the great outpour of excited people leaving my residence while I was left explaining that my parents thought it ridiculous for me to go all the way back to Ottawa for one little weekend.

(Nevermind that there were people going to B.C. for Thanksgiving) So, on a beautiful Saturday morning instead of getting up, I rolled over and slept for another long while, further ignoring my messy room, lab reports, midterms and laundry.

Eventually necessary bodily functions forced me from the oblivion of my bed onto the cold tiled floor, into dirty jeans and a frosh shirt I haven't touched in a month. Once downstairs, I discover I'm out of milk, not that it would make much difference since I'm also out of cereal. I began to prepare the instant cream of wheat my parents sent me several weeks ago with some grapes tossed in for flavour (Are grapes still safe brown and squishy? Well, too late now). A fellow loner walks in carrying a backpack bursting with fresh food and more chipper than is legal. It was all I could do to keep my drool from flooding the kitchen.

"Where did you get all that?" I asked this happy upperclassman.

He shrugged. "I went to the farmer's market this morning. You know, the one behind the prison."

No. No. I did not know, thank you very much.

He finished putting away all of his groceries, smiled innocently and left.

So, I was faced with a decision: Laundry, room homework or Farmers Market. Gee, tough call. Tossing my dirty dishes back in my locker, I was on my bike in seconds - empty bookbag on back and helmet on head. Glee-filled, I began to pedal away, heading towards the river, only realizing as I passed Saint John's that I really don't know where I'm going.

The prison. Mmm. I struggled to remember the details of a long walking tour my parents made me go on lead by that ever-so-tasty looking guy in a loyalist costume... but that's another story altogether. However, I reassure myself, Fredericton, (while no one from here will admit it) is not a big city. In fact I would go so far as to say it's a rather large town. I know that nothing is all that far from the Robbie Burns statue. However, as I bike back and forth from one end of Queen to the other, I begin to admit that maybe this is a slightly bigger place than I had realized. Eventually, I admitted to myself that I was having a very male

lapse by not asking anyone; I reminded myself of my gender and asked.

After I rounded the corner as instructed, I saw something which amazed me: Many many many more happy people. Some were just arriving with their children, others were walking out with fresh bread peaking out of a bag full of delicious home made food. I can't cook, you see. I can feed myself, but I can't cook. Homemade food is a delicacy I have been craving for a month. And here was a large number of people who know how to cook asking what seemed to be mere pennies for real food!

And the veggies! There is little in this world I get as ecstatic about as crisp ripe farm grown fresh veggies. Who



PAT FITZPATRICK PHOTO

Fredericton and I was on my way. What amazed me was how events similar to the 'Cheese Lady incident' kept reoccurring. Everyone seemed to know everyone else, yet had time and patience for me and my muddlings. There were cute little kids wandering around in complete safety, and more than a few university students. I even found perogies, a wonderful dish brought to us from the Ukraine that puts Pillsbury to shame. They're little dough puffs which fry into scrumptious crispy pockets filled with cheese and potato and can be frozen for weeks or eaten right away. And there were pumpkins and squash and Macintosh apples by the dozen all for under two dollars.

I spent about an hour and a half just wandering about, looking at all the crafts, picking out possible Christmas presents and

adornments for my room. It was certainly the food which impressed me the most, however. The concept that I have food for the week and I spent less than twenty dollars completely unbelievable.

What I walked away from the Farmer's Market with was a great deal more than food and extra beer money, though. With the excitement of actually being at university wearing off and the daunting amount of real work setting in, not getting scared or depressed or both is harder than some might imagine. This is especially true as I faced this long weekend. Somehow the work seems less intimidating now and being alone is actually good, at least for awhile. Seeing all of those happy friendly people has made me happy, made me believe that I will meet people, and made me very glad I came to the city of Fredericton.

Catherine Ahern

Untitled

I wish I had more of you to hold on to: a picture, a ring, an aftertaste in my mouth anything but this sagging hope and these bizarre dreams I claim as memory.

I've walked through the streets searching for sighs of you, even a footprint would suffice as proof of what I feel.

I try to see my room through your eyes and imagine your journey through the sun but I long for a fragment of the tangible world: a shirt once inflated by your chest, a great mark where you worked in hands once grasped at something.

I did have a bruise, until today, where you existed momentarily against my skin but now it's yellow has dimmed into the non-existence I too am sliding towards.

If I had known you and hour longer perhaps I could paint your face. If we'd spent another night together I might be able to recall your touch.

Jessica Audley

Missed the point again

Sitting at home, on another Sunday afternoon, tired of being bored again. It's been a while since I thought about you, it's been a while since I cared.

You never told me why.

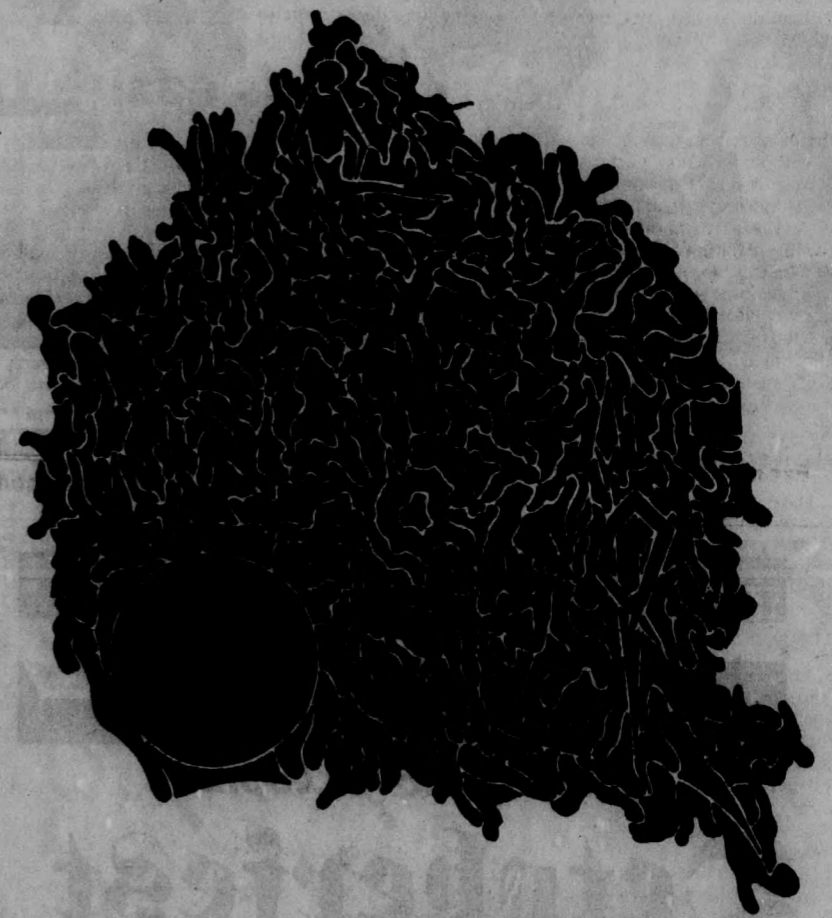
It seems to me you died alone on that hill top, you seemed so happy and glorious, you made your day by cheating the game, stole your way through the pain... victorious.

You're in love... you break up... happens to all of us... You know nothing... nothing about me at all.

I wish I'd been on that hill top, to save me from your pain. Forever isn't as bad as it seems, to me you've missed the point again.

I never even mattered, tell me why. It never even mattered, tell me why. You always mattered to me. It always mattered, tell me why.

Aswick D.



Jasper Alexander MacDonald

Chestnut Club
PRESENTS
THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

Tuesday,
October 29th at 10:00pm

Scary Specials
all Night
Come dressed as your
favorite character

Call our party line at 450-1230
for details

Congratulations to the UNB Varsity Red Hockey Team
on their two wins last weekend

VARSITY REDS Peter Allison's
SPECIAL Pizza Hut

TWO MEDIUM
CANADIAN
PEPPERONI
MUSHROOMS
BACON

\$14.99

FREE DELIVERY

452-9988 1180 Smythe St
450-9988 230 Main St