

## THE MASTER COMETH

"I am Tolkar, he who has been cast down",  
The voice kept repeating in my head.  
The alarm rang loudly  
As I struggled to arise,  
But my mind received only the sound  
Of that voice:  
"I am Tolkar, Lord of the Dead".

My hand reached out, and switched off the alarm  
As I rose from my bed in a daze.  
I reached for my gown and  
Then headed for the shower  
But I could not shake the feeling of harm  
In the night.  
My eyes sought to see through the haze.

My nerves tensed, I could feel something bad,  
My heart seemed to beat too quietly.  
I returned to my room  
Where I knew I must find  
The answer I hoped would not drive me mad  
In the bed:  
A body, lying so silently.

That it was I, I dared not believe it,  
But the evidence was there to see.  
It could not be denied, but  
My time had come too soon!  
I ran down the stairs and outside to sit  
In the snow:  
Naked, but no cold could I feel.

"I am Tolkar, he who has been cast down"  
The voice now returned to my head.  
And I knew I must go  
To join my new master:  
He is Lucifer, the Baskerville hound.  
He is night,  
He is Tolkar, Lord of the Dead.

BILL HASTINGS  
9/10/78

## Commerce Final Year Students

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**Oct. 26**

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## A FRIEND AND A FOE

Wind-blustering your way,  
Like a violent river, flooding,  
Bursting upon its banks,  
Yet-gently bearing a grateful leaf  
Along your way.



Wind-throwing yourself upon me,  
Hurling frosty arrows at my cheeks, prickling,  
Stinging me, bee-like,  
Yet - caressing my face with coolness  
Along your way.

Wind - a gentle soothing friend,  
Or a howling, friendless foe,  
Tearing at men and - calming me,  
Yet - I hate you and love you as you go  
Along your way.

MILFNA STOJANUC

BEAVERBROOK ART GALLERY

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"PORTRAIT OF A GREAT PAINTER:  
JOHAN BARTHOLD JONGKIND"

Thursday, October 19, 1978, 12:30 p.m.

Admission Free

## WHERE DO YOU GO?

When all gets you down,  
Where do you go?  
Do you call up a friend?  
Do you let him know?

When the sun is too bright,  
When the trees are too tall,  
When the wind is too strong,  
When not a thing matters at all.

Where do you turn to?  
Who do you let know?  
When all is stronger than you,  
Yet, you mustn't let go.

When the rivers are too slow,  
And the sea is too rough,  
When no one says hello,  
When your meat is too tough.

How can you settle down  
When it's all on your mind?  
When you call up a friend,  
There's no one home at the time.

When the clouds are too many,  
When the smiles are too few,  
When people get together  
And they forget to call you

When all gets you down,  
Where do you go?  
Well pal, don't ask me . . .  
I simply don't know.

MARGARET COMEAU  
April 2, 1978



tiny

tiny  
light is burning,  
faintly through deep dark shadows.  
And I stumble stopping forward  
looking for a right,  
searching almost crying.  
I don't think it dons.

I'll ever get there.  
I wouldn't want to.  
And yet I'm almost crying  
'Cause this light's so small  
And I'm cold.

I want to huddle under a damp blanket  
water soaked sneakers to squeak when I walk  
with water dripping down my hair into my  
mouth.

In a tiny grove of trees along a hill,  
amongst wet leaves.

I'll cry.  
I want to go in to my bed to warm up,  
But I don't.  
I get up almost crying  
and pout towards that light  
which faintly disappears,  
is gone.

Then I stop and sit on a rock  
drying my hair with a clean white towel  
as the rain falls down.  
till its dry.

the moon calls me and shines blue in my face  
to make me smile

My feet squeak home.  
Under the thick warm covers  
I slowly sink ever deeper in the bed  
And smile sometimes

As my head reels whispering shadows  
to soft still sleep.

VAUGHN FULFORD