

of the trip: Boundless



From atop was displayed a distant mansion, with human activity inside spied through illuminated curtained windows. It was, however, quite removed of any interest by the climber, who was looking forwards to the colleges beyond the wall. So towards the wall he manoeuvred, gingerly crawling the roof's implanted broken glass, spikes, barbed wire, and other intrusion-detering paraphernalia. Nothing could stop him now.

Clayton was still on all fours, but about ready to reach for the wall, when the sudden sound of footfalls made him stop. He waited anxiously as the shadow hastily approached. Keys jangled on the figure, while the alarmed youth clung onto cold spikes; a frozen silhouette against dark grey sky.

Time dragged on as the stranger just stood down below. He said nothing, while the young man was ready to beg mercy, with his mouth hanging half open with aghast guilt. But before Clayton could declare his harmless intentions, the threat was opening and closing doors through the gatehouse. With not so much as a flinch, the backpack was side-stepped, and the shadow resumed course into the night.

Quietness engulfed, then there was a sigh of relief, before eyes gazed over the wall. His heart quickened again, and he smiled with a rush of desire. Below lay an enclosed courtyard surrounding a Gothic bell-tower, which

was illuminated and stood respectfully tall. It was the perfect camping site, so Clayton rushed back to collect his gear.

With the use of ropes, a few knots, and a acrobatic stance, the student proceeded to belay his equipment up and over the wall.

"Hey!" rang out a voice from behind. A trim man stood down below.

The exposed boy, being gazed at intently, replied, "Uh, hi."

"You must not be here, it's private property," the man said soberly, but in a light-hearted sort of way. Clayton, looking dumbfounded, only managed to grunt as he lowered his pack. The man continued, "What are you doing anyways?"

"I'm on a hike from Canada. See, there's my flag!" He pointed proudly to the patch he had sewn to his pack. "But, I'm sorry," he followed, nonchalantly.

The man adjusted his glasses, jerked his head, and turned a blind eye. The men then split up, but Clayton returned minutes later.

He rushed over the wall to the other side, then crouched down low beside his pack. His eyes were wide and concerned, looking towards some movement from one dark corner of the courtyard. "Oh Christ," he mumbled. It looked like a pack of large dogs.

They bolted out, fifty deer running downwind, smelling the air as they frighteningly glared. The came to a stop, and the stags

nervously contained the frenzied does. Clayton, quite relieve and feeling cocky, thought, I'll set my tent up here.

A candle flickered from inside that tent, sticking out from the dark grass, and the grey sky began to sprinkle. It was a good time for dreaming.

At dawn, the clanging bells of the tower thundered through the aerated courtyard, which had been standing a cold pink. Clayton removed the wet tent flaps and stuck his head out into the cool breeze. That was enough before he was out of his sleeping bag, and packing up his gear. He wanted to leave there, without a trace.

The heavy pack was thrown onto the young man's shoulders, but as he began making tracks, an older man came rushing over.

"Jesus fuckin' Christ. I don't understand this. I don't believe my fucking eyes," the wrinkled faced character yelled boisterously. His eyes were aflame, and his arms swung wildly. "Do you think you can do as you bugging well want? I'm fucking amazed... what do you think you're trying to do, anyway?"

Clayton just smiled at the little man, and asked the name of the college.

"Magdalin —now come with me!"

"It's nice," the student replied modestly, and he slowly followed in through a court-

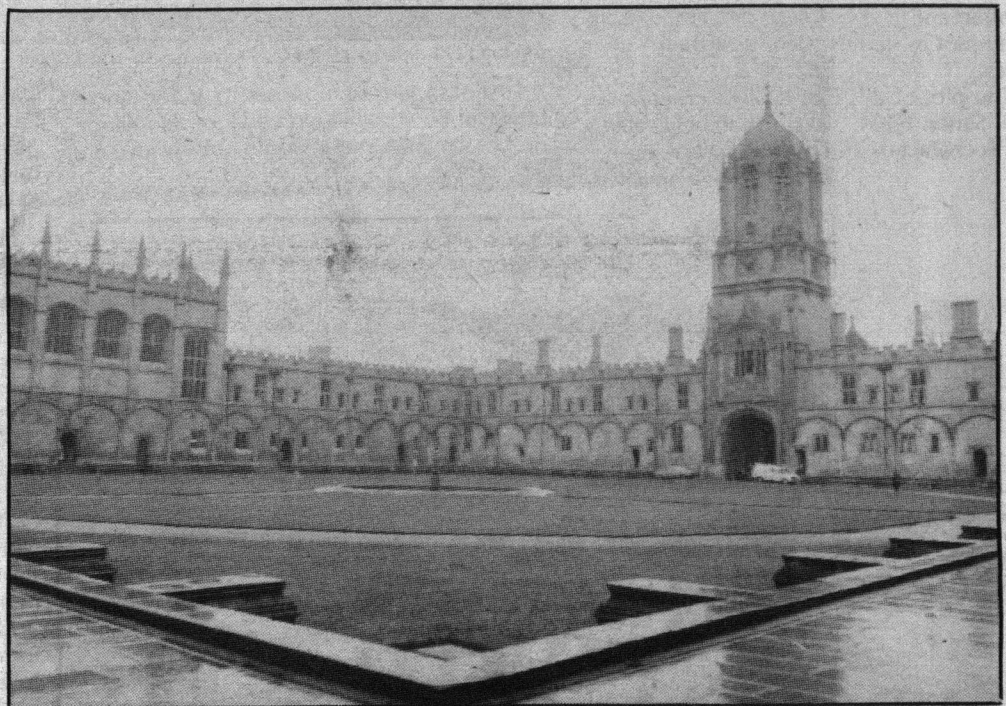
yard doorway. The grounds-keeper was walking frantically with short steps, and was nearly frothing at the mouth.

Inside, the dean of the college sat twiddling his thumbs, but when the captor came whining, the seated man took on an official look. Clayton thought it all quite funny, as the grounds-keeper cried.

Things progressed slowly through the interrogation, as the room of fatsos sat questioning. "Who are you? Why are you here? Where have you been? That's disgusting," they went on.

Clayton would shake his head, reply briefly, then return to his thoughts. Oxford was an exciting town, and it was going to be a beautiful day, so with the right spirit in mind, he could be catapulted into adventure.

Barry Steeves is a Gateway staffer currently traveling through Europe and Asia



DWELLERS

STOR-ALL
YOUR OWN
MINI-WAREHOUSE
DATE SELF-STORAGE

INVENTORY

HOBBYISTS

BOATS

Equipment

ie summer, need storage belongings or furniture?

5' x 5') to 9.12 x 9.12 (30' x 30')

PLUGS & LIGHTS
SIDE STORAGE
RECREATION VEHICLES
RESIDENT MANAGER
OPEN 7 DAYS

PHONE
470-3063

NORTH SIDE OF
HIGHWAY 16 WEST
GO 1 BLOCK WEST
UNDERNEATH THE OVERPASS ON
WINTERBURN SERVICE ROAD

LSAT
(Law School
Admission Test)

GMAT
Graduate Management
Admission Test)

Accepting registrations now for GMAT & LSAT
weekend test preparation classes.

Sexton
Educational
Centers

CALL CALGARY
278-6070
8 am - 10 pm

Endorsed by the
Academic Commission -
University of Calgary
Students' Union

**SOCIAL & ECONOMIC
DEVELOPMENT
WORKSHOP**

Speaker: DR. GLEN EYFORD
Saturday, April 13
9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.
Room 129 Education South

SPONSORED BY BAHAI CLUB
ALL WELCOME • NO CHARGE

WE WANT YOU!!

If you are graduating from the
EDUCATION
or
BUSINESS
Faculties in 1985,
APRIL 15
is the deadline for having your portrait appear on
your Faculty composite.

Call 463-1161 and make your appointment today.

*Ior*ne strymecki
professional photography ltd.

9503-42 avenue. 463-1161