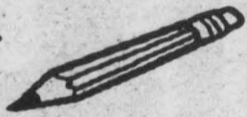


DISTRACTIONS



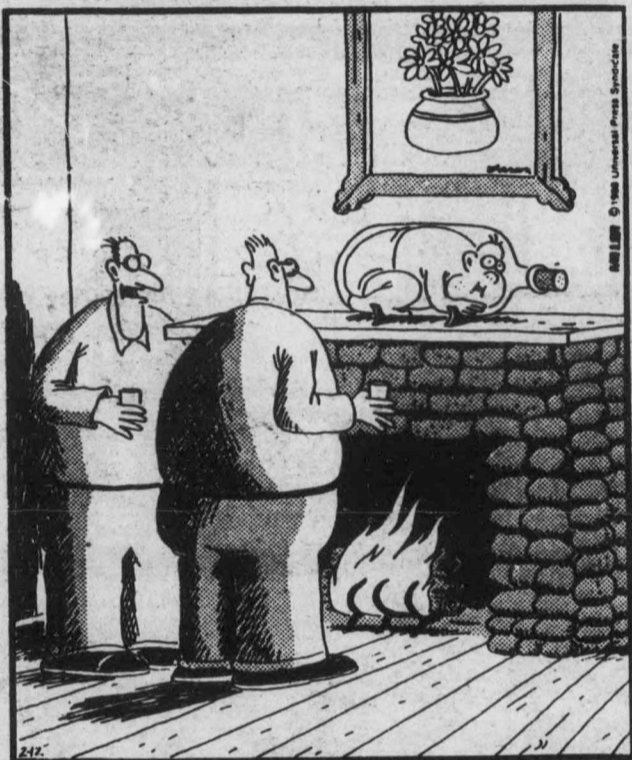
Your original comics and poems would be greatly appreciated. Please send to: Distractions, Room 35 - SUB. Deadline: Tuesday noon.



MR JONES

By Brian Linkletter

THE FAR SIDE By GARY LARSON

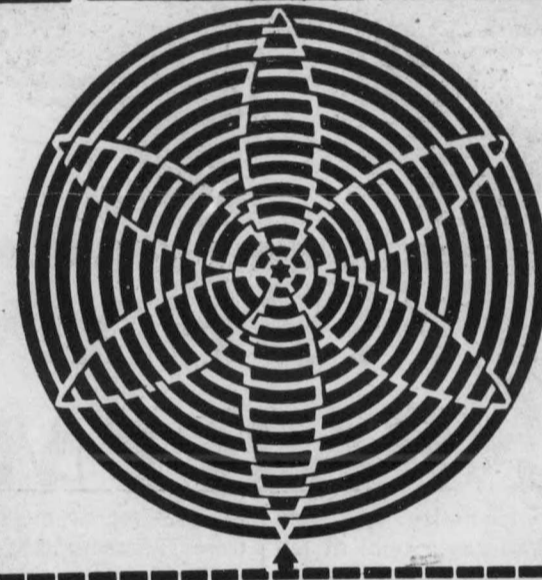


"Beats me how they did it ... I got the whole thing at a garage sale for five bucks - and that included the stand."



ROSE WINDOW MAZE

FIND THE WAY FROM ARROW TO STAR



POETRY



While sitting under the spruce tree, I listen to the sound of the leaves moving in the wind.

Over to my left, a young bird calls out happily.

Just beside me a small red maple leaf floats down from the sky and settles in mixing with the other colours. I watch as a bumble bee passes by, looking for the flowers that used to be there.

Everything looks so beautiful. Far in the back, I hear a power saw cutting wood before the snow starts to fall. From under the tree I reach for my camera for just beyond me there is a little bird on a tree.

The ground looks so colourful soon to be only one colour.

In the air there is a slight chill; but the air is so fresh that the chill doesn't matter.

From behind the tree the sun sends out its rays. Casting the shadows of the mid October days.

As I walk home I watch the leaves fall; there one, then another. Look how beautiful the ground is as these leaves lay not moving for all is still, the wind has stopped.

Soon the ground will be all covered and you'll no longer see many wonderful colours or see the animals and smell the trees. As I'm sitting under the spruce tree, I thank the Lord God who made all this for me.

Carolyn Chiasson

THE MOSTROOPERS

Hear them softly, softly tread
On their molten feet of thread
Through the land where hearts are dead
They approach the sleeping tour
And tear the sootworn smokestacks down.
Hear them, hear them softly tread
Through darkness on feet of thread.

STIRLING LYONS

