

Imaginations

She

she wants to buy a car and drive it to the end of the world.
somedays alone, somdays not, never with anyone she knows. she wants to control the car, be the sole driver but she also wants to drive with her head out the window so her eyelids flutter and if she opens her mouth the wind will suck the saliva out in a long thin line. she wants to drive and stick her head out.

she wants no compromises.

she wants her own cottage by a lake or in the woods all glass so she can watch the thunder and lightning because it scares her. It's out of her control. she wants to be able to drive her car there when things are good, when things are bad, when she has to sort out how things are. she wants to watch wind on the water and see the stars without the lights ruining it and be able to spit without a license.

she wants control.

she wants a reason.

she thinks she is losing her mind occasionally. the thought drifts in and out like the fog. sometimes she even welcomes the notion because it's a change from day-to-day thinking.

she doesn't want to be the same, but is afraid that makes her a conformist.

she once loved a boy. or so she thought. it was as close to love as she ever wants to be again, she's sure of that. she was good to him. she babied him and loved him. she forgave him and believed him and listened to him and deferred to him and bought him things and forgave him and apologized to him and forgave him and apologized to him and forgave and apologized so much until one day something finally broke inside of her. and she kicked the boy she thought she loved in the chest and tried to slit his wrist with a butcher knife. and she never apologized for it. and it felt good.

she wants to drive in a transfer truck.

she watches sesame st. and darkwing duck and often pretends she is the plant man named Bushroot. she yells beetlejuice 3 times. she laughs when people get hurt. she finds the most mundane idiotic things humorous. she wants a boy who will color the monsters all the wrong colors and go out of the lines happily.

she really thinks she is losing her mind.

emma

Joe Blows It

Let me tell you the story of Joe Blow. A typical university student, Joe struggles under the back-breaking pains of trying to balance five classes a week, a part-time job, a student loan (the reason he requires a job), and some form of a social life. Like any hard-working student, Joe feels that he is entitled to a break. That's what weekends are for. His weekdays are usually the same. If he is not working, Joe is out on the town with a few of his buddies. they have fun, meet new people, and relax. Part of that relaxing is a couple of drinks now and then. What better way to relax than a game of pool and a beer?

One particular weekend starts out like any normal weekend for Joe and his buddies, but this one, like every weekend, ends differently than the last. This is the one which almost cost Joe his life. Joe has this beautiful car, it is an '87 dark blue corvette. People would die to drive in his car and he's proud of it. Joe worked for a good number of years to get the money for that car and he intends to keep it for a few more. Joe sets out for the local bar in town. He was to meet his friends, John and Andy. When he gets there, the guys have already ordered a beer and are waiting for him by the pool table. Andy was spotting John a game of pool. After a couple of hours of playing, they leave and go to a club.

The guys separate, mix and mingle. Soon, John has found a girl and leaves for her place, leaving Andy and Joe at the club. It's hard to believe that Andy is still standing. Between the two of them, Joe and Andy have had close to twelve beers. That's nothing compared to their usual, though.

They leave after the clubs close, but they aren't going home. Oh no, they are looking for more excitement. And they find it! A house party!! More people and more booze! What a weekend this is turning out to be. Joe helps himself to a few more doubles and goes to see what Andy is up to. Poor Andy! The party was too much for him. His ex-girlfriend has showed up and they had another fight. Now Andy is downing a few shots. Exactly how many? He lost count after five.

After a while, Joe and Andy decide to blow the joint and go home. Andy passes out a little after he get's into the car. He'll never wake up tomorrow. With the radio blaring, Joe drives off towards home. The rest is little more than a blur and Joe vaguely remembers waking up in the ambulance asking where he was and what had happened. It was only a few seconds... or was it a full minute...? Yeah, that's it. He must have blacked out. He was changing the tape. Looking up, he remembers seeing a pair of headlights right in front of him!! Or was that his imagination? He falls back onto the stretcher, listening to the siren, into unconsciousness.

Waking up in a hospital bed, he looks around. In the mirror, his face looks fine. Just a few scratches and bruises. After a day or so he is

released. Joe is just so tired of it all. the police come and ask him his side of the story. Is he okay? What does he remember? Oh, the headlights. Obviously some idiot driver had plowed into him or he wouldn't be in the hospital. Must have been some crazy drunk. But that's just it. It wasn't. The headlights he saw weren't some drunk on the road. That was him. No, that car was just a guy driving to work the early morning shift at the 24 Hour Convenience store. He had just picked up his wife after her shift at the hospital and driven her home to sleep for a couple of hours before taking their infant daughter to the daycare centre. That man, aged 24, is now dead. He leaves to mourn his passing a beloved wife of only a few months, his infant daughter who will never remember her father, a mother, a father, friends, co-workers, and the list goes on and on. Joe did not know this man, but he will remember him for the rest of his life as he sits in that jail cell. The penalty for manslaughter. And to think that it all started out as an innocent night of fun.

So when you go out on a Friday, or a Saturday, or even a Monday, remember the fate of Joe Blow. Even if you have only had one drink and "think" that you are fit to drive, forget it. I know that you've seen the ads everywhere about this and you've heard it time and time again. But remember this ad: Just do it. It makes sense. Make plans before you go. Assign a designated driver, call a taxi, stay over at a friend's house, but don't think that after one drink you are safe to drive, even down the road. You are not safe and neither is anyone else, because you had one drink and decided to drive.

This is not written from a negative view. This is written because I've seen it happen too often, and sometimes they survive and sometimes it's the other guy that dies, but in the end, everyone suffers.

Kathryn Nass

Their Song

Bright sun rises from over Yucatan way
Brilliant over Chiapas towards the Sierra Madre
Below in the valley of the other Rio Grande
The people assemble for a show of hands

Conjured up images of Pancho Villa, Zapata and the like
History recalls the heroes of the past
Mexico City can't afford to ignore
And the powers that be fear it might last

Call it uprising, rebellion or civil strife
Call it a revolution whose time is ripe
Mayan ghosts of a civilization once strong
Today's ancestry will sing their song

-Steve Hunter

Campus Comment

Q. If you won the lottery, what would you do?

"The way my luck runs, I don't have to worry about winning a million dollars."

Allen McKenna
3rd year Arts



"Move to somewhere warm"

Catherine MacNeill
3rd year Science
(left)

"I wouldn't change much. I put my money in the bank, buy a car and pay off the mortgage."

Betty Bailey
3rd year arts
(right)



"I don't think about it. seems very unlikely happen."

Shannon Hudson
3rd year Biology