

Literary Page

Clio: Past and Present

Malcolm Gorrill

One day Clio attended his third class of IMG 200, or the Imagination Course. The professor gave his students a unique assignment. Each pupil was to study a historical event and then place himself in that event. Then, each pupil was to somehow have himself change that event's outcome and thus change the course of history. After class, Clio raced to the library. He could not wait to begin the task.

Clio searched through the shelves in the reference room. He looked high and low, low and high, and nearly drove the librarians batty. Finally, he came across the battle of Hastings in 1066. In October of 1066, William, the Duke of Normandy, led an invasion force into England. Near Hastings, William met up with the English Forces. The English, led by King Harold Godwin, had just repelled an invasion force from Norway. The Normans won the Battle of Hastings and thus took over England.

Clio resolved to put himself into 11th century England to change the outcome of this event. This was his report:

In my attempt to alter the course of history, I became captain of the merchant ship, the HMC Naval Panther. In September of 1066, I set sail for Northern England. I talked to King Harold Godwin the evening his forces defeated the invading Norsemen.

'Your Majesty,' I said.
'Yes?'

'I am a merchantman and your humble servant. I am sure by now you have heard that the Normans have invaded southern England. I desire to help.'

'How? Is this a joke? If so, I will have your head!'

'No sir!' I said, 'I have a plan. If you will give me a hundred of your men, I will sail to Hastings. I plan to land and sneak up behind the Norman forces.'

'And then what will you do? Yell 'Halt! In the name of the law!?!''

'No, sir. That phrase will not be in use for several hundred years yet. Here is my plan...'

The king listened to my plan. He nodded his head, gave me a hundred men, and wished me good luck.

We set sail in the Naval Panther and reached Hastings one day before Harold's forces were due there. That evening, we snuck up on the Norman forces and prepared to execute my grand design.

I opened a huge sack and ordered my soldiers to pull out thentents. They did so. One soldier said 'What are these?'

'Balloons,' I said.

'Do you think the Normans are going to be scared off by these things?'

In reply, I ordered some soldiers to blow up one of the balloons. They did so and stepped back.

'Why, that looks like...'

'That's right!' I said, 'Those balloons are formed as engineers!'

'Egad! I can hardly bear to look at them!'

We filled up all the balloons and snuck them into the Norman camp. When the Normans awoke and saw that army of engineers, they leaped up and fled in blind terror. King Harold arrived later that day and congratulated us. England was saved!!! Thus ends my report.

P.S. Clio received an A for this story.



Stranger

Every corner that I pass,
Followed through a crowded
mass.

He lurks within my mind this
day,

Dwelling past thoughts of yesterdays.

I hear his steps as I walk,
I hear his echo as I talk.

I feel his breath behind my
hair,

I turn and look but no one's
there.

My stranger haunts this very
thought,

I sense him near, my gaze is
caught.

The truth unfolds, result is
clear.

Eye are locked, as he treads
near.

-Lori S.

Takeoff Song on INXS - "Devil Inside"

by Wendall Blackett

Here comes Mulroney with a
look in his eyes.

Raised on free trade,
with an election on his mind.

Words like weapons sharper
than knives,

it makes you wonder if Turner
can win,

if Turner can win.

Makes you wonder.

Here comes John Turner with
a look in his eye.

His anger at a boot makes him
full of pride.

Look at him go,
look at him kick.

And it makes you wonder if he
will ever win.

Its election time,
election time,

everyone knows that it's elec-
tion time.

Here comes Broadbent with a

look of delight.

He's as popular as the others
combined.

Look at parliament,
listen to the benches,

its hard to believe we need an
election this time.

It's election time,

election time,

everyone knows it's election
time.

Every single one of us knows
it is election time.

Here comes Mulroney with a
look in his eyes.

Ready to call an election this
time.

His words are like knives,
it makes me wonder who's go-
ing to win.

It's election time,

election time,

everyone knows it is election
time.

Just a

Hi, my name is Ivan and I've been doing a lot of writing these last couple of weeks. Well, as it all seems to me, I was just scribbling down, trying to expand and, a lot of the time, just throwing away my ideas. It was as if everything I wrote was a contradiction to what I really wanted to say. Like that time when I was walking down a street where a group of carpenters were in the procedure of building a house. They were inside the house because it was already constructed and they were just finishing up the interior. I can remember hearing the sounds of their tools, like the buzzing of the saw and the banging of the hammer, but I couldn't figure out what each one was being used for. Sure to complete the house but in my case, the buzzing of the saw, I had to know why and for what use the piece of wood they were cutting was going to be used for. UMMMM, in short, I was a victim of disseminating scrutiny. When I was writing, I had to know the direction of each word and the reason why I chose it.

Well, I'm happy to say, I finally found a way out. I came to the conclusion that if I want to write something clear, I should write about real-life incident, just a tidbit of my life, something that happened only yesterday.

I guess it was around nine o'clock in the evening when my brother, Hesbin, came storming into my room screaming from the tips of his lungs.

"The Pit should not be called The Pit!! The Pit should not be called The Pit!!!"

As what usually happened, I didn't have a clue what he was talking about so I told him to get out, that I was busy. I wasn't really busy. I just said that to get rid of him. I always hate when he gets in those moods. He gets real weird and ends up going out of his mind.

"Ivan," Hesbin said, "the name, The Pit, is degrading to who we are."

For some odd reason I knew at once what he was talking about; The Pit in the Robertson library. "This," I said to myself. "might be worth listening to." Although, I rarely go to The Pit, I heard alot about it from Hesbin. Anyways, this is what Hesbin said:

"Ivan, I know that I'm not much older than you, but just listen to what I've got to say."

"I'm listening," I said. And I was.

"The Pit should not be called The Pit," Hesbin said. "simply because the name is degrading to us as university students."

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THIS PAGE, PLEASE
CONTACT THE GEM.**