

The Trinity Review

Volume CIV Number 2

Spring 1991









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It's the Kiddy Korner Funland Playtime Masthead Activity Page!

That's right, kids! Just find the names of all the *Trinity Review* editors in the Official Word Search below – but look sharp, shooters! The names could be located horizontally, vertically or diagonally! Sometimes even backwards! But the merriment doesn't stop there! Nosireebob! When you've circled all eleven names, the unused letters, read from left to right, will spell out the Secret Artsy Message!

In case you've forgotten, the *Trinity Review* editors are: Steve Collington, Patrick Cain, Nigel Beck, Jason Taniguchi, Kelly Baxter, Robyn Kalda, Martha Jo McGinnis, Ursula Holland, Danielle Etches, Aparna Sanyal, and Hugh Thomas!

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Special thanks to the Joint Board of Stewards of Trinity College and Coach House Press.

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What, no flip book! Yes, we admit it, you can't just breeze through this issue of *The Trinity Review* with a simple flick of the thumb. Nevertheless, if you turn the pages a little more slowly this time we're sure you'll find plenty of animation. At the very heart of the book is 'Boredom Man', brimming with activity. And activities! We editors have scrambled to make this edition fun-filled and challenging from the masthead page on. There's poetry which will leave you 'Speechless' and prose ... at a 'Loss for Words'. Trips and journeys, medieval quests, shifty characters in atmospheric cafés, and much more. Lyrical and powerful, 'The Man with Three Children' confronts us with the reality outside our door; but if you need escape, 'Lucky the Cat' beckons comfortingly from beyond the pale. And we have limericks by someone who's half-Japanese, and haiku by someone who's half-Irish.

While we're all here, some happy news: S.W.N.E.S.A is revealed! For those of you who wondered, our 'shyest' author from Issue #1 in fact does have a name, and he likes to use it. Hardly a nonentity, Dominic Gualtieri is an outgoing, carefree fellow, and he sends us all his regards from the USSR, whither he is currently banished by editorial edict. Look for his 'Three Nights Alive' in our last issue, and for something with a twist starting on page twelve of this.

The visual pieces in this *Review* speak for themselves. We have a wonderful collection of images – arresting, mysterious, or simply delightful – for you to linger over and enjoy. Lastly, of course, is the last page. Well... go ahead, cut us up. Crease us, fold us even. Then leave us for the cat. We can take it: we are editors, not....

STEPHEN COLLINGTON

To ...

Walking home from your house,
I wondered, would it feel any different
to be running, naked
through a field full of rosebushes?

CHRIS POWELL

A Sinister Shift in Atmosphere:

A Tale of the Event Horizon Café

It was the kind of grey overcast day where the dishes piled up faster than you could wash, until the mountain of dirt and grime was more than you cared to look at, and you found yourself drinking a hot cup of coffee and pointedly looking elsewhere.

I've slugged it through many such days by setting my mind free to wander and discovering new cracks in the south wall of the café; on this particular occasion, however, my attention chose to fix itself on the arrival of our latest customer.

It's pulpish to say that he had rugged features, chiselled out of stone, that his brown leather jacket looked as if it had grown out of his skin, etc., but I still can't think of a better way to describe him. Also, his aura, though predominantly grey, had a faint but unmistakable red tinge.

He sat down in a booth along the far wall and Graceland, the waitress on duty, gave him a coffee with sugar and double cream. He gave a mildly surprised look and then began to drink. This remains vivid in my memory because it isn't often that someone arrives at the Event Horizon Café without some knowledge of how it operates.

I drained the last drop from my own mug and had just put it on the counter when Graceland placed next to it a fresh mug, black, with sugar.

'Felix,' she said, 'what do you make of our newest client?'

'Grey, with red tinge,' I mumbled.

Graceland tilted her head and half-smiled. 'Shouldn't you be doing some kind of work?'

'Yes.'

She shook her head and went to take the customer a menu. I started in on my fresh mug of coffee, finding myself strangely intrigued with unravelling the sense of mystery that had been brought in with him. There was no reason to think that there was a mystery, and yet the thought was all over the café.

A runaway? Policeman? Criminal? Robbery?

murder

Forgery? Drugs?

murder

I drew a long breath of black liquid.

In my mind I imagined a notebook and a large blue pen with a Cheshire Cat face engraved on the cap. In the notebook were written my observations to that point.

Does not look around.
Stays drawn within himself.
Drinks slowly.

Acts as if the walls and roof are nonexistent and the outside wind is blowing through his very soul.

Green eyes.
Brown hair.

When reaching out for the menu, displayed noticeable scar on left hand. Was trying to keep the scar inside sleeve. I averted my gaze for a moment because I felt that he would soon look about so as to see if anyone noticed. Don't know if I was right.

Pale (presumably from cold).
Possibly carrying a gun.

This last item had a circle drawn around it and a question mark, and the dot of the question mark was a happy face. I asked the Cheshire Cat what was happy about a customer packing a piece but got no reply. I had no basis for this suspicion, of course, but there was definitely a puzzle surrounding this person that could be solved, and somehow it didn't seem possible unless there was a gun involved. Sort of like solving a cryptogram and guessing one letter first from which all the others follow. But it wouldn't follow yet.

murder

Damn that thought. Time for more coffee.

I'd noticed that Eliki had arrived and had taken a counter seat near the card-playing video game. She could beat it cold every time. I gave her a coffee as she sat down.

'Morning, Felix. Not good morning, just morning.'

I nodded. 'See the man with the gun?'

She looked around. 'Yes.'

Maybe I was right. 'What's his name?'

Eliki thought for a moment. I had just assumed that she wouldn't be able to determine it, when she said 'Robert.'

'Robert?' That didn't sound like a violent enough name.

She nodded.

you should be washing dishes

Sometimes my own thoughts bothered me. I could shirk if I wanted to.
leave it alone

I didn't want to wash the damned dishes. I wanted to figure out what Robert was all about.

murder

wash the dishes

I was beginning to be out-voiced by my subconscious. I was about to put it in its place when Graceland's call gave me a start.

'Felix, take the cash, please? I'm too busy.'

Robert had gotten up and was walking towards the register. I waved a hand at Graceland and went over.

you're in danger

I rang up Robert's bill, saying, 'Rough day, hm?'

'The worst.'

murder

In the back of my mind I heard the chimes above the door ring and the corner of my left eye saw the entrance of a larger man in a green greatcoat. Brown, practical, shoes. Practical haircut.

I handed Robert his bill. He did not take it immediately as he also had been looking towards the door. He then turned back to me and opened his jacket.

run!

Under any other circumstances I would expect a wallet to emerge from beneath the jacket, money to be exchanged, et cetera. But for some inexplicable reason, because of the strange shift in atmosphere since Robert's arrival, I fully expected a shooting match to begin before my eyes. Neither of those things happened.

The hand with the scar came from beneath Robert's jacket with a ten-dollar bill and a narrow piece of paper. Then my outstretched hand was grasped twice; once by Robert and once by the man in the green greatcoat.

'No, allow me, Robert,' he said. He took the ten from me and handed over a hundred. But I barely noticed because of what I had seen. Beneath Robert's brown leather jacket was a shirt stained with blood. His own.

'We've been looking all over, Robert,' the greatcoated man said. 'The others are waiting outside. They'll be glad to see you.' He did not smile.

Robert did not speak, did not show any visible emotion, but slowly made his way to the front door and went outside. The greatcoated man turned to me.

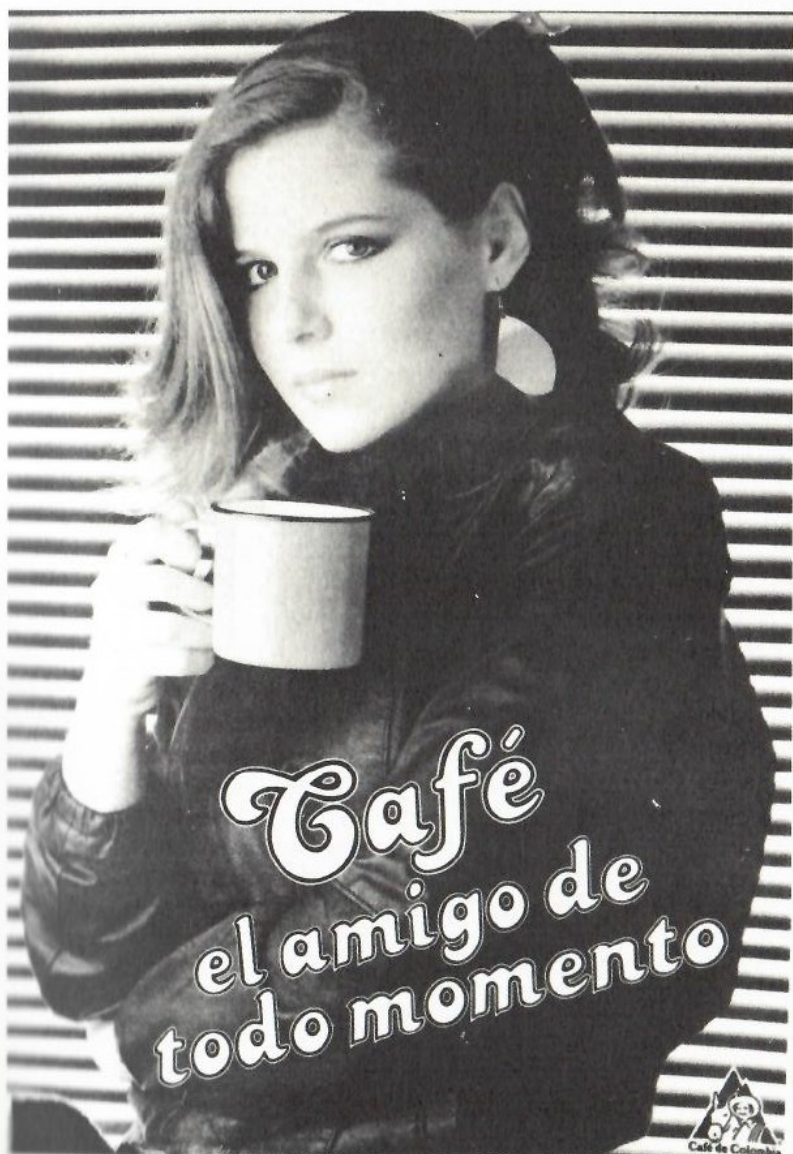
'Keep the change,' he said, 'and none of this is memorable to you, okay?'

I knew where the gun was. It was an integral part of the puzzle around Robert but the gun was not his. It was nestled within the endless folds of the greatcoat. I said nothing to the man with the practical face but changed his hundred and returned to my coffee. I did not watch him leave.

It was some time before I had the courage to look at the piece of paper Robert had palmed onto me.

Criminal? Stooge? Refugee?

murder (ed)



Café
el amigo de
todo momento



DOUG PARKER

Out of an Evening

They saw only our small faces
Hover at the bottom of a blazing
Winter window.

They could not see the fraying of the sleeves
We flapped away from coffee cookie crumbs
As we sat watching them.

To us, being warm, they brushed against
The deep-blue lining of the hour,
Dimmed, and disappeared.

We were the twinkling clink of coffee cups,
Stirred round and round above the
Droning room.

We were the footsteps of sensible shoes
Running up the faces of bright evenings,
Tumbling time away.

The city's thunderous hush would blow
Away and billow down around us,
As if we wore imaginary cloaks,
Past the sleeping seagulls, unable to remember
Any night here that was ever really dark.

Chimneys reared their shapes above
The shadowed sleep of snoring halls,
Frowned, and caused the sky to flit uneasily,
Roared, and threatened falling to the earth.

Higher still, we bounded, chime to chime and
Leapt from point to pinnacle;
We thought we sounded very like the stars
Who danced above us, stately, still,
They delicately dragged their beaded hems
Behind their silver-fluted heels.
Their shoulders cloaked in glassy tatters caught and
Clinked together in weird harmony.

Their frayed sleeves trailed and lightly
Stung our faces with torn sparks.

With hands clasped cold they swayed with us,
Lost hold, and limped along after lost time.

The antique moon scraped slowly round,
And round,
Sad-eyed, sighed, 'Heavens!'

And we ran home, still laughing.

SARA JAMIESON



MICHAEL KLEINBERG

It had come full circle. I looked around the classroom quickly. Everybody sat listening, transfixed. Only this class could have offered so much attention with so little insight to such drivel. Mere puffery. Their postures, rigid and awkward, reminded me of the terrified crouch of a squirrel caught too far from the tree. In the corner one punk was looking around furtively as though he was being hunted by some intellectual mugger.

How did I get stuck here? My God, these academic requirements.

The problem was the format, or perhaps the translation... or maybe the material wasn't interesting or relevant. God knows I was bored with it. It was only twenty past the hour (ten to in Newfoundland). Goddammit, it was hard to pay attention. The lecture went on and on.

The room suited its occupants: cramped, dull, square and ugly – and it had that kind of fluorescent light that made everyone seem pale and their noses shiny and it was growing hot even as I was growing sleepy and there was the patter of sycophantic laughter and I shivered at the sluggish pace of time and it – it had come full circle. What did that mean?

I could vaguely hear the strains of a violin concerto drifting over from the music department. Was it her? I remembered the way she had of biting the tip of her tongue at the moment of total release. I had to find her number again. Damn, that was right, she'd gone queer and cut off all that beautiful, dark hair of hers. Wasn't my fault... or was it?

There was a girl in this class with that same colour hair and I allowed my eyes to make a brief pass over her. She was listening with such rapt attention to each word. Poor ninny.

I felt another pang of regret for having drunk so much the night before. Guilt had come to replace the hangover as the punishment for my binges. My body was more resilient than my spirit. How ironic. How inconvenient.

How hard it was to fucking park at this university! It took me twenty minutes of cruising, like a cunning thief, before I managed to grab a spot. As it was I was going to have to rush after this class to fill the meter with another quarter. Why didn't they make a parking lot out of one of the playing fields where those box-shaped athletes roamed. Rugby. Too much tugging and squeezing for a real sport.

I know. The problem was the bloody textbook. Too didactic and too much method. If only...

I hadn't looked at my watch but the mute stirring in the classroom made it clear that the hour was up. Thank God.

As I was rearranging my notes in preparation for a speedy exit I could

feel someone hovering near my elbow. I looked up. It was the girl with the dark hair.

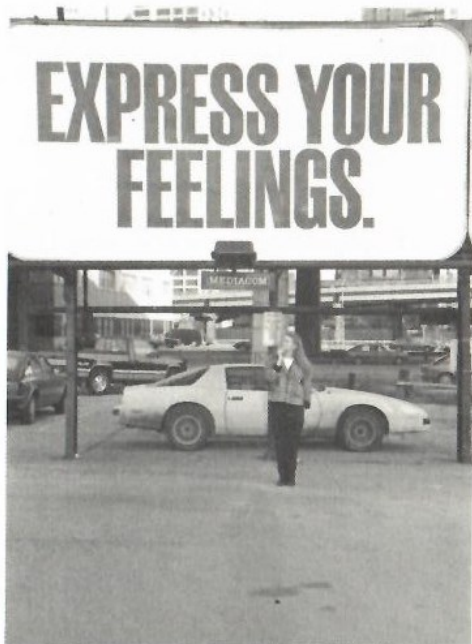
'Excuse me, professor,' she said, 'I'm a little confused about what you said about Rimbaud not really being serious in his mockery of chivalry.'

I looked at her briefly. What the hell, let the meter run out. I'll make the department pay the ticket.

DOMINIC GUALTIERI



JOSÉ CARLOS LAMEIRO



JENNIFER SHELTON

Love Poem No. 101

This is an apology
For my extreme audacity
To think I wrote you poetry.

I have but little rhyming skill
Nor vision, nor poetic will
To write what all should note, but still

In what I wrote I wish you'd read
The thought I wish to you I'd said
I'd like to get you into bed.

HUGH THOMAS

the autumn wind blows
across the courtyard, bringing
my name, with a laugh

flushed cheeks, a straining
tear; behind her, the window
fills with silent snow

perched on the fence posts
above the toboggan run:
lost toques, frozen mitts

my father speaks
of literature and the snow
gathers on my coat

yellow moon amidst
the streetlights – just another
streetlight, it would seem

under sun or moon
only one shadow; among
streetlights, so many

alone and horny
I make a snowball outside
and cool myself off

between spread fingers
shampoo suds: I look closer
and they disappear

flossing my teeth
in the kitchen; blind old dog
wants to shake-a-paw

lone window cleaner
against the glass, polishes
clear the morning sky

STEPHEN COLLINGTON

Trip

'So the plane took off? Despite the weather?' she asked.
Visions of clumsy, bouncing planes
Riding the currents,
Lost forever in some thick grey turbulence.
Finally, solid tarmac and the winds of a new country;
The tensions of one strictly run, or posing as such –
Anything to keep a semblance of racial peace.

Fairytales, storybooks, myths, stereotypes, and reality
Banded to create a formidable offensive.
I had left my bearings at the other airport,
And was now left swimming in an overwhelming body of anxious waters.

I soon learned that turbulence is transferable,
Like invisible travelling ions,
Like a Goethe plot
(When the heroine is sad, it rains).
The negative electric charge, a rank balding Tiresias,
Overruled, no, simply overran the unwitting day,

Leaving me to ride the currents,
Temporarily lost in the scarring grey turbulence.

RAMONA LUENGEN

The Man with Three Children

(I am the foreigner)

A group of dark-skinned men pool their coins. They laugh and argue in some sing-song pidgin dialect. They purchase a communal package of cigarettes, and flick the ashes into the liquid dregs in styrofoam cups. The woman in the sari pours my coffee into a china cup with cream.

(We never exchange words)

Directly to my right, there are two women. They are overweight and overdressed: in the chintzy elegance of worn polyester. The one closest to me is talking loudly, in a dialogue punctuated by expletives. Unbleached roots are exposed in her unwashed hair.

(I am not part of this downtrodden culture)

I justify my presence here. I call it lunch. I never eat. Every day, an hour is spent here in contemplation. A television blares from a corner overhead. Perfect bodies writhe in neon beauty. A gillion dollars of colour dances off the screen.

(Here I am invisible)

My memories are fodder for nightmares. Yesterday's events replay themselves over and over again. Relentlessly. I want to escape the experience. I want my mind to intervene. Alter the memory. Change the ending. Still, I see his face. Unchanged.

(I was only a bystander)

The ivy-covered walls of the college have always ensured a cloistered security. When a serious man with a greying beard approached the platform, the hushed room sat with poised anticipation. I am...

(A privileged recipient of sacred knowledge)

'I am sorry,' he began, '...an unscheduled meeting...the class is cancelled.' With a mixture of groans and giggles, the class dispersed onto the frosty sidewalk. I am not consciously superstitious. Still, there is something ominous about being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

(The paper was thrust in my face)

Printed on a recipe card were these words: 'I have three children. I have no money.' In a small carriage, a child of maybe two years lay sleeping. People threw coins as they quickly passed by. I opened my wallet. My heart sank. One twenty-dollar bill stared back at me, reproachfully.

(An eternal moment was spent in indecision)

Why didn't he go to a shelter, or a welfare office? Maybe he feared deportation. A man with three children comes to this paradise of gilded towers and marble foyers. He begs for money in the streets.

(Is he my responsibility?)

I was trapped by incompetence. He was trapped by the stares of pity; but knew that need outweighed pride. We needed to escape each other's gaze. I handed him the money. Brokenly, his words expressed gratitude. But his eyes betrayed resentment. A young woman could give him what he could not earn.

(I tried to defend myself)

'I have children too. I know ...' but the words trailed off. Even to him they probably sounded trite. I could not help him. I walked away. If we met again, what would I do? I entertained Pygmalian fantasies of inviting them home for dinner. They would delight at the ivory sounds of the grand piano, and thrill at the touch of feather pillows. My children would tell the story of our chivalrous adventure.

(It would be a cause)

I went back later, knowing, really that he would be gone. I paced the silent sidewalk searching for an answer. The streets were haunted. The wind howled in voices of all the hungry children I had never seen. I could hear the man's voice, and see the sleeping baby.

(My children fought)

Over decadent candies, with their delicate mouths. I told them the story of the man with three children. They eyed me suspiciously. There is something in the collective consciousness of small children that anticipates these parables a few days before Christmas. They were tired and fidgety. I had missed my mark. 'You could have been those children.' I was startled by the pitch of my own voice. We have good food. Fine clothes. Education. These are not our rights. They are gifts. They are not ours to fight over.

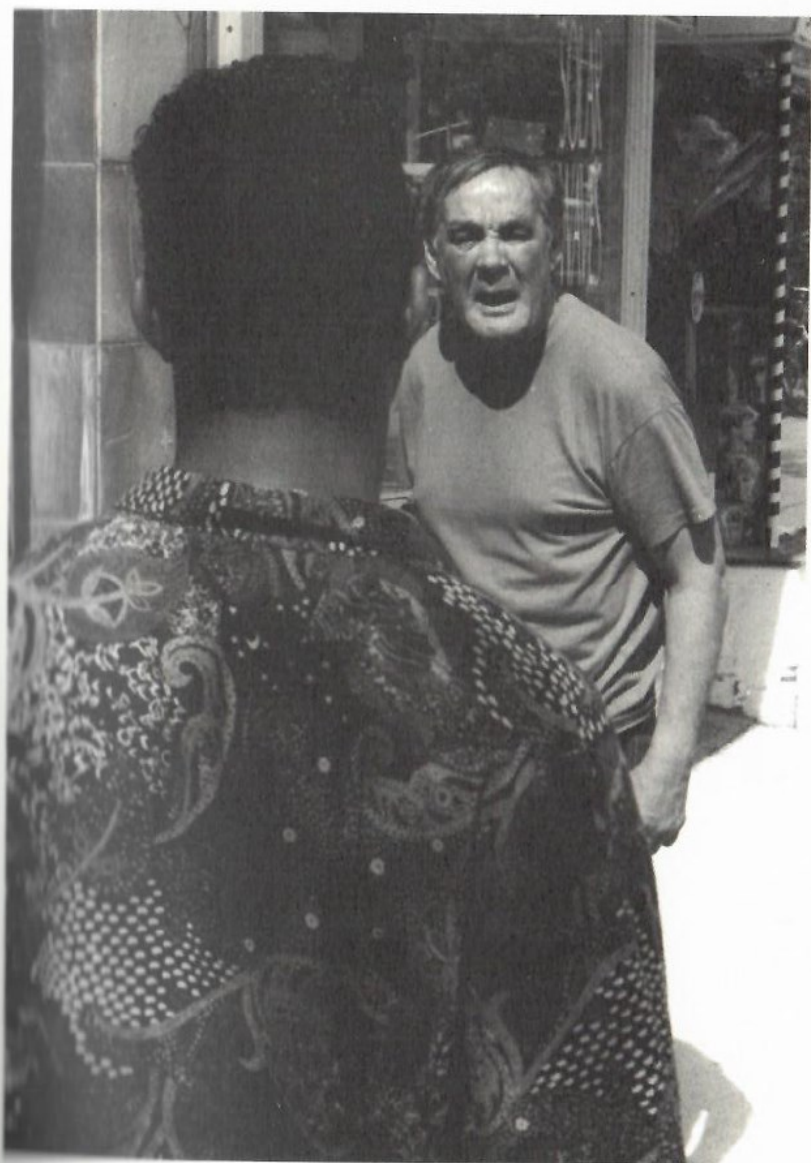
(We lead charmed lives)

'We own our own home. Do you know what a single mother in this city has to do to buy a house? Do you know what has been done to ensure that you will never know poverty? I never took you with me to the food banks or the welfare offices. You could have been that baby in that carriage. You were not.' My children stared back at me.

(Blankly)

A collective yawn rose up from the rows of sleepy houses, and stifled the cries from the streets.

GEORGIA WILDER



MICHAEL KLEINBERG

Today

The wind is stealing away
the smell of the lilac bushes,
playing hairdresser
with the treetops.
No, I can't concentrate
for all the secrets rustling impatient
against my windowpane:
secrets about both men and women
just hanging around
before the wind can make off with them.
And I could probably draw
some pretty interesting conclusions
if I were not bent over my textbooks.
'Let us in,' they whisper, devious,
'let us in!'

Outside my window a lone bicyclist
attempts some headway as well,
but is invariably blown off-course.
If he decided to ride
in the opposite direction
he'd have the wind at his back.
Well, of course.
But the wind is devious, the rider determined,
and there are complications
under these pages
also.

URSULA HOLLAND

Journey's End

Mother: Go from me, my daughter,
To the cavern of the crone
And hear from her the legends
Carved by moonlight into stone.

The Earth was once a forest
And the Earth was covered green.
From her you'll touch the magic
Of the wonders she has seen.

Daughter: I travelled in the darkness,
And I strong withheld my fear.
The clouds were rent with lightning,
And her voice was drawing near.

Her clothes were coarse and ancient;
From her hair the darkness grew.
Her eyes, grotesque with wisdom,
Held the secrets that she knew.

Crone: In times that are forgotten,
From the earth of buried dead,
I felt the past by scrying
Words that history left unsaid.

Touch you now this calloused palm
To find out where beauty lies.
View me with your spirit's light,
And then gaze with new-found eyes.

Daughter: From earth of conquered Priam
Still the pomegranate sings.
Her roots are woven tapestries
Of our legends' ancient kings.

The golden crown of Ceres
Marks the furrows' fallen corn.
In the winds of amber autumn
Frosty whispers are forborne.

Crone: So wind has sown those sleeping
Seeds from Fortune's darkened wells,
To liven windfall's frosty
Fruits. Enchanting madrigals!

Once the sky held ravens —
In those times the skies were bright.
From this missiled darkness view the
Myths that sired our poisoned night.

Daughter: Cities ravaged the blackened
Land and slew the mighty trees.
Dryads withered in despair,
And they cursed the summer breeze.

I dreamed I touched the water,
And I dreamed I touched the stone.
Instead I donned a gas mask
And began the journey home.

Mother: Would that all our daughters might
Revive the crown of Earth, and
Mime the Maker's clay to cast
Her breath on spring's rebirth!

Thunder storms the mountain nymph,
And greens the Ever-dust.
'Now desert, change to garden!'
Chant the canticles of Trust.

GEORGIA WILDER

NO. 1
MAR '91

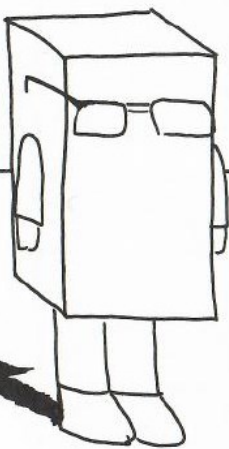
BOREDOM MAN

ONLY
\$2.25
+PST
+GST
+QST
+DDT
+TNT

PULSE - POUNDING PATHOS!
ARTERY - AGITATING ACTION!
HEART - HAMMERING HORROR!
DARE - DEVILING DESIRE!
SYNAPSE - STAGGERING SUSPENSE!

FIRST
issue

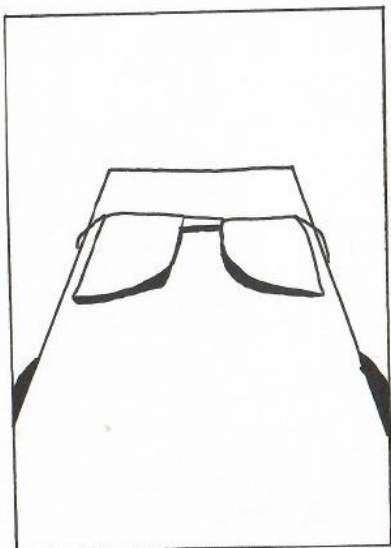
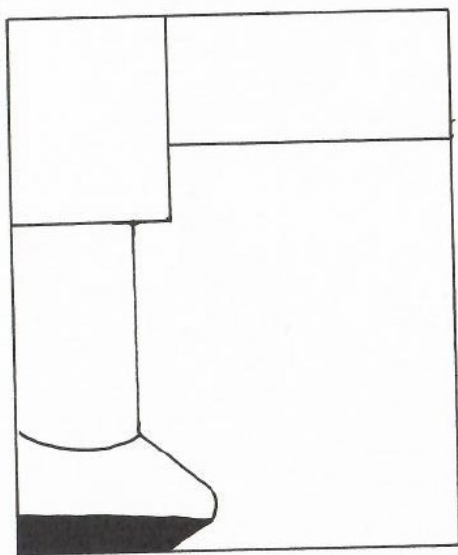
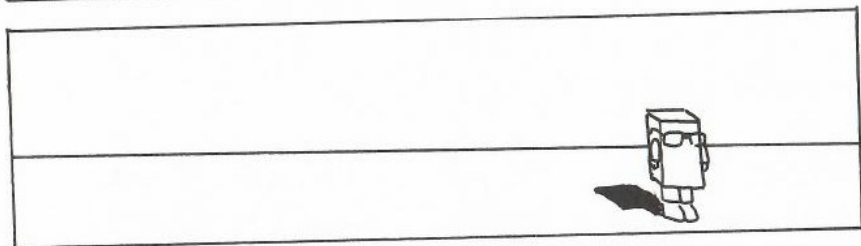
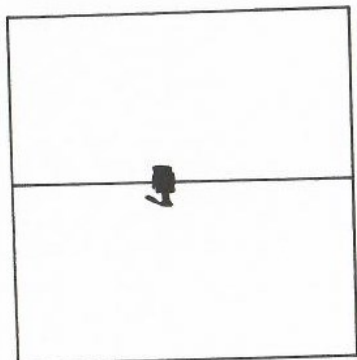
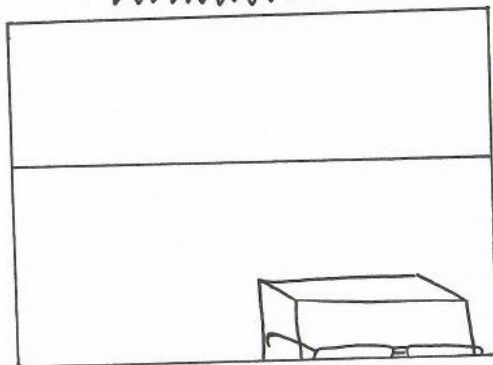
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CLASSIC!

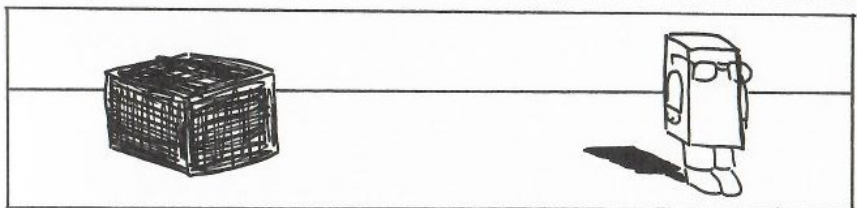
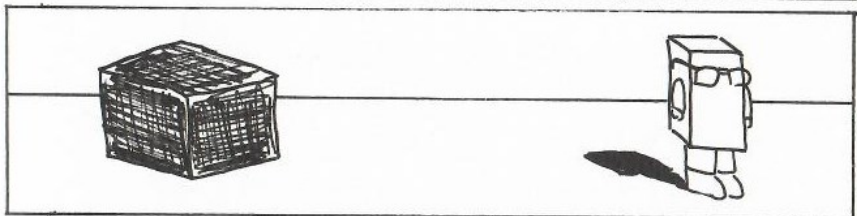
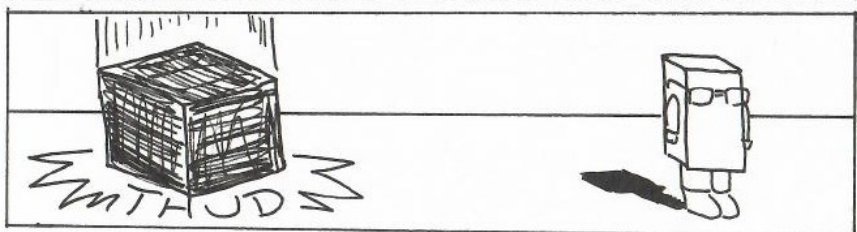
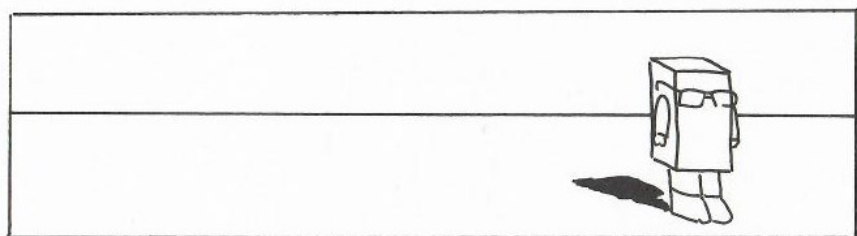


THE ADVENTURES OF
BOREDOM MAN

EPIC ONE
VOL. ONE

BOOK ONE
NO. ONE



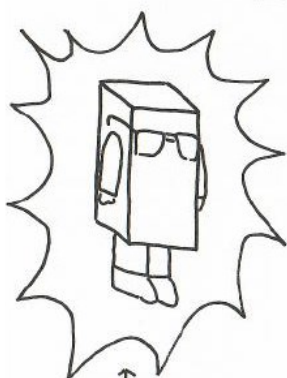


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Once Upon a Time...

The sun beat upon the shiny armour as the white knight wiped the sweat from his brow. He bent to take a long, cool draught from the muddy brook. The water gave him a momentary respite, for he was hot and his whole body cried for rest, but still he had to go on with his quest. Somewhere, out there, his love needed him and one must never keep a lady waiting. On he spurred his horse towards the dying day, for there were trials to go before he could sleep.

She sat in her tower, waiting for the Black Knight's next attack against her. She was calm, as if she had accepted the inevitable.

'Queen to Queen's knight five, check,' said the Black Knight as he deftly moved his piece.

'A risky move to try, dear sir,' the Princess remarked.

'Without risks, the game would be boring,' replied the Black Knight. 'Once you have the advantage, you must use it for all it is worth.'

'If I may make a criticism?'

'You may. Am I not gracious?'

'You use your Queen entirely too soon and sacrifice position for attack,' said the Princess. 'I guess this is the reason you prefer white.'

'And if I may criticize, you play too conservatively, and thus limit your attacking options and advantages.'

The game drew on as the Princess countered each check and the Black Knight exchanged pieces without a second thought.

'Pawn to Queen six,' said the Princess.

'I do not see the point of that move, dear Princess,' the puzzled opponent muttered. 'There were so many better pieces to threaten or take.'

'Are you happy?' asked the Princess.

'What!?'

'Are you happy?'

'Yes... of course I am,' retorted the Black Knight. 'Why would I not be happy?'

'Are you lonely?'

'I have you to keep me company, so why should I be lonely?'

'Do you love me?'

There was a brief hesitation as the Black Knight breathed deeply. 'No, dear Princess, I do not.'

'Then why do you keep me here?' snapped the abductee. 'What is it that you want?'

'A good chess opponent.'

Seeing that her face still bore anger, the Black Knight furrowed his brow

and in his most controlled voice said, 'I apologize for the inconvenience, but I am playing a game of power with your father and you just happen to be a pawn.'

'Why me?'

'Because you are your father's Achilles' heel. While I have you, he must acquiesce to my demands if he wants to see you again. I am in control. What a rush!'

'Is it all for power then?'

'What else is there?'

'Love!'

'What an interesting concept,' purred the Black Knight. 'Why do you believe that?'

'MY love is out there and he will rescue me.'

'You actually believe that your knight will come for you?' asked the Black Knight. 'He will not, you know.'

'I know he loves me,' cried the Princess. 'Check.'

'And do you believe in fairies as well?' the Black Knight snorted. 'Love is an illusion for the naive.'

'What do you know of love? All you want is power. What do you know of the feeling of completeness when he and I are together? Do you feel at all?'

The Black Knight paled beneath his visor, as if the Princess had struck him a mortal blow.

'I know of love, but you are wrong if you believe your love will stay. In time, he will grow tired of you, for having is not quite as pleasurable as wanting. When you grow old and lose your beauty, he will desire someone younger and prettier than you,' he spoke softly. 'Check.'

The Princess stared at the board. Her eyes refused to look into the face of her tormentor. Her features had changed from anger to doubt tinged with apprehension.

An advantage must not be wasted, and before he could stop himself the Black Knight spoke: 'Or his love for power will consume him. In time, he will realize that power is the only thing. Once he has tasted the blood of his enemies, or heard them beg for mercy, the exhilaration of death will fuel his desire.' His words were cold as ice.

'Bishop to King's knight five,' replied the Princess. 'That won't happen! He's not like that!'

'We are all like that. I fell in love with someone once. We spoke the words: LOVE, YOU, HEART, FOREVER. Do you see her?' The bitter tone came through as he spoke. 'She was as beautiful as you are... I hear she is a queen somewhere. I learned the fundamental truths after she left.'

'Pawn to Queen seven, check and mate,' whispered the Princess. 'I am sorry for you, but he loves me, doesn't he?'

'Yes, of course. Mating with a pawn?' The Black Knight seemed absorbed in his loss. 'I underestimated you, Princess – do you love him?'

'Yes... I do,' she said, her voice dying in the room. 'Even a pawn can become a Queen.'

'It's late and I've kept you awake too long. Dream of love and other absurdities, for the dreams die all too soon; growing old kills them... I know!'

The white knight succumbed to his weariness and dreamed of finding the Black Knight and rescuing his prize. The thrill of finding his lost love gave him a wet dream.

In the morning, he set off once more, as intent on confronting the Black Knight as he was on winning the Princess. Along the route, through the slime pits, he encountered the obligatory dragon.

The dragon's breath smelled of sulphur, and half-caked the white knight's armour with soot. The dragon was young, and moved quickly as steel clashed with claw. As the dirtied hero cursed his way through the battle, he wondered for an instant if he should turn back. The sword then sliced the dragon's neck and the smell of blood filled the air. The white knight paused a moment to subdue his passions and then spurred his charger to his destiny.

They sat in the tower as they had before, playing chess and wondering when the white knight would show up. Ever since the white knight had been spotted in the woods, the Black Knight had made certain that no one harmed his rival.

'You were right. He is coming.'

'And when he comes?'

'We shall fight unto death. You are the prize. I am sorry for the pain I have caused you,' repented the Black Knight.

One of the Black Knight's servants came in and told them the enemy was at the gate. The Black Knight rose from his win and took the servant aside.

'Let him in,' ordered the lord. 'If he wins, he is allowed to leave with the Princess. No one is to stop them! Do you understand?'

'And what if I wish to stay?'

'The rules of the game say no.'

The quester flew into the courtyard and met the Black Knight. 'Where is she?' demanded the saviour.

'She is well,' replied the host. 'You've come a long way to see her.'

'She's mine, you had no right!'

'I had every right. This sword and my power gave me the right. You'll learn soon enough.'

'She belongs to me!'

'No one belongs to anyone. Shall we dance?'

Their swords clashed and their armour clanked. They were evenly matched, but youth and speed won over age and experience. The white knight stopped to taste the blood of his victory before going to the tower. From her former prison, the Princess saw it all.

The white knight bounded up the steps in fives, prepared to fight the Black Knight's henchmen. A little disappointed that his victory was so easy, and over, he entered her chamber. He did not notice how intently she was gazing upon the board.

He grabbed her in his arms and gazed into her eyes. She saw the thrill of victory.

She wondered how she could keep his love forever as he slipped his arms around her waist.

'I love you,' he cried as she slipped a dagger into his back. The pain was intense, and before he died, he glanced up to see her mouth the words, 'I love you... forever.'

KEITH KIM



JENNIFER SHELTON

Ferns and Thrushes

The ache deepened; it had flourished
In the time of my sleepy solace,
So that the awakening flooded me
With a more bitter pain.
At last, it grew too heavy a discontent,
And I turned to the lamp-lit streets, seeking there
The comfort of idle shadows.

Of no great matter was my loss;
But that this should be
The result of divine treachery, wounded me
And left my spirit without a core.
I had prayed, and dawn had come unobscured,
Yet the greater gift had escaped me,
And, gazing at the fog and dust, I knew
That such an earth could not possess
The blessing of heaven's holy sceptre.

But in a corner was a tree-lined path
To this, unsullied and true;
I made my way among ferns and thrushes,
Bewildered at their vital joy,
When all to ashes fell my despair,
For there, in the midst of a meadow
You dwelt, with daffodils in your hair,
And mockery at the world's witless ways
Lay kindly in your natural gaze.

APARNA SANYAL

Life Limericks

with thanks to Robert Ellis

The day that my grandfather died,
We searched for his hat far and wide.
 We found it at last
 In a field long and vast,
With an unopened condom inside.

Give me betrayal and lies!
Offer selfishness and compromise!
 Show me greed and conceit;
 Display doubt and deceit.
If there's one thing I hate, it's a surprise.

Scarcely had the dump site been filled,
When the practical mayor was killed
 By environment freaks
 Who'd been planning for weeks
To destroy – they'd no budget to build.

The Second World War was not fun.
Most everyone there had a gun.
 So that's why I'm glad
 It was not me, but Dad,
Who got all that nasty stuff done.

(written with Russell Martin)

A reverend with testicles five
Was known by his neighbours to thrive
 On effects self-induced
 Which on good days produced
A sigh like a jeep's four-wheel drive.

You could say that my one biggest trauma
Comes when listening to my dying momma:
 At the end of each clause,
 There's a period's pause,
But it always turns out it's a comma.

JASON TANIGUCHI



TEENA HAN

(ii)

Fat cat
Big dog
Cat shrieks
Dog chomps
Fat cat
Dead cat
Big dog
Happy dog
Bloody mouth
Dead headless cat

'RUEZ'



JOSÉ CARLOS LAMEIRO

Loss For Words

When Amanda moved in with Gordon she brought along her twenty-six volume dictionary. The house was small, but she had seen to it that an entire room was devoted to bookshelves, which lined all four walls from floor to ceiling. Amanda regarded them affectionately.

They looked wrong without books on them. She grabbed an armful from one of the cartons scattered on the library floor, and stood on a chair to tilt them into place on the top shelf. The chair wobbled.

'Hey Gord, gimme a hand, willya?'

Gordon put his head through the doorway. 'Hmm?'

Amanda gestured at the books strewn over the floor. 'All *this* has to get up *there* somehow.' She waved at the shelves.

His rueful face made her laugh. He held the expression for her benefit and she crumpled in a fit of hilarity. He dropped the pose.

'All right, for heaven's sake. Enough of your foolish laughter.'

Amanda grinned at him. 'Got a problem with laughter?'

'There's a time and a place.'

She shrugged. 'Can you reach the top shelf? Here, put this away.' She handed him a column of books.

They had been working in silence for some minutes when Amanda suddenly stopped, joke book in hand. 'So where are *your* books?'

For a moment Gordon seemed not to have heard. 'Hmm? Me? ... I don't have any.' He continued shelving her paperbacks without pausing or turning around.

'Oh come on, everyone has *some* books.'

'Not me.'

She stared at him. 'Well, at least the one I gave you at Christmas.'

'You never gave me a book for Christmas.'

'I did. The nonsense poetry of Edward – what's his name? The one who wrote "The Jumblies." *You* know.'

'I don't remember reading anything about Jumblies.'

'Funny, I –' She turned back to the shelf and continued putting her biographies in alphabetical order. 'What was I saying?'

'Something about nonsense poetry, or something of that ilk.'

'Don't tell me you don't like nonsense poetry?'

'I think it's aptly named.'

'What's that supposed to mean?'

'It's fine,' he assured her. 'It's very cute. But it is rather trivial, don't you think?'

'What's wrong with trivial?'

Gordon flicked the dust off a copy of *Clarissa*. 'It gets wearisome.'

'Oh, wearisome, wearisome!' Amanda tossed a hand tragically to her brow.

Gordon stacked more books along the shelf. 'Am I putting these books of yours away all by myself or are you going to take a break from being zany and help?'

'Aren't you ever zany?'

'Zany,' he replied, 'is beneath my dignity.'

'Insufferable snob.'

'Thank you.'

Amanda went back to organizing her biographies. All at once she stopped and looked them over. 'Hey, something's missing.'

'What?'

'It's missing, the biography of that guy, what-d'ya-call-him, *Washington Square* and all that ... *The Americans* ...'

'No idea.'

'Oh, come on, you know ...'

'Do you have the book? Why not look in Fiction?'

'I have some of his other stuff ... hmm ...' Her eyes searched the Fiction shelves, which Gordon had nearly filled. 'I don't see them.'

'What are they called?'

She paused, then shook her head. '... I forget. Argh. Don't you hate that?' Amanda exhaled abruptly. 'Let's take a break. The monotony is getting to me.'

'I don't mind. The faster we work, the sooner it gets done.'

Amanda put her arms around his before he could reach for another handful of books. 'Gotcha.' Gordon stood stock-still. She pulled his head down and he ducked under and out.

'Hey!' she cried. 'No kiss?'

He patted her uncomfortably. 'Ah, what do you need a kiss for ...'

'You are turning down a kiss from me?'

He patted her shoulder again. 'Let's just get these books put away.' He stooped to pick up more paperbacks.

Amanda stopped him. 'You can't convince me you don't constantly yearn after my beauty and wit.'

'Not *yearn*, exactly,' he quibbled. '*Yearn* isn't the word I would use.'

'Let's be passionate,' she said. 'Let's fly to the sun and dive in its oceans of fire.'

'Being passionate sounds painful,' he said and cleared his throat. 'Let's not, and say we did.'

Amanda stepped back and looked at him. 'You're embarrassed.'

'I'm not, I'm not embarrassed. I just - let's just finish what we've got to do here.'



TEENA HAN

She sighed and reached down into the box of dictionaries. 'Righty ho, old chum. Boy, you were never this nervous on dates.'

'Those were dates.'

'Point well taken.' Amanda began taking out dictionaries and stacking them on the shelf. Then she stopped, one volume in hand, staring at the spine. 'That's odd.'

'What?'

'E is missing.'

'Maybe it's in another box.'

'Wait a minute. A lot of these are missing. J's gone too. And K, and L. Oh, there's M - but N's gone. And P! And - and T - and Y, and Z.'

'You must have put them in another box.'

'But I did this so carefully!' Amanda wailed. 'How could I have lost them?' She rummaged noisily through the cartons.

After a prolonged search she sat back on her heels. 'I can't find them anywhere.'

'They have to be *somewhere*.'

'I don't think so. I think the fairies stole them away to read on rainy evenings.'

'I'm sure you're right. It must have been fairies.'

'You're so sarcastic. Can't I entertain the occasional delusion?'

'Whatever turns you on.'

'You're telling me you never make things up?'

'I don't claim to have your imagination.'

'Is there something *wrong* with imagination, my dear Gordon?'

'In its place, my dear Amanda,' he smiled, 'I'm sure imagination is a good thing.' He returned to the hardbacks.

'Oh, a Good Thing!' exclaimed Amanda. 'And pray what *is* its place?'

'Hmm? Sorry?'

'I said, what *is* its place?'

'Whose place?'

'... I forget. I keep forgetting things. I'm going crazy. Crazy as a caged camel! Crazy as a confined conifer! Crazy as - as -'

'You're not going crazy.'

'And you're no fun. I'm going up and putting away my clothes. We're almost finished here anyhow.' It seemed impossible that so many books could look so sparse on the shelves, but the boxes and bags were nearly empty. She left Gordon to deal with the rest.

Amanda's suitcases were on the floor. She lifted one, using both hands, and almost fell over backwards. It was empty. Gordon must have put away her clothes when he did his own. She pulled out the dresser drawers. They were empty. All of them.

'Gordon, didn't you put your clothes in the dresser?'

Silence. 'You know,' he called finally, 'I can't remember. You could check the closet.'

Amanda looked around. 'There is no closet.' 'Hadn't there been a closet? 'Gordon, the carpet's gone.'

'The carpet?'

'And the curtains.'

'Did we have curtains?'

'Gordon, can you come up here please?' Amanda's voice sounded small and shaky. Gordon came up. 'I think there's a robber,' she said. 'You've got to be valiant and slay him or something.'

'Me? I don't think I can be valiant.'

'If you were Don Quixote you'd ride out with nary a fear in the world.'

'I'm not quixotic.'

'Couldn't you be unpredictable just once?'

'No.'

'Oh come on,' she said. 'This is your big chance to play the romantic hero! Nab our pilfering psychopath and win the lady's admiration!'

'Let's try to be a little more realistic and a little less romantic, shall we?'

'I can't help it. My life is a fairy-tale.' Amanda suddenly looked stricken. 'I didn't lose my fairy-tales too, did I?' She rushed downstairs.

'Thank heavens. Here it is.' She pulled the heavy volume from a shelf. *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, the spine proclaimed.

She laid it on its back. 'The cover is gone!' The binding just ended, on either side of the spine, neatly, as if it had been made that way. Amanda flipped through the book. 'The pictures are gone too.' She looked more closely. 'The *words* are half missing!' Sure enough, the page was sprinkled with blank spaces where words had disappeared. Only words beginning with A, B, G, H, M, O, S, W, and – Amanda leafed through – X, remained. 'Gordon, you've gotta see this,' she called. 'Something really peculiar is going on.' His footsteps thumped down the steps.

Amanda continued looking through the book. The blank spaces seemed shocking, somehow, like the space left by a missing finger or toe or ear. Gordon peered over her shoulder. 'Put it on the table,' he suggested, but the table had vanished too.

'What's going on?'

Amanda put the book back on the shelf. 'It's magic,' she explained.

'Yeah, right.'

'Okay, call it what you like. The X-factor.'

'You've been reading too much sci-fi.' A movement over his shoulder caught Amanda's attention.

'Gordon.'

'What.'

'When you were saying that, a book disappeared.'

'What do you mean, disappeared?'

She went over to the shelf. 'I don't know. It came after W in Ancient Classics.' Then she noticed the shelves. 'This shelf was practically full a minute ago, and now it's empty,' she said, pointing to the Mystery shelf. 'And those, too, those were full!' The Romance and Fiction shelves held nothing but a dead bee. 'And look at the dictionaries! Only seven left: A, B, G, H, O, S, W. This is just spooky.'

'There's nothing spooky,' said Gordon flatly, and they were deafened by the sound of tumbling books as the shelves evaporated right out from underneath their burden. Some of the books never touched the ground. They shrank like melting ice cubes in the middle of the air and vanished.

Gordon was still speaking calmly. 'I'm sure there's a good explanation. I don't put much faith in this hocus-pocus stuff.'

Amanda screamed as the house drained of colour and form around them. The mesmerizing illusion of transparency lasted an instant that seemed to go on forever until Amanda realized that the house really was gone and they were falling into the basement and the bed was falling from the second floor that no longer existed and they were directly underneath it. They landed on the concrete floor a split second before the bed crashed down on them, its impact only partially broken by the legs of the bed hitting the ground first.

Gordon cursed. 'What the hell is going on?' Their legs were pinned down by the bed. A few remaining books lay beneath them and Amanda tried to work them out from under her. Her voice shook.

'I guess you find this a little odd.'

'Odd!'

Amanda's leg slumped to the ground as one of the books underneath it vanished. She pulled at another. 'I guess I never told you, but things do have a way of getting a little bizarre around me.'

'I can do without bizarre things like this.'

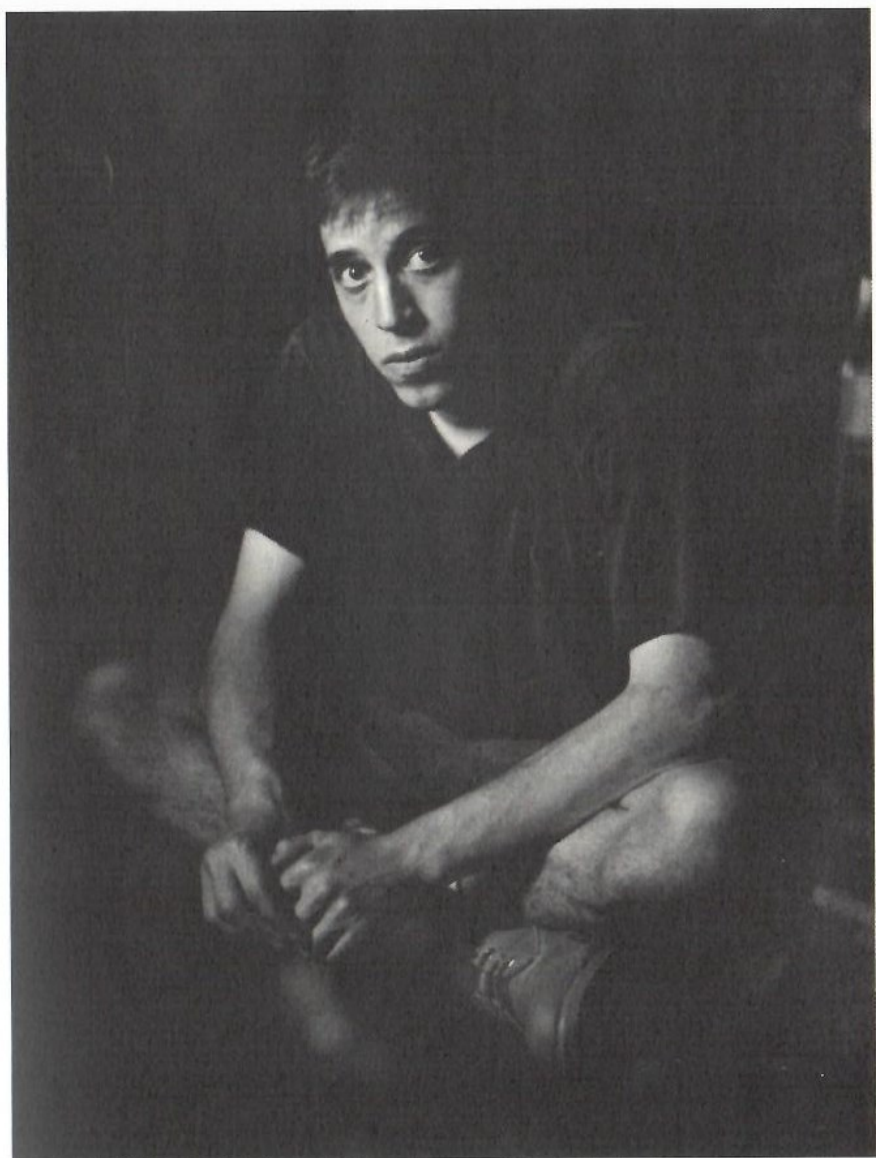
The weight of the bed lifted from their legs. It was swallowed by the air, bolsters and all, and with it went the bits of broken bathtub, which had shattered against the washing-machine in the corner. The dictionary Amanda had been yanking at turned to dust and blew away. She sat up awkwardly, brushing herself off. The books lying where she had been pinned were dictionaries: A, G and W.

Gordon was looking at her strangely. 'This has something to do with you? I'm really not into this weird stuff.' The battered washing-machine disappeared, and so did volume W.

'Shut up,' Amanda snapped. 'Don't say another word.'

He bridled indignantly. 'I hardly think you should be the one getting angry -'

She clapped a hand over his mouth, but it was too late. The fingers



MICHAEL KLEINBERG

shivered, blended with the air, became air. Nothingness licked at her arms and legs like fire at a paper doll, only there were no charred remains, no ashes, just empty space.

She could not remember her name.

She clutched at her memory desperately, trying to find her lost name among its hidden corridors. Then, as her body disintegrated, the barrier to her memory melted away, all at once, at the last moment, and she had barely enough breath to scream one word.

'Amanda!'

And she began to come back. Her face filled in, her hair spilled down on either side, her neck spread downwards and became arms, hands, chest, hips, legs, feet. 'I am Amanda,' she repeated, reassuring herself. She still held the A volume of the dictionary against her chest. It was extremely light. She opened it to its single word, Amanda, printed in small type on the single page.

She turned to Gordon. He was staring at her open-mouthed.

'Do you know what you just did?' she demanded. He shook his head. 'You almost obliterated me.' He eyed her sideways, frightened. 'Every time you make some stupid sceptical remark things start to disappear. You nearly got us killed! You very nearly erased me altogether!' Gordon bowed his head.

'Well, needless to say, I'm not going to live with you.' Amanda got up. 'Here.' Still holding the A volume against her chest, she tossed him the G's. 'There's a word I want you to look up.' He opened the dictionary. 'It's spelled G-O-O-D-B-Y-E.' She went to one dirt wall where the basement foundation had been and reached up to pull herself out.

She stopped at the shy sound of Gordon's voice.

'Wait,' he said.

'Don't go,' he said.

'I love you,' he said, and Amanda's arm jumped as a small volume materialized underneath it. She examined it. L, with a single entry, love.

She hesitated, then went back and put the dictionaries on the ground beside Gordon. 'That's a start,' she said. 'Do you think you can bring it all back - the house, and the books, and all twenty-six volumes of my dictionary?'

'I don't know,' he said.

'That's not good enough,' she said.

'Then the answer is yes.' And Y appeared, flapping out of nowhere to settle on top of A and L.

Amanda sagged towards the ground. Her legs hurt where the bed had landed on them. 'I'm exhausted. Could you - do you think you could make me a bed?'

'I don't know how,' he said tremulously.

'Please.'

'All right.' And he spoke to her of ebony bedsteads and feather mattresses, fat pillows and down coverlets and gauze draperies and linen sheets and when she turned around there it was, the bed he had made for her with his words. She climbed in among the covers and fell asleep amid the stirring of his dreams.

When she awoke, Amanda lay for a few moments with her eyes closed. There was a strange whirring sound by her head and something went clickety-clack at the head of the stairs. There were Lilliputs and Jumblies and Nittedads and Thingamajigs; there were Zorgs and Krillings and Yakadiddles and Pobbles. The whirring sound by the head of the bed was made by the leaves of a brass Equililly. A Fringle was swinging on the curtains, while a bevy of Ishpogs made clacking noises at the head of the stairs with their wooden feet. A Cameleopard cut the air with its Vorpel sword, and Queebles and Ullapits bickered in the open closet.

Amanda went downstairs, cautiously stepping over a stand of Runcible Rimples that had sprung up beside the library door. A flock of Mome-raths was outgribing at the back door, waiting to be let out, and a pair of Xylocrimps played a miniature version of Haydn's *Toy Symphony* on their metallic ribs. Amanda brushed aside a curious Snoggetwit and went in to see Gordon.

His pale face lay on the table, a bruise purpling on his forehead where it had knocked against the basement floor. He looked exhausted, but was just awakening to the gentle prodding of a Hornswoggle examining his leg. Gordon caught sight of Amanda. He opened his mouth and an Ormdoodle tried to jump in. He blew it away and started again.

'I guess I goofed.'

Amanda shook her head incredulously. 'What happened?'

'I forgot most of the words,' he said. 'So I made up new ones.' He pointed to the dictionary, which sat at a convenient height on the shelves near a funny little table that hadn't been there before — all twenty-seven volumes of it.

And books! Books poured off the shelves, piled two deep, stacked in corners. They had titles like, *Where the Bong-Trees Grow*, or *Windlesnigs Abroad*.

Amanda began to laugh. She held Gordon's head in her hands and kissed him carefully on the bruised spot. He put his arms around her.

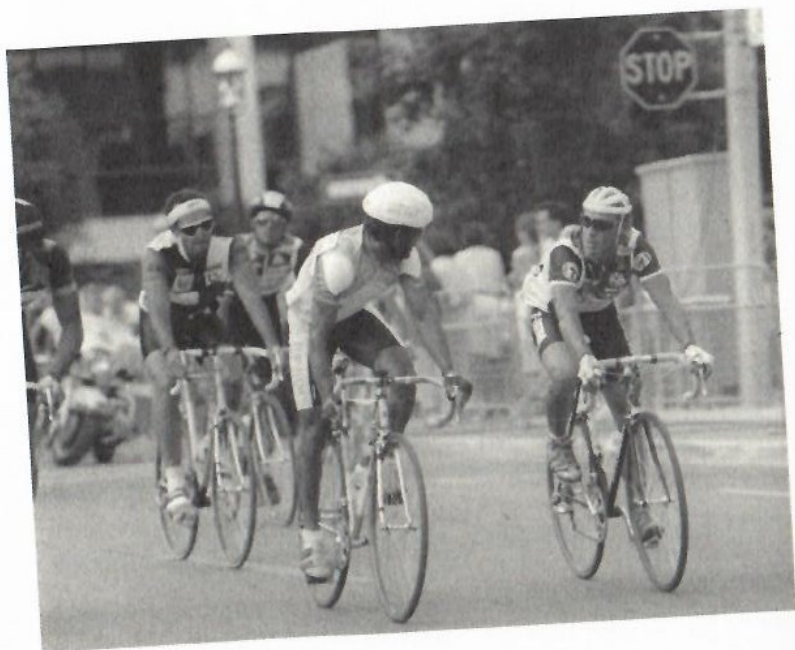
'Shh,' he whispered. 'Don't wake the Afflegip.'

Speechless

(after 'Wordsworth')

End of term is now upon us all too soon,
Cribbing and cramming until the early hours;
Before the mounds of unread texts I cringe and cower:
The prospect of exams is enough to make me swoon!
This essay overdue will be my ruin.
Bouts of desperation sap my power.
I beg my prof for an extension, he starts to glower
'A pale excuse for indolence,' he booms,
'It moves me not.' – Good God! There has to be
A way of learning beyond this stress and storm.
I long to seek it out but I fear I am not free;
These are the rites of scholarship which all initiates must perform.
Is there life without a B.A. or B.Sc?
Exactly. And that is what I scorn.

SHEREEN ELFEKI



JOSÉ CARLOS LAMEIRO

Very Quietly

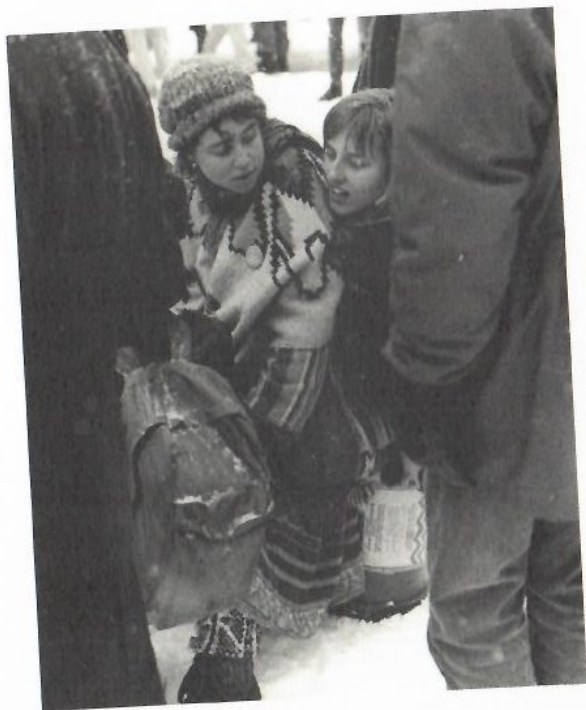
With a
sudden change of step
my perspective slips; a leaf
falls,
and the street holds its breath
like some child I'm about to uncover
with his hands
held over his eyes.
It's almost as if
I've been wearing contact lenses, unknowing,
and have unexpectedly found
I see clearer without.
I cherish this new sight,
though I don't know who
it's been tarnished by now.
All the lenses I know
have somebody's fingerprints on them.

If we can't be blind ourselves
we'll let someone else be
blind for us, in this world I so love,
this uncomfortable sofa
under its slip-cover
of human nature.

URSULA HOLLAND

Here is a day full of good tastes and good smells. Slicked looks and shining teeth. Smooth clicking of the keyboard not the difficult scratching of the pen. A loose chuckle, casual leaning back in chair. Talk of money, talk of style; sing me a song and I'll sit and I'll smile. One smell masks another; smell clean, smell fresh; why bother to smell at all? I know the faces that you can't see behind the telephone wires, and only some of them smile, and even fewer care. I wrote a poem once, in French, and gave it to a friend. That was before I knew you, when I thought that no one was more bitter than myself. So about the poem. It was in French. And I wrote it. I wrote it deliberately in French to make some point; *la rivière de sang* and *une salle vide*. Now I write only in English, sometimes with just a dash of anything else. *Non posso scrivere in italiano. No quiero escribir en español*. So I'm left with English, a language somewhat lacking in discipline.

LUCKY THE CAT

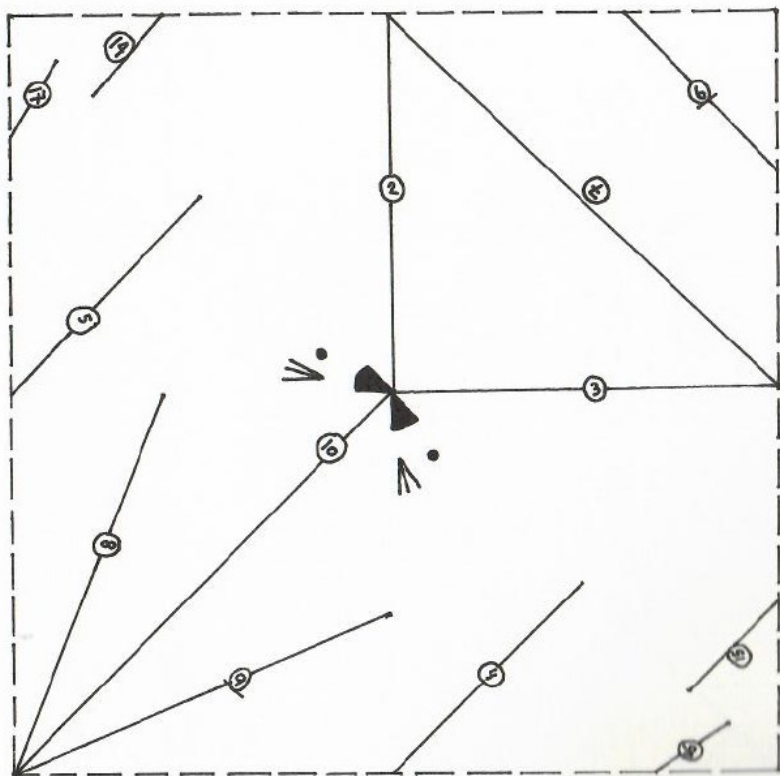


LISE VAN BOXEL

How to Make Your Very Own Mouse

using *Joe and Ravi's Patented Technique*

- A. Cut out the square of paper below.
- B. Steps 1 to 18: Fold along the lines over the numbers, starting with 1. Make sure the crease is sharp.
e.g.
- C. Only fold the flap with the number on it.
e.g. fold number 4
- D. Step 13: Tuck the 13 into the slot just behind it.
- E. Step 18: Curl the tail sharply to the right.
- F. Put the mouse on the floor and let the fun begin!



huddled together
on the couch – what a surprise!
my girlfriend's a mouse

STEPHEN COLLINGTON

