

*Trinity
University
Review*

Spring 1998



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Spring 1998*

EDITORIAL BOARD 1997-98

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WORDS



Selected Thoughts Concerning Entomology

Somewhere
Where?
We are lost
How so?
I don't know where we are
Don't you?
We are lost
Where?

Enter the jungle where the insect lies
Descend into the jungle where the insect lies

I've heard it all before
While lying on the floor
Potato chips and cherry pits all strewn around the
door
O what an awful bore
My eyes are growing sore
And what an awful chore it is to lie upon the floor.
I hear the clock whose hands rotate
Say "walk and talk and procreate."
I listen and cooperate
But even so I vacillate
And now I even hesitate
I hesitate and then proceed
Qualifiedly.

You say that the stars are innumerable,
Insects, I say, are numberless.
You say that man is vast and unfathomable.
What measure is there,
On Earth or above,
For insect?

If we are naught then nothing is,
The world's a spew of atom fizz.
Oh please remove that dreadful frown,
We've searched the world both up and down,
Indeed we've searched it high and low,
(We've even searched in Idaho).
Whate'er declares "I'm so, I'm such,"
Dissolves beneath over quivering touch.

Where? Where?
Here:
A praying mantis.
Its eyes, being segmental, needn't move.
With only one conviction, it stands and waits.
And I am lying, waiting,
Beneath its
Perfect claws,
Prey
To the mantis

JACOB ROSS

Scouring Cleanser (Lament for the Prokaryote)

In the name of that stainless steel goddess Hygieia
The persevering bacterium
Is ripped, unceremoniously,
From the metallic surface he might have called
home,
Had he the will, and the means;
Torn from the land of his forefathers,
A thousand generations come to an end
Where once the fatty waters
Had fed his brethren, his protoplasm.
Now only the stabbing powder
Upon a surface voided of life;
His lashing cilia powerless to defy it;
And most unkindly,
He is rent apart, plasmids streaming forth,
In the very act of forming his children.

DOMINIK HALAS

The Girl of My Dreams

BARTOSZ PINDOR

The buttery was clearing out after lunch. I was playing with my plastic cutlery when Dave spotted me.

"Hey, they got Superstars back yet, or what?"

"Don't I wish."

"I can't believe this!" He seemed genuinely broken up.

"Listen, I'm going to get something to eat," I said. "You want anything?"

"No."

"Okay, but come help me pick something out 'cause there's only so many curly fries one man can eat." We sauntered over to the servery, but nothing suited my fancy. "This is hopeless. A fiasco. I can't eat this food. I won't.

"Relax, guy. I'll set you up. Molly," Dave called out to one of the girls behind the counter, "what's good for my friend here?" Molly appeared to give the question some serious thought before making a recommendation.

"Try the jam."

"What?"

"Jam sandwiches. Right there," she said pointing to a tray, "you make your own." There were two jars of jam along with a few different types of bread to be had.

"How's that?" Dave asked.

"I'm sold." I made two sandwiches, one with

the strawberry-rhubarb, the other with blueberry.

"Alright, I got class," Dave said. "You tell me how that jam works out."

"I'll be sure to."

Dave took off and I went back to my table with the sandwiches. Through the bay windows, a few cottony clouds were visible against an otherwise azure sky. I started into my fare rather absent-mindedly, but it wasn't long before it had my full attention. In short, this was singularly the best jam I had ever tasted. Fruity, not too sweet, it was everything a jam should be. Molly was cleaning off some of the near-by tables and when she saw me so thoroughly engrossed in my sandwiches, she came over.

"Looks like you've taken quite a shine to that jam."

"This jam," I mumbled with my mouth half-full, "is simply stupendous."

"Yeah, everyone likes it," she confirmed.

"Where do you buy it?" I asked. "I have got to get my own supply of this ambrosia."

"Well, that's the funny part. That jam is homemade. One of the girls at St. Hilda's makes it."

"Really?"

"Yup."

"Then this is one young lady I would dearly love to meet," I said emphatically.

"I'll be sure to introduce you at the earliest opportunity."

Two days and a copious quantity of jam later, I

was back in the buttery, waiting to meet up with Dave. Earlier that morning, I'd bugged Molly about my chance to meet this mysterious producer of preserves; but even so, I hardly noticed when she called over a girl who was passing by.

"You have an admirer," I overheard Molly tell her. Together, they came over to where I was sitting and in a rather formal tone Molly said, "Here she is, as I promised, in the flesh. Miss Cindy Parker." Then, turning to Cindy, "This is the young gentleman who has taken such keen interest in your jam." I introduced myself. "Well, I have work to do, so I'll leave you two to become acquainted," said Molly leaving with a distinctly mischievous grin.

I wasn't quite sure what to say, so I hastily blurted out, "So you're the jam girl." Instantly, I regretted that characterization, but she seemed to take it well enough.

"I am the jam girl," she replied with the slightest of curtsies. "Do you really like the jam?" she asked, sitting down. "Now, be honest."

"Madam," I raised my hand solemnly, "I cannot tell a lie. Yours is the finest jam it has ever been my privilege to taste, and I am a better man for it."

"That's certainly the most heart-felt endorsement I've received to date," she said smiling.

"Would it be all right if I asked you a question?"

"By all means."

"It's just that I've never met a girl who makes jam before and, well, in our day and age, it seems a

little out of place."

"What can I say?" she shrugged. "My grandmother taught me how to make it when I was a little girl, and I guess I've always found it kind of soothing. So now, whenever I'm stressed over a test or anything, I make jam to calm myself down. They're really nice and let me use the kitchen here. I don't know, does that sound hokey?"

"Not at all," I assured her. "It has a certain lyrical quality. Like something out of a Beatles song. You know, with the playfulness of 'Lovely Rita Meter Maid,' but not without the understated dignity of 'Eleanor Rigby.'"

"Well, when you put it like that, I suppose it does have a certain heroic element to it," she said, nodding approvingly.

"To be sure."

At that point, Dave showed up. "Hey, what's up. Hi, Cindy," he greeted us both. "Hey, you two know one another?"

"We've only just met," said Cindy.

"It turns out," I offered by way of explanation, "that Cindy here is the one who makes that jam."

"Really? Hey, you know," he said turning to Cindy, "this guy can't get enough of that stuff."

"So I've heard. By the way, do either of you have the time?"

"Quarter to three."

"I have to go. Look, it was really nice meeting you. Be sure to keep up the good work, soldier. Bye, Dave."

"Bye."

She hurried away. No sooner was she out of earshot, than Dave asked enthusiastically, "So, you gonna ask her out?"

"What?" I was taken aback.

"I think she likes you. You should ask her out," he continued.

"Yeah, but, I mean, I just like the jam. I'm just trying to stay on good terms with the jam girl."

"What? You don't think she's cute?"

"No, she's cute," I had to admit. "But I just like the jam. If I ask her out and she says no, I'll be jeopardizing my supply."

"Maybe. But if you do go out with her," he said in his best conspiratorial tone, "just imagine the jam you could get."

He certainly had a point there.

"Maybe I'll ask her out tonight," I said mysteriously.

"Like when?"

"In my dreams."

"What?"

"Tonight, I'll have a dream about the jam girl. Then, I'll ask her out in my dream and based on how that goes, I'll know whether or not to ask her out for real."

"How do you know you'll have a dream about her tonight?" he asked, thoroughly perplexed.

Now, it was my turn to sound conspiratorial.

"Dave, I'm going to let you in on my greatest secret. Call it a talent, call it a gift. Whenever I

want to dream about a particular girl, all I have to do is write her name down on a piece of paper and swallow it before I go to bed. Then, she appears in my dreams that very night."

"For real?"

"For real."

"Always works?"

"Always works."

"And tonight you're going to dream about the jam girl?"

"Yup."

"Okay, but you gotta tell me how this goes."

"Of that, you can be sure."

* * *

It must have been pretty early in the morning because the sunlight was streaming through the big stained glass window which faced east. I was in one of the upstairs halls at UC, and the room must have looked very much as the architect imagined, with the colours from that window giving the whole place a wonderful glow. The desks were set up in rows, and somehow I knew I was here to write an exam. I chose a seat close to the middle and wrote my name down on the examination booklet. The room was filling up, and they were going to start handing out the papers anytime now. Somebody tapped me on the shoulder. It was Cindy, she was sitting in the desk behind me.

"Good luck," she said.

"Thanks."
The exam began.

* * *

"I'm not really sure. It must have been some kind of math because I remember I had a compass and I had to bisect a lot of angles. But, you know, it was a dream exam so it didn't really make any sense. The worst part was when I got to the multiple choice section."

"What are you talking about? Multiple choice, what more could you want?" Dave protested.

"Yeah, you'd think so, wouldn't you? Only here the circles on the computer card were like the size of dinner plates. And the professor made a special point of mentioning how you had to be sure and bubble the entire circle. Man, after like three of those, I thought my wrist was going to snap."

"Okay, but what about the jam girl?"

"I'm getting to that. So I'm writing this thing, and it seems to go on forever. Then, I realize that Cindy is handing in her paper and leaving. So I'm thinking 'This is ridiculous. I don't give a rat's ass about this stupid exam. I just want to ask the jam girl out.' So I zip through the rest of the test, and then I start looking for the professor so that I can hand it in. Then tragedy strikes."

"What? What?" Dave was on the edge of his seat by now.

"Some girl at the back of the room starts crying.

Like, at first, she's just kind of whimpering, but then, she opens up the waterworks and I mean she is really bawling. Well, naturally, everyone stops writing and now they're looking at this girl. Plus, the professor goes over there and he starts consoling her. He's like, 'It's a very difficult test. Everyone is having a hard time. I'm sure we'll grade it on the curve. Just try to do your best.' But she just keeps on wailing away. Meanwhile, I'm waving my arms frantically, trying to get the professor's attention. Only he's so totally absorbed with this banshee, he's completely oblivious to my presence. By now, it's been like five minutes since Cindy left, so my chances of catching up to her are fading fast. I figure, forget it, I just get up and on my way out I stuff my paper into the professor's hand. He looks at me like I came out of thin air, but by then I'm already out the door."

"And then?"

"And then nothing. She was gone. End of dream."

"What the hell kind of dream was that? I thought you said it always worked."

"What do you want? She appeared in the dream. That's all I can guarantee. It's an art, not a science."

"I just kind of thought you had more control over events." He seemed kind of disappointed.

"So, listen, can you only dream about girls?"

"I don't know, I've only tried girls so far."

"Fair enough," he conceded.

"Look, as with all great powers, this one has a dark side. You don't control it, you just go along for the ride. Okay, let me give you an example. Remember the Australian Open women's final this year, Hingis-Pierce?"

"How could I forget?"

"Yeah, well anyway, after that I decided that I was going to dream about Martina Hingis."

"A touch young, but tasty."

"Relax, Junior. I just wanted to play her. Anyway, I was really stoked, I mean, I wore my tennis shoes to bed and everything."

"So, what was the problem?"

"The problem was, all I wrote down on the piece of paper was 'Martina'."

"Okay, and? Oh," he clued in, "Navratilova?"

"Yeah, it wasn't pretty."

"But wait, I thought you said that you had only dreamt about girls so far."

"Play nice. So like I was saying, it was a grisly episode. She was an automaton, a socialist robot. I mean, she ran me ragged. She was just crushing everything I sent across, so that after a while, I'm ten, fifteen feet behind the baseline. Then, out of nowhere, she plays this spectacular drop shot. Now, God knows why, I decide 'I can get to that ball.' So now I'm just running, faster than I've ever run in my life. I'm like Forrest Gump fast. And I'm so happy now, because I can see that I'm going to make it to this ball and this is going to be the greatest get in the history of tennis. The ball's like six,

three, one inch off the ground and I just slide my racquet under there and ease it over the net. And for a moment, I'm absolutely ecstatic, only then I realize that I'm like a foot from the net, and there is absolutely no way I'm going to stop. I just plow right into it, sprawled in a big heap on the other service line. It didn't really hurt any, except that now I'm totally entangled, head to toe, in the netting. I manage to look up at Navratilova, who is giving me a look of utter contempt. 'You touched the net. You lose the point,' she said and then just walked off the court. Meanwhile, the more I struggle, the more I get ensnared. Then I woke up and realized that I'd gotten my feet caught up in the covers."

"Wow, that's some story. But what are you going to do about the jam girl?"

"Well, I wouldn't say it went poorly last night, I just didn't get a chance to ask her. I'm going to take another kick at the can tonight."

It wasn't much good my going to class, because my upcoming dream was pretty well all I could think about. I even decided to get good and ready, so I tore the corner off a clean sheet of paper and, as neatly as I could, wrote down Cindy's name.

"Whatcha got there?"

It was her. I was totally startled, writing down her name had never produced a girl in real life before.

"Oh, nothing," I said, putting the paper into my pocket. "Just a little reminder."

"So, you're my number one fan, and yet no sandwich in hand today," she observed with a look of mock despair.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder and all that," I explained.

"Now that's what I like, a man who knows his proverbs."

"Stop it," I protested. "You'll make my head swell up. And you know, people tell me it's freakishly large already."

"Oh, I don't know," she mused, "it seems a good size to me."

"You're too kind. Too kind."

* * *

Again, the sun was shining brightly, only this time it was directly overhead. I was on a seashore, not really tropical, but warm in a refreshing way. It might have been Georgian Bay, only the salt in the breeze was unmistakable. For a while, I stood there listening to the waves gently dissolving onto the rocky beach. There didn't seem to be anyone else around. Suddenly, I felt something stab my foot. I jumped up, more in shock than pain, and then, looking down, saw a small, bluish crab which had pinched my big toe and was now scurrying off down the shoreline. I was going to let it go, but when it got about ten feet away, it stopped and turned to look back at me.

"So what, it was waiting for you to follow it?"

"Exactly. I didn't know if this was the sort of thing that happens all the time in dreams, but I had little doubt as to what this strange little crustacean wanted. I followed it for a while, until we rounded a point, and now I could see a part of the shore that had been hidden before. Not very far away, I could clearly see someone standing ankle-deep in a shallow tidal pool. As we got closer I realized it was Cindy. She was leaning over, running one of her hands through the water, as though she was searching for something. I came over to the edge of the pool to see if I could figure out what she was doing. Pretty soon, she pulled a small red object out of the water. At first I thought it was a shell, but then I realized that it was actually a strawberry. Then she waded over to the side of the pool where I was standing. She had a little green plastic bucket, the kind children use to make sand castles, sitting there and she dropped the strawberry into it. Only then did she notice me standing there.

"Oh, hi. Would you like to give me a hand?"

"Sure."

"Well, it would really help if you'd hold the bucket so I didn't have to get out every time. Only, you have to be very quiet."

That sort of thing put a kink into my plans, but frankly I was fascinated by her fruit-harvesting, and I eagerly agreed for the chance to watch her more closely.

She was wearing a long cotton sundress and,

with her left hand, she held it bunched up around her thighs to keep it out of the water. The material was peach, or maybe ochre, or maybe some colour which is most safely described by the male of the species as sort-of-orange. It had on it a print of daisies, which seemed to be enjoying immensely the plentiful sun.

I watched her gather some three dozen strawberries, but I learned almost nothing as to the trick. Basically, she just ran her fingers over the bottom until she had stirred up a tiny cloud of muck. Then she'd watch it swirl around for a bit and, having perceived some subtle signal, she'd swoop in to pluck out a berry. Aside from the strawberries, she also found a few blueberries and even a boysenberry, but these seemed to hold no interest for her and she discarded them off-hand. After a while, unable to discern her secret, I got tired of watching her harvesting, and instead started staring at her feet. The refraction of the light made them seem overly-large, almost comically so. Even more striking, she had slender, beautiful legs and the way they sprouted out of those stumpy feet looked shockingly bizarre. I became so engrossed in this dichotomy, that when she spoke to me, I started violently.

"What the hell are you doing?" she demanded angrily.

I was quite at a loss as to what she was talking about. Then I looked down to see my hand covered with strawberry juice. Slowly, the enormity of

my crime dawned on me. For some time now, I had absent-mindedly been eating the strawberries out of the bucket until, now, there were only five left. As I grinned at her sheepishly, I realized that there were even bits of fruit caught in my teeth.

"Some help you are," she moaned, near tears. She wrenched the bucket out of my hand, spilling the remaining strawberries into the pool, and stormed away.

* * *

"I don't understand," Dave complained. "Does that dream mean you're supposed to ask her out, or what?"

"Good question. I think what is called for here is some wacky dream analysis."

"Like what?"

"Like, okay, the way her feet looked funny under the water, maybe that's supposed to mean, 'Under the surface, things are not as they appear'."

"And what does that mean?"

"Hey, what am I, Sigmund Freud here?" I was becoming irritable, this dream quest was not at all going as I had envisioned. "I just have no idea."

"So, essentially, you've learned nothing?"

"That's a fair assessment," I had to concede.

"Another dream then?"

"It looks that way."

I went home, determined to get a definitive

answer that night. Normally, I used tiny slips of paper which were easy to swallow, but this time I decided to use a piece the size of a three by five card. It took half a glass of water to get it down. My stomach seemed to be rumbling for a while, but by midnight, I had drifted off into a fitful sleep.

* * *

I woke up feeling surprisingly well-rested. At first, I was a little disappointed about not having dreamt about the jam girl but, considering I'd been up half the night, I was thankful that I at least felt half-decent. I got to the stop just in time to catch the bus. I was about to go sit down at the back, when I noticed that Cindy was driving the bus. She had on the whole uniform, even the cap which, I would be remiss not to mention, was very becoming.

"I didn't know you drove this bus."

"I guess there's a lot of things that you don't know about me," she said matter-of-factly.

I sat down in the seat closest to her and started trying to think back to whether or not I had ever seen her driving the bus before, but I couldn't quite remember. We came to a stop, and Cindy opened the door to let on a swarm of little kids. They quickly occupied the rear half of the bus. At first, they just carried on the kinds of loud, rambling conversations that rug rats are prone to, but eventually they broke out into a rousing rendition of

'The Wheels on the Bus Go Round and Round'. Cindy started humming along. I watched her confidently turning the big steering wheel and then, to my great surprise, noticed that she was wearing a wedding band.

"You're married?" I asked, just to be sure.

"Of course I'm married." She found that funny for some reason.

"To whom?"

"Well," she tried to look serious, "to whom do you think I might be married?"

I thought about it. For some reason, Alex Trebek came to mind as a likely suspect, but I was relatively sure that he was married to someone else. She looked at me to see that I was genuinely puzzled.

"Aren't you silly?" she said in an affectionate way. Then she reached over to run her finger lightly over the wedding band which I only then realized that I was wearing.

* * *

"So she was married to you?"

"Yeah."

"Well, did you ask her out?"

"What was the point? We were already married. It would have been a rigged test, she was hardly going to refuse."

"Okay, what happened next?"

"I was a little surprised that she didn't seem to

mind that I couldn't remember our being married. I decided that while she was in this magnanimous mood, I had better learn some further information. So I asked her, 'Cindy, when's our anniversary?'

'Tomorrow.' This also came as a bit of a shock.

'What do you want?'

'A surprise.'

The bus went into a tunnel at that point. I didn't remember there being a tunnel on the route, but she looked like she knew what she was doing. We drove on through the darkness for what seemed like a long time. It was really quiet, all those little kids had fallen asleep. The bus was illuminated with those blue lights they use at night, somehow they made Cindy look different, sadder.

'Was there something else you wanted to ask me?' she asked softly.

'I'm not quite sure,' I replied.

'You'll never know until you ask. I think this is your stop.'

We were at the station. I stood up to get out and she got up as well. She leaned over and kissed me lightly on the lips. Then I got off the bus and the dream ended."

"That dream, at least, I can figure out," said Dave confidently.

"Really? What do you think it means?"

"It means that if you ask her out, then eventually you'll get married and have a bus load of kids," he explained.

"Yeah, maybe," I laughed. "There's a lot of

worse fates a man could have, I suppose." Dave didn't seem so sure.

"What are you going to do now? Not another dream?"

"No, I don't think all this paper is agreeing with me. Maybe I'll just have to do this the old-fashioned way."

I found Cindy in the library. She was reading the newspaper.

"Is the jumble tough today?" I asked her.

"What?" She looked confused. "Say, you don't look so good," she noticed.

"Yeah, I think it was something I ate."

"Not my jam, I hope."

"No. No, I have a pretty good idea as to what it was," I assured her.

"Well, if there's anything I can do," she offered.

"Actually, I was wondering if maybe you wanted to go see a movie with me tomorrow night?"

"Yeah, okay, sure."

"There you go," I smiled, "I feel better already."

The Twisted Ladder

*And the serpent said unto the woman,
ye shall not surely die.*

Gen. 3:4

Do you remember when you stood
tall and out of reach
away from the dust?

You were unwound,
your temptations exposed
to our precise inspection,

your spiralling heights
flattened, simplified into
dull grape cluster diagrams.

Fame has weakened your backbone.
Your invincible rungs bend
under the weight of labels,

you have been descaled
denatured and spliced
into significant fragments.

The nucleotides have turned.
You writhe on your belly
and glare up with sugary eyes.

As you lie uncoiled before us
we thank you for letting us know
how our children will die.

TIM JANCELEWICZ

'Canker-Worm Jim'

CHRIS WILLER

There once lived a gnarled old woman. She sat on a wooden box in the middle of an island, in the middle of a lake and told stories to the children of nearby villages. One sweltering day, a weak looking boy-child, named Jim, sat by the lake side to listen to one of these fables.

"The little wolf wasn't very smart. He would crawl on his hands and knees across the grasses and then as soon as he saw his juicy lunch, he would pounce straight into the air and shout 'Come here little food! It's time to be eaten!' Of course the little rabbits and their friends would outrun the stupid wold, because they heard him coming a mile away! Soon, the wolf became known in the forest as Prurigo.

Prurigo was aware that he was snickered at every time he left his home among the leaves to go hunting, so he decided one day to leave his birth-place and go wonder the world in search of some intelligence. He left the woods and travelled towards a lake. As he got closer to the lake he could see with his strong eyes an elderly woman sitting on a tiny island in the middle of the water. She spoke to him and told him to swim to her, for she had a present for him if he would come. Prurigo swam as fast as he could to the woman, but as he arrived she grabbed him roughly and in one foul swoop, swallowed him whole, fur and all!"

The sickly boy who had listened intently to the old crone's story, shuddered at hearing the gruesome fate of the poor stupid wolf. The Box-Woman smiled and whispered across the calm water for the boy to come to visit her, on her small island. The boy slowly took off his tattered clothes and gingerly entered the cool water. He swam towards the island, all the while, the woman began to become fuzzy in appearance, as if she were melting with excitement. The boy climbed onto the tiny bank of the island and sat shivering in the cold air, while the woman looked on. Suddenly, the woman's skin slurped off in a pile of flesh and bone and there before the youngster stood a large wolf! It was Prurigo! The boy jumped quickly back into the water and frantically swam towards the mainland. Behind him he could hear the wolf shout "Come here little food! It's time to be eaten!" as the frenzied animal jumped up and down into the air.

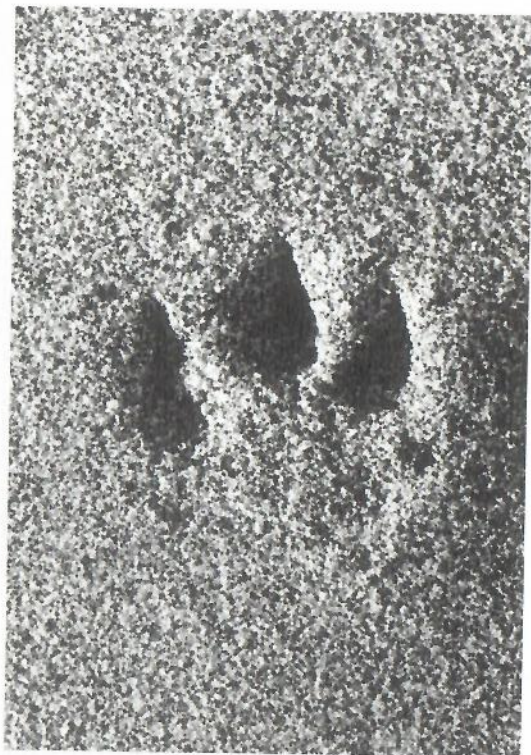
The boy made it to the mainland, only to be eaten by a large snake!

IMAGES





-AYA MUTO



-UNKNOWN



-AYA MUTO



-AYA MUTO



-TUULA DREWS



The Golden Man

-JAMES STAVELEY



The Pour Out

-VICTOR MANUEL GORDILLO



Machu Picchu, Peru -VICTOR MANUEL GORDILLO

