



June, 1980

~ PHANTASMAGORIA ~

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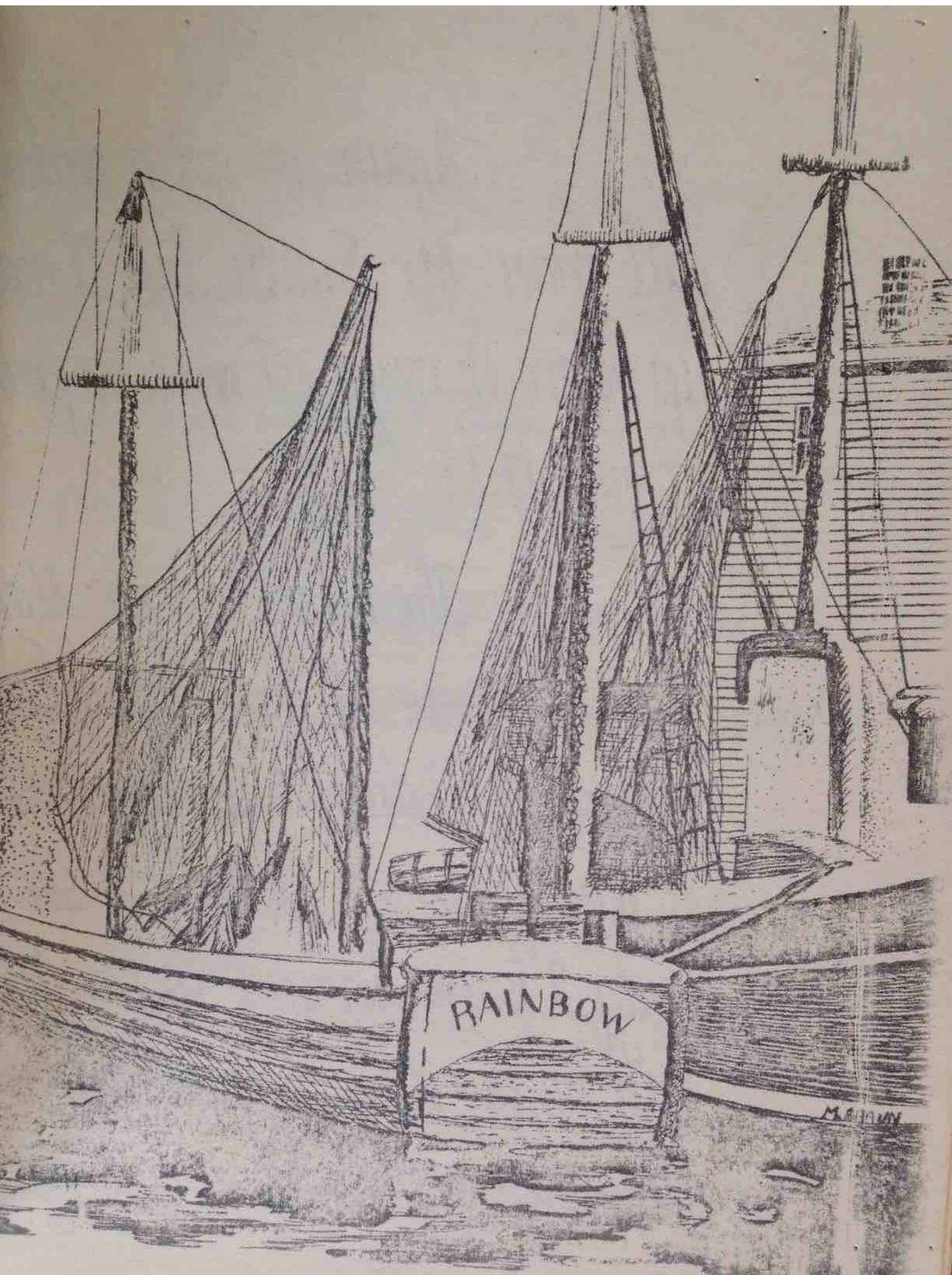
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- Thursday, February 21, 1980.

Again, we got a wake-up call from Mr. Smith, but I woke up before it rang. (I was so proud of myself!)

The buses left for Mont Sainte-Anne at 8 o'clock like yesterday. I didn't do too well and it was quite icy. I didn't see anybody I knew around so the first half of the day, I spent the whole time taking pictures up on top of

the mountain but I just found out that the camera was frozen the whole time when I came back down to the cafeteria. It was pretty up there and I didn't feel cold at all because it was dry eventhough the temperature went down to 20-30° below zero.

In the afternoon, after I could find no one to ski with, I went to the beginner slope alone trying to ski by myself but it was

damn hard! This time was better than the first time because I just nearly broke my glasses instead of my neck.

This evening we were free. Bob, Lasse and I went shopping for some souvenirs and dinner. In Québec, the majority of the people are French and it was lots of fun when I had to order my own dinner. I wanted to eat French food and all the descriptions were

6

in French which I couldn't understand at all and those guys couldn't speak English either.

It took them about 15 minutes to try to explain their food to me, but it did not work so I just closed my eyes and picked out the number listed on the menu board.

"Ha! Ha!" I laughed with gladness, "Jambon-neau, that sounds great!" I ordered it. They smiled. Then it was done...

They smiled again - it's an international language...

I smiled back as a response and "thank you" for helping me out...

They handed me the food...

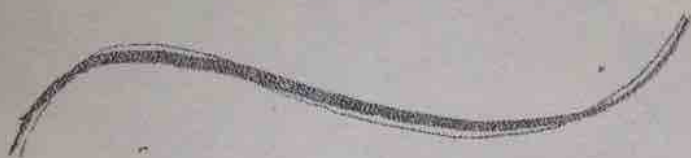
I handed them money and got the food...

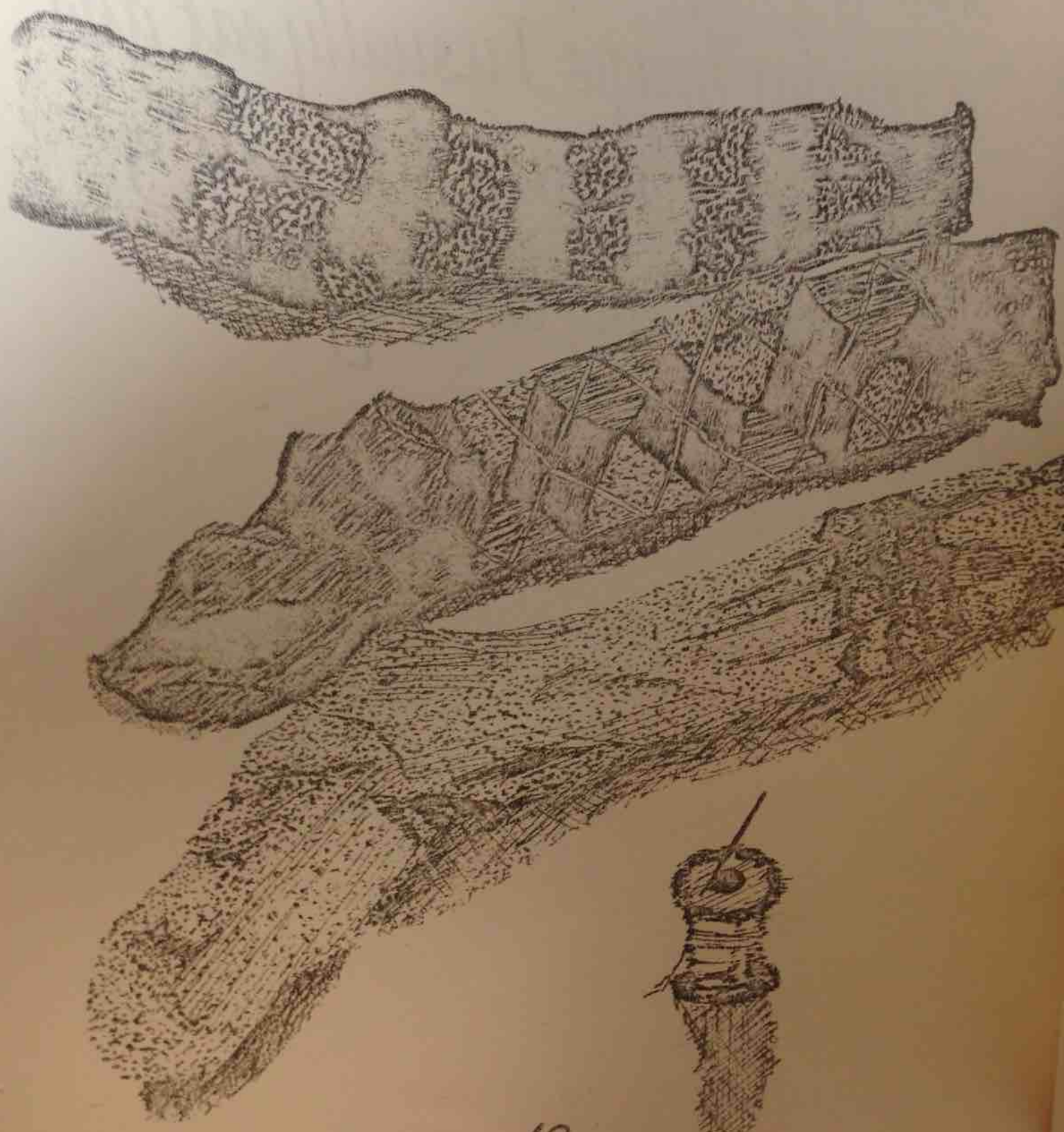
They gave the last smile and I left...

I opened the bag...

"Shit!" I cried bitterly,

"darn it", I couldn't stop crying.
That darn Jambon-neau was just
a regular hoagie I usually eat and
more than that, I had to pay 3
dollars for only one hoagie!





I wish

I wish that you would notice me

I wish that you would care

I wish that you would look for me

And see if I were there

Because I am a dreamer

I wish all of these were true

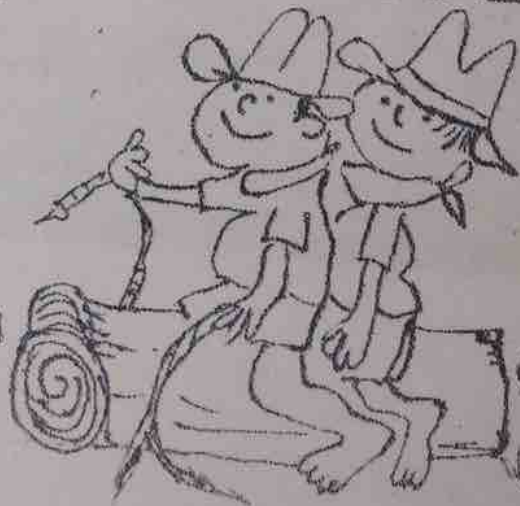
But most of all, above all these,

I wish I were with you.





O by the by
has anybody seen
little you & i who
stood on a green
hill and threw his
wish at & no one.





chains

hard, cold

holding,

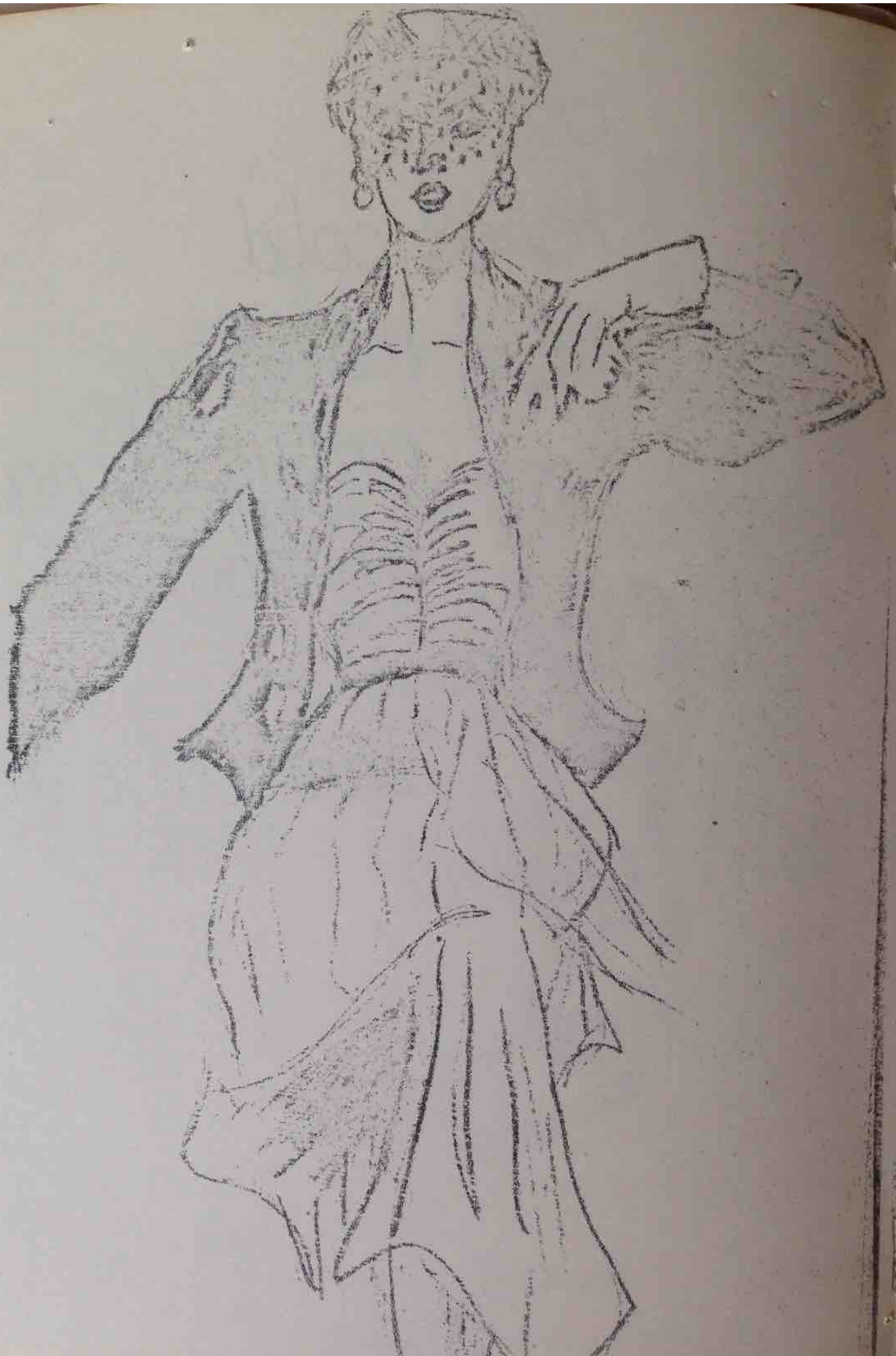
unbreaking,

unmoving.

let me go,

i want to be free.

chains.







A child of life is
like the mustard seed;
while still a seed, it is
the smallest of all
seeds, but when it
germinates, it grows
into a large and
beautiful tree.



Psssst !!!!

Sometimes malicious

Always delicious

Sometimes saddening

Always maddening

Drives you crazy

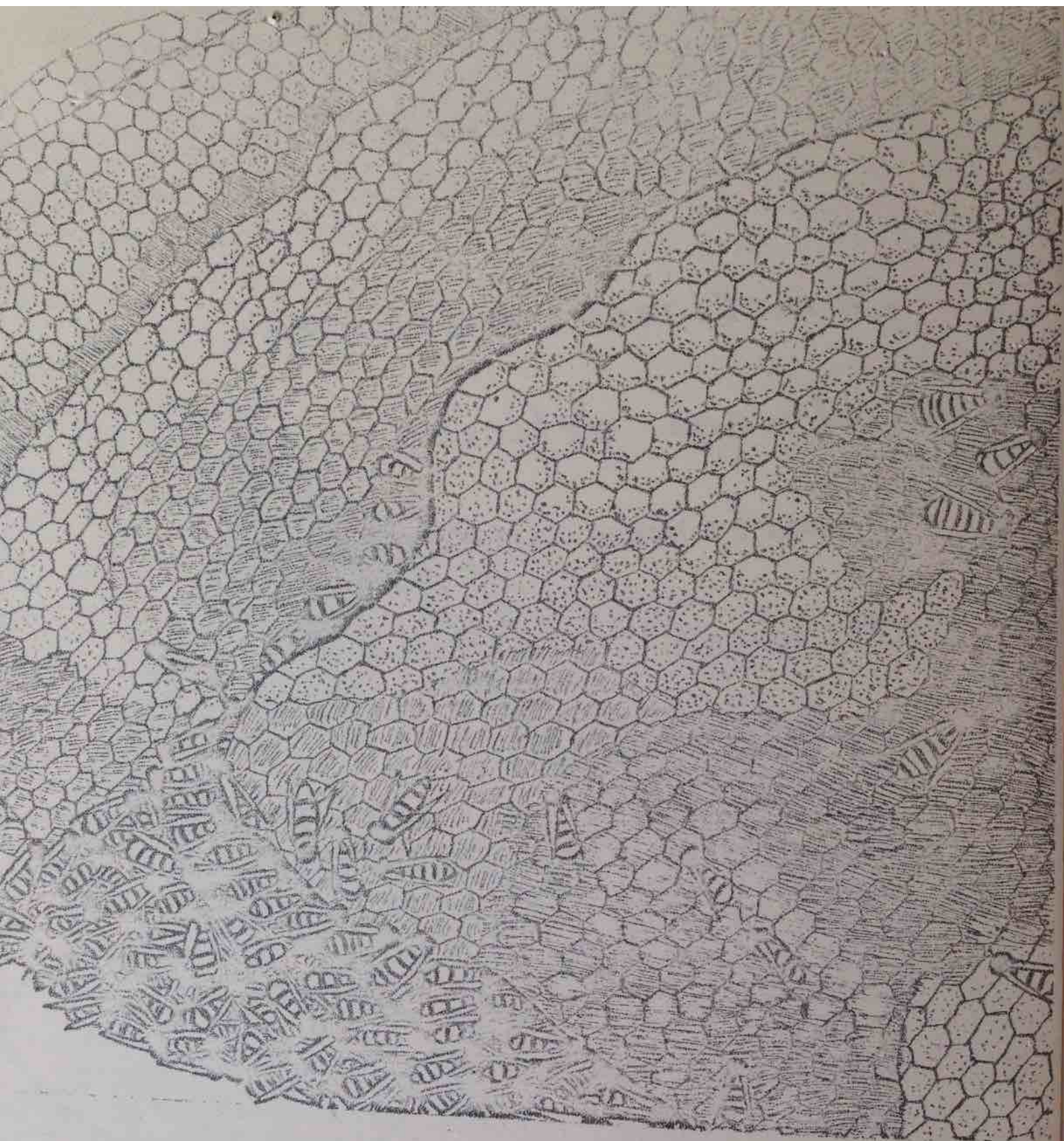
Shrouded and hazy

Dark and deep

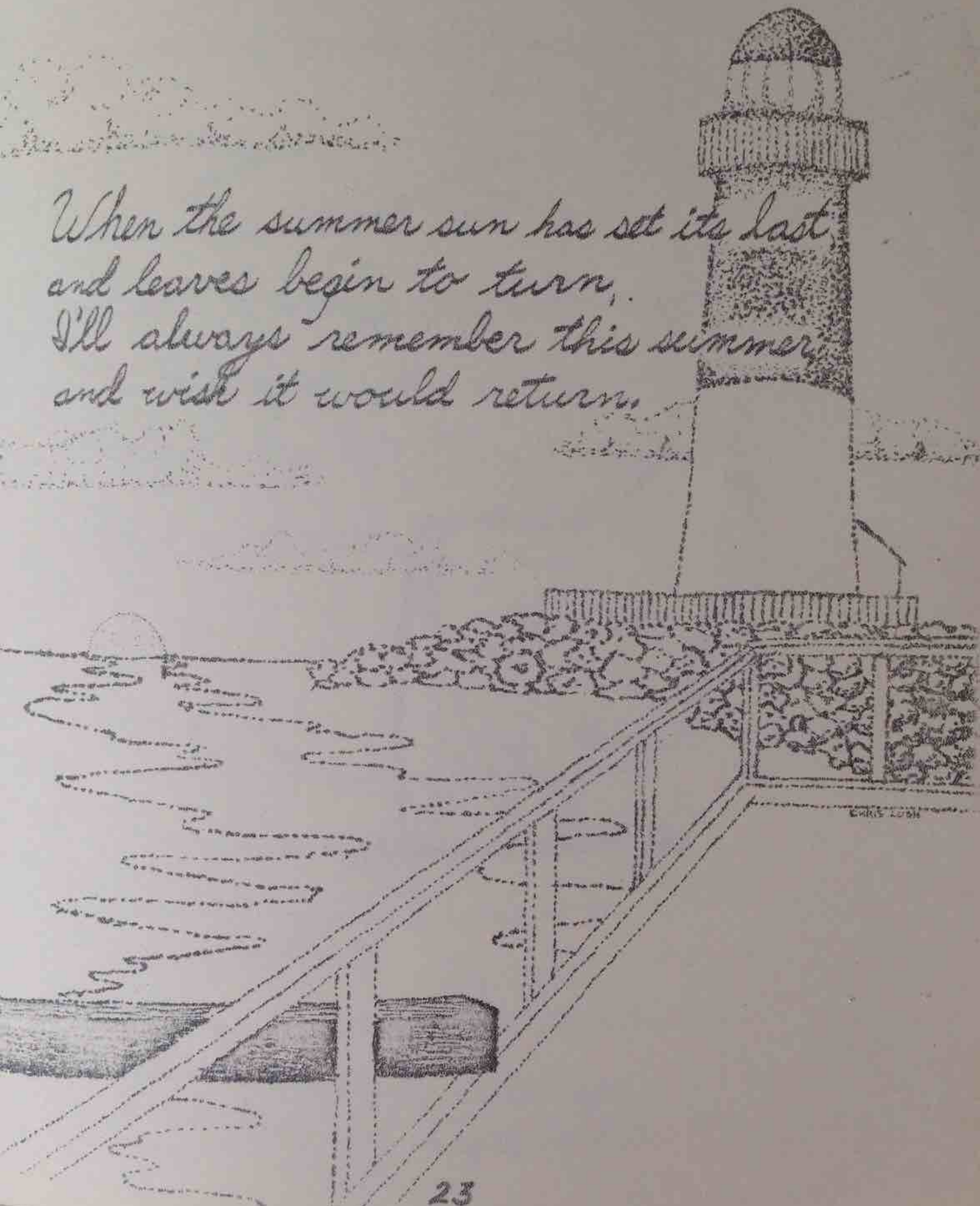
Hard to keep

Secrets



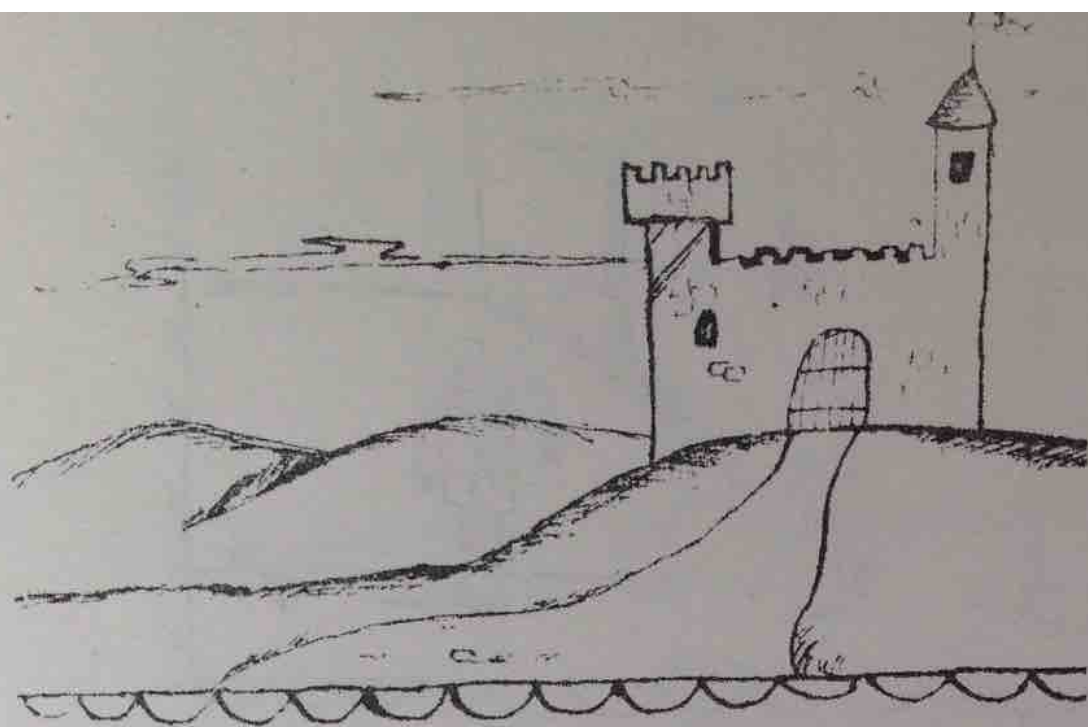


When the summer sun has set its last,
and leaves begin to turn,
I'll always remember this summer,
and wish it would return.

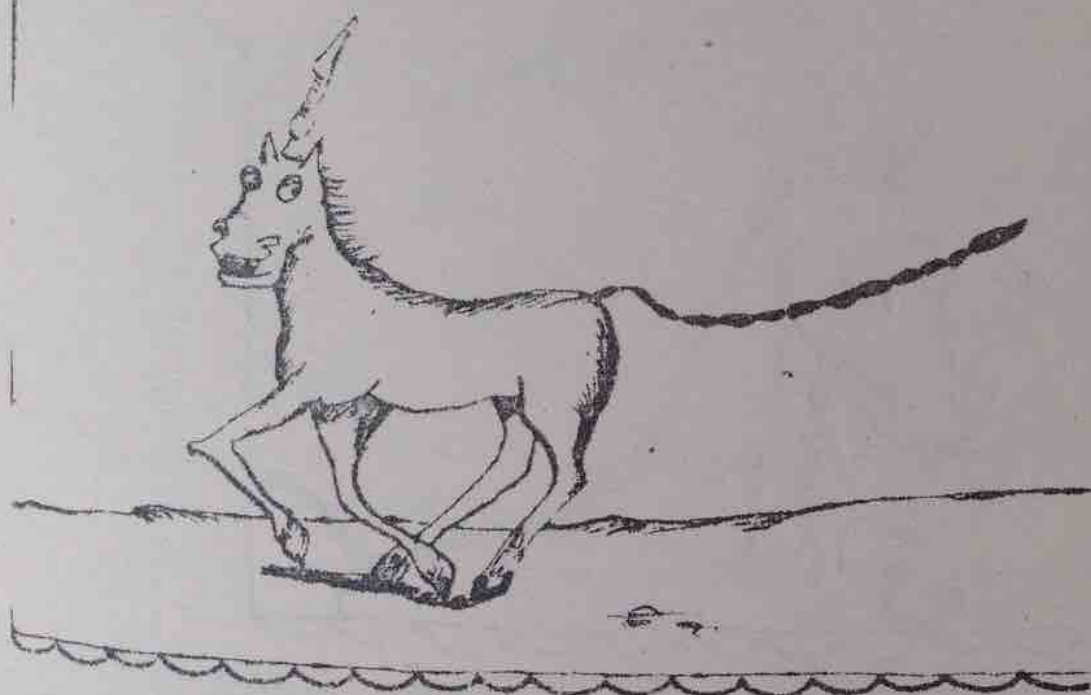


The Beast
of
Wieg
by G.M.A

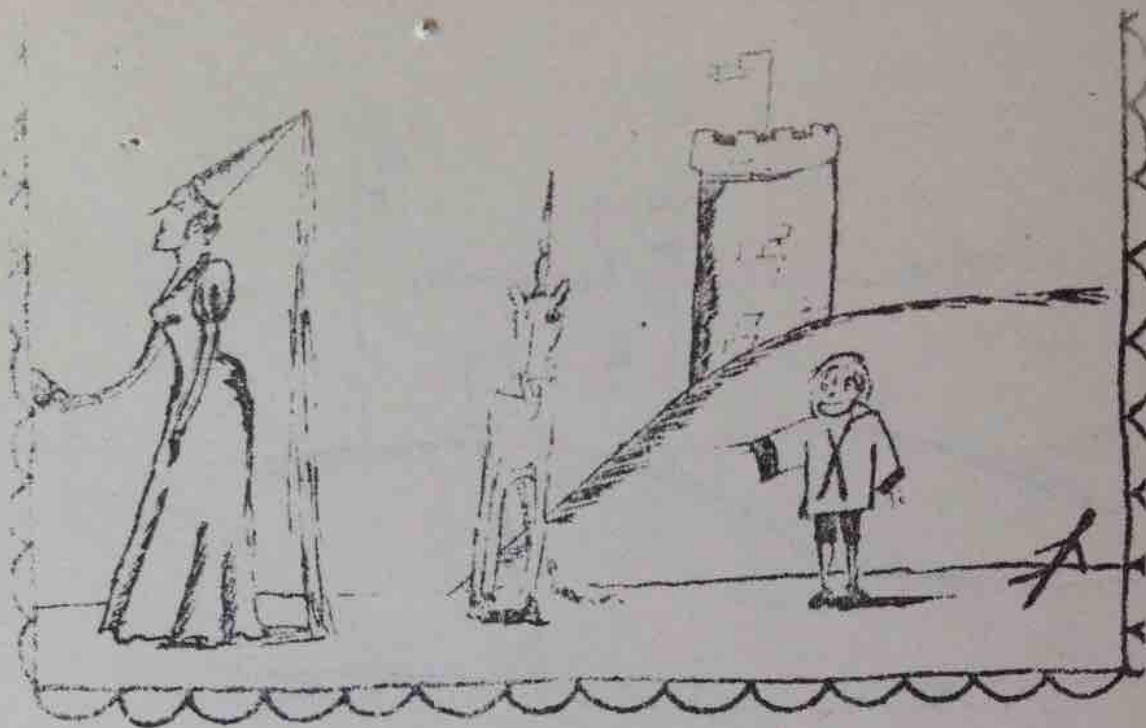




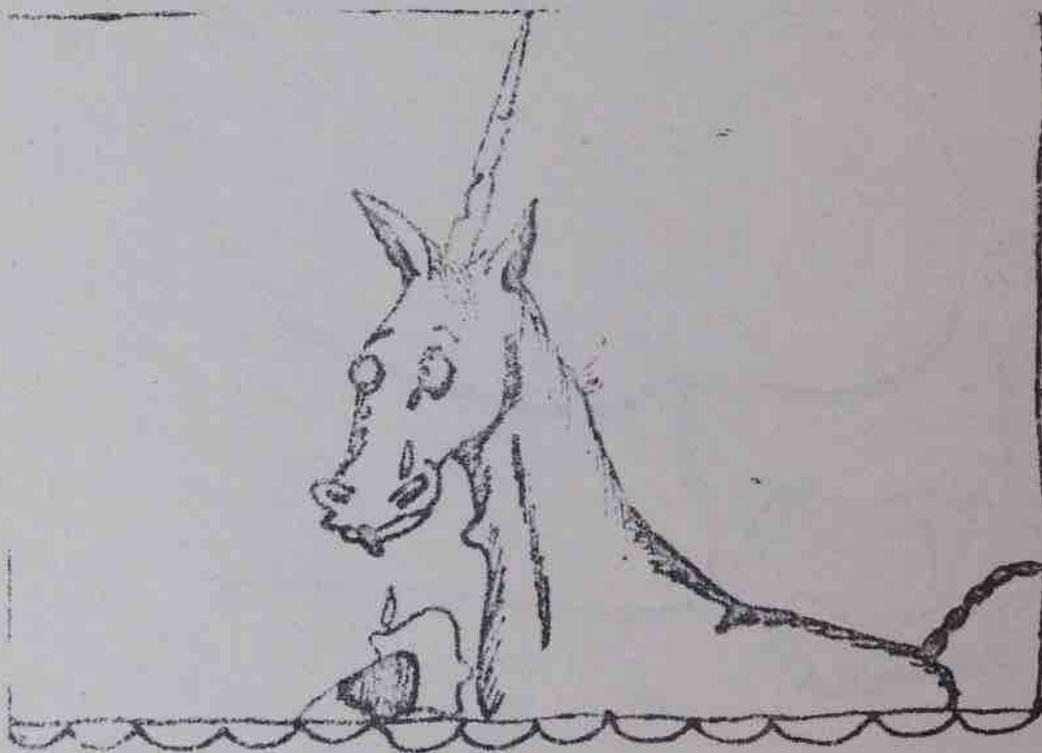
Many years ago, in the far
away city of Niegh, there
lived a beast.



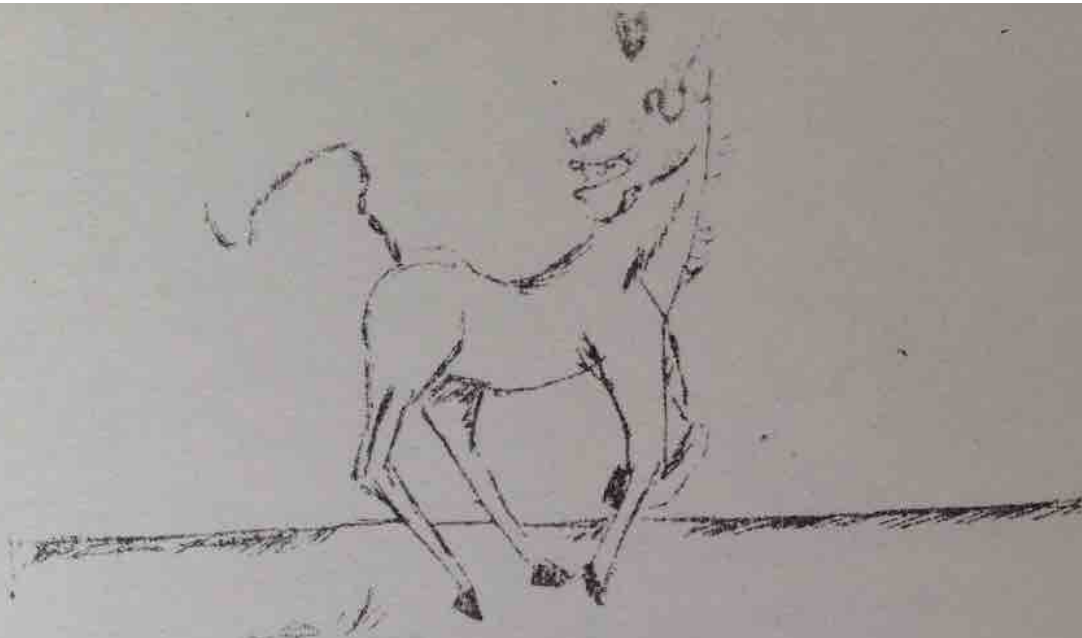
He was awkward and ugly,
and he walked backwards



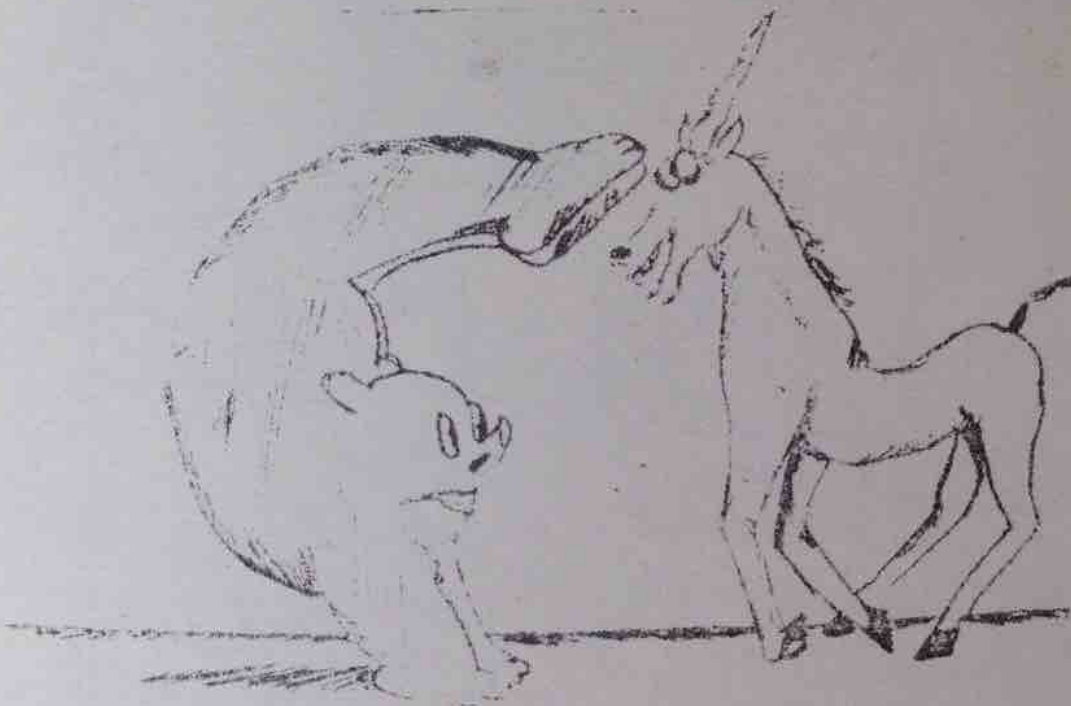
Because of his abnormalities no one paid attention to him unless it was to ridicule him



This made the beast feel very sad and alone.

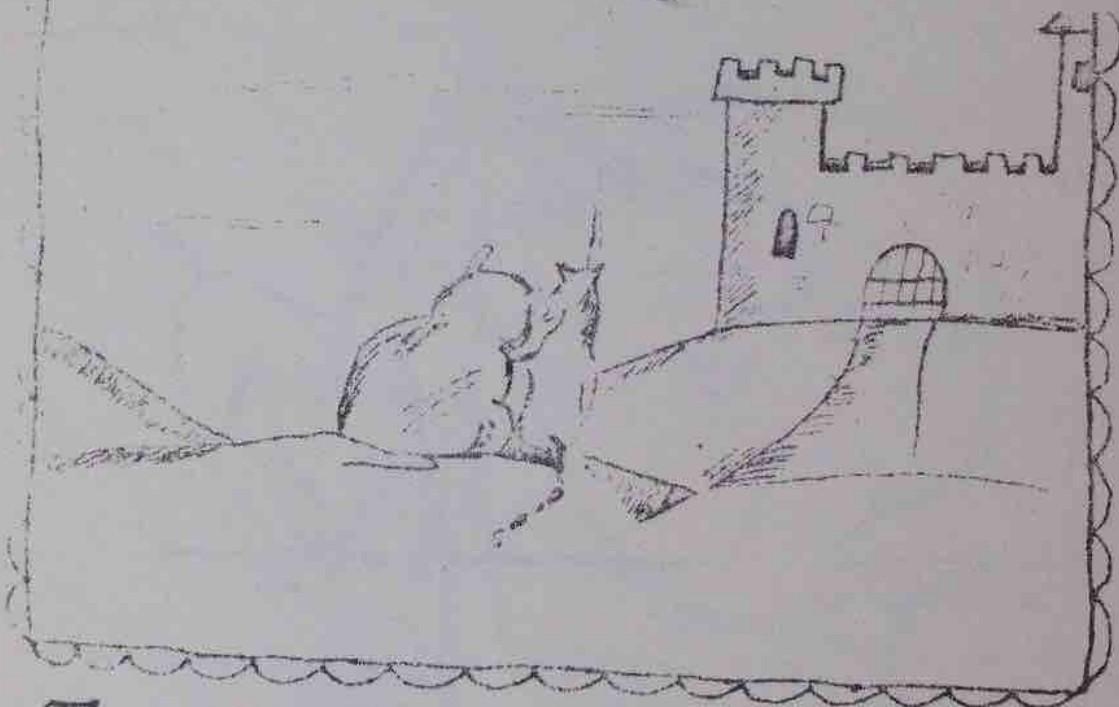


Until one day he met another
lady beast.

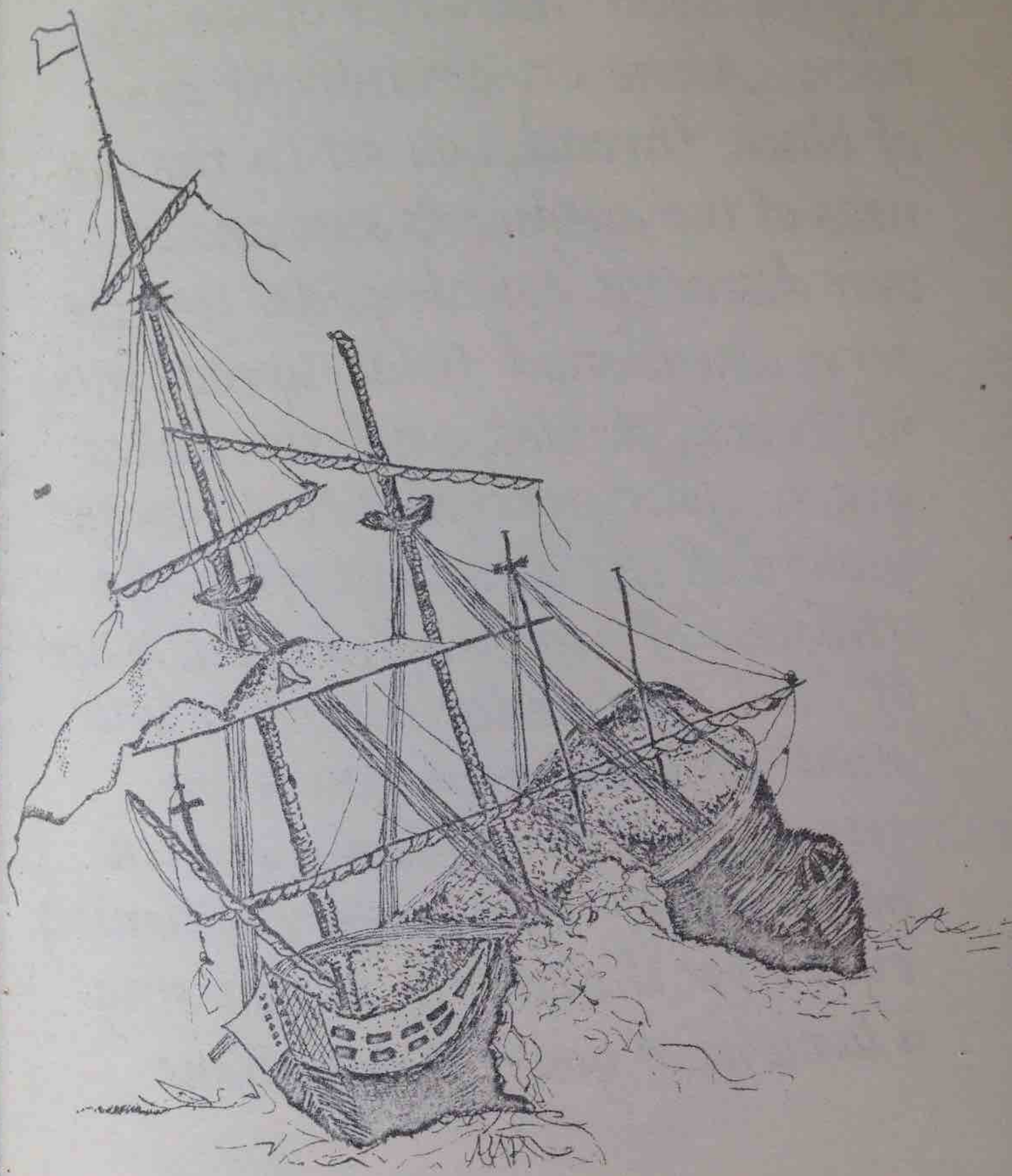


She was even uglier than he
was. She even washed on her
hands. Think of it!

They fell instantly in love and
were married. And the ceremony,
although sparsely attended,
was beautiful.



Together they lived happily ever
after and were never lonely
again.



Death
At last I am free
As I break these
Cutting chains
Even though it's raining
Feel the warmth of the sun
I've found the key
To my rusted cage
I'm free to touch
My dreams
For there are no restraints
And no shackles
To keep me from flying
To my immortality
My heart swells with joy
As I walk down
That long road
Into the arms of the sun
Bathed in light
Mixed with sweet visions
Of dawn
Awaiting my arrival
To my destiny
For there are no restraints
And no shackles
To keep me from flying
To my immortality

