

NORTH

2016-2017

Emma Rae: Editor-in-Chief

Lindsay Tannahill: Third-Year Editor

Colin Mylrea: Second-Year Co-Editor

Shannon Lee: Second-Year Co-Editor

Taylor Pugh: First-Year Co-Editor

Kika Otiono: First-Year Co-Editor

Front Cover Design: Caroline Williams, "Gnosis"

Back Cover Design: Ryan Dubney, "Turner's Sunken Ship, 2016"

Letter from the Editor

Emma Rae

I'll be the one to say it. We've had a rough year. Between jobs changes, scheduling issues and collective burnout (was that just us?), NORTH has had a change in focus. We still love our soup days, Meme Mondays, Spoken Word Night, sweater orders, and multi-club events, but in true HUMS tradition we've had a *bit* of an identity crisis. Despite our best efforts, NORTH became a little more about beer and bonding than about curatorial editing. But that's ok - it's what we craved in order to reboot.

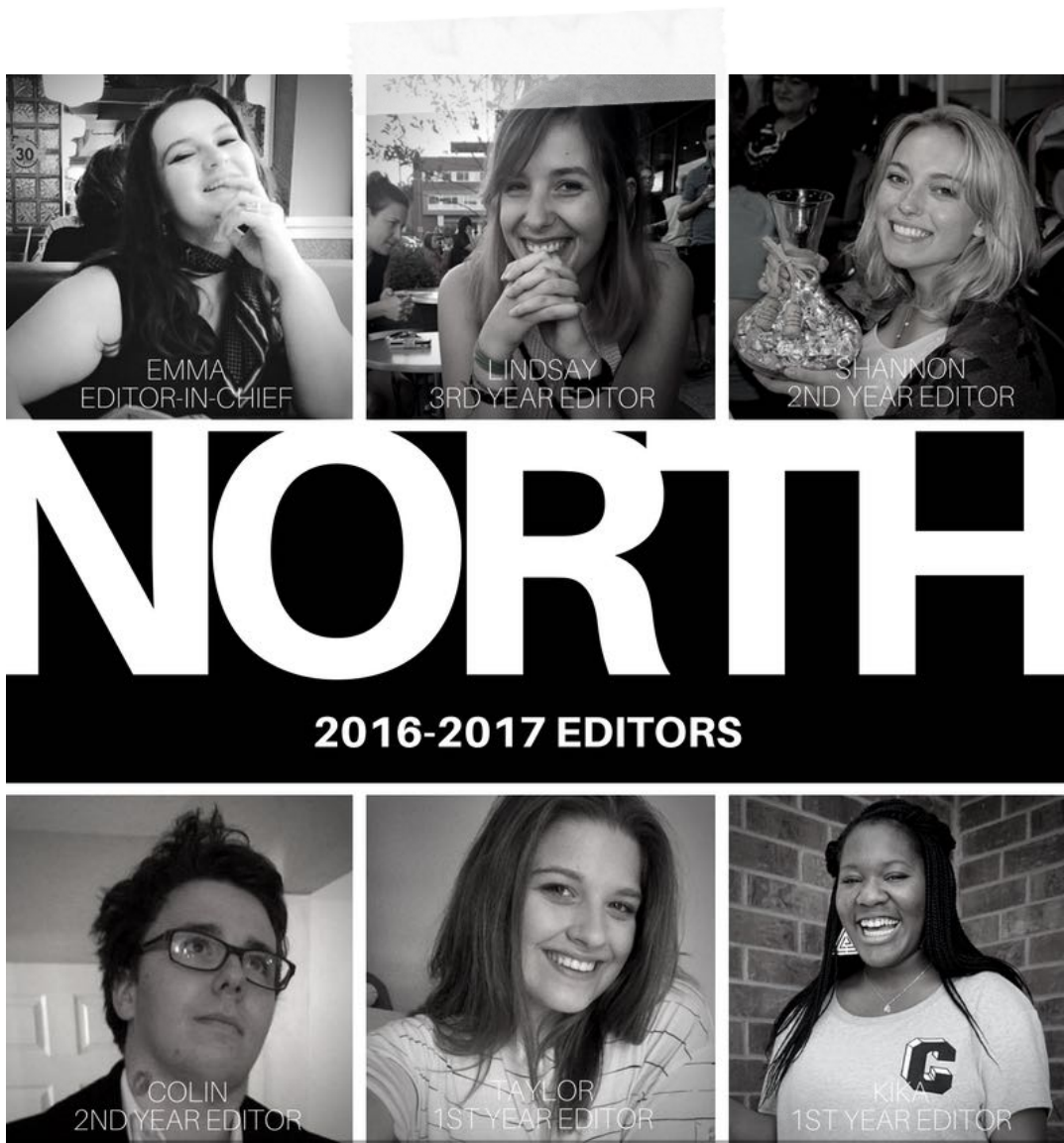
This year North made some changes. We began the official tradition of expanding our team, once again taking on two amazing first-year editors! We didn't think the dynamic duo of Shannon and Colin could be beat, especially considering their entertaining snap-and-sing marketing tactics. Then came along Tay and Kika, two more perfect fits for our team. In hindsight, I believe they inadvertently helped us change the fabric of NORTH to represent a different side of HUMS.

One of our biggest observations, as was also represented in our team of six, was the changing face of the HUMS community. We like to think that on top of our usual stereotype of deep-thinkers with heads forever in books or up the ivory tower (if we can't make fun of ourselves...?), we now incorporate more of the quintessential post-secondary experience. Brought into the college as it further diversifies with our cross-departmental programs, HUMS now has a broader reach than ever before. Reflecting on the program's 20th anniversary this year, NORTH is even more proud to represent our unique little community, bringing a little philosophy and metaphysical confusion into the mix! This is, after all, our home.

We as editors have come to a renewed understanding of NORTH as a creative outlet for the HUMS collective. Given all the changes happening within our community, we're happy to provide the opportunity to bridge the gap between our four/five/six-year metaphysical exploration, and artistic expression; getting lost in the foggy and ever-encroaching mist of readings and papers. HUMS will hopefully always be somewhat of

an academic island at Carleton, but we are glad to also gain new perspectives. This year, our publication looks at the deepest parts of the student mind, being ever-representative of our place in the world.

I would like to personally thank Lindsay, Colin, Shannon, Tay and Kika for being my rocks in multiple hard places this year, and helping me explore my many near-quarter-life crises. I would also like to thank FormCom (led by the wonderful Emily Doerksen) and the new HUMS Social Society (led by the amazing Janna Van de Sande, Elizabeth Dwyer and yours truly) for their continued cross-club involvement, support in events, and the strengthening of the HUMS community. Lastly, I would like to thank my year, specifically. I will always be glad to have spent the past four years with you.



We did find it...or did it find us?



Near Eulogy for the Cash Box

Shannon Lee

Sweet Cash Box!

With your sleek rectangular shape

Colour of cool steel,

I longed to hold your cold exterior

But alas! You were gone.

Missing from the top shelf.

I thought you were so hidden protected from the world

--But you disappeared from our sight.

What ho? You have returned.

O prodigal son! Come home again with our soup day funds

To hold you in my arms once more, what sweetness it is.

A near disaster, avoided.

When I saw you hidden in the back corner, I weeped from happiness

Please, never leave us again, o sweet cash box.



We The North

About the Editors

EMMA

Year + Degree: 4th (of 5!), Humanities and Canadian Studies

On-campus involvement: VPAR of Alpha Omicron Pi, Chair of HSS, EIC of North

Favourite HUMS book: The Second Sex (de Beauvoir)

Favourite song of the moment: John Wayne (Lady Gaga)

Messenger Nickname: Mother North

NORTH editor most likely to: be ragingly salty

Favourite NORTH quote: "Damn Sonnet Stealer!"

LINDSAY

Year + Degree: 3rd, Humanities and English

On-campus involvement: Artistic Director of Sock n Buskin

Favourite HUMS book: Listening to Music: 7th Edition (Craig Wright)

Favourite song of the moment: Anything from La La Land

Messenger Nickname: Hot in Herre (we still don't know why...)

NORTH editor most likely to: Stay on Task

Favourite NORTH quote: "Emma put down the beer and stay on task!"

SHANNON

Year + Degree: 2nd, Journalism and Humanities (no BJHum jokes pls)

On-campus involvement: Roosters, Charlatan Treasurer

Favourite HUMS book: Job or Boethius

Favourite song of the moment: Same Drugs (Chance) or Caribbean Queen (Billy Ocean)

Messenger Nickname: Meme Queen Rasputin

NORTH editor most likely to: Lose the Cash Box

Favourite NORTH quote: "Give me the grapes!"

COLIN

Year + Degree: 2nd, Humanities and English

On-campus involvement: plagiarizing Carrie Fisher

Favourite HUMS book: Upanishads

Favourite song of the moment: Phone (Lizzo)

Messenger Nickname: Art Hoe

NORTH editor most likely to: Forget To Make Soup for Soup Day

Favourite NORTH quote: Tag yourself, I'm the trucker hat!

KIKA

Year + Degree: 1st, Humanities and Biology

On-campus involvement: Telecounselling Centre, CCO Carleton Bible Study

Favourite HUMS book: Upanishads or Bhagavad Gita

Favourite song of the moment: Christ Conscious (Joey Bada\$\$) or Ian (Tom Rosenthal)

Messenger Nickname: K Money

NORTH editor most likely to: Quote Joanne the Scammer un-ironically

Favourite NORTH quote: "That's the gag!"

TAYLOR

Year + Degree: 1st, ~~Humanities~~ and Human Rights

On-campus involvement: Painting in Tunnels

Favourite HUMS book: Love Songs of the Dark Lord

Favourite song of the moment: Big Jet Plane (Angus and Julia Stone) or Anything Drake or Frank Ocean

Messenger Nickname: Tay ("awww you called me TAY!")

NORTH editor most likely to: be straight chillin'

Favourite NORTH quote: "So then he filled my bucket..." "Your bucket?!"

The Napkin

All of us, and alcohol.

The napkin is North's annual brain child, created at each final editing session.

We'd like to personally thank Mike's Place for supporting our dreams and feeding us pakoras.

Pro tip:
get tamarind sauce.



He came
for my gig!

[Sonnet
stealer]

LMFO

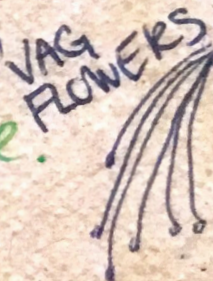
SIS,
THE
CARBS!

I Hope
Beer Doesn't
spill on
Me!



On, I enjoy
alcohol all
over me kenna
NICE KINK!

I refuse
to kink shame.
Unless you
dike yeet.
YIKES.

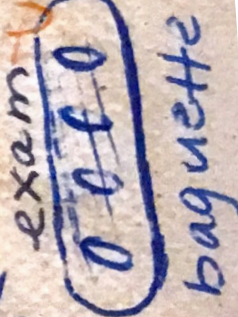


Aristotle
at
Chipotle

Real recognizes
real...

We are all
humans

Please
Stop



Madam
Bucket, I
reba ke thee!

SIPS TEA

Plato?
More life
Play - life!



I love
buckets.
In fact, you
could call it
"obsessive"?



My parent teacher
said I should be a
poet.

Lol

look at these intellectual's

excuse me!
kinkshaming is
my kink.

missy cash
box
2017, the year
North didn't
give A FUCK

what are you
going to
do?
stop
me!

Contributor's Bios

About the Artists

ALEX BOZINOFF creates amazing content! [Editor's Insertion]

ANDREA PITRE is annoyed that Carleton f'ed up her email address [Editor's Insertion]

ANGELA WEISER will miss HUMS immensely.

BETHANY PEHORA will go far in life! We know it! [Editor's Insertion]

BEVERLY OSAZUWA is a 2nd year Humanities student with a knack for writing. From a young age she loved to hear the stories of others, and now she's telling her own.

BRENDAN DAVEY is a second year Humanities student. He spends his free time creating music, drinking water and seeking the mysterium tremendum et fascinans, among other things.

CHAD AUSTIN is so cool - oh so very cool. You will like him, we guarantee it!

CHARLOTTE FRANK is fantastic in all respects! [Editor's Insertion]

COLIN.MYLREA (1997 – 1927) ~~Drowned in moonlight, strangled by his own bra.~~ Colin Mylrea's greatest achievement to date is watching Marie Antoinette 10 times. He is also an avid writer and dog photographer.

DOUGDUMA I S. JPG

Flesh on mixed-media

Dimensions variable

On loan from the two-fold nothingness

*Please do not sit

ELLEN DOBBS is trying her best.

JARID PRETTY is a wide-eyed optimist, looking for a sarcastic Sagittarius.

JENNIFER KEMPSTER is a fourth year HUMS student who's excited to read for fun again. [Editor's Insertion]

JONAH SOMERS...Although he lives on planet earth along with every other human being, Jonah Somers spends most of his time far away from it, deep within his own scattered and wandering mind.

KIKA OTI ONO is a 1st-year North editor, and is so well loved! [Editor's Insertion]

KIRA LOCKEN is a second year journalism and humanities student. I really don't like trying to describe myself.

MARIAH DAVEY is a creative goddess! [Editor's Insertion]

QUINTON PERALTA has been struggling with reality and existence since 1997.

RACHEL JOHNSON is a second year HUMS student who greatly enjoys art in all its forms, when she is not frantically working on papers.

RYAN DUBNEY is an oil and acrylic painter who loves to play with paint and colour.

ZACHARY SMART is a Humanities student at Carleton. We should be friends. According to all known laws of aviation, there is no way that a bee should be able to fly. Its wings are too small to get its fat little body off the ground. The bee, of course, flies anyways. Because bees don't care what humans think is impossible.

DAMN
YOUTHS

Two
Doves
=
Dirty
Projectors

Jarid Pretty





THE DAY SHE LEFT

Quinton Peralta-Greenough

Since the day I met her, I always assumed that this would be the day I never wished to see; the day where I would seek my death above all else. I shed no tears though, despite those around me sobbing and staring on in disbelief. Her favourite song, I Will Follow You into the Dark by Death Cab for Cutie, is being played to which I silently sing every word and recollect every time we listened to it together as I prepare to say goodbye for the last time. My breathing has slowed and I try to live in this one moment, embracing it fully, seeing to that it is properly felt and experienced, leaving no room for regret in my time to come. I close my eyes.

She has been sitting in this bed for nearly three weeks now. She has grown weak and slim during that time, with the medication making her appetite disappear and her mind seem to fade. The doctors say that she doesn't need to be on the medication but that if she were to stop taking it the pain she is experiencing would become unbearable. I let her be comfortable.

She sleeps most of the time. I try not to leave even then. I told her that I would be there until the end and I intend to keep my word, regardless of whether she will be aware enough to know that I am present. I hold her hand which grips mine back. It is how I know she is still with me, her grip indicating to me that she doesn't want me to leave if she is conscious or not. I look her over while she sleeps, taking in all her particular details.

Her hair is still a strong, golden blond, telling me that she will be leaving me too early. Even in her frail state, I can see the beauty in her face, with prominent cheek bones and soft features. Her expression seems to be one of peacefulness, even tranquility, as she sleeps to avoid the reality of the cancer that is eating at nearly her whole body.

The doctors told us that she had stage four cancer in many of her vital organs and bones. He had no idea how she was feeling no pain. She had always been strong and

tough though, being able to put up with me being a strong indication of that fact. I remember looking at her as soon as he told us of her condition. I had no reaction. I had no proper way to respond to such news. She sat still for a moment and then turned to me. She then asked the doctor how long she had but kept her eye contact with me. He said she had maybe two months, but one would be consumed by the illness and she would likely be bed ridden. She said her and I were going to France.

My boss gave me no hassle for the time off due to circumstances and she simply resigned from her job. Her supervisor allowed the company to pay for our trip as a way of expressing their condolences for our situation. We ended up touring much of Europe over the next three weeks. I wanted to go to experience the different cultures, she wanted to lay her naked eye on original pieces of fine art. We had planned to go backpacking across Europe, in two years, on our tenth anniversary. We wanted to do so before either of us hit forty out of fear that we would be too old or frail to do it later. I select our flights.

We always discussed how this life is all we will ever have together. This trip feels wrong for me in many ways, the main reason being that I feel as if I am running from reality, to delay the inevitable pain that I must face, the filling of her grave being no different than the emptying of my heart. I have always been searching for reason in a world of chaos, my broken understanding of reality never becoming a completed puzzle. Nothing seems to fit together and there always seems to be pieces missing.

I try to put all this away, to be dealt with when she no longer needs to be burdened with my problems. I know she would argue, but I suppose she won't be able to know soon. I bury that thought in my despair and hide it all beneath a smile. I pack our bags.

She continues to smile right back. Knowing how much time we have left is both a blessing and a curse; we know to cherish every moment we have left, but only because we have an end in sight. I know I should have spent every moment I've had in the past

doing the same but you never expect these circumstances to happen to you, just the people around you.

I can already see certain signs that the cancer is beginning to affect her significantly. She has a lesser appetite, she doesn't have as much energy as she normally does, and she moves as if every one of her muscles are weighing her down. She won't admit to any of these things though. I watch as she stares at me, thinking that she needs to be strong enough for me while I am uncertain if I have ever been strong enough for her. We board the plane.

Her condition meant that backpacking was an issue, but not having to pay allowed us to travel comfortably. We went through nearly every country with significant art background. We started with Great Britain, being sure to visit every museum and art gallery we could find. We went from Britain to Spain, then to Italy, and lastly France. I looked at the art which I had never understood before. She had always loved it and I merely loved to indulge her in what she enjoyed.

This time with her though, it was different. I finally began to see the art as something more. We would look at just one art piece for hours on end, analysing every aspect of it. I soon began to see what only her eyes had for so long. We were learning to find the beauty in that which is not beautiful; we learned that death was not a loss but merely the final stroke of a masterpiece that takes a lifetime to create.

Her eyes flutter ever so slightly as she readjusts in the bed. I watch despite the pain it causes me, because I know that no amount of pain is worse than the hole that will be left in myself if I am not here for every, last moment she can be with me. I'm selfish and I know that, but I don't care. I put everything I could into making us perfect, but fate seemed to find my plan boring, so it shuffled the cards. I never have been good with gambling.

Her body is beginning to relax; her shoulders no longer hunched forward, her legs no longer curled beneath her. She begins to exhale, but only slowly. She isn't breathing out but rather the air is leaving her lungs. I feel her let go. Now it's my turn.

"Goodbye my Love. I will see you soon."

A SUMMARY OF THE REALIST NOVEL

Colin Mylrea

He took my pride,
and left me for another,
but I've got the house,
and his handsome brother.

A young girl with dark hair, seen from the back, is twirling in front of a large, white, draped sheet. She is wearing a black leotard. The scene is captured in a soft, warm light, creating a dreamy and ethereal atmosphere. The white sheet is gathered around her, forming a sort of cocoon or stage. The girl's arms are slightly out to the sides, and her body is in motion, as if she is performing a dance move.

Twirling Girl

Alex Bozinoff

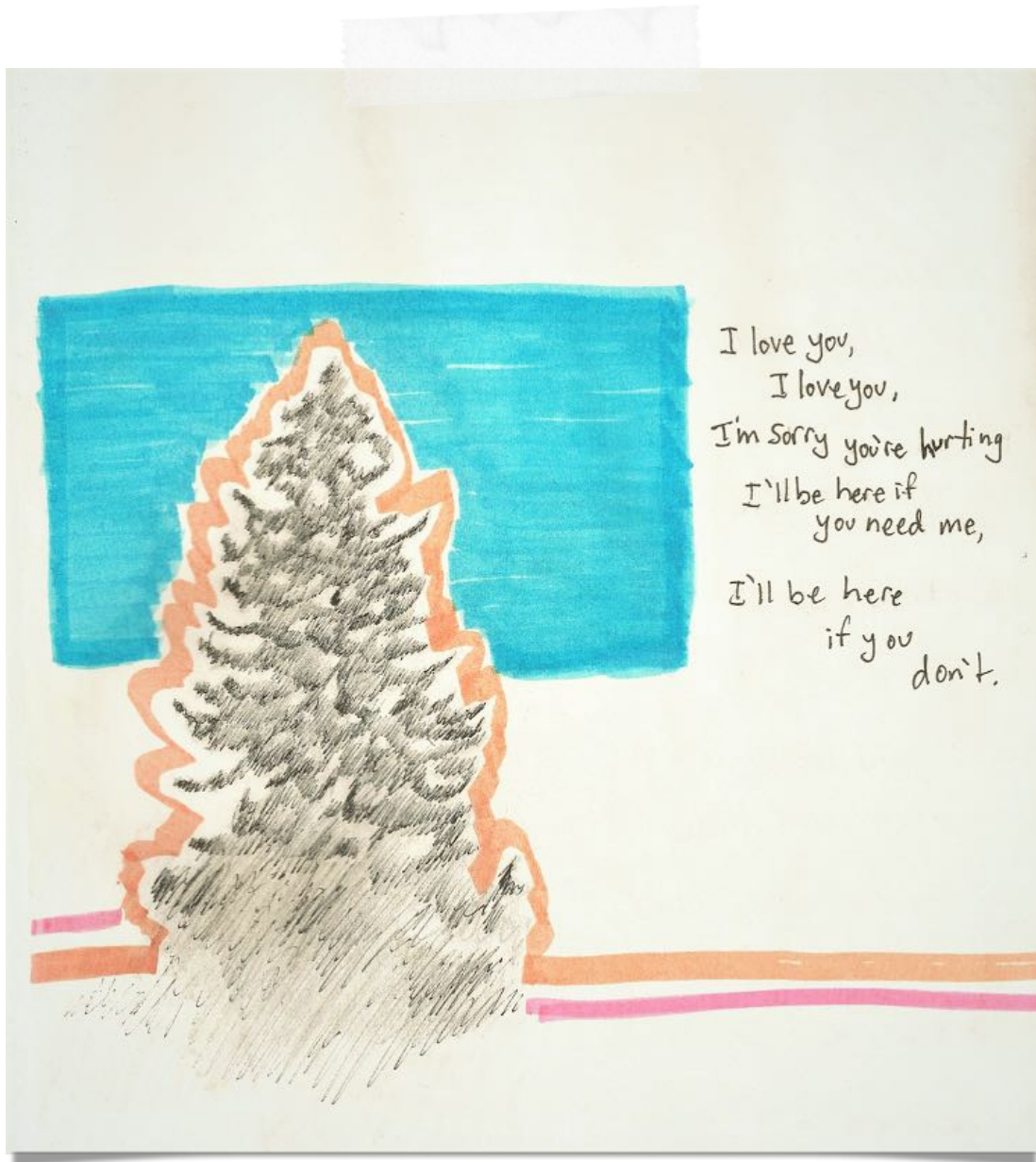
o o

Chad Austin

My lips split open,
like a peach.
Words fall onto the floor,
like broken plates.

Untitled

Ellen Dobbs



o

Chad Austin

The cats are slinking around the gutters of Eiffel Ave.
searching for mice. My thoughts are slinking,
I search for truth.

UNTITLED (MARGUERITE)

Bethany Pehora

"Marguerite – with happy memories of summer 1932.
– Frank"

A red sand beach on the island.
Bicycle trips with picnic baskets balanced on the handlebars.
Rocky cliffs reaching out to the sea, trying to grasp the horizon.
The deep waters that froze my fingertips whenever we swam.
Those stormy waters we never visited again.
When I fled the coast we became him.
And then him became no one at all.

Ham Sandwich

Zachary Smart

Very, very nice to meet you,
How do you do?
And what about you?
And You? And you too?
What about you at the back?
How's the wine? Oh that's divine
I can't help but wonder,
Are we missing somebody?
Is everyone accounted for?
Oh I'm so glad to hear it.

Right, so here we are. What do we do?
Well, what ought we to be doing?
Let's do it
I'm all for it.
I think anybody who wouldn't want it done's got a real surprise in store.
'Cause it's really getting done today.
And well done, at that!
Here we go, about to do it.
Done!

Wait that's not right.
Did I do it wrong?
Who saw what happened? Was nobody paying attention?
Surely somebody saw it.

Well it's done now.
And now we can be happy!
Ok.
Here we are, being happy.
So happy
I sure hope everyone's as happy as I am.
I guess we'll just... go home now?

...

What?

We're still here?
Well suffice it to say this isn't what I was expecting.
I think the ride broke
It's over right?
I want off
You lot must want off too.
It's been such a long day and we're all so tired.
...

My God I'm tired
I'm at my happiest when I'm sleeping these days, you know.
When I'm just... gone.
Disappeared.
So much more straightforward to be gone.
Than to have to do what ought to be done.
It's almost romantic like that.
"I'll work all my life for a moment of rest"

What's got to be done?
How do I do it?
I don't know. Does anybody?
All these ideas hoisted on me.
And you.
Competing for our attention
Telling us where to go
Making us like cogs in a machine
A part of the hive mentality
Mad.

Madness is a world with meaning
The great meaningful thing isn't decided
It's not even known
That business that ought to be done?
It doesn't really have to be.
What if you died?
What if I die tomorrow?
It certainly wouldn't matter what I did today.
The libations of the living are for the living.
Nothing can console the dead.
In the vault of the monolith

In the hall of the mountain king
In the face of our fathers
In the tears of the beloved.

I'm hungry
I really ought to eat at least
Maybe I'll get some sleep
Ooh I think it's ham today
Come, let me show you the meaning of life
At the bottom of a paper bag.



Untitled

Mariah Davey

Two Shots, Tie-Dye and Turmeric

Charlotte Frank

You can die your hair with Kool-Aid. I read about it on the internet. Apparently it's an old trick, but I'd never heard of it before. I've never changed the colour of my hair. It's been all different lengths, but always brown. Two of the men I've loved have explicitly expressed to me their preference for red-heads. I'm a blue-eyed brunette, but my mother was red-headed. Her words are tattooed on my body, her clothes are in my closet, and, when the sun hits my hair at the right angle, for a second my hair turns the same colour as hers. There's a sunlit picture in my room of my mother and me in tie-died t-shirts. My small arms are wrapped around her neck. The shirt I'm wearing in that picture has long since disappeared, but hers outlived her and now fits me. At two am one morning, I threw it on over bare skin. I rolled out of someone-who-didn't-love-me's bed, tucked the shirt into jean shorts and slid away, leaving nothing but a single brown hair on the pillow. I cut through cool, but humid air on my red bicycle. Legs peddling, arms outstretched, beads of moisture from the air breaking on my skin. I whizzed home through sleepy streets to my ginger cat and ginger floors. In the bathroom mirror, I gave myself a good hard look.

I work in a coffee shop. It's 2016, so I can make you a double-long macchiato with a shot of vanilla on ice. We can put whipped cream on your fat free, sugar free latte, or two shots of espresso in your decaf cappuccino for-here-or-to-go-with-or-without-foam-fifty-cents-is-your-change-thank-you. Someone ordered a lactose-free, decaf café-au-lait the other day, and it occurred to me how funny it was that you can have a coffee with milk, without having coffee or milk. We have meatless meat, sugarless sugar, wheat free bread and fat free fat.

I stared at myself and thought. I thought of the men who had found reasons not to love me. Men who drink their coffee black, with no room for additional flavours. Men who prefer their women idealized: a Particular Kind Of Smart and a Particular Kind Of Pretty, and Sexy, with no patience or concept of certain kinds of strength and insecurity. In the kitchen, I flicked on the stove-top light. It blinked awake and hummed softly and groggily as I rummaged through the spice drawer. Turmeric and Cinnamon in a bowl with Honey, stirred into a paste. "Flick" and the stove top light fell back asleep. As 2:59 became 3:00, I rolled the rich paste between my palms. The oriental scent wafted

into the air. I worked the bright orange mixture into my hair, and some of the powder snowed down upon my shoulder. A bright stain on a tie-died sleeve. When every inch of my hair was glazed, I looked at myself again. But not Myself, my mother's other daughter, the one with red hair who comes out on bright sunny days for a second when the rays successfully charm her. Men love her, women love her, hell, I love her. And who wouldn't? She's sugar, fat and care free, but she tastes the same. I gathered her hair into a knot on top of her head and drew her a bath. My mother's well loved, tie died shirt came up over her head and fell onto the tiled floor. I unbuttoned her jean shorts and they too were cast aside. She left a little trail of orange powder behind her as she walked to the water. Orange powder on white tile, turmeric on pale skin. She submerged herself completely and then spiraled down the drain as I patted my skin dry.

We can have dairy-free, caffeine-free coffees with milk, but people don't come half-sweet on weekdays, with an extra shot of sweetener as an end of the week treat on Fridays, or with two shots of espresso for those Dreaded Monday Mornings. People are as they are, flawed and quirk-full. Tall and dark with no room for nonsense? Yes, that comes with a killer sense of style and two shots of kleptomania. A sister with charm and a flare for the dramatic? Only has a sense of humour on Sundays and flirts relentlessly with all the wrong people. Your straight-A student son is addicted to cigarettes, the woman of your dreams snores. Vices, scars, regrets- no-one is complete without them. The truth is, sugar, fat and care free doesn't taste exactly the same. It's like tasting air. It's not quite as good, not quite as real.

I love my flaws and strengths and Turmeric stains. And my hair is stubbornly brown.

Two Blue Lights = Songs: Ohia

Jarid Pretty



THE CALL OF EVA

Beverly Osazuwa

Cold grains of sand fill the spaces between his toes. Wrapped in a flannel sweater, he rests, breathing in the salty ocean air in the misty dawn of the deserted beach. With the fall of his eyelids, his thoughts circle around her image.

He sees the faint smile on her lips painted the colour of wine.

Staring far into the fog of the clouds, he sees the delicate curves of her waist and her tousled black curls, that dance at her shoulders with every move. The blowing winds free her voice, and he drowns in her sound.

Rolan.

Each wave that splashes across his feet is her pull, begging him to come closer. Rolan opens his eyes and loses the face of the woman, coming back to his quiet haven. He sits upright and turns to observe the beach. There is nothing but the rocks, the sand, the water, and her voice within it all.

Come to me.

The wind blows against him.

Come to me, Rolan.

"Eva," he whispers his wife's name into the nothingness. Only the waves respond to him, moving back and forth along the sand in a never-ending dance. Rolan reaches into his pocket pulling out a photo and a ring. He touches the face of his black-haired woman in the photograph. Her full lips stretch at a smile and eyes the colour of honey stare at the man beside her—a younger Rolan, a man from two years ago. With his dark hair pulled back, his eyes shined brighter in their photo than in the six months since her death.

He remembers the willow tree behind them; she said it held a "serene perfection." It was on their first drive back from this beach that the couple found it. Eva wanted a picnic, and Rolan couldn't say no. He didn't want to. Rolan could not count the number of times she

sang to him beneath its leaves nor the number of times he sketched every twist and turn of her delicate figure in the grass, lying like a dreaming fox.

The chilled water beats against him, pulling Rolan from the memory. With every hit, his heart falls and his body grows still. As he sits through the crashing of the waves, Rolan's eyes water and he clutches Eva's gold wedding band, hard enough to leave an imprint in his hand.

Rolan's breathing deepens and his throat sores.

"It's your face..." he breathes.

The fog laces around him.

Save me.

Eva's voice whispers in his ears.

Save me.

Scenes of Eva's accident cloud his mind and Rolan watches her body in the ocean ahead of him, floating then drowning. He hears her crying for him, reaching for him, but he is too far.

"Rolan," she spits out, as water fills her lungs.

Save me.

Frozen in the sand, the scene holds his gaze as she falls, sinking into the waves.

"Eva," his heart spills, "please."

Come to me, Rolan.

Rolan screams into the murky skies as his tears fall onto the sand around him.

As his sanity pulls itself apart, his phone suddenly rings, pulling him back into the present.

"Hello," he utters, body trembling from the cold hours of the morning.

"Rolan? Where are you? Wherever you are, let me come get you." His sister's voice rattles through the phone, shaking the delusion.

"Maria." His voice is so soft that she hardly recognizes it. "Maria, she's calling me."

"What do you mean?" His sister panics. "I'm calling you, Rolan. Maria, remember? Where are you?" She hears the water striking the ocean shore.

"She wants me to come to her—to save her." Rolan speaks, but only in a trance.

"You can't save her, Rolan. Eva is already gone; there is no one to save." Maria grabs her car keys from her coffee table and rushes down the stairs of her apartment hearing the lifelessness in her brother's voice.

"Rolan, I'm coming to get you. I'll be at the beach in 15—"

"Maria, she's here. She's calling me." A breeze brushes against the phone.

Maria tries to cling to the voice of her only brother, but can feel him slipping away with every breath. "Rolan, it's not real. Talk to me. Please, stay with m—"

"I have to go, Maria. It's her face..."

Save me.

The phone cuts.

Maria immediately redials, but the call goes to Rolan's answering machine. She spots her red sedan at the end of the parking lot, and sprints to it, hopping inside and turning on the ignition. Her stomach turns as she drives onto the empty city streets, following the dim yellow lights to a brother already lost.



WAVES

Rachel Johnson

M
O
V
E
M
E
N
T

UNTITLED (MUSIC EMERGES FROM SILENCE)

Angela Weiser

music emerges from silence

words, in turn, emerge from music

and silence in turn peeks out
between the lines

...

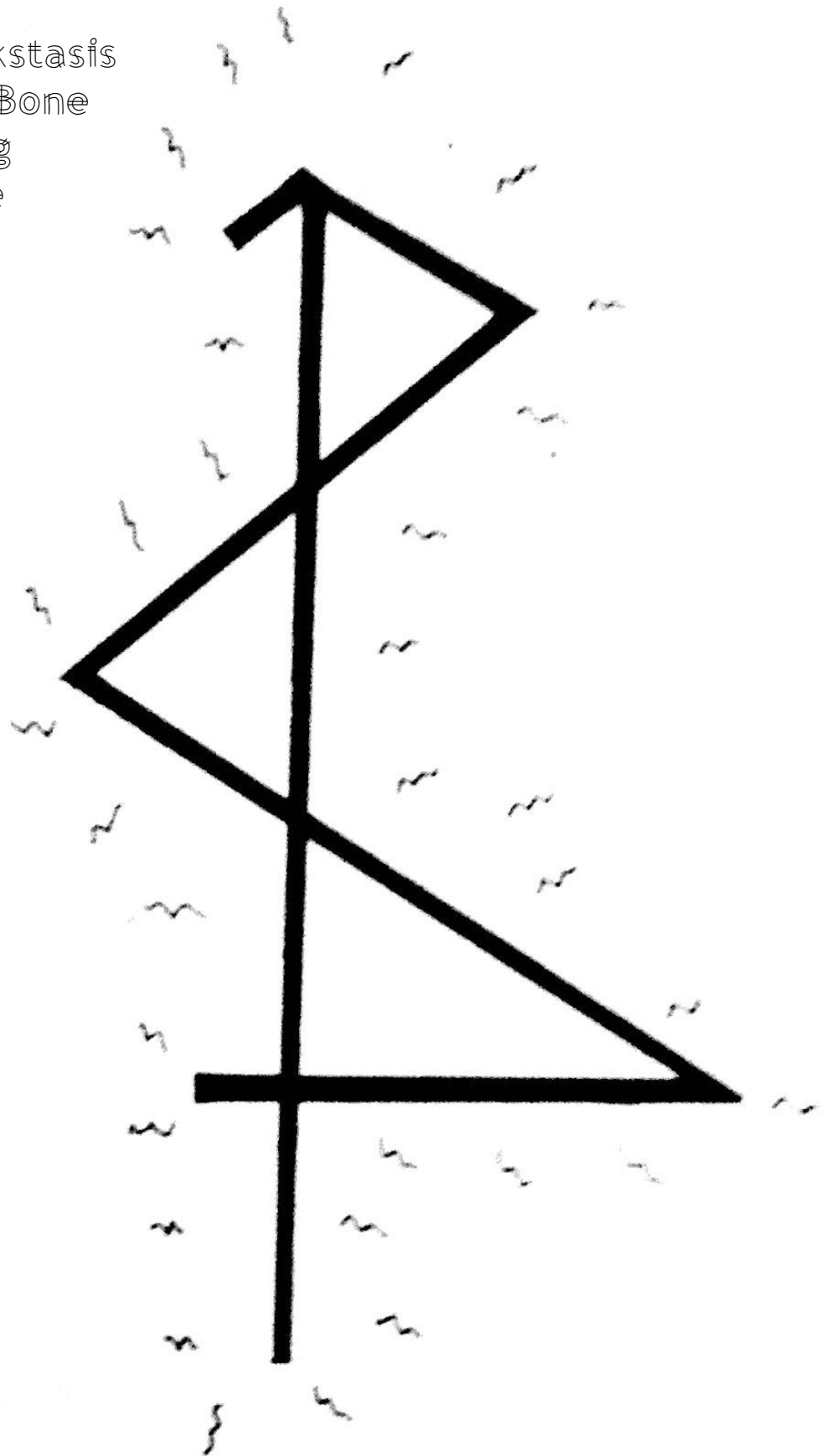
words will forever skirt around the unsayable

but – a few rare ones

will say it

Body in Ekstasis
(Flesh on Bone
Convulsing
Above the
Ground)

Brendan Davey



Keef Ripper - Donovan
Wolfington

Jarid Pretty



Playin' in the Bad -
Grateful Dead (73-11-17)

Jarid Pretty



UNTITLED

Kira Locken

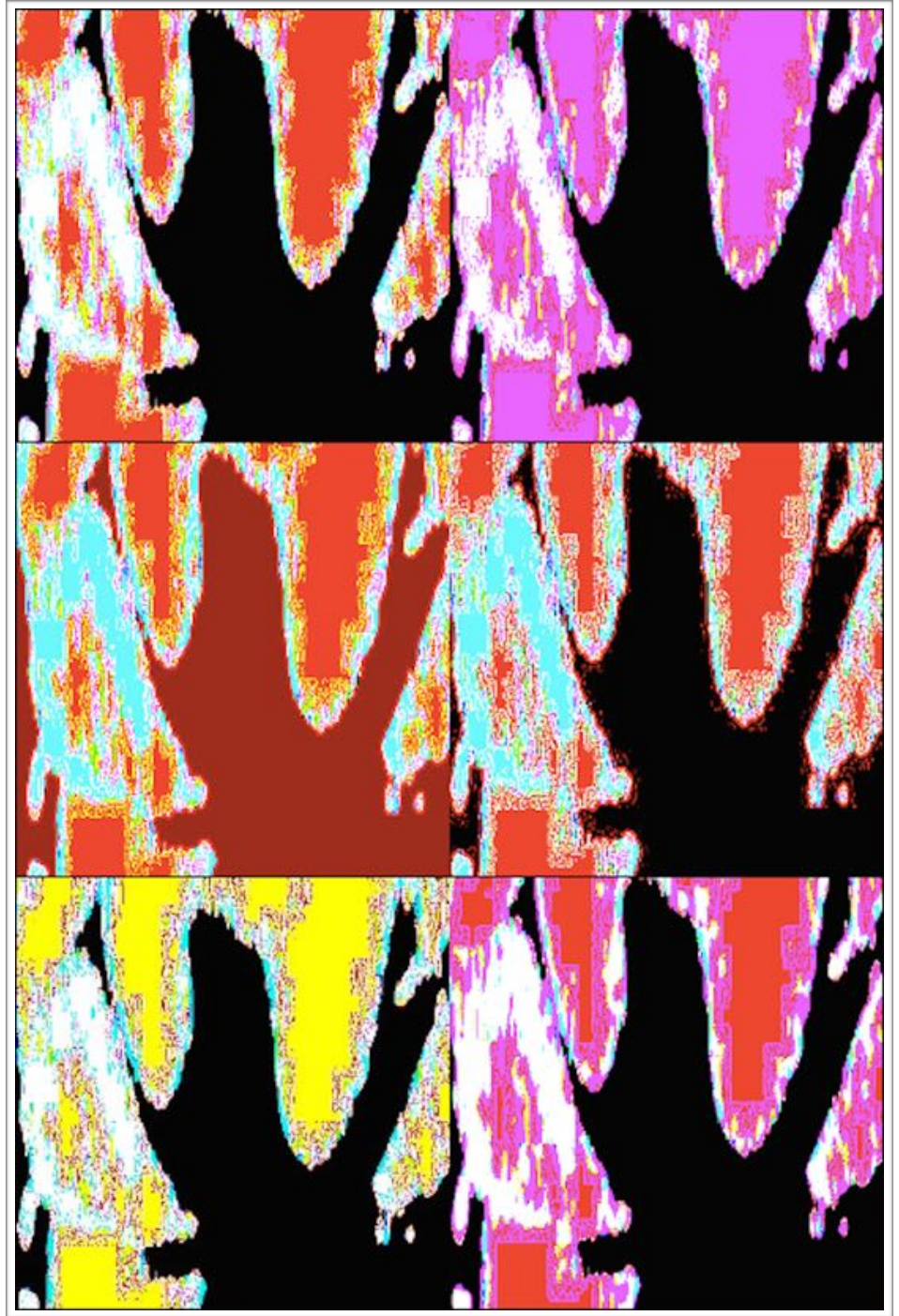
When I was younger you used to cut me,
Small wounds, a snip here, a slash there
not enough to scar, but enough to be noticed.
And out of these cuts poured my confidence, my sense of respect, my expectations of
you, dripping from my chest and onto the floor.
But I said I was fine and meant it, I let the cuts bleed and heal and you didn't notice.
When I was older but still younger you cut me deep,
You were in the living room with Dad,
on the floor with your hand on his throat
And I felt my chest slice open, and I felt shocking pain.
And out of this slice bled my sense of safety,
the safety of home and of you.
And I wasn't fine when I said it and the cut didn't heal
And I covered it with bandages of anger and disappointment and carelessness
that always bled through.
And you kept cutting me and I never said a word and you never noticed.
And I bled my sense of self and sense of worth
And my hopes and my expectations for you and for me and for us.
And I wasn't fine and I didn't care and I'm not sure you did either.
And then you almost died. And my heart ripped open.
And from it bled the ignorance of your mortality and everything I hadn't said
and the love that I thought had gone years ago.
And heart let out a swan song that pierced my muddled mind.
I wasn't fine, but I couldn't wait for you to realize that.
So I cleaned my wound with salt water and I lied in the arms of those who had cuts of
their own And with needle and thread they helped me stitch myself back together.
And you still cut me but I always notice,
And I clean it with tears and with surgeons hands

(continued on next page...)

with threads made of love I apply each stitch with careful reflection.
And my heart beats with peace and holds itself open to the hands of those I trust
And I hold my own thread to heal their wounds with mine
And my head clears and my veins pulse with hunger for what lies ahead
And if you come back with kind hands and a healthy mind
Then perhaps my heart can learn to open to you,
But it as it's keeper, I
reserve the right to
close it anytime

Cataclysmic Variable

Brendan Davey



THE AGE OF OLGA

Jennifer Kempster

There are instances in ones life where the power of being underestimated is incredibly satisfying. As I watched the walls of the city burn I knew that this moment was one of them. I was never taken seriously for something as insignificant as my sex. Yet, here I stood victorious. I had finally avenged by husband.

But this is not how my story begins. No, today was a long time coming.

My story began on a warm fall day. It was one of those days where you can't really imagine anything in the world being wrong.

I sat in the garden watching my son exploring the plants and bugs, his entire world only innocent wonder. Today that would all change. Our whole world had just shattered. But for now, I let him enjoy the day, and simply enjoyed the warm breeze on my face as I sat and let the truth settle over me. Surprisingly, I felt very calm. My whole life was ripped apart, but I knew what I had to do and I was determined just to enjoy my son and his waddling exploration of his simple world.

A messenger stood off to the side trying to get my attention, not-so-subtly, while still not wishing to interrupt me. I didn't want to face it yet, to ruin this beautiful day with reality. Couldn't they let me dream just a little while longer? Of course not, that would be kind, and there was one thing the Council never was.

"Svyatoslav, come to mother." I spoke gently. My lovely boy ran towards me and jumped into my lap. "Mama needs to go inside now and deal with some things, would you like to come inside or enjoy the garden a little longer?"

His smile widened and in that small voice all children use he replied excitedly "The garden.."

"Okay, give mama a kiss and be safe." He pecked me on the cheek and ran off to resume his day. I rose slowly, dreading the meeting that was to come.

"My Queen, you're needed in the Council room," the messenger finally spoke up.

"Yes, I know. I'm on my way."

As I passed a guard by the door I asked him to watch over my son, and continued onwards to face my fate. The messenger stepped next to me. "You should tell him, you know? The Prince, about what happened."

"I don't believe that is your concern. But if you must know, I will in time. For now though, let him enjoy what little is left of his childhood. He'll be ruling soon enough."

The Council meeting began largely as expected. The Councilmen flitted about conveying their condolences to me concerning by husband's death, and assuring me of the greatness of his rule. They spoke hurriedly about their concern on how the political tumult would influence trade relations and concerns over how the peace treaty with Byzantine would hold out. "Kiev must withstand" they all parroted one way or another, all the while vying to take power or themselves. None of them wanted to discuss who would rule yet though. No, not before they could be certain of their position. However, they were all scheming, offering this or that solution to the matter of continued tribute collection, or a show of force to the other states, demonstrating ways in which they would be worthy of ruling. The near future would be uncertain for Kievan Rus. Her Grand Prince was murdered by one of his own princedom, Her heir too young to rule, and no clear path ahead of Her.

Entering the Chamber I was numb to the knowledge of my darling Igor's death. It didn't seem possible to me that he could be dead on such a simple journey. He had been murdered over the cost of a tribute due to the gail of some lesser Prince believing he no longer needed the protection of Kiev. Igor had fought two wars against the Byzantine and survived to be killed by one of his own.

I was cold to the knowledge that my husband lay dead. But as these men squabbled over their selfish grasps at power I could feel the rage washing over me. I watched as the men leaned over the table shouting over one another about the action that the kingdom ought to make. I schooled my features into a mask of calm icy anger. I knew that as a woman here I would have to assert myself if these men, my husband's men, were to listen to me. I could not lose my head else I lose their loyalty and respect. So I would be as Stone. I would win their respect.

I rose slowly from the table and waited calmly for all to notice me, retake their seats, and stop talking. Once silent, I spoke, "There is one thing that we are overlooking here, one thing that I cannot quite seem to grasp." My words rang out cold and sharp, echoing off the stone walls. "No one has yet to tell me how my husband, your sovereign,

was killed and what we are going to do about it." I turned to Dimitriyov the head of our guard, "Dimitriy, you've always been a close ally to this household. Perhaps you might shed some light on the situation." My question was curt and not at all really a question.

I remained standing at the head of the table as he spoke, "Your Highness, the matter is of delicate politics and perhaps not suited."

I interrupted his excuses, "If you are about to question my constitution on the subject I warn you now not to test me. As for the delicacy of the politics involved I would remind you that what Igor ate for breakfast was a concern of politics. We are the rulers of Kievan Rus! I am the Queen and this particular delicate matter just killed my husband and left our Kingdom in the hands of a three year old boy!" I snapped. Beginning again more calmly, I added, "If you find the matter too difficult for your own constitution, I suggest another councilman answer me in your stead. If not, I would like you to proceed."

He stood tentatively speaking as he did so, "No, your Highness, that won't be necessary. I misspoke before, you must understand the full situation.

"As I'm sure you know, Igor left to collect the tributes from the other Princedoms. Since the wars the vassalage fees have risen. Many Princes believed that now that the wars were over the fee should be reduced. They did not think of the continued strain on the coffers. As well, the tenuous state of peace between your husband and Constantine. They felt the fees were unjust for they too lost many men in the conflicts. Some had begun to question the worth of the Kevian coalition. Prince Mal foremost of them.

"He refused to pay tribute and asserted that the Drevlians should rule, and were independent from Kievan Rus. So they murdered him, Olga. Executed by tying each foot to a bent birch tree and allowing for them to straighten. They tore him in two."

I couldn't help the gasp that escaped me. The chamber fell to complete silence. I had to turn away to regain my composure. I walked over to the window and pressed my hand to the cool stone of the window sill.

Dimitri spoke again quietly, emotion lacing his voice. "I should have been there, I should have stopped it."

"No," I cut him off "Igor made you stay behind to watch over myself and our son. His death is not on you." I turned back to the Councilmen and spoke fervently. "The Drevlians killed Igor and it is on us to avenge him. I am Queen Mother, now Queen Regent." At that announcement they burst from their chairs and argued loudly over me.

None of them had expected me to take over the Regency. I raised my hand to silence them "I am your Queen and I will be Regent. To fight me on this is bearing close to treason and urge you each to consider your position carefully. Our Kingdom is in conflict once more. I will need the support of each one of you to rule and to keep the Drevlians in their place. Make no mistake here. They will come for the Crown. I for one won't let them. If you will let me, they will be punished and I will keep our Kingdom in peace until my son may take the throne."

The shift in politics began slowly, each of the councilmen coming to accept my role as Regent. Though some did so begrudgingly. Only the knowledge that the years to come would be difficult kept the internal harmony of the council a priority.

After days of deliberation we were still no closer to figuring out what to do. Today's meeting returned to the point it always seemed to. Vsevolod and Ivan, two advisors, were the two councilmen who opposed me the most, and constantly sought to turn the conversation to the topic of my ability to rule. They suggested frequently that we should consult the other Princedoms in order to ascertain their inclusion in the rule. Each time I reminded them that most of the Princedoms were either loyal or unruly after the division Mal's actions caused, and in any case we have never consulted them before and would not now. We could not appear weak. At which point they seemed to always question my rationality and mood given my sex.

Unlike previous times, this time Ivan went a step further. "Olga. I have had enough of this foolishness. It is time to face reality. A woman cannot rule. We allowed you to play out this fantasy, we indulged you due to your grief, but no longer. It is time we addressed the Princedoms and find you a new husband to solidify an alliance and allow for a true Grand Prince to take control."

"How dare you!" I spat, "My husband has been dead less than a week. Yet you sit here and suggest that I trade myself off to some other Princedom, putting not only my fate, but also that of the entire Kingdom in their hands. To abandon my position and end the Rurik dynasty before my son may inherit it?!" I seethed at his audacity.

He tried to repeat himself again in his arrogance. "No Ivan, I've had enough of listening to you. You are done. Lord Vsevolod, I imagine you feel similarly?" he nodded. "And the rest of you, do you believe I should just give up and abandon my household?" No one else agreed, in fact many seemed nearly as outraged as I was. "Good, in that case Lord Ivan, Lord Vsevolod, you may remove yourselves from these grounds immediately." At their indignant guffaws I continued, "You are effectively retired. You may

return home and live out the rest of your lives far from my sight. The alternative is death for the treason you so ignorantly committed."

They both left with their disgust plain on their face. I'm sure that at some later time they would make things difficult for me. But they also knew that with Dimitriy on my side that the guards would support my threat. I had no tolerance for deceit here. Things were already complex enough without savage fighting amongst ourselves.

There was still the question of how to deal with the Drevlians and the concern of what they were up to. The answer would appear with the arrival of 20 Drevlian soldiers.

Their weapons were seized and I met them in the Great Hall. The councilmen stood to my right as we faced our unknown enemies. Guards lined the pathway to the throne, easily twice their number.

"Why are you here?" my voice rang out in the large room.

One soldier stepped forward, "We come with an offer from Prince Mal. He requests your hand in return for a peaceful end to the conflict before any blood is spilled."

"Any blood other than my husband's you mean."

"Ah yes, that is except for the life of Igor Rurik which Prince Mal assures was an unfortunately necessary act."

My blood boiled. Mal expects to kill my husband and so easily cow me into a marriage to seize power. Little does he know how difficult I will make it. I will see his whole city burn down around him.

"Guards, seize them. I want them buried alive." They struggled with little success and were dragged out of the Hall screaming. Igor always kept open graves near the gates to the castle as a warning to others and in the very necessity of having someone to bury. This execution was a nod in his honour. But now I knew exactly what to do. Mal would underestimate me like everyone else. I would destroy him my own way by playing the exact part he wanted.

"I need a message sent," I indicated to our messenger Mikhail, "I would like a letter sent to Prince Mal. Tell him that I accept his offer, but that rebel councilmen had ordered the guards killed before I could leave with them. The rebels have since been deposed,

but I request his best men be sent presently to escort me to Iskorosten. Assure him that they will be greeted only with welcome. Also that I believe he is right, and that the best course of action is to settle peacefully and provide Kievan Rus with a strong leader."

If he found out about the departure of Ivan and Vsevolod the better to corroborate my tale.

I stood to leave but Viktor yelled out after me, "Olga! If you don't mind me asking, what is your plan?"

"My plan is to play him, stroke his ego and destroy him piece by piece. No one expects for a mere woman to be the strong leader."

The Drevlian company arrived a week later. I greeted them at the gate, playing my role as the gracious host. They were offered large tankards of mead and some venison stew. We sat in the Great Hall conversing. At first they seemed wary but gradually warmed as the day turned to evening.

Inside I was screaming. These soldiers could be the very men that literally tore Igor limb from limb. There were perhaps a hundred men here and only one of them, if not all of them, could have been there. The Drevlians had been part of Kievan Rus, they should have been loyal to Igor, paid their tribute and carried on. I felt no remorse for their lives, I would kill them and sleep fitfully tonight. I couldn't understand how they could look me in the eye, smiling, and laughing, and eating, and drinking, after what they had done to their own Grand Prince. Didn't they know that their actions would cost them?

When the sun had fully set and the men seemed well into their cups I suggested that they bathe and rest before we depart in the morning. It would be another fortnight at least before they would arrive at home.

They thanked me and I led the men to the spacious bathhouse. I passed a knowing nod with Dimitriy as I exited the Great Hall. The plan was in place and all was going smoothly. The bathhouse was a wooden structure on the outside of the palace. It was modelled similarly to the saunas of the north with the addition of large tubs for washing. The space would be missed. The room was warm and steaming when we arrived.

"When you are done the rooms will be ready, Yuri will be outside to guide you to them when you are done. But please, take your time." I closed the door behind me as I left.

The guards were waiting just outside. "you may begin" I told them as my mask of graciousness finally fell. They barred the doors and began lighting pitch around the bath house.

I watched the flames rise up the walls and heard the panicked screams of the Drevlian soldiers as they realized they were trapped. I turned and walked back to the keep without a second glance. I decided to check in on Svetoslav. He was deeply asleep, drooling on his pillows, and he was safe. His face was illuminated by the orange glow of the fire now burning strongly outside. It was all coming together, my revenge was at hand. If only Mal knew that I was coming for him. I would miss my son while we were away but he would have to stay far from the grasp of the Drevlians.

"When I return," I whispered to him, "this will all be over. Kievan Rus will all be yours and we will raise you to be one of Her greatest rulers. Together we will protect your lands. For now, I have traitors to kill."

I left at sunrise with a small company of my best soldiers and Dimitriy who refused to say behind this time. With this many soldiers it would take just under a fortnight to reach Iskorosten, the capital of the Drevlians. We also travelled with a significant number of my items as if I were planning on staying longer than I am. The soldiers were donned in their ceremonial clothes to keep up appearances. We were to be his new loyal servants, and we wore our masks tightly. Navigating the politics when I arrived would be tricky given that I did not return with his escort, and instead with several of my own soldiers. Despite the season turning quickly to winter the weather had not been bad enough to blame their absence on a storm or mass illness. Hopefully an attack would be believed. Luckily I would have the long ride to perfect my disguise.

As we approached Drevlian territory I made an announcement to the company.

"We are entering enemy land and will reach Iskorosten by the end of the day tomorrow. The next few days will be difficult. You all know the plan. We are to infiltrate the keep and strike once we gain their trust. I plan to ask for a funeral feast to be put on for my late husband. This will be the best time to fulfil our objective, be ready."

"Until then each one of you must play your roles perfectly. We can't have any mistakes or it may cost our lives and our kingdom. Each of you was chosen for you fighting prowess, intelligence, and loyalty. Please do not let me down. Though the act is difficult we must each pretend to forgive Igor's murder and be looking forward to a joined future with the Drevlians. Some scepticism is okay but nothing more than general

concern. We have to act as Drevlians now. The plan is not to be discussed once we arrive. Mal will have spies, always assume he's listening.

"Once the plan is complete you will be notified using the code that is it time to reach our full potential. At that queue the massacre will have begun and we must make our escape with haste. I'm counting on you. Viktor and the other Councilmen will have prepared the army at Kiev. If the timing is right they will be on Drevlian's border ready to lay siege when we make our escape. We will ride out to the camp there."

"Onwards and be strong!"

The men nodded their ascent and marched onward. They knew the gravity of what was ahead. Dimitriy pulled in next to me. "I believe in them," he said "they can handle their tasks. It is you I worry about. The burden of lying lay so much heavier on you, dear Olga. How will you pretend to like that Drevlian rat?"

"Ah, the key Dimitriy is to not pretend to like him. I need to lace the lies with enough truth to be believed. As far as he's concerned I don't need to like him to marry him and protect my kingdom when I am 'too weak to defend it myself'. I will play to his ego and play to the woman he expects me to be, in that way he won't be able to spot the deceit." We rode in silence for a moment as he pondered what I said.

"All I can say is that you are not the woman most men expect, myself included." After a short ride he continued. "Do you know what you plan to do as Regent once this conflict is settled?"

"That is the very thing that I think about constantly Dimitriy. We must find a way to solidify relations with the other Princedoms. Destroying the Drevlians will not be enough to deter dissenters, not completely. I'm thinking that some sort of tax reform will be required. My husband had his weaknesses and his penchant for war lost him the coffers and the loyalty of the Princes. His wars cost them much and the tribute systems required more. Proportional taxation might be more accepted. Whatever we decide they need to be consulted more frequently" I pondered, "Also the peace treaty with Byzantine must be strengthened. I already send Constantine a letter, but I have no idea how he will react."

"You know that you always have my support Olga." Dimitriy smiled at me. It was reassuring to know that I had a well respected ally in the time to come.

The walls of Iskorosten rose high as we approached the city. I knew the way that I would convince Prince Mal that I was sincere, but it was a gamble. I had only met the man once or twice before, but that was enough for him to know me as anything but a weepy woman. I would use that for my advantage and pretend to be shaken up so badly that any odd behaviour could be attributed to the attack. The entire story depended on him not having any spies inside my keep.

A patrol of Drevlian men met us outside the city gates. This was it, masks on, betting the whole Kingdom on my gamble.

"Please! I need to see Prince Mal immediately!"

"Olga Rurik? Yes, you must be. He will be here shortly, until then we are not to let you through."

I began to weep so that by the time he arrived my distress would be even more believable. It was not hard to weep in the place where my darling Igor was murdered.

A large black horse came galloping forward and I knew Prince Mal immediately from his long dark hair and his over the top red and gold tunic. His scowl softened when he saw me weeping, "Olga, where are my men? What happened?"

"Mal! There were raiders. Maybe Constantine's men, we aren't sure. They wore no banners. They hit us in the night. Your men all perished, hundreds of mine as well. And..." I choked on a big sob as I imagined what I said was true. "My child, Svyatoslav! He was killed. They killed my son! It all happened so quickly." I broke down weeping and collapsed in on myself. I admit that it was a little over the top. I know that my response to my family's murder would be angry grief, but Mal did not know that. He only saw a widow who just lost her only son as well. He must have believed me because he tsked softly and pulled me into his embrace. His arms around me made me want to bolt and spit on his shoes, but I forced myself to relax with the knowledge that soon I would have my revenge.

He set me up in a warm sitting room with the fire blazing. The sofa was comfortable and the furs soft. He called for wine and dinner be brought there. We ate some form of quail and potatoes. My mind stirred and I spent most of the meal staring into the flames. After I finished eating he finally spoke. "Olga. Darling. You have had quite the horrible month. I can't imagine how hard it must be for you. If it's any consolation it was a grave decision I made by killing Igor and I hope you don't take it personally. I felt the Kingdom required a new ruler and he simply had to be removed. I always felt fondly

towards you and I hope to make your new life here a pleasant one." He smiled at me as if it would be some comfort.

My nails bit into the fabric of my dress but I kept myself from lashing out at him. "Your highness that is very kind of you. I was fond of my life with Igor but I understand his weaknesses. He was rash to war, endangering us all, and straining the relationships of Kiev with its Princedoms. I understand the wisdom in your actions though his absence does pain my heart. It is truly the absence of my son which has destroyed me." I shivered under his gaze but kept my posture drooped and cowed. All I wanted was to tell him what I really thought of his cowardice and betrayal, but that would come in time.

"Am I to understand that you agree to this marriage alliance that easily? Olga, I think you forgot I know you better." His voice mocked me.

"No. I don't believe you do know me like this. I barely recognize myself having lost all that defined who I am. But I want peace, I want to remain Queen. That said I do want a few things."

"Ah there are conditions." He sneered at me and leaned back in the sofa he sat in across from me.

"Of course, this is the only negotiation power I have. Your reign will be easier with me by your side to legitimate you. I cannot promise to love you but I am willing to be a loyal wife and solidify our alliance without further bloodshed. And perhaps one day to bear you children. The things I want are few and simple but non-negotiable. The men I came with came peacefully with the intention of being loyal subjects, they are to be unharmed and treated with respect. Secondly, I would like to keep them as my private guard. I do not yet trust you to get rid of me when you deem convenient and I want protection I trust.

"That seem fair," he replied.

"I'm not finished. I would also like to have a funeral feast for Igor and for my son. I know that it is not traditional to host a feast in the honour of an overthrown Prince but he

was my husband and he deserves the respect of a Ruler in death." When he nodded his agreement I went on. "I would like all your nobles to be there to pay homage. I will be able to greet them and my future while putting my past behind me."

"I'll see what I can do, though I doubt it will be difficult to convince them. If it is to be a feast I'm sure that most nobles will attend. Anything else?"

One last thing... I would like to return and preside over Kiev once our marriage is solid." I looked at him expectantly when he said nothing. I cast my gaze down and toyed with the furs on my lap, hoping to look nonthreatening.

"This I cannot do," he said. "I need my Queen at my side. Anything else is weakness. The other demands I agree to. If that is agreeable you may begin planning the funeral immediately. I'll introduce you to Vasily, the head of the house, in the morning. We will be wed shortly after, while all the nobles are in court. I want this organized quickly."

With a final nod he rose and left the room leaving me alone with my thoughts.

Two weeks later the funeral was fully planned, I received word that the final plan was in place, and Prince Mal trusted me. There had only been one close call the day after I arrived. I thought about it while I prepared for the feast. He had asked me what I'd done with the body of my son and told me that he was surprised I had not brought it with me.

I had not thought of a response to that but luckily Dimitriy stepped in. "She had wanted to," he explained, "but we were still a good twelve days ride from Iskorosten. We had to bury him in the forest less his corpse rot. The rites were performed hastily and Olga was forced to say her goodbyes. We had to pull her from his grave. The journey was not pleasant as I'm sure you can imagine." Given that I had spent most of my time here weeping or tarring off into space to avoid talking with Prince Mal the story fit. I was so thankful for Dimitriy's presence.

"Ah, my condolences Olga. I will send a troop to burn the rest of the bodies." He looked at me as if I would argue, to test if I was hiding anything. I thanked him in earnest. It made no difference to me, my army would kill the troops when they crossed the border and my plan would be done long before their absence would be noticed.

Now, today was the day. The funeral arrangements were set and the guests had all arrived. I had spent the past few days accepting their dishonest apologies for Igor's death, and pretending to learn of their importance to court. The feast was about to begin. I tied my hair in a tight braid down my back and pulled a black fur lined dress on. I smiled and descended the stairs towards the celebration.

In no time at all dinner began. Plate after plate of food was served, each carefully crafted by the chef. I had spent a large portion of my time planning the festivities with the utmost care, partially so that I was believable but also because it seemed only fitting. I ate each plate and made small conversation with the lords and ladies around me. Soon enough Prince Mal made a toast to the fallen Grand Prince in honour of his wife to be, and the poor young heir. He sounded indifferent and it only cemented my blood lust. His speech signalled the end of the meal and the beginning of the festivities, and I was glad to be done with the day, done with this city.

I watched the guests dance and talk and drink. Little did they know that the wine they had just drunk was poisoned. Over the next few days they would fall into a deep fever, followed by sepsis and ending in an agonizing death. The effects took a day to take hold leaving me and my men plenty of time to make our escape. Not all would be poisoned, I made it clear to the chef that a special wine should be given to the head table. I couldn't let Prince Mal die without witnessing his world collapse. He would witness the people around him and then watch his castle crumble. Tonight's massacre would be too easy an end for him.

I excused myself and met my men by the stables. We saddled our horses quickly and took off into the night. We rode hard until we met up with the camp. Shortly the true war would begin when Prince Mal awoke to the dying gasps of his guests.

Not a week late we have moved into position surrounding Iskorosten's walls. The siege would be easily won given the poor state of the Drevlian army and the disarray of their leaders. The goal however was not to win the city. The goal was to burn it.

I met with the councilmen who were running the siege to discuss matters of the war, and politics of Kiev. "To begin, I would like to announce that reports have come in from a source inside the city that Olga's plan was successful. The dead now number greater than five thousand." Rostislav, our general, announced to the group loudly. He was a burly man and a terrifying figure and it was good to have him as my strategic force in this siege. We had worked closely since Igor was murdered, and I was glad to know that the culmination of our strategizing was coming to fruition at last.

"Second," he continued "the siege is fully under way. The walls of the city are fully surrounded, the drums and horns blare, the chants ring loud and true, and the bombardments of the walls have begun. I believe it is a matter of days before they concede." At the news, shouts of victory erupted from the table.

I felt a true smile light up my face for the first time in weeks. "Thank you Rostislav that is wonderful news. Yuri, what of affairs in Kiev."

"Well your Highness, the remainder of the taxes have been collected. The fields and the stores have been prepared for winter. Our scholars tell us this year will be cold and hard. We also received a response to your letter to Constantine. It reads as follows:

The 3rd day of November in the year of our Lord 950.

Your Highness, Queen Olga of the Rurik Dynasty, Regent of Kievan Rus.

I received your letter well. I'm sorry to hear of your husband's murder. I hope that you and your son are in good health despite the unfortunate circumstances. I'm sure that as Regent you are dealing arduously with gaining respect and dealing with the attempted usurpers. I genuinely hope that you succeed in these endeavours.

In response to your offer I have to say that I'm quite surprised. I understand that you wish to cement the peace between our lands and in this respect I agree entirely. However, your offer to convert to Christianity and be baptized is a welcome but complex idea. I understand the value in your conversion. It would solidify relations of

peace and cooperation but it would also provide another Christian ruler. The concern I have is twofold. First I question the education your son will receive concerning his metaphysical purpose and relation with God. I understand the pressure by your people to keep him as a pagan Prince. Second, I am concerned that you seek only to convert to solidify our alliance, as I believe is the case. I encourage you to receive a full Christian education at which point I'm sure that you will be true of faith. At this point I will eagerly invite you to be baptized in the Hagia Sophia as is only befitting a Queen. I even volunteer to do the sacrament myself.

Should you take up the offer I would be grateful if you were to accept one of my bishops to reside with you and tutor you and your son. We could begin your education as soon as the sordid affair with Prince Mal is complete.

Signed,

Constantine VII Porphyrogenitus, Emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire

So ends the letter. It would seem we have a new ally," Yuri finished.

I smiled broadly. The future was very bright. My victory was overshadowed when a horn sounded that the gates were opening. We jumped to horseback, riding out to see. In front of the gates was a cluster of noble men, a few I had met over the past few days. They stood in a tight group halted by the swords of my soldiers.

I rode forward "What is it?" I inquired.

One spoke out. "We surrender the city and we offer you this." The group parted to reveal Prince Mal, beaten, gagged, and shackled looking absolutely enraged. "We did not seek this war, we want it to end."

"Very well. We will negotiate the terms of the surrender later. For now I would like a tribute collected from each household to begin reparations, each must give penance for the betrayal of Kiev. I require one dove from each household."

The Drevlian nobles looked surprised but eager to accept the demand. "Yes your Highness!"

"As for the fallen Prince I want him imprisoned until he can answer for his crimes."

Mal was tied to a post atop a hill overlooking his city. By the morning the cages of doves began to arrive. I looked at them as confirmation of my victory. My soul was alight with the knowledge that I was nearly finished and my husband's memory could be laid to

rest. These doves were an emblem of my strength and for all to know that no one would cross Kievan Rus, and no one should underestimate a woman.

I knew that the people wondered why I wanted birds as tribute, but they never considered that birds fly home. They were reminded when night fell. The flock was released, each with a burning ember tied to its feet. My heart was cold but I finally felt successful as I watched the hundreds of doves fly home with small specks of red beneath them bringing the end of Iskorosten. The thing about straw is that they catch fire very quickly, and the roofs of Iskorosten stretched like a field of straw as if it were waiting for my little red gifts. It didn't take long for fire to begin to eat away at the tops of the buildings.

"Bring the prisoner forward," I called.

We stood overlooking the city and the newly forming blaze. We were far enough away that we couldn't hear anything but could see as the flames began to light up the evening sky. Prince Mal was made to kneel in front of me. "Do you know what you have witnessed here?" I asked him.

As he opened his mouth to speak I struck him across the face "You no longer have the privilege of speaking in my presence. You have witnessed your very destruction. You murdered my husband, your ruler, and then had the gall to attempt to possess me. As if I were some thing you could own, as if I didn't possess the power to destroy you. This!" I shouted indicating the now actively burning city "this is my retribution and all will know of it."

With my last words echoing in his ear and the vision of his Kingdom burning to the ground reflected in his eyes, I sliced my knife across his belly and watched his panicked attempts to hold in his guts. I had no sympathy.

We rode off leaving him to bleed out and die alone in the shadow of the walls of his dominion. As I rode I watched the city walls burn, the flames lighting up the sky red and orange, the smell of smoke in the air, and the ash billowing in the air mixing with the snow that was beginning to fall.

Winter had arrived and with it ushered a new era.

THE END

Author's note:

These events are based on the true story of Olga of Kiev.

Women have been strong throughout human existence. Women have had less opportunity to shine but that doesn't make them any less remarkable than the women of today. In some cases women of the past are more remarkable than the great men of history because of the acknowledgement they received despite adversity. The stories of great women are not often told, but let us not forget them when we study the past.

ALEXANDRINE COUPLET (AFTER KLIMT)

Colin Mylrea

I see the labours of the great hive of heaven
And meet the eyes of the drones who live within it.

=

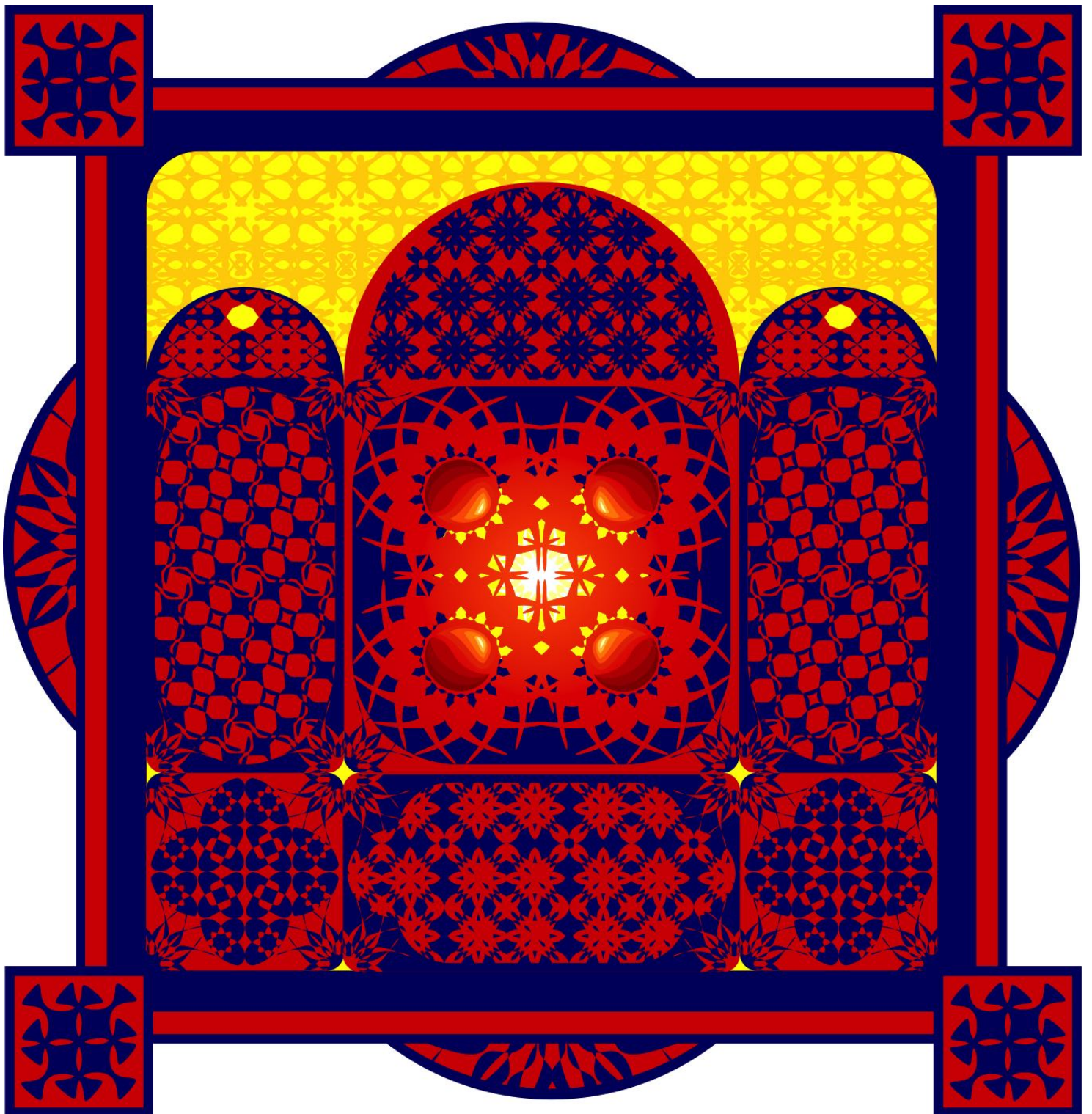
THE PERILS OF HIGH SCHOOL FRENCH

Colin Mylrea

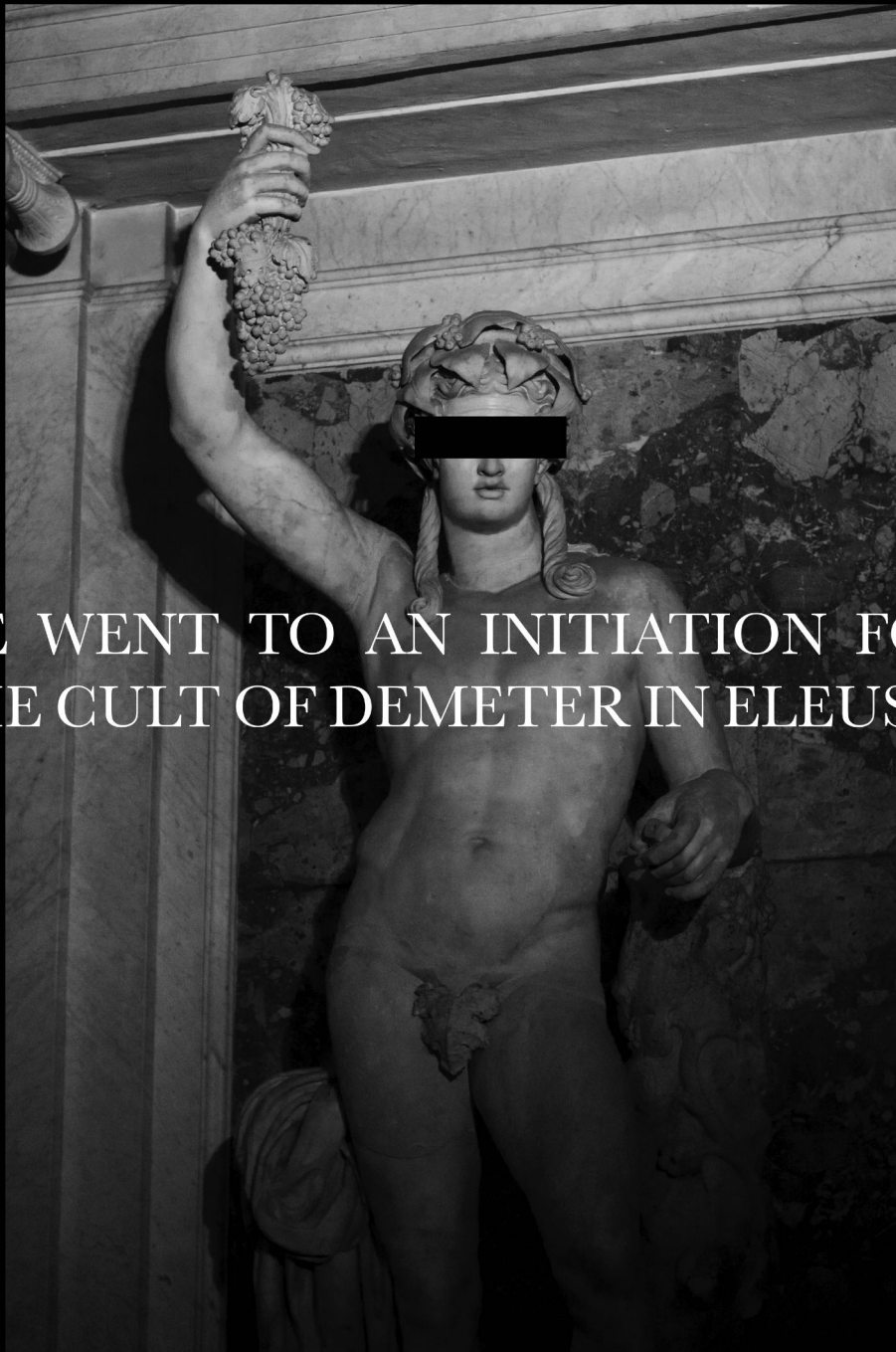
I'd rather burn for eternity in hell
Than read one more word by Paul Claudel

Sublimation

Andrea Pitre



WE WENT TO AN INITIATION FOR
THE CULT OF DEMETER IN ELEUSIS.



you gave me a fig. shouldn't the hierophant
 induce the wine from its bottle for this?
 you talk like we're building a secret for
 others to live in.
 this will wash away in the shallow lethe; we'll be
 covered in the same red
 mud. carrying gold in our hearts across
 the island highways
 touching every coast
 telling dick jokes to mourn the loss
 of laughter. there's a fixed point
 our bodies must get to.
 if you lose your body trying, keep the fig & gold.
 we'll need it for
 the mysteries. you ask if i believe in it when i
 believe it most. you're like
 the doubt in the morning that i
 slept at all. andromeda sing
 praise to bodies; enough not to leave it behind
 at dawn. as wine & water we are
 interchangeable [] to demeter
 we will be told to cut up the fig and
 bury the gold.
 i remember it like history
 but ours.



WE WENT TO AN INITIATION FOR THE
 CULT OF DEMETER IN ELEUSIS

Doug Dumais



SMOKE FROM THE HOUSE FIRE, 2016

Ryan Dubney

NAT
URAL

Vienna on a Wednesday Morning

Colin Mylrea

Through the windows of my room,
I can see the mountains.
A dark shape
Descends from the peak,
Like a lapidary,
cutting through the snow,
Refining it.

UNTITLED, DETAIL
Angela Weiser



UNTITLED (SONNET)

Jonah Somers

In peace I slept and I did see the dream
 Before me stretched a vast unending field
I rubbed my eyes and I observed the gleam
 Of a building deep in the mist concealed

As I began to walk I heard a sound
 The chatter came from that far structure's light
Within that bright building some art I found
 Twas up for auction; the price was a fright

The gallery within which I observed
 Appeared to be afloat on darkest void
Its shape and structure switched from straight to curved
 As to its will with space and time it toyed

And then I closed my eyes, awoke, and saw
The snow outside had just began to thaw

UNTITLED (A LITTLE BREATHLESS)

Angela Weiser

When, a little breathless, the night begins and daylight sinks, no one need speak, for the world itself remembers. In the sweeping sand-dune of this hour, we reach for a tattered piece of twine linking us to the soil that glows from within. It is the soil of every day, of tomorrow, and of timelessness: soil getting on your knees as a child running in the forest, soil clinging to the outside of your glass, soil buried beneath other soil in forgotten lands. Like the sound of bees, but quieter, a little marble rolls off the deck – no particular reason to be reminded or to think of you, but I do. A row of pots and oil lamps, cooler tinge to the air, but always you've been there and I was watching through a keyhole, waiting for a sign; perhaps it took me too long to recognize you. But when we grow accustomed to the tempo at which trees sway, and count the silences contained in a season ... things become difficult, new things.

GROTTA BYRON

Rachel Johnson



Pentheus

Ellen Dobbs

To the mountain, to the mountain,
Where your mother waits for you, fate and honey strung between her fingers,
There is not enough wine in the world to numb what is coming to you.

To the mountain, they cry, to the mountain,
With your hair all done in braids, dress flowing, wand clasped tight in hand,
Fold yourself into the clothes your mother wears as she dances,
Blind and deaf in the night.

You were a king, once, a boy with a golden crown,
In the mountains you are nothing but scattered limbs and lost ambition.

From the mountain you will be carried,
In the sticky-wet arms of your mother,
Blood and wine and pine needles in your hair.

You will not come back the same way you left.
Wrapped in grief and ivy, a tangle of all the things you did not understand,
From the mountain you will come, in pieces, in agony.

To the mountain, to the mountain,
Where the women run wild crying out:
To the mountain!

INTERNAL VOLCANO, PART 1

Kika Otiono

i clenched my fist when i saw you smile at her.
my teeth chattered like ghouls waltzing on earthly graves,
shivers travelled up and down my spine in an ancestral praise dance

within my fist, i held my bludgeoned heart--
i could feel my aortas and ventricles wailing like dusty wind-chimes on abandoned
porches,
in my veins, the blood turned sour
and my breath quickened and slowed
 ?somehow simultaneously?

when you held her
my memories dissolved into
a bitter aftertaste that made me want to cut off my tongue

when you danced with her
all the cells in my blood coagulated into pernicious poison,
my eyes dissolved into craters,
and my skin burned once touched.
and when you kissed her, and loved her, and missed her, and looked at her
and when you thought of her
and spoke of her--
my fist opened.

i have loved and lost in vain.



MORNING THEATRE, 2017

Ryan Dubney

TIC

PAR

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PROF QUOTES

2017 Most Quotable Winner: Prof. Greg MacIsaac!

A special shout out to our good friend Prof. Geoff Kellow for the constant inspiration. We are still sad we didn't get to see an encore dance at Formal, à la Fight Night.

MacIsaac: "You can't smell metaphysics."

MacIsaac: "If I take a sledgehammer and smash, not my cabinets, but this chair."

MacIsaac: "Catholic Christianity is where it's at!"

MacIsaac: "Sex or food? Why not both!"

MacIsaac: "Juicy pen, I hope it's a juicy pen. Yep, it's a juicy pen."

MacIsaac: "This is an erotic course in an odd way."

MacIsaac: "Kanye West, is he a guy?" Stephenson: "He's all of the above."

MacIsaac: "I actually lost my shame in Amsterdam."

MacIsaac: "What the fuck am I doing with the divine element?"

MacIsaac: "Think of Plotinus as your philosophical bicycle...except it's at 21 speed."

MacIsaac: "Can I ask you a favour? Can you just accept what I have to say?"

MacIsaac: "It's not really an orgy, but it does have a pillow and lots of feathers."

MacIsaac: "Why are people posing as mannequins?"

Stephenson: "Enough with the heritage more than the minute."

Stephenson: "Oh Jimmy. (My son's name is not Jimmy)."

Stephenson: "Parenting 101, yeah I'm awesome!"

Stephenson: "Sorry I'm a dad. I'm not google."

Stephenson: "Professor MacIsaac just told me to 'stay frosty'. Is that a thing?"

Stephenson: "At the very least, mo' money, mo' problems."

Stephenson: "Stinky platonic, like a fine cheese."

Stephenson: "I love the neo-Platonism lectures. It's like Professor MacIsaac's greatest hits."

Stephenson: "Neo-Platonic drive-thru"

Stephenson: "I hope he's smiling down from above...He's not dead, his office is just upstairs."

Stephenson: "If you go into philosophy, don't name your daughter Sophia. I have so many friends whose daughters are names Sophia. Stop it!"

Kellow: "cuLearn is hot garbage"

Kellow: "Sometimes you find the rhythm of Sean Paul suddenly irresistible..."

Kellow: On how it's a good idea for monks to have basic internet access: "gee, the monk with the cheese recipe died again!"

Kellow: "I've never seen Frozen...thankfully, although my niece has sung me the entire thing... Something about letting it go?"

Kellow: On watching documentaries: "Wanna Netflix and morals?"

Kellow: On buying ethical meat: "THIS steak costs 2x as much as this one, but THIS cow went to a Montessori!"

Pettipiece: "I just love my drawing so much."

Pettipiece: "This is my chance to be martyred. Don't screw it up for me."

Pettipiece: "All Eusebius, all the time."

Pettipiece: "The 20-year-old socialist in me was not displeased."

Pettipiece: "Give me the grapes"

Pettipiece: "The MBA of antiquity was studying rhetoric."

Pettipiece: "You can thank Christianity for the weekend."

Pettipiece: "I always thought my idea of hell was waiting in line to get into hell"

Stratton: "This was the ancient form of bra burning."

Stratton: "It's like Jesus came from Thunder Bay."

Stratton: "We survived George Bush, maybe Trump won't be that bad?"

Stratton: "I'm leaving them with a cliffhanger?"

Kellow: "Is it the Bible? He dies at the end!"

Stratton: "Ok, I give up."

Salmond: "The biggest career failure in history was arguably Jesus of Nazareth"

Salmond: "I don't know if any of you have had experiences with corpses lately..."

FIRST YEAR FORMAL SUPERLATIVES

Most likely to read the DaVinci Code and take it as fact: *Jacob Greenwood*

Most likely to drop out of school to become an ascetic: *Harry Lewis*

Most likely to teach in the College of Humanities: *Gelila Marshall-Ende*

Most cardigans owned: *Gelila Marshall-Ende*

Most likely to own more than 3 cats: *Lauren Rollit*

Best beard: *Bryce Gratton*

Most sarcastic: *Rhea Lisondra*

Most likely to get kicked out of the College after tonight: *Caitlyn Rogozynski*

Favourite non-hums hums kid: *Emily Munn*

Most likely to go on a pilgrimage: *Patrick Weller*

Most likely to brighten your day: *Patrick Weller*

Best laugh: *Kika Otiono*

Punniest: *Jadina Cummings-Neptune*

Slept through the most classes and discussion groups: *Andreas Opazo*

Most likely to be a reality TV star: *KC Hoard*

Spent the most nights in the lounge: *Gelila Marshall-Ende*

Most likely to live out of Paterson Hall: *Alyssa Muller*

Most likely to never go to class but have a good GPA: *Kendall Wells*

Best baker: *Regan Brown*

Eats the most soup: *Kendall Wells*

Most likely to come back as a speaker for Career Night: *Julia Leeson*

Best performer at Music Night: *Julia Leeson*

Favourite professor: *Professor Stratton*

SECOND YEAR FORMAL SUPERLATIVES

Most likely to read the DaVinci Code and take it as fact: *Victoria Hawco*

Most likely to drop out of school to become an ascetic: *Travis Poland*

Most likely to teach in the College of Humanities: *Patrick Kennedy / Quinton Peralta*

Most cardigans owned: *Colin Mylrea*

Most likely to own more than 3 cats: *Raven Desroches*

Best beard: *Jarid Pretty*

Most sarcastic: *Shannon Lee*

Most likely to get kicked out of the College after tonight: *Devon Shulist*

Favourite non-hums hums kid: *Zoe Burners*

Most likely to go on a pilgrimage: *Molly McGuire*

Most likely to brighten your day: *Molly McGuire*

Best laugh: *Colin Mylrea*

Punniest: *Victoria Hawco*

Slept through the most classes and discussion groups: *Griffen Porter*

Most likely to be a reality TV star: *Colin Mylrea*

Spent the most nights in the lounge: *Shannon Lee*

Most likely to live out of Paterson Hall: *Victoria Hawco*

Most likely to never go to class but have a good GPA: *Thomas Eaton*

Best baker: *Bethany Pehora*

Eats the most soup: *Shannon Lee*

Most likely to come back as a speaker for Career Night: *Anita Sengupta*

Best performer at Music Night: *Charlotte Esme Frank*

Favourite professor: *Professor Stephenson*

THIRD YEAR FORMAL SUPERLATIVES

Most likely to read the DaVinci Code and take it as fact: *Amelia Brownridge*

Most likely to drop out of school to become an ascetic: *Sara Adams*

Most likely to teach in the College of Humanities: *Graeme O'Farrell*

Most cardigans owned: *Rosa Saba*

Most likely to own more than 3 cats: *Erin Henry*

Best beard: *Bryton Swan*

Most sarcastic: *Barâa Arar*

Most likely to get kicked out of the College after tonight: *Holly O'Neill*

Favourite non-hums hums kid: *Melanie*

Most likely to go on a pilgrimage: *Barâa Arar*

Most likely to brighten your day: *Rebecca Drodge*

Best laugh: *Erin Henry / Barâa Arar*

[Not] Punniest: *Ryan Dubney*

Slept through the most classes and discussion groups: *Troy Curtis*

Most likely to be a reality TV star: *Lindsay Tannahill*

Spent the most nights in the lounge: *Holly O'Neill*

Most likely to live out of Paterson Hall: *Thomas Milne*

Most likely to never go to class but have a good GPA: *Troy Curtis*

Best baker: *Erin Henry*

Eats the most soup: *Sara Adams*

Most likely to come back as a speaker for Career Night: *Rosa Saba*

Best performer at Music Night: *Amelia Brownridge*

Favourite professor: *Professor Higney*

FOURTH YEAR FORMAL SUPERLATIVES

Most likely to read the DaVinci Code and take it as fact: *Atanas "Nas" Dimitrov*

Most likely to drop out of school to become an ascetic: *Simon Coll*

Most likely to teach in the College of Humanities: *Sam Lehman*

Most cardigans owned: *Cody Pelletier*

Most likely to own more than 3 cats: *Arden Hody*

Best beard: *Simon Coll*

Most sarcastic: *Caroline Williams*

Most likely to get kicked out of the College after tonight: *Nishat Khan*

Favourite non-hums hums kid: *Will Coffey*

Most likely to go on a pilgrimage: *Lauren Morry*

Most likely to brighten your day: *Beatrice Thompson*

Best laugh: *Shannon Helm*

Punniest: *Jon Brownlee*

Slept through the most classes and discussion groups: *Ally Dunn*

Most likely to be a reality TV star: *Chad Austin*

Spent the most nights in the lounge: *Atanas "Nas" Dimitrov*

Most likely to live out of Paterson Hall: *Emily Doerksen*

Most likely to never go to class but have a good GPA: *Jennifer Kempster*

Best baker: *Elizabeth "Liz" Dwyer*

Eats the most soup: *Emma Rae*

Most likely to come back as a speaker for Career Night: *Janna Van de Sande*

Best performer at Music Night: *Noah Severino*

Favourite professor: *Professor Kellow*



YOUNG, Detail, 2016
Ryan Dubney



NORTH

2016-2017

