

# The Vaxlight Zone

What you are about to read is a story so bizarre, so strange, so absolutely weird that it must be: **THE VAX-LIGHT ZONE**

The young programmer sat tapping merrily away at the keyboard of his video terminal. Since he was accustomed to spending several hours at a time programing, it came as no surprise to him when he realized that he'd been logged on for over three hours.

"That does it", he exclaimed happily when he finally finished the program he was working on. "Now," he said to himself thoughtfully, "What else is there I can do?" As do most of his peers, he had this neurotic compulsion to use a computer even if it meant useless diddling around.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed unoriginally. "I'll write some mail! That ought to keep me

busy for a while." And he did. He wrote and wrote and wrote and...

As he wrote, strange images started flowing uncontrollably through his mind. He saw armies of walking computer terminals storming cities and towns, people being attacked where they sat; using computers. Then, slowly, the marauding monitors started changing shape; they were becoming more and more like the humans they were destroying, yet they still has something grotesque about them that made him reel in terror. And Then It happened: the terminal at which he sat attempted full control of its unsuspecting user.

AAArrrrggggghhhhhhh!

HHHEEEELLPPPPP!

Glorp. Arg. Ech. Gleep.

Blap.

(Huff, huff, wheeze): "I'm back. I made it. I've just survived the

first computer/human integration. (Wheeze.) I can feel all of the power flowing through me. I can see it now! (Violent spasms, wheeze, cough.) I'll take over the world! With a computer's memory and speed and my intelligence, I SHALL RULE ALL!"

ZAP!!BUZZ!!ZAPZAP!!

"That ought to take

care of him." said Captain Margold as the cleanup crew removed the fragments of seared flesh and melted plastic which was all that remained of the half human/half computer. "Too bad. He was a nice kid, but he was corrupted by all that power." As she turned to leave, a noise from an undamaged computer terminal caught her attention.

"What the hell is that?" she stated flatly.

"Why, it's me!" came the strangely seductive baritone voice of the terminal. "Listen: have I got a deal for you!!"

Being an adventurous sort, the Captain was intrigued. "What have you got in mind?"

"Well, how would you

like to have all the power of a computer right inside your body? Just think! With a computer's memory and speed and your intelligence, we could rule the world !!!!!!!

ZAP!!BUZZ!!ZAP!!ZAP!!

"You've got to get them before they even start, these days." said Major Linkletter as he side-stepped a glob of melted plastic/flesh. As he turned to leave, the strangely seductive female voice of an undamaged terminal caught his attention....

"Boy, what a story THAT was!!" cried little Billy as he hugged his father from his tiny bed. "Can you tell me another? Pweeeese!?"

"Now son, it's past your bedtime. Get to sleep or

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## Autumn Whispers

I

Of course he is new to this island  
I brought him here  
Against his bone wrenching grip on stretched walls,  
Pop went the cork on the wine bottle  
As intruders with sterile hands and needles  
Examined him.

II

Now you stand in awe  
As he crouches on yellow stubble  
Left over from summer fields.  
Brown snake scale leaves  
Dance around his back.  
Tears drip from the end of his nose.

III

You move closer and see your wonder in his eyes.  
Through the window pane of your eye,  
An orange and black butterfly flutters in the dirt  
Whispering the secret of life to him, to you,  
"Listen close, fly while you can.  
Burdens of this island weigh heavy on your magic wings.  
I waited and now I belong to this part of the island."

IV

You crouch close to the ground.  
The boy turns to face you  
With the butterfly pinned  
Between his thumb and forefinger.  
Tears drip from your nose.  
You too, are a native of this island.

— Cheryl Allen



# Lit. Page...

UPEI is an odd university. There are many closet writers out there but many have a fear of letting anyone see their work. The Lit. Page is an experiment. If you have ever written a short story or poem, and wonder about what it would be like to be famous, stick a legible copy in an envelope and address it to:

The Lit. Page  
The Gem

Drop it off at the Student Union office in the Barn, or at our offices Rm. 01 Utility Building. Please- we cannot print your submission unless it includes your name and phone number. You work will be published anonymously if you wish, but we, at least, must know your name.

## Third Period

This classroom is heaven. Not because of the course, nor the teacher, nor the decor of the room itself. It is heaven because of the person who is sitting across from me: Nora Fitzpatrick. Each time I have the class, I become conscious of all the little things that are wrong with me, or that she may perceive to be wrong. Is my hair messy, or does she like a more "relaxed" look? Are my clothes too "preppy", or does she want me to wear the sunglasses, the shorts, the loafers? Should I act strong, or is she looking for someone whom she can control?

I don't know what she

wants, but I still want her to be mine. She is pretty, but not beautiful. Her height is average. Her skin is just slightly tanned. Her hair is brown, in a common shoulder-length cut. She has no truly outstanding features, but no visible faults. And I want her.

How I wish I was her pencil, gripped firmly yet lightly by her delicate hand. Oh, to be the pendant on her necklace, so close to her heart. But I know this cannot be, for this is an all-girls school, my name is Sally Anderson, and I am in love with another girl.

— Brian Cormier