

The Blanchard Hall Enquirer knows all

By Blanche Hall

We don't know what Marylee Dymont was doing in Father A's apartment, but when she came out, her white running shoes were checker-boarded. (Are Father A and Marylee playing games?)

For April Fool's Day, Dawn MacLean had a private party — she was the only one there.

The joke is on Derrick Marshall ... his creditors have hired a hitman to collect their dues.

Joan Chambers was seen walking around Blanchard Hall sans shorts *again* ... and they're not Calvin Klein's!

Poor ole Mark McKellar misses his mommy so much, he has to steal teddy bears to get to sleep.

Danny Miller should stay away from older women ... are they more than he can handle?

Carol Doiron has been romantically linked with a certain short Frenchman ... oooh la la!

Who are you having a romantic candlelit dinner with this weekend, Danny Clow?

Ralph Weberbauer will be overjoyed to know that J.F. Painchaud is coming down to P.E.I. to visit him.

Margaret Rose MacAdam has more men in her apartment than she can shake a stick at.

The basketball team may perform on the court, but Nigel Daley's moves on the dance floor are Number 1 in Canada!

Carolyn Stewart has Scottish blood, but the way she's

been acting lately, you'd think she was Latin American. Who's paying for all your long distance phone calls, Paula Edwards?

Danny Harris' red-light district seems to be giving the

"ghetto" a little more action. Without beer and jocks, life would have no meaning for Tory Gallant.

Blanchard Hall Awards
Cutest Derriere — Scotty Neill
Best Trivial Pursuit Team —

(But Only Because They Cheat) — Room 318
Quietest Room — Room 217
Most Dedicated Security Guard — Graham Gaudet
Award for the Girl Carried Home Most Often — Donna

Myers
Most Popular Group — "Loverboy" (for obvious reasons)

This column dedicated to Kent Ford, who keeps the spirit alive in Blanchard Hall.

T H E G A M E

By J. Lai

I woke with a start. The cold stone floor jolted me into awareness.

I was in a filthy cell, dimly lit with patches of glowing fungus. Running to the door, I let out a scream. My cry of anguish echoed through the empty labyrinth of corridors and passages outside.

Then, I heard the snap of something breaking. The door slowly opened, creaking in such a way as to sound like a hollow groan.

I waited. The door to freedom was wide open, but I dare not go. Did the door mock me? An inexplicable rage built up within me — how dare it!

I ran outside and entered absolute silence. I could not hear myself breathe. So this was the game it played! So be it!

A flaming torch was suspended from a wall. I leapt and took it. Could the game be turning in my favor? The cursed thing had not deprived

me of my silver medallion, the triangle of silver that hung around my neck.

I began to search the twisted corridors, uncovering one secret passage after another. The Thing was toying with me! It though I was searching for an exit! There was only one true chance for survival left to me.

I continued to roam the passageways, seeking. Then I came upon a corpse.

The air reeked of its rotten stench; the flesh has begun decomposing not too long ago. In one hand was a sword. This victim was probably a mercenary from outside, seeking the priceless treasure housed within it. Little did he know that it was Death!

In my desperation, I grasped the sword. The half-decayed skull turned and stared me in the face accusingly, the body's hand clinging tightly.

"You had your chance," I

cried, "to seek the treasure within! Let me have mine!"

The hand loosened its grasp and fell away; the skull turned back to stare at the ceiling. A sigh seemed to fill the room. From a doorway in front of me came the sound of distant laughter. The cursed Thing was laughing at me!

I stepped towards the doorway. It has made a mistake by laughing at me. Now I knew where its evil heart lay.

Dropping the torch, I tore the medallion from my neck, touched it to the sword, and spoke a word of power. The medallion fused with the sword. Picking up the torch, I peered into the passage.

The passage was filled with writhing serpents. I laughed. It now knew I was no mere mortal. I stepped through the mass of serpents without hesitation, protected by the power of the medallion that I had invoked.

At the end of the passage

was a pentagonal room, also filled with coiled and writhing serpents. In the center of the room was an altar (I presume) of black marble veined with a blood-red stone. The cursed Thing howled at me again, but the force of its cry was diminished by the medallion.

I walked through the serpents, stood before the altar and raised the sword high. The damned Thing howled in fear and anger. The walls came alive and rushed towards me, trying to crush the life out of my body.

Quickly, I brought the sword down, impacting against the altar exactly in its center. The altar crumbled to dust; the room shook with rage, screamed in pain. The Creature was trying to destroy me even as it "died"!

I touched the medallion on the sword and spoke another word of power. The room continued to tremble violently as the medallion fell into my hand.

The Thing emitted a horribly feeble laugh. It knew it had me in its grasp! Sensing danger to my soul, I threw the medallion as hard as I could while gasping a word of command. The medallion embedded itself in one of the five stone walls and burst in a flash of light.

I was stunned as an explosive death cry tore apart the air. Time froze. My life force hung on the threshold between "life" and "death", to put it crudely. My awareness dimmed.

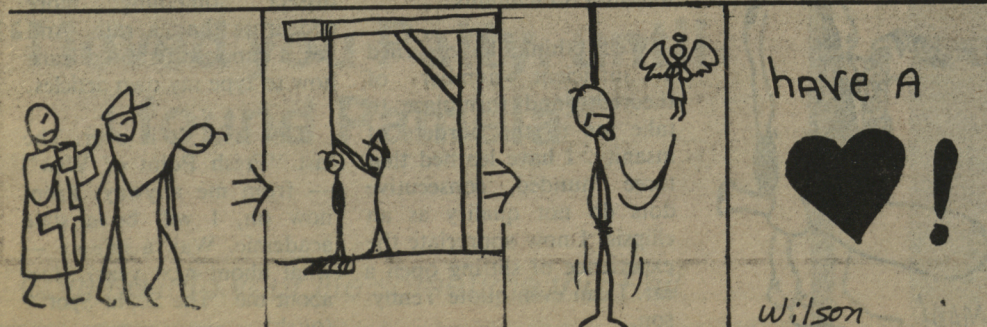
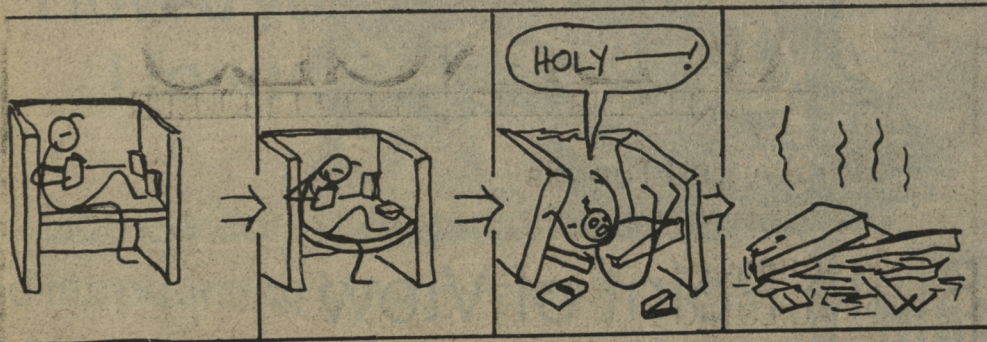
Suddenly, there was silence. I was flooded with awareness once more. A quiet peace filled the air. I was not just at the drawbridge the castle where the Thing had "lived". In my hands was the medallion, the triangle of silver shining brightly.

I was victorious. Castle Dorannon was now free. I had won this time, but the Game would go on ... elsewhere.

THE ENTIRE STORY BEHIND THE LITTLE LIBRARY CORRAL MAN

NOW REVEALED

by M. Wilson



THE LAST STAPH!

