

A very unusual fly

Alfred moved lazily over the sunny window pane.

It was just that kind of early fall afternoon, when the turning leaves begin to sift down to their earthy winter resting place.

Alfred stared suddenly at the workshop shelf. (You remember, of course, that Alfred is the 37-year-old fly who can read and write.) Something gold was glinting in the sun rays. Down, down zoomed Alfred, until he found himself perched beside a shield-shaped medal.

"Hello there," said Alfred, "I haven't seen you before!! Who, or

what are you?"

"My friends call me Val," came the reply "and I am one of those medals given to persons for brave or valiant acts."

"I am so happy you have finally noticed me Alfred, I have a story to tell you — and I believe that a relative of yours was involved."

"That's great. Just let me get my pencil and paper," and off Alfred flew to his knapsack in the corner. Back again with Val, he asked him to begin.

"Well," said Val "of course I wasn't there at the beginning, but the way I heard it was... Once

upon a time there was a silly young man who tried to hold up a store. You know the kind of store that smells so good when you step inside the door. A wheel of cheese on the counter. Stray crumbs near the cookie bin and just a drop of molasses trembling on the spout of the barrel.

"It was plain to see that this lovely store was a perfect spot for a fly and there was just such a fly. Archie was his name."

"Of course," exclaimed Alfred, "great uncle Archie Mac A-Bee. I remember hearing that he was very brave."

"He certainly was that day, Alfred. Why he saw the gunman and heard him shout 'hands up everyone... this is a stickup' and went right into action!

"Why he just dive-bombed that lad and bit him on the hand then zipped up to his eyes and stuck his feet in first one then the other and then, oh Alfred, he flew right up his nose.

"That robber was pretty busy I can tell you. First he rubbed his bitten hand (the one holding the gun). He tried to dry his tears but that fly up his nose was the last straw.

George, the grocery store clerk, was quick to see what was happening and rushed forward to seize the crying, sneezing crook.

"As usual", concluded Val "it was the human that received all the credit and the reward and me pinned to his good blue suit, but, we know who the real hero was, don't we Alfred? At least, that's the way I heard it!"



Suzanne Schroeter's

Scrapbook

BA or Bust

No one said going back to university was going to be easy. The timely strike of the Carleton support staff threw registration and all campus activities into a tailspin. Since I hadn't attended the university in two years, I had to re-apply for admission and was advised to register as a special student the day before the strike began. Although I was only able to register in two courses as a special student, at least I had a contract, student ID card and a locker!

The first day of classes was a beautiful beginning to a challenging term. The sun shone as we sat outside listening to the music of the Humber River Valley Boys. The strike was settled and spirits were high.

As Sept. 19 approached (the registration deadline for my third course) I grew a little apprehensive. I still hadn't been admitted and was attending a class in which I wasn't even registered.

My highly placed source cleared up my admission problem with a phone call, so all I had to do was register again as a degree student in my third course. Sounds easy, right? After spending an entire day getting department signatures for registration, my form was misplaced in the registrar's office. Again my highly placed source came to the rescue. He pulled out another form for me and presto, I was admitted and registered. No more forms, signatures or red tape.

It's also a great advantage to have a 22-year-old brother-in-law also studying at Carleton. Ed saved me countless times since showing me the three-minute free phone in the University Centre. I also know the location of every eatery and pub on campus, not to mention areas where there are soft, cushioned chairs for that pause that refreshes.

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