



## A Night at the Creative Writing Presentation

The ninth of February, the Creative Writing group presented their work of the past months. Not all of it of course, but those things that they thought worthwhile, and those that suited the theme: A night at the BBC. We started with a cultural programme, and after that the children's hour provided us with some alternative fairytales. One of the children's stories was "Interview with the Dragon," by Dilys Klitsee, also found in this Angler. The original assignment had been to think of a famous fairytale, and rewrite it from a different perspective. Just like original fairytales, this is a rather tragic and sometimes horrible tale, if you think of it, but told in such a way that it seems just a nice story, nothing too shocking (but think of it: poor dragon. Poor princess. Poor princes. They all lead miserable lives). After the Children's hour the news, featuring the sketch by Vander Stefán, and he actually did walk around soaking wet with a bucket on his head. That deserves some respect I think! After that "In the footsteps of Shakespeare," which consisted of several sonnets. After the break the night continued with "Seasoning," during which poetry was read on non-cliché themes around the seasons. Then came "Travelling" and Bart Veldhoen's Woodstock memories. He played samples of the three categories of typical Woodstock songs: the protest, political and (pseudo)poetical song. Although most of us knew these famous songs, some parents who had come to see the presentation, really seemed to remember the special Woodstock feel when hearing the songs. Near the end of the evening "Extreme make-over" was on, where Nadia van Pelt's "You is me, I are you" could be found amongst others. It is probably a good advice to read this poem out loud, as it is rather confusing... Sometime during the evening we were surprised by more music, that hadn't actually been on the programme at first: a compilation of several songs was played on the guitar by the first-year student Thomas van Iersel.

Overall the public seemed to feel good-natured and easy-going that specific evening: small hiccoughs were appreciated instead of being experienced as annoying ( I mean, it *is* funny when people are trying to do a sketch and it turns out that one of the three has a different paper version of it, and then the vain French gym instructor stays in character and tries to talk his way out of not knowing what's happening in the sketch...) There was some drama and seriousness, some unintentional humour, but mostly a lot of intentional humour. The location was brilliant, as it was the common room of the Jacobshofje, so when the lights were switched off, and a large candle was lit for the last item of the evening (a ghost story), people felt they'd experienced a truly entertaining (BBC) night.

If you would like to join the Creative Writing group, or experience one of their Wednesday night sessions: please contact Marguérite Corporaal at [M.C.M.Corporaal@let.leidenuniv.nl](mailto:M.C.M.Corporaal@let.leidenuniv.nl)

### Interview with the dragon.

Why?

Because she is my lady, my one and only love, that's why!

I keep her safe from harm.

Besides, she *loves* me.

She doesn't actually say so, we are past that. We don't speak much.

Of *course* I have never kissed her.

My fiery breath would instantly burn her beautiful little face to cinders.

I don't touch her; not anymore.

She has these fits of gloom, and one time I even saw tears in her eyes.

I patted her knee to show her my affection, but somehow she limped for days after I did so...

We are working on a solution to the problem.

The princes?

Ha!

Insufferable little pests.

I never sleep; they always come when we least expect them, carrying swords, lances, halberds.

She would be entirely defenceless without me...

I solemnly swear; next time one of these cowardly dwarfs so much as dares show his ugly face; I'll scorch his ass inside his shiny armour, I'll drag him through the tower by the plumes of his helmet, and I'll hurl him back to his wretched castle just like I did with his predecessors!

It is my duty to keep my lady safe and safe is where I'll keep her.

*Dilys Klitsee, March 2006*

## Curious?

So, Mr. Heavy-Sleeper's finally awake? Wait a minute before you look at the time, you already know you're up too late anyway. Stop arguing about it, it's pointless. By now I'm sure you're too curious to put this down, so just read on, will you? There's a point to this. Don't shout, although some curses will have left your mouth by now, which only means you probably had too good a time drowning yourself into inebriation. Yes, I've put the word down here on purpose. If you spent more than 10 seconds thinking about its meaning you would have accomplished the killing of another portion of your brain. So, stop feeling sorry about the hangover right now... And don't kick the bucket, you've got a lousy kick, especially before noon, and you don't want a limp all day. As I was saying, the reason why you're dripping wet, with your shoulders sagging miserably, is this: you deserved it. You're too lazy, lack discipline, are too ill-tempered in the mornings and generally need to stop whining about every setback. You've got to admit that you're terrible to live with in the mornings: you need to change. Moreover, you need to stop wasting the time before lunch, which to you generally is the way of saying: 'prolonged breakfast'. Given the hard time you're giving the part of you that wants to change, you had to take drastic measures. (Read it over during breakfast, you're too slow for this line now.) Well, I did and I've got to say that bucket is the clichéd-masterpiece that has been a long time in coming since the 4 alarm-clocks you keep stopped being useful to you. The getting-you-out-of-your-bed-part was easy: you never sleep with the door to your bedroom open, so even while you're too far gone to rub your eyes, you'd still wonder about that. The rest follows as it did: you walk towards the door and just as you're about to close it, your eyes, in an amazing feat of un-morning-like sharpness – to your standards, that is – find in the hallway on the opposite wall a note reading "Curious?". Of course you are, so you walk out of the door to catch the water

You is me, I are you  
 Sometimes I wish you weren't you  
 But me. So that I could be you  
 And look at myself in the mirror  
 With my strange green eyes  
 And heavy brows.  
 So that I could feel extraordinary  
 When you, which would be me,  
 Told me that I was, and  
 I would tell you that you were even  
 More special, more different than I.  
 I would make me, which is you,  
 Laugh and catch your tears  
 With my lips. Because I would know,  
 Being you, what went on  
 Inside your head.  
 You'd tell me that you have regrets  
 But I'd know, because you're me,  
 That it is relief what you feel  
 And I would know how much  
 I hurt you, because I would bear the pain.  
 And after that we would forget  
 Each other. Become ourselves again.  
 As if we never were.  
 Sounds a bit ridiculous. I'm not used  
 to being me anymore.

*Nadia van Pelt, September 2006*

falling from the bucket strapped above the door. Like a cartoon. Just look into the mirror there and see what I mean. You gotta admit, that's a funny sight. Come on, laugh will you, if someone took a picture now that would've been the best of you in years. And it's getting better, getting better all the time. Cause, you know that a one-time-thing like this will never work again. So... you'll need to come up with something new for tomorrow morning. If you evade the trap then, like you could've-done-but-didn't-do-today, it worked, smart guy... but don't count on it. Give the sleeping grumpy of tomorrow a laugh then. Come up with your most ingenious plan, because you know that anything remotely linked to the bucket-trick will work only once. Okay, chop-chop, start moving your ass to the library, you're way behind schedule. Run, Fly and take a shower... You smell!

*Vander Stefán*