

THE MILK TRANCE

“**T**is a vastly hot day in this valley, is it not?” remarked Grainne O’Dubh as she met her good friend Dervorgilla O’Rourke.

“A hot day for gentlewomen toting milk, yes, I agree with you Gran.”

“And would you like a sip of the finest cream in the county?” asked Grainne.

“If you’re offerin’ a drink of milk from your old brown cow, Grannie, I don’t mind tellin’ you that on a day like today, your milk is clear beyond cream — it has curdled and turned to something else quite again.”

“Bah! curdled! Try some here, Derv. I know right well, you’ll soon chant another tune.”

Dervorgilla reached for the cup and sipped lightly from its brim; then she drank deeply. It *was* beyond cream, that was certain. As she drank, her face took on a satisfied appearance and then a discerning, far away look. In a strange, clairvoyant trance, Dervorgilla, woman of fate, began to sway.

“What do you see, Derv?” asked Grainne.
“What is your vision?”

“I see a menu before my eyes — a menu of great delight — a BASH menu — it is almost complete, though no person can know with certainty its final form. Not until the fated day.

“I see Chips, Focaccia, Spinach and Feta triangles, mini Croissants (O such lovely mini Croissants); I see a Really, Really Big vegan salad, a Fruit platter to delight the palate (it’s pretty big, too); I see (I believe I smell) Capellini and bruschetta salad, Tortellini with pesto, a Salad of Chicken with grapes and tarragon, Austri-

an peasant sandwiches, Wheat balls smothered in store-bought sauce, and lovely roasted vegetables; I taste Pig cookies — I do not lie — or perhaps non-pig cookies, beautiful Brownies and notable non-Brownies, Pies of several sorts (can it be?), and Pecan squares — even a box of sugar cubes (a box of sugar cubes?); Soda abounds, as does Water, Ice, Coffee, and more, O yet more!”



Please join us for the Really, Really Big LITT/LANG BASH on Friday, April 17th, in Upper G-wing (from 4:30 until 6:00 or so). Then join other Literary folk at 7 pm for *Measure for Measure* in the PAC. The Bash is free; *MFM* is not (buy your tickets at the ticket window).