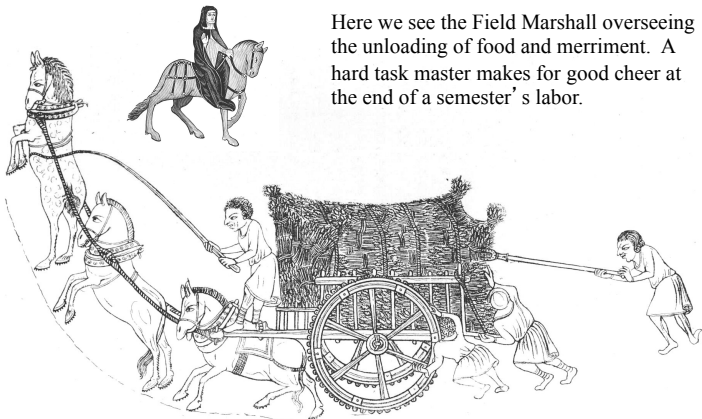
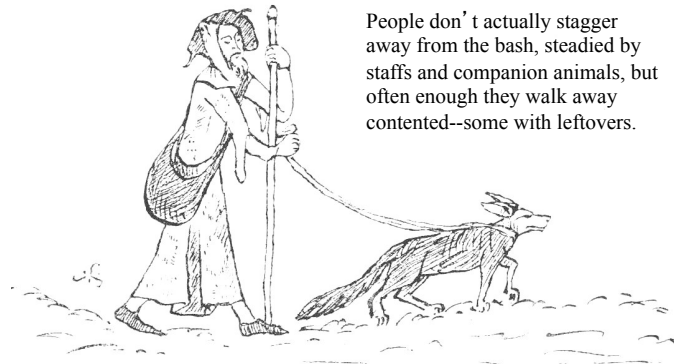


It has come to the attention of the Flyer committee that some folk who have never attended an end-of-term Bash may not know what to expect nor understand its gravity. The following graphical renderings from events past are offered as enticing shadows of reality.



Here we see the Field Marshall overseeing the unloading of food and merriment. A hard task master makes for good cheer at the end of a semester's labor.



People don't actually stagger away from the bash, steadied by staffs and companion animals, but often enough they walk away contented--some with leftovers.

The Really Really Big Lit/Lang Holiday Workshop Bash



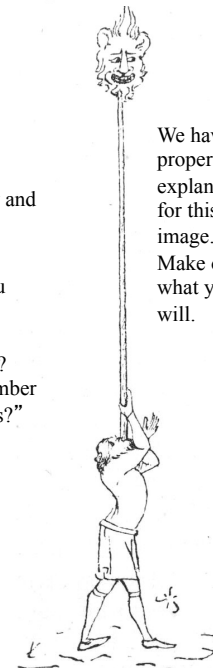
"My legs are starting to ache. How about yours?"

"Nah, they're okay, but I think I over-dress'd"

"Sit quietly and enjoy the readings."
"Would you like more cookies? Wheatballs? Tasty cucumber finger treats?"

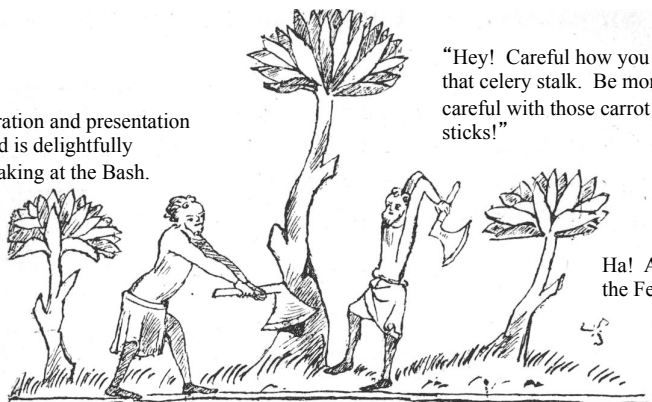
Friday, Dec 10th

4:30 in N-115



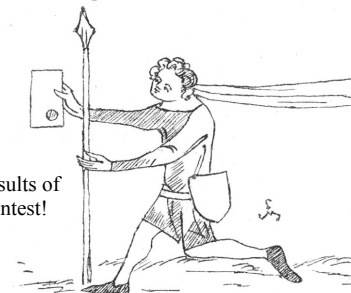
We have no proper explanation for this image. Make of it what you will.

Preparation and presentation of food is delightfully painstaking at the Bash.



"Hey! Careful how you trim that celery stalk. Be more careful with those carrot sticks!"

Ha! At long last the results of the Feyt/ Armstrong contest!



At times the entertainment *might* be described as ethereal--not often, but sometimes. It's true, not everyone would think to use the term, but they could.