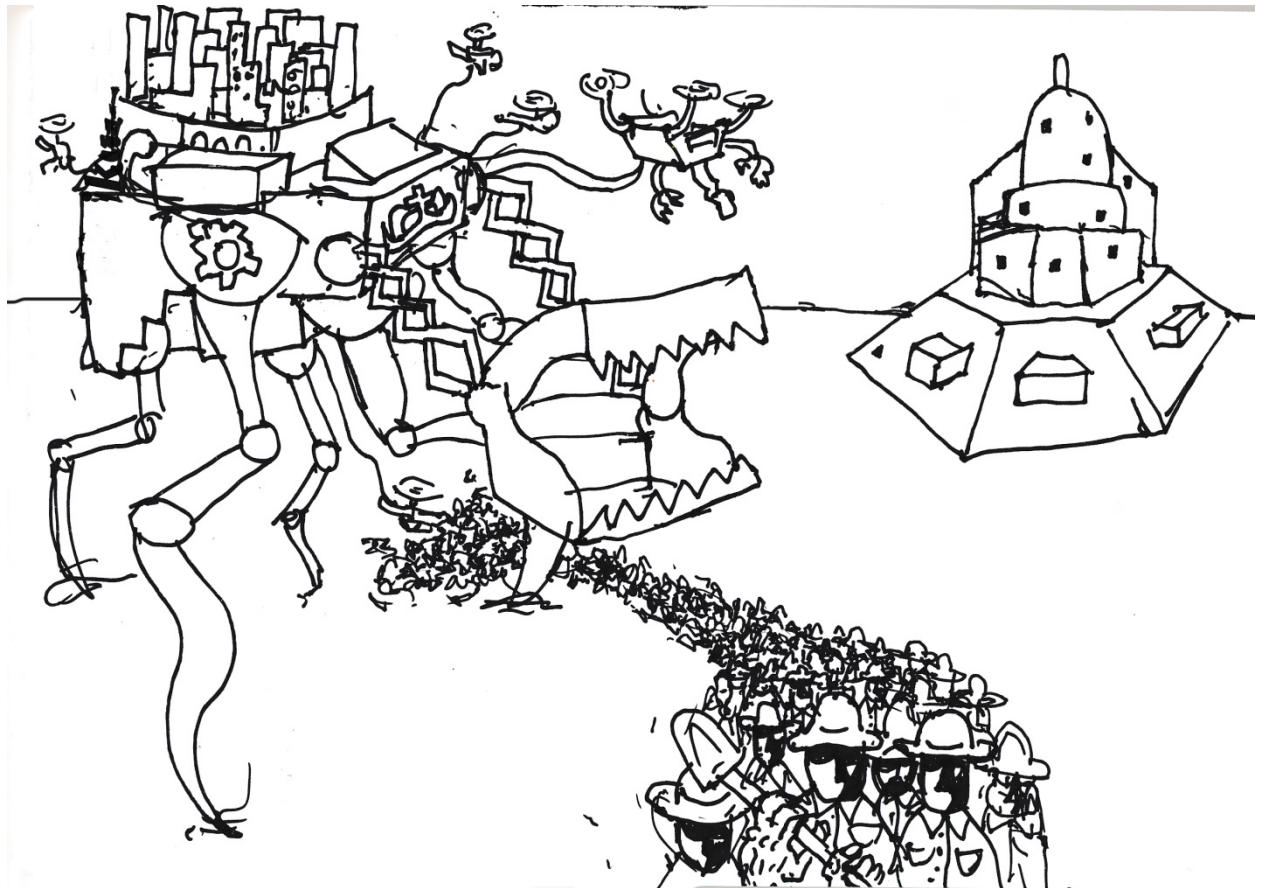


Child of the Wascana Lake as remembered by Gerald Saul and illustrated by William Bessai-Saul

Long ago, the prairies of Saskatchewan were like a desert. Tufts of grass living only long enough to reach the height necessary to be consumed by the ravaging bison herds. Where the city of Regina now stands was, in those days, only a slender wisp of a creek, a lifeline in an unforbearing land. Then the city came. More by pride than survival, these new settlers plugged the waterway and dug deep into the clay, dislodging a millennia of bones to build a lake. In their hubris, they unleashed a presence more unimaginable than any previously recorded terror.



The beautiful Wascana, its splendour shrouding the reality of its stagnant waters. Beneath the surface, from the mire of egotism that shaped it, untold things stirred and took shape. Rarely seen, a creature of algae and slime, emerged to walk like a man from whose bones and filth sired it.

To most, it exists only as a shadow, a movement in the corner of the eye for those venturing near these murky waters. Those who have come too close, who have the misfortune to come face to face with it, recall its visage with the vaguest of descriptors and dismiss it as simply "Swampy" else the memory of it drive them beyond the threshold of reason.

It lurks, it breathes, and it waits. Always on the border of water and land, life and death, reason and madness. It is Swampy, child of the Wascana Lake.

