

The Unmagical Adventures of Tess and Dunny

Date Saturday December 4

Dear Tess,
Mother of God. Have I got a story that could very well make you vomit. Ready? Of course you are. Here goes: Every year the law firm I'm working for throws a lunch party for all their corporate clients to show how wealthy and powerful they are. A couple hundred people came and there was a buffet-type thing, finger foods, and most importantly, an open bar. I was packing away the finger sandwiches and beer, and chatting with the other legal assistants. They were all pushing the prawn salad on me. Once I realized that prawn is just a snooty way to say "shrimp," I passed on it since I'm not a big fan of shellfish. They were all loving the prawn salad. Apparently, it's a treat. Anyhow, one by one, I realized that my co-workers were excusing themselves and not coming back. The party died in the span of half an hour. I went to track down Andrew (that Aussie assistant) and found him with dozens of other men in the bathroom. Remember that raunchy puking scene from *Stand By Me*? Yeah. It was like that. I was one of THREE people who hadn't eaten the prawn which, I'm finding out now, wasn't properly refrigerated), so I had to call the ambulances.

So, ha ha, happy Christmas, Smythe, Kitts and Knight Legal Associates, because I'm sure that under our tree we're going to have fifty court cases. I know we're not responsible, it's the caterers, but still, I feel like I'm working for the most cursed law firm in London.

I told you last letter that I'd talk about Michelle. OK. She's exhausting me. Her stupidity is actually beyond my reckoning. She has managed to keep her job at the movie theatre, but has started stalking some actor that premiered a movie at her cinema. She went to Canterbury last weekend because he was signing autographs at the W H Smith's (a giant bookstore). I have decided not to dedicate any more brain power to her. I have better things to think about. Like Christmas. I have a week off work, so

I'm going to travel ... or sit on my ass, not shower or shave and eat pizza all week. I am totally torn. Christmas should be good for you with the Hutterites in Saskatchewan, though. I look forward to hearing about it,

Duncan.

Tuesday, December 14

Hey Duncan,

Christmas is fast approaching, and by the end of this week, I'm off for Christmas break. This is a much needed break—not so much from the kids (I still think they're really sweet) but from Mrs. Sanderson. I've never met anyone as cold and distant. She still barely talks to me and when she does, it's only to criticise the way I write on the chalkboard. She tells me that my writing is sloppy, small, cluttered, and confuses the children because I don't usually dot my "i s." Funny, I don't hear the kids complaining. I think she's just pissed because she's old and her dream of teaching in the south of France is quickly fading away. Just a guess.

I got into a little hot water with the Hutterite elders last week. I brought my camera with me because I wanted to take pictures of the compound and my class to give to my parents. I took a picture of a Hutterite woman walking towards me and she freaked! So, it's only after the fact that somebody bothers to tell me that Hutterites refuse to be photographed. I don't know if it's because they don't want to be exploited, or because they have the Marvin Gaye belief that bits of their soul will be taken away. Whatever the reason, they opened up my camera and exposed all the film. It was expensive 400 ISO film too! Ouch!

The Hepburn Café job is going well. I think I'll work there another shift or two a week while I'm away from my student teaching job. I'll be able to afford more Christmas gifts that way. I'm getting to know the locals fairly well through the job. One 15 year old boy named Adam is in quite a dilemma. His parents won't let

him dance and don't even like him listening to dance music. He loves dance music and listens to his "Now 1" through to "Now 15" as often as he can. Since he can't dance in his home, or at a club, he goes and dances in the church basement with his friends. They've been doing this every Tuesday night for three months without incident. The kids told their parents they were having a movie every

Tuesday. Well, Adam's mom stopped by last Tuesday with some popcorn and pop for the kids and, well, saw them all "busting a move." They've all been grounded.

So, if I don't hear from you before Christmas, have a good one. Tell me all about your travels (if you plan on leaving England.) Oh, and just to be safe, don't eat the seafood.

Tess.

We're on the move!

An easy-access central location in Charlottetown to serve you better!



We think you'll find our new location more convenient. It's closer to the university and hostel plus it's more centrally located and larger. Beginning March 16th, 2002 you'll find the SMT bus terminal at the corner of Mount Edward Road and Belvedere Avenue.

There's no change to our schedules or services provided, just where you go.

150 Belvedere Avenue

Our phone numbers stay the same at 566-9744 or 628-6432

Hope to see you there soon!

SMT
(EASTERN) LIMITED

SPRING SEMI-FORMAL

March 23, 2002
9:00 pm - 1:00 am
At: The Barn, UPEI Campus

This is a wet/dry event. Ticket are \$8, available at the door or advance from a Residence Life Advisor.

Join Residence as we say good-night to the Barn!!