

Seat Sale: Mission Katimavik

By Shawn WOOD

Katimavik what is that? That was what I was wondering as I sat on a bus for 15 hours going to Quebec. All I really knew was I got paid to go and that I could travel to 3 different provinces in Canada. What I didn't know is that it was going to be the turning point in my life. The program consisted of living with 12 other participants for 7 and-a-half months and not trying to kill each other by the end of it. (Trust me, it was hard!!). You also had to work 8 hours of volunteer work each day which you got paid a gross sum 3 dollars for the whole days work. Oh, let me not forget the learning clubs; environment, healthy living, second language, culture, and media.

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I fell asleep on the bus and woke up in La Pocatiere at 2:00am. As I crawled of the bus I looked to my right and I saw a big herd of people walking my way. All I was thinking in my head "Shit- my first time in Quebec I'm getting mugged". As one of them stuck out their hand and said "Are you Shawn?" With a sigh of relief I stuck out my hand and said yes. "Hi I'm Guylaine I your project leader for this rotation."

The herd and me travelled to the van as I struggled with my luggage and we all climbed in and I sat down. I sat in by a girl with bright green hair and cookie monster back pack while there were two other girls sitting in the back talking back and fourth a mile a minute in French. I think they said something like this "I wonder what the new hot guy's name is?" (Not really but I thought it would be kinda cool if they did.)

One hour later we arrived in our hell hole, I mean our home which we would live happily for 2 and-a-half months. Well kinda, if we didn't mind



Rowdy youths take a break from representin'

the inch-thick dead flies on the floor. (Don't worried we cleaned it all up) As soon as I arrived I had to go to the bathroom (being on a bus for that long you REALLY have to go). As I walked up the sink there was a sign saying "Ne pa bouir de eau" I was wondering what it meant until I looked under that and it said "Don't drink the water".

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Don't get me wrong St. Louis was not that bad at least to some people. They got to enjoy it at work. Except me and 3 other people we worked at the Leisure Centre scraping paint off boards and repainting them. I could not wait until Lockeport our next rotation. Trust me, it could not come quick enough. Like I said, you had to live with these people for 7 and-a-half months so we all travelled together which was quite a sight to see a group of teenagers wondering like lost dogs speaking in different languages. But painfully enough we made it to Lockeport a booming little town in Nova Scotia with only 600 people (but at least they spoke English). Time in Lockeport seemed to fly as we lost 4 participants. I was sad to see the 3 of them go but I was happy to kick the other out the door and tell him never come back. My job in Lockeport was

really enjoyable as I work on a Youth Fair and Work at a museum. I found at a lot of interesting facts about Lockeport. Here a little timbit for you readers: Did you know that Lockeport had one of Canada's biggest drug busts? I think it was about 23 million dollars worth found on a boat.

As the final days came to in Lockeport we were all really busy helping out with ECMAs which was a great experience for the other participants since they had no clue what the ECMAs were. Finally we left Lockeport and travelled to Hamilton Ontario which was going to be a big change from living in such small place to a huge city. Hamilton was the greatest place I lived if you didn't mind the noise, which I found really hard to get use to since I lived in the country all my life. While in Hamilton we all had jobs that we enjoyed and we had a project leader that was fun and outgoing so we were always having fun like having a fondu fight to having a water fight in the house.

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I worked at Hamilton AIDS Network which I created a database for

there clients and really kept the clients feeling at home. I really enjoyed this job because it made me feel like I was making a different in someone's life, instead of just painting a fence. While in Hamilton, we were able to meet all the groups in Ontario. As all the groups travelled down to Toronto we had a street hockey contest help fund raise for Big Brothers or something. I really can't remember but it was for a good cause and we all had fun. In Hamilton we always had something to do from walking around the town trying to find something for 3 dollars to just socializing with people we met. Hamilton, I was really sad to say goodbye. Also for the program, we all had to go our separate ways in life and say 'see ya later.' On April nineteenth I had to leave my family of 8 to go back home PEI to be with my real family. I was really hard to say our goodbyes but I finally moved on and hopefully this article give you some idea what a experience Katimavik can be.

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