

# My Kingdom for a Turnip

by Allan Manley

As I was sitting in the sun and contemplating what I would do with the millions dollars I am bound win some day soon, I was struck with a brilliant idea. I won't say it was mine, only that it was an idea floating around looking for a head to fill. Please forgive me while I digress.

When I imagine winning a million dollars I think about the freedom it would give, not only me but also my family, I would pay off any of my relatives debts such as credit cards and mortgages and set up education packages for the little ones. Of course that done I would blow the rest on steak, beer and comics I am sure. Actually I realized I would play it safe, open a Taco Bell, Eddie Bauer or some other safe way to make more money and employ a few people. It was at this point I had an epiphany.

If I won the lottery I would not only be helping myself but contribute to the overall benefit of my community as I purchased local products such as a house and car as well as employ local workers! Why doesn't the government sponsor millionaires? What I am getting at is that the government, notorious for financial waste, should take a million or two and just give it away, it isn't like they weren't just going to waste it on another golf course. The idea started to spin in my head, who should be eligible? How much would be enough? Could it become a constructive part of provincial policy?

First was to decide who was eligible. This was tough as I know that everyone would want



to be included in a draw for a million plus. First was to restrict it to people who are residents of the province. That was not enough though as we would have a few nefarious individuals move over for a few months to get in on a good thing, so it should be people that have filed at least two years of income tax on Prince Edward Island, and because voting is good, should have voted in one provincial and federal election. That part was easy, a solid resident who voted. Then I wondered about the possibility of millionaires winning more money, that doesn't really make sense as I am sure they are already doing their part and need it less than others.

I started looking at income levels and at first I thought anyone who made less than the national poverty level is definitely in, but what about some lower middle class families? So I decided that if you make less than 50,000 or have a combined income of less than 75,000 you should be on the lists. This significantly chops the list. Next I wanted to know if age was a factor.

To this end I felt that the only age stipulation was covered

by the need for a successful participant to have voted in provincial and federal election, so 18 was the minimum age with no maximum. Also, if I had dropped seniors from the lists I would not have pleased my grandmother.

At this point the plan is to take a million or two of money we anticipate the government wasting, having a lottery that involves those in need and participate in the provincial electoral system. Sounds good so far, in fact the implications could be dramatic. For instance a recent graduate would most undoubtedly qualify and would help encourage students to stay on the Island, I mean at this point the chances of winning would be about one in 50-75,000. Pretty good when compared to real lotteries!

Yes, maybe this is the cure for all the Islands woes; we can count on the beneficence and philanthropy of our peers in helping develop the Island while at the same time encouraging emigration and graduate retention. So the next time you are talking to your elected official tell them about an idea you heard of....maybe you will win a million dollars.

## Foam Here to There

by Mariève MacGregor

Foam. Slick, sudsy, comforting foam. Foam churning from two boards above our heads, floating down to embrace us all. Foam kissing our skin like a baby's breath. Foam lifting our spirits while slipping down to our feet. Foam in hair. Foam in clothes. Foam on face, arms, legs, everywhere. Sweet suffocating foam in our eyes and mouths. Foam as we have never experienced. Foam as we have never known. Foam.

I was fearful at first. A little anxious. The large inflatable pool filled quickly with people. These heedless folk allowed the foam to take them over completely. The foam compelled them. The foam was all consuming. It's power was truly too great for the will of the average student. The foam cat-called to me.

The room was intoxicated with the spin of DJ Scratch Bastid's music and the flashing lights gleaming off the soapy bodies. As I stuck my foot into the watery suds bellow for the first time I knew I had entered another world. One of joy, freedom, and uncontrollable touching. The inch of soap at my feet was warm and squishy. The foam crying from the heavens was thick and fluffy. Unsticky cotton candy.

The crowd moved and swayed en masse, as one body. One big fat happy body. Every part of the body was smiling. Every part was jumping. Every part had found their inner child. So what if we ruined our shoes? So what if we lost one of our flipflops and took someone else's? So what if we were shirtless in a bar? This was a time to be young again. Young we were.

Foam, will you ever come back? You've given us a taste of your sweet love, and personally, ever since, I've craved your caress. Perhaps some day, some night, you will return and bless us with your charms and cleanliness.