

On October 7, this man will dine  
with Coolbreeze and his posse.



THE CADRE

Find out who survives.

After the issue with the ad came out, people began to ask questions. *Who was Coolbreeze? Why was he going to dine with the President?* We gave the answer to those who asked. The rest were left puzzled.

The next week, I made a new ad, this time diverting the attention away from the President.

## GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER?

OCTOBER 7



Again, more questions were asked. Those who had asked before laughed. It was working.

At this point, there was one more issue left before October 7 and I had run out of ideas. It was Marc who came up with the next idea, either in a dream or in the shower (I forget which): *The Last Supper*. It was a little daring, to say the least, to put the President's head on Jesus Christ's body in DaVinci's famous painting. After all, the other advertisements were a lot more abstract for the average reader. This one would be a lot more obvious than anything we had done before and it was potentially blasphemous. We also considered what the President might think about us doing such a thing. And then I made it.



By the time the issue hit the stands, it was three days before the dinner. It was time to prepare. For a few weeks, we had been planning everything that we would do on the day of the dinner. Kent wanted to send a cameraman to photograph every moment. The four of us wanted to dress up in the worst suits we could find and so, on the day before the dinner, we went to Value Village. We found some really nasty-looking suits, but they all cost over thirty dollars, which is a lot of money for one dinner and so we left the store and agreed to dress up in our own clothes.

That same day, just after we left the store, Stephan and I had to hurry back to the university in order to attend the information session for student council nominees. We had just nominated ourselves to be arts representatives and we did not want to be late.

We arrived at the university exactly when the meeting was supposed to start. As soon as I parked my car, Stephan and I got out and ran to the Barn. As we ran, Stephan ran with his video camera clutched carefully to his chest so that he would not drop it.

We were the last people to arrive for the meeting, but it was just before the Chief Returning Officer called our names. I took the video camera from Stephan and turned it on and recorded almost every moment of the meeting, despite protests from the Student Union President.

What she did not understand was that I had recently begun making a documentary about UPEI and that I needed to record this moment to show the early moments in my rise to power. I had decided to make a documentary a few days earlier because of all the events that were happening around that time; namely, the student council elections, the concert that *The Cadre* was organizing, and our dinner with the President.

I wanted to capture on video every moment of the next few years at UPEI, including our dinner with President. At the end of the two years, I would have an entire movie that would hopefully describe what it is like to be a student at UPEI. I was so ambitious about the documentary that I wanted to ask the President if he could help fund it.

One more sleep.

### III. The Dinner.

On the day of the dinner, I picked Ryan up at his house at 5:00 PM. We were supposed to arrive at the President's house at 6:15, just in time to see the sunset, the President had told us in his e-mails. Before that, however, we were going to buy gifts.

Ryan already had his gift. When he jumped in my car, he showed me the small jar of mustard pickles that he was going to give to Wade. I thought the jar was a little too small to give to the President and told Ryan, but he seemed to think the jar was ample.

During the drive from Cornwall to Charlottetown, Ryan told me that he had just been speaking to Stephan a few moments before. Ryan said that Stephan was at the *Cadre* office handling some last minute affairs. We were going to meet at Stephan's house before we