

The Unmagical Adventures of Tess and Dunny

Here, presented for your consideration, is the intercepted correspondence between two young unfortunates trying to find their paths in life. Now, for your voyeuristic pleasure, we present their letters. The Cadre is not responsible for confiscating these letters and no legal action has been pursued by Canada Post.

Sunday, September 10th.

Dear Tessa,

Yes, rejoice, for I am not dead! I've only been in London for a week now and I seem to be fairly well settled-in. I was messed up with jet lag for two whole days. It didn't help that I took full advantage of the complimentary drinks on the flight. There's no way to sugar-coat it, I was drunk. I almost got on a bus from Heathrow to Wales, but in my stupor I remembered I had to get to the SWAP office in London.

One of the interviews I set up before I left Charlottetown actually came though for me, and I start there on Monday. I work for Smythe, Kitts and Knight. It's just like *Street Legal*; they wear robes and wigs to court. There's a new lawyer (barrister) and I'm his assistant. It means I have to dig up papers, get couriers to deliver stuff and fetch coffee for the guy. I only met him briefly. His name is Henry Pogue, which I don't think is a very good lawyer name, but whatever. I get £22,000 a year, which isn't that bad for a schmuck with a pre-law political studies degree.

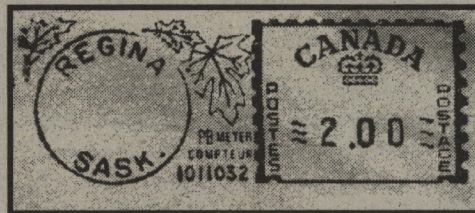
My apartment is kinda a dive and I have to take the metro for twenty minutes to get to work, but it's comparatively cheap. There were a couple of Americans at the SWAP office, and I dove in and got an apartment with them. There's Michelle, who is from Ohio. She does not have a job yet, but she *does* have a rich daddy who is going to pay her rent until she gets one, and she also has an incredible talent for whining. Doug is from Pennsylvania, and I thought he was really cool and fun at first, but after the last couple of days, I have decided he is actually a know-it-all asshole.

Plus, they both yell. They do not yell because they are angry, they just yell to communicate. It is their natural tone. What are the chances that I get two loud talkers in the same flat? Augh! Not that I am one to bend to stereotypes, but I think it is their nationality. By the way, they are both card-carrying NRA members and like Monster-Truck Rallies.

I am more and more aware of my "Canadianness." Londoners are freaking rude! And everything is so expensive! And everyone thinks I am American! No one knows where PEI is. Sometimes, I am even reduced to using Anne of Green Gables as an identifier. Sigh.

I am going to bed. I want to look rested for my first day. I will drop this by the "postbox" on the way to work tomorrow morning. I hate that you don't have any access to the Internet, but this is probably for the best—letter-writing is a dying art. Fill me in about Sask.

Your friend,
Dunny.



Sept 19th

Hey Dunny!

Sorry if this letter makes it seem like I'm a little tense; the truth is, I am. I could honestly jump off the top of a grain elevator. What was I thinking? Because of my desperate need to get off the Island after graduation, I write to you from my Uncle Art's farm in good ol' Hepburn, Saskatchewan. Oh, that's forty-five minutes NORTH of Saskatoon, in case you've never heard of it.

It's a town where bars are non-existent, but churches, grain, and really long, straight roads are plentiful. It would be much more fun to live here if I were a farmer, preacher, or drag racer. Trust me, suburban atheists

have a really hard time finding their niche in rural Saskatchewan, as you've probably already guessed. Ironically, THIS suburban atheist will be a student teacher at a Hutterite compound about half an hour east of Hepburn. Further into the sticks, I go to teach people so religious, even my grandmother would tell them to loosen up.

Normally, I would complain about the commute, but the further I get from Uncle Art's the better. Out of all the wheat farms to choose from in this province, Art gets himself a pig farm. Aghhhhhhh! I honestly had no idea. My mom should talk to her brother more often. Maybe that's why he refuses to let me pay rent: he feels guilty about the smell.

Since student teachers work for experience and not for the big bucks, I'll have to get a paying job somewhere. If I'm lucky, I'll be working at one of the two establishments in Hepburn for minimum wage. I could

either be a checkout girl or a coffee-server in the town's only coffee shop. I'll keep you updated on the job search.

Good Luck with the Americans, and Dunny, just to be on the safe side, do NOT mention Rosie O'Donnell=s NRA thing around them.

Take Care,
Tess.

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