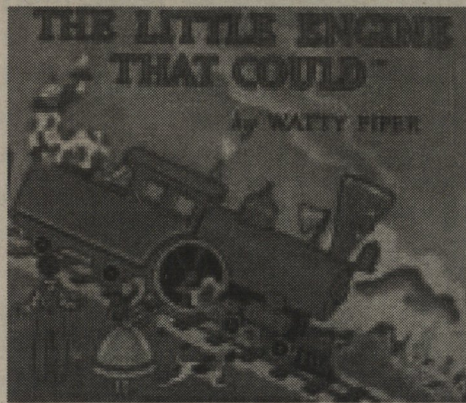


## The Little Weather Shelter That Couldn't

Steele Campbell  
Contributor

How many of us remember that tale our parents used to drive into our skulls incessantly, about a little train that had to struggle up a hill to deliver coal



to some important, life-saving cause? That tale was meant to teach us that regardless of what we do in life, if we try hard enough, and put enough effort into it, we could accomplish anything on our own. In reality, however, that was a fabrication. I always figured by now I would be making a million selling my reality television show concepts to one of those three letter television statements. I would also be married to Angelina Jolie and be traveling worldwide. Oh well.

My fantasies aside, perhaps some of you find it morally reprehensible to lie to children about this, as I do. And so I propose that we expunge from the record this tale of false hope and triumph, and replace it with something slightly more realistic. The working title I have for this story is simply The Little Weather Shelter That Couldn't. It begins something like this:

*Four-score and seven years ago, a small university existed on a distant planet that was straight to the left and straight on 'till morning. And this university suffered from gale-force winds that were often mixed with Siberian temperatures. And so,*

*the administration being the kind and generous agent that it was, proposed to erect small glass huts to protect its paying students. And they erected these and the students saw that they were good.*

*Unfortunately, being that this is was university there will be troublemakers. The evil villain (henceforth known as the stupid moron) decided that it would be amusing to smash the glass hut into as many little bits as he (or she) could, probably with a rock or baseball bat.*

*When the students arrived the next day, they were sad and they mourned the loss of their shelter. Consequently the temperature had dropped to somewhere in the range of "Holy \$#!+ it's cold" and the student's tears froze to their face. Sadly, the administration, after building a new building, renovating an old one, and having to pay cleaning staff to mop up the yellow mess in Cass 104, did not have the budget to fix the shelter properly.*

*Thankfully, the stupid moron who decided to break the shelter's glass wall was left out in the cold one day. Because of the high winds and the quickly dropping temperature, he suffered frostbit on his extremities, causing them to fall off.*

*In the end, the shelter still remains [mostly] wall-less. The administration still remains in financial trouble and the students still freeze. But we should be thankful for we learned a valuable lesson:*

*People in using glass bus shelters shouldn't throw stones.*

## Island 2 Island: A Newfie's Perspective



Julie Bull  
Reporter

I hope you all had a great holiday season! My folks came out here for the holidays, and as such, my accent grew to new heights while they were here (it is inevitable that a newfie will have a thicker accent in the midst of other newfies!. In light of that, I thought I would share with you this dialogue from Buddy Wasiname and the Other Fellers!

### NEWFUNESE

Now listen folks, we're firm believers in the fact that Newfoundlanders can communicate more quickly than anyone anywhere on the face of the earth. Before we go any further in this show, we're gonna proceed to demonstrate that fact to you and here's how we're gonna do it. Ray and I will give you standard, boring English expressions and Cocky here will turn it into Newfunese. Ok?

**Kevin:** You never told me that.

**Ray:** You look surprised.

**Kevin:** You never told, we never practiced this.

**Ray:** You don't need the practice, sure look at you, you can do anything. See now if you can interpret this in Newfunese. "Despite the present adversity, maintain your composure".

**Kevin:** "Hang on to yer drawers!"

**Ray:** Very good!

**Kevin:** Right

**Ray:** Right

**Kevin:** They liked that, they liked that. There's nutting to that sure, nuttin' to it.

**Wayne:** Now listen Kevin, try another one. Try this one: "I am highly agitated, I'm think I'm headed for a nervous breakdown."

**Kevin:** "Me nerves is rubbed right raw".

**Ray:** You don't need to be nervous for this. Sure you're doing a wonderful job

**Kevin:** Yessir, buddy.

**Ray:** This one should be fairly easy for ya. "Pardon me sir, to what are you referring?"

**Kevin:** "Wha"?"

**Ray:** They don't come any better than that, do they b'y?

**Kevin:** Job to get it any shorter than than, hey? That's what we calls efficient language, hey?

**Wayne:** "The financial situation is so depressing I think we're headed for total economic collapse."

**Kevin:** "Da arse is gone right out of 'er".

**Ray:** Now Kevin, I'd like to change the pace here for a minute and just see if you can take your ears back, go back a few years, and think of someone by the name of William Shakespeare. Are you familiar with William Shakespeare?  
**Kevin:** Oh yes, oh yeah, I knows him from a long ways back, he got the welding shop down in Musgravetown, yeah.

**Ray:** No, no, no

**Kevin:** Bill, Ralph's brudder?

**Ray:** No.

**Kevin:** Yeah, Bill, whatever, yeah, Ralph's brudder that owns the welding shop. YES HE OWNS THE WELDING SHOP IN MUSGRAVETOWN! I KNOWS CAUSE I OWES THE BUGGER 50 BUCKS!  
**Ray:** No.

**Kevin:** Whatta ya mean no?

**Ray:** No the fella I'm thinking about was a man who put wonderful words on paper.

**Kevin:** I dunno about that buddy, but he can weld the arse on a cat. Bill, Bill, write on paper. He's lucky if he can put an X down by his name.

**Ray:** Probably if I recited this for you it might come back to you and tell you who he is. "To be or not to be, that is the question." William. Translation?

**Kevin:** "You is or you isn't, I figgers."

**Ray:** That's not bad.

**Wayne:** Try this one: "I have temporarily lost control of certain involuntary muscles due to laughter."

**Kevin:** "I pissed meself."