

The Unmagical Adventures of Tess and Dunny

Friday, October 15

Tessa,

Well, choosing the Hudderte community to teach in sounds like a brilliant plan, and I hope you don't end up regretting it later - like that malt whiskey we got last Canada Day. Seriously, don't feel too bad for the kids in your school; it's the only life they know so there's nothing wrong with finishing school in grade 8, even though it is a total head trip for us.

Speaking of head trips, last week I went with a few of the other assistants from the law firm to the Canadian pub here in London. London's such an international city—there's a whole bunch of pubs dedicated to all the foreign nationals living here. One of the other assistants, Andrew, is from Australia, so tonight we're going to the Aussie pub. Anyway, it was great to be in that bar—I was actually feeling a little homesick. They had a Mountie uniform on the wall, a mounted moose head, and they must have had a satellite because there was NHL hockey on the TVs. I was looking forward to having a Labatt Blue, but all they had was Molson, so we all got Canadians. Ahh, the tastes of home. I'm not usually homesick, but that did make me want a snowball fight and some Kraft Dinner. My hangover even felt Canadian.

Some big news on the home-front is: Michelle got a job! This doesn't make me happy because of her success; it makes me happy because it greatly diminishes the whining factor and gets her out of the flat. She works at the big Odeon movie theatre in Liecester Square where all the movies are premiered in England. Actually, tonight she's working the opening of some American movie and she got all dolled up for work in the hopes of meeting the star (she looked like a horse's ass). The most ironic thing about the whole "her-getting-a-job" situation is the flat is getting really messy. I didn't realize it, but she had been cleaning all the time she was unemployed. Maybe she's not totally useless after all.

Other than all that, life is good. You'll never believe the case

my boss is working on. Some guy wants to change his first name to "Dr." He doesn't want it spelled out like D-O-C-T-O-R, he wants "D-R-Period." Obviously, the government won't let him do it. They say it's misleading and dangerous. So we're defending his case to the crown next week. I'll fill you in on what happens.

I'm thinking of changing my name to Donald Corleone.

Take care, your friend, Don.

Sunday, Oct 24

Dear Duncan,

Well, I guess "Donnie" isn't that different than "Dunny." You always had a strong Roman nose and I think you could play the part. Maybe I could change my name to Sonny, Vito, or Connie. Anything but Fredo. That little back-stabber. Don't get me started.

Wow—a pub! How nice. I don't see many liquor serving establishments these days. Most of Hepburn is populated by Mennonites who don't drink, smoke, or dance, so even if

some crazy businessman wanted to bring a club to these parts, nobody would do anything except sit and stare—and they can do that in church!

It's been really difficult to meet people here. The only person whom I see frequently who *might* have an occasional drink is Mrs. Sanderson, but she's 120 years old, so my social life is almost non-existent. Speaking of Mrs. Sanderson, I think she's warming up to me. She actually called me Tessa and not Tanya, Tammy, or Tara. She also offered me some coffee, the other day. Sanderson isn't exactly "personality plus," so I appreciate the small things around her.

The kids are very well behaved, although sometimes they talk amongst themselves in their German dialect and make me paranoid. I'm sure they're not saying anything *that* bad about me. Until the time I

smashed my leg into a desk, they had never even heard a swear word before in their lives. They're sweet kids, really.

I still don't have a job, but I have a good feeling about the coffee shop down the road. Get this: it's owned by a guy named Urs Meyer who came from Germany about 20 years ago. He doesn't speak much English (so there is a little communication problem) but he's a huge fan of Uncle Art's pork. You know how it is with small towns, Duncan—connections are everything. Working down the street would be sweet.

Speaking of sweet, I have to go now and finish the rest of my Kraft Dinner. Mmmm Mmmm! Oh yeah, I'm rubbing it in but man, it's all I got, OK? You get the English pubs, I get the K.D. Even-Steven.

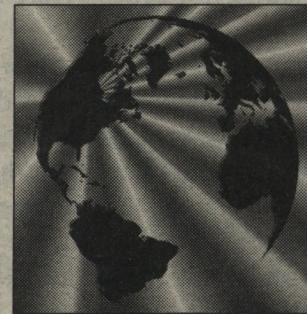
Tessa.

NEW VOICE FROM NEW BRUNSWICK

Lynn Davies is a New Brunswicker whose first book of poetry, *The Bridge That Carries the Road*, was a finalist for the 1999 Governor-General's Award for Poetry. She will read from her work on Thursday, March 14, at 8:00pm at Confederation Centre Library.

Early in her career, Davies possess a remarkable mastery of evocative descriptions, sensuous and precise imagery, musical language, and crystal-clear narratives of experience. A lovely voice and persona illuminate her poems.

Lynn Davies' reading is sponsored by the UPEI English Department, with generous support from The Canada Council of the Arts and the Confederation Centre Library. For further information phone 566-0389.



2002 COMPETITION CIDA AWARDS FOR CANADIANS

Application Deadline: April 15

Website: <http://www.cbie.ca/canstu.html>

The objective of the CIDA Awards Program is to support individual contributions of Canadians to international development. Eligible applicants are master's students and professionals who wish to conduct action research or a service project in partnership with an organization in a developing country. Approximately 60 awards will be allocated this year, through a competitive process involving review and selection by an independent committee composed of academics and professional experts.

The program encourages initiative and leadership qualities as applicants are required to establish contact with an organization in a developing country, prepare a project proposal relevant to the host country's priorities and, if selected, coordinate all logistical and financial arrangements. The award of up to \$10,000 defrays direct costs of their project, including travel and subsistence in the field.

The program is offered by the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA) and administered by the Canadian Bureau for International Education (CBIE). For more information about the criteria and application procedures, please visit CBIE's website or contact us by telephone at (613) 237-4820, ext 234 or e-mail smelanson@cbie.ca.

Application forms are available on the Internet. Printed or electronic version will be provided upon request.

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