

Canadians who Think they're Americans who Like Football

By Spencer S.
Contributor

Why are Snap, Crackle and Pop red, white and blue? Why can't I even enjoy a nice bowl of cereal without seeing the flag of a country that isn't my own? Makes me wonder where the milk is from. Sure, I grew up in Canada, but I also grew up watching American TV, listening to American music and imitating American movie stars. There's just some-

thing wrong when I can name more American Presidents than successful Canadian artists (this may be due to the fact that Ted Kennedy was my uncle's friend's grandfather). The Pop charts are an unsound vixen collapsing under the weight of US performers. Justin Timberlake may rock the body, but it seems it's the Canadian artists who are left shaking their heads. It almost seems as if there are no aspects of Canadian culture untouched

by US influence. But wait... what about the CBC?... but wait... what the hell is CBC? It's all Canadian right? But beyond Compass (grrrrreat name), does anybody really watch this? And why are Canadian programs so apparently Canadian? It might be the shoddy camera work, or it could be the cardboard backgrounds, or just the fact that it's not what we're used to, not American. I can't even recall the last time I saw a Canadian

feature film.

The Americans are landing on Mars, invading other countries and electing movie stars for governors, and all the while rubbing it into our lumberjack faces, leaving Canadians with but one comeback: "At least our health care doesn't suck." The Americans have successfully deep fried their culture, and we're eating it up with some ketchup and licking our fingers after we're done.

Diary of a Voyeur

by Clay Aiken
and Joel Gillespie

What is your occupation this evening? I would greatly enjoy the opportunity of being an unperceived observer in your domicile. Is it verifiably accurate that you are without company, and remain lost within your internal unconscious nightly visions? I would also like to know why I am unable to socially interact with you on a regular basis, and I am curious as to what actions must be undertaken by me before you acknowledge my existence.

If I were imperceptible, I would then be able to moni-

tor your activities in your dwelling. If you were unable to detect my presence, then I would take that opportunity to attempt to woo you. If our coronary organs were unshatterable, my explanations as to my personal opinions would convey utmost and incredibly deep meanings. Finally, if my knowledge knew no bounds, my physical being would be transparent. Excuse me, it appears that that is the state in which I find myself.

I have seen your visage in a large public gathering and uttered your personal nomenclature. Despite my best efforts at attracting your attention, the audio waves did not

manage to travel into your aural receptors. As a true stalker would, I follow you at a safe distance, tracking both your paces and your movements. Also, as is true of my stalker nature, I would like to think that you are currently thinking of me and my efforts to entice you. If you could perform such an action for my benefit, then my reality would cease being monochromatic and explode into a kaleidoscope of pigments.

Had I a cloak similar to that of Harry Potter that would allow me to be undetectable by mortals, then I could easily satisfy my voyeuristic desires by witnessing your behaviour.

This cloak would also allow me to take you as my life-mate. Conditionally, if my main vascular organ were indestructible, I would freely express my feelings towards you. Ultimately, my potential invisibility is directly proportional to my intellect, causing my knowledge to dwarf all allegedly wise people. Again, my apologies, but it would seem that these conditions have already occurred.

I extend my grasp into the empty void, yet your eyes do not register my presence. My increased audible emissions fail to capture your attention. I am nothing without you, just a shadow passing through.