


# THE FIRST WEEK IN FEBRUARY

The First Week in February

Boy: The first week in February.  
 Girl: Are you sure?  
 Boy: (nodding) Yup.  
 Girl: How far away's that?  
 Boy: Well, today's the...twenty  
 Girl: Thirtieth.  
 Boy: O.K., right. So that's November, December...  
 Girl: ...about nine weeks?  
 Boy: About that, yeah.  
 Girl: Not that long.  
 Boy: No, it'll be here quick enough.  
 Girl: A lot of people should be able to come.  
 Boy: Should be able to, yeah. It's not a bad time for tests or anything.  
 Girl: Well, do you think many will?  
 Boy: (shrugs)  
 Girl: That many, huh?  
 Boy: Approximately.  
 Girl: I don't see any reason why a lot of kids couldn't come.  
 Boy: (confidentially, looking around, and then leaning toward her and whispering) They don't trust us!  
 Girl: What do you mean?  
 Boy: They think that if they come on an ACT weekend they'll be bible-belted to death.  
 Girl: Oh, come on! (laughing)  
 Boy: (emphatically) It's true! Ever since I went on that last ACT weekend, and said that I liked it, my friends act as if I've lost a story upstairs.  
 Girl: I didn't know your friends were that perceptive.  
 Boy: Funny.  
 Girl: Thank you.  
 Boy: They're always asking me for things like directions to heaven, or good luck blessings on Pig nights.  
 Girl: (laughs) Do you think many of them will come to ACT eight?  
 Boy: I dunno. I tell them: "Boys, believe me, if you come you'll be glad." And they know I mean it. I wouldn't tell them they should go to ACT if it was no good - I wouldn't take the chance.  
 Girl: Right.  
 Boy: Sometimes they get close to saying they'll come, but I don't think they're quite convinced that a drunkless weekend isn't somehow subversive.  
 Girl: It is rather radical.  
 Boy: (earnestly) It may sound crazy, but it

really is radical. Weekends are for wandering down inebriation road, looking for female inebriates.  
 Girl: Haven't you been down that road a time or three?  
 Boy: Sure I have. But the best part of getting drunk is before you do it. It's the anticipation of it. On Sunday morning, even if you don't have a hangover, you don't feel so excited anymore.  
 Girl: What do you feel like?  
 Boy: Hey...are you trying to tell me you've never been drunk?  
 Girl: Yup.  
 Boy: Really?  
 Girl: Never.  
 Boy: Well, on Sunday morning you don't feel much at all. At least I don't - I mean didn't - I'd just feel...disappointed...bored...I didn't feel like doing much else except watching T.V., or sleeping.  
 Girl: I know what you're getting at.  
 Boy: (nodding his head, looking at her, smiling) ...but after an ACT weekend...  
 Girl: I knew it.  
 Boy: I felt better than I did before I went. There was no disappointment. And I wasn't bored - I was pretty damn excited. About life, and people, and even me.  
 Girl: You know why you felt like that, don't you?  
 Boy: Yes, I do.  
 Girl: People enjoy giving with other people. They enjoy the warmth of it. They, me anyway, not only enjoy that kinda warmth, we need it.  
 Boy: That's it. If we can't get people to believe that God is relative to them, at least we don't have to waste time trying to convince them that love is.  
 Girl: And God is love.  
 Boy: (smiling) That's right.

By Paul Moore



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