

Tales from the Break



Pete Grandy
Reporter

Our winter break is a time to let loose, procrastinate any work we planned on doing, and have a drinkie poo or two. Personally, I accomplished little to nothing all break and could not be more pleased. I did, however, have a chance to ask some fellow students if anything particularly exciting happened to them during the break. An astonishing number of them spewed out stories like a bulimic after an all you can eat curry buffet. I have picked a couple of my favorites and tweaked them slightly as the media so often does. Some of the people who put forth their entries would prefer to remain anonymous due to their explicit nature. So enjoy these yarns from the break.

Christmas shopping is only fun when you've got a gun.

By Laura C.

I was shopping for a few family members a week before Christmas. Every store in Charlottetown was busy as hell. My psychotic little brother wanted a bb gun and I couldn't seem to find one anywhere. I was ready to give up when I came across a store I hadn't tried. As I entered the store, I was given a malicious gaze from an old foreign woman, who was tending the cash register. I approached her and asked "Do you sell bb guns?". Terror overcame the old woman's eyes. She screeched something in her native tongue and her hands shot in the air. Almost in shock, I instinctively shook my hands in front of her signifying that I wasn't robbing her. She must have interpreted this differently because the next thing I knew, she had her dirty brown teeth sunk into my arm. I screamed bloody murder. A young man burst into the room and started yelling in the same foreign language that the old bitch blurted out an instant earlier. I retrieved my tooth indented arm, while the other two rambled on about what happened. "What did you say to my grandmother?" asked the young man. "I asked her if you sold bb guns!" I yelled at him, as my arm throbbed. "Oh, she thought you said, 'I have gun!' So sorry. Her English could be better." Furious I stood there as the young man explained the situation to his grandmother. They talked for a minute

or so and then he turned to me and said "No, we don't sell bb gun."

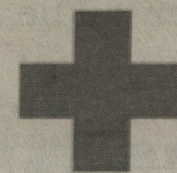
A Night to Forget

By L. B.

It was New Years Eve. My attitude was ambitious and my night was sure to be a blast. I knew if I played my cards right, I had a decent chance of getting down. I've been dating a girl for about a month now, whose name I'd rather not divulge. She wanted to wait for a special night before being deflowered and there isn't a night more special than the beginning of a whole new wonderful year. After waiting in line at the liquor store for an excruciating amount of time, I knew I shouldn't drink too much to ensure that I would be on my A game, if need be. Our night started off by having a few drinks at my friends house. My girlfriend was on the wine. She was looking pretty tipsy by the time we headed to the bar. When we reached the entrance and handed the bouncer our overpriced tickets, it took her a very long time to find her ID. I remember thinking, this is going to be easy. When the clock struck twelve, we made out like our ship was going down. At around two, my girlfriend asked "Do you want to go to your place?" Money in the bank. We left the bar bedward bound. About half way to my place, my girlfriend said "Hold on a sec, just give me a minute." as she bent over facing the snow. Fuck. It's OK, just a dizzy spell, nothing to worry about. For the next few minutes I looked into my lady friend's pale face. "Let's keep going" she murmured reaching out her hand, wanting help. I looped her arm around my neck and within a couple of steps I was covered in the last type of bodily fluid I was aiming for that evening. I brushed the wine and stomach acid-soaked sausage rolls off my coat and continued home. We were close to my place when she stated "You'd better call me a cab." "No, you can stay at my place." I said, still being half drunk and optimistic. "No, you don't understand, I have to be home soon." She said starting to tremble a little. "Don't be foolish, I can take you home in the morning." I argued. "NO! I... I have to go home now. It... it's my parents, you see I kinda lied about how old I am. I'm so sorry. I...I'm only fifteen, I'm sso sorry. I should have been honest with you. I hope this doesn't effect our relationship. I think we have something special."

Letter to the Editor

Tsunami, One Year Later



Canadian Red Cross Croix-Rouge canadienne

This has been an unprecedented year of natural disasters. Starting with the horrific impact of the tsunami in Southeast Asia, followed by hurricanes, storms, floods, and landslides, the year ends with the Red Cross assisting the survivors of the earthquake in India and Pakistan. The trend seems clear – natural disasters are on the increase, particularly among the poorest and least protected communities in the world.

The tsunami effort is the largest relief and recovery operation in modern history. Over 100 national Red Cross societies responded to the tsunami and 26 are actively engaged in long term recovery in the region. The Red Cross Movement established operations in 10 countries with more than 500 relief personnel supporting the recovery operation, providing over 1.7 million tsunami survivors with assistance.

Here in Canada, the Canadian Red Cross launched an appeal for assistance that was unprecedented in its scope. I am very proud of the way Atlantic Canadians responded with more than \$9 million in donations. Because of this support we have established successful tsunami relief and recovery projects in four countries. Over 70 Canadian Red Cross relief workers, including 9 Atlantic Canadians, have been sent to Indonesia, Sri Lanka, India, Somalia, and the Maldives to work in the areas of health, nursing, disaster preparedness, construction, engineering, water and sanitation, finance, and logistics.

In northern Sri Lanka, four of the five Canadians staffing the hospital in Killinochchi are from the Maritimes. Surgeon Dr. Robert Taylor from Moncton, New Brunswick, anaesthetist Dr. Julie Williams from Halifax, Nova Scotia, teaching nurse Lindsay Moore from Oxford, Nova Scotia, and operating theatre nurse Pauline Soucy from Lac St. Francois,

New Brunswick are treating families affected by the tsunami.

I have recently returned from a tour of the Canadian Red Cross operations in Indonesia. While there, I had the opportunity to visit a variety of our projects that are being funded by Canadian donations. It was an incredible experience and I am pleased to report that donations from Atlantic Canadians are providing much needed assistance. The Red Cross approach has been to actively engage the members of each community in the planning and implementation of rebuilding and rehabilitation projects. This approach has been well received by all communities.

We have estimated that the completion of permanent housing is still several years away. The Red Cross is expecting full recovery and rehabilitation in Asia could take up to a decade, and we are committed to working in the area for the duration of that time, while ensuring the most humane living conditions possible in transitional shelters and camps while survivors wait for their homes.

The Canadian Red Cross continues to respond to the daily emergency relief needs of tsunami survivors, as well as addressing long term recovery. Over \$200-million of Canadian donations have already been spent or committed to tsunami aid and recovery in affected areas. Thanks to the generosity of the people, businesses, organizations, and governments that gave to help those in need, tsunami-affected communities will be built back better.

Once again, I wish to extend a sincere thank you to everyone who supported the Canadian Red Cross this year. I wish each of you a peaceful and happy New Year.

John Byrne
General Manger
Canadian Red Cross, Atlantic