

Seat Sale

Vancouver, British Columbia

by Mike LECKY

I am sitting here, seven stories above downtown Vancouver in the clothes I have been wearing for the past four or five days. The windows are open-full allowing me to air out the stink and, occasionally, to pour bottles of water down into the street onto passing cars. You should see how the water breaks into tiny droplets about three stories before it hits the ground. No matter how much water you drop it will break into those drops about four floors down, and spread out like rain just before it hits the ground.

I am typing in between shots of vodka and stale Pepsi. The vodka was given to me by our next-door neighbour, Jimmy or Tony. Actually, I have no clue what his name is. He is old, and Kent tells me, Russian, and since I met him in the hallway twenty minutes ago he has offered me two joints and the vodka that I accepted, knowing full well that Back Home people that looked like this guy didn't drink actual liquor.

I have been boxed up here for days, reading mostly - Kent has a fine selection of HST books. On the off chance that I do leave, it is usually out of necessity. Quick trips to acquire food in order to sustain life; walking the shortest route to the eighty-five cent pizza place and then back upstairs to my lookout above the street to eat and pour things onto the people below.

Tonight is different though, as the bells of a nearby church carry loud across the street and down two blocks straight through my window as I type. Tonight I have been inspired by Tony's words, his philosophy on life that he shared with me, just

before I stomped his toe and slammed the door in his face.

"Do whatever you can get away with," he said, "while you're young. Because some day, what you think is important will be ... will be ... history."

Granted the man is high, drunk and wearing a purple jumpsuit, but did Gary Simmons of the Los Angeles Kings hockey franchise not once wear a purple uniform? (Years '76-'78) And was he not from my hometown of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island? If this isn't some sort of sign, some cosmic alliance, I don't know what is.

So it is with the Lord's bells ringing in my ears, and Tony's words in my heart that I dump my last bottle of water onto an elderly couple unloading luggage from their car and the last of my vodka onto their small rat-like dog and head for the door.

I spend a million years walking through the streets, up Granville and across the bridge, then down 8th for at least an hour, singing songs and trying not to look strange. Finally, after an hour of wandering I stumble upon a bar.

"Hi. Cover is six bucks tonight."

"What kind of music?"

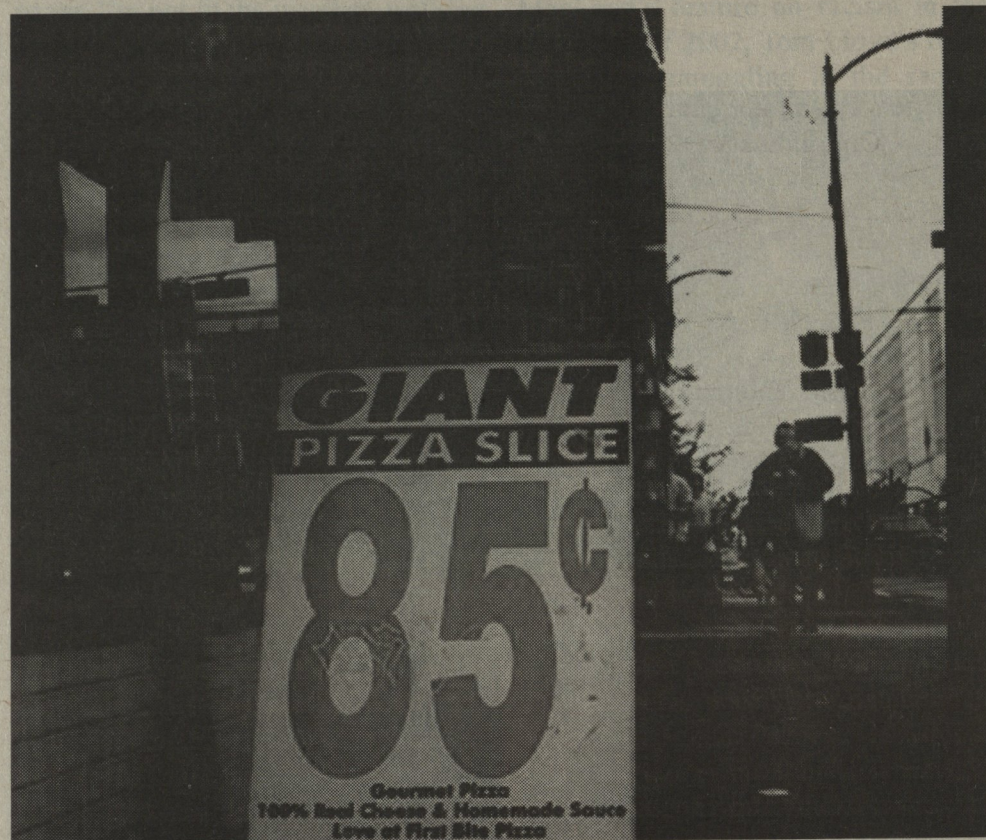
"Metal."

"As in like," I make the metal sign, wave it a few times and make a token nod with my head, "metal?"

"Yeah."

"All right."

And with that I step back out into the sweaty night walking back the way I had come, two hours walking, singing sad songs too loud for a residential neighbourhood.



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NOTICE

UPEI Rainbow Alliance (a place for GLBT students and their allies) will be holding their next meeting Thursday January 31st from 7:00 PM to 10:00 PM in the AVC Faculty Lounge. For more information, contact Brendan at theglitterangel@hotmail.com