

the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion to attend a high school festival and to hear the L.A. Master Chorale perform - American Patriotism at it's best!

After the concert, we boarded the bus once again and took off for Anaheim, where we checked into the Anaheim Desert Inn and Suites. After settling in, everyone did their own thing: swimming, Disneyland, a movie and a mall, or passing out! Some of us ended up hanging out at a mall called the Block where billions of teenagers seemed to converge regularly. We shopped around with those waiting to go see a late movie and visited various shops. One shop in particular caught our winner of the Ever-Kirky Award's attention, as it featured aqua lingerie, while the girls tried on princess dresses at another store. Then half of us went back to the hotel where a game of truth or dare got underway among a few members of the group. Some interesting dares took place: Andrew kissed Ed, Evan wrote a love poem to Brooke and Graham, Campbell wore nothing but a hand towel, and Glynis got some action. Thus ends another eventful bonding night for our experimental group.

Brooke "WHADDAYA MEAN I'M NOT INNOCENT" Angus
Becca "OH GO DOIN' YOURSELF" Lampford

Brooke was given the CHRISTMAS TREE award for being most decorated on tour (flowers, rings, etc...)

Becca was given the BOOZIE HAIR award for her ever fluffy hair, a distinct possibility of going psycho and killing everyone for calling her Becca-Doin Brrr, and her record drinking.

Day 8 - May 6th

Darryl: As per usual, I got up last in our room, being that I'm all hardcore and was at Disneyland the previous night. After getting somewhat of a summary of the whole Disneyland experience (I have Dan and Tristan to thank for that, good job boys) we decided that our good friend, Mr. Al Cohol, would definitely enhance the experience. So first on the agenda this morning was to build up my reserves of orange juice and vodka.

Graham: Having attended D. Land twice prior to this tour, I concurred with the others on the alcohol. Once this was attained our posse met the rest of the group at Pirates of the Caribbean Because of our world renowned fame, we were let right into the front of the line, and sang Mulligan's Musketeers in gratitude to our ever adoring fans. Then we went on the ride, which was fun, but the most significant part of the ride wasn't the spiffy animatronics, or the water fight between Darryl and Evan...

Darryl: Yeah Baby! (May 8th)

Graham: It was the dramatic charge Darryl went through over the course of the fifteen-minute ride...

Darryl: Yeah Baby!

Graham: He went in with a water bottle full of vodka and left eh ride with the same contents in his belly... "Get in Mai Bellai!"

Darryl: Wait, wait, I think I should recount this part of the day, since I don't remember much of the following hours. Singing "Mulligan's" in line was epic. Everyone was cheering and even the people in the boats finishing the ride were into it. And the water fight wasn't between Evan, and me it was the army boys stick all. (Sorry about that 'Becca, and whoever else was behind me.) Anyways, ya, it was kind of a potent mix of vodka and OJ

and all I can remember afterwards is trying to kill myself on the other rides and then collapsing in my bed at the hotel to have a nap. Did wonders for waiting in the lines at Disneyland though.

Graham: The stuff I mooched did wonders for my patience as well. Before the inevitable mid-day pass-out siesta there was another informal "Mulligan's" concert to the crowded riverboat on Tom Sawyer's Island, Splash Mountain, Lauren's "day eight" picture, and one of my personal favourites, the Teacup which I'm sure Darryl remembers something about.

Darryl: All right Gra, you're on crack. I don't know why you're handing this back to me because I don't remember anything that afternoon, besides of course the Teacup ride. Hm... getting on with Dan and G-Rob seemed like a good idea at the time. All right, I also remember waking up from my nap finding that I was sharing the bed with 'Becca and G-Love. Observing the room somewhat more I found that Spechtre and Ryan were sharing the other bed with Brooke (a much smaller portion of the bed was being shared mind you, but they seemed to be dealing with that well.)



Okay Dominator, don't give this back to me until we're on the Indiana Jones Ride.

Graham: After the "orgy" in our room with my roommates and Brook and 'Becca-doin, the girls went out to buy more booze while the rest of us guzzled beer and headed back to Space Mountain. Fortunately, everybody showed up at the right time and the ride rocked (Stunt Monkey was kicking it at the front). After that there was Indiana Jones, Matterhorn, Toon Town (lame ass), Fantasmic (which was more lame ass!) dancing and a carousel ride that Michael truly appreciated. Key points to be elaborated on were Darryl's Indiana Jones ride, Darryl's chivalrous attempts with 'Becca and a very cynical Jungle tour guide who was furry as hell (but maybe we were just drunk)

Darryl: Wow, that was a quick summary Gra, allow me to elaborate

for our readers. Fast Passes Rock!!! It's like a reservation to get on a ride, which we all had for Space Mountain. And Space Mountain was by far the best ride. Nine out of ten Stunt Monkeys agree. Then we went on the Indiana Jones ride. Upon getting on the ride my backpack was stuffed full and extremely heavy. Without thinking, I put it down by my feet. When our car hit the first turn (literally hit) the pack became an instant projectile nearly impaling poor Kimmy beside me. That sucked. I notified the authorities at the end of the ride and found that I would have to return in an hour and a half. So we all went on the Jungle Boat ride. It was hilarious. The tour guide's jokes made it one of the only "adult" rides. So the night progressed. We went swing dancing but the music was too slow, I got my bag back but had to wait a half hour for some snotty supervisor chick to bring it, and we went back on Space Mountain which totally rocked... again. There was also this really cool outdoor dance party going on that we all totally got down at. But we stayed too long and got crappy spots to watch the Fantasmic light show. Since it was hard to see, and since I'm dumb, I decided to be a pathetic guy and impress the ladies by putting 'Becca-Doin on my shoulders so she'd get a better look. I held her up there as long as I could. I know I'd pay for it in the morning, but maybe if I could just hold her... up... a bit... longer... POP... uh oh. I think it's time to put 'Becca-doin down. I put up a smile on my face to hide the immense pain I was in. After the light show, Graham and Ryan relieved the pain I was in and we told the rest of the group that we were splitting off to go to Space Mountain. We promptly went back to the hotel room where I put a hot towel on my back. After, Celia gave me a long back massage. Graham smiled and said, "ha, it's gotta be karma." I smiled back and thought instead to myself "gotta love Celia."

Graham: Once back at the hotel we found that the others had used our room as a public drinking area (which was fire). We joined in the festivities under the influence of Jon, or maybe Jon was under the influence, who can say. Some Saturday Night Live was watched and then most went to bed... most... Gotta love days in Disneyland.

Darryl "MASTER OF HIS MONKEY" Neville

Graham "EWE BAAA-D" Robinson

Darryl was given the BUSKING award, because if you put that guy and his monkey on a street corner, they could rake in the loot. Graham was given the RAPIST award for his fondness for sheep and his Sean Connery accent, "Suck it Trebek!" His ideal date would be sheered and covered in prawns.

Day 9 - May 7th

On this day, we drove into Tijuana, but decided it was much too Mexican to get out, so we decided to be real Americans and continued on to the safety and comfort of the beautiful Estero Beach Resort and swam, lay in the hot tub and drank from the pool bar.

Day 10 - Ocho de Mayo

Yay Mexico! This is our full day in Mexico. We got to sleep in this



morning; we didn't have to be on the bus until 11am. Those who wanted to took the bus into Erseraga for a little shoppy-shoppy. It was super wacky! We were dropped off near the giant heads of great leaders of Mexico and the "big ass" flag. Kim and I walked through a fish market (in our saris - something slimy got in Kim's) and saw veritable mountains of fish (as allusion for all you kids in the Hall fairs). We then walked back up to where the shops were. Holy Mar! There was so much fish paraphernalia I thought I would go loopy! There were shirts with fish on them, there were colourful fish to hang on your wall, there were there were fish that just sat there and looked cute, there were fish on mobiles and fish on shot glasses.

Now, I don't know if everybody is clear on this topic so allow me to slightly elaborate and clarify: I LOVE FISHES. I collect things with fish or them or pictures of fish or things in the shape of fish etc. Why, you ask? I don't really know. I could blame it on being a piece. There is a feeling or something that I get from water and fish that I can't quite put into words. They make me happy; and I can guarantee if anyone comes to my home, when I grow up and get my own, there will be fish stuff everywhere, in good taste of course. Okay, I apologize for the digression; if anyone needs further information about my obsession they can call me at home.

Where was I? Oh yeah, fish (sigh) Kim and I walked down what looked like a promising street and ended up seeing most of the rest of the group coming from the other direction as we had started farther down due to the fish market we visited. We bought some presents and souvenirs which neither of us could afford and then walked back to the bus hoping that Lloya would be there but seeing as we were about forty-five minutes early he wasn't. We lay on the grass close to the giant heads for a while, being periodically harassed by a man who wanted to take our picture. After about half an hour, we decided to go and try to find some limes for our tequila that we were planning to drink that night. We walked up to a liquor store thinking that they might have the fixin's as well as the drink. We asked if the employees spoke English - they didn't. It is hard to explain "lime" to someone. Our efforts went something like this:

Me: "Lime? Do you have limes?" Him: Blank stare Me: "Lemon? Lime? (Gesture)" Him: ar "I'm sorry, but I have no clue what you are trying to say to me" look and a shrug Me: "like with tequila?" Him: "tequila?" (Points at bottles of tequila) Me: "No, (gesture of taking a shot of tequila and then eating a slice of lime) lime!"

At this point, an older British couple came in to the store. Kim and I asked if they knew the word for lime in Spanish. They didn't but they tried asking again for us. We gave up and looked around the store. Another Mexican man then came in and partook in the charade (he didn't speak English either). We were laughing at this point and were ready to say forget it when the new comer pulled two limes out of his bag and handed them to the Englishman who turned and handed them to me. This "lime man" then pulled four or five more out and handed them to me. We thought: "cool, limes!" The lime man then left. Little did Kim and I know, but we were about to make possibly one of the best value-for-money purchases of the entire tour (at least for me). I bought a litre of white sugar cane rum for \$1.60 and a smaller bottle of Mezcal for seventy-seven cents.

After this we walked back to the bus, as it was time to leave. Everyone showing off his or her finds to others (like their litres of rum for a dollar sixty). We arrived back at the resort much in need of a rest by the pool; buying lots of cheap alcohol tuckers are out. We met back up with the people who hadn't come into town but had instead opted to spend the entire day lounging in the sun. This plan seemed to have been better suited to some more than others (I may be alluding to Mr. ro-tar Yee and blister-boy Rowlett).

After supper (for which some people went back into town and some stayed at the resort), there was a grand old time had of drinking in Mexico. There were crunker games of "set" and games of "fuck-up" and when Bruce finally told us to shut up, there were hours and hours (I can't believe how many hours) spent naked in the hot tub. It was great fun! Like the night before, the phosphorescence were vibrant in the water. They were amazing! I hope that everyone saw them. Anyway, the last of us went to bed around four in the morning (I think we were the last); Kim and I were cold and drunk when we stumbled in to our dark room filled with sleeping roommates. I was also wet. It was oh so very hard to get our parts or that right. Mind you, in retrospect, it really shouldn't have mattered. As a wise woman once observed: it feels much better with your parts off!

This is Celia "CAN'T GET MY PANTS ON" Brown, signing off.

Day 10 - version 2:

Waking at the crack of eleven to bus it into town from our beautiful beach resort, the Primates unloaded and separated into groups to explore Erseraga. While a true bazaar was not to be found, there were enough rummage shops, street vendors, and tourist traps to appease all but the most seasoned junk collectors. People found cyber cafes (4.21 baby!!!) and checked email, and many, many people took on the near-impossible task of finding the cheapest possible alcohol they could (but of course, no mirrors bought alcohol and none were ever drunk in public). Finding good Mexican food was no problem. Throw a rock and you would hit a rickety cart shucking shellfish on the street, or some rummage hole-in-the-ground, chopping chicken and "beef" or the same wooser block (which probably hasn't been washed since it was purchased) which invariably sold excellent taco's etc... at inflated-for-the-gringo's-but-still-airt-cheap prices. (Mortal Note: don't buy food from someone you just threw a rock at.)

The late afternoon was used constructively to lounge around by

the ocean, splash around in the pool, relax around in one of the hot tubs, or escape the sun's rays in the coolness of the hotel rooms. At seven, the bus departed with about half the choir to go into town to eat, while the rest remained behind, most of whom found their meal in the area around the resort. After dinner, a greatly modified version of three-man started up and a portion of the alcohol purchased that day perished in the everlasting struggle against sobriety. Somehow many of us made it into the hot tub, but "whoops," we forgot our clothes...

Tristan "SWEET CHEEKS" Carl

Tristan was given the TOUR AMBASSADOR award for attracting the most aggressive Cyber Freak in San Francisco.

Day 11 - May 9th

Well, I'll start at midnight because that's when days start. A large contingent of primates had formed up in the room of Tristan, Daniel, Phil, and Michael and had been playing (of all things) a drinking game. Apparently we were depriving Bruce of sleep so he came down from the room above and shuffled us out of the room. We then headed for the swimming pool for a night swim. Then the clothes started flying. We ended having thirteen people naked in the pool and hot tub (with the photos to prove it). After a while the hot tub began to get somewhat less than hot. At this point Ryan the Bastard decided to steal everyone's clothes and run around with them for a while. Michael very gallantly chased after the clothing in the windy weather (so to speak). Eventually the garments were returned and I decided it was time to leave the party. I got cleared up and dressed and decided to check out this "glowing wave" deal.



When I got out to the point I witnessed one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen. The breakers far out from shore were glowing blue as though in strong moonlight. Also, by the shore were many lights flickering in the depth of the water. It took quite a lot of willpower to walk away from such a magical scene.

The morning came quickly and we made our departure. We stopped for lunch in downtown Erseraga where I burned out my taste buds yet

again. We drove out of town on a gorgeous day.

The travel to the border was magnificent... Unfortunately the travel through the border wasn't. I have no idea how I managed to carry all those bags through customs; but somehow, I made it.

We got to San Diego with little fanfare. We shopped a little but boy were we in for a surprise at dinner. The San Diego Youth Choir was hosting that meal for us and the singers went all out (well, at least a little out.) We were fed HUGE subs along with chips and the best strawberries I've had in this country. After dinner we did the singing exchange and it was nice to hear the work they had done.

After the concert we drove to our inn at Anaheim where some of us watched movies, some of us went swimming, and some of us went to the hospital. Darryl's scare with food poisoning had us all worried but happily, he lived to pet his monkey another day and we all managed to spend another night without getting kicked out of our motel.

Sara "EVER KIMKY" Quist

Sara was given the EXHIBITIONIST award for being the tour kinky Rambo, armed with a video camera, bondage tape, and three vibrators.

Day 12 - May 10th

Welcome to my impossibly insane day, including being arrested at Morey Mart, playing "Name that Crop," and yep... screaming Evan's name in the middle of the night.

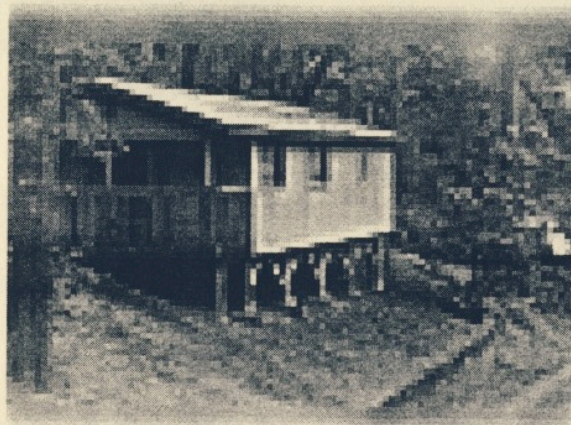
Yep. I admit that it's true, but it is so not what I hope you're not thinking. Well, let's see the day began in Anaheim at Abby's Anaheim Inn. Nothing monumental this morning, except Darryl's food poisoning and the boys meeting "His Holiness" whatever that meant.

The ride was quiet and us kids were able to agree on watching Star Wars Empire Strikes Back. Michael, Lauren and I soon became bored, and seeing as a game of Set was out of the question, we invented "Name that Crop." Seeing as we were headed to Fresno, the agricultural centre of the world, it was appropriate. The trash crop, miniature horses, rusty poles, and most importantly the yokel and grass stain crops. We concluded that the grass stain crops were yellow due to aging and fermentation. Then we went for lunch at Food-4-Less, which I have to admit, was a sure highlight of my day.

In less than one hour I was literally booked at Morey Mart. My crime? Attempt to disturb a rural place by cashing a Traveller's Cheque. However, I found out my thumb print is cool and I'm sure my mug shot turned out really well. I guess this is what happens when you're from a sane REAL country like Canada.

Then we arrived at the Yosemite Bug Hostel in Mia Pires. Now, I couldn't tell you if that was the name of the town or named so because the hostel was literally placed between trees that could have been pine trees. Oh! I'm so smart. S. M. RRRRR. T This was the best hostel, and they even had good vegetarian food. After dinner we had an impromptu concert at the campfire. Besides our unique key changes and it being cold, it went really well. The evening involved watermelon augmentation, Star Wars Episode One, strange dreams, and Monopoly wars. Tomorrow we head to the park for some hiking. Let's not say anything about the rest of the night, k? Michelle "COMING HOME WITH AN EXTRA HOLE IN HER" CaleMichelle was given the IMPRESSIONIST award for making the best animal noises in her sleep.

Day 13 - May 11th



Our cabin of chicas, El Capitain arose giggling about the event of the past night - cries from a certain bunk: "Evan! Evan!" which indicated nothing more than an interesting dream. As expected, Sara was the last to crawl out from under her covers. She missed our limbering-up stretch session lead by Amy, whose excitement about our day ahead spread rapidly throughout the cabin. So, after coughing up half of our lungs, chowing down a delicious Yosemite Bug Buffet Breakie, and applying copious amounts of sunscreen, we all clambered on the bus.

Priority one seemed to be lunch making, so Lauren assigned me the title of "mom" and I set to work creating five masterpiece sandwiches. Dijon Mustard, Mayo and cheese flew threw the bus. Buns were cut. Orders were taken, and at the end of the 'wich frenzy, crumbs sprinkled Lloyd's lovely '70's decor plush bus seats and mustard decorated my overalls.

For the next hour we waited on our stinky bus through slow traffic. It was however worthwhile - the expanse of cliffs stripped with basalt rock and spotted with sequoias, giant redwoods, and a "plethora of pines" provided an exquisite vista until we reached our first destination, Bridal Veil Falls. Here we remembered that yes, it's cold in them thar mountains. Warmer clothes were donned. On our stroll through the reeds Lloyd spotted a Stellar's Jay, while I spied out some tourists from Florida. They informed us of the varying levels of the Yosemite Falls.

At the Tourist Information Centre we determined that the best route for our group was to hike to the Vernal Falls Footbridge and back. So we hopped on the free Shuttle past Curry village to Stop #16: Mist Trail. Since we are all spry, young chickens like Bruce, it only took us about twenty-five minutes to reach the bridge... and so we continued on and up. The increasing mist density matched the increasing altitude; as each one of us ascended further up the 1,000 foot 631 step hike, the free shower from the gushing Vernal Falls soaked through more and more layers of clothing. Smart backpackers (none were primates) wore rain smocks or garbage bags. I felt refreshed. The power and beauty of plummeting water distracted me from thinking about my wet underwear.

At the top of Vernal Falls, we relaxed and ate lunch (masterpiece buns) in the sun. More Stellar's Jays boldly flitted around. Squirrels scurried over the sun-baked rocks. Our time at this Vernal Peak came to an end

when we realized we were left with half an hour to trek back down and catch the shuttle to our bus. The descent was a treat in comparison.

After an interesting bus ride chatting with Julia (a hitchhiking hippie who had evidently dropped a lot of acid and met Jimmi Hendrix) we arrived back at our Hostel. It was time to cool down. Amy, Celia, Bruce, Bekka-doin, Brooke, Darryl, and I tromped down Horset Nest Trail and across the riverbed to a secret waterfall fed pool. Bruce wore briefs. Naturally, Darryl felt the need to one-up him and sported no more than his birthday suit. After jumping in and immediately out of the water, I discovered how slippery wet rocks can really be and how much it can hurt when one's ass comes in sudden contact with these rocks. I spent dinner on ice, and when I wasn't I was close behind B-doin on our way to El Capitain for a bottle refill of cheap blush Chablis. Becca drank cheap red, that win!

At 8:30 the real festivities began with rousing verses of "I love my rooster..." or monkey or whatever, strummed along by Bruce. More drinks and the famous tour awards followed! It was amusing, entertaining and much of it now remains a blur of laughs. There were many cheers, songs and teases, but most of all, reasons to toast and drink! I must commend Lauren and Jon for their time well spent in putting together a wonderful evening filled with memories of us all. Thanks so much guys. Sniff.

From here, the evening continues to dissolve in my mind. I do apologize to those die-hard Star Wars fans that were disturbed by my loud (and explicit) conversation with B-doin. And I appreciated seeing Campbell in full costume; I think it would be entertainment for us all to see him run in those pants... Frankenfurter??? Around midnight I found myself and Celia, G-love, Kim, Ryan and Becca all stumbling through the bushes in the pitch-black night. I'm still surprised we found the campfire. The Yosemite Bug Hostel Chef, Keith, had sparked up a cheery blaze by the river and had Korn and Prodigy going on his boom box. Andrew, Amy, Keith and I were the last to say goodnight to the bright stars dancing around the moon... we stumbled back and with the help of Keith's key ring, we able to enter the usually "off limits" kitchen to prepare a midnight snack. After cleaning up and thanking Keith we decided it was time to pass out. And we did.

And Ryan got his Kahlua bottle.

Heather "WHEN SHE NEEDS TO PEE, SHE NEEDS TO PEE" Lidkea

Heather was given the TRANCE PEE award for her classy move of peeing in line at the Indiana Jones ride in Disneyland.

Day 14 - May 12th

Today we left Yosemite National Park after staying there Wednesday and Thursday at the Bug Hostel. The park itself was full of natural splendour and beauty, providing many great photo-ops as well as hiking and swimming. The hostel was equally wonderful and will be returned to by all, I'm sure.

Most of Friday however, was spent on the road travelling from Yosemite to Sacramento for the evening's concert at St. Ignatius Church. After the long, winding drive out of Yosemite, we stopped in Lodi, California for lunch - famous to CCR fans such as Darryl and myself (and Lloyd). We headed out once again after lunch and mandatory frosties at Wendy's and arrived in Sacramento late in the afternoon. As we had some time before our concert, we visited a Sacramento mall for shopping and exploration, where Bruce finally found a stuffed horse for Connie. We then proceeded

to the church, where we rehearsed and were given a delicious supper before performing.

The Sacramento Youth Choirs with which we performed were extremely talented and accomplished for a group of their age. It was a pleasure to work with them and their Director, Lynn Stevens. Our performance went very well and was received generously by the audience, especially the last massed choir selection, "Hymn to Freedom." This was a great place to have our final concert, and was a resounding success when all was said and done. That night, it was off to our billets and prepare for the next day's trip back to our jumping point, Medford Oregon. Now we could all relax, our concerts were over.

Phil "ALMOST LEFT THAT ATOMIC SWORD IN VICTORIA" O'Reilly

Phil was given the SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW award for putting up with the fact that TODD thought he was gay for two years, then told everyone.

Day 15 - May 13th

A dense lethargy enervated the bus dwellers into a semi sleep. A mass group finger of endearment lifted Scambler to wing to Bangkok. This first sign of motion in the ostensibly static group betrayed the ephemeral nature of the morning's sloth. Activity exponentiated upon the sight of snow outside Crater Lake, a park that proved financially and visually impenetrable. Undeterred by the foggy obfuscation of the park, the group found great joys buried in the fresh snow bank: the men grabbed their balls when beset upon by the women while Gurrer Fabri fired mortar shells at the bus. With the return to Medford one was forced to realize that every member was now ten inches closer and that primates are satisfied to spend the trip finale in a mass orgy of television and vodka.

Campbell "WE ARE BEHIND HIM ALL THE WAY" Orr

Campbell was given the HEALTHY PSYCHO PSYCHIATRIST award for wearing nothing but a hand towel with a big mirror behind him, and playing the quickest game of psychiatrist in the history of bad French accents.

Tour Quotes: NONE! Either I can't remember because I'm tired or no one said anything remotely funny yesterday.

Notable Events:.....1. Clambering out of the bus in the snow in our shorts and having a giant snowball fight (we can have fun anywhere - Lompoc, Medford, even the side of the road).....2. Showing our appreciation with a one-finger salute to Andrew on his departure, to nature for revealing a breathtaking view of a lake, and the sight of fellow choristers across the intersection in Medford (to the displeasure of the drivers!). We have spent so much time in an isolated group that we've come up with distinct forms of communication.

My Tired Musings: As we approached Motel 6 in Medford for the second time, it occurred to me how much we had all changed over our time together. On that first night in Medford we knew each other's names and the pieces we would sing together, but not much more. By our second stay in Medford we had learned most of that, all of us had our best friends, and

even what most of us look like naked. The feeling in the evening seemed to be, as Evan said, "Let's get shit-faced tonight," to celebrate our last full day together mixed with weariness. As Tristan says, "Most of us are wearing our going home shoes."

Glynis "COME ON, FUCKER UP" Verkulst

Glynis was given the HOT LIPS award for being lucky number three in our spin the bottle game in Lompoc, where she kissed about six people! GO GLYNIS!



Day 16 - May 14th

It's around 7:30 in the morning now. We've been on the road for almost an hour. The bus is relatively quiet. It's the last day and we're all used to the travel. Most people are asleep, draped over one another. Ryan and Erin have their heads propped up on one another; Kim and Felipe are draped over each other fast asleep in the back row. My Graval is kicking in - I hear Jon falling under as well - and I sleep, listening to Nina Simone.

I wake a few hours later. The bus is still quiet but action is beginning. A bit of boredom is palpable, but we reach for ways to amuse ourselves. Shocks of shocks, a few beers are cracked open. I sit, listening to

the activity. Tour excitement is still present but you can sense the end arriving. Andrew's spirit is noticeably absent near the front of the bus. I am so used to seeing Amy, Heather, and Andrew together, a missing part of that trinity is a shock. Laura comes to visit and keep me company in my Graval-induced state, and we talk softly surrounded by the people who have made this tour so wonderfully enjoyable.

Lunchtime now. The trip is half over. A majority of us wander over to Wendy's for the traditional Frosty dairy deserts. Mine eases my sore throat, and we go back to the bus, sitting under a shady tree in the middle of a mall parking lot. The vodka-flavoured watermelon has been lost. It's a shame.

After lunch, we watch the Princess Bride, the way a movie should be watched; in an enclosed space with half the people speaking the lines along with the film. The energy, the enjoyment this group takes in one another is overwhelming. We cross the border and arrive at the ferries.

The end of the tour is obvious now; already enhanced by Andrew's absence, the parting with Jon intensifies the feeling. All of us stand outside the bus with Jon for as long as possible. We have a final group picture taken outside the bus and then we maul Jon in a huge group hug. Evan envelops our profound artist of a pianist - I hope it was a hug for the scarcity and safety of Jon's leg. A few tears begin to fall. The mixed emotions coming with the end of tour is ever present. The joy of coming home, of spending time in your own bed are confronted with a feeling of loss, of parting with this group which has surrounded your life for the past two weeks, a group which has created such an atmosphere of enjoyment, safety, creativity and love so as to create an experience to be forever remembered.

I wander up to the front of the ferry, sitting next to Amy and staring at home. Maybe it's my poetic soul (more likely, it's my Graval wearing off) but the journey is easier to end when you see your home floating towards you, it's beautiful forests and it's sailboats floating on sun-sparkling water. Sixteen days of our lives are finished, but the memories, the photos, even these journal entries will last us forever. My ending is a little maudlin, I know but I think of all the experiences of our lives, this tour deserves a little sentimentality. So, please, everyone give the tour the finger.

Todd "ALOE BOY" Rawlott

Todd was given the NEW GRAVOL CHAMPION award for out doing Jon's Graval record. He also got an Honourable mention for being the gayest straight guy to ever thing a straight guy was gay.

SPECIAL AWARDS:

KIM WAS GIVEN THE FETAL POSITION AWARD FOR SLEEPING EVERY SINGLE TIME WE HIT THE BUS.

SPECIAL THANKS GO TO **RYAN** "OUR VERY OWN CYBER FREAK" KELLN FOR SENDING IN SOME ORIGINAL ARTWORK FOR THE TOUR DIARY. **RYAN** WAS GIVEN THE WHAT THE HELL IS THAT? AWARD FOR HIS CLOTHING STEALING PERSONALITY WHICH CAME OUT FROM BEHIND HIS MILD MANNERS EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE.

MICHAEL WAS GIVEN THE STAY TRUE TO YOUR DO AWARD FOR HIS WONDERFUL CHICKEN HAIR, WHICH HE DECIDED TO SHAVE OFF AN HOUR BEFORE THE TOUR AWARDS! EVIL!

SPECIAL THANKS ALSO GO TO **MICHAEL** "GRUMPY QUEEN" JOYCE FOR GETTING ALL THE ENTRIES WRITTEN AND TYPING THEM OUT FOR **BRUCE** WHO THEN MADE THIS BOOKLET AND TOOK ALL THE GLORY....

GRAHAM "MOST ORGANIZED DISORGANIZED LEADER" SPECHT. **GRAHAM** WAS GIVEN THE I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA, WHY DON'T I FLASH YOU A SMILE AND YOU COME TO MY LOVE SHACK AWARD FOR HIS PEARLY WHITE SMILE.

MICHELLE "THE MANIAC" DEVUYST WAS GIVEN THE ENERGIZER BUNNY AWARD FOR SPENDING SEVENTEEN STRAIGHT HOURS AT DISNEYLAND, WITHOUT A BREAK.

SPECIAL THANKS GO TO **LLOYD** "THE FEARLESS DRIVER," OUR MASTER OF THE BUS. **LLOYD** WAS GIVEN THE OBI WAN KENOBI AWARD FOR USING THE FORCE TO HELP US SEE MEXICO AND THE US. HE CAN SQUEEZE ANYTHING INTO A TIGHT SPACE OR THROUGH A RED LIGHT.

EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS GO TO **BRUCE** "LIKES TO SHARE" MORE. **BRUCE** WAS GIVEN THE FONDED AWARD, FOR SHARING WAY TOO MUCH INFORMATION THE SAME EVENING HE WAS FELT UP BY CELIA. NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE WITHOUT HIM. THANKS **BRUCE**!

Ode to Wee G

There was a bonnie Scottish lad - Robinson by name
And though by day he loved the girls, By night he loved the game.
By game, I mean not caber-toss, Nor cards nor dice nor darts;
I mean he loved the little lambs With all his bleatin' heart.

So every night this Robinson Would hop across the fence
And spend the wee hours chasing tail - In the literal sense.
He'd catch a fat and woolly ewe And shear off all her fur,
Then dance a lilt and lift his kilt And have his way with her.

He cared not what disease he caught Nor what his friends would think,
He didn't mind the bleating And he didn't mind the stink
For he'd rather have a lamb to love Than have her for a snack.
And when sheep saw his love for them, They learned to love him back.

The other lads, they shunned this boy; They'd tease and criticize;
They said the evil sheep had pulled The wool over his eyes.
Young Robinson looked sheepish Yet he felt to shame that day.
He said, "I'd never hurt my sheep Nor lead their hearts astray,

And more than any other here Have I been good and true...
I mean it more than any man When I say 'I love ewe!'"

- Erin Carson - Tour poet Laureate

