

Evan – April 27th

Wow! That is all there is to say. I am like a child once again, experiencing new “firsts”. Like many of my vocal compadres, today is my first intercontinental flight; my first time off North American Soil; and my first time receiving socks, headphones, and beer at the same time. I think, as I write this, that I am somewhere between the Northern tip of Vancouver Island and the Queen Charlotte Islands. The flight has been great so far; I just finished alcoholic beverage #1. Too bad there is such a long period of prohibition between servings. I’m definitely ordering the Stir-Fried Beef with Sa Cha sauce... what is Sa Cha Sauce? Ooo... there are some awesome clouds down there (I sure feel like a god being able to say that). The clouds resemble wave after wave of cavalry preparing for an assault on the Coastal Mountain Range, but they are probably 15,000 ft. below me... how high am I!?!?

Well, I just finished 3 glasses of wine and writing is becoming difficult. The trip is progressing nicely. So much for that Molson Canadian; I gave him a good home. Hmm, the stewardess seems to be avoiding me... I guess this airline doesn’t like Canadians – we drink too much. Hey cool! I just discovered the stewardess help button. The prospect of someone bringing refreshments at the touch of a button makes me not care when we arrive.

I think I have been cut off from the beer tray... curses! Well, we’re now over Hokkaido, the northern island of Japan. Is this real? Still another 4 ½ hours YEESH!

I have come to the conclusion that I have definitely been cut off by the stewardess’s. They haven’t stopped by to see if I require some sweet amber poison in over an hour. I have needs too (sniff). Oh man, do I ever love this in-flight countries-of-the-world hangman game; Sorry to bother you Nina. Wow, Johnny has great taste in techno music.

I guess this is day 2; it is pretty much the same day as yesterday... I mean tomorrow is today... uh... anyway, I can’t believe we are still on the same airplane. Japan is behind us now. What an industrialized country! Every possible piece of flat land was developed. I can’t wait for Hong Kong, but in the mean time, I can’t wait for my miniature airplane dinner. What the heck is bologna konji? Oh well, better give it a shot, I’m not half way around the globe to eat spaghetti.

$T - 4800 = 0$ .  $T$  = Remaining flight time in seconds. Therefore we are 90% there. I’m writing in pencil now because my pen just exploded all over the plane wall, right over Johnny’s sleeping head (I won’t tell if you don’t). Luckily I have the disposable blanket as a makeshift mop.

The cloud structures are definitely different from those in BC. The ones here resemble cotton mostly. But right now there is a cloud unlike any I have ever seen. It sticks out in the sea of cotton balls like a glacier; in fact, that is what I first mistook it as. Hey! These clouds look like moldy cauliflower... there is now way I would not believe clouds to be solid if I did not know better – what a view!

Holy Jumping Jehosifats! How bored am I talking about clouds! By the way – who are the Jehosifats and why are they always jumping?

YEHAW! HOME STRETCH! We are now starting the decent. What adventures await us? The journey is only beginning. To uncertainty and beyond! I mean infidelity... uhhh – hey look! It’s HONG KONG!

Lucas April 30

Being Johnny Popoff

In the wee hours on the morning of April 30th, I was exploring the back hallways of the Stanford Hillview Hotel in Kowloon. At the end of one especially long, narrow hallway, I came across a door about three feet tall behind a filing cabinet. A sudden desire came over me to find out what was through that door. Eventually, my imagination got the better of me and I crawled through the small opening. After crawling a few meters, a strange feeling came over me and I was swept into a kind of portal. In seconds, I found myself trapped in an unfamiliar body. I was lying in a small bed, and I had a terrible headache. In my attempt to sit up, the strange body suddenly rolled off the bed and onto the floor. Although I felt as if I was in control of this body, it would often do and say strange things, independent from my will. I decided the best thing to do was to go back to sleep, and see what the morning would bring.

I woke up with a start. A flood of strange memories came. I saw images of the night-life of Hong Kong, about eight or nine Hinekins, and a rowdy group of American sailors. Then, my thoughts turned to hockey and the loaf of garlic bread in my backpack. I found that the strange body I had tried to move in earlier had become more comfortable. I could walk, talk, and think without too much struggle. However, I found that my speech was not reliable and I would blurt out inappropriate statements often.

I began discussing the events that my memory was being fed with my roommates. I told them “You have got to go to Hong Kong; there’s like red light districts, and back-ass alleys with strip clubs door to door to door.” I also told them about my experiences with the sailors. “I was having an argument about communism with some 19 year old S.S. somthin.” I related that “the sailors were all brainwashed--I’d like to wash their brains.” Also, “There was this German guy in the Irish pub and I was on about my third Hinekin. Anyway, I didn’t know how to talk to him so I just said ‘Tanzen und Springen.’” Then I began to pontificate on the subject of alcohol: “I love Hinekin. It’s not that it’s green

beer or that it comes in a green bottle, it's just good beer." Then I spouted off about avoiding the post-drink puke: "I knew I could do it. I just need to stick to my commitment to no hard alcohol--unless I get back to mother Russia. Then I'll get some sweet village moonshine." Then, it hit me; the love of green, the connection with Russia--my consciousness was inhabiting the body of the infamous Johnny Popoff! Suddenly Johnny turned my thoughts to hockey and I found myself saying "How can I be so entranced by a little black disk?"

My roommates seemed to be trying to divert my attention to going for a run, but Johnny again pulled my thoughts around his roller-coaster of randomness. Now I thought again of the garlic bread in my backpack. How was I going to toast my garlic bread before consumption? I thought about taking it to the kitchen and asking them to toast it. Then, Johnny gave me a better idea. Next thing I knew I was up on the roof looking for a warm place in the sun for my garlicky toasty treat. After a refreshing run along the waterfront. I went back up to the roof to check on my breakfast. To my dismay, Johnny had ruined my place in the sun by sitting the garlic bread directly on an air conditioning vent.

A short time later, I found myself on a crowded bus, headed for the Canadian International School in Aberdeen. Shortly after arriving we were all provided with free internet service, so I sat down and began to write to my parents. The Johnny side remained fairly calm through this period. The first noticeable outburst was singing Bruce's favorite warm-up to the words - Johnny, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny NO! The concert, luckily, proceeded without a hitch. Afterwards we all gathered for lunch and some basketball. It was then that the Johnny influence, which had remained fairly dormant, erupted all at once. I began making the most oddball statements I had ever heard myself say.

My lunchtime conversation consisted of comments of the following nature: "My shit always looks like a penis." or "I hope they give *me* the body cavity search." and then "Do they condone drug use in the military?" The insanity concluded with a question I found myself asking during the basketball game: "Would anyone mind if I take off my pants right now?"

That was the tip of the iceberg. I made a pact with myself that I would not utter a word for as long as I could possibly hold out. Perhaps this could save some of the embarrassment on my part. So, I shut my mouth and we drove back to the hotel. I remained silent for hours. Even through an entire trip to a local swimming pool. Then, finally, at the advent of the fourth hour of silence, I found myself lying in the ditch of a new jersey turnpike, with my own physical self restored.

Deborah Addison May 1st 2002

Free day in Hong Kong

Eat at Rainbow's Seafood restaurant! (Also called Winstar.) Rainbow's is a wonderful place. The food is magnificent, the service exceptional and it is one place in Hong Kong that will go out of its way to be helpful. The reason for my endorsement will become clear shortly.

As journals generally do, I will start at the beginning. Today began with a choice: Lamma Island (beaches, stores and a hike) or giant Buddha (Very cool). We opted for Lamma for financial and time reasons. We headed straight to the beach and enjoyed glorious sunshine and hot weather. Man people swam and sun-tanned (though I understand some were a little overdone by the end.) We waded and relaxed in the shade.

The hike across the island was also a big success. Bright, sunny (ok, hot) it was still fun. On the other side we stopped for lunch (mostly because we had just missed the ferry and had to wait anyway. Guess where we ate...Rainbow's! Firstly, let's look at lucky event #1: Jamie and Campbell had already bought ferry tickets, so they went to refund them but discovered Jamie's ticket had escaped! It was nowhere to be found so she headed sadly back to the restaurant when, suddenly, she spotted it! It had made a daring leap from her pocket, but had not gotten far. She retrieved it from where it had fallen, and saved \$15 Hong Kong.

The food, as mentioned above, was delicious and as we paid, we were informed of lucky event #2: a free ferry ride! Rainbow has a private ferry, complimentary to patrons. We rode back to Hong Kong for free.

About half way back (still on the boat), something suddenly dawned on me. "Rachel," I asked, "do you have the backpack?" From her expression, it was clear she did not. Oops! It was still at the restaurant! Granted, it was mostly empty; we had money and passports on us, Diskman and Walkman were at the hotel and Rachel had the camera. Still, I had to get it back so I went and spoke with a crew member. It was then that I became painfully aware of the language barrier.

He seemed to understand what had happened, and called to what I presumed was the restaurant. I gathered from that that they had the bag. He told me, though I understood only bits, to get off at the docks and wait for the next ferry (5:30). So I prepared to return to Lamma alone, in order to save people ferry fare if the trip was not complimentary. The rest of the group agreed to see me onto the ferry, then return to the hotel.

It seemed to take forever for the ferry to arrive. I was worried I had misunderstood the man and had lost Rachel's

bag. It didn't help that the 5:30 ferry was late. When it finally arrived, before letting of the passengers, a man stepped out, holding the forgotten bag! Lucky event #3, and thank goodness! Thank you Rainbow's!

Tonight we (a group of 4 or so) went to the night market where I discovered you can barter by accident, simply by considering if you want an item. Think about it for a moment and watch how they drop the price! I think that is all for today.

Jen Ruffell May 2

Performance at Union Church

Such a relaxing day! Deborah Rachel and I woke up as late as we could manage to sleep in for, lazed around, showed, had a breakfast of garlic buns (mmm...fresh garlic buns) and apples and then headed off in search of tea.

My packing skills were put to the test as we crammed three shirts, three skirts, three pairs of shoes, three more shirts and three sets of music into my backpack. ?????!

After a long, hot walk, we found some tea. Actually, it was quite interesting as the man made us sample mini cups right in front of us in a way I'd never seen tea made before, *very* hot however.

We then went to Kowloon park. There tends to be random chunks of park in the middle of the city. It's strange (but nice) to look up past the treeline to see skyscrapers. It's a gorgeous park, however. There's a swimming pool complex, numerous fountains, a bird aviary, statues, gondolas and lots and lots of foliage. We spent three or four hours there, just sitting in the shade of various things and talking. At one point I walked under a sprinkler (on purpose!) and I think I terrified people. Oh well.

We had McDonalds for our mid-afternoon meal. Tasted just like home, but they have honeydew milkshakes and twisty cones with green apple, cappuccino or grape flavouring. I also learned Grimace was a taste bud. I'm slightly disturbed, as he's large, purple and has arms and legs.

We're a bit hyper before the concert, and laughed until we cried over a water bottle incident. Damn those 1/2 ???!

So we had a concert scheduled for 8pm, but they had (apparently) publicized it as starting at 7, so we hauled ass and speed walked over there. Uphill.

Bruce informs us we're "winging it." *You* have now crossed the Prima sanity barrier. Please reset your status mode to "unpredictable." We hope you have a pleasant trip. La!</i>

Bruce was actually taking it rather well. He didn't even bat an eye when there was a loud theater rehearsal in the next room. He announced we would be going ahead with a shortened program due to the fact that there were *three* people in the audience. However, when a woman dragged a chair across the floor during a drum solo, after walking through our midst to *arrange flowers*, he stopped us, and ever so distinctly requested she remove herself from the premises.

There was hissing intake of breath by nervous choristers, and across the choir eyes locked. Would the flower lady have enough sense to get the hell out of there? Would Bruce snap? Would Hong Kong feel the wrath of his ????

But the moment passed safely, and we finished our three songs and exited the stage without singing our usual two rounds of Bumba. At this point Bruce exited the building, off to parts unknown Hong Kong. None of us blamed him obviously. But we were there to sing, and sing we did!

Small chorus had to grooving to Cuban and Brazilian treats. We had the house rockin' with a version of "Somethin' got a hold on me" with Lucas at the piano. The rafters sang with us during "Taste and see". We even enjoyed "Maringa Christmas" The men practically conjured up some drunken pirates with "Mulligan's Musketeers". (Although some might argue some of them are drunken pirates themselves.)

We also treated a couple who had heard an ad in the newspaper that advertised the concert at 8pm to "Louez le Seigneur" and "Shweelo". We even sold CDs!

It felt good, though. We put on perhaps not the best sounding, but certainly the most energetic and impromptu, not to mention entertaining concert of the tour. I might even go so far as to say it was a bonding experience. I mean really...We are GOOD! I was so proud to be in a choir who pulled that off with not professionalism but most definitely panache.

We exited the building to the lovely aroma of maple and a beautiful night. Our trip back to Kowloon was filled with singing as a group of ex-Viva members rehashed old tunes still locked within our noggins (minus a few lyrics, but ???)

All in all, a far more pleasant experience than it appeared at first glance.

Gabe May 3

Hong Kong to Seoul

Today started off like most of the mornings in Hong Kong: while waiting for the bathroom I would touch the glass to the outside and feel how warm it was already. How could it be only 8 in the morning and the window be so hot?

After getting the last of the junk into the already full luggage, Len and I headed down the hill, past the bamboo scaffolding on the Hawaiian Sauna, to the bakery. Already the air conditioners on the towers were working overtime so we had to dodge the continuous barrage of drips attaching from above. With our coconut buns in hand we were ready to meet with the rest of the choir, load the bus and head to the airport.

Hong Kong International Airport is huge. With our luggage checked in, we started our 30 minute trek via walking, escalators and even an underground train so that we could get to the gate. Once in the air, we had our culinary treat of the trip, ice cream, and before we know it we had landed in Korea. All that was left was an hour-long bus ride to Hanyang University and the meeting of our first host families.

This is of course were our stories very. Some of us went with students that live in small apartments, others went with students that live with their families. For me, I was introduced to professor Jeon and before I know it I was with him driving towards his house an hour away from the campus. This was the first time on the tour that we did not travel as a group so I did not know what to expect.

At professor Jeon's house, I was introduced to his wife and two wonderful children. We had a little snack of fruit and toast, and before long it was time for bed. Another day was done.

Dan May 4

Saturday, May 4th

"My Spider-sense is tingling." -- Peter Parker

Spider-man opened yesterday around the world, but I had been patiently waiting to see it for about a year. So I woke up this morning with one mission: to see Spider-man today.

But first things first.

"I'll show you something that's tingling." -- Sean Connery

Lucas and I got up in early our host Che-yung's fifth floor apartment in "the country" according to Che-yung (i.e. the buildings were shorter), for our paltry half hour subway ride (insert Evan whining about commuting time here) to Hanyang University (or "Hanyang De" as the Koreans like to call it). Little did we know what this epic day held in store for us. Except for the concert.

We did know about the concert.

The concert was at 11am at Hanyang University, and was greeted by an enthusiastic audience, a mojroity of whom were young teenage school girls. Yes, they were in uniform. And yes, we were good. Very good.

"Women, protect your men." -- Bruce More

This was likely the first time Evan has had countless women throwing themselves at him. Perhaps it won't be the last. Perhaps. But hey, that's what tour's all about, right? I wisely ducked out to the bathroom immediately following the concert, in part hoping to avoid just such a scene, and in part, hoping to go to the bathroom. Upon returning to the men's dressing room, however, it was still completely filled with the aforementioned teenage school girls, except now they were screaming and asking for our autographs. N\*Sync, eats your hearts out. Of course, as youth choir members, we all have considerably smaller bank accounts than N\*Sync, but I digress. Two hours later (or something like that), when we escaped the clutches of hormones (ha-- we're guys, we never escape the clutches of hormones) we headed for another in a fine series of meals provided by our various hosts. This one, a large buffet on the seventh floor of one of the campus buildings, in what was, I am told, a professional restaurant independent of the university. Cool.

"What's this I'm eating now?" -- The number one question NOT to ask in Asia.

The food was, as always, excellent, and highlighted by pig's feet and pumpkin soup for the more adventurous. Still, it didn't hold a candle to the congealed block of cow's blood (looked like a big brick of purple tofu) Lucas and I had devoured in our curried soup the night before. But that's a whole other story.

The really messy part came trying to assemble people to see Spider-man. Co-ordinating hosts, theatres, and plans (Techno-mart anyone?) was a daunting task. Fortunately, Mindy and I were up to it. Mindy was \_\_\_\_'s host, and spoke very good English. At some point, I think it was Tim who mentioned something about the dead people. I freaked out, cause I read about this thing a few months ago and thought I'd never have a chance to see it. Basically, this German doctor (that explains a lot) perfected this technique of gradually replacing all the water molecules in a dead body with a plastic polymer. The result, a perfectly preserved dead body, which he could then manipulate and play with as much as he wanted. More details later. The main exhibit (the thing is called "Body Worlds") was (and still is at time of this writing) in London, England, so I had sent a couple of friends who were there (such as Tristan from the Calmex tour) to go check it out. Never in my wildest dreams did it occur to me the exhibit would pop up in Seoul. This became my secondary objective for the day. In fact, when I had picked May 4th as my journal day, I never guessed it held the two things I wanted to do the most on this trip. Lucky for me, unlucky for you poor sods who wanted to read a short journal entry.

Finally, in the lobby of the lunch building, our plan came together. Well, kinda. At Mindy's prompting, I said, very loudly, "Anyone who's coming to Spider-man, come this way," then Mindy and I left, and gradually, some people followed us: Lucas, Nicole, Bonnie, Lara, Evan, Johnny, JK (Johnny's host) and KD's friend, Lucas and my billet Che-Yung, and Mindy's friend Jen, a Korean girl with connections to the group unknown to me at this time. At least, I think she was Mindy's friend. Anyway, we hit the subway. All twelve of us.

"So these twelve people walk into a subway." -- Sounds like a joke

"OUCH." -- A tough crowd

The plan: Get tickets to see Spider-man. It was around 1:30pm. The next available showing at Mega Box (Seoul biggest movie theatre-- I think) 9:25pm. It was a forty minute journey all told to get to the mall where Mega Box hides. It was busier than an ant hill on a sugar high. (Insert picture of "Evan" here, and Bonnie's "How much is that Pooh in the window?") Very insane. Mega Box is on the other side of the mall. The lines when we got to Mega Box were totally insane. Just masses of people.

Fact: Spider-man made \$40 million it's opening day in North America alone. Most movies would be lucky to do that on an entire opening weekend.

Mindy and Jen lined up to buy all our tickets, while the rest of us ducked into some sort of high tech looking internet cafeteria (not café, those are small. This was HUGE.) Unfortunately, the demo computers we were trying to use were a big no-no for us, so we got shut down pretty fast. Seems you have to pay for internet use over there. Crazy. Also going on in another part of this internet place was a starcraft tournament. It was just one match we saw, with rows of people seated, watching two guys play on computers. A giant screen flipped through both their computer screens, as well as shots of the guys concentration, and sometimes the crowd. They had three TV cameras there. It was very quiet until some obnoxious Canadians showed up and started whispering to each other. Stupid white people. They got kicked out of there pretty quickly.

So we sat outside the uber-internet place to collect our scattered selves (Evan had gone to the "Evan" store to buy something), and we waited for Johnny, who was oddly enough the one guy who didn't get kicked out of the internet place.

We left for the subway to the Body Worlds exhibit. Enroute we lost JK's friend, and Jen. The busy day was taking a toll. We valiantly carried on through the attrition. Since the palace is next door to the museum and was closing in an hour, we went there first, to appease some less blood thirsty appetites. The palace was very big, wide-open, and mostly boring. We started to get a little hungry at this point, but popular opinion was to eat after we see the dead people, as opposed to before. So we left, and went to the crazy German Doctor's exhibit.

"Anybody who speaks German couldn't be a bad person." -- The Simpsons

"I see dead people." -- Daniel

Wow. Dead people are cool. Okay, trying not to sound too enthusiastic, the exhibit was really interesting. Good for biological studies. There were organs, slices of organs, and all sorts of exposed tissue. The bodies were usually in poses, like defending a soccer net, or skiing. One of my favourites featured a flayed guy sitting playing chess. If you went around behind him, his brain was exposed, thinking about the move. Other really interesting parts that didn't make make gag were the various hearts, and complete freestanding arterial systems. With the arterial systems, only the arteries and blood vessels were preserved, the rest of the portion of body dissolved with acid. Both educational and gruesome. Anyway. We couldn't spend too much time here. We had to get to Spider-man.



So we hustled back to the Megabox mall for a food court dinner, and Che-yung went to meet Yuni, his girlfriend before the movie. Time was running out. Some of us opted for a quick dinner (KFC, yuck, and yes, I ate there), while others went for some of the local fast food, which looked really good, but took waaay too long to eat and get, so half was left behind. Anyway, we made it to the theatre (at the other end of this HUGE mall) just in time (aha! 9:25pm, we made it, and movie seats over there are reserved a la plays here) to see the sweet previews for Korean movies, and of course we didn't understand a damn word. They looked cool anyway. Then the movie started.

Two hours later (with only minor interruptions from a helium balloon loose in the theatre, which always blew down from the air conditioning when you least expected) we came out of the theatre as better people. Well, maybe not better, but more entertained. Okay, well-rested. We had been walking around all day until that point. Then came the inevitable good-byes. We all headed our separate ways home, except that Evan, who couldn't co-ordinate an easy way home, came with Lucas, Che-yung, Yuni, and I. Little did he know. Upon leaving the mall, we hailed a yellow-light taxi (those ones speak English) for Nicole, who was going it alone, and then caught a bus for the rest of us for half an hour. Then a taxi. To my amazement, close to home Che-yung stopped at the local late-night market for several bottles of soju and some snacks. We picked up some of the congealed cow-blood curried soup for Evan to try (muah ha ha) and then headed up to Che-yung's apartment. His roommate was home. Shortly after, his roommate's friend Joh Yoon Seong came by to talk to us.

"The days are just packed." -- Calvin & Hobbes

So the seven of us sat around the table, Evan forgetting Korean drinking etiquette rules as quickly as he learned them. He also couldn't handle the cow-blood too well. You see, Evan's strategy was to put giant pieces in his mouth. Lucas and I knew to take small pieces and swallow, not chew. Personally, I found it easier to eat knowing what it was, and I did so just to astound the poor boy. Man, we drank soju (rice liquor) for a loooong time. Evan didn't realize how quickly the kombays were going to hit him. Then they broke out the mekju (beer). Yuni passed out, then Evan. Lucas started to play Starcraft around 4 or 5am when the makali was brought out. It's sort of a milky orange tasting liquor. About then, Seong left. Just after 6am, I decided it was about time for a nap. I figured 45 minutes or so of sleep would be perfect. Plus, I had to pack a little. So I did that, got my stuff ready for our departure. Needless to say, it's a good thing Lucas didn't go to sleep. Good man. Lucas claims to have woken me up no less than seven times. In retrospect, this is fully plausible, however neither one of us can be fully accountable for details like that given the circumstances. Example: Lucas can't remember how his Starcraft game went, but he does remember playing well, and ultimately winning. No I showered in the cool Korean shower/bathroom, but I couldn't find my underwear coming out. I was certain I had brought it in there with me. Oh well. I came out with a ridiculously small Korean towel (weren't they all). Turns out I had cleverly put my underwear in one of the cupboards so it wouldn't get wet. Good thinking. It's okay, I got it back during our return to Seoul, cause I forgot my book and Spider-man poster there anyway.

Riding that Subway back to Hanyang University, all of us struggling to stay awake, vaguely aware of the torment we would inevitably suffer at the hands of our peers and our wind-y bus trip, I vainly tried to pronounce the Korean words on their subway ads. Then it occurred to me, the past 24 hours...were my journal entry. "Oh well," I thought, "at least I'll have something to write about."

May the fourth be with you.

Daniel

Sly May 5

The ride to Sokcho

My host Woo Hyeok and I woke up early and had a Korean breakfast which seemed very similar to other meals I had had in the last few days. (A bowl of rice and small dishes of various things.) The kimchi was a bit much for me first thing in the morning though.

We then had an hour-long subway ride to get to the Hanyang University campus. On arriving we joined many half-asleep choir members who were slowly gathering to leave for the next leg of our journey.

I was sad to say good-bye to Woo Hyeok. I had been lucky enough to be paired with someone who had a similar character to myself. We and got along very well. We promised to stay in touch by email and then it was time to leave.

On the bus we practiced our special method of counting from one to thirty-five then waved good-bye as we left the parking lot. Those of us who were awake got to see some beautiful scenery as we drove over to the other side of the Korean peninsula. It was somehow reminiscent of the west coast of Canada. One particular stretch of road stays in my memory. There was a curvy road with some very sharp turns that wound along the side of a tall hill. Out the window you could see down into a valley and then more hills on the other side. There were no buildings visible, just lots of

trees and other greenery. Looking at this scene, it could be hard to believe that 48 million people live in South Korea.

For another scenic view, we had Lucas and Nicole sprawled among the luggage at the back of the bus. Lucas had apparently stayed with hosts who thought it would be fun to keep him up drinking all night so I can understand that he would need some rest.

After a heated debate and rigged voting process (just kidding) we decided to go to Soraksan National park instead of Naksan temple. At the park, after a little initial confusion, I ended up walking along a trail with Evan and Christine. There were beautiful waterfalls. I would have liked to spend all day there but we had to turn around and head back to the bus. Despite the rush to get back on time, Evan still decided to stop for something to eat.

I've forgotten to mention someone. We had some native guide from Sokcho who had been with us all the way from Seoul sitting up at the front of the bus telling us a bit about the area and plans for our time in Sokcho. But hold on a minute, he doesn't look native. I suspect he's from North America. Hey! It's Felipé. What a surprise. Imagine running into him here. What's that you say? He lives here now? He's the person behind organizing our whole visit to Sokcho? Ok, I'll take your word for it.

I was billeted with Andrew Scambler in what was a good-sized apartment by Korean standards. Compared to my other experiences, we didn't connect with our hosts here very much. Watching television made me sleepy and I lay down for a nap. When I woke, dinner was ready and Lucas and Kathleen were there. (They were staying close by.) We had a traditional Korean meal sitting on the floor. (The only time I did so on this trip.) And then happily, I had a chance to catch up on my email before going to bed.

Christine May 6

[Don't have a copy of this yet]

Kevin May 7

From Sokcho to Duksung

It's raining for the first time on the trip. I didn't sleep too well because the pillows in the condo were too hard and small. Most people in my condo seem a little grumpy, probably because they were up late last night. Sokcho had really good food. I'll miss that.

I felt special when I arrived at Duksung University because of the boardroom style meeting room, in which we met our hosts. My host is a fourth-year psychology student. Her name is Kwon Kyong Hyun, and I call her by her last name (Kwon). She is very nice, like my other Korean hosts. She lives approximately fifteen minutes from the University, at a quite edge of Seoul. It kind of reminds me of Victoria.

Two of Kwon's friends came with Kwon and I to her house, and they made a light dinner for us. We talked after dinner for several hours, and then her friends left.

Her father came home pretty late; apparently he works long hours. He works at Seoul city hall and helped develop the world's tallest fountain (227m), which is in the river that flows through Seoul. I will probably visit that fountain tomorrow with Kwon and her friends.

Neil May 8

Concert at Duksung

This diary entry is dedicated to the women of Duksung University for being the sweetest, most hospitable billets. Even though I started the morning off with a two hour train ride and twenty minute walk. My billets were kind enough to wake me up and get me where I needed to go. Rehearsal went well, followed by a lovely lunch and a bus ride to the local Buddhist monastery. The monastery was culturally interesting though the bald lady was really boring.

After the monastery, we headed back to the university to prepare for what was to be the greatest concert I have <i>ever</i> done. A room filled with beautiful Korean Women (Score!!!). The concert went well—especially when you blow kisses into the crowd and the women start screaming.

The concert was followed by a <i>fantastic</i> reception which consisted of a little food and drink, and a whole lot of autographs and pictures with adoring fans. That was one of the sweetest feelings in the world. When most of the people died off, a group of partiers and die-hard fans headed for the bar and nurebon. The bar was a little slow, but the nurebons in Korea are <i>sweet!</i> The night ended well and all-in-all, this was one of the greatest days on the

tour.

Nina Thursday, May 9

On the plane to Bangkok (kok not Cock you dirty, mustard-sucking motherfathers) ... Rosa you are such a slut...

Host families in Seoul were faaaabulous; we're just hoping that we can take our armfuls of flowers all the way back to Vic.

So much bussing, so much airplaning...

Rochelle and Nicole have turned into Spanish Slizuts, and Johnny has forgotten to put the can of beer to his mouth before trying to drink it, and everybody shudders whenever the "Monaco? Las Vegas? Surprise! It's Seoul!" ad invades our tv screens.

I think by this point we can all relate to little miss fridge from Lucas' um, interesting joke on the bus to the airport. No comment on bricklaying.

Kristen misses her sugar (even though I'm more than willing to give her a little sugar \*wink\*) Katie says "Yawn." Tim wants to see girly-men in Bangkok (guys, look for adam's apples!), and Nicole, Rochelle and I have developed a "mountain" fetish. The flight attendants like to talk about booty (beauty?) items... This is risky news for Tim's new stewardess fetish.

Airplane make Prima Crazy.

<i>"Stewart, tell Mommy what you think a fudgsicle looks like."</i>

The plane ride from Hong Kong to Bangkok made Prima even crazier. Condensation buildup in the air conditioner rained on passengers while they shrieked and held up pillows above their heads.

Liz: That isn't water...

Tim: What <i>is</i> this airplane juice?

Bruce: Do you charge extra for the shower?

Turbulence caused more girly shrieks (guys, fess up), and a worm in Tim's food almost pissed him off enough to vent at his precious stewardess (Almost.)

It was a relief to shuffle off the plane out of the airport and to feel the humid, thick heat of night-time Bangkok briefly before scrambling into yet another bus.

Crowded sidewalks, market stands of colourful clothes, curious dark eyes, and hardly believing how hot it was outside the bus when blasted with the air conditioning inside.

The hotel lobby was classy as hell. We were the bumbling, rumpassing Canadians in the midst of murmuring conversations and graceful hotel workers. After getting together our roomies and listening to our plans for the next day or so, we scattered to our rooms, the pool, and the night market.

Those who went night-marketing found the cheapest prices yet, streets of strip bars, aggressively clingy girly-boys, and shop keepers who told us "no, no, you too big, too fat!" Jamie found herself protecting her boy buds from Thailand's famous "lady-men" more often than she clung onto <i>them</i> as shields from horny Thai guys. (Apparently they like bumpers...right Rochelle?) Others went on shopping rampages, gleaning the good clothing picks out of the slew of tiny Thai tops, and spending all leftover \$ on watches, lanterns, and miscellaneous gifts for those at home. Just one more day to go.

Celia May 10

I really liked sleeping on yos in Korea. There is something tantalizingly luxurious, however, about lying on a fairly expensive mattress in Bangkok after sleeping on the floor in Korea.

Christine and I slept peacefully in the natural nude, Awoke with bleary eyes and rushed to get some food. We barely made it down in time but (yay) we were in luck,

The hotel guys were super nice - we had a jolly tuck.

We didn't have the main entres but what we ate was great. Fruit and buns and juice and tea were piled on my plate. After food we went upstairs to ballroom for sound check, Behind the curtain the women stood, heads out, cut off at the neck.

We soon left our nice hotel to head out on the town, The group was one man short today for Tim was lying down. We got to the river and met our boat; most people were just sop-ping wet with sweat, but that's okay: there was a breeze up on the top.

We floated lazily up the chuck looking side to side, Some structures were just little shacks, some were many feet wide. We ate a lovely buffet lunch; excellent Thai cuisine, Being catered to in this way was like being some sort of Queen.

Our yacht deposited us at a dock from where we walked a bit. Here we were at the Grand Palace; there was no time to sit. I had to rent a skirt, you see, in order to get in Any white tourist, such as myself, had to cover up the skin.

When the palace closed on us, we went back to the hotel Christine and I went swimming then- boy, the water felt swell. After swim we started to dress: our last concert was tonight! While dressing, rehearsing our "thank you Bruce", my schedule sure was tight.

Then down to shmooze with cocktails; the embassy's fancy do, I got my picture with his ambassador-ness, my collection is now at two. Our "Magical Voices" filled the room, around the gold-covered seats, The concert went over quite well, I was told, for a Bangkok audience.

They liked the comedy and dance, and when it all was done, They bought up every last CD! Our goal, it had been won! We went downstairs for supper then, and mark my words, my friends, SWEET MOTHER, it was good, I said, I wished it not to end.

The sushi was my favourite and the ice cream too I was full much, much too soon and I cried out "boo!" From supper we went back up stairs, to the place where we had sung. It was the last night of our tour, and so began the fun.

The tour awards were had in jest, everyone shared the jokes Lucas and Heather did a great job (they're two of my favourite blokes). Bruce liked his thank you song- which is good 'cause we liked the trip. Others liked our tribute too, I heard many echos of the "70's pants" bit.

As the singers packed and prepared to move on, towards home- or not- as it were, We partied and drank, in true choir form, and played "I have, I never". People dropped off and went to bed, (some passed out on their bathroom floor), Christine, Tim and I discussed attributes of bamboo wives, and went to bed around four.

As the last day of Tour, it was a triumph There's no one could say our group lacked oomph. I had a great time, I love you all! I hope to see everyone out next fall.

April May 11

The last sad day of our Prima Trip

Getting up unreasonably early from our luxurious beds at the Siam City Hotel in Bangkok was a shock to many of us. Could it be that 15 or so wonderful had already gone by. The early risers enjoyed a delicious early morning buffet, yes the made-for-you-in-front-of-your-eyes omelettes must have been delicious, but I don't like omelettes so I don't know. There were all kinds of delicious pastries and fruit and oh the bottomless pineapple juice cannot be beaten anywhere! Pancakes, waffles, yummy meat, and the list goes on! We hung around the lobby and said goodbye to the

lucky primates who were travelling on. Yes there was a little jealousy by myself included who were regrettably thinking "why did we have to leave Thailand so soon?"

After getting on the bus and arriving at the airport I believe we just did the regular airport thing. We said the inevitable goodbyes to Bruce, Celia, and Heather. Flights Flights Flights. Were there any highlights??? Elizabeth and I bought some tasty toblerone chocolate by scrounging together the remaining of our "hong kong dollah". In Hong Kong we waited sat on the floor, played cards, shopped, and thankfully all made it onto the plane. This flight was interesting. Poor Tim got dreadfully sick, and the poor guy had to leave us and sit in business class, we feel for ya! Otherwise Rochelle got a snazzy new Cathay Pacific matching pant and sweater set after spilling some food on herself. I don't remember anyone being incredibly drunk (although there is the possibility). We had some musical seats going on, as I kept switching with Len, who wanted to sit beside the cute redhead.

Back in Canada we faced aggravating line ups at customs or whatever that is. After that we took the Limo (yes high class) and sped to the ferries five minutes before leaving. Well some of us did. And some people even got to use the vehicle entrance after putting their foot down (way to go Nicole and Lucas) so luckily we all made it onto the ferry. The ferry ride was beautiful for those of us who didn't doze off. It made me happy to have been overseas singing up a storm but also thankful back to be on Canadian soil, or er... ferry boat, whatever. The trip was adventurous, delicious and just plain worth remembering. Go team! Yay Prima!

#### 2002 Tour Quotes

Fine lines and trip quips.

"I thought that Johnny had either locked the key inside or left the hotel. It never even crossed my mind that he might be passed out on the bathroom floor." - Evan

Apr 28

"And here's your ten-by-ten-by-ten cube." - Evan

"It's officially cooler than Duncan." - Evan, describing Hong Kong

"I want to take a picture of the scary monkey!" - Jen R.

Graham: "You know what? There is no Easter bunny!"

Bruce: "Nooo!"

Evan: "You cad! Don't destroy his illusions"

Apr 29

"I said 'screw this' and picked up the whole thing and dumped it on my plate." - Daniel

Jamie: "Good night."

(Jamie exits)

Kevin: "Look, is this her shoe?"

(Sound from door: knock knock)

"Oh Damn, there was meat in there... Oh well." - Johnny, at lunch

"But I got the excuse to reach into Campbell's lap so it was worth it." - Evan

Dammit, put your lips around it, put it in your mouth and suck, woman! - Bonnie

"Ok crotch, I've got you this time." - Campbell, wielding a safety pin and...well, looking at his crotch.

"Any time you want sex...y teeth." - April

Apr 30

"I'll suck your third nipple." - Elizabeth S.

"Keep using my name in vain. I'll make rush hour longer." - God, on a bill board

"Dare me to shut up for the next four hours." - Johnny

"I'll take you up on that." - Campbell

"I've got a roll of duct tape." - Len

"That was pig's foot? I ate nine pieces of it already!" - Evan

"You had caffeine and alcohol coming out of your nose. You shouldn't do that in large quantities."

- Daniel, to Len, under aforementioned circumstances.

May 1

Len: It's all good. It's not our wall. Somebody get Bruce's credit card number quick.

Dan: We could duct tape it back on.

"I respect the tickle boundary." - Gabe

"I just saw the guys, and man, they've got some good looking buns." - Christine, referring to breakfast. I think.

"I suppose you can tell by the name "New little Flying Elephant" that its a Portuguese BBQ restaurant." - Anders Slee

"They asked me how the statue was and I said it was Buddha-ful." - Jen M.

"The further you go, the more dildos you see." - Deborah, describing the Hong Kong night market

Christine: "Now can you make sure the toilet flushes so I can go pee?"

Lucas: "Ok, I'll give it another try."

May 3

"Hey Honey, want a bun? It's a honey-bun." - Nina

"I have nothing against vegetarians. I just like mocking them because of their bunny food." - Daniel

The set-up: Several of us were in line at immigration/customs in some airport. We were talking kinda loud. Bruce, in a different line, way ahead of us, manages to get Tim's attention. In the hope of keeping us quiet, Bruce makes the universal hand-slashing-at-throat gesture, and Tim, completely confused comes up with this:

"What? Do I have to kill them all?" - Tim, in line at immigration

"I can't speak any English." - Kevin

"J'habite a igloo. Je mange du whale blubber." - Heather

"Passports should never be more than one foot away from your genitals." - Bruce

The Addison sisters were dueling with roses

Deborah: "I've been rosed! En gard."

Rachel: (in her best Darth Vader voice) "Deborah come join me. I am your sister."

May 4

"There was nothing I could do. They were pushing me up against the wall." - Tim, describing the hordes of fans after the concert.

"May the fourth be with you." - Daniel, who still managed to somehow get the "Secret of Canadian Humour" award.

May 5

"It's a tour when you realize Dan's wearing your underwear." - Johnny

"Hey Neil, your write-up says you're fourteen." - Tim

May 9

"Do you charge extra for the shower?" - Bruce, on the "leaky" plane

"And guys can wear sarongs too, especially the Tenors." - Heather

"That is it, I'm not drinking anymore on this tour." - Len, on numerous occasions

At Duksung, the woman read out Andrew Sly's name with a particularly amusing mispronunciation:

"Do you know who is Anders Lee?" - Tim

"He's a German Ninja." - Lucas

May 6

Len: I always feel like shit in the morning.

Andrew Scambler: Well, buck up and deal with it, princess.

Gabe: Can't you just feel the love in the air.

Kristen: Are you wearing lipstick Dan?

Dan: I just ate a pink popsicle.

Kristen: Sure. We know what you were doing last night.

"Campbell, you were much more sedate when you were laid out sick." - Tim

May 9

"Oh my goodness gracious me. I'm a dolt." - Bonnie

Timeless Quotes

"Okay." - Lucas, ALL THE TIME

Evan likes to say "Tight", "Slick", and sometimes "Golden" when something is good. If it's really good, it might be "Slick" and "Golden", or "Golden" and "Tight", or "Tight" and "Slick", or even "Tight", "Slick", and "Golden".

"Dan, you're an idiot." - Lara, pretty much every day. But at least she's talking to me.