

Day 1 - April 29th

Our lovely Brooke Angus had graciously put me up for the night before tour, and so there I was, waking up after a great 3 hours of sleep to the 1st time of that annoying sound my super old school alarm clock makes, which went on to annoy endless other roommates of mine. So Brooke and I start the frantic relay of trading in and out of the bathroom to do our various duties to make ourselves presentable on the First Day. Breakfast consisted of a quick mug of hot tea to wake me up, and I as watched B.A. down her toast, I think to myself, "Self, this tea is too damned hot to be chugging." Uh, that last quote is cheating; Celia passed that quote on to me in the later part of tour. No really, Brooke and her family were one of the main factors in starting off an amazing tour, as they were amazing hosts and fed me well (very important, eh?) and were so gracious and giving. Into the car for the cold trip up to UVic, where the yelling began as the group comes together. To the some of our delight, Lloyd is our bus driver! So, already everything was pointing to a great, fun filled tour. The next while passed by as I dwelled over how much Graval was to be consumed that day, and after conferring with some guy called Todd, I decided to not take any and wait out the 45minute bus ride to Schwartz Bay. I can't recall whom I sat with, but I believe most of that short bus ride was spent walking around the bus. I tried to check with everyone individually to see how he or she was feeling, how they were doing, and all the general group care I like to extend to try and do my part of getting everyone happy and excited. I remember wondering if the "division of bus seating" was to remain that way all tour? "Nope." After doing "the rounds," I sat down and curled up, wishing for my pillow which was below the bus, wishing for a Discman which I've never had, wishing for Dave Matthews who instantly puts me in a great mood and hopefully will father my children alongside Mats Sundin and Jason Newsted. Seriously, I thought about that in 2 seconds as I sat down and began to relax. In my mind, I went over the day's itinerary, the hours logged on the bus, and just tried to calm down and build up my excitement over going on tour so that I could be pleasantly high on excitement for as long as possible. You see, up 'till the tour, there seemed to be this great divide occurring between the choir, and myself, as I was the "pianist" and everyone either the "choir" or the "conductor" or the "bus driver." This feeling peeled away that day, for everyone was already getting along great and meeting each other and bonding and all that jazz. And so, Felipe, Big G, and Ryan pull out the "film" and there's my excitement for the ferry ride. For myself at least, the ride seemed to fly by as people spread out all over the boat and walked around. When the time came, Ryan and I adjourned to the top deck where we "took heavy pictures" with his "film." Seeing it to its watery death below was the saddest thing that happened that day. Onto the bus again for the short ride to the border crossing. This leg of bus was uneventful really, with Herr Bruce going over the coming itinerary and carefully stressing the procedure at the border, which was mostly "don't f*** up or you will be f***** up." And soon Mr. Big mounted the bus and asked us if we were all Canadian citizens. And of course somebody decided to indeed "f****" it up. "Nope" rang like a bell, and I could feel the entire bus tense up beyond belief. That was the suckiest part of the day. And so the major bus trip began. I was feeling happy enough to not want Graval, and proceeded to do the rounds again, except with the intention of meeting people, and this is what went down:

Michelle D.: quiet, and so happy to be going on tour. I was happy just

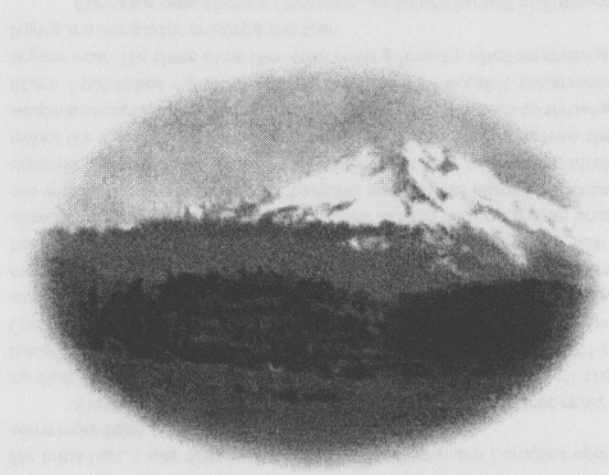
seeing the spark in her eyes as we went over how great the tour should be. The sparkle was in almost everyone's eyes, and made for an incredibly happy first day.

Todd: whoa. Graval. Nice. He wirs already, I think.

Amy, Heather, and Andrew were inseparable as of the first day, and I thought that was totally cute and wondered if this guy Andrew had any idea what he was doing or appeared to be doing. Amy was great, offering up smiles already and commenting on how exciting everything was. Heather was more like, "You look a little low on 'lost', Jon." And so I met Andrew for the first time, who said, "Dude! Listen to this!" and *harded* over his headphones. I knew I was going to like this guy!

Unfortunately *didn't* really get to talk to Tristan, but Ed and Becca were right there, and Ed smiled and we exchanged pleasantries, all the while Becca laughing about something's or others like she always does in that way of hers. Impressions of Ed were that he dressed super well.

The back of the bus was filling up with legs and bodies so the going got slow, and I ended up bailing on the meeting thing around this point. Most of the rest of the ride consisted of little conversations with different



people, mostly people I already knew, like Felipe and Little G and Big G and Ryan and Darryl. A debate about Starcraft started and I ran my ass outta there to go chat about other things with other people. I remember Darryl's famous headphones splitter being brought out, and somewhere in there Brooke called me over to listen to some Dave Matthews. Holy. *Indeez*, tour was going to be great! The group was so alive, Lloyd settling into dealing with us, Bruce settling into dealing with us, and the kids all pumped up rain' to go, whether that meant concerting, partying, or passing out and sleeping on the bus. Everybody was smiling wide at some point on the trip to Meaford. One of the not-so-good things during the day was the non-stop questioning of the itinerary. This set a different mood for tour, the almost-none-of-us-know-what's-happening mood. Die Zeit Zu Motel @! Everybody cheered, everybody leered, and everybody beered as we piled off the bus and ran to be with our wanted bed buddies. I had an uneventful supper, at the Buffet, where the 7-9 of us who went just horked down our food and made our way back to the motel. Lucky seemed to be in abundance, and I downed 1 or 2, and everyone kind of got together to party, but as it was the first day,

and so there were various groups of people spread out in the motel. I remember thinking as I fell asleep that everybody had better get along!

Jon "FUCKY FUCK FUCK" Yee

Jon was given the DEMENTED FRENCHMAN award, for having an amazing grasp of profane language and the WORST French accent in the history of bad French accents.



Day 1 - version 2:

Well, the moment had finally arrived. For most of us, it could have started in a more exciting fashion that waiting bleary-eyed in the Mac Lauren parking lot before the roosters had ever gone to bed from the night before, much less gotter up and sounded the morning. We finally left the lot one person short. Yes, rainbow Phil O'Reilly had slept in. Luckily he caught up to us later.

The ride to the ferry was interesting due to the fact that many of us singers (Darryl!) were still hosed from the night before. Unfortunately, Darryl missed his pass-out record by a good seven minutes. The ferry ride was, well, a ferry ride. Our fearless, reliable, and courteous bus driver then navigated us, surprisingly without getting lost, the next five hundred miles to the lovely city of Meaford Oregon. Well actually, it was more of a hole, but lovely sounds more poetic. The rest of the night was a drunken barge with twenty-nine singers partying their first night together. Ever with another arduous day of travels ahead, not one spirit was dampened that first night of the CalMex 2000 tour.

Tour Quote of the Day: "I took it..." - Dr. G-Love

Evan "HERE, PICK A CARD" Fabri

Evan was given the NO-SO-PRIVATE PRIVATE award for praying to the police an god, despite claiming "little alcohol affects him."

Day 2 - April 30th

This morning we fled screaming from Meaford and hit the road from San Francisco. We drove for a while, and ate some stuff and got a bit lost and then found our hostel. The Fort Masor Youth Hostel was a pretty swell joint what with the free towels and free bagels. We stowed our gear and then a group of us took off to sample the San Francisco nightlife.

We found a club located not too far from the hostel. It was called "Bohemia" and it more than lived up to its name. Populated by hippies, wholesome granola types, and a group of strange fire-eating drum beating "cyber freaks." The club was fun and kind enough to not ID those among our ranks who were chronologically challenged. We danced and got sweaty and drank some stuff. Tristan macked on by one of the Cyber Freaks, but he kept his distance. Whether out of fear or respect for his girlfriend, I couldn't say. I might mention that this was the first night I went darning in my "ass-pants," thus earning me the nickname of Erin "Hot-Pants" Carson. Hey, I didn't invent it; I'm just repeating it.

Erin "HOT PANTS" Carson

Erin was given the TRUE CANADIAN award for her tight red bar pants and bring our Canadian flag for the bus.

Day 2 - version 2:

It's early in the morning, and there are three people snoring in my room. The showerhead is psycho and I have come to the conclusion that I am no in Victoria anymore. As the realization hits me I board our bus and embark upon the second day of our whirlwind tour.

After leaving Medford, Oregon the bus began it's journey towards San Francisco. We stopped at a grocery store to procure breakfast food and started the drive. To be perfectly honest, at this point most of the bus ride is a blur in my mind but I do remember feeling like I was driving through the set of M*A*S*H* because of all the scrub covered hills. I also remember one philosophical discussion about perceived stereotypes with Lauren, Kim, and Felipe.

After driving across the bay bridge (the one that collapsed in the earthquake) and seeing the off ramp that was longer, we arrived in San Francisco. After a bit of confusion we found our way into the Fort Mason Hostel and settled in - after which we promptly left to explore.

Exploring will forever be known as the day we walked up all the hills. Everyway Todd, Lauren, Michelle, Michelle, and I turned seemed to result in us climbing an increasingly steeper street in the world as well as encountering a rather interesting magician - apparently Lauren's choice of the eight of diamonds reflects her entire life - what that means exactly remains a mystery. We eventually ended up in China Town where we found an athletic Dim Sum restaurant after scuttling through some less desirable parts of grant St. We then discovered the joy of hanging off a cable car as passengers on the oncoming car passed by us at an alarmingly close range. We ended up next to the famous Ghiradelli Chocolate Factory, and after proving ourselves some wee samples, we headed back to the hostel where we encountered about another third of the choir. We then set off to explore another one of San Francisco's finest establishments, the Safeway. After returning from the Safeway, Todd and I somehow became the winners of a Trivial Pursuit game with Ed, Michelle Cale, Phil and Evan, though I don't think we should have won since Ed seemed to know all of the answers to the people and places questions leaving us gasping in his wake.

And so ended my second day of tour.

Laura "RIGHTEOUS BARE" Fawcett

Laura was given the FALL FROM GRACE award for becoming completely corrupted into a "roaring" woman.

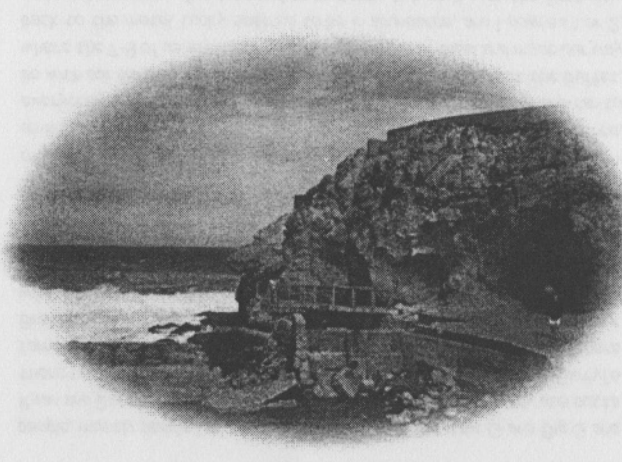
Day 3 - May 1st

We awoke this morning after our first night in the Fort Mason Hostel in San Francisco. Many people were tired due to the loud snoring keeping them up all night. This morning was our Bus tour of San Francisco.

Our first stop was Golden Gate Bridge. We wandered around for half an hour taking pictures and looking around. Darryl and I had already finished our first beer. We had decided on one between each stop. So, minutes after getting back on the bus, we had another, which was downed quickly because we were already rearing our next stop, the Sea Baths.

These were fun. The ruins and tunnels were amazing. Some of us went down to the lower lookout and were soaked by some large waves. As we were leaving, I realized Dimitri had been forgotten somewhere. I sprinted

back to find him and was able to rescue the poor monkey from the side of a cliff. After sprinting back to the bus and only having had two beers so far



for breakfast, I was feeling mighty good. So, Darryl and I cracked open some more beer.

Shortly after, most of us were dropped off in Castro. I (not realizing that I wasn't getting off here) pounded my whole beer and got off the bus only, to get right back on. Ryan, Jon, Phil, Bruce and I got dropped off in China Town for the day. Bruce went quickly on his way and Phil, Ryan, Jon and I set out to explore and find good food and sunglasses. After a few expensive restaurants, I suggested we turn down the next street, and we had found our place. The food and drinks were good and cheap. Fully satiated, we resumed our explorations. We came across an evening gown shop and wished the girls were with us to model some of the beautiful oriental dresses. Phil had left us by then and we went next door to the shop, which looked like a gutted theatre. It didn't take us long to stumble across the weapons section. There was everything from machetes to knives to throwing stars. I purchased my lethal lipstick there, which I wouldn't recommend anyone wear. The three of us then tried on kung-fu suits, which we ended up buying and using later on during the tour.

During our expeditions in Chinatown, Jon bought himself a CD player. Little did he know he'd set off every alarm system in San Francisco soon after! We made our way towards downtown and the Sory Metreon Complex. On our way, we all realized that we needed to make a deposit at the nearest restroom.

It just so happened that we were walking past the Ritz Carlton at that moment. Jon decided we were going in. We looked at some sculptures and wandered some more before we found the bathrooms. These facilities were truly amazing. There were three stalls, and we each took on and did what we needed to do. There were individual hand towels stacked on the sink and everything was made of marble. This concluded our \$H! at the Ritz.

A few alarms and a lot of walking later, we finally arrived at Metreon. We spent a couple of hours exploring this centre, which was pretty spectacular. We finally decided to head back to Fisherman's Wharf for dinner. We

went to the bus stop to catch a train; we waited and waited... finally, the train! Or maybe not. Apparently it had run over someone or something. There were two big work trucks pushing it down the tracks blocking traffic. Another glance saw what seemed to be every damn car lined up behind it. Finally, we got on the train and made it to Pier 39. We tried to find food, but only found that it was very expensive, so we settled back to the hostel. I bought a massive waffle cone and we watched an amazing street painter. My search for sunglasses also continued.

Finally (back at the Rarch (Hostel)) we realized that barely anyone from our choir was there. I found an iron, and Jon, Ryan and I ironed our new kung-fu suits. Some people played psychiatrist and I went to sleep. That was the end of our eventful day.

Felipe "OUR VERY OWN SLEEPING BEAUTY" Sequeira

Felipe was given the ONCE AGAIN award for his repeat performance as tour drunk, being passed out numerous times, and for the Felipe Flip.

Day 3 - version 2:

Day three was sunny, hot, and best off was a day off to do whatever each individual wanted. For many this meant a walking tour of the city. After the brief bus tour of the Golden Gate Bridge, the Park, and Twin Peaks, a number of us were let off in the Castro. With its many interesting shops, cafes, restaurants, bars, the Castro was my favourite part of the City, oh not to mention the fact it is also Gay as well. Terribly hungry, a small group and I stopped for a bite to eat at the famous Harvey's, a restaurant named after Gay rights political activist, Harvey Milk. We ate a very well prepared meal, did some people watching and were on our way off to see the city.

This day was full of walking because it is the best way to see everything. I guess I earned the nickname "Hugo Bossy" well as I pushed on from site to site hauling poor tired Lauren along the way. First off it was to Union Square, then the Old Navy Store, did some shopping in the shopping district, then China Town, then Grace Cathedral, then down the hill to the Italian district, then up the hill to Coit Tower. By this time I was starting to feel like I did at the top of the waterfall in Yosemite. But my adventure in the City was far from over of course.

After returning to the hostel, it was a quick change, shower and out the door again to have sushi in Chinatown with a large group. As we sat and ate very expensive sushi from floating boats, we planned an evening on the town, in the Castro of course. Brook, Becka, Michael, Erin and I headed for the streetcar and searched for a bar to dance at. Daddy's on Castro was not our taste and neither was the pick up place next to it, so we headed to the Cafe, a free dance club. After lots of dancing and drinking we bar hopped a bit and miraculous (given our drunker state) found our way back to the hostel. Overall, I would say, day three was a very full day. The bus tour, the walking, the eating, drinking and dancing made this a day I will always remember and San Francisco a city a want to return to as soon as possible.

Ed "ALWAYS NEEDING A PLACE TO PUT HIS HEAD" Johnson

Ed was given the HUGO BOSSY award for stealing Brooke & Becca's pillow, being so horny in Castro, and knowing exactly what he wanted to do and where he wanted to go... in style.

Day 4 - May 2

We arrive at San Jose State U. mid morning and head over to the music building for our pre-concert rehearsal. It's interesting to see campuses of other universities, especially in different climates. There are a lot of classrooms that open right on to outside. As our troops troop over to the music building, we pass a few real 'troops', well, some guys in army-type uniforms. It was a little odd. I don't know why they were walking around in uniform but for a second it made me remember the difference in certain gun control policies etc. between our homeland and the land we were currently in. It is too bad that so many Canadians have anti-American thoughts, no matter how brief, while traveling; it puts a damper on things. Anyway, off this target and back on track.

We find the music building and the hall that we are to sing in. We have a slightly rusty rehearsal (as it is our first of the tour) but our fearless leader pulls us through and by lunch time we feel ready to perform the first concert of the Calmex tour 2000. We break for lunch but before going to eat, we attempt to locate the room that has been 'set aside' for us. After ten minutes or so of wandering up and down hallways following false cries of 'I found it' we are informed that the room number that we are looking for does not exist. Nice! So, the group scatters. Some people take their stuff with them, others leave tuxes and bags in the hall.

Kim (head) and I walk over to the student food court across the way and select the pizza option for our mid-day meal. We are joined by Jonathan and Graham (R) and others while I enjoy possibly the greasiest pizza roll-type thing or the face of this planet and Kim fails to enjoy her meal. You can't blame her for not enjoying her tasteless, carb-loaded, cheese-curry, cold pizza; it wasn't very good. Jon liked it, though. Lunch is soon over and we return to the hall and our uniforms to perform for approximately ten to fifteen people (maybe a few more). 'It was the middle of the day and many students have class' is the apologetic excuse for the poor turn-out. That's okay - it's their loss. After our concert, we walk down to meet the San Jose State Chorals in their rehearsal room. We do a little singing for each other and then we watch them rehearse for a bit. They quite an exceptional group; that one alto soloist or that gospel -

WOW. An hour or so later it's back to the bus and on to the Santa Clara Mission and university.

This place is beautiful - and I don't just mean the architecture. No sooner had we set foot (or wheel) on campus, and there were too very good-looking boys waving at our bus (nice fishing, eh Laurer? good waters for bass). We all pack off the bus in front of the mission church where we will be performing later on and have a quick but quiet look inside: beautiful. Everyone then wanders off in various directions to explore or play a little Fnsbee or just relax on the grass in the warm California sun.

After sitting on the grass of a while, Laurer and I go exploring. By pure coincidence, we start off in the direction of the cute boys. No luck, they're gone. We start wandering around in buildings and we come across the student art gallery. The displays are really amazing and we discuss the rotatable difference in influence of these artists compared to the artists back home; there is a definite flavour of more southern native American art and beliefs. After absorbing as much culture as we can we continue our walk around. We pass the SLB (where there are some of our very own Calmexers with their feet in and around the fountain) and complete a semi-perimeter tour of the campus, finishing back at the mission church via the housing area. There is an absolutely super lovely rose garden next to the church. 'Holy,' I thought (in more than one sense of the word). It was great, with the golden sun kissing the abundant blooms, set against the old stone wall of the church.

At the appointed time we congregate together again and head over to the SLB for supper. (I will not fail to note the game of Fnsbee that took place which there were numerous 'heads up!' shouted to the nearby choirsters who were trying to relax, the multiple tree incidences one of which resulted in Evar nipping his pants, and the trees fighting back by having dropped their droppings on to the grass so that unsuspecting Fnsbee players might step on them - like Becca, ouch! The student cafeteria had excellent food for affordable prices. When everyone is sufficiently satisfied we walk back to the church. During said walk, I have a conversation with Dar and Tristan about the high attractiveness factor that both the men and the women on campus share.

Now it is time to rehearse and get ready for our second concert of the day -- oh, the life of a travelling musician is so hard! Some guy wants to tape the performance - cool! He's using a mini-disk player with mikes that lie on the ground so 'be careful and don't step on them'. Maybe we should have translated that message into a bad french accent for Mr. Yee who practically totaled the ore by the piano (crappy, eh?), after all, we are from a bilingual country. The show goes well. There is a Filipino choir in the audience who we are to meet later. They have great enthusiasm, but calling out a request for 'fire fire' in the encore? Come on now. With the concert over, Michelle and I run off to sell some CDs. Everyone now gets all their stuff together and we meet our hosts for the next two nights. I go off with five other girls to a lovely home. (On the way home we pass the Cirque du Soleil for the first of three, count them, three (3) excruciatingly painful times over the course of the tour.) It has been a super great day and we are all ready for a good night's sleep.

oops, insert somewhere in the later portion of the day the singing we did with the choir from Santa Rosa: the sing through of selections of Camilla and the informal concert with us, them and the Filipino group, who were excellent!! and a dose of Jon's and my oh-so-funny-ness - especially in the Matrix - I believe I can fly...

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

Celia was given the THERE IS NO SUNBURN award for her creative burr. Honourable mention went to Jon for helping with the sunscreen.

Day 5 - May 3

The soft sunlight pouring through the window bronzed the surface of his skin. What tender magic had electrified us the night before? I beheld the passing deer outside, and he kept all the innocence lost from my face. The match head flicker of his eyes graced me, warming my smile, and bequeathing me of all my impulsive desires. W-O-A! Wake up. What the hell? I got out of bed, and we (being myself, Tristan, Campbell, and Ed) crossed the valley I about 20 minutes en route to Santa Clara University, where any given student is at least as beautiful as any cast member of 90210. Since we figured heather would be late, Tristan and I decided to take in some campus scenery. We decided to check out the breakfast, which for a Jesuit University was positively sacrilegious. On a bulletin board, I found a badge of honour for Dimitri, and Sturt Morkey was born. Anyway, we loaded up the bus and found our way to St. Joseph's Cathedral. Sometime in these precious morning hours, Jon picked up a terrible French accent, which proved sadly contagious. Regardless, we sang Bebe's Ave Maria in the beautiful church. The reverberation was like three seconds. Escaping the clutches of Godliness, we greased ourselves up for the sun and surf in Santa Cruz. The sheer spectacle of Evar screaming "human shield" and diving head first into the muddy sand before the waves crashed over him to protect a sand castle thirty feet away will last in our minds for about five more minutes after reading this.

Growing restless, Sturt Morkey rallied the more adventurous types



among us to the roller coasters, which were both pretty sweet. We left the beach prompting the question, "Where's Ed?" The answer, naturally, was "Fixing himself in the bathroom." We left the beach again. We stopped for lunch, probably in a mall though for the life of me, I can't remember and returned to the church to rescue Campbell's backpack, which was looking

like a casualty for a minute there. ~~ONE NIGHT~~ Santa Clara U. incited an informal choir concert with us, them, and a kick ass choir from the Philippines. For the ensuing dinner run, we took a portion of the Philippine Choir with us on our messy and smelly bus, where a hunger-crazed Darryl forced them to pet his monkey. After wiring and dining at the Stone Church of Willow Glen (Darryl and Jon tried to make it classy) we did some more singing.

What's up with that? I thought I was on vacation!

We then read (mostly) through Faure's Requiem. With time marching on, we more or less split up (you separatists!) and my roommates and I headed back to the ranch where we discovered the Leafs won (Yay!). They have since lost the series in six (boo). My hand has now tired of writing, which coincided nicely with the end of my journal day. Only two more days left until I hit Disneyland. I can hardly wait.

Daniel "WILD" Hoess

Dan was given the WADE NOBLE award, who despite his Wade Nobleishness was still able to get the phone number of a girl at San Jose State University.

Day 6 - May the 4th

We had yet another early morning (8am). We met at the Stone Church where some of the strange boys were hiding in the trees. The church cat, Barait, tried to attack them! We piled once again into the lovely bus we called home for a long drive to Lompoc. We were to take Big Sur, which is a gorgeous scenic drive, but the highway was closed (foiled again!) We stopped in at Carmel, which is just next to the Pebble Beach golf course, and the most posh and quaint little town.

Some people lazed on the beach, while we both went in search of coffee and snacks. The only grocery store we could find was a mini-general store that was well hidden into the quaint surroundings. Our own Aloe Boy, Todd, stopped in at a pharmacy to get (surprise, surprise) Aloe for those poor unfortunate souls who were burned at Santa Cruz. Lauren found a great post card for her step-dad and we all headed back to the bus.

That afternoon we ACTUALLY came to a consensus to watch a movie... After numerous voting sessions (gotta love democracy) we decided on the Matrix. It was a crazy movie (THERE IS NO SPOON!) (ES GIBT KEIN LUFEL!) During the movie, Felipe became quite entertaining. He slowly slid down the chair and on his ass with his face planted into the table on the back of the seat in front of home. He slept like that for another good ten minutes despite the camera flashes! For days afterwards his legs hurt! What a nerd! Our own sleeping beauty!! The bathroom was especially odorous (rank, putrid, disgusting, horrible, get my drift??) and we had to suffer in silence and acclimatize ourselves to the odour. The rest of the trip was pretty uneventful.

We stopped at La Purissima Mission, just outside of Lompoc to prepare for our concert there that night. We all piled off the bus and strolled into a very Mexican looking Mission! It was beautiful. But since we wanted to check into the hotel, we didn't stay long. Once we had checked into the hotel, (after driving past Lompoc's United Way! YIPPIE!) we found out that our concert at La Purissima was cancelled and we were all pretty burned that we didn't stay longer to look around. The girls decided to get all dressed

up for dinner.

At seven, we all piled back on the bus into "town." The majority of us decided to go to an all you can eat Chinese Buffet which was very appropriate for Jon, Ryan, and Felipe due to their black, red and white Kung Fu suits!! However, Jon decided to join some of us at IHOP where we had a



rather rowdy ice fight while old people looked on in disgust. Meanwhile, back at the Ranch (Chinese Restaurant) Bruce was imitating W. C. Fields, "Water is horrible stuff, fish fuck in it, you know!!" The quest for air freshener was on as some of us took over the K-Mart! Vanilla was the choice... so we had vanilla smelling urine for the rest of the tour.

We arrived back in the motel in time to make a beer run and get in the best party of the tour. Felipe and Lauren picked out the grossest Hemp Ale for Andrew, Celia and Kim H. We all crammed in one room (while the third longest Hockey Game was happening in the next room (ok, not the game, but people were watching it!)) We started with a ROCKIN' game of "I Have, I've Never," where Bruce divulged WAY too much info about himself, Connie, and their Hot tub AND was felt up by Celia. Todd told the whole group that he had thought that for the last two years, he thought that Phil was gay... to which Phil answered "BASTARD!" under his breath. We were also told that our trusty driver, Lloyd, had eaten " of a bottle of beer, THE GLASS INCLUDED! After the weak and old were weeded out of the group, we graduated to a game of spin the bottle, number style. Glynis had all the luck, until the Manager broke up the whole party! Boo hoo!

Special Mention goes to Laura and Lauren for introducing the Sesame Street "Thunder, Lightning" from Ernie and the Count.

And thus ends Day Six!

Lauren "COUNTESS" Maline + Kim "CATCH PHRASE" Head

Lauren was given the THUNDER, LIGHTENING Award for her laugh and her undying love of Sesame Street.

Kim was given the PEARLS OF WISDOM award for giving us gems like "push it further", "it's better with your pants off" and "I just want to rub his head all night."

THE HOCKEY DRINKING GAME: DRINK ANYTIME

1. MICHAEL ASKS A DUMB QUESTION ABOUT HOCKEY.
2. MICHAEL MENTIONS HOW ATTRACTIVE A PARTICULAR PLAYER IS.
3. MICHAEL HAS A FLAMEY MOMENT.
4. SOMEONE SCORES

Day 7 - May 5th

Early Friday morning, the half-drunk/half-hangover tour group arose after an active night of drinking games and rowdy parties. We left the Tally Ho Motor Inn in Lompoc at 8 am for a morning full of driving and more drinking, destined for the City of Angels with Lloyd as our guide.

The long, uneventful drive filled the bus with empties and brought us to the Financial District in the heart of L.A., which, according to our great mentor Bruce, was so clean and airy because of an agreement by the surrounding businesses to "go green." We then stopped in the Biltmore hotel - very sraazy - and sang in the lobby to an appreciative audience, thanks to our fearless Hez.

From there, we continued our walking tour and came across a sound sculpture garden, in which Evar found pleasure in attacking several innocent sculptures in hope of producing a wall of sound. It was then time to return to the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. Upon arrival we were rushed by giggling hoards of California's finest beauty pageant dropouts and prom queers, and those were just the girls!

After sitting through an entertaining exhibition of American pride and glee club madness, we enjoyed a comical rendition of the Echo Song by Orlando di Lasso, performed by the Los Angeles Master Chorale Chamber Singers. Oh, and I dare not forget to mention the three old New Yorkers whose conversation was so interesting they insisted on speaking through the performance despite Heathers numerous attempts to hush them up.

Barely escaping the Jaws of Doom and American Patriotism, we beat the traffic out of the Pavilion, only to inch our way to the Anaheim Desert Inn through the afternoon rush. We were strategically placed across the road from Disneyland, which made it easy for some of our eager members to indulge in the temptations of the "Happiest Place on Earth," (happiest, that is, this side of Tijuana) Of those restraining themselves from getting a bit of Mickey action, most slipped into the pool for a refreshing dip.

It was then time to discover the joys of American takeout: Pizzal! After polishing off eight pizzas and eight litres of pop, it was time to call home. That didn't prove to be the best time to call, as Heather, Lauren, and Amy rounded up our home front reunions with a cry fest outside of Derry's. As usual, the evening was filled with drunken acts of embarrassment as we prepared ourselves for Disney Magic.

Andrew "OUR TOM CRUISE OF GRAFFITI MISSION IMPOSSIBLE" Scambler

Amy "JUST TRY TO FIND SOME DIRT ON ME" Cross

Andrew was given the WHAT-R-U-TALKIN-ABOUT MAN? Award and an honourable mention for kissing Ed so softly he didn't even wake up.

Amy was given the TOUR SWEET HEART award for beginning a cry-fest outside of Derry's, across from Disney and.

Day 7 - version 2:

Everyone woke up hurting from a night of boozing. (What's new?) We departed Lompoc by 8 am and headed for L.A. We arrived in Los Angeles at 11:30 am and Bruce took us on a whirlwind walking tour of the majestic architecture of downtown L.A. His tour took us through the Biltmore where we stopped for a choral quickie, our biggest audience yet! We proceeded to

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" Lampard

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 funny 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 stotty 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 fine). We joined in the festivities under the influence of Jor, or maybe Jor 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 foraness 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 or 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 Erseraaa for a little shoppo-shoppo. It was super windy! 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 sarajals - something slimy got in Kim's) and saw ventable mountains of fish (as allusion for all you kids in the Hall fars). 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 or mobiles and fish or 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 pecc. 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 aggression; 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 Lloyds 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: "Lemor? 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 on our way. 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 grando time had of drinking in Mexico. There were drunker 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 raked 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 night. Mira 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 Cela "CAN'T GET MY PANTS ON" Browniss 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 Erseraaa. While a true bazaar was not to be found, there were enough rumour 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 minors 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 or the street, or some rumour hole-in-the-ground, chopping chicken and "beef" or the same wooden block (which probably hadn't been washed since it was purchased) which invariably sold excellent taco's etc... at inflated-for-the-gringo's-but-still-aint-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...

Tristar "SWEET CHEEKS" Carl

Tristar 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 Tristar, 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 raked 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 gamerts were returned and I decided it was time to leave the party. I got cleaned 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 Erseraaa 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 not 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 KIRKY" Qwest

Sara was given the EXHIBITIONIST award for being the tour kirky 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 Evar's name in the middle of the night.

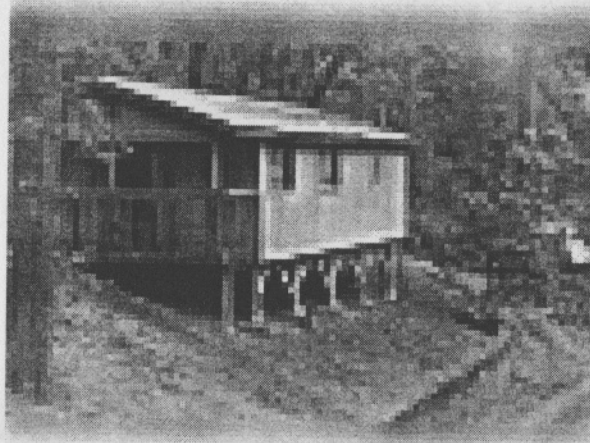
Yep. I admit that it's true, but it is so not what I hope you're not thinking. Well, lets see the day began in Anaheim at Abby's Anaheim Inn. Nothing monumental this morning, except Darryl's food poisoning and the boys meeting "His Holiness" whatever that meant.

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 Mio Pines. 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 Ore, 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? Michele "COMING HOME WITH AN EXTRA HOLE IN HER" Cale Michele was given the IMPRESSIONIST award for making the best animal roses 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: "Evar! Evar!" 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 sunscreener, 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 Homet 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 wine!

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 SMOKE 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 pervaded 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 chonsters 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 what all of us had and had not done, 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, PUCKER 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 Nira 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 sarcasm 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" Rowlett

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.

