

REDMILL

PROPAG★NDA

Pro - pa - gan - da:

A concerted set of messages aimed at influencing the opinions and behavior of large numbers of people. Instead of using information to impact people negatively, Propaganda presents thoughts and ideas in a candid fashion in order to evoke a response in the reader. The desired result is a change in the perception of and cognitive narrative towards life.

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KELOWNA // BRITISH COLUMBIA
quixote@redmillcreative.com
redmillcreative.com
250.448.4961



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APPAREL FOR DOKE RIDERS

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The Propaganda Team:

Original Concept
and Art Direction:
Jason Vance

Graphic Design
and Art Direction:
Luke McAdam

Editorial Assistant:
Jessie Christie

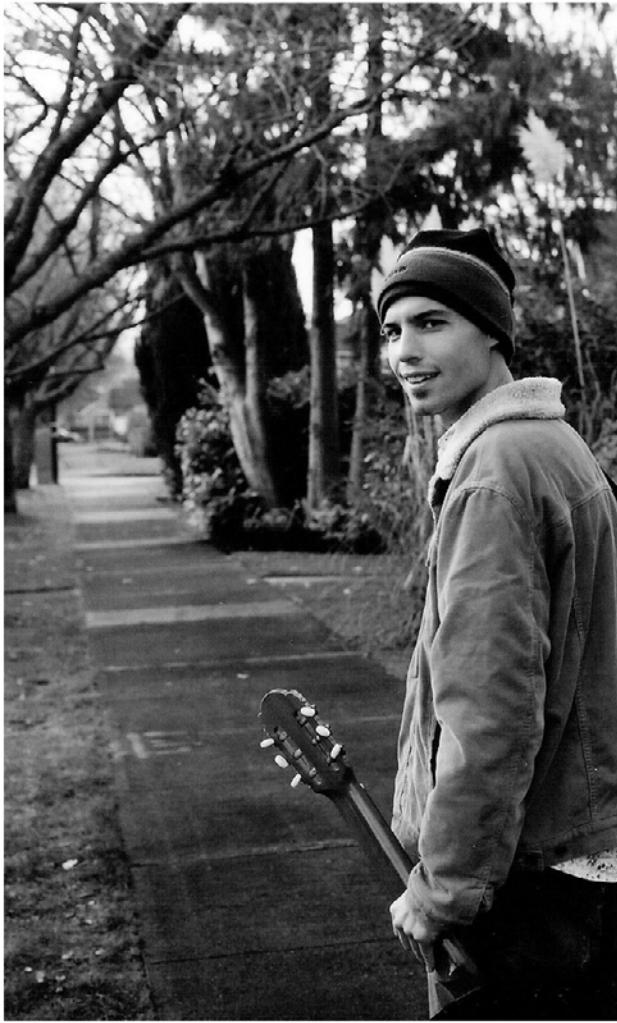
Promotion:
Dan Byl and
Alyssa Molenaar

Scared by the thought of a bathing suit?



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ARI

Meet Ari, a Penticton local who depicts the true meaning of 'artist', whether he's painting, wood carving, or jamming.

Who is Ari?

I was born and bred in Canada, raised by missionary parents with three brothers. We traveled A LOT in my formative years. I began playing guitar seriously at 13 when I was on a missions trip down the Amazon. I presently live in Penticton with my wife and two little ones.

What do you do?

I am a full time freelance musician and artist. As of yet, I am fully independent and local to Penticton. I quit my job in January to actively pursue my career and apply myself as a consummate artist. I write, draw, paint, carve and burn wood, cook, shoot photography, and generally create whenever and however I can. I support my family partly through my art, which I display and sell at shows from my merchandise table, along with my hand-made and home-recorded style CD's.

What do you sound like?

I grew up with a lot of folk music, so that comes through (Joni Mitchell, James Taylor, Bob Dylan, Karlan Banhoff). I try to incorporate a relevance and modern tone to it, with hip-hop and rock sprinkled throughout. Lately, the driving force throughout what I do is provided by an old wooden box I found in my grandpa's workshop after he died that I stomp on and keep time with. And I strap bells and



gourds to my legs. I play guitar and sing over top of the rhythms. Often I will invite other artists to collaborate with me (particularly cello and other vocals), but I've geared most everything of what I do to being able to stand up with no outside help and still have a full sound (see Xavier Rudd).

Where are you going with your music?

This year is an exciting year as we aim to take the music and art to a broader crowd (Canadian and Global), starting with a heavier touring schedule this summer. This will include my first Folk Festival (Arts Wells). I feel that this time in my life is special, because the audience is still really intimate and the gifts are still very fresh, so there is a raw presence in the room as the music is created and people are drawn in by the organic honesty of the moment. There's also something tremendously inspiring about being relatively unknown and free of the commercialism that takes over when a career in music becomes a full-time source of income. I'm looking forward to the potential of a large future as a Canadian musician, but I am really loving the process and the obscurity leading up to it. I've been in no rush to make my music digitally relevant, and plan on taking my time with my artistic development.

Where do you see yourself in the future?

The wonderful thing about where I'm at is that there is a ton of space. I've concentrated most of my burgeoning efforts on crowds that are generally interested in a good time (this is particularly relevant in the Irish pubs that I've done a lot of touring through). This atmosphere is difficult to feel heard in, and is more about beating yourself silly in order to entertain the masses and give them some background music to relax or drink in. Unfortunately, at the start of any career you have to spend a lot of time in "the trenches". This is hard on the ego and on the sensitive heart. Crowded bars are usually heartless and cruel and want to hear nothing but music that they're familiar with. They hate being told to pay

attention, and generally aren't good at listening. But bars are the few places that pay up front for entertainment. It's a starting point for any artist to grow some thick skin and "cut their teeth". Being a lounge-style entertainer has pushed me to look for other venues that are appropriate for what I do, like coffee shops, youth groups, children's circles, high schools, old folks homes, workshops, community centers, art galleries, corporate functions, special events, festivals, and events like birthdays, anniversaries, weddings, and parties.

Finding my niche has been a process that has taken me until now to come to grips with, and I'm getting closer to knowing what I deserve when I perform. I deserve an audience that cares about what I'm doing, one that feels comfortable with my vulnerability, and one that enjoys the atmosphere I create when I let loose. But that doesn't necessarily mean that I want to play in folk festivals and living rooms for the rest of my career. I have a heart for the poor, and I'd like to sing for people that need to hear beauty and hope proclaimed in rhythm and music. I have a heart for the rich, and a place in my heart that caters simply to the enjoyment of life (it's very fun and disarming). I have a heavy spiritual side that understands the matters of the heart, a deeper connection with the Creator, and celebrates the humility of true worship and honest intercession through the peace of practicing the gifts. I have a tremendous sense of humour, and there is nothing that I desire more than to bring laughter and joy to an audience, and cause surprise by bringing in the natural side of looking at the brighter side of life. There's nothing like offending someone's paradigm with a dry look at reality.

Is it pop? Is it folk? Is it experimental? Is it rock waiting to happen? What is this alternative emotional experience? It's nothing pigeon-holed yet. And I like the freedom of looking forward to the future, knowing that it is so much more than it isn't!

Interview by Sam McLoughlin.

Ari can be found www.myspace.com/arineufeld

HOMELESS WISDOM

Name:

Phil

Age: *To my best knowledge - 56*

What advice do you have about relationships?

I'm the wrong person to ask. Married twice. If I'd been smart, I'd still be married. I got dumb, but I had help from the other side.

Be honest and speak to each other about everything, no matter how f***ing stupid you think it is. You will have to swallow your pride sometimes.

Divorce is too easy today. It's too easy to say, "F*** You! I don't have to deal with this s***!" People used to stay together and work through their problems.

Choose the right partner. Two people should go in the same direction. Don't grow a different life. Your marriage will fall apart.

What advice do you have about staying out of trouble in the summer?

Think before you act.

What advice do you have about choosing a career?

Do something you enjoy doing. The money is not as rewarding as doing something you enjoy.

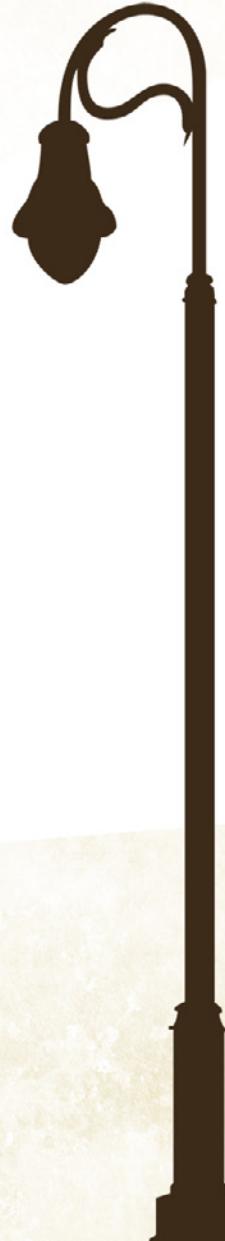
Life is easier when you do something you enjoy. It's hard on your ticker when you do something you hate.

What advice do you have about money?

Don't spend what you don't have to keep. Spend only what's in your pockets.

Don't spend more than you have. You don't have to keep up with your neighbour. It's a f***ing headache to owe someone.

Don't pay some prick for debt that doesn't exist anyways. It's all just made up by banks. That's how these fat bastards get rich.





JD



JEREMY DEMMAN
JOURNEYMAN CARPENTER

C . 2 5 0 . 8 7 0 4 2 4 8
JEREMY@DEMMAN.COM

WATER SHAPES HARD SCAPES
ARCHITECTURAL CONCRETE

PROPAGANDA DICTIONARY

Bozone (n.): The substance surrounding stupid people that stops bright ideas from penetrating.
The bozone layer, unfortunately, shows little sign of breaking down in the near future.

Sarchasm (n): The gulf between the author of sarcastic wit and the person who doesn't get it.

Munted (adj.): Effed up.

Arachnoleptic fit (n.): The frantic dance performed just after you have accidentally walked through a spider web.

Skewiff (adj.): Not straight, or oddly shaped.

"Crankin the Manus": When one's breath smells as if there is an anus in their mouth.
A combination of the words "mouth" and "anus".

Pantaloons (n.): Pants or trousers.

Leprechaunious (adj.) -having the characteristics of a leprechaun. eg. "Harry sure is Leprechaunious".

Hulk Out: To become enraged; to lose one's temper, clothing and power of coherent speech
before embarking on a spree of violence and wanton destruction.

Dopeler effect (n): The tendency of stupid ideas to seem smarter when they come at you rapidly.

Daddy Badge (n): Vomit or snot from a baby found around the upper chest or shoulders of their father which
shows the world that they are a parent. eg. "Nice shirt Pete, was the daddy badge an optional extra?"

Yellow Listed (adj): A title given to an individual who does not wash their hands after urinating. eg. "You may
want to double up on the hand sanitizer after shaking hands with Edith, she was yellow listed last week."

Nobes: No worries, or, no problems.

MONEY MATTERS



I've been thinking about the amount of information about money management taught to students, outside of those taking business courses in school, and the last time I checked, it was very limited.

Most of you want more money and will probably spend the rest of your lives being a slave to that desire UNLESS you learn how to make money work for you. That statement is not a very popular one, but it is an established truth.

What would you do if you received \$1000.00 dollars as a gift tomorrow morning? Would you spend it on a new computer or buy a new (fill in the blank) _____? Would you put some in the bank or in an investment that can grow in value so that it has the possibility of being worth more in future years? Or do you need it so desperately that it just saved your future from demise? Your answers can be very revealing about your habits and attitudes surrounding money.

My hope is to simply stimulate your thoughts and ideas about money and provide some input about your financial experience.

David, what do you do in the Financial Industry?

I help people learn financial tools and how to care for themselves financially. I love this career because I can give folks the insurance and investment help they need to better their lives and the lives of their families.

What kind of insurance is it, and what does it insure?

The insurance that I deal with primarily is Life, Disability and Critical Illness. The purpose of insurance is to protect your assets and loved ones from the possibility of having your financial plan sideswiped by an unforeseen event. Have you thought about what would happen to your family or yourself if you could not go to work for the next six months because of an accident or an illness, or if you were to die how your family would cope financially? I understand these are not popular topics and there are a lot of feelings floating around regarding insurance. Remember, it wasn't raining when Noah built the ark.

What would you invest in to make money quickly?

I am far from a fortune teller, and I am not into leaning on "get rich quick" programs for your financial future. There are hundreds of people out there claiming they have the inside scoop. The truth is that guy is not me. I believe in the value of long term thinking and planning. My personal program, and the program I talk is this - what you don't need today, save for tomorrow. There are different ideas and different approaches when it comes to investing, some good and some bad. I believe that money invested in a good equity over a long period of time will do well for you. What I mean by that is "Compound Interest". If you invested \$100.00 per month for 40 years in an investment that averaged 7% you would have \$262,481.33 at the end of that time. Your total investment would be only \$48,000.00. Einstein said it best, "The most powerful force in the universe is compound interest."

What would you say to someone who doesn't know where to start?

Well, I'd say "any road will take you anywhere if you don't know where you are going." I love the Coquihalla highway in the summer - majestic mountain peaks reaching up to the heavens contrasted against the backdrop of the electric blue canvas sky, windows rolled down. WOW! What a great drive. But if I need to go to Calgary, that is the worst road I could take. If you don't have a destination or a goal – which is a dream with a deadline - it will be very difficult to know where to start.

Line yourself up with a professional who can help you put your dreams into timeframes and suggest proper products so you can achieve your goals. If you start with the end in mind, the pieces of your financial puzzle will fall together almost 'magically'.

For anyone that is interested in learning more, I am taking bookings for a no-charge financial recommendation session. This offer is for a limited time – call and book your session soon.

My Name is David Dodgson, our practice
Wealthy Tortoise Financial Group Inc.
616 Cadder Ave Kelowna B.C
250-717-8800 office
250-859-5850 cell
david@wealthytortoise.ca
www.wealthytortoise.ca



GET REAL *estate*



HOW TO GET INTO THE REAL ESTATE MARKET

I would like to start off this article with a general economic interpretation and prediction. However, please do not hold to any of these opinions as fact, but rather use them as guidelines into the possible future. The Canadian Mortgage and Housing Corporation (CMHC) predicts a continual 10% increase in appreciation this year. So far I am yet to see much steady appreciation. In fact I would say that prices are quite stable, except for a few key areas in the Central Okanagan. Being a Realtor, we are the first to feel any slowdowns or shifts in the market place. We are down 30% in sales this month compared to the same month last year, however we reached record highs in March of 2007.

Alright back to the predictions; I believe 2008 will be a 'good' year for many. Regardless of U.S. scares, the economy here is still doing great, and because the U.S. is shedding all their debt to attempt to increase consumer spending, our dollar is so high that we have to keep interest rates as low as possible. This in turn is still creating a favourable buying environment, and many lenders will look at "suite" income regardless if it is a legal "suite" or not. I will explain more about that later.

So what else is going on at this time, before we talk of any more predictions? Well.... The price of oil is still pushing Alberta forward; we saw a huge price drop in Edmonton this time last year that scared many. But you have to remember that Real Estate cannot be emotional, and for many it is. People get scared about talk on the street so they all panic and sell! And, as they see others selling there is even more panic. It might as well be a self proclaimed prophesy. But the price of oil is not slowing, and hence Alberta is still refining inefficient fuel because the price is right. Saskatchewan is going through the roof,

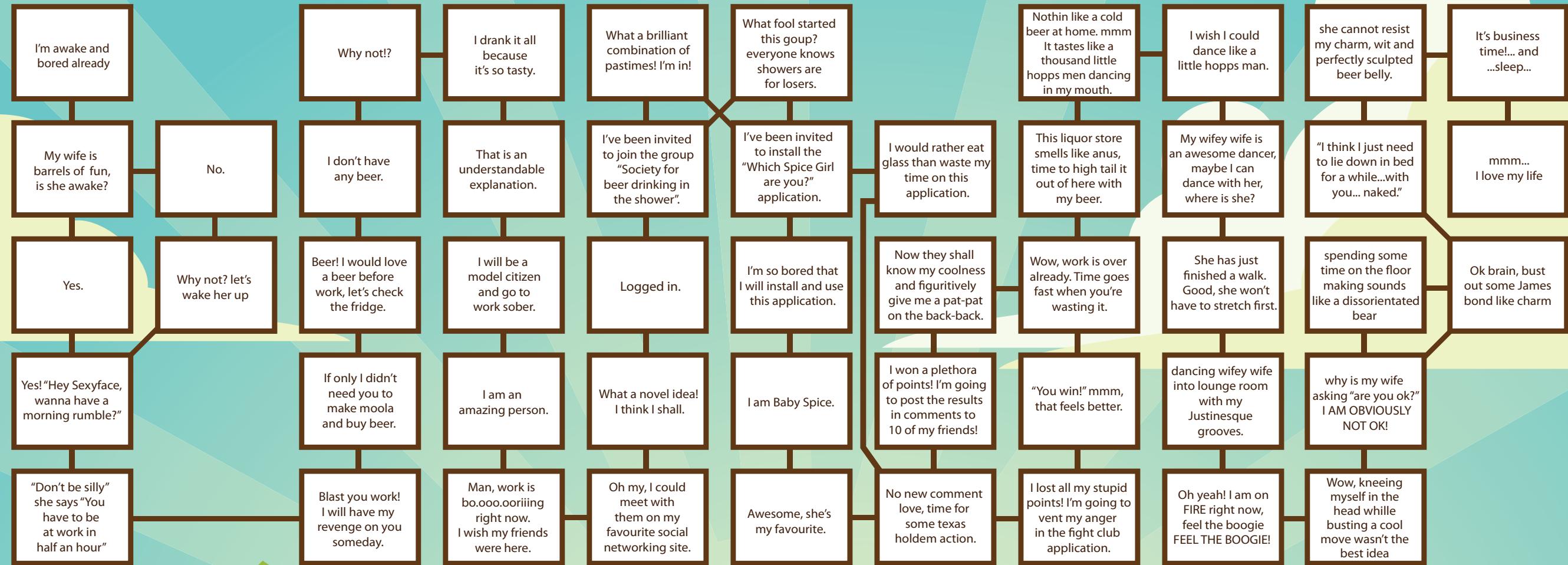
the government shifted around forcing the province into more development and less subsidising. Many Albertans are moving back and buying huge amounts of land and this is just driving the Real Estate prices through the roof. Plus there is always talk of oil possibilities in Saskatchewan. Saskatoon and Regina both had over 50% plus appreciation this last year! That's HUGE....way more than anywhere else in Canada. Also the U.S. has converted huge amounts of land away from grain and into corn for Bio-Fuel. Grain as a commodity has become very valuable since its production and availability just plummeted (supply and demand), and this also benefits Saskatchewan.

Now Canada is indeed experiencing pain from the low U.S. dollar, especially on the manufacturing east coast. However, we will see Real Estate suffer more as the U.S. begins to turn around. Why do I say that? Well, because many investors will instead look to the South for their bargains. This will drive investors south, we will most certainly feel that. Alright, so what's the plan then regarding real Estate for the next 12-24 months? Well don't sell out of panic. I would still happily buy here even at the prices that are around. If you're lucky enough to have held Real Estate over these last few years then you can buy into a new place with huge amounts of equity. It's all relative. Higher prices here mean you can leverage yourself more for bigger gains. Always buy what you can afford, if the markets fall out tomorrow make sure you could afford to keep paying your mortgage for the next 5 years. If you can, then by that time things will have turned around like they do every 5-7 years, and you will be more ahead than ever before. There are still lots of deals to be had, and owning Real Estate is so key to long term success. They talk about the CPI index of inflation as an annual rate of 4-5%. Well I will tell you what; it's more like 15-20%, because the costs of living regarding Real Estate are hardly taken into consideration. You need to own your home just to stay with inflation...if you don't it will leave you behind. **Article written in April 2008.**

Coming next issue: Part 2 - Step into Real Estate. Stephen Whiting (BBA) is a Real Estate Expert with Royal LePage Kelowna, Cell: 250-469-3005, Office: 250-860-1100, Email: stephenwhiting@royallepage.ca



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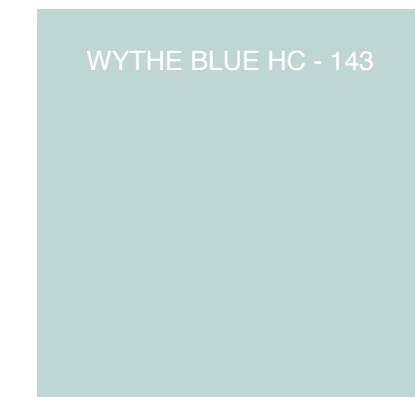
COLOURS BY MICHELLE

WHEN CHOOSING YOUR COLOUR COMBO

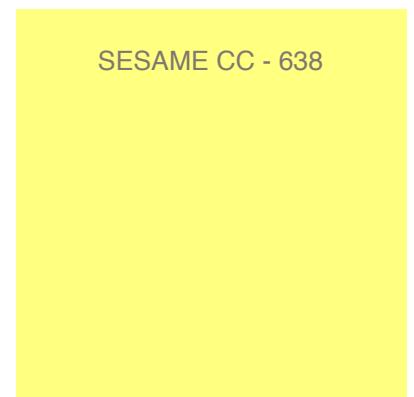
Choosing new colours for your home can seem totally overwhelming. Especially when you're knee deep in hundreds to thousands of swatches. You see, colour chips can be sneaky little things. First of all they can look dramatically different in different kinds of light. Afternoon, evening or artificial lighting can make such a huge difference. One of the best ways to choose your color is to paint two coats onto a large poster board then move that board around the room during different times of day.

When choosing a color combo that you will love , remember to be sure that the colours flow. That way you will get visual unity from one room to the next. When staring at your swatches, look at all the colours together as a whole and be sure that they suit each other. You can have a different colour in every room if you choose as long as they flow. As a general rule, it is usually best to choose all warm shades or all cool ones. Or....have fun and play with colour shades, choosing one colour but in many different shades throughout the home. A light trim throughout the whole home, white or cream, helps bring together diverse colours. Whichever you choose, you're about to embark on a change and change is a good thing. Another great thing to remember is it is just paint and can always be changed once again. When in doubt, hire a colour consultant. Yes... that was a little plug for yours truly.

WYTHE BLUE HC - 143



SESAME CC - 638



Cheers and happy painting,
Michelle Demman
e: michelle@demman.com
ph: 250 762 8634

ASPHALT - CC548

Cliché

It seems that these days
the Blower's Daughter
by Damien Rice
is the standard song for saying
I like you
and as a writer I try to avoid clichés
I try and say things that have been said
a million times before
hopefully, just a little more beautifully
(a losing battle)
but maybe
the song is cliché because it's good
and because
cliché or not, I
can't take my eyes off of you
well, I suppose not literally

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I mean, I can physically look away
and even if I don't
I still blink
I blink, according to yahoo answers
approximately 15,360 times per day

but let's face it
any line from that song
sounds way better than
when I saw you performing
in the Diary of Anne Frank
I totally thought
man, Anne Frank is hot

Because,
too soon
and... no... just no

Considering that I don't really know
what blower's daughter means
anyway

maybe, Christmas Pageant Angel
is a better comparison
far less cliché
yes, another song reference
but one from an emo band that broke up
five years ago
back when emo was still about
scarves, sweaters and thick-rim glasses
as opposed to
self mutilation and black hair
And I could tear into my record collection for
hours

from Ataris to Ziggens
but I-like-you songs only go as far as
I like you

and I don't want to sound too
John Eldridge on you
but you've captivated me, entirely

Besides
if I'm going to compare myself to any John
I'll take John Nolan
from Straylight Run
because, it's no secret that I have my share
of bitterness and disillusionment
but still awesome
beneath all of it

Awesome like...
Pirate-krakens
fightingzombie-dinosaurs
Or awesome like
just throwing something out there
like:
my kissing experiences have been few
and far between
and both times, I've let the female take the lead
because I have no experience or technique
and I would assume (and maybe I'm wrong)
that constant rehearsals
would hinder you in developing your own
so that would make us
two clean slates
two blank canvas'
with potential to become
an epic two panel painting
or two blocks of tofu
looking for just the right seasoning
to make us a desirable meat substitute
Or awesome like
I'll try to make you feel everyday
after I drink a can of bug-spray
and leave the butterflies in my stomach

dissolving in the Davy Jones' Locker
of my gastric acids
and have been successful in presenting you
with a coherent sentence

instead of
uhh, hey, yeah hi
like remember that time when um
when you lost your car keys and
uh like I helped you uh look for them
and uh
I really umm had a...rad time
hanging out with you then
would you maybe wanna
do that again sometime?

Because
I'm not really a shy person
but when I try talking to you
all the letters I try to form words with
all become variables
(and I'm an arts student)
so I'm left staring off into space
hoping that the universe
will show me the correct route
to go about talking to you
without sounding square and I'm sure
that my attempts at stimulating conversation
have, more than once, left you asking
seriously

words are the gift
that you're attempting to develop
well, don't quit your day job
and actually
maybe you should get a day job
but now that I've wrote you

this I-like-you poem
maybe
Scott Gibson
www.myspace.com/scottgibson

but I'd be more than stoked on a
lets hang out sometime
or cup of tea
between class and rehearsal

and then, maybe I'll talk to you
about that emo band that broke up 5 years ago
steal a line from Christmas Pageant Angel
and tell you that
all that I can say, is you're beautiful
and maybe it's cliché
but maybe that's okay
because it's girls like you
that make boys like me
want to write for you
until krakens vs. dinosaurs
joins the ranks of
the sun was shining and the birds were chirping
and
it was a dark and stormy night
because you just make me want to write
page after page
filled with lines of clichés
until the pages have piled to the point
that they could be folded into
enough paper cranes
to save a dying girl with cancer
and then some

I suppose I could seal the remaining pages
in wine bottles
and release them into the ocean
to be found by sea sick sailors
and forgotten castaways
so they can be reminded that sometimes
there's beauty in clichés
Scott Gibson
www.myspace.com/scottgibson

25

TAKE CARE OF YA TROTTERS

AN ARTICLE ABOUT YOUR FEET

Dr Mutch is Chiropractor and practices in Kelowna at Okanagan Health & Performance (OHP). In Addition to his Chiropractic training he has completed additional training in Acupuncture, Prescription Orthotics and in a number of hands on and tool assisted Active Myofascial Release Techniques. These skills have allowed him to excel in the treatment of soft tissue injuries. Dr. Mutch focuses his treatment to hands on manual therapy and often works in conjunction with other health care practitioners. It is his goal to surround himself with the most proficient practitioners in their respective fields to provide the highest quality of patient centered care. Okanagan Health and Performance (OHP), is a Multi-Disciplinary Health Center that shares this goal and is continually evolving to better serve the Okanagan. Dr. Mutch's practice focus is on Family Chiropractic and Performance Care with a special focus on sports injuries and repetitive strain injuries (RSI). He has experience working with the highest levels of athletes in Canada, with patients competing in the Summer and Winter Olympics, Commonwealth Games, Ironman, NHL and CFL. He can be reached at 250.860.6295 or visit the OHP website www.ohpkelowna.com

Have you ever wondered how far you will walk in your life? Well, the average person walks 176,640 km in their lifetime. For those involved in endurance sports such as adventure racing and marathon running this distance is much greater. More surprising is that over 75% of the population will suffer from foot related ailments. For some, foot problems will be minor annoyances. For others, foot problems will mean weeks, months or years of pain and discomfort. For professional and amateur athletes, foot problems can severely affect performance and training schedules. And because of the foot's critical role in how the body functions, problems with foot mechanics can lead to many of the most common foot, ankle, knee, hip and lower back ailments. At the basis of most foot-related problems is a simple fact: the foot is under constant stress from the body's weight as we stand, walk, trek, run, climb, ski, or do any number of other activities on our feet. As you walk or run, your entire body weight lands on your feet at a pressure of up to 5 times your own body weight, and to the tune of 15,000 times a day. With your feet under such high demands while establishing the base of support for your body, even minor variances in normal foot mechanics can impact numerous joints and tissues within the kinetic chain.

Good biomechanics, alignment and function are essential to healthy feet and foot performance. This implies that the foot is moving correctly when we are standing, walking or running. Altered biomechanics will cause poor weight distribution along the bottom of the foot, resulting in one or more areas of the foot bearing abnormally high pressure. The result of faulty foot mechanics can be pain (at numerous sites), skin irritation, postural fatigue or even a lack of balance all of which will ultimately affect athletic performance. Similar to the use of eyeglasses for correcting vision, researchers have developed foot orthotics for the correction of foot mechanics. In fact, orthotics are the second most prescribed correctional

device, second only to eyeglasses. One of the most common reasons for the prescription and use of an orthotic insert is the desire to correct a developing injury or to avoid a typical movement that is related to injury. Several studies have reported successful interventions with orthotics in sport activities. The literature reports that between 70% and 80% of foot and leg conditions respond positively to treatment. In a study conducted on runners with knee injuries, 78% were able to return to their previous running program with the use of orthotic therapy.

In another study of 347 runners and walkers, orthotics were used to correct foot dysfunction. Of the total subjects, (31.1%) were diagnosed with pronation (flat foot), plantar fasciitis (20.7%), Achilles tendonitis (18.5%), leg length discrepancy (13.5%), patello-femoral conditions (knee pain) (12.6%), and shin splints (7.2%). Of all the respondents, 76% reported complete or substantial improvement in symptoms due to the orthotics. Orthotics accomplish this by controlling excessive motion in the arch of the foot to maintain a stable base of support and reduce stresses placed on the lower body. This can then allow for focus to be placed on other stresses during your race...such as your compass and wondering which way you SHOULD have gone to reach the next check point.

Born and raised in Vancouver, and considered by many poker superstars to be “the best unknown player in the world”. Canadian Brad “Yukon” Booth has firmly established himself amongst poker’s elite players. Long a mainstay in the biggest cash games in Las Vegas casinos, Brad plays in the staggering side action (including \$200-\$400 No Limit Hold ‘Em) amongst the world’s top players with the likes of Phil Laak, Daniel Negreanu, Antonio Esfandiari, Barry Greenstein, and Johnny Chan. Booth has recently expanded upon his poker-playing repertoire to include tournament play, with results equally impressive to his consistent dominance in side games.

1. Don’t Play Too Many Hands

Probably the number one mistake beginning poker players make is that they play far too many hands. Players who are just starting out tend to want to “play poker”, and that means staying in hands that aren’t very good just to be part of the action. But playing more doesn’t mean winning more, it usually means losing more. If you find you’re staying in half or more of the hands you’re dealt, you need to re-evaluate your hand selections.



2. Watch the Drinking

I can’t even count the number of nights I’ve sat across the table from someone & watched them get plastered silly and throw away their entire stack of chips. In fact, I’ve made a lot of my living by looking for these people at the table. Unless you’re playing in a home game with the primary objective of enjoying the companionship of your friends, watch your alcohol consumption. The truth is, you’re not more relaxed and sharper after a few drinks. Whether you agree or not, science proves that you are in fact impaired. If it were true, doctors would have a couple of cocktails before they went into the surgery room. Now let me ask you this... Would you want to be operated on in this situation? I think not. Your judgement is impaired, and it can have serious ramifications.

3. Don’t Bluff To Look Good

Everyone knows that bluffing is a part of poker, but far too often it is not used as a technique, but rather as a way to stroke your own ego. There is no rule that says that you have to bluff. Leave your ego at the door, or your wallet, it’s entirely up to you. Bluffing is a skill, and only can work to one’s advantage if they know exactly what they are doing. It is an advanced move, and if you don’t execute it properly, you will find yourself with lighter pockets. Too many players feel that they need to prove something, by executing a bluff. Don’t be this person.

4. Don’t Stay in a Hand Just Because of the Pot Size

Another common mistake players make is to think that they are pot committed, so they might as well pay it off. Nope. You can’t win a pot just by throwing money at it. There may be cases when pot odds warrant a call, but if you’re sure you’re beaten, and there’s no way your hand can improve to be the best hand, then get rid of it. The money you’ve already invested is gone! Live with it, and don’t be a sucker by adding to your losses.

5. Don’t Play When Emotions are High

Don’t play poker when things aren’t going your way that day. No matter what it is, if you’re depressed, angry, sad, or any other negative emotion, your poker results won’t be what they should be. The reason is that you are starting your session out on TILT. When we get emotional, we tend to lack reason. Poker needs to be played with your brain, not your heart. Likewise, if during a poker game, you lose a big hand or get sucked out on and feel yourself getting emotional, stand up and go for a walk until you feel calm later on. People like me will spot your emotion, and do everything to escalate and take advantage of it.

6. Do Pay Attention to the Other Players

As you play, one of the single best things you can do is observe your opponents, especially when you’re not in a hand. By watching hands that you are not involved in, you can get valuable information, without having to pay for it. This is the prime time to spot tells, and to look for betting structures on your opponents.

7. Don’t Play If You Can’t Afford It

There are many reasons to move up to a higher limit game. But make sure the reasons are good ones. Never move to a higher limit game to impress someone, or because the wait list is too long at your regular limit. Not only do higher limits mean higher stakes, but they also mean higher calibre of players. Only move to a new limit when you feel you have created a bank roll that warrants playing at that limit, and you’ve observed the game in question and feel your skills are at the stage to take it on. Never play with money you can’t afford to lose, or can affect your day to day life.

For more about Brad Booth check out his web site:
www.yukonbrad.com



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Honeyful

Faces stare,
gawking
at all that we have become
They are endless
they are tyrannous
jealous
For what have we
greatness
and goodness

of home
Fakeness
and tiredness
of house
Walls staring, holding
all we desire to be
all that we make of ourselves
for others
What have we
is blessed
and thus cursed
and thus blessed again.
The joyous discomfort,
the painful luxury
that they now stand
feet first
and admire
Is how they define us
-don't you just love your new house-
-yes, because you love this house
and love me and hate me
that I am in this house, so yes
I think.-
Stop staring
Stop laughing and awing
at the drywall, just as yours
that surrounds me.
We all share
in this House
that is beyond any walls
we find ourselves sheltered in.
we find ourselves found in.
we find ourselves
homeless
in.

Photos and poems on current and
following page by Mel Shea

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32

Tire

Listen to them
Listen to the clucking
the yucking
the chucking of random thought
As they hurry through life
Their pain their strife
will be played upon us
And we will listen
as they hiss and
snarl.
Why, why why do we
listen as they
whisper and cry?
We hear their shame
when they realize the blame
is on them
and they cry
We hear their disgust
When they realize the rust
is forming
and they cry
We hear their trash
as they slice and gash
away the future
and they cry
Listen to them.
Listen to this amassment
of terror driven
past-stricken
useless abusive intrusive fruitless
TALK.

(an afterthought...)
And all that can be thought
will be sought
from the rot
of the human mind
and they will talk talk talk
and we will find
that this is drivel
and that is drabble
and we will grapple
at the idea
of human knowledge
We will fondle our innocence
and pity those who think all
yet know nothing
The change of minds
has come
and yet some
remain unchanged
Unchallenged by the ruler
called voice
And those unpriven
are those who listen
As you are listening right now
The thirst for knowing is
growing and growing
but knowing will stop your
inability to talk and
you become another brother
of the spoken.
And you will cry

33

THE FOWL CHOICE

a review of the wings at: **Brandts Creek**

HOT WINGS (9II)

Flavour: 7.5

Heat: 8.2

Tenderness: 8.0

Messiness: 5.6

OTHER WINGS

Lemon Pepper: 5.8

Sweet Chilli: 7.8

Teriyaki: 8.6

OVERALL RATING

7.2



THE FOWL CHOICE

a review of the wings at: **Brandts Creek**

DETAILS

30¢ per wing

Wing wait time: 12mins

Average age: 40

NOTES

3 big screens

Great atmosphere inside

Large covered patio

CLICK ON THE IMAGE
BELOW TO PLAY VIDEO

THE FOWL CHOICE
a review of the wings at: **Brandts Creek Pub**





JARON DOES: *Indonesia*

Starting off a trip across the world with losing your passport the morning that you're leaving does not always leave you feeling so hot. Somewhere between photocopying it at Staples, going home to load up and picking up my buddies to drive to Vancouver, it vanished into thin air, never to be seen again. Luckily I realized this before I left Kelowna. Long story short, I had to stick around for the weekend waiting for the passport office to reopen on Monday while my five friends that I was going with got to take off and spend 3 days in Hong Kong. Once I got my new passport and flew out that night though, all my anxiety passed and I was golden! Just happy to make it on the trip at all. After meeting up with the boys in the Hong Kong airport, we flew straight to Denpasar, Bali and then ended up finding a flight to Lombok (the next island over) leaving 15 minutes later. After purchasing our tickets and being rushed through 3 security checks and all the other asinine features of Indonesian airports, we made it. A 30 minute plane ride felt like peeling carrots after spending 23 hours getting to Bali. Once we were on the road, driving an hour and a half to the south coast, I was out. Lombok is unique in the way that it has the smaller tourist spots, but has in no way been discovered by the masses, so it is still very



local and untainted by the negative effects that tourism can have on a culture. Because of this, we could see the genuine happiness in people's eyes and smiles as we drove through the towns and villages blew all of us away. In the first hour of our Indo experience, the six of us had all fallen in love with the culture and the beauty of both the people and the island.

Our first 4 days were spent at a place called the Surfer's Inn in Kuta. As our first stop, we didn't really know what to expect, but we were more than pleasantly surprised. This little community of people from all over the world ended up being one of our favorite places. I could never seem to get my fill of fresh fruit smoothies and banana pancakes every morning and mie goreng (fried noodles) at lunch and dinner. The food was so incredibly good and insanely cheap! Our average meal consisted of an appetizer (spring rolls was a favorite), main course (mie goreng or satay was always amazing), dessert (fried bananas with ice cream was incredible) and beverage was \$5. Crazy! The next place we hit up was off the West coast of Lombok called the Gili Islands. These little islands were amazingly beautiful with

lots of cute places to stay as well as 50 cent rum and cokes! The snorkeling was great and the tuna steaks were even greater. One local came off their longboat carrying what had to be over a 100lb tuna, which ended up being almost 3/4 the size of me when I laid down beside it. Unfortunately, the snorkeling day ended with my buddy Pat getting severely dehydrated, to the point of convulsing and vomiting everything that was in him and more. Freaked us out pretty bad, especially since we were a 45 minute boat ride and 2 hour drive from the nearest hospital. After telling the supposed



but an ominous volcano was staring us in the face across the ocean from Bali. Absolutely breathtaking at sunset! This place was a true honeymoon get-away. Because of this, sharing a bed with Steve instead of my wife (future, of course) was a little disappointing. The last place that I spent with the boys was Kuta, Bali. This is the main tourist spot of Bali. It is also where all three Bali bombings occurred, the biggest one two blocks away from our hotel. The city is crammed with little street vendors, surf shops, restaurants, cafes, bars, clubs and hotels on streets that aren't even big enough for cars to fit through in places, which is the reason for the ridiculous amount of mopeds and motorbikes. The driving in Indonesia is just like, well most other places in Asia, with no real road rules other than



at the local clinic to give him an I.V. and spending 800,000 Rupia on getting a hold of our insurance and arranging transport, Pat decided to start feeling better. The morning after the Pat ordeal, we made our long journey, which included a 6 hour ferry ride of death, back over to Bali to a place called Ubud. We spent the next couple days in inland Bali, somewhat close to one of the volcanoes. Ubud is a rad little city filled with tons of local art. Everything from silversmith jewelers to incredible painters to cultural shows, this place was the White Ave of Edmonton or the Granville Island of Vancouver. This hotspot is filled with amazing little restaurants and really cool places to stay. At the one corner of Ubud is a monkey jungle as well, with hindu temples and ancient stonework that is extremely intriguing. The monkeys are kind of evil, but they are cute to watch. And although we tried, we couldn't get one to smoke.

From Ubud we went to an island called Nusa Lombongan, which had to have been the most beautiful spot that we experienced. The six of us ended up renting a villa that overlooked the bay filled with seaweed farms and surf breaks. Not only that,



street direction. Their motto is; if there is room for 2 cars, there will be 8. Kuta beach is also extremely crowded and has to be 4 or 5 miles long, stretching from the airport in Denpasar all the way down past Kuta and beyond. The whole thing is beach breaks where newb surfers can learn and take lessons. When it picks up though, the sets can throw up an overhead face that is both shreddable and forgiving, as there is no consequence of coral chewing your skin off. On what was supposed to be my last day in Indonesia, I ended up changing my ticket home till 2 weeks later and ended up going up to the capital city of the country, Jakarta, with my buddy from Australia. He had come to visit me in Bali for a few days on his way to Jakarta, where he had a bunch of young people on a school doing work in slums and churches. I met him when I did this school three years ago through the organization Youth With A Mission. It was amazing to make the change from chilling out and surfing to going into slums and brothel areas to help clean up garbage and give toothbrushes to the cutest little kids with rotting teeth, in the hope to teach them how to take care of both themselves and where they live. Playing with the kids and having conversations with the adults in these places of poverty was a pretty amazing experience. In a city of 12 million people, you feel extremely limited in what you can do to help. Overwhelmed by this, I really realized that really the only way is one person at a time (as cliche as that sounds). In the 5 weeks that I was in Indo, I was able to see the more rural Indonesia in Lombok, the touristy and culture filled Bali and the urban/industrial metropolitan of Jakarta. In all of this, I really feel like I got the complete Indonesian experience and I would definitely say that I love it and would tell everyone to go there!

Jaron Schamuhn plays in Everyother - myspace.com/everyotherband





RECIPES

Bruschetta - A great summer snack

5-6 medium tomatoes (seeds removed)
1/2 sweet onion
6-8 cloves of garlic (or to taste)
handful of fresh basil
5 tablespoons of olive oil
1 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice
salt and fresh ground pepper
125g - 200g of feta

Directions: Remove seeds from tomatoes and chop finely. Cube or crumble feta. The onion, garlic and basil can be easily and quickly chopped in a food processor, or done by hand. Mix together in a bowl with oil, lemon juice, salt and fresh ground pepper. Serve on toasted, buttered baguette rounds.

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I was watching TV the other day and saw an ad beckoning me to “come to Disneyland, the place where dreams come true!” Well, I’ve been there, and I have to say, I felt a little ripped off. Sure, if your dream is to ride in a fake space ship or meet a guy dressed up as Goofy then OK, I guess your dreams may come true. Congratulations. But if I’m going to believe the marketing team at Disney, then I’d have to agree with novelist Douglas Coupland, who said that nowadays, “people’s dreams are boring.” A character in his novel JPod claims that “the communists were smart in some ways. They actively discouraged hoping and dreaming.” The communists may have discouraged it: we capitalists merely try to control it. I think we’ve come to understand the word ‘dream’ as a buzzword linked to the realm of children’s fantasy and clever marketing campaigns – in effect, dreaming has become unoriginal, and un cool. Not only did we out grow our childhood dreams, it seems we outgrew dreaming altogether. in so doing, forgotten a central element in what it means to be human.

When people visit Disneyland, I guess they are supposed to experience the fulfillment of a childhood dream to be an astronaut or race car driver or Indiana Jones’ sidekick - and they settle for a fake. What they really dreamt about was being part of a story filled with uncertainty, adventure, and excitement. Instead, they get a few minutes on a roller coaster, and misinterpret an adrenaline rush as genuine wish-fulfillment. I don’t believe this is not what our childhood psyche had in mind. I think dreams and stories are intimately connected; stories need someone to dream them up, and live them, and the fulfillment of real dreams makes for a great story. People used to see their lives in the context of grandiose dreams and exciting stories; but something has changed. Now this may be a bit harsh, but I think Disney ruined the concept of dreaming for my generation, and it did this not through its theme parks, but through its stories.

For the last fifty years or so, people have been raised on Disney movies. We learned that if you’re a little girl, you should dream of being a princess, and someday a prince will marry you and you’ll live happily ever...and I’m bored already. If you’re a little boy, you should dream of fighting a dragon or becoming King... of a castle or a pride of lions - it doesn’t matter. Unfortunately the majority of us eventually figured out that we weren’t really heroes or damsels

and there is no such thing as ‘happily ever after.’ In effect, our childhood dreams let us down, because they were not rooted in any kind of reality. So we became cynical. Through disappointment in our childish dreams, and disappointment in their knock-off, theme-park-ride realization, many of us gave up dreaming altogether, in favor of a more practical mindset. Instead of ambition, we chase popularity; instead of seeking personal meaning, we desire a new car or sofa. Instead of dreaming of being the main character in a great story, we settle for going to the movies and watching someone else do so. In our attempts to just get by, I think we’ve forgotten how to dream, and in so doing, forgotten a central element in what it means to be human.

Another of my favorite authors, Donald Miller, also notices that young people these days are too cool for ambition. He says that “the reason we can be cynical about that word is because we live in luxury. We can stay home and play Playstation all day... and still afford to eat Taco Bell at the end of the day. There are people in other countries, other cultures, that can’t afford to not have ambition, because if they don’t have ambition, their family dies.”

Many people face adversity every day in real life, and dreaming fuels their ambition to overcome their economic or social disadvantages. When one of these people finds success, this makes for a great story.

Before I was born, people said things like, “I have a dream (!),” when expressing their ambitions to transform the world. Back then, people also said things like, “Anything is possible!” Today, that sounds more like a tagline for a kids’ movie about a penguin trying to make it on Broadway. To previous generations, the world seemed a changeable place, so people set about trying to change it. I think our general attitude on this subject has changed, because I don’t see many people trying to change the world anymore; but I do see people trying to escape it.

A pop-culture prophet from the sixties named Marshall McLuhan once said, “The medium is the message.” Ask yourself this, what messages are your mediums - i.e. your TV, your computer, even your couch - telling you? They’re telling you that it’s ok to experience life from the comfort of your own home; you don’t need to get out there and do it yourself. Instead, you can just watch someone else do it, and then see what else is on. Why go through the risk and physical torture of climbing Everest or surfing Mavericks when you can see their view from a camera? The way we think about how we interact with the world and each other is changing,

and I think it's become dehumanizing to us. Instead of seeing ourselves as part of a great story, we see ourselves as part of a great advertisement for cell phones, or plasma TV's, or whatever. We are becoming disconnected from the world, from each other, and from ourselves. Safety, comfort, and efficiency are not the ways in which we were supposed to experience life. Our lives are supposed to tell a story.

Have you ever read the Biblical story of Joseph? Man, that guy had some hard times. He was tossed in a well (that's right, a well) by his brothers, sold into slavery, and thrown into jail for a crime he didn't commit, where he waited for years and years before release. You'd think this guy would just give up on life; but he didn't, and it turns into a great story. If you know the story, you know it has quite a remarkable ending. It takes the fulfillment of dreams in stories to a whole new level. I don't see many new stories like this anymore, stories filled with dramatic weight, foreshadowing, conflict, and the realization of a great dream. But this kind of story is way more relevant to our lives than anything they could dream up at Disney, because it's filled with the brutal reality of betrayal, rejection, hard luck, and disappointment. Joseph deals with these as a model for the power of patience, perseverance, courage, and forgiveness. He inspires us to approach our hardships in the same way. His life is a model for the potential of our own story. Stories like that of Joseph teach us what it means to be really human, not simply a character in a fairy tale.

We all dream of being a protagonist in a really great story; at least, we should dream this way. Unfortunately, many of us have given up on these dreams, and have decided to live vicariously through others. We've decided that comfort is more important than adventure, that avoiding conflict is better than dealing with it. This doesn't mean we aren't living a story, however. But it does mean that the story of our lives has become really, really boring. Without dreams, without conflict, without perseverance, a story is just plain boring. Many of us are scared to fail, to be rejected, so we live an incredibly boring story simply because we are afraid.

To dream is to allow your life to tell a great story. Robert McKee encourages writers at the end of his book 'Treatise on Story' with this statement, though for the sake of our present focus, I'll substitute the word 'dream' for 'write.' "(Dream) every day... do this, despite fear... for beyond all else, beyond imagination and skill, what the world asks of you is courage: courage to risk rejection, ridicule, and failure. As you follow the quest for stories told with meaning and beauty, study thoughtfully, but (dream) boldly. Then, like the hero of that fable, your dance will dazzle the world."

So may you have ambitions that aren't confined to our worldly notions of security and comfort. May your life tell a story that will dazzle the world, and inspire others to do the same. And may you dream dreams... that will never be fulfilled at Disneyland. For more from Sam McLoughlin check out ownyourfaith.blogspot.com



IN THE SPOTLIGHT

LOOKING FOR FREE KIDS?

While scouring the pages of craigslist, we came across this advertisement for free children. They don't sound very enticing, we're gonna stick with the goldfish for now thanks.

3 mouthy children
<http://kelowna.en.craigslist.ca/zip/645674152.html>

Kelowna craigslist > free stuff

Avoid scams and fraud by dealing locally! Beware any deal involving Western Union, Moneygram, wire transfer, cashier check, money order, shipping, escrow, or any promise of transaction protection/certification/guarantee.

[More info](#)

3 mouthy children (ANYWHERE)

free for the taking 3 mouthy disrespectful, spoiled children.

1: 10 year old girl - skips school crys too much hates everyone

2: 15 year old girl - snotty, thinks everything is either free or hers occasionally throws things and is scared of her shadow

3: this one is not really out: 15 year old boy - boyfriend of the oldest girl, thinks he lives here, a bit obnoxious, and smells like cheese (the old kind)

available for pick up immediately. they come with hamsters and cell phones they don't deserve. please, please, please, we are only giving them away to repair our mental health.

we don't drive (cause kids cost too much) so pick up only

NOTE: to who ever attempted to contact us by the "no contact info thing" ---- this is only a joke---- the kids where being a pain that day (as usual) we are not really selling , trading or giving them away.

• Location: ANYWHERE
• it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

Posting ID: 645674152

No contact info? if the poster didn't include a phone number, email, or other contact info, craigslist can notify them via email. [Send Note!](#)

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HERE BE YETIS

FREE
WIFI



BEAN SCENE

THE ROYAL ANNE HOTEL

DEDUTCH RESTAURANT

THE APPLE BOWL PARKING LOT

BLENDZ

KVR CAFE

THE BREAD CO.

DEDUTCH RESTAURANT

SEARS STARBUCKS

THE COLLEGIUM

BLENDZ

HERE BE BEARS

HERE BE COYOTES



HOW TO SELECT THE PERFECT POKER TABLE

Big Slick Custom Made started as a custom poker table manufacturing company. Now I make that sound a lot more sophisticated than it really was. To be honest with you, when I started out I was a typical guy playing in a typical weekend game with a group of buddies playing a \$20 buy-in .25 - .50 cent game on a kitchen table with a piece of felt stretched across it. Now this might be fine for some people, but it just wasn't working for me. So I took my \$200 kitchen table and added a black vinyl padded bumper with rope lighting and the whole works. I found some green velveteen at the local upholstery shop and I stretched that down across some carpet underlay that I had glued to the table. It was my pride and joy and we had some great games on that baby. I ended up selling the thing later for \$100, (I would have gotten more for it, if I would have just left it as a kitchen table) and to look back now I have to laugh. But after 3 years of building tables and selecting numerous styles of pre-fabricated tables and table tops, I have come to realize some important factors in selecting the "right" table for you

Size: The first thing you want to figure out is how many friends do you really have? Honestly, if all you ever get at your home game is you, mom, dad, your sister and grandma and grandpa then you don't need a 10 man high-end custom table. An 8 man table will be just fine (you might need the extra two spaces in case you find a couple non family members to take for all their money).

Table or Table Top: If you have limited space and already have an existing table then you will probably want to just go with a table top. I prefer an actual table over a table top for the plain fact that no matter what you do, you will always have creases in the top of your table top where it folds. If space is the issue than a table with folding legs might be a good solution.

Cup Holders: Do you want people to be drinking at your table or not? My suggestion is this: "The more expensive the table, the less you want people putting drinks on it!" Almost all pre-fabricated tables and table tops will have cup holders. This is fine for these tables but if you are spending the money on a high-end table, then I would recommend spending the extra money and getting side tables for your drinks. Chances are it will be less expensive than adding cup holders to your table anyways.

Dealer Position: If everybody in your home game takes turns dealing, then don't get a table with a dealer position. It will just take away a spot for another player. However, if you want the actual casino feel then you should get a table with a dealer spot.

Oak Racetrack: I hate them!!! They look great, but they have no functional use to them at all. Chips sound horrible when you shuffle them, cards are nearly impossible to pick up and I thought the whole reason for having a poker table was so you didn't have to play on your dining room table anymore??

Test it out: I'm sure that we have all heard the phrase "You get what you pay for" Well it is very evident with poker tables. A table can look exactly the same as another table, but that doesn't mean that they are built the same! All tables are not created equal!

So here is a checklist of what to do when you are shopping for a poker table.

- Sit down and make sure it's the right height. Make sure you don't have to lean over too far to rest your arms on the bumper. But also make sure that you don't need a booster seat!!
- Stack chips on it and make sure that they don't tip over due to a sub-standard padding. Padding should be firm but still squishy enough that you can pick your hole cards up with ease.
- Run your hand across the cloth and make sure that it will not pill or is not pilling already. (Pilling: Those nasty little fluff balls that you get on felt or wool)
- Deal some cards on it to see how they slide on the cloth.
- Rest your arms on the padded bumper and see how it feels. Make sure that it offers some support and that the vinyl will stand up to at least a few games. If the vinyl is ripped or torn already in the store, then it probably won't last too long with all your rowdy poker buddies.
- Know what you need and what you can afford. But also get the best bang for your buck!
- Having a good poker table will make all the difference in how much you enjoy your game. If I go somewhere to play and they have a blanket draped across there kitchen table, I leave!

I prefer to play the game. I don't want to be playing catch with cards as they are dealt, so that they don't fall on the floor or flip over. I like to be able to look at my hole cards without getting paper cuts under my nails. So if you are one of those people still playing on your kitchen table.... PLEASE visit our website www.bigslickcustom.ca and we will get you setup properly. You will be doing yourself and all your poker buddies a favour!



When you meet someone for the first time, you normally gather two pieces of information from them right off the bat: name and occupation. It's amazing to me how quickly the answer to the latter question determines the status of the person you've met. "Oh, you're a doctor"....or "Oh, you just dropped out of college and are thinking of just traveling for the next three years while mooching other people's food and couches, very nice." For some reason status in our culture is so tied into what we do for a living. But, what if the absolute peak of our "status scale" was based on how big of an idiot you were willing to make of yourself...

Dream with me and pretend this was the case while I take you on a brisk walk down memory lane for me and my most embarrassing moment.

I was 16. I was an intern counselor at Ness Lake Bible Camp way up in the middle of nothing, near Prince George. I was awesome. I was leading a nature walk class with a bunch of nine-year-olds who didn't know crap about anything, and neither did I. I was in need of a toilet. Not just any toilet, we're talking in DESPERATE need of a device that could contain a #2 bowel movement that came up on me so quick that all I had time to say to my little class was, "I'm sorry, I'll be right..." With a white face, clenched jaws, and a few doubtful prayers I started running down the trail towards the admin building where my savior (the white porcelain god we call a toilet) was awaiting my arrival. I don't know about you, but when I really have to

hold my poo back, it comes in waves. It'll be like, "Oh crap, here it comes"...and then 20 seconds later it'll be like "sweet, looks like I'll be able to make it to the can on time after all." Well, I got hit with one of those "oh crap" waves so hard, I had to stop running and literally hold my ass-cheeks together with both hands for fear of losing a chunk right out of my baggy boxers.

At the last second, I decided to cut through this old barn which would save me about 15 seconds on my journey. There was a trampoline in the middle of it and as I came around the corner a fellow counselor, Holly, was jumping gleefully on it. "Hey, what's up," she asked as she bounced up and down. My walk slowed all the way down as I tried to make it look as if I had my hands in my back pockets. This wave was too powerful though. My hands couldn't even hold back the gates. I had to do something so I turned to one of the most classic moves in the book. "Hey, isn't that amazing?" I said as I pointed to this epic-sized Canadian flag hanging on the wall behind her. As she turned to look, I felt a piece of poo drop through my boxers, off my leg, and land on the ground beside my sandal. Then, with Jackie Chan-like reflexes, before she even saw what happened, I picked it up and casually walked over to a garbage can about 10 feet away from where I was. I threw that puppy in there and was able to lay the rest of my cable in the washroom without incident. Now, what if I were to tell that one to everyone I met on my next business trip? In a really sick and twisted way, it feels good to get that off my chest. Beat that.



CHAPTER 1

Alaska bound; Juneau was on the horizon. It's not that far from Kelowna, right? The state capital was inviting based on the research I had done. There was something keeping me from heading north; an invisible wall of obstacles to overcome. A wall similar to those you would see in the old T.V show, American Gladiators with ropes, spikes and hot-plates.

The first obstacle was having my bike stolen from the UBCO campus in Kelowna B.C, (where I am a student) 3 weeks before my departure. A lovely silver Specialized Stumpjumper which I had used to cycle across Africa in 2006. Some would suggest that I had an oversized attachment to my bike; it could be worse, I could have an oversized buttocks and an attachment to cheesecake. I had class until 8pm on the Thursday night, and I sauntered out of the Arts building making my way to the rack, only to see that there weren't any bikes resting in the metal frame. I laughed and figured someone was playing a trick on me; I hoped that my friend Dylan would jump out from behind a tree yelling "gotcha!" with my bike in hand. The construction lights were casting shadows across my face, and then it began to rain. And in my fret of wondering where my bike was, I felt guilty and disappointed in myself and society. Disappointed in the fact that I couldn't even trust the public and my peers with such a possession, it made me feel sick to be so violated. I was also feeling selfish, and I couldn't believe how the loss of a bike upset me; I could only hope that it went to someone who truly needed it. Then again, I needed it. That bike was how I got to school, my recreation, and the place where I would meditate and journey to new places. I was able to inspire others through cycling.

I went to campus security, the RCMP and local bike shops to inform them of my loss. As much as I wanted to think someone would return it to the place where I left it, I knew that it was most likely already in a pawn-shop in pieces, or in a bush somewhere after a drunk used it to get wherever they needed to go. I just needed to figure out how to get a new bike in time for the summer months, since I would be working as a cycling guide out of Juneau, Alaska for 4 months. Thankfully, a local bike shop in town, Venture Gear, was very supportive and helped me with finding a new bike. This bike-theiving incident seemed to be an omen for my future adventure to Alaska. I could feel the energy swarming in the spring air. It wasn't my time.

As badly as I wanted to get up north, something was forcing me east, back home to Ontario; Yours to Discover. I had already planned my trip accordingly, with flights and ferries booked to Alaska. Juneau is landlocked, so you cannot drive into the city due to its 27 avalanche-prone mountain passes, making it dangerous and expensive for appropriate infrastructure. Yet, the city of 30,000 people was calling

me in, the whales were waiting to be watched, and the thought of drinking from a melting glacier made my brain freeze. Along with cycling every day, I was hoping to do some bird watching, another one of my hobbies. Juneau was letting a Lesser Black-backed Gull reside on the muskeg of the Mendenhall wetlands. This Gull has been seen throughout the Okanagan Valley the past few winters, which eventually became my jinx bird. A jinx bird is one that other bird-watchers seem to see very easily, except for you. Local bird-watching-guru friends of mine, including my boyfriend Russell, would phone me at inopportune hours of the morning yelling into the phone that the Lesser black-back Gull was at City Park or at Robert Lake in Kelowna. Sometimes I would be brushing my teeth or busy baking chocolate-zucchini bread, yet I would still run to my car with hopes of seeing this rare bird which belongs in the east, not The Beautiful British Columbia. Even in Eastern Canada, this is a rare gull.

The Lesser black-backed Gull has been lingering around Juneau, Alaska for the past 2 months, creating considerable hype along the Pacific North-West coast. Still without the bird on my life list, I was prepared to devote much of my spare time around Juneau searching for the gull. I should have known he and I will both have to wait to meet one another.

It was Sunday, April 27th and I still had one final exam to write on the 28th; English. Needless to say, I couldn't wait to get it out of the way so that I could finish packing for Alaska and let my mind settle. I took study breaks frequently so that Shakespeare could reside effectively in my memory. During one of my much-needed breaks, I opened my email inbox and found a new email from my boss in Juneau, who proceeded to tell me some valuable information. Apparently there were implications with my visa application and that I wasn't going to get my work visa in time. Primarily, the cause behind this delay was because I am a Canadian citizen. I have been told before I look like a terrorist; it must be the long, blond hair and fair skin.

My jaw dropped as I read the email. How could it be two days before my departure to Alaska, that I was reading this email suggesting that I not head north incase I am deported mid-way through the summer? If I was caught working illegally, I would surely be deported and my employer would be presented with a hefty fine. This was the mother-load of all signs, telling me that it was time to head east. I hadn't been home since October 2007. At that moment I predict that I am not meant to head north until 6 years from now. However, I still needed to explain my situation to the two friends I was intended to voyage with.

I responded to the email, and then began to pack up my things. I told my friends, Kaitlyn and Dylan, about my situation. At first they questioned everything, and then accepted my fait. After much discussion, music, packing and pasta, we said our goodbyes and I dropped the two of them off at the bus station on the morning of Tuesday the 29th. I packed up my car shortly after and started driving home.

I left Kelowna at 11:30am on the 29th, and drove straight to Golden, B.C where I dropped off some skis in attempts to sell them at the used ski shop. I carried on with a steady pace hopping to get to Medicine Hat that evening. The mountains were spectacular as anyone who has driven in the Yoho/Glacier National Park area knows. The mountains tower over head, and bust through the mist that lays low in the valleys. I was only thinking of the fresh ocean spray that Kaitlyn and Dylan would be feeling as they took the ferry from Prince Rupert to Juneau. I was tempted to turn around numerous times, but the thought of home kept pushing me east.

Eventually reaching Medicine Hat, Alberta; Wild Rose Country, at 11:30pm that evening, I decided to keep driving until I reached the other side of the city, where I found a perfect farmers field to park my car in for the night. I slept in my car, and listened to the rain drizzle down on the roof of my 1989 Cadillac. I was all alone. It took me a while to fall asleep. I was afraid of a toothless local farmer and his cows, tapping on my window in the night with a pitch fork. I awoke abruptly. The sun was rising, and the sky was white-washed with drizzle and fog. I was happy to not be attacked by cows in the night so all was at peace. I pulled out of the grassy field at 5:30am, and began to drive into Saskatchewan; Land of Living Skies.

I love Saskatchewan for its flat, seemingly warm fields of grain, and the bluish-grey saline lakes that dry up slowly, leaving perfect habitats for shorebirds to nest. The contrast was astounding, and the sky wrapped around the earth making me feel as

though I were floating through the prairies in a glass bottle out at sea. Miles of oats and grains as far as the eye could see. The massive sprinkler systems seemed to stretch into infinity, moistening the dry plains. They seemed unnecessary with all of the rain that was dumping onto my windshield.

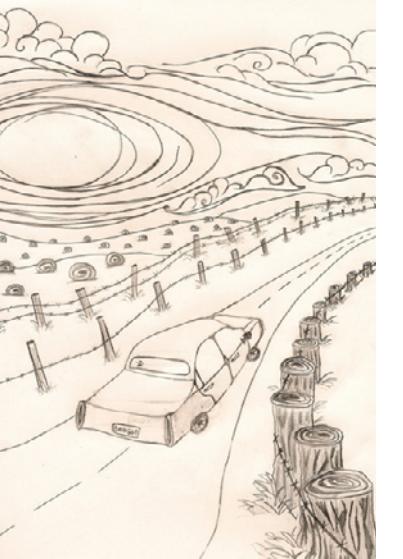
The rain means that many birds will be happy to swim around in the low-lying pools and lakes, and the high winds will keep them grounded until the sun comes out. Saskatchewan is its own special place in Canada; the colorful trains crossing the plains connect the coasts, and can be seen for miles as they chug east to west. The trains are colorful and bright, like a toy train you would find in your dad's old toy box; rusting around the edges, paint chipping slightly, and a pattern of primary colors all strung together like a bracelet across the blond landscape.

Between Walsh and Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, there are numerous ponds that are close to the highway and always loaded with birds. Throughout April until June you can see many migrants that are heading north to nest and breed. Many of these birds nest in the Canadian prairies such as American Avocets and Franklin's Gull. On this journey I was alone, which meant birding for as long as I wanted to. There is only one other person I can think of, who could have handled the early mornings, the 4 degree weather, pouring rain and gale-force winds that turned my cheeks instantly pink and eye-lids numb.

I was following signs indicating that I was headed for Swift Current, 235km away. I began to notice flocks of gulls with black heads and my first thought was Bonaparte's Gull which is found all across Canada except for Northern Quebec and Newfoundland. I had seen five flocks with about 20 gulls in each flock. 10km further down the Trans Canada highway; I noticed another flock, so I quickly pulled over to the gravel shoulder. Four large 18-wheeler trucks soared past my car one after the other. I pulled out my binoculars from the back seat and watched the gulls as they flew low in the grassy median between the east and west bound lanes. They were hovering and diving pecking at the grass as worms made themselves available. I took note of the beak, size, color, wing-tips, and legs in order to make an accurate identification of the gull. Franklin's Gull was my conclusion, which meant a lifer for me! A lifer is a bird I have never seen. I quickly wrote down my new findings in my field notebook.

After capturing a few photographs of the gulls hovering, I noticed I needed gas desperately. Amongst Swift Current's various gas stations, I pulled into the first one I saw which was privately owned. I pulled up to the pump only to read one of the most confusing signs in my life, it read: "this pump is out of order- thank you for the inconvenience". The Husky seemed more hopeful, where eventually I pumped the petrol, 128 cents per liter. After paying at the till, I realized I had locked my keys in the car and they were sitting in the ignition of the vehicle. I could think of a better time and place to be locked out of my car. Almost 1 hour and 40\$ later, I was on my way. The next village was Herbert, where I spotted the "Alpaca farm, gift shop and motel"; your one-stop shopping plaza. I picture Alpaca-fur lampshades and carpet, and maybe even a live Alpaca that sits under the sink waiting to eat your trash, kind of like the garberator on The Flintstones. I didn't stop.

Approaching Gull Lake, I stopped a few times to look at the various birds that lined the shore. The migration was in full motion and I was looking for rarities. I managed to see a Willet; a large, gray shorebird with a long bill, neck and legs. He probed the moist prairie dirt around him searching for worms and bugs. I saw Lesser Yellowlegs, which are very common throughout the prairies, as well as Common Snipe, Western Meadowlarks, Yellow-headed Blackbirds, Red-winged Blackbirds, and Horned Larks, all of which are common across the Canadian provinces. I managed to see also, and American Avocet which is one of the loveliest birds I

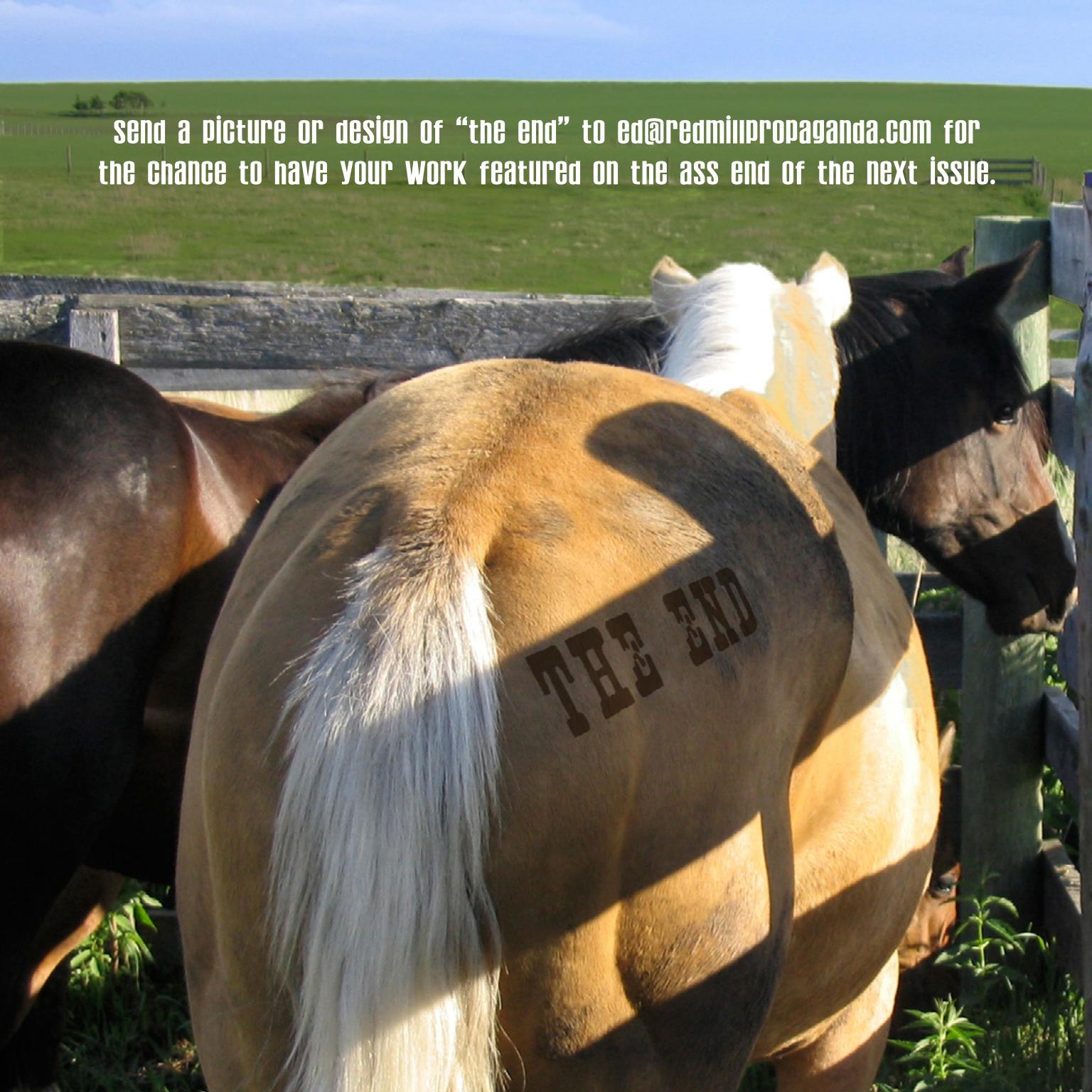


have ever seen. An elegant shorebird, with a long curved peach-colored neck, and a smooth long black bill that turns up at the end. The bill is designed for sifting through the mud underneath the water and the bird wades around on its tactile long legs. I snapped a few shots and then carried on.

Much of my birding was being done out of the passenger side window so that I could rest my camera on the side of my Pelican Case (camera box). It was still not as sturdy. A few more birds were seen on Reed Lake, and this is where I was hoping to get many Avocets, because I had seen them there before; dozens of them. However, there weren't any, and I only saw one on the whole trip. I think they would rather spend a week in August on the salt flats of Saskatchewan, instead of early May. That is the greatest thing about bird watching; you never know what you might see, and sometimes you are in the right place and the right time, and rarities show up out of nowhere. Some get blown in with vicious wind storms, others are grounded by rain fall, and some just lose track of their migration route and end up in obscure locations. One bird that I had never seen before was the Upland Sandpiper, which again was a "lifer". These sandpipers probe the soil with their long bills like many other shorebirds, except they are unique because they have long skinny necks and small heads. Most sandpipers are smaller, and don't seem to have much of a neck at all. These birds breed in the prairie provinces.

I began to realize that I was on my own journey home, one that I had never experienced before; not alone. Every time I had been going home from a far away place, it has been via airplane, or bicycle, but never alone in my own car. I drove many hours straight, from Kelowna to Medicine Hat in half a day, then Medicine Hat to 200km east of Kenora in one day. I didn't stop until 3:00am, and I was on the road by 7:00am the next morning. It was only 250km further to Thunder Bay. I arrived early in the morning still buzzing from my red bull and beef jerky that I had been living on for the past 2 days. It felt strange to be back in Ontario, and as I entered the first city in the province I read signs saying "Welcome to the Past!" with two Mennonite folk smiling (and printed in color!). Reading a sign such as this was not entirely helpful to me, since I was going on 9 hours of sleep in the past 2 days; however it made me smile and think about the time changes I had just driven through. Technically I was driving into the past the further east I went. I drove the Courage Highway out of the city, which is the last section of highway in Canada that Terry Fox ran before succumbing to cancer. It was starting to look more like home as well. The trees were taller, and more rocks protruded from the ditches. Massive slabs of blasted Granit from the Canadian Shield rose up beside the road, showing the beautiful striations of quartz. There were hills again. Lakes appeared every 5 minutes, and alas, Lake Superior lay in front of me like an ice bowl of sub-arctic stew. For a moment it seemed I could have been on Hudson Bay, or perhaps off the coast of Elsmere Island, as the lake had not completely melted away its ice. Some people were still walking across the frozen sheets!

Deer and Moose became friendlier with on coming traffic, and I was seeing more hawk-type birds, Turkey Vultures and Woodpeckers; Boreal species if you will. I was looking forward to pulling in my driveway; however Thunder Bay to Rosseau is a 14 hour drive, so I knew I would be pushing into the night again. This was the home stretch. Ontario was always the hardest province to get through because of its gargantuan size. I thought about my friends on the ferry to Alaska, and how they must be wet, cold, tired and perhaps even hungry since they are both to cheap to bother buying food for two days. They would rather save the change and buy a beer later. I thought about how I was supposed to be with them, drinking pleasant cold ale next to the ocean, surrounded by mountains that push up from the sea. If only my bike hadn't been stolen from me; if only my visa hadn't given me so much trouble; if only I weren't a Canadian trying to work in the tourism industry of the U.S.A. Wait, what am I saying? If only I weren't Canadian? Being Canadian was my pride on this trip across our enormous country. I thought about driving south through the states because it was faster, but came to realize that I would rather stay within Canada and enjoy the length of Saskatchewan instead. I was meant to realize that what I have in front of me is sometimes more special than I had ever imagined. Our country has its own inspirational scenery, landscape and wildlife; not just Alaska. I do believe many people think Alaska is part of Canada, because they think of all the wonderful things that come and go from that state. The trains that pass through our provinces see Canada from coast to coast without skipping a beat and this is what it means to be Canadian. The cruise ships that mingle along the Pacific coast to Alaska miss out on some of the best cultural scenery of North America; the prairies. **Samantha Bret is writing a book, this is the first chapter.**



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