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PROPAGANDA

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THE CITY**

**TALK MUSIC, WRITING
AND THE MUCH
ANTICIPATED ALBUM**

**TAKING ON THE
SUDAN WITH A BIKE**

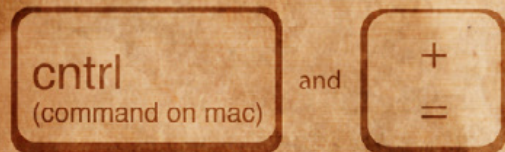
**WHY YOU SHOULD
FORGET GREEN**



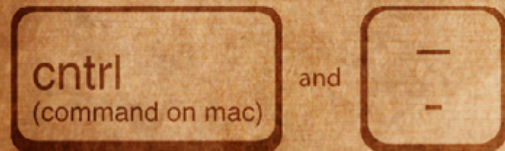
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FORGET GREEN BE THE RAINBOW!



Five years ago, the sustainability movement was struggling to be taken seriously. Today, it is everywhere you look. At least in our North American culture where 'green' is the new black. But is the green movement the same as the sustainability movement? Not a chance.

Greenism, as I like to call it, is more about eco-friendly gadgets and carbon emissions than it is about holistic community development, social equality and generational longevity that define sustainability. I believe there are two main reasons why Greenism has outshone sustainability, but I'll get to that in a moment. First, I want to explore the reasons behind the popularity of the Green movement, and why we have so enthusiastically jumped on the bandwagon.

For years, scientist from the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change tried to convince us with their climate models that we were headed for doom, all because of an increase of a few decimal degrees. We thought they were attention-starved geeks crying wolf. But it turned out that a few degrees could make a big difference – we're talking ice age scale. So the climate experts had a point. Controversy and Hollywood movies ensued, and the science is still debated today. However, the tipping point had been reached. Humanity wanted to respond.

So we all jumped on the bandwagon, but nobody was driving the eco-excited bus. Countries argued what should be done and who should pay for it, and we came up with the Kyoto protocol, which received dubious laughter for most of its life. The common do-gooders did their best with what they had, but it wasn't making a big enough impact. Governments were slow on the uptake. If the green movement was going to take off, it needed some big players. Luckily, one showed up. May I introduce the Market Economy.

As soon as being green became an economic advantage, things took off like carbon emissions in the 21st century. Everyone wanted to cash in on the savings and it quickly became a public image must-have. You could make yourself a saint if you used recycled materials and had company hybrid vehicles, it didn't matter that you were an oil tycoon or forest-chopping mogul. Being green was feasible, and the market was expanding rapidly. But what happened to sustainability and is there a difference?

"Nobody made a greater mistake than he who did nothing because he could only do a little." - E. Burke

Absolutely. Greenism is only a small part of sustainability. It's the environmental arm, or leg, depending on how you look at it. Sustainability has often been explained with the imagery of a three-legged stool. Each leg represents one of the following: environmental stewardship, economic stability, and social equity. If one leg is shorter than the others, or missing altogether, then the stool will fall over. Crash, boom, bang. But that's a very simple description and leaves a lot to be lost in the details. Which brings us back to the two main reasons why Greenism won out over sustainability.

First, definition is key. What on earth does sustainability mean?! Everyone you ask will give you a different answer, which makes it hard for us to agree on what the solutions should be to our planetary problems. This lack of clarity caused us to downsize the issue until we had something we could handle. Thus, Global Warming was born. If climate change was the problem, being green was the solution.

(By the way, in case you were wondering about a definition, perhaps the following one will help: Sustainability is a purposefully planned and continuous process of integrating social, economic and environmental goals at the local community level to ensure the long-term sustainability of that community. Notice how there is no global vision? It's the whole "think global, act local" slogan. If we all do our bit, according to the needs of our community, then the collective global goal will be reached. I'm glad we've finally cleared that up.)

The second reason sustainability took a back seat is because being green cut out the controversial and complicated social issues of exploitation, genocide, racism, poverty, addiction, slave labour, affordable housing, and social breakdown. Those problems were too big and too costly to tackle,

"The question is not, 'Can you make a difference?' You already do. It's just a matter of what kind of difference you want to make during your life on this planet." - Julia Butterfly Hill

and no one wanted to take the blame. Although there is mention of poor people when speaking about the impacts of climate change, most of the actual actions come down to 'green' band-aids – we're covering up the real problems with temporary fixes. After Greenism became the popular kid at school, the new rules were quickly put into place. We were required to change our behaviour and take action in order to fix the environment. The trouble is, there will always be something that needs fixing. As soon as you do one eco-action your guilty conscious will tug at your every McDonald's-eating, Walmart-shopping, aeroplane-riding step. You'll feel like you're never doing enough. On top of all that, being green is expensive and requires self-sacrifice. I know that sounds like an oxymoron, but our Western lifestyle has been built upon the cheap and easy. So although I've studied this stuff for six years, I admit that I'm only a cheap greenie compared to those celeb-greenies on TV, and I love the freedom my time-saving, gas-guzzling vehicle provides over my human-powered, sweat-producing bicycle. It's not easy being green.

Now for the bad news. After all our noble and altruistic efforts, I don't think we as humans have the power to control and successfully 'save' the planet. I think we underestimate the power of nature to heal itself. The focus should not be whether we caused or can fix climate change, (still up to debate as new evidence arises), because either way, we are definitely affected by it. Pollution, soil erosion, draughts, floods, resource scarcity, extreme weather, species extinction, poverty, and hunger all have the power to kill. But, we have the power to save lives if we act accordingly.

So what's next, you ask? I haven't given you much hope for our planet's future, so why even bother to continue reading? Because if you're like me, you're sick of all the green-washing that goes on, or your dubious of the realistic impact the Green movement will have, and you need something meaty to chew on. You want a reason to keep fighting, a reason to choose the eco-friendly option.

What's my simple advice? Go beyond green. Be the whole darn rainbow. I don't know how long it will take, but Greenism is going to cool off. Some major changes will hopefully be lasting, but like every other movement in our history, they have a dazzling emergence only to be lost in the next latest and greatest 'it' thing.

Going beyond green means focusing on the human aspect. Focus on your community and the people in your life. As Aesop wisely said, "No act of kindness, no matter how small, is ever wasted." You can still take eco-action, because it often indirectly helps people, but be sure to focus your choices on those that have the biggest, most direct impact on your fellow neighbours, especially if it involves spending your hard-earned money. And no, I don't have a magic 'to-do' list for you to follow. All I know is that when you invest in people, you are making a real and lasting difference in this world, regardless of what nature decides to do. I'm sure you will feel fulfilled, and you will be inspired to do it again. So what does the rainbow have to do with all this? It's my corny visual to help you remember all the different areas of life that need our time and dedication, not just the 'green' area. According to my colourful interpretation, here they are:

Red – The Love and Passion that fuels your heart and energizes your soul.

Orange – The Culture and Traditions that define us as people, being proud of who we are and rejoicing in our differences.

Yellow – The Friendship and Community that bring us together and keep us sane.

Green – The Environment that sustains us and offers a constant source of beauty.

Blue – The Business and Politics of life that keep the cogs turning, however rusty at times.

Indigo – The Creativity that infuses music, dance, song, and the arts.

Violet – The royal purple of Family and Relationships that bring life into this world.

Article by Lauren Gabelhouse
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PROPAGATION

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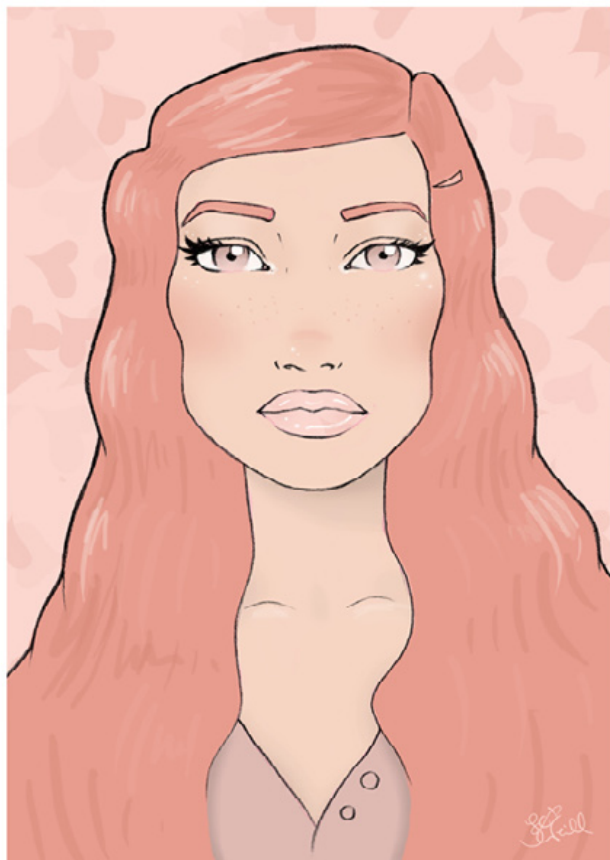
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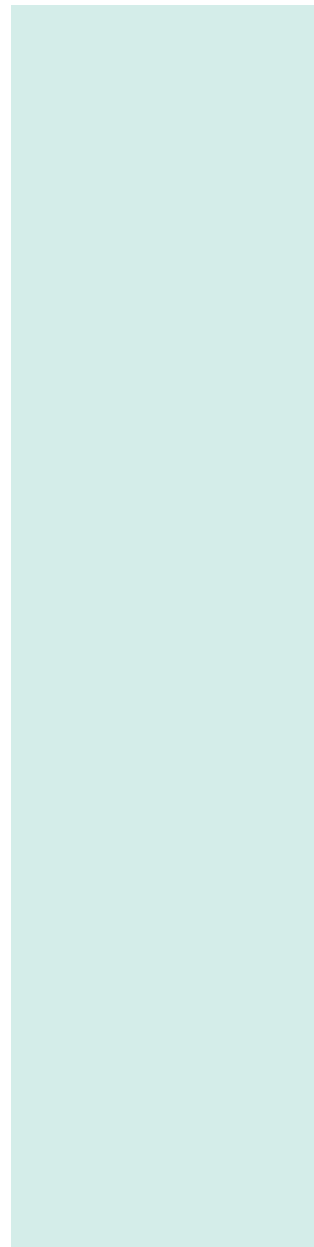
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PROPAGANDA DICTIONARY

Binky (n): The awkward step of recovery after tripping over your own feet in front of others.

Bonehead (n): Intentionally posing in other people's photos or movies, often wielding questionable gestures and/or distorted facial expressions. eg. "Let's pull a bonehead behind that group of tourists."

Brush the horse (v): To unintentionally make body contact with a stranger or acquaintance, causing both parties to feel awkward and uncomfortable.

Courtesy wash (n): The common practice of men to slightly dampen their hands under the sink then dry them on pants or paper towel after using a public restroom, thus giving the illusion that they did in fact wash their hands.

Fazarazzi (n): One who posts every picture they take into a facebook album, regardless of the content, relevance or composition of the photographs. Fazarazzi can often be spotted with album titles such as "random" or "girls night out".

Flatuglance (n): The look given to an individual who passes wind in public.

One-upper (n): An individual who is always in possession of a bigger and better story than their predecessor. A one-upper never loses in the world of story-telling and will resort to flat out lies if necessary.

Quantz (v): The state of being so excited that your sentences are continually interrupted by nervous laughter.

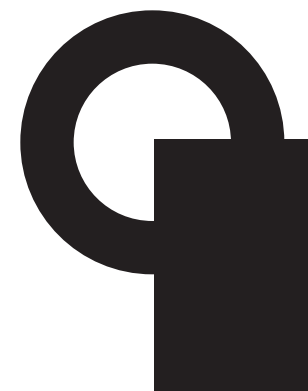
Quone (v): To sedate by means of soothing or persuasive words. eg. "When a patient is difficult, you quone him."

Shuffle shame (n): The shame felt when a person enters the room at the same moment the worst song of your music collection is playing, due to your media player being set to shuffle.

JARON DOES: *Josh*



My first experience with photography happened when I randomly came across my Mom's old Minolta SLR camera in a random box while we were moving a few years ago. I started out taking photos like everyone else, for kicks and memories. When I picked up this camera though, something was different as I played around with it trying to figure it out. I quickly discovered how technical and complex true photography really is when you don't have all the automatic features that come in every point and shoot camera. What really got me stoked was how much creativity I had to capture something unique on film. With a film camera, every shot remains a mystery until you get it developed. So when I got my first roll back, it made me even more anxious to keep at it. From that point on, photography become one of my favourite hobbies and has even grown since my transfer to digital.



A few months ago my buddy Josh Worsfold asked me to come out skating with him to take some photos. He first picked up skating when he was 11 after getting his first skateboard from his Grandma for his birthday. While all the other guys he started skating with gave up and moved on to other things in life, Josh kept with it, continually getting better and throwing down bigger. Over the last six years, this kid has grown some serious balls when it comes to hucking huge. At fifteen, a local shop owner noticed the little gromit enough to want him to be on his shop team. At sixteen, as he was driving home from a family vacation, he randomly passed by the Penticton skate park and saw a crowd around. Stopping to see what was going down, it turned out to be DC national regional qualifying competition. Since he had his deck with him, he decided to enter. Not so long story short, Josher ends up sticking a big spin down a three block, landing him the title of best trick in a run at the comp. Needless to say, the kid knows what he's doing. So when he asked me to take some shots, I was stoked for the challenge of shooting something other than still shots.



Josh had scoped out this new double set in town and wanted to hit it, so one Sunday after church we set off to mark his territory. What started off as the not so simple task of gapping the stairs quickly escalated to him wanting to kickflip the set. After some good bails, a little bloodshed and this kid not giving up, he stuck it hard, walking away like a champ. A couple weeks later, 540, the shop Josh rides for, blew up one of the photos from this sesh and put it on the wall in the shop. That week, one of the Circa reps ended up stopping by, saw the photo, asked a few questions and long story short, ended up hooking Josh up as a flow rider for Circa. Since then, Josh has been kicking it, showing off his skills in Thailand and the Phillipenes, working at Green Bay Bible Camp teaching kids to skate, and filming a bit for a local shop vid as well as some promo footage for sponsors. This guy is living it up and making the most of every opportunity that he gets in life, inspiring everyone around him to do the same, which is why I love the kid and am keen on taking photos for him and writing articles about him ... Pretty legit for a seventeen year old I must say!

Jaron Schamuhn plays in Everyother - myspace.com/everyotherband

RECIPES

flaxicle

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Vanilla yoghurt



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Omega Crunch Flax, www.omegacrunch.ca, is available throughout the Okanagan at Nature's Fare, Quality Greens, Nesters and Choices.

Quick flax facts:

- 1) Canada is the #1 exporter of flax in the world.
- 2) It is a pretty blue flower primarily grown in the Prairies.
- 3) Linen is made from the flax plant. 'Lin' is french for flax.
- 4) The shell of the flaxseed is so hard that your body cannot digest it, so it needs to be ground, pressed or hulled (shelled).



JD



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INTERVIEW WITH SCOTT EMSLIE, FOUNDER OF CENTER OF GRAVITY

How did Center of Gravity start?

Two years ago I came up with the idea for Volleyfest and that was the start of Center of Gravity. At the time I designed an event around a three-year plan. I'm an ex-professional beach volleyball player and I really wanted to grow the sport of beach volleyball in Canada. Instead of complaining about it, I decided to do something about it. So I designed what I thought would be the coolest event to play in from a players perspective. We basically turned it into a bit of a competition, we had DJs spinning the whole time, we had swimwear competitions, and we drew people in from different walks of life. We had a really successful first year. This year we've grown four times the size, we incorporated the x-games athletes with the pro mountain bikers. Basically what we've done this year with the festival is highlight our two featured sporting events, which are pro mountain biking and beach volleyball. It's a great fit with the Okanagan and I kind of had that in the back of my mind the whole time, designing something that was right for Kelowna. We have beautiful beaches in Kelowna and obviously a lot of mountains surrounding us. I think mountain biking is one of those sports that is totally blossoming right now, it's really taking off. I know Kelowna's view of events has been tainted a little bit because of what happened with Wakefest. Basically this year is all about showing Kelowna that we can have a huge all ages event all that goes down well. If this year goes well



I'd like to see a lot of growth into year three. My plan was to start with beach volleyball, add a second sport, which was mountain biking this year. Then in year three we'll keep these two sports and add a third.

How does Center of Gravity differ from similar events in the past?

One of the key differences is the promotion of our events. Wakefest was promoted as the biggest beach party, we promote our event as a professional sporting event. We have two amazing sports and world class athletes coming and that's what we're focusing on. We're not focusing on MTV and girls gone wild or whatever. We are largely participant based too. We have a large number of people participating in the rec portions of the event where we have tournaments for all ages and all skill levels. We also beefed up security.

What motivates you to work hard at making this event a reality?

Volleyfest was the first event that I built from the ground up, so this has kind of been my baby. For me now it's a whole different thrill seeing my vision come to life. I know in the past, if I helped out at events that I was not competing in, it was really hard. But now it's awesome to see everyone have such a great time, and see all the athletes play in a venue where

2000-3000 fans are watching. It's a different high, a high that I haven't experienced before. It's a whole different thing being behind the scenes and seeing my vision come to life. I think that's really exciting for me right now, I'm definitely a young promoter and really passionate about it. I have a lot of ideas in my head about where this event and other events could go in the future, and I think in the next five years a lot of really exciting stuff is going to happen. I'm really looking forward to it.

What is your vision for Volleyfest in the years to come?

I think in Kelowna there's definitely a critical mass. I think next year we'll probably hit that critical mass or come close to it so we're going to see the event level off. Going from year one to year two production costs, basically everything quadrupled. Going into year three we're going to see more growth again. We haven't picked a third sport yet, but we're thinking about a board or winter sport. Once we've picked the sport and go full throttle, we'll probably also bring in some bigger headliners. That will probably be the full extent of how big we grow Center of Gravity in Kelowna. I think this style of event has a lot of potential to grow in



bigger cities. I'm looking at something in Toronto right now and if you do something in Toronto you have to go big or go home. You have to talk major headliners, there's too much to do in a city like that. Even Vancouver, there's a lot of potential around there, so right now we're looking for another location, sourcing that out. I think Kelowna's great, it's always going to be a fun event and we hope it's around for a lot of years, but we know there's that critical mass that once you hit it, you can't push the envelope too much.

Center of Gravity will be running again next summer. You can find out more at centerofgravity.ca

Interview and photos by Luke McAdam

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

IS THIS HOW THE PENGUINS DO IT?

How does the idea of jumping off the bridge near the Dolphins in downtown Kelowna strike you? How about in the middle of winter? It seemed like a pretty good idea to this kid. Too bad he didn't check if the water was frozen first. [Click here](#) to view the video. *Warning: strong profanity*



A DAY IN THE MIND OF: CLIFF





First of all, I want to say a huge “Thank You” for all of your feedback on my first article with Propoganda. I love to hear from you. My desire is to add value to your life and to enhance your financial experience. I’m excited to share more thoughts with you this time and hope you’ll, once again, share your feedback with me.

So, pour yourself a glass of wine, put on some soothing music, open your mind, and let’s explore some ideas together... How do you view money? Is money a result? Do you love money? Do you wish for money? Is money a dream? How you view money is very important to your financial journey. Oddly enough, how you view money runs parallel to how you view other areas of your life.

There is a quote that says, “How you do anything is how you do everything.” Think about this for a moment and hold that thought. I want you to remember that this principle runs deep into the core of your entire being and will affect all areas of your journey. I am going to talk about other areas of life today, and since this is the Money Matters column we’re going to see how it all connects to your financial life. Life has brought us many teachers and we have learned what we know through them and through our experiences. How we use those lessons in our lives will either empower us or leave us weak. The way we conduct our affairs, whether in business, relationships, work ethic or money management, has been influenced by our teachers. How many teachers do we have? Well, let’s see. We have parents - in some cases two sets or more (if you have outlaws), teachers in school, youth leaders, priests and preachers, bosses, and on and on. Surely, we could grow this list very long. It’s important to remember that each of these individuals learned their beliefs from their teachers.

Think back to when you were a child and you heard your teachers say things like, “Money doesn’t grow on trees” or, “You can’t always get what you want” or, my personal favorite, “Money is the root of all evil”. These beliefs - like it or not - have become part of our belief systems now and we, in turn, have become the carriers of these beliefs.

We have a tendency to play these beliefs over and over again in our minds, making them a powerful force that influences our decisions.

Let me give you an example to explain what I mean. What fear do you have? Are you afraid of the dark? Spiders? Heights? Can you link this fear to a childhood experience? Do you perhaps remember hearing a sound of something in the house and before you knew it you were afraid? You were scared of what your mind had created. You were sure someone was downstairs and they were going to get you. That childhood fear may reside in you today as a fear of being alone, a fear of stepping out into something unknown, perhaps a fear of the dark or something else.

What you think about, you bring about. Let’s take it one step further. Are you constantly afraid that you will not have enough money to pay the bills at the end of the month? Have you created that fear and now is it a reality? I know this is getting deep, but if you want to change the fruit you must first change the root. How about the fear of investing? Maybe you, or someone you know, lost money while investing. Their experience became their motto: “Don’t ever invest in the stock market, you’ll lose everything!” And now that person is a preacher of his experience. Does it make that statement true? Well, if you believe it, it is true to you, and it is definitely true to the person who had the experience. I encourage you to look at your views surrounding money and your financial situation. What do you tell yourself about your current financial situation? How do you believe you treat money? What value does money have to you? Do you trust yourself with money?

Here is an exercise for you; write down on a piece of paper the things you desire for your life and read it every day, think about it every day, and see what happens.

I have a secret to tell you; You get to write the story. If you believe you are valuable, guess what? You are valuable.

I wish you all the best in your financial journey and I hope you obtain all you desire. If you would like advice on your financial affairs just call and ask. I will be happy to listen and help where I can.

To Your Success.

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WE ARE THE CITY

ANDREW
CAYNE
DAVID

We Are The City is a shining example of what happens when raw talent and hard work collide. In between finishing high school and working part time jobs, they've managed to become one of the most respected bands in the Okanagan. Having just finished their graduating year, they've already played at a festival with Sarah McLachlan and Feist and are now ready to record their debut album.

How long have you guys been playing together?

C: About two years now. David and I played together for probably two years longer, so for probably about four years, but the first band we had was very bad. I was on guitar and David was on bass, it was like P.O.D. meets U2 meets Nirvana. It wasn't very good.

How did We Are The City start?

A: Cayne and David were playing together, their own stuff.

D: Just piano and guitar.

A: That's when Cayne came looking for a drummer, we took the same film class in grade 10 and I had just stopped playing with my old band and I kinda had to audition.

C: From there we just started jamming... We were first called Cancer... like the constellation.

D: With a little bit of shock value.

C: Then we went to Seraph, like Seraphim [a type of angel] but Seraph apparently is like a demon or fiery serpent.

D: Yeah it turned out to be the opposite of what we were going for.

C: So we changed it to "The City". We started with a softer sound and progressed into the sound we have today.

What is the story behind the current band name?

A: Well we were desperately looking for a band name and David and I were sitting in church and we heard a verse. It's just about the light of God and if you have that in you, it can't be hidden. The verse is "a city on a hill can not be hidden" because we try to be the light of God.

C: And then the "We Are" came from another band already having the name "The City" trademarked. There's actually a ton of bands with the name "The City", so we went through another few names and we ended up with the name "We Are The City", just because it's a nice add on and it's a cool statement rather than just a name you know?

What inspires you to write and play music?

A: The obvious answer would be God...other answers would be bands...

C: Burning desires in the soul to play the piano and rock and roll.

D: Yeah, to have brotherly fun times.

C: I think it's just what we love to do, like if you ask a basketball player, "Why do you like playing basketball so much?" They just love it.

D: "I love the feel of rubber on my

hands." I love the feel of guitar strings.

A: I love holding sticks.

Who are your main musical and non-musical influences?

A: Let's do musical first.

D: I'd say an obvious one is Coldplay at one time or another, not all their albums.

C: Yeah Coldplay and Radiohead, a lot of British bands actually like Muse, Muse is a big one.

D: Pink Floyd is in there, we all have different ones.

A: Yeah, for me it's a lot more like Mew and Mewithoutyou, I take a lot of inspiration from that... and Manchester Orchestra. Bands like that, but it's different for everyone.

D: Non-musical, I'd say...

C: Well I think probably for all of us... I'm just going to speak for me, I'll just be in a really weird way and I'll just think about how awesome our bodies are... or something like that, or how sweet the world is.

A: Yeah like our lyrics, they're not written randomly, just like, "OK we gotta think of a line that rhymes with that, or matches that." All of our lyrics pertain to usually how we're feeling or ideas that have been discussed beforehand, just life.

How do you approach the song writing process?

C: It usually takes so long for one..

D: The easiest thing is when one of us comes with an idea, maybe like a verse done, that's the easiest thing that can happen. If Cayne or me or Andy comes and is like, "Hey I've got this idea, it's these chords," or whatever and then we just build off that.

A: Yeah we usually start individually, then most of the writing after that is done as a group.

D: Yep because it's very easy to keep going as a group, but to get started is pretty tough.

C: Yeah the lyrics are usually written all together, usually a piece of music will come to the table.

D: It's either a guitar line or piano line.

A: Or drum lines.

D: No, never that, it could, but it's much harder.

D: Then we usually write the lyrics together and the rest of the music together.

So it's quite collaborative?

D: Yeah.

What is the funniest moment you've had as a band?:

A: Well probably just how David throws up before every show.

C: This is probably the funniest throw up story. Andrew is a throw up phobe, I don't know how you

would say that.

A: Throwaphobe.

C: He is just terrified of vomit. So I was just walking into the bathroom and there was someone just throwing up in the stall with the stall door closed and I run out and tell Andrew, "There's this guy throwing up in there. I just heard it dropping in the toilet, it's so sick, haha!" Then David comes about 5 mins later and I started to say the same thing that I said to Andrew and David was like, "That was me".

What are your dreams and goals as a band?:

C: I don't really have a goal, but if I could pick one place to be at right now, I think I'd pick kind of an underground place, kinda like Mutemath, how they're not huge, but they have a pretty good cult following. And they're definitely living, like they may not be rich.

A: But they're not having to work.

C: Yeah that's how I want to be, just play music and make a living and live comfortably.

D: You can tell they love their music.

A: And the thing is with touring, we found it was just so addicting, just like everyday not having to go to work, not having to go to school and just playing music. It's not that we're lazy or anything, being on tour is quite a lot of work, driving

everyday, setting up, playing, taking down, it's all pretty intense.

C: Yeah, I got a six pack.

D: I'm loving where we're at right now, just having fun playing music.

What is your favourite song to play and why?:

C: The newest song that we wrote is the one that I love playing the most, simply because it's new and its meaning is fresh in my mind, not that I forget what the other ones are about or something.

A: But any song you play too long gets tiring.

C: Yeah, like I love all of our songs but I love playing the new ones.

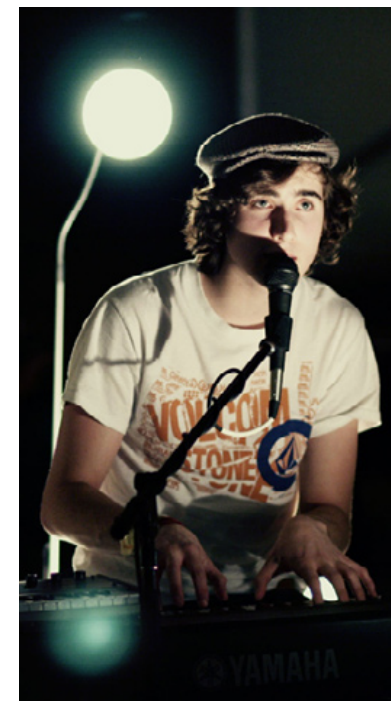
D: And since we write how we're feeling at the time, it's like "I'm feeling sad or upset, or really happy about this." Singing about that is awesome.

A: Yeah, you really feel it.

D: Then three months later you'll come back to it again and are like, "Yeah!"

What is your vision for the new album? Are any of the songs off the EP going to make it onto the album?

D: Even if we write 10 completely new songs, I was thinking we would look at all our songs, whether it be 25 songs or whatever, and pick the best songs to put on this album. Like it doesn't matter if



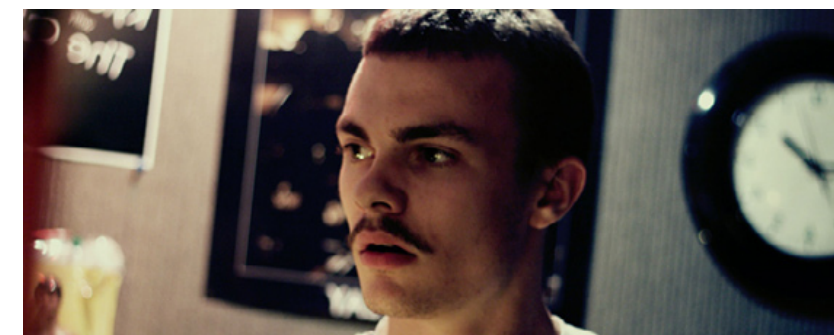
it's old or not, just to give us the best album possible.

C: We'll see, I think the only thing is though, as we've heard and as I feel, the music we're writing now is much better.

D: Yeah that's true.

C: But if it's not, then it's not. I'm pretty sure that when we've got our 20 songs or whatever, then we'll figure out which songs are good enough and which aren't.

D: One thing I am excited about though is being able to put time into recordings. We haven't gotten to do that, since it's always



been for free, it's always been a rush. With this we get to even do experimenting in the studio, just saying, "What would sound cool here?" and get to sit down with the producer and just go over different stuff and try out new things and have a good time. I think that's going to be awesome.

A: Yeah, I'm really looking forward to it and I think hopefully the goal with this new album is to put a lot of time into it and come out with something that we're actually super proud of and something that hopefully we can market.

C: Yeah, we've been told that on our demo, one song is too different from the next.

A: No unifying sound.

D: We want to refine our sound.

C: You know you think about a band like MGMT, you think about a band like Radiohead, each album they stick to a different sound.

Visit www.wearethecity.ca for free song downloads and updates on the new album

Photography by Kirsten Berlie
www.flickr.com/photos/cold
interview by Luke McAdam

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Cigar Etiquette by: *Derrick Bergman*

Q: Do you remove the band when smoking a cigar?

There are very few questions in the cigar community that can start a war, but this is one of them. There are really two schools on this issue, each vigorously defending their side. The real answer is a matter of personal preference. If you do decide to take the band off, you should be very careful. The band is applied with a vegetable glue and can easily rip the tobacco leaves when being removed. The best way to do it is to smoke the cigar for a few minutes, allowing the glue to heat up then slowly sliding the band off the cigar.

Derrick Bergman is the owner of **Bergman's Gentlemens Gifts**
which is located at 550 Bernard Ave. Kelowna.

HAUT AIR BY KNEE CO.

BANK RAGE!



Never heard of BANK RAGE before? Neither have I. Other types of rage you may have heard of though would be Hockey Dad Rage, Telemarketer Rage, Spousal Rage, Postal Rage, and the most common of them all, ROAD RAGE.

I proudly and honestly will state before my computer screen that I am not known for having Road Rage - in fact I would say that I'm actually a pretty patient and forgiving driver. In general, I accept the fact that people are stupid drivers and make honest mistakes. Like this one time a guy cut me off and sent me and my pregnant wife into a cement block causing \$1500 worth of damage to my Jeep. Sure I was pissed (not drunk, the other kind) but he probably had a really important text message to send and had no idea we even crashed. The other day, however, was different when I met the Jackass of all trades on the road. Let me paint you a visual. I'm driving my son to his soccer game and this big ol' camper van is in front of me. If he was driving any slower he'd be going backwards, but that's not the point. Our lane then turns into three where there are two left hand turning lanes before the stop light. The left side is open so I, in a very mellow fashion, cruise into this lane while bobbing my head to some 90's Beastie Boys tune I wanted my son to be introduced to. Next thing I know, as I'm right beside him, Mr. Camper-Van practically sends me into the meridian. With my James Bond-style driving skills I was able to avoid an accident

and didn't even have to put ear muffs on my son to utter the nice words I was thinking. Yes, I chose the road less travelled by. Aaaaaaawww.

Now, what's funny is that if someone makes a mistake like that and they end up having to pull up beside you at the traffic light, you normally look over at them as if they had just intentionally clubbed your mom in the back of the head with a cast iron hockey stick and mouth some words that look like you're saying, "Vacuum." I decided not to even look at Mr. Van-Idiot.

But as we were stopped at the light, I couldn't help but notice him out of the corner of my eye. He was about 86 years old and had that "mom-clubbing" glare going on, shaking his head at me while mouthing the words "You F***ing Idiot" over and over. I was so angry I think I may have even peed a little. I had just demonstrated grace to Mr. Old-School and he had the cahonas to actually get mad at me for a mistake that HE made. What a friggin' anus. I felt like drowning his cat in front of him. Road rage is funny though - people are so tough when they're in the safety of their own car. Ragers are totally confident waving fingers and hurling heinous insults around, but you never see this display of affection at a bank, do you? Can you imagine witnessing a full-contact banking session with a Bank Rager? No. When someone cuts the line in front of you at a bank you totally become this Mother-Teresa-sponsoring, door-opening, marmot-loving, compliment-slinging, mild-mannered person.

So, as tourist season in the Okanagan is here along with drivers that you dream about burying in shallow graves in your backyard, try and picture the road like a bank and settle down. They'll be dead soon enough. Keep your stick on the ice.

Knee Co. - nicogroove.com





GET REAL

estate

OPPORTUNITY IN THE CHAOS

If you are looking to buy, then right now could be a much better time than you might expect. With all the talk on the streets of a crashing market, it's easy to understand why most people would sit on the sidelines to see what's going to happen. In fact, that's what most people have been doing this summer.

As much as I would like to say, "Don't read the headlines," the numbers are easy to see; Kelowna's market has most certainly softened this year, but you need to understand why and what's going to happen.

CMHC (Canadian Mortgaging and Housing Corporation) predicted a 10% increase in prices this year. Its easy to see they missed their mark, but they are still predicting an increase for the coming quarter and there is a reason. MAC Marketing Solutions has predicted a balanced market for the fall of 2008 and a steady but slow increase for the next 5-10 years. They're accrediting this to an aging baby boomer population, the coming Olympics, the expanding international airport and, of course, the lifestyle factors that come with Kelowna. Benjamin Tal, chief economist for CIBC, goes into much more depth for the coming 2009 year. His predictions include inflation for 2009 and three big demands on Canada: food, fuel, and fertilizer. He believes these will be our biggest demands for the next decade and Canada offers all three. Don R. Campbell, author of numerous Canadian Real Estate books and REIN Real estate network, believes that Canada is completely undervalued on a global perspective. What does this all mean?

Unfortunately, no one has the crystal ball, but from these sources it could be concluded that Kelowna will not plummet as many people imagine. In fact, some of the best bargains could be right now as people have panicked and listed thousands of homes and condos while most buyers have sat back to watch what will happen. Right now, a buyer has more selection than ever and some time to truly find a great home or condo for a great price. Also, Kelowna's ever low vacancy rate makes it easy to find tenants or renters for top dollar.

With these factors in place and by looking at the fundamentals, this may be a window of long-term opportunity for those looking to get into the market with early 2007 prices. But remember, these opportunities won't really work for the "flipper" or a short term investment. Real estate always proves most successful in long term holds.

If you have any more questions or would like to be added to my list of weekly HOT buys, please feel free to email or call me.

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Stephen Whiting

THE FOWL CHOICE

a review of the wings at: **McCulloch Station**

SUICIDE WINGS

Flavour: 7.7

Heat: 7.8

Tenderness: 7.2

Messiness: 8.0

OTHER WINGS

Honey Garlic: 6.8

Shanghai: 7.2

Sweet Chilli: 7.6

Lemon Pepper: 6.8

OVERALL MOJO

8.0



THE FOWL CHOICE

a review of the wings at: **McCulloch Station**

CLICK ON THE IMAGE
BELOW TO PLAY VIDEO

DETAILS

40¢ per wing

Wing wait time: 14 mins

Average age: 40+

NOTES

arrival time: 5:05pm

Beer jug price: \$16+

THE FOWL CHOICE

a review of the wings at: **McCulloch Station**



COLOURS

BY MICHELLE

TRUST YOURSELF

Isn't it interesting that we often doubt ourselves, not believing in our inner creative genius, in our own personal flare? I have found that in choosing a paint color for a room many people are quickly inspired, but not all. Don't feel bad if you're one who's simply never inspired at all, you're not the only one.

It is common for someone to choose a color, or colours, and then doubt themselves for quite some time. I would estimate about four days to four months, depending on the greatness of that doubt and the amount of square footage be painted. I'm a doubter. Although, only when I am choosing colours for my own home. It is, in fact, somehow harder. Or that's what they say.

Let me tell you about my dream. It was a lengthy dream full of cotton candy and watermelon slides. I'm not kidding, I often have these crazy LSD-type dreams where I'm wading knee deep in jelly beans or traveling on upside down rollercoasters. Weird, I know. Well in this part of my dream I was standing in my new home. I had just purchased a new home in real life as well, so it was natural for my thoughts to be filled with paint colours and design ideas.

Ok, back to my dream. I was standing in the kitchen and the walls were painted bright purple with a lighter layer of purple smooshing. Do you know what smooshing is? It's done with a sponge and gives the wall textured look, sort of a Mexican flare. It can look absolutely horrific if not done well. Anyways, from this purple smooshed kitchen I can see a nice green wall, a soft olive. Then another, very bright orange wall. Almost neon.

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When I woke, I had a chuckle about my dream, thinking nothing of it other than, "Hmmm... Weird colors." Well I've lived in my home for a few years now and yes, I have a purple kitchen! It's an eggplant really, some say it's brown, but it's purple. I left the smooshing for the Mexicans. From my kitchen I can see a soft green wall and a burnt orange. Granted, it's not neon, but it is orange nonetheless. As you can imagine, I spent countless hours mixing chocolate browns with warm coffees and butter yellows with creams. My new house, with it's primed walls, was my canvas and the options were endless. In the end, nothing was hotter then my purple kitchen and nothing more divine then my pumpkin and olive walls.

So, how to sum this up? I hope this speaks to you dearly, that you are somehow changed forever in your thinking.

Let's just say that when you're choosing your colours, try to be open-minded; don't play it safe and have some fun with it. You may spend hours trying to convince yourself otherwise, but chances are you'll end up right where you started. Here's to crazy designer dreams.

*On screen previews may differ from true colours

HC-70 VANBUREN BROWN

2145-30 BROOKSIDE MOSS

HC – 49 MAYFLOWER RED

HOMELESS WISDOM

Name: *Chris*

Age: *23*

Tell us about yourself.

I work for Babylon. I do construction, I help build the city that I don't want to help build... because I grew up here and it's vanity.

What do you think about all the plastic surgery, big cars and big homes?

They're not seeing the bigger picture and they're destroying this earth just so they can have those things, except it's all going to collapse eventually upon them. You can only take so much oil out of the earth's belly before she starts to get a tummy ache and shakes it up a bit.

What kind of advice do you have for taking care of the earth? There's a lot of people who have to eat and live.

Just be conscious, less people should drive, less stupid people should have babies and more smart people should have babies.

Don't raise your kid in front of a TV, raise your kid playing with it, being with it, being a friend. Don't force things upon it, just let it make it's own choices. But the most important thing is not to dwell on the past and not to fret about the

future, live in the moment and appreciate every breath that you breathe and the water that you drink, and treat the earth as if it was your own body, and treat the water as if it were your own blood, because it is, you're 70% water.

As a musician; practice, never stop practicing, ever. Don't judge other people's music or think that you're better, ever, because there's always a bigger fish. It's a relationship, it's like more than a marriage. If you're going to start a band you've got to know that you want to play music with those people for years and years, otherwise you're just wasting your time.

Love your brother and sisters. Life is easy, it's not hard. It seems like war is easy and it seems like peace is hard.



BIKING THE SUDAN



It seems as though we have been cycling across the planet of Mars for an entire week. We are the Martians wearing a colourful and foreign assortment of spandex cycling outfits displayed on a range of body shapes. We look like a cross between superheros and aliens; white, sluggish legs and arms that have been benefiting from the Western culture we have just come from, awaiting a solid tan. Some of the men on the tour are wearing a full-piece, shorts-and-bib spandex combo, in which their toned, white arms are left exposed to the penetrating rays of the Sudanese sun. Slowly I watched their arms become pink, but in this deceiving, flat light I knew within hours they would be as red as the coals left behind from last night's campfire, and just as hot. Most of them appear to be comfortable with the way their figures embrace such an outfit, where as the others look as though parts of their bodies were never meant to be squeezed into any form of tight-fitting clothing. A few of the older women are wearing baggy t-shirts which read witty phrases such as "catch me if you can",



and “you’re not lost if you don’t know where you’re going”. To me, the act of “catching” was the last thing on my mind in this lethal environment; however the concept of being “lost” was much closer to my current situation. The bright neon colours and black shapes outlined each person precisely, and made me think that we were some form of new-aged mime-club, entering an unknown realm and acting out each step individually. No one was watching and I’m pretty sure no one would really care to figure out why the hell we were cycling across Africa.

I approached the other “mimes” slowly and passed with ease as the sand of the Sahara peeled away beneath my tires. No words were spoken, only a slight smile that seemed painful to express as all of my senses were dulled. This vast ocean of granular red sand filled my mind via my nostrils and ears, and inside it spread itself around in attempts to build another desert within. How long can I go on like this? The temperature was peaking at 49 degrees Celsius on this fine January afternoon, and we still had another 70km to cycle before the sun set. I looked across the unproductive land as far as my eyes would take me; I was watching the earth curve as it dipped away below the horizon. Before I could slather more sunscreen on my body, a gust of wind begin to stir up the sand around my feet, glazing my body with coarse sand that stuck to the Coppertone 40. “Uh, not this again! Why is it so hot?! Why is there so much sand?! Where has the road gone?!” I thought these things to myself, keeping my frustration limited to simple facial expressions that anyone would have understood had they seen me. However, there was not a single soul to be seen in any direction from where I stood, quietly hovering over my bike. Not even a simple structure protruded from the dry ground. It was just an empty canvas for me to decorate with the imprints of adventure via my acoustic motorbike.

My sunscreen was now full of sand, causing it to clump around the opening of the tube. I payed close attention to these small gusts of wind as they seemed to be more frequent, becoming stronger by the minute. I had previously read about little desert storms called “haybobs” which are worse than snow storms, blocking your vision and easily chipping paint off any metal or wooden objects. These storms were like being rubbed down with coarse-grained sandpaper with the intentions of being polished and varnished. I clipped my cycling shoes back into my pedals, gripped my bars and began to haul away through the thick, loose sand. At this point the wind

was very strong and I was far from any other cyclist on the tour. I could not see the landscape around me and I felt as though someone much larger than myself was constantly trying to push me over to one side. I could not gain any speed on this alien terrain and the sand, combined with the force of gravity, sucked my tires down deeper into the sand. Of course, this would cause me to loose any momentum I had gained, leaving me unable to throw my feet to the ground before I toppled over in complete exhaustion, still in my previous cycling position. It was like falling into a giant sea of quick sand.

I could not stay long on top of the hot sand, for the wind was still blowing with its impressive power and I would be buried alive in no time had I sat there much longer. This constant game that nature was playing with me was getting tiresome and a steady flow of sarcasm escaped my mouth. I would laugh out loud madly into the desert wind since I knew no one could hear me. The wind has a consistent and haunting whisper as it carries within it the ability to form a new landscape of barriers and corridors.

I kept looking behind me to see if there was anyone following my tracks which swerved across the desert and occasionally disappeared due to heavy winds. I am sure the wind had removed any trace of me being there. I looked back to help reassure myself that I was not alone in the desert surrounded by nothing but endless sky that heavily contrasted the earth it covered. I did not see a soul. I thought I had been following another cyclist’s



tire marks in the sand which had been my only indication that I was on a road or even headed in the right direction.

The hardest part of cycling through the Sahara desert, besides trying to figure out why you're there in the first place, is spending so much time alone. It is important to be comfortable and happy in the company of yourself. Once you have accomplished happiness alone, you can be very happy with another person at your side. When you are alone for hours without seeing any other living or moving creature it is important to stay calm. I felt claustrophobic. There was nothing for me to look at except the occasional mirage of a tropical oasis in the distance. Through the haze of the heat waves, I spotted something rather unusual and not entirely common for the Sudanese desert; a large, black army truck was flying through the desert at 140km an hour, only 1km from where I stood puzzled. I wondered, "How did they not see me? Why did they not come to see if I was alright?" I had to remind myself that they probably would not have known what to do if they found a white, blond, solo cyclist in the middle of the desert looking dazed, sunburnt, thirsty and irritated. These vehicles roared through the pounding golden storm one after the other, indicating that there may in fact be a road close by and that I was not on the right track at all. Perhaps I was setting off into the desert on a solo mission in which I may have never returned. Throughout the day, I would see five of these trucks rip through the open space around me, some closer, some further. It was surreal that there were no visual barriers between me and the desert that spread into the future for miles.

I quickly tried to get myself over to this truck's tire tracks to make sure I was on some sort of route. The problem is, where was this truck headed? It could have been going anywhere in the desert, in which it could lead me astray and far from my desert camp where fellow cyclists would be desperately trying to construct some sort of shade shelter to sit under. At this point, a struggling mess of hot and tired people all crammed uncomfortably under one refuge was extremely attractive to me, as I was alone without any shelter and quickly running out of water. At least I would feel better if I wasn't alone vanishing in my thirsty state.

I cycled hard into the relentless wind which was now a full gale blowing directly into my face which was protected by sunglasses and my cycling helmet. The wind felt like it was sling-shotting shards of glass across my

“The
hardest
part of cycling
through the
Sahara
desert
is spending so
much time
alone”

exposed skin, my lips dry and cracked like the heels of an African Elephant. The sand whipped under my skin and lay motionless while the storm went on around me. Spinning in small cyclones followed by long, strong gusts brought sand from Morocco across the Sahara to Sudan, and further in to the chain of my bike; my life link to crossing this sweltering red pool.

The thick sand coated my bike on all sides, causing my chain to grind like finger nails on a chalk board. I could not see two feet in front of myself which made it incredibly hard to find those thick tire tracks that had been moulded into the sand only minutes before. I could no longer see any other cycling tracks either. I could feel the sand sticking to my body the way rice sticks to the inside of a pot when it has been overcooked. I, too, was overcooked. I suppose you could say I was well done and wasted like a fine piece of Canadian meat.

The sunlight was filtering through the sandy sky and made it seem as though even the wind was tired of blowing; it just wanted to settle and let everything see again. I felt blinded, my eyes were burning with sand that had intruded past my sunglasses barrier, and my teeth were lined with the grit of Sudan. This sheet of sand began to move further away from my front wheel, and I could see three feet, now four feet, and eventually 10 feet ahead of my bike, but the evidence of tire tracks was eliminated. There were some small rounded ruts in the ground from the trucks that had previously scratched the desert surface, and I was able to follow them periodically. Again, I had to be cautious of my speed through the sand and tried to make sure I kept a steady momentum in order to not fall over again.

While playing the role of a mime, I was practicing the action of patience and endurance through subtle movements, where I would occasionally break the rules of mimicry and let out exhausted shouts and grunts. The wind was calming down; however, it was still occasionally blasting me like a solar-powered fan, reminding me that it was a more powerful force than I would ever be. I was feeling anxious and I realized how much I had taken for granted the comforts of home. I was developing the mid-stages of sunstroke, and I couldn't even keep the warm water down that I squirted from my water bottle. I desperately wanted to see another cyclist, a familiar face, even a man-made structure in which I could take shelter for a moment. I kept cycling.



Over time, and 30km more, I began to make out some sort of small structure in the distance; could that be a house? I thought to myself all of the possibilities that could exist: a house, a pile of rubble, or both. Could it be a Mosque? I was experiencing a level of delirium that I would never wish upon anyone. I had placed myself into a personal kingdom where I let that place take over my actions and mood. I could not make decisions for myself; I let the geography of the land make my decisions for me.

As I neared this concrete building, I prepared myself for what I might find. In a place such as Sudan, anything can happen. I could hear muffled voices and laughter, deep and real sounding as though it were coming from a large man. I had heard this laugh before; it was a Kiwi man named Duncan who I had been cycling with earlier that day. This voice comforted me, and I felt like I was finally saved from the mighty desert mouth that was about to swallow me whole. As I moved towards the small building, I could see numerous bicycles leaning against the side wall. I rolled up quickly on my hot wheels to avoid toppling over, and was greeted by a bottle cap being shot out of the hole in the concrete slab. I picked it up and it was from a Fanta bottle. Curious and excited to have finally met up with some other cyclists and to be out of this sandy wind, I dismounted my bike and hurried in the open door. There sat six fellow cyclists from the tour, all covered in sand just as much as I was, and they appeared to be orange-toned. They smiled and greeted me with a cheer, and I was relieved to have an uncontaminated beverage in my hand. Finally a liquid to moisten my mouth which felt like someone had sewn up with a rusty needle. A Sudanese man harboured three milk crates filled with glass bottles of Sprite, Coca-Cola and Fanta in which he was selling for 1 Dinar each, the equivalent to fifteen cents Canadian.

Ah, this was heaven! It was about 50 degrees now and we were enclosed by a cool, concrete building full of warm carbonated drinks. I don't think it could have gotten any better for me. I began to look around at people's faces and I studied their enjoyment of their beverages and the company of each other. It was a comfortable feeling. We had only been on this tour for three weeks so far, but already our faces were the only thing familiar to each other. Each of them had streaks down their foreheads of orange and white, resembling an albino tiger, where sand had entered through the vents of their cycling helmets and stuck to their skin. Three large bands smeared across their



faces, followed by white eye-rings that had been where their sunglasses had protected their vision. I realized then that I, too, must look just as ridiculous and that any photo taken of me on this day will surely end up being shown at my wedding slideshow, falling under the category of "can you believe this is the woman you've actually just married!?" It looked as though we had all spent way too much time in a tanning salon and we were completely ignorant with the practice of using tanning supplies. We were orange with horrible tan lines, covered in filth, grit and sweat. My nose suddenly began bleeding due to the over-exertion and dry weather that had been attacking me for hours. I had developed the early signs of sun-stroke: chills, tiredness, nausea, confusion, and the inability to swallow any liquid. Of our 12,000km journey, I still had another 30km to cycle that day before I reached our final camping site for the night.

Perhaps if this had happened anywhere else I would be at my utmost discomfort, but I was here in the middle of Sudan, surrounded by fantastic people who were also sharing the solitude and extreme satisfaction of cycling through one of the harshest climates in the world. Another three and half months remained. This would be the longest day in the life of a mime, and I am certain that I was inventing new moves to act out when I returned to Canada.

Samantha Brett is from Muskoka, Ontario. A third year Geography student at UBCO, Samantha writes for the UBCO Varsity Outdoors Club (VOCO) newsletter, which can be read in the UBCO newspaper, 'The Phoenix', each month. sammieb7@hotmail.com



time has run out

Image submitted by Malissa Provost - malissap@shaw.ca
Send your image of "The End" to ed@redmillpropaganda.com

created by

