

see is gross cold sores. And when you greet a friend you have to kiss them twice. Herpes everywhere. Every railing, every door handle, on the busses. Only since being over here has it occurred to me to wash my hands *before* going to the bathroom. And after, of course.

Something that I almost forgot about were the things that live in my bed. I really itched the first week I was here, and got tiny welts. I don't anymore, and I don't even feel them at night. Then there was the bug larva that wouldn't come out of my leg. I found a hard sore pimple that only had blood in it. No puss, but a white core. I had to perform a tiny operation, but sure enough, it was two or three millimeter long larva. I squished 'er good. But it wasn't from my bed. From the forest, and I've only found one. So far.

Um, the water's bad. You can't drink the tap water because it's stagnant, but you can drink from the fountains in the streets because the waters from aqueducts, and is always moving. Everyone here drinks "frizzanti," which is just carbonated mineral water.

A neat fact about it is that it has the exact same mineral and salt concentration as human sweat. Carbonated human sweat; but from what part of the body?

Everyone's rude here, but that's to be expected. You have to be rude here. I like it. Another thing is that it's a taboo to pass money to someone from hand to hand. Money goes from a hand to the counter to hand. No exceptions.

Um, there's lots of ruins. Too many if you ask me. There are teenagers with machine guns on most street corners. It's to solve conscription. They drive like madmen; a hundred times worse than Montreal. Stores are closed from 1 to 3 PM. They don't really celebrate Christmas. On January 6 they celebrate Bafana, which is like a chocolate Christmas. A 60-Watt light bulb is considered high powered. I'm running out of things here, so here's a rant in conclusion.

So who's to blame for Italys problems? Well, the Americans, of course! Yes, it's all the Americans' fault. People here are really anti-

American, much to my delight. Yet after being here for a month, I was saddened to find out that they are slightly anti-Canadian. The reason is is that where I'm staying the Allies landed in 1944, and in the end over 30,000 people were killed. There are four cemeteries here. Commonwealth, American, German, and Italian. To minimize Allied casualties, the Allies bombed this whole area from sea and air, and killed way way way too many civilians.

In the Anzio museum they have mannequins wearing uniforms. The Canadians and British and Americans all had frowns on, and were very serious looking with weapons ready. The German display had pretty nuns and all the soldiers had big smiles and their arms outreached. That made me think a bit about Italy.

Yet what really shocked me was seeing hundreds of marble head stones all lines up, with only a maple leaf, a cross, and the lines "Known Unto God" written on them. For some reason the Canadians here had a really high rate of losing their identity. Close

to 7,000 people are buried there, on Commonwealth soil. It was interesting seeing my Italian guide's reaction. He was so confused as to why there was even a battle. Out of nowhere their cities were flattened and soldiers invaded claiming to be liberating them. A very different and interesting way of looking at events.

These are just a few things that are different. I've come to accept the huge differences from PEI, as Italy is quite a contrast. I haven't even started on the things I've done here. For starters I've been within three feet of the Pope on two separate occasions, and drank close to two liters of wine while sitting next to the Arch Bishop of Rome. I've also been kicked out of a military base, kicked out of the Coliseum, and I tried to get kicked out of the Vatican. But it's all in good fun, and I'm having a blast.

Anyway, there's wine to be drunk, and it's calling my name. To give a hint of what I've been doing over here, here's a fact to leave on. Five liters of wine costs five dollars. Who can argue with a price like that?



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