

An Important Message

he probably thinks it's not right, since Gan-ma's a lady and all.

But when Mr. Passing comes into the kitchen, the talking always becomes more fun to listen to. Doc Everlly and Mr. Passingon deal with a lot of the same people in their jobs. When Mr. Passingon comes into the kitchen, the talking turns to blood and guts and burns. I really don't understand a lot of what they say, but I nod at everything, and pretend I am one of the men.

I don't think that Doc Everlly is good at this job. The stories he tells are about the same people, who always seem to be sick. I wonder if he's really ever helped anyone get better, or if he just pretends to help them, because he doesn't really know what he's doing.

I always feel better when Doc Everlly leaves. I'm afraid that he's going to make me sick, or something.

Mr. Passingon

Once Doc Everlly finishes his drink and leaves, Mr. Passingon always comes over and talks to me.

I like talking to him. But its sort of weird, because he talks very low. Not quiet, but low. A kind of deep-down-from-the-gut talk.

"You'll never guess what I did today," Mr. Passingon said, as he sits next to me. "I burnt a body."

"What?" I ask in amazement.

"Why?"

"Because, the family didn't want to burry him."

Mr. Passingon is a mortician, but I like him all the same. He's funny. I guess you have to be funny to play with dead people all day.

He always tells me jokes, like — "What did one corps say to the other corps? — 'Want to give me a message, I'm so stiff!'"

His jokes aren't really funny, but I laugh anyway, because his voice makes me laugh. It sound so serious, ever when he's telling jokes. But he always knows when I don't find his joke funny, and tries to make another joke in order to win me over.

"What's the matter?" he asks.

"That joke always kills them at the morgue."

Mr. Passingon always acts so lively when he is at our house. I guess he finds it easy to relax at our place — most people seem very relaxed at our house.

Mr. Passingon stays as long as he can. But when a knock at the front door is heard. He gives me a wink and slips our the back.

Mr. Morrowless

Nobody ever knocks at the door, not unless it's — it is Friday. There's always one visitor who appears on Fridays, Mr. Morrowless. He knocks every time he comes to our house. And my Gan-ma always answers the door.

He's so polite.

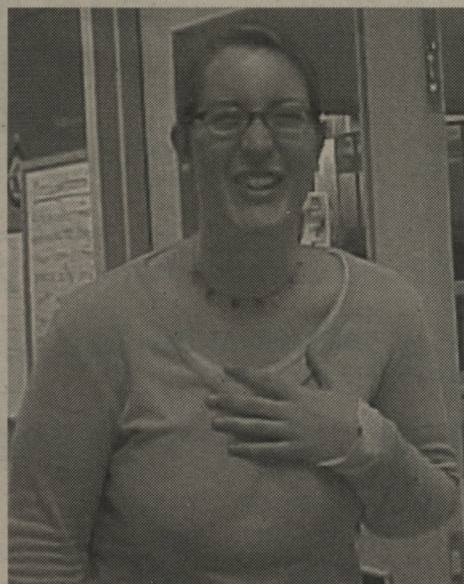
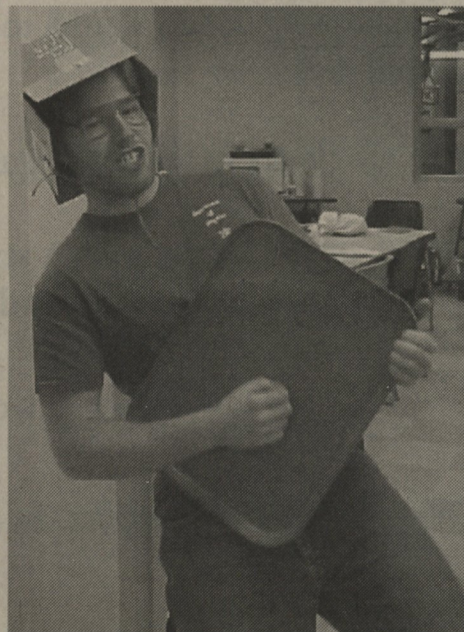
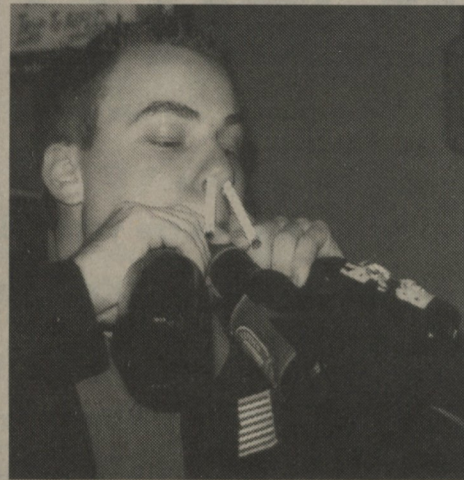
He asks everyone to leave, and they do. I think he must really like Gan-ma's Ice Tea, because he takes all the Ice Tea there is. Then he gives Gan-ma a piece of paper — probably an IOU or something— and leaves.

Except for those couple of minutes he comes in, I never see Mr. Morrowless. He never says anything to me. He doesn't even look at me. He just walks into the kitchen with Gan-ma, and begins to open the cupboards. I can never tell what he's thinking, even his expression is hard to read with his long handlebar moustache. But I think that he must be funny though, because he always wears a blue outfit with a funny blue hat, which have a matching set of medals; one on his hat and the other on his shirt.

I don't think Gan-ma likes Mr. Morrowless too much, but she never shows it. I guess it's because he's such a good customer, and buys everything. But Gan-ma's never worried, because the next day the cupboards will be full of Ice Tea again. And they stay that way. That is, until next week — when Mr. Morrowless comes knocking again.

Me

I sit in my corner, where I've sat for the last two years, eating my milk and cookies, talking to Gan-ma, who pulls our her teeth, or Mr. Passingon, who tells jokes, or to myself, or to anyone else who is relaxed enough to talk to me. I wonder why Ice Tea's so great. I wonder when I can have some. My Gan-ma cookies are good, but no one comes in to eat her cookies. They all want Ice Tea. I want some Ice Tea. But I'm not allowed, not yet anyway. That's fair. I guess. I'll just go back to my corner, in my perfect house filled with all these people. There's nothing wrong with eating milk and cookies. There's nothing wrong at all.



Matt Stewart, Editor-in-Chief

"This year I was lucky enough to win a fold-out cooler with the Alpine logo on it. I think this summer I will put some ice in it and use it to keep soda-pop in. Working at The Cadre has been a blast. I'd like to quickly thank the following people: William Shatner, David Suzuki, Cito Gaston, and the guy who invented the Glad Cling-Wrap. My parting words of wisdom are: Ich kann nicht glauben, dass Catherine Sweet promoviert!"

Thomas Lloyd, Production Manager

"If I could ask God one question, what would it be? My year was spent thinking of this, or watching Star Trek: Deep Space Nine. I like the episodes with the Borg. And my obsession with Major Kira took the place of "Holy Crap!" That and gin and cheap wine. My favourite Star Trek movie is the one where the U.S.S. Enterprise blows up. And next year The Cadre office will be referred to as "The Bridge." Make it so!"

Catherine Sweet, Copy Editor

"I heartily endorse all of the above statements. Tom and Matt have been an absolute dream to work with. They bring an amount of professionalism to the office, and many nights they have bailed me out when I was unable to perform my assigned tasks. Without them I don't know what I would do. Thanks guys, I owe you everything, and thanks again for helping me through this case of SARS."