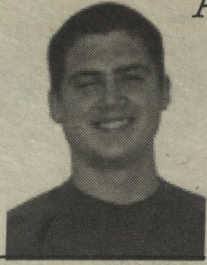


## Another "Girls Gone Wild" Spring Break Down South



Liam McKenna  
Sports Editor

It is exceedingly difficult to write an article about spring break, which is what my editor Ray Keating had asked me to do following my return from Florida this past Friday. It was reminiscent of the assignments given in elementary school, which asked you to "Describe in 10,000 Words What You Did Over Christmas Break, Leaving Nothing Out, and Be Ready to Read it to the Class After Listening to the Other Thirty-Four Children Drone Out What They Did Too." The challenge of writing such an article, of course, is not to drone.

My trip began on a plane leaving from Moncton, going to Toronto, then going to Orlando. I had not flown on a plane for a number of years, and I marveled at the miniature TV sets which decorated the back of every seat. Changing the channels, I saw my editor at *The Cadre*, Ray Keating, defending himself from a reporter who was grilling him about having published the infamous Islam cartoons. I had a hearty laugh at his predicament, ordered a coffee, and prepared to fly 3,000 miles south into the Sunshine State.

My girlfriend and I arrived in Florida a half an hour late. I stepped off the plane, wearing shorts and a t-shirt, prepared to soak in the sun and go to all of my favorite attractions and get drunk on my wild spring break. Instead, my time was spent with my grandparents at their timeshare, huddling in summer clothes in the coldest Floridian temperatures since 1955, too cold to go to attractions, and being underage, unable to order a Corona from the Red Lobster without being laughed at. In order to drink in Florida, you have to be 21. In order to drive in Florida, you have to be crazy, because no sane person would ever drive there if they placed any value on their life.

So, my hopes of taking in some sun dashed, I decided we would go shopping instead. My girlfriend, however, decided we would go *marathon shopping*, which is a sport most

women, regardless of race, creed, or sexual orientation, hold as their favorite Olympic event. Two shirts, two pairs of pants and three and a half hours later, we left the Florida mall. There are roughly eight hundred thousand stores located in this mall, which covers an area the same size as continental Europe and maintains a suffocatingly large population sustained by one Taco Bell, which is delicious.

Finally, several days into our trip, the weather began to clear up, and the temperature ceased to drop below freezing at night. Kate and I made the mandatory trip to Disney's Magic Kingdom, which was excellent until we were forced to leave after I began tackling those shitty puppets on the "It's a Small World" ride and strangled a four year old behind me for singing along with them. Actually, as you may have guessed, that didn't happen, but if I ever have to go on that ride again, so help me, it will. Believe me. It's like hell, only worse.

What did happen was something difficult to describe. At the end of the night, every night, there are fireworks over the castle in the Magic Kingdom, accompanied by music and the combined wisdom of Jiminy Cricket and Julie Andrews, peppered with quotes and songs from Disney cartoons. Without getting overly sentimental, I challenge any one of you to attend this event and not be touched by it. And I don't mean in the molester kind of way, either – I think it's impossible for one's mind to compute what a profound effect Disney has had on your life until you attend this event.

We also went to MGM, which was okay. The best part was the Aerosmith roller coaster, the Tower of Terror (Kate didn't want to go on this ride, but I justified it by reminding her I had gone on "It's a Small World"), Indiana Jones blowing up some stuff, and the wait in line for the Star Wars ride. The ride itself wasn't great, but there's a C-3PO robot which moves

and talks to R2-D2 while you wait. It's pretty awesome. Other than those things, MGM wasn't that great, and we passed on Animal Kingdom to go there. Go to Animal Kingdom, unless you love listening to Drew Carey talk into your ear in a dark room. If you love that, go to MGM. And never, ever talk to me.

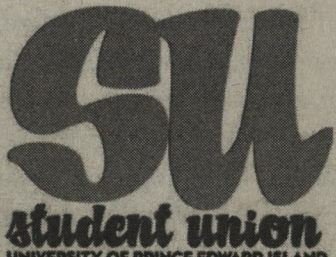
The price of liquor in the United States alone is enough to make me wish they'd conquer Canada. Now, I'm as proud of my country as anybody, but \$25 for 24 Coronas? Are you kidding me? Can you say "peaceful surrender"? I bought a 40oz, of Captain Morgan at the duty-free store for \$13.95!

\$13.95! 40oz! Rum!

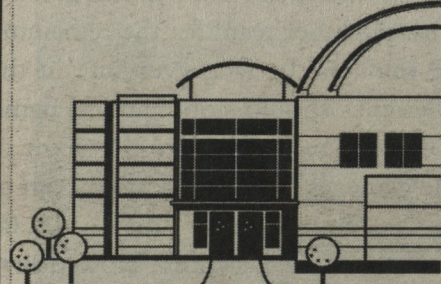
On the way home, my flights were delayed by a few hours, but they bought me off by giving us free beer on the plane. What worries me is that no one ever seems to know what is

going on at airlines. It always seems like something is wrong, but they don't know what it is and they wouldn't tell you even if they knew, but it is certainly not their fault. Our pilot summed up our "technical difficulties" by saying, "Folks, we don't really know what the hold up is. This is not a Westjet problem. It's an airport problem. Drinks are on us!" I ordered a beer, wondering whether "technical difficulties" was a good way to describe a gigantic mass of metal moving through the air at 600mph and 38,000 feet.

All in all, it was a good break. In summary, go to Magic Kingdom, buy some beer, stay away from MGM, fly Westjet, eat at the Outback, brush your teeth, and don't drive. Also, try to arrange to have good weather while you're there. And for God's sake, no matter what your editor tells you, don't write an article about it.



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