

Editor. Stephan knows shit about art, but he's got the entertainment bit down cold.

"Joel Meggs"

Christmas Blend is *The Cadre's* Copy Editor. Feel free to complain about any typos, grammatical errors and whatnot to him. When he protests and tells you, "But I never even saw that before it was printed; nobody showed it to me!" you should probably believe him, but pretend like you don't.

"Hawktaler Couchtard"

Luke Leunes has loaned his design talent to *The Cadre* in past years. Now he writes educational foreign language cartoons and designs floats for parades.

"Tea and a Warm Sweater"

Charlottetown was too small for **Mike Lecky**, so he left for warmer climes. He rarely follows Their advice, but he's always listening just the same.

"Frozen Balls"

Adam Gauthier is a solid goaltender; scouting reports suggest to go for the 5-hole. Maybe a little higher. Adam is *The Cadre's* Sports Editor and anchor of *The Cadre* trivia team.

"Santa W. Bush"

Brad Deighan probably shouldn't, but he usually does, and we're ever so grateful.

"Aboard The H.M.C.S. Charlottetown"

Ordinary Seaman **Jacob McCabe** lived on Prince Edward Island and graduated from Charlottetown Rural High School in 1998. He then joined the Canadian Navy and is currently serving his country aboard the H.M.C.S. Charlottetown, located somewhere near the Arabian Sea.

"Holiday Gifts and Gizmos"

Bill Mathews designed this year's most sought after issue of *The Cadre* - our tribute to Ernie Coombs. He is unsure whether he should take any credit for the centre spread. He should.

LL Coolbreeze is a mad scientist and leader of the infamous Windom Earle. Catch them live on December 29th at Brennan's with Eyes for Telescopes.

"The Adventures of Cap'n Steph'n"

Jeff Coll is *The Cadre's* Production Manager and is responsible for the nifty layout you see before you. Right now, at this very moment he is asking, "Why? Why do I do this?" Because he's

damn good at it. Jeff is worried you'll think the ordering of this stories reflects a judgement on their quality. Occasionally, even Jeff is wrong.

Matthew Dorrell and **Stephan MacLeod** have enough written about them here already.

"Several Small Yet Significant Disasters"

Matthew Dorrell is the Editor-in-Chief of *The Cadre*. This is him speaking to you presently, awkwardly introducing himself, and trying to figure out how to gracefully switch to speaking in the first person.

This is the first sentence which occurred to me when I contemplated writing about Christmas; consider it "Small Yet Significant Disaster #8":

"The dog is quietly and nonchalantly chewing on the Christmas ornaments that hang from the lower branches while pissing on the floor — supremely confused, though obviously very excited, by the presence of a tree in the living room."

So I decided not to write about Christmas. Which brings me conveniently, if not convincingly, to the question of whether this is, or is not the "Christmas Issue," the "Holiday Issue," or something similar.

The problem was, and is, that there were simply too many and varied pieces of writing submitted. There were attempts - brave, noble attempts - made to categorize the stories by their Holidayishness, by their Christmasesquery, all with little success.

You just can't tell by the titles. The disgusting "Santa W. Claus," (disgusting in an admirable sort of way) for example, could be about Christmas, but it isn't; not really. And neither is "Christmas Blend." "Frozen Balls" doesn't sound like a holiday story, but it is; at least partly. "What Do You See When You Draw?" and "The Gift of Reality" mention Christmas and Ramadan, but aren't about the holiday season or any religious event. They are, if I can be forgiven for the suggestion, a little larger than that.

If the contents can't be easily categorized by title, it seems there's little choice left but to read each one; to decide where they fit yourself. But you saw that coming, didn't you?

Sit down. Drag the chair into the centre of the room so you can recline all the way back. Perhaps not in that order. Grab some eggnog and some spiced rum, if you are so inclined. Even better, find some tea and pull on a warm sweater. Consult the "Top 50 LPs in No Particular Order" and put some music on. Start reading.

Matthew Dorrell,
Editor-In-Chief