

Across

- I know this has been really hard so far so I'll give this one to you for free. It's "NIGERIA"
- I'm rubber, you're ____
- I do not want to go to the little boys' room. I am a ____.
- Not not not not good
- A sudden brief rush of wind
- Anagram of 'a rag man'
- First step in the preparation of Shake 'n Bake
- Mickey Mouse's most terrifying friend that gives us all nightmares to this day
- A three-letter word ending in 'O'
- I honestly thought you wanted these to be sour so you could get a little buzz on, why is it a bad thing
- How many fingers am I holding behind my back?
- World Series Winners in 2004
- World Series Winners in 2027

Down

- Semi-annual gathering in Manhattan where nerds might do long division?
- Boo!
- What a cool baby might order at Starbucks?
- Please answer Jeopardy style: This song by Haddaway is the most popular song by Haddaway
- Of or relating to uncles.
- Rhymes with strawberry
- Result of a coin flip
- Strong wind
- The Roman Republic, alphabetized?

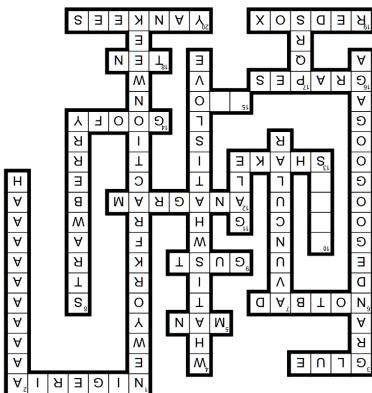
BALLAD OF A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

by Mariel Povolny

The Seattle Mariners played the Toronto Blue Jays recently. My friend Lucy, who lives in Toronto but hates Toronto, told me on the phone she's been watching baseball as a community activity because the Blue Jays are in the playoffs and it's exciting. Lucy loves community activities. She was surprised that I wasn't paying attention because I am famously from Seattle. I told her I can't be bothered with any sport except maybe women's basketball because watching the New York Liberty play was one of the most moving experiences I've had in years. Baseball, I said, numbs my brain. She told me it's much better once you learn the rules.

The Blue Jays beat the Mariners in the playoffs and, really, I couldn't care less, except that a tiny part of me wished they hadn't. I love to win. But Lucy pointed out that in the current political climate, it would be highly symbolic for a Canadian team to win the World Series and I agreed. In my opinion, it is a tad ludicrous to call a competition between two countries a "world" anything but then again nobody asked for my opinion.

My friend Ben (who also knows my friend Lucy) lives in Toronto but just for now. He says that Lucy



doesn't even really watch baseball when they go to the bar, which doesn't surprise me because Lucy is the queen of Saying Things.

Ben recently fell in love with my friend David from high school at my cabin in Northern Ontario.

Interlude: Cabin/Cottage

Nomenclature in the North

In Canada, I've learned, a "cabin" refers to a rustic, second-home structure: wooden interiors, minimal amenities, etc. A "cottage," on the other hand, especially in Ontario lake country, can mean anything from a tasteful two-bedroom to a multi-million-dollar compound on a private island.

Secondary interlude:

Perceptions of North in the North

My cabin is on Lake Panache, about an hour north of Sudbury, Ontario. If you zoom in on Sudbury with two fingers on Google Maps, it's not even a quarter of the way north, but even real Canadians call it Northern Ontario. Ben said it's the furthest north he's ever been. I once drove to the 35-Mile Roadhouse, a diner sitting on the border between Alaska and the Yukon, just thirty-five miles from Haines. It was my twentieth birthday, and I dipped two toes into the Yukon. I think that's the farthest north I've ever been in Canada.

But anyway, ever since Ben and David fell in love at my cabin, Ben has been coming to New York which is great for me. The last time he came, the two of them went to Rolo's and David had to buy dinner because the Seattle Mariners lost to the Toronto Blue Jays.

One time years ago, David and I drove up to Squamish, BC to visit our friend Caroline at Quest University—Canada's first and only liberal arts style private university where you could take a class like "Queer-

ing Sylvia Plath from an Ecological Perspective". Quest later went out of business and it's probably a climbing gym now. We met lots of people who sourced their clothes from the local "dump" but had a mountain bike that cost 5 grand.

Our next trip to Canada was last spring, when David and I went to Montreal to visit my friend Chelsea. I met Chelsea on my first day at McGill. I was sitting in my dorm with the door closed and she was chatting with her friend from high school who lived across the hall. She read the nametag on my door and said, "Ooh, Marielle" (using the French pronunciation). I remember rolling my eyes at my dad and pretending to be annoyed, but then I opened the door, and I loved her, and we've been friends ever since.

In Montreal, everything is free, and all the apartments have crown moldings and very few cockroaches, and you can work at a clothing store twice a week and still go to restaurants three times a week. Chelsea's apartment is so beautiful that when I visit her, I'm afraid to sit down. She lives with her boyfriend, Natan, and they have invisible shelves on their white-speckled walls that hold beautiful bottles of wine they don't drink all at once—because once you live in a perfect apartment and eat only at your nice wooden table and not on the couch or in your bed, you suddenly can drink in moderation and use nice wine as decoration.

The first apartment I ever had was with Chelsea and our friend Colette, who has the face of Keira Knightley if she were a porcelain doll. The apartment was in a building called The Greenhouse. Apartment buildings, I think, don't deserve names unless they possess some pedigree, which The Greenhouse did not.

The Greenhouse had a neon green LED sign in the entryway.

The apartment in The *Greenhouse* had an enormous kitchen, a beautifully furnished living room, and a rain shower, and bedrooms that were smaller than prison cells. Our lease started in May, but we had gone home for the summer and sublet the place to a group of young Irish men who were model tenants until we returned in August and found a microwave full of maggots and scattered bloody Q-tips. We all screamed and threatened to throw the microwave away, so my dad cleaned it instead.

Later, in a fit of youthful impatience and because we were twenty minutes from the nearest grocery store and thirty from anywhere we wanted to go, we sublet the apartment again, this time to a group of

Chinese exchange students who, I feel fairly confident, did not use Q-tips at all.

Tertiary Interlude: On the Irish in Canada

A piece of the Canadian cultural character that's lost on some Yankees, is a subtle but ever-present sense of belonging to the Commonwealth. I learned on one of my many summer visits to Chelsea and Colette in Vancouver, BC where they're both from that the Irish come in droves to work for the summer in major Canadian cities, as they once came to ours. Apparently, it's a common practice to fit seven people into a three-bedroom apartment. At least, that's what happened in our case.

~
Colette lives in Toronto but she thinks it lacks *je ne sais quoi*, and her apartment is quite beautiful, but Toronto doesn't quite have it like

Montreal. People there get paid salaries, and you can't have it all.

I'd like to go to Medicine Hat even though Alberta is the Texas of Canada, and maybe to Yellowknife even though Joni Mitchell didn't claim Saskatchewan. I'd like to go to Lake Louise even though I'm not partial to canoeing. Chelsea always says she's not partial to things, and I'm not sure if that's Canadian or just Chelsea. But what is Canadian is to say, "Grade 9" rather than "Freshman year," and "Paa-sta" rather than "Pasta," and to say you're "writing" an exam rather than taking one, and to call your sneakers "trainers."

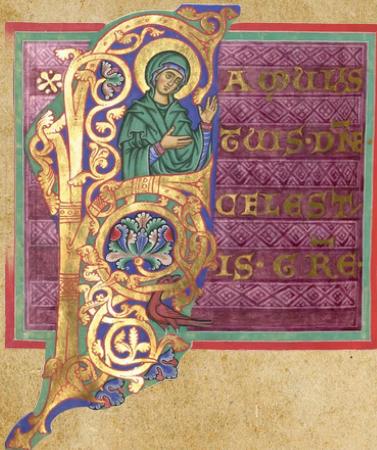
And for all these reasons, Mr. President, I cannot take up arms against our northern neighbors.

Sudoku Easy

2				9				
								6
						1		
5		2	6			4		7
					4	1		
				9	8		2	3
					3		8	
		5		1				
		7						

How to play

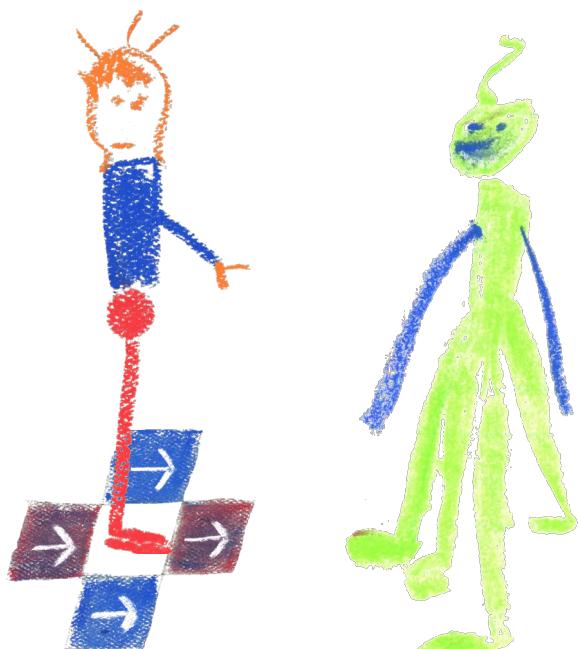
Sum up one through nine
Rows and cols contain no dupes
Nor the nine subgrids



or the knight who hath
everything...
Finely crafted chainmaille.
For both nightlife and
your knight's life.

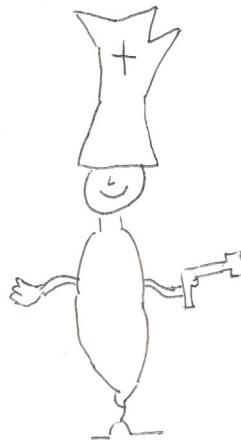


Dance Dance Evolution



"How did you say this game worked again?"

Margaret Atwood Drew This One.
Might Be The Pope With A Gun?



How about you draw this one for a change, if you're so much better than me.



"Cinderella Clown Shoes"