

The Day In Which Democracy DIED

Description

So, here are my adventures of what I had to do for an assignment on Election Day.

When all the MJâ€™s were told of what we had to do, I got a burst of inspiration. â€œMaybe I should follow a candidate around on Election Day. Iâ€™m sure that would be interesting.â€ Ohhhh, silly, silly David.

I told the professor, and he was VERY enthusiastic. Second mistake. A prof that is excited about something that you are going to do has a very high potential of being sorely disappointed.

So, I sent out emails to ALL the candidates in Ottawa South and Ottawa Centre. Of all the emails I sent out, like nine, I got 4 responses back.

Penny Collenette = NO

Paul Dewar = Nah, but you can come to his press events

Green party for Ottawa South = Sure

NDP for Ottawa South = SURE!

So, I decided to go to the NDP Ottawa South guy, and then I emailed my professor about when I should meet him, how long I should stay and if it is ok that I miss the quiz in the morning. He told me to forget the quiz and to have a good time!

SCREW MARKS! YAH!

I was told to call the NDP campaign headquarters on Election Day, and I figured that they would be busy from early in the morning until the polls close. So, like a good boy, I woke up at 7 a.m., had breakfast and called them at 7:30. No answer. Called again at 8â€!. NO answer.

Then I figured, theyâ€™ll be in there by 9, so Iâ€™ll just head on over there. After a brisk walk and a short bus ride, I arrive. And thereâ€™s this house that is falling apart, and seemingly supported by NDP signs. The colour of the signs, like an orange Creamsicle, really hurts your eyes.

Itâ€™s like the sunâ€!.. mustâ€!lookâ€!away!

And then, once my eyes adjusted, I knocked on the door. No answer. I called them. No answer.

GREAT!

This went on for AN HOUR AND A HALF!!!!!! I was sitting outside the campaign headquarters, waiting, for an hour and a half. BUT, I did find time to do the puzzles and Sudokuâ€™s in the Metro and 24 hoursâ€!. ohhh yah.

Finally, a volunteer let me in, which I interviewed. Imagine John Lennon wearing a pink tie-dye shirt. And thatâ€™s him.

The candidate eventually came, and I interviewed him. He was a nice guy, but he was dressed like he was going to audition to be a tree. Brown pants, and a dark green shirt with a brighter green jacket. I

was waiting for a squirrel to jump out of his pockets to gather nuts for the winter.

Then, we went canvassing. In an apartment building. Thatâ€™s right folks, we went to EVERY DAMN APARTMENT in an apartment building. Out of over 200 doors, 21 answered and did NOT slam the doors in our face. There were some interesting people.

A man, in his underwear holding a small dog in one hand and a Kleenex in the other.

A man, who sounded like Borat, said â€œThe resident, she is asleep. We were busy making good time. She is a tired now. I will let her know.â€

Or the woman who yelled at her dogs to stop knocking on the door.

After that, I walked back to my place and wrote the article.

Ohh, and in case you are wondering, the candidate lost SPECTACULARLY to David McGuinty â€!. he got 8% of the popular vote, compared to McGuintyâ€™s 50%.

Yah, it was CLOSE ðŸ™‰

Category

1. 2008
2. Canada
3. Election
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