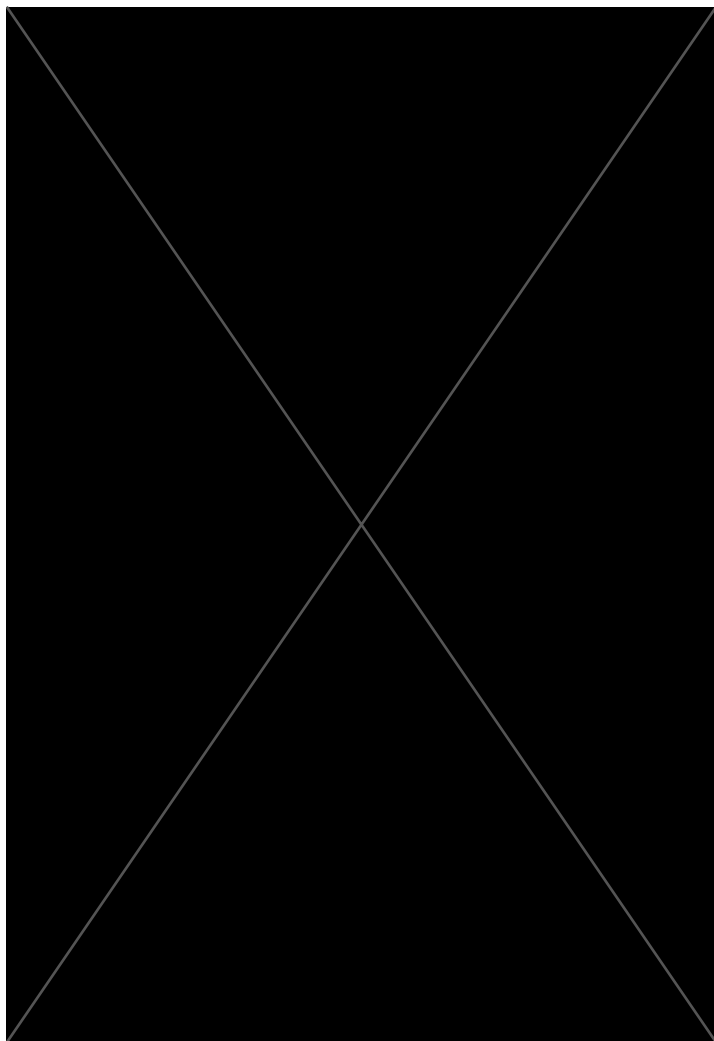


BLUEBIRDS

VERN THIESSEN



UNITED PLAYERS OF VANCOUVER



MAGGIE: Dear Annie.

UNITED PLAYERS OF VANCOUVER

4 | VERN THIESSEN

If only you were here with me, feeling the salty spray of the English Channel on our cheeks.

It's a long way from Wolseley Avenue in Winnipeg to the Strait of Dover, I'm tellin' ya. And I've done my share of roamin', as you know. Five years old if a day, and we move across the world to Manitoba. And I thought Scotland was cold!

I'm thinking of the time, on a break at nursing school, staring down at the Assiniboine, its slow shallow waters as tedious as the city itself, and you sayin':



MAGGIE: And that Sunday, our one day off, you pack us lunch and we head to the CPR station. We clamber onto the train, jammed with people: carpenters and lawyers, beautiful young ladies and old women, laughing children and barking dogs . . . and seventy minutes north, there we are.

Winnipeg Beach. Another world. Soft white sand and a burning hot sun. Warm summer water and a gentle cool breeze. We wade in, our bloomers up to our necks.

There we are. Floating. Healed for a moment from our . . . restlessness.

We take the evening train back, my sun-soaked head asleep on your shoulder. An' back home, a letter waitin' for me. Special delivery.

