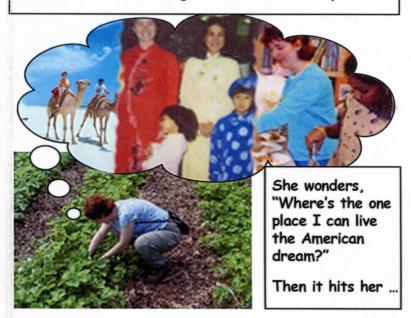
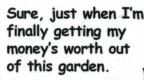


It's 2012 and life is good for our couple until one day, when the hustle and bustle of Granby becomes too much for Deb. She begins to consider her options ...



Mark! We're moving to Canada!!







Ten hours on the road is a long time. Mark drives. Deb finds ways to occupy her time. The, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh". Mark: "Are you practicing your voice lessons?" Deb: "No, my Canadian."

The first clue that Canada is not all it's cracked up to be: The couple is hoodwinked out of \$20 for a scenic drive. See the lovely fog shrouded ocean view.

ANADIAN POTATO MUSEU



Not to mention the Canadians' unholy reverence for potatoes.



The final straw comes when they arrive in Harrietsfield, after hours of searching, only to find squatters have taken up residence on the ancestral Fraser homeland.



Mark befriends the squatters' dog but that's not enough to make Canada worth their while.

They head home but are almost turned back at the border because of Deb's watermelon. She explains that it is actually an American watermelon that has made the whole trip with them and so the border guard grudgingly lets them back in. Phew!



To be continued.