

Chantal



Kentel



- CHAPTER ONE -

Chantel and I are on the playground at school, looking through the bushes for lost items or discarded toys. Instead, we find a perfect raw yam. We sneak the yam into the cafeteria, cut it in half and pour as much brown sugar on it as the brown sugar packets would allow. We microwave the yam for 3 minutes, until it is soft and the sugar is melting. We quickly sneak the yam back ~~inside~~ outside, and place it gently back into the shrub it came from. This ooey gooey yam is bait. We want to see a raccoon.



- CHAPTER TWO -

When Chantel was little she loved horses. All the school supplies had horses on them. duotangs, pencils, binders, erasers-- but her most prized possession was her horse pencil case. It was beautiful, long, green, soft; with brown horses frolicking in a pasture. She took this pencil case all the way to university. But first, it was stolen. She was frantic, we looked everywhere, asked all the teachers we had in all our classes, nothing. Then, at the end of the day, our homeroom teacher came up to Chantel and presented her with her pencil case, saying she took it to teach Chantel about the importance of objects, and being able to live without things. All this did was turn us against her. Chantel snatched back her pencil case and bolted to her parents car. Fuck you Mrs Richardson!



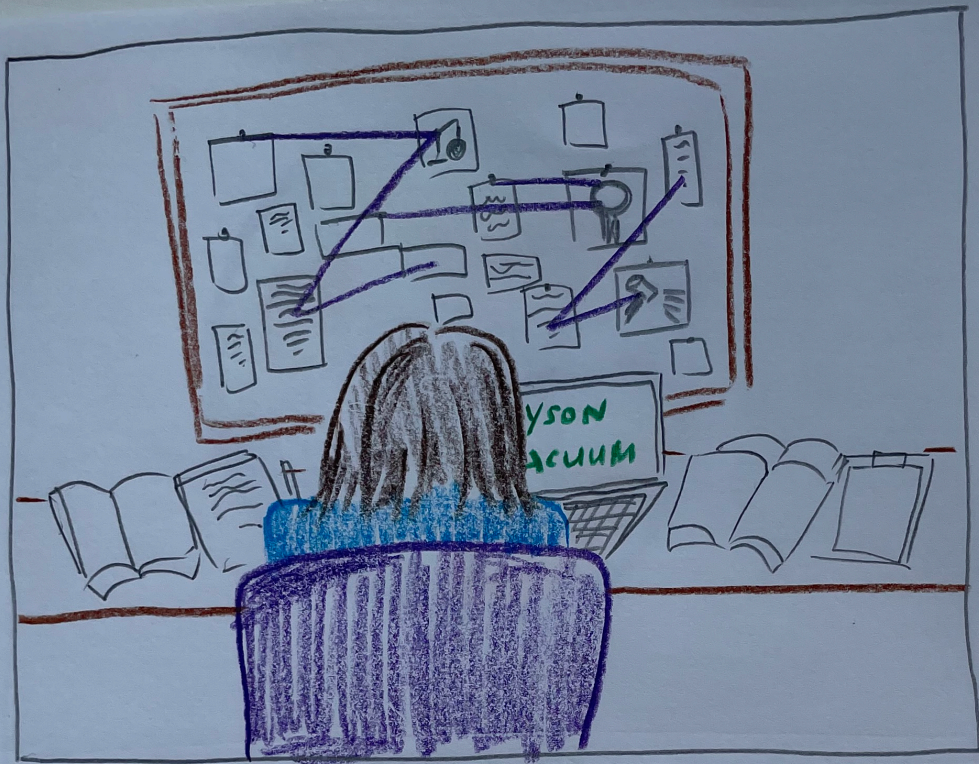
~~-CHAPTER THREE-~~

Over the pandemic Charbel and I reconnected, we hung out at Kite beach (near where her parents live) almost every sunny day before we both had to get jobs. We mixed sittings and having cocktails together, so eventually she brought a small bottle of Jager for us to have at the beach. Her reasoning was that the bottle was small, and therefore discrete, and that this Jager was from Germany and so apparently not as gross. How terrible, but we thought it was so funny that we kept having a nip of Jager whenever we went to the beach. It was a gross tradition, but it was a lot of fun during a time when there wasn't a lot of fun to be had.



- CHAPTER FOUR -

It is so nice that you and Chantel are friends again, you were irreparable in Elementary School. Remember when I had to set up a meeting between Chantel + her Mum and us to talk? Because Chantel loved you so much she got angry whenever you wanted to be friends with other kids? Oh I'll never forget the drama of all of that! Chantel was always so sweet! So she's graduated from Ryerson now? Where's she off to next?



- CHAPTER FIVE -

Charrel is very goal-oriented. About half a year ago she landed her first big job - a two year well-paid marketing + management intern at Dyson's headquarters in Cologne, Germany. She spent months researching + interviewing, and finally made it to the last interview. By this point she had near encyclopedic knowledge of everything and anything Dyson. She could tell you about the history of the company, its founder, and everything to do with any and all Dyson products. Needless to say, she aced the final interview and now lives in Germany!



- CHAPTER SIX -

I think about Chantel all the time! But the object that truly reminds me of her is this jar of Nivea hand cream she bought me in Germany. It somehow customized the lid to have a drawing I did of her + me on it! The drawing is of um Vegas eating crackers, another Chantel mainstay. While I don't use hand cream really at all, I carry it around in my bag during the winter and I love looking into my bag and seeing a goofy drawing of Chantel and I looking back up at me!



- CHAPTER SEVEN -

Chantel and I are planning a trip to Greece! I'm not sure if it will actually happen, but if it does it'll be the first time I'll have seen her in soooooo long. With her busy in Germany and me finishing up my degree in Vancouver, it's hard to find time to sit down and plan. What we both really want to do is island hop and visit beach after beach. Chantel always has a super dark tan, I always burn. I imagine us beach side together drinking fruit juice, and saying "this is the life." I hope this trip happens. I can't wait to see her.



- CHAPTER EIGHT -

The last time I saw Charci we were swimming in a pool. She was visiting from Cologne for Christmas, and was talking about how hard it was there to make friends. I was so happy to see her, and even though the pool was freezing we stayed for hours, talking and talking and talking. Not even about anything in particular, just talking. We talked about our trip we took to Vegas before the pandemic, and how we'd love to go to Greece together when I'm done school. When she left we both cried, because neither of us were sure when we'd next come home, or when we'd see each other again next. I miss her, and I can't wait to see her again, hopefully soon!



by hunter starr!
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