

## Here's Where We Get Canadian, eh?

Oh Canada, the glorious land of four seasons:  
winter, still winter, almost winter and  
construction.

I am Canadian and I am ready for winter.

I'm tough enough to face the elements and all  
that Mother Nature can dish out.

I know enough to plug-in my car so that it will  
start in the morning.

I still string my mittens together so that I will  
always have a pair.

I wear a toque (not a hat) to keep my head  
warm.

I smile when I think of my long underwear with  
built-in booties.

I can't wait to jump into my fleece pajamas with  
the trap door.

I finally know enough to go tinkle *before*  
bundling up in my winter finest.

I know I should remove my boots before  
warming my feet by the fire.

Only a fellow Canadian can understand my  
appreciation for frosty eyelashes.

It brings a tear to my eye that Wiarton Willy  
will never see his shadow again.

I skate on outdoor rinks because they're often  
warmer than the indoor ones.

I know what a Zamboni is and I'm licensed to  
drive one.

I know that hockey is our "true" national sport  
and that it was **MADE IN CANADA**.

I know better than to stick my tongue on a  
frozen fence when dared.

I also know better than to walk on thin ice.

I know that dog sledding is not cruelty to  
animals.

I remember fondly how fun school was when we  
had a snow day and the rural kids couldn't get  
to school.

I know there is more shovelling to be done when  
the snowplough comes along.

I know in the winter that the maple syrup will run, my nose will run, and I should too.

Only in Canada do people voluntarily dip into the icy waters for kicks and giggles.

And only a Canadian would be seen in shorts when the mercury is below zero (Celsius, that is).

Oh Canada, wintertime is here again.

## I am Canadian and I am ready for winter!