

was shot in the back with a pellet while filming a Tim Hortons commercial. "I turned to see some kids peeking around the corner," she said. "Of course I swore at them."

CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE BULIMIC

An unfortunate Toronto woman relived a version of the old "waiter, waiter" joke when, halfway through a cup of Campbell's Hearty Noodle soup (roasted chicken flavour), she noticed something in the steaming liquid that looked suspiciously like maggots doing the crawl. Who you gonna call? Ted Charney, the lawyer who represented the woman who sued McDonald's after allegedly finding a rat's head in her Big Mac two years ago. Charney purchased four of the instant soups (same store, same flavour) and, with the help of an entomologist, identified the critters inside in various stages of development, from maggot-like larvae to caterpillars to full-grown moths. It seems they'd been

PEOPLE WE LOATHED

How do we loathe thee, Ernie Eves? Let us count the (weaselly) ways. You promised us red Tory (which is neither here nor there). You promised us Mike Harris with a smiley face (again, neither here nor there). Your lacklustre leadership on the Hydro file (two steps forward, two steps back) left us vulnerable to blackouts. When SARS was at its height, you decided to go golfing down south. Which might explain your Texas-style campaign, with its attack ads, and your further-right-than-Dubya platform. Bring back the death penalty, you argued—a federal problem, thankfully put to bed long ago. Hurrah for the nuclear family, you cheered, even though you've been living in proverbial sin for how many years? It's time for a tax cut, you promised, even though you'd somehow run up a gazillion-dollar deficit. And let's not even mention—OK, let's do your calling your opponent "an evil, reptilian kitten eater from another planet." We'll riot that in the takes-one-to-know-one category.



living off the dehydrated soup, merrily mating and reproducing, not knowing that a deadly shower of boiling water awaited and, if they survived the shower, that they'd be eaten. Poor little moths—and caterpillars and maggot-like larvae.

WE'RE NOT IN MAYBERRY ANYMORE

Kensington Market resident Mary Fish won one for the lit-

tle people when a court refused to punish her. She was doing her shopping, whistling a happy tune, while *Claire's Hat* (the Bruce McDonald flop starring Juliette Lewis) was being shot in her neighbourhood. The cops employed by the film crew charged Fish, a 54-year-old grandmother, with causing a disturbance—even though the action sequence being shot didn't involve sound—and she was forced to retain a lawyer to defend her offensive conduct. The judge tossed the case on a technicality (unreasonable delay) in March, and the whistling Fish remains at large.

CRYING ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK

According to a U.S. bankruptcy court examiner—who sifted through untold gigabytes of internal e-mails—mucky-mucks at TD and CIBC knew full well that Enron was cooking its books months before the sleazy energy trading leviathan's shenanigans hit the headlines. In their eagerness to play with the big boys, the

Canadian charters went ahead and financed dozens of Enron transactions between 1997 and 2001. They were among nine venerable lending institutions that have now been implicated in the whole sordid shell game. CIBC—which was in deeper than TD, with more than \$200 million in outstanding loans—is getting payback of a different kind than it was after. It's one of seven banks named in a \$3-billion countersuit filed by Enron shareholders.

PAS DE FATWA?

It may take a century or two to measure the success of spunky Irshad Manji's campaign to revolutionize Islam, but, in the meantime, we can rest assured that her personal star has risen higher than most lesbian feminist Muslims of colour ever dream. Manji's *The*



Trouble With Islam held steady on the best-seller charts (a coup for any polemical screed not penned by Naomi Klein) and is slated to be published abroad this year. Press coverage made much hay of Manji's fear that her book will invite attacks from extremists, maybe even a Rushdie-style fatwa. Whether motivated to improve sales or merely concerned about her mortality, Manji reportedly installed bulletproof glass in her windows and hired a bodyguard; doing



PLAGUE CITY: A SARS TIMELINE



FEBRUARY 15: 305 cases of "atypical pneumonia" are reported in China.

MARCH 5: A 78-year-old woman, Sui-Chu Kwan, who contracted SARS in Hong Kong, becomes the first local resident to die of the disease.

APRIL 10: Prime Minister Jean Chrétien dies.



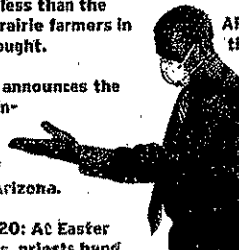
at a restaurant in hard-hit Chinatown. He eventually allocates \$330 million to help alleviate the crisis—\$870 million less than the federal government is giving prairie farmers in the aftermath of the 2002 drought.

APRIL 18: Premier Ernie Eves announces the province will not compensate individuals forced to take unpaid time off work. Three days later, he heads off for a golf holiday in Arizona.



APRIL 20: At Easter services, priests hand

out communion wafers, rather than placing them on communicants' tongues.



APRIL 23: The World Health Organization advises travellers not to visit Toronto.

APRIL 24: Mayor Mel Lastman blasts the WHO on CNN, wonders aloud, Who the hell is the WHO?

APRIL 26: The health crisis worsens.

