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MICKEY: Go to hell and take it with you. VOICE: Try it, you might like it. MICKEY: Try it on somebody else. Leave me alone. VOICE: You wouldn't say that a few years ago. MICKEY: I said a lot of things a few years ago. VOICE: You did a lot of things a few years ago. MICKEY: Not with you, I didn't. VOICE: How can you remember? It's a long way from here to Baddeck. MICKEY: I remember, I was a long distance runner. VOICE: You stopped running at some point. MICKEY: But I never pointed at you. (VOICE breaks into a loud laughter then fades away. Mickey wakes from sleep, a look of cold reality crosses his face. He begins a conversation with his dead wife Clara, once again.) MICKEY: Oh, dear God, did you hear that Clara, one of the widows made it to the door and brought my past with her. I can't remember which one it was, they are all so ugly. But I swear to God and anyone else who's used to the truth, I never went out with any of them. Now what in Heaven's name did she have for me? I'll bet it wasn't knowledge. She wouldn't know sand from sawdust. It must have been Bessie, she was always bragging. Didn't she have a braggish voice, Clara? What's this world coming to when a man can't get any rest even in his dreams. I better check the door (he gets out of bed slowly) before one of them comes charging in like the Mounties on a bootlegger's estate. (From the door he proceeds to stand by the rocking chair. He remembers a song. He begins singing, "My name is Peter Ambelay, I give you to understand. ..." He pauses a moment.) (He begins the song again, slowly at first, the pace rising as he gets into it. And he begins to stepdance, a little at first and then he's singing and he's stepping away. The song is:) MICKEY: Remember this, Clara, I haven't sung it in years. It used to be your favourite. My name is Peter Ambelay, I give you to understand. I belong to Cape Breton Island In that gay and virtuous land. In eighteen-hundred-and-eighty When the flowers were a brilliant hue I left my native country My fortune to pursue. I landed in New Brunswick In that lumbering country. I hired to work in the lumbering woods. Ah, south of the Miramichi. I hired to work in the lumbering woods Where they cut the tall spruce down. In loading two sleds in the yard I received my deathly wound. There's danger on the ocean Where the waves roll mountains high. There's danger in the battlefield Where the angry bullets fly, There's danger in the lumbering woods. They cut the tall spruce there. Bird Island Tours CAMPING and CABINS A 2 1/2 hour cruise from?? MOUNTAIN VIEW BY THE SEA 4 miles off Trans-Canada Highway at Big Bras d'Or (902)674-2384 Co-operative Artisanale de Cheticamp Limitee CHETICAMP, N.S. , P. O. Box 98, Cheticamp, Inverness Co., N. S. (224-2170) ' Produit de laine crochete. Finest hooking in virgin wool is our specialty. Acadian i Acadian Meals r'KjCKKAiCXi | Soupes - Mets au poisson Museum • ' "" ' " viande Crepes aux pommes de terre Our shop is located in Cheticamp on the Cabot Trail Monday - Sunday 8 a.m. - 9 p.m. May 15 - Oct. 5| (24) Plage St-Pierre Camping Situee / situated route 19 / 3.2 km. He de Cheticamp/Cheticamp Island Sites: 60 aucuri service (unserved), 49 electricite (electric), 33 eau (water), 16 complet (complete) Plage/beach, terrain de jeu/playground, mini-golf, tennis,



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