



beautiful Byron Bay, this place looked like something from “Dude, Where’s My Car?” As soon as my friends and I stepped out of the car, a kid asked us if we wanted to buy some marijuana. After avoiding many 13 year-old drug lords, we escaped into the one sketchy restaurant they had there, and saw that they sold pot cookies, pot cake, and pot baked into everything! The husbands grew the pot and the wives baked the pot into food. An 80 year-old woman sold pot spice cake held a trunk from the backseat of her car parked along the sidewalk. The town gift shops sold pipes and bongs, hemp necklaces, and pot recipe cookbooks. The whole town revolved around marijuana and even the dogs looked high.

While I wasn’t dodging drug pimps, stampedes of animals, examining road kill, eating kangaroos and mint slices, hunting for crocs, or sunning at the beach, I filled my 4-day weekends with much excitement. Among my adventures was my brush with stardom! Somehow I ended up on a soul train-esque TV dance competition aired on Friday nights on Channel V, the Australian equivalent to MTV. Stuffed into a tiny TV studio filled with a haze

of fog and disco lights to simulate a dance club, I danced among many other competitors/dancers while poor cameramen crawled around the floor and filmed us. We were required to wear nametag stickers on our legs labeled with our competition nicknames so that people who were watching the show live at home could call in to vote for their favorite dancers. Somehow (ridiculously!), people liked Priscilla, Queen of the Desert, and I made it into the top 4 dancers in the dance off. After watching a tape of the show later that night, I wanted to bury myself into the sand at the beach in humiliation and embarrassment. The humiliation continued on into the

following week as people in my university classes asked me if it was really me on the show. And to my horror, while running on the treadmill at the gym, I looked up at the TV monitor, and saw that a rerun of the show was airing! I buried my face into my magazine and cut my workout short that day.

Although I did get within 2 feet of Britney Spears (and I would gotten her autograph if it weren’t for the lil’ 10 year-old buggers who were stomping on my feet!) at her movie premier at Fox Studios, I never did find the Crocodile Hunter. He’s an elusive one, that Steve! I guess my adventures in Australia are not over yet.

“ this is coming from me- the girl who eats at least one Roo Burger (made with kangaroo meat- YUM!) at the Sydney Hard Rock Café almost every week.”

