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INSIDE AURORA: Door Stop

By Scott Johnston

It was a quiet day in early October when the doorbell rang.
Expecting the usual folks flogging yard maintenance or window replacement, upon opening the door I was surprised to discover a large number of people milling about on my porch and spilling out onto the lawn.
They all smiled at me and several said in unison ?Hi. I'm running for Aurora Council. Please vote for me.?
Taken aback, and not knowing which of them was the nominee, I addressed the collective in general. ?It's great to see you have so many supporters, but which one of you is the candidate??
A lady at the front replied, ?We all are.?
This prompted many smiles and nods.
?What, everyone?? I asked, starting a mental count of the mob.
?Yes,? several replied, pushing forward to hand me campaign literature, and interrupting my tally at about the twenty person mark.
?What are you all doing here together?? I asked, shuffling their fliers into a thick pile, and raising my voice to be heard by those in the back.
?Well, we all know how important it is to go door to door during an election,? said a man in the middle of the crowd. ?You know, the personal touch.?
?Because there are so many candidates this year,? came another voice, ?we all kept running into each other as we canvassed through Town.?
A person carrying an election sign continued, ?We found people were getting confused as to just who was who and what platform went with which candidate.?
?And there were some residents,? piped up a man in glasses, ?who were annoyed at being visited by several different nominees a day, so we thought it would be easier to all go out together.?
?Plus, this way,? whispered another lady up front, ?you can make sure no one badmouths you behind your back.?
At this point, some of the candidates at the rear of the crowd who obviously felt they weren't getting enough quality time with a prospective voter started pushing forward.
?Can I put a sign on your lawn? I'm running for more accountability,? said one.
?You should vote for me. I promise better fiscal management,? said another.
Then the voices all started coming at once.
?Hey. I'm promising fiscal management!?
?I thought you wanted more parks??
?I feel finances are more important.?
?No, the key issue is revitalizing the downtown core.?
?It is not. It's our crumbling infrastructure!?
?What's wrong with supporting parks?? said a man, who with some irony, was standing in our flowerbed. ?Hey, everybody, this candidate's against parks!?
As you can imagine, this started off a flurry of arguments and even some pushing and shoving.
By this stage our flowers were beyond repair. At least it was the end of the season.
I listened politely for a bit longer, but all this back and forth discussion was pretty confusing, and I was no longer the focus of attention as candidates were now directing all of their arguments at each other.
I picked up the copy of The Auroran that had just been delivered in case someone tried to hit one of their fellow candidates with it, and wishing them all well, which I doubt anyone heard, closed the door.
I'm not even sure if they were aware that I was no longer there. I could still hear the muffled barbs being flung around outside.
I just hope they've resolved their arguments and moved on to another neighbour's house by tomorrow. I'd hate to have to run that gauntlet if they're still on my porch when I leave for work.

Feel free to e-mail Scott at: machellscorners@gmail.com