

# New consulting firm enters the Greater Halifax area

An interview with the executives of Lee-Thompson inc.

## BY HAFMORE DRINKS

I had made the point of dressing formally for the interviews I was to conduct of Lee-Thompson's executives. The company is a consulting firm that first formed in Montreal during the late 1980s. They have only recently expanded into the Maritimes.

Last Friday afternoon, I was standing outside of the Thomas Jameson Building where a number of the executives of Lee-Thompson were holding a landmark meeting. The company was in the lengthy process of negotiating an under-publicized contract with the Tory government of Nova Scotia.

Not long after I had arrived, one of the Lee-Thompson executives came out of the double glass doors, and I approached him.

He raised his hand as if to keep me at bay and then covered his mouth with the same hand.

"I have only a few questions to ask you," I assured him.

He walked down the sidewalk, away from the main doors of the Thomas Jameson.

Another executive then exited the building.

I approached her, but she looked away, marched onward and shook her head in disgust. I was wearing my suit and tie, and didn't understand how that could be the case.

A third executive exited the building, and I approached him — finally.

"How'd you grow?" I said to him.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean...how'd you GROW?"

"What?!" he said to me.

"Who are you?"

"M gonna interfiew you,"

I informed him.

"Sorry," he said, and walked away.

I was dressed in my suit, and tried to keep doing the interview.

"Come 'ere!" I said.

I stopped the next executive leaving the building.

"How'd you grow?" I said.

"Pardon?" he said, and looked at me with a grimace on his face.

I told him that he looked like an ass with a grimace on his face.

"Pardon?" he said again.

"You look like an ASS!" I said.

He walked away.

"M gonna interfiew you,"

I called out.

"No," he said.

Then he wanted a taxi.

"Taxi!" he said.

So I went into the building.

It was the right one, but it took me forever to find it.

I approached another executive of the Lee-Thompson firm.

"O.K.," I said. "How'd ya git it all started?"

"What?!" he said.

"The business...how'd ya git it all started?"

"I'm not part of any business," he said. "How did you get in here?"

"Through that door," I said, and showed him the doors I went through to get into the building.

"Where's your tape recorder?" he asked, and laughed.

"Don't need one," I said, and laughed too.

"You're drunk," he said.

"No," I said. "Anyways,

can you answer my question?"

"No," he said.

I noticed a man dressed in red, holding a door for people on the other side of the lobby. He seemed to be the very person I was looking for. I went over to him.

"Where's all the executif's?" I said, angrily. "M supposed to meet with the executif's," I said. "I don't see any executif's!"

"You're not in the correct building," he said.

"The HELL I'm not!"

"Come 'ere!" I said to someone I knew for sure was a Lee-Thompson executive. "Come 'ere."

She came over to me.

"You an executif?" I asked.

"No," she said.

"Jesus."

I tried to go up in the elevator, but I couldn't get in for some reason or other.

"Do you see any executifs?" I said to someone or other standing beside me.

"No," she said.

"Well, let me tell you somethin'...I don't see any executifs, either."

It was a fine and dandy thing that we had established that much.

I went through a door, and there was a lady. She was sitting behind a desk.

"What're you lookin' at?" I said. "I'm doin' interfiew's."

But she didn't say anything.

"Good," I said. "That's fine and dandy."

I then noticed a sign or something on the wall behind the desk. It reminded me of a song I knew. I started to sing it, and made a small drum beat on the desk with my hand. But nobody there was in the singing mood. Bastards.

I walked around for a while and went into some room. There were people sitting there.

"How're you doin'?"

They didn't say anything, so I went in. I needed to sit down for a while anyways. I showed them my new tie that I had bought. It was red with blue in it. And it wasn't all that expensive.

"Who are you?" someone asked, and I looked around to see who was talking to me.

"I'm doin' interfiew's," I said.

"For what?" he asked. I saw who was speaking to me at that point.

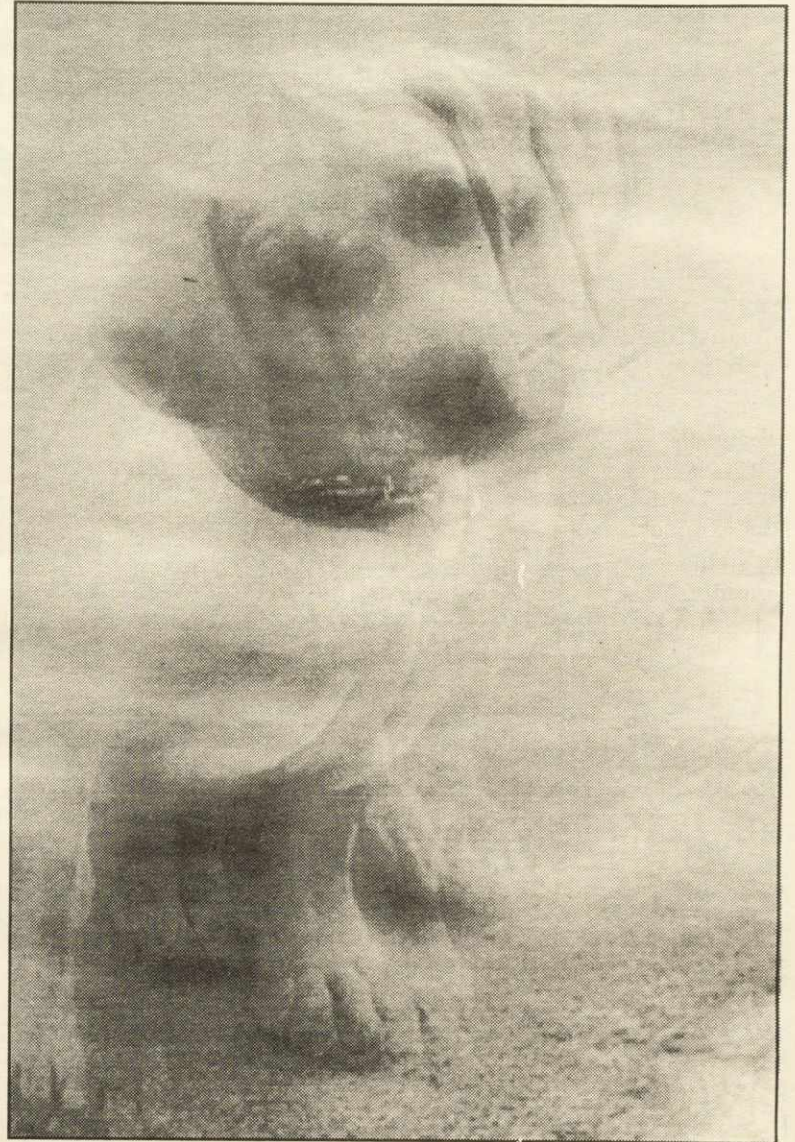
"Just interfiew's," I said. "Just interfiew's."

"Have you been drinking?" he asked.

"No."

"You have."

"No."



A short executif who wouldn talk to me at all.

"Jesus Christ." "So, how'd you start your business," I asked.

"We're not in a business," someone said.

"Oh. You an executif?"

"No," he said.

"Sonofabitch," I said.

"Sonofabitch."

The chair I was sitting on was nice, and I told them that. But they didn't say anything, so I left.

I walked around some more, and met a few other people sitting around a desk in a small room somewhere.

"I'm wearing a tie," I said, and showed them my tie.

"I can see that," she said.

"It's a nice tie," I said.

They didn't say anything.

"It's a nice tie to do

interfiew's with," I said, cheerfully.

"That's nice," one of the men said.

"I bought it yesterday," I said to them.

"Uh-huh," one of them said, with not much interest in my tie that I had bought yesterday.

"See? It's red," I informed them.

They didn't say anything. "I like it," I said.

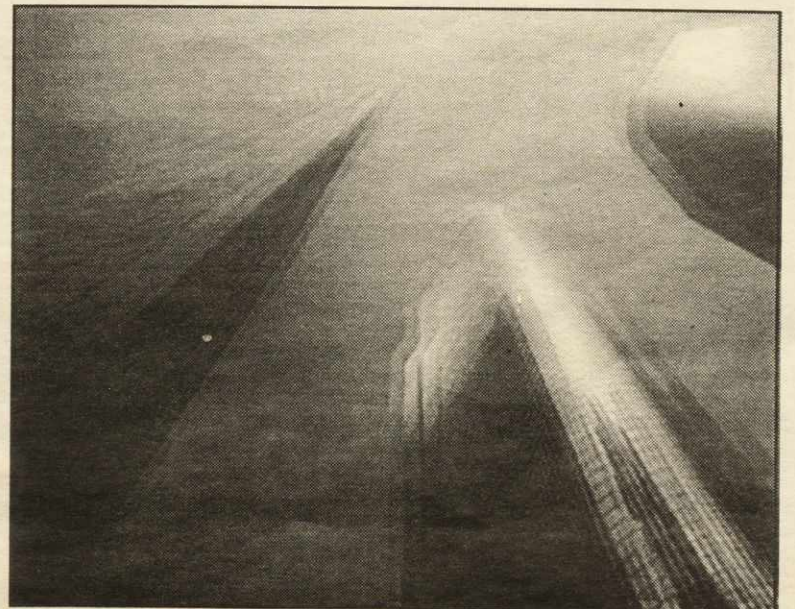
One of the ladies called me "SUCKER-ITY" really loudly.

It seemed to me those people were a little bit "funny," so I left the room.

I went into another hall or room or other, and there was a nice, big chair. That was all good. I wanted to sleep for a bit.



This executif was a bit bigger but bit me.



These buildings should be fixed cause they move around a lot.