

This is the end.

There are five clumsy desks in this room, two tables. Five desks more or less used for work and writing, but you wouldn't know that for looking at them. They're covered with the remains of a year in this faction of the student press: our bottle money, broken disks, snippets of paper from everything. It's like reading the rings of a tree and finding how old we are. Or how wise we've become.

This carpet. It's stained with run-off rain and melted snow that seeps into the office from somewhere. We haven't figured that out. Or whether or not asbestos lines those pipes in the back right corner of the Inner Sanctum. We're probably really sick from this. The smells leftover in here are unholy pizza that was good the first three times and that mold thanks to the carpet.

We've got these chairs. None of them match and only three are worthy of sitting. One has its legs busted off, one's wheels don't roll, and a fairly large proportion have the stuffing come out of them. You have to call dibs to get a good seat, and even then it's only temporary. In the middle of the ring, there's a coffee table covered in the newspapers mailed to us by our brothers and sisters in arms.

They remind us of our extended student journalist family, where it's not unusual to slide the journalist ahead of the student (that's what we all are, journalist-students, I guess). We find them funny, find ways to make ours better. We learn and try things. We debate their uses of nudity -- full frontal and otherwise, their cover designs, their flags, their mastheads, their gutter widths. It's a reminder of how we're not alone, of how we're not the worst no matter what anybody else tells us.

Aesthetic principles abound in here. Everything seems more beautiful with a little crayon, a neater stack of stackables. We tape things to the walls to make it more personal, to take the edge off. Between the snakes, the posters, the mice, it's almost pretty in here if you breathe through your mouth. The posting of the artifacts started out as silly eye-catchers to take the sterile out of the wall. Now it's a big mass of nostalgia. Sentiment-poisoned history showing the marks that people made along the way. Some are still here. Some have run screaming.

In the obscene hours of the morning, the night sounds still rattle around this asylum. It keeps us awake more than the caf-

feine in generic colas when the elevator shuffles back and forth between mission control and the third floor of UPEI's Main Building, circa 1862. These noises are the reminders of the life that this campus has somewhere, buried deep in

It's probably somewhere around here that I'm supposed to jerk tears with the heartfelt anecdotes of the sleepless nights and 40 hour work weeks on top of school that made it all worthwhile. I'll save some space and ask you to conjure them up on your own. They were there.

It's funny the way I've become weather-proofed, how now the harsh criticism rolls off my back like beads of water. It could be that they're tired of complaining. It could be that I'm tired of listening. But I am not yet tired of telling.

So, goodbye Main 06. Goodbye, newspaper office. Good luck to those who come after me. You're bloody well going to need it.

Karen Rawlines,
editor-in-chief

Thanks

ALL STAFF AND VOLUNTEERS

Karen Rawlines
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and those who submitted anything else

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Colin Roop

Canadian University Press
ARCUP
the Muse
the Gazette
the Xaverian
PRCUP

Jeremy Nelson & the Manitoban
The Cleaning Lady Ghost
The 1862 Lounge
Anna Scott comics
Some Monkeys comics
CUP 61 & Guelph
P&P Commission

Pizza (sort of...)

The Guardian
Central Printing
UPEI A/V

J.K. Delivery & Richie
Jason Gourley & CIMN
UPEI Security

Rye's wing night & 2-for-1 cheesecake
Tim Horton's

Supportive friends
Supportive family
Supportive professors

Melvin Mencher

The Real Atlantic Superstore
Co-Op
K-foods

Anybody out there who silently appreciates this
Anybody out there who silently hates this

No Thanks

All-nighters
All the nasties (you know who you are)

My grade four teacher wrote me a note once:

May your life be like a snowflake. Leave a mark, and not a stain.