

I am once again in the
computer lab at Main Building.
I cannot complain, although I
will, that if it were not for
my procrastination, I would
not be sitting here at 11:30
on a Friday night when I could
be at Cedar's discussing world
affairs and the state of my
wardrobe with my friends, who
shall remain nameless.
Instead, though, I am here in
this dreary, fluorescent-lit
lab, staring blankly at a
computer screen hoping the
theories and discussion for an
overdue (that familiar word)

the trials & tribulations of a twentysomething

by s. livingstone

appear on the screen. I am, in my overworked, delirious state, beginning to believe that words will begin to appear on the screen and assist me in completing a paper I have seemingly been working on for an eternity.

The procrastination, the guilt, the fatigue, and the research paper will be just a nostalgic memory soon, as the end of the semester is fast approaching. It is difficult to believe that I have been at this university for four years now (and still have late assignments). In a few short weeks I will walk across a stage and receive an undergraduate degree entitling me to join the paper hat brigade, at no extra cost, all across North America. **I must admit that university has given me more than the ability and confidence to say "you want fries with that?"**, but to go into that in detail would demand sentimental reflection and sincerity, and this late hour is not conducive to such thought.

Beyond being my last year at the University of Prince Edward Island, it is also my last year with the oft-beloved *X.Press*, the little newspaper that allowed me to fill a page each week with personal anguish. I appreciate having a media outlet like the *X.Press* to vent my frustration towards yuppies, grown-ups in general, service industry workers, political leaders, home heating units, and the list, of course, could go on. I just realized that I am missing "Kids in the Hall". The pros and cons of being at Main Building are becoming rather unbalanced. That I have left the topic of the *X.Press* and

begun worrying about not receiving my daily quota of television viewage does not surprise me, nor does it upset me. My days at the *X.Press* are over. I must move on. Existence is key.

Writing my very last column is doing little in the way of finishing a term paper, but I can reconcile myself in knowing that although this is the last *X.Press* to which I will contribute, there will be countless more term papers to do as I further my education. Furthering one's education equals staying out of the real world for at least two more years. One must always plan for the future, making sure he or she does not really have to face it.

I have come to the end, of both the page and my writing career at the *X.Press*. It is not really a bittersweet moment. It just means I now have one less weekly deadline. **I would continue with the thoughtless chatter and generational commentary which is the baggage of my undergrad journalism career, but tonight I lack inspiration and the desire to write five hundred more words has been lost.** The signs of slackness are everywhere. Before I do draw this to a close, I must mention a few people, not because I owe them any great thanks, but simply because they wanted to see their names in print: Alana of Kelley bldg., Flash Judy, Elle and Joe, Treena who coined "cat sucks", and Douglas Coupland.

Long live generation x....the end.