

# The Trials and Tribulations of a twentysomething

by S. LIVINGSTONE

Suddenly I seem to have discovered something in my life that has been quite unattainable -- free time. The fact that it is 1 am tells me that it might just be timing. I usually wait until the very last minute to write this column of spontaneous inspiration, but rather than be the "slacker" I am deemed to be, I decided to write this very much ahead of time. I don't need to discuss what a great mechanism in procrastination towards school work it is either.

The reason I am writing it at this time is because words from my last piece came back to haunt me today. When I declared that turmoil defined my life there was no larger truth thrown in for effect. I am serious. I have decided to use the title of this to its full extent and write not on my generation for once with my insuppressible complaining, but rather write simply on the everyday strife my life entails.

Firstly, I slept in this morning missing my alarm by thirty minutes (it's very quiet) and having those expecting a ride to class sit and wait patiently (sorry, guys!). Upon getting my friends we moved on to a popular coffee shop on University Avenue to purchase a reasonable facsimile of breakfast. The coffee was great. the muffin brought on that about-to-puke sensation.

Everything after this went as smoothly as I could expect it to go. I say this now because I have yet to receive my mark for that challenging Economic exam in the morning. The day did, with the exception of that life-altering exam, go rather well. That is until 6:15 when I discovered I had once again left my park lights on for approximately nine hours. Needless to say, it would not start, and I was not amused.

I eventually found a very compassionate pit hanger who happened to have some jumper cables in his car. Very convenient things, those cables. I am going to Canadian Tire later. This may not seem all that drastic to you, but it was a glimpse of hell for me. Now, if you do felt the chill of empathy coming over your body you will truly find this next occurrence heart wrenching.

My radio in the car has this so-called security feature built in so that in the event of theft the stereo will not work without the

owner first entering a code number. (According to Volkswagen, when committing grand theft stereo or allowing one's battery to die I should be afforded the same punishment as a crook because I cannot find or remember my code, this incessant

piercing alarm continuously screamed from the stereo.) Just

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when my ears were about to bleed I sort of fixed it. It still doesn't play, and I now must go through the sheer anguish of searching for that five digit number.

Now that you have come to know just how near the edge my daily routine takes me, you can go back to your own life with a sigh of relief knowing you only have to read about mine. ■

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