

Hope and Expectations

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STAFF GONZO

It seems like yesterday that I was rolling across the Confederation Bridge. It was Thursday, Sept. 2nd and I was on the last leg of a 12 hour drive. It had to be 35 plus on the humidex and I remember going over the crest of the bridge and seeing the Island spread out in front of me. It had been a long time since I had been here but only a short time since I knew I was coming. Only 3 days of notice was good because I had no expectations.

The next day I was wondering around a foreign campus. Some things struck me then which have stayed with me. Like how few trees there are on campus. How many concrete sidewalks littering the plateau landscape. How pleasant it was to be at a school where most of the buildings were brick and some even had ivy. How decrepit the fields looked. And I wondered around some more.

Wasn't this the school that carried the province's name? I thought it had to be flush with cash. There has got to be some wealthy local alumni that had/want to blow some serious coin on a legacy. Shit, it had it be the pride of the province. But as I got more data about the school I wondered why.

Being one to enjoy both watching and playing sports, I took an instant interest on what was going on. I wasn't impressed and the more I talked to athletes, the more I was discouraged. But that was then and this is now. Most teams ended with somewhat of a flourish which is promising and seem a shakeup and a few players away from real possibilities.

The one area that almost consumed me was the social aspect. Initially, I was bewildered. I had never been to a college bar where Saturday nights were so quiet. But a closer look at the trends revealed some interesting things. Trivia seems to be an unexplainable phenomena for me. A visit to the Barn on any given Wednesday night will show that (or maybe it is just the retiring Joe). The popularity of shine can not be denied, as well as its blinding effects. Evidence of that can be seen on any given night at Myron's when the lights come on.

And then there was the Cadre. A school paper is made up of two diverse things. The collective content/product and the creator group. But any given visitor to the canaverous offices can piece it together from its many pieces that lie scattered about and view its progression over the course of the year.

And that is what school/education is all about. Growing from experience and gaining hope. Because hope comes with expectations and now mine are high.

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