

## ... AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT: The Rants of a University Student

By Ryan Gallant  
Reporter

It was this week in 1977 that the Amazing Psychic Romark, through a public display of his incredible psychic power, attempted to drive a car blindfolded and would have been completely successful, had he not smashed into a parked police van. Idiot.

The Guardian reported this week that the Summerside man who barricaded himself in his house last August in an armed standoff with police was finally sentenced last week. For those of you who are from away or who don't watch Live at 5, Summerside police went to the man's house, whose name is (I swear I am not making this up) Robert McRoberts, to speak with him regarding his failure to pay child support. The 51-year-old man came out onto his patio and told the deputy chief of police that he wasn't coming out unless he came out "boots first." I guess "boots first" is a bad thing, as that comment kicked off a 39-hour armed standoff and resulted in the evacuation of the entire residential area. So, basically, police went to McRoberts' house to get him out of his house, and when said he didn't want to come out of his house, they waited around his house with guns until they could force him out of his house. I guess McRoberts has the last laugh on this one, however. His punishment for telling police he didn't want to come out of his house? Nine months of house arrest. Chalk up another one for the fine individuals of the Summerside PD.

Well the Canadian Navy showed off our submarines' incredible stealth and superior technology to the international community last week by... stranding one out off the coast of Ireland without power for a few days. Now I know what you're thinking: "We have submarines?" Yes, astonishingly enough, we do. But only four. Plus they're 24-year-old diesel subs, and are "technically" not "operational"; so don't freak out too much. Now you're thinking: "Hey, the Canadian Navy must be smart, spending what little money it does have on old subs that haven't been used in decades." I agree. Thumbs up to the Canadian Forces. Helicopters that don't go up, submarines that don't go down, and now thanks to those good old Brits, new and improved subs that also spontaneously burst into flames and kill the people who work on them. So Osama? Saddam? Who cares? Between being killed by our own equipment and our allies dropping bombs on us, who needs enemies?

Evidently the accuracy of my articles needs improvement. I was told in a letter fired off by a student last week that some of the points in my last arti-

cle were incorrect. Well, let me be the first to say: shut up. No no, just kidding, don't get out the pitchforks just yet. Let me first defend myself by saying that most of my research consists of making things up. So the journalistic integrity of my articles amount to somewhere around jack, and as such, you can trust the info in them about as much as you can trust a George W. Bush speech or your average Fox News broadcast. May I remind you that this is the same reporter who spent an entire afternoon exploring thirty-odd bathrooms on campus so I could critique them, and who once advocated that we sell Quebec to the United States.

Having said that, I also have a problem with

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some stuff getting printed up in The Cadre. In the last issue, one of my counterparts, who I will not identify, other than to say that he's a reporter and his name is Jon Smith (AKA "Hey! Isn't that the name of the guy from 'Pocahontas'?") wrote an article criticizing UPEI and the city of Charlottetown. Who the hell does this guy think he is? I mean, sure, I've done my fair share of criticizing, but I'll be damned if I'm gonna sit here and let some yahoo tell me that my UPEI is not 'a GREAT small university'. Jerk. Anyone who knows anything knows that this is the best university in the Western hemisphere, and with the exception of Bluefield, is quite possibly the best school in the world. I rue the day that I have to trade the hallowed halls of the W.A. Murphy Student Centre for the corridors of some cold, impersonal graduate school, and my professors and classmates who know me for a bunch of uppity mainlanders. (Kidding. Put the pitchforks down. Or whatever it is that you mainlanders use for angry mobs.) I've been here three friggin' years, and as I'm sure many of you can say, I've walked this campus on a -50? day. I've spent 15 hours straight in Kelley computer lab during the term paper rush, I've slept in Society Lounges, gone on my share of Pub Crawls and I live for Fajita Day. Hell, I've even ventured into the Music Building once or twice. Being a UPEI student, I think it's awesome that the biggest problem we can find to complain about on a consistent basis is parking (or

lack thereof) and those security jerks. I think it's awesome that Cathy and Terri in the cafeteria know how I like my breakfast and that a good number of Accounting/Student Services/Library staff know pretty much every student by name. Now if that is not "a GREAT small university", than I don't know what the hell is. SMU or X or Dal or anyone else can shove it.

Now as far as his comments go about Charlottetown, I'm inclined to partially agree. But where else in the world do people still go nuts for Hootie and the Blowfish? And where else do old people have nothing better to talk about than whether or not Boomer is still wearing his shorts? Whether counted to its credit or to its faults, the most exciting thing to happen in Charlottetown, other than 'Juan' or 'White Juan' or whatever, was when some guy who called himself Loki 7 tried to blow up the Legislature, and even he failed miserably. (Coincidentally, Loki himself used to teach math at Bluefield.)

I guess this city hasn't really been the same since they cancelled Compass and bulldozed "the house that Christmas threw up on" to build that new Shopper's, but hey, we've still have Civic Nation in the BK parking lot, and who can resist the repulsive charm of a crowded night at Myron's? Who doesn't adore listening to Paul Alan and Anne MacCrae every morning on Magic 93? No wait. I hate them. So what if our mass-transit system consists of a single bus? Or that there are only two or three possible answers to "what are you doing tonight"? And so what if the most famous people around here either play hockey, used to star on Soup to Nuts or have tried to blow up major buildings? Charlottetown, for now, is our city. Anyone who has taken over the downtown core on a Pub Crawl or has made their way down Kent Street 2:30 on a Sunday morning knows this. And, well, a couple years down the road we'll all be off to the bigger and better, in some big city, foreign country or Tignish, so we might as well quit the complaining and party it up at Brown's and cruise the Ave. while we can.

Take that Jon. Happy Thanksgiving.

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