

NSO: Answer to "Where's the Beef?"

By Thomas LLOYD

I've put myself in harm's way before for a story. But never before have I been hospitalized. With something as intense as NSO it was bound to happen. NSO wasn't neck-breaking intense; it was more like groin-pulling intense spread over five days. But in the end, something had to break.

Both my neck and groin are okay. The bungee log-run did manage to eventually rip my shoulder out of its socket. But like the old saying goes: "What you take on the hits you miss on the misses." You can quote me on it.

My accident unfortunately ended my NSO leadership for the year, but I got to partake in some really fun events before the said accident. And most of it is due to the efforts of Brandy MacLellan and Alex (Chester) Field, co-organizers of the NSO events. The two of them were great, even when working in a state of delirium caused by sleep deprivation. Matt MacCarville and Chris Power also worked their asses off during the week. Thanks a lot, guys.

And then there is all the work

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done by the leaders. If you ask me they're the real heroes of NSO. A lot of time and energy was spent in the last days of summer, but I can't think of a better note to end summer on than meeting new students and having a whole shit-load of fun. Maybe golfing on the moon would be more fun, but only if you could find a spot without a lot of goo and slime.

The day before registration a lot of work was done, thanks to dozens of leaders; all of whom volunteered. On Sunday all was in place (for the most part) and registration was ready. All the students were soon placed into groups depending on the colour of their headbands, and some frisbees were handed out. Chants and yells were soon heard, and once everyone



Bungee log-run: 1 Thomas Lloyd: 0

was in place the students moved into Duffy for a light show. It was the first time I've seen dancing in that room. I wish we danced more in biology. With panthers.

Then to the beach. Brackley Beach. It was a blast, who doesn't like playing on the beach. Some people went in the water, and a lot of Red Rover was played. But the most funny thing was that a lot of people had headbands on, and a day in the sun gave people a really red face, except for a white line on the head.

Then after a break Mr. Playfair taught us how to make friends. He was from America.

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Then Panther Ponder. It was a long enough day, and this made me want to go postal. Based on Family Feud, this game dragged on and on. There were a few glitches in the game which were funny, such as the answer "ugly" appearing randomly. But there

was no fucking skill involved.... the winner was almost always the person who wanted to touch Jeremy first. Too many people refused to "take one for the team."

The next day was orientation. Which involved going to four stations and learning about money, computers, campus, and sex. I hope some students got something out of it. Even I learned something, but I can't think of it right now. It was actually good because the information given out was very informal, such as how to avoid parking tickets, how to get free food, and how to get free condoms.

Then after a break (fifteen fucking short fucking minutes), the scavenger hunt was readied, and I missed most of it since I was stuck at a station. I hear the Duffy station was a real ball-buster. Teams ran to Duffy only to find they had to run and down the stairs. And there were two teams in the rugby field and after all the teams had finished no one told them, so after everyone had eaten they were just getting back saying: "No one came and told us it was over."

The comedian was next. He was funny. Anyone who makes fun of Scottish men and women is funny. And he poked fun at Lloyd from America, who is big.

We broke in The Wave next, and drank "mocktails." Most of the new students were underage so they were not exactly sure how the dance floor works. A big complaint was that they tried to turn it into a high school dance, and friends formed impregnable circles of dancing.

The dance ended late, around 1am, and they wanted us back at Uni at 7am. Bullshit. I got to school at 7am, ready to see Patty B and other famous people, but The Barn was just starting to be torn down so I missed breakfast and Shinerama. I got a lot of good photos, though.

Then Adventure Explosion. Fifteen hundred dollars worth of food. One hill. Two kiddie pools. And enough energy to power a small train. I have photos. It was gross.

No Talent Show. No time to prepare. Well, there was time to prepare. Guys dressed in dresses. I thought some of them were really good. The improv ones were good, and the Spice Girl one was really good. Big guys in tiny skirts, trying to be girls. My kind of fun.

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Then the next day there was the Big Island House Party. This is where I got hurt. I don't know what happened after went to the Q.E.H.

Then the award ceremonies and Founders' Day. The last two events. Of course they're not going to be as exciting as other events, but it was a good was to wind down after such a fun week. In the end a lot of new friends were made, a lot of screaming was screamed, and most importantly, many new students were successfully indoctrinated into the University of Prince Edward Island.