

Watch Out For The Cardboard Professor

(By going to www.ratemyprofessor.com)

By Brad DEIGHAN

Cardboard, grey cardboard. Eating stale grey cardboard for over an hour. Looking at it, listening to the cardboard, the stale grey cardboard. It's boring, the cardboard is really boring; tastes like boring, smells like boring, sounds like boring, looks like boring. The cardboard is just plain boring. I looked at the cardboard, I smelled the cardboard, I listened to the cardboard, I tasted the cardboard, I tasted the stale grey cardboard! No flavor, the cardboard is very dry, it's just plain boring. Doing its job and nothing more, just being cardboard.

I leave class with eyes of cardboard, I'm bored to death. My cardboard professor with cardboard information doesn't seem to understand how monotonous class has become, how little I'm actually taking in and how well the desire to educate oneself is being dried up in the form of cardboard.

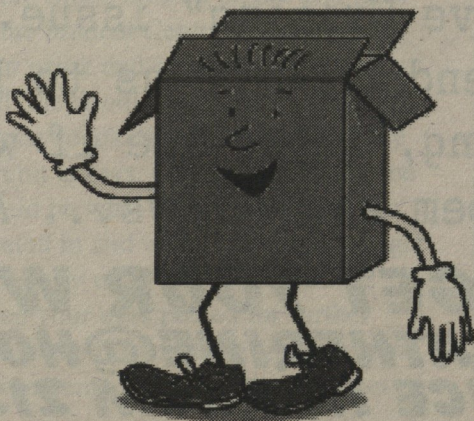
No more of you, stale cardboard professors, we want coloured paper instead. This is not to say that all professors are cardboard, in my experience cardboard professors are like farts that smell good, there's not very many of them... but there are some. When you're picking a class you're not looking for the cardboard professor, there's nothing that pisses me off more than the cardboard professor.

Or maybe you do want the cardboard professor, how can I know? In any case, you know what you want from a professor, but how are you going to know who's cardboard and who's coloured paper towel? It's important, I wouldn't even wipe my ass with cardboard - I did once but it was quite painful, almost as painful as a cardboard professor's cardboard class. Never again will it happen.

You may want to check out www.ratemyprofessors.com, a web-site that, well, rates professors. Find out who's cardboard and who's not. If you

go to this web-site make sure you click on Canada, and then on the map where we are located. Then just pick the desired school and proceed. If you click on the rating button beside the professor's name you can rate that professor, and if you click on the actual name you can see other's ratings. The big thing here is to leave a comment - that's important, it's not numbers that are going to let others know what the professors like, but words. It's basically the same thing we fill out at the end of a course so that the professors can get a little feedback, it's a good thing.

I think that if the school really cares, they'd be up for creating a direct link from the UPEI web-page to this site - especially if someone was to ask... maybe someone will, who can say? I mean, is this school running a democracy here or what? The basic idea is to let us students know who's who so that when it comes time to register, we'll have a better idea about our professors. And really, I can't see any professors complaining unless they themselves are cardboard. Maximizing their teaching skills should be one of their major concerns anyway - and for most professors I would safely say that it is. Some professors might think I'm trying to attack them, but I'm not. Besides, you're not cardboard, you're colored paper towel, right?



The End Is Only The Beginning

(Or Firsty Talks About His First Semester)

By Jonathan SMITH



Practicing for Drink The Barn Dry

As exams draw closer and closer, I realize that it's almost the end of the first semester. September feels like it was only yesterday, yet it also feels like a million years ago. It's already November, and if we are to believe what the media and the decorations that are cropping up everywhere say, then Christmas is just around the corner. Time sure flies by when you're having fun - or at least when you're too busy to notice it sailing past. They say that as you get older, the years go by faster and faster.

So I've decided to take a moment or two and stop to reflect on the academic year so far. It's the first semester in my first year of university, and I'm still here. I've made a few mistakes and hopefully I've learned from them. I feel I'm somewhat wiser now in the ways of university, and that I've got more experience under my belt. Or at least I think I do...

Since starting university, I've discovered coffee, late nights, and vampire literature. I've discovered that there's a lot to know in the world, and that it's impossible to know it all (though you can certainly try). In the same vein, I've learned that there are too many interesting courses and that you can't possibly take them all (though you can certainly try!). I've

discovered that as a city Charlottetown offers much more than I ever thought it did. I've been happy to learn that, despite what anyone may have said, university is not simply a continuation of high school with a fee attached. I've discovered that university requires more effort than simply attending class (or not) and regurgitating the facts.

I've learned more than ever that things don't always work out the way you plan them. I've learned that some things change and that some things don't. I've learned, more than I ever, have before, that the world is a strange place and that these are strange times. I've learned that if you just sit and wait, nothing happens. I've learned that life can sometimes get pretty screwed up, but a good strategy is to simply take it as it comes and deal with it a step at a time.

Most of these things I knew of before coming to university, but they've become more relevant as of late. Or maybe it just seems that way. One thing is certain - I've made it this far, and things are just getting started. Come January, I'll be back, ready to take on a whole new semester. I can't say how these university years will end up, but I'm sure that it will be one hell of a ride.