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## ... And Now For Something Completely Different: The Rants of a University Student

Ryan Gallant  
*Managing Editor*



Armed rebels seized control of President Askar Akayev's Headquarters in Bishkek, Kyrgyzstan last week, raising international fear of instability in the region. As a university student concerned about such issues, let me be the first to say: "What the hell Kyrgyzstan?"

Spring has sprung here on PEI and us students are right into the books, finishing up term papers and studying for the infamous final exams. Right on cue, Daylight Savings Time will kick in next Sunday to take away an hour of sleep and to give us that extra little kick in the junk that us students need so badly at this time of year. And to help out all that much more, construction workers have jumped into high-gear, banging around metal on the roof of the Library and hurling large chunks of concrete from the top floor of Duffy, just as if they had saved their loudest projects especially for our exam studying time. Ok, sure, I know renovations have to be done on Duffy, especially given the asbestos and the leaks and all that, but do they really have to start dragging new trailers onto campus and making massive trenches of mud during our busiest and most important time of year? Seriously, you don't want to start pissing off students that are short on sleep, deep in work and that have potent chemicals readily available.

A bus driver from Charlottetown Rural was suspended last week after refusing to drive a bus that he said was too full. Upon inspection by the Vice Principal, she decided that it was not too full, as there were only 56 students on a bus she said was designed to hold 72 students, so she suspended him. Ok, this is the first clue that she is, with all due respect, an idiot. Having spent

around 4000 hours on school busses between Kindergarten and Grade 12, I'm pretty damn sure that there is no way in hell that 72 high school students, plus kit-bags, musical instruments, ghetto-blasters, etc. are going to fit in a 24-seat bus safely. Someone's ass is gonna be on the floor. This policy of punishing bus drivers for being concerned about the safety of the bus they're driving is a dumbass move. There is no way that some administrator, who obviously has no idea what the hell she's talking about, should be telling an experienced driver to do something that could very well be unsafe, a driver, who by the way, they pay something like 50 bucks a day to be responsible for the lives of all the children on his bus.

Speaking of high school punks, the owners of the Noodle House came out last week saying that they are thinking of selling their business after mobs of students from area schools have started pummeling the side of their restaurant with snowballs. I was shocked, first of all, to hear that the Noodle House is not run by the Mafia, as I've been told for years, and secondly, that kids could be this stupid. I always wondered why we were never allowed to leave school grounds back in junior high, and now I realize it was because little pukes like these do stuff like that. Now, no offence to any of you who may have once graced the hallowed halls of Queen Charlotte or Colonel Gray, but you don't see Souris punks pummeling the Blue Fin at lunch or kids out at Bluefield launching attacks on Bobby Clow's. Snowballs are for throwing at the faces of friends and at girls that you have crushes on, not for terrorizing restaurants owned by immigrants. Honestly, get a life.

Well, my little heart was broken into a billion little pieces last week. Yeah, it's true; Moron's has closed its doors and no one seems to know when they'll open again. Sure, many feel a great deal of angst towards the city bar, with its crap techno music and 50 Cent remixes

and incredibly over-crowded dance floor. Having entered the premises about a month ago, I was confronted by one angry (and rather inebriated) such student who let me know how pissed off she was with the crowdedness, saying "I got a damn photo survey for your Cadre! How much does Myron's suck!?!?" And most of us would have to agree. We've all visited the less-than pristine bathrooms, seen the broken bottles, and experienced the occasional rough night and rougher morning that often accompany a trip to Moron's. And we've all seen the fights. Hell, even I've been punched in the face a couple time, and I'm like the nicest guy in the history of ever. Perhaps the scariest thing I ever did was to try to survive a sober night at Myron's while babysitting my ridiculously drunken friends. "No, no, leave her alo...no, put that down, that's not yours...take that out of your mouth. Take it out. What the hell is she wearing? Frig it's hot in here! And...oh my God what is that on the floor?"

Still though, I can't help but thinking, if it weren't for Moron's, would there ever be the good old 2 a.m. Kent Street block parties? Where are we going to meet our long-lost buddies now if not in the line-up or on the stairs or in the bathrooms of Moron's? Where are we going to get our pizza for pub-crawls? Where is everyone that's back from school for Christmas or Thanksgiving going to meet up? We can't just go straight to China Garden or Blossoms at 11:00 p.m. Velvet Underground? Sportspage? J.R.'s? Yeah, no thanks. Come on now. Love it or hate it, there's a place in all of our hearts for Moron's, a void that will not soon, or possibly ever be completely filled. Sigh. See you at the Wave!



Have a good one!  
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