

It didn't take me very long for me to decide for Stephan whom he would share his prize with. There happened to be four of us at *The Cadre*, including Stephan, who were in a band together. A rap group, to be precise. Our rap group consisted of Stephan, Ryan, Marc and me. I suggested to Stephan that we should all go together and he seemed fine with that idea. And so it was.

Stephan's first, and more immediate, order of business was to arrange a date for the dinner with the President. That evening, as soon as the banquet was over and the last of the door prizes had been handed out, I convinced Stephan to speak to the President, who was in attendance, before he left. Stephan was hesitant, but he did summon enough courage to approach him. Marc and I watched from afar as Stephan, wearing his red blazer, waited for his opportunity to speak with the mingling President. When it was Stephan's turn, he spoke only briefly with the President and then returned to where Marc and I were standing to tell us the news.

The President had told Stephan that the end of the school year was a busy time for him and that he should call him when the fall semester began. As this new information settled in my mind, I began to doubt that Stephan would ever be able to redeem his door prize. And that I had lost my only opportunity to dine at the home of the President of UPEI.

II. The Interim.

Time passed. The semester was ending and that meant writing last-minute essays and cramming for exams. Soon enough, the semester was over and I was ready to settle in for a summer of being exploited for minimum wage. The weather grew warmer and I no longer needed to wear sweaters, so I put my winter jacket away for the summer.

With more free time on our hands, our rap group got together and recorded a few songs, one of which was our Spanish song about the struggles inherent to urban life. I just found out recently that the song has been lost.

After a while, however, the rap group stopped assembling and each member got caught up in his summer job. I managed to quit my minimum wage job and my mother found me work with Nabisco in New Brunswick. Marc went full time washing dishes at a downtown hotel. Ryan found a job at a service station. Stephan didn't do much of anything.

I spent most of that summer in New Brunswick, filling in for Nabisco sales representatives. Essentially, I ordered crackers in almost every backwater and logging town in New Brunswick. The company put me up in motels and paid for my meals and I spent most of my free time waiting for summer vacation to end.

By the time I was finished with my work in New Brunswick, I had two weeks left before school began. I spent that time at UPEI, in the *Cadre* office, preparing to revolutionise the layout of *The Cadre*. Kent had recruited me as the Production Manager

and it meant that I would no longer be a volunteer.

The two weeks passed quickly. A day before school started again, I had finished the layout for the first issue of *The Cadre* with the help of Kent, Ryan and Stephan. Within a few days, it was clear that people were liking the new *Cadre*. At this point, Kent was reminding Stephan to call the President in order to set up a date for our dinner. He wanted to see a story.

It took Stephan a few days, but he finally managed to contact the President. Finally, a date was set: October 7.

Kent began hailing this as the cultural event of the semester and not only did he want a story, but he wanted hype. He immediately wanted to place advertisements in *The Cadre* that would promote this historic event. In order to make proper advertisements, however, we would need photographs.

And Founders' Day was the perfect opportunity. With *The Cadre*'s new digital camera in hand, I attended the first annual Founders' Day ceremony.

It was a good day for an outdoor ceremony. The sky was clear and the trees still had all their leaves. Orange chairs were laid out in two sections in the quad in front of Main Building. One side seemed to be designated for students, and the other for professors. Most students, as I understand it, had been given the class off that day in order to attend the ceremonies. The side where the students sat was only about half-full.

The ceremony itself was not very interesting. I spent most of my time taking photographs from various angles and paid little attention to the various speakers, including the President himself. What I was really waiting for was the reception, when I would hopefully be able to take some photographs of the President while eating some cake. The possibilities with such a picture would be endless.

The reception was located around the gazebo. I was the first person to arrive and eagerly anticipated the President tucking in to some cake and punch. As the professors and students arrived, people began mingling. The President, being such a high profile person, was immediately approached by people who presumably wanted to offer their congratulations on a successful ceremony.

I circled around as I waited for the President to make a move for the refreshment area. Kent approached me and I told him about the shot I was trying to get. He watched with me for a few moments as the President continued to chat with anyone who approached him. A few times, the President took his glasses off and put the part that wraps around his ear into his mouth in some sort of academic pose. Kent seized the camera from me and tried to get a shot of that, but he couldn't. He did, however, get a few good closeups of his face. Kent left soon after and as the crowd thinned, I began to feel exposed. I finally decided to give up the hunt when I thought I saw the President watching me point the camera in his direction.

And so my initial plan had failed, but I managed to make the first advertisement from the pictures that Kent had taken.