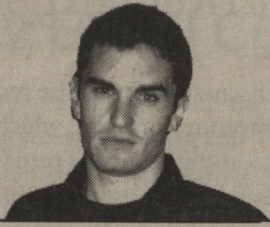


EDITORIAL

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

Ryan Gallant
Contributor



So, along with the usual questions (“Ryan, could you shut up please?” “Can you get down from there please?” and “Holy frig, you’re a little full of yourself aren’t you?”) about 407,036 people have randomly accosted me around campus to ask me where the rant has been for the past couple weeks. Well, the rant writing was pretty slow for while there because New Year’s resolution season hit our house pretty hard this year. For awhile there, instead of a bunch of crank-ass alcoholics crawling out of bed at the crack of noon, everyone was bounding out the door at 5:00am, munching on brussel sprouts, and working out at the gym for 7 or 8 hours a day. It was as if we were all hopped up on endorphins and happy pills. It was disgusting. To make a long story short, I was too much of a happy person to come up with enough stuff that was pissing me off to write a whole rant. (Causing some of my friends to encourage me to start writing a new article: ‘...And now for something completely different: Positive Observations from Ryan Gallant.’ Riight.) Of course the whole little New Year’s happiness nonsense crashed pretty hard after three or four weeks, as mid-terms screwed up schedules and sleep patterns, February blahs killed our joie de vie, and everyone just decided that staying in bed was a whole lot funner than freezing your face off in minus 348 billion degree weather.

Which brings me to another question. If it is -47 degrees out with the wind-chill, who the hell cares what the “real” temperature is? Like if my skin is going to freeze in two and a half minutes, then that is the damn temperature. And who are we measuring the non-wind-chill temp for anyway? Are there people out there somewhere in vacuum-sealed bubbles? Are there scientists conducting temperature-sensitive experiments in the snow banks? This is about as stupid as the time students complained that the high pressure sodium yellow lights on campus didn’t give off enough light and some engineer told us that they

were fine. “Oh yeah, they give off plenty of light. It’s just not visible to the human eye.” Oh good. Idiot. On another random note, it’s a good thing cars are just spontaneously bursting into flame in our parking lots too. I mean it’s been at least 2 months since we’ve had a decent fire on campus anyway. I guess we were due.

Uh oh. Irving got into some trouble with IRAC (Island Regulatory and Appeals Commission) last month. As per provincial regulation, corporations can own no more than 3000 acres on PEI and IRAC suspects that Irving may have exceeded the limit. They were ordered to submit all documentation by the middle of this month OR ELSE face a fine of up to \$10,000. Well shit. Oh all bow to the awesome power of the IRAC. I can just see the Irving Execs pacing around the office wringing their hands in fear. Ten grand. Imagine. I’m sure they’ll have to dip into the Irving Emergency Fund to pay that one down. Idiots.

Oh, and don’t believe a word of Kristi Kelly’s article in the Cadre. Where in the World is Kristi Kelly? I’ll tell you where the hell she is. She’s about 15 feet away from me in the next office chatting away on her ever-present cell phone. I can hear her giggling from here. Every week I see the same damn articles. She’s in Budapest, she’s in Kuala Lumpur, she’s in Tuktoyaktuk. Bullshit. She’s been here all along. It’s all a little part of her house of lies. Kristi, come clean about your whereabouts. Your lies are weakening the integrity of The Cadre.

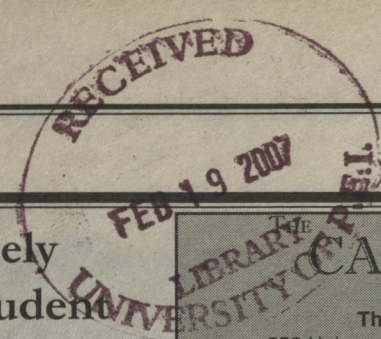
The Guardian asked a couple weeks ago if readers thought drivers on PEI are getting the message about drunk driving. What the hell do you think? I’ll give you three guesses, the first two don’t count. What kind of message are we supposed to be getting? A few weeks ago John Alvin Gallant was sentenced to 18 months house arrest for driving drunk and killing Charlie Campbell

of Souris. Eighteen damn months to sit around home. Wonderful. Does this not sound ridiculous to anyone else? Is this how we strike fear into the assholes who decide they can down a case of beer and then drive around? Of course the Judge tried to justify the sentence by saying that John Alvin’s family would be worse off without him at home. Yeah no shit. I’ll bet Charlie’s family has a bit more to deal with than that. And the Judge figured he should be let off easy because “he feels sorry”? Who gives a shit? He’s responsible for someone’s death, and he’s part of a larger trend of people driving drunk and more and more Islanders getting killed every year as a result. The Provincial Courts have to grow some balls and get they’re shit together. Enough of this bleeding heart bullshit.

On a brighter note, it appears as though old Saddam won’t be making his big comeback in the next Iraqi election. Of course, as I’ve said before, I think his political career took a pretty big dive when they found him in a hole under a Styrofoam brick. Like, I mean, your army deserts you, and they don’t even give you a real damn brick to hide under? As one of my great professors would say, stick a fork in him; he’s done. Seriously though, if I was Hussein, (which for the record, I am glad I am not), I would’ve just faked a cough or something. I mean it worked for Augusto Pinochet. He was on trial for hundreds of atrocities committed during his reign in Chile, and he got sick, so they let him go home. So while Pinochet died peacefully at home in December at the ripe old age of 91, they took Hussein out for a good old-fashioned necktie social. Tough break Saddamy.



Have a good one!
ryangallant.blogspot.com



THE CADRE

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