

# The Year in Review

by Frank W. PETERSON

I knew this was going to be a bad year at UPEI when my bicycle, which I was keeping in storage in the Alumni Gymnasium during the summer, was destroyed in a fire. Without my bicycle, I've been forced to rely on a rickshaw driver named Billy to drive me all over campus. If you thought parking your car on campus was difficult this year, try finding a spot where you can safely tie up your rickshaw driver during the day. He damn near caught a cold during one of the blizzards when school wasn't canceled. I don't think any of you peppermint-fed gluesniffers should complain when the university is kept open during storms, unless you have a rickshaw driver waiting next to a snowbank for you to finish lecturing a bunch of Political Science students on the virtues of studying islands. Heck, if they can get away with allowing a bunch of drunkards to call themselves Masters of Education, then why the hell can't we have a Master of Island Studies? But as I was saying, Neil "The Refridgerator" Henry doesn't control the weather with some sort of weather controlling contraption, so don't complain when it's a little snowy out and I have to go to classes anyway. If my rickshaw driver can withstand the frigid temperatures, so can your

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bloody Toyotas and K-Cars.

There were much more troublesome things to worry about this year other than how cold it was, or how many accidents you almost got into while driving on slippery roads. I'd much rather slip and break my artificial hip bone on some ice than have



terrorists trying to send me mail. Those diabolical geniuses in Afghanistan were plotting ways to scare the bejesus out of us white people in North America from their luxury cave headquarters with the leadership of Osama "Son of a" Bin Ladin. I stopped checking my mail for over a month in fear of getting an envelope full of anthrax (or dope) with a return address of Afghanistan. I told my buddies at the Legion that if I ever got my hands around one of those terrorists, I'd give him the shaking of a lifetime. Terrorists groups like the Taliban give white terrorists like the IRA and the FLQ a bad name. I'd rather have a Timothy "U.S." McVeigh blow up an American building than some foreigner. Luckily, under the brave leadership of George "Decent American" Bush, the United States was able to eliminate all evil throughout the world by blowing up Afghanistan. Somebody had to show those American-haters what happens when people disagree with their foreign policies! Ka-blam-o!

While the war on terrorism was being fought bravely, I found comfort on my computer (my typewriter was also lost in that fateful Alumni Gymnasium fire) with Lifequotes, "a UPEI wellness initiative." This incredible (and smut-free) website ([www.upei.ca/lifequotes](http://www.upei.ca/lifequotes)) gives students a chance to get inspired by quotations about positive living and helpful advice during times of stress. John "Amazing Grace" DeGrace has taken the time out of his busy schedule running the efficient

and well-organized Registrar's office to collect quotations that range from clever ("Don't push the river. It runs by itself." – Zen Proverb) to silly ("A reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog. It keeps him from brooding about being a dog." – Mark Twain). I must admit that Lifequotes have saved me from driving my rickshaw off the Hillsborough bridge on several occasions. It's nice to have my soul touched by these little nuggets of pagan wisdom. It's also refreshing to see that the head of the Registrar's office has enough time on his hands that he can heal the souls of students by stealing other people's quotes.

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Ah foey, I'm starting to get all sentimental and touchy-feely again. Hold on, I need a drink . . . That's better.

I think I got hooked on

Lifequotes after I learned that UPEI's music department was going to be flooded with Scotsmen. I can't believe that studying the Highland Bagpipe can earn someone a degree at this university. If there's one thing that this campus does not need, it's men wearing dresses. Personally I believe there are enough (rather too many) women to wear dresses for my own liking, thank you very much. My father, who used to be a preacher, sternly warned me when I was a child about the bagpipe—the devil's instrument. He told me that dirty Scotsmen were kicked out of their homeland and brought their bagpipes to PEI to lure women into bed with them. Bagpipes were banned from church dances on PEI because they would drive girls into a sexed-out frenzy of dancing and spinning. That was hundreds of years ago, and things have not changed. By allowing Scotsmen and bagpipers on campus, this institute of education is opening the doors for wild Highland sex and dancing. "Go back to Scotland and tend your sheep," is what I would say to those horny, roguish men in skirts.

I'd also like for our athletic department to move to Scotland. I lost

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