



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

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It would seem that when snow starts falling from the sky here on PEI drivers everywhere randomly lapse into a collective state of dementia and irrationality, almost instantly forgetting how to operate a motor vehicle and how to perform the simplest of tasks, namely using a turn signal. It is my theory that with each 10 centimetres of snow, the average Island driver drops about 34 IQ points. Except for hockey Moms driving mini-vans and SUVs. They drop at least double that.

Speaking of which, why do non-students who use the Sports Centre and CARI facility get to park wherever the hell they want on campus? We students, who pay upwards of two left arms to come to UPEI and have to deal with the UPEI Parking Gestapo every damn day, and after paying \$80 parking fees, are still not guaranteed parking places anywhere within the same time zone as our classes. A large reason for this is because the CARI facility and UPEI Administration figured it would be a good idea to take out a few existing parking lots and build a massive 300-space parking lot that goes, for the most part, unused, as it is closed off to students during the day. I would like to meet the brainwave who came up with this stellar idea. It wouldn't even bother me that much if the CARI lot was put to good use, like maybe as a parking area for people that utilize the facility. But nooo. It seems that they would rather park along the road and in the no-parking areas in front of the Sports Centre, impeding traffic and taking away spots for students who have night courses.

Now, you would think that, given the near-orgasmic joy that Security seems to get out of towing student cars

away, they would simply explode into psychotic fits of senseless euphoria at the sight of so many vehicles violating every known parking regulation at UPEI. So what do they do? Not a damn thing. Whether they are just making another coffee run to Tim Horton's or are too busy not answering the phone, it seems that Security only gets their kicks out of penalizing people who least deserve it and can least afford it.

Proof that PEI drivers do not have a monopoly in snow-induced stupidity, a UPEI student was hospitalized last week after jumping off the roof of Robertson Library into a pile of snow that just happened to be located over piles of concrete bricks. Nice one genius. In addition to losing a great deal of his dignity, this student came away from the jump/fall with a few broken vertebrae, thus requiring a plough to create a path in the middle of a storm so as to enable an ambulance to get to him. For once, I truly am sorry. I do feel your pain and hope that your recovery is a rapid and complete one. Just don't expect to win any Brightness Awards for 2005.

Hold the phone! Jenny from the block wants a name change! No more J.Lo! Riiight. So you use your fame and fortune to shamelessly parade around in your own personal version of hubris, while insisting you're still as ghetto as everyone else and then decide you don't want people to call you by the nickname that you made up for yourself anymore? Listen dear: you're about as ghetto as my family out in Rustico. Besides, hasn't anyone ever told you that it's not cool to make up nicknames for yourself? You may be able to push around your little husband Marc Anthony, but the general public is not at your mercy. When you swim in a talent pool as shallow as your own and when your 15 minutes as Jenny or J.Lo or Bennifer or whoever are quickly ticking away you should remember that the entertainment world is a fickle place. I

would suggest that you stop ordering people around before they get tired of your antics. Sure, maybe they'll stop calling you J.Lo; but instead they may start calling you what they've been calling good old Marc Anthony for years: Done.

The number one cause of migraines and road rage seems poised to rear its ugly head again. Yes, you guessed it: *The Backstreet Boys* have announced that they will release another album sometime this year. Does this not seem wrong to anyone else? First of all, nothing about these guys denotes anything "backstreet" and the oldest "boy" is now probably closer to his first pension cheque than to his brush with puberty. Now that their original hardcore fans are now pushing 30, I think a name change, if not death by packs of rabid wolves, would be the very least they could do to improve their image. It seems a more apt name for them would now be *The Suburban White-Trash Middle-Aged Yuppies That Should've Been Put out of Their Misery a Good Ten Years Ago*.

Oh, but don't get me wrong, if you have no problem letting 12 and 13 year old girls worship 48 year-old alcoholics, you're entitled to your own opinion, just as long as you realize that I'm right and that your opinion is totally wrong. And I know I am going to get at least 94 emails saying, "Ryan, you idiot, the oldest Backstreet Boy is Kevin 'Kevy-Kev' Richardson and he was born on October 3rd, 1972 and he's only 32 and he had green eyes and he loves Elton John and his favorite dessert is Reese's Pieces Sundaes." Yes. These types of people scare the hell out of me. Just don't expect to see many people waiting in line for tickets other than prostitots and 26-year-old fans still living somewhere back in 1995. Well, them and Paul Allen.

Have a good one!

