

# ...And now for something completely different: The Rants of a University Student

By Ryan Gallant

First of all, right to the most important news of the week; one headline last week in the perpetually accurate pages of the über-professional PEI Guardian read *Tignish tackles roaming sheep problem*. Well it's about damn time. Those menacing sheep have been terrorizing the good people of the West-Prince region for far too long. It is good to see that PEI has finally become such an advanced society. If anyone saw the debate on bootleggers last week on *Canada Now* they know exactly what I'm talking about.

Mediator Bruce Rainie: "Should bootleggers be banned on PEI?" Sporadic audience response: "NO!"

Since the UPEI Student Union announced that the PEI government could be reneging on a campaign promise to fund UPEI with an additional \$1,000,000, a move that could see tuition skyrocket next year, it has been discovered that the provincial government will not be cutting million-dollar funding to all organizations in Minister Mitch Murphy's budget. Well yes, funding to UPEI will be cut, seeing as we're not relevant to the economy at all and as it has to go to more important places. Government sources have confirmed that \$1,000,000 funding will go ahead as planned to harness racing. Yes, we are being bested by a bunch of horsies. The money will contribute to race purses and the like so that Grandpa can keep betting on the

ponies and gambling his pension cheques away. Meanwhile students will be out this week after the budget looking for a third job to supplement their education. It's nice to see where this government's priorities are. And it's not just the tuition hikes that piss me off either. There are tons of things we could do with a million bucks. For starters, we could invest in a new door for the Student Centre. You know, one that doesn't screw up every damn day. Secondly, the Sports Centre hasn't had squash balls or badminton birdies for about a month now. Maybe a million dollars could help them out, because it seems as though our fees that we spend on the gym aren't enough to afford a sustainable supply of \$3 squash balls. Our road has a few potholes in it too. Of course by a few I mean about 16 billion. They're getting pretty difficult to drive on, and maybe that's just me, given my habit of navigating them at 120 kph, but I think we should maybe take a look at getting them fixed. Countries like Iraq make fun of roads like this you know. And maybe after that we could look at trying to rid Blanchard of the mice in the walls and Steele of the birds in the roof.

Sheik Ahmed Yassin, founder and religious leader of the Palestinian terrorist group Hamas was assassinated last week by the Israeli military, sparking international debate and creating an even more volatile climate in the Middle East. Yassin was a quadriplegic who had been confined to a

wheelchair from the age of twelve and in recent years had suffered from muscular atrophy and almost complete blindness. Typical to the well-planned precision and covert strategy characteristic of most assassinations, Yassin was assassinated using a helicopter and three missiles. Three missiles. That's like going trout fishing with depth charges. Come on now. I know he was a bad guy and everything, but I'm sure poison in his food or exploding cigars would have done the job just as well. Because, you know, nothing says subtle like a tomahawk missile to the head. I must commend them on their intelligence work also. Their reports show that Yassin was born in either 1929 or 1938. Way to narrow it down! Morons.

Speaking of explosive situations (haha), apparently some of my comments in the Bathroom Edition Part II, have been deemed controversial and have pissed off some of the fine music students here at UPEI who have expressed a special interest in obtaining my head on a proverbial silver platter. How my suggestion that they spend a lot of time in their own faculty building could possibly be misconstrued as an attempt by me to insult these good people is beyond my comprehension. I am sure that Steele is a wonderful building once you get to know it, and that eventually the faults of its bathrooms and the random caskets in the hallways just become like the comforts of home.

Regardless of this fact, however, given that many music

students have been offended by my comments, I feel that it is my duty as an objective journalist to hereby solemnly apologize for the grievous and regrettable pain and anguish that I have thoughtlessly and cruelly imposed upon them by publishing my horrendous opinions.

I hope that this clears up any division that my comments have created between myself and my good friends of Steele Recital Hall. Please feel free to share any further concerns with me personally. That is, if you ever leave your building.

Have a good one!

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