

Assembly of the Smarty-Pants

By Mariève MacGREGOR

Ah, award ceremonies. They always merit a article beginning with 'ah.' I don't know if this one was any different than any other ceremony. It really resembled a grade 12 graduation, but without the robes. There were more people on the list than last year, but then again, the populous of the school is one of the highest its ever seen.

She approached the stage, she took the railings and hoisted herself right over the stairs and onto the stage.

Like all formal gatherings, the evening started out innocently enough. People filed in, there weren't enough seats for all the family and friends, but everyone knew where they were supposed to be, more or less.

All knew the evening was commencing by the sound of the bag-pipes. The bagpiper led the procession



Only intelects undrestand the sound of the bag-pipes.

of Deans and special peoples alike to the stage, where everyone had their own big, stuffed, comfy, floral chair. The first commentaries were basically, "Mumble mumble mumble, someone's

name," applause. This happened about 20 times, and it was all excessively polite and monotone. But once, some kind of psychological phenomenon occurred for a moment when the entire room hesitated to clap, for no reason. It just happened, and it was odd.

Things seemed to be rolling along quite nicely as the honours certificates were being presented. Groups of people were called up by their year and discipline, and were asked to arrange themselves alphabetically. Some sort of final I.Q. test I'm sure, to insure that these students deserve their oh-so-important certificates.

Not to make this a personal report or anything, but as a performer, I was very surprised at my level of nervousness. Standing in that line and waiting to walk simply and normally across a stage was downright nerve-racking. As a performer who can bend and groove into any number of shapes a dancer can get herself into, I found this to be ten times more horrifying than any choreography I've performed. The normal "What if I trip?" was not running through my mind, but thoughts like, "What if I'm not alphabetically listed?", and "What if I freeze because he says my name wrong and when I go up to shake the Dean's hand I'll accidentally smack him in the face???"

So as not to leave you, the reader, on a cliffhanger, nothing out of the ordinary happened. The Dean of Arts said something like, "Will you be on the list next year?" I can't remember what I said back. I hope it wasn't "Duh."

There weren't nearly enough hollers and hoots from the audience, except for the education students who cheered every time another education student award was handed out. "They sound like a pack of baby wolves," said Virginia Reddin, sitting to my right.

There are only two other antics perhaps worth mentioning. The first is when Stacy Riley was called upon to receive her award for highest standing in first year arts, and as she approached the stage, she took the railings and hoisted herself right over the stairs and onto the stage. Oh, Arts people. The second came from Scott Flemming, who was last to receive an award, and as he grasped his award for highest standing student in third year science, he raised his fists high in the air in victory.

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And then there was food, and it was good.

Perhaps you are now thinking, "But, what of the names? Who got honours? Who got an award?" Well, those of you who were there know that you were there, and have probably already told all your stupider friends who weren't going that you were there as well. The recipients of all the awards and honours will be posted on the UPEI website eventually anyway. So my job is done.

To my fellow students: keep up the good book studying and maybe you'll get to go to the annual awards too. Good times, good times...



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