

NSO 2K4- First Day

By Kimberley Johnston, Contributor

"I'm in hell," were my first thoughts of NSO 2004 as I ambled down the walk to the Wanda Wyatt Dining Hall for registration.

"There's still time to turn back," I told myself after viewing the Shiny Happy shepherds dressed in bright orange, leading rhythmic chants to their equally spirited sheep. I could do a lot with that 50 bucks.

"We've got spirit, yes we do. We've got spirit, how 'bout you?" A group of people sporting banana-yellow handkerchiefs asked in an accusatory manner to their cohorts in sea-blue.

And it would continue... the rhythmic chants almost dancing with the pounding in my head as a result of my activities the night before.

"This may be what you need Kim," I told myself, taking a swig of Aqua Fina, making my way to the registration line.

"How are you today?" asked another elated volunteer.

I'm hung-over, I said with an apologetic smile, wishing I could match her level of enthusiasm; as is usually my custom. Instead an uncomfortable silence ensued as she directed me to where I could

get a bag of free stuff and a free hanky.

So I picked up my bag, my bandanna and joined my group, where I met people I am really happy to have met including my blue team leaders, Amalia, Shaun, John, Aimee and Rachel.

Our first stop of the day was at the Duffy Centre for the Opening Ceremonies of NSO 2K4, where, to the dismay of my extra-sensitive ears and pounding head, really loud obnoxious music was playing.

I knew that had I not been feeling like something the dog threw up, I would really be enjoying myself. I longed to be one of the masses whose stomach did not feel like it would digest itself.

And the day continued on Brackley Beach, a lunch of Subway which cured my the flip-flop of my stomach. I also felt better to know there were people like myself who did not have to go bouncing up and down to prove they were excited about something. I enjoyed myself at Brackley Beach with these people. After a sand-sculpturing contest, we layed on the sand and listened to the sound of the Atlantic.

I returned to NSO the next

morning, where I again tried to play the role of barking seal, but my enthusiasm could not be charged despite the best efforts of the awesome team leaders.

Unfortunately due to work restraints, I couldn't participate in any other activities, except for Sue Johansen and the Trews, but I'm sure all of us first-time UPEI-ers were inspired by the obvious enthusiasm of Ryan McDermott, NSO Coordinator, and his team of

noisy recruits.

So, on behalf of all NSO-ers thank you to all the volunteers who made NSO possible. Even though I wasn't the Energizer Bunny, I deeply appreciate your efforts.

So once more- from the bottom of my heart.... U-P... E-I! Thanks, guys! Rock on!



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