

# ← Seat By Matthew Dorrell Sale →

So this is a travel column. And this is the introduction to a travel column. Feel free to skip the introduction, it being tedious and self-indulgent (the column itself - merely self-indulgent).

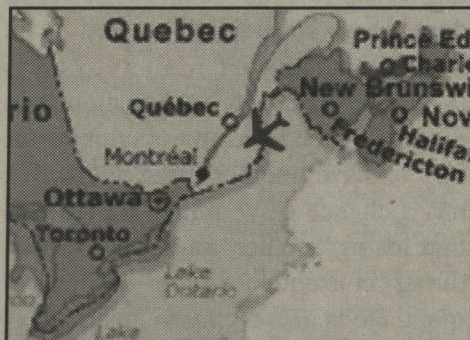
It will not be a typical travel column. I am a student, and am subject to the same financial situation as most students, making my travel rather mundane, if not entirely speculative.

I will not be offering traveling advice. I have little advice to offer, and even if I were more knowledgeable, the thought of edu-

cating, advising or helping you in any way at all does nothing for me.

I apologize for the title, but it was the best I could come up with, and it is travel-related. It's not like you offered any brilliant suggestions either.

**On a Plane. Somewhere between Moncton and Ottawa.**



I guess it isn't surprising that flight attendants are bitter people. Smiling all day will do that to anyone. Giving the same damn speech and seatbelt demonstration two dozen times a week doesn't help either. A fun thing to do while

they give their safety speech is to look out the window, read a book or do anything other than pay attention. If you're lucky this will upset them and they will deploy the oxygen mask above you and, if you're fast enough, you could even strap it on (I wasn't fast enough). This isn't actually fun, but how often do you get to wear an oxygen mask? Besides, there isn't much else to do on an airplane anyway, is there?

People on airplanes or any structure that places them high above the ground seem to invariably compare the people on the ground to ants. I have never, and I suspect never will, understand this. Perhaps this is because I have above average sight (true), boundless common sense (an exaggeration) or because I know exactly when and when not to apply a metaphor (blatantly false).

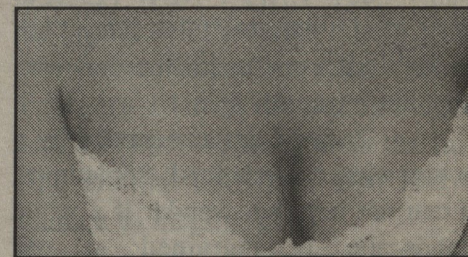
1. The Wonder, The Curse, and the Loud Black Noise
2. The Wonder, The Curse, and the Loud Black Noise
3. How Many People It Actually Takes To Run A Student Union
4. The Liver In My Pie (3)
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8. The 20 Foot Man Is Probably Just Three Men Standing On Each Other's Shoulders
9. Music 4 Airports
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While I am sure you are disappointed that this issue was so small, I can explain. See we had enough content for about 17.5 pages. However the printing process works in fours (16, 20, 24, 28, 32, 36 you get it) so we have chopped like an Iron Chef on thyroxine, and present you with these tight, and smart 16 pages.

Now for the future. 'The future?'—you are saying.

Yes—the future. In these pages you can look

exactly as they were on the ground - save that they are much smaller (only in appearance, of course). Not so romantic I know, but then neither are ants.



Cleavage (male or female, whatever your preference) is awfully difficult to see, which is always very disappointing as being a great height above said cleavage would seem the perfect opportunity to gaze upon it with impunity. Perhaps this is the reason that people use the ant metaphor - as a pathetic attempt to disguise their overwhelming disappointment at the lack of cleavage visible from airplane, skyscraper or zeppelin.

To be fair, I do have my opinions about the appearance of cleavage. I do think that roads through forests, as they appear in winter, are a much better metaphor for cleavage - appearing in lines against a black background. I have never mentioned this to do with eyesight (above average) or my

a metaphor (very apt perhaps most people a much better understanding of what does or does not photograph. But I doubt (1) Usurped from (2) Nicked from (3) Boosted from (4) Appropriately (5) Raped from (6) Plundered (7) Burgled (8) Confiscated (9) Arrested

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