

THE LOST SUPPER

BY JEFF COLL

It was an impossible task to say the least. Writing about it, that is. We promoted it to death. For three consecutive issues, we made up advertisements that only we could understand and put them in *The Cadre*. We even went so far as to put his head on the body of Christ in *The Last Supper*, and our heads on the bodies of four of his disciples. Those people who asked about the ads expected an article, but we couldn't summon the courage to write one. Until now.

I. The Banquet

A few weeks ago, as the days began to grow colder, I decided to start wearing my winter coat again. I did not remember where I had stored it for the summer, so I went around the house and searched every closet. I finally found it in the closet in the spare bedroom. It was on the floor, buried underneath the suitcase that my mother had used for her trip to Las Vegas.

I freed the coat from where it had been hiding for six months and tried to smooth out the wrinkles that it had accumulated. I took the coat back to my bedroom and heard the jingling of coins in the pockets. When I got to my bedroom, I decided to explore the pockets to see how much money I had left in them. I dug through one of the pockets and discovered my black scarf and thirteen cents. In the other pocket I found a pen, a bottle of lock de-icer, and a sheet of paper.

At first I thought the sheet of paper was a program to some half-forgotten play that I had seen during the winter. I soon discovered, however, that it was an invitation.

*You are cordially
invited to the
UPEI
Student Union
Appreciation
Banquet
Thursday, March 30th
at the
Charlottetown Hotel*

Suddenly it all came back to me.
Everyone was dressed well except for me. I was wearing a sweater and jeans. It was my first Student Union banquet, how was

I supposed to know it would be so formal? Even Stephan was wearing a blazer (albeit a red one). Well I wouldn't let that happen again.

We sat at the back of the room. I don't remember if the tables were assigned, but the *Cadre* staff all sat around one table near the door at the back of the room. The one advantage this had was that our table got to go to the buffet first.

I won an award. I knew I had a shot at the Volunteer of the Year award, since *The Cadre* only had about three volunteers who stayed through the whole year, so I was not surprised when Kent called my name. I actually shared the award with Jim-beau, but I got my own plaque. Jim-beau probably deserved the award more than me, though. He had written a page of solid political commentary every week and all I did was complain and make fun of people.

And then there were the door prizes. Each one of us was given ticket with a number on it. Some of the more enthusiastic people in the Student Union drew numbers and handed out prizes to the lucky winners. I won a yellow bag that contained a calendar that was still good for nine months. Jim-beau won a small envelope with fifty dollars. Stephan won a manilla envelope.

I don't remember my immediate reaction when I saw the certificate that was in Stephan's envelope. I don't remember anybody else's reaction either, but I do remember the laughter. After all, it's not every day that someone wins a dinner for four with the at the home of the President of UPEI.

