

# HUMOUR

## First day and almost last: Two perspectives

Theoretically, things like this are not supposed to happen, especially to fourth year students. What is 'this', you ask, aside from a demonstrative pronoun? Would you believe the loss of an entire class, professor and all? Of course you would — this is university, where the impossible becomes the possible, and the concept of Magical Realism becomes true.

Briefly, I have been a victim of that dreaded first day of class phenomenon known as "Class Moved". On January 6, I trudged heroically from the Tory Building to the Humanities Centre, braving unmanageable crowds of students all striving to go from point A to point B, in search of a class. Upon my arrival, I saw the too familiar white placard stating: Engl. 442 moved from HC 2-17 to T-1-83. So, back I went to Tory, where I finally found my appointed classroom. Aside from a lack of chairs, which my professor rectified immediately, all was copacetic. A booklist and a schedule were handed out; the first lecture was given, following which I stormed the bookstore in search of required texts, in order to prepare myself for Friday's lecture.

Don't ask me how, but on Friday I became inexplicably lost in the bowels of the Tory Building. Being lost in the bowels of anything is unpleasant, to say the least, and my frustration was mounting at my inability to find a classroom I'd already been in once. After ten minutes of fruitless wandering in ever-diminishing circles, I decided to go back to the Humanities Centre, to double-check the new room number, just in case I had written it down incorrectly. No, it still read T-1-83. Back

to Tory, up a flight of stairs, and behold, T-1-83! However, there was not a soul in sight. Spying the ubiquitous placard, I squinted at it hopefully. No such luck, as the information it held had nothing whatsoever to do with my lost class. I even went so far as to walk into the empty room, hoping, vainly, that students and a professor might somehow magically appear before my eyes. That hope died a sudden death. Feeling completely frustrated and baffled by this time, I phoned the English department in desperation. Curiouser and curiouser, to quote, as the receptionist in the English department had no official record of English 442, also known as Comparative Literature 497, being moved, and in fact, she had just had another student looking for the same class. In short, the entire class, complete with its professor, had apparently disappeared into the air.

After four years of registration mishaps, including the horrors of In-Person Registration inflicting itself upon me not once, but twice, missed exams, forgotten deadlines, and confused advisors, I don't know why the disappearance of an entire group of people surprised me, but it did. By fourth year, one is not supposed to become lost in Tory, let alone lose a whole class, so I am firmly convinced that this is some sort of convoluted, questionable plot against my now questionable sanity. Events such as this one shake whatever smug complacency one has earned by fourth year, leaving one a shattered being. My only comfort is the fact that someone else was searching for the same displaced group of people I was.

Bob Solomon, where have you gone with English 442, also known as Comparative Literature 497?

The alarm clock's loud shrillings rudely disturbed my mind's sweet, slumberous state. I awoke to find several rude and explicit words directed towards that contraption whose whineful whir made a foghorn sound meek and mild.

Questions pertaining to my being conscious at this unearthly and ungodly hour steamrolled through my medulla oblongata like seaweeds upon a sandy shore. Then, in a flash, I realized that the purpose of this uncharacteristic early morning rising was because it was my first day of university classes.

After banging back some evil-tasting coffee of my own making, I gallantly strove to prepare myself a bagged lunch. In the midst of this undertaking, my eyes impulsively stared at the clock and to their chagrin, the clockhands pointed out I had two minutes to run for the bus. A tremendous flap ensued and the coat closet resembled a combat zone with scarves, mittens and earmuffs cast askew. Our hero (me) sprinted for the bus a la Ben Johnson and climbed aboard for the precedent-setting journey.

The university campus looked ominous as I first set foot on it. My first class was scheduled for the Humanities Building. "No problem," I said, in setting out to locate this place. The day was beginning to look good for this new undergraduate.

Alas, such was not the case. I walked here and I walked there. I walked

upstairs and I walked downstairs. My keen sense of direction was glitching up badly in this unknown environment.

A gray-haired man with an incongruous looking suit consisting of a red blazer, blue shirt and yellow pants slouched in his chair in a little cubbyhole of an office as I passed by. I asked this individual, who was the second coming of Don Cherry, if I was in the Humanities Building. He said that it was not and that I was looking at the underassistant to the Executive Secretary to the Vice-President of the Board of Scholarship Administration for the Department of Sociological Research. A question mark overshadowed my face and I realized he was referring to himself. Was this an example of the bureaucratic monstrosity which ruled the university that I had heard so much of?

My class was finally located and I thought I was finally getting into the groove. After class dismissal, I walked out the door and was swept away by a great tidal wave of students. The corridors were wall to wall with people and I could not get out of being tailgated by a crowd until I was this side of the Jubilee Auditorium.

Suffice to say, I survived to tell my story. Now just wait until mid-terms...  
Eric Anderson

Cara Koropchuk



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