

Hunting for Comics

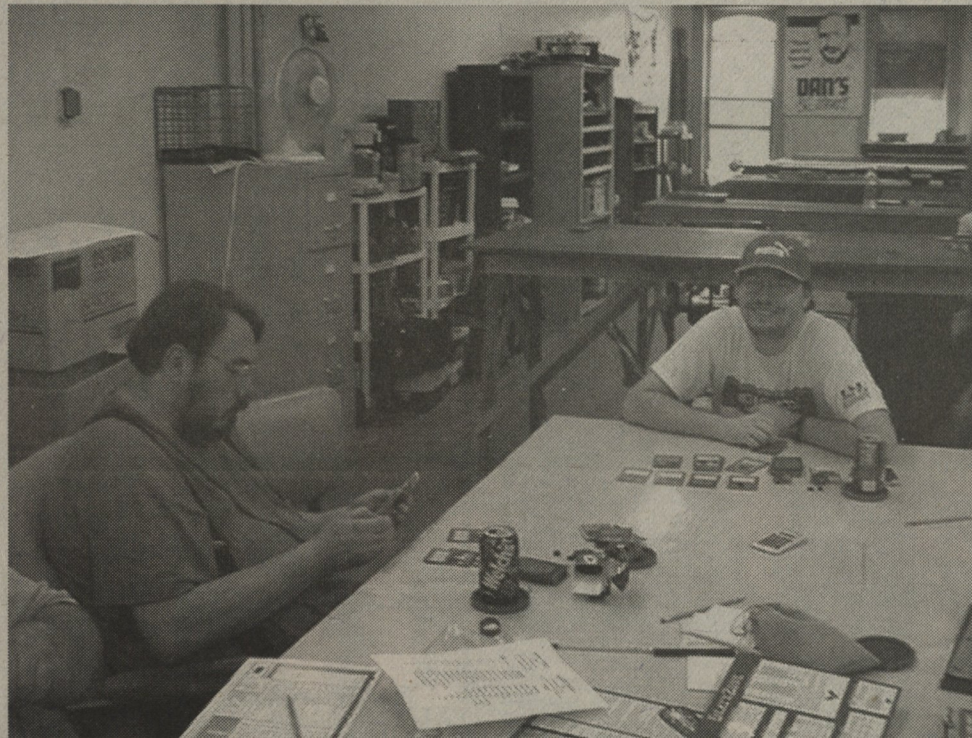
By Scott FLEMMING

I was innocently walking into the computer lab in the Cass Building while contemplating what to write about for The Cadre, when I was visually molested by a puke-green advertisement lying on the floor. My interest sparked, I read the title and it turns out this ad was for the goings-on at the Comic Hunter. I enjoy Dungeons and Dragons and Magic cards, so I was pleased to see that there were others that also revel in the sport and decided to go and investigate. (I much prefer watching than actually playing, as I find most times I get too excited and end up impaling my opponent with some kind of sharp instrument.) Now all I have to do is to find this "Comic Hunter" alluded to on the piece of paper, and my adventure will begin. Ah, here we go, 63 University Avenue. Crap, where is that? Luckily there is more in-depth explanation, "close to parliament house." Using my powerful skills of deductive reasoning I assume they mean Province House, and begin to make my way there.

Upon my arrival I see moderate amounts of hustle and bustle. A rousing game of Magic cards playing in the centre of the store, and two other loiterers hanging out towards the back mulling over printouts. Thinking this inappropriate, I contemplate whether or not I should go and bust up their shit for cluttering the otherwise organ-



Them were the days...



Stereotypical game. But before you pass judgment, this is more healthy then drinking yourself into a coma.

ized establishment. Before I can make such a choice, I am greeted by the store's owner Jeff Smith.

"No, no, I'm not buying anything."

Then I inform him that I am doing a piece for The Cadre and he gives me some background on the store – inadvertently quieting my qualms about the copious amounts of loiterers around. Apparently, he WANTS these people to be here, even when they are not buying things. "Unconventional" I think to myself, but a good idea.

With their decks organized and selected an optimum arrangement (each individual card in a protective wrapper) the arguments over strategy and rules begin.

Taking a closer look around, I notice the place is set up in the intention of having people stay for hours on end. There are chairs and tables, a television and VCR, and surprisingly decent music playing. But the main event was the bathroom. Booyah!

That bad-boy was clean and open for business. I think this may be the only (non-restaurant) establishment I have been in where they don't frown upon use, or at least tuck away the facilities so they will hardly be used.

As I attentively watch the impending Magic action, the "patrons" commence with a few harmless jabs at the epicene, "Thank you John, you're a good man." says one participant to another. With a witty retort a different

player exclaims, "He's not a man, he's a woman." The warriors poised, with their decks organized and selected an optimum arrangement (each individual card in a protective wrapper) the arguments over strategy and rules begin. In the background some chatter erupts as another customer talks about the \$400 he spent on Magic cards the day before.

And it all started to make sense. This is the kind of store people want. A store where the customers are loyal and the proprietor accommodating (even to me, although I didn't appear to be the run-of-the-mill customer). It also started to make sense why the pricy cards were behind a glass casing as I could easily visualize a crazed Magic enthusiast liberating a few had security measures not been taken.

I admit, I was intending to write this story and cut up these people whom I knew nothing about, and hopefully have a laugh at their expense by writing an article that screamed NERDS! NERDS! But, as in most cases, once you learn something about which you were previously ignorant, you may change your opinion. Although this scene wasn't for me, I can see that it is in the niche of more than a few and nothing to be scoffed at.

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