

Trials & Tribulations of a twentysomething

by S. Livingstone

As I sit here tending to my near frost-bitten toes, speechless with outrage, I have decided that there is no better way to vent my angst than with my very own column of personal strife. As you read this article, abounding with contention and frustration, you may be forced to allow your memory to bring to the surface the sad occasion on which I left my lights on and subsequently allowed my car battery to die. For this reason I have considered renaming my column the "Trials & Tribulations of a VW Jetta Owner", but that title is far too long, and besides, I hardly blame my latest encounter with doom on one Volkswagen.

My story, you see, all began as I was leaving the University after a long night of psuedostudy at Main Building. As I proceeded to exit parking lot "c" I was confronted with a swamp of sorts that had been fashioned by Mother Nature out of slush and ice. When I had parked there earlier, as it was one of the few spaces remaining, the covering had been innocuous snow. Needless to say, as the temperature again dropped to sub zero conditions the once snow covered parking lot was transformed into an ice infested car trap. Why this area of a very popular campus parking lot was left unattended by operation snow removal is beyond me. I could call the UPEI Maintenance Dept. and inquire but that would be like reporting and I prefer my own embellishment to reluctant responses from bureaucrats.

The trap mentioned in the above paragraph was more than my compact automobile could manage. My car would not budge and even as I desperately tried to push it from the

grips of the overwhelming ice flow, I failed in my attempts to persuade it to move. I then decided that I must invade Main Bldg. in hopes of finding some large liberal arts students to rescue me. I had to have a security guard allow me into the building as it was past eleven and the doors had been locked. I shared with him my grievances but he did not seem to realize I was implying he do something to alleviate the present

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situation.

As I dashed through the darkened halls of Main I came across George Anderson sitting in the English lounge completely innocent of the circumstances. He instantaneously offered his unconditional assistance and we moved on to the scene. We were also assisted by a kind woman who was escaping the parking lot free of hassle. The three of us tried unsuccessfully to balance ourselves on the surrounding ice flow, attempting once again to free the car only to become chilled and drenched thanks to the ice cold salty slush that filled our boots as it crept towards our knees. This failed miserably, so my only remaining option, short of calling my parents and lamenting endlessly, was to call a towing service as I had already deserted my

Protestant upbringing and called to the Catholic convent across the field in hopes of spiritual salvation from the sisters.

I decided to make the last resort call from the Security Dept. where I once again met up with the formerly mentioned officer of campus law and order who scolded me at Main telling me that if I had only parked in a parking lot none of this would have happened. I quickly refuted this imaginary assumption of his for I was in a legitimate parking lot. Well, when I entered the office and politely asked him to call a service station for me he simply pointed at his phone unable to speak as he was consumed with devouring his egg salad sandwich and eyeing his pack of Export A's. Upon questioning his motives for making me call he had a student staff member call for me, from whom I received courtesy and consideration.

After this episode of surrealism, I waited with a friend in the wintry parking lot for the towing service to arrive. I considered setting up some flares and pylons for drama but deemed it superfluous. Upon arrival the tow truck simply pushed the car out of the ice patch, charged me twenty dollars and left. And here I am, worth twenty dollars less and fearful that I may never regain feeling in my toes. Maybe I should have directed the tow truck operator to administration to collect the fee, but at the time I was far too angry to scheme to such limits. Thanks to this chapter in my university career I have learned that when in circumstances that fail to be considered a matter of life or death, one should simply bypass the obvious and go immediately to the off-campus professionals.