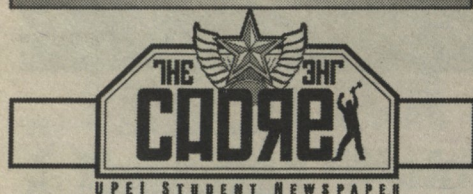


October 26, 2004

Cable TV & High Speed Internet: A townie's life - Editorial by Sean Brady, EIC



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Well, it happened. After much musing mixed with bouts of procrastination and reasoning, I have become townie. (Gasp) Rather, I'm in the process of becoming one as I apply fingers to keys on this, our fifth edition - Nola is somewhere between Blooming Point and Hillsborough Street, shuttling loads of furniture, clothes, food, electronics, pets, etc. God bless her. To heck with giving credit to those of us ambitions with campus commitments and responsibilities; give it to those who support us in one way to another.

Anyhow, back to the matter at hand. The move.

I feel like a kid at Christmas. Much like the wishful souls with visions of sugar plums dancing, I've had thoughts of conveniences swirling around my mind since we made the decision - late-night burger/pizza/anything, walking distance to so many different locations, and less wear and tear on the car. andrew Brady

And one can't forget to mention cable TV and high-speed internet - extravagancies unavailable in the middle of boon-hick nowhere, aka the vacationer's paradise with the Island's not-so-secret yet strangely mythical nude beach where I have resided for the past 3 years. No longer will I be forced to shell out 4/5 the cost of high-speed internet for 1/10th (at best) the speed! No more fried 56k modem, the cause of which, according to the phone centre 'tech', was straining my connection until the modem just bit it (a little comp-sci humour there).

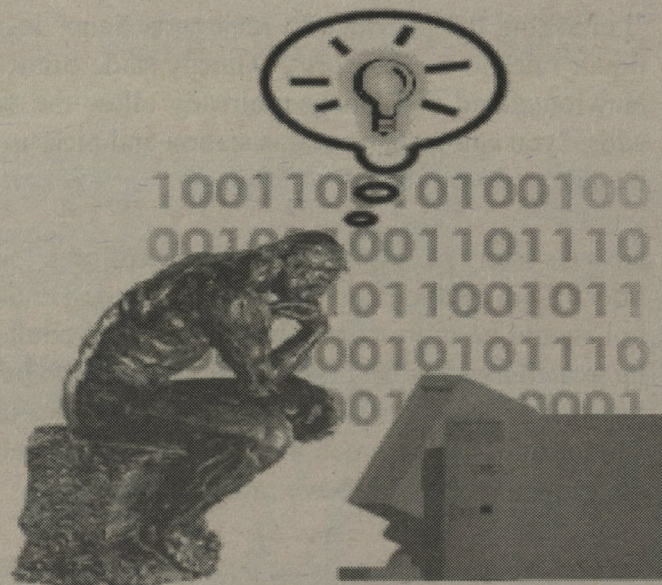
Cable TV on the other hand I view with a mixed mind. Having learned to survive without somewhere between 60 and 500 channels, settling for our local affiliates via the t.f.c. the rabbit ears pulled in (as long as no moons were out of alignment, and it wasn't raining), showed me how much time I used to waste in front of the TV. And I'm not being humble - I have been getting a regular dose of tube time even with only 3 channels. It's mostly all syndication anyhow. I've just saved in the truly useless stuff I used to almost 'snap-to' staring at, having badly zoned out into oblivion. My sleeping

habits are all the better for it too. Better to have had to wake up in the middle of the night to shut off the whine of the test pattern, something even I the heaviest of sleepers get woken up by, than have been being subliminally sold something by a cable station that runs infomercials in the wee hours.

So long story short, I've switched to an 'apartment' that's more just the bottom floor of a huge house, with more than twice the square footage than the cottage I'm coming from (By cubic footage there's no comparison - the new apartment has 10' ceilings while the cottage had one I regularly bounced my head off of on the second floor), and I no longer have to drive to work/school, organize travel schedules, or milk the expensive hoses at the gas bar quite as often as I used to. And with the neighborhood I'm in, there's no real loss of quiet, privacy, or anonymity over what I had.

See? I'm listing off how good it is, close to how it's better than living in the country.

I'm a townie already.



Have some thoughts or ideas you'd like to express? Drop us a line at upeicadre@gmail.com, or make a post to the Cadre topic line at Weblogs@upei.