

# Garbage Garbage Receptacle ...

By Robert MacPherson

Garbage: we all make it. It is essential to the way we live in this new century, and was essential to civilizations of the centuries before us. Without the consumption of materials, and hence the garbage from those materials, our society as we know it would be unfunctional. We should be thankful for the fact that we even have the ability to make the garbage which allows us to live the way we do. Garbage is not the problem, and I won't even get into consumption right now, the problem lies with what to do with the garbage after we have created it.

You've just finished the last few satisfying slurps of your Tim Horton's coffee while on your way to class. You find your self looking at the cup and plastic lid in your hand as if to say,

"Hey how'd you get there?"

With no garbage can within five feet of you, you begin to panic, "Oh my god, I can't be seen with garbage in my hands."

Or perhaps for some reason you keep thinking about that frigin cup in your hand, or you just get board , or you just don't want to carry it any more, or your in a rush, and don't think you have time to find a trash. I don't know, but whatever our reason is for dropping junk on the ground, I know it isn't life or death. Therefore we should be able to carry it until we get to a can.

I was jogging down the trail by the campus the other day when I saw two ladies approaching

from the distance, as I began to take extra cool strides to attract their attention, I noticed that one of them let a big red candy rapper fall to the path. My paces dulled to a mere gaunt. As I approached I said "Excuse me, I think you dropped a wrapper back there." One of the girls turned to me and gave me a "fuck you" look. I was in disbelief. Individuals like this are leaving garbage on our beautiful campus.

Who likes to see trash every where? Nobody, it is unappealing to the eye, it is unnatural, it belongs in a garbage can. That's the only place for it. We have all done it before at one time or another, yes even me, but it is unnecessary, and we all know it. We all can make a conscious effort to reduce our waste, number one, and number two, to make sure that our waste goes where it's supposed to.  
-RM



# Europe - A Student's playground Greece

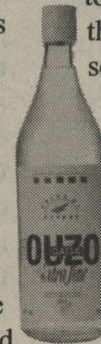
By Brandon MacKenzie

French was easy. Italian was understandable. Spanish was complicated. So far, my two languages and a trusty phrase-book had gotten me through dozens of train stations and out of some sticky situations. I was not ready for Greek, nor will I ever be. From the time I got off the ferry from Italy to the day I sailed away on a twenty five sail boat I was lost. Every sign in Greece looks like a physics equation. I couldn't tell if a sign was trying to explain gravity or direct me to an exit. Punctuation is all backwards, the semicolon I learned is actually their question mark....isn't that strange; But don't worry, everyone is just as lost as you are.

Almost every backpacker through Europe will hear about the famous 'Pink Palace'. A short ferry ride from Igoumenitsa is the mysterious Island of Corfu. Just hop on the 6:00am freighter/rust bucket/ferry and your work is done - a giant pink bus will look after you from there. Just as a warning, before you commit to some time at the Pink Palace - be prepared to have your senses dulled and your morals tested - this resort hostel is not for the faint of heart. The giant pink bus, filled mostly with Canucks, Yanks, Aussies, Brits, and Kiwis winds through the narrow roads of

Corfu towards the 'palace'. Your driver wastes no time in talking about the Island and its specialty - olive oil. He points out the signs at breakneck turns in the road which warn drivers of olive oil on the pavement - I guess its near harvesting time and olives litter the road's surface. To some, this abundance of olives would be great - but I hate olives, they taste horrible.

When I arrived at the Pink Palace it was nine in the morning. The newly arrived were herded into the lobby and seated at large table. A Canadian employee sat down with us to explain the terms while with them. I was groggy but everything seemed great..let's see 24 euros a night; includes two meals, "entertainment", a great room overlooking the turquoise sea..not a bad deal. But wait, as she's telling us this she's pouring shots..what the hell? Everyone around the table is a bit confused but when's she's done with the terms she explains no one is allowed to check in until they take a morning snap of Ouzo. Well, why not, so down the hatch. Made from Annis seed, this black liquorice'esque drink burns as it goes down, "I'll never drink that again" some say gagging...little did they know they would be virtually



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The Pink Palace on Corfu - nestled into the side of paradise