



# A Christmas Story



Malcolm Gorrill

Poor Clio the UPEI freshman student went home at Christmas break a very worried fellow. His parents had told him that if he did not average at least 72.4 in his courses, he would have to pay his own tuition, Christmas Eve came and those marks hadn't come!

That evening Clio went to his bedroom and found two brothers fighting. Kevin, 12, was teasing Wendell, 8, who still believed in Santa Claus. Clio broke them up and ordered Kevin to leave Wendell alone as it was Christmas. Wendell implored of Clio: "There is no Santa Claus, isn't there?" Clio calmed Wendell down and tucked him into bed.

"Is there a Santa Claus?" Clio thought as he went to bed. What a ridiculous question. That was kid's stuff. When would those marks come?...

Clio was having his usual Christmas Eve dreams of gifts, sugar plums and girls when he suddenly became very hungry. He went down to the kitchen to prepare his usual midnight snack of broccoli and peanut butter sandwiches. Suddenly he heard a noise in the living room and went to investigate.

Clio couldn't believe his eyes. There, in front of the tree, was a grey-bearded man in a red suit! It couldn't be...yet it was! Santa Claus!

Just then Santa turned around, saw Clio, chuckled, and dashed up the chimney. Clio tried to run after him...

The next thing Clio knew someone was shaking him. "Wake up, Clio! Wake up!"

"What!?!?" Clio said, sitting upright.

"You must have had a dream." Kevin said. "Come

on, let's go down to the tree. It's Christmas Day!"

Clio was about to go down when he noticed something on his shirt. He felt it. Broccoli! Suddenly Clio remembered. But it couldn't be!...

Just then Clio heard a shout from his parents, and he raced down. There, under the tree, was Clio's report card. He had made an average of 72.6. Hurrah!

While his parents were wondering how Clio's card could have gotten there, Clio overheard Kevin again tease Wendell about Santa Claus. Wendell again asked Clio that immortal question.

Clio thought for a moment, looked at his broccoli and his report card, and said: "Yes, Wendell, there is a Santa Claus!"

Merry Christmas, everybody! from Malcolm Gorrill.



## Pre-Exam Blues

By Cheryl Allen

It is seven o'clock. Hundreds of university students have finished supper, scuffled around the house and are settling down to study for their finals. The stereo and television are turned off, for the first time all semester. Books are opened and, now, panic. At this point, three distinct categories of students can be detected: slackers, whiz kids and "potty" figures. The ordinary student is not mentioned in this article because of the lack of projects.

The slackers study very little all semester and are now left with an overwhelming amount of knowledge to cram into their brains. As a result, stress and anxiety symptoms emerge. Some of these students binge on food. They stuff cookies, candy and anything else within

reach into their mouths, hoping to satisfy the gnawing teeth in their stomachs. Others smoke heavily and most end up with brain block. They can't remember anything they study and some even forget their names. After the initial panic is over, slackers eventually settle down to the unavoidable task of pounding a semester's worth of knowledge into their heads. This is usually not as difficult as it first appeared to be.

Even whiz kids, students who engage in heavy study sessions all semester, become victims of pre-exam blues. They shut their stereos off by habit. The silence is not a new experience for them. They are depressed because they know that a three-hour exam is not long enough to pour out a semester's worth of knowledge. Stress

and anxiety in these students stems from the simple fact that they know they have to study, but they don't want to add too much more information to their already overflowing wells of knowledge. The whiz kids deal with stress somewhat differently than the slackers. They are known to tap tunes on their desk with a pen, read a book, or cook a gourmet meal. They may also eat carrot sticks. Sometimes all their knowledge begins to scramble in their heads and then flow onto paper in the form of poetry. This last effect is beneficial to the whiz kids because, finally, they can settle down to reorganizing their knowledge, without worrying about adding new information to their already over-manufactured minds.

Whatever the causes of these two forms of pre-exam

I am replying to the letter published in the last issue of the Gem. This letter stated that the Gem need not deal with anything outside the university and that the Guardian need only cover the Island. I completely disagree with this opinion.

I feel that a newspaper's responsibility is to cover issues across the country be it a university or a city paper. Mr Blackett stated, "the Guardian only needs to cover the island, so it should not be compared to the Globe and Mail, the New York Times." This is a ridiculous statement simply because one cannot possibly compare these important national papers to the Guardian. His opinion is narrow-minded, conservative and counter-productive to the interests of the Gem and the Guardian. Hopefully, it does not reflect the general Island attitude.

National and international news is interesting and can be stimulating and provocative. These are essential ingredients to a good paper. Many students attending the university are not from the province and may be interested in issues outside PEI.

Also with reference to Mr. Blackett's comment "who cares what people from Ontario think about island newspapers, I'm sure they don't care what we think of their newspapers." Prince Edward Island is not a segregated society and should learn to grow with the rest of the nation.

I feel that our Island papers should offer more variety with concerns to more liberal issues; a paper reflective of the times. Once this occurs, our Gem or Guardian could be compared to other papers around the country.

Signed  
J.W. & M.L.

blues, the effects usually benefit the students. They end up studying hard and entering the exam room with a cool head and a smooth pencil. For some odd reason, however, these same students leave the exam room with major complaints about the test and a taxi fare to the nearest bar.

There are still some students who don't benefit from the pre-exam blues. They are more commonly known as the "potty" failures. They panic before, during and after exams. Their pre-exam blues usually stems from early childhood. The "potty" failures were expected to be right on aim every time and were probably punished for accidents. This experience taught them to always expect perfection and become extremely frustrated

with any small failure. Their feelings of anxiety were nurtured and carried into university. Now the student spends so much time worrying about studies that he or she never has time to actually dig into the books. Thus, the pre-exam blues will make no difference in this student's life. The "potty" failure does not even bring a taxi fare on the night of his or her exam because the side-effect of drinking may lead to a recurrence of a problem encountered earlier in life.

Whichever category you fall into, try not to let the blues get you down. There are two routes you can take to overcome the pre-exam blues: switch to psychology and learn to control your anxiety or become an engineer.