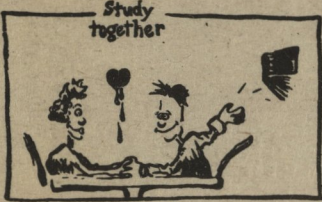


Severe Test Anxiety?

Ways to Get Through Finals
CARROLL © 1986



Once again exams are upon us. To study or not to study? - That is the question. To pass or not to pass. - That is the answer.

As I stroll down the lane of the campus I see the building. The big brick building. The big brick Duffy building. The building that holds Father Charlie and his tetrapods.

As I enter this great science building I see before me two great doors. Yes, these doors are big. Big, heavy doors. And what is behind those doors is a scary, SCARY thing.

Slowly, sweat in hand, I open one of these big, heavy doors. Will I be able to stand it? Will I be able to stand?

The door now is open. I see before me a large room. A large room with a chalkboard, a lecture stand, and chairs; many, many chairs.

But look!!! There across from me is another pair of those great doors. Yes, these doors are also big, but they look lighter.

Could this be a form of escape? Could I start my trembling feet in motion? Could I go through these doors and be released from the tight grip that is holding onto my lungs? Could I be released from the intense anxiety that is building up inside of me? Could I...could I...NO, I couldn't. I know that I must stay. No matter how awful the outcome I must stay and face it.

As I proceed to my usual seat (6th row, center, 2nd from the left) I wonder if this could possibly be happening. Could I still be living, breathing, shaking while my heart is beating at such an irregular beat? Are my legs getting weaker? Is there enough blood going to my head? Now is not the time to pass out, I tell myself.

I quickly find my seat and sit down. As I sit down though, I wonder, is there something I have forgotten? I can't think of anything.

I take out all of my pens: three blue ones, two red ones - in case the blue ones run out of ink, and a pencil - in case the red ones run out of ink. Now, where did I put my pencil sharpener? I frantically search through my bag. Ah, there it is, right beside the bottle of indian ink.

As I get settled (as settled as I'll ever be) I begin to notice something. Something very peculiar. Or is it just me? Yes, it is just me. Nobody else is here!

I look at my watch. It reads 8:59 am. I push the little upper-righthand button. Yes today is 23 04 (Thursday, April 23). I'm sure that I have the right day and time. I'll double check. Once again I frantically search through my bag. There it is, the exam schedule.

Biology 212 - check
 9:00 a.m. - check
 April 23 - check
 GYM - ?

Karen Cullen

Yuk Yuks in Review

by Brian Linkletter

If you are free on a Monday night and have five bucks to throw away, a trip to the Charlottetown Hotel to see Yuk Yuks is well worth the trouble.

Yuk Yuks is a chain of professional comedians. Usually three of them come to Charlottetown every Monday night to split the sides of the unsuspecting audience. These guys really know how to make people laugh.

The act usually has an

M.C. who starts off the show and fills in between the acts. Then there is a warm up act by a funny up-and-comer, which is followed by more of the M.C. and then the feature act.

Two weeks ago, the M.C. was Harry Doupe, a very funny guy who was quick on his feet and did a fine job. The second act was Lou Eisin, who's schtick was abusing the front few tables. He was fantastic, much to the delight of the audience and much to the dismay of the

first few tables. The feature act was Colin Campbell, a comedian from Calgary who had just finished a five week tour across the States. He was the best of the three and all enjoyed his act very much.

Yuk Yuks performs every Monday Night at the Charlottetown Hotel from 9:30 P.M. to around Midnight. If you're looking for a treat, drop in and see these guys. It's worth the time and money five times over.

Mixed Witz

EDWARD THE REPTILE WAS DISTRAUGHT. ALL HIS FRIENDS WORE EARRINGS AND POOR EDDIE HAD NO EXTERNAL EAR...

EL BF



Graphic Artists

G. Longley

WE KNOW PIZZA!



GRECO™

Pizza On Time... Or Pizza On Us!..

566-1500