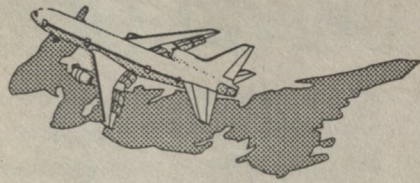


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## WOMEN'S CENTRE

We need new volunteers and if you are interested in helping out, please attend our volunteer night.

It will be held September 22, 7:00 p.m. in the Women's Centre

# The adventures of frosh week

## The first week of life at UPEI



By Cate Hanus

AS I APPROACHED THE BARN LAST Sunday evening to register for Frosh Week I was more than a little nervous. The long line up to register I found upon arrival didn't help either. All I could think was "What am I doing here? Is it

really going to be that much fun?" I'd heard a lot about it from brothers and older friends. They had made it seem like such a great time, but could it be that they had embellished the tales? Maybe it wouldn't be so great. I couldn't exactly back out at this point, I was pre-registered.

Coming back Monday morning was a little easier, I at least knew who my frosh leaders were. Unfortunately I found that they were armed with some of the largest water pistols I had ever seen. I had been warned that they would have them, but nothing could have prepared me for the sting I felt when hit with them. The beanies made things fun for a while, though it was not long before the beanie raids began. Soon people stopped wearing them all together. There was no real point to it, if you left them on your head, they were stolen.

The ice breakers did a lot to ease apprehensions. How can you help but get to know people when you're rolling on top of them, jumping over their heads, or racing them to a chair. Everyone was having a great time, and team cheers were quickly created. The other teams must have been awfully sick of the pink panther song, as the pink team was constantly belting it out.

As the day went on we went to different sessions, including ones on date rape, AIDS and alcohol. All the sessions were well done and did a lot to raise awareness about the subjects. We even got a few good laughs in.

The different Jungle Gym activities were a lot of fun. They including such things as dizzy races and chug contests. This was followed by a tour of the campus. We learned a lot on that tour, with emphasis placed on such things as Kelly building being named after a bishop.

Day two saw fewer people, and less or-

ganization than day one. Only about half of those who had turned out for day one were there. Despite this fact, we still had a great time. Team trivia was an experience. A lot of useless facts were learned that we will probably never need again, but hey, it was fun.

Later we had a strange sort of scavenger hunt in which we had to find things such as the name of security officer number 5 and which building was named after a bishop.

The Amazing Santini put on quite a show Tuesday night. He had more volunteers than he knew what to do with. Some rather amazing things were done. Some people met aliens from another planet, others turned into foxes and dodo birds, a man even became pregnant and gave birth to Alf.

Wednesday meant classes and work. What a shock university is. My English class must have at least seventy people in it. That's three times the size of my high school English class. The whole day seemed unreal. There was so much time in between classes. An hour and a half isn't worth the walk home, and what is there to do on campus? We didn't even have our books yet, so it's not like there was anything to study. This is when I discovered the X-press office, and obviously I found something to do.

Thursday evening brought the banquet that marked the end of Frosh week. We seemed to have lost a lot of people during the week. The dinning hall that had been stuffed to brimming for Monday's lunch was less than half full. The Pink team was as usual overly hyper, and prone to singing. A special award was created just for them, it was named The Spirit Award. We were all thrilled when it was announced that Red had not taken the award for top frosh team, it went instead to Purple.

After all that hype I didn't even get to attend the pizza party that we worked so hard for. Do you think Prof. Zimmermann would have forgiven me for missing his class? Oh well, I guess I'll never know.