MUGWUMP

Seeing is Believing

by Aime Phillips

What a horrible week. I've definitely been experiencing one of those phases in life when everything that could go wrong does.

First, on Tuesday, I went up to the blue room to watch The Simpsons and.... it was Casino Night. No Simpsons. Okay, that's cool, I can cope with that. Winter Carnival and all. I have a half hour to give to The Simpsons, but I just say no when it comes to gambling. I came back down here to do more work. After many computer foul-ups (Hey, it wasn't MY fault) I went home to get some sleep before my god-awful morning class. It's much too late to clean my contacts.

Wednesday morning I get up, jump in a cold shower (oops) get dressed and decide, on a whim, to clean my eye glasses. A relatively harmless procedure, tainted only by the fact that they snapped in two ! SHIT! No contacts, no glasses... this should be interesting. Well, I think to myself, I'll just have to make do with my old prescription. NOT! They're in Green Valley !

Flashback to a crisp autumn day, Aime packing for trip back to UNB:

"I don't need those extra glasses! What good are they? I'll just throw them in the left corner of the bottom drawer of my dresser so I'll know where they are if I ever need them." Good plan!!! Meanwhile, back at panic control center...

I gather up my contacts. I can put them in at 9:00, which means I'll have them for my 9:30... but how am I going to make my lunch? Find my lunch? Lace up my boots? Locate my lucky pen? What a trauma!

I arrive on campus, and hide out at my desk until 8:30, when I call Health Services for an optometrist's number. "Sorry, the office is closed right now...." AHHHHH! How can they be closed - it's 8:31 am! What nerve!

Eventually, I get an appointment with a reputable doctor for Thursday morning. It was either that or Monday at 4:00 pm. As if I can live without my glasses for that long. I accept the Thursday morning appointment so I'll have plenty of time to finish up my Bruns work before deadline. I start to think about this.... how am I going to get to my appointment? I can't wear my contacts because the Doctor is testing me for new glasses. I won't be able to read the name on the plaque even if I survive the trip down Telephone Poll Lane.

I wake up on Thursday, after a treacherous night of dreaming about getting lost and not being able to find my way home and attempt to make myself presentable. No easy task on a good day. I stumble into the kitchen, where a figure is looming over the sink. It's one of my roommates. A-ha! "Say... are you busy?" Luckily, he escorts me to the Optometrist's office and we have a big laugh over the huge size of the address and plaque. Who was to know?

Before checking my eyes, the doctor put these drops in my eyes to make the pupils dilate. After he was finished the examination and I had put my contacts in, he informed me that because of the drops, things may seem a little blurry and that the sun may seem really bright. It shouldn't last more than 4 to 6 hours. "Of course, " he quips, "It doesn't affect some people at all!" I thank him for seeing me on such short notice and we leave his somber office and go into the slightly brighter main office. "Well now, that 's not too bad! Not bad at all!" I say. "If you have any problems with the sun, just put some sunglasses on," he suggests. No problem, I think to myself as I step outside...

... into the super nova of the millennia.

ACHOO! ACHOO! ACHOO! ACHOO!

I ended up walking home with my eyes shut, which is definitely more dangerous than walking without my glasses!

You know, you have to wonder when you go into the optometrist's office for a check up, and leave the office blind.

I don't think the blurring is affecting my typing ability though. After all, aasdf siend dsjkdh klid fnm ka as dlku dn n is e7d aiz p da'dap dld. Dnamnd ask and then they told me that I had a lot of nerve if aoin dkjd jdjdodoe e fsa dpsu iydm

Then dmerg uih fnw poihfg douse sfiudks oimjc jkd poodle; wkd jcmf ky dnelki qpodfe CHSR n fhsajpioaietuyf nz.x,jfrtiaeo with the SU? fhuera sifvn flake vnvdklwinter carnival? hello? a/nqroe p;zoifgum ncvz lireg nvbm z,aoiug h z/;bnk dfa oitun a rtufgn. Oofin neeklar brrxom usif iklm as if then bll sttd thht'm hwwnme I'm bliind!

We'll be discussing this year's spoof at the staff meeting on Friday at 12:30 in room 35 SUB, so will all staff please come and offer us your ideas! Anyone who comes gets to vote on the Viewpoint question for next week!

OPINION

The opinions found in this column are not necessarily the views of the Brunswickan

Is this world logical?

by George Ato Eguakun

Death, seeing that a dead body was being carried for burial took consolation in the fact that Providence was being unusually kind to him. This is exactly what happens in this great and artificial structure of ours which we call Earth. What happens around us is so illogical, otherwise uncertainties will not be part of the problems of the human race.

Man has the unfailing intent of furthering his own concerns relegating to the background the hard fact that he is the tool of higher principalities and other forces of this world. The physical and non-physical laws that he follows to further his concerns are no less attractive and important than the phenomena and the laws of MOTHER NATURE.

I picked up the phone one afternoon to hear two excited voices on the line and I decided to listen to the conversation that ensued.

Voice A: Why are men so domineering?

Voice B: Who are you anyway?

Voice A: I'm slightly feminist.

voice B: Well, so why that question?

Voice A: Didn't God create man and woman to be equal?

Voice B: Do you think so?

Voice A: Yes I do.

Voice B: Do you think God is mathematically inert?

Voice A: Why that question?

Voice B: Well, your thoughts suggest that.

Voice A: But I did not say so.

Voice B: That's exactly what you are saying. You are saying that He doesn't know what an equal sign means in an algebraic equation. Listen, if A equals B, it implies that they both share common characteristics. Nothing is supposed to be different between them. They are the same physically, mentally and spiritually. Do you agree?

Voice A: Yes, I do.

Voice B: Then if God created man and woman to be equal, why do we differ physically and biologically? Don't you think the purpose of this differentiation was to give us different roles to play on this Earth?

Voice A: That does not mean women should be paid less for the same job they do with men. Why should certain jobs be reserved for men?

Voice B: Okay, suppose I needed someone to occupy a very sensitive position. this job requires the employee to be at post continuously for a year. What happens if a woman employed for this job got pregnant in her first month? Apart from reduced reflexes and the effects of early morning sicknesses, she might apply for at least two months maternity leave. Do I employ someone in her absence or keep her position vacant? And what happens to the continuity requirement?

Voice A: Shut up, you are getting me annoyed.

Voice B: Well, that's what makes you different from me. You can't be slightly feminist.

I heaved a sigh. It was very unfortunate that I had to replace the receiver in order to hurry to a lecture. But keep asking: IS THIS A LOGICAL WORLD?

Do *You* Have An Opinion?

Deadline: Monday at 4 pm.
1000 words maximum