

Same Shit, Different Day

Description

J-School has returned. The beast that kept all 21 of us MJ students awake with fear, shaking with anxiety and saturated in fatty comfort foods is back. And, it has grown HUNGRY in our absence.

Here are three things that have happened to me that show how the tendrils of J-School reaches far beyond the school limits.

1) All that shatters is broken

The return of J-School was less than 8 hours away, and I was plugging along on my laptop to make sure I knew how I was going to get to school because of the transit strike and where all my classes were located.

Suddenly, I heard a HUGE crash from upstairs. Now, no one else was there. So, like all characters in horror movies about to be disemboweled, I went to examine the strange noise.

Apparently, the bottom half of the light fixture in the kitchen decided that it had enough of its elevated position and decided it wanted to examine life from the floor. Alas, since it was an inanimate object, the teachings of Sir Issac Newton were unknown to it.

Ahh Gravity, thou art a cruel mistress.

I then swept and cleaned it up, while sustaining many superfluous cuts to my hands and feet.

2) Bed rebellion

After the first day of J-School, I went to go to bed. I was exhausted from the LONG walks to and from school – seriously 50 minutes walk each way in snow is very tiring!

After reading a few chapter of my book, I get out of bed to put it on my shelf. As I sit down on my bed, there was a large CRACK and a deep hollow THUD.

“Shit,” I thought. “What could possibly have happened now?”

Well, it appeared that my bed frame is composed of wooden slats that slip and slide, as they are approx. 1/2 an inch too short.

I was so tired that I slept on the bed anyway, which upon further inspection the next morning was slightly off-kilter.

But, that’s why man invented three of the most useful tools ever for someone with a budget: DUCT TAPE, HAMMER and NAILS.

The underside of my bed now resembles a failed high school Draft Mechanics project, but it functions and can probably now support 10x the weight it could before.

3) Irony is a bitch

First, a bit of history. I was WARNED about Ottawa winters. Therefore, I got some serious boots. They looks like an army boot and a ski boot got drunk and had a bizarre love child. They are huge, warm and sturdy!

J-School day two came and went, and as a bunch of us were walking outside, an interesting scenario occurred.

Peach â€œ Ohh, this is going to be bad.

She is walking slowly on some ice slanted slightly downhill

Peach â€œ Ohh man, ohh man

My Mind â€œ Hahahaha, show that girl how it is done! Tell her to stop being such a wuss!!!!

I took one step onto the ice and look at Peach

Me â€œ HA! Stop being such a â€œ! WAHHHH!!

I fell down onto my arse â€œ! HARD â€œ! and slid down the whole way.

Another J-School student ran up to see if Peach fell, who is now laughing at my poor situation. And, upon seeing me getting up and my ass covered in snow, slush and ice, laughs hysterically for a good few minutes.

Sometimes I guess irony decides to give you a push, in order to teach you a lesson.

Hereâ€™s an update: Both my back and ass STILL hurt from that fall.

Those are my first few days back in Ottawa. Guess the entire semester should be fun, right? Or, at least give me plenty of blog fodder.

Category

1. bed
2. irony
3. noises

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