

The Future of Journalism and David's Mental Health

Description

Two things to share before I pass out on my couch from exhaustion.

Firstly, I went to a party on Friday with a bunch of my journalism friends. Good times were had by all, some more than others.

A few of the highlights:

- Group plays "Kings" and makes girl drink pot of margarita mix and copious amounts of gin

- Girl vomits on good friend on the couch

- Girl leaves quickly and quietly

- Birthday cake is consumed, delicious

- One girl decided to inhabit ALL the crawlspaces in the place of residence, crawls into pantry head first and displays ass for all to see

- Popped balloons

- I got punched in the stomach AND got slapped on the arse by the same girl within 10 seconds

- Someone vomits in sink

We ARE the future journalists of this country, FEAR US.

Lastly, transit strikes suck.

The people in my journalism program come from all walks of life and live scattered around Ottawa. Seriously, if you were to take a map of Ottawa and toss 21 pins, you would get the general location of where we all live.

Sure, some of us live closer together than others, and some live far away (*cough* ME *cough*), but we all get to school on time.

HOWEVER, with the recent OC Transpo strike (the Ottawa equivalent of the TTC), this is getting more and more difficult as winter marches ever forward.

It used to take me between 15 - 18 minutes to get to school everyday.

Now, oh man, now it takes me 50 or so minutes. If I'm tired and walk slowly, or if snow impedes my progress, it easily becomes over an hour EACH WAY!!!!!! It's a huge waste of time and eats a lot of time from my day.

These walks are sucking the marrow out of my bones, leeching the blood out of me one step at a time, and basically turning me into some sort of perpetually tired rat in a maze who does not know what is going on.

I have yet to miss a class, or even doze during one, but that time is quickly approaching with each day the strike continues.

Please OC Transpo, stop striking, so that I might return to my normal self.

If not for me, do it for the children.

I don't have kids, but I am a guy close to mental fatigue who is a crack shot with a rifle – yes, that is surprisingly true!

Negotiations are like a chess game where you evaluate your opponent's moves and consider your own options. What are your options OC Transpo? The public does not support you any more and are increasingly angry with you for prolonging this strike.

Your move.

Category

1. pantry ass
2. Party
3. tired
4. transit strike

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