

That Which Does Not Kill You, Makes You Stronger

Description

PHEW

It has been a busy few days over here! Let me catch you up.

I had a 3,000 word essay due on Monday about the Species at Risk Act (or SARA) in Canada. I was very, very, very worried about it. I mean, I had all my research and everything, itâ€™s just that I donâ€™t know the first thing about environmental politics, and Iâ€™ve been in the course for a few months!

A bunch of my friends in Ottawa were going out on Friday night, but, I wanted to stay home and do work.

â€œCome on,â€• they said. â€œLeave the work for the weekend,â€• they PLEADED.

I was stoic and firmâ€¦ I said, â€œIâ€™m going to stay home and do work, no matter how much Iâ€™d rather go out.â€•

SO, I did. I stayed home and starting writing the essay. It took me a long time to get my thoughts organizes and I had only written about 600 words before my mind shut off at like 10 p.m. In hindsight, I could have gone outâ€¦ and MAN, do I wish I did. I like having fun with my Ottawa friends. And besides, the essay is unbelievably boring, long and I pity anyone who has to read it ðŸ˜º

Saturday was also spent on the essay, and at about 5 p.m., I finished it! It was over 3,500 words, but it was DONE! I took the night off and caught up on some of the TV I had been missing.

Then, Sunday, I re-read it and made changes. THEN, because I had to present it on Monday as well, I made a handout and drafted my presentation outline.

My brain was essentially all tapped out, but, because I am a glutton for punishment, guess what I did next?

I did a READING CRITIQUE for a different class! I read 2 articles, and then responded to them in 4 pages. I didnâ€™t understand them at all, and this is the conversation I had with my brain:

David â€œâ€œLetâ€™s do this! Itâ€™s our last one! We would have done 6/6, and can relax the rest of the termâ€•

Brain â€œâ€œAre you INSANE! You JUST finished a really long paper, and you want to do more work?â€•

David â€œâ€œI wanna be productive!â€•

Brain â€œâ€œYOU ARE CRAZIER THAN A MAN WHO WEARS SHOES ON HIS HANDS, SALUTES AND CALLS EVERYONE GOVNA!â€•

David â€œâ€œI wanna do workâ€•

Brain â€œâ€œI hate you. Iâ€™ll get you for this!â€•

David â€œâ€œWhat are you gonna do? Think me to death? What a loser.â€•

Brain â€œâ€œI think of somethingâ€œ•
David â€œâ€œHahahaha, brain made a pun. Get itâ€œ!.. thinkâ€œ! and heâ€™s a brain?â€œ•
Brain â€œâ€œYouâ€™re an idiotâ€œ•
David â€œâ€œOwwwww, my head hurtsâ€œ•
Brain â€œâ€œTold you Iâ€™d get ya, you bastardâ€œ•

And that is why, I believe, I have had a headache since Sunday.

My presentation went fine, and then I came home on Monday and fixed my essay.

Now, Tuesday was Remembrance Day, and we were told to write an article about something going on. So, a bunch of us went to the National War Memorial and saw the service. Stephen Harper was there, as well was the Governor General and Jack Layton. It was a nice ceremony, but it was COLD! Like, wear a jacket, hat, scarf, gloves weather so you don't get hypothermia kinda cold.

Now, I donâ€™t know if any of you have tried this, but try writing in a small notebook while wearing bulky gloves. Frankly my friends, it just ainâ€™t happening. SO, I abandoned my gloves so I could interview some veterans. They were all really, really nice and were more than willing to talk about their service history.

As soon as I got home, I wrote the article, and it only took me about an hour. It was really quick. Either Iâ€™m getting better or I just suck even more and only think I am getting better.

And now, here I am, after being home for about 5 hours, and my fingers are STILL cold. I guess you have to sacrifice things to be a journalist â€œ! just never thought it would be my fingers.

Next time, Iâ€™m gonna conduct interviews in Hawaii! Think Universities cover that sorta thing? Oh well, maybe just in a heated room with hot chocolate ðŸ™,

I have a personal issues with the saying thatâ€™s the title, â€œThat Which Does Not Kill You, Makes You Stronger.â€œ• Does anyone actually believe that?

Maybe for like emotional and psychological issues, and small injuries. I mean, I donâ€™t get tears in my eye when I scrape my knee like when I was a kid, I hardly even react now. My issue is with the BIG things.

What if I were to hypothetically jump off the CN Tower and survive? Firstly, it would be a miracle that I wasnâ€™t liquefied on IMPACT and survived. But, I would most definitely break almost every bone in my body. HOW would that make me physically stronger? Anyone care to comment and defend it in this specific scenario?

Category

1. cold
2. environment
3. Journalism
4. Remembrance Day
5. Veterans

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