

Our future is not just a four letter word

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Boys and girls, we've finally made it to the twenty-first century. Our parents grew up in an era expecting us by now to be flying to the corner store in our little rocket cars. And Rosie, the house-bot would be running the home. It hasn't quite worked out that way. Don't get me wrong, we've come a long way, baby. We've mapped out the complete DNA strand. Science dudes, take a bow. We've cured polio and developed some of the most beautiful works of art, the planet has ever seen. Our accomplishments are many. But, unfortunately here at CNC, some students have chosen not to develop as quickly as the rest of us.

To some, this school is nothing

more than an extension of their local bar or pub. Even the great, Willie Shakespeare liked to let loose a bit and enjoy a few pints at his corner watering hole. But he always had the common sense to put that aside so he could rap a few soliloquies. Today, we walk the halls of CNC with aspirations of a better life for ourself. This better life can only be achieved if we're serious as to why we're here and not over there asking, "Would you like fries with that?". Is this nothing more than a 7 day weekend or are we here to make a difference? But every so often that ideal becomes jaded. In my time here, I've experienced first hand some less-than-proper forms of expression by some who should have stayed home to watch "Springer" and

finish off that third tub of Ben & Jerry's.

These little pearls of wisdom, waft through the college like a bad odour and at times have brought me to a physical stop, while shaking my head. They must think that they're back in those glory days puffing their chests, primping their tail feathers to attract some opposite sex with their grasp of the latest profanity. News flash!! You're not in Kansas anymore, Toto. This is a place of educational advancement, not a pissing contest. Why would you dish out the bucks to come here and not even make the attempt to be here?

So put down the happy meal, children, push yourselves away from the kiddie table and join the rest of the adults. The next time you find yourself in the cafeteria or the library or wherever you may be and you decide to take your public conversation down a few pegs, remember the person at the next table may not be able to avoid catching the highlights. No one wants to start their day with a fresh coffee, a new textbook and a healthy "slap" in the face.

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