

PEARCE MY SOUL WITH INSPIRATION

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When I think of our educational institution and attempt to pinpoint my favourite experience in my short year as a transfer student, I am presented with a myriad of adventures: the classes, strangers becoming friends, the post-exam celebratory sushi lunches. Yet, of my 26 weeks of a student last year, the predominant memory is the scent of an oil diffuser. I believe there is a connection between our sense and our emotions; it is this intangible

aroma that defines my first year. Rather, it represents the nurturing, championing and freedom of self-expression that you will gain as a student from the office of which the smell stems: Graham Pearce.

Prior to registering in Pearce's 103 class, Composition and Style, I had mapped myself to complete my first-year English credits online. A close friend of mine, a former College of New

Caledonia Social Work student, caught wind of my game plan and immediately protested my decision. He told me that if I cared about my education at all, I would get myself a seat in Graham's class; he sang Graham's praises. Despite my reservations (how can one instructor hold such reverence, it must be a one-off rapport), I listened to my friend and secured one of the last seats in the class.