



Day one of class, I had no idea what to expect of the man walking through the classroom door. Ironically, it was me who walked through the door after him; I got lost on my way and resigned to asking for direction. I was horrified to be late for the first lecture, yet I was welcomed with a warm smile and a syllabus stating I had no required textbooks, nor a final exam, followed by a class reading of an article about Roger Federer.

I immediately understood why his classes were so desired. This impression only solidified as the semester progressed. Roger Federer was upgraded to Maggie Nelson; instructor led lectures developed into 20-person conversations where everybody was heard; assignment restrictions were lax and time timeframe for marking turnaround was minimal.

Pre-English 103, I was a quiet

student; I found value in either following the majority or bowing my head when I disagreed with certain concepts. Three times a week, for 13-weeks, I would hear the phrase "you have the right to offend, and the right to be offended". Immediately, yet silently, I agreed with this statement. I so feared publicly stepping into that mindset that I only shared my views in the privacy of his office, a place I trusted I wouldn't be judged. As the semester progressed, I equally found that trust in my classmates, and eventually, I realized I didn't need to have that trust to express my views. Through Graham's lectures, paired with his innate belief in the freedom of speech, my confidence in writing and critical thinking skyrocketed. I learned how to respectfully voice my opinions while simultaneously considering and appreciating the beliefs of my peers.

Pearce lives up to and exceeds his reputation floating through our hallways. His teaching is fresh, his grading is fair, and his humour is cringe-y.

If you find yourself in his 103, don't look at it as a necessary first year credit. Instead, recognize it as an opportunity to step outside of your comfort zone; I guarantee you'll flirt with the edge of society, and you won't regret it.