

It's not too late to donate—bleeding never felt so good



PAUL
KNOECHEL

“Look at the facts. Blood isn't grown on these aforementioned blood farms, as I'm sure you've concluded too—unless you've donated blood products yourself. The only place it's found, apparently, is in people (well, and animals too, but that's not the point).”

During a recent visit to my favourite monkey knife-fighting arena, General Chimpo happened to catch my shoulder with a poor throw against his adversary Furious George. The wound was superficial, but it did provide me with quite the eye-opener; I began to bleed. Suddenly, all those Canadian Blood Services ads that I had seen made sense. Blood is in me to give. And here I thought they were just messing with me, trying to lure me to the clinic so that I could be abducted and put into slave labour at one of the country's blood farms.

With this notion at least partially dispelled, I armed myself and headed just south of campus to see exactly what it was these harvesters of human fluid were all about. Less than an hour later, I left about a half-litre lighter, but took with me a small bandage and a full stomach. What have I learned? That giving blood rocks—not because I'm fulfilling any idealistic morals to do good and save lives, but because I am getting far more out of it than I'm putting in.

Look at the facts. Blood isn't grown on these aforementioned blood

farms, as I'm sure you've concluded on your own already. The only place it's found, apparently, is in people (well, and animals too, but that's not the point). And that gives us the power. Canadian Blood Services want your blood, bad. And while laws prevent them from directly paying you, they certainly make it worth your while.

If you're a starving student, the donor clinic is a gold mine of free food. All you've got to do is go in, let them work their vampire-esque techniques on you, and when it's all done, you get to cash in on juice, cookies and some hearty soups. And I'm not talking about stale Oreos and flavoured water. I'm talking about rich, chunky, like-it-was homemade soup and fat, delicious, like-they-were homemade cookies. If you're a Listerite, it sure as hell beats Aramark's reheated rat meat, and the blood nurses don't charge you an arm and a leg for the food—just a pint of blood. Qualify to donate plasma regularly, and that's a free meal once a week.

Stressed out from some exams? All you want to do is kick back and watch

a movie? The blood clinic is where you belong. Sign up to donate some platelets, and for the next two hours, you can watch one of your movies (or pick one from their selection) with your feet up, and nurses making sure you have a nice warm magic bag the whole while. I don't know about you, but that's how I spell relaxation: P L A T E L E T.

Striking out with the ladies? Nothing says I'm a charming, selfless individual than those little blood-clinic bandages. Now a girl's first thought won't be, “Why is he staring at my breasts?” but, “What a wonderful human being! I am so going to lay him.”

Now, some may say that this isn't the way to get people to donate, that they should realize that less than an hour of their time actually is going to save lives. That they should be thinking about this as simply the right thing to do, helping out their neighbour. But seeing as how the clinic is located 15 minutes from any point on campus—a campus that holds 30 000 plus students—and still they're wanting for blood, I think it's time to start appealing to what people actually care about: themselves.

Baby, it's cold outside

It's also time to put away those sexy summer clothes



MARIA
KOTOVYCH

The next thing that needs to go: the sandals. Lately, I haven't seen anyone on campus wearing sandals with bare feet, presumably because it's too cold to expose skin in this weather, but many choose to wear warm socks with their sandals. I wish these people would conduct a simple litmus test to determine if they should be wearing sandals now: if it's too cold to wear them without socks, it's time to put away the biblical footwear.

As Edmontonians, we like to pride ourselves on our amazing ability to tolerate the cold. Even when it's already late fall, some people still like to walk around dressed like it's the first day of school. But living in this city, we must also realize that winter doesn't arrive on 21 December.

As much as we might hate to admit it, winter generally creeps up on us before Halloween. For those who can't accept it, I think it's time to face facts: summer is over, and winter is here. These people need to get over their denial and stop hanging on by a few scanty threads to the belief that it will be warm again soon. I think that these folks need to put away their summer clothes and start dressing appropriately.

I really wish that they would accept winter's arrival and pack away those shorts. And while they're at it, they should ditch their other summer clothes, such as tank tops, mini-skirts and the like. It's cold outside, and yet these people are wearing clothes that leave less to the imagination than the title of OJ Simpson's recently cancelled book. Mind you, it might be funny to hear these half-naked people complain about frostbite in their cleavage or up their skirt.

The last article of clothing that ought to hibernate during the winter: all footwear endowed with 3- or 4-inch stiletto heels. In the winter, we have this thing called “ice” in this city. Typically skinnier than the chicks who wear them, stiletto heels push a woman's body weight onto the ball of her foot. This provides her with neither an adequate grip to handle a slippery surface, nor a good foot position to establish balance on the ice. Women who wear such footwear in winter teeter and totter dangerously when they walk, thereby increasing their risk of a flying face-plant into the snow.

From another perspective, drivers on the roads get irritated when they want to make a left turn through an intersection, but have to wait forever for Princess Prada to tiptoe gingerly across the street. Ladies who wobble on their feet and hold onto their friends for support look foolish, not stylish. Even babies who are just learning to walk look more graceful. I totally realize that my own fashion selections may be “uncool,” but hey—at least I'm not cold.

Stand out.

Athabasca University 
Canada's  Open University®

www.athabascau.ca
Canada/US: 1-800-788-9041
International: (780) 675-6100

Athabasca University delivers distance education courses to students across Canada and around the world. As a visiting student, you can take courses to complement your studies at your home university.

Need a prerequisite? Got a scheduling conflict? Need extra credits? AU can help. Offering more than 600 courses in over 60 undergraduate and graduate programs, AU has what you need when you need it. Start your course anytime, and fit your study times to your schedule.

Take the first step. Talk to your advisor and visit our website or call our toll-free information line.