

Let's be honest: Parliament is populated by whiny children



RYAN BROMSGROVE

We just made it through the labyrinthine Students' Union elections. For the majority of you, it was a grueling month of ignoring the posters, hoping that it would eventually make them go away — and now we're expected to pay attention to another federal election.

What makes this one particularly difficult is that once you start following federal politics, it gets harder and harder to figure out if you're watching grown men and women fighting on a national stage for the chance to represent you or if you're watching a collection of children arguing over whose turn it is to play on the swings.

Let's start simple. If you see a couple of people in a heated argument, uttering things such as, "no, you're it," "nuh-uh," and "yuh-huh," then you're dealing with children. If, however, they are arguing about who caused an election — with Harper saying "the opposition forced it," before Ignatieff retorts with, "no, it was the Conservative party," which Harper rebuts with, "the left is conspiring to form a coalition," prior to Layton adding, "the right is in contempt of

Parliament," until Duceppe finally finishes with, "I hate you all anyway, I don't want to play with you anymore!" — then, humble voter, you're dealing with politicians.

Arguing isn't the only time when the line between legislators and toddlers is blurred. There are other subtle behaviours to watch out for. If you have someone crying on demand to elicit sympathy from those around it to manipulate them into doing what it wants, then you have a child. Don't give it the cookie — it will only encourage it.

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But if you see someone pleading with you to get elected, making promise after promise, saying they'll do anything it takes if you'll just give them your vote — and don't let the other kids get any because they'll ruin everything — then it's a politician. It's not easy to distinguish the difference, I know.

Throwing a tantrum when you don't get what you want is pretty standard for

a child. They really wanted that thing, and they think they're the only person in the world who deserves whatever it is they're whining about. So it's understandable that they'd be pretty upset, even angry, when they're denied it. But if a politician doesn't get what he or she wants in Parliament, he'll do the exact same thing. Yelling is common, followed by finger pointing, and the only thing preventing an all out brawl is that they're usually disproportionately old white men, and they wouldn't want to break a hip.

Finally, we should look at what happens when somebody does get all the power. On the playground, the alpha dog rules with an iron fist, keeping his subordinates in line with rewards of candy and the rights to beat up the new kid, while ostracizing whoever dares defy him. In politics, it's basically the same. When a politician ascends to power, they'll settle in, put all their friends in important cabinet positions, and then run attack ads against the opposition, preventing any chance of working together collegially.

The critical thing to remember here is that with children, they don't know any better. They haven't yet been alive long enough to properly understand the various social norms governing behaviour when around others, so we can excuse their mistakes. Most of us acted the same way when we were kids, but eventually, we grew up and learned how to play nice.

Those who didn't went into politics.

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Yes, the LRT stairs smell like piss. But they're also an excellent leg workout.

Gateway: If you are going to publish articles about memes, you should be aware of how current they are. The only relevant one was trollface.jpg

Why is there only one coffee shop on campus that sells coffee that doesn't taste like it was perked out of someone's ass?

Msg for Simon, News Editor: Check Likealittle. Someone from EDCUP left you a super sweet message a few days ago.

to the girls who keep talking about the boy in the brown jacket in anthro 101, we know who you are.

Single-dad Banana ended in such a tragic way I'll be needing a psychiatrist

I haven't been to SUB since september

To guy from last week: haha doing Kegel's in class, nice, I try to do them more often but I never can get into the habit. Anyway, I wish your penis good fortune and long life. Winter snows avast!

Edmonton awaits nice shoes;

Alas! Fucking puddles. :(

To K.C. Pastrami.

Dear Healthweek Organizers: Put the DDR tournament after 5 on both days, and the GOOD players will show up.

why anal you ask? to help with 'small dick syndrome' -- a smaller hole for little willy

To the girl that asked about guys obsession with anal: I have five words for you, "In the butt, no babies!"

For those interested in joining the U of A's official Handsome Men's Club (Local 646) we meet every Friday, 5:30pm at RATT by the football table.

My cat's starting to look more and more appealing to me each day...it's scaring me. I need a boyfriend pronto!

To the John Doe we met in Cameron, it's a shame we couldn't keep in touch. -The North African girls.

I wish I'd have been given a university bucket list when I started first year. Like free concerts every Monday in Convocation Hall!

"PleasePlayAgain" - the most disappointing phrase in the english language.

Oh shit, I forgot to get down on Friday.

Students should protest the poor coordination of the Organic chemistry labs

Dear classmate sitting in front of me in my 9:30-11:00AM class on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Please take a goddamn shower after tennis or at least use deodorants. You smell like a rotten onion.

Too much B.O. U of A students need to take showers more often. Gag!

A course that should be required for all incoming students is proper hall walking etiquette.

Please stop spitting indoors! I've seen this in the Ruth L stairways and in the gallery. Spitting outside is gross too, but at least the rain washes it away.

There needs to be a day off in late March for everyone to get their shit together. I'm so far behind and haven't registered for classes :(

Dear shoulder slamming pansy in hub. Try me see what happens

Dear king shit right way walking douche bag who wants to shoulder check me in hub-touch me and my knee connects with your balls :(Don't have balls? We'll improvise :)

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