



## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A LECTURER . . .

Lecturing is a lot like trying to put an octopus into a draw string bag .... underwater .... blind folded...

Who are your lecturers, do you really know them? Lecturers have secret lecturer lives, lives that students know very little of. This is a day in the life of the Inscapeanator; 6 hours before wake-up o'clock, I make for bed. I set my trusty ipod alarm for some unnatural hour, and sink into bed; in the five seconds it takes to fall fast asleep I wonder what tune the Mr ipod will choose to wake me with.

MR ipod : I don't like Mondays  
Tell me why  
I don't like Mondays  
I wanna shoo-oo-oo-oo-oot the whole day down

The Boomtown Rats are giving it horns at the foot of my bed, its wake-up o'clock. Happiness.

It's Wednesday, I wonder if Mr ipod knows? Stagger into the shower, glare at the soap daring it to leap onto my body and start cleaning me, hoping for the best, I get out and glare at the towel, hoping it will spring to life and dry me. Commence the morning ritual.

True alertness kicks in about a block from the Wimpy, much like the speed of sound and light, the speed of smell, (which has been scientifically proven to be the furthest distance away from the central point of fully caffeinated coffee where one can first smell said coffee), is enough to wake even slumbering bi-polar bears. The wispy aroma of Wimpy coffee greets my nostrils, somewhere in the world angels are singing and kittens are napping in the morning sunlight.

Coffee in hand, the day truly begins. As a dedicated Inscape-anator, I have spent many an unproductive hour on the highway. It is during this time that I have come across the following items;

- An occasional arm chair in the slow lane
- A two seater couch which had seen better days in the middle lane
- What I assume to be a crushed coffee table or bookcase spread evenly over both the slow and middle lanes
- A double bed mattress being carried across the fast lane
- One set of male genitalia

The last, is not a joke, as much as I wish it were. They belonged to an insipid little man who clearly thought exposing himself was as effective as the "if I could change the alphabet I would put 'U' and 'I' together" pick up line.

Having made the highway my bltch for another day, I arrive! Hello inscapers, hello WORLD, gimme your best shot! So many young minds to mould, so little time. The entire day passes in a semi hazy blur, before its even begun its home time again.

There is a rare skill that Inscape employees have mastered, on the way to college we are able to channel the spirit of Ayrton Senna, on the way home from college we are able to almost entirely switch off, arriving home rested and refreshed.


Just in time to start round two. Ding Ding Ding. (Visualise a skinny, in an unnecessarily small bikini, teetering around on very high heels displaying a board that says "2")

We don't only lecture you, we work too. After a few hours of clicks, aggressive key strokes and choice "adult" words, I look up and notice it is ridiculous o'clock, time for bed - *good night world*.



## Thank you to Inscape from St Lukes's Hospice



Inscape received the above certificate of thanks for donating an Interior Decorating course to the value of R22 600.00 to be auctioned in aid of St Lukes Hospice. 

## Past students' news

Jeandré Botha and Nannette Genis graduated with Degrees in Interior Design in 2008. They are currently living and working in Dubai.

Due to the economic crisis their they are not currently working in their chosen fields but hope to return to Interior Design as soon as possible.



They paid the Pretoria campus a visit recently and announced their engagement! They will be getting married, in South Africa, next year. This came as no surprise to staff who watched their romance blossom throughout their final year at Inscape. We wish them all the best for the years to come!

