

attention!!

Editor's note: This week's attention!! column was written by Tiffany McKee, a sophomore biochemistry major. Tiffany said she was prompted to submit this column after reading last week's attention!! page.

Don't panic!

Okay, so you see them walking together all over campus. Arm in arm, hand in hand, staring deeply into one another's eyes (barely missing a collision with a hurried bicyclist) . . . in love . . . on cloud nine. Well, its all a show — a farce. A simple put-on that somehow manages to create a panic among the majority of the single college students in this world.

The worries begin and continue for quite some time. Then the rationalizing begins: "All right, I guess I can do without the plastic bride and groom figurine that I so carefully reserved a place for on top of the fridge . . ." or "It's gonna be okay, I'll have the neighborhood kids to sit down with and reveal my crazy college experiences to . . ." or "I can always babysit my brother's newborn baby . . ." Well, don't panic, those "serious" college relationships really aren't all they are cracked up to be. Please, let me put your minds at ease.

You've been living a dream. You are the happiest you have ever been in your whole life, ever. You've been waking up thinking about HIM. The phone rings at 6:30 a.m. (you grumble obscenities as you stumble to answer it) but, it's no bother, because it's HIM . . . "I just wanted to tell you how much I love you before you begin your day."

You float through your morning routine. You get to campus and walk to class with one eye subconsciously (well, consciously) searching for HIM. You meet HIM for lunch and are 10 minutes late to class — because you didn't want to leave HIM. You rush home from afternoon classes to cook dinner for HIM, *willingly*. HE comes over and swears HE has to leave by 11 p.m. tonight — HE has been late to all HIS 8 o'clocks this week — but, as usual, the goodbyes don't end until after 12:30 a.m. Things go on like this for weeks. And it's beautiful. Seriously, it really is.

OH! — the weekends are *fantastic*. You anxiously await those sacred Friday and

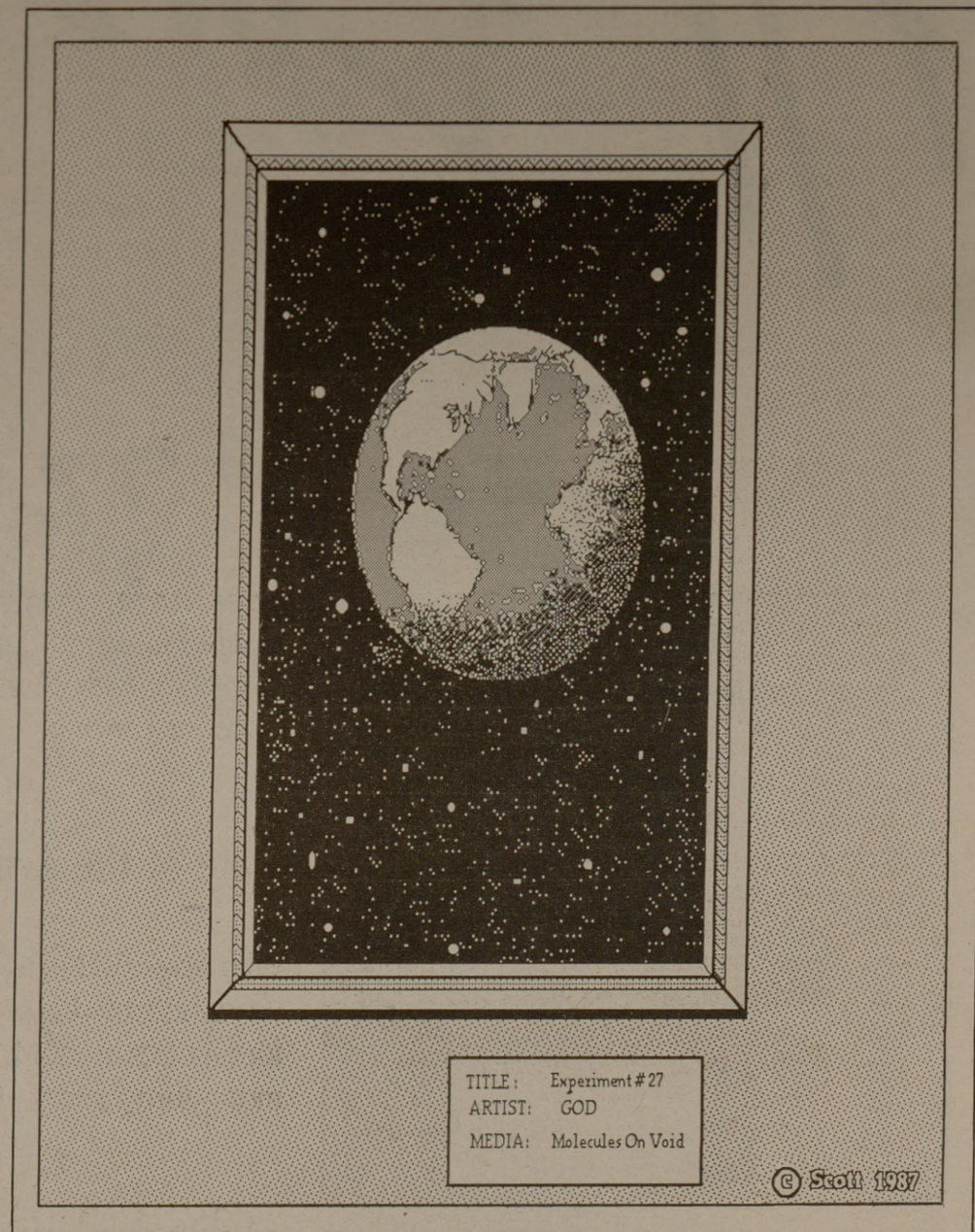
Saturday nights, watching the clock in all your classes continuously — beginning Thursday afternoon and going on through Friday afternoon. You might as well forget those Friday afternoon Math 152 lectures. As far as you're concerned, they don't exist. And the weekends are *not* a disappointment. HE takes you out to dinner, to the movies, dancing. You share bottles of wine together over romantic conversations . . . "Someday, when we get married . . ." Your family members think that you have disowned them. You haven't spent a weekend in your hometown in weeks. Well, the days turn into weeks and the two of you are flying high.

And then, the infamous "six-week crisis." You get back the grades from your second round of tests. Both of you rationalize, saying the sharp grade dive is not due to "the relationship." The first fight usually occurs about now — "You don't *really* love me. You're just like all the rest." And "Why didn't you call last night? You call *every* night." (The nightly visits *had* to stop.) But, you endure. You are in love for real.

Unfortunately, and most girls will not dispute this (sorry guys), the efforts to impress the Chosen One usually diminish after the second month of wonderfulness. Instead of nights spent wining and dining you, the finances call for nights spent watching VCR movies and eating popcorn. The bottle of wine has turned into a bottle of Chek Cola, and the romantic conversation usually centers around "the calculus exam I have to ace to save my grade" and "the three chapters of physics that I have to do by Monday." You spend Saturday night studying (actually studying) together. Oh well, time to face reality.

Oh — about always having a date for formal events: Really, it's not that great. After seeing HIM in the same tux HE wore at the last four formals you have been to, the thrill slowly decreases. And there's you — having the *best* formal you own dry cleaned bimonthly gets pretty expensive. You have enough pictures of the two of you in formal attire to last until your grandchildren go to their senior proms.

But, you are in love. You would be miserable without each other. You go everywhere



together, you know each other like the back of your hands, and you are members of the same organizations. Besides, HE is the only friend you have nowadays. But, really, it's okay.

Some people enjoy spending their college days in this manner. True love really should stand this test of "scraping by" and "sticking it out together" in college. But, come on. Wouldn't you just die to be able to get to know the fine looking guy in your chemistry lab? But, well, why should you? You've got HIM. And what about those Friday and Saturday nights you could be spending with your roommate, finding out her name and major, or at mom and dad's going to bed before 3 a.m. and actually getting eight hours sleep? And, think about how much higher your GPR could be. Well, if not higher, at least you wouldn't be spending study time wondering

whether or not HE still loves you this week. (After all, the last time HE told you he loved you was *five* days ago.)

While I am not intending to knock those who choose to engage — some literally — in serious relationships in college, I'm letting those Panickers know that there is no reason to

worry. Enjoy your singlehood. You can be married for the rest of your life. And, if you're graduating from college, take heart — the "Real-Worlders" can be pretty exciting. They may have jobs to go to every day, but they *never* have to spend a Saturday night studying.

Editor's Note: This Attention! page will be used each week as a forum for you, our readers. We encourage you to submit any original work that would be suitable for publication in At Ease.

Pictures should be black and white shots that are unique either in content, angle or technique. Columns, essays or poems should be no longer than 500 words, and should relate to an unusual experience, a new perspective on a common experience, or just about anything else you want to share with our readers. Please don't send us your gripes, complaints, or sermons on heavy-duty issues — send those to the Battalion's Opinion Page.

Don't forget to put your name and phone number on anything you send us. Then just drop it off at the Battalion, Room 216 of the Reed McDonald Building. Be sure to specify that it is for At Ease.