

# attention!!

Spring is for dreaming and I'm definitely a dreamer.

It's this time of year with its lazy afternoons that is prime daydreaming time. I like to find a sunny and secluded spot where I can relax, collect all my wits and really immerse myself in a good daydream.

Sometimes I can find this spot poolside at Wofford Cain Pool, with the right amount of sun reflecting off the water and outside noises drowned out by the tunes on my walkman. Other times it will be at Lake Somerville, with all the atmosphere of the pool plus a teasing breeze and the openness that provokes thought. Whatever the location, it usually has a healthy dose of sunshine that seems to paralyze consciousness and encourage dreamfulness.

I think the best thing about daydreaming is that you can dream about anything you want — spring break in Fort Lauderdale, climbing the Himalayas, defeating John McEnroe in straight sets, finally meeting Mr. or Miss Right, or catching up in all your classes — ugh!

The thing I most like to dream about is my future, not any specific event but rather a general picture type of dream usually revolving around my career and interrupted by random concerns such as my marital status, my life away from work and whether or not my schedule will ever allow me to finally attempt a couple of personal campaigns of mine, namely skydiving and triathlons.

It usually starts simply enough, with graduation from Texas A&M University coinciding with commissioning into the United States Air Force. I feel confident that this is what I want to do, at least for now.

But what will I be doing in the Air Force?

I know I won't be flying because my eyes don't meet the qualifications. My next choice is in the Office of Special Investigation, working in the counterintelligence field.

OK. Let's assume this is the assignment I receive. (You have to assume this type of thing in dreams.) What does it mean? Where will I be working? Will I have to assassinate anyone? What about the infamous code of silence? Will I be able to tell my family and friends what I am doing? . . . Or will I end up with a desk job?

These questions get the imagination snowballing . . . here is the world famous American spy stalking the streets of Moscow, on the trail of the ever-elusive embassy bugger. Wait! In the reflection of my watch I see a shadow behind me. I turn! Three red-bearded men are upon me, knives slashing through the air, . . . and I wake up drooling on a stack full of papers at PoDunk Air Force Base, Potatoefield, Iowa.

So at least that's resolved. I'll either be involved in high-tech global espionage or pushing paper.

On to the next question. What about my quest to attend law school and/or return to school to pursue an advanced degree?

This is an easy one because regardless of whether or not I join the Air Force and what my assignment might be the answer is basically the same — I think. I definitely plan on pursuing my education. The only variable is time.

If I don't join the ranks of the men in blue, then I can pursue law school directly after graduation. If I do don the uniform, I am planning on staying only four years, so I can return to the classroom then. In the rare and unforeseen event that I decide I want to make a career in the service — what a concept — then I can continue my education while on active duty and even have Uncle Sam foot the bill!

Usually, it is at this point in my dream where I get into the really speculative part — marriage!

Speculation centers around the questions of who and when, and in my scenarios,



**Fernando Yebra, a senior environmental design major, took this week's attention!! photo using recording film and double exposure. Fernando will be At Ease photographer for summer and fall.**

usually the second controls the first.

It's a difficult decision whether to remain a confirmed bachelor or not. The thought process goes something like this:

- I want to marry an Aggie because being an Aggie is simply too big a part of me to have to explain to a non-Aggie.

- If I don't meet the right girl in my next three semesters of school, my chances of meeting the right female Aggie in the Air Force are comparable to finding the proverbial needle in the haystack.

- Consequently and logically, this means I need to meet my wife soon. But does this mean I have to marry her right out of school? I don't know but I hope not, because I have always promised myself I was going to "live some" before I settled down.

- This brings me to my marriage corollary: I think I have already met my wife but I don't know who she is. Talk about mind-boggling.

So I usually end with the conclusion that whenever I figure out who my wife is, I am going to have to decide whether to marry her directly after graduation or forsake her

because we met at the wrong time in my life and settle for someone who wasn't supposed to be my wife in the first place. Understand?

Good. Me neither. But hey, that's what dreaming is all about.

**Russell Pulliam is a junior journalism major.**

*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.*