

# attention!!

## Trips to library prove less fruitful than fun

Usually the word "library" invokes in most people an image of a building filled with books, several students quietly reading and an old librarian with glasses pushed far down on her nose, looking up and saying "Shh" every once in a while. This is the image that I usually try to plant in my mind when I start thinking about going to the library. However, this "librarial" state of mind does not always stay.

I usually start planning a trip to the library when I have an important test to study for, a

LONG and DULL chapter in political science to read or my apartment is just too noisy to study in. Yet sometimes I think that the social subconscious in my brain might also be a factor in urging me to take a trip to the library.

In preparation for my trip, I'll first get out my backpack and pack it with as many books as possible. I always decide that *this* night, of course, I would read at least one chapter in every book. Then, as I am about to walk out the door, I take a quick look in the mirror

and decide that perhaps I need to quickly touch up my face — maybe add a little mascara and lipstick. Also, maybe I should change into my cute new sweatshirt. After all, you never know *who* you're going to run into!

Once I'm at the library I tell myself that I am going directly up to the sixth floor to bury myself in a cubicle — do not pass go, do not collect \$200, do *not* stop to talk — but just straight up to the cubicle. Unfortunately, it just so happens that a couple of my

friends happen to be in the crowd waiting for the elevator, and since it would be rude just to ignore them I stop and talk for a few minutes. After missing about three elevator runs, I break away and head for the sixth floor.

Finally, I make it. I am all alone in a cubicle, hidden behind rows of books, and I plunge into my Economics book with a vengeance. Then, after at least ten minutes of serious concentration, my stomach gives a low growl, my throat begins to feel dry and I

decide that it's time for a candy bar and a Diet Coke down at the snack lounge.

On the way down, I just happen to run into a friend and we join up. We go down into the snack area, buy Diet Cokes, hide them in our pockets so the library monitors won't get us and start back upstairs. On the way, my friend asks me to go around the fourth floor with her to find someone. Hmmm . . . the fourth floor . . . the dangerous one . . . should I do it? Yet, out of the kindness of my heart, I decide to oblige.

Well, once we reach the fourth floor, all is lost. There's Andrea and Kelly and Tom over there at that table, and look, there's Jenny and Brian over there, and there's so-and-so over there . . .

It is now 11:35 p.m. I have finally made it back to my cubicle on the sixth floor and have just gotten back into Economics. The next thing I know, "Ding, ding, ding, ding . . ." It's those bells that mean the library is about to close. Uh oh. It's been yet another night of accomplishment for me. I've read a total of five pages. Oh well. Maybe next time . . .

**This week's attention!! column was written by Laurie Nagel, a sophomore speech communications major.**



**This week's attention!! photo of The Dixie Chicken's porch was taken by Nancy Haire, a junior history 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.*

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