

RANT OF THE DAY

I want to watch Muppet Treasure Island, but my VCR is broken.

Loathing Valentine's Day

Yes, I am taken; yes, I hate Valentine's

JESSICA DUNLOW
OPINION WRITER

Remember when we were all in elementary school and everyone made large bags or boxes for our classmates to put Valentines in? We got one from everybody! Talk about a self-esteem booster. It was not long after this, however, that Valentine's Day lost its sparkle. I am not sure what happened exactly. Maybe it was the fact that your worst enemy was forced to give you a Disney Valentine. On the other hand, maybe it was because you were little and you hated the taste of those stupid candy hearts with sayings on them. Today, there are entire Web sites (www.antivday.com) and products devoted to celebrating the hopeful demise of a somewhat hated holiday.

Katie Woerdeman, a senior at ECU, shares my sentiments: "Happy Valentine's Day, no one loves you, you're single and life sucks!"

Exactly. Why must culture do this to us? I truly dislike you Valentine's fanatics because why "love" your significant other only one day a year? Hmmm? We should celebrate the love we have for a person every single day of the year, not just one random day in the shortest month of the year, because when you think about it, have you ever actually had that perfect Valentine's Day? I know many men and women who are chronically let down by not getting that ideal gift or not hearing the romantic words.

I am just convinced that if you truly love someone, you would celebrate it every day. Little romantic surprises and loving acts should be done everyday. Yes, this seems like a lot to ask, but come on. If you love someone enough, it would be worth it. I firmly believe that the only people you can truly rely on for Valentine's are your parents. They always have something up their sleeve to make you feel loved when no one else takes time to. Diamond necklaces, Reese's Cup hearts and things of that nature, I love it. Celebrate this most unholy day, if you must, and at least try to do it right. When you think about it? No flowers, please. Flowers wilt and die, and yeah, most people are somewhat allergic to some flower or another.

Chocolate just makes us fat, and as much as we like it, please do not give us something that will just serve to give us cavities. My boyfriend is convinced that Valentine's Day is a good "excuse" to spoil me. While I love being spoiled, I would like his reason to be because he loves me and not because Hallmark tells him to. So, if you celebrate it, do something creative at least. Not your typical dinner date with a movie and not those disgusting, confusing chocolates that taste weird, and flowers that wilt and die (Do you want our relationship to die?). When you are all sitting at your boring dinners, watching sappy movies, I will be stewing in my disdain for the day and the fact that the ideal, perfect Valentine's Day will never come. So Happy Single Awareness Day, Happy VD and many more.

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Time to enter the real world

But are we ready?

MARGOT ROGERSON
OPINION WRITER

I have seen a number of people graduate that had no idea what they were going to do afterward. I never thought I was going to be one of those people. For as long as I can remember, I always knew exactly what I wanted in life. Now as I enter my last few semesters in school, I am beginning to question what I always thought I knew.

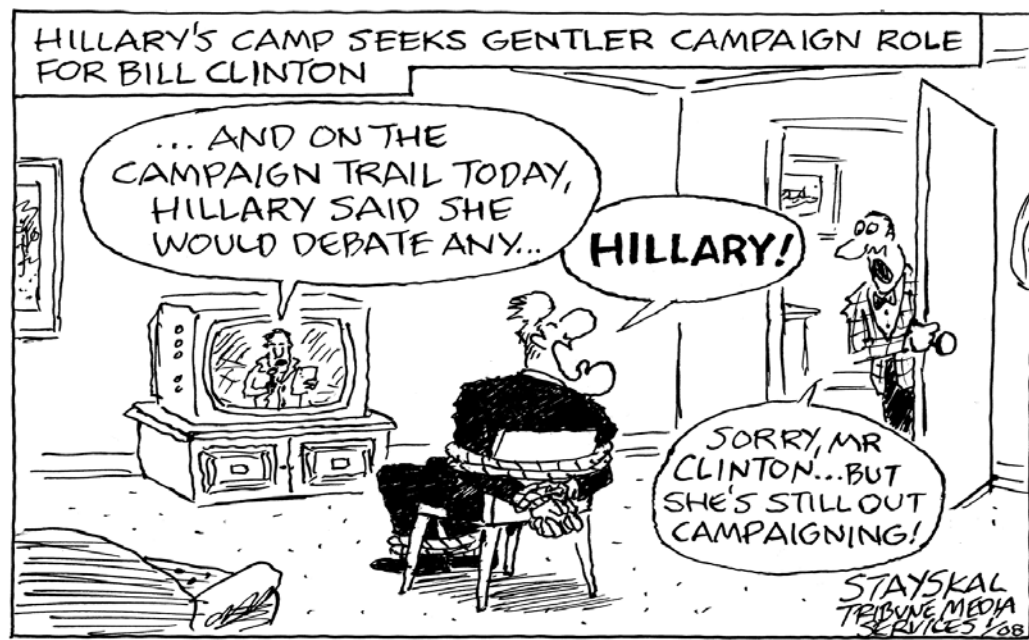
Do I want to go to graduate school? Do I want to get a job? Am I even going to use my degree? Where do I want to be in five years? These questions seem almost overwhelming in the moment you are faced with them. I wonder how many college students get to this point and have no idea. How do we examine these questions critically?

I thought talking to my parents and friends would help, but they quickly pointed out that they cannot answer the questions about what I want for my life. So then I thought of my options. It seems like the possibilities are endless. When I think about how many options I do have, I cannot help but be proud to be an American.

So what to do? I think the problem for most of us is that we spend too much time thinking about making sure we make the right choice. Too many of us try to focus on what we want in the long term instead of just figuring out what we want right now. The worst thing that happens if you start something and hate it is that you change it.

With few exceptions, we have the ability to modify what we want out of life. Once I concentrated on what I want right now, it seemed a lot easier to make decisions about the next steps in my life. I am still scared of getting myself into a career or degree that I hate, but it's almost time to enter the real world, with both feet first.

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PIRATE RANTS

The *East Carolinian* does not endorse statements made in Pirate Rants. Questions regarding Rants can be directed to J.D. Lewis, Opinion Page Editor, at opinion@theeastcarolinian.com. Log onto theeastcarolinian.com to submit a Rant of your own.

Hopefully one day I'll be a Blue Devil.

Jack's Mannequin is like my new favorite band.

I think people are reading my thoughts.

I can't believe my college career is almost over.

Yes, these Pirate Rants are about you!

Finally, an ECU Alert with white guys ... and ten at that!

I'm the Scrooge of Valentine's Day. Bah, humbug!

No, I would love to go with you and your significant other downtown on V-Day; that wouldn't be awkward at all.

Eye wondr how meny mizzpelled Rants r submittid.

Getting a Pirate Rant published is on my "Bucket List."

The ECU toilet paper gave me a butt period.

To the guy sitting right beside me and my roommate at Todd on Tuesday: Dude, if she cheated on you twice and then broke up with you, she's not your type. Don't make the same mistake a third time. Please.

I love scuba guys!!! The dive master in navy blue is hot!

We all know the reason why you won't let students tape your lectures is because you are mean as hell to your students in class.

I am not going to lie, but for a man in his 60's, David Bowie still somehow remains ridiculously hot to me.

To the girl that sits to the left of me in remedial math: You are so beautiful. Why can't I get up the courage to talk to you?

Everyone is a robot except you.

Able was I ere I saw Elba.

I enjoy reading the Pirate Rants every Tuesday and Thursday with you in Psychology. P.S. I like you more.

I changed my Facebook picture to me and a hot dude just to make guys jealous.

Don't talk to me if you're stupid.

How come all of the campus dining facilities always have on BET and rap music?

Hey, go somewhere else to talk on your phone, not behind ME in a cubicle on the 2nd floor in the LIBRARY! All I can hear is you talking and clicking on your computer, playing a game! "Chris left me a message on Facebook...click...click...OMG!" Shut up, PLEASE!!

To all those people who complain about their boyfriend and girlfriend problems: SHUT UP!

Anyone who says that they are in love with a stripper is an idiot! Trust me! Maybe you are so wealthy that you don't mind being robbed by prostitutes that dance.

Is it just me or is there something sexy about beautiful women driving big trucks?

To the hazel-eyed girl I know: Why is when you are single you treat me like the coolest guy you know, but every three months, when you get a new boyfriend, you act like I don't exist?

I'm so glad it was not as cold today!

I am going to be nice to you just because I am a much better person than you can ever become.

I want to watch Muppet Treasure Island, but my VCR is broken.

To the girl who wants to marry rich and pop out 4 kids: I want to marry an attractive rich man and have 8 kids, so no I don't think that's bad at all.

If the people above me don't stop stomping on the ceiling of my apartment, I'm going to go up there and rip the freakin' DDR out of the wall and burn it in front of them! That crap is annoying. I'd like to beat the person who invented that stupid mess that has absolutely no point! If you want exercise go to a freakin' gym!

For the girl in my CDFR class who obviously NEVER takes a shower: Your smell gets worse everyday of class! Apparently, I'm going to have to invest in a gas mask just to get through the semester. Wouldn't it just be easier for YOU to invest in some soap and then actually use it?

I'm about to remove Nip/Tuck from my favorite TV shows on Facebook.

To the girl sitting in front of me in sociology on Wednesday: I hope your cold is better because I don't think I can stand sitting through another two and a half hours listening to you breathe through your mouth.

I'm a male feminist. I think women should receive equal pay for equal work. In fact, I think a woman should be able to do anything a man can do, and that includes standing up on the bus. Quit your b---cng because I don't give up my seat!

Love Animals. Love People. Love Life. That's what SOAR is all about. :)

Your away messages make me want to vomit. I don't care how lovey-dovey, peachy f-ing keen your love life is. Keep it to yourself.

I am wracked with such hearty guffaws that in addition to rolling to and fro on the floor, my posterior has separated from my body. - ROFLMAO

Superbounce balls and guinea pigs look nothing alike; but it was funny, and for that I thank you.

I was once a treehouse.

Actually, same sex guests aren't allowed to stay on weeknights, ONLY on weekends; it's in the visitation policy. Weekends are Fridays and Saturdays, so if you get caught on a weeknight with a same sex guest, you're getting written up.

I wish I was Optimus Prime.

I watch HGTV 24/7. I even know that it goes off the air at 4 a.m., and new programming doesn't start till 8 a.m. Is that a problem?

Sometimes I wish I could write in hieroglyphics.

I think it's possible that maybe I'm falling for you. I guess there's a chance that I've fallen quite hard over you. I've seen the paths that your eyes wander down; I wanna come too...

When I say Hillshire you say Farm! Hillshire! Farm! GO MEAT!

God really does rock. There must be some things He doesn't want to see, yet He's still omnipresent. Take, for instance, your horrible driving. I'm sure He didn't want to see me flick you off, but I did it anyways.

We haven't heard the last of them

And we never will

ALEX LAROCKA
OPINION WRITER

It makes me wake up screaming in the middle of the night with tears in my eyes. It echoes in my mind until I have to either think of ponies, or throw my head into a rock. What could I possibly be describing? Stupid people ... and not just normal stupid people, but stupid people in college.

These "people" surrounded me my entire life, but for some odd reason, God, or the gods, chose college as the general meeting place for all stupid people of America. I don't understand how they got here, or how they survive — a diet of FOX and Hot Pockets most likely — but they could comprise about half of this university.

Now I cannot write this entire article with just my own stories, so I will provide for all of you some of the stupidest things I have ever seen or heard. Note: All of these events really happened, and they all happened at ECU. Another note: If it takes some soul-searching to discover why these events are classified as "stupid," then it may be that you yourself have become stupid or temporarily distracted.

My first event deals with my worst experience, which took place in my English class. My teacher made everyone openly speak about their final paper's topic in order to publicly critique it. My topic is irrelevant, but it led to the teacher asking the class if they knew what I wanted to write about, specifically if anyone knew what "Hezbollah" was. Seeing the no one did, one girl in particular took up the struggle and mentioned that she just didn't have enough time to "watch TV." Slowly, she was informed that news was printed in newspapers and played on the radio, but this only got her to mention to the class that she was in fact ignorant, and that "it just doesn't matter if I am ignorant of everything."

Another enthralling tale was told to me by a

friend, and it took place at a college Democrats table. One of the college Democrats was discussing with a student whether or not he had registered to vote. It turned out that he had, but he was not going to vote because, as he put it, "What is the point? George Bush is just going to win again." True patriots never do vote anyway.

This not being the worst of it, my girlfriend was speaking to a girl online about a project they had to do for, what else, English class. They had to get a historical document and write about it in some form. Curious, she asked her what she was doing for her project. The girl eloquently wrote back, "It is a letter from some war in 1942." The American Revolution or the Civil war? We may never know.

This tale isn't as much about ignorance or misunderstanding as it is sheer and absolute stupidity. In a communications class, the topic of stereotypes was being discussed. The teacher asked the class, "What are some stereotypes for Asians?" A wonderful lady raised her hand and proceeded to inform the class that "In Charlotte all the Chinese people sell ecstasy." And elephants can be scientists. What drew this girl to speak will probably never be known.

If anyone reading this believes some of these stories are out of context, or are mere brain-farts, then you are in denial. Stupid people make it beyond college too, and even into the mainstream world. The worst of which I saw was Sherri Sheppard, of *The View*, clueless as to whether or not the world was flat. I can only imagine the numbers of people at this school who must not know the answer to that, but even 1 percent is worth a good cry. Fortunately the urge to pour molten lead down my ear lessens with the thought that one day I will be able to step out of this university and have a diploma which separates me, on paper at least, from the American status quo.

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Bratty Brat Bratz

Or growing up too fast

LARA OLIVER
OPINION WRITER

Okay, I admit it. I've never really been "hip" or "cool" or anything like that in my life. In middle school, I preferred riding horses to going shopping or getting interested in boys (didn't even date one till I was 16). In high school I hung out mostly with the nerdy crowd or the overachievers — the girls who didn't go out on Friday night because they had an exam next Wednesday, or the boys who could tell you what saving throw to use against an Orc, but couldn't tell you when the prom was to save their life.

In college I mostly turned all that around. I started wearing clothes that weren't from Wal-Mart and paid attention to music that was made after the 1800s. Yet, I was still completely baffled by most trends that swept the campus. Ugg boots: you mean like "ugly?" Leggings for pants: doesn't that make you cold? And of course ripping your blue jeans right below your butt to show off that under-butt cleavage: Congrats! I can see your ripped-up underwear too.

So it's no surprise that most trends among the generation below us either scare me to death or confuse me. It seems like the girls who'll be the trophy wives to our generation of men are a lot, well, sluttier than we were. I remember slap bracelets, jelly shoes and wearing shorts that matched our T-shirts being all the rage when we were 10. Wearing a kitten sweater? Why not pair it with kitten sweatpants? The height of fashion! But now it seems like 10-year-olds care more about how hot they look than if their outfit is comfortable enough to play tag in. I babysat two girls (one 9, the other 7) the other month, and they both owned multiple pairs of shorts with words like "HOTTIE" or "BRAT" printed on the butt. What kinds of parents draw attention to that area? Why not buy them a T-shirt with a witty slogan like "Easily led into vans for candy" instead?

It also seems that being trendy has finally sunk its claws into the male youth as well. Most of you remember that when girls were getting into makeup and high-heels, boys still thought girls were icky and wanted to play with Transformers or GI Joes instead. Yet, this generation of "twens" (oh, God, I can't even stand typing that word) has convinced the boys to start caring about things even adult men don't even care about, like fashion. At my boyfriend's parent's house the other day, his 10-year-old brother told me that he knew a boy in his class who dressed like I do, in skinny jeans, tight shirts and chucks. Now, the way I dress is great for my lifestyle of walking, sitting and walking some more, but I can't imagine trying to run laps around a jungle gym or anything like that without tearing the seams.

I guess a lot of people can't blame this whole new-age of "fashionable" kids on things like Disney's pop-idols like Lindsay Lohan, Hillary Duff, or (guh) Hannah Montana, or the popularity of Bratz dolls (which I affectionately call Slut dolls), but I think the real problem lies with parents (doesn't it always?). It seems that parents, beginning with our generation, care more about their kids liking them than respecting them. It began with latch-key kids like my friends and me getting money thrown at them in replacement of love, and now it's morphed itself into becoming your kid's best friend rather than their parent.

Let's let kids be kids, not mini-adults. I cherish the memories I have of not caring what boys thought of me and thinking ponies were the best things ever. I can't imagine replacing those with worry about whether I was "hot" at 8 years old. Maybe more parents need to remember their childhoods and try to encourage their kids to stay kids as long as possible, too.

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