



Deep Thoughts

BY QUINN EDDY | Thinker

My friends,

I was watching "Armageddon" and thinking of you.

Send that last sentence as a text to a friend and see what happens.

That guy at Grant's who booed me after I read my deep thoughts aloud can gargle my balls.

I'm super bummed because I really thought last week I served up a solid word snack. I also thought it was hilarious that I had a bass player follow me in with a guy on drums who kept the cymbals splashy.

After my second million I plan on buying whatever company that guy who booed me at Grant's works for so I can personally fire him.

I also might have a driving replica of a Warthog from Halo built. If you're not sure what that is, Google it. They're pretty chill.

According to CNN, our first president, George Washington, owes the New York City Library \$4,577 for never returning two books. Now if George Washington doesn't have to pay for his library books I don't see why I should need to pay my parking tickets.

A friend of mine told me that he was trying to sew up a hole that developed in his crotch. He claims to be quite the seamstress. Seamstress, for some reason, is just one of those words that I think is absolutely hilarious.

A lot of popular fishing ponds are stocked with fish. I bet someone somewhere would be pissed if we imported them from China.

I caught myself reminding my dog that computer labs aren't for dogs.

The weather today looks slightly cloudy with a chance of Quinn.

Pullman is one hell of a place. Someone there tried to link up with my dog's tail like one of those flying things in avatar. Another person was so bonked that she had to hold the face of whoever she was talking to assert that they were actually there.

Which brings us to this week's weekly word enrichment. Bonk (n.) - a goofy word you can use instead of "intoxication." Used in a sentence, "Caitlin was bonked at that party."

JEREMY'S JURISDICTION

BY JEREMY VIMISLIK | Opinion Editor



Georgia Peaches!

For more information on the Swim meet, see page 22

The weekend before last, I visited the lovely Emory University in Atlanta. I was there because Central's Swim Club had qualified for the American Swim Association University League Nationals competition. As an officer of the club, I had a very stressful time to say the least. Before I even left SeaTac, I had to pay nine bucks to mail a knife back to me that I had forgotten in my carry on. We had 18 swimmers and only two drivers able to rent cars in Atlanta. The Captain, Baden Sprinkle, and I were those drivers. We had to take two trips with full cars back and forth from the airport, the hotel, the pool, and for food. We got lost for an hour and a half in downtown ATL the first night. I was following Sprinkle at that point, so I just rolled down the windows in my 2010 Chevy Impala and bumped the bass-kickin' rap from the radio. After we had found the airport again, I got a parking ticket at the terminal, then had to move to hourly parking, which I used for literally six minutes. Five hours after we landed, we finally got everyone to the hotel - which was only 16 miles away. To shave seconds, all the men on the team shaved their legs, arms, and chest before the meet.

After the meet, we ate at Waffle House because they have the best damn biscuits and gravy ANYWHERE. While there, swimmer Sam Clark and I noticed a building across the street that had no windows. Was it a bar? Strip club? After I ate, I walked into the mystery building and was assaulted with a cloud of smoke. I heard a voice say, "We're not gonna bite." My eyes adjusted and I saw a bunch of middle-aged men staring at me. I confirmed with the bartender that it was a bar, explained that I was driving and made an empty promise to come back later. About two minutes later, I had a conversation with the Waffle House cook, who was laughing after informing me that I had just walked out of a gay bar, in a gay part of town. The other side of the building had a gay strip club, which I wasn't brave enough to go in alone. I was a newly shaven swimmer, after all. I've been laughing about that since I got back.

Continued from previous page Since the source articles published were based on many older versions of the bill, I had to search for their place in the newer bill. The disparity between source bullet points and their page number in the new bill ranged from no change to 300 pages.

To my surprise and embarrassment, I did quote word-for-word the bullet point on federal bank access. Through all of my fact-checking I must have gotten that line stuck in my head and typed it in. I apologize for this discrepancy. I have NEVER copy-and-pasted anything not directly attributed in any piece of work I have done. Again, I sincerely apologize to my readers because of this oversight. I take full responsibility for this. I also did not presume at any time that I was an expert on the bill. Frankly, I think no one is - even on Capitol Hill.

In response to your comment about taking facts out of context, I urged readers to research for themselves the ins and outs of the bill. I wish to merely foster concern among our indifferent peers and spur their own interest in our collective future. I am grateful that you are not indifferent, Mr. Dorsett. I had hoped my comment on us drifting into Orwellian society would have upset more readers into writing to me. Thank you for observing the Observer. We are, after all, just students.



Ask Tina Sparkle:

If you think I care, WRITE IN and see! asktinasparkle@yahoo.com

Dear Tina,

I have this friend, who (to be nice about the subject as much as possible) is always just so miserable. Personally it bugs the CRAP out of me, but I live with her, and I can't do too much about it now, until the end of the school year when I can move out. What should I do?

Signed, CB

Dear CB,

If you don't have anything nice to say, come sit next to me and we can talk about it. Because sometimes by actually talking about something you don't like you will learn how to work with or around certain situations.

I know a lot of people right now probably haven't read past the first sentence. If they have, then sweet! They might be learning a little bit themselves.

Have you sat down with your roommate, and talked to them about this? If you haven't, do so now (AFTER you've read what I have to say). People need to start realizing that talking is the key to understanding one another. For example, if you are mad at one of your girl friends because she is always talking like she is the s***, then let her know she's being too narcissistic. She might get offended, but if she isn't willing to listen to you, then she obviously is too closed-minded to listen to reason. Friends are here to help guide one another to better themselves in life. Some friends we call lifetime friends (best friends), and they help you throughout your life. Some are good friends, they are the ones that help you while you are around them. You even have the "dose" friends, who you can't stand to be around longer than an hour, BUT within that hour they've helped you before they got extremely annoying.

But with all your friends it's always important to talk to them. Your lifetime friends are the friends that will take and give constructive criticism; your good friends are ones who at some point won't take criticism and stop talking to you. As for the "dose" friend, well, sometimes its best not to tell them,

they are the friends who once you say something to criticize they go play the "telephone" game with everyone else, just like in PRESCHOOL.

So what am I trying to say? TALK! If your roommate gets upset, good. Let them get upset, give them their space, but eventually they are going to say something back to you, and you shouldn't react to it. That might be them testing to see if you are going to react, and a reaction means they can bother you. On the contrary, if they take what you said and learn from it, then you both have grown. You've learned to speak with people, and they have learned to not be so miserable.

Always remember though, "misery loves company." So know the boundaries and don't get consumed into it.

LOVE ALWAYS, *Tina Sparkle*

P.S. - For those of you who don't know what narcissism is, it's being very egotistical. The term Narcissist comes from a Greek story about a man named, Narcissus, who loved himself so much that one day he came across a lake and saw his own reflection and thought he was drowning. He leaped into the water trying to save himself, but in turn ended up drowning. Moral of the story: don't drown in your own love of yourself.

Now, do you think if he had someone to talk to him that would of happened? That's something to think about.

REALationships 101:

"I love you" ... "Awesome"



BY ERICA SPALTI | Online Editor

Dear Erica,

I have been dating my current boyfriend for about eight months and the other night I told him I loved him. I thought he was going to say it back, but all he said was "awesome." Ever since I said it he has been all distant and weird. I don't know what to do. Should I not have said anything? I am so confused! Please help me!

Thanks, In Love

Dear In Love,

At least he didn't say "Thank You," which a lot of guys do. The word "love" really freaks them out. This is a really tough topic and I knew it was going to come up at some point, so here is my best attempt to help you.

You cannot put a timeline on love. It cracks me up when I hear people saying, "you cannot say the words 'I love you' to your significant other until you have been dating for at least six months. For best results, wait a year." For best results? What are you talking about, hair color? While yes I agree, you cannot know if you really love someone after a week, let's get serious. However, if you start developing deep feelings for a person after a few months, say two or three, then it could be love.

I can't tell you to voice your feelings to your partner, because let's face it - not all men want to talk or hear about your feelings. But if you feel the need to tell them and they respond by saying "Oh," "Thank You," "Awesome," or my personal favorite "That's cool," then it generally means one of two things:

One: he is not the romantic type. Right now he is totally freaked out and he doesn't know how to let you down easy.

Two: He is freaked out in a good way and doesn't know how to handle his feelings towards you. He is feeling the same way, but afraid if he says it back you won't believe him. I'm not saying this is true for all guys, this is just what I know from past experience.

You are fine. Your man probably really does love you, but he is probably just as scared as you are of getting heartbroken. Give him time and he will say it. Once he does say it, back don't throw it around like the words "Hello," "Goodbye," or "duuuuudde." Say it with feeling and meaning when you really do mean it. If that means you don't say it every day, it's OK. I hope this helps!

X.O.X.O.

Erica

Got a relationship problem and you need some outside advice? Send me an e-mail me at cwuobserveronline@gmail.com.