

# Editorials

## “Everyone’s getting married.....but me”

**Sarah Rogers**  
Campus Life Editor

My mother is a very realistic woman. When I was a child, she made the courageous decision not to fill my young mind with hogwash. When story time rolled around every night, I was listening to excerpts from Women Are From Venus, Men Are From Mars as opposed to the Grimm Brothers’ fairy tales. No doubt, from the very beginning, I was conditioned to be a self-reliant and self-sufficient gal. But, don’t get me wrong here. I am not anti-male or anything. I deeply care about all of my boyfriends. But as I get older, I am constantly faced with a very scary thought. Everyone I know is getting married.....but me!

The first person that I am terribly close to who achieved the holy status of engagement was my sister. She informed me last year that she and her boyfriend will be betrothed sometime late next year. The news made me immensely happy because, as sister of the bride, I know I will play an important role in her special day and look terribly forward to meeting all of her “soon to be husband’s” friends. Yes, I have no problem with my sister getting married. She is five and a half years older than me, and people who are twenty-five get married all of the

time. But, as soon as she broke the news of her engagement, all sorts of trouble began.

Within weeks, my roommate became engaged. After scraping her ring across glass to make sure the diamond was real, I listened to the story of her wedding proposal. Her fiancé took her to the Biltmore Estate and proposed to her in the library. It was so cheery.....I felt totally nauseous. Next, my best friend from home called to drop the bomb. She and her boyfriend decided to get married, too. Suddenly, these engagement spurts did not excite me. As a matter of fact, I felt rather depressed. Everyone seemed to have someone wonderful in their lives but me. I was ready for a girl’s night out.

But, as luck would have it, my next girl’s night out happened to in celebration of a bachelorette party. I realized that I would not be escaping the marriage plague anytime soon. As I climbed into the limo, I started to sweat, and a huge lump formed in my throat. My friend from Brevard College would be getting married in a couple of weeks. I had seen the ring for a while, but I did not really think that she would follow through. I felt wrong the whole night. No one my age should be getting married. Then, an especially harsh thought occurred to me. I was totally alone in the world. I was a loser.

So, I ran to safety at my grandma’s house which is where I usually go to be told that I am the most special person in the world. But, when I arrived there, I encountered my cousin who had a smile on her face that seemed vaguely familiar. She informed me that her boyfriend of two years had asked her to marry him next June. So, not to ruin her day, I kept my problems to myself.

Suddenly, I realized exactly what my problem was. Everyone had a fiance but me. I assumed that everyone else was just jumping the gun, but then I started to wonder if maybe I was just a step behind everyone else.

On the verge of an emotional breakdown I decided to act fast. I picked out an engagement ring, chose a wedding gown, and made a quick list of necessary finger foods. Alas, there was a major problem. I HAD NO GROOM! That was the only thing stopping me from having a wedding. Unfortunately, that would be a pretty big hurdle to overcome. Sure, I had plenty of boyfriends, but it is not like I would marry any of them!

So, I began to rethink the institution of dating. It didn’t seem fun at all anymore. I decided that dating was nothing more than a polite way to say “process of elimination”. I started inspecting and interrogating people about their financial, emotional, and physical states. But, that was not

netting me any possibilities. Something had to be wrong with me. Why else would no one ask me to marry him?

Then, one day my roommate went to take a shower and left her engagement ring on the desk. So, I tried it on. When I slipped the ring on my finger, it felt like a big, mean snake sucking the life out of me. Something hit home in my mind and in my heart.

I saw the light. Wearing the ring felt wrong because it was not mine. Then I started wondering why I ever wanted to get engaged in the first place. Because everyone else was? What a stupid reason! I realized that if I was engaged, then it could be potentially difficult to date other males. What a rotten deal!

Once again I learned another valuable lesson. One day the perfect guy will ask me to marry him, and I will. Then I will be in love like everyone else I know. There is no need to rush things now. I am young, and now is the time to have fun.

So, congratulations to everyone who plans to get married any time in the near future. I hope that your marital bliss doesn’t end prematurely in divorce. I will be waiting patiently for JFK, Jr. to leave his “gnarly” wife and come home to me.

## Grading needs facelift

**George Spitzer**  
Design/Layout Editor

While looking at my other friends’ grades this past semester from other colleges, I have found out that we are being cheated.

Grading at most universities consists of A, B+, B, C+, etc. For instance, a class equal to 3 credit hours, an “A,” would equal 12 points just like here, and a “B+” would equal 10.5 points. A “B” would equal 8 points, and a C+ would equal 6.5, etc.

The grading system used at bigger universities gives their students an unfair advantage. We work just as hard as they do, but yet they are actually given something back in return.

Also, if a student had a GPA of approximately 3.4 and wanted to join groups such as Phi Theta Kappa, the new grading system would give those students a better chance to be a part of the groups.

The grading system at big universities also gives their students a competitive edge when they are planning

to transfer to a different school or are going to a graduate school.

I feel the system we use is archaic. I cannot fathom what the big deal would be with changing the grading system here. It would not do any harm to this school, and it would not be a painful transition. Don’t the students deserve something for their hard work?

The work involved in changing the system would **IMPROVE** this school’s standing between other similar sized colleges. More-than-likely people would like to know that Brevard College can be just as competitive as any other school.

For approximately \$13,000 per year, I think we should be treated just as equally as anyone else at a big university.

If the slogan of Brevard College states “A Better Beginning,” then the grading system should be changed to prove it.

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