

# Nancy's Nook

## Future frets

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Since the dawning of senior year, resumé-writing and cuticle-biting have taken up a grand portion of my leisure time. Too often the present is so consuming that one may ignore or deny the future. Not I. Lately I have been bombarded with questions regarding the future. These questions force me to acknowledge the inevitable. More and more inquiring minds ask, "Isn't this your last semester? What are your plans after graduation? Have you started interviewing yet?" These questions shoot from every direction.

Don't these inquisitors know how hard it is for me to concentrate on my studies, friends, last Guilford moments and life as a whole without comments like, "Oh, an English major? What are you going to do with that...teach?" Can't they see in my reddened face that the future constantly breathes its fiery vapors down my back?

I tried to keep my cool this semester. I sought help in the Career Development Center. I handed out my letters of recommendation. I even attended the Greater Greensboro Job Fair. The constant requests for my career and life development updates make my stomach queasy and my eyes teary.

Luckily, for awhile, I devised what I thought was a sure escape from these banal, grilling periods. Each time someone asked me about my future plans, I fabricated a captivating plan to quench their questioning mind. The reply depends upon my mood. "I have been chosen as one of the five American, English majors in the continental United States to walk on the moon and record my impressions of its surface." Or "I'll be designing manhole covers in Alabama." Another one of my favorites is, "The Baltimore Aquarium has asked me to join their Ichthyological Identification team."

After speaking with my best friend from home Tina, a slender, very stylish graphic arts major, I found that she practices this technique herself. The only difference between our fabricating techniques is that she uses the same answer every time. When approached with a question regarding her future, she tosses her long, flowing auburn hair back and replies, "I'm going to work at the WaWa." For those of you who have never had the WaWa experience, it's a convenience store like the Circle K or Wilco. Usually then she takes a long drag from her cigarette (Tina is always smoking) and seriously asks, "Would you like cream or sugar? Hard or soft pack?"

Simply by having a serious face and using

a lot of hand gestures this future WaWa woman could convince people of anything. I think that's the key. For awhile I dabbled in answers like, "I plan to join the nunnery." However, keeping a straight face proved to be more difficult than I imagined. As soon as my face wrinkled with laughter, I knew I needed to turn to something more bizarre.

Unfortunately my amusement was halted. On the eve of my Garden State New Year, I sat at a party next to Christina Lambardoasi (a friend of a friend) with whom I had not previously spoken. My favorite reply when approached about my future plans had become, "I am going to be a ballerina." She asked. I answered. I had used it one too many times. Usually, using this reply would cause the inquirer to look a little baffled and try to remain polite while changing the subject. Hah! I thought I'd be able to slip by. Horrifyingly though, this Christina was a ballerina. Great! How was I supposed to know? She appeared to be just another stranger to slip from without having to discuss my true, half-baked, unclear, multi-faceted plans.

I should have sensed the danger! I should have seen the collision of truths in the coming. Kaboom! My slipping caused me to be slammed. Just my luck. She's a ballerina in Miami. Hooray. It became painfully obvious as I sat next to this ninety-pound, youthful strumpet with the pointed toes and neatly perched bun that we were in no way comparable. Maybe we are both bipedal, but that's the extent of it. O.K. There are times when in the privacy of the Benson home I have imitated my favorite Solid Gold dancer (Darcell), but I'd never go public.

I immediately wished to swallow my words. I tried with all of my mental prowess to make myself invisible. Of course that didn't work. How could I let deception lead me to this? How could I fib so quickly without testing the waters first? I should have just told her I planned to be the Princess of Wales because Lady Di is vacationing. Oh please. What a fool I was. What if she had asked me to do a pirouette? What if she said, "Oh I have an extra tu-tu, let's do a duet in the kitchen." I would be in sad shape. I would have to fake an injury and start screaming, "Help, my ankle is twisted, I've ruptured my spleen!"

For a split moment I questioned my next move. Should I move the furniture and do a split? Should I pretend I am suddenly mute and grab my throat in utter surprise? I paused for a moment. I collected myself and waited in fear for her response. She asked in a soft tone and boarding-school lisp, "Did you say you are going to be a ballerina?" I quickly replied, "Oh, no. I said, 'So you're a ballerina?'" Brilliant save, Nan. I couldn't

believe it. Now I was a double liar. Now I really had my paved my way to hell with my slimy tongue.

Luckily she went for it. She proceeded to tell me all about her studio, her agent and all of the happy horseshit which being a ballerina entails. Needless to say, I haven't fabricated any future plans since then. Now I just ask the askers if they have half an hour or so and I spell it out for them. I must admit, however, that it was quite exciting to think of myself as a moonwalking, ichthyologist ballerina.

Spam will still be available next week. The Guilfordian won't be.

There will be no Guilfordian issue next week. However, there will be a general staff fiesta this Wednesday at 9:00 in the Passion Pit (Where else?) Want some details? call Nancy at 2644

## This Week at a Glance

Feb. 10 to Feb. 17

DAY/DATE	TIME	EVENT	PLACE
Monday, 10	Lunch/Dinner	Cookie Sale	Founders Lobby
	Lunch/Dinner	Carnation Sale	Founders Lobby
	Noon-1 p.m.	Committee "W" Meeting	Dana Lounge
	2:30-4 p.m.	Faculty Study Group	Boren Lounge
Tuesday, 11	Lunch/Dinner 3:30-5 p.m.	Carnation Sale	Founders Lobby
		Career Development	Dana Lounge
	5:15-6 p.m.	Interviewing Workshop	Moon Room
	7:30-10:30 p.m.	Episcopal Holy Eucharist	Gallery
	8:30-11 p.m.	NCSL Debate	Boren Lounge
Wednesday, 12	Lunch/Dinner 2:30-4 p.m.	FCA Meeting	Founders 203A
		Exploratory Bible Study	Founders Lobby
	2:30-4 p.m.	Carnation Sale	Moon Room
	4-5:30 p.m.	Faculty Meeting	Boren Lounge
	5:30-6:30 p.m.	Senate Meeting	Boren Lounge
	8:30-10 p.m.	SRC Meeting	Boren Lounge
Thursday, 13	9-10 p.m.	Lecture "Eyes on the Price"	Gallery
	9-10 p.m.	I.V.C.F. Meeting	Boren Lounge
	9-10 p.m.	Guilfordian Staff Meeting	Commons
Friday, 14	10:30-2:30 p.m.	Amnesty International	Dana Lounge
	11 a.m.-2 p.m.	Yoga Class	Gallery
	2-3 p.m.	Camp Chestnut Ridge Recruiting	Founders Lobby
Sunday, 16	2-3 p.m.	Student Development Meeting	Dana Lounge
	8 p.m.	Campus Alanon, Elliott Center	UNCG
Monday, 17	9:15-10:30 p.m.	"Rave" Union Dance	Dana Lounge
	9 p.m.-1 a.m.	Student Development Dept Heads Mtg.	Dana Lounge
	9-noon	Christ The King Church Service	Moon Room
	6-7:30 p.m.	Class Meeting	Leak Meeting
	7-8 p.m.	Catholic Mass	Boren Lounge
	7:30-9 p.m.	Serendipity Meeting	Commons
Monday, 17	8:30-9:30 p.m.	WQFS DJ Meeting	Gallery
	10-midnight	Student Loan Fund	Founders Lobby
	10 a.m.-6 p.m.	Jewelry and Clothing Sale	Founders Lobby
Monday, 17	2:30-4 p.m.	Faculty Study Group	Boren Lounge
	7:30-9 p.m.	Charles Merrill Reading	Gallery
	9-10:30 p.m.	General Union Meeting	Commons

LECTURE: On February 10 at 4 p.m. in the Gallery, Heather Sellars, an English Department Candidate from Florida State, will deliver a talk entitled, "Writing on a word processor: what difference does it make?"