

Tucker's Corner

You Have To Read
This One To Believe
It!

by Anne Tucker
The Salemite

Maybe you've been wondering what I'm up to lately or where I've been. Well, I'm getting ready to tell you. First, you have to promise not to laugh too hard. Of course I'm taking classes and doing the SGA thing. But, the irony is that this semester, Anne Tucker, poster child for heart and lung disease, is now a down and dirty ball-brubbing soccer machine. Yes, a regular SCUD missile on the field. Surprised?

Perhaps some of you saw me hyperventilating up the hill from the Pit last week. Or maybe you saw me buckled over gagging in the horse trough on the square. At that particular moment I began to question my sanity. Everyone on the whole team had lapped me at least once. Half of the girls had already eaten, showered, and gone to Phar-mor before I could crawl to the steps of my dorm. I wasn't thinking about trim thighs or tight buttocks or even an ideal heart rate. I simply prayed that I wasn't having cardiac arrest. I'm happy to say that my next couple of days were much better. No more heaving up lung biscuits or suffering from coma-like blackouts.

More and more I began to realize that it was actually possible for a pork-rib-eating, chain-smoking, on-the-path-to-hardening-of-the-arteries, girl like me to get her act together. I also have discovered that there really is a muscle (although quite severely underdeveloped) under those twelve layers of Bojangles grease.

I'm absolutely thrilled to smell like a cattle farm and look like a PigPen every night. I don't even care that I have ruined three of my favorite T-shirts or that there is mud caked down to my cuticles. Nor does it bother me that those after-dinner cigs don't taste quite so good.

I am REALLY sore, though. I don't do steps anymore and I've seriously considered having handicapped bars installed in our bathroom. So, will I stick with it; this insane sadomasochistic self-inflicted torture? Of course (knock on wood).

I feel better now than I've felt in years; like a whole new person. Also, I really don't want to give up the cool-jock pullover we just got. My goalie shirt is pretty piffy, too.

Now that I've gotten you curious, I hope you will come out and support the soccer team this spring. If anything, you should come to see an absolute miracle of science, that is me, running around and kicking balls as if I was an athlete or something. If you do make it down one afternoon, be sure to cheer wildly for me, and all the rest of my teammates for that matter. Your encouragement will make all my weeks of water blisters, sore buns, and dirty laundry worthwhile. Look for me, I'll be the one wearing the oxygen mask.



In order to convince the Feds that their union is valid, Bronte and George concoct photographic highlights from their brief life together. Photo courtesy of Touchstone Pictures.

Movies, Movies, Movies



by Angie Shotts
The Salemite

The holiday season brings many things with it. Among these are a barage of movies designed to entice the college student to spend her newly received dough. Being the sucker that I am, along with the fact I HAVE NO LIFE, I frequented the movie theater often. Since most of you already know what these movies are about, I will simply give a brief summary about whether or not they are worth your precious \$5.00.

Dances with Wolves - This is a film that is far from the ordinary product of Hollywood. Upon entering, you travel back in time and become completely engrossed in a story that lasts three hours. Personally, I would never have believed the movie was that long, except I had to go to the bathroom three times. Definitely two thumbs up!

Greencard - This was a cute movie, but the ending left much to be desired. I enjoyed it, but could have waited until it came out on video.

Mermaids - This movie is hard to describe, as anything that has to do with Cher. I thoroughly enjoyed this flick and highly recommend it.

Edward Scissorhands - Strange, very strange. But a sweet love story in an odd sort of way. It is hard to describe whether or not to recommend this movie, it would depend on if you have a bizarre sense of humor, which I do.