

# Opinions

## Taking time to appreciate the little things and the Caseys in life

Life. We go through it day by day, all too often just going through the motions.

Rarely do we take time to appreciate our surroundings. The environment we live in is possibly the most influential aspect of our life, and yet the one we most often disregard.

By environment, I mean both nature and that which you encounter daily.

Nature can be the most relaxing and inspirational entity if we let it. To walk out your door, hop in your car and rush to class offers no inspiration.

The pace we rush through life doesn't allow us to even "stop and smell the flowers," much less admire a tree, bird or even the sky.

I've had the benefit of taking two classes here at Elon from professor Anthony Weston: ethical practice and philosophy of education.

While I am neither an education nor philosophy major, these classes were two of the best I've ever taken.

Why? Besides the engaging discussions and relaxed atmosphere, the class opened my eyes to life.

During one class, we walked around campus as slow as we could, fully taking in the beauty and quality of our surroundings.

Other than the

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painted grass (a wonderful shade of green), I was engulfed by the fortitude of life and magnificence that I take for granted every day.

I saw things on this campus that in four years, I have never really taken the time to appreciate.

I sat in the grass, under an oak tree, around the fountain and by the pond. I chased the ducks, smelled the flowers and walked barefoot through the grass.

Heck, I even strayed from the "red brick road" to walk wherever I pleased.

As humans, we take so much for granted. At the beginning of September, my roommates and I were given a stray puppy.

It was so adorable and playful, we couldn't refuse. Within two or three weeks though, we were unsure what to do.

Casey peed everywhere—on my foot, our favorite couch, up the stairs—you name it, and she sprayed it.

We were so caught up in our stressful, daily lives that we never took the time to appreciate the life she brought to our apartment.

We didn't neglect her, and we played with her whenever we could. Many times, though, that was only in the midst of spare time or when winding down our days.

Casey died this weekend. She was hit by a car in the Oak Hill parking lot. My roommate carried her in his lap to the veterinarian, but

she died on the way.

Not having her around makes me realize how important life is, and how quick it can be taken away. I still walk in my apartment expecting her to greet me like Dino from the Flintstones, jumping on and licking me.

I realize how much I miss that and everything else she did—lying beside me on the couch, eating the furniture, tromping around with my favorite slippers in her mouth or tearing around the room chasing balls.

There is so much truth to the saying, "You don't know what you've got till it's gone." I see this in my college life, too.

It seems like yesterday I was a freshman living in Smith dorm, immune to responsibility and placing all importance in social life and nothing else.

I did everything with my friends—from bowling, wrestling and rollerblading in the halls to jumping in Lake Mary Nell.

Now, I'm a senior, ready to graduate and hit the "real world." I

run around like a chicken with my head chopped off, neglecting those I care about because there is no time to relax and socialize.

Soon, I will be gone and all this will no longer be reality, but just a memory.

The other environment, my friends and peers, will no longer be easily accessible. It's difficult enough to get together with high school friends—college friends with careers will be next to impossible to reach.

While you have the privilege of still being in college do all you can to make the most of it. Appreciate all that is around you, and make time for it.

Do something every week—go out to dinner, see a movie, chase cars (wait, that was the dog)—whatever.

It's no question that something is better than nothing. The little things are usually the ones we frequently forget, yet are so much more appreciated.

So just do it all, because life is meant to be lived, not laxed.

## Bambi and The Beans battle the cow drip juggernaut

I do not mind the fact that people enjoy gnawing on the flesh of Bambi.

Bambibiscuits, Bambi on wheat, Bambi on rye, and don't come crying to me when they kill Bambi's mother to make Bambi Burgers.

I was never a big Bambi fan. I am, however, a big gorilla fan and I do get upset at the idea of gorillas dying off because much of their far-off land is being cleared for grass (although lovely like Elon) and cows for us Americans to swallow.

I guess what I am trying to say is this: if you flog Bambi down with your Grand Cherokee, fry her up. Maybe I would be more sympathetic to your trauma created from watching Bambi if she was bulldozed over to open a local chain of Beastie Burgers.

It's when the products are imported from what was once a beautiful rainforest with more vivid color than the black and white of cows and extra green grass.

I guess I'm not the biggest cow fan, and how can you have respect for someone who has a mustache due to something that dripped from a cow?

The other day I ordered an apple-carrot juice from Elon's finest (and only) coffee shop.

While my concoction was getting juiced I overheard some folks saying something like, "Eww gross, is someone really going to drink that?"

I laughed knowing they were talking about me.

After laughing I immediately shuddered imagining the same folks chatting about spatial analysis over big glasses of milk.

Naturally I began feeling sick and was thinking similar thoughts to their own; "Eww gross, someone would drink cow

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drip? That just isn't right."

It really disgusts me to think of the machine fresh milk falls from. Milk drips from a cow you know, and some hairy man or some metallic machine has to act as a juicer.

And with all these new growth hormones aren't you afraid you are just going to double in size one day?

The taste, the color, the thickness, the look, the thought of the crust around the top of the container, it is all just too much to talk about.

Do avid milk drinkers honestly think this drip tastes wonderfully delicious? Do they enjoy the little mustache milk leaves on their upper lip, serving as a reminder that this beverage means business?

Milk reminds me of those Pepto Bismol commercials where "the pink stuff" coats the stomach completely.

I don't want to imagine what that stuff does when it enters a milk drinker's body in large doses.

Everyone always says milk is a great source of calcium but I think of milk more as a great source of cow serum and that just couldn't be good for you.

When I find out someone drinks milk I do tend to hold it against him or her, but it doesn't end there.

I tend to not like white things such as white cars, white dishes, white children, and Vanilla flavored Ice.

Therefore, when celebrities such as Hanson and that guy Paul who plays the keyboard for David Letterman pose for a "Got Milk?" ad, I tend to lash out and fight back and I stop buying their records.

These ads do nothing more than strengthen arguments of parents who are the keepers of avid anti-milk munchkins. Thus, it makes it incredibly difficult for us to express why exactly we do not like milk despite the fact that these ads make no sense.

Really, who would be compelled to walk around all day sporting a milk mustache which you know has got to smell horrible while pos-

sibly growing that filthy crust?

Perhaps one day we will have equally as logical ads for juice called "Not Milk!" to please those of us who refuse to drink a nice big glass of milk with dinner or our cookies.

Equally rad celebrities like the Spice Girls and The Beans could pose drinking fruity and colorful beverages that match their outfits, their fans and their hair.

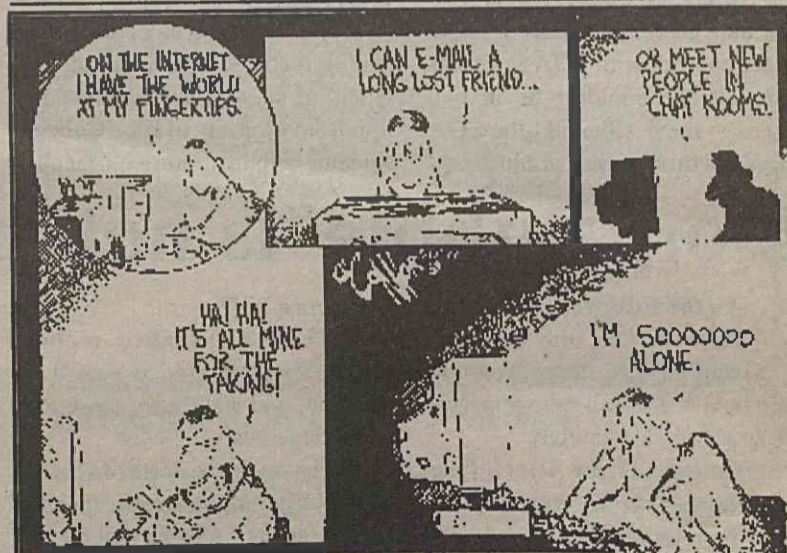
Just imagine turning on the television and seeing The Beans, already a little too spicy thanks to the drummer, hanging out with Gin-

ger Spice.

All the while you see one of them on a sneak attack mission, trying to lure Ginger to his side of the galaxy with his orange punch blast gun.

Of course the ad would end with The Beans getting Ginger, the only flavor he was missing, and The Beans would be just right like Goldilock's porridge.

The ad would end and everyone would be happy. Why? Because it's Not Milk!



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