

how not to care about anyone but himself. Wouldn't that be a great world to live in? Doesn't it make you stop and THINK?!

# WITS FROM WITLOR

- Nancy Butler

I must warn you. I intend to ramble, because I'm in the mood. But I don't think you'll miss the point---it's hardly a product of any passing fancy or mood or whatever. I'm afraid I blinked. I wish I could blink again, but it's become necessary to separate the real from the ideal. So put your feet in the stirrups and climb on the back, and we'll charge at full gallop, lance in hand, and maybe prick a few dragons. The end result, I've found from experience, probably will transform King Arthur into Don Quixote. You remember Don Quixote, don't you---the one who charged the windmill? There's a lot of difference between dragons and windmills wouldn't you say? To begin;

What could be less like holly in the old heart and more like a big fat humbug than the realization of exams out there---not far out there, either. Just about two or three steps this side of leftover egg nog and party horns and dead (or dying) mistletoe.

The pressure's on all right---not that it hasn't been all year, of course. We're just strangely like millions of other bed-bitten students (and I've got a footnote to back this one up). Having collapsed into the ever-popular prone position during and since month number one of the semester, we all jack ourselves up, rub our eyes, maybe stretch a little. Low and behold, the view was never clearer and the panic button never more jarred from its socket. We're careful not to jam that button, though. It's the only one we've got, and we'd best take care not to throw the whole darn button system out of order. We grin into the desk lamp and into the overdue library book, suddenly charged with all kinds of intellectual convictions.

My friends and I, though---we have this pattern. We clean. We clean and we stack and we organize, because it's first things first. Everything is now in its own little nook like a doll's house. Into our mouths go the priceless capsules, the ones that all the time promise wide-eyed energy at night and pot luck in the morning.

And just as we again thrust open the cover of the one book that accompanies that particular course we're failing so miserably---gangway, because it's the invasion of the Bug Men! Everything but everything in the middle of the floor, from the contents of the dresser drawers to last week's neglected laundry. We watch them step fearlessly across the threshold, those mighty Bug Men, then advance two giant steps forward and squirt their liquid death into not one corner of the room, but at least two or three if we're lucky. No they did not spray our empty closets, thank you---on our drawers. Before we knew it, they were gone, leaving us partially embalmed with the most unique odor---a combination of rancid meat, lindberger cheese, and stale grapefruit rinds.

Well, you can imagine what happened to our Christmas spirit. I mean, we had the Christmasiest looking and smelling tree on campus in our room. That was until the cautious exit of our friends, the Bug Men. After that the thing just kind of sat there and turned brown, which, try