

GATHERS NO MOSS

Shots From The Outside

What 'cha Thinking About?

By Katherine VanDeleer
Social (Set Me Up) Editor

It has come to my attention as editor but chiefly as a student that there is a goal, or how can one say, a true and lofty purpose to being in college or embarking on a college career. There are of course, varied and sundry opinions as to what this so called ultimate purpose is, but like my mother always used to say, "everyone has an opinion to air, the room gets stinky sometimes." I have found, both among my own peers and in and around town that the majority of right thinking people are wrong which makes the minority, while not infallible, more right thinking, and on a side note, a majority of the minority are left handed. Puzzling, but what is life but a

series of highly condensed confusions?

Back to the original subject, there is so much, well, to be blunt and completely honest as well, fluff that the mind is a boggle. College allows one to, gratefully, laughingly, to categorize and maintain a mental, if not physical focal point. Yes, clearly the key here is to find a thesis statement, stick to it and for God's sake, be brief. A college education is not completely unlike a crusade, one announces one's intentions. That is to state name, rank and major then, charge — you are off, horses at a full gallop, banners flying, taa ta tra...

Ah yes, you have a fair chance of conquering the world of fun filled facts. So, the point is and I hope you've been listening closely, and I repeat, word association

occurs subconsciously, but action, light, is to Focus, Focus, Focus. So think, think of the plethora of multitudinous of billions and billions of things to seriously ponder upon. Think well, transcontinental if you must but there is always and forever a thesis to return to at the end of one's lifelong research paper.

To end on a more pleasant, lighter and more wholesome note, ideas spring up as ideas will tend to do. A piece of grass bent is a bent piece of grass but left alone without adult supervision, it will grow unchecked into a lawn of confused ideas, the mower lost. Sure its lush, fertile even but if you can't get to the door, well, people don't visit, the mail doesn't arrive, the milk sours, catch the train at the present station? Yowza.

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