

Confessions of a Coke addict

BY KELLY A. WHITE
Staff Writer

Smoking is supposed to be really hard to quit. It must be—everywhere I look I see smokers: on TV, billboards, and in our own caf (although not for long). A lot of my friends are smokers and the tobacco industry is one of the most lucrative in the nation.

I, on the other hand, have never in my life had a cigarette, and I don't plan to start. I was always a lot happier watching and sipping my Coke.

Coke is great, it's delicious, it's caffienated, and it fizzes. I can't think of another cola that

makes me happier. It never occurred to me that I was becoming addicted.

I knew that I drank Coke a lot. Then I realized that I drank a lot of Coke. There is a difference. Drinking one Coke a day is drinking Coke a lot. Drinking six Cokes a day is drinking a lot of Coke.

At every party I have ever been to, someone has made a comment to me about how weird it is that I never want beer or a cigarette. At every party I just sip my Coke and smile. Little did they know that I was an addict. It's kind of an interesting perspective, actually, to be the secret

Coke addict among an army of alcoholics and nicotine fiends.

Well, I have decided that it is time to quit, at least for a little while. I tried to quit last summer, too, but unfortunately I fell off the wagon with a 32-ounce Jumbo fountain drink from the local convenience store.

This time is different, though, I swear. For one thing, I have a sponsor. One of my friends is cracking the whip so that I don't overstep my limit.

Most people either drink Coke or they don't; they like soda or they don't. No one ever thinks of it as an addictive substance that can suck your life away. But

a Coke addict is in just as bad shape as a smoker or pill-popper. The only difference is that we are hiding in the shadows of cultural acceptance.

Quitting is a lot harder than I thought it would be. When I don't drink Coke, I feel shaky, and I get really bad headaches. Still, this is a battle that I have to fight.

If I allow myself to continue on in this seemingly harmless addiction, who knows how far it could go. If I am not careful, I might find myself selling my soul on a street corner for one little sip of that caffienated goodness.

At that point, I might as well start smoking.

Another case of prejudice

BY FRED WILLIAMS
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Recent complaints about *The Guilfordian's* biased editors are true. An opinion was stated in *The Guilfordian* Forum section that was so ridiculous that I am sure many people have written letters to complain. However, our prejudiced editorial board must have chosen not to print them. This exclusionary practice must end. Hopefully this editorial will break

the silence.

Several issues ago an editorial appeared singing the praises of "General Hospital." My question is, how could this second-rate soap be given any attention when the greatest soap opera of all time is: "Days of Our Lives?"

How can romance on 'GH' compare to the pure and beautiful love between Carrie and Austin? Is any suffering able to compare to that which Stephano has caused Marlana? Any drama to

compare with Bo and Hope's first wedding (Bo arrived on a horse)? Any act of heroism to compare with Roman's first death of falling off a cliff trying to thwart Stephano? I think not.

Characters on "Days" have a reality that transcends realism. There are no actual diseases, no one is gay, there are no fat or ugly people. This is the world in which we all live in our minds. "Days" shows us all just how ridiculous, irrational, plastic, and two-dimen-

sional we really are. Nothing on "GH" can hold a melodramatic candle to that.

Until "GH" presents a character as devious as Sammy, who, in her weaker moments, reveals to the world that she is just a hurt little girl inside because her mother was captured by an arch-villain when she was a child and her husband only married her because she drugged him, I'll stick with "Days." Thank you very much.

College: is it a necessary evil?

BY ADAM PALMER
Staff Writer

I hear the phrase "necessary evil" all the time. I hate that phrase. It refers to shots to help the sick, the government, discipline; the list is endless. And now I have one more to add to that list of hated things: college.

I hate college. I hate what it represents, what it requires of me as a student, and what it will give me if I graduate. But, nonetheless, I must finish college, for that is the way of the world now.

Twenty, thirty years ago, a college degree was not needed. Now, in the late 1990s, a college degree is what a high school diploma was back then.

I have friends who have graduated from universities all over the United States, and more than half

of them work in bagel shops, fast food industries, low paying menial work, physical labor jobs, or are still unemployed. And yet I feel obligated to complete my lengthy and stressful college career just so I have a slightly better chance of getting a better job.

Looking ever deeper, stop and examine what colleges use as requirements for graduation. Many schools require a foreign language to be learned for at least two full semesters. Now, unless one plans to leave the country or working as a translator here in the United States, the requirement not only seems pointless but unfair. I know many students who graduated from Guilford and have yet to master turning on and off a computer. Consider this: which is more common, the need to know another language or the need to work with a

computer?

Another requirement is a multicultural demand. While I accept and feel that learning about other cultures and peoples is interesting and helpful, I can not understand why I should be forced to take Modern Japan considering I will never use that information again. The list of requirements is lengthy and beyond that, are limiting to the effect that it keeps one from taking other courses that have a much higher level of interest, thus leading to more retention of the material at hand.

And it is not just the class requirements that disturb me. Education is similar to drug rehabilitation in that they are both businesses. Most private schools cost between \$16,000 and \$24,000 a year. Point one, most of us will be paying off our education for most

of our lives, yet we still may be no more than a cashier at Burger King.

Point two, with the amount of money that is shelled out for these schools in particular, I find it ironic that they feel the need to kick out students who are either failing, not attending classes, and so on. While I would agree it is a waste to pay all that money to flunk year after year, the school keeps it either way, and in the case of a business, the more money the better.

I find myself on the verge of getting kicked out of college at least once a year, and the sac' truth is I know it is my fault. I do not blame the teachers, or the deans, or the attendance policy. But that does not change my opinion that the policies are foolish and unfair. While college is to some extent a privilege, it is a damn expensive one.