

# 6 *Campus Opinion*

## Editorial: End-of-the semester blues hit student

Rene Gore  
Staff Reporter

It is the end of the year and I can say that I am breathing a sigh of relief. NOT!!! How can I breath at all!? I am trapped in a tunnel of infinity, walking up an endless flight of stairs, searching for a piece of cheese in a maze of mirrors with nothing to guide me, nay pull me but the vision of finished term papers, a neatly ordered thesis and the all-important final grade.

Yes, I refer only to the end of the semester madness where I must finish the research papers that have been thrown on my drowning mind. I realize every instructor has the right to assign a paper, but why, oh, why must they all hit me at the end of the semester?

I look to a time, vaguely, at the beginning of the semester when my weekends were full of parties and malls and hanging out with friends, laughing silently to myself that school was going so easy, thinking I must be brilliant to float through the term like a feather sailing on the midsummer breeze. Oh, if I could only go back to that naive girl and warn her of the monstrosities that lay ahead. If only I could tell her to save herself and begin research immediately.

But nay the time has passed and I cannot go back. I cannot warn the innocent child of the conspiracy that awaits her.

I have calculated (with my \$100 calculator) the time my papers require, minus the time I am at work, minus time to dress, shower, and perform other toilette activities, minus a meal a day and if I do not sleep from now until the last day of class, I have exactly negative 28 hours to finish my papers.

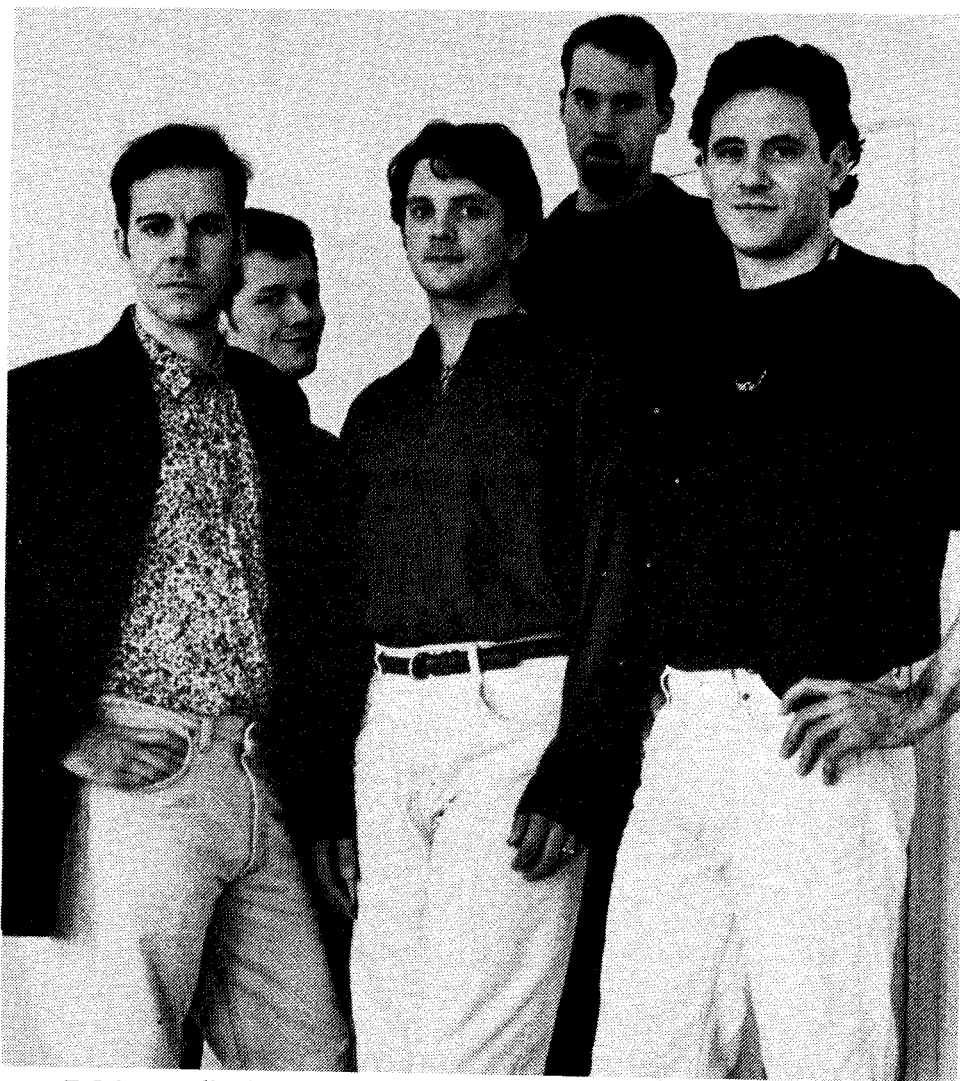
Can I cry, beg, or plead for an extension? No, I have too much pride to let them know they have won! I must show them that I know of their plan to keep in school for the rest of my "good years." Maybe they want my money, maybe they are fearful of my talent. I don't know what their precise agenda is, but I tell you, it's a conspiracy.

I will take this wisdom with me to the next year. I will never again be the naive girl I once was, my innocence gone. Never will I stray from my primary agenda, which is to get an education. No, there are no more parties for me. No more spontaneous trips to the beach. I WILL succeed!

## ..... MEA NOTES .....

**TODAY:** a picnic in the courtyard from 4:15 to 6:15 with "Tripp and Carpenter."

**SUNDAY, APRIL 20:** Spring Fling on the front lawn from 1:00 to 5:00pm with "BS&M" from Richmond. There will be attractions, food and drinks!



BS&M will playing at Spring Fling on Sunday, April 20th.

### *Meredith Herald*

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The *Herald* reserves the right to place any other article submissions on file until needed or to choose not to print them.

### Meredith By Tory Hoke

