

STUDENT LIFE

Haven't started worrying about getting a bum roommate yet? You will now

It's August 25. Your parents have just deserted you. You turn and walk slowly into the dorm that will be your home for the next eight months.

Of course college has its good points and its bad points. For instance, it's better than being in jail — there are no bars on the windows, and the toilets work most of the time. One of the drawbacks is having to live with someone in a room the size of a small telephone booth.

Welcome to UNC.

It's doubtful you'll find yourself sharing a room with a purple-haired, leather-strapped roommate who has a safety pin through the nose, but let's be

Halverson/Sudderth

Say What?

realistic. There's just no way of knowing exactly what species you'll be rooming with this fall, and there are a quite a few clunkers out there. Perhaps you haven't stopped to think of everything that could possibly go wrong.

For example, make sure the person sleeping in the other bed understands the necessity of paying the phone bill, especially if it's in your name. If that bill doesn't get paid, Southern Bell will drop you like a two-month-old fish. Speaking of fish, when check-out for Fall Break rolls around, be sure you're the last to leave. Otherwise your roommate will forget to turn off the aquarium heater, and you'll return to the lovely aroma of goldfish soup. There are many methods of dealing with this type of person: our favorite is a really big shotgun.

College is where you get to experience freedom at its finest — late hours, frat parties and continuous pursuit of the opposite sex (remarkably, all of this tends to happen at the same time). You chase and flirt and finally you discover Ms. Right. You invite her back to your room...

But beware! Remember that guitar your roommate has stashed away in the closet? The one he said he can only "play a few chords" on? As soon as you leave to get some ice, he'll begin to serenade her with Debbie Gibson's "Lost In Your Eyes." Nauseating, to be sure, but it works, and suddenly you're spending the night with Arsenio. Meanwhile they're on the balcony playing tonsil hockey. No justice in this world.

This is not just a male problem. Ladies, if your roommate has this *strange urge* to walk around in nothing but a towel whenever your significant other is around, guess what? It's the '90s, and the date-stealing company has become an equal opportunity employer.

Another amusing diversion that might endear you to your hallmates is the ever-popular *Stereo Wars*. You are perfectly comfortable with Guns n' Roses. Your roommate leans towards Randy Travis. Both of you get vicarious thrills from feeling the speakers' vibrations emanating at 140 decibels. But when both of you are in a musical mood *at the same time*, the ensuing bedlam is guaranteed to result in major structural damage, irate neighbors, and mutually homicidal feelings between you and your roommate.

The solution: get in touch with your roommate beforehand and decide which *one* of you brings *the* stereo. Out of the goodness of your heart, volunteer. That gives you the upper hand, and insures that there's only one type of obnoxiously loud music coming from your room at any given time.

Space prohibits us from describing all the gory details of living with someone. And we haven't even scratched the surface. We haven't even talked about...

...living in a triple when you *know* you paid for a double (For the uninformed, this is college. People spend time in others' rooms, especially others of the other sex. Lots of time. Go figure.)...

...stacks of three-week-old dirty dishes that would be more appropriate in a biology lab than in a dorm room...
...piles of clothing that haven't been washed in so long the smell sets off dorm smoke alarms...

John from page 14B

be called *The Daily Tar Heel* and it was to be published every day or until they all got kicked out. I think you know what happened next. They all *did* get kicked out, and it wasn't until ten years later, in 1893, that *The Daily Tar Heel* became the respected college newspaper that it remains today, even if it does publish junk like this.

After that, nothing much happened until the fall of 1986, when a intelligent, vibrant, oh-so-good-looking freshman named John Bland entered the hallowed balconies of Morrison Residence Hall.

But I'm gonna need a whole 'nother column for that.

...a phone bill rivaling the cost of the recent Rolling Stones world tour, with all calls placed to 1-900-HOT-MAMA...
...and of course, *snoring*.

Finally, we would like to dispell a myth that has circulated among freshman classes longer than the legend of Silent Sam and state budget cuts have

been around: **YOU DO NOT RECEIVE A 4.0 IF YOUR ROOMMATE DIES** (although, if it's your fault, you might get life). So remember,

no matter how bad your roommate might be, some jury, somewhere, just *might* convict you.
Have a nice year.

Chip Sudderth and Grant Halverson are rising juniors from Kernersville and Clemmons, respectively. They hope to be funny one of these days.

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