

## Wallyball a blob killer

by Kisa Mortenson

Around spring, any student knows the signs of spring fever. Some of us discover true love. Some of us want a change of pace and cut our hair. Some of us, on the other hand, just need to get some exercise.

Easter weekend came and went and so did all the chocolate, the jelly beans, and every other sugared, commercialized piece of Easter candy right through my mouth.

Feeling like a blob of sugar-laced jello, I decided to get some exercise.

My brother, Crash, was organizing a game of wallyball and needed a player. The perfect opportunity was now at hand.

Five of us entered the court.

Being a blob and a sports illiterate, I had no idea what wallyball was. We were standing in a modified racquetball court with a net dividing the court in half and a large, blue ball — which turned out to be a HARD, large, blue ball. We were playing volleyball in a racquetball court! I knew Crash had hit his head one too many times but this was ridiculous...

And so the games began... Crash's friend, Iworshipeinstein, who is in honors physics, seemed to apply his physics logic to his every move. Knowing little about physics, I fell victim to the law of "let's kill the artsy." I was amazed at how many times a ball could be projected and

bounced off a wall to hit my face. I thought I was going to lose my nose or my lips. Luckily, I can't smell a thing because I have so many allergies, and I don't have a boyfriend to give good night kisses to. Phew!

Crash lived up to his name. Every time I played on his side of the court he ran into and over me. The epitome of his performance was his decision to spike my face instead of the ball and then step on the only right foot I have. Brothers — I love 'em...

After an hour and half of who-needs-another-artsy-wallyball, we left the court. No longer was I a blob. I was dead.

Wallyball: the number one killer of blobby arts students today. A do or die sport. So don't!



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### Recipe

Take 1 student

½ cup mixed emotions

2 exam failures

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¼ lb. discontent

3 cups all-purpose sifted frustration

4 oz. misdirected motivation

a pinch of thyme

Combine all ingredients, roast before class, stew in own juices, drain off excess emotions and garnish with shattered confidence. Wrap in red tape. Serve hot.

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## Foaming over soaps

by Dragos Ruiu

Have you ever wondered about the average IQ of soap opera fans?

Well, I know I have. Let's consider it for a second. These people watch shows with the same-plot as last week, day after day. And they enjoy it!

They watch bad actors playing badly scripted characters with swarthy names like Buck, Flint, or Chase. And the female actresses, using that term about as loosely as possible, have names like Cricket, Cassandra, or if they have an appallingly bad fake accent they are called Sue-Ellen-May-Sarah.

The plastic Ken doll males always wear a jacket and no shirt, or a business suit. The plastic Barbie doll females always manage to do housework in full jewelry and an evening gown. Oh, and there is a lot of immaculate sex. Always. It's some kind of unwritten rule that someone has to hop in the sack with someone else (preferably someone already attached) at least once per show. Oddly enough, after these encounters, there isn't so much as one mussed hair.

But these plastic dolls are amazingly fertile. They're always producing little Biff doll babies for the sake of the plot line. And what a plot line.

Since the plot lines are so

stupid, the purveyors of these masterpieces seem to try to compensate by putting 40 plot lines in thirty minutes. "Well, if we throw enough different plots in, they'll be too busy to realize that all of them are stupid."

The thing that really blows me away is their casting. As soon as someone gets bored with "OH, Mark! My love!" lines and quits, they throw in another actor. So what if the original character was female. The people who watch aren't paying attention anyhow, they'll never notice that there's an older brother instead of a younger sister now. They excuse all this by a brief voice over at the beginning... "Felicia will now be played by Sylvester Stallone."

Soap operas; their middle name is realism. They have exciting, realistic events like the girl on the Young and the Restless, who has trouble getting a date so she builds a cage in her living room and locks guys up in it.

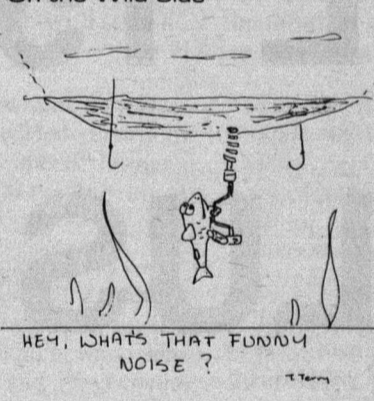
Riiiiighht....

So with all this going for them, it's no wonder people tune in to them or worse, tape them

during the day so they can watch them at night. Who knows why... with the amazingly well scripted action it's often tens of episodes before anything significant happens. I even know people who tape more soap operas than they can possibly watch in a day. They then watch most of them in scan mode. You have to pay close attention, or you might miss something. Snicker...

"But I like soap operas — they make me cry," says a friend of mine. Yeah they make me cry too, but probably for a different reason.

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