

Minutes for eight week delivered on the same night as the meeting!  
That ought to keep the bastards happy...for another week.

Ah, house meetings. Is there anything better? There must be, as Will Green decided to skip for the fourth week in a row. The Section 2 girls skipped to, but no one noticed, as most of the dorm has forgotten that they exist. Mike Spence was not all gangstered up for this meeting. Instead he wore a very Presidential looking suit. He began the meeting by seeking House approval for airstrikes against Snell in retaliation for winning our talent show. Unfortunately, the measure did not pass. Instead we approved a statement that supports the effort to save Max Mason and, especially, Breckinridge. Talk to James Seward if you are interested in signing a petition. Amanda Allen announced that she will be getting house t-shirts soon. Jeremy Green made his triumphant return as Section 3 rep while George Singer made his triumphant return to bed. Other things happened, but no one really cared enough to notice.

I, for my part, was exhausted physically and monetarily, as I had just been killed in a low stakes game of poker in the penthouse. I wanted to sleep. For some reason, sleep never came. I tried counting sheep. I tried counting the number of people from Section 5 that I have ever talked to, but that only kept me occupied for a few seconds. Finally I began to count everything that has been bothering me; I thought of all those things that ACTUALLY HAVE HAPPENED that really get my goat. This occupied me for quite some time and so I decided to write them down for the rest of you.

The reasons I can't sleep:

Because it is only my fourth minutes and already I don't want to be nice anymore.

Because I see that albino looking boy with the long mane that Fish calls Thor every time I eat.

Because Alex Weng actually did, as the minutes predicted, skip town when the very jealous and irate Oklahoman visited.

Because the jealous and irate Oklahoman himself, Sara Miller's "main" squeeze Slade Stratton, complimented me on the joke about him in the minutes.

Because there is a mother out there who, even though she does not wish for him to pursue a career in pornography or professional wrestling, still gives her son the name Slade Stratton.

Because David and Beckah may marry one day and have children.

Because Minnesota has had a bag of severed dreadlocks hanging in our closet since the end of November.

Because even second years don't have the slightest idea as to who Ben Estep is.

Because I might end up in Section 1 or Section 5 someday.

Because most of Section 2 is even more antisocial than Sections 1 and 5.

Because everyone here thinks they are Good Will Hunting.

Because the only time everyone in Section 3 gets along is when they watch Dawson's Creek

Because everyone in Section 3 lives vicariously through Dawson's Creek.

Because one day I will probably not do anything for society other than trying to make lots of money for myself.

Because, if I were making lots of money, that is all I would be doing for society right now.

Because making lots of money is what most people say is the main purpose of an education.

Because so many of those who say otherwise are hypocritical and over-privileged brats who have lived in a bubble in some major American city, protected like the young Buddha from having to think about all of those around them with real problems.

Because when they do try to think about others it is in a condescending and paternalistic manner that has more to do with that warm and fuzzy feeling they get from thinking they are helping others than with actually doing good.

Because, whether or not we like it, we will all turn into our parents someday.

Because the people who believe they are among the more intelligent ones in the dorm (though, in reality, tend not to be) feel the need to show us their knowledge in some peacock-like display.

Because people in the Midwest don't understand sarcasm.

"How much work do you have?" is considered an icebreaker in conversations here.

Because people here sound like old men telling war stories when they talk about how much homework they did the night before.

Because people here exaggerate the amount of work they have more than a frat boy exaggerates how much ass he is going to get at a party.

Because first year guys believe joining a frat will help them get chicks.

Because some guys believe this even after they meet Fish.

Because when other people at parties give in to their drunken craving for nicotine, my clothes and hair end up reeking of smoke.

Because the girls at frat parties enjoy drinking something named "Hooch."

Because part of the job of the hardworking maintenance staff here is to clean up the vomit that some party boy leaves all over the stall.

Because we party less at this school than the cadets at West Point do and many in our dorm think that we still party way too much.

Because, even before it started getting dark early, everyone here had developed a case of Seasonal Affective Disorder.

Because I might major in economics.

Because the out-of-control sexual tension between Will Connors and Laura Schechter might take some Hollywood kind of turn and end like some romantic comedy (or, failing that, "Fatal Attraction").

Because the out-of-control sexual tension between George and Kyle actually did take some Cinemax kind of turn as Kyle came running up the steps in Section 3 exclaiming that “George is trying to lube up his entire body.”

Because fewer than 10 people have signed up with Monica Agarwal to donate blood. It is not too late, give it a try!

Because more than half of the first year girls have either switched roommates or currently would like to switch roommates.

Because the way the first year girls try to heal a friendship is by refusing to talk to the girl they are upset with.

Because there is Physics for Poets but no Poetry for Physicists.

Because there is some god-awful smell emanating from the Section 3 girls’ bathroom.

Because I am an unrepentant heathen caught in that latter day Bethlehem that we call Section 4.

Because Sabrina Kerai is like some overly talkative innocent caught in that latter day Sodom and Gomorrah that we call Section 3.

Because when we had a quiet but “spirit”ed gathering in Section 4, that Latter Day Saint that we call Tom Hafen walked out of his office twice within about five minutes and glanced into our rooms as he walked downstairs.

Because ORCSA’s main purpose seems to be to provide us with an endless supply of a cappella.

Because the brave men and women of the United States Navy will soon have to hear Mike Spence bitch all day long in addition to risking their lives for our country.

Because when I think back on all the crap I learned in high school, it’s a wonder I can think at all.

Because we all are the nerds we used to laugh at on TV.

Because every reason I can’t sleep is true.