

Now what the hell am I supposed to do with my life?

Ah, hell. That dreaded time has finally come.

Graduating from college is going to be one of the saddest days of my life. College was always a forlorn dream far off in the future — something my family never did, something I figured I'd never experience. All I could picture from stories I'd heard was a perfect mix of parties, lack of parental supervision and classes I sign up for only if I want to.



Jessica Richelderfer
The Merry Pessimist

Well, it turns out I actually made it to college — and found it to be all this and much, much more.

Where else is a wardrobe composed entirely of ratty jeans and hooded sweat-shirts not only accepted, but almost required? Where else would I find a circle of friends who not only make every effort to party, but also want to talk about philosophy and literature and politics while smokin' and drinkin' it up? And just where else is there not only always something to do, but countless ways to

spend the weekend with no fewer than 100 of your closest acquaintances and very little money?

Now that my life as a college student is ending, I feel as if there's nothing left to be excited about. I spent the better part my childhood looking ahead to these glorious days. Just what do I have to look forward to now?

Don't worry, I'll be all right. I'm slowly coming to terms with breaking out of my liberal college campus bubble before it pops, given that I have no choice. I kept thinking if I stayed here long enough, I'd get sick of campus — but no. After five years, I've only grown more attached.

It's time to wean myself — and time to impart my wisdom unto young and impressionable minds. It's far too late for me, but there's still time for all of you to make the most of your college experiences.

First and foremost, get out more. My biggest regret is turning down the offers to get coffee or study or get a drink, all because I was too busy or too tired. To all the friends I haven't seen in months or even years, I haven't forgotten you.

Secondly, stop going to class. OK, maybe I'm not the best person to give that sort of advice, given that I seldom set foot in the classroom. But

most of what I've learned has come from working with crazy people and reading lots of interesting stuff (yes, even course textbooks).

My third, and ultimately most important, piece of advice is... have some compassion! While many of you are the friendly, genuine, energetic people on campus I've come to know and love, countless others of you exhibit severe personality flaws. For example, if someone holds the door for you, how about mustering up a smile or a nod, or at least making eye contact?

Also, perhaps you could consider not dropping the door in somebody's face and not stopping in the middle of the doorway to answer your cell phone. And although it's clearly a rule that pretty girls travel in herds, do you think — and I know it's a lot to ask — but do you think you could step aside just a smidgen to share the sidewalks and stairwells with the other 17,000 students on campus? Just a thought.

Of course, I'd like to convey my appreciation to all those who've been there along the way. Thanks to family, friends and roommates, for putting up with me. Thanks to the state and federal governments, for putting me through school. And thanks to Mikey, for putting me in charge of his paper and teaching me

much of what I know.

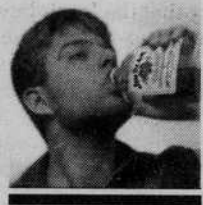
If there's one thing graduating will teach me, it's to live for the present, not the future. And, of course, if you don't expect much, you'll never be disappointed.

The 2002-03 managing editor can now be reached only at jessicarichelderfer@hotmail.com. Beware — she is still suffering from violent withdrawals. Her views do not necessarily represent those of the Emerald.

Farewell to hippies, crappy housing, noteworthy journalism professors

I hate hippies.

There, I've said it. After three years of attending this tree-hugging mecca, I'm finally graduating from the University. As a reporter and editor these last two years at the Emerald, I've had to smile and nod as patched and drenched peace protesters rambled on about how Bush is a Nazi and America is a fascist state.



Brook Reinhard

With this bias in mind, it seems quite fitting that I'm headed off to Klamath Falls for my first reporting job. I guess if I hate hippies, I should fit in just fine with big flags and pickup trucks.

At least I'll be free of my 10-by-10 prison known as an "apartment." Word to the wise: Never, ever, rent a property from Von Klein Property Management. They have built an empire on the backs of piss-poor college kids and foreigners who think \$900 is a great price for a "three-bedroom" that really has only two.

Do Von Klein receptionists train at the "bitter housewife" school of management? They sure have an ax to grind with dirt-poor college students. Oh, and are you used to recycling those milk cartons and pizza boxes? You can just forget it if you live in a Von Klein dungeon. My almighty overlords just don't see fit to provide such services.

The one thing good about my apartment: It's close to the University and the Emerald, where I spend most of my day swearing and drinking firewater out of my bottom desk drawer. With the exception of a few notewor-

thy teachers in the J-school, I've learned far more at the Emerald than in any journalism class.

To those of you still in the journalism school: Take a class with Dean Rea! Better yet, take two classes. He may be turning 150 next week, but he can still turn wimpy undergrads into hard-boiled newshounds. Scott Maier is pretty good, too. But he'd make a more convincing power journalist with a mustache — Grow it back, Scott!

Oh, and Kellee Weinhold: I am sorry you are leaving. You were my favorite teacher, despite that time you gave me an "F" in Info Hell for turning in my 80-page paper 35 minutes past the deadline (then turned the grade into a "D," just so you wouldn't have to deal with me for another term.)

Now, a shameless plug and a thank you: Check out my Web site! It's onemorewriter.com, and full of Turn to **Reinhard**, page 5

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