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"Fellas, I'd like to suggest that we forget about pardoning the turkey this year."

BRET FURTWANGLER | GRAPHIC ARTIST

■ In my opinion

Grinchy turns grateful for Thanksgiving

As the people who know me are aware, I am an arrogant, self-centered pessimist who is often mistaken for a ghoulish entity from "Teenage Mutant Turtles II," but one time during the year I try to be a better person. Maybe it's hypocritical that this cold, black coal of a heart can only be stirred by compassion one weekend out of many, but let's face it — we're all a little Grinchy inside. So, in honor of my massacre-happy ancestors for whom this glad holiday is celebrated, I'll take a step back and focus on the things that have made life worth living.

I am thankful for my parents. Even while trying to stuff Tofurkey down my throat, they have been my safety net whenever I tried to glide on life's trapeze, and I adore them for it.

I am grateful for my rights as a woman. Even under Ashcroft's darkest reign, a wardrobe malfunction does not result in a stoning. It makes my brain heavy when I think that had I been born in a different time or place, I could not write this column.

I am thankful for Jon Stewart. He made my weeknights bearable.

I am grateful for the food on my table. It may be of the half-frozen, half-burned kind, but hey, at least it's there.

I am grateful for my faith. Underneath my corrosive exterior is a trust that things will work out for the best. I believe that the world is fundamentally a place capable of changing for the better, an eternal march of progress that will not be halted by bigotry or misguided hate.

I am thankful for the theater department for bringing a little culture to our lives ... and for the dollar-fifty movie theater and Adam Sandler for



JENNIFER MCBRIDE
QUASHING DISSENT

taking it away again.

I am thankful for small kindness: The anonymous person who helped me carry my groceries home when the bags broke, or the teachers who forgave my papers when they came in a few days late.

I am grateful for my health. I have had a string of coughs, sore throats, flu and God-only-knows-what-else passing through my system, but not cancer or AIDS or anything else fatal. I can't imagine looking at myself in the mirror, acknowledging that the face staring back at me will not be a face for much longer. No, I am happily insulated in my cocoon of false immortality.

I am grateful that I have all my limbs. There are veterans that can't say that, and even thinking about it makes me a bit of a coward. If Saint Peter rode down from heaven on a pearly white horse and told me I had to choose between losing both my legs and my country being overrun by hordes of barbarians, I would hesitate.

I am glad my friends stand by me. What I lack in quantity, I make up in quality. They are better people than I am and without them I would be a rag in a gutter, chanting old pirate ditties. Speaking of that, I'm also grateful for the roof over my head. And my

space heater.

I am happy I have stuffed animals. I admit it, I have 30, and they're hiding in the back of my grown-up closet where they remain on valiant guard duty, protecting me from nightmares.

I am grateful for the Internet. All this information at the touch of my fingers, but all I want to do is play Parcheesi.

I am thankful the Democrats chose someone "electable." Because, you know, it was a strategy that worked so well. I'm also thankful for front-loaded primaries, because all those Iowans and New Hampshireites saved me from the trouble of thinking. I am also thankful for sarcasm. Without it, some days I think my head would explode.

I am grateful that I have control over my own body. I shudder to think of nations where marital rape is legal, or where children are sold as sex slaves by their parents. I am one of the lucky ones.

I appreciate being 21. It makes things easier. Uh, not that I'd do anything illegal or anything.

I am grateful for the University dance department. It has turned me from a pathetic klutz into a slightly less pathetic klutz.

I am grateful for my tax cut. I look forward to getting more of them.

I am thankful for my younger brothers. There is nothing quite like the joy of being flawed but loved at the same time. And God knows, at least they make life interesting.

I am thankful for spell checking. It has saved me menny times from making an asp off myself. Teh ennd.

jennifermcbride@dailyemerald.com

■ Editorial

Oh for the love of Pez, put on some 'Seinfeld'

We know it's been done to death. We know it is shamefully lazy, corny and cliché. We know that this column is all that stands between us and a four-day weekend. So we are phoning it in today, folks. Here is an emotionless list of the totally insignificant things we, the members of the Emerald editorial board, are thankful for:

We are thankful for the release of the first three seasons of "Seinfeld" on DVD. The string of terrible movies and unwatchable NFL games doesn't appear to be ending any time soon; the "Seinfeld" DVDs, and their hours of special features, will save us from having to actually talk with our family this weekend.

We are thankful that we will be graduating this year. We are already so far in debt that even President Bush would be shocked. With tuition skyrocketing out of control and the student senate discussing increasing incidental fees next year, we feel sorry for freshmen, sophomores and juniors. The job market still scares the living shit out of us — no doubt we will be making minimum wage writing obits for a midwest daily by this time next year.

We are thankful for the ASUO. Its constant bumbling has provided us with mountains of content and hours of entertainment.

We are thankful that the Ducks beat the Beavers and now we're off to some bowl game...oh, wait, nevermind.

We are thankful for SpongeBob SquarePants and his movie. We are thankful for living in a blue state. Red states might be a good place to retire or start a militia, but blue states are definitely the place to be if you are young and ready to party.

We are thankful that the infamous grilled cheese sandwich Virgin Mary only went for \$71 on E-bay. Early reports that the moldy food item would go for thousands of dollars sent us dangerously close to a homicidal psychotic episode. Now our faith in humanity has been restored... wait... Ron Artest did what?

CORRECTION

The Emerald's Nov. 23 article titled "Student senators submit proposal for punishment" contained no factual errors but had misattributed information.

- The headline should have read "Student leaders submit proposal for punishment" because the Senate was not the only group involved.

- Strauss said he wasn't sure how the retreat attendees came up with their punishment, ASUO Vice President Mena Ravassipour never explicitly stated that.

- Strauss said he didn't know if other fundraising possibilities outside of cleaning Mac Court were discussed, and Ravassipour said she couldn't remember if there were other fundraising possibilities. The article said Ravassipour didn't know about other possibilities.

- Ravassipour, not Strauss, said additional office hours for retreat attendees would provide more time for students to voice their concerns.

- Strauss said there was no solid evidence that would identify the letter writer, only hearsay and rumors. The article stated Ravassipour said this.

The Emerald regrets the errors.

OREGON DAILY EMERALD LETTERS POLICY

Letters to the editor and guest commentaries are encouraged, and should be sent to letters@dailyemerald.com or submitted at the Oregon Daily Emerald office, EMU Suite 300. Electronic submissions are preferred. Letters are limited to 250 words, and guest commentaries to 550 words. Authors are limited to one submission per calendar month. Submissions should include phone number and address for verification. The Emerald reserves the right to edit for space, grammar and style. Guest submissions are published at the discretion of the Emerald.