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The battle for bathroom space

Step into my bathroom. Welcome to the battle between personal hygiene and individual space. Is there a bathroom edict? If there isn't, I am going to

things like "good for the sole foot scrubs," "skintimate moisturizing gel," daily pore cleaner with "smooth, round, micro-scrubbies," and then a little deep-cleaning skin cream to top it all off. Who the heck are these "micro-scrubbies?" Why are they in my shower invading the territory I claimed as

A look into my world...



Mandy Good
Staff Writer

take it upon myself to draw the line of bathroom etiquette that all roommates should live by.

In my bathroom I am a warrior. My mission: to keep the space in the bathroom I claimed as mine when we moved into the house. The enemy is my roommate's beauty products. I have reason to believe my roommate and all her little bottles of random "beauty necessities" are planning to take over the bathroom. Whatever happened to the days when you could step into almost every bathroom in America and see the average bar of soap, shampoo and conditioner?

I step into our shower and immediately my roommate's army surrounds me. To my right on the little shelf that is provided, I see my little area being stolen away from me. My simple average shampoo and conditioner are being pushed off the shelf by expensive, diverse hygiene products. I see

mine? Once I step out of the shower I face a whole new combat zone, counter space. Products I cannot explain again surround me. Hair sprays that give curls and curves, non-streaking, fast drying, light tanning spray, invisible blemish treatment, zero frizz...ah, little bottles everywhere. But I have a conspiracy theory-I know what is really happening here.

I think the roommate bathroom decree should be as follows: every person who lives in a place meant to be equally shared should imagine a line, a line straight down the middle of the bathroom. Yes, I say down the middle. Equal counter space and shower space no matter how many little bottles you own. Look at your bathroom, people; are you also being pushed to the edge? A clear distinction needs to be made to stop these unnecessary household wars. Don't let your roommate form an army.

To shave or not to shave?

Oh man, there's a girl. I'm just gonna sit here and check her out from head to toe. Oh yeah, nice. Nice. Oh that's good, oh those are *realllly* good! Very hot. Oh yes,

just weird." It also depends on whether you had known the gentlemen before letting those legs go loose.

Now we could get really wild with this and go into the depths of women not shaving even their armpits. Whoa! Your nose just kind of wrinkles up doesn't it? I'm personally

Remember, be nice...

very used to it, as one of my sisters does not shave her armpits, or her legs for that matter. I can just hear everyone now, "Is she a lesbian?" or, "Tree hugger!" — not exactly, she just doesn't care. I took after her, I just wanted everyone to know I didn't shave my legs, and I didn't have to. It was a hassle! It sucks when you're an athlete though, because your competitors always think it's so funny to make fun of you, so I had a lot of trouble in soccer.

Ladies, whether it's armpits or your legs, just try it for a little while. Let those moths' grow out for a month or three and then see how your friends handle it. See how people react to you, and then ask yourself if you would react the same way. Remember-BE NICE, all those hairy girls are just as nice as anyone else.

By the way, the three high school years are over, and yes, I now shave my legs. One day I looked down while wearing a skirt and decided *that* was enough; I looked like a blond bear.



Whitney Bond
Staff Writer

perfect timing, yeah you just keep turning honey, good, and that skirt, it's so... OH-MY-GOD, please tell me those legs are just dirty... No! You've got to be kidding. Uuuuhhh! No, definitely not, no way, thoroughly repulsed!

Men are so unaware. I admit however that because we are so used to society's rule that "WOMEN SHAAAAAVE!!!" unshaved legs on women can be a little strange at times. It's also a bit worse if your hair color is something other than blonde. Black, brown, or red tends to stick out a tad more. Basically it all depends on you, and whether you're willing to look past all that hair at the girl behind it. I know from experience, three years of high school in fact, that people need a little time to get used to those fuzzy legs.

Women either stick up their noses at you and give you that, "I'm better than you by far!" look, or else it's "Ya! Represent the females yo'." Men, on the other hand are a bit dumbstruck at the whole situation and then it finally hits them that, "Oh, God, women that's



A walk in the light

Who am I? This is a question I must ask myself often as I walk the wide world, seeing and doing, and drawing so much good and ill into myself

gone: my steps had nearly slipped. For I was envious of the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked."

Altar of an Unknown God



Joel P. Shempert
Contributing Writer

that I must stop and cleanse myself, sifting through all that I am to remember the purpose of my soul.

Many of you new to Clackamas are wondering, "Who is this guy?" Those rejoining me from last year may also wonder, "Who is this schmuck with his pretentious-sounding, highbrow little column, and his picture in the paper?"

I shall try to answer this question for all of us.

It has been five months since I have written for this paper. In that time, I have lived a whirlwind of experience and sensation, both here and abroad. I have sung at midnight by the Baltic Sea; I have clasped hands with Estonian brethren in celebration of their country and their freedom; I have recited poetry for the assembly of dear comrades from two hemispheres—and I have returned back home into the tempest of mundane life.

After all this, I found I had lost my center, and I knew not who I was.

So, at last, I turned to Holy Scripture, foundation of my youth and bastion of my belief. That was where I met Asaph.

Asaph's handful of Psalms occupies a small corner of the Hebrew songbook, which mostly houses the works of that J.S. Bach of ancient Israel, King David. Asaph, David's chief choir conductor, had this to say to me in Psalm 73:

"Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart. But as for me, my feet were almost

An introspective guy, that Asaph, and someone whose 3000-year-old predicament strangely mirrors my own. We both have

struggled with a disastrous tendency to forget what is important in our lives. Asaph continues:

"Thus my heart was grieved, and I was pierced within. So foolish was I, and ignorant: I was as a beast before You... Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? And there is none on earth that I desire beside You."

I am amazed how easily I forget where my joy is found. Surrounded by so many good gifts, I cling to them and forget the Gift Giver.

And so here I stand. My loving Father has called me back to Himself once again, and once again I present myself to you. I have remembered who I am. I am an artist. A poet. A musician. A writer. A lover. A thinker. And some days, when my heart is open to the dynamic force of the Spirit's overwhelming power, I am a child of God.

The first letter of the Apostle John has some words on this way of life:

"Again, a new commandment I write unto you, which is true in [Christ] and in you: because the darkness is past, and the true light now shines. He that says he is in the light, and hates his brother, is in darkness even now. He that loves his brother abides in the light, and there is no cause for stumbling in him."

Here is my mission: I am to be that man who walks in the light. I am to love my brother, and I am to shine the light into the darkness, which "comprehends it not."

I show you a more excellent way.