

WAMMOOSE

So here I am, writing my last Two-Headed Pig. I came to Purdue in the fall of 1995 and joined PEM at the beginning of my sophomore year, and that's when things began to get fun... I remember rollerblading until 4:30 a.m. with my partner in crime, Krissy, and then returning to Earhart to do the homework for my MA 165 recitation at 7:30. We're both older and wiser now, and there's no way you'd catch us pulling stunts like that these days... going to a 7:30??? Not bloody likely. Needless to say, I've learned quite a few things in my time. When my roommate accidentally ignited a small bonfire on her desk this semester, for example, I learned that keyboards aren't as flame-resistant as you might expect. And apparently some people think that setting upholstered furniture on fire is even better than flavored coffee for celebrating the moments in our lives, like winning the big game, losing the big game, and breathing. Now that I'm finally graduating, I want to share with you youngsters some of the wisdom I've stumbled upon in the last five years.

There's a common misconception that you can park anywhere you want to as long as you leave your four-way hazards on. Police officers will never think, "Hmmm... she's parked half in a handicapped spot and half in an emergency fire lane and right next to a fire hydrant, but she left her blinkers on... she'll probably be right back, so I'll just let it go this time."

If you allow the word 'fit' to be interpreted loosely, a Furby Halloween costume designed for 3-5 year olds *can* fit a 22 year old, although it may be a little itchy.

When you're really in a time crunch, it's the custodial staff that will be able to help you. Sure, your professors can get tenure, but who has the bigger key ring?

Sometimes the best things in life are free, sometimes they cost \$40,000 in student loans, and sometimes they're watered down but half-price during happy hour.

Everybody's "falling asleep but still trying to take notes" handwriting looks the same.

When it comes to interviews and mingling, being able to fake confidence and courage is as good as having them.

The Fazoli's in Chauncey has glued down just about everything on the shelves that divide the dining area. Apparently they think people around here might try to use a five-finger discount on those jars of pasta and fake vegetables.

The mechanical horsey ride in front of Meijer in Lafayette is made for children and only designed to hold up to 40 pounds. And YOU, young lady, are clearly over the weight limit.

No matter how freaking cold it is, there will be a coatless girl walking around the bars wearing a tank top and short skirt. Apparently hypothermia is a small price to pay when personal style is at stake.



If you see a two-headed pig, lay off the acid. ~PEM

When it comes to laundry, the labels in your clothes aren't really requirements per se, they're more like suggestions. It's also easier to go to Wal-Mart and buy more socks and underwear than it is to actually wash what you have. You should be aware, however, that when your sock drawer reaches critical mass, your room could explode.

The rules of Trash Jenga are as follows. Once the trash can is filled to the rim, all subsequent trash deposits are carefully made on top of the pile. The higher it grows, the more unsteady it becomes until one of the roommates makes a tactical placement error and the pile crashes down all over the kitchen floor. That person then has to pick it all up and take it out to the curb while cursing under his or her breath.

My mom always said that staying up all night cramming for a test wouldn't help me as much as a good night's rest. I disagree. I've often been saved by a motherload of caffeine and Fatboy Slim while I try to finish weeks' worth of reading, whereas dreams of Mama Cass and Dick Vitale jousting on go-carts have rarely upped my score on an exam.

Grand Prix Week does not exist. There is only Grand Prix Weekend, which lasts for about nine days and is easily identified by a sharp decrease in class attendance and a sharp increase in 30-foot inflatable beer bottles around campus.

There was some other stuff, too, about differential equations and moments of inertia and things like that, but what I learned while flying a kite at midnight on top of the Northwestern parking garage (beware the lightposts) is much more fun. Classes are obviously important, but don't sacrifice your education in favor of your degree.

~Shannon Doyle



This is what happens to Hillshire Farm ham when it disappears for an extended period of time behind the drawers of your fridge. These results can also be replicated by leaving dirty dishes in the sink over spring break.