

The Fo(X) Files

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I decide to leave my friend outside in the cold in hopes that the fox will set his sights on her instead. I think I'm safe for now.

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7:46 a.m.

I'm walking out of Erdman, with a muffin in hand, and I see the fox trotting toward me. He must have gotten off the Blue Bus, after a night of partying at Haverford, and decided to grab something to eat in the dining hall—I realize I'm the thing he wants to gnaw on. We make eye contact and I panic, realizing that with both my pink loafers, with their wee tassels, and the piece of pastry in my hand, I'm aerodynamically disadvantaged and

I'll never outrun him. I decide that I have two options—surrender myself or my muffin. Two seconds later I decide to surrender neither. I want each just as much as the other.

I start to walk briskly in another direction, and he begins running after me. I see now that he's not going to be satisfied unless he's ripping something to shreds; I throw my muffin in one direction and my pink loafers and I scurry off into another direction. I turn back and he's ferociously eating the muffin, wrapper and all.

Our eyes meet again and I think he recognizes that I've won. I shed a tear for the loss of my muffin and then chuckle a little to myself when I realize it was a vegan muffin anyway. Sucker!



Meet a Mawrtyr!

by sruti bhaumik

Malorie Garrett is a junior math major/education minor who lives in Rock. She is going to study abroad next semester in Denmark.

How was your day?

It was pretty good, skipped class, to sleep in. But I really wanted to nap! I prioritize my life to devoting time to napping and then maybe eating.

What do you do when you get up in the morning?

To quote my friend Emily Pinkerton, I look in the mirror and ask myself, "Why am I so awesome?!"

Who are your heroes?

Well, I gotta say I feel a lot in common with Hansel from Zoolander (by the way, I'm throwing a Zoolander Tea on December 10th in Rock Living Room). Sting's a hero of mine. I don't really listen to his music, but the fact that he's making it, I respect that. I do listen to a lot of Dane Cook. I find myself talking like him.

Everyone has a special talent, what's yours?

I'm wicked good at Mario Kart. I challenge anyone to race me. My room, anytime, bring it. If I could, I'd major in Mario Kart.

What terrified you as a kid?

Oh my God, it's the truth! I was terrified of Daily Doubles on Jeopardy! Terrified, I couldn't watch it. You know how you're watching Jeopardy, and it's quiet, and then the Daily Double comes on! Outta nowhere, it's in your face! It's like an attack sound! I love Jeopardy now.

Who would you like to be in reincarnated as?

Someone from Japan, because the Japanese are so cool.

Anything else you want to add?

Come to the Zoolander Tea. Be there or be hungry.

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Do you love someone, but don't know how to tell them? Hate something, but are unsure about where to express it? Notice someone, but are too shy to talk to them? Want to write an editorial, but don't have time to do it? This is the column for you. Condense your opinions to under 100 words and submit to cmoore@bmc. Note: The material published in this column does not (necessarily) reflect my own personal opinions, and I reserve the right to edit all materials.

I've decided to start calling my thesis my boyfriend so I feel like less of a loser when I say I spent all of Saturday night spending "quality time" with my boyfriend, or that my boyfriend is so demanding that he wakes me up early and keeps me up really late at night. Still, I'll be glad when we finally end it; I feel like I'm doing all the work in this relationship. —kruark, '06

who: you, with an idealist.org bag, and a cute black coat.
me, with a blue pillow and a bmc email. (jposilki)

what: you said goodbye to a boy, I said goodbye to a girl. waiting for the train, you read in search of respect. i thought—our paths can't cross this often, can they? but then you were in erdman.

when: 6am-10am, 3ish weeks ago.

where: the baltimore greyhound station, market east, the r5, erdman

why: i want a travel buddy to baltimore!

Please respect the honor code. don't take people's food. don't screw with people's decorations. and please, if you do, own up to it. Personal responsibility for your actions is key!!! —(Unsigned)

To (select members of) the crew team:

I am not a damn button!

—hots.com

My Girl,

You always put a smile on my face, whether you're in my presence or in my thoughts. My day brightens when I meet you for lunch; and I hug you as hard as I can when I say good-night to you, so my love will stay with you as you sleep. You say the best things, whether wise, comforting, intellectual or hilarious. You also look so much better in all of my hats than I do. You have my love and admiration always. —Yours.

Why does it never end. No I am not ignoring all of you...I just happen to be running around like a chicken with its head chopped off. I wish I had the time to do everything everyone wants me to, but I don't. So, How about we all just find a nice way to pretend everything is ok before I have to relieve some stress by going on a cross-campus rampage. I miss you all. —One More Senior on the Run

Sabrina Chan, why are you SO HOT? Damn. —Everyone Likes a Secret Admirer

Why is it that we're so obsessed with breaking down racial barriers and overcoming social differences, and yet a great number of our clubs are focused on grouping us into specific nationalities, religions, and beliefs. Some groups don't do this, but calling the culture show "Generasian" really leaves a big group of people out. How about we have more clubs based on common interest rather than race? Maybe that would break down more barriers. —Anon.

I like food. I like that other people like food. But I don't like that other people like trying to shiftily cut in front of me in line so as to get food extra quickly. It's going to take you, what, three more minutes if you behave like a sensible, well-mannered human being? Chances are that tonight wasn't your last meal on this earth. I just wish you had acted accordingly. Notice how I'm politely refraining from calling you a boor. —Disgruntled Diner

