

Editorial

This semester warped all sense of holiday spirit

It's that time of year again. Christmas carols, ornaments, strings of lights, strings of spine-curving-morals-warping swearing.

Yes, the end of the semester has come down like the bizarre black chunks falling from the third-floor vents with every thud from the roof construction. And, as always, students have been similarly buried in papers, projects and tests.

For many, including us, it's been a particularly difficult semester. The overriding semester's theme started as "looking at better things" but has quickly eroded into "who gives a (fill in spine-curving-morals-warping word of your choice)?"

Throw on all the Christmas cheer that's been building like Chinese water torture since August, and we're dangerously close to playing Jack Kevorkian — without the willing participant. It's a new technique for the masses: homicide therapy, takes care of you *and* what ails ya.

First in the cross hairs, pathetic remakes of holiday songs by groups that sucked to begin with. We just can't figure out why anyone would go to see Vince Gill sing a bunch of carols. Thus, the next targets in our sights are people who go to see Vince Gill sing a bunch of carols.

Worse yet are the remakes of songs like "The 12 Pains of Christmas" or, our off-the-charts bane, "Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer." It's a good thing she did, we were coming after her with rifles cocked and ready. The abominably wicked person who wrote that brutal tune can't be far behind.

Basically, we're proclaiming a loud and grand "Screw Christmas!" To hell with holiday spirit. If we see another house with little icicle lights, we're going to melt them with a firebomb.

After all, peace on earth has become boring, and the U.S. economy significantly improves in time of war. Just look at the nationalist spending spirit the Gulf War created. With the Asian economic crisis and mediocre holiday sales to date, U.S. markets are beginning to shake. It's high time for rebound.

We figure since the Tet Holiday Offensive was so successful for the North Vietnamese, Christmas Eve would be the opportune time to turn the sands of Iraq into a large glass parking lot.

Of course, with a parking lot that large, the United States could further their international economy with a new World Mall. Envision the business a shopping center the size of Baghdad would pull in. Just think of how many Furbees they could keep in stock. Can you even comprehend how many Santas it would take to staff something that size. And imagine all the presents you could buy us.

Christmas has turned into a mega-hyped, over-cliched half-year's orgy. We're tired of it — at least until this semester ends. So we're waiting for that last final to be over so we can drop out of Grinch mode and join the party.

We're waiting for the end of this relative hell to again begin believing in Santa Claus, peace on earth and the real joy of the season.

Until then, though, don't even think of wishing us a Merry Christmas.

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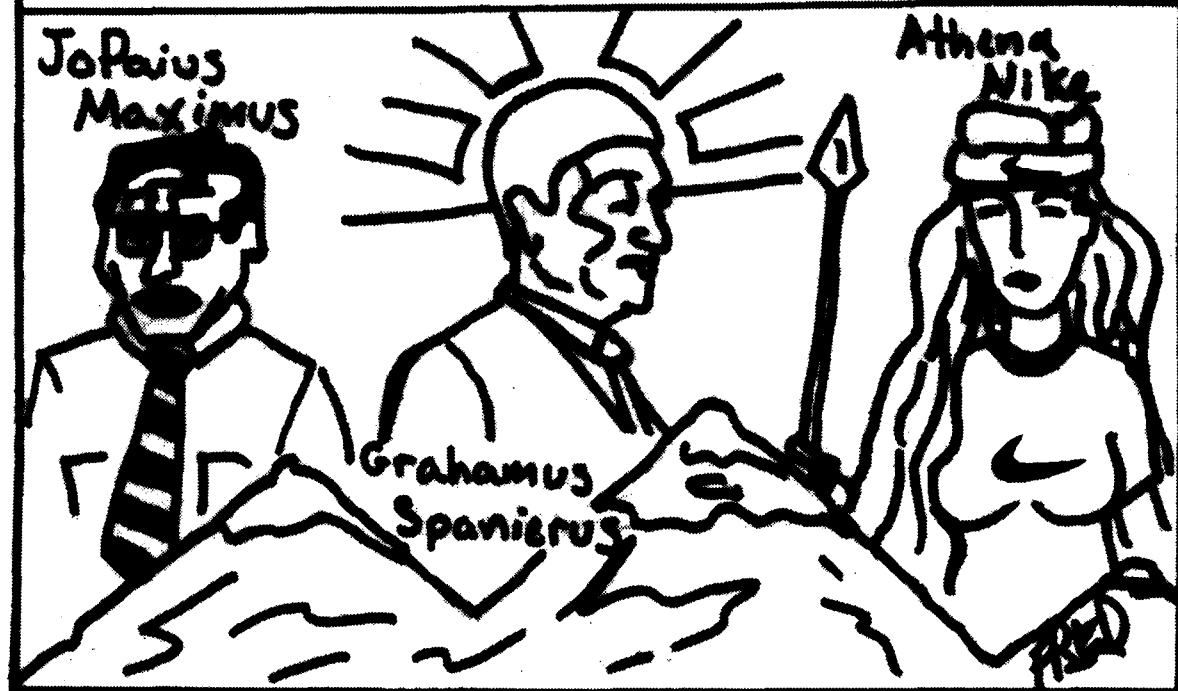
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THE PENNTHEON



Jingle Hells: Christmas lost with walk in mall

By Barb Roy
Entertainment Editor

Silent Night,

It is a lovely, mild autumn day.

Holy Night,

The sun light has a brilliant, golden glow in the warm, sweet-smelling air.

All is Calm,

I walk slowly across the parking lot, savoring the day.

All is Bright.

I feel buoyant and carefree, but I have errands to run.

The instant I enter the mall, I feel a bracing slap of sensory shock. It is an unpleasant jarring jolt, an immediate shoving in-my-face of an assault upon every sense I possess.

The first thing I see are horribly tacky crafts that are for sale for people you hate. I hope no one hates me enough to buy snowmen figurines made out of socks. The stench of soft pretzels that people queue up in long lines to consume pervades the air like a smelly place you have to travel through en route to somewhere else,

See "Holiday" on page 11

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