

I'm graduating in May: what then?

By **MARKO PRIMORAC**

Staff Complainer

Fifty-five more days, and I will be a college graduate. The eight-year Odyssey will finally be coming to a long awaited end. I am still in disbelief, as are my folks (although they seem to be in complete ecstasy over the fact that I am finally moving out of the basement, or so they think... God I hate my life...). What will I do with that piece of paper that validates my intellectual being?

For starters, I will take at least one week off. This semester has been a tough one so far, and the real festivities haven't even begun. Unless I want to go on a psychopathic violent rampage with a baseball bat wrapped with Christmas lights, wearing nothing but cowboy boots (don't make me do it!), I better go on a vacation once this chapter of my circus sideshow, I mean life, ends. It's high time I took a vacation.

My tentative plan is to go down to Florida for a week and visit my friends, Dave and Tony, in Fort Lauderdale. I think those seven days will consist of sleeping in, watching good old Bob Barker and the ladies on "The Price Is Right," and then going tanning and swimming. Let's not forget fishing. At night: clubbing. I might even do some "job" hunting too.

See, Tony and Dave are (presently, at least) legitimate tax-paying citizens, and they are living quite comfortably. Dave was smart and did not opt for the "eight year plan," and instead graduated in four years (technically, five, but one year was plagued by "legal issues").

Even Tony, Lucifer's prodigal son, got his act together as well, after getting kicked out of junior college for allegedly assaulting (or threatening to "assault," I forget the whole story) a professor who failed him on an exam (which prevented him from playing football) and "subduing" drunken slobbers as a bouncer for a few years. Both took their 'Series 7' (or whatever it is called: it's the thing you take that makes you a broker) and are now stockbrokers. Dave is 26, Tony is 24, and both will rake in a "barely adequate" \$250,000 a piece this year, at WORST. Too bad I am not good at math. Too bad I did not follow Dave's model of success...

After Fort Lauderdale, I think that a road trip to Tennessee is in order. I haven't seen Grimes since boot camp or Griner since School of Infantry, and I wouldn't mind seeing those crazy southerners. Standby Knoxville, here comes a slick, carpet-bagging northerner with a bottle of Jack and a General Ulysses S. Grant t-shirt...

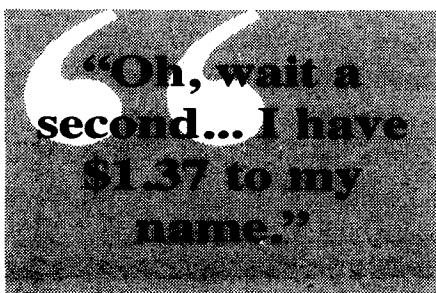
While in Tennessee, I think that it is only logical that I visit Graceland. "3000 Miles To Graceland" is one of my favorite movies (the performances by Russell and Costner were riveting) and since watching it, I have a new appreciation, dare I say love, for The King himself (although his seed is rotten, as far as I am concerned). After Graceland, why not New Orleans? I am well aware that it won't be Mardi Gras in the Big Easy, but if it's "easy" as it sounds...

Texas. My friend Fadam is moving to San Antonio, and his brother is a corrupt cop in some hick town in the middle of nowhere. That could prove to be an interesting experience. There's nothing like a good old scrap with the hicks in the sticks, and I don't have to worry about getting pulled over and having the Texas Law "discover" 3 half-eaten dead bodies, 20 forged passports and a ton of cocaine, all in my exhaust pipe, since my friend down there is *the law*.

I have always wanted to see the Grand Canyon. Let me clarify that. Ever since I was a kid I wanted to see someone fall down it, but I have since been enlightened and feel that people's suffering is not funny or solely for my entertainment. Seeing the Grand Canyon without seeing someone fall to a horrible death would suffice. Las Vegas, the greatest city on earth, is only a few hours away from the Grand Canyon. This time, I will spend more than 36 hours there. Hopefully, I will live through it...

After that, I'm off to California, the Promised Land, the Sirens of the Pacific keep calling me: it's my date with destiny (let's just hope the three blind sisters have something good planned for this bitter young man). I have always been drawn to Cali and California girls (who don't interest me anymore since I have a girlfriend, thank you very much). The drive from L.A. to the Mohave Desert for training in 2002 sold me. Brett, my scumbag Marine Corps friend, and myself both decided, after 20 minutes of driving in California, that we would move there, and I didn't even see any of the nice areas...

Oh, wait a second... I have \$1.37 to my name. Hmmm. Looks like I am going nowhere fast (enter shocking music...). Stupid reality. I have to get a so-



"Oh, wait a second... I have \$1.37 to my name."



photo by Anonymous Drunkard

After 8 years of college, it is time for a vacation. California and Florida are always options, but they would be costly. Guess it will be making dirty movies for Marko.

called "real job," be "responsible," "balance my checkbook" and "work." I've done it before, for years really. I am sick of "work." I'd rather travel and experience life for a while.

Well, I'll settle for my friend J.J.'s situation: \$55,000 + commission a year, in Atlanta, splitting \$400/month for an apartment in a complex with two pools, a couple of gyms, and tennis courts. I could dig the white tennis get-up... Back to reality: "I am sorry, but we were looking for someone with more experience." Pound it.

I better start reading up on Texas Hold-em strategies, in addition to looking into blackmarket organ sales... Ah, who am I kidding, no sham doctor would accept my liver anyway... But there are always dirty movies, and I am studying communications...

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