

The Perfect Woman defined

by Tug McErlain

You've had the dream. She walks into our nocturnal fantasy, beaming and gleaming like a super-nova. Every inch of your body quivers at the sight of the silhouette. She moves closer, you're flying, your heart is slowly dying, but death is no distraction. Your lips are like two comets destined to collide but just before they do, just as your whole soul is exploding with anticipation, she's gone.

You awake soaked with sweat and pale as a ghost. Cursed to the eternal mystery of the Perfect Woman. Well, wonder no more. The TUGGER has come through!

I'll start with the eyes, since they are said to be the windows to the soul. Now, contrary to popular belief, deep brown eyes will always conquer baby blues on the face of perfection in my opinion. After all, blue eyes are pretty to look at but in no way do they contend with the feeling of pleasure and passion that is evoked when gazing into deep brown beamers. There just is no comparison.

Equally important, though, is the subtle space between the eyelid and the eyebrow. These few centimeters can make or break a beauty. The rule is usually that the bigger the space, the better, but the contour and roundness is just as important as size. The way in which this space blends with the cheekbone and the subtle shadows and light spots are what count.

As for the rest of the face, a beautiful smile is important with succulent lips and a petite button nose is a must.

Moving on to hair, brunette is the pre-requisite, and it was summed up very well by the famous Mike Braunstein when he stated, "Blondes are nice for a weeklong fling, and red heads one night of passion, but brunettes are who you give your heart to." Lively curls and shoulder length are also a requirement.

Now for our perfect woman build. 5 ft 5 is the required height and 36-24-34 is

the combination to perfection. A slightly darkened complexion is the key but bright tan lines in the buff can be shock-evoking. Her nails don't matter but her hands should be soft and small so to give us that feeling of power when holding them.

A book could be written for the personality, but we'll just leave it at sweet, caring, innocent but exotic, submissive yet hard to get, and having a good sense of humor (but no airheads). She should above all make you feel like you have the whole world on a string, sitting on a rainbow.

Truthfully, though, if you're lucky enough to find someone that you love with all your heart and her feelings for you are the same, nothing else is important. No matter what color the of her hair, eyes, or skin are, or her weight, shape, or nose, you're a lucky man. After all, this is only my opinion.

The mystery of the Perfect Woman has been solved long before I even found my first clue. So, if you have solved the mystery, and you have found your true love, help me out by telling me the secret that has made your dream come true.

Dead for a day

by Scott R. Hnasko

On Wednesday, October 17, I died at 10:15 a.m. My death was sudden; however, I could not argue. After all, it was for a good cause.

The week of October 15 was Alcohol Awareness Week here on campus. Sponsored by Bacchus, the campus club dedicated to making students alcohol aware, Awareness week informed people through pamphlets, exercises, and, of course, Casino Nite (SEE RELATED ARTICLE ON PAGE 1).

In accordance with Bacchus' schedule for Alcohol Awareness Week, Wednesday was Statistics Day. In order to demonstrate how many lives are lost through alcohol-related accidents, people were asked to "die" for a day. When asked, I consented.

In order to be "dead," I was required to have my face painted white. I had to wear a tombstone around my neck which stated my name and the time and date of my "death." Being dead, I was not allowed to speak. In order to get around this, I carried a fake copy of a Ouija board with me.

Was the event funny? For a brief while. I was cheating "death" and enjoying it. Was the event meaningless? Not at all.

I found "death" to be frightening. I volunteered on the spur of the moment, so my friends had no idea I was going to "die." Although my closest friends tried to communicate with me through charades and pantomime, many other people passed me by. I felt alone.

I couldn't wait until 5:00 p.m. when I would be allowed to speak once more; to be alive. But what if it weren't just an activity? What if I had really died? Many of the emotions and thoughts I had left to speak would have been lost.

Some professors remarked that they were lucky I couldn't speak for a day (HA HA). How would the real death of a student - any student - affect a class the student had once attended?

As clearly as Bacchus painted my face white for me, they also clearly painted for me the tragedy of death caused by an alcohol-related accident.

Support Bacchus. You can never have enough awareness in this confusing world so full of life.