

Let me just tell you about the day I'm having.

To begin, I'll first say that I'll be going with the local PMA chapter on a retreat to a cabin out by a lake this weekend,

So, Last night I get back to my room around 10:00 p.m. so I can call "my ride" to the retreat and get things squared away. I call. I leave a message, I call back. I leave a message WITH a person. Finally I can't wait any longer because I have to get some laundry done, because my clean wardrobe consists of a sports coat, and some shorts that are too small for ass of fatness +4 (that's mostly for spot and bone-daddy). So I put on my too small shorts, lie down on the bed to zip and button the things, take ALL of my other clothes and go to the 24hr laundry next door. I separate my clothes, put them in their respective washers, pour in detergent, and run out of detergent before I get to the 3rd load. So I collect detergent in the bottle cap from the other 2 loads and manage to get a pretty even spread. Close the lids, set the temp, and fabric type, walk over to the card machine to swipe my ID and pay for laundry with my "Raider Funds" (like I always do) and what do I behold...but the card swipe is NON FUNCTIONAL! Every stitch of clothing I own is in a washing machine, covered with Wisk, the card machine is broke. I have no change, nor cash on me to make change. After a couple of futile attempts to find someone in my dorm with a car, i finally bite the bullet and begin my trek to the Texaco...about a mile and a half away.

So I leave the laundry, clothes in washers, and start to hike to the Texaco. The campus is littered with construction that just happens to be DIRECTLY in my way and would add another good 15 min to my walk to walk around. On the way there I check ever door on the GOD FORSAKEN campus, but to no avail. So, over by the music bldg. i find an open gate in the construction fencing. Not your regular fence gate, but I didn't look close enough to realize that beforehand. I push the unlocked gate open walk through, and as i turn to keep walking hear a click-ka-click! The gate is now locked, via magnetic time lock. OH FOR JOY! I wander around the construction site in my sandals and too tight shorts until finally, I find ANOTHER gate; Just a plain old fence gate, chained up, but with a gap between the gates of about 15 inches. I decide I can squeeze my gigantic rear through this thing. So, I study it for a moment, and the only way to get through is to lie down on the gravel and red clay of the construction site and wriggle through. Well I do, and in the process, rip the crotch of my too tight shorts WIDE open, put a MASSIVE gash in my arm from loose wire fencing, and scratch both legs horribly on the gravel as well as cover the right side of my body in DIRT! After I squeeze through, I walk out to the sidewalk near the road on the campus's west border and am in sight of the Texaco. I finally make it to the Texaco after using the 300 yards or so from where I appeared out of the construction site to curse everything I could think of. I get to Texaco.

All I want to do is use the ATM and get a roll of quarters. Rolls of quarters as you well know, come in \$20 rolls. So, just so I'll have some extra cash, I get \$30 out of the ATM, which isn't one of MY bank's ATMs so it charges me a buck for the trouble. I get the cash, make myself a slush puppy because I'm tired and hot, go up to the counter ask the attendant for a roll of quarters. He won't give it too me. Because he has only so much change to work with at night (it's 1:30 in the morning when I get to Texaco) so finally I get \$2 in quarters and the rest in 10s, 5s, and 1s. So now I begin the trek back. Not to the laundry, not to MY dorm... but to another dorm about 200 yards east of mine to the nearest change machine. So I start back and decide, "to hell with the sidewalk" I'll cut across the big Lawn of Murphy sports arena.

Well everything is kosher. My feet are cold because they are now wet from the grass of the lawn, which happens to be about 6 inches deep, but I can deal with that. As I'm walking, one of the straps on my sandals breaks, sending me to the ground at a tremendous velocity. Now I have twisted my ankle, ripped my clothes, cut myself, destroyed some old shorts, broken my sandals, gotten filthy and am now soaking wet, covered in morning dew and coca cola slush puppy. I lost it! I lay on the ground and screamed so loud it hurt MY ears "SON.. OF... A.. BIIIIIIIIIIITCH!!!!!"

Once I got my grip on reality back, I picked myself up, brushed myself off and was off again. Now I've made it to the center of campus, and late night people are driving by, honking their horn, pointing and laughing at me. I hexed them all with eternal flaming trots. I finally made it back to Ezell Hall, got the needed change, walked over to the laundry and did my clothes as I was leaving. I saw a little Kappa Alpha pledge pin someone had left in the laundry. A present for ME! I clip it to my watchband and walk to my dorm. I actually managed to get in the bed by 4:00 this morning.

I awoke at 8:30, made it to my 9:00 fine and realized, "oh shit!" I'm supposed to do my final today. I didn't go to the bookstore to buy a tape to record my intro to studio final on. Well my partner lets me use a side of his tape, which I didn't use anyway, because as soon as I stepped in front of that console and the Prof. clicked his stopwatch 5 years of audio production experience and knowledge said, "see ya!" I have 10 min to make a 30 sec radio ad. I have to, patch the cables, set up the que sends so the talent can hear, himself, the music,, and me. I calibrate the tape machine, set my mix levels, set the control room so I can hear everything going on, run through the commercial, and then record to tape. I did fine, till I made 1 little error, and it totally hung me up. I stood there staring at the console. "Everything looks right!" "What's wrong?" suddenly the Prof. goes, you got a little less than 2 minutes. Everything goes into slow motion. I recheck everything. Recheck again. Prof.: 15 seconds. I just look at the mixing console and say under my breath, "fuck"

Prof.: TIME

I didn't get the first thing put on tape. I had the highest average in that class till then, and didn't get the first thing put on tape. So then I have to go into the studio and read the commercial I've written for my partner, who does everything perfect without a hitch and has 2 min to spare. So I just turned on the public address voice and made one hell of a good commercial.

The profs told me I set everything up really well, but just got hung up. They said it wasn't a total disaster. They were being nice.

I was mortified. I showed my pledge pin I found and strapped to my wrist to my partner who happens to be a Sigma Nu. He said, "You should bring that out to the house, we could have some fun with that." I gave it to him and said, "Here... Keep it"

Him: "you don't want it?"

Me "What the hell am I gonna do with a KA pledge pin?"

The moment I took it off, I felt like my intelligence rose 30 points. It's like I was cursed by wearing it (KA pledge pin -3). Oh well, them's the brakes.

So, tonight, I'm going to the lake and I'm gonna party like there is no tomorrow.

Curse Murfreesboro, Tennessee,

Curse Middle Tennessee State University.

Curse the Otari series 54 mixing console and studio lab A.

They have messed with the WRONG Bruthah!

MU-HA-HA-HAAAA!