

MALM-LDR

Dear World,

As I sit here contemplating the meaning of life, the universe, and Velveeta "cheese", I cannot help but hearken back to the days of yore, the days of more...the days of More Action, Less Money. MALM! How can I get it back? Back in the proverbial alleged day, the sweet kisses of MALM and I shared a close symbiosis, a friendship that seemed ageless, priceless and impenetrable. Now it has fled away, leaving me open to those foul whisperings whispered by the rat of exceeding madness. As always, I turn to Homer Simpson for much needed comfort.

Those dear friends from the past, those who shared my brightest joys, my darkest hours and my horrible things, have moved away from MALM and now partake of its second greatest known antithesis: the LDR. The LDR is a vicious vortex of veritable vengeance, sucking man dry of his precious lucre. The LDR rises as the bane to many, a dark horseman hiding in your mother's linen closet. For a fortunate few the LDR, by its mere presence, invites the drooping soul to shine forth in radiating courage and the dark menace is overcome. But this happens, alas, too rarely, for the LDR is a powerful adversary indeed. All who have experienced its ravages would agree it sucks like unto a skunk on the run, a thing not well pleasing unto any of us.

So beware, my fellow insulates, of LDR. To those who find themselves embroiled in its ravages, I say take heart—the days of MALM will yet reemerge if you persevere, like a glorious Spring Term materializing from a heartless Winter Semester. Hold fast, for you too will find your minds at ease, your hearts lighter, and your wallets fatter. You will have scarcely, yet happily, survived the Long Distance Relationship.

Cory Bickmore

(Inspired by one who probably desires anonymity, so I will merely refer to him by fabricated initials. Thank you C.W.)