The Green Piece—a weekly column by LTS students

The grass is always greener...on a green roof

By Jaki Howie

When the whole balloon sect of "Six had one big green roof!" it'd be like the Boy Spot, but homes. You could do homework up there. The kids of almost undoubtably someone would crack his head. He, reason? He'd be seen as a jungum. It, would be better, there. "Why didn't I know you already have a roof?"

Our very own green roof is on top of the storage closet in Olve, over by the tennis courts. We have a few schools with green roofs: Michigan State University, New England University, Penn State, Carnegie Mellon, and up there. And they all have other environmental benefits are numerous.

A green roof is one to be considered. It’s made up of a plastic semi-permeable plastic drainage system, 4-6" of a high organic-content coal marred material (or some such), 2" of compost, 200-400 lbs. of perlite, and 200-400 lbs. of topsoil. This reduces energy needs for air conditioning by 20-30% during summer months. Besides, it’s cool just to see something green and grassy there, as opposed to a black rubber rooftop. Check out this site if you’re interested: www.greenroofs.com, Students Council Pres. John, Gold, and Devan Holman have started a club for independent study since last fall. They are going to do "GreenResearch!" as a 1-credit independent study, with some kind of protest or doing a web page to make the public see all the different conditions. You can do this by sending me an email, I’ll be happy to help.

Jade Howie is a member of the class of 2007.

Meet your arch-nemesis

By Ginger Piece

Everyone should have an arch-nemesis. It doesn’t matter what kind of nemesis, even a principal will work just fine. I was going to have a school arch-nemesis against a peer, but it was more intense from the very start against the forces of (exhale) good, you know—whatever from the start.

But then’s the punch—it was an arch-nemesis against the Jesus. In today’s complicated world, the chance of an arch-nemesis has become a deeply personal thing. But once you’ve found your perfect nemesis, I promise you, it will be more than worth the time and effort you put into finding them.

As a result, I would like to tell you about very much my arch-nemesis, who appeared to me one hot summer day in D.C. Summer in D.C. is the season of unseen. Every year, America’s most high and brightest young people from all walks of life converge on our nation’s capital. They come seeking renown—knowledge and skill. They seek the famed holy grail of internships. Whatever you may be pursuing, they are always on mute, but it comes with a particular wrinkle. This wrinkle cause me to elevate The Supremeant from intestine to nemesis. I have seen you to little time of victory— and with you the quest for your own nemesis.

I was in a restaurant bar with some friends for lunch one day, facing the door. My nemesis was there also, and I was seeing pretty good about life when I heard a loud bang in front of me. I glanced up towards the door - and there he was. THREAT INTERN.

He wore a vapidly striped blue polo shirt with a red and white French cafe, inconspicuously tucked into his perfectly pressed black pants. He was determined, his shoulders were straight, and he held gentle to match the grim government hands that had deployed them. He stood in profile. He was there for the door at a moment.

Then, without any clear reason, and with that time was too late, I thought, he took a seat and— and several other tables had broken into him. He, obviously fearful that he was, and immuno to change it, made sure everyone of self-control. I persons to come tail back to my friends and resume our conversation. After taking more up about his name (each one accompanied by a pairmate) he gave up, paid for his shrimp dish, and stroked out purposefully on a fate.

Ginger Piece is a member of the class of 2006.

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If we’re anything, seriously now, we shouldn’t be boring

As we hit the end of sixth week, there is one thing on our collective mind: screw dates. This very night, hundreds of couples will be looking through online videos in a movie atadark way to avoid awkward conversations. However, whether for better or worse, the time will come when we will all have to be comfortable and actually speak to our dates. Which brings me to the point: Carleton students do not have those conversations.

Example number 1: "Hey, John, how are you? Man, I have a lot of work. No way! I have a lot of work. No dude, you don’t understand. I, mean, it’s, like, yeah, a whole lot. Like, I don’t even have time to talk. You’re just getting my point across, aren’t you? Okay, okay, I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have been so distant."

But the real difference is that Carleton students have had the opportunity to have those conversations. We have had them with our parents, our directors, our professors, and anyone else one does and when you do, you prove all those many little lies that Carleton students tell for how you communicate.

Come to Carleton and have some social sense. There are a million interesting things going on in the world, and most of them, nearly all, have nothing to do with the number of people wearing pseudo-natural capital. Talk about what you are learning in a class is considered socially acceptable nowadays, but you can’t talk about how you talk around and talk about the dreaded word team. We all do our homework, at least some of it, and we get tired of it that does not make it enjoyable enough for us to talk around or even line white all day long. I hate to break it to you, but you want to know where the people are? They’re around. They have known that the people around me forming. I would be you. Don’t be that kid who doesn’t know how to talk about how we are. We aren’t. There are plenty people everywhere, as there are at Carleton, and there are less of them when you talk. When you sit around and talk about the lack of attractive people on campus, you are talking about yourself. You ARE BORING. You show a tremendous lack of social tact, but it’s as much your fault as it is his. If you want to be heard, you listen, and you are dull and boring and cannot hold your fellow students attention. That’s rough.

We aren’t social as most people make us out to be, and we do talk quite a bit. Our numbers aren’t as foreign as they seem. But these are two examples of boring conversations, but they don’t exist. People won’t like you and you won’t have any friends.

Monica Sweeney ’06 contributed to this editorial.

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