

# Just give me a chance

## Confessions of a real "townie"

By **KELLEY DWYER**  
Special to The Press

When I first got back to school this year I was terribly excited. My living arrangements had changed for the better. I had gotten rid of a "couch potato" housemate. For those of you who never had to live with someone who, when receiving their *TV Guide*, highlights their favorite shows, you have never lived with a quintessential "couch potato".

I was ready for a fresh start. I had brand new note books and fresh long pencils. (Don't tell me that you didn't get excited when you sharpened your first pencil too!) I was ready to "do well and excel." It seemed that the whole world of academics was ahead of me; from Venn Diagrams to seeing all my friends again — I was ready to be here again. In short, I was psyched!

My first class began and I met two people right away. After the usual opening questions: "What year are you?" "What's your name?" and "What's your major?" I felt pretty secure. But then it hit, my stomach plummeted down whole flights of stairs and my heart jumped right into my throat.

They had asked the dreaded question: "Where do you come from?" I contemplated jumping out of the window, but we were on the second floor of Moffett.

I then thought of feigning deafness, but that wouldn't do it. Maybe I could fake a seizure or something,

anything to avoid the answer to this question. I would have felt more comfortable telling these people how much I weighed.

It seemed as though the room fell deathly quiet, and everyone leaned their heads my way as if to hear insider stock information. I swallowed hard and said, "I'm from Cortland."

Little buzzes of whispering began and I felt as though I was a freak on display at the circus. My newfound acquaintances said, "Oh, you're a townie." I had no choice but to answer "Yes."

I think it would be beneficial to state that I am a normal person with a heart and a very fragile ego, just like anyone. When I hear the word "townie" I think of an elderly destitute person who walks around all day mumbling to themselves and foraging local dumpsters in search of returnable bottles and cans.

I'm not sure what images come to mind for other people, but I'm sure that they aren't of me, at least I hope not! I don't mean to sound like I'm bitter and against everyone who comes from somewhere else, but whenever students go back to their hometowns, they are townies too.

Most of the professors who help us to shape our minds and mold our lives are also "townies." If it is such a terrible place, then why would we all choose to come to school here? The only things that I want is a little

understanding and sensitivity.

I don't have any diseases. It's okay to talk to me and become my friend. I'm a thinking and feeling human being. I don't laugh and point when I find that someone is from somewhere else. ("My Lord, a foreigner!") I try to treat others with the same respect and kindness that I expect them to show me.

To further damage my already tarnished standing in the college community, I live at home. This is not because I am unable to live away from my parents — I'm just not overly bestowed with the means to live off campus again. What may seem really weird is that I love it.

My parents respect me and give me all of the privacy I need, not to mention that my mother's cooking is far better than anything that I can cook, I mean defrost. Basically, it's a very good living situation, and certainly much more preferable than living with a couch spud who stiff's others for the bills:

All things considered, my life is good, but I think that we all could learn a lot more from each other if we accept each other's differences and build a friendship and understanding that comes from being open-minded enough to see past those differences to our common feelings and dreams — to be accepted for what we are. All I ask is for everyone to remember that I have a fragile ego, just like everyone else.

# Body snatchers get mom & dad

By **KERRI DALESSANDRO**  
Staff Writer

Are you a freshman? If you are, have you gone home yet? You remember, the place you spent your entire life until about a month ago. There was mom; dad; your brother, the animal torturer; and your basset hound, Fang.

Well if you're waiting until October break to go home, expect a surprise. You're not going to find the same people. Oh, your brother and your dog will be the same, but not your parents. You see, pea pods from outer space have zapped your parents and replaced them with Ward and June Cleaver. Believe me, it's true.

I went home two weeks ago. I was greeted at the bus station by a woman who appeared to be my mother — she looked just like her, but I wasn't fooled. It was obviously a trick. My mother has never cried on the sight of me before. My mother would never run across a crowded bus station yelling my name. But the pea pod did. I decided there was nothing I could do but go home with it. Maybe Dad was okay.

When we got home I realized that my dad wouldn't be there for an hour and I was trapped alone with it. It told me that it was making my favorite dinner and that I didn't have to help cook or set the table. It just wanted me to relax. Ha! The pod was pretty stupid if it

thought I wouldn't know right away after that. My mother has never before uttered those words in that sequence in her life!

When Dad came home it took longer for me to realize that he was a pea pod too. But when he said, "I really miss the way you always stole my socks," I knew. The last time I stole his socks my *real* dad told me that if I did it again, he was going to stuff every sock he owned in my mouth and pull them out through the pores in my skin.

Over dinner the female pod told me that tomorrow we were going out to buy me anything I thought I needed. This summer my *real* mother wouldn't even buy me a pack of gum if I got on my knees in the middle of the mall and begged for it.

So the next day, the female pod took me out shopping and out to lunch. It wanted to know what I was doing and how I was feeling. The only thing my *real* mother ever wanted to know was if I made my bed.

The pods spent over \$200 on me in two days. The last time they offered to do that was when a band of gypsies came and said they take me away for a small fee. They wanted me to talk at dinner. My *real* parents used to pay me \$2 to shut up for the entire meal.

When you go home, you'll have to face these aliens. There is nothing you can do about them because you have no proof. I have only one piece of advice for you: Don't go to sleep!

The Cortland College Alumni Association  
presents

## CONTEMPORARY FILM CLASSICS

### Tuesday Night Theatre



**THE PAPER CHASE** ..... October 20  
The story of one young man's battle against the competitive grand of academia. Starring John Houseman, Timothy Bottoms and Lindsay Wagner.

**STALAG 17** ..... October 27  
A group of 45 imprisoned American POWs escape during World War II. Starring Burt Lancaster, Don McGuire, and William Holden.

**BREAKING AWAY** ..... November 3  
The runaway Oscar winner... comedy about four Midwestern street kids who are challenged by the local college students to a bike race.

**TO SIR, WITH LOVE** ..... November 10  
Sidney Poitier plays a young teacher who takes a teaching job at a tough vocational school in London. His unruly students are unopposed until he forces them to respect the rule book and wins their respect and love.

**THE HUSTLER** ..... November 17  
A young pool shark cons for a living, in cheap billiard halls preparing to challenge the formidable Minnesota Fats. Paul Newman and Jackie Gleason star.

**SUNSET BOULEVARD** ..... December 1  
A cynical young screenwriter who plots a for-sale movie queen becomes trapped in her world of vanity and illusion. With William Holden and Gloria Swanson.

**CHINATOWN** ..... December 8  
A meticulously crafted mystery about a detective who becomes involved in a complex waterworks scam in southern California in the 1930s. Starring Jack Nicholson and Faye Dunaway.

All films are free and are shown at 8 pm  
in the Corey Union Fireplace Lounge.

— Interested in coming out for the Club Volleyball Team?

— Practice starts Monday, October 26th from 4-6 in the wood gym in the PER building.

— For more information, contact the intramural office ext. 4960.



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