

Seriously though, help...

by Michael Harwood and Joe Koury

So my girlfriend and I have decided to move in together, well technically her lease ran out and she stiffed me with the "I have no place else to live," bit. But I'm excited about it; I enjoy the thought of getting to hang out with her ALL the time because I just didn't feel like I was getting to talk to my feelings enough. Surprisingly, I'm one of those really touchy-feely guys where six to eight hours a day of face time with her just wasn't enough. And it's especially great with football season coming around. I really will enjoy the change from getting to talk to my friends about our fantasy league to, instead, consoling her when she thinks she's getting fat. Who needs college football anyway? I mean, it's just a bunch of junior barbarians preparing themselves for the NFL. And it's on too much anyway, I mean all day Saturday, and there's so many things I can do with my time now, like go to Home Depot, and maybe Bed Bath and Beyond too, though I don't know if we'll have enough time. Maybe they'll make an E! True Hollywood story about it; it is after all the only show on TV my girlfriend thinks is worth watching. I'll just watch the highlights then.

Seriously though, help...

She wants to have this house warming party. As if my house wasn't warm before her presence - rather my cold soul simply sucked all the life and joy right out of it. Now, however, there are reasons to celebrate, like the fifteen stuffed animals that live on my bed. The more I try to gain any control of the situation and maybe help out, the more trouble I get into. I offered to do the invitations to help plan, and then I had this wonderful idea which turned out not to be so wonderful. I thought, "Why waste money on all these pink, frilly, and, above all, expensive invitations she picked out?" I went down to the news paper and took out a want ad. It read, "Wanted: some of our closest friends to celebrate our housewarming, drink overpriced wine and eat cheese that tastes like I got it off the bus stop floor but is ironically priced more than the green book value of my car." I know who my friends are; I just told them to look in the want ads the day the article ran. There was no need to waste time, effort and stamps to send them individualized applications. I thought she would be excited; now we can afford more of this insane cheese. Before this, I seriously had no idea how much one could spend on wine and cheese. I think the last time I had those two things together I ate some Kraft Singles American Slices after I had been drinking Mad Dog 20/20 for three hours. And I didn't know non-hobo wine came in anything other than a box. Apparently it comes out of a bottle and has for quite some time now.

I went to get cleaned up for the party. It's kind of shocking she let me go after my little blunder with the invitations, but it was our first big fight, which she now thinks is cute that we were able to work through, and by work through I mean I apologize profusely for three days while she stays pissed off. Anyway, I go into the bathroom and immediately notice that I am surrounded by pink fuzzy things that have been placed everywhere—on the floor, on top of the toilet, on the toilet seat, even above the damn mirror. Who thought up the idea that pink fuzz was good to put in the bathroom? I'm going to hurt people for this. Then, in the shower I am barely able to maneuver, as there are now three shelving units that hold various feminine products along with ten shampoos and conditioners. And then there was another rack of items that I wasn't sure what to do with, nor do I think I even have the correct parts to use them appropriately. I had to spend ten minutes reading various bottles to find one that I could use for my hair and then another ten finding some soap, which is now apparently called "body wash." The days of bar soap are over for me, which is kind of like the end of an era in my shower.

The breaking point nearly came when on Friday night I went to get a beer out of my personal little fridge that has held nothing but beer since the day I bought it. Some might call it a "beer fridge." Personally, I think that's too obvious, so I call it Pedro. Much to my dismay, Pedro had been stocked beyond full with Meijer brand bottled water. I was not aware of it, but apparently my girlfriend has diabetes insipidus. I asked her, "Why are there so many," as I could allow for a few bottles of water in Pedro. She told me they were on sale. "On sale," I asked. "I got some from the faucet today and it was free. How much did you pay?" Buying bottled water is like paying for air. "Hey, buy our air, yeah, we know it's all around you for no cost, but we put it in a bottle with a fancy label, pay us for that." Honestly.

I think that all this will, in the end, be a good thing. Okay, she's looking over my shoulder and she told me to say that. I am, however, going to have to put a lot of my dreams on hold. Maybe I'll just find out where they plan on going to and tell them I'll hook-up with them later since that's easier than trying to follow them anyway. It's sad to think that I won't get to install my slip n' slide in the front hallway. She wouldn't even consider it, even when I offered to put some soap in the hose line. I told her that way I could just come in the door from playing basketball, slide down the hall way and be clean. Plus, I argued, it might save some time. I'm not sure that I can keep reading the labels on the random bottles in the shower.



AAdvice

by Aaron Anderson and Ahmed Athar



Dear AAdvice,

To be blunt, I'm having man issues. There are three guys that I really like: an A/V guy, an Anatomy TA, and one of the construction workers. They're all pretty cute and I'm not sure which to choose! Help!!

Sincerely,

Amy G.

Dear Amy,

Having to choose between three guys? That must be pretty difficult for you. Let's try and break them down... So the AV guys are very sweet. They're always there to help when you have a problem. However, they might get carried away with their gadgets and laser pointers. And you might have some digital competition which, we'd like to add, is very tough to beat. The Anatomy TA's, no frickin' way. Everyone knows that the guys who sign up to teach anatomy are single 4th years who couldn't get a date in med school. Sure, they know more about your body than you, but they are smelly and they'll hang out with dead people just to be with you! That's a little too freaky if you ask us. Now the construction worker, he's a gold mine. He buff, he's tough, and he knows all the secret hideouts around campus. We recommend you go grab that industrial hunk, take off his hard hat, and take him for a wild ride on the People Mover. Word.

Let the lovin' begin.
AA and AA

Dear AAdvice,

I'm currently a first year student. I have just finished the first round of exams and found them to be excruciating. I know it will take a lot of time and hard work to make it through this year. Even with all of that, I've heard rumors that second year is even more strenuous. If that is the case, I'm thinking I might need to just take this summer off and relax to have enough strength to make it through second year. Do you think that would be a good idea or a bad one?

Sincerely,

Need A Break

Dear Need A Break,

In order to answer this question, we surveyed a few of your colleagues currently in their second, third, and fourth year. It seems that most of your colleagues participated in some type of summer program, ranging from doctor office paper work to medical abroad programs. We asked them this question, "If you knew second year was as strenuous as it is, what would you have done during the summer?"

The response was surprising, but that might be our lazy thoughts entering the scope of the conversation. Just about all of those surveyed would have completed the same summer program. The most common replies focused on three big components of the summer: money, medically related interests, and travel. There are some of those who were able to combine each of these by doing abroad rotations in either Kenya, Central or South America. Whatever your decision is, it has to be enjoyable to you. Otherwise, the potentially last summer you will have for awhile will be wasted.

Have a great summer!

AA and AA



THE TOP TEN

things President Bill Clinton said after awakening from Cardiac Bypass surgery...

by Nick Nelson



10. "Believe me, I feel the pain you medical residents go through. I know a lot about the 'ins and outs' of your intern here... I mean the intern year."
9. "Look Doc, I've learned my lesson about smoking. I understand the toxic effects that cigars can have at home and in the workplace..."
8. "I know I just had heart surgery, but do they have a McDonalds in this place?"
7. "Hey, are these hospital gowns stain resistant?"
6. "Oh, thank God I'm awake... I had a horrible dream while I was under. We were at war, the Economy was just horrible, and the dumbest Bush son was President of the United States... wait a second... Oh, Shit!"
5. "Believe me, I know more about bush than Bush will ever know about bush."
4. "I know I was a little unorthodox having Chelsea's plastic surgeon in on my bypass surgery, but have you seen the miracles that man has performed?"
3. "My nurse is so good, I'm going to hire her and make some room for her on my Presidential Staff."
2. "I'm alive, I'm alive... Slick Willy lives to lie again!"
1. "Don't you doctors think that anybody that can do a quick gynecologic exam in his office with a cigar and no headlamp deserves an honorary M.D.?"