

[< Back](#) | [Home](#)

# It's time to stick it to the man, cause some mischief and have fun

## Crunch Time

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It happens to all of us at some point or another: We find ourselves trying to do too much at once.

And often times, it is not our fault - some weird twist of fate that everything seems to come up at once, completely out of our control.

As college students, this can usually be predicted just looking at the green sheets for classes.

Tests all seem to land on the same week.

And when we bring our minds to focus on those all-important tests, we have term papers that force us to divert our attention and lose sleep.

And don't even get me started about finals.

Gone are those blissful days of our childhood that were broken up by recess, where we were almost commanded to drop everything and go play.

Gone are those summers, where we didn't have to think about getting a job, attending summer school or any other adult-related activity.

Now we are stuck in a never-ending pattern of hurry and stress.

Or what about nap time?

You remember that time in preschool when you were told to spend a certain amount of the day to just sleep?

Well perhaps some of you freshmen still practice nap time - I know I did through my junior year.

Sadly, those days are gone. And they may never come back.

I say we rebel and revert to those simpler times.

I say we tell "the man" that we are no longer going to take his "you have to be a productive member of society" any longer.

Sure, the man can flunk us.

Sure, the man can refuse to give us jobs.

But you know what, why do we have to listen to the man?

The man is the one who told us as children that we couldn't eat candy for dinner. The man is the one who sent us to our rooms when we were bad.

The man is the one who punished us.

But we are no longer children. We don't have to listen to the man.

We can set our own rules.

The man set those rules that we now are forced to follow after he defeated his oppressor. We can do it. We are just as capable as the man.

Today is Halloween, so let's go trick-or-treating.

Let's join those little ones who are still ignorant to the wicked curve ball that life is about to throw them.

I say we stay up late, eat candy and otherwise cause mischief.

Let's stay up late and sleep long tomorrow.

Why not?

What better things do we have to do?

Midterms, what midterms?

Term paper? It can wait.

I just want to disappear for three months, sleep 12 hours a day and not have a care in the world.

I just want to hang out with friends, laugh and play.

Maybe even travel down to Los Angeles on a day's notice for no other reason than to visit friends who have moved down there.

Or what about pretending that the weather is not atrocious and hit up the beach.

I could go boogie boarding with that special lady. We could just lie in the water, waiting for that perfect wave, talking and sharing stories.

Just the two of us lying there, with no one else around, no work pressure and no tests.

We could then have a contest to see how many waves in a row we could catch. Then set a record and try to break it.

What, 15 waves in a row? Let's try for 20.

Oh, what could be.

Maybe one day, this idea of a utopia can be reality.

Maybe one day, my rebellion will take form.

My comrades will line up behind me and overthrow the system.

But wait. I can be considered "the man."

Crud.

Well, perhaps this rebellion can wait until I am no longer the editor of the Spartan Daily.

Staffers, you are forbidden from reading this. So forget everything I just wrote until the semester is over.

You got that?

Good.

Well, for the rest of you, ponder my proposal. Maybe one day.

Maybe.

Cheeto Barrera is the Spartan Daily executive editor. "Crunch Time" appears every Tuesday.

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