Opinion: My latest obsession

Labophilia: love of slipping

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Columnist

YOU know what I love? Icy sidewalks and roads. There’s just something about the way they glister in the sunlight, like Edward Cullen’s magical skin. It’s as beautiful as the smooth skin of a freshly shorn hobo. It’s as slippery as the slope I’m going down writing these articles. Really, the sidewalks aren’t a problem. In fact, they serve several purposes. First, they can be used as a “survival of the fittest” mechanism. If you fall, you’ll quickly learn not to do that again, like the cat and the hot stove, or Abe Lincoln and theater.

Speaking of theater, the department formerly known as the Theatre/Dance department could use them as a training tool for their dance students. They can learn about balance and rooting themselves. Fall once, and you’re out of the program! Between Lincoln and theater ... for their dance students. They can learn about balance and rooting themselves. Fall once, and you’re out of the program!

Really, though, the ice on the sidewalks brings me a joy rooting themselves. Fall once, and you’re out of the program! That’s as beautiful as the smooth skin of a freshly shorn hobo. It’s as slippery as the slope I’m going down writing these articles. Really, the sidewalks aren’t a problem. In fact, they serve several purposes. First, they can be used as a “survival of the fittest” mechanism. If you fall, you’ll quickly learn not to do that again, like the cat and the hot stove, or Abe Lincoln and theater.

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