

For the most part, simple things in life give me joy. My favorite snack is an apple with cheddar cheese. I enjoy reading the daily news. I especially find happiness when I give a biscuit to my dog Holden. Much like everyone, I have my specific interests and hobbies. Sports have always played an interest in my life. If there is one sport that stands out amongst the others, it is golf. I eat, drink, and sleep it. I have been playing for about eight years, with minor success. My highlights thus far have been my tournament low round of 71, and I recently had my first hole in one. That was quite the thrill. To me, that has been my greatest achievement in golf. For a game so fickle and mind bending,



I achieved perfection. For one moment, one shot, I was perfect. It is a sensation that I will never forget, and one that I hope to repeat in the near future.

As great a time as I have playing golf, nothing could replace my family. I love to spend time with my family. We are extremely close with one another, and I feel blessed that I am lucky enough to say that with such conviction. I have gotten to experience so much at a



young age, and I owe it all to my family. Traveling to Europe, meeting influential people, witnessing historical events in person. I owe it all to my family. They have shown me a life that I want to live. It has given me the zeal to accomplish my goals in life.

It is funny that I am not bothered by big, important worries that most people worry and stress about. Money, family issues, death. Not a problem. What bug me are the little things in life. And to start it off, I would like to take aim at “slow walkers”. If you are like me and you are on the go, then there is nothing more annoying than someone moseying around like there is not a worry in the world. I think there should be a dividing line on sidewalks from now on, and one side should be devoted to slow walkers.



Slow walking is one thing, but bad elevator etiquette gets my blood pumping. What bothers me the most is when people do not say thank you when another holds the door open for someone else. It’s like, what was the point of me doing a nice gesture? Another thing that bothers me on elevators are the people with body odor. If not to attract people that you are interested in, at least take a shower or wear some kind of fragrance or deodorant stick for elevator rides. Everyone can smell it, it’s disgusting, and you should be ashamed of yourself.



And now, for the *cous de gras*, I would like to attack those who take advantage of ice cream sampling. You probably think I am being a little petty, but in my eyes I feel it is completely justifiable. When a person walks into an ice cream store like Ben and Jerry’s or Baskin and Robbins, he or she should already have roughly three or four flavors in their minds. Also, it is not as if you are unraveling the

mystery of the universe. I’m not so sure there is anything threatening about a \$2.50 ice cream cone, aside from the lard of fat you might get from consuming it. What kills me the most is just my worst-case scenario. I always have a picture in my mind when I am on my way to an ice cream store. I see a long line, 20 or 30 people, children crying, and one lone grandma who tries every flavor under the sun. In the words of Woody Allen, “What I wouldn’t give for a large polo mallet.” This is the type of event that gets my temper flaring and my skin itchy. So to all of you samplers out there, pick one that looks good and stand by it!