Sex and the Campanile

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Recommended Citation
Available at: http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/ethos/vol2003/iss1/10

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So let's pretend for a moment that your love life is a car and you are the driver. Ideally, you would jump on Highway 69, set the cruise at 80 and watch as people get on and get off. But more than likely, you are stuck driving down Relationship Road, a narrow street that is always under construction and all too often, a dead end. There always seem to be bumps and dips, and you're always getting in trouble for moving too fast.

Realizing you're lost, you turn down Single Street. But now you're faced with a whole new problem: your sex life is stuck at a stoplight. It's every driver's hell. Long, lonely and painful. Why must it always be red? All you can do is sit there and wait for a change in color. And while you do, everyone else seems to be flying past you, cigarettes in hand.

You realize you can beat the red light by simply pulling a U-ey and going back to what is comfortable: the ex. But that is when life's little ironies fall into play. You have gone days, months, even years without ever wanting to turn around, and the second you think about it, your ex throws you a U-turn sign. Whether it is distance, a new boyfriend, or a change in sexuality, there is no chance that your ex will be the pit stop on your sexually frustrated journey.

However, with a stroke of luck, your light changes, and you are on your way again. Speeding down Single Street, you're taking advantage of everything that comes your way. Be it a two-way or a four-way intersection, you are up for any challenge.

As you enter a school zone, you slow down and observe the high school football players and cheerleaders. There is something about them that can really get your engine roaring.

Discreetly, you stare as you drive by and wonder if you could teach them a thing or two. But avoid the temptation, and just keep driving when you see children at play.

Driving onward, you may start to get bored with the straight path you have been heading down and decide to take the scenic route, Rainbow Avenue. You drive cautiously, knowing that this road-less-traveled is rumored to take you straight to Hell. But come to find out, it is just a well-lit street with a Starbucks and a clothing store on every corner. Maybe this side isn't so bad after all.

In need of some maintenance, you stop and get your brakes inspected in case it gets slippery when wet. You check your headlights so you can drive safely through beaver crossings. After all, we all know of a car or two that has been swept away by those powerful creatures. And most importantly, you never leave without getting a good wax.

After a complete maintenance job, you're back on the road, windows down, singing along with your favorite Whitney Houston song. You've taken some detours and seen the sights. So drive on, my friend, and never look back.