

There Ought to Be a Law

Dear President of the World,

After much consideration and thought, I truly believe that there ought to be laws, besides the ones that already exist, to cover those topics and issues not considered to be important enough on which to waste the government's time and money. These laws would cover the day-to-day vagaries and petty annoyances of Mr and/or Ms J. Q. Public. No real punishment for breaking a law is necessary; a simple "you broke the law of so and so, or such and such, so please apologize" will suffice. For instance:

There ought to be a law against men who, upon extricating themselves from a difficult relationship, promptly launch themselves and their baggage on some poor, unsuspecting woman. Men should be required to live alone in a remote, primitive hut in Northern Québec during the winter

until they return to their senses (at least six months), uncover what when wrong in their relationship, and atone for their mistakes (we know they made some mistakes too). I would also appreciate the opportunity to have them pass before a committee to judge their ability to carry on a new relationship, but I guess that's asking too much.

There ought to be a law wherein professors must make sure that any written assignments do not conflict with those of another professor. Picture this: end of term, five, five-to-seven page papers in three different languages and three different writing styles, for five different professors due on the same day (and don't forget the "works cited" page according to the MLA format). These papers do not include those papers that were not completed on time for the last same-day deadline for those same five

professors.

There ought to be a law banning horrible smells from my personal space. These smells include such offensive perfumes as Poison (definitely not a misnomer) and Glade Air Freshener (what air was the inventor breathing if he or she thought that smell was fresh air?). In my apartment building, a little old lady from the first floor sprays so much Glade that the noxious odours gust up to my third-floor apartment and render me senseless.

There ought to be a law preventing students from using the computers in the various campus computer labs from playing shoot-out games during the last few weeks of term. First, computers are scarce and should be available to students who have those multiple term papers to complete. Second, cries such as, "Where are you now?" "Gotcha!" and "Hit him with

the phaser beam" are disruptive when one is trying to compare the relative merits of butlers in "Jeeves" and "Remains of the Day", or write a ten-page essay in French on the hidden theme in "Le Temps Sauvage".

There ought to be a law against healthy professors and students using the elevators in campus buildings to go up or down one floor. I suppose the audio-visual staff should walk up and down those very same floors with the monitors and VCR's that have to be delivered in the ten to fifteen minute delay between classes? Or what about the handicapped professors and students - should they try to walk up or down also while waiting for the rest of the campus to finish joy-riding?

There ought to be a law against manipulative spouses, messy, whiny children, offensive language, mall

muzak, unnecessary violence, smelly cats, excessive homework, rampant feminists, boorish chauvinists, too much rain in the summer and too little snow in the winter. I'm sure that there are other things which should require laws, but I feel that I'm starting to rant; so, I'll stop. (Perhaps there ought to be a law against me ranting, too?)

Well, President, I realize that my request is futile, but while writing this letter I discovered the answer to my dilemma. I shall buy a Nerf Defender, only \$40 on page 536 of the 1996 Sears Wish Book, and fully equipped with foam arrows and target. Whenever anyone breaks one of the unwritten laws, I will shoot them and cry, "you broke the law of such and such, so please apologize." I suggest you do the same.

Yours very respectfully,
Beth

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