

TIRED OF READING THOSE ENDLESS REPORTS, ALL ON THE SAME SUBJECT?  
ARE YOUR EYES GOING TO SUE FOR BOREDOM?  
GETTING READY TO NOD OFF COMPLETELY?

THEN

# WAKE UP!!

AND PREPARE FOR NOT JUST ANOTHER REPORT, BUT AN EXPERIENCE IN 5 PARAGRAPH  
ESSAYS!!

CAREFULLY FOLLOW THE FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS:

1. Stand up and stretch.
2. Get a good scalding cup of coffee (very liquid).
3. Put on some jumpy music.
4. Make sure there is not an ounce of tiredness now existing in any fiber of your being.
5. Resume sitting position, and begin. But don't get too comfortable, 'cause you won't want to miss one word of.....(drumroll, please).....

"SURVIVAL PROBLEMS NANOOK FACED THAT WE DON'T AND VICE-VERSA"

(If they gave awards for the most original title, we wouldn't win)

John Mabry  
Survival Lit  
9/23/81

Nanook faced many survival problems that we probably never will, and we, likewise have many problems that he never did. We live in a society largely governed by man. Man, that has sugar-coated his surroundings, and traded Nanook's ivory knife and frosty toes for a Scripto ball-point and ulcers. Society is its own protection (except, perhaps, from other societies). Nanook's protection was Nanook. It's easy to see why Nanook ate fat, and we wear it.

One thing that the average middle class American doesn't normally have to worry about is freezing to death. Even in the worst of snowstorms, the heaviest of thundershowers, and the hottest of summer days, the paycheck will inevitably roll in every other Friday. Not so for our hero, Nanook. He has to listen to the rumble of tiny stomachs that look to him as their sole supporter, while he is literally at the mercy of the elements. No man, alone, no matter the degree of his talents nor his cleverness can challenge an act of God. Fortunately, though, for Nanook, he doesn't have to pay the average middle class American's heating and light bills.

One thing that our average middle class American can't usually pay for is a house. Young married couples are almost always apartment-dwellers. After all, who can afford property tax or the cost of even the smallest homes today? Not so for Nanook! Chunk-plop, chunk-plop, and Eureka Alaska! A warm, welcome igloo, just right for the average family with 2.65 children. And, there isn't even a property tax on snow! Can you build a high-rise, Nanook?

With Nanook, every day is a struggle to survive. If one does not work, one does not eat. If one does not eat, one does not live. Perhaps today's youth should have those options. But, alas, why work at looking for jobs, which are not so un plentiful, when one can merely mooch off Pa? Nanook has no Salvation Army Missions in which to get a bowl and bread, no garbage to salvage. Instead he has water, water everywhere, and all only to stand upon. Maybe we should trap our malibu chicken and steak, harpoon our Jello ("STAND STILL, YOU!!!"), and fish for our breaded filets. Ah! Trust Nanook to solve our nation's unemployment problems! Ship all those out of work to the Yukon!

I think we can all be very thankful for our socks being in familiar coverings. Unlike Nanook, we can look around to see hundreds of people, people that care, that know us, and would hopefully come through in a bind. Nanook spies his family, all in good health, and loves them. He works hard and is happy. So, I pose another question: Why are we, the average middle class Americans, who have plenty to eat, and have nothing more to worry about than successfully planning our busy schedules, so hopelessly discontent? Truly, there is safety in numbers, but, thanks to Nanook, we can see that though one is secure, one is not necessarily happy. We know the pain you must have felt as you watched those you love starve, Nanook, but your smile shall enlighten us forever. Amen, amen.