

# The Wuss Factor: A Diagnostic Self-Exam

By Noelle Hancock

Welcome to Wussville. Population: You!

Yale prides itself on offering its students one of the best liberal arts educations in the world -- and by offer, I mean in exchange for 35 Gs a year. Yet we students do not escape the trappings of the ivory tower unscathed. Attending one too many Mellon Forums or becoming an art history major has the ability to turn a Yalie into a sheltered, overly-civilized softy who takes his biggest risk buying a ticket to a Kate Winslet movie.

This checklist is designed to help raise public awareness about the "wuss situation" out there and alert individuals to possible warning signs. This test is for both guys and girls. That's right, just as it's possible for a girl to be a pimp (and if you didn't know this, you obviously haven't met me), she can also be a wuss. So this column is for everyone. Except for brown-haired people. And people named Hugh. But everyone else, forge onward and find out if you're at risk.

You might be a wuss if:

You've really gotten into speedwalking lately.

You think foreplay is better than sex.

You carry around one of those travel packets of tissues.

You take no pride in really bad BO.

There were just too many good classes to shop during shopping period.

You followed "skate-gate."

You know what "permanent press" means.

When using a phone card, you fold under the pressure and misdial the last digit of a phone number.

You have a life dream and your last name is not King.

You've told someone their actions were "inappropriate."

You put paper down in public restrooms.

Your nose-picking habit ended when your childhood did.

Your childhood ended.

You "make love."

You've never seriously considered buying a Winnebago.

Your ideal job in no way involves the rodeo.

When someone asks, you say you go to school "in New Haven" because you feel guilty admitting you go to Yale.

You've ever had to "tinkle."

You've ever ordered a Frappuccino.

You can't remember the last time you laughed at a really ugly person.

You don't believe that some things in life -- like cars -- are just there for the taking.

You've done an externship.

You believe McDonald's humongo-size is going too far.

You've ever been inside J.Press.

You probably won't use all of your credit/d/fails.

The Yale Precision Marching Band has never made you wish for a sharpshooter.

You type your email password in extra fast (and usually mess it up) if there's someone close by.

Your pee is not always electric yellow.

You share a meal.

You share.

You've told either a drinking partner or another driver that they "really ought to slow down."

The last time you projectile vomited, you had the flu.

You've never made someone call you "Daddy" that wasn't your child. This goes for you women, too.

You've ever grown in a way that didn't involve an increase in your height.

You can't sleep past noon because of the nagging feeling that you're "wasting the day away."

You've ever scheduled a suite meeting.

You've never wanted to greet your significant other with a "chest up."

You've never pressed the "door close" button while someone's running for the elevator.

You've ever "called it a night."

You don't think that sucking out the venom sounds really friggin' cool.

You carry emergency money in your wallet that you're not allowed to spend.

You've never claimed someone else's fart.

You wouldn't have it in you to eat another person under any circumstances.

You feel bad hanging up on solicitors.

You could really go for an iced tea.

You've ever worried that you don't have enough style.

You've spent time in self-reflection that in no way involved a mirror.

Anything on this list offends you.

You frequently make lists to avoid writing a real column. Oh, wait.

Noelle Hancock is a senior in Saybrook. Her columns appear on alternate Fridays--or when she's feeling lazy, not at all.