

Technology Slowly Takes Over A New Language Emerges

By Emily Bertram

The current trend among teenyboppers across the nation is expanding. Not only are pre-pubescent girls affected, but now the trend is spreading to colleges. What is this trend? People talking in text message style; that is talking in short and abbreviated words like they are typing out a text message. Annoying? Yes. Very much so.

Text messaging has sky-rocketed in the past years, becoming one of the main forms of communication. Personally, I tend to text message more than actually speaking to anyone in person, but this does not mean that I speak the language. Sneaking its way into the mouths of people everywhere, "LOL" is slowly replacing actual laughter. "LOL" has started to become punctuation. At the end of every sentence goes an "LOL," just like a period, or question mark.

It is this that annoys me. It's one thing to use these kinds of abbreviations in a text message, but to use it every day language? That should not be OK. If you can't use it in a paper for school, you shouldn't be allowed to say it to anyone. As a joke, it can be funny, sometimes. My roommate, for instance, uses text message lingo in everyday life, but is very careful not to say it outside our room. She's accidentally said it to her boss, who made fun of her mercilessly, and she has since learned not to do this.

I worked in the fast-food industry for several years, and it was here that I learned to hate text message language. Taking food orders from people can be stressful enough, but when you have five girls, all saying "LOL" and "BRB" to each other it makes it incredibly hard not to laugh. Then they order while texting,



and order the same thing twice accidentally. Then they proceed to yell at you, waving their phones around in their manicured hands, and then say, "I'll BRB to order something else." Things like this are showing the slow decline of human speech. It scares me to think that four generations from now, the English language and dictionaries might include abbreviations like these.

Don't get me wrong. I'm as sick as the next person of movies where technology is taking over the world, but I'm not talking about technology per se. *Wall*E* showed a decline in physical activity. The writers should have thought about texting language. I would have loved to have people react to not only the physical activity, but also the language. An entire movie full of "LOL's" instead of laughing, "urs" instead of yours, and the entire thing could be typed in subtitles on the bottom of the screen. Maybe something like that would enlighten the world. Something makes me wonder if that would have fueled the language even more.

Txting is the way of the future. It can't be denied. Ppl everywhere r doing it, so does that make it ok? No. For the sake of the everyday worker, plz dont speak this way. For professors across the world, plz dont start writing papers using short hand. These ppl dont appreciate ur short hand. So, if u ever find urself speaking this way, stop urself, because there r ppl who want to rip ur phone out of ur hand and smash it on the fast food counter.

I'm From Sandbaggin' Country

By Nikki Hertel

Cold. Sweat. Mud. Sand. Fear. As a West Fargo, North Dakota native from the Red River Valley, I am no stranger to sandbagging. I too have been on the front lines of the river and have worked the assembly line of sandbag throwing to build up the dikes. Sandbagging may be one of the most tiring emergency services an individual can volunteer for, especially in the bitter winds and cold of North Dakota.

The Red River that flows north on the border of North Dakota and Minnesota is setting unprecedented records. It has already topped the historic 1997 flood record of 39.57 feet as well as the 112-year-old record of 40.1 feet from 1897! The river is expected to crest from anywhere between 41 and 43 feet. This is monumental and the damage to the city and state could be catastrophic.

The Red River Valley flood plains become a problem for the Fargo/Moorhead area almost every spring, causing the residents of the region to keep a cautious eye on the water levels of the Red River. Many of the flood problems in the region are caused by the numerous blizzards and large snowfalls the state sees during the winter. This year, many snowfall records were broken as the Fargo/Moorhead area was hit with several blizzards one after another (especially during both my winter and spring breaks). Ice jams along the river also allow the water to pool up and flood over the tops of the dikes. The National Guard is currently using dynamite and other machinery to break up these massive ice jams that are prohibiting the river's flow.

Thousands of volunteers have banded together, as in the past, in a desperate attempt to prepare the city for the river's crest. Personally, I am overjoyed to see that so many volunteers from other cities and states – especially Concordia University students – have made the trip to assist the residents in preparing for the worst flood seen in over a decade.



I was nine years old when the 1997 flood threatened our city. I remember quite vividly looking out over the vast plains of North Dakota and only seeing water. I often joked with my sisters that it was our "North Dakota ocean view." My family is very blessed to live in West Fargo, which is protected by the Sheyenne River Diversion. The Sheyenne River Diversion is a manmade channel that was built in the early 1990s to divert the water from the city and protect the residents from the Sheyenne River up to 28 feet—now equipped with pumps since 1997.

However, in 1997, I remember literally swimming in the streets and paddling in our little raft. In the early stages before the water hit the city my fellow classmates, who lived in the countryside, were boated into school every morning by local fisherman. Parents and teachers tried desperately to keep the children focused on school, but homework became a difficult task to concentrate on when we could be outside catching turtles that swam in the streets with the flowing water. While the devastation and panic erupted around us, my neighborhood friends and I sandbagged when necessary and played in the water when we could. We were very young, but we knew that we were needed.

With relatives and friends spread throughout the Red River Valley, my prayers go out to all its residents. I would like to thank all those students, faculty, and staff who traveled to Fargo to assist in the sandbagging effort. I can only hope that the Fargo/Moorhead area will be able to hold off the onslaught of water as it did in 1997 and that we will not have another East Grand Forks crisis. The spirits of the residents still remain high and I know that they won't go down without a fight. God bless all who have helped in the sandbagging and flood preparations and may all our prayers be with the residents of the Fargo/Moorhead area.