

THE COLLEGIAN COLUMN

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It's okay to laugh at yourself



Madison Stumbough
Social media editor

If you open the notes app on my phone, you'll find a note titled "Things I'm Really Good At."

Now, I know what you're thinking, but this is definitely not a list of my great accomplishments or talents.

No, this is a self-deprecating list of things I'm good at.

No. 1, I'm really, really good at buying people gifts and forgetting to give them to the person they were intended for.

No. 2, telling myself I'm going to stop drinking pop this week and then making it until about noon on Monday and buying a Coke from McDonald's.

No. 3, making coffee at home and then leaving the mug I filled on my kitchen counter.

No. 4, losing my keys 100 times a day.

No. 5, setting 10 alarms on my

phone and not getting out of bed until the very last one.

These are just five of my favorites in a list that has reached over 100 now.

About a year ago, I started this list after fighting with myself to fix all of these little "problems" I had with myself.

I had nagged at myself for years and beat myself up for all of these little things.

My self-confidence level plummeted every time I noticed I had done one of these things and I hated myself for not being better.

After working with my therapist and talking to my friends, I began to understand that these things weren't necessarily bad or good – and that is okay.

These things don't have to be perfect, and I don't have to be perfect.

I began to try to do the work to try to understand what parts of me were good, the parts that were okay as they were even if they weren't perfect and the parts that maybe needed a little bit of work.

As I did this work, I remembered back in elementary school teachers when one of my teachers had us write the things we were good at on a piece of paper on the very first day of school. My teacher encouraged us to continue to add things to the list throughout the year.

At the age of 10, this was easy for me. My list grew to many pages long by the end of the year.

At the age of 21, I tried to do this again. The only things I could come up with were sarcastic.

I became frustrated with myself and walked away from the paper for a while.

A few weeks later, my friend was over and came across the list of about 15 sarcastic things I was good at. My friend began to make her own list, and together, we wrote about 30 things we were each good at that drove us absolutely crazy.

In the moment, I didn't realize how therapeutic this was, but we both vowed to continue to add to

our own lists on our notes app. I'm not sure if she still adds to her list, but I do.

When I'm feeling like I'm terrible at absolutely everything, I'm able to open that note on my phone and read each one until I'm able to laugh at myself.

I try to add at least one thing to the list each week, and it has become one of my absolute favorite self-reflection practices.

Each week, I look forward to adding something I'm good at to the list.

Last week, I added number 159, forgetting my password to my phone and locking myself out for over an hour, to the list.

This week, I think I'll add number 160, embarrassing myself in the school newspaper again, to the list.

In all truthfulness, this has made it so much easier to laugh at myself and allowed me not to dwell on the little things.

I encourage you to be sarcastic and make fun of yourself, but be sure to keep this list separate from your resume.

Madison Stumbough is a senior majoring in liberal arts and sciences. You may email her at madi-stumbough@sckans.edu.

REVIEW

Western thriller shocks streamers

By Drake Vittitow
Opinion editor

It is very common for movies to cross over genres to reach a wider range of moviegoers. Popular examples include sci-fi horror, like "Alien", and romantic comedies, like "Silver Linings Playbook".

When I came across "Bone Tomahawk", I was in shock. The term "westerns" has been somewhat of a dying light lately in the movie business. Movies like "3:10 to Yuma" and "True Grit" brought false hope of revitalization for the genre. But a western movie with horror elements? Sign me up.

Immediately after watching the jaw-dropping opening in "Bone Tomahawk", I knew that this movie was not going to be for

the faint of heart. In fact, for the two-hour-plus runtime, I have never experienced the gamut of emotions I felt for this film compared to any other film I have watched, whether those emotions be shock, awe, nausea or closure. This film throws you straight into the ugly and abhorrent world that is the wild west.

The story is simple. A cowboy's wife gets abducted by a tribe of cannibalistic Indians, known simply as Troglodytes. Being that she was abducted in a township, the sheriff, played by Kurt Russell, leads a ragtag group of men to hunt down the Indians and save the woman. The group includes the backup sheriff, played by Richard Jenkins, the cowboy, played by Patrick Wilson, and a dapper gentleman,

played by Matthew Fox.

The star-studded cast really drove this movie home for me. Russell has been in more westerns than I care to count, and Patrick Wilson has excelled in any role that has been given to him. The chemistry the two actors share produces some of the best moments in this movie. Jenkins' character brings an innocence to the group that evens out the ruthlessness of Wilson and the wit of Fox.

By the end of the movie, I felt attached to these characters because of their words and actions. This is a characteristic of movies that is becoming a lost art of sorts, especially with crossover movies like this.

When I say this movie is gritty and graphic, I mean the kind of

gritty and graphic that will make you wince and turn your head away from the screen. But it is never in excess. There are not as many scenes of violence in this movie as perceived, but when there is action, it is quick, and it is bloody.

A couple of the scenes will make you cover your mouth in disbelief and it may even make you turn the movie off entirely, but I implore you to trek on and finish this film, because the payoff is absolutely worth it.

The film's director, S. Craig Zahler, is no stranger to producing gritty and graphic movies. He has only directed three movies, and all of them have extreme scenes of violence.

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