

Opinion

Corporate may be evil, but it's not bad

By **JOANNA FARRELL**
Opinion Editor

Since the dawn of my early teenhood, I have heard the lore of working for corporate America. “Corporate America will suck the life out of you, they’re evil, there’s nothing good that comes out of working for a big company.”

We’ve got entire forms of media based on the apparent life-sucking nature of the corporate world. But I’m not certain they’re telling the whole truth.

Take my favorite game, *Stardew Valley*, a game about your character being drained from working at the corporate giant Joja, who leaves to inherit their grandpa’s farm in the valley.

If I learned anything from *Stardew Valley*, it’s that I might enjoy a corporate job rather than being a lonesome farmer. Your backbreaking work starts at 6 a.m. where for at least the first couple weeks of the season you are stuck individually watering every plant you have on your farm until you risk your life in the mines to either build sprinklers or upgrade your watering can.

Even though farmers in real life are not risking their lives battling creatures in multi-level mines, farmers face different challenges. Costs of goods and rising costs related to gear and taxes can often provide an unstable work environment for farmers. Along with uncontrollable factors like Mother Nature.



All this to say, corporate jobs are generally stable work environments. You clock in at 9 a.m. and clock out at 5 p.m., with an unpaid 30-minute break. However, not working for corporate America can leave you with unstable schedules, getting in early and getting out late.

Working corporate for the benefits like paid time off, insurance and 401K can be really appealing for the average American, especially when you consider the rising costs of healthcare.

However, these benefits do not counter the true nature of corporate America. Unlike being a farmer, those long hours that you worked does not turn into something tangible that you can call yours. You are creating work, spending the best years of your life, being a number in a massive corporate giant and when you clock out at 5 p.m., nothing can be considered truly yours. It was for the company.

Everything you do is “in the company’s best interest” rather than working for a company that cares about you as a person. That is something that small

businesses generally don’t have. The general feel of the small businesses I’ve worked for is that they’d do everything they can before laying you off rather than saying “we’re restructuring” with no prior notice.

Singer-songwriter Dolly Parton didn’t stutter when she said, “They let you dream just to watch ‘em shatter.” There are countless stories of people spending their entire lives working somewhere just to get laid off during a budget cut during the holiday season.

This is why I say that corporate is evil but not bad. They can screw you over in the worst ways possible but at the end of the day when you need better insurance, higher pay, a retirement plan, a consistent schedule or most other benefits that only corporate level companies can afford, it does make them a more beneficial and stable workplace.

I would love to see a day when small businesses are able to compete with the benefits offered by larger companies but until that happens, I understand why people are continuing to choose the corporate life.

Women can find athletes hot and still know ball

By **EMILY MARQUIS AND AMANDA DRONZEK**

LET'S GET IT BERGER-ON

It took me nearly a full season to see Boston Bruins alternate captain Patrice Bergeron’s face.

When your parents are proprietors of not buying expensive cable, watching Bruins games becomes an exercise in sailing the seven seas and watching post game interviews isn’t necessarily in the cards.

But don’t get me wrong. He was still my favorite player.

“Bergy” was exactly the kind of athlete that always endears me. The hard-working, defensive hero that plays his best in the brightest lights. The kind of guy that you’d let date your sister. Lunch pail, hard-working, never in it for the stats kind of hockey.

But his stats are incredible. Men will see my favorite player ever isn’t a fourth liner from the East Coast Hockey League and decide “I don’t know puck.” Then they’ll take a look at Bergeron’s French-Canadian jawline and make a host of other incorrect assumptions about why the Bruins’ former captain is my favorite.

Calling me a “puck bunny” when I am the first to defend Bergeron in the Selke Trophy conversations is ridicu-

lous when my evidence is his CF% (Corsi for Percentage), a stat that tracks a player’s puck control in a quantifiable manner. An eye test from a perfectly capable person, including a woman who believes Bergeron to completely live up to his nickname of “Saint Patrice” in every aspect, could’ve told you the same thing that stat could.

Maybe I just have bad luck with picking favorites because Bruins goaltender Jeremy Swayman seems to also cause a stir within the male hockey fan community. Newsflash, when goaltender Jaroslav Halak went down in the 2020-21 season, there was an option between two goalies to take the mantle. One had a 3.40 goals against average, the other had a 1.50.

Am I really a “puck bunny” if I liked the guy who let in less goals? It’s not even an advanced stat, it’s a simple metric that every broadcast from Hamden to Swayman’s hometown of Anchorage, Alaska, includes. I could have a nuanced conversation about how Swayman’s goals saved above expected of 27.1 is a lot higher than most fans are willing to give him credit for.

But to be honest, I don’t particularly want to. I don’t owe a spirited de-

fense over why I like these players. They’re hot, they’re good at puck and that’s my business.

SLUTTING UP FOR THE SEASON

On Dec. 3, 2013, former Boston Red Sox center fielder Jacoby Ellsbury signed a seven-year, \$153 million deal with the New York Yankees.

Eight-year-old me stood on the stairs in a gray 2013 Red Sox World Series t-shirt and sobbed for two reasons. One, I hated the idea of the 2013 team breaking up like One Direction. And two, I was in love with him.

Men love to claim they know more about sports than women. “Real” Boston fans dubbed faux fangirls, “pink hats,” in 2003 when a historic Red Sox team made it to the American League Championship Series.

“Pink hats” are the ditzy bitches at games who go for the Instagram pics, booze and a hot dog that they won’t eat.

And then, from under the brims of their pink hats, they’ll turn to their boyfriends and ask: “Who’s winning?” when the game is tied in the bottom of the ninth.

I can’t stand a fake fan either. But it’s worse to be compared to one. I genuinely care about baseball more than my own family. I’m my dad’s designated son. Since I don’t have a dick, I take on the role of diehard fan — hater of the ghost runner at second base

in extras — and horny young adult. It’s just my cross to bear.

Red Sox left fielder Roman Anthony is a stud — athletically and physically. Height, hair, hug me brotha.

The Red Sox acquired Anthony because they offered a qualifying offer to pitcher Eduardo Rodriguez, who declined and signed with the Detroit Tigers.

Therefore, compensation pick. Anything else from the peanut gallery? No? Cool.

Moving on to former Sox shortstop, Xander Bogaerts of the San Diego Padres. That was my soulmate, man. I dreamt he’d take me to Aruba and we’d have quadrilingual kids who went straight from high school to the majors like their daddy.

Bogaerts genuinely changed my life. He was the first autograph I ever got. Did you know he was No. 72 in 2013 during his rookie season with Boston? Or that his walk up song, “X Gon’ Give It To Ya,” is perfect because his nickname is “X-Man?” Did you?

I get it. I’m a woman who knows what WAR stands for, and that’s super scary.

It means wins above replacement, BTW. It’s a comprehensive stat that uses overall player metrics to estimate how many more wins that player can contribute to his team versus a replacement from the bench or minor leagues.

But yeah, I don’t really know shit. I just like to ogle at Cubs shortstop Dansby Swanson, who batted .244 in 2025. Sure. .244 sucks.

