On Saturday, Aug. 24, my head floated in the atmosphere dreaming about college life while journeying to my ultimate independence. With starry eyes, I envisioned myself surrounded by a circle of lively friends and a seemingly endless supply of Papa John’s ham pineapple pizza. Squeezed in the back seat because of my dad’s long legs and an annoying cushioned chair, I believed that I would head for the time of my life.

Although I knew college demanded reading, research and all kinds of miscellaneous work, I imagined weekends somewhat unpredictable and full of spontaneous fun. I dreamed of exploring the nearby caves which are advertised at tourist’s stations, moshing at punk rock concerts around the area and most of all going on unplanned road trips. Needless to say, in my stupor I did not achieve my one goal and I walked out the lounge with a lingering feeling of disappointment. A feeling of disappointment that comes from knowing that shopping for Quaker Oatmeal at Wal-Mart is considered an eventful Friday night.

A realization that I’m stranded without a car or even a bike in a campus with a lack of creative activities is daunting. Perhaps most of my frustration stems from the fact that many EMU students are extremely capable, interesting and gifted would rather watch a movie with a predictable plot rather than get to know some people. Needless to say, in my stupor I did not know their peers.

On my mini-tour, I noticed the chairs and couches like lichens in the floating red bubbles in my purple lava lamp. But most of all I wanted to get to know some people. Needless to say, in my stupor I did not achieve my one goal and I walked out the lounge with a lingering feeling of disappointment. A feeling of disappointment that comes from knowing that shopping for Quaker Oatmeal at Wal-Mart is considered an eventful Friday night.

A writing-in-peace hug to the new keyboards and computer towers in the library computer lab. Now we can type papers without fear of contracting carpal tunnel syndrome or feeling that the computers are ready to whir loudly to their deaths.

A curious-hung-the-cat hug to the advertisement for “two real sturdy hard plastic hangers” on the EMU e-classifieds. We’re still deciding what color to pic green might clash with our slime.

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