I was somewhere around the Brickeller Building, waiting for something to happen when the cheering began to take hold. Momentarily my thoughts pro- cessed rather slowly and all I could muster were a few cursory questions. Where am I? Who are these people? How did my fellow campus community remain behind the barricades and staunch bars? And then it clicked. I had been here before. It was only four years earlier, in the last days of the summer of 2003, that I myself had been one of these raucous individuals jumping, cheering and summer of 2003, that I myself had been one of these raucous individuals jumping, cheering and summer of 2003, that I myself had been one of these raucous individuals jumping, cheering...

Fe ar and Loathing

There were no answers, only questions. Who were these people? Who had I been, other than myself, only a few weeks earlier, doing the same thing? And to Bob Dylan, for everything else.

To Hunter S. Thompson.

Looking back at my own O-Week experiences, I ruefully reflected on what I was about to encounter. With the gymnasium's bleachers filled to capacity by first-years... It was at this point that I finally had a moment to consider the nature of that at least for one week, I was a "wallflower." It's just been an easy and straightforward way to make out with one another on the dance floor.

In the midst of this dancing, a young girl was seen to be walking around campus. She seemed to be enjoying herself and thus offering my awkwardness with her, the decision to be made was made. Then it clicked. I had been here before. It was only four years earlier, in the last days of the summer of 2003, that I myself had been one of these raucous individuals jumping, cheering and summer of 2003, that I myself had been one of these raucous individuals jumping, cheering and...