

This is Definitely Not High School!

By Akehia Cheek

"If I could recapture all of the memories and bring them to life, surely I would."

Looking back, I can see the mass of maroon caps and gowns sobbing over the class song and dwelling on the fact that we were about to part and travel our separate paths in life. I remember the thought that I had on my mind. Most of the second semester of my senior year of high school was spent highly anticipating my entrance to the Carolina family. During many days in Mr. Ranes' (who is a Carolina grad) English class, Jonathan Silver (another freshman from my high school) and I spent our 'not so free' time making plans for our debut in Blue Heaven. Now, only a few months later, I can hardly believe that I've almost made it through my first semester at Carolina.

The very first thing I want to say is this is definitely not high school. I made the transition pretty well because I spent three summers on college campuses, plus I was ready to venture out into the world. Now that I've gotten here, I realize that there is an endless list of opportunities and I have since gained some very useful knowledge. From the first day of Pre-O, when I was officially welcomed to the Carolina family, I knew for sure that I had made the right decision in coming here. Welcome activities the first week of arrival warmed my heart. Soon, all the festivities turned to real college stuff. It started with the quite unnecessary book discussion. I mean, I got much love for the Hmong and all (from the required summer reading), but they somehow didn't fit into my summer schedule. I did, however attend the sessions planned to help me adjust to college life and "build my intellectual curiosity."

Over the summer, I met about 10 upperclassmen so I learned early in the game some quite useful information. The most bene-

ficial would have to be "watch out for brick monsters"- I tend to run into one at least once a week. A beast worth watching out for is the "freshman 15." I've heard that it will find and get a hold of college students everywhere. Surely, so conveniently located on campus, Subway fits itself into the 'college' food group along with Gumby's pizza. One Cards are very handy. Instant Messenger (you may know me as UNCpyt) is also one of the greatest creations, next to cell phones and wrinkle free khakis. There are also some other important things I've learned to watch out for on campus.

Each day on the Yard is another step up the social ladder. Anybody who is somebody will be sitting on the wall between classes. Oh yeah, try not to get into confrontations with the "Pit Preacher." One thing I was informed of before I got here was the importance of naps to college students. Now that I'm here, I realize what they meant. I think I have taken naps on every workable spot on campus as well as in some not-so-comfy but quite convenient places. The best naps I've had so far would have to be on the couches in the Underground or on the grass on the Quad on a sunny day. Naps are usually followed by or precede by a "date with Davis." I went my whole four years of high school without ever utilizing the library. How quickly my luck has changed! I've found out that midterms are very inconveniently scheduled and just when I get done with two, I have two more around the corner. My first all-nighter studying for astronomy was a little unsuccessful, or maybe it's just that orange tea that my professor drinks.

Weekends are always a mystery. Avoiding monotonous Great Hall parties, Friday nights usually involve a movie at the Union and a trip to Time Out. Another favorite is to just make it a VisArt night. A midnight trip to Franklin Street will be evidence that a P2P can hold somewhere around 200 people, especially if there's a frat party. Ok, 7th floor Ho Jo calls. It's time to wind down for the weekend which means sleeping, fighting for a machine in the laundry room, another date with Davis, sleeping and more likely than not, sleeping.

For the most part, my first semester here at Carolina has been a learning experience and a 'gateway to numerous opportunities.' After realizing that The Hill is truly the southern part of Heaven, I look forward to the rest of my life as a Tar Heel.

Freshman Forecast

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