

Once upon a drive through Mexico: Roadtrip tribulations

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his wife, mother, and three beautiful children for the better part of two days until we could get the car fixed.

After repairing the car, our confidence soared and we hit the road anew. Our next destination was another beach town, this one closer to the border.

While driving down the highway, we heard a bumping noise from the rear, passenger-side tire. Our spirits were too high to let it really bother us.

Eventually the noise stopped and we attributed it to a stick or something caught under the car. We reasoned the noise had stopped because the foreign object had fallen out.

About two minutes later, Morgan noticed a bright light coming from the back of the car. I rolled down the window and took a peak.

"Dude, you got to pull over right now," I yelled at Kyle. "Your car is on fire."

Flames grew bigger and bigger from the inside of the tire. This would be the same tire located under the gas tank.

As we pulled over, all four of us jumped out of the car. I poured a jug of water over the fire to extinguish it. Unfortunately, the smoke rose into the jug, tainting the remainder of our water.

We spent the night in the car, as no one would stop to help us and we were nowhere near any signs of civilization.

In the morning, Kyle and Aaron began the long walk toward the last gas station we passed. Morgan and I stayed with the car.

While sitting in the just rising sun, waiting for our friends to return, a pickup truck pulled in next to us.

A man, Francisco, and his entire family - a wife and four daughters - approached us and asked us if we needed help.

While he only spoke Spanish, and neither Morgan nor I knew more than four words, we were able to tell him about the fire, and our friends walking for help.

This man was kind enough to pick up Kyle and Aaron, drive them to the nearest town, buy the necessary parts, and fix our car.

On a highway where no one stopped, this man was willing to do so much more than that.

At this point, we decided to head back to the border before anything else could go wrong.

Just as we made it to the border town of Montomoros, the brakes in the car wore out.

Some slick driving by Kyle brought us to a stop at a convenient store, conveniently located next to a



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Once upon a drive in Mexico

mechanic. The gentlemen there were able to fix the car and send us on our way.

Seven days, seven different mechanics, and close to 4,000 miles later, we returned to Greensboro.

I set out looking for an adventure. I certainly found one. And while there may be a fine line between an adventure and a nightmare, our trip never crossed over it, thanks in large part to the kindness of strangers.☼

Anne Belott, making the best of 'daunting situations'

Charlie McAlpin
Staff Writer

Anne Belott is just a random Guilford student. Like all of ours, the ongoing novel of her life tells an absorbing story.

But as Anne turned the pages last fall at a steady pace, a stunning plot twist threatened to knock the book from her grasp.

"She was faced with a pretty daunting situation last year," said Lynn Moseley, Anne's Environmental Studies advisor.

But Anne doesn't want that chapter to define her life. To respect the intricacies of her plot, we should back up a few pages to when she applied to Guilford.

Anne is five feet five inches with curly auburn hair and a scrappy attitude. "She's always an upbeat person," Moseley said.

She went to high school outside Atlanta in Stone Mountain, GA. She planned to stay in-state like her friends but "freaked out" as a senior in January 2002 and started looking around.

"When I came here I just felt like this was the place where I had to be," Anne

said.

She applied the same week.

At Guilford Anne has two majors: "History is because I love it," and, "Environmental Studies because that's what I'm passionate about."

"Her group is above average in efficiency," said Moseley.

In science classes where excellence is measured by accuracy and productivity, this is a high compliment.

Anne knew she was interested in environmental studies but was afraid of science. But after taking Moseley's General Zoology, she realized it was her route.

"I've always known that I wanted to make a difference in my community," said Anne. "But I really didn't know what the best way to do that was. I think Environmental Studies is really my outlet, especially since I've started gar-

dening and looking at sustainable agriculture. That is so important to me."

Anne lived in the environmental house for the last three semesters with fellow environmental enthusiasts. She is also involved in Forevergreen, the organic garden, and Fancy Feet and Fingers.

"She is a very hard worker, which I think comes from a sort of perfectionism," said junior Parks Marion via e-mail, who lived in the Pines with Anne.

That perfectionism led Anne to continue college during her sophomore year even after her life went into a tornado.



CHARLIE McALPIN/GUILFORDIAN

Random profile: Senior Anne Bellot

Anne was diagnosed with Hodgkin's disease in September 2003.

"It was weird, but it wasn't a big deal at the time," Anne said when all she knew was that there was a lump on her neck. "Then they said 'oh, it might be cancer,' and I said 'Oh-shit.'"

But Anne resolved not to let the cancer affect her life and stayed in school.

"This probably exemplifies her best and worst trait which is her stubbornness," said Marion. "She can achieve anything she puts her mind to but sometimes she makes big sacrifices to do so."

Anne agreed she was foolish to think she could continue her life unaffected, but was glad to have school as a distraction from her sickness.

"I was just so impressed with the way she handled the situation," Moseley said. "The level of maturity she exhibited is a lesson to us all."

Anne got through the year only dropping one class despite regular chemotherapy and radiation sessions along with the ensuing fatigue they caused. Not only did she stay on track, but she is actually graduating a semester early.

Anne is a third-year student

with senior status.

She finished her treatment at the end of March one year ago and her scans have shown up clear since then.

"That's the best I can ask for," Anne said.

Looking back, Anne realized that her sickness has opened up opportunities. For her independent study Anne researched gardening as therapy, "More for myself than anything else." Now she is growing a garden for a friend's father who has brain cancer and another for an assisted living center.

"It seems like the right opportunity," Anne said.

Right now she is enjoying college and trying not to think about what comes next. She has considered joining AmeriCorp for a year or the American Horticulture Therapy Association.

Anne lives off-campus with Heather Doyle, a former Guilford student who transferred to UNCG to major in Dance. She is trying to calm her life down.

The girls are living a slightly bohemian life, and for now they only have one bed. "It's actually fun," Anne said. "It's like every night is a slumber party."☼