

The Lance

Life as a Freshperson: Spring Term!

By Janet Fancher
staff writer

Okay, so you've survived your first five and a half months of college; that's great! You're feeling pretty good about it, you no longer end up in the Wrong dorm at the end of the Saturday night bash (well, there was the time you woke up in Meck/Concord, but we won't mention that here...) you actually know that Morgan Jones has a second floor and your body is even becoming tolerant of SAGA. Basically you've survived Fall and Winter Term. Congratulations! Now what?

Reality crashes down on your unsuspecting form. The newness has worn off, people have started to forget that you are a member of that special breed: the Freshperson. Your professors actually expect you to turn in your

papers *on time!* Your faculty advisor is "encouraging you to take more credits." You've been wearing the same pair of socks because you have no laundry money!

Your roommate decides to redecorate and accidentally misplaces the box of perishable foodstuffs Grandma sent you. The fruit flies someone in your suite was breeding for genetics escaped into your suite lounge. The fire alarm went off while you were in the shower. Where will it all end?

These are indeed the horrors that take their toll on the college freshperson, but there is something worse, something much, much worse: The All-Nighter....

Imagine if you will two freshpeople brave enough (or foolish enough) to sign up for three or four 300-level classes during the spring term. Our heroes/heroines are "the roommates." They've gotten a bit behind in physics and their 5-7 page politics paper is due

tomorrow. They screw their courage to the sticking place, order a pizza, and (say it isn't so) pull an all-nighter. (Obviously our heroes/heroines did not consult Madame Zelda!)

They finish their work, and only feel relatively sub-human the next day. All is going well for our procrastinators. They even feel good enough to study a bit in the evening. Around midnight the roommates retire...

Warning! I encourage readers with weak stomachs, bad backs, or any other health problems to bail out now! This isn't pretty...

8:30 am. There is an evil buzzing in their ears. It sounds like an air raid, only closer. It is their alarm clock. They attempt to rise, but it is as if every ounce of energy has been sucked from their bodies. They, with much difficulty, roll over and go back to sleep. They miss physics. Around 10:30am they hear a knocking at their door. It is their Philosophy class who,

