

This Side of Paradise: First-Year Student for a Second Time

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I can remember my last days in high school vividly as I look back. While I knew I would miss my friends, I couldn't wait to make the big leap into college life... supposedly the best years of anyone's life. High school just wasn't ever the place for me, I thought, and the transition I would make had been long-awaited and much-anticipated. My college adventure would be especially exciting, I knew, because I was finally leaving Texas, another place I never thought I belonged.

In my college search, location was everything and my "requirements" were rigid: out of state (except not in Oklahoma, mind you), pretty campus, big trees, moun-

tains, fresh air, water. North Carolina obviously fit this scenario and without giving serious thought to the fact that I'd never seen the college, much less ever been to North Carolina and knew no one, I said, "Sign me up."

It was only into about the 15th hour of the long 19 hour haul that it finally occurred to me, What am I doing?! As the drive came to a close, however, and I caught my first glimpse of my new surroundings, I breathed a sigh of relief and was pleased, to say the least, that Guilford was as pretty as I thought it would be.

They say that first impressions are everything. In this situation, however, I don't know that this is particularly true. Some of them are accurate, some aren't. My very first impression, beginning the first

day of orientation, was how friendly everyone was. Everyone seemed to want to know each other and no one minded that you forgot their name five minutes later. To me it seemed that most freshmen, excuse me, first-year students, here shared similar views, similar tastes, and similar backgrounds, despite the fact that we all come from different parts of the country. . . this was even overwhelming at first. I always looked forward to going to a school with a lot of diversity and for a while, it looked like everyone was so diverse that we all looked exactly the same.

After wrestling with this thought and talking with others, I came to the conclusion that diversity isn't a fashion statement; it's a state of mind. The more people I talk to

in classes and on campus, the more I realize how much people aren't all the same here and how wrong that first impression was.

I have also come to another conclusion, this one more startling to me than my first. I actually miss Dallas, moreover, Texas. While it doesn't have North Carolina's mild climate or beauty, it has a culture of its own and a definite attitude. I find myself thinking about home especially on Sundays and days where the weather is dreary and I wonder what it was all those years that made me so adamant about leaving Texas. Why was I always so positive that it wasn't the place for me? When people ask me where I'm from, I actually *like* saying I'm from Dallas and hope that by some small chance they've

been there just so that we can talk about it.

This early on in the game, it is too hard for me to pass a judgment on Guilford; my feelings about it change everyday, and I constantly have to remind myself that I've only been here for a little over a week. Some days it's wonderful... I'll meet all kinds of great people, and I'll have a really good class. And then there will be days like yesterday when the glass jar of creamer falls off the window ledge splattering shards of glass everywhere not to mention all of that white powder. My roommate and I just had to laugh because after a not-so-great day like we had, *of course* the creamer would fall and *of course* the cafeteria would close at 6:15 instead of 7:00.

MINUTE INTERVIEW

GUILFORDIAN: Hello, Rich?

RICH: Yes.

GUILFORDIAN: This is the Guilfordian and we would like to ask you ten questions for a quick interview feature set to appear in this week's issue.

RICH: Okay, but I thought I already did an article with you guys this week.

GUILFORDIAN: Yes, we know but this is a different section. Please keep your answers to one sentence.

RICH: Um, okay.

GUILFORDIAN: Do you favor employer-mandated health care?

RICH: Yes, as opposed to a lack of health care.

GUILFORDIAN: Do you favor employer-mandated ice cream?

RICH: Uh...Wait a second—This isn't going in the paper is it?

GUILFORDIAN: Please answer the question, Richard.

RICH: Um, well, No. I do not favor employer-mandated ice cream...except on Thursdays.

GUILFORDIAN: Thursdays?

RICH: Yes, sure yeah on Thursdays.

GUILFORDIAN: What flavor?

RICH: Well, Chocolate Fudge Brownie.

GUILFORDIAN: What's your favorite color?

RICH: Red.

GUILFORDIAN: Okay—

RICH: Do you want to know why?

GUILFORDIAN: No, Rich, it's a five minute interview.

RICH: Oh. Okay.

GUILFORDIAN: What's all this I hear about a Senate-funded Guilford military?

RICH: Right now it's confidential but we are working on recruits.

GUILFORDIAN: Then do you support Guilford gays in the Guilford military?

RICH: Yes, if anyone wanted to be in the Guilford military *laughs* to be a true fighting Quaker, they should be given the chance.

GUILFORDIAN: Rich, if you were an American Gladiator, which Gladiator would you be?

RICH: Zap.

GUILFORDIAN: If you were a car what kind of car would you be?

RICH: Fast.

GUILFORDIAN: Do you prefer Audrey Hepburn or Jackie Kennedy?

RICH: um, Michelle Pfeifer.

GUILFORDIAN: Okay and finally, is it true that Senate currently has plans to dabble in the occult this fall during weekly meetings?

RICH: Not during ice cream serving—or on Thursdays.

With
Rich Ewell
Senate President