

Charleston Journal: The Honors Program at Its Most Silly

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Day 1

Grrr...I'm so tired. 5:30 in the morning seems much earlier than it used to.

Okay, Charleston's Visitors' Center is officially the coolest Visitors' Center ever. It has this really nifty interactive map system where the map is projected on the floor, and when you scroll the mouse on the computer, it moves the pointer on the floor. We didn't stop there for long before we headed off towards a park for lunch. Of course, we didn't really stop at the park. No, we stopped in this semi-scary train station near the harbor because the buses couldn't stop near the park. The people that I was with decided to walk a few blocks to the park, and it was definitely worth it. There was a fountain in the park, and after we finished our box lunches from BDH, we went wading in the fountain. The city felt that it was necessary to put up signs warning us that there wasn't a life-guard on duty. Perhaps they thought that we would've drowned in the one foot of water that we were splashing in if they hadn't warned us. Oh, yeah, did I mention

it was hot in Charleston? The fountain was a great relief from the heat. After we finished wading, it was on to horse-drawn carriage rides. You learn lots of fun trivia tidbits when you go on carriage rides such as why there are bolts and washers on the sides of some houses (an earthquake in the late nineteenth century) and why certain houses were built.

The Citadel was next on the list of attractions, and yes, I'm counting it as an attraction. We were there to watch the dress parade, a rather fun event where lots of people (mostly boys) march by in really spiffy uniforms. However, we weren't the only ones there. Ex-Attorney General Alberto Gonzales was there.

Yeah, we were shocked too by the attendance of the ex-attorney general, but then again, what else does he have to do nowadays? By the time the dress parade was over, I think everyone on the bus was exhausted—so exhausted that we didn't notice we were missing people from the bus until we had already started moving. Luckily, they were able to catch a ride on the other bus.

The Holiday Inn we're staying at is very nice, and they have free coffee and homemade cookies

in the lobby. We spent about an hour there before trekking down to Bubba Gump's Shrimp Co. You should've seen the people driving by staring at us. You can't blame them though; it's not every day you see a line of ninety students plus teachers walking down the street. Bubba Gump's is Forrest Gump-themed (obviously), complete with signs cheering "Run, Forrest, Run!" and pictures of scenes from the movie. It had a very peppy atmosphere at the restaurant, and the food was pretty good. We met briefly with our mini-course professors before heading back to the hotel in small groups. We're a tad less intimidating that way.

Day 2

The Holiday Inn has amazing breakfast foods like cheese Danishes, a couple kinds of quiche, all sorts of fruit, and most of the normal breakfast dishes. After breakfast, everyone split off into mini-course groups, which are basically small classes that focus on one subject. Mine was slave life in Charleston, taught by Dr. Fountain. We came up with a play (disturbing the peace of the other groups that were still in the room in the process) and took a walk down Hasell Street.

When the mini-course was over, we headed down to the open street market that we had seen the day before. People sell all sorts of wares there such as scarves, glass trinkets, purses, clothing, knick-knacks, and hand-woven baskets. We noticed on the way to lunch that the Daughters of the Confederacy headquarters is stationed right on top of what used to be slave markets. Our group ate lunch at Sticky Fingers, an awesome little barbeque place on Meeting St. We had originally planned to eat at a low country-style restaurant, but it was closed for some sort of religious holiday. After lunch, some of us headed off to Drayton Hall, a plantation out in the country while others went back to the hotel or roamed around Charleston in flocks. That night, a few people headed off to a Gershwin musical while others trailed off for dinner in the city. I spent my time stalking Citadel boys and enjoying the city at night. At 10:45, Cathy Rodgers and Kevin Morrison led a big group of us off on a ghost tour. We stopped at St. Philip's Church and listened to a few ghost stories. The mood was ruined a few times by drunken girls

and some dude listening to rap music in his car. However, we still learned a few morals such as always put the safety on your gun and don't stand out on a balcony during an electrical storm. We headed back to the hotel afterwards and basically crashed in our rooms.

Day 3

I shouldn't have gone to bed at two last night—bad idea. Luckily, the hotel supplies very good, strong coffee. I think I was wired for the rest of the day. Everyone gave presentations for their mini-courses; there were Power Points, skits, and verbal explanations. It was really great to see what everyone learned while we were in Charleston. Afterwards, Dr. Edwards gave out gifts to the professors who had traveled with us and to the students and staff who had helped plan the trip. It was a very nice gesture. After that, everyone scrambled upstairs because we were running a little late and then went out to the buses. We invaded a Ryan's on the way home, and then we were back at Meredith College. The weekend and Charleston is now behind us, but we have come back with a lot more memories and friendships than before.

Conversations I Have With Myself

Hillary Morgan
Contributing Writer

I used to ponder what the journey into young adulthood would be like, but that was also back when I used to ponder who my prom date would end up being. Now I ponder how I'm supposed to pay off all my student loans. I'm still pondering that one.

My inner self, or self in general, has been neglected in years' past. When you love and care about so many people, it's hard to focus on something as selfish as your self. Then college came around, and everything changed. Starting college was the beginning of a refreshing new era...well, sort of.

"Hillary, why are you

in college?" my inner self asked me one day.

"Well," I said, stumped. "I want to further my education."

"Yeah, that's what everyone says. I mean why are you here spending thousands of dollars to not focus and act, well, kind of stupid?"

"Uh, hey!"

I've had several wake up calls—some invited,

some unexpected. It doesn't matter whether I felt good or bad about them at the time. I now feel good about all of them. Why wish something hadn't happened? Just grow from it. But don't worry about that, because you will grow from it—whether you like it or not.

I love people. I also hate people. When you're

driving down the highway and some guy cuts you off, nearly causing an accident, what are you supposed to think? "Raleigh has really safe, efficient drivers." No. I know what I think. As soon as my heart rate slows back down, I think, "I hate people." This sort

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