

the MEREDITH Herald

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Green Tip for the Week of October 21

Burning only dry wood will reduce the particles of air pollution and help everyone to breathe easier.

"YOU JUST HAVE TO EXPERIENCE IT"

Aleigha Page
Staff Writer

After sitting at the Meredith College bus stop for thirty minutes, I finally entered the State Fair for the first time in my life. I was excited, and unaware of what to expect. I have been watching the bright lights of the fair for days, waiting for the day that I could experience them myself.

I stepped off the bus, and the scent of popcorn, candy, and frying oil serenaded my senses immediately. I knew this was going to be a great evening spent with my friends. We walked through the gates and the excitement of the crowds and the nip in the air gave me a rush of excitement—I knew that autumn was legitimately among us. There was something in the air that took me back to being a little girl thrilled to be at another festival. And, like most little kids, I had a

major to do list for the evening; I HAD to try something fried, ride at least one ride, and see some animals.

I knew the fair would be exciting and crowded, but I did not know how many people would actually be there! The crowded walkways reminded me of a bustling city or a theme park. As my friends and I neared the rides, a jolt of childhood bliss hit me. I was so excited, I actually jumped a little; I was so ready to be on a roller coaster!

The girls and I made our rounds through the rides, picking out what we wanted to try. The roller coaster was at the top of the list. We jumped into line, and of course took plenty of pictures posing in the line. We made faces mocking anticipation, the typical "facebook profile" pictures, and pictures being goofy, all to pass the time in a very long line. Finally, the moment I had been waiting for all day arrived. I stepped across

the metal platform, and sat down into my seat. My heart was racing and the adrenaline was rushing. And it kept rushing, and rushing. We sat for about five minutes due to "technical difficulties." At last, our safety restraints were lowered, and the clankety crank of the coaster climbing up the steep incline began. My heart pumped those first few seconds, and then I was dropped down the mountain. My friend Karen and I screamed

experience consisted of grease and lots of it. We strolled down the avenue of food choices. I was overwhelmed by the number of fried foods available to me. There was fried dough, fried Oreos, fried whatever you can imagine. I saw a booth advertising veggies, and I thought to myself, oh wow, they offer healthy foods. Then I discovered that it was all fried.

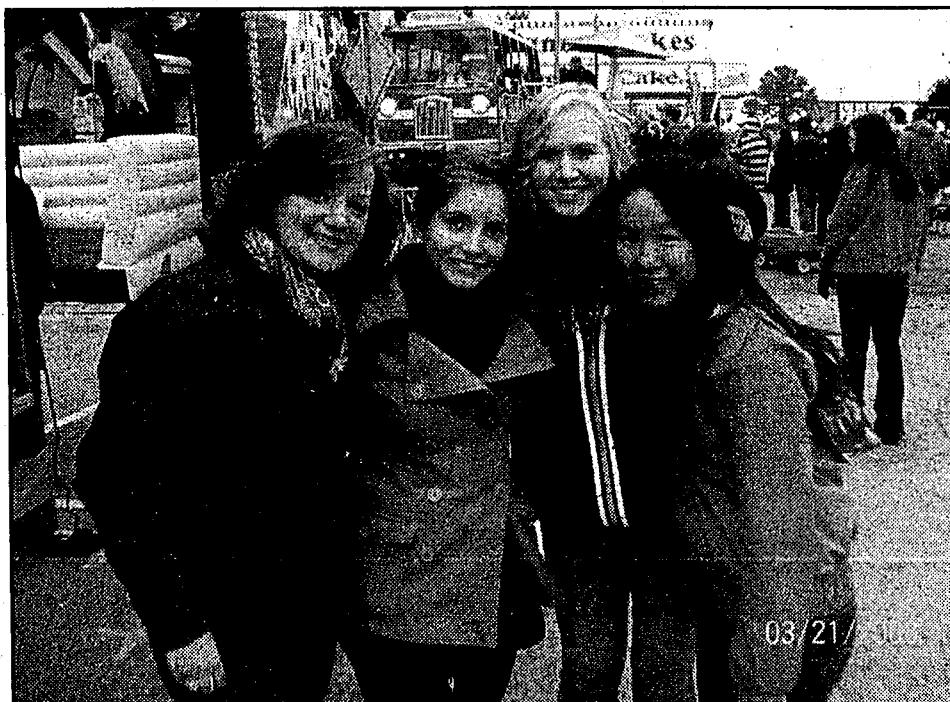
Of all the food to choose from, I ordered a cheese pizza. It was delicious I must say. After the pizza, the eating of the smorgasbord of fried delights began. My friends Chelsea bought the fried HoHo and Sam bought the fried Oreo. I was quite disgusted by the idea of these foods. But then, I tried them. Only one bite of each, and I was quickly addicted to the warm flavor of fried dough and sweet HoHo.

We made one more stroll of the fair; the other girls rode the Fireball, and I took a sit out. I can't do the "dizzy rides." We took some farewell pictures in front of the Ferris wheel and walked away from my personal wonderland.

The final phase of my evening was to find a candy apple and the famous NC State ice cream. My friend Karen and I bought candy apples, and Chelsea and Sam bought some local ice cream. I tasted the peanut butter chocolate ice cream, and I was quite pleased, and this positive review is coming from an ice cream or any chocolaty substance connoisseur. To top it all off, the candy apple was a lovely autumn treat.

As we were about to leave, I realized that something was missing from my fair experience; animals. I went to the fair, and did not see one animal! This was not acceptable.

My last mission of the night was continued on pg 2



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our heads off as we twisted and turned. The ricochet was nerve-wracking, but we had a blast. As usual, the ride came to an end far too quickly. The girls and I jumped off the platform, ready to tackle the next event of our evening; it was time for the funhouse. This was another first for me. We walked into the entrance, and I was confused on the spot. The entrance was dozens of windows and mirrors, and I couldn't figure out how to weave my way through. My friends and I eventually giggled our way through.

Next we walked up the stairs to the fun mirrors where we watched our bodies instantly change shape. I saw myself as an extra tall and skinny supermodel, and then I saw myself short and plump, like a hen. Finally we slid down a curly slide and my time in the funhouse came to end.

The next phase of my fair

A LOVE STORY:
BAILEY'S STYLE
(SEE PAGE 7)

