

Montreat Murmurs



As I listen to the rumors that drift up to my room on the third floor of McGregor, I fondly look up at the sixth floor of Anderson, where my beloved sister Benita Boxy used to reside. She graduated last year and Montreat welcomed me, Berenice R. Boxy, in her place. I fully intend to take my sister's place and supply Montreat with a full spectrum of the latest juicy news and gossip.

Upon entering the cafeteria during my first week here at school, I was looking forward to a fully stocked dessert bar, including several flavors of delicious ice cream that my sister told me all about. Imagine my horror upon finding no ice cream at all! Not even one drop of the delicious creamy substance is left in the cafeteria. Filled with anger at the situation, I took my plate to an empty table and set it down delicately, as a lady should, even when angered beyond reason. As I reached for a napkin to gracefully dab my mouth with, a brightly colored piece of paper on the table caught my eye. Upon further examination, it was an update from some horridly named Student Government Association on what had happened over the summer. As if I would give such a thing the time of day! My eyes are much better used scanning the cafeteria for cute boys. Even if the paper had contained some useful information, such as why the ice cream was gone from the cafeteria or other crucial updates on the school, why would I, Berenice R. Boxy, waste my time reading it? I am much more content to complain and start rumors regarding the situation. That is, after all, the Montreat Way.

The next day, I decided to take a break from cafeteria food and journey all the way down to the Huckleberry for lunch. It was such a long trip that I barely made it. Heels are very impractical in this environment. Anyway, once I made it inside, I was looking forward to using my meal swipe from the cafeteria to get a delicious chicken sandwich. Once again, I was filled with horror when I was informed that meal swipes were reserved for dinner and on Saturdays when the cafeteria was closed. I stamped my designer heels on the floor and tossed my hair, completely miffed. The brightly colored paper from the Student Government Association once again sprang to my mind, filled with updates such as these for the students to read and be informed. Ha! As if I would take a few minutes out of my day to read that thing. I have much more important things to do. As I made the laborious trek back up to McGregor, I complained to everyone I passed of the indignities I had suffered in the past two days. They were very sympathetic.

As I prance delicately around this lovely campus of ours, I see so many couples together. Most of them are upperclassmen who have been together since the beginning of time, but then there are those who have known each other for a month, and yet are irrevocably in love with each other. It's so sweet to see them staring at each other, and then engaging in intense public displays of affection. My large and innocent heart is warmed to see such love and devotion put out for the world to see. I heartily encourage all freshmen in love to continue enjoying each other in public. It provides the rest of us with faith that the world is not such an awful place if such shameless love exists.

So now, my dear Montreatians, I will sit in my room on the third floor of McGregor, waiting for the rumors to drift up to my window. You all are really so kind, loitering right outside the building and having your intimate conversations so loudly that I can pick right up on the most interesting things. Quite thoughtful of you, please continue to do so. I would be most appreciative.

Berenice R. Boxy