

1:23 a.m.

Davis Library is quiet. The security guard whispers as she asks the few students entering to show their ONE Cards. A short beep goes off near the exit but soon cuts off. "Just a false alarm," she says. Barely a soul can be seen with the exception of a few students on the computers. One empty terminal is open to UNC Webmail, where a student must have forgotten to log off as he rushed off to enjoy his Thursday night. The second floor is more populated. Students are studying at almost every table.

One student is sleeping in a comfortable chair. His shoes are off and his dreadlocked head rests on his arm crossed over his chest. A green highlighter sits on the table under his hand, having dropped when he drifted into sleep.

At the nearby Reserves Desk, three employees laugh and joke loudly, disturbing the near silence emanating from all the other corners of the building.

**4:32 a.m.**

Three girls, blondes in almost matching outfits, sit waiting on the curb outside the dark windows of Chase Hall.

They stare silently from beneath glitter-smudged eyelids at their black shoes upon the cracked asphalt with the patience of the extremely tired and worn.

"What time is it?" asks one in a listless voice.
"I don't know. What time does the P2P stop running?"
No reply.

6:15 a.m.

It's dark at the crossroads of Manning and Bowles drives, the center of the South Campus universe. If there was life here last night, it's impossible to tell now.

A few cars trickle through the intersection, sounding cold and tired as they rattle to a stop and lurch across the lines. There are enough of them that their memory doesn't fade from the asphalt, but there are long stretches of time where there is nothing. No frosted-over sports cars or icy SUVs, not even people on the streets to see them, just puffs of steam pouring out of the manholes.

It's soulless on South Campus.

The thousands of sleeping students all around have left no trace of themselves. Not a beer can pushed by the bitter wind like a New Age tumbleweed, not even a discarded flier. The four industrial residence hall towers loom large over the icy quiet scene.

The Smith Center is a sleeping giant at the bottom of the hill, the trappings of its victory the previous evening wiped away. A white stillness rules now, not the Tar Heel basketball team, not a line of cars or a throng of fans.

Suddenly, the stoplight turns green, the direction of the invisible traffic changes. The sky has begun to glow, its edges springing to life.

It's sunrise on South Campus.

8:01 a.m.

Students sit in silence, only partially awake, as the instructor enters her third-floor social psychology class in Davie Hall.

"Hello and welcome to Friday," the brunette says after adjusting the podium and sitting on top of the desk, cup in hand.

She outlines the basic topic of her lecture and promptly begins talking about attitudes using her chalk-drawn diagram.

Through an open window the cold morning air enters, rattling the blinds while outside the birds sing and the frozen ground impedes a squirrel's daily tasks.

8:50 a.m.

The piercingly cold wind and the desire for a much-needed pick-me-up have inspired quite a long line for coffee downstairs at the Ram Cafe, leaving the nearby Mainstreet Lenoir breakfast looking like a ghost town.

"It's a little dead today, but I don't know why," said one Lenoir worker from behind her lonely cash register.

Just moments before the Bell Tower sounds chimes nine times, scarf-clad sophomore Wendy Love power-walks to class. "I'm late to class," Love said. "But I still have to get coffee."

1:30 a.m.

On the corner of South and Raleigh roads, a solitary figure plays in the ice. Now stomping around to hear it crunch, now picking up a piece and tossing it over the wall to the sidewalk to see it shatter, he is oblivious to the occasional passing car.

His breath comes out in short-lived clouds of steam. Behind him looms the hulking skeleton of the under-construction extension to the Student Union. Echoes off Fetzer Gym across the street create complex rhythms as he dances on the ice. The sound is huge and hollow in the darkness.

Suddenly, he gives a final stomp and walks away toward Franklin Street.

2:17 a.m.

There have been surprisingly few revelers on Franklin Street for a post-basketball Thursday night, but those who are here don't seem to mind the cold.

A group of three students leaves Hector's, talking and laughing loudly as they slowly advance west on Franklin Street.

One girl halts, pulling her friend's sleeve to get her to stop to examine her hair. "I need a more face-framing style - I've got chipmunk cheeks."

She fails to elicit a response but trudges on, as it has become obvious that alcohol has shortened their attention spans.

The three stop and strike up a conversation with a homeless man near the Rathskeller. They fumble for some change but soon lose interest in this conversation, too.

2:37 a.m.

Steam fills the alley behind Spanky's Restaurant, and brown water runs in rivulets down the sidewalk.

A tall man (right) stands behind a gold Chrysler van, pressure hose in gloved hand, spraying the vents from the restaurant's kitchen exhaust system - just another duty before he can head home for the night.

4:12 a.m.

Time lingers in limbo between night and day, unmarked by the regularity of passing P2P buses.

Silence hangs over Chapel Hill.

Stragglers from noisy nightlife scenes pace the brick walkways beneath dim streetlights.

A crying girl with garish pink lipstick trips by with a ringing of high heels.

A posse of stumbling fraternity members in khakis laugh overly loud at indistinguishable jokes.

A couple with matching Goth clothes and spiked chokers and patches sewn on in strange places walk by, absorbed in each other.

**10:37 a.m.**

There is not much of a view. And according to the sign printed on the door, the place isn't even open yet.

But this doesn't stop students from visiting the gallery in the Student Union (above) to vegetate after an early morning, prep for work to come or just snatch a nap.

On a long, red couch a brown-haired woman tries to sneak in one of those naps. Her mouth is slightly open so passers-by can see the whites of her teeth. Her head rests on a balled-up purple sweater, her folded arms, a thin coat and a book bag.

She wakes only to check the time on her watch.

Noon

In the Pit, one has to look hard to find remnants of yesterday's ice. Out came the sun and dried up most of it.

So today, the Pit is alive.

Everyone walks through with something in hand and something on mind. A flier, a Chick-Fil-A bag or a cell phone - an exam, a friend or a nap.

Click, click, click ...

A short female student walks through the Pit. Her black boots peaking out from under her dark blue jeans make a distinct noise with every step on the brick, bringing her closer to her destination. The look on her eyes says the only thing on her mind is where she needs to be.

Chatter, chatter, chatter ...

All conversations merge into a giant ball of noise. All in unison, all muddled together with the sound of saws from the nearby construction. There is so much to talk about: classes, lunch plans, the weather.

Chime, chime, chime ...

The Bell Tower tolls 12 times. Hundreds of students congregate for lunch dates in Lenoir Dining Hall. Hundreds crisscross through the crowds to continue on their busy Fridays at UNC.

Hundreds of individual paths converge - only for a moment.

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**Friday, February 23
12:15 a.m.**

Patrons of Linda's Bar & Grill on Franklin Street enjoy the circle of warmth, light, music, laughter and alcohol inside the popular bar.

Outside, icicles decorate the awnings of stores and restaurants. A young couple walks past the bar and sings along to a few lines of the mellow hip hop audible from the other side of the wide window.

Inside, a surprise carding disturbs the tranquility of drinking students. One rushes out to prevent her underage friends from entering the bar. They wait outside, knocking icicles off Linda's roof.

**12:24 a.m.**

The P2P pulls up at Craige Residence Hall, where many students are milling around, wearing flannel pants and shivering in blankets.

A fire alarm had gone off (above), causing students to leave their warm rooms and stand outside in the brisk air.

While the incessant beeping and flashing lights from the alarm continue, students remark about the slowness of the fire department.

"I ain't seen no fire trucks yet," one girl exclaims in a Southern drawl.

12:25 a.m.

A passing group of bar hoppers stops to shout advice to a BMW attempting to parallel park in a tight spot.

"You got it! Turn now - are ya going to make it?" (Crunch.) "No! Ooh. Back up - OK!"

The driver, Pattie Vargas of Raleigh, gets out to examine the bumper of the car behind her. Fortunately, neither car sustained as much as a scratch.

"And I managed to get into that spot just right," Vargas says proudly.

