

# Confessions Of A Freshman

By: Brock Gooden

As the present Fall Term slowly draws to a welcome close, I look back over my glorious first term at Penn State with mixed emotions. Like several hundred other first termers, the notion of college filled my mind with excitement and awe; a new peak in my life.

My first recollection is that of being unmercifully shuffled through the process of registration. It was like a cattle drive; everyone pushing, not really knowing where to go or what stupid form to fill out next.

My nerves became so frazzled that by the time I reached the second floor, I was almost in a stupor and as a result, signed up to join four different clubs, none of which interested me.

Hurridly I went to the bookstore where I invested a small fortune of \$50 in textbooks. Thank God, I already had several of the required books at home!

The first week of classes, I was bombarded with four different syllabuses; one yellow, one blue, and two green. They all read like death sentences and I shuddered at the thought of spending the next four

years of my life in constant study. What had I gotten myself into? The idea of running off to join a nice quiet monastery seemed very appealing.

Two serious problems immediately came into form. One, the parking lot. No matter how early or how late I arrived, a parking space was pretty rare. I took to praying as I drove along Rt. 352, "Oh God, please let me find a space." It usually didn't do any good and I ended up hiking from the far parking lot all the way to the main building. (I paid \$7.50 for a nice morning stroll!)

My second problem caused a great deal of inner anguish and pain. Due to my schedule, I would miss "The Young and The Restless." How could I survive without my daily dose of soap opera? Would Joanne give Johnny a divorce so he could marry Peg? Will Mrs. Chanler seduce her maid's husband again? These, and other intriguing questions filled my mind with desperate wonder.

Soon, I had my own romantic escapades to ponder. I suffered the ultimate pain which torments many a young man. I fell in love with my English teacher. To my eyes, she was the meaning of beauty.

Suddenly, like a bolt of lightning, a fantastic idea burst into my mind -- I would sweep her off her feet with my expert knowledge of grammar and punctuation. (Since I had a weakness for falling in love with English teachers, I had learned the delights of dangling modifiers, comma-splices, and run-ons) As of now, she doesn't even know I exist.

One never knows where the flower of love may bloom--in the language lab? Sure enough, as I sat intently listening to Lesson #5 of Spanish, last week, I had an adventure. After the lesson, I returned my worn tape to the cabinet and when I reappeared at my cubicle a surprise awaited me--a little love note neatly tucked into my backpack. Since the blazing note was unsigned, I was forced to do a great deal of research. I now have a good idea who my secret admirer is and I am not pleased. In fact, I'm thinking of calling the dog pound to have her picked up.

But school isn't all that rough. I've met some people who are... well, interesting. An example - in my Spanish class, the guy who sits in front of me is always tel-

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