

I TRIED NOT TO GET TOO
HYPER WHEN EXPLAINING MY
LITERARY ASPIRATIONS. WE
TURNED THE CORNER FROM
TROUSDALE TOWARDS ROSKI AND
ALL OF A SUDDEN SAW GOLDEN
LIGHTS SPILLING OUT OF THE
PHILOSOPHY LIBRARY. THERE
WAS MUSIC SO WE STOPPED
SHORT TO SEE WHAT WAS GOING
ON.



INSIDE THE MAIN LECTURE
HALL WAS A ROTATING CHAOS
OF DANCERS IN PAIRS SWIRLING