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ENGL-1010

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First Day of Classes

For the first week leading up to classes, I was unable to sleep. I would wake up feeling nauseous and restless. I don’t remember if it was because of anxiety or stress, or maybe both. The days dragged on for far longer than they should have; the time never seemed to advance, and the sun stayed in the same part of the sky all day. I don’t know why I was anxious – I never am – but this year felt different. It was almost like I had just started my freshman year all over again.

           Move-in day was a scramble. There was barely any parking on campus, and on top of that, everyone seemed to forget how to drive. I finally found a parking spot up at Buc-Ridge, and the first thing I brought to my dorm for safety was my laptop and monitor. As a Cybersecurity major, I’m going through training to anticipate risks. Maybe that’s why the unknowns of this semester felt so unsettling. I wanted to buy a new laptop over the summer – one that was smaller and more powerful than my current one – but I had irresponsibly spent my money on other things.

           When I got to my dorm, it was silent (my roommates weren’t moving in until the next day). I took my time unpacking; everything has a place, and every place has a thing. I didn’t tell anyone how nervous I was, I just hoped the feeling would go away on its own. After the hours spent organizing my dorm, I texted my friend and he agreed to join me on a stroll around campus to take the edge off. I stopped at Starbucks and got myself my favorite drink: a Venti Double Chocolate Chip Frappuccino. I had saved up and bought the platinum meal plan for this year, so I had more than enough dining dollars to afford it; it was like a reward for moving in successfully. I didn’t worry about the location of my classes, because every single one of them is in the Brinkley Center, of which I am well acquainted.

           After my outing, I went back to my apartment to make sure I had everything. Obviously, I did not, so I texted my friend again and we went to Walmart. Surprisingly, this was the first time I’ve ever had to buy toilet paper and paper towels for myself. While wandering the aisles of Walmart, the cart magically filled up with things I didn’t need, and as punishment, I ended up spending way more than I anticipated. I have my own French press now, and the cold brew is delicious, so it’s not all a waste; it reminded me that, even in chaos, small comforts can make a difference.

           The first few days of class are always either very stressful or very boring. I’d say for me it was about 50/50; the morning classes were boring syllabus work, and the later classes started the work and gave homework. I had to make alarms for each one of my classes, so I didn’t forget about them, and I had to long-board all the way from Buc-Ridge to the Brinkley Center at 7:30 in the morning. I was surprised that it was cool enough outside for me to wear a hoodie. In all honesty, even though I was stressed to the point of nausea, I’d do it all over again if it meant I’d end up where I am now – more prepared, grounded, and confident.