What a day!

You finally arrived in Glasgow. Years of study and toil, months of waiting and nervous expectation and arduous hours of MyGlasgow application have born their fruit. You got accepted to a PhD in physics. You have a spark in your eye and the world on your sleeve.

Your research begins tomorrow. You walk around campus, listening to the excited chatter of freshers, avoiding leaflets flying in the air and enjoying the late summer breeze. After you wonder through the University, bustling with freshers, you eventually wonder over into the rankine building. The name sounds familiar; you check your emails on your phone, and guess what?! Your office is here!

You walk down the staircase, eager to meet your colleagues. There’s a strange electricity in the air, but you pay it no heed. When you reach level 2, you can’t find the office – but then a laughter, like a donkey’s scream, splits the air. Inquisitive, you turn right, walk through a set of doors and reach an office.

Before you enter through the door, you pause. You come to realise that these are the people you will be working with for the 3 or 4 years. First impressions count! Chin high, you walk in.

You go in; this is not what you expected, but what a positive surprise! A merry lot awaits you on the other side; they are loudly discussing going for a drink. You all head to a pub named Coopers for a few beers. Someone suggests you have some shots. Then cigarettes. Then coffee.