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"SLEEP? WHAT IS THAT?" No Parties in Olivia's College Hell

By OLIVIA ALFONSO

SEATTLE, WA - "What is that - it looks like a fly on your eyebrow!", my mom shrieked as I walked in the door after my friend and I returned from our road trip down the coast of California. The trip was the week before I was to end my "Olivia Alfonso, the Orinda High School cheerleader" life and to start my life as "Olivia Alfonso, the prestigious college student", and so I felt a little twinge of that pre-college rebelliousness and decided to pierce a ring on my eyebrow.

"Mom, it's just an eyebrow ring. I think it looks good, and so does Debra," I replied.

Yes, it was a great feeling, you know, to think that, hey, I'm leaving in a week, so what are they going to do, ground me? This was only the beginning of my new and almost wonderful independent college life.

The adventure of my new and exciting life started with a twelve-hour car trip with my parents (which may be delightful for some, but not quite my cup of tea). Surprisingly, all my necessities for a whole year fit into the car. Preparing

for this trip wasn't easy due to my desire to pack everything, which included all my sweaters and rain attire, to my sandals and shorts (you know, for those sunny days in Seattle). After a very long car ride we arrived in Seattle. What a surprise, it's raining! But I'm ready to move in, rain or shine.

After getting settled into my dorm and having said good-bye to good old Aurora and Bill, I'm ready to party! But my dreams of going to bed in the wee hours of the night after hitting all the latest parties, were quickly diminished. Don't get me wrong - I get to bed probably every night at around two o'clock, but that is only after I finish about half of the 70 pages of reading that I was supposed to do that night.

Every night now I ask myself, "Why am I talking this stupid anthropology class? Do I really care if I came from a chimpanzee

or an ape?" Then

I realize I don't have time to ask myself these questions because I have a midterm in a week! Why am I in college, again? I hate studying. I also hate having to share my bathroom with a whole hall of girls.

Whoever heard of having to stand in a line to take a shower at 7:30

every morning? Why is it that now that I have the opportunity to choose the classes I want, I had to pick one at 8:30 in the morning?

I have acquired at least one great skill since I've started college. Due to constant sleep deprivation, I am able to take a nap at any place during any time of day. My roommate's and my favorite time of the day is nap time, sans the milk and cookies you got at pre-school. (That would mean you had to go all the way to the cafeteria and wait in line just to get it.) Oh, and what great cuisine the college cafeteria offers! I have found that turkey sandwiches are great for breakfast, lunch, and even dinner.

I also soon found out that I wasn't the only girl styling the fashionable eyebrow ring in Seattle. So to make my parents happy, you know, because that is my goal in life, and before any of the relatives got to see it at Christmas time, I took it out. Don't get me wrong - all of these naps because of sleep deprivation, cafeteria food, stinky bathrooms, and 70 pages of reading a night is worth it, if only because now I can say that my parents just came to visit me. Oh how I do love college! **LL**

I REMEMBER WHEN...

by Rory Laico Packwood

BIBOT...

- always drew and colored the best clothes for her paper dolls.

- was the prettiest Snow White in St. Scho and always had good grades so that she was allowed to skip a grade. I was envious.

- was very quiet to the point of scary. Not anymore.

- was always a good cook and I would look forward to her baking.

MITOS...

- won a 500 peso award given by the Central Bank (that was a lot of money in those days) for winning the essay contest on the theme "Respect the Centavo". That's when I learned the word "journalist" because that's what she was going to be. Mommy was so proud of her and I was too.

- would lock her closet from the thieves. Being that she was the only one then who worked in the airline, only she could buy the imported clothes and everyone wanted to borrow them. I made a resolve at that time that I too would work with the airlines.