EATON HALL  
  
On the third floor I told my professor that my essay was going to be late because I didn’t feel like I could do anything that week.  
  
On the second floor I went on a date with a boy who brought me a mocha in a mason jar and listened to me when we talked and kissed me on my lips on our walk home—and then a couple weeks later decided he didn’t like me anymore but never had the courage to tell me to my face so instead I heard it from my friend who I often do homework with in the computer lab that is 50 feet away from the room where he and I laughed together.  
  
On the first floor I read a story about my queerness to my freshman writing seminar in a way I never thought I would be able to, and I fled to the bathroom one time when I almost ran into a person who I wished would leave this school—or at least go abroad for a year—and I sat on toilet with my pants on and thought about how the basement floor bathroom is the nicest part of the building and how the tiles surrounding me were the ones they often use in HGTV renovation shows that I would watch alone on Saturday nights in high school.  
  
On the second floor I ate pizza and Chinese food and Hot Cheetos late into night with my friends as we used homework as our excuse to spend time together that we didn’t get during the day, and I cried to my mom on facetime audio because the sound quality is better and I missed her voice, and I wrote an essay about a book I didn’t read.  
  
On the third floor I tripped and spilled the free drink I got from The Rez—it had two shots of espresso because I didn’t really sleep the night before and I’m not really sure why.  
  
On the second floor I stared at my reflection in the computer monitor as the boy I liked did coke in the seat next to me so he could finish a paper, and I sat in the lab late into the night on a Thursday not doing my work, just looking up at the high ceiling, giving myself space to breathe after a week that had felt like eternity, when everything seemed like it was too much to handle and I wanted to run away but I couldn’t so instead I just took refuge in the place with the high ceilings and the large windows and the Macs that don’t work well and the printers that take forever to produce a two page, double-sided reading response and the security guard whose name I forget but always smiles at me.  
  
On the first floor I ate a free lunch for American Studies majors. There was a lot of guacamole and I sat there for 90 minutes until I was so full I couldn’t move. And I took a selfie in the mirror of that bathroom that seems too nice for the rest of the building that made me feel good about myself in a way I hadn’t in awhile.  
  
On the third floor I dropped a class, and I changed my home on GrubHub to “Eaton Hall, 5 The Green, Medford, MA 02155.” Only the drivers from Golden Light can find it but I always try anyways because I don’t want to walk all the way to the Campus Center when I order food.   
  
In the staircase I heard a straight boy say the word “faggot” but stayed silent because I was wearing leggings that day.   
  
On the first floor someone told me that over the summer they want to renovate Eaton and make it look like 574 Boston Ave, turn it into some STEM circle-jerk like they are doing to the rest of this school.  
  
On the second floor I wrote this as I was the only one left in the computer lab. On the way out the security guard smiled at me.