*The Surreal Wonderment of Autumn and Academia*

A pumpkin-spice autumn day, leaves scattered in random mounds across the pavement. I walk to class. Admiring the colors of what’s left on the trees, patchworks of random leaves still clinging onto any strength they have left to hold onto. My feet shuffle. The fallen foliage, brown and yellow-orange, push one another erratically as my converse nudge them aside. I bury into my sweater. A coziness consumes me, while an aroma of chai latte and dead plant parts warms me, and the campus overwhelms me. Freedom and relaxation envelopes me. Trudging towards Weld Hall, sensations of classic academia and antiquated knowledge and composition absorb me into their world. Lost, and I’m glad to be.

In a building, covered with brick to capture all the brilliance trapped in words, no longer allowing me to go, but I don’t need to leave. This place holds many destinations. A specific body of students and professors, an enchanting amount of imagination and smarts flood every crack of paint in the classrooms and liven every other nook and cranny. Wonderment and intelligence encapsulates this building. Nothing can abolish this hall; home to spiders, words, and the spirits of minds over the past decades—collecting in the walls like an intellectual catacomb. This, too, is my home. The home of my major, holder of instruction, habitation of connections, and housing of imagination.

I ponder—visualize. Ink and paper collide, developing thoughts into words and symbols. Both academics and creativity mesh. Mind gears crank as inventiveness grows; my mind grabbing at inspirational cells. The walls’ wisdom swarms. Embodying and playing with my environment’s encouragement, I create new combinations of phrases and ideas. We grow. The English and study-filled atmosphere of this academic hall, I in the center, the life-and-death swirling outside of autumn, meld to make a euphoric mixture. Nothing beats a day like this.