

My First Week at OSU

Sweat started dribbling down my face as I attempted to readjust my little, black, clip on, fan. Everything was moist, from the paint on the walls- which repel command strips- to the glossy floors that would stick to my feet. This was my first night at *the* Ohio State University. Granted, I had no idea what I was getting myself into moving into Baker Hall, but I soon realized that being a freshman all over again is, and was, confusing, painful, and just all around awkward.

Confusion (n)- the state of being bewildered or unclear in one's mind about something. Keys? Check. Phone? Check. Buck ID? Check. Sunglasses? — Running back up to my dorm I could feel moisture building up on the back of my neck. The time read 7:49 as I started my morning aerobic workout routine: walking. I was confused and unsure of where I was going but thank God for Google Maps, right? Class started at 8:00am while my ETA was 8:02am. In effort to make it to class on time, I decided to pick up the pace. I wanted to keep checking my phone to follow the blue dots guiding me to my destination, but there was something so unsettling about being recognized as a “freshie”, or “fresh meat” so, mistakenly I kept on walking. It was now 7:58am and the Macquigg Lab was nowhere in sight. I pulled out my Google Maps only to realize my new ETA was now 8:09am, and that I had been walking in the wrong direction. Walking even faster, my shirt began to cling to my now sweat infested skin, while my calves were slowly starting to cramp with intensity. Pulling my pride aside, I pulled out my phone and followed the GPS. Luckily for me, I am a born and raised Ohioan, therefore, when I ran into a “sidewalk closed” sign due to the never ending state of construction found on every single road in the state of Ohio, I panicked! Embracing my state of ignorance, vulnerability, and frustration I decided to go to a red buckeye booth and ask for help.

Awkward (adj)- causing or feeling embarrassment or inconvenience. The initial 20 second walk to the booth soon felt like an immensely awkward 2 minute walk, after they had noticed my approach. Four attentive strangers waited readily to help as they watched me, similar to the way a hawk would watch a mouse. “I hope your first year is a success!” she said, as I walked to my class, located across the street. ETA 8:18am.