



Mark H. Goodman

# Hey, what do you think of dorm life?

Recently, someone asked me what I thought of dorm life. As one who never fully experienced the indescribable joy of living away from home for an extended period of time, I wasn't sure how to answer the question. I mean, what do ya say when ya don't even know yourself?

When I moved into the freshman dorm, people were scurrying all around campus with no apparent motive to their movements. It reminded me of a fly after some maniacal kid ripped the wings off it's back—out of place and separated from security. Normally I would've laughed at the confusion, but since I was more or less in the same boat, I joined in the whirlwind of fun...*pfft.*

After unpacking all the senseless and useless crap I lugged 1,850 miles from Chicago to dump into my side of the room, I discovered something I never thought I would have in my college life—empty space. I gotta tell ya, it gives me a great excuse to run out to the

local mall and fill in all those depressingly empty spaces with essential and vital items like a bowling ball, (for hallway bowling—knock down as many R.A.'s as possible; win a free expulsion) or, hell, maybe a brand new car. (Why not? Considering how much I spent on this semester's books, I could've bought a '92 vette—well, at least the floormats.) The possibilities seem endless.

But anyway, the week pressed on and people soon formed strange little cliques; I found mine with the fifth floorians. Geez, if ya got a free minute sometime, ya gotta come and see us. We're more like a surrogate family rather than a whole bunch of freshies that don't even know each others' first names. I mean, we don't—but we don't care. Why should we if we're just...gag... "one BIG happy family." (that dates each other.) Oops—nevermind.

Uh, but no, really, dorm life has been the wildest time I've experienced since celebrating the Fourth of July on a British cruise ship. (I think Britain's still a bit sore about that independence thing.) The action in this place never stops.

So far, there have been parties, school sponsored dances (although I can't comment much on 'em—a whole bunch of us ditched and toured the strip instead) and a wide assortment of strange and interesting people to keep me busy—a guaranteed 20 out of the 24 hours. Everyone needs some sleep sometime... but the caffeine from the illeg... uh...unsanctioned coffee pot helps.

On my floor alone, I've met folks from New York, Needles, Chicago (yea!), L.A., L.V. (duh), Los Alamos, Barstow, Mesquite, Pahrump (alfalfa capitol of the state), Anchorage (how's that for a change of scenery?), and several forgettable cow towns across this country we call home.

Various religions, beliefs, gripes, habits, habitats, colors, creeds, ideologies, smells, tastes, games, gore, slimy and stumpy differences equal this year's Tonopah Hall residents. I don't think you could find more diversity anywhere on campus except the questionable choices the cafeteria comes up with. Especially that tuna surprise...I mean, is it really supposed to have green in it?

## Roommate-Type Dudes



by Rick Leija

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Regardless, after a few days of meeting and greeting fellow Tonopah Hall dormers, the line separating, "my god where the hell am I," and, "my god I'm here," became more and more sublime. We all knew that we didn't know what was going on, so why not enjoy it while it lasted?

Ah, the sheer excitement...I could smell the teen spirit in the air. Dorm life turned out to be a lot cooler than TV makes it out to be. At least we have a pool table.

Now that I've thought about how things are in this year's freshman dorm, I think it's working out pretty damn good. Okay, the administration didn't let us choose where we wanted to live, but personally, I rather live with a whole bunch of freshmen because at least I know we all have one thing in common; we're all equal. Confused, nervous and apprehensive, but it's no big deal. We're freshmen and damn proud of it. Go Tonopah...see ya at Roll Call.

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