"Seven Weeks"
Meredith Newsom (Kris)

Seven weeks. Seven weeks, and it feels like one. Seven weeks that I’ve been bombarded by the nervousness before the dreaded first test, the anxiety of whether or not my roommates and I would get along, and being completely overwhelmed. Seven weeks with the excitement of joining clubs, sororities, and organizations, having the freedom I’ve never had, and making new friends whenever and wherever I go. These past few weeks have been a series of ups and downs, rights to lefts, and any possible way you can imagine! Before coming to college, I was always told “it’s so different from high school.” As true as that is, it’s so much more than just “different”. There is absolutely no word to prepare an incoming freshman for their college experience. Midterms of my first semester of college are here, and I still feel like I’m living in a hotel rather than my apartment, I’ve studied more in these weeks than I studied my entire senior year of high school, but I wouldn’t change a single moment of it. I’ve never been forced to make a transition such as this one, and I’ve never been one to get homesick, but I never would have made it through without the support of my new friends in Scholars, my new sisters in Chi Omega, and all the new friends I’ve made here and there! So I chose to use my contribution to The Scholar to say THANK YOU to everyone who has befriended me and shown me so much support! I can’t wait to see what the next four years will hold! :}
“Ridiculously Awesome Poem”  
Bradley Bugg

Roses are red  
Violets are green  
What is that pain,  
So deep in my spleen?  
Perhaps not enough rest  
And too many “-ologies”  
I hate to say it  
But I’m sick of biology  
I’ve had my fill of talk  
About xylem and phloem  
I’ve gotta be honest with you  
I don’t know where this is goin  
Lots of acids  
And even more bases  
Such a whirlwind of information!  
...at UTM  
I know that didn’t rhyme  
I didn’t have time  
I’m too busy crying  
Over the Cardinals’ horrible season  
They missed the playoffs  
For several reasons  
I’ll leave you alone now  
I see that you’re sleeping  
Don’t worry about me  
I actually enjoy weeping

“Fall”  
Casey Ridener

The sky is bright blue.  
The clouds are wispy.  
They’re in perpetual motion.  
The leaves are brown, yellow, red, orange,  
And mixtures of these colors.  
The wind sends them swirling  
On the grass and sidewalks.  
There’s a gentle breeze,  
And it blows misplaced strands of hair  
Off my face.  
My bag is heavy with school-books.  
It seems my course loads are always more  
difficult  
Fall semester.  
The sun is shining, but I don’t need  
sunglasses.  
The weather is cool, but I don’t need a coat.  
In that pearl-shaped piece of time  
All is perfect and harmonious.  
I take a few seconds to smile, and  
forget my worries, and  
forget my voicemails, and  
forget my bank account, and  
Appreciate my little life.

“A Scholar’s First Month in College”  
Katelin Turner

The anticipation of college filled the summer after my graduation with images of the  
stereotypical collegiate experience. Meeting countless friends, becoming lifelong best friends  
with a few of them after immediately connecting, becoming independent, learning to  
appreciate coffee and cafeteria cuisine, and trying to fit an education in there somewhere  
with everything else were the images that I had in mind. However, after moving in my  
apartment, reality soon set in. Lesson number one: account for the unexpected. A few very  
lucky friends of mine were forced to move out of their Village apartments due to a mold  
problem for a few weeks. Thankfully, I wasn’t one of the crew that had to relocate for a little  
while. A sudden accident at home kept me away one night and I quickly realized how easy it  
is for one to fall behind in a studying routine by missing one day. This brings me to lesson  
number two—time management. Perhaps it’s the one lesson they don’t teach you in high  
school and very well half the battle of acing a desired course. I still haven’t mastered the  
skill, but I’m improving. With meetings every night of the week and working, I quickly  
learned that if I didn’t schedule time, time would schedule me. I believe that the most  
important aspect that I’ve been taught is to live the collegiate experience to the fullest by  
appreciating the small everyday occurrences that make my university so special—a  
conversation with a professor about physical fitness, smiling at new acquaintances, laughing  
at Dr. McDonough’s incredible stories, discovering the cafeteria food is pretty good—that  
reassure me this is right where I need to be.
“Born as a Lawsuit”
Chad W. Holmes

Looking back at my life
I see a few things
Some that are interesting
Some that are strange

Every story I’ve heard
Every memory I hold
I’ll never forget them
‘Least not ‘til I’m old

One story sticks out
Even though it is short:
The day I was born
A man went to court

My life began
Back in ‘89
The day after New Years
I whined my first whine

“I see the head”
The doc said to my mom
To which she replied,
“#@!%&*#!@
!@#$%’

You see, I was late.
Three weeks I think’s right.
My head’d grown too big
Thus my exit was tight

So the doc pulled me out
With his salad tongs and such
The tongs caught my eye
And he squeezed far too much

He miscalculated
Grabbing the eye on my face
Now my black-eyed baby pics
Are a departmental disgrace

The man lost his license
I lost my sight
Now I’m a blind poet
At least for tonight
“Untitled”  
Billy Price  
Acrylic Painting
“Disappoint”  
Erin Coates  
I’ve always been a good writer  
A decent one at least  
But three years ago when I moved here  
My muse seemed to be deceased  

I’d scratch, I’d strain, I’d scribble  
Seeking words for that quick rhyme.  
Always coming to a standstill  
Giving up each and every time.  

Today I came to the library  
No different than the day before.  
Reluctantly sat down to my research  
Such a terrible, mind numbing bore.  

While taking notes and watching clocks  
A doodle fell from my pen.  
Another dropped, then another  
Allowing my great fun to begin.  

A cat stretched out on my paper  
A giant squid swam out of the ink.  
A flower blossomed from nowhere  
And suddenly, I started to think.  

My doodles evolved into words  
My words into a letter.  
Well, actually words into a poem,  
Which I think is so much better.  

Thank you for your smooches.  
Thank you for my fudge.  
Thank you for my stockings,  
And two penguins that I love.  

Thank you for my slippers  
(The ones I’ll never wear).  
Thank you for trying to please him  
By cutting off your hair.  

“The Smokey Mountains”  
Carah Hooten  
The velvet green trees,  
so thick and rich  
blanketing the mountains completely  
The silver river,  
only a narrow ribbon far below  
winding back only a short ways  
before lost in the green velvet  
The mist,  
shrouds all in mystery and magic—  
a hope for anything imagined:  
a strong knight in shining armor,  
a beautiful princess full of grace,  
a young hero coming to the rescue,  
Magical characters of your imagination  
given life,  
Only in a land such as this...  

And the morning sun  
shining white light  
the mist obscures the heavenly sphere  
and each water particle catches the light  
only to reflect it  
making the whole sky shine bright as the sun  

The sky, so blue when clear,  
is so close  
yet so far away  
a tantalizing reminder of what could be  
but what is.
“How to Live”  
Josh Weiss

“I don’t know how to live”—Sharon Olds

Watch the channel Boomerang, the old school cartoons will make you remember your childhood. And if you don’t have the channel, get it. See The Sandlot or Hook (or both) because they both show you what it means to be a kid. However, don’t watch too much TV. It rots your brain. Fall in love (at least once). You deserve it. Don’t quit loving. Hold hands and kiss IN PUBLIC even when you’ve grown old. Take long walks on the beach but don’t look where you’re going, look at the stars. Ride a roller coaster even if everything about it scares you to death. Then ride it again and again until you’re so nauseated that you can’t walk straight. Then barf on the pavement right there for everyone to see. That’s what they get for charging you so much for admission. Go to Sea World and don’t be scared to pet the stingrays. Stick your hand on the bottom of the pool and let them suck it up into their mouths. Buy name-brand Pop-Tarts and Macaroni and Cheese. For everything else take a chance with the generic.

Hop fences and scrape your knees, get dirty, and definitely play sports even if you’re terrible, eventually you’ll do something right. Say “Hey!” to every girl and “What’s up?” to every guy you see while walking down the hallways. If you have to have surgery, tell your friends to have some fun with you while you’re still “high” off the anesthesia. But make sure you get them back when they have surgery. Don’t do drugs. Get high off the other things in life. Go to the top of the mountain and let the view inspire you. Own that one car you’ll talk about and love it long after it’s died. Don’t name it though. Remember it for it, not for a name. Learn a lot, but don’t always use your knowledge (or, for that matter, your common sense). It’s okay to be stupid sometimes. Get a dog, NOT a cat. Embrace a bad haircut. Climb trees so that you know what it feels like to be on top of the world. Then jump out. “It’s only gravity.” Listen to every kind of music at least once. But especially rap. You’ll either love it or laugh at it but either way it’s fun. Don’t be a stiff. Have fun, even God has a sense of humor. Appreciate the small things in life, but don’t lose sight of the big picture either. That’s important, too. Most importantly though, take chances and make mistakes get into trouble (not too much but some).