

THE SCHOLAR

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"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*

“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 mind 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.

“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 courseloads 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.*

“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).