

“323”

It was a sunny August day. I wiped the sweat from my forehead and tried to get comfortable among the blankets, clothes, pictures, snacks, and hangers that filled the car. I looked at the clock and realized that if we didn't speed up we were going to be late. I expressed the concern to my parents and they immediately shushed me and said to not be so nervous. But I wasn't nervous. It's not like I had been awaiting this day for the past year. I had not spent the whole night nervously staring at the ceiling hoping I had not forgotten anything. I continued to anxiously stare out of the window, going over my mental checklist in my head and trying not to nervously peel the sunburn off of my sun-kissed knees.

After three long hours we finally pulled up. There were people running around everywhere, pulling luggage and carrying cardboard boxes. After waiting in the car for ten minutes we finally pulled up to our designated spot. I jumped out of the car to take it all in. Fellow students rushed over to assist me in carrying all of my luggage. They did not even need to ask what room I was in because I had spent hours carefully labeling every single one of my possessions to say “323”, my new home for the next year. I grabbed a few things and immediately rushed inside as my family yelled behind me to “Wait up!” After climbing three flights of stairs carrying two duffel bags full of clothes and a large lamp, my anxiety had diminished a bit but, my sweating had increased. I finally got to the door “323”. I swung it open and there sat my blonde roommate cross legged on her bed. “You're here!” she yelled with a big smile, and in that moment, I knew it was going to be a good year.