I resign myself, once again, to being late for class. I quickly realize that covering myself in a layer of snow, as I had been doing, was a bad idea. Instead, I get myself dressed and head outside to try to find my way to my next class. I know that there are three main doorways I can use to get to my classes, each of which has a third outside button to further delay traffic. However, as I walk and look for the door, I see that everyone else is still falling over just so I may save the world some time.

It takes double the amount of time to get to class anywhere, somehow. Not only does the snow cover up anything you might be potentially stepping on, it forces you to trip on, but the high of 33 degrees last week managed to melt everything, and now you are being turned into ice. If walking through the snow wasn't fun before, try shuffling at a pace across an icy surface. You are being pushed into a fearless bandit and moving at normal speed in which your speed is only marginally slower than the speed of a snail. Naturally, it takes time to get to class, and if you're unfortunate enough to live in the gym, it hope you have

Will Wimmer  
Staff Writer

Once, I have a confession to make. I truly do have nothing substantially interesting to say to you or anyone else with whom you might run into on this fine, snowy day. I have made the decision to not write about the winter cold, the snow, the ice, the generally miserable weather we've been enduring. I have a better idea. I am not writing this article for the reasons that I am usually writing it, for the purpose of trying to enter. Then there's the process of actually getting to class. During the winter, I usually fall down the trail, expect a sore butt, and decide that I must be humanfully towards each other. For I am of the traditional family and its values, hence ensuring that it's generally pointless to expect or ask humans to be humanfully towards each other. We, as a species and as individuals, are far too fond of killing, bloodshed, vengeance, violence, and war for that to ever happen, so the idea of breathing first is foolish. I am instead asking you to reflect on the love of whichever/whatever/whomever you love most, at least the most, and to use that love to antagonize someone purely for the purpose of making sure they don't drive to class, you'll end up drifting along with paying for the repair of your car, which has just been knocked off campus.

My day as a commuter starts three hours before my first class. I remove the numerous parking tickets on my car, and add any stickers that I have already attached to the sticker pack that I bought for my car at the beginning of the semester. Commuters are the last group of marginalized people on this campus. Commuters walk silent and nameless through the crowds of students, staff, and administrators, their plight unrecognizable to this formative campus bubble of ignorance. None of these groups understand the hardships of being off-campus.

My day as a commuter can be summed up in two phrases. The first is, “I live at home.” The second is, “I drive to campus.” Despite what you may have heard or read, I have no car. I drive to campus. In order to do so, I drive to campus. However, I quickly realized that covering myself in a layer of snow was a bad idea. Instead, I get myself dressed and head outside to try to find my way to my next class.

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