

# Romantic impression

Sociology



Romantic Impression It was an exciting day for our entire grade 10 We were to take a trip that afternoon down to a campus to see a play. It wasn't so much the idea of a trip or even watching a play that attracted me, I was nervous and thrilled to be seeing the inside of a university for the first time. After our lunch break, we all rushed to our lockers to gather our backpacks and shove our heavy geometry books inside. The slamming of locker doors and the click of locks reverberated all around me as I walked down the brightly lit hall and out the front double doors to meet the rest of my class in the parking lot. All of us piled inside as the bus doors swished open. I hurriedly looked for a seat near the window, slid across it, and settled back to enjoy the ride. As the bus rode down the busy streets I imagined what it would feel like to walk down the front of the university campus. Would everyone know that I was just some high school student there for the first time or would I blend into the rest of the students? To me it was a different, more mature world with every one grown up reading huge philosophy books and sipping their half empty coffee cups. These were the thoughts that ran through my mind as the bus finally pulled in to the university parking lot. Just the lot alone was practically the size of our entire high school building. It was filled with so many cars all different sizes and colors. Some were shiny and gleamed in the sunlight while others looked a bit rusty yet still stood proudly amongst the newer ones. I imagined that they all belonged to the students here; where each had their own car able to come and go whenever they pleased after lectures. As all of us clattered out of the bus we walked up the short path to the stairs leading up to the grand glass door entrance of the building. We were led inside, across the huge seating area lined with vending machines where students sat scattered around the various seats casually

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leaning over their books with their coffee cups beside them. I walked across the hall with the rest of my class, there were so many twists and turns that I lost count of all the doors and lecture halls we passed. We were being led to the main cafeteria where we had to wait for the play to begin. After what seemed like the end of a maze, I finally saw a pair of huge swinging doors and as soon as they opened it was like I had walked into my own daydream. It was just as I had imagined it, even more. The vast room wasn't filled with long, dull gray benches like our crowded, high school cafeteria. This was more like a classy restaurant, with small and dainty round tables lining one side of a wall and beautiful large tables placed gracefully in the middle. The lights weren't agonizingly bright; instead they were soft and soothing as they shined down reflecting off the neat serving counters and chairs. It was surprisingly quiet; a few students sat here and there with their backpacks lying idly on the gleaming floor resting casually against their legs. Some were chatting with their friends and classmates making lots of hand motions; probably discussing the latest lecture and arguing theories instead of cracking obnoxious jokes and laughing hysterically. I was awed by the mature atmosphere and the sophistication of everything. I tried to take all of it in as I sat down in one corner with my class waiting to be called into another hall once the play started. I observed everything from the ceiling lights to the students' shoes. It was all just so perfect and refined. The students seemed so carefree and too grown up for the petty issues and problems of high school. They had more important and exciting things going on in their lives. They attended lectures taught by smartly dressed professors in front of tall podiums, taking notes intelligently instead of scribbling frantically across a paper not understanding a word. They knew

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philosophy, religion, art and Shakespearean plays. They got together outside the campus, seated under tall trees, discussing their notes and forming study groups. They had no late papers, annoying bells, small cramped labs, greasy plastic cafeteria food, and immature students with only their crazy hairstyles going for them. Their life was perfect. Having grown up now and stepped foot into the adult life myself, I often look back at that day where everything seemed ideal from the students to the lights in that cafeteria. University is definitely a place for learning, but where everything seemed small and insignificant in high school, so too were the problems and responsibilities. Sure, I now drive and have more independence but along with that is the responsibility of insurance, safe driving, car maintenance and saving up for gas. The buildings are big and more spacious but there is still just as much noise, rush, and drama as there was in high school. Our burden was smaller when we were smaller. Now we have to juggle part time jobs, long lectures, and fast approaching deadlines of final papers. Life as an adult student is definitely different but not necessarily more exciting. Sometimes I smile thinking of my young self and try to count how many times I have actually discussed theology, Socrates, or even Shakespeare. High school cafeteria was small, filled with non-edible greasy food and cackling students, but it also offered simplicity, less things to worry about and only our GPA to think of. I love my life now but it is something to be worked hard at, always managing and planning. Yes the cafeteria might be bigger but so is everything else on my plate.