

Imagery



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Imagery I think Imagery is a nice way to figure out what might have been happening. You can look at different things and put a story to it. Everyone sees things in different ways and each story is unique and unto itself. The following is a day at the college how I saw it when we took our walk.

It was a nice sunny day and the time was approximately 7: 00 am and we took a walk for class. Those that were late for class came and ran across the parking lot hurrying to make it on time. Their tardiness brought on by a night of studying wouldn't matter if they were not there on time. I noticed that soon the sidewalk was empty, which was such a change from the hustle and bustle of people running to get to their classes.

You could tell the students had all been there, with the many pieces of litter lying in the shrubs, there had been quite a lot of activity before classes started. Someone's research paper had blown into the wind and lodged itself, rather conspicuously, underneath the bushes. Perhaps there had been a scuffle and the papers were lost in the haste. I felt bad for the person whose paper it was. The grass was trampled on and there was just the silence and the sparkling pieces of cement on the concrete, which awaited the end of the day when it would be filled with the footsteps of those searching knowledge on the campus. I watched a lone man walk demurely towards the gates, either coming or going in his haste to follow his timetable.

I could see the students laughing and swimming in the swimming pool. They looked like they were having so much fun. After leaving the swimming pool area we went past the lamppost that stood tall and rested as if asleep until nightfall, when it would shine like a beacon for those who needed to access the campus at that time of night. Without the students lining the walkways

the sidewalks were barren. There was some movement and someone stopped to take a drink at the drinking fountain, having worked up a sweat from jogging along the sidewalks.

I could tell a particular worker wasn't real intent on getting to the job real soon. He was tired as he kind of sauntered along and moved ever so slowly towards the building. Perhaps a cup of coffee was needed to begin his day. Behind him I could hear the sounds of the machines and they were loud as they were being used to fix the parking lot and they echoed in the distance. A few men were working to make their magic on the concrete and cement and make it new again.

I next saw a man carrying a project under his arm as he made his way onward to the next place he had to be. He headed towards the Language Center and one could imagine all the people learning languages in that building and the concentration they had to have every moment they were in there. I was impressed to think of how hard they must work in there.

Suddenly there were more people streaming from the building and passing each other. There were hellos and goodbyes and then silence, again as the traffic zoomed by on the road. From where I was on the bridge I could see plenty of people jogging and riding mountain bikes on the hillside in the distance. There was also a beautiful sunset and the colors were very pretty as I gazed at the skyline, it was like a picture. I noticed that the parking lot wasn't full most people had left or were leaving. With the beauty of the sun in my mind I then again noticed the traffic was terrible, it seemed that there were people going everywhere. I wondered where all these people wanted to go. A couple of horns blew in the distance another student ran along the sidewalk hoping to make it to class on time.

I saw a couple of birds flying overhead admiring the humans from up above. A red truck made its way towards the school and hopefully would find a parking spot so the driver could get to their destination on time. Then, there was the transfer bus that parked in its spot after transporting everyone to where they needed to be. I imagined they had gotten where they needed to go.

A lady, in deep thought, caressed her books and headed down the sidewalk away from the building. I think perhaps the next exam she would do better. The backpack bulged from the back of a bike rider that sped away from the school, back to the dorm to do more homework before the day ended. I saw a man perplexed at all he needed to learn before his next class and how he intently studied his notes. His head rested in his hands to hasten his learning. His was in a subdued mood, but there were the lively sounds of laughter as the students filed into the outdoor cafeteria. There was jovial banter as they all got ready for the rest of their day and they sipped on coffee as they ate donuts.

With Imagery my story comes alive. Behind every picture is more than one will know, but this was the way I saw things that day. With so many ways to see things life takes on exciting form. The preceding was only my story of that day at the college. For every person, there will be another story.