



Registration Day

Renée Pipitone

When registration began, you'd have to block out an entire day. The line snaked around the Spicer Hall gym, and you could count on being there for hours. In late August, it was hot, and there was no air conditioning. Fans hummed and oscillated, moving warm, stale air this way and that. After conversing long enough with the students in close proximity to you, you'd finally reach the section of the long table where someone was taking care of students whose last names began with the same letter as yours. The person behind the table had the power to determine how you would spend the hours of the next ten weeks of your life.