

10 Minutes In The Life OF

“Andrea!!!”

I could hear the loud, piercing voice of my best friend from all the way down the hall of Reuter dorm (yes, the freshmen one) along with her footsteps coming closer and closer to my room. The door swung open, and I turned from my computer to see her sleek body standing in my doorway. It was a normal stance for her, her hip stuck out to the right of her thin body, her eyes beaming with a pissed off look, and her arms cradling the panel of my doorway.

“Do you have a tampon?”

I chuckled, shook my head and got out of my computer chair to across the room where my “necessities” were. She looked at me with a face of gladness and said “Are you hungry?”

Just as she took off towards the ladies room, I had another unexpected visit from another friend. I could tell by the way she carried herself that she was working on homework, the face that has eyes glazed with fuzziness from staring at a computer screen for hours. She also was wearing the common bum look with a little white tee shirt on that matched her typical cheerleading physique, red pants and all of her brown/blonde hair in a little knot on the top of her head.

“Ugh, I just need a break,” she sighed.

Me, still standing in my doorway, watched her brush past me and throw herself on my futon under my roommate’s bed.

“Look how gross my legs are,” she said as she pulled up the right pant leg of her Aeropostale pants, “they are getting so gross!”

I looked to see that, indeed, it had been a while since the razor fairy had paid a visit to me friend’s legs. Without a second thought, she grabbed the remote and immediately turned on channel 76, MTV (what else). I walked over and sat next to her, and right before my butt could touch the futon, she said “Do you have any popcorn?”

As I was putting the bag of buttery cornels into my microwave, careful not to get in the way of the TV, I notice the time, knowing that another visitor would soon be entering my room. She just got out of class, the last of us on a Thursday, and she came in looking perfect as always, hair up with a side bang look, face and physique fit for any male to notice, top showing off her

enormous chest, jeans that fit her, but look like a 2 year old should be wearing them, and (as any college girl should know), a brown belt with matching shoes.

“Doucher!” she screamed as she entered my dorm room.

Aware that she was not addressing me, but the figure on my futon, I sat back on my computer chair and futzed on my e-mail. But to my surprise, I was the one being so formally addressed.

“Ong,” (that’s me), “guess what happened? You know that hot guy that is in my philosophy class?” I nodded, and knew this would be a good story by the ‘I’m so stupid’ look on her face. “Well, he was walking me to class and we were in the Arts building and we were talking about this weekend and I FUCKING FELL UP THE STAIRS!” She stormed through the door to contribute another body to my futon and put her face in her hands, knowing that I would say a sarcastic comment at any time.

The microwave dinged and she immediately got out the bag and the two of them attacked it like they hadn’t eaten for a week.

“What the hell?” I asked, as I sat with my shoulders shrugged. “That’s alright, I didn’t want any...” as my face just dripped with sarcasm. As they passed the bag my way, Queen Tampon came back in along with two other girls that we lived with and it was time to all wind down from another day at school.

Just What They Talk About

It was that time again; the time for everyone to sit and bitch about their day, their professors, their friends and naturally, their boyfriends.

“Where are we going tonight?” My longhaired friend, who, like all the other ladies scattered throughout my room, was eager to go out after a full weeks worth of a couple classes.

“I heard of something at 1635 Main”,

“Well this guy in my math class is having something, he told me to bring some chicks.”

My best friend looked at me, knowing that I have “people”, and I quietly said “I’m going downtown!”

They knew that I wouldn’t head down there until later, so we decided for 1635. Queen Tampon informed us that she had spent two hours making a note card for her Economics class while Leg Hair told us about her “dick head” professor who she had scheduled a meeting with but he wasn’t there. It was Pretty’s turn, and we all know she is in the perfect relationship.

“Brian and I are getting a hotel room for this weekend” she said with a sweet yet sassy grin on her face.

We all looked at each other knowing what the weekend would bring for her. By now the popcorn was more than gone, and yet my longhaired friend stated that she could eat another four bags because she just got her period. Everyone chimed in at once.

“Oh my god, I am so bloated too”

“I just got over mine” and I, turning toward my purse, said “Shit, thanks for reminding me.”

I reached in to grab the white container and pop a tiny pill down the back of my throat.

“I’m so glad I’m on the patch,” Queen Tampon shouted.

“You should be cuz your memory sucks!” I said to her with a grin as we exchanged fingers, laughing. It was at that time that the girl who looked the least like she needed to clean up (Pretty) said “Shower party?”

Everyone departed and got into their towels, grabbing their shower baskets and definitely putting on their shower shoes (God knows what has been on the bathroom floors) and we all walked into the bathroom, grabbing our designated showers. The water turned on in each individual stall and there was a sudden scream from the shower on the far right. It was either one of those that meant the water was too hot or the braids from her leg hair had fallen out.

“What the F? The water is freezing!”

Naturally, we all chuckled at her misfortune and went about our business.

Being the person I am, I started singing, because that’s what I do in the shower, but regardless that I can sing, it was a song that everyone knows and eventually the bathroom was filled with song.

“I don’t want, anybody else, when I think abooooout you I touch my self.....” This old school song naturally took a turn for the worst when the “OHHHH” part came on. As the bathroom quieted after the chorus, Leg Hair stated that she sounds “just like her”. We all went back to our own rooms, each girl jumping from room to room shopping in each other’s closets and borrowing each other’s hair stuff, and we were ready for a night “out”.

A Night Out

Tonight was a good night: warm, starry, and luckily a lot of parties going on. We wandered off the south end of campus under a series of streetlights and reached the familiar

house within the span of 10 minutes. We could see the pinkish lights coming from the living room as we wound around the front of the house and into the front door.

I went in first, greeted with a “HHHEEEEEYYYYY!!!” and a cup of beer. My crew came in behind me and were greeted with welcoming ‘hi’s’, and they accepted them and gave them back twice as enthusiastic. By now, Queen Tampon and I were behind the bar starting a game, while the others wandered up.

“Alright, who’s in?” I yelled as I shuffled the beer-covered deck of cards.

“Everyone, what are we playing?” It was Leg Hair, and everyone knew she was the one that never knew what was “going on”.

She was the one that had 2 beers and would sing on the toilet in the bathroom and stick out her tongue at cameras. The only way to get her from place to place when she’s drunk is to use her cell phone as bait (as I have had to do on many occasions).

We started a dice game called Mexican, played with two dice but a lot of alcohol. It resembles a game known as bullshit, where lying is a big part of the game’s success. However, no one really knows how to lie once the game is in progress due to the amount of alcohol intake. By the end of 3 games, it got really fun.

My longhaired friend had already left the fourth game and was on the dance floor, dancing with different guys every time the music changed beats. Queen Tampon and I just sat behind the bar, smoking our cigarettes, laughing at her.

The next time we all gathered around each other was when other students started showing up. We all like to stay together when it starts to get crowded because we always leave with each other. Plus, considering how loud the music was, it would have been hard to feel your phone vibrate let alone hear it ring. But we all stayed together and started a new game of cards, people coming and playing whenever there was a free spot at the bar, and leaving in the middle of a game because their favorite song came on.

I find more and more that it is easy to meet and accept people when there is alcohol flowing through your blood stream. Legs nonchalantly started a conversation with a girl that jumped in our game by screaming in her right ear, “I love your hair!” It’s comments like these that start friendships with people outside your “group”. Some people ask me for beer and I end up talking to them for about 10 minutes.

Take one of my friends for example, a wrestler that lives in Hutch Hall. I met him at the same place at the beginning of the 2003 school year. Our conversation began with “Is anyone in there?” It was at that moment (when the bathrooms are taken) that our friendship evolved. But other guys are a different story. My personal opinion is the girls that I live with are the best looking ones on campus, as males at parties particularly notice. A little “How yooou doin?” here and there—guys coming up to them and putting their arms around them, or coming up behind them and dancing with them—they all respond the same: a little ‘hello’ and that’s it. Except my long haired friend...

She loves the male species: tall, short, fat, skinny, whatever color, any guy that is present she likes. Boys are all she thinks about. And at this particular party, she met one that she liked more than the other ones (meaning any non-female). They were dancing, having a good time and giving each other googly (no pun intended) eyes, and the other girls and I looked on in awe and...of course...MAJOR protection. We watched every move he made, especially the two body parts attached to the far end of his arms and those two things that outlined his mouth. But she looked happy and that meant we were too (happiness...meaning drunk).

So Queen Tampon and I lit another cigarette and were talking about some slut that was at the basketball house last week that has gotten on every single guy on campus and she was trying to get behind the bar. We wouldn’t have it. This was our domain. And we both know how to run our mouths, but me being almost 6 foot and muscular, I back up both our mouths.

“Ugh, I just want to hit her!” Queen Tampon said, not even knowing her, but knowing the bad reputation she had and especially recognizing the nasty look we were receiving from her. We didn’t know her, but we didn’t get along with her. That’s all there is to it.

But our attention was finally altered as we had to snap around, for we heard the familiar slurred voice of Leg Hair, telling my longhaired friend to stop crying. We scooted past everyone that was separating us from them and grabbed her by the shoulders.

“What is the matter?” I asked her, forcing her to make eye contact with me, although her eyes were filled with tears and glazed like a donut.

“I (gasp), I liked him (gasp), and I (gasp) went to the bathroom....” There was a pause as she bowed her head to cry (and almost fell over).

“Hey,” I said, “Talk to me.”

Leg Hair looked at me and told me the story; she was not sober, but was not crying either. “She saw that guy dancing with another girl and punched him.” My eyes widened as my jaw fell to the floor, amazed that she could do that to someone, and that she had such impeccable aim for how drunk she was.

“Holy shit, are you serious?”

Her long hair was covering her face as the sobs got thicker and thicker as more and more attention was brought to the area near the kitchen that we were standing in.

“I think we should go”, said Queen Tampon in my left ear. “Everyone is really drunk, and I don’t want to start shit in this house.” I just nodded as I said farewell to my friends that owned the house, as well as quickly swapping numbers with people that I met through out the night. It was time for everyone to go to bed.

Outsiders

According to dictionary.com, a clique is and EXCLUSIVE group of friends or associates. I don’t know if I would classify my friends and me as a clique or not because we are a very close bunch of girls, but we are always open to meeting new people. The thing is, no one that we meet really joins our “group”. Sure we talk to them and hang out with them at parties and what not, maybe get their screen name so we can talk to them online, but it’s always all of us together and no one else, that is as close to us as we all are to each other. Probably because we all live in the same general vicinity of each other and it’s not hard to take five steps in any direction to find one of us. We all protect each other from outside people, whether it is a girl at a party who wants to pick a fight or a boy that is just looking for a piece of ass. It all depends on the person that we meet, but whether it’s a new friend or a new ‘target’, everyone we meet is a new adventure.

Values

The main thing these girls value is friendship, and it is clearly evident by the amount of love there is among us. I was having a very bad day, one time, and I went out for a bit to clear my mind. When I came back, there were post-its on my mirror from every one of them, all saying “I love you Ang”. However, they also value their personal belongings (i.e. clothes, makeup, hair supplies). They also have learned the value of money since they came to college. They have learned how to spend it wisely and have a greater respect of its value and how much everything costs. It’s a lot easier to piss away money that’s not yours.

Beliefs

These girls also know the value of their morals and beliefs. Most of the girls are religious and go to church on Sundays. We all went on Good Friday and what not. But they base a lot of their actions on their morals. Some girl's are stronger than others. For example, on a Friday night, some of us will want to go out, but one girl will stand by her upbringing and say "I have to get this paper done". It is the fact that they know what they have to do and when to do it. They will sacrifice a night out for school because they know they need to succeed in school in order to succeed in life. Also, there are some girls who will not smoke cigarettes and there are others who refuse to try weed. But a big thing is standing up for what they believe in. They are not afraid to speak their mind and tell another one of us what they are thinking or if something that we are doing is wrong. There was an instance that a girl from our wing had a friend come visit from home. She left her friend at a party by herself. It was Tampon who was the first to say, "Dude, that wasn't cool. How could you just leave her there? She doesn't know her way around her and she doesn't know anyone here. You need to apologize and realize that what you did was not being a very good friend".

Artifacts/ Use of Space

I will now describe some of the girl's rooms to explain what artifacts they use and how they manage their space. First of all, dorm rooms are not the most spacious places on earth. They are very small and our desks and beds take up a lot of space. However, we are girls and our "stuff" means everything to us. Personally, I have learned how to put things in places that people don't normally put things. I will describe Queen Tampon's room. First off, she has the most clothes of anyone I have ever met in my entire life. She has, what, like 23 pairs of jeans?! But she keeps them in a little bin underneath her bed, along with her shoes. In her closet, she has a whole lot of Tupperware bins that hold different things, like her underwear, socks, hair supplies, make up, the works. And it is all compacted into a little bin with a bunch of drawers in it that takes up a 1' x 3' area. On her desk she has her computer and has the monitor underneath it so she has room to do homework that doesn't require a computer. She has a shelf above her desk that holds her books and some of her food. Along with every other girl on our floor, she and her roommate have a piece of wood stretching from one side of the room to the other above the window to put other things on (some put food on it, some put the microwave on it, etc.). She then has her TV on the desk area that stretches across the window between sides on top of her refrigerator. Good idea, hey? All the girls have so much stuff and yet find ways to maneuver it

into one tiny room that they have to SHARE with another person who has just as much belongings. It's truly amazing.

Language

If it's not easy to figure out by the stories I have told you about my friends, we don't use the most formal and clean language. But what is important is the way they are able to say things to make one another feel better if we are having a bad day or how to crack a joke when a smile is needed. Although they swear a lot and are extremely informal, they always know the right thing to say and when to say it.

The girls that I live with are the best friends I could ever ask for. There is an amazing sense of closeness between us, and sure, once in a while, we have problems, but what friendship doesn't? And naturally, everyone knows everyone else's business. It's weird to be able to become so close to people that I just met when I moved my belongings into a new place. But these friends made this new place a home.

References

<http://www.dictionary.com>

Stapf, Melissa. Personal Interview. 20 April, 2004.