



Data/Observations

Table 7.1

Data Collected: 11-29-16
Temperature: 48° Humidity: 100%
Collected Location: University of Georgia East Campus
Materials used: iPhone 6 and VCSO Photo Editing App

Every Tuesday and Thursday, I force myself to get up at 7:20am and grudgingly make the journey to my 8 am Engineering class. Not only is ENGR1140 my earliest class, but it is also located on the complete opposite side of campus from my beloved freshman dorm, Creswell. Tuesday November 29th was a particularly dreary day, so getting up was an even bigger struggle than usual. The engineering building, Driftmier, is so far away that there is no bus that goes directly from the dorms to it. Normally, I either take the East West bus from my dorm to the road near Driftmier and walk the rest, or I walk to the stadium and take the North South bus from there to Driftmier. Not wanting to trudge through the rain, I decided to take connecting buses. Now this was the first time it had rained in months, so I never had executed this plan before and because of my slow start, I was already running a little late. Once I got to the 2nd stop, after waiting shivering under the bus stop and texting my partner that I would be there soon (it was around 8:00 at this point), I hopped on to the next Orbit bus and was on my way to Driftmier. It wasn't until the bus drove straight past the turn it was supposed to make and headed further into the depths of East Campus that I realized that I was definitely on the wrong bus.

I texted my partner that I might be a little later than expected and hopped off at the first stop I could in order to prevent getting stuck deeper in the unfamiliar land. Attempting to cover my phone from the rain, I pulled up Google Maps and decided my best option was to cut through some trees behind a building that looked like they would lead back to my destination and hope for the best. About 10 minutes in, I found a tunnel that let me get away from the rain for a minute. I had never seen it before, and it made me stop and appreciate all the little adventures life had to offer. I ended up not being able to cut through the rest of the trees and had to go around the buildings, so I finally arrived at my 8 am at 8:45. Thankfully, a girl gave me a pity ride back to the dorms and although I may have missed a few pages in notes, was completely soaked, and broke the speaker on my phone due to water damage, I consider it a very significant morning. During my adventures and because I love to take pictures of things that I value, I decided to take and edit a few pictures in honor of my memorable voyages.

Figure 7.2: The Tate Bus Stop

This is where my adventure started. It's an image of a portion of the impressive homecoming sidewalk paintings outside of the stadium. I took this because 1. I wanted to be as artsy as the people who created those concrete masterpieces and 2. The bright splashes of paint on the ground and the reflection of the sun on the wet pavement put me in a surprisingly good mood despite the weather.



Figure 7.3: Views from a Bus Window



If you couldn't tell from the first picture, I edited these myself (aka I just used an iPhone app to put filters on them and adjusted the lighting/contrast/saturation) and I really like how this one turned out. It has a blueish tint which, along with the raindrop outlines on the window, definitely reflected the weather that day. I also think the light shining behind the sign is really uplifting and it reminds me that UGA is the best school ever and even on difficult mornings I am so lucky to get to see Sanford Stadium on my way to class.

This is the tunnel I mentioned. See? Isn't it nice? I had no idea that it existed and unexpected discoveries like this are why it's good to get a little lost or run a little late sometimes. After this point, I was no longer in a rush to get to my class (sorry Dr. Kim), I just wanted to be alone with my thoughts. One of my favorite parts of this picture is the greenish light reflecting off the wet ground. Also, the strikingly bright fallen leaves on the ground are scattered so perfectly that they almost couldn't have fallen naturally.

Figure 7.4 The Light at the End of the Tunnel

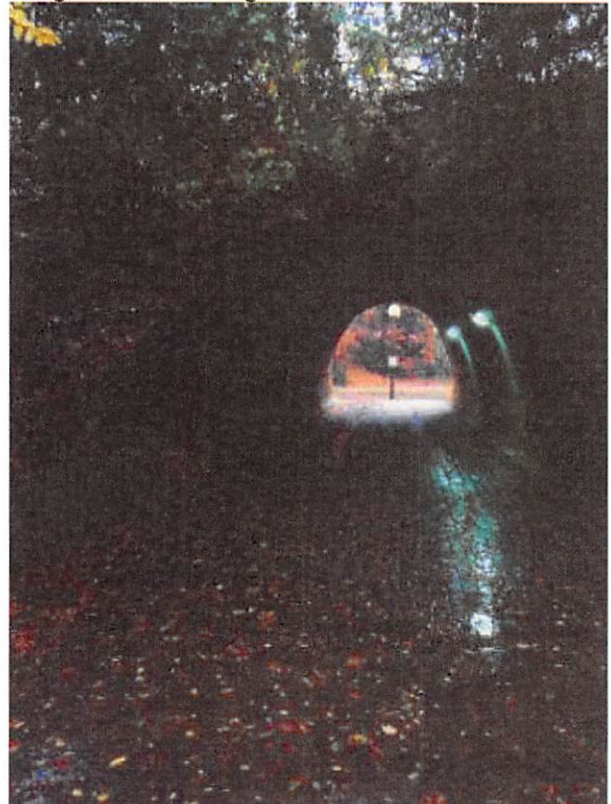
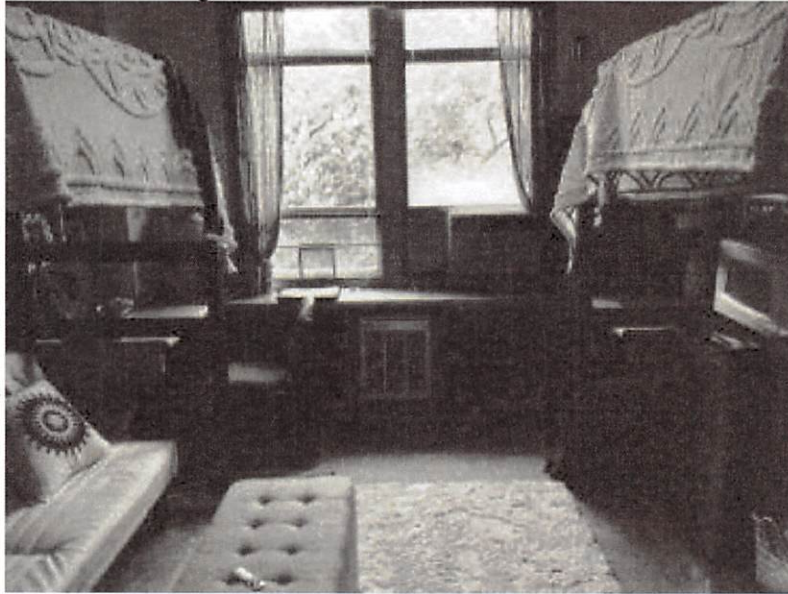


Figure 7.4: Creswell Hall Reflections



I took this picture of my dorm room after I got back from my rainy journey that morning. For a few weeks leading up to that point, I had been studying non-stop for some brutal tests and spending countless hours doing physics and calculus homework. As I came back into my empty room and threw my soaking wet jacket onto the futon, the fact that my first semester of college was coming to an end began to dawn on me. I realized that I had been so focused on school that I stopped taking the time to appreciate all the small, yet important, things around me. I get to study my dream major at my dream school and, although we may live in a shoebox, my roommate is the most supportive and caring person I have ever met. My high school best friends are still my best friends, and my new friends already have had very special impacts on my life. I'm not the same person I was when I got here, and I wouldn't change these past four months for the world. My first semester of college has been the hardest yet most exciting and life changing time of my life, and I can't wait to see what happens the rest of the year.

Some days I end up spending more time in the MLC than in the dorm, and some days I get on the wrong bus and end up 45 minutes late for class. However, those 45 minutes in the rain on November 29th taught me more than ENGR1140 did all semester.