

Well, here it is! Are you excited? Bet you can't wait to just take those grubby little fingers of yours and just tear through all these pages. Yes, yes, it probably is the main event of the year, well, at least one of the most anticipated. Of course, everyone wants to search through it. There is always the possibility that perhaps this year, this book, which you now hold in your very own little hands, hides somewhere in its pages a candid shot of you! Times of unnecessary anxiety and unfulfilled anticipation are forgotten. With only 224 pages to scrutinize you hold your hopes high once again; this time things will be different.

As you embark upon this annual voyage, consider the awaited

moment: that is your face you're looking at, right? Certainly, the name is right there to identify you. After all, is there anyone in St. Francis College who could stake claim to that unmistakable Adonis profile? Yet who is it in that photograph? Could that be the same person who sits looking at it now? Of course not. That was you — the "wet look"; now, frowning in disapproval is you — the "dry look". A change has occurred; that is for sure. What is not at all certain is exactly what has happened. There may be a tendency to fall back on some overused jargon. "I guess I just grew up", you think to yourself. As if the words "grew up" held some magic meaning. Grew up?! What kind of growing up? Cutting classes







Playing ball. Tennis. Soccer. Volleyball. Yoga. Swimming. Reading. Testing. Cramming. Testing. Cramming. Cramming. Failing. Passing (barely). D.D.D.B.C.B.A.B.D.D.F. Worrying. Working. Meeting. Writing. Working. Working. Experimenting. Working. Working. Playing cards. Jukeboxes. Kicking soda machines. Cigarette machines. Ice cream machines. Drinking coffee. Cokes. Wine, Beer, Dancing. Mixing it up. Dancing. Dancing. Dancing. O, Lord, how you could dance!!!

Why you grew up dancing. Danced right into St. Francis College, truly excited at the prospects of having all of New York City as your campus. Now here you are, sadder but wiser, realizing that a S.F.C. I.D. card won't allow you free entry into the Empire State Building. Moreover, you know that your "campus", (while it is heated during the winter) is referred to in other circles as a "sidewalk". What happened? You think to yourself, "I was a re-run! A re-run! Not one novel moment! Bowing out like a 1936 movie on the 'Late, Late Show'." It all has happened before. Even the previous sentence. Growing up has happened before. Alternatives boggle your mind. I could have done this. I could have done something else. I should have said this or that. If only I had chosen differently . . . Some folks say not to second guess. You are tied to the choices you've made. You realize

