



... and no one volume could ever express all experiences you had ... like the time went into an unlabeled bathroom, and turning into what you thought was a stall, you found instead a line of urinals ... and on your way out you bumped into the guy who sits next to you in Writing About Literature II ...

Surely, there were a multiplicity of happenings that mold you so subtly, so slowly ... but so surely into a new person.







Of course, you fought it every inch ... "responsible" never described you ... There was not a course you took where you studied for a test in advance ... you were the best "night before" studier on earth ... and you have a 2.19 index to prove it ... your faith in the "gentleman 'C'" was never shaken and consequently your transcript looks like an exercise in finding the letter "C" on an IBM typewriter.

... but you're making it or you've made it.

No matter though ... because SFC has got you or has had you ... and you've had SFC ... and it'll never let you go and you'll never let it go ...

