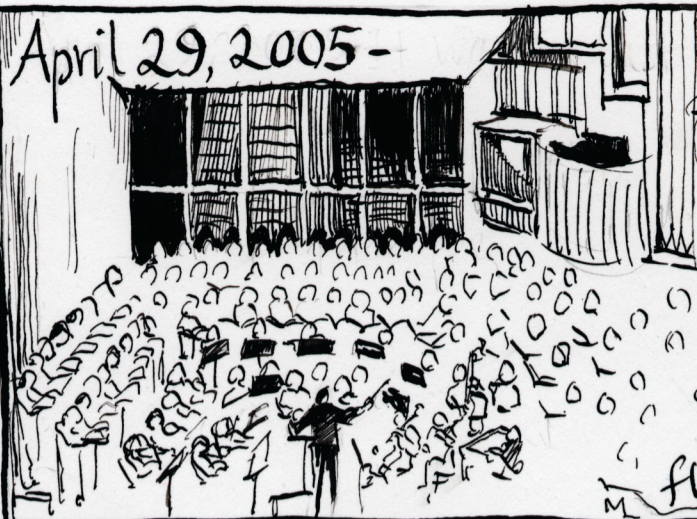


# OAS

only at swarthmore



April 29, 2005 -



The last Friday of classes my freshman year, overwhelmed after playing in Bach's B-minor mass by the music, my first Swarthmore spring, the end of the year, and an infatuation with a blond kid in my music theory class - overwhelmed, I fled the concert hall for the cool of night...

On my way out, I ran into the beautiful and enigmatic first violinist, who was trying to find the lilacs, to cut a bouquet for her roommate (don't tell the arboretum). I shyly directed her.



Since we have shared a quartet, yoga class, painful tendonitis, brunches in the spring, a whole world...

Struck by sudden allergies, I headed home to Willets, and wandered down to the basement, where some friends were having a wine & cheese party.

We fell into one of those late night freshman year convos about the meaning of life, etc. I talked with one friend with an almost vehement intensity for a long time.



We have talked with that same intensity since, through transcendence and struggle (but that's another story), and probably always will, I imagine...

The group disbanded at about 5am, but two of us walked down to the crum, lit an eerie green by dawn.



Still in my concert clothes, the dew tickled my ankles.

We sought shelter in the fieldhouse until Sharples opened. Feeling more surreal than ever before, I took this photo:



Dazed, I returned to my room, where my roommate slept, wrapped in her blankets.

We got terrible Nos & were on the housing waitlist but ended up with senior singles Soph. year. Now we live on the same hall in Parrish...



And in the darkness, the red "message waiting" light was flashing... it was the blond kid from my theory class, wondering what I was up to...



We kissed in the lilacs for the first time a week later and dated on and off for 2 1/2 years...

I slept for two hours and then walked, dream-like, in the rain to Lang...



... where three years later, I finish this comic, in the rain.



Well kids, thanks for reading for the past two years.

Goodbye, Swarthmore.