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Honors 100 A
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These first few weeks of living the college life have been nothing whatsoever like I first thought they would be, when I was still north in Bellingham, daydreaming about city life last spring when I saw all the cherry blossoms coloring the ground with the rain. I thought the classes would be quite possibly impossible. I thought I'd have no sleep, and would have to carefully schedule each run to ensure I actually could find the time to be outside, breathing clear autumn air. I thought I'd have more friends at this point, and more confidence in my path in life.

Quite clearly, I do not possess the gift of prophecy.

I was right about the most fundamental things. For all the rough ride this quarter has been socially, I'm still running every day, and hallelujah, it's still raining. (It even snowed once, which ranks slightly above rain in terms of my favorite weather varieties.) Nature, even the limited sort one finds in the midst of suburban blocks and between the cracks in rain-darkened pavement, is still my rock, ever calming, ever changing. I can rely on the seasons to bring me new wonders, and apparently new volunteer work or internships. Someone I met in Honors 100 suggested trying to work at a national park this summer, a job she herself has done several times in the past and greatly enjoys. She sent me the links, and I'm working on my application, although I understand the Honors Program has summer field studies that might more relevant and interesting work, albeit without anyone paying me to go. I intend to look into both of them more. Anything that gets me out into the rain and the mud and the dust is good in my books, but I'd like to find what fits best.

Speaking of best fits, I've gone through such an extensive and excitingly long list of possible majors this quarter, from bioengineering to oceanography, and come up to a at least partially solid conclusion that I'd like to major in biology, ecology, evolution, & conservation, something I stammered about sophomore year in high school and never considered doing since. It's a halfway point, I suppose, between many of my choices, and it's directly connected to the great outdoors and the life that relies on it. I find this strange journey a touch funny --- most of my friends who went into college with half-formed ideas of what they wanted to major in started at biology, then decided their lives were actually best spent being anthropologists or sports therapists. I took the opposite route, at least partly because I saw so many of them abandoning ship, as it were. I do mean to stick with biology, though, unlike them, which means I need to devote time over the upcoming months to finding ways into the field, and exactly what I could do with a biology and ecology degree when it comes time for me to leave this institution, or, more immediately, tell my parents I haven't got a clear estimate of my future salary, even if I am pursuing something that brings me closer to what I love best. College seems to be a lot more about blind faith in everything working out OK in the end than previously expected.

Of course, making it all the way to getting a degree in biology mandates that I do well in my chemistry and biology classes, something that I was initially deeply anxious about. Perhaps I still should be. But while I need to focus on studying more for quizzes and tests, chemistry has turned out to be far less threatening than I thought it would be. It's challenging, certainly, and fast-paced, but not insurmountable as I thought it would be from stories alumni told me. With any luck, the rest of my academic career will turn out to be roughly the same: a battle, but one I know that I can win.