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What Hume Hall Means to Me



***T*hat is what Hume Hall means to me: the relationships I have been able to develop and grow, and the experiences that have accompanied it.**

Hume is eating cookie dough in the common room at 1 a.m., ecstatic yelling during a Mario Kart tournament, the numerous amounts of filled couches and chairs in the common room as the whole floor gathers to watch the Olympics. Hume is hushed conversations at 3 a.m., trips to Chomp-It at midnight for greasy chicken tenders and mozzarella sticks

Approaching the brown-stone, towering building, the feeling of trepidation in my stomach tightened. Bags and boxes in hand, my family helped me move my copious amount of items through the glass doors and into the tile lobby beyond. I had glimpsed this area on my tour at the Honors Visitation Day. It seemed like little had changed since the months beforehand when I had first been introduced to Hume. Although now, everything was different. Walking down the hall I glanced at the metal door that marked the entrance into my side of the corridor

and took a breath as I fumbled with my newly-received keys, still tucked neatly into their small manila package.

I finally grasped the small fob and pressed it against the black box, feeling a twinge of satisfaction at the accompanying *beep!* and flash of the small green light, announcing that I was now free to enter the hall. Gathering my strength, I heaved the heavy coral door of my new hall open and pulled my stuff down the entryway, my family trailing behind as I searched for my room number among the seemingly endless rows of doors. Each featured a small gingerbread man with the name of the occupants, but as I looked around, I had yet to see my name. I passed by the common room and kitchen, admiring the size and natural light shining in from the windows, unaware of how meaningful these rooms would become to me in the upcoming months.

Right past the kitchen, I spotted it! My room! Smiling with relief, I relieved my aching arms of their burdens and opened my key package once again to pull out the dulled gold key that would give me access to my new room. I pushed the key into the lock, and, after trying and failing to unlock the door for a full two minutes, I managed to *finesse* the door open. What would await me in this new space? Pushing the door forward, I saw the fluorescent lights shining down on a girl who looked my age with her mom and dad helping her unpack in the room. I had interacted with my roommate, Carly, over texts, but it was wonderful to finally put a face to the name. Hauling my things inside, we all made the various introductions across her family and mine, and eventually—after several trips to the loaded fifteen-passenger van my four-person family had rented—my college equipment lay scattered across the carpeted floor of my dorm room.

Once everything was set up, it honestly felt very much like a second home. I had a few posters from my room at home, and I had to bring a small collection of my favorite books with me as well. Then came the real challenge: Making friends.

An introvert by nature, I am more comfortable curled up in my room with a book than in the middle of crowd, much less a crowd of strangers. I also had the disadvantage of being from a small town, where my classmates in high school had mostly been the same throughout elementary and middle school as well. Everyone had vaguely known of one another, and my friends had been people I had known for over ten years. I had no idea what it would be like having to completely start over, in a school that outnumbered my town population by two times. The sense of anonymity was exciting, but also slightly terrifying. What if I was terrible at making friends? What if I made no friends? I knew the importance of social connections in college, and so I was determined to try to be congenial, even if it was outside my comfort zone.

However, I could never have imagined the number of friends that Hume Hall would provide me. Before moving to Hume, I had read a review that stated that Hume was full of, “boring, nerdy people” who did not really interact with one another, so I was not sure what to expect. But that could not be farther from the reality. The residents of my floor turned out to be not only sociable, but kind and varied in their interests and personalities. They are people who are passionate about their studies and invested in what they do. I have a friend who can play four instruments and another who is a talented photographer and video editor; one who deals in “memes” while also being an expert in math, **and another who has saved me with homework help on many occasions.** That is not even everyone on my floor. I can honestly say that before Hume, I could never have dreamed I would have such a diverse and amazing friend group.

That is what Hume Hall means to me: the relationships I have been able to develop and grow, and the experiences that have accompanied it. Hume is eating cookie dough in the common room at 1 a.m., ecstatic yelling during a Mario Kart tournament, the numerous amounts of filled couches and chairs in the common room as the whole floor gathers to watch the Olympics. Hume is hushed conversations at 3 a.m., trips to Chomp-It at midnight for greasy chicken tenders and mozzarella sticks, late night jam sessions on the back lawn where singing “Take on Me” at the top of your lungs is a must. Hume is quietly working on homework at a table with everyone else, where no one is speaking but you know you are not alone. It is countless inside jokes and laughter, and the warmth of knowing you have made friends that will last through your college years and perhaps even throughout your life.

That is the meaning of Hume Hall to me.

