On a typical Tuesday late afternoon I take a quick power nap that lasts about 45 minutes on a good day. I wake up at 5:20pm, put my earphones in, and begin my trek up to Foster where I will sit in front of a computer for 50 minutes in a computer lab illuminated by natural sunlight. Usually, every class I sit there staring at the tiny digital clock in the bottom right hand corner of my computer monitor just counting down the minutes until the professor will release us. Today seemed to be no exception to my routine.

I recently watched a video clip about being more aware of your surroundings and to take a moment to absorb everything going on instead of starring down at an iPhone screen because you never know when you could run into someone or meet someone who will significantly impact you life. Thinking about this, I decided to make my walk up to Foster with my hands in my pockets and phone in my backpack. Conveniently, I was given a writing assignment that asked me to observe others conversations so I trailed closely behind two girls that were headed in the same direction as me. To my advantage, they were chatting loud enough for me to hear without having to walk on their heels to get the gist of what they were saying. One of the girls was wearing a deep shade of purple Patagonia pull over jacket. Her dyed blond hair with overgrown brown roots and highlights was tossed up on a pony-tail and slipped through the back of a crimson IU buckle hat. Her arms hung freely beside her, swinging up then down with every step she took. She sported what appeared to be a brand new pair of purple Nike running shoes to perfectly match the shade of her Patagonia pullover. Not being able to see her face, I had to identify
her by her voice. She had one of those voice that sounded like she was a 6-year-old girl stuck in an adult body, an octave too high and loud enough so that everyone within 30 feet could hear clearly.

Slowly paced with the girl walking beside her, she looks over at her peer who walked with a limp, stood tall around 5’11”, and was wearing dark-washed jeans that were about two inches too short, and revealed, “Ughh I do not want my family to come for parents weekend.”

“You don't want to see them? Hasn't it been over a month and a half since you saw them?” Replied the girl with the awkward walk.

We were now passing by the bus stop in front of Wells, so I had to maneuver around the crowd of people waiting for the bus so I wouldn't loose track of the two girls I was following.

“You don't want to see them? Hasn't it been over a month and a half since you saw them?” Replied the girl with the awkward walk.

“Well your whole family is coming so just don't talk to him.”

Interjecting, the blond girl said, “Yeah but I want to see and spend time with my mom and dad and little sister but they are going to be pissed if I don't acknowledge Patrick.”

“Well girl, I don’t know what to tell you.”

“Whatever I’m just annoyed.”

After about a solid 45 seconds of silence, the tall girl broke the silence by asking, “Are you guys going to tailgate?”
Answering her question, the blond girl replied, “Yeah we are. My dad is a tailgate pro. He just got a new grill from my mom for his birthday.”

“Nice, maybe I should stop by” questioned the tall girl.

“Yeah for sure come by. We will have tons of food and drinks. You should bring your roommate too!” She replied in her high-pitched, baby voice.

“Her parents are coming too so I don’t know if she will come with me but I will probably go to hers for a little bit then head over to yours.” Answered the girl who walked with the awkward limp that made her look like she was waddling like a duck.

“Well if you want to bring anyone else along just let me know.” Suggested the girl wearing the IU hat.

“Awesome, can’t wait!”

That is where I lost them. They continued walking straight as I took a right onto Fee. It is weird to think I got insight on the family dynamics of a random girl life that I have never seen before. I’m not saying that this Tuesday walk up to Foster was anymore climactic than the weeks prior, but being able to slow down for a minute and observe others in my surrounding was a refreshing change of pace.

Unenthusiastically, I arrive at my business class after my 20 minute walk uphill that made me lose my breath and so sweaty that my shirt stuck to my back. Sitting there in my seat, waiting for class to start, I think to myself that it is quite possible that I will never see those girls again. We crossed paths for a short two minutes of our lives and that was probably the last.
It is like when you sit on a train or other form of public transportation and just people watch. Every passing person has their own story, their own situation. I can’t help but wonder what’s their story? Where are they going? Where will their lives lead them? Maybe if I spoke up and sparked a conversation with the girl sitting across from me we would have become lifelong friends. There are just some things we will never know.

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