



Dead Week is time for panic, promises, pondering

Dead week—the week before THE WEEK; that time to tie up loose ends, or to create new ones; time to polish prose or to find it from within.

The libraries are packed, filled with frenzied writers and readers, tightly wrapped mummies laden with bagging, bloodshot eyes and heavy heads. Quiet librarians aid panic-stricken students, digging up file cards and call numbers and levels and stacks—enough information to calm a roaring sea.

If it wasn't for football games, the bars, intramurals, making new friends—things that, sometimes, are more important than classes and grades, it would be different now. But, I guess I did put off that paper for awhile, and I guess I could've kept up with my reading and still have done all of that other stuff—I guess it would be better now.

But this is the last semester like that. Next semester I'll be more prepared; next semester I'll get more than two hours of sleep a night; next semester I'll start earlier; and next semester I'll know.

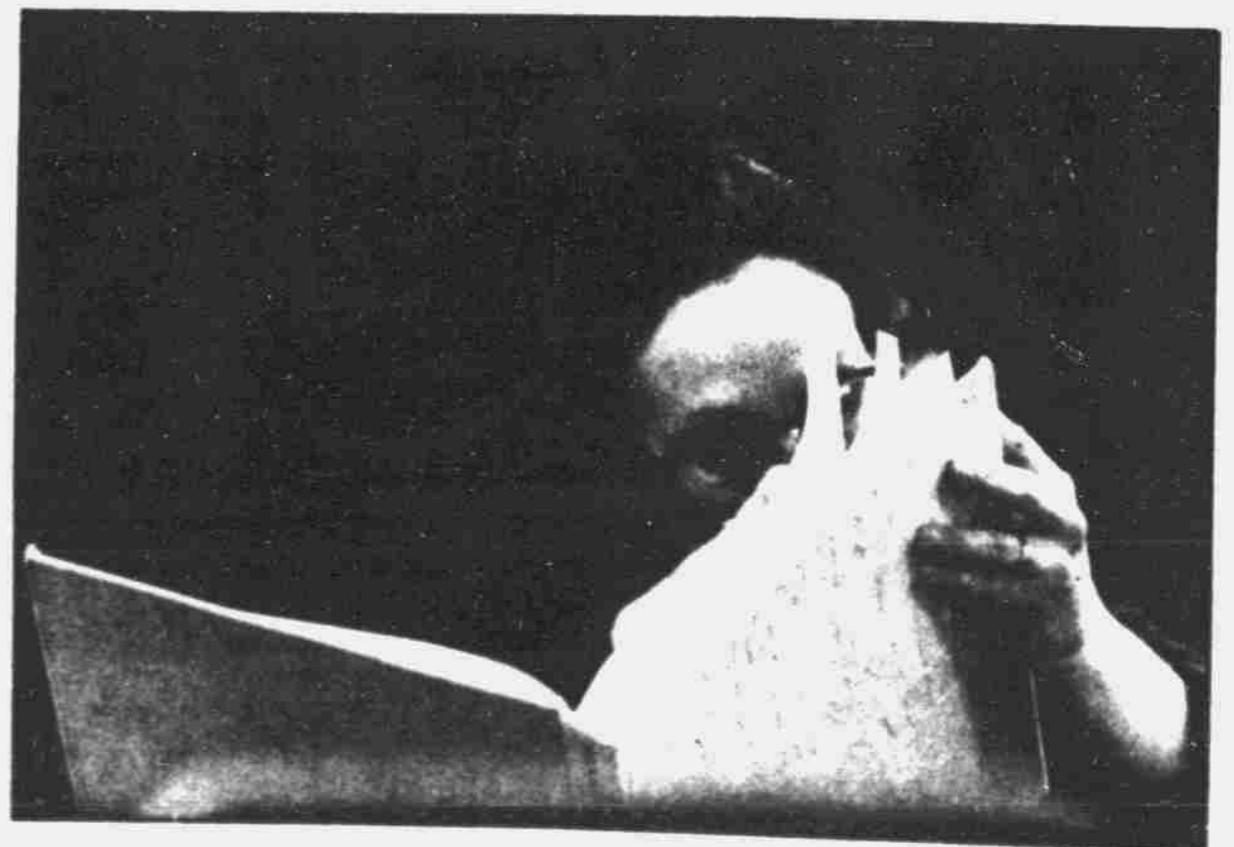
But next semester resolutions come and go, and they roll into the pain of yet another dead week. And still the libraries are packed, and still the tensions are escalated.

The bad news is that dead week means all of this and more. But the good news is



the nearness to the finish line that dead week brings.

(Photographs clockwise: Steve Collins and Jerry Cain study intently; Dave Struck pauses to look for something other than a book on engineering; Julie Finn takes a moment to contemplate; John Geist and Karla Anderson stop to share a few thoughts; and Pat Kovanda looks for new information in an old book.)



Photos & Story
by Mark Billingsley