



You arrived as a freshman with two carloads full of things you absolutely had to have at school. Your brand new typewriter (that you can't figure out how to work), your trusty pen sets from the grandparents, and your new checking account. No parents, no curfew, NO PROBLEM! Registration day was a HELL that you wouldn't have to experience for at least an-

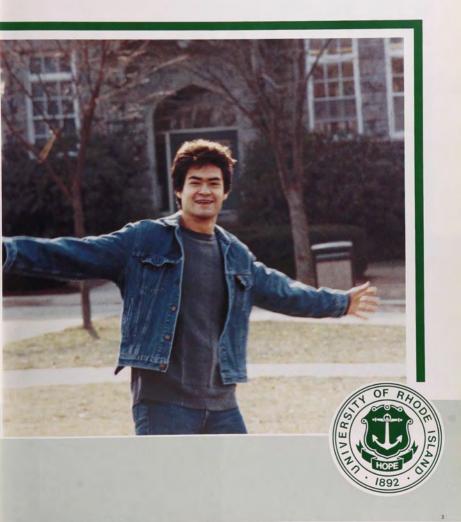
other semester. The art of ordering out became second nature, and you also learned to love warm foamy beer.

Sophomore year, you still weren't taking any classes related to your major (if you had a major). Dorm life was alright but you couldn't wait to live DOWN THE LINE!! Thursday night parties kept interfering with that 8am Friday class and the 9am, 10am, 11am - you get the point.











Junior year, URI was finally put on the map when we made it to the SWEET SIX. TEEN in the NCAA's. The yearbook, as well as the Student Senate experienced a brief encounter with SATAN! You finally got your classes for your major but now you had doubts if it was the right one.

Senior Year, you can finally throw away that FAKE ID!!!! You finally picked a major, got all your classes, now all you need is that stupid Gen. Ed. class (Rocks for Jocks or that Dinosaur class). You typed up those resumes only to find out from the Registrar that you needed 12 more credits in order to graduate. This meant

























SUPER SENIOR YEAR!!!!! (For those of you on the five to seven year plan). You start counting down the days until graduation, and you remember your Freshman year and those stupid pen sets and that damn typewriter (that you STILL haven't figured out how to use). And . . . . you realized that you've come a long way.