Reality

Unpleasant

Challenging

Enjoyable

Unhopeful

Mysterious

Eager

Informational

For most college students in downtown Milwaukee, housing is no town house in Beverly Hills.

For the college apartment off 15th street, this assumption will not lie short. The haul to the room is an unsteady one; that is if you make it past the initial screen of musty aroma smelling of grandma’s basement and dentist’s office.

After busting through the musty fog, it’s time to teeter across the uneven hallway floor while avoiding the drunken neighbors shouting profanities and invading all personal space.

Once you lay your eyes upon the rusted gold plate that reads 419, you’ve found your party destination. Don’t be discouraged by the giant wooden door in front of you; it’s not as hefty as it looks. And if you listen closely you will hear the flipping of solo cups, sloshing of Keystone on the tile floor, and Lil’ Wayne’s newest hit song rattling the walls.

This room is known as the party room in the building. It’s not a place where you meet lifelong friends; more like a loyal beer pong partner or someone to hold your hair while you’re praying to the porcelain gods at the end of the night.

But one night in October, something happened out of the ordinary. A frequent female 419 visitor saw a long haired brunette slouched on the stained futon; the drink in her hand was full to the brim, not a sip enjoyed from it. She seemed isolated; while still mixed in a sea of people.

As the young female made her way through the bumping and grinding of the crowd, she noticed the closer she came to the long haired brunette, a strong resemblance between them became more and more apparent. She sat down, without even a butterfly her stomach, and started conversation fearlessly.

She learned this young brunette’s name was Juelz; her hometown Chicago, Ill., but she currently attends Marquette University. As the talk continued, she found out more about Juelz. Hometown turned into education; education directed to hobbies; hobbies lead to the past; which all led to one realization, “We are long-lost twins!” Juelz proclaimed.

Parallel

Youthful

Touching

Both Public Relations majors, both coming from past and current family traumas, broken hearts, and personal issues, it was all there. The next logical thing seemed to search for scars of a separation at birth or a common branch in a twisted family tree.

Hours passed and the partiers grew overwhelmed by the emptiness of the keg and polished off liquor bottles rolling around the room; soon followed by staggering their noodle-like limbs out the once overwhelming front door.

And there Juelz and the young woman remained, self-proclaimed twins who must have been separated at birth, venting and discussing their lives similarities, challenges, and triumphs. Two young women who can say they left room 419 not with a loss of a beer pong partner or an inevitable morning hangover; but a friendship that has already turned into a sisterhood and a Facebook friend request awaiting approval.

Heather Schwartz

Exercise 8

“College Students ‘Separated at Birth’”