My first seven days in Brock University campus

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IT was the first night for me in St. Catharnes, and before the clock hit 9:00 am, I'll have to be at Brock University to get started with my University schooling. Actually I should say that I had literally 'NO' idea where I was getting myself into. I joined Brock University on a joint major program 'Bachelors of Computing and Business' with a crappy syllabus across 5 years! Maybe the decision came out of an impulse as BrockU is located in St. Catharines, within Niagara peninsula and the 'Niagara Falls' is only a 20-minute's drive away! Again Brock University itself and the promise of the course might have contributed in the decision.

Today, I am not actually up to writing about BrockU nor about Niagara. Rather I'll be sharing my experiences of how it was, to be all by myself in an alien land with backpack,

'All lies and jest, Still the man hears what he wants to hear

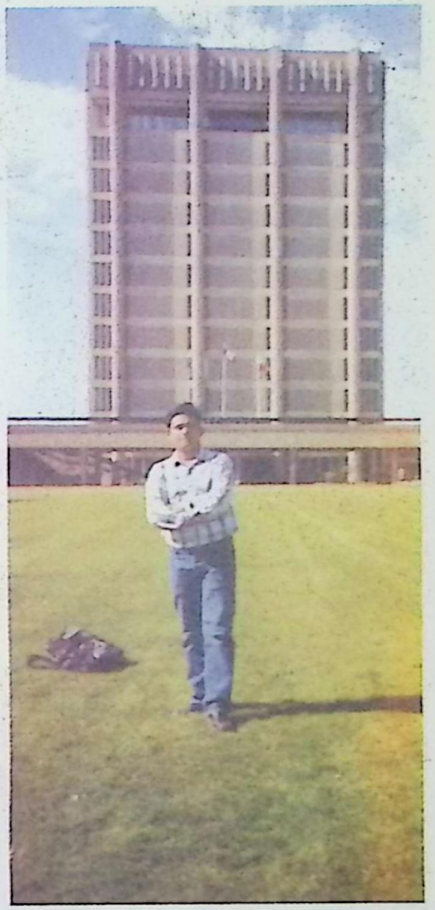
And disregards the rest, hmmmm' (Paul Simon)

I moved into St Catharines in a huge van full of my belongings and furniture. I made no delay after moving my stuff and started towards Niagara Falls. The highway ride was exciting with the late evening views but everything seemed too quite.

When finally I found myself at the 'Falls' with the stony edges of the Niagara river and water running down with deafening sounds, I felt like a bipedal creature getting some unorganized spiritual thoughts rather than the material issues about life. It's gigantic, it's powerful, it's timeless, it's larger than life, and...(please insert roughly 100 more 'great' words here)

I actually hopped up with Jami Bhai, one of the Bangladeshi international students among the existing TWO, and I was adding one more head in the census. Our first night chat didn't workout very well; though later we both developed a very warm relation, which still continues.

At my first look I was really stunned at the view of the campus; it was beautiful and perfect in every possible way. The 11-floor library building was holding a huge banner 'WELCOME' with BrockU symbol on it. And which were obvious, thousands of 'FROSH' (you got to be sarcastic with the freshmen; always!) people were hovering everywhere in the campus. But before I could get glued with all the Frosh people



I headed towards the International Services office to get my official process started. It's an office where all the international students come for help and services (believe me, you can even call them up when you are having a fight with your 'Land Lord' or with your 'Girl/Boy' friend, help is guaranteed!) There I met 'Geeta Powell' the Assistant director of the International Services. She was so much comforting that I felt like she knew me for long.

I was then sent to get all my jobs done like the registration, health insurance, bank account opening and so on. I was being guided in every step by 'David' a first year volunteer doing a temporary job for pocket money. I was a bit disappointed for being picked up by 'David' (why this 6'-4" guy but not any girl!). But later this 'David' turned to be one of my first buddies and maybe some other time I'll tell you the story about how terribly he wanted to come to Bangladesh and get hooked up with a Bangladeshi girl!