

## Journal 2

My first independent and work-filled week in Washington D.C was notable mostly my deep dive into the urbanocene. Born and raised in unmistakably rural communities oriented in relation to their distance of more recognizable cities, my first experience in a metropolitan area occurred when I moved to Tampa. There was more like the Fort Myers or West Palm Beach of my youth – bustling in pockets but car focused cities none the less. Living in Tampa was not so far off from my hometown – I expected the heavier traffic, more confusing roads, and public transit. The transition was a simple one, compared to the other changes one has to make beginning college. My mistake occurred when I assumed the transition to D.C would be of similar ease. I did not take into account how different a complete reliance on public transit or my own motive power would be to having a readily accessible car would be. Besides the many adventures public transit systems allow, the sheer magnitude of living in such a dense city has jarred me. The low rumbling discontent evident in the buildings having no space to expand out and bound by law to a relatively low height demonstrates itself clearly in the many unique skylines which border the Potomac in reverence to D.C. This says nothing of the transient population, which includes an estimated 20,000 summer interns and commuters. This army combines with D.C natives to form a faceless, heterogeneous, collective one must wrestle with on the metro and walking through construction-laden sidewalks. Far from the friendly, gossip-prone interactions from my rural town, common city mannerisms include only the slightest smile with limited eye contact – lest a solicitation soon follow. Yet for all of this, it is not difficult to see why one would subject

themselves to these discomforts to live in a city. The romantic notions often cited in literature and video media are not far from reality. I have traded the lonely hum of grasshoppers and wind for bustling and musical commotion. No more is my horizon flat, never far from water and dotted with pines and palms – now the works of man and his labors block me from seeing further than three hundred feet in any direction. Having the experience of living in a city like DC is not something I considered a plus when applying for this internship, but it is now just one more of the many blessings I consider myself lucky to have here.



Cheesecake Cupcake from T.V famous Georgetown Cupcake – only 15 minutes away from the dorms!



Me trying to pass on the gift of public transportation on to a recent intern.