

'burg Blogs »

Born-Again Traitor

Posted February 8, 2013 at 2:00 pm by [Hannah Shults '14](#)

After some roommate mishaps, I found myself being a traitor.

My freshman year (2010-2011), I wore USFSP t-shirts and hoodies with pride. I announced proudly that I not only attended USF, but I was a student at [USFSP](#). You know, the one in [downtown St. Pete](#).

But as sophomore year approached, I found myself rethinking things and in search of a new environment.

Over the Bridge I Go

I changed my home campus to Tampa, packed my bags and became just a name on a roster. Before, I was Hannah. The professors knew me and I knew them. Now I wasn't somebody, but I was a U ID number. Either way, I went to the classes with 200+ students, took notes and went home. For a year, I was a robot and a Tampa Student.

I didn't like just being a number and more so, I didn't know a soul.

...I'd hate to throw a pity party but I should elaborate on how unforgiving the experience was.

1. Registering for classes is a nightmare. When your registration time arrives, there are also about 10,000+ other students doing just what you are doing on the USF portal. Therefore, you should just brace yourself for two things. Your computer is going to freeze, and by the time it regains its consciousness, the classes you want (or usually need) will be taken by other students and you're going to have to start from the top. So here's a tip. Have a few schedules made up that work out for you. That way, hopefully one works out. Moving on...
2. I lived in St. Pete this whole time, by the way, because it's better. And one semester, actually Fall of 2011, I had a 5 hour break in between classes. I didn't want to drive home in this time because
 1. Gas is expensive.
 2. I hate traffic.
 3. I should probably do homework anyway.
So, I sat there in the library all too often and for too many hours a week wasting too much of my own time. Hmph. That sucked.
3. If you wanted to drive to school... and park... legally... you might consider choosing an 8 a.m. class. Otherwise (and consider this a warning) expect driving about for... say 30 minutes... to find a parking space. Or there is another option. You could just park and pay the parking ticket headed your way. The choice is yours.

And Back Over the Bridge I Went

Anyway, Spring 2012 came to a close (thankfully) and I knew right off the bat that Tampa just was not the place for me.

So I transferred back to the beautiful, lovely, quaint, magnificent USFSP. That day was a good day.

So here I am, living to tell the story of the Battle of the Campuses! I went, I saw and I conquered. Now, I proudly and ever so honestly, tell people that there really is no place like USFSP. It offers everything I was searching for, and everything I might need for my education.

This is how I describe my education. “A public school with a private school feel.” (And without the private school tuition!)

There is nothing as lovely as a view of the bay while I study, hearing the small planes land and take off overhead from Albert Whitted Airport.

Anyway, there really is no place like USFSP. I may be called a traitor for leaving, but I prefer to call this a lesson learned. Just like they say...

If it ain't broke, don't fix it.



This photo is of a few friends and me at a USF football game at Raymond James Stadium in Tampa. The games are tons of fun.

About the blogger



Hi! I'm Hannah, a Mass Communications major with a Criminology minor. I am on track to graduate in the Spring of 2014... now if only I had a time machine! Just kidding! I am a bargain shopper, Hybrid driver and animal lover. I collect money for a living, however, I don't get to keep it because I work in Collections for Capital One. I love USFSP and I think I should tell the whole world that this is the best college on Earth. :)