

**Fieldnote:**

I thought that Friday, Sept. 17, 2021, was a rather hot day compared to others this past week. It was 2:00 p.m. when I sat down on a bench in the shade in front of Wooten Hall. To my right was the entrance to Wooten Hall, to my left, a walkway and Matthews Halls, which I recently learned from someone passing by is where education majors go for advising. Behind me was a swing that looked like it had seen its fair share of sitters, as well as Highland Street Garage. Directly in front of me was the side of the union and the ever-popular bus stop. I was surrounded by flower bushes and a great magnolia tree hovered over me, giving me plenty of shade on this hot afternoon. Though there was a breeze it was a warm little kind of breeze that still causes people to sweat. As I sat down, I could see multiple groups of people frantically walking in and out of Wooten Hall to either start their weekend or dread the deadly Friday afternoon class that tears them away from the well-deserved weekend. I can hear the buses frantically moving in and out of the stop as they carry sweating talkative students to and from their next location. After a couple of seconds, everyone had seemed to disperse to their next destination and the corridor fell quiet with only the sound of footsteps and buses to keep me company.

A young-looking girl with long flowy hair and jeans walks out of Wooten Hall with an older woman with big glasses and a black button-down shirt. The two-plow past me causing a nice breeze, unaware that anyone is listening to their conversation about what it takes to become a librarian. Afterward, two more young girls walk past me. One is wearing a bright blue 60's style dress with white lining and white platform crocs, the other is wearing a simple athleisure outfit. The two walk to the right of me and discuss something that had just happened in the classroom they were leaving. All of a sudden, a bike and scooter race past me to my left, where they point me in the left diagonal direction towards a shorter-looking girl in dark athleisure wear and a bucket hat who begins to sit on a swing identical to the one behind me. As she sat and rocked the swing back and forth it created a deep squeaking sound that echoed throughout the whole area. When she noticed how much sound she was making she began to rock the swing side-to-side instead to stop the obnoxious noise. Just as she began to move side-to-side the girl in the bright

blue dress and platform crocs from earlier strutted in front of me, however this time, she was unaccompanied from the girl in athleisure.

Two boys ride by on skateboards and wave to each other as they go past. Then a girl in bright white tennis shoes and thick wavy black hair takes a diagonal cut across the corridor in front of me. She is on the phone with someone talking about something funny, as she smiles and holds back a laugh. Just then the nearest bus in front of me makes its latest drop-off. This time a group of five steps out and walk my way with a bright blue wagon talking loudly about tomorrow's tailgate. The group consists of four girls and one boy, who has been tasked with dragging the wagon. "It'll be us, Sarah, Will, Taylor and I'm sure some others..." the girl leading the pack shares with the group just before they go out of earshot. A teacher in black wedges clicks by me as I am looking over my shoulder trying to hear the end of the last group's conversation. But when I turn my head towards her the teacher is walking into Wooten Hall with a stack of papers in hand. A group of two boys, one slightly taller with a chick-fil-a cup in hand and looks slightly like Jim in The Office is quietly talking to the person to his left; another boy this time is slightly shorter and looks a bit like Joe from the show You. As they pass to my left an older-looking boy passes by them walking in the opposite direction, he is wearing a hat with the Dallas Cowboys logo on it and his keys are hanging down his side clicking together as he walks by. The girl in the bright blue dress and platform crocs leaves Wooten Hall and walks past me for the third time, in dead silence.

Over by the buses, I can see a big tractor with gardening supplies in a wagon on the back leading cars into the drop-off area by the bus stop before disappearing into an area next to the Union. A boy in a green UNT collared shirt pushing a dolly filled with two storage containers and a ladder squeaks by in front of me. A tall middle-aged man with combed-down blonde hair walks up to the trashcan not far in front of me and recycles a water bottle before putting his mask on. I notice that the man is a professor at UNT that my parents are friends with. He stops walking and recognizes me, making him change directions he walks over to my bench and asks me about what I'm doing. I tell him all about the study and how I am essentially people watching and then I will write about what I observe in an Ethnographic Fieldnote. I stop observing and talk to him for roughly 5 minutes about how both of our classes are going. He quickly starts to walk away

after our conversation saying that he has to go to teach his class. I then went back to my observation but before I did so I rewound my timer slightly to accommodate for the time that I missed. As I am rewinding my time a baby dragonfly flies to me and rests on the notepad in my lap. The dragonfly and I sit together and watch a boy on a skateboard trying to impress a girl not far from him for some time before it flies away, and the skateboarders pass. As it goes, I notice that a majority of the flowers in the bushes surrounding me are dying however, the trees around me look healthier than ever.

I see in the distance behind me two skateboarders squatting behind a bus laughing to themselves as they hold onto the bumper hoping the bus will drag them down the street, however, the bus takes too long and the two grow impatient and skate down the street towards the Greek Life Center. Before my timer runs out, I see four different families with UNT gift bags walk past me to my left, towards Highland Street Garage. The first is a family of three where the mom and dad talk to one another and the boy bounces an almost clear bouncy ball as they walk leading the group of families. The next is a family of four where both identical-looking sons swing their gift bags in circles around their arms, while the parents keep their distance trying ever so hard to not get hit by a flying bag. After them another family of three this time the dad is talking and pointing at the business building to the daughter who is holding the gift bag, while the mom looks at her phone. Finally, a mother and daughter walk next to one another talking very quietly, so that only one another could hear their conversation.

### **Reflection:**

I thoroughly enjoyed doing this study. I find myself people watching constantly and though that is somewhat of a simplistic version of what this study is, this study gave me a new outlook on what I can do by just sitting and watching. I ended up doing to study twice because I was under the impression that we needed to tie the study to the question we mentioned in the discussion post, but then when I went to the workshop on Thursday night, I was told that that is not true. So, I re-did the study and looked at all aspects of my surroundings not solely trying to find patterns based on my question regarding COVID-19. While doing the second round of the study I watched many people go by me and was able to put myself in their shoes, if only for a second, to see what they were doing at that moment. While writing this study I did happen to wonder if I

was in someone else in this class's study and because we are fully online, I was just completely unaware of that fact if or while it was happening. This whole experience was very interesting and gave me a new outlook on types of studies, I would be glad to do it again.