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Magazine Writing
10/22/09

The air is crisp, cool and refreshing, dancing on the edge of cold without quite plunging into the uncomfortable. Georgia's October suffers a teenager's awkwardness, never quite sure what it wants to be – brilliantly sunny days give way in a moment to frigid mornings and breezy afternoons. But then the sun will rally, sending down luscious rays of warmth, only to be crowded out by oppressive clouds fat with rain. Today, there is no rain—just a bright, chilly morning striking that autumnal balance between September heat and November frost.

I sit down on the closest black metal bench, setting in for a long wait without much to attract my attention. Unlike its neighbor across the street, this bus stop is forlorn. By the Tate stop students mingle, chatter, wait in pairs and bunches. Here, the waiters are few. This place is an end, not a beginning, and the steady metallic screech of braking buses cuts through the air far more often than a whisper of conversation. What could there be to witness, here, where buses come and go, spitting out crowds of students who are gone as quickly as they appeared?

It's easy to focus on the temperature when there's so little activity. Despite being the most boorish of all small talk, the weather influences quite a bit of our daily routine. It determines our fashion sense, after all, and this morning I decided to measure the approach of winter. On a college campus, there's only one thing you need to tell you how close you are to the unpredictable frosts and bitterly cold mornings of winter—Ugg boots.

Black. White. Brown. Tan. Short. Tall. Fuzzy. Smooth. All shapes, all sizes—they're everywhere, impossible to avoid once cold weather settles in to stay. But how many Uggs Per Minute does it take to define true winter? My best educated guest is 3 pairs (an UPM of 3.0). Maybe only two, if the trend is beginning to lose the fashionable cachet it's held for the past two or three years. So I started to watch, focused on the footwear, keeping a running tally of each and every pair of Uggs snuggled tightly over fitted jeans.

Over approximately 50 minutes, the UPM came out nearly dead even, with 53 pairs of furry boots passing by my lonely bus stop. That's 106 Uggs in total, making for a UPM rating of a little more than 1. Not winter weather, then. Not yet. The snappy morning didn't scare the masses into a full-scale cold weather wardrobe change, but winter is coming soon, no denying it. There's no doubting the veracity of the Uggs Per Minute scale, but a word of warning to new users: watch out for Ugg Impersonators. There are other boots out there that seek to throw off the scale, boots that don't fit into the fashion hive-mind that drives Ugg sales nationwide. They are not to be trusted.