

COOL

Imagine yourself as an incoming college freshman. You are filled with excitement and anxiety as you arrive in the campus community, ready to become an official college student. The dorm you are staying in is on the edge of campus. Sharing your room with two others should be pretty cool, and besides that, one of your occasional high school buddies is also a student in this dorm. Brock is now a socially-connected sophomore who has come early to help with freshmen orientation, and has promised to show you the ropes (and some girls!).

Your conservative parents aren't *super* worried about your on-campus living situation. Besides, they knew Brock and his parents a little. Good people. Good kid. Good start, you decide.

Day #1...Monday: Anticipation

After driving the six hours from home – your mom calling you every hour on the hour to check

No wonder two out of three teenagers stop going to church after they graduate from high school.

on you – your rusty, dusty Corolla pulls up to your new digs. Freshmen Orientation doesn't start until Tuesday, so you plan to use the rest of the afternoon and evening to get settled into your dorm. With an oversized green canvas duffle bag draped over your shoulder, you make your way up the cracked concrete to your very own home-away-from-home.

You find your way into your room and are struck by how lonely it feels. Stark white walls. No pictures. No one that you know.

Before you can even dump your gear, the door swings open and one of your new roomies blasts in. After some short conversation about where each of you are from and how you ended up at this school, your new potential friend begins to brag about how he scored an invite to a welcome party later tonight. "What's that?" you think. Anticipating your question, he begins to explain, "It'll be a great way to meet all kinds of other freshmen before we have to go through all that orientation stuff."

As he talks, you don't want to seem like a prude. So you just say, "Oh, that's great." Anyway, that's still a few hours away. You have some time to figure out what to do.

Night #1...Monday: The "Pepsi" Party

A little later in the afternoon, Brock barges into your room to welcome you to college. "Tonight's the night, loser!"

"Tonight is when your college career officially begins! The welcome party starts at 8 p.m. and we're going to be front and center. Be ready to go no later than 7:30. Got it?"

You nod "yes" just to get him out of your room. Brock's enthusiasm caught you by surprise. You and Brock only talked last year when he came home during Christmas Break. But now, you realize what you just committed to – and kind of regret it.

But just because you go to a party doesn't mean you have to drink or do drugs – right? Right! You stood the test (mostly) in high school. You can do it again. But at 8 pm, you realize that this is not high school – not even close. You're not in Kansas anymore.