

A black and white photograph of a graduation ceremony. Numerous graduates in caps and gowns are visible, with many throwing their caps into the air. The caps are captured in mid-air, creating a sense of movement and celebration. In the background, a large, faint circular seal is visible, featuring the words "MAGISTER QUALITATIS" and "COLLEGIUM".

NINE THINGS TO DO BEFORE YOU GRADUATE



A COLLEGE LIFE BUCKET LIST

Essays by Students of Miami University

*Edited by Elizabeth Fulco, Riley Steiner, Elena Donnelly,
and Audrey Fanshaw*

NINE THINGS TO DO **BEFORE YOU GRADUATE**

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INTRODUCTION

This is it—the moment you’ve been working toward for the past twelve years. You’ve taken your SATs and your ACTs, written your application essays, gone on campus tours, and finally chosen the place where you’ll spend your next four years. Your bags are packed. Maybe you’re feeling excited, maybe a little anxious, maybe a combination of both. You’ve spent so much time preparing for college...but how will you know what to do when you actually get there?

There are so many things to do in college that it would be impossible to experience them all. How will you know the best path to follow? In this book, we’ve compiled some of the best things to check off your bucket list, offered by students who’ve experienced them firsthand. From joining a sketch comedy group to studying abroad in Spain, these essays prove that your journey through college will be determined by your own choices. It’s up to you to get out there and explore. Whether you follow all of the advice in this book or none of it, we hope you find adventure and a place you feel at home—and maybe learn a little about yourself along the way.

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DREAM A LITTLE DREAM OF CHEM

Elena Donnelly

I was seven years old when I discovered that I wanted to attend college, specifically Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. I watched my babysitter graduate high school, accept Miami University's offer of admission, and then move out of her family's home into her new dorm. I loved watching this transition, and I wanted more than anything to experience it for myself. Unfortunately, as time went on, I slowly lost faith in school and myself. Fast-forward eight years: I was fifteen and a sophomore in high school. I was failing most of my courses. I thought college was no longer an option and was prepared to settle for failure. Granted, I was going through a fairly rough time due to my parents' divorce and the ongoing stresses associated with it. My high school principal recognized this, pulled me aside in the cafeteria, and said to me, "You're better than this, and you know it." I snapped. At that moment, my world stopped spinning, and I knew that college was still attainable for me. I enrolled in a program called College Credit Plus (CCP), which allows high school students to take college courses for dual credit at zero cost. I enrolled full-time at my local community college. I started to become more involved in clubs and organizations. CCP was one of the greatest things I ever did for myself.

At seventeen, I gave the Honor Student Response Speech at my community college commencement ceremony. I graduated magna cum laude with two associate's degrees and my honors diploma from my high school. I was ready for Miami, and I was ready to fight for what I knew I could be.

I stayed up until one in the morning so that I could read my acceptance letter the second it came through. I clicked the link. The balloons flew. I sobbed. I did it, I was confident, I finally made it. I accepted without hesitation, and I start gathering all the information I could on the programs that interested me. I came across biochemistry and instantly fell in love with the idea of medical school and eventually becoming a genetic counselor. I believed that medicine was the only viable option to make money. I received several comments from my parents about Science, Technology, Engineering, and Math (STEM) being the only way in the world to make money and that humanities were hogwash. I planned my life out painstakingly with charts, graphs, and benchmarks, my obsession evolving. The summer slowly passed, my excitement for move-in day growing with each passing hour. Finally, August came and my dad loaded our truck up with the countless boxes I decided to pack. We arrived in Oxford, and I was ecstatic. The first few days passed, my parents long gone, and the reality of being alone started to set in.

Freshman chemistry started to become even more challenging, and I struggled to keep up. I started to feel like I did not know as much as the other students, and I rarely understood what was going on in class. I took the first exam and called my dad afterwards; I was hysterical at the thought of failing this exam. I'd studied hours upon hours, and I came out of the exam thinking I knew it all. The following Monday rolled around, and my professor laid the exams out on tables across the room and waved the flag for us to scurry to find our fates. All 265 of us leapt out of our seats, clambering over



Me, surrounded by my family at my May 2018 community college graduation.

each other to find the score sheet had our names. I searched frantically until I spied my exam. I snatched it off the table and started walking back to my seat. I flipped the front cover and stared in disbelief. I failed. I failed. I failed. I fought back tears and slumped into my seat as my new friends queried each other for answers. One friend turned

to me and asked about my score. I stared at the floor and muttered, “I got a twenty-three percent.” A few moments later, my phone dinged with the message that my calculus exam from last week had been graded and was available for viewing. I opened the message to find worse news—I’d failed that exam, too. In that moment, my world stopped spinning. Failure was not something I had felt in a long time, and it stung to feel like I was being dragged back to the dark place I was once drowning in.

I dragged myself back to my dorm, sobbing down the sidewalk, thinking of what a failure I was. How could I let all of my hard work dissipate? How would my father react to this news knowing that I had not received worse than an A in two years? When I developed my obsession with school, I did not know that it would eventually destroy me. I felt so secure in my position with over sixty-five hours of transfer credit. I sacrificed everything I had for my education, even my high school experience. Those test scores erased all of it for me, and I no longer felt that I belonged in medical school, or even as a STEM major. I called my dad to inform him, and I told him I wanted to withdraw from university. He contacted my aunt, who is experienced in handling student crises like this one, and she told me to go to the student

services building. An hour later, I was sitting in a little, white-walled office with a friendly woman telling me that everything was going to be okay. I dropped the courses I was failing, enrolled in a sprint course, and all was right with the world; however, I did not know what I was going to do with my life anymore, let alone what I would major in.

A few weeks later, I visited home and sat down with my grandmother. I explained my plight, and she looked at me and said, “You have always enjoyed writing, so stop ignoring that passion and pursue it.” She was completely right. When I arrived back at school, I declared myself a Professional Writing major. I was excited beyond belief and registered for writing courses in the spring. I now love my program and feel a sense of purpose in my work. I now know that this is what I have always wanted, and my sense of obligation to STEM was a sham I created in my own head. I wish I would have understood that forcing myself to love a job or major is not possible.

You have to love what you do and pursue it, no matter your personal history or outside forces trying to deter your path. It is also okay to not know what you want to do right away—exploring is part of college. There is a lot of pressure that exists within our culture surrounding the concept of college. Sometimes we are faced with comments about what we do and questions of whether or not it is a legitimate career. We cannot let these pressures determine the course of our lives, or we will be very unhappy. Finding my passion has introduced me to wonderful people, opportunities, and experiences. Classes and friends are only part of the experience; how you choose to view your path is up to you. Keep your friends and family close on this journey, but also remember to separate your own ideas from theirs.

~~HOW NOT TO BE A STUBBORN DILL WEED~~ ~~GOOD CHANGES~~ ~~WHEN TO CHANGE YOUR MAJOR~~ ~~EDITING MY LIFE~~

Collen Young

If you're dreading every class, if you find yourself disliking everyone in your major, if you start to consider prison as a decent alternative, if you find yourself googling things to do with an education degree besides teaching, if you purchase a Necronomicon in the hopes of bringing about a world-ending cataclysm that will result in not needing to student teach, it may be a sign that teaching is not for you.

Cue to me, in a panic, grading papers at three o'clock in the morning, wondering what I was doing with my life. It was the second week of my teacher education field placement, I had fallen behind on deadlines, and sleep was in low supply with high demand. Thirty papers surrounded me, all of them listlessly-written essays of flimsy argument and apathetic disposition. The students were writing them as carelessly as I was grading them, presumably with similar amounts of coffee and last-minute concern that deludes the mind into scrounging up the last, tiny bit of interest that can be mustered in order to throw words at a page and pray.

3:00 a.m., then 4:00 a.m., then 5:00 a.m. It was going to be time to go

back out soon, and not even a catnap was possible. I had been working on these papers for hours, from the time I had arrived home, and the pile hadn't even started to shrink. Rather than an essay, maybe a student turned in some sort of evil creature that writes bad essays for fun, as the stack seemed to be endless, and not getting any smaller despite my working through them. I should have just not gone home in the first place; it would have at least saved gas money.

"Teaching is a lifestyle!" some of the older, tenured professors would tell me. "It's not for the faint of heart." Well, that was true. I wasn't faint of heart, but I definitely wanted some sort of life that wasn't exclusively teach, then don't sleep, then teach again. "Why, I've never even had kids since I get thirty every year," one of my hosts said. "Wouldn't have time for them anyway."

Oh God.

There comes a moment when everyone must ask, "What am I for?" Not necessarily in the opinion sense, as in politics or religious beliefs of what am I for, but rather in the epistemological sense. A frequently used phrase is "What am I doing with my life?"; whether it's in jest or in despair, we humans don't seem to be very good at figuring out what we actually want to do with our transient existence and tend to move ephemerally between our desired life outcomes. It is readily apparent, however, when that isn't grading papers.

While those who need security and don't necessarily seek a life outside of their work are perfectly cut out for teaching, this simply was not me. It may have been me at one time, but people change, and holding onto the values of a different iteration of



Decisions... (Photo taken on 2/22/19 at The Verge Apartments in Oxford, Ohio)

myself was slowly killing me. While I may be one to concern myself very much with rules and conventions, I recognize that they're not necessarily a way to live one's life, especially life away from work.

So, if not teaching...then what? I tried to think about the things that I liked most about teaching compared with the things I disliked most about it. I was never one to make a pros and cons list, but it seemed applicable in this case, since I'd already made up my mind.

I started to think about the tasks that I felt the most fulfilled by. I had already wanted to be a writing teacher; however, while my creative writing was passable, it definitely wasn't something I was good enough at to make a living off of doing. I was thinking about how much I enjoyed working with student writing, and how much I enjoyed working through the bumps and cracks of the specifics of writing, when I remembered something that my field director told me while I was planning a lesson on comma splices. "Don't teach grammar," he said, ignoring my mortified expression. "It isn't important, and there are other things that are more important to your students."

Uh. Hello? Collen Young, English Education major. Nice to meet you. I thought we taught English here. However, he was entirely correct. If one were to open up the content standards, they would find that all grammar content ends in the fifth grade, at which point the writing standards become increasingly vague and much more standardized test-esque, while at the same time seeming exceedingly pleasing to a board room full of bored politicians. My favorite writing standard writing standard will always be "students will use language that is particularly fresh, engaging, or beautiful."

At that point, I resolved, I was going to be a champion of grammar, a preacher of the participles, a gladiator of gerunds, a martyr of the metonyms. Much less charmingly, "a professional Grammar Nazi," as my roommate put it.

I was going to try to edit professionally and set myself free of the shackles of public education. For years I have toiled, seeking to appease the aloof and faceless government overlords that dictate my day-to-day life! I have struggled under the weight of professionalism while not being treated like a professional, a nonautonomous automaton!

But I digress.

Since then, everything's been amazingly upbeat. I feel like I can breathe, like I'm allowed to be a person. In the English department, the change is immediate; I feel like a professional working towards something, rather than around some arbitrary guidelines.

There's a lesson to be learned here: make the change immediately—do not wait for things to get better. If you wish to seek change, be the change that you want to see in your own life. Just like the education system, things do not inherently change without effort. Just as in editing, in life, exercise good judgement and be cautious, but ultimately, if there's something that needs to be changed, change it.

A MAJOR DECISION

Alexandra Contestable

In the last hours before it was due, I remember sitting in front of a computer screen, the clock ticking, staring at the application question with my brow furrowed. This question seemed to hold my entire future within its construction.

“What is your intended major?” it read, in Times New Roman 12-point font, bolded, and given an asterisk because it was just that important.

It wasn’t as if I hadn’t considered this question before. Teachers, parents, and friends alike seemed to obsess over it, inundating me with their opinions and expectations, all qualified with, “but don’t worry, whatever you choose, I’m sure you’ll do fine.” Even magazines and news sites had an opinion, with headlines promising to let you in on the best and worst majors, the ones that make the most money, the ones that have the best job satisfaction, and the memes that most accurately represented each major.

My answer for years had been premedical studies and biology, with a minor in Spanish for good measure. I thought I had everything figured out. I would breeze through organic chemistry and honors biology, amass hours upon hours of community service and shadowing, then nail my interviews and

voilà! I'd be drowning in anatomy textbooks and slicing open cadavers at a mid- to top-tier medical school in no time.

This plan was everything to me at the time of my senior year of high school. While other friends struggled to decide and took personality quizzes to match themselves with careers, I sat back and relaxed because I didn't have to worry. I'd taken all the science Advanced Placement courses and did well, so of course everything would be fine. I was meant to be a doctor, right?

Wrong. My plan had several flaws, and in my first semester of college, this realization smacked me in the face. My idealization of having a glittering career in scrubs and saving lives came from spending hours at the hospital where my grandmother worked as a nurse. My parents not-so-subtly encouraged this and would tell their friends that I'd be following in my grandmother's footsteps. This added pressure and the sentimental attachments I had to the profession made me forget that a) I have no aptitude for math, and I've always greatly disliked math, b) science beyond high school contains a lot of math, and c) you have to do well in advanced science to go into medicine, because medicine is, in fact, a science. These, among other reasons and realizations, threw me into a whirlwind of trying and failing, and trying and failing again, to decide what it was I truly wanted to do with my life.

In my second semester of freshman year, I was still apprehensive about changing my major because changing it would signify a departure from the career path I had been so sure about. This apprehension began to fade away when I took a premed required class called Intro to Psychology and loved it. I became part of a research lab and by the end of the semester, I'd taken the deep dive without consulting anyone and changed my major to psychology. My stress and anxieties about the future eased because, finally, I felt in control once more.

Very surprisingly to my sophomore self, I was wrong yet again. Through working in a research lab and taking several intro-level classes, I quickly discovered that central to psychology is the kind of math I despise most: statistics. While I enjoyed learning about the intricacies of human behavior and of social interactions, every other aspect of psychology gave me a headache. This sent me back into a flurry of uncertainty and anxiety about what to do next, and for the first time I set foot in my advisor's office. This turned out to be the best decision I've made in my time at college.



The happiness that comes with finally finding the right major.

My advisor recommended taking some general education requirement classes and enlightened me with the suggestion that perhaps I should consider my academic strengths when deciding on a major and doing a little more research into what a discipline entails before jumping in and finding out afterward. This advising guided me toward the major I am pursuing today. I can, for once, say with certainty that I found my match as a professional writing major. English had always been my favorite subject throughout school and I always performed better on the reading and writing sections of tests than any other. Looking back, it seems odd that I originally chose to pursue science instead. Sometimes, it takes an outside perspective to find your path. I remember the first day I took a creative writing class; it was the first time I'd left a class confident in myself and very at-home with the material. This feeling really solidified that I had made the right choice.

My journey is a common one, and I don't regret the winding road I took toward landing on a major, but the mistakes and stumbles I made along the

way could have been prevented; I could have saved myself time and money.

If you're a prospective college student finding yourself staring at a computer screen, scrolling through the options for that all-important question, "What is your intended major?", just breathe. The decision you make on that application is not the be-all and end-all of your future. Letting go of the pressure to make a premature decision can help ease the anxiety of the process of figuring it out and can prevent you from jumping into something too quickly like I did.

Second, consider your strengths and weaknesses. If solving math problems invokes the feeling of a stampede of cattle trampling around your cerebellum, then maybe don't force yourself into a major that involves copious amounts of mathematical reasoning. If you thrive off of collaboration and interpersonal communication, then a major that leads to a career sitting in an isolated cubicle might not be for you. Get to know yourself and think about how different majors align with your strengths.

Third, do some research. It's helpful to know exactly what a major entails and what careers it leads to before you take the plunge. Consider your strengths and weaknesses while doing research, and talk to people who are in that field to get a better grasp of whether you can see yourself doing the same thing.

Fourth, listen to advice and don't be afraid to ask for help. I would not recommend avoiding your advisor like I did. You probably should not be seeing their office for the first time as a sophomore. Advisors can provide you with resources and information you wouldn't have access to on your own. Their job is to help you, and they've helped countless other students in your exact position. You are not alone, and you have time. Things will fall into place as you grow and become more attuned to who you are as a person. Deciding

on a major can be stressful and anxiety-inducing, but it doesn't have to be. Following these steps can mitigate stress and ensure that when you do eventually decide, the decision will be one you can make with confidence.

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YOU CAN'T DO COLLEGE ALONE: FIND YOUR PEOPLE

Elizabeth Fulco

When I graduated high school and spent the summer preparing for my freshman year at Miami University, my friends and family all encouraged me that college would bring so many wonderful experiences, opportunities, and memories. Looking back at my time at Miami, those key people in my life were right; I have grown and learned so much both in and out of the classroom during my time here. But what I quickly discovered was that my experiences were shaped not by the events themselves, but rather the people who were there to share them with me.

My first two semesters at Miami were periods of adjustment and change. All of the girls in my freshman dorm corridor were very friendly, but there was one girl I met on move-in day that would soon become one of my best friends. Morgan and I met after my dad was hiding in the hallway from the stress of unpacking my dorm room. Noticing a familiar face, he soon realized that Morgan's mother was one of his classmates from his college days at John Carroll University, and we were introduced. Morgan and I quickly realized we both aligned in our values, thrived on being busy, and

were extremely dedicated to our schoolwork. In the process of navigating college life and relearning how to make new friends after going to a different university than my best friends from home, I was so grateful to have found a friend in Morgan. Although we were undecided at first, we both chose to register for sorority recruitment in the spring to find a core group of friends that were similar to us but also going to help us grow. Two overloaded weeks in February 2017 all paid off when I put on my Chi Omega t-shirt



Little did I know that the first person I met at Miami would become one of my best friends throughout college!

in Millett Hall, knowing I just made one of the best decisions of my college career. Though I barely knew anyone in the chapter, I could feel the empowering, uplifting energy of this group of women and knew that a lot of good things were about to come. A few days later, enjoying dinner at Garden Dining Hall with a few of my new sorority sisters, I met the friend who would soon become one of the most influential people in my life: Juliana, a ball of energy, came sliding into the booth at full force, her dark curls bouncing with every word and laugh. The two of us immediately hit it off, and her infectious energy, combined with my type-A personality, soon afforded us a great group of friends in our pledge class.

I came back to Miami my second year as a newly hired Resident Assistant (RA) and entirely naïve to the adjustment I would need to make from freshman to sophomore year. Balancing work and higher-level coursework was a transition that proved to be challenging. I questioned whether my major was the right choice, timidly attended career advising appointments and professor's office hours for advice, and started to see opportunities to expand my college experience beyond something that just benefitted myself.

In the spring, I became a “Big”—short for “Big Sister” and a mentorship role to a younger member of the chapter—to the most conscientious, hard-working, and funniest person I know. I consider Sarah as my little sister, and her overwhelming wisdom truly astounded me. I left Oxford in May 2018 with a grateful heart for my college best friends, a contract to return as an RA for the following year, a new major and minors with my highest GPA yet, and a large packing list for my study abroad trip to Italy that was departing in just a few weeks.

That September, I arrived back to campus full of growth but also exhausted. Grinding away at the internship application process and my



I am forever thankful to have been given the opportunity to lead on Chi Omega's executive board with my best friend.

hardest academic load to date, I felt as if I had little energy to devote outside of my looming future as an adult. It was my best friends that helped me not just survive, but thrive—throughout my Miami career—but especially those fifteen weeks. It was my Chi Omega sisters who placed faith and confidence in me that I wasn't recognizing myself; I was nominated and slated on our 2019 Executive Board in November 2018. It was my career center advisor and Digital Marketing professor who encouraged me

every step of the application process of my internship for that coming summer. I truly could not have triumphed that semester without the support, guidance, and humor provided by these key individuals in my life.

Morgan and I ended up joining different sorority chapters freshman year, but we both succeeded in finding our people, and though we don't see each other as frequently, we can pick up right where we left off every time. She is a true example of kindness and diligence.

Juliana and I are currently serving on our sorority's executive board together. Her zest for life and bright spirit make every mundane task an adventure. She is the friend that I can dream big with.

Sarah and I continue to become better friends each day. Even though she is my "Little," I love how we both challenge each other to grow through new experiences and opportunities in life. Her thoughtfulness and intelligence is going to take her so far.

Life is always going to throw us curveballs; these curveballs can present themselves as triumphs, failures, challenges, and opportunities. We turn these curveballs into home runs because of the supportive communities in our lives. I am not the same person that I was on move-in day my first year at Miami; I have blossomed into a more confident, driven, and empathetic woman with a greater sense of mission and purpose because of the network I have found here. I share these anecdotes of my life as a college student because we all have the ability to recognize and cherish the power of community in our lives, no matter our differences. My wish for all of those preparing to begin their collegiate careers is to challenge themselves to step outside of their comfort zones and engage in an abundance of fascinating and uplifting experiences; it is in these opportunities that you will discover your chosen family.



Big/Little Reveal 2018 will forever be one of my favorite memories during my time at Miami!

HOME AWAY FROM HOME: FINDING YOUR PEOPLE IN COLLEGE

Leah Kuntz

Making friends in a new environment, like college, can be an incredibly intimidating prospect, especially if you have anxiety. You want to find people you can trust and talk to, but you also don't want to seem desperate, and your mind is running a million miles an hour to try and keep up with all of the new worries that keep popping up. It's even worse when you know the best way to connect with people is to relax, the one thing you just can't seem to do. So what're you supposed to do?

In the first week of college, you may notice a few things: there are so many people crammed into one location, everyone is hormonal, and it can kind of feel like being tossed out into the sea of adulthood without a life jacket, but it is also a place for you to find those people who can and will make it all easier. Sure, you can have six thousand pages of reading and twelve essays due next week, but your friends can be there at your side to support you. That's why finding your people is so crucial. It can, however, also be really hard.

Coming to college was one of the scariest things I have ever experienced. Who would my roommate be? Would my classes be hard? How

far were my walks to academic buildings, and could I make it to class on time? Were the dorm bathrooms going to be a nightmare? Most importantly, was I going to be able to make a whole new set of friends after finding such great ones in high school? College is a huge change, and it's okay to be a little nervous, but I was beyond nervous. I was ready to drop out and never set foot on Miami University's campus at all because everything was already stressful and the adjustment was going to be too overwhelming. I had to make the choice to come, despite being terrified, because I knew it was what would be best for me. It almost felt unfair; I'd just gotten used to all the normalities of high school, and all of a sudden, I was going to have to adjust to an entirely new environment, one with a radically different set of social rules and expectations. I wasn't sure if I had it in me, but making friends and connecting to people ended up being so much easier than I anticipated; I just had to try a little.



This photo was taken in the fall of my freshman year on our group trip to Jungle Jim's on November 7, 2015. If I had given in to fear, I wouldn't have met any of these amazing and hilarious people!

For anyone entering their freshman year of college, let me say this: if you make an effort, friends will find you, no matter how anxious you are. I suggest two things, both of which may require you to step out of your comfort zone (but it will be worth it): one, make yourself accessible to people, and two, find a club or sport you're passionate about.

Making yourself accessible sounds difficult, but it's all a matter of people physically being able to find you. If people don't know you exist, how can they try to befriend you? Hiding in your room with the door locked and the lights off may sound like a great idea, but it will not help you at all. Being accessible

can be as simple as putting yourself in a place where it's easy to start conversations, like common rooms or dining halls. Everyone else is nervously looking around for people to hang out with, even though it might feel like you are alone in this, so common spaces are easy places to gather together or casually talk. Hanging around in places like this prompts conversations. The people you have conversations with can be your friends. They don't have to be, but they can be.

Dining halls provide another opportunity to be accessible. Everyone has to eat, even if you don't really want to, and thus dining halls are excellent spaces to find people. Are people from your dorm talking about getting something to eat? Ask to tag along. You now have a whole meal as a window of opportunity to bond with people. Even if you don't talk a ton (though you should try), people will recognize your face, and they might ask you to come next time. I did this a few times my first week of college for breakfast. A group of people were heading to the dining hall next door and I asked if it was okay for me to join; I made friends and I got muffins.

For me, it was leaving my dorm room door open. I was lucky enough to have a room right next to the stairwell everyone walked up, and people had to come past my door to get to their own rooms. Most people said hi or stopped to chat. They were introduced to me and got to know me just by consistent interaction as they came up the stairs. This is how I met the friends I currently live and hang out with as a senior. I could have shut my door and put headphones in and ignored the world, but then I also would have closed doors on a lot of friendships I cherish now.

Participating in a club or sport is another excellent way to meet people. I feel like this is the bit of advice all the condescending social butterfly adults give you, but as much as I hate to admit it, it's so true. If you're passionate

about something, whether it be the Renaissance or rockets, there's probably a club for it. While it may be terrifying, join a ton of clubs at first; you can whittle down your list as you attend first meetings and decide if they're right for you. Give yourself a large pool of clubs to choose from—that way you're meeting a large pool of people, too. Most importantly, if you find one you like, attend meetings consistently. No matter how far of a walk it is, or how tired you may feel, or how much homework you may be stressing over, going and interacting with people is the only way for this advice to truly work. No one in your new club will be able to see how great you are if you aren't there. And if there isn't a club for your special interest yet, start one! Personally, I joined a whole slew of clubs and then found the ones that felt the most comfortable. I signed up for Miami Dance Corps as an anxious little freshman and now I'm the President, making incoming freshmen feel more at home too.

For anyone who's scared about making friends in college, I get it, but you're going to be just fine. It can be terrifying to contemplate meeting new people, but it is completely worth it. These are the friends that'll stick with you. You just have to go out there and find them.

A decorative background featuring a brick wall pattern, with bricks in shades of red, orange, and brown, arranged in a staggered fashion. The bricks are visible at the top, bottom, and sides of the page, framing the central text area.

STEPPING OUT OF COMFORT ZONES

Thomas Gladden

Way back in the fall of 2015 when I started my journey at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, I did not know what to expect. I had always lived in the same home and had comfort within my hometown. It was the place where I was born and grew up, so when it came time to pack up my belongings and move five hours away, I was nervous, anxious, and scared. As I prepared for the beginning of my college experience, I remember being very nervous about meeting and making new friends. In my hometown and at my high school, I had the same friends for many years, so coming to an area I had never been to before and where I didn't know many people was very weird to me.

I remember the moment I pulled into Oxford in a jam-packed car with my parents. I was about to move into a room with two guys I had never met or talked to before, and the nervousness began to build up. As I began to unpack my belongings and get my room together, I remember meeting my roommates and many other individuals who were living in Dennison Hall with me, sensing that they all had the same nervous feelings that I had. Knowing that there were many different individuals who all felt the same way about adjusting to college as I did made the initial transition much easier for me. In the first

weeks and months of college, I was able to learn a valuable lesson of reaching out to others and putting myself in situations to experience new things and meet new people, even if this took me out of my comfort zone.

In the first days of school, I was very quiet and didn't talk to many people aside from my two roommates and my neighbors in the hall. As I was adjusting, I was afraid to leave the comfort zone that I had built up and was afraid to put myself into new situations; however, as the semester and classes started up, I began to expand my horizons, meet new people, and try new things that I wouldn't have done if I had just stayed in the comfort zone that was my dorm room and bed. Because I was able to challenge myself, I met many new people and friends that I will have for life. I remember during the second week of school, when I was just sitting in my bed not planning on doing anything, a neighbor asked me to hang out on a Thursday night with some of the people he had already met. At first, I was hesitant, but I finally talked myself into going to hang out, and that was one of the best choices that I made my freshman year. While hanging out that night, I was able to meet three people who became my good friends.

Although it can be hard to go experience new things and meet new people, it is extremely important to reach out and try to connect with new individuals. I still think back to that day; if I had said no to hanging out, I would have missed out on different experiences by never meeting new friends and never leaving my comfort zone. Although there are still things that I missed out on at the beginning of my freshman year because I was afraid to reach out to others, I was still able to break free from the comfort zone that I built up. I was one of the only people from my high school graduating class who came to Miami, so I came into school not knowing many people. As I began to meet new people, some from all across the country, I was able to

experience a lot of things that I wouldn't have been able to experience had I not put myself out there.

In the basement of Dennison, there were ten to twelve rooms, all with doubles or triples, and it was a male-only floor. The basement was a small area, so everyone had an idea of what was happening around the hall. When it came to my neighbors a few rooms away from mine, I got to see what it was like to not leave your comfort zone firsthand. In the first weeks of school, I would hang out with each of the two individuals in this room; however, with the individual



My freshman year dorm, Dennison Hall, where I lived in the basement.

who didn't feel comfortable interacting in new situations, whenever we would hang out or leave the dorm, he would not want to meet new people or leave Dennison. Towards the end of the year, when a lot of the people on my floor joined fraternities or clubs and started to branch off and do their own things, he began to realize that he missed out on a lot of experiences due to the fact that he did not take advantage of earlier opportunities to socialize.

Starting college is a very scary and unfamiliar time for a lot of students. As eighteen-year-olds go off on their own for the first time and begin a new chapter of their lives, it can be a challenge for many different reasons. Every student faces anxiety while starting off at a new school in a place that they are not familiar with. Looking back at my transition into school, I definitely went through challenges adapting to a new environment; however, by being open to new experiences and meeting new people, I was able to adjust and adapt to my new life at school and made the transition much more easily. I would tell any new student who is starting out at a new college to be open

to experiencing new things and meeting new people. I would also tell these students that, although it may be difficult to leave a comfort zone that you have built, experiencing new things is something that will help make your transition to a new place much easier.

RISKS AND REWARDS

Gina Moravec

Interacting with people is scary. That's what I used to think whenever I needed to talk with a teacher, adult, or even someone my age. Granted, I still believe this to some extent, but at least now I don't walk the long way around a building to avoid conversation (yes, I actually did this). I would dread leaving the safety of my room to go to a social event or to do a presentation because I didn't want to face the glares and judgment from other people. Based on all of this, I'm sure you're thinking I'm the most qualified to talk about taking risks and putting yourself out there. I can already feel your eye rolls from here. It's true that I wasn't born a social butterfly and never easily put my trust in people. However, based on my past experiences, I can say that it is worth it to step out of your comfort zone and take a risk.

In my personal opinion, I was one of the shyest kids in my class growing up. By the time high school came around, I basically kept to myself. As an only child who spent long hours playing Monopoly against herself to pass the time, I was used to doing things on my own. One of the things I discovered on my own was voice acting. I have always loved listening to audio dramas and

stories in my free time, and I listened to many different YouTubers. An audition opportunity for a story reading came up one day, and I decided to give it a try. I soon auditioned for more roles and projects and gradually upgraded my equipment. What started as a hobby quickly turned into a passion as I pursued it more. I loved voicing characters, narrating, and collaborating with people on projects. I wanted to share my funny and memorable experiences with others, but I never did. I was terrified of being judged and excluded even more than I already was. I kept my secret to myself for the rest of high school and into the start of college.

When I first saw Miami University, I knew I wanted to go there based solely on the scenery. As cheesy as that sounds, I fell in love with the look of



My friends and I in the Formal Gardens for "Family Photo Day" in August 2017.

Miami before I even looked at their academic programs. I came into the college as the only student from my high school. Since I was by myself, I did what I always did when I was alone: I kept my head down and got my work done. I focused solely on my studies for the first few weeks of college. I roomed with another girl in my dorm, but she came into Miami with a group of her high school friends and often went to

hang out with them. This shouldn't have bothered me, as I had spent the past three years doing things on my own anyway, but it did. As I continued to focus on my schoolwork, I realized that I actually did feel lonely. I had spent so long not talking to people or making friends that it finally dawned on me I had no one my age to talk to. Sitting at my desk doing biology homework, I decided I was going to change that.

As quickly as I made my internal declaration of change, I realized I

actually didn't know where to start. I started to think about opportunities where I could get myself out of my room and with people. I remembered that there would occasionally be a group of four girls who would sit in the common room and watch television together. This was my chance. I finished my homework and walked down to the common area. Sure enough, those four girls were sitting in the living room watching Jeopardy! I remember feeling incredibly nervous about joining, but I also remember feeling the need to try. If I didn't make a move then, I may have lost my nerve to try again. I took a breath, walked up to the girls, and asked if I could join. They all welcomed me and introduced themselves. That night I met Emma, Sidney, Hannah, and Kashia. We sat down together, watched television, and talked briefly. I walked away that night feeling proud of myself and looking forward to the chance to see those girls again.

I saw those girls multiple times throughout the semester. We would all seem to gravitate towards the common area and talk, watch television, and play games. Our group of five eventually grew to a group of twelve who would see each other almost every day. I would go home telling my parents about my new friends, and they told me they were happy that I was able to meet such great people. I started to leave my room more often and go out with friends to see shows and play games. We all grew incredibly close.

One day, my friends and I were hanging out in a dorm room. Jessica was listening to an audio drama online, which she loved to listen to often. In the middle of a conversation, Jessica interrupted and asked, "Gina, is this your voice?"

Jessica happened to have picked an audio drama that I voiced in. I was mortified. I never planned to tell my friends about my voice acting, because I was still afraid of what they would think. I hesitantly explained

that it was my voice and that I had been voice acting for several years. To my surprise, everyone thought it was the coolest thing. They asked me questions and wanted to see more of my work. It took everything in me not to cry. If I had simply opened myself up to them sooner, I would have learned how supportive my friends were.

College is the perfect opportunity to open yourself up to many possibilities, not just in class, but with people as well. College has taught me how to be bold in my choices. If I hadn't taken the risk of introducing myself that night, I may have missed out on amazing opportunities, such as group dinners, friend photo shoots, and even an audio drama that we made together! Take some risks while you have the chance to explore in college, regardless of what area the risk is in. You might just discover something new about others as well as yourself.

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STEP OUT OF YOUR COMFORT ZONE

Rachel Rosenthal

I came to Miami University as a shy, quiet girl. I had heard stories about college and listened to people's advice, but I really had no idea what to expect. I am an only child, so I did not have older siblings to share their experiences with me. I had always been one who was up for a new challenge, and boy, was I in for something I had never experienced before. I quickly latched on to a few people I thought could be potential friends, and I knew I needed to join a club or get involved in some way on campus. My dad works for an advertising agency, so I thought the Miami advertising club would be a good fit for me as I already had some knowledge of the advertising world. Nervous and apprehensive, I attended my first meeting a few months into school. I sat in the very back and quietly observed the people around me and the happenings of the meeting.

Over the next year, I attended the advertising club's meetings and began to feel more at ease. Every year, the club puts together a team to work on a project for the National Student Advertising Competition (NSAC). The NSAC is a competition that provides college students with the real-world experience of creating a strategic advertising/marketing/media campaign for a corporate

client. The client we were assigned was Ocean Spray. My team and I worked on the project for six months to produce a final plans book. It was time to pick who would present our plans book to the judges at the district competition in Cleveland, Ohio. The quiet, shy girl in me was screaming “NO WAY,” but there was another part of myself urging me to go for it. I hesitantly volunteered to be one of the presenters for our team. I soon found myself in a car with three other people who all really had nothing in common with one another besides the fact that we were passionate about the project. Needless to say, I was in for a long, four-hour car ride.

My teammates and I arrived in Cleveland with butterflies in our stomachs. We had less than twenty-four hours until we had to present our project to the judges. We put our bags in our hotel rooms and got to work. We set up camp in one of the conference rooms and began to practice our presentation. We ran through our slideshow time and time again, stopping to critique one another. One of my team members, Andrew, provided comic relief during those long hours, and my other team member, Liz, brought enough snacks to last us a week. While practicing late into the night was tiring, it was a good bonding experience for the four of us and was something I will never forget.

The next morning came too quickly for our liking. We were scheduled to present right after lunch. Of course none of us had much of an appetite, so we put the finishing touches on our presentation. Soon our team was called to the stage. My heart felt like it was beating out of my chest, but I walked up to the stage looking as confident as I could. We all introduced ourselves and my



This is a picture of me and my team after we presented at the National Student Advertising Competition in Cleveland, Ohio in March 2018.

team member, Ian, began presenting his part. It was my turn next; my hands were getting clammy. Words began coming out of my mouth, and I couldn't believe how comfortable I actually felt presenting in front of the judges and all of the other teams. We concluded our presentation by answering a few questions from the judges and returned to our hotel rooms. I was so proud of my team members and of myself; I felt as though I had conquered my fear of public speaking, which was no small feat. We gave it our best and were very pleased with how the presentation went. Now we just had to wait for the award ceremony taking place that evening.

We took our seats at the award ceremony in the conference room of the hotel. The woman in charge of the competition gave a few words and said some thank yous, but no one was really listening as we were all anxiously awaiting for her to announce who won. The time finally came. After our team name was not called for third place or second place, we began to feel defeated. All of a sudden we heard, "Miami University is this year's first-place winner!" We could not believe what we were hearing. We were so overjoyed that we hopped up from our seats and practically sprinted down the aisle to claim our trophy. We all smiled from ear to ear as our picture was taken and our hands were shaken by the judges. I was in a daze during the whole ordeal as I never expected us to win first place. I was so proud of our hard work, and most importantly, I was proud of myself. I stepped out of my comfort zone and it paid off. Bringing that big, gold trophy back to the Farmer School of Business was an unforgettable feeling.

Four years have come and gone; graduation from Miami University is fast approaching. That shy and quiet girl who sat in the back not saying a word at that first advertising club meeting has broken out of her shell. I am so glad that I decided to step out of my comfort zone to present at NSAC because it

strengthened my self-confidence and allowed me to make friends with people I might not have gotten to know otherwise. That experience taught me to go into every new experience with an open mind. My advice to incoming students at Miami University is to not be afraid to take on opportunities that make you step out of your comfort zone because they will help you grow and shape you into a well-rounded person.

TAKING A LEAP

Olivia Prosser

It was the first Wednesday of the 2015 academic year. I had officially been at Miami University for six days, but it felt like a lifetime. Six days of sleeping in a room that was not my childhood bedroom, five feet away from a stranger I had just met. Three days of attending classes without wearing the school uniform I had grown accustomed to over the past fifteen years. Six days of avoiding my mom's calls for fear of a tearful exchange, but sending her daily texts to assure her I was still alive. And six days of waiting for one of the biggest events of the year: Mega Fair.

Mega Fair is Miami's club fair that takes place on Central Quad each year, but for me, it was so much more. I had been counting down the days because I was eager to achieve the same level of extracurricular involvement I had held in high school. Although I had bonded with three girls in my hall and had met a friend or two in class, Mega Fair was where I was hoping to find other students who shared similar interests and liked to keep busy, as I did.

When I arrived at Mega Fair, two of my friends broke off to check out Greek Life. The other headed to the club sports, which left me alone. I stood in the center aisle studying the map, not knowing where to begin. I started

wandering aimlessly, overwhelmed, and intimidated by the hundreds of organizations and groups of freshmen who already seemed to have found their niches. As I wandered through the Performing Arts tables, I heard a boy yell, “IMPROV!” I turned around and saw a booth labeled “Sketched Out,” with three students in bright blue t-shirts with a chicken on each of them.

“IMPROV!” they all yelled.

I walked over and listened to their quick spiel about Sketched Out, improv, comedy, and their mascot, a chicken named Kevin. Their booth had pictures of the group in front of the Bean in Chicago and goofy pictures of students performing in an academic building. As two members talked more about the group, one drew a cartoon caricature of me. I quickly wrote my name on an audition sign-up sheet, took the caricature drawing, and left the booth.

I regrouped with my friends in the Greek Life section amid chants, squealing, and laughter from the sorority booths. As we continued walking around the fair, I listened to more club spiels and signed up for listservs, but the word “improv” kept ringing in my ears. On the walk home, one of my friends saw the Sketched Out flyer.

“What is improv?” she asked.

I started to repeat the explanation I had heard earlier that day but was stopped short.

“Oh, I could never do that,” one said.

“Me either. Sounds terrifying,” interjected another.

I silently finished the walk to my dorm, consumed with thoughts of my friends and family back home. Would they have been so quick to judge? Maybe these girls were right. I folded the improv flyer into a tiny square and shoved it in my pocket, out of sight.

The next week I summoned up my courage, pried the crumpled flyer out

of my pocket, and went to Armstrong for the Sketched Out auditions. As I sat in Wilks Theater waiting for the audition to begin, my friends' words swirled in my head. My phone buzzed with a text from my mom. "Good luck!" it read.

"All right! Let's get started!" yelled a long-haired boy named Christian as he sprinted into the theater.

I took a deep breath and stepped onto the stage with the other thirty auditionees. My heart was racing and I could not stop my right knee from shaking.

"The first short form improv game we are going to play is called Purse!" Christian enthusiastically announced.

As Christian explained the rhyming game, I looked around the circle that had formed on the stage. I made eye contact with a tall girl with brown hair and bangs. She wore a Sketched Out hat and smiled. I slowly exhaled and tried to steady myself.

"Players, are you ready?" Christian asked. My heart continued to race. "BEGIN!"

The one-hour audition turned into a two-hour callback as the group went from thirty auditionees to five of us left. I had a blast playing each game and getting to know the current Sketched Out members and other auditionees. I forgot about the stress of classes, meeting new people, and adjusting to life at school and laughed and smiled more during those two



Sketched Out's Annual Trip to Chicago on October 2018.

hours than I had during the entire first week of college. The next night, I received a phone call that I had made the team. It was the first time since I had arrived at Miami that I felt like I had finally found my group.

Looking back on my first week at Miami, I am so thankful that I found Sketched Out and followed my own passions, rather than my friends'. It is always challenging to go outside of your comfort zone and try something new, but with high risk often comes high reward. While it was nerve-racking to pursue something different without the support of my peers, it gave me the opportunity to meet people who were goofy, outgoing, and cared far more about having fun than what others thought of them. Sketched Out has given me a space to explore my creativity and passion for improv. Each practice also doubles as a two-hour break from the stresses of my daily life where I can goof around with some of my closest friends.

As I embark on the final weeks of my senior year, I know I would not be the person I am today without my time in Sketched Out and the relationships I have built with each member. My first semester at Miami taught me that often choosing the most popular group, major, or activity is not the most fulfilling. But if you follow your passions, no matter how small, they can take you to incredible places.

NOT EVERYONE IS IN THE SAME BOAT

Colleen Rankin

When I first started my journey at Miami University, I was aware of the stereotypes surrounding the student life and culture there. Nicknamed “J. Crew U,” Miami is known all around Ohio for its preppy style and strong emphasis on Greek life. I didn’t pay much attention to these comments until I actually started my first year here and looked around at the sea of students wearing bright pastels and Lululemon. Like most college freshmen, my first few months of college were confusing and scary. I was desperately trying to balance my classes, make friends, get involved, and live away from home for the first time. I was working so hard to fit in with this new environment, but I often found myself trying to be someone that I was not. I felt like everyone else was so sure of who they were and what they wanted to do and that I was falling behind. Being the typical freshman that I was, I decided, with a strong push from others, to sign up for sorority recruitment.

I originally had no desire to rush a sorority, but hearing all my friends and everyone in my classes talk about how excited they were for it made me reconsider. I signed up for recruitment on the last day of the registration deadline over winter break and went shopping immediately after to get new

outfits. During the first week back at school, recruitment was all that everyone was talking about. I was excited as well, but I was also nervous, because I was still feeling unsure if I wanted to join a sorority or not. Going through recruitment, I felt like I was unable to authentically be myself. I was scared to do or say something different from the other girls because I didn't want people to think I was weird. This process left me feeling lost, and it took a major toll on my self-confidence because I felt like I didn't fit in anywhere at Miami. I listened to the girls in my group talk excitedly about getting called back to their favorite chapters and how they couldn't wait for the next rounds. I, however, was so ready for this process to be over.

One week after being accepted in a sorority, I decided to drop out and focus on something else: the Miami University Rowing Club. The rowing team was a group I joined completely at random freshman year. I had no prior experience with the sport, so I was incredibly nervous to write my information down on the email list at Mega Fair. Despite my anxieties, I showed up to tryouts the next day after learning how to use the rowing machine (also known as an erg) for the first time. I muscled through the tryout and went back to my dorm to wait and see if I made the cut. After a few hours of waiting, I got a knock on my door, and when I opened it, the varsity members were there to congratulate me on making the team. I was so excited, and I couldn't wait to meet my new teammates and start competing. I felt a sense of joy and accomplishment that I didn't feel during recruitment. I was proud of my ability to push myself to do something new and scary because I often let my fear of failure keep me from trying new things. I instantly felt at home with this team and enjoyed every second of my time spent with them.

Since my decision to try out for the rowing team freshman year, I have not looked back once. My experience on the team has been filled with many

challenges and has pushed me out of my comfort zone more than I ever could have imagined. Waking up at six o'clock in the morning, to practice, working out six days a week, going on long road trips, and rowing twenty thousand meters in one day isn't always easy for me, but my teammates make it all worthwhile. This sport has introduced me to the most caring, funny, accepting, and crazy people I have ever met. I have made so many amazing memories with them that I will cherish forever. In my third year participating on the rowing team, I was able to compete in the Head of the Charles Regatta, the largest and most competitive regatta in the country, along with the three other rowers in my boat and our coxswain, who steers the boat and keeps us motivated during the race. This was so amazing for me because I got to see how much I have grown from freshman



My first regatta freshman year in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania on October 1, 2016.

year. I started off as a novice with no rowing experience at all and eventually became one of the top women's varsity rowers on the team. My teammates have supported me through every step of the way, and we never fail to have a great time together. I'm so grateful that I followed my gut and joined this team because it helped me find an amazing community that allows me to authentically be myself.

Through my journey at Miami, I learned that I don't always have to do things that are the norm, or what seem like the cool things to do. Joining a sorority is something that makes a lot of people happy, but I found that it wasn't for me. As a freshman, it's so easy to get wrapped up in what everyone else seems to be doing, but it's important to find something that makes you genuinely happy. I'm glad that I found the courage to join the rowing team

because it truly is the reason I am still at Miami. Looking around my freshman year, it seemed like everyone had a plan and knew exactly what they were doing. I came to realize that everyone is just doing their best to find a place where they belong, like I was. Embracing who you are and allowing yourself to be different will attract people with a similar mindset and allow you to make friends that are genuine—that stick around for a long time. Making mistakes and taking risks are important parts of growing up, so do the thing that scares you, because college goes by so fast. College is filled with so many amazing opportunities for people to find themselves and thrive in their community. All it takes is one initial step, like signing up for a club or showing up to an event, to change your entire college experience.

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SOMETHING NEW

Riley Steiner

This semester, the final semester of my senior year, I decided to do something that I'd never done before—learn how to play the guitar.

I was already paying Miami tuition, I had some room in my schedule after finishing up my graduation requirements, and the Beginning Guitar class was only once a week for an hour. It was basically a free weekly music lesson. So, I thought, why not?

I'd played piano for several years as a kid, taking lessons until I reached the point where I could read music and play fairly competently. I was never very serious about it; I loved making music and playing my favorite songs, but I never held any sort of lofty aspirations about becoming a great classical pianist. Playing in mandatory recitals, which were held by my piano teacher for kids of various skill levels to bang out half-memorized pieces on the keys in front of their parents, was the extent of my public performance.

I'd always loved music, though, and being able to imitate the notes I heard through my earbuds seemed like a skill worth pursuing. And maybe it would come in handy later in life—I could always pick up the guitar if some

friends ever felt the need for a spontaneous campfire sing-along.

So that's how I found myself sitting in the storage room of my campus house, surrounded by discarded cardboard boxes and my housemate's potted plants, perched on a rickety white wooden chair with a large guitar in my lap. Not having one of my own, I'd rented it from my professor for fifty dollars. On this particular day, I was feeling anxious and a little grumpy and not particularly motivated, but I wanted to try this new thing out.

The tiny room's window faced the backyard, and the January sunlight streamed in to illuminate the guitar's metal strings, which glinted brightly just above the fretboard. The body of the instrument was a warm amber, nicked in places from the bygone efforts of my fellow amateur guitarists.

The weathered chair beneath me creaked as I shifted my weight, trying to accompany the guitar's foreign bulk. I lifted my left hand and placed it on the guitar neck, the strings felt coarse and strange against my uncalloused fingertips. Pressing down on the high E string—the one with the highest pitch, and the one farthest away from me—I plucked it with my other hand.



A note rang out into the room, strong and clear, floating through the air among the dust particles sparkling in the sun. I let it reverberate for a few moments, listening until the tone faded from my ears. I could hear the echoes of it for a good while after my finger had left the string.

I decided to try playing some other notes and basic chords. Some came out clean, and others gave off an alarmingly loud buzz from the strings when I gave them a good strum—I wasn't pressing the strings down far enough as the muscles in my hand grew tired after just a few minutes, unused to

technical work like this. After playing for a while longer, I stopped and looked up. Something felt different. Then I realized that while I'd been focused on playing the guitar, all of my lingering anxiety had been completely forgotten.

As the semester continued, I found that playing the guitar required me to be fully concentrated on the task at hand; I had to focus my energy on what was right in front of me while I was practicing. As someone who tends to fixate on life's worries, I was excited to discover that this new pursuit of mine was a fantastic stress reliever, especially in my final semester, with all of its impending anxieties about graduation, the job search, and life after college. Sitting in that sun-filled room, I felt relaxed and calm when I played music, as if the notes slowly soothed my heart at the same time as they drifted into the air around me. I found that whatever I was preoccupied with disappeared from my mind for the moments when I was busy trying to get some semblance of a tune out of the boxy wooden instrument.

This guitar class, such a departure from my usual academic fare, had essentially no impact on my future GPA or career, so there was none of the pressure to be amazing right out of the gate that I sometimes felt in more competitive courses. We were all beginners, and we were all learning. This was also something that I felt I could take with me after I left the class and Miami: the desire to learn new things, to try things that I'm a beginner at, and to pursue things that I genuinely enjoy, even if they're out of the ordinary from what I usually do.

I've enjoyed the classes I've taken so far, don't get me wrong—it's just that these classes have always been centered around my academic disciplines because I've had to fit the graduation requirements of a double major into my schedule. Beginning Guitar, though, was purely for fun, and let me use a different part of my brain and exercise a new creative muscle. My only regret?

Not taking it sooner so that I'd have a semester left to take the intermediate class.

To anyone coming to college for the first time, my advice is to try your best to take the “fun” classes that the school offers, whether that be horseback riding, glassblowing, woodworking, ice skating, or anything in between. My small venture into learning a new musical instrument has left me with a new passion, a unique new skill, and a new desire to continue learning. I believe that these takeaways are, in fact, some of the most important things I'll keep with me from my four years here at Miami.

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DON'T TRANSFER, TRANSITION

Amanda Parel

My first semester at Miami University was the worst time of my life.

I didn't make any close friends in the fall of 2016. In fact, I was pretty sure my neighbors in my dorm disliked me. I didn't feel like I fit in at the preppy school known as "J. Crew U" and "The Mother of Fraternities." My close friends from high school felt so far away. Their Instagram accounts showed the cultivated aesthetic of a perfect, fun college experience. They'd moved on and made new friends, and I was left in the dust.

I wanted to transfer, but as a student paying for college on my own, my scholarships trapped me in a financial web. I spent hours researching what kind of financial aid I could get at another in-state school, but looking at the numbers discouraged me from mustering the energy to apply anywhere, especially when there was no guarantee things would be better at a new school.

I wish I could go back and tell my freshman self that no matter how awful it felt watching my roommate and the girls next door get ready to go to a party that I wasn't invited to, things would get better. I wish that, before I came to college, someone had told me that no matter how awful the first

semester is, don't jump the gun so quickly on transferring as the only possible solution.

Looking back as a second-semester junior, I'm grateful that I stuck through that awful freshman year. If I'd transferred, I never would have had the life-altering experience of studying abroad in Spain during Miami's 2018 summer abroad program through the assistance of scholarships from the Miami Family Fund and the Department of Spanish and Portuguese.

I got to celebrate the Fourth of July on el Camino de Santiago, the Way of Saint James, with about forty other Miami students. El Camino is a five-hundred-mile pilgrimage across Spain that ends at the western city of Santiago de Compostela. As part of our study abroad program, we spent a week biking and hiking the last 125 miles of the journey. While the whole experience was memorable, it was the fifth day of that Spanish pilgrimage that (somewhat ironically) showed me Miami was where I was meant to be.

Due to a knee injury and a baseball-sized purple bruise on my inner thigh, I walked a few kilometers that day while the rest of my classmates biked ahead. Accompanying me was another girl, Tess, who didn't know how to ride a bike. Throughout the entire trip abroad, Tess and I became great friends as we discussed our respective boy drama back home and the challenges of navigating Spanish language and culture.

After over an hour walking through beautiful open plains, our professor, José, came by and picked us up in his red rental car. The students on bikes had already stopped for lunch, and since we missed the free sandwiches our guides passed out to the group, José took us to a small café-bar and bought us seafood paella and sodas. It was one of the best meals I've ever had.

José wanted to walk with us, so we left the rental car with another chaperone who had met us at the otherwise empty restaurant and made

our way leisurely through the town streets back into open land. After twenty minutes, dark clouds rolled in and thunder rumbled in the distance. As sheets of rain began to fall, José called our group's charter bus and asked the driver to come pick us up on the side of the road.

We embraced the safety of the bus and stopped to pick up the rest of our class a few kilometers ahead. We bused the rest of the way to León, our destination for the day, and José said there was a surprise waiting for us when we got there.

By the time we got to León, the sun was shining brightly. The bus pulled over on the side of a city street and let us out at a park. In the middle of the park was a giant bumper car arena. One of our guides knew the operator, and we piled into the cars for as many free games as we wanted. Spanish music blasted through the stereo speakers as forty college kids let out their inner children, zooming around the track and slamming into each other with loud screams and laughter.

It was that moment, careening around the sunlit track for the fourth time while my friends and I belted the lyrics to “Échame la Culpa,” that I realized I was lucky to be a student at Miami University. If I had transferred, I probably never would have received the financial aid to make a study abroad trip like that possible. If I had transferred, I never would have lived out my high school dream of trekking el Camino and be able to proudly display my framed compostela on my wall. If I had transferred, I never would have met the guy I was seeking advice from



I never dreamed that someday I would get to play bumper cars in Spain with a group of incredible friends I made along the Way. (July 4, 2018. León, Spain.)

Tess about during the trip—a guy I’ve now been happily dating for over nine months. I never would have started dancing again and become the secretary and choreographer for Miami Dance Corps, I never would have met José and the other Miami professors who’ve truly impacted my learning beyond the classroom, and I never would have developed amazing friendships abroad like I did.

Yes, sometimes transferring can be the right choice for you. If you find another school that you feel like you’d truly be happier at and have the means to go there, then do it. But don’t be so quick to throw up your hands and say, “Well, if I’m miserable here right now, then I’m going to be miserable here all four years.” I made that assumption and spent my freshman year wallowing in my misery, throwing a self-pity party. It wasn’t until the summer between my sophomore and junior years that I opened my eyes and realized I was right where I was meant to be all along.

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IT'S OKAY TO HAVE OUR FREE TIME AND ENJOY IT, TOO

Audrey Fanshaw

College has always pushed students to work harder than they ever have before. Classes are meant to challenge us academically in new ways—whether it be through exams, group projects, research papers, or other assignments—all with the added responsibilities of work, social life, clubs, and the pressure to find internships and volunteer experiences that will look good on our résumés and help us to eventually enter the workforce. The need to maintain such strict focus on time management and packing our schedules with such involvement can be exhausting, and most incoming freshmen find themselves completely overwhelmed on top of entering a new school and living away from home.

Stress is completely normal—it's both motivating and encouraging—but I've found that college has been, up to this point in my life, full of the most stressful situations I have encountered, for better and for worse. Some stress is beneficial, but living in a constant state of stress can drastically impede our ability to maintain positive relationships with the other students around us as well as our ability to make and maintain positive memories of our college experiences. A lot of this is the result of newfound pressure that we

as students feel in order to complete our academic assignments (whatever they might be), attend meetings, stay active, go to our part-time jobs, and have social lives on top of all of that. With all of the pressure to succeed and juggle various new activities and stressors, many college students forget to value their leisure time, or even their time spent “doing nothing,” myself included.

My freshman year of college was incredibly enlightening and rewarding, but I found myself taking around twenty credit hours each semester, feeling pressure to tackle a workload that I had never experienced before and that I was completely unprepared to handle. On top of this, I was playing a sport, joining extracurriculars, and making new friends. As a result of these stressors, I ended up struggling my first semester; I had to drop one of my classes, and I was consistently pulling all-nighters at the library during the week so that I would have time for my athletics and my friends. This was not healthy behavior for me to be taking part in, and, if anything, it made me feel even more stressed out than before. My grades suffered, even though I thought what I was doing would benefit them, and I rarely found myself taking time to relax and unwind.

Being in a constant state of stress is unhealthy for both our physical and mental health, and not permitting time off from this stress is one of the ways in which many college students find themselves burnt out by the time they get to midterms and finals, which poorly impacts their academic success. Stress can manifest itself in so many different ways, from impatience to forgetfulness to concentration problems, and can lead to even bigger mental health problems in the long run, including anxiety and depression.

While there are plenty of other ways to de-stress—getting more organized, getting enough sleep, seeking help from friends or even from counseling services provided by your university—the technique of “doing

nothing” can be one of the most beneficial for students who are seeking to relax. I struggled with this at first, mostly because I was under the impression that “doing nothing” meant I was being lazy. The first time I allowed myself to do nothing, I felt even more stressed out because all I could do was think about all of the things I wasn’t doing. “Doing nothing” doesn’t have to be “doing nothing” in its most literal sense; my favorite form of “doing nothing” is binge-watching Netflix, Hulu, or the most recent season of Game of Thrones. It’s “doing nothing” in the sense that my brain gets to take a break from academic work, group projects, or whatever stressors I’m allowing myself to take a break from for that time.

It’s unfortunate that taking time for yourself has developed a stigma of being lazy when, in reality, it’s one of the best ways to decompress.

Taking time to enjoy our time is so beneficial to our mental and physical health, and it even helps us handle stress in a more positive way, which invariably has a positive impact on our academic and social lives as well.

This is not meant to imply that social situations, clubs, or athletics are added stressors for everyone—for many people, going to the gym or spending time with friends are some of the ways that they indulge in their stress-free time—but that it shouldn’t be considered lazy, unproductive, or detrimental to indulge in alone time, relaxation, or Netflix binge-watching now and then. “Doing nothing” shouldn’t be considered lazy if it’s used sparingly, not as a mechanism for avoiding responsibilities, and we should be able to take time off from our packed schedules without feeling guilty, or, even more



Although there are many great ways to do nothing and take a well-deserved break, my favorite way is by getting in touch with nature!

importantly, without feeling even more stressed for allowing ourselves some time off from our stress.

The future itself is imposing, and since college is the way we have chosen to get us to the futures we want, it makes sense that it would be one of the most stressful times of our lives; however, knowing that stress is something extremely manageable and sometimes as easy as taking a half-hour break from studying or writing papers makes it much easier not to over-stress. It's not always easy, and I still find myself slipping up at times and not giving my brain and my body the rest that it needs when I feel like I have too many things going on, but that's normal, and the last thing I want to be stressed about is that I need to take time off from being stressed. It's a learning process, but manageable in ways as easy as "doing nothing."

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College, Take Two

Remi Boleky

The golden word for me when I was a high school senior was college. I was excited to venture off into a new place and become a new version of myself. I was convinced that it would be the best four years of my life, and in order to achieve that, I would need to go far away from home. I had visited schools around me, and while I always had fun, I thought that my parents would surprise me and drive up too frequently. I thought that I would need to be far away from them to become independent, even though I consider them both my best friends, and they did almost everything for me. Growing up in the freezing Chicago winters had also convinced me that warm weather was the ideal climate. All of that combined led me to only consider schools in California. Even though people warned me about the different culture and people there, I never listened to their worries and blocked all of their concerns out. I had convinced myself that I wanted to do this, and I accepted the first school that I got into. I thought for sure I was doing the right thing.

Boy, was I wrong.

California was not the right place for me; the people, the culture, and the school itself all proved to be the wrong fit. The worst part was that I was

lying to the people I loved most about how unhappy I was by pretending that I was having the best time. My friends were constantly jealous of my posts on social media, posing on a beach after class, or seeing random celebrities while out in LA. But for me, it was all wrong. I realized I loved the Midwest personality: the friendly, always-caring, full-of-emotion personas that I had grown up with. I also realized that I was not a relaxed type-B person and am very much type-A. I always needed a plan to be organized and constantly be going, unlike many of my easy-going friends. Lastly, my university at the time was not providing the college experience

I was seeking, lacking the sorority rush and club involvement that I longed for. In addition, there were only a few majors that interested me after I realized that I did not want to do anything in business, which is the major I enrolled in. On top of it all, I was homesick. That is something almost every college kid experiences, but I was so far away with nobody to confide in, no aspect



Here is a picture from February 7, 2016, in the Pi Beta Phi suite with one of my sisters, and one of my best friends to this day, on bid day after I rushed.

of the school that felt like home, and being miserable with my choice of major; I felt like I was drowning. It was a random, late-fall day when I decided I couldn't take it anymore. I called my mom and confessed what I was feeling. Of course she was shocked that I had kept it all in and that I was this unhappy. She was my biggest supporter during this sad period and helped me make a plan on how to turn my life around. Eventually, I was able to admit to everyone that I was miserable and decided to transfer to Miami University. It was one of the best decisions I have ever made in my life.

My advice to prospective college students is that not everyone gets it

right the first time. It's impossible to know if you will be happy for four years at an institution you have never lived in before. Of course, no matter where you go, there will be ups and downs, times where you feel like you've failed, and times when you want to go home. That's normal. If you go to school somewhere and realize that you are at the wrong place for the wrong reasons, maybe transferring is something worth thinking about. My experience led me to be more open with myself and with other people and admit to my failures. So far I have helped console a lot of families and parents in my area that experience difficulties in college similar to my own. Nobody is perfect; nobody makes perfect choices, especially at the young age of eighteen. It is okay to make mistakes, and I think owning up to them is the best thing you can do. Whether the mistake is small, such as telling a white lie to a friend, or big, like choosing the wrong college, my experience has taught me that being truthful to yourself and to others is always the best action to take. The sooner you learn to apologize, the sooner there is room for forgiveness and change. I always think about what would have happened if I had kept my secret to myself. Would I have stayed another semester? Would I not have the same friends I do, the same experience at Miami, the same major? I can't even imagine the endless possibilities that could have been my future if I had not been able to overcome my own obstacles. Being honest and open with yourself and others is the key to being successful and helping you learn more about yourself. I can't believe how different my life is now and how my struggle with opening up to myself and others has taught me to be a better person.

A decorative background featuring a brick wall pattern. The bricks are in shades of red, orange, and brown, arranged in a traditional running bond pattern. The wall appears to be made of stone or concrete blocks, with the bricks visible within the recessed areas of the blocks. The pattern is consistent across the entire page, framing the central text.

YOUR COLLEGE CHAPTERS

Adina Ahlstrom

College is like a novel; as a freshman, you start with a chapter already behind you. As you continue to read, you will find that you end and begin in the same place, but with an infinitely stronger sense of self. Behind you are your parents, back at home, and your entire high school life, and before you is a brand-new chapter filled with characters both identical to you and completely different than you. You are an energetic eighteen-year-old whose first large-scale, daunting life obstacle is living far away from family with a roommate who you may or may not know. It is easy within the first year or two to lose focus on the exciting pages ahead of you, and linger on pages in the past. Luckily, there is a plethora of distractions in college—so many that you may find yourself overcommitting to activities, clubs, and classes. Taking the first step off the diving board of your college experience starts with finding people who have similar interests and trying your best to blend in.

When classes begin you will be the same as everyone else: eager to learn, nervous, and completely lost as to what you actually want to do for the rest of your life. The biggest thing you have in common with one quarter of

your new college's population is that you are new. One of the first steps in developing a stronger sense of self is choosing whether to fit in or blend in just to survive. Most of the time, students will pick a major because it's what their parents suggest, what friends recommend, or what older people have told them they need to specialize in to make a living. But these suggestions can alter your perception on what it is you really enjoy doing. Questions like What is the right thing to do? and Now that I'm on my own, who should I go to for guidance if I don't know what to do? will hold your attention like pages folded in a book.

You are now in your sophomore or junior year of college, the next chapter of deciding if you want to continue to fit in or if you want to find your own path. A lot can change in the first few years at a new place; by now you



Looking back at high school graduation in June 2015.

have made friends (whether it be through organizations, classes, intramural sports, or clubs) and realized that your friendships and major may have already changed from freshman year. You must continue to remind yourself not to look back to the previous page—to last year's chapter—and to plan

for the rest of your college career. Strengthening your sense of self in these years takes a lot of self-assurance. By now, most of your collegiate colleagues will have a clear vision of exactly where they want to be, how they want their chapter at college to end. At this point, you may ask yourself: I must be going in the right direction, right? Everyone seems to have their entire future planned out, but is this what I REALLY want to be doing?

A pivotal point in this situation is the decision to trust yourself. You have to combat the instinct to compare yourself to others and make decisions

that you feel are the most conducive to the completion of your own chapter. If some of your friends are going out every night and some are staying in every night, which group do you follow? If you trust and respect both of these groups of friends equally, which one is right and which one is wrong? College is the epitome of trial and error. It is essential to test the waters, try different tactics, different personas, to see which one fits you best. In doing so, there will be peaks, pitfalls, and moments of question, all of which will only lead you to your stronger sense of self more quickly. For example, if these are the “best four years of your life,” who cares if you skip class? No one can hold you accountable for showing up to class and working diligently other than yourself. This is a decision that you need to make—choosing the best path for you, not the path that everyone else is taking.



Reflecting on studying abroad in Italy in January 2018, which an advisor had told me to go instead of Australia, where I was originally interested.

Then, before you know it, your college chapter has become almost completely filled with pages and pages of stories, experiences, and lessons. You have tackled challenges that you never knew you would need to face. You have mastered meeting with professors, job recruiters, advisors, teaching assistants, and classmates with many different types of work ethics. These interactions have challenged your self-assurance, and even if you disagree with those who are ten or twenty, or sometimes thirty years your senior, you now understand that being treated as if your thoughts and concerns are unimportant is unprofessional and not okay. This is exactly what college is all about—learning and understanding what you stand for, what you’re interested in, and what you want to do with your life.

At the last part of this chapter, you have been through almost four

life-changing years of growth, understanding, and learning. Sections in your chapter should make you realize that you have made a lot of mistakes; but you have chosen to take each mistake as a lesson, you have made lifelong friendships, and you have also made acquaintances; you have had professors tell you to do the wrong thing, and you have had some who helped you discover your true passion. Some classes that you take in college will stay with you for the rest of your life. The time you have spent at what was once a blank page is gone, and you can reflect knowing confidently that every single year was not spent wasting time. However, this is not the end of your novel—this is simply the end of a chapter. You now have a more defined and stronger sense of self, ready to fill the remaining pages.

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN (AND YOU SHOULD LET THEM)

Quinn Karrenbauer

During the summer of 2018, I was studying abroad in England with Miami University's Literary London program. The trip was a blast; I got to stand in Shakespeare's Globe Theatre (the re-creation of it, anyway), explore gorgeous museums, and see the whole city from the air on the London Eye (which, fun fact, is technically called the Coca-Cola London Eye. Really, look it up). It wasn't all fun and games, though. I was assigned to a seven-person flat, which consisted of myself; four rising sophomores, who kept to their own tight-knit friend group; and my two best friends, who were dating and therefore spending a lot of their time together, rather than with me. It was no wonder, then, that when I woke up one Wednesday morning to an empty flat, I assumed that everyone was out to a nice breakfast and just hadn't told me about it. It wasn't until I was halfway through my own breakfast of toast and eggs that I got a frantic text from my friend Megan asking if I was on my way—the bus to Oxford was leaving, and I was halfway across the city in my pajamas.

Mistakes are a part of life that might make for a funny story three years down the line but can be paralyzing in the moment. The instant I realized that

I'd misread the syllabus (and, let's be honest, stopped listening so intently to my professors), I felt my blood run cold. I dumped the remains of my breakfast in the trash, threw on whatever clean clothes I could reach, grabbed my backpack, and sprinted down the stairs, desperately checking my phone to figure out where exactly I was supposed to go. This, the immediate panic of an attempted solution, is not an uncommon reaction to the sudden realization of having made a big mistake. The desire to fix my mistake wasn't a bad thing. There was nothing wrong with feeling remorse, even over something that wasn't intentional. If anything, it showed responsibility and empathy towards those who might have been hurt by my mistake. But when there was little to be done to fix it, this need to make amends was both futile and damaging to myself, the mistake-maker. There was no way for me to turn back the clock on that morning. The only thing left to do was to get there.

As I power-walked through the tube (or the subway, to us Americans) and along the London streets, I started to realize that what I was feeling was not only guilt, but fear. I was afraid of not finding the bus stop and getting lost in one of the biggest cities I've ever been in, of course, but I later understood that it wasn't just the practical aspects I was afraid of. I was also afraid of disappointing my professors, of embarrassing myself in front of my friends and peers, and of being known as the late one. But looking back at this nearly a year later, what was there to be afraid of, really? Eventually my professors and peers would move on and we would all be able to explore the beautiful Oxford University in peace, and even if they didn't simply forget about my lateness, it wouldn't stop the world from turning.

It is my belief that most of our hatred of making mistakes is rooted in fears that may be irrational, but are nonetheless real. Knowing that a mistake is not life-threatening or life-changing doesn't make the feeling go

away. Mistakes are guaranteed to happen in college, and without the support and structure that high school offers, these mistakes can seem much more dramatic than they actually are. And there's more bad news: When college ends and adulthood hits in earnest, these mistakes don't stop happening.

What rises to meet this, though, is the ability to deal with them. As mistakes happen more frequently, your ability to handle it increases in time. For example, you might call your parents (in tears, as I have) less and less the more you experience car trouble, lost credit cards, broken household items, or missed appointments. You learn on your own



Photo of University of Oxford, taken June 21 of 2018.

how to jumpstart your friend's car in the rain; you learn how how to fix your microwave by yourself; you learn how to apologize for a missed meeting with the appropriate amount of grovelling (hint: less is more), how to reschedule, and how to set the correct alarms so you aren't late next time. It's often a massive amount of trial and error, but I can promise that eventually the satisfaction of a successful trial will outweigh the pressure of all those errors.

Growing up as a goody-two-shoes child of little experimentation or risk, this was a hard lesson to learn. I was no stranger to mistakes, of course, but there was a difference between the mistakes I made (messing up a line in a play, for instance) and the mistakes my friends made (climbing onto the roof of the middle school and getting the cops called on them). Once I started living on my own, my mistakes tended to be of the variety that came with consequences that would actually affect me beyond the confines of the stage or the classroom. This was a scary transition, and one that I still haven't fully completed. What matters, though, is that the trial and error has started to pay

off. It's one thing to understand that mistakes are not the end of the world and another thing to actually feel that way. Once you truly make the shift, though, the world becomes a lot less scary, and you can start taking risks without being burdened by that self-imposed fear.

When I missed that bus to Oxford University, I didn't just start crying and give up (although I definitely did cry in front of some confused and concerned bus drivers. Nobody's perfect). I figured out how to get to the bus stop. I asked around and found the bus that would take me there. I coughed up the bus fee that would have been covered by the group, kept my professors updated on my progress, and spent the bus ride catching up on my homework and processing that last stressful hour. I was still feeling anxious and guilty, of course, but by the time I'd arrived in Oxford and found my group again, I was able to laugh it off alongside my classmates. I was able to ask myself questions that helped me slowly dissolve that fear of disappointing the people I respected: Would this matter a week from now? A year? Would I remember the time I missed the bus to Oxford in three years, or five, and even if I did, would it matter? The perspective gifted by the passage of time, even if it only existed in my head for the moment, gave me the courage and inspiration to better manage the mistake in the present. All that trial and error will pay off in the long run, so lace up your shoes, grab your directions, and head out the door into the wide, scary world—but don't forget your keys. That's one lesson you won't ever stop learning.

COLLEGE BUCKET LIST

✓ 1) Introduction

✓ 2) Find a Major You Love

Dream a Little Dream of Chem by Elena Donnelly

Editing My Life by Collen Young

A Major Decision by Alexandra Contestable

✓ 3) Make New Connections

You Can't Do College Alone by Elizabeth Fulco

Home Away From Home by Leah Kuntz

Stepping Out of Comfort Zones by Thomas Gladden

Risks and Rewards by Gina Moravec

✓ 4) Join a New Club

Step Out of Your Comfort Zone by Rachel Rosenthal

Taking a Leap by Olivia Prosser

Not Everyone is in the Same Boat by Colleen Rankin

✓ 5) Take a Fun Class

Something New by Riley Steiner

✓ 6) Give a New Place a Chance

Don't Transfer, Transition by Amanda Parel

✓ 7) Take Time for Yourself

It's Okay to Have Our Free Time by Audrey Fanshaw

✓ 8) Let Yourself Make Mistakes

College, Take Two by Remi Boleky

Your College Chapters by Adina Ahlstrom

Mistakes Will Happen by Quinn Karrenbauer

✓ 9) Conclusion

Contributors

CONCLUSION

You finally made it—your first year of college has come to a close. You moved into a dorm, lived with a roommate, took classes (and hopefully passed), and made countless new friends. Your bags are packed. Maybe you're feeling excited, maybe a little anxious, or even a little annoyed about the thought of going home for the summer. You have adjusted to being a real-life adult! Successfully living on your own is a big deal, and you've spent so much time getting to know yourself...but how will you live with your parents again?

Constant adjusting is part of college, but you can do it. We hope our stories gave you some encouragement, advice, and support. From choosing a major to joining Greek life, you will continue to choose your own path. Keep pushing yourself to try new things and find new experiences, because life is full of surprises. We have included a blank checklist at the back of this book for you to fill it with your goals and dreams. We wish you luck and happiness on your journey through life!

CONTRIBUTORS

ELENA DONNELLY is a professional writing student with a double minor in interactive media studies and creative writing. She will be graduating in May 2021 and plans to pursue a career in digital marketing. Elena loves to spend warm afternoons outside, hammocking with her cats and a good book.

COLLEN YOUNG is a professional writing major residing in Oxford. A budding frazzled editor, he enjoys curling up with a good book, panicking over deadlines, and writing emails that are twice as friendly as he is. Outside of writing, he enjoys baking, putting out cooking fires, and terrorizing a poor chihuahua named Lucy.

ALEXANDRA CONTESTABLE is a junior at Miami University originally from Dayton, Ohio. She is majoring in professional writing and plans to attend law school after graduating. In her free time, she enjoys reading (especially horror and historical fiction), playing tennis, and adventuring in new cities.

ELIZABETH FULCO is a rising senior studying professional writing, education, and Italian at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. In addition to her studies, Elizabeth serves as a Resident Assistant, Director of Programming for her sorority, Chi Omega, and a volunteer at various events with St. Mary Catholic Church. In her free time, you can find Elizabeth laughing with her friends and family, making a new Spotify playlist, eating ice cream, and running (to offset the ice cream).

LEAH KUNTZ is a senior creative writing student and Creative Writing Department apprentice at Miami University, graduating in May 2019. During her time at Miami, she has received the Montaine Writing Award and the Greer-Hepburn Prize in Fiction for her work. Her short fiction can also be found in/is upcoming in Happy Captive Magazine, Garfield Lake Review, and Flying Ketchup Press's first anthology. Leah is interested in classical ballet, fiction with strong female leads, and finding the world's best French toast.

THOMAS GLADDEN was born and raised in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He is a part of the class of 2019 at Miami University, where he is finishing up his degree in professional writing. Over the course of his four years, he has been able to meet many great people and create relationships that will last the rest of his life. After graduation, he will be moving to Columbus, where he will start his first full-time job.

GINA MORAVEC is a junior at Miami University studying professional writing, media & culture, and theater. Gina likes spending her time at Miami performing in plays, hosting radio shows, and reading books in any spot she can find outside. She also likes to voice act, and when she's not killing her vocal chords in front of a microphone, she's spending quality time with friends.

RACHEL ROSENTHAL is a senior marketing major at Miami University with minors in interactive media studies and writing/rhetoric. Originally from northern Kentucky, she is always up for an adventure and loves to try new things. She has traveled to the east and west coasts of the United States as well as to Europe and Australia. She is looking forward to taking on a new challenge and continuing to travel following graduation.

OLIVIA PROSSER is a senior strategic communication and professional writing major at Miami University. She is originally from St. Louis, Missouri, and loves spending time with her two dogs, Ruby and Stewie. Olivia's favorite aspect of her time at Miami has been her involvement in several student organizations, especially Sketched Out Improv. After graduation, she will enter the world of advertising as an Assistant Account Executive at FCB Chicago.

COLLEEN RANKIN is from Columbus, Ohio, and she is currently a professional writing major at Miami University. She is one of three siblings and enjoys spending time with her friends and family and doing anything outdoors. She is a member of the Miami University Rowing Club and enjoys training on the water and travelling with the team. After graduation, Colleen hopes to get a career in publishing or marketing in Columbus, while taking time to travel to new places.

RILEY STEINER is a senior at Miami University, where she studies creative writing and media & culture. Originally from Columbus, Ohio, she enjoys baking cookies, cheering for the Green Bay Packers, and spending way too much money at Half Price Books. Her creative work is forthcoming in the Oakland Arts Review and Collision.

AMANDA PAREL is a junior at Miami University with majors in creative writing and journalism and minors in Spanish and rhetoric & composition. She was born and raised in Dayton, Ohio, but loves to travel. Puns come to her naturally, and you can usually find her with either a book or a cup of coffee in her hands (sometimes both). At Miami, she's the secretary for Miami Dance Corps, Editor-in-Chief for Miami's Odyssey team, and a member of Sigma Tau Delta.

AUDREY FANSHAW is a senior at Miami University, majoring in creative and professional writing and minoring in art history. She is originally from Baltimore, Maryland, and will be moving back home to take on a job as a Digital Marketing and Demand Generation Assistant at R2integrated this summer. In her free time she loves hiking and playing with her dog as well as volunteering at her local weightlifting club.

REMI BOLEKY is a senior graduating in May 2019 with a double major in professional writing and media & culture. After college, she will begin working on the Programmatic Team at Digitas in Chicago. She plans to live at home with her parents for a year before venturing off on her own.

ADINA AHLSTROM is a senior at Miami University majoring in public administration. She was born and raised on the beach in southern New Jersey, but found her way to the Midwest by following in her mother's undergraduate footsteps. When on campus, you will usually find Adina studying at the library, or walking around with an iced Americano, listening to her favorite music. After graduation, Adina plans on continuing her real estate career and living on the coast.

QUINN KARRENBauer is a Miami University Junior with three majors and many regrets. She spends her time watching niche crafting videos, writing and listening to podcasts, and playing video games where she can swing a really big sword around with reckless abandon.

COLLEGE BUCKET LIST

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