

A trip within a trip

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A trip within a trip Having a roommate is something I will soon have to deal with. Lucky for me, I grew up with my future college roommate. Although I am prepared to deal with Macy for the next year, I have had my share of previous experiences with people I did not choose. Roommates are unpredictable. Some are good. Some are bad. Some are just plain ugly. Regardless of which category my roommates have fallen into, I was stuck with them for the time being, and boy was it a trip within my trip! After meeting the roommate I was placed with on our initial day at camp, I had no trouble recognizing this would be a long week. Within the first hour, I knew my characteristics of being organized and neat were something that my roommate and I did not share. My roommate was a slob. As I unpacked my folded clothes into the dresser, my roommate just threw hers into the drawers. This was just the beginning! At camp, we only had to share a bathroom with our roommate. I learned my roommate was the “ all-around” slob. She would leave dirty towels on the floor, toothpaste in the sink and would not pick her clothes up from where she threw them off as soon as walked into the room. Even if I would ask multiple times, she would not give the common courtesy to simply pick up after herself. For the remainder of the week, I became the official housekeeper. I figured that my second time around with a roommate would be better. I could not get somebody worse than a slob, right? How wrong was I! This time around I was stuck with the space invader. This roommate was by far worse than the slob. My newest roommate always wanted to be around me which is okay but within a perimeter. There was no “ bubble” space given. When I would receive a text message, she would screen peak. If I had a phone call, she would listen in

and ask questions later. Not only would she invade my personal space, she would take my clothes without asking. I can tolerate much, but this was beginning to get out of hand. From then on, I decided that I would take a slob over a space invader any day. Between having a slob and a space invader for roommates, I should have known the third time would not be any better. The old saying, "Third times a charm" gave me hope, but hope did not save me this time. This roommate was the disrespectful roommate. The roommate that does not respect anything is the worst type. This roommate has both the characteristics of the slob and the space invader along with distinct characteristics of their own. This disrespectful roommate invites people inside without asking, touches my things, and tries to argue with me constantly. Unfortunately for me, she had the weirdest sleeping pattern and also interrupts mine with music blaring or the television on at random hours of night. Regardless of whether the roommate was a slob, invader of space, or disrespectful, one thing I learned was how to deal with each and that to begin with, when I thought I had the worst in retrospect I truly did not. Each of my roommates taught me something about myself I have patience. From the good, to the bad, to the ugly, I survived them all. My roommates were all different, but one thing made them the same. That was how unfit their style of living was to mine.