

Why not?

Business



It's 4 am. At least in this moment that I am typing, it is 4 am.

After a solid 2 hours and 23 minutes of trying to sleep to some simulated sound of a rainstorm mixed with the cracking of a fire because somehow that gives it a certain "real-life" quality that the four different specific rain sounds, two types of thunder, and three ranges of wind strength just can't offer, I have simply given up. I'm also vastly paranoid that my roommate is going to coming back soon, because then I'll know that the slim chance of finding sleep I still have will be lost in the same 5 Drake songs she won't stop listening to, but I digress. I've been thinking a lot lately. And by lately I mean today. And by thinking, I mean I created a LinkedIn account and realized how extraordinarily underwhelming my profile looked. It seems like half of what I want to put down is meaningless activities I participated in during high school, and the rest are just jobs that have no real linkage to my area of interest, Also, the only professional looking photos I have are from my senior photos when I was still a ginger. So that has to change. Last week, I pledged \$10 every semester for the rest of my college career at my school to an organization because the guy was really nice and had been sitting there for 8 hours. I hadn't heard of the organization, and the entire time he was talking I was thinking about how far behind I was in my current task at my job (yes, I took a mini break at work to talk to this guy, I'm such a terrible employee). His name was Matthew, and I stupidly told him I have a Youtube channel and gave him the means to find it. He seemed like a cool guy. What I learned about him was that he graduated last year with a degree in sociology, and is now an organizer for a student organization that specializes in social causes. Nearly everyone I know could tell you that I am not a controversial person. I

don't like taking a stand, and I don't like taking sides. But now I feel like that's not good enough.

Now, I am feeling somewhat of an obligation to go to their headquarters room and ask how I can get involved more. Normal-me would never do that, but running-on-fumes-and-slightly-hungry-me can't think of a good reason not to and is debating going there just as I know he'll be wrapping up booth duties so I can talk to him more about this INPIRG thing. This isn't a bad thing, me wanting to get involved. A wise TV show once said that getting involved is how you put down roots, and the more roots you have, the harder it is to leave. I can't properly determine if that makes sense for this situation right now, but I want that. I want to put roots down here.

I want to like my university in a way that I didn't like the last one. I came here for a reason: to get involved and better myself as a person. And hopefully get a Telecommunications degree along the way if all works out (just kidding, mom, my grades are totally fine and I will graduate on time! Probably...

). Everywhere I look, from the media to my old high school teachers, the message about college was clear: it's the place where you find yourself. But here I am, nearly two years in and I have not learned anything new about myself other than the fact that I don't really like crumbled sausage on pizza. I have never been the most inclined to become involved in social activism, but the thing about college is that I can give it a try, and as long as I don't do anything too drastic everything will turn out okay. If I have to work on the same night at the Knitting and Crocheting club, then why not join this

organization that I can actually do stuff for? Growing as a person is kind of reliant on the risks that you're willing to take. I'm going to take a risk and step outside of my comfort zone.

Will you do the same?