

Dorm bureaucracy traps student

I think I'll ask for bars on the window and a toilet in the corner of my dorm room.

I'm already locked in there.

As a high school senior I dreamed of going to college and surviving on my own. I yearned to live in squalor and poverty, forced to prepare myself recognizable meals and scrub my own toilet. I pictured myself cramming for finals by candlelight to spare my utility bills.

Instead the residence halls are sucking my parents dry so I don't have to do anything other than take up space.

I don't cook. I don't clean. And I sure as hell don't study. I have free cable, a free phone and no bills.

I can have a fridge, a TV, a stereo, a microwave and numerous other electronic toys without worrying about getting dizzy

watching the meter spin insanely in the hall.

This semester, however, I tried to escape from the paper-thin walls of George P. Abel Hall. I was determined to strike out on my own.

The good people at the Office of University Housing had other ideas for my new self-sufficiency.

They wanted to kick it off by fining me \$250 for canceling my contract. My friends on the outside called it a security deposit. For me it was bail, more than two months rent flushed down the dorms' community toilets.

They told me I had to have my room cleaned out and scrubbed spotless before I left for Christmas break — like I didn't have enough garbage to take care of during finals week — even though my new pad wasn't open until after the first

of January. If not they add to the \$250 a fee for storing my worldly possessions.

Then they handed me a stack of papers which would have taken until February to fill out.

Freshmen don't even have the opportunity for parole. Unless they lie, cheat and steal their way out the door, they are stuck in the residence halls for their full term. (Going greek doesn't count because that's like transferring from work-release to hard time in Alcatraz.)

Someone obviously doesn't think I am ready for life on the lam from the university bureaucracy. They won't let me taste the fruits of freedom and adulthood.

I want the beer to flow freely. I want to have women over later than 2 in the morning. I want to gamble. I want to do all this and more without having to worrying about getting spanked by

the residence director.

Granted the dorms are social nirvana. Your neighbors are less than a skip away, and half the fun of living there is breaking the rules, but there comes a time when every chick must fly the coop.

This bird just can't afford it. So next week I'll be moving everything in my room away from the walls so the exterminators can try to kill the cockroaches that crawl across my toothbrush. I'll be choking down the semester's worth of starchy leftovers in the cafeteria. And I'll be hiding my stash so I don't get written up.

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At this age, you can do a lot of damage to your body.



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