



Elon's Own Traumarama

Everyone has a bad day, or sometimes just a really bad moment. These anonymous, embarrassing stories are enough to make even the most dignified college student's skin crawl.

To submit a story for the next edition of *The Edge*, email kgemberling@elon.edu

Spread inspired by *Seventeen* magazine's *Traumarama*

To see more embarrassing stories, go online to elonpendulum.com/edge

My friends and I

Small Expectations

were going to West End for a night of tomfoolery last spring and consumed a few substances of questionable legality, which led to me making some interesting decisions. I'm not tall, but I seemed to have attracted the attentions of a young man who was even shorter than I (I'm talking chest level), whom I started dancing with. When my friends looked over, they couldn't see my short new friend standing in front of me and thought they were witnessing me dancing with myself – an odd sight indeed. The poor boy has forever since been referred to as "The Midget," and my friends never miss an opportunity to relive this moment.

Peep Show

I've been dating my boyfriend for a few years now, but I was really nervous when I first met his parents. I spent a long time getting ready, and went to the bakery to buy what my guy said was his dad's favorite dessert. It all went great, and after dinner I brought the pie over from the kitchen to the dining room table, and cut his father a piece while I stood next to him. I put it on his plate, thinking I had just officially won him over, and I realized my top had come unbuttoned...really unbuttoned. I was mortified! I've never talked to him about it, but whenever I see my boyfriend's dad, I have flashbacks to that time I basically flashed him within an hour of meeting him.

Sweaty and Ready

My roommate last year had an unfortunate problem - she tends to wet the bed when she drinks. One weekend we were out having fun at a party, and I called a guy friend to come pick us up, so we decided to sleep over at his house. After giving my roommate and I his bed while he slept on the couch, I woke up first the next morning - and discovered that my roomie had peed herself all over his bed! Our guy friend eventually saw and asked me what happened, so I lied for my roommate and said that she just "sweats a lot" when she drinks too much. Fortunately he believed me, and to this day he still thinks that my roomie "sweat" his bed.

One morning, after a particularly bad hookup, I was walk-of-shaming it back to my dorm in a very short dress I'd worn the night before with a pair of the guy's basketball shorts underneath and my high heels in my hand. Not only did I look like a total hot mess, but then I realized it was parents' weekend. Even though it was only 9 a.m., I walked past at least five families who were visiting campus. Glad I could show them what their kids are really doing at college.

Walk of Shame Fame