

What's up with the Pickle?

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I really didn't think the pickles would actually work so well. I'm carrying around a jar of Mount Olive Pickles and I thought people would think we were a pickle packing school or something, but being up here in Virginia, where we are not so well known it was a perfect draw for students to my table.

By now, I've got my approach to the whole college fair thing pretty down pat. Always let the people read your material first. Let them browse and see if they can find what they're looking. It's like when you walk into a store and the salesman tries to make you buy something before you've even glanced around the store. Nobody likes that. Then, let them know you can help if they have any questions about the school or college in general. That way, instead of them asking all the questions, I turn it around a little and find out from them. Maybe I know another school has something they want to major in and we don't? No loss there, but people seem to appreciate the laid-back approach and not someone shoving something in their face every minute. I feel like it's working well. I've got more inquiry cards filled out than I expected, but how many of them are genuinely interested...that's another question.

Anyway, I got lost yesterday on my first road trip as an admissions representative. Instead of taking me to a high school, the GPS managed to get me to some deserted industrial area. Ever seen that movie *28 Weeks Later*? Where the town was empty after some zombie infection outbreak? There was not a single soul in sight. I decided to abandon the device and just drive around, hoping that at least I was in the vicinity of the school and I would just run into it. I mean come on, it was a county high school, it couldn't be that hard to find.

After about 15 minutes and still no sign of life, I decided it was time that I just ask someone. There were a few houses around, but I wasn't exactly comfortable rolling up on a private property at 7:30 in the morning asking for directions. There was not a gas station, shop, diner, anything in sight, and time was running down.

Finally, I rolled up to what looked like a local radio station. One car parked outside. I walked in and there was no one there. I peaked in a back room with a small window. There was one guy, on air.

Great! I'm lost, and I manage to find one other human being besides myself and he is a radio DJ. He could've had almost any other profession on earth, but he had the one job where he couldn't give me directions.

Well, long story short I managed to get to the school on time.

Anyway, I'm hitting up Red Lobster before I head to the next setup tonight.

I'm out like Kanye West at the VMAs. (Yes, headliner on *USA Today*)

