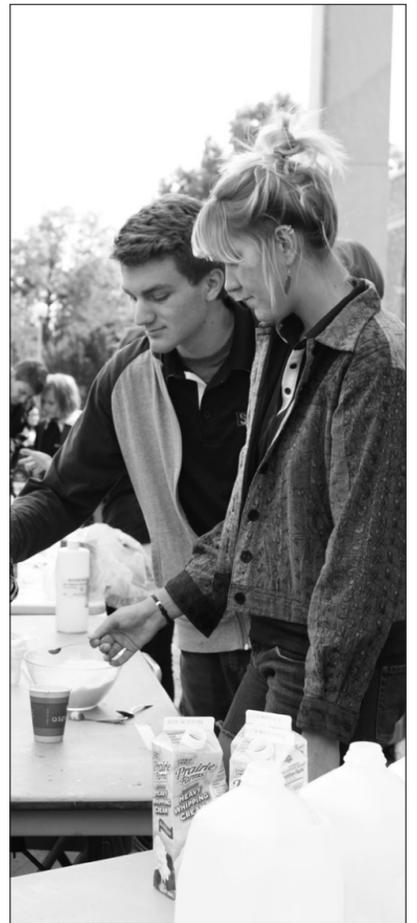# Students chill out with ice cream

Lindsey Borgna/Index
Left, freshmen Rebecca Sohn and Zach Ley enjoy ice cream at the Student Activities Board Ice Cream Creations event Sept. 15 on The Mall. Above, sophomore Abbey Meyer prepares homemade ice cream for students. Right, sophomores John Riti and Sara Redel help students prepare homemade ice cream treats of their own.

"I'm not a girl, not yet a woman"

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When do we become adults?

This is something I often think about. Legally, I've been an adult for several years. I think I'm pretty mentally and emotionally mature, but if life presented me with a form with two boxes, youth or adult, I'm not sure which I would check off.

I am the epitome of the Britney Spears song, "I'm Not a Girl, Not Yet a Woman."

Do we become adults when we no longer are granted children's price admission at the movie theater? Or when we start going to doctor's appointments without parents, uneasy at the end when it's time to make the next appointment? Um, the 14th of next month sounds OK, I guess ... Let me call my dad and see.

My mom visited this weekend for Family Day, and I was reminded of the constant nagging known as "being a mom." Pay your bills, do well in school, get plenty of rest, but not too much, are you caught up on thank you notes?

"Mom, stop, I'm 21 years old!" I whined. "I can take care of it, I'm an adult!"

I guess when it comes to defending myself to my mom I am an adult.

I've spoken to friends who say they feel the same, that this awkward in-between feeling was supposed to have ended years ago with the termination of puberty. They agree with me about feeling stuck between two demographics, but then I have a sneaking suspicion they think I'm crazy for even bringing up the topic.

People keep asking me if I'm excited to graduate in May, which I think is another way of asking if I'm ready to be an adult. How am I supposed to answer that? I can really imagine only two responses: Yes, I'm excited to enter a phase of my life that will last me the rest of my life and is rumored to be monotonous, stressful and tiring. Or, no, I think I'll stay in la-la land, grasping

the final threads of youth and eventually becoming one of those delusional middle-aged women you see at the mall wearing Victoria's Secret sweatpants and feather extensions in their hair.

Maybe the question shouldn't be about when we become adults, but how. I assume we become adults by acting maturely, putting others first and deciding to spend our paycheck at the grocery store instead of in the Taco Bell drive-thru line. We are fully grown when our actions reflect responsibility and good judgment, not tonight's TV schedule or this week's bar specials.

Hopefully one day I'll identify as a grown, adult woman and a valuable member in civil society. But until that magical day, I think I'll stick to analyzing Britney lyrics in my room and enjoying life one day at a time.