Reminiscing the Choices Fair and Its Outcome

I went to the Choices Fair with little knowing of what it was going to be. Of course there were going to be people answering questions and of course I would get the information I was seeking, but I was unprepared for the crowd that showed up for the same reasons. Luckily, I was at the very front of the 200-yards-long line of other students awaiting to enter. Ethan and I had planned our route using the map we were handed and highlighter markers. We were getting serious to make it our mission to not have to wait in line to talk to the representatives. The doors, soon after, opened and I raced towards the tables which conflicted me most, Computer Engineering and Computer Science.

I came into Case with the mindset of double majoring in Math, and Computer Engineering. I now know that is not easily achievable or want I would like to do. The classes don’t overlap, so the courses and amount of hours needed to graduate would be tremendous. Yet, I hadn’t needed the Choices Fair to make this realization. It was just before the Fair that I decided to do a combination of Computer Engineering and Computer Science; I would major in one, minor in the other. As I rushed to the far corner, I had decided to speak with an untaken representative for Computer Engineering. Conversation was awkward. There were blatant pauses between questions, and his inability to make eye contact when speaking to me. He just stared off into space to the left or right of my direction. The man was very presentable dressed in a sweater vest and what not, but he ruined it with his snacking of a bag of chips while we talked! He was chomping away and his fingers had the remnants of Cheeto dust. It made me not even want to shake his hand after we talked, so I gave him a close-up wave good bye.

Even though the man did not present himself in such a formal fashion, he did offer some wonderful advice: “don’t do what you’re doing.” He told me what I was planning would, like my first plan, be too challenging and is unnecessary. When I devised the plan of majoring and minoring, I had researched my position and was sure the additional three classes it would take to do so wouldn’t be too much more input for the outcome. Instead this man told me to do the MSBS program, a five year enrollment program that would get me my master’s degree. He noted it would be “a cushioner to my résumé. It’ll be much more helpful than the minor.” Well I thought about that, but it became clear to me the MSBS program wasn’t too much of an option. Five years of schooling is going to be troublesome. I don’t really have the desire for a fifth year of schooling, and cost is such a big obstacle in my education. Case tuition, even with scholarships and federal loans, is so troublesome I’ve recently and seriously begun thinking of transferring.

The classes I’ve taken and the experiences I’ve had here are pushing me towards transferring schools. Don’t get me wrong, Dr. Hanks, but I’ve had a really great time here: I’ve made friends, had thought provoking and intellectually challenging discussions in every class, and enjoyed the community. But I can go to a better school for what I want to do with my life for less than half the cost of what it takes to go here while simultaneously being much closer to home. Am I morally obligated to myself and to my family (who’s paying for this) to switch? What will my friends think? Will they understand? Will they think I’m abandoning them? I’m just very confused about such a large decision. I have no problems making more friends or transitioning to a new setting. I know I can get involved and delve right back into school work. I’m very stressed about this whole thing, yet the more I think about this, the more I believe it’s the right decision.