First story is about connecting the dots. I dropped out of college after the first 6 months, but then stayed around as a drop in for another 18 months or so. Before I really quit, So, why did I drop out? It started before I was born. My biological mother was a young unwed graduate student and she decided to put me up for adoption. She felt very strongly that I should be adopted by college graduates. So everything was all set for me to be adopted at Birth by a lawyer and his wife Accept it. When I popped out, they decided at the last minute that they really wanted a girl. So my parents who are on a waiting list, got a call in the middle of the night. Asking we got an unexpected baby boy, you want him. They said, of course. My biological mother found out later that my mother had never graduated from college and if my father had never graduated from high school, she refused to sign the final adoption papers. The only relented, a few months later when my parents promised that I would go to college, this was the start in my life. And 17 years later, I did go to college but I not eat. We chose a college. It was almost as expensive as Stanford. And all of my working-class parent’s savings were being spent on my college tuition. After 6 months, I couldn't see the value in it. I have no idea what I wanted to do with my life and no idea how College was going to help me figure it out. And here I was spending all the money. My parents had saved their entire life. So I decided to drop out and trust that it would all work out, okay. It was pretty scary at the time, but looking back, it was one of the best decisions I ever made. The minute I dropped out