

College Bachelorette Party in Vegas

by: April Howard

Getting married is one of the most important milestones in a person's life; getting married in college is just plain crazy! With all of the planning, classes, appointments, studying, picking out colors, cake, and flowers, finals and overall time involved squeezing marriage into a full-time college schedule, who would want to squeeze in a wedding? According to the Journal of College Student Development, about 7% of college students are married.

Ladies, if you're planning on taking the plunge, U has dedicated this article to you. We highlight the greatest part of proceeding through this rite of passage – the bachelorette party!



For this article, we took our bachelorette, named Vicky who is currently attending medical school at Temple University in Philadelphia for a weekend of fun and debauchery in fabulous Las Vegas!

We all arrived at McCarran International

Airport where, unfortunately, the airline lost one of Vicky's bags and forced her to go without her patent leather heels for one night. Baggage aside, we all had time to catch up in our long wait at the airport taxi stand, where we caught a cab to Mandalay Bay, headquarters of our weekend shenanigans.

Once at the hotel, we promptly changed, and exchanged a few gifts with the bachelorette, which included some outrageous phallic party favors (straws, necklaces, a bracelet, veil and naked man lighter). She chose to wear a tasteful devil horned white veil and a garter belt on her left arm to signify that she would be the center of attention for the night.

We headed down to the main casino floor and proceeded to Rum Jungle, one of Las Vegas' best clubbing hot spots. Of course, Vicky forgot her ID in the hotel room, so I accompanied her on the mile-long trek back to retrieve it. On our way back to the club, we slipped a few quarters in a slot machine and won fifty bucks immediately, signaling that this would be a good night!

Inside Rum Jungle, which boasts wall-to-wall waterfalls and fiery décor, we made a beeline to the overzealously stocked bar. Armed

with the knowledge that no man will turn a beautiful, soon-to-be-betrothed woman down for a drink, we exploited our lovely bachelorette for a gratuitous night of free-spirited



fun. We hit the dance floor at the back of the club and grooved to a juxtaposition of house, hip-hop, top 40 and techno while enjoying the ambiance of scantily clad acrobats swinging from the ceiling, female dancers and hard bodied macho men drumming along to the music. When we got tired, a little trip to the VIP seating area gave us a little time to relax before we hit the dance floor again. Before we realized it, 4 a.m. had rolled around and we headed back to our hotel room for a little shuteye.

We woke around noon and got ready to hit the buffet at Aladdin, arguably one of the best buffets in Vegas. We indulged on foods from every continent to our heart's delight. There was no more room in my stomach, but I managed to cram in a few more calories in the form of five desserts. The cheese-

