

Social Psychology Short Paper Snippets Spring 2005

It was as if I had no control over what I was saying or how I was behaving. Actually, I didn't even realize how I was acting until afterward.

I am literally ashamed that I allowed myself to be so strongly influenced by others and today I honestly don't care what someone else is wearing or if they have the style, but at one time my friends led me to believe that I did.

My intentions with the friend were as a friend only; no romantic feelings involved.

I don't believe in cheating to get what you want or need, and this event proved to me that you get what you deserve when you try and take the easy way out of things.

I had to quit the fraternity because I was becoming someone I didn't want to be and was not changing for the better.

Frankly, I just got married because I thought that I was just supposed to. No, not for *that* reason!

I think that most people do pass judgments on people and a lot of my friends expect me to do the same thing and think of people the same way that they do.

It was one of those moments where I couldn't believe I was saying those words. They just magically came out of my mouth. I felt I was tricked by my friends to make myself look cool.

Not 10 minutes later, after a few "c'mon man I've done this before" and "it's my grandma's car and I'm the one driving, it's not like you'd get into trouble" speeches, I had my boots on and was sneaking out the back door with my friend.

But for me, the most at risk in this situation, it did not seem to be that easy to get away with. The whole 45 minute drive there I was constantly worrying about if my parents had found out and were waiting on us when we got back. At IHOP I couldn't enjoy my food or being around my friends on this night of "rebellion" because I had so much anxiety that something terrible was going to happen.

Boys weren't supposed to push girls – especially off ladders. I was disappointed in myself not only for pushing her, but for letting my friends pressure me into it.

This was the first time I had ever had a one night stand and completely didn't even know this girl, plus there was no alcohol involved so I knew this girl was pretty much a girl who just had fun with anyone.

The aftermath of this whole situation was not about my roommate; it was about me hitting someone. It was like I was an exhibit at a museum. Everyone was looking at me with awestruck look on their face.

For the first time in my life I am seen for more than a label. People respect me, and they are interested in getting to know me, even though I am gay (and they do not want to change me).

I had never been much into drinking or partying, and had planned to keep this lifestyle when I arrived at Radford. I began to learn, very quickly, just how hard it would be to maintain such a decision as a freshman.

I was embarrassed and ashamed to give my sister a present I did not pay for. I knew it would be the last time I stole though.

When I first thought about something I've done just because other people expected me to do it, I automatically related that to something bad. More like someone peer pressuring me into something illegal or crazy. That wasn't the cause at all in this situation. For me, moving away to go to college because other people expected me to stay home was a good thing.

He (the boyfriend) wouldn't listen to my side of the story at all. The entire situation looked very much like I cheated on him but the only two people that knew for sure were T. (not the boyfriend) and I.

I was too drunk to understand or pay attention to the situation, or to hear the word (the n word) that was rudely blurted out of this person's mouth.

About three years ago, I did something that I definitely would not have done, if it weren't for my family. I got accepted and actually went to college. In high school, I was a slacker and didn't care too much about going to school. I had my parties, my drugs, and my friends.

I was a criminal and I knew it, and I was sure I caused quite a bit of damage. I tried to tell myself that I was just being a troublesome male teenager, but I knew that was just an excuse to make me feel better.

I sometime also feel like why I drink is that it usually makes me feel bad or upset that I actually spend money that I don't have to buy alcohol.

I often found myself being ignored, talked about, and lied about. There is only so much a person can take. After these events I decided that they (old friends) weren't worth the trouble.

The thought of speaking in front of all of Allison's friends and family and possibly saying the wrong thing scared me more than any scary movie ever had (Allison was elementary school friend who died).

I knew what we were doing was wrong but I couldn't very well tell on my friends and somehow it was kind of a rush to be around them doing what they were doing.

The first night I was really just mimicking everyone else. Fitting in is important to someone when you move around all the time and are trying to make a new group of friends.

Subconsciously, I imagine that I was so insecure that I had to make fun of someone else to make me feel better or take the tension off me.

A lot of my other friends thought I was being such a horrible friend and that I shouldn't give up on him, but I knew I wasn't doing any good. I didn't want this to happen, but it did.

As a result my parents forbid me to speak to Holley again even though it wasn't entirely her fault. I still feel guilty because they blame her mostly for what happened.

To the average college student that would be an awful night due to the lack of alcohol intake.

I do not think that I would have been so adamant and so willing to go to school in a state where I knew absolutely no one, unless I felt that my parents expected me to do it.

I began to weep, and not exactly out of my own sorrow, but as I knew it was the right place and time where I needed to show the expressions almost everyone around me had already been expressing.

I did not like Sara and her friends because they always make fun of people and talk behind people's backs and yet that day at lunch I did exactly what she had always done.

At first I felt that my friends were using my shy and easygoing nature to have a laugh at my discomfort, because of how aloof I normally was. In fact they had only the best intentions at heart.

I think another reason it was easy to take advantage of K. and why I did it was that she wasn't very 'cool', and she thought I was; whereas I wasn't very 'cool' compared to the other girls in my class.

I didn't go into the store for several years and even now only when I absolutely have to. I never stole again and developed the attitude that stealing is wrong.

We (my girlfriends sister and I) both know how hurt Q would be if she ever found out. We agreed that it would never happen again and that since alcohol was obviously a big factor, it would not be a good idea for us to be alone together when we have been drinking.

What I learned from this was that once you are convicted whether what you did was intentional or not, you will always be remembered as someone who told a lie and possibly plotted something against the person you told this lie to.

I have known my roommate since the beginning of the school year and she has never done anything like this. I think that most of her actions in that room (holding a joint) were because of peer pressure, because the guys wanted her to.

She also never told anyone but me about the rape because she was ashamed of what happened and blamed it all on herself. She eventually had a confrontation with him about the night and he claimed that he never did it and he didn't know what she was talking about.

The experience made me realize that even if I go against the norms I can still succeed.

I thought pot was this terrible thing and if you smoked it you were a junky.

Taking that sip went against everything I wanted to do and made me give in to pressures that were not really there, but were in my mind.

When the punches by the other kid were actually thrown I did not even know what I was doing. It happened so fast that I really didn't even mean to hit the kid in the stomach. But after I did and the other kids praised me for winning the fight, I could not tell them that I was just reacting and had no idea what I was doing.