

Santacon:

Choose your own adventure

START

A winter frost chills the air. Finals are getting closer, stress levels are getting higher — but the weekend of Santacon is finally upon us. You are determined to step out on Saturday morning in the most festive garb this side of the North Pole, but the next bus to Walmart leaves in 10 minutes and you have class in an hour and a half.

You sprint to the bus stop — there's no way you're going sweaterless! You make the bus and go to Walmart and back just in time for your class. You are now the proud owner of plastic reindeer antlers and a sweater that says "Welcome to the North Swole."

You stay at home and study. It's probably for the best.

You take your time walking to the bus stop, and unfortunately, you miss the bus. You have no other time to buy a sweater before Saturday morning. You can go to Santacon in normal clothes, or you can stay home and spend the day studying.

You choose Tom and Marty's. The rest of your day consists of dancing and having fun with your friends. You even have a sing-off to "All I Want For Christmas is You." Eventually, you all make it back to your rooms, hang up your Santa hats and get comfortable in festive holiday pajamas. You spend the night warm in bed, sipping on a hot toddy.

The next day, you get up early for a pregame with your friends. As you're getting ready to go out, your friends start to argue over whether you should go to a frat or to Tom and Marty's.

You decide to go to the frat party, and as you walk up to the front door, you stumble upon a boy already vomiting. This does not deter you from going inside. You decide to throw your jacket on a pile of others in the corner and make a mental note to grab it later. Stumbling down State Street later that day, you realize you lost both your friend and your jacket at the party, but decide to continue on without them. The rest of the day is a blur. The next thing you know, you're awake with a splitting headache, still wearing wearing last night's makeup and some frat brother's Santa hat.

You decide to attend Santacon in normal clothes. At your friend's pregame the next morning, you feel a little left out surrounded by everyone decked out in their jingle bells and silly outfits. You are wearing:

Thermal long underwear, a sweatshirt, jeans, a heavy coat, warm socks and insulated boots. Your friends are a little cold, and you're grateful for your layers — that is, until you step into a frat house. Bodies are packed onto the dance floor like sardines in a can, and soon, your shirt is drenched in sweat.

Jeans, sneakers, a red T-shirt and a hoodie. You spend an hour at The Rat before your friends decide to head to a frat house several blocks away. After five minutes, your face is basically blue, so your friends call an Uber to take you home. Better luck next time!

You go outside to cool off. While you're sitting alone on the front steps, a dog dressed as Rudolph runs to you and drops a ball at your feet. You bend down to pick up the ball and by the time you look up the dog is gone. You smile, your faith in the spirit of Christmas renewed.

You go into one of the bathrooms and search for a blow dryer. You dry off your sweat just in time to take a festive Instagram.

