

Hey Bro,

So tomorrow is a big day. You're 18 years old and about to head to college. You're going to scarf down one last helping of mom's home cooking, mosey down to the Houston airport and hop on a plane to... Storrs, Connecticut.

You're wondering: did I make the right decision? Stanford was the plan until the coaches told you they didn't have a scholarship for you. Should you have given UNC more thought, even though its offer came at the last minute? UConn does fit the criteria that you were searching for. It's far from home (which mom and dad aren't too happy about), and has solid academics and a strong basketball program. And when you visited campus all the guys on the team were cool - and all the students were die-hard fans. So why the apprehension?

You are about to try to make your dreams - of making the NBA AND getting a degree - come true in a place you didn't know existed until a few months ago, that's why. And you pretty much made this decision on instinct. Well, bud, you've got your boarding pass in hand and you're Husky-bound.

Basketball is going to test you. The first practice will be a monster in every sense of the word. You'll learn that Coach Calhoun always makes

that first practice hard because he wants to instill toughness. Afterward, everything will hurt. You'll lie in the fetal position in that extra-long, twin-sized dorm-room bed questioning if you have what it takes, The NBA? Yeah, right. You can't even comprehend getting through practice tomorrow. You're convinced the only thing in your foreseeable future is shame. Was that ticket round-trip?

Mek, get a grip. You're going to be fine. You landed in the perfect place to leave your mark. Connecticut will be good to you. It will be your home for the next three years, during which you'll become an academic All-American, graduate with a 3.8 GPA and a degree in finance, and win a national championship. So get your rest, young fella. You've got a lot of busy days ahead.

Keep your head up,
Emeka