   This is your first step to parking happiness. Then, get familiar with the lots you're allowed to park in and only park where your permit allows.

2. The number of parking spaces has changed. Campus now has a total of 11,301 valid parking spaces.

3. The Parking Services people are not hiding in the bushes waiting for your meter to run out so they can write you a ticket. Paranoid much?
   More good news: after 4 p.m., you don't have to feed the meters. Weekends, in most cases, are free as well.

4. Good news.
   Lot #51 is now open for student parking. As long as you have a valid commuter-parking permit, you're in!

5. Embrace your color.
   Ever hear of Garaminals? The kids' clothes with animal tags you'd match up so other kindergartners wouldn't laugh at your fashion mistakes.
   It's sort of like that. Match the color of your parking permit to the lots in that color on the campus map. The sign by each lot will list the color.
   Parking tickets cost $25. That's money you can spend on matching clothes.

6. Everybody hates junk mail.
   The papers that come with your parking permit are not junk mail. They'll explain everything you need to know so you won't get a ticket.

7. Summon your patience.
   If one lot is full, try another. Your permit is valid for more than one parking lot.

8. Sometimes it stinks to be a freshman. If you park in lots 63 or 64 during home football games and special events, your vehicle will be towed. Check your "evacuation notice" (yes, it's serious) for details.
   Bottom line: Move your car — or it could be towed.

9. So your girlfriend is coming to visit.
   Sweet.
   She'll need a guest parking permit if she's on campus Monday through Friday. Unlike her favorite cinnamon dolce latte, guest permits are free. Grab one 24/7 at the CMU Police Department.

10. Parking tickets are like beets. Nobody likes them, but they're a good thing. If the Parking People didn't enforce fairly, consistent rules, we'd all park wherever we wanted.
    There would be chaos. Anarchy. Maybe a zombie Takeover. And you — who paid good money for a permit — would NEVER find a place to park.
    So eat your beets.