

Hate them exams

How shit are exams? And why are they only in certain subjects? I hate them. I work really hard during semester, do well at assessments but not at exam time. Unfortunately, all the subjects I do have exams! It's not fair!

Sylvia P
Holmesglen Institute of TAFE

Dump the car

Why can't I find a car park in the morning even if I get to uni at 9.30. All the best spots are taken and I have to park further away than the tram stop, and end up late for class. So much for driving being faster and more convenient. I'm going to PT it.

Steve W
La Trobe University

More beer money

This is my first year at uni, having worked five days a week last year. Now I'm living on the independent youth allowance from CentreLink but I still like to go for a few beers at the pub. Unfortunately, it often ends up costing more than I can afford. Where's the government funding for what students really need: beer money!

Geoff M
Australian Catholic University

Please be nice

Where has the flair from Uni balls gone? In my parent's day they used to be well organised and pleasant. Nowadays, they have been taken over by idiotic young alcoholics stomping around in their best clothes until they slip on broken glasses in the toilets and fall into the urinal. Where's the dignity gone?

Jane D
University of Melbourne

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A hex on getting rich

Partying is one thing, but we didn't go to uni just for the booze, drugs, promiscuous sex and subsequent candy store variety of STDs, as BEN FRY explains.

One week, had interest groups, hot girls (or guys for that matter) who weren't sure whether they should be wearing their best clubbing dress or pjs, and there was beer. But the only beer I came across was of the light variety, served from warm eskies and dispensed from the tap you use to empty out all the melted ice. It was about as much fun as AIDS and tasted worse than those \$1 pots of Geelong Bitter you get at the public bar (disclaimer, you need to get on this filth at least once in your dwindling adolescence).

The truth though is we went to uni for the degrees that lead to exciting jobs and copious amounts of cash – to put towards the booze, drugs, and Viagra we will need in later life.

But if like me, you're doing a humanities related degree at a uni other than Melbourne – and you Melbourne arts kids are just as fucked as us – then that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is beginning to look more and more like the eighty-five cents you gave the homeless guy at Flinders Street because he had no teeth.

I'm not saying that there aren't jobs out there, simply that in the face of an ever-developing country, a better education system, more high school graduates, and the ongoing privatisation of universities, the competition is fierce dammit! An arts degree these days is about as useful as the gold stars you sometimes got for getting your times-tables right, they were shiny and they looked nice – so do apples.

The other week at work (I work at a nightclub), I ended up chatting to the DJ's tag-along friend. We bonded

over a couple of reverse jager bombs. This kid was 23, had finished an arts degree two years prior, and had a substantial hex debt to show for it. Yet instead of being on a good salary in a government department, or something of the like, he spent his time getting smashed and hanging around his DJ friend as if he was one of those key rings that get you into clubs cheap. Sounds good. The only problem was he was 23, he didn't go to uni anymore, his friend wasn't a key ring,

and he was 20 grand in the shitter, with little more to show for it than a bad haircut and a penchant for dance music and 16-year-old club rats.

The second lecture I ever went to was titled alternative careers. In essence, its purpose was to outline those possible occupations that we money-hungry and arrogant law students might wind up in when the less than 50 thousand a year that one third of Melbourne's barristers currently earn just didn't seem to cut it.

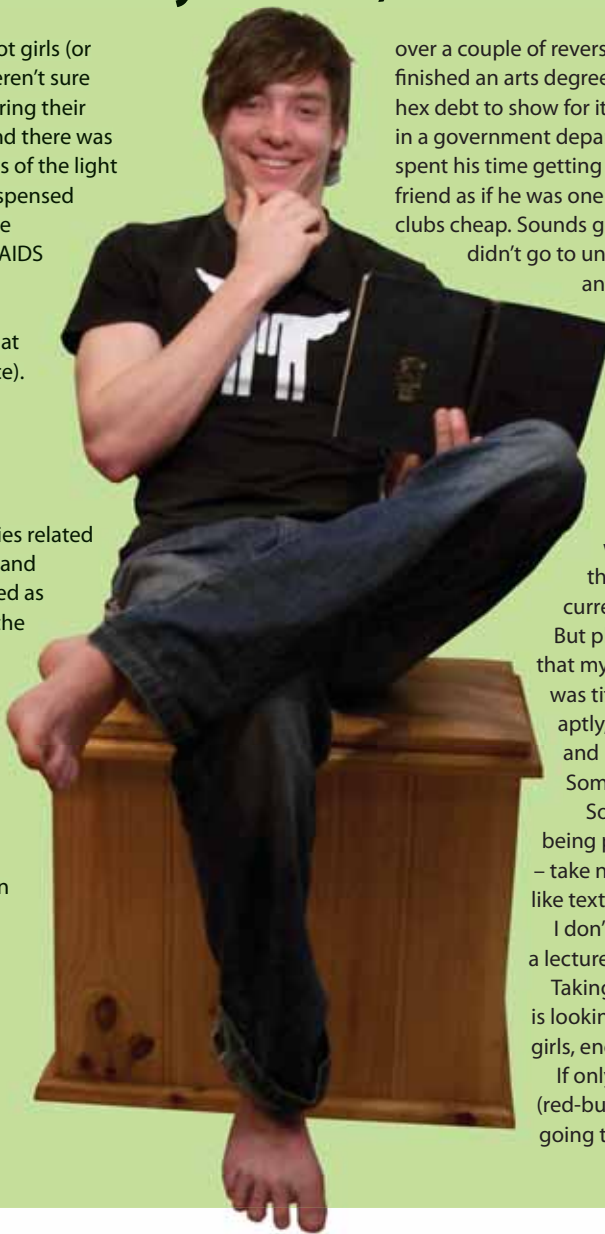
But please, we have it good. The second lecture that my hardcore musician friend ever went to was titled living in student poverty, or more aptly, the benefits of living off the money and resources available to an eight-year-old Somali child growing up in Mogudishu.

So why are we even at uni? I don't like being poor and I would be if I didn't live at home – take note living at home sucks. I also don't like textbooks, essays, lectures, or light beer.

I don't like knowing that every time I skip a lecture I cost myself about 40 dollars.

Taking all this into account a career bartending is looking all the more inviting: good tips, hot girls, enough free alcohol to kill a small horse.

If only I liked DJs, clubs, caffeine overdoses (red-bull is banned in France for a reason) and going to bed when I should be waking up. ☹



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