

Living the life

“Some of them just want you to dress up like a chicken”

There are some experiences that any stylish collaboration of mere words could never do justice. Think, the moon landing. Think, the breaking of the Berlin Wall. Think, Martin Luther King’s ‘I Have A Dream’ speech. Events so historic, so singularly epic, that their participants are irrevocably moved for life. This is what your time at uni can be like if you make it happen.

A lecturer is not your teacher. A tutor is not your teacher. And your parents can’t legally access your academic record. There are no more babysitters, so the only spanking you’ll receive should be voluntary.

You don’t need to write down every single word mouthed in a lecture theatre, no matter how many other people are tearing through paper like it’s Christmas morning.

It is socially acceptable to drink in the mornings as long as you’re actually on campus. If you think I’m talking about orange juice, well, I’d say you’re far too innocent to be



walking around alone in public.

The best experiences of your life won’t generally take place in a classroom, a library maybe, but don’t bet on it. If you do bet on it, for whatever crazy reason, start by checking the library database for the least hired texts then scope out that location. Don’t wait, time is always short and life will always be

quick so don’t waste either.

You won’t see me driving around campus in a golf cart. Why? Well the university won’t let me and legally I’m not allowed to drive around in anything anymore. You won’t see any red paper cups. You will not see anyone streaking across the...actually you will probably see someone streaking. Or at least

a naked person passed out on the ground somewhere; they don’t always retain the motor function to actually run. Chances are you will not even see, let alone caress one f**king beer keg. (Unless you end up on the wrong side of the bar, but bartenders don’t like that)

All of you will be somewhere along the road to being sick of your

local, some will be further along than others depending on when you turned 18 or how good your fake ID used to be. Some of you might even be far enough along that you are starting to miss house parties. Which ever box you shit in the point is, uni parties are an experience not to be missed. So pay some attention to posters and those people handing you things, not all of them want you to donate blood. Some of them just want you to dress up like a chicken so they can pull at your feathers (trust me it’s more fun than it sounds).

My mate Cam and I had a ‘No Lines’ policy back in 2005. Basically we wouldn’t do anything at uni that required us to line up. Oh sure, we missed out of a few free sausages now and then but if I wanted free sausage I’d shop at Bunnings on a Sunday or drink at the Edgy on a Wednesday night. The point is, have a plan or at least think about having a plan. It helps.

Decide what you want to gain from the experience but whether it’s new friends and regular visits to the sexual health clinic or just an education, be sure to put in the effort because anything worth having is worth a little leg work.

Oh and one last tip. If you don’t want to donate blood for whatever reason, just say you’re ineligible because you lived in the UK when the beef was bad. Nobody likes a mad cow, except maybe bull fighters, but they’re bulls not cows. ☹

Tom Cummins

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